

FREUD IN ROME: It Takes a Little Courage

By Robert L. Lippman

We can now understand why heroes visit the underworld, the dwelling place of the dead. They do so in order that they may return from the dead as gods.
Lord Raglan, The Hero.

MAIN CHARACTERS

SIGMUND FREUD	Age 45, impeccably groomed, he is wearing a 3-piece suit, a blue gardenia in his lapel.
MISS PORTERO	Attractive, about Freud's age, with long dark hair parted in the middle. Her blouse and full-length skirt would have been in fashion in classical antiquity.
LUCINA	Miss Portero's African maid in her twenties of uncommon beauty. Regal bearing, she's wearing a turban, a bright loose-fitting outfit, and one huge gold earring.
VITTORIO	Miss Portero's pajama-clad five year-old son.

ACT I, SCENE I

The living room of Miss Portero's Rome hotel apartment overlooking St. Peter's Square. The room doubles as an artist's studio. It is a large, dark, book-lined room with several lighted candles. On the left side are artifacts and paintings of ancient Rome, including deities (e.g, Janus; Pan; Jupiter) pottery (urns; flower-pots; an ink-well), and also a painting of Garibaldi. On the right side are works of art with Christian, especially Catholic subject matter, including a picture of Virgin nursing Child. A large, crude crucifix is over a fire place. On the right-rear are double glass doors leading to a terrace. Center-stage there is an oblong table between a sofa and a comfortable armchair, both in earth tones.

Behind the couch and chair and to the left, is a curtained area, a 'stage'. The curtain is made of violet, purple, and scarlet yarn. On its center is a gold Sphinx, the mythological monster with a woman's head, the body of a lion, and wings. Directly over the Sphinx, in Greek, is the legend, "Know Thyself." On each side of the Sphinx is a gold sheaf of five ears of wheat. The curtain is bounded by a gold cord.

The set is multi-leveled for enacted projections from Freud's mind, including flashbacks.

AT RISE:

It is about 9:30 P.M September 4, 1901.

It is storming. There is a powerful peal of thunder and brilliant lightning.

FREUD and MISS PORTERO are re-entering the room from the terrace which has hanging plants. MISS PORTERO has several clipped roses in her hand as well as a pruner. Her face is partly in the shadows, designed to give an eerie effect. FREUD is closing the doors against strong resistance. Shutting the door with a forceful hip movement MISS PORTERO goes to the buffet, smelling the roses.

MISS PORTERO

It is miserable outside.

(She pours water into a vase on the buffet with care; arranges the flowers.)

FREUD

(Spotting the Sphinx on the 'stage' curtain, he takes a doily from the chair and goes to Sphinx. He carefully puts the doily over his own hair to make it a kind of Sphinx hair. Suddenly, he mimes the Sphinx: his hands and arms braced against an imaginary object, his back arched, with fearsome visage.)

Like an oriental despot.

(MISS PORTERO look up; smiles, almost breaks out in laughter, in spite of self.)

(Straightening up, FREUD spots the Greek Legend.)

"Know Thyself!"

(Backing away, wipes brow with his handkerchief, and returns the doily.)

MISS PORTERO

(Setting the vase in front of and then to the side of the marble figurine of Venus.)

And the Mother of Cities, does it meet your expectations?

FREUD

Ah! An incomparable city. . . Today, my brother and I took in the National Museum. It's a jewel. --

MISS PORTERO

I understand your brother Julius is always with you.

FREUD

What?! I have no brother Julius.

MISS PORTERO

(Getting the wine carafe.)

Some wine?

FREUD

No, thank you . . .

(And to self:)

Roman red wine, that's all I need.

(Climbing the library ladder, he studies the titles.)

MISS PORTERO (Pouring self a drink.)

In the National there is an immediacy. Even the Lares, the household gods of long ago, they spring to life--

(FREUD, slipping off a rung, almost falls off ladder.)

(Hearing Freud slip, MISS PORTERO turns--)

LUCINA (Offstage)

Ha!

