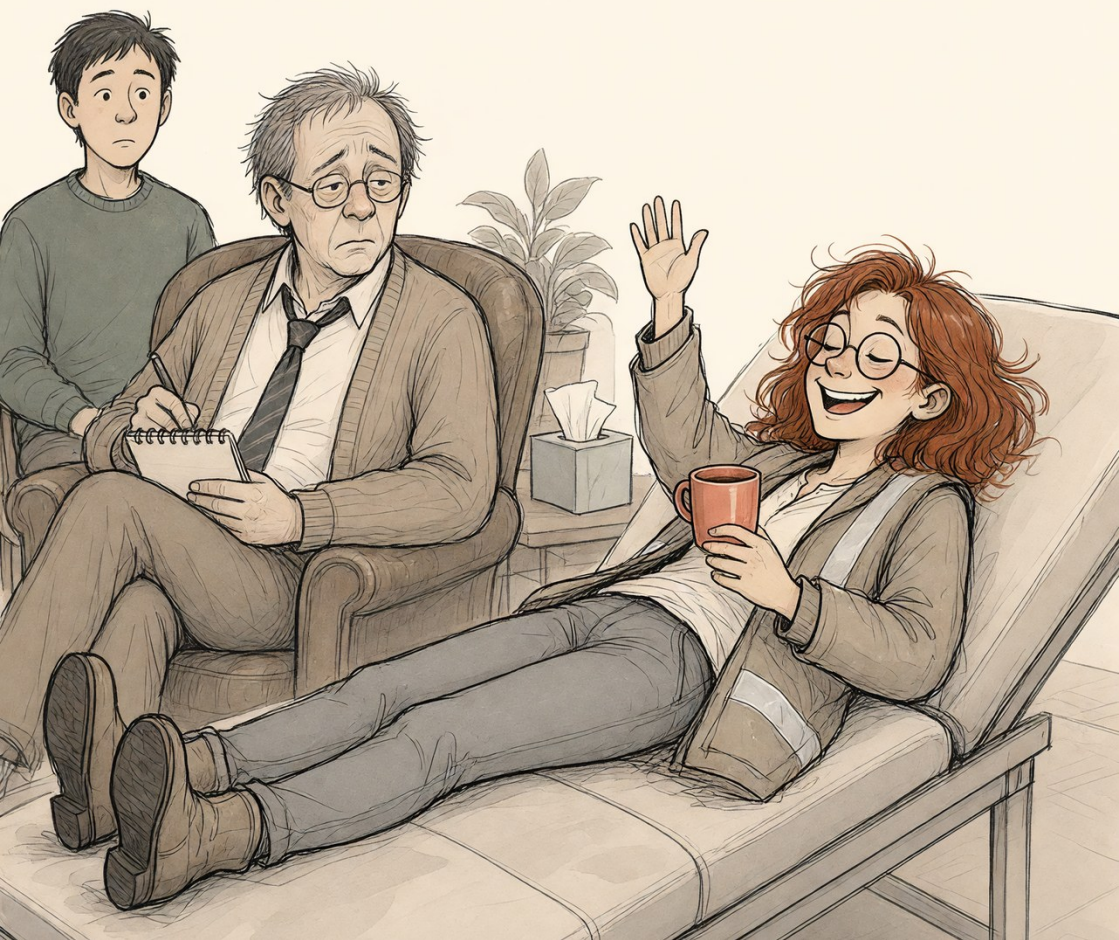


BAD THERAPIST • 18+ • FICTION

Nobody Voted

My notes on Marnie, as told by Marnie





Nobody Voted. As told by Marnie, 2026. Patient file MARNIE-1473.

Bad Therapist is fictional comedy for adults. It is not real therapy, nobody here is qualified, and none of this is advice. Marnie told us about these habits personally. Everything else was made up. AI-assisted personalized comedy, written from Marnie's own answers and illustrated for this file. Everyone else in it is invented, and so is everything that happens.

