

ABOVE SUSPICION

by

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ANGELA MALLOY, 30, beautiful in silk pajamas and bedhead brunette hair, pours coffee into a mug. A pair of scrawny arms wrap around her as LEONARD MALLOY, 32, nebbish in tan khakis and a blue polo shirt, kisses her recoiling cheek.

LEONARD

Good morning.

Angela mumbles a response. She puts down the coffee pot.

ANGELA

The rat problem's back.

LEONARD

I know, I know.

ANGELA

You forgot to call the exterminator, didn't you?

Leonard lets go of Angela.

LEONARD

Well, I wouldn't say I forgot--

ANGELA

You forgot.

A moment.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Just forget it. I already called them to set something up tomorrow morning.

She takes her mug and exits from the kitchen, not making eye contact with Leonard, who sheepishly tries to look away and keep composure.

Leonard steps outside his house, a relatively nice and expensive single story complex, and walks to his car.

Along the way, DONALD, 35, friendly yet imposing in a police uniform, steps outside his house as well, walking to a prime and polished police car.

Leonard turns to see Donald and responds with enthusiasm.

LEONARD

Good morning, Donald.

DONALD

Mornin'. Hey, when you get the chance this week, is there any way we could grab a few drinks and chat? There's something I gotta discuss with you.

LEONARD

Uh, sure. Just let me see when's a good time.

Donald nods as Leonard unlocks his car and slides inside, cranking the ignition.

3

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

3

Leonard sits hunched inside his cubicle, phone to ear. Several playful photos of himself and Angela decorate a plain, sterile office space.

LEONARD

I understand there's a shipping problem, but that's not really my department...sir, I don't - sir? I only arranged the purchase, I didn't arrange the shipping. Hello?

Leonard, hearing nothing on the other end, hangs up the phone. MITCH, 42, crotchety, walks to Leonard's cubicle.

MITCH

Malloy, I need you to work 'til six today. Gloria called in and I need someone on board to cover.

LEONARD

Mitch, this is the third time this week. She's not even sick, you know that.

MITCH

Be that as it may, there's no evidence that suggests otherwise and the only thing I can tell you is to nut up and deal with it for the time being. Got it?

Leonard reluctantly nods as Mitch walks away. Without having time to react, the phone rings and Leonard picks it up.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

4

The door opens, as Leonard steps inside. He looks around, exhausted, but happy to be home.

LEONARD

Angie!

No response, yet he does not lose his hopefulness.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Sweetie? I'm sorry I'm a little late from work today.

He presses on closer into the living room, where he finds a pair of ladies' sweat pants scattered on the floor. He picks them up and inspects them.

The sounds of WHIMPERING echo in the distance. Dropping the sweat pants, he walks further and further into the house, making it to the

5 BEDROOM,

5

Where stained, torn bedsheets and broken furniture are strewn about. Angela, in brassiere and panties, sits on the opposite side of the bed, covering her face and whimpering.

LEONARD

Angela!

He runs over to Angela and throws his arms around her. He looks around the destroyed bedroom.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Angela! Angela, baby, what happened?

Angela moves her hands off her face to reveal a harsh, darkened bruise around her left eye, yet refuses to make eye contact. Leonard stares in shock.

ANGELA

I can't...

LEONARD

Angela, please tell me.

ANGELA

I can't, just please--

LEONARD

Tell me!

Angela finally gives in to look at Leonard with an explosive--

ANGELA
(screaming)
Donald, okay?! It was Donald!

Leonard looks at her, reflecting on what she's just said.

LEONARD
What did he do?

ANGELA
(sniffling)
He stopped by about two hours ago
and told me that there was an
emergency, that you were hurt at
work or something. So, I, I opened
the door and he just...

Angela, unable to finish, covers her face in Leonard's
shoulder. He strokes her hair and kisses her forehead.

LEONARD
Shh, it's okay. I'm calling the
cops.

He reaches across Angela for a phone sitting on a night
stand. She immediately blocks him off from it.

ANGELA
Leonard, don't! Whose story do you
think they'll buy?

LEONARD
Well, then, I'll take care of it.

ANGELA
How the fuck are you gonna take
care of it?

LEONARD
What if I get him to confess? If we
have his voice on tape, the cops
will have to believe us.

Angela looks at Leonard, who realizes the seriousness of his
response. SILENCE, before--

ANGELA
I don't feel like talking about
this anymore.

A defeated Angela stands up and storms out of the bedroom,
leaving Leonard alone, contemplative over what to do.

He ponders his thoughts for a few seconds before pulling out his cell phone and punching in a few numbers.

DIAL TONE echoes, before being cut off by an immediate--

DONALD (V.O.)
Hello...hello?

Leonard switches to a calmer composure and speaks.

LEONARD
Uh, Donald, hey.

DONALD (V.O.)
Leonard? Oh, hey, man. What's up?

LEONARD
Nothing much. Listen, um...I wanna take you up on that offer for a few drinks. How's tonight?

DONALD (V.O.)
Tonight? Um, let me check...sure.
Yeah, tonight's good.

LEONARD
Excellent. I'll see ya then.

Leonard hangs up the phone and drops his head down on the bed, as a bead of sweat rolls down his face.

6 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 6

Leonard, still in his work uniform, crouches by a potted plant in the corner of the room. Hands buried in the leaves, he adjusts a small mic recorder in the soil.

7 INSIDE THE BEDROOM, 7

Angela, fully clothed in sweats, stands by the door, listening with close attention.

8 LIVING ROOM, 8

There's a KNOCK on the front door. Leonard walks across the room and opens the door.

Donald, in a t-shirt and jeans, walks in.

LEONARD
Hey! Glad you could come.

Donald returns a friendly smile.