(Then LUCINA laughs heartily, mockingly, as though Freud is the butt of a joke.)

(FREUD is unnerved.)

MISS PORTERO

I should have cautioned you.

FREUD

After we left the museum, I had an unsettling experience of another kind. Alex and I took a carriage tour and got off at the Capitoline Hill overlooking the Forum. I am standing on the hill, taking everything in . . .

(HE looks down, across the room: Astonishment!):

Just as we learnt it at school, the Roman Forum is real!

(Climbs down.)

MISS PORTERO

But surely you must have known that the Forum is not a mere myth. How then can you account for this momentary disbelief in its physical reality--?

FREUD

Standing on the hill signified I had risen higher in the world than my father. You see, Miss Portero, I was guilty of the crime of excelling the father.

(Studying the marble Venus.)

That's why--

MISS PORTERO

The Mother of Rome won't bite. -- (Taking a cigarette from a silver case.)

FREUD (Handles Venus delicately.)

(To self:)

And Rome seemed out of reach. All it took was a little courage.

MISS PORTERO

Filial piety, guilt, then, spoiled your pleasure--?

(Lighting her cigarette with a candle.)

FREUD

Right! My momentary astonishment or disbelief in the reality of the Forum was my way of punishing myself for having risen higher in the world than my father --

(Returning Venus to her spot.)

MISS PORTERO

Your father Moses?

FREUD (He almost drops Venus.)

Moses? My father's name was Jakob.

(Relieved that he didn't drop Venus, he returns her to her spot; his eyes lingering.)

MISS PORTERO (Swats a mosquito)

One less bearer of malaria. . . (Crushes the mosquito with her fingers.)

Not that it is cause to rejoice. The miserable pests are as thick as the locusts of the Bible story.

(FREUD takes a cigar from his vest.)

MISS PORTERO

(Deciding a brass ashtray isn't good enough, she hands him a crystal one instead.)

Tell me, what do you hope to find in the Eternal City?

(Cutting an orange in half, SHE places one half on a plate so that it 'mocks' the Dome of St.Peter's, which can be seen from the apt.; then she quarters it with two strokes. With her nails she peels the 'quartered' Dome.)

(FREUD, oblivious, is studying the crystal's fire.)

(MISS PORTERO has realigned the four quarters in the shape of St. Peter's Dome, and, tapping him, offers FREUD who gives a start, a quarter from the plate. FREUD takes it.)

FREUD
(Somewhat taken aback by the uncanny symbolism, HE says to self:)

Quartering St. Peter's should be that easy.

With silver cigar clipper , he cuts cigar.
As he is about to light the cigar, spotting a large painting of Garibaldi on his horse, HE goes to it.)

On his deathbed my father looked like Garibaldi.

(Lighting the cigar, he has a *FLASHBACK*:
Sigmund, 7, is being rebuked by his father, Jakob, 47, in the parents' bedroom. The mother, Amalie, 27, is in her nightgown. There is a fire in the fireplace.

HERE, WE JUST HAVE THE VOICES OF BOTH FREUD and MISS PORTERO AS IF IN AN ECHO CHAMBER:

*--Amalie, that boy will come to nothing
--Jakob, he's but a child!)*

MISS PORTERO

(Tapping Freud with an orange branch.)
(FREUD jumps; his *FLASHBACK* fades.)

For urinating on his bed you expected your papa to hand you a medal?

FREUD

I was only seven --

(White-faced, as if he had seen a ghost, he abruptly turns to her.)

How?!-- (High-pitched!)

(From a shelf MISS PORTERO gets The Interpretation of Dreams; hands it to him.)

My Egyptian dreambook. (Relieved.) Some ticket to immortality!

(Taking out a train ticket, he
knocks on wood 3 times . . . He
looks at the ticket.)

The first time I saw my mother naked was on a train. . .

(Putting the train ticket in the Dream book
in the manner of a bookmark.)

In two years only about two hundred have been sold. (Takes puff.)

