

A MIDWEEK AFTERNOON'S THERAPY SESSION

By

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28 Plays Later 2019

Day 3

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ACT I

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP - THERAPIST'S OFFICE

PATIENT SITS ON A COUCH ACROSS FROM THERAPIST.

THERAPIST: And so let us begin our time to day
And contemplate with thoughtful care the words
You used last week to share with me and say
That anger in you makes you feel afraid.

There is a side of you that you must learn
To bury not inside you all the time
Despite the fear that people you will burn
With anger from your depth that rightly churns.

Sit back and take a breath before you start
Just think about what set you off this week
What fires up the fury in your heart
And when you're ready just begin to speak.

PATIENT TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND EXHALES.

PATIENT: On Wednesday eve I ventured out to shop
The errand list had grown quite large and long
I grabbed my keys and in my car I hopped
Driving quite safe so's not to anger cops.

And so I stood in line to buy some food
My basket filled with only seven things
And there a woman 'fore me was so rude
With eighteen items and an attitude.

The cashier looked quite awkward and concerned
She cleared her throat and gently tried to say
It's ten items or less, but what was heard
Was you are just not welcome here today.

The woman acted like she was on fire
Her eyes grew wide and angry face flushed red
She aimed at the poor cashier with her ire
And stoked the flames as if a Viking pyre.

Her voice grew loud and echoed through the store
All those around us turned and stared agape
Her fury could have burned right through the floor
And when she paused we thought there was no more.

But we were wrong in oh so many ways
She barked that she would see the manager
The poor cashier tried to avert her gaze
And that's when I let loose the beast on her.

"Can you not read the sign above your head?
Ten items are the maximum you shit
This girl just wants to earn her daily bread."
And she just turned to me and then she said.

"And who the fuck do you think that you are
Basket police are not an actual thing
Arrest me and throw me into your car
If you are this store's fucking counting star."

And then it seemed like someone threw a switch
I felt a fire burning through my brain
"Why for are you being a psycho bitch?
The sign says ten it cannot be more plain."

THERAPIST: This seems to be a common theme for you
Your anger grows when you see things unjust
From shopping lines to creatures at the zoo
When helpless you feel this is what you do.

It might be that you do not like to lose
The feeling that your world is in control
And your brain does not allow you to choose
To let it go and so you blow a fuse.

Perhaps this is a thing we should explore
Each time that we're together, maybe more
Your sessions twice a month let's make them four
Together we will dampen anger's core.

PATIENT: If this you think we must let's make it so.

THERAPIST: You have a very long long way to go.

PATIENT: I do not like myself when I am mad.

THERAPIST: So let's find out just why you think that's bad.

BLACKOUT