

Client #1: Marianne

Marianne hadn't slept well on Friday night. Saturday morning, she got up feeling irritable. She knew she had a long day as she and her partner, Rob, had planned to do some painting and other things around the house to get it ready to sell. On her way to the kitchen, she noticed Rob's shoes by the front door, and she started yelling at him for leaving his shoes in front of the door...Again. He knew this was one of her biggest pet peeves, yet he continued to do it.

Marianne and Rob argued. She cried, they both yelled, and finally Marianne went into the bedroom, slammed the door, and laid down on the bed crying. "My life sucks!" she thought to herself. "Why can't we ever get along? The last time we argued like this we didn't talk for three days; I can't go through that again." Noticing an intense urge to hurt herself, Marianne got off the bed and locked the door to the bedroom; she started looking forward to making the pain disappear.

Marianne walked into the bathroom and took her razor out of the cabinet. She started running water in the bathtub so she wouldn't make a mess; she got undressed, got in the tub, and heard Rob coming down the hallway asking what she was doing. She listened to him at the door but didn't answer him and instead cut her left wrist. The pain brought immediate relief.

Rob started banging on the door and calling to her, but she continued to ignore him; finally, he broke the door down, came running into the bathroom looking terrified, and the scared look on his face made Marianne feel both regret for hurting him like this, but also relief because she knew he was going to take care of her. Rob came in and hugged her, told her how sorry he was, that he loved her and that everything would be okay. He called 911, then helped her out of the tub. He put towels around her wrist, helped her get dressed, then sat with her stroking her hair and soothing her until the ambulance came. He rode with her to the hospital, at her side the whole way.

Marianne was admitted to hospital for two weeks. Rob called her work to inform them she was ill. She was referred to a DBT therapist upon her discharge from hospital.