

c*ncel c*lture

a satire

CHARACTERS

DR. B — 30s-40s, white woman, therapist. Quite attractive.

LILY — 20s-30s, racially ambiguous, grad student. Dr. B's assistant.

GABBY — 20s, white girl with a bad fake tan. Social media influencer and awful poet.

MR. BARTMAN — 40s, white male with a smug, punchable face. The kind of guy lesbians hate.

DANIELLE — 16, white girl with an awful perm, gold hoops & fake nails, you know the type.

MR. EAST — 30s, Black man, very famous billionaire celebrity.

SCENE I

Lights on in a spacious OFFICE SPACE. Stage left is a receptionist's desk, crowded with a phone, laptop, and other stationary clutter. Behind the receptionist's desk is the 'Talk Room': a single chair facing a couch, and another desk.

The phone on the receptionist's desk RINGS, then goes straight to voicemail.

LILY

(pre-recorded voiceover)

Thank you for calling The Hollywood Hills Blue-Checkmark Mediation Center— Influencing influencers since 2013. If this is an emergency, please hang up and dial 911 or go to the nearest emergency room. If you're calling about an appointment, please press 1. If you're a new patient with questions, press 2. If you're contacting us for an intake because someone dug up old footage of you saying a slur, singing a slur, or engaging in cultural appropriation, please hang up, post your notes app apology on Twitter, or just delete your account and check into the nearest psych ward. We don't deal in those cases anymore. For insurance information... well, we don't take insurance.

Enter DR. B and LILY with purses and cups of coffee; LILY wears a long peacoat. The answering machine is still going.

LILY

(voiceover)

Please note that we're experiencing a high volume of calls, so leave us a message and we'll get back to you as soon as possible.

The answering machine BEEPS as the two set their things down, LILY at the receptionist's desk and DR. B in the Talk Room.

MR. EAST

(voiceover)

Hey Dr. B, this is Yanye East... uh... I'm gonna have to reschedule for this week, my wife and her sister crashed the Lamborghini from that MTV stunt they did last week— and our butlers are unionizing, so now *I* gotta drive her to the airport for her boob job in Miami.

(muffled background noise)

Babe, I'm on the phone... two for one deal? Wait, our policy covers that?

(back into the receiver)

Anyways, that's the situation, I'm out.

The receiver clicks and the message ends. LILY spins around in her desk chair.

LILY

Hey, Dr. B—

DR. B

Yeah, I heard.

(sighing, digging through a stack of paper)

Just, uhh... here, type up this threatening paragraph about the rescheduling fee into an email and send that to him. He'll be in before noon, unless he wants us to cash out his rent money on lash extensions.

DR. B holds a sheet of paper out towards her. LILY gets up and grabs it.

LILY

I thought you said you were gonna get botox?

DR. B

Yeah, that was before I decided to just file for divorce instead.

LILY

(suspiciously gleeful)

You're divorcing Ted?

(trying not to look too happy)

What'd he do?

DR. B

The soccer mom across the street.

LILY

Wow, I can't *believe* some men! He has a beautiful, sophisticated, stunningly gorgeous wife with completely natural-looking body modifications and *great* hair— but he still chooses to mess around?!

DR. B

Granted, she does have great cheekbones...

LILY

Well, look on the bright side... you'll definitely get full custody of the yacht. Do those qualify for alimony?

DR. B

Well, if they don't, I'll have no lash extension fund. Unless Mr. East reschedules. On second thought, maybe don't send that email...

LILY

Got it. Also, you got some messages from—

DR. B

Was it that professor from the University? Tell him I'm off his project because his findings didn't match my hypothesis, and that I'm moving on to find better, more correct opinions.

LILY

Okay. Well, it wasn't him, but I can still let him know.

DR. B

Oh, and that I hated his tie he wore to the meeting so much that I don't ever want to lay eyes on him or any male scientist ever again.

LILY

You- want me to- say that?

DR. B

If you would.

LILY

But... well, don't you think it'd be best not to burn our bridges at the University? We're kinda relying on them to publish my thesis with our findings inside it...

DR. B

Lily, when you get to be my age, you'll have built a lot of bridges. And some bridges are meant for burning. Especially when those bridges are people with opinions that are different from yours.

LILY

(nodding, sincerely)

You're right, that's so brave and so valid.

DR. B

This is the most sought-after clinic for cancelled celebrities on the entire West Coast. I am an expert, I don't rely on anyone. The bridges come to me.

