

*(DR. JAMES has a bucket in which she finds a
brain.)*

DR. JAMES

We are this three pound lump of jelly. But it's not necessarily me, is it? I want to be happy. I want to work hard. I want to not shout out swear words on the street. I want to sleep. It must know this. It must want that too. If it's me. But. Here I am, where my father held me on a jungle gym and I can see my shoes on the bar. Here, how much I like meringue. Here's my respiration control. Here's my impulse to kill myself. Here is my controlling that impulse. "You're disgusting. And you're only going to get more disgusting. It's too late. This all gets worse and you can't even cope with now." Shhh. Let's not. "You're like your mother." It's too hard. Other people manage(!) And still. "You can't do anything. You can't work, well you could but you're lazy. This is the best you're capable of looking now and it's shit and you're decaying. Look at your teeth. And everything everyone says about you is right. And you're weak and you're a coward and you've ruined people's lives. And you should have done it a long time ago and you never will now." Just put some clothes on and then we'll go from there. "It would be better." Just put on underwear. Then we'll deal with the next part. Just do that. "It would be better just to stop." But people love you. "No they don't. Even the people who love you hate you because you're hurting the person they love." Why can't you stop?