

# rough magic

deirdre burton ~ tom davis

# Synopsis

Giovanni Bellini, an eminent psychoanalyst and rebellious disciple of Sigmund Freud, is on the psychoanalytic couch, being analysed by Freud himself. He falls asleep, and stumbles into a comic and poignant dreamworld, which is strangely reminiscent of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. In a series of surreal encounters, he learns humour, humility and love. And how to heal himself.

# dramatis personae

GIOVANNI

FREUD

MIRANDA

CALIBAN/FERDINAND

SEBASTIAN/STEPHANO/MASTER/BOATSWAIN/GONZALO/ALONSO/  
SIXCHARACTERS/SHAKESPEARE

CERES

ARIEL

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nd/3.0/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.

1 exile

## 1.1

*Giovanni is lying on a psychoanalyst's couch. We hear the (actual, from a contemporary recording) voice of Sigmund Freud.*

FREUD: I started my professional activity as a neurologist, trying to bring relief to my neurotic patients. Under the influence of an older friend, and by my own efforts, I discovered some important new facts about unconscious and psychic life, the role of instinctual urges, and so on. Out of these findings grew a new science: psychoanalysis, a part of psychology, as a new method of treatment of the neuroses. I had to pay heavily for this bit of good luck. People did not believe in my facts and thought my theories unsavoury. Resistance was strong and unrelenting. In the end I succeeded in acquiring pupils and building up an International Psychoanalytic Association; but the struggle is not yet over.

SIGMUND FREUD!

*Giovanni's analysis commences.*

GIOVANNI: So, Herr Doktor, I had an enormous sturalavandino.

FREUD: Sturalavandino?

GIOVANNI: Yes, you know, sturalavandino. *Makes explanatory mime. It's a sink plunger. His gestures are large and absurdly masturbatory.* kaffloomp! kaffloomp! kaffloomp!

FREUD: Yeeees... *(clearly doesn't understand)*. Indeed. Very interesting. Kaffloomp?

GIOVANNI: Yes, yes, kaffloomp!

FREUD: Oh (*light dawns*): ein Saug-Hektor! [*Austrian dialect for 'sink plunger'*]

GIOVANNI: (*Dubiously*) if you say so, Herr Doktor. Well, I was plunging, with my sturalavandino, very hard, there was a very big blocco, a blockage, a *huge* blocco, and I had to clear it--

FREUD: Why? Why, Signor Dottore, did you have to clear it, with your enormous sturalavandino?

GIOVANNI: Why? Ah, very interesting! Why? Why? Aha! Because otherwise, the toilet would explode! And we would all be neck deep in sterco, Herr Doktor.

FREUD: Sterco?

GIOVANNI: Scheisse.

FREUD: Ah, so! Yes, continue. Extremely interesting!

GIOVANNI: Kaffloomp!

FREUD: Yes...

GIOVANNI: Kaffloomp!

FREUD: Yes...

GIOVANNI: KasSPLOOOSH!

FREUD: Aha!

GIOVANNI: yes! Aha! Glug glug glug! Shprssshhhh! Glug glug!

FREUD: Glug glug?

GIOVANNI: No more blocco! My mighty sturalavandino has done its work! The water flows, sweetly, purely. Shrpssshhhh. Glug.

FREUD: It's a sex dream.

GIOVANNI: What?

FREUD: It's a sex dream.

GIOVANNI: It. Is. Not. A. Sex. Dream.

FREUD: It is so. It is the fulfilment of a repressed wish. Your mighty sturalavandino! Do me a favour, Signor. Delusions of grandeur. Classic.

GIOVANNI: Delusions! What do you mean, delusions!

FREUD: Inflation.

GIOVANNI: *Deeply offended Latin male.* It is *not* inflation! it is *not* delusion! It is, if anything, Herr Doktor, an understatement!

FREUD: You think so?

GIOVANNI: I think so. it was *my* dream.

FREUD: Yesss... then how would *you* interpret this dream of yours, this dream of the mighty sturalavandino, Signor Dottore?

GIOVANNI: It was an epistemological breakthrough, Herr Doktor, a paradigm shift. i use the mighty sturalavandino of my intellect, to release inspiration, in the pure sense: the advent of the spirit, that pierces sweetly through the sterco, that runs silver and pure, that refreshes the world.

