

*His eyes open slowly. He looks worn out.*

BRAD: What happened?

FRANCES: I think you had a brain overload.

BRAD: I remember all this coughing then...

FRANCES: I don't think I can let you go on like this. It's not fair.

BRAD: You mean the hypnosis thing?

FRANCES: Yes. It's not right.

BRAD: It is! I can't believe the things I'm doing. We might actually win this case.

FRANCES: We might but I have to tell you something first.

BRAD: I know. You believe in me and all that stuff. But I feel I owe it all to you.

FRANCES: You don't at all.

BRAD: I couldn't have done all that without the, you know, hocus pocus.

*FRANCES helps BRAD up. He stretches himself.*

FRANCES: Brad, I didn't do anything. That really was you.

BRAD: As if I could do all those things. That definitely wasn't me.

*She walks over to him and looks him in the eye.*

FRANCES: I never hypnotised you, all right. I've never hypnotised anyone. I wouldn't know how to.

BRAD: But you said you're a hypnotherapist.

FRANCES: I lied. I was desperate. You were no good to me the way you were.

*BRAD ponders.*

BRAD: You fooled me.

FRANCES: No, you fooled yourself. You believed what you wanted to believe. All this time you needed an excuse to come out of your shell. I just provided the means.

BRAD: Oh great. What am I supposed to do now?

FRANCES: What you've been doing all along. Just keep it up.

BRAD: But I thought I was someone else. I was actually enjoying it.

FRANCES: You were enjoying it because you were being true to yourself. All that you did in here wasn't because I made you believe anything. You just believed in yourself for once.

BRAD: I don't know if I can do it again. I feel drained.

*He sits down, weary.*

FRANCES: Just have faith in yourself. "Trust the force, Luke."

BRAD: Do I look like I'm going to fall for that?

*BRAD sighs. He looks at FRANCES.*

BRAD: You know they've got that Equine Dermatologist up next. He writes all the goddamn textbooks. How am I supposed to handle him?

*FRANCES sits down next to him.*

FRANCES: Brad, when you wore your lucky Star Wars pyjamas as a boy, how did it make you feel?

BRAD: [*embarrassed*] I hardly know you and you want to discuss my pyjamas?

FRANCES: Come on, how'd they make you feel?

BRAD: You're doing this life coach stuff on me, aren't you?

FRANCES: [*anxious*] We've got two minutes. Just tell me.

BRAD: Okay, okay. They made me feel special. Satisfied?

FRANCES: And when you were wearing them, did you ever dream of having a light sabre duel with Darth Vader?

BRAD: All the time. But he was one scary dude. That black outfit and the heavy breathing.

*BRAD imitates Darth Vader's breathing.*

BRAD: I was terrified of asthmatics for ten years.

FRANCES: And tell me, Brad, in those dreams, did you ever lose one of those fights?

BRAD: Not once! I was a Jedi Knight, you know. I was unbeatable. *[reflecting]* God, I miss those pyjamas.

FRANCES: Just imagine the next witness, that doctor, is Darth Vader. You can take him.

BRAD: *[getting into it]* And who's Crookwell?

FRANCES: He's the evil Emperor of course.

BRAD: Yeah, he's got those shifty eyes just like the Emperor.

FRANCES: But Brad, you've got his number... 'cause you're a Jedi Knight.

*BRAD rises, full of confidence.*

BRAD: I have got his number. I've got everyone's number. I've got so many numbers, I could start a telephone book. Yeah, today I put Sister Mary David, Crookwell and the whole out of control gorilla thing behind me! Yes, it's time to blow up the Death Star!

FRANCES: Now you've got the spirit!

*BRAD marches towards his desk then halts.*

BRAD: Oh, just one thing.

FRANCES: What?

BRAD: Would you mind not coughing this time?

*SIMON bursts in.*

SIMON: *[to BRAD]* You're okay. What a surprise!

FRANCES: You know, the universe has something very special in store for you.

SIMON: Madam, you can tell the universe... *[defiantly]* I'm waiting.

VOICE: All rise!

*The MAGISTRATE enters. The others stand.*

MAG. NEWMAN: How are we, Mr Pitt?

*BRAD rises.*

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BRAD: Thank you for your concern, Your Honour. I'll try to carry on.

MAG. NEWMAN: Full marks, Mr Pitt.

*SIMON holds his tummy.*

SIMON: I suddenly have an upset stomach, Your Honour.

MAG. NEWMAN: Perhaps you shouldn't over eat, Mr Crookwell.

*[to BRAD]* Shall we recall Professor von Schlessler?

BRAD: No, I'm finished with him, Your Honour.

SIMON: So am I, Your Honour. I now call Dr Gavin Roberts.

*DR GAVIN ROBERTS, late fifties, tall and distinguished, enters. He has a commanding presence as he holds onto a thick textbook. He speaks in a pompous tone.*

SIMON: Your name is Dr Gavin Roberts?

DR ROBERTS: Yes.

SIMON: And you are one of only three Equine Dermatologists in Australia?

DR ROBERTS: That's correct.

SIMON: I believe you've written over a dozen textbooks on the subject.

DR ROBERTS: Yes and the one I'm holding, the Encyclopaedia of Equine Dermatology, written by me, is regarded as a definitive work, world-wide.

SIMON: As a matter of fact, nobody knows more than you in this field...anywhere.

DR ROBERTS: That's a safe assumption.

*SIMON holds up a document.*

SIMON: And in your report, you state that it is impossible, and I repeat, impossible to conclude that my client's product, Shine and Glow, caused Empire Nell's condition.

DR ROBERTS: Yes. I can demonstrate by reference to my book, and the pictures contained in it, that there are at least a dozen