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Hello Eloise

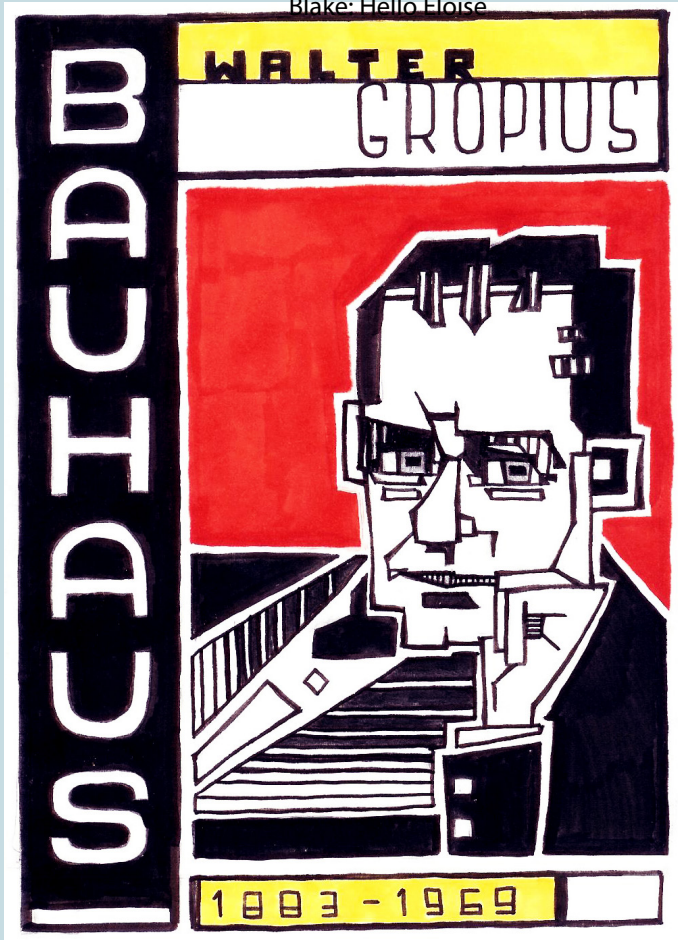
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Walter Gropius. Amber Houghton

CW: Use of strong language, violent imagery, and allusions to sexual assault

Hello Eloise

Devon Blake

Characters:

Eloise: Female, early to mid '20s

Dr. Johnson, Psychotherapist: Male, late '50s to '60s

Act I, Scene I: Same Time Next Week?

The scene opens with DR JOHNSON seated, notebook, and pen in hand. ELOISE sits opposite on a couch, aloof and withdrawn. After scribbling in his notebook, DR JOHNSON begins.

DR JOHNSON

Eloise? How are you feeling today?

ELOISE shudders with surprise as if she had been sleeping.

ELOISE

Um, eh...I don't know.

ELOISE keeps her eyes and focus down, not connecting with DR JOHNSON

DR JOHNSON

What has your week been like since we last met?

ELOISE

Just a week, same like always. A week.

DR JOHNSON

Still having trouble sleeping?

DR JOHNSON writes in his notebook briskly

ELOISE

Yeah, I guess...I mean I sleep, just not a lot anymore.

ELOISE begins to pick at her clothing

DR JOHNSON

Still having nightmares then?

DR. JOHNSON leans in and puts his notepad to the side

ELOISE sits up and focuses directly on DR. JOHNSON. She speaks with a new boldness

ELOISE

Yes, but I don't know what they are and I don't know that they're memories or just stuff in my crazy head.

DR JOHNSON

Does it matter to you if the dreams are just dreams or if they are in part reality?

ELOISE

Kinda. If they're memories - then I need them to stop 'cuz I don't wanna know. I can't know.

DR JOHNSON

Does it frighten you to know the totality of what occurred? Would it not be better than the unknown you have now?

ELOISE

Knowing is way worse, at least now I can pretend it wasn't so bad. The bruises are almost gone, the bones are pretty much healed, I look pretty

Blake: Hello Eloise

much normal again. If I know, I won't ever forget and if I can't forget it- then I'm stuck like this forever.

DR JOHNSON

Forever is a long time, Eloise. Are you certain that knowing wouldn't help you "forgive and forget" as they say?

ELOISE

Excuse me? Forgive...

ELOISE pauses to take a big breath and gather herself as she continues on
And forget? That's not fucking happening. There's no forgiving anyone in this.

DR JOHNSON

No? Why's that?

ELOISE

Because some things just aren't forgivable. It's not like they took my favorite pen without asking, or borrowed five bucks and didn't pay me back. They ruined my life. Gutless and heartless and inhuman - that's what they are and they ...aaaaaahhhhhhh! If I could ... Ugh!
ELOISE grabs her head with both hands and begins to shake as she cries.

DR JOHNSON

If you could what? Is there something you could do to ease your pain?

ELOISE

Yeah but I can't, 'cuz if I did - that would mean I am just as evil as them.

DR JOHNSON

Ok, hypothetically then - what could you do that would give you some relief? NO judgments.

ELOISE takes a deep breath and stands up, walks over to the window, and begins speaking- stoically while facing outside. DR JOHNSON picks up his notepad and pen

ELOISE

I'd find them and take them, as they took me but I wouldn't drug them. I want them fully aware of what's happening. I'd drive them out to the middle of the Mojave, strip 'em naked, and crucify them to the ground.

ELOISE turns to DR JOHNSON- her tone rises and rage fills her.

I'd slice them with a fine blade - everywhere but not anywhere that would cause them to bleed out too fast, I don't want them dying too soon. Slash their Achilles, just in case they somehow freed themselves - they wouldn't get far. Then I'd fillet their dicks, from tip to sac.

ELOISE walks directly in front of DR JOHNSON and smiles.

Then ...I'd pour salt and lemon juice in the open wounds and watch them writhe in agony- begging me to end their suffering - but death is a far too easy cop-out for those vile excuses for men. I want them to suffer - I want them to lie there in the desert praying something comes along to end their pain. Praying like I do every fucking day I wake up that it was all a dream.

ELOISE begins to cry.

I want them to feel the pain I feel inside - the searing - scorching never-ending pain of how they violated me. I'm alive but without a soul - living from here to nowhere! They took every ounce of good in me and murdered it, leaving me with a corpse! They deserve to die the most excruciating and endless death. I'd watch for a bit - then drive off - hearing their screams for miles just as they heard mine.

ELOISE sits back on the couch.

DR JOHNSON

And would that ease your pain? Give you some comfort?

DR JOHNSON writes in his notepad.

ELOISE

A little...

DR JOHNSON

Well, then I think we've just made some progress. Same time next week?

ELOISE laughs as she rises and heads for the door.

ELOISE

Yeah, doc, same time next week.

ELOISE leaves.