MISS PORTERO

Then I am fortunate?

(Dips quill in inkwell for inscription.)

FREUD

(Taking out his pen he writes with a
flourish. Blowing on inscription, he
coughs.)

I once quit for fourteen months... (Pats heart.) Trouble is, without my cigars work is
Impossible.

MISS PORTERO (Reads)

"To Miss Portero, my Roman reader, the best of dreams."

(Carefully blots it with a framed blotter.)

Revolutionary ideas are often resisted. . . Who has the courage to own his sleeping
thoughts and desires?..

(Replacing the blotter, SHE walks to the
bookcase while turning to Title Page ..)

Virgil gave you your motto, "If I can not bend the higher powers, I'll move hell."

FREUD (Looking at the books.)

Whatever it takes. . . compulsions, phobias, dreams . . . the repressed breaks
through.

MISS PORTERO

"If I can not bend the higher powers, I'll move hell."

Sounds like a battle cry.

FREUD

In a way it is. The discoveries there will (Turning over a large hourglass)
disturb the sleep of mankind.

MISS PORTERO

A peculiar people, you Jews. If you are not reading the Book, you are writing it.

(From a bookshelf , SHE gets a faded
pink book with gold lettering.

FREUD and MISS PORTERO are on opposite sides of the ladder. SHE offers him the book.)

The Aeneid?

FREUD

(SHE nods. As HE goes around the ladder to get the book, SHE smiles. HE puts his cigar down and wipes his hands on a handkerchief before taking The Aeneid. HE feels the title, sits in the armchair and puts his face in the book.)

MISS PORTERO

It was my father's.

FREUD

My father chided me for spending money on books. You see, for this bookworm, the smell...the taste of books...reading, is sensual.

(Perhaps since it is acted out, FREUD needn't say the above.)

As a schoolboy I read The Aeneid for pleasure and in Latin . . . Colored plates!...

(LUCINA enters.)

(SHE's carrying a tray holding a pot, two cups, a creamer, cheese and crackers. Placing the tray on the oblong table SHE pours coffee.)

MISS PORTERO (To Freud.)

Cream?

FREUD

(Oblivious of both Lucina and Miss Portero, HE reads:)

"In the perilous underworld the golden bough renders the hero invulnerable."—

FREUD (CONT'D)

(LUCINA pours Miss Portero a cup of coffee, with cream and sugar. She then approaches Freud.)

(FREUD, upon seeing Lucina, jumps; and indicates that it's fine: no sugar, no cream.)

(LUCINA exits.)

(FREUD's eyes follow Lucina out. He is about to drink when--)

(LUCINA, off-stage, laughs heartily, a mocking quality.)

(FREUD, startled by LUCINA'S laughter, spills some coffee; then examines the book)

The coffee didn't get on The Aeneid. I'd never forgive myself.

(MISS PORTERO dips a linen napkin in water and starts to wipe him.)

(Her attention makes FREUD uncomfortable; taking the napkin from her HE wipes himself. Seeing the blood-red wine stains on the napkin, HE quickly discards it.)

Thanks . . . (To self:) Since making this pilgrimage, my foot, my hand, even my mind, they've all slipped. Can my heart take it, my mad task?

(Returning to The Aeneid and Miss Portero)

Virgil and the Greeks were my teachers. . . I named my brother Alex after Alexander the Great.

MISS PORTERO

You named your brother? How old were you?

FREUD

Ten. . . My parents liked my suggestion.

MISS PORTERO

Suggestion? Even then a Mesmerist. (BOTH smile.) Thank goodness you didn't name him after your one-eyed hero of your school days, the relentless Semite who almost vanquished Rome--.

(SHE pats Dream book.)

(BOTH laugh.)

FREUD

I don't think I could have pulled it off . . . Imagine! Hannibal, get off your elephant and pass the salt..

(Accidentally knocking over a salt shaker, he tosses salt over his left shoulder.)

We're like a book, the brothers, the covers; the five sisters, the pages.

(He smiles; turning the pages.)

