

Minds Over Matter

By Tim Pullen

Cast in order of appearance

Dr. Howard Concord: A forty-eight year old psychologist.

Miss Kristine Anderson: Twenty-seven year old attractive woman. Dr. Concord's secretary.

Dale Grant: Twenty-eight year old professional landscaper. Newly wed with a child on the way.

Peter Grant: Dale's Father, Fifty- two, delusional, dim-witted, and chubby with a beer gut.

Sigmund Freud: A bust (or maybe puppet, that looks like a bust)

Vivian Andrews: Forty-two year old woman, attractive, depressed alcoholic that comes to Dr. Concord's office for help.

Cuddles: (Puppet) Dale's late hamster. (Now a hallucination in Pete's mind, that looks nothing like a hamster)

Officer Larry Forest: Thirty-two year old Police Officer that opens the window.

David Bell: (not seen, just heard) Thirty-five years old. The guy that gets attacked by a telephone.

Act One

Friday May 18, 2007

(Lights up on the office of Doctor Howard Concord, the room is simple; a wall behind a desk, book shelves and ink blots scattered about, a bust of Sigmund Freud somewhere in the room with post it notes stuck to its forehead. There is a window large enough to crawl out of on the back or side wall, perhaps a chaise lounge. Two chairs in front of the desk. Howard is sitting behind his desk picking at a salad while talking on the phone. Miss Anderson, walks in beginning the afternoon session, she's carrying files then handing them to Dr. Concord)

Dr. Concord: (On the phone) Of course it's all in your head. That's why you called me. That doesn't mean it's not a problem. Yes we can fix it, I'm sure we can at least work on it. Monday any good for you? noon? Yes, that works for me. See you then. (He hangs up) Good afternoon Ms. Anderson.

Miss Anderson: Good afternoon doctor Concord. You have one appointment with a new client, Ms. Andrews at two, and after that today is free (she hands him a folder) Mr. Cassidy is two weeks past due on his account, the insurance has dropped him again, Ms. Baker wants to know if it's possible to schedule a session after five next Wednesday. And Dan Grains still wants you to talk with this client of his.

Dr. Concord: Grains? Oh, this is the guy that wants me to cure scientology. I've told him five times, you can't treat a religion as a mental disorder.

Miss Anderson: A flaw in your profession if you ask me. Here's your afternoon tea.

Dr. Concord: Kristine, I thought you were leaving right after lunch? Thank-you but I am capable of boiling water myself.

Miss Anderson: The plane doesn't take off till five-thirty; I have some time to get these claims filed for you. You can't get rid of me that easily.

Dr. Concord: You realize you're overworking when you're supposed to be leaving for your wedding. Do you think that might be a sign of cold feet? Don't you think Alex will be waiting for you?

Miss Anderson: I've got too many things on my mind to be psychoanalyzed right now.

Dr. Concord: I understand. What did you have for lunch?

Miss Anderson: Half a cheeseburger with potato salad, why do you ask? Does it look like I'm gaining weight? I have to fit in my Sally Bertonellie dress tomorrow night-

Dr. Concord: No, calm down. You look great. I was just fantasizing about actual food.

Miss Anderson: You're not overweight. (He looks at her) Not that much overweight. Really, when a woman finds out you're a doctor, it's not enough weight to matter.

Dr. Concord: And when they find out I'm a PHD, that's been divorced and comes with a teenage daughter.

Miss Anderson: You could start exercising.

Dr. Concord: A few more days of eating this stuff and exercise may sound good to me.

Miss Anderson: If you need me, I'll be at my desk for another half hour or so.

Dr. Concord: I'll pay you an extra hour to leave now.

Miss Anderson: I couldn't possibly enjoy my honeymoon knowing this mess is here waiting for me to deal with. Quit trying to cure my obsessive disorders and let them work for you.

Dr. Concord: If you're sure. I don't want to keep you from your special day.

Miss Anderson: It will be more special when I know all the work is done.

Dr. Concord: Thank-you, Miss Anderson. (She exits. Dr. Concord takes a few more bites of his salad then stands up, gets on the floor in front of his desk and attempts push ups, he gets two in then lays down on the floor) My salads not that bad.

Miss Anderson: (Over the intercom) Dr. Concord, There's a Mr. Grant here to see you.

Dr. Concord: Grant?

Ms. Anderson: He doesn't have an appointment, he says a Maggie Haste sent him. Shall I send him away?

Dr. Concord: Maggie. No, no please, send him in.

Dale: (Entering the office and approaching the desk) Doctor Concord? I'm Dale Grant. I-

Dr. Concord: It's a pleasure to meet you, your sister has told me absolutely nothing about you. But I was warned you might be coming to see me.

Dale: She thinks very highly of your work.

Dr. Concord: Your sister and I have been friends for some time now, never on a professional level. Although she may have a therapist it isn't me, I don't like to blur the lines of relationships. I just want to make that clear. How may I help you?

Dale: She told me you might be able to give me some advice on our father.

Dr. Concord: I may, but please be careful, I don't want to drag in personal issues of friendship into it.

Dale: She's really just my half sister, you know -and I just met her. You probably have known her longer than I have. This is really more my problem than hers.

Dr. Concord: All I'm saying is-

Dale: I don't know her well at all. Please, Doctor Concord, I don't know who else to turn to. I've got a pregnant wife, that's due any day, I just can't handle this anymore, please. I'm at my breaking point here.

Dr. Concord: What exactly is the problem with your father?

Dale: He's insane.

Dr. Concord: That's a description that fits so many, in what way?

Dale: The Crazy way I guess, I didn't know there was more than one type of crazy.

Dr. Concord: A wise man once said it's no measure of health to be well adjusted to a profoundly sick society. The only thing that I find that's crazy in this world is this ludicrous notion that there is such a thing as sanity. I don't think of any of my patients as crazy Mr. Grant, just confused. Every human on earth, gets confused, or a little desperate. So we all act crazy every now and then, really most of us are a little nuts.

Dale: How confused do you have to be before you get a padded room somewhere?

Dr. Concord: Quite.

Dale: Confused, is such an understatement for him.

Dr. Concord: Please, have a seat, take a breath and start at the beginning.

Dale: About three months ago I received a call from a veterinarian. My father had walked in and started bossing people around. He convinced two police officers that he owned the place. The police couldn't hold him on any charges so they looked up his family, that's how I discovered I had a half sister, and how she found out about us.

Dr. Concord: Her work no doubt.

Dale: Yeah, she pieced it all together while they were trying to find me. Then after I picked him up, he had some kind of flashback of Nam at a Denny's and flipped the tables over, grabbed a broom to use as a rifle.

Dr. Concord: And knocked your brother-in-law flat on his ass, I have actually heard that story. You know flashbacks of traumatic events really aren't that unusual.

Dale: He's never been in the military.

Dr. Concord: Oh.

Dale: I'm pretty sure he was re-enacting a scene from Full Metal Jacket.

Dr. Concord: But he's been fine ever since?

Dale: I think so, he seemed normal, well, he always was dumb as dirt but about two weeks ago he got kicked out of his apartment, that's when I let him move in with me. I've heard he had been in fights, but I was trying to ignore it. Now, he's

really gone, mentally speaking. He had my bathroom ripped apart last week because he got it in his head he was a plumber.

Dr. Concord: So you have reason to believe he's delusional.

Dale: I don't know what he is, but it isn't right.

Dr. Concord: Do you have a good relationship with your father?

Dale: We get along; I suppose. Really, he's too dense to know we don't. It's just that we have nothing in common, and now he's sucking up all my time. My wife and I have only been married a year, she's pregnant and our apartment is a three bedroom. Do you have any idea how awkward this living arrangement is?

Dr. Concord: I can imagine. Did you grow up with your dad?

Dale: Mom had custody, he picked me up every other weekend or so, but not till I was ten. He didn't know how to change diapers. I don't think he knows yet. I'm constantly cleaning up his messes. He's like a teenage boy.

Dr. Concord: So you have a few issues with him yourself, I mean aside from him being crazy or not.

Dale: Yeah, I have to agree with that. But now it's like he has no control at all, that's the issue. It's like he doesn't understand what's appropriate and what's not. He'll wolf whistle at any attractive girl, with no regard to their age or where he is. For instance a fourteen year old choir girl at a church service. Even tried to grab the alter boy's ass, then when he realized it was a boy he apologized and said the dress threw him off. I don't know what to do with him.

Dr. Concord: I'd stop taking him to church.

Dale: I did.

Dr. Concord: Do you think he'd be willing to come and talk to me?

Dale: He's not a big believer in psychology. I haven't mentioned it to him yet, do you think I should?

Dr. Concord: Yes, even if there aren't any serious mental health issues, he needs to know what he's doing to you; honesty is the most important part of any relationship. How soon can you get him here?

Dale: He's in the waiting room.

Dr. Concord: And he doesn't know this is a physiologist's office? There's a sign on the door.

Dale: I said he was dense.

Dr. Concord: We've got time (Looks at his watch) Let's see what we can do. Miss Anderson?

Miss Anderson: Yes, doctor -get your hand off me now! Yes, doctor Concord.

Dr. Concord: Could you please send in the other Mr. Grant?

Ms. Anderson: I'd love to!

(The same office but in Pete Grants mind, as the door opens, the lights go down and quickly a new light scheme comes back up: whatever the light source was remains off, whatever wasn't a light source becomes one, yellow [or any other color contrary to the normal] light illuminates the stage from these new angles. It is still Doctor Concord's office but it is plainly a different world. {Pete's Fantasy world} As the door opens, a doting Ms. Anderson escorts Pete Grant into the office.)

Miss Anderson: I'm afraid the doctor needs you in here now, Mr. Grant, I just hate for one moment to let you leave my sight.

Dr. Concord: (Who has put on a lab coat and glasses during the light change) Nurse Anderson, control yourself. I'm Doctor Howard Concord.

Pete: (Pete speaks fluently, and suave) Grant, Pete Grant.

Miss Anderson: Probably the sexiest man alive, can't he stay out here with me? Just a little longer?

Dr. Concord: Please control yourself. This is a medical emergency, his son needs his help.

Miss Anderson: I understand, he's too important for a girl like me.

Pete: Never, I always have time for a beautiful woman. Here, take my card, and don't hesitate to call me whenever you need me, night, or day. Preferably night. Remember Miss Anderson, whatever your wish, Pete will *Grant* it.

Miss Anderson: Oh thank- you Mr. Grant, thank-you so much. (She seems to treasure the card but tears it up as Pete looks away.)

Doctor Concord: (Hands Pete his legal pad, and Pete looks it over as if it's a medical chart) Your son's got a severe case of appendicitis, he'll need an open heart by-pass tracheotomy immediately, before his spleen ruptures.

(Dale lies across the couch moaning in pain the audience hears the slow beep of a heart monitor)

Pete: I understand. Do you have the equipment prepped?

Dr. Concord: We've done our best; I only hope we can live up to your incredibly high standards.

(Dr. Concord holds up a tray from his desk with "instruments")

Pete: Crude to the technology I usually work with, but it will do in an emergency. (Pete picks up a letter opener and approaches his son) We'll need thirty cc's of morphine stat.

