

G R O U P
a therapeutic musical

LYRICS & MUSIC: bpNichol & Nelles Van Loon

BOOK: bpNichol

C H A R A C T E R S :

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Melody</i> | - a new girl in the group |
| <i>Jim</i> | - a new man in the group |
| <i>Jill</i> | - a married woman |
| <i>Arthur</i> | - a business man |
| <i>Joe</i> | - the vocal one |
| <i>Anne</i> | - the experienced one |
| <i>Jane</i> | - the quiet one |
| <i>Dorothy</i> | - the group therapist |

A C T 1

Scene opens on stage with seven identical chairs arranged in a semi-circle with an eighth, slightly different chair, among them. A box of tissues is beside one of the chairs. Jim enters, looks at watch, paces around a bit, looks at watch again, sits down. Melody enters.

Jim: Hi.

Melody: Hello.

Jim: Here for the group?

Melody: Yes.

Melody sits down. Jim looks at watch again.

Jim: I'm new here.

Melody: Me too.

Jim: Oh yeah? Well what's your problem?

Melody says nothing.

Jim: Sorry. I didn't mean to get personal or anything.

Melody remains silent.

Jim: Dorothy, my therapist, I guess she's your therapist too eh, well she that it'd be good for me. Broaden my horizons a bit. My life's pretty ordinary really.

Melody: Mine too.

Jim: Yeah. Well I mean anyone can see that just by looking at us eh?

Melody & Jim are both silent. Jim looks at watch again.

Jim: I didn't mean to come this early. Excited I guess.

Melody: I have problems talking.

Jim: Oh?

Melody: I can carry on an ordinary conversation but when it comes to feelings...

Jim: I see.

Melody: And since I'm a writer, or anyways I hope to be one, that's a bit of a problem.

Jim: I can imagine.

Melody: For words I have a special flair
My metaphors ring thru the air
And so it doesn't seem quite fair
I can't talk

I converse with Ph. D's
Hegel's easy, Kant's a breeze,
But touch me deeply and I freeze
I can't talk

Some people aren't afraid to bark
They speak out loud & clear
Let others know they're here.
I'm always somewhere off the mark
I always know what I should say
Sometime the next day.

I can write in sculptured prose
Perfect speeches I compose
My simple conversation flows
With style galore.
But when it comes to how I'm feeling
I've got one foot in my mouth
And the other out the door.
So I spend a lot of evenings
Walking 'round the block
And wishing I could talk.

Arthur, Jill, Anne, Joe & Jane enter. They are talking loudly to each other.

All: We're in the group we're waiting for our therapist to show
and even tho'
It's just a minute past the hour
We've got a funny feeling that she's never going to show

We're in the group, we're feeling funny
The urge to talk
Is in our tummies
And we babble babble babble, like cocktail party gabble,
Yes we babble babble babble babble babble babble babble

Anne: Should I talk?
I think I'd rather go and take a walk
I just don't think I've got the guts to say
I think they'd think I was a klutz to say

Arthur: Should I admit
That I am feeling like a hypocrite
Because my mind is full of fantasy
That dirty movie that I ran to see

Jane: Should I let
Them know that I am feeling so upset
I don't think I trust anybody yet
And I'm afraid of the response I'd get

Joe: Will they say I'm masochistic
Will they say that I'm sadistic

Jill: Will they say we're gonna clean ya
Of your terrible schizophrenia

Joe: Will I make them feel annoyed
Wonder if I'm paranoid

Arthur: If I admit that Joe's okay
Will they think I'm gay?

Anne: Should I talk? Should I talk?
Maybe I should take a walk

Arthur: Hypocrite, hypocrite
Feeling like a hypocrite

Jane: I'm upset, so upset
Don't trust anybody yet

All: Honesty, honesty
Is it really the best policy?

We're in the group, we're feeling funny,
The urge to talk is in our tummies,
And we babble babble babble,
Yes we babble babble babble babble babble babble babble etc.

Arthur, Jill, Anne, Joe & Jane begin to sit down. Dorothy enters.

Joe: Good evening Dorothy.

Dorothy: Good evening Joe.

Dorothy sits down.

Dorothy: Well who'd like to begin this evening?

Silence.

Dorothy: I'm sure you've all noticed our two new group members Melody & Jim?

All nod but remain silent.

Dorothy: Why don't the rest of you introduce yourselves?

Jill: Jill.

Arthur: Arthur.

Jane: Jane.

Anne: Anne.

Joe: Joe.

Dorothy: Now who'd like to start?

Silence.

Dorothy: Amazing. Did my ears deceive me or did I hear a slight murmuring in the room before I came in?

Joe: A slight one.

Dorothy: So is that it? Has everyone said what they came to the group to say? Total mental health in one brief flash?

Silence.

Jim: I suppose I could say a few things about myself.

I'm just an ordinary man
And I do things ordinarily as I can
There is nothing extra-ordinary
I'm just an ordinary man.

And it's an ordinary day
And I do things in an ordinary way
There is nothing extra-ordinary
It's just an ordinary day

People say that Freud and Einstein
Opened people's eyes
People just don't realize
They were ordinary guys

And It's an ordinary sky
And another ordinary bird flies by
There is nothing extra-ordinary
It's just an ordinary sky

This is an ordinary song
And ordinarily I sing it all day long
There is nothing extra-ordinary
This is my ordinary song.

Jill: Ordinary, ordinary,
 Who likes being ordinary?
 Being simply ordinary
 Makes me feel quite secondary.
 Conformity, conformity,
 How I hate conformity.
 I feel very very wary
 Of being simply ordinary.

All my friends are boring
 Their lives are a cliché
 They all go to their cottages
 When summer's on the way
 My pallor may not spell out
 Individuality
 But it beats the silly sun tans of
 Those country bourgeoisie

Group: She's different.
 She's so different.

Joe: My friends are all successful
 I envy them a lot
 I'd like to be successful
 And I guess I'm not
 Everything goes wrong for me
 It seems that I am cursed
 But if I cannot be the best
 Well then I'll be the worst.

Group: He's unique
 He's so unique

Joe & Jill: Ordinary, ordinary
 Who likes being ordinary
 It's not very salutary
 Being simply ordinary
 Conformity, conformity, how we hate conformity
 We want to be legendary
 To hell with being ordinary

Joe: I wanna be King Kong.

Jill: I wanna be Jane.

Joe: I wanna have kids shout
 Please come back Shane.

Jill: I wanna be rich &
 sleep in silk sheets.

Joe: I wanna be known for
 Sexual feats.

Joe & Jill: We wanna be famous
Have people say "Hi!"

We wanna be fashion
time can't pass by.

