

## **An extract from A PIECE OF ME by Seoid Ní Laoire**

### **PROLOGUE**

*Lighting up single character center stage. SFX Cello music playing quietly.*

**Erica:** Reality is just another illusion. Like logic or reason it is a barrier that people create to feel safe and in control. What is reality? What makes something real? If you can touch me am I real? If you can't hear me, smell me, taste me am I not real? People are so afraid to look past these safety nets, afraid to see what is hidden behind. Don't be. Let me show you when reality is whatever you believe it to be.

### **SCENE 1**

*Takes place in an office. The office is expensive and conventional looking. Erica is in office with psychologist. Erica looks tired and unhealthy. The psychologist is sitting in a chair looking up at Erica who is standing looking away from him.*

**Erica:** I'm not connected anymore. Its like I'm a balloon that was attached to something, til someone just cut the string. And now I'm floating away and I don't know how to stop. I'm no longer connected to anything. I'm just... floating.

**Psychologist:** Its not unusual to feel out of control Erica Do you know why you're feeling like this?

**Erica:** I've felt like this since Chris died. Its like he took a piece of me with him, and the part left behind has no idea how to function anymore.

**Psychologist:** You feel lost without him?

**Erica:** I don't know what I feel like anymore.

**Psychologist:** Do you think about him a lot?

*Erica looks flustered.*

**Erica:** Yes. He's never far from my thoughts.

*Laughs humourlessly.*

**Psychologist:** Why don't you tell me about a time when you and Chris were happy.

**Erica:** Every Sunday started the same way. The whole town would have left for mass by this time 'What about today?' I'd ask and he would always

answer 'Maybe next week.' But next week was always the same. He wasn't a God man. So we'd bake instead. I'd knead the dough while he mixed the eggs and the milk. The sound of the spoon hitting the bowl filled the air and set us a rhythm to work to. Everyday things were his religion and he found more comfort in them than he did in the church.

**Psychologist:** So things were good, before.

**Erica:** Yeah they were. We had each other. That's all you need. Then none of the other stuff matters.

**Psychologist:** So you always felt... complete with Chris?

**Erica:** Yeah. *(pause)* But even then some part of me knew. It couldn't last. Happiness couldn't be this easy. I'd get this feeling-an inexplicable panic. You don't have much time left it seemed to say to me. He told me I was just working myself up. That we had forever ahead of us. But you never know how much time you'll have.

*Bell rings to indicate that the next client is waiting.*

**Psychologist:** Life is always changing, but a big event like the death of a loved one can shake our reality so profoundly that we need great support to get through it.

*Erica nods and starts to get up.*

I'd like you to come back next week.

**Erica:** Ok.

**Psychologist:** Goodbye Erica

*Erica exits the stage and the psychologist takes out a recorder to record the meeting.*

**Psychologist:** Tuesday 11:30am. Erica Roberts attending sessions for 2 weeks previous to today. Suffering from grief-induced depression. No medication necessary.

*Switches off recorder. Goes to sink and washes hands. Begins talking to himself absentmindedly.*

**Psychologist:** Typical case. Should be done in a month or so.

*Finishes washing his hands and returns to table. Presses button.*

**Psychologist:** I'm ready for the next patient. Send him in.

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