

A WOMAN SCORNED

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CITY - NIGHT

City noise rolls in with a breeze that gently blow curtains around a partially open window. A red "H" from "HOTEL" flickers in the dark room creating a strobe-like effect.

On the bed, a woman's hands wrap nylon stockings around a man's wrist and ties it to the bedpost. The red light glimmers off his gold wedding band.

MAN (O.S.)

Woo-ee baby! This is some kinky
shit!

WOMAN (O.S.)

That's what you're payin' me for.

Her hand jerks the stocking hard, securing it tightly.

MAN (O.S.)

Take it easy! I'm not going
anywhere.

He's not. His legs are spread, ankles tied to the bottom posts, both wrists tied to the top.

She straddles him. Her long black hair falls down her bare back.

The MAN (50's), rugged but handsome, looks up at her with eager anticipation.

MAN

Ooh, we're gonna have fun now.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh yeah.

ZIP. His eyes widen as she rips off a piece of duct tape and slaps it over his mouth. ZIP. He panics as she rips off another piece and slowly places it over his nose.

HOTEL ROOM - LATER

A toilet FLUSHES. The bathroom door opens. A sliver of light shines on a pool of blood next to the bed.

A woman's feet carefully step over it on the way to the door.

As the room door opens, light from the hall momentarily illuminates the blood's source.

The man's bloody hand dangles off the bed, his severed ring finger, minus the ring, lay on the floor.

Red back pack slung over her shoulder, the woman leaves and shuts the door.

EXT/INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - MORNING

Detective DAN MITCHELL (45), hardened veteran, good looks sinking into stress lines, opens the driver's side door and gets in.

Frustrated, he tosses his cell phone on the dashboard.

DAN

God dammit!

In the passenger seat, inhaling breakfast is rookie detective JOHN PERRY (25), handsome and fit.

JOHN

What the hell's the matter with you?

DAN

I ask for a transfer and they give me a fucking murder case!

JOHN

A murder case? We're vice? Why don't they give it to homicide?

DAN

We're working with homicide. Those murders downtown -- it's a prostitute. She's killed four johns so far.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Several POLICE OFFICERS dust for fingerprints and gather evidence.

A MEDICAL EXAMINER zips closed a body bag.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Fidgeting impatiently, Dan watches as each floor number lights up. He tries hard to ignore John who annoyingly slurps a soda.

The elevator doors open. As Dan and John exit, they almost run into the gurney transporting the body bag.

Cordially, they nod at the medical examiner as he wheels the gurney into the elevator.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Detective HARRY ROBINSON (50), loud, burly type, stands with Dan and John as they observe the crime scene.

DAN

If she smothered him with duct tape, where did the blood come from?

HARRY

She cuts off their ring finger. Leaves the finger, takes the ring.

John scowls. He doesn't handle that info as well as Dan.

JOHN

Holy shit.

DAN

All married? Obviously some kind of man hater, which covers about one hundred percent of the girls we watch.

HARRY

We need you to question some of those local girls, Dan. They trust you. Maybe this can narrow down your search.

Harry hands Dan a clear evidence bag. Inside are a few long, black strands of hair.

HARRY

Found them scattered around the room. But -- lots of girls use this room and God only knows when it was cleaned last.

A bit bewildered, Dan studies the bag, looks up at Harry.

DAN

It might be something.

Harry takes the bag back.

HARRY

I hope for your sake it is. Captain told me you're stuck on vice until this thing is solved.

With a shit eating grin, Harry slaps Dan on the back and walks away.

Oblivious to what just happened, John gags as he watches a COP place the severed finger into a baggie.

Disgusted, Dan rolls his eyes at the rookie.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Driving slowly down a seedy Boulevard, Dan searches the faces of prostitutes standing along the street.

John is preoccupied with removing pickles off his burger.

DAN

Are you helping me look?

His mouth full of burger, John looks out the window.

JOHN

I'm looking. Long black hair.

Dan shakes his head as John inhales the burger. Disgusted, he turns away and resumes his search, eyes squinting to focus.

He slows the car as he spots someone.

DAN

There she is.

Dan pulls the car over.

REBECCA(30), long black hair and all legs, smiles when she sees Dan. She saunters to the car. He rolls down the window.

She rests her elbows on the open window and leans in. Cleavage exposed, her face close to his.

REBECCA

Well, well. It's been a while.
Haven't seen you since --

Dan's eyes widen at Rebecca's words, he tenses, glances toward John. She smirks playfully at his reaction.

REBECCA

Since they moved you across town.

