

Laura

By

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FADE IN

INT. OPERATING ROOM - BRIGHT FLUORESCENT LIGHT

A doctor is seen strapping a lifeless hand to the arm of a chair. Another doctor then reaches down and ties the leg of a person to a specially made wheelchair-like leg attached to the chair. The doctors look at each other, one nods his head.

INT. OFFICE OF RON OTTOWOLD - DIMLY LIT

RON OTTOWOLD steps into his office, dressed in business attire, but his sleeves have been rolled up and his tie has been loosened. He pulls a small tape recorder from his pocket and sits it down on his desk. Ron then sits in front of his computer and pulls up a word processing program. Ron stretches his back and arms before pressing play on the tape recorder.

SUPERIMPOSE: Ron

RON

(From tape recorder)

February 5th, 2010, approximately
3:42 p.m. Subject A33 will be
examined in the observation area of
the Ridges Hospital for medical
observation and treatment of the
controlled virus,
Benincidous. Subject is male and
has been properly restrained.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - BRIGHT FLUORESCENT LIGHT

Two doctors wheel Subject A33 into the operating room. Several other doctors are present, including Ron standing in the back corner holding his tape recorder.

RON

(Into tape recorder)

Prior to observation, Subject A33
had received injections of
Benincidous in its Lateral
Supraclavicular and "turned" 13
hours later, showing no symptoms of
fatigue, hunger or nervousness.

Ron watches along as the group of doctors position the patient in the middle of the room and begin observing him

(CONTINUED)

silently. Subject is shown to have little or no interest in what is going on around him. Expression is glazed over with a slight discoloration of skin apparent in the face, hands and bare feet.

INT. OFFICE OF RON OTTOWOLD - DIMLY LIT

Ron is shown hunched over his computer, typing while his tape recorder speaks.

RON

(From tape recorder)

Subject is not responsive in any way to the first set of smell sensory objects, including cheese, dryer sheets and human excrement. Subject remained unresponsive until-

INT. OPERATING ROOM - BRIGHT FLUORESCENT LIGHT

A doctor walks over to the patient, holding a zipped up plastic bag that appears to have a dead animal inside. Approaching the patient, the doctor unzips the bag and holds it up in front of the patient. Other doctors in the room are visibly affected by the odor of the dead animal. Patient then becomes violent, shaking his head around and chomping his teeth. Feet and arms are shown struggling against the restraints.

INT. OFFICE OF RON OTTOWOLD - DIMLY LIT

RON

(From tape recorder)

-the corpse of a freshly euthanized German Shepherd.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - BRIGHT FLUORESCENT LIGHT

A doctor holds up a large needle and is shown lowering it to the patient's left foot. He sinks the needle into the big toe of the patient who is shown to have no reaction to the pain. The doctor withdraws the needle and places it into a bag held open by another doctor. A third doctor hands him another needle which he sticks into the patient's left index finger. The patient's response is the same, remaining calm. Doctor withdraws the needle.

(CONTINUED)

RON

(Into tape recorder)

Subject is unresponsive in all tests of the nervous system, including touch and pain reaction.

DOCTOR SPEAK stands at a distance of about 2 feet from the subject and shines a small light into the patient's right eye. Patient has no reaction to the light. Doctor shines light into the other eye to the same reaction.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Bring in the test subjects.

Another doctor motions to another coated professional on the other side of a window who presses a button to unlock a door. A BUZZ is heard followed by the opening of a door. Two people, one male, one female, enter the room and stand on either side of the patient. Doctor Speak walks around the patient, attempting to notice any change in personality and sees none.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Clothes.

Male and female volunteers begin taking their clothes off. They then take their position on either side of the patient fully nude. Doctor Speak notices no change in demeanor again.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Scalpel.

Another doctor hands Doctor Speak a scalpel that he uses to slowly slice across the chest of the female. She squints her eyes tightly as he drags the scalpel across her chest and a drop of blood is seen oozing down her chest. Patient then begins turning his head toward the female who quickly steps back. Another doctor holds her in place, keeping her from stepping back further. Doctor Speak then goes over and performs the same action to the male volunteer who reacts in the same way. Patient then becomes violent again, shaking his head back and forth, chomping teeth and struggling against its restraints.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Very well. Thank you.

