

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden
by
Walter L. Newton

**(Based on the book *I Never Promised
You a Rose Garden* by **Hanna Greene**)**

I Never Promised You A Rose Garden

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I Never Promised You A Rose Garden

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden had its World Premiere at the Miners Alley Playhouse in Golden, CO on October 4, 2004. The production was directed by Rick Bernstein. The set design was by John Van Lennep, costumes were designed by Erin Leonard, lighting was designed by Karalyn Pytel, and the sound design was by El Armstrong and Rick Bernstein. The opening night cast was as follows

Deborah Klein-----	Karalyn Pytel
Dr. Fried-----	Paige L. Larson
Dr. Abraham-----	Albert Banker
Jacob Klein-----	Rick Bernstein
Esther Klein-----	Karen Kargel
Carla VanPelt-----	Kellie Rae Rockey
Anterrabae-----	Clyde Sacks
Lactamaeon-----	Chris Bleau
Idat-----	Priscilla Young
Aide McPherson-----	Andrew Hall
Nurse Reed-----	Karen Horan

Character Plot

Deborah Klein- A 16-year-old girl.
Jacob Klein - Deborah's father, about 45 years old.
Esther Klein- Deborah's mother, about 49 years old.
Dr. Anna Fried- A psychotherapist, about 58 years old.
Dr. Edward Abraham- The Hospital Administrator - about 55 years old.
Anterrabae, the Falling god- The chief god of the Kingdom of Yr.
Lactamaeon- The god of male domination and disappointment
Idat- The goddess who cries diamonds.
Carla VanPelt- A 35-year-old patient at Chestnut Lodge.
Nurse Reid- A ward Nurse, about 30 years old.
Aide McPherson- An aide, about 25 years old.

The Scenes

The action takes place in various locations. The Klein house, Dr. Fried's office at Chestnut Lodge, Ward "D," in Chestnut Lodge, the Kingdom of Yr, a restaurant and sometimes at the ends of the vomms at the edge of the stage.

The Time

From 1937 to 1967

From The Author

"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" by Hannah Green was published in 1964. This novel, released as fiction, told the story of Debra and her 4 year battle with schizophrenia in a mental hospital. Her cure was accomplished with intensive physiotherapy and with the help of her amazing therapist, all without drug therapy. Within 10 years after "Rose Garden" hit the book racks, the reading public realized that the book was a fictionalized version of a true story. The real author was Joanne Greenberg and the book was autobiographical. The doctor, Dr. Fried, was in reality the world famous psychotherapist Dr. Frieda Fromm-Reichmann. The book has received 17 printings since 1964 and is available in 10 languages.

Adding to the "Rose Garden" story, playwright Walter L. Newton delves into the personal history of Dr. Frieda Fromm-Reichmann, and how her battles in the 1940's with the upcoming over-emphasis of drug therapy in psychiatry and her personal battles with having left her native Germany a few steps ahead of the rising Nazi horror played into the back story of her career.

"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" has been called a "thorn in the side of psychiatry." Dr. Frieda Fromm-Reichmann went to her grave believing that mental illness can be cured by intensive physiotherapy. The medical profession, at one time her allies, caved into the drug companies and then created their "bible" of

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mental disorders and chemical cures. Almost 60 years later this is still a hotly debated subject.

Act One

Prologue 1937 gods, Deborah, Dr. Abraham

(In the dark. Deborah is sitting on the deck, center stage and a light fades up on her. She is dressed in a long nightgown, her physical actions are that of a 8 year old girl. The lights come up on the two towers and the center platform. Anterrabae is coming out of the top of the stage left tower and Lactamaeon is coming out of the stage right tower. Idat is on the center platform. Idat and Lactamaeon come down to Deborah, enticing her to enter the Kingdom of Yr. Anterrabae is supervising this scene from the center platform. Deborah is playful with them. Idat, Lactamaeon and Deborah climb up onto the center platform. Dr. Abraham enters from the left vom, and takes the stage at down left.)

Dr. Abraham. The common purpose of all psychiatric hospitals should be to secure for each patient the optimum conditions for recovery. Optimum conditions imply first an environment in which the patient is regarded as a distinctive individual requiring sympathetic understanding of the difficulties... which have brought him to the hospital. And as equally important is an understanding of the difficulties which are keeping him there. Second, he needs the opportunity to reorient himself to these difficulties through psychotherapy. Third, he needs a receptive attitude on the part of staff and personnel. The patient should not have any obstacles put in his way to prevent him from being as sick as he needs to be. As William A. White so aptly put it... "Where can a person be crazy if not in the hospital?" At Chestnut Lodge, we refuse to use unproven treatments. Even drugs are used only to sedate patients. Each of our patients is given the privilege of living their illness in their own individual manner. At the Lodge, we firmly believe that the doctor has to adapt himself to the patient. *(As Dr. Abraham finishes, the three gods and Deborah have entered the right tower through the top. The lights dim out on Dr. Abraham and he exits up the left vom.)*

The Drive to Chestnut Lodge – A Restaurant (1948)

(The side table is placed longwise, left to right, center stage, the two wooden chairs are placed behind the table. When the lights come back up we see Jacob and Esther sitting, both have a cup of coffee.)

Jacob. You know, don't you, that I was a fool when I married... a damn young fool who didn't know anything about raising children... about being a father?

Esther. *(Not pleading... telling)* Jacob... not here... not right now.

Jacob. You should have gone to the restroom with her.

Esther. *(Teaching)* We're both here. If she needs us, then one of us can help.

Jacob. Why Esther... why must we send her away?

Esther. *(Firm)* The doctors say she has to go.

Jacob. The doctors... the damn doctors.

Esther. *(Before he can finish his thought)* Jacob, it's a good place.

Jacob. But it's a place Esther, a place where they put crazy people away. How can it be a good place for a girl, almost a child?

Esther. Jacob, if you can't trust the doctors, then whom can you trust?

Jacob. I just want her to get better.

Esther. *(Looks straight at him)* Do you?

Jacob. *(Ignoring that remark... He looks at his watch)* It's getting late... if we must... then let's go. (He stands up, removes a few coins from his pocket, places them on the table and exits up the right vom. Esther freezes in place. A quick and sudden shift in the lights. A hot white light comes up on at the end of the right vom, at the stage edge. Deborah enters down the right vom and stands down right. Lights come up on the Kingdom of Yr. Anterrabae, Lactamaeon and Idat are on the platform and towers, stalking. As Deborah enters she is mumbling.)

Deborah. I am innocent... innocent... innocent.

Anterrabae. *(Almost screaming)* Innocent... you are innocent.

Deborah. *(She falls to her knees... looking out at the audience)* Yes... yes... Anterrabae... I told you about everything... the tests, the doctors... everything... are you going to help me?

Anterrabae. That depends on you.

Deborah. Let me go with you.

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Anterrabae. You will be with us as long as you do not betray us. Do you understand that Bird-One?

Deborah. Yes...yes... I understand.

Anterrabae. Then take care Bird-One... take care.

Lactamaeon. Do not reveal what you know...

Idat. Remember... we can punish you.

Esther. Debbie... *(Esther gets up and crosses down right to Deborah. Deborah waves her hand in the air... as if waving gods away. The light goes off on the gods, the gods vanish.)* Debbie... it's time to go... your father is waiting. *(Deborah runs her hands through her hair... straightens out her dress... and suddenly becomes very lucid)*

Deborah. Yes... Father is waiting... on my surface... there must be no sign of showing, no seam... a perfect surface. *(Deborah and Esther exit up the right vom. Blackout)*

Dr. Fried's Office – Dr. Fried and Dr. Abraham

(The side table is placed long-wise, from down stage to upstage at center stage. This creates a barrier between the Klein home on the right and Dr. Fried's office on the left. A wooden chair is placed on each side of the table. This arrangement is used a lot during the play. Dr. Fried is sitting at the table smoking, Dr. Abraham is sitting on the couch. Dr. Fried has some papers on the desk, Dr. Abraham is holding a legal size case-folder.)

