

“DR. IPSUM”

By

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FADE IN:

TUESDAY 11:30 APPOINTMENT

A man in an orange jumpsuit is ushered into an ill-lit office suite. He resists, but is overpowered by the guards, who handcuff the man to a metal chair. The men exchange angry looks as they catch their breath. The silence lasts 10 seconds.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

So why did you put me in prison clothes and cuff me to this chair?

GUARD 1

Shut up!

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

But why? It doesn't make any sense!

GUARD 1

You're being framed, dumbass.

GUARD 2

Clearly!

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

What?! Who the hell would frame me?

GUARD 1

Soren Green.

GUARD 2

The Billionaire!

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

...What? ...Who?

GUARD 1

Alright, I've had enough of y—

GUARD 2

Here's what's gonna happen, *Gabe*.

Guard 1 glances angrily at Guard 2, who doesn't notice.

GUARD 2

In an hour, you're going to the courthouse and standing trial for terrorism and treason. You'll be found guilty and executed.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

Surely, I can't be found guilty of a crime I didn't commit!

GUARD 1

Normally that's true. But this time, it isn't.

GUARD 2

(Counting on his fingers)

We paid off the judge, jury, executioner, both lawyers, six witnesses, and the courtroom sketch artist.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

Jesus Christ...

GUARD 1

So THAT'S what's your future looks like, *Gabe*. But before all that happens, you've got an appointment.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

Appointment? What appointment?

GUARD 2

The one with the shrink, where she finds out if you're fit for trial or not.

There is a knock on the door.

GUARD 1

And here she is.

Guard 1 and Guard 2 leave as the doctor enters. The doctor sits down behind the desk.

DR. IPSUM

Hello, Gabriel. My name is Dr. Ipsum, and I'm here to evaluate your mental state. I'm also here to help you. The thing you've been accused of... it's... beyond the capability of a person with a soul. *However*, I am willing to sympathize with your predicament, and perhaps see if we can—

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

Wait, what did you say your name was?

DR. IPSUM

...Dr. Ipsum. Dr. Lorem Ipsum.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

I've heard that before...

DR. IPSUM

Focus, Gabriel. I'm telling you your entire person, your very *being*, is in total disord—

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

It's... Isn't that from that placeholder text thing?

DR. IPSUM

Don't deflect.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

That is what it is! Why is that... your name?

DR. IPSUM

Look, every damn patient I see eventually tries to “analyze the analyst”, so just save your breath.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

But—

DR. IPSUM

You know what, I take it all back! I'm *not* going to help you. Offer revoked. All I'm going

to do is see whether you're alert enough for a jury to find out if you... if you did the unthinkable.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

Wait a minute, are you not a part of the thing with the guards and that rich guy?

DR. IPSUM

Excuse me?

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

You're just a regular psychiatrist, not part of the conspiracy against me?

DR. IPSUM

Don't try to go for the insanity plea with me! I've been doing this for 20 years; I can see right through your bullshit!

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

Look, whatever. Can I just go to trial already?

DR. IPSUM

No. We haven't done the evaluation yet.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

Well... I guess lay it on me then.

DR. IPSUM

How's your relationship with your parents?

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

Oh. Oh wow. Well... to be honest, it's been awful. My *entire life*, it's been, just... terrible.

DR. IPSUM

Alright, question 2.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

That's it?! I didn't even really get started—

DR. IPSUM

(Firmly)

QUESTION 2.

(Under her breath)

This fucking guy...

(Regular voice)

How have your romantic relationships gone?

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

(Annoyed)

Fine.

DR. IPSUM

Ok, last question. What did the guards who brought you in here smell like?

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

What the hell kind of question is that?

DR. IPSUM

Your sense of smell says a lot about your grasp on reality. It's a standard question.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

Alright, I guess... they smelled... tropical? Like, sweat and... fruit, or something.

DR. IPSUM

Ok then. I'm ready to make my assessment.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

That can't possibly be true.

DR. IPSUM

Gabriel, you are insufferable, you are a pain in my ass, and you are fit to stand trial effective immediately. Goodbye.

Dr. Ipsum leaves.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXECUTION OF GABRIEL AUCKLAND

Gabriel sits motionless in the restraining chair while an executioner prepares a syringe. The clock strikes midnight, and Gabriel receives the lethal injection.

GABRIEL AUCKLAND

(Whispering)

Dr... Lorem... Ipsum...

Gabriel's eyes lose focus.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

MONDAY MORNING NEWS BROADCAST

A TV news anchor delivers a breaking story.

SARAH BALLENTINE

This just in... Tech mogul and multi-billionaire Soren Greene has been assassinated in Costa Rica. Having gone into hiding years ago, it remains unclear how the killer knew to look for him in his tropical island hideout...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

SLOW DAY IN COURT

A courtroom stenographer sits alone in a large, dimly lit room lined with filing cabinets. She reviews and files her transcripts as normal, until she reaches her record of the Gabriel Auckland trial. She is puzzled by the many statements from the defendant referring to some psychiatrist. Each time, the name recorded on the transcript was "Lorem Ipsum".

ELLA GURERRO

Why the hell did I type that...

Ella fails to remember why she had used placeholder text in an official court record. She vaguely recalls having a good reason but can't think of it. Not wanting to get in trouble, she erases every line containing the words "Lorem Ipsum" and files the transcript.

FADE OUT:

THE END