

REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting behind his desk, DOC, early 30s, dressed business-casual, taps his fingers on his desk, studying an OS couple.

DOC

So, what exactly is the problem?

SCOTT and DIANE, a mildly attractive, average-every day couple in their mid 30s, sit far apart from each other, across from Doc. Diane keeping her distance, arms crossed.

SCOTT

Well, it's pretty simple, Doc. You see, she wants a divorce, I don't.

DIANE

Why would anyone in their right mind want to stay married to a piece of shit like him?

SCOTT

Oh, real nice, Diane, real mature with the name-calling.

DIANE

I didn't call you a name, I referred to you as an object. The object in question just so happened to be an odorous, brown, mushy substance that came out of somebody's asshole.

SCOTT

You see what I mean, Doc? I'm here, trying to talk this over like a civilized, adult human being, and she's here thumbing her nose at me like a fucking five year-old!

DIANE

You don't like it, sign the papers.

She looks across to Doc.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I don't even know why I agreed to this. You know, if I wasn't high on crystal meth at the time, I would've NEVER married him. And who knows where I'd be today.

SCOTT
You'd be in a dumpster, sucking
dick for used fentanyl patches,
that's where'd you be!

DIANE
(to Doc)
Are you listening to this, the way
he's talking to me right now?

Doc sighs, losing patience. Getting tired of the bickering.

DIANE (CONT'D)
It's disgusting, it's vulgar...

SCOTT
And 100 percent true...

DIANE
Oh, I'd be sucking dick?

SCOTT
Damn skippy, you'd be sucking dick,
you'd be sucking ALL the dicks!

DIANE
If anybody's doing the dick-
sucking, it's you! You... dick-
sucker!

SCOTT
That's a homophobic slur. I'm not
gay, but that's definitely
homophobic...

Doc smacks down on his desk as they continue bickering:

DOC
(explodes)
For Christ sake, SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Silence. Scott and Diane stare at Doc stunned.

DOC (CONT'D)
Holy shit, you people are fucking
miserable!

DIANE
(to Scott)
Did he just say, "fuck"?

SCOTT
(under his breath)
A little unprofessional...

Doc points at Scott threateningly, hushing him.

Trying to calm himself, Doc looks to both of them.

DOC

Okay. Now, why exactly do you want a divorce? Outside of the obvious fact that you're both poison for each other...

DIANE

Well, for one, every time we're out together, I see him looking at other women.

SCOTT

Maybe if you had sex with me more than NEVER, I wouldn't have to.

DIANE

Maybe if you burnt a calorie once in a while, it'd be something I'd look forward to...

SCOTT

Oh, so I'm fat now?

DIANE

You could stand to lose a few...

SCOTT

Body-shaming! In two-thousand-fucking-twenty, of all times.

DOC

(explodes)
ENOUGH!

A hush. Doc takes a deep breath. Fed up. Exhausted.

DOC (CONT'D)

When's the last time the two of you have had sex?

SCOTT

(defeated)
It's been months, Doc.

Doc winces, shakes his head.

DOC

Yeah, get a divorce.

SCOTT

What?

Diane gives Doc a round of applause.

DIANE

Thank you! For once, a voice of reason!

SCOTT

(to Doc)

What kind of marriage counselor are you?

DOC

Oh, I'm not your grandma's marriage counselor, that's for sure. I'm cutting edge. I'm a loose cannon. I think outside of the box, I go AGAINST the grain, ya dig? My methods are changing the way marriage counseling's fucking done. You see this shit?

Doc confidently tosses Scott a wrinkled, rolled-up diploma.

DOC (CONT'D)

My background speaks for itself.

Scott unrolls the diploma, looks it over, bewildered.

SCOTT

Devry University?

DOC

That's right, I bleed blue and gold, motherfucker. Panthers for life.

SCOTT

This is unbelievable.

DOC

Look, it doesn't take a master's degree from Devry to know that the two of you are wrong for each other. My professional opinion? Get a divorce IMMEDIATELY.

DIANE

You heard the man, sign the papers.

Scott crosses his arms.

SCOTT
No, not happening.

DIANE
Sign the papers!

SCOTT
Absolutely not!

DOC
Fine, don't sign the papers.

