

***Gilligan's Survivors: A Tragicomedy in
Two Acts.***

By Valerie Ni Loinsigh

Characters:

Ralph: Narrator and logbook attendant

Doctor Evan Graft: Founder of ‘Gilligan’s Survivors’

Nurse Joy Hogan: Nurse at ‘Gilligan’s Survivors’

Katherine O’ Connor: Student

Mona Mittay: Patient at ‘Gilligan’s Survivors’

Jeremy Landes: Patient at ‘Gilligan’s Survivors’

Ursula Landes: Sister of Jeremy Landes

Walter Mittay: Played by Ralph

Father: Played by Ralph

Scene One.

An Introduction

(The stage is divided in two by a hospital partition. Each side of the partition is a different bedroom in the hospital, with a bed on each side.

Ralph *sits on a high chair, beside the hospital exit. There is a table with a microphone placed in front of him. He makes his announcements using this microphone. He holds a book labeled, 'Visitor's Logbook' pressed to his chest with care, as one may hold a cherished novel.)*

Hello, ladies and gentlemen and welcome to 'Gilligan's Survivors.' This is an institution that specializes in healing wounded souls, through spiritual therapy. My name is Ralph, I am the evening attendant here at 'Gilligan's Survivors.' I have worked here for twenty years and am chief organizer of the Visitor's Logbook. *(brandishes the book enthusiastically)* My job, you may think, sounds pretty boring. Waiting here with bated breath for a visitor, surrounded by agonizing silence, staring vacuously into the dark abyss that is my future day after day after day after day. *(Overzealous)* But noooooo! Not at all! I get to meet the people who visit and we have had some interesting, *interesting* visitors I can tell you...between the scores of brain-numbingly, soul suffocatingly

mundane ones. We keep the logbook you see, purely for identification purposes because it is extremely difficult to distinguish in-patients from their visitors and should I lose the logbook, I wouldn't know who to keep in and who to keep out. *(Chuckles)* Today, I will tell you about one particular log, Katherine O' Connor. She is a log from hundreds of pages ago whose catastrophic visits left a permanent mark on the 'Gilligan's Survivor's' logbook.

(Ralph angrily reveals a large, black ink-stain on one of the pages. He puts on a generic intercom voice, which he will return to for every announcement and says the following into the microphone.)

Date, September first. Label, most catastrophic visitor-Katherine O' Connor's first visit.

(Enter Katherine with Doctor Evan Graft and Nurse Joy Hogan.)

Doctor Evan Graft: You are very...hmmm...

Nurse Joy Hogan: *(coughs nervously)* Welcome.

Doctor: WELCOME! You are welcome here to 'Gilligan's Survivors. Institution for Spiritual Healing'. You of course know me, but who the fuck are you?

Katherine O' Connor: Oh, my name is Katherine O' Connor. I am so happy you allowed me to spend time with you Doctor Graft. I have always been a massive fan of yours...

Ralph: *(from sidelines)* Liar.

Doctor: What was that Ralph?

Ralph: Oh me? Oh nothing...I said fire. Nothing to be concerned about, there's just a little fire happening.

Doctor: *(unfazed)* Just a little fire Katherine, nothing to worry about. Anyway go...hmmm...

Nurse: *(coughs nervously)* on.

Doctor: ON! Go on.

Katherine: Yes, so I am here because I am writing about you and your healing praxis for my dissertation. I came here to document the genius behind the legend.

Doctor: *(bamboozled)* Legend?

Nurse: *(coughs)* Legend, in this scenario meaning a person of note, meaning you Doctor.

Doctor: I knew that Nurse. Well she hardly meant you now did she?

(Chuckles) You want to write about my legend. That sounds excellent, I am after all a very impotent man.

Nurse: *(Coughs)* Important man.

Doctor: Yes, important that's what I said. Don't get carried away now
Nurse. You are here as an aid, not as a nuisance. Anyway
Katherine...what is it that you need?

Katherine: Well Doctor, we both know that you are a pillar of society/

Doctor: /Even, Nurse Joy knows that. She's not as stupid as she looks.

(Nurse nods her head dutifully.)

Katherine: But I want to hear the patients tell me about how great you
are too so that we can bask in mutual appreciation of you and I can write
a glowing review of 'Gilligan's Survivors'...a review that will be
eternalized forever in my thesis in Stanford library.

Doctor: ETERNALIZED, that's a word I need to know...Nurse Joy,
make note. However, I am afraid that's impossible as the only thing I
value more than myself is the confidentiality of my patients. *(Pause.)*

Well maybe not *more* than myself. I would rather throw Nurse Joy here
into the fire that's innocently raging at the moment than risk jeopardizing
the confidentiality of my clientele. *(To self)* I could never forgive myself
if I were to lose all that money.

Katherine: But Doctor, I couldn't possibly write about how inspirational
you are without interviewing them.

Doctor: No. No means...ugh...

Nurse: *(coughs)* No.

Doctor: Yes! No! By yes I mean no. That's right. Yes means no...oh but I will offer you this. There are two in-patients that I am trying desperately hard to get rid of. You can invade their privacy all you want. I call them the 'half-in patients.' (*Chuckles heartily at himself*) They are making no progress. Feel free to disturb them. I mean (*coughs respectfully*) I'm sure that they will be comfortable with that.

Katherine: Thank you so much Doctor. I greatly appreciate this. If anything I admire you more now, having met you than I did before.

(**Doctor Graft** hugs **Katherine** passionately. **Katherine** is taken aback.**Katherine** says 'oh'. Dr Graft says 'ahhh')

Doctor Graft: For a second there, you reminded me of my mother. Okay. Goodbye. You can fuck off now. Nurse and I must go sort out this...ummm....oh....

Nurse: Fire.

Doctor: (*screams in terror.*) FIRE!!! Where?

(**Doctor** runs offstage, leaving **Nurse** and **Katherine** behind staring at each other. **Nurse** shrugs and rushes offstage after **Doctor**.)

Scene Two:

Introducing Mona.

Ralph: There you had the obnoxious Doctor Evan Graft and his long-suffering assistant Nurse Joy Hogan. We'll be seeing a lot of them.

(Moves to announcement) Date, September second. Label, most catastrophic visitor, Katherine O' Connor visits half-in patient number one, Mona Mittay.

*(Opens with a spotlight on **Mona Mittay**. She sits up in bed with her eyes firmly closed. She speaks the monologue, as though narrating a dream.)*

Mona: The trees were all blue. They were all blue and dancing. Dancing like scared birds. When you found us...when you found us. And you held out your big, warm arms and engulfed me. And you hid me from the dancing trees, which had turned from scared robins into vultures, robins into vultures. And you promised me, in your big arms, you told me, 'Mona, I will never let them hurt you, because that's what people will do if you let them...people will hurt you' and I knew you were telling the truth and I knew your promise meant a lot to you because you were crying. Your big saucer eyes looked right at me and splashed warm tears on my forehead. 'Stick with me Mona, stick with me and I won't let them

hurt you.’ And Walter reached out and squeezed my hand and we both agreed that we would always stick with Daddy.

