

Anna, alone.

*Anna is sitting alone on stage on the psychologist's couch.*

Doc: Hello Anna.

Anna: Hi Doctor.

Doc: How has your week been? *(Silence)* We've had wonderful weather. *(Silence)* So Anna, how are you today?

Anna: I'm okay thanks.

Doc: Anna, why did you hurt yourself this week?

Anna: I didn't.

Doc: The nurses said you did. *(silence)* Look at the bandages on your arm.

Anna: I didn't do that. I don't know what happened. I don't remember.

Doc: Who else could have hurt you? *(silence)* We left off last week talking about your mom. I'd like to try push through some of your blackouts. Now, how much of her do you remember?

Anna: How far back are you supposed to remember? I don't know how much I remember. There's stuff I've been told and stuff from photos... I dunno, I get confused. There are big pieces that just... aren't there. She was strong. She wasn't so motherly. She got jealous of me, because of the attention I got as a child. Especially from my dad. 'So what if she said her first word? I talk all the time, you never listen to me!!'

*(Anna's face goes blank. Dylan appears from behind the couch and sits on one end)*

Dylan: What the hell was his problem anyway? Why did he have to make such a big deal about it? Why didn't he lie and say my first word was 'mamma' and not 'dada?' He was such a limp dick, be a real man.

*(Anna rubs her head)*

Anna: One of the last memories I have of my mom before she... *(pause)* was when she came home with a present for me. It was a beautiful teddy called Rainbow. She was white with pretty little rainbow pieces on her and when you pushed her tummy, she sang. The three of us would lie in bed and read bedtime stories, she'd let me brush out her long blonde hair and she'd play with mine. She'd rub my back and tell me how beautiful I was. We'd all sing together...

Song: *Cuddly wuddly precious little bear,* *(Anna sings alone)*

*I love to rub and play with your hair –* *(Anna sings alone)*

*but it's our little secret never ever tell – (All sing – only Anna & Dylan on stage)*

*good night my bear, sleep well. (Anna sings alone)*

*(Dylan screams)*

Doc: Dylan, do you want a cup of coffee?

Dylan: No, FUCK, I hate coffee.

Doc: I'm going to make myself one, if that's okay.

Dylan: Do whatever the fuck you want you limpdick.

Doc: Why don't you like coffee?

*Pause*

*Raucous laughter. Stacey jumps up from behind psychologist's desk. She casually sits on the corner of the desk and picks up the tin of coffee.*

Stacey: Don't you think coffee looks like soil, like, in the garden? This one time, I was playing in the garden and the compost heap looked exactly like coffee to me. So I ran in and got my mom's Illy coffee. I knew she wouldn't even notice the difference until she offered her famous coffee to Auntie Linda. *(Face drops)* I got in such trouble... it was... HILARIOUS. *(laughs)* What? You wouldn't give your kid a klap if she did that? It was like PAH. PAH. PAH. PAH PAH PAH PAH. Wakakakakakaka.

Doc: Stacey, is that really something to laugh about?

Stacey: *(walking towards the couch to take a seat)* Whatevs man. Kids these days. *(pull cellphone out)*

Doc: Stacey, have you ever cried?

Stacey: Uh, duh! In sad movies. Have you ever seen Titanic?

Doc: What about when your mother hurt you?

Stacey: Oh please, if I had, it just would have been worse.

Doc: Stacey, you don't have to be strong.

Stacey: Yes I do. It was never just going to go away so I just had to deal with it. I mean, come on! It was pretty funny! It was a regular cat and mouse game – everybody loves Tom and Jerry right? Hahahahahahaha!

*Door slams Everybody gets a big fright.*

Dylan: What the fuck was that?? Sounded like a fucking gun! Am I actually safe here, are you even a doctor??

Doctor: Dylan. Please calm down. My office door was just blown shut by the wind.

