

# THE PROFESSOR WHO LOST HIS MIND



SUBHUTI ANAND

# The Professor Who Lost His Mind

A Musical Comedy Drama

*Scene One.*

*A bedroom in a modern house, in the suburbs of a major American city. It is night. Professor Nathan Megabrain, a university lecturer in psychology, is in his pajamas, sitting upright in bed, marking term papers. Miranda, his wife, a professor of mathematics at the same university, sits in bed next to him in her nightgown, skimming through a book.*

Miranda: Honestly, Nathan, where do you get these books from?

Professor: Hmmm?

Miranda: Just listen to this: “An unusual approach to meditation is practiced at an ashram in India, where people gather in large numbers to loudly babble words of pure nonsense, or gibberish, before suddenly plunging into the silences as a way to attain a state of No Mind.”

Professor: Let me see that. (*reads title*) ‘Mystical Experiences in Modern India’. Ah yes, one of my postgraduate students gave it to me this morning.

Miranda: Really, Nathan, you shouldn't leave these kinds of books around the house. They might affect the children!

Professor: Oh, don't worry dear. They're much too young to be interested in that sort of thing.

Miranda: They may be young, but they're very curious. (*shudders*) No Mind, indeed, what a thoroughly disturbing idea.

*The professor puts away his papers and lightly pecks his wife on the cheek.*

Professor: Good night, dear.

Miranda: Good night, Nathan.

*The lights go dim, to a twilight. Nathan and Miranda both lie down and are soon sleeping. A chorus of ghostly sprites or fairies comes onstage and surrounds their bed. They sing and dance the opening number:*

In the night, in the night,  
When there is no chance of light,  
In the night, in the night,  
All your hidden dreams take flight.

Long ago, long denied,  
Long ignored and kept inside,  
Who can say what creatures reign  
In the basement of your brain?

*(lights come up, briefly, for the next verse)*

In the day you feel strong  
You can tell what's right and wrong,  
In the day, yes, you're okay  
In the safety of the day.

*(lights dim once more)*

But when darkness cloaks the air  
And you're body's sleeping there  
Then the longings of your soul  
Break the spell of self control.

In the night, in the night.... etc.

*Exit chorus.*

*Suddenly a beautiful woman, in her thirties, is seen, as if in a dream. She looks desperate, and speaks with incredible urgency.*

Woman: Help me, professor, help me! Help me, professor, help me!

*The professor awakens with a start.*

Professor: Who are you? Where are you? Why do you come to me, night after night? And how can I help you if I don't know who you are? Ah, these dreams are driving me mad!

Miranda (*Waking*): Nathan, what on earth is the matter?

Professor: What? Oh, nothing dear. Everything's fine.

Miranda: It's that woman again, isn't it?

Professor: No, no. It... it... it was a car barking -- I mean a dog starting. Anyway, it woke me up. Nothing serious. Let's go back to sleep.

*He lies down quickly and closes his eyes, but his wife prods him accusingly with her finger.*

Miranda: Don't lie to me, Nathan Megabrain. You're all hot and trembling. It's that woman you're obsessed with. You dreamed about her again, didn't you? Tell me the truth.

Professor: I am NOT obsessed with her! How can I be obsessed with someone I don't even know?

Miranda: Aha, so it WAS the woman!

Professor: Oh yes, all right, it WAS the woman.

Miranda: Really Nathan! This is grounds for divorce! This is mental cruelty towards an innocent, faithful wife! Every night, the same sexual fantasies...

Professor: They are NOT sex fantasies. My god, I wish they were only that.

Miranda: Only... only a sex fantasy! Nathan, this is intolerable. I should report you to the university ethics committee and have you fired in disgrace!

*The Professor groans and tries to bury his head in the pillows. Just then, two children bounce cheerily into the room. Jason is eleven. Tania is ten.*

Tania: Hi mom, hi dad!

Jason: Are you having another fight?

Tania: Can we watch?

Jason: And take notes for our field studies?

Miranda: Tania, Jason, go back to bed right now!

Tania: Oh, come on, mom, don't try and shield us from your marital problems.

Jason (*parodying his father*): It'll only go into our subconscious minds... and then we'll suffer as adults...

Tania (*joining the game*): ...yes, and be compelled to repeat the same mistakes as you guys in our personal relationships.

Professor: Please, this is not the time for psychological theorizing, even if you are abnormally intelligent children. Now go to bed.

Tania: First you have to tell us what it was about.

Miranda: Certainly not.

Jason: It was about daddy's woman, wasn't it?

Professor: Jason, she is NOT my woman... how do you know about her?

Tania: C'mon pa. You can't have a major catharsis every night without SOMEBODY hearing about it.

Jason: We want to help you, pa.

Professor: Ah, Jason... you're so kind. But I don't think anyone can help me.

Tania: That's an unscientific statement, professor.

Professor: What?

Tania: It's an untested hypothesis.

Jason (*nodding to his sister*): That's right. (*to his father*) You have no idea whether we can help you.

Tania: The only way to find out is to tell us what's going on.

Professor (*staring at his kids and stammering*): Tania, Jason, that is...er, true.

Miranda: I refuse to discuss this.

Tania: Oh come on, mom.

Jason: Yes, mom, you're a professor, too. Take a more academic attitude.

Miranda: I happen to be a professor of mathematics, not male sexual psychology.

Tania: I doubt if he's having an affair, mom, he doesn't look happy enough.

Professor: Oh, what's the use in hiding. I'm all washed up anyway. The truth is, children, that I'm afraid I'm losing my mind.

Jason: Wow, this is really interesting.

Tania: Can you be a bit more specific, pa?

Professor: Every night I am tortured by the same dream. I am asleep, then suddenly she appears... This beautiful, beautiful woman.

Miranda: Hmmmph!

Professor: I'm sorry Miranda, but it's the truth. She IS beautiful. But she is so unhappy, so troubled, so desperate, as if some terrible danger threatens her. She looks at me with imploring eyes and cries "Help me, professor, help me!" Then she vanishes. I wake up as if I have been given an electric shock.

Miranda: He shouts "Wait! Don't leave! Come back!" -- right in my ear.

Professor: Then I can't sleep for the rest of the night.

Miranda: Me neither.

Professor: Every night it happens!

Jason: Who is she?

Professor: I wish I knew! I've never seen her before. I don't know where she lives. There's nothing in the dream to suggest a location. Yet the strange thing is that I feel I know her - that I've always known her, better than my own er... (*he is going to say "wife" but changes his mind*) ...sister, my own mother.

*There is a moment's silence.*

Tania & Jason: Hmmm.

Miranda: Well, what do you think?

Tania: Psychoanalysis might help.

Jason (*to Tania*): That might help pa, but it won't help the woman who's in trouble.

Tania (*to Jason*): Assuming she actually exists. I mean, she may be a figment of pa's imagination.

Professor: You have no idea the effect she's having on me. Her anguish is tearing me apart. I feel her pain, her agony. It's as if she is going to die any moment. I feel so helpless. I have to do something or I'm going to go crazy.

Jason: I think I know just the person to help you.

Tania: You do, Jason? Oh, right, of course...Uncle Gizmo!

Miranda: Oh no. This gets worse.

Jason: Why not, mom? It's worth a try!

Miranda: He's a fraud!

Tania: He is not!

Miranda: He IS, Tania. I should know. He's my brother.

Jason: He just acts like a fraud because he doesn't want people to know he's a genius.

Miranda: And he's an alcoholic.

Jason: Do you have a better idea?

Tania: Apart from reporting your own husband to the university ethics committee?

Miranda (*sigh*): No, you're right Absurd situations require absurd solutions.

Jason: Okay, then let's go.

Professor: Where? Where are we going?

Jason: To the Cosmos.

Professor: You mean to the stars? Are you being poetic?

Tania: No, no, it's a nightclub.

Miranda: A sleaze palace, you mean.

Professor: What, now? But it's two o'clock in the morning!

Jason: That's perfect. The Cosmos doesn't get going 'til around 1.30 a.m.

Professor: And how do you know, young man?

Jason: I've...er... conducted some field studies there... for my social science class.

Miranda (*getting out of bed*): Come on, Professor Megabrain. If we are to save our relationship, there's not a moment to lose.

*The family exits together.*

*Scene Two*

*The Cosmos Nightclub.*

*A run-down establishment in the wrong part of town.*

*An ancient couple, Harold and Maude, are sitting at a table.*

Maude: Honestly Harold, I don't know why you have to drag me to the same club every Friday night.