(A Mental projection: We hear them sing at the Passover Seder. FREUD joins in:)

"Da-da ye-nu, da-da ye-nu, da-da ye-nu, da-ye-nu, da ye-nu!"--
(Catching self.)

You say you're troubled by a series of dreams?

MISS PORTERO

(Seats self on couch, smoothes out her garment behind her; extends her left hand.)

I believe they are on common ground.

FREUD

Would you like to work on one?

MISS PORTERO

Not now, later perhaps. . . Your right hand.

(Across the oblong table, FREUD reluctantly gives her his hand, conveying an impression that he doesn't like being touched, very reserved,uncomfortable in this area.)

MISS PORTERO (CONT'D)

(FREUD watches her examine his hand, palm up. Both of her hands handle his hand, very sensual.)

Keep it still! Don't help me!

(She examines his hand intently; still sensual. Freud, looking at his hand and catching himself getting pleasure, tightens hand, withdrawing it some. She pulls it back, straightening his fingers.)

Your birth?

FREUD

1856. . . May 6th. The great French-Jewish General, Marshall Massena, was born that day, exactly one hundred years earlier. In my toy soldier days Napoleon's "favored child of victory" and I crossed the Alps together many times.

(Flashback: Freud, about 8, on the floor placing names on the backs of toy soldiers.)

(Not getting a response from her, FREUD, annoyed, blurts out:)

Am I boring you?

(Still no response from Miss Portero, who appears engrossed. He moves his hand to get her attention. She pulls it back.)

I was born in caul, a membrane on my head . . .

*(A Projection from Freud's mind showing his mother in the scene he relates below, Infant Sigi is in a wicker cradle. Initially, for a moment, the **slide** does not find the right place and Freud's mother is projected on Freud himself.)*

A Moravian peasant woman told my mother, who was only twenty, that she had brought a great man into the world . . . Even today this shabby old Jew is her *goldener Sigi*.

MISS PORTERO

Hm, the 6th of May, the day of your birth, is, of course, the anniversary of the Sack of Rome, long ago, in 1527. The Holy Father scurrying to the Castel Sant Angelo. . . can you imagine?

(Miming the scurrying with her fingers.)

FREUD (To Self, as he looks at his hand.)

When I show my hand, the Holy Father won't have a hut to escape to.

(MISS PORTERO gives him back his hand.)

Well . . . Shall I have a long life?

(In a mocking tone, in a manner of an unbeliever. But he is deeply curious.)

MISS PORTERO

Your father had the gift of prophecy.

(Rubbing her palms together, SHE shows him the blackish epidemis scales.)

In the end we all come to nothing. . . . What do Moravian peasant women know?

FREUD

(At first he doesn't know how to take this, He thought she had been reading his future. He softens as he notices a playful mischievous smile, although one mixed with sadness.)

I'd better go. Tomorrow is a big day.--

MISS PORTERO (Lifting The Aeneid)

When it came to essential matters my father would consult the oracle . . .
(Raising her gown, SHE scratches her left leg.)

FREUD (Averting his eyes.)

The practice of Virgilian lots? (Intrigued, but feigning disdain.)

MISS PORTERO

With eyes closed, Father would select a passage.

(Demonstrating with her left forefinger.)

And it had to be with his special pointer.

(With her left hand, she feels in the drawer of the oblong table. Then she looks in the drawer, bending down: nothing. She looks around the room. She throws her arms out in frustration.)

Uncanny how it returns, the exasperation as father and I searched --

FREUD

(Walking to the antiquities side of the to an unfinished painting. By the palette he spots a thin bright pointed metal rod about a foot long with gold leaves. The painting has a burning house in the background; in the foreground is a man in ancient attire carrying an elderly man on his back and holding a boy by the hand. They are fleeing. The grandfather is holding the household gods.
(Lifting the bough, FREUD speaks to it.)

Right next to Aeneas escaping his homeland, Greek-besieged Troy, with his father, Anchises, and his son, Julius Ascanius.

