

‘What’s on my Mind’

By
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(Cast in order of appearance)

Rupert Digby	Mid-Thirties. Psychiatrist with a big ego.
Elizabeth Draper	Late- Twenties/Early 30’s. Smart elegant woman.
Berry Delightful	Mid-Late 20’s. Patient and daughter politician and businessman.
Madge Digby	Late 50’s/Early 60’s. Rupert’s doting and insecure Mother.
Sir Richard Delightful	Early 60’s. Successful businessman, politician, social climber and the father of Berry Delightful: and as we discover Rupert Digby.

Synopsis

Rupert Digby is a Psychiatrist in his mid-thirties. He is a man with a big ego that he strokes on a regular basis. His mother dominates his life since her lover Richard Delightful (Rupert’s father) left her after she announced she was pregnant over 30 years ago and has never seen him since. Rupert knows nothing of his father, other than the countless stories Madge has told him over the years. Madge spends much of her time trying to win Rupert’s affection; that is when she is not threatening to jump of a ledge somewhere in town. Rupert is unmarried by choice preferring the bachelor lifestyle. In this short play we are given a sense of Rupert’s ego and the relationship he has with his Mother. We discover Rupert has a half-sister when a new and rather attractive patient makes an appointment. He also meets his Father for the first time.

‘What’s on my Mind’

The action takes place in the consulting room of Psychiatrist Rupert Digby. There is a desk and chair one side and an easy chair the other. The desk is situated CS. On it is a red telephone, desk calendar and box of chocolates. There are several photo frames on the desk presumably showing pictures of Rupert himself. There is a picture of the Queen and framed certificates on the wall. There is also the obligatory couch USL, a mirror which Rupert visits on a regular basis to check his moustache and general attire. He likes what he sees. Rupert spends much of his time preening himself. He prefers sitting on the desk rather than at the desk. RUPERT DIGBY, mid to late thirties; is a dapper chap. He is wearing a cavalry twill jacket with a brightly colored waistcoat and sports a pocket watch which he checks often. He has a preened moustache and speaks with an upper-class accent. He is very self-assured.

As the curtain opens, he is sitting on the desk facing the audience speaking into the telephone. He admires his reflection in the mirror opposite, smoothing down his hair, patting the smoothness of his stomach.

Rupert:

What? I was not trying to be funny Mother...I know it's not been easy for you since Father left you in the lurch carrying me. Yes, I know Dicky was the love of your life. Shame I never met him...

(There is a knock at the door)

Mother, mother please listen! Ring back around 2.00pm would you? I'll be free then. I'm quite free between 2.00pm and 3.00pm. I could even ask Elizabeth to make an appointment for you ...

(A second knock at the door)

Rupert:

I'm sorry Mother. I'll have to go...

(LIZ DRAPER, Rupert's secretary enters with a file under her arm. She's smartly dressed and very efficient. In fact, Rupert couldn't survive without her).

(Puts the phone down and shakes his head)

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Liz:

Mother?

(Rupert nods in the affirmative)

Rupert:

Keep the 2.00pm free will you in case she comes in.

Liz:

Oh, I’m sorry, Mr Digby; I’ve already booked Mrs Harris in at 2.00pm. She’s had a relapse Poor soul.

Rupert:

If she comes in put her in the upstairs consulting room would you and light a scented candle. That’ll calm her down.

Liz:

I do so admire the way you cope with everybody’s problems when you have so many of your own, Mr Digby.

Rupert:

A quirk of nature. I was born gifted. Now, you wanted to say something.

Liz:

Only to say that your next appointment, Miss Delightful has arrived.

Rupert:

Delightful...Delightful... Can’t say it rings any bells.

Liz:

She’s new. I made the appointment yesterday. It’s a patient I’m sure you’ll appreciate.

Rupert: Young?

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Liz:

Mid to late twenties, I’d say.

Rupert:

Attractive?

Liz:

Not to me.

Rupert:

Well heeled?

Liz:

I would imagine so.

Rupert:

Splendid. Splendid!

Liz:

(Hands DIGBY a file):

Her file. May I suggest you read it before seeing her, Mr Digby.