FREUD: Yes. And the sterco? what is the sterco, Signor Dottore?

GIOVANNI: Er. certain ideas. Certain misguided ideas.

FREUD: I see. And what would those misguided ideas be, Signor Dottore?

GIOVANNI: Oh, just some ideas. Some ideas of no importance. You see, I have written a book.

FREUD: A book!

GIOVANNI: Yes, just a slim volume, not much more than a pamphlet, really.

FREUD: What is this *book*? What is it called?

GIOVANNI: It is called *The Dreaming Island*, colon: *Adaptations of Psychoanalytic Theory suggested by the Tempest of William Shakespeare.*

FREUD: Ah. The colon, I think, is very significant.

GIOVANNI: Really? Would you like a signed copy?



FREUD: No. I would not. Let me remind you of something, Signor Dottore.

GIOVANNI: Yes, Herr Doktor?

FREUD: Herr *Professor* Doktor, if you don't mind; Herr Professor Doktor Freud, that is my name.

GIOVANNI: Yes, it is.

FREUD: The founder of the psychoanalytic movement, am I not?

GIOVANNI: You are, Herr Professor Doktor.

FREUD: A movement of which you, Signor Dottore Giovanni Bellini, are a member of the Inner Circle.

GIOVANNI: I have that honour.

FREUD: NOT ANY MORE!!!

GIOVANNI: What?

FREUD: NOT ANY MORE!!

GIOVANNI: Why not?

FREUD: BECAUSE YOU HAVE BETRAYED MY TRUST!  
BECAUSE YOU HAVE BROKEN FAITH!! BECAUSE  
YOU NO LONGER BELIEVE!!

GIOVANNI: But ... but ...

FREUD: do you believe in the sexual aetiology of neurosis?

GIOVANNI: Well, not as such, no.

FREUD: Do you believe in the Oedipus complex?

GIOVANNI: Well, not exactly, no.

FREUD: Do you believe in ... *penis envy*?

GIOVANNI: Absolutely not!

FREUD: TRAITOR! And, moreover, you have death wishes against me. I am your Oedipal father, am I not, Signor Dottore Giovanni Bellini! You and your mighty sturalavandino! you wish to violate my inmost wisdom with your ... *sturalavandino*! You wish to penetrate my colon, in fact, do you not,

Signor! All this I read in your dream. Now, go. You are banished, Signor; you are exiled. GO!

*Crash of thunder. storm noises, flash of lightning, etc. Giovanni rises from the couch, stumbles to centre of stage.*

## 1.2

*Storm noises.*

GIOVANNI:

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!  
You hurricanes and hurricanoes, rage, blow!

*We are on board ship (lurching about).*

*Enter a Master and a Boatswain, both played by Neil.*

MASTER:

Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN:

Here, master: what's happening?

MASTER:

Well, obviously, we are in a boat in the middle of a terrible storm at sea. It's very very dangerous. We might run ourselves aground. So, fall to it, yarely.

BOATSWAIN:

Yarely?

MASTER:

Bestir, bestir. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly,  
my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Luff,  
luff! Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou  
burst thy wind, if room enough!

*During this the Boatswain runs about in a confused way trying to do what he's told but not actually understanding what the hell the Master is talking about.*

*They haul ropes, blow whistles, lurch about.*

*Eventually there are crashes and bangs and the ship runs aground.*

*Temporary pause. The boatswain looks about.*

BOATSWAIN:

Bugger.

*They are all shipwrecked and swim ashore, and slump on to the beach, exhausted. Giovanni raises his head:*

GIOVANNI: Miranda, my beloved child, my companion in exile,  
where are you?

MIRANDA: *(Discontented)* Daaad!

## 1.3

*GIOVANNI is back on the couch. CERES is in the analyst's chair. She has the mighty sturalavandino.*

GIOVANNI: I think I had a small psychotic episode.

CERES: Bambino! (*soothingly*).

GIOVANNI: But it's all right now, isn't it, mama?

CERES: Of course it is, carissimo, of course it is.

GIOVANNI: And you have my sturalavandino, don't you, mama? you will keep it safe, won't you? you won't let anyone take it away, will you?

CERES: Of course not, bambino, of course not.

