

The Sessions, The Play

Mustafif Khan

Contents

ACT I

SCENE I – I *Technical Cues*

Main Lighting Cues

LX-SOLO This lighting cue is used at any point for M's monologues or any point where he may be speaking to himself.

Position: FOH1, LX3 @ Stage R & C

LX-TR This lighting cue is used to situate the therapy room, this is used in scenes where M and the Therapist are together.

Position: FOH1, LX1, LX3 @ Stage R, C & L

LX-MADNESS This lighting cue is used for rambling, when M is going back and forth, it is used to situate this madness.

Position: FOH1, LX1 @ Stage R, C, & L

LX-MULTIPLE This will be used to describe multiple lighting transitions.
Ex. Solo @ 50% U3, Madness @ 10% D2

If you have not a lighting technician or designer and want to understand these transitions, a standard lighting cue may look like this:

LX Cue @ Power Percentage Uptime/Downtime

To describe the uptime and downtime you may see Ux or Dx where x is the transition time in seconds

SCENE I – II *Prelude*

Starts with M in his room, sitting at his desk, writing on a notebook.

LX-SOLO @ 50% U3

M I want to, I just want to...tell you something! I just want to...please just hear me out! I want to tell you I'm *%Attempts to say okay%* FUCK!

Breaks pencil, slamming it on the table. Singers come up wearing all white in the background. M stands up and goes to Madness position once Solo blackouts.

LX-MULTIPLE Solo @ 0% D2.5, Lx 2 @ 30% U3, Madness @ 70% U2.5

M How can I say words without doubting myself, huh!

SINGERS *He just wants to let you know, He just wants to say!*

M starts to argue with himself

M How can I say words without thinking about the consequences that may be involved!

ALTER EGO Not a thorough plan, no hide all the evidence, hide it!

M Oh no, it's all part of the calculations, I have it don't I?

ALTER EGO Don't kid yourself

M You fucking said it was gone, you fucking said it was gone! I have depression, fuck! Clinical to the teenagers in our generation, boomers recall it to be non existent in us. Why because we didn't fight in a war!

SINGERS *Misjudged, cautious of self's chance to hell, ohhh, he asks the lord if he's worthy to be in heaven*

M I just wished I had someone I can tell all the time. Without being told not to trust society, it's making me go crazy! I'm scared, I can't do it, I can't tell her, I can't fucking do it!

SINGERS *He asks why, he questions the reality he's living. Society is doing nothing, but to him they're looking down on him*

ALTER EGO You can't, you can never! Never trust her, because that was the first mistake you made! You fell in love, and that turned into madness, craziness into insanity, now look at the shit hole you dugged yourself!

M Shut the fuck up! Who did I show my slits to? Tell her my mind was swirling in turbulent thoughts! I was afraid of seeing tomorrow's promise, who was one of the people who helped me recover!

ALTER EGO If you recovered, then why are you here!

*M goes down crying on his chair, the desk is moved and the
Therapist comes sitting on a chair*

LX-MULTIPLE Lx 2 @ 0% D3, Madness @ 0% D3, TR @ 80% U3

THERAPIST Welcome, you will be here for 15 sessions to help you recover.
After your little incident, I hope I can help you

Scene ends and move to a Therapist room setting

LX-TR @ 50% D3

SCENE I – III *The Session*

THERAPIST So please tell me what's wrong?

M I....I....I...

THERAPIST You know you can tell me anything

THERAPIST So please tell me what happened

M stands up to speak

LX-MULTIPLE Solo @ 70% U2

M I opened a door to the underworld! They told me they'd help me, I regret it! Demons of my past haunting me! Don't call it paranormal until it takes my soul. Takes me whole as it swallows...trying to be tranquil...when it's getting me shooked, hooked on these ideas slowly eating me

ALTER EGO Welcome to the session

M sits back down

LX-MULTIPLE TR @ 70% U3, Solo 0% D3

THERAPIST So you feel like you still haven't recovered?

THERAPIST Depression and suicide still in your mind?

