

# Revolutionaries' Wives

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Dialogues by: Yossefa Even Shoshan

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## **Characters:**

Martha Freud  
Sigmund Freud  
Jenny Von Westphalen Marx  
Karl Marx  
Xanthippe  
Socrates

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**Scene One: Present Day - Phantoon.**

*Elongated table, Socrates sits squarely in the middle. To his right the Freuds to his left the Marxs. Xanthippe is serving them food and wine, setting plates all through the scene. She is silent except for the odd scoff or sneer of muffled frustration, rage and bitter contempt.*

**Socrates:** And now I propose a toast to freedom.

**Everyone:** To freedom...

**Socrates:** Hold on... What exactly is "freedom"?

*they ponder*

**Sigmund:** I think true freedom lies in our dreams. Only there are we free to express our repressed angers, our urges and secretive desires.

**Martha:** Don't forget our false visions, Zigi.

**Sigmund:** Yes, of course Martha, both false vision and day dreaming.

**Martha:** Of which you wrote back in 1905.

**Sigmund:** Indeed. And so - to the freedom in our dreams.

**Sigmund**

And **Martha:** To the freedom in our dreams.

**Socrates:** One moment, Professor Freud, you have just stated that true freedom is the freedom to dream, did you not?

**Sigmund:** The freedom within a dream.

**Socrates:** And to dream, one must first be... asleep. True?

**Sigmund:** Obviously, Herr Socrates.

**Socrates:** In that case, one can deduce, that a free man is a man who is asleep.

*they all laugh*

**Sigmund:** That was not entirely my point...

**Martha:** The soup is marvellous, dear, what did you put in it? Garlic?

**Karl:** A sleeping man doesn't see, doesn't hear, doesn't smell or feel and has no capability to process anything that's going on around him. That is an enslaved man. Is the "professor" offering to raise a glass to freedom in perpetual servitude? I believe true freedom lies in the freedom to take action.

**Socrates:** Are you sure, Mr Marx? The real freedom is the freedom in action?

**Karl:** Beyond all doubt! A free man is one who takes action against the powers that try to control and determine his destiny for him.

**Sigmund:** I agree completely, the free man is aware of the struggle between his subconscious mind and his rational mind as he battles memories of the past...

**Karl:** I'm not talking about imaginary struggles, Prof. Freud, I'm referring to the freedom one has to take action against the powers of the market.

**Martha:** Laurel leaves! How did not think of this before...you put laurel leaves in here, didn't you darling?

*Xanthippe grumbles*

**Sigmund:** Why is your wife so bitter, Socrates?

**Socrates:** For that is her womanly nature, think nothing of it. Karl, my friend, what are the powers of the market?

**Karl:** The market power is the means of production that is solely in the hands of the wealthy, employers who use the labour force to double and treble their fortunes.

**Sigmund:** Those wealthy employers lack the same freedom I assure you. They struggle with the same vicious battle between the rationality and the subconscious mind.

**Karl:** The wealthy, capitalist elite have the time and money to indulge themselves on "Herr Professor's" couch and dwell on the battle between the rational mind and the subconscious mind, while the working class are forever enslaved in a perpetual race for bread. That is why I declare that real freedom lies within social mobility!

*picks up his glass, as does Jenny*

**Karl & Jenny:** To social mobility!

**Jenny:** (offering Xanthippe her glass) Have a drink, Dear.

*Xanthippe looks towards Socrates, who signals a clear decisive 'no')*

**Socrates:** If I may: what is social mobility?

**Karl:** Social mobility would abolish the Ideas of slave and master, which you are so quick to glorify.

**Jenny:** Social mobility would let your dear wife join us at the table as an equal.

*Xanthippe stops and looks at Socrates again. He ignores her once again*

**Socrates:** So you state that true freedom is to become something you are not?

**Karl:** True freedom means to be what you wish to be, to do what it is that you wish to do, by choice.

**Socrates:** In that case true freedom is the freedom to choose.

**Karl:** Exactly.

**Sigmund:** At last we come to an agreement Herr Marx! Every man is free to choose whether to be a victim of his neuroses or to be free of them. Here's to the freedom of choice!

*Sigmund and Karl, Martha and Jenny raise a glass*

- Socrates:** One more quick query, is every man supposed to know what he can choose from?
- Sigmund:** That is obvious, Herr Socrates.
- Socrates:** Furthermore, does every man know who and what he is?
- Sigmund:** On the condition he is aware of the urges and desires that propel him.
- Socrates:** But a man who was born a slave, lives as a slave and dies a slave, does he know what it's like to be a lord?
- Karl:** Of course he doesn't, because he never had the freedom to move from his working class stature to the upper class elites.
- Socrates:** And if we forgo the reason why this might be, we may agree that a man who in his essence is a slave knows not the essence of the lord?
- Karl:** How dare you say that there exists a man who in essence is a slave?! Come, Jenny, we're wasting our time. It is because of the likes of him, that workers believe that their fate is predetermined.

*Karl tries to leave and is stopped by Jenny.*

- But I'm here to destroy the old ways and on its ruins to build a free and equal, new world!
- Sigmund:** Herr Marx, I'm interested in examining where this deluded compulsion of destruction as a mean to build this "Utopian world", comes from. I would be more than glad to host you on my couch, free of charge, of course.

*Karl scoffs in disdain. Xanthippe serves the dessert. No one touches it, save Martha*

- Socrates:** Karl, my friend, you wish to eliminate the very building blocks of society. Are you aware that this destruction will lead to a great injustice.
- Marx:** One cannot amend an injustice without causing one along the way.
- Socrates:** Letting any injustice occur brings shame upon he who lets it happen.
- Marx:** He who has been hurt has a right to fight back.
- Socrates:** And if I were to tell you you must not defend yourself by hurting your offender?
- Marx:** The I say you are as self-righteous as he is Bourgeois. (*points to Sigmund*) And you're both idiotica---
- Socrates:** Calm down, my friend, a free man is not a slave to his anger.
- Marx:** What if that anger is as unbridled as a wild horse?
- Socrates:** Then the horseman must restrain him. Take myself as an example: I managed to take control of myself by coping day in day out with my ill-tempered wife, knowing full well that if I manage to cope with Xanthippe's mean and sour demeanor, I could most likely deal with any man in the world, and as such -

*Xanthippe can't take the abuse any longer and lets out a scream, while pulling on the table cloth sending the plates, cutlery and food flying every which way*

- Sigmund:** Intriguing.

*All the characters move about the stage, resetting it and dividing the stage to three center points: Martha and Sigmund's bedroom, the street outside Karl and Jenny's apartment and Socrates' jail cell.*

**Scene Two: Jenny and Karl, London 1864**

*Jenny stands amidst an assortment of her's and Karl's house belongings, scattered on the street, banged up old suitcases, bowls, bookstacks tied up in string. Karl enters mid-run waving a stack of handwritten manuscripts. He is underdressed for the season, wearing a thin overcoat and an old hat, but nevertheless he looks overjoyed. Jenny runs into his arms.*

**Jenny:** Karl!!! Karl!!! (hugs him)

**Karl:** Jenny! Oh, Jenny what an amazing day I've had today at the museum library, the muse came for a visit and suddenly it was just there - in my head! That sentence we've been looking for all this time, today I finally found it! This sentence- it must be written at the heading of each book, the beginning of each manuscript and on each and every monument, listen to this, tell me what you think: "Workers of the world, Unite!" It's just the simple truth of everything we're trying to bring forth, I wanted to send it to Engles via telegram, but I haven't a penny on me, I need you to run to the post after dinner... he will be over the moon with...

