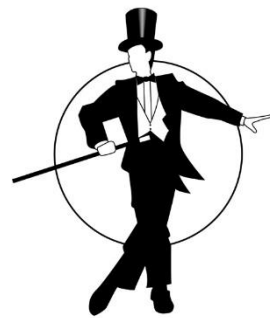


Splitting Hares

Brett Hursey



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SPLITTING HARES

By Brett Hursey

CAST

RON: Sick with “Rabbititis.”

ANNIE: Sick *of* “Rabbititis.”

DR. HARVEY: Patient with her patients—even when they try her patience.

Place

Dr. Harvey’s couples therapy office.

Time

The present.

SPLITTING HARES

At Rise: Lights come up on a couch (center stage) and a chair (down right). Ron is seated at one end of the couch—Anne at the other. Dr Helen Harvey sits in the chair making notes. Ron wears comically large rabbit ears, round pink nose and long whiskers.

There is a long, uncomfortable pause.

DR. HARVEY: So...

ANNIE: So...

RON: So...

DR. HARVEY: Did the two of you try the discussion strategies we went over last session?

ANNIE: Yes... well...we started to...I mean I tried but...

DR. HARVEY: Yes, Annie—you tried but what?

ANNIE: I tried, Dr. Harvey—I really did but...

RON: (*staring straight ahead*) But she kept laughing at my ears.

ANNIE: That's not true!

RON: *It is true!* We were at breakfast—which happens to be a very important meal for people with my condition—and she started...started...laughing at my ears. (*Ron self-consciously touches his ears.*)

ANNIE: (*to Ron*) I wasn't! (*to Dr. Harvey*) I swear I wasn't!

RON: You were too! You kept hiding behind your waffle—but I could tell!

DR. HARVEY: OK, Ron—I hear what you're saying. You're saying you believe Annie was laughing at your ears. And believing that was hurtful to you. But you need to hear what *Annie* is saying. And Annie is saying she *wasn't* laughing at your ears. So, I want you to try believing what *Annie* is saying. Can you try doing that, Ron?

RON: (*glancing at Annie*) Well... I suppose she could have just been...laughing at the toaster...or the ice maker...

DR. HARVEY: Good—that's a start. Now Annie, I want you to look at Ron and reassure him that you weren't laughing at his ears.

ANNIE: Right—no problem. (*turns to face Ron*) Ron, I want you to know I...I wasn't...

(*Annie slowly begins to hide her face behind her purse.*)

RON: (*hopping to his feet*) There! You see?! You see what I'm talking about?!

DR. HARVEY: Calm down, Ron! I'm sure she didn't mean to...

ANNIE: I...I just needed to sneeze...so I was looking in my purse for a Kleenex...

(*Ron paces agitatedly around the couch.*)

RON: A Kleenex—oh sure—like I haven't heard that one before! I'm just one big running joke to you, aren't I? Look at Mr. Floppy-Ears! Let's all have a good laugh!

DR. HARVEY: (*standing and pointing at the couch*) Ron! Ron, I want you to settle down and have a seat! (*Ron stops pacing*) Please.

(*Ron looks at Dr. Harvey, walks over to the couch and sits with his arms crossed.*)

DR. HARVEY: Thank you. Now Annie, I'm sure you didn't really mean to laugh at Ron just now—did you?

ANNIE: Of course, I didn't—I would never... (*covering her face*) Oh god. What am I saying? I mean, just *look* at him, Dr. Harvey. Who could keep a straight face looking at that?

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!