

Raised In Captivity by Nicky Silver

(A cemetery. Speaking to the audience)

Sebastian: On Thursday, my mother was taking a shower, when the shower head, which was obviously loose to begin with, flew away from the wall and, propelled by water pressure, hit her in the head and killed her. Odd, as I knew her to be a person who, primarily took baths. I hadn't seen my mother in several years, although we spoke on the phone, on birthdays and Christmas. I left home when I was sixteen. I turned my back on everything and went off to pursue my education. My mother said "Good luck," and my father said nothing, having died under mysterious circumstances before I was born. There were no pictures of him in our home and we never said his name. When asked about him, my mother abruptly changed the subject. Or, occasionally feigned sudden deafness. In any event, I walked away from servants and swimming pools to live on complimentary peanuts and cashews in cocktail lounges.

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(Speaking to his psychologist)

Sebastian: I don't know how to say this. I, I'm not sure how to approach it. Um.... The thing is, the thing is I've made a decision. I have.....I've been coming here, to see you, every Friday for four and a half years. It's become a habit, something I do without questioning. But this morning my mother was buried-----did I mention that? She was. She died. She was killed by her shower-massage. Anyway, there, at her funeral, certain things became disturbingly clear to me. My sister was there. She sang. As you know I've mentioned Bernadette, I think she's completely insane. For instance, our birthday parties were pageants of hysteria. My mother always gave us one party, our being twins, and every year Bernadette would have what I recognized, even then, as mini-nervous breakdowns. When we were ten, we had a clown. I'll never forget it. That was the year, I think, she slipped irredeemably 'round the bend.