

# **THE DOC IS OUT**

by

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**FADE IN**

**INT. SPACE STATION PASSAGEWAY - MARS ORBIT**

The one hundred meter long passage is a translucent tube with a suspended walkway and a hatch on each end. The vacant passage is dark and silent.

One hatch swings open and slams against the stops. The lights for the first ten meter section illuminate.

An attractive blonde woman, ELLEN ADAMS (30), sprints into the passage. She wears a red one-piece jumpsuit and holds a short pump-action weapon in her hands.

As she enters each section, the lights activate and the previous section goes dark.

She sprints to the midpoint of the passage and stops.

Bent over, hands on her knees, she catches her breath and glances whence she came. Other than the illuminated midpoint, the rest of the passage is dark.

Moments pass. Suddenly, the first section lights turn on. No one is there.

The next section lights turn on and the first section goes dark. Still, nothing is visible.

Ellen gets down on one knee, pumps the weapon, and aims.

ELLEN

Come on...just a little closer.

The next section lights, and then the next, until the unseen entity is only one section away from Ellen.

She pulls the trigger to release a four-part projectile that opens to an electrified net.

The net soars through the passage with a shower of sparks. It enters the lighted section, slows for just a moment, then drops to the deck empty.

ELLEN

No!

Ellen turns to run but is stopped short in her tracks. The entity throws her to the deck, face up, spread-eagle.

Unseen hands tear open her jumpsuit and her body begins to rock back and forth.

ELLEN (V.O.)  
Yeah, so, the Martian really puts  
the screws to me and then--

**INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY**

Reclined on the couch is Ellen. She stares at the ceiling with the back of one hand pressed against her forehead like a silver screen era drama queen.

ELLEN  
--I wake up.

Seated in a high-back leather chair is DOCTOR HEAD(60). He wears tortoise shell glasses, has a gray goatee, and is dressed in a corduroy sport coat with leather elbow patches.

DOCTOR  
I see, Miss Adams--

ELLEN  
Please, Doctor, call me Ellen.

DOCTOR  
Yes, of course, Ellen... I think we made a lot of progress today. For the next week, I'd like for you to try repeating the mantra we discussed before going to bed.

ELLEN  
Ego debilis et rabidus?

DOCTOR  
Yes, that's it. Repeat the mantra three times while spinning in a circle.

Ellen slides her legs over the edge of the couch and sits up with a panicked expression.

ELLEN  
And to help me get to sleep?

DOCTOR  
I've already called in your prescription. It should be waiting for you at the pharmacy.

Relieved, Ellen giggles and shakes the Doctor's hand.

ELLEN  
Thank you, Doctor Head. Thank you.

Ellen turns and walks to the door.

DOCTOR  
Make sure you stop and see SUSAN at  
reception to make your next  
appointment.

ELLEN  
I will. Thanks again. Bye, now.

As soon as the door closes behind her, the Doctor goes and sits behind his desk.

He opens the bottom drawer, retrieves a bobblehead doll and sets it on his desk. He leans in close.

Close-up on bobblehead: it's a custom made doll of Ellen.

The Doctor lightly taps it on top of it's head. His face contorts with a smug expression. He puts a hand to his forehead and mimics Ellen's voice.

DOCTOR  
Please, call me Ellen.

He slams an open palm on the desk, stands and points at the bobblehead. His rant is reminiscent of classic Lewis Black.

DOCTOR  
I'll call you crazy, you little  
fruit cake!

He puts both hands to his head and tugs at his hair.

DOCTOR  
And you can't interpret your own  
simplistic dream? You need to get  
laid but you can't catch a man  
because you don't know what you  
want!

He calms down, leans in close and gently taps the head.

He mimics Ellen once more. This time he pinches both of his nipples, giggles and bobbles his own head.

DOCTOR  
And to help me sleep?

He slams both palms on the desk and puts his face so close to the doll that spittle flecks it when he yells.

DOCTOR  
Horse pills, you feeble-minded  
twit!

All emotion fades from the Doctor's face. He sits down,  
reaches across the desk and buzzes the intercom.

DOCTOR  
Susan? Has my three o'clock  
arrived?

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Yes, Mister King is in waiting.

DOCTOR  
Ah, yes. David King. Just give me a  
moment before you send him in.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Yes, Doctor.

He picks up the Ellen doll, spins in his chair to face the  
wall, and slides open a cabinet under the bookshelves.

The cabinet contains rows of custom bobblehead dolls. He  
places Ellen on the shelf and scans the dolls until he sees  
the one he's been looking for.

DOCTOR  
Ah! Well, if it isn't Mister King!

He sets the doll on his desk and gently taps the bobblehead.  
He frowns and traces a finger down his face like a tear.

DOCTOR  
My mother never showed me any love,  
boo-hoo!

The Doctor stands, grabs his crotch and sneers at the doll.

DOCTOR  
You're a little pussy Mama's boy!  
I'm going to prescribe you two  
tosses and a thumb in the ass!

All emotion and expression fades. He puts the doll in the  
drawer and buzzes the intercom.

DOCTOR  
Susan? You may send in Mister King.

FADE TO BLACK