

**ANNOYED WITH FREUD**  
**A One-Act Play**  
**by**  
**Jonathan Marten**

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The Scene: A very dimly lit stages. Special effects can be used to evoke an eerie mood. The play takes place in John's mind. The stage is clear, except for a small wooden table, with a pitcher of water and a glass.

*John enters slowly, a bit insecure. He walks into a spot that appears center stage.*

John: (Hesitates, then confidently) Good evening. Allow me to introduce myself.

ID: (from off stage right) What choice have they got??!!

John: (gives a nasty look toward the intrusion, clears his throat, and continues) As I was saying, my name is John. Just John will do for now — I want no *social* overtones.

ID: (Still off stage) Anything you say, you kike.

John: (Trying to ignore the interruption) A little about me — I come from a typical American home. I was brought up in a typical American way, and go to typical American psychiatrist about three times a week. Anyway, this psychiatrist told me that I have developed a most atypical ID.

*Enter ID. He is dressed in jeans and a leather jacket.*

ID: Did I hear my name mentioned?

John: Does it make a difference?

ID: No, not really...but here I am, so get your ass ready for me. I am ID and don't you fucking forget it! (He laughs at John's discomfort) Wait a mother-fucking minute! (Looks out, spots the audience for the first time and turns on John) If they think...(stops and faces the audience) If you fuckers think we're going to put on a show for you, you've got another think coming. I've got a mind to leave right now. The hell with this bullshit!

*He starts to leave. Enter EGO. He is dressed in a suit and tie.*

EGO: (Completely practical, totally non-threatening) Hold on ID

John: Allow me to introduce my EGO.

EGO: Hold it ID. You're not going anywhere. If you walked out right now John would be in a lot of trouble. To begin with, all these people would have to get their money back.

ID: Screw that!

EGO: And it's not just that. It simply wouldn't be practical. We have responsibilities to think about.

ID: Bullshit!

EGO: (Ignoring him) Furthermore, if you start threatening this audience, they may simply get up and leave.

ID: (Waving his hand) Goodbye, so long, see ya!

*EGO crosses to ID, and the two of them argue silently. ID gesticulating wildly, while EGO remains calm and reasoned.*

John: If I may continue. This same psychiatrist also told me I had a very good Super Ego...(looks off stage left) And here he comes now.

*Enter SUPER-EGO. SE is dressed in clerical black, collar and all.*

JOHN: (addressing SE) So, how guilty are you feeling today?

SE: (sighing) John, John, John. Don't be like that. It's just, I feel you haven't been living up to your potential as a writer. Your metaphors need improvement, and your similes definitely need work. But, personally, I see you as a *great* writer — potentially one of the greatest writers of the century. Right up there with Hemingway, Steinbeck Williams...

*EGO and ID break up their debate and turn their attention to John.*

John: What can I do? I'm trying the best I can.

ID: Fuck him! Of course you're trying. Who does this putz think he is anyways?

SE: (continuing his earlier thought) ...Miller, Pinter Vonnegut...

ID: (at SE) You son of a bitch! I'll knock your teeth through your skull.

EGO: Careful now. We wouldn't want to spill blood on the stage — we spent a lot of money to rent it. Besides, there would be no purpose to it. (Stops and ponders a moment) Now that I think of it, what *is* the purpose we're here, at all. What real reason is there for living?

ID: (knowing the answer) To Fuck the hell out of the world! But who cares about that right now — I'm hungry.

EGO: (To no one in particular) Think about it — why do we exist? It's illogical.

ID: As a matter of fact, I'm *starving*!

EGO: Why should we even bother with life at all?

ID: (Grabs EGO by his throat) Listen Plato, I'm fucking *starving*, and the only thing that matters is FOOD!

SE: (trying to break up the confrontation) The food of the soul can feed us in times of need.

ID: (lets go of EGO's throat) How does a soul taste?

SE: Impudence is the devil's feast!

ID: There you go again with food!

EGO: Out in the middle of nowhere, it is somewhat difficult to find something to eat, although, much as it pains me to agree with ID, I suggest we do something about the situation.

ID: Good idea. (Looking at SE) Your elbow's looking good right about now.

*ID reaches for SE's elbow.*

SE: (Pulling his elbow back) Yes, you're both right. Why don't we try McDonald's or Burger King. Even the conscience needs its nourishment.

EGO: Yes but how do we get there. I suppose we either have to walk or take a cab, considering we have no car.

ID: Why don't we fly?

SE: Yes, the spirit soars...

ID: Spirits will get you high alright.... Anyway I'm not that hungry anymore. I'm THIRSTY!!

(At this, ID frantically runs around the stage, finally jumping in the audience, where he grabs various people, asking if they have a glass of water. During this, EGO very calmly and logically goes over to the pitcher of water on the table, pours a glass, and holds it out to ID who, seeing it, rushes back to the stage, grabs it, and gulps it down)

EGO: (In command) Now, lets all relax and let John get back to his thoughts.

John: As I was saying, I come from a-typical American home, so, naturally, I have typical American hang-ups.

ID America sucks!!!

SE: He may be right. This has become an incredibly materialistic society.

EGO: That may be so, but look at all the useful things you can buy with money. Things that make reality a lot easier to deal with.

