



Sybil

a musical

SONGS AND SCENES

ACT ONE

- Scene One. Broadview Hotel Room
 "Colored Pencils" *.....Young Sybil
 "Where Am I?" * Sybil and Doctor Wilbur
- Scene Two. Doctor Wilbur's Office, Omaha
 "Normal"Sybil
- Scene Three. Sybil's Home/Doctor Wilbur's Office
 "Two Roads"Wilbur, Hattie, Doctor Wilbur
- Scene Four. Teddy's Apartment, New York
 "New York Is Freedom"Teddy and Sybil
- Scene Five. Doctor Wilbur's Office
 "The Other Girl.....Sybil
- Scene Six. Street.
- Scene Seven. Doctor Wilbur's Office
 "C'est Une Bonne Idee" *Sybil and Doctor Wilbur
- Scene Eight. Doctor Wilbur's Office
- Scene Nine. Apartment
 "Sybil" *.....Doctor Wilbur and Selves
- Scene Ten. Doctor Wilbur's Office
 "What Am I?"Doctor Wilbur and Sybil
 "Nancy Lou"Sybil
 "Sid"Sybil
 "Mary"Sybil
 "Vanessa and Marjorie"Sybil
- Scene Eleven. Doctor Wilbur's Office
 "Willow Corners"Hattie and Girls
- Scene Twelve. Doctor Wilbur's Office
 "Sybil Always Made Us Feel the Pain" *.....Sybil, Hattie,
 Selves

ACT TWO

- Scene One. Apartment.
 "Who Am I?"*.....Sybil

Scene Two. Doctor Wilbur's Office

"Multiplication"Doctor Wilbur, Sybil, Selves

"Doctor Wilbur"*Doctor Wilbur

Scene Three. Restaurant.

"Two Roads" (reprise.).....Doctor Wilbur

Scene Four. Apartment

"I Watch You"Teddy

Scene Five. In One

Scene Six. Hotel Room

"Where Am I?" (reprise)Sybil

"I Hate Her."Sybil

Scene Seven. Apartment

Scene Eight. St Mary's Hospital 1926

"Sybil Always Made Us Feel the Pain" (reprise)

.....Sybil and Selves

"Take Control" *.....Doctor Wilbur and Sybil

Scene Nine. Doctor Wilbur's Office

"Blue is the Color of Love" *.....Sybil and Selves

* Denotes song on recording.

ACT ONE, Scene One.
 BLACK. YOUNG SYBIL sits in a spot
 CENTER, drawing on a pad.

YOUNG SYBIL

MY PENCILS COME
 IN MANY DIFFERENT COLORS.
 I KEEP THEM ALL IN ORDER
 IN THIS PILE.
 ORANGE, RED AND GREEN,
 RED-ORANGE TOO..
 WHERE'S MY BLUE?

MAMA DOESN'T LIKE IT
 WHEN I COLOR.
 IF I TOLD HER BLUE WAS MISSING
 SHE'D JUST SMILE.
 MAMA JUST WOULD NOT
 KNOW WHAT TO DO
 TO FIND MY BLUE.

GRAMMA WOULD KNOW
 BUT GRAMMA'S UNDERGROUND.
 AND PAPA IS AT WORK
 AND MAMA WARNS
 DON'T MAKE A SOUND--!

GRAMMA USED TO LOVE
 MY COLORED PENCILS.
 MY PILE, SHE'D SAY, IS
 ONE BIG RAINBOW HUE.

I MISS MY GRAMMA
 I WANT MY--

HATTIE
 (Screams from OFF.)

Sybil!

(A shock of thunder! YOUNG SYBIL looks out,
 terrified and the stage goes BLACK. The SOUND
 of rain. A phone is heard RINGING. A LIGHT hits
 a phone on a table.

DOCTOR WILBUR APPEARS and picks up the phone.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

Hello?

(SYBIL appears, hair wet.)

SYBIL

(Into the phone.)

Doctor Wilbur? Do you--is--Oh, Doctor Wilbur..

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil? Sybil, where are you? You missed your appointment. I was worried.

SYBIL

I'm calling...I'm in a phone booth.

DOCTOR WILBUR

A phone booth? Where?

SYBIL

It happened again, Doctor Wilbur. I'm so sorry. I'm so ashamed.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil?

SYBIL

It's raining. I'm so cold...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Raining? What do you mean? It's perfectly dry--. Oh. Oh. Sybil? Sybil. Are you still in New York?

SYBIL

(Breaking down.)

I don't know! I don't know!

DOCTOR WILBUR

Please, Sybil. Try to relax...

WHERE ARE YOU?
 YOU HAVE TO THINK.
 JUST TRY TO CATCH
 YOUR BREATH..
 PLEASE DON'T DISSOLVE IN
 PANIC.
 KEEP CALM OR CATCH
 YOUR DEATH..

SYBIL

I always promise myself it won't happen again! How many times have I started over?

DOCTOR WILBUR

Then perhaps stop trying, dear-girl. Why start over? Why not go on from where you are?

SYBIL

(Letting the sobs come.)

But I never know where I am...

WHERE AM I?
HOW DO I COPE
WITH WHAT'S HAPPENING
INSIDE?
IF YOU DON'T KNOW
WHERE YOU ARE
THAT MAKES IT VERY HARD
TO HIDE.
AND I REALLY WANT TO HIDE.

BECAUSE
PLACES COME
THEN PLACES GO,
THEN COME,
THEN GO AWAY..
I'M IN A PARK
THEN I'M ON A BUS
THEN I'M AT A
MATINEE!
WHERE'S MY DAY?
WHERE DID IT FLY?
WHERE AM I?

What day is it? What is today?

DOCTOR WILBUR

(After a pause.)

Its Saturday, Sybil. February Fifth.

(SYBIL reacts, tries to hold back sobs.)

Sybil..?

SYBIL

Five days! I've lost five days.

SYBIL

WHERE AM I?
 WHEN DID I COME?
 QUESTIONS TIME NOW WON'T
 ALLOW.
 AND YET, NOW I MUST REMEMBER!
 BUT I 'VE NEVER FATHOMED 'NOW'.
 PLEASE DOCTOR--SHOW ME HOW!

CAUSE IT
 SNEAKS AWAY
 AND SNEAKS AWAY
 THEN SNEAKS AWAY
 AGAIN.
 IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK--
 BUT WHERE'S NINE O'CLOCK?
 BECAUSE SUDDENLY
 IT'S TEN!
 WHERE'S MY WHEN?
 WHERE DID IT FLY?
 WHERE AM I?

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil. Do you see anything that might identify your surroundings?
 A building? A street sign?

SYBIL

It's raining too hard, I can't--wait. Wait. Lombard Street. I see
 a sign for Lombard Street.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Good. Now. You've been away for a number of days. Check to see if
 you have key. Do you have a purse with you?

SYBIL

(Shakes her head.)

No. No.

(Reaches into a pocket pulls out a key.)

Yes! A key. To the Broadwood Hotel. On Broad Street. I have a key!

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Sighs.)

Okay. Good. You're in Philadelphia. Sybil, go back to the
 Broadwood. Keep walking up Lombard, it's on the corner. Stay there.
 I'll be on the next train. Okay? Sybil? Dear-girl?

SYBIL

Yes. I'm so sorry. Thank you, Doctor Wilbur. Thank you...
(SYBIL hangs up and DOCTOR WILBUR sits
in an armchair, worried.)

WHERE AM I?
WHERE DO I GO
WHEN THE VOICES
TAKE CONTROL..?

(LIGHTS dim on SYBIL, stay on DOCTOR
WILBUR.)

(Immediately:)

ACT ONE, Scene Two.
1945. DOCTOR WILBUR'S OFFICE.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Rising from her chair.)

I first met and treated Sybil Dorsett in Omaha, Nebraska. In the summer of 1945.

(LIGHTS back on SYBIL.)

SYBIL

My mother says a lady doctor is un-Christian.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Does she? Do you feel that way?

SYBIL

(Shrugs.)

There's a war on.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(SHE studies SYBIL a moment.)

You know that this is a safe room, Sybil. Everything is secret here. Everything. You can trust me.

(SYBIL almost looks confused.)

You're twenty-two. An artist.

(SYBIL nods.)

You were forced to drop out of the teaching college you attend due to a quote, unquote, nervous condition?

SYBIL

(Gazing downward.)

Yes. I'm sorry.

DOCTOR WILBUR.

(Smiles.)

That's nothing to be ashamed of, dear-girl.

(SYBIL regards HER.)

Can you explain to me what happened?

SYBIL

(Stares at HER. Then.)

I was...nervous...agitated. I couldn't concentrate. A lot of the time. Worry. Panic. I was...the school nurse, Mrs. Updyke, she sent me to a neurologist. At the Mayo Clinic.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Who found everything to be fine.

SYBIL

But it wasn't. I kept getting worse. The college sent me home and told me not to return. Until I received help.

DOCTOR WILBUR

You have an IQ of 170.

(SYBIL doesn't respond. Pause.)

How has it been since you returned home? With your mother and father?

(SYBIL shrugs.)

Sybil?

SYBIL

They look at me. They're ashamed.

DOCTOR WILBUR

What makes you believe that they are ashamed?

SYBIL

They stare with...with grey faces. Grey faces mixed with brown...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Grey faces? Well, I'm sure they're just concerned.

SYBIL

No. Well, yes--I'm just...I'm an only child. Mother loves me, she does. She and father are good to me. They worry about me. Everybody worries about me. I'm not at all well.

DOCTOR WILBUR

At all?

SYBIL

But then I'm told I'm very healthy. Ever since I was a little girl. I've been sick but...not sick.

DOCTOR WILBUR

I see. Why do you think you would be told you are fine if you were not?

SYBIL

I don't know. It's confusing. Yet, still...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Still?

SYBIL

It also...makes sense.

DOCTOR WILBUR

In what way?

SYBIL

(Looks down.)

I'm different. I'm...not the same. As.

DOCTOR WILBUR

How do you mean 'not the same as', Sybil?

SYBIL

Just different. Than others. I look at them. And I know.

PEOPLE AT THE
DOUGHNUT SHOPPE
LOOKING AT THE PAPER.
PEOPLE GATHERED, SAYING
THEIR GOODBYES.
PEOPLE THAT DRINK LEMONADE
AND KEEP UP WITH THE HIT PARADE.
PEOPLE THAT ARE UNAFRAID.
MAKE ME NORMAL,
PLEASE,
MAKE ME NORMAL.

PEOPLE WITH A
BROOM AND MOP
JUST CLEANING THIER APARTMENT.
PEOPLE WHO GET LETTERS
FROM G.I.'S
PEOPLE THAT GET PICTURES FRAMED
PEOPLE THAT ARE UNASHAMED
OF SOMETHING THAT HAS GONE UN-NAMED
MAKE ME NORMAL,
PLEASE,
MAKE ME NORMAL.

I'M SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW
THAT NORMAL IS AN ABSTRACT.
I'M SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW
THAT NORMAL'S NOT THE NORM.
IT HOLDS NO REAL MEANING
IT HOLDS NO CONSTANT FORM.
A FALSE REALITY.
AND IT'S ALL I WANT TO BE.

SYBIL
(Cont'd.)

PEOPLE ON AN
UPTOWN BUS.
PEOPLE THAT HAVE BABIES.
PEOPLE THAT HAVE MEMORIES
NOT OPAQUE STRINGS OF MAYBES.
PEOPLE WITH PLEASED FATHERS
WHOSE MOTHERS DON'T CONDEMN.
MAKE ME NORMAL,
PLEASE,
MAKE ME NORMAL,
PLEASE.

MAKE ME PEOPLE...
MAKE ME ONE OF THEM.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil, dear-girl. This 'nervous condition". How did, or does, it show itself?

(SYBIL just looks away.)

Your files are somewhat vague.

(Nothing.)

You mentioned... 'opaque strings of maybes'?

(SYBIL is visually agitated.)

Sybil. Do you suffer...do you ever have memory loss? Do you ever--?

(SYBIL suddenly jumps up from the chair. SHE looks wildly around and runs toward the window. She begins to softly but desperately pound the glass with her palms.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil? Miss Dorsett!

(SYBIL swings around. HER eyes dull a moment and then she looks up, confusion on her face.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

Dear-girl? Are you alright?

SYBIL

I'm...I don't...

DOCTOR WILBUR

It's alright. It's alright. Shhhh.

(SHE grabs SYBIL's hand and rubs it. Immediately into:)

ACT ONE. Scene Three.
 DORESETT HOME/OFFICE
 A long table appears UPSTAGE.
 WILLARD DORSETT appears at its
 LEFT.)

WILLARD

GOD GAVE MAN SPIRIT.
 GOD GAVE MAN VOICE.
 HE GAVE OF HIS KNOWLEDGE
 AND GAVE MAN A CHOICE.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(To SYBIL.)

It's alright, dear-girl. Okay? Good. Now. I think that you should
 come back. I would like to treat you. Would you like that?

SYBIL

I can be better?

DOCTOR WILBUR.

I believe so, yes.

WILLARD

TWO ROADS.
 PRAISE, REDEEM IN THE CHOICE!
 ONE LEADS YOU TO LUCIFER;
 ONE LETS YOU REJOICE
 IN THE LORD.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Out.)

I treated Sybil the entire summer into the early fall.

(HATTIE DORSETT appears OPPOSITE.)

HATTIE

TWO ROADS.
 ONE TURNS RIGHT AND ONE LEFT.
 ONE LEADS YOU TO PARADISE;
 ONE LEAVES YOU BEFEFT
 OF THE LORD.

SYBIL

(To her parents.)

I do feel, I feel, Dr. Wilbur thinks...I'm... improving...

HATTIE

Doctor Wilbur doesn't really care about you, Sybil. She tells you one thing now. But when she gets you where she wants you, she'll tell you altogether different things.

WILLARD

I do believe this doctor is making you moody, Sybil.

HATTIE

And remember, young lady, she'll turn on you if you tell her you don't love your own mother!

DOCTOR WILBUR

(To SYBIL.)

I think you're the type of person who would benefit from being analyzed. In the short time I've been treating you've I've noticed two separate, small seizures. Both when you've been under pressure.

SYBIL

I don't remember...

DOCTOR WILBUR

They weren't serious. They weren't epileptic. More psychological seizures.

SYBIL

Psychological?

DOCTOR WILBUR

I wish I could do the job myself, but I'm not an analyst yet. As you know I'll be leaving for Chicago soon to begin my analytic training.

(Pause.)

Perhaps you should come with me.

HATTIE AND WILLARD

THE SERPENT WILL USE YOU
 CONFOUND AND CONFUSE YOU
 AND WAIT TILL YOU LOSE YOUR WAY
 AND WHEN HE ASKS YOU TO CHOOSE DO
 YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY?

DOCTOR WILBUR

We could continue our work and I could utilize your case as an aid to getting my certificate. I'll be residing out of Clarkson Memorial.

SYBIL

An institution?

DOCTOR WILBUR

A hospital. Sybil, whether or not you choose to come to Chicago, I believe you need to get away from home. Chicago or New York, somewhere you can meet people like yourself. People who are interested in art.

SYBIL

My parents wouldn't approve.

DOCTOR WILBUR

And the alternative, dear-girl?

TWO ROADS.
ONE TURNS LEFT AND ONE RIGHT
A SELF IMPOSED DARKNESS OR
SELF KNOWLEDGE AND LIGHT?