M Recovering from suicide but depression still in question. Isolated and feeling hated, insecurities are feeling like a melody, they sing me a song. I say fuck it to my decision, I ain't talking to her about it!

THERAPIST You tend to lie a lot? Is it because you don't like being honest, or are you scared to be?

LX-MULTIPLE Solo @ 70% U1.5, TR @ 40% D1.5

M Yeah I lie, fucking lie down, act like I'm dead so I can get buried alive! %Whispers% A self defense mechanic, trying to tell but told don't. I'm holding back words, and they're holding me back, hard to share my vision when I'm the only one seeing it. I tell the truth, they're not happy with it! I share a lie, they don't notice, they find

out and ask why I did it. I tell them I didn't notice. %Whispers%
When I force my mind to forget. %Preach% I swear because I'm
insecure! I lie because I don't want to show my colours, so I said fuck
it! Now I'm in a session!

Lighting goes back to normal highlighting M and the Therapist

THERAPIST Interesting, very interesting. Well Mr.Khan this is all the time
we have, see you in the next session.

Lights dim, and the Therapist leaves, leaving light focus on M

M How do I always manage to come back, salute myself back
into solitude, I got cold feet in this Tundra of emotions washing on
me. Breakdowns leaving me in turbulent troubles, I ask myself if this
girl is even worth the trouble? Worried and confused about someone
else's well being, I forgot to notice mine. Tears showing my fears, I jot
them in poems. I learned to draw art in a form of my words, rhyming
turning into shades, I sketch ideas for my next drawings, the portrait
of my pain. The anthology of my dark thoughts...

M sits down, and light comes back to therapist room

SCENE I – IV SOCIAL WORKERS

Therapist comes back in

THERAPIST Hello, welcome back! So I wanted to talk about one of your
poems?

M I have over 60 poems, you gotta be more specific?

THERAPIST It's in your anthology, Mental Health

M Well what's wrong?

THERAPIST What do you mean by your own knife?

M I attempted once...I was scared, I just needed to tell someone

Social workers come in

THERAPIST Tell it to the social workers and I

Lights go down to 55% at the Therapist and social workers

M Confidentiality ending with suicidal behaviour, so why expect me to talk about suicide? %Acts Worried% You see, I have expectations and math makes me so stressed. I lied, I avoided the chance to get professional help with the depression I kept under the rug. It's my problem, how could they help me! Math ended up stressing me a lot, integrals differentiating my mind, the thing is I ended up not lying...they told me to take deep breaths and relax. Something I tend currently tend to do...listen to Dre while my eyes are closed. The fact that I'm happy without a slashed wrist bleeding, I call that a recovery, so you know what?

Yeah I fucking wrote it, I was scared, and felt alone. I wrote it in rhymes to tell my teacher I was scared I would kill myself! Becoming gluten free, I chose to be anorexic! Losing 10 pounds in a month, why not be skinnier than a twig? I was confused as hell! Accepting hell was where I belong, I said fuck you to god. But I'm not scared anymore to say I suffered from mental illness...to say it's your choice whether it stays or leaves you!

Lights at Therapist restore to F

THERAPIST Well we will need to check on you every so often

M Fair enough, are we done here?

THERAPIST Yes, good job today!

Both leave the room, lights dim

SCENE I – V *Political Stupidity*

Therapist sits on his chair, M is standing up glancing in a far distance, opposite to the Therapist

THERAPIST So when did you start getting into politics?

M When I was in 10

THERAPIST How about reading newspapers?

M 11

THERAPIST How do you feel politics is right now?

M It's being fucking retarded!

M faces the Therapist as if he is giving a lecture

M America is being ran by an orange! Fucking closed by the world, break the door hinge, they're acting extra terrestrial! Get George Lucas, yet another starwars episode coming along. Let's see...evil dictator, crumbling economy, wars??? This is what I call political stupidity!

THERAPIST So how about abortion? What are your opinions about it?