*He goes to sleep, happily. Exit Ceres. Giovanni wakes into a dream of the island. Peace and tranquillity. Someone is playing a violin, very sweetly. Giovanni gets up, looks around. MIRANDA is sitting there looking grumpy.*

MIRANDA: Daaad!

GIOVANNI: Yes my child, my bellissima, how happy I am that you are here on the island with me.

MIRANDA: Well I'm not. I liked it where we were.

## 2 Island

## 2.1

### *MIRANDA and ARIEL*

MIRANDA: Who are you?

ARIEL: I am Ariel. I make things happen.

MIRANDA: Really?

ARIEL: Yes, really.

MIRANDA: So things actually happen round here? It's not always boring?

ARIEL: I think, when they start to happen, you might prefer to be bored: it gets a little hair-raising, from time to time.

MIRANDA: Cool!

ARIEL: Quite possibly. Everyone here, you see, has two sides to their character. At least.

MIRANDA: Really? Bi-polar disorder?

ARIEL: No, they have two sides to their character.

MIRANDA: Oh. So who else lives here?

ARIEL: Well, there's him over there.

*Enter Ferdinand.*

MIRANDA: He looks all right to me.

ARIEL: At the moment, yes. Hey! Over here!

*FERDINAND looks up, sees MIRANDA, is absolutely transfixed.*

FERDINAND: You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life.

MIRANDA: Really?

FERDINAND: Your hair is like the sea at night time, silver with starlight, dark with mystery.

MIRANDA: Wow.

FERDINAND: Your eyes are deeper than darkness, richer than innocence, steady, elegant, overwhelming.

MIRANDA: O. My. God.

FERDINAND: Here...  
*He gives her a flower, out of nowhere.*

MIRANDA: Where did that come from?

FERDINAND: You made it. You made it with your beauty. Soon, the island will fill with flowers, sounds and sweet airs, the silver sweetness of the violin, as your beauty transforms the world.

MIRANDA: Really?

FERDINAND: Yes, really. The island is like that. I will go now, and search for diamonds, deep in the caves of the island, to make you a coronet. If it takes me the whole of my life I will find a jewel that so rare, so precious, that it earns the right to reflect your beauty. Goodbye. I love you.

MIRANDA: Er, goodbye. *Waves, rather feebly.*



## 2.2

*Giovanni, Ceres*

- GIOVANNI: You remind me of someone.
- CERES: Do I, bambino?
- GIOVANNI: Yes, I can't think who it is. Have I met you before?
- CERES: Oh yes, mio caro, I am in your life, no doubt, I am in everyone's life, I make all things possible. I surround, encompass, overwhelm, caress; I am your dreamtime, your comforter, I enable, I give power.
- GIOVANNI: Power?
- CERES: Yes, bambino; real power. I have two gifts for you. First, the book.
- GIOVANNI: My book! My heretical book! *The Dreaming Island*, colon!
- CERES: Yes. In it are all the secrets of the island. With this book, you can make anyone do anything you want, if, along with it, you have this!
- GIOVANNI: My sturalavandino!
- CERES: Yes! And here, on this enchanted island, it has magical powers! On the island, it has at the same time the power of the masculine (*waves one end*) and of the feminine (*waves the other end*) both united in one mystic instrument. This (*stick end*) is authority, mastery, the power of language, this sets limits and exacts control. And this (*sucker end*) enables dreaming, it is blissful, it is the power of love. Here, take, it is for you.
- GIOVANNI: Thank you. I think.

## 2.3

### *Giovanni, SixCharacters*

SIXCHARACTERS: Oh, you've arrived.

GIOVANNI: What?

SIXCHARACTERS: I said, oh, you've arrived.

GIOVANNI: Were you expecting me?

SIXCHARACTERS: The island was expecting you. And here you are! Don't point that thing at me.

GIOVANNI: Oh, sorry. Er, who are you?

SIXCHARACTERS: I have various names. I am six different people.

GIOVANNI: Aha! Multiple personality disorder!

SIXCHARACTERS: No, I am six different people.

GIOVANNI: Yes, of course you are. Do, please, tell me about it. Would you like to lie down on that couch that is conveniently over there?

SIXCHARACTERS: What, all of us? There's no room, is there (*face says: what an idiot*).

GIOVANNI: This is a very rare condition; you can really help me in my researches. I am fascinated, Signor. Could you at least, please, introduce yourselves.

