

(Script for *Solar Plexus*)

Scene 1

Adapted from the script of the play 'Speaking in Tongues' by Andrew Bovell, 1998

Two Male Voices:

I don't have any friends.  
Why?

At my age you reach a position in life when you no longer have friends. You just have colleagues. That's what happened to me.

Her car was found in a ditch on the back road.

Does she normally take that road on her way home?

No

Was she all right when she left for work this morning?

She seemed fine.

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Scene 3

Adapted from the script of the play 'Speaking in Tongues' by Andrew Bovell, 1998

Two Female Voices:

I don't know what to feel any more. I've always felt ambivalent about being loved.

Are you sure he loves you?

He excels in rational self-detachment. Not a romantic. Fine, with me.

Why?

Because I don't want him to need me. I don't like being needed.

Is he married?

Yes.

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(Scene 1 – continued)

Your wife is a clinical psychologist?

Yes.

Your voice... you sound... cynical?

I think she influences her clients too much.

How?

She applies her suffering to most people.

What happened to her?

She was a victim of child abuse.

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(Scene 3 – continued)

I disagree. I think you attract men with latent dependency needs and then you abandon them.

I am not that manipulative

You did desert the other guy. He was left wanting you. It gave you all the power. You seek power in your relationships.

Don't you?

I think a relationship is about mutual surrender.

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(Scene 1 – continued)

Do you suspect your wife of leading her clients to believe that they have experienced sexual abuse.

She genuinely believes that most people have been sexually abused. She thinks it applies to all people who manifest psychological problems as adults.

I am beginning to think it's like UFO's? If you believe in them you see them everywhere.

She could be right.

I can't believe you say that.

I've seen lot of it.

Does that mean it's an epidemic?

People inflict senseless pain on each other. It's like an epidemic because it's out of control.

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#### Scene 5

Adapted from the Television series CSI, USA,  
Broadcast 09/2003

Male and Female Voice:

I've seen drunks so looped they've fallen out of a car at 60 and don't break a finger.

She was alive during the fire.

I hope she didn't suffer too much poor darling.

We need to know who she is.

Can't get prints from bone.

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(Scene 1 – continued simultaneously with Scene 5 above)

Two Male Voices:

I keep trying to figure out what happened.

You came home late last night.

I was with a woman.

Does your wife know?

I think she knows I am seeing someone.

You mean... betraying her.

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Scene 3 – continued

I think about his wife a lot. He is planning to leave her even but I told him it isn't necessary. Every time he is ready to leave she instigates a crisis. So he stays.

Aren't you a little cruel?

I don't think so.

She feels his withdrawal and naturally tries to hold onto him and her life with him.

Is it his fault that she is so needy?

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(Scene 1 – continued)

Two Male Voices:

I thought if she were gone I would feel free.

And...

I feel ...

Responsible?

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#### Scene 6

Adapted from the script for the play "Psychosis 4.48  
by Sarah Kane, 2000

Two Female Voices:

You're my last hope.

I feel I am being manipulated.

Do you feel nothing?

We have a professional relationship.

You don't like me.

You don't need a friend you need a doctor.

Do you think a person can be born in the wrong body?

Most of my clients want to kill me.

I want you to like me.

I keep hearing this song... (...*humming*)...I can't remember the lyrics... do you know it?

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#### Scene 4

Adapted from the book *The Divided Self, An Existential Study in Sanity and Madness, Psychotic Developments, (a case study)* by R. D. Laing, Penguin Books, 1986

Female Voice:

There is this man one of my clients. I'm not getting on with him very well.

He wants to forget the horrible memories that haunt him by 'forgetting himself'.

Male Voice:

It's like trying to outline a plot without writing a story without being a writer.

He won't be able to hold onto himself for much longer.

I can feel him slipping away.

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#### Scene 2

Adapted from the film *American Psycho*, USA, 2000

Two Male Voices:

Take the lyrics to 'Land of Confusion'. In this song, Phil Collins addresses the problem of abusive political authority.

'In too Deep' is the most moving pop song of the 1980's about monogamy and commitment. The song is extremely uplifting. The lyrics are as positive and affirmative as anything I've heard in rock.

I think 'Invisible Touch' is the undisputed masterpiece it's an epic meditation on intangibility.

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(Scene 3 – continuation)

Female Voice:

I get this dream. Every night. I'm standing on a beach at the foot of a steep cliff. I look up and see a woman standing at the top of the cliff, looking down at me. My feet are stuck in the sand. I can't move. I look up. Rocks start falling. Then... I wake up.

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(Scene 4 – continued simultaneously with Scene 3 above)

Male Voice:

I can't eat. I can't sleep. I can't think. I can't fuck. I can't love.

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(Scene 2 – continued)

Two Male Voices:

What do you want me to do?

There are more urgent problems.

We have to slow down the nuclear arms race, stop terrorism and world hunger. But we can't ignore our social needs either. We have to stop people from abusing the welfare system. We have to provide food and shelter for the homeless and oppose racial discrimination and promote civil rights while also promoting equal rights for women but change the abortion laws to protect the right to life yet still somehow maintain women's freedom of choice.

We also have to control the influx of illegal immigrants. We have to encourage a return to traditional moral values and curb graphic sex and violence on tv, in movies, in pop music, everywhere. Most importantly we have to promote general social concern and less materialism in young people.

I am seeing the whole puzzle. You only see the pieces.

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(Scene 3 – continued)

Two Female Voices:

I fucking hate this job.

I am going to kill myself.

How?

Take 15 microgram of Permillidentrol slash my wrists  
then hang myself.

That's stupid.

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(Scene 4 – continued)

Two Male Voices:

I can't eat. I can't sleep. I can't think. I can't fuck. I  
can't love. I can't feel myself anymore.

He follows behind people, imitates their walk, copies  
their phrases and mimics their gestures. That way he  
thinks he becomes them. He slips into other people's  
personas in order to feel real.

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Scene 2 – continued

Two Male Voices:

There's this theory out now that if you can catch the  
aids virus through having sex with someone who is  
infected, then you can also catch anything -  
Alzheimer's, muscular dystrophy, haemophilia,  
leukaemia, diabetes, even dyslexia.

Bullshit

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(Scene 3 – continued)

Two Female Voices:

Who is the woman. is it his wife?

No, it's you.

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(Scene 4 – continued)

Male Voice:

This thoughts go on and on, I'm going over the border.  
My real self is way down. It used be just at my throat,  
but now it's gone further down. I'm losing myself...  
deeper and deeper. I want to tell you things but I am  
scared. My head is full of them. My head can't grip  
them. I'm behind the bridge of my nose. I mean I am  
there. They are splitting my head open. I don't know if  
it's true or if I have just made this up. I would like to  
like and love. I'm just slowly dying.

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