Harold: Yes, dear.

Maude: It's such a low class dive.

Harold: Yes, dear.

Maude: I need something more refined Harold.

Harold: Yes, dear.

Maude: I've led a cultured life.

Harold: Yes dear.

*Enter salesgirl with tray.*

Salesgirl: Cigarettes, matches, condoms...

*Harold raises his hand and is about to order something, but whether it is condoms or cigarettes is unclear because Maude drags his hand down again.*

Maude (*explaining to the girl*): No thanks, we're trying to quit.

Salesgirl (*noticing their age*): I'd say it's about time.

*Enter the Megabrain family.*

Miranda (*wrinkling her nose in disgust*): Pheeew! This place doesn't smell any better does it?

Tania: You mean, you've been here before, mom?

Miranda (*looking uncomfortable*): I didn't say that!

*They sit down and a girl comes to take their order.*

Waitress: What would you like to drink?

Jason (*taking charge*): Four soda pops, please.

Waitress: Planning a wild evening, eh?

Professor: Maybe I'll have a scotch and soda.

Tania: No pa, no alcohol. Your mind needs to be as clear as possible.

Professor: Cola then. (*exit girl*) What IS all this about? And where's your Uncle Gizmo?

Jason: Wait. Everything will become clear in a few minutes.



*A chorus line of dance girls comes on and sings the Cosmos song:*

*Lead Singer:*

Welcome to the Cosmos  
The only place in town  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
So happy you're around.  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
Guess you're here to stay  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
Don't forget to pay.

*Chorus:*

Welcome to the Cosmos  
Anyway, you're here,  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
Have another beer.  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
Check your hat and coat  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
You can sink or float.

*Someone in the chorus line recognizes Miranda.*

1st Chorus girl: Hey, look! It's Miranda!

2nd Chorus girl: Wow, Miranda! Long time no see, baby! How're ya doing?

Miranda (*embarrassed*): Oh, hi. I'm fine, thank you.

1st Chorus girl: C'mon Miranda, come and sing the second verse like you always used to.

Miranda: Oh no, I couldn't...

All Chorus line: Yes! Come on Miranda!

*Reluctantly, Miranda gets dragged reluctantly into the chorus line, but then gets into the spirit of it and belts out the song:*

Miranda:

Someone ought to take the time  
To keep this Cosmos working fine,  
No one seems to be the boss  
The rest of us are at a loss.  
How the Cosmos came to be  
I don't know, so don't ask me,  
So we live without a goal

In this nightclub of the soul.

Chorus:

Welcome to the Cosmos... etc.

*The songs ends to applause. Miranda sits down.*

Jason: Mom, you know the Cosmos song -- how come?

Miranda (*very embarrassed*): I, um, used to work here, occasionally, when I was a struggling student -- to pay my tuition fees.

Tania: Wow, mom. You used to be a stripper?

Miranda: Tania, please! I was a dancer. I did not take my clothes off... Well, not all of them... Well, not all the time! (*to Jason*) Wipe that grin off your face young man... (*to Nathan*) And don't think this excuses your obsession with that woman!

Announcer: And now, ladies and gentlemen, a round of applause for the star attraction of the evening. It is our pleasure to present, the greatest hypnotist of all time, the man who has entertained royalty around the world, the Houdini of Hypnotherapy, the Maestro of Mesmerization, the great, the glamorous, the gargantuan genius... Gordon Gizmo!

Gizmo (*entering*): Please don't, please don't... please don't stop! Ha, ha! Hello everyone! Yes, tonight, I, the Great Gordon Gizmo, will personally solve any problem, any difficulty, any neurosis, any nasty habit that you may have, through the magic, the mystery of hyp-no-sis. Just lie back, close your eyes and say "yes" to Gizmo -- wait for it, ladies, I don't want to get killed in the rush, ha, ha! -- and all your troubles will disappear. You have my personal guarantee, and if it's good enough for my bank manager it's good enough for anyone! Ha, ha! All right, who's the lucky one? Who's going to be first? Don't be shy, give it a try, do or die!

Jason: Uncle Gizmo, we have a real challenge for you.

Gizmo: Jason, well, this is a surprise! Tania, too! Nathan! And Miranda, my dear, dear sister.

Miranda: Don't "dear sister" me, you cheery charlatan.

Gizmo: Still my greatest fan, eh? And why have you suddenly decided to revisit your past after avoiding this place for the last decade, hmmm?

Jason: Uncle, pa's got a problem. He's suffering from terrible dreams...

Tania: Every night he dreams that a beautiful woman needs his help.

Gizmo: This is a problem? Millions of men around the world are dreaming that beautiful women need their help... particularly married men. No offense, Miranda.

Miranda: You see? I told you. He can't do anything. Let's get out of this dump.

Tania: Uncle, this is different. Pa isn't just some horny guy dreaming about Marilyn Monroe.

Professor: Thank you, Tania.

Jason: He thinks this woman really exists.

Tania: And our guess is that there is more information locked inside his subconscious mind.

Jason: And we need your help to access it.

Gizmo: Interesting. What about you, Nathan? Are you willing to undergo deep hypnosis?

Professor: Anything's worth a try.

Gizmo: Very well (*turning to address the audience*) I accept the challenge! (*applause*). Thank you, thank you! Sit down, all four of you, yes, you too, Miranda. I feel your group energy will assist Nathan in his quest. Hold hands, close your eyes, make your minds a blank. Music please... roll the drums... dim the lights... I'll just put these drops of purified Tibetan yak essence on your foreheads to stimulate the third eye...

Miranda: Phew, it smells like bat's urine!

Tania: Hush mother! Give him a chance.

Gizmo: Now I'll place this portable encephalogram over the professor's cranial mass... strap on this crystal band from Atlantis...

Miranda: This is hypnosis, or voodoo?

Jason: Does it matter, mom, as long as it works?

Gizmo: Now, all of you together, stare into the blue pulsing light. A little humming from the audience... louder please... thank you, that's very nice. (to Nathan and his family) You are all going into a deep trance... a deep, deep, trance...

Miranda: Nothing's happening. I knew it was a hoax.

Gizmo: Hush Miranda, this is just the beginning. Now it's time to... turn up the power! Ha ha!

*Intense flashing lights, loud noises, explosions. Total black out. Screams. Lights come up slowly on four empty chairs.*

Gizmo (*surprised by his own talent*): My goodness, it appears I have dematerialized my relatives! (*taking the situation in his stride*) Well, that's it for tonight, folks! Come back tomorrow and we'll find out what happened to them. Good night!

*Lights down.*

*Scene Three.*

*A big warehouse with a stark, 'On The Waterfront' look about it. A group of men, dressed as gangsters from the 1920s, sits around a table, playing cards, drinking and smoking.*

*Harry Rational, an almost-mechanized man, in the tradition of Spock, or Data, of Star Trek, but with feminine features, is watching a bank of monitors, making routine security announcements while the others play.*

Harry (*mechanical voice*): All systems security check at 22:00 hours. All procedures normal. All cameras functioning. All sensors activated. Scanning levels one through fifty: No deviations. No issues. No problems. Check and moving up. Scanning levels fifty through one hundred...minor deviation on level sixty-seven, monitor 6703, servicing required. Notify maintenance. No other issues. Systems security check complete at 22:02.

Joe Baloney (*the gang leader*): Your call Frank.

Frank: Raise you ten.

Ray (*putting in ten*): I'm in.

Mitch: Me, too.

Joe: Your ten... and raise you one hundred.

Frank (*folding his cards*): Whoa! Too hot for me.

Ray: I'm out.

Mitch: Me too.

Joe (*collecting the pile of cash*): Thank you, gentlemen. Looks like my lucky night.

Harry (*still looking at the monitors*): Luck is not a rational phenomenon.

Joe: Ain't nothing rational about poker, Harry.

Harry: On the contrary, it is a very rational game. Almost 90 percent predictable.

Joe: So how come I'm always winning?

Harry: The rational explanation is you're such a bad loser, nobody wants to risk beating you.

*Nervous laughter from the other guys. Joe hesitates, then laughs, too.*

Joe (*joking with a veiled threat*): Better watch that sense of humor of yours Harry. Could get you into trouble.

Harry (*urgency in his voice*): Systems alert! Unauthorized entry. Level eighty –three. Fourth sector violation. One intruder...no...two, three, four intruders.

