

THE PHYSIATRIST- SATSUJIN

Dialogue written by Kurutta Hito

Physiatrist: Satsujin, glad to see you here. Your father told me you might be depressed again.

Physiatrist: Do you want to talk about it?

Satsujin: I'm not depressed. My dad's just dramatic. He thinks everyone's like him or some shit.

Physiatrist: And what do you mean by that? Like him?

Satsujin: He's bipolar. I thought that was obvious.

Satsujin: Can't you tell just by looking at him? Aren't you a doctor?

Physiatrist: I can't diagnose someone by looking at them. And regardless, we're here to talk about *you*, not your father.

Satsujin: I don't want to talk to you. I don't even know why the hell I'm here in the first place.

Satsujin: I guess just because I'm tired, that suddenly means I'm depressed? That's fucking crazy.

Physiatrist: Satsujin, the last time you were here, you tried to kill yourself.

Physiatrist: That was your fifth attempt this year. Do you still feel that way?

Satsujin: I don't know what the fuck you're talking about. I'm not depressed. I just like to sleep.

Physiatrist: Sleeping for 18 hours a day isn't normal, Satsujin.

Physiatrist: And you're showing the same signs you did right before your last attempt. I'm sure even you can see that.

Satsujin: I didn't even want to come. My dad forced me. He never fucking listens, I told him I'm fine.

Physiatrist: ...

Satsujin: Do you have *any* idea what it's like to have people breathing down your neck 24/7? It's fucking suffocating.

Physiatrist: And whose fault is that?

Physiatrist: You can't blame everyone for your problems, Satsujin.

Satsujin: *Blame?* When the fuck did I say I was blaming anyone?

Satsujin: You always put words in my mouth. It's fucking frustrating.

Physiatrist: Your family put precautions in place because they can't trust you not to hurt yourself or others.

Physiatrist: And maybe you should start seeing how your behavior affects the people around you.

Physiatrist: You're not a good person.

Satsujin: It doesn't fucking matter what you think. You're just a doctor who gives me meds. Nothing you say means shit to me.

Physiatrist: Last time we spoke, you told me you thought your family hated you.

Physiatrist: Do you still feel that way?

Satsujin: I don't remember saying that.

Physiatrist: Of course you don't. Look at yourself. You sleep nearly 20 hours a day and your eye bags are worse than ever.

Physiatrist: You're not resting. You're coping.

Physiatrist: You always find a new addiction when one's taken away.

Physiatrist: First it was drugs. Then suicide. Then back to drugs. Now it's sleep.

Physiatrist: Next, it'll be not eating again, then drugs, and then another suicide attempt.

Physiatrist: It's the same cycle. Over and over. It's been almost a decade now.

Satsujin: Shut the fuck up...

Physiatrist: So, let me ask you again, do you still think your family hates you?

Satsujin: I don't want to talk to you anymore.

Physiatrist: That's fine.

Physiatrist: We can sit here and wait.

Satsujin: Of course you will. You always do this shit. Just sit there in silence, acting like you're so fucking patient. Like you're some goddamn saint.

Physiatrist: I'm not trying to be a saint. I'm trying to help you.

Satsujin: Help? You think this helps? You throw my past in my face, call me a fucking addict, say I'm not a good person, and I'm supposed to feel what? Grateful?

Satsujin: You sit in that little chair and act like you know me. You don't know shit about me. You think reading some fucking notes and playing shrink gives you the right to judge me?

Satsujin: I've bled more times than you've probably fucking cried in your life. You don't know what it's like to wake up and wish you didn't.

Satsujin: You call me a bad person? *Fuck you.* You don't care about me. You just want to tick a few boxes and throw meds at the problem so you can sleep at night thinking you helped someone.

Physiatrist: I want you to feel *something*. You've been numb for months. You pretend everything's fine, but your body's shutting down and you're just... letting it.

Satsujin: Maybe that's the fucking point.

Satsujin: Maybe I *want* to shut down. Maybe I'm tired of fighting every second of the day.

Satsujin: It's always been like this. Since the first fucking time I met you.

Satsujin: Who the fuck diagnoses a twelve-year-old with schizophrenia?
Do I look crazy to you? Fucking dick.

Physiatrist: You were showing clear symptoms, Satsujin. You were hearing voices, you were terrified, disconnected from reality—

Satsujin: I was *twelve*! I had nightmares. I was fucking scared, I was a kid, not insane! But you didn't care. You took one look at me and decided, "*Oh yeah, let's drug this one up for life.*"

Satsujin: You didn't explain shit. You didn't give me time to even understand what was happening. You just stuck a label on me and made my parents think I was broken.

Satsujin: You put me on shit that made my skin crawl. I couldn't even *think* straight. I pissed myself in public and you told my dad it was "part of the adjustment period." I was twelve. Do you know what that *does* to someone?

Physiatrist: It wasn't a decision I made lightly. But schizophrenia doesn't wait for adulthood, and you were in crisis. We needed to act, and your parents agreed.

Satsujin: No. *You* needed control.

Satsujin: You wanted a quiet, medicated kid you could push into a box and forget about. You never gave a fuck about helping me, you just wanted to make me manageable for them.

Satsujin: And you wonder why I don't trust anyone. You fucked with my head so early I didn't even have a chance to figure out who I was before you told me what I am.

