

A HEAD FULL OF LIGHTNING

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DR QUINLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

DR QUINLAN (40s) opens the door and lets in CLARA KEYS (20s). Dr Quinlan's pants suit is as staid as she is, while Clara's bright summer dress perfectly reflects her character.

QUINLAN

Nice to meet you, Ms Keys. Please have a seat.

CLARA

Thank you, Dr Quinlan. And please call me Clara.

Clara sits at one of the two nondescript leather chairs in the office. Quinlan takes the other one. Between the two chairs is a little table holding a box of tissues, a notebook and a fountain pen. Behind the table is a window that looks out on a garden.

QUINLAN

What made you decide to see a therapist, Clara?

CLARA

It was Julie's idea. She's my best friend. She thinks I have a problem with my husband. Which I don't.

Quinlan uncaps the fountain pen and picks up the notebook.

QUINLAN

Tell me about your husband, Clara.

Clara reaches into her purse and pulls out a bobblehead of a man in a business suit and sets it on the table.

CLARA

This is George, my husband. He's tall and handsome and rich.

Quinlan picks it up and shakes it to get its head bobbling.

QUINLAN

I didn't know they made bobbleheads of guys in business suits.

Clara shrugs her shoulders and all but snatches George out of Quinlan's hand. She smiles at George and rubs his lap area.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Is there another George? A bigger George?

CLARA

Now you sound like Julie. This is George.

She tucks George safely away in her purse. Quinlan nods, scribbles notes.

QUINLAN

Clara, where's the real George?

CLARA

He's home. In my purse.

QUINLAN

Are you...intimate...with George?

CLARA

Of course. There's nothing wrong with our love life.

QUINLAN

I see. And you two have sex the usual way?

CLARA

I didn't know we were going to have this kind of talk, Dr Quinlan. But yes, we do the usual things other couples do.

QUINLAN

Don't you worry that the head, you know, will come off at the wrong moment? In the wrong place?

CLARA

His Head? Oh. Yes, he does like going down on my business zone.  
(giggles)  
But he's not very good at it.

Quinlan wipes her hands on her pants. Clara reaches across and taps Quinlan on the knee.

CLARA (CONT'D)

You know who was good at it? My college roomie. She was great! Maybe I should invite her over to show George how it's done.

Quinlan tries to slide Clara's hand off her knee. Clara notices where her hand is and uses her other hand to pry it off, acting as if it's a struggle, and laughs.

Quinlan is starting to worry.

QUINLAN

Something's funny, Clara? Perhaps you'd like a Valium or Xanax? Maybe a Klonopin or Ativan?

(soto voce)

Maybe all four.

CLARA

I'm okay. What I was doing just reminded me of that scene in "Dr Strangelove" where one of Peter Sellers' hands tries to do a Hitler salute, and his other hand tries to stop it.

QUINLAN

Hitler.

(beat)

By any chance was George into Nazis? White supremacist groups?

CLARA

Well, he did have one of those sharp black uniforms with the SS lightning flashes on the collars. He and some of his friends used to wear them when they went to the malls and tried to sell their Hitler bobbleheads.

Quinlan realizes her mouth is hanging open and shuts it.

QUINLAN

Did they manage to sell many Hitler bobbleheads?

CLARA

Nah. Mostly they just got beat up.

(chuckles, then grimaces)

When that happened, he would come home and do a blitzkrieg south of my equator, if you know what I mean.

QUINLAN

He hurt you.

CLARA

Well, you can't make an omelette without breaking some eggs.

QUINLAN

I'm sorry to hear that.

(pause)

Did he ever "blitzkrieg" other women?

Clara suddenly stands, crosses to the window.

CLARA

Those who fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it.

QUINLAN

Pardon?

CLARA

George wasn't content with invading "Poland." He had to try to take over a whole world of whores.

She steps back to her chair, sits, and takes George out of the purse. She strokes George's head.

CLARA (CONT'D)

It wasn't all his fault, really. My girlfriends were all jealous of me, so they went after him.

QUINLAN

And how did you deal with that?

CLARA

George didn't think he was really doing anything wrong--which really pissed me off. When I explained to him what my girlfriends were up to, he got mad and stopped seeing them.

QUINLAN

Uh-huh. Clara, where is George?

Clara stands up abruptly and shoves George under her nose.

CLARA

Right here, silly!

Quinlan tries to shove away the hand holding the doll, but can't budge it an inch.

QUINLAN

I think we've covered enough ground for today, Clara. What do you say we meet again next week? How does Tuesday sound?

Quinlan tries to stand but Clara blocks her.

CLARA

You know, you've shown an awful lot of interest in my George. Just like all my other "friends."

QUINLAN

Not at all, Clara. I just -

Her voice trails off as Clara removes George's head from the body, revealing a long, wickedly sharp needle protruding from the underside the head.

CLARA

I'm sorry, Dr. Quinlan, but I don't think George likes you.

Quinlan shrieks, ducks her head and wraps her arms around her throat. Clara shrugs, shoves the needle into the base of her skull and swirls it around.

CLARA (CONT'D)

You know, George, I think we should pay a visit to dear friend Julie.

Quinlan's body spasms and bucks, but Clara keeps her locked in place.

CLARA (CONT'D)

She keeps asking about you.

Clara finally removes the needle, stands aside, and lets the body slump down to the floor.

Clara licks the blood off the needle, then crosses to the door. She opens it, stops, looks at George.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I don't know if she was jewish or not. You can be such a bigot at times.

She exits and closes the door behind her.

FADE OUT.