LILY

Of course. And I'm so glad to be here, you're such an inspiration Dr. B.

DR. B

I know. You're welcome.

LILY nods and turns to her desk, then remembers something, turns back around.

LILY

Oh, but the message was from—

DR. B

Let me guess, the collections agent who called last week? Tell him he's got the wrong office because we're a 'religious institution' and we don't "fall under his jurisdiction".

LILY

Um, no, it was—

DR. B

That couple I've been counseling? Tell them we've gone out of business and to never contact this office again, I have a feeling they're undercover cops.

LILY

Yes, it was. I'm on it.

SCENE II

LILY types on her laptop at the receptionist's desk, as DR B. sits in the talk room with MR. BARTMAN.

BARTMAN

And then I just said, well fuck it! Maybe I should just step it up and act as big & bad as they all want me to act! That'll teach 'em not to assume things...

DR. B

So what kind of action did you take?

BARTMAN

I just went around acting like an SNL liberal's stereotypical, prejudiced idea of what a Conservative is. Y'know... just a gun-totin', *zee-no-phobic*, *home-o-phobic*, politically incorrect bigot.

DR. B

(looking up from her notes)

You... went around your workplace... doing that?

BARTMAN

God I hate that television program. Ridiculous caricatures, no one's like that in real life!

beat

DR. B

So how did that go for you?

BARTMAN

Oh I nearly got FIRED! This one guy even filed for a restraining order... so much for the self-proclaimed "tolerant left".

DR. B

I see.

BARTMAN

Oh, they got all the corporate bosses in on it nowadays... can't even walk into a Micky D's without seeing gender-neutral propaganda on the kid's menu!

DR. B

(taking notes, under her breath)

Feels threatened by rainbows.

BARTMAN

I'm tellin' ya... cancel culture, it's a mob mentality!

DR. B

Is it hurting your career?

BARTMAN

I lost a few hundred followers over some obviously dark-humor tweets that day... this generation really can't take a joke.

DR. B

Right. And is that causing you significant mental distress? Do you find yourself preoccupied with other people's agendas?

BARTMAN

Other people's agendas are preoccupied with ME!

DR. B

Mhm.

(checking off a list)

Do you have a difficult time properly defending yourself because every time you speak, you accidentally end up saying something even more heinously offensive than before?

BARTMAN

Wow, it's like you're takin' the innuendos right outta my mouth.

DR. B

Well good news Mr. Bartman; thanks to your input, soon *you'll* be able to cancel them all... for being ableist.

BARTMAN

Finally... Hey, you think you could use that fancy diagnostic mumbo-jumbo to get me my kids back?

DR. B's *wristwatch* BEEPS.

DR. B

Well, that's all the time we have for today. See you next week?

BARTMAN

Oh, absolutely!

BARTMAN *steps out of the talk room and out in front of the receptionist's desk.*

BARTMAN (cont'd.)

(to LILY, taking out his wallet)

Man, if I'd known all it takes is a couple hundred dollars to get a woman to listen to me muse about deep issues and the state of society for two hours a week I would've never divorced my wife. Oh well.

LILY

That's nice. Will that be cash, card, or crypto?

BARTMAN

Uh, cryptocurrency. You guys take Dogecoin?

LILY

Um, let me check, no. Bitcoin and NFTs only.

BARTMAN

Damn... heh heh... alright, well, in that case I guess I—

He BOLTS out of the office, making a run for it til he's out of sight.

LILY

Hey!

DR. B

(watching him go)

Don't bother, I have his social and credit card info anyways.

LILY

Oh, also, um... I just got an email from one of the American Psychiatric Association's DSM evaluation committees.

DR. B

Oh, about the brain-scans of the pyramid scheme test subjects?

LILY

No— what? It's the board of trustees. They said that they're moving up the publication date for the DSM to June of this year?

DR. B

Oh, fuck. Well that's not good news.

LILY

Why? I thought you said our research was almost done.

DR. B

How far along are you on your thesis?

LILY

(desperately)

I don't know, I'm a grad student with an iced coffee and buttered croissant problem I can't stop losing my chapsticks, I don't sleep anymore and I'm going BALD from the stress of it all—

DR. B

(stepping towards her)

Lily, listen... our plan relies on that paper being published in a reputable journal *soon*, so my existing, biased research can back it up further. Then, we both make it into the DSM.