We just want the simple things
To be heroes, queens or kings
Recognized in street & bar
Tho we don't know who we are

Joe: I wanna be

Jill: It would be great to be

Joe: I wanna be

Jill: I can't wait to be
Extraordinary.

Joe: Sextraordinary!

Joe & Jill: Reach for the moon
Reach for the sun
Why should I be
Just anyone?
I wanna be a star!

Anne: Well - that let's us know what you two think. I don't know that it helps Jim particularly.

Dorothy: Yes. Right Jim, you've stirred up a bit of response here but I think you could go just a little bit deeper. You're not exactly giving the group an accurate picture of yourself. Why not talk a bit about why you decided to give group therapy a try?

Jim: It's my birthday.

Joe: That's why you joined the group?

Jim: No - but on my birthday I always feel how little I really have in my life. And that's why it seemed like a good idea to come here.

Anne: And?

Jim: I beg your pardon?

Anne: Well what else? What're you looking for that you think will make your life fuller?

Jim: Oh I'm a man who's looking for a woman
'Cause all my life I've only known woe ma'am
And oh ma'am I'm just like Onan
Sick of solitude.

Oh I'm a mass of feelings that I can't express
 Of contradictions that all make my life a mess
 And oh yes, love is the birthday present
 That I'd choose

I once fell in love with my baby sitter
 And also with my teacher in grade one
 But I might just as well be a flag pole sitter
 'Cause since those days I haven't had much fun

Oh I'm a man who's seeking something tender
 From a member of the other gender
 I'd befriend her and defend her
 And learn to love her well

I once made a hit with an older cousin
 And I fell in love with her it seems
 But she had boyfriends by the dozen
 And we were only happy in my dreams (I loved those dreams)

Oh I'm a man who's looking for a woman
 Because my life's been moving far too slow ma'am
 No man should be so slow ma'am
 It's time to rearrange
 It's time to make a change
 Why should love be strange
 To me?

Joe lets loose a loud snore.

Jill: Joe! For God's sake!

Joe wakes up.

Anne: I can't believe this guy!

Dorothy: Isn't time you spoke about what's bothering you Joe? You've been in a foul mood for weeks. And now falling asleep during group!

Joe: I was bored.

Jill: There's no such thing as boredom. You're repressing.

Joe: Look! I was just tired & a bit bored. Besides I'm not the only one not talking about their bloody feelings! What about Jane? She never says a word in this damned group! Why all this fuss about me?

Anne: Fuss! If someone fell asleep while you were talking about your precious little problems we'd never hear the end of it!

Arthur: Cut the crap Joe! When you start falling asleep in the group you know there's something wrong!

Joe: You can talk to me as much as you want,
 I've got a problem, yes it's true
 And I guess I know that you're trying to help me
 Discover what I should do.
 But these things that you say
 Don't help me a bit
 Somehow they don't quite touch the essence of it
 For my problem's unique & the truth that I seek
 Is deep, oh yes it is deep.

I stay out all night, can't sleep 'til morning's light
 People point at me, can't they simply see
 That I can't get up too soon
 Great men sleep 'til noon.

Can't you understand that daytime's far too bland
 My thoughts are too sublime for ordinary time
 I go racing with the moon
 And then I sleep 'til noon

Now Rip Van Winkle, there was a guy
 He just went to sleep, let time pass him by
 No one made him face his feelings and cry
 So why should I? Why should I?

Why should I arise, I can't compromise,
 I can do without those sunny morning beams,
 Daylight's never what it seems.
 Great men sleep 'til noon.

Joe begins to weep.

Anne: What is this?!

Jill: Joe!!

Joe: I feel so moved.

Arthur: What a bunch of bullshit!

Joe: That's just the sort of thing my mother used to say!

Anne: Unbelievable!

Jim: You know I get the feeling you're trying to make me angry Joe!
 You're not exactly endearing yourself to me. What're you
 looking for from this group? Rejection?

Joe: Rejection?! Hell I was rejected by my own mother! Don't talk to
 me about rejection. When it comes to being rejected I could write
 the book!

Anne: My my!

Jill: Ah the old "Reject Me" song & dance. "Do you know my mother rejected
 me Arthur?"

Arthur: No - but hum a few bars & we'll play it for you.

Jill: Reject me
Flood me with self-pity
Reject me
Leave me feeling shitty

Here's the hammer
Here's the nail
I'll feel badly
If you fail

Berate me
Tell me I'm a pisser
Hate me
Kick me in the kisser
Tell me I'm the champ
But don't congratulate me
Flagellate me

More
You gotta give me more
Some days are really tough
And I like it rough

When I need you
Keep me on a string
Tease me
But don't give me a thing
When I say "je t'adore"
Throw up on the floor.
If you select me
Don't expect me.
Please don't let me down
Reject me.

Joe: I get the point. Let's not belabour it eh.

Silence.

Dorothy: Jim. We've kind of left you hanging. Was there more you wanted to say?

Jim: What Jill was just talking about to Joe kind of connects. I mean you & I have talked Dorothy about the fact that I do seem to take a kind of comfort from my single state. I can see where I haven't necessarily put my best foot forward in pursuing a relationship. I think I've been a bit hooked on rejection myself.

Anne: I was going to say earlier that I thought you were really trying to paint a picture of yourself as one boring guy.

Jim: Yeah. Well I suppose I sort of think of myself that way. Anyway I guess self-pity isn't going to get me too far is it?

Jill: It's not the most attractive quality in a man.

Jim: No.

Dorothy: I do think there's more here you could talk about Jim. You still haven't revealed that much about yourself.

Jim: I know I haven't but...hell, it's embarrassing! I feel like the "living cliché".

Dorothy: Why not let us be the judges of that?

Jim: Okay. Well the fact is I was never really sure what my mother, or my father for that matter, thought of me. And no matter how much I try to talk myself out of it, it's always bothered me.

Arthur: How do you mean "thought of you"?

Jim: I was her eighth kid. I just don't know if she ever loved me. You know what I mean?

Mother, did you love me?
Sometimes I don't think you did.
Mother, did you know me,
Or was I just another kid?

Do you know I watched you
And knew everything you did?
Do you know I loved you
Or did I keep my loving hid?

It's a long road that we travel
And many love songs that we sing
And there's many a knot to unravel
In the lifelines to which we cling.

Up ahead there's many a stranger
Whom we'll one day call a friend
And many questions we must answer
Long before we reach the end.

Mother did you love me,
Did you know that I exist?
Did you know I loved you
As I clung on to your wrist,
As I wrapped my arms around you
And held on to you tight?
Do you know you haunt the love songs
That I'm singing in the night?
The love songs that I'm singing
In the empty, aching, night.

Silence.

