

# Out of Her Mind

A play by Allison Fine

**You have to look hard for the sparks of divinity in the ashes of atrocity.**

## Act I

*As the lights come up we see a large room, which serves as both an office and a study. The room has a set of French doors at the back and on the sides are bookcases filled with books, photos, memorabilia, nick knacks etc. The feel is a suburban American attempt at creating a room in a baronial house in the English countryside. There are Queen Anne armchairs, two overstuffed couches, three “occasional” tables littered with books, rare editions and incunabula of Tibetan, Persian and Celtic artifacts.*

*In the center of a table at stage left is a large Tibetan Gong. On the backstage wall hangs an enormous 2-photo enlargement of the World Trade Center—black and white--one before and one after 9-11. Stage left has a painting done in the modern Japanese graphic art style of a woman warrior dressed in plated armor holding a sword in one hand and a book of the Upanishads in the other.*

*To the right is a bar with a full collection of alcoholic beverages as well as many bottles of red and white wine. Glasses for drinks and an ornate ice bucket sit on the left side of the bar.*

*There is an upright piano downstage right.  
Music Up: “My Anthem” by Moritz Behm.*

*The French doors to the back are the doors through which all characters enter and exit. Over the door is a large frame with the letters: I AM THAT I AM.*

*Enter stage left R.D. Laing, circa 1968-1970 enters dressed in a yellow silk shirt with a scarf tied around his neck, blue jeans; fashionable cowboy boots. He is clearly agitated and although he surveys the room with some surprise and satisfaction he begins pacing up and down in severe distress until he spots the bar, pours himself a whiskey and soda, plops a couple of ice cubes into the glass, takes a drink, makes a grunting noise and begins pacing up and down again—pushing the Buddha statue in the face, trying the gong, until in some kind of resignation picks the largest stuffed chair, which faces a couch, and throws himself down into it. Music fades out. Enter Todd Horowitz, the therapist who is using this office for his patients. He enters the office, does not see or hear Laing or Jung. The only person who can see and hear Laing and Jung is Claire, to all other characters on stage they are invisible.*

**Session 1:**

*A disembodied voice from somewhere in the Theatre announces:* **Scene 1:**

Laing

Ambience works for me. *(Taking another drink, he addresses the audience. The following is spoken with urgency and some suggestion of anger)* From the moment of birth, when the stone-age baby confronts the twentieth-century mother, the baby is subjected to these forces of violence, called love, as its mother and father have been, and their parents and their parents before them. These forces are mainly concerned with destroying most of the child's potential. This enterprise is on the whole successful.

*There is a knock at the door. Todd is running around the room straightening things, putting up a large portable easel with white paper on which are written names with lines running from all the names to other names. On the easel are four markers of various colors. He sets up the easel, makes coffee in a small coffee machine on the table in front of his chair, straightens the throw pillows repeatedly and sits down, stands up, sits down and finally rises and waits expectantly in front of the French doors.*

*The knock comes again, more insistently. Laing rises and sees the form of Carl Jung, dressed in a suit appropriate for the period of his mid-life, around 1930. Jung wears loose khaki pants, a long, loose shirt open at the neck, underneath which he wears an off-white sweater, over which he wears an oversized loose fitting jacket. No tie. His hair is long and somewhat wild and he is smoking a pipe. He is wearing his ubiquitous wire rimmed glasses, which he takes off and on and perches on his forehead throughout the play.*

*Laing lets Jung in.*

Laing

Dr. Carl Jung. *(mock bow)* I'm honored.

Jung

Ronnie Laing—I'm curious. *(They shake hands. Laing waves Jung into the room)*

Laing

I thought you weren't coming in until later.

Jung

I thought about it and decided you need my help now.

Laing

That's kind of you. Or not. I can't decide. Sometimes people disguise their animosity under the guise of help.

Jung

Don't get paranoid about this. You called *me*, remember? (*he does a sweep of the room and speaks the following as he does so:*) An unfortunate enterprise, the human condition, isn't it?

*As he speaks Laing motions for Jung to sit on the couch opposite his chosen chair.*

Laing

The psyche has an existential component.

Jung

Oh now, don't let's—

Laing

I just thought--

Jung

(*holding up a warning finger*) You shrinking me—now, that ought to be interesting. But I wouldn't try it if I were you.

Laing

--hard to shrink the towering giant shadow presiding over all of us.

Jung

Dreams reflections; all of it. So what do you want me from me now?

Laing

Now? You act as if I asked you for something before. This is my first time.

Jung

A virgin.

Laing

I'm embroiled in something--Primal.

Jung

Can't you handle it on your own?

Laing

If I could I wouldn't have called you now, would I?

Jung

That's offensive.

Laing

I suffer.

Jung

We all suffer, so what? The way *out* is the way *in*.

Laing

I thought the way *in* was the way *out*.

Jung

Either way. (*lights his pipe which he pulls from his jacket pocket*) So what's the case about?

Laing

Case?

Jung

You called me in to consult on a case.

Laing

(*He jumps up from his chair, paces in anguish, rubbing his hands and then explodes*) I am inside of this woman's head—Claire Ostrovsky—inside of her head and it seems impossible to get out!

Jung

Do you mean you have a case of counter transference?

Laing

I wish! I am literally in her head, Carl. Can I call you Carl?

Jung

If you want. Sit down. Where is she?

Laing

On her way here—we are not separate beings—do you understand what I mean? I am part of her mental dialectic, she has *created me*, as it were, and I have lost my own autonomy.

Jung

Explain this to me in more detail please. Inside of her head...when? Where? How?

Laing

We are two separate beings until—until—I can't explain it! It's a phenomenon that has never been recorded in modern time! It's a new gestalt.

Jung

No gestalt is new—it's just uncovered. Anyway, I need a few more details—I mean—how did this happen? When did this happen?

Laing

I hate to use the language of magic and voodoo but it seems as if she's *conjured* me up—I mean, it's a well-known fact that some of the analyzed are closet therapists! She's been reading my early material and...and..

Jung

You know Ronnie—I can call you Ronnie? (*Laing nods*) This is all predicated on you, on your own work.

Laing

How so?

Jung

You tampered with the age-old taboo vis-à-vis boundaries between teacher and student (in ancient times) parent and child, and now in our century patient and therapist. You allowed a reversal to take place in that house of yours! Yes, it was ground breaking reversing the roles of patients and therapists with schizophrenics, and it might have even cured some of them, and of course, these archetypes are only approximate designations, but—

Laing

What's your point?

Jung

My point my boy? My point is, dear man--is that you evoked the denizens of chaos up from the bowels of the collective unconscious! Anyone who runs from his shadow eventually finds himself running smack dab right into it—or the shadow hounds him from behind and—

Laing

Bites him in the ass?

Jung

Precisely.

Laing

So, you're telling me Claire—this woman—is my shadow? That she doesn't exist at all?

Jung

Oh, *she* exists—you don't exist!

Laing

WHAT?

Jung

Neither one of us exists—at least not in the 3-dimensional plane, Ronnie. We're just visitors here and we must abide by their rules.

Laing

Rules?

Jung

The rules of 3-dimensional reality! For God's sake Ronnie, have you forgotten where you are?

Laing

Where *am* I?

Jung

Well, you're dead for one thing. You've become a part of that vast—

Laing

Forget it! I don't want to hear anymore! I can feel her vibes—she's on her way and once she—

Jung

Who is she?

Laing

A middle-aged woman. I don't know. How pathetic. My shadow is a middle-aged woman with mommy issues.

Jung

Mother archetypal patterns are endemic to the conditions of life. (*beat*) Is she attractive? Is she sexually pleasing?

Laing

I have no idea! How would I know? She's—she's—I am *her*.