(she gets real close, speaking softly)

Now, of course I can help speed up that process with a few phone calls... but you're gonna have to do your part too.

She caresses LILY's arm gently. LILY swoons.

DR. B

You get it?

LILY

I do.

DR. B

Now go be a good girlboss and keep writing that paper.

LILY

Yes ma'am...

Lights down.

SCENE III

LILY, *in the same spot, now types more frantically on her laptop while sipping iced coffee. DR B. sits at her desk in the talk room.*

Enter GABBY, in a mess of tears and runny mascara. She barges right past the receptionist's desk and into the talk room.

GABBY

(fanning herself dramatically)

Dr. B... ohmygod I can't breathe... I'm sorry,
I need to sit down... can I sit down? I'm gonna sit down.

DR. B

Gabby! You're an hour early.

GABBY

(already on the couch)

Yeah, I know, I'm sorry, I just had the most awful brunch date of my fucking life... should I go? I can just take this to my illegal Russian kombucha dealer's place—

DR. B

(sitting, notepad and pen in hand)

No, no, you're fine! The patient I usually see now is having a boob job emergency so I have some free space. If we keep going til your appointment time, I'll just go ahead and charge double to your credit card. What's up?

GABBY

So I was hanging out with James, you know James, I've cried about him on IG live before—anyways so we were just out at brunch, right, and we got into the topic of being open about our trauma to one another...

(she fixes her makeup in a compact mirror)

So I went first, and I didn't even take a long time because I'm totally over my ex-boytoy, like the trauma he gave me only lasted like a week, plus I published some slam poetry on my channel about it so I got some ad revenue in the end... So then it was JAMES' turn to share about his own breakup but he was suddenly all like "I don't wanna talk about it" even though I had just spilled my heart and soul out to him...

(she pulls out her phone, tweeting & crying at the same time)

Like, how could he just hold space for me to be vulnerable like that and then not allow me to hold space for him back?! He was just completely gatekeeping me from processing his emotions and not allowing me the chance to be a good friend and give him advice... it's like, I'm doing the work, you know? I'm a good human, I'm emotionally delicate, I'm ready for that conversation. Plus I'm *literally* a woman, like he shouldn't feel threatened by me, out of all people? We're literally besties and sisters... but he was just being really malicious, and telling me all this stuff about boundaries and I was like, but I'm completely not capable of oppressing you? And then he called me a bad friend for silencing him, which just makes no SENSE, like you're a MAN, *you're silencing me!*

(crying harder)

He says he's gonna post a callout video to his and get everyone in the influencer house to trend #GabbyisOverParty on everything! I'm gonna be cancelled! They LOVE seeing me fail Dr. B, they LOVE it!

DR. B jots something down in her notepad.

DR. B

Gabby, I'm concerned you're not doing your daily affirmations like we agreed. Have you been practicing on your own time?

GABBY

Well I'm really putting all my mental energy into focusing on my self-care routine, like trying super hard to channel positive karma and healthy vibes to ground myself in my own experience like you were saying last time...

DR. B

Sure, that's all fine, but it's my professional opinion that affirmations are *crucial* for your mental well-being. Now I want you to repeat after me: I am an influencer. I am a celebrity.

GABBY

(sniffling)

I'm an influencer... I'm a celebrity...

DR. B

I cannot be cancelled. My fanbase is too loyal.

GABBY

I can't be cancelled, my fans are too loyal.

DR. B

I'm too rich to truly be cancelled.

GABBY

I am too fucking loaded to be cancelled!

DR. B

Most public shaming is horizontal. Which means Twitter “feminists” only do it to score brownie points by targeting people like you. They just want to put us down... as white women... we're easy targets, because they see us as weak. But the reality is, we are victims. Victims of a mansplaining patriarchy who have brainwashed people into thinking reverse racism *isn't* real. Now you may be a victim, but you are not weak. You're a girlboss, Gabby Havana.

GABBY

(nodding)

I'm a girlboss.

DR. B

Real feminists are getting censored by the male-controlled media via “callouts” and “cancellations”. But you know who else was “cancelled” by men? Susan B. Anthony. These people are just targeting you because they're insecure and jealous. Remember, you're the victim here. It's not your fault.

GABBY

You're right, I know, it's never my fault... Thank you so much Dr. B.

