

DR. SCHNEDERLY, MOBILE PSYCHIATRIST

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

A quiet little neighborhood.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

LULU, 35, round and rosy, searches the room.

LULU

Honey, have you seen my bobblehead?

WILLIAM (O.S.)

I have. It's magnificent. As is the rest of you.

She shakes her head wildly as she responds...

LULU

You know I can't leave without him.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Kinda busy with my own problems. I can't find my work clothes.

LULU

They're in the dryer.

WILLIAM, 36, as skinny as she is round, flashes past the open doorway -- a blur of naked skin and polka dot boxers.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

That's one hundred percent merino wool. It'll shrink and cramp my bits. I can't work like that.

She lifts a jacket from the table revealing a bobblehead underneath. It's nothing special -- a little smiling blond gentleman with wire-framed glasses.

LULU

Found him! Little bastard was trying to steal your jacket.
(to the bobblehead)
Once a thief, always a thief.

A large shadow blocks the sunlight from the front window. A loud HORN blares outside, more cruise ship than car.

LULU

He's here!

EXT. STREET - DAY

A giant RV obscures the view of the house. On the RV's side panels, in large, colorful lettering: "Dr. Morris Schnederly, mobile psychiatry. You'd be crazy not to call."

A large picture of the doctor covers the back half of the RV.

There's a bubble quote above his picture: "Discretion is my middle name."

Lulu toddles to the RV, stops to take a picture.

INT. RV - CENTER AREA - DAY

DR. SCHNERDERLY, 55, used car salesman vibe, sits at a desk in the makeshift reception area as Lulu opens the door.

DR. SCHNERDERLY
Come in, come in. Have a seat. The
doctor will be right with you.

She points to a nearby life-size cardboard cutout of him.

LULU
Aren't you -- ?

DR. SCHNERDERLY
It'll be just a minute.

She reads a bubble quote on the cardboard cutout: "How much would you pay for good mental health?"

Dr. Schnederly opens a drawer, pulls out a file, reads.

DR. SCHNERDERLY
Ooh. You have excellent insurance.

He snaps the folder shut.

DR. SCHNERDERLY
He's ready now.

INT. RV - BACK OFFICE AREA - DAY

Lulu sits on a couch as Dr. Schnederly starts a clock -- much like a taxi driver starts the meter.

She sets her bobblehead on the couch next to her, carefully propping it with a pillow.

The doctor nods to the bobblehead.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
Let's talk about your little
friend.

LULU
He goes everywhere with me.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
So, he's a comfort bobblehead?

LULU
Keeps me calm, reminds me what's
important.
(to the bobblehead)
Don't ya', Barry?

She flicks his little head. He bobbles affirmatively.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
Why don't you tell me what it is
that makes you nervous -- what he --

LULU
-- Barry.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
What -- Barry -- helps you with.

LULU
It's my job. Stresses me out.

The RV starts. The Doctor stands. Lulu stands to block him.

LULU
Like right here. I can feel myself
getting a little anxious.

She picks up the bobblehead.

LULU
But, Barry here -- he's just so
happy.

Barry's little head bobbles wildly.

LULU
I don't have to be nervous, do I,
Barry?

She flicks his head sideways. It shakes vigorously.

LULU
And, he's so definitive. That gives
me confidence to do what's right.

The RV lurches forward.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
Excuse me, I've got to find out --

He steps around Lulu.

As he passes, Lulu wallops him over the head with Barry.

The Doctor drops to the floor. Blood puddles around his head.

LULU
Sometimes it's hard -- doing the
right thing.

The RV bumps along as Lulu rolls the Doctor onto his back.

She snaps a picture, waddles to the clock, stops the timer.

INT. LARGE GARAGE - DAY

The RV creaks to a stop.

William hops out of the driver's seat and opens the side door. His clothes are about four sizes too small -- his sleeves end near his elbows -- pants just below the knees.

Lulu pops her head out the door, holds Barry out.

LULU
(as Barry)
That went great!

She gives him a little shake. Barry's head bounces with glee.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

William drags the Doctor into the room, drops him in the corner next to a large cage.

Across the room, Lulu works at a computer.

She hits a button and a printer springs to life. It prints her photo of the side of the RV -- the smiling Doctor.

She grabs the Barry bobblehead from the desk, wipes off a bit of blood and carries it across the room.

LULU
Who's a good lawyer? Are you a good
lawyer?

She taps his head sideways: "No. No. No."

LULU

That's right. You're a bad, bad lawyer. But, you did a good thing today.

She sets the bobblehead on a shelf.

A picture hangs above it: A blond gentleman, wire-rimmed glasses. Smiling. It's a screen shot from a TV commercial: "Call Barry Dwimble, attorney at law. Always on your side."

The picture and the bobblehead match.

LULU

Doesn't it feel good to help people for once?

Another flick, another bobble nod.

Lulu turns, walks away -- past more pictures and more matching bobbleheads -- a wall full of them. A dentist, an accountant, on and on.

She stops at a computer screen, which displays Dr. Schnederly's picture -- the one Lulu took inside the RV.

She turns to a nearby 3D printer: It puts the finishing touches on a new bobblehead -- the good Doctor.

Lulu takes the freshly-made head from the printer, snaps it onto a bobblehead body.

LULU

Who overcharges? Do you overcharge?

She flicks the head. The bobble's head bounces up and down with enthusiasm. She pinches it to a stop.

LULU

Well, you're going to learn how to treat people right.

She slips it into her pocket, waddles to William.

LULU

Italian for dinner?

WILLIAM

I don't know. Last time we were there, they messed up our order.

FADE OUT.