

Psychotherapy

written by

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(C)

Chuck Spunt Shorts

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FADE IN:

INT - DIMLY LIT CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

CHUCK SPUNT sits in a leather armchair. He looks relaxed and composed.

Off screen a PSYCHOANALYST sits and listens.

CHUCK SPUNT
Well, it's happening more often.

PSYCHOANALYST O.S
Mmmmm.

Short Silence.

CHUCK SPUNT
I was actually stood behind a
gorilla at Bernies Burgers.

PSYCHOANALYST O.S
Mmmmm.

Short silence.

CHUCK SPUNT
I was standing right behind him
in the queue at the point of
order machine.
(pauses)
And all the time, I never
realized.

PSYCHOANALYST O.S
Mmmmm.

CHUCK SPUNT
I suffered an episode.
(pauses)
I fainted.

PSYCHOANALYST O.S
Mmmmm.

Short silence.

CHUCK SPUNT
He was attempting to place an
order.

PSYCHOANALYST O.S

Mmmmm.

CHUCK SPUNT

Before I noticed something was wrong.

PSYCHOANALYST O.S

Mmmmm.

CHUCK SPUNT

I remember being helped to my feet. The counter staff kindly handed me a burger meal then asked me to leave.

(pauses)

They said I was upsetting the customers. Ha!

(flippantly)

I'm the one having nightmares. And I was upsetting the customers?

Psychoanalyst takes huge bite from a peeled banana.

CHUCK SPUNT /

I need a holiday.

Psychoanalyst gnaws a bamboo shoot.

PSYCHOANALYST O.S

Mmmmm, ummmm.

Chuck Spunt gets to his feet. Lights up.

His POV: The Psychoanalyst bites into a double whopper.

Chuck Spunt stands agape.

THE END