

BEYOND THERAPY – Bob and Therapist Charlotte Scene

Bob: Should I sit down?

Char: Would you like to sit down?

Bob: Why are you holding that doll?

Char: Does it bother you that I hold the doll?

Bob: I don't know.

Char: Were you allowed to have dolls as a child?

Bob: Yes I was. It was trucks I wasn't allowed to have.

Char: Great big trucks?

Bob: Toy trucks.

(Silence)

Char: Now, what seems to be the matter?

Bob: Bruce seems to be trying to end our relationship.

Char: What do you mean?

Bob: He's putting these ads in the paper for women. And now he seems a little serious about this new one.

Char: Women?

Bob: Women.

Char: And why does this bother you?

Bob: Well, Bruce and I have been living together for a year. A little more.

Char: Living together?

Bob: Yes.

Char: As roommates?

Bob: Well, if that's the euphemism you prefer.

Char: I prefer nothing. I'm here to help you.

Bob: But you can see the problem.

Char: Well if Bruce should move out, surely you can find another roommate. They advertise in the paper. As a matter of fact, my son is looking for a roommate, he doesn't get on with the present Mr. Wallace. Maybe you could room with him.

Bob: I don't think you've understood. Bruce and I aren't just roommates, you know. I mean, doesn't he talk to you about me in his own therapy?

Char: Let me get his file. (Looks through drawers, takes out rope, binoculars, orange juice carton, folders, messy cup board. Laughs) No, it's not here. Maybe my dirigible knows where it is. (Pushes button) Marcia. Oh, that's right, she's not in the office now. (To intercom) Never mind. Well, I'll have to rely on memory.

Bob: Dirigible?

Char: I'm sorry, did I say dirigible? Now what word did I want?

Bob: Blimp?

Char: Blimp?

Bob: Is the word blimp?

Char: No it's nothing like blimp? Now you've made me forget what I was saying. Something about apartments. Oh yes. Did you want to meet my son as a possible roommate?

Bob: I don't understand what you're talking about. Why do you want me to meet your son? Is he gay?

Char: No he's not gay. What an awful thing to suggest. He just wants to share an apartment with someone. Isn't that what you want?

Bob: No it isn't. I have not come to you for real estate advice. I've come to you because my lover and I are in danger of breaking up.

Char: Lover?

Bob: Your patient, Bruce! The person who was just here. He and I are lovers, don't you know that?

Char: Good God, no!

Bob: What do you mean, Good God no!

Char: But he doesn't seem homosexual. He doesn't lisp.

Bruce: Are you kidding?

Char: Well, he doesn't lisp, does he? Now what was I thinking of? Be quiet for a moment. Secretary. The word I was looking for was secretary.

Bob: I mean didn't Bruce talk about us? Am I that unimportant to him?

Char: I really can't remember without access to the files. Let's talk about something else.

Bob: Something else?

Char: Oh, tell me about your childhood. At what age did you masturbate?

Bob: I don't want to talk about my childhood.

Char: Very well. We'll just sit in silence. New patients are difficult, aren't they, Snoopy?

Bob: May I see your accreditation, please?

(Charlotte starts to empty her drawer of junk again.)

Bob: Never mind.

Char: So you and Bruce are an item, eh? Odd that I didn't pick that up.

Bob: Well we may be an item no longer.

Char: Well the path of true love never doth run smoothly.

Bob: I mean, suddenly, there are all these women.

Char: Well if you're homosexual, I guess you don't find me attractive, do you?

Bob: I don't see what that has to do with anything.

Char: Very well. We'll drop the subject. (pause) Not even a teensy weensy bit? Well, no matter. (pause) Tell me. What do you and Bruce do exactly?

Bob: What do you mean?

Char: You know what I mean. Physically.

Bob: I don't care to discuss it.

Char: Tell me.

Bob: What do you want to know?

Char: Patients act out many of their deepest conflicts through the sexual act. Women who get on top may wish to feel dominant. Men who prefer oral sex with women may wish to return to the womb. Couples who prefer the missionary position may wish to

Do anthropological work in Ghana. Everything people do is a clue to a trained psychotherapist. Tell me! Tell me!

Bob: I don't care to talk about it.

Char: Very well. We'll move on to something else. I'm sure I can guess what goes on anyway. I wasn't born yesterday. Cocksucker.

Bob: What?

Char: Oh, I'm sorry. It was just this terrible urge I had. I'm terribly sorry. COCKSUCKER! Oh my goodness, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. COCKSUCKER! Whoops! Sorry. Oh God, it's my blood sugar. Help, I need a cookie. Help, a cookie! COCKSUCKER! Wait, don't leave, I think I have a cookie in one of the drawers. Oh, I'm going to say it again, oh God! Mmmm, cookie, cookie. Oh God. Oh God. Oh, that was wonderful.

Bob: (Takes out a gun) It's people like you who've oppressed gay people for centuries. (Shoots her several times)

Char: Good for you! Bravo! I like that. You're expressing your feelings, people have got to express their feelings. Am I bleeding? I can't find any blood.

Bob: It's a starting pistol. I bought it a couple of days ago, to threaten Bruce with.

Char: Good for you!

Bob: I don't want to go to prison. That's the only reason it's not a real gun.

Char: Good reason. You know what you want and what you don't want. Oh I like this directness, I feel I'm starting to help you. I mean, don't you see the similarity? Now why don't I have ulcers? Do you know?

Bob: I don't know what you're talking about.

Char: I don't have ulcers because I don't repress things. I admit to all my feelings. Now a few minutes ago when I wanted to hurl anti-homosexual epithets at you, I didn't repress myself, I just let 'em rip. And that's why I'm happy. And when you were mad at me, you took out your toy gun and you shot me. And that's the beginning of mental health. I mean, do you understand what I'm saying?

Bob: Well I follow you.

Char: Oh we're making progress. Don't you see? And you said it yourself. You didn't buy the gun to shoot me, you bought it to shoot Bruce and that floozie of his, Right?

Bob: Yes.

Char: So you see what I'm getting at?

Bob: You mean, I should follow through on my impulse and to shoot Bruce and Prudence?

Char: Oh I've never had such a successful first session!

Bob: But should I get a real gun, or just use this one?

Char: That would be up to you. You have to ask yourself what you *really* want.

Bob: Well I don't want to go to jail, I just want to punish them.

Char: Good! Punish them! Act it out!

Bob: I mean, I could go to that restaurant right now.

Char: Oh yes! Oh good!

Bob: Will you come with me? I mean, in case someone tries to stop me you can explain it's part of my therapy.

Char: Okay. Let me just get another cookie. Oh, I'm so glad you came to me. Now, should I bring Snoopy with me, or leave him here?

Bob: Well, which do you really *want*?

Char: Oh you're right. That's the issue, good for you. Okay, now...I don't know which I want. Let me sit here for a moment and figure it out.