SE: You're referring to the "American Dream?" A home of your own, two cars in the garage, a Sony Play Station, 3D flat screen TV (losing himself to the thought), HUGE bonuses, millions in the bank! The free enterprise system working at it's best,

ID: Are you fucking crazy??? It's the SEX, man!! SEX, and more SEX! John's a bachelor. He has no commitments. He can go out there and live, fuck five girls a night!!!

EGO: (To both of them) So he can do all this without a job?

ID: Don't bother me with details, shit head! Just live your fuckin guts out!

SE: He tries.

ID: Bullshitt!

SE: (Giving in a bit) Maybe it's true. (To John) You could be doing better than you have been. But, your sexual fantasies have been disgraceful. You know what your therapist told you. First of all...

ID: Oh screw it, man! (Looking SE over with disdain) No, I suppose you wouldn't. (Starts to laugh at his own wit, when suddenly he spies something of interest in the audience) Hey John-boy—see that blonde across the isle? What you couldn't do with that. I mean, c'mon fer crissakes! Picture her on...

SE: Oh for the love of God, stop that! Have you no shame? No shred of decency.

*ID just looks at him with disgust.*

John: Well, I finally got to a point in my life, where everything seemed useless. My parents didn't understand me, so I had to ask them for some space.

ID: YOU TOLD THEM TO FUCK OFF!!

John: Whatever... I started to go out and look for things on my own. I left home.

EGO: Not a particularly wise decision considering the reality of...*reality*.

John: What did I know of reality? My world was a small one, my world view even smaller.

So there I was out on the street, with nowhere to turn.

ID: I told him to turn to that redhead leaning on the streetlamp. Why didn't he go after her?

EGO: Because he feared further rejection. Logically speaking, if he got rejected yet again, he would feel bad. I do not invite the possibility of feeling bad.

ID: Or feeling good, either! Hell, I would have banged that broad into....

SE: We must keep *order* with our feelings. Rein in these degenerate impulses.

ID: Seems to me that's all you do. Why?

SE: Because you must strive for better things — to be a better person. I support and encourage John in this. (Looking pointedly at ID) He knows what is bad and immoral

ID: Who the fuck cares about *morality*?! Christ! Leave the morals to Aesop! Leave the morals to me!

EGO: I would try for a sure thing, but reality doesn't always work out that way.

SE: It's true, there are not too many sure things in this world — but God is sure. Yes John, as you have been told, if you know God you are sure to come to grips with reality. Pray to...

ID: (Cutting him off) What does that mother-fucker know?? I mean, c'mon! Where is he anyway??? I am here NOW telling you exactly what to do. Oh God? God??? Come out, come out wherever you are...you son of a bitch!

SE: Please! Do not use his name in vain.

ID: Why not, Billy Graham cracker?

SE: (Frustrated and flustered by the question) Because...because...because, goddamnit, it's IRREVERENT! (He immediately covers his mouth after saying this, kneels down and starts mumbling prayers) Oh lord, forgive me.

(ID is laughing hysterically)

EGO: As I see it, if there is no God in the here and now, it's possible he was busy and simply couldn't make it here tonight. You have to figure, he must have a lot to do...

ID: ( Lifting up his hands) Jesus fucking Christ!

EGO: Although, if there is no God, then he obviously wouldn't be busy at all. However, I prefer to deal in terms of reality. And I would like to see some real proof as to the existence of God. So, although I know what I have been told, given the evidence — or lack thereof — I must conclude there is, in fact, no God.

(ID breathes a sigh of relief)

SE: (To EGO) You are going to Hell! You will become the Devil's play-thing!

ID: Now there's a man after my own heart!

SE: Repent! Repent! (SE kneels down and begins praying again) He didn't mean it, God. He was just under the influence of (spitting it out) *ID!!* (Pleadingly to EGO) You must repent.

EGO: I don't think so.

SE: (Shocked) No?

EGO: (Gaining confidence in his decision) No.

SE: But what code will you live by? What sense of morality?

EGO: (Ponders a moment) The code and morality of John.

SE: But what code of John. What does John believe?

TEGO: I don't really know. Ask him.

SE: Well, John, what is your code?

John: My code?? (Ponders) I think my "code" is just to be the best version of myself I can be, in every situation I find myself in.

EGO: That's a somewhat vague methodology for living. It's well and good to say you want to be the best version of you, you can be. But who *are* you?

John: Well, I'm *you*. (Looking at the three) All of you. And you all are me.

ID: I don't find that real fucking comforting, Johnny-boy.

SE: (Panicking) You're all missing the point. What are we going to *do??*

John: Discover life..

ID: (Cynically) How???

John: (Musing) I don't really know.

ID: Oh, that' just fucking perfect!

*(All four look at each other for a moment, then begin to pace about the stage, pondering. Suddenly, ID snaps his fingers.)*

ID: (Pointing off stage left) Hey...what about that brunette over there?

John: Hmmm (Looks at ID and smiles) Why not? (Turns to EGO) EGO?

EGO: Well, it could prove to be beneficial. Possibly even promote a state of well-being. Ah, what the hell!

*(In his excitement, John throws his arms around EGO and ID. As they start to exit, they turn to SE who remains frozen in indecision.)*

John: You coming?

*(SE silently shakes his head no, he refuses to look at the other three, staring at the ground. As the three exit, SE continues to stand for another 10 seconds or so. Suddenly, a girls squeal of delight is heard from off stage.)*

SE: (Looking up at the sound, excitement in his face) HEY!!! WAIT FOR ME! (He runs out after the others.)

Curtain