Scarapy

By Ste7en Foster

Feelings...can be frightening.

Contact:
Ste7en Foster
713-828-5252
ste7en@ste7enfoster.com

THE SETTING

A therapist's office, present day.

THE CHARACTERS

(Character descriptions are sparse to maintain the surprise elements
when the script is read, just as they will be a surprise to the audience.)

DR. RITA GREEN.....40s to 50's, an elegant, cool therapist
STEPHANIE.....her young receptionist
"Z".....any age, to be played by the actor playing Howard
LORELEI.....Dr. Green's daughter, very early 20s
MR. ABELMAN.....60s to 70s, Jewish
MRS. ABELMAN.....60s to 70s, Jewish
TEHMOHTEP.....any age
JAZZMYNE.....20s, curvy
EVERA.....20s, beautiful
HAZEL.....Evera's crone mother
"F".....to be played by the actor playing Tehmohtep
"MRS. F".....to be played by the actor playing Lorelei
AVAZIEL.....20s, extremely handsome, very built, preferably brunette or Black
KEVIN.....20s, extremely handsome, very built, preferably blond
MARY-CATHERINE.....upper crust society wife, regal and moneyed
HOWARD.....her husband, same age range as Mary-Catherine
WADE.....20s to 30s, nervous

This play is in Two Acts

ACT 1

SCENE ONE

Over darkness, we hear the voice of DR. RITA GREEN.

DR. GREEN (O.S.)
My first client like you? Eight years ago today.

A pin light shines on Dr. Green's profile, stage left.

DR. GREEN
Back then I had no idea there was a whole segment of the population who didn't have access to quality mental health care. And since Halloween is the only day they can come in for a session, I've been open early every October 31 since.

(beat)

And my first clients should be showing up soon. I'm afraid I'll have to stick to our hard stop.

In the dark, we hear another voice, flat, guttural.

ZOMBIE (O.S.)
BRAAAAAAIN!

A pin light shines on a ZOMBIE near center stage, staring at Dr. Green.

ZOMBIE
Braaaaaaiiiiiiiiiiin!

Suddenly, the whole room is illuminated and we see both are seated inside the tasteful office of Dr. Rita Green. Stage right is a small reception area with its front door, a sofa and chair, coffee table, and coatrack. There are a noticeable number of candles on the coffee table and the room is decorated for Halloween à la an elegant Martha Stewart.

Separating the two rooms is a door, which is open at the moment. In the other room, stage left is the larger office and it, too, has an abundance of candles. There is a seating area with two chairs facing one chair, and a sleek desk with matching desk chair. Wall shelves are filled with various decorative objects and behind the desk is a large window revealing it is *very* early morning, still dark. A hazy moon is obscured by dark clouds.

Dr. Green sits behind her desk, the Zombie in the chair opposite.

DR. GREEN
(relaxing slightly)
That's very nice of you. I think I'm a little rusty. I don't do too many of these unless I've got a book coming out. I'm just glad you didn't ask me to do the interview in Zombie! I can understand it, but I'm a terrible speaker.

ZOMBIE
BAAAAARRRRRAIIIIIIN!

She stands, the Zombie stands. She begins walking him out, through her office door to the front door in the reception area.

DR. GREEN
And *thank you* for telling me the latest on the M-word controversy. I should have known I'd get the scoop from a reporter.

ZOMBIE
Braiiiiiin!

DR. GREEN
Well, it was lovely chatting with you, too. Are you coming out for Halloween?

ZOMBIE
BBBBBBrain!

DR. GREEN
It *can* be a little crazy. But it's the only time you can really be yourself and that's the only way to be happy in life...or afterlife...is to be yourself. You enjoy your holiday now.

ZOMBIE

Brain!

The Zombie leaves. Dr. Green goes to the reception area to look at the laptop on the desk. While she's standing there, STEPHANIE explodes into the front door, filled plastic bags ringing her arms. She unburdens herself quickly.

STEPHANIE

Dr. Green! I'm so sorry I'm late.

DR. GREEN

But, Stephanie, you're early!

STEPHANIE

Well, I just saw a gentleman who, I'm certain, was here to see you.

DR. GREEN

That was just a reporter.

STEPHANIE

A reporter? For who?

DR. GREEN

Southern Living Dead.

STEPHANIE

Oh.

(beat)

It's always fascinating to me just how many different types of monsters there are.

DR. GREEN

Oh, Stephanie. Don't say that. The reporter told me that there's a big controversy around that word. Many find it offensive. The preferred nomenclature is Unnatural or Supernatural. Uns or Supers for short.

STEPHANIE

I never liked the M-word anyway, me personally. But no matter who or what they want to be called, they're lucky to have you, Dr. Green. You even put up all this Halloween stuff just to make them feel as comfortable as they can when they're here.

DR. GREEN
Is that what's in the bags?

STEPHANIE
Yeah. I ran by the store. Everything was on sale.

The phone rings.

STEPHANIE
It's starting already.
(answering)
Good morning, Dr. Rita Green's office, may I help you?
(beat)
Oh, hi, Lorelei.
(to Dr. Green)
It's Lorelei, should I...?

DR. GREEN
Yes! Put it through to my office.

STEPHANIE
Got it.
(back to phone)
Are you looking so forward to the wedding?
(beat)
I bet you are. Okay, here's your mother.

Dr. Green closes her office door and places the call on speaker. In reception and in between phone calls, Stephanie places decorations around the office during the day.

LORELEI (O.S.)
Good morning, Mother!

DR. GREEN
Well, you're up awfully early. And in a good mood, too!

LORELEI (O.S.)
I have to get ready! Lawrence and I are dressing up today. We were supposed to go as a team, but at the last minute Lawrence said he wanted to go as Prince Charming because he said that's who he is every other day of the year, my Prince Charming. So we don't exactly match, but how could I be mad at him after he said that?

DR. GREEN
You couldn't!

In reception, the front office door opens and an elderly Jewish couple, MR. & MRS. ABELMAN, enter slowly. *Very* slowly. Stephanie comes to greet them and they talk, though we don't hear what any of them are saying. She takes their coats and puts them on the coatrack.

LORELEI (O.S.)
And morning is the only time the caterer would meet with us. Oh mother, I wish you could come. Why are you at work so early? Do people just go crazier on Halloween or something?

DR. GREEN
Lorelei, don't say that. Believe it or not, I have many clients who specially request a session on October 31.

LORELEI (O.S.)
You could have rescheduled them. They would have understood.

DR. GREEN
I don't want to put my clients in a position where they have to "understand." That's my job. Understanding them. They have *enough* problems being understood.

Stephanie sticks her head in the room.

STEPHANIE
Mr. and Mrs. Abelman are here.

Dr. Green nods and Stephanie ducks back out.

DR. GREEN
Lorelei, I have to go.

LORELEI (O.S.)
I'll send you pictures of Lawerence and I dressed up. Happy Halloween!

Dr. Green goes to her office door and opens it.

DR. GREEN
Mr. and Mrs. Abelman, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to make you wait.

The Abelmans start their slow march to Dr. Green's office.

MR. ABELMAN
A little wait isn't going to kill us.

MRS. ABELMAN
But something else would if we would have had to come during regular business hours. Thank you for opening up early. It's very *sheyn*.

DR. GREEN
You'll take these two chairs, please. Make yourselves comfortable.

Dr. Green closes the office door and after the Abelmans finally sit down, she takes the chair the Zombie was sitting in.

DR. GREEN (CONT'D)
What would you like to talk about? Would one of you like to start?

BOTH
I'll start.

(recognizing their unison, they switch to fix)
You start.

MRS. ABELMAN
Alright, I'll start.

(beat)
He started it.

MR. ABELMAN
And off she goes.

MRS. ABELMAN
Are you going to let me talk?

MR. ABELMAN
I'm not saying anything.

DR. GREEN
Let her speak, Mr. Abelman.

MRS. ABELMAN

So, we were out at night, as usual, looking for a place to, you know, "dine." And he says, "A little Italian would be nice." And I say fine, I just don't want too much garlic. For reasons I don't need to explain, of course.

DR. GREEN

Of course.

MRS. ABELMAN

We find this little Italian place on Thompson Street. And we're sitting there, pretending to eat the food, as we usually do, just pushing it around the plate, and eyeing the customers. You know, the *real* menu. When I notice this one acting all distracted. I thought he was just thrown off by our waiter, who looked delicious.

MR. ABELMAN

AB negative. I can always tell.

MRS. ABELMAN

It's true. He can read blood type like other people read wine labels. Sometimes after we...you know...he'll make up a label for the blood we just drank. Just make one up. Right in his head!

MR. ABELMAN

"It's bright and piquant, with notes of cherry and smoke. Rich crimson color, this delicious vintage will satisfy even the most sophisticated hemophile."

MRS. ABELMAN

See? He comes up with it just like that! I don't know how he does it.

(back to the point)

So I ask him what he's thinking about because he's got this strange look on his face but he says, "Nothing." Then I see. He's not even looking at me. A couple booths behind me is this tarty little Italian *shleper*.

MR. ABELMAN

All this talk of food has made me hungry!

MRS. ABELMAN

Dr. Green, we haven't eaten dinner, would you mind if we...

DR. GREEN

No, please.

MRS. ABELMAN

Thank you.

As she talks, Mrs. Abelman opens her enormous purse and takes out two IV blood packs, poking two straws in them as if they were Capri Sun pouches. She hands one to her husband.

MRS. ABELMAN

Not a word all through dinner. So we get ready to go and *of course,* because God likes to test me, this millennial moron and her Guido-looking mook get up at the same time. We pay the check—

MR. ABELMAN

$21.50 for rigatoni!

MRS. ABELMAN

We wind up following them for three blocks! Then it all comes out.

DR. GREEN

What comes out?

MRS. ABELMAN

That he's all of the sudden Mr. Progressive. He says it all casual like. Like he was telling me he wanted to try the spumoni, he was so casual about it.

DR. GREEN

I'm sorry, what was he saying...you were saying...exactly?

MRS. ABELMAN

Oh, I can't even say it out loud. It's ludicrous.

MR. ABELMAN

To her, my desires are ludicrous.

MRS. ABELMAN

You're ridiculous. At your age! I know what prompted it. It was that twentysomething dancer that we had a couple of months ago. I'm sure of it. Usually we go for more mature vintages, but this one time we thought we'd try one a little younger. I knew it then: slippery slope.

DR. GREEN

I'm sorry, I still—

MRS. ABELMAN
He wants an open marriage! A THREEWAY. No, not a threeway. A "throuple!" He doesn't just want to bite this girl, this preschooler. He wants to TURN her.

MR. ABELMAN
For 45 years I was a faithful husband. Then that business with that bloodsucking *askoul* added another 140 years to our marriage and I haven't stray ONCE.

(Mr. Abelman begins walking slowly around the room, occasionally sipping his plasma bag.)

MRS. ABELMAN
What do you want a medal? I'll give you my purple heart.

MR. ABELMAN
So dramatic she is.
(to Dr. Green)
Is it so wrong?

MRS. ABELMAN
It wasn't Adam and Eve and *Lorraine*. Of course it's wrong! God made marriage to be between one man and one woman. It's a bedroom, not the convention center.

DR. GREEN
Mr. and Mrs. Abelman, there's a lot to unpack here.

MRS. ABELMAN
There's a lot TO pack here. Namely, all of his things.

DR. GREEN
Is that really what you want, Mr. Abelman? An open marriage?

MR. ABELMAN
All I said was, "Think about it."

Through the office window, lightning begins to flash. Rumbles of thunder are also heard intermittently throughout the day.

MRS. ABELMAN
After 185 years of marriage, now he's a swinger. The girl was barely 25 if she's a day!

DR. GREEN
Maybe this isn't a case of roving eye. Maybe Mr. Abelman is interested in this girl for nonsexual reasons. Have you asked him?

MRS. ABELMAN
I don't need to ask him. I know him. He's not thinking this through. WHAT are you doing?

Mr. Abelman stops. He takes a long loud suck on his now-empty blood bag.

MR. ABELMAN
I am looking for a waste receptacle.

Dr. Green takes a waste can from underneath her desk, brings it to him, and both return to their seats.

MR. ABELMAN
(back on track)
Fine. Forget I was being honest with you.

DR. GREEN
And that's a natural response when you think you're not being heard. You close yourself off. I think it would help both of you if you'd talk about this desire here. In this safe space. Find what it's really about.

MR. ABELMAN
She's the one who was all flirty with that *farshiltn* Count all those years ago. She thought he was so exotic.

MRS. ABELMAN
He was very dashing. He hypnotized me, what can I say? I was powerless.

MR. ABELMAN
You gave him those eyes of yours.

MRS. ABELMAN
I flirted a *little*.

MR. ABELMAN
Practically threw yourself at him.

DR. GREEN
Did you open up your marriage first, Mrs. Abelman?

MRS. ABELMAN
It was one time! We never saw him again. Besides! He was close to our age at least. What he's suggesting? It's pedophilia.

MR. ABELMAN
For what would I want an older woman? For that I have you.

MRS. ABELMAN
And *I* should be enough for you!

DR. GREEN
Please, Mr. Abelman, you were about to go into the reasons you found this woman attractive. Why you find a triad relationship so appealing.

Now it's Mrs. Abelman's turn to get up with her empty plasma bag. But she doesn't walk toward the trash can. She just wanders, half-heartedly perusing the wall shelves.

MR. ABELMAN
I just don't see what's wrong with broadening our horizons a little bit. We've been together for almost 200 years.