Rupert:

(Puts his hands behind his back):

Now you know my rule, Elizabeth

Liz:

I know. But I think you should make an exception for Miss Delightful, Mr Digby.

Rupert:

Just leave it on the table. I’ll give it the once over after lunch.

Liz:

The file reveals ...

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Rupert:

I will not allow myself to be cluttered up with such nonsense.

Liz:

Yes, Mr Digby.

Rupert:

Well, what are you waiting for? Wheel her in.

(LIZ exits. DIGBY checks his appearance in the mirror. There is a knock at the door).

Rupert:

Do come in.

(LIZ enters with Miss DELIGHTFUL. She is in her late twenties, long dark hair, elegantly dressed, particularly good looking and oozing class. She is extremely confident).

Liz:

Miss Delightful, Mr Digby.

Rupert:

Thank you, Elizabeth.

(LIZ exits).

Rupert:

Would you like to take a seat Miss Delightful?

Ms. D:

Where would you like me to take it?

Rupert:

Ah, yes. Very droll, a good sense of humour.

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Ms. D:

(Sits):

I suppose they all say that.

Rupert:

Only those with an under-developed sense of occasion, I fear.

(Offers her a chocolate)

Ms. D:

You disappoint me, Doctor. I would have expected a man in your profession to be more discerning, after all, chocolate is so bad for one.

Rupert:

I deal in minds, Miss Delightful. Not bodies. And anyway, I’m not a doctor. I’m a plain ‘mister’. Mr Digby. But you can call me Rupert.

Ms. D:

I hardly know you.

Rupert:

Time will soon remedy that, Miss Delightful.

Ms. D:

In fact, nobody I know *knows* you. Indeed, I go further. Nobody I know has even heard of you, Mr Digby.

Rupert:

My credentials are impeccable, I assure you.

Ms. D:

If it weren’t for your entry in Green Pages I wouldn’t be sitting here now.

Rupert:

Clearly a wise investment. I didn’t think anyone would stoop so low as Green Pages to find a Physician, but thought I’d give it a try and hey presto!

'What's on my Mind'

Ms. D:

Actually, it was father that found you. Father who 'Stooped so low', I think he owns the publication.

Rupert:

Your father is obviously an astute man. I had thought of registering under 'Plumbers' but thought the analogy would be lost on the Great British Public.

Ms. D:

After seeing the ad, he asked around - surreptitiously of course. He's a politician you know, and nobody had heard of you. So here I am. He's ashamed of me, you see, or at least, my complaint.

Rupert:

A politician you say. Not Sir Richard Delightful by any chance?

Ms. D:

You've heard of him?

Rupert:

A keen conservationist, one hears.

Ms. D:

Oh yes. He attends all the big Hunts and Shoots.

Rupert:

I look forward to making his acquaintance.

Ms. D:

In that case I fear you are heading for a great disappointment, Mr Digby. Father is very much the snob, I'm afraid. Reluctantly, on his behalf you understand, he's collecting me after this appointment, but I can assure you will make no effort to engage with you. But I didn't come here to talk about him. I came here to talk about myself.

(Miss D starts to go to the couch)

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Ms. D:

Shall I lie down?

Rupert:

Contrary to the impression created by the media in the widest sense of the meaning, the lying on a psychiatrist’s couch is not obligatory, Miss Delightful.

(He giggles momentarily as she stares at him)

Ms. D:

(Sits on it):

I think I’d prefer sitting anyway – for the short-term at least.

(RUPERT draws a chair towards her and with a flourish turns it the wrong way round and sits on it with his arms folded across the top of the back of it. Silence ensues).

Ms. D:

Well?

Rupert:

Well what?

Ms. D:

Aren’t you going to ask me anything?

Rupert:

No.

Ms. D:

Oh!

(Pause)

Rupert:

It’s one of my Immutable Laws.

Ms. D:

What is - not talking to your patients?

Rupert:

"The amount revealed by the patient about himself -" or herself, of course, "is in inverse proportion to the depth of questioning he (or she, as the case may be) is subjected to."