TWO ROADS;
TWO SEPARATE DOORS.
AND EACH HOLD THEIR DANGERS. THE
DECISION IS YOURS.

WILLARD

An insane asylum?

SYBIL

Doctor Wilbur said this has nothing to do with insanity.

WILLARD

Then it has to do with the devil.

HATTIE

See. That's what they do. Now she wants to put you in an institution because that's how doctors make their money!

SYBIL

Please, Poppa. At least talk to Doctor Wilbur about Clarkson.

HATTIE

Clarkson, Larkson, Parkson, Park Daughter. Clark Daughter...

WILLARD

(Looks cautiously at Hattie.)

I will talk to her.

HATTIE

(As WILLARD moves to DOCTOR WILBUR.)

THE SERPENT WILL USE YOU
CONFOUND AND CONFUSE YOU

HATTIE

(Cont'd.)

AND WAIT TILL YOU LOSE YOUR WAY...

WILLARD

(Pause.)

My daughter is...unwell, Doctor. I worry for her. Something has to be done. Something.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Yes. It does.

WILLARD

(To DOCTOR WILBUR.)

Sybil's pastor is afraid a doctor...not of our faith, may use drugs in association with her therapy.

DOCTOR WILBUR

I promise you that will not be the case.

WILLARD

You may have a hard time persuading me if God is not part of her restorative.

DOCTOR WILBUR

I'm afraid I must also promise you that will not be the case.

WILLARD

I will have Sybil call with my decision.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(As WILLARD leaves.)

Please let me know by Friday. I leave for my residency this weekend. I must know to make arrangements with the hospital.

HATTIE

WHEN HE ASKS YOU TO CHOOSE DO
YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY?

WILLARD

(To SYBIL.)

The pastor, your mother and I have been looking at this from our own point of view. There may be another. If this is what you really want we will not stand in your way.

SYBIL

Thank you, Poppa! Thank--

(SHE begins to cough. She coughs hard into HER hand. She leaves blood. She shows WILLARD.)

Poppa..?

(SYBIL faints into WILLARD'S arms. HE carries her to the table and lays her down.)

TWO ROADS
WILLARD HATTIE DOCOTR WILBUR

ONE ORPAH,
WILLARD

ONE RUTH.
HATTIE

DOCTOR WILBUR
ONE LEADS TO A WALL OF STONE.

WILLARD HATTIE DOCOTR WILBUR
ONE LEADS TO THE TRUTH.

TWO ROADS...

Pneumonia?
SYBIL

WILLARD
A very mild case. Rest.
(Kisses HER cheek.)
You'll be fine.
(WILLARD EXITS.)

SYBIL
Mother. Please. Please call Doctor Wilbur and tell her.

(HATTIE goes to the phone and dials. SHE turns toward SYBIL, hiding the phone from SYBIL'S view. SHE is pressing the phone line button down as she talks.)

HATTIE
Hello? Doctor Wilbur, Sybil is ill and cannot call herself. She is very anxious to go to Clarkson as soon as she recovers. Thank you.
(SHE hangs up and goes to sit next to SYBIL.)

SYBIL

What did the doctor say? What did she say?

HATTIE

She didn't say anything.

TWO ROADS

AS SIMPLE AS SIN

ONE PASSES THE PURLY GATES...

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Out.)

I would not see Sybil Dorsett again for nine years.

HATTIE

ONE LEADS YOU RIGHT IN...

(BLACK OUT.)

(END OF SCENE.)

ACT ONE. Scene Four. 1954.
 APARTMENT. Living room
 with an open balcony with
 the New York skyline. TEDDY
 REEVES is on the sofa
 reading LIFE magazine when
 there's a knock at the
 door. SHE answers it.

SYBIL

(At the door.)

Hello. Theodora Reeves?

TEDDY

Teddy, please. Come on in!

(Lays dramatically against closed door.)

Theodora. Can you imagine? You're Sybil?

(SYBIL nods.)

Boss! Well, this is the place.

SYBIL

(Looking around.)

It's lovely.

TEDDY

It's grand-mamma's. *Was* grand-mamma's. Your bed is in that little alcove. You can use the hall closet. Sorry it's not a real bedroom, but it's pretty cheap. Twelve bucks a week!

SYBIL

How...how much would that be a month...?

TEDDY

Uh, I don't know. Four times twelve I guess.

(SYBIL stares at her a moment, then goes into her bag and pulls out a pen and paper. She proceeds to do the math but is stymied. SHE looks up at TEDDY.)

SYBIL

I'm...not very good at math.

TEDDY

That's okay. I'm awful at geography. I thought Kuala Lumpur was a marsupial! But, hey, if it's outside of Manhattan, who cares, right? Now. Sit down. Tell me every single, goopy, personal thing about

TEDDY
(Cont'd.)

yourself!

SYBIL
(Sitting.)

Uh...

TEDDY

Everything!

SYBIL

Oh! Well. Um, I'm a graduate art student. At Columbia. I just moved here from Detroit. Well, via Omaha--

TEDDY

New York is the most, isn't it! Unreal. My turn! I despise my mother.

(SYBIL stares at HER. TEDDY just smiles.)

Okay...

(Gestures.)

SYBIL

My, uh, my mother's passed.

TEDDY

I'm a secretary downtown.

SYBIL

I'm going to be doing some substitute teaching...

TEDDY

I've been thinking of maybe taking acting classes.

SYBIL

I like going to the theatre sometimes.

TEDDY

I once got acute hepatitis from poison mushrooms. Wow. You and I are going to be tight!

SYBIL

I'm also...

(SHE stops and looks away.)

TEDDY

What?

SYBIL

The main reason, the real reason I moved here...moved to New York...I'm going to be seeing a doctor.

TEDDY

Oh, sweetie. Is something wrong?

SYBIL

Oh, no. It's--she's-it's...I just feel it's right you should know. Because--if I'm going to be your roommate...

(Takes a breath.)

She's a psychiatrist.

TEDDY

(gasp.)

Word from the bird??

SYBIL

I...I don't know...

TEDDY

I always wanted to be psychoanalyzed! Do you read L. Ron Hubbard? He says man is essentially a free and immortal spirit who can achieve his true nature only by freeing himself from the emotional encumbrances of his past through counseling. I wish I was psychotic.

(SYBIL stares at HER.)

I wish I was anything interesting.

SYBIL

You are...to me...you seem...*quite* interesting.

TEDDY

Well how about that? Here you are, here am I. In New York City. You emigrated here, I escaped here.

SYBIL

From what?

TEDDY

Bad food. Good neighborhoods. Stop signs. Constriction, you know? Oh, but, Sybil...New York. New York is...wow! I can teach you how to ride the subway if you'd like. Oh, and how to use those strange little automat machines. Everything is so modern. And fast. You are going to love it!

ITS A LITTLE LIKE
RIDING THE CYCLONE

TEDDY
(Cont'd.)

OR NEOREALIST
FLICK AT THE LOEWS.
NEW YORK PULLS AT YOUR T-STRAPS
AND THEN SUDDENLY ITS ANYTHING GOES!
THINGS YOU ONCE THOUGHT WERE TERRIFYING
NOW UTTERLY SEEMS WORTH DYING!
EVERYTHINGS THERE FOR THE TRYING!
NEW YORK IS FREEDOM
NEW YORK IS FREE!

And the guys! So many! Squares to subterraneans! And they come in
so many different colors! And sizes. And attitudes.

ITS LIKE, SIXTY PER CENT
MARLON BRANDO
AND FORTY CREATURE
FROM THE BLACK LAGOON
STILL, DATING HERE IS ELECTRIC--
LIKE RIDING ROCKETS ALL THE WAY TO THE MOON!
AND SINCE THE BOYS ARE ALL SO ATTRACTIVE
VIRGINITY'S RETROACTIVE
NEW YORK IS RADIOACTIVE!
NEW YORK IS FREEDOM
NEW YORK IS FREE.

MOMMA SAYS BEWARE OF THE CITY.
MOMMA SAYS I'M TOO NAIVE.
MOMMA SAYS THE PEOPLE ARE GRITTY
SO MOMMA SAYS I HAVE TO LEAVE.
MOMMA SAYS THEY RAPE AND THEY PILLAGE.
MOMMA SAYS MY END IS NEAR.
GREENWICH CONNECTICUT OR GREENWICH VILLAGE?
WELL, IF I GOTTA GO THEN I'M GOIN' HERE!

(TEDDY grabs SYBIL to dance.)

STILL, IF YOU EVER FEEL
LOST IN THE DELUGE
AND YOU NEED TO GET
AWAY TO FEEL FREE,
NEW YORK CITY'S A GATEWAY;
TAKES YOU ANYWHERE THAT YOU WANT TO BE!
CATCH A BOEING SEVEN OH SEVEN,
IDLEWILD, GATE ELEVEN.
FLY NEW YORK CITY TO HEAVEN!

TEDDY

(Cont'd.)

NEW YORK IS FREEDOM

NEW YORK IS FREE.

Speaking of heaven, you have to see the view!

SYBIL

Oh. No. I don't...I don't...I don't like heights.

TEDDY

Don't be a spaz! Its unreal! Come on.

(SHE grabs SYBIL's arm and pulls HER toward the balcony.)

SYBIL

No, no, no, no, please, no. NO!!!

(SHE pulls away, facing front. SHE closes HER eyes then opens them wide, completely glazed. THEN life enters them. A smile. SYBIL suddenly moves with a new physicality. With a new voice.)

Well. Let's take a gander, shall we?

(SHE moves past TEDDY who looks slightly confused but joins SYBIL on the balcony. SYBIL leans over, arms out.)

Vale in aeternam terra firma!

TEDDY

What does that mean?

SYBIL

It means Chickie, we are flyin' high!

TEDDY

Right-o! Can you hear that?

SYBIL

Someone's makin' some *sounds!*

TEDDY

There's a jazz spot in the building's basement.

SYBIL

Uh-oh!

MOMMA SAID BEWARE OF THE NIGHT CLUBS!

TEDDY

MOMMA HATES THE ROCK AND ROLL.
MOMMA THINKS THAT COUNTRY'S THE RIGHT CLUBS.

SYBIL

MOMMA DIDN'T HAVE MUCH SOUL.

TEDDY

MOMMA'S MUSIC'S ALL MODERATION.

SYBIL

MOMMA DIDN'T HAVE THE NEED.
NEW YORK D.J.'S SPIN TRUE LIBERATION!

TEDDY AND SYBIL

WHY DO YOU THINK HIS NAME IS ALAN FREED?

TEDDY AND SYBIL

SO CATCH A BOEING SEVEN OH SEVEN,
TO IDLEWILD, GATE ELEVEN
NEW YORK CITY IS HEAVEN!
NEW YORK IS FREEDOM
NEW YORK IS ME!

(BLACK OUT. END OF SCENE.)

ACT ONE, Scene Five.
OFFICE. A desk and desk
chair, a couch and a
cushioned chair with a
window overlooking the
office grounds.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil returned to my care in October of 1954.

(SYBIL ENTERS and takes a seat on the
cushioned chair.)

SYBIL

I was in Detroit for the last few years. Teaching.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(To SYBIL.)

And how was your time there?

SYBIL

It was...I taught. I had some promising students.

DOCTOR WILBUR

And your nervousness? Your earlier condition?

SYBIL

I got engaged.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Oh. Well, congratulations.

SYBIL

Yes, thank you. He's a very nice man. Stan.

DOCTOR WILBUR

His name?

SYBIL

Yes. It was very nice seeing you again Dr. Wilbur. Same time next
Tuesday?

DOCTOR WILBUR

I pressed a little harder next session.

SYBIL

Well. I haven't actually said yes.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Why is that?

SYBIL

Why is what?

DOCTOR WILBUR

Why have you not accepted his engagement as of yet.

SYBIL

Oh. Well. I wanted to be treated by you. First.

DOCTOR WILBUR

And why is that?

SYBIL

Well...it's obvious.

DOCTOR WILBUR

How is it obvious?

SYBIL

Don't be silly.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Does he know about your nervous condition?

SYBIL

He's probably a homosexual.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Out.)

I meant to explore this on the following Tuesday but--

SYBIL

(Agitated.)

I don't know why. I don't know. What did I do?

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil? What happened.

SYBIL

I got the mail right before I came here.

(SHE digs into her purse.)

I got this this morning. It's from Stan. He--

(SHE pulls out two pieces of stationary.

One page, obviously torn in two. She holds

them and looks at them in confusion. She begins shaking her head in denial. She suddenly stands up and in another voice:)

SYBIL

Men are all alike! You jist can't trust 'em! You can't! You can't!
You can't!

(SYBIL jumps up and runs to the window. SHE pounds the glass till a pane breaks. SHE snatches back her hand.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Rushing to her.)

Sybil!

SYBIL

(Little girl voice.)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

(DOCTOR WILBUR examines her hand.)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

DOCTOR WILBUR

It's alright, Sybil. It's alright.

SYBIL

It is? You're not mad?

DOCTOR WILBUR

Of course not, dear-girl. You're fine. There's no blood.

SYBIL

There is! There's blood in the hayloft...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Pardon?

SYBIL

I was there. Tommy Ewald jumped on a pitchfork. It went right through his neck. I was there. I was.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Let's sit down. Okay?

(SHE leads SYBIL to the couch. THEY sit.)

Now. Where was this hayloft?

SYBIL

Willow Corners. My Gramma had blood too. Down there. She had the

SYBIL
(Cont'd.)

cancer.

DOCTOR WILBUR
I'm so sorry. Did you used to live in Willow Corners?

SYBIL
Why, I still live in Willow Corners. Tommy died and Gramma died. I know all about blood and death. It makes me so mad!

DOCTOR WILBUR
Death angers you? Doesn't it make you feel sad?

SYBIL
Why should you care how I feel?

DOCTOR WILBUR
I care very much.

SYBIL
You ain't trying to trick me?

DOCTOR WILBUR
Why would I?

SYBIL
Lots of people try to trick me.

DOCTOR WILBUR
(A beat.)
Who are you?

SYBIL
I'm Peggy. Can't you tell?

DOCTOR WILBUR
Okay. Well. Peggy. Tell me something about yourself, Peggy.

SYBIL
Like what?

DOCTOR WILBUR
I don't know. What makes you happy? What are your likes and dislikes?

SYBIL

Okay. Um...I don't like pitchforks. I don't like bananas. I don't like wearing dresses. I hate Rachel Covens. I don't like cold. I don't like mosquitoes. I don't like the kitchen...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Alright. Okay. Tell me what *do* you like, Peggy?

SYBIL

I like to paint. I like to draw with charcoal. I paint in black and white too. But I ain't as good as Sybil.

DOCTOR WILBUR

And who is Sybil?

SYBIL

THE OTHER GIRL.
THE ONE IN THE MIRROR.
WHO DON'T LOOK AT ALL LIKE ME.

THE OTHER GIRL;
SHE DON'T SEE CLEAR OR
REALLY DON'T WANT TO SEE.

WHEN SHE FINDS THE STUFF I BUY
IT JUST MAKES HER WANT TO CRY.
TOO SCARED TO EVEN ASK WHY
ITS THERE.

THE OTHER GIRL
WHO THINKS SHE IS LOOKING
BUT REALLY WON'T EVEN DARE.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil is...unaware of you?
(SYBIL shakes her head.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

But you live with her? Was Mrs. Dorsett your mother?