**Jenny:** Karl...

**Karl:** Just think of how much better it is than the phony church one-liner "All men are brothers" filled with self righteous hypocrisy we have nothing in common with those Wurst eating, pathetic Bourgeois... (suddenly stops and notices all their belongings scattered on the street) What's going on here? All our clothes and the girl's... scattered on the street...?

**Jenny:** We've been evicted.

**Karl:** What?

**Jenny:** Yes. Two men came, the landlord and this scary creditor... said you haven't paid rent the last couple of months... they threatened to toss everything out of the window... I went through all the draws looking for money, but I found nothing and begged them to let me pack...

**Karl:** And you carried all this out yourself?

*thunder sounds all through the scene*

**Jenny:** I stuffed them full as fast as I could and dragged the suitcases one by one.

**Karl:** And the books all over the place, it will rain any moment now, they'll get wet, just a sec... I started writing something yesterday about the means of production in the hands of the elite... where is it Jenny, it was a very important manuscript...

*(hysterically rummaging through the books and papers)*

- Jenny:** Here it is. (takes the paper out of her pocket)
- Karl:** Thank you, love...(hugs her) You're practically freezing... I'll give that corrupt landlord a piece of my mind, throwing an entire family out into the street in the dead of winter? Where are the girls...?
- Jenny:** I left them in the church.
- Karl:** Have you lost your mind? You've abandoned our daughters in the detestable institution?
- Jenny:** The Priest promised to give them a hot meal and a warm bed.
- Karl:** Promised! Of course he promised, but in exchange for what?
- Jenny:** He asked for nothing!
- Karl:** Of course he didn't, he already got their souls... he'll make them pray Hail Marys, stand them in front of a damn cross... fill their heads with horror stories, did that even cross your mind?
- Jenny:** Better off to freeze to death on the street?
- Karl:** Better off to live with their parents in their home. Now you go get them out of there and I'll straighten this bastard out. The nerve of this guy, throwing out the Baroness Von Westphalen?
- Jenny:** He's right! You haven't paid rent the last two months.
- Karl:** What? That's a lie. You pawned your fur coat and gave me the money, I vividly recall holding the two months rest in the palm of my hand...
- Jenny:** And what did you do with the money?
- Karl:** I...gave it to the landlord...
- Jenny:** No.
- Karl:** No?
- Jenny:** The money never made it to him, that's a fact.
- Karl:** Are you certain? When was this exactly?
- Jenny:** Two months ago. I remember you returned home jolly and drunk that night... what did I do with the money...?
- Karl:** What are you implying Jenny, you know very well I'm not the type that spends his days boozing... wait... wait a moment... two months ago you say? September... was that not the day...? Yes, that...that was the day we established the International Workingmen's Association in San Martin. That was a great day, representatives of worker delegations from every corner of Europe came over.. . Italy and socialist France, the British, Germans...even Russian anarchists, there was also this one man Bakunin, a brilliant man, really, there was a general consensus that there is no need to come to any sort of resolution with the elite and upper classes and that the workers shall free themselves, we were overjoyed... all of us...
- Jenny:** And the money?
- Karl:** ah, yes... the money... I bought them all drinks.
- Jenny:** All of them?
- Karl:** (uncomfortable) All who were there...
- Jenny:** With all the money?

- Karl:** Think about it Jenny - I invited them all here and they came, on foot, by train from all over the continent, some lacking a decent place to sleep... it was the least I could do...
- Jenny:** You drank two months worth of rent?!

### **Scene Three: Martha and Sigmund, 1896 Vienna**

*Martha and Sigmund in their bed - Martha in her negligee, Sigmund in his robe. From within the darkness we can hear, first Zigi mumbling something unclear, only Martha's words resonate.. Speaking her mind*

- Martha:** ...children's clothes are all packed, Zigi's suits as well, mustn't get any creases, the statues can't come along... no, scratch that, Zigi will be upset, that egyptian cat inspires him. How can a woman with a head of a cat give anyone inspiration? Repulsive....Like those filthy train-station stray cats, Oh the train! The tickets...

*Sigmund's ramblings become clearer as the light goes up and we see Sigmund mounted upon Martha in coitus position, her head seen from beyond the bed. Sigmund becomes ever more sensual*

- Sigmund:** Martha, meine Apfelstrudel.
- Martha:** Zigi's in first class, that goes without saying. First cart...
- Sigmund:** ...meine apfelstrudel mit vanille cream...
- Martha:** ...window seat for the view...
- Sigmund:** ...meine apfelstrudel mit whipped vanilla cream...
- Martha:** ...forward facing...?
- Sigmund:** ...meine juicy, hot sizzling apfelstrudel...
- Martha:** Maybe backwards facing...? No, no! Run down to the station... tomorrow... first thing!
- Sigmund:** You are my hot, sizzling apfelstrudel and I'm you're dark sachertorte

*He holds her hand up so she would stroke his head*

- Martha:** if only if only if only if only we had...
- Sigmund:** I'm you're dark sachertorte, right? Liebe Meine, say it, say it...
- Martha:** (strokes his head) Yes my bunny rabbit, you are my telephone.
- Sigmund:** (stops coitus abruptly) What? Your telephone? Your telephone?!
- Martha:** I'm sorry Zigi, but if we only had a phone in the house I wouldn't need to run down to the station for every little adjustment.
- Sigmund:** What does a telephone have anything to do with anything right now.

- Martha:** (hesitant) I'm sorry meine sachertorte... you really are my bunny rabbit and my sachertorte and I really shouldn't have interrupted you... like that... in the middle.... It's really is odd what's happening to me today... I can't wrap my head around it myself... (summons up the courage) the truth is this position makes me ache and slightly nauseous. Perhaps we could, I mean, I would prefer fulfilling my marital duties in the center on the bed.
- Sigmund:** Ah...(embarrassed) And I was sure... you were enjoying yourself.
- Martha:** I do, but it's just not that comfortable.
- Sigmund:** I do apologize, Martha my dear, if I'd have only known.
- Martha:** It's not your fault.
- Sigmund:** I promise you that as of today, the center of the bed it shall be.  
How long have we been married?
- Martha:** Twenty years my bunny rabbit.
- Sigmund:** And this is the first I'm hearing of this?
- Martha:** I thought to mention it, but never knew how exactly.
- Sigmund:** Twenty years?!
- Martha:** I usually don't mind, I just couldn't remember if the first class window seat ticket I ordered was forward facing or backward facing, meaning that I'll have to leave the house tomorrow right in the middle of packing, run down to the station, change the ticket if it even needs to be changed, if only we had a phone Zigi...
- Sigmund:** You know how I feel about that Martha..
- Martha:** It would save me precious time
- Sigmund:** (irate) Martha, you know how I detest phones. The moment one of those infernal things will be allowed in the house anyone, anytime could just pick up the receiver and call, with a question, with a consultation or just to blabber some nonsensical gossip. you understand the magnitude of that, Martha? Barging into our lives with no consideration, in such a ... selfish way, without asking themselves if I might be working or deliberating or writing. That machine will take my privacy hostage and threaten to take over my whole way of life...
- Martha:** Why do you care so much if we'll have a phone and only I will answer it?
- Sigmund:** They'll ask you to send me messages and we will not know a single moment of peace.
- Martha:** But...
- Sigmund:** That revolting machine will not enter our home!
- Martha:** Alright, alright, bunny rabbit, anger disrupts your sleep, come here... (tries to lure him back to the act of lovemaking. He turns away) What's wrong Zigi, do you feel unwell?
- Sigmund:** The position, the position ... wasn't comfortable... why didn't you say something?