M Well a person ain't a person until its born, murder is taking the life of a person. If a women can't take care of it, why have a baby go through so much trouble. A tumbling life, why gamble on it? If a women got raped, then should this sperm be taped onto her life? White people please confirm this? Because yet you complain about it, you don't seem to consider innocent bystander's death, MURDER!

THERAPIST Well, I guess my next question is your views on white people?

M Well...you can't judge a race by some's actions. Some live by the idea of superiority, when white's population makes them feel minor! Calling negros criminals, fucking fat man, trying to fuck up this world, they call it Nagasaki. Fucking colonists! Nazis without a swastika, KGB without the secret, problem is...it's not only white people, it's every person who think they're superior... Nationalistic Ideals....That's what I call political stupidity.

Lights focussed on M

M I always wondered what beauty really means...a word redefined throughout history. Is it to measure someone's body, how big the boner be....or is it really the personality of the person. Internal and external are both qualities in our mind, the difference between a pervert and a gentlemen is he knows what's more desired.

SCENE I – VI INTOXICATED

Lights go back to normal

THERAPIST Please tell me, how do you feel when you meet a nice girl you may like?

M Well I kinda feel like...

M stands up

M I'm intoxicated, excited to meet this person, did I take heroine? I've never been so excited to meet someone...it's very nice to meet you, how could I be fated to see you? Are you my soul mate? For goodness sake forget it, you're probably fake...

M sits back down

THERAPIST I see...you give up quite easily don't you?

M What makes you say that?

THERAPIST Hmm...well tell me more?

M stands back up

M She's leaving me speechless, I feel like I'm going to faint because I may be falling in love with her. Gravity is bringing me down, her beauty is dragging me down, beauty turning into blushes, I got a new crush! Next thing you know she's just a memory I lost interest in, it can be a week or a year...But this girl is really nice, I got a good feeling about her.

THERAPIST So then, do you try to get a date with her or...

M I don't do shit! Get depressed in a fantasy I settle my self in, not being able to fit in a relationship, I complain I'm lonely! I complain...but the thing is, I didn't do anything...I'm hopeless

THERAPIST You can't expect results with no reaction

M Hmm...I guess, the thing is...I'm intoxicated, this girl is too much for me. So I may or may not do something, but for now all I can say is...time will tell for what will happen, just wait!

Lights focussed on M

M Love is a funny thing, you think you know everything about it, but really you're clueless as you started. The thing is, it's sometimes the one you care about the most you try to hide your weaknesses to. It's just that I wanted to tell you I'm okay, but as you can tell I locked myself in therapy sessions, trying to get my mind intact, where did I lose it, maybe I need to investigate that. I complained but didn't act, I kept my anger inside me...it killed me! Those early days I wrote poem after poem, a factory in my mind making mass products, but now it takes weeks to make a line, so I thought I'd quit. But those early days were coming back, relapsing....sessions happening in my mind....nevermind

SINGERS *He thinks as he has second thoughts fueling his anxiety. He tries to understand his situation he locked himself in? Trying to understand psychology with his experimental ideas, creativity leading to his mania*

M I'm having second thoughts about our friendship, thinking it will end, who's telling me? %Singers: his second thoughts%

ALTER EGO Yeah I'm telling him she's not right for him, trust turning into issues, who's giving him the tissues, guess what it's me, %gets a tissue and passes to other hand% here you go!

M She's not a bitch that's what I'm telling you! Why do we seem so distant and close at times is still in question to me? I questioned and trying to tell my neighbor right here she's alright! My thoughts are spiralling in simulations, I go from calm into a psycho mania with headaches lasting till next month, is my heart beating normal again, I just had a panic attack today, yesterday and tomorrow. I ask my therapist if I'm going through phases of insanity, but he's saying it's all in my mind....well no shit right??? Is all this trouble worth it, an endless loop I see myself going through, but I'm seeing through a tinted window outside because inside I'm not allowed, blocked from my ownself, something is wrong!

ALTER EGO Fucking idiot, I'm trying to speak some sense into him, like look what ended happening to him a few years back , he let his guard down and it assaulted him so hard his anxiety got an upgrade, making breathing a problem, grab the inhaler he may have asthma!

