

ANNA O.

By
Paul Edward Pasulka

ANNA O.

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ANNA O.

CAST: 3W - 8M (2W - 4M with suggested doubling)

BERTHA PAPPENHEIM.....20s (77 in Gestapo scene).

(German accent only when speaking English)

JOSEF BREUER.....30s

EDWARD LEAR.....70s May also play: Surgeon

RECHA PAPPENHEIM.....50s May also play: NURSE.

KRAFFT-EBING.....40s

HELMUT JAEGER.....30s May also play:

SIEGMUND PAPPENHEIM

WILHELM PAPPENHEIM

GARGOYLE (may be video projection)

Time: 1880s (1936 in Gestapo scene)

Places: Switzerland; Vienna

Split Stage:

Siegmund Pappenheim's room /// Bertha Pappenheim's room

Josef Breuer's Office /// Room at Inzerdorf Sanitarium

Edward Lear's studio /// Edward Lear's graveside

Gestapo headquarters

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ACT I SCENE 1

Edward Lear's gallery in Sion, Switzerland. Incomplete paintings, perhaps twenty, are on easels, chairs, etc. EDWARD is saying goodbye to people.

EDWARD. Thank you. Come again. I will be here through the summer.
(*BERTHA attempts to enter as he is closing the door.*)

BERTHA. Du begruesst die gaeste? (*Unread translation: You are accepting guests?*).

EDWARD. (*studying her.*) You are German.

BERTHA. Ich bin Österreicherin. (*Unread translation: I am Austrian.*)

EDWARD. A difference without a distinction. I am not receiving.
Germans. Or Austrians.

BERTHA. Ent schuldegen sie bitte? (*Unread translation: I beg your pardon?*)

EDWARD. I do not receive Ger-men. Or Ger-women. Or Ger-children.
They sit all day speaking their ... Ger-mansk. Expecting me to entertain them. They leave. Buying nothing, and I am left with a dreadful headache and an even larger hole in my purse caused by the time they have sucked out of it. Good day (*He attempts to close the door.*)

BERTHA. "How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!" (*He stops.*) "Who has written such volumes of stuff!/Some think him ill-tempered and queer,/But a few think him pleasant enough."

EDWARD. There is another.

BERTHA. There are many. Which one do you have in mind?

EDWARD. "There was an old person of Loo,/ Who said, 'What on earth shall I do?'/When I said, 'Go away!'/She continued to stay,/That vexatious old person of Loo." Now go away! (*He attempts to close the door.*)

BERTHA. If I promise not to vex you? And to perhaps buy a painting?

EDWARD. Perhaps?

BERTHA. You can't expect me to buy sight unseen.

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EDWARD. I can expect whatever I wish.

BERTHA. Yes, I guess that is wisest. It does no good to expect what you don't wish. But in the end...

EDWARD. Ah, so young and so cynical. A kindred idealist too often disappointed.

BERTHA. Even in a land of darkness, a flower reaches for the sun, and daily hopes that this will be the day. Until, over time...

EDWARD. (*Beat.*) I, as you apparently know, am Edward Lear. And you...? Frau... lein...?

BERTHA. Fraulein. Bertha Pappenheim.

EDWARD. Oh? "There was a young lady rabbinical/Who waxed and waned quite cynical." (*Beat.*) As I said, I do not admit Germans. You, however, may come in.

BERTHA. But I am, according to you, German.

EDWARD. You are Jewish.

BERTHA. German.

EDWARD. Tell that to the Germans. We must close the door quickly.

BERTHA. Was ist los? (Unread translation: What is it?)

EDWARD. Exaclty. Foss is lost.

BERTHA. Vas?

EDWARD. Foss. My cat. Very British.

BERTHA. Ach... Ya. Foss... "He has many friends, lay men and clerical; old Foss is the name of his cat." So it's true then.

EDWARD. Vas – What is?

BERTHA. "The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea, In a beautiful pea-green boat." And you would be the owl.

EDWARD. (*imitating owl*) Whooo.

BERTHA. And Foss travels with you?

EDWARD. Yes. But he gets lost easily. And frequently. Conveniently, I suspect. I also suspect he has populated several continents with Foss-lings.

BERTHA. You travel frequently?

EDWARD. Spain. France. Italy. Egypt. Sicily. India. (*He gestures toward the pictures.*) And these. Here in Switzerland.

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BERTHA. I know you from your children's stories. When I heard that Edward Lear had opened a salon here for the summer, I wondered would it be the same.

EDWARD. There is, I assure you, only one Edward Lear so needy as to be in Switzerland peddling paintings.

BERTHA. You're working on all of these? At the same time?

EDWARD. I sketch and make notes about color in the morning. In the evening I paint. First, moonlight silver. (*He dabs paint on each of a few pictures.*) Then, green gauze. (*He picks up another brush and dabs paint on a few more.*) And so. Until... voila! (*He gestures.*) A painting!

BERTHA. It's lovely. But the process. It must take the pleasure out of painting.

EDWARD. It must, but these paintings do not bring a princely sum. And unlike you, I must make a living.

BERTHA. Why do you say that?

EDWARD. You are obviously wealthy. What would you know about work? You have an embarrassment of riches. I, a richness of embarrassments.

BERTHA. Perhaps. But you can make a living. I cannot.

EDWARD. You cannot?

BERTHA. I am a woman. A German-Jewish woman. I cannot.

EDWARD. But you are formally educated.

BERTHA. There are precious few formally educated women in this world. Particularly Jewish women. I attended Catholic school to the age of sixteen.

EDWARD. Catholic?

BERTHA. You approve of Catholics?

EDWARD. No. They're worse than Germans. Ignorant. Pompous. Even pompous in their ignorance. And particularly ignorant of Christianity and therefore exceedingly dangerous. And a Catholic becomes a Catholic by way of their education. I gather yours was not different.

BERTHA. Domestic skills. Languages, music, needlework. Everything the modern wife or governess needs to do *but* govern. I am also fully educated in the sciences of horseback riding, tea parties, the theatre, and attending concerts. In short, I am stuffed to the brim with countless,

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pointless, insipid trivia which prove so alarmingly durable precisely because of their uselessness.

EDWARD. And time passes.

BERTHA. And time passes.

EDWARD. You speak English quite well. Other languages?

BERTHA. Hebrew, Yiddish, German, English, French, and Italian.

EDWARD. Impressive. And you would have liked to have studied...?

BERTHA. I would have appreciated. No, I *would* appreciate the opportunity to explore - whatever. Law, medicine, science, literature. And not as a governess. You are educated?

EDWARD. Of course. Dreadfully so. I am a man.

BERTHA. You went to University?

EDWARD. No. As I said, I am dreadfully educated. I attended school when I was able. Until eight years of age.

BERTHA. Oh?

EDWARD. Let's just say I have a condition.

BERTHA. But you write. You paint.

EDWARD. Thanks to my sister, Ann, largely. And my sister Sarah who also assiduously dedicated herself to curbing my impulses.

BERTHA. Your impulses?

EDWARD. A delicate matter. She slept with me lest I do something naughty to the ruination of my mentation. However, she also taught me to paint. I learned a little music, some writing without much attention to proper spelling. Damned little that is practical.

