

Excerpt from...
"OUT OF HIS MIND"
A Ten Minute Play
By Bruce Kane

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"OUT OF HIS MIND"

PLACE: Inside the confused mind of Alan Bedford. If you can manage, the set should look like an overstuffed attic filled with all kinds of junk.

CHARACTERS:

ALAN BEDFORD - late thirties, early forties... confused.

LAURA - mid thirties, dressed in black s&m boots with outfit to match.

SUSAN - Alan's current girlfriend – prim, uptight, dressed very conservatively with hair pulled back in a bun

AMBER - early twenties, hot, sexy and wearing next to nothing.

(Alan Bedford sits on a stool. Standing to his left is Susan and to his right is Amber. Laura enters and addresses the audience)

LAURA: Welcome to the cluttered attic which passes the mind of Alan Bedford.
(gestures toward Alan) And this, of course, is Alan Bedford.

SUSAN: *(to Alan, stridently)* It's me, isn't it?

LAURA: The guilt tripping chick with the bun is Susan, Alan's girlfriend. This is not actually Susan. This is how Alan chooses to think of Susan. There is a difference. I mean, nobody could be this tight ass in real life.

ALAN: It's not you... I had rough week.

LAURA: *(to Alan)* You never had a hydraulic problems with me.

ALAN: I didn't dare.

AMBER: When are you coming back to bed, sugar loaf? It's been two hours.

LAURA: This is Amber. She does not exist in real life... anywhere. Amber is, of course, a figment of Alan's not very imaginative male imagination.

SUSAN: You don't find me... *(searches for the appropriate word)* ..."desirable" anymore. That's it, isn't it?

ALAN: It's not that... These things happen.

LAURA: *(to Alan)* You know, of course, that impotence is just a symptom of unresolved conflict.

ALAN: I'm not impotent.

AMBER: You can say that again... you animal you.

LAURA: *(to audience)* I'm sorry... I should introduce myself. I'm Laura, Alan's ex or as he likes to think of me... the ball busting bitch. Thus, the outfit. In real life I'm a very nice woman with a much better fashion sense. Let me explain what's going on here. Sugar loaf, here, has a way putting everything in his life into little boxes. Work, family, friends and especially the women in his life. For instance, these two don't know the other exists. Until now, that is. Let's have a little fun and see what happens... she said with a certain relish. Susan meet Amber.

SUSAN: *(shocked)* Alan!

ALAN: What?

SUSAN: *(pointing at Amber)* Who is... that?

ALAN: Who?

SUSAN: That? This?

ALAN: I don't know what you're talking about.

LAURA: Amber meet Susan.

AMBER: Alan?

ALAN: Yes?

AMBER: Who is this woman?

ALAN: What woman? I don't see a woman.

SUSAN: *(to Amber)* I happen to be Alan's future wife.

ALAN: *(to Susan)* Don't you think that's jumping the gun just..?

AMBER: *(to Alan)* You never told me you were getting married?

ALAN: Well... It's not...

SUSAN: Who is she Alan? *(to Amber)* Who are you?

AMBER: For your information I happen to be the girl my little stud muffin here has given more climaxes than a Stephen King novel. Whatever that is.

LAURA: *(to Alan)* Have you ever considered taking up fiction writing yourself?

ALAN: *(to Laura)* You stay out of this.

SUSAN: The whole time you've been sleeping with this... this... bimbo?

ALAN: Well, not exactly the whole....

AMBER: Bimbo? Who are you calling a bimbo? You... You.... *(stumped)*

SUSAN: How about *(thinking out loud)*... Oh, I don't know... refrigerated, emotionally withholding, keester clenching ice queen?

AMBER: *(to Susan)* What she just said.

SUSAN: Who are you calling refrigerated you floozy. You strumpet... You harlot... You... you... Jezebel.

LAURA: Jezebel?? I didn't see that coming.

AMBER: That tears it... Nobody calls me a...whatever... and gets away with it.

(Amber attacks Susan. They begin fighting.)

LAURA: This is more fun than the Jerry Springer Show. *(Alan jumps in to break up the fight. Laura starts chanting)* Alan... Alan... Alan.. *(to audience)* I hope you're catching the symbolism of what's going on here... The inner conflict.

ALAN: *(to Susan and Amber)* Stop this.

LAURA: Alan's struggle between responsibility and escape.

ALAN: *(to Laura)* This is all your doing.

LAURA: I like to think of it as conflict resolution.

ALAN: They're trying to kill each other.

LAURA: You can't have resolution without a little conflict.

(Alan pulls Amber away.)

ALAN: Now, stop this. Both of you.

AMBER: But, she called me...

ALAN: I know what she called you. Now listen to me. I want you both to go to neutral corners until I've worked this all out.

SUSAN: Are you going to let that...?

ALAN: *(pointing)* Neutral corners... Both of you.

(Susan and Amber exit in opposite directions. Alan turns to Laura)

ALAN: You can go, too.

LAURA: No problem. Just stop thinking about me.

ALAN: There's nothing I'd like better.

LAURA: Why do you do this Alan? Every time you have a crisis, you conjure me up.

ALAN: I'm not having a crisis.

LAURA: You're having second thoughts about Susan, aren't you? That's why you concocted Miss July.

ALAN: Miss July, huh? I get it. You're jealous.

LAURA: Jealous? Me? You think I'm jealous?

ALAN: Of course you are.

LAURA: If I am, it's only because you want me to think I am.

ALAN: Hey, that's good enough for me.

LAURA: You're afraid to ask Susan to marry you.

ALAN: I'm not afraid.

LAURA: Oh, you're afraid, alright. Just like you were afraid to ask me.

(The play continues...)

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