(MISS PORTERO looks up; surprised.)

You believed golden Sigi wouldn't find and pluck you? Some careful concealer!

MISS PORTERO

The scientist and intuition.--

I'm a conquistador!

FREUD
(Testing the bough as one might a sword. Suddenly, he slashes the air in the direction of St. Peter's.)

You come to plague-ridden Rome!

MISS PORTERO
(Lifting the Dream book she squashes a mosquito; scrapes it off the book. Trying for another she misses.)
(The first slam startled FREUD. Inspired, with the bough he slashes the air, barely missing her nose. This frightens MISS PORTERO: 'has he lost control?' HE shows her an imaginary mosquito he picked off in flight.)
(Regaining HER composure--)

Had your pleasure--?

(Reads passage from Dreambook:)
For a long time to come, no doubt, I shall have to continue to satisfy my longing for Rome in my dreams; for at that season of the year when it is possible for me to travel, residence in Rome must be avoided for reasons of health.
(She puts the Dreambook down.)

A fool, a knave, or just simply brave, the first-born son risking a plague.

returns

FREUD
(Uneasy, and wanting to get off the topic, FREUD quickly realigns large chess pieces but accidentally drops the white queen. He strokes the white queen; examines her in detail. She isn't chipped; relieved, HE her to the board.)

When I was fourteen I played Brutus to my nephew John's Julius Caesar. We both loved and hated one another (Takes a puff and coughs.)
Through my self-analysis, I've come to understand that I've always needed an intimate friend and a hated enemy.

(With a black and a white pawn he 'mocks' wrestling and boxing; their shadows are on the back wall.)

When we were kids, poor John played both roles. ...We were like brothers. When he was 17 or 18 he left home and hasn't been heard from since.

(To self:)

It's as though, like Julius, John had never lived.

MISS PORTERO

(Taking the golden bough and playing the
stabbed Caesar incredulous, with sadness,
SHE faces FREUD:)

"*Et tu, mon fils ?*"

(FREUD bites his lips at "*fils* .")

(Feigning pondering, MISS PORTERO asks:)

Why does the poet have Caesar call Brutus "son"?

FREUD (Arms folded, glaring at her.)

Out with it! You're up to some--!

MISS PORTERO (As if she hadn't heard him.)

Oh well, . . . for your reward consult Virgil . . . (Offering golden bough.)

FREUD (To self.)

You're too jumpy. Collect yourself! (He replaces the chess pieces.)

MISS PORTERO

When in Rome . . .

FREUD (He takes the bough.)

Which Rome? . . .

(Pointing his left arm at the wall oppos-
ite him, the 'classical antiquity' wall.)

The pagan

(Pointing the bough in his right
hand at the 'Christian' wall behind him.)

or the Christian?

MISS PORTERO (Lifts a porcelain Madonna.)

My taste is too Catholic.

(BOTH laugh; FREUD despite himself.)

FREUD (Turns Madonna away.)

Nothing Catholic is funny....

MISS PORTERO

And these, my Catholic legs, are they funny?

FREUD

I had a Catholic nanny. God was she ugly--

(Smiles as he catches self saying "God.")

MISS PORTERO

Ugly as sin?--

(Handles beaded necklace a la Rosary.)

FREUD (Touche: He nods to her.)

Resi told me a great deal about God, heaven, and of souls burning in Hell...

(Looking at the fire-place over which is a crucifix.)

This was in the tiny Catholic church of my birthplace, Freiberg in Moravia. Just two percent were Jews.

*[A FLASHBACK (using a series of slides)
2 year-old Sigi 'telling' his parents
about God and Heaven and Hell. Enjoy-
ing him, they act terrified when he
throws sticks into the fireplace. Jakob is
smoking a cigar.]*

After Mass at the Church of the Nativity of Our Lady I preached to my parents how the Lord Jesus conducted His affairs. . .

(Crosses self with cigar.)

Miss Portero, it's all waste! All the coal needed for hell-fire

(HE throws 'sticks' at the slides which
become encircled with hot red lights, as
if burning.)

