

## Scene, 'Doctor/Patient'

Doctor: The time for ifs and buts is over, I am afraid.

Patient: Please. Don't switch off my brain by attempting to straighten me out. Listen and understand, and when you feel contempt don't express it, at least not verbally, at least not to me.

Doctor: I don't feel contempt.

Patient: No?

Doctor: No. It's not your fault.

Patient: It's not my fault, that's all I ever hear, it's not your fault, it's an illness, it's not your fault, I know it's not my fault. You've told me that so often I'm beginning to think it *is* my fault.

Doctor: It's *not* your fault.

Patient: I KNOW.

Doctor: But you allow it. Don't you?

Patient: There is not a drug on earth that can make life meaningful.

Doctor: You allow this state of desperate absurdity. You allow it.

Patient: I won't be able to think. I won't be able to work.

Doctor: Nothing will interfere with your work like suicide.

Patient: Okay, let's do it.