

DEADLY BIRTH FATHER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - 2015

A middle-class home away from other houses in the area. The structure is completely dark.

O.S. The sound of breaking glass.

INT. HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

MACIE CARTER (late 20s) rushes inside, holding 2-year-old AUSTIN and gripping the hand of 4-year-old EMMA. Macie releases Emma's hand in order to close and lock the door. She ushers the kids away from it. They sit against the far wall, fear on their faces.

Macie pulls a cell phone from her pocket and dials 9-1-1.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
9-1-1. What is your emergency?

MACIE
(into phone)
My husband has broken into the house. Send someone right away!

9-1-1 OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Calm down, ma'am. Does your husband not live with you?

MACIE
No, we're separated! He broke a window to get in. Please! I have two small children here.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
A police unit has been dispatched to your location. Stay on the line with me.

The door shakes from a hard impact on the other side. Macie and the kids jump.

MACIE
He's breaking down the bedroom door!

9-1-1 OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Stay calm. The unit should be there within five minutes.

A few more hits to the door and it flies inward. SCOTT CARTER (30), buff and threatening, stands in the doorway with a glare aimed at his family.

Macie completely freaks out.

MACIE

He's inside the room!

Scott charges over and snatches the phone from Macie. He throws it against the wall, shattering it. Pulls Macie to her feet by her arms. Emma clings to little Austin.

SCOTT

You changed the locks on MY house?

MACIE

Please, Scott. You're scaring the kids.

Scott backhands Macie. She flies back to the bed with a hand to her stinging cheek.

SCOTT

You scared them the day you threw me out.

Scott clamps a hand around Macie's throat. She instantly struggles to breathe.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

If I can't have you and those kids, no one will.

Emma jumps up and fights to pull Scott's arm away from Macie. Left alone, Austin cries.

EMMA

Let Mommy go!

SCOTT

Get off!

Scott shoves Emma with his free hand. She falls back to the floor and bangs her head. The bump leaves her dazed. Emboldened with rage, Scott lifts Macie to him by her throat and stares into her terrified eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Don't worry, they won't suffer like you are.

With very little energy left, Macie claws at Scott's face. He yells out in pain as he releases his wife. She falls back to the bed, breathing hard.

There are a few scratches to Scott's face that bleed. He touches them and examines the blood on his fingers.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You bitch!

Scott grabs Macie by the hair. At that moment, two UNIFORMED OFFICERS arrive in the doorway with guns drawn.

OFFICER #1

Let her go!

Scott stays focused on Macie. He punches her in the face. The officers put their guns away and charge him. Scott gets one more punch in to Macie's face before the officers pull him off. They wrestle him to the floor and cuff him.

On the bed, Macie barely moves. Blood runs from her nose and mouth. Her eyes already start to swell.

Scott battles against the officers with a fury, his attention on Macie as he is pulled to his feet.

SCOTT

You won't get away with this.
You're mine! Do you hear me?

Officer #1 forcibly drags Scott from the room. Officer #2 checks on Macie. He speaks into his lapel radio.

OFFICER #2

This is Officer Harvey. I need an ambulance at 462 Park Lane.

Macie struggles to sit up.

MACIE

Emma?

OFFICER #2

You need to take it easy, ma'am.

Macie ignores the officer to go to Emma on the floor. She hugs her little girl.

MACIE

I'm so sorry.

Macie scoops up Austin into her arms and holds both children.

MACIE (CONT'D)
 I'll never let him hurt you again.
 I promise.

Macie kisses the head of each child.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

SLOW MOTION

Officer #1 pulls Scott along with him to the squad car parked in the driveway. Scott's focus is on the upstairs windows. The menacing look is terrifying.

The officer opens the rear door, places Scott inside, and closes the door. Scott continues to watch the upstairs of his house without blinking a single time.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SANDERS HOUSE - MORNING - PRESENT DAY

A nice house in suburbia. The garage door is up. One luxury car and a luxury SUV are parked inside.

O.S. The sound of breakfast dishes clanking together.

INT. SANDERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - SAME

An upscale kitchen with a large island, complete with numerous stools. Macie, six years older and far more at ease, sets four plates of cooked breakfast on the island.

Her husband, BRANDEN SANDERS (mid 30s), dress shirt and tie, sits down before one of the plates. He digs in, ignoring the surprised look Macie gives him.

MACIE
 Seriously?

Branden freezes in the middle of a bite.

BRANDEN
 What?

Macie fixes two cups of coffee and two glasses of orange juice.

MACIE
 The least you could do is text the kids that breakfast is ready.

BRANDEN

This whole "texting the kids" when they're home is a little silly. Watch this.

Macie amusingly watches as Branden goes to the doorway and yells upstairs.

BRANDEN (CONT'D)

Breakfast is ready! Move it!

EMMA (O.S.)

Coming!

Branden returns to his plate. He finds Macie staring at him.

BRANDEN

See? The old-fashioned way still works.

FOOTSTEPS race closer. 10-YEAR-OLD EMMA and 8-YEAR-OLD AUSTIN hurry in, dressed for school and carrying backpacks. They drop the packs to the floor and climb up to the counter where their plates wait.

EMMA

Why didn't you just text us?

The kids eat hungrily. Macie and Branden exchange an amused look.

MACIE

(to kids)

How about good morning, Mom. Thanks for making breakfast.

Emma looks up in confusion.

EMMA

You always make breakfast.

AUSTIN

We have to start thanking you now?

EMMA

(amused)

No, you don't have to thank me. Why start now?

AUSTIN

Cool.

The kids return to eating. Macie surrenders and joins them.