

BABS. I'm sorry you're hurting...

ONIA. It's awful. I shake inside when I see him. My inside

*She does a weird little shaking action...*

literally have to restrain myself to not just...reach out and grab him. And just...hold him. Or *stroke him*...

BABS. Oh, dear.

ONIA. I only hear about half of what he says because I'm watching his lips, and picturing him just—...is it okay for me to tell you this?

BABS. Get it out! No judgment here, honey.

ONIA. I *want* him! And he *needs* me. And if he won't love me back I don't know if I will survive. I think I might just...just.

BABS. No, you won't. You'll stay here. I know it doesn't feel like that, but—

ONIA. How do you know?

BABS. I *know*.

ONIA. Oh, please don't say that. I'm young, or when you were / my

BABS. (*With both hands on her face and code...*) When I was your age I just what you're feeling. *precisely* what you're feeling...

ONIA. What are you saying— (*Shockingly putting it together...*) Vanya? What?

BABS. (*With a heavy meaning...*) Because I know he's practically irresistible. *putting this idea with great clarity...* And always been.

ONIA. What...what are you saying?

BABS. I'm saying *I know what you're feeling*. But *exactly*...

...how the doctor moved here when he was maybe nine or ten and Vanya have been friends forever. Vanya followed him and like his own private sunbather. "Nature Boy" or what

BABS. (*Going right on...*) Just listen. One day when he was fifteen or sixteen he was just hanging around the house, waiting for Vanya,

who was inevitably late for everything—he had an innate knack for pissing people off, even back then—and, well, I don't remember exactly but suddenly we were talking about...*life*. A real talk. About the environment and nature and...The Way Things Are, and suddenly Boom! There it was. I was...*interested*.

I started noticing when he was around and found ways to...engage him, spend time in odd little ways...and show him a little flash of something or make a just-barely-off-color comment without seeming to notice... Believe me, putting sex in the room for a sixteen-year-old boy is no great challenge...

BABS. Okay, well, this is getting long. So...I seduced him. He thought he seduced me. He probably *still* thinks that. Hell, knowing him he probably still feels bad about it, feels like he took advantage of me, but I was the one doing the taking. Mostly...

...are you telling me this? And why haven't you

S. You know the doctor is...? He's a *human being*. A flawless, broken, *human being*. And I know you think the One, the Thing That Would Make Everything Better, *but most always a lie*. And you know...*I know it is*. I know it's not possible to hear what I'm saying...*I'm right*. *Move on*. Doctor Is Not The Answer.

IA. Then...what happens to all this? To everything I feel? S. It will move forward. Into the future. I know it's hard when you're in the middle of it, but that's the part of the life of things. *Have a little faith*. Have a little faith for all the things you've got and...*move on*...

IA. But Pickles always says...

S. Pickles says...*move on*...