SYBIL

(Jumps up.)
No. No! She's *not* my mother. Not my mother!
(SYBIL's eyes roll back. When she focuses she looks around and then down. In her own voice:)

SYBIL

Oh. I must have dropped my purse? Oh dear, I'm passed my hour.

DOCTOR WILBUR

...Sybil?

SYBIL

Yes?

DOCTOR WILBUR

Are you alright?

SYBIL

Yes. I believe so. Yes.

DOCTOR WILBUR

You believe you are alright...

SYBIL

I'll pay for the window.

DOCTOR WILBUR

That isn't necessary, Sybil. Have you broken glass before?

(SYBIL nods 'yes'.)

So this is not dissimilar to what you've previously experienced?

(SYBIL again nods, shamed.)

Don't worry, dear-girl. It's treatable. I think I have a clearer idea now. You should start being hopeful.

(Out.)

I also told her she should start seeing me three times a week.

SYBIL

(As Peggy.)

Hello, Doctor Wilbur.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Hello... Peggy...?

(SYBIL beams to be remembered.)

How are you?

SYBIL

Mad. I told you a little about it the other day. I've been angry ever since. I have every right to be angry!

DOCTOR WILBUR

What are you angry about?

SYBIL

Stan. He sent us a Dear John letter! He said we should discontinue our friendship. I tore the letter up!

DOCTOR WILBUR

I see. Then yes, you have every right to be angry.

SYBIL

Sybil wouldn't be angry. She wouldn't get mad. Her mother won't let her. I know it's a sin, but I get mad, I can't help it! She's scared. She's scared all the time. I get tired of it. She gives up, but I don't.

THE OTHER GIRL,
THE ONE THAT'S SO STUPID
SO EVERYONE THINKS I'M DUMB.

THE OTHER GIRL.
JUST WAITIN' ON CUPID--
CUPID AIN'T GONNA COME.

CAUSE HE DIDN'T LOVE US A BIT.
HIS LOVE AIN'T EVEN WORTH SPIT!
IF HE WAS HERE I WOULD HIT
HIM
AND HIT HIM
AND HIT HIM
AND HIT HIM
AND HIT HIM
AND HIT HIM
AND HIT HIM
AND HIT HIM

THE OTHER GIRL
WOULDN'T DO SHIT.

You ask a lot of questions. Leave me alone. There are things I can't tell you. I jist can't. And nobody can make me!

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Out.)

A dual personality. Sybil and Peggy, existing in the same body, but with different memories, different capabilities. Different moods, yet closely allied, Peggy carrying the emotional impact of Sybil's experiences. Peggy, the defense mechanism.

SYBIL

(As Sybil.)

I want to apologize for not keeping my appointment on Tuesday.

DOCTOR WILBUR

You kept your appointment, Sybil. You were here. But you were in the fugue state the entire time. The fugue state we've discussed.

SYBIL

Teddy Reeves, my roommate, is so funny. Really she is! Wait till I tell you what she did!

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil, you can once again fill your entire hour with inanities but that doesn't change the fact you are ill. Very ill. But you can be cured. Do you understand? People with this particular malady--

SYBIL

(Foggy.)

People?

DOCTOR WILBUR

Yes. Many people have--

SYBIL

(As Peggy; fetal, on the couch.)

People. The people. The people. The people. The people. The people.

DOCTOR WILBUR

What people, dear-girl?

SYBIL

The People. The People. They don't care. They don't care. The people. It hurts. It hurts. Oh, it hurts.

DOCTOR WILBUR

What hurts? Peggy?

SYBIL

My head hurts. My throat hurts.

(Suddenly.)

I'm going to get away. I'm going to break the glass and get away!

DOCTOR WILBUR

Why don't you go through the door? Go on. Open it.

SYBIL
(Screams.)

I can't!!!

(SHE begins to quickly pace.)

SYBIL
I want to get out. I want to get out.

DOCTOR WILBUR
Just turn the knob and open the door.

SYBIL
I'll break the glass.

DOCTOR WILBUR
Where are you, Peggy? Are you in Willow Corners?

SYBIL
(More wild animal pacing.)
I won't tell! I won't tell!

DOCTOR WILBUR
Can you tell Doctor Wilbur?

SYBIL
I don't know.

DOCTOR WILBUR
Will you tell Doctor Wilbur?

SYBIL
(Stops. Heartbreakingly:)
Doctor Wilbur went away!
(Crying.)
Doctor Wilbur went away and left us in Omaha!

DOCTOR WILBUR
Oh, dear-girl.
(SHE opens her arms and after a tentative step, SYBIL leaps into them, sobbing. THEY sit on the sofa, SYBIL almost in her lap.)

SYBIL
(Between sobs.)
It hurts. The music hurts. The hands hurt.

DOCTOR WILBUR

What music? Why?

SYBIL

The hands.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Your hands?

SYBIL

The hands. Coming at you. Hands that hurt.

DOCTOR

Why do the hands hurt? Why does music hurt?

SYBIL

I won't tell. No one cares. We're lost. Sybil and me.

THE OTHER GIRL
DON'T WANT TO DISCOVER
WHAT SHE WAS BORN TO BE.

THE OTHER GIRL
THINKS NO ONE CAN LOVE HER
SO NO ONE WILL EVER LOVE ME.

(SYBIL changes back to Sybil.
Embarrassed, she pushes away from DOCTOR
WILBUR, adjusts her glasses and pulls at
her blouse.)

SYBIL

Did I break anything this time?

DOCTOR WILBUR

No, no. Everything's fine. Sybil? Was there much music in your house?

SYBIL

Um, church music. My father would sing hymns at dinner. And my mother played the piano. She was very good. She tried to teach me but I got too nervous. Mother was quite the perfectionist.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Mmmmm. And as a child, did you lose any peers?

SYBIL

Peers?

DOCTOR WILBUR

Friends? Other children that died? Perhaps a violent death?

SYBIL

(Thinks a moment.)

Well. There was this boy. His family farm was near ours. He died jumping from the hayloft when I was five or six. They kept the details from me. I wasn't there when it happened.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Beat.)

Sybil. I believe I know what's wrong. What causes your fugues. Its disassociative, yes, but far more complicated.

(Nothing.)

It's very...complex...It's....

(SYBIL stands up.)

SYBIL

(As Peggy.)

Hello.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Sighs.)

Hello, Peggy.

SYBIL

I'm going out now. Right through that door. Doctor Wilbur said I could.

(And with that she EXITS.)

(END OF SCENE.)

ACT ONE. Scene Six.
CITY STREET. 1955. Typical
city noises are heard. Then a
crash of breaking glass.

MAN
(OFFSTAGE.)

Hey! Hey you!

(SYBIL rushes ONSTAGE chased by the MAN. HE
catches up and grabs HER.)

MAN
Tryin' to steal my car?

SYBIL
(As Peggy.)
It ain't your car. It's my papa's car.

MAN
It's my car! And you owe me twenty bucks for that windshield!

SYBIL
It's my papa's car. My papa is Willard Dorsett. And it's his car.
You let go of me. You better let go!

MAN
Listen, sister. I ain't lettin' you go until I get my money. Now,
cough it up. I said cough it up!

(SYBIL straightens and her voice changes to the
"balcony" voice from Teddy's apartment. She
meets the MAN's volume and anger.)

SYBIL
Get your freakin' mitts off me, dogpuss! That any way to treat a lady?
(SHE pulls free. The MAN is too shocked to
retort. SHE looks around.)

Where the hell are we?

(Suddenly HER physicality changes again and SHE
speaks with a British accent. Doing this, HER
head moves just slightly, SHE faces forward as
if speaking to someone in front of HER)

I don't know. Doesn't look familiar.
(Balcony VOICE.)

Goddam it, Peggy!

SYBIL

(Brit VOICE.)

Oh no. Not again.

(Balcony.)

Sybil was talking to that lady in the office...

(Brit.)

A bus...a rather short trip if I correctly recall...

(Balcony.)

Goddam it, Peggy! I oughta...

(Brit, noticing the MAN who has been standing
and staring at HER.)

Oh. Sir. Do be a good chap and tell us where the devil we are.

(The MAN stands there a moment, big-eyed. Then
HE turns tail and runs OFFSTAGE.)

(Balcony.)

Hey, can you see that, over there?

(Brit.)

You really do need glasses...let's see...Newark National Bank.

(Balcony.)

Newark.

(Brit.)

We've never been to Newark. We should have a stroll, shall we?

(Balcony.)

Let's shall!

(And smiling SHE walks OFFSTAGE.)

(BLACK OUT. End of Scene.)

ACT ONE. Scene Seven.
OFFICE. 1955. SYBIL appears
just OUTSIDE.)

SYBIL

(In a French accent.)

I STROLL HERE IN THE SUNSHINE;
I CHOOSE NOT TAKE THE BUS.
THE SIDEWALK PEOPLE BUMPING,
I CHOOSE NOT TO MAKE THE FUSS.
I VOW TO NEVER SCREAM
AND I VOW TO NEVER SHOUT
AND I VOW TO SAY BONJOUR TO
EVERYONE ALONG MY ROUTE!

(ENTERS Office.)

C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE!
C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE!
SAY, THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
ZUT ALORS!
WOW!
MAMMA MIA!
JUST TRY TO LIVE YOUR LIFE THIS WAY:
POSITIVELY COME WHAT MAY!
C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE!

Bonjour.

DOCTOR WILBUR

P..Peggy...?

SYBIL

Mon Dieu, non! I am Victoria Antoinette Scharleau. Vicky for short.
Very nice to finally meet you, Doctor Wilbur.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Well, I'm...I'm very pleased to meet you, Vicky.

SYBIL

(Sitting.)

I must apologize for Sybil. She wanted to come this morning but could not get dressed. She sometimes suffers from a complete absence of feeling and a total inability to do anything. So I come instead.

DOCTOR WILBUR

And how did you know where to come?

SYBIL

I know everything.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Everything?

SYBIL

I know what everybody does. I watch.

DOCTOR WILBUR

You mean Sybil. And Peggy.

SYBIL

Sybil and Peggy. *Mon Dieu*, they are a gloomy pair, *n'est-ce-pas*? Yes, yes, yes, I realize life has much pain, I also realize one needs catharsis, *non*? Say *oui* to what's good. Say *oui* to what's fun! I wish Sybil could enjoy life the way I do, Doctor. She tries. She is a wonderful painter, much better than I, but she takes no joy in the creation.

I GO TO THE MUSEUM
JUST TO DROWN IN ALL THE ART
I STUDY LES ROMANTIQUES
READ JOHN RUSSELL TO GET SMART
TO LEARN AND THEN CREATE
SCULPTURE, INK OR DECOUPAGE
BUT THE MEDIUM FOR SYBIL SEEMS
TO ME TO BE COLLAGE!

C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE!
C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE!
YES, THAT'S A GRAND IDEA!
OUI, THE
PERFECT
PANACEA!
SO, EVERYBODY, ECOUTER!
LEARN TO LOVE THE LIVING DAY!
CES'T UNE BONNE IDEE!

DOCTOR WILBUR

Well, you certainly do possess *la joie de vivre*, Vicky.

SYBIL

But of course. I am from Paris. Won't you join me, Doctor?

C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE!

DOCTOR WILBUR

C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE!

SYBIL AND DOCTOR WILBUR

SAY, THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!

DOCTOR WILBUR

ZUT ALORS!

SYBIL

WOW!

DOCTOR WILBUR AND SYBIL.

MAMMA MIA!

IN ANY LANGUAGE, ANY WAY
ANY GOOD THOUGHT ALWAYS SAY
C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE!

JUST TRY TO LIVE YOUR LIFE THIS WAY:
FULL OF POSITIVITY!
C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE!

DOCTOR WILBUR

Paris.

SYBIL

I miss it so. My many brothers and sisters. Wonderful parents. They will come to get me soon. They are not like some parents. They do what they say they will do.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Did you know Mrs. Dorsett?

SYBIL

(Suddenly aloof.)

She was Sybil's mother. I lived with the Dorsetts for many years. I know Mrs. Dorsett.

DOCTOR WILBUR

When did you come, Vicky?

SYBIL

When Sybil was just a child. *Une petite fille.*

DOCTOR WILBUR

Why did you come?

SYBIL

Perhaps to share *la joie*. Perhaps to offer my help. It is why I choose to stay.

DOCTOR WILBUR

So you live your life independently of Sybil.

SYBIL

Mais oui. All of us do. Peggy likes to travel. I, myself, am most comfortable in society.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Society?

SYBIL

After I leave here I will be having luncheon with my friend Miriam Ludlow. Then an afternoon of exhibits at the Met. Miriam just breathes culture.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Does Sybil know Miriam Ludlow.

SYBIL

I should think not. They hardly travel in the same circles! Sybil is not *une femme du monde*. You see, Sybil was having tea at the cafe in the Modern. It was very crowded and Miriam was there and asked to share a table. Ever the overly polite, she replied 'of course', but was so terrified of having to cope with an attractive society woman she blacked out! So I took over and now Miriam and I are *les très bons amis*.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Does this happen often? Her blacking out?

SYBIL

Lately, more often than not. When Sybil came to look at Teddy Reeve's apartment we probably would have been out on the street if Marjorie had not taken over.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Slowly.)

...Marjorie..?

SYBIL

I do not think you have met her yet.

DOCTOR WILBUR.

Vicky. How many of you are there?

SYBIL

Many.

DOCTOR WILBUR

And you...know them? Know everything about them?

SYBIL

Oui.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Alright. Then, perhaps, I should...ask for your advice. I would like to tell Sybil about you and the, the...others. I don't see how analysis can successfully continue if she doesn't know.

SYBIL

Well, you can tell her, but do not say too much. Be careful. Although the rest of us know about Sybil, she knows nothing about us. Never has.

DOCTOR WILBUR

I *have* told her she has fugue states where she is unaware of what is happening to her.

SYBIL

Yes. But that is *très différent* from telling her that she is not alone in her own body, *non?*

(Rises.)

Well, I must be heading off to luncheon.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Please do come back anytime. And tell any of the others that they are welcome as well.

SYBIL

They are not all quite as outgoing as myself. They are shy, and some are as frightened as Sybil. But I will try to convince them. *Adieu*, Doctor Wilbur.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Goodbye, Vicky.

(SYBIL stops at the door and turns back to DOCTOR WILBUR.)

SYBIL

We are people you know. People in our own right.

(SHE then turns and EXITS.)

(END OF SCENE.)

ACT ONE, Scene Eight.
OFFICE. DOCTOR WILBUR
facing out.

DOCTOR WILBUR
Multiple personalities. As of 1955 there had been scant diagnoses. None had been psychoanalyzed. Perhaps I could enlist Vicky's help in the analysis. But before any of that could begin...Sybil, herself, had to know.

SYBIL
(Appearing.)
I don't understand...another person takes over?

DOCTOR WILBUR
When you, yourself, lose consciousness. During the fugue states we've talked about.

SYBIL
I'm like...Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde...?

DOCTOR WILBUR
That's fiction, Sybil. It's not about good and evil. You understand that?

(SYBIL says nothing.)
All your life, you've been told that you have done certain things. Been certain places that you know you hadn't. Haven't you?

SYBIL
How...how did you know?

DOCTOR WILBUR
It's treatable, Sybil. Other people have it. But we need to deduce when you're your disassociation began? What was the root cause.

SYBIL
May I go now? We're running over. I have no right to extra time...

DOCTOR WILBUR
That's what you always do, Sybil. Declare yourself unworthy! That's one of the reasons you need other personalities.

SYBIL
Personalities? As in...plural?