Dr. Abraham. Anna... I want to talk to you about something.

Dr. Fried. *(Not looking up from her case-folder)* Dr. Abraham... I have a new patient arriving today and I was going over her case. *(Pause)* Yes, Edward... I have some time.

Dr. Abraham. I thought you would like to know... the Lodge is being sued.

Dr. Fried. And that has happened twice before... I believe?

Dr. Abraham. This one is different. Do you remember a patient by the name of Robert Oberlin? He was here before I was the hospital administrator.

Dr. Fried. Yes... he was here for about a year... Dr. Bullard's patient... he was a doctor himself... of course I remember him. Dr. Abraham. *(He stands up and crosses to her at the desk)* He arrived here in January of 1946... admitted himself. Pervasive tension that made him unable to concentrate... developed a drinking problem...

unrelenting pacing at his office and his house. He began to have thoughts of suicide. Then he admitted himself to the Lodge.

Dr. Fried. (*Picking up his story*) Yes... yes... at staff meetings Dr. Bullard would describe how he would propel himself up and down the narrow halls of the ward, for hundreds of hours, until the point his feet ulcerated and turned black.

Dr. Abraham. Yes. According to these legal depositions... (*Referring to the case-folder*) he checked himself out of the Lodge a year later and transferred to Golden Hill in Connecticut.

Dr. Fried. So what is the problem? There was no malpractice in our treatment.

Dr. Abraham. He's not made an ordinary malpractice claim... He's suing us over our choice of treatment... intensive psychotherapy.

Dr. Fried. (*She stands up... takes the case-folder from Dr. Abraham*) And what sort of therapy did he receive at Golden Hill?

Dr. Abraham. (*He takes the case-folder back from her... looking for a reference*) It's right here... "My physician prescribed a lobotomy... and it worked. They cut the medial tracts between the portions of my frontal lobe and the thalamus. That was the miracle that relieved my suffering. Four months later, I was released."

Dr. Fried. (*She sits down again behind her desk and lights up another cigarette*) I don't see the problem. He voluntarily admitted himself to the Lodge... and again left voluntarily to seek another treatment.

Dr. Abraham. (*Sits on sofa*) He has a strong supporter... Dr. King... you know him. Dr. King says-

Dr. Fried. (*Reading what she knows Dr. Abraham wants to point out*) "Yes... yes... if Chestnut Lodge purports to be part of the medical world, then in that case the Lodge should abide by the rules of evidence or renounce its claim to using intensive psychotherapy with schizophrenic patients."

Dr. Abraham. Yes.

Dr. Fried. (*Calmly*) Are we to renounce truth? Are you? Am I to deny the last thirty years of what I have experienced? (*She stands*) The "brain disturbed" German soldiers that I attended to during the First World War. (*Getting emotional, but firm*) And what about those that were cured? At that time most of my colleagues assumed that all mental symptoms had biological causes. In a field like psychiatry, where so little has been known... theory has always been based as much on faith as on concrete data.

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Dr. Abraham. Anna... this is not a matter of faith. This lawsuit bothers me. I have visions of the future where biological psychiatrists categorize every mental state... and set in stone every proper treatment... every new drug. At that point, faith will have nothing to do with it.

Dr. Fried. *(She sits back behind her desk)* So, someday, they will have their holy book. And we... what will we have... forty years of successful cures. You agree... don't you?

Dr. Abraham. *(He gets up to leave)* Of course... you're right, Anna.

Dr. Fried. *(As she takes a puff of her cigarette)* Good Edward...

Dr. Abraham. *(Turns back to her)* Anna... I think...

Dr. Fried. *(Sly, she knows she's won)* Then we have no problem. Remember Edward... no treatment works for everyone, and every treatment works for some. *(Blackout)*

Intake at the Chestnut Lodge

(The lights come up and we see a tableau. Lactamaeon is on the 2 foot stage right platform. Idat is on the 2 foot stage left platform. Nurse Reid is sitting at the side-table with admission papers and a pen. Esther and Jacob are standing right at the table. Deborah is sitting on the bench which has been placed at the downstage end of the side-table. Anterrabae enters on the center platform, goose-steeping into place. A period pop song is playing [I Wanna Be Loved By You]. The gods are making ritual-like sounds, moaning, slapping their bodies, hissing. Esther and Jacob sign the admission papers, Jacob reluctant to do so. Jacob sits down next to Deborah and she buckles over in pain. Jacob retreats. Aide McPherson enter from up stage left with a box. Nurse Reid and McPherson stand Deborah up, her back to the audience. They take off her sweater, hair clip and shoes and place them in the box. McPherson places soft slippers on Deborah's feet. We hear a scream from off stage. Jacob rushes off stage right up the vom. Everyone freezes facing Anterrabae.)

Anterrabae. Welcome to reality. *(A disturbing guttural laugh comes from the gods. The lights fade out. The song stops. The bench is placed back downstage center against the knee-rail. Everyone exits in the dark except Nurse Reid and Deborah.)*

Dr. Fried's Office - Dr. Fried and Deborah

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(The lights come up. Dr. Fried is sitting at her desk reading from a folder of papers. She is simply dressed; nothing about her appearance speaks of her great career as a doctor. Nurse Reid crosses into Dr. Fried's office with Deborah. Anterrabae and Idat are on the 2 foot stage left platform behind the couch. Lactamaeon is at the top of the stage left tower, looking down into Dr. Fried's office.)

Nurse Reid. Excuse me... we're from Admissions. Here she is. *(Nurse Reid brings Deborah into the room, hands the doctor a file and waits)*

Dr. Fried. *(Stands... goes behind the desk and places the file on the desk)* You can come back for her in an hour.

Nurse Reid. I'm supposed to wait.

Dr. Fried. Thank you for your concern, but the doctor will be fine. *(Nurse Reid exits up the left vom. Anterrabae's light comes on and he speaks to Deborah)*

Anterrabae. Where is the doctor Deborah? Watching from behind a door somewhere?

Deborah. Where is the doctor?

Dr. Fried. I am the doctor... I thought you knew. I am Dr. Fried.

Anterrabae. What a disguise. Take care Bird-one... take care.

Dr. Fried. Sit down... make yourself comfortable. *(She motions to the couch. Dr. Fried begins to follow. Deborah suddenly realizes that Dr. Fried is behind her. Deborah stops... and does a little sidestep)* You would feel better if I went first. Then that is what I will do. *(She crosses to behind her desk)* Is there anything you want to tell me?

Deborah. *(At the edge of the stage)* All right... you'll ask me questions and I'll answer them. Then you'll get rid of my symptoms and send me home. What will I have then?

Dr. Fried. *(As she sits down at her desk... calmly)* If you did not really want to give them up, you wouldn't tell me. Come, sit down *(gesturing at the couch)* You will not have to give up anything until you are ready... and then when you do... there will be something to take its place.

Idat. Listen Bird-one. There are too many little things in here. They have no defense against your clumsiness. *(Deborah sits on the couch)*

Dr. Fried. Do you know why you are here?

Deborah. Clumsiness... clumsiness is first and then we have a list. Lazy, wayward, headstrong, self-centered, fat, ugly, mean, tactless and cruel. I'm also a liar. That category includes sub-heads. False

blindness, imaginary pains causing real doubling-up, untrue lapses of hearing, lying leg injuries, fake dizziness and unproved and malicious malingering. Did I leave out unfriendliness...? (*She pauses for a reaction*) ... also unfriendliness.

Dr. Fried. (*Inquiring... not malicious*) Well... that seems to be quite a list. Some of these things, I think, are not so, but we have our job cut out for us.

Deborah. To make me friendly and sweet and agreeable and happy in the lies that I tell.