BERTHA. You have at least two sisters who saw to your welfare.

EDWARD. Oh? And you?

BERTHA. My oldest sister died before I was born. Henriette, the second, of galloping consumption when I was eight. I didn't really understand what it was – galloping consumption. But I couldn't mount a horse for a year afterwards, and I am still averse to galloping.

EDWARD. I am sorry, but dead siblings? You don't want to contest me there.

BERTHA. Oh?

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EDWARD. Sarah, deceased in childhood. Boy, unnamed, stillborn. Sarah the second, deceased in infancy. Henry, deceased. Boy the second, stillborn. Henry the second, deceased in infancy.

BERTHA. Ann and Sarah... the third? – only they survived?

EDWARD. Oh, no. Mary. Eleanor. Jane. Henry the third. Harriet. Olivier. Cordelia. Florence. Frederick. Charles. Catherine. Yours truly. And Catherine redux. At least my father waited until then to go to debtors' prison. Where he was well cared for daily by my mother while the brood scattered in the wind. You have no other siblings?

BERTHA. (*Ambivalently.*) A younger brother - Wilhelm.

EDWARD. I'm guessing he has something other than a Catholic education.

BERTHA. He is preparing for the law. (*She displays right facial tic, covers her cheek, and turns her head. Edward notices, but says nothing. He gestures toward the paintings.*)

EDWARD. What do you think? Really.

BERTHA. Very skilled. Countryside. You've reproduced the Swiss Valais sheep expertly. The color is vibrant. The depth is compelling. The rendering is really quite lifelike. (*She looks at the other paintings.*)

EDWARD. But?

BERTHA. There are no people. In any of them.

EDWARD. What are you talking about? Here. And here.

BERTHA. Am I to appreciate your work with a magnifying lens? Or am I to assume they are Germans, and you want to keep the vexatious vermin at a distance?

EDWARD. Neither.

BERTHA. You do find people vexatious.

EDWARD. Only people – adult people – who do not buy, or at least admire, my paintings. But your analysis is incomplete.

BERTHA. Please, enlighten me.

EDWARD. I find it particularly vexatious that I cannot paint them - people - with skill, that is. Another lacuna in my education. Do you paint?

BERTHA. No. I draw, but not well.

EDWARD. You have a well-developed eye. I could give you lessons. Will you be staying in the area?

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BERTHA. Sadly, no. My father isn't well. We're returning to Vienna Monday. If I buy a painting will you hold it for me until I can have someone pick it up?

EDWARD. I will have Georgio bring it to you.

BERTHA. Georgio?

EDWARD. My... man. (*He becomes woozy and stumbles but catches himself.*)

EDWARD. Please, you must go.

BERTHA. You are not well. Can I help?

EDWARD. Please go. Now.

BERTHA. But the painting –

EDWARD. Go! (*She starts for the door. He falls. She hesitates and steps towards him. He has a seizure. Lights out.*)

EDWARD. (V/O) There is a young woman called Anna O/Who is definitely someone you want to know./She twitches and whinnies In languages many./This pseudonymous Anna O.
(*Beat.*) Whom you definitively (*sic*) want to know.

SCENE 2

Stage left, outside of Siegmund's room. Stage right, SIEGMUND is in bed, restless and uncomfortable.

RECHA. Bertha, please. I'm so tired.

BERTHA. But Mama, he's so weak. What if he should...?

RECHA. Nonsense. He will be fine.

BERTHA. But he's never been this bad.

RECHA. He'll be fine. You'll be fine. Tomorrow the surgeon will visit and he'll be able to breathe more easily. We just need to keep him comfortable tonight. You're tired, I know, dear. But I need my rest if I'm going to be able to care for him in the morning.

BERTHA. I haven't eaten since lunch.

RECHA. I've had a tray prepared for you. If you had been home on time it would still be warm.

BERTHA. Why can't Wilhelm stay with him?

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RECHA. He's in the middle of his examinations. Besides, he's a man. He's useless at this.

BERTHA. But Mama -

RECHA. Bertha, please. Liebchin, I am so tired.

SIEGMUND. Bertha!

RECHA. Go. Go to him. You can wake me if there's a problem. (*Recha exits. Bertha enters room. She kisses his head. He strokes her face.*)

SIEGMUND. Hello, Liebchen.

BERTHA. Hello, Papa. How are you?

SIEGMUND. Eh. (As in 'so-so' *She begins to eat.*) What is that that smells so good?

BERTHA. Chicken soup. Would you like some?

SIEGMUND. I don't know...

BERTHA. Please, Papa. Just a taste.

SIEGMUND. Maybe just a little. (*She helps him sit in bed and feeds him a spoon of soup. He coughs violently into the soup. Bertha becomes anxious. She looks to the door for help, but turns to him and lifts his head. His coughing subsides. She sponges his face and forehead.*)

BERTHA. Sleep, please. You'll feel better in the morning. (*He begins snoring lightly. She tries to eat but is repulsed. She carries the tray offstage and returns. She begins reading. She fights it, but falls to sleep, her right arm over the back of the chair. Light dims, indicating passage of time. Siegmund stirs and moans. She awakens, and looks towards him.*) Papa! (*Lights up. She tries to reach out frantically.*) No! Papa! (*She struggles to raise her arm, but cannot. She looks at her arm in horror.*) Oh, God, help me! Ba.. ba.. Baruch atah – No! Ba. Ruke. Pa... pa! Pop. Goes the weas – Now I lay me down to sleep... (*Train whistle sounds O/S. Her father calms. She takes a deep breath and collapses into the chair.*) That's... the surgeon. The train for the... Surgeon. Tomorrow. He'll be here tomorrow.

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SCENE 3

Siegmund's bedroom. Siegmund is breathing shallowly and quickly, and struggling. Bertha is holding him in place by his shoulder and caressing his face. SURGEON prepares syringe to extract fluid from Siegmund's back. Recha is holding bowl for contents of syringe.

SURGEON. Bertha, please. Hold him. Siegmund, please, lie still. (*He inserts needle. Siegmund jerks.*)

SIEGMUND. Ohh!

SURGEON. Hold him!

SIEGMUND. (*writhing and screaming,*) No! Please.

RECHA. Bertha, hold him!

BERTHA. Father, please...

SURGEON. Fraulein Pappenheim, hold him! (*He removes needle and empties content into the bowl. RECHA hands it to Bertha who takes it offstage. Surgeon bandages Siegmund. Bertha returns, wiping her hands.*) If I had known you would be so incompetent, I would have brought my own nurse.

SCENE 4

Siegmund's bedroom. He is asleep. Bertha is paging through a book in dim lamplight. The Vienna Waltz begins O/S quietly. She hums softly. She rises and opens the window. Music rises. She begins dancing. Siegmund stirs and moans. She moves quickly to close the window. It is stuck. Music swells.

SIEGMUND. Bertha, please. (*She closes the window. Music decreases. She returns to the bedside and wipes his forehead. He calms. She sits. Music swells again with the Chatterbox Polka.*) Bertha! (*He stirs. She rushes to check window. He moans. She coughs in an effort to cover music. She rushes to the bed, frustrated and helpless. She coughs spasmodically, in rhythm to the music, trying to stifle sound.*)

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SCENE 5

Bertha's room. JOSEF is examining her. His demeanor is clinical, but not harsh.