Jung

All the time?

Laing

No, thank God, only when she's in session with that baboon over there.

Jung

(*turning to look at Todd*)

Oh he's fine. He's a good-hearted man, educated, smart and harmless. He will do no mutilation and he might do some good.

Laing

Mutilation? I am lost. My identity is intertwined with hers forever.

Jung

Is she aware of you?

Laing

Not yet.

Jung

What do you mean, dear boy, not yet?

Laing

She may be aware of something—I don't know—maybe a sort of intuitive tap or snap or something—but she isn't—she doesn't—

Jung

For her, it's simply a product of her imagination or her thinking or something like that. As the Buddhists say: *thinking...just thinking*.

Laing

If you say so, but—

Jung

But?

Laing

I am tired of being in there influencing her perceptions without her acknowledging me! I am, ultimately, disembodied from myself at this stage and certainly she needs to know I am disembodied from her reality the rest of the time!

Jung

So, go with me here and let's establish the relevant turning point. Go with me, my son, go with me. You want to—

Laing

Reveal myself to Claire—

Jung

Make her aware of the past—how you have been inside of her head all of this time. How—

Laing

In the past, in the present—

Jung

We are always in the present as the play goes on, my boy—

Laing

The play?

Jung

The play of life. But be sure you are not making the mistake of creating a false dilemma—an action with no consequences for the future of our story, yours, hers and mine. In that case it would be a trick—it would not be real!

Laing

What the hell are you talking about?

Jung

I am talking about the play! The play!

Laing

I wish you'd shut up—you're confusing me.

Jung

Am I being deliberately obtuse?

Laing

No, I think it's accidental. How should I know? Are you? Anyway, this is not a "false dilemma" as you put it, not a red herring, it's real! I need to reveal myself physically to Claire so that she knows, once and for all, that I am in there! And then YOU need to get me out.

Jung

Hold on, now, hold on. What in this current scene will lead to future events?

Laing

My revealing myself to Claire.

Jung

That will only upset her and drive her crazy or—heh heh—make her think she's crazy. In this particular chain of events what is unique and what is essential?

Laing

It's essential that I get you to shut up! You are not helping me!

Jung

But we must puzzle this out. How does the past effect the present?

Laing

Look dude, let's tie this up. I am going to let her see me. She's going to know we're here, I'm here, you're here—the jig is up!

Jung

But once you reveal yourself to Claire for the first time her life for a brief period will be disrupted—in fact this could be considered either a major psychic break or a break through. She will feel as if she is carrying around Laing and Jung forever!

Laing

No—because we're getting out of here! Got that?

Jung

Ah—the present is always present, the past is receding—we are, in a sense, in the eternal present—the river of now, the play goes on and on and on—

Laing

Please, please shut up! You are driving me crazy and I asked you here to make me sane!

Jung

I can't live up to your expectations. I am what I am.

Laing

Today is my day.

Jung

In what sense?

Laing

The reveal is upon us. I may be a part of her for fifty minutes once a week, but very soon she will know I am also a separate being and very soon a dramatic event will explode that will change our lives, move the story forward and I will burst forth from her head into—into—oh god! That's the problem! Where am I going?

Jung

Calm down. I'll solve this. We're all part of one another, anyway so what's the big deal? I mean, the Cosmic Soup has all sorts of ingredients you know and we're all swimming around in the collective unconscious.

Laing

Some of us are drowning in it. Anyway if it's unconscious how can we know about it?

Jung

Well for God's sake, R.D., isn't that why I'm here?

Laing

--don't follow.

Jung

To explain all that. Oh, get me a drink and let's sit down.

Laing

I can't. We're coming.

Jung

*We're coming?*

Laing

She and I—whatever she does I do! I can't get out her head, I'm telling you! And once the sessions start, I lose myself for fifty minutes at a time. It's like—it's like—it can't be described, to be honest. It's something—some kind of phenomenon that isn't in the books. At least none of the books I've read. Or written for that matter.

*He paces, taking gulps from his glass of whiskey.*

Sometimes—I actually feel as if I have breasts—I start to feel what it is to be a woman—to be Claire—because I *am* Claire—I am—

Jung

I relish this. How wonderful! The melding of consciousness--I look forward to seeing her. What does she look like?

Laing

Jewish. Blond. *Zaftic*. You'll see her soon enough. In next to no time she will come through that door—

*(As he speaks this Todd pulls out a dusting cloth from underneath the liquor cabinet and dusts the I AM THAT I AM sign above the door. With a balletic flourish he dances around the room dusting furniture knick-knacks etc.)*

Jung

*(Comforting as a father)* We'll sort this out. You know, my friend, on one level we are all cases and on some other level--

Laing

I'm confused. How many levels are there?

Jung

As many levels as you want.

Laing

“Man is a portal through which one enters from the outer world of the gods, demons and souls, into the inner world, from the greater world into the smaller world. Small and

insignificant is man; one leaves him soon behind, and thus one enters once more into infinite space, into the microcosm, into the inner eternity.” Didn’t you say that?

Jung

I don’t remember everything I said. The psyche is a dynamic growth entity, my young man, always, and I am still growing even though I am dead—at least in the three-dimensional definition of life and death—in reality, consciousness is eternal; but more about that later. Once we understand how this psyche is part of a larger intelligence I call the collective unconscious, we can utilize our panhuman archetypes to find a spiritual-based reality.

Laing

Only to discover that being human is a sexually transmitted disease.

*Jung and Laing share a laugh.  
There is a knock at the door.*

Jung

Who could that be? Is it her?

Laing

It’s *them*. We’re here—I mean that Female Entity—the Female Archetype of me—I don’t know! Maybe I’m just Peter Pan looking for—as you told me-- my shadow.

Jung

I don’t think you need to look for your shadow—it will always find you. That is what is so charming about the Peter Pan Myth—the fantasy that Peter, the eternal boy, would even need the female archetype Wendy to sew on his shadow! He could not lose it! He could only forget it.

Laing

All right. You do go on and on. Let’s just get ready. I have to prepare myself.

Jung

For what?

Laing

For her entrance! --for saying goodbye to myself. As soon as she—I—

Jung

Relax. Life is just sleepwalking.

Laing

Watch this. Once she comes in that door I am no longer a being of my own but a cipher—a nobody, a code, a secret message, a symbol, a—I don’t know how to describe it—it’s impossible—I don’t lose consciousness exactly, but I am—I can’t get out of her head! I don’t know how else to—I am a prisoner of this woman’s--

*The knock comes again.*

*A disembodied voice from somewhere in the Theatre announces: **Scene 2:***

*Rob goes to the double doors. In walks Claire wearing a jacket, hat and gloves.*

Claire

Sorry, I'm early.

Todd

*(looking at his watch) Twenty minutes. Make yourself at home. I've got to do a few things. (She removes her jacket, hat and gloves as Todd exits stage right. As he does so Claire steps into the room and sees Laing at the bar, watching her and sipping from his drink. Sitting in a chair looking at the newspaper is Jung. She walks forward, hesitant.)*

Claire

Hello. You look—like someone I might know. Are you—

Laing

Not a colleague. But no surprises that I look familiar because I am—blended one might say, into your consciousness.

Jung

Are “buzzwords good for our health?” Buzzwords? What are these people doing—reducing human experience to a few pat phrases—this reductionism is so dangerous—it threatens to trivialize even the most profound of experiences.

Claire

*(Ignoring Jung, responding to Laing) Blended into—? I'm not sure I follow.*

Jung

She's clearly the hyper-kinetic nervous type.

Claire

I'm what?

*Laing goes to Jung and snatches the paper from his hands.*

Laing

Don't bother with this—it won't help you understand this culture any better.