DR. GREEN
How does that make you feel, Mrs. Abelman?

MRS. ABELMAN
How would he feel if I wanted with this third person to be a handsome, strapping man? Like that hot Russian we saw a coupla months ago. What was his name? Oleg! What if I wanted the third person to be Oleg?

MR. ABELMAN
The gay thing with the anal sex and all that? Not for me.

MRS. ABELMAN
You like it when we do it.

MR. ABELMAN
It's for special occasions.

MRS. ABELMAN
For me, it's not so special.
(to Dr. Green)
Go on. Ask him how he feels about another penis in the relationship.

MR. ABELMAN
See? She still thinks sex is something dirty. I think of it...as a garden to be explored.

MRS. ABELMAN

I think that's a lotta fertilizer is what I think.

DR. GREEN

After all this time this is admittedly somewhat of a curve. What do you think is behind this, Mr. Abelman?

MRS. ABELMAN

He's horny is what's behind all this. He wants to put his *schtupal* in another woman's *yahooza.*

MR. ABELMAN

The truth?

DR. GREEN

Of course. Your truth.

MR. ABELMAN

I feel old.

MRS. ABELMAN

You are old.

MR. ABELMAN

I don't need any more reminders of that! Look. I love you. Every day with you is like a new dawn. That's why when you wanted me to join you in this *little lark* of yours all those years ago, I said yes. Was I thrilled about having another man bite me? On my neck? No. I did it because I loved you.

MRS. ABELMAN

It lasted all of what? Five minutes?

MR. ABELMAN

(pleading his case to Dr. Green)

They never tell you how much it's going to hurt. I mean, sure you should probably figure it out. But I wasn't prepared for it. Like a Doberman he was.

MRS. ABELMAN

Doberman. Two little puncture marks.

MR. ABELMAN
(frustrated)
I still think you're the most beautiful, wonderful woman in the world! It would be nice to share that with someone!

DR. GREEN
Mrs. Abelman, I want to encourage you to listen to what your husband is saying.

MR. ABELMAN
She doesn't even know *what* I'm saying! She can't do two things at once.
(to Mrs. Abelman)
The trash can is under her desk!

MRS. ABELMAN
Oh yeah.

She just stands there. They wait for her to move.

MR. ABELMAN
What are you waiting for?!

A LONG high pitched squeak is heard. She's farted but everyone keeps silent. Finally:

MRS. ABELMAN
(pointedly, to Dr. Green)
After all that walking, you should want me to take more steps?

Dr. Green reaches under her desk, takes the trash can and holds it out with her arm because, basically, Mrs. Abelman is that close to her. After dropping the bag, Dr. Green puts the basket back under the desk. Then Mrs. Abelman SPEEDILY walks back to her chair. They both stare at her.

MRS. ABELMAN
I feel lighter all of the sudden.

DR. GREEN
Please go on, Mr. Abelman.

MR. ABELMAN

Sharing your wonderful qualities with another person allows me to re-experience all those things I like about you like it was the first time. And alright. If you really want that other person to be a man, I'll consider it.

MRS. ABELMAN

So he's gay now.

DR. GREEN

He's not gay now. But there are a lot of things in play with Mr. Abelman's desire to "share" you with someone else. There's possession. And what is possession if there's not someone else to show it to, to share it with? Without that, possession is meaningless. There's a pride in what one has. And the more proud someone is of it, the more they want to show it off to other people. In fact, he wants this so badly he'll open up himself sexually to do it. He's open to the possibility of a man because of what it means for you. He's not *gay* now.

MR. ABELMAN

I'm a little gay now.

(beat)

That was a lovely speech, Dr. Green. You pretty much hit the nail on the head. But honestly, I would be gay for her. I wouldn't like it. But I'd do it. That's how much I love her.

I would hope that if you wanted to bring in a "handsome, strapping man" into our relationship that you wouldn't find him better than me, but that he would make you appreciate me all the more.

DR. GREEN

This is not something we're going to cover fully today. It's my suggestion that you both continue to talk about it. Imagine if it did happen. What would that look like? How would both situations make you feel, both individually as a couple. What would the ground rules be? And then remember that there will be another one making a sacrifice for the relationship as well. Or you'll be making a sacrifice for them. There's nothing wrong with that. Healthy couples make sacrifices for each other all the time. But they have to be willing. It can't be done under pressure, pressure will cause resentment, resentment leads to anger, anger divides.

MRS. ABELMAN

(to her husband)

Anger divides. Don't I always say that?

(to Dr. Green)

I always say that.

MR. ABELMAN
A kind word to my mother and “anger divides.” Two things you’ve never said.

DR. GREEN
Let me ask you this: Is there any way the two of you could try something a little...less permanent?

MR. ABELMAN
That’d be nice but there’s really no middle ground in this whole situation. You’re either one of us or you’re food.

DR. GREEN
That might bring up a possible compromise. Have you ever thought about, instead of turning someone, bringing in another vampire? Just as a test. To explore the dynamic.

MRS. ABELMAN
We don’t know many Jewish vampires.

MR. ABELMAN
That’s because there are no other Jewish vampires! What Jew says, “I only wish I had a way I could extend this suffering.”?

MRS. ABELMAN
So now being with me is like suffering. Guess who’s getting his coffin lid locked tonight if they’re not careful.

MR. ABELMAN
I’ll lock it from the INSIDE.

DR. GREEN
I think this discussion has shown us one thing: you both are a long way from entering into this kind of arrangement. I suggest you continue to explore and share your own feelings with each other. Be as honest with each other as you’ve been here with me today. But no matter what you decide, I want you both to know: what you have together is something very, very special. I love my husband, but I can’t say I would like to be married to him for two centuries.

Mr. & Mrs. Abelman look at each other.

MRS. ABELMAN
Sometimes it’s a challenge.

MR. ABELMAN
But at the end of the day...

MRS. ABELMAN
The night.

MR. ABELMAN
At the end of the night, it's a good life.

MRS. ABELMAN
Death.

MR. ABELMAN
Death.

DR. GREEN
You keep that perspective and you'll make the right decision.

MRS. ABELMAN
I have to say, Dr. Green, you're everything they said you were.

In reception, Stephanie takes a call.

MR. ABELMAN
Dr. Rita Green, M.M.C.!

DR. GREEN
M.M.C.?

MR. ABELMAN
Monster Marriage Counselor. That's what they call you.

DR. GREEN
Oh, don't say that.

MR. ABELMAN
Not you too! I'm a monster. That's just what I am! We've been monsters for centuries. Now a bunch of delicate young flowers thinks it's a bad word. Words aren't bad. It's how you use them that's bad. "Unnatural human." "Supernatural human." *Fech!* I'm a monster.

DR. GREEN
No, I mean I don't exclusively counsel couples. I work with families as well.

MR. ABELMAN

Oh. Good to know.

(beat)

Well, it looks like our time is almost up.

They stand and start the slow journey out.

DR. GREEN

Oh we still have time.

MRS. ABELMAN

It'll take us awhile.

MR. ABELMAN

I don't know if you've noticed but we're not the spryest ponies at the track.

MRS. ABELMAN

And neither of us are morning people so we need to get moving anyway.

DR. GREEN

Oh, yes, of course.

She opens the office door and they crawl into reception. Stephanie hangs up the phone, stands up from her desk, and goes to the coatrack.

STEPHANIE

Let me help you with your coats, Mr. and Mrs. Abelman.

While Stephanie helps Mr. Abelman put on his coat, Mrs. Abelman just keeps walking toward the door. This makes Stephanie actually put on Mrs. Abelman's coat while she's still walking. It's awkward to say the least.

STEPHANIE

You two remember to take things slowly now.

MR. ABELMAN

Like we have a choice.

MRS. ABELMAN

Was she trying to be funny?

STEPHANIE
No. Sorry, Mr. Abelman, I was just...have a nice Halloween. Okay?

She closes the front door and lightning crashes. Thunder cracks.

STEPHANIE
Dr. Green, I have Lorelei on hold.

DR. GREEN
Alright. Thank you.

Dr. Green returns to her office and once again hits the speaker button.

Hello, there.

LORELEI (O.S.)
Oh, Mother, the meeting with the caterer was amazing!

DR. GREEN
It was?

LORELEI (O.S.)
You have no idea. But the real surprise of the meeting was how much Lawrence was into it!

DR. GREEN
Really?

While this conversation is happening, the front door opens and two clients walk into the reception area. First is JAZZMYNE, in a long coat, walking fast. Staggering in stiffly behind her is TEHMOHTEP, a mummy wrapped head to toe in ancient-looking bandages. Jazzmyne breezes by so fast, Stephanie is too late to take her coat. A coat that, when taken off, reveals one hell of an outfit. Tehmohtep unwraps a layer of bandages and he hands them to Stephanie. For a moment, she doesn't know what to do with them but eventually she kind of half-folds them and hangs them gently on the coatrack. They sit.

LORELEI (O.S.)
You should have seen them together. Lawrence said he fell in love with Allessandro and Allessandro said that Lawrence was a natural! They collaborated on the menu, the cake. They were so cute. I think I'll...oh no! I left my bridal book at the restaurant!

Stephanie sticks her head in, Dr. Green holds up a finger. Stephanie closes the door again.

LORELEI (O.S.)
I've got to turn around and get that book. It has all my notes and appointments and contacts inside. I've got to go, Mother. Bye!

Dr. Green hangs up and opens her office door.

DR. GREEN
I'm so sorry. I was on the phone with my daughter, she's planning her wedding. You must be Mr. and Mrs. Tehmohtep. So nice to meet you both. Come in.

JAZZMYNE
Thank you.

They come in and she closes the door behind them. The couple take their seats.

DR. GREEN
Be comfortable. Can I get you anything? A bottle of water?

Tehmohtep coughs and dust explodes from his mouth. He's very hoarse.

TEHMOHTEP
Water would be great.

DR. GREEN
Of course.

TEHMOHTEP
Did you hear that? Her daughter's planning a wedding.

JAZZMYNE
Yeah, yeah, I heard her.
(to Dr. Green)
Oh, and for the record: we're not married. I'm Jazzmyne.

DR. GREEN

Jazzmyne. My mistake. I'm sorry.

DR. GREEN brings water for two, then takes her seat.

TEHMOHTEP

Thanks.

He coughs again and she waves her hand in front of her face.

JAZZMYNE

I hope you don't have allergies.

Jazzmyne gets up from her seat. To get away from the dust? Don't know. But she doesn't ever sit back down. She paces, she takes out gum, stretches, she looks at every artifact and Halloween decoration on the shelves, looks out the window, checks herself out in one of Dr. Green's decorative mirrors, etc.

DR. GREEN

From what Mr. Tehmohtep told my secretary over the phone when he made the appointment, I think the best use of our time is to establish emotional protocols that you can take from here that will help your relationship in the future. Introduce you to ways of speaking that aren't overly aggressive to your partner, especially when they're relaying their innermost feelings.

TEHMOHTEP

Well *that* would be helpful.

DR. GREEN

Why do you say it like that, Mr. Tehmohtep?

TEHMOHTEP

Just Tehmohtep. Although most people call me pharaoh.

JAZZMYNE

Pfft!

TEHMOHTEP

Or they used to.

DR. GREEN
Jazzmyne, that's the kind of thing I was referring to. Let's let each other express feelings and sentiments without always commenting on them or providing some kind of response, especially a negative one such as—

JAZZMYNE
Pfft.

DR. GREEN
Yes. So, Tehmohtep, as you were saying?

TEHMOHTEP
I was saying it'd be great to get to know *Setiti*. I don't know who this person is.

JAZZMYNE
Well, it's not Set-TITTY. That was a long time ago. We're two very different people.

DR. GREEN
Maybe you can elaborate on that, Tehmohtep?

TEHMOHTEP
She's changed alright. She's an entirely new person. Literally. Once upon a time, she was my favorite concubine, Setiti. We were supposed to be reincarnated together. At least that's what the priest *told* us would happen. Instead, she gets recycled a thousand years later. Then I wake up and, what do you know, I'm in the exact same body I had the first go-round! I do remember this brother, Ahmoset, cursin' me right before I died but I didn't think too much about it at the time. Color me wrong. So now I'm the same guy I was when I was living and she's this...this...

JAZZMYNE
Jazzmyne. Look, I barely remember this guy! Imagine this: you're minding your own business, dancing at Mad Eddie's Starlight Bowling Alley Lounge, the ONLY gentlemen's club in the U.S. with ten lanes of bowling excitement, and one day this...bawl o' strang...shows up claiming to be the love of your life from oh, a whole lifetime ago. And tells you you're not you, you're actually a thousand-year old *Mrs*. Pharaoh.

DR. GREEN
You remember nothing of your previous life?

JAZZMYNE
Bits and pieces. But mostly it's all a fog. And I'm usually very sharp, very focused. But this? This is like when I get too much eyelash glue on and it covers my eyes, makes everything blurry. What does he want me to do? Drop my entire life and become his woman again? Okay okay. So I was maybe reincarnated and you weren't. Is that my fault? Put on your mandages and deal.

TEHMOHTEP
And what am I supposed to do? Just wait until her next round? When she comes round a third time? When she *feels* like getting back together? It took me years to find her this time. I ain't goin' through that again.

JAZZMYNE
He actually wants me to go back to *Egypt*! Can you imagine? All that sand? I don't even put up with sand at the beach. They're all terrorists over there anyway. And if anyone's gonna be taken hostage, it's me. I mean, I just scream classy American. You know, like someone the U.S. would pay a ransom to get back. They ain't gonna kidnap me.

