

THE OBJECT OF MY INFECTION

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. ATLANTA, THE CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL (CDC) - DAY

A ten story building encased in blue tinted glass shimmers in the sunlight. A large blue sign with white letters - "CDC."

INT. CDC BIO-HAZARD LAB/CORRIDOR - DAY

DOCTOR EMMA SANDERS (35), dressed in an orange Haz-Mat suit stands outside a CDC Bio-Hazard lab room.

She enters numbers on a security key pad. A BEEP is heard.

Emma places a protective hood over her head, opens the lab door and enters.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Looks like a model home - clean as a whistle and beautifully furnished. There's not a thing out of place other than it is inhabited by DREW SANDERS (40) who looks as though he belongs in a Deep South trailer park.

Drew, shirtless, with an unshaven face, sits on the floor with his back up against the bottom of a sofa. He is a large, muscular man with a tattoo of a police badge on each bicep.

Drew's right bicep bulges as he brings a pocket mirror with a line of cocaine resting on it to his nose. He snorts it with force and shakes his head from the effects.

Drew fumbles for a cell phone on top of the coffee table.

DREW
(into cell phone)
Hey, it's me. I'm still on
administrative leave.
(listening)
You know internal affairs. They
take their sweet fucking time.
(listening)
Then why don't you get that pretty
little ass over here.

INT. CDC BIO-HAZARD LAB - NIGHT

Brightly lit. Double paned windows are around the entire perimeter of the room.

Metallic medical vacuum pipes run the length of the ceiling. Beneath them are several pristine bio-medical lab stations.

All cabinets, desks, shelves and walls are gloss white. They look as though they have never been touched by human hands.

Emma walks from a lab station to a refrigerated cylinder that stands in the center of the room. She opens the cylinder lid. A cloud of frost cascades into the air.

Emma places a vial in a slot in the cylinder, closes the lid and enters a code in a security lock affixed to the cylinder.

She heads towards the

LAB CORRIDOR

Firmly closing the heavy lab door behind her. Emma removes her protective hood and wipes beads of sweat from her brow.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/FRONT DOOR FOYER - NIGHT

Emma enters the home. She opens a closet by the front door, hangs her coat and then enters the

LIVING ROOM

And spots Drew sprawled out in a recliner. A beer is in his hand. He stares mindlessly at the TV.

DREW
You're late.

EMMA
(walking towards bedroom)
There was traffic.

Emma enters the

BEDROOM

And sits on the edge of the bed and removes her heels. She - catches a whiff of an odor.

Emma reaches over and grabs a pillow - puts it up to her nose and inhales. Her face reveals that she knows the scent.

She bolts back into the

LIVING ROOM

EMMA
She was here today? In our bed?

Drew doesn't take his eyes off the television.

DREW
I don't know what the fuck you're
talking about?

EMMA
I can smell her! I can smell what
you did!

Drew takes a long sip of beer.

DREW
(far too casual)
Well, maybe if you weren't so
catatonic in the sack, I wouldn't
have to be chasing stray pussy.
(beat)
It's like fucking a corpse with
you.

Emma grabs Drew's house keys from the coffee table.

EMMA
I want you out of my house.

Emma angrily tosses the key chain at Drew. She accidentally
catches Drew in the face, causing a nick in his skin.

Drew dabs his finger on the cut and licks the blood. A wicked
smile crosses his face.

In that instance, Emma knew trouble was coming. She
frantically exits into the:

KITCHEN

Drew follows her in and slaps her in the face, back hand and
far too hard. Emma collapses to the floor. She cowers in fear
as blood trickles out from the corner of her lips.

Drew casually grabs another beer from the refrigerator.

Drew hovers over Emma. With a beer in one hand, he grabs her
hair with his free hand and balls it up in his fist.

EMMA
No.

Drew drags Emma by her hair across the kitchen floor towards
the living room.

EMMA
Stop - God, please.

DREW

I would have thought that you
learned your lesson by now.

Drew stops - takes a sip of beer. He tugs on Emma's hair.

DREW

Get the fuck up. You're too fucking
fat to drag across the carpet.

Emma stays put. Drew tugs harder.

DREW

I said get the fuck up!

One more hard tug giving Emma no alternative. With her back
against the door jam, she weakly rises to her feet. Drew
spins Emma around and wraps his free arm tightly across her
throat. He shoves Emma forward with his hips.

DREW

Go.

With his arm around her throat, Drew forces Emma into the

LIVING ROOM

Emma struggles to no avail and they reach the

BEDROOM

Drew forcefully shoves Emma to the bed. He takes the last
swallow of his beer and wipes his lips.