DOCTOR WILBUR
There is nothing to be afraid of, dear-girl. There's a personality

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Cont'd.)

called Peggy. She's very self-assertive--

SYBIL

(Highly agitated.)

I don't...

DOCTOR WILBUR

The other is called Vicky, she's assured, at ease, an altogether delightful person...

SYBIL

I can't...I can't...you have another patient...I...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil--

SYBIL

Please, oh, please let me go. Please...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Dear-girl-I know this is overwhelming-frightening--.

SYBIL

I'll be fine. I'll be fine. I'll be fine. I'll be fine...

(SHE wanders out of the spot and the lights fade on DOCTOR WILBUR.)

(In the darkness a phone RINGS.)

(END OF SCENE.)

ACT ONE, Scene Nine.
APARTMENT. In the low
light there is a pounding
on the door. TEDDY rushes
onstage to open it.

DOCTOR WILBUR
(ENTERING.)

Hello, I'm Cornelia Wilbur.

TEDDY
I'm Teddy. I'm sorry I called at such a late hour. I had to fish your
number out of her purse; she wouldn't give it to me.

DOCTOR WILBUR
Where is she?
(TEDDY gestures and the LIGHTS come up at
the balcony. SYBIL is standing very close
to its edge.)

What happened?

TEDDY
She came home and just blew! Talking to herself, talking like a little
girl...She broke the mirror in the bathroom. Then she came out her
and started climbing onto the ledge. I had to pull her back and watch
her. I went to call you and she went out there again!

DOCTOR WILBUR
Teddy, Sybil is in a highly agitated, manic state.

TEDDY
You think?

DOCTOR WILBUR
What I mean is, Sybil suffers from a uniquely complex pathology. As
her roommate you have every right to know and with Sybil's permission
I'll explain everything. But right now...could you leave us alone.
Just for a moment.

TEDDY
I don't know...

DOCTOR WILBUR
You feel protective toward her. She engenders that, I know. But I
assure you she'll be safe.

TEDDY

(Pauses then moves, stopping near SYBIL.)
Sweetie, I'll be in my bedroom.
(SHE EXITS.)

SYBIL

It wasn't fear.

DOCTOR WILBUR

What wasn't fear?

SYBIL

When I left. Why I left. It wasn't fear. It was... recognition. What you told me. It made an awful kind of sense. The strangers that say they know me. The bad things my mother said I did. Bad, evil things....I'm so embarrassed...

DOCTOR WILBUR

There is no need...

SYBIL

You can go now. I'll be fine. I promise. I won't...do anything...

DOCTOR WILBUR

I'm afraid you won't be, Sybil. I worry.

SYBIL

Why? I know you're just my doctor. Just my psychoanalyst. I'm just someone who leaves a check with the receptionist after each session.

DOCTOR WILBUR

SYBIL,
YOUR WORLD IS SPINNING.
YOU'RE WONDERING HOW
YOU'LL SURVIVE.
BUT SYBIL, A WORLD THAT IS SPINNING'S
STILL ALIVE.

(Slowly, mysteriously, a group of PEOPLE
begin to assemble onstage during the song.
THEY are SYBIL's other PERSONALITIES.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

SYBIL,
YOU'RE ALREADY WINNING!
CONFRONTING YOUR DEMONS
EN MASSE.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Con't.d)

SYBIL, YOU'RE AT THE BEGINNING
THIS WILL PASS.
NO MORE BREAKING GLASS...

(As DOCTOR WILBUR moves toward SYBIL,
VICKY, PEGGY, MARJORIE, MARY, NANCY-LOU,
SID, RUTHIE and VANESSA intently watch.)

I CARE ABOUT YOU,
I DO!
NOT BECAUSE YOU PAY
ME TO.
DEAR-GIRL YOU ARE SPECIAL,
SO OPEN AND KIND.
SO BRILLIANT YET BLIND--
YOU CAN'T SEE
HOW SPECIAL YOU ARE
TO ME.

(As DOCTOR WILBUR holds a frightened SYBIL
the SELVES sing to VICKY who nods.)

VANESSA
SHE CARES ABOUT US!

MAJORIE
SHE DOES!

MARY
SHE CARES ABOUT US!

NANCY LOU
BECAUSE?

VICKY
SHE CARES ABOUT SYBIL.

SELVES
SHE CARES ABOUT SYBIL
SHE CARES ABOUT US
SHE CARES...

DOCTOR WILBUR AND SELVES
SYBIL
I'M HERE WITH YOU WHETHER

DOCTOR WILBUR AND SELVES

(Cont'd.)

YOU GIVE UP OR
PROMISE TO TRY.

BUT, SYBIL, WE'LL DO THIS TOGETHER
YOU AND I.

SYBIL, WE'LL DO THIS TOGETHER
YOU AND I!

(END OF SCENE.)

ACT ONE. Scene Ten.
 1955 THROUGH 1958. DOCTOR
 WILBUR'S OFFICE. DOCTOR WILBUR
 at HER desk. SYBIL in HER
 chair.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Over the next several years, through Vicky's ministrations, I was introduced to the rest of Sybil's personalities. To help them understand their relationship to Sybil, too each other and to their singular selves I needed them to each comprehend their own existence.

'WHAT AM I'.
 TO QUESTION
 TO WONDER.
 AN EXAM:
 WHAT TWO WORDS
 GAVE RISE TO THOUGHT?
 THE ANSWER,
 OF COURSE:
 "I AM".

IDENTITY BEYOND
 A NAME.
 FERVENT HOPES.
 SECRET SHAME.
 DREAMS, ESTEEM
 AND VANITY.
 THE ESSENCE OF
 HUMANITY.

SYBIL
 (As Nancy Lou.)

WHAT AM I?

DOCTOR WILBUR
 Nancy Lou shared physical attributes with Peggy.

SYBIL
 (As Nancy Lou.)

I'M WORRIED.

DOCTOR WILBUR
 Unfortunately she was even less...optimistic...

SYBIL
(As Nancy Lou.)

WHAT AM I?
I'M TERRIFIED!
THE COMMUNISTS
AND CATHOLICS
ARE MARCHING
SIDE BY SIDE!
I SUSPECT
THE SPOOKS
AND KOOKS
AND GOOKS
OF EVERY
VARIETY.
...AND THE
JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY.

GRAMPA SAID
BE CAREFUL.
PAPA SAID
BEWARE.
THEY BOTH
HAVE ME
SEEING RED
BY RED
I MEAN THE SCARE!

WHAT AM I?
I'M WARY.
WHAT AM I?
I'M SCARED TO DEATH
BUT VIGILANT
AND STEADFAST
UNTIL MY LAST
PURE BREATH.
THE JIG-
ABOOS
AND JEWS
WHO CHOOSE
TO SMOKE OF
THE EVIL WEED!
RUSSIA'S DEMON SEED!
SUBVERSIVE THURBER DOODLES!
GIANT CHINESE NOODLES!
AND POODLES!
AND TWEED!

SYBIL

(As Nancy Lou.)

I'm worried about Sybil, Doctor Wilbur. I do not understand why our father is letting her attend Columbia.

(Leans in, half whispers.)

I believe one or two of her professors may actually be...*liberals!*

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil and Teddy's apartment had very little privacy. One day Sybil came home from class to find a hastily but sturdily constructed partition that blocked Sybil's bedroom from the living area. Fine work, worthy of possibly three generation of Dorsett carpenters. Presenting: Sid.

SYBIL

(As Sid.)

I AM
A BOY!
DON'T LET THEM TELL YOU
THAT I AIN'T
A BOY.
I LIKE EVERYTHING
THAT BOYS
ENJOY
LIKE ANNOYING
GIRLS.

Vanessa hates me!

YEAH, I'M
A BOY.
JUST GIVE ME BASE OR
SPIT BALLS TO
DEPLOY!
GIVE ME CRYSTAL VASES
TO DESTROY!
CLIMBING TREES AND
BLOODY KNEES
GIVE ME JOY.
OH, AND PULLING
CURLS!

Watch out Peggy!

YOU ASK ME WHAT I AM.
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL BE,

SYBIL
(As Sid, cont'd.)

SEE,
MY PAPA IS A CARPENTER
SO I WILL BE A CARPENTER.
I'LL USE
MY TOOLS
TO PRY
MYSELF FREE!

CAUSE I'M
A BOY!
BUT THEY NEVER EVER
SEE A BOY!
I NEVER GET
THE PROPER KIND
OF TOY
I DON'T LIKE FANCY--
I LIKE
CORDEROY!
BOY OH BOY
ITS BULL!
TO SHAKE THESE GIRLS
HOW MUCH CURLS
GOTTA I PULL?

DOCTOR WILBUR
Ruthie was the personification of Sybil's three year old self.

SYBIL
(As Ruthie.)
Bub bub bub...oooo...pa...

DOCTOR WILBUR
Perhaps even younger.

SYBIL
(As Ruthie.)
PENCILS COME...
IN....COLORS...
WHERE'S BLUE--

Kitty Cat!

DOCTOR WILBUR
Existential examination was a little advanced for Ruthie.

SYBIL
(As Ruthie.)

uhoh. Poo.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Mary-

SYBIL
(As Mary.)

Mary Lucinda Saunders Dorsett, dear.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Mary Lucinda Saunders Dorsett had the maternal grace of Sybil's beloved grandmother. Along with her piety.

SYBIL
(As Mary.)

I AM THE LAMB OF GOD
I MEAN I TRY
TO BE THE LAMB OF GOD
JESUS AND I

ARE PRAYING FOR MY SOUL
WILT THOU BE MAKE WHOLE?
I'M OLD AND MEEK
WON'T LAST THE WEEK
ETERNITY'S MY GOAL

I AM THE LAMB OF GOD
WHERE TO BEGIN
TO BE THE LAMB OF GOD?
BE WITHOUT SIN

BE WITHOUT GUILE
BE WITHOUT PRIDE
THE GATES SWING WIDE
TO LET YOU IN
I AM THE LAMB OF GOD
AS ARE ALL MY KIN...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Well, perhaps not all...

SYBIL
(As Marjorie.)

WHAT AM I,
VANESSA,

SYBIL
 (As Marjorie, cont'd.)
 WOULD YOU SAY?

DOCTOR WILBUR
 Presenting: Vanessa and Marjorie.

SYBIL
 (As Vanessa.)
 THAT, MY DEAR,
 DEPENDS UPON THE DAY.

DOCTOR WILBUR
 The only two of Sybil's personalities that could manifest
 simultaneously.

SYBIL
 (As Vanessa.)
 AND WHAT ABOUT ME, MARGE?

SYBIL
 (As Marjorie.)
 A GAL WHOSE TEETH GREW WAY TOO LARGE.
 (SYBIL as Vanessa reacts mock hurt.)
 BUT I GUESS THAT'S HOW THEY GROW EM
 IN THE U OF K...

SYBIL
 (As Vanessa.)
 Cheeky.

SYBIL
 (As Marjorie.)
 WHAT AM I?

SYBIL
 (As Vanessa.)

A TAD IMPROPER!
 AND I?

SYBIL
 (As Marjorie.)
 UNSTABLE SHOPPER.
 TRY TO STOP HER!

SYBIL
(As Vanessa.)
CALL A COPPER!

SYBIL
(As Marjorie.)
SHE WON'T QUIT!

SYBIL
(As Both.)
IF YOU ASK ME WHAT I AM
DAMN! I COULDN'T TELL YOU!
BUT IF YOU ASK ME
WHO'S MY BEST FRIEND
SHE IS IT!

SYBIL
(As Vanessa.)
WHAT AM I?

SYBIL
(As Marjorie.)
STUCK UP AND ARTY.
WHAT AM I?

SYBIL
(As Vanessa.)
A TRIFLE TARTY.

SYBIL
(As Marjorie.)
LI'L MISS SMARTY!

SYBIL
(As Vanessa.)
ONE GIRL PARTY!

SYBIL
(As Marjorie.)
HEY NOW QUIT!

SYBIL
(As Both.)
BUT IF YOU ASK ME WHAT I AM
DAMN!
I COULDN'T TELL YOU!
BUT IF YOU ASK ME
WHO'S MY BEST FRIEND

SYBIL
(As Both.)

SHE IS IT!
DIVERGENT AND DIFFERENT
AS TWO GIRLS CAN BE
SEPARATE POLES
OF THE SAME
PERSONALITY.

SYBIL
(As Marjorie.)

WHAT AM I?

SYBIL
(As Vanessa.)

MY SISTER
WHAT AM I?

SYBIL
(As Marjorie.)

MY OLDER SISTER.

SYBIL
(As Vanessa.)

CAN'T RESIST HER!

SYBIL
(As Both.)

AND THAT, MISTER,
JUST WON'T QUIT!
BUT IF YOU ASK ME WHAT I AM
DAMN!
I COULDN'T TELL YOU!
BUT IF YOU ASK ME
WHO'S MY BEST FRIEND

SYBIL
(As Marjorie.)

MY ITTY BITTY BREAST FRIEND!

SYBIL
(As Marjorie.)

MY PLEASE GIVE IT A REST FRIEND!

SYBIL
(As Both.)

IF YOU ASK ME

SYBIL

(As Both.)

WHO'S MY BEST FRIEND
SHE IS IT!

(SYBIL changes and looks up at DOCTOR
WILBUR.)

SYBIL

WHAT AM I
A MONSTER?
WHAT AM I
POSSESSED?
WHAT AM I?
A DEVIL SPAWN?
COMPLETELY
INSANE
AT BEST?

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Goes to HER.)

WHAT YOU ARE
IS LOVING.
WHAT YOU ARE
IS WILD.
PARANOID.
A CARPENTER.
A FRIEND,
BON VIVANT,
A CHILD.

YOUR SHATTERED MIND HOLDS ALL
OF YOU
DIF'RENT SHADES
EACH ONE TRUE.
TO MAKE YOU WHOLE
TO SET YOU FREE
WE DISCOVER HOW
YOU CAME TO BE...

(Immediately:)

ACT ONE, Scene Eleven
OFFICE, 1958. SYBIL and
DOCTOR WILBUR.

DOCTOR WILBUR
Willow Corners. Founded 1896.

(A GIRL in an early century bathing suit
and parasol appears and poses.)

DOCTOR WILBUR
One of the more prosperous small towns in Wisconsin state. Even during
the Great Depression.

(Another GIRL in an early century bathing
suit and parasol appears and poses.)

DOCTOR WILBUR
And the town's most prosperous family were the Dorsetts. Making Hattie
Dorsett the de facto First Lady of Willow Corners.

(LIGHTS UP on HATTIE, also in an old
fashioned bathing suit and parasol. SHE
joins the GIRLS in song and dance.)

HATTIE AND GIRLS

WILLOW CORNERS
WILLOW CORNERS
THIS IS WHERE THE LORD
WOULD RATHER BE.
A WORK OF
WISCONSIN ART
WILLOW COUNTY'S HEART
FIELDS AND FARMS AND FORESTS
AS FAR AS GOD CAN SEE.

(THEY continue to unobtrusively dance
during the dialogue portions.)

SYBIL
(As Nancy Lou.)
Sybil's mother was smart. Smarter than anyone in Elderville,
Illinois. She didn't love Father. She married him only to get away
from the General.

DOCTOR WILBUR
She actually told you this?

SYBIL

(As Vicky.)

