

CANNIBALS AND HEADHUNTERS

A STAGE PLAY

BY

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CANNIBALS AND HEADHUNTERS

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Dedication

To all mental health care specialist
who treat those in need.

At the end of the day, do you really know what is
going on with your patients?

Truly know?

CANNIBALS AND HEADHUNTERS

ACT I

(The stage lights are turned on gradually, but only to the point of a rather dull-lit stage. DR. ROSS, a man in his early to mid-forties, sits in a leather easy chair across from PAULINE, a woman in her mid-twenties. She is sitting on a leather couch, casually dressed in jeans and tee shirt. Slightly to the right of the easy chair and down stage facing the audience is an arm chair. There are no other props. On the periphery of the dimly lit area, overhead lights point down creating an image of other furniture; bookshelves, tables, lamps, etc. It appears that DR. ROSS and PAULINE are talking. DR. ROSS stands, walks down stage, and speaks to the audience. He is nicely dressed in slacks, dress shirt, and tie. He is confident and assertive. He speaks as if giving a class lecture.)

DR. ROSS

I am very glad you could make it. I believe you are in store for an unusual experience. At the very least you are in store for an experience one way or the other.

My name is Philip Ross. My friends call me Phil, my wife calls me Philly, and my clients call me DR. ROSS. I have no preference as to what name people use as long as those who speak to me speak with respect. No more respect than any one of you would want, at least I would think so. I always try to do the same.

I am a Psychotherapist. I was born in Los Angeles 44 years ago in 1947. I came from a typical, malfunctioning family of four; a father, a mother, and a sister, and of course myself. I suppose that goes without saying. Please excuse my ignorance.

My father was a painter; a painter of houses that is. My sister, who I never really knew, lived down the hall from me in another house, or so that's how

it felt. My mother did what I assumed mothers do. She spent most of her time sitting in her chair, that was permanently molded to her body, having an on going affair with Father Time. My father never said much about her affair, except when the house got out of hand that is. Then he'd yell and scream. You wouldn't believe the yelling and screaming. *(Pause.)* Well maybe you would. I'll spare you all the words. Suffice it to say that there was not a neighbor two houses on either side of us that was unaware of my father's wrath and my mother's affair. I wonder today what they thought of us kids, if they thought of us at all. I don't know, anyway. . .

I was use to his yelling and screaming. He never yelled at me much, but he was on my sister like fly paper. Unbelievable. Sometimes I could feel the stickiness. The house was thick with him by the time he was through. She, my sister that is, could never do much right as far as he was concerned. He let her know as often as he could. *(Pause.)* He let us all know. No one could do much right for this man's taste. He lived out his unhappiness on the world and we were his world.

It seemed he never stopped yelling. Sometimes he would go into my sister's room and yell at her for what felt like hours. It would stop after a while. He would usually come out of her room some time later, usually a while after he stopped yelling. My sister would stay in her room for an hour or so after he left. He usually didn't yell at her for a couple of days after that and then it would all start up again. My mother would stay in the kitchen, like nothing was going on. It was not until many years later that I understood what was really happening in that room. *(Pause.)* My God, sometimes I think we humans should have to be licensed to be parents, do you know what I mean?

I don't speak to my father. I haven't for years. I don't even know were he lives or if he's alive. I know my sister isn't living, but I don't know were she's buried.

(DR. ROSS looks back at PAULINE, his client. She is still talking. The audience cannot hear her. They can see her arms moving in expression to her non-verbal actions.)

By the way, that's Pauline. Under normal circumstances the client's name would never be revealed. However, I have received a full release from every one of the clients you will be seeing, so don't be concerned. I admire their courage. Those of you who have seen or are seeing someone such as myself can appreciate the kind of courage it takes to do what they're doing. Put themselves on the line. Pour their guts out week after week in the hopes that life will get better some day.

I'll bet most of you think that people who come to see me are patients versus clients. Not so. Let me explain the difference between a patient and a client. If someone comes to my office to see me, they are clients. If they go to the hospital, like a psychiatric hospital, they are patients. For the most part, after they leave the hospital they're clients. There are some therapists who always refer to them as patients. (*Snicker.*) Freud would have acknowledged that they have a bit of an ego problem. There is a level of superiority one holds over another human being when referring to them as patients. They're clients, clean and simple. Clients.

I knew by the age of eight that I wanted to do what Sigmund Freud did. I saw a movie where this guy, speaking in a thick German voice, says after listening to this other guy's story, (*Speaking in an exaggerated German accent.*) "It is apparent that your mother sent you mixed messages creating an identity crisis. She obviously did not love you. Your father abandoned you, even though he remained in the house. You are still traumatized by their inappropriateness. I believe I can help you".

Jesus, I thought, how did he do that? All the guy told him was that he left work early three times that week and that he was having trouble sleeping. What can I tell you, I was young.

I couldn't tell you why then, but from that time forward I found myself watching every movie that had a therapist in it. While my friends were playing baseball and football I was watching movies about therapists, over and over and over again. I could play the role of the therapist, word for word. Did you see Streisand in the movie (*Beat.*) What was it? No, not Nuts. It was (*Beat.*) Although that was pretty good, wasn't it? Not too realistic, but good. No, the one I'm thinking about is, ah yes, The Prince of

Tides. Now I can tell you that's just not the way it is. And her involvement with the brother, you know the one played by Nick Nolte, well, I'd have her license pulled for that little trick. That's for damn sure. Anyway, I still watch all those movies whenever I get a chance.

By the time I got ready to graduate from junior high I was wishing my name were something like Russo. You know, something with a little more pizzazz. It just seemed to me that (*Punch.*) **one's** name should sound like (*Punch.*) **one's** profession. For instance, I asked myself, "Phil, what do you think of when you hear the name Washington?" Basketball, right? How about Cataloni? Sure, loan sharking and drug dealing. Here's one. Smith. Exactly, a couple having an affair checking into a motel. (*Laughs to self.*) So I thought Russo (*Beat.*) Philip Russo really had a ring to it. It was ridiculous, but it made sense at the time. I remember the thing that changed my mind about those ideas.

I was about 15. My sister was in the hospital for one of her many illnesses. She stopped having the illnesses when my mother kicked my father out of the house. Anyway, I'm sitting in the waiting room doing my homework when I overhear these two doctors talking. One of them is named Doctor Anus. I looked up from doing my homework and sure enough, there on his name tag it says Doctor Anus. Do you know what it said below his name? I have no doubt that you have already figured this one out. It said Proctologist. PROCTOLOGIST. Can you believe it. From that time forward I accepted my name gracefully and with gratitude.

I pretty much stayed with the idea of becoming a therapist until I was 17. That's the year my life took its first major fork in the road.

I was out with some of my friends. We had all piled into this new Ford Mustang that Bill Watson got for his birthday. Lucky son-of-a-bitch. His parents were something else. Anyway, we all piled into his car and drove down to one of these mega shopping centers, Beverly Hills style, home of the hip, slick, and cool. It had this big underground parking area. After we spent a few hours fooling around, girl shopping mainly, we all headed back to the car. A guy was walking in front of us. There was nothing unusual about that. He was just walking to his car like we were. The next thing I

knew a car came racing by, I heard a shot, and this guy hit the ground. I ran over to him. I put his head on my lap. He had a hole in his chest. Blood was everywhere. God, it was a mess. He looks up at me and said, "I did it all wrong", spit up some blood, and died.

Life got very different after that. It would be 20 years, numerous relationships, a loss of a small fortune, and what seems in retrospect, a constant experimentation with alcohol and drugs, before I turned my attention back to being a therapist. Experimentation, now there's a nice metaphor, don't you think?

Well, enough about me. You came here to find out about my clients. Most of my clients are like Pauline. They have a Personality Disorder or a Character Disorder or a neurosis of some sort. We're all neurotic to some lessor or greater degree, you know. Without a little neurosis we would be nothing. Bland. Blah. Let me explain.

I assume you have all had an artichoke or an avocado once or twice in your life. You will recall that both of these vegetables are tasteless. However, when one adds seasoning to them they suddenly take on some taste, to each of us a slightly different taste.

Well, the neurosis is like the seasoning on an artichoke or an avocado. It gives each of us our personality, making us slightly different than the next person. However, if we add too much seasoning, the artichoke and avocado become less and less palatable to the taste. This is true of a neurosis. Some neurosis give us our individual flavor. It's what attracts one person to another and yet detracts one person from another. If the neurosis gets out of hand there is a real problem; possible psychosis.

Listen, I'd better get back. If I don't she's going to notice I'm gone.

(DR. ROSS returns to his chair, assumes the same position he was in when he left. The lights go up.)

DR. ROSS

Sounds like you are really scared.

PAULINE

Hey, are you kiddin' me? Have you been listening? These guys ain't foolin' around. Shit, a friend of mind had one of her nipples cut off. All she'd done was refuse to lay one of the drivers.

DR. ROSS

So you feel like you can't say no?

PAULINE

Absolutely. Doc, aren't you listen'n. If I say no, I am one dead piece of meat.

DR. ROSS

It must be a very difficult decision?

PAULINE

Decision! Decision to what?

DR. ROSS

Did you lose track of what we were talking about?

PAULINE

Oh! yeah. Yeah, it's a difficult decision. I like Bob. Plus, he's a great fuck. We had some great times together. I remember we use to close the place down. And that was nothin'. Shit, there's not a corner of the bar we didn't fuck our brains out in. Jesus, that jukebox. The one with the 45's. Shit, there wasn't a record in that old thing that didn't have a scratch on it one place or another. When the repair guy got tired of fixin' the damn thing he said every Aretha Franklin record was scratched to the point that only the thing left was the label. I'll miss him. Ah, not the jukebox guy.

DR. ROSS

Miss him? What does that mean?

PAULINE

You know. They'll kill him. Or worse, they'll let him live, barely. You got a cigarette, Doc?. . . Shit, that's right. No smoking during session. That's one dumb-ass lame rule.

DR. ROSS

Pauline. Excuse me. Paul. Do you have any other choices? Do you have any other options here? Do you think you've thought this through completely?

PAULINE

Doc, it's either him or me. And when you come down to it, I can assure you it's going to be me. I've got a life, you know. I've got plans. They'll give me a bundle to find out where he's held up. I plan to buy Ray out. You know, that jerk who owns the bar, I plan to buy him out. With the kind of money I'm gettin' I'll be on easy street.

DR. ROSS

So you've made your decision?

PAULINE

I guess I have. I don't know. I just. . .

DR. ROSS

I sense you have some guilt.

PAULINE

There you go again, given' me that therapy stuff. Sense this. I hear you saying that. . . So where do you think that's coming from? GOD, don't you ever get tired of those phony lines? Why don't you just come right out and say it? "Paul! How the fuck do you think you're going to live with yourself? How are you going to make it knowing what you've done"? I'll tell you. I'll tell you this, (*Pause.*) I've never gotten' nothin'. Not a damn thing from anyone. I've never had a break. So now I'm out for me. Me and no one else. So get off my case. Just get off my case and let's talk about something else. So how's your wife?

DR. ROSS

You are angry!

PAULINE

God, are you for fuckin' real!

DR. ROSS

What do you think all this anger's about? You think that maybe you're getting back at your life by turning Bob over to. . .

PAULINE

You're beginning to piss me off. I'm not sure why I come here anymore. All I do is sit here, you "Ah Huh" me, and I pay you ninety-five bucks. Ninety-five bucks an hour. What the hell good does that do? I mean you could give me an answer to a problem now and then, ya know. You'd think with all of those degrees you could supply me with a few fucking answers.

DR. ROSS

If I remember correctly, you never got any answers when you were a little girl. Does it feel like that's what's happening now?

PAULINE

(She hangs her head and begins to sob.) You don't know. You don't know what it was like to go through what I've been through. How could you?

DR. ROSS

Why don't you try telling me about it?

PAULINE

(She gains her composure.) I hate him for what he did to us. I hate everything about him.

DR. ROSS

Who is "Him"?

PAULINE

My father, of course! Dear old dad. That's a joke. He was no father. He was an animal. You know how I grew up? Do you want to know what it was like? That son-of-a-bitch, I'm really glad he died. No, I'm thrilled he died. If ever a son-of-a-bitch deserved to kick off, this son-of-a-bitch earned all the honors. Jesus! I don't know. Am I wrong? Should I love him anyway?

DR. ROSS

Paul, let's go back to this guy at the bar you've been engaging with sexually.

PAULINE

Fucking, Doc! I've been fucking him. Can't you just speak English. Just once? I promise I won't think one thing less of you.

DR. ROSS

Yes. Well, as I was saying. Bob. Correct? Don't you think it's interesting that you're having sex with Bob?

PAULINE

Fucking him!

DR. ROSS

That he's a gambler, and that you are turning him over to the mob. Does it seem a little more than coincidental that your father was a gambler, and that he was murdered over a gambling debt?

PAULINE

What are you trying to say? I'm using Bob as a father figure. Come on. Let me tell you some. . .

(DR. ROSS walks down stage and sits in the chair. PAULINE continues to move her mouth and wave her hands as if she were speaking. After a short time she leaves the stage.)

DR. ROSS

It doesn't take a genius to do this kind of work. Like I said, most of this stuff is pretty predictable. When in doubt, they blame it on their mother, their father, their teacher, etc. I'll grant you each of them has an effect on our lives. I certainly had my own issues with my father, if one were to call him that.

I couldn't read, write, or spell until I was 12 years old. I was an adult before I began taking a look at myself and why that happened to me. It took me years to put that all behind me. I remember I asked my father, "Dad, did you ever read to me when I was a kid"? Do you know what he said? "You never asked me to". You never asked. Parenting. For the love of God, I was a kid. How would I know to ask?

I've noticed that mothers get off real easy. For some reason everyone is always blaming the fathers. My theory is that we are paying the men back for blaming the women for the original sin. (*Laughing.*) Just kidding.

I've also noticed that men get left out in the cold with respect to being the parent. I mean, when you think about calling home, who do you call, Mom or Dad? Right. Mom! You usually call Mom. I've been doing this for some time and I still can't figure that one out.

(DR. ROSS looks back. There are two people sitting on the couch where PAULINE was. ARTHUR is a 33 to 35 year old male. He is not very attractive, balding, slightly over weight, and poorly dressed in expensive clothes. STEVE is a 21 to 25 year old male. He is very handsome, well dressed and slight of stature. They are gay. DR. ROSS gets up and returns to the chair across from the couch. They appear to be talking to the empty chair.)

STEVE

I never lied to you. Dr. Ross, I never lied to him. I didn't. (*Looking at ARTHUR*). I know you think I did, but I didn't. I told you I wanted to be an actor. Why are you always trying to hold me back? You're not my father. Shit, what am I saying. You are just like my father!

ARTHUR

You said you wanted to be an actor. Okay, be an actor. Be a God-damn actor. But is it necessary to work at 'that'. . .

STEVE

'That' what? That "dyke lesbo female impersonators bar", as you put it. That's how he refers to it, "dyke lesbo". It's acting. It's a start. It's the same thing every week. Jesus, get the hell off of my back!

ARTHUR

I will not. I will not get off your back. You go there every night, put on that transvestite thing you call a gown, and you parade your ass off for those voyeuristic freak show goers. You're not a freak, god damn it. GOD-DAMN-IT. You're a man. My man, and I love. . . *(he weeps.)* I really love you. *(He strokes STEVE's hair.)* I just don't want to see you get hurt.

STEVE

Dr. Ross, he's full of it. He's just jealous. *(Looking at ARTHUR.)* You're just jealous, that's all. He doesn't want to share me. He calls me a transvestite when I'm at work, but it's a different story at home. *(To ARTHUR.)* Isn't it? Well, isn't it? All he wants me to do when I'm at home with him is put on garters and a "G" string while he watches me cook for him. Halfway through cooking the meal, he comes over, bends me over the sink, and lays a bumper-thumper on me. Right in the middle of cooking. Can you believe it? I'm not his fucking whore. I'm a man. A gay man. I want him to stay the fuck out of my career. Hell, most of the time I'd like him to stay the fuck out of my ass.

ARTHUR

YOUR CAREER! YOUR CAREER! Who the hell got you started? Let me remind you of. . .