DREW

Take off your clothes.

Emma looks towards the night stand and spots Drew's police
revolver next to a phone. She inches closer to it.

DREW

Yeah, cunt - like you have the
nerve to do that.

EMMA

(quivering)

I'm calling the police.

Drew pounces on the bed and pins Emma's shoulders with his
knees. He slaps her hard several times with the back of his
hand. Emma tries to shield her face.

EMMA

Stop. Please. Please!

Drew rolls off Emma and opens the drawer to the night stand revealing a pair of HANDCUFFS, a JACK KNIFE and a Police Captain's BADGE.

Drew grabs the cuffs and the jack knife. He sits down on the edge of the bed - his back to Emma. She whimpers.

DREW
(oddly calm)
Call the police? You didn't learn
from last time, sweetheart? I'm a
fucking Captain. You know that I'm
invincible.
(beat)
Say it.

EMMA
(feebly)
You're invincible.

DREW
That's better.

Drew sets the Jack Knife on top of the night stand. He twirls the cuffs in his hand.

DREW
You know you're always going to be
with me. Don't you, Emma?
(beat)
There is no escape. I always find
you. One fucking way or another - I
find you.

Drew glances over his shoulder at Emma.

DREW
You still have your God damn
clothes on.

EMMA
I'm not --

Drew turns and thrusts his hand tightly around Emma's throat. Her face starts to turn red as she struggles for air.

DREW
You're going to turn over now and
do exactly as I say. Do you
understand?

Emma musters a nod. Drew releases his grip.

DREW
Good. Now turn over.

Emma hesitates. Drew raises his hand. Emma shields her face as she turns over.

With Emma flat on her stomach, Drew turns and straddles her backside. He grabs one of her arms and then the other and cuffs Emma's wrists together behind her back.

EMMA
(as the cuffs CLICK)
No.

Drew leans towards Emma's neck and bites the top her dress creating a tear. He rips the dress apart down the tear line revealing Emma's back side.

Emma SOBS. Drew slaps the back of her head.

DREW
Shut up. You're going to ruin it.

With one hand pressing Emma's head into the mattress, Drew reaches towards the night stand and grabs the Jack Knife.

Emma trembles as she hears the CLICK of the knife opening.

EMMA
Please - I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Drew slides the blade underneath the back of Emma's bra strap and cuts it open. He cuts through the elastic top of Emma's panties and tears them away from her body.

Drew tosses the knife back on the night stand.

DREW
You thought I was going to cut you?
What kind of man do you think I am?

Drew runs the index finger of his other hand from the base of Emma's neck, down the arch of her back, stopping at her ass.

DREW
Let's see. Where haven't I been
before?

EMMA
(muffled)
No - no - don't!

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/BATHROOM - DAY

Emma looks emotionless - almost robotic, as she applies make up over the bruises on her face. Despite her efforts, the shiner under her eye will not be concealed. She enters the

BEDROOM

Where Drew is just waking up.

Emma sits on the bed next to him.

Drew's eyes start to focus. He sees the shiner.

DREW

Oh, God, I'm sorry. It was the coke. I promise that --

Emma gently places her hand on Drew's head.

EMMA

Sssh - sssh.

Emma stands to leave.

EMMA

I got to get to work. We'll talk tonight.

DREW

Baby, I swear I'll get help this time. It won't happen again.

EMMA

I know.

Emma exits.

INT. MID SIZED SEDAN - DAY

Emma removes a scarf from her purse, drapes her hair and ties a knot to secure the scarf.

She grabs her sunglasses from the console - puts them on. She winces in pain as the rim of the glasses make contact with her bruised cheek.

Emma inspects her self in the mirror, turns the ignition key and puts the sedan in gear.

INT. MID SIZED SEDAN (TRAVELLING)- DAY

Emma drives towards a red security gate. Her head is rigid and her hands choke the steering wheel - 10 and 2.

EXT. CDC BUILDING/SECURITY GATE - DAY

A male SECURITY GUARD in a shack adjacent to the gate opens a glass sliding window. Emma rolls down the driver side window of the sedan and hands the Guard a CDC issued photo ID badge.

SECURITY GUARD
I need you to remove the
sunglasses.

EMMA
You know who I am.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm sorry, Doctor Sanders. It's CDC
protocol.

Emma slowly removes the sunglasses from her face revealing the evidence from Drew's beating.

EMMA
I slipped in the shower.

The Guard hands the ID card back to Emma.

SECURITY GUARD
Um, yeah. You need to be more
careful, Doc.
(beat)
You know, if there is anything I
can do...that is, I know people
that --

Emma drives away. The Guard shakes his head as he watches the sedan disappear into a large parking garage.