INT. OFFICE OF RON OTTOWOLD - DIMLY LIT

Ron continues typing on his computer.

RON

(From tape recorder)

After human figures were removed from environment, subject remained unresponsive to photos of the same figures as well as inanimate objects including a sheet of paper and plank of wood.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - BRIGHT FLUORESCENT LIGHT

RON

(Into tape recorder)

Subject will now be evaluated by means of auditory response examination.

A doctor walks up to the patient and softly snaps his fingers. Patient shows no response. Moving to the other side, doctor claps, to which the patient quickly turns head towards the doctor and begins chomping teeth violently.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Thank you. Sound please!

Coated individual on other side of glass presses button causing the sound of a CAR HORN to come from the right side of the patient. Patient quickly turns head in that direction and continues violent behavior, putting lots of tension on his restraints.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Thank you. Again!

Sound is then blasted from the other side of the patient, who then turns head in that direction and begins frantically trying to get out of the chair.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Very well. I think we've seen enough.

INT. OFFICE OF RON OTTOWOLD - DIMLY LIT

Ron is still typing.

RON

(From tape recorder)

No tests will be administered involving the subject's sense of taste due to the subject responding violently to all objects aimed at its mouth and the risk of spreading the Benincidious Virus orally is too high at this stage of observation. Examination will continue in 2 weeks.

Ron clicks off his tape recorder, then leans back in his office chair. He looks around his office, then stares back at the flashing cursor on his screen. Ron clicks "save", then slowly lowers his head to his desk. His eyes close for a moment before opening them to focus on a medical dummy situated on a bookshelf. The dummy is discolored, very much like the patient that was just seen. He's then visited by a flashback of the operating room.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - BRIGHT FLUORESCENT LIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- 1)Patient being wheeled into the room.
- 2)Close up of Doctor Speak's face.
- 3)Patient struggling against restraints.
- 4)Close up of Doctor Speak's smiling lips.
- 5)Patient shaking head uncontrollably.
- 6)A doctor passing a piece of raw meat to another doctor.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Enough.

INT. OFFICE OF RON OTTOWOLD - DIMLY LIT

Ron's office light turns on and RICH GREENE stands in the doorway.

RICH

Enough sleeping on the job, ass
wipe!

Ron's eyes open again and he raises his head from his desk, turning to look at Rich who is standing, smiling down at him.

(CONTINUED)

RICH

Work was over 20 minutes ago. Now are you going to go drink with me or not?

RON

Yeah. On my way.

RICH

Killer!

Rich excitedly turns and leaves the office, appearing to run down the hall. Ron breathes heavily, then turns his monitor off.

INT. FISH AND TITS STRIP CLUB - SMOKEY WITH NEON LIGHTS

Rich and Ron sit at the bar of a strip club, each drinking from bottles and have shots in front of them.

RICH

You gotta loosen up, man. Can't leave me hanging like that every day. When they lock the last freak up it's time to unlock the liquor closet! Whoo!

Rich takes a long drink from his bottle.

RON

Just like that, eh? That easy for you? Just call 'em 'freaks' and be on your drunken way?

RICH

(sitting his drink down)
Come on, man. Don't tell me your freaking out again about the hospital.

RON

No, it's just that-

A topless waitress comes over to the guys, exchanges looks with Ron and runs her finger across the back of Rich while carrying a tray of drinks.

RICH

Ooh yeah, I wanna know when THAT girl goes on!

(CONTINUED)

RON

Are you listening? It's just-

RICH

It's just that you're being a puss about this shit a lot lately. Come on, dude, you got a free ride into this program and it's the best possible thing that could've happened to you. It's top secret, which means it's an instant pussy magnet and you get paid BANK to do it! So tell me, what do YOU of all people have to complain about?

RON

I don't know, man. It's just not paying off. Not like I thought it would. I saw myself saving families, finding cures, settling down with some beautiful girl-

RICH

Blah, blah, blah. Ooh, listen to Mr. Humanitarian over here. Does that usually work with the ladies? Because there's this one girl I know-

RON

Dude, I write the same reports every time. I could pretty much copy one and use it over and over again and nobody would notice. That's my job. Do you really think the ladies are gonna love that?

Ron takes a sip of his drink.