Claire

Who are you? Todd's friends?

Laing

Todd! (*he snorts*) He can't even see us! He doesn't know we're here.

Claire

All right, so...I am having a psychotic break.

Jung

You are not having a "psychotic break" you are having a spiritual manifestation. An 'epiphany'...an appearance or manifestation of a spiritual being, or experience; the intuitive grasp of reality through the portal of—

Claire

I know what an epiphany is, thanks. Just who *are you? Both of you!*

Laing

*It is* a psychotic break—mine.

Jung

He's such Drama Queen. (*Standing up he offers her hand, which she shakes reluctantly*) I'm Carl Jung.

Claire

Sure you are.

Jung

And he—he's the very existentially challenged Ronnie Laing. R.D. Laing.

Laing

Heard of us?

Claire

Yes, I've *heard* of you, but so what? You're dead.

Jung

There is really no such thing as death, at least in the sense of the consciousness becoming annihilated. It simply gets re-absorbed—

Laing

(*Pacing, drinking, lighting a cigar from one of the tables*) Bullshit Carl, bullshit—and you know it! This whole life is nothing but trying to *untie* existential knots—the existential knot of existence—because, because to really understand schizophrenia or any other mental illness, we need to plunge into comprehending the value of despair.

Jung

Despair does not exist. Despair is a mental illusion the human animal has constructed to excuse himself from facing death. And death does not exist.

Claire

I am not a schizophrenic. I'm here for Family Therapy.

Laing

No one said anything about your mental health. Except you must understand that once your sessions begin, I am not outside of you, as you see me now—well I may appear as a physical manifestation in order to facilitate your understanding, but in fact, I will take my place inside your head, your body, your thoughts, your deepest unspoken desires, your subtext, your unknown.

Jung

This is really *his* problem, you know.

Laing

It's *our* problem, Carl! Anxiety and despair are sins of the soul but they can be healed!

Jung

The word sin itself must be removed from our lexicon. It implies—it implies the age-old Judeo-Christian ethic and simply does not take into account the ancient perceptions of oneness with nature, with birth, with death—with the natural cycles of our existence! There is no sin, original or otherwise.

Claire

This is a very interesting discussion but—

Laing

You beg the point, Carl because you have no idea of what I refer to when I refer to sin. Sin is—

Claire

No exit?

Laing

No exit—exactly. In fact, I might postulate that this experience we are having, I am having, you are having, Claire—the experience of my being inside of you, inside of your head, your thoughts your consciousness, this experience is, in essence, the heightened awareness of an emotional attentiveness which is, really, the original sin! We are sinners, and being sinners we are engaged in this dance, this process, you and I Claire—you and I—

Claire

You seem very agitated, whoever you are. (*beat*) First of all, let me say that you seem to be having this so-called experience on your *own*, because I am not aware of it—I'm not having it! I think *you're* having a psychotic break, that's what!

Jung  
It's much deeper than that.

Claire  
How much deeper?

Jung  
Well, for instance, my dear, it is a matter of understanding that this man is not a man, but an apparition, an entity that has, for all intents and purposes, clung to illusions in a refusal to move on. I am here, as a kind of spiritual exorcist, to help him move into the collective soup.

Claire  
Chicken Soup for the Undead?

Laing  
Ha Ha. Oh my goodness I picked one with flair!

Claire  
I bet you both think this is funny.

Laing  
We think *you're* funny.

Claire  
I am, but not all the time. So take off the make up and tell me who you really are. Did Marissa hire you? I wouldn't put it past her—she's a dedicated "crazy maker" like my mother.

Laing  
Our mother.

Claire  
What do you mean?

Laing  
We share a mother during sessions.

Jung  
What he's trying to say—

Claire  
I don't want to know what he's trying to say because it might just mean that you two are—I don't know what you want to call it—

Jung

I hate the word “ghosts”, don’t you?

Laing

Disincarnated entities on a mission to Earth.

Claire

What is your objective?

Laing

To generate dramatic action of course! But my biggest mission right now is to get out your head.

Jung

*(singing) Out of your head and into your dreams I long to be....*

Claire

No. This isn’t going to happen. Not on my watch. This isn’t even a relevant turning point.

Laing

Relevance is relative.

Claire

You are proposing a false dilemma!

Laing

See? What’d I tell you? I’m in her mind—she heard me!

Jung

She didn’t hear you! It’s synchronicity: a moment of simultaneous events that appear to be accidental but in fact are profoundly connected!

Laing

I know what synchronicity is, thanks. I studied you.

Claire

Look, I understand that this is all very cute and everything but I am engaged in something **serious** here. Family therapy is not a joke.

Laing

Who said it was?

Jung  
You made a joke of it when you were alive.

Laing  
I did not!

Jung  
Did too!

Claire  
Guys! Stop it. God. You're like two children.

Jung  
We become childlike when we're dead.

Claire  
You're not dead.

Laing  
We are dead. You just don't know it.

Jung  
Dead is not really dead, if you know what I mean.

Laing  
No.

Jung  
Consciousness is a continuum—an ever-flowing river of thought and more thought that at once pours into the great oceanic pool of thought until—

Laing  
You have to ignore him. He thinks he's right about everything.

Claire  
If you guys are ghosts how come I can see you, hear you, touch you?

Laing  
Don't touch me.

Jung  
Explain it to her Ronnie.

Claire

I don't need explanations. I need proof. If you really are what you say you are—  
disincarnated—

Jung

Entities—

Claire

Then prove it!

Laing

How?

Jung

A Tarantella--a Tango!

*(Tango music is heard from offstage. Jung begins a campy version of tango a la Cyril Richard as Captain Hook)*

Laing

The hills are alive with the sound of music!

Jung

*(The music stops abruptly. Jung sits in the Queen Anne chair winded. He lights his pipe.)*  
Only you can hear it, Claire. And us, of course.

Claire

That proves nothing.

Laing

You have a mole on the right inner thigh!

Claire

I do not.

Jung

Why waste time? Your husband Danny is an alcoholic and he's having an affair with a  
nineteen-year old waitress from The Whining Moose.

Claire

Marissa could have told you that. What nineteen-year old? He and I are getting back  
together, anyway.

Laing

The Whining Moose? Do Moose Whine?

Jung  
 If Doves Cry, Mooses Whine.  
 Laing  
 Moose.  
 Jung  
 Moose?  
 Laing  
 The plural of Moose is Moose.  
 Jung  
 English is not my native tongue.  
 Claire  
 This is getting us nowhere.  
 Laing  
 Where do you want to go?  
 Claire  
 Home! Anywhere but here.  
 Laing  
 Look. It isn't incumbent upon us to explain ourselves. If you searched your own psyche you would know who we are and why we are here and how long we plan to stay.  
 Jung  
 Very good, Ronnie.  
 Laing  
 Thank you.  
 Claire  
 Well, I have searched my "psyche" as you put it, and all I've come up with is you two clowns. I need something more tangible than that.  
 Laing  
 I can get personal. Deeply personal. And very tragic. And tell you something that no one knows except you. You haven't told Danny or Marissa or anyone about this.  
 Claire  
 So—  
 Jung

Go for it. Tell her.

Laing

I can't. It's too heartbreaking. You tell her.

Jung

*(He stands up puffing on his pipe and pacing the room)* You know I don't believe in the therapist revealing the analysis to him or herself. It's counterproductive in the therapeutic process. The relationship should be one of discovery on the part of the patient, not the therapist slamming them in the head with a board of truth. A patient should be led to the water, not shoved under it.

Laing

Understood—but we're under the gun here. She wants proof in order to believe in us!

Jung

I don't care if she believes in us or not! It's not crucial to the process!

