

SHRINK RAP

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY - FRIDAY

A bitterly cold snowstorm of blizzard proportions nearly obscures a hospital and the approaching ambulance. The roadside sign reads: "*STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE MENTALLY ILL*"

INT. STATE HOSPITAL - ADMISSIONS

Ambulance drivers JOHN and MELVIN carry WELDON, 60's, through the double doors restrained on a stretcher.

Weldon is unshaven and disheveled. He's shaking violently, sweating and agitated.

Psychiatric attendants are CAMPBELL and LESTER.

The psychiatrist is DR Brady. The nurse is LILLY.

JOHN

Where you want him, Doc?

DR BRADY

Put him in Four.

INT. ADMISSIONS - ROOM 4

Campbell and Lester help restrain Weldon as he's transferred from the stretcher to a bed. They fasten restraints on his arms and legs.

MELVIN

Third case of DT's we've seen this week, Doc.

DR BRADY

Booze will do that. Want some coffee and donuts?

JOHN

No time, Doc. We don't leave now, road will be impassable in a hour. Have fun with Johnny Walker Red here.

John and Melvin fold up the stretcher and leave the room. Dr. Brady reviews the chart.

DR BRADY

I'm Dr. Brady, Weldon. This is nurse Lilly. When was --

WELDON  
(screaming)  
Get them away! Stop them!

DR BRADY  
Who, Weldon?

Weldon tries to sit up, is restrained by Campbell and Lester.

WELDON  
(screaming)  
In the corner. Little green men!  
They're trying to kill me!

DR BRADY  
When's the last time you had a  
drink, Weldon?

WELDON  
Been sober a week now.  
(screaming)  
Get away! Stop! Stop!

Lilly leans in close, backs away waving her hand.

LILLY  
One week, huh? Really? This guy  
smells like a distillery.

DR BRADY  
You allergic to anything, Weldon?

WELDON  
No. I...I don't think so.

DR BRADY  
(to Lilly)  
We'll load him up on Valium and  
Thiamine. When he's stable, send  
him up to the ward. I'll notify  
Margaret he's coming.

DISSOLVE:

INT. PSYCH WARD - DAY ROOM - SATURDAY

Numerous male and female patients are milling aimlessly about. Some talking to themselves. Others watching TV. Others seated around a table playing cards.

INT. PSYCH WARD - NURSES STATION

Seated in the nurses station are Lilly, and MARGARET. Lester and Campbell are watching television.

Dr. Brady enters and grabs several charts. He writes something on a pad, hands it to Margaret.

DR BRADY

(to Margaret)

Here, fill a syringe with five cc's of this, grab your medication tray and meet us in Room 7.

(to Campbell & Lester)

Lets go, people.

INT. ROOM 7

Dr. Brady, Campbell and Lester enter a padded room. Strapped in a straitjacket is CHARLIE, 30's. He's twisting and turning violently in an effort to escape.

DR BRADY

How are we doing today, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Brady Bunch. Brady Bunch. Doctor Brady Bunch had better let me out of here!

DR BRADY

Can't do that just yet, Charlie. Not until you're better.

CHARLIE

What do you mean better? There's nothing wrong with me. I gotta get outta this contraption by Monday. I don't wanna go to Mars looking like this?

DR BRADY

Mars, huh? You've only been here 24 hours and already our Mr. Maxwell has you under his spell.

CHARLIE

It's no spell, Doctor Brady Bunch. Monday morning we're going to Mars.

Margaret enters the room with her tray of meds, cups of water, pills, cotton balls, and a syringe.

DR BRADY

The only place you're going on Monday is to the new hospital. This hospital is closing down. Remember? Now lie down on your stomach!

CHARLIE

(yelling)

No! I'm not crazy. I don't need any medication! And you can't make me!

LESTER

You wanna bet?

Campbell and Lester forceably restrain a struggling Charlie on his stomach as Dr. Brady checks the syringe, then injects the medication.

Charlie curses and sits up. As the group leaves the padded room, Charlie shouts.

CHARLIE

(shouting)

When I get to Mars I'm gonna sue you fuckers for malpractice!

INT. ROOM 9

As the group enters, SHEILA, 22, stands. She's a shapely woman dressed in a revealing seductive outfit and wears expertly applied makeup.

SHEILA

(softly, seductively)

Hello, Doctor Brady. I thought you'd forgotten all about me.

DR BRADY

And just who might I be speaking with this morning.

SHEILA

(winking seductively)

You don't remember?

Sheila turns around slowly to demonstrate her shape.

SHEILA

I'm Darlene, Dr. Brady.

DR BRADY

Ah, yes - Darlene. But the last time we spoke it was Ester.

SHEILA

I'm not concerned about Ester.  
She's no competition.

Sheila flings her arms around Dr. Brady's neck and tries to kiss him, but he pushes her away.

DR BRADY

You know better than that, Sheila.

SHEILA

(licks her lips)

Darlene. You just wait till we get  
to Mars. We're gonna be so good  
together. You just don't know.

MARGARET

Oh oh, Mars again. Here's where I  
came in. Here girl, take your meds.

Margaret hands Sheila a small cup of water and two pills.  
Sheila downs the pills.

INT. ROOM 5

CANDICE, 28 stands by the window immobile, her right arm raised straight up as if waving. She doesn't move as Dr. Brady, Margaret, Campbell and Lester enter.

DR BRADY

Candice, how are you feeling this  
morning?

She doesn't answer. But motionless, like a wax candle.

LESTER

What's wrong with her?

DR BRADY

She's catatonic. Candice stabbed  
her newborn twin girls to death.

MARGARET

Can she be cured?

DR. BRADY

In time.

