

DR.ARKIN: That right there. That's your first slip-up. Doin' it for the kid. That is, like, *classical* stupidity. They teach courses on it. There are entire textbooks literally devoted to the subject. You two should get the hell away from one another is what you should do. Frankly, I can't tell why you married eachother in the fist place.

STEVEN: But that's not what we want.

DR.ARKIN: "Want"; right up there with "can't". Anyone could see that you hate each other. I even hate you a little.

LYNDA: We don't *hate-hate* each other.

STEVEN: (*Hurt*) You hate us?

DR.ARKIN: (*Deadpan*) A little. Alright. Let's try another exercise and find out. I have two -- three -- exercises. First, Lynda, I want you to say the first word that comes to your mind when you think of Steve.

LYNDA: Passive aggressive.

DR.ARKIN: Ok, and Steve?

STEVEN: Condescending.

DR.ARKIN: Great! Now, how about something nice?

LYNDA: (*Struggling*) Well, he's ... he's thoughtful.

DR.ARKIN: M'hm. Steve?

STEVEN: (*Hesitant*) She's ... a good mother.

DR.ARKIN GRABS A DAY PLANNER BOOK FROM OUT OF HIS DESK DRAWER AND BEGINS TO SCRIBBLE SOMETHING DOWN, AS IF HE'S HAD A BREAKTHROUGH.

DR.ARKIN: (*Writing*) Train receptionist ... to screen clients ... for bullshit. (*To his clients*) Now. Next exercise. I want you two to look at each other.

STEVEN AND LINDA TURN THEIR HEADS
TOWARD ONE ANOTHER, EACH VERY RESERVED
AND CAUTIOUS.

DR.ARKIN CONT'D: No, I actually want you to turn and face the other person.

THE PAIR COMPLY.

DR.ARKIN CONT'D: Now, starting with Lynda, I want you both to take turns saying 'I hate you'.

THE COUPLE SEEMS RELUCTANT TO SPEAK.

DR.ARKING CONT'D: This is your nest.

LYNDA: (Beat) I hate you.

STEVEN: (Beat) I hate you.

DR.ARKIN: Good. Again.

LYNDA: I hate you.

STEVEN: I hate you.

DR.ARKIN: Louder!

LYNDA: I hate you!

STEVEN: I bleeping hate you!

LYNDA: I've always hated you!

STEVEN: I despise the very ground that you slither upon,
you vile snake-woman!