*(Lights come up on **Doctor Evan Graft**, **Nurse Joy Hogan** and **Katherine O’ Connor** standing beside the hospital bed in which the infirmed **Mona** lies.)*

Nurse: *(Quickly reading.)* Mona Mittay has been an in-patient of ‘Gilligan’s Survivor’s’ for ten years now. Submitted at twelve years of age, on May 31st 2004. *(Coughs nervously)* Has shown no improvement and consistently resisted treatment. Mona is not considered dangerous, receives food intravenously and has never formed any type of relationship with other patients or staff members. The only word that Mona has ever spoken aloud since her arrival is ‘sorry’ which she has repeated every year at twelve pm on the same date, January first. *(Coughs)* This date is significant to Mona for confidential reasons that will not be made known to the general public, for educational purposes or otherwise. *(Coughs twice.)* Mona is said to have an almost irreparable spirit that has been broken from early childhood.

*(**Nurse Joy** nods, her duty fulfilled and nervously stares back at the clipboard.)*

(Silence.)

Doctor: So, as you can see Mona is quite the peculiar one. The longest running patient here at ‘Gilligan’s Survivors.’ You see, she lives completely inside her own mind. Only she knows what goes on in her imagination. She refuses to acknowledge reality.

Katherine: And, why is she here?

Doctor Graft: Well, you see, as we do with all of the other...

Nurse: Patients.

Doctor: PATIENTS! Patients, Lord give me a little patience. We offer her the same spiritual cleansing treatments. We offer her the ‘release your inner rage’ yoga class every morning, which she doesn’t attend because she never opens her eyes...Then there’s the ‘swim outside your spirit class’ which happens bi-weekly in the evenings...but it’s hard enough to tell if she’s breathing on land, so, we wouldn’t dream of putting her in a swimming pool. (*Chuckles*) Group therapy is obviously a no-go as Mona is the only one Mona likes to interact with...We do sit her through the one-on-one sessions but, again, we can only guess what she is thinking as, aside from her annual apology, she remains completely mute.

Katherine: If her progress is so stagnant, what keeps her here?

Doctor: Hope.

Katherine: Hope?

Doctor: Well. *(Sharp inhale)* There is of course, still the hope that one day Mona will snap out of it, wake up and offer her spirit to us so that she can be cured.

Katherine: But, should she wake up and regain speech, won't she already have been cured?

Doctor: Partially but her spirit has realistically incurred life-long damage from the lack of love it has undergone due to her lengthy reverie.

Katherine: So...she is here...she is paying to be here...in hope?

Doctor: Precisely.

Katherine: But...what happens when hope...runs out? What comes after hope?

Doctor: Necessity.

Katherine: Excuse me?

Doctor: Necessity. I don't see old 'silent whisper' here holding up well in the real, cruel world now, do...*(looks at Nurse Joy for assistance.)*

Nurse: You.

Doctor: You! Do you?

Katherine: Does anybody ever visit her?

Doctor: No.

Katherine: Not even her family?

Doctor: *(looks to Nurse Joy briefly who stares at the floor)* Oh, believe me, you don't want to know about them.

(Pause.)

But we must end this conversation immediately. Can I show you the resident social area now?

Katherine: *(reluctantly)* Of course.

(Lights down so that only the spotlight on Mona is left.)

Mona: Dandelion needles chased you down the yard. It was one dark, dark summer evening, we giggled and squirmed like sea-lion pups. Your small nose buried itself under the crook of my arm. Stop! That tickles. That tickles, you demon! I look at you and you look back at me. We are the same. You bark aloud. The sea-lion pups who have gathered around the lake all stand on their haunches and beat their flippers, giving you a standing ovation. Because, they all loved you too. They loved you too, but not as much as me. But even the dandelion needles can't sew you back together, now that you are torn apart. You are torn and gone forever. I wish we had appreciated the summer day before the night came and took away all of its light, with its darkness and its terror.

Scene 3:

Obligations

Ralph: Well, that was half-in patient number one, Mona Mittay. She has been a full-time resident here at ‘Gilligan’s Survivor’s’ for ten years now but she sometimes disappears on long vacations into her past. I don’t know why she keeps returning as it’s a terribly sad place. I can never comprehend why some people are so drawn to trying to understand pain when it would be much easier to run away from it. Now, let’s move on quickly and visit half-in patient number two shall we? What better way to visit him than via his most frequent visitor?

(Says in intercom voice.)

Date, September second. Label, half-in patient two, Jeremy Landes is visited by his most stubborn visitor, Ursula Landes, who, due to unfortunate biology is his sister.

(Ursula strides into Jeremy’s bedroom and wrenches the curtains open.

*There is a lump in the bed, evidently it is **Jeremy**. She momentarily looks repulsed then strides towards a cd player, which is located on top of a cupboard in the corner of the room. When there, she violently wrenches a cd from her handbag and places it into the cd player with unrelenting conviction. She presses play and classical music erupts from the device.*

*When she observes that **Jeremy** hasn't budged from his blanket cocoon, she turns the music up to full volume. She sways to it. Once **Jeremy** sits up, **Ursula** switches the cd player off.)*

Ursula: Rise and shine sleepyhead.

Jeremy: Ursula, get the hell out of my room. This is ridiculous.

Ursula: Come on Jeremy, first one leg, then the other, it's not rocket science. If Jesus could rise from the dead you can get out of bed. Let's go!

Jeremy: *(sighs)* Ursula, even as an agnostic, I find that offensive. Please leave me alone.

*(**Jeremy** turns over and crams his head under a pillow.)*

Ursula: *(half-singing)* Jeremy? Jeremy? *(More frank)* Jeremy, listen to me, I'm only going to say this once. You need to know that you have an obligation to be likeable.

(Pause)

Look at me when I am talking to you! This new *depressed* look that you are going for just does NOT suit you. It's unbearable. No wonder you have no friends.

Jeremy: *(From under the pillow)* Who said that I have no friends?

Ursula: Well, I can't see any.

Jeremy: *(Sits up)* It's nine am in the morning, Ursula, I'm in bed, as are most sane people. This is not an appropriate time for friends to be here, even if I had any.

Ursula: Don't argue with me Jeremy. Arguing is unlikeable, extremely unlikeable and I have already informed you that likeability is an obligation of yours. I do not like repeating myself. *(Pause)* And, need I remind you that you don't have many obligations. No children, no job, nothing! Nothing at all to hold you down. *(At a threateningly fast pace)* Likeability is the sole responsibility that you have, which you must ensure that you fulfill. If you do not have a desire to do so for yourself than please do it to avoid embarrassing your family. Because, Jeremy, believe me, we are all extremely embarrassed of you right now.