3? Jim: So that should explain what i mean by saying i don't know what they "thot of me".

Arthur: It helps.

Dorothy: Anything further you want to add Jim?

Jim: Actually I became very aware of Melody while I was talking & wondered if she wanted to say anything.

Dorothy: Melody?

Melody: I did find what Jim was just talking about upsetting for some reason.

Dorothy: Would you like to talk about it a bit?

Silence.

Dorothy: This is a new situation for you. Why don't you do what Jim did & tell us a bit about yourself?

Melody: I come from a very old-fashioned family.

Jim: Old-fashioned

Melody: I'd say Neanderthal but that's too recent.

Jill: You mean they're strict? They believe in the old values?

Melody: Old?! My father is a living example of Australopithecus.

Joe: Austral- what?

Melody: Australopithecus, no longer withecus
He went to heaven a long time ago.
Lovely Neanderthal, he was so wonderful
But he went to heaven a long time ago.

All of the relatives of the family of man
Back into history before history began

They are all dead, we're used to living alone
So how come my mom & dad want me to stay home

How come my mother dear & how come my father dear
Each time that I'm in love, do seem to reappear
Mother is very nice & father is very nice
But I've lived with them long enough
And I don't want to do it twice

And when I find a man it makes me so mad
Because he always starts to remind me of dad

Mother says I'm too young, father gives me a little kiss
 And he calls me his daughter dear, says I'll always be his.
 Now that I've grown up, my responsibility
 Is to the loves I've found & to be true to me

Australopithecus, no longer withecus
 He went to heaven a long time ago.
 Lovely Neanderthal, he was so wonderful
 But he went to heaven a long time ago.

All of the relatives of the family of man
 Back into history before history began
 They are all dead, we're used to living alone
 And so dear mom & dad, I'm leaving home!

Jill: We all want to leave home.

Anne: Yeah.

Jill: The problem is we all take home with us.

Anne: Right. It sounds to me like you're just trying to find an easy out.

Dorothy: It's true what you're saying. None of us can
 just run away from this sort of material, whether it be to another city or
 into a relationship. But the dilemma Melody is talking about is a very real
 one. I think you're being too hard on her. I can only assume she re-
 minds you of yourselves when you were her age.
 But there's also something in what Anne & Jill are trying to say. Each of
 us must deal with any irrational ties we may have to our families. Why
 would you choose men who remind you of your father if not for your own unac-
 knowledged longings.

Arthur: (*Voicing agreement.*) I've had to wrestle with this myself Melody. It took
 me a long time to admit my own longings & to see them for what they really
 are.

Melody: What are they?

Arthur: I am obsessed
 With my mother's breasts.
 I am possessed
 And get no rest.
 And when I sleep
 My dreams are deeply painful
 Oh what a brainful
 Of bosoms I see, but none for me.

I didn't see
 Them for too long
 Woke up one morning
 And they were gone.
 Each night I say a prayer
 That she'll be there
 To grant my last request.
 I am obsessed
 With my mother's breasts.

(Anne, Jill & Melody rise & form a chorus behind him.)

I am obsessed.

Chorus: This boy's obsessed

Arthur: With my mother's breasts

Chorus: With his mother's breasts.

Arthur: I'm telling you I am possessed

Chorus: This boy's possessed

Arthur: And I don't get no rest at all.

Chorus: No rest.

Arthur: And when I sleep
I mean when I do get some sleep
My dreams, my dreams are so deeply painful
Do you hear me?
I'm talking about that brainful
Of overflowing generous bosoms I see
But there ain't none for me

I didn't see

Chorus: He didn't see

Arthur: Them for too long

Chorus: Not for too long

Arthur: Woke up one morning

Chorus: One rainy day

Arthur: And they were gone

Chorus: He's got those memories of mammaries

Arthur: Each night I say a prayer
That she'll be there
To grant my last request

I am obsessed

Chorus: Yes he's obsessed

Arthur: With my mother's breasts

Chorus: He can't forget those breasts.

Joe: Mommy, mommy, mommy! Is that all we're going to hear anymore from the men in this group?

Jill: They're just talking about their feelings Joe!

Joe: So they want her, they want mommy desperately! But what about real life? After all they're adult males, theoretically interested in getting involved with adult females. How long does this garbage continue?

Jim: Garbage?

Joe: Garbage!

I've been in therapy for nearly three years
 And I've discovered I've got most of the fears
 Known to man
 But I'm thinking
 I need a bigger plan.
 Lately I've been playing a lot of croquet.
 'Cause I know a girl who likes it
 And she thinks I'm okay
 But the issues getting thorny
 'Cause I'm getting very horny.

They say it's too soon
 Maybe next June
 But I want it now
 And baby somehow
 I'm gonna make you
 See that I care
 Would go anywhere
 If I was with you
 I couldn't be blue
 Not even if you
 Turned into a shrew
 They say it's absurd
 The way I've transferred
 All my feeling, from mom
 Boy do I feel dumb
 But I don't care
 When I see you it suddenly seems
 I've finally found the girl of my dreams
 They say it's too soon
 Maybe next June
 But what about now?

Anne: I've been in therapy for nearly three years
 I've got therapy coming out of my ears
 But in my heart
 I've been wondering
 When does the action start
 Lately I've been watching a lot of TV
 Because a certain party like to watch it with me
 And the issue's getting serious
 But our friends all want to query us.

They say it's too soon
 Maybe next June
 But I want it now
 And baby somehow
 We're gonna come through
 'Cause I really care
 I'd go anywhere
 'Cause you make me perk

I'd love every quirk
 Even if you turned into a jerk.
 They say it's absurd
 The way I've transferred
 All my feelings from dad
 I guess that it's sad
 But I don't care
 When I see you it suddenly seems
 I've finally found the man of my dreams
 They say it's too soon
 Maybe next June
 But what about now?

Joe &
 Anne:

It's been a long long January
 It's going to be a long long February
 June might as well be the moon
 So what about now?

Dorothy: I certainly can't see anything here to argue about with either of you. Your sex lives are your own business. When you start them & who you start them with is your own business.

Joe: You'd never know it!

Dorothy: I beg your pardon?

Joe: Well, everybody has an opinion.

Dorothy: Of course they have opinions. But surely you have a mind of your own?

Arthur: What bothers me Joe is the way you still want to blame someone else.

Jill: Exactly!

Arthur: I met you on the street the other day & you gave me hell for being so insensitive to your mood as to say good morning to you!

Dorothy: Do you really believe its other people who are to blame Joe?

Silence.

Dorothy: Well?