(DR. ROSS leaves them, returns to his chair and speaks to the audience. They continue to act out the arguing.)

DR. ROSS

Actually, they are no different than heterosexual couples. They fight and argue just like anyone else. Please, those of you who are gay, there is no slight intended. We are all the same. We simply have different sexual orientations.

Speaking of that, it's time for me to say something before we move on. It is possible that some of what is going on up here is actually happening to you. In fact, before we are through here tonight it is more than likely that a nerve or two will be touched. You will recall there is a warning in your program stating that some of the material may affect you personally. Please understand that you remain at your own risk. If you stay, you will at the very least have something to talk about with your own therapist.

We all have some fantasy with respect to someone of the same sex. We simply don't act on the impulse. For those individuals who are gay, it is not an impulse or a fantasy, it is reality. It is who they are sexually. If you get honest with yourself, at sometime or another you have been or are attracted to someone of the same sex. For instance, have you ever been walking along somewhere or driving in a car and noticed someone in front of you that appeared to be someone of the opposite sex. If you're a male, then maybe you saw some long blond hair. You get a little excited. A little turned on. You catch up to them only to find out they are not the opposite sex. What do you feel? Embarrassed? Sick? Silly? Conspicuous? The truth is your mind did all the work before you found out who they really were. Next. . .

(There is screaming from the couch.)

ARTHUR

HEY! YOU LISTENING HERE, DR. ROSS? You still with us?

DR. ROSS

Excuse me for a moment

(DR. ROSS returns to his chair across from the couch.)

DR. ROSS

What's really going on with the two of you? Why don't we look at the real issues?

ARTHUR

Look at the real issues! LOOK AT THE REAL ISSUES! How can I look at the real issues when this little FUCK, and I do mean little, (*Beat.*) when this little tramp is sitting on every prick in town.

STEVE

I'm not putting up with this anymore, DR. ROSS.

ARTHUR

(*Mimicking him with sarcasm.*) I'm not putting up with this anymore, Dr. Ross (*Pause.*) Not putting up with it? So are you leaving again? Where the hell do you think you're going to go? You think you can. . .

(*DR. ROSS walks to the other chair and sits.*)

DR. ROSS

Well, here we go again. It's the same story each week. Arthur accuses Steve of having sex with the world. Steve denies it. They fight. Steve threatens to leave. Arthur tells him he's sorry. He begs him to stay and, well, you've got the idea. The truth is, I think they get off on coming here. I confronted them about that thought, and they both became quite indignant, then they giggled. That was it for the rest of that session.

The other truth is, "Steve is doing it with half the city. " We, Steve and I, had one of those, "Can I come and see you by myself" sessions. He informed me of his after work activities. I'm amazed he has a rectum left. I gave him the therapy lecture on 'the geometric relationship between contracting AIDS and multiple partners". He informed me it was too late. He told me he got AIDS about two years ago. He said he just didn't give a damn. He said "So screw the world, and I do mean screw the world. Shit, if they die, they die. As far as I'm concerned they all deserve it. "

Incredible. As a therapist I can't do a thing about it. Yet, if I know someone is going to commit murder or suicide I can try and stop it. At the very least I can report it. Why should this be any different? It's murder, isn't it? It seems to me that. . . *(He looks back at STEVE and ARTHUR. They're still arguing. After a period of time they leave.)*

DR. ROSS

They're doing just fine. They'll never know I'm gone.

I'll tell you there's a lot of argument about homosexuals; where they come from and all. Is it genetic? Is it behavioral? Is it a function of dysfunction? Would you care for my opinion. *(Pause.)* Being gay is directly related to early childhood experiences coupled with adolescent environment. This idea that it's genetic is ridiculous.

I admit, a great many of my colleagues are opposed to my position, but that's their homophobic inability to see the reality of the real issue. Notice, I did not call it a problem. Homosexuality is not a problem for the homosexual. It's a problem for those who are not homosexuals. It's a problem for the heterosexuals who can't accept homosexuality. Pure fear. The fear is based on. . .

(He looks back. ARTHUR and STEVE are gone. KITTY, a 23 to 25 year old hooker, is sitting in their place. She's wearing boots, a halter top, and a mini skirt that begins and ends at her navel. She is slightly ill mannered with a slight New York/Bronx accent. DR. ROSS appears to be somewhat excited that she is there.)

DR. ROSS

Ladies and gentlemen, *(In an Johnny Carson introduction.)*
Hereeeeeeeee's Kitty.

(DR. ROSS walks back to his chair at a slightly faster pace and sits down.)

KITTY

So, did you miss me. Tell me the truth. Come on. Two weeks without seeing Kitty is real misery, isn't it?

DR. ROSS

Of course I missed you. How are you, Samantha?

KITTY

I thought you and I had an agreement?

DR. ROSS

You're right. You're absolutely right. I apologize. How are you doing, Kitty?

KITTY

That's better. You'll let this control issue about my real name go someday. Just keep up the appointments. *(She laughs.)* I'm fine. I'm great in fact. How about yourself?

DR. ROSS

Very well. Thanks. Why don't you bring me up to date? You've missed the last two appointments. I've been concerned about you.

KITTY

Oh, how cute. *(Beat.)* Well, work's been good. Reallll good. The best it's ever been. There are some real freaks out there. I mean nut cases. And the nice thing is they all have to pay for their freaky needs, if you know what I mean.

DR. ROSS

There have been more problems, you know? I'm concerned you'll be hurt.

KITTY

Who, me? Not a chance. I'm too smart for them. I'll have this guy's nuts roasting on an open fire before he lays a hand on me. He'll get the reallll meaning of Christmas.

DR. ROSS

The police found another girl last week. Same kind of M. O. as the last three.

KITTY

One of them was my friend, Rose. We worked together a lot. Stupid little shit. She took chances. I would have never done the things she did. I'm surprised she didn't get it before now.

DR. ROSS

How did you feel about her dying? Do you. . .

KITTY

I've got to tell you, Doc, I've done the unusual this week. The real 'Top of the Kink'. Oh, I mean most of them are the regulars. Straight lays, half and half's, a few threesomes. Jesus, you guys sure pay big bucks to watch us girls have fun. Stupid. Reallll stupid. I'll tell you what, you guys would be much better off taking lessons than just diving in and having sex; and I do mean diving in. You all think you're such great lovers. . .

DR. ROSS

When you say. . .

KITTY

God, how about going back to the basics. How about your basic finger job. You never got the hang of it in high school. You'd think you guys were drilling for oil or something. That along with the "Oh baby, oh baby. How do you like that baby? Am I the best you've ever had, baby?" He's paying me big bucks to put his fingers up my twat. What am I going to say, "You kiddin', asshole. I've had more fun with the end of a hair brush and a GQ. " I get more excitement out of puttin' a Tampex up me. I tell him he's the best. "Oh God," I moan. "You're the best. Make me come. Give it to me. " That gets their rocks off every time. You guys are such chumps. Oh, and this really gets me. Where did you guys learn to work a lady's tits. I mean your mothers must of really put up with some serious shit during breast feeding. It usually feels like you're turning the knobs of one of those

old dial radios. You know, the ones that haven't been turned for 20 years. Boy that feels great. Realll exciting.

DR. ROSS

Kitty, you. . .

KITTY

I had me a couple of weird-o's. Real strange birds. This one guy. . .

(DR. ROSS begins to walk to the front of the stage. He Pauses. Shaking his head as he walks back and sits down.)

KITTY

By the time I get there I'm runnin' an hour and a half late, see. I get inside the hotel room. Nice rooms, Doc. You know, that new Marriott over by the convention center. This guy's a suit. He's a real V. I. P. . That's Very Important Prick, in my business.

Anyway, he's steamed, right. So he comes out of the bathroom wearing this teddy with high heels. I let him know right up front it's business first. So I give him the price list. My standard line; \$100. 00 for a straight lay; \$50. 00 more for a half and half; add \$75. 00 for anal; \$200. 00 for water sports. Rimming's another \$150 after a shower only. I ain't taking no chances. I let him know S&M gets priced as we go.

This guy doesn't even flinch. Usually they want to bargain with me or complain about my prices. But I don't budge. I let'em know they're with the best. You want a pro, you pay your dues. If they don't like it, I tell'em, 'go home to your wife'. That usually shuts'em up. Hell, if their wives or girlfriends were doing this shit, why the hell would they be with me anyway?

So like I said, this guy doesn't flinch. He pulls out a belt and tells me he wants to beat my ass. Well, this kid ain't about to grab her ankles for nothin'. I tell him it's \$100. 00 a wack. Paid in advance. He goes over to his suit case and counts out \$2000. 00. Two thousand bucks, can you believe it? He says "That should do for starters".

Doc, you ever seen a man come from beatin' a girl. Jesus, what a sick-o. I tell you what, I left that night with almost 3000. 00 bucks I took the rest of the week off. I couldn't sit for five days. I still got welts. And I've got \$1,700 left. Boy did I go on a shopping spree or what? Do you want to see welts? They're still there.

(KITTY stands up, turns around, and starts to pull up her skirt.)

DR. ROSS

KITTY! That won't be necessary. This is not the place for. . .

KITTY

Oh, that's one of those boundary issues you're always preaching about. You're such a prude. It's just an ass.

DR. ROSS

That's not the point. It's a question of eth. . .

KITTY

Maybe you and me could work out a deal. I'll do. . .

DR. ROSS

You and I have discussed this before. I would appreciate it if. . .

KITTY

But this one's the best. I get a call from the agency. The standard, "I want someone for my kid. Someone with experience. " Of course they call me. I'm their number one girl. I figure it's the father bringing his son into manhood routine. Nothing out of the ordinary. Five minutes at the most. They lose it as soon as they see me.

Now not much blows me away, but this woman answers the door. Nicely dressed and all. Nice figure. Hair done up. Carole Little outfit. I still remember Carole Little from my days at the design school. So she invites me in and there sittin' on the couch is her daughter. GOD DAMN! She wants me to turn her daughter out. So she introduces me, hands me \$250.

00, and pulls up a chair. Get this. She sits and watches the whole thing. Can you believe it? Some sick stuff, huh? So anyway, me and the kid are done and Mom invites me to stay for a drink. An hour later we're gettin' it on. Doc, I never give it away, but this lady was Top Gun. I mean she taught me a thing or two. Turns out she's an ex-walker. She tells me. . .

DR. ROSS

Kitty?

KITTY

Wait, she tells me she. . .

DR. ROSS

Kitty!

KITTY

Doc, I'm not done.

DR. ROSS

Kitty. Our time is up. Let's start here next week.

KITTY

Okay, but you're missing a good one. Take care. See you next week.

(DR. ROSS watches as KITTY leaves. He walks to the front of the stage.)

DR. ROSS

Sometimes there are hard and fast rules in the business of therapy. Other times I have to fly by the seat of my pants. The books and the research on the latest findings and opinions are nice, but the bottom line is, it's one person's opinion versus another.

(He becomes more animated in his movements as if lecturing to the audience.)

Most therapists come from one perspective, one discipline that is, or another. Some take Erickson's perspective, some come from a Jungian perspective, and so on. Lately, I have met some who come from an Oprahain perspective. That is, the world according to Oprah Winfrey. (*Snicker*) I have a more eclectic approach; I try to use whatever works from each of the theorists. However, I am a big fan of Freud.

When I was in school I was fascinated with the fact that Freud came up with his ideas seemingly out of nowhere. The reality is that the therapeutic community doesn't hold much credence to his ideas anymore. A lot of people think he was a somewhat over-the-edge. One must remember that Freud was more than a little hooked on cocaine.

One of his ideas really got me. That was his theory on Penis Envy. It's that theory that I'd like to talk to you about.

(DR. ROSS starts pacing as if he were giving a lecture. He speaks, becoming more involved with the concept.)

Now get this, per Freud, (*Beat.*) little girls were anxious, worried, and not as good as boys because they had lost their penis. That's what I said, (*Beat.*) lost their penis. He believed that little girls thought they had done something wrong and because of that God, or maybe Mom or Dad, decided to punish them and lop-it-off. Therefore, boys would forever be better than girls.

I realized that if that was true, why were boys forever trying to hide their penis in a place where girls were angry they had lost it. However, later on in my life I had one of those rare opportunities to come up with my own theory.

Before I went on to do my doctorate studies, I spent some time with my wife traveling around the country. The Keys in Florida, Mackinaw Island in Wisconsin, and so on. We finally ended up in smoggy Los Angeles, California.

We did the touristy stuff all day long. Main Street, Venice Beach, Disneyland, etc. We went to Grauman's Chinese Theater, where I saw a portrait of James Dean. *(He mimics the portrait)*. I promised myself never to own a sports car. I stood in the footsteps of Cary Grant and said the famous words, "Judy, Judy, Judy," that he never said. Did you know that? Did you know he never said those words? *(Pause.)* Well, anyway, I just let go and had fun.

Well, after a few days in the land of the strange, my wife and I decided to check into one of the local spas and get some exercise. We found a mega spa in Hollywood and went for it. At the end of my workout I decided to take a sauna.

It was one of those typical saunas one finds in a large gym. *(He walks over to his chair, stage front, and sits on the arm.)* Two double decked rows of splintered wooden benches in a U-shape. Three walls of the sauna were made of cement and the fourth was a glass front. It was a busy day at the gym and the sauna was butt-to-butt. I was in the middle. It may have been someone else's fantasy, but it certainly wasn't mine.

We were all sweating along just fine, mostly in silence except for the piped in static that was intended to be music. There was the occasional, "God, I got to get out of here, I'm dying", and side talk of "Who're you doing tonight?"

(Pointing his hands out in front of himself as if to proclaim a touchdown.)

Suddenly, in front of me, on the other side of the glass I saw something I had only heard about. This unnamed guy, about 22 to 25 years old, was drying himself off. To my shock he had the biggest member I had ever heard rumors about. *(He chops at his leg with the side of his hand, about 2 inches above the knee.)* I am here to tell you that this thing looked like a salami hanging in the window at the Carnegie Deli.

For some reason my attention immediately switched to the 30 plus bodies around me. *(He acts out each move as if he were back in the sauna.)* It

must have been the researcher in me. That, or I was embarrassed, concerned that someone would see that I was looking. I realized immediately that I need not worry.

There they were. Heads jutting out to the other side of the glass barricade, mouths agape as if awaiting a tooth extraction, and jealousy running amuck. I sat and watched them watching this guy's sex life flash before their eyes.

No phenomenological moment before or since has turned on such a bright light of awareness. I knew then that Freud was wrong.

(He gets up and walks to the front of the stage.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I am here to tell you that Freud was dead wrong. For what I saw on that day was TRUE, ABSOLUTELY TRUE, PENIS ENVY.

(He walks to his chair and sits across from a male patient that entered while he was talking. He is about 24 or 25. He is very unkempt. His body and head is straight forward and ridged.)

DR. ROSS

Well, Daniel, how are you this week? You look very nice. I like that shirt. Is it new?

(Daniel remains silent and motionless.)

DR. ROSS

Have you heard from your mother and sister?

(Daniel remains silent and motionless.)

DR. ROSS

Your mother says things are going very well at the store. She said that there is a new artist that has become popular with all her customers. She said he is really selling well. I hope to get a chance to see one of his paintings.

(Daniel remains silent and motionless.)

DR. ROSS

I heard a funny story this week. There's this priest who needed someone to ring the church bells in the church tower. He puts an ad in the local paper and a man with no arms shows up for the job. The priest is shocked by this and. . .

(DR. ROSS continues to move his arms and mouth as if he were still speaking. DANIEL walks down stage center. He stands staring into the audience. He tucks in the side of his shirt that is out of his pants and rebuttons his incorrectly buttoned shirt. He neatens himself up. He speaks in a clear and coherent voice. He tells his story in a matter of fact way as if what happened, happened to someone else.)

DANIEL

It happened when I was 12; stopped talking that is. They, (*DANIEL looks back at DR. ROSS*) think I stopped talking for some ridiculous reason other than the real reason.

I was on a hunting trip with my dad. He was hunting for deer. I was only seven back then. I didn't like seeing the animals die, but I loved my dad and I loved being with him. We had tied this big buck to the front of the car and we were on our way home when my dad stopped to give some help to this lady who's car was stuck on the side of the road. She was stuck in the snow and couldn't get out. It was cold. Real cold.