She told me. And she was not only brilliant, but Mrs. Dorsett, she had the extraordinary musical talent. A pianist. *Un virtuoso*. But her father, a formidable Civil War veteran, yanked her out of school at age twelve to work at his store. She would never fulfill her dreams of a conservatory education. Instead, she played organ at the Willows Corner First Baptist Church every Wednesday and Sunday.

HATTIE AND GIRLS.

NO DEMOCRATS
OR PAYING UNION DUES.
EVERYTHING'S DECIDED
IN THE PEWS.
OUR CIVIC NOTORIETY
IS DUE TO OUR STRICT PIETY
A CHURCH OF EACH VARIETY
EXCEPT THE JEWS'.

SYBIL

(As Vicky.)

She was not content.

DOCTOR WILBUR

But Mr. Dorsett. Willard. He loved her?

SYBIL

(As Sid.)

He loved her alot! But she'd embarrass him. She'd make noises in church and then just laugh sometimes. Nothin' was funny. She'd just laugh! Out of nowhere!

DOCTOR WILBUR

Did she embarrass you?

SYBIL

(As Vanessa.)

It was a wee, little town.

HATTIE AND GIRLS

WILLOW CORNERS
WILLOW CORNERS
FRIENDLIEST SMALL TOWN
IN THE MIDWEST.

SYBIL

(As Vanessa.)

One whole winter she didn't say a word. Did not utter a sound. She would stare out the window like a zombie. Everyone saw. But the Dorsetts were wealthy so no one said anything.

HATTIE AND GIRLS

OUR MORAL AND
JUDGEMENT FREE
EXCLUSIVITY
WELCOMES THOSE WITH STATUS
BUT PASSES ON THE REST.

SYBIL

(As Peggy.)

Sybil's mother would take me walking with her at night. Arm and arm, like I was her daughter. We'd visit the Stickneys, Mr. Hale. Mrs. Ford...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Would they invite you in?

SYBIL

(As Peggy.)

Oh, they didn't know we were there. She would just go squat behind each of their hedges and take a shit.

(The music stops and the GRILS stop dancing and look over at the scene, then back at HATTIE who just smiles and shrugs.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

Why these people?

SYBIL

(As Peggy.)

They were the other people in town as rich as us.

HATTIE

THIS SNOBBERY, TO YOU
MIGHT SEEM QUITE RASH

HATTIE AND THE GIRLS.

BUT WE CLOSED OUR BORDERS
RIGHT BEFORE THE CRASH.
THERE'S LITTLE MINNESOTA LOVE

HATTIE AND THE GIRLS

(Cont'd.)

AND ILLINOIS? OUR QUOTA OF.
PLUS, AN IOWA-IOTA OF
THIER POOR WHITE TRASH.

SYBIL

(As Mary.)

Sybil's mother was good to the poor though. She was! She would sometimes take these two poor Polish girls from the other side of town swimming with us by the river.

(HATTIE and the GIRL's dance has turned erotic, hands on each other's breasts, etc. HATTIE reaches around one way and tongue kisses one GIRL and then reaches around and kisses the other GIRL.)

SYBIL

(As Mary.)

They'd leave me to play on the shore sometimes and they'd go off in the bushes. They'd make some very strange noises.

HATTIE AND GIRLS

WILLOW CORNERS
WILLOW CORNERS
HEAVEN ON THE SHORES OF
THE ST CROIX.
NO EVIL OR CRUDITY
AND NO NUDITY
STILL, A BEE FOR EV'RY FLOWER
AND GIRL FOR EV'RY BOY.

SYBIL

(As Mary.)

I'd sometimes go spy. They were playing horsey!

DOCTOR WILBUR

Horsey?

SYBIL

(As Marjorie.)

That's what we would call it. Back then. Mrs. Dorsett would baby-sit the little girls in the neighborhood. They would all get down on the floor and she would put her fingers in the girl's...you know, down there, and yell gid'yap and hold them while they'd run on all fours. She would wiggle her fingers and laugh. She would stay home

SYBIL

(Cont'd.)

from church sometimes just to watch the town's children...

HATTIE AND GIRLS

THE BIBLE IS THE BOOK
WE READ THE MOST
NOT THAT VULGAR SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

SYBIL

(As Marjorie.)

She would take the baby boys inside and then take off all her clothes
and then rub the baby up and down between her legs...

HATTIE AND GIRLS.

AND WE DON'T MEAN TO DISPARAGE OR
TO JUDGE THE BACKSEAT CARRIAGE WHORE
WE SAVE OURSELVES FOR MARRIAGE OR
THE HOLY GHOST--

SYBIL

No!!

(HATTIE and the GIRLS disappear. To be
replaced by the figures of all eight
PERSONALITIES.)

(END OF SCENE. Immediately into:)

ACT ONE, Scene Twelve.
OFFICE. Immediately
following.

SYBIL

No. It's...she...

VICKY

Sybil. You know it is true.

DOCTOR WILBUR.

Sybil...?

VANESSA

You would avert your eyes. You'd let one of us come out.

NANCY LOU

But you would still see.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Was your mother ever sexual with you?

SYBIL

I don't...

SID

Sybil wasn't always there.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil. Did your mother ever hurt you?

SYBIL

I...I think...

PEGGY

She was there. She was there at the beginnings. In the mornings when
it would start.

MARJORIE

Yes, Sybil remembers the beginnings.

SYBIL

THOUGH SHE'S SAYING
'BYE TO FATHER
MAMMA'S LOOKING RIGHT A ME,
AND ALL THE WHILE

SYBIL
(Cont'd.)

A SECRET SMILE
ON HER FACE.
I COULD CRY OUT
BUT WHY BOTHER?
PAPA LOOKS BUT DOESN'T SEE.
THEN ITS ONLY SHE AND ME.
PLEASE, SOMEONE HELP ME
TO GET FREE...

HATTIE
(Appears behind a piano.)

GOD LOVES A BABY
WHO DOES NOT CRY.
WHO DOES NOT SIGH.
WHO DOES NOT LIE.
GOD LOVES A BABY.
WHO DOES NOT CRY.
MY. LIE. TIE. WHY. CRY.

SYBIL

I PRETEND THAT
I AM READING
BUT SHE THROWS AWAY THE BOOK
AND WITH A FROWN
SHE TIES ME DOWN
SHE SPREADS MY LEGS
THEN SHE CHECKS IF
I AM BLEEDING
MAMMA SEES BUT DOESN'T LOOK
AND WITH THE CARE SHE ALWAYS TOOK
SHE REACHES FOR THE BUTTON HOOK...

PEGGY
AND I'M PUSHED OUT FRONT.

VICKY
TO THE PINCHING AND TEARING.

PEGGY
SYBIL'S MOTHER LAUGHS.

VICKY
AND I THINK I'LL GO INSANE.

PEGGY

SYBIL LIKES TO HIDE

VICKY

FROM THE FLESH SHE IS WEARING.

PEGGY AND VICKY

SYBIL MADE US FEEL THE PAIN.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Daily, Hattie Dorsett would force an array of objects into her daughter. A flashlight, a small bottle. A dinner knife.

HATTIE

You better get used to it. That's what men will do to you when you grow up! They put things in you and hurt you. I might as well prepare you!

WILLARD

(Entering.)

Mother, we have to get that girl some new shoes! I come near her to button them and she starts crying.

(Exits.)

SYBIL

A RED TUBE MADE
OUT OF RUBBER
IS PUSHED SLOWLY UP MY DRESS

HATTIE

BE STILL, DAUGHTER!
LET THE WATER
FILL YOU UP.
HOLD IT IN, NOW--DON'T YOU BLUBBER!
YOU'RE A HORRID GIRL UNLESS
YOU PROMISE NOT TO MAKE A MESS!

SYBIL

IT HURT SO MUCH BUT I CRY YES...

VANESSA

THEN I COME AWAKE

SID

AND I'M KEEPING FROM PISSING
SYBIL'S GONE AWAY

VANESSA

ABANDONNED YET AGAIN!
THEN I FEEL THE ACHE

SID

IN THE PARTS I AM MISSING.

VANESSA AND SID.

SYBIL MADE US FEEL THE PAIN.

DOCTOR WILBUR

The enema ritual wouldn't end there. Filled with the cold water from an adult-sized bag, Sybil would suffer severe cramps. Then, Hattie would use dish rags to tie Sybil to a piano leg. She would then play. Hard. Forcing Sybil to hold the water until the song was finished.

HATTIE

GOD LOVES A BABY
WHO STAYS SO CLEAN
WHO IS SERENE
WHO IS NOT MEAN...

Oh, no! Oh, look. You make me. You make me punish you. Look what you did!

MARJORIE

SHE WOULD SLAP ME IN THE FACE.

PEGGY

SHE WOULD KICK ME IN THE BACK.

VICKY

ONCE SHE FRACTURED SYBIL'S LARYNX.

VANESSA

IT WAS I WHO FELT THE CRACK!

MARY

ROLLING PINS CAME DOWN ON FINGERS.

SID

HEAVY DRAWERS WOULD CLOSE ON HANDS.

CLARA

EVERY STRIKE

OR BURN
RUTHIE

OR BLOW
SID

OR BREAK
PEGGY

OR SPRAIN,
VICKY

SELVES
SYBIL ALWAYS MADE US FEEL THE PAIN!

SYBIL
(To DOCTOR WILBUR.)

BUT SOMETIMES SHE WAS LOVING
SHE'D WORRY SO IF I WERE LATE.
SHE'D CUT BRIGHT PICTURES
FROM THE MAGAZINES
AND PASTE THEM TO MY PLATE
SHE'D COVER ME WITH KISSES,
HANG STARS ABOVE MY BED
SHE'D SAY I WAS HER'S ONLY
AND BE LOST IF I WERE DEAD.

SHE WAS MINE ONLY, TOO
AND SINCE I DIDN'T HAVE ANOTHER
A GOOD, CHRISTIAN GIRL
SHOULD NOT HATE HER MOTHER...

A GOOD, CHRISTIAN GIRL
SHOULD NOT HATE HER MOTHER...

IT WAS THE BUTTONHOOK!
IT WAS THE RUBBER HOSE!
IT WAS THE ROLLING PINS,
THE DRAWERS--
IT WAS ALL OF THOSE!

IT WAS THE DOCTORS WHO LOOKED AWAY
THE FRIENDS WHO WOULDN'T SEE.
IT WAS THE TEACHERS WHO WOULDN'T SAY
I'LL HELP YOU, STAY WITH ME!

SYBIL

IT WAS THE NEIGHBORS AND MY GRANDPA
EVEN GRAMMA WOULDN'T STIR
IT WAS MY FATHER WHO WOULD GO TO WORK
AND LEAVE ME HOME WITH HER!
IT WAS PAPA WHO WOULD GO TO WORK.
AND LEAVE ME HOME WITH HER...

(HATTIE drags YOUNG SYBIL up the stair
and sets her in the bin during the
following:)

'I LOVE YOU'
SAYS MY MOTHER
AS WE CLIMB THE BARNYARD STAIRS
PLACING ME IN
TO THE WHEAT BIN
SHE JUST LAUGHS.

(HATTIE descends the steps.)

AS I BEGIN TO SINK AND SMOTHER
SHE JUST GOES BACK DOWN THE STAIRS
AND AS I'M RUNNING OUT OF AIR
SHE CALLS BACK UP

HATTIE

NOBODY CARES!

MARJORIE

AND I'VE LOST MY BREATH

MARY

JESUS, LORD, DON'T FORSAKE ME

MARJORIE

AND MY THROATS ON FIRE

MARY

INHALING DUST AND GRAIN

MARJORIE

AND I'M LOOKING AT DEATH

MARY

NOW I PRAY FOR GOD TO TAKE ME

(WILLARD has climbed the steps and pulls YOUNG SYBIL from the bin. SHE coughs as he holds her and walks down. At the bottom of the steps is HATTIE.)

WILLARD

How did she get up there? How could she possibly? Hattie?

(HATTIE just stands there. Then she reaches her arms out. WILLARD stops a moment, thinks, and puts YOUNG SYBIL into HATTIE's arms and walks off.)

SYBIL AND YOUNG SYBIL

(Looking after him.)

Papa?

SELVES

SYBIL ALWAYS MADE US FEEL...
 THE BURN
 OR BLOW
 OR BREAK
 OR SPRAIN
 SYBIL ALWAYS MADE US DEAL...
 THE BURN
 OR BLOW
 OR BREAK
 OR SPRAIN
 SYBIL ALWAYS MADE
 US FEEL LONELY AND AFRAID
 SYBIL ALWAYS MADE US
 FEEL THE PAIN!

(HATTIE carries YOUNG SYBIL OFF.)

(BLACKOUT.)

(END OF ACT ONE.)

ACT TWO, Scene One.
 1959. APARTMENT. SYBIL is in front of a canvas on an easel. As SHE sings VICKY, SID, MARY, PEGGY, VANESSA, MARJORIE, RUTHIE and NANCY-LOU walk up to canvas and add a line, eventually creating a "self-portrait".

SYBIL

THE CANVAS WONDERS
 WHO AM I.
 WHO I AM
 TODAY?
 THE CHILD OR THE MALCONENT?
 THE BOULEVARDIER?
 SO DIFFERENT IN OUR
 DIFFERENT LIVES;
 ALIKE IN ONE SMALL WAY:
 WE ALL WONDER
 WHO AM I
 TODAY.

DOCTOR WILUBR

(Appears.)

In August of 1960, Sybil missed a succession of appointments. I subsequently received this letter.

(She pulls out a letter and reading glasses and reads.)

"I'm not going to tell you there isn't anything wrong with me, we both know there is. But it is not what I lead you to believe. I do not have any multiple personalities. I have been essentially lying in my pretense of them..."

SYBIL

MY BRUSHES PONDER
 WHO AM I.
 WHY I AM
 THIS WAY?
 AM I THE WAY GOD PAINTED ME
 OR BEEN LEAD ASTRAY?
 SHOULD I JUST DENY I AM
 THE SYBIL THEY IMPLY I AM?
 AFRAID TO FIND OUT WHY I AM
 THIS WAY...

SYBIL

SATAN'S OWN
OR THE LAMB OF GOD.
EITHER WAY
I STILL SLEEP
WITH THE LIGHT ON.

DOCTOR WILBUR

"Also, the extreme things I said about my mother are not true."

SYBIL

BUT BLESS THE HAND
THAT WON'T SPARE THE ROD.
CHILD SAVED
IS CHILD
GONE
UNSPOILED!

DOCTOR WILBUR

"It is true she interfered with my music and drawings, but that was due to a lack of understanding. She may have been more than a little nervous--flighty, clever, perhaps overanxious. But my mother loved me."

SYBIL

YES, UNSPOILED
BUT UNDISTINGUISHED.
YES, SAVED
YET
EMPTY AND UNKNOWN.
IF I COULD SEE
ALL THERE IS TO ME
WOULD MY WORLD THEN BE
LESS LONELY?

DOCTOR WILBUR

"I just wasn't the interesting, charming person she was..."

(DOCTOR WILBUR and the SELVES FADE.
TEDDY walks on.)

TEDDY

Sybil?

(SHE goes to the SELVES-created
portrait.)

Sybil. What is this?

SYBIL

I wrote a letter to Doctor Wilbur. I wrote and told her I was making it all up.

TEDDY

Why would you do that?

SYBIL

I don't know...maybe to show her I didn't really need her...

TEDDY

Sybil...

SYBIL

But after I wrote it...I was...gone for two days. And when I came to...

(SHE indicates the portrait.)

TEDDY

It's remarkable.