Ms. D:

I'm not sure I've come across that one before.

Rupert:

It forms one of the many cornerstones of my next publication as a matter of fact.

Ms. D:

Your *next* publication! Oh, Mr Digby, I had no idea I was being treated by a man of letters.

Rupert:

Let not the comparative modesty of the fee deceive you, Miss Delightful. I am out of the top drawer, psychiatrically speaking.

Ms. D:

Father will be most relieved to hear it.

Rupert:

You mention your father a lot.

Ms. D:

You disappoint me again, Mr Digby. I would have expected a far more original opening gambit from a man out of the 'top psychiatric drawer' as you put it.

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Rupert:

My reputation has been built on successful ends, not imaginative means, Miss Delightful. Notwithstanding which, I hasten to add that I have never been accused of lacking imagination – or originality. My approach is flexible, comprehensive, intelligent, and humane. I use the latest techniques, read, and contribute to all the most recent papers and specialise in a formidable array of psychiatric tools.

Ms. D:

I hope hypnosis is not one of them.

Rupert:

Hypnosis, yes...indeed it is a powerful and illuminating methodology and an effective procedure if used with sensitivity, common sense, and moderation.

Ms. D:

I'm sorry but I categorically refuse to be hypnotised. Please make note, Mr Digby – Hypnosis is not for me.

Rupert:

You speak from the heart, Miss Delightful. You have clearly had experience of the phenomenon.

Ms. D:

Indeed, I have, Mr Digby. And it's not one of my favourite memories.

(Miss D pauses, DIGBY smiles encouragement).

Ms. D:

(She gets up and wanders the stage recounting her experience)

It was at the Hunt Ball you see. There was a cabaret and a hypnotist. He asked for volunteers.

Rupert:

(Stands and sits on the desk facing the audience) One should never volunteer for hypnosis indeed for anything of this nature. The very act can unleash all sorts of repressed inhibitions.

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Ms. D:

I didn't volunteer. I was a mere bystander. I wasn't even paying attention. Suddenly – wham!

(Ms. D claps her hands).

Ms. D:

I went out like a light.

Rupert:

(Nods sagely):

The Ricochet Effect. You must be extremely sensitive and suggestible.

Ms. D:

Many believe that's the source of my current malaise.

Rupert:

Did you misbehave whilst under the influence?

(Silence ensues. DIGBY takes up his pencil and picks up his pad.)

Rupert:

What exactly did you do?

Ms. D:

(Reluctantly and slowly):

I poured a Rhino Ball Breaker over the Master of Hounds.

Rupert:

(Said slowly and pedantically)

A Rhino Ball Breaker?

Ms. D:

A cocktail: The speciality of the barman. A little Irishman, he was a bouncer at a Moscow Brothel apparently. That's where he learned to mix the cocktail. It's lethal.

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Rupert:

Was it expensive?

Ms. D:

Outrageously.

Rupert:

Huh huh...Now let's see if I've got this right. You wasted the most expensive drink in the house by pouring it over this poor chap's head without considering the consequences.

(Miss D nods. DIGBY scribbles away with satisfaction).

Rupert:

There are two good clues in that little lot.

Ms. D:

He was attempting to remove a very personal item of my clothing at the time.

Rupert:

Three good clues.

Ms. D:

During the Highland Fling!

Rupert:

That shows great enterprise. If memory serves, the Highland Fling is quite an energetic little dance?

Ms. D:

Oh, we weren't dancing. We were just watching, hence the immediate availability of the Rhino Ball Breaker.

Rupert:

The things people get up to. Had that been me I'd have been up before the local magistrate in a jiffy.

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Ms. D:

He is the local magistrate.

Rupert:

The local magistrate! And did anything else of any consequence occur?

Ms. D:

I don't remember. It's all a bit hazy as a matter of fact. My parents wouldn't speak to me for months.

Rupert|:

Ah, now that could be revealing. Why was that?

Ms. D:

Father lost his chance of joining the local Hunt. It was all rather exclusive, you see. He was only just starting out on his social climbing. He was plain 'Mister' then, of course.