Dr. Fried. To help you get well.

Deborah. To shut up the complaints.

Dr. Fried. (*A pause...*) To end them... if they are the products of an upheaval in your feelings.

Deborah. (*Lactamaeon joins Idat and Anterrabae on platform. Deborah thinks for just a minute*) Then you're saying what they all say... phony complaints about nonexistent sicknesses.

Dr. Fried. (*No ego... simply an honest question*) Correct me if I am wrong... but I think I implied that you are very sick indeed.

Deborah. (*Now at the edge*) Sick... sick like the rest of them here?

Dr. Fried. (*She stands up and sits next to Deborah. She is using this physical move to see how Deborah will react*) Do you mean to ask me if I think you belong here... if yours is what is called a mental illness? Then I can only answer you honestly... yes. I think you are very sick in this way... but with your very hard work and with the doctor working very hard with you... I think you can get better.

Idat. She speaks lies...

Lactamaeon. Her world tugs at you.

Dr. Fried. Deborah... where are you right now? (*Now the three gods are taunting Deborah*)

Anterrabae. You are a volcano. Three times you will erupt... and then...

Deborah. (*Looking out to audience*) Do not curse me... I am already stained enough.

Anterrabae. Deborah it's not a curse... it's a prophecy.

Idat. You are a volcano.

Lactamaeon. Three times you will erupt... and on the third time...

Idat/Lactamaeon. You will blow yourself into the Pit.

Anterrabae. And then you will be our Princess forever.

Deborah. (*A bit more relaxed*) Then I will be your Princess? (*Lights out on gods*)

Dr. Fried. What are you thinking about? I see your face relax a little.

Deborah. Do you know that I will be a Princess someday?

Dr. Fried. It is good that you can think about aspiring to great heights.

Deborah. Even if that thought is part of my sickness?

Dr. Fried. *(Rises)* I want to tell you again... I will not pull you away from your symptoms or sickness against your will. *(After a slight pause)* Tomorrow at the same time?

The Klein Family Home – 3 months after admission

(Dr. Fried and Deborah freeze. The lights shift from left to right. This is the Klein living room. Jacob is sitting in his easy chair. He is reading a newspaper. Esther enters from upper stage right. She is holding an open envelope and letter in her hand.)

Esther. *(She crosses toward Jacob. Stops when she feels resistance from him, sits at the side-table)* Jacob... a letter came today from the Lodge.

Jacob. *(He puts the paper down on the chair)* Did she answer? Does she want to see us?

Esther. *(Trying to avoid his question)* They say she has made a good adjustment to the routine and the staff. She has begun her therapy and she has permission to walk around the grounds...

Jacob. Oh well... she needs permission to walk? I thought she was a grown girl.

Esther. *(She stands up)* Jacob... that's what it says. Why don't you read it? *(Tries to hand him the letter)* Would you like to help? *(He ignores her)* Tell me... what awful wrongs did we do?

Jacob. *(Angry at what he sees as his manipulated life)* We did nothing wrong. We did everything your father wanted. I was the consort to his little Princess.

Esther. *(Aghast)* Pop was trying to help.

Jacob. *(An explosion of pen-up emotions)* What did you want me to do? I've had to live off of the charity of your father for years. Never good enough for him... was I? *(Pauses, tries to read his paper, tries to let it go, but cannot)* And then Debbie was born... This thrilling, impossible fair-skinned blonde! Your father's final retort to the long-dead world that he left in Europe.

Esther. *(Sits back at the table, hurt and a bit shocked)* Pop loves Deborah.

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Jacob. Pop loves that Deborah was his new American dream. And what was I... I was the caretaker of his little Princess... it was her... you... never me.

Esther. If Father wanted... I did... if Father demanded... I gave in. It wasn't enough to just love you.

Jacob. *(He can't take this... changing the subject)* I want to drive down there and see her for a while.

Esther. *(Esther picks up the letter)* Jacob... they think that both of us would be too much just now.

Jacob. Don't be silly... we'll go down there together.

Esther. *(Handing him the letter)* She doesn't want to see you right now. *(Trying to console him)* She is sick, Jacob... I told you... the doctor told you.

Jacob. *(He looks down at the letter... angry...long pause then he throws the letter on the chair. As he exits up stage right)* Who does she think she is?

Esther. *(To herself)* What has she done to us all? *(She exits up stage right)*

Dr. Fried's Office - Dr. Fried and Deborah – the 1st Eruption

(The lights shift right to left to Dr. Fried's office. Dr. Fried is sitting behind her desk smoking. Deborah is on the couch. The gods are sulking on the left tower, watching.)

Dr. Fried. I did as you wished. I asked that your mother come for a visit.

Deborah. And you told them... I want her to visit... not him?

Dr. Fried. Yes.

Deborah. Do you know I can't really see him? When I look at him... he appears behind a gate. Your world looks gray... no colors... vague shapes.

Dr. Fried. *(Not impressed by the theatrics)* Your gate again. Why don't you just open the gate?

Deborah. I don't have the key.

Dr. Fried. I think you do... in the future... but not now. Today you promised me that you would talk about your tumor. I would like to know some details about the tumor you had when you were five.

Deborah. My mother already told you all about it.

Dr. Fried. You mother told me what she gave, not what you took; what she saw, not what you saw.

Deborah. She doesn't know much about it.

Dr. Fried. Then can you tell me what you know?

Deborah. It was a tumor in my urethra, but you already know that.

Dr. Fried. I know only what your mother and your doctor told me... that's all.

Deborah. *(She gets off the couch, more animated now)* The doctors stood around me, shaking their heads about the wrong-ness inside of me. They were concentrated, probing me as if the entire reality of my body were centered on an evil in that secret, forbidden place.

Dr. Fried. And how did that make you feel?

Deborah. *(Pacing in front of the couch)* I heard the doctor say that he was going to fix me. "We are going to put your doll to sleep." And then I started to dream. But why did they have to lie to me? I knew they were going to murder me!

Dr. Fried. Those fools! When will they learn not to lie to the children?

Deborah. *(She moves close to the desk)* You're not going to be indifferent to me?

Dr. Fried. *(A matter of fact... not angry)* You're damn right I'm not.

Deborah. *(Goes back and sits on sofa. Lights begin to come back up on Yr)* Then I will tell you something that no one knows. They never said they were sorry. They weren't sorry for going into me so callously, for my pain, for my shame. They never asked my pardon for those things. So I never gave it to them.

Dr. Fried. What do you mean?

Deborah. *(Goes back and sits on sofa. Lights begin to come back up on Yr)* The tumor, I never gave it to them. It's still here, eating on the inside of me. It is my evil essence. And when people come near me... I infect them with it. It's my essence.

Dr. Fried. That can only punish you, not them.

Deborah. *(Deborah crosses down left, collapses to her knees and screams)* Anterrabae punishes us all. *(The gods scream)*

Anterrabae. Deborah, you just spoke my name to her! You are playing with the Pit.

Dr. Fried. *(She runs to Deborah)* What did you say? What is Anterrabae? *(Deborah grabs the pen from Dr. Fried's hand, and scraps it along her left arm. The blood flows and Dr. Fried tries to wrestle the pen away from her. This is her first eruption)*

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Lactamaeon. You were never one of them. You are wholly different... you are our Princess. *(Fried gets the pen away from Deborah. Deborah crosses left and sits on the couch)* This is your first eruption Debra.

