

## PSYCH OUT

"To be or to be in naught".

Episode written by Charles Papasoff

With closing insults by William Shakespeare...

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(Last patient of day leaves... Door closes behind him. We see Psy get up from her chair and slump on patient's couch. Close up on Psy, yawning, she turns lights down... General lighting is somber. KNOCK ON DOOR... Psy scrambles to correct her posture, hair, clothes, etc...

Before she has time to lift the lights, new patient walks in)

### PATIENT

(Dressed in old British attire, with possibly a slight British accent)

My lady...(As he is walking in)

### PSY

(Very slight reaction of surprise, looking at her watch, as if surprised, was she expecting a client?)

Please... Eh... (Then, with some sarcasm, he is in her chair) ...make yourself comfortable....

### PATIENT

(While sitting, strong demeanor, sure of himself but concerned)

Comfort is golden but seldom occurs  
As life plays a cruel game with our soul  
For opportunity and all that spurs  
Holds a price to bear that we do bankroll

(Now seated)

I humbly request your high assistance  
Resolve my dilemma with all thy might  
Make me one again and true to time's dance  
For I quest to end this unruelly plight

Having survived my fair share of attempts  
With for only outcome a lighter purse  
I find myself in new fangled garments  
Pleading for mercy, please lift this curse

(Examining her...)

I however must admit, faith is low  
You seem young at hand to cure my sorrow

PSYCH

(Scrutinizing her patient and trying to cover up her bewilderment...)

I am not quite sure I got everything you said...

You seem very articulate and...well spoken,  
... elegant and poised...

(Pause)

Why are you here?

PATIENT

Ah!

Some time ago, I fell upon a scribe  
To learn to read what silent love hath writ  
It's staunch beauty, so beauteous outcried  
Be faithful to thy word, true to thy wit

Steadfast studying brought me sheer delight  
Knowledge beyond words, theater of life  
Royal characters with souls dark as night  
Plots so thick they hailed of astounding strife

I plunged deeper, deeper within the books  
Forsaking all presagers and warnings  
Time suddenly seemed to regress my looks  
My tongue tied, locked into poetic rings

Now I am trapped in this manner of speak  
And today, eloquence is not so chic

PSYCH

Well, most people's attention span as been reduced to a trickle...  
It's the age of the image, not the word!

(Then, with a rye smile, as if she is playing his game now... And slightly mocking him)

Your circumlocutory dissertations, although quite savorily entertaining are possibly not of this time.

## PATIENT

Precisely! And that is why I am here  
Cure this ailment, I shall be in your debt  
In order to rejoin the humble dear  
And live by day, for too long I have slept

Expediency is the art of the day  
Poetic licence is far too tedious  
For a gentleman must curve his dismay  
And attempt to forsake all things pious

It seems rhyme or reason will not prevail  
In this new age of brown bagged collusion  
Where the best to do is omit detail  
And speak in monometer's illusion

Fair maiden, pray tell, how can you assist  
This poor beggar to his moment of bliss

## PSYCH

Mmm...

(Reflecting, then as if she has decided on a course of action...  
There is a crescendo of emotion, she starts professional and ends delighted)

Your problem is as novel as it is ancient...  
Let me understand this correctly...  
Your Shakespearean speak is an uncontrollable urge?  
You feel that to digress from the sonnet form would be blasphemous?  
Galantry and chivalry are inherent to your being?  
At your worst, you are a knight in shining armor?  
At your best, a Lancelot of eloquence?

(Patient responds and reacts with nods and silent gesture)

Let me see... Give me a minute...

(She converts and becomes sultry and seductive, not overtly, just sensual and open,  
and then, as a feline poised for the kill....)

Having listened to your dark suffering  
All that really comes to mind is why halt  
When every word from your mouth is singing  
Praise to life with absolutely no fault

Your speech has only enticed me to ask  
Would you save a fair maiden in distress  
Can you harness yourself to that sweet task  
Instead of trying to change, for who's bless?

The lady who requires your expertise  
Stands right before you in her time of need  
Should your poetry be not only tease  
Then stand forth, respond to my carnal plead

Does thou tongue spur more than warm pentagram?  
Is thou heart as luscious as thou verb's slam?

(His concerned face of before transforms into questioning... and then to desire as he comes to realise what she just said... He stands and steps forth to her, she also stands, they are face to face... Moving in for the kiss ever so slowly, gently. Him standing tall and strong , her open and willing to give herself to him... Time is suspended...

And just as they are about to kiss, he jumps back abruptly. His expression changes to feelings of betrayal.)

#### PATIENT

(He starts to loose it... This is progressive...)

The veil has been lifted over your ruse  
Your charms can no longer affect my sight  
A psychologist? Evil one to choose  
Your well being over your patient's fight

Through your voluptuous charms of beauty  
Stands strong a plan of personal creation  
That has nothing to do with my mercy  
Only self improved gratification

And know that your vile plot has been exposed  
I have no other option but to flee  
To save what honor I have still composed  
In the shining of your develish plea

Stand aside, thou darkest and meanest witch  
I now retire from thee, ugliest bitch

(Patient eyes roll, he goes on a rant as he storms out...)

Thine face is not worth sunburning  
Thou poisonous bunch-back'd toad!  
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade  
Thy art unfit for any place but hell  
There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune

(Heard from behind the door, as he screams)

Your virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese  
Thy face is not worth sunburning

(Psy collects herself and then, betrays a light victory smile...)

The end