Dale: Dad, Dad (he sits up and seems to be afraid of his father) Dad!

(Lights switch back to the original light scheme {reality} Dr. Concord's Lab coat and glasses come off, The heart monitor stops beeping, and Dale no longer appears to be in pain)

Dale: What the hell are you doing? (Grabbing the letter opener from his father)

Pete: (In the real world Pete has a slightly inbred country accent) What d'ya mean what am I doing? I'm savin' your life.

Dale: Looked like you were trying to kill me.

Dr. Concord: I would like my notepad back, Mr. Grant, I'll be needing that.

Ms. Anderson: I'll be leaving now, Doctor Concord. If you don't mind- I'm ready for that plane ride.

Dr. Concord: I completely understand. Thank-you, and do enjoy the long weekend. (she exits) Miss Anderson isn't usually that hostile with patents.

Pete: Kristine's just a little shy that's all. You need a blood transfusion or somethin'?

Dr. Concord: This is a little more serious than I thought. (Takes back his letter opener from Dale)-Thank-you. Mr. Grant, it's a pleasure to meet you, I'm Doctor Howard Concord.

Pete: I remember your name, ya just told it to me. Good meetin' you doctor.

Dale: This is Peter Grant.

Pete: Name's Pete, not Peter. I got one but I ain't one.

Dale: That's debatable.

Pete: What was that?

Dale: Nothing.

Pete: You back sassn me again?

Dale: No, I am not sassin your back.

Dr. Concord: Tell me more about yourselves. Do you two have strong relationship?

Pete: We do.

Dale: No, we don't. You're always on my last nerve.

Pete: Why would you say that?

Dale: I'm being honest.

Pete: You're just being mean.

Dale: No, this doctor needs to know the truth if he's going to help. We don't get along.

Pete: Because you look down on me.

Dale: What makes you say I look down on you?

Pete: Because you do.

Dale: No, I don't.

Pete: Yes you do.

Dr. Concord: Maybe that was the wrong question to ask.

Pete: What's wrong with my boy doc? Something must be purdy bad to have to meet his daddy.

Dr. Concord: I'm not the kind of doctor you're thinking of, I'm a psychologist.

Pete: Oh, a head shrink, may I sit down doc?

Dr. Concord: Yes please.

Pete: I knew from the beginning he was a little off. I think it's from his mother's side.

Dale: Dad! That's not why we're here!

Pete: Horrible temper.

Dale: (To himself) I don't believe this, he can't even see what I'm doing, I try my best and nothing gets through to him.

Pete: And he talks to himself a lot.

Dale: What?

Pete: I was just telling the doctor about your problems.

Dale: What problems?

Pete: The talking to yourself, hearing voices-

Dale: I don't hear voices.

Pete: You're hearing mine ain't ya? Ha, Gott'em there didn't I doc?

Dr. Concord: You did.

Dale: You know what he's trying to-

Dr. Concord: Please have a seat Mr. Grant, may I call you Dale?

Dale: Yes, but doctor Concord.

Dr. Concord: Dale, please sit down and call me Howard. You were very calm before he entered the room, now what happened?

Dale: Can you see what he's doing?

Dr. Concord: Pushing your buttons, he seems to be very good at it. Take a deep breath, and realize the only thing he has done is speak. Words can't hurt you. If you don't let him he can't affect you.

Dale: True, words can't hurt me, but letter openers could.

Pete: I wasn't pushin his buttons- I'm not that kind of guy, I like girls.

Dr. Concord: Sure, look out for letter openers, but words are words.

Dale: I-Okay, words just words.

Dr. Concord: Pete, Dale is concerned about your relationship.

Pete: I know, he helped me git on that inner net dating stuff, I'm just waitin for someone to pop up interested, and then I'll get a relationship.

Dr. Concord: Not your relationship with someone else, your relationship with him.

Pete: I told you, I like girls.

Dale: Just words, just words, just words.

Dr. Concord: The father son relationship.

Pete: Oh yeah, we got that. I'm the father, he's the son.

Dr. Concord: Beyond that.

Pete: What's beyond that? I try to teach 'em the best I can, but he hardly ever listens to me.

Dr. Concord: Have you raised him all of his life?

Pete: Of course, ever since he was small. (Holds his hand up to a little over waist level) I taught him fishin, baseball, horseshoes, I tried to teach about huntin' but he wouldn't go with me.

Dale: I don't like to fish either.

Pete: You do too.

Dale: No, I don't.

Pete: Sure you do, I remember that time you told me it was the most fun you ever had riding down the river on that canoe.

Dale: I can get on a boat without bringing a fishing pole.

Pete: Why would you be on a boat without a fishing pole?

Dale: Just to enjoy the ride, I like nature, I don't have to go shooting at it or putting a hook through anything. I can just be there.

Pete: He is messed up ain't he doc?

Dale: I'm messed up?-

Dr. Concord: Words, Dale, just words.

Dale: You're right.

Dr. Concord: Pete, there are a lot of people that enjoy, camping, hiking, boating, biking. Just for the experience, to take in the sights.

Pete: Yeah, their called women.

Dale: Just words, just words, just words.

Pete: I think you made him worse doc.

Dr. Concord: Don't you think he could be reacting to you?

Pete: Why?

Dr. Concord: You're insulting him, in a way, do you realize that?

Pete: No, I'm not.

Dale: Yes. You are.

Pete: No, I'm not.

Dale: Do you see? How am I supposed to fight this childish behavior?

Dr. Concord: Why do you have to fight it?

Pete: It ain't him, his wife just don't like me.

Dale: That's not true.

Pete: You saying she likes me?

Dale: No, I'm not saying that. I'm just saying she doesn't like you any less than I do.

Dr. Concord: Dale, I'm sorry I have to point this out but you're the one that allows him to affect your actions.

Pete: So you're crazy?

Dr. Concord: No one is crazy.

Pete: Then how do you keep your job?

Dr. Concord: Pete. Just- can you stand over there? Just for a minute?

Pete: Why?

Dr. Concord: Because I asked you to, this will help Dale.

Pete: Sure thing doc.

Dr. Concord: (Takes Dale away from Pete to have a private conversation. Pete takes this opportunity to pop one of his *vitamins*) Look, I've known the man for three minutes and I want to toss him through a window, He seemed a bit delusional at first, but now it's just annoying. I can't imagine what it would be like to live with that, but that just means you have to be that much stronger.

Dale: I know.

Dr. Concord: Something is wrong, I'm not questioning that, but we need to get past these issues to find out what it is.

Pete: It's rude whisper doc.

Dr. Concord: (Grabbing a yellow legal pad he begins to take notes) I realize that, but we're done. Tell me Pete, do you watch TV?

Pete: Yup.

Dr. Concord: What shows do you enjoy?

Pete: Cop shows, football, baseball, bass-fishin', that kind of thing.

Dr. Concord: And you Dale?

Dale: My wife and I enjoy movies, we don't really watch TV.

Dr. Concord: Music?

Dale: I like moderate rock, not hard rock, but not the hippie stuff.

Pete: Country fer me.

Dr. Concord: I guessed that much, where did you grow up? Mid west?

Pete: No, here.

Dr. Concord: Here?

Pete: Well not in this office, but 'round these parts.

Dr. Concord: Where did you pick up the accent?

Pete: What accent? You gonna tell me I talk like a hillbilly? He's always saying that. I lived in Kentucky fer a little while, but not long.

Dale: I can't see how this is helping anything.

Dr. Concord: Neither one of you is going to be very happy until we've found some common ground.

Pete: You both think I talk like a hillbilly. Ain't that common ground?

Dr. Concord: I don't need to have common ground Pete, this is between you and Dale.

Pete: I'm happy, I'm proud of the boy.

Dale: I hate it when he calls me boy.

Pete: You are my boy.

Dr. Concord: Alright then, Dale won't be very happy until you've found some common ground.

Pete: Can't you just give him some drugs to make him happy? That's what the doctor did fer-nevermind.

Dr. Concord: I'm not a psychiatrist, I'm a psychologist, I don't believe in using medicine to solve problems. You have seen a psychiatrist haven't you Pete?

Pete: Naw.

Dr. Concord: Are you sure?

Pete: Well, I - maybe a few times.

Dale: I didn't know about that.

Pete: So you're saying you can't do nothin' but talk? Hell, a bartender or a cab driver could do your job.

Dr. Concord: There are several mood alternating drugs that I could recommend to either one of you to work this out, but it wouldn't be the two of you getting along it would be a chemically altered you.

Pete: Say what?

Dr. Concord: It would be like getting you drunk to make you like each other.

Pete: That was how my third marriage lasted so long; she was looking good till I sobered up. Ain't nothing wrong with taken medicines when you're sick.

Dr. Concord: Are you on any medicines Pete?

Pete: Yeah, I got a doctor that put me on something. Makes all the problems better.

Dale: What Problems?

Pete: There ain't none, the medicine makes 'em go away.

Dr. Concord: The medicine Pete, what's it called?

Pete: Ambulance.

Dr. Concord: Ambien? That's a common sleep aid.

Dale: Since when?

Pete: While back.

Dale: You didn't tell me.

Pete: Wasn't none of your business.

Dr. Concord: There are more medicines, aren't there Pete?

Pete: Well butane.

Dr. Concord: Wellbutrin not butane.

Dale: You're not a lighter.

Pete: What ever.

Dr. Concord: Any others Pete?

Pete: And rest it all.

Dr. Concord: Risperdal, that's to help stabilize manic episodes, the rest are anti-depressants, they help control emotions. Pete, do you know that?

Pete: Of course I know that. I know what I'm doin'.

Dr. Concord: And why are you on anti-depressants?

Pete: I don't want to tell ya that in front of the boy.

Dale: What boy? I'm almost thirty years old.

Pete: Your son shouldn't have to know about your problems.

Dr. Concord: Dale, could you stand over there?

Dale: But-

Dr. Concord: Please.

Pete: He can still hear me.

Dr. Concord: Could you cover you're ears? (He does) and hum a little song (he does) Now, tell me Pete why are you on anti-depressants?

Pete: (mumbles) Tried to kill miself.

Dr. Concord: Excuse me?

Pete: (Yells) Tryin' to kill miself! (Dale stops humming and stands in awe)

Dr. Concord: Oh, you attempted to take your own life.

Pete: It didn't work! I didn't really do it.

Dr. Concord: I assumed.

Dale: I've never heard about this.

Pete: You wasn't suppose to. That's not for you to know.

Dale: I've never heard about any of this.

Dr. Concord: Are you still taking your medicine?

Pete: Sure, whenever I think about it.

Dale: That's what you've been calling your vitamins, isn't it?

Pete: Yeah, so.

Dale: Sometimes he skips days.

Pete: It's all right, I just take more the next day.

Dr. Concord: Alright then I see the problem. I'm going to refer you to a doctor Moore, he's a psychiatrist, and he's on the third floor of this building. I think your medicines are not quite in line with what you need right now. Rock stars may get away with popping pills and feeling better, but you can't assume that's going to work for you. (Writing something on a slip of paper) Pete, do you feel sad often?

