

THE PSYCHOLOGIST

Written by

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INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE. DAY

HELENE (20), a patient, is waiting for her doctor to arrive. She's fidgeting and irritated by the long wait. She then starts staring at the psychologist's chair.

She checks out the entrance and sees no one. She then rushes to sit on the psychologist's chair. Satisfied, she takes her coat off and waits.

DR. MOUBAL (40's), her psychologist, arrives and looks disturbed when he sees Helene in his chair.

DR. MOUBAL
Hello Helene.

HELENE
Hello sir.

Dr. Moubal sits in the other chair.

DR. MOUBAL
Well... I'm listening.

HELENE
For god sakes. I've been coming for a while now... Can't you say something else?

They stare at each other, perplexed.

HELENE (CONT'D)
How do you feel Helene? What happened since the last session? Do you feel better? Worse? Have you resolved your issues with your parents? Your friends? What are you painting?

She breathes with desperation.

HELENE (CONT'D)
I'd like to feel like you're actually listening to me and that I don't come here for nothing. I'm aware that you have at least 40 other patients who, like me, must cry and finish your box of Kleenex. Which, by the way, is always empty when it's my turn... Fuck! If I come here, it isn't to moan all the time about the same things that hurt me... I want to move forward... Feel better!

Dr. Moubal is scribbling on his notepad, almost hiding behind it. His notes are illegible.

DR. MOUBAL

The empty box of tissue... Wouldn't it be you, relativizing the emotional gap that you feel in your life?

HELENE

(lost)

I don't see the correlation... Could you explain your point more clearly? I don't speak gibberish.

DR. MOUBAL

(Taking notes)

I'm just here to give you some reflective routes. It's up to you to see and hear what you want and to realize the repetitions you make, repetitions that do seem to make you suffer. If you are here it's because you're already conscious of this aspect of the psychological work you need to do.

Helene looks really disturbed and annoyed.

HELENE

But... But... No! That's why I'm here, I feel miserable. I'm suffocating because of all the misery and because of my misfortune... I mean the most difficult thing to do every day is to find a reason to get up in the morning... Because, honestly, let's face it, there's absolutely no motivation at my university, it's frightening. I'm not saying it's useless, but god it gets so fucking boring most of the time. Teachers don't give a shit about their class, they're even slower than you are and then they don't understand why students stop coming week after week.

Helene is stammering, trying to find her words.

HELENE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'd like to think that I wake up for people that I love and love me but... I'm lucky if my parents give me 2 hours a week to talk... And my so-called

(air-quotes)

Friends are always there to get drunk but when it comes to doing constructive things or just having a decent conversation... Or dreaming of rebuilding the world,... There's no. One. Left.

DR. MOUBAL

Maybe you are too harsh with others? Perhaps even with yourself? You're asking me to do the economy of a reflection by projecting your anger against the world, on me... Looking to be loved... but do you love yourself? Isn't there a kind of projection on me of what you want from others? To be listened to?

A moment. Helene is waiting impatiently for the rest of the sentence. When she realizes that nothing else is going to be said, she's confused and disappointed.

HELENE

Huh?

DR. MOUBAL

Don't you think that your permanent dissatisfaction corresponds to this narcissistic flaw that was born in pain from you early deprivation?

A moment again. Helene is conflicted between the emotions of anger and confusion.

HELENE

What? Why is it always complicated with you? Aaaaaaaaah!!! Could you just speak fucking English? You're always so confusing, it frustrates me in the worst possible way.

DR. MOUBAL

(scribbling in his notepad)

And... What else?

HELENE
(Flabbergasted)
Well... You know what?

She stands up and looks for her purse in her bag.

HELENE (CONT'D)
We're going to stop here. Clearly
you're no use to me apart from
taking my money which I could spend
more usefully elsewhere. It's over,
goodbye Mr. Moubal.

She throws money to his face and leaves in rage.

EXT. ENTRANCE DOOR OF THE OFFICE. DAY

Helene rushes out to breathe some air. She furiously searches
for a cigarette in her bag. She finds one, lights it up and
while exhaling the fumes says:

HELENE
Old cunt.