(SHE touches SYBIL's face.)

You're remarkable.

(TEDDY smiles and EXITS.)

SYBIL

YES, UNSPOILED
 BUT UNDISTINGUISHED.
 YES, SAVED
 YET
 EMPTY AND UNKNOWN.
 IF I COULD SEE
 ALL THERE IS TO ME
 WOULD MY WORLD THEN BE
 LESS LONELY?

(SHE adds her own strokes to the portrait.)

THE COLORS ASK ME
 WHO AM I,
 IF I AM
 OKAY.
 I TELL THEM NOT TO BE
 CONCERNED.
 I'M SIMILAR TO THEY.
 I'M MANY HUES
 AND MANY SHADES

SYBIL

(Cont'd.)

NOT YET MIXED TO GREY.

THE COLORS ASK ME

WHO AM I.

THE BRUSHES ASK ME

WHO AM I.

THE CANVAS ASKS ME

WHO AM I.

WHO AM I

TO SAY?

ACT TWO, Scene Two.
1960. DOCTOR WILBUR'S OFFICE.
SYBIL is on the couch and
DOCTOR WILBUR her desk.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Two years?

SYBIL

I was looking down at Gramma's coffin. In the ground. I wanted ...to jump. To be down there...with her...People were crying ...I slowly walked toward the open grave and then...the next thing I was aware of I was in school. But a new class. A different room. With Mrs. Henderson! But she taught fifth grade. I was in third grade!

DOCTOR WILBUR

And there was no active consciousness between the two time periods?

SYBIL

No. Not...no. I was so confused. So embarrassed. Mrs. Henderson. She was asking me to do an equation. Out loud. Fractions. I didn't know fractions. I didn't even know the times tables. I still have trouble.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Because you, Sybil, the waking self, never learned them. But your alternate selves did and held them for you.

SYBIL

They stole them from me! I'm ashamed every time I'm forced to do arithmetic.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil. Would you object to being hypnotized?

SYBIL

Would that be Christian?

DOCTOR WILBUR

I...I think hypnotism would be considered secular. It would also provide me an easier access to the other personalities.

SYBIL

I don't know...I don't think my father would like it...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil, we now have one of the reasons, perhaps the main reason for

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Cont'd.)

your fragmentation. But without knowledge of the initial event that caused it, without being able to trace the split back to its core root, we can't hope to reunite your selves into a whole.

(SYBIL nods and folds her hands into her lap.)

Okay. Now simply listen. Try to block everything else out. The room, the couch...just you and me.

SEE THE AIR AS
MANY DIFFERENT COLORS.
AND THEN BREATHE IN THE
COLOR OF YOUR CHOICE.
CONCENTRATE AND HOLD ON
TO THAT COLOR
AND MY VOICE.

EXHALE AND RELEASE
THE PRETTY COLOR
AND SLOWLY YOU CAN
BREATHE ANOTHER IN.
IN AND OUT UNTIL YOU
FEEL YOU'RE READY
TO BEGIN...

SYBIL

Begin.

(The SELVES appear, lined up UPSTAGE.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

Alright. Sybil. May I speak to Vicky?

(VICKY steps forward.)

SYBIL

(As Vicky.)

Bonjour, Doctor Wilbur.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Bonjour, Vicky. Vicky, the moment at the side of Sybil's grandmother's grave. Was it you who stopped Sybil from jumping in?

SYBIL

Non. I had not yet arrived. I believe that was Peggy.

DOCTOR WILBUR

May I speak to Peggy?

(VICKY steps back and PEGGY steps out.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

Peggy. Do you remember when Grandma Dorsett was buried?

SYBIL

(As PEGGY.)

Course I do. Sybil was thinkin' stupid thoughts. Like how cold everything was. How icy blue with brown specs the cold was. How Gramma was down there, away from the blue. That Gramma was love but not blue. But I don't think that's right...

DOCTOR WILBUR

How do you mean, Peggy?

SYBIL

I think blue can be love. Don't you? Summer skies are blue. The warm river water is blue.

(She strokes the sofa.)

This couch is blue...

DOCTOR WILBUR

So you were fully aware of what Sybil was thinking before she stepped forward? You hadn't just arrived when you saved her.

SYBIL

Nah. I been around awhile.

DOCTOR WILBUR

But you still don't recall your first memory?

(SYBIL shakes her head.)

Peggy, do you know your multiplication tables?

SYBIL

Sure do. I'm a whiz at math! Better than Vicky or Nancy even!

ONE TIMES ONE IS ONE AND
ONE TIMES TWO IS TWO.
EACH NUMBER TIMES ITSELF'S THE SAME
TILL INFINITY IS THROUGH.

TWO TIMES ONE IS TWO BUT
TWO TIMES TWO IS FOUR!
JUST DOUBLE UP EACH NUMBER TILL
YOU CAN'T DOUBLE UP NO MORE.

SYBIL
 THREE TIMES ONE IS THREE AGAIN
 AND TWO TIMES THREE IS SIX--

DOCTOR WILBUR
 That's very good, Peggy--

SYBIL
 THREE TIMES THREE IS NINE AND THEN
 WE ADD FOUR TO THE MIX!

SELVES
 AND WHEN
 YOU ADD FOUR TO THE MIX,
 THEN YOU CAN SEE
 THE TABLES' TRICKS!

VANESSA
 CAUSE THREE TIMES FOUR IS TWELVE

MARJORIE
 LIKE TWO TIMES SIX IS TWELVE!

VICKY
 THE TABLES START TO CRISS AND CROSS
 THE FURTHER THAT WE DELVE.

SYBIL
 CAUSE THREE TIMES EIGHT IS

SELVES
 TWENTY-FOUR!

SYBIL
 AND FOUR TIMES SIX IS

SELVES
 TWENTY-FOUR!

SYBIL
 EXPAND THE TABLES A LITTLE MORE

SYBIL AND SELVES
 THEN TWO TIMES TWELVE IS TWENTY-FOUR!

DOCTOR WILBUR
 Well, that's very good. So you all know your tables?

(THEY nod.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

Does Sybil?

SYBIL

Sybil wasn't there.

DOCTOR WILBUR

So each of you own pieces of Sybil that rightly belong to her. Peggy, the times tables. Vanessa, you play the piano beautifully, but Sybil can't play a note. Nancy Lou you hold Sybil's knowledge of history. Vicky, the social graces that a young girl normally would have learned during the two formative years she was gone.

SYBIL

(As Mary, as MARY steps forward.)

But Doctor Wilbur, dear. How is that possible?

DOCTOR WILBUR

Because, Mary, you are *pieces* of Sybil. Fragments of Sybil that contain different attributes, different skills, different emotions.

SYBIL

(AS Peggy.)

I don't git your drift...

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Thinks.)

Alright. In multiplication what is the number one referred to?

SYBIL

The identity.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Right. Exactly. So think of Sybil as the identity. Number one.

SYBIL TIMES ONE IS SYBIL
NORMAL, ON HER OWN
BUT ONE DAY WHEN SHE GETS UPSET
SYBIL'S NO LONGER ALONE.

CAUSE SYBIL TIMES TWO IS PEGGY.
AND THEN WHEN THINGS GOT STICKY.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Cont'd.)

SYBIL'S MULTIPLIED AGAIN
AND THREE TIMES SYBIL IS VICKY!

SYBIL

(As Vicky.)

NON, SYBIL TIIMES TROIS IS MARY, OUI?
MARY CAME BEFORE.

SYBIL

SYBIL, PEGGY AND MARY THEN
JE SUIS SYBIL TIMES FOUR!

SYBIL

(As Vanessa.)

SYBIL TIMES FIVE IS MARJORIE

SYBIL

(As Marjorie.)

VANESSA'S SYBIL TIMES SIX

DOCTOR WILBUR

AND LIKE THE TABLES, THINGS BEGIN
TO CRISS AND CROSS AND MIX.

SYBIL TIMES RUTH IS NANCY LOU
AND MARY TIMES MARJORIE'S NANCY LOU
AND IF YOU REALLY THINK IT THROUGH:

DOCTOR WILBUR AND SYBIL AND SELVES
THEN VICKY TIMES PEGGY IS NANCY LOU!

DOCTOR WILBUR

AND SO IF YOU CAN FOLLOW
THE PATH OF SYBIL'S ID
THEN SYBIL TIMES PEGGY

SYBIL

TIMES VICKY TIMES MARY

DOCTOR WILBUR AND SYBIL

TIMES RUTHIE TIMES NANCY
IS SID!

SELVES

SYBIL TIMES PEGGY

TIMES VICKY TIMES MARY
 TIMES RUTHIE TIMES NANCY
 IS SID.

SYBIL
 (As Vanessa.)

But Doctor Wilbur...isn't Sybil a divided person? Isn't it division we should be discussing?

DOCTOR WILBUR
 Well, division is discovering how many parts the whole is divided into. Perhaps we use addition, adding each of you to Sybil to make the whole.

DIVISION OR ADDITION,
 THE METHODS, WE MAY QUIBBLE.
 BUT VICKY TIMES SID
 DIVIDED BY PEGGY
 SUBTRACTED BY NANCY
 AND ADDED TO MARY
 THE RESULTS WON'T VARY
 THE ANSWER WILL ALWAYS BE
 SYBIL.

SYBIL
 (As Peggy, loudly.)

Bullshit!

(The SELVES disappear.)

DOCTOR WILBUR
 You also carry Sybil's anger, Peggy.

SYBIL
 Bullshit...

(SHE begins to pace.)

DOCTOR WILBUR
 It's completely understandable, dear-girl. What that monster did to you. You bore the reactive brunt. All these years it was you who held the anger. But now it's time to release it. To return it to Sybil where it belongs.

SYBIL
 No. No! It's mine. It's mine, not hers.

DOCTOR WILBUR

It's a part of her you are a part of her. You, Vicky—all of you.

SYBIL

I am me! I am me. I am Peggy!

DOCTOR WILBUR

You are also Sybil. A part of you has to know this is true.

SYBIL

Nancy Lou is right. She told us you want to destroy us!

DOCTOR WILBUR

I want to integrate you back into the whole.

SYBIL

You want to kill us!

DOCTOR WILBUR

I want to help Sybil.

SYBIL

(Stops.)

So she can be Sybil? But will I be me? Will I still be Peggy? Will I?

(DOCTOR WILBUR doesn't answer.)

I have to get out. I have to go. I have to get out.

(SHE rushes to the window and pounds.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Standing.)

Peggy!

(SYBIL breaks the glass. DOCTOR WILBUR rushes toward HER.)

Peggy!

(SYBIL turns, shows DOCTOR WILBUR her hand and begins to sob.)

Ruthie?

(SYBIL nods and rushes into HER arms.)

Oh, Ruthie...dear-girl. Let Doctor Wilbur take a look at it.

(SHE leads SYBIL to the couch and THEY sit as SHE examines the hand.)

It's okay, sweetheart. It's okay.

(DOCTOR WILBUR kisses it and SYBIL cuddles up next to her, thumb in mouth.)

(Sings to a sleeping SYBIL.)

DOCTOR WILBUR
 DOCTOR WILBUR'S AT A LOSS
 FOR THE EIGHTEENTH TIME THIS YEAR
 AND ITS ONLY FEBRUARY.
 DOCTOR WILBUR'S COME ACROSS
 THE CASE OF A CAREER
 THAT ALONE SEEMES MUCH TOO SCARY.

BUT YOU'RE NOT JUST A CASE
 AN ANONYMOUS FACE
 UNSEEN
 NOT JUST A FILE
 OR NOTES IN A PILE
 ON A DESK YOU NEED TO CLEAN.
 YOU'RE NOT A MICROBE ON A SLIDE
 BENEATH A MICROSCOPE
 BECAUSE WHEN CELLS SUBDIVIDE
 THEY ADAPT AND COPE—
 THAT'S MEAN,

I'm sorry, that's mean.

DOCTOR WILBUR HAS A LIFE,
 HUSBAND, CHILDREN: TEN AND EIGHT.
 I'M SURE YOU MIGHT FIND THAT SURPRISING.

What?

ABSENT MOTHER, GUILTY WIFE?
 SHE MAY WELL OVERCOMPENSATE...
 HEY! LET ME DO THE ANALYZING.

Okay?

OTHER PATIENTS ARE IGNORED
 EACH OLD DISORDER PALES
 IS SHE IMPATIENT OR JUST BORED
 WITH THEIR COMMON AILS?
 THAT'S MEAN
 AND UNTRUE...
 I THINK...

DOCTOR WILBUR IS AFRAID
 SHE'S DOING THINGS ALL WRONG
 I'M SURE YOU FIND THAT RE-ASSURING.

DOCTOR WILBUR

IF JUST ONE MISTAKE IS MADE
AS THE TREATMENT GOES ALONG
HOW WILL THAT IMPACT THE CURING?
OR IS THERE EVEN CURING?
I JUST DON'T KNOW,
IT'S LIKE PREDICTING THE WEATHER
BUT AS I PROMISED LONG AGO
WE'RE BOTH IN THIS TOGETHER,

SO DOCTOR WILBUR'S AT A LOSS
FOR THE FOURTEENTH TIME THIS YEAR.
BUT DOCTOR WILBUR IS ENDURING...

(LIGHTS fade.)

(END OF SCENE.)

ACT TWO, Scene Three.
1961. RESTAURANT. SYBIL and
WILLARD are seated at a dining
table.

SYBIL

Will Frieda be joining us after dinner?

WILLARD

It was a long flight. She will see you tomorrow. Sybil, your stepmother and I have decided it would be in your best interests if we no longer fund this...life of yours. Here in this city.

SYBIL

...Papa...?

WILLARD

The mesmerism you wrote about. Our church doesn't approve.

SYBIL

Hypnotism. She's helping me, Papa. She's helping so much...

WILLARD

Nonetheless...we are cutting you off. With love.

(DOCTOR WILBUR rushes in.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Sitting.)

I'm so sorry I'm late. Dog bathing crises at home. Mr. Dorsett, nice to see you again.

WILLARD

Doctor Wilbur. I was just telling Sybil we have found it best to restrict our financial help towards her.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Restrict? By how much?

(HE doesn't answer. Neither does SYBIL.)

I see.

WILLARD

Her stepmother believes it will encourage her to find a job. Or a husband.

SYBIL

I'm...not feeling well.

(SHE stands, kisses WILLARD's cheek.)

SYBIL

I will see you tomorrow, Papa. Goodnight, Doctor Wilbur.
(SHE EXITS.)

WILLARD

I apologize if the sudden loss of Sybil's three days a week might initially set you back financially, Doctor.

DOCTOR WILBUR

I'll get by. I find it interesting you chose to give Sybil this news here. Now. In a public space. To guarantee against a scene I imagine. Though I also imagine you were at one time quite used to public scenes.

WILLARD

I'm not sure if I get your drift, Doctor.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Your late wife...

WILLARD

A fine woman. A Christian woman.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Yes. I've written you numerous times about her. Information I might need for Sybil's therapy. You never respond.

WILLARD

I never saw Hattie lay a hand on Sybil!

(Beat.)

Yes, she was nervous. She could be a peculiar woman. Difficult sometimes. But a mother...a mother could never harm her own child.

DOCTOR WILBUR

You believe Sybil shattered her own larynx? Dislocated her own shoulder?

WILLARD

Sybil had many falls as a girl.

DOCTOR WILBUR

You were witness to these falls?

WILLARD

Hattie would tell me...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil almost suffocated in the wheat bin in the barn behind your home.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Cont'd.)

