

Doctor Kay's House

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information

**FADE IN**

**EXT. COTTAGE - DAY**

The early-spring, late-day sun shines on an abandoned cottage situated on a large, unkempt lot.

Three boys: JON, DANNY and BILLY, all age 14, approach. They stand near the open front door and look in through glassless front windows, shattered long ago.

JON

I can't believe they're tearing down our house tomorrow.

DANNY

It's not our house. It's Doctor Kay's house.

BILLY

But we spent more time here than he did. Did anybody ever see him?

JON

I used to see him every year. He died before any of you moved here.

BILLY

What kind of doctor was he?

JON

My dad said he was a Theology professor, whatever that means. This was his summer house. He was going to live here full time when he retired. That didn't happen. I guess they finally found a buyer for the house.

BILLY

I wonder who bought it?

JON

I heard some builder who's going to put up a bigger house.

DANNY

Where's Trevor? Didn't you tell him to meet us here?

JON

I texted him.  
(looks O.S.)  
Here he is, now.

TREVOR (14) approaches from a short distance away. He carries a re-usable shopping bag.

DANNY  
I wonder what he's carrying?

JON  
Knowing him, something that will get us in trouble.

Trevor arrives.

DANNY  
What's in the bag?

TREVOR  
I brought refreshments so we can have a toast to Doctor Kay and our house.

Trevor pulls a bottle of wine from the bag, hands it to Jon.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Here, hold this.

JON  
What'd you do? Steal this from your parents?

TREVOR  
No, I stole it from yours.

JON  
Very funny.

Trevor pulls out four plastic dinner cups and passes three out. He takes the bottle from Jon.

Jon looks at the cups with concern.

JON  
We have cups like this at home. And that looks like my mom's shopping bag.

TREVOR  
Yeah, so? I picked them up with the wine.

JON  
You really took this from our kitchen?

TREVOR  
Yeah.

JON

What are you doing ripping off my house?

TREVOR

The back door was unlocked.

JON

You asshole! My parents are home!

TREVOR

But the T.V. was up too high. Calm down. I did you a favor.

JON

How is ripping off my parents a favor?

TREVOR

While I was in your kitchen, I turned the gas all the way up on the oven. You're going to have pizza tonight!

JON

What was my mom cooking?

TREVOR

Some kind of stanky lasagne.

JON

Yeah, my mom makes a pretty rude lasagne. I think she makes it with liver. Thanks. I just hope you didn't set fire to my house.

Trevor pulls a corkscrew out of the bag, shows it to Jon. Jon rolls his eyes.

After the bottle is uncorked, Trevor half-fills the cups with wine. They hold up the cups for a toast.

TREVOR

To Doctor Kay and our house. What a wonderful playground we had here.

They clink cups and take a sip. All but Trevor make extreme sour faces.

DANNY

What the heck is this?

TREVOR

Wine.

DANNY  
Let me see that bottle.

He reaches for the bottle and takes it from Trevor. He looks at the label, cringes and shows it to Billy.

BILLY  
Cooking sherry! Gross!

He hands the bottle back to Trevor.

TREVOR  
Don't blame me. It was in the wine rack next to the sink. Anyway, let's go inside and have one more look around. Since they're tearing this down tomorrow, it's the last chance we'll get.

BILLY  
I don't know. It smells pretty bad in there. Do you think it's safe?

TREVOR  
Just a little moldy. I'll go first.

#### **INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM**

Trevor enters and steps carefully across the creaking floor. The three others follow.

Trevor enters the next room. He looks around, shrieks and steps back into the other three, spilling their cups of wine.

BILLY  
What is it?

TREVOR  
There's somebody in there.

JON  
Who?

TREVOR  
I don't know. Take a look.

Jon enters the --

#### **DINING ROOM**

In a corner, a PERSON sits pressed against the wall.

They have their knees pushed up into their chest, their arms are wrapped around their legs. Their forehead rests on their knees. They wear a rain coat with the hood over their head.

Gloves, the hood, and long, gray hair hides their identity.

Jon kneels down next to the person. He nudges them to no response. He brushes back the hair a little bit.

He stands abruptly and steps back. He returns to the --

## LIVING ROOM

DANNY

Are they...?

JON

Very. She's been here a while.

DANNY

Any idea who it is?

JON

It looks like the homeless lady who sold flowers near the supermarket. She must have froze to death during the winter. No wonder we haven't seen her for a while.

TREVOR

How could nobody have seen this?

JON

They probably closed last fall and were waiting to start the new construction. Nobody's been here all winter; at least I didn't see anyone.

BILLY

What should we do?

TREVOR

Leave. They're working here tomorrow. Let them find this.

BILLY

Just like that? She deserves more respect.

TREVOR

You're right. Anybody want to do another toast?

He holds up the bottle.

The other three cringe, shake their heads in decline.

Trevor enters the dining room, returns without the bottle.

TREVOR

Rest in peace, flower lady.

JON

I agree. Let's just go. Give me the cups.

Jon takes the bag from Trevor, they all place their cups into the bag.

Trevor hands over the corkscrew.

TREVOR

Enjoy the pizza.

They all turn and proceed to the front door.

#### **DINING ROOM**

A VAGRANT (30), male, greasy hair and complexion, dirty clothes, quietly enters from the kitchen. He looks into the living room, watches the children leave.

He spots the open bottle on the floor beside the flower lady. He bends down and picks up the bottle.

He raises the bottle to his lips, tilts his head back and takes an aggressive sip.

His demeanor soon emotes an emergency.

As he shakes his head and torso with revulsion, wine sprays from his lips about the room like a lawn sprinkler.

He looks at the bottle.

VAGRANT

Cooking sherry! Now I know I hit bottom.

Bottle in hand, he leaves the room and the cottage.

**FADE OUT**

**THE END**