*Sigmund stands up and starts pacing around the room quietly, caressing one of the statues absentmindedly, Martha in the bed, reads "A Death in Venice" begins to get sleepy and lets her sexual fantasies get the better of her*



**Scene Four: Xanthippe and Socrates, Athens 399 BC**

*A 60 year old Socrates sleeps in his jail cell, waiting for the cup of poison hemlock, the punishment for corrupting the minds of the youth of Athens and of impiety. He sleeps on a bench. Xanthippe enters, a very young woman, common attire. She nears him, walking around him hesitant whether to touch Socrates' face. She decides not to and covers him with a blanket. Socrates wakes in fright.*

**Xanthippe:** You startled me.

**Socrates:** You awakened me.

**Xanthippe** forgive me... It's just... I'm sorry.

**Socrates:** No matter. I'll have an eternity to sleep. How did you get in?

**Xanthippe:** They told me that you will drink the poison tonight, so I banged at the gates with all the power I haf, but they didn't open. Then I began climbing the gate, they tried to get me down, I held on to the bars so they shook me off, so I screamed to the heavens, so they hissed at me to stay quiet but I shouted right back that I never will... and I never did... and they let me in.

**Socrates:** Shame you didn't bring the children? I would have liked to say my goodbyes.

**Xanthippe:** I didn't come to say goodbye.

**Socrates:** They why have you come?

**Xanthippe:** To beg you not to drink.

**Socrates:** Judgement has been passed.

**Xanthippe:** You are still alive. You can still change the outcome. Think of us.

**Socrates:** What's there to think of? There vote was taken.

**Xanthippe:** Then they will vote again. You are Socrates. If you insist they will give in. Two hundred and twenty voted in your favour. Only thirty votes needed to overturn the ruling.

**Socrates:** And why should thirty judges change their minds?

**Xanthippe:** They will.

**Socrates:** How? I ask you, how?

**Xanthippe:** Your friends have money.

**Socrates:** And what of it? The judges will not change their minds.

**Xanthippe:** They will vote in your favour.

**Socrates:** They will vote for the money, but they will not change their minds.

**Xanthippe:** Why is it so important if they change their minds or not, you will be exempt and you will live!

**Socrates:** It is immoral, it is corrupt. Only a woman can think such things!

**Xanthippe:** Exactly! I am a woman! Your woman!

**Scene Five: Jenny and Karl**

**Jenny:** I pawned my coat and you drank away all the money.  
**Karl:** I'm sorry... I wasn't didn't think of it at the time... got carried away with the sense of victory. The feeling that things were finally falling into place and that it's all going to be fine from thereon... and now...  
**Jenny:** Now we have to go to the church...  
**Karl:** Under no circumstance... The Baroness Von Westphalen does not need church handouts. Wait for me here, I'll go. It's going to be alright.  
**Jenny:** Where to?  
**Karl:** I'll take a loan from the Worker's treasury...  
**Jenny:** No... we lent money from them a couple of months back for Francesca's funeral. We swore we'd payback every last shilling and we have yet to -  
**Karl:** We have no choice.  
**Jenny:** We do! We'll pawn my father's chalice and saucers.  
**Karl:** No. No please, not your father's chalice and saucers. We promised ourselves we'd never pawn them, I will never be able to forgive myself if you had to part ways with them, because of a euphoric moment I had with the workers... I'll lend from the worker's treasury....

*Karl tries to pull her away but Jenny looks for the items urgently*

**Karl:** There's no need, Jenny... we'll find ourselves a solution...  
**Jenny:** We mustn't ask for charity, we'll pawn the chalice, pay the landlord, get the girls out of church you're absolutely right, they must stay there, and in a couple of days we'll buy it back... (as she rummaged through the suitcases she finds the chalice chest. It is empty) Karl...? (pause) Karl... You liar! Liar! Standing there, begging me not to pawn off the chalice you already pawned off! Have you no shame?

*Jenny cries*

**Scene Six: Martha and Sigmund**

**Martha:** (as a little girl / or VO of her thoughts) The stallion gallops onwards so rapidly... you've been a bad girl Martha... you need to be punished... (stops abruptly) Zigi, that noise is insufferable, you're dragging your feet again. Please try to walk more quietly, it's hard for me to concentrate...  
**Sigmund:** I thought you were sleeping, what are you doing?  
**Martha:** I... er... er... I'm reading! Death in Venice by Thomas Mann.  
**Sigmund:** Again with that book? Martha meine lieb, why waste precious time?

- Martha:** Because the author knows everything intuitively my little bunny rabbit.
- Sigmund:** How can you say something so unscientific with such certainty.
- Martha:** Cause its the truth.
- Sigmund:** Thomas Mann doesn't have the obligation of proving himself. That's why he acts in such an irresponsible manner that may lead to disaster.
- Martha:** disaster Zigi? Don't you think that's a little extreme?
- Sigmund:** Disaster. Yes. certain disaster... when I point in a scientific manner of the connection between our concealed inner workings and physical manifestations the whole medical community goes up in arms and condemns me. but your precious Thomas Mann ties cholera and love arbitrarily and everyone praises and applauds him, without a second thought being given to the dangerous ideas and ludacris fantasies this book breathes into peoples' minds. And who gets to treat those people while your esteemed author drinks his glass of wine, concocting up his upcoming fabrication?
- Martha:** without a doubt he's not as punctilious as you Zigi... nevertheless try not to drag your feet?
- Sigmund:** (absent-minded) Yes, yes I'll try.

*Sigmund sits in front of his desk rummaging through his papers in despair. He's unhappy by what he finds. Strokes his statuette. Lights his pipe while Martha returns mumbling to her fantasy.*

- Martha:** It's your fault Martha... good girls must wear their petticoats... and you've been a bad girl Martha... a very, very bad girl who deserved to be punished...

*The room fills with smoke, Sigmund has a coughing fit, as does Martha*

- Martha:** We decided not to smoke in the bedroom, you've only just gotten over your influenza. Is something bothering you Zigi, you're seem very edgy. Why don't you take a whiff of your medicine? Bertha swears it improves her mood tremendously.
- Sigmund:** Bertha?
- Martha:** Bertha Pappenheim.
- Sigmund:** Who's that?
- Martha:** Don't pretend Zigi. Bertha Pappenheim, the women you keep calling Anna O in your famous articles.
- Sigmund:** But how do you know Bertha Pappenheim is one of my patients? Did i tell you?
- Martha:** She's a friend of mine zigi.
- Sigmund:** And she told you that she's Anna o?
- Martha:** She told me everything.
- Sigmund:** She mustn't. It's unprofessional.
- Martha:** But it was Bertha who told me. And she swears by this special medication, she even claims it eases her paralysis seizures...

**Sigmund:** Nobody's supposed to know what is going on in my therapy sessions, i must insist on strict medical ethics... no one understands the importance of my talking cure and if it were to leak out, if someone were to know...

**Martha:** it's me Zigi, don't you trust me? Take a whiff or two of your meddicon and calm down.

*Sigmund sniffs cocaine.*

**Sigmund:** did you know that Bertha Pappenheim... (pause) and to think that all Vienna will know about it.

### **Scene Seven Xanthippe and Socrates**

**Socrates:** I have never taken money from anyone in return for the knowledge I passed on and now you want me to take money from my friends in order to obstruct justice?

**Xanthippe:** Yes, let them pay for once for all your teachings.

**Socrates:** What will they say of me in Athens? That Socrates bought justice?

**Xanthippe:** They'll say that the bloated arrogant man stayed a bloated arrogant man.

**Socrates:** And what is a bloated arrogant man?

**Xanthippe:** An arrogant man is a man who thinks he's better than everyone else. A bloated arrogant man is one who uses many words in order to prove exactly that at all costs. Just as you did at the trial. Calling yourself "the gift god gave Athens". Ha! A gift! You curse the prosecutor and instead of respecting the judges and jury, all politicians artists and poets, who believe they're the smartest men to walk the earth, you humiliate them and without batting an eye tell them the oracle of Delphi said there is no man wiser than you.