(Lights change as Pete ponders the question we're back in the world of Pete's mind. Howard and Dale position themselves into a talk show stance as The Doctor sits behind his desk and takes a drink of his coffee. Dale sits on the couch and pays attention to Pete as he walks onto the *Set*. Pete shifts his accent into a British rock star as he grabs an electric guitar hidden somewhere on stage, and shakes the hands of both men hands the guitar to a stage hand "probably Miss Anderson with a head set and clip board" then sits next to Dale)

Pete: Hello! Cleveland! It's so good to be back in the city that was built by rock and roll! (Canned Applause, maybe an applause light somewhere on stage flashes)

Howard: Pete Grant ladies and gentlemen! (As he claps) Please, have a seat. It's an honor to have you on the show tonight. You have always been one of my idols.

Pete: I should be. I'm a lot of man to idolize. You've always been one of my favorite talk show hosts too.

Howard: Now, I'm going to ask you something, we see it in all the supermarket tabloids, but can you tell us a little about your dramatic battle with depression.

Pete: It's not all as bad as you see in those papers. That picture of me in the dumpster, that wasn't what it looked like.

Howard: No?

Pete: One of my roadies tossed out a piece of paper that had the number for a hot chick I met early that night, I was savin' it!

Howard: Dumpster diving for sex?

Pete: I'll get it any where I can.

Howard: So you're never really sad?

Pete: I'll tell ya Howard, life on the road can be damned depressing sometimes, but I hold it together for my fans. Nobody wants to pay good money for a concert that's going to be a downer.

Howard: How many shows do you do in a night?

Pete: Are we counting the private show's back-stage? (Dale gives off a laugh ala-Ed McMann as a laugh light comes on somewhere the audience can see it.)

Howard: I'm sure we don't have time to talk about that, I'm talking about your shows, not your performance. (Same cheesy laugh bit)

Pete: Two shows a night, 'bout sixteen of my hits. All the dancing around I've gotta do, that's not bad for a guy my age.

Howard: Life on the road like that must be tough, no time for family or friends.

Pete: I take all my people with me, my tour bus holds twenty people comfortably, forty if we're all friends.

Dale: What the hell are you talking about?

Howard: Cut to commercial- We'll be right back after these words from our sponsor.

Pete: What did you say to me?

(Lights back to normal)

Dale: I asked you what you were talking about, you don't have a bus.

Pete: Who said I had a bus? – Do ya think he's gonna be alright doc?

Dale: That was obviously some type of hallucination, right? Isn't there a hospital to put him in?

Pete: What are you talkin' about? Halluci-whatin'?

Doctor: He's not a danger to himself or anyone else.

Dale: A letter opener?

Dr. Concord: You snapped him out of it by yelling at him before it got serious. It's very difficult to confine someone against their will. If my guess is right, these hallucinations are drug induced, if you get him on the right meds I think he'll be just fine, but you need to take him to see doctor Moore, and Dale please give him this. (Hands Dale the note he's made out)

Dale: Thank-you.

Dr. Concord: In the meantime I think it's very important that you two start working on some common ground, a relationship that really works. Sometimes it really is an issue of mind over matter. (He reaches into a drawer or cupboard and pulls out two foam-tipped batons)

Pete: Yeah, if you don't mind, it don't matter.

Dr. Concord: Yes-well-Have either one of you ever seen these before?

Pete: Looks like giant Q-tips. There ain't a hole on me that big Doc.

Dr. Concord: These battle batons are foam rubber, so you won't get hurt. We have a type of therapy that I've had a lot of luck with working on relationships. This is to show you what you're doing to each other emotionally, while you argue. The point is, to pound out your argument on each other's heads. (he gives the each a

baton, then retreats behind his desk) All right, now stand up and face each other. (They do.) Now, how do you feel?

Pete: I feel like I'm holing a giant Q-tip.

Dale: I feel kind of stupid too.

Pete: We got something in common doc, we both feel dumb.

Dr. Concord: I can understand that, but no one is judging, no one is watching.

Pete: You're watchin'.

Dr. Concord: Okay, if it makes you feel any better, I'll turn around (he does) There are no restrictions, no wrong answers, just go with your feelings. We need to explore all of your feelings, the good, the bad-

(The lights shift, and a tumble weed rolls across the stage. A nice little whistle or western tune would be nice. As the two men put on cowboy hats, still holding the batons. Miss Anderson runs back in or a hallucination of her, {probably not by the door} she's now dressed in a showgirl costume)

Pete: The ugly.

Miss Anderson: Oh Pete! Pete! Don't do it Pete.

Pete: I'm much obliged for your concern, but I can handle myself just fine Miss Anderson.

Miss Anderson: Nobody's never won no showdown against Dale the kid.

Pete: That's cause he ain't been man enough to call me out before.

Miss Anderson: But think of me Pete! Think of our children.

Pete: We ain't got children Miss Anderson.

Miss Anderson: I know that Pete, but how am I ever gonna make 'em without you.

Pete: You won't be without me for long, Mam, I know what I'm doin'.

Dale: I done told ya before, this town ain't big enough for the both of us.

Pete: No it ain't, so you best be leavin'.

Dale: Not this time Sheriff, this time, you're the one that's leavin', in a nice little pine box.

Pete: How many times I gotta run you outta town, boy.

(As Pete calls Dale boy, Miss Anderson Leaves the room {probably not by a door} Dale tosses his hat out of sight, the lights switch back to normal. Pete can lose his hat in the imminent pelting. As Dale Rushes across the room to beat his father with the baton)

Dale: (Takes several whacks at Pete) I hate it when you call me boy!

Pete: (Whacks back) You are my boy!

Dale: (The pelting continues) I'm too old to be called boy!

Pete: I-

Dale: I didn't even know you were depressed! You never tell me anything!

Pete: You never listen to me when I tell you nothin' anyway!

Dale: (Dale just dominates as he pelts Pete to the ground) That's not even English! That's a double negative! You're stupid! You stink, You're rude, you give me bad advice I never ask for! And you smell bad!

Pete: You all ready said I smelled bad!

Dale: You smell really bad! It's worth saying twice! (He stops and goes back to his side) This is kind of fun, I feel better all ready.

Pete: (Climbs up off the floor, and races to begin attacking Dr. Concord) Why'd you go and give 'em the stupid Q-tip! He was beatn' the shit outta me!

Dr. Concord: Pete! Pete! (he grabs the baton from Pete and whacks him back) Stop it!

Dale: Did you want some help?

Dr. Concord: No! No, this is not the point, beating your father senseless is not therapy.

Dale: But it would be fun.

Dr. Concord: The point is two of the biggest issues Dale brought up, are respect and communication.

Pete: He kept tellin' me I stink, and I'm stupid.

Dr. Concord: Personal Hygiene, and intelligence aside, He started with two very valid complaints.

Pete: I could take a bath more often.

Dale: That's worse, you soak yourself in that old man perfume.

Pete: That's after shave!

Dale: Well you're not supposed to use it instead of water!

Pete: What's so great about water? Do you know what fish do in that stuff?

Dr. Concord: Gentlemen! You two can't continue all of the habits you had when he was, say ten. He's an adult, and you should at least acknowledge that. A lot of parents don't realize their roles change as their children grow. The same interpersonal dance won't work with a ten year old and a twenty-year old.

Pete: I ain't dancin' with him -

Dr. Concord: I know, you like girls. Pete, you should be more open and honest, or at least Dale feels you should be. Now Dale, your father mentioned you don't listen when he tries to speak with you, could it be maybe because you're annoyed with some of his habits you shut out some of the things he's actually saying?

Dale: I guess. There are times he's talking I just zone out, I don't try to argue.

Pete: What'd ya mean argue? We don't argue. We used to always git along great. Remember when I'd take you to the movies every Sunday?

Dale: Yeah, we'd sit through comedies you hated, then we'd sit through westerns I hated.

Pete: Well I can't help it you like stupid movies.

Dale: Maybe it's true, I don't listen all the time. I guess that was a sort of compromise, it was kind of fun. But I know you never mentioned a suicide attempt, you never told me anything about that at all.

Pete: It's no use makin' you worry bout that stuff.

Dr. Concord: Doesn't you're son have the right to know?

Pete: Don't know why, it ain't him, doesn't hurt him at all.

Dr. Concord: Actually, it could. Did you know clinical depression is thought to be genetic? Was you're father frequently depressed?

Pete: Don't think so.

Dr. Concord: You don't know?

Pete: Never talked to him much, it wasn't my business. I was always closer to my pappy, that was my dad's dad.

Dale: What was your grandpa's name?

Pete: Pappy, I just called 'em Pappy Grant.

Dale: No, I mean his first name.

Pete: Hell if I know, I always called him pappy.

Dale: Oh god.

Dr. Concord: Okay, let's focus on something else. Can you remember one time or event when you two had fun together?

Pete: Monster truck races! He loved monster truck races.

Dale: (sighs) No, no I didn't.

Pete: You were so excited! You used to sing truck songs all the way there, the wheels on the truck go around and round-

Dale: Dad! That was you.

Pete: I always sang along with you. You were laughing the whole trip.

Dale: You always used that stupid cartoon voice. (He imitates the voice) "the wheels on the truck go round and round, squish those cars into the ground"

Pete: (in a similar voice) That was pretty good son. See, you remember it.

Dale: I was watching a grown man sing in a cartoon voice all the way down the highway. People in traffic would look over at us at red lights. What ten year old wouldn't laugh at that?

Dr. Concord: Still you had fun.

Dale: Had fun laughing at him, yeah, I guess. But I hated and still do hate monster trucks. And alligator wrestling-

Pete: -But-

Dale: I'm pretty sure that place you took us was illegal then, I'm positive it is now.

Dr. Concord: You both like to laugh.

Pete: I do, now he's gonna say he don't.

Dale: No, I'll agree with that. I do.

Pete: You're just saying that cause I said you wouldn't.

Dale: No, I'm not. I do think we have that in common, we both like to laugh-I'm agreeing with you.

Pete: Naw, you're just agreein' with the doctor.

Dr. Concord: Gentlemen. Why not make it a plan to go out to a comedy club together, say every Friday or Saturday night?

Dale: I could do that. That actually sounds like fun.

Pete: Long as I ain't got a woman lined up, sure why not?

Dale: When was the last time you had a woman lined up?

Dr. Concord: Dale, now you're picking a fight.

Dale: Sorry.

Dr. Concord: Do you both have busy work schedules?

Dale: I own my own business, so I can make sure I have Friday night free and he just retired last year.

Pete: I didn't retire, I got fired.

Dale: I never knew about this either.

Pete: It wasn't none of your business neither.

Dr. Concord: I'm sorry to hear that Pete, what kind of work did you do?

Pete: I was a county official.

Dale: You were a trash man.

Dr. Concord: Dale, please-

Pete: That's a job with the county ain't it? And I officially had it, till they canned me.

Dr. Concord: Dale, don't be-little your fathers occupation. Sanitation engineers are very important to modern life.

Pete: Oh, I wasn't no engineer, I drove the truck.

Dale: Tell him why you drove the truck.

Pete: Why does that matter?

Dale: Why wouldn't they let you grab the cans?

Pete: I kept fallin' off the back.