(Silence)

Ursula: What are you thinking? I can never read your silences.

Jeremy: I'm thinking that you are a hypocrite.

Ursula: Why?

Jeremy: Because you are counseling me on likeability when your defining feature is how utterly unlikeable you are.

Ursula: So? That has got nothing to do with anything.

Jeremy: Why must I be likeable if you're not?

Ursula: Because that's *your* obligation Jeremy, not mine. My obligation is to be pretty. I am extremely pretty. Alarmingly so. It scares people.

Therefore I am not obliged to be likeable as well. Prettiness is one obligation. Likeability is a completely separate one. The two obligations, don't sit will together, they don't have a history. *You*, however must be likeable, because of your appearance, which is mediocre at a stretch. You don't see me sulking in an institution.

Jeremy: *(calmly)* Ursula. Beneath your thin veneer of painted-on-pretty, we both know that you are an empty and emaciated scarecrow. And your overpriced wardrobe and over-sprayed perfume make you tackier than an anniversary spent in Disneyland.

Ursula: *(Performs a slow, calculated clap)* Bravo. That's the first interesting thing that you have said in months Jeremy. Well done. I didn't yawn. Can I get an encore? Or must I be subjected to more self-indulgent musings about your depression?

Jeremy: Ursula, go find a broom and steal the happy childhood you could never afford.

Ursula: Jeremy, how on earth do you expect to meet a suitor if you persist in carrying on with this-this *(gestures at him and the room dramatically)*...carry-on? I mean, you're not making it easy for yourself. People already think you're gay, now they think that you're depressed too.

Jeremy: Ursula, I am gay.

Ursula: *(Loud sigh)* Jeremy, you're not gay, you're just tired. Now, please, get up, you're making me tired looking at you.

Jeremy: Fine, fine Ursula. (*swings blanket back and gets out of bed*)

Congratulations you witch, you have successfully summoned me. Now, tell me, please, what the fuck do you want?

Ursula: Finally. Well, I took the time to research ways of helping the hopelessly depressed, you know, people like you...ways of helping them to come around to see the good in life again. Why do you need a psycho like Doctor Evan Graft when you have me?

Jeremy: (*mutters*) My own personal/ psycho.

Ursula: /Exactly! And in this whole *depression* business, music is hot at the moment. So, I thought bingo!! Luckily for us both, I was blessed with an acute musical ability to go with my blisteringly attractive appearance. My talent may just be enough to help you to overcome your inadequacies!

Jeremy: Charming.

Ursula: Ok, Jer-bear, first we'll start with a simple one. Repeat after me, (*Clears throat and loudly sings*) 'I feel the sun, I feel the sun shining on my soul.'

(**Jeremy gives Ursula a withering look.**)

Ursula: Just fucking do it.

Jeremy: (*sighs*) Ok Ursula, if it will make you happy.

Ursula: It's not about making *me* happy Jeremy. (*Singing*) 'I feel the sun, I feel the sun shining on my soul.'

Jeremy: (*half-assed*) ‘I feel the sun, I feel the sun shining on my soul.’

Ursula: Jesus Jeremy, that was pathetic. I want to feel captivated, not held captive. Make an effort.

Jeremy: (*louder*) ‘I feel the sun, I feel the sun shining on my soul.’

Ursula: Absolutely tone deaf. That was flatter than your last girlfriend, who come to think of it now, I’m pretty sure was a man. Think uplifting Jeremy! (**Ursula** *sings loudly, snapping along out of time.*) ‘I feel the sun, I feel the sun shining on my soul. And everything feels fresh and new, nothing is old.’

Jeremy: (*darker*) Why are we doing this pointless fucking exercise?

Ursula: Because...(sings)’ And everything feels fresh and new, nothing is old.’

Jeremy: Why?

Ursula: Because, I said so...come on! (*sings more frantically*)
‘everything feels fresh and new, nothing is old.’

Jeremy: For God sake Ursula, why?

Ursula: (*Stops snapping along and speaks quickly*) Because I’m scared that you will get as sad as you were before. Because I’m your sister and God help me, I know that I’m selfish and unlikeable but it doesn’t mean that beneath the *veneer*, I don’t have a heart. I will do whatever I can to stop you from getting so sad again. Now, Jeremy, sing the fucking line in

the fucking key of E major or I will castrate you. And nobody wants that because this is written to suit the lower vocal register.

(Jeremy stares at Ursula.)

Jeremy: Ok, Ursula. I'll try my best.

Ursula: Your best is all that any of us are asking for Jeremy.

Jeremy: *(With a gusto uncharacteristic of him thus far. Sings.)* I feel the sun, I feel the sun shining on my soul. And everything feels fresh and new, nothing is old.

(Jeremy smiles, Ursula applauds and laughs with relief.)

Ursula: There he is! There's my brother, there's the boy we all knew and loved before the...*(quickly)* Next line: 'All of my gorgeous life couldn't be sold, for there's not enough gold.'

(Silence.)

Jeremy?

Jeremy: I need to lie down now for a while Ursula. I'm tired.

(Pause.)

Thank you.

(Silence.)

Ursula: Suit yourself. *(Spins on her heel)* Don't forget to shave when you get up, you are starting to look like a deranged ferret, albeit fatter than your average ferret.

(Ursula swoops out.)

Ralph: So much sass from Ursula Landes, our most frequent visitor, who will now go home and weep to her husband about the brother she is so desperately trying to save. Next up, Katherine who, having experienced the catatonic Mona, moves onto her second sight of experimentation:

(Intercom voice.)

Date, September second, a matter of seconds later. Label, most catastrophic visitor, Katherine O' Connor visits half-in patient number two, Jeremy Landes.

(Katherine enters tentatively. She peers around, eventually noticing the lump in the bed. She coughs to get Jeremy's attention. Jeremy sits up sharply, his body is erect in the bed, concealed by his blanket. Shouting frantically.)

Jeremy: What is it Elphaba? Has your cauldron run out of blood?!

Would you like one of my vital organs to add to your potion? WHAT ISSSSSSS ITTTTTT? *(Throws blanket off of himself. Glares at*

Katherine. *Immediately grows embarrassed.)*

Jeremy: *(quietly)* Now...you see, I was expecting...

Katherine: Somebody else?

Jeremy: *(nods)* I thought you were going to be...

Katherine: Elphaba?

Jeremy: *(shrugs)* She had just been for a fly-in visit you see. I thought she may have forgotten her cat.

Katherine: I see.

Jeremy: Well...you're definitely not her anyway.

Katherine: No, I'm afraid not. I'm not even one of the three weird sisters.

Jeremy: Please...don't mention weird sisters. Sorry...I guess I should introduce myself. My name is Jeremy Landes. I'm presuming that you're not a patient as you don't look wealthy enough and I'm presuming that you're not a staff member as you don't look unhinged enough?