(standing)

I have to go home now so I can take my makeup off to film my reaction video in a big hoodie and messy bun before James posts *his* callout video. I have to warn my fans he's out to get me so they can trend #JamesIsaMansplainer before it's too late... No... #JamesIsaMANipulator. SO true...

GABBY exits. DR. B spends a moment writing. LILY enters her office again.

LILY

Hey... can I ask you something?

DR. B

Of course. Oh, and if anyone called from Spokane, Washington, this office doesn't exist and I've been dead for 3 years.

LILY

Noted. So, um...

(Stepping closer)

I mean, I was just wondering...

(inching even closer)

because I, uh, *overhear* stuff sometimes,
during sessions.

DR. B

(flirtily)

Well that's sneaky of you.

She gives LILY a smile. The two are daringly close. LILY gets lost in her eyes for a moment... then snaps back.

LILY

Well, I noticed that sometimes, you... contradict yourself? I guess I was just curious to know if you personally believe everything you're telling them. Politically or otherwise. Do you... take your own advice? Not— not implying you don't, or that you need to! I mean, uh...

(under her breath) damn it.

DR. B

(chuckling lightly)

Oh, that's cute.

(noticing LILY's gravity)

Ah, fuck, you're serious. Alright Lily, here's some food for thought: Who cares!

LILY

A... good... practitioner?

DR. B

You have really got to start breaking out of college politics and step into the real world, girl. 'Good' is subjective! You don't ask your real estate agents or plastic surgeons about their morals before paying them— all they need to do is make you happy. I tell my clients what they need to hear, regardless of whether or not I believe it myself.

LILY

I don't think I follow.

DR. B

It's like, say, astrology. Or BuzzFeed quizzes. People seek out the answers they want, ignore the rest, and don't stop until their beliefs are validated.

(leaning in closer)

Nobody, and I mean *nobody*, is going to pay you for being honest or having good intentions, unless it's what they want to hear.

LILY nods and starts making her way out, but then lingers in the doorway.

LILY

Don't you ever feel... I don't know, guilty?

DR. B

Guilt is for Catholics and people with eating disorders, hun. Luckily we don't treat either of those conditions here.

(she pats LILY's cheek affectionately)

And at the end of the day, that's all a part of girlbossery. Well-behaved women rarely make history, after all. And they *never* make as much money; at least not the kind we're making!

LILY

You're right, yeah... my student loans *are* disastrous...

DR. B

Exactly. But, your career isn't! You've made a good investment. I promise, you'll be seeing great returns very soon. You're a very useful intern, Lily.

(already back at her paperwork)

And you can express your gratitude for my guidance in the form of your complete thesis.

LILY

Of course.

Now just slightly unsettled, LILY goes back to her desk.

SCENE IV

LILY sits alone at her desk. The rest of the office is empty. She's on the phone with a friend.

LILY

Yeah, I'm pretty much done! Now I'm just double-checking my references and footnotes and all that. Actually, I also... It's funny, I've got this one last citation here that's incomplete... and I realized, it's because I don't know her first name.

(listening)

I've always just called her Dr. B! And that's all I ever hear from her patients too, so... I guess I've just never asked.

(pause)

I'm shy, Claire! I've only worked here for like a year— she's my boss y'know? And she's secretive; just... a private person. But I respect that about her.

(listening)

No, she's never published a book, but I— Listen, Claire, she's a genius! She's an innovator, the methods she uses are amazing! I'm just so glad I can be *of use*, y'know? When she tells me I've been good, that I've done good work... it's like I can finally see the point to all of it. We have a plan, I have a purpose...

(a sudden, dark shift in her demeanor)

Claire, that's low. Why would you say that about her?

(listening)

Who cares if I don't sleep! The work we're doing is changing lives. Dr. B is FAR from 'manipulative'. You don't even know her!

(pause)

Yes, I do. Stop it. I'm her confidante. She needs me. Most importantly, she supports me... and that's more than I can say for most people. If you're not going to be supportive of my decisions, I guess I just won't tell you about them. Goodbye, Claire.

Lights down.

SCENE V

DR B. sits in the talk room with a different patient, DANIELLE.

DR. B

Do you ever find yourself impulsively saying embarrassing things on livestreams? Things that could damage your reputation?

DANIELLE

(loudly chewing gum)

Lady, I dunno...

DR. B

Do you ever lie to your followers for profit?

DANIELLE

Huh? What kinda therapy is this? You're just supposed to be testifying at my hearing!