Dylan: (*death stare*) Don't tell me to calm down! I am calm. Don't look at me like that. I'm the protector here! My father said I would be safe, he was supposed to protect me. That limp dick turned a blind eye. He built me a tree house. We painted it white and I painted big pink flowers on the door. It was beautiful. Calm and cool. Two big trees hid it from the world. It was mine, and I could do whatever I wanted there. He called it "Anna's safe house". He played dolls with me, we had a fucking teddy bears picnic. We slept there when it was really hot. My mom didn't like that, but he shouldn't have left her alone the whole night! What an idiot! If he didn't spend so much time with me there, she wouldn't have gotten upset! If he didn't build me that fucking treehouse in the first place, she wouldn't have burnt it down!!! Aaaaaaaaaaagh!!! He left, and she took it out on me! I will. never. forgive. him, he's a bastard. He made me cry when he left, and she hated that. If he didn't leave, I wouldn't have ended up in casualty after "falling down the stairs".

Stacey: Wahahahaha! The best thing is, we didn't even have stairs in our house! It's kinda like, you know when you are at school and you haven't done your homework? And you're running through the top ten excuses of why you didn't do it. And it's like, the dog ate my homework, no no. I didn't do it last week because the dog died! Umm, the cat ate my homework. Ha ha ha! I had diarrhoea, my grandmother died, the electricity went out, you never gave that to us for homework!! If all else fails, just start crying and say you're sorry. Thank you, thank you, I'm Stacey Black, I'll be here all week baby. *Pause. (sarcastic, mocking, shakes her head)* Ha ha ha. I fell down the stairs 3 times, I fell out of trees and off jungle gyms. I even got bitten by a dog once! Damn, my mother was not creative!! Wa hah ha ha. *(Pause)* Belle's coming.

*Belle crawls out from behind the couch with a doll in her hand and sits cross legged in front of it.*

Belle: Hello! Who are you?

Doc: Hi Belle, I'm Doctor Greenberg. I'm here to help you.

Belle: Oh. Thank you! Did the others tell you? My mother named me Belle because it means 'beautiful'. She thought I was very beautiful.

Doc: Oh yes? What else do you remember?

Belle: Oh, loads. My mom was strong. She used to march for women's rights. She was a hero. But sometimes she had to leave me alone at home. But then a nanny would come. She made my medicine taste nice and she had a bag made out of carpet that could carry anything she wanted it to. The one time the nanny took us to the park and we jumped into a chalk painting with a chimney sweeper named Burt. We rode merry-go-round horses.

Stacey: Supercallifragilisticexpialidocious!

Belle: Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious!

Doc: I've heard that story before Belle. It's a story called Mary Poppins.

Belle: Oh, did I tell you already?

Doc: No Belle. *(Pause)* But is this how you know your mommy loved you?

Belle: When she wasn't angry with me she bought me nice things.

Doc: Did she buy you toys?

Belle: Yes, all the time.

Doc: Do you still have toys?

Belle: More than all the other boys and girls.

Doc: Where do you get the toys?

*Belle shrugs her shoulders.*

Doc: Belle, when you get toys from the shops, do you pay for them?

*Belle shrugs again.*

Doc: Belle, if you take something from a shop and you don't pay for it, it's called stealing.

Belle: My mother used to say that I deserve anything that I want.

Doc: What else did your mother tell you?

Belle: She told me... I was... Dirty. Dirty dirty dirty. This one time I was alone at home again, and a boy flew into my window! He convinced me to go with him even though I didn't want to leave my mommy. Then we flew far away and we found pirates and mermaids and red Injuns. I can show you how to fly if you want but you have to believe in fairies. I know a lot of people don't. Like the others. They don't believe in fairies. Supercalifragilisticexpealidocious! My father gave my nose a flick *(flicks hard, pauses)*

Dylan: AH!!! I hate it when she sings. And when she talks such fucking crap! If you're a real doctor you should be able to get rid of her right? Do it now limp dick! I'm tired of her play-play and pretend!

Belle: *(Singing)* Then one day I learnt a word that saved my aching nose! The biggest word you've ever heard and this is how it goes...

Doc: - Belle, did you hurt yourself this week?

Belle: No.