Dr. Concord: Dale, you have to stop picking at your father's faults. How is he supposed to open up to you if you ridicule everything he tells you? Pete you can't try to keep secrets from Dale and expect him to be able to help you.

Pete: I don't need any help, thanks doc.

Dr. Concord: Pete, you thought you were a doctor when you walked in here, and just a few moments ago, you were some sort of singer on a talk show. Then you were in some Western movie you saw. Am I right?

Pete: No! Naw, nothin' like that. That'd be crazy.

Dr. Concord: We could all use a little help sometime or another.

Dale: Yeah dad, I need help sometimes too.

(Pete breaks wind, incredibly amused but this he begins giggling then laughing as the other two men look at him in disgust.)

Pete: Good, help me guess what I had for lunch! (He continues to laugh himself silly)

Dr. Concord: I've never met anyone like him before, and I've met a lot of people. (He gets up and opens the window behind Pete, the window slips, so he grabs the bust of Freud and props the window open) this thing never stays open.

Dale: I'll hold the window; please don't scratch your statue.

Dr. Concord: It's fine, that's the first use I've ever found for Sigmund Freud.

Pete: That's Freud?

Dr. Concord: That is, are you familiar with him?

Pete: He's the guy that said if you smoke a cigar, you're gay, right?

Dr. Concord: That's not really what he said, but I see where you'd get that.

Pete: You mean I stopped smokin' cigars for nothin'?

(The phone begins ringing)

Dr. Concord: Modern studies have proven him wrong on many counts -(phone continues) Excuse me please. Hello, I'm a little busy at the moment, could I call you back? Linda? Hold on. If you two would please excuse me for just one moment.

Pete: I just let another one, SBD, silent but deadly.

Dale: Please take your call. (Dr. Concord's call begins now, overlapping the following three lines)

Pete: Somebody messed up yer papers doc.

Dale: He's on the phone, those are ink blot tests, you're supposed to see pictures in them.

Pete: That one looks like a nudy woman.

Dale: That explains your taste in women. I think I'll take you to the eye doctor next.

Dr. Concord: Thank-you (On phone) Hello? Yes. It's me; I'm glad to hear from you, but I'm in the middle of a session at the moment, can this wait? Who? Jessica? They did what? Are you positive? Are you sure, it was her? I don't know how many girlfriends your son has. I'm not implying anything by it- for guys that's a good thing. Yes. I can meet you at the airport in fifteen minutes. (He hangs up and quickly grabs his briefcase coat and keys as he speaks the next line) My sixteen year old daughter has decided to run to Las-Vegas to elope, so I'm afraid we'll have to re schedule our session, I'll be glad to talk to both of you again. And well work on these issues. There's probably still time to get into see doctor Moore today, it's suite 315- Hope you understand, it was very nice meeting both of you, please pull the door shut on your way out (He exits)

Pete: That's some shrink you picked out, he don't even know how to raise his own kids. You never ran away to go hunt'n.

Dale: I ran away three times dad. And elope is when you secretly get married, it has nothing to do with hunting.

Pete: What am I thinking of? Like a deer but bigger.

Dale: You're thinking antelope.

Pete: See, you know what I'm thinking.

Dale: As long as I don't think at all, I'll know exactly what you're thinking.

(Odd light up on just the Freud head in the window, If the mouth can move fine if not the sound should be coming in that direction, the point is Pete's talking with Freud.)

Sigmund: You know, I never thought that he was very good at what he did. You, being a man of great compassion and understanding could be a very good doctor yourself.

Pete: You're right, I could've made a pretty good doctor, head shrink anyway. All you have to do is talk to people, I can do that.

Dale: That isn't all you have to do. Dad, get out of that man's chair.

Sigmund: You can never really know about a person until you see the world from their point of view.

Pete: I'm just looking at life from another point of view, so what's on your mind?

Dale: Come on, we've got to go. Let's see if we can get into see this other doctor.

Sigmund: The other doctor is a quack too. Don't go to see him, he's just a glorified drug dealer.

Pete: Really?

Dale: Yes really come on, I'll fill out the forms for you.

Sigmund: There is no reason to see another doctor if you are a better doctor yourself.

Pete: You really think so?

Dale: Dad? Are you talking to the statue?

Pete: No, not really, he's talking to me.

Sigmund: I'm not really talking to you, I am a manifestation of your subconscious mind. That is trying desperately to release the intellectual side of your personality that you have been suppressing for many years.

Pete: Really?

Sigmund: No, you have no intellectual side Pete, otherwise this conversation wouldn't have gotten this far.

Pete: That makes sense.

Dale: Okay, I'm going to make the appointment, just sit here talk to the statue, and don't break anything okay? I'll be right back for you. (Dale exits)

Pete: Okay. So are you really a talking statue?

Sigmund: I'm just a chemical reaction caused by an unusually high dose of anti-depressants. On someone that doesn't really need them.

Pete: You mean my vitamins? Is that why you're talkin' to me?

Sigmund: That has a lot to do with it. But I'm pretty sure that last one you just took was a cinnamon tic-tac.

Pete: Yeah, I tasted that too. My boy seems so high strung, way too nervous. Poor kid must be worried about becoming a daddy. But I'll be there to help him.

Sigmund: Have you asked him what's on his mind?

Pete: No, he don't want to tell his dad all about that stuff.

Sigmund: If you don't ask how will you ever know for sure?

Pete: Maybe you're right, maybe I should ask. So why does my sub conscience talk with a German accent?

Sigmund: Because this is how you think Sigmund Freud spoke, and I'm not German you domchoph I'm Austrian!

Pete: In that case, goodday mate!

Sigmund: Austrian! Not- Ah forget this (The statue goes back to normal)

Pete: Sorry, geeze, didn't mean to get his panties in such a knot. Shoot (Puts his feet on the desk) I could get used to this, let's see Doctor, what have you been writing on this little notebook? Childish, mildly retarded? Delusional... May be sufferin' from drug induced hallucinations? What's that supposed to mean? That's no way to talk about my boy. That's not right at all. (Presses the intercom) Miss Anderson? Hey sweetie, you out there? Guess she left me too. Ah well, nothin' wrong with the boy his daddy can't fix.

(Vivian Andrews politely puts her head around the corner as she knocks on the open door)

Vivian: Excuse me, Doctor Concord?

(The strange light switches as we enter a world where Pete is a psychologist taking on the accent of Sigmund Freud. This time we see exactly what Vivian is saying to him, because this time his fantasy includes listening to the other person's problem)

Pete: Yes, yes please come in. you must be (he looks at the notebook on his desk) Miss Andrews.

Vivian: Yes doctor.

Pete: Please, call me Pete, come in and have a seat. Oh look, that rhymes, call me Pete and have a seat.

Vivian: I thought your name was Howard Conc-

Pete: Just call me Pete please.

Vivian: Alright, Pete. I've never done anything like this before. (She sits down in front of the "doctor")

Pete: Me neither.

Vivian: What?

Pete: Every case is unique, every problem is new- in its own way. Every one is different, like tiny snow flakes, but people flakes are bigger than snowflakes, and they don't melt as easy.

Vivian: I just don't know what to do. I don't want to do anything-I don't want to feel like this anymore.

Pete: So you're sad, right? Is your Id suppressing your ego's desires?

Vivian: I've been so depressed I haven't left the house for a week, I'm not eating right, I'm barley sleeping.

Pete: See, you look sad, I know this stuff.

Vivian: (crying) There's just nothing to stop this feeling, I feel so trapped, like there's nothing I can do.

Pete: Do you experience strange and erotic dreams? Anything of a sexual nature?

Vivian: No.

Pete: Do you think that you might be a lesbian? And in a deep denial of that because you are ashamed of who you really are?

Vivian: No.

Pete: Do you desire cigars? Or large ripe bananas?

Vivian: What does that have to do with anything?

Pete: Standard questions. Have you ever made love to another woman?

Vivian: No, look I was stupid! I made a stupid mistake, I've lost everything, everything there is. I feel like I've thrown my whole life away.

Pete: You said you haven't left the house, so you've still got a house then. (his accent comes back and the lights fade slowly back to normal)

Vivian: It's my mother's house, I never moved out of my mother's house. She does nothing but lecture me all day, I've screwed up things so bad, and I knew better, I did. I just didn't think it would matter.

Pete: You still live with your mother? How old are you anyway? Are you a sci-fi fan or somethin'?

Vivian: Does my age really matter?

Pete: I guess not; what'd you do, to screw things up so bad?

Vivian: I got caught driving drunk, I was coming home from an office party, and now, they've taken my license, the lawyers are costing me all of my savings and I've got to go to jail.

Pete: They put you in jail for that now? Damn, last time I did that they laughed at me and sent me home.

Vivian: They have no tolerance laws now, jail time is mandatory.

Pete: Well that's dumb, it used to take at least a bar fight, and some property damage, how long you gotta be in jail for?

Vivian: Thirty days.

Pete: Just for drivin' drunk?

Vivian: It wasn't exactly my car I was driving.

Pete: You stole the car to drive drunk in?

Vivian: I didn't know it wasn't my car, I was too drunk to know. Now the lawyers fees, the fines the classes. I've lost my job- (breaks into sobs)

Pete: Why ain't you in jail now?

Vivian: My lawyer struck a deal, they gave me a week to get myself together, but the extra time to think about it is making me fall apart.

Pete: Thirty days is barely time to be anyone's favorite, I've been in jail before, it's not that bad, just don't bend over in the shower. Of course you'll be going to a woman's jail. You're sure you're not a lesbian? No offense, Boy I wish I could've gone to a woman's jail. Maybe you'll like it, I would, If you know what I mean- Then again you might like it.(She climbs out the window) You never know until you try- Lady? What the hell are you doing? Lady? Hey you? Where'd you go? I – You just climbed out the window! Why did you climb out the window? (Dale Re-enters) Lady Please, I don't understand, we were doin' so well-

Dale: I got us an appointment for tomorrow morning, Are you done talking to the statue?

Pete: A lady just climbed out the window.

Dale: Sure dad.

Pete: Really! There's a lady out on the ledge.

Dale: The receptionist left, we're supposed to pull the door closed, come on.

Pete: This wasn't no receptionist.

Dale: What lady was it then?

Pete: She just walked in. Miss Uh- Miss Andrews

Dale: Julie Andrews? Did she have an umbrella dad? I'm sure she can fly home, let's go.

Pete: What are you talking about?

Dale: The actress that played Mary Poppins, one of my favorite childhood movies. Oh- wait I forgot you missed my childhood.

Pete: You like musicals?

Dale: Especially one about a magical nanny that makes a father pay attention to his kids- go figure.

Pete: Look boy, some woman walked in and I was talking to her, and in the middle of my talking, she climbed out the window.

Dale: That, I'll believe.

Pete: What do we do?

Dale: Is there really someone out there?

Pete: I swear.

Dale: Is she going to jump?

Pete: She didn't have any Windex in her hand.

Dale: (He looks out the window) Oh, my god someone is out there! Why aren't you out there with her?

Pete: I'm not as dumb as you think I are.

Dale: I- (Digesting the last line, then moving on) Someone has to stop her, Hold this. (He hands Pete his cell phone) I'll try to talk her in, you call for help. (Dale climbs out the window to talk to Vivian.)