DR. B

We're currently exploring the criteria for a new diagnosable condition which has likely odds of making it into the newest edition of the DSM. I can use this preliminary research as evidence for your trial. Now if you could do me a little favor and verbally confirm the things I've already jotted down in your chart so I can't get convicted of fraudulent malpractice, that'd be great.

DANIELLE

Aight cool, yeah. So, like, what's the condition you're—

DR. B

Oh, I'm really not at liberty to say...

DANIELLE

Ok, whatever, I didn't really care that—

DR. B

Well, if you insist. For a potential diagnosis of Problematic Personality Disorder, the patient must show at least 5 of the 15 symptoms of Problematic Emotional Noncompliance, or as I like to call it, the PEN-15.

DANIELLE

The *what-now*?

DR. B

It's a working title. The PEN-15 include: impulsivity, passive-aggression, delusions of persecution, a God complex, a *victim* complex, compulsive lying, gaslighting, mansplaining, persistent self-marginalization, predisposition to cultural appropriation, having more than 100k tweets, rejection-sensitive dysphoria, Conservatism, and maladaptive Finsta posting.

DANIELLE

Naw. Lady, that's fuckin' nuts.

DR. B

People who suffer from the debilitating symptoms of Problematic Personality Disorder face alarming levels of discrimination in online spaces, as well as in the workplace and in higher-ed institutions. Many of them visit this clinic after being “cancelled” by the woke media. It’s my job to help them unpack their trauma and heal from those encounters, so they can move on.

DANIELLE

Are you saying I’m crazy? YOU’RE crazy! I don’t got no personality disorder!

DR. B

Danielle, you’re in denial, and that’s okay. I’m here to help.

DANIELLE

You best back up right now, or you’re the one who’s gonna need help. *Medical* help!

DR. B

I empathize. I do. And not just because I’m an empath! You wanna know something? I was once just like you. Have you ever heard of Dachel Rolezal?

*DANIELLE doesn’t even bother answering.
She just stares.*

DR. B

Well, she was a colleague, of mine. We hung out in the same circles. I’m surprised you’ve never heard of her, she’s kind of infamous for racebaiting— anyways, maybe you recall seeing how she was “cancelled” by the Internet?

DANIELLE

Actually, yeah, maybe. Ha, I think people have compared me to her before. Wack.

DR. B

Her plight inspired me to start this practice. I never found it was fair that she was always the butt of the joke, never taken seriously. All her trauma from being racially discriminated against as a White Woman of Color, ignored! No one ever cared to hear her side of the story... I mean, she published a book, went on dozens of talk shows and jumpstarted her own small business from all the sympathy donations she was receiving, but she was always constantly attacked by the Internet after being put in the spotlight!

(jotting something down)

I’m sure you know how that feels, to be given a platform and inherit all this luxury and wealth from *ill-intentioned* people who just want to see you *fail*. Poor thing.

DANIELLE

Wait... if you said *you're* just like *me*, and that *I'm* just like *her*... are YOU just like her?

DR. B

No. I mean yes, but no—the point is, I'm the first person who's ever had true sympathy for people like us. This new diagnosis is going to be revolutionary.

DANIELLE

Soo, will it get me out of going to jail?

DR. B

That isn't the point. You never belonged in jail. You have a disorder that makes you act in the inevitable way you do. It stems from experiencing trauma.

(clicking her pen)

Now, let's get into that. Can you name any specific trauma you've gone through, off the top of your head?

DANIELLE

Uhhhh... in 3rd grade, this Spanish girl called me a cracker and pushed me in the lunch line.

DR. B nods, eagerly taking notes.

DANIELLE (cont'd.)

And, um, the girls on the basketball team made fun of my faux micro-braids after I spent like \$500 and six hours getting them done. And then I went over to this one guy's house & he said I was "thick, for a white girl."

Lights slowly begin to fade as DANIELLE rattles off these examples.

DANIELLE (cont'd.)

And one time on Twitter someone called me a 'Caucasian mayo monster'. Also another time...

Blackout.

SCENE VI

A spotlight reveals MR. EAST, MR. BARTMAN, and GABBY gathered outside the front door of the office space. There should be no light behind the door/on the office space itself. The three of them stand around, waiting... GABBY is on her phone.

GABBY

She said that? Oh my God, that's literally such a Trisha thing to fucking do. Yeah, I saw on her channel too, what a psycho...

