

Q'

By Carlo Fiore

Time: Present day

Place: Dr. Jenkins office of Psychiatry

Location: The Garden District, New Orleans, LA

George: A forty-year old man diagnosed with PTSD and Paranoia

Dr. Jenkins: A stunningly beautiful, wise woman in her early 50's

The office, like the house, is spacious, unintentionally elegant and professional, with high ceilings. It is in the back room of the right side of a double shotgun house on Coliseum street near Louisiana avenue. The space is comforting and the stage is decorated to match. George sits on a couch and Dr. Jenkins sits in a posh antique chair with a pen and pad for notes.

This play is specifically designed for long, dramatic pauses. Actors will improvise all action as they see fit until specific directions are given.

Dr. Jenkins

...and what would you say to Rita right now, if she were here? *(Looks up from her notes to see George staring out the window)* We have ten minutes left please focus now George.

George

O'. *(smiles and looks at Dr. Jenkins, blushes, and puts his head down thinking)*...I would tell her she looks beautiful because she always does. I would tell her I'd like to kiss her. I would whisper in her ear and tell her that I love her....*(looks up teary-eyed at the doctor)*...And I would thank her for changing my life.

Dr. Jenkins

Those are beautiful words. I can't think of anyone in the world who wouldn't appreciate hearing that. You are a very good person George....Please, tell me... How did she change your life?

George

She woke me up.

Dr. Jenkins

What do you mean?

George

I don't know. *(Puts his head down.)*

Dr. Jenkins

Well, it's a very interesting statement. Maybe quite a compliment as well. Do you mean spiritually she woke you up? (*Puts her pen and pad on her desk, takes off her reading glasses and sets them on the desk as well.*)

George

(*quickly looking up*) Yes. I didn't even know I had a spirit.

Dr. Jenkins

(*leaning forward and looking George in the eyes*) You believe you have one now, correct?

George

(*assuredly staring back at Dr. Jenkins*) I know I have one now and it's the best feeling in the world.

Dr. Jenkins

(*leaning back*) What does it feel like?

George

Truth....Freedom.

Dr. Jenkins

You weren't free before?

George

Not at all. I was a paranoid slave like everybody else. Now that I realize the truth everyone calls *me* the paranoid one, what a joke. (*falls back on the couch smirking in frustration and exhaustion*)

Dr. Jenkins

This woman has had a stunning effect on you hasn't she George? How do you think she feels about you?

George

She loves me but I don't think she *feels* anything for me. She is Bhuddist and showing me *Impermanence*.

Dr. Jenkins

(*Acknowledging the first sentence*) Why not? You are a wonderful, sentient being with a kind loving heart. Buddhists fall in love and get married. Have children, etc... You told me she loves you. That you were certain she loved you. Now she ignores you and you turn to Buddha to find an excuse for her. C'mon George wake up. If she wanted to be with you she would.

George

She loves me but she won't see me in person. She avoids me completely. Like I don't exist. She acts like she hates me but she doesn't. She's disappointed in me and waiting for me to grow up.

Dr. Jenkins

I doubt she hates you. Have you given her a reason?

George

I don't know. Probably. I screamed at her when she bit my neck.

Dr. Jenkins

(disturbed)

I'd like to talk about Rita in a bit but move on for now, do you mind?

George

No. She only makes me sad.

Dr. Jenkins

George. Tell me why you were paranoid before but not anymore?

George

Before I was afraid of people and now I'm not. Now I don't give a fuck about them. I realize I was right all along, just like my mother.

Dr. Jenkins

Go on please.

George

(calmly) Before she woke me up I felt cursed. Like no matter how hard I tried to be a good person the universe had its own plans for me. That I was doomed. That no matter what I did people would destroy me. *(passionately)* Like they destroy themselves. Like they destroy the earth. I thought I was meaningless. *(angrily)* Like an ant. Powerless. Just another person stuck inside the plastic straw of a human milkshake. A tasty morsel being sucked up into the black-hole mouth of death.

Dr. Jenkins

Try and slow down a bit George. Take a deep breath. Now tell me. Why are humans paranoid slaves?

George

Because we are. We destroy the world for a lie. For money. Which only exists in our minds. It's all a crock of shit. All of it. Hell is empty and all the players are here.

