

MOMENTARY HAPPINESS SHORT SCRIPT

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

DR. TIMOTHY LANDON, 60s, SHUFFLES his way into the office. You can see the snow falling from the office windows. He takes his wool hat and winter jacket off as he walks into the receptionist's office.

DR. LANDON

Hey, Molly, I take it he's already here?

MOLLY SAMANTHA, 20s, sits watching 'ELLEN' on the TV inside her small receptionist office, while she plays a game on her phone.

MOLLY

Yup, been here waiting for half an hour.

DR. LANDON

I figured.. How was he?

MOLLY

A bit all over the place. You know, the usual.

DR. LANDON

Alright, so I guess I will head on in.

Molly POPS a bubble from the gum she was chewing as she looks down at her phone.

MOLLY

Ok then, good luck Doctor.

HALLWAY - 3:30PM

DR. LANDON looks into his office. He sees the back of a young man with his hoodie covering his head as his legs shake. He quietly steps out of the room again and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a small silver flask and quickly takes a swig from it. He takes a deep breath and walks into the office. His patient is TOMMY MCADOO, 20s, standing, has a short mohawk and a sweatshirt on. He is standing and looking out the window.

OFFICE - 3:30PM

DR. LANDON

Hello Tommy, how was your week?

TOMMY

Hey doc, well, as you know, it was time to visit my family again for the holidays. I brought my fiance to meet my family for the first time. As you know, the last girlfriend I took to see my family threatened my grandmother with a butter knife.

DR. LANDON

Yes, I remember. Not your best week.
However, I feel like you have grown a lot since that incident though so I'm excited to hear what happened this year. Before we begin.... Any suicidal thoughts?

TOMMY

Just a few.

DR. LANDON

I'll take it. Now tell me how you are feeling.

TOMMY starts to rub in his hair through his hair.

TOMMY

You know, everything was so much easier when I was a kid. I remember looking up to

my parents thinking to myself, “man I wanna be like them one day”. Man... I was so stupid.

DR. Landon, who was currently checking his phone at the time, SHARPLY interrupts.

DR. LANDON

Yeah, that’s rough. Listen, Tommy, we only have an hour so why don’t you just tell me what happened?

TOMMY

Okay, well...

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A group of six sits down a dinner table. All you can hear are knives and forks as the family is awkwardly silent. The table sits TOMMY MCADOO, on his right is his fiance ANGEL COATES, 20s, quietly eating her food. Next to her Tommy’s sister MAGGY MCADOO, teenager, very pretty and constantly on her phone. Next to her is their mother, MARGARET MCADOO, 50s, who is the only one smiling. Father, MIKE MCADOO, 50s, drinks from his beer with one hand, while he holds his cigarette in his mouth. MIKE’s Grandmother, SALLY MCADOO, 90s, sits quietly.

Mike takes a swig of his beer.

MIKE

So, Tommy, what’s new? There must be a reason you haven’t answered your mother’s calls lately.

SALLY

I bet you he’s gay. I always told you he would end up being gay.

Maggy starts to laugh under her breath.

TOMMY

No, Grandmom, I’m not gay. Maybe you didn’t notice my beautiful

girlfriend sitting next to me. You probably can't tell though because of your glaucoma.

MARGARET

Tommy, stop it. That's no way to talk to your grandmother.

Tommy WHISPERS to his mother.

TOMMY

Mom, she's evil. Always has been. And it's not like she can hear me anyway. She's been using the same hearing aid for twenty years.

Margaret SMILES and looks over at Angel.

MARGARET

So, Angel, what is it that you do?

ANGEL

Well, I went to law school at Penn State and now I am a paralegal at a law firm in Philadelphia.

Mike suddenly puts down his beer bottle on the table and looks SQUARELY at Angel.

MIKE

So, I send murderers to jail, and you're part of the scum helping them out?

Angel looks over at Tommy BEWILDERED.

TOMMY

My dad is a cop. Well, he *was* a cop, he retired last year. Not much has

changed though... he's still an angry alcoholic.

Maggy QUICKLY takes her eyes off her phone and looks around the table.

MAGGY

Oh no he didn't!

MARGARET

Maggy, that's enough. Get up to your room.

MAGGY

Mom, this is the best part!

MARGARET

Maggy, I'm not going to say it again.
Go to your room now!

MAGGY

Party pooper!

Maggy STOMPS her way up the stairs. As Mike POINTS his finger at Tommy and is about to speak, a loud smashing of a plate RINGS through the air. The story jumps back to the psychiatrist's office.

PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - 4:20PM

TOMMY

That's when it happened.

DR. LANDON

What happened?

TOMMY

Grandmom. Face planted into the stuffing.

DR. LANDON

Dead?

TOMMY

No, just resting. Of course she was dead! Her face was in her dinner.

DR. LANDON

So, that's what the main reason you're here?

Tommy

What? No, that's not it. I mean I'm worried about the funeral. Only six at dinner. But they'll be hundreds of these fucking Mcadoo's at the funeral. One dies and they suddenly flock together like pigeons. It's like a bipolar convention. You might want to stop by, grab a few clients.

DR. Landon CHUCKLES.

DR. LANDON

Okay, I'll keep that in mind. I have to be honest Tommy, for someone that lost a close relative, you seem to be doing pretty well.

TOMMY

Well, Doc, I've realized something. I have found "the one". Angel met my freakshow of a family and someone literally died in front of her, and yet she's still with me. I mean, that's love right there.

DR. LANDON

I'm not sure that's how it works, Tommy. Every situation is not a life

lesson. This is something we talked about.

Tommy SHRUGS his shoulders.

TOMMY

I feel like you're trying to rain on my parade, doc. I'm walking in the sunshine, and here you come pouring ice water buckets from the sky.

Tommy does a rain *motion* with his hands.

DR. LANDON

No, I am just making sure you understand that you shouldn't make any rash decisions based off of this one dinner. I've noticed that you can make up your own opinion and instantly block-out any opinions that differ from your own.

Tommy, who's smiling as he looks at his phone, pokes his head up.

TOMMY

I'm sorry doc, I wasn't paying attention. Angel just sent me this funny picture of a dog wearing a sombrero. Priceless. What were you saying?

Dr. Landon SIGHS loudly as he looks up at the clock. The time is 4:30PM.

DR. LANDON

Nothing, Tommy, it's not important. Let's pick this up next time.

TOMMY

Sure, doc. Thanks for the help, you were as diligent as always.

As Tommy walks out, the doctor WAVES and watches Tommy as he leaves. As Tommy shuts the door, the doctor QUICKLY takes the flask from out of his pocket and takes one last swig from it before he opens his drawer and lays the flask into the drawer.