Dr Doug Deeper is not a real doctor. Or a real person. He would like that kept between us.

Dr Doug Deeper. Your therapist. Unfortunately.

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Who dumped her on me

Nobody sent Marnie to me. She booked herself, then emailed to say my parking lot had no painted lines.

The subject line was “Just flagging.”

In the first session she told me who she is: “I’m the self-appointed head of our HOA’s ‘neighborhood standards’ committee. Nobody voted. I laminate notes about trash cans—“

Then she stopped. Mid-sentence. Like she’d spotted a lawn.

Nobody voted. That’s not a committee. That’s a woman with a roll of tape and a free fucking afternoon.

When I left, there was a laminated note under my wiper. “Just flagging: you’re over the line.”

I don’t have lines.

She’d drawn one. In chalk.



Session 1: Thirty-one houses, zero replies

Marnie brought an agenda. It was laminated. So was the pen.

Item one: nobody replies to the group chat.

“Thirty-one houses on Maple Court. I post every day. Trash cans. Parking. Lawns. Nothing.”

“Maybe they’re busy.”

“They’re not busy. I can see them read it. Little blue ticks. Thirty of them.”

“And the thirty-first?”

“Gary.”

Session 1 (still going)

Gary lives at number 9. Gary has never read a note. Gary has a wind chime.

“It’s not even tuned. It just goes ding. All night. Like a microwave that’s never fucking done.”

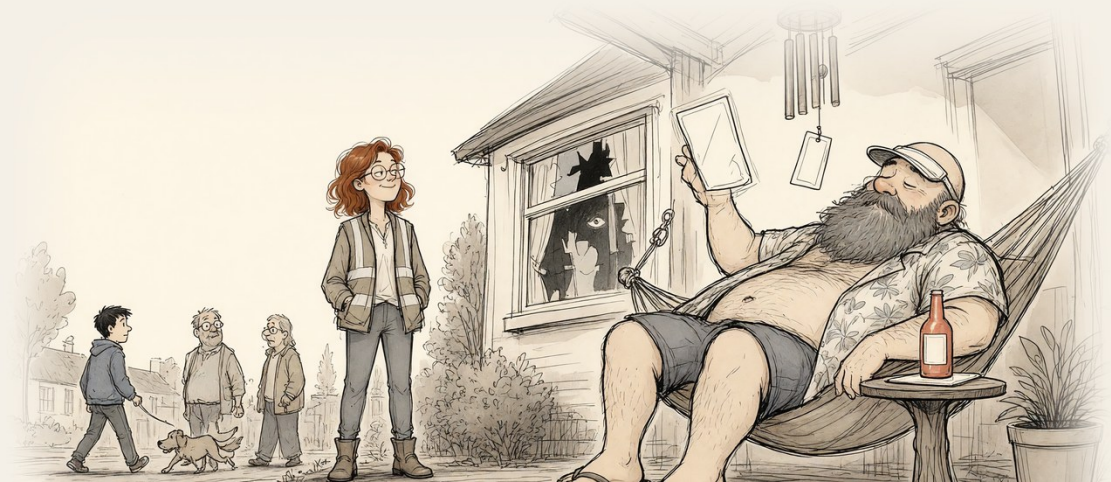
“Have you talked to him?”

“I’ve laminated him eleven notes. He uses one as a coaster.”

I said Gary sounded like a prick. Then I asked if she’d laminate my diploma.

She brought it back Tuesday. Glossy. Gorgeous.

“Just flagging,” she said. “It’s from a website.”



Her side (it didn't help)

“Last summer I organized the block party. I handed out a four-page rules packet at the gate.”

“The street has a gate?”

“It does now. I rented one.”

“Then I called in a noise complaint on my own block party. To prove the system works.”

“Did it?”

“Cops came in nine minutes. Nine. That's a functioning street.”

“Who'd they shut down?”

“Me. I was the DJ.”