TEHMOHTEP
Geography isn't the reason she doesn't wanna get back together. It's a reason even more typical. She doesn't think I'm as virile as I once was.

JAZZMYNE
That ain't it.

TEHMOHTEP
And I was. In my time. Concubines for days.

JAZZMYNE
Supposedly I waited on him hand and foot and he got down with every concubine he could sneak into his pyramid. And I'm supposed to do that again? *Pfft!* I don't think so. I've got a second chance. I'm not wasting it on Dusty here.

DR. GREEN
You seem to remember his sexual dalliances pretty clearly, Jazzmyne.

JAZZMYNE
Dalliances? I don't know what all he was into. He coulda been into some freaky shit, I don't know.

DR. GREEN
Dalliances are...that's not the point. Are there any other things from your previous life that have carried over into the one you're living now?

JAZZMYNE

I still like cats.

(beat)

I have my whole life ahead of me. What do I have with you?

TEHMOHTEP

We have a HISTORY.

JAZZMYNE

History is for yesterday! I have a future. Future's for tomorrow. What kind of future would I have with you? Besides, there's Terry.

TEHMOHTEP

Terry. The bouncer. He watches her pick up dollar bills with her tits.

DR. GREEN

Now, Mr. Tehmohtep.

TEHMOHTEP

She used to be a queen of the Nile. Now she prances around in a thong and THINKS she's royalty.

JAZZMYNE

Nigga, I am still a queen. Queen who takes pride in her appearance. So does Terry.

TEHMOHTEP

He looks like a sausage casing ready to explode.

JAZZMYNE

That prison gym got used when Terry was there. You should look so handsome.

TEHMOHTEP

He has a THUG tattoo.

JAZZMYNE

You're just jealous.

TEHMOHTEP

It's spelled with two U's!

JAZZMYNE

Terry smells nice. You smell like the back of an attic.

TEHMOHTEP

I was in a TOMB.

JAZZMYNE
(waving her fingernails at him)
And what is all this? All this under here? Dry rot? Did they not know to pack you with a lifetime supply of cocoa butter along with all that gold and those statues of the dog head men? Don't get me started on your breath.

TEHMOHTEP
I was there for a thousand years. Scope's not going to just wipe that away with one swish.

JAZZMYNE
And what about my job?

TEHMOHTEP
If you want to take your clothes off so much, I'm sure there are many places in Egypt where you can ply your wares.

JAZZMYNE
Hey! I'm not a prostitute.

TEHMOHTEP
(he really enjoys saying this word)
Semantics.

JAZZMYNE
If he loves me so much, why don't he respect me?

TEHMOHTEP
All I'm saying is that as a life, is it so much? If you came with me, you'd have everything. Do you know how much gold I'm sittin' on?

JAZZMYNE
What gold? You don't own it anymore. It's all in museums. They robbed you blind while you were napping.

TEHMOHTEP
I was DEAD.

JAZZMYNE
"Semantics."
(she copies the way he said it *exactly*)
See? Always thinkin'. And it's not about the money.

TEHMOHTEP
You're saying that when I get all my gold back—

JAZZMYNE
IF you get all your gold back.

TEHMOHTEP
You're saying that won't sway your opinion one little bit?

JAZZMYNE
I'm not saying it wouldn't *not* factor into it. But you didn't show up at my house with bling! You popped up empty-handed, dressed like a human turban, demanding I make you couscous or whatever.

TEHMOHTEP
I travelled continents for you! Girl, I crossed oceans for you! Do you know how hard it is to be searched by TSA wearing something like this? It takes TIME! And ain't nobody held a plane for me!

DR. GREEN
Let's take a step back, shall we? Tehmohtep, maybe you could tell Jazzmyne how she's similar to her previous self for a change instead of concentrating on how different she is.

TEHMOHTEP
She's still a knockout. Grrrrowl!

She's obviously flattered by this. But not for long.

TEHMOHTEP
And...that's about it.

JAZZMYNE
A relationship based solely on attraction is not a solid, stable relationship. Terry loves me for my body and for my mind. THIS mind! The one that's always thinkin'. And ya know what it's thinkin' now? So what if we were together in a previous life? This is the life we're living now. And mine is just different than yours. What do we have in common anymore? I can't talk current events with you. I can't talk politics with you.

TEHMOHTEP
Because that's what you and T-Terry the Thuh-ug do. Have deep discussions after you watch *PBS News Hour* together.

Jazzmyne comes at him with her hand hauled back to smack him but then it hits her:

JAZZMYNE

What?

TEHMOHTEP

Exactly.

DR. GREEN

Jazzmyne, please. Sit down. I think you're making all of us nervous.

JAZZMYNE

I can't think when I'm sittin' still. My mind really starts firing on all cylinders when I'm movin'. That's why I like dancing so much. I get some of my best ideas dancing. Real *Shark Tank* stuff.

TEHMOHTEP

Like *what*?

JAZZMYNE

Like a stripper pole that's also a vacuum. With a hose kinda thing so the girls can suck up their dollar bills. And and and...it'll be one of those chutes like at the bank and all the money will just go up and out right into a bin for each girl. Real classy like. And then they can use that hose for, you know, other things. Tricks and stuff.

TEHMOHTEP

It's like watching the birth of a new Steve Jobs isn't it?

DR. GREEN

Tehmohtep, I have to say most of your comments haven't been about you valuing Jazzmyne as a person. I think it would be wise to be honest with yourself and see if your pride is influencing your decision. Have you asked yourself: Do I want Jazzmyne because I love her? Or because I can't have her?

TEHMOHTEP

I just don't understand why every woman wants a man with means but then, when they show up, there's something else wrong with him. He's too short. He's too fat.

JAZZMYNE

He's too dead.

TEHMOHTEP

See? She's so picky!

In reception, Stepahnie takes a call.

DR. GREEN
Jazzmyne, is it possible for you to at least honor your relationship yesterday with a Tehmohtep by giving him a chance today?

JAZZMYNE
Well...

DR. GREEN
That's a start! At least you're entertaining the idea. Tehmohtep, are you willing to accept the Jazzmyne she is right now and not expect her to be only the one you remember?

JAZZMYNE
Ooooh, that is some real therapy shit right there!

DR. GREEN
Well? Could you?

TEHMOHTEP
I guess.

DR. GREEN
Unless, of course, you're in love with Terry?

JAZZMYNE
Terry don't take up too much room in my heart. There's space for another.

DR. GREEN
Well, it looks like you two have bridged a gap of two cultures and crossed a divide that spans centuries. I hope you're both very proud of yourselves.

TEHMOHTEP
I feel good.

JAZZMYNE
You know, I feel good about this too.

DR. GREEN
That's all the time we have today, but that doesn't mean you can't both continue the work we've started here. Perhaps you can go out for a coffee or something and continue your process of reconnecting again.

All stand and Dr. Green opens the door for them.

TEHMOHTEP

A coffee would be nice.

JAZZMYNE

Yes, I would like that.

DR. GREEN

I just can't stress how proud you both should be. It should be a very nice holiday for you both.

TEHMOHTEP

Thank you, Dr. Green.

JAZZMYNE

Now Dr. Green, if ever you get the notion to go bowling, the first game at the Starlight is on me.

DR. GREEN

Jazzmyne, if I ever do get such a notion, the Starlight is where I'll be.

STEPHANIE

Dr. Green, I have a call on hold for you. And she's been on hold for about five minutes.

More thunder and lightning. Jazzmyne puts on her coat. Tehmohtep just rolls up his bandage "coat" and carries it.

DR. GREEN

If you both will excuse me.

Dr. Green returns inside her office, shuts her door and puts the call on speaker.

Hello?

LORELEI (O.S.)

(*hysterical* crying)

Mother! Oh Mother! Everything's ruined!

DR. GREEN

What is it? What's the matter?

LORELEI (O.S.)
(sobbing some of her words throughout)
Well...I went back to the restaurant to get my planner and...and I walked into the kitchen and...you know how Lawrence and Allessandro got along real well? How they might have been cooking up something?

DR. GREEN
Yes...?

LORELEI (O.S.)
They were cooking something up alright. With each other!

DR. GREEN
Lorelei, are you saying...

LORELEI (O.S.)
That I walked in on them HAVING SEX on a kitchen prep table! *Sob!* The two of them! *Sob!* Together!

DR. GREEN
Oh my...

BIG lightning flash and thunder crack and the office and reception area go dark.

Oh shit...

LORELEI (O.S.)
Oh shit is right! The chef in his uniform. Lawrence in his Prince Charming outfit. Oh Mother, it looked like they were making a porno FOR DISNEY! *Sob!*

Dr. Green has a lighter now and begins lighting all the candles in her office. While Lorelei talks, she runs the lighter out to Stephanie, then goes back to the phone in her office. She leaves her office door open slightly.

LORELEI (O.S.)
They probably would have kept having sex WITH EACH OTHER if I hadn't SCREAMED. Well that made their little peepees shrivel right up. And all I hear is "I'm straight" and "I swear" and all I'm thinking is, *Did they finish the menu?* and *WHAT THE HELL? Am I an idiot?!*

DR. GREEN
Sexuality is fluid, honey. I've told you that since you were twelve and you and Sabrina Percer shared that kiss, remember?

LORELEI (O.S.)
Mother, I'm not a lesbian! *Sob!*

DR. GREEN
Well, maybe Lawrence isn't homosexual either. Maybe it was just this one instance. Like with you and Sabrina Percer.

LORELEI (O.S.)
I wasn't screwing Sabrina Percer on a stainless steel table in an industrial kitchen underneath an *ahoga* sign!

DR. GREEN
Baby, there's no reason not to take Lawrence at his word. You two just need talk this out. Maybe this was just...something he needed to get out before the wedding.

LORELEI (O.S.)
What?

DR. GREEN
Lorelei, I don't know. And neither will you until you both calm down and talk about it. Give him the proper chance to process his feelings, you do the same. I'm sure this will all work out. Where are you now? You're not driving are you?

LORELEI (O.S.)
No, I pulled into a parking lot at the Olive Garden. *Sob!* Mother, the OLIVE GARDEN! *Sob!*

The front door opens and in walk two witches. One witch, HAZEL is a dark green-skinned, bent-backed old crone in typical witch attire. Beside her is a light green-skinned witch who's young, beautiful, and in a sexy black dress. Stephanie takes them to the sitting area. Again, we don't hear their conversation.

With Dr. Green's office door open, her conversation can be heard in the reception room. But it's dark, Dr. Green hasn't seen the witches come in. The witches creep toward the door to get a better shot at hearing. Stephanie tries to get them to sit down, but Evera just waves her off.

DR. GREEN
Just go into the Olive Garden and have a salad or something.

LORELEI (O.S.)
I can't! It comes with all you can eat breadsticks and I have a wedding dress to fit into. Maybe! *Sob!*

DR. GREEN
A glass of tea then. Just take some time to get yourself together and I'll call you in an hour to check on you.

LORELEI (O.S.)
Okay. I will. Goodbye. *Sob!*

Dr. Green opens the door and there is Evera.

EVERA
You make your daughter cry, too?

DR. GREEN
Oh! No, no. That was just my daughter. She's a little upset. Come in, please.

Stephanie takes the broom and stands it up by the coatrack.

HAZEL
(super sweet)
Thank you ever so much.

The two witches are ushered in, door closed.

EVERA
We gonna need a parking sticker for that?
(beat)
Are we having a seance? She's gonna love that.

DR. GREEN
No seances. It's an old building and when it storms, sometimes it takes the lights out. I'm sorry for the inconvenience. I'm Dr. Green.

EVERA
I'm Evera. Under all...this...is Hazel. Can you talk to her? Because I sure can't.

HAZEL
(sitting down)
So nice to meet you, Dr. Green.

EVERA

Ah! STOP it.

(to Dr. Green)

Don't fall for this little old granny routine. She's a witch through and through. BELIEVE me. Hansel and Gretel? I think they walked into that oven voluntarily.

DR. GREEN

I have to say that...if your grandmother—

EVERA

Mother! She's not my grandmother. God, it's working already.

DR. GREEN

If your mother is playing a role then I'm afraid I'm not going to be much help. No therapy is going to work unless the client is interested in getting to the truth. And that takes honesty. Mainly being honest with yourself.

HAZEL

Honesty is the best policy.

EVERA

Knock it off.

(different subject)

So, think this ambience is going to make us more conducive to therapy, Doc?

DR. GREEN

I grant you while it may provide a certain atmosphere, but I prefer the lights on.

EVERA

You got it, Doc. *Wick and flame with fire bright/Sad second place to electric light.*

She snaps her fingers and the lights come back on.

DR. GREEN

Oh...did you...? Thank you.

HAZEL grunts.

DR. GREEN (CONT'D

Is there something wrong?

HAZEL

I just preferred the candlelight, that's all. I thought it was nice.

Evera pretends to throw up.

DR. GREEN
What would you ladies like to talk about?

EVERA
I'd like to discuss how it's not ideal parenting to be a judgmental, manipulative, controlling, domineering hag. But that's just me.

DR. GREEN
A little more aggressive and outward focused but okay. What would you like to talk about, Hazel?

HAZEL
I'm fine. I'm only here to be encouraging, Dear.

EVERA
"Dear? *Dear?*"

(to Dr. Green)
She doesn't use the word "dear" ever! Not even in a letter.

DR. GREEN
We all have a little bit of a perception problem when it comes to our parents.

EVERA
What's your relationship like with your daughter?

DR. GREEN
If we have disagreements, we don't let them escalate into arguments but rather experiences that help us get know ourselves better and actually bring us closer.