JOSEF. Cough, please. (*She coughs.*) When did it begin?

BERTHA. I don't remember. I've been so consumed with caring for my father. It's very difficult to keep.... (*She stares into space.*)

JOSEF. (*Beat.*) Fraulein Pappenheim..? Fraulein...?

BERTHA. Oh, my apologies, Herr Doctor.

JOSEF. And...?

BERTHA. Oh, I'm sorry. What was your question?

JOSEF. You don't remember?

BERTHA. No, I'm sorry. I was distracted. Worried about my father. How is he today?

JOSEF. There's been no change... I asked you when the cough began.

BERTHA. Oh, of course. A few days ago.

JOSEF. Please remove your robe.

BERTHA. My robe?

JOSEF. I need to make a thorough examination.

BERTHA. Doctor, is that really necessary? I have a cough.

JOSEF. Yes. But a cough is not always just a cough. It could be something more complicated.

BERTHA. I assure you, it's only a cough.

JOSEF. Fraulein, I'm a physician. If I'm to care for you, you must have complete trust in me.

BERTHA. I do. But a complete examination is unnecessary.

JOSEF. Your mother may be present, if you're uncomfortable.

BERTHA. Thank you. I have a cough. I told my mother I didn't need to see you. She insisted.

JOSEF. How is your sleep?

BERTHA. Well. Topsy-turvy, but adequate.

JOSEF. And your appetite?

BERTHA. Good.

JOSEF. Your mother says you've lost weight.

BERTHA. I'm fine.

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JOSEF. Hmm. (*He takes the pulse of her left wrist. She stares into space. Her right arm begins to contract.*)

BERTHA. (*Absent-mindedly.*) And she turned into a snowdrop... (*Her arm relaxes.*)

JOSEF. (*His interest piques,*) I beg your pardon?

BERTHA. (*embarrassed.*) Oh, I'm sorry.

JOSEF. What does that mean? A snowdrop.

BERTHA. A snowdrop? Nothing.

JOSEF. Nothing?

BERTHA. Just a little story I was composing.

JOSEF. You write stories?

BERTHA. I... see them. Imagine them. Like a private theatre. At night, when I'm caring for my father. Or before, when I was doing housework.

JOSEF. Oh? And a snowdrop? Tell me.

BERTHA. You want me to tell you about... a story? That I've been imagining?

JOSEF. Please.

BERTHA. (*hesitantly, but flattered.*) It's... about a lake sprite, a mermaid. (*more involved.*) She is enchanted by the dance music she hears coming from the manor house. But the pond is guarded by a gargoyle - (*She stops abruptly, aware that she may be revealing too much.*) I'm sorry. I am suddenly very tired. I need to rest.

JOSEF. I think that would be best.

BERTHA. You'll come back?

JOSEF. Of course. (*She takes his hand.*)

BERTHA. Thank you, Doctor Breuer. (*She releases his hand somewhat reluctantly.*)

SCENE 6

Siegmund lies in bed. RECHA is caring for him. Bertha enters hallway outside of bedroom. Recha leaves bedroom.

RECHA. (*fatigued, vexed*) You are late.

BERTHA. Mama, it was glorious! There were three encores.

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RECHA. And if there were four? Or five? (*Bertha begins to cry softly. Recha embraces her.*) I know. I'm sorry. You've worked so hard. You need your diversions. But I can't do this alone.

BERTHA. I know, Mama. I'm sorry.

RECHA. He should be through with the bedpan by now. Go. (*Bertha enters the room, kisses her father, removes bedpan, carries it offstage and returns, drying her hands. She sits, tired, dejected, and distracted, and begins to cry.*)

SIEGMUND. Bertha, dear child, why are you crying? (*She quickly wipes her tears.*)

BERTHA. It's nothing, father.

SIEGMUND. Tell me, what's wrong?

BERTHA. It's only that you aren't well. And mother is so tired.

SIEGMUND. Don't worry, dear. I will be fine. Until I'm not. Then I will be fine and your mother will be able to rest.

BERTHA. Father, please don't talk like that.

SIEGMUND. Never mind. How was the concert?

BERTHA. It was brilliant! There was a symphony by Richard Strauss. And they say he's just seventeen. Is he related to Johann, do you think?

SIEGMUND. I wondered myself. But I understand he's not. I wish I could've been there with you.

BERTHA. You would have loved it. It begins so darkly. Foreboding. (*She hums the opening theme of Strauss' First Symphony.*) But there's a resilience to it. As if it's striving to overcome the.. the forces of – I don't know. Darkness? To be absorbed by good. It's almost saying that goodness without strength is – I don't know. Meaningless? (*SIEGMUND drifts off, begins snoring softly. Bertha kisses his forehead. She sits. She hums softly and caresses her right arm.*) Almost... funereal. (*She begins crying again.*) In the junk shop there was a coffee grinder with a broken handle... (*Siegmund awakens.*)

SIEGMUND. What time is it, my child? (*Bertha, lost in thought, does not hear him.*)

BERTHA. I have a story to tell, the grinder said. Is it -

SIEGMUND. (*Interrupting.*) Bertha! Do you hear me?!

BERTHA. Oh, I'm sorry, father. What do you need?

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SIEGMUND. What time is it? (*Bertha looks at the clock, but cannot make out the time. She adjusts distance, wipes her eyes.*)

BERTHA. Father, I can't... It's... (*She wipes her eyes frantically.*)

SIEGMUND. Miss Bertha?!

BERTHA. I can't! It's... I *can't*.

SIEGMUND. (*sharply.*) Bertha!

BERTHA. (*crying.*) Father...

SIEGMUND. Never mind, child. (*He falls to sleep. She wipes her eyes, tries to calm herself. She picks up a book and tries to read. She becomes alarmed and wipes her eyes more frantically. She rises.*)

BERTHA. I can't... see! (*She coughs spasmodically. Recha enters.*)

RECHA. Bertha?

SCENE 7

Bertha is in bed. Josef listens to her breathe with a stethoscope. She coughs, slightly.

BERTHA. If it is tuberculosis, I can't harm him. (unspoken: meaning he already has TB).

JOSEF. Silence, please... Inhale... Let it out.... Your mother tells me that you've been complaining of fatigue?

BERTHA. I'm well enough to care for my father tonight. We don't need a nurse.

JOSEF. No. You need rest.

BERTHA. He is my father. I won't have a stranger care – (*She coughs spasmodically. He puts his hand on her back.*)

JOSEF. You will stay in bed until you are recovered.

BERTHA. I'm fine. (*She rises and swoons. He helps her sit. Her right arm begins to contract. She grabs it; it relaxes. She is worried. She coughs.*) Is it?

JOSEF. What?

BERTHA. You know.

JOSEF. No, it is not tuberculosis. How long have you been having difficulty with your arm?

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BERTHA. It's nothing. A little tightness from needlepointing.

JOSEF. You've been needlepointing lately?

BERTHA. Caring for my father then. You have a diagnosis?

JOSEF. Tussis nervosa.

BERTHA. A cough? That's what the brilliant Dr. Breuer has concluded?
A nervous cough?