She'd written herself up. Laminated it. Taped it to her own door.

“Someone has to.”

I wanted to win one. “So the party ended when they shut you down.”

“No. Gary played music off his phone. Everyone danced till two.”

“Where were you?”

“In my kitchen. Writing Gary up for the music.”

That's the coaster.



Session 2: The other group chat

Marnie came in pale. She held her phone in both hands, like it was hot.

The new woman at number 4 had added her to a group by mistake.

It was called “Maple Court (Normal).”

Thirty houses. Everyone but her.

The admin was Gary.

“Gary’s never read a thing in his life,” she said. “He’s posted four hundred times. He sends voice notes.”

Someone removed her after four minutes.

In four minutes, she’d screenshotted everything.

Session 2 (still going)

I made her show me everything. I love other people's group chats. It's the only gossip I don't have to bill for.

They had a block party in June. No packet. No gate. No cops. Somebody brought a bouncy castle.

There was a thread called "Where's Marnie." It was a map of where to park so she can't see your car.

They had a trash can schedule. It was a meme of a raccoon. Every can out on time, thirty houses, zero notes.

That's what made her cry. Not the map.

The fucking cans.



Session 3: Break something

I had a theory. I love having theories. They make me feel like a real doctor.

“The street runs fine without you,” I said. “So break it.”

“Break what?”

“Something. Then fix it. They’ll need you. Like a fireman who starts the fire.”

“That’s arson, Doug.”

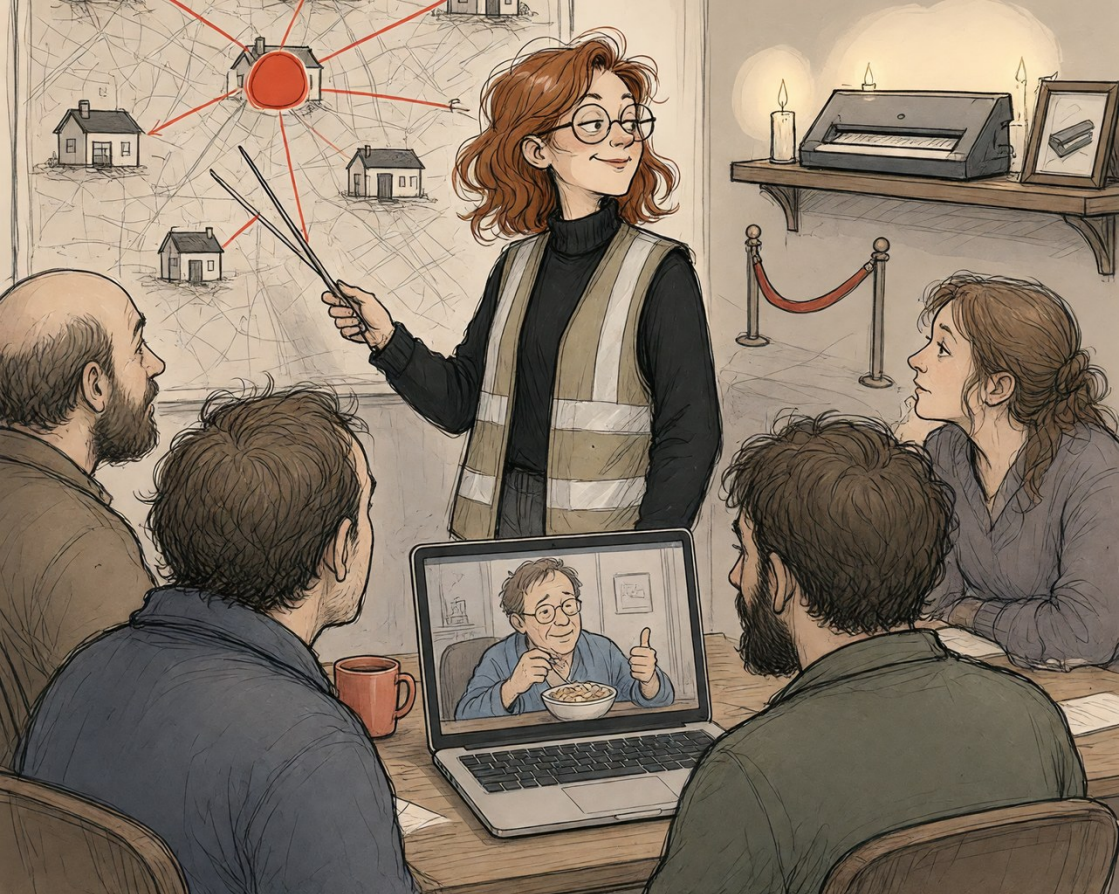
“It’s community building.”

