

NANNY OBSESSION

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PARKER HOUSE - KITCHEN AREA - DAY

An open kitchen that is a cook's dream with a large island/stools and a pot rack hanging over it. A table with four chairs is nestled in the nook, looking out to the pool in the backyard.

The main bedroom is behind the kitchen, along with an interior garage door and a basement door. Two other bedrooms are on the opposite side of the one-story house, along with a bathroom between them, and an office to the back. A large living area is in the center of it all with a nice bar off to the side.

ROSALEE (ROSE) PARKER (32), glowing in her role as mom, a small baby bump indicating a 4 month pregnancy, mixes cookie dough with the help of her daughter, JAMIE PARKER (10). Their close relationship is on full display. Upbeat music plays on a countertop radio.

JAMIE

Are we making chocolate chip?

ROSE

What other kind is there?

Jamie smiles at her mom. Rose grabs a bag of chocolate chips from a cabinet and pours some into the dough. Jamie stirs it, then begins scooping out spoonfuls of dough to a waiting cookie sheet.

JAMIE

I bet Thomas will love cookies as much as I do.

ROSE

I bet he will, too.

Rose suddenly gasps with a hand to her stomach.

ROSE

He just kicked.

JAMIE

Can I feel?

Rose takes Jamie's hand and places it on her belly. Jamie smiles.

ROSE

Did you feel that?

JAMIE

Yeah. Did I kick like that?

Rose cups Jamie's chin and smiles at her.

ROSE

You kicked even harder.

Jamie beams. Rose's pleasantries suddenly transform into agony as she doubles over slightly with a hand on her stomach.

JAMIE

Mom?

Rose fights to breathe through the pain. She makes her way to the table and sits in a chair. Jamie follows her over.

JAMIE

What's wrong?

ROSE

(pained)

Will you get my cell phone please?

Jamie hurries back to the counter and grabs a cell phone. Returns to Rose and hands it to her. Rose's hands tremble as she dials 9-1-1. She pauses to look at a very worried Jamie watching her.

ROSE

It's okay, honey.

Jamie remains panicked.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A modern building with many offices inside.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LAW OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY -
SAME

An important meeting in progress. QUENTIN PARKER (35), high-powered attorney with a take no prisoner persona, sits at the head of the long table with an open folder of legal papers before him.

Sitting on one side of the table, near him, are two DEFENSE ATTORNEYS (one male, one female) with their own folders and legal documents.

MALE DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Our client is willing to offer a very fair settlement.

QUENTIN

That's what they all say. No first offer is ever fair to the plaintiff.

Female Defense Attorney removes a piece of paper from her folder with an unreadable amount written on it. She slides it over to Quentin.

FEMALE DEFENSE ATTORNEY

We'd rather not waste time here.

Quentin picks up the paper and studies the figure written on it. He chuckles and slides it back.

QUENTIN

That's even lower than I expected. You'll have to do better, MUCH better.

MALE DEFENSE ATTORNEY

We are prepared to take this before a judge. It would be in your best interest to accept the offer.

Quentin leans back in his chair and smirks amusingly at the pair.

QUENTIN

You know how this plays out. We take it to the courtroom, I break your client on the stand, and the judge awards my client ten times that amount.

FEMALE DEFENSE ATTORNEY

It was an accident.

Quentin sits forward.

QUENTIN

An accident that took the life of a young mother. Two kids will have to grow up without her.

FEMALE DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Be that as it may, a jury will never award what you want.

QUENTIN

I have affidavits from three people who were at the party that night who will testify that your client not only knew he was too drunk to drive, he joked about it before getting behind the wheel of his car.

The defense attorneys pass each other a worried glance.

QUENTIN

We are more than willing to fight this in a courtroom. I'll nail your client's bony little ass to the wall.

A SECRETARY opens the door and peers inside.

SECRETARY

Mr. Parker, there's a call for you on line 1.

QUENTIN

I'm in the middle of an important meeting here.

SECRETARY

It's Bayside Hospital. They say it's urgent.

QUENTIN

I'll take it.

The secretary closes the door.

QUENTIN

(to attorneys)
I need to take this.

Quentin picks up the handset of his office phone and presses the button for line 1.

QUENTIN

(into phone)
This is Quentin Parker.

Grave concern comes to Quentin's face.

QUENTIN

What about the baby?... I'll be right there.

Quentin hangs up the phone and urgently returns the legal documents to the folder. He stands.

QUENTIN

I'm afraid we will have to reschedule the meeting. My wife is in the hospital.

MALE DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I hope it's not too serious.

Quentin ignores the statement as he hurries out of the room with his folder.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

A couch is off to the side, along with a chair.

Rose lies in bed, eyes closed. She is connected to a heart monitor that beeps steadily, and an IV.

Quentin rushes to the doorway and stops instantly when he sees his wife. Slowly, he approaches and stops by her side. He gazes at Rose, then lifts her blanket to see her stomach. It's still the same size.

He lowers the blanket with a sigh of relief.

DR. GARRISON (40s, female), stethoscope around her neck, strides into the room and goes to Rose's heart monitor. Takes a look at the readings.

DR. GARRISON

Hello, Mr. Parker.

QUENTIN

How's my son?

DR. GARRISON

He seems to be fine.

QUENTIN

Seems? You can do better than that.

Dr. Garrison looks at Quentin with annoyance.

DR. GARRISON

I did an ultrasound and he's fine. It's your wife that has our concern at the moment.

She uses the stethoscope to listen to Rose's heart, then to the baby's heartbeat.