Joe (*getting up to go and look over Harry's shoulder*): What? Where?

Harry: Monitor 8405.

Joe: Jesus! I don't believe it.

Ray (*also looking*): You'd better tell the Boss.

Joe: You're damned right.

*He dials a number and a sinister-looking figure with a massive head and brain appears (maybe only in silhouette this first time, to give him more menace).*

Boss (*answering on his mobile*): Yes, Joe.

Joe: Boss, it's the professor.

Boss: Hmm?

Joe: Professor Nathan Megabrain.

Boss (*impatiently*): Yes, Joe. What about Professor Nathan Megabrain?

Joe: He's inside... inside the structure.

Boss (*chuckling silkly*): Oh come, Joe, We both know that's impossible, don't we? (*suddenly snarling*) Don't waste my time with these pranks, you blockhead!

Joe (*afraid, but persisting*): I know it's impossible, boss. And maybe I am a blockhead. But don't take my word for it. See for yourself. Monitor 8405 is picking him up.

Boss: My god, that's incredible! (*tries to conceal any hint of panic or fear*) Well, that's... interesting. And who are those other people?

Harry Rational: My data suggests that the woman is his wife, Miranda, 42 years old, Caucasian, professor of theoretical mathematics. The children are their offspring, Tania, age ten, Jason, eleven, both with abnormally high IQ. They are currently being educated at...

Boss (*interrupting*): Yes, thank you so much, Harry. Well, what do you suppose the professor is doing here, Joe?

Joe: I dunno, boss.

Boss: Come, Joe. Don't bore me with ignorance.

Joe: No, really. I dunno.

Boss (*pleasant but menacing*): You don't want me to send you into the Shadow again, do you Joe?

Joe (*nervously*): No boss.

Boss: You don't like the Shadow, do you, Joe?

Joe: No boss.

Boss (*becoming fierce*): Then tell me what the professor is doing here.

Joe: I... I guess he's looking for... the woman.

Boss: Hmm?

Joe: The woman. He's looking for the woman.

Boss: Say her name Joe. We mustn't be afraid to say her name, must we Joe.

Joe: Louisa. He's looking for Louisa.

Boss: Louisa, yes. And we don't want him to meet Louisa, do we Joe?

Joe: No, boss.

Boss: No. No, no, no. That would make things...unnecessarily complicated.

Joe: Yes, boss. What are we gonna do, boss?

Boss: Do? Well, perhaps we won't have to do anything. The first obstacle they're going to meet is the chain. And I can't see them getting past the chain. Still, just in case... take your men and station yourselves on the other side. If they get through, see if you can... *persuade* them not to go any further.

Joe: Yes, boss.

Boss: Oh, and Joe...

Joe: Yes, boss?

Boss (*ironically*): No violence, Joe. You know how I hate violence (*fades from the screen with a soft, slightly manic chuckle*).

*Scene Four.*

*Somewhere inside the warehouse, the Megabrain family is looking around, wondering where they are.*

Tania: Come on, everybody, this way! Gee, this is exciting!

Miranda: What's exciting about being lost?

Jason: It's an adventure, mom.

Tania: That was some stunt Uncle Gizmo pulled on us.

Miranda: He probably opened a trap door and dumped us in the basement of the Cosmos.

Tania: No mom, this is not the Cosmos. Wherever we are, uncle sent us here so we can find pa's woman.

Professor: Tania, I'd so much prefer it if you wouldn't call her MY woman.

Miranda: Me, too, actually.

*Suddenly a chain of people comes marching quickly onstage, walking in rhythmic step, all synchronized and chained to each other. They force the family to back up.  
They sing the Chain Song:*

We follow each other,  
One by one by one,  
In the chain.  
We follow each other,  
This is how it's done,  
In the chain.  
We follow each other,  
One by one by one,  
In the chain...

1<sup>st</sup> Chain Person): I'm looking for the woman. I've really got to find her...

2<sup>nd</sup>): Never knew a woman like her in all my life...

3<sup>rd</sup>): So many times I've wondered what it would be like to fall in love again...

4<sup>th</sup>): But I was always busy, except that one time with - what was her name?...

5<sup>th</sup>): Hillary. Wow, years ago, when I was young, she had a dog called...

6<sup>th</sup>): Toby! She seemed attracted to me. We spent an evening together, went to the picture show, and dinner afterwards...

7<sup>th</sup>): Then I got so nervous I threw up in the car... and crashed into a lamppost.

8<sup>th</sup>): She was so upset, she never spoke to me again.

Whole Chain: Oh shit! I wish it hadn't happened! Oh shit! I wish it hadn't happened!

*They all repeat together and then fade to silence. But they all remain linked together, creating an effective barrier across the stage)*

Professor: That's very odd.

Tania: Odd? It's totally weird.

Professor: No, I mean the words. I could have said those things myself. I knew a girl called Hillary who had a dog called Toby.

Miranda: Another woman you haven't told me about, Nathan?

Professor: Miranda, the Hillary that I remember was 25 years ago, before I went to college!

Jason: Maybe this thing is picking up your thoughts, pa, like some kind of scanner.

Tania: Yeah, like a highly sensitive radar that can tune into your brain and read your mind.

Professor: But what for?

Miranda: Nathan, this place gives me the creeps. I want to go home.

Tania: Oh mom, just relax.

Jason: Anyway, if we want to go on we have to get past this chain.

Professor: The question is: how?

Jason: It shouldn't be a problem, pa. If it's picking up your thoughts, all you have to do is think of nothing and it will stop, and we can get through the gaps.

Tania: Jason, you're brilliant!



Jason (*grinning*): Tania, you're right.

Professor: Okay, I'll close my eyes and think of nothing.

Chain: Think of nothing, think of nothing, think of nothing...

Jason: No pa, not like that. You're thinking about not thinking, so the chain is still active. Just stop thinking.

Professor: Okay, I'll stop thinking.

Chain: Stop thinking, stop thinking, stop thinking...

Tania: Nope. That's still a thought.

Chain: Tania's right! It's still a thought, thought, thought...

Jason: I think you're too tense, pa, just relax.

Chain: "Wow, these kids are right... I've got to relax... I must relax... relax... relax..."

*Miranda suddenly stands in front of the professor and slaps him on the top of his head.*

Miranda: Relax!

*The professor opens his eyes in shocked surprise. For a moment, his brain is silent. The chain breaks apart and there are gaps between the chain members.*

Tania: It worked! Well done mom!

Jason: Let's go pa!

*Jason and the Professor dash through the gaps. Miranda and Tania are following, but then Miranda stops at the Chain and looks down.*

Miranda (*clutching her ear*): Damn, I've dropped an earring.

Tania (*bending down to pick it up*): It's okay, mom, I've got it.

*Suddenly the chain starts up, grabbing hold of Tania and Miranda as part of their chain and marching offstage, singing:*

We follow each other

One by one by one

In the chain.

We follow each other... etc.

Miranda: Help! Nathan!

Professor (*waving madly after the chain*): Miranda, Tania, come back!

*Scene Five.*

*Joe Baloney and friends arrive onstage.*

Jason: Pa, we've got company.

Professor (*seeing Joe and his pals*): Quick, you've got to help us!

Joe: What seems to be the problem Professor?

Professor: My wife and my daughter have been carried away by a chain!

Joe: Oh, I wouldn't worry. Happens all the time around here, right Harry?

Harry: That's correct, Joe.

Joe: They... er... they probably went on a tour of the premises.

Professor: A tour?

Joe: Yeah, lots of tours around here, right Harry?

Harry: That's correct. They should be back in approximately 28 minutes.

Professor: Are you sure?

Joe: 'Course I am. Don't worry, professor. Nothing bad ever happens around here.

Jason: What is this place?

Joe: It's a... kind of... well... (*he turns helplessly towards Harry*)

Harry: It's an information processing, storage and retrieval center.

Jason: Good, then maybe you can help us with some information. We're looking for a woman who keeps asking pa for help.

Joe: She has a name? You got a photo? (*they shake their heads*) Gee, that's difficult.

Harry: Inadequate data. I don't think we can help.

Jason (*to Harry*): How come you're dressed like a man? You seem more like a woman.

Harry (*offended*): I certainly am NOT a woman! That's outrageous... I mean, illogical... I have a slight hormone problem, but I am definitely and absolutely of the male gender.

