

THE PSYCHIATRIST SKETCH

Written by

Scott Binnings

FADE IN

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Early 70s decor, wall of books, desk with a bust of Freud. A man we'll call DOC, 40s, far-off stare, Cheshire cat grin. Think early Chevy Chase meets Peter Graves on Airplane.

His patient, a GUY, 30, clueless man-child, jogging suit, lies back on the couch. Stoner/space cadet a la Spicoli on Fast Times at Ridgemont High meets Woody Allen anxiety.

DOC
So, what brings you in today?

GUY
I have major anxiety.

DOC
That's great.

Sound of desk drawers opening.

DOC
(mutters)
Where is that tape recorder?

A few moments of silence pass.

GUY
Do you have to have it?

DOC
I do, sorry. I like to record these sessions so I can listen to 'em later. I do my homework for my patients.

GUY
Oh. Well, that's cool, I guess.

DOC
Yup. There it is.

Drawer closes. Clicks tape recorder.

DOC
Okay, now, before we begin, I want you to know that this is a safe space where you can feel free to say anything. No judgment. I hold you in a state of deep respect.

GUY

Nice.

DOC

So, what's up?

GUY

Well, my dad totally sucks balls.
He's always riding my ass about
some shit.

DOC

Sounds perverted.

GUY

What?

DOC

It's fine. Keep going.

GUY

This has been going on for several
years already, and it's got me so
wound up I can't sleep at night.

DOC

(smile)

Well, call me crazy but he sounds
like a pretty good guy to me.

GUY

Are you gonna help or not?

DOC

Of course. Just relax, and we'll
work through this together, Jimmy.

GUY

Ron.

Doc grimaces.

DOC

My name's not Ron.

RON

No, I'm Ron.

DOC

You're Ron.

RON

Right.

DOC

Oh. Okay... Ron. Close your eyes.

Ron closes eyes. Doc speaks in a soothing voice.

DOC

Relax and take a deep breath.

Ron breathes deep.

DOC

Exhale slowly.

Ron exhales.

DOC

Did you remember to brush, Ron?

RON

What?

DOC

It's okay. Try to remember: we're here to help you overcome your anxiety. We wouldn't want to get your father off your back without you having to do anything to improve as a person.

RON

I mean... is that an option?

DOC

Nah, that's... that's not really what we do here, Jimmy.

RON

Ron. Remember? Are you sure you're looking at the right file?

DOC

I'm sure somebody's insurance will pay the bill. What matters here is this is a safe space. We're relaxed, and we're focused on you and your unhealthy obsession with your old man.

RON

What the hell? Who's side are you even on?

DOC
There are no sides in psychology,
Jimmy.

RON
(irritated)
My name's not Jimmy.

DOC
Or Kevin, sorry.

RON
Ron.

DOC
Whatever.

RON
Why do you keep doing things to
make me feel worse about myself?

DOC
It's called therapy.

RON
(anxious)
But everything you say sounds like
something my dad would say.

DOC
Hmmm. Interesting. And how does
that make you feel?

RON
Like shit.

DOC
Okay then. We must be getting to
the root of the problem.

RON
It doesn't feel like it.

DOC
That's okay. I'm gonna level with
ya. We may be on the verge of a
major breakthrough, but I need you
to trust me. Let's try a role play
exercise.

RON
I dunno.

DOC

Come on. It'll be fun. You'd be surprised what comes out when we do these. Watch. Turn around and close your eyes.

Ron turns and closes his eyes.

RON

This feels ridiculous.

DOC

It's okay. Now, let's pretend I'm your dad. You be you. I want you to tell him how you really feel.

RON

Okay, uhhh... Dad, I don't like the way you talk down to me everyday when I see you around the house. I'm not a little boy anymore. I'm a full grown adult, and I wish you'd show me the respect I think I deserve.

DOC

Hmm. Nice. Well done. How does that feel?

Ron smiles.

RON

Pretty good, actually.

DOC

Great. My turn.

(Clears throat. Mock Dad voice.)

Well, maybe if you spent less time fucking off all night, playing video games online with your dumb-ass friends, you could, oh, I dunno, wake up early, look for a job, ya know, like a normal son. Then maybe I wouldn't need to ride your ass so much.

Ron's smile has turned to shock and horror.

RON

What was that?

DOC

Pretty good, huh?

RON

It was but now I feel worse. Are you sure you know what you're doing?

DOC

You kiddin' me? That was only the most advanced and radical new technique. They use that with the big wigs in D.C.

RON

Whatever it is, I don't like it. I think I'm gonna go.

Ron stands up and walks toward door.

DOC

Look, I know it's hard. Clearly there are some unintended, obviously unforeseen emotional depths here, which I'm 99% sure are not homosexual in nature.

RON

What the fuck?

DOC

Alright, calm down, Kev.

RON

It's Ron. R-O-N. What is your deal with misremembering people's names?

DOC

Don't take it personally. I probably just wasn't paying attention to you when you spoke.

GUY

You dick.

DOC

More importantly, "misremember" is not a word.

RON

What? Of course it is.

DOC

I really don't think it is, and, well... I am a doctor, so...

RON
Screw this. I'm out.

Ron opens the door.

DOC
Okay, but if you leave, you forfeit
the remainder of your time.

RON
Gladly!

Ron slams the door.

DOC
(mutters)
Turd.

Presses intercom.

DOC
Next patient.

Holds up cell.

DOC
(squints)
Hmm, whattaya know? "Misremember"
is a word. I guess it really does
take a village.

Door opens. Enter a MAN, 60, glasses, elbow patches, pipe.

MAN
What're you doing in my office?
Patients aren't allowed in here
when I'm gone. You of all people
should know that, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Sorry, Doc.

Jimmy runs out. Doc opens drawer.

DOC
Where's my tape recorder?

Offscreen, Jimmy laughs maniacally.

DOC
Stop that!

SOUNDS OF RUNNING IN THE HALL AND DING OF ELEVATOR.

Doc runs out and yells.

DOC
Come back here! Hold that elevator!

FADE OUT.