

DEADLY DOC

Written by

Vicky L. Neal & Jeff Affrunti

vickyneal5@yahoo.com

jeffs1036@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

INT. MASON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A middle-class home full of high-class toys and furnishings. MICHAEL MASON (39), lawyer persona, works at the stove on a large skillet of stir-fry.

JENNIFER DWYER (19 trying to look 25), tight little dress, slips up to Michael and hugs him from behind.

JENNIFER
Mmmm. Smells good.

MICHAEL
It's almost done.

JENNIFER
I was talking about you.

Michael turns around and kisses Jennifer passionately. They gaze at each other.

JENNIFER
I can't wait for your divorce to come through. Mrs. Jennifer Mason has a nice ring to it.

MICHAEL
Hold on there, Jen. Things are perfect the way they are.

Jennifer stares at Michael in disbelief.

JENNIFER
But I thought...

Michael lovingly touches Jennifer's face.

MICHAEL
After being married to Linda for 12 years, I need a break. And I might have custody of Lizzy soon.

Michael pulls Jennifer closer, lustfully.

MICHAEL
But that doesn't mean we can't go on having fun.

Michael kisses Jennifer's neck. She's not into it at all.

JENNIFER
She told me this would happen.

Michael pulls back with a strong look.

MICHAEL

You're not still seeing her, are you? You promised me you'd stop.

JENNIFER

You don't understand how much I need her. She said you have a commitment issue and I shouldn't expect anything serious from you.

Michael fumes.

MICHAEL

I'm filing ethic charges against her first thing Monday morning. She's not supposed to offer her patients personal advice.

Michael's cell rings. He pulls his phone from his pocket and checks the display.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

Hello... You have to be kidding me... Hold on.

Michael covers the mouthpiece with his hand and addresses Jennifer.

MICHAEL

There's a problem with next week's trial. Would you handle the stir fry for me?

Not giving Jennifer time to respond, Michael heads out of the room.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

I don't care. Make sure she's on that stand Monday or the whole case could go up in smoke.

The stir fry smokes heavily. Jennifer pivots to it. She turns the burner off and stirs the skillet's contents with the spatula.

A cell phone rings. Jennifer grabs her purse on the counter and pulls out her phone. Checks the display.

JENNIFER
(into phone)
Hey.

Jennifer freezes, mindless.

LATER

Michael shoves his phone into his pocket as he storms back in.

MICHAEL
Our main witness has cold feet.
Without her, we don't have a case.

Michael stops when he finds Jennifer setting two plates of stir fry on the table, where two glasses of wine wait. Her phone lies on the counter.

JENNIFER
What are you going to do?

Michael takes a seat at the table. Jennifer sits across from him.

MICHAEL
I'm putting Carol on it. She could
sell shoes to a shoe salesman.

JENNIFER
I'm sure it will work out.

They eat. Michael takes a sip of his wine.

LATER

Michael finishes his food and wine.

MICHAEL
That really hit the spot.

Jennifer takes both plates to the sink. Michael follows after her and cuddles her from behind.

MICHAEL
Now that we've had dinner, how
about desert?

Michael nibbles Jennifer's neck.

JENNIFER
I have to clean up first.

MICHAEL

It can wait.

Jennifer twists around in Michael's grasp and smiles.

JENNIFER

Why don't you go make yourself
comfortable while I do the dishes
and I'll be right up.

MICHAEL

Don't keep me waiting.

Michael kisses Jennifer and leaves the room. Jennifer rinses the plates and loads them into the dishwasher.

INT. MASON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Michael heads to the stairs. Just as he arrives, he freezes with a hand on his chest. His face contorts with pain. He tries to shake it off but fails. The pain intensifies.

MICHAEL

Jen!

Jennifer rushes into the room, just in time to see Michael collapse.

JENNIFER

Michael!

Jennifer races to Michael and kneels beside him.

JENNIFER

What's wrong?

Michael struggles to speak through the agony.

MICHAEL

Heart... attack.

JENNIFER

Oh my god.

Jennifer clumsily searches Michael's pockets in a frenzied rush.

JENNIFER

Where's your phone?

Jennifer locates the phone and turns it on. The phone's clock reads: 8:33.

Michael's eyes close and he grows still. Jennifer drops the phone and pats Michael's face.

JENNIFER

Michael!

Jennifer takes Michael into her arms and cuddles him.

EXT. MASON HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

A coroner's wagon, ambulance, and marked police car are parked out front. Two ASSISTANTS wait next to the wagon. Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS hold curious ONLOOKERS back.

An unmarked car pulls up and parks. Two detectives leave the vehicle. The driver, JACK RILEY (30s), is handsome and hard-boiled.

By his side is his partner, KENNIE LEE JAMES (30), a sexy, tom-boyish quality on the exterior, a stubborn, independent thinking interior. Casually dressed for a late night homicide call. A lit cigarette hangs between her lips.

Jack flashes his badge at the officers. They allow both detectives to pass through. Jack and Kennie head to the house.

JACK

(re: cigarette)

You might want to put that out
before we go in.

Kennie looks momentarily confused. Realizing, she removes the cigarette from her lips and snuffs it out on the sidewalk.

KENNIE

I didn't even realize I still had
it.

JACK

That tells me it's time to actually
quit.

KENNIE

Yes, Mom.

They enter the house.

INT. MASON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Michael lies dead on the floor. A CORONER, wearing gloves, checks the body. Jack and Kennie approach him.