**Socrates:** But it's the truth.

**Xanthippe:** And still he says it's true. That you're smarter than any poet politician and artist alive today.

**Socrates:** It's not quite accurate. They think they know everything; I know for certain that i know nothing I don't even know for certain that I don't know- that's why im wise.

**Xanthippe:** Do you see how bloated and arrogant you are?

**Socrates:** I know for certain, i don't know for certain... you're going to die, you know that for certain? Digging over under and above, turning what's wrong into right, just to humiliate others.

**Xanthippe:** Did you think they'd applaud you cause you're so wise?

**Socrates:** No, i thought they'd choose justice.

**Xanthippe:** See what a fool you are? Justice doesn't interest them, only honor. You know nothing, they have no choice in the matter, they are men, helplessly trying to reclaim a shred of self-respect after all the insults you spewed at them. Perhaps they wanted to humiliate you a little, but they never wanted you dead. So they

gave you the option to ask for mercy over your children- who will be orphaned, and on me, who will be widowed. And instead you declare that even though you have children you will never beg for mercy in their name. You had every right to ask to be pardoned, why didn't you?

**Socrates:** What is it you wished of me? That I prance my friends on the witness stand telling tails of my good measures, perhaps cry crocodile tears and share heartfelt stories of "my miserable wife and beautiful, smart children who will soon be orphaned and grow hungry, running around in ruggedy clothes on the streets of the city".

**Xanthippe:** Yes, that is what I want! And it is what any many with a beating heart in his chest would do! An unfed child is a sorrowful sight. You really do care only of yourself.

**Socrates:** No! I care only for truth.

**Xanthippe:** A bloated, arrogant man who wants to die a hero's death.

### **Scene Eight: Jenny and Karl**

**Jenny:** You're a liar... nothing but a liar! What else have you been hiding from me?

**Karl:** I'm...forgive me Jenny, I was going to get it back... the communists stood trial at Koln...you weren't supposed to find out... I ran away...do you remember? You weren't supposed to... but you do remember them standing on trial... I was safe but I couldn't just leave our men there, so I wrote an article that needed to be printed and sent as soon as possible and Engles' funds were practically depleted.. Then... so... the chalice... got quite a sum for it... thought you'd never even know... I really had no choice...

**Jenny:** (hits Karl with all her bottled up anger and frustration now unleashed) The one thing I asked of you, the one and only promise you made, my father's cherished, chalice from childhood, his grandfather before him and his great - great grandfather before him. The dates of all three's christenings engraved on it... you know full well I willingly sold the silver cups and saucers, the entire porcelain service and my mother's candlesticks, but the chalice... the only thing left over to remember my father by... and my cat's saucer... how could you so easily forget me, Karl?

*Bursts out in a very vocal crying fit and walks away, leaving him with their belongings*

### **Scene Nine: Marthe and Sigmund**

*A troubled Sigmund tosses his papers, his tobacco scattered with the papers. He is irritated. Something breaks. Martha is startled. Her fantasy evaporates but she regains focus instantly. Exits to bring a broom and dustpan and tidies up the mess.*

**Martha:** Don't move, Zigi, you'll just make matters worse.

*Martha continues to tidy and clean. Sigmund stands unmoving.*

**Sigmund:** Don't you think, Martha, that me having to go grocery shopping, because you were tired and the maid sprained her foot, completely destroyed people's image of Dr Freud?

**Martha:** Which people?

**Sigmund:** The grocer... neighbours... everyone?

**Martha:** What nonsense. When someone is Herr Dr Freud, he has no need of worrying too much what the grocer or neighbour or anyone's image of him is...

**Sigmund:** (confused) Yes, yes. Perhaps you're right.

*(silent again he whiffs another portion of cocaine. Martha eyes him closely)*

**Martha:** Something else is troubling you. You haven't been eating well these past couple of days and you hardly sleep, even though it is of the utmost importance that you dream. *(she moves him to the bed and puts a bonnet on his head)* Now that everything's good and tidy, let me hear all about it.

*He sits, pondering where to begin*

### **Scene Ten: Jenny and Karl**

*Back to a weeping Jenny*

**Karl:** Please Jenny... I can't see you crying like this... we'll get the chalice back...and the saucer...

**Jenny:** We will never get anything back because we'll never have two pennies to rub together...

*Cries incessantly. For a long period of time. Till Karl loses it.*

**Karl:** Enough! Stop it already! What are you carrying on about. Have you lost all sense of dignity? Our people's lives were in danger over at Koln, I pawned that chalice to publish an article post-haste to get the people out to the street, but instead of being happy that you could partake in the struggle you whine like some wretched handmaid over an insignificant chalice and a dead cat's milk saucer?! What's with you Jenny... have you lost your very sanity and on your way to become a dried up, Bourgeois wife?

*"Dried up, Bourgeois" triggers Jenny into lioness mode*

**Jenny:** Dried-up, Bourgeois, Karl? Me? When I married you against the will of my father, was that Bourgeois? Leaving a fancy, upper-class, picturesque lakeside home to move in with you and the kids into a delopitating, one bedroom apartment facing the stench ridden backyard of a butchery? Selling all my jewelry and silverware including my mother's candlesticks, all to finance the publishing of your manuscripts and articles, running around with you in countless factories, sitting by candlelight, copying your manuscripts by hand then handing them out the following day, door to door... Just who are you calling "dried-up, Bourgeois", Karl?

*(she slaps him)*

**Karl:** I... I didn't mean that...

**Jenny:** Oh, you meant it alright. You said I was emotional like some wretched handmaid...

**Karl:** I said whining...

**Jenny:** I heard exactly what you said and I am no Bourgeois. I am indeed a baroness, born to aristocracy, yet it is you who insisted I keep my titles. You are the one who boasts: "my wife is the baroness Von Westphalen". It is you who takes pride in my family crest and showcases those silly, noble signs to each and every visitor in our poverty-stricken household. I loathe those insignias and you know full well that there is nothing in common between Jenny the baroness and Jenny Marx, Jenny Von Westphalen is no more, you killed her just as you kill any and all who are near you, in the name of you revolution!

**Karl:** My revolution? Suddenly it's my revolution alone and I am a killer? What do you mean by "killer"? All for a miserable chalice?

**Jenny:** Yes, exactly! You are a murderer! And I am the first victim of your revolution. You turned an upper class, daughter of a noble household into a street beggar. That's why you hated my little chalice, it angered you. It riled you up, so much so that you that you had to pawn it even though you promised me you wouldn't. Why? Cause you wish to strip away every relic left over from my past... and I'm willing to strip Karl, not only for you, but for the revolution, that courses through my veins just as hard and just as true as it does in yours.

**Karl:** You don't have to tell me Jenny... if I hadn't stopped you, you would have gone to work with the girls at the factory.

**Jenny:** A little hard work never killed anyone.

**Karl:** But you're brilliant... you shouldn't waste your talents away in some factory... you're a philosopher!

**Jenny:** Philosopher for sewer rats is what I am.

**Karl:** That's not true. It was you who taught me and Engels how humiliating it is to forego a meal in order to have money to buy medicine for one's sick child. It was you who said that that humiliation would be the oil in the gears of the history of the revolution.

