

Monstrous Stranger
by
Robert Campbell

robert@robertcampbell.net
818-752-4391

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

MILES

When I was 14, I watched a woman
hang herself.

PSYCHIATRIST

Watched? Did you try to stop her?

MILES

What? No, of course not.

PSYCHIATRIST

Why, "of course not."

MILES

I was 14. What could I say to her?
Don't. Stop. Life is beautiful?

(beat)

I remember feeling happy for her.

PSYCHIATRIST

Happy?

MILES

Yeah. Whatever was wrong. Whatever
was causing her pain. It was over.
Wouldn't you feel happy if someone
you knew was no longer in pain?

(beat)

People never see it my way. One
guy called me a monster.

PSYCHIATRIST

Do you feel like a monster?

MILES

Imagine a stranger walking up to
you and lecturing you about your
life. What's real. What you are
and aren't feeling. They don't
know you. Don't know who your
parents were. How many times your
heart's been broken, or if you've
got some horrible disease. But
they're okay with telling you
what's best. That kind of...
arrogance. That's monstrous.

(beat)

Do you think you know what's best?

PSYCHIATRIST

This isn't about what I think.

MILES
No, of course not.