Joe: If it wasn't for you
I wouldn't feel like I do
I'd be right in the groove
I'd be right on the move
I'm normally kind, honest & true
So why do I feel nasty?
It must be you

Is it the way that you talk
No its the way that you walk
I don't like your beard & your hair's rather wierd
Could the fault be in me?
I think not
Can't you see how I feel & it's all your fault

If I were somewhere else I'd be a winner
But you people make me feel like a beginner

If it wasn't for her
I'd be feeling secure
She always gives me a squeeze
But she's just a big tease
I used to control
My libido so well
And then this girl comes along & starts raising hell

If I were somewhere else I could be copin'
And you wouldn't make me bring things out in the open

If it wasn't for you
I wouldn't feel like I do
I could make believe I
Was some other guy
I don't like this at all can't you see
If it wasn't for you
I wouldn't have to be me

Jill: Exactly!

Joe: What do you mean "exactly!"?

Anne: Well at last you're beginning to see the light.

Joe: Okay. Okay! Don't rub it in. Everbody has the right to an occasional old response or two.

mf. // Dorothy: Some very old responses. All you're really trying to do is get people angry with you.

Jim: He's doing a damn good job of that!

Dorothy: Well don't be too quick to judge Joe, Jim. The changes going on in him make him feel a little vulnerable so he throws up this tough guy act to keep us away. But you don't have to go along with it.

Silence.

Dorothy: Anyway...we're just about at the end of the group for this week.
Are there any loose ends? Anything anyone wanted to talk about
before we finish for this evening?

Anne: Well there's one thing that Joe said earlier that I find myself
still thinking about.

Dorothy: Why not go ahead & talk about it?

Anne: What about Jane?
What does she feel?
Don't wanta make her too uncomfortable but
What about Jane?

Arthur: What about Jane?
Is she for real?
Never says a word about her personal life
What about Jane?

Melody: I'd be so glad to lend her an ear
Could it be she thinks that we can't hear?

Jill: What about Jane?
What's the big deal?
Don't wanta make things too untenable but hey
What about Jane?

Melody: Just a few words might suffice
All she needs to do is break the ice

Joe: Yeah what about Jane?
I'm makin' an appeal
Her silence makes me so uncomfortable I wanta know
What about this girl
Who never says a word
I think it's quite absurd.

Dorothy: Pressure pressure pressure pressure
Think you gotta talk
Pressure pressure, light turns green, you
Think you gotta walk

Pressure pressure, tho you'd rather
Count yourself to sleep
Pressure pressure to get up &
Slaughter all the sheep

Everytime you feel like you're in the spotlight
The show is on its all depending on you
And the crowd out there is hungry for your blood tonight
I've got a word that should give you a clue

Pressure pressure pressure pressure
 Dump it on a friend
 Pressure pressure it can bring your
 Marriage to an end

Pressure earning your money
 Pressure paying your rent
 Pressure in the bedroom
 Never simply content
 Soon you're seeing problems
 In everyone but you
 Gosh its wonderful what pressure can do!

Joe: Right! Okay I guess we were putting unfair pressure on Jane weren't we?

Dorothy: Mmmhmm.

Jim: Just because she's in a group shouldn't mean she has to talk should it?

Dorothy: Nope.

Arthur: That is not unless she wants to.

Dorothy: Was there anything you wanted to say Jane?

Jane: No. Not right at the moment.

Dorothy: Alright. So does that tie off that point?

Silence.

Dorothy: Okay I think we'll end things now. I'll see you all next week at the usual time. I have to rush so would you mind locking up Jill?

Jill: Sure.

Dorothy: See you all next time.

Dorothy exits. All except Jill start to get up to leave.

Jane: What's wrong Jill?

Jill: I'm depressed, you're depressed,
 We get low & high.
 I'm depressed, you're depressed,
 We're depressed but why?

Joe: And we all spend a lot of time & money
 To try & find the answers honey.

Group: When people ask us what we're looking for
We say we want the truth forever more.

Is truth the things we think?
Or is it what we feel?
Is there that much difference
Between what's false & real?
Why do we need the truth?

Is truth the way things are
Or how they ought to be?
Is truth the things we dream of
Or what we really see?
How do we find the truth?

Melody: Today I woke up feeling low.
Is that the truth?

Arthur: Tonight I thot "My dick will grow!"
Is that the truth?

Jill: Last night I thot "If my man goes
Then what's the use of living?"
Today I thot "It's me that goes!
Coz my man's just not giving!"

Group: Is truth the things about ourselves
That we're afraid to see?
Is it true as wise men say
That truth could make us free?
The truth might help us grow
But do we really want to know?

Joe: I keep hearing questions:
Why am I here?
What's it all for?

Some days I think of leavin'
See myself walkin'
Right out the door.

Guess maybe I'm frightened
There's so much confusion
Inside of me.

I hear so many voices
And I wonder
If I'll ever feel free.

- Jim: Lately I've been thinking how to be free
 And I'm even dreaming it could happen to me.
 I've been like a dog with a bone,
 Digging around in a world of my own,
 Hiding the feelings I care about most,
 I got no reason to boast.
- Lately everyday has felt the same
 And hardly anybody knows my name.
 I dream that history might adore me
 But history might ignore me.
 They might never stop & say "Wow!"
 A thousand years from now.
- Anne: Is that what you're here for?
 Don't you wanna shout?
 Don't you wanna scream?
 Is this a life I'm living?
 Or just some crazy dream?
- Group: Do we really think that we could change
 Or even slightly rearrange?
 Older but no wiser, is that the truth?
 Looking backwards from tomorrow
 At a mispent youth.
- Arthur: I wanna be free
 To live as I choose
 With nothing to lose.
- Jane: I wanna be free
 To sing & to dance
 And grab my big chance.
- Group: We're sick of the sidelines
 Just give us some guidelines!
- Melody: Sometimes I hear a voice inside of me
 Telling me the way I could be free.
 But the world's in such a jangle
 The words become a tangle
 And I never seem to know
 The way I need to go.
- Group: We wanna be free
 We want what is just
 We'll do what we must
- We wanna be free
 We're ready to go
 Right on with the show
- We're saying good-bye to our dark ages
 And all those private griefs & rages.

We're ready,
We can take the truth.
We're ready,
You can't fake the truth.
Just break it to us slow
But we really want to know. 27

- end ACT 1 -

A C T I I

(a year & a half later)

Stage is the same as for Act I except the Therapist's chair is now on the other side of the stage.

Group enters in ones & twos saying hi, etc., & begin hugging each other. Anne looks disgusted the more it happens. Eventually she steps to one side & looking out at the audience begins to sing...

Anne: Huggin, huggin'
Ev'rybody's running 'round and huggin'
It's a buggin' me the way they're huggin' me
But they keep huggin' huggin' huggin'.