**Jenny:** And you complimented me enthusiastically.

- Karl:** That's my point, Jenny! Your ideas are the very fire that drives this revolution forward.
- Jenny:** The fire's gone - you put it out! You formulate your ideas all night and run off to the heated library in the mornings to write history. But what do I write Karl? A list of debts: twenty two pounds owed to the landlord, ten shillings to the baker, five for the milkman, the tea merchant doesn't even look at me as we pass each other on the street, the butcher has stopped offering me leftover bones for the cats, and my mind just can't stop calculating and contemplating: perhaps we should waive a couple of meals and call for a doctor to have a look at Laura's rash? But then again even if the doctor were to come - how could we ever afford the medicine he will prescribe? And is it morally equitable to withhold a whole family a meal or two so that you could buy medicine for one child? We've already lost two children Karl and if something were to happen to Laura, I swear I'll die along with her - (Karl stops her by hugging her tight)
- Karl:** I love you... I love you so much...
- Jenny:** I awaken in the middle of the night hearing the girls coughing and I feel so utterly guilty...
- Karl:** You're not to blame... I am. I get so carried away with my false euphoria willing to sacrifice you, to sacrifice the girls for it... you're right Jenny, I am the murderer...
- Jenny:** I'm tired Karl.... So very tired... I'm cold... I hate you and it scares me...

### **Scene Eleven: Martha and Sigmund**

*Martha tidies up the room and scattered papers*

- Sigmund:** The point is that I believe I'm on the cusp of a real breakthrough...
- Martha:** Undoubtedly! You will go down in history, bunny rabbit, like Homer, Kant, Socrates...
- Sigmund:** But I'm stuck , Martha...
- Martha:** Why? Each and every article is met with such acclaim... and this treatment you call "speech therapy" is a revolutionary concept in itself. It crossed my mind that it's also quite economical.
- Sigmund:** What?
- Martha:** Yes... it substitutes the need for medication, electric shock therapy or squanderous excursions to those medicinal baths. And it works. I mean the proof is in the pudding - just look at your journal - all my friends want to give it a go, even though there's nothing really the matter with them, you're just a geni...
- Sigmund:** Stuck! Stuck! I'm am stuck! Can you just sit still and listen to me for a moment instead of strutting around in those slippers?!

*Martha sits, caressing his head*



**Sigmund:** Lisa Rosenstein, a young woman of 25. Married five years ago and on the surface looks completely healthy. The heart and blood-pressure all seem to be intact. Regular bowel movements. All that being said she has been suffering from crippling headaches these past two years, appearing monthly with surprising punctuality accompanied by two distinct symptoms : either she is overwhelmed by dizzy spells that cause loss of all feeling in her lower limbs thus confining her to the bed unable to move; or she get these fits of rage, yelling and screaming at the help as well as her husband a rage that will not cease until her fires the gardener.

**Martha:** Why the gardener?

**Sigmund:** Because in all her fits she believes she sees the gardener's head connected to the body of a goat floating in her room and this goatish gardener so she claims constantly threatens to attack her.

**Martha:** Perhaps the gardener is actually attacking her?

**Sigmund:** No Martha, he is not and I know that for a fact. Firstly, because her husband forbade the gardener any entrance to the household and went so far as to put a guard at the front door while the gardener works in the garden. Secondly, because we are not talking of one singular gardener, but of each and every gardener that is or has been working for the Rosenstein's. Each one lasts but three months before the lady of the manor get her migraines and the husband is forced to fire him. You're not suggesting that every gardener in the world wants to attack Mrs Lisa Rosenstein, are you?

**Martha:** Why does Herr Rosenstein keep on hiring gardeners if they sadden his wife so?

**Sigmund:** Because Herr Rosenstein loves his wife and his wife loves roses. That is why he acquired a dream home for his wife surrounding it with rare roses that he ships in from all corners of the continent.

**Martha:** Roses are quite delicate and in constant need of nurturing, In that case I suppose they are in need of a gardener on hand. (pause) And you say these attacks began since they moved to this dream house of theirs?

**Sigmund:** Approximately half a year after and they have been getting stronger ever since. I was summoned five months ago during one of her attacks and have been visiting her regularly every day since, but just can't seem to get to the root of the problem. It's keeping me awake at night... I'm at a total loss. Martha what are you doing?

*Martha walks over to the cocaine box trying to sniff some but doesn't do it right and some gets spilled. Zigi is annoyed... she succeeds only after a few tries.*

**Martha:** I want to try some of your calming medicine...

**Sigmund:** By all means my apfelstrudel but take care.

*He shows her how to snort. She sneezes during her first few times,*

**Sigmund:** Careful!

*She gets the hang of it. The cocaine begins to work.*

**Martha:** How many gardeners have attacked Lisa Rosenstein?

**Sigmund:** Five as of today.

**Martha:** And how do those poor rosebeds respond to this constant turnover?

**Sigmund:** The whole garden is shrivelling away. Why only yesterday Herr Rosenstein complained that if his wife doesn't get better soon he'll have to uproot all the rosebushes and plant a more steadfast flora that does not require such attention and work... but Martha, what do these roses matter now? I telling you, I'm at a loss: I've already recommended smelling salts and calming baths, I was even contemplating electric shock, even though I am strictly against the use of outside mechanical solutions and do firmly stand behind the idea that therapy through speech could work wonders. I believe it all has to do with her relationship with her husband, yet every time I try to guide the conversation towards the subject she just giggles and swear that no woman was ever happier in marriage and that the age difference heightens her love towards her husband. When I try to get to a more profound idea of the intimacy between the two, her headaches start up again...and once more she believes that the gardener is standing just behind the door, insisting the I go and check if it is indeed locked,suffering from shortness of breath...

**Martha:** How hysterical...

**Sigmund:** Well of course Martha dear, of course, there's nothing new there. I have diagnosed if from my very first visit. Hysteria. All the symptoms are there - muscle spasms, temporary paralysis, paresthesia, stubbornness, migraines, depression, uncontrollable and unexplainable fits of rage. And on top of all this when I pinch her on her leg when in a state of paralysis, (*he pinched Martha in said place*) when I pinch them where she says the paresthesia set it, instead of pain or the occasional yelp you would expect, she has this perplexing facial expression attaining more to pleasure than to pain... she seems to suppress this little shadow of a smile, so to speak...then again, the headaches build up and she drifts into this semi-catatonic state...reminds me of the case of Ms Elisabeth, same mysterious smile when touched in the paralysed areas, same symptoms, even similar visions. A snake one time, a goatish gardener the next. There is something here, I can feel it. Perhaps something to do more with their attitude towards sexuality, I can almost feel the connection there. I know it's there, yet it keeps eluding me, I cannot sleep, I cannot even dream. I am stuck. Stuck, stuck, stuck!

**Martha:** Lisa Rosenstein is a hysterical liar.

**Sigmund:** A liar?! She is most definitely hysterical, but a liar? This is a woman in torment! I don't seem to be helping her at all and all the while her husband pays handsomely, but since the treatment is lacking I feel ridden with guilt.

*Martha starts laughing*

- Sigmund:** This is funny to you?!
- Martha:** Yes... I mean, no... I mean, yes...
- Sigmund:** You're entertained by the guilt I feel? Or perhaps the medicine has started taking its effect on you.
- Martha:** I'm not laughing because of your guilt, Zigi... I'm just... you have to understand that this whole story with the gardener never happened...
- Sigmund:** What?

