

Schema  
by  
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CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
Donovan	Young man, still learning to dress himself	20-25	M
Covettes	Freud in Dreads	50-60	M

A psychiatry office : A big chair and a fainting couch.

DONOVAN sits on the fainting couch, hugging a down jacket for comfort. He has mascara runs on his cheeks.

DOC COVETTES is dressed like Sigmund Freud, but with dreads. He sits cross-legged in the big chair, sheets of paper balanced on his lap.

A clock is ticking.

COVETTES

I'm so glad you came in, I have the results of your evaluation...

(He consults his papers.)

"Donovan," can I call you Donovan?

DONOVAN

Yeah, yeah.

COVETTES

"Donovan" that's quite a name. Three syllables, feels like an Irish greeting rolling off the tongue. Don-Oh-Van. Feels familiar, very... Is it Irish?

DONOVAN

I don't know, look I just need to talk to somebody you know?

COVETTES

Oh, of course.

DONOVAN

I mean, I have friends. I do! It's just...

I mean I try not to see them anymore.

COVETTES

And why is that Don O'Van?

DONOVAN

... It's Donovan.

Well...

I've just... I changed my mind recently.

Like literally.

(MORE)

DONOVAN (cont'd)

I mean, not like *literally*, I have the same brain.  
But I might as well not?

Covettes begins scribbling.

COVETTES

Innnnnnnnn-terrrrrrrrr-esssss-ting.  
(Beat. He holds the page out to Donovan.)  
Did I spell it right?

DONOVAN

What?

COVETTES

Did I spell “interesting” right? Never was good with letters.

Donovan glances at the paper.

DONOVAN

Yeah, it... looks great.

COVETTES

Oh good.

DONOVAN

Are you... dyslexic/ or

COVETTES

No, I just find the written word distasteful.  
It distances us, you see? It objectifies.  
It takes us out of the world and into our own minds. Don't get me wrong, the world is  
far, *far* from holy, far from it, but emigrating into the mind is not the solution.  
If we wish to escape life, we must hide within it.

Beat. Donovan knows a red flag when he sees it, begins  
looking at the walls.

DONOVAN

I don't see a diploma. Do you have a doctorate?

COVETTES

Why would I need one?

DONOVAN

To practice psychiatry?

COVETTES

Oh, I'm not a psychiatrist. Those guys are quacks.

Long beat.

DONOVAN

I... But the ad/ said you

COVETTES

That I specialize in Psychoanalytics™.

DONOVAN

And that's psychiatry.

COVETTES

Oh it's completely different. Psychiatrists practice *psychanalysis*. I practice *psychoanalytics*™, a field of study my mentor founded in the late 70s that focuses less on the realm of the mind and more on the where are you going?

Donovan has gotten up, is rubbing the mascara from his face. He's so angry he can barely get his coat on.

DONOVAN

You fucking rat.

COVETTES

I'm sorry?

DONOVAN

You *tricked* me!

COVETTES

I did no such thing.

DONOVAN

You knew people would get confused! You're preying on the mentally ill!

COVETTES

Not so, I am opening a path so that the universe may guide/ the weary to my care

DONOVAN

I should have known when you gave me that fucking/ personality test

COVETTES

Yes, your *evaluation*, let's talk about your evaluation, Danny Ven.

Donovan has already begun to leave.

DONOVAN

Have a great day/ asshole!

COVETTES

According to your test, you are about to lose your job.

Beat. Donovan stops.

DONOVAN

No, I'm not.

COVETTES

According to this, your *chart*, you may be fired as soon as the end of the week.

DONOVAN

You can't know that, there was no question *about* that.

COVETTES

How many days have you called in sick?

This week?

Don't have to tell me, just... consider it.

How many days, since you last showered?

How many days since you could laugh?

Do you feel nervous taking the train, because you can't stop wondering if you could fall at an angle to crush your brain instantly?

Do you get angry because whenever you Google for advice to kill yourself, you just find toll free numbers and cowards trying to convince you it's not worth it?

If any of these questions pertain to you, Don-O. Then I think we should talk.

That's all you came for, to talk to somebody.

You can talk to me, no matter what it is.

You can talk for as long as you need.

Beat. Donovan sits back on the couch.

COVETTES (cont'd)

Gooooood. Now. What's the problem?

Beat.

DONOVAN

I'm getting deja vu. So fucking bad.

COVETTES

Deja vu?

DONOVAN

Is this a cult?

Covettes takes off his glasses, considers the ceiling.

COVETTES

Psychoanalytics™, is a field of study my mentor, Lawrence Layview, founded in the late 70s. We... are an amalgamation of several belief systems.

It was the seventies, cultural appropriation wasn't out of vogue yet.

But Lawrence took these beliefs, to... logical ends.

DONOVAN

Which beliefs?