Rupert:

A grave handicap. No title and a daughter who preferred to keep her under garments *on*! Yes, I can understand his chagrin, and your mother?

Ms. D:

We had one hell of a stinking row. She's hardly spoken a civil word since.

Rupert:

In some animal species the mother eats her young you know. Homo sapiens tend to be more subtle.

(Pause as RUPERT looks at Miss D closely.)

Rupert:

Do you love your parents?

Ms. D:

Of course, I love them.

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Rupert:

Both of them?

Ms. D:

Yes, yes, of course I love them both!

Rupert:

Why of course?

Ms. D:

Because. That's why. I mean what sort of a silly question is that anyway?

Rupert:

Not silly. Some of us for example only have one parent.

Ms. D:

I'm sorry. But I didn't mean...

Rupert:

No matter. It's a particularly good question as a matter of fact. You'd be surprised how often that self-same question has proved the springboard to total recovery... Well?

Ms. D:

You're trying to make me say 'no', aren't you?

Rupert:

Why don't you love them?

Ms. D:

For goodness sake, will you stop making these pathetic assumptions.

Rupert:

These, hostile feeling you have against your parents...

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Ms. D:

I don't have any hostile feelings towards my parents. The only hostile feelings I have are against you. And I wouldn't be at the mercy of the mumblings and fumbling's of a third-rate shrink nobody ever heard of if my father hadn't been more concerned about *his reputation* than *my health*.

Rupert:

Ah!

Ms. D:

And will you stop saying 'Ah' every time I say something that the space between your ears interprets as significant.

(RUPERT pauses).

Rupert:

So, we were talking about your hostile feelings towards your parents. Did you have them before or after your inadvertent hypnosis?

(Silence)

Rupert:

Well?

Ms. D:

After.

Rupert:

Soon after?

(There's a pause)

Rupert:

Well?

Ms. D:

Immediately after.

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Rupert:

Ah!

(Throws her head back, exasperated):

Ms D:

Hells Bells!

Rupert:

And you’re...‘trouble’. Did that start before or after your hostile feelings began?

Ms. D:

After.

Rupert:

Ah!

Ms. D:

Six years after.

Rupert:

Oh!

Ms. D:

(Sits down):

I'm wasting your time.

Rupert:

On the contrary...On the contrary. We're progressing extremely well in my estimation.

Ms. D:

Progressing well...But we haven't discussed my complaint yet.

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Rupert:

A very encouraging sign. Believe me Miss Delightful, most patients can't wait to drone on about their problems... Rabbit:
Rabbit: rabbit if you get my drift?

Ms. D:

I may be more naïve than most, Mr Digby, but I was rather expecting you to take the initiative having seen my notes.

Rupert:

That would be difficult, Miss Delightful, given the fact that I am, yet, unacquainted with the nature of your complaint.

Ms. D:

You mean; you don't know why I'm here...?

Rupert:

It is an immutable tenet of my philosophy that I undertake all preliminary discussions without knowing the kernel of the problem. It enables me to keep an open mind, you see. Besides, such is the power of my intellect that I soon arrive at the destination without a ticket for the journey so to speak.

Ms. D:

And have you managed to journey toward my problem Mr Digby?

Rupert:

Indeed, I have.

Ms. D:

Well?

(No reaction)

Ms. D:

Would it be too much to ask you to share your ideas with your patient? The patient whose father happened to discover you in Green Pages – oh how embarrassing!

‘What’s on my Mind’

Rupert:

Ah. Embarrassing. the second time you felt it necessary to refer to my choice of media.

Ms. D:

No. I’m embarrassed Mr. Digby. I find it difficult to accept that my father would consider Green Pages as a suitable medium to engage a Psychiatrist. A plumber yes...

Rupert:

A plumber. Yes. Of course! I said as much earlier if you’ll recall.

Ms. D:

And.

Rupert:

Very telling. A picture emerges, metaphorically speaking.

Ms. D:

And is it painted on a large canvass, metaphorically speaking.

Rupert:

Ah.