RON

I just sometimes feel like it's pointless and a waste of my talent.

RICH

Well did you ever think about making it a little more exciting for you?

RON

What are you talking about?

A heavy song starts playing and Rich hurries up to grab his beer and swings around in his chair towards the stage.

(CONTINUED)

RICH
Forget it, man. She's about to
come out. Drink up, motherfucker!

Ron and Rich both drink their shots and look toward the stage. A girl walks out and begins dancing to the music that blares over the sound system.

RICH
(screaming)
By the way! Molly kicked me out
today! I need to crash with you
tonight, cool?

RON
(sipping from bottle)
Yeah. Cool.

Dancer on stage takes her top off and men all around the stage begin cheering. Ron stares toward the stage blankly while Rich cheers madly.

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - LAMP LIT

Ron opens his door and clicks on the lamp by the door. Rich staggers in and crashes on the couch.

RICH
Where's the remote?

RON
Table.

Ron begins flipping through a small stack of mail before dropping it down on the kitchen counter. He opens his fridge and cracks open a bottled beer. He takes a slow sip.

RON
So what were you talking about when
you asked if I thought about making
work more interesting for myself?

Rich has turned the TV on and has found a station broadcasting Night of the Living Dead.

RICH
Fuck yes! It's at the beginning,
too!

RON
Rich!

(CONTINUED)

RICH
yo?

RON
What did you mean?

RICH
Oh...fuck, I don't know. The
Pryous usually takes anonymous tips
on what subjects to go get. Maybe
they can find you a girl, eh?

RON
The Pryous? You're fucking
retarded.

RICH
If you don't like 'em, don't ask me
for ideas, then, man.

RON
I never asked.

The famous "They're coming to get you Barbara" scene is
displayed on the screen. Rich watches intently.

RON
Can you not watch this, please?

RICH
Come on dude, it's just starting.

RON
And you know how it ends.

Rich looks disappointed at Ron.

RON
Okay, whatever. I'm going to
bed. Keep it low.

RICH
Sweet!

RON
(while turning around, under
breath)
Like a child.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM AND RON'S BEDROOM

Ron rubs some water on his face and begins looking into the mirror while the water drops off of his nose and ears. He can hear sounds from the movie through the walls. Agitated, Ron then walks into his room. Ron lays down in his bed, staring up at the ceiling by lamp light. A scan of the room shows a pile of dress clothes in the corner, a dresser covered by scattered papers and finally, a collection of blunt objects stacked together in the corner by Ron's bed and a set of stabbing weapons on his nightstand. More loud sounds, this time a CRASH and a SCREAM, produced by Rich's movie is heard and Ron immediately raises up out of his bed and goes toward the door.

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - LAMP LIT

Ron swings his bedroom door open quickly.

RON

Rich, dammit! I told you to keep it low!

Rich is found with his head resting against the back of the couch. His mouth is open and he's snoring loudly. Ron walks over to him and turns off the TV and lamp.

RON

Like a child.

Ron returns to his room and closes the door.

INT. RON'S BEDROOM - DAYLIGHT THROUGH WINDOWS - MORNING

Ron wakes up to the sound of the SHOWER in his master bathroom. Ron looks over at his alarm clock and sees that it is 7:59 a.m. just as the clock ticks over to 8:00 a.m. accompanied by an annoying ALARM. Frustrated, Ron slams the alarm clock, rubs his eyes and crawls out of bed. Ron opens the bathroom door and is confronted with a large cloud of steam.

RON

God, a cloud pours out of my bathroom in the morning. If I were Molly I would kick your ass out, too!

RICH

Not so loud, dude. I need some hair of the dog.

(CONTINUED)

Ron stands in front of the toilet.

RON
You need to learn how to not piss
off your wife.

RICH
Ah, it's cool, man. She'll be
happy to see me tonight. That's
how it always works.

RON
It works because you kiss her ass
until it works for her.

RICH
I do what I gotta do, bro!

Ron flushes the toilet and steps out of the bathroom.

INT. RON'S KITCHEN - DAYLIGHT THROUGH WINDOWS - MORNING

Ron stands in his kitchen, dressed for work and finishes off
a small glass of orange juice.

RICH (OS)
Dude, your tie selection sucks.

RON
You're lucky I'm letting you borrow
any clothes this morning.