Laing

The process, the process—that's all you ever talk about. Yada yada yada....

Jung

The process is all we have—in or out of body.

Claire

Guys. There's going to be a session here in a minute.

Jung

He's running late. Doesn't Todd always run late?

Claire

Usually. But—

Laing

Tell her Carl.

Jung

No—you tell her. It might reveal something to you about yourself, and that's why I am here, right?

Laing

Not sure about that.

Claire

Just go on.

Laing

Yesterday I had a thought—

Jung

We don't care about your thoughts! Tell her about *her* thoughts!

Laing

Yesterday I thought—as Claire—being Claire that is, being inside of Claire, being her, that life could have been all right if only I had—we had—I had, as Claire, made different choices. Know what I mean?

Jung & Claire

Go on.

Laing

Choices that would have led me in a different place... a place that I might have liked. But there were certain things that stopped me from doing that, things, people, experiences I could not control, that made me freeze up, get tough, get strong, construct this airtight personae that now seems to be cracking all over the place—coming apart—and what is rushing through the cracks is feeling and that feeling is not always well-behaved. It's terrible, it's terrifying, it's God-awful in fact and I am not sure I can stop it and it's threatening to get in the way of—it has gotten in the way of—

Claire

Of?

Laing

My life. Our life. Memory. It's a bitch. And I remember so much. Even in my sleep memory haunts me like a—

Jung

Ghost.

Laing

Like a ghost. Here is a memory. I am eleven and my girlfriend Ellen and I decide to walk to the Arboretum and take a long hike. The trails are marked; it isn't as if we can disappear into the wilds. Our neighborhood is flanked by two main arteries on either end—Mt. Hope Avenue leading to downtown going West and the campus going East, and Pennsylvania Avenue on the other end. All along one side of our street are the small woods of Shubel Park and the river. On the other side of the river is Potter Park and the tennis courts and the town's one Zoo. You can hear the lions roaring on a hot summer night sleeping in the single bed with a wet cold washcloth on your forehead to keep you cool and your mint green seersucker pajamas. The Arboretum is next to the golf course. We ride our bikes and park them outside the main gate. You didn't have to lock your bike

in those days and we lived in the kind of neighborhood that you can only dream of now. Let your imagination run on a bit! Don't just concentrate on the ground! Look through the foliage, the canopies, look to the area beyond, notice the patterns of the trees, the pictures, the twisting and turning of the branches—trees! I love trees. As a small child I would go into the woods and hide among the trees and hear their whispering and know they were healing and saving and talking. Trees can do so many things. They are so wise. But this day we walk further into the Arboretum off the trail and find a glorious field, open, covered with hay. "Let's walk across that field!" I yell to Ellen. "What for?" she asks me. "Because the sun is shining so amazingly bright and I think there is something on the other side of the field." Ellen scoffs and stands right there on the trail, leading to the woods, not budging. I start across the field. The hay is covering soft ground and it is a hot, June day—the kind you get in Michigan. As I walk I hear cracking sounds underneath my feet. Cracking, cracking, as if something is breaking every time I take a step. And in fact it is. I bend down to pull some hay up and underneath the thick tufts of hay I see eggs, hundreds and hundreds of eggs. Bird's eggs, I imagine, eggs lying dormant under the hay waiting to be hatched into living things. And there I am, halfway across the field, cracking eggs, destroying birds, new life, potential beings, and I am laughing because of what? My power, I suppose, the power to walk across a field and destroy life. And then I walk back to Ellen and I am unable to talk or think or breathe. I feel nasty and out of control and mean and horrible. I am a big human being with the power to demolish small lives. I hate myself then. Ellen laughs at my conscience and strikes out for the trail to the woods, but I am filled with dread and guilt.

Claire

Who told you that?

Laing

No one told me that. I mined it from your—our, memory. Memory is a bitch, isn't it?

Claire

I don't like you.

Laing

Then you don't like yourself.

Claire

There's no mystery about that.

Laing

Do you believe us now?

Claire

I believe something's going on I'm not in control of.

Jung

You never were in control, my dear.

Laing

I think you should allow us to work through this.

Jung

Good show, Ronnie.

Laing

I am in pain over that memory.

Claire

I know.

Laing

So let the games begin. We are here. As some kind of reminder that life is bigger and greater than you can imagine.

Jung

And so much more exciting than the square little boxed up three-dimensional reality you insist upon living!

Claire

Who can see you besides me?

Laing

No one. That's the beauty thing.

Claire

I think I am going nuts. But just for the sake of the moment, I will give you the benefit of the doubt. It's true. I never told anyone about that memory. Not even my husband, who wouldn't understand it anyway.

Laing

He understands more than you think.

Claire

I doubt it. Anyway, you have some kind of uncanny ability to have access to my brain. How do you do that?

Jung

We're inside of you Claire, that's all there is to say about it. But now, as to being crazy—well, going nuts is a form of sanity. I went nuts and drew Mandela. You go nuts and see ghosts. By the way, you haven't much time for this pitter-patter.

Claire  
 Pitter putter?

Laing  
 Patter—not putter.

Jung  
 Pitter, patter putter!—the other one is coming. The daughter.

*A knock is heard.*

Jung  
 (con't)  
 The session is about to start. Where do you want me?

Claire  
 Neither one of you belongs here, and when Todd sees you, when Marissa—

Jung  
 You are the only one who can see us.

Claire  
 Are you *sure* Marissa didn't hire you?

Laing  
 No one hired us, dear we're working pro bono here.

Jung  
 Heh, heh.

Laing  
 I think you should make yourself scarce, Carl—Lord knows once things get heated up around here I'm not in control anymore and—

Claire  
 You two clowns are changing my playing field, and I hate that!

Laing  
 Too bad.

Jung  
 Too late. (*stage whisper to Laing*) I'm staying.

Laing  
 All right, all right.

*Voices off stage—Todd singing “Oh What a Beautiful Morning” and entering the room with a feather duster in one hand and a bottle of Perrier in the other. He dusts furniture as he goes. A knock. He opens the French Doors with a flourish and Marissa enters, breathless and filled with angst.*

*A disembodied voice from somewhere in the Theatre announces: **Scene 3:***

Marissa

Why didn't someone answer the door! God traffic was horrendous. Do we have to do therapy this far north? I would have taken the train, but God, the Blue Line crawls at 2 miles an hour and they've shut down portions of the Brown Line. I'm glad I got here at all. Thank heaven you have a driveway, Todd, so I don't have to worry about parking. Mom! What're you doing here?

Claire

Well, this is Family Therapy isn't it? Aren't we supposed to be doing it together?

*(At this point Laing's body constricts, he takes on a helpless look and begins to walk directly behind Claire, following her every body movement. Claire sits in one chair, Marissa in the other, Todd sits in front of them, still brandishing the feather duster and the Perrier bottle. Claire tries to “brush” him away from her, but to no avail—he's stuck to her like a shadow. Jung, sitting in a Queen Anne chair across from Laing and Claire, lights his pipe.*

Todd

Everybody sit and tell me all about your week!

Marissa

As if. Mother and I had our usual phone conversation about *her problems*.

*As conversation ensues, Laing makes exaggerated faces in emotional response.*

Claire

I said nothing whatsoever about my problems, we discussed Bowlby!

Marissa

Her memory is so faulty.

Claire

*Really.* Bowlby described attachment as an emotional bond that impairs behavior from the cradle to the grave. But of course he was a man and therefore he was endeavoring to find yet another way to trash the Mother Archetype. *We hate the Mother Archetype.*

Marissa

Oh for God's sake *mother*, were not all out to get our *mothers*!