### Scene Twelve : Xanthippe and Socrates

- Xanthippe:** A bloated, arrogant man, is all you are. Bloated!
- Socrates:** What good is your contemptuousness and disparagements -they will not change me. A verdict is a verdict.
- Xanthippe:** Crito and Phaedo offered to smuggle you out. They have the means in which to bribe the guards.
- Socrates:** Who says I'm willing to run off?
- Xanthippe:** You have to. For our sake.
- Socrates:** He who flees admits guilt and I am not guilty. I have not corrupted a single youth's mind, nor have I denounced the gods of the state and I am not a traitor! I have not begged for mercy at the hands of corrupt and imbecilic judge. When the court offers its mercy it demonstrates the lack of justice in it.
- Xanthippe:** Justice. A stupid word, used only by men who deem themselves smart. There is no justice. There is only a living man, or a dead one!
- Socrates:** Death doesn't frighten me in the least. I would much rather leave this corrupt existence and be rid of the half-wits calling themselves judges who inhabit it. Who knows if the afterlife to come I'll meet with true heroes such as Agamemnon, who led a whole army to Troy, or Odysseus, perhaps Prometheus, who dared take action against the arbitrariness of the gods... all truly wise never betraying themselves for sake of money or their own lives.
- Xanthippe:** Yes they did, they betrayed! I saw it all in the theatre! Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter to the gods before leaving for battle, Odysseus left his wife alone for what seemed like an eternity just as you betray me and the boys, leaving us to fend for ourselves. Instead of teaching your boys on the very "principles of justice" you invented, you prefer the company of a ghost of a shadow from the past and force your family into abject poverty.
- Socrates:** (loses his patience) Don't you understand? I could not do anything else!
- Xanthippe:** Of course you could. You were free to choose your punishment and you chose poison. You could have chosen exile.
- Socrates:** What on earth am I supposed to do in exile?

- Xanthippe:** Be with us. Live on the seashore, walk on the beach in the mornings, go fishing with Lamprocles, he's a fine fisherman. Watch the sun set, stargaze for hours on end, teach Sophroniscus how to read, laugh with Menexenus, he is so witty and smart. Just yesterday he asked me if after you drink poison, can you then drink a life potion to even them out... there, away from your pupils, you'd keep quiet and not annoy anyone, we could have been a family.
- Socrates:** I am not a man of blue sea and stars, Xanthippe. I am a man of harsh words and stench of city. Walking through the market and talking to people, making them think and inquire is who and what I am. "An unexamined life, is not worth living". I have no life without philosophy.
- Xanthippe:** Yes, philosophy... I know very well what philosophies you do behind closed doors with Alcibiades.
- Socrates:** What do you mean "you do behind closed doors"?
- Xanthippe:** Yes. Do. Behind and in front, and again from behind, I saw it all myself... saw your philosophies from the very first night.
- Socrates:** (angered) Peeping through the cracks like a scared little mouse?
- Xanthippe:** I wasn't peeping. I was listening to the goings-on behind the door, I wanted to learn as well, but all I learned was that all your wisdom is a disguise for your adulterous nature!
- Socrates:** Who are you to criticize my relationship with lovers of wisdom and thought? You who rummage all day through octopuses? You may call me arrogant and bloated and self-centered, you may look down upon me for not putting my children first, but to spew your venomous bile at the conversations between me and my friends?! Have you ever in your life had a single thought worth having?
- Xanthippe:** I dreamt that you would teach me how to think, reveal to me the secrets of nature. Show me how Aphrodite whispers to us from the very nectar of the flower. I wanted to be a poet and instead I find myself a stinking octopus merchant. Father never wished this, he never wanted me to marry you. "You're just a child, many will still want you", that is what he said, he must have heard all the rumors about you, but I was stupid, I wanted the philosopher, thinking people would move aside and let me pass as I walked through the marketplace. Instead they hold their noses from fish stench, they mock me, horns behind my back. You think you're special because you know a few pretty words? Your body lusts for flesh same as anyone's, I saw it. Saw the looks you gave young Alcibiades, sparkling eyes from tears of love... stroking him... begging for a touch of his hand, a taste of his sweet lips... I was young, beautiful, used to shower in the mornings, cleansing myself and praying to Hera to give me happiness and joy and a family. I eagerly waited for you on our bed and you came at me like a cow, from behind, spilled into me. And after that? Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.
- Socrates:** Calm yourself. There is no measure worse than jealousy.
- Xanthippe:** What of your jealousy towards young flesh, thinking it might save you from old age? You ruined our lives!
- Socrates:** Ruined? Do you even know what ruining is?
- Xanthippe:** To ruin is to turn something good into something not good.

- Socrates:** But if, as you state, everything was bad from the very first night, what could I have possibly ruined?
- Xanthippe:** Why did you marry me? For what reason? So that I may fish octopuses for you? So that I may bear you children who are complete strangers to you? To laugh with your friends and tell lies about me? You made me into a mean old hag and a witch. Everywhere I go they say stay clear of Xanthippe, she'll bite your head off, poor man, his wife is as mean as Xanthippe, and I take it all and swallow the insults not letting anyone know how the greatest philosopher mistreats his wife.
- Socrates:** In my final hours I must deal with the self pity of a bitter filled wife? Enough, woman! Have you no shame?
- Xanthippe:** Have I no shame? You have no heart!

### **Scene Thirteen: Jenny and Karl**

*Karl takes off his coat, sits her down on one of the boxes and puts his head on her knees. They sit like this for a while. Karl starts weeping quietly in Jenny's lap.*

- Jenny:** Karl? (silence) Are you crying? (silence)
- Karl:** You hate me...
- Jenny:** That's not true.
- Karl:** You said so Jenny and you're right... I am a murderer...
- Jenny:** I never meant... I really am a "dried up, Bourgeois", making such a fuss because of a silly chalice... a true genius such as yourself need not bother himself with the calculations and payments due to the butcher... you are shivering... are you cold?
- Karl:** (awakens as if from a frozen state) That's it Jenny. It's over...
- Jenny:** (confused) It's over?
- Karl:** All of it! I have just decided! I'm done, Baroness. I'm going back to the university!
- Jenny:** Such nonsense. What will you teach there?
- Karl:** Philosophy. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle...
- Jenny:** But you hate all that. And when will you write your articles?
- Karl:** That's it Jenny. There's no point in fighting anymore - we've done what we've done, but the change has yet to come. People are afraid, the police resecutes and opressess them and they have families to provide for... and I too, have a family to provide for. I've been selfish, thinking only of myself and put you in harms way. What kind of man can't call on a doctor to see his girls because he has no money.
- Jenny:** A revolutionary...

- Karl:** I am beginning to grow wary and detest this revolution, Jenny... instead of writing articles no one reads I'll start making my own way and provide for you as it should be. If they won't accept me into the university we'll all go to America, I'll board the boat as a stoker...
- Jenny:** (laughs) Oh yes, I can imagine you as a stoker on a boat right this very moment...
- Karl:** We'll have a heated home, meat, cheese, eggs and the girls of Karl Marx won't be wearing any rags... from this day forward I'll take good care of you and leave the history to someone else.
- Jenny:** You can't leave it all.
- Karl:** I most certainly can! I'm leaving it all. No more demonstrations, conferences, fired up assemblies that never lead to anything... that's it! (takes an article and starts ripping it to shreds)
- Jenny:** (yanks the papers out of his hands, trying to put the pieces together) Enough! Karl You mustn't! We don't have the privilege of succumbing to our weaknesses or giving up in a moment of despair... we've already lost so much, sacrificed two children for the revolution - I'll be damned if it's all for nothing...