(Just stares at her)

Ms. D:

Mr. Digby. At the risk of appearing tedious are we really making any progress here? If we are, can you share your thoughts with me?

Rupert:

(Considers):

Very well. Why not! The diagnosis is quite straightforward. Young, impressionable, attractive girl if I may say so – desperate to make her mark on the world – is snubbed and rejected by the parents she adores because of her instinct to cling to an outmoded moral code.

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Ms. D:

Don't you think that's slightly simplistic?

Rupert:

It's grossly simplistic, but one needs to over-simplify in this job if one is to make sense of anything. Have you ever tried, really tried to read Freud?

Ms. D:

Extensively. His works were strictly taboo at my Finishing School. We read him avidly.

Rupert:

Another of the Cornerstones around which my next publication has been founded. "The degree of enthusiasm exhibited towards a given piece of behaviour is in inverse proportion to the degree of approbation associated with the performance of that piece of behaviour". I call it 'The Forbidden Fruit Syndrome'. One over-simplifies in practice, Miss Delightful, because of the over-elaboration of the Theory.

Ms. D:

You make it sound like a game. Life isn't simple, Mr Digby. Life can be bloody complicated.

Rupert:

Symptoms can be complicated, Miss Delightful. Complex even! But motivation is invariably straightforward.

Ms. D:

And has your considerable talent unearthed my 'Motivation'?

Rupert:

I jotted down a word on my pad within minutes of your arrival.

Ms. D:

May I see it?

Rupert:

That would be most irregular.

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Ms. D:

How absurd...

(Relenting):

Rupert:

All right, all right. Here, take it...

(DIGBY hands Miss DELIGHTFUL the pad. Miss DELIGHTFUL takes it and tries to make sense of it)

Ms. D:

I can't make it out.

Rupert:

It's in Latin.

Ms. D:

Would it be too much to ask for a translation?

Rupert:

(Takes the pad back):

I'll do better than that. I'll give you a prognosis. You are suffering, Miss Delightful, from what we professionals call a sexually engendered disorder. How am I doing?

Ms. D:

It's amazing. I thought I had it under control. I haven't been exhibiting any of my usual symptoms.

Rupert:

You forget you are dealing with a trained mind. I seek the nuances in speech, the unexpected gesture, the inappropriate body movement, the untimely facial expression. I sought and found, Miss Delightful. The evidence is irrefutable. It was your very lack of response, you see. Your indifference, that's what led me, inexorably, to my findings. The word I jotted down, Miss Delightful - I won't bore you with the Latin term - was ... Frigid!

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Ms. D:

Frigid...Frigid!

Rupert:

Occasioned, no doubt, by the dual standards set by those most near and dear to you concerning your behaviour during that Highland Fling debacle.

Ms. D:

Frigid?

Rupert:

Perhaps I should have been more subtle, I apologise. I favour the direct approach, you see.

Ms. D:

Oh, if only that were the case, Mr. Digby.

Rupert:

A natural reaction. The greater the Frigidity, the greater the vehemence with which it is denied. Your very vehemence is my final, irrefutable confirmation.

Ms. D:

Ridiculous. Your prognosis couldn't be further from the truth. Opposite end of the spectrum! You do know why I consulted you, don't you?

Rupert:

You consulted me, Miss Delightful - although doubtless you wouldn't express yourself in these precise words - so that I could set about removing the repressive block in your psyche which is inhibiting you from expressing yourself in that most joyous form of human communication...

‘What’s on my Mind’

Ms. D:

I came to you, Mr Digby, because for the last six months I've been offering myself to every two-legged male creature remotely resembling a human being, that I've come across. In doing so, I've been banned from church after an incident at choir practice - I used to play the organ - I was sacked from my part-time voluntary work with 'Help the Aged'; I was instrumental in creating a 400-fold increase in the male membership of the local drama club; and last, but certainly not least, I've been taken on as mascot for the local Rugby Fifteen. Believe me, Mr Digby, the one thing I don't want you to do is remove any more repressed blocks from my psyche. If anything, I'd rather hoped you'd find a way of bottling some of them up again.