SCOTT
Huh?

DOC
You wanna be a pussy, don't sign
the papers.

SCOTT
Pussy?

He looks to Diane. Back to Doc.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'll show you pussy!
(digs out the papers)
I got the divorce papers right
here!

DOC
(mocking him)
Big man!

SCOTT
I'll sign this shit right now!

DOC
Blah, blah, blah, all talk...

Scott lies the paper flat on the desk. Grabs a pen. About to
sign. But...

DIANE
Wait.

Scott stops. Looks to Diane.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Maybe we should think this through.

SCOTT

(shakes head)

Oh no, it's a little late for that
shit, you can't tell me what to do
anymore!

She touches him. Suddenly sad.

DIANE

Scott, honey? Don't sign the
papers. I promise... I'll try
harder. I'll do whatever I need to
do to make this work.

Scott turns to Doc confused.

DOC

Sign the fucking papers, Scott.
Don't be a fool.

Scott lies the pen down. Shakes his head.

SCOTT

No. I refuse to sign it.

He falls into Diane's arms.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I love you so much honey! I promise
I'll go to the gym, I'll exercise,
I'll do whatever you want!

She has second thoughts. Breaks way from him.

DIANE

On second thought...

He appears confused.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Maybe you should sign the papers.

SCOTT

What?

DOC

Oh, for fuck sake! You two are
pathetic!

(to Scott)

Let's face facts. You're a loser
and you probably have an inadequate
dick, am I right?

DIANE

Hey, don't call him a loser! And for your information, his penis works just fine... sorta...

DOC

(to Diane)

Oh, pipe down, you prude. I bet you got more cobwebs down there than a haunted house in October.

SCOTT

Don't talk about my wife's vagina!

Doc draws a pistol and waves it at them. They embrace tightly, frightened.

DOC

I should put the both of you outta your misery, right now!

As they embrace tightly:

SCOTT

I love you, honey!

DIANE

I love you, too!

DOC

Now you got to the count of three to get the fuck outta my office!

Scott hardens his disposition. Becomes brave.

SCOTT

You know what? We're not going anywhere. What do you think about that?

DOC

Is that right?

SCOTT

You think that little pea-shooter scares me? We're staying right here, fucko. I paid for this session and I'm getting my money's worth. Like it or lump it.

Doc shrugs, lowers his gun.

DOC

Fine. Stay.

A confused silence as they all stare at each other. Until, suddenly -- BOOM! Doc fires a shot into the ceiling.

DOC (CONT'D)

I said stay!

Scott and Diane jump from their seats and hurry out.

DIANE

(to Scott)

Let's not fight anymore!

They leave the room, shutting the door. Doc conceals his gun. Proud smile on his face as he dusts his hands off.

DOC

Just like the great George W. Bush
once said: Mission accomplished.

The door opens, DOCTOR SMITH, distinguished with salt and pepper hair, patches on the elbows of his jacket, enters.

SMITH

Did I just hear a firearm go off?

DOC

No idea what you're talking about.

SMITH

And what in God's name are you
doing sitting behind my desk?

Doc quickly jumps up, pulling up the top of his one-piece janitor's uniform, zipping it up and grabbing a broom.

DOC

Just cleaning up, doing my job.

Smith gets into Doc's face.

SMITH

You know, I've been receiving a lot
of complaints about you?

DOC

Oh, cram it, grandpa.

SMITH

How DARE you speak to me in such a
disrespectful manner! I should fire
you on the spot!

DOC
Fine, fire me, see if I care, you
old bag of shit.

A tense stare off. But Smith nods, the tension diffused.

SMITH
You don't hold back, do you?

The tension quickly diffuses, Smith's tone now light-hearted.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Gotta respect a man who stands up
for himself.

Smith has a warm chuckle as he thinks back.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Reminds me of myself when I was
your age. Bold, brash, defiant.

He smiles to himself. Then looks to Doc.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Carry on.

Smith heads out. But he stops at the door.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Oh, before you leave today...

He Turns back to Doc.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Remind me to give you a raise.

Doc gives him a thumbs up. Smith smiles, turns and leaves,
shutting the door.

DOC
Works every time.

FADE OUT:

THE END