

Let You Help You

By David Meyers

David Meyers
New York, NY 10027
Meyersdrm@gmail.com
551-574-2724
www.DavidActs.com

CHARACTERS

DR. GOLDFARB, 40s, cool, calm, collected

MICHAEL, 28, anxious and on edge

SETTING

A psychiatrist's office. Day.

LET YOU HELP YOU

A psychiatrist's office. Day.

MICHAEL has just entered. DR. GOLDFARB shows him to the couch.

DR. GOLDFARB

Can I get you something to drink? Soda, coffee?

MICHAEL

No thanks.

Dr. Goldfarb relaxes leisurely into his chair.
Michael sits on the couch, anxious and uneasy.

DR. GOLDFARB

All right. So - what brings you here today?

MICHAEL

Well, you know...

Slight pause.

DR. GOLDFARB

No, actually - I don't.

MICHAEL

Well, uh, like I said on the phone, Steve referred me.

No reaction from Goldfarb.

MICHAEL

Steve Bennett?

DR. GOLDFARB

I'm sorry, I can't discuss my other patients.

MICHAEL

Oh, yeah. Right - sure. Anyway, he said that he was pretty much, you know... *on edge* - and that you, uh, ...*talked him down*.

Slight pause.

DR. GOLDFARB

Well, again, I can't-

MICHAEL

-discuss your patients, right.

(it's hard to say it)

Anyway, I've been, uh, feeling the same kinds of things lately. And he said I had to come see you.

DR. GOLDFARB

And what kind of things are you feeling?

MICHAEL

Well, uh, you know.

DR. GOLDFARB

No, actually - I don't.

MICHAEL

(dancing around it)

Well, it's just, like, a struggle to get up in the morning. And I feel like no matter what I do or how hard I try, things are never gonna work out. That I'm just going to be a failure my whole life.

(pause)

I just don't want to live anymore.

(pause)

And...I've thought about killing myself.

DR. GOLDFARB

So you're suicidal?

A beat. T

MICHAEL

Steve gave me your card. He said you specialize in suicide. He said you saved his life.

DR. GOLDFARB

Well, that was very nice of him.

(pause)

I assume that means he's still alive? Steve.

MICHAEL

Oh - yeah. Said he's happy for the first time in years. That's what I'm, uh, hoping you can do for me.

DR. GOLDFARB

Well, I'll try my best.

Goldfarb takes out a pen and pad.

DR. GOLDFARB

So why don't you start off by telling me what's been happening? Why you want to take your own life.

A slight pause while Michael musters up the energy to deliver a condensed, one-minute version of why his life sucks.

MICHAEL

OK. I'll try to be brief here...

(breath, then quickly)

Basically, I'm a failure. All I've ever wanted to do is work in banking, and literally nothing has worked out. I'm 28, and I'm still getting people coffee. I've tried like a million ways to get promoted, applied for a million jobs, and no one wants me - for anything. No one believes in me anymore. *I* don't even believe in me anymore. And I just feel like that's never gonna change.

Goldfarb makes a note on his pad.

DR. GOLDFARB

Career problems.

MICHAEL

I have no friends. No one *ever* calls me to hang out or invites me anywhere. So I have to go out and ask to be included. And most of the time people still say no. Or even when they say yes, it feels like they're just doing it out of pity. That's how it's always been, since, like sixth grade. I mean, I'm reliable and dependable, and no one is that way for me.

DR. GOLDFARB

Social difficulties.

MICHAEL

And I've been single for four years. I've tried Internet dating, and that's just been humiliating. And I go to all sorts of events and mixers, and the people there are all in little cliques or groups, and they make me feel like I'm a worthless loser if I try and talk to them. And there was this one girl I met at my church - Molly.

We both liked Disney movies and folk music. She had this lisp. And she told me I had a beautiful heart - which she proceeded to break into a million pieces.

Goldfarb makes another note.

DR. GOLDFARB

Relationship issues.

MICHAEL

And when things are bad, they say at least you have your health, right? Well not me. I can't go to the bathroom. Literally.

(pause)

Yeah, it sounds funny. But can you imagine never being able to go to the bathroom and having all that stuff jammed inside of you. They have to stick a hose up me every six days to suck it all out.

DR. GOLDFARB

Medical problems.

MICHAEL

And I know there are people who have it worse, but I just can't snap myself out of this. I mean, I wake up every day thinking that maybe it will be the day that something changes. And then nothing happens, and I feel even worse than before. And I just can't take the rejection, and the pain, and the heartbreak anymore.

Dr. Goldfarb consults his notes. After a few seconds:

DR. GOLDFARB

I see.

MICHAEL

I mean, all my friends think I should just be happy with what I have, but I don't think they get it.

DR. GOLDFARB

No - they don't.

Michael looks at him, surprised.

MICHAEL

They don't?

