

DR. HOOTER MICHAEL/Receptionist/Rob/Dr. Hooter

MAGLUNOB

(OPEN ON: A Psychiatrist Office. There is both a waiting room and an office for the doctor.)

MICHAEL:

Hi, I have a 5 o'clock meeting with Dr.
Hooter.

RECEPTIONIST:

Yes, he's been expecting you. Please, just
go on in.

MICHAEL:

Thank you.

(MICHAEL enters the office. ROB is standing there in a safari suit. DR. HOOTER is a guy in an owl suit perched on ROB's arm like an owl.)

MICHAEL:

Hi, Dr. Hooter? Michael Simpson. I've heard
so much about your work. My friend even
recommended that I see you. I see that you
have an owl. I guess that can explain your
name.

ROB:

Oh, I'm not Dr. Hooter. I'm just his
personal assistant, Rob. This is Dr. Hooter.

MICHAEL:

But that's an owl.

ROB:

Yes, an owl with a Ph D. in psychology,
psychiatry and criminology. He's been doing
this for over a decade.

MICHAEL:

Wow, that's pretty impressive, I guess.

ROB:

I'll let you get started with your session.
Please have a seat.

(MICHAEL takes a seat on the couch. He continues looking at ROB.)

MICHAEL:

Ok, well I guess I should start by saying
I've been having marital problems.

ROB:

Don't tell that to me. I'm just the
assistant. Just pretend I'm not here.

MICHAEL:

Alright. Well, Dr. Hooter. I've been having
a whole bunch of problems with my wife.

DR. HOOTER:

Hoo. (Who?)

MICHAEL:

Who? My wife.

DR. HOOTER:

Hoo.

MICHAEL:

The woman I married.

DR. HOOTER:

Hoo.

MICHAEL:

I'm sorry, but I just don't feel comfortable talking to an owl.

ROB:

But Dr. Hooter is a professional. He's won several awards.

MICHAEL:

I know, but this is very important to me! I'm thinking about leaving my wife for crying out loud. I can't tell whether or not I love her anymore. I would rather talk to a human doctor. I can't deal with this.

ROB:

Might I remind you that your payment is non-refundable?

MICHAEL:

Alright. I'll continue. I'll talk about my wife some more.

DR. HOOTER:

Hoo. Hoo.

(DR. HOOTER begins flapping his arms.)

ROB:

Hold on to that thought for a moment.

MICHAEL:

Why's that?

ROB:

Dr. Hooter is hungry.

(ROB pulls out a fake mouse. DR. HOOTER swoops down and eats it. He perches on ROB's arm again with blood all around his mouth.)

MICHAEL:

Ok, that is disgusting.

ROB:

Now, tell the doctor more about how you met your wife.

MICHAEL:

Well, she was pretty much my high school sweetheart. I was on the yearbook team and she spent her days in the library. I remember walking in on her crying one day. Her date for the prom just dumped her.

DR. HOOTER:

Hoo.

MICHAEL:

Who? It was her old boyfriend, Tyler. I consoled her for the next week and I ended up taking her to the prom. Come to think of it. That's when we fell for each other.

DR. HOOTER:

Hoo.

MICHAEL:

You know what? I can't believe I ever
forgot about that! I still care about her!
I love her! Thank you so much, Dr. Hooter.
You saved my marriage.

DR. HOOTER:

Hoo.

MICHAEL:

Hoo is right! Thank you!

(MICHAEL runs out of the office all excited.)

DR. HOOTER:

Hoo. Hoo.

ROB:

Feeding time again.

(END.)