RICH (OS)
You're starting to sound like Molly
now! Hey, while you're acting like
a bitch, what are you making me for
breakfast?

Rich steps out of the bedroom, straightening a tie.

RON
Geeze, that tie is ugly.

RICH
I didn't have a whole lot to choose
from, Mr. Fashion. What's for
breakfast?

RON
How about a cockmeat omlette?

(CONTINUED)

RICH
I'm sorry, I fed the last one to
your mother.

Ron pulls out a bottle of pills, shakes out a few and hands them to Rich.

RON
Good thing she didn't want seconds.

RICH
Ass.

RON
Take these. You got work to do
today.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - BRIGHT FLUORESCENT LIGHT

Several doctors are all standing around in white coats, including Rich and Ron. Rich shakes his head and squints his eyes then rubs his temples and the bridge of his nose. Ron pulls out his tape recorder and examines the rest of the room. A doctor looks his way and nods. Ron then clicks the record button on his tape recorder.

RON
(Into tape recorder)
February 6th, 2010, approximately
2:20 p.m. Subject B37 will be
examined in the observation area of
the Ridges Hospital for medical
observation and treatment of the
controlled virus,
Benincidious. Subject is female and
has been properly restrained.

A BUZZ is heard as the gentleman on the other side of the window in the control room presses the door release button and a couple of the doctors step back as the door flies open. Doctor Speak, with the assistance of another doctor, wheels in a female patient in a chair device very similar to the one seen in the previous operating room scene. Close ups show her arms and ankles have been restrained to the chair.

RON (O.S.)
Subject turned on January 31st,
2010 and has been held solitary in
holding cell since the day of
turning. Subject was fed once per
day multiple substances challenging
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RON (O.S.) (cont'd)
its different taste sensations and
subject ignored all.

Doctor Speak wheels the patient around to the center of the room and locks the chair into place.

RON
(Into tape recorder)
After previous tests involving
other major human senses, tests
will be administered to observe
subject's taste sense. Subject is
first to have tests administered
involving sense of taste.

Doctor Speak slowly walks over to the female patient and looks into its eyes, staying several inches away from the face.

DOCTOR SPEAK
Now, if you'll just relax, we'll
get under way. Anything you'd like
to address before we get started?

Subject remains still, facial expression glazed over, appearing to ignore Doctor Speak.

DOCTOR SPEAK
That's what I thought. Let's
begin. We'll start with
candy. Nurse!

A nurse hands one of the doctors a long, metal object with a forked end. She attaches half of a candy bar to the forked end while the doctor holds the other. Doctor approaches the subject slowly and carefully sticks the candy bar in front of the subject's face. The female subject ignores the candy bar, even when the doctor presses it against her lips.

DOCTOR SPEAK (O.S.)
Take the candy.

The doctor presses the candy up against the subject's mouth again.

DOCTOR SPEAK (O.S.)
Take it!

The subject continues to show no interest in the candy.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR SPEAK
Very well, then. Nurse, come take
this.

A nurse comes in and takes the reaching device and candy bar
away, glaring at Doctor Speak in resentment.

DOCTOR SPEAK
Thank you...nurse. Alright,
next. Come along now, the hot!

Rich stands glaring into the distance then reaches up to rub
his temple.

DOCTOR SPEAK (O.S.)
Hello, doctor?

Rich shakes himself to consciousness and quickly turns to
look at Doctor Speak.

DOCTOR SPEAK
The hot? May we have that now?

RICH
Yes. Yes sir...Nurse?

The nurse comes out and hands Rich another reaching object,
this time with what appears to be a fried chicken leg
attached to the end. Rich hesitantly grabs the tool and
makes his way to the front of the subject. Rich extends the
tool to its fullest extent and attempts to feed the subject
to which the subject ignores him completely. Rich pulls the
chicken back and glances toward Doctor Speak. Doctor Speak
gives him an irritated look and Rich nods his head in
understanding. Attempting his objective again, Rich presses
the chicken up to the subject's mouth, this time pressing it
up against the cheek as well. The subject reacts with a
quick jerk of the head that knocks the chicken off of the
fork. Rich quickly drops the fork and rushes toward the
subject.

DOCTOR SPEAK
No, doctor!