Jason: Okay, okay. One more question: when mom and Tania come back, how do we get out of here?

Joe: Out? Er... Just a minute (*he whispers to Harry*). Harry, the boss didn't say anything about how to get them out.

Jason: Pa, these guys are acting weird. I don't trust them.

Professor (*distractedly, still looking in the direction his wife has gone*): Really? They seem quite friendly and helpful to me.

Harry (*whispers to Joe*): Why don't we use Tracy as a delaying tactic, while you get back to the Boss?

Joe: Good idea! Frank, get Tracy! (*Frank exits*) But we got to get rid of the kid.

Harry: Piece of cake, I know his weak spot. (*aloud*) Jason, would you like to see our main frame computer? It has a 35 billion gigabyte memory.

Jason: Wow! That has to be the biggest computer in the world!

Harry: Come and see for yourself.

Jason: This is fascinating. See you in a minute pa!

Professor: Very well, Jason, I'll wait here for Tania and Miranda to come back.

*Jason exits.*

Frank (*returning*): Tracy's coming, Joe.

Joe (*turning to the professor*): Er, professor, it seems I'm mistaken. There IS someone here who has been asking for help.

Professor (*eagerly*): Really! Perhaps it's the woman I'm looking for. Where is she?

Joe: She's coming now. Have a seat, professor.

Professor: Thank you.

Joe: She likes to sing, so we've arranged a little entertainment for you both. Have a good time, professor. (*exits*)

*Scene Six.*

*The lighting changes to soft red. Tracy, a sexy vamp, comes onstage, wearing a black outfit with black fishnet stockings. She immediately gets the professor's attention. As she moves seductively towards the professor, Tracy begins to sing:*

Tracy:

Help me professor,  
Help me ease my mind,  
I'm heading for trouble  
And you look so kind.  
Help me professor,  
Help me cool my heels  
I'm burning with a fire,  
This is how it feels...

Chorus

Burn, baby, burn, it's hot, hot, hot,  
Don't need no chili 'cos I'm hot, hot, hot.  
Burn, baby, burn, it's hot, hot, hot  
Don't pick the pieces, take the lot, lot, lot.

Tracy:

Help me professor,  
Gee it's been so long,  
I've been waiting and waiting,  
Baby you're the one,  
Help me professor,  
Now you're here at last,  
Wrap me up, take me home,  
Now the die is cast.

*Tracy ends the song sitting on the professor's lap, wrapping herself around him. He is overwhelmed by her seductive beauty.*

Professor: Tracy... I'm sure you're very nice but... you don't look the same as the woman in my... oh my... mmmm!

Tracy: Oh, professor... mmm!

*Suddenly, Louisa, the woman (the real woman) appears on a video screen.*

Louisa (*urgently*): "Help me, professor! Help me!"

Professor (*looking up*): My god! I've been tricked! (*to the real woman*) I'm coming! I'll find you! Wherever you are!

*He rushes off stage.*

Tracy (*offended*): Come back here, you two-timer! You'll be sorry! She's twice as old as me, you'll soon get tired of her!

*Joe runs on.*

Joe: What happened? Where's the professor?

Tracy: Louisa showed up.

Joe: Damn! (*pulling out his pistol*) Harry, Frank! Get in here! We gotta stop him!

*They all rush off.*

Tracy (*wistfully*): Nice guy, that professor. A little hung-up in the head, but basically sincere. Makes a nice change from most of the guys around here.

*Muffled cries as a large sack hops onstage.*

Tracy: Oh my! Those bastards...

*Tracy opens it and Jason comes out. She takes his gag off.*

Jason: Thanks. You're Tracy, I gather.

Tracy: How'd you know?

Jason: I heard your song. The tune was a little corny but the lyrics were neat.

Tracy: Hmm. Guess I'll take that as a compliment. What's your name?

Jason: Look, Tracy, can we go someplace and talk? I have an awful lot of questions that need answering.

Tracy: Sure, kid. Let's go to my place, it's just over there. (*They start to leave*). I haven't had a good gossip in a long time. Now, where's my door key?

*As Tracy searches in her bag, two weird creatures come quickly and stealthily onstage. They have human bodies with large, lizard-like heads, big eyes and even bigger teeth. They are silent and slowly move towards the two humans. Jason notices them before Tracy.*

Jason: Er, Tracy, you live around here, right?

Tracy (*searching in her bag and not looking up*): Sure do.

Jason: You know most of your neighbors, right?

Tracy: You bet.

Jason: Even the strange ones, right?

Tracy (*still focused on the contents of her bag*): Yup, and some of them are real strange.

Jason: In that case I have an important question.

Tracy: Come right out with it kid.

Jason: Are these guys friends of yours?

Tracy: What... (*she looks up and see the lizards*) ...eek! Lizards!

Jason (*backing off*): I gather you're acquainted?

Tracy (*backing off*): I've heard about them, but we've never actually met.

Jason: I think we better beat it.

Tracy: I'm with you, kid.

*They make a dash for it, but are headed off by two more lizards.*

Tracy: Eek!

Jason: Uh-oh. No exit.

*They are seized.*

Tracy: Are they going to eat us? I don't wanna be eaten by some crummy lizard!

Jason (*calmly*): I think it's me they're after. In which case, I have only one thing to say (*loudly and courageously*): take me to your leader!

*He is escorted offstage by the lizards.*

Jason: See you later, Tracy. I hope!

Tracy (*concerned but not following*): Hey, kid! You're all right, you know that? You got guts. And don't worry. I'll put in a word for you with the Boss.

*She exits.*

*Scene Seven.*

*Enter the old couple from the nightclub.*

Maude: I knew we shouldn't have gone to that dreadful nightclub.

Harold: Yes, dear.

Maude: Now we're lost in some huge building in the middle of the night in one of the worst areas of town.

Harold: Yes, dear.

Maude: My poor mother's having a heart attack wondering where we are.

Harold: Yes dear.

Maude: She's ninety-five, you know. She can't take this kind of thing.

Harold: Yes, dear.

*Maude sees a large red button on the wall.*

Maude: Hey, an elevator! We can ride to the ground floor and flag down a cab.

*She pushes the button. There is a loud cry of pain offstage.*

Boss (*voice only*): Aaaaargh! My head! My migraine! Who did that? Who pushed my button?

Maude (*frightened, wondering where the voice is coming from*): Oh sorry, Mister, I thought it was an elevator.

Boss: Who are you? How did you get in here? I'll send you to the Shadow!

Maude: Thanks Mister, but we don't want to go to the Shadow. We want to go to New Jersey.

Boss (*confused*): New Jersey? What the hell is going on...???

*Silence.*

Maude (*low voice*): Come along Harold. I think it's time to be going.

Harold: Yes, dear.

*They exit.*

*Scene Eight.*

*Joe, Harry and the gang dash onstage.*

Joe (*nervously*): I have a nasty feeling he ain't gonna like this one bit.

Harry: That is not a feeling Joe. That is a cognitive certainty.

Joe: Whatever it is, my ass is grass.

*The Boss appears.*

Boss (*snaps*): Well?

Joe: We lost 'em Boss.

Boss: You blundering fools! You've ruined my brilliant plan!

Joe: Sorry, Boss.

Boss (*mockingly*): Sorry? SORRY? Do you know what's at stake here? Do you know how dangerous the situation is becoming? Do you know will happen if Megabrain succeeds in meeting Louisa?

Joe: Yes, boss. But boss, you never told us how to get the professor out of the structure.

Harry: We had inadequate data on which to act.

Boss: I hope you're not trying to blame ME for this mess?

Joe & Harry (*looking at each other*): No, boss.

Boss: Such presumption! Such ingratitude! I ought to send every one of you to the Shadow until you scream for mercy... Ah, but wait! Wait a minute! Of course, that's where the professor will go now... that's where he must go if he wants to meet Louisa... Ha, ha, ha! Well, gentlemen, are you ready for a visit to the Dark Side?

Joe: Er, if we have any choice we'd rather not.

Boss: But you don't have a choice, do you Jo?

Joe: No, boss.

Boss: Not after letting the professor get this far. To the Shadow, all of you, at once!

Joe: Er, can we take flashlights and shooters?



Boss: Of course.

Harry: And crucifixes?

Boss: Crucifixes Harry? That's a very... irrational request. Ha, ha! But of course you can. I am not insensitive to your fears. Now hurry! And Joe...