Squeezin', squeezin'
Ev'rybody's running 'round and squeezin'
It's not pleasin' me the way they're squeezin' me
But they keep squeezin', squeezin', squeezin'.

It's not that I don't really love them
It's not that I don't really care
But twenty minutes of huggin'
I ask you is that fair?

Strokin', strokin'
Everybody's runnin' round and strokin'.
You know that strokin' can lead to pokin'
So quit your strokin' me
And quit your pokin' me
And quit your squeezin' me
'Cause it aint pleasin' me
And quit your huggin' me
Because it's buggin' me,
I've had enough fuckin' huggin' for now!

(Group takes seats as song ends. Dorothy enters & sits down.)

Anne: I'd like to start.

Dorothy: Go right ahead.

Anne: I'm bothered by all the hugging & sentimentality.

Joe: Sentimentality! Believe me that's got nothing to do with it!

Jill: I don't know why Anne sees it as sentimental. There's a lot of genuine feeling between people at this point. I mean the present group's been going for over a year now. And some of us have been together for close to two years.

Jim: Yeah but there's a lot of horniness in people too & I think that's what's bothering Anne.

Anne: Right! And I think the horniness is what gets sentimentalized!

Jim: A bull has got horns & he throws 'em
 Harry James has got horns and he blows 'em
 Well that's all very nice
 And if Harry were here I would ask his advice
 I don't quite know how to say it
 But if you've got a horn and can't play it
 You're left with a horn
 Alone & forlorn
 And feeling just plain horny.

All: Horny we're so horny
 We know that something's gotta give
 We've been abstaining & refraining
 But we need an alternative.

Scary it's so scary
 But still we gotta face the fact
 We've done a lot of thinking
 Maybe now's the time to act.

Melody: I hear that promiscuity
 Is not much fun at all
 But isn't acting out a bit
 Better than none at all.

Arthur: Don't bore me, please don't bore me
 With how I've gotta work it thru
 'Cause I keep working working working
 And I get horny everytime I do.

All: Horny we're so horny
 We think that we might just explode
 Oh but we're trying
 Yes we're trying
 That's why we're walking pigeon toed.

Joe: Showers, ice cold showers,
 Saltpetre & a hair shirt too,
 They don't make me less horny
 I guess I'll never get the clue.

Jill: I thought that feeling sexy vibes
 Would lead to lots of fun
 But when I'm feeling horny
 I'm scared to talk to anyone

All: Horny, we're so horny
 We don't know which way to turn
 'Cause when we turn toward each other
 It feels as tho' we're gonna burn.

But tho we're feeling horny
 We simply can't deny
 That somewhere we're all longing

Men: For one special girl

Women: One special guy

Joe: Someone we could learn to really care for.

All: But in the meantime and inbetween time
 Horny we're so horny, there's gotta be some other way
 But until we find it we're taking showers that are icy cold
 Running up and down the road
 Waiting 'til we get too old
 Walking very pigeon toed
 Because we're horny, horny, horny!

Dorothy: It seems that at least once a year we have to have a good talk about this
 don't we.

Joe: Once a year!

Arthur: Hah!

Jill: You better believe it!

Anne: If I only felt this way once a year I'd be fine.

Dorothy: Your feelings of frustration
 Are running very high
 So each of you
 Should be trying
 To discover why.
 But it sounds as tho' you think there's rules
 Which are iron clad
 And it's simply not a question
 Of whether sex is good or bad
 And it doesn't take a lot of imagination
 To see the difference between attraction
 And sexual agitation.

All: Have you heard about agitation?
 Have you heard that it's sweeping the nation?
 If you can choose
 Your kind of blues
 Don't choose the agitation blues.

Jim: But if you're eying all the chicks
 'Cause that's how you get your kicks
 And nothing much is happening
 Not even conversation
 And it all keeps going to your head
 And your disposition feels like lead
 In case you haven't heard the news
 You've got the agitation blues.

All: Those blues, those blues, those blues.

Joe: Well you see this girl you know
 And she's looking all aglow
 So you stop to have a chat
 And it all feels very friendly
 But you're thinking "What's she like undressed?"
 And afterwards you feel depressed
 In case you haven't heard the news
 You've got the agitation blues.

All: Blues! Blues! Blues!

 When you feel a real attraction
 You know you're gonna feel satisfaction
 But when it seems like an abstraction
 And it drives you to distraction
 Then you know the meaning of confuse
 You've got the agitation blues.

Anne: Well if you're jumping all around
 And you simply can't sit down
 And you can't think what to do
 So you watch some television
 And you spend the night without a smile
 With your left hand in the popcorn
 And your right hand on the dial
 In case you haven't heard the news
 You've got the agitation blues.

All: Those blues, those blues, those blues.

Melody: And if you've had a day of wrath
 And you head in for the bath
 And you know that all those bubbles
 Should feel so comfy cozy
 And the water feels just like a dream
 But it only makes you want to scream
 In case you haven't heard the news
 You've got the agitation blues.

All: Blues! Blues! Blues!

 Do you need some education
 On the subject of agitation
 'Cause when it leads to copulation
 You'll wish you'd stuck to conversation
 If those restless feelings wont diffuse
 You've got the agitation blues.

Arthur: And now you're feeling blue deep down
 So you think you'll go to town
 With your handy dandy chargex
 To do a little shopping
 But before the evening's gone too far
 You're driving home a brand new car
 In case you haven't heard the news
 You've got the agitation blues.

All: Those blues, those blues, those blues.

Jill: If you know you need a rest
 But you're feeling quite obsessed
 And you're friends suggest relaxing
 But you're thinking 'bout excitement
 Rememb'ring an old beau called Tex
 Who had nothing on his mind but sex
 In case you haven't heard the news
 You've got the agitation blues

(Suddenly Jane begins frenetic, sexual, high energy tap dance. Group accompanies her with shouts & encouragement.)

All: If you can choose
 Your kind of blues, don't choose the agitation blues,
 No not the agitation blues, Oh lose those agitation blues!

Dorothy: So why is it some of you don't have sexual relationships at this point?
 As Joe has said, so many times, you're all adults.
 Let's look at what's stopping you. Let's look at the reasons.

Arthur: Well personally I just feel I don't have the time. I'm not 18 any more.
 Courting a woman's too time-consuming.

Joe: What?!

Arthur: Look! *(Pulls out appointment book.)* Every page full! Where would I fit her in?

Jane: I can understand that. As a nurse, after you spend 12 hours on the wards all you want to do is go home, eat, have a bath & fall asleep. I couldn't fit a romance into my schedule.

Arthur: I'd like to fall in love but
 I'm too busy.
 I'd like to fall in love but
 I get dizzy.
 I'd like to fall in love but
 I haven't got time
 Besides I think I'm prob'bly
 Past my prime.

