

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Bree sits in a CHAIR facing an OAK DESK covered in neat stacks of PAPERS, a NOTEPAD, a CUP of PENS and a STUFFED BEAR holding a heart that reads WE CARE. Bree eyes the bear suspiciously. The bear stares back.

Several DEGREES and AWARDS are hanging on the wall. A black FILING CABINET is against one wall, a BOOKSHELF full of BOOKS and PHOTOGRAPHS is against another. The psychiatrist, DR. MACKENZIE, a woman in her late 30's, enters from the door behind Bree, who jumps, startled.

DR. MACKENZIE  
Sorry to keep you waiting.

BREE  
It's fine.

Dr. Mackenzie starts flipping through a FILE.

DR. MACKENZIE  
So how is everything?

BREE  
It's fine.

DR. MACKENZIE  
How has the medication been working for you?

BREE  
Fine.

DR. MACKENZIE  
Anything new you'd like to talk about?

BREE  
(shrugs)  
Not really.

Dr. Mackenzie stops flipping through the pages and looks up at Bree. She closes the file, places it on the desk and leans forward.

DR. MACKENZIE  
(quietly and a bit patronizing)  
Bree, you know I'm here to help. I want to know what's going on.

BREE  
(nods)  
Yes, I know.

DR. MACKENZIE  
So...anything new?

Bree racks her brain then lights up.

BREE  
I got a fish.

DR. MACKENZIE  
You got a fish?

BREE  
A goldfish. I bought it at the pet shop.

DR. MACKENZIE  
Oh. Well, that's wonderful! You've been taking care of it? Feeding it and everything?

BREE  
Well, I only got him yester-

Dr. Mackenzie is scribbling something else in her notepad. Bree immediately shuts up. Dr. Mackenzie looks back up at her.

BREE (CONT'D)  
Yes, I have.

DR. MACKENZIE  
All right, well, I definitely want you to keep me posted on that. Now today is our short meeting and I'm sure they'll be missing you from work.

BREE  
I'm doubting that.

DR. MACKENZIE  
Oh, don't be silly, Bree. Obviously your company values all their employees. That's why I'm here. To help.

BREE  
Mm hm. Crazy people need to work too.

DR. MACKENZIE

There's no such thing as a crazy person, just individuals with disabilities, who have to work a little harder to overcome their obstacles.

Dr. Mackenzie smiles broadly at Bree and then starts scribbling more notes on the notepad. Bree walks towards the door.

DR. MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Oh and Bree-

Bree turns.

DR. MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

If that little guppy of yours dies in the next couple of days, don't blame yourself. Those things just happen. Usually the cheap ones are feeder fish.

BREE

Right.

Dr. Mackenzie returns to her notes. Bree leaves the office, softly closing the door behind her.