

The Metaphysical Quotient

This is a play about relating, and relating honestly. I feel that the phenomena here recorded are not unlike those which transpire under considerably similar circumstances, in the lives of many people. Thus, the characters are without names. The Doctor plays the role of the waiter in the restaurant scene. Action centers on the man, the woman, and the doctor. The first scene transpires in the doctor's office, the second in the office, perhaps one week later, - or even the same day. The restaurant scene follows scene two closely, the bedroom scene is later that evening, and the last scene in the psychiatrist's office perhaps one week later.

Woman - Denise Grant
Man - Lars T.
~~Psychiatrist~~ - Dominique
Waitress - David

Nancy - 489-2312

P. Grevstad
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ENGL 3955

SUBS
5

PRE-SHOW = CUE 0
CUE #1 = These Foolish Things - 5

CUE 1A
↓
1 1/2
↑
5
CUE 1B

Scene 1 - Peter's 1st exit = CUE #2 = DOOR SLAM

COMMERCIAL
1B

4

Alright! So I'm here!

D: Good of you to come, and thank-you for closing the door. Please be seated, I'm just reviewing some notes.

M: About me? (pause) I do have a right to see them, don't I?

D: None whatsoever. They're quite confidential.(pause) Sorry.

M: It's just that -

D: That what?

M: That if you're to discover the aetiology of my neurosis I may be of more help if I could see -

D: You're still convinced that you're neurotic?

M: I haven't been inclined or encouraged to see otherwise. I've anatomized my dreams, and I've made manifest almost every random thought that has occurred to me. Now if-

D: If what?

M: (pause, Nothing. (pause) Everything! Why am I so angry?

D: That's precisely what we're here to find out.

M: Well then tell me!

D: I'm afraid you've got the wrong impression. I don't tell you, you tell me, and- are you listening? If you won't listen, I shant bother.

M: You just said that it should be me who tells. I'll tell you something now, and you can record it if you like. Are you listening?

D: Yes.

M: I've decided I'm not obsessed. I've examined even the darkest regions of my conscience and I've discovered nothing I should be ashamed of, and can remember nothing for which I feel I've been unjustly punished. So there you are. (pause) I've even considered giving up washing. You see, most of the obsessed manifest complicated anxieties through ritualized and quite meaningless activity. I've abandoned ritual altogether, ^{pause,} both pugnaciously and fastidiously. I'm a study in random and unmitigated action.

D: Does that explain why you didn't close the door,?

GEN
1A