Rich reaches down towards the lap of the subject to grab the
chicken but in a panic, is standing much too close to the
subject's head.

RICH
I'll just take this.

The subject jerks violently again, causing Rich to stagger
closer and the subject bites down violently onto Rich's
shoulder. Rich screams in terror.

(CONTINUED)

RICH
Motherfucker! Get her off of
me! Get her off! Get her off!

All doctors with the exception of Doctor Speak rush to his aid. Ron drops his voice recorder, popping the batteries out of the back upon impact and rushes over towards Rich.

RICH
Son of a bitch help me! Help me! Oh
God!

Two doctors use a strap and a ball gag to restrain the subject's head against the headrest of the chair she's sitting in. Rich immediately hits the floor, bleeding profusely from the bite. The doctors, being careful to not touch the blood or the wound help move Rich over onto a stretcher that the nurse has brought in. Medics that accompany the nurse lift up the stretcher and head out the door that is BUZZED open for them carrying Rich's body. Ron remains on his knees and looks up at Doctor Speak as the other doctors begin wheeling the patient off through another door. Doctor Speak returns Ron's look with a smirk and raised eyebrows.

INT. OFFICE OF DOCTOR SPEAK

Doctor Speak sits behind his desk while Ron stands on the other side, leaning over putting his weight on the Doctor's desk.

RON
Where have they taken him?

DOCTOR SPEAK
Ron, my boy, please sit down and
we'll talk about it.

RON
Tell me where is he is, damn you!

DOCTOR SPEAK
(yelling)
RONALD, PLEASE. Now calm yourself
down or I'll have you escorted out!

Ron sits down and takes a deep breath.

RON
Look. I was brought here right out
of college, was told what my job
description was and that everything
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RON (cont'd)
else was "top secret." But tell
me. Where...Is...Rich.

DOCTOR SPEAK
Ronald, you were a shoo-in for your
position. We needed 5 professor's
recommendations and we received 7
for you. You were the model
student, and may I say, you've done
a magnificent job writing the
reports for us.

Doctor Speak holds up a bottle of scotch and a glass with
ice.

DOCTOR SPEAK
Scotch?

Ron does not respond, rather, he just stares up at Doctor
Speak, on the verge of tears.

DOCTOR SPEAK
Very well, then. I suppose I can't
keep you in the dark about
everything. Rich is now in a
solitary confinement cell. Only a
matter of days before he turns into
one of our regular guests.

RON
A fucking zombie.

DOCTOR SPEAK
A subject, Ronald. Now, he's going
to be looked after closely and
we'll be sure to take good care of
him. Why (laughs) I'm sure you'll
be seeing him in about a week or
so!

RON
You're going to study him!?

DOCTOR SPEAK
Well, of course! You can't expect
us to pass up a free specimen like
that! Besides, the Pryous will be
glad to hear that that's one less
specimen they have to
find. They're hard to come by
legally.

(CONTINUED)

RON

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR SPEAK

Ah, so much you've yet to learn. Years ago, Benincidious became available from laboratory tests on dogs. You don't need me to tell you what an out of hand virus this is, so they needed to study it and learn how to harness it.

RON

But why?

INT. LABORATORY - BRIGHT LIGHTING

A doctor is shown pulling liquids from vials and placing the contents under a microscope.

DOCTOR SPEAK (V.O.)

Oh, different things. Military use, chemical warfare and the like. They thought it left the patient brain-dead so they funded this program. What we've found out now is that these subjects not only become brain-dead but they also develop a constant hunger for blood.

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - CONSTRUCTION SITE

Several construction workers are shown carrying tools around. A contractor stands with a doctor looking at a blueprint.

DOCTOR SPEAK (V.O.)

We've spent the last few years developing this program and now we have the government funding this state of the art facility with hopes of either harnessing it for something useful or finding a cure should it escape our boundaries.

INT. OFFICE OF DOCTOR SPEAK

DOCTOR SPEAK
You following me?

RON
Yes, but why Rich?

DOCTOR SPEAK
When we first started testing the
virus on humans, we were using
inmates who were on death row.

INT. PRISON - OUTSIDE PRISON CELL

PRISON GUARD opens up a cell and pulls out INMATE. Inmate is handcuffed behind his back and is transported out of the cell and down the hallway.

