

GROUP THERAPY

by Ken Bradbury

Copyright © 2014 by Ken Bradbury, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-64479-144-8

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

GROUP THERAPY

by Ken Bradbury

SYNOPSIS: Even fairy tale characters need a little guidance once in a while. A counseling session should do the trick.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 2 males, 1 either)

SIGMUND (m) (54 lines)
MISS MUFFET (f)..... (34 lines)
JACK HORNER (m) (22 lines)
MARY (f)..... (22 lines)
DUMPTY (m/f)..... (20 lines)

AT START: SIGMUND, MISS MUFFET, JACK HORNER, MARY, DUMPTY sit in a semi-circle facing the audience.

SIGMUND: Are we all here? *(No one responds ... not a willing group)* Very well. I guess we can begin.

MISS MUFFET: Is this gonna take long?

SIGMUND: Miss Muffet, you signed up for this session. You're free to leave at any time.

MISS MUFFET: Just asking. Lighten up, Doc.

SIGMUND: I'm glad you're all here. I've found that this sort of group therapy can work wonders. Do we all agree? *(No response from any of them)* Okay. Can we begin by introducing ourselves? *(Nodding to MUFFET)* Would you like to begin?

MISS MUFFET: My name's Muffet.

SIGMUND: Your first name?

MISS MUFFET: Muffet. Just Muffet. Miss Muffet.

SIGMUND: Very well ... *(Nods to JACK)* And you?

JACK HORNER: Jack. Jack Horner. Little Jack. My dad was Big Jack.

SIGMUND: Because ...

JACK HORNER: Because he was bigger.

SIGMUND: Very well. *(To MARY)* And you?

MARY: Mary.

SIGMUND: That's all?

MARY: Last name's Littlelamb.

SIGMUND: And your middle name would be ...?

MARY: Hadda.

SIGMUND: Mary Hadda Littlelamb.

MARY: *(To MISS MUFFET)* Are you laughing?

MISS MUFFET: No. Uh ... something in my throat.

SIGMUND: *(To DUMPTY)* And you?

DUMPTY: Dumpty. Just call me Mr. Dumpty.

SIGMUND: Mr. Dumpty.

DUMPTY: Don't say anymore or I'll cry.

SIGMUND: Oh. I'm sorry. Okay, now that we all know each other, my name is Dr. Sigmund and it's my job to lead you through this morning's session.

DUMPTY: Is it okay if I cry?

SIGMUND: Crying is perfectly okay. We're here to support each other.

JACK HORNER: Is this the only seat available? I'd rather sit in a corner.

SIGMUND: Uh... we don't seem to have any corner chairs, Jack. We're in sort of a semi-circle.

JACK HORNER: I need my corner. Can I pretend I'm in a corner?

SIGMUND: Certainly.

MISS MUFFET: Weirdo.

SIGMUND: Miss Muffet! There'll be no name calling.

MISS MUFFET: Sorry. *(A pause, then to JACK)* You start eating Christmas pie and I'm outta here.

DUMPTY: She's making me cry.

SIGMUND: Please! Please! Can we all just calm down a moment? I want to lead you through a series of questions. They're easy. Really. Just answer with whatever comes to mind.

MISS MUFFET: Bored.

SIGMUND: Excuse me?

MISS MUFFET: That's what came to mind. Boredom.

SIGMUND: That wasn't a question, Miss Muffet.

JACK HORNER: I want my corner.

DUMPTY: I'm gonna cry.

MARY: Do you have coffee?

SIGMUND: I can get some.

MARY: No. I was just wondering. Look, I think I'm in the wrong place. *(Rising to leave)* I have someone waiting for me.

SIGMUND: I didn't see anyone outside.

MARY: Well, they're not exactly people.

MISS MUFFET: Sheep. She's got sheep. They're all over the parking lot.

MARY: And what's wrong with that?

SIGMUND: Nothing! There's nothing wrong with that!

DUMPTY: I'm tearing up!

SIGMUND: No! Please don't cry. Mary, have a seat. Your sheep will be fine. They never go anywhere without you.

MARY: They followed me to school one day.

SIGMUND: I know.

MARY: Which was against the rules.

SIGMUND: That's what I heard. Now just have a seat. Okay ... first question. Is there anything that makes you anxious ... nervous ... upset?