Katherine: *(laughing)* I think you got that the wrong way round?

Jeremy: *(straight-faced)* No.

Katherine: Well... my name is Katherine. I'm a student of Stanford University. I'm here to do some research for...university stuff. *(quickly)* Doctor Graft has allowed me full access to yourself and Mona Mittay. He said you would be comfortable with this?

Jeremy: *(sarcastic)* Oh, Doctor Graft has always had the highest regard for my comfort. *(Procuress pillow)* Can't you see that from this pillow he has fashioned for me from glass?

(Katherine laughs. Jeremy smiles. Pause.)

Katherine: You're witty.

Jeremy: Not what you were expecting?

Katherine: Mmmm...

Jeremy: You were expecting a zombie?

Katherine: No...no.

Jeremy: I'm not judging you for your expectations...I mean...I expected Elphaba. But expectations don't quite work in this place. No matter how big your brush Katherine, I think you'll find it exceedingly difficult to paint all of the patients here with the same color.

Katherine: Oh, I would have had no intention...

Jeremy: It's not your fault Katherine. I tried too. *(quietly)* Have you actually met Mona?

Katherine: *(nodding)* Yes...this morning.

Jeremy: She's...she's strange.

(Pause.)

And please *(smiles)*...college work? Nobody from the almighty Stanford University would ever be too shy to discuss the intricate details of their studies...unless of course, there is something they were trying to hide?

Katherine: *(embarrassed)* Oh...no...I would, it's just that-

Jeremy: *(winks)* Don't worry Katherine, I'm not telling anybody.

Katherine: *(flustered)* I'm sorry...I don't know what you mean...Doctor Graft asked me to meet him now for a therapy session...I better be going-

Jeremy: Sure, Katherine. It was lovely to meet you. Please do come back. It's refreshing to see a new face, believe me! *(Winks again)* And as I said, your secret is safe with me.

(Katherine awkwardly nods and bustles from the room. Jeremy smiles, then pulls the blanket back over himself and once again creates a blanket cocoon.)

Act Two

Scene One:

How to be Happy.

(Doctor Evan Graft waves smarmily as he enters from upstage and moves to downstage center. Nurse Joy Hogan enters shortly after, dragging on a lectern, which she places in front of him. She is drained of energy but he doesn't acknowledge her effort. He gestures for her to move the podium closer to him, with a hand movement, tutting as she does so. She then sits on a stool, which has been placed nearby between the acts. When he is eventually ready to speak, he holds his hands out, like a preacher.)

Doctor Evan Graft: L-l-l-l-l-l-l-aaaadies and...ugh...I...

(Looks nervous. Stage whispers to Nurse Joy Hogan.)

Where's my uplifting speech you idiot?

(Nurse Joy Hogan hands him a piece of paper. He roughly grabs it off of her. Once again he assumes the posture of a preacher.)

Ladies and gentlemen and the members of the androgyne who sit amongst you tonight.

(Sharp inhale of breath)

Life is a gamble.

It is full of inconsistencies and when it comes to it, it amounts to nothing more than a series of tiny investments. Each and every investment that you have ever made in this life has fallen through. Each and every dice you rolled has not only glared at you with its snakey eyes (*narrows eyes*) but it hasn't even stayed on the table. One dice falling down the gutter never to be seen again and the other ricocheting off an expensive chandelier which now hangs tenuously above you...ready-I may add- to come crashing down at any moment.

It is our duty here at 'Gilligan's Survivors' to throw your die back on the board and not to let you, well...die under cascading shards of crystal from a suicidal chandelier.

I, Doctor Evan Graft, am your guru. Your Buddha. Your Obama.

It's my job to show you how to be happy. Whether you allow yourself to succumb to my guidance is an entirely different story. *(Looks pointedly at*

Jeremy.) There are a few of you who treat misery as though it were a vocation.

(Long sigh.)

So...in short...people you *trusted* *(sighs)*...possibly your parents, possibly your spouses...maybe even your cat Fluffy, told you how to get ahead in life.

You *relied* on them. You *bet* on them. You *invested* in them.

(Now dramatic)

They let you down. They shat all over your life and now you're here.

Your spirits are clinging onto what's left of you. You walk around looking like the offspring of a ghost and a shell who's being stalked by a zombie. Grieving...constantly.

(Performs a drum roll on the lectern he stands behind.)

Newsflash people, mourning will get you nowhere. Mourning will keep you in bed. And bed is for night-time, not for morning. *(Smiles at what he recognizes as his own ingenuity. More frank.)*

It's time to wake up and smell the cat-shit.

It's time to move on, move upward. Turn that cat-shit into gold. Turn misery into rage.

PEOPLE!

This does not mean I am condoning violence.

(Pause. Mutters.)

Nor am I condemning it.

(Evangelical.)

Life is a race. Not, one short sprint. It's an ongoing race until the very end.

And, look around you, my friends, the odds are very much against you...

(mutters) you poor decrepit creatures.

Let's face it, the last time any of you won a race, you were a sperm.

(Growing in excitement.)

I'm going to get you back in the race. I'm going to turn you back into the sperm you once were. A sperm you could place a bet on! A sperm I would be proud to call my own.

(Pause.)

I have a dream that one day, you will all dream like me.

This, my friends, *(extravagant hand gesture)* is the only way that you'll ever be happy.

Your dreams are your uncensored reality. If you didn't set limitations on yourself DAILY than you could realize them.

(Darker.)

When people are sick in reality, I always root the problem back to their dreams. You wouldn't be sick, if your dreams weren't *so* sick. So today, I will heal them. All you need to do is offer them up to me.

(Quietly.)

Let me tell you about my dream. It's nothing short of perfection.

(Slow inhale of breath.)

I dream that I am in a room.

A white room.

Sparse.

Almost empty, aside from one large mirror.

I walk to the mirror and look into it. I see myself and I smile.

I know that as long as I have me, I will always be happy.

I don't need the other in order to be happy because nobody makes me as happy as *me* makes me happy.

I love me.

And I want you to love me too.

(Beat.)

Not *me* me...but you me. The *me* inside you. Every you contains a *me*.

By sacrificing your dreams up to me, I will help all of you to find the *me* within you. The *me* which all of your crushed spirits so desperately seek.

(Business-like.)

Let's start with Mona.

Mona, you spend a lot of time in your own head. You are bound to have some dreams. Would you like to share a few?

*(Silence. **Doctor Graft's** face appears to be going through the seven stages of grieving. He visually reacts to **Mona's** non-response in the*

following order: Shock, denial, anger, bargaining, guilt, depression, acceptance/hope. This can be conveyed using dramatic facial expressions, wildly overzealous hand gestures, by mouthing words, etc. Once he finishes, he regains composure. Drily)

Mona's brain-dead of course, she probably never dreams.

Let's take a more equipped example...a qualified woman, Katherine O'Connor. Katherine is amongst the elite students of Stanford University. Thanks to her, I will become a terminal.

