

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

Copyright: Bruce Kane Productions 2006
All Rights Reserved
22448 Bessemer St.
Woodland Hills, CA 91367
PH: 818-999-5639
E-mail: bkane1@socal.rr.com

ISBN: 0-595-14893-X

"Out Of Therapy" is protected by copyright law and may not be performed without written permission from Bruce Kane Productions. To obtain permission go to www.kaneprod.com/plays/playscontact.htm and complete the Contact Us Form.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS All producers of "Out Of Therapy" must give credit to Bruce Kane as sole Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performance of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for any purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or production thereof, including posters, souvenir books, flyers, books and playbills. Bruce Kane must also appear immediately following the title of the Play and must appear in size of type not less than fifty percent of the size of type used for the title. The Author's name must be equal to or larger than the Director's, but never smaller than that of the Director. The above billing must appear as follows: "Out Of Therapy" by Bruce Kane.

WARNING No one shall make any changes to this play for the purpose of production. Publication of this plays does not imply its availability for production.

"OUT OF THERAPY"
by Bruce Kane

(This piece is about two people fresh out of therapy who believe they've gone through a life changing metamorphosis. In truth nothing has changed except for their own self regard which is now out of proportion to reality. While telling the other how wonderful she/he is, they are actually just congratulating themselves. The early part of the piece should be played brightly, with high energy, building in momentum until the moment it all falls apart)

LIGHTS UP

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

GREG: How long have we known each other?

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

GREG: I feel I've known you all my life.

TANYA: Isn't that funny? I was just thinking the same thing.

GREG: There are some people you know all your life and...

TANYA: You never really know them.

GREG: Exactly.

TANYA: My first husband was like that.

GREG: I knew it.

TANYA: Knew what?

GREG: That you'd been married before.

TANYA: You did? How?

GREG: I just knew.

TANYA: You're divorced, aren't you?

GREG: Two years.

TANYA: I knew it the first time I saw you.

GREG: Talk about simpatico.

TANYA: Was your first wife communicative?

GREG: Silent as a tomb.

TANYA: My ex was the same way.

GREG: That's why the marriage failed.

TANYA: To be honest, I wasn't a very open person myself.

GREG: I never would have guessed.

TANYA: It was only through therapy..

GREG: That you learned to say what you felt.

TANYA: You too?

GREG: Me too.

TANYA: Somehow I knew that.

GREG: I went into therapy a tightly closed bud and emerged an open flower reaching for the light.

TANYA: That's beautiful.

GREG: I've come to learn that only through complete and open communication can two people have any hope for a deep and lasting relationship.

TANYA: As long as that communication isn't one sided.

GREG: Both people must be able to freely express their thoughts, their needs, their desires...

TANYA: But it must be an honest expression of those needs and desires. No game playing.

GREG: You're a find, if you don't mind my saying so.

TANYA: Not at all.

GREG: Since my divorce, I've dated many women. They seem so protective.

TANYA: Defensive...

GREG: Afraid to say what they want.

TANYA: What they need. It's the same with men.

GREG: I don't mean to sound presumptuous, but I think you and have...

TANYA: A real future together?

GREG: You took the words right out of my mouth.

TANYA: You're an open book.

GREG: Coming from someone as forthright as yourself, that's a real compliment. The truth is I'm not as open as I'd like to be.

TANYA: I feel complimented that you can reveal that to me.

GREG: You see... I want to...

TANYA: The answer is yes.

GREG: But I haven't even asked the question.

TANYA: You want to have sex with me.

GREG: When it comes to open lines of communication, you could write the book.

TANYA: Don't be silly, I was thinking the same thing.

GREG: Actually, I've been thinking it...

TANYA: Since you bought me that second martini.

GREG: My God, are we on the same wave length or what?

TANYA: It's nothing magical really. We're just two open people who refuse to beat around the bush.

GREG: I could kiss you.

TANYA: Why don't you?

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

(They kiss)

GREG: *(thrilled with himself beyond belief)* I don't know why I was so afraid to even broach the subject of sex. I knew you were going to say "yes."

(This is where it falls apart. Tanya's emotional high takes a slow elevator ride to the basement as her whole demeanor turns to testy and defensive)

TANYA: You did?

GREG: *(still riding the wave)* There was no question about it? This is amazing.

TANYA: *(dry, cool)* Yes... Isn't it?

GREG: Oh, I'm never going to let you go.

TANYA: *(after a long pause)* You knew I was going to say "yes"?

GREG: Absolutely.

TANYA: I could've said "no."

(The play continues...) [PURCHASE THE PLAY](#) [RETURN TO HOME PAGE](#)