Anyway, my dad told me to stay in the car. So I did. I climbed in the seat, wrapped a blanket around me, and waited for him. My dad could fix anything. I'd seen him fix things before. It was going to be a synch.

He went to see what the problem was and in a few minutes he came back to the car and opened the trunk, I guess to get some tools. When he closed the trunk I saw it . I saw this truck lose control as it was coming down the mountain. I screamed real loud! "DAD, DAD, GET OUT OF THE WAY. DAD, GET OUT OF THE WAY". Nothing came out of my mouth. He couldn't hear me. When he turned around it was too late. There was no way he could have gotten out of the way.

The truck smashed into the back of our car. I saw the whole thing. Half of my dad came through the back window. He landed on top of me. His face was smashed up against mine. He was staring right at me. I couldn't move.

I guess no one knew I was there. They said they only saw him. I stayed that way for what seemed like days.

When they got me out I was soaked with his blood. I was not hurt. They asked me if I was all right. I told them I was okay.

I missed my dad a lot.

When I was 12, I was looking out of my bedroom window. This bird came flying straight at me. Splat! It smashed right into the screen. The wings and body fell to the grass and it's head was left hanging in the screen. Just hanging there, staring straight at me. I haven't talked since. I haven't wanted to. There's been no reason to.

I have lots of people who talk for me, though. Some of them are real assholes. Some I like.

(He looks back at DR. ROSS.)

Dr. Ross is trying to get me to talk. He's an all right guy, but he's going down the wrong path.

(DANIEL returns his clothing to the way it was. He turns and walks toward the couch. He stops and walks backwards to where he was standing. He turns back to the audience.)

Actually, it's not so bad. . . being silent that is. I'm not sure I want to change. It's peaceful in here. . . most of the time.

(He returns to the couch.)

DR. ROSS

Daniel, do you think I could talk to one of your friends?

(DANIEL remains silent and motionless.)

DR. ROSS

Daniel, I'd like to speak with Bud.

(DANIEL moves, lifting one leg onto the couch and taking on a cocky attitude.)

DANIEL as BUD

Jesus, Doc. Why the hell did ya take so long? *(With a mocking laugh.)* It's not as if he's a great conversationalist or somethin'. So how you doin'? What's been happenin'? Got any babes that you'd like'tah introduce me to?

DR. ROSS

Well, Bud, what have you been doing with yourself since I talked to you last?

DANIEL as BUD

Please, who are we kiddin' here. Daniel's a real drag. A major dweeb. He does nothin'. I'm talkin' nothin'. This goes on much longer, I'll be a candidate for 'death by bordum' and I'm holding you responsible.

DR. ROSS

Oh? Seems to me I've heard that you've been pretty busy boy lately.

DANIEL as BUD

What have you heard? You ain't heard nothin'. I deny everything.

DR. ROSS

Are you feeling a little defensive?

DANIEL as BUD

HEY! I don't have to defend myself against you or nobody. I'm my own guy. Ain't nobody, man nor beast, can take that away from me. Even you. So I hit a few bars. So what! So I downed a few. What of it! Ain't nobody can stop me. You. Mom. Not even my dad.

DR. ROSS

Your dad? Who are you referring to?

DANIEL as BUD

You know. Old give' um-a-hand by the road, smash on through the window, cotton in the ears, doesn't know a truck from a loaf of bread, Dad.

DR. ROSS

Sounds like. . .

(DANIEL changes his personality. He becomes CHARLES. Pompous, snobbish, and formal. He shifts his position and becomes quite ridged in his presentation.)

DANIEL as CHARLES

Dr. Ross, forgive Bud. He's got a bad temper. He gets angry very easily. I believe that's normal, don't you? I mean, we must look at the circumstances, mustn't we?

DR. ROSS

Charles, how nice of you to lend a hand.

DANIEL as CHARLES

Doctor Charles. Doctor Charles! PLEASE. I treat you with respect. Why is it that you cannot treat me with respect?

DR. ROSS

Doctor Charles, I am very sorry. How about you and I make a deal?

DANIEL as CHARLES

Deal? What do you have in mind?

DR. ROSS

How about if you call me by my first name and I'll do the same.

DANIEL as CHARLES

Unnn-thinkable.

DR. ROSS

Why is that?

(DANIEL becomes animated and returns to being BUD.)

DANIEL as BUD

Cause he's a snob, that's why. He's a snobby, butt-licking, pompous asshole who can't keep his nose out of my business. And he ain't no doctor neither. Why do you let him get away with that shit?

DR. ROSS

Why does it matter to you who he is or what he does?

DANIEL as BUD

Cause he gets under my skin, that's why.

DR. ROSS

Have you told him to mind his own business and to stay out of your life?

DANIEL as BUD

Yeah! Yeah I did. But he's out of control. Way out of control. Last week I'm at this bar. Real up town stuff. *(DANIEL begins to stutter.)* The-the-the-girrrrrrrl comes over and asks if I-I-I want to buy herrrr a drink.

DR. ROSS

Just relax. Take some deep breaths. You're starting to stutter again.

DANIEL as BUD

I know. Shit, don't you th-th-think I know it? God, every time I talk about. . . you know, I start stuttering. Can't you fix that? It's Daniel's fault. He's such a wimp.

(DANIEL changes his personality. He becomes Mark. Mark is about six years old. DANIEL shifts his position putting both feet on the floor. He sits knees together, head down. He appears very shy. He speaks in the style of a young child.)

DANIEL as MARK

I'm not a wimp. He's the wimp. He's a wimp and a turd butt.

DR. ROSS

Charles. I've never heard you talk like that before. *(Pause.)* Charles? *(Pause.)* Charles?

DANIEL as MARK

My name's not Charles.

DR. ROSS

Oh? Who are you?

DANIEL as MARK

Mark. My name is Mark.

DR. ROSS

Mark. I've never had the pleasure of meeting you before now, have I? Have you known Daniel long?

(DANIEL plays with his hair, twisting it in his fingers.)

DANIEL as MARK

Yes.

DR. ROSS

How long have you known him?

DANIEL as MARK

I don't know.

DR. ROSS

How old are you?

DANIEL as MARK

I saw Beetle Juice cartoons yesterday. I got to do that. Dumb old Charles and stupid old turd butt Bud never let me watch them.

DR. ROSS

Mark, do you know how old you are?

DANIEL as MARK

Yes.

DR. ROSS

Would you tell me?

DANIEL as MARK

What?

DANIEL as MARK

Would you tell me how old you are?

DANIEL as MARK

My birthday is in February. The 10th I think.

DR. ROSS

So how old will you be?

DANIEL as MARK

It's gonna be Thanksgiving real soon, did you know that? Mom's making a big turkey. I like turkey. Do you like turkey? Are you going to have Thanksgiving dinner?

DANIEL as MARK

Yes, Mark. My whole family is coming over. We have a Thanksgiving dinner at our house each year. So how old will you be on your birthday?

DANIEL as MARK

Uh, um, November, March, July. In six months I'll be six. I'll be six years old. I'm gettin' lots of presents, too. My daddy said so.

DR. ROSS

Your daddy? Do you talk to your daddy?

DANIEL as MARK

When dumb old Charles and stupid dumb old Bud let me. They always almost never let me talk to Daddy sometimes.

DR. ROSS

That must not feel real good. What do you talk to your daddy about?

DANIEL as MARK

Beetle Juice isn't really a beetle you know. He's this guy that comes from some other place. Do you have some candy?

DR. ROSS

Are you hungry?

(DANIEL changes back to being BUD.)

DANIEL as BUD

So you finally got a chance to meet the brat. Some piece of work, huh? I could live without him hanging around. Between the kid and mister know-it-all, I've had my fill.

DR. ROSS

What is it about Mark that you don't like?

DANIEL as BUD

What's to like? He wants to watch cartoons, talk to smarty pants, and snuggle up to daddykins. I'm out there alone. Who keeps me company? Daniel? Now there's a fun time.

DR. ROSS

Do you ever speak to Daniel's dad?

DANIEL as BUD

Huh?

DR. ROSS

Are there times when you talk to Daniel's father?

DANIEL

(BUD does not reply)

DR. ROSS

Bud?

(DANIEL returns to the position he was in when he arrived. No movement, animation, or speech. DR. ROSS moves to the stage front and remains standing. He speaks to the audience.)

DR. ROSS

We don't know a lot about multiple personalities. Actually, the condition of multiple personalities is difficult to recognize. It's rare that they make their way into a therapist's office. There is a clear difference between someone who. . .

(The phone rings. DR. ROSS speaks to the audience. He does not mimic speaking into a receiver. He walks back and

forth as he speaks. The RECEPTIONIST is not on stage. The voice comes over a speaker phone.)

DR. ROSS

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST

Doctor, you have a call on line three. It's Dr. Lawson.

DR. ROSS

(Pause.) Scott, how are you?

DR. LAWSON

Good. How are you doing, Phil?

DR. ROSS

Tired. Too many hours behind closed doors. How's Lynn?

DR. LAWSON

Mean!

DR. ROSS

Well, just don't sit there, take care of that.

DR. LAWSON

That's exactly what got me to this point. I took care of her meanness and now she's mean AND pregnant.

DR. ROSS

Dr. Lawson, I have an hour open next Wednesday. Why don't you and the little woman come in for an appointment?

DR. LAWSON

Dr. Ross?

DR. ROSS

Yes?

DR. LAWSON

FUCK YOU!

DR. ROSS

Dr. Lawson, I sense anger here. (*He laughs.*) What can I do for you?

DR. LAWSON

Did you get a chance to see Tammy?

DR. ROSS

Yes. I saw her last week.

DR. LAWSON

And?

DR. ROSS

You've got a case on your hands.

DR. LAWSON

Tell me the stuff I don't know.

DR. ROSS

Hold on, I'll get her file. (*DR. ROSS appears to be getting a file. He mimes having a file in his hands.*) She's a carver. Did you know that?

DR. LAWSON

I was suspicious. I've never seen any real evidence of it.

DR. ROSS

Apparently she's never worn shorts when she's seen you. I'm confident she's trying to hide it from you. She probably went out of her way to expose it to me. She's got "HATE" on the left leg and the letters (*saying*

letters from the alphabet.) -F- -I- on the other leg. The "I" could be the beginning of the letter "U". My guess is it's on it's way to being Fire or Fuck. Where would you like me to go from here?

DR. LAWSON

You're the specialist. Where can you go from here? Do you have the time?

DR. ROSS

I'll squeeze her in.

DR. LAWSON

When can you start? I'll call and let her parents know.

DR. ROSS

Actually, if it's okay with you I'd like to see the parents first. Any chance of that?

DR. LAWSON

I'll arrange it.

DR. ROSS

How's monday?

(A couple, the FATHER and the MOTHER, come in and sit on the couch. They are well dressed. The FATHER is between 35 to 40 years old and projects an attitude of annoyance and impatience. The MOTHER is between 35 and 45 years old and appears worried and preoccupied.)

DR. LAWSON

I'll see that they get there. They're a bit much. Just a warning.

DR. ROSS

My best to Lynn.

DR. LAWSON

Same to Kelly.

(DR. ROSS returns to his chair across from the couch.)

DR. ROSS

I'm glad you could both make it. Do you have any questions for me before we get started?

FATHER

How long is this going to take? I've got business to do. This is really going to cut in to my day. I . . .

MOTHER

Please! PLEASE. Could we give this a chance?

FATHER

(Cynically.) A chance. I spend half of my life working and the other half picking up after the wreckage she makes. *(With Anger.)* A chance! How much of this do you think a man can take?

(The MOTHER gives an exasperated sigh. Shaking her head at the FATHER, she turns her attention back to DR. ROSS.)

MOTHER

Mr. Ross. Doctor. Her real name is Rachel. She got the name Tammy from her Grandfather. She spent a lot of time with Granddad, his father, and Granddad always wanted us to call her Tammy.

FATHER

Obnoxious bastard.

MOTHER

(Looking at her husband.) Please! *(Pause.)* So she never really accepted the name Rachel. We stopped fighting it when she was about 5 and. . .

FATHER

You stopped fighting. Not we. You! We didn't decide anything. You decided. You decided everything about her. When. . .

(A dim overhead spot light turns on down stage right. A girl is standing in the light. It is TAMMY. She appears to be about 16 years of age. She has long hair. She is wearing a calf length dress and tennis shoes. She speaks to the audience. After TAMMY stops speaking the next reader should begin speaking immediately.)

TAMMY

That's what I hear when I think of them. I try not to think of them. *(Pause.)* Forever having at each other. Morning, noon, and night. Twenty-four hours a day, that's them. If you asked "So tell me about what your parents are like", I'd say, "Think of two countries at war. . . forever", that's them. Vietnam and the Gulf War all over again.

(She looks back at them and turns her attention back to the audience.)

Jesus, how'd I get so lucky.

DR. ROSS

Your daughter was referred to me by Dr. Lawson. Do you know why?

FATHER

(With sarcasm.) Let's see, *(Pause. Being dramatic.)* it could be because you guys know a quick buck when you see one.

TAMMY

What an asshole!

(TAMMY's spot is turned off. She remains on stage.)

MOTHER

Please!

FATHER

(Angry and rough voiced.) PLEASE! PLEASE! Please this. Please that. How about pleasing me? What about me? You never spend the time to .

(The MOTHER leaves the couch and comes to down stage center. DR. ROSS continues talking with the FATHER but the audience cannot hear them. She speaks to the audience. An overhead spot is on her. The spot over TAMMY is turned off.)

MOTHER

We met at a dance 19 years ago. He was there with a friend of mine. He was so handsome. I thought I would just die. You should have seen him. I don't now why things like this happen, but it was as if no one else was in the room. Sandra, my friend, the one that brought him, never spoke to me again. We were married 3 months later. It was wonderful at first. We both worked. He delivered for a furniture company and I was a bank teller. We had fun all the time. Well, except when we went to his parents.

(TAMMY's spot is turned back on. The mother remains center stage giving the appearance of talking to the audience.)

TAMMY

What I remember about my grandparents is how Gramps always had a beer in his hand and Gram was always bringing'em another one. One right after another. "Keep'em happy, Tam," my Gram would say. "Keep'em happy and keep'em off you. It's the key to being a happy woman. "

(TAMMY's spot goes off.)

MOTHER

From the moment we walked in the door of his parents house, the man I married was no more. He got lost. Grampa was always drunk. Grampa would say horrible things to him. He was an awful man. When he died my

husband cried for days. I didn't think he'd ever stop. I really could never understand why he cried over him. He always hated the man. I never saw him cry again.

(The mother returns to the couch.)

DR. ROSS

Can you give me any information that would help me with Tammy's problem?

FATHER

(With great exaggeration.) Problems. Her problems. She's been a mess ever since I can remember.

MOTHER

That's not true. Rachel's a good girl. She's just got something bothering her.

FATHER

Oh, come on. Don't you remember her wetting the bed? If it wasn't that it was something else. One illness after another. I could have found the cure for AIDS for what I spent on her doctor bills. *(Focusing on DR. ROSS.)* Your bill will be added to the pile.

(TAMMY's spot goes on.)

TAMMY

Fucker!

FATHER

Every morning the same thing. She didn't stop until she was twelve.

MOTHER

Ten. She was ten. Anyway, some children have a problem, bladder problems.

TAMMY

I wonder why!

MOTHER

She was a sound sleeper. At least she never cried.

(Looking towards the couch and speaking to her MOTHER.)

TAMMY

You never heard me, Mom. Where were you? I cried for you all the time. I'd scream "Mommy, Mommy. Please help. Please save me. " You're such a whimp. You were never there. NEVER!

FATHER

Ten! Eleven! Whatever! The kid ruined 3 mattresses. Ross, mattresses are expensive. You got any kids? You know how expensive they are to keep? *(Beat.)* She had to have them replaced because of her damn bed wetting. What would you have done?

TAMMY

Bullshit! You had them replaced for you.

FATHER

If it had been up to me the little punk would have slept on the floor. That would have taught her. But Miss "Don't Punish Her" wouldn't have it.

MOTHER

DR. ROSS, would that have been the thing to do? Have her sleep on the floor? How could she. . .

