

*The Stillbirth* by Kara Crabb

VICTOR: *(to audience)* Oh, God. I know what it looks like. I know. And here's the thing: I don't want to be that guy stumbling into cafes with plastic bags on my feet, shouting about capitalism and Jesus. But I'm really starting to wonder how much that guy and I have in common. .. I've started developing nervous twitches, believe it or not. And I've started talking to myself. As if people are there listening... We've thought about going to therapy. And sure, that sounds great in theory. But there was a definitive moment in my youth when I decided I would never see a therapist again. I was thirteen and I was depressed and I was in the waiting room, on my sixth or seventh appointment with Dr. Schwartzman – this name will never escape me – right then, a doctor from down the hallway came bursting in, absolutely bawling, grabbed my chair, fell down on his knees and cried in my face: “DR. SCHWARTZMAN IS DEEAAD!” My therapist fucking killed himself. My psychologist shot himself in the cerebellum and now I can never trust another one ever again. If I go crazy, there won't be any chance of coming back. Those plastic bags will give me trench foot and they will stay there until even after I decompose. But I'm not going to go crazy. I won't turn into that guy.

*Full script can be found in Out on a Limb: Short Plays by New Playwrights, edited by Kit Brennan, Signature Editions 2011, ISBN 1-897109-55-5.*