Nurse Joy: *(coughs)* Eternalized.

Doctor: ETERNALIZED. The Stanford students must be smart because, they ALL follow my teachings. *(Laughs at himself, looks pointedly at*

Nurse Joy Hogan, *who giggles meekly.)* Their university motto after all is 'Make life better.' Which is what I do.

Katherine, please, share with us your last dream.

Katherine: Oh, no Doctor, please, I couldn't possibly-

Doctor: What's that Katherine? (*Leading.*) Too good to participate in an activity which is expected of *all* of the *patients* here at Gilligan's Survivors? (*gasp*) In short, too good for the patients?

Katherine: It's not that Doctor...I just...well...I wouldn't know where to begin!

Doctor: Well, I can help you there, Katherine. Begin at the beginning. (*Chuckles heartily at himself, titters from the worn-down Nurse Joy.*) Come now, sacrifice your dream!

Katherine: (*reluctantly*) Mmm...well...I-I-I...there was a pony...at the beginning of my...mmm...

Doctor: (*hushed*) Oh goodness Katherine...throw me right in there at the deep end...play shy then whip out the equine reference. Dreams are visual...we see what we are. Ponies have tails you see Katherine, a tail being a physical manifestation of a 'tale'...(*sharp inhale of breath*) or a lie. Are you a pathological liar Katherine?

Katherine: No.

Doctor: But, how could I possibly believe that answer when you just told me you were a liar? Hmm...go on Katherine...go on...I will look for a silver lining amongst the cloudy haze of lies you will, no doubt, provide.

Katherine: Mmm...I saw a friend and she was talking about a present she had bought me.

Doctor: *(Calculated)* Kleptomaniacs often view possessions of others as presents those people wished to bestow upon them...Ok Katherine, I'm afraid I have heard enough from you today. I didn't expect you to be so troubled. We can continue this later in a one-on-one session. For now, we'll end this session, because, well, frankly, I'm hungry. This session has come to an...oooooh...

Nurse Joy: *(coughs)* An end.

Doctor: An end! *(Storms offstage. Leaving Nurse Joy Hogan trying to drag the podium and stool off simultaneously.)*

Scene Two:

Wishful Visitors.

(Ralph walks to the front of the stage to directly address the audience:)

Ralph: As chief attendant of the visitors logbook, I have witnessed every single visitor that has come here and even a few who haven't.

Unfortunately sometimes visitors let you down and don't quite show up.

Our half-in patients have been wishing for two particular visitors for the entirety of their stay here with us. I don't like to see any of the patients unhappy and since I consider myself to be amongst the elite group of visitor log chiefs in the world, I even make allowances for wishful visitors, visitors who never quite made it.

I take down wishful visitors in a different colored pen because some of the wishful visitors of the past have included deceased stars and it would be very unsavory if people were to think that we stored the bodies of dead celebrities. *(mutter)* Unsavory but not necessarily untrue.

In this year's chapter of wishful visitors, we will begin with somebody Mona Mittay cannot live without.

(Says into microphone, in intercom voice.)

Date, December twenty-fifth. Label, a wishful visitor visits half-in patient, Mona Mittay.

(Ralph puts a baseball cap on and a colorful jacket, to signify that he is playing a character)

Mona: Alone we huddled together for warmth. The dying sun glowing on the lake. So close together that our breath, spiraled from us and combined in one glorious tendril. We thought of how much we loved the lake. The lake was the only safe place, away from Daddy in the house with all of his tantrums. Away from the world that had stamped all over Daddy's heart. The lake seemed so quiet and peaceful, calling for us to join it.

(Ralph enters quietly.)

Mona: Walty?

Walter: Moaney?

Mona: I knew it-

Walter: -Was you.

Mona: I was waiting for you/all this time.

Walter: /How long have you been here?

Mona: Since you left...*(begins to cry)*

Walter: Don't cry Mona, it makes me want to cry too, because/ Twins
always do the same.

Mona: /Twins always do the same.

Walter: Can we go outside?

(Walter climbs in beside Mona in bed and hugs her.)

Mona: Daddy says not to...

Walter. Daddy says it's all our fault...

Mona: But I-I-I don't know if I can guess the right one...

Walter: Daddy won't be happy even if you do...because even when he wins, he always wants more until he loses it all again...

Mona: He spends a lot of time staring at memories from far ago...and talking to himself...

Walter: I'm worried that if /we don't escape

Mona: /we don't escape. We'll turn out/ Just like Daddy.

Walter: /Just like Daddy.

Mona: But what happens if we escape?

Walter: He says the world is a terrible place...

Mona: He says we wouldn't want to go out there, even if he let us...

Walter: He says they hurt you. People. All people. Even the ones you love.

Mona: And if not, you'll hurt them. If you love them too much, they break. Promise me Walter...

Walter: Promise you what?

Mona: That I will never hurt you.

(Long Pause.)

Walter: But, I'm gone Mona.

Mona: No, you can't go Walter. I need you.

Walter: I'm sorry Mona. *(softly)* You promised me you would come with me.

Mona: *(starts to cry)* I know. I know.

Walter: Remember Mona...you let me do it all alone. And I thought you were there. But when I reached out, in the lake. I couldn't feel your hand. It was the first time in our whole lives/That we were separate.

Mona: /That we were separate. I called for you Walter. I told you to stop.

Walter: But by then I couldn't hear because my ears were full of water.

Mona: I tried so hard to say something sooner but I couldn't find the words. I lost all of my words. And when I looked up, you were gone.

Walter: Mona, you need to remember your words now. Remember?

(The twins sit up in the bed, hold hands and face each other. Pause.)

The lake looked effervescent because Walter's last breaths made it bubble.

Mona: *(nods)* And my trembling hands, searched through the water for your hand but I couldn't find you.

Walter: And my mind kept searching for the right words, as I stood, frozen to the spot. But all I could hear was Daddy's voice shouting, shouting about how it/ was all our fault.

Mona: /was all our fault. And as the last of the effervescence cleared from the surface of the water, I realized it was because Walter was no longer breathing and I began to cry/because twins should never be apart.

Walter: /Because twins should never be apart.

(Pause.)

I'm sorry Moaney. I'm going to have to leave again.

Mona: But Walty, I miss you terribly.

Walter: I know Moaney. And it's ok that you forgot your words then, if you can remember them now.

*(They hug and **Walter** departs. **Ralph** walks back to his perch, removes his **Walter** costume and puts on a large overcoat. Says into microphone.)*

Ralph: Date, December thirty-first. Time, midnight. Label, a wishful visitor visits half-in patient, Jeremy Landes.

*(**Ralph** enters silently and coughs to draw attention to himself. **Jeremy** sits up in bed and stares at him for some time. A long silence.)*

Jeremy: I didn't think you would visit.