You yourself found her. How do you think she got in there?

WILLARD

It was the town bully. Hattie said. *He* put her there...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Your late wife was a schizophrenic, Mr. Dorsett. She was diagnosed at the Mayo Clinic. But she never returned for treatment.

WILLARD

She didn't want to go back. She said all the doctor would do was stare at her.

DOCTOR WILBUR

And yet you allowed this woman, this sick...this woman you knew to be dangerously mentally unbalanced...you allowed her to take care of your child?

WILLARD

I didn't—she...our church...

DOCTOR WILBUR

You would leave her alone every day to be tortured. To be struck and to be burnt. To be abused in a sexual manor.

WILLARD

It was different— a different time--I had no choice--

DOCTOR WILBUR

You had a choice, Mr. Dorsett!

TWO ROADS.
ONE FACTS AND ONE LIES.
IGNORE WHAT'S IN FRONT OF YOU
OR OPEN YOUR EYES
TO THE TRUTH!

TWO ROADS
ONE EASY, ONE HARD.
GUESS WHICH ONE ALLOWS
COMPLETE DISREGARD
OF THE TRUTH?

(SHE throws her napkin on the table and goes to leave, then stops.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

I have no problem treating Sybil for free, sir. And she is getting better. And I have no doubt that someday she will be completely well. But at the present she is not capable of holding down a regular job. I will not see this girl, so damaged by your first wife, further abused by the machinations of your second.

(WILLARD bows his head, not looking at HER. HE nods.)

(DOCTOR WILBUR EXITS. LIGHTS linger on WILLARD and then FADE.)

ACT TWO, Scene Four.

1962. TEDDY'S APARTMENT.

TEDDY is on the sofa, a letter in hand. HER eyes are red.

SYBIL walks ON from HER bedroom.

SYBIL

I have Doctor Wilbur after class today, so if you still want to have Chinese I'll be home around seven.

(TEDDY grabs a tissue and wipes HER eyes.)

Teddy?

TEDDY

Uh-huh.

SYBIL

(Moves to sofa.)

Teddy? Teddy, what's wrong?

(TEDDY hands her the letter, SHE reads.)

TEDDY

She won. She gets her way. In the end she always gets her way.

SYBIL

Your mother? She's...she's selling the apartment?

TEDDY

She finally found a way to pull me back to Connecticut. She threatened, I didn't actually believe she would do it. Oh, Sybil, I'm so sorry. I know this affects you to.

SYBIL

Nonsense. I just don't know why you've kept this to yourself.

TEDDY

I talked to Vicky about it. And Marjorie. Before.

SYBIL

Oh.

TEDDY

Nancy Lou suggested litigation. Or the taking up of arms...

SYBIL

Have you called your mother? Tried to talk it over?

TEDDY

I'm never talking to that bitch again.

SYBIL

Teddy! That's your mother. Your one and only.

TEDDY

Sorry, Sybs. I should complain, right? If I had had your mother I'd've asked for a retroactive abortion!

(SYBIL's eyes go wide with surprise but before she can say anything she smiles and giggles. TEDDY joins her and they laugh together for a few seconds.)

I'm sorry I got all wiggy. Arrr! And I hate leaving you in the lurch like this, pad-wise.

SYBIL

Oh, Teddy. Please don't worry about me. I'll be fine, I promise. I'll just miss you is all.

TEDDY

You know...the reason I talked to the Others and not to you...I was...a little bit ashamed.

SYBIL

For heaven's sake, why?

TEDDY

You! You're never...you never stop. No matter what. You never break.

SYBIL

Oh, I...break plenty, I'm sure.

TEDDY

No. You don't. You go to school. You student teach. You're in therapy three days a week. Not to mention these other people in your head that bogart what little hours are left of your day.

SYBIL

Mary bought a house.

TEDDY

No!

SYBIL

Yes! Out in Queens. She went and bought a house in Queens.

TEDDY
(Giggling.)

Oh no!

SYBIL
(Returning the laughter.)

Yes! She wrote a five hundred dollar deposit check on my account and signed a contract! I bounced four checks!

(TEDDY guffaws.)

It was awful! To get out of it Doctor Wilbur had hire a lawyer and declare me mentally incompetent!

(THEY both find this hysterical and fall
over each other. After THEY calm:)

You know, once I would have seen that canceled check and have no idea where it came from. Now...I guess I'm making progress... its proof I'm getting better.

TEDDY
You're so much more than merely "better", Sybil. No matter how "bad" it's been...you've always been better...

I WATCH YOU,
I DO
WHEN WE GO WALKING,
ME AND YOU.
YOU SMILE
AT THE ODDEST
LITTLE THING.
A LITTLE GIRL JUST SITTING
ON A SWING;
TINY PORTRAITS OF SOME
LONG FORGOTTEN KING.
WHAT COULD IT BE?
WHAT DOES SHE SEE?

I WATCH YOU,
I DO
AND I LISTEN
TO YOU TOO.
YOU SAY THINGS
THAT NOBODY
ELSE WOULD SAY.
HOW THE AFTERNOON
IS PURPLE FLECKED WITH GREY;
THAT AUDREY HEPBURN'S
PROOF THAT ART DIRECTORS PRAY.

TEDDY

I CAN'T KEEP UP.
IT'S LIKE A RACE.
BUT IT'S OKAY.
IT'S A GOOD CHASE.
AND WHEN I CATCH UP
IT'S LIKE SOMETHING NEW'S
UNFURLED.
I GET A TINY GLIMPSE
INTO YOUR WORLD.

I WATCH YOU
I ADMIT
THOUGH I TELL MYSELF
TO QUIT
FRIGHTENED YOU MIGHT
BUG OUT IF YOU KNEW
THAT WATCHING
YOU IS ALL
I WANT TO DO.
BUT I'M PRETTY
SURE, SOMETIMES,
YOU WATCH ME TOO.

(TEDDY kisses SYBIL on the mouth. At first shocked and still, SYBIL then leans into the kiss and responds passionately. But then breaks it abruptly.)

SYBIL

Oh my!

TEDDY

Sybil.

SYBIL

(Rising, grabs her bag.)

Oh. I...I have to get to class. I have an art class.

TEDDY

Sybil. Stop.

SYBIL

I will...I'll...

(SHE looks back at TEDDY a moment and then EXITS.)

ACT TWO. Scene Five.
In One. SYBIL runs
across the stage. Right
before SHE exits right,
HATTIE appears, blocking her
way.

HATTIE

Sybil!

(The sound of breaking glass from ACT ONE
SCENE ONE is heard.)

(BLACKOUT.)

ACT TWO, Scene Six.
 Broadview Hotel Room.
 SYBIL is in a chair,
 staring out the window when
 a knock on the door causes
 her to whirl around.

SYBIL

Who's there? Who is it?

DOCTOR WILBUR

(From behind the door)

It's Doctor Wilbur. Sybil?

(SYBIL flies across the room and opens the
 door and falls into DOCTOR WILBUR's arms.)

Dear-Girl. Oh, dear-girl, are you alright?

SYBIL

I was so afraid this time. I had no idea where I was.

DOCTOR WILBUR

What caused this, Sybil?

SYBIL

(Freezes.)

What do you mean?

(Pulls away from DOCTOR WILBUR.)

You know what caused this. It wasn't my fault.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Of course not.

SYBIL

I was lost. I *am* lost. All the time.

WHERE AM I?
 WHERE DO I GO
 WHEN THE VOICES
 TAKE CONTROL?
 WILL THEY PUSH ME
 DOWN FOREVER
 AND OBLITERATE MY SOUL?
 ANNILIATION IS THEIR GOAL!

AS I'M
 LOCKED AWAY

SYBIL
(Cont'd.)

THEY WALK AWAY
AND TALK AWAY MY LIFE!
WHAT MIGHT I BE
IF THEY'D LET ME BE?
PERHAPS ARTIST, TEACHER--
WIFE?
WHERE'S MY LIFE?
WHERE DID IT FLY?
WHERE AM I?

Oh. Oh. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm not mad at you, Doctor. I'm just so...so angry...

DOCTOR WILBUR
(Realizing.)

Yes. Yes you are. Sybil. Might I speak to Peggy?
(SYBIL nods/They sit as the "hypnotism"
music plays.)

SYBIL

Bonjour, Doctor Wilbur.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Bonjour, Vicky. Vicky, not that I'm not pleased to see you, but I asked to speak to Peggy.

SYBIL

I know. I cannot find her.

DOCTOR WILBUR

What do you mean?

SYBIL

She is hiding. She became frightened by something she did not understand.

DOCTOR WILBUR

What frightened her?

SYBIL

A conversation between Sybil and Teddy Reeves that took a rather, how you say, Sapphic turn...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Oh. And you, yourself, did not find this disconcerting?

SYBIL

Doctor Wilbur. I am *Francais*. Jell-O Salad, *that* is disconcerting.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Thank you, Vicky. I believe I need to speak to Sybil again.

(SYBIL nods and changes.)

Sybil, I would like to talk to you about your mother.

SYBIL

Here? Now? Why? Oh, no Doctor Wilbur. We have to get back--we have to get *you* back! I'm still so embarrassed about dragging you all the way down her!

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil. All your personalities have...strong opinions about Hattie Dorsett. All of them. About *your* mother. All but you.

SYBIL

One must--I have to honor my mother. It says so in scripture.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Not when she gives you no reason to honor her.

SYBIL

I wanted to please her because she was my mother.

(Thinks.)

But I never could. She was mad at me so often...she would say she had to punish me...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Yes.

SYBIL

I loved my colored pencils. And one day she broke them. Every single one. Every single one. On purpose. Every single one.

(Shaking.)

I feel...I feel choked up. I feel like crying...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil...?

SYBIL

She would tie me down.

DISINFECTANT EVERYWHERE
BREAKFAST DISHES IN THE SINK
AND I'D HATE HER.

SYBIL

(Cont'd.)

ROSEWATER PERFUME IN THE AIR
 BENEATH IT, ARMPIT STINK.
 AND I'D HATE HER.
 AND SHE'D HURT ME.
 AND I'D HATE HER.

SHE TOLD ME
 THAT SHE LOVED ME
 AND THAT'S WHAT
 MADE HER DO IT.
 IF SHE HADN'T
 KICKED AND SHOVED ME
 SHE SAID ONE DAY
 SHE WOULD RUE IT
 AND I'D HATE HER.

HER CRUEL LAUGHTER EVERYWHERE
 TELLING ME THAT I WAS ODD.
 AND I'D HATE HER.
 GRAB THOSE SHARP HAIRPINS FROM HER HAIR
 AND THEN SO HELP ME GOD--
 AND THEN SO HELP ME GOD...

SHE'D MAKE ME SLEEP
 IN THERE WITH THEM
 TILL I WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD,
 MY TINY CRIB TUCKED IN
 THE CORNER OF THE ROOM
 WHEN THEY'D MAKE THE NOISE AT NIGHT
 SHE'D THROW BACK THE SHEETS
 AND SMILE AT ME AS IF TO SAY
 I DARE YOU, GIRL, TO LOOK AWAY
 AND I'D HATE HER.

I BELIEVED I LOVED HER, SO
 I'D PRETEND IT WAS A GAME
 THAT I'D HATE HER
 YOU MUST LOVE YOUR MOTHER SO
 I WAS ALWAYS FILLED WITH SHAME
 I DIDN'T HATE HER
 BUT IN MY CHILD-
 HOOD AND TEENS I
 DID HATE HER,
 HATE HER STILL! HER
 DEATH IS

SYBIL
(Cont'd.)

ONLY SAD
IN THAT IT MEANS I
CANNOT KILL HER!

I WANT TO KILL HER!
I WANT TO KILL HER!
I WANT TO--

(SHE stops, startled by her own
admission.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil?

(SYBIL stands a moment then walks and sits
on the bed.)

You are Sybil.

(SYBIL nods.)

And you are alright?

SYBIL
(Matter of fact.)

Yes.

DOCTOR WILBUR

And how do you feel?

SYBIL
Like we should head back to New York. I haven't spoken to Teddy since
I left. She must be worried sick!

DOCTOR WILBUR

Yes. Yes, of course.

SYBIL
(Going to her purse.)

And I must pay you for my missed appointments. And your ticket here
and back!

DOCTOR WILBUR

That's not necessary, dear-girl.

SYBIL
(Pulling out and writing in her
checkbook.)

Nonsense, I insist. That's two sessions at eighteen a session. How

SYBIL

(Cont'd.)

much was your ticket?

DOCTOR WILBUR

Thirteen round trip.

(SYBIL tears off the check and hands it
to HER. SHE stares at it, reads.)

Forty-nine dollars...?

SYBIL

Is that wrong?

DOCTOR WILBUR

No. No, Sybil. It's absolutely correct.

(BLACKOUT. END OF SCENE.)

ACT TWO, Scene Seven.
APARTMENT. SYBIL comes through
the front door calling.

SYBIL

Teddy? Teddy, I'm back.

(SHE runs into the kitchen and down the
hall and back, searching.)

I'm sorry I didn't tell you I was going. I'm sorry I was gone so long.
Teddy?

(SHE spies an envelope with her name on it
on the coffee table. SHE sits, opens it
and reads.)

Oh, Teddy. Oh, Teddy, no.

(Crying.)

Oh, don't go, Teddy. Please. Please don't leave...don't leave
me...please...

(YOUNG SYBIL runs on past SYBIL. SYBIL
stands as the APARTMENT set moves off.)

(END OF SCENE immediately to:)

ACT TWO, Scene Eight.
 ST MARY'S HOSPITAL, 1926.
 SYBIL watches YOUNG SYBIL
 on a bed, coloring. There
 are two doors, one to the
 room, and a partial glass
 door in the center of the
 stage. A knock on the
 bedroom door and a door
 opens to reveal a young
 DOCTOR in a white coat.

DOCTOR

How's my big girl?

(YOUNG SYBIL giggles. SHE jumps from the
 bed and runs to the DOCTOR who picks HER
 up and holds her high.)

YOUNG SYBIL

(Pointing to a cuff link.)

It's loose!

DOCTOR

Well, so it is.

YOUNG SYBIL

I can fix it. I put Daddy's on every Sabbath.

(SHE does.)

DOCTOR

Why, thank you, honey. Aren't you clever? Aren't you the special girl?
 Now, what are we drawing today?

(Sets HER down on the bed.)

Is that the hospital?

(SHE nods.)

Is that me?

(Again.)

LOOK AT ALL THE
 BRIGHT AND PRETTY COLORS.
 MY BRIGHT AND GIFTED
 LITTLE GIRL VAN GOGH.
 ORANGE, RED AND GREEN
 MY FAVORITE TOO
 THE COLOR BLUE...

YOUNG SYBIL

Like your eyes!

DOCTOR

Yes. Like my eyes. I have some good news, honey.

(HATTIE DORSETT walks through the center door.)

HATTIE

(Out, without seeing YOUNG SYBIL.)

I'm here to retrieve my daughter.

(YOUNG SYBIL freezes at HATTIE's voice.)

DOCTOR

(To YOUNG SYBIL.)

You're going home today.

(YOUNG SYBIL throws her arms around the DOCTOR's neck.)

YOUNG SYBIL

Can I come home with you?

DOCTOR

Come on, honey. Your mother is here to take you.

(HE picks HER up and carries HER toward HATTIE.)

(As he does this DOCTOR WILBUR joins SYBIL onstage in observation.)

