

RAISED IN CAPTIVITY

SEBASTIAN: I don't seem to be making any progress. I don't mean to criticize. It's not a matter of blame, but I'll take all the blame if you want. But, God, I am inertia given human form! And this is what I suddenly understood this morning: I have to try something else. This just isn't working. So with my finances in their current state of decrepitude, and as I'm making no headway, not an *iota* of progress, I feel it's time for me to stop. Coming here. I think I should terminate my therapy.

HILLARY: I love you.

SEBASTIAN: What?

HILLARY: I know that was very hard for you to say.

SEBASTIAN: Thank you.

HILLARY: And I love you.

SEBASTIAN: I don't understand.

HILLARY: I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable.

SEBASTIAN: Then why say a thing like that?

HILLARY: I don't mean I'm *in* love with you. I mean I love you.

SEBASTIAN: This is extremely irritating.

HILLARY: Emotion embarrasses you.

SEBASTIAN: I'm trying to tell you I think this should be our last session.

HILLARY: Do you think it's wrong for me to love you?

SEBASTIAN: I do. Yes. I would say so. Yes.

HILLARY: How can it be? Human beings love each other. What could be more wonderful?

SEBASTIAN: We're not human beings. You're my doctor.

HILLARY: You're a part of my life and I care about you.

SEBASTIAN: Well stop it. Stop it right now.

HILLARY: Don't let my feelins hurt you. I don't want to have sex with you. I don't have romantic feelings, I have ethics. Anyway, I know you're homosexual.

SEBASTIAN: Maybe I'm not. Maybe I was hasty! It's possible that all of my encounters, longings and sexual dreams have been an aberration, and that's why I seem so stuck.

HILLARY: Don't you love me?

SEBASTIAN: No.

HILLARY: Just a little bit?

SEBASTIAN: No.

HILLARY: A teeny-tiny, itsy-bitsy, little bit?

SEBASTIAN: No.

HILLARY: You're a homosexual.

SEBASTIAN: Because I don't love you?

HILLARY: Because you are.

SEBASTIAN: I *like* you.

HILLARY: Wake up and smell the coffee.

SEBASTIAN: Sort of, sometimes.

HILLARY: You are what you are. I am what I am. Ad infinitum!

SEBASTIAN: Do you see any progress? Answer me that. Be honest. I ask myself, what makes me happy? And the only thing I can come up with is a once-a-month letter from a murderer. I think I'm –

HILLARY: What if I didn't charge you so much?

SEBASTIAN: No.

HILLARY: What if I didn't charge you at all?

SEBASTIAN: I'd just feel guilty.

HILLARY: You wouldn't! You don't feel things. What's why you come.

SEBASTIAN: I'd feel that.

HILLARY: We could try and see. If it bothers you, I'll charge you more than I do now.

SEBASTIAN: No.

(pause)

HILLARY: Tell me, are you going to see someone else?

SEBASTIAN: Wha – I don't know. I haven't thought about it.

HILLARY: Have you started with another doctor already?

SEBASTIAN: No.

HILLARY: You can be honest with me.

SEBASTIAN: I am.

HILLARY: Why don't you just admit it?

SEBASTIAN: Admit what?

HILLARY: You're seeing someone else!!

SEBASTIAN: I feel you're taking this personally. – I had a very interesting dream last night.

HILLARY: I don't care about your dreams! I don't give a shit about your dreams! I'm not a Freudian! Have I ever asked about your dreams? What kind of game is this? How long have you been seeing this 'other' doctor? A week? A month? I have a right to know. I think you owe me that much after the decades of sitting here, sifting through the morass of your neurotic mumbles.

SEBASTIAN: I don't think I believe in psychiatry.

HILLARY: (turning away, dissolving): This is so very typical. I should've expected this. Everyone leaves!