Dr. Jenkins

Shakespeare. Money only exists in our mind you say?

George

(slightly maniacal but slow and deliberate.) Yes. It's Monopoly money. These fuckers play a board game with our lives. I say flip the game over. Fucking *money* is an invention used by the madmen as a means to control the masses. The rich are only powerful because we allow them to be. They are just gangsters. Control freaks. Money is just a trick. We are all born broke and we all die broke. Money is the Devils trading tool on Earth. Our time. Our work. Our backs. Our lives. Wasted. Just to earn money. To buy food. From our masters. Money is our ration card. It is our biggest enemy and stupid people love it.

Dr. Jenkins

(calm yet firm) George, money is a trading currency. A way to keep all organized. We must have money.

George

Sorry Doctor. Not true. I thought you were awake.

Dr. Jenkins

(sitting upright and stern) I can assure you I am awake George and that your hatred of money links back to your childhood...

George

(boldly interrupting) Wrong doctor. Money is the secret weapon that assures our slavery. The rich have a machine. It makes trees into money. We borrow that money with our time and pay it back with interest. We perpetually buy their lie. It is a magic trick called Usury. The world is a fucking Ponzi scheme. We are all wage slaves, Doctor. Including you.

Dr. Jenkins

(deliberately leaning back in her chair) Calm down George everything is fine. You make good points okay. There is truth in what you say but you are letting it destroy you. Your anger destroys *You* George, no one else.

George

Money destroys everybody. Including the rich. Greed is a mental illness. It turns good people into sickos. It's one of the seven deadly sins. Money must be abolished. We are not born to pay bills and die. *(sticking his left middle finger in the air)* Fuck the Illuminati. Fuck the government. Fuck the system. It's all *bullshit*.

Dr. Jenkins

George you are a very intelligent man. Try to understand most people cannot comprehend what you're saying and most of all remember your anger destroys *you*. Only *you* can make yourself happy. Not Rita, not drugs, not sex. *You* must love yourself first and it is not your responsibility to save the world. *You* must stop this obsession with Rita, and of "waking people up" and take care of *George*.)

George

(collapsing his body on the couch) I know doctor. I know. *(staring out the window again)*

Silent like death enters the room. George stares out the window and Dr. Jenkins stares at George. A full minute passes onstage of absolute quite. One. Full. Minute. Tension consumes the energy of the room, draining it like blood, of all hope. George and Dr. Jenkins do not budge for the entire minute. They do not move at all. It is a silent battle of wills tangled up in blue Picasso paintings. A tug of war of universal minds. Finally, George smiles.

Dr. Jenkins

(taking full advantage of his gesture, to break the Hellen Keller silence) Just had a thought of Rita? *(she casts out)*

George

(Blushing and relieved) Yes. *(looks at Dr. Jenkins)*

Dr. Jenkins quickly puts on her reading glasses and picks up her pen and pad as if reporting back to work. She writes something down.

George

Write one true sentence.

George and Dr. Jenkins

(synchronistically) Hemingway. *(they both smile)*

Dr. Jenkins finishes writing her sentence and looks back at George.

Dr. Jenkins

(Smiling) Let's finish today strong now like Drew Brees, okay George. Back to Rita. Will you share the thoughts that just allowed me to see your radiant smile?

George

I had no thoughts. I just saw her pretty face.

Dr. Jenkins

What else would you say to her right now?

George

I want to thank her for everything. I want to say thank you to her.

Dr. Jenkins

How would that make you feel?

George

(with a melancholy smile) Fulfilled. Content. Like I could die a happy man.

Dr. Jenkins

Is that important for you? To die a happy man?

George

I don't know. When I thought she liked me I told her I wanted to steal a car and crash it.

Dr. Jenkins

What did she say?

George

She asked me why would I want to do that and if I knew psychologically what it meant.

Dr. Jenkins

What was your response?

George

My response was because "I'm stupid."

Dr. Jenkins

So you insulted yourself again, right?

George

(sadly) Yes.

Dr. Jenkins

(looking down at her notes) What else would you thank her for?

George

I would thank her for letting me stare in her eyes.