Enter DANIELLE, in a different outfit. She looks between all of them.

BARTMAN

Are you a patient of Dr. B's?

DANIELLE

What's it to you?

MR. EAST

Well, the door's locked, and Doc B isn't answering her phone. Neither is her assistant.

BARTMAN

Wait, how'd you get her assistant's number?

MR. EAST

Yeahh, you'd like to know, wouldn't you.

DANIELLE

(checking her phone)

I can't find the number on Google...

MR. EAST

I mean, I was referred through my psychiatrist. Word of mouth, y'know.

BARTMAN

I've been waiting out here for three hours! And now I can't vote in the fuckin' primaries because I missed my ass inspection appointment at the polling place!

All of them turn to look at him like he's insane

GABBY

(into the phone)

Sorry girl, hold on—

(to BARTMAN)

Your *what*?

BARTMAN

Don't you read The Onion? They require those now! If you haven't gotten one yet, I suggest you do so immediately. Otherwise they don't count your vote!

GABBY

(rolling her eyes, back into the phone:)

Yeah, I'm back— what'd you say Jacob did? Well, that's what I'd expect, I mean you *did* crash his bar mitzvah... he's your nephew, you didn't have to snort THAT much.

MR. EAST approaches the door and tries jiggling the doorknob. He leans on the door, tries to force it open with his shoulder, jiggles the knob with more force..nothing. He gives up.

MR. EAST

Alright then, imma just head out—

DANIELLE

NO, no, hold on, this bitch is supposed to be testifying at my hearing tomorrow! She can't just— ugh, MOVE.

DANIELLE shoves him aside to face the door. Her sight fixed, she backs up a few steps... then LUNGES at the door with incredible force, breaking the entire thing down with the momentum of her little body.

The others stare in amazement. GABBY hangs up on her call. DANIELLE politely steps through the door. The others follow.

Lights on only the office space. DANIELLE walks past the vacant receptionist's desk to inspect the talk room, also empty. The others snoop around, check for things in various places.

GABBY finds something: a NOTE tucked inside a folder on DR. B's desk.

GABBY

Look, I found something!

(unfolding and skimming it)

It's from Dr. B— oh my god.

BARTMAN

What?

GABBY steps out of the office, still trying to read it... she goes all the way outside the front door. The others follow and crowd around GABBY to see it for themselves.

Lights down on the office space. The same spotlight follows the group as they migrate to their original spot, outside the office.

GABBY

(reading from the note)

“For the better part of my adult life, every move I've made, every relationship I've formed, has been rooted in the toxic soil of lies. And not just any lies.”

Lights down on the group.

Spotlight behind the door this time, on the office space, where DR. B sits at her desk doing paperwork. She appears well-kempt, milfy as usual.

Enter LILY, still wearing her long peacoat.

LILY

We need to talk.

DR. B

Lily, this really isn't a good time—

LILY isn't having it. She rips DR. B's pen straight out of her hand.

LILY

Now.

DR. B

What's gotten into you?

LILY

You lied to me.

DR. B

What are you on about?

LILY

You're that Rolezal woman.

Silence.

DR. B

What did you do?

LILY

When I finished up my thesis I needed to reference your work— I know that's dumb of me, the bibliography and footnotes are the first thing I should've done, yes— but then I tried googling you. And this establishment. And according to maps, Facebook, every search engine *ever*, and fucking *Yelp*— this place doesn't exist!

DR. B

Well, like I said, we're very in-demand. We don't need advertisement, we—

LILY

And you drive a stolen car.

(she digs in her coat, retrieves some papers)

This is a police report with the plate number of a stolen Mazzerati from 2017. *Your* plate number.

DR. B

Lily, listen to me. You need to calm down.

LILY

But you know what helped me connect the dots? I heard you talking to Danielle. I figured you out. You see yourself in your patients.

DR. B

Oh, c'mon— isn't that obvious? Yes, of course I do! I quite literally said, I was *once* like you. Keyword, *once*. That's why I do what I do! I give people second chances. I save them from public scorn, get them back on their feet...

LILY

You never wanted to help that girl, all you wanted was to use her for your own fucked-up purposes. Problematic Personality Disorder, really? What was your master plan, diagnose yourself with it and then shed your fake identity after being absolved from your awful decisions?

DR. B

People change, Lily. And I've changed for the better. I'm a new person. If you can't accept that, then... maybe you're part of the problem.