(The FATHER walks to down stage center. He stands where the MOTHER stood, hands in his pockets. TAMMY stands in the dark.)

FATHER

I was 22 when we met. Twenty-two and horny. All my friends were getting laid. I was gettin' nothin'. Not even a feel. By the second date we were doing it. We got married and she cut me off. Cut me off cold. Like one of those Jewish Princess jokes. They're not so funny any more. She says it was because I was never around. I was trying to better the family, for Christ's sake. What'd she expect?

(MOTHER walks down stage left facing at a slight angle to the audience. As she speaks to the audience she makes like she's washing dishes. There are no props. She turns on a radio that is not there. It's playing "Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree". The music goes down to a very low volume. The FATHER continues on like he's speaking.)

MOTHER

He was never home. He went to work and then went to real-estate school. We had Rachel and I was left with the job of taking care of her. I was all alone.

(Without a spot light on.)

TAMMY

You did a fucking lousy job of it, Mom.

(The FATHER speaks and the MOTHER continues washing dishes.)

FATHER

I got tired of living from pay check to pay check. So I wanted more in life. Is that a crime to want more for my family? She was always badgering me. "We can't afford this. When can we buy that?" I just got tired of it. Real God damn tired. *(He speaks as he is returning to the couch.)* You ever have that problem with your wife?

MOTHER

All I ever wanted was a relationship with my husband and our daughter. But it was never good enough for him. He had to have the house on the hill. The fancy cars. The membership at the country club. We just couldn't have a normal life. One time. . .

(The spot goes on over a TAMMY. She is sitting on the floor with her legs crossed facing the audience. TAMMY is carving in her right leg and singing to the tune of Frere Jacques. She is holding a real pair of scissors. The rest of the stage goes dark.)

TAMMY

'Dad-dy loves me, Dad-dy loves me. '
'Yes he does. Yes he does. '
He's com-ing in to see me. He's com-ing into see-me. '
(She speaks with pride.) There. *(Using letters of the alphabet.)* -R-
-F-I-R-.

(Pointing and waving the scissors as she speaks. There is a long pause before she speaks again.)

TAMMY

Usually he came to see me twice a week. Sometimes three times a week. I had it all figured out by the time I was five. The nights he didn't go to school he came to see me. It was simple. I could hear him singing as he opened the door.

(The music to Frere Jacques begins playing in the background.)

TAMMY

I had this great poster of the Disney characters on my wall, right above my bed. You know the one with Mickey and Minny Mouse in the middle holding hands. I loved Mickey's grin. Sometimes I would try and imitate his smile. *(She gives a big exaggerated smile.)* The rest of the characters were all around them: Donald Duck, The Seven Dwarfs, Goofy. Goofy was my favorite. Goofy is a goofy kin'a guy, ya' know.

Anyway, the poster was really neat because it was like set in Disneyland with all the roads and stuff. So when I heard my dad coming I would lie on my side, make like I was asleep, and stare at the poster. After a while I was right in there with the whole gang. Playing and having a great time. Next thing I knew it was morning.

(She stands up and neatens herself.)

TAMMY

When I was about 12 things changed. I was finished. I didn't care anymore. He did his usual routine one night. *(Beat.)* It was his last night. *(Beat.)* When he laid down, *(She makes like she's stabbing someone.)* I stabbed him in the leg with my scissors. God, was he surprised. I just loved hearing him moan. He told my mom he fell and cut his leg. Jesus, she bought it.

FATHER

So I don't know what's wrong with her. I did everything I could. I've been a loving husband and a giving father.

MOTHER and TAMMY

(With sarcasm.) Sure.

DR. ROSS

(To the FATHER.) Maybe you could tell me about her visits with her grandfather. How long did she stay at her grandparent's house and how often?

(The FATHER walks over to stage left were his wife is. He puts his arms around her waist as she is washing dishes.)

TAMMY

Well, he's right on time.

FATHER

Sorry I'm late. I sold that dump the Petersons had for sale. I can't believe anyone would want to live in that old shack. You know the old saying, "There's an ass for every toilet".

(The MOTHER ignores him.)

FATHER

How about me and you call it a night. *(A moment passes.)* This shit again. It's the same God-damn thing every fuckin' night. Who the hell needs it, bitch.

(He begins walking across the stage towards the area where TAMMY is. As he does TAMMY lies down on the floor her back facing the audience. He stops mid-stage and turns to the audience.)

I'm a man. I have needs. Nothing wrong with that.

(He continues walking, slower now. He begins to sing to the tune of Frere Jacques. He makes like he is opening a door and entering a room.)

'Dad-dy loves you, Dad-dy loves you. '

'Yes he does. Yes he does. '

'He's com-ing to see you, He's coming to see you. '

(He continues to sing as he lies down next to her. TAMMY yells.)

TAMMY

MOMMY! MOMMY! PLEASE SAVE ME. MOMMY!

(As TAMMY yells her mother turns up the radio. The radio is playing "Help," by the Beatles. The music slowly drowns out

TAMMY's screaming. She adjusts the radio to her liking as it completely drowns out TAMMY's yelling.)

Mommy, why won't you help me?

(There is a long Pause. TAMMY and her FATHER remain on the floor for some time. As they lie there, the spot fades to black over TAMMY, FATHER, and MOTHER. The MOTHER returns to the couch. The light becomes brighter over the office area. The FATHER returns to the couch.)

DR. ROSS

I'm sure you are both as concerned about Tammy as am I. I realize that some of these questions are difficult. Again, can you think of any reason why Tammy is acting this way?

(The spot goes on over TAMMY. She is sitting cross legged on the floor. Her scissors are in her hand. Her head is turned towards DR. ROSS.)

TAMMY

You're barking up the wrong tree. You are one stupid shrink.

FATHER

We've gone over and over and over this. I've had it! *(Looking at his wife.)* You do this again if you want to. I'm out of here.

(The FATHER storms off stage right leaving DR. ROSS and the MOTHER.)

TAMMY

(Watching him walk off stage.) Wonderful performance, Daddy dear.

MOTHER

Be patient with him DR. ROSS. He has been through this many times. He leaves the office to come to these appointments and ends up working 'til 10:00 or 11:00 at night. It seems like it's been one therapist after another.

TAMMY

(With sarcasm.) Oh Mother, please! He's been spending most of his time with the new secretary and you know it. You know, the divorced one. The one who lives alone. The one with the two kids. Come on, Mommy, Mommy. Let's get honest. I know you can do it. The Doc could use a good, "Won't you feel sorry for me," story right about now.

MOTHER

DR. ROSS, I'm tired of the lie. He and I haven't gotten along for sometime. He doesn't come home much anymore. Maybe it's my fault. Maybe I never. . . .

TAMMY

(With enthusiasm. Punching each word.) All-right-Mom. Go for it.

(DR. ROSS leaves his chair and goes down stage. He does not sit. He speaks to the audience. TAMMY begins carving in her leg.)

DR. ROSS

Some things are becoming very clear to me. One, TAMMY is carving the word "FIRE. " That is apparent. So she now has "Hate" on one leg and "FIRE" on the other. She has a great deal of anger in her.

TAMMY

So how long did you go to school to figure out that one? What a jerk!

DR. ROSS

The rage has been caused by having to repress some early childhood experience or experiences. Her granddad is a major player in that rage.

TAMMY

WRONG!

DR. ROSS

Second, the word "Fire" plays two roles. It is an attempt to burn out the rage and an attempt to express her rage.

TAMMY

WRONG! WRONG AGAIN. At least you're consistent.

DR. ROSS

Third, her mother and father exemplify the rage and fire as they continue to be at odds with each other.

(Dr. Ross begins walking back and forth on the front of the stage as he is talking. The MOTHER leaves the couch and walks off stage.)

DR. ROSS

Being a therapist is very much like putting a puzzle together. Digging up the details and facts that represent the pieces. The obvious goal is to get the facts right to be able to figure out the puzzle. That's where the training and experience come in.

Sometimes I feel a little like a headhunter. Not like those from a primitive jungle tribe or the kind that get other people jobs. *(Pause.)* Now that I think about it, maybe it is a bit like the kind from the jungle.

I remember as a kid, I would spend hours and hours looking through National Geographic. There they were, naked tribe's woman with maow maow tits. Maow maow tits, that's what we use to call them. When you're eleven, naked jungle bodies are pretty neat to see.

Sometimes I would look at other parts of the magazine. Once I saw some pictures of shrunken heads. Human shrunken heads. God, I almost threw-up. The article said they were headhunters. They would boil their victims and shrink the heads. Maybe that's where the word "shrink" comes from in my profession. I don't know. Anyway, sometimes I feel like a headhunter of sorts. The victims come in with these big heads full of all this stuff, you know, this issue and that issue. I try to shrink them down. Sometimes when I'm talking I can see their heads getting smaller and smaller, kind of like the ones in National Geographic.

Tammy's parents are easier to shrink than most. You see. . .

(The spot is turned off over DR. ROSS. The spot light becomes slightly brighter over TAMMY. She carves in her leg as she talks.)

TAMMY

I think of all the letters in the alphabet, the letter -E- is the most difficult to make, at least to carve into skin. You see, *(She bends her leg forward to show the audience)* it's difficult because of the bend in the leg. I mean it's hard keeping the lines straight. Remember there are three lines in the letter -E-. Plus, it makes it even more difficult to carve the -E- in my case because I want to keep it lined up with the other -E- in 'Hate' on the other leg. *(She stands up to show the audience how neat her carving is. There are no letters on her legs.)*

You know how I got the idea? The idea to carve that is. Well, *(Beat.)* one day my friends and I were looking through this National Geographic. You know, the magazine that have pictures of places and people from all over the world. Yeah, that one. Anyway, my best friend's brother had a bunch of them under his bed. She told me she was peeking through the door one day and saw him pulling on his thing and looking at the magazine at the same time. We figured out later he was masturbating to naked Africans. Unbelievable. Un-be-lievable! It pissed me off a little that the men had leaves and stuff over their things and the women had their tits hanging out all over the place. They all had their butts exposed.

So I was looking through the magazine and there were these pictures, ya know, of these people, savages, sitting around all these human bones. The magazine said they were cannibals. Incredible. In-cred-i-ble. I looked it up in the dictionary to see what it meant. I wrote it down and kept it in my wallet. I don't know why, I just did. Here, I have it right here.

(She pulls out her wallet and removes a piece of paper from the wallet. She reads it to the audience. She reads from a real piece of paper.)

"Cannibal: 1: a person or persons who eat human flesh. 2: an animal that eats its own kind. Adjective; of or like Cannibals. " Then it said,

cannibalize. Okay, here. "Cannibalize: 1: to strip off parts for use in other units to help keep them in service. What do you know, (*Beat.*) that's exactly what I wanted to do. I was twelve years old and I wanted to strip the parts off of me and use them some place else.

I started real slow. No one noticed for years. I'd use little stick pins and things. Gradually I worked my way up to scissors. I love the scissors. (*Showing the audience*) These are the ones I used on fuck-face. (*Pause.*) Cannibalizing. Great word. Cannibalizing.

(The spot goes off over TAMMY and on over DR. ROSS)

DR. ROSS

. . . but I like the detective work. The headhunting. It's a real challenge. I remember once. . .

(The spot goes on over TAMMY. DR. ROSS' spot remains on. He appears to be talking. The audience can not hear him.)

TAMMY

That's it. My best work to date. It's done. All done. Yeap, I'm one grade 'A' cannibalizer.

(She stands and admires her work. She walks off stage. Her spot remains on. DR. ROSS' voice can now be heard. As he speaks a musical version of Frere Jacques begins playing in the background. It starts out very low in volume and increases in volume as he speaks.)

DR. ROSS

. . . so it took me about seven months but I figured it out. You see, she had actually learned to be paranoid from her mother. Whenever her mother would talk on the phone she would use the word "worried" over and over again.

(There is the sound of a loud gun shot off stage. TAMMY's spot suddenly changes to dark blue and Frere Jacques stops playing.)

. . . therefore, she learned to mimic the worry over and over again in her life. Just saying she was worried.

It's quite amazing really. So much goes on in our. . .

(The phone rings. He answers. He does not mimic picking up a phone. He speaks to the audience.)

DR. ROSS

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST

Doctor, you have a call on line one.

DR. ROSS

Janice, would you take a message.

RECEPTIONIST

Doctor, it's Doctor Lawson. He says it's urgent.

DR. ROSS

Thank you, Janice. *(Pause.)* Scott, how are you? Did she have the baby or are you calling for that appointment?

DR. LAWSON

Phil, I just got a call from the police. Tammy shot herself. She's committed suicide.

DR. ROSS

What?

DR. LAWSON

Tammy's dead. What's been going on? What happened? (*Pause.*) Phil. Phil! Are you there?

DR. ROSS

Scott, can I call you back?

DR. LAWSON

Phil, you okay. (*Long pause.*) You can't be responsible for everyone who decides they don't want to stick around. (*Pause.*) Phil. (*Pause.*) Phil. I'll call you later. Don't beat yourself up. You did what you could.

(The line goes dead. DR. ROSS is silent. He appears very disturbed. He loosens his tie, puts his hands through his hair, and walks back and forth silently on the stage. TAMMY walks into the spot light. She observes him for a few moments.)

TAMMY

You blew it.

DR. ROSS

How could I have blown it like that?

TAMMY

You weren't paying attention, were you, Doc?

DR. ROSS

I must be tired.

TAMMY

Face it, you got cocky and missed the message.

DR. ROSS

What didn't I see? What did I miss? How could I let that happen?

TAMMY

You didn't want to see. You didn't want to deal with the problem. I remind you of something that's been bothering you for a long time. You couldn't deal with it so you decided to let me go. Didn't you? *(Pause.)* Didn't you?

DR. ROSS

Scott's right. I did what I could. I can't save the world.

TAMMY

Good. Real good. Go into denial and go back to work.

(A phone rings.)

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Ross, Your next appointment is here. Shall I send her in. *(Pause.)* Dr. Ross?

DR. ROSS

That will be fine. Send her in.

(KITTY enters. She is walking with a limp. She is wearing a blouse, skirt, and boots. Her hair is pulled back in a pony tail. Her arm is in a sling. She has a patch over her left cheek. She sits down slowly. TAMMY watches.)

KITTY

Sorry for being late.

DR. ROSS

My God, what happened?

KITTY

I was in an accident.

DR. ROSS

Why didn't you let me know? Is that why you missed your last appointment?

KITTY

Yes. I just got out of bed day before yesterday. Two days ago.

DR. ROSS

Are you okay?

KITTY

If being alive is okay, then I'm okay. I'm real sore though.

DR. ROSS

You look very uncomfortable.

KITTY

It's not so bad now, but I could barely move for three or four days.

(TAMMY walks up behind the couch and stands. She listens to the conversation.)

DR. ROSS

Tell me what happened.

KITTY

Shit! It was one of those stupid things, ya know? I was driving out of the parking lot of that new mall. The one they opened last month in downtown. Anyway. . .

(KITTY appears to continue talking.)

TAMMY

You going to buy this crap the same way you bought it from me. There's no way she got this from an auto accident. She's lying to you and you can't see it. You can't see because you don't want to see it.

DR. ROSS

(Yelling.) STOP IT!

KITTY

Okay, Dr. Ross. Gee, you don't have to yell at me. I was just telling you what happened.

DR. ROSS

Not you. I mean. (*Beat.*) That's not what I meant. I'm sorry, go on.

KITTY

So when I turned left this old lady. . .

(KITTY appears to be speaking.)

TAMMY

Why are you wasting your time. Why don't you cut to the chase. Tell her to cut the crap so you can help her.

(Frere Jacques plays in the background. It's being played on a toy piano. It is slightly out of key and eery. DR. ROSS becomes uncomfortable and begins moving around in his chair. TAMMY comes from around the back of the couch and sits next to KITTY.)

KITTY

. . . ended up swerving around her and going across. . .

(TAMMY begins making exaggerated head motions to imitate KITTY. KITTY appears to be speaking.)

TAMMY

You poor kid. Sounds like it was a real bad car wreck. Bullshit. (*Looking at DR. ROSS*) How long are you going to go with this? Or, wait a minute, I know. You really think this is what happened. You think she was in a car wreck. Let me help you, Doc. She got the shit kicked out of her by some John.