Idat. Save yourself. Come to us now. *(The spot goes off of the gods. Deborah wipes the blood up and down her left arm)*

Dr. Fried. *(Dr. Fried crosses up left to her desk, opens a drawer and turns on the intercom)* This is Dr. Fried. Would you please send an attendant to my office, I have Deborah Klein here and she will need to be moved to the Disturbed Ward. And she will need a tetanus shot. Thank you. *(She stands up, crosses to Deborah on the couch and sits next to her)* You are so afraid of your uncontrollable power. Somehow you cannot believe that you are only a person, holding only a human-sized anger. *(The lights dim out)*

The “D” Ward – Deborah , Carla, Aide McPherson, Nurse Reid

(The side-table is placed upstage center against the center platform. The two wooden chairs are placed downstage center right and left. The lights come up slowly on the whole playing area, right and left. The whole deck is now “D” ward. Carla is sitting lying on the couch, trying to read a imaginary magazine. We hear voices... screams... the constant chatter of patients on the Disturbed Ward. Nurse Reid is dusting the bench. Idat is on the right 2 foot platform)

Carla. *(Yelling out to the air)* The yelling of lunatics is lunatics’ yelling. I’m trying to read my magazine. *(The background noises start to slowly fade out during the next few lines. McPherson and Deborah enter from the right, heading toward the empty right chair)*

McPherson. *(Talking to Deborah as she escorts her to the chair)* You know... I never thought that you were really sick... But I guess you’re sick enough... since you’re here. *(Deborah sits)*

Deborah. *(As she sits)* Where am I?

Nurse Reid. *(As she walks off left with McPherson up the left vom)* You’re on the fourth floor.

Carla. *(She waits for Nurse Reid to leave)* You’re scared... aren’t you?

Deborah. *(She looks around)* Maybe... this is the “Disturbed” ward.

Carla. Ward “D”... where all pretensions of comfort and normalcy has been removed. Where patients sit bolt-upright in bare chairs, or lay on the floors... moaning and mute and raging. My name is Carla.

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Deborah. (*Idat comes down and stands behind Deborah in the chair. She shadows Deborah's movements throughout the scene*) I'm Deborah...

Carla. You're Deborah Klein. Up here we learn everything from the grapevine... name... age... occupation... religion... married or single... previous hospitals... shock treatments - what kind, how many - other treatments.

Deborah. You sound like a doctor or something.

Carla. No... a psychotic.

Deborah/Idat. We all are.

Carla. What did you do. Why did they send you up here?

Deborah. It was something I had to do... that's all. I scratched my arm a little.

Carla. (*Goes to Deborah. Deborah resists*) Show me... show me the arm. (*Deborah pulls up the left sleeve of the hospital gown. Carla tries to touch the wound/bandage. Deborah grabs Carla's hair and pushes her to the floor.*) Well... that's gonna make one hell of a scar!

Deborah. (*She pulls the sleeve down*) All of my dancing partners will wince when they see it.

Carla. (*Changing the subject*) Sometimes I hate the people who made me sick. They say you stop hating them after you've had enough therapy. But I wouldn't know about that... my enemy is beyond hating or forgiving.

Deborah. Who is that?

Carla. (*She gets off the floor, crossing left to the couch, a personality change, she talks in the third person*) Her Mother... she shot Carla and then her brother and then herself. They all died... Carla lived. Her father married again two months later and she went crazy.

Deborah. How long have you been here? (*Idat crosses back to the right platform*)

Carla. More than a year... I think?

Deborah. How long is the time that we are going to know if we are going to make it or not? Is this forever?

Carla. (*Indifferent*) I don't know... what is forever? (*Blackout, they exit*)

The Klein Family Home – 8 months after admission

(The side-table is placed center, long-wise, down stage to upstage. The wooden chairs are placed on each side. The lights come up right on the Klein's living room. It is late at night. Esther is standing alone, she is wearing a robe. Once again she is holding an open letter in her hand. She is upset and confused)

Esther. *(Looking around... helpless)* Jacob... I want you to come in and look at this letter. I want you to explain it to me now. *(There is a pause... Jacob does not enter or respond)* Jacob... we can't just make this go away... *(She looks at the letter)* tell me what "disturbed" means. *(Another pause... Jacob comes into the light from up stage right, he is in a robe and pajamas, sleepy.)*

Jacob. Esther what... Esther... it's always Debbie. We have to try to get on with our life. If we keep this up... we are going to make Suzy sick. Are we to lose Suzy too? At least Deborah is not lying in a ditch somewhere. She has her doctors... she has you.

Esther. *(She sits at the side-table)* The doctors say that she is making progress... at least how they measure progress. Maybe she will want to see you soon?

Jacob. *(He won't look at the letter)* I don't think so. *(Jacob crosses down center, Deborah enters from the left vom, Anterrabae follows behind her. Father and daughter face each other without seeing)* She is so far away... yet she manages to make me suffer. *(Slow blackout)*

Dr. Fried's Office - Dr. Fried and Deborah

(The lights come up left on Dr. Fried's office. McPherson is standing by in case Deborah acts out again. Dr. Fried is sitting at her desk smoking. Deborah is pacing the room. From this point on to the end of the act, Deborah is much more animated... spiraling downward... waiting for the next two eruptions. Anterrabae looks on from the left 2 foot platform)

Dr. Fried. It's time to tell me fully what brought you to doing that business there on your arm.

Deborah. Anterrabae told me to do it. *(Anterrabae is visibly angry)*

Dr. Fried. Yes... I heard you speak that word. What is Anterrabae?

Deborah. (*Condescending .. a little laugh*) He is a who... not a what. He is the chief god of Yr.

Dr. Fried. And this... ah... Yr... explain this to me if you want to.

Deborah. It's my world... that's where I was born. There are many gods there but Anterrabae speaks for them all.

Dr. Fried. (*She doesn't mock Deborah... she is very interested in this new bit of information*) You know that I am from Germany. I lived in a different land... during a different time... I understand difference. When did you know you were from Yr?

Deborah. When I was eight... my first summer at camp. I was still fighting the injustice of having been born damaged... and I was at this summer camp.

Dr. Fried. Damaged... you were born damaged?

Deborah. (*Testing her memory*) I told you about the tumor.

Dr. Fried. Yes... the tumor.

Deborah. The first day... this very expensive camp that Grandfather sent me to... I was walking with these two girls to the dining room. And one of them said to me... "We don't walk with no dirty Jew."

Dr. Fried. And they were talking about you... yes?

Deborah. So after supper I reported them to the camp director. I barely even knew these girls. I thought I remembered that one of them was called Claire. So I told the director "It was Claire." (*Slowly Anterrabae's light comes up on him on his platform. Lactamaeon on stage right platform, Idat on stage left platform*)

Dr. Fried. And was it... was it this Claire?

Deborah. (*Deborah crosses up center and looks at Anterrabae*) I don't know. The director said that Claire denied it and he wanted the name of the other girl. I know someone said it. But I didn't know her name.

Dr. Fried. He was asking you for information that you did not have.

Deborah. And that night... at the opening night campfire... he made a speech. He said we had a liar (*The gods start to chant "liar!"*) in our midst who uses her religion to get pity and involve innocent girls in trouble - there is one among us who would stoop to any evil and dishonor to cause us problems.

Dr. Fried. And he would not mention names?

Deborah. He did not mention my name but he said... "The guilty one knows who she is." (*The gods start chanting "Jew"*)

Dr. Fried. I would imagine that would make you feel really angry?

Deborah. No... I wasn't angry... he was right. That night I discovered the truth. It was my evil essence that infected those girls. The tumor was growing and they got too close to me.

Dr. Fried. And who told you this?

Deborah. Anterrabae came to me that night and explained everything. He told me... (*Anterrabae looks down at them... Dr. Fried does not hear them. Deborah mouths his words*)

Anterrabae. You are not one of them. You are of us.

Lactamaeon. Fight their lies no longer. You are not of them.

Idat. You can be our Bird... free in the wind.

Idat/Lactamaeon. You can be our wild horse who shakes her head and is not ashamed.

Dr. Fried. These gods... they are so powerful... yet you speak their names and tell me about them? (*The gods start to chant the 10 plagues - in three languages, French, German and Hebrew underneath the next seven speeches*)

Deborah. (*She scurries back to the couch... sits... trying to answer this question*) Yes... I have taken a risk... but I have not used the language of Yr. What I have spoken to you is a Latinated cover-language... I have not used the real words.