Rupert:

Good Lord. What a challenge you are!

Ms. D:

So, you see Mr Digby your analysis was somewhat off-beam.

Rupert:

A lay view Miss Delightful. A lay view. I can understand why you came to that early conclusion, but I stand by my assessment.

Ms. D:

How can you! I have just proved that you were wrong. Opposite end of the spectrum - wrong if you get my drift!

Rupert:

I get your drift, but you see Miss Delightful, the behaviour you have been exhibiting, worryingly exhibiting, is borne out of a deep loathing of your father due mainly to your inability in your own mind of pleasing him -meeting his expectations if you will. Your demeanour conceals inner turmoil where your natural Frigidity is substituted for gay abandon as a way of distracting from the core deficiency. I am as certain as certain can be. Are you ready for coffee Miss Delightful?

(There is a pause as she studies him. He presses the button for LIZ to bring the coffee and checks his appearance in the mirror)

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Ms. D:

This is a remarkable analysis Mr Digby. Not one I’ve heard before and believe me I’ve heard a few.

(LIZ enters with a tray and two mugs and biscuits and puts them on his desk):

LIZ:

Your coffee, Mr. Digby.

Rupert:

Perfect Elizabeth. Will you partake of sugar Miss Delightful?

(LIZ exits)

Ms. D:

No thank you... Mugs Mr. Digby?

Rupert:

Do you have an aversion to mugs?

Ms. D:

Just not used to them. Rather common my Mother would say.

Rupert:

Oh really. Tell me about your mother Miss Delightful.

Ms. D:

You can call me Berry you know.

Rupert:

Berry?

Ms. D:

Yes, Berry.

Rupert:

Sorry I’m not...

Ms. D:

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It’s my first name Mr Digby.

Rupert:

Oh, I see...

(laughs loudly before realising his indiscretion)

Berry Delightful! Charming, absolutely, charming! So, please, tell me about your mother -

Ms. D:

What about her?

Rupert:

Precisely Miss Delightful....Oh sorry... Berry!

Ms. D:

So, you want to know about my mother.

Rupert:

Indeed. Indeed, I do.

Ms. D:

Frightfully upper class: Frightfully well connected:
Frightfully Dominating: Frightfully everything really.

Rupert:

According to your earlier submission you’ve hardly exchanged a word for some months. So how did you get on prior to this unfortunate ‘Highland Fling’ affair?

Ms. D:

Rarely crossed paths when growing up - Nanny of course.

Rupert:

Of course.

Ms. D:

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I have to say she got very weird when the drinking and drugs started.

Rupert:

Drink and drugs! What age were you?

Ms. D:

About seven.

Rupert:

Seven! Good lord! This is significant Miss... hum, Berry - significant. I’m not surprised she became ‘pretty weird’ any parent would.

Ms. D:

I wasn’t a difficult child -

Rupert:

That’s a matter of opinion Miss Berry.

Ms. D:

Just Berry Mr Digby. Either Miss Delightful, or Berry. Just Berry!

Rupert:

Yes, all rather confusing, you see.

Ms. D:

Have you spoken to my father?

Rupert:

Your father?

Ms. D:

Did he say I was a difficult child?

Rupert:

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I have never made the acquaintance of your father, but the facts surely speak for themselves.

Ms. D:

What facts Mr Digby? I can’t understand why you’d think I was a difficult child.

Rupert:

Miss hum, yes Berry. The evidence is irrefutable, even to a lay person, let alone someone with the depth of clinical knowledge I possess; that a child addicted to drink and drugs at the tender age of seven *will be* a difficult child.

Ms. D:

Drink and drugs at the age of seven?

Rupert:

Yes Berry

(quite pleased he got it right),

such an experience would indeed affect...

Ms. D:

(interrupts him)

I was referring to my mother Mr Digby! My mother was drinking and taking drugs.

Rupert:

(Somewhat confused) :

Your mother. Your mother...Oh I see. I see.

Ms. D:

I don’t know if you do Mr Digby. Don’t you think it would be better if I sought counselling elsewhere? Perhaps using Green Pages wasn’t the best of ideas.