SIXCHARACTERS: Of course. Only polite.

ALONSO: I am ALONSO, the rightful Duke of Naples.

SEBASTIAN: No, he's not.

ALONSO: What do you mean, I'm not.

SEBASTIAN: Not the rightful Duke of Naples. I am.

ALONSO: You are not! This is Sebastian. Don't believe a word he says; he is really evil.

SEBASTIAN: I am not evil. I just don't let little things get in my way, that's all. Including you.

ALONSO: See what I mean? Watch out for him, he's bad news.

STEPHANO: I need a drink.

GIOVANNI: Who are you?

STEPHANO: Stephano, the drunken butler. I drink a lot. That's my main characteristic, and I'm very happy with it, thank you.

BOATSWAIN: Don't forget the sailors.

MASTER: Yarely, lads. Hoist the main topgallant.

BOATSWAIN: I don't know where you get these technical terms from, I think you make them up.

GONZALO: And then there's me.

GIOVANNI: Who are you?

GONZALO: Gonzalo. The honest counsellor. That's me. And my advice is—

STEPHANO: Can you advise me where I can get drink round here?

MASTER: Or a ship?

BOATSWAIN: You wrecked the last one. I'd stay on land if I were you.

SEBASTIAN: Shut up, all of you. I think it's about time I murdered someone, in my restless Machiavellian quest for power. You *(to Giovanni)* look like a likely candidate. Now, where's my dagger?

GIOVANNI: Stop, all of you. *(Quells them with his sturalavandino. They quail.)* You are all my servants. Go and do something useful. Build me a hut, or something. Go on, do it!  
*They exit, quarrelling amongst themselves.*

## 2.4

*Miranda, Giovanni*

- MIRANDA: Daaad, what's that thing you are carrying?
- GIOVANNI: It's a sturalavandino.
- MIRANDA: A what?
- GIOVANNI: It gives me magical powers.
- MIRANDA: Is that right? (*Her face says, all adults are clearly mad*). Daaad, I've just met this very very nice young man.
- GIOVANNI: Man? What man?
- MIRANDA: He's fantastic, dad, he's a poet. He says the most beautiful things.
- GIOVANNI: (*Suspiciously*) What sort of beautiful things?
- MIRANDA: Well, he said my hair is like the sea at night time.
- GIOVANNI: Did he now?
- MIRANDA: Yes, isn't it nice? He said it was silver with starlight, dark with mystery. My hair, that is. No-one's ever said anything like that to me before. It made me feel really – strange.
- GIOVANNI: Ha!
- MIRANDA: No, don't say Ha, he's not like that, he's really sweet and gentle.
- GIOVANNI: Where is this sweet and gentle young man?
- MIRANDA: Well, he went off to spend the rest of his life looking for a diamond to give me. I think.
- GIOVANNI: We will look for him. We will find him. I will talk to him (*menacingly*).

*Sounds of rock guitar, heavy beat.*

GIOVANNI: What's that?

MIRANDA: Dunno, sounds great, doesn't it? I think I could really get to like this island.

*Enter Ferdinand in Caliban mode, playing the guitar. It is a spectacular guitar god entry. He skids to his knees in front of Miranda. He may possibly have features in common with Ozzy Osborne.*

MIRANDA: Wow!

CALIBAN: Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side.

MIRANDA: Wow!

GIOVANNI: Is this your sweet and gentle young man?

MIRANDA: Er, yes. There seems to be another side to his personality.

GIOVANNI: There certainly does!

CALIBAN: Who's the geriatric, babe?

MIRANDA: He's my dad.

CALIBAN: Get lost, 'dad'. Take a powder. Beat the feet. Do the locomotion.

*Confrontation. Giovanni raises the mighty sturalavandino. Ferdinand quails before it. Giovanni uses it to make him back down.*

CALIBAN: Ow! Ow!

MIRANDA: Stop it, you're hurting him.

GIOVANNI: Be silent, child, this is for your own good. Young man, what is your name?

CALIBAN: Caliban.

MIRANDA: But you said you were called Ferdinand! You said all these nice things to me! Was that just – a tactic?

CALIBAN: That wasn't a tactic, honey, that's just the beast in me.<sup>1</sup>

GIOVANNI: Give me your instrument.