Uncomfortable with the exchange, John opens the door.

JOHN

Umm, I'm just gonna go ask those girls some questions.

Dan watches as John walks toward TWO PROSTITUTES on the sidewalk. One of them has long black hair.

With John out of ear shot, his focus returns to Rebecca.

DAN

So, how you been Becks?

REBECCA

Horrible. Do you care?

She studies his face, it looks like he might care. Her eyes well up. She moves a little closer, he moves away.

REBECCA

I miss you.

Awkward silence. Dan looks like he's going to say something, but doesn't. Annoyed, her tone changes.

REBECCA

I thought you were done with vice.

DAN

I'm trying, but now we got this crazy broad running around chopping off fingers. So --

REBECCA

So you wanna know if I know anything.

DAN

Yeah. That's why I'm here.

Disappointed, Rebecca stands up.

REBECCA

Well -- I don't. Look, I got hurt too. You made me a lot of promises Dan, and you --

DAN

You crossed the line when you told Sheri. How could I ever --

She folds her arms, scowls in anger. He composes himself then looks at her with a stern expression.

DAN

They found a long black hair at the murder scene. Know anything about that?

Stunned, Rebecca slowly backs away from the car.

REBECCA

Are you actually -- Never mind. She
can have you.

Dan doesn't watch as she walks away.

She approaches John and the two girls. John smiles and gives
her the once over. She glares at him.

John heads back to the car, gets in.

JOHN

Find out anything?

Troubled, Dan doesn't look at him. He just shakes his head
no, and puts the car in drive.

JOHN

Well, I did. I found out you and
that hottie had an affair.

John laughs. Dan slams the brakes, looks at John with an icy
expression.

DAN

You don't repeat that -- to anyone!

Taken aback by Dan's sudden anger, John's smile fades.

JOHN

Fine, I won't say anything. Jesus.

DAN

Sorry. Listen, none of the brass
knows about this. I'd like to keep
it that way. I can't have anything
fuck up this transfer. My wife --

Too ashamed to face John, Dan looks out the window.

DAN

She was pregnant when she found out
about me and Rebecca. She had a
miscarriage.

John listens intently, bewildered by Dan's story.

DAN

Rebecca wasn't the only one. She's
just the only one Sheri knows
about. If we're gonna make this
work, I've gotta get out of vice.

Nervously Dan spins his wedding ring.

DAN
I obviously have a problem,
although I don't think I'll be
tempted as long as that finger
chopper is out there.

John cringes at the thought. Dan puts the car in drive.

They continue down the Boulevard passing several prostitutes along the way, a couple with long black hair.

INT. DAN'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan and his wife SHERI(40), sit at a small table and quietly eat dinner.

Sheri is the complete opposite of Rebecca. Short blonde hair, pink polo shirt, white sweater wrapped around her shoulders.

Dan glances up and smiles, she smiles back. It all seems cordial, sad and forced.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Dressed for work, Dan sits next to Sheri who lay in bed.

DAN
Want me to call you later?

SHERI
That's okay. I'm really tired.

DAN
You sure?

SHERI
Yeah.

DAN
Okay. Good night.

He kisses her on the head, turns off the light and leaves.

Eyes wide open, Sheri lays there. The lights from Dan's car shine through the window as it pulls out of the driveway.

As soon as they disappear, she gets out of bed.

MOMENTS LATER

Now dressed, she stands in front of the closet mirror and brushes her hair.

Slowly she turns to the side and studies her reflection which reveals a modest pregnancy bump. Tenderly, she rubs her belly and smiles.

The phone rings. Caller ID says. "DAN'S CELL". She picks it up.

SHERI

I told you, you didn't have to call.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME TIME

Alone, phone to his ear, Dan is stopped at a red light on the Boulevard.

DAN

I forgot to tell you that --

He watches a RED HEADED PROSTITUTE pace the sidewalk. She sees Dan, shoots him a sexy smile and gestures with her finger for him to pull over.

DAN

I love you.

His hand on the wheel, he glances at his wedding band then guns the gas pedal as the traffic light turns green.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

SHERI

I love you too.

Phone to her ear, she slides open the closet door, reaches way back and pulls out a red backpack.

She unzips it, checks the contents. Duct tape, rope, a black wig among other things including a necklace with four wedding bands dangling from it.

SHERI

You really don't have to keep calling Dan. I trust you.

(listens)

Okay. Good night.

She clicks off the phone, puts the necklace on, zips the pack and flings it over her shoulder.

Sheri heads to the door and shuts off the light.

FADE OUT