EVERA
That sounds great.

Evera stands, all twirling hands while she circles her mother, not unlike a spell being cast.

EVERA (CONT'D)
But what if your daughter has dreams totally different than yours? If all she wanted was to be listened to and supported? To know that she could be trusted to know what she wanted. Even if those desires ran against yours? What if YOU were stuck in the past?

DR. GREEN
How so?

Hazel looks a little shaky. In reception, Stephanie takes a phone call.

EVERA
The kind of past where you're still sexist. Homophobic. Racist. And you were sure your age-old methods were best. That you wanted your daughter to be following in *your* footsteps instead of stepping out on her own path.

DR. GREEN
I'd like to think—

Hazel *explodes*. Sweetness, posture, all an act.

HAZEL
AAHH! But what if you DID know she was ruining her life! Her career choices WERE ridiculous? That she was SQUANDERING her gifts! That she was TOO YOUNG to know what she WANTED and that if she was REALLY SMART, she'd listen to HER MOTHER who knows more about the world and the idiots in it than she does?!?!

EVERA
Just couldn't take it, could you? I'm surprised you held it together this long. Dr. Green, allow me to introduce you to my mother.

Hazel and Evera dance around each other.

HAZEL
We're WITCHES! We have a REPUTATION to uphold!

EVERA
Of being jerks! You know those nice witches on TV, Dr. Green? Well, we're a minority. Most of them are of the poison apple variety, Ruth Gordon types, dragon ladies!

HAZEL
You ignore centuries of tradition. You want everything to be like Harry Potter!

EVERA
You're gonna give yourself a heart attack. Bet you were really pissed off when the lights came back on.

HAZEL
Oh what do you know?

DR. GREEN
(to Evera)
Are you forbidden from using magic?

EVERA
Oh, no. I'm just not using it how *she* wants me to. She would have preferred I whipped up a nasty little curse on you. Or a really good hex.

DR. GREEN
But why?

HAZEL
WHY?! Because you're supposed to, THAT'S WHY!

DR. GREEN
You would have preferred she not help me? That we just sit in the dark?

HAZEL
What's so wrong with a little hex anyway?

EVERA
See what I have to live with every day?

DR. GREEN
I'd like to hear more from Hazel. At a reasonable volume and tone, though.

EVERA
Good luck with that.

HAZEL
See there? She's got a smart mouth.

DR. GREEN
Maybe. But that doesn't make her incapable. You ladies care to take your seats again?

HAZEL
It's even the little things.

DR. GREEN
Such as?

HAZEL
Well, I have a perfectly good broom but SHE wants to take an Uber.

EVERA
Do you know how uncomfortable sitting on a broom is?
(to Hazel, expectantly)
What else?

HAZEL
She hates cats!

EVERA
Cats are bitches. I like dogs. And?

HAZEL
She doesn't dress like a witch, she dresses like a slut!

EVERA
And?

HAZEL
(can't stand it anymore)
And...she's dating a MORTAL!

EVERA
There we go. Oil at last.

HAZEL
That's the problem. She takes after her father!

EVERA
Which is what makes it so galling. She married one.

DR. GREEN
Your father was mortal?

EVERA
Yeah, can't you tell? My skin's lighter than hers. And yes, the other kids did make fun of me. That's how I attained this sparkling personality.

HAZEL
It never should have happened. I've told her for years what a problem my marriage was. Does she listen to me? No! That's the problem with her generation. They think they know everything.

EVERA
And your generation won't get out of the way.

DR. GREEN
Hazel, your daughter is going to live her own life and make her own choices. She's not going to be the same as you. She'll make her own decisions. Her own mistakes.

EVERA
And I'll deal with them.

HAZEL
But I know what's best for her!

DR. GREEN
I think I see where we *might* be having a breakdown in communication. You're not in a discussion, you're just hurling sentences at each other. And when you're talking *at* each other, it makes it very hard to listen to what the other person is saying. You're too busy thinking of what your next statement is going to be.

HAZEL
Isn't that what we're supposed to be doing? Selling you our side of the story?

DR. GREEN
No. The ideal situation is for you both to learn to talk *to* each other and be honest with each other. Let's try something.
(standing up)
Evera, you take my chair. Hazel, I'm going to move you...here.

She moves Evera into her chair.

DR. GREEN
Hazel, what's the real reason? Think. Take a moment. Try to find your real feelings.

HAZEL
She'll make the wrong choices!

DR. GREEN
How does that impact you?

HAZEL
I'll have to pick up the pieces.

DR. GREEN
Excellent. That's honest. But not actually. You may have to *watch* her make mistakes, but it's ultimately Evera who will suffer the consequences. What about that truth bothers you so much?

HAZEL
(struggling, then:)
She'll get hurt.

DR. GREEN
She may. Or she may not get hurt. But can you say that to Evera?

HAZEL
(uncomfortable)
You'll get hurt.

DR. GREEN
What can you do about it?

HAZEL
Nothing.

DR. GREEN
Exactly. And that's making this difficult for you.
(beat)
Now Evera, I want you to tell your mother something that you want to do. Be very specific. Be very honest. And Hazel, I want you to focus on your daughter and what she's saying. I want you to really listen to her. Think you both can do that?

EVERA
(with a breath)
Mother, I don't want to use my magic for dark purposes. I don't want to cast spells on people. I don't want to use hexes or curses. Unless the person is really, really...bad...or something. I might cave there. But I *want* to use my power for good. Can't you understand that? I want to make people's days brighter. Let something nice happen to that school bully so he won't want to pick on other little kids.

Hazel looks deep in thought.

DR. GREEN
Hazel? What do you have to say to that?

HAZEL
Well, Evera...that's just...STUPID! THAT'S what it is, it's stupid! "Make people's day brighter." SHUT UP!

EVERA
I knew she couldn't do it.

HAZEL

And of *course* you want the bully to beat up on the other kids! That's what bullies are FOR.

DR. GREEN

Let's try this again. Please, Evera, don't shut down. Just give her another chance.

EVERA

Alright. Mother! I want you to support me instead of criticizing every move I make. I want you to consider MY point of view. Why do you continually counteract everything I do?

HAZEL

I don't want her to get hurt.

DR. GREEN

To Evera, Hazel. Say it to Evera.

HAZEL

(angry)

Fine!

(mousey)

I don't want you to get hurt.

(back to snide, to Dr. Green)

There! I said it! Are you happy?

(to Evera)

Did I brighten someone's DAY??

DR. GREEN

She's going to get hurt, Hazel.

HAZEL

That's what I said!

(to Evera)

See? She's on my side.

EVERA

Oh good god, she's not on your side.

HAZEL

Aren't you on my side?

DR. GREEN

Hazel, what you want is something that doesn't exist. You don't have the power to protect her from being hurt. Just like you couldn't stop those other children from picking on her when she was younger. Yes, it's possible this man may one day hurt her. But there is an equally weighted chance that he won't.You're imagining an entire life for her that may not even happen. And that's what's hurting her now. The only hurt you can truly stop is the hurt that you yourself are causing.

HAZEL

Is that what I'm doing? Hurting you?

EVERA

Well, yeah. It hurts that you think I'm not smart enough to make my own decisions. And not automatically think that I'm doing it wrong. I'm different than you. Does that make me wrong? Or just different?

DR. GREEN

Hazel, it's natural to be afraid of things you have no control over. But that's what being a parent means. You're going to see them get hurt...even at this age...and that's the most terrible part about it. You're letting the fear of that hurt rob you of your daughter now. And isn't that what you're ultimately afraid of?

HAZEL

Yes. I'm afraid of losing her.

DR. GREEN

To Evera.

HAZEL

I'm afraid of losing you.

DR. GREEN

I think so.

HAZEL

And that fear is making happen the very thing I don't want to happen?

DR. GREEN

It is in this case.

HAZEL

It's like a loop.

DR. GREEN

It *is* a loop! And what's another word for loop?

HAZEL

A circle.

(getting it now)

That's what I'm doing. I'm running around in circles.

(surprised)

So that's it? I just have to learn to deal with my own fear? Then the very thing that I'm afraid of won't happen.

DR. GREEN

Can I just say something? Evera is an intelligent, self-aware, confident, level-headed young woman. That's because of you. You've equipped her to handle anything that comes her way.

EVERA

And if there's something that I don't think I can handle I want to be able to *come* to you.

HAZEL

You do?

EVERA

Of course, Mother. That's all I really want. To be open with you about my life.

HAZEL

But what about her?

DR. GREEN

Don't worry, we're getting to Evera now.

EVERA

What did I do? Didn't we just prove that SHE'S the problem?

DR. GREEN

I wouldn't say she's a problem. She just has some problems with your behaviors. So let's talk about those behaviors. What kind of man did your mother want you to date?

EVERA

Anybody who was a warlock.

DR. GREEN

What's wrong with warlocks?

EVERA
Where do I begin? They never cut their fingernails. They wear too much cologne. They love to talk about themselves. They're narcissists!

DR. GREEN
Seriously. There was no warlock you found appealing?

EVERA
Well...there was Ardack of Toll. He was kinda nice. He had beautiful eyes.

DR. GREEN
Anything ever happen between you and Ardack?

EVERA
We went on a couple of dates.

DR. GREEN
What happened?

EVERA
SHE happened. Fawning. Swooning. You'd think *she* wanted to date him.

HAZEL
You two made such a cute couple. And the more I said I liked him, the more you drifted away from him. That's when you started up with this...Raymond.

DR. GREEN
Is that true, Evera?

EVERA
Yeah, it was about the same time.

DR. GREEN
Is it possible that it's because your mother liked this Ardack so much that he became an unattractive choice for you? Be honest.

EVERA
It didn't inform my decision.

DR. GREEN
Not even a little bit?

EVERA
Okay, maybe a little.

DR. GREEN
So maybe Raymond is just another form of rebellion against your mother and her wishes?

EVERA
Hey, I LIKE Ray.

DR. GREEN
And I'm not saying you don't. I'm just asking you about the possibility, given the timeliness of Ardack's dismissal and the beginning of your courtship with Raymond. Seems a little...related. I could be totally off base here. I want you to tell me if that's the case.

EVERA
Okay, okay! MAYBE the more she shoved Ardack on me, the less attractive he became.

DR. GREEN
Hazel, what do you think of Raymond?

HAZEL
Oh, he's alright.

EVERA
He's not that great.

DR. GREEN
So now that your mother likes him—

EVERA
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Raymond loses some of his appeal.
(beat)
Damnit, I thought I was gonna come through this unscathed. Shows you what I know.

HAZEL
Well, that wasn't too bad!

All stand.

HAZEL
Thank you, Dr.

EVERA
Yeah, Dr. Green. Thanks a lot.

DR. GREEN
You're both very welcome. It was lovely meeting you.

Once out in reception, Hazel grabs her broom and she and Evera leave.

Dr. Green goes into reception.

DR. GREEN
Stephanie, do I have another appointment?

STEPHANIE
They're running a little late. And Lorelei called again when you were in session. She said she couldn't wait and wanted me to put her through to your voice mail.

DR. GREEN
Thank you, Stephanie

STEPHANIE
Sure, Dr.

Stephanie returns to her desk and Dr. Green puts the message on speaker at her desk.

LORELEI (O.S.)
Mother! *Sob!* It's Lorelei. I need to see you.

DR. GREEN
No.

LORELEI (O.S.)
I've got to run a couple of wedding errands but I'll be by there later. Surely you can slip me in between sessions?

DR. GREEN
No!

LORELEI (O.S.)
I'll just wait in the reception area with them if I have to. See you soon.

DR. GREEN
Oh no! Stephanie! Stephanie!

Dr. Green swings the door open.

DR. GREEN

We've got a problem!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT 2
SCENE ONE

A spotlight shines on Dr. Green.

DR. GREEN
Well, like I say, I was surprised when I saw you back on the schedule. I was concerned at first, thinking maybe there'd been some...developments since our session last Halloween. I had no idea it would be something like this, Frank!

We now hear FRANK's voice.

FRANK (O.S.)
We...wanted...you to...know!

DR. GREEN (O.S.)
I'm sure you're excited too, huh, Mrs. Stein?

MRS. STEIN has a bird-like shriek.

MRS. STEIN (O.S.)
Eeeeeeeeek!

The lights come on and we see FRANK N. STEIN and his wife, MRS. STEIN being ushered out of the office. Stephanie is not at her desk.

We can also see, through the office window, that the storm has passed. It's late afternoon/very early in the evening.

DR. GREEN
Have you decided what you're going to name the baby?

FRANK
If boy...Beer.

DR. GREEN
Ah. Beer Stein. That's clever! And if it's a girl?

MRS. STEIN
Eeeeeeek!

DR. GREEN
Well that's lovely. A little tough to spell, but it's certainly memorable. Stephanie stepped out for a minute, she's going to be so upset she missed you.

The front door opens and Stephanie comes in.

DR. GREEN
Oh! Speak of the devil.

STEPHANIE
Mr. Stein! Mrs. Stein! I was so happy when I saw your names on the schedule! But I was a little sad, too, because I thought that...

DR. GREEN
Everything's fine with Mr. And Mrs. Stein. More than fine. They're expecting.

STEPHANIE
Oh, that's wonderful! Congratulations!

FRANK
Thank...you!

STEPHANIE
And you are welcome!

MRS. STEIN
Eeeeeek!

DR. GREEN
And Beer if it's a boy.

STEPHANIE
That's so cute! Well, I know you've gotta run, I don't want to keep you. Good to see you both again!

