

The Subconscious

by

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INT: PSYCHIATRY LECTURE ROOM - DAY

The lighting is dimmed. Many rows of STUDENT-occupied chairs on a mild downwards slope, face the psychiatry LECTURER. He is 50 with graying, long hair and he is in a suit. Behind him is a large, white screen on which much writing is projected. HARRY (18) with punky hair and clothes strolls into the room, clearly not caring he's late. He sits on the front row, next to fellow student, BEN, a metalhead. The LECTURER sighs.

LECTURER

... And that's why children want to kill their fathers, so they can have their mothers for themselves.

HARRY

That damn Oedipus Complex. Is there any evidence for that? Because if I had an urge to kill my parents as I calmly ate my Coco Pops, I'd kind of know about it.

The LECTURER raises his head in superiority.

LECTURER

Your urges were repressed, that's all.
..

HARRY

Is there any evidence for it though?

LECTURER

Errr... Not conclusive evidence, but..
.

HARRY crosses his arms.

HARRY

Don't you think it's just Freud who felt that way about his parents, and projected that theory onto everyone else? You know what projection is, right? Have you seen Freud's face? He doesn't exactly look trustworthy. And what kind of person thinks cocaine can CURE mental illness? You're essentially telling me to respect a sociopathic drug addict.

The LECTURER readjusts his tie.

LECTURER

Finished? The Oedipus Complex is very well known. Just listen to the lecture.

HARRY
You know what else is really well
known?

LECTURER
What?

HARRY
The Lord of the Rings.

The LECTURER stamps his foot.

LECTURER
That's not the same.

HARRY
Subconsciously though, you do believe
in goblins and wizards. It's just been
repressed.

LECTURER
What do you want to get out of this
course, Harry?

HARRY
I want a well paying job where I can
say whatever the hell I want, because
it can't be proven.

The LECTURER furrows his brow.

LECTURER
You're saying you're smarter than
Freud?

HARRY
Well I'm not a complete loon who
thinks drugs can enhance my thinking!

BEN
(jokingly)
Maybe you should take drugs, Harry.
Let's see what theories you can can
come up with, when you're off your
face!

HARRY
Hm! Actually, I think you might be on.
..

LECTURER
(interrupting)
Ben, no.

INT: HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY, 5 YEARS LATER

HARRY, now 23 and with a respectable haircut and suit, sits patiently, with a notepad and pen on his lap in the middle of the room. An empty chair faces him. On the walls are many certificates. Knocking is heard on the door.

HARRY

Come in...

In walks DENNIS (40) and wearing a red cardigan. He is clearly agitated.

HARRY

Take a seat...

DENNIS does so and twiddles his thumbs.

HARRY

How are you Dennis? What can I do for you?

DENNIS

It's just that I'm really stressed and can't work out why...

HARRY steeples his hands.

HARRY

When my thinking was, let's say 'enhanced' a few years ago, I came up with a theory that won me much respect in the psychiatric community. It goes a little something like this...

DENNIS leans forward with interest.

HARRY

My theory is that all anxieties come from the fear of having a deformed nose.

HARRY

Come again?...

HARRY

Well I certainly have a fear of having a deformed nose, so it applies to everyone else, too.

DENNIS

And that theory genuinely got you lots of respect?

HARRY

Yeah!

DENNIS coughs awkwardly.

DENNIS

Well I'm outta here... I can already
tell that you're nuts.

HARRY

Don't go! Maybe you'd like to here my
theory about people wanting to get pay
raises to pay for their drug habits?

DENNIS

No, I'm not on drugs.

DENNIS rises from the chair and shuts the door behind him.

HARRY

But you want to be!!

HARRY tuts.

HARRY

So close-minded...

A male voice is heard from outside the room.

MALE VOICE

Wooooahh! It's like I'm flying!!

HARRY

(to himself)

I couldn't agree more. You'll do well
in this business, Fred.