

Excerpt from...
"OUT OF THERAPY"
by Bruce Kane

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LIGHTS UP

(Greg and Tanya enter carrying drinks and laughing gaily.)

GREG: No

TANYA: Yes.

GREG: Really?

TANYA: Really.

GREG: I don't believe it.

TANYA: Believe it.

GREG: That can't be true.

TANYA: It's true.

GREG: You?

TANYA: Me.

GREG: I'm not buying it.

TANYA: Buy it.

GREG: (*incredulous*) You were a controlling bitch?

TANYA: Well, you were an insensitive jerk.

GREG: But that's different.

TANYA: Because you're a guy?

GREG: It comes with the testicles.

TANYA: If you can be an insensitive jerk, I can be a controlling bitch.

GREG: I still don't see it.

TANYA: Ask my ex. I'll give you his number. One eight hundred poor bastard.

GREG: What did you do?

TANYA: I was a contradictor.

GREG: A...?

TANYA: Contradictor.

GREG: And how exactly does that work?

TANYA: Okay... You say... uh... north.

GREG: North.

TANYA: South. Say... uh... left.

GREG: Left.

TANYA: Right.

GREG: Up

TANYA: Down.

GREG: Black

TANYA: White

GREG: Yes

TANYA: No.

GREG: Wow.

TANYA: Controlling bitch.

GREG: Well, that's enough to drive anyone nuts.

TANYA: It drove my ex right into the arms of a tall blonde with a talent for saying "yes..." to practically everything.

GREG: My insensitive jerkiness was a little different.

TANYA: Different?

GREG: I had this thing with my wife.

TANYA: Have we known each other long enough for "I had this thing with my wife"?

GREG: Not that... No... No...

TANYA: That's a relief. Not that it didn't sound intriguing.

GREG: I was constantly telling her what she was thinking.

TANYA: That must have gone over well.

GREG: Like any man ever knows what any woman is thinking.

TANYA: What did she say she was thinking while you were telling her what she was thinking?

GREG: That I was an...

TANYA: Insensitive jerk.

GREG: Only her reference was a little more anatomical.

TANYA: I like her already.

GREG: But it didn't stop me.

TANYA: Of course not, you're a man.

GREG: I'd just keep going... I couldn't help myself. The more she pushed back the more I went on and on and on.

TANYA: Can I ask you a question?

GREG: I'm an open book.

TANYA: When you were going on and on and on... did it turn you on?

GREG: What?

TANYA: Did going on and on turn you on?

GREG: What do you mean did it turn me on?

TANYA: When my ex and me were going left, right, up, down, north, south... It was this huge rush... I really got off on it.

GREG: You mean...like...?

TANYA: Like, you wouldn't believe.

GREG: That's...

TANYA: Sick?

GREG: No. No... (*having a revelation*) That's genius.

TANYA: Driving my husband nuts was "genius?" Although, when you put it that way.

GREG: (*excited*) Why didn't I meet you two years ago?

TANYA: I don't know... Maybe because we were both married and neurotic. Or am I repeating myself?

GREG: It all makes sense now.

TANYA: No it doesn't.

GREG: I could have saved a fortune on shrinks. What was the word you used?

TANYA: I don't know... Sick? ... Jerk?... Bitch?

GREG: Rush... You said "rush." It was a rush. A turn on. Why didn't I see this before?

TANYA: Excuse me for a moment. *(takes out cell phone and speaks into it)* Ok Google... What the hell is he talking about? *(puts phone away)*

GREG: *(excited)* It was right there in front of me. Oh God, this is wonderful. The whole time I was telling my wife what she was thinking and she was telling me to go to hell, I was getting off on it. I mean really getting off on it. This explains everything. How long have we known each other?

TANYA: I don't know... Three or four hours.

GREG: Three of four hours?

TANYA: Three or four hours.

GREG: And you got more out of me than my shrink did in two years.

TANYA: Man or woman?

GREG: Man or woman, what?

TANYA: Your shrink. Man or woman?

GREG: Man.

TANYA: That explains it.

GREG: Explains what?

TANYA: You opened up to a woman and not a man.

GREG: What's the difference?

TANYA: Tits.

GREG: Have you ever thought about being a shrink?

TANYA: Classes begin in September.

GREG: You're gonna be great.

TANYA: As long as all my clients are men. Women... You never what they're thinking.

GREG: This is incredible. *(a little too dramatic)* I feel like a tightly closed bud that has emerged a flower reaching for the sun.

TANYA: *(skeptical)* Really? A flower reaching for the sun?

GREG: *(somewhat embarrassed)* It was on a poster in my shrink's office.

TANYA: Putting aside the horticultural metaphors for a moment, the bottom line is that only through complete and open communication...

GREG: Can two people have any hope...

TANYA: For a deep...

GREG: And lasting relationship.

TANYA: As long as that relationship is honest.

GREG: And direct.

TANYA: No hidden agendas

GREG: No game playing.

TANYA: Do you realize we've been finishing each other's sentences?

GREG: I'm sorry. I apologize. Force of habit.

TANYA: It's kinda nice, really.

GREG: Well, there are people you know all your life...

TANYA: And you never really know them.

GREG: And then there are people you just meet...

TANYA: And you feel you've know them all your life.

GREG: Wow... I could kiss you.

TANYA: Why don't you?

GREG: I don't know. Why don't I?

(They kiss)

GREG: That was nice, too.

TANYA: It was, wasn't it?

GREG: *(nervously)* There's something I'd like to ask you.

TANYA: Ask away,

GREG: I... I'm not sure... Uh... Would you...Uh?

TANYA: The answer is yes.

GREG: I haven't asked the question yet.

TANYA: You want to have sex with me.

GREG: Wow. When it comes to open and direct you could write the book.

TANYA: I did. It's called "How To Be Easy In One Simple Lesson." It's available on Amazon.

GREG: That's not what I mean.

TANYA: It's okay... This is the new me. No games... No defenses... Up front all the way. Makes life a thousand times easier.

GREG: I can see I've got a long way to go. I mean... I don't know why I was so nervous, you know... about asking...

TANYA: To have sex.

GREG: I knew you were going to say yes.

TANYA: *(Going from open and up front to defensive and insulted in a flash)* What???

GREG: I knew you were going to say "yes"?

TANYA: You *knew* I was going to say... "yes"?

Play continues...

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