DR. GREEN
Yes, Frank. It was wonderful seeing you two. Thank you for wanting to share your good news with us. That...that means a lot.

FRANK
Bye!

MRS. STEIN
Eeeeek!

DR. GREEN
Take care, you two.

They exit.

Stephanie goes to hang her coat on the coatrack.

STEPHANIE
A baby. That is just wonderful.

DR. GREEN
Yes. Have you gotten hold of Lorelei yet?

STEPHANIE
No, Dr. Green. Either she's got the phone turned off or she's letting it go to voice mail.

DR. GREEN
Keep trying. We've got to stop her before she gets here.

STEPHANIE
But what if...

DR. GREEN
I don't know! I just don't know what I'm going to do. How's the schedule looking?

STEPHANIE
I don't know about the Van Houtens. A woman named Betty made the appointment for them. But if Lorelei comes when the next two come in? I don't know. And your next clients will be here any minute.

DR. GREEN
If she gets here while they're still in session, I'll make up something about them being very private about therapy and you'll take her...to get a Coke or something.

STEPHANIE
I can do that.

DR. GREEN
To be honest, I thought she'd be here already. It's been hours since we've spoken.

STEPHANIE
Maybe she's changed her mind.

DR. GREEN

I can only hope.

(beat)

Alright, I need to get ready.

STEPHANIE

Of course. I'll let you know when they're here.

Dr. Green goes to her office.

STEPHANIE

A Coke sounds good, I'm gonna go get one, do you want one?

DR. GREEN

No, thank you, Stephanie.

She closes Dr. Green's door. Then she goes to her desk, takes out her purse, and finds a dollar bill. Then she goes to the front office door. But two figures are making out furiously in the doorway.

STEPHANIE

Oh! I'm sorry!

KEVIN (O.S.)

No, we're sorry! How embarrassing.

AVAZIEL (O.S.)

Sometimes we can't help ourselves.

STEPHANIE

I wish I knew what that was like. Please. Come in.

Two new clients, KEVIN and AVAZIEL, come in. Both wear vests and shorts. One has white wings, one has black wings (and horns), and both have gym-buffed bodies. Kevin's skin sparkles. Avaziel's is crimson. They both carry a ton of shopping bags.

STEPHANIE

Would you like to put your bags over there by the coatrack? I'll be here all day, I can watch them for you. Wow. You got a lot of stuff.

KEVIN
It's the only time we get down here...

AVAZIEL
Up here and we can go a little crazy.

STEPHANIE
I'll tell Dr. Green you're here.

While they put their bags down, Stephanie opens Dr. Green's door.

STEPHANIE
Your four o'clock is here.

Stephanie bites her index finger and swoons a little.

DR. GREEN
Fine. Send them in.

STEPHANIE
Dr. Green will see you now.

She goes to her desk while Kevin and Avaziel walk toward Dr. Green's office door.

Once at Dr. Green's office door, Kevin moves ahead of Avaziel. Avaziel grabs Kevin's ass.

KEVIN
Stop it.
(flirty and flattered on the second grope)
I said stop it.
(to Dr. Green)
May we come in?

DR. GREEN
Please. I'm Dr. Green. I'm going to take a wild guess and say you're Kevin Angel and you're Avaziel De Mon.

AVAZIEL
It's pronounced—

DR. GREEN AND AVAZIEL

Demon.

DR. GREEN

I should have known. Please sit down.

All take their seats. There's a little bit of business with the wings, but eventually they get situated.

DR. GREEN

I assume you're...a couple.

AVAZIEL

A coupla...

(a lewd gesture, then:)

You know what I'm saying? (laughs)

KEVIN

He's so bad.

DR. GREEN

What brings you in here today?

KEVIN

Well, we really want to make this thing between us work.

AVAZIEL

We're here to find out: Is there a snowball's chance in hell of this happening?

DR. GREEN

What ways do you feel your relationship isn't working?

KEVIN

Every way.

AVAZIEL

We don't get along anywhere. Just make a chart. Next to any of my boxes that say yes, you'll see his box has a no.

KEVIN

He disagrees with practically everything I say. I say it's wrong. He says it's right.

AVAZIEL
We run in two very different crowds.

DR. GREEN
They don't respect or support the relationship either?

AVAZIEL
Most of them just want me to have my fun and kick him to the curb. They don't understand I'm thinking about this long term.

DR. GREEN
Do you two argue a great deal?

KEVIN
We don't fight like you do down here. Lord. You people are just awful.

AVAZIEL
But it's not like ALL we do is fight.

KEVIN
In other ways, our differences are a plus. In the kitchen, for instance. An example: I'm not a very good cook.

AVAZIEL
Kevin hates to cook.

KEVIN
Hate's a strong word.

AVAZIEL
Okay, he doesn't hate it, but he's much happier if I do it.

KEVIN
I don't "hate" anything. And he can be a little heavy with the spices. He wants to put ghost peppers on everything. But he's so talented.

AVAZIEL
But I'm a messy chef. Pots, pans, everywhere. Every dish used. There's spice dust and herbs all over the counter. I've spilled olive oil here, vinegar there.

KEVIN
It's a disaster area.

AVAZIEL
And Kevin won't mind a bit. He'll get in there and clean everything up so spotlessly you'd never know I was just in there raising all kinds of culinary hell.

KEVIN
He's a wonderful cook.

AVAZIEL
Thanks, babe.

KEVIN
And in other ways, it's a source of contention. Our views on finances are polar opposites. I'm a big saver. Him?

AVAZIEL
I spend it as soon as I get it. That's what it's there for!

KEVIN
Love of money is the root of all evil.

AVAZIEL
And he says that like it's a bad thing.

KEVIN
Well...

AVAZIEL
Music: rap all the way.

KEVIN
Can't stand it.

AVAZIEL
This one likes classical. What a snoozefest.

KEVIN
I like gospel too.

AVAZIEL
BIG surprise there.

DR. GREEN
But do all these differences cause conflict in the relationship? It seems to me, at least in the little time I've spent with you, that you have come to an understanding of each other. You seem to get along just fine despite your differences.

AVAZIEL
I think we've pretty much just come to accept it.

KEVIN
Opposites attract and all that. And I *like* it that he's different from me.

AVAZIEL
It'd be boring if we were the same. But if we're bein' honest, he's just too good for me.

KEVIN
And he's a bad influence on me.

AVAZIEL
I can't help it. Look at him! His skin sparkles. He's got that cute little gym body. Those white wings. He has this light about him. That's what first attracted me to him. Like a moth to a flame.

KEVIN
No, that's me! He's flat-out irresistible. Those muscles, that tan. And the horns. Oh, those horns.

AVAZIEL
You like 'em, don't you, boy?

KEVIN
I do.

AVAZIEL
I do what?

KEVIN
I do, Sir.

AVAZIEL
That's right you do.

KEVIN
Can I touch them?

AVAZIEL
You wanna touch my horn, boy?

KEVIN
I do, Daddy.

Suddenly, they're all over each other.

DR. GREEN

Ahem!

They separate.

KEVIN

Sorry, Dr.

AVAZIEL

We're being terrible.

KEVIN

I mean, I fought it for a long time. But then I just couldn't stand it anymore. And he was so persistent. He did everything he could to tempt me.

AVAZIEL

What can I say? I'm really good at my job.

DR. GREEN

Is...that how you two met?

KEVIN

Yes. We work together.

AVAZIEL

Not together exactly. We work for rival companies.

KEVIN

We do the same things we just have different goals.

AVAZIEL

Exactly.

(beat)

We don't sound familiar to you? Our voices?

DR. GREEN

Nnnnno. Why? Should you?

KEVIN

(to Avaziel)

It is strange.

AVAZIEL
(to Kevin)
Very strange. She doesn't recognize us.

KEVIN
I told you she wouldn't.

DR. GREEN
Are you saying we've met before?

KEVIN
No. We've never met.

AVAZIEL
But we know you, Rita. Dr. Green.
(to Kevin)
See? It's just so hard not to be casual with her. I mean we've known her for...
(to Dr. Green)
How old are you?

DR. GREEN
(slightly confused)
I'm 44.

AVAZIEL
Well you look fantastic.

KEVIN
Ah! Are you doing it? We promised we wouldn't do it.

AVAZIEL
I didn't mean anything by it. I was being sincere.

KEVIN
Just checking.
(to Dr. Green)
Because something like that, you could just take that and run with it. And then you'd get a big head and then he's got his hooks into you and soon—

DR. GREEN
Run with what? I'm sorry, I still don't see why you think we know each other.

AVAZIEL
Oh yeah. For almost 40? 41? 42 years we've known you.

DR. GREEN
No, I said I'm 44. But how—

KEVIN
We don't count that first year, give or take. Then, you're pretty much still a little angel.

AVAZIEL
But around two or three, you start getting a little...

KEVIN
Opinionated.

AVAZIEL
She still looks confused.

KEVIN
Oh! Come with me.

They both usher Dr. Green into her desk chair, Kevin on the right.

AVAZIEL
Of course! You're so smart.

Avaziel takes the same spot but on her left side.

KEVIN
Oops! Wrong sides.

They switch.

KEVIN
This should clear things up for you. Don't worry, Dr. Green. This won't take a minute. Now pretend your phone just rang. When I ring, just do EXACTLY as you would normally do.

DR. GREEN
Do what I do when the phone rings?

KEVIN
Pretend we're not even here. Ring!

DR. GREEN
(still a bit confused)
Well, normally, I'd answer it.

KEVIN
Then answer it! Go ahead.

She moves her hand toward the phone and Avaziel immediately bends down and talks in her ear.

AVAZIEL
Uh uh uh. Not so fast. It's probably a patient. Let it roll to voicemail. Ring!

Now Kevin leans down.

KEVIN
No, answer it. It's probably someone that needs you. Ring!

The longer they talk the more it's like a competition. Which turns them on.

AVAZIEL
"I'm depressed." "My job sucks." "My boyfriend doesn't treat me right." Waa, waa, waa.
(standing up, looking at Kevin)
You're so hot.

KEVIN
(standing up, looking at Avaziel)
You are.

AVAZIEL
Let it ring!

KEVIN
Those are cries for help. And help people is what you've always wanted to do. It's what you spent four years of your life in school for.
(lustfully, to Avaziel)
Ring.

AVAZIEL
And what a drag that was. So blow 'em off! You've already seen like a hundred couples today. Don't listen to Mr. Goody Two-shoes. You can take a break. You deserve one.

(lustfully, to Kevin)

Ring ring. I want you!

Now they're not even looking at the Dr. anymore.

KEVIN

Answer it! It could be your daughter. I want you more!

And they're molesting each other again. But they're still on the job. Dr. Green breaks them up, standing.

DR. GREEN

Okay, okay, that's enough! God! You two need to be hosed down. How do you know my daughter?

AVAZIEL

We know everything about you.

KEVIN

And we're always around. Except when you sleep, then we take a break and...

AVAZIEL

We take a break and slam each—

DR. GREEN

Alright alright! It's obvious you both get along on a sexual level. Now sit back down.

Kevin and Avaziel take their seats and Dr. Green comes around to sit in the chair facing them.

And try to keep your hands to yourselves.

AVAZIEL

I told Kevin that's enough for me. That sex is the only thing we have in common. Relationships have been built on less. Much less.

DR. GREEN

Alright, this just affirmed what you illustrated earlier. Kevin, you tend to see the bright side of things and Avaziel, you take everything to...a dark place.

KEVIN

This is why I just don't know about the two of us getting married.

DR. GREEN
Oh, you want to get married, do you?

AVAZIEL
As you can see, we have a few obstacles to overcome.

KEVIN
Yes. One BIG one we haven't even mentioned yet.

DR. GREEN
There's a another, big obstacle?

KEVIN
It's our fathers.

DR. GREEN
Your...fathers?

KEVIN
They've never gotten along.

AVAZIEL
(to Kevin)
That's not true.
(to Dr.)
They did once. My father used to be His *favorite*.

KEVIN
But he got all cocky and, oh, waged war in Heaven. No big thing.

AVAZIEL
One little mistake! He makes one error in judgment and bam! straight to hell.

KEVIN
And he's been acting out ever since. That whole snake business.

AVAZIEL
Like those two wouldn't have eventually figured out, duh!, they were naked.

KEVIN
That's not the point.

AVAZIEL
Bottom line: they hate each other.

KEVIN
Uh-uh! I don't know if you can say that. God loves everyone.

AVAZIEL
I don't buy it. Hell is not a place you send somebody you like.

KEVIN
I've never heard Father say one bad thing about him.

AVAZIEL
(beat)
Isn't there something *you* want to ask us?

DR. GREEN
There is. I was wondering about my daughter's fiancé.

AVAZIEL
You mean is he...? We don't know. But you don't need to be supernatural to have your gaydar go into the red zone on that one.

KEVIN
When I heard he dressed up as Prince Charming, I was like, "Okay, gurl."

AVAZIEL
I don't *tempt* you to like chocolate. You either like chocolate or you don't. I tempt you to *eat* chocolate when you're on a diet. And if Zulon didn't even have to tempt your boy Lawrence, well...

DR. GREEN
Zulon?

AVAZIEL
He's the one on Lawrence's shoulder.

DR. GREEN
(sobering)
I'm sorry. That was totallly unprofessional of me. I shouldn't have asked.
(off Avaziel's smile)
Wait a minute. Was that...? Did you....?

KEVIN
That's not fair. You said we weren't going to do anything while we were off-shoulder.

AVAZIEL

I lied, baby.

KEVIN

What was all that “you gotta be honest” bullshit?