*Claire gives Marissa a withering look. Laing imitates the look precisely and Jung sucks noisily on his pipe.*

Todd

Hello you two and welcome to the Baronial Estate!

Laing

Of what relevance---

Jung

Why would he burst in and interrupt like that?

Claire

Everyone hates their mother. It's endemic.

Laing

The Original Sin of Motherhood.

Jung

*(to Laing)* How off base; how quaint. And **wrong**.

Marissa

Do you smell something?

Todd

No.

Marissa

I smell something—like a cigar or a pipe or a---

Claire

Must be your imagination. *(she waves her arms to divert the smoke from Jung's pipe and then gesticulates him to put it out)*

Marissa

Mother, are you OK?

Claire

I'm dancing.

Marissa

I see that. *(to Todd)* I'm telling you—keep an eye on this.

Todd

Dancing is not a sign of insanity per se.

Marissa

You know, I really do smell something. And it's strong and nasty.

Claire

Are you experiencing olfactory hallucination?

Marissa

Ha ha, very funny Mother.

*Laing comes out from behind Claire and looks at a serious of books that Todd has just placed on the large oblong table between his chair and Marissa and Claire's chairs. He picks up the books one by one and reads the titles. As he does so, Marissa continues talking to Todd as if he is not there—which he is not, for her.*

Todd

So, dot, dot, dot....*(laughs at his own joke)*

Laing

*(reading)* Happy Families are All Alike,  
Unhappy Families are Not, The Abstract  
Family: An Impressionist View,  
Who Ate My Pear?

Marissa

We need to deal with the issue of mom's—  
Claire's-- unrealistic way of living her life  
and her involvement in these—like—er—  
fantasy relationships. I mean—I remember  
her thing—*she* says of course—her *thing*  
with John McCain--

Todd

**So.** Dot dot dot. *(he laughs again at his own joke. Laing takes his place behind Claire's chair again, holding one of the books in hand, and skimming it on occasion)*

Marissa

Let's go into her *thing* with John McCain--

Claire

I never had a *thing* with John—

Marissa

See? She calls him *John!*

Todd

Well, that's his name isn't it?

Marissa

If she *knew* him that's his name—but—but—he's *Senator* McCain to us normal people—

Claire

Let's not go political, here, Marissa—stick to the moment—

Marissa

I should stick to the moment—that's a laugh!

Claire

I never had a *thing*, as you put it, with John McCain. We—

Marissa

She wrote us on and on about John McCain really loved *her* and really wanted her and really wanted a relationship with her except that he was married and his wife was sick or something, mentally sick—I don't know—and he couldn't leave her, of course, at a crucial time and—

Claire

He invited me to an invitation only dinner at the Udall Society awarding him for his—they gave him a huge Buffalo coat or something—the T'hono Odam tribe did—for his environmentalism—

Todd

John McCain is an environmentalist?

Marissa

That's not the point!

Todd

Your mother has a relationship with John McCain?

Marissa

No! I mean—that's the whole thrust!

Laing

Interesting choice of word.

Jung

Yes. Plunge, pitch, stab, parry—

Laing

Propulsion, momentum, impetus!

Jung  
Lift off!

Marissa  
She doesn't have a relationship with him—she has these fantasy relationships—

Claire  
I have—had—a flirtation with John. We flirt—flirted. I mean—

Laing  
Which tense is it—past or present?

Claire  
Present—past—what's the difference?

Marissa  
He *came* to your class, *past tense*, Mother.

Todd  
What class?

Marissa  
What difference does it make?

Claire  
Viet Nam War. Anyway, for John it's all political--I mean, I like him sure, but it's play—a flirtation, you know, but for him it's—well, I'm constituent. He sees me as a constituent.

Marissa  
(*Almost in tears*) You're not even a **Republican!** And then, you know we had this *thing*—

Todd  
Thing?

Laing  
She rejected us, our overtures, our need to bond and be a loving mother and daughter—

Claire  
Yes! That's *it!*

Jung  
Be careful, here, Ronnie.

Marissa and Todd:

What's *it*?

Marissa

After that, she emails me over and over, and calls me like five times in ten minutes—my cell phone—my home phone—my cell phone! Are you fucking crazy or something? I am a medical student! I am very busy! And this neurotic, desperate calling—

Todd

She has ambivalent attachment, Marissa; we discussed this in our last session.

Marissa

Yes. I understand. But---

Laing

Don't let them bamboozle us here, Claire—what they call “normal”—what they expect from us—to conform—being normal is nothing but a by-product of repression, denial, splitting, introjections and other forms of destructive action on experience! We're fine just the way we are, god damn it! And the rest be hanged!

Jung

There's not a little bit of justification there, my friend. The personal unconscious is organized by complexes Ronnie. It is only when we understand instinctual patterns of behavior and perception, which can be traced in dreams and myths, can we truly be--

Laing

Blah blah blah blah....

Todd

Of course. Of course. She didn't understand that you were busy and weren't able to get back to her and—but this can all be explained by ambivalent attachment because---

Laing & Claire

Blah blah blah blah blah....

Marissa

Mother?

Claire

I'm sorry but I have a low boredom threshold and he explained the same thing twice.

Marissa

See what I mean? And—and—what the fuck? I can't just *be there* for her whenever she wants me to! I have to be there for myself! I have a life!

Todd

Marissa, I need you to understand that this is a symptom.

Laing

Of what fucking what pray tell? Claire, she's a crazy-maker like our mother!

Jung

Obviously a girl who loathes the Mother Archetype, wouldn't you say?

Laing

A victim of avoidance attachment, ha ha. Agree?

Claire

I would.

Todd

You would what, Claire?

Claire

*(Catching herself)* I would ask—what do you mean by symptom?

Todd

Well, what I want to explain to you, Claire, is that what Marissa's trying to say is—

Claire

I know what she's trying to say—I want to know what *you're* trying to say.

Todd

I want to explain to you, Marissa that your mother has these periodic fits of anxiety and desperation in which she cannot control herself and that this is something left over from the past—

Laing

*(snorting)* Like Pot Roast?

Todd

—and she will explain this all this to you?

Claire

I will?

Laing

Look at this, look at this will you?! Bowlby was a colleague of mine and now all you talk about is Bowlby and attachment theory, but what do you say about me? *(shouting)* Where is there the mention of me and my therapeutic utopia of Kingsley Hall where patients and

therapists exchanged roles?! It was ground breaking! It showed the absurdity of always thinking you're right—of rightness! Yes, there is a link between Shamanism and Psychotherapy—I am sure of it! The spiritual path of enlightenment and the therapeutic path of psychoanalytic realization are *the same path*.

Jung

For God's sake, get your ego out of all this. I can't help you if you won't help yourself!

Laing

Who asked you anyway?

Jung

You did.

Laing

I did? Oh, I did.

Jung

And now you are in this woman's head and God help her in getting you out.

*Claire is listening aptly to this dialog between Jung and Laing. As she does so, Todd and Marissa mouth conversation and gesticulates silently, unaware, of course, of the presence of Laing and Jung or that Claire is listening to them. It is only when Claire speaks aloud that they react to her.*

Jung(*con't*)

You know you are nothing but a once-famous man with no profession, no funds and no fixed address. That's all, my friend, that's all. Now, you, like me, and all the rest of us disincarnated souls, are part of the Cosmic Soup. And all this primping and prancing—man is less good than he wants to be, isn't that true? A repressed negativity never gets corrected my friend and you are a walking advertisement for the shadow—a mass of repressed negativity. Now, that is where you ought to put your focus.

Laing

Oh shut up!

Claire

Both of you shut up!

Marissa

Mother! Do you think this is a joke? You sanity hangs in the balance.

Claire

*My sanity?* Oh please.