FREUD (CONT'D)

It'd be so much better to follow the usual procedure, condemn the sinner to so many hundred thousand years of roasting, then lead him to the next chamber, and just let him sit there. In no time the waiting would become a worse punishment than being actually burned—

MISS PORTERO

This wisdom, may I pass it along ? Or perhaps you prefer an audience with Pope Leo?—

FREUD

What this Godless Jew has to say to the Holy father, believe me, Miss Portero, the Holy Father wouldn't want to hear...When I was two and a half they let Resi go.

(Tinge of sadness.)

MISS PORTERO

For seducing you?--

FREUD

For seducing me?

MISS PORTERO (Looking up at the Crucifix.)

Into the faith.

FREUD

They dismissed her for stealing . . . money, even my toy soldiers.

*(A FLASHBACK: Little Sigi is handing
nanny some coins and his toys., includ-*

ing toy soldiers.) ... (He 'comes back'.)

Strange that her name, like an unlaidd ghost, should come back to me . . .

(Puts rod down.)

Frantic, I searched for Resi all over, even in the cupboards.--

MISS PORTERO

Virgil is waiting.

(SHE holds out the bough in an
apparent no-nonsense way.)

FREUD

I take no stock in oracles, even Virgil, much as I love him--

MISS PORTERO

Consult the magician, and, unbeliever, Venus (pointing to the figurine), she is yours.
What have you to lose? . . . As you say, tomorrow is a big day.

(Nonchalantly, SHE playfully holds on to it.
When FREUD applies some 'pull', she lets it
go. Not expecting this, Freud is propelled
back in his chair. She smiles and, in the

MISS PORTERO (CONT'D)

this instance, he seems to appreciate
her toying with him.)

So much for your intuition.

FREUD

You thought I wasn't infallible?!

(An accusation!: this way he places the
blame on her.)
(SHE smiles but there is concern behind
the smile.)

So, now, we cast our lot! (Heartily.)

(Quickly but gently HE opens The Aeneid,
randomly selecting a page and extending
palm as a surgeon might for a scalpel.)
(MISS PORTERO places it in his palm.)

Let it fall where it will!

(Eyes closed, FREUD selects a passage.
Opening his eyes he reads silently, turns
pale and becomes frozen in space, the
pointer fixed to the passage.)

MISS PORTERO

(MISS PORTERO takes The Aeneid from him; looks at the lot; then at Freud.)

The Sybil of Cumae's advice to Aeneas who has just arrived in Italy (By heart:)

If you are still bent on this mad task you must first find the Golden Bough.
Only those favored by fate can pluck it free.

(FREUD spots a portrait of a Sybil with a striking resemblance to Miss Portero studying a large book. Wiping and replacing his glasses,, he studies Miss Portero's face, and for a better view, he starts for the portrait--)

(MISS PORTERO taps FREUD on the shoulder with the golden bough. HE jumps).

This was father's favorite passage. It virtually opens on its own (SHE demonstrates) See! The spine, it is cracked.

FREUD

(Looking once more at Miss Portero's face and that of the Sybil, Freud retrieves The Aeneid, which flies open to the page. Relieved, His confidence restored, He jokes:)

If I were superstitious, I'd see this as an omen.

(SHE smiles but there is concern behind the smile. He re-tests and, again, it opens to that page.)

So, again, we cast out lot! (Heartily)

(A gain, HE turns pale and becomes frozen, with the pointer fixed; this time at a new passage. And ,again, SHE takes The Aeneid, fixing her eyes on the lot.

(In a trance-like state, FREUD recites from memory:)

... And there Aeneas tried three times
To throw his arms around his father's neck,
Three times the shade untouched slipped through his hands,
Weightless as wind and fugitive as dream.

(While reciting, HE gestures with his left hand, trying to hug space: anguish at not being able to touch his father.)

(If possible a holograph could be used as FREUD tries to touch his father and

nothing's there.)