DR. GREEN

You *tempted* me to ask about Lawrence?

AVAZIEL

I didn’t know if I was going to be *successful*. You’re a tough one, Rita. You make me earn my paycheck.

KEVIN

(to Dr. Green)

But be careful with that. He’s going that flattery route again.

(to Avaziel)

I can’t believe you.

DR. GREEN

Let’s circle back to the point. Are you sure your fathers are going to have a negative reaction?

KEVIN

Father can get mad. He’s still got some of that Old Testament in Him. He’s been better since, what we refer to it as, The Jesus Project, but I don’t wanna push it.

AVAZIEL

Jesus. Now there was a tough nut to crack. We *all* took a shot at Jesus. Satan was even giving away this HUGE prize package. But that dude? Not an inch. Jesus was dope.

KEVIN

And still is! So loving. When He sees all the things some of you people down here do in His name? He must feel like shit. I ache for the Guy, I really do. He got treated pretty badly down here but does He let it affect Him? Nope. Still loves you people stupid.

DR. GREEN

I don’t know whether it’s appropriate...or possible...but have you considered talking to Him about this?

KEVIN

Who? Jesus?

DR. GREEN

Yes.

KEVIN

I did. But that Father, Son, Holy Spirit routine they've got going on. It's all very confusing. They're different? They're three but they're one? Even I don't get it.

DR. GREEN

How do you know He doesn't know already?

AVAZIEL

Yeah. I wondered that, too.

DR. GREEN

Have you entertained the notion that He might, in fact, *not* disapprove of the union?

KEVIN

Yeah, right.

DR. GREEN

I'm serious. Isn't He all loving? Isn't He love incarnate?

KEVIN

Oh, He's a prince.

AVAZIEL

I thought he was the King of Kings.

KEVIN

And Prince of Peace. And Lord of Lords. He's got like a thousand aliases. You'd think he was running from the IRS or something.

AVAZIEL

I get blamed a lot for the IRS and I'm just gonna go on record, we have nothing to do with that. Now tax DODGERS? Maybe a little involvement there, sure.

DR. GREEN

If He is love, then isn't there a chance that He'd be...maybe...happy for you? Surely He's going to find out eventually. Wouldn't you rather the information come from you than having him find out about it second-hand? After it's already been done? What if He wants to attend? What if He's going to, I don't know, throw you both a bachelor shower?

KEVIN

You think He'd do that?

DR. GREEN

Anything's possible.

KEVIN

But what if He doesn't like him?

AVAZIEL

Who wouldn't like me? I'm adorable. The horns alone are enough.

KEVIN

Stop it with the horns.

DR. GREEN

What I'm trying to say is that this is all just speculation. You don't really know until you give Him a chance. He might surprise you. He might be very happy you've found someone you care a great deal about.

KEVIN

But what about his father?

AVAZIEL

No way. He hates everything. Satan can be a real a-hole, I'm telling you.

DR. GREEN

Let me play devil's advocate here.

AVAZIEL

Look at her. Getting with the program.

DR. GREEN

As I was going to say: Avaziel, isn't it possible that your father might be happy for you too? You've gotten someone from the other team. Surely that has to count for something. Come to think of it, couldn't you, Kevin, say the same thing? Maybe you could put it to them that way. That you, Kevin, have brought one of the enemy to your side, to your way of seeing things. One more soul for Jesus and all that. And what a soul! And Avaziel, you could tell...your father...that you've successfully tempted one of God's own.

AVAZIEL

Oh, because I'm boinking his boy.

KEVIN

"Boinking?" Who *are* you?

DR. GREEN

So what are our next steps?

KEVIN
I'll just march through those pearlies and say, "Father. I'm in love!" Hopefully I'll catch him in a good mood. Because there are days...

AVAZIEL
Do you mean it?

KEVIN
Of course I mean it. Even God can get cranky.
(to Dr. Green)
Look at the million ways you people piss him off every day.

AVAZIEL
No! I mean do you love me?

KEVIN
(to Dr. Green)
Look at him. Such a big softie.
(to Avaziel)
Yeah, I mean it.

AVAZIEL
Ohhhh. Kevin! I love you too.
(beat)
Like I *don't* want to take you down to hell and torture you for all eternity. If that's not love, I don't know what is.

DR. GREEN
Avaziel, what's your plan?

AVAZIEL
I'll put on some sunblock and zip down there and tell him, "Luce, I'm banging an angel! Ain't ya proud?"

Gradually, the sun has been going down, visible through the window.

KEVIN
What if he still gets mad?

AVAZIEL
What's he gonna do? Send me to hell? Been there, done that.

KEVIN
But then I won't be able to see you anymore and that WILL be hell. For me at least.

AVAZIEL
I've got a good feeling about it. I think the doc's onto something.

DR. GREEN
I'm glad I could help. I hope I'm right. But no matter what happens, at least the two of you will have been up front and honest about everything and that will give you a certain level of pride and comfort in your relationship. Even if not everyone approves.
(beat)
Did you two have anything else you wanted to talk about?

KEVIN
Is our time up already?

DR. GREEN
Just about. Gimme a second.

Dr. Green goes to her office door, opens it. Coast's clear.

It was so nice meeting you both.

They begin their exit.

KEVIN
See ya soon!

AVAZIEL
As soon as that door closes, it's right back to work for us.

DR. GREEN
(sarcastic)
I can't wait.
(bright side)
Maybe this little introduction will be good for me as well. I'll be able to listen to you *more* and *you* less.

AVAZIEL
Maybe. Maybe not. It will be interesting now that you're onto us.

KEVIN
Thank you, Dr. Green. I knew you'd be able to help us see things more clearly. You're very, VERY good at your job. I'm so proud of you. So's He.

DR. GREEN
He is?

KEVIN
But again, don't let that go to your head.

AVAZIEL
Aw, let it go to your head! Why you're probably the best therapist—

KEVIN
Stop it. See? Not even on the clock yet and he's already at it. He's such a workaholic.

AVAZIEL
It's a calling.

DR. GREEN
You two have a nice...life? Afterlife?

AVAZIEL
Not afterlife. We've been here for millennia. We just *are*. Come on, my little angel.

KEVIN
I'm following you, Big Red.

Avaziel looks at Stephanie.

AVAZIEL
Bye, you.

She sighs and waves. They leave.

Dr. Green turns to Stephanie.

DR. GREEN
Anything?

STEPHANIE
Nothing yet, Dr. Green. I keep trying.

Dr. Green goes to her office, closes the door, but freezes midway to her desk.

DR. GREEN
(turning to the right)
You I'm onto.

(to the left)
And you? You could probably speak up a little more. Sometimes he's...louder.

She goes to the phone, punches keys.

While she's on the phone, MARY-CATHERINE VAN HOUTEN comes in the front door. She holds the door open a few seconds longer than she needs to. Then she does a little nod, then a frustrated head shake. Stephanie takes her coat.

DR. GREEN
(into phone)
Lorelei, this is your mother. You haven't shown up here yet so I'm hoping that means you're not coming. I really can't have you here when I'm with my clients. I pride myself in maintaining their privacy and you being here will negate that good will and trust that I've worked so hard to establish with them. Just go home and we'll talk about this when I get there.

She walks to the her office door, opens it, and sees Mary-Catherine. Stephanie pipes up quickly.

STEPHANIE
The Doctor will see you now.

MARY-CATHERINE
Ha!

DR. GREEN
Mrs. Van Houten, I'm Dr. Rita Green.

MARY-CATHERINE
Mary-Catherine Van Houten.

Mary-Catherine elegantly, but angrily, marches into the office, taking her seat in one of the chairs facing Dr. Green's.

DR. GREEN
Can I get you anything?

MARY-CATHERINE

Do you have a glass?

DR. GREEN

I'm afraid I don't.

MARY-CATHERINE

Oh well. That's fine.

Mary-Catherine opens her purse and takes out a jeweled flask. She takes a sip.

MARY-CATHERINE

I used to not be a drinker.

DR. GREEN

Oh?

MARY-CATHERINE

I'm a drinker now. Because of him.

DR. GREEN

Your husband?

MARY-CATHERINE

Yes. Who should go first?

DR. GREEN

Excuse me?

MARY-CATHERINE

Should I speak first or should my husband?

DR. GREEN

I would guess...you?

MARY-CATHERINE

Fine.

(beat)

Let me just say that it wasn't my idea to come here. I'm not the type of person to go running to a therapist. Especially not because of my marriage. I'm very private. We've even been able to keep it from the children, keeping it strictly phone calls or telling them Harold is away on business.

DR. GREEN
Stephanie did say that the appointment was made by someone else. Your assistant? I assume?

MARY-CATHERINE
Assistant? No! I don't have an assistant. It was Betty.

DR. GREEN
Betty?

MARY-CATHERINE
You know Betty! Tall? Six-eight tall? Woman could play for the Lakers. Long arms? Terrible fashion sense. Although poor girl, I can't imagine where she finds her clothes. She has that, you know, hump on her back. Betty!

DR. GREEN
Betty Ogre?

MARY-CATHERINE
Yes. Betty the Ogre. She's the one who suggested you.

DR. GREEN
So your husband...

MARY-CATHERINE
A monster, yes.

HAROLD
Will you stop talking about me like I'm not here?

Mary-Catherine and Dr. Green both turn to the chair beside Mary-Catherine.

DR. GREEN
Mr....Van Houten?

HAROLD
Yes.

Naturally, we never see Harold, but both Dr. Green and Mary-Catherine look directly at the empty chair when he speaks.

DR. GREEN
You're...

MARY-CATHERINE
A master of disguise.

DR. GREEN
He—

MARY-CATHERINE
He's not a master of disguise! He's INVISIBLE. And apparently that makes him a *monster*.

HAROLD
Now, Mary-Catherine, what did they tell you about using that word?

MARY-CATHERINE
I should be able to use that word. I'm one by marriage now. Black people say the N-word. Gay people say the F-word. Why can't I say the M-word?

DR. GREEN
Well I have it on very good authority—

MARY-CATHERINE
I'll say whatever I want.

DR. GREEN
How long has he been like this? How long have you been like this, Mr. Van Houten?

She interrupts him more aggressively each time.

HAROLD
Oh, about...

MARY-CATHERINE
Four months and six days.

DR. GREEN
What happened to you, Mr. Van Houten?

HAROLD
I—

MARY-CATHERINE
IT WAS that company. Cyleria Labs. You know Cyleria Labs. They advertise on *CBS Sunday Morning* all the time. They're one of those companies you can't figure out what they do nor do they tell you.

They have the commercial with beautiful farms and clear water and bright sunshine and ethnically diverse people smiling together at a barbecue or something like that. Commercials that seem to be about another planet.

DR. GREEN

Yes, I believe I have seen them.

MARY-CATHERINE

Well Harold is one of the most respected research scientists they have. Harold's a star!

HAROLD

Mary-Catherine—

MARY-CATHERINE

DON'T deny it, Harold. You're too humble. Why your current condition speaks to how innovative you are.

(to Dr. Green)

He's asked to speak by international symposiums and respected universities. Oh, yes, Harold's very good at his job alright. So good that last year they put him on Laureline Cosmetics. Do you mind if I smoke?

DR. GREEN

Well...

Before she can say no, Mary-Catherine takes out a cigarette and a lighter and goes to stand on the other side of the room.

MARY-CATHERINE

I'll stay over here.

DR. GREEN

I suppose that's fine.

She gestures with the cigarette, will occasionally try to light it but she starts talking, so she never does actually light up.

MARY-CATHERINE

And before Harold paints me out to be the bad guy, let me go on the record: I came to accept it. And how did he repay my understanding?

(silence)

Well?

HAROLD

Mary—

MARY-CATHERINE

TELL HER, HAROLD. How did you repay me?

HAROLD

I had an affair.

MARY-CATHERINE

He had an affair!

DR. GREEN

And that's what we're here to talk about?

MARY-CATHERINE

I don't want to talk about the affair. Why would I want to talk about something so sordid? So humiliating? So *pedestrian*? No, no, no, no, no. I want HAROLD to talk about the affair. How could he betray me like that? How could he treat me like that? And just four months after this stupid experiment made him....like THIS.

DR. GREEN

Maybe we should go back to before the affair. To the...you referred to it as "the incident." I assume you're talking about—

MARY-CATHERINE

That's exactly what I'm talking about.

HAROLD

For the record, I don't call it the incident, I call it the accident.

MARY-CATHERINE

Oh, we like our precious labels, don't we, Harold?

DR. GREEN

How did this happen, Mr. Van Houten?

MARY-CATHERINE

Well, he—

DR. GREEN

LET'S let Mr. Van Houten tell us. In his own words.

HAROLD
I was at the lab late working on a wrinkle cream. One that would actually eliminate wrinkles. Truly. Not just claim to like the others do. But actually erase them. I had been working on this certain combination for years. When I found what I thought was the right formula, I thought, it's just a little dab—

MARY-CATHERINE
It's just a little dab, why subject the cute little white rats or the fluffy bunnies even though that's what they're there for?

HAROLD
I give to PETA.

MARY-CATHERINE
He's a *saint*.

HAROLD
I just thought I'd put a little on my crow's feet and see what happened.

DR. GREEN
So what happened?

HAROLD
Well, good news: it worked! Bad news: I had a dab-sized hole in my face. I mean, literally, part of my face was gone. I couldn't believe it. And, I don't know, somehow I kept applying it and by that time, my whole face was gone.