Todd

I would like to explain to you, Marissa, that this is another symptom of your mother's, yet I would still like to—

Claire

Symptom of what—telling you two jaw jackers to shut the fuck up?

Laing

*(Dancing and prancing around behind her chair)*

Life is a sexually transmitted disease! Life is a sexually transmitted disease!

Jung

Your shadow is knocking at your door. You need to go inside The House of Gathering, my friend, and soon.

*Claire laughs at this exchange.*

Claire

Oy. I shoulda had a V-8.

Marissa

Do you think this is funny, mom?

Claire

Of course not!

Todd

I would like to explain to you Marissa that this is yet another symptom of your mother's—

Marissa

Her anger, her contempt, her disdain for authority—her unwillingness to buckle down and be a grown up—listen to me! I am talking out of complete despair—we have a role reversal here! I am the grown up and she's the child.

Jung

*The Divine Child.*

Claire

Yes...yes...the Divine Child.

Todd

Well...*(he's lost..a beat)*

Marissa

(To Todd) You're lost, aren't you? We're done, if that's the case.

Jung

I wish they could see us. I could turn this around.

Laing

Doubt it. Doubt it.

Todd

Exactly what do you mean by The Divine Child, Claire? And how does this make you feel, Marissa?

Marissa

Feel? I feel like I want to fucking kill her! But I just ignore her—that's the worst punishment for a narcissistic self-absorbed child like her is to totally ignore her completely and pretend she doesn't exist.

Todd

Which just exacerbates the compulsive calling, which is a function, as I mentioned, of the ambivalent attachment—

Jung

She is addicted to being a Mother---

Laing

With a capitol "M."

Claire

That's utterly inane.

Marissa

Inane? You think Todd is inane?

Claire

No, I don't think Todd's inane, I think he's *insane*, I think this whole process is a load of—

Laing

Horse manure!

Claire

Yes—that's it.

Marissa & Todd

What's it?

Claire

Horse manure.

Laing

No one can help human craziness—it's built in, like heating ducts or something.

Jung

It's an add-on, not a built-in.

Marissa

**So..Mom...**we've picked a therapist from The Advocate Illinois Masonic Medical Center Behavioral Health Services.

Claire & Laing

Who?

Laing & Jung

What does she need someone else for? She has *us*!

Marissa

We settled this last week.

Claire

Who settled it?

Todd

Well—oh my, our session is nearly up. Do we have any questions or would we like to do a quick recap?

Claire

Oh let's do a recap.

Marissa

You've decided to cooperate—now that it's *over*?

Claire

It's never over, darling.

Todd

So, here we are working on our different approaches to attachment. Marissa, you are an example of Bowlby's avoidantly attached child, and you, Claire—

Marissa

Wait a minute! This isn't about me! This is about her—

Claire

This is *family therapy* Marissa, so it's about both of us.

Marissa

So where's my father? Why isn't *he* here?

*Black Out*

*Todd closes the French doors behind Claire and Marissa, claps his hands, goes to a CD player next to the bar and plays a CD.*

*Music Up: Concerto for Two Violins by Bach.*

*Todd runs around straightening the room again in anticipation of his next client. As he does so he leaps and prances in some kind of ballet. Laing is stumbling around the room as if drunk. Jung sits in Todd's therapist's chair, sipping from a glass of whiskey and enjoying the music. Again, Todd is unaware of their presence, although every so often he "senses" something, stops dancing, looks around the room puzzled; then continues his dance.*

*A knock comes at the door. Todd quickly switches off the CD player.*

Jung

What's wrong with you?

Laing

Every time I climb out of her head I feel as if I had drunk a bottle of bad champagne.

Jung

All champagne is good.

Laing

Look—we've got a small window here when I can be myself before her next session and then I am trapped inside that head of hers' for another fifty minutes!

Jung

Forty-five by my calculation.

*Todd lets in his next patient. As he does so, lights dim on the stage. Jung and Laing walk to the front. A curtain closes behind them as the set will be changed. Claire enters from stage right.*

Claire

Thank God I got rid of the child.

Jung

Childhood is forever.

Laing  
In the metaphoric sense.

Jung  
In the real sense.

Claire  
Do you two always argue?

Laing  
We just met so “always” is a relative term.

Claire  
You know, I kind of like having you around—I mean it lightens up the day, brightens things up considerably, know what I mean?

Jung  
Know, feel and absorb what you mean.

Laing  
I don't.

Jung  
Don't pout.

Laing  
I just don't. I don't like the feeling of being—out of control. Inside of you, I feel as if I am swimming in a sea of unfamiliar hormonal waves—

Jung  
Hormones don't come in waves.

Laing  
You wish we were actors, don't you? It would make all this so much easier to digest.

Claire  
What other choice is there? I have to accept that in some kind of psychotic way I am communing with two ghosts, who appear to be alive, but really aren't. Some would say this is a psychotic break.

Jung  
Others would say it is a break through.

**Black out**

*A disembodied voice from somewhere in the theatre announces: **Scene 4:***

*Danny's apartment. It is a mess, with empty cigarette packs, beer bottles, wine and whiskey bottles strewn everywhere. There is a ragged old couch, a table filled with ashes, butts and a stack of books. Off to stage left is a swinging door leading to a kitchen. The television is on without sound but Danny is not watching it. He is seated on the couch smoking and drinking straight from a bottle of whiskey. The one window in the room is covered with a blanket. He hears a knock at the door and does not move but continues to drink and smoke. After the knock comes a second time he looks over to the door.*

Danny

It's open!

*The knock comes again, more insistently. Danny ignores and continues drinking.*

Danny

What the fuck.

*He drags himself up to the door. Danny is a tall man who is also large. He could have been an athlete once. He is now a 55 year-old man who has seen it all and has no use for any of it. Once good-looking he's gone to seed. His ancestry is Irish. He opens the door and sees Claire standing there, a large clump of flowers in one hand and a grocery bag and her tote bag in the other.*

Claire

I brought some stuff. I thought you might need—

Danny

I didn't ask you here.

*He stands at the door blocking her entrance.*

Claire

Let me in, Danny.

Danny

Why should I? Give me one good reason.

Claire

I've got two. Groceries and flowers.

Danny

Oh fuck.

*She moves past him into the apartment.*

Claire

You're not doing very well, are you?

Danny

What's it to you?

Claire

Don't be defensive.

Danny

I'll be whatever I want.

*She clears rubbish and debris off the couch and sits down, putting her bags and things on the floor. She throws the flowers onto the cluttered coffee table.*

Claire

I hate to say this to you Danny, but you are so predictable.

Danny

What does that mean?

Claire

The opposite of unpredictable.

Danny

I was plenty unpredictable when we were married.

Claire

We still are married.

Danny

It's just a piece of paper.

Claire

It's just 28 years and four kids. *(pause)* Drinking, I see?

Danny

Don't trivialize my break down--I need it. *(he grabs a bottle of whiskey off the table, uncaps it and takes a long swallow)*

Claire

I came here to talk to you about some things going on between me and—some other people-- in therapy. With Marissa.

Danny

The kids again.

Claire

Not just the kids. They're your kids too, right?

Danny

I know that.

Claire

I need your input.

Danny

I'm not going into therapy with you. That's over. We tried couples therapy--remember? You drove me crazy, the therapist was brainless or brain dead, take your pick, and he had all kinds of stupid tricks up his sleeve, which I could see through and when I pointed out his tricks I was accused of resisting therapy.

Claire

You did resist therapy.

Danny

I resisted manipulation, that's not the same thing.

Claire

You better put those flowers in water or they'll die.

Danny

Let'em die. Who cares? I hate flowers.