JOSEF. Yes. More precisely, a cough brought on by excitation of the nerves.

BERTHA. My nerves are not excited. (She coughs.)

JOSEF. Over-taxed by caring for your father, fatigue, not eating properly.

BERTHA. Nonsense. I'm fine. You can treat it?

JOSEF. Bed rest, for now.

BERTHA. (*Emphatically.*) I will be fine. I must help my mother.

JOSEF. No. Bed rest. No unnecessary stimulation. Proper diet.

BERTHA. Yes to the diet. Definitely no to the bedrest. I have too much to do.

JOSEF. What is more important than your health?

BERTHA. My health is fine. Besides caring for my father, I have fundraising letters for the synagogue. They need to be posted today. Appointments to visit the shut-ins. My brother needs – (*She coughs spasmodically. Josef hands her his handkerchief. Coughing continues, subsides.*) And...

JOSEF. And..?

BERTHA. If it does not get better?

JOSEF. Is there anything else?

BERTHA. No, I mean... I'm just worried about... (*She rubs her arm.*)

JOSEF. Let me look at that.

She reluctantly extends her arm. He examines it for muscle tone and range, and tests the reflexes. He produces a pin and attempts to examine sensation. She pulls away.

BERTHA. My arm is fine.

JOSEF. (*Hesitates, then replaces pin in kit.*) Any numbness?

BERTHA. No.

JOSEF. I could recommend treatment in a sanitarium.

BERTHA. A sanitarium?

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JOSEF. Yes. For specialized therapies.

BERTHA. And by specialized therapies you mean bloodletting? Leeches?

JOSEF. As difficult as it may seem, they are effective at decreasing excitation to the brain, if administered judiciously. I assure you modern treatments are virtually painless.

BERTHA. Virtually. No thank you.

JOSEF. But not just these. Rest. Proper diet. Controlled stimulation.

BERTHA. I have all of that here. No. I'll be fine.

JOSEF. We don't know that.

BERTHA. We know that I will not be fine if you send me to a sanitarium, and they decide that I'm hopeless, and feed me to the leeches, frighten the poor little eels till they shock me, and blast me with a water-cannon. And I will have abandoned my father and mother. No. You are my physician. You will care for me. (*She coughs.*) Please.

JOSEF. I would, but you won't even allow a proper examination. I doubt that you will allow full treatment.

BERTHA. It's a cough. A nervous cough. Treat my nerves. You can, can't you?

JOSEF. I can. (*Beat.*) Uterine manipulation is routinely recommended.

BERTHA. Doctor, you would – *manipulate* my uterus? To cure my cough?

JOSEF. You might be surprised by how many symptoms are caused by referred effects from other parts of the body. Problems with balance begin in the ear. Breathing and heartbeat are affected by the vagus nerve which has its root in the brain.

BERTHA. But that makes sense.

JOSEF. How so?

BERTHA. Vagus. The vagabond.

JOSEF. Oh? Latin?

BERTHA. My education was good for something. And why wouldn't it wander to all of the centers of life? I certainly would. If I could. Doctor Breuer, I'm aware of your research. You have no need to impress me. You wouldn't be here if you weren't brilliant.

JOSEF. Thank you. Then you'll trust my recommendations.

BERTHA. You will not manipulate my uterus.

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JOSEF. Would it also not make sense that the uterus might at least transmit effects of mis-positioning, causing problems elsewhere?

BERTHA. And this treatment? It effects a cure? A complete cure? I know it doesn't. No. I will be better soon, and I'll be able to care for my father again. After a few days rest.

JOSEF. And if you're not?

BERTHA. Then we will have to find another way.

SCENE 8

Josef's office. *Josef and RICHARD VON KRAFFT-EBING sitting and talking.*

JOSEF. Interesting presentation the other night. But a bit dogmatic, don't you think?

KRAFFT-EBING. Me? You're accusing the great Dr. Richard von Krafft-Ebing of being dogmatic? No, I am a researcher. And research, if honest, is never dogmatic. Science takes us where it will.

JOSEF. Oh, you don't nearly do justice to yourself. Is the great Dr. Richard Fridolin Joseph Freiherr Krafft von Festenberg auf Frohnberg, genannt von Ebing declaring that psychiatry has now achieved the status of pure science?

KRAFFT-EBING. Impressive. Thank you. And as for psychiatry as a pure science? On route.

JOSEF. Through honest research, no doubt.

KRAFFT-EBING. Exactly. Besides there is an irrefutable logic to the hypothesis.

JOSEF. Any sexual act not directed toward procreation must be considered a perversion.

KRAFFT-EBING. Exactly.

JOSEF. I can understand for – what were those terms you used? For sexual pleasure in inflicting and receiving pain?

KRAFFT-EBING. You mean to tell me you haven't kept *abreast* of the literature of the perverse? I see your reading is not quite so universal as they say.

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JOSEF. I admit, certainly not so *penetrating* as yours. In this area.

KRAFFT-EBING. If it exists, it's worthy of study. This exists. And not in miniscule proportions. You'd be surprised at the number of individuals – of both sexes – in higher strata who cannot achieve sexual satisfaction without at least the fantasy of – and these are the terms that escape you – sadistic and masochistic activities.

JOSEF. Your creations – sadism and masochism?

KRAFFT-EBING. Oh, you give me far too much credit. I purloined the terms, yes, from a very naughty Marquis and a very troubled writer with a fetish for whips and furs. I definitely did not create the perversions. God knows who created them. Certainly not Him.

JOSEF. You've read your Old Testament. God certainly *is* capable of creating many variants.

KRAFFT-EBING. And destroying them.

JOSEF. You're not suggesting fire and brimstone for these perverts, as you call them?

KRAFFT-EBING. Nothing of the sort. My life would be far less interesting without them. But research toward cure. That is what we do.

JOSEF. And you include homosexuality in these perversions.

KRAFFT-EBING. Of course.

JOSEF. If I may make a suggestion?

KRAFFT-EBING. By all means.

JOSEF. Continue your research. We've both known any number of practicing homosexuals – covert as the practice may be – who are in every other wise psychologically normal – or if troubled, then only by the view of society – *and* its scientific researchers – that they are diseased and perverted.

KRAFFT-EBING. Perhaps you'd like to collaborate?

JOSEF. Honestly, I'm sure it would be fascinating. But my practice allows for little research, at present.

KRAFFT-EBING. Ah, yes, your practice. And you didn't invite me here just to discuss my research.

JOSEF. True. Not *just*. I wanted to consult with you about a case.

KRAFFT-EBING. Yes?

JOSEF. You know the Pappenheims, of course.

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KRAFFT-EBING. I do. Siegmund has tuberculosis, no?

JOSEF. Yes, but it's not Siegmund I'm concerned about.

KRAFFT-EBING. Oh? Recha?

JOSEF. Bertha.

KRAFFT-EBING. Bertha? How old is she?

JOSEF. Twenty-one.

KRAFFT-EBING. Not tuberculosis?

JOSEF. I wondered about tuberculin meningitis at first. But I don't think so.

KRAFFT-EBING. Symptoms?

JOSEF. It began with a cough. Distaste for food. General malaise. No fever. But when I examined her, I noticed absences.

