**BEDROOM FARCE**
By: Alan Ayckbourn
Susannah
*Susannah is talking to herself in the mirror of her friend’s house doing her “exercises.” After she is finished saying them, her friend, Kate, enters and Susannah pours out her heart to her.*
I am confident in myself. I have confidence in myself. I am not unattractive. I am attractive. People still find me attractive. I am not afraid of people. People are not frightening. There is nothing to be frightened of. Oh, sorry. I was just doing my exercises. I do them whenever I’m alone. Or when I feel alone. They help. Trevor’s here, I suppose? He hasn’t said hello to me, I notice. No doubt he’s better things to occupy him. I see that woman’s here. Whatever her name is. Jan. Her husband’s sick in bed? How lucky for her. Kate, tell me something. Do you and Malcolm still have—how are you and Malcolm? You can be honest, you know. I don’t know if you know it but things for Trevor and I have gone totally wrong. I’m sure everyone’s heard. We’re neither of us very good at—conventional cover-ups. Is it still exciting for you? God, Trevor used to excite me. I was so excited by that man. Do you know what it feels like to be really excited? When we weren’t actually physically here in the bed—you know, making love—I felt empty—utterly incomplete. And now. Now, it’s a desert. We hardly touch, you know. I think I actually revolt him. Suddenly I’ve lost all my identity. Some mornings, “who am I,” I say. “Who am I?” And I don’t know. I terrify myself. (pause) I saw this girl in the street the other day—about my age—a little bit younger. Do you know, I felt aroused by her. Attracted. Isn’t that terrifying? Not that the feeling in its is terrifying. I don’t believe the feeling in itself is wrong but what it means is that all the things I used to think I knew about myself I no longer know. I suppose you’re beautifully complicated, Kate. I’m sorry for keeping you. Could I just stay here a bit longer? Thanks. I’ll pluck up courage in a minute. I’m sorry, I’m being absolutely useless. See you in a minute. (after a few moments, looking back at the mirror, more confidently than before) I am confident in myself. I have confidence in myself. I am not unattractive. I am attractive. People still find me attractive. I am not afraid of people. People are not frightening. There is nothing to be frightened of. (nods assuredly)