Joe: Yes boss.

Boss: Don't let me down again Joe. I really don't want to have to... replace you. You've been such a useful companion over the years.

Joe: Right boss.

Boss: Now go, all of you!

*The gang exits.*

*Scene Nine.*

*Jason walks slowly onstage, escorted by lizards, comes close to the Boss and looks at his massive brain.*

Jason: Oh my god!

Boss: Well, Jason, you did ask to see me, didn't you? (*maniacal laugh*). (*to the lizards*) Bring him to my office.

*Exit.*

*Scene Ten.*

*The Chain comes on, singing its song:*

Chain: We follow each other, one by one by one, in the chain...

*The chain drops Miranda and Tania and marches off, still singing.*

Miranda (*thoroughly flustered and trying to compose herself*): Oh dear! Oh my!

Tania: It's okay, mom, they've gone. Wow, that was a fun ride!

Miranda: Fun! I hate this place! (*looking around*) It's so dark and miserable and soul-less and... well... so male!

Tania: Male, mom?

Miranda: Yes, male! Can't you feel it? Everything's so hard and stark and functional and bare.

Tania: Gee, mom, I never heard you talk this way before. You're usually so gung-ho about male values.

Miranda: Oh, Tania, that's just an act I put on for the faculty staff at the university. Right now, I want some softness, some warmth, some female energy.

Tania (*a little concerned*): Gee mom, you sound positively romantic.

Miranda: Oh Tania, I'm so tired of competing and struggling in a man's world! I'm not just a brain! I want love! I want heart! (*loudly*) I want to be a woman!

*The lighting suddenly becomes soft and pink. So does the music and the decor. Everything gets very soft. Many beautiful women, in diaphanous dresses, glide onstage, surround the Miranda and Tania, singing and dancing a soft, female song:*

There is a country  
Far away,  
There is a land  
Far away and lost.  
There is a feeling  
There is a healing  
There is a country  
A country of the heart.

Solo:  
Can this beauty that's there  
Something so rare  
Touch your heart, touch your heart, touch your heart?  
Can this love in the air  
Something so rare  
Ever let us part?

Chorus:  
There is a country  
Far away, far away... etc.

*As the song proceeds, Tania and Miranda are swept up in it. Tania is uncertain, but Miranda is transformed during the dance from a rather austere, male-looking woman to someone very female (glasses disappear, hairdo unrolls, etc). When the song ends, Tania and Miranda are holding hands.*

Miranda: Oh Tania, this is wonderful! This is what I've always wanted in my life, and never dared to express.

Tania (*upset for the first time*): Gee, mom, why didn't you tell me?

Miranda: Tell you what, honey?

Tania: Tell me that this... this is part of being a woman. I never knew. I always thought we were all the same... you, me, Jason, Pa. I mean, sure we have gender differences -- Jason has a wiener and all that -- but it's always been, you know, the four Megabrain together: talk, ideas, theories, academic stuff... who's got the smartest mouth...

Miranda: Oh Tania, I'm so sorry. I didn't even realize you were following me down the same path.

Tania (*holding her heart*): Now there's all these feelings to cope with. It feels weird.

Miranda: Yes, I feel them, too, Tania. For the first time in a long time.

Tania: I don't know how to handle it.

Miranda: Don't even try. Let me hold you close.

*Tania starts to cry a little, and Miranda holds her lovingly.  
A flourish of light and music. Enter Louisa.*

Louisa (*coming forward*): Miranda, Tania, how lovely to meet you both at last.

Tania & Miranda: Who are you?

Louisa (*smiling mischievously but kindly*): Can't you guess?

Tania (*after a short pause*): I have a feeling... you must be pa's dream woman.

Louisa: I guess you could put it like that. Yes, I am Louisa.

Tania: We wanted to help you so we... er... it's kind of a strange story.

Louisa: Yes, Tania, I know all about it. And don't worry, Miranda, it's not how you think. I'm not your rival.

Miranda: It's okay, I'm so confused right now I couldn't be jealous if I tried!

Louisa (*laughing*): That's good! You see, there is a key to this mystery, which makes sense of the whole thing.

*Lights suddenly darken, sinister music starts to play. Tracy rushes onstage.*

Tracy: Louisa, I came to warn you. The Shadow's found you! You can't stay here.

Louisa (*shocked*): Oh no! I thought we were would be safe for longer than this! There's nowhere left to go.

Tracy: There's still a sector free on level five.

Louisa: How come you want to help us, Tracy?

Tracy (*shrugs*): I got tired of being the Boss's run-around girl.

Louisa (*to Miranda*): Miranda, where is the professor? He can help -- if only we can meet!

Miranda: I don't know. The Chain carried us away and we got split up. Can't you tell us what's going on?

Tania: Yeah, maybe we can help.

Louisa: Of course, I'm sorry. There's only one thing you need to know. You see, the fact is...

*Lights darken, sinister music. Shadowy male figures come stealthily onstage, carrying a large black cloth between them.*

Tracy: Louisa, there's no time! The Shadow's coming! Run!

*All the woman race toward one side of the stage, then stop and back up as more dark figures come on, threatening the women. Sinister shapes flicker across the stage.*

Tracy: We're trapped. It's all over!

Louisa: Don't struggle. Don't fight. Come close to me, everyone.

Tracy: This is the end of everything.

Louisa: Perhaps not. It is difficult to kill the truth.

*The women huddle together in a small group and are covered with black cloth, effectively disappearing from view.*

*Scene Eleven.*

*The professor arrives onstage, looking for his family.*

Professor: Miranda? Tracy? Jason? Is anybody here? Heavens, it's so dark I can't see a thing. (*He sees the Shadow creatures*). Wait a minute, what's going on here? Who are you?

*The Professor is surrounded by the Shadow creatures who sing the Song of the Shadow, based on rap music:*

Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide  
There's no escape from the Shadow side  
Here in the darkness  
Far from the Light  
Here in the Shadow  
Here in the night.

We are the bad boys  
We are your pain  
Kept in the Shadow  
Without a name.  
We are the bad boys  
All that is wrong,  
All that is naughty  
This is our song:

Naughty boy, naughty boy,  
Mustn't do that, naughty boy.  
Black mark, black mark  
Send you back into the dark.  
Dirty kid, what you did,  
In the cellar, close the lid,  
Hide your face, disgrace,  
You're not part of the human race.  
Kick you out, ain't no doubt,  
You're the kind we do without.  
Weep and moan, can't go home,  
Face the future all alone.  
Urban vice, we ain't nice,  
Cut you up, slice you twice.  
Make our mark, in the dark,  
Limb by limb, what a lark!  
Life is pain, rotten game...  
*(suddenly all pointing to the professor)*  
And you're the only one we're gonna blame!

*The sinister figures close in on the Professor menacingly, like a street gang.*

Professor (*alarmed*): Who me?

First Shadow: Sorry about this Professor.

Second Shadow: Time to call it a day.

Third Shadow: Sayonara, egghead.

Professor: Wait, there must be some mistake!

First Shadow: Oh, we're always making mistakes, professor.

Second Shadow: That's how we got here in the first place.

*All laugh at this joke.*

Third Shadow: Naughty boy, naughty boy...

All (*advancing on the Professor*): Naughty boy, naughty boy, mustn't do that, naughty boy...

*A fanfare of trumpets offstage. Enter a handsome, heroic-looking man with a bright lantern. The Shadow creatures shrink back.*

Lewis: Nathan, quick, come here -- into the light!

Professor: Who are you?

Lewis: My name is Lewis. Just do as I say, quick!

*The Professor rushes to the light, the Shadows dare not get too close to the light.*

Lewis (*whispers*): Now then, when I say 'Go!' we'll grab one of these guys.

Professor: Are you sure that's a good idea? They look pretty dangerous to me!

Lewis: Trust me, Nathan. Ready.... go!

*They rush the shadow creatures and manage to grab one, while the others run off stage. The lights come up. Lewis tears the clothes off him, revealing that this creature is wearing baby diapers.*

Shadow Creature (*wailing*) Ah, please, don't beat me again. I won't be bad any more. I'll eat all my supper, even the boiled spinach, I'll do my homework, I won't tease my baby sister. I'm sorry I've been a bad boy... boo, hoo, hoo!

Professor: Good heavens, and they look so dangerous in the dark!

Lewis: Does this fellow seem familiar to you, Nathan?