Father: *(curtly)* Of course I would visit. It's one of my duties as a father. Do you think I would ever fail to fulfill one of my paternal obligations?

Jeremy: I thought this one, may have been one too much for you.

Father: I would never allow your failure to affect me. Being inefficient repulses me Jeremy. You know it does.

Jeremy: *(hushed)* Where were you all this time?

Father: *(sighs)* Jeremy, children are supposed to spend a lifetime paying for the mistakes that their parents made, not the other way around.

Jeremy: Of course dad.

Father: *(clipped)* Don't call me dad. Call me father.

(Pause.)

Jeremy: Couldn't you see I needed you?

Father: *(sighs)* One can only do so much.

(Long Pause.)

Jeremy. *(sighs)* A man. *(Longer sigh)* A *real* man must be capable. A real man is efficient.

Jeremy: Father, please stop talking about efficiency. As you can see, I am not at my most efficient. Right. Now.

Father: *(gruff)* For goodness sake, stop this nonsense! Sentimentality is for women.

(Pause.)

Jeremy: *(sarcastic)* The way that you're talking reminds me of Christmas.

Father: What's that supposed to mean?

Jeremy: The presents.

(Long pause.)

Father: Yes?

Jeremy: You could always tell which ones were from you.

Father: (*shrugs*) Am I supposed to understand that?

Jeremy: (*quickly*) On one side, crayons, clothes... treats, on the other side a water bottle, socks...maybe underwear, if you were feeling generous. Nothing extraneous.

Father: (*tuts*) Your mother always insisted on those stupid crayon sets. I told her not to bother. No boy wants crayons.

Jeremy: The crayons were always my favorite.

(*Long Pause.*)

Father: Listen Jeremy. I...(shudders) I know that...(voice begins to break) I'm sorry son.

Jeremy: (*This shocks Jeremy who gets out of bed.*) It's okay Dad. I liked the water bottle too.

Father: (*still crying*) It's not about the water bottle.

Jeremy: (*exacerbated*) The socks weren't even that bad!

Father: It's not about the socks!

(They stare at each other for a time.)

Father: It-s just...I'm just so profoundly disappointed in how your life has turned out son.

*(Pause. **Jeremy** nods and goes back to bed.)*

Jeremy: Thanks for visiting father I never thought you would.

Father: I wish I had.

*(**Father** leaves. **Ralph** removes costume and then strides to the front of the stage and dramatically bows. He goes back to his perch and poses in character until the lights go down.)*

Scene Three:

The Interview

(Ralph introduces the action from his perch.)

Ralph: Wishful visitors, expounding the tendency that people have to always desire that, which they cannot have.

The next entry is a visit in which Katherine learns more about Jeremy than he knew about himself...

(Into microphone)

Date, January first. Label, most catastrophic visitor, Katherine O' Connor interviews half-in patient number 2, Jeremy Landes on why he is half-in, instead of wholly out.

(Katherine sets up her Dictaphone, placing it on a little table between herself and Jeremy who sits opposite her in his pajamas.)

Katherine: Hello Jeremy. Thanks for agreeing to this.

Jeremy: Well I could hardly decline...Sorry Katherine, no can do on the interview, I'm too busy thinking about whether it's possible to die from inactivity.

Katherine: *(smiling)* Well, you're in a joking mood at least. What did you think of Doctor Graft's sermon?

(Silence)

...on how to be happy?

Jeremy: *(speaking very quickly)* Who has the right to tell anybody else how to be happy? Some people are happy just sitting at home, watching television for hours on end...doing nothing...nothing with their lives aside from celebrating the achievements and mourning the failures of others. Anyway Doctor Graft's whole livelihood depends on our unhappiness so I can't help but to question his motivations.

Katherine: So...you don't agree with his practice?

Jeremy: Not the practice per se...but the idea of happiness being something that you can acquire. He is forcing us to run towards a goal that doesn't exist. There's no such thing as happy.

Katherine: I consider myself happy Jeremy.

Jeremy: You're not happy Katherine, you're naïve.

Katherine: How cruel...*(softer)* what does happiness mean to you Jeremy?

Jeremy: Most of us live to discover ...or *try* to discover a purpose in life...

Katherine: A purpose? Interesting. What's your purpose Jeremy?

Jeremy: For those of us stubborn enough to do it, we become the best at something...for everybody else but the stubborn elite we place that purpose in them. We invest all of our purpose in our chosen, stubborn someone.

Katherine: Oh. Who's your purpose then Jeremy?

(Pause.)

Jeremy: I lost my purpose.

Katherine: *(tentative)* Your purpose is lost?

Jeremy: My purpose is gone.

Katherine: So, you're saying that somebody died?

Jeremy: No...not died.

Katherine: They disappeared?

Jeremy: ... worse.

Katherine: What's worse than disappearing?

Jeremy: They *chose* to go.

Katherine: They cho-

Jeremy: They chose to go quietly and without a fuss. Quietly. Without a fuss. As though...as though staying never meant a thing to them, as though staying wasn't worth a loud word or even a tear. As though staying wasn't worth smashing all of the mirrors in the apartment that night. As though staying wasn't the difference between violins on a veranda in France and a subterranean cult violently burrowing into your house and eating your heart.

(Pause.)

Katherine: You're sad because somebody didn't like you anymore and left?

Jeremy: No...worse.

Katherine: Hate you?

Jeremy: No, I appreciate hatred. They became indifferent...or maybe it was worse again?

Katherine: Worse?

Jeremy: Maybe they were indifferent all along but I was so dead set on discovering my purpose in them that I pretended they weren't.

Katherine: That happens.

Jeremy: *(surprise)* Katherine...

Katherine: What?

Jeremy: That was honest...frank even.

Katherine: You didn't expect honesty?

Jeremy: Not from you...I expected you to indulge me and embellish my pain. Not to be frank. I didn't expect frank.

Katherine: *(smiles)* Jeremy, I think you'll find it hard to tar me with any brush you have prepared to do so. Don't assume a thing about me.

Jeremy: Hmmm...

Katherine: Why can't you just forget about that purpose and find a new one? That was a bad egg.

Jeremy: Because that would be the most terrible thing.

Katherine: Why?

Jeremy: Because it would say more about me. If I were to admit it, that I had been fooled...it would show how I was so full of self-loathing that I deluded myself into thinking that this *egg* cared about me. I allowed them to demolish me...I allowed them to *win*.

(Pause)

Katherine: Win? *Win*? Jeremy, that's incredibly childish.

Jeremy: *(glares at her)* You're incredibly childish! *(babyish)* You don't know what it's like to be demolished. You and your ivy league university...and your secrets...and your well-conditioned hair!

Katherine: *(sighs loudly)* Well?

Jeremy: Well...well what?

Katherine: What's wrong with that?

Jeremy: With well-conditioned hair?

Katherine: What's wrong with allowing yourself to be demolished if it helped you to learn something?