Pete: Okay. (He pushed the buttons on the phone, as he does the lights change back to fantasy mode he lurks around the phone like a spy and you here a voice that mimics a movie trailer announcer. It could be Pete or a random voice over. Or a recorded Voice over in Pete's voice.

Announcer: In a world without hope, he was the only one who could save them. (Pete does a few cheesy spy moves as he holds his finger like a gun,)

If there is an intermission this would be a good time for it.

Act two

(Lights up on the exterior office, we are now outside the window, a ledge leading to a corner and the other side of the building. Vivian is standing at the center of the ledge looking down; yet holding on to the wall with the back of her hands Dale is crouched beside her next to the window he has just crawled out.)

Dale: Hey. How's the weather, out here?

Vivian: (Crying)

Dale: Not good I guess. It's a long way down. Do you come here often? I'm not trying to pick you up or anything, I just mean. Is this you're normal therapy session? Don't you usually work in the office?

Vivian: I've never seen a therapist before. My dad never believed in them, he always said they weren't real doctors.

Dale: Sounds like my dad.

Vivian: Are you a therapist?

Dale: No, I was here to see Doctor Concord, with my father.

Pete: (Climbing out on the ledge and swinging one leg out of the window) Hey! Dale, this phone system's all computerized, when I dial 911 I get the maintenance department. And they keep puttin' me on hold.

Dale: You probably have to dial nine

Pete: I did, nine then one, then one.

Dale: I mean before you dial, to get an outside line.

Pete: Don't all the lines go out side? That's what all those poles are for.

Vivian: Doctor, don't come any closer, I'll jump.

Pete: Is that a threat? Lady you've got to come up with something better than that. At least say you'll jump on me or something.

Dale: That's no doctor, that's my dad.

Vivian: He's not a doctor?

Dale: No, he's not. (He laughs) I doubt he knows how to work a Band-Aid. You thought he was a doctor?

Vivian: He was sitting at the doctor's desk! He told me he was the doctor! Why would you laugh at me?

Dale: I wasn't laughing at you. I'm laughing at the thought of him being a doctor.

Pete: I was just showing my son here that anyone could be a shrink, they ain't real doctors.(He swings the other leg out from the window and knocks the bust out and to the pavement, Take a while for an impact they're a long way up, and the window slams shut) Oh shit.

Dale: What did you do?

Pete: That must be what they mean by a Freudian slip.

Dale: You just locked us out, didn't you?

Pete: You didn't get my joke, did ya?

Dale: It's probably funnier when I'm not on a ledge!

Vivian: You're not doctors?

Dale: No, we're not. He's an idiot, I'm his son. What the hell possessed you to come out here?

Vivian: Don't yell at me.

Dale: I'm not! I'm yelling at him!

Pete: I was helping you.

Dale: You're not helping. Can you open the window?

Pete: (Tries) Nope, it's locked or stuck or somethin' maybe both. I still got the phone. Maybe the maintenance can fix this window. (Tries the phone) It's busted.

Dale: Let me see that (takes the phone from Pete) is the cord still in the wall?

Pete: I can't tell from here, it's attached to the window pretty good.

Dale: The window must've severed the cord. Let me try to open...dad!

Vivian: You two aren't doctors; you're just as crazy as I am. And you've locked us out here?

Dale: He locked us out here; I came out here to save you.

Pete: We ain't just as crazy as you. You're the one that climbed out here to begin with woman, don't go blaming us.

Dale: Please don't jump miss.

Vivian: Don't worry, I won't.

Pete: Jeeze, she just wanted a doctor's attention.

Vivian: I had every intention of jumping when I climbed out here.

Dale: What changed your mind?

Vivian: I looked down.

Dale: I think that's a healthy reaction. Wait dad, you have my cell phone.

Pete: Yep, here ya go. (he tosses it, Dale fumbles or misses it, it falls to the ground) You never were very good at catch.

Dale: Why would you toss-?(He's too angry to finish the sentence) Do you have a cell phone?

Vivian: Me?

Dale: Yes, we need some way to call for help.

Vivian: My phones in my purse.

Dale: And your purse is?

Vivian: In the office.

Pete: I don't believe in cell phones.

Dale: I know.

Pete: Those things cause more accidents than-

Dale: Cell phones don't cause accidents! Idiots that use them while driving cause accidents!

Pete: You gotta point a gun at somebody before it'll hurt anybody too, but you still don't like them.

Dale: Why would you throw my two hundred dollar phone?

Pete: Why'd you buy a two hundred dollar phone?

Dale: It's my business phone!

Pete: Why'd ya give it to me?

Dale: I was climbing on a ledge! It was supposed to be safe inside! Not on the ledge! Like you were supposed to be! We're going to be all right. All we have to do is scoot over to that other window, and I bet it's unlocked, or maybe there's someone in there to help us. Okay?

Vivian: Okay.

Pete: Why don't we just break this window in? (Banging on the glass) Maybe that receptionist, or nurse or whatever she was, will hear me.

Dale: Dad! She's gone. Don't break the window.

Pete: If I break it, we can climb back in.

Dale: You'll get cut, and we'll have to buy a new window. Just watch for a janitor or cleaning lady and if someone comes in to lock up the office you can knock. There's a way out of this, I know it, someone's probably in that office.

(Lights change into fantasy mode, something on Pete's person becomes a mask and something does the same for Dale.)

Pete: Could this be end for the caped crusaders? Stay tuned for next weeks episode that will leave you on the edge, of you're seat.

Dale: Are you Okay?

Pete: Dad-da-da-da-Dad-man! (He's singing this to the TV version of Batman)

Dale: Holy hoarse manure Dad-man, how will we ever get out of this?

Pete: (Adam West style) There is always a way young ward. Fear, is something we all must face, and face it we shall. But no matter how fear tries to lead us to dismay, we must look past it to see justice.

Dale: What the holy-hell are you talking about dad-man?

Pete: That I will get us out of this. There have been plenty of predicaments hairier than this one. That's what I do, I shave the hairy out of hairy situations. I pet the

cat in catastrophe. Believe me young ward, this will not be the first time I've eluded the grim reaper's foul clutches. (The phone has become a grappling hook as he reaches for his utility (knife) belt he shoots it up onto the roof, and begins to climb.) With this grappling hook from my utility belt I shall pull us to safety!

Dale: Dad-man stop this! Please. You can't climb that.

(Lights fade back to normal; the men take off their masks)

Pete: Why not?

Dale: Do you know what you just did?

Pete: I'm resquin' us and I don't know why you're tryin' to stop me.

Dale: You just tied a pocket knife to a phone cord and tossed it on the roof. Go on, pull on the phone cord. (Pete does and pulls the pocket knife back down very easily)

Pete: Guess that wasn't gonna work was it. We could just wait for someone to see us up here and they'll call for help.

Dale: Then we'll all spend the rest of the week locked in a psychiatric ward for being out here in the first place. I can't do that! Pam's going to have that baby any day now! You want me to miss the birth of my kid?

Pete: Fall off this damn ledge, and you're gonna miss the makin' of the next one.

Dale: I'm not going to fall off.

Pete: I'll just smash it.

Dale: Just wait a minute, I'm going over to try the other window.

Pete: Are you nuts?

Dale: I climb tall trees every other day, the height doesn't bother me. I know what I'm doing. I climb really high trees, clean gutters, all of that stuff. Okay? I'm licensed and insured.

Vivian: Okay. But I don't think the insurance is going to cover this.

Pete: What does that mean? Licensed and insured, I got car insurance and a driver's license, who isn't licensed and insured?

Vivian: Me, I lost my license so shut-up! Sorry, that's a sore subject.

Dale: Um, miss. I'm going to need you to scoot first.

Vivian: I can't.

Dale: Just a little scoot?

Vivian: I can't move at all.

Dale: Well it's going to be hard getting around you.

Vivian: Can't move, too scared.

Pete: This ain't gonna work; I'll just break the window.

Dale: Dad, please just let me try it my way. I'm not afraid of heights.

Pete: Me neither, it's the falling I'm worried about.

Dale: Dad. Don't. Just be quiet while I do this. Excuse me, Miss Okay, now I'm going to. (He maneuvers cautiously around Vivian) Okay, now if I just.

Pete: I think she can sue you for that.

Dale: I'm sorry.- excuse me - made it. (He has manipulated himself to the opposite side of Vivian, and then tries the window which is also locked) locked. I don't see anyone. (He hits the glass as hard as he can with his elbow) Ouch!

Pete: I thought you said, don't break the glass.

Dale: I just wanted to try other options first, it doesn't matter. This glass is tough.

Pete: You're just weak boy. (He tries, and his elbow bounces off) I bet its super strong glass to keep the wackos from trying to jump out of the windows. No offense lady.

Vivian: None taken.

Dale: Try the phone.

Pete: (Puts it to his ear) Still no dial tone.

Dale: Use the phone to break the glass.

Pete: Then we've got to buy a new window and a new phone.

Dale: I can do that, please try it.

Pete: Okay, (He does and the phone bounces off) Nope, but I think I broke the phone more.

Dale: Okay, we just can't panic, someone has got to be back to lock up the office soon, you'll see them, you can knock then we can get in. At least the weathers nice and it's a nice view we can sit and see what pictures we can find in the clouds. I think I see a sail boat.

Pete: Boy, you do have homosexual tendencies, don't ya?

Dale: I'm trying to calm her down dad!

Pete: Yelling like that, ain't gonna calm nobody down!

Dale: Okay, just words, just words. I was just focusing on the view.

Pete: It's a back alley and the backside of another building.

Dale: The sky over the other building.

Pete: Okay, you could say that. Do you really think death is better than jail?

Dale: What?

Pete: I was talkin' to the woman.

Vivian: I forgot about that.

Dale: You're going to jail?

Vivian: Do you want me to jump?

Dale: NO, I don't. I'm sorry, I won't bring it up. My name's Dale, this is my father Pete-r.

Pete: Call me Pete.

Vivian: Vivian.

Pete: No, I prefer Pete.

Vivian: My name's Vivian!

Pete: I know, I was just foolin'.

Dale: You'll have to get used to his sense of humor, he thinks he's funny.

Vivian: I'm glad someone does.

Pete: You know I'm funny. That's how I get all the women.

Vivian: Really?

Pete: I do. Just don't keep them very long. I got a fear a commitment.

Dale: I'm trying to have him committed. That's why we're here.

Pete: Just ain't the marrin' type.

Dale: He's been married often enough to know.

Pete: I've had ten wives, three of 'em was mine.

Dale: If I had a dime for every time he said that.

Vivian: Can you two help me sit down?

Pete: Sure, bend your knees, and put your ass on the ledge.

Vivian: I can't move.

Pete: You climbed out here alright.

Dale: Can't you see? She's terrified.

Pete: My jeans ain't clean neither, but I'm sittin' in em.

Dale: Have your jeans ever been clean? Take her hand, I'll take this one, and then you sit okay?

Vivian: Okay. (They join hands after a little hesitation)

Dale: Ready?

Pete: Hold on to that gutter.

Dale: I'm fine.

Pete: You never listen to me.

Dale: I don't have to, I know what I'm doing.