CALIBAN: No, no, not my instrument!

GIOVANNI: Yes! Give it to me!  
*He gives up his guitar. Giovanni unplugs it, triumphantly.*

CALIBAN: OW!

GIOVANNI: Now, go, and do my bidding at all times. Make a fire, boil some water, serve me an espresso.

CALIBAN: A what?

GIOVANNI: An espresso! Doppio! Macchiato! Immediately!  
*Waves sturalavandino.*  
*Exit Caliban, rather puzzled.*

MIRANDA: Daaad. *Storms off.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Elvis, from *Jailhouse Rock*. See <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1saR5UWgNkc>

## 2.5

*Miranda, Caliban*

*He is banging one rock down on top of another.*

MIRANDA: What are you doing?

FERDINAND: Grinding coffee.

MIRANDA: Oh.

FERDINAND: Then, somehow, I have to build an espresso machine.

MIRANDA: Right.

FERDINAND: Love is not easy.

MIRANDA: I suppose not. Wait a minute—who are you?

FERDINAND: I am Ferdinand, prince of Naples, and your servant forever.

MIRANDA: You're back!

FERDINAND: Am I?

MIRANDA: Yes, you used to be a guitar god. I quite liked that, actually.

CALIBAN: Hey babe.

MIRANDA: Hmm. This can get very confusing... In a nice way, mind.

*Enter Sixcharacters*

MIRANDA: Who are you?

SIXCHARACTERS: *(In different voices)* Antonio, Sebastian, Stephano, Gonzalo, the Master, and the Boatswain.

MIRANDA: O. My. God.

GONZALO: Yes, it is very confusing. However, if I could just offer a piece of advice.

SEBASTIAN: Silence, you old windbag. In fact, maybe I'll murder you. Yes, that's a good idea. *Draws dagger, engages in a battle with Gonzalo.*

ALONSO: Stop, stop, we're supposed to be building a hut.

SEBASTIAN: A what? Do I look like a proletarian?

MASTER: I happen to be very familiar with the nomenclature of carpentry.

BOATSWAIN: Oh no, here we go again.  
*Enter Ceres.*

CERES: Carissimi, why are you quarrelling. Bambini, please stop, let me give you some nice fruit, very soothing.

STEPHANO: Don't you have something more ... alcoholic?

ALONSO: How can we build a hut if you're drunk all the time?

STEPHANO: Joyfully?

FERDINAND: *(To Ceres)* Excuse me? You don't happen to have an espresso machine with you, by any chance?

CERES: Children, bambini, what is this? A hut? An espresso machine? This is a tropical island paradise! Chill out a little, honour the territory, soak up some rays, be happy! Eat fruit, enjoy yourselves! Why on earth are you working, for goodness sake?

STEPHANO: He told us to.

CERES: Who?

STEPHANO: The guy with the – you know. The *(makes plunging gestures)*.

CERES: The *what?* Oh, the sturalavandino, Giovanni, the naughty boy. Don't worry about him, he is a little confused. Relax, bambini, enjoy yourselves.  
*Ferdinand and Miranda go to one side and talk lovingly. Sixcharacters has an animated discussion about whether to sunbathe, drink, or murder someone. Ceres smiles benevolently, watching*



*them. Maybe she feeds them some fruit, or something.*

CERES:

What a happy family we are!

*She takes Ferdinand and Miranda off with her. Ariel sends Sixcharacters on his way.*

## 2.6

*Giovanni, Ariel.*

GIOVANNI: Are you my anima?

ARIEL: Your what?

GIOVANNI: Anima. My soul. My inspiration. The wonder of my life, the eternal feminine that draws me ever onwards. That sort of thing.

ARIEL: No, I'm not.

GIOVANNI: Oh. That's a shame.

ARIEL: Yes, isn't it. However, don't get any ideas. No man can contain me. I am air, I am everywhere. I am the essence of the island: I am the dream itself. I can make anything happen.

GIOVANNI: Anything?

ARIEL: Anything.

GIOVANNI: A thunderstorm?

ARIEL: Easy. *Clicks her fingers.* Thunder.

GIOVANNI: OK, then, if that's easy, bring me – er – bring me Ceres, goddess of fertility.

ARIEL: No problem. *Magic gestures. Enter Ceres.*

CERES: Bambino.