Rupert:

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Nonsense. My choice of media was clearly an astute one. You have found me Ms.....Berry...please continue. Your Mother?

Ms. D:

I fear this is a pointless waste of time, but let’s say my Mother is frightfully, well...Mother!

Rupert:

But you see that helps little, indeed I would say not at all.

Ms D:

She’s a selfish, boorish bitch that cares only for herself and ignored me as a child. *(Becomes tearful)*

Rupert:

Ah you see; we are all products of our childhood Berry.

(Said in an evangelical way)

You can let it all out you know. Come on let it all out!

Ms. D:

(Regaining her composure).

You really don’t get it do you? I don’t want to let it all out, that is the very last thing I need to do.

Rupert:

Trust me, trust me you do. Go on.

(There’s a knock at the door)

Rupert:

(Raising his voice frustrated)

Yes, Elizabeth!

(Liz enters SR apologetically)

Liz:

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I am so sorry Mr Digby. I have Sir Richard Delightful in the waiting room. He’s in rather a hurry and he’s here to collect Ms Delightful.

Rupert:

This is highly irregular in the middle of a consultation.

Liz:

He’s insistent I’m afraid.

Ms D:

(Said quietly preferring not to be heard)

Thank god! Sorry, Father can be so impatient. I’ll ask him to wait.

(Miss D exits SR)

Rupert:

(Goes straight to the mirror and checks his hair and bow tie are in order):

Excellent. Excellent! A very confused young woman of that there is no doubt.

Liz:

Did you manage to read her notes Mr Digby?

Rupert:

No need. Barking, absolutely barking! A fascinating case Elizabeth- early childhood repression, rejection, denial, and a compulsive, deluded perspective on the realities of normal life. Drinking and drugs at the tender age of seven. This will indeed be another case study for my writings... whilst Sir Richard is here, I think I ought to make his acquaintance don’t you think?

Liz:

I’m afraid your mother is in the upstairs waiting room and demands to see you.

Rupert:

Oh god. She’s arrived early! How tedious.

‘What’s on my Mind’

Liz:

Been bobbing up and down since she arrived. She’s very anxious.

Rupert:

(In a petulant moment)

Look... Keep her upstairs. Tell her...well tell her I’ll see her as soon as...

(Ms D returns with her Father. He’s in his early/late 60’s. He too is dressed in a similar manner to Rupert and sports a similar moustache. Liz exits)

Ms. D:

Mr. Digby, My Father. I insisted he met his most unlikely advertiser.

(Sir Richard and Rupert shake hands. In a subservient manner Rupert bows deferentially)

Rupert:

Sir Richard. May I say how delighted and humbled I am to make your acquaintance! It is indeed..

Sir Richard:

(Less than enamoured in meeting Rupert cuts him short)

Charmed I’m sure. So, how’s it going old boy. Sorted her out?

Rupert:

(Laughs awkwardly)

Indeed, Sir Richard. I believe we’re on a journey to a destination that...

Ms D:

That’s not my understanding Mr Digby. I fear you have totally missed the station, to use your own analogy; no point travelling further.

Sir Richard:

(Winks at Rupert)

‘What’s on my Mind’

Always been a handful you know.

(Off stage Madge is arguing with Liz. She wants to see Rupert now and Liz is trying to stop her from entering the room. The sound increases with Madge shouting at Liz. Madge enters everyone looks surprised)

Madge:

That stupid girl. Why you ever took her on...

Rupert:

Mother please I have a...

Madge:

(Stares at Sir Richard)

Oh my god. Dicky! Dicky is that you?

(They all look incredulously at each other)

Sir Richard:

(Absolutely staggered)

Err...Madge...my little Madgelet?

Madge:

(Madge launches herself at Sir Richard. He awkwardly embraces her)

Ms D:

Father, what’s going on?

Rupert:

Mother, what’s going on?

Madge:

Roopie. This is Dicky, your Daddy...!

(Rupert and Ms D together)

Rupert:

Daddy!

‘What’s on my Mind’

Ms D:

Daddy?

Lights Fade.

CURTAIN