

HEAD CASE

written by

Tourney Writer X3000

FADE IN:

EXT. FITZHUGH SENIOR WELLNESS CENTER - AFTERNOON

A modest facility. A shrub-engulfed sign announces:

TODAY: THERAPY, BY APPOINTMENT 10AM-4PM - WEDNESDAY: LIVING
WITH USELESSNESS "LEARN TO GET OUT OF THE WAY" 10-10:15 AM

INT. FITZHUGH SENIOR WELLNESS CENTER - CORRIDOR

A still, sterile space. Faint easy-listening music echoes.

ANGLE ON a closed office door. A hastily-made, comic sans-ed
sign pasted on it states:

DR. STEFANIE WEST, PSYCHIATRIST -- DO NOT DISTERB (sic)

A dry WHEEZE grows louder.

ANGLE ON an elderly man sitting opposite the door. This is
HENRY KINT, 80, dressed in his 20 year old Sunday best.

Distressed and sweating, he wipes his brow. Henry glances
down, pats his hand against the breast of his jacket.
Cracks a smile.

INT. DR. WEST'S OFFICE

Two women sit across from each other. The older is LIZ
DUPREE, 60+, busty and bedazzled. The younger is DR.
STEFANIE WEST, 40+. Her conservative attire can't hide the
fit beauty beneath. They sit in silence for a moment.

LIZ

...and the extra money would be
great right now.

DR. WEST

Sure, I can see that. Um. Listen,
I'm not telling you to do it or not
do it. Just keep in mind, once it's
on the internet, it's out there
forever.

LIZ

Yeah.

DR. WEST

Yeah, for any random pervert to
see.

LIZ

Yeah.

Liz grins, lost in thought for a moment.

DR. WEST

Ooookay.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open, Liz emerges with Dr. West in tow.

LIZ
...and they have a real nice
website too. Roy was impressed.

DR. WEST
Mm hm, next week.

Dr. West notices Henry.

DR. WEST
Mr. Kint?

He stands at the recognition. Approaches the doctor.

DR. WEST
Mr. Kint, you've had your session
for the week.

HENRY
Afternoon, yes ma'am, doctor. I, I
just need a few minutes.

DR. WEST
You can have a whole hour - next
week. Right now, I need lunch.

Dr. West finds the door knob, pulls it behind her.

Henry lurches forward, blocks the door from closing. His sudden speed and, now, proximity alarms the doctor.

DR. WEST
Henry!

HENRY
Please! It's my wife.

DR. WEST
You told me your wife passed.

Henry looks away, shakes his head "no".

HENRY
It's not that simple.

Dr. West places a hand on Henry's shoulder, leads him in.

INT. DR. WEST'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. West perches on the edge of her desk, waits for Henry to compose himself. He slumps in his chair, wipes the tears and sweat from his face, uses up the entire box of tissues.

DR. WEST
Now what can I do for you, Mr.
Kint?

Henry pulls himself together, engages the doctor with a sharp, steady gaze. Finds an almost casual tone.

HENRY
Nothing for me - a little maybe.
But you can help my wife, for sure.

DR. WEST
You were a little less than honest
about her then? She's not gone?

HENRY
Gone? No, no. She's always with me.

Henry pats the breast of his jacket again, in the same spot. Dr. West sighs a bit, attempts to match Henry's smile.

DR. WEST
Sure, she'll never really...

HENRY
She wants to meet you.

Henry reaches inside his jacket.

HENRY
You can thank me for that. I've
been quite complimentary.

Henry pulls out his "wife", a four-inch BETTY BOOP BOBBLEHEAD DOLL, and places it on the table between them.

HENRY
Dr. West, Maxine. Maxine, Dr. West.

Dr. West nods, takes a hard look at the doll.

DR. WEST
We need to be honest with each
other here. And, honestly, I see a
doll - a bobblehead I think.

HENRY
That's right.

DR. WEST
Is it?

HENRY
I'm not crazy, or senile or
whatever you're thinking. I didn't
marry a fucking toy. I married a
real, flesh and blood woman. And
she was smartest, strongest,
(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)
bravest woman I ever knew. But I'm
the only one who knew. She was born
at the wrong time, in the wrong
place, to the wrong people. But she
would not be held back. She learned
things that they didn't want her to
know - that they were afraid to
know themselves!

Henry has got himself riled up. He dabs the sweat from his
forehead, takes a labored breath.

Dr. West notes the bobblehead is still bobbling.

HENRY
And she paid for it. We both did. I
know that's not my wife. It's just
what's left of her. But I think it
may be enough.

DR. WEST
Enough?

HENRY
I want you to have it.

DR. WEST
Oh, I shouldn't.

Henry rises from the chair, removes his jacket.

HENRY
Please. I need to move on. We both
do.

Henry rolls up his sleeves, reveals elaborate, arcane
tattooes on his forearms. He picks up the Bobblehead, turns
it to face him. Taps the top, gets it really going.

HENRY
It's what we want.

Henry faces the doll toward Dr. West, walks it to her at
arm's length.

CLOSE ON the bobblehead doll, its head teetering wildly.

Dr. West extends her hand, palm up, to accept the doll.

With his empty hand, Henry grasps her forearm, pulls her
close. Places the doll in Dr. West's palm and squeezes that
now empty hand around hers - tight.

Dr. West smacks Henry's face. He smiles.

HENRY
You're so much like her.

Henry closes his eyes, shouts out the following nonsense:

HENRY
Zimhotem castrif govkelum!

Henry releases her forearm, retrieves a switchblade from his pocket and SLICES his own wrist. Dr. West screams.

HENRY
Moglotri dro phosbelum zep!

Henry cuts into the doctor's wrist.

HENRY
Plistimo grel bo...

Dr. West punches the old man square in the nose. He's stunned. Blood trickles from his nostril.

HENRY
...qioclodok.

Otherworldly energy erupts from the doll's head. Strands of cosmic protoplasm dance about before resting upon Dr. West's skull. Her head bobbles like mad as it absorbs the stuff.

Bang! They are thrown back. Dr. West over the desk, Henry to the floor near his chair. A moment to let the dust settle.

CLOSE ON Dr. West's hand, still gripped around the doll.

CLOSE ON Henry's body, splayed and prone. Is he dead?

ANGLE ON Dr. West's desk top. A hand, holding the bobblehead, appears and places it on the desk. Dr. West pulls herself up, bloody and frazzled. Surveys the scene.

DR. WEST
Hank?

Dr. West steps around the desk, pushes a chair aside. Takes notice of her now unfamiliar hand.

Henry props himself up.

HENRY
I figured it out, Maxi.

BOBBLEHEAD POV as Henry and Maxine embrace again.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END