PRISON GUARD
Nothing to see here, people. Just
a dead man walking. A dead man
walking.

INT. PRISON - OFFICE

Prison Guard and Inmate enter an office with a doctor and other prison officials.

PRISON GUARD
Here he is. Anything else I can
do, gentlemen?

INMATE
What the fuck is going on?

INT. OFFICE OF DOCTOR SPEAK

DOCTOR SPEAK
It was great. The inmates were
going to be killed anyway so we
tested on them and told their
families it was lethal
injection. The funerals were
closed coffin and everyone went on
about their business.

RON
Rich wasn't a fucking inmate,
Doctor!

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR SPEAK

You really should watch your mouth, son. I'm trying to give you all this information now do you want to hear it or not?

RON

Go ahead.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Very well. After a few studies we found that our results may be flawed since it was proven that these inmates on death row had a chemical imbalance in their brains already. We had to find a new way of gaining specimens. That's when the Pryous came along.

EXT. PARKING LOT - QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAYTIME

A white van pulls up with the words "The Pryous" etched across the back. The doors fling wide open and 4 men dressed in black suits exit and begin walking.

DOCTOR SPEAK (V.O.)

The Pryous go out at different times of the day, mostly based on tips given to them by other employess who are in the know. Other times, just cruising for random men and women who are walking dogs, carrying babies, jogging. Anyone, really, as long as they were alone and looked friendly enough.

DOG WOMAN comes around the corner walking a dog towards the suited men. She notices and primps her hair in preparation for their conversation. CHAZ PRYOUS steps towards the woman, sticking a cigarette in his mouth.

CHAZ PRYOUS

Excuse me, ma'am. Got a light?

DOG WOMAN

Oh, no sir. I don't smoke. Anything to stay healthy, right?

(CONTINUED)

CHAZ PRYOUS

Healthy, right. Just what I needed
to hear, thanks!

The other three men run around, one placing a sack over the woman's head, one grabbing her ankles and the other picking her up around her waist. The team proceed to throw her in the van. Two jump in the back of the van with her, one goes to the driver side. Chaz Pryous drops his unlit cigarette on the ground as he watches the dog run around in a confused state. He steps on the cigarette and turns to climb back into the van.

INT. OFFICE OF DOCTOR SPEAK

RON

That's fucked up. That's totally
fucked.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Yeah, I'll admit it's a bit
barbaric, but just think. You're
friend Rich prevented that from
happening to someone else!

RON

Where is he?

DOCTOR SPEAK

I told you, he's in solitary and
he's fine.

RON

Where is that?

DOCTOR SPEAK

There are some things you aren't
permitted to know. You'll run into
him soon.

Ron glares at Doctor Speak with hatred. Doctor Speak returns his look with one of indifference and a half-grin. Breaking the stare, Ron scans Doctor Speak's desk and notices a stack of business cards with "The Pryous" written on them. He reaches up and takes one.

DOCTOR SPEAK

Anything I can do for you,
son? I'm sure there are reports
you need to write.

(CONTINUED)

RON
No. No that's all.

DOCTOR SPEAK
Very well, then. Enjoy your
afternoon, Ronald.

Ron slowly gets up and walks out of the room. Doctor Speak leans back in his chair and grins a confident grin.

INT. OFFICE OF RON OTTOWOLD

Ron slumps down into his chair and looks blankly at his computer screen. He holds up the Pryous card he picked up earlier and flips it between his fingers a few times before tossing it onto his desk, landing beside his tape recorder that's still missing batteries. He then picks up the tape recorder, replaces the batteries and rewinds the tape inside. He presses play.

DOCTOR SPEAK
(From tape recorder)
No! Doctor!

RICH
(From tape recorder)
I'll just take
this. Aaaahahahhhh!! Motherfucker
get her off (CLICK)

Ron rewinds the tape again and presses play.

DOCTOR SPEAK
(From tape recorder)
No! Doctor!

RICH
(From tape recorder)
I'll just take
this. Aaaahahahhhh!! Motherfucker
get her off (CLICK)

Ron clicks the tape recorder off and sits it back down on his desk. He leans back into his chair, closes his eyes and breathes deeply.

