INT. SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

A pair of small hands read a newspaper. We see the hands belong to a young freckle-faced boy in a perfectly pressed school uniform, SHAEMUS (SHAE) MINARDI(9) as he takes a bite of his sunny side up eggs. With his perfect posture and hair gelled back with pomade, he looks like a miniature adult as he sips his tea and turns the page.

After a brief moment of a peaceful morning, we hear a scratchy voice come in from the opposite side of the room--

JOSEPHINE

Shae, you ready?

Shae folds his paper as he stands and we see the body that belongs to the voice, JOSEPHINE(80) a dainty elderly woman sitting on the couch slouched. She blows her nose loudly into a tissue as she waits.

Shae watches her quietly as she blows her nose and stands up slowly. She walks towards the door and as she turns the knob, Josephine keels over onto the floor. Shae continues to stand still where he is.

He throws his hands up in the air and after a few blinks of disbelief, he walks over to the phone and dials 911.

SHAE

Hello? Yes, my baby-sitter has just fallen. Yeah, alright-- I’ll check.

He goes over to where Josephine lies and stares at the breathless life. He cringes as he lifts and drops her lifeless arm. He sighs and walks back to the phone--

SHAE (CONT’D)

Dead as a door knob.

EXT. SHAE’S SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

The police come as Shae sits on his front stoop. He rests his hands on his chin, deep in thought looking towards the ground. Two policemen, OFFICER DUNCAN(27) and OFFICER THOMAS(54) appear above him and he gives a stiff wave.

OFFICER DUNCAN

Kid, have you called your mom?

Shae shakes his head, he continues to stare at the ground as he speaks.
Shae
She’s busy at work.

Officer Thomas crouches down to his level.

Officer Thomas
Alright well, we’re going to give her a call and let her know what’s going on.

Shae shrugs and lifts his head up at Officer Thomas.

Shae
She’s going to be really annoyed.

Officer Thomas and Officer Duncan give each other a knowing look. Officer Thomas looks at Shae, trying to read his emotions.

Officer Duncan
Yeah maybe, but this is the third time, kid. We’re gonna have to take you in for a few questions...

Shae gives both officers a quizzical look to say, ‘come on.’ He rolls his eyes as he stands up and puts both his hands out to be cuffed.

Shae
Go on. Take me away.

The officers put a hand on each of his shoulders as they walk him to the car, no cuffs. As he gets in, the cop’s attention is caught by a young woman walking past his white picket fence.

A striking young woman, Aja Mitchell (18, clicking her tongue on bubble-gum) looks at the scene for a moment and then realizes she’s being looked at; she blows a big bubble with her gum and keeps walking. She wears a distinctive green fur coat, has curly dirty blonde hair that goes down to her waist and wears bright red lipstick that stands out against her porcelain skin.

She’s tried to look her best, but her taste is too bohemian and a bit dramatic for this suburban town. As she walks away, we see a run in each leg of her tights. Shae watches the policemen watch Aja until she’s no longer in sight.
INT. ER - MORNING

A woman with soft features hardened by stress, NORA(36) comes through with a stretcher carrying a stripper with a stiletto stuck in her cheek. The woman screams obscenities as Nora comes rushing through.

Nora rolls the young woman in unfazed as two doctors rush in after. As she’s rolled in, Nora’s cell phone rings; she is eventually able to step outside the room and answers in a whisper.

NORA
Hello? You’re serious, again? Oh God, I can’t-- look Thomas, its a zoo this morning.

As she walks further away from the room, we now hear the familiar voice on the other end.

OFFICER THOMAS V.O.
Yeah well, you sure know how to pick em, Nora... You guys are on your way to being a top news story.

NORA
Stop it, that’s horrible; these poor women are all I can find these days! Trust me, I’d get someone a little younger if I could.

Nora shakes her head and sighs, she’s obviously conflicted. She glances back at the patient room with the screaming stripper.

NORA (CONT’D)
Where is he now?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Officer Thomas is on the phone while he looks at Officer Duncan who stands across from Shae in a closed off interrogation room. He paces back and forth as Shae sits with a blank stare. Duncan slams his hands on the table and looks at Shae who is calm--

SHAE
You’re out of control.
OFFICER DUNCAN
TELL ME YOUR MORNING ROUTINE
MINARDI-- AND DON’T MISS A STEP--

SHAE
You weren’t like this in the car...

OFFICER THOMAS
He’s um-- being questioned right
now, Nora.

NORA O.S.
Questioned!? Tom, come on.

Officer Thomas rolls his eyes at Officer Duncan who shines a
light in Shae’s eyes.

OFFICER THOMAS
It’s just procedure, Nora.