

SPRUNG

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE - NIGHT

In the middle of the night, a THERAPIST watches porn on his computer on his desk. There's a loud knock at the door.

THERAPIST

Enter.

A young woman named TABITHA, and her boyfriend, BRANDON, open the door, and step towards the doctor.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Hello Brandon. Welcome Tabitha.

Please, do sit down.

(beat)

So I would like to begin this session by asking you both. What brings you to couples' counseling?

BRANDON

Well, we were--

TABITHA

We have been receiving many thank-you cards! In the mail and online, for what many consider to be an outstanding relationship we present to the world.

THERAPIST

Outstanding, you say?

TABITHA

Yes, some have even been so bold to call our love perfect.

THERAPIST

(beat)

I see. You didn't answer my question. You daft bitch.

BRANDON

Well we were at the--

Tabitha slaps Brandon hard across his face, and he shuts up.

TABITHA

Four nights ago, Brandon threw my toothbrush in the toilet, out of spite over an argument we just got through.

(MORE)

TABITHA (CONT'D)

I woke up the next morning to find my brush, bristles down, in his shitter. I remember, all I could think at that moment was: When did he become so-- Romantic.

THERAPIST

So? What's the fucking problem? It's clear you hate this man. So why not put your differences in full-focus, fight it out some more, remain in a relationship, and see what happens?

TABITHA

The problem is! The toothbrush-toilet incident was the single most hateful thing he's ever done for me.

Tabitha reaches her hand, and takes hold of Brandon's hand.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

And we've been together three years.

Tabitha squeezes her partner's hand so tight he winces in pain, and pries his hand free.

THERAPIST

I see. So your boyfriend? Right?

Brandon nods in agreement, that he is in fact male. While his girlfriend looks unsure.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Isn't living up to his potential. Of pledging his undying devotion, and worshipping The All-Mighty Satan to the best of his abilities. Though, some--

The therapist inhales deeply through his nostrils.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Entity tells me you are not Queen of All That Is Guilty yourself in this coupling. What do you have to say of that Brandon?

BRANDON

Well. It's like this, doc. My girlfriend is, and has been for a long time, far shorter than me.

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
In reaching the daily quota of  
expressed-hatred.

A tear rolls out from Tabitha's eye and down her cheek.

TABITHA  
You bastard.  
(beat)  
After we finally agreed you would  
be the one to take charge? To help  
motivate me into doing worse.

THERAPIST  
I think I know that which should  
instruct your counsel on this very  
night. Say Hello to--

The therapist opens his desk drawer, and rummages through it.  
Until he pulls out a tiny, make-shift bobblehead figurine,  
that has the appearance of a frightening demon.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)  
Rethussalambo.

TABITHA  
Hello Rethussalambo.

BRANDON  
Hello Rethussalambo.

THERAPIST  
I will be stepping out momentarily.  
Any questions you may have, refer  
them to Rethussalambo. You will  
find he is very wise, with a  
fountain of hate that flows through  
him.

The therapist shakes the vessel, causing the head to bob up  
and down and around for the duration of the session.

He places the bobblehead at the end of his desk, facing the  
young couple.

The therapist gets up, opens then exits through the window.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE - NIGHT

The doctor paces back and forth in his driveway, while  
smoking a cigarette rolled in green paper.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE - NIGHT

Tabitha and Brandon both stare at the figurine demon, then  
they turn and look at each other. Then back at the demon.

The taxidermied bobblehead features a body covered in the long, matted fur of the demon it hosts.

It has the upper body of a winged-bison, the arms and claws of a lizard, and the legs of a goat.

Attached to its long neck is an oversized lion-head. Except with a mane made of exacto-blades.

RETHUSSALAMBO suddenly speaks. In a deep, scary voice.

RETHUSSALAMBO (O.S.)  
Well, let us begin. Shall we?  
Tabitha, you value the feelings of others over your own. You would rather have harm brought to yourself than to see it happening to another. You are caring and selfless. The sooner you realize this, the sooner we will discover the root issue. While Brandon, you would go to the ends of the Earth and back for the woman seated beside you. You would die if it meant she would live, and would even sacrifice all that is you for her. It is clear to me you both have the capacity and desire to let go of your hatred, and instead embrace goodness and righteousness. And it makes me sick!

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE - NIGHT

The therapist finishes half the cigarette, then tosses it on the pavement.

He strolls back to his office window and steps through the pane and into the room.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE - NIGHT

The young couple are now at each other's throats. They yell and curse back at each other.

BRANDON  
You stupid, stupid slut! Of course you would resort to that!

TABITHA  
Fuck you, you cowardly! Meek! Spine-less worm!

This time Brandon slaps Tabitha hard across her cheek.

She laughs hysterically. Then she ceases all sound and movement, and listens.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

What's that Rethussalambo? You want me to bash my boyfriend's head in, and feast on his festering, minuscule brain?

BRANDON

That's funny. I heard something similar from the one, the only, The Rapturous Rethussalambo.

Brandon rushes at his girlfriend, who quickly takes hold of the wooden chair she was sitting on, and breaks it apart against his head.

He stands there, wobbling. Tabitha leaps off the floor and into her boyfriend, knocking him to the carpet.

She punches her partner hard in his face and body. He rolls over on top of her, takes hold of her throat and squeezes hard. She does the same.

The therapist walks over to his desk. He takes the bobblehead vessel off his desktop, and back into his drawer.

The couple suddenly stops fighting.

They get up off the floor. Brandon returns to his seat and Tabitha stands next to him, across from their therapist.

THERAPIST

I see the both of you have finally come to terms with your relationship. Though, I feel there is still much work needed to be done, in the case of you pathetic, sorry excuse for people. How soon do you want me to pencil you in for your next appointment?

Brandon and Tabitha look into each other's eyes, take hold of each other's hand, then turn back to the doctor.

BRANDON

As soon as the Dark Lord will permit us, we will oblige.

FADE OUT.