KITTY

And that's what happened. (*Pause.*) Hey, Doc, you okay? You look a little pale.

DR. ROSS

I'm fine. I'm just a little tired, that's all. So go on.

(KITTY continues to appear as if she is speaking)

TAMMY

Jesus, you really do believe this. You're really sold. How about if I paint a picture for you. Think you can get the hang of it then? Maybe that will help.

(KITTY leaves the couch and goes down stage left. As she walks she no longer has a limp. She removes her arm from her sling, takes the band off her pony tail, and removes the bandages from her face. A male, MR. DAVIS, enters from stage left and positions himself under a widely lit area. He is 35 to 45 years old, well dressed, wearing a suit and tie. KITTY positions herself standing across from the man. There are no props. DR. ROSS continues to appear more and more uncomfortable. TAMMY watches from the couch.)

MR. DAVIS

You must be Kitty.

KITTY

Are you Mr. Davis?

MR. DAVIS

Yes.

KITTY

You called the agency?

MR. DAVIS

Yes.

KITTY

Should I come in.

MR. DAVIS

Sure. Why not?

(They change positions in the lighted area.)

KITTY

Well, like I said, my name is Kitty, what's yours?

MR. DAVIS

Well, like I told the agency, my name is MR. DAVIS.

KITTY

Oh, one of those.

MR. DAVIS

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

KITTY

Well, I like to be just a little more friendly before I fuck someone, that's all.

MR. DAVIS

Well, I'm paying for your time and while you're under my employment you will call me MR. DAVIS.

KITTY

It's your money. Have it your way.

MR. DAVIS

That's right. It's my money. And it's my way.

TAMMY

Pay attention here, Doc. It's starting to get good.

DR. ROSS

What's happening to me? What's going on? This is ridiculous. Kitty, is there anything I can do to help? How are you doing financially?

KITTY

Speaking of money, let's take care of business.

MR. DAVIS

Let's just get on with it and take care of business later.

KITTY

MR. DAVIS, I think you ought to know the rules by now. You pay up front. You tell me what you want and I tell you what it costs. You change your mind along the way and want more, we stop what we're doing, take care of some more business, and continue. That's the way it is.

MR. DAVIS

Bitch!

KITTY

That will cost you, too. Name calling and demeaning remarks are extra.

MR. DAVIS

How much?

KITTY

Now I've got the idea of what you want. Why didn't you say so?

MR. DAVIS

How do you know what I want?

(KITTY walks over to him and begins to rub his chest.)

KITTY

A big strong man like you needs to be the boss. You can't let a girl like me get away with back talking you. You need to keep me in my place, don't you? I mean, I deserve being told what to do and how to do it, don't I?

MR. DAVIS

How much?

KITTY

Where's the phone? I need to check in.

MR. DAVIS

You don't need to check in. Let's get started.

KITTY

Sorry, those are the rules.

MR. DAVIS

Rules. I didn't think you had to live by rules. Come on, let's go for it.

(TAMMY walks over to them. She looks back at DR. ROSS.)

TAMMY

Here's her first mistake.

KITTY

Let's see the money.

(He removes some bills from his pocket.)

MR. DAVIS

How's this for starters?

(She takes the money and counts to herself.)

KITTY

What did you have in mind?

MR. DAVIS

Get undressed.

KITTY

So you want to watch, huh?

MR. DAVIS

Just shut the fuck up and get undressed, slowly.

(She begins undressing.)

KITTY

That's right, I almost forgot. You're big and strong and you like to tell your women what to do. Isn't that right? You like a woman who can take orders with no back talk.

MR. DAVIS

I said, keep your fucking mouth shut.

KITTY

You love to tell women what to do and how to do it, don't you? You love to be the boss. Well, you're the boss tonight. Anything you want, you got. How about if I call you Sir? How would that be? How about I start down on my knees? I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you?

MR. DAVIS

Stop! Don't take those off. Leave them on.

(KITTY removes everything but a bra and G-string. As MR. DAVIS is speaking to her he begins removing his tie. She puts her wrist out in front of her in anticipation of what he wants. TAMMY continues to observe.)

TAMMY

Here comes mistake number two.

KITTY

So you're into a little bondage. That's cool. I can play that part.

MR. DAVIS

Shut up and turn around. *(Pause.)* You whores are all alike. You're nothing. You're. . .

(KITTY turns around placing her hands behind her. MR. DAVIS begins walking back and forth. He acts like he is speaking to her. TAMMY walks over to the back of the couch and stands.)

TAMMY

You missed the whole thing. Just like you missed it with me. That's not supposed to happen, is it? Not to someone like you. It was as clear as day. There it was, right in my file. Look at it.

(DR. ROSS continues to appear tormented. He reaches over and appears to be looking through a folder--there is no prop.)

TAMMY

I'll bet you can see it now. You missed it the first time. Or maybe you just decided that it wasn't important. No, you just figured it was nothing. Let me see, what did it say?

(TAMMY walks behind DR. ROSS' chair and reads from the file he is holding.)

TAMMY

Oh yeah, "Tammy fantasizes about killing herself with a gun. Her mother found her one evening with her father's gun. The mother did not inform the police. " Wasn't that nice of Mommy? My father didn't know I took the gun, but you did. Except you were too busy to pay much attention. You were so far into your Freudian bullcrap that you missed the simple meaning of "fire. " Like to fire a gun. Get it, Doc. Just to fire a gun. *(Pause.)*
Dumb Shit!

DR. ROSS

How could I have missed this? How could I. . .

KITTY

Well, go for it. Let's do it. I have other clients who. . .

(MR. DAVIS walks up behind her and puts the tie around her neck. A struggle begins. They fight standing up and then rolling on the floor. They yell and scream very loud. Frere Jacques begins playing in the background. Soft at first and then louder and louder.)

TAMMY

Tell me, Doc, how could you buy into the story about the automobile wreck?

Oh. Right! Boy wonder does no wrong. But you were wrong with me. You know that now. You always knew, didn't you. And now it's too late. How many people are you going to fuck up with. . .

KITTY

Stop! Let me go. You son-of-a-bitch. You fucking bastard. I'll kill you. I'll have your balls cut off. You'll never get another call girl in this fucking town.

Stop. Help! Somebody help. He's killing me. Help. Please, God. You fucker. Let me go. You're breaking my arm. Shit! Stop! God damn you, stop! Help! Please help. Somebody help me. .

MR. DAVIS

You're nothing. I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget. My dad taught me this lesson and now I'm teaching you. You think you have the right to be walking this earth? Do you? Come on, do you? You're shit.

You're nothing. You ought to be grateful a man like me would want to be with someone like you. You're a slut. You're trash. My mother was trash, just like you. And I'm going to. . .

(DR. ROSS stands up and yells. When he does all the activity suddenly freezes. Frere Jacques stops playing. He grabs at his head, pulling at himself.)

DR. ROSS

(*Yelling*) Shut up! Shut up! Shut. . . up! I was tired. I'm tired. Just shut up.

(*There is complete silence and no motion for a few moments. They begin speaking. Slowly at first. As they do they all begin surrounding him. Frere Jacques begins playing softly at first and then louder.*)

TAMMY	KITTY	MR. DAVIS	DR. ROSS
Why should we stop? Do you want us to wait for you to catch up so you can figure this out on your own time schedule? You blew it. You've lost your touch. It cost me my life. You could have saved me. You were too busy making speeches and waiting for people to praise the brilliant Dr. Ross, weren't you. . . The brilliant Dr. Ross, weren't	You're suppose to know better. You know I'm not going to tell you the truth. I come to you to get answers and you let me know that I can get away with anything. Why didn't you confront me about this stuff? You should have been letting me know. you should have warned me. You should	You make it easy for sick-o's like me to get off. Maybe you could have me over to meet the little woman. Hey, Doc, how about a three-some? Let's go for it. You might like it. Let's go for	Stop. Stop, God, make it stop. I'm tired. I Just

you. . . The brilliant Dr. Ross, weren't You. . . have let me know. You should have warned me. . . it. You might like it. Let's go for it. . . need a rest I just need to rest. I'll be okay, I . .

(A phone rings.)

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Ross, your wife's on the phone. She says you were supposed to meet her for lunch. *(Pause.)* Dr. Ross. Dr. Ross. Are you okay? Dr. Ross? Dr. Ross! Help! Someone call an ambulance! Dr. Ross, what's wrong? Dr. Ross? Please! Dr. Ross?

END ACT I

CANNIBALS AND HEADHUNTERS

ACT II

(The curtain opens. The stage is decorated as an office. It appears fresh, bright, and plush. There is a desk, two couches, an arm chair, bookshelves, lamps, pictures, books, knick-knacks, telephone, etc. A small, nicely decorated Christmas tree sits on a table towards the rear of the office. DR. HENRY, a woman in her mid to late 30's, is speaking on the phone. She is well dressed in a woman's business suit and low heels. She appears somewhat conservative and confident.)

DR. HENRY

That's so sweet of you. It's such a surprise. *(Pause.)* Yes, it is a big day. I can remember as a little girl thinking this would never happen to me and here I am. *(Pause.)* Oh, I am really looking forward to it. Josh has planned everything. *(Pause.)* I'll be there with bells on. *(Pause.)* 7:30. *(Pause.)* Bye.

(She hangs up the phone and begins looking at some files in folders. The phone rings.)

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Henry, your next appointment is here. Would you like me to send them in?

DR. HENRY

Yes, please send them in.

(TED, and JOAN enter the office. They are between twenty-five and thirty years old. They are well dressed in up-to-date fashions. They stand before DR. HENRY.)

DR. HENRY

Hello, my name is Dr. Henry. (*Looking at the woman and then the man.*)
You must be Joan and Ted. Why don't you sit down.

*(Taking a seat side by side, JOAN and TED sit on the couch
across from DR. HENRY who sits in an arm chair.)*

DR. HENRY

May I ask who referred you to me?

JOAN

I heard about you from. . .

TED

I have a friend that. . .

TED

Go ahead.

JOAN

No, you tell her.

TED

Why don't you.

JOAN

(Pause.) We were at this Christmas party a couple of weeks ago. We started talking to this guy. Casual stuff, you know. Anyway, we got on to the subject of relationships and he started talking about the therapy he went through to deal with some of the problems in his now defunct relationship. Your name came up. He said you were the best as far as he was concerned. There's no one else better, that's what he said. So here we are. Make us all better.

DR. HENRY

Well, I'm very flattered, whoever he is. Why don't one of you tell me what brings you here?

JOAN

TED

We recently got. . . We've been married. . .

(They stop talking, look at each other, and laugh.)

TED

Not this again. Go ahead.

JOAN

I went last time, you go.

TED

We've been married about four months. We really love each other. God, we do everything together. Hiking, movies, bike riding. She's become my best friend. Everything was going great. . .

JOAN

Dr. Henry, now you need to hold on here. This is a little embarrassing. We weren't even sure we could tell you.

DR. HENRY

Just relax. Take a couple of deep breaths. It's going to be okay. I'm not here to pass judgment on the two of you. I will do what I can.

(TED looks at JOAN.)

TED

Go ahead.

JOAN

Well, everything was going just fine, like I said. Then *(Pause.)* he comes home with some peanut butter.

DR. HENRY

Peanut butter?

TED

Yes, peanut butter. Crunchy peanut butter.

DR. HENRY

Excuse me?

JOAN

DR. HENRY, up until that time we had never come across anything we differed on. Then he comes home with crunchy. .

TED

. . . peanut butter. She loses her cool over peanut butter. You would have thought I had an affair or something. Jesus! She looks at me, grabs the jar of peanut butter. . .

JOAN

Crunchy peanut butter! Not peanut butter, crunchy peanut butter.

TED

I don't even want to say the "C" word anymore. Ever again. It might cost me my life.

JOAN

You're damn right. How could you? Crunchy peanut butter. What about smooth? Is there something wrong with smooth? (*Looking at him.*) Am I suppose to change my ways, not have my needs met because you eat CRUNCHY peanut butter?

TED

Judas Priest! You can have smooth fucking peanut butter until hell freezes over for all I care. But, I can't imagine anyone eating smooth peanut butter when there's crunchy. Crunchy. Just listen to how it sounds. It even sounds better than. . .

JOAN

I thought you weren't going to use the "C" word anymore.

TED

You see? You see? She mocks me.

DR. HENRY

Let me get this straight. You are angry with each other because one of you (*looking at TED*) likes crunchy peanut butter and you (*looking at JOAN*) likes smooth?

JOAN and TED

EXACTLY! (*looking at each other after saying it.*)

DR. HENRY

Have the two of you considered. . .

JOAN

What's to consider, Dr. Henry? He likes crunchy and I like smooth. How can a marriage continue on with something like that in the way?

DR. HENRY

Well, possibly. . .

TED

Can you imagine someone not liking crunchy? Had I have known. . .

(The phone rings.)

DR. HENRY

Excuse me. I'm sorry. I'm usually never interrupted while in session.

(She walks to the phone and turns her back on JOAN and TED. She answers with a tone of annoyance.)

DR. HENRY

Diane, is this an emergency?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm very sorry, Doctor. It's your husband. I think you better speak to him.

(A man's voice is heard as she speaks on the phone.)

DR. HENRY

I. . . *(Pause.)* Put him through. *(Pause.)* Josh, is there a problem?

JOSH

Darling, I'm sorry to bother you, but I need some help with a decision.

DR. HENRY

Josh, didn't Diane tell you I was in session?

JOSH

Yes, but this just couldn't wait.

DR. HENRY

(Exasperated.) Please, but quickly.

JOSH

I am going to go to the store after I leave the office and I wanted to know if I should pick up smooth peanut butter or crunchy peanut butter?

DR. HENRY

Josh, I don't care which. . .

(She pauses for a moment and turns to look at the couple on the couch. They are holding up a banner that reads: HAPPY BIRTHDAY SARAH, LOVE JOSH. JOAN and TED have their arms reaching out in a very theatrical way as if to say "Tah Dah". They are laughing.)

DR. HENRY

You! You set this up, didn't. . .

JOSH

Happy birthday, dear. I've been wanting to do something like this for years.

DR. HENRY

But how did. . .

JOSH

It took some doing. I called a local talent agency, hired some actors, and wrote them a script. You know how I always wanted to be a playwright. Diane set up the appointment and the rest is now history.

DR. HENRY

You nut!

JOSH

Why, Dr. Henry, I'm surprised at you. Do people in your profession use words like "nut"?

DR. HENRY

You're a nut. I love you.

JOSH

Happy birthday. I'm looking forward to tonight.

DR. HENRY

Me, too. I talked to Jenny. We're all set for. . .

JOSH

Hey, I know. I'm the one who made all the plans. Doctor, these control issues.

DR. HENRY

You're right. You're right. I've got to see someone about that. Got any ideas?

JOSH

We'll work on it tonight, (*Beat.*) say, while we're in bed. Enjoy the rest of the day. I love you.

(The line goes dead. She turns her attention back to TED and JOAN.)

DR. HENRY

You two really had me going. You were great.

TED

Thanks. It was definitely an unusual assignment.

JOAN

I was a little worried that he might not call. I didn't know how long I could keep it up without laughing.

TED

It was getting a little difficult.

JOAN

You sure take your work seriously. Do you ever have people in here like us?

DR. HENRY

Well, actually I never know what to expect. It's never my place to say what's an important issue and what's not. You two did test the limits, though.

JOAN

It was nice meeting you. Have a great birthday. Number forty isn't it?

DR. HENRY

Please, I'm still vain enough to keep that a secret. Thanks for helping me enjoy it.

(She watches as they leave the office. She walks down stage center. She speaks to the audience.)

DR. HENRY

I consider myself one of the most fortunate people I know. The relationship between Josh and myself is wonderful. Just wonderful. We've had our issues that we've had to work through and there were some painful times. Although, each time we would put one of those issues to resolve we always felt much closer to one another.

Because of our mutual commitment to the relationship, a level of intimacy has developed that I never thought possible. I am more in love with Josh today than I was when we got married.

I have had many clients tell me they are envious of my relationship with my husband. My work makes me appreciate him even more. While I love what I do, my work can never take the place of that intimacy I experience with Josh.