INT. CDC BIO-HAZARD LAB - DAY

Emma, in full-Haz Mat gear, reaches in the refrigerated cylinder and removes a small vial containing a white powder.

Emma scans the perimeter of the room to ensure that no one is looking through the windows. She closes her hand tightly around the vial and heads for the door.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Emma's left hand is stuffed in the pocket of her jacket. Her right hand clings to a key chain. She stands frozen as she stares at the key hole on the front door.

Emma turns her head to look at her sedan parked in the driveway. She takes a deep breath and then inserts her key in the door lock - turns it.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Drew sits in the recliner - feet propped up on a coffee table. Cradles an empty beer in his lap.

DREW
Where the fuck have you been? You
should have been home an hour ago.

Emma scans the scene. Two empty beers on the lamp table next to Drew. A small plastic bag filled with cocaine powder is on the coffee table.

Emma goes to the

KITCHEN

DREW (O.S.)
Grab me a beer, will ya?

Emma opens the fridge and removes a bottle of beer. She grabs a bottle opener from the counter and snaps off the cap - stares at the bottle opening.

DREW (O.S.)
Sometime today!

Emma snaps out of her daze. She returns to the

LIVING ROOM

DREW
Christ, I thought you were brewing
it.

EMMA
Sorry, babe.

Emma walks to Drew and hands him the beer. Drew grabs Emma's forearm and pulls her into his lap. He gently glides his thumb underneath the bruise on Emma's cheek.

DREW
We okay?

EMMA
Um, yeah - sure.

Drew puts Emma's hand on his crotch.

DREW
Well, then how about a little
attention?

Emma kisses Drew on the forehead as she squeezes his crotch. Emma picks up the plastic bag of cocaine - swings it in front of Drew's face.

EMMA

Let me get ready first.

DREW

What the fuck? You going to hit that?

EMMA

I want to try.
(gives a sexy wink)
For you.

DREW

I'll show you how.

Emma slides off Drew's lap.

EMMA

I can figure it out. Finish your beer. I'll call you when I'm ready.

Drew slaps Emma on the ass.

DREW

Well, get moving.

Drew pours back the beer, gulping down nearly half the bottle. Emma heads off to the bedroom.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bag of cocaine, a small make-up mirror and the vial from the lab are on the counter of the bathroom vanity.

Emma, stark naked, stares at her reflection in the medicine cabinet mirror - takes a deep breath.

She opens the vanity drawer and removes two cotton balls. She stuffs one deep in each nostril - checks the mirror to make sure they are not showing.

Emma dumps a small quantity of cocaine on the mirror. She opens the lab vial and carefully taps a small amount of the powder on top of the cocaine.

Emma removes a q-tip from the vanity drawer and carefully mixes the cocaine and powder from the vial. When done, she tosses the q-tip in the toilet - flushes.

Emma reaches her finger in the cocaine bag and dabs some over her upper lip.

She takes one last look in the mirror.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Drew slugs back the last of the beer.

DREW
(shouting)
I'm waiting!

EMMA (O.C.)
I'm ready.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma is in bed, naked, her legs slightly apart. A small line of cocaine is on her stomach, just below her navel.

Drew's image darkens the doorway.

DREW
Well, well - you are ready.

Emma extends her hand. She holds a tightly rolled up dollar bill. She points to the cocaine.

EMMA
That's for you, baby.

Drew removes his clothes then walks over to the side of the bed and takes the rolled up bill from Emma's hand.

DREW
Share?

Emma wipes the cocaine residue from above her upper lip.

EMMA
I'm good.

DREW
No, you're bad - finally.

Drew walks to the end of the bed. He bends over and presses the edge of the rolled billed against the cocaine line on Emma's stomach. He inhales forcefully, shakes his head and then spreads Emma's legs.

EMMA
Take me, baby.

Drew mounts Emma, forces himself inside and pounds her like an animal.

As Drew continues to thrust, Emma turns her head. A tear trickles down her cheek.

INT. CDC BIO-HAZARD LAB - DAY

Emma, in full Haz-Mat opens the lid of the refrigerated cylinder. A cloud of frost cascades into the air.

Emma opens her hand to reveal the vial. She rolls it over revealing the label. It reads: "ANTHRAX".

Emma places the vial back in the cylinder and closes the lid.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Drew, shirtless, sits in the recliner. He coughs violently.

He feels his forehead as perspiration starts to bead.

INT. CDC BIO-HAZARD LAB/CORRIDOR - DAY

Firmly closing the heavy lab door behind her. Emma removes her protective hood.

A satisfied smile crosses her lips.

FADE OUT.