

TUCKER & DOCTOR DALEMAN VS. CRAZY

Written by

The one that flew over the cuckoo's nest

Don't steal my stuff... or else

FADE IN:

INT. TUCKER'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A single pulsating globe barely illuminates this dank room.

On a workman's bench sit several stuffed DOGS and CATS. This however is taxidermy at its strangest. A dog sits upright and cross legged on a miniature couch as it sips on a cup of joe.

A cat's face smiles unnaturally as it mounts a dog from behind, an equally awkward smile across the dog's face.

At another bench stands TUCKER, 27, pasty, thin skin, has clearly spent way too much time alone in the dark. He wears a knee-length leather apron and whistles as he slowly and methodically sutures a cat.

Suddenly, he throws the cat to one side and storms out of the room as he rips off the apron.

INT. TUCKER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A room as equally depressing as the basement. Every flat surface houses stuffed animals, and a distinguishable layer of dust and grime.

Tucker sits on a faded and holey couch spooning the slops of a microwave dinner into his mouth. He stares intently at the idiot box as some or other rerun plays.

With his free hand he strokes a stuffed black cat that lies next to him, it has a distinctive white patch around one eye.

The TV show cuts to an advertisement break.

ON THE TELEVISION

A door opens and a blonde bimbo RECEPTIONIST, with cleavage bursting out of a low-cut top and a patient file in hand, strolls into the office.

She hands the file to DOCTOR DALEMAN, 50, balding and in a used-car salesman's suit. He sits casually on the corner of the desk.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Your next patient's here, Doctor.

As she turns to leave she receives a slap to the ass for her excellent work.

DOCTOR DALEMAN (V.O.)

(into the camera)

Hi, I'm Doctor Daleman. Have you got bad insurance or no insurance and suffer from mental issues? Well I'm your guy. With my convenient high-interest repayments I can help you achieve better mental health. I do all the big ones, Schizos, Manics, and that one where you cut yourself. Or are you simply socially awkward or a loser, let me help you become the best version of yourself. I'm currently offering half price initial consultations so book your appointment today.

(speed talking)

Results may vary and are by no means guaranteed.

BACK TO SCENE

Tucker seems lost in thought. He turns to look around the room, takes in the dozens of dead animals.

TUCKER

Hmm...

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The same office from the advertisement, with walls lined with numerous certificates and diplomas, the most notable --

INSERT - DIPLOMA

Diploma of Psychiatry issued by the online college of Guadalajara.

BACK TO SCENE

Doctor Daleman, in the same cheap suit, sits on a pleather chair across from RANDY, 30, tears streaking down his cheeks, who lies on an equally cheap piece of furniture.

RANDY

There were years of abuse, I can't recall how many times it happened...

Doctor Daleman nods as he writes in a notebook, looking ever so professional. But he's not writing, he's doodling. A stick figure with a massive set of cans. A loud buzzer shocks him back into the present.

DOCTOR DALEMAN

Excellent, Randy, that was a... ah, long story, but I really think were making progress.

RANDY

Thank you, Doctor, I think so to. I actually got you a little something to say thank you for everything you've done.

Randy reaches into a bag that sits next to the couch. He pulls out a small wrapped box and hands it to Doctor Daleman.

DOCTOR DALEMAN

You really shouldn't have, your cheques clearing are thanks enough.

He rips the paper away to reveal a bobblehead doll dressed as a doctor.

RANDY (O.S.)

For your collection.

On the opposite side of the room are several shelves filled with an assortment of bobblehead dolls.

Doctor Daleman smiles unenthusiastically.

LATER

The Doctor still in his chair, notebook in hand, sits across from a fidgety Tucker.

DOCTOR DALEMAN

What brings you here today, Tucker?

TUCKER

I saw your ad, thought it might be time I spoke to someone.

Tucker's eyes scan the room.

DOCTOR DALEMAN

And what do you think the issue is? How can I --

TUCKER

I'm a collector... like you.

DOCTOR DALEMAN

I don't get your meaning.

Tucker nods towards the bobblehead collection.

DOCTOR DALEMAN

Oh that. A patient gave me one a long time ago, now that's the only gift I ever receive, I don't care for them, creepy little things... What do you collect?

EXT. TUCKER'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

TUCKER, 10, in dirty, torn clothes, sits on the back porch and stares out over an overgrown yard, it looks as neglected as he does. In his lap lies a black cat with a distinctive white patch over one eye.

From inside the house comes indistinguishable yelling and the occasional smashing of some or other item. All that's really clear is that it's a man and woman at each other's throats.

Anger burns in Tucker's eyes. His hands slowly tighten around the cat's neck. It fights and scratches to get away, but it's useless. A crack and its body goes limp.

INT. TAXIDERMIST - DAY

Tucker and his MOTHER stand and wait in a room filled with stuffed animals. A sign on the wall reads: "Hank's Budget Taxidermy."

HANK, long grey beard, as redneck as they come, enters from another room holding the black and white cat, good as new.

DOCTOR DALEMAN (PRE-LAP)

(barely audible)

Tucker... What do you collect?

BACK TO SCENE

Tucker snaps out of it.

TUCKER

Spoons, I collect spoons.

DOCTOR DALEMAN

Wow, okay, a real winner. I can definitely help. Just head out to reception and pay, we'll give you a call to book in a follow-up when your cheque clears.

TUCKER

We've barely started.

DOCTOR DALEMAN

It's a half price consult, you get what you pay for.

TUCKER

But I'm having these urges. My collection isn't fulfilling me anymore, I need something... more.

DOCTOR DALEMAN

We can cover that in the next session.

(motioning to the door)

I have other patients.

After a moment Tucker shakes his head and stands. As he does he catches a glimpse of the Doctor's 'notes'. It's a stickman with a massive penis on his forehead.

Tucker walks to the door.

DOCTOR DALEMAN (O.S.)

Don't forget to pay.

Tucker doesn't leave, instead he locks the door. A wicked smile crosses his face.

INT. TUCKER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tucker's back on the couch watching TV. Doctor Daleman's advertisement plays again.

DOCTOR DALEMAN (V.O.)

-- let me help you become the best version of yourself.

TUCKER

Well I for one definitely think that has been achieved. What do you think, Doc?

Doctor Daleman's stuffed head is mounted on an industrial spring. It sits on a coffee table next to Tucker.

Tucker taps the Doctor on the back of the head. He bobbles, not quite a yes, not quite a no.

FADE OUT.