#### **Scene Fourteen: Martha and Sigmund**

- Sigmund:** Obviously the gardener story never happened, I have stated so myself, but to claim the poor woman is lying?
- Martha:** You say these hysterical attacks happen once a month?
- Sigmund:** Like clockwork....
- Martha:** And last for five days or so..?
- Sigmund:** Actually, I never mentioned that.... But, yes...
- Martha:** And are these the days following the womanly menstrual cycle?
- Sigmund:** Could be... I mean... her husband did mention something of the sort, saying that she refuses to go near him in that same time period... and before that she gets her monthly bleeding so they refrain from intercourse...but my dear what is your diagnosis?
- Martha:** You say that the gardener never attacks her, and I propose that deep inside she wishes the gardener would attack her.
- Sigmund:** What do you mean, "wishes"?
- Martha:** As in... a fantasy of sorts.
- Sigmund:** And why on earth would she wish to be violently assaulted by a gardener?
- Martha:** Because... women have fantasies... as do I...
- Sigmund:** You?

**Martha:** Zigi, would you mind turning the lamp off? (he dims the light) Now listen very carefully to what I am about to tell you, for it is the first and last time I'll bring the subject up...

**Sigmund:** I'm listening.

**Martha:** Promise me you will never ask me to speak these words again.

**Sigmund:** I promise.

**Martha:** Promise also, that you won't ask for further details and won't doubt my statements as well as not interrogate me the way you do your patients.

**Sigmund:** But Martha, my dear, I have no reason to interrogate you, you are not ill, you are, in fact. The healthiest women I have ever met...organized, efficient and economical full of zest for life and never neglect your duties. You are meine apfle...

**Martha:** Hear me out, Zigi! This is not an issue I can easily share, I just have to... alright... it began when I was four... or five? I went to pick flowers in the woods with Mina and mother, after the first rain. The forrest was rich with autumn scents, the mushroom were big and plump and I wanted to pick them... so Mina and mother picked flowers and I went off to find the perfect ,mushroom to pluck, and there they were: a horse and a mare. One on top of the other, the horse rose up and withdrew himself from the mare.... And I saw... was the first time I'd see... it was fascinating, and scary... and I forgot all about it until....

**Sigmund:** You repressed it Martha.

**Martha:** Repressed?

**Sigmund:** Repressed it to the darker regions of your memories.

**Martha:** Please don't interrupt, Zigi... I repressed the image until I got my first womanly cycle and with it feelings that rose up here (points to her breasts) and also... (points to her genitalia) the memory came back.

**Sigmund:** As it is often with **virgin girls**, that fear and anxiety takes over them when confronted with sexuality.

**Martha:** But I never felt fear or anxiety, Zigi.

**Sigmund:** You didn't?

**Martha:** The exact opposite. Every time I recalled that stallion, I had this warm feeling coursing through me. I also discovered after a while, that if I place my hand down there every time I am reminded of that stallion and... tremble a bit... that warm feeling wraps itself around me, expanding through me till it reaches a certain peak of excitement... after which I sink into a sweet, sweet slumber...

**Sigmund:** You mean you...

**Martha:** Zigi! You promised!!

**Sigmund:** Shh! I'm listening, I'm listening.

**Martha:** As time went on the image changed and I found myself... I found myself riding the horse... I've done a bad thing and now I'm being led to the headmaster's office at the boarding school, because I've been a bad girl, I wasn't wearing any undergarment. I know I've been a bad girl and I deserve to be punished cause I've been a very, very naughty little girl. The stallion gallops in the streets and on it sits a little girl with with no undergarments. It stops in front of a great, grey

building. I dismount it. Open the door and down a long corridor, knowing that I deserve to be punished cause I've been a bad girl. A corrupt little girl. Someone pushes me into the headmaster's office as he sits at his desk, drinking his wine... calls me to come closer to stand by his side. I come closer and he offers me wine, ordering me to drink. I do. It's bitter and as I wipe my lips, he suddenly sits me on his knee - I pray that he won't, but he does - puts his hand under my dress and says: "what's this? The young lady has no... knickers?" Then... he sits me straight on his... forgive me, male genitalia... smacks my behind... and his words become a song... the young lady... no knickers is very naughty, naughty, naughty...the young lady with no knickers, naughty girl with no knickers, naughty, naughty/ young and naughty lady / young and naughty, naughty, naughty, naughty, naughty and it is at that very moment that I feel... p...p...p...

**Sigmund:** Petrified?

**Martha:** P...p..pleasured.... Pleasured by a heavenly delight..

**Sigmund:** P...p...pleasured??!

**Martha:** Hmmm. And ever since, whenever I wish to... after I fulfill my womanly duties and you're dreaming away, fast asleep, somewhere in your dreams, if I find it hard to sleep I just...

**Sigmund:** Get on your horse and ride to the headmaster's office...

**Martha:** Precisely, Zigi. I don't even have to do anything, I just imagine...things never happened, no headmaster of any boarding school has ever had his way with me, I never even went to boarding school, as you well know - I call it false visions.

**Sigmund:** False?

**Martha:** My false visions. Mine, and Lisa Rosenstein's and the rest of your female patients...

**Sigmund:** But this just can't be Martha. If this is all true then this means that my patient is lying to me?

**Martha:** Not lying, just imagining as I did.

**Sigmund:** (excited) So in that case, Lisa Rosenstein is not not imagining that the gardener want to attack her, she is imagining instead that he is passionately having his way with her, perhaps even enjoying it, but the relenting guilt of her consciousness, are making her think that she is betraying her husband.

**Martha:** Who is thirty years her senior, as opposed to the gardener, a strapping young man...

**Sigmund:** Whom she'd like to find in her bed...

**Martha:** Exactly, Zigi. Lisa Rosenstein loves her husband -

**Sigmund:** - but his body is unattractive to her, thus she turns to false visions of a gardener and, being a well-educated intelligent woman, she no doubt feels guilt ridden and blameful, hence punishing herself through severe headaches, paresthesia surrounding the groin area... which is exactly what I thought all this time...I knew it! I knew it in my very instinct and now I have it - my missing piece (gets up to the desk and starts writing) "False visions manifest into physical, tangible pain" (stops) One moment:



in actuality she's... projecting her anger at herself, to the gardener and pollutes him with imaginations she sees to be dirty...

**Martha:** Correct, Zigi. All these urges to expel the gardener are nothing but "projections", just as you stated.... Remember that word meine liebe...

**Sigmund:** Projection... repression's twin...

**Martha:** I'll find a place for her when I continue proofreading your new book...

**Sigmund:** (continues pondering out loud) So in order to heal the patient I must first confront her with these false memories of hers, get her to admit their very existence and explain to her that it is her own guilt that is the reason for her physical torments. All she suffers from is lack of satisfaction. As long as she can't reach orgasm with her husband (a penny drops) who is unable to... satisfy... her... Martha?

**Martha:** Bunny rabbit?

**Sigmund:** You're actually cheating on me!

### Scene fifteen : Karl and Jenny

**Karl:** What use do I have of this revolution if you don't love me anymore?

**Jenny:** I didn't say that.

**Karl:** You said you hate me and you are right, I hate myself...

**Jenny:** Really Karl. Just because I hate you doesn't mean I don't love you anymore...

**Karl:** Really?

**Jenny:** Of course not, idiot (kisses him) Come on then, it's freezing, we'll sleep with the girls tonight, in the church... we'll write engles tomorrow, he'll think of something. We'll mention "workers of the world unite" - that'll make his day.

**Karl:** Perhaps we should sprinkle some of your rage onto the page...

**Jenny:** My rage?

**Karl:** I've never seen you this riled up before, such strength, such enormous power, all thanks to the cold and hunger and humiliation that rotten landlord was dishing out. Our fire lies within our troubles, Jenny... that is where we need to aim when we move from one factory to the next.