Jane: I'd like to fall in love but
 Where is he?

Arthur: I'd like to fall in love but
 Where is she?

I'd like to fall in love but
 It always starts to fade
 And becomes another
 Masquerade.

What happens after the novelty goes?
 Will things just come to a stop?
 Will it get boring in a couple of years?
 Will I feel like a flop?

I'd like to fall in love but
 Really would I?
 I'd like to fall in love but
 I wonder could I?
 I'm used to being alone.
 For so many years I've been on my own,
 But oh there's something missing.
 Especially one thing missing.
 And I know I'm in a great big rut.

I'd like to fall in love,
 But!

Jane: I'd like to fall in love but
 I'm so neurotic.
 I'd like to fall in love but
 It's too erotic.
 I'd like to fall in love but
 Could I handle romance?
 I want to have the answers
 In advance.

I'd like to fall in love but
 Love is blinding.
 I'd like to fall in love but
 It's too binding.
 I'd like to fall in love but
 I need my own space
 I like my independence and
 My own pace.

What happens when you reach a road
 And he says I'm going west?
 You don't mind sharing the load
 But you're sure that east is best?

Arthur: I'd like to fall in love but
 Is this my year?

Jane: I'd like to fall in love but
 There's my career.

Jane &
 Arthur: I'm used to living alone.
 For so many years I've been on my own,
 And oh there's something missing,
 Especially one thing missing,
 And I know I'm in a great big rut,

Group: I'd like to fall in love,
 But!

Anne: That's the most hopelessly naive drive I've ever listened to!

Jill: Absolutely! You make love sound so nicey-nicey, as tho all you had to do was make up your mind & then the rest would be easy.

Anne: "The course of true love never did run smooth."

Jill: If it runs at all! Let me tell you my marriage...

Anne: Not to mention my ex-marriage!

Jill: All I can say is you're better off dancing Jane.

Anne: Somehow I got the impression,
I don't remember where or when,
That marriage would end all my problems,
Maybe it was seeing all those movies,
Maybe it was hearing all those love songs,
But anyway,
I believed it.

I guess I must have written the story
Of how my life was going to be,
Being swept away by Robert Redford,
Living in a Hollywood mansion,
No dirty dishes or dirty diapers,
It sounded good,
So I believed it.

Boy
Did I believe it,
I really had myself turned on,
Such joy,
I couldn't leave it,
I was really gone.

Robert I said don't feel too bad,
I know you're a busy man,
I'll find somebody just like you 'cause
I'm your biggest fan.

Needless to say getting married
Put me in a state of shock,
Where were the movies and the love songs?
Where was the beautiful Hollywood mansion?
Where was Robert and those love scenes?
Who forgot the plot?
This was not what I thought it would be.

Jill: Somehow I got the impression,
I don't remember where or when,
That love & marriage went together
Like the proverbial horse & buggy,
You couldn't have one without the other
And sad to say
I believed it.

When still an adolescent,
 I was getting pretty hot,
 Went to the priest with all my problems
 Told me I was in terrible danger,
 That I'd burn in hell for fornication,
 It sounded real
 So I believed him.

Boy
 Did I believe him,
 He gave me such an awful fright.
 No joy,
 I couldn't leave him
 'Til he said I'd be alright.

"Father", I said, "the feeling's too strong".
 He said, "I must insist".
 "Father", I said, "don't wanta do wrong,
 But it's too hard to resist."

Needless to say I got married,
 I didn't wanta burn in hell.
 Mother & Dad were so relieved,
 I guess the neighbours had been talking,
 It was a very respectable wedding
 No one had much fun.
 The deed was done,
 Who had won?
 Not me!

Anne &
 Jill:

They say it's lovelier
 The second time around.
 We say do it once &
 You've covered all the ground.
 They sing of honey moons
 And love forever true,
 Full moons & waterfalls
 So what else is new.

Somehow we got the impression
 That we'd find paradise,
 We spent one week in Niagara
 And then we paid the price.
 We thought a life of tea for two
 Would lead to endless glee for two.
 Somehow we got the impression
 And that impression was wrong.
 Wrong!

Joe: You're just cynical - the two of you. Why do people
 who are being cynical always think they're being realistic?

Melody: It certainly isn't the way I feel. In fact...

Arthur: *(interrupting)* I certainly don't feel cynical. But I do think I'm realistic.

Dorothy: There's too much rationalizing going on here. I mean the four of you know better than this. It's not lack of time, or even one or two bad experiences that stop us. Surely, given a bad experience Anne you'd try all the harder next time. & Jill. You've really worked at your marriage. You were the one who decided to stay in it. Your husband had agreed to end it if that was what you wanted.

Jill: *(Looking slightly crestfallen.)* That's true - but I still feel dissatisfied!

Dorothy: But is that just the marriage or is it something in you as well?

Jill: Well, *(Sighs.)* if I were being totally honest, I'd have to say it's probably the damned sexual stuff. It's so ironic! I went the whole route - marriage - everything! But from time to time I still feel guilty. It's not as bad as it used to be but I still have those mornings, usually after Bob & I have really enjoyed love-making the night before, when I wake up feeling miserable! It's ridiculous! Anyway. You're right, Dorothy. It's changing. It's changed! Forgive me Bob!

Jim: But that's just the way I feel. The merest twinge of sexual excitement and I feel like I'm on trial. I really start to feel like people are judging & condemning me & I find it easier, in a sense, to do nothing.

Jill: This calls for the kind of psychodrama you used to do with me Dorothy.

Dorothy: Yes. It does doesn't it.

(Dorothy gestures to Joe. He comes over & joins her & they have whispered conference. Jill also joins them for a moment or two & then goes over & arranges other group members into jury on stage left. Joe begins to stride back & forth stage right as the prosecuting attorney. Jim looks bewildered while all this is going on.)

Joe: Ladies & gentlemen of the jury
Here's a very sad case
A man who seemed so fine and good
Whose thoughts are oh so base

I'd recommend his dirty mind
Be flushed out with detergent
But I hesitate because his filthy thoughts
Are so resurgent

Arthur: Think of his mother
of his poor mother

Joe: Even as a lad in public school
 He revelled in secret thoughts
 And for a certain teacher
 He was known to have the hots

I could recommend your tolerance
 But I wouldn't be doing my job
 He's a blot on our society
 A no good filthy slob

Arthur: Think of the children
 Think of the children

Joe: I leave you to your deliberation
 Would the defendant care to make his own oration.