EXT. BURGER DOWN RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

SUPERIMPOSE: Laura

SISSY

Girl and you KNOW I went after
that! (laughs).

INT. BURGER DOWN RESTAURANT - DAYLIGHT THROUGH WINDOWS

SISSY and LAURA sit in a booth at a restaurant. Their food
is halfway eaten and both women are drinking milkshakes.

LAURA

My God, I can't believe you went
home with him!

SISSY

Where do you think I be gettin' the
cash to take you out for lunch,
girl? Working the side stage at
the club?

Laura shrugs.

SISSY

Hell no! We can't all be cute,
innocent little white girls like
Miss Laura over here. (laughs)

LAURA

The money is good, but you've seen
what cute and innocent has gotten
me. It might really be because I'm
white.

SISSY

No, those oldies have 'em some
jungle fever if I've ever witnessed
it. They slobber over this bootay!

WALLY WAITER walks up to the table. He's wearing a white
shirt with black pants and a black apron. His thick-framed
glasses and hesitant speech indicate his nervousness around
the girls.

WALLY WAITER

Wh-wu-was there anything else I
could ah...Do for you ladies?

(CONTINUED)

SISSY
 Yes, actually uh-

Sissy leans in and sees Wally's name tag, reading WALLY in bold capital letters.

 SISSY
 -Wally. I need to know something.

 WALLY WAITER
 Is uh...Everything okay?

 SISSY
 Oh, everything's fine, my man,
 everything is fine. I need to know
 something. Do you like chocolate?

 LAURA
 Oh, Sissy!

 SISSY
 Come on, Wally. Do you like
 Chocolate?

Wally grins nervously and giggles before responding.

 WALLY WAITER
 Uh, yeah. I guess.

 LAURA
 He guesses?

 SISSY
 What do you mean, you 'guess,'
 Wally?

 WALLY WAITER
 I don't know, I just...I-

 SISSY
 Well let me put it to you this
 way. Would you rather have
 chocolate or vanilla?

 WALLY WAITER
 Chocolate or van...uh...I uh-

 SISSY
 How about this? White sugar or-

Sissy leans over toward Wally and speaks in a low voice.

SISSY
-brown sugar?

WALLY WAITER
Sugar? Uh. What happened to
chocolate or vanilla?

LAURA
He doesn't like either, Sissy, give
him a break.

Wally laughs nervously. Laura leans over the table toward
Wally and speaks in a low voice.

LAURA
He likes...Raw sugar.

Laura licks her lips. Wally drops the check down on the
table frantically.

WALLY WAITER
Uh...Ah, I uh...Haha! Just pay up
front when you're ready ladieeeeees!

Wally runs away from the table nervously, leaving Laura and
Sissy at the booth laughing hysterically.

EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY TIME - ESTABLISHING

Laura's house is shown to be in a quaint, run-down but
livable neighborhood. A single car sits in the driveway.

INT. LAURA'S LIVING ROOM

Laura's boyfriend MICHAEL sits on the couch drinking from a
2 liter bottle of soft drink. Laura walks across the scene,
frantically picking up articles of clothing and empty cans.

MICHAEL
You know, babe, I just might come
see ya down at the whorehouse
tonight.

LAURA
How are you going to get there? We
only got one car.

MICHAEL
Aw, ya know. Randy might come git
me if I call 'em.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA

No! Not with Randy.

MICHAEL

Oh, come on, babe! They won't remember!

LAURA

I said no! He's lucky they let him in the last time! And besides, it's not a whorehouse, it's a gentlemen's club, so you'd have to wait outside.

MICHAEL

Bitch.

LAURA

Dick.

MICHAEL

Ya know, I may jus' be gone when you get back tonight, whore!

LAURA

Really? Do you think I'm that lucky? Jesus Christ, Michael, you threaten me with this every night and every night I'm disappointed.

MICHAEL

Nobody's forcing you to stay here!

LAURA

It's MY house, piss face. I live here, not you.

MICHAEL

Okay, that's cool. I'll just call over one of your buddies while you're gone. Come on, who's got the night off tonight that wants to make a few extra bucks?

LAURA

I'm outta here.

Laura grabs her purse and car keys then heads out the door, slamming it behind her. A dog BARKS off screen.

MICHAEL

Dammit, Gizmo, shut the fuck up!