DOCTOR

She's fine. Now. She's been rehydrated.

HATTIE

Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR

(Setting YOUNG SYBIL down.)

There you go, honey.

(YOUNG SYBIL doesn't move. To HATTIE:)

I'm still confused why a girl from such a well off family should become malnourished to the point of hospitalization.

HATTIE

She's always been a sickly thing. Come to mamma, Sybil.

DOCTOR WILBUR

It was the enemas. And the laxatives she'd put in your food.

HATTIE

(Holding out HER hand.)

Sybil.

(At first reluctant, YOUNG SYBIL takes HATTIE's hand. THEY walk through the door. YOUNG SYBIL turns to see the DOCTOR turn and walk the other way OFFSTAGE.)

(YOUNG SYBIL breaks from HATTIE and runs back to the door. SHE begins pounding on the door's glass window.)

HATTIE

Sybil Anne! Sybil!

(YOUNG SYBIL pounds the glass until it BREAKS.)

Sybil!

YOUNG SYBIL

(Turns angrily toward HATTIE.)

My name is Peggy!

(HATTIE and YOUNG SYBIL freeze. SYBIL walks toward the scene.)

SYBIL

I remember coming to the hospital. I remember the days there. But the moment after the doctor turned and left...suddenly it's ...weeks later.

DOCTOR WILBUR

It wasn't the abuse. Or just the abuse alone. You had the strength to live with the abuse for years. It was that one moment's denied hope of rescue. And everything changed.

(THE EIGHT SELVES appear at various parts of the FAR STAGE.)

SYBIL

My first missing memory.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Your father was ineffectual. The people of such a suffocatingly conservative town could not help you. So the rescue had to come from within.

(THE SELVES move toward SYBIL and create a circle around her. YOUNG SYBIL joins the circle as RUTHIE.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

And they protected you all these years.

(A vivid LIGHT hits HATTIE who turns to SYBIL.)

HATTIE

Sybil!

(THE SELVES clasp hands to create a protective circle as SYBIL reacts.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

But your mother has been dead for many years. She can't hurt you anymore.

SYBIL

But I remember...

SYBIL AND SELVES

(Almost chanting.)

I'M PUSHED OUT FRONT
TO THE PINCHING AND TEARING
SYBIL'S MOTHER LAUGHS
AND I THINK I'LL GO INSANE
SYBIL LIKES TO HIDE
FROM THE FLESH SHE IS WEARING

DOCTOR WILBUR

Yes, you're slowly absorbing the memories of your other personalities. And yes, those memories are horrible. And as do Peggy and Nancy Lou, as do Sid and Marjorie, you will hate her.

SHE WOULD SLAP ME IN THE FACE.
SHE WOULD KICK ME IN THE BACK.
ONCE SHE FRACTURED SYBIL'S LARYNX.
IT WAS I WHO FELT THE CRACK!
ROLLING PINS CAME DOWN ON FINGERS
HEAVY DRAWERS WOULD CLOSE ON HANDS
EVERY STRIKE
OR BURN
OR BLOW
OR BREAK

SYBIL AND SELVES
(Cont'd.)

OR SPRAIN...

DOCTOR WILBUR.

But, Sybil. Temper that hate with Mary's grace. With Vicky's empathy. With your own sense of pity. Your mother was a brilliant, brilliant woman. And a schizophrenic. Two things which the time she was born into would not allow.

SYBIL AND SELVES

BUT SOMETIMES SHE WAS LOVING
SHE'D WORRY SO IF I WERE LATE.
SHE'D CUT BRIGHT PICTURES
FROM THE MAGAZINES
AND PASTE THEM TO MY PLATE
SHE'D COVER ME WITH KISSES,
HANG STARS ABOVE MY BED...

HATTIE

Sybil?

DOCTOR WILBUR

We're so close, Sybil. *You're* so close. It's in the emotion. Find each personalities'. Feel them. Recapture them. They belong to you.

TAKE CONTROL OF THE BODY.
TAKE CONTROL OF THE FEAR.
YES, IT'S DAUNTING AND ITS SCARY,
NONETHELESS
THE POWER THAT'S INSIDE YOU
THAT AT ONE TIME COULD DIVIDE YOU
IS STILL THERE TO HELP PROVIDE YOU
WITH A WAY TO COALESCE.

TAKE CONTROL.
TAKE CONTROL.
GRAB AHOLD OF
EACH LOOSE ELEMENT
THAT MAKES UP
SYBIL'S SOUL.
AND THEN KNIT THEM
BACK TOGETHER,
INTEGRATION IS
THE GOAL.
TAKE CONTROL.
TAKE CONTROL.

DOCTOR WILBUR

(Cont'd.)

AND WHATEVER HAPPENS
TOMORROW.
LET ME MAKE THIS CLEAR.
I WILL ALWAYS BE HERE.
I WILL ALWAYS BE HERE.

SYBIL

TAKE CONTROL OF THE MOMENT.
TAKE CONTROL OF THE DAY.
TAKE CONTROL OF THE PRESENT
AND THE PAST.
I'VE LOST EVERY THING THAT'S MATTERED
AND MY MIND IS TORN AND SHATTERED,
BUT MY MEMORIES, THOUGH SCATTERED,
ARE WITHIN MY REACH AT LAST!

TAKE CONTROL.
TAKE CONTROL.
IF THERE'S A HOLE
INSIDE MY HEAD
THEN I WILL WORK
TO FILL THAT HOLE.
INVITE THE CHILDREN
OF MY MIND
TO ALL RETURN
UNTO THE FOLD.
TAKE CONTROL.
TAKE CONTROL.

AND WHATEVER HAPPENS
I THANK YOU.
MY DOCTOR AND MY FRIEND.
HERE WITH ME TILL THE END

DOCTOR WILBUR AND SYBIL

OUT OF THE DARKNESS
AWAY FROM THE SILENCE,
HERE.
WHERE ALL MEMORIES HAVE AMASSED.

DOCTOR WILBUR

YOU AND I'VE TRAVLED
TWENTY-TWO YEARS, SO FAST.

DOCTOR WILBUR AND SYBIL
 HERE AT LAST
 TO YOUR (MY) PAST!

DOCTOR WILBUR
 TAKE CONTROL OF THE BODY.

SYBIL
 TAKE CONTROL OF THE BRAIN.

DOCTOR WILBUR
 TAKE CONTROL OF THE EGO
 AND THE ID.
 A MIND THAT'S SO INVENTIVE
 TO COME UP WITH THIS PREVENTIVE.

DOCTOR WILBUR AND SYBIL
 ONLY NEEDS THE RIGHT INCENTIVE
 TO REVERSE WHAT IT ONCE DID.

TAKE CONTROL
 TAKE CONTROL
 TAKE THE WHEEL
 TAKE THE FAST LANE
 YOU'VE (I'VE) ALREADY
 PAID THE TOLL!
 THE ROAD THAT
 LEADS TO NORMAL
 IS THE ROAD
 TO BEING WHOLE!

DOCTOR WILBUR
 TAKE CONTROL
 OF THE BODY

SYBIL
 TAKE CONTROL
 OF THE MOMENT

DOCTOR WILBUR AND SYBIL
 TAKE CONTROL
 TAKE CONTROL
 TAKE CONTROL...

HATTIE
 Sybil?

SYBIL

I understand, Mamma. Goodbye.

(HATTIE disappears.)

(END OF SONG, END OF SCENE.)

ACT TWO, Scene Nine.
1963 THROUGH 1967. DOCTOR
WILBUR'S OFFICE,
Continuous.

DOCTOR
Sybil, would you like to finally meet your rescuers?

SYBIL
I'm afraid. But...yes. If you think I should.

DOCTOR WILBUR
Vicky? Would you like to meet Sybil?

VICKY
(Sings.)
C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE.
(SHE walks to SYBIL.)

SYBIL
(Tentative.)
C'EST UNE BONNE IDEE...

VICKY
Tres bonne! You know the song.

SYBIL
Yes. Somehow I do.
(VICKY kisses SYBIL European style on both
cheeks.)
You helped me. You...helped Doctor Wilbur to help me.

VICKY
But of course.

DOCTOR WILBUR
Sybil. This is Nancy Lou.

(NANCY LOU sulks toward SYBIL and stands
before HER.)

NANCY LOU
I don't trust you.

SYBIL
Me neither.
(SHE sticks out her hand and NANCY LOU

eventually shakes it.)

MARY

(Approaches SYBIL.)

Hello, dear. Sweet thing.

SYBIL

Mary. You're Mary. You look just like my Gramma Dorsett.

MARY

She loved you very much, dear.

(SYBIL nods.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sid. Say hello to Sybil.

(HE walks over and sticks HIS hand out.)

SYBIL

(Shaking his hand.)

Teddy and I were so appreciate of the work you did to the apartment, Sid.

SID

I miss Teddy. She was pretty.

(SYBIL nods and blinks back tears.)

VANESSA

Bloody hell, Sydney. You made her cry!

MARJORIE

Am-scray, Kiddie-Show.

VANESSA AND MAJORIE

(To SYBIL.)

Hi!

(Air kisses.)

VANESSA

I'm Vanessa.

MARJORIE

And I'm Marjorie.

VANESSA

We're so happy to finally meet you.

MARJORIE

Face to face.

VANESSA

So to speak! Now, tomorrow, the three of us are definitely going shopping--

MARJORIE

And, sorry Chickie, but if we're being integrated, we have to do something about that hair--

(RUTHIE has saddled up to SYBIL and pulls HER sleeve.)

SYBIL

Oh. Why, you must be Ruthie.

(RUTH raises her arms to be picked up.
SYBIL does so.)

RUTHIE

(In SYBIL's ear.)

I love you...

SYBIL

Oh, dear-girl. I love you too.

RUTHIE

Down.

(SYBIL sets her down. RUTHIE grabs SYBIL's hand and leads HER over to PEGGY who is sitting alone.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

This is Peggy.

SYBIL

Why is she so quiet? She...doesn't seem like Peggy, the Peggy you and people have...told me about. Is she ill..?

DOCTOR WILBUR

I think Peggy has already given a large portion of herself to you. She has started the integration process. She has paved the way.

SYBIL

THE OTHER GIRL.

THE ONE IN THE MIRROR

THE ONE WHO LOOKS JUST LIKE ME.

SYBIL
(SHE holds PEGGY's face.)

Thank you!

DOCTOR WILBUR
(Claps hands.)

Alright, everyone.

(SYBIL grabs PEGGY's hand and gets in a line with the other SELVES.)

DOCTOR WILBUR
I think the best way to proceed is to age you all to Sybil's present age. All of you will finally grow up! Mary, you will...youthen.

MARY
Lovely. My hands are so dry!

SID
Doctor Wilbur?

DOCTOR WILBUR
Yes, Sid?

SID
When I'm old can I give a girl a baby?

DOCTOR WILBUR
Sid. You don't have a penis. That won't change.

SID
(Beat.)
I can push it out!

DOCTOR WILBUR
Sid, boys in girl's bodies do not grow up to be men, I'm sorry.

VICKY
Doctor Wilbur? After the integration, will I remember my own family? My brothers and sisters?

DOCTOR WILBUR
Sybil may remember them. As a dream. Or perhaps as an idea for a painting.

NANCY LOU
Will I be dead?

DOCTOR WILBUR

You will be alive. But in a different way.

MARY

Will God still see me?

SYBIL

Yes.

(The HYPNOTISM MUSIC begins.)

DOCTOR WILBUR

You will all begin to grow up. Into your teens and then your twenties. Past the terrible acts and mistreatment, past the stifling homogeny of Willow Corners, into the united homogeny of the body you were all born.

(During the above, the SELVES begin to take on older characteristics. RUTHIE and SID move offstage as OLDER VERSIONS walk on to take THEIR place. MARY is replaced by a YOUNGER VERSION.)

Finally toward your thirties, to Sybil's age. You are now all 37.

(THEY all grasp hands.)

And so we begin.

SYBIL AND SELVES

(Start in ATONAL HARMONY.)

BROWN IS THE COLOR
OF DISTANT THUNDER.
GREY IS THE COLOR OF SLEEP.
AND BLUE
IS THE COLOR OF
LOVE.

(As the SELVES disengage from the noise of the many the HARMONY slowly turns to UNISON singing.)

ORANGE, THE COLOR OF
CHILDISH WONDER.
AMBER IS SECRETS TO KEEP.
AND BLUE
IS THE COLOR OF
LOVE.

YELLOW SINGS
OF MANY THINGS:
SUMMER SMELLS
AND CHURCH BELLS' RINGS.

SYBIL AND SELVES

BLACK IS THE COLOR
 WHEN NO ONE SEES YOU.
 WHITE IS THE COLOR OF SPACE
 AND BLUE.
 IS THE COLOR OF
 LOVE.

(The UNISON begins to break as the
 individualized SELVES merge into SYBIL...)

SILVER, THE COLOR WHEN
 KNOWLEDGE FREES YOU.
 ROSE IS THE COLOR OF GRACE.
 AND BLUE
 IS THE COLOR OF
 LOVE.

(...Until THEY are ALL TOGETHER resulting
 in FULL lush tonal HARMONY.)

COLORS ON A WHEEL
 PAINT THE WORLD REAL.
 PAIN IS RUST
 AND LUST IS TEAL.
 COLORS OF THE WAY WE FEEL.
 BEIGE AND RAGE
 AND INDIGO
 AND LETTING GO.
 AND TAUPE
 AND HOPE...

(As the SELVES fully integrated into SYBIL
 THEY begin to disappear from the stage one
 by one.)

PINK IS THE COLOR
 OF BEST FRIENDS' LAUGHTER
 PURPLE, THE COLOR OF JUST.
 AND BLUE
 IS THE COLOR OF
 LOVE.

(NANCY, VANESSA, MARJORIE, SID, MARY,
 PEGGY and finally VICKY all EXITED.)

AQUA IS HAPPILY
 EVERY AFTER.
 RED IS THE COLOR OF TRUST.
 AND BLUE
 IS THE COLOR
 OF LOVE.

DOCTOR WILBUR

It took a number of years for Sybil's selves to be fully integrated into the depleted waking self. This new self.

SYBIL

VIOLET

I WON'T FORGET.
WHAT MIGHT BE
AND SWEET REGRET.

DOCTOR WILBUR

Sybil, whose real name was Shirley Mason, who in actuality at one time shared her tiny body with *fifteen* separate personalities, eventually moved to rural Pennsylvania. There, as a beloved teacher and artist, she lived a happy life of anonymity and singularity.

GREEN IS ACCEPTING AND
THEN FORGIVING
TAN IS THE COLOR OF HOW.
AND BLUE
IS THE COLOR OF
LOVE

PEACH IS THE COLOR OF
LIFE AND LIVING.
GOLD IS THE COLOR OF NOW.

DOCTOR WILBUR

And then, in my own doddered old age...and sickness, with husband gone and children scattered...Sybil finally, and unhesitatingly gave it all up to come take care of *me*.

SYBIL

AND BLUE
IS THE COLOR OF...

DOCTOR WILBUR

Time, this new Sybil once said to me, is wonderful. Because it is always there.

SYBIL

...BLUE
IS THE COLOR OF
ME,
IS THE COLOR OF
YOU,
IS THE COLOR OF

SYBIL
(Cont'd.)

ALL,
IS THE COLOR OF
TRUE.

AND BLUE
IS THE COLOR OF
LOVE.

(SYBIL shines bright in a SPOT.)

(END OF PLAY.)