MARY-CATHERINE
Most people would have probably stopped when they first noticed, "Gee, there's a hole in my head." But not Dr. Brain. Oh no. What did he do? Tell her, Harold! What did you do?

HAROLD
I wound up putting it all over. It wasn't until I thought about calling my wife and telling her about what had happened, I realized this might have been a bad thing. But at the moment, I was just so thrilled it worked. I mean, the possibilities for this serum are staggering. And I thought it was going to be temporary! How was I to know the stuff worked so well and so long?

MARY-CATHERINE
He calls me up and tells me he has this exciting news to share with me and for me to stay up, he'll be home soon. And I'd had dinner with Felicity Bassiturn and I was exhausted, that odious woman. But I said fine! Then he comes home and I see the front door open BY ITSELF and close itself BY ITSELF, and I see these keys floating in the air.

MARY-CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Well, naturally I scream and then I hear Harold's voice telling me not to panic, that he's right there, everything's alright and I am very much of the opinion things are certainly NOT alright.

Frustrated, Mary-Catherine comes back to her seat.

HAROLD
What happened to the cigarette?

MARY-CATHERINE
Oh, I'm already smoking!

She shoots Harold a disgusted look. Then it's right back to Dr. Green.

MARY-CATHERINE
Well, he's not five minutes into telling me this and I've barely started guzzling my martini I'd just made when there's this knock on the door.

HAROLD
We wondered who could be knocking at this hour? I thought maybe our neighbor had seen me....well not seen me...but seen the car pull into the driveway without a driver.

DR. GREEN
Who was at the door?

HAROLD
Well, you see, that's what's really—

MARY-CATHERINE
The WELCOMING COMMITTEE, that's who.

DR. GREEN
The welcoming committee?

MARY-CATHERINE
Two of them. Betty...the ogre...and this fish-woman thing that I STILL don't know what she was but they were MONSTERS.
(beat)
Yes. There you go. I said it again.

HAROLD

They were really nice.

MARY-CATHERINE

Oh, they were obnoxious. With their pamphlets and their SUPPORT groups. My head is just reeling. How did they know so fast?

HAROLD

They're surprisingly on top of things like this.

MARY-CATHERINE

How did they put it? Oh, yes, that we were now in the "accepting community of the un or super natural." They even have T-shirts. Can you imagine? Some of them probably with four arm holes.

HAROLD

You're being racist.

MARY-CATHERINE

I'm not being racist.

HAROLD

Monstrist.

MARY-CATHERINE

I'm not being Monstrist! Dr., this is all new territory. It's not like I can say, "Some of my best friends are invisible" or "Invisible people are just like us."

HAROLD

But you didn't—

MARY-CATHERINE

But I didn't want to look like an unsupportive SPOUSE, so what do you think I did? I attended one of these support groups. Held in the basement of a Methodist church it was. I should have known then. You wouldn't believe the place. It was like Diane Arbus had cast an AA meeting for the Syfy channel. I was sitting in between a cyclops and what I can only assume was a living SPONGE. Now I'm not judging, I'm just saying, but have you ever TALKED to a cyclops? With normal people, you're darting back and forth between their two eyes, but do you know what you do when you're talking to a cyclops? There isn't another eye to look at! It's DISTURBING. You're not staring but you can't help but think you're staring because you are staring. And the sponge? Well, at one point he or she placed its hand on my leg and it OOZED onto my pale pink Celine that I was wearing. THAT was a garment I was none too thrilled about bidding farewell to.

HAROLD
Things have been a little difficult.

MARY-CATHERINE
Difficult? You're IN-VIS-I-BLE! And that's not the whole of it! I have to accept the fact that he's a NUDIST now. You'll probably need to get that seat cushion cleaned.

HAROLD
Mary-Catherine, don't be gross.

Now Mary-Catherine and Dr. Green look to a corner of the room.

MARY-CATHERINE
You're the one that's gross. Sit down.

HAROLD
I don't want to sit down. I could ruin her CHAIR.

DR. GREEN
Mr. Van Houten, wouldn't that help the situation? If you wore clothes, that is.

HAROLD
I scare the dog.

MARY-CATHERINE
He scares the dog. And to be honest, it looks worse. Better he's not there at all then to have this floating suit and levitating hat REMIND you that he's not there. That makes much more sense than it sounds.

Mary-Catherine swigs from her flask.

HAROLD
Like that helps anything.

MARY-CATHERINE
Oh, it helps.

DR. GREEN
If I may...it seems that the invisibility may be something better left to those support groups, Mrs. Van Houten. I can help, but they would know your situation far better than I could.

MARY-CATHERINE
Believe it or not, I've come to peace with this stupid invisibility thing. We're *working* on it, let me put it that way. But the affair!

DR. GREEN
Have you two talked about the affair?

HAROLD
I've apologized until I'm blue in the face.

MARY-CATHERINE
An unsubstantiated claim. He won't even tell me who it was with!

HAROLD
What's that going to help?

As with all Harold's utterances, both Mary-Catherine and the Dr. look to a different part of the room when he speaks. Their heads move every time Harold says something.

MARY-CATHERINE
I bet it was with Tallany Wannamaker. You both were so cozy at the Junior League Christmas Extravaganza.

HAROLD
We were standing under mistletoe, what was I supposed to do?

MARY-CATHERINE
It was HOLLY. You can't fool me. I'm in the Garden Club!

HAROLD
I just don't see how it's going to help talking about the woman I had the affair with.

MARY-CATHERINE
It won't help YOU, Harold. We're not here to help YOU. It would help ME.

DR. GREEN
How exactly would that help you, Mrs. Van Houten? It may exacerbate your pain.

MARY-CATHERINE
No! If I know who it is, then I'll be able to...I don't know...justify it somehow. There is no shortage of likely suspects. There's that little research assistant, Tae Quo Con! He can't stop talking about her. It's Quo this and Quo that and Quo my god, I just want to slap her.

HAROLD

It's not Tae Quo Con!

MARY-CATHERINE

Is it our interior decorator? You have never cared about our house until I hired Gwendolyn! With her mini-skirts and tacky shoes and too-small blouses.

HAROLD

You and Gwendolyn are friends!

MARY-CATHERINE

She's a tramp. And I've seen you eyeing her when she's measuring for draperies, when she's bending over, showing sample tiles like she was on a game show. You OGLE.

HAROLD

It's not Gwendolyn!

MARY-CATHERINE

Then WHO is it?

DR. GREEN

Mrs. Van Houten, what good will that do you?

MARY-CATHERINE

Don't you see? If I don't know who she is, then I don't know what he saw in her! Is she younger than I am? Does she have a better figure? Is she more voluptuous? Skinnier than I am? I DON'T KNOW.

HAROLD

Knowing who it is isn't going to do you any good!

MARY-CATHERINE

YOU don't know that. You don't know what I'm feeling!

DR. GREEN

Mrs. Van Houten, I truly don't think it will help you, but if you think knowing who this other woman is WILL, then...Well, Mr. Van Houten?

HAROLD

Fine.

The women wait.

MARY-CATHERINE

Well?

HAROLD

You don't know her.

MARY-CATHERINE

DESCRIBE her to me.

HAROLD

I can't.

MARY-CATHERINE

What do you mean you can't?

HAROLD

It was...the Invisible Woman.

MARY-CATHERINE

WHAT?!?

With that, she shoots up out of her chair and hurls her flask across the room. It hits the wall, obviously missing him.

MARY-CATHERINE

Coward!

She runs toward the bookcase and begins taking objects and throwing them everywhere she thinks Harold is.

MARY-CATHERINE

What do you MEAN it was the Invisible Woman?! How COULD you?! OOOH! WHERE are you? SAY something, damnit!

Dr. Green has now come to hold back the quite athletic Mary Catherine Van Houten.

DR. GREEN

Mrs. Van Houten PLEASE! Now take your seat. Mr. Van Houten, take yours.

HAROLD

Not until she puts that vase down.

DR. GREEN

Mrs. Van Houten?

MARY-CATHERINE
I should have hosed you down with cologne. Then I'd know where you were.

She hands Dr. Green the vase and sits down.

This is the worst. How could you be ATTRACTED to her? How can I compare myself to a woman I can't even see?

DR. GREEN
Mr. Van Houten, your wife is in obvious pain.

HAROLD
Oh, nothing's changed for her! Pain? You want to talk about pain? How much pain do you think I had to be in to have an affair with someone I COULDN'T EVEN SEE? Do you know how desperate I was? Do you?!

(beat)

You know what? She was a comfort! I didn't have to look into her eyes!

MARY-CATHERINE
I can't believe what I'm hearing.

HAROLD
The night of the accident, I drove home, I was terrified about what you'd say. But there was this part of me that was looking forward to it. I was hopeful! I thought that maybe I'd see your expression change! That you'd look at me different now that I wasn't there, now that I was gone! And you know what? Nothing. No longing, no searching, no sadness. Just the same lifeless stare I've been getting for years. It was crystal clear.

MARY-CATHERINE
The only thing crystal clear that night was YOU.

HAROLD
I've been invisible to you for so long...I can't remember when you saw me last. Only now? Now what was emotionally true had been made physical. And nothing changed. So yes. I turned to someone else. Someone who I couldn't see either. To try to make a connection. To feel something! Anything! And you know what? I felt more understood, more *seen*, than I have in years.

MARY-CATHERINE
Harold...why didn't you tell me you felt this way?

HAROLD
I've tried. In my own way. Now it seems this permanent invisibility is the only way that's worked!

MARY-CATHERINE
The thing is, you've never made me feel invisible. You always catered to me, listened to me, cherished me, loved me. Until I started taking you for granted. I don't forgive you for having the affair...not yet...but I believe I can begin to understand it.
(beat)
What I wouldn't give to see you again!

HAROLD
You will, Mary-Catherine. I promise.

Mary-Catherine goes to a part of the room and hugs an invisible man.

MARY-CATHERINE
Oh, Harold!

DR. GREEN
You both have done amazing work today. I believe you've broken through some significant barriers in communication. You're not only speaking to each other in real, honest terms, you're listening to each other. That is a major achievement.

MARY-CATHERINE
Oh, therapy speak is such drivel.

HAROLD
I find this as well.

DR. GREEN
Well, I'm sorry you both feel that I'm giving you some kind of pat response. I wish you would believe me when I say I'm sincere in my analysis of your interpersonal communication.

MARY-CATHERINE
It is what it is.
(standing)
But I don't mean to minimize your contribution to our situation. You've done a commendable job. I shall tell Betty you were a fine recommendation.

DR. GREEN
And I would encourage you to keep going to meetings. The two of you together. They'll do you both good to see what each other's perspectives are.

MARY-CATHERINE

Thank you, Dr.

(beat)

Harold?

The office door opens and Mary-Catherine walks through it. It then closes. Mary-Catherine takes her coat.

Suddenly, Mary-Catherine's body reacts to something. She leans her head on an unseen shoulder. He's rocking her back and forth and her body sways with the motion.

After this, she exits through the front office door.

Dr.. Green comes out into the reception area.

DR. GREEN

And that's it for the day. Stephanie. Very successful, I would say.

STEPHANIE

All I know is that every couple left in a better place than they came in. Is there anything else I can do for you, Dr. Green?

Outside Dr. Green's window, it is night.

DR. GREEN

No, Stephanie, thank you. You have a good day off.

STEPHANIE

I will. Happy Halloween, Dr. Green.

DR. GREEN

Happy Halloween to you too, Stephanie.

Dr. Green goes into her office. She picks up the objects Mary-Catherine tried to throw at Harold and places them back on the shelves. She goes to her desk and closes her planner. She pauses, picks up the phone and presses the keypad.

While she's waiting on the phone, the front door opens and a nervous young man, WADE SHELTON, tentatively enters.

When she sees him, Dr. Green hangs up the phone and goes to her doorway.

DR. GREEN
Can I help you, Mr....?

WADE
Wade. My name's Wade. Shelton. Is this Dr. Green's office?

DR. GREEN
Yes. But the office is closed now.

WADE
Am I too late?

DR. GREEN
Well, I do work late on October 31 and I can see a select group of clients. So you're not really late. I just wouldn't have been able to see you today. Or I wouldn't have been here this late.

WADE
You Dr. Green, right? You're a psychiatrist?

DR. GREEN
I'm a clinical psychologist.

WADE
For "select clients."

He comes in and closes the door behind him.

DR. GREEN
No. I see all kinds of clients. Couples and families mostly. To answer your question, though, psychiatrists prescribe medications. My clients come to me for more therapeutic experiences.

WADE
"More therapeutic experiences." Yeah. I think I need me some of those.

DR. GREEN
Like I said, the office is closed now. And my secretary has the schedule, I don't know when we'd have time available this week. You can call her tomorrow and book an appointment.

He takes a few steps into the room.

WADE
Yeah. Well. That's not gonna work for me, Dr. Green.

Suddenly, Wade is a burst of energy. He pulls a gun out of his jacket pocket and slams it against his temple.

WADE
I got a real need for a session TODAY.

Dr. Green is startled, but she recovers quickly.

DR. GREEN
(beat)
Mr. Shelton...Wade...you don't want to do this. We can talk. Just put the gun down.

WADE
NO.

DR. GREEN
Please. Give the gun to me.

WADE
I said NO.

DR. GREEN
Wade, you don't want to hurt yourself. You're already hurting.

WADE
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?!?

His outburst shakes her. She's trying very hard to keep her cool but she's doing it.

DR. GREEN
Wade...

WADE
(defeated)
How would you know?

DR. GREEN
(coaxingly)
Because that's what I do, Wade. Come into my office. Let's talk.