She thought about it for one second. “Gary’s wind chime.”

Steal it. The street panics. She finds it in a hedge on Thursday. Hero. Replies. Maybe a cake.

Homework: break one thing on Maple Court, then fix it.

**That night she emailed me the plan.
Laminated, then scanned. Subject line:
“Just flagging: this was your idea.”**



Session 3 (still going)

*The six-hundred-dollar laminator has its own shelf.
That night it got a candle.*



Session 4: The stakeout

I drove. I'd never done a crime where I wasn't the one getting sued.

Two a.m. Maple Court. She told me to park somewhere discreet.

I parked across two driveways.

"Just flagging," she whispered. "That's a violation."

"So's burglary, Marnie."

She crept up to number 9 in black leggings and a headlamp. And a lanyard. With her committee badge on it.

Session 4 (still going)

A wind chime does not want to be stolen.

She lifted it. Ding. She stepped back. Ding. She ran. Ding ding ding fucking ding.

Gary's porch light came on. She threw the chime at my car. I caught it through the window.

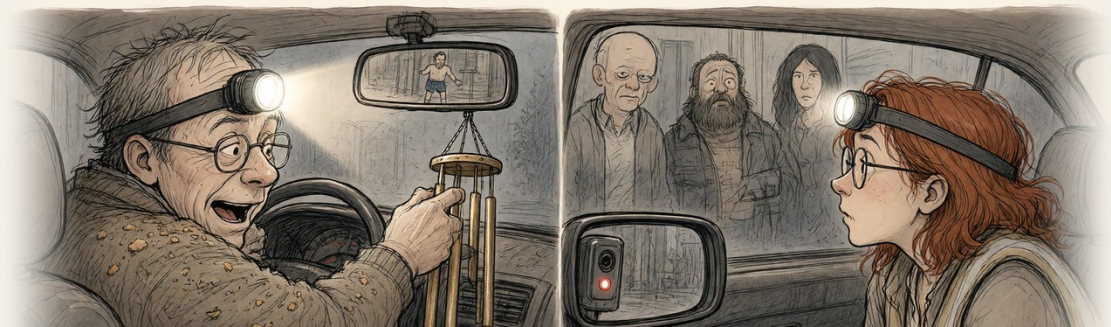
Ding.

Gary opened the door in his underwear. Holding a coffee. On one of her notes.

She did the only thing she knows. She handed him a fresh one.

He dropped it without looking. Then he looked straight at my car.

I waved. With the chime.



Session 4 (still going. Help.)

The plan was she'd find it Thursday. In a hedge.

One problem. I'd hung it in my office.