DONALD
 Thanks for havin' me over.
 (looks around)
 Pretty nice place you have here. Is
 Angela here?

LEONARD
 Yeah, but she's a bit under the
 weather, so she's just taking a
 nap.

DONALD
 Huh, okay. Well, I guess it's just
 us guys, eh?

He laughs and gives Leonard a firm, but well intentioned,
 slap on the back. Leonard feigns a smile.

9

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

9

A row of beer bottles stack around the coffee table - most of
 them centered on Donald's side, only one on Leonard's, who
 sips on an almost full bottle.

Pretty tipsy, Donald, sitting on the sofa, finishes his sip.

DONALD
 Jesus, Leonard, you've been nursin'
 that beer all night.

LEONARD
 Yeah, yeah, you're really drinking
 me under the table.

Donald smirks in agreement as he takes another sip.

Donald sees a framed picture of Leonard and Angela on the
 living room wall. His smile dies down a little, becoming more
 serious in his tone as he looks at the picture.

DONALD
 Are you happy with your marriage,
 Leonard?

LEONARD
 Yeah, of course. Why?

DONALD
 I'm just sayin', you both seem
 quite the match. Y'know?
 (MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)
Emotionally, spiritually, and
physically, if you don't mind me
sayin' so.

Leonard doesn't react, just staring at Donald with heavy concentration.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Well, I'm gonna go take a piss.
I'll be right back.

Donald gets up from the couch and exits to the bathroom. Leonard looks over at the table and sees Donald's cell phone next to the bottles of beers.

He hears the sound of the bathroom DOOR CLOSING and grabs the cell phone, flipping it open.

He presses several buttons before he reaches a list of text messages. He clicks on the first one, addressed to Angela, that only reads "\$".

He looks over it several times, not quite sure what it means. He hears the bathroom DOOR OPENING and quickly closes the phone, putting it back on the table.

Donald walks back over to the couch, sitting down.

DONALD (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Like a fuckin' racehorse, I swear.

Leonard, still putting the pieces together, stands up.

LEONARD
Y'know, I should go check on
Angela.

Leonard walks over to the

10 BEDROOM,

10

And enters, quietly closing the door, before turning around to Angela.

LEONARD
What's going on?

ANGELA
What do you mean?

LEONARD

I mean with the dollar sign and the text message and all that shit.

He walks past Angela to the night stand and opens the drawer, pulling out a 9mm pistol. The sight of the pistol alarms Angela.

ANGELA

What are you doing? Leonard?

Leonard charges back into the

11 LIVING ROOM,

11

And holds the gun out to Donald. Angela follows in behind him.

LEONARD

Don't move!

Donald stands up from the couch and holds his hands up. He tries to baby step closer to Leonard.

DONALD

Easy, Leonard. I know why you're upset--

LEONARD

Fuck you! As if you were gonna tell me!

DONALD

No, no, I'm being completely honest. Trust me. And I just want to say, I'm sorry. I didn't expect it to last so long and--

LEONARD

Didn't expect what to last so long?

DONALD

The affair.

A moment.

LEONARD

The fuck are you talking about? There's no affair, you *raped* her!

DONALD

What? No! She practically begged me to come over here every day!

ANGELA
 (to Leonard)
 He's lying!
 (to Donald)
 You know what you did, you son of a
 bitch!

<p>DONALD The only thing I did was fuck you and reap the profits of it, you filthy bitch!</p>	<p>ANGELA Bullshit! You did it, you own up to it! (to Leonard) Don't believe a goddamn thing he says.</p>
--	--

Leonard, looking at both Donald and Angela, lowers the
 pistol.

LEONARD
 Somebody give me a straight fucking
 answer!

As Leonard finishes his sentence, Donald springs into action
 and attempts to grab the pistol.

Within the ensuing entanglement, a loud GUNSHOT rings out.
 Donald and Leonard look at one another as a blood stain forms
 around Donald's shirt. Leonard recoils in horror.

Donald falls to the floor, with Angela reacting in shock.

<p>ANGELA Oh, my god. Oh, my god. Oh, my god. Oh, my god. Oh, my god--</p>	<p>LEONARD Shhh, it's okay. Angela - Angela, look at me--</p>
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Leonard grabs Angela to give her a powerful, passionate kiss,
 caressing both sides of her face with his fingers.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
 Everything's okay. All that's
 important is that you're safe and--

He rubs his fingers across the bruise around her left eye as,
 to his confusion, it begins to streak down her face, leaving
 dark spots around his fingers.

He looks at his fingers, then looks at Angela. Confusion sets
 in.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
 What the hell is this?

ANGELA
 Leonard--

LEONARD

He was right.

ANGELA

Leonard, you're not thinking
straight right now--

LEONARD

He was right! You were having an
affair! Why? Why the hell would you
go through all this trouble to tell
me he raped you?

As Angela and Leonard argue, Donald, almost lifeless on the
floor, reaches for his cell phone on the table and drops it
next to him.

ANGELA

I wasn't gonna let him blackmail me
without getting some dirt on him.

LEONARD

But you don't even have dirt on him
cause it didn't fucking happen!

Angela slaps Leonard, goes back inside the bedroom and slams
the door. Leonard bangs ferociously on the door, shouting
obscenities.

Still on the floor, Donald opens up the phone, and dials 911.

12 EXT. LEONARD'S HOUSE - LATER 12

Red and blue lights from a police car glare across the
outside of Leonard's house. FEEDBACK plays over the police
car's sound system.

The front door opens and two police officers walk out with a
handcuffed Leonard.

The two officers, inaudibly reading him his Miranda rights,
take Leonard to the police car as they place him in.

13 INSIDE THE HOUSE, 13

Two more OFFICERS inspect the living room, taking pictures of
Donald's body.

One of the officers talks to Angela