Professor: I don't think so. Should he?

Lewis: Didn't you have a baby sister when you were young?

Professor: Yes, but....

Lewis: And what was the worst thing your parents made you eat at supper?

Professor: Let me see... spaghetti hoops... cold mackerel... no, it was the boiled spinach.

Shadow Creature: No, no, not boiled spinach again... I hate boiled spinach!

Professor: Good heavens! Do you mean... are you suggesting...

*Muffled cries for help are heard from the women.*

Lewis: Wait, I almost forgot! Quick Nathan, we've got to get Louisa out of the Shadow. Give me a hand!

*They run over to where the women are buried and remove the black cloth. The women come out. Louisa and the Professor have instant eye contact.*

Louisa: Professor! At last!

Professor: Is it really you, or am I dreaming?

Louisa: Yes, I'm so very glad to meet you.

Professor: But who are you? How do you know me?

Louisa: Okay, it's time to solve the mystery. You see, professor, by trying to answer my cries of distress, you have somehow managed to enter inside your own mind.

Tania: Uncle Gizmo did it! I told you, mom, he's a genius!

Miranda: That crazy brother of mine!

Professor: Impossible.

Miranda: Don't you see Nathan? It all fits. The whole sleazy vibe of this place. This is your male mind.

Professor: I beg your pardon. It most certainly is not!

Louisa: I'm afraid she's right, Nathan. You see, Joe Baloney and the rest of his gang are all fragments of your male personality.

Professor (*to Louisa*): Then who are you? And why did you keep asking for my help?

Louisa: Don't you understand, Professor? I am your inner woman!

Tania: Of course! It's classic Jungian psychology, pa! The Boss and all these male sub-personalities have been repressing the female half of your psyche in order to stay in control.

Professor: In control of what?

Tania: Of you, pa! Of you!

Louisa: Yes, it's incredible, but it's true.

Tania: So that chain we chain we came across wasn't just reflecting your thoughts, pa. It really was your thoughts!

Louisa: Right, Tania.

Tania: And the Shadow must be where Nathan keeps those parts of his personality which he denies.

Miranda: Right. The naughty boy, the rejected child... it must be his personal subconscious.

Professor: But Tracy. What about Tracy? Where does she fit into the picture?

Tracy: Professor, I'm ashamed to say it, but in order to save myself I cut a deal with the Boss: I became a sex symbol.

Tania: You mean you're a symbol of pa's repressed sexuality?

Professor: Tania, please! I cannot accept being spoken about like this. It's simply too humiliating.

Louisa: Don't take it personally, professor.

Miranda: Why didn't I think of it before, Nathan? Your inner woman has been screaming for help because you've been sitting on her for 45 years!

Louisa: That's right, Miranda.

Professor (*to the man who rescued him*): But who are you, Lewis? Wait! I know, you must be the decent, honest, courageous, intelligent, sensitive, male part of me that I really am!

Lewis: Not exactly, professor. In fact, I really shouldn't be inside your mind at all. You see, I came to help you because... (*he walks over to Miranda and holds her hand*)... I am Miranda's inner man.

Miranda: What? Oh my! How wonderful!

Lewis: My name is Lewis.

Miranda (*melting in love*): Lewis, what an adorable name!



Lewis: It was Miranda's love for you, Nathan, that brought me here (*he gazes lovingly into Miranda's eyes*). Miranda.

Miranda: Lewis.

*Louisa moves to the Professor's side and gazes lovingly into his eyes.*

Louisa: Nathan.

Professor (*no longer distressed*): Louisa.

*They sing a song of happiness and completion:*

In this meeting  
There is harmony  
In this meeting  
Sweet, sweet destiny.  
To be one, to be one  
To feel this wholeness  
That has just begun.  
Inner woman, inner man,  
Meeting, melting, yes we can  
Inner woman, inner man,  
Saying yes, oh yes, we can.

Miranda (*to Lewis*):  
This is going to be  
A whole new side of me.

Lewis (*to Miranda*):  
From the very start  
I was in your heart.

Professor (*to Louisa*):  
I never thought I'd find  
A woman in my mind.

Louisa (*to Professor*):  
Guess you didn't know  
How far a girl will go.

Chorus;  
In this meeting  
There is harmony... etc.

*Scene Twelve.*

*Joe and the gang burst in with weapons and surround everyone.*

Joe: Okay, freeze!

Harry: Put 'em up!

Joe (*talking into a portable phone*): We got 'em boss.

*The Boss enters, sitting in a wheelchair, propelled by two lizards. Seen for the first time onstage, the Boss has an enormous head, covered with grey, corrugated bumps like a huge mass of exposed brain tissue.*

Boss: My dear Professor Megabrain. What a pleasure it is to talk with you, face to face at last, or is it mind to mind?

Professor: Who are you?

Boss: Don't you recognize me, professor? I'm deeply hurt. We're such old, old friends.

Professor: Don't play games with me, sir. Just tell me who you are!

Boss: Oh, but I love playing games with you, professor. We've been doing it for such a long, long time.

Miranda (*to Louisa*): Who is this guy?

Louisa: I wanted to tell you earlier, but there was no time.

Boss: Oh, please Louisa, don't spoil my little surprise.

Professor: Who ARE you?

Boss: Who am I? Well, let me put it this way...

*He begins a rhythmic chant to music:*

You've never seen my face.  
In fact, I don't really have one,  
Or I have so many...  
It's really all the same.  
I've been beside you now for,  
Well, half of eternity.  
I fill the pages of your personal history.  
I write the script for this and countless other lives...

Chorus begins:

Oh yes, professor, yes,  
Oh yes, professor, yes,  
Through endless time  
Your hand in mine  
Oh yes, professor, yes.  
To be apart  
Would be a crime  
Oh yes, professor, yes....

The Boss sings:  
I make the world  
And judge it good or evil.  
I stick the labels  
On the things you see.  
I make the rules  
Of all human behavior,  
I build the fabric  
Of society.  
I set the forces loose  
Of war and plunder,  
I turn this world  
Into a sea of crime.  
I separate you  
From your inner being,  
Oh yes, professor,  
I am your Mind!

Chorus (*speeding up and getting louder*):  
Oh yes, professor, yes,  
Through endless time  
Your hand in mine  
Oh yes, professor, yes,  
To be apart  
Would be a crime  
Oh yes, professor, yes.  
I am your Mind! Oh yes, professor, yes!  
I am your Mind oh yes , professor, YEEEEEEES!

*Boss sits back in his wheelchair and is wheeled offstage by lizards, laughing.*

*Scene Twelve.*

Professor: Louisa, is he right? Is it true? Is that... that *thing* really my mind?

Louisa: Yes, professor, it's true. But now we've found each other I think we have a chance to save the situation.

Professor (*gazing adoringly into her eyes*): Yes, Louisa. We'll find a way.

Miranda (*gazing adoringly at Lewis*): And you will help us, won't you Lewis?

Lewis: Yes, Miranda. I'll never leave you.

*The two couples hug romantically. Harry looks at Joe, who is standing by the side, looking uncomfortable, not knowing what to do.*

Harry: Joe, I have something important to tell you.

Joe: Yes, Harry?

Harry: I have to come out of the closet. Jason was right about me. I'm really a woman.

*He takes off his hat and reveals long hair.*

Joe: Harry... you... goddamit, I just lost my best pal!

Harry: Maybe... maybe we can still be friends. You see, I love you Joe.

Joe: Don't say that, Harry!

Harry: Call me Harriet.

Joe: Jesus, Harry... I mean Harriet. What's the Boss going to say about this...?

Harry: Who cares?

*They hug and now everyone is hugging.*

*Scene Thirteen.*

*The Boss returns in his wheelchair, pushed by lizards.*

Boss (*looking at the couples*): Oh, how sweet! How charming! How romantic! How I love a happy ending... (*turning nasty*) and how sorry I am that this story does NOT have one! I must admit, professor, it was a bit of a shock, even for me, to see you walk in here. I don't normally like surprises, but I'm quite recovered now, quite... in control again.

Professor: Now look here. If all this is true... if you really are my mind, then you are under my control and must do as I say.

Boss (*laughs hysterically*): Ha, ha, ha! That's a good one! Oh yes, indeed! You have a rare sense of humor, professor. But wait! Don't say anything more until you have had a little chat with your son, Jason. He may have a slightly different perspective.

*Jason comes onstage.*

Miranda: Jason! Thank goodness! Are you all right?