All: Guilty (He's guilty)
 Guilty (He's guilty)
 Guilty of filthy thoughts (He's guilty)

Guilty (He's guilty)
 Guilty (He's guilty)
 Guilty of filthy thoughts (He's guilty)

Jim: It's true I think of women
 I think of them a lot
 And when I think of women
 It's true I do get hot

Oh yes I think of women
 I think of them in the nude
 And the thoughts that I have of them
 Could be misconstrued as lewd

All: Guilty! (He's guilty)
 Guilty! (He's guilty)
 Guilty of filthy thoughts (He's guilty)
 Guilty (He's guilty)
 Guilty (He's guilty)
 Guilty of filthy thoughts (He's guilty)

Arthur: I've lived a life exemplar
 I've lived a life that's pure
 I've never had an unclean thought
 Of this one fact I'm sure

It's true one time I caught a glimpse
 Of a woman most likely mamma
 Naked in a bedroom
 Doing something with papa

All: *(To Arthur.)*

Guilty (He's guilty) etc...

Joe: Members of the jury,
Pardon me, I mean the group,
Can't you see I'm fraught with worry
I shake I squirm I droop.

My tale's an old but sad one
Women, wine & song
Not a good life, but not a bad one,
Your days are short, but your nights are long.

Women: *(To Joe.)*

Guilty!

Arthur: Think of our mothers.

Women: *(To Jim)*

Guilty!

Arthur: Think of our children.

Women: Guilty!

Arthur: Think of our soldiers.

Women: Guilty?

Arthur: Think of our country.

Women: GUILTY ??

(At end of song all three men look guilty & depressed.)

Jill: Hey! Fellows! This is supposed to be a psychodrama for Jim!

Anne: I get the feeling we struck a responsive chord with this one.

Jill: I thot I felt guilty! These guys make me look positively carefree.

Dorothy: Arthur! Joe! The point of the psychodrama was to help Jim move thru his feelings of despair, not to leap in there & drown with him!

Melody: Sometimes with every man in this group I get the feeling they think that nobody else in whole history of the world has ever been thru what they're going thru.

Jane: You guys don't have a corner on despair you know!

Anne: At any moment now Arthur is going to start telling us about the male menopause & how we wouldn't understand!

Dorothy: You know they say there's nothing new under the sun.
I know, I've been this way, & I can say it wasn't much fun.
I've had my ups, I've had my downs,
Had my share of smiles & frowns,
What can I say except to say I've been this way.

You know some days it seems the sun never will rise.
I know, I've had those days when I've asked why open my eyes.
But then you do, & when you do
The clouds all pass, the sun breaks thru.
I've seen it shine, in my own time I've been this way.

Strange as it seems I've had my share of dreams
Shatter like a glass a stone drops thru.
And it took time to even find the rhymes
Let alone the reasons to explain the things we do.
Who threw the stone? Who wrote the poem?
So many questions we all want answers to.

You know some days it seems the clouds are all that you see.
I know, I've been this way, and I can say it happened to me.
But it's not all, and in your heart
You know good things are going to start
If you can say, it's just today - I've been this way.

Anne: This is getting ridiculous!

Jill: I'm beginning to get the feeling they're enjoying this.

Dorothy: So what are you men going to do? Sit back & let life pass you by?
(No response.) Well?

The men stir but still look depressed.

Women : You gotta fight, you gotta fight
The neurosis
You gotta fight with all your might
The neurosis

He'll offer you the easy way
 And brother then he'll make you pay
 And when you've paid the right amount
 He'll put it in his bank account
 And nobody has much fun
 Just the neurosis.

He's got a bag of tricks
 For each occasion
 The way he gets his kicks
 Is quite amazin
 And if you've had a rotten day
 You know he's going to find a way
 To make it turn out even worse
 He'll leave you screaming for the nurse
 And that's when he really feels good
 Does the neurosis.

Melody: Boogey men & witches
 And no good sons of bitches
 Ain't got nothing on him.

Women: Nothing on him

Anne: Baby snatchers' capers
 And even mother rapers
 Ain't got nothing on him

Women: Nothing on him

And when his fun with you's at an end
 He'll start going after your best friend.

All: You gotta fight, you gotta fight
 The neurosis
 You gotta fight with all your might
 The neurosis

Joe: He'll get you feeling guilty

Men: Then guilty 'bout feeling guilty

Joe: He'll get you going in

Men: He'll get you coming out

Joe: If there's another way to get you
 You can bet he'll figure it out

Men: So don't fooling 'round with him
 Just give him a good clout

All: 'Cause you can do without
 The neurosis.

Women: Psychopathic voyeurs
And even shyster lawyers
Ain't got nothing on him

Men: Nothing on him

Women: Crooked politicians
Necropheliac morticians
Ain't got nothing on him

Men: Nothing on him

All: And when you know that you're the one he's fed off
You can hear him laughing his fool head off.

You gotta fight, you gotta fight
The neurosis
You gotta fight, with all your might
The neurosis.

He'll get you feeling guilty
Then guilty 'bout feeling guilty
He'll get you going in
He'll get you coming out
If there's another way to get you
You can bet he'll figure it out
So don't go fooling 'round with him
Just give him a good clout
'Cause you can do without
The neurosis!

Jane: Now that's more like it!

Jim: Yeah!

Dorothy: How do you feel at this moment Jim?

Jim: Great! I mean its amazing really. I don't know what it was that tripped me off or pulled me out of myself, but at one point there I just thot, "That's it! I've had enough of this shit!! I honestly felt fed up with all the whining & the blaming & I just thot "I better get on with it."

I've evolved, I know what the stage that's next is
Left the past behind - now I'm Homo Erectus.
I was more like an amoeba
Loose & void of shape
I've mutated to a primate
And I'm going ape,
Yes I've found my place upon that fam'ly tree
It's Neanderthal, Cro-Magnon & me.

Amoebas lack that urge to merge, they just separate!
 Like them I used to lay in pools, I learned to simply wait.
 But you can see I've evolved from
 The immortal slime
 I've got feet & hands in tempo
 4/4 present time
 Like men & women down thru history
 The Neanderthals, Cro-Magnons & me

It's no one cell like I dream of
 I'm expanding my genetic plan
 An original reproduction
 From the story of woman & man

There's no hard sell now that's needed
 I'm climbing the tree of fate
 I've got my feet in the upper branches
 And I'm looking for a mate.

Australopithecus, you know he came & went.
 I'm still new here, but I'm pitching my tent.
 I'm staying on for the big one,
 That marathon dance.
 I'm looking for a long run in
 The world of romance.
 I'll add my love song to the litany
 Of Neanderthal, Cro-Magnon & me.

Anne: Definitely more like it!

Jim: Can I talk for a moment longer Dorothy?

Dorothy: Certainly.

Jim: Well - it's Melody. I'm very interested in her. I'm in love with her really. I spoke to her about my feelings after the last group & she told me she'd prefer it if we'd talk about it here.