WADE
Sorry. I'm sorry. That's what happens. I can't help it.

DR. GREEN
It's alright, Wade. I'm here.

WADE
I need to talk to somebody. I need to talk to you. Need you to make this stop somehow.

DR. GREEN
I can try, Wade. *We* can try.

WADE
I just lose my shit. And it's gettin' close to that time again. I can feel it.

DR. GREEN
Then lets talk. You caught me before I left for the day. That could very well be fate, throwing us here together like this.

WADE
Fate. Fate hasn't been so good to me, Dr. Green. It's like this terrible part of me that, every month, takes hold of me and the real me is gone and I'm replaced by...something else. Something mean.

DR. GREEN
Let me help you. Just come into my office and sit down. We'll talk. If you would just—

WADE
I swear to God, I'll blow my head off if you ask me to put this gun down again!

Wade marches toward her and Dr. Green backs into her office.

DR. GREEN
Fine. Fine, Wade. Why don't you come in here? Sit here.

WADE
I'll stand. You sit.

DR. GREEN

Alright. How's right here?

She sits down in her usual seat.

WADE

Fine.

DR. GREEN

Here's where I sit with my clients during sessions. Most sit in either or both of these two chairs. Some feel the need to walk around a little bit. For some, walking can be calming. But if any time, you want to...just have a seat.

He never stops moving. Finally:

WADE

I'm terrible, Dr. Green. I'm a horrible, horrible person.

DR. GREEN

Wade, I'm sure you're not a horrible person.

WADE

I HURT PEOPLE!

DR. GREEN

(bravely)

I'm sorry, Wade, I just won't be able to talk to you with you pointing that gun at your head. Why don't you put the gun on the coffee table right here? I won't touch it. It'll just sit there and you can still see it's there, you can take safety in that. But it won't be just...*there* at me...looking like it could go off any minute. Please, Wade? If you want me to help you, that's one way you can help me help *you*.

WADE

(beat)

Fine, I'll put it on the coffee table.

(he does, then backs away, keeping his distance from her)

DON'T touch it.

DR. GREEN

I won't. I promise. I'm not a gun person.

WADE

Sometimes you need to be a gun person.

DR. GREEN
(slowly)
Wade, what did you mean when you said you hurt people?

WADE
Now don't get me wrong, Dr. Green. I like women. I LOVE women. Problem is, women don't seem to really be into me. When the bad me takes over, women get hurt.

DR. GREEN
The women who don't respond positively to you get hurt?

WADE
No! I mean, yeah, it could be them, I guess. It's more like they're the fuse and some other girl gets the bomb.

DR. GREEN
I don't know if I understand what you're saying.

WADE
I may think about this girl that blew me off or was rude to me or told me to get lost long after she's gone. But when I think about her, or it, I just feel this rage boiling up inside me. It turns me into...something else. Then I just lash out at the first woman I see.

DR. GREEN
And by lash out, you mean...?

WADE
I MEAN I ATTACK THEM!

DR. GREEN
Wade...have you...killed any of these girls?

WADE
No!
(changing subjects)
Dr. Green, I just wanna find that girl that's for me. I know there is one. I got a sixth sense. I'll know her when I see her. I just want to see her already. I've been waiting so long. I wish God would give me a sign. Have her be in a big pink jumpsuit or something. So I'd know beyond a shadow of a doubt we're meant to be together. That's not too much to ask, is it?

DR. GREEN

No, Wade. That's not too much to ask. But Wade, it may not happen like that. It's rare that it *does*. I think you're setting yourself up for failure here. For example, I don't know if I necessarily believe in signs. And by looking for them, you may even be overlooking someone. There could be a perfectly nice girl for you who doesn't prompt any kind of sign. I'm married. My husband and I have been together more than 20 years. There wasn't any sign when we first met. We just...met.

WADE

Well that's you! You're lucky.

DR. GREEN

No, Wade. I'm no more lucky or unlucky than you are. It took time. I gave it time. And, eventually, I came to see that my husband was the one for me. There were no signs. No magic fireworks. Just...a realization.

WADE

(pained)

Oh, Doc. I feel it happening again. Please help me stop it from happening again.

DR. GREEN

What's happening, Wade?

WADE

Everything.

DR. GREEN

Feelings?

WADE

Yeah. I guess. Feelings.

DR. GREEN

Then our best course of action would be to address those feelings before they become dangerous. Are you already thinking of a girl?

WADE

Yes.

DR. GREEN

Then let's talk about that girl now. We can process these feelings so that they won't seem so overwhelming to you. You can control your feelings, Wade. I know it may not seem like that when you're in this state. But your thoughts are not *you*. You're feelings aren't *you*. I promise you, if we deal with them, then this outcome that you're so afraid of...well, it's possible this...transformation...won't happen at all. So tell me about this girl.

WADE

The most recent one?

DR. GREEN

The one you're thinking about now.

WADE

There was this girl sitting at a table at a restaurant the other day, facing straight at me. She was eating alone, I was eating alone. And our eyes caught each other's several times during our dinner. I'm not crazy. I felt we had a connection. So when I go to leave, I stop by her table to talk to her and when I told her I thought we kinda, you know, connected a little there, she looked at me like I was crazy. She told me that she hadn't even seen me. And I swear, Dr. Green, she was lookin' right at me!

DR. GREEN

And when she said that, how did that make you feel?

WADE

Like she just took one look at me and thought I was below her.

DR. GREEN

She rejected you.

WADE

Yes.

(beat)

This isn't helping.

DR. GREEN

Just stay with it, Wade. I'll help you.

WADE

YOU CAN'T HELP ME!!!

(beat)

It's already starting. Ohhhhh...noooooooo.

DR. GREEN

Stay calm, Wade. Stay with me. Look right here. Keep looking at me.

WADE

No, I gotta go. Lock myself in a bathroom or something.

DR. GREEN

Wade, please...

WADE

I got a bad feeling about this, Doc.

Whatever battle Wade's fighting, he's losing it.

DR. GREEN

That feeling is just a feeling, Wade. It isn't you.

WADE

(menacing)

It's getting worse, Dr. Green. Oh God!

DR. GREEN

Calm down, Wade. Breathe.

WADE

You better take the gun, Doc. And lock the door behind me. I don't know what'll happen to me...to you...

DR. GREEN

Wade, I'm not going to use the gun.

WADE

I NEED TO GO!

DR. GREEN

Stay here with me, Wade.

WADE

I SAID NO!

DR. GREEN

Alright, Wade. If you need to go. There's a bathroom just down the hall. Maybe try and calm down there. Splash some water on your face. Breathe. And know that I'll be right here when this change of yours happens. And we'll deal with it together. Okay, Wade? You come right back here and we'll figure out a way to handle these feelings together.

Wade's resigned himself to it now.

WADE

It hurts, Dr. Green. It always hurts.

DR. GREEN
We can ride out that hurt together. I can help you do that, Wade.
(an idea:)
You believe in signs.

WADE
You don't.

DR. GREEN
Mmmmaybe not. But I could be wrong. What if this is a sign? You coming here. Me being here. That could be a sign.

WADE
I gotta go.

DR. GREEN
Go if you have to. Then come back here, Wade.

He's turned some kind of corner now.

WADE
You don't want me to come back here, Dr. Green. You won't like me if I came back here.

Wade runs out of her office, then out into the hall. Dr. Green goes to the phone.

DR. GREEN
(after a beat:)
Yes, this is Dr. Rita Green. I have a possible suicide happening at my office.
(beat)
That's right. Fourth floor. He is armed. Please hurry.

She hangs up the phone and stands behind her desk, thinking. Then she sees the gun. She starts to go to grab it, then stops herself, debates this idea. Decision made, she grabs the gun. She searches the room for a suitable hiding place and she eventually hides it behind one of the items on the wall shelves.

A full moon has become bright and visible through the window.

Now alone, it's like her fear has overtaken her. She paces. She bites her fingernail.

She goes to the phone, picks it up, puts it down. She paces some more.

Suddenly, Wade blasts through the front door, transformed. Now, he's *a werewolf!*

WADE
WHAT'S UP, DOC?

From her office, she sees him. She freezes.

DR. GREEN
Wade?

WADE
DON'T SAY THAT NAME!

He runs into her office, sees the gun is missing. Startled, she backs away from him.

WADE
Where'd ya put the gun, Dr. Green?

DR. GREEN
I—

WADE
BETTER GET THE GUN, DR. GREEN!

He comes menacingly close to her, backs her up against the desk.

WADE
You should have kept the gun, Dr. Green.

He rises up to strike.

WADE
I told you, Doc, didn't I? Didn't I tell you you wouldn't like me when I came back?

Just before he atttacks, the front door opens. In walks LORELEI, dressed for Halloween...as Little Red Riding Hood.

LORELEI
Mother, I've made a decision! The next man I get involved with is going to be a man who takes one look at me and wants to rip my clothes off then devour me.

Wade still has his back to the door, so he doesn't see her. But he heard her loud and clear.

WADE
CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR!

He bolts toward the reception area. Dr. Green jumps up from her chair.

DR. GREEN
Lorelei, run!

Wade charges toward Lorelei. He's moving so fast, it takes him a minute to register her, what she's wearing, what it means. He freezes in the middle of the room.

Nobody moves.

Then Wade moves slowly toward her, his arms out as if he could change his mind and attack her at any minute. But instead, when he gets close to her, he starts sniffing all around her.

Lorelei stands there. Then she sort of relaxes, fixes her hair, smooths her dress, tugs at her hood. It's like she's embarrassed and flattered at the same time. All the danger is gone.

LORELEI
What...what are you doing?

He stops sniffing but still keeps looking her up and down.

WADE
Who are you?

LORELEI
I'm Lorelei.

WADE
Why are you...why are you dressed like that?

LORELEI
It's my Halloween costume.

WADE
No. No it's not.
(he steps closer)
It's a sign.
(he sniffs)
It's you!
(he steps closer)
You're HER. I can smell it on you. You're HER! I mean, obviously you're her, look at you.

LORELEI
This? You like it?

WADE
It's like you wore it just for me.
(beat)
Did you mean that?

LORELEI
Mean what?

WADE
What you said? About your next guy.

LORELEI
That he's going to be nothing like my ex-fiancé?

WADE
Well, maybe. I was talking about that whole rip your clothes off thing.

LORELEI
My ex-fiancé was tall, skinny, and virtually hairless and left me for a chef named Allessandro. And you...you're not that at all!

WADE
You're that somebody. Somebody I could devour.

LORELEI

Me? Oh...no! Really?

WADE

Yes, really. Oh my God.

(beat)

Are you...doing anything now?

LORELEI

I'm supposed to go to a Halloween party later.

WADE

Do you have a date?

LORELEI

No.

WADE

Do you want one?

LORELEI

I think I do.

WADE

As you can see, I don't need a costume and we...

LORELEI

We're perfect together.

They stare at each other.

She finally notices her mother. But she's still dreamy over Wade. It's not clear she's even looking at her mother.

LORELEI

Oh, hey, Mom. Lawrence and I worked everything out. He's not the guy I'm looking for and I'm DEFINITELY not the girl he's looking for. I'll tell ya all about it later. I think I'm going to go with...I don't even know your name.

WADE

Wade.

LORELEI

Hi, Wade.

WADE

Hello, Lorelei.

LORELEI

(discreetly)

You really wanna tear my clothes off?

WADE

Oh yeah. But those clothes? You can keep them on awhile. That outfit does it for me.

LORELEI

And yours is doing it for me!

Lorelei seems to come out of her trance. The room's mood changes again. She's suspicious now.

LORELEI

Oh, shit. Mother, is he a client of yours? He's not crazy or anything is he?

DR. GREEN

Lorelei, don't say that word.

LORELEI

Well he's not, is he?

Now the situation isn't life-threatening anymore. In fact, it's a little weird, a little sweet. Dr. Green just surrenders to it.

DR. GREEN

He's no more crazy than anyone else I've seen today.

Now that she's heard that, Lorelei's all sunshine.

LORELEI

Well, good!

DR. GREEN

He may even be more in touch with his feelings than the rest of us.

(beat)

Wade? Are you going to be alright?

WADE
Oh, yeah, Dr. Green. I've never been better.
(beat)
And you said there wasn't anything like signs.

DR. GREEN
I stand corrected.

Dr. Green comes into the reception area.

LORELEI
(embarrassed)
What, mother? Don't stare!

DR. GREEN
I don't mean to stare! It's just...you two...
(beat)
You kids have fun.
(beat)
Wade?

Wade doesn't even look at her.

WADE
Yeah?

DR. GREEN
It was nice to meet you.

WADE
Don't worry, Dr. Green. I'll have her home before too late.

LORELEI
(embarrassed)
Gya! I don't live with my PARENTS. You can have me home whatever time you like.

WADE
Even better. Happy Halloween, Dr. Green.

LORELEI
Yeah. Happy Halloween, Mother.

DR. GREEN
Happy Halloween, you two.

They leave.

Dr. Green releases all the tension in her body. Then she goes to her desk and flips through her planner. Then she picks up the phone, presses buttons.

DR. GREEN
(into phone)
Yes, for Dr. Hildebrand.
(beat)
No, no emergency. But could I leave a message for him?
(beat)
Wonderful. I was wondering. Is there any way he could fit me in? I have a few things I need to...process with someone. Tell him it's Dr. Rita Green.
(beat)
Yes, you're right. Sometimes we psychologists need a psychologist. Tell him he can reach me on my cell.
(beat)
You have a happy Halloween too. Goodnight.

CURTAIN