MARGARET

At least she'll be spared Maxwell's  
delusion about a trip to Mars.

Candice doesn't move and continues to stare out of the window. Suddenly she manages to whisper.

CANDICE  
(barely audible)  
Mars? Did you say Mars?

INT. ROOM 11

MAXWELL, 50's, is immaculately groomed and dressed in an expensive three-piece tailor-made suit.

He rises from a table and shakes Dr. Brady's hand.

MAXWELL  
Doctor Brady. Miss Margaret. How good to see you this morning. Looks like we're snowed in for the weekend, doesn't it?

DR BRADY  
Seems that way.

MARGARET  
Weather Channel says the storm should pass by Monday. Then all we have to worry about are icy roads.

MAXWELL  
Not me. Spaceship from Mars is gonna land right outside the front entrance.

MARGARET  
This is 2020, Mr. Maxwell. Not 2080. You watch too many movies. Time for your meds.

Margaret hands him a cup and two tablets. Maxwell downs the medication.

MAXWELL  
I'm a lawyer, Dr. Brady. Show me the evidence I'm wrong about Mars.

DR BRADY  
You were disbarred, Mr. Maxwell.

MAXWELL  
Because he knew my knowledge about Mars would upset the public.

DR BRADY  
Who is 'he'?

MAXWELL  
Why the President, naturally.

INT. ROOM 3

Dr. Brady, Margaret, Campbell & Lester enter. Weldon is seated. He's no longer shaking, but still quite disheveled.

DR BRADY  
How are we doing this morning,  
Weldon. Feeling better? Little  
green men gone?

WELDON  
Yeah. But they'll be back. I'm a  
sponge.

DR BRADY  
You need to be in AA.

WELDON  
(cynical)  
I gotta go to AA, I may as well go  
to Mars like they're talking about.

MARGARET  
You too? If I hear Maxwell's story  
one more time...!

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY - SUNDAY

The snowstorm continues to swirl about the hospital. Snow blankets the hospital grounds, cars and parking lot.

INT. HOSPITAL - PSYCH WARD - DAY ROOM

Dr. Brady, Margaret, and the patients seated in a circle.

Charlie is out of the straitjacket, but restrained to a chair as Campbell and Lester stand behind him.

DR BRADY  
Since you're all being transferred  
tomorrow, how do you feel about  
your time here?

SHEILA  
(seductively)  
You coming with us, doctor?



DR BRADY  
I'm afraid not, Sheila. I'll be  
moving to a hospital further south.

SHEILA  
(seductively)  
It's Darlene, Dr. Brady. You're  
gonna leave me on Mars all alone?

Sheila crosses and uncrosses her legs seductively.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
(winks seductively)  
You remember what I said about the  
two of us? On Mars? Together...?

WELDON  
What? You and the shrink hooked up?  
Really?

CHARLIE  
That's unethical!

MAXWELL  
Not on Mars.

DR BRADY  
Listen people -- No one is hooking  
up with anyone! And no one is going  
to Mars! You're being transferred  
to the new hospital upstate. This  
imaginary trip to Mars is part of  
Mr. Maxwell's illness.

WELDON  
What is his illness?

MAXWELL  
Yes, my good doctor, just what is  
my illness? Go ahead. You can tell  
them -- since you know so much.

DR BRADY  
Very well. Mr. Maxwell has what's  
known as a Delusional Disorder  
-- A false belief about something  
that doesn't exist.

WELDON  
Like seeing little green men who  
aren't really there?

DR BRADY

Exactly.

CANDICE

But Mars does exist, Dr Brady. Mr. Maxwell could be right like he says? You don't really know.

DR BRADY

Trust me, Candice, I know. His chances of being right are slim and none.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY - MONDAY

The skies are clear and sunny. But mounds of ice and snow cover the hospital grounds.

INT. HOSPITAL - PSYCH WARD - NURSES STATION

Dr. Brady is writing on charts.

Lester and Campbell watching the news on TV.

Margaret is on the phone. She hangs up.

MARGARET

(to Dr. Brady)

Snowplows working twenty-four seven, Dr. Brady. Bus should be here in less than a hour.

DR BRADY

Excellent. Lets make sure the patients are packed and ready.

(to Campbell & Lester)

Guys, grab some shovels and clear a path to the parking lot.

LESTER

Get right on it.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Campbell and Lester are shoveling snow off the sidewalk.

Dr. Brady and Margaret lead the patients down the path to the parking lot still blanketed in snow and ice.

A loud screeching noise is HEARD o.s. as a large egg-shaped spacecraft descends out of the sky and maneuvers to land.

A blast of hot air begins melting the snow and ice in the parking lot as the spacecraft settles to the ground.

DR BRADY  
(astounded)  
What in the...?

MARGARET  
(incredulous)  
This can't be real? It just can't?

A narrow opening exposes a slowly rotating revolving door.

MAXWELL  
Oh it's real all right. C'mon  
people. They wont wait around  
forever. Doctor Brady...you coming?

DR BRADY  
(speechless)  
I don't...I can't believe...I...

One by one the patients enter the spaceship. Sheila is last,  
beckons for Dr. Brady to join her.

SHEILA  
A chance like this comes once in a  
lifetime, doctor. You. Me. On Mars?

Dr. Brady is stunned in disbelief, shakes his head no.

Sheila blows him a kiss of regret, enters the spacecraft.

The opening closes. The spacecraft lifts off and disappears.

Momentarily a loud HORN blares o.s.

A bus pulls into the parking lot and stops. The door opens.  
The driver is LATTIMORE.

LATTIMORE  
(holding a clipboard)  
I'm supposed to pick up five  
patients going to NORTH Hospital?

A beat. Then...

DR BRADY  
They left against medical advice.

THE END