Dr. Fried. (*She stands up... comes around to the front of her desk*) And why haven't you use the real language with me?

Deborah. (*She jumps up off the couch and crosses down on the platform... a big laugh...*) If I spoke in pure Yri... it would destroy your world. It would be like powering a firefly with lightning bolts.

Dr. Fried. (*She still pursues... comes down to her*) Yet you sound quite competent in English.

Deborah. (*At the very edge of the platform... downstage... looking out to the audience... getting more irritated*) English is for your world... for getting disappointed by and getting hated in. Yri is for saying what is needed to be said.

Dr. Fried. (*Places her hands on her shoulder... this brings Deborah down to the floor*) You write your marvelous stories in English. You have shown them to me. When you are writing... when you think of it... what are you thinking in... Yri or English? (*Dr. Fried has made her first break-through*)

Deborah. (*Looks up at Dr. Fried*) I don't know... you're trying to confuse me! (*She gets off of the floor... looks at Dr. Fried*) I have already told you too much. I will be punished for this!

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The Gods. *(The gods end the chant, speaking in unison)* The slaying of the first born. *(The lights go out on the gods)*

Dr. Fried. *(Insisting... but without anger)* But can you answer my question... Yri or English?

Deborah. No...

Dr. Fried. *(Wanting to... but not touching her)* Well... you have done well to tell me about your secret world. I want you to go back and tell those gods that I will not be cowed by them and that neither of us is going to stop working because of their power. *(Dr. Fried crosses to McPherson)* Would you please tell the doctor on duty that Deborah Klein may need her sedative dose increased for this evening. *(Dr. Fried sits at her desk. McPherson picks Deborah off of the couch and walks her off up stage left. The lights cross fade to the Klein living room. Esther is standing there with the letter in her hand, looking upstage in the direction that Jacob exited.)*

Esther. *(Demanding)* Jacob... is this what “disturbed” means? *(She pauses... sits on the chair... looking at the letter. Blackout. Dr. Fried exits up left. Esther exits up right)*

The “D” Ward – 2nd Eruption

(The side-table is moved up stage to the edge of the platform. The two wooden chairs are place next to each other center. Carla is sitting in the left chair humming a late 40’s pop tune. Nurse Reid has a hair brush and is brushing Carla’s hair. McPherson and Deborah enters from the left vom and seats Deborah in the stage right chair. The gods are hanging from the left tower.)

Nurse Reid. Carla... your date has arrived. *(Deborah is very agitated. Mumbling to herself.)*

Carla. *(Gets up from her chair, goes to Deborah and start pushing her away)* I am going to the prom tonight. She cannot go with me. She is not my date.

Nurse Reid. *(Grabs Carla, makes her back off. McPherson calms Deborah, makes her sit in her chair.)* No fighting. *(Nurse Reid and McPherson exit up the left vom, chattering to themselves)*

Carla. *(Crosses over to Deborah)* You can’t be here. Tonight is prom night. I am trying to get ready. I don’t have the time for you. *(The light comes up on gods on the left tower)*

Anterrabae. See what happens when you are cast with the world. (The next six speeches are on top of each other)

Deborah. *(She stands up... pacing... very manic. Not really talking to Carla... just talking out)* I think in Yri... I don't think in English... how could she ever say that?

Carla. *(She starts to twirl around in a mock dance)* Good evening from the Starlight Ballroom. Tonight we will be bringing you a program of...

Deborah. *(Pounding at her head)* I need your help. Do you have a pencil or pen hidden somewhere.... something sharp... come on... you always have something hidden away.

Carla. Did you ever go to a prom?

Deborah. It's starting to hit... Help me!

Carla. Do you like my dress?

Deborah. *(She grabs her stomach... and buckles over)* The volcano... please... help me stop it. *(She stands up... looks right at Carla)* Hit me... with your fist... right in my face.

Carla. *(This snaps Carla out of her little delusion)* Hit you... Deborah... I can't hit you.

Deborah. *(She grabs her stomach again... and buckles over)* I think in Yri.... I speak Yri... I am not of this world. Why is she trying to defy me?

Anterrabae. You see Bird-one... we can punish you. How do you feel right now? Don't toy with us... because we can do it up, down and sideways. You thought that all they said of you were metaphors; you lost your mind... cracked up...

Lactamaeon/Idat. Cracked up!

Anterrabae. Crazed...

Lactamaeon/Idat. Crazed!

Anterrabae. Demented...

Lactamaeon/Idat. Demented!

Anterrabae. Lunatic...

Lactamaeon/Idat. Lunatic!

Anterrabae. Alas you see, they are all quite true. Do not toy with us... because we are protecting you. When you admire the world again... wait for our punishment... wait for our darkness. The volcano is upon you.

Lactamaeon/Idat. The volcano is upon you...the volcano is upon you.

Anterrabae. Come to us now. *(Their light goes out. Gods exit. The natural light of Ward D is restored)*

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Deborah. *(She pulls Carla to her... screaming at her)* Punch me... now... in the face.

Carla. *(She pushes her away)* What's the matter with you?

Deborah. *(Deborah grabs her stomach, buckles over and hits the floor)* You know what I am. I don't have to lie to you. Do it now, Carla.

Carla. *(Screaming at her)* I can't... I won't. Nurse Reid! Nurse Reid!

Deborah. *(Hysterical)* Don't run away and pretend you don't understand. *(Carla picks her up off the floor... shakes her... over and over. Nurse Reid and McPherson enter this scene again... from the left vom and sees this rumble)*

Nurse Reid. *(Shouting at them)* Stop it... stop it... do you want me to call the doctor. *(Nurse Reid tries to get Carla away from Deborah. Carla gets off the floor and punches Nurse Reid, McPherson tackles Carla down to the floor.)*

Deborah. *(It turns into a melee)* Not her... punch me.

McPherson. *(Holding Carla on the floor, screaming to end the fight)* QUIET! *(Quick blackout)*

Dr. Fried's Office – Dr. Fried and Dr. Abraham

(The side table is place long-wise, down stage to up stage at center stage. A wooden chair is placed on each side of the table. Once again Dr. Fried is sitting at the table, smoking. Dr. Abraham is sitting on the couch. Dr. Fried has some papers on the desk, including some artwork. The lights come up on the left.)

Dr. Abraham. *(A challenge)* So tell me about this "star" patient of yours.

Dr. Fried. *(Sitting at her desk...opens a folder on her desk)* Well... the initial diagnosis from her doctor in New York was schizophrenia. Her testing shows a high intelligence level, but patterns disturbed by illness. Many questions misinterpreted and over-personalized. Entire subjective reactions to her interview and a well-defined compulsive and masochistic component.

Dr. Abraham. And what's your opinion?

Dr. Fried. *(Lighting up a another cigarette)* Deborah is articulate, capable even of wit with florid symptoms which beg to be interpreted. She has a vocabulary and an exquisite command of language which I have certainly never seen in a 16-year-old and very seldom in the grownups.

Dr. Abraham. I don't recall ever hearing a schizophrenic described that way. The quality of your over-praise is lacking in details of her excesses.

Dr. Fried. *(She closes the folder)* Oh... Edward, I am well aware of her excesses. But part of what makes Deborah so different is that she can still take risks. That's a good sign for me... that is something a psychotic patient rarely can indulge in.

Dr. Abraham. Did you know that she had to be put in a cold wet sheet pack last night? Nurse Reid found her and her roommate in a physical fight. One of them even punched Nurse Reid.

Dr. Fried. Oh... and this is not a surprising. We had a very intense session yesterday. She opened the gate a little. She told me about Yr.

Dr. Abraham. What is Yr?