Jason: Yes, mom. I'm fine.

Tania: Where have you been?

Jason: Let's just say I received an invitation I couldn't refuse.

Professor (*hesitantly*): Jason, if you have some influence with this fellow – er, with my mind -- please make it, er, him, understand that he, er, it, must do as I say.

Jason: Pa, I've got some bad news for you. Although on a conscious level it appears that you are in control of your mind, really it's the other way round.

Professor: What utter nonsense, Jason. I don't believe a word of it! I am definitely in control of my mind, and that's all there is to it.

Boss: What about you, Tania? Would you like to educate your father about the ways of his mind?

Tania (*angrily coming forward to face the Boss*): Blow it out your ass, nerd brain!

Boss (*losing control and lunging at her from his wheelchair*) Nasty little girl! (*he stops, controls himself with difficulty and settles back*) But then I suppose one can't expect anything better from a female.

Miranda: Don't listen to him, Nathan. He has no power now that Louisa and... (*gazes admiringly at her inner man*)...Lewis are here to help us.

Boss: There's no need to argue, friends. Allow me to give a modest demonstration of how things really are. For example, let's take a simple thing like... movement...

*The Professor and everyone else begin to sway back and forth involuntarily, and, as the song progresses, make jerky movements that conform to what the Boss is saying.*

Have you ever thought about it, professor?  
How your mind is always moving?  
How your mind is never still?  
How everything keeps moving  
To the bidding of my will?

*It quickly becomes obvious that Professor Megabrain, his family and his sub-types are all under the Boss's control, as they make more jerky movements.*

That's it... I knew you'd get the point.  
You see...  
The secret of the mind is that it moves from side to side,  
From left to right and back again. It simply can't decide.  
The secret of the mind is that it always wants to choose,  
But choosing this, or choosing that, is where you get confused.  
There's love and hate, there's good and bad, and hope and deep despair,  
There's happiness and sadness, they always come in pairs.  
There's right and wrong, and left and right, there's day and night as well,  
And if there is a heaven, there's sure to be a hell!  
It's enough to make you crazy, it's enough to drive you mad,  
And pull you into pieces that you never knew you had!

Boss: Are you with me, now, professor? (*the professor is dumb, a helpless puppet in the Boss's hands*) Speak up, I can't quite hear you. Not convinced? Well, let me make it absolutely clear to you...

*The chorus comes on for a very fast-moving song:*

Pull, pull, pull, pull,  
Pulled into pieces  
By the forces of the mind.  
Yes, no, stop, go,  
Pulled into pieces  
By the forces of the mind.  
Pull, pull, pull, pull,  
Endlessly moving  
With the forces of the mind.  
Up, down, turn round,  
Endlessly moving  
With the forces of the mind.  
The power of the mind,  
The power of the mind,  
The power of the mind as it pulls!

It really doesn't matter,  
What you think about,  
Just keep on moving with the mind  
And weaving in and out.  
First you think of one thing,  
Then you change your mind,  
Then you change it back again  
And now you're in a bind.  
You try to keep it simple,  
You try to work it out,  
But your belief will turn to grief  
And fill your head with doubt.

You'd like some peace and quiet,  
You'd like to take a break,  
But then your mind kicks in again  
And that's a big mistake!

Pull, pull, pull... etc.

*The professor is tossed around like a rag doll in this song and dance routine until, at the end, he collapses exhausted to the floor.*

*Scene Fourteen.*

*The Boss walks over to the professor, kneels down and whispers into his ear.*

Boss: And now it's time to bring this little drama to an end. You see, professor, I know what it is you really want. I know your deepest desire. You may be just a timid academic, but deep down inside there is a passion burning. Do you know it, professor? Can you guess... it's called "Will to Power!" Feel it, professor, feel the drug of power. Feel the strength it gives you.

*The professor, who has been lying exhausted on the floor, is slowly filled with this inner drug – 'will to power' -- and begins to rise up, looking slightly crazy. Everyone but the Boss shrinks away from him.*

Boss: Yes power! The only human passion worthy of the name! The ultimate drug! Now, Joe, give him your gun.

Joe (*hesitating*): What's he gonna do with it, boss?

Boss: Don't argue, you imbecile, give him your gun.

Joe (*defiantly*): No, boss. I won't. I don't trust you.

Boss: Very well, Joe. As you wish. Lizards, to me! Lizards! Ha, ha, ha!

*The gang of four lizards rush on.*

Boss: At the base of every human mind there lies the prehistoric lizard brain. So reliable. So dependable. So unquestioning. Hardly a mind at all. Gecko Number Three, go get gun (*pointing to Joe*), give gun to professor.

*A lizard moves toward Joe threateningly. Joe dare not refuse, so he gives his gun to the lizard, who brings it to the professor.*

Boss (*turning the professor around to face the others*): Now, professor, this is your moment. I will count from ten to one. At zero, you will unleash all your power, destroy these interfering fools and together we will create a whole new personality for you that will conquer the world! Ten...

*The professor, looking completely possessed, turns towards the others and points the gun at them.*

Boss: Ten...

Miranda: Eeeek! Nathan, don't do it!

Boss: Nine...

Professor (wide eyed and crazed): I have to!

Boss: Eight...

Tania: Pa! It's us. We're your friends!

Boss: Seven...

Jason: Pa! You're being drugged!

Boss: Six...

Professor: Will to power! Yes!

Boss: Five...

Louisa (*coming forward*): Feel your heart, Nathan.

Boss: Four...

Professor: Get back Louisa!

Boss: Three...

Louisa (*coming very close*): Feel your heart, your love...

Boss: Two...

Professor: I can't stop myself!

Boss: One...

*Louisa touches Nathan's heart and he feels the love in there.*

Boss: Fire!

*The professor drops the gun and embraces Louisa.*



Boss: I said fire! Fire! Fire? What's this? (*touches his own chest as if something warm and sticky is growing there*) Uuuugh love! (*in disgust*). Yucky, mucky love! Warm, sticky, gooey love! Hmmm! (*starts to enjoy but then stops himself*), No! Must keep control! Stay logical, stay in control...ugh! aah!

*The Boss sinks down into a helpless heap in his wheelchair, struggling and divided within himself.*

Everyone: Hooray!

Louisa: You did it, Nathan! I'm so proud of you.

Professor (*touched*): I could never hurt you, Louisa.

*The others crowd around him.*

Tania: Wow, that was close!

Jason: Nice going, pa.

Lewis: Well done, Nathan.

Miranda: I really thought you'd lost it, Nathan.

Professor: You see? There really are nice bits of me that can surface occasionally. Louisa only had to remind me to feel my heart and the Boss was finished. Well, now I know the secret of controlling my mind by feeling my heart, I don't think we'll have any further trouble.

*Scene Fifteen.*

*Weird music. The Professor suddenly clutches his head and staggers.*

Professor: Whoa! What's happening? I feel strange!

Jason: Maybe you shouldn't have said that so loudly, pa.

*The Boss rises again from his wheelchair, looking deranged and mad.*

Boss: You fools! Do you think it's over? I may have lost, but I'm going to take you with me! Yes! Every one of you! There is one force you cannot stop. One force, that, when it is unleashed, will take you all to ruin! What is that force? Why... Madness! Yes, madness! If there is no mind, then there is madness! Goodbye, my friends! Goodbye and welcome MADNESS! Ha, ha, ha!

*In flickering light, with weird music, strange figures in straightjackets start prancing madly around the stage, uttering nonsense. Tracy is the first of the professor's sub-personalities to be affected.*

Tracy: Oh my god, it's getting to me professor. I'm going mad! I can feel it. Oh! Ugh! Goodbye Jason, sorry we never had our little gossip, I yuuuuh....guh, guh...

*She starts to stagger around stage like the mad people.*

Joe (*being affected*): Aaarh! Now it's getting to me, too! I can't fight it! Harry, I just wanted to say...

Harriet (*also being affected*): Yes, Joe?

Joe: I think you could have made an honest man out of me... duuuuhh...

*Joe and Harriet go mad.*

Miranda: My god, we're doomed! Lewis, can't you do anything to save us?

Lewis (*being affected*): Sorry, Miranda. The Boss is right. It's beyond my power to fight with madness.

Miranda: Miranda (*grief stricken*): Oh no! I only just got to know you!