GIOVANNI: You are Ceres, who makes the earth give fruit?

CERES: I am, bambino, I am.

GIOVANNI: I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before.

CERES: I am before your earliest dreams, I am the dream weaver, the gift giver, the kind mother, the soul

healer, the world answer, the truth. I dwell in perfect certainty and bless the land. I call the morning into being and allow the day to unfold just as, and only as, the moment becomes. Now, excuse me, I have to make the harvest happen.

*Exits.*

GIOVANNI: I'm sure I've seen her somewhere before.

ARIEL: Quite possibly.

GIOVANNI: Now, show me what my daughter is doing.

ARIEL: Look, I'm not some sort of CCTV system, you know.

GIOVANNI: Do it! By the power of my mighty sturalavandino!  
Do it! *Waves it.*

ARIEL: That's the wrong end.

GIOVANNI: What?

ARIEL: That's the male end. I'm female. Right?

GIOVANNI: Er, yes, you are.

ARIEL: So, you need the other end.

GIOVANNI: Oh, OK. *Waves other end.* Do it!

ARIEL: Sure, no problem.

*Miranda is sitting on a rock, playing sweetly on Caliban's guitar. Ferdinand is looking at her adoringly.*

FERDINAND: Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt  
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.

GIOVANNI: He's supposed to be grinding coffee!

ARIEL: Really?

GIOVANNI: Yes, for my espresso! *Storms off to look for them.*

## 2.7

*Ferdinand, Miranda, Sixcharacters, Ceres*

*Miranda is now playing the saxophone. Ferdinand looks on adoringly. The others are having a nice time in different ways, but the focus is on Ferdinand and Miranda.*

*Enter Giovanni.*

- GIOVANNI: And what do you think you are doing!
- MIRANDA: Er, I'm doing my saxophone practice.
- GIOVANNI: A likely story! And you, young man, what are you doing?
- CALIBAN: Er, listening?
- GIOVANNI: My coffee? Where is my coffee? And you, all of you (*to Sixcharacters*), I gave you explicit instructions to build me a hut! And you haven't even started!
- ALONSO: We were having creative discussions –
- SEBASTIAN: Can someone tell me why I haven't murdered this guy yet –
- GONZALO: My advice –
- GIOVANNI: Silence! *Gestures majestically with the sturalavandino.* By the power invested in me with this mighty weapon –
- CERES: Oh dear.
- GIOVANNI: What?
- CERES: Oh dear. Giovanni, carissimo, you are being a bad boy.
- GIOVANNI: What?

CERES: You are forgetting yourself, bambino. You are being a bit silly, my darling.  
*He tries to intimidate her with the sturalavandino; no good. Tries the other end. No good. He looks helpless, splutters*

GIOVANNI: But, but, but –

CERES: It doesn't work on me, dear; of course it doesn't.  
*She takes it away from him and tosses it to Sixcharacters who disables it (pulls off the rubber bit).*

GIOVANNI: Ow! That hurt!

CERES: It's for your own good, darling. Now, children, some music, please.

MIRANDA AND FERDINAND: Ban ban, ca Caliban (repeated)

SIXCHARACTERS: Freedom hey day freedom (repeated)

CERES: Freedom hey day freedom (repeated)

ARIEL: Merrily merrily shall I live now (x4)  
Live now (x4)  
*Ariel signals end of song.*

CERES: Come on, darling, join us, you'll like it!  
*Giovanni is aghast, desolate; refuses the invitation, and slinks away.*

3 love

## 3.1

### *Giovanni, Ariel*

GIOVANNI: Help me, please help me, I am distrutto, I am ruined.

ARIEL: Oh dear. What seems to be the problem?

GIOVANNI: My sturalavandino, my mighty implement, it is broken.

ARIEL: Giovanni, it's a sink plunger. It unblocks drains. That is more or less all it does.

GIOVANNI: It's symbolic!

ARIEL: Not any more.

GIOVANNI: I am distraught! I am destroyed!

ARIEL: You still have your book.

GIOVANNI: Yes! My book! My analysis of the island!

ARIEL: What does it say?

GIOVANNI: It says Shakespeare is greater than Freud!

ARIEL: It could be right. I think Freud would agree with that.