Dr. Fried. It is her lower world...presently a protection to her... she found this world when she was eight years old. It is populated by strong gods and weak tormentors, metaphors for her symptoms, reminders of her sickness.

Dr. Abraham. Most patients don't need to be reminded that they are sick.

Dr. Fried. *(Fried takes some of Deborah's drawings out of a file and shows them to Dr. Abraham)* Yes... but.. ah... Deborah is very different in having an opposite problem. Having repeatedly been told by her family that she wasn't as sick as she was, they preferred to believe that she was artistic rather than crazy. They believed this.

Dr. Abraham. *(Admiring the drawings)* Maybe she is just very talented. What would have happened if someone had committed Mozart or Lautrec? All extreme personality is not automatically mental illness.

Dr. Fried. No... no... Deborah is a model mental patient. As soon as she arrived here she decompensated in a textbook way. Now that her symptoms are not half-held in by family and society, they are having their say.

Dr. Abraham. That's your opinion?

Dr. Fried. *(She stands up and crosses left to him at the couch)* I am not so concerned about which label we place on Deborah... I am only interested if she is crazy enough for her recovery to matter... Edward... why do I feel you are questioning my judgment... why did you come by today? You are not speaking to me what you came to say.

Dr. Abraham. So now the great doctor is analyzing me. You make it very hard for me to hide anything from you.

Dr. Fried. Oh no... I am making it easier for you to tell me the truth.

Dr. Abraham. Here is the truth... the Washington-Baltimore Institute has just been branded “deviant.” I received a phone call this afternoon from Dr. Brill. He tells me the Northeastern boys have decided on a set of standards of psychoanalysis and a lot of us don’t measure up.

Dr. Fried. What do they think they are doing? It is silly to define psychoanalysis in terms of methods when it is our goals are what is important.

Dr. Abraham. The APA Board of Professional Standards has defined the curriculum of Washington-Baltimore as inadequate.

Dr. Fried. Well then I must speak to the APA. I must explain to them.

Dr. Abraham. Why? If you believe what we do is right... why bother?

Dr. Fried. Because I care. Maybe they have something to say. I don’t believe in what they do... but I respect their work, even if I may disagree with them. *(She crosses back to her desk)*

Dr. Abraham. The Washington group has called a special meeting...

Dr. Fried. *(She stops at her desk... places her hand to her ear)* Ach, das mein Ohr schellt...

Dr. Abraham. What’s the matter, Anna?

Dr. Fried. My ear is ringing... I didn’t hear what you just said.

Dr. Abraham. *(Crosses to the desk)* Are you all right?

Dr. Fried. *(She sits at desk)* Oh yes... I am fine... don’t worry about me... what did you say?

Dr. Abraham. The Washington group has called a special meeting for this Thursday. They are thinking about breaking away from the APA and starting our own society.

Dr. Fried. *(Fried gets up, but she is dizzy, frustrated, Abraham has crossed a line)* I refuse to be labeled as a heretic and cast out of the fraternity of psychoanalysts. I am a refugee from such authoritarianism. That’s what the Nazis did... I was young then and had no choice but to leave. But not here... not in America. I have no desire of starting a splinter group. This is America... not Germany... they can’t do this to us. *(She looks at Edward... hoping for a word of encouragement)*... they can’t, Edward... can they? *(The lights dim out.)*

The Cold Pack Room – Deborah and Carla

(Deborah and Carla are lying on two hospital gurneys, both in cold wet sheet packs. This is the only restraint method ever used by the Chestnut Lodge. Wet sheets would be placed on the patient like a

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cocoon. A leather strap would be secured around the ankles and the chest area. Carla is on the gurney at the end of the left vom, at the edge of the stage. Deborah is on the gurney at the end of the right vom, at the edge of the stage. The gods listen from their platforms. Lights come up on the two gurneys)

Deborah. Carla... is that you?

Carla. Deb?

Deborah. That's right.

Carla. What happened?

Deborah. I don't know. I'm a stranger here myself. The ward is going nuts.

Carla. Going? Going...going...

Deborah. How long has it been?

Carla. I can't hear anything on the ward... it must be after supper.

Deborah. Carla... I know what has happened to me tonight.

Carla. What?

Deborah. Truth. *(The gods turn away from this)*

Carla. No it wasn't.

Deborah. Yes it was. Dr. Fried confused me. She asked me if I thought in English or Yri. And I got frightened... because I couldn't give her an answer. I realized that there's a chance that my gate would be opened... and I was afraid.

Carla. There is no truth... can't you understand that... you stupid bitch?

Deborah. Go to hell... do you think you have more reason to be crazy than I do? *(Idat and Lactamaeon move down to the 2 foot side platforms, and Anterrabae leaves)*

Carla. Is the meat done? No... give it few hours.

Deborah. *(Pause)* Carla... I'm sorry for what I said. I did it for me and not against you. I didn't want to hurt you... to make you sicker.

Carla. *(A pause)* My sickness... is a glass that's full and running over... and your little drop is lost by now in all the overflow. *(Deborah starts to struggle... not crying... but grunting against the restraints)* What's the matter?

Deborah. You could have hurt me... when I asked you to punch me... you could have... but you didn't. Carla... do I really have a friend in this world?

Carla. *(Personality change)* Carla's not here. *(Blackout, the two gurneys are removed up the voms)*

The Klein Family Home – Suzy’s grammar school graduation

(The lights come up on the Klein’s living room. There are party favors and empty glasses on the side-table. Esther is cleaning up the table and Jacob enter from up stage right)

Jacob. Esther... I couldn’t help it. I promised this day would be for Suzy’s graduation. But as I sat there in the auditorium, listening to the singing and the prayers and the promises, I felt the emptiness. I just couldn’t get Debbie out of my mind. *(He sits at the side-table)*

Esther. It was a nice party we gave her. *(She sits on the easy chair)*

Jacob. No... I should have let her go to the class party. I was selfish... I wanted this one evening together... this one evening at least.

Esther. You can’t use Suzy as a substitute for Debbie.

Jacob. *(He stands up)* I know Esther... I know. Suzy came up to me after the graduation and said to me “Debbie was here today... even though you didn’t talk about her out loud... Daddy...I saw that look you get.” That’s what she said to me.

Esther. What did you expect?

Jacob. That things would be normal. At least what we always thought was normal. Why can’t Debbie come home for a while?

Esther. Not now!

Jacob. She’s not committed there by law.

Esther. It may not be good for her.

Jacob. *(Almost a plea)* It may be good for me... for me... for once. *(Jacob exits up stage right. Esther follows. Blackout)*

The “D” Ward –Carla moves to “A” Ward

(The lights come up on “D” ward. Deborah is sitting on the floor down stage right. Carla is lying on the couch at left.)

Carla. Debbie... do you want a cigarette?

Deborah. *(She perks up)* Where did you cigarettes... and matches?

Carla. I picked them up here and there. Nurse Reids are so busy trying to keep track of all us crazies, they never even realize when a cigarette or two is missing from their packs.

Deborah. Sure... give me one.

Carla. *(Carla takes a cig and matches from under the couch cushion)* Here... light up... enjoy.

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Deborah. *(She does and then hands the matches back to Carla)* What about the smoke? Aren't we taking a chance of getting caught?

Carla. *(Lights one up)* Well... it can't hurt you... but me... maybe I am doing this so I can stay here... here on "D" ward.

Deborah. Stay... what do you mean? Are you going somewhere?

Carla. I didn't want to tell you this... but I don't want to lie to you either. Tomorrow they are transferring me to the second floor.

Deborah. Why... are you better? *(A light comes up on Lactamaeon on top of the right tower)*

Lactamaeon. Where is the sweet singing now? We warned you of this. Tell her that you will miss her.

Deborah. I'll miss you.