M Why don't you shut the fuck up! If we had a weak relationship it would've ended, wouldn't it? If we didn't care about eachother then why were our backs guarded by eachother, explain your logic that's staying stale, pale pain in the ass!

ALTER EGO You say what you want! But don't forget how you started your poems!

M Don't remind me...

SCENE I – VII EARLY DAYS

Return lights to normal room setting

THERAPIST Do you remember how you first started writing poems?

M Oh weren't those fun, I would write some at home, in the caf or lunch. I just had all these ideas, and they poured into paper

THERAPIST Well, we are going to talk about the Early Days...

M Do we really have to?

THERAPIST Please tell me about it...

M I was carrying wasted emotions, given a platter to feast upon, I thought seconds weren't enough, I asked what emotion that was, they said depression...well oh shit. Stuck in illusions I didn't want to leave, I fantasized myself into my own oppression, always tired wanting to sleep. The thing is I liked her, incidentally getting me to know her better. She became a close friend I trusted, helping me with the hidden slits under my watch, which wrists was it?

THERAPIST So what happened next?

M I wanted more, a fat guy wanting more sweets, us together? Wouldn't that be neat. I talked about loving her as a sister, yeah a year later....But that I tried multiple times to end our friendship, after multiple rejections, maybe I was looking at the wrong direction? Right? I was avoiding her, because I had trouble handling it. If I

goddamn hear that name again I'll lose it! Those early days were to blow off steam, I was a kettle brewing tea constantly, so shut the fuck about them! I'm not proud of them! They're a lil'female pup, a fucking bitch!

THERAPIST Well, don't you think you're being a bit too harsh to yourself?

M Bitch....Yeah a bitch! Because...Because they helped me with my stitches right? Helped my eyes get sight again, yeah what a fucking bitch! A cunt, a little runt on the streets, I was learning how to get back on my feet after hearing his name everyday, you gotta be fucking kidding me! Oh I remember that, those were the early days, somehow those poems were my saving grace, yeah I hate them, but that's because I can't relate to them.

THERAPIST But you still struggle to tell her the truth don't you? You don't like to worry her don't you?

M When I'm ready to say, I will...anyways she'll probably be the first to know

THERAPIST Then what about your greatest fear, you're not convinced of her predicament are you?

M I'm not, but thats a conversation we shouldn't need to talk about hopefully

Solo @ M

M I'm guessing my chances of living, depression creeping up in the creeks of my flaws, I'm trying to act flawless but okay is never today. A bitch crying wolf, I'm trying to cry but the only tears dripping is from the people who care about me, they're worried about my well-being, I'm worried about theirs, never considering mine, now I'm illusions, egos mixing up, now I'm hallucinating without the weed that we all need to get a little happy, joint in our own problems, I'm thinking maybe quitting from this is the solution, but now its mission impossible. Please last project take effect in my life, I read poets poem trying to see where I am as a poet.

Hold up a paper, and reads poets poem

M I started writing when I was sad Get an idea whenever I felt bad. I never really valued myself, on behalf of me I dedicate poems to those who showed me my value. It was a clue left for me, so, I can see... that there's more to me and that I have a dream, I can believe! I write poems, giving my hand freedom to write. Endings clashing as my thoughts come to sight, I want to show you my talent. So, as you read on, I'll leave you silent... I couldn't believe I am who I am, this sleeve this world puts on me makes me want to cry. To be deceived, as feelings are twirled, I see the fakes that come at me. He who is the one wouldn't love if loving was the key to money. As solidarity mental confinement can leave a man begging on his knees, please oh god please as he begs for mercy, but what he can't see. Was the lord and Savior he believed in made him blind? That towards all his kindness, god never existed? He was always free, but this pain fell to his legs, as when he begs it's for nothing but comfort. That kind of sorts kept fucking with his mind, it was a sign to him... that a poet's poem can mean a lot, but for you to listen, please get in line, fasten your seat belts because the story has only started!

TR @ All

SCENE I – VIII THE EVER-LASTING DREAM