*(A mental projection: a **slide** based on an actual photo of Sigmund Freud, at age 8, with his father. In that photo, Jakob is seated, with a book in his lap; and little Sigi , wearing a suit stands beside his father, to his left. But here the slide of little Sigi is projected on the back of Freud while that of Jakob is projected higher on the wall, like a god. The projection is in sepia hues.)*

(Coming to, FREUD retrieves The Aeneid from Miss Portero and checks its spine.)

No crack! (To self.)...It's uncanny. I've been to the underworld . . .

FREUD (CONT'D)

(Returning The Aeneid to Miss Portero, he goes to the painting of Garibaldi on his white horse. Garibaldi's head is radiant.)

Daily after my father's death. . .

(Long silence as though FREUD blacked out momentarily--there is pain here. With his fingers he closes his eyes as he might have his father's. Then with his left fore-and middle fingers he presses his forehead just above the eyebrows.)

A father's death has to be the most poignant loss of a man's life. . . Where was I?

MISS PORTERO (Looking at Garibaldi picture.)

You were burying your papa who looked like our glorious freedom-fighter--

FREUD

He was a very happy man with a peculiar mixture of deep wisdom and fantastic light-heartedness....Whenever I was too much on my high horse

(Mocking holding the reins of a horse)

he'd admonish me:

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy...

For a moment, the lot seemed his way of tweaking me. (He twists his nose.) Remember, my brilliant son!... After his death -- he died in November 1896, five years

ago--I felt uprooted I studied, analyzed, myself, by my dreams...(pointing the bough at Dreambook.) I became my most interesting patient---

. . . . (Glancing at the Aeneas painting.)

(There is a projection from Freud's mind: He is seated at a desk with artifacts. It is night. Freud has a cigar in his left hand and a pen in his right hand. Behind him is a bookcase from which Janus, the 2-headed god, looks down on Freud. Janus' shadow falls across Freud's face. Adjoining the bookcase is a table with more of his collection of antiquities; behind those figurines, and on the table, against the bookcase, is a large portrait of Michelangelo's Moses, but only tip of the head is visible. The rest of Moses' head is hidden by the figurines.)

(A peal of thunder and brilliant light startle FREUD.)

MISS PORTERO (She looks out the terrace.)

Michelangelo could have made this storm.

(The golden bough in his right hand, FREUD approaches, as if drawn to it, the now gleaming full-figured statue of Janus on his throne. With his left hand Freud fondles the key in Janus' left hand. A sceptre is in Janus' right hand.)

FREUD

Janus' two stone faces look down on me very haughtily.

(Looking up at Janus, Freud gives him a haughty look back.)

MISS PORTERO

(Looking at Janus' key held by Freud:)

Janus clubs those who trespass, but then Janus is also the god of new beginnings . . .

(FREUD glances at St. Peter's Dome while tightening his hand around the key.)

(SHE caresses Janus' sceptre sensually.)

FREUD

He forgets my golden bough-- (A private joke, or so he thinks--)

(With the golden bough he starts to parry Janus' sceptre. Suddenly JANUS's left head glows, radiance as though straight from EXODUS 34: 29-35. Looking up at the terrible glowering face, FREUD, experiencing awe and terror, tries to cover his eyes. The bough falls from his hand. He faints, falling away on his back.)

MISS PORTERO

(Rushing to him, she cradles him.)

My little Sigismund you've come home--

FREUD

(Coming half-to, he catches himself as he about to suckle her breast--)

Resi?

MISS PORTERO

Yes, my darling, Resi. Our warm baths together, do you remember? Such pleasure we--

FREUD (Crying, as though a little boy.)

I just wanted Julius to go away--

MISS PORTERO

Hush, my son, Julius is with Jesus in Paradise

(Humming a lullaby, SHE comforts Freud, as he drifts off.)

(Outside there is a loud peal of thunder and brilliant light. For a brief moment St. Peter's Dome is visible through the terrace doors.)

END OF ACT I, SCENE 1