Carla. I'll still be around. Maybe you could get privileges to come and visit me. *(Carla runs out the left vom)*

Deborah. *(She stands up... climbs into the easy chair)* It's a long way down from here. The real world's spatial laws are ok... but God... watch out for the choices it gives us. *(No light change, this scene segues into the next)*

The "D" Ward - Dr. Fried and Deborah

(McPherson enters from the right vom and stands at the side, down stage right. Dr. Fried enters from the left vom and sits on the couch. Lactamaeon climbs down from the right tower and stands on the 2 foot right platform, behind Deborah.)

Dr. Fried. I have let you get away from your father long enough. When you speak of him, it is with fear and hatred... and with something else.

Deborah. What should I talk about? The beatings he gave me over trivial things or the simple misunderstandings at a crucial time?

Dr. Fried. Whatever is important to you... as long as we talk.

Deborah. The fact is my father and I are just alike. We share a sudden, violent temper, long smoldering that erupts in incongruous rages.

Dr. Fried. *(She gets up and starts crossing stage right to her)* And you recognized this same-ness?

Deborah. I fear him and myself. My love for him is blind. He never knew or understood me for a single moment.

Dr. Fried. So you hated him?

Deborah. I was scornful of him sometimes.

Dr. Fried. And hated him... continue... I know you are remembering something.

Deborah. *(She becomes more animated)* He was always frightened of the men... the men lurking to grab me from dark streets... sex maniacs and fiends... one to an alley... waiting for me. He had a duty to protect Grandfather's princess.

Dr. Fried. And he told you this?

Deborah. He said men are brutes... lusting without limit... men are animals... and I agreed in myself.

Dr. Fried. Well... besides your father's pronouncements... did you have proof for this?

Deborah. *(She stands up... crossing center)* It was my fault... he said. One time he was scolding me for having seen an exhibitionist on the street. He told me I had attracted the man's attention and connected me with having done something.

Dr. Fried

And what had you done to attract this man to you?

Deborah. Father and I were walking down the street and this man said "Hi" to me and so I said "Hi" back to him. And then he dropped his pants... and...

Dr. Fried. That was all?

Deborah. No... no... and Father was full of rage and fear and went on as if all such men were bound by laws like gravity to me alone... and I screamed at him... What would they want with me... broken and spoiled already. I'm not good enough for anyone else? Then he... then he...

Dr. Fried. Then... then he...

Lactamaeon. Withdraw... *(In the background we hear the other gods... "Withdraw... withdraw.")*

Deborah. *(She rushes back to the easy chair and sits, curled up)* Then he hit me very hard because it was true.

Dr. Fried. *(She crosses to the easy chair)* Was he afraid... perhaps... of the commands of his own passions?

Lactamaeon. *(He comes down off the platform and stand behind the easy chair)* You are our princess.

Deborah. But I was his princess.

Dr. Fried. Correction... you were your Grandfather's princess.

Lactamaeon. Honor your father and mother.

Deborah. But... he was my father.

Dr. Fried. He was a man first. He knew his own thoughts. Do all others have such thoughts? He knows they have. But do all others have so good control as he has? Surely they cannot.

Lactamaeon. We never hated you. *(Now Lactamaeon is on one side of the chair and Dr. Fried is on the other. They both are competing for her soul)*

Deborah. He had badgered and confused me. I felt like a secret accomplice in all of the heinous crimes of the maniacs which he was describing. He told me of the diseased parts of these men... but my shame-parts too had been diseased. In my dreams I fled... and turned to face what was the horrifying familiar face of my father.

Dr. Fried. Look into yourself... what do you see now?

Deborah. *(She starts to cry)* I see a daughter who made him embarrassed all the time. I didn't want to be a princess. Why couldn't he see that my yearning was the human...

Lactamaeon. Careful Bird-one.

Deborah. ... was the human...

Lactamaeon . *(It is Jacob's voice)* Stop it now young lady.

Deborah. Was the human in me. *(She goes into an "all out cry," at the same time trying to contain herself)* I wanted a father... not a nanny.

Dr. Fried. *(Seeing the struggle)* Quickly now... it may try to make you pay, that sickness of yours, for our having outdistance it. I tell you that you have touched an insight, which is truth and love and forgiveness.

Deborah. *(She repeats as needed, over-laid on Dr. Fried's speech)* I can't.

Dr. Fried. *(Holding her)* This is part of the reality of which you have been so afraid. Are they not wonderful and thrilling, these things?
(Deborah shrivels up... stops crying... looks at Dr. Fried)

Lactamaeon/ Deborah. Well... you did it. *(He climbs up the right tower wall and clings to the side, looking down at Deborah.)*

Deborah. *(She crosses to one of the wooden chairs at center stage and sits)* I cried. I forgave my father... really. Now I guess I can go home?

Dr. Fried. *(Firm, disciplining, loving mother)* You are not so stupid and neither am I. There are many secrets to come and you know it. You are now parting with food that has sustained you. This can be the hardest time of all. *(She crosses to the other wooden chair at center stage and sits)* You will have to trust me enough to take on faith that a new food, when it comes, will be richer.

Deborah. What can sustain me after this?

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Dr. Fried. There is more... so much more. We will go until you can see it all. And then when it is over you can still choose Yr if you really wish it. It is the only choice which I wish to give you... your own true and conscious choice.

Deborah. I could still be crazy if I wanted to?

Dr. Fried. *(She sits back down next to her)* Crazy as a fruitcake... if you wanted to.

Deborah. *(Correcting her)* Nutty as a fruitcake. *(Lactamaeon jumps into the top of the right tower and disappears.)*

Dr. Fried. Yes... I will have to remember that. The English language captures the feeling of mental illness quite accurately sometimes.

Deborah. And if I should want it... if I should need it... afterward?

Dr. Fried. The answer is yes. If you need it or want it afterward, all your choices will still be there... your true and conscience choice.

(Pause) Now I have something to tell you. I promised myself I would tell you today, even if our work was hard. I want you to get used to the idea. I am leaving early this summer because of a conference in Zurich. Then comes my vacation and then I go to a symposium for some study which has been long put off.

Deborah. How long will it be?

Dr. Fried. I plan to leave on June twenty-sixth and be back September eighteenth... just before your two year anniversary here. In the meantime I have arranged for someone for you to talk to.

Deborah. *(She rises and crosses stage right)* I know a lot of doctors here... Dr. Craig and Carla's doctor... or Dr. Adams. I've seen her at work.

Dr. Fried. *(She rises and crosses right to Deborah)* Look... their schedules are full. Dr. Abraham will see you. But now... I want to work on what may seem to be a rejection and resentment at my leaving you.

Deborah. The oiling of the ancient wheels on which one is broken.

Dr. Fried. What is that?

Deborah. A free translation of a Yri phrase. It means... I will comply. *(The lights dim out.)*

The Klein Family Home – reading a new letter

(The side table is placed long-wise, down stage to upstage at center stage. A wooden chair is placed on each side of the table. The lights come up on the Klein living room. Jacob is sitting at the table. He is

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working on a accounting ledger. Esther is standing, she has another letter in her hand. The lights come up on the Klein living room)

Esther. *(Waving the letter in the air at him)* You read it Jacob... this time you read it. The hospital wants to see us... both of us.

Jacob. *(He takes the letter, not wanting to deal with this)* They want to see us when Dr. Fried gets back from her vacation... Debbie is making progress but that she has started hurting herself again... in a new way. Esther... there's nothing here... this is no good information... what do you want me to say.

Esther. That you will go... that you will go and listen... find out what this new hurt is... and that you will talk with them.

Jacob. *(He puts the letter down)* It will be September... I will be in New York doing an audit for my client. It's not possible.

Esther. Why can't you just do this for me?

Jacob. Because you know better, Esther. You always have. You can go smooth it over for the both of us. Yes, Esther... on the surface... there must be no sign of showing, no seam... a perfect surface.

Esther. *(Pause to think)* You say that to hurt me?