Pete: If you slip you're gonna wish you listened to me.

Dale: If I slip, a down spout isn't going to hold my weight. I'll just take the pipe with me.

Pete: You know everything, don't know why you need me.

Dale: I never said I did.

Vivian: Oh, God.

Pete: What?

Dale: Stop talking. We're making her nervous.

Pete: We're making her nervous? She's the one that got us out here.

Vivian: I'm sorry.

Dale: Don't be sorry, he wouldn't be out here at all if he would've listened to me. That receptionist probably ran away from him.

Pete: Why would you think that?

Dale: It looked like she was happy to get rid of you.

Pete: I was just talking to her.

Dale: You were talking to Vivian when she decided to jump. That receptionist probably went out to get a restraining order.

Pete: That only happened once before, and she knew me an hour and a half.

Vivian: Shut-up Please! (She has now managed to sit) Thanks.

(There is a slight awkward silence- 3or 4 beats) I'm sorry, I'm just scared.

Dale: So, Vivian, Why are we out here?

Pete: Trying to save her, remember.

Dale: I was talking to her. Why did you want to jump?

Pete: She's afraid of going to jail.

Dale: Is that true? (She shakes her head yes) What were you going to jail for?

Pete: Drunk drivin' and grand theft auto she's only going for a month.

Dale: Can you let the lady speak for herself?

Pete: I don't think she wants to talk to you, told me the whole story herself.

Vivian: I thought you were a doctor! It's a thirty day jail time, and that's not it, there's a lot more than that.

Dale: What is it then?

Pete: She's afraid to go to jail because she don't want to face her feelings about being a lesbian.

Vivian: What is wrong with you?

Dale: I brought him here to find out. Really? We're out here because you have to go to jail?

Vivian: It's a lot more, it's complicated, you wouldn't understand, it'd take forever to explain it all.

Dale: We're not going anywhere.

Vivian: Look, I've wasted it all, I've screwed everything up, there's just nothing I can do about it.

Dale: That's not true, there's always time to fix things, isn't that right dad?

Pete: Me? You're asking me about something?

Dale: You must know how she feels. You screw things up all the time.

Pete: Why would I know how she feels? You're the one that climbed over top her.

Dale: You tried to kill yourself before.

Pete: Oh, that. I've been meaning to tell ya about that- (Sound of rolling wheels is heard from the trash can below) Hey! There's somebody! (He points down) Hey you down there! Hey!

Dale: Up here! Look up!

Vivian: Hello! God I can't look down, up here!

Pete: He can't hear us, what's he deaf or something?

Dale: He's taking out the trash; don't you hear the wheels on the trash can? It's too loud to hear us over the rumbling, wait till he stops to empty the cans.

Pete: How far you think he has to go? (The noise stops)

Dale: There! Hey you! Hello down there!

Pete: (Whistling) Hey, mister look up! Look up here!

Dale: Over here! You! You in the white apron smoking a cigarette!

Pete: I don't believe he still can't hear us.

Dale: He might have headphones on, listening to music or something.

Pete: I don't see no head phones.

Dale: It's not nineteen seventy, they don't look like ear muffs anymore dad. (Noise begins again)

Pete: I don't think he finished that cigarette.

Vivian: He's walking back.

Dale: We're going to miss our chance.

Pete: I'll stop 'em. Just like when I was the varsity quarter back in high school (He pulls the receiver off the cord and aims) Time to reach out and touch someone.(the lights remain but his special light comes on as we here the crowd of a football game cheering in the background. While the light is on Pete may take hop off the ledge and take the floor. Dale and Vivian should use pom-poms from the ledge)

The cheer: Pete, Pete he's our man, if he can't do it no one can!
He's fast with his throws, fast on his feet; he's fast with the girls,
Now let's go Pete!

Pete: He fakes left, fakes right, and he sees his shot, he takes it!

(A moment after he throws the phone, he takes his seat on the ledge and the lights fade back to normal. the three watch it go towards the target they all cringe as a thud is heard from the distance and the rumbling of the trash can stops) (His special light and sound effects stop) ouch, well, guess that means I still got it.

Dale: You killed him.

Vivian: Is he breathing?

Pete: Can't really tell from here, but that was a hell of a throw, don't you think? Not bad fer an old man.

Dale: You just killed a man with a telephone, and you're proud of your throw?

Pete: We don't know that I killed him.

Dale: We don't know you didn't!

Pete: How many fifty-two year olds you know that could hit a movin' target at that distance?

Vivian: He's right that was impressive.

Dale: He killed the guy!

Pete: I was just trying to get his attention.

Dale: We've got to get help for him; he could be bleeding to death.

Pete: I'll jump across to the roof top over there, and climb down.

Dale: That's at least a twenty-foot jump!

Pete: It doesn't look that far.

Dale: Dad! Look! There's a car parked right there, see it?

Pete: Yeah.

Dale: And there's room for another car to go by.

Pete: Yeah, I'd say so.

Dale: So that's at least two cars, can you jump two cars from standing still?

Pete: Don't know I've never tried.

(The lights go out for a second, then back up with switched reality, this time the light is a different color. As the light comes back on Pete has a cape and is standing in super-man position)

Pete: I can do it! I know I can. I can save you!

Vivian: That's Impossible.

Pete: I don't know the meaning of the word impossible, I can't spell it neither, I'm super nut! (He attempts to fly but falls, screaming to the ground with a splat as Dale giggles the lights go back off and return to normal, as the lights come back up Pete is still sitting on the ledge, but Dale still giggles)

Pete: What's wrong with you boy?

Dale: Nothing, just thinking.

Vivian: Don't try it.

Pete: Maybe I could climb up to this roof and take a running jump.

Dale: If you could climb up to this roof you could just go in this building- hey, that's a thought.

Vivian: You want to climb the building to get down?

Dale: The top is closer than the bottom.

Pete: I think I like this idea.

Dale: Then something must be wrong with it.

Vivian: It's insane.

Pete: How'd we get out here again?

Vivian: You don't need to be nasty.

Dale: I'm going to need a boost.

Pete: I'm not climbing over her.

Dale: I thought you liked crawling over women.

Pete: They usually push me off, at this height, I ain't chancin' it.

Dale: You're smarter than I thought. Excuse me please.

Vivian: You knock me off and I'll take you with me.

Dale: I'm not going to knock you off. (He makes it to the other side) Okay

Pete: Watch this step here.

Dale: Get on your knees and I'll climb on your shoulders.

Pete: Nah, that won't lift ya high enough, I'll just lift ya up.

Dale: Are you sure?

Pete: I did it when you was little

Dale: I'm not little anymore.

Pete: Ready?

Dale: I don't think you can lift me.

Pete: With these guns? I can lift anything.

Dale: I suppose if you can try. If you can carry that gut around, maybe you can lift me.

Pete: That's a gut of steal! Some men brag about havin' a six pack, but I got a keg.

Vivian: Please don't talk about beer.

Dale: Let's do this. (He stands on his dad's hands and is lifted to almost makes it to the top ledge but is just an inch too short)

Vivian: This isn't going to work.

Pete: Are you reachin' with the long arm?

Dale: The long arm? Which arms the long arm? Both my arms are the same size!

Pete: Try the other arm.

Dale: I'm trying the other arm! But not because you told me to!

Pete: I gotta put you down.

Vivian: You two just aren't tall enough, and even if you made it to the roof, I'm sure the door would be locked.

Dale: Try not to be too optimistic.

Vivian: I've never been accused of that.

Pete: I'm puttin' ya down. (He does)

Dale: Now what?

Pete: We're still stuck waitin' for the lady at the desk.

Dale: Meanwhile that poor man lies there, probably bleeding to death, if he isn't already dead. Hey, where'd he go?

Pete: I don't see him.

Dale: What happened to him?

Pete: I wasn't lookin'.

Vivian: I was watching you two.

Dale: Did he get up?

Pete: Or buzzards ate 'em.

Dale: I don't think that's funny.

Vivian: Someone may have come out and helped him up.

Pete: Or that.

Dale: The important thing here is to remain calm. (He breaths) deep breaths that's good.

Pete: Boy, don't you know nobody ever says *the important thing is to remain calm*, unless their panicking?

Dale: I'm not panicking. And quit calling me boy! I'm too old to be called boy, you aren't Tarzan! Deep breaths, in then out.

Pete: People only breathe like that if their orgasmin', or having a baby, Which are you doing?

Dale: Dad! I am having a baby remember? Pam is due next month! I can't die like this! Not so close to becoming a father!

Vivian: (Smacks him) You're not dying.

Dale: Why'd you have to crawl out here?

Vivian: I wish I hadn't!

Dale: I was talking to him!

Pete: I was trying to help!

Dale: You didn't have to crawl out here either!

Vivian: I know!

Pete: Arguing ain't gonna help nothin'

Dale: Anything! Arguing won't help anything!

Pete: Nope it won't, so why do it?

Dale: Look, I'm not trying to fight, I'm just getting a little nervous out here.

Vivian: I can understand that.

Dale: One mis step and this could be the end. It could all be over.

Vivian: Well it won't be! It's scary right now, sure, but we will find a way back in, and this will all be over. My father always told me, God never closes a door without opening a window.

Pete: Does God mean fer ya to jump out the window?

Vivian: No. I never really understood that saying until just now. We're on a ledge now, but this is temporary. My time in jail will be temporary too.

Pete: That's the way to look at it. Think of it as some nice alone time, a chance to meet new friends-

Vivian: You say one word about lesbians, I'm pushing you off.

Pete: The important thing is, to make the best of a bad situation.

Dale: I'm glad you have a positive attitude. You're probably going to go to jail for killing that man.

Pete: There's still a chance it's just assault. We'll be alright.

Dale: We?

Pete: What?

Dale: What do you mean we? You through the phone. Why do you have to drag me into it? My fingerprints aren't on the damn thing.

Pete: 'Cause you're my son.

Dale: That took two seconds of your pleasure and a bottle of liquor for mom.

Pete: That's not at all true! It also took a dark room so I couldn't see what I was doin'.

Dale: Like her view was any better.

Vivian: Would you two stop! Just stop bickering at each other! Damn it you sound like me and my mother! I know it feels like you've got nothing in common, but you do! You're both stuck with each other! Like it or not, you're always going to be his son, and he's always going to be your father, and there's nothing anyone can ever do to change that! Dale your fingerprints were on that phone, you tried to listen for a dial tone when he slammed the window on it.

Dale: Great.

Pete: The crazy lady is right about that. You're stuck with me being your father. Sorry.

Dale: It's nothing to be sorry about, don't say that.
(An awkward silence) So, penny for your thoughts?

Vivian: I haven't heard that saying in years.

Dale: You're right, inflation. How about a quarter.

Pete: Great, you've both gone fruit loopy on me.

Vivian: You never heard that saying?

Pete: Can't say that I have.

Dale: Anybody that gave him a penny for his thoughts would want a refund anyway. It's just a way of asking what's on her mind.

Vivian: My mother, I suppose. What she's going to think about this-well- this mess I'm in now.

Dale: Did you think about her before you climbed out here?