MISS MUFFET: (*Looking at the others*) Weirdos.

SIGMUND: Miss Muffet!

MISS MUFFET: Sorry.

DUMPTY: Heights. I can't stand heights. Big walls ... sitting on tall, big walls surrounded by all the King's horses and all the King's men.

A long pause as the others turn to look at DUMPTY.

DUMPTY: And omelets.

SIGMUND: Omelets?

DUMPTY: I'm always afraid I'm eating a cousin.

MISS MUFFET: This is too weird.

SIGMUND: Miss!!!

MISS MUFFET: Sorry.

SIGMUND: Who else?

JACK HORNER: I was in this room once ...

SIGMUND: Yes?

JACK HORNER: It was terrifying.

SIGMUND: You were terrified of a room?

JACK HORNER: It was round. Perfectly round.

MISS MUFFET: No corners, right?

JACK HORNER: You've seen it?

MISS MUFFET: No. Just guessing.

JACK HORNER: Something would happen, someone would say something and I'd run to find a corner but ... nothing. Just circles ... just walls ... I started to get dizzy. I started to fall.

DUMPTY: Don't say "fall"!

JACK HORNER: It's like the walls were closing in on me so I stuck out my thumb.

MARY: You did what?

JACK HORNER: My thumb. That's what I do when I get nervous. I stick out my thumb.

MISS MUFFET: Does it help?

JACK HORNER: Not in a round room.

MISS MUFFET: What're you trying to do? Hitchhike your way out of the room?

SIGMUND: Please Miss Muffet, I'm asking the questions.

MISS MUFFET: Then ask them! This nut job needs help!

JACK HORNER: I am not a nut job! I'm a lost and lonely little boy and all I want is a piece of Christmas pie and a corner. Then you can just leave me alone and I'll be happy.

SIGMUND: How about another question?

MARY: What's a Christmas pie?

SIGMUND: I'm asking the questions! Okay ... let's just all take a deep breath, shall we? (*They do.*) Now ... is there a childhood memory that still bothers you? (*Nothing*) Miss Muffet, you don't seem to have any trouble speaking. Why don't we start with you?

MISS MUFFET: I don't want to talk about it.

SIGMUND: This is the place to share our fears, Miss Muffet. Nothing leaves this room.

JACK HORNER: I can't leave?

DUMPTY: Oh no!

SIGMUND: I mean no information will leave this room. Miss Muffet?

MISS MUFFET: Well, there was this spider.

SIGMUND: Aha!

MISS MUFFET: Yeah. He came and sat down beside me.

MARY: That must have been awful!

MISS MUFFET: You think sheep are bad; you should try making conversation with a spider.

SIGMUND: And where were you?

MISS MUFFET: Sitting on my tuffet.

SIGMUND: Uh ... I hate to ask.

MISS MUFFET: Then don't.

SIGMUND: Okay. How about you, Jack?

JACK HORNER: Isn't it obvious?

SIGMUND: I suppose so. Dumpty?

DUMPTY: I remember the day I was laid in that awful nest.

MARY: Laid in a nest.

DUMPTY: Something wrong with that?

MARY: No! No! Go ahead.

DUMPTY: She sat on me.

SIGMUND: Who sat on you?

DUMPTY: The hen. A big fat hen. I could barely breathe. It was so traumatic. I think I'm going to cry again.

SIGMUND: Mary? How about you?

MARY: Nothing.

SIGMUND: Nothing?

MARY: Nothing.

MISS MUFFET: Oh sure.

MARY: Stay out of my business, okay?

SIGMUND: Easy, ladies.

MISS MUFFET: We sit here and spill our guts; then Miss Sheep Girl says she's had a perfect life.

MARY: I didn't say that.

SIGMUND: Let me help you. That sheep outside ... he follows you everywhere, right?

MARY: What of it?

SIGMUND: Just asking. And ... uh ... this doesn't bother you?

MARY: Of course it bothers me, but I've gotten used to it. I wake up in the morning and there's the sheep ... I brush my teeth and the sheep appears ... I go to Wal-Mart and the sheep follows me in. It's just a thing, you know? We all have our burdens to bear. Mine just looks like a sheep.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from
GROUP THERAPY by KEN BRADBURY. For performance
rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact
us at:***

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com

DO NOT COPY