GIOVANNI: It says that *The Tempest* is an exact map of the mind!

ARIEL: Really?

GIOVANNI: Yes, Shakespeare, in his infinite intuitive wisdom, his mystery, as his last and greatest work, gave us his complete theory of the mind.

ARIEL: I don't think so.

GIOVANNI: You don't? Why not? It is a brilliant idea!



SIXCHARACTERS: Actually, lad, it's crap.

GIOVANNI: Crap! How dare you! What do you know?

ARIEL: Have you not met? Let me introduce you. Giovanni Bellini, I present: William Shakespeare.

SIXCHARACTERS: Hi.

GIOVANNI: He's not Shakespeare! He is six minor characters! That's all he is!

SIXCHARACTERS: Yes, lad, that's all I am, I am all the minor characters, and all the major ones, Hamlet, Cleopatra, King Lear, the second murderer, I am all of those.

GIOVANNI: But – but – you're nobody!

SIXCHARACTERS: Yes, my son, that too, I am nobody. Nobody at all. I am a gap that the wind blows through. I am a hole in the world. A whirlpool, an absence, the calm within the storm. I am Shakespeare.

GIOVANNI: Sweet heaven! Let me not go mad!

SIXCHARACTERS: Nice line. I could use that.

GIOVANNI: But my beautiful theory, my theory of the dream!

ARIEL: There is no theory of the dream. There is no net to catch the mind. There is no mechanism, no explanation.

GIOVANNI: What is there?

ARIEL: Nothing. Everything. It's very nice.

GIOVANNI: What? What? What are you talking about? Anyway, who are you?

ARIEL: I told you, very clearly. I am the dream itself. He is the dreamer, and I am the dream. He is my lover, and I am his soul, his liberation, his way of being everything.

GIOVANNI: He owns you, he understands you: he knows you!

ARIEL: No. He loves me.

*She holds out her hand. Shakespeare kneels,  
devotedly, and kisses it. She smiles, and raises him  
to his feet, and they walk out together, lovingly.*

GIOVANNI:

I don't understand. I don't understand.

## 3.2

- GIOVANNI: Miranda, my dear daughter, you too are against me?
- MIRANDA: Father, dear father, you have no daughter.
- GIOVANNI: No daughter? But – but –
- MIRANDA: You imagined me. I am what you want me to be, your secret wishes, your unacted desires. We are your midnight children, all of us, we are who you think you are.
- GIOVANNI: But if I am you, if I am all of you, who am I? What am I?
- MIRANDA: You are the unseen image, in the corner of your eye. You are the silence of the mind. In friendship, kindness, a gift given, food shared: that is you. You are all the poems you have no need to write, you are laughter, sunlight, you are an empty bowl, Giovanni, that can be filled with nothing but love. Remember, dear father, you have no daughter, and I have no father: remember.
- She takes Ferdinand by the hand, lifts him up. He bows and kisses her hand, lovingly. Holding hands, they turn to go.*
- GIOVANNI: But now what do I do?
- MIRANDA: What you do now, dear father, is this: you wake up! *She claps her hands.*

## 4 resolution

## 4.1

*Giovanni is asleep on the analyst's couch. He wakes, with a start.*

GIOVANNI:

Where am I?

FREUD:

You are in the 47<sup>th</sup> minute of a fifty-minute analytic session with Professor Doktor Sigmund Freud, the founder of Psychoanalysis. For 43 of those minutes you have been asleep. At, believe me, enormous expense. I hope the sleep was refreshing, Signor Dottore.

GIOVANNI:

I had the most amazing dream. Everything has changed. I feel wonderful.

FREUD:

Indeed. Well, there is no time for you to tell me your amazing dream: you have two minutes left.

GIOVANNI:

Professor Freud, there is one thing I must say. It won't take long. I want to say: thank you. Thank you, old father, old artificer, who taught us to believe in dreams. Maestro, master of all of us, il miglior fabbro, the master craftsman. Now that you have cast me out I can see you, admire you, love you; know you, dear father. You taught us to speak; you set limits, broke boundaries, made us learn to be outrageous. Thank you, Her Doktor, Her Professor, mio padre, my teacher. Goodbye, dear father, and thank you from my heart.

FREUD:

Goodbye, Signor Dottore. Please pay the receptionist on the way out.

*END*