LILY

Don't you gaslight me!

(flinging the papers at her)

You never paid the price for your actions, or even accepted that it happened— you just sit around acting out your little white-savior fantasy— AND you've been lying this WHOLE TIME!

(she takes out her phone, shakily)

And now... now I can get back at you.

(holding it up)

I have a twitter thread in my drafts. One click and I reveal all of it. I can cancel you right here, right now. Once this leaks, you're done.

DR. B

So why haven't you done it yet?

pause

LILY

I... I...

DR. B

Oh, honey... cancellation only matters to BuzzFeed liberals and Twitter commies. Anything or anyone with a fanbase or following that doesn't care about boycotting things for the greater good will ignore it when their idols do something awful. They would get away with murder.

(sitting back, nonchalant)

And once someone hits a certain tax bracket, they become untouchable. I hit that a loong while ago. If you really wanted to ruin my career, you would've just called the police. What do you want, then? More money? 'Cause we discussed this, and I cut you an incredible deal. I really... just don't see your point.

Another slight pause. LILY stands, teary-eyed.

LILY

You were more than just a supervisor to me. I mean, you give me advice whether I like it or not, and I figured, 'well, maybe she's actually a good person under that narcissistic, self-serving, evil cunt exterior!'

(gesturing to the rest of the office)

This is my whole life! *You* were—

(her voice breaks)

Now I'm lost. I genuinely can't tell what's good or bad anymore. You showed me how to be content living in that dull, depressing moral grey. How to not feel like a vile human being for condoning all the horrible things you— we—

(air ... trying not to lose it)

and you swear that's just... life? *That's* business? Setting aside our feelings, our personal boundaries, beliefs, to cater towards whatever people are most likely to open their wallets for? GOD, you are evil, I feel it in my skin. You are a *leech*. Others' pain is an asset to you. Mine included.

Tense silence. DR. B just stares. Exasperated, LILY looks around the office. After a moment of pacing, she takes a seat on the patient couch.

LILY

(softly)

But I need someone to tell me how to feel about it. *Please*, please, tell me the right thing to feel. Tell me I'm just a naive little girl that can't handle the 'real world', and then promise to show it to me, so we can move on and pretend none of this ever happened.

... I want to be your entourage. I want to publish my thesis for you. I want you to tell me— I want to *know*— that I've done something *good*.

DR. B slowly gets up from her desk, and sits in the chair in front of LILY.

DR. B

You have.

You're a good girl, Lily.

LILY

No. I made a mistake. This *monstrosity* of a thesis, this fucking ridiculous DSM diagnosis? That's not a change I want to see in the world.

(laughing, slowly taking off her coat)

I can't believe it took me this long to realize this was all just a way for you to avoid consequence. You don't tell your patients what they need to hear— it's what *you* want to hear. You made a career trying to excuse yourself, and I helped.

Just as LILY takes her coat into her arms, lights go down on the office space. Spotlight goes up on the group reading the note.

GABBY

“I have formed relationships with people who have trusted and cared for me when I have deserved neither trust nor caring. The American Psychiatric Association has given me their recognition and attention, The University has given me funding and resources... all based on a lie about my identity. I am not Dr. B. My name is Dachel Rolezal, and I ran away from my home in Spokane, Washington to assume a false identity and start an illicit business practice under false pretenses. I am a fraud. This myriad of lies is not only, in the starkest terms, wrong, unethical, immoral, illegal— it also means that with every step I've taken, I have manipulated those who have loved me. And I can't keep up this lie.”

Lights up on the office space again. Both spaces, on either side of the door, are illuminated now.

DR. B sits at her desk once again, writing with a pen on a piece of paper. LILY stands behind her, holding a gun to her head.

GABBY

“To say that I *clearly* have been battling some unaddressed mental health demons is obvious. But mental health issues can neither excuse nor justify the things I’ve done. There is no innocence, nothing to claim, nothing to defend. I am a coward.”

LILY

“I don’t know that it is possible to repair a single relationship I have, with my co-workers or with the committees I work on, and I don’t believe I deserve the grace or kindness to do so. I believe in restorative justice. I believe in accountability, and in cancellation, as a necessary tool for marginalized people to wield against their oppressors. I should absolutely be cancelled.

...

You should absolutely cancel me, and I absolutely cancel myself.”

All lights down— blackout.

GUNSHOT.

END