Vivian: I guess not, I was just thinking I want out! I wanted out of my situation, out of my life, out of that conversation with the doctor that kept trying to tell me I was a lesbian. Then when I saw the ground, I realized that wasn't the way out I wanted. It didn't get me out of talking to that pervert either.

Dale: What about you?

(The light shifts, and Miss Anderson walks around the corner, probably not on the ledge but around the building, wearing a very tight police officers uniform and approaches Vivian.)

Officer Anderson: Vivian Andrews!

Vivian: Yes, that's me.

Officer Anderson: You've been a very bad girl.

Vivian: Yes mam, yes I have, what are you going to do to me?

Officer Anderson: What do you think you deserve?

Dale: Dad! Hello Dad!

(Miss Anderson goes offstage and the lights go back to normal)

Pete: Aw, boy, why'd you have to mess with that one?

Dale: What?

Pete: What did you ask me?

Dale: What were you thinking of?

Pete: What? Just now? If I gotta go to jail for killin' that guy with a phone, I was wondering if I could go to the women's jail with her. If I don't get any action at least I could see some, right?

Dale: I mean when you tried to kill yourself! What were you thinking about then?

Pete: How should I know? I've never tried to kill myself.

Dale: That's what you just said in there.

Pete: I don't know what you're talkin' about.

(The lights change with shadows of trees or actual trees, Pete hops off the ledge dale follows, they are now in a forest. Pete holds an imaginary rifle)

Pete: Are ya with me son?

Dale: I'm with you, I just don't know where you are.

Pete: Listen to me son. You don't understand. If ya want to learn how track a deer, you've gotta stay perfectly quiet. And farm safety is important.

Dale: Farm safety? Do you mean I could trip on a chicken?

Pete: Farm safety.

Dale: So we're on a farm?

Pete: We're in the woods fool. What're ya talking about?

Dale: You said farm safety.

Pete: Fire-arm, you know your gun.

Dale: Oh, fire arm I got it.

Pete: Now be quiet.

Dale: You admitted you're on anti-depression medicine. You just said-

Pete: That ain't got nothing to do with tracking deer.

Dale: I know that. Does it have anything to do with why you're holding an imaginary rifle?

(Lights go back to normal and the two men resume their positions on the ledge, only now Pete sees no rifle in his hand.)

Pete: What? I just was just strechin' my arms out. What were we talking about?

Dale: The time you tried to kill yourself.

Pete: Okay, boy, I gotta come clean with you. Your aunt Bertha had to bail me outta jail a few years back. I had tied a brick around my neck and jumped into a mall fountain. I had to tell her and the police I was trying to kill myself so they wouldn't send me to jail.

Dale: What?

Pete: Instead they sent me to this psychiatrist, and he gave me all kinds of cool drugs that made me feel real good.

Dale: He was treating you for depression, and you weren't depressed? That makes sense now. That would cause hallucinations, right?

Vivian: I'm not pretending to be a doctor.

Dale: Why did you tie a brick around your neck and jump into a mall fountain?

Pete: I was getting change from the bottom. I had to tie a brick- well - it was more of a cinder block around my neck cause I'm a bad diver.

Dale: So you let your sister think you were trying to kill yourself?

Pete: Really, I didn't tell her nothin', she just assumed.

Dale: You didn't try to tell her what you were doing?

Pete: Well, no, it was the first time she's been nice to me in twenty-some years.

Dale: I don't believe you!

Pete: What? What'd I do?

Dale: You took advantage of her.

Pete: She was just confused. She just assumed-

Dale: And you took advantage of it! You took money from her, you lived in her house. You're own sister, a woman with a brain tumor!

Pete: What brain tumor?

Dale: I thought you had to leave her house because she had a brain tumor.

Pete: Oh, that; yeah she said that, but I think she was faking.

Dale: She faked a brain tumor?

Pete: I'm just sayin' I think so. She was suppose to be dead in a year, it's been three years now and she's still kickin'. I never saw her lose no hair neither.

Vivian: How do you fake a brain tumor? Who would fake a brain tumor?

Dale: Apparently my aunt.

Pete: I didn't say she was fakin' it, I said think she was.

Dale: That's stupid. Wait a minute, then why are you living with me? I thought you couldn't live with her because of the tumor!

Pete: I thought you wanted me livin' with you! I thought I was making up for lost time.

Dale: Lost time is lost, there's no making up for it. I was only letting you live with me because I thought you didn't have anywhere else to go. Now you're telling me you faked a suicide attempt and your sister fakes a brain tumor!

Vivian: That's a lot of work just to get rid of him.

Dale: I'm so ashamed.

Vivian: There's no reason to be ashamed, your family is not necessarily a reflection of who you are.

Dale: I'm not ashamed of them; I'm ashamed I couldn't come up with some clever lie to get out of this. I could've faked lung cancer or lupus or something. Then again it's hard to compete with a fake brain tumor. Were you really kicked out of your apartment?

Pete: Oh, yeah. They don't like it much when you target shoot down the hallway of a one bedroom. Really it's not my fault, walls not supposed to be cheap enough to put buck shot through it.

Dale: Is my half sister real? Or is she faked too?

Pete: How can you fake a kid?

Dale: If it could be done, I'm sure you could do it.

You abandoned your first kid! You barely saw me! God knows how many other illegitimate kids you've ignored. Now, I'm an adult trying to help you and you're poppin' pills you shouldn't have and keeping secrets from me. Then half the family is lying to me or faking terminal illness so they don't have to help me.

Pete: I was protectin' you, I didn't abandon Maggie! Her aunt took custody away from me. I was an alcoholic then! I was only nineteen years old! Younger than you

are now and my wife just died! I didn't know what to do with myself how was I supposed to know what to do with a kid? And then I met your mom, and I thought I was in love again, but I guess I wasn't. Guess I just wanted somebody in my life 'cause Emily was gone (He starts to cry) that's all.

(Lights down then back up in Pete's world. Dr. Concord walks onto the stage and Ms. Anderson comes in and has a seat next to Dale and Vivian, not on the ledge but in folding chairs. I'd like to put audience reactions in the background, but that's me.)

Dr. C: So now tell me Pete, you've been in love many times before right?

Pete: Yeah, I guess that's true.

Dr. C: And how many illegitimate children have you fathered?

Pete: None, I was- Both of my kids were legitimate. I was married when we had 'em.

Dr. C: Ahh, but married to whom?

Pete: To their mothers!

Dr. C: Then you abused and neglected them and your children till you moved on to the next woman.

Pete: No, that ain't it at all!

Dale: He tried to potty train me once, he sat me on the toilet when I was two years old, then he went bass fishin' I didn't get off the john till I was twenty-one.

Pete: That's not true.

Ms. Anderson: That's nothin, he pretends our kids ain't even his.

Pete: What kids?

Vivian: You have kids with him?

Ms. Anderson: Yeah, what's it your business?

Vivian: He's my husband!

Dr. C: Ladies, ladies please try to calm yourselves.

Ms. Anderson: He's my husband too!

Vivian: When'd he marry you?

Ms. Anderson: August 14th nineteen eighty three!

Vivian: You married a married man! We was married the thirteenth! Slut!
(they begin to fight)

Dale: I didn't never see my daddy.

Pete: I don't understand, this ain't true. Dr. C you gotta help me.

Dr. C: We're taking a break for a few commercials and when we come back, I have the results of the DNA test that proves Pete Grant has fathered fifty bastard children!

Pete: No! no that's not what I'm like. (he cries, as he does the lights change and we resume the scene on the ledge)

Dale: I don't think I've ever seen you cry before.

Pete: A boy ain't supposed to see his father like this! That's why you never found out about your half sister. I didn't want to talk about it, Penelope wasn't speakin to me , I wasn't gonna say nothing about it, so I moved away from every thing. Then your momma did everything she could to keep me away from you till you was ten or so, when she figured I had cleaned up my act. I went through the triple A and got better.

Dale: The triple A?

Pete: You know what I'm sayin'!

Vivian: I'm supposed to write about my experience in AA, but I never went. Can I borrow your stories?

Pete: Sure, I'll tell 'em to ya. (He looks away and begins to cry)

Dale: Dad, you're allowed to cry, quit hiding it.

Pete: I ain't cryin', I got somethin' in my eye.

Dale: Dad, I know that's a lie.

Pete: I don't want you thinking any less of me.

Dale: You have no idea how impossible that is, I never realized you were so young when you were first married. I didn't know she died. You know you never told me any of this stuff.

Vivian: How did your first wife die?

Pete: Complications during the delivery, just after your sister was born.

Vivian: She must have meant a lot to you.

Pete: She meant everything to me. Still does, I sometimes think I'm still in love with her 'cause she didn't have time to hate me. We were only married a few months. I caught Dale's momma cheating on me with the pediatrician at his one year check up.

Dale: Are you sure?

Pete: I went in to surprise her, cause I changed my mind about fishin' that day, and I walked in to see the nurse holdin' you and in the examination room- Well, she was gettin' examined real good all right.

Dale: That's horrible dad, why didn't you ever say something?

Pete: Boy, how the hell am I supposed to bring that up in a conversation? I've figured out my charm lasts about fourteen months, then any body's sick of me.

Dale: I'm not sick of you. I'm sick of you telling me how to do things, I'm sick of the lies, I'm sick of you living in my apartment, but I'm not sick of you.

Pete: I tell you how to do things 'cause it's my job, I'm your father. That's what my father did fer me. My father never said I love ya to me. I remember goin' to kiss him goodnight one time and he yelled at me and said boy! Men don't kiss each other! I did want to raise you up a little better than that.

Dale: You're too late to raise me.

Pete: You seem to know better than me anyway.

Dale: Not better, just different. No I'm lying, I know better.

Pete: It always seems like you think I'm dumb.

Dale: Sometimes I do, sometimes it's not much different. Look, I brought you here for you not me. I think you're sick.

Pete: What makes you think that?

Dale: You took over a pet clinic! You impersonated a mail man, acting like a doctor, talking like a rock star, or batman, going hunting on a ledge and picking all those fights.

Pete: What fights?

Dale: You tried to pick a fight with an entire grocery store staff.

Pete: They knew I had a savings card damn it.

Dale: Dad, something's wrong- you have to know that. I think you're hallucinating. I can only help you if you let me. You have to tell me the truth. I can't see inside your head.

Pete: Did I hallucinate the woman on the ledge?

Dale: No.

Pete: So did you screw up your life as bad as me?

Vivian: I never had kids.

Dale: Is that good or bad?

Vivian: I don't know, I wanted kids, I did exactly opposite of you, I never had children and never got married. I worked, I've had one job my whole life, and I worked.

Dale: You must love your job.

Vivian: I hate it.

Pete: Pay must be good.

Vivian: It sucks, but I only leave the house to buy beer and go to work. I don't go out to dinner; I haven't been to the movies since they released E.T. I don't take vacations. You'd be surprised how much you can save up with a dead end job if you don't spend any money. The most expensive thing I've done in my life was getting pulled over. Maybe I should've had kids.

Pete: You're damned if you do, you're damned if you don't.

Vivian: I lived with my mother after my dad died. I spent my time working, saving, investing. I had a plan to retire at the age of fifty and buy my own little house on a lake.

Pete: You were going to put the house on the lake? That'd be kinda wet wouldn't it?