Dorothy: Melody?

Melody: I'm very attracted to Jim. More than attracted. I like him a lot.

Anne: Like?!

Dorothy: An interesting word.

Melody: Well I love him I suppose. I sure feel strange around him tho.

Dorothy: You say you love him but you say it as tho you've never been in love before.

Melody: I haven't. Not really. Oh sure I've had crushes & so on but nothing that 's felt as consistently powerful as this!

So this is love, it's such a strange sensation
 So this is love, I feel a strange elation
 If this is love, it means a new relation
 To everything I thought before.

I look at you, I feel a brand new feeling
 I look at you, it sets my world to reeling
 I look at you, the floor becomes the ceiling
 The world is turning upside down.

And as I turn and tumble
 I feel myself fumbling
 To find some footing in my life
 There is no need to mumble
 I'm through with grumbling
 I want to shout I've found my life.
 And now I know my troubles
 Will burst like bubbles
 This happiness will end my pain.

If this love, it's such a strange sensation
 So this is love, I feel such wild elation
 If this is love, it means a new relation
 To everything we've felt before.

I've found the one can end the fears
 I used to shed so many tears
 I used to think that someday I would
 Drown in all the sorrow that I felt
 And now I feel so different
 Oh my god but love's a different
 Way we have of looking at the world.

Joe: Can I say something? It's related but not right on topic.

Dorothy: Jim? Melody? Is that okay with you? We'll come back to this believe me.

Jim & Melody nod assent.

Dorothy: Go ahead Joe.

Joe: I know everybody's very sincere & everything but I find all this talk tonight - marriage, love, etc. etc. - i find it really agitates me.

Dorothy: You've come a long way in your therapy Joe. What do you think it means when you get this agitated?

Joe: I guess it's what Anne was saying at the beginning tonight. These sorts of things can so easily get sentimentalized. I mean who doesn't want a so-called "normal life"? I'd love to become a permanent member of "normal" society, except I don't think it exists.

Dorothy: But you exist. And you want all these things that you're so afraid of being sentimentalized don't you?

Joe: I guess so...but...

Dorothy: But what?

Joe: If this is health
 How come I'm still so sick?
 My twisted sense of humour
 Still gives me a kick.
 Do health & bland
 Go hand in hand?
 Is sanity
 Like Disneyland?
 Tho I long for kids & a wife
 I'm scared of the normal life.

I know that I'm neurotic
 Know what makes me tick
 Know I speak too loudly
 And carry a small stick
 It's not easy
 To be breezy
 When your stomach's
 Always queasy
 And nothing makes my poor heart pound
 Like the thought that I might settle down

There's no view that's more disturbin'
 Than the view of a suburban
 Morning & me - sipping at my tea.
 And there's nothing half so scary
 As the thought that I might marry
 And give up all my individuality

The normal life, the normal life,
 I'm frightened of the normal life.
 A house & wife, & kids & wife,
 Could I enjoy the normal life?
 I guess I'm successful
 In my own kind of way
 On a scale from tops to hopeless
 I'm at least okay.
 But I dream of the normal life.
 I wake up screaming when I'm dreaming.
 Yes I dream of the normal life.
 I wake up sweating, so upsetting,
 But I dream of the normal life.

Anne: Those old longings eh? They sure do work the brain over. I feel like a mutant here myself, a martian who got sidetracked.

Joe: In some ways I suppose it's a relief.

Dorothy: Do you want to explain that?

Joe: We've spent so much time in this group talking about problems it's really good to see some people bust thru into the real world & just feel those basic emotions. "Falling in love." It's okay. I like it.

Jane: You look like you want to say something Melody.

Melody: The thing is I think I've resolved my transference to Jim & everything but I feel really hesitant to start anything. I wouldn't just want to dramatize something from the past again. And I suppose I'm worried about losing this situation.

Dorothy: But this is the disposable situation. It's your lives & what you want to do with them that has to remain the centre of your focus.

Jill: Right!

Dorothy: It is true that a group is a special situation & that we do ask people, when they first come into groups, not to treat them as social situations. But on the other hand this is real life. If you two are in love well then you're in love. Therapy's only an adjunct to life, a tool you can use to make things run more smoothly. It should never become the central thing in your life tho you often have to devote the bulk of your time & energy to it for a period. But one never wants one's problems, no matter what the guise or excuse, to be at the absolute centre of one's existence. That in itself is most of the problem for most people.

Jim: I suppose I could always go into another group of yours Dorothy.

Melody: Or I could.

Dorothy: If you still need a group - certainly. But we should really spend more time than we have at the moment talking about this group & what's going to happen next.

Anne: I was thinking that. We started doing that a couple of weeks ago & then got sidetracked.

Arthur: My personal pain is a "sidetrack"?

Anne: You know what I mean Arthur.

Melody: One door closes, another door opens.
One road's ending, another's ahead.
And so on.
Is this where the story ends?

It's not like the time when I was six or seven
 When we moved & I lost all my friends.
 I can't feel sad.
 I can't feel bad.
 I've got a feeling this is where the story begins.

Love, how do we come to love?
 How do we find the road that leads us
 Where we've always longed to be?

Friends, suddenly finding friends,
 Helping you find the way thru tears to laughter
 Glad to let love lead you.

And now you're standing here
 Where you hoped the road would lead
 And new worlds come into view
 As far as you can see

Because its freed you
 When you let love lead you
 It can take you further than you ever dreamed you'd be.

Group:

This is the end
 Of the show
 Not the end
 Of the rainbow.
 The next road
 Will be a new road,
 But where it leads
 We don't know.

And who can say
 How we'll fare
 But we're gonna take our chances
 With flair.
 There oughta be a rainbow
 But why make a fuss,
 The rest is up to us.

This is the ending,
 No rainbow bending,
 No pot of gold at our feet.
 No quadruple weddings,
 No heroes & kings,
 Just another ending
 Where everybody sings.

If at the conclusion
 There's still some confusion,
 The answer is not in the plot.
 If you're thinking "what next?"
 It ain't in the text.
 The rest is up to us.

Joe: Hey, hey, I'm just me
Still a little crazy
But I guess I always will be

Jim & Melody: Hey, hey, we're just us
A little off the rails
And just slightly out of focus

Group: We're in motion
We've got a notion
That the world can change
The world can change

But it's the end of the show
Not the end of the rainbow
The next road will be a new road
But where it leads we don't know.
And who can say how we'll fare
But we're gonna take our chances with flair.

Sometimes it doesn't hurt
To let your fancy rule you
But happily forever after
Wouldn't really fool you,
So why make a fuss?
The rest is up to us.

- end -