Dr. Jenkins

For *letting* you stare in her eyes?

George

Yes. She has the most beautiful eyes in the world. We were sitting on her couch, just the two of us. And we both stared deep in each other's eyes. It was the most beautiful moment of my life. We couldn't look away if we wanted. We fell in love at that moment. *(Lowering his head)* I mean, I fell in love that moment. I thought it was real love for her, too. I'd never felt so warm before. So...at home. I felt so happy I could die. It was like she understood me. Completely. It felt like she was my twin flame. I still believe she is.

Dr. Jenkins

Excuse me your twin what?

George

My twin flame. My cosmic mate, as Jim Morrisson said. You know. My *soulmate*. But so much more. A twin flame is the other half of the soul. A soulmate can be anyone brought to you by the universe to learn and share with. It is real love. But meeting your twin flame brings special challenges. Twin flames only reunite in the 3rd dimension, you know, here on Earth, for a purpose. We are graduated souls. We are light workers. Spirit guides to find lost souls. We came from the future to awaken humanity. To spread love and the truth. People are spirits having a human experience, not flesh and bone searching for their spirits. We are energy and all energy lives forever. We are part of one great consciousness. We represent that consciousness as humans in the third dimension on planet earth. But we came from elsewhere and will return.

Dr. Jenkins

(Interrupting) You're speaking metaphysically, about quantum physics. Those things aren't proven, they are theories. Mathematical possibilities, so be practical. Just because you stared at a girls eyes and fell in love does not mean she loves you and it does not mean you're meant to be together. Remember, we are only walking each other home. Nothing lasts forever.

George

(Looks out the window and whispers) I know. Nothing gold can stay. *(Louder to Dr. Wilkins)* It doesn't mean I'm wrong either.

Dr. Jenkins

Correct. But believing such remote things only confuses us. *(smirking)* Robert Frost by the way, I heard you.

George

Twin flames are soul mirrors of each other and if we have dirty mirrors we can't connect. That's why we're not together. We must first clean our souls, empty the skeletons in our closets and come clean to each other. With unconditional love. Egoless. So our vibrations can connect and we can consummate our love. If not, we can't get along. We separate but still love each other. *(coyly)* You've never heard of a twin flame, *Doctor?*

Dr. Jenkins

(Hesitates than changes the subject). Time is up for today. *(Takes off her glasses and places them with pad and paper on her desk just as before.)* Next week, I want you to write Rita a letter. You can read it to me if you wish but more importantly I want you to read it to yourself. Alright? Read it over and over at least three times. Write every thought you ever wanted to tell her. What would you tell your twin flame? Your soul mirror? What would you tell Rita in a letter?

George

What's the point? Will it stop the New World Order? Will it make her love me in real life instead of just on the Internet? Will it save the world? Stop paedophiles? Agenda 21? ChemTrails? GMO's? WWII? What's the point?

Dr. Jenkins

(authoritatively) You're both here to change the world. Write the letter and find out.

George

(stares blankly at Dr. Jenkins then stands up.) (lovingly) Thank you Dr. Jenkins, *namaste*.

Dr. Jenkins

Thank you George. *(stands up and shakes his hand.) (motherly)* *Namaste*. See you next week and remember, your anger only hurts *you*.

George walks off stage left. Lights dim. End of play.

Cover Sheet FTA 2200

Spring 2015

Answer the following questions and distribute your cover sheet with the workshop copy of your script.

Name: Carlo Fiore

Workshop date: March 17th

Play title: Q'

As an artist, what are your goals for the piece?

My goal for this piece is to have the audience think.

What is the theme or concept that this work explores?

The human condition and our purpose here on Earth.

What does the text mean to you?

Impermanence in real life.

What do you want your workshop to focus on?

I would like the workshop to focus on how relatable they feel to George and Dr. Jenkins. How believable the writing is and if the reader felt the way I intended. Very emotional.

What risks are you taking as a person and as an artist?

I don't know.

What parts of the text are you most committed to? Why?

I am most committed to making George believable instead of crazy because that is the essence of the play. Also to feel empathy for Dr. Wilkins.

What are the aesthetics of this piece?

The aesthetics are all the philosophies and arts combined and obscured just like real life.