KRAFFT-EBING. Oh? Petit mal seizures?

JOSEF. I don't think so. She's easily recalled. She also has a sense that the walls are falling around her.

KRAFFT-EBING. Perhaps for her they are. After all, you are consulting a psychiatrist. What else?

Lights up stage left. Bertha is in bed. She develops symptoms as they are indicated. Josef alternately interacts with Krafft-Ebing and Bertha as indicated.

JOSEF. After these, other symptoms developed rapidly. Initially, extension contracture and anesthesia of the right upper, then of the right lower extremity. More recently, the left extremities. Now, paresis of the muscles of the neck. *(He sits at her bedside.)*

KRAFFT-EBING. Anesthesia is complete? Pin-prick? Heat?

JOSEF. She is resistant to full examination.

KRAFFT-EBING. Oh..? And appetite remains diminished?

JOSEF. There are times when she refuses to eat or drink anything. *(He holds glass to her lips. She begins to drink, revolts, and pushes glass away violently.)*

BERTHA. Her! Avec glass! Perro! *(He hands her a kerchief.)*

KRAFFT-EBING. Language?

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JOSEF. Aphasic. Initially it was merely a loss of word-finding ability. Now at times she's almost completely deprived of words. She puts them together out of four or five languages and is barely intelligible at times. But she believes she is speaking German.

KRAFFT-EBING. What does that mean – perro?

JOSEF. Dog, of course, but beyond that...? And she won't talk about it.

KRAFFT-EBING. Of course she won't. But anorexia can't be good for her condition.

JOSEF. She will take fruit. *(He gives her a section of an orange.)*

KRAFFT-EBING. You... feed her?

JOSEF. I confess. I do.

KRAFFT-EBING. Do you think that's therapeutically sound? I mean, this is what tube feedings and nutrient enemas are for.

JOSEF. I truly believe these are contra-indicated.

KRAFFT-EBING. I'm sorry, Josef? Proper nutrition and hydration? Contra-indicated?

JOSEF. She's very strong-willed. She responds only to kindness and patience, never to compulsion. The intrusive nature of these treatments might be injurious. Psychologically speaking.

KRAFFT-EBING. Really? So tell me. How is her mood, *psychologically speaking*?

JOSEF. It varies. She's often severely anxious, angry and stubborn. *(Recha enters. Bertha picks pillow off of bed and heaves it at her, albeit with stiff body and contracted arm.)*

BERTHA. Out!

JOSEF. She is subject to frightening hallucinations. *(Recha picks up pillow, places it back on bed, and sits bedside. Bertha picks up end of sash from her robe, looks at it for a moment, shrieks suddenly and tries to fling it away.)*

BERTHA. Ach! Serpente! *(She calms.)* Bertha. C'est nada.

JOSEF. At the same time she will tell herself not to be so silly. That what she's seeing is only her hair, ribbons, whatever. *(She falls to sleep.)*

JOSEF. She got into the habit of sleeping during the day when caring for her father at night.

BERTHA *(becoming restless.)* Sandwuste! Ach, torment!

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RECHA. Liebchin, what is it?

Bertha settles back to sleep. Recha exits bedroom as Josef walks toward bed. They cross paths and converse silently for a moment while Josef writes notes in notebook. Recha exits. Josef sits at bedside.

JOSEF. Fraulein Pappenheim, how are you?

BERTHA. (*awakens, stammers.*) Eh. Eh. Etre. Bien. Dottore.

KRAFFT-EBING. The course of the disease?

JOSEF. The symptoms now appear to be waning with our meetings.

KRAFFT-EBING. And the nature of your... meetings?

JOSEF. They also vary. During her sleep – or delirium – she may repeat a word over and over – seemingly irrelevant. But when she’s calmer I encourage her to focus on the word – to associate to it – she might relate an incident or story which has some meaning – to her and to her condition. (*He lifts a finger in gesture to Krafft-Ebing to observe and turns to Bertha, who awakens. He consults his notebook.*) You mother said you were saying ‘Sandwuste’.

BERTHA. Desert? No. Pourquoi yo repeat. Desert?

JOSEF. Exactly. Why? And torment. (*She is puzzled.*)

JOSEF. (Cont.) But then she told a story about a person who had lost her way in the desert. The stories always begin hesitatingly and in her paraphasic jargon. As she continues she becomes more fluent, finally speaking quite correct German. She is then relatively normal and even able to discuss her symptoms rationally.

BERTHA. Dr. Breuer?

JOSEF. Yes, Fraulein?

BERTHA. I’m able to care for my father tonight.

JOSEF. I don’t think that would be wise.

BERTHA. But I’m better. See. My arm is better. I can see.

JOSEF. You are better now, at this moment, but...

BERTHA. I haven’t seen him in – How long has it been?

JOSEF. How long *has* it been?

BERTHA. What’s the date?

JOSEF. March thirtieth. Almost two months.

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BERTHA. No! It can't be. No! It seems like – yesterday?! Last week! Am I going mad?

JOSEF. It has been quite upsetting. For you and for him.

BERTHA. How is he?

JOSEF. Fraulein Pappenheim, it *is* tuberculosis.

(To Krafft-Ebing) She became very upset each time she visited with her father so this was forbidden. One day she sneaked in to see him and he refused to speak to her. She became so offended that she remained completely mute for two weeks. Only when I compelled her to speak about this did she begin speaking at all.

KRAFFT-EBING. And these symptoms – Of course they fluctuate with menses.

JOSEF. There is no pattern that I can discern.

KRAFFT-EBING. She is heterosexual?

JOSEF. As far as I can determine, there is no sexual valence at all. I don't believe she has ever been in love, and as far as I can tell, she has no interest in this. Heterosexually or homosexually.

KRAFFT-EBING. Nonsense. She's hiding something. Her personality? When not histrionic?

JOSEF. Very intelligent. Creative. Poetic, really. High spirits – excessively so, at times.

KRAFFT-EBING. Her relationship with her father? Prior to his – her illness.

JOSEF. I'm told she's always had a passionate fondness for him, and it appears he spoiled her.

KRAFFT-EBING. Previous illnesses?

JOSEF. Severe episodic right facial neuropathy which developed this year.

KRAFFT-EBING. Morphine?

JOSEF. Unfortunately, more than I would like. *(She begins to writhe with facial pain. He removes syringe and injects her. She slowly calms as the scene progresses.)*

KRAFFT-EBING. What other treatments are you using? *Medical* treatments.

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JOSEF. Iron supplements. Morphine also for agitation. Chloral hydrate for sleep.

KRAFFT-EBING. The symptoms – are they relieved with hypnosis?

JOSEF. Curiously, she enters an auto-hypnotic state in the evening, which she refers to as the ‘clouds’. Then she may tell a story symbolically related to her condition. Recently she’s begun to tell stories of objects in a junk shop.

KRAFFT-EBING. Objects? In a *junk* shop?

JOSEF. The objects pass the time by telling their life stories.

KRAFFT-EBING. And this is important because...?

JOSEF. They’re all broken, with little prospect for employment or meaningful experience.

KRAFFT-EBING. And you see these as representations of how she feels about herself?

JOSEF. What else can they be?