Claire

They absorb negative energy.

Danny

Bullshit.

Claire

*(leaning forward—latching onto something)* No, no they do. It's been proven. That's why when men have affairs they bring their wives flowers. To deflect them, maybe, but it's more than a peace offering. Flowers have been shown to give up smells that turn a woman's hormones into—

Danny  
Raging idiocy.

Claire  
Forget it. Plants have consciousness too, in a different way from ours, but they take in our feelings, our thoughts; our smells and absorb them. It helps.

Danny  
I don't want your flowers.

Claire  
Throw them out, then.

Danny  
I will. (*he paces the room, lights a cigarette*) I'm expecting company.

Claire  
How long have you got?

Danny  
I have no time to spare, Claire. What is it you want from me?

Claire  
I want us. Back.

Danny  
No chance in hell of that.

Claire  
None whatsoever?

Danny  
None.

Claire  
I miss you.

Danny  
You miss sex.

Claire  
That's true. You're great in bed.

Danny

You once described me as a great “sack artist.”

Claire

That’s from Saul Bellow.

Danny

So you can’t even come up with your own compliments, can you?

Claire

I feel suicidal.

Danny

Now we’re onto Virginia Woolf.

Claire

This isn’t about Virginia Woolf.

Danny

Isn’t she your “muse”?

Claire

That’s nasty. No. She’s not my muse. You are. You were the character in my last novel.

Danny

The one you shelved?

Claire

I’ve shelved them all. I’m a failed writer.

Danny

I hated that character. And you turned him gay at the end.

Claire

I had to.

Danny

Why was that?

Claire

He was sexually ambivalent.

Danny

I don’t want to discuss your work. It bores me.

Claire

I don't want to discuss it either. I came here to talk about what's going on in my therapy sessions. Something's happening. I'm—

*They are interrupted by the sound of the door being unlocked. A gorgeous young woman of twenty-six in hospital pants and shirt walks in. She is self-possessed, beautiful and highly sexualized. She is carrying two grocery bags and a large bunch of wild flowers. She walks in, not seeing Claire, kisses Danny and walks into the kitchen. She comes back with the flowers in a small vase and sets them on the table next to Claire's bunch. She suddenly sees Claire and looks back at Danny.*

Amanda

I got a deal on strawberries at Whole Foods. Aren't these flowers lovely? (*As she says this notices the discarded bunch on the table.*) Am I interrupting something?

Claire

*To Danny with sarcasm and bitterness:* A nurse?

Amanda

I'm a doctor.

Claire

You're going out with a doctor?

Amanda

I think I'll put the groceries away. (*she goes back into the kitchen*)

Claire

I thought you'd at least wait until we got divorced. (*silence*) I thought we were going to get back together. (*silence*) I thought this was a temporary—

Danny

I didn't plan this. It just happened. I was riding my bike on Diversey and some asshole ran into me. I screwed up my knee. (*he pulls his pant leg up to reveal a large, ugly scar. Claire gasps.*)

Claire

Why didn't you tell me!?

Danny

Why should I tell you? Amanda operated on me and then we became—friends. She was great. I was freaking out in the trauma room and she held my hand and calmed me down and when I was in recovery she visited me. She's extraordinary.

Claire

I should have known about this. The kids should have known about this.

Why?  
Danny

Claire  
Because we're your family for God's sake! *(she begins to cry. Amanda walks in)*

Amanda  
Maybe I should go.

Danny  
No. You stay. She's going.

Amanda  
No, Danny. You two—

Danny  
I don't want her!

Claire  
*(through tears)* I just need to clarify some things! I—I—

Amanda  
Here. *(she hands her a Kleenex from a box on the television)*

Claire  
This is not what—

Amanda  
I have to go back to the hospital anyway.

Danny  
I thought we were going out to dinner.

Amanda  
Later.

Claire  
Couldn't you go and talk a walk or something?

Danny  
Don't tell her what to do!

Claire  
I'm not a bitch.

Danny  
I didn't call you a bitch.

Claire  
You thought it.

Danny  
Oh, Lord. I give up.

Amanda  
I don't want to be in the middle of this.

Claire  
We're not divorced yet! He's still my husband! And we have four children together!

Amanda  
*(quietly)* I know that.

Danny  
Four **grown** children.

Amanda  
Why don't you two discuss—the children and I'll—uh—take a walk.

Danny  
There's no reason why you should have to—she comes in here like she owns me—like she owns the place!

Claire  
*(to Amanda)* Are you helping him with his drinking?

Amanda  
I'm working on it.

Danny  
Great sex solves a lot of problems.

Claire  
You're having--?

Amanda  
Please. I don't want to do this. Now. I need to go back to emergency and I have a long night ahead.

What about dinner?  
 Danny

Let's skip dinner.  
 Amanda

I'll bring something to the hospital. On your break.  
 Danny

Look—I don't know---when my break is—and I'm on call. Danny—  
 Amanda

We planned dinner.  
 Danny

It was supposed to be now.  
 Amanda

*(looking at her watch)* It's already five o'clock. I didn't realize it was so late. I—  
 Claire

I should go. *(to Danny)* I got you the patch. And—and there's a bottle of RevVia on the kitchen counter.  
 Amanda

What's that for?  
 Claire

She's healing me.  
 Danny

Of what?  
 Claire

I'm going.  
*(she starts for the door—then stops)* Take exactly what it says on the bottle, Danny, no more and no less. Ok?  
 Amanda

Yeah.  
 Danny

The patch is in the same bag.  
 Amanda

Claire

Smoking patch? Is the patch for smoking? I want a cigarette. Can I have a cigarette? (*she grabs one from the pack of camels on the table, lights up and gasps*) Uh—I forgot how bad this is.

*Amanda walks out and the sound of the door being shut is heard.*

Danny

Are you happy?

Claire

(*exhaling smoke*) I can see why people smoke. It stops up your emotions. Cold. Flat. I was crying and now I am dying.

Danny

(*he grabs a cigarette from the pack and lights up*) So now what, Claire? You want details? She's grand. She's a doctor. She's young and beautiful. She thinks I am sexy. She thinks I've been abused. She wants to help me quit drinking and smoking. We work out at the gym when I'm not drunk. She's good for me.

Claire

You are sexy. But that's sure not enough, is it?

Danny

She sees potential in me.

(*his cell phone rings*) Hi. No, everything's fine. What? No. It's ok. Ok. What do want? I'll stop at the deli—pickled tomatoes? Yeah. See you. (*he slaps the phone shut and throws it onto the table*) That was Amanda. She's sorry. But she thought—

Claire

I don't care what she thought. I came here to—

Danny

You came here in that stupid tight short black skirt to flirt with me, right? To get me turned on again so I would go back into that cesspool we had as a marriage. Well, **I'm not going!** Got it?

Claire

I thought—I came to discuss my—whatever. It's irrelevant. How long do you plan on going on with her?

Danny

She broke off her engagement. Maybe I had something to do with it. You want to discuss the kids, let's discuss the kids!

Claire  
Forget it.

Danny  
Forget it?

Claire  
Not now! (*she puts the cigarette out*) Smoking's disgusting.

Danny  
Let's discuss Kenny the drug addict.

Claire  
He's not a drug addict.

Danny  
Oh that's right. He's the Poet Laureate of Montpelier, Vermont.

Claire  
He is a poet.

Danny  
He's a High School drop out and a drug addict. Last time he visited us he was so high I could hardly talk to him. His writing is crap. He works in a car wash or something and he deals drugs so he can get high.

Claire  
He's not doing that anymore. He's taking classes, by the way. He got into New England Culinary Institute. He's going to be a chef.

Danny  
He's going to be a drunken, stoned chef.