I have seen this type of work consume more than one therapist. It's not surprising to me that my profession holds the dubious honor of having the highest suicide rate in the country; I have lost more than one associate to chronic depression and suicide. Just recently I began seeing a psychologist who had a nervous break down. It makes me sad to watch his pain. . . very sad.

(DR. HENRY walks back to her office, picks up a file folder and begins going through it. A spot goes on down stage right. DANIEL and a woman are sitting facing the audience. DANIEL appears unkempt. The woman is very properly dressed. She is in her late forties. The woman is speaking to DANIEL while she looks through a magazine.)

WOMAN

Don't you think so? (*Beat.*) We could paint your room a different color so that it would match your new furniture. (*She shows him a picture in the magazine.*) I think it would just be lovely, don't you? You could use a change. (*Pause.*) When would you like to get started?

(DANIEL shrugs his shoulders.)

WOMAN

We could get some curtains to go along with the new furniture. Your cousin is coming up for Easter vacation and he had his room redone. Martha said he loved it. He did all the painting himself. Would you like to do the painting?

(DANIEL shrugs his shoulders.)

(The WOMAN sits in silence for a few moments while thumbing through the pages of the magazine.)

WOMAN

Oh, Daniel, (*Beat.*) look at this. You use to love this. These are some pictures from the Macy's Christmas Parade over the last twenty-five years. My God, look at this one. Oh, my heavens, you were only two when this picture was taken. I can remember. . .

(DANIEL leaves his chair and walks to the front of the stage. He neatens himself and speaks to the audience.)

DANIEL

I can't tell you how shocked I was. There I was doing some arts and crafts stuff at the hospital. Jesus, they think I really give a shit about arts and crafts. Sorry. Excuse my language.

So I'm working on this pot holder when I overhear these two nurses talking. One of them says, "He came in yesterday. He was a real wreck. " I didn't

think much about it until the other one says, "He's a doctor, you know. A psychologist. " That got my interest. I mean, you'd think if anyone would not be in a place like a nut house it would be a psychologist.

So I started to wander through some of the halls. I begin peeking in and out of rooms and who do you think I see? (*Beat.*) Yep, Dr. Ross. I was blown away. That's not supposed to happen.

(He quickly changes to BUD.)

DANIEL as BUD

He whimpered out. What a jerk. He sits there with his high and mighty attitude trying to guilt me into the, "Be a nice boy stuff," and he takes a dive. Fuck, he's no better off than Dan the "ain't got nothing to talk about" man. God, I was actually beginning to trust that guy. Shit, (*Pause.*) no way, no how. That guy ain't tellin' me what to. . .

(He quickly becomes CHARLES)

DANIEL as CHARLES

Could you please stay out of this. It could happen to anyone. He works very hard. Look at what happened to Daniel. And you don't make it any easier on him. At least I cooperate with him. You! You give him nothing but your sarcasm and create trouble for him. I'm surprised he even wasted his time with you. You're probably the reason he's in here.

(He quickly changes to BUD)

DANIEL as BUD

Hey! (*Beat.*) Asshole. Who asked you. What the fuck do you know? You telling me you're ever going to trust that quack again. Look what's happening now. We got this new shrink. Some woman named Henry. Henry! Jesus, what do we have here, a dyke on our hands? I'll tell you what, she's gettin' nothing from me. Nothin'. Not one damn thing. And I'll tell you something else, mister know-it-all, the kid ain't talkin' neither. We are out of here! For once in your life take a stand, ya whimp!

(DANIEL changes to CHARLES. CHARLES takes a few moments to speak.)

I can't deny I'm a little distrusting of anyone else taking over. I did have a lot of faith in Dr. Ross. How could that have happened? He seemed so well put together. *(Long Pause.)* I don't know. I just don't know.

(DANIEL returns to his chair. As he does he returns to being unkempt. The WOMAN continues speaking.)

WOMAN

. . . use to scream when Popeye came out. My God, we had to convince you he was not going to come down and. . .

(She looks up and towards the rear of the stage as if she hears something. She turns her attention to DANIEL.)

WOMAN

Okay, be nice to Dr. Henry. She's ready to see you. Are you okay?

(DANIEL shrugs his shoulders.)

WOMAN

Go ahead. *(She points to the door leading to DR. HENRY's office.)* I'll be waiting for you when you're done.

(DANIEL gets up and goes into the office. DR. HENRY is waiting for him.)

DR. HENRY

Daniel, I've really been looking forward to our first meeting. I'm Dr. Henry. Come in. Come in and sit down. Would you like something to drink? A glass of water? Some Juice?

(DANIEL does not respond.)

DR. HENRY

Well. Here. (*Grabbing a file.*) I've had a chance to go over your file. You've been working with Dr. Ross for quite some time, haven't you? You must have really gotten' to know each other very well. He's taken a little vacation you know. Just a little time off to get some rest.

(DANIEL shifts in the couch slightly.)

DR. HENRY

You know I'm taking a vacation myself. My husband and I are thinking about going to Europe. France, actually. My daughter, Savanna, is going to school in a little town outside of Paris named Turay. She is studying architecture. She loves it. I think. . . my husband and I think she is going to be a great architect someday. I miss her, though. I miss our times together.

I see in looking at your file that you lost your father some years ago. Do you miss him?

(DANIEL does not respond.)

DR. HENRY

I can certainly understand if you do. I lost my dad last year. I still feel the sting of his being gone. He was a real guiding force in my life. How about your dad? Did he help you through things?

(DANIEL does not respond.)

DR. HENRY

Daniel, in looking through your file I see that you have some friends. Do you think I could speak with them?

(DANIEL shifts his body slightly.)

DR. HENRY

What about Bud? Dr. Ross says he's quite a guy. Is Bud around so that I could talk to him?

(DANIEL says nothing.)

DR. HENRY

Daniel, I know that you're angry at Dr. Ross. I know it feels like he abandoned you. It must feel awful. I'd like to do what I can to continue with you. Dr. Ross left some notes about you and your friends. He said that he really liked everyone. I'd love to get a chance to know them.

(DANIEL says nothing. DR. HENRY pauses as she sits on the couch and reads the file.)

DR. HENRY

I understand. Look, why don't we take it real slow. We've got plenty of time. You can let me know. . . you and your friends can let me know when you're ready to talk. In the meantime we'll just get together and spend some time being in the same place together, okay? *(Pause.)* Great. I'll see you next week.

(She watches as he leaves the office. DR. HENRY looks toward the audience.)

DR. HENRY

It's very difficult for someone to trust a new therapist after feeling like they've been betrayed. Very difficult.

(DR. HENRY turns her attention to another file. She appears to be reading through the file. As she does she takes notes. Occasionally changing her mind, she may erase what she has written. A blue spot goes on down stage left. TAMMY enters the spot. She faces the audience. She is wearing what she wore when she committed suicide. TAMMY speaks to the

audience. TAMMY speaks in time to DR. HENRY's notes and observations.)

TAMMY

So, how are things going there, DR. HENRY? *(Pause.)* Are you pleased with your new case? *(Pause.)* Okay, let's go over it again. Forty-four year old white male, married, no children. That's correct, you got it. *(Pause.)* No record of/or prior history of mental problems. Right. *(Pause.)* Psychologist. Well, the jury's still out on that one. *(Pause.)* Been in private practice for eight years. Works way too much. *(Pause.)* Why? *(Pause.)* His wife had no indication that anything was wrong. *(Pause.)* Let's see. *(Pause.)* A client committed suicide just a few hours before his break down. Maybe. . . could be a connection. *(Pause.)* Sure, we'll check that. *(Pause.)* He was in the middle of a session with another client. *(Pause.)* No help there. *(Pause.)* No real background on the family. *(Pause.)* He didn't answer those questions very well in the hospital. Yes, *(Looking at her watch.)* he's due any time.

(DR. HENRY picks up the phone and waits for the receptionist to pick-up the phone.)

DR. HENRY

Diane, when Dr. Ross arrives send him directly into my office. *(Pause.)* Thank you.

*(DR. HENRY continues to read through the file.
TAMMY speaks directly to her.)*

TAMMY

He's tough. Won't let you in, will he? *(Pause.)* He's got too much of his pride and doctor stuff in the way to allow you to do your job. *(Pause.)* You need to confront him with that. *(Pause.)* You. . .

*(DR. ROSS enters the office. He is wearing casual clothes.
DR. HENRY, putting down the file, stands to greet him.)*

DR. HENRY

Dr. Ross, it's nice to see you in my office.

DR. ROSS

Thanks, it's good to be here instead of there.

DR. HENRY

Did you have any trouble finding my office?

DR. ROSS

No, Kelly drove me over. Say listen, how do you feel about putting the professional stuff away and let's call each other by our first names?

DR. HENRY

In this case, I think it makes sense. Will Phil be okay with you?

DR. ROSS

It sounds better already.

DR. HENRY

How is Kelly holding up? There were a few days at the hospital when I didn't think she was going to make it.

DR. ROSS

She's doing fine. I think she was just so shocked to see me that way. It overwhelmed her. God, I hated her seeing me like that. I haven't been sick since the day we met, with the exception of a cold now and then.

DR. HENRY

So the both of you are pretty close?

DR. ROSS

Yes and no. It's just that I've been working so much. When we were going to school together we were inseparable. We did everything together. After we got married and I opened up my practice we kind of did our own thing. I worked from eight in the morning until nine at night. I never saw her. But

we still got along fine. It's just different, that's all. I couldn't have asked for anyone better to be standing by my side. If it weren't for. . . (*Pause, controlling his emotions.*) I wanted to die in there.

DR. HENRY

How are you feeling now?

DR. ROSS

Better. Thanks, Sarah.

DR. HENRY

You were in pretty rough shape for awhile.

DR. ROSS

Yes, I know. I would have bet that nothing like this could have happened to me.

DR. HENRY

How does it feel being out of the hospital?

DR. ROSS

Wonderful. Fabulous.

DR. HENRY

I did what I could to follow through with your request.

DR. ROSS

Did anyone find out?

DR. HENRY

I don't know. Are you aware that Daniel had day care at that hospital?

DR. ROSS

Yes.

DR. HENRY

Are you concerned that he may have found out?

DR. ROSS

No. There's no way he could have found out. They keep a pretty tight security in the hospital.

DR. HENRY

I saw him today.

DR. ROSS

How is he doing?

DR. HENRY

It's difficult for me to tell. And it's way too soon for him to open up and let me in. I think he's feeling betrayed.

DR. ROSS

Is there anything you need from me?

DR. HENRY

Yes. I need you to get better and not worry about Daniel or anyone else for that matter. Anyone else except Phil.

DR. ROSS

I-I mien, Cap-i-tan. I'll start work on that immediately. It's very difficult to pull away, though. I really feel like I abandoned all of them.

DR. HENRY

I understand.

DR. ROSS

(Angry) How could you? How could you understand? You've never been through anything like this. Have you? *(Pause.)* Sorry. God, this is difficult. I'm so God damn embarrassed.

DR. HENRY

How are you planning on handling those feelings?

DR. ROSS

I don't know. It's all so overwhelming.

DR. HENRY

Possibly being out of the hospital will help move some of those feelings along.

DR. ROSS

The hospital. What an eye opener!

DR. HENRY

What does that mean, "eye opener?"

DR. ROSS

You know that movie, the one with William Hurt? He plays the role of a doctor who ends up on the other side of the office chair. He gains a whole new perspective. He gets some appreciation for his patients the hard way by becoming one. Well, (*Pause.*) I could have played the part myself. Here I am, on the other side of the couch.

DR. HENRY

I saw the movie with my husband. It really made me think.

DR. ROSS

Well, I got it first hand. I'm not talking about any picnic here. I had no idea my patients were being treated that way. I plan to do something about that as soon as this is over. What did the board say?

DR. HENRY

Not a word yet.

DR. ROSS

What's your best guess?

DR. HENRY

Probably a mandatory rest period of six months, with a review and follow up for the next two years.

DR. ROSS

Jesus!

DR. HENRY

Are you surprised about that?

DR. ROSS

Not really. I've been thinking about it. It's just the first time I've heard it verbalized.

DR. HENRY

They're looking to me for reports to be filed. If we can do the work and get on the other side of this, maybe you can get back to work.

DR. ROSS

Work. (*Pause.*) Work. I hate thinking of this as a job. And yet it is, isn't it? Sarah, don't you ever feel guilty calling what we do work?

DR. HENRY

Yes. I never refer to it as work with my clients. It's my profession. It feels softer to me that way.

DR. ROSS

Thank God for euphemisms. Nothing like a euphemism to cover up reality, huh, Sarah?

DR. HENRY

How do you feel about going back to your profession?

DR. ROSS

Well, you're right back to business.

DR. HENRY

And?

DR. ROSS

I'm scared. Scared out of my fucking mind.

DR. HENRY

Can you tell me about it?

DR. ROSS

I could have second guessed that question. We've got some classic lines, don't we? "So what I'm hearing you say is. . . "; "You're really coming from a difficult place"; "So what do you think of that?"; and don't forget the ever popular, "So what do you think that means?" God, one of these days I'm going to write the lay person's book on psycho-babble, with the emphasis on the babble. I'll put us right out of business with a "Do it Yourself" book.

DR. HENRY

You were about to tell me about the fear.

DR. ROSS

Keep'um on track, Doc. None of this avoidance stuff.

DR. HENRY

Phil, what's the fear about going back to work?

DR. ROSS

SHIT! GOD DAMN IT! You know damn well what the fear is.

DR. HENRY

Why don't. . .

DR. ROSS

. . . you tell me? That line's got to go in the book, for sure.

DR. HENRY

I'll wait.

DR. ROSS

Hell, I'm afraid I'll fall apart again. I'm afraid I've lost my touch. I've been supporting people for years in the process of "getting back on the horse" and I'm afraid to do it myself. I'm afraid I'll fail.

DR. HENRY

Don't you think. . .

DR. ROSS

. . . that's normal? Yeah, sure, but. . .

DR. HENRY

Phil. You've got to stop this.

DR. ROSS

Stop what?

DR. HENRY

You know very well what. You've got to stop being your own analyst. You've got to let you out and let me in. If you continue being your own therapist, we'll never get through this.

If you don't feel I'm the right person to work with you, okay, but you can't continue on like this.

DR. ROSS

(Pause.) You're right. I know you're right. I just don't know how. I just feel so damn foolish. So out of control.

DR. HENRY

Do you think you can work with me?

DR. ROSS

Sarah, I checked into your background while I was at the hospital. Harvard grad. Top of your class. You studied at the Menninger Clinic, four years post grad and did an additional three years at the Veterans Administration Hospital on Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. You're published. . . I couldn't ask for more.

DR. HENRY

And do you think you can work with me?

DR. ROSS

I'll do my best. You may have to knock me down a peg or two. Us UCLA boys don't take kindly to you Harvie's pushin' us around.

DR. HENRY

I'll try to keep that in mind. Look, the hospital was a resting place. The real work is going to take place in this office. I'll see you three times a week if that's what it takes.

DR. ROSS

Whoa!(*Pause.*) Now just hold on one minute. I know about you therapists. We're talking about putting a new car in your garage. What are we talking about in the way of fees?

DR. HENRY

Professional curtesy. I know you'd do the same.

DR. ROSS

What are you trying to tell me, Doc? You planning on checking out after I've checked in?

DR. HENRY

Well, would you listen to you, "After I've checked in". Now isn't that a positive thought?

DR. ROSS

(Pause.) You're right. That's the best I've felt in weeks. Jesus. Last thing I remember, Thanksgiving was a few days away and now look at this; Christmas is this weekend. My God. *(Dr. Ross starts to sob.)* Sarah, what happened to me? What happened to me?

DR. HENRY

I need you to tell me. What did happen?

DR. ROSS

(He pulls himself together.) I don't know. I mean, I was seeing one of my clients, Kitty. Are you the one who is seeing Kitty now?

DR. HENRY

Let's not get off track again. Go on.

DR. ROSS

I was talking to Kitty. She's one wild thing. An uptown prostitute with a high class call list. Guaranteed to tell me a couple of incredible stories a week. Anyway, I was just listening to her and suddenly everything went black.

DR. HENRY

What does that mean? "Everything went black".