Lewis: Good bye beloved.... (*goes mad*)

Professor (*holding Louisa protectively*): Louisa, come here, maybe I can save you!

Louisa (*smiling sadly*): Ah professor, I knew all along you were a hero! But not all love stories have happy endings. Goodbye my dearest one... nuuuugh, guh, guh!

*She goes mad.*

Professor (*grief stricken*): No, Louisa, not you!

Tania: Jason, mom, we've only got a few seconds before the madness reaches us! There must be something we can do!

Jason: Yes, but what?

Professor (*falling to his knees and holding his head*): My head is hurting, I'm going out of my mind!

Miranda: Out of the mind! That's it, Nathan! Out of your mind! That's what your book was saying...

*Nathan does not respond. His is in too much pain.*

Tania: What book, mom?

Miranda: That book on mystical experiences in modern India! There was some kind of crazy meditation method...

Jason: Oh, you mean the Gibberish Meditation to attain No Mind?

Miranda (*becoming a mother and temporarily forgetting their peril*): Jason, have you been reading your father's books without permission?

Tania (*urgently*): Mom, this is no time to play parent games. What's this about Jason?

Jason: Well, the Boss said, 'When there is no mind there is madness.' But according to those meditators in Pune there's a state of No Mind that isn't mad!

Tania: Okay... so?

Jason: They all went into madness deliberately, speaking all kinds of nonsense, to throw out all the garbage in their minds, then suddenly stopped to create a state of silence, or No Mind.

Tania: Okay, sounds like it's worth a try! Let's all do it together!

Jason: Wait! There's a problem. There's not enough of us to create the energy needed. We must have more people.

Miranda (looking at the audience): Well, what about these people here? (addressing audience directly). Listen, we need your help. We're going to do gibberish together and then suddenly stop to create No Mind. Will you help us?

Audience: Yes!

Miranda: Okay, let's all go mad together!

Jason: Wait, someone's got to say 'Stop!' after a few minutes.

Tania: I will! Ready? Go!

*Everyone goes madly into gibberish, speaking nonsense loudly. Lights flash, mad people stagger around the stage, drums roll.*

Tania: Stop!

*Everyone stops. There is a total blackout and silence.*

*Scene Sixteen.*

*Lights come up on a stage where everyone is lying flat on the floor. Harold and Maude, the old couple, come wandering onstage and Maude is shocked at what she sees.*

Maude: Oh my god, there's been a New Jersey gangland massacre!

Harold: Yes, dear.

Maude: Call the cops.

Harold: Yes dear.

*Harold starts to exit.*

Maude (*Sees the professor moving*): Harold, wait! One of them is still alive!

Harold: Yes, dear.

*Maude walks cautiously over to the professor, who sits up and looks around.*

Maude: Are you okay, sir?

*The professor realizes that he is still sane, that the madness has gone, and bursts out laughing. Miranda, Tania and Jason sit up, and share the joke.*

Professor: What an amazing experience.

Tania: No Mind.

Miranda: No madness, either!

*They laugh.*

Professor (*looking at Maude*): Who are you, my inner mother?

Maude: No, sir. I'm just a poor, innocent girl who got taken to the worst night club in town by a seventy-five year old sex maniac (meaning Harold). What is going on here?

Professor: It's quite a story. Let's save it for later.

*The sub-personalities are also beginning to sit up.*

Professor: Louisa, are you okay?

Louisa: Yes, professor.

Miranda: Lewis?

Lewis: Never felt better in my life.

Professor: Joe, Harriet?

Joe: We're fine, professor.

Tania: Pa?

Professor: Yes, Tania?

Tania: It's been great fun, hanging out in your mind and all that, but can we get out of here now? You know, back to civilization... TV, pizza, that kind of thing?

Professor: That's a very good idea Tania, but how?

Louisa: Why not ask your mind?

Professor: You mean, ask the boss? Are you serious, Louisa?

Lewis: I have a feeling he's very different now.

Professor: Joe, can I borrow your phone?

Joe: Sure.

*The Professor dials the Boss.*

Professor: Hello, hello, mind?

*The Boss walks in without his massive cranial headgear. He is completely transformed: polite, normal, intelligent.*

Boss: Ah, professor, please excuse me. I was just enjoying a little silence. How can I help you?

Professor: We'd like to get out of here. Do you have any idea how we can do it?

Boss: Hmmm, let me see. That should be quite simple. It is a matter of focusing thought-wave energy. Just reverse the process used by Uncle Gizmo. If you all focus on a pulsing blue light and visualize yourselves back in the Cosmos, it ought to work.

Professor: Thank you.

Boss: You're welcome.

Professor: That's all for now.

*Boss turns to go, then turns back.*

Boss: I hope you will be exploring the phenomenon of No Mind more deeply, professor. It really was a fascinating experience.

Professor: Yes, I'm sure I will. I liked it, too.

Boss: Such a nice change from thinking all the time. One does get so caught up in thinking... But I mustn't keep you. Goodbye professor, call me any time.

Professor: Bye for now.

*The boss exits.*

Tania: Wow, what a difference!

Jason: Quite a useful mind you've got there, pa.

Miranda: Yes, but all the same, I think you'd better keep a close watch on it.

Professor (*mischievously*): I'm sure you'll let me know if my mind starts acting up, won't you,

Miranda? Okay, where's the blue light? Ah, there it is. Ready?

Tania: Wait a minute, pa. What about Joe and Harriet, Louisa and Lewis and everyone else? Can they come, too?

Professor: I don't know. Can sub-personalities live outside the mind? Do you want to come with us?

Joe: Well, I guess if you can visit our place, we can visit yours!

Louisa: Yes, let's all go!

*They all sit together, holding hands, and focus on a blue pulsing light. There is a black out.*

*Scene Seventeen.*

*The lights come up to reveal the Cosmos Night Club, where music and dancing is happening, and at one table Uncle Gizmo is being interviewed by the police.*

Gizmo: My dear fellows, as I have told you a dozen times already, I have no idea where they are.

1<sup>st</sup> Cop: But you admit trying to 'disappear' them as part of your act?

Gizmo (*patiently*): I hypnotized them, that's all – in full view of the public.

2<sup>nd</sup> Cop: So, something went wrong...right?

1<sup>st</sup> Cop: You probably electrocuted them by mistake.

2<sup>nd</sup> Cop: And hid the bodies in the basement...right?

Gizmo: My dear fellows...

1<sup>st</sup> Cop: Hey, accidents happen all the time, you know.

2<sup>nd</sup> Cop: People get killed.

1<sup>st</sup> Cop: It's no big deal.

2<sup>nd</sup> Cop: It's New York...shit happens.

1<sup>st</sup> Cop: Look, we'll arrange a plea bargain for you.

2<sup>nd</sup> Cop: Tell us you're guilty and we'll charge you with unintentional homicide, not murder.

1<sup>st</sup> Cop: The judge will go easy on you.

2<sup>nd</sup> Cop: He'll give you two years in jail....

1<sup>st</sup> Cop: Suspended...you won't do any time behind bars.

2<sup>nd</sup> Cop: You'll walk out of the court a free man.

1<sup>st</sup> Cop: So tell us... *what really happened?*

Gizmo: Gentlemen, I have already told you everything...

*The Megabrain family enters.*

Tania: Where's Uncle Gizmo?

Jason: There he is! Hi, uncle!

Gizmo: Hi everybody! So you're back.

Tania: Uncle, what's going on here?

Gizmo: Oh, just a little discussion about homicide.

1<sup>st</sup> Cop: This is them?

Gizmo: That's correct.

Jason (*catching on, and winking at his uncle*): Yes, it's definitely us.

Tania (*punching Gizmo on the arm*): You're a genius, uncle! I knew it.

*Gizmo beams in delight, then looks at the cops, who scratch their heads in confusion.*

Gizmo (*to the cops*): Have a drink, gentlemen, on the house. Nathan, did you find the woman?

Professor: Yes. Here she is (*introducing Louisa*).

Gizmo: Where was she?

Professor (*pointing to his own head*): In here!

Gizmo: Nathan, are you out of your mind?

Professor (*laughing*): Yes, definitely. I'm definitely out of my mind! Thank heavens!

*Everyone laughs and then sings the closing song:*

Welcome to the Cosmos  
The only place in town,  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
So happy you're around.  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
Every day we're here,  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
Have another beer.  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
Guess you're here to stay  
Welcome to the Cosmos  
You don't need to pay...

*The End*

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