

DR. SCHNEDERLY, MOBILE PSYCHIATRIST

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN BUNGALOW - DAY

A quiet little neighborhood.

INT. SUBURBAN BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

LULU, 35, round and rosy, searches the room.

LULU

Honey, have you seen my bobblehead?

WILLIAM (O.S.)

I have. It's magnificent. As is the rest of you.

She shakes her head wildly as she responds...

LULU

You know I can't leave without him.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Kinda busy with my own problems. I can't find my work clothes.

LULU

They're in the dryer.

WILLIAM, 36, as skinny as she is round, flashes past the open doorway -- a blur of naked skin and polka dot boxers.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

That's one hundred percent merino wool. It'll shrink and cramp my bits. I can't work like that.

She lifts a jacket from the table revealing a bobblehead underneath. It's nothing special -- a little smiling blond gentleman with wire-framed glasses.

LULU

Found him! Little guy was trying to steal your jacket.

(to the bobblehead)

Once a thief, always a thief.

A large shadow blocks the sunlight from the front window. A loud HORN blares outside, more cruise ship than car.

LULU

He's here!

EXT. STREET - DAY

A giant RV obscures the view of the house. On the RV's side panels, in large, colorful lettering: "Dr. Morris Schnederly, mobile psychiatry. You'd be crazy not to call."

A large picture of the doctor covers the back half of the RV.

There's a bubble quote above his picture: "Discretion is my middle name."

Lulu toddles to the RV, stopping along the way to take a quick picture.

INT. RV - CENTER AREA - DAY

DR. SCHNEDERLY, 60, used car salesman vibe, sits at a desk in the makeshift reception area as Lulu opens the door.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
Come in, come in. Have a seat. The
doctor will be right with you.

She points to a nearby life-size cardboard cutout of him.

LULU
Aren't you -- ?

DR. SCHNEDERLY
It'll be just a minute.

She reads a bubble quote on the cardboard cutout: "How much would you pay for good mental health?"

Dr. Schnederly opens a drawer, pulls out a file, reads.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
Ooh. You have excellent insurance.

He snaps the folder shut.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
He's ready now.

INT. RV - BACK OFFICE AREA - DAY

Lulu sits on a couch as Dr. Schnederly starts a meter -- much like a taxi driver.

The Doctor reaches over, flips a light switch.

EXT. RV - DAY

A neon light flickers to life: "The Doctor Is In."

INT. RV - BACK OFFICE AREA - DAY

Dr. Schnederly pushes a candy bowl toward Lulu.

DR. SCHNEDELY
Would you like one? Or two?

Lulu surveys the bowl. It's full of pills. She takes one.

LULU
Yum.

Dr. Schnederly sets the bowl aside, punches a few numbers into an old-style adding machine and pulls the lever.

She sets her bobblehead on the couch next to her, carefully propping it with a pillow.

DR. SCHNEDELY
I didn't realize you were bring a companion.

LULU
Is that a problem?

DR. SCHNEDELY
Decidedly not.

The Doctor taps more numbers into the adding machine. He pulls the lever about four more times.

He nods to the bobblehead.

DR. SCHNEDELY
Let's talk about your little friend.

LULU
He goes everywhere with me.

DR. SCHNEDELY
So, he's a comfort bobblehead?

LULU
Keeps me calm, reminds me what's important.
(to the bobblehead)
Don't ya', Barry?

She flicks his little head. He bobbles affirmatively.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
Why don't you tell me what it is
that makes you nervous -- what he --

LULU
-- Barry.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
What -- Barry -- helps you with.

LULU
It's my job. Stresses me out.

The RV starts. The Doctor stands. Lulu stands to block him.

LULU
Like right here. I can feel myself
getting a little anxious.

She picks up the bobblehead.

LULU
But, Barry here -- he's just so
happy.

Barry's little head bobbles wildly.

LULU
I don't have to be nervous, do I,
Barry?

She flicks his head sideways. It shakes vigorously.

LULU
And, he's so definitive. That gives
me confidence to do what's right.

The RV lurches forward.

DR. SCHNEDERLY
Excuse me, I've got to find out --

He steps around Lulu.

As he passes, Lulu wallops him over the head with Barry.

The Doctor staggers, his face twisted with confusion.

She hits him again. And again. And again.

The Doctor drops to the floor. Blood puddles around his head.

LULU
Sometimes it's hard -- doing the
right thing.

The RV bumps along as Lulu rolls the Doctor onto his back.

She snaps a picture, waddles to the Doctor's taxi meter,
stops the timer.

INT. LARGE GARAGE - DAY

The RV creaks to a stop.

William hops out of the driver's seat and opens the side
door. His clothes are about four sizes too small -- his
sleeves end near his elbows -- pants just below the knees.

Lulu pops her head out the door, holds Barry out.

LULU
(as Barry)
That went great!

She gives him a little shake. Barry's head bounces with glee.

William claps with joy as Lulu bounces from the RV.

WILLIAM
Lulu, My Sweet, you are so
delightful.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

William drags the Doctor into the room, drops him in the
corner next to a large barrel.

Across the room, Lulu works at a computer. A 3D printer
churns nearby.

She grabs the Barry bobblehead from the desk, wipes off a bit
of blood and carries it across the room, where she sets it on
a shelf.

A picture hangs above it: A blond gentleman, wire-rimmed
glasses. Smiling. It's a screen shot from a TV commercial:
"Call Barry Dwimble, attorney at law. Always on your side."

The picture and the bobblehead match.

LULU
Who's a good lawyer? Are you a good
lawyer?

She taps his head sideways: "No. No. No."

LULU

That's right. You're a bad, bad lawyer. But, you helped Lulu do a good thing today.

Another flick, another bobble nod.

Lulu turns, walks away -- past more pictures and more matching bobbleheads -- a wall full of them. A dentist, an accountant, on and on.

She returns to the 3D printer, takes a freshly-made head from the printer, snaps it onto a bobblehead body.

The completed bobblehead looks just like Dr. Schnederly.

LULU

Who overcharges? Do you overcharge?

She flicks the head. The bobble's head bounces up and down with enthusiasm. She pinches it to a stop.

LULU

We've got some work to do, you and me.

She slips it into her pocket, waddles to William.

LULU

Who's that politician speaking at the banquet tomorrow?

William smiles big, all teeth.

WILLIAM

Oooh. You're right, Honey Buns. I don't think we have a councilman.

FADE OUT.