DR. ROSS

Just like I said, it's like I lost control. I didn't know where I was or what I was doing. I don't know what happened. Next thing I knew I woke up in the hospital. *(Pause.)* How is Lorraine? Kelly told me she was pretty shaken.

DR. HENRY

She's okay. I spent some time with her. She seems to be handling it well. She called all the clients and made the arrangements with me to handle a few of the cases. She's waiting for you to get better.

DR. ROSS

Thanks for spending the time with her.

DR. HENRY

Did Kitty say or do anything that might have kicked up any old memories?

DR. ROSS

Sarah, I put all the old memories to rest a long time ago. A few words from a hooker couldn't do that to me.

DR. HENRY

Uh, huh.

DR. ROSS

Uh, huh! What's that supposed to mean, as if I didn't know?

DR. HENRY

I know that something caused your breakdown. And I know that you know. And I know your subconscious knows, the trick is getting it to the surface.

DR. ROSS

(Angry) What are you saying? Are you saying that I'm lying to you? Are you saying that I'm hiding something? Bullshit. Just bullshit! I. . .

DR. HENRY

You said you wanted to cut the formalities, so let's cut the formalities. There's something going on here and you're trying to avoid it.

DR. ROSS

The great Harvard graduate speaks. I can run circles around you and you know it.

DR. HENRY

That's it, get yourself another therapist. I've had it with this cat and mouse nonsense.

DR. ROSS

We just got started and you're quitting already. You therapists really know how to tough it out.

DR. HENRY

This is ridiculous. I. . .

DR. ROSS

(Laughing hysterically.) OH-NO.

DR. HENRY

And what's so funny.

DR. ROSS

ME! YOU! US! Look at us. You'd think we never spent a day in training.

DR. HENRY

(Calmer but still angry) Well. . .

DR. ROSS

I apologize. You're right. I am avoiding something, I just don't know what it is. Please, don't give up on me. Let's try again.

DR. HENRY

All right. But please let me do my profession. *(Pause.)* Do you think that the session with Kitty had anything to do with your breakdown?

DR. ROSS

I don't think so. I think I'm just tired. I've been working my tail off. There are times when I've lost track of days.

DR. HENRY

I know you said that the only thing you remember was waking up in the hospital. Think back. Try to remember how they found you. Do you recall anything. Anything at all.

DR. ROSS

No. (*Pause.*) I heard I was just mumbling to myself. Apparently my receptionist came in and saw me standing and mumbling. I guess they called Kelly and she met me at the hospital. I don't even remember seeing Tammy until a week after I was admitted. That's all I remember.

DR. HENRY

Tammy?

DR. ROSS

Excuse me?

DR. HENRY

Tammy. You said you saw Tammy. You meant Kelly, I assume.

DR. ROSS

Oh God, you're not going to put me on the Freudian hot seat, are you?

DR. HENRY

You said Tammy. I have a file on a client of yours that committed suicide. Her name was Tammy.

DR. ROSS

Yes. Okay, so maybe when I was talking about the hospital, Tammy flashed through my mind and I said Tammy, that's all. I don't think that means anything.

DR. HENRY

Phil, I thought we had an understanding?

DR. ROSS

Sorry. So you tell me. What do you think it means?

DR. HENRY

I don't know. But it must have meant enough for you to exchange Tammy for Kelly.

And? DR. ROSS

Tell me about Tammy. DR. HENRY

(The blue spot light goes on down stage right.)

DR. ROSS
Well, it's like the file said. She was referred by another therapist. She was sixteen, a carver, chaotic family, and probably abused by her grandfather.

DR. HENRY
How long had you been seeing her?

DR. ROSS
Not long. Maybe two, three weeks.

DR. HENRY
How did you feel when she committed suicide?

DR. ROSS
How would you feel?

DR. HENRY
I'm not dealing with the feelings, you are.

DR. ROSS
Angry. Upset. Disturbed. Maybe more, I don't know.

DR. HENRY
How long after hearing about Tammy's suicide was it that you saw Kitty?

DR. ROSS

(Pause.) Kitty was my next client after I received the call from Dr. Lawson.

DR. HENRY

Sounds like you were more disturbed than you thought you were.

DR. ROSS

Nothing like that has ever happened to me. No one has ever committed suicide that I was seeing.

DR. HENRY

Did you feel responsible?

(TAMMY walks into the spot light. She is wearing what she wore when she committed suicide. She is listening to the conversation.)

DR. ROSS

I can't keep every client out of the morgue, I know that. If she had her mind set on killing herself then I couldn't stop her.

DR. HENRY

Did you feel responsible?

DR. ROSS

No! God damn it.

(DR. ROSS gets up and starts moving around the office as he answers DR. HENRY'S questions. He looks at the books as if browsing. TAMMY leaves the spot light and browses with him.)

DR. ROSS

No, I didn't feel responsible.

DR. HENRY

Yet within a few hours you're in the hospital.

DR. ROSS

I told you, I was exhausted. It was a coincidence. Nothing more. A simple coincidence. Why don't you get off my case?

DR. HENRY

I was looking through your file and was reading your physical exam report. You seem in pretty good shape.

DR. ROSS

Here it comes.

DR. HENRY

Here what comes?

DR. ROSS

Never mind. Go on.

DR. HENRY

The report indicates that your chest is badly scarred. What's. . .

DR. ROSS

. . . the reason for the scars? I told her, the nurse. (*With sarcasm.*) When I was about seven or eight, there was a rock quarry a few blocks away. The quarry use to produce gravel for the pavers. (*He pulls a book off the bookshelf and thumbs through it as he speaks.*) A bunch of the guys and I use to slide down the hills of gravel on cardboard boxes. One day I decided to get daring and jump from one of the conveyer belts. You know, to get a better slide. I landed flat on my chest. I was a bloody mess. (*Putting the book back on the shelf, but leaving it toward the edge.*) What she saw is what was left, that's all. I ended up being badly scarred from it all. There is nothing to it.

(TAMMY, standing next to the book he put back on the shelf, shakes her head in disgust.)

DR. HENRY

Why don't you tell me about that time in your life?

DR. ROSS

There's not much to tell. It was a pretty typical childhood. No major problems.

(TAMMY makes the book fall to the floor. DR. ROSS picks it up and continues wandering through the office.)

DR. HENRY

You had a sister, didn't you?

DR. ROSS

Yes. She's dead.

DR. HENRY

What did she die of?

DR. ROSS

I don't even know. We weren't that close when I lived at home. When I went away to college I didn't see much of her. After I got married we never talked.

DR. HENRY

And that's your definition of your average childhood?

DR. ROSS

Okay. We had some problems now and then. It wasn't any big deal. She was kind of a problem kid. She never could do anything right and my father took it out on her. That's all. I've worked through all that. You're going down the wrong path here, Sarah. *(He picks up a porcelain doll.)*

This is a very nice piece. Hand made, isn't it? *(He puts the doll back down.)*

(TAMMY starts stroking and playing with the porcelain doll as it remains where DR. ROSS left it.)

DR. HENRY

Phil, our deal? Thank you for the compliment. Let's keep on track.

DR. ROSS

Sorry, again.

DR. HENRY

When you think back to that time, do you remember it as being difficult to be part of the family?

DR. ROSS

Yes, very.

DR. HENRY

Did you spend much time on your own therapy working through those times?

DR. ROSS

As much as I could and still attend school.

(As DR. HENRY asks her questions, a court room is rolled out on a platform from stage right. The platform contains a witness chair with a guard railing and a judge's podium, both of which face the audience. Two tables with three chairs behind the tables have their backs to the audience. There is a tray with glasses and a pitcher of water on the table. One chair is for the attorney for the state, played by TAMMY; one chair is for the attorney for the defense, played by KITTY; and one chair is for the plaintiff, LEONARD, DR. ROSS' father. The role should be

played by MR. DAVIS. KITTY and LEONARD are already in their chairs. There is no judge.)

DR. HENRY

Would you be willing to start working on those issues again?

(As DR. ROSS answers DR. HENRY's question, both DR. ROSS and TAMMY simultaneously walk onto the platform. DR. ROSS takes the stand in front of the witness chair, and answers DR. HENRY's question to the court. TAMMY takes the chair for the State.)

DR. ROSS

(Holding his right palm and arm up.) Okay.

(The lights goes off in DR. HENRY's office.)

TAMMY

Could you please answer "I do" rather than "Okay" to the questions?

DR. ROSS

Okay. *(Beat.)* I do.

TAMMY

You may sit down.

(TAMMY speaks to DR. ROSS from her chair. She may choose to leave her chair and ask questions while she walks in the court room.)

TAMMY

Would you please state your name for the courts?

DR. ROSS

Phillip.

TAMMY

Sorry, Phillip, would you please give us your complete name? Stuffy legal stuff, you know.

DR. ROSS

Oh, my name is Phillip Ross. Sorry. My name is Phillip Leonard Ross. (*Looking at the man sitting in the chair next to KITTY.*)

TAMMY

Thanks.

DR. ROSS

His dad (*pointing to LEONARD.*) was named Leonard, too. That's why my dad is Leonard, Jr. But my middle name is just Leonard, not Leonard, Jr.

TAMMY

Phillip. Do you prefer Phil or Phillip?

DR. ROSS

My mom and dad call me Phil. Most everyone calls me Phil. You can call me Phil if you want to.

TAMMY

Okay, Phil, would you please tell the court how old you are?

DR. ROSS

Eight. Well, I'll be eight next month.

TAMMY

Phil, please tell the court where you live.

DR. ROSS

I live in a house.

TAMMY

Yes. Well, would you tell us the address of the house?

DR. ROSS

Four four seven North Webster. Webster is off of Elm Boulevard. It's a real busy street, you know.

TAMMY

Yes. Thank you. (*Beat.*) How long have you lived there?

DR. ROSS

Ever since I can remember. I was born there.

TAMMY

Who do you live there with?

DR. ROSS

My mother and father and sister.

TAMMY

Would you please tell us their names?

DR. ROSS

My mother's name is Martha. My father's name is Leonard. I already told you that. And my sister's name is Gail.

TAMMY

Phil, I know some of my questions may make you feel funny so just relax, okay.

DR. ROSS

Okay. I don't care.

TAMMY

Phil, a woman came to your home about two months ago and asked you some questions. Do you remember?

DR. ROSS
Yes.

TAMMY
Do you remember her name?

DR. ROSS
Uhhh, no.

TAMMY
Does the name Mrs. Stevens sound familiar?

DR. ROSS
Yeah. Mrs. Stevens, that was her name. Big lady. Mrs. Stevens, that's right.

TAMMY
Do you remember what she asked you about?

DR. ROSS
Some, (*Pause.*) some things. (*Pause.*) No.

TAMMY
Phil, just relax, okay?

DR. ROSS
Okay. I'm trying. I'm a little nervous that's all.

DR. ROSS
I know. We won't keep you any longer than we have to. Do know why she came to talk to you?

TAMMY
She talked to everybody.

DR. ROSS

So do you remember what she talked to you about?

KITTY

Your Honor. Please. The witness has already answered the question. Could we move on?

TAMMY

(Pause.) Sorry, your Honor. It's just that he's so young. I thought. . .

KITTY

Your Honor, we're not here to discuss his age. *(Pause.)* We're here to. . .

TAMMY

Sorry, your Honor, may I proceed? *(Pause.)* Phil, the woman asked you some questions, didn't she?

DR. ROSS

Yes.

TAMMY

Someone in the neighborhood said they thought something bad was going on in the house. Is that correct?

DR. ROSS

I don't know. I guess so.

TAMMY

Your Honor, *(Walking to the stand and placing a report on the judge's podium.)*, for the record. Here is a copy of the social worker's report. Enter the report as exhibit -F-. *(Looking at DR. ROSS.)* Tell me about your house.

DR. ROSS

What do you mean?

TAMMY

Would you please describe your house to the court.

KITTY

Your Honor, is this necessary?

TAMMY

Your Honor, I want the court to have a picture of how the house is put together in terms of flow, where the rooms are located. *(Pause.)* Thank you. Phil, please tell us about your house.

DR. ROSS

I don't know, it's like the rest of the houses on the block except ours is green and white. We have the only green and white house on the block.

TAMMY

Great. Tell me about the inside. Do you know what the words "floor plan" mean?

DR. ROSS

No.

TAMMY

Well, how is the house laid out? Where are the rooms; like the kitchen and bathrooms and bedrooms, you know?

KITTY

YOUR HONOR?

TAMMY

Your honor, I need to continue on so that I may get to the point. *(Pause. Looking at the Judge's podium.)* Yes, I understand. Thank you. *(Looking at DR. ROSS.)* Phil, how do you get to your room.

DR. ROSS

I have to go up the stairs.

(A spot goes on behind DR. ROSS revealing a stairwell that goes up in the shape of an ascending L-shape. DR. ROSS leaves the witness stand and climbs the stairs to the point of the turn in the stairs and stands on the platform of the stairs.)

TAMMY

So is your room at the top of the stairs?

DR. ROSS

Yes.

TAMMY

Is your sister's room upstairs also?

DR. ROSS

Yes.

TAMMY

Could you tell the court where your sister's room is in relation to yours?

DR. ROSS

Huh?

TAMMY

Sorry. Is your sister's room next to yours? Across the hall from you? Down the hall? Where is her room?

DR. ROSS

Oh. Well, at the top of the stairs. . .

(A spot light reveals a hallway. Two door frames are shown basically across from each other. DR. ROSS continues up the stairs and stands between the two doors.)

DR. ROSS

. . . there's this kinda hallway. My sister's room is on one side and my room is on the other. She's got a bigger room because she's older. I get it when she moves out. Mom promised me.

TAMMY

Are you looking forward to that?

DR. ROSS

To what?

TAMMY

Your sister moving out. I can remember when I was your age. . .

KITTY

Your Honor. Must we?

TAMMY

(Pause.) When you go to bed at night do you sleep with the door closed or open?

DR. ROSS

I use to sleep with it open, but my dad said I was being a baby. *(Looking at LEONARD.)* So now I sleep with it closed. I'm not a baby.

TAMMY

And your sister?

DR. ROSS

What?

TAMMY

Does your sister sleep with the door closed?

DR. ROSS

Yeah. Always. My dad said she was more of a man than me. That was before I would sleep with the door closed. Now I'm the man.

TAMMY

What time do you go to bed at night?

(A spot light reveals a bedroom. The room has a bed, one chair, and a toy airplane sitting on the chair.)

DR. ROSS

Usually eight o'clock, unless I've been bad, then I have to go to bed at seven thirty.

TAMMY

What about your sister? Does she go to bed at the same time as you do?

DR. ROSS

She gets to stay up a half hour later cause she's older.

(A spot light reveals a room with a bed and a dresser with a rag doll sitting on top of the dresser. There appears to be someone sleeping in the bed.)

TAMMY

So both you and your sister are in bed by, *(Beat.)* say 8:00, is that correct?

DR. ROSS

Yeah, I guess.

TAMMY

Do your parents come up to say good night?

DR. ROSS

Yes.

TAMMY

Both of them at the same time.

(A spot is turned on stage left. A woman is sitting in an arm chair, her back is to the audience. She is watching television. LEONARD leaves the courtroom and begins climbing the stairs. DR. ROSS goes into his bedroom and closes the door. He grabs his airplane, sits on the edge of the bed, and begins playing with the plane.)

DR. ROSS

Yes. They both come to tuck us in.

TAMMY

Phil, do your parents come into your room first or last?

DR. ROSS

What do you mean?

TAMMY

Well, do they say good night to you first or to your sister first?

DR. ROSS

First. They say good night to me first.

(LEONARD goes to his daughter's room, puts his hand on the door knob, and presses his ear against the door.)

TAMMY

So, your dad goes into your sister's room after leaving your room?

DR. ROSS

Yes, I guess so. I don't know.

TAMMY

Phillip, (*Beat.*) does it seem to you that he spends more time in your sister's room than in yours?

KITTY

That's it. Your Honor, that's it! She's leading the witness to answer the questions against my client. She's putting words in his mouth. I object to her leading. . .

(KITTY and TAMMY appear to argue with the court. LEONARD walks across the hall and puts his hand on DR. ROSS' door. He Pauses and then goes in and shuts the door behind him. DR. ROSS puts down the airplane and scoots to the edge of the bed.)

