

# JUST STOP

Written by

The Temp

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

A nicely decorated office. Large windows overlook a park.

A comfortable chair sits across from a long couch that runs along a wall.

HAYLEY CHAMBERS, 35, athletic build and short cropped hair, leans back on the couch. Drums her fingers on the arm rest. Clearly annoyed.

A bobblehead doll, DWIGHT, sits on the other end of the couch. Dressed in a coat and tie. His oversized head constantly in motion.

In the comfy chair is another bobblehead, DR. SCOTT. Like Dwight, Dr. Scott is also dressed in a suit and his head perpetually moves up and down.

DR. SCOTT

So, Hayley, the last time we met, you said you were annoyed with Dwight, and I suggested you write down the things that he does to anger you. Did you do that?

Hayley pulls a notebook from her purse, flips through the pages. Tons and tons of notes have been written.

HAYLEY

I ran out of pages.

DR. SCOTT

That is quite a collection of hate. You have some deep-seeded anger lying under that lovely and very flattering top. Wouldn't you agree, Dwight?

Dwight nods his head vigorously.

HAYLEY

(points at a page)

There! That's one of the things!

DR. SCOTT

Just relax, Hayley. Now, read some of what you've written down.

HAYLEY  
(to Dwight)  
You really want to hear this?

Again, Dwight nods enthusiastically.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)  
Stop doing that! Stop agreeing with  
everything I say!

DWIGHT  
Okay.

HAYLEY  
GAAAHHHH!!! You're driving me nuts!

She flips maniacally through the pages she's written.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)  
You have no personality. You're  
emotionless. Devoid of any original  
thought. You can't think for  
yourself. You just go along with  
whatever anyone says.

DR. SCOTT  
That's true.

DWIGHT  
I agree.

HAYLEY  
I swear to God... You're wooden. A  
caricature. You're a wooden  
caricature!

DR. SCOTT  
Well, aren't we all.

HAYLEY  
I can't believe I was attracted to  
you and your insipid life! What a  
mistake I made!

DWIGHT  
I thought you said we were a  
perfect match.

HAYLEY  
That was a different time! I needed  
someone who believed in me and you  
had that going for you.  
(MORE)

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

But now -- now I need someone who's  
going to challenge me -- grow with  
me! Not just agree with everything  
I say!

Dr. Scott and Dwight both bob in acknowledgement. They just  
can't help themselves.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Stop it! Stop doing that!

But the heads just keep nodding.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I mean it! If you don't stop...

Hayley reaches into her purse. Pulls out a whittling knife.  
Dwight and Dr. Scott GASP.

DR. SCOTT

What do you think you're doing?

HAYLEY

What I should have done long ago.

DWIGHT

Darling, give me one more chance.

Hayley inches over to him with the knife.

DR. SCOTT

Hayley, he doesn't deserve this!

HAYLEY

But you do deserve it, don't you,  
Dwight?

Dwight's head bobbles in agreement.

Hayley laughs sarcastically. Points this knife in Dr. Scott's  
direction and waves it menacingly.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

You're next, you charlatan!

DWIGHT

I can change. Honest!

HAYLEY

Change? You can't change! You're a  
piece of wood for Christ's sake!

DWIGHT

That's true. I'm sorry.

She holds the knife up to Dwight's bobbling head.

HAYLEY

Looks like you need a shave!

SHRIEKS off camera as a flurry of wood shavings fly through the air.

After a few moments, Hayley comes back into view. Wood shavings litter her hair and clothes.

She holds up a couple of wood-shaped dildos.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

At least this wasn't a total waste of time.

FADE OUT.