PROLOGUE

Lights up show the room the woman is in. There is a keyboard, a desk, and a chair.
A pianist, Mr Sunshine, dressed in yellow, sits at the keyboard to accompany her.
The woman walks in as if a psychiatrist. She addresses Mr. Sunshine. She shakes
hands with various audience members, commenting on their clothing and shoes.
She makes comment on one member's family situation. She makes them feel
welcome.

Wise Alexandra   Sit back, relax, and tell me all about it.
She sits on the desk.
Mr. Sunshine plays “It’s Not Easy Being Green”.

Wise Alexandra:  Do you ever feel green? Like you are being walked all over
as if grass? Pelted with water like a moss covered stone? Eaten by
every sea creature, just because you’re algae? I often feel green;
down and out, and dreadfully on edge all of the time. Worried
about the next onslaught by natural causes.

Mr. Sunshine plays violent music then peaceful tunes
The psychiatrist hides under her desk, looking upset by the sounds she hears. She
then appears happier at the beautiful sounds and images. Gets up on her desk.

Or do you feel red or yellow or gold, heating up like the blistering
sun as if you’re on fire? Radiating warmth in your Autumn leaves
as you happily fall down from the trees? Or majestic and proud in
a sunset, wildly glowing for all the world to gloat over your
beauty? I love feeling like this, it is magical isn’t it?

When do you feel high and when do you feel low?

Mr. Sunshine does effects on “ magical’ and ‘high’ and ‘low’.

Oops!
Can I say that? Is it...kosher to speak of subjects such as this?
I don’t care what the establishment says...we have to! Speak now
or forever hold your war and peace! The topic?
Mental **wellness** – I shan’t say illness! For I’m here to talk about prosperity and rising above the demons. **Mr. Sunshine starts playing on ‘prosperity’ and ‘demons’. Keeps vamping till ‘Society’s Blues’.**

Although they be there. Oh, indeed, they be there. Many of them and in various shapes and sizes. The horrors, the nasties- shall we get them out of the way in the early stages of this session? I think so. It’s best for all parties concerned really, if you can vent the bad. Then we can make way for the wonderful, the daylight, the acceptable!

But those beasties mean going to places no-one really wants to go. Travelling the low road. Though you may think you are surviving at the time, it’s a battle you are engaged in from go to woe, and a savage one at that. A battle of your mind’s eye, from deep inside the soul, pending examination from your heart...

Well I wonder why all is not as it seems,
Why life will turn hopes into fallible dreams.
Why people must feign their attitude,
Their name, their age, their thoughts, their mood.
Why the female is shy and the male is strong,
And when reversed why it will be seen as wrong.
To know, to know is what we seek,
Please let the tongue of wisdom speak.
To know, to know the truth to find,
Please educate my humble mind.
To know, to know it is my goal,
Please lift and love my aching soul...
Yeah.

lots of ice-cream—but that could be the Largactol. It has a side
effect of overeating. And oversleeping.

Why war is politics and peace is a freak,
Why the strong aren’t secure till they knock down the weak.
How the soul of a calf is worth less than its hide,
How people can suffer just to preserve pride.
Of God we’re uncertain yet his word is law,
Yet obvious fact we choose to ignore.
To know, to know is what we seek,
Please let the tongue of wisdom speak.
To know, to know the truth to find,
Please educate my humble mind.
To know, to know it is my goal,
Please lift and love my aching soul...
Yeah.

Don’t you hate all these side effects? I mean, why can’t they
design a concoction to help you that doesn’t ail you in some way
at the same time? It fixes one problem and then gives you five
others!

“Oh thank you so much for getting me over my depression...what
a shame I suffer with boated legs now!”

But rather than dealing with all the dreaded add ons from our
medications, wouldn’t it be good to also have some better forms of
therapy? Therapeutic but safe? To give you quality of life.

Why to love will cause pain yet to hurt satisfaction,
Why weakness is showing our natural reaction.
Once burned is twice shy, yet history will repeat,
An impression lasts less in success than defeat.
To wonder is human, to seek is to grow,
But strength and elation will come when you know.
To know, to know is what we seek,
Please let the tongue of wisdom speak.
To know, to know the truth to find,
Please educate my humble mind.
To know, to know it is my goal,
Please lift and love my aching soul.
To know, to know it is my goal,
Please lift and love my aching soul.
To know, to know, it is my goal...
To have quality of life.
If you want to be happy.