KRAFFT-EBING. And you listen to these? Solicit these?

JOSEF. I do. (*Lights out stage right. Spotlight on Bertha. Her right arm is contracted. She struggles to sit in bed.*)

BERTHA (*initially in a trance-state and haltingly.*) Junk shop. A doll.

Brazo (*gesturing with right arm*) and gamba (*designating right leg*).

Broken. Asks to tell l’histoire. (*As if another is asking:*) Not long? (*As if doll answering:*)

Not. Also not happy. First remember. Toy store. Many dolls. Beautiful. Expensive. For wealthy. Me - Simple. Woman enters.

Mother. Poor. (*As mother:*) Katie will love. (*As doll:*) Me. She buys me.

For Katie. Put in basket. Dark. Cold. Peek out. Home. Warm. Child crying.

Can’t see Katie. (*The contracture slowly releases. She slowly awakens during the telling of this story.*)

From what. I could hear. From in basket. (*More fluently*) That morning Katie had been. Healthy and happy. On her - way to school, she stopped to help - a smaller child find her way home. Katie was late for school and was. Punished. This upset her greatly. Later that day, at home - she developed a severe headache. Her mother, upon returning home. Thought this was because Katie had been unfairly punished. She calmed the child. But then Katie developed a fever and- and was taken to bed. I was taken

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out of the basket and given to her. She was... Is..? A cherubic child. With beautiful brown eyes and hazelnut curls. Her face glowed when she saw me. She hugged and kissed and caressed me. In a few minutes she fell to sleep, as did her mother, sitting in a chair at the bedside.

It grew darker, and Katie hugged me more tightly. But I could feel the fever rise in her body. Her breathing became shallow. It is terrible to be only a doll, in a sick bed, unable to help. I had already grown to love this child. It hurt me so when I realized she would never play with me. This is what I was thinking when Katie suddenly rose up, delirious, and flung me to the floor, hurting my arm. The racket I made roused her mother who jumped up, stepping on my leg. Breaking it. The room was soon filled with people rushing about.

I was placed on the sill of an open window. In the bustle I was knocked to the pavement below. I lay there some days until was found by a rag picker who brought me here. I haven't done much in my life, but once I brought a smile to the face of a sick child. I am content. (Beat.) Gehachlich.

JOSEF. (*to Bertha.*) Comfortable?

BERTHA. Yes.

JOSEF. (*to Krafft-Ebing.*) Chimney-sweeping, she calls it. Afterwards she generally has a productive night – reading, writing letters, drawing – as well as she can.

KRAFFT-EBING. How often do you undertake this... chimney sweeping?

JOSEF. (*With hesitation.*) Nearly every day.

KRAFFT-EBING. (*'raising an eyebrow.'*) Quite a demanding course of... therapy. And this offers only temporary relief of symptoms.

JOSEF. I believe we're making progress. The symptoms return attenuated and for shorter periods. She's actually having some full good days.

KRAFFT-EBING. I can only assume that you have not attempted uterine manipulation.

JOSEF. She refuses.

KRAFFT-EBING. Yes, of course. *She* refuses.

JOSEF. She is unusually modest.

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KRAFFT-EBING. She may be unusually modest, but she is commonly histrionic. Doctor, who is controlling the treatment here? Her brain is excited. The cause is simple hyperemia, as you well know. The treatment is also simple. Reduce the blood flow to the brain.

JOSEF. Richard, I truly don't believe that she – or her condition – are as simple as you say. You know you can't scientifically define the cause of the illness. What if this 'talking cure', as she calls it, proves to be as effective as the standard protocol? What if it leads to an understanding of the etiology of hysteria? What if it effects a lasting cure? We are making progress.

KRAFFT-EBING. At what cost? To you and to your patient?

JOSEF. At the cost of all honest research. I was hoping you would consult.

KRAFFT-EBING. Of course I will. You may well be onto something. But you may also be in over your head. And she may be dangerously close to physical collapse.

JOSEF. I am constantly aware of the danger, and fully able to respond if necessary.

KRAFFT-EBING. Yes, yes. Well, see how your *chimney sweeping* goes. I'll be away for a few weeks. I'll see her when I get back.

SCENE 9

Bertha is sitting at the desk, reading. Symptoms are greatly diminished. Josef enters. He is pleasantly surprised to see her out of bed, but contains this. She moves with stiff neck and shoulders. He becomes concerned about potential for suicide during 'Gravedigger' reading.

BERTHA. Doctor Breuer, how are you this evening?

JOSEF. I'm well Fraulein Pappenheim. And how is my patient?

BERTHA. It's a good day.

JOSEF. What are you reading?

BERTHA. *(She points to a place in the book.)* Here. Read with me. Please.

JOSEF. *(sits and begins reading)* Whose grave's this, sirrah?

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BERTHA. Mine, sir. (*Sings*) O, a pit of clay for to be made for such a guest is meet.

JOSEF. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou *liest* in't.

BERTHA. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

JOSEF. Thou *dost* lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

BERTHA. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away 'gain, from me to you.

JOSEF. What... man dost thou dig it for?

BERTHA. For no man, sir.

JOSEF. What... woman, then?

BERTHA. For none, neither.

JOSEF. Who is to be buried in't?

BERTHA. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead. (*She closes the book.*) Do you think I'm lying?

JOSEF. Lying..? About?

BERTHA. Making this up. Like a theatre performance.

JOSEF. This? Your.. symptoms? Deliberately? No, I do not.

BERTHA. Sometimes I think I am.

JOSEF. Perhaps that's the nature of this disease.

BERTHA. Sometimes it seems as though I have two selves – a real one, and an evil one that makes me behave badly. And when I'm the evil one, it's almost as if I can observe what's happening. Like a calmer part of my brain is above, watching. But the other part is in darkness. In die finsternis gebracht.

JOSEF. Mephistopheles..? 'Over us he has endless darkness laid. He alone resides in endless radiance.' I wonder, which is the true self – the actor or the observer? Or both. And now? Today?

BERTHA. Today? (*Beat*). It's a good day.

SCENE 10

Stage left: Recha covers Seigmunds's face with sheet. Stage right: Bertha, in bed, screams, although she cannot see him.

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BERTHA. Papa! Papa! (*Recha crosses to Bertha's room.*)

RECHA. Bertha, darling. What's wrong?

BERTHA. See. Papa.

RECHA. No, child. He's sleeping.

BERTHA. See papa!

RECHA. Bertha, please! Calm yourself.

BERTHA. Dead?

RECHA. No! No!

BERTHA. Yes! (*Bertha rises, gimps to table, sits, and grasps for paper and pen.*)

BERTHA. Write! To him! Alive. He. Write to me!

RECHA. Bertha, no! He is sleeping.

BERTHA. Dead?!

RECHA. No! No.

BERTHA. Eat.

RECHA. Yes. What would you like? Have some -

BERTHA (*interrupting.*) Meat. Wine.

RECHA. But you cannot. Not now. Not with – I mean...

BERTHA. Meat!

RECHA. No! It is forbid –. These would be too harsh for you. Some fruit.

BERTHA. Not forbidden. Unless. Father dead?! Wine!

