

2 CONTINUED:

"EVERWOOD"

DR. TROTT

Doctor Trott, who wears glasses, looks up like she's seeing light for the first time.

(4 pgs)

DOCTOR TROTT

Well, hello, it's... nice to see you again, Doctor Abbott.

Doctor Trott exerts a great deal of effort trying not to offend, which results in her statements sounding like questions. Until she unleashes her laser-like insight and drills a hole the size of Cleveland into your self-confidence.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Greta. Is it my imagination or did we discuss in detail at the time of your last visit -- when was it, Easter? -- the desirability of your finding a more convenient place to see patients...?

DOCTOR TROTT

Well, I believe you did... make certain views known. I might call it a... rumination more than a conversation...

DOCTOR ABBOTT

I was standing, oh just about exactly in this spot, looking up at that exact Winnebago the last time and wondering where I was going to park this exact car.

DOCTOR TROTT

Yes, I recall the location, I believe it's more the content of our dialogue which is in contention.

She's hangs a small sign that says "The Doctor Is In."

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Well, whether you remember it or not, you need to move that eyesore so that I can park my car in my regular space.

Doctor Trott stops, comes over to face him.

DOCTOR TROTT

I believe this is the most convenient location for most of my patients? So, in the absence of any official signage...? I think I'll continue to station myself here.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Did you hear a word I just said?

(CONTINUED)

1/4

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Brown enjoys this thoroughly: "the enemy of my enemy is my friend..."

DOCTOR TROTT
(peering through her glasses)
I heard you use territorialism to
establish superiority. While I can
respect a narcissistic impulse, I'm under
no obligation to cater to it.

She continues her preparations while Abbott fumes to Brown.

DOCTOR ABBOTT
I can't believe anyone in their right mind
would take that nomadic quack's insights
seriously.

BRENDA BAXWORTH scurries past them, anxious to sign up. **stop**

BRENDA BAXWORTH
Doctor Trott! Oh, Doctor Trott...

She goes right into the Winnebago. Doctor Abbott gives Doctor
Brown a look: "See what I mean?"

END OF TEASER

2/4

8 CONTINUED:

8



WAITER

(filled with remorse)

I'm sorry, Doctor Trott, I accidentally made the sandwich with dill pickles when you specifically said you wanted sweet, but I can remake it right now --

DOCTOR TROTT

That's not necessary, Dwayne.

~~DOCTOR ABBOTT~~

~~Oh, she's good. Has half the town wetting their beds, she's smoother than the IRS.~~

WAITER

I just... hate myself for... screwing up, I never can do anything, my mother was right--

DOCTOR TROTT

Dwayne...

WAITER

You have to let me, Doctor Trott, I know I can do a better job. Really, I want to remake it.

DOCTOR TROTT

If you insist. Thank you.

She lets him take the box. Doctor Abbott can stomach no more.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

You've got him just where you want him, don't you?

DOCTOR TROTT

(pushing her glasses up)

I'm... sorry?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

You thrive on it. The insecurity, the doubt, the self-loathing. You come to town once every six months and needlessly stir up neuroses -- like lawnmowing in the dustbowl.

DOCTOR TROTT

I don't create the feelings, I just give people a safe place to put them.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

You ride into town like the Joan of Arc of gestalt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3/4

8 CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR ABBOTT (CONT'D)

What you don't bother to take into account is that when you leave town a week later someone has to pick up the pieces.

DOCTOR TROTT

(beat)

How do you feel about that, Harold?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Do therapists have that implanted on a chip somewhere? Memorize a couple key phrases, buy a couch, and you're Sigmund Freud.

DOCTOR TROTT

While I respect your point of view and am glad that you feel comfortable expressing it...

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Do you ever actually say anything? For God's sake, get to the point!

DOCTOR TROTT

(suddenly lucid)

Is it possible that in reality you thrive on it? That you derive satisfaction from, and I'm using your words, "picking up the pieces?"

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Don't make me out to be some kind of parasitic, misery-loving egomaniac.

DOCTOR TROTT

Those are your terms, not mine.

Her sandwich arrives. She takes the box with a smile.

DOCTOR TROTT (CONT'D)

Try to remain evidence-based, Harold. Don't be so hard on yourself.

She leaves. Abbott scowls.

DOCTOR BROWN

Oh, she's good all right.

9 INT. MAGILLA'S HOUSE. MAGILLA'S ROOM. DAY.

BRITNEY SPEARS's image fills frame. TILT DOWN to REVEAL Delia and Magilla on Magilla's bed staring up at a ceiling poster. The melodious SOUNDS of BRITNEY fill the room.

(CONTINUED)

STOP
4/4