**Jenny:** Precisely. We need to stop talking to them in pompous phrasings of justice and equality, we need to remind them constantly that while they freeze in the cold, counting penny upon penny, men who never worked an honest day in their life, are sitting by the fire, throwing leftovers to their cats and sneer at anyone who wakes at five in the morning to go to work in this London weather...

**Karl:** Yes, we need to emphasize these differences, tell them tales of the the superficial, comforts of Bourgeois lifestyles...

**Jenny:** The must feel contempt towards these people, make them feel proud of who they are...

**Karl:** I must serve as an example... tomorrow I'll offer my candidacy for a job as a clerk at the railway company...

**Jenny:** What, now?  
**Karl:** Yes, I saw an ad in the wanted sections.  
**Jenny:** You can't be a clerk - you're too grumpy, your handwriting is illegible and you'll make a mess of their accounting - I'll go! I'll get up early tomorrow, you wake the girls up and feed them before you're off to the museum.  
**Karl:** Under no circumstance! You cannot work at the railroad company.  
**Jenny:** Why on earth not?  
**Karl:** Because ...you are my beautiful, beloved Baroness! (kisses her)

### **Scene Sixteen: Martha and Sigmund**

**Martha:** Cheating? Me?  
**Sigmund:** And you enjoy it... for god's sake Martha.  
**Martha:** Bunny rabbit, what nonsense, none of this ever happened...  
**Sigmund:** And how long has this been going on, these "false memories" of yours...  
**Martha:** While we were engaged, I believe. Four years is quite a while, Zigi, so I consoled myself with a bit of fantasy. I swore I'd be done with it the moment we got married, and I really did manage it in the beginning, but then started the dizzy spells. When I saw them disappear whenever I let myself enjoy it... I'm so glad I told you, all this time I felt as though...  
**Sigmund:** You're deceiving?  
**Martha:** Not deceiving, but... it doesn't really matter bunny rabbit... you promised me we won't talk about it anymore.... I feel relieved. Now that there are no more secrets, come to bed... your apfelstrudel awaits... (full of vitality and passion, due to confessing and cocaine she tries to draw him to her, laying at the centre of the bed, but the physical connection between the two is an exercise in futility) I'm your juicy apfelstrudel mit hot vanilla cream (The more she tries the more Sigmund's lust abates) Zigi!  
**Sigmund:** Not now Martha. First the position, then the false memories - I need to process all this...

### **Scene Seventeen: Xanthippe and Socrates**

**Socrates:** You're right. I was wrong to neglect you, to neglect our children, but I really had no other choice. I came into this world to be a cattle fly. You ever seen a cattle fly? It attaches itself to the skin, bites and pesters and never relents, never a moment of peace. As do I. I ask and ask and ask again, overturn every claim and

put a mirror in front of the claimant so that he better assess reality. I encourage them to look at what is good and right and just without fearing their vicious masters who threaten market merchants for an extra piece of land, who send people out to die in battle for their own misguided honor, and who use those who can't think, just because their parents had no money teachers

**Xanthippe:** So why not go into politics? Where you not asked? You could have changed everything.

**Socrates:** I couldn't. Let me let you in on a little secret. From my childhood days, there has always been a voice whispering in my ear, guiding me on what to do and what to steer clear of. Every time they wanted me to be a politician or man of war or any such honorary role, that voice berated me, turning me away from the comforts of power, saying: "Socrates, a leader, an adjudicator and a lord do you wish to be? You are not a man of sovereignty and privilege - you cannot be a master, this is not the reason you were put on this earth. Go Socrates. Go with the people..."

**Xanthippe:** (enchanted as a child) Then that is your daemon (daimonion)?

**Socrates:** (amused) Have you also heard that from behind the door?

**Xanthippe:** Every chance that I got, I listened...

**Socrates:** Yes that is my daemon, who sends me off to the market each day to awaken the power of wisdom in man... free of charge. Don't be angry at he who fulfills his destiny.

**Xanthippe:** What about me, though? I want to learn... why haven't you awakened the power of wisdom within me?

**Socrates:** You are a woman.

**Xanthippe:** So what? Have I no right for thought, for knowledge? Does the body determine the fate of the soul?

**Socrates:** You wish to learn?

**Xanthippe:** Yes...

**Socrates:** What is it you wish to learn?

**Xanthippe:** Why someone loves one person and not another?

**Socrates:** What is love, Xanthippe?

**Xanthippe:** Love is when I hear you laugh with Criton from behind the door and I weep...

**Socrates:** And why is it that you weep?

**Xanthippe:** Jealousy.

**Socrates:** And What is jealousy?

**Xanthippe:** When you wish someone to be yours truly, he is not and you are angered.

**Socrates:** Well put... in that case love is anger?

**Xanthippe:** No... love is something beautiful and good.. As gentle as a butterfly...

**Socrates:** So if jealousy is anger and love is not anger.... Then love is not anger, true?

**Xanthippe:** True.

**Socrates:** Then what is love... try again...

**Xanthippe:** Love is when I stroke a leaf of a flower, ever so softly, that's growing in the garden. Love is when Lamprocles laughs and I laugh with him... love is when you sleep and I watch over you silently...

- Socrates:** Well put Xanthippe, you near the truth. These are indeed moments of love that are not touched by anger or jealousy. What do they all have in common?
- Xanthippe:** They... make me feel good...
- Socrates:** Where?
- Xanthippe:** (puts her hand on her heart) here...
- Socrates:** The heart?
- Xanthippe:** Yes. The heart.
- Socrates:** And what does the heart do?
- Xanthippe:** beats?
- Socrates:** The heart beats... and its beating gives us life, does it not?
- Xanthippe:** It does.
- Socrates:** And who commands it to beat...
- Xanthippe:** (thinks) Itself... It beats by its own command.
- Socrates:** Correct. And can you ask it whether to beat or not?
- Xanthippe:** No... you can't.
- Socrates:** Correct. You can't. The heart beats or doesn't beat from its own accord. Perhaps now you could better understand why someone would love one person and not the other.
- Xanthippe:** Because that is the way the heart wishes... on its own accord?
- Socrates:** Yes... you can't give the heart orders.
- Xanthippe:** Too bad...
- Socrates:** Yes... too bad...

*Silence*

*A knock on the door. Xanthippe stands at the door*

- Xanthippe:** No...
- Socrates:** Yes... It is time.... You have to go. My friends have come to be with me as I drink of the poisoned goblet.
- Xanthippe:** I want to stay...
- Socrates:** You cannot. The weeping of women to offend the sanctity of the moment.
- Xanthippe:** Is there nothing you wish to say to me?
- Socrates:** There is nothing left to say. I go to my death, you - to your life. Only to the gods know, which fate is better.

*Xanthippe bursts into tears, Martha and Jenny come to her aid, hug her and escort her out of the jail cell. Music.*

*Movement.*

**Actress playing Martha:**

Martha Freud bore her husband six children

She devoted her whole life to him  
Proofread his books  
Turned a blind eye to his affair with her sister  
She gave her whole life to creating the perfect platform for him to dedicate himself to his work and deliberations.  
In the last biography written about Sigmund Freud, there was a single photo of her.

***Actress playing Jenny:***

Jenny Marx abandoned a life of aristocracy to follow her husband, Marx  
She bore him six children, of which she bereaved three  
Was an active force in her husband's social battles  
Visited the factories alongside him and was part of building the revolution manifest, with Karl and Engels.  
Jenny passed away from Tuberculosis a short time before her husband, fading away from the pages of history.

***Actress playing Xanthippe:***

No person concerned themselves with Xanthippe after Socrates had died  
She probably became a hardened woman, sustaining herself and her children  
Her name became synonymous with that of a mean woman and Only a small street remains in the alleyways of Athens to remind us that she ever existed...

THE END

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