

# Dr. Nose and his Demons

## Episode 1: "Welcome to the Clinic"

COLD OPEN - INTERVIEW CONFESSIONAL

INT. DR. NOSE'S OFFICE - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

DR. NOSE (to camera)

Most people assume demons are here to destroy worlds. That's speciesist. Some of them just want to learn how to hug without dissolving their victims in acid. And that's where I come in.

(Cut to title card: Dr. Nose: Therapist to the Damned - and Slightly Redeemable)

ACT I - ORIENTATION IS MANDATORY

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

A chaotic and colorful waiting area full of warped furniture, lava lamps, and dimensional rifts. Demons and monsters sit uncomfortably. A sentient void blob named CLYDE gurgles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Welcome to The Clinic, founded in ... time makes no sense in this dimension.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Nose walks with HAZEL (a tired banshee) and VIKTOR (a talking HR mannequin).

HAZEL (confessional)

My job is to scream the client's name when it's their turn. I used to be an opera singer. Now I scream pain. Progress?

(In the background: BLACK and WHITE, two twin monsters, silently play with glowing yo-yos.)

BLACK

The ego fears peace. (subtitles)

WHITE

But also wants ice cream. (subtitles)

They giggle and vanish into a ceiling tile.

## ACT II - THERAPY IS HELL, LITERALLY

### INT. DR. NOSE'S OFFICE - LATER

TORMO, a massive 12-eyed demon, nervously fiddles with a daisy.

TORMO

I saw a flower and I... whispered to it. I didn't stomp it. What's wrong with me?

DR. NOSE

You're not broken, Tormo. You're blooming. Like a rage-tulip.

(Cut to VIKTOR placing a motivational plaque on the wall: "You Can't Spell Malice Without 'Nice'.")

## ACT III - GROUP THERAPY AND EXISTENTIAL COOKIES

### INT. GROUP THERAPY CIRCLE - DAY

MONSTERS sit in a loose circle:

- LUCINDA, a demon addicted to charity work.
- GRAZZLE, a goblin with hug anxiety.
- INFERN-O, a sentient fireball with trust issues.

LUCINDA knits. GRAZZLE flinches. INFERN-O spontaneously combusts in shame.

DR. NOSE

You've all been taught the light will destroy you. But the light is just honesty... with glitter.

(BLACK and WHITE build a tiny sand mandala in the hallway. A gust of wind blows it away.)

WHITE

That's the beauty. (subtitles)

BLACK

Let's go steal gum from Viktor. (subtitles)

## ACT IV - SPORES OF HOPE

### INT. OFFICE LOBBY - WRAP-UP

Hazel screams "NEXT!" and the walls shake. Viktor calmly files paperwork.

VIKTOR

The ferns are not real. They represent trust. Just like ferns in

real life.

DR. NOSE (confessional)

Sometimes, when you shine a flashlight on the monster under the bed, it just wants a bedtime story. And a hug. Maybe. With consent, of course.

TAG SCENE - CHAOS AND CALM

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

BLACK and WHITE do shadow puppets: galaxies, hearts, and one that suspiciously looks like Elon Musk.

BLACK

We'll be here all season. Watching. Whispering. Possibly juggling.  
(subtitles)

WHITE

And if you listen closely... the light sounds like fart noises.  
(subtitles)

(Freeze frame. Roll end credits.)