

PSYCHOLOGICALLY INCOMPLETE  
A ten minute play

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## CAST

Art, an author

PIC, a psychologically incomplete character

## SETTING

A bare stage . maybe a chair, maybe not.

ART is lost in thought. PIC enters. Art hands him a manuscript.

ART  
Congratulations, PIC. You're about to be born.

PIC  
Wow. I mean, thank you. Wow.

ART  
It's been a long time coming.

PIC  
Really. I mean, thank you. Really.

ART  
How does it feel?

PIC  
What?

ART  
How does it feel to be born?

PIC  
I'm born?

ART  
I just said.

PIC  
I'm sorry. I mean, you said *about*. About to be born.

ART  
Oh. Well, born, about to be born, what's the difference?

PIC  
Then I'm formed?

ART  
Fully formed.

(Looks at own body)

PIC  
So this is it?

ART  
You got it.

PIC  
Well. What do you know.

ART  
I must be leaving. I have others to inform.

PIC  
Otherō psychologically incomplete characters?

ART  
That's right. Lots to do. Have fun.

PIC  
Uh, excuse me. Um. What did you say your name is?

ART  
I didn't.

PIC  
Oh.

ART  
It's Art. You only know what you need to know.

Art starts to leave again.

PIC  
Um, Art.

ART  
What?

PIC  
I don't know what comes next.

ART  
What do you mean, you don't know what comes next, you begin your life. You start being.

PIC

But I don't know how.

ART

Well, join the club. Now, if you'd excuse me-

PIC

Do I dance?

ART

Are you happy?

PIC

I don't know.

ART

Then I suggest you'd walk. That'd do for a start.

PIC

Like'd how? Do I walk with a gait? Do I limp? Do I saunter?

ART

How do I know, for heaven's sake? Try something out.

PIC

If you could just give me a hint'd

ART

All right, all right. A hint. Let's see, I suppose we must start with something.

They ponder for a moment.

PIC

How do you walk?

ART

Me?

PIC

Yeah. I'd watch you and then I'd try it.

ART

You want to walk like me.

PIC

It's better than nothing.

Hm. Oh, what the heck. ART

Art walks across the room. PIC giggles.

What's so funny? ART

Nothing. (Giggles again.) PIC

My walk is not funny! ART

No, it's not. But it's cute. PIC

Cute? ART

You're cute. PIC

I'm leaving! ART

Hey, don't get upset. I'm just trying to find out what am I trying to find out? PIC

That's your business. I've done my part. I created you. I wrote you down. You figure out the rest. ART

What do I wear? PIC

What do you mean, what do you wear? ART

Takes manuscript.

ART (cont.)

You're an artist. It says right there *artist*. I made you an artist. You wear what artists wear.

What do they wear? PIC

I don't know. black. ART

Black? Black what? PIC

Black pants. Black tee shirt. Black shoes. ART

Black underwear? PIC

Sure! ART

What about my bed? What color is my bed? PIC

That's black, too. Black clothes, black bed, black food, black everything. ART  
Happy?

Wow. PIC

Can I go now? ART

Go ahead. PIC

What's the matter now? ART

Oh, nothing. I'm just. nothing. God, it's all so depressing. and black. PIC

You are such a pain. ART

I know. I don't deserve to live. PIC

Blue. ART

Isn't blue. PIC

No. You sleep in a blue bed. And you wear blue underwear. That better? ART

Blue! That's a nice color! What about my couch? Is it blue, too? PIC

No, it's uh... red. ART

Red! PIC

And you drive a purple car, and you eat organic food and listen to... opera music! ART

Wow! This is great! PIC

And your kindergarten teacher reminded you of your aunt... the one your family locked away... you have this habit of scratching your head (PIC scratches head), and you like... reruns of Hill Street Blues... and you're afraid of rabbits. Terrible nightmares about them. ART

Wow! I know so much about myself. PIC

Glad I could help. ART

But what's it all mean? PIC

Mean? ART

Yeah, what's it all about? PIC

ART

About?

PIC

How does it all add up?

ART

Do I have to do everything?

PIC

Wellõ yeah.

ART

Well, I'm not going to do it. You're on your own, buddy. Find someone else to complete you.

PIC

I've got a better idea. How about I just remain a psychologically incomplete character. How about I just bore everybody who tries to read this damned thing.

ART

You're interesting!

PIC

I'm incomplete!

ART

You're fascinating!

PIC

You're dreaming! And I hate purple!

ART

You do?

PIC

Yes, Iõ Oh, my God.

ART

What is it?

PIC

I understand something.

ART

What?

PIC  
I . understand . myself . a . little!

ART  
What does it mean?

PIC  
It meansō there is hope! But wedl have to work together.

ART  
All right!

PIC  
But wedl have to get rid of the black underwear.

ART  
Gone! How about white?

PIC  
How about no underwear?

ART  
You naughty thing you!

PIC  
Wedl getting to know each other!

ART  
Yes!

PIC  
Youre going to have to trust me.

ART  
Oh, I do.

PIC  
Youre going to have toō love me.

ART  
I love you.

PIC  
And youre going to have toō make me suffer.

Now you're talking! ART

I want to live! PIC

ART  
But what if it doesn't work. What if we sweat, and labor, and (shudders) rewrite and you're still a psychologically incomplete character?

PIC  
You still don't get it. I'm . you. So is everyone else you create. You just have to learn to expose yourself. You want me to suffer, you have to suffer with me.

ART  
Oh, no!

PIC  
Now what?

ART  
I just had another thought! You're got a brother! Maybe a sister! I don't know yet. Let's call her . JAC. Stands for, *Just a cliché*. You're going to have to get to work on her fast.

PIC  
Me?

ART  
*I'm you, you're me*, you just said it.

PIC  
But I don't know how-

ART  
Here she comes. Good luck. Oh, and she just lost her best friend in a terrible car accident.

(Art exits. PIC watches JAC enter.)

ART  
Hey, JAC, how's it going?

(Pause.)

ART

You're going to have to lose those shoes! So eighties.

BLACK OUT. THE END.