KITTY

. . . this is outrageous.

TAMMY

Your Honor, may I continue. (*Pause.*) Thank you.

(LEONARD walks up to DR. ROSS)

LEONARD

I saw your homework, boy. Is it true that you got a -B- on your math homework?

TAMMY

Do your mom and dad spend time talking to you and your sister when they say good night?

(DR. ROSS answers both questions at the same time.)

DR. ROSS

Yes.

LEONARD

What did I tell you about getting -B's-, boy?

TAMMY

Does your father ever say good night to your sister without your mother?

DR. ROSS

I don't know.

(LEONARD strikes DR. ROSS with the back of his hand. DR. ROSS slumps on the bed.)

TAMMY

Your Honor, this report from the social worker is to be entered as exhibit - G-. Phil, do you, remember telling the social worker you could hear sounds from your sister's room?

LEONARD

Get up, boy. *(Pause.)* I said get up! You want it again?

DR. ROSS

No.

TAMMY

Phil, *(Beat.)* now think. Did you tell the social worker you heard sounds?

DR. ROSS

No.

(LEONARD turns around, goes to the door, pauses for a moment, looks back at DR. ROSS, then locks the door. He turns around and returns to DR. ROSS.)

LEONARD

Sit up straight boy. Now!

(DR. ROSS responds quickly. He sits ridged on the edge of the bed. LEONARD stands with his back to the audience, drops his pants and forces DR. ROSS' head into him.)

TAMMY

Phil, *(holding up some papers)* it says right here in the report from the social worker that you said. . .

(LEONARD pushes DR. ROSS down on the bed. DR. ROSS kneels on the edge of the bed. LEONARD pulls down DR. ROSS' pants.)

DR. ROSS

Stop it. No. Stop it.

(When DR. ROSS screams there is a shift in his sister's bed as if someone's sleep is being disturbed. At the same time, a spot goes on over the woman sitting in the arm chair. She gets up and turns the volume louder on the television. It's playing, THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS, from Milton Berl's Texaco Hour. The spot is turned off after a moment. There is a long pause.)

KITTY

Your Honor, the boy is obviously becoming upset by the questions. He said "no". Isn't that enough?

(LEONARD pulls up his pants, leaves the room and returns to the stairwell platform. DR. ROSS slips to the floor. He is naked and crying.)

DR. ROSS

(Moaning) Water.

(KITTY pours a cup of water and puts it on the railing in front of the witness chair.)

DR. ROSS

I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I'm going to kill you someday.

(The glass of water falls to the floor. The lights go off everywhere except in Dr. Ross' room. He grabs his airplane and spins the propellers. He begins pounding his chest repeatedly with the nose of the airplane.)

I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I'm going to kill you someday. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you.

(The lights are turned off in DR. ROSS' room and the court room. DR. ROSS returns to the stand. LEONARD returns to his chair next to KITTY. The lights over DR. HENRY's office are turned on. She is on the phone.)

DR. HENRY

Diane, please call my husband and let him know I'm going to be a little late for dinner. *(Pause.)* Yes, I know. I'll have to be "forty" a half hour later. I promise I won't skip to forty-one without you.

(The lights are turned off over DR. HENRY's office and on in the courtroom. TAMMY is picking up the glass.)

TAMMY

Your Honor, may I suggest we break for lunch? I'd like to spend some time with Phillip. Would you like that, Phillip?

DR. HENRY

Phil, would you like to read the doctor's report?

DR. ROSS

Yes, thank you, I would.

(DR. ROSS leaves the stand and goes back to DR. HENRY's office. As he does the courtroom is removed. A blue spot is

turned on where the courtroom was. TAMMY walks into the spot and sits on the floor. While she speaks to the audience she is carving into her left lower arm area.)

TAMMY

So he decides to be a therapist, treats his own past as if it never happened, and I'm left out in the cold. *(Putting her arm out to show the audience.)* I mean, what the fuck right has he got trying to help me when he's a sick son-of-a-bitch himself? *(Looking back at DR. ROSS.)* Liar!

(Long pause.) You know what's strange to me, *(Beat.)* the way words that sound the same are spelled different.

(Putting her other arm out, making the shape of a cross with her arms on either side of her. She looks at the left arm.)

Here's the word bed. *(Spelling out the letters.)* -B- -E- -D-. *(Looking at the right arm.)* Over here is the word dead, *(Spelling out the letters.)* -D- -E- -A- -D-. Now, you'd think you'd spelled the word bed and dead the same way. But no, *(Beat.)* not this fucked up system. *(Beat.)* They are spelled differently. What a fucked up language. It doesn't matter now anyway. Bed. Dead. It's all the same to me.

(The light remains on over TAMMY as DR. HENRY speaks. TAMMY keeps carving on herself and listening to the conversation.)

DR. HENRY

(Pointing to the file.) These notes were made when you were brought in.

DR. ROSS

What do you suppose I meant by it?

DR. HENRY

I don't know. You're going to have to tell me. I tried talking with you about it a week after you arrived, but you didn't seem to know what I was talking about. Do you remember?

DR. ROSS

No. (*Beat.*) No, I don't.

DR. HENRY

Let's give it another try. What's 'enough'?

DR. ROSS

Sarah, I don't know. I just don't remember.

DR. HENRY

How about taking it from another direction. When you think of 'enough', what comes to mind?

(Rubbing his hands together as if to warm them.)

DR. ROSS

I don't know. My sister, I guess. Like I said she got it coming and going. Sometimes I figured enough was enough.

TAMMY

Keep it up. Just keep it up.

DR. HENRY

So what I'm hearing you say is, you would think enough is enough when your dad was having at your sister.

DR. ROSS

Asshole!

DR. HENRY

Excuse me?

DR. ROSS

He was an asshole. A bully. She was defenseless. She never had a chance.

TAMMY

(Shaking her head.) Get honest, Doc. This is the last house on the block. You better start realizing it real quick here.

DR. HENRY

So what did you do about it?

DR. ROSS

Do about it? What could I do?

DR. HENRY

Did you ever feel guilty about not being able to help her?

DR. ROSS

At that age? *(Pause.)* I don't think so. Maybe.

DR. HENRY

And your mother. Where was your mother when all this was going on?

DR. ROSS

Warming an easy chair in front of the television.

DR. HENRY

And did you ever get mad at her for not getting involved? What do you. . .

(DR. ROSS rubs his hand together.)

DR. ROSS

It's getting a little cold in here, don't you think?

DR. HENRY

I hadn't noticed. Would you like me to turn the heat up?

DR. ROSS

If you don't mind.

(DR. HENRY walks over to a thermostat on the wall and adjusts the heat. DR. ROSS puts down his file and begins roaming the office again.)

DR. HENRY

Your father was in the military. Is that correct?

DR. ROSS

Sergeant. Army. World War II. Decorated. When I was a kid I would go parading around the house with his medals on my shirt.

DR. HENRY

What did he do after the war was over?

DR. ROSS

He was a career man. Twenty-one years. Straight as they come.

DR. HENRY

Did you move around much?

DR. ROSS

Some. Not much.

DR. HENRY

Was it difficult?

DR. ROSS

Home was wherever we moved. I didn't know the difference.

DR. HENRY

It must have been difficult making friends.

DR. ROSS

I didn't have many friends. At least not any long term friendships.

DR. HENRY

What did you enjoy doing? (*Beat.*) Sports? Music? Reading?

DR. ROSS

A little bit of everything.

DR. HENRY

What kind of sports did you play?

DR. ROSS

Baseball.

DR. HENRY

Did you play with your dad? Was it fun?

DR. ROSS

Yes. He was quite the baseball player. Actually, he was going to be a professional baseball player. He was recruited by the Yankees. Two weeks before he was due to report for spring training he was drafted. When he got back from the war they said they didn't need him anymore. My mom said he took it pretty hard. So he just reenlisted.

(DR. ROSS begins rubbing his palms together again.)

DR. HENRY

Is it getting any warmer?

DR. ROSS

It's fine. Don't worry about it. I'll be fine.

DR. HENRY

So, was he any support for you in your baseball playing?

DR. ROSS

He was always in the stands.

DR. HENRY

And your mom?

(DR. ROSS walks down stage facing the audience. He answers the question, but does not look back.)

DR. ROSS

What about her?

DR. HENRY

Was she there with your father?

(LEONARD walks onto the stage from stage left. He walks up to DR. ROSS. He answers LEONARD' s question at the same time he answers DR. HENRY's.)

DR. ROSS

Sometimes.

LEONARD

Sometimes. Sometimes! What the hell do you mean, sometimes?

DR. ROSS

I don't know. I just get scared sometimes, that's all. The ball comes so fast.

LEONARD

Boy, there's nothing to be afraid of. It's a God damn baseball and you're a God damn sissy. You embarrassed the hell out of me today. How do think I feel sitting up there watching you make all those mistakes? *(Punching*

DR. ROSS in the head.) You want something to be scared of? I'll give you something to be scared of.

DR. ROSS

I. . .

LEONARD

Shut your face before I shut it for you. Just get your ass over there. When I'm done with you, you won't be afraid of anything that happens on the field, you little whimp.

DR. ROSS

I am not a whimp.

LEONARD

You're a whimp if I say you're a whimp. Now shut up and do like I told you.

(DR. ROSS walks down stage right, turns and waits for LEONARD to throw the ball. TAMMY walks up behind DR. ROSS and acts like an umpire.)

TAMMY

(Extending her arm out to the audience and yelling) PLAY BALL.

(LEONARD acts like he is throwing the ball. DR. ROSS acts like he caught the ball. DR. ROSS falls back onto the stage.)

DR. ROSS

(Taking the glove off, but remaining on the floor.) Ouch! *(Groaning.)* Ohhhh. *(Shaking his hand as if to shake a thermometer.)*

TAMMY

(Holding up one finger and yelling) STRIKE ONE. Ladies and gentlemen, *(Beat.)* that was a beautifully executed abusive move, don't you think? Did

you see the way that knocked him to the floor. The pain it caused him. It's clear that it was pretty painful. *(Beat.)* Yes, we have pain. You can see that for sure. *(TAMMY helps DR. ROSS to his feet. She throws the ball back to LEONARD.)* Get ready for another, Philly boy. Here it comes.

LEONARD

See how you like this one.

(LEONARD throws again. DR. ROSS falls back onto TAMMY. She holds him up. DR. ROSS drops the glove and grabs his hand and begins to rub his palm.)

TAMMY

STRIKE TWO. Oh, ladies and gentlemen, can you feel how much that hurt? I mean that really must have hurt. Dad threw a real good one, don't you think? He really knows how to give it to this kid. Philly's going to want to remember this for a long time, aren't you, kid?

DR. ROSS

Dad, no more. You're throwing too hard.

LEONARD

You just stay there boy and throw the ball back. I'll let you know when I'm done. You'll never miss the ball again, I promise you that.

(TAMMY throws the ball back to LEONARD)

TAMMY

This should about do it folks. Keep your eye on the abuse. This should make'um or break'um.

(LEONARD throws even harder. DR. ROSS catches it, screams, and begins to cry. TAMMY makes the sign of "You're out".)

LEONARD

My God. You are a sissy. Shit, get out of my sight. I don't want to have anything to do with you. You'll always be an embarrassment to me.

(Holding the ball in his hand. LEONARD walks off stage.)

DR. ROSS

(Crying) But Dad. I can't help it. Dad. Dad.

DR. HENRY

Can't help what?

(DR. ROSS walks back into DR. HENRY's office. The spot goes off over TAMMY.)

DR. ROSS

. . . feeling guilty sometimes. My sister wasn't that bad.

DR. HENRY

Yes, and it wasn't. . .

DR. ROSS

. . . my responsibility. I know. Having the knowledge doesn't make it any easier.

DR. HENRY

I can appreciate that. Did you feel the same kind of guilt about Tammy?

DR. ROSS

Where the hell did that come from? What in the world has that got to do with it?

DR. HENRY

You mentioned earlier that you had some feelings about Tammy's death. I wonder if the guilt feelings about what your sister went through are the same feelings as you have about Tammy.

DR. ROSS

I doubt it. They're two different things as far as I'm concerned.

DR. HENRY

What do you feel when you think of her now?

DR. ROSS

My sister?

DR. HENRY

Tammy.

(The light goes on over TAMMY. She is standing in the spot.)

DR. ROSS

We've gone full circle here. You're moving too fast.

DR. HENRY

Tammy? What do you feel about Tammy?

DR. ROSS

Not much anymore. I thought about her in the hospital from time to time, but not anymore.

(TAMMY walks into the office. DR. ROSS starts roaming the office. TAMMY follows DR. ROSS more closely than she did the first time.)

DR. HENRY

And your father? Do you have much contact with him.

DR. ROSS

We haven't talked in years.

DR. HENRY

And why is that?

DR. ROSS

I. . . *(Pause.)* I'm a little tired. I think I've had enough. Let's change the subject for a while.

DR. HENRY

We get to Tammy and your father and you don't want to have anything to do with the conversation.

DR. ROSS

I'm a little tired, that's all.

(DR. ROSS picks up the porcelain doll. TAMMY is directly behind him making each move with him.)

DR. ROSS

This is a very nice piece your daughter sent you. *(He turns it upside down.)* Oh, it's a music box. I hadn't noticed that before.

DR. HENRY

Yes, my daughter said the women that sold it to her told her it had not worked for years. It's a very old piece.

(Turning it back over.)

DR. ROSS

That's too bad. I'm sure it made a beautiful sound.

TAMMY

Doctor Phillip Ross, *(Beat.)* I believe your headhunting days are over.

(TAMMY reaches under the music box and begins winding it while DR. ROSS is holding it. The audience can hear the sound of the winding.)

DR. ROSS

Maybe it can be fixed. I know. . .

(The music box begins playing Frere Jacques. DR. HENRY can not hear the music. DR. ROSS drops the music box. It shatters on the floor. DR. ROSS suddenly goes stiff. Frere Jacques continues playing a few more seconds and a toy piano begins playing with the music box. The two tones create a dissonance. As the music plays, MR. DAVIS and KITTY join TAMMY and DR. HENRY on the stage. As they say their lines, they slowly begin to walk towards him. DR. HENRY watches in disbelief. After some moments pass she moves next to him and attempts to find out what happened. She may choose to speak to him.)

TAMMY	MR. DAVIS	KITTY	DR. ROSS
There's no way to escape it, is there, Dr. Ross? There's no way out, is there? I mean Phil. Phillip. Philly. You thought you could avoid dealing with the issue by burying it. But it won't go away, will it? And it cost me my life and you know it, don't you, Dr. Ross? But, maybe there's a way out. The way you've been looking for your whole place where no one can find you. Now's your chance, you can leave and no one will ever know	Get up there, boy. You'll never amount to nothin'. You're just like my old man was. Now you're going to get it just like I got it. When you grow up, you can teach your son. I'm teaching you right now. You take it, boy! Now you take it. Stop whining, boy. Keep your mouth shut. Take it like a man! Take	I went to you because I trusted you. So I tell a lie now and then. You're suppose to read through that stuff, aren't you? Well, aren't you in charge of keeping me out of. . . ? Where the hell was your mind? Off foolin' around. You're not concentrating.	Enough. Dad, don't! Mom, don't let him. Make him stop. I'm going to help people. He'll never do that to you again. Get out of my life. Get away from here. What do you want from me? Go away. Go away. Go away. Stop. Leave me

where you are.	it like a	You're not	alone. Please.
Go. Go. Don't	man. Like a	doin' your	I beg of you.
come back.	real man.	job. So do it.	I'm sorry. So
Ever. Ever.	Take it.	Do it. Do it.	sorry. So sorry. . .

DR. HENRY

Phil! Snap out of it. Phil!? What's wrong? What's going on?

(She quickly walks to her phone.)

DR. HENRY

Diane, call the hospital. Tell them to send an ambulance. Have them come directly into my office. And tell them to hurry.

(She hangs up the phone. The music gets louder and voices are heard on top of the music. TAMMY, KITTY, and MR. DAVIS are repeating their previous lines. DR. ROSS becomes completely frozen. The curtains begin to close.)

DR. HENRY

DR. ROSS? DR. ROSS! Snap out of it! Answer me! Answer me! What's going on?

END ACT II