Vivian: It doesn't take fourteen months for you to lose your charm.

Pete: I was just trying to lighten up the mood, I don't like tears.

Vivian: I was going to live in a cottage by a lake. Doesn't matter, that's done.

Dale: Why?

Vivian: I was stopped for drunk driving, I had a few beers at work- Then they had a surprise party for a co-worker after work. I had a few beers there too.

Dale: They let you drink beer at work?

Vivian: Nobody knew, how can they stop me? It would've helped if I didn't drive off with my supervisor's car. In my line of work, they really look down on this whole thing.

Dale: Which line of work?

Vivian: I worked for the DMV.

Pete: How can they take your lake house away for that?

Vivian: The fines, the lawyers the cab fair I've been paying, and will be paying for the next year while I wait to get my license back. All of that was supposed to be going to my dream.

Pete: Don't you think you'll be bored retiring so young?

Vivian: I was going to write romance novels.

Dale: And you've never been married?

Vivian: Yeah, I know.

Pete: Marriage and romance ain't necessarily connected. I could tell you all about that, I've been in love a lot. I bet she's had her share of romance. I mean you ain't ugly.

Vivian: Thanks?

Pete: Maybe a bit nutty, but not ugly.

Vivian: I think I was just waiting for my love story to happen to me, and then I was going to write about that.

Dale: What about him and his first wife, what was her name?

Pete: Emily, Would you stop bringing that up. (He begins to cry) You're killin' me here.

Dale: I go my whole life without seeing the man shed a tear and now he's crying like a baby.

Pete: If I could stand thinking about her, you might've known you had a sister sooner. That's the problem with findin' true love, it's a once in a lifetime thing, you miss it and it's never the same.

Vivian: I don't believe in true love anymore.

Pete: That's a good thing, it means you still got a shot at findin' it. When you get it, hold on.

Lights change as the audience hears the sound of rushing wind, Pete, shivers briefly then takes off his shirt, revealing a horribly tacky and stained wife beater, he puts his shirt around Vivian to keep her warm.)

Pete: (his voice is now rugged and Steve Irwin like) Day four, as we ascend the summit of mount Everest in search of the illusive sasquatch, our supplies are running low, and the blizzard is still barreling down upon us. We've lost two men already on this expedition.

Dale: Dad? What the hell are you talking about?

Pete: Dale! My son, my son has come along on this dangerous journey. I'm very glad to see him but I wish he wasn't in this peril.

Dale: Who are you talking to?

Pete: The viewers at home?

(The sound effect stops, as the lights fade back to normal)

Dale: What viewers at home? You don't have any viewers at home.

Pete: No, I don't do I? What'd you do? Did ya push my camera man off the mountain?

Vivian: We're not on a mountain Pete.

Dale: Now will you admit you need help?

Pete: I was just jokin' around with ya. So, Vivian, how long you liked beer?

Dale: Can you speak English at all?

Pete: What?

Dale: Nothin'.

Pete: Well? You know all about us, how long have you been chuggin' the luggin'?

Vivian: I'm pretty sure my first steps were staggered. My nickname as a kid was little brewsky, because, I would steal sips out of my father's beers when I could reach them. He was an alcoholic too, and his father before him and I think my great grandfather was a coal miner, that's what started the alcoholism.

Dale: So you always drank at work?

Vivian: I was a functioning alcoholic, now I just stopped functioning.

Pete: My third wife was a drunkard. Then I went to aaa and got help.

Dale: It's AA dad.

Pete: You know I can't spell very good. Once I got sober, we realized the only thing we liked to do together was drink. When she dumped me; that was a good one, she took me aside and said Pete, It's not you, it's me. Then I said really? And she said yeah, I just can't stand you anymore. I didn't find it funny at the time, but a few months later I realized that was a knee slapper. Do you remember Dottie?

Dale: Who?

Pete: Your step momma.

Dale: No, I don't remember her, I remember that Christmas picture of us with her. On a Polaroid. Since I've been dealing with you the past few weeks, I've been trying to think of my first memory of you. All I can remember is the day my hamster died, you just happened to be there to pick me up for something. You came in right after mom had told me Cuddles wasn't coming back. She was holding me while I cried.

Pete: I remember that, I told ya to stop crying we'll pour a little Pepsi on it and it'll come right back to life. (Pete chuckles at his joke as he did the day he first told it)

Dale: I hated you for years for that. I've often thought of your funeral and I always picture myself dumping a liter of soda on your dead body and laughing my ass off when it doesn't work.

Pete: Now that's not nice, it was just a hamster.

Dale: No dumb ass it was my pet. He wasn't *just* anything. Not to me.

Pete: Oh, well I'm sorry. It was just a dumb joke anyway.

Dale: I know.

(A Hamster appears to Pete, in a colored spotlight to match. The Hamster however should look like a guinea pig or ground hog)

Pete: You must be my hallucination of the dead hamster, huh?

Cuddles: Actually I look more like a ground hog. Hamsters are smaller, like mice with stubby little tails. You can't even get a hallucination right can you?

Pete: Guess not, you know what I should do?

Cuddles: Apologize to Dale.

Pete: I did, he don't care.

Cuddles: You apologized for making a bad joke, you didn't apologize for hurting his feelings.

Pete: Guys don't do stuff like that.

Cuddles: Friends do, he's too old to need you as a father Pete, you know that, try being a friend. Tell him about big foot.

Pete: I can't let him know that, he'll think I'm stupid.

Cuddles: Everyone already knows your stupid. You don't even know what a damn hamster looks like Pete! Just tell him about big foot. Tell him everything! (Light out hamster gone)

Dale: Dad? You okay?

Pete: I saw big foot once.

Dale: Here? On this ledge?

Pete: No, he wasn't one of my hallucinations. I don't think so anyway. This was years and years ago. I was huntin' with my dad, and we was up in a tree waiting for a buck. He was on one branch, I was maybe ten feet away or so on another. And He had fallin asleep, I looked down and saw it. Sasquatch was starin back up at me and cocked his head a little to the side tryin to figure out what I was. I was so excited and scared, I tried to call to my dad, But nothing came out, my voice was gone I was so petrified I reached over to tap him but I couldn't, my arms weren't long enough. I did the only thing I could think of, I pulled the trigger.

Vivian: You shot Bigfoot?

Pete: No, I wasn't even aimin', the rifle was pointin' straight up. The bang scared away bigfoot, a ten point buck that was just in the field beyond our tree and scared my dad so bad he woke up, jumped and fell right out of the tree , broke his leg scuffed up his arm. Man he was cussin at me for weeks after I told him what happened. And he told me there ain't no Bigfoot! And I said yes there was I saw it! We fought and fought over that, till we just stopped talkin' to eachother. I turned eighteen and moved outta his house and never spoke to him again. He died before I went back to visit. He never believed me, always called me a moron for believing in Bigfoot. I hated everything about that huntin' trip, never liked huntin' again.

Dale: Then why do you go hunting ever year?

Pete: To find him. To prove my dad was wrong. So I know I wasn't just a moron.

Dale: You have to shoot at deer to find bigfoot?

Pete: I gotta have a good cover story. I don't want no body knowin' what I'm lookin' fer, they'll all think I'm nuts.

Dale: Why didn't you tell me this before?

Pete: I didn't want you knowing how stupid I was.

Dale: Well, I guessed. But you're not really as dumb as I guessed.

Vivian: I believe it's possible. There is a lot of un explored woods in the world. Really, if we didn't know about the gorillas, they're about the same thing.

Pete: My first wife Emily was a witch.

Dale: I thought you said she was your true love.

Pete: She was. I didn't mean witch in a bad way, she was a good witch, but her family hated me 'cause I wasn't a witch.

Dale: Did her mother always get your name wrong?

Pete: No, her parents were both dead, she lived with her aunt and uncle.

Vivian: Did they make her stay in a broom closet?

Dale: Were her parents killed by an evil wizard?

Pete: No. You two are laughin' at me now, ain't you?

Dale: Yeah, kind of.

Pete: I'm trying to tell ya the whole truth of my life and ya go and laugh at me.

Dale: The witches and Bigfoot. You've had a rough life.

Pete: Now you think I'm crazy don't ya? See, that's why I didn't tell ya that stuff.

Dale: That's not a fair. I had the psychologist appointment before you told me any of that. As crazy as it all sounds, I'm glad you told me. I'll make a deal with you, after they get your medicine fixed, you can tell me all about it, and if the witches and bigfoot stay in the story, I'll believe every word of it, okay?

Pete: Since I was talking' to an invisible gerbil a few minutes ago, that sounds like a good deal.

Dale: Thank-you for telling me the truth, even if it sounds crazy.

Pete: The Gerbil told me to tell you.

Dale: Another hallucination?

(We all hear a helicopter over head, and a search light flashes by. As the light changes scheme, we stop hearing the helicopter and the music begins playing as if Pete is in a Broadway show. A dance should be choreographed to go here, and don't stick to the ledge)

Standing on a ledge ten stories high

I ain't afraid 'cause I'm that kind of guy.

Roof top hallucinations

Make my world seem bright

Roof top hallucinations

turn a cloudy day into

One hell of a night

I could be a doctor a lawyer or spy,

I might be a superhero 'cause I'm that kind of guy.

Roof top hallucinations

They seem to do something to my brain

Roof top hallucinations

I've never been a singer so I must be insane. (song stops Pete sits)

Okay, maybe I do need some help. I don't even like musicals.

(We can now hear the helicopter and sirens again)

Dale: You admit you're hallucinating?

Pete: Yeah, and now I'm having one where the police and ambulances are surrounding the building.

Dale: Dad, I'm having that one too.

Vivian: We're saved!

(The window opens,)

Police Officer Forest: Is there anything I can do for you folks?

Dale: Please let us in.

Police officer Forest: I was hoping you'd say that, please come in carefully.

Vivian: You're kidding me.

Dale: What's wrong?

Vivian: That's the same damn cop that pulled me over.

Dale: Small world.

Pete: Smaller ledge, let's go in before I think we're on a ski trip.

(They slide inside, lights out)

Epilogue

(Lights come back up, now on the interior of Doctor Concord's office. It is vacant, but the phone is ringing, the answering machine picks up)

Dr. Concord: Hello, you've reached the office of Doctor Howard Concord, we're at lunch at the moment, but please leave a message and I'll return your call, thanks-
(beep)

David Bell: Hello, Doctor Concord, this is David Bell. I think I need to see you more frequently. It's been six months, and the doctors say my skull is healed, but I keep having these night mares that it's raining phones, every time a phone rings I jump, even calling you on one unnerves me. Call me back please, or better still send me an e-mail. Thanks.

(The phone rings again, the machine picks up faster)

Dr. Concord: Hello, you've reached the office of Doctor Howard Concord, we're at lunch at the moment, but please leave a message and I'll return your call, thanks-
(beep)

Dale: Doctor Concord, this is Dale Grant, just wanted to let you know dad and I will be late for next Wednesday's session. He and Vivian just got a double wide trailer out by Lake Shanahan. Their parole officer wants to meet them there and see the place at one, so we should be by your office around three. Thanks. (Beep)

(Lights Out)

(Got 'er done. This one's fer my daddy)

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