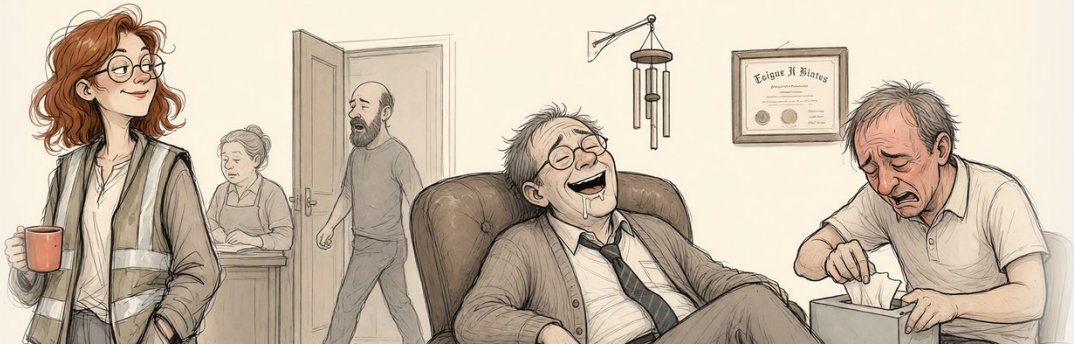
Turns out I love it. Ding, every time the heater kicks in. I haven't slept like this since my divorce.

"That's stolen," she said.

"It's therapeutic. I'm a doctor."

I pointed at the wall. Glossy. Framed.

She didn't say "just flagging." She took a photo of it. With the flash on.



Things she showed me on her phone

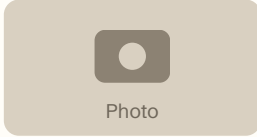
Gary (Maple Court Normal)

someone took the chime

Number 4

doorbell cam got this

Number 4



Number 7

that fucker parked across MY driveway

Number 12

and mine

Gary

he looks like a dentist

Number 4

a shit one

Marnie (Maple Court Standards)

Just flagging. I know who it is.

Number 7 (Maple Court Standards)

WHO

Number 12 (Maple Court Standards)

who??

Gary (Maple Court Standards)

who

Session 5: Someone has to

She came in glowing. Thirty-one replies in forty seconds. Gary replied. Gary has never read anything.

“So who did you tell them it was?”

She looked up at the chime. Ding.

“Marnie. We had a plan. I’ll tell them it was your idea.”

She held up her phone. My own inbox. “Just flagging: this was your idea.” Sent 11:42 p.m. Read by me at 11:43.

I offered her the chime back. Free sessions. My parking space, chalk line and all.

“Someone has to,” she said.

“Someone has to what?”

“Be the thief. And it can’t be the head of standards.”



Session 5 (still going)

She laminated forty copies. One for every door, one for every lamppost, one for Gary.

Gary read his twice.

Session 5 (still going. Help.)

Maple Court held its first meeting ever. In Gary's driveway. I watched from the end of the street, in sunglasses. In the same car.

Gary held up my poster. "Who is this cunt?"

"Just flagging," Marnie said. "A man with no respect for driveways."

Number 7 and number 12 nodded like it was a war crime.

They voted her head of standards. Thirty-one to nothing. First vote the street ever had.

Then a second vote. A parking ban. One car. A Corolla.

Gary asked where his chime was.

"I'm handling it," she said.

She looked right at my car.

My diagnosis

- 1** Marnie thinks the street would collapse without her.
- 2** It wouldn't. So she pushed it.
- 3** She doesn't want order. She wants an emergency with her name on the clipboard.
- 4** **Diagnosis: she's a hall monitor with no hall and a six-hundred-dollar laminator. A glossy, heat-sealed pain in the ass.**

Homework she won't do

Homework: post one message in the group chat that isn't a rule.

Suggested message: "The man in the Corolla is a lovely doctor and he's keeping the chime."

Same time next week

Next Tuesday, Marnie was early. She asked to use my bathroom.

Nine minutes later, two cops knocked. A noise complaint. About a wind chime.

“To prove the system works,” she said. “I told Gary I was handling it.”

They unhooked it to take back to Gary. Ding. One last ding.

Then one of them asked if I was a real therapist.

I pointed at my diploma.

She’d laminated a note over it.

“Just flagging: he isn’t.”

Nobody Voted

My notes on Marnie, as told by Marnie.

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Your favorite person is an asshole.

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