COVETTES

Gnosticism and Buddhism... some John Rawles and existentialism.

DONOVAN

None of that means anything/ to me

COVETTES

It doesn't have to. We supplanted those beliefs.

DONOVAN

Oh god, deja vu.

COVETTES

Are you okay Vanodon?

DONOVAN

Let me... Let me guess.

You have a community of people who obey everything you say.

(MORE)

DONOVAN (cont'd)

Let me finish! Everything you say, but nobody is forcing them, they are drawn to your thoughts not your personality, it's like a big family, and the kool-aid is *fine*.

COVETTES

Why are you uncomfortable with cults?

Beat.

DONOVAN

I... I just left one okay?

Beat.

COVETTES

One what?

DONOVAN

I am a recovering cultist.

Beat.

COVETTES

Which cult?

DONOVAN

Udder of the Wilting Goat.

We were on the news.

COVETTES

Wait! I do remember you guys, you were the ones sued by PETA!

DONOVAN

Yeeeeeep.

COVETTES

The goat castrators!

DONOVAN

We didn't *castrate them*. Jesus, I'm tired of saying this, we *skinned them* while they were *sedated*.

No worse than a tannery.

And no, we didn't fuck the goats, I don't know where Fox News got their tip, but the goats lived rich, happy lives.

COVETTES

Until you flayed them alive.

DONOVAN

We sedated them!

COVETTES

Of course. My apologies. That's an important distinction... When did you leave.?

DONOVAN

... A year ago.

COVETTES

That was before the PETA lawsuit.

DONOVAN

Yeah.

COVETTES

How has it been? Outside?

Donovan is quiet. He lays down on the couch.

DONOVAN

You read my chart.

COVETTES

Yes, but I still want to know. How is the secular life?

What did you need to talk to someone about?

Beat.

DONOVAN

Bad. Just... I went Times Square, for the first time a couple months ago. I was makeup shopping.. we were an ascetic order so I never got to play with... anyway. I went because I wanted makeup, maybe catch a show, get a T-shirt.

But I get there and... there's just this noise. Fucking noise, and it doesn't sound like anything it's just this... this physical pressure on my ears. People kept stopping in the middle of the sidewalk for no reason. Just.. Just stop and I knew nobody knew where they were going, nobody could think for the noise, and it felt so bright all of a sudden my eyes were aching and hurting.

And I look up.

(MORE)

DONOVAN (cont'd)

I look up and see...  
A screen. A big huge screen.

COVETTES

What was on the screen?

DONOVAN

The Green M&M.

COVETTES

Ah yes, the whore of Babylon herself.

DONOVAN

That fucking M&M.

COVETTES

Did she arouse you?

DONOVAN

What? No! What?

COVETTES

It's okay/ if she

DONOVAN

Look, I know I'm in the minority, but I don't want to fuck the green M&M.

COVETTES

Really?

DONOVAN

Yeah like... I just don't find circles attractive.

Covettes scribbles again.

COVETTES

Green M&M... Fear of the Mother question mark?

...

Sorry, please continue.

DONOVAN

It's fine just...

Right. So she's looking down at me. And I mean that's how they animate her, to look down on you. She... sees me. Condescending, but still *sees me*. I look around and notice that nobody is looking at me. Just walking around, keeping their heads up or down or any ways but towards me.

I suddenly realize, that the only person who even knows I'm there... isn't even real.

Beat.

COVETTES

That must have been very lonely.

DONOVAN

Yeah... I didn't stop going out because of the M&M but...

COVETTES

It kicked off the spiral.

DONOVAN

Exactly.

COVETTES

Each little thing after that snowballing with it.

DONOVAN

Like actually what made me stop leaving my bed was when I lost a credit card. I just...

It's dumb but it was the final thing.

COVETTES

It's not dumb.

It's not at all.

(A moment, Covettes sits next to Donovan on the couch.)

I know where you are. I've been there, all of us in the Psychoanalytics™ community have. But... together we found a way to free ourselves of that baggage.

The world is a cold rock, covered in mold. It can never be more than that.

We have to make our own world.

Beat.

DONOVAN

I did so well, Doc.  
I can't just go back.

COVETTES

One: Not a cult, we are an apotheosis of philosophy.  
Two: I'm not going to make you do anything you are uncomfortable with.  
That said, I'd like to schedule you for another appointment. Just so I can make sure you're okay. I don't want you to do anything you'd regret, however briefly.

Beat.

DONOVAN

I know what you're doing.

COVETTES

But you can't be sure, can you?

Beat.

DONOVAN

Wednesdays work?

COVETTES

My secretary handles bookings.  
(Donovan gets up, but stops as Covettes  
gently holds his hand.)  
Thank you for trusting me, Danven. I'm looking forward to next week.

Donovan slowly pulls away, walks off stage. Covettes  
watches him leave, not blinking.