

INFECTIOUS PERSONALITY DISORDER

Written By: David Lambertson

(c) 2020. This work may not be used for any purpose without the expressed written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION - DAY

A white, expansive, structure perched on the edge of a cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Clean, sparkling and huge.

BETH OWENS (30) hands a white envelope to a LATINA COOK (40).

BETH
That's two month's pay. We'll call
you back as soon as the shelter in
place is over.

LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Opulent with symbols of wealth everywhere. Antique furniture throughout, expensive artwork on the walls.

CHIP OWENS (34), hands a white envelope to LAWRENCE (40), clad in a body shirt barely containing his rippling biceps.

LAWRENCE
Who's going to drive him places?
And what about security?

CHIP
Beth and I will handle everything.
It's for the best.

As Lawrence reluctantly takes the envelope, he looks toward the other end of the room at JEB OWENS (75).

Jeb sits motionless in a leather recliner. A plastic tube snakes from his nostrils into a nearby oxygen tank.

He stares at the screen of a muted TV. On the screen, a news report on the Corona Virus. The banner at the bottom scrolls the numbers of the infected and the dead.

LAWRENCE
Are you sure, Chip? I've been with
him for more than a decade and --

Chip gives Lawrence a steely, firm look.

Lawrence nods, then exits through the front door just as Beth enters the room from the kitchen.

BETH
That's everybody. Just us now.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner in progress - looks to be something ordered. Jeb, still connected to the oxygen tank, at the head of the table. Chip and Beth on either side.

JEB
I still don't understand why you had to let everyone go.

BETH
Daddy, it's for your own good. They go home to their families at night. Think of the exposure. If you get that virus, in your condition...
(choking up a bit.)
I can't even think about it.

CHIP
I'm staying here until this is over. You can count on me.

JEB
So now, I can count on you? Glad you waited until the world was coming to an end.

INT. MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Large and opulent. A giant, mahogany four-poster bed in the center of the room.

Jeb lies in the center of the bed. Beth pulls his oxygen tank over on the right side of the bed.

BETH
Here okay?

JEB
It's fine, sweetie. I do this all the time myself you know.

Beth hands Jeb the end of the tube, leans over and gives him a kiss on the forehead.

BETH
Night, Daddy.

OUTSIDE PATIO

Chip, wine glass in hand, leans on the rails of the patio looking out toward the Pacific Ocean.

Beth enters from inside.

BETH
He's down.

Chip just nods. Beth takes in his sour demeanor.

BETH
You're not changing your mind, are
you?

Chip takes a sip of wine.

CHIP
Not a chance. We've waited long
enough for the money.
(looking at Beth)
And it is the perfect plan.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Beth, clad with an apron, cooks breakfast.

Chip enters, wearing a medical mask and surgical gloves. He has a plastic bio-waste bag in his hand.

CHIP
Where's Dad?

BETH
In the dining room, waiting for
breakfast.

CHIP
Keep him there.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jeb at the dining room table. Beth places a plate of bacon and eggs in front of him. Meanwhile back in the --

MASTER BEDROOM

Chip, still clad in the mask and gloves, grabs a handful of used medical masks and gloves from the bio-waste bag.

He rubs the masks and gloves over every piece of furniture, on the inside doorknob and the valve of the oxygen tank.

He goes into the --

BATHROOM

And continues the process, wiping the infected protective gear over every exposed space. When done, he re-enters the -

MASTER BEDROOM

And removes a small security camera from his pocket. He places it on top of a tall armoire dresser.

He then goes to the closet where he finds and removes two spare oxygen tanks.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Beth rinsing dishes. Chip enters.

CHIP

You should go home now. We're set.

BETH

Are you sure?

CHIP

Yeah. It's not going to be pleasant and I don't want to take any chance on you changing your mind. I'll text you when we agreed to.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The wee hours of the night. Chip tip-toes down the hallway, screwdriver in one hand, a thick linked chain in the other.

He reaches the master bedroom and peers in. Jeb's fast asleep in bed, wheezing as he takes in the oxygen.

Chip closes the bedroom door. He removes two steel hooks from his pocket. He screws one into the wall opposite the door and one into the center of the door.

Chip places the steel chain between the two hooks making sure it is taut enough to keep the door from opening.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Chip, with a beer in his hand, smartphone in the other sits on the floor with his back against the closed bedroom door.

SUPER: FIVE DAYS LATER

The door RATTLES from someone trying to open it. No luck - the chain Chip installed is holding tight.

JEB (O.S.)
Let me out! Let me out!

Chip looks at the screen of his smartphone. On the screen, streaming footage from the security camera on the dresser shows a hunched over Jeb at the bedroom door.

CHIP
Just fucking die already.

Chip takes a sip of beer.

INSIDE THE MASTER BEDROOM

Jeb, looking very frail, has his hands on the door. Sweat beads on his forehead. His eyes are sunken and tired.

THUMP - THUMP as he strikes the door with his palms.

JEB
I'm sick!

Jeb bends over and coughs violently. Droplets of blood spray the white door. He THUMPS the door again.

JEB
I'm out of oxygen! I need help!
(several hacking coughs)
I'm dying!

BACK IN THE HALLWAY

Chip takes a sip of beer as he taps out a text with one hand.

TEXT TO BETH: *"Dad is feeling a little off. I'm concerned about the virus. Doctors?"*

TEXT RESPONSE FROM BETH: *"Maybe. Could be just a cold. Let's see how he's going in the morning."*

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jeb's in bed. His useless oxygen mask dangles from the plastic tube on the nearby nightstand.

There's dried blood on Jeb's blue-tinted lips. His chest barely moving from shallow, panting breaths.

IN THE HALLWAY

Chip, on the floor leaning against the door, asleep.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunshine filters through the drapes gently cascading down on the corpse of Jeb Owens. His slackened jaw frozen in an open position - his last breath.

Chip stands in the center of the room.

The CREAK of the front door opening followed by the sound of muffled footsteps.

A FIGURE, covered from head to toe in an industrial-strength HAZMAT SUIT comes down the hallway and enters the --

MASTER BEDROOM

Where Chip stares at his dead father.

CHIP

The mother-fucker is finally gone.

Chip turns and jolts when he spots the Hazmat Figure.

CHIP

Who the fuck are --

BANG - a bullet pierces the center of Chip's chest. He collapses to the floor. Smoke oozes from the barrel of a gun held firmly in the Hazmat Figure's gloved hand.

The HAZMAT Figure steps over Chip and walks towards Jeb's corpse in the bed.

He uncurls the fingers on Jeb's dead right hand, places the gun in Jeb's hand and his index finger on the trigger.

He points the gun towards where Chip once stood and uses Jeb's finger to squeeze the trigger.

BANG - BANG - two bullets pierce the wall just to the right of where Chip once stood.

The HAZMAT Figure exits the room and enters the hallway removing his face gear as he walks - it's Lawrence.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence's strong arm is wrapped around Beth's shoulder as they're curled up together on the sofa watching television.

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

Beth has a glass of wine in her free hand. Lawrence reaches for it to take a sip resulting in a gentle slap of the hand from Beth.

BETH
C'mon, sweetie. You know I don't
like sharing.

FADE OUT.