Claire  
And where did he get that from?

Danny  
I'm not a chef.

Claire  
No, you were a professor. But you couldn't get tenure because—

Danny  
Don't start that—

Claire  
--of your drinking! And screwing around with young female students!

Danny  
We all screwed around with young female students—they were the perks of the trade!

Claire  
*(grabbing another cigarette)* I don't want to hear this.

Danny  
And then there is Robb—the Bear Master.

Claire  
What?

Danny  
He communes with Bears.

Claire  
He lives in Alaska. They have a lot of bears. He's a scientist.

Danny  
He got a BA in Sociology.

Claire  
He's studying the behavior of bears.

Danny  
He's going to get mauled one day. He camps out in bear sites and thinks he's a bear.

Claire  
He's special.

Danny  
He's lost. And speaking of lost—

Claire  
You don't—

Danny  
--we move on to Michael.

Claire  
--love our children do you?

Danny

I see them for what they are. The best and the worst of both of us. Mostly the worst.  
Next?

Claire

What's wrong with Michael?

Danny

He's gay.

Claire

He's getting a degree in cognitive therapy.

Danny

So he can be a nutcase like the rest of them.

Claire

When did you become such an asshole?

Danny

And last, but not least, the baby Marissa.

Claire

In medical school.

Danny

Nasty bitch like her mother. Self absorbed, narcissistic, attacking—she's a fucking pit  
bull.

Claire

She can be a pit bull. Which is why I came here because she and I—

Danny

I don't have time. Amanda wants me to stop at the deli and bring her something at the  
hospital. I have to put on the patch and take some ReVia and somehow give the  
semblance of a person who gives a shit about their well-being.

Claire

I give a shit about your well-being.

Danny

I hate you.

Claire

I hate you too.

*(She leans forward on the couch. As she does so Danny gets up, grabs her arms, pulls her up from the couch and they have a long, passionate kiss. After the kiss is over Claire slaps him hard on the face. He reels back.)*

Danny

Why did you do that?

Claire

For what you said about our kids! For everything! For Amanda!

*(She grabs her purse and satchel and exits. We hear the door slam. Danny stands in the middle of the room rubbing his face, then grabs Claire's flowers from the table, goes over to the window, opens it and starts to throw them out—he stops and smells the flowers deeply, then sits down on the couch, defeated, flowers in hand)*

**Black Out.**

*A disembodied voice from somewhere in the theatre announces: **Scene Five.***

*The scene: a blackened stage with nothing in it except a table and two chairs, a perch at downstage center upon which sits an Owl. There is a hand painted sign on the cage: "Archimedes". To stage left is a door slightly ajar. To stage right is a door firmly shut. There is the feeling of floating in air—not a 3-dimensional space. At upstage center is a staircase leading to nowhere. Behind all this are projection screens that are dark but upon which are projected various visual images throughout the scene. A low monotonic hum of choral voices is heard throughout the scene punctuated with regular whishing sounds. The smell of citrus and lime wafts across the stage alternating with the smell of musk and the smell of rotten eggs. The effect is simultaneously of sterility—a void, a "no-place" and of mystery. Next to Archimedes, on his perch, sits a skull (Yorick's) which appears when illuminated.*

*Laing runs in, looking both exhausted and over hyped. He looks around the room for signs of Jung, who saunters in a few moments later, smoking his pipe.*

Jung

Sit.

Laing

I will. You asked me to meet you here.

Jung

I did.

Laing

Where are we?

Jung  
Where would you like to be?

Laing  
I mean: **where are we?**

Archimedes  
Nowhere.

Laing  
Did he say something?

Jung  
*sitting in one of the chairs*  
He did.

Laing  
Who is he?

Jung  
Who am I?

Laing  
You're Carl Jung.

Jung  
Sometimes.

Laing  
Sometimes?

Jung  
Sometimes I am Carl Jung. And sometimes—

Laing  
Who are you the rest of the time?

Jung  
This may be difficult for you and we've got a lot of ground to cover, but I can't do a thing with you unless you sit down.

*Laing sits.*

*As he speaks, Jung rubs his hands together.*

All right. Now, you had a rather interesting monologue a couple of scenes back, remember that?

Laing

A couple of scenes—what are we? In a play or something?

Jung

We're always in a play.

Laing

I see. This is therapy. You're using techniques on me.

Jung

Nothing of the kind.

Laing

You're artifice is transparent.

Archimedes

You're not listening! You're not listening!

Laing

Can you shut him up?

Jung

Not unless you want to shut us all up at the same time. So—the monologue. Can we discuss that scene in the Arboretum?

Laing

Let's get something straight here—that wasn't **my** memory! That was Claire's!

Jung

Understood. But—

Laing

But nothing! Nothing to discuss.

Jung

It's too long. Much too long.

Laing

I have no control over that. It's her memory, not mine, as I keep repeating to you.

Archimedes

Not necessary to repeat yourself. Hahaha!

Laing

I'm going to shoot the bird.

Jung

I wouldn't do that.

Laing

I don't care what you wouldn't do. It's obvious that you don't have the judgment of a gnat.

Archimedes

Gnats are non-judgmental.

Laing

*(to the bird)* You could be a meal very soon.

Archimedes

Not a chance. Why don't you behave professionally?

Jung

So true, Archie—so true.

Laing

“Archie?”

Jung

A term of endearment. We use nick-names for those we designate as close to us.

Laing

None of this is sane or—or—this is craziness, this whole scenario. It isn't logical!

Jung

You talking about logic—that's hilarious. The great minds of the 20<sup>th</sup> century proved once and for all that there IS no proof, there is no boundaried, sane way to look at life, that—and you, of all people—with all your experiments!—In Kingsley Hall everyone was a patient! Remember that? Therapists were asking patients for their advice.

Laing

That was an experiment. It might not have worked--Ok, Ok I admit! But for God's sake, where are we? There has to be some kind of reference point!

Jung

Reference point? Bah! Uncertainty is our only reference point. Look Godel proved it—there is no logic—he exploded that. Logic is non-existent! Logic is a failure! Let's move on to something else!

Laing

What else is there? Without intellect, without judgment, without 3-dimensional—

Jung

We're in the fourth dimension. You hadn't noticed?

Archimedes

AND there's a fifth, sixth, seventh—ad infinitum!

Laing

*(Sulking)* Who cares?

Archimedes

Alas, poor Yorick.

Laing

Shut up! *(pleading)* Tell him to shut up, please?

Jung

He is plagued with memories, dreams and reflections.

Archimedes

I wasn't always a bird in a cage, you know.

Jung

Cautionary tale, that.

Archimedes

We were once lovers, you know.

Laing

Who?

Archimedes

Me and that conceited lunk with a pipe over there.

Laing

Oh, Lord. *(holds his head in his hands in despair)* We're doomed.

Jung

Strike out the monologue and we'll move on.

Laing

But I like it!

Archimedes

I like it too!

Jung

Then you say it!

Archimedes

I think I will. Now let me think---(*the bird turns his head this way and that trying to figure out where/what he should do*) I haven't got the script. Could you give me the script?

Jung

That's the whole point. You shall have to do it from memory.

Archimedes

All right, I will then. Start me out, will you Ronnie?

Laing

Why me? It wasn't my speech! It was Claire! And anyway, they weren't "lines," it wasn't a "speech" it was the underpinnings of her—of her—whatever you want to call it.

Jung

Gestalt?

Laing

Yes!



notes: *Ehyeh asher ehyeh*

- How do I stay creative in a hostile and competitive environment?
- How can I remain creative despite criticism?
- How can I clarify and apply my strengths to my work?
- How can I overcome the depression I feel at my job?
- How can I handle an impossible workload?