RECHA. Bertha, please. (*Recha tries to force her to lie on bed.*)

BERTHA. (*crying.*) Doctor Josef!

RECHA. Bertha! It's late!

BERTHA. Dr. Josef!

SCENE 11

Bertha's room. She is in bed, calm, accepting, but trance-like. Josef enters.

BERTHA. Buona sera, Dottore. E vero che il mio padre e – *morte?* (*Beat.*)
No more lies.

JOSEF. Yes, Bertha. He is dead. But you've known for a long time that it would come to pass.

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BERTHA. Yes. I must have known, but I don't feel that inside me. I... didn't get to say goodbye to him.

JOSEF. I know.

BERTHA. My mother. My brother. They wouldn't let me see him.

JOSEF. It *was* very upsetting to you. And to him.

BERTHA. It was. It is... It ... will be? Always? (*He touches her arm. She cries.*) Papa. Papa. (*He strokes her hair.*)

SCENE 12

Bertha is in bed. Josef enters. She is peaceful, accepting, but trance-like.

BERTHA. Who is it?

JOSEF. It's I, Bertha.

BERTHA. I can't – (*She reaches out. He gives her his hand. She caresses it, tactilely studying it.*) Dr. Josef.

JOSEF. Bertha, how are you?

BERTHA. Can't. See.

JOSEF. Your mother tells me you haven't been eating or drinking again.

BERTHA. Can't.

JOSEF. Take this. (*He gives her an orange slice. She begins to eat.*) You were screaming this afternoon. About your father. And pointing. What did you see?

BERTHA. (*Apprehensive.*) No.

JOSEF. Was it your father?

BERTHA. No.

JOSEF. (*Insistent.*) Bertha.

BERTHA. No. Not father. (*A death mask of her father appears on the wall. She drops the orange and points.*) There! No! Not dead. Not! (*Josef takes out morphine vial and syringe.*) No! No morphine! Not. Dead. (*He replaces morphine and puts his hand on her head.*)

JOSEF. Yes, Bertha. He is dead. He doesn't suffer anymore. (*She cries and slowly calms. He takes her hand.*) Do you still see it?

BERTHA. No. Can't see. Anything.

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JOSEF. *(Beat.)* Tell me a story, Bertha.

BERTHA. A story?

JOSEF. Yes. From the junk shop. *(She hesitates, ambivalent, knowing that this will require considerable energy.)*

BERTHA. *(Staring off.)* Junk shop. Streetlamp. Speaks. I. Old. Discarded. Not *bright* enough. Not suited for. Illumination. *(As another object:)* You are envious. *(As streetlamp:)* No. Not. But also not capable of joy.

Worthless. Nature destroys its best. Man also. *(As another object:)* You are bitter. *(As streetlamp:)* Am I? My light is not - appreciated. On Christmas Eve, the little lights were - fussed about. Fuel was taken - from us. For them. Stupid people. On that evening the lamplighter, hurrying - broke my, my glass. My light - dimmed - even more. *(More fluidly.)* I admit. My mood was dark when I looked around, -squinting - until my light shone into a little apartment. A man and a woman. The man said, "I'll stay, Dora." "Don't be a fool, Karl. Go. See everything. When you come back you can tell me about it." In a moment I saw Karl joining the revelers on the street. Singing. Dora walked to the window. I strained to illuminate her. Strange. She did not seem to notice. She stared into the night, motionless and without expression, listening to the revelers below. Dora was, as I'm sure you've deduced, blind. At that moment I loved her, and envied the December breeze which caressed her face. I wanted to tell her. But alas, streetlamps can't talk. Gently, Dora shook her head. "I am in an eternal night. If only I had never known light." Tears welled in her eyes, just as a sudden wind blew out my light. *(Beat)* I didn't mind. Strassen lampen koennen nicht weinen.

JOSEF. No, Bertha, street lamps can't weep. But can they see?

BERTHA. *(Beat.)* Yes, Doctor Josef. They... *(She looks at him.)* Can see.

SCENE 13

Bertha's room. She is reading. Josef and Krafft-Ebing enter. Krafft-Ebing is smoking a cigar. She stands. She ignores Krafft-Ebing completely during first part of this scene. Her mood is upbeat. She is somewhat coquettish with Josef.

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BERTHA. Good evening, Dr. Breuer. I thought you would be away.

JOSEF. Hello, Fraulein. I thought I would, too. I leave in the morning. I've arranged to have Dr. Krafft-Ebing care for you while I'm gone. I wanted to introduce you to him.

BERTHA. (*containing anxiety.*) Will you be gone long?

JOSEF. Three days.

BERTHA. You will see me when you return?

JOSEF. I will.

BERTHA. We may have to do *so* many stories.

JOSEF. We'll see. Dr. Krafft-Ebing is an expert on hysterical neurosis.

KRAFFT-EBING. Good evening, Bertha. (*He attempts to pat her shoulder. She turns away without looking at him, and touches Josef's arm, somewhat coyly.*)

BERTHA. Dr. Breuer. Shall we tell a story tonight?

KRAFFT-EBING. (*to Josef.*) Asexual, you say?

JOSEF. Fraulein Pappenheim, I wonder if you would allow Dr. Krafft-Ebing to examine you. As I say, he is the world's foremost authority on your condition, and has gone to considerable trouble to visit with us tonight. (*Beat. Bertha sits and acts as if she has not heard him.*) Will you be so kind as to demonstrate your writing ability to Dr. Krafft-Ebing?

BERTHA. (*to Josef.*) I'm sorry, Doctor. You wish me to write? For *you*?

KRAFFT-EBING. Please.

JOSEF. If you would be so kind. (*She writes with her left hand, stiffly. Josef hands paper to Krafft-Ebing.*)

KRAFFT-EBING. I can't make anything out of this. (*To Bertha.*) Bertha, what does it say?

JOSEF. (*Beat.*) And perhaps you will read... (*He selects a book.*) Oh, *Notre-Dame de Paris*. Yes, this will do nicely.

BERTHA. This is exactly like an examination! (*She translates from French as she reads.*) On se precipita vers la chapelle. They made the lucky Pope of the Fools come forth in triumph. But it was then that surprise and admiration attained their highest pitch; the grimace that they saw on his face – was his face! Or rather, his whole person was a grimace. The populace recognized him in an instant, and shouted with one voice,— (*Angrily, turning and looking through Krafft-Ebing*) "'Tis Quasimodo, the

ANNA O.

hunchback of Notre-Dame! The one-eyed! The bandy-legged! Noel! Noel!" *(She turns and smiles at Josef.)*

JOSEF. Would you mind if Dr. Krafft-Ebing undertakes an examination? *(She does not respond, turns to last page.)*

BERTHA. Quand on voulut le detacher... When they tried to detach the skeleton which he held in his embrace, it crumbled to dust.

KRAFFT-EBING. Really, nothing more than a 'negative hallucination' which is easily produced under hypnosis. I can break this. *(He steps towards her, produces a pin, and sticks her in the leg.)*

BERTHA. Ow

JOSEF. Richard!

(She reacts with a flash of anger, covers it with a smile, and rubs her calf.)