No. DR. GOLDFARB

So you think I'm, right? MICHAEL

Absolutely. DR. GOLDFARB

MICHAEL
(getting excited)
Are you serious? You're like the first person- I mean, everyone keeps telling me that I'm just being dramatic. But you think...

They're wrong. DR. GOLDFARB

A big smile from Michael.

You think they're wrong? MICHAEL

Absolutely. I think you've made a very convincing case here. DR. GOLDFARB

Michael looks at Dr. Goldfarb, satisfied.

Yes! Thank you! Steve was right - you're great!
(he cuts himself off)
So what happens now?!

You kill yourself. DR. GOLDFARB
(matter-of-factly)

Yes! MICHAEL
(confused)
No! Wait - what?!

Frankly, if I were you I probably would have jumped off a bridge or skyscraper by now. DR. GOLDFARB

Hold on- MICHAEL

Goldfarb looks at his notes.

DR. GOLDFARB

You're a complete failure in your chosen profession, with no hope of advancement.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm not a complete failure. My job's / not that bad-

DR. GOLDFARB

Clearly people don't like you. Personally, I get numerous social invitations a day. And since your troubles go back to the age of 12, I don't really see the chance of you acquiring friends at any point / in the future-

MICHAEL

Hold on. I have friends. I mean, they're not perfect. / But they do-

DR. GOLDFARB

As for women, they smell a defeated man a mile away. Frankly, Mr. Fuller, I smelled defeat on you the second you stepped into my office.

(pause)

And I was outside smoking a cigarette at the time.

MICHAEL

Hold on - I mean, I've dated girls / before-

DR. GOLDFARB

And I don't see what you could offer a woman besides the prospect of being stuck with a severely depressed man for the rest of her life.

Michael looks at Goldfarb, outraged.

MICHAEL

What the hell is this?

DR. GOLDFARB

You seemed very excited about this a minute ago.

MICHAEL

No. I didn't mean it. I was / just-

DR. GOLDFARB

You might be bipolar. Another reason to kill / yourself-

MICHAEL

Stop! You're supposed to help me-

DR. GOLDFARB

Actually, Mr. Fuller - I pride myself on letting my clients help themselves. You think there's no point in living, and I'm seconding that well-reasoned opinion.

MICHAEL

You are the worst therapist ever.

DR. GOLDFARB

I don't think insulting me is going to help your condition-

MICHAEL

But you specialize in suicide!

DR. GOLDFARB

I do. But I don't specialize in stopping it.

MICHAEL

Hold on - are you trying to trick me?

DR. GOLDFARB

Am I?

Michael gets up, annoyed.

MICHAEL

That's it-

DR. GOLDFARB

We haven't even gotten to your medical condition yet. That sounds truly terrible. And you're right - there are literally billions of people worse off than you. For them, happiness is just another day of life. But you clearly acknowledge that you can't recognize this simple truth, so there's really no point in extending your suffering.

DR. GOLDFARB

Just stop, okay. I have some great things in my life. I was just exaggerating - I don't want to kill myself.

DR. GOLDFARB

Well, you should. It's the only way out.

Michael balks.

MICHAEL

I don't want a way out. I want a way *in*. That's why I came here. So you would talk me *out* of suicide.

DR. GOLDFARB

In your case, Mr. Fuller, I'd be doing you a great disservice.

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ. I mean, is this what you tell your patients? What did you tell Steve?

DR. GOLDFARB

The same thing I'm telling you. The truth. Steve had a lot to live for. You on the other hand...

MICHAEL

You're sick. You are really sick.

DR. GOLDFARB

That's what we call projection, Mr. Fuller.

Michael starts to leave.

MICHAEL

You know what - screw you!

DR. GOLDFARB

Wait Mr. Fuller.

Goldfarb gets up, acts apologetically.

DR. GOLDFARB

I'm sorry. That was completely out of line. Besides - our State prohibits physician-assisted suicide.

(a pause; then, hush-hush)

But I know a few people who might be able to help if you have a fear of heights or blood.

MICHAEL

I don't want to kill myself!

DR. GOLDFARB

Yes, you do.

MICHAEL

No, I don't.

DR. GOLDFARB

Yes you do!

MICHAEL

No I don't.

DR. GOLDFARB
Yes, you do!

MICHAEL
THAT'S IT!

Michael takes Goldfarb's business card out from his pocket.

MICHAEL
This says you'll help me want to live. What a load of crap.
(pause)

Well, I'm not going to kill myself. I *am* going to live! And when you die, I'm gonna go to the cemetery and stomp on your grave. Asshole!

Michael throws the business card at Goldfarb, and storms out in a huff.

Goldfarb picks up the business card, looks at it, and smiles.

DR. GOLDFARB
Actually, my card says, "I'll help you find the will to live."
(pause)
And once again, I'd say - mission accomplished.

He smiles. Blackout.

END OF PLAY