Physiatrist: Satsujin... You *do* have it. You've had it for years. We've done the scans, the evaluations, you've even said it yourself on the good days. You *know* it's real.

Satsujin: I don't care if it's real!

Satsujin: I don't care what the fuck the papers say, or the charts, or your smug little clipboard!

Satsujin: You made me feel *monstrous* for something I didn't ask for. You turned me into a fucking case study when I just wanted someone to tell me I wasn't a freak.

Physiatrist: I see. So what? Is it my fault you're like this, for doing what needed to be done?

Satsujin: That's not the fucking point. You're not listening to me.

Physiatrist: I heard you loud and clear. But like usual, Satsujin, you always find a way to put the blame on someone else but yourself.

Physiatrist: Are you still with Reon? Last I heard, you two got into a really bad fight. You broke his nose. Trashed the apartment you shared. How's he doing?

Satsujin: How the fuck am I supposed to know? He's on tour. I don't know.

Physiatrist: Did you ever apologize? Breaking his nose affected his work, didn't it? Delayed the band's tour schedule. Cost people money.

Satsujin: I don't remember. What was the point of apologizing? Would it change anything? No.

Physiatrist: Don't you think that was selfish?

Satsujin: Doesn't matter.

Physiatrist: It does to the people around you. You keep saying no one listens, no one understands, but when someone gets close, you shove them away or hurt them.

Satsujin: Because they fucking leave anyway.

Physiatrist: Or maybe they leave because you don't give them a reason to stay.

Satsujin: You don't know shit about me and Reon.

Physiatrist: I know he cared. Even when you were impossible to deal with. Even when everyone else gave up, he stayed.

Satsujin: Yeah, well. Maybe that was his mistake.

Physiatrist: He didn't just leave this time, Satsujin. He reported you. To the police. For domestic abuse.

Physiatrist: You had beaten him up so badly he was taken to the hospital and had to be treated.

Satsujin: ...*Tch*. Whatever.

Physiatrist: That was the *first* time he filed something. Doesn't mean it was the first time it happened.

Satsujin: You think I don't fucking know that?

Physiatrist: I think you pretend you don't. Every time it comes up, you act like it didn't happen. Like it was just a fight.

Physiatrist: But you didn't just "fight" him, you broke his nose, trashed the apartment searching for your drugs and left him bleeding in the bedroom.

Satsujin: I already told you, I don't remember that night. I blacked out.

Physiatrist: That's not an excuse. You don't get to beat someone up and then hide behind your memory loss.

Physiatrist: Especially when you've got the whole country watching you. Did you think the headlines wouldn't come? "*Popular model involved in drug rumors and violence*".

Satsujin: I didn't fucking ask to be written about.

Physiatrist: No, but you made yourself the story. Drug rumors. Photos of you outside the club looking half-dead. And the tabloids loved it, especially when someone as famous as Reon went to the police.

Satsujin: I didn't hit him just because I was high. He pissed me off, so I hit him.

Physiatrist: Does it matter? That's what the public sees: a volatile model with a history of drug use and violence. And no matter how much your agency scrubs the press, or your father pays off the police, people still *talk*.

Physiatrist: Sponsors pull out. Fans turn against you. Brands drop you. And what did you do?

Satsujin: ...Stayed in bed. Like a normal person.

Physiatrist: Eighteen hours a day. Didn't eat. Didn't bathe. You disappeared. And Reon kept touring *with a broken nose*.

Satsujin: I said I didn't remember. And he *knew* what I was like. He *knew*, and he still—

Physiatrist: Still loved you. Still tried to help you. And you pushed him so far, he finally called the police.

Satsujin: Fuck. Off. I don't want to talk about this anymore.

Satsujin: You just don't understand. I *loved* him, I really did—

Physiatrist: I do understand. I understood that you loved drugs more than him.

Satsujin: That's not true.

Physiatrist: It *is* true. Your father and brothers told me he was crying when he went to the police. Begging them not to make it public. He was still trying to protect you.

Satsujin: That's not true... That's not fucking true.

Physiatrist: So, let's get this straight. On top of the violent abuse... the cheating... the manipulation. You still believe you loved him. Is *that* what you're saying to me, Satsujin?

Satsujin: I didn't cheat on him because I *wanted* to. I was high. It happens.

Physiatrist: *It happens?* You think that's an excuse?

Satsujin: I wasn't in control of the situation, my brain was fried, I didn't know what the fuck I was doing. I didn't even *remember* it until someone showed me the pictures and videos.

Physiatrist: And what did you do after that?

Satsujin: ...I apologized to him.

Physiatrist: You apologized *two weeks* later. After denying it, after gaslighting him, after punching a hole through the bathroom mirror. And yet he still forgave you.

Satsujin: I didn't ask him to.

Physiatrist: But you let him. You let him carry the weight of both your pain and his own until he couldn't anymore. And now he's gone. Not just from your apartment, but also *from you*.

Satsujin: ...I didn't mean to hurt him.

Physiatrist: You didn't *mean* to. But you did. And now you're here, pretending none of it matters, pretending like *you're* the one who's been wronged.

Satsujin: I didn't say that.

Physiatrist: You didn't have to. Everything you do screams it. Like always.