Jeremy: That's the stupidest thing I have ever heard.

Katherine: Why?

Jeremy: Because the only thing worse than an idiot who demolished somebody is the *fucking* idiot who allowed themselves to be demolished!!

Katherine: (*quickly*) Well-I'm here because I'm trying to ruin Doctor Evan Graft! I want to ruin him! I think he's full of shit and this whole pile of manure he is feeding you all is idiocy and extortion and it's appalling how he is abusing vulnerable people...

Jeremy: (*matching her tone and pace*) Did you ever think that maybe these vulnerable people know *exactly* what he is doing and put up with it because they want some space from their lives, even if space means shacking up with a psychotic vacuous blimp?

Katherine: I don't-

Jeremy: *(equal conviction)* Did you ever think that your assumption that we were too *vulnerable* to realize that we were being taken advantage of and then using us to prove your point was another deviation of taking advantage of us?

Katherine: I...guess not.

Jeremy: *(conclusive)* And in a way it's abuse of a higher degree because *he* is a certified megalomaniac but *you* are completely self-aware.

(Pause. Katherine turns off the Dictaphone and slams it back onto the table)

(Quietly) I have some questions for you now Katherine...

Katherine: *(deflated)* Fine...

(The following exchange is extremely quick-fire.)

Jeremy: Why do women always turn to cleaning when they are upset?

Katherine: Because of their mothers.

Jeremy: Why do mothers always hate their daughters more than their sons?

Katherine: Because of *their* mothers.

Jeremy: Well if mothers are so important why do I care about my inconsequential father so much?

Katherine: Because you're childish and won't let go of the past or accept that other people are not responsible for your actions.

Jeremy: Katherine you're far more beautiful when you're frank. If I were into women or you were actually called Frank I would lure you into my hospital bed and explore all of your secrets with you.

Katherine: Jeremy, if I didn't have a three-year old child to worry about, I may consider being wooed.

(Beat.)

Jeremy: Katherine. My tarring brush is firmly back in its box.

(Sound signaling the beginning of an intercom announcement.)

Ralph: Call to all of 'Gilligan's Survivors', who are currently feeling *up to it*, it's time for Mona's annual moment of non-silence!! The utterance will take place in ten minutes. All celebrators are to gather in her room immediately. Doctor Graft will lead the ceremony. Supported by Nurse Joy.

(Katherine and Jeremy stare at each other for a time, then get up and exit. Katherine leaves her Dictaphone behind her.)

Scene Four:

The Utterance.

(**Doctor Graft, Nurse Joy Hogan, Jeremy, Katherine, Ralph** and a number of miscellaneous, disinterested-looking in-patients have all gathered in **Mona's** room. **Mona** is propped up in bed, with her eyes shut.

Doctor Graft stands on **Mona's** bedside table and addresses the room and the audience as though they are all of the patients at the hospital, who have come to witness the utterance. As usual, he gesticulates wildly.)

Doctor Evan Graft: Welcome, everybody, welcome, welcome, welcome to this wonderful occasion! Today is a very special day, an anniversary, our tenth utterance here at Gilligan's Survivors. (*Applauds himself, aggressively signaling for others to join in.*) And in honor of this important milestone, Nurse Joy and I have brought some provisions.

(*An exhausted-looking **Nurse Joy** rummages through a heavy-looking industrial bag, which she has dragged in with her and procures party hats and party poppers.*)

Nurse Joy: (*coughs*) One...um...party hat and one...(*coughs*) party popper each.

(She wearily begins to distribute them.)

Doctor Graft: An absolutely darrrrling idea, I think you will all agree. Nurse Joy and I thought we really needed to begin celebrating Mona's moments properly...and we thought what better way than party poppers and hats?

Nurse Joy: *(coughs)* Mmmhmm.

Doctor Graft: Well, for those of you amongst us who are complete virgins *(winks at Katherine. Katherine says oh, Ralph shrugs, Doctor does disgusting ah thing)* to the utterance, it is truly the highlight of our calendar year here. I better explain how we do...how we do-

Nurse Joy: *(coughs)* things.

Doctor: Things! Yes how things do we. All of you must put on your party hats and party smiles immediately. *(He smiles broadly and stares at everybody and begins aggressively snapping his fingers until they do so)* And, when we come to ten seconds before the utterance, there will be a

countdown. I will perform the countdown, as I have the best voice for the job...and Nurse Joy will...oh...Nurse Joy will....

Nurse Joy: (*coughs*) Signal the countdown with my fingers, so that you keep on track.

Doctor: Ahh...yes. Like a teleprompter keeping the star of a show on track. You lovely...p-p-p-

Nurse Joy: Patients.

Doctor Graft: (*going bright red with fury*) No!!! Not all of *them* are patients Nurse Joy, you imbecile, you-you-

Nurse Joy: (*coughing severely*) People!!

Doctor: (*Joyous again*) People! Lovely. Lovely people. You lovely people will pop your poppers at the end of the countdown. Then (*makes a sweeping hand gesture towards Mona*) the centerpiece of the whole show...will perform the utterance...After, you lovely people should form an orderly queue and Nurse Joy will take a polaroid of each of you with me...oh and—Maud?

Nurse: Mona.

Doctor: *(smiles broadly)* Special girl. *(Dropping the joyous facade.)*

Okay so how are we doing on time?

Nurse Joy: A minute.

Doctor: What?

Nurse Joy: Sixty seconds.

Doctor: Okay, talk amongst yourselves...for...sixty seconds...minus ten seconds please....

Nurse Joy: Fifty seconds.

Doctor: *(climbing off of the bedside table)* Nobody likes a show-off

Nurse Joy.

*(For the next section, **Doctor Graft** and **Nurse Joy** are deep in conversation and cannot hear **Katherine** and **Jeremy**. All but **Jeremy** and **Katherine** are muted in discussion.)*

Katherine: Soooo...Mona is going to speak?

Jeremy: Yeah, same thing every year. Aside from the tacky party paraphernalia, that's a new addition.

Katherine: It's pretty exciting though isn't it? I mean...I have visited her every day since September and not a squeak from her.

Jeremy: It's barely more than a squeak though...she just says sorry...but nobody knows what for.

(Doctor Graft climbs onto the bedside table once again.)

Doctor Graft: *(overzealous)* Okay people!!! Here we go! Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, thumb! *(Nurse Joy is holding up her thumb to signal number one)* Pop those motherfuckers!!!!

(What follows is extremely loud, as everybody begins popping the poppers. Doctor Graft is demonic in his celebration, hollering and hooting with joy. Some of the more easily-led patients join in with his scary sounds. Nurse Joy's popper doesn't work, she is indifferent about this and throws it on the floor exhaustedly. After this raucous popper

*extravaganza, there is a stony silence and all eyes are on **Mona**. Her eyes open and she takes a sharp intake of breath.)*

Mona: I'm sorry.