BERTHA. Dr. Breuer, I believe a needle must have gotten lodged in my stocking. *(She rises to return the book to the shelf, passing Krafft-Ebing. He is perturbed, but controlling it.)*

KRAFFT-EBING. Bertha. *(She ignores him. He blows cigar smoke in her face.)*

BERTHA. Wha..! Why...! Dr. Breuer! *(She rushes to the door, turns, looks at Josef, and falls to the floor unconscious. Josef rushes to her.)*

KRAFFT-EBING. Stunningly manipulative.

JOSEF. Richard, please. *(Josef attempts to lift her.)* Richard! *(Krafft-Ebing reluctantly assists him in carrying her to the bed.)*

KRAFFT-EBING. Josef, this is not that complicated. She is most assuredly immature, manipulative, and selfish. She is shirking her responsibilities and envious of the attention given to her father and her brother.

JOSEF. Doctor, please leave. It will only be worse if you're here when she comes to. *(Krafft-Ebing hesitates. Josef looks at him angrily. Krafft-Ebing exits. Josef takes out syringe.)*

SCENE 14

Josef Breuer's office. There is a knock at the door. Josef opens the door Krafft-Ebing.

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KRAFFT-EBING. Hello, Josef.

JOSEF. (*coolly*) Richard. To what do I owe this... surprise?

KRAFFT-EBING. I came to apologize.

JOSEF. Oh?

KRAFFT-EBING. For my behavior with Fraulein Pappenheim. I'm sorry. I was wrong. Not about my analysis. But my behavior was inexcusable.

JOSEF. I trust that wasn't a demonstration of how you employ the scientific method.

KRAFFT-EBING. No. I admit I was a little too involved in the outcome of the experiment. I felt I needed to demonstrate to you the functional nature of the disease.

JOSEF. But that was never in question.

KRAFFT-EBING. *And* the risks of modifying standard procedures.

JOSEF. You're not suggesting that your behavior was part of a standard treatment?

KRAFFT-EBING. No. And I am sorry. Has she recovered? I mean to her previous state of ill-being.

JOSEF. No. In fact she's decidedly worse. It took me quite a while to revive and calm her. I only succeeded later when we picked her up for a carriage ride. Even then, when we stopped beside a rose bush, and I commented on how lovely the blooms were, she saw only one flower.

KRAFFT-EBING. Who is we?

JOSEF. My daughter was with us. (*Krafft-Ebing 'raises an eyebrow.'*)

Please, spare me your disapproving expressions. I had promised her a carriage ride – my daughter, that is. I hadn't been home much lately and was leaving in the morning. I couldn't leave Bertha – Fraulein Pappenheim in that condition.

KRAFFT-EBING. Two birds with one stone. Or more like two flowers with one Josef.

JOSEF. Hmm?

KRAFFT-EBING. If I'm not mistaken, your daughter's name is also Bertha?

JOSEF. It is.

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KRAFFT-EBING. And the negative hallucinations? She couldn't see me. She has eyes for you alone. And there can be only one Bertha. And therefore only one rose.

JOSEF. You are suggesting that her feelings for me...?

KRAFFT-EBING. You're quite attuned to the symbolic significance of her stories. Why would this escape her? Or you?

JOSEF. My mother's name was also Bertha.

KRAFFT-EBING. Your father. You've never spoken about him.

JOSEF. He died when I was four.

KRAFFT-EBING. Tuberculosis?

JOSEF. No. That was my brother.

KRAFFT-EBING. Hmm. And she's worse?

JOSEF. She's now threatening to kill herself.

KRAFFT-EBING. A serious risk?

(Lights up stage left. Bertha is being restrained by Recha and WILHELM. Bertha attempts to break a mirror. They take her to bed. Lights out stage left.)

JOSEF. I truly don't think so. The threats and attempts have been dramatic, but not serious.

KRAFFT-EBING. But you can't be certain... Josef, she is prolonging the treatment. She doesn't want to be cured.

JOSEF. I don't believe that. I am convinced she would have renounced all capricious behavior and made any sacrifice to care for father, if she could have.

KRAFFT-EBING. That's exactly the point. She was in an untenable position. She truly wasn't able to care for him, psychologically speaking, but was also unable to *not* care for him. The illness was the only solution. (Beat.) Josef, you have been exceptionally dedicated and careful. But you've lost your objectivity. Your patient, who began with a cross-eyed cough has become a mute, blind, quadriplegic, anorectic paranoiac with epileptic fits and aphasia. Who is suicidal. And you are spending hours a

ANNA O.

day treating her with – with... sweeping? Are you sure you're helping her?

JOSEF. It's true. I can't continue to treat her so. I don't know if my family – or I, can... My wife is not happy.

KRAFFT-EBING. I can quite imagine she's not. I truly believe she would be best treated in a sanitarium - Bertha, not your wife.

JOSEF. I'm certain she'll refuse.

KRAFFT-EBING. Ah, yes. Lest I forget. In this case the physician's prescription is meaningless.

JOSEF. And I can't completely abandon her.

KRAFFT-EBING. I don't mean to be too critical, but arguably if she had been treated in a sanitarium from the beginning she might have been cured before her father's death.

JOSEF. You don't know that. It's also possible that she could be completely dysfunctional.

KRAFFT-EBING. More than this? – No, you're right. We don't know. And it is definitely not an exact science.

JOSEF. Where would you suggest?

KRAFFT-EBING. Inzerdorf. Breslauer's excellent. She may take to him, and to the Sanitarium. You could continue to be involved in her care, if necessary. I can't imagine it would make matters worse.

JOSEF. I'm afraid you're right.

KRAFFT-EBING. But there is this.

JOSEF. What?

KRAFFT-EBING. Isn't it remarkable how those who appear to be the weakest, the most vulnerable, often demonstrate incredible discipline and control? Her will is as strong as that of any person I have ever met.

SCENE 16

Outside of Bertha's room. Josef is talking quietly to Recha and Wilhelm. Josef enters her room.

JOSEF. Good morning, Bertha.

BERTA. Dr. Breuer. You're here early.

ANNA O.

JOSEF. How are you?

BERTA. I'm well, Doctor.

JOSEF. I'm happy to hear that. (*Beat*). Berta, I will be leaving town for the next week. (*Beat*). Bertha, did you hear what I said?

BERTA. No.

JOSEF. Yes, Bertha.

BERTA. No. (*Beat.*) No Ebing!

JOSEF. No. Not Dr. Krafft-Ebing.

BERTA. What? Who?

JOSEF. I think it best if you stay in the country while I'm gone.

BERTA. Sani - sani - tarium?

JOSEF. It's a fine home. You can rest. You'll be able to study. To ride horses.

BERTA. No! Not ride!

JOSEF. There will be a doctor to take care of you - whenever you need. Breslauer. He's a fine man.

BERTA. No! Stay home. Dr. Ebing!

JOSEF. Dr. Ebing is not available.

BERTA. No! No doctor! Fine!

JOSEF. It's close. I can continue to treat you.

BERTA. No! No sani-tar-ium! Here!

JOSEF. No, Bertha. You cannot stay here. You need to be somewhere where you'll be safe.

BERTHA. No! Safe here! (*She breaks glass, cutting her hand. Recha and Wilhelm enter and hold her. Josef Injects her. She calms.*)

END OF ACT I

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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