Jacob. Ok, Esther... once again you are right. I will cancel my appointments... I will go. *(The lights dim out)*

Dr. Fried's Office - Dr. Abraham and Deborah

(Dr. Abraham is sitting behind the desk. Deborah is on the sofa. The gods are on the right 2 foot platform. The lights come up)

Dr. Abraham. Dr. Fried has told me a lot about you.

Deborah. Yes. You're European, aren't you?

Dr. Abraham. That's very perceptive of you.

Deborah. *(Seeing how much she can play him)* I like the accent.

Dr. Abraham. If you don't mind I would like to turn this tape recorder on. I am putting together some research for some friends of mine at the APA, and I thought they would like to know something about you.

Anterrabae. Well... this is one-by-one from the jawbone.

Deborah. I told Dr. Fried that I would comply... her dying wish. If you think it will help.

Dr. Abraham. Thank you. *(He turns the tape recorder on)* Why do you say dying? Tell me what you are thinking.

Deborah. About dentistry. (*The gods are enjoying Deborah's playing with Dr. Abraham. They climb up the left tower and are playing in their Kingdom all across the upstage area*)

Dr. Abraham. And what thoughts do you have about dentistry?

Deborah. That it can be more expensive then we think it will be. I am out of Novocain because Furi (Gods soft chant "Furi") took it away with her.

Dr. Abraham. Who is that? Who is this Furi... who took it away?

Deborah. My doctor... Dr. Fried.

Dr. Abraham. You called her something else... what else did you call her?

Deborah. Just another name.

Dr. Abraham. Oh... the Secret Language. Dr. Fried told me you have a secret language.

Anterrabae. Withdraw... "Te Quaru."

Deborah. (*To Anterrabae*) No... but I promised her.

Lactamaeon. She is dead.

Dr. Abraham. Tell me one of your words in that language.

Deborah/Gods. Quaru.

Dr. Abraham. What does that mean?

Deborah. It means... well, it means wavelike, or it can imply something more than the sea, sometimes the coolness, or that soft swishing sound. It is something coming and going. It means acting like a wave acts.

Dr. Abraham. Why don't you merely say wavelike then? (*The gods laugh*)

Deborah. You can use it for anything that is wavelike, but it gives sea- connotation with it and sometimes that can be very beautiful.

Dr. Abraham. I understand. (*He doesn't*)

Deborah. You can use it for the way the wind is blowing or fluffy long dresses or hair that is rippling... or leaving.

Dr. Abraham. It also means leaving?

Deborah. Only sometimes... it depends on if one has the intention of coming back.

Dr. Abraham. Very interesting. (*He is confused*)

Deborah/Gods. (*She is very angry at his slowness*) There is also a saying... (*The gods chime in*) "Don't do brain surgery with a pickax."

Dr. Abraham. And what does that signify to you?

Deborah. If you can't understand then I suspect it suffered and died in translation.

Dr. Abraham. *(He flips open a folder, he is trying to hold on to his control)* I have been looking over these notes of Dr. Fried's. She has written down many of your Yri words and passages. *(The gods are getting hostile)* Have you ever looked at them? I see many roots based in Latin, French and German, something that a young girl from a European family could easily pick up. And your sentence structure, with very few exceptions, is patterned on English, which is the language of this world which you are bound to. Have you ever considered this?

Deborah. *(She understand his logic, but it is too simplistic)* Have you ever considered that your cold logic is like a scalpel intruding into my mind? *(The gods seethe)*

Dr. Abraham. I just wonder if there are other ways... methods... that we can deal with your sickness? *(The gods freeze)* Dr. Fried is a very respected doctor... but it's possible that her way is not the only way to treat you.

Deborah. *(She stands up... comes to his desk)* What is going on here? Your truths are utterly irrelevant. Turn off that damn tape recorder. *(He is stunned and does turn off the recorder. The gods laugh menacingly)*

Dr. Abraham. I didn't mean to upset you. I just wanted you to consider your options. You are very different from our other patients.

Deborah. Please, Doctor... my difference is not my sickness. *(Lights dim out)*

The "D" Ward – The Burning

(The side table is removed. The two wooden chairs are removed. Lights comes up on gods platform. Deborah is sitting on top of the left tower. She is immersed in the Kingdom of Yr. As she is talking to them, she is playing with a silk cape, moving around the Kingdom.)

Deborah. *(Anterrabae somersaults towards Deborah)* Anterrabae, why do you keep falling?

Anterrabae. I am falling toward the Pit... where someday I will meet my Princess. And then, at that time, I will arise with her and together we will rule the Kingdom of Yr.

Deborah. Their world pulls at me...

Lactamaeon. Their world dressed you in the finest clothes...

Idat. They put you in the best teaching schools...

Lactamaeon. They imagined themselves as a perfect family...

I Never Promised You A Rose Garden

Anterrabae. And when you stumbled... they threw sticks at you.

Idat. You are not of their world...

Lactamaeon. You are innocent.

Deborah. So what should I do?

Anterrabae. Your great doctor is gone.

Idat. Where is your friend Carla?

Lactamaeon. Your slopes glow red... your volcano is about to erupt for the third time.

Idat. Then you will belong to us.

Anterrabae. My road will give you all opposites at the same time... and the same means for the opposite ends.

Deborah. I have not heard that phrase before... do you mean to confuse me?

Anterrabae. Men set backfires... one to kindle yet one that quenches the other.

Deborah. Then you give me an answer that you did not want to. I can stop the volcano by setting a backfire?

Anterrabae. Your weak effort will never stop the volcano. Nothing is stronger than... *(Carla enters from the left vom and crosses to center on "D" Ward. The gods' continue to stalk in their Kingdom, watching. Deborah comes down from Yr, returns to "D" Ward)*

Carla. *(Searching around the room)* Debbie... I'm back... I couldn't make it down there. Where are you? Can we still be... *(pause)* ... friends?

Deborah. *(As she comes down from Yr)* Carla... you were dead to me and now you return.

Idat. She is still dead... or soon will be.

(Deborah sits on the deck, stage left. There is a detached look in Deborah's eyes. Deborah is holding a lit cigarette and starts pushing it into her left arm)

Carla. Debbie... it didn't work out. I wasn't ready. I punched another prissy-ass Nurse Reid... and they sent me back "D" ward. *(She sees Deborah burning herself)* What are you doing?

Deborah. Starting a backfire... to stop the volcano... too many things are happening at the same time... I don't know if I am ready to get well.

Carla. Wow... that must have hurt?

Anterrabae. Not as much as we can hurt you.

Deborah. I don't feel a thing. I have no feeling in your world.

I Never Promised You A Rose Garden

Carla. But you will... I just think it takes a little more time Debbie. It really wasn't that bad... down on "A" ward... I saw my father... he wants to pull me out of here... but I begged him not to do it. But I am willing to take the chance... I am willing to try to make it in the real world.

Deborah. How can you say that? How can we ever be anything but meat to be processed in this world... ground up and spit out... molded to conform?

Carla. I want to be something someday... in spite of my father. I think I can do it. Just wait till you see the newspaper... front page. At least your family is willing to see you through this... maybe that means they love you?

Anterrabae. Or maybe they want to continue to deceive you?

Deborah. *(She takes the cigarette again and starts jabbing it into her left arm, speaking both to Carla and Anterrabae)* No... you are wrong. You are trying to confuse me. It can't be. If you are correct, then why does the world love me so much? What have I done to deserve it?

Lactamaeon. You have done nothing...

Idat. And everything...

Anterrabae. *(He is now on top of the left tower)* You have sealed yourself to us... and the Pit.

Lactamaeon. Soon your volcano will erupt for the third time...

Idat. And you will belong to us. *(Lactamaeon and Idat exit .Deborah continues to burn herself)*

Anterrabae. *(As he sinks down into the left tower)* It is true. You will belong to us... forever... and ever... and ever.

INTERMISSION

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