*(**Doctor Graft** pops another popper and woops.)*

Doctor: Now for the polaroid-

Mona: You see-

Doctor: *(Glances wearily at **Mona**)* Of course, one at a time, we-

Nurse Joy: *(suddenly angry)* Doctor, will you kindly shut the fuck up please? Mona is still speaking.

*(**Doctor Graft** is flummoxed.)*

Mona: I'm sorry. So sorry. Daddy is gone away into his head. Daddy hasn't even noticed that Walter is gone. Gone and he can't come back. And it's all my fault. It's all my fault. But this time, even Daddy doesn't blame me because he is too busy blaming the world for all that he did wrong.

Jeremy: (*gently*) What's your fault Mona?

Mona: (*looking at Jeremy*) Walter. My brother. I made Walter go away. Into the lake. And I was supposed to go with him...but I forgot. I tried to tell him to stop but I lost my words...and I don't think my words can ever come back.

Jeremy: They're back now, Mona. He may have died but you're still here with us.

Mona: But, he's the only one who would listen. Daddy was too busy shouting and telling us that we were the reason...the reason that the world was so bad to him. Daddy hated when we talked, he said, (*imitating Daddy's voice*) 'Don't you dare talk back at me. You sound just like your mother. And you're mother was the lowest of the low.' And now Walter is gone and Daddy only talks to himself, so I just sit here and I don't say anything because that's best. Then maybe one day it will stop.

Jeremy: What will stop?

Mona: The pain.

Jeremy: I'll listen to you, Mona. I like the sound of your voice.

Mona: Thank you, I like your smile. You should smile more, Jeremy.

Jeremy: *(smiles broadly)* You know my name? Well, I'll smile more if you talk more, deal?

Mona: *(smiles)* Okay.

(Jeremy holds Mona's gaze. She reaches out her hand and he holds it.)

Mona: *(closing her eyes again)* Oh, thank God you're back Walty, you don't know how much I missed you.

(Pause. Allow a beat as Jeremy contemplates what Mona has just said.)

Jeremy: I know...I know you missed me. I missed you too Mona.

Mona: Promise me that you won't ever leave me again Walty?

(Beat. They freeze in position.)

(Doctor Graft *takes a polaroid photo of the pair of them.*)

Doctor: This one is going on the website

Scene Five:

The Finale.

*(All of the featured characters stand beside **Ralph's** perch at the side of the stage, near the exit. **Katherine** stands holding her briefcase full of files. **Jeremy** stands beside her holding his bag full of belongings.*

Doctor Evan Graft *stands between them and the doorway glaring at them.)*

Doctor Graft: Well, I hope that you are satisfied y-y-you idioramusus! Thanks to you, Nurse Joy has abandoned me and now the years of invaluable guidance that I have provided her with have gone to waste! When I went into her office this morning to check why the bins hadn't been taken out, I found this on her desk!! *(He procures the Dictaphone)* It was on her shelf of private belongings so naturally, I listened to it. Drivel! ABSOLUTE DRIVEL! She must have listened to it and left in disgust! Interfew, *(screams with laughter)* if you could even call it an interfew! Research, research you lying scoundrel!

Katherine: Doctor, if I may...this has nothing to do with Jeremy, I am entirely to blam-

(As Katherine defends Jeremy, Doctor Graft presses the play button on the Dictaphone, a segment of the earlier interview plays)

V/O in Jeremy's voice: Doctor Graft's whole livelihood depends on our unhappiness so I can't help but to question his motivations.

Jeremy: It seems worse out of context than it actually was at the time...

(Doctor Graft attempts to rewind and play the recording but it becomes jammed on 'unhappiness' and repeatedly plays this.)

Doctor Graft: Jeremy, you are no longer a half-in patient but rather an out-patient. And Katherine, believe me when I say that you are genuinely the/most catastrophic visitor

Ralph: *(over intercom, in time with Doctor Evan Graft)* /Most catastrophic visitor! *(He pops a party popper. All acknowledge this before continuing.)*

Doctor Graft: ...that we have ever had to endure. I am now going to go to the kitchen to get *myself* a cup of tea, a strong cup, absolutely laced with sugar. *(Picks up Dictaphone and smashes it)* I want you both out of

this building before I can say ‘Nurse Joy, you wench, go make me a cup of tea, four sugars immediately’ ...OH! Nurse Joy! (*Runs offstage stricken with grief at the fact that he will never be able to demand tea from Nurse Joy again*)

Katherine: (*genuine*) Jeremy, I am so sorry I...I didn’t mean to cause you any trouble.

Jeremy: Trouble?

Katherine: Yes, I would never have come here if I realized what a mess I would cause.

Jeremy: (*drily*) Katherine, if it wasn’t for you, nothing would have changed.

Katherine: I know Jeremy, I’m sorry-

Jeremy: I could have spent the rest of my life in that dark, dank room. And now? Instead, I am leaving! I’m leaving and I’m going to visit my sister Ursula.

(*Jeremy hugs Katherine. Katherine gasps with pleasure*)

Jeremy: Thank you for showing me that my biggest problem...was me.

Katherine: You're welcome...I guess?

*(They leave together. The stage plunges into darkness, aside from a spotlight on **Mona's** bed. She sits propped up in bed, with her eyes closed.)*

Mona: A hurricane swallowed my heart the morning that you disappeared. Since then there has been no rain, no wind, no air. There has been nothing but silence. A pair of inseparable sea-lion cubs, we could have survived together in water or on land but since that fateful day we have been obsolete on both. So many predators could have swept us away in the terror of the night but in the end, we were separated by a self-inflicted gust that blew away all your breath and sucked up all my words. I don't know if it is worse to be the one who is gone forever or to be the one who has to survive a moment without you.

*(There are a few moments of silence as **Mona** breathes loudly and calmly, then she suddenly opens her eyes and lets out a bloodcurdling scream.*

*The spotlight dims. **Ralph** confidently strides to the center of the stage with the logbook in his hand and winks at the audience.)*

Ralph:

Men have many habits. Some men hurt people and become aware of it far too late. When the damage has been done. Then the fear comes. The everlasting fear of hurting somebody new in the same, destroying way. It makes those men step back. They step away from people and live in isolation, where they know that they can never cause that same pain again. They stop moving and observe strangers learning how to hurt each other in new ways. Because the only way to avoid hurting anybody is to stop participating, it's to stop moving at all. The only certain way to avoid hurting anybody is to hurt yourself by becoming nobody. So there appears to be a choice, can a man bare to stagnate and live a life guilt-free or would he prefer to risk crushing somebody else in the pursuit of success? Because the guilt that comes with success can be too much. But humans love to take risks. Gambling, hurting and repeating. These are the habits of men.

Well...I hope that you have enjoyed your stay here at Gilligan's
Survivor's folks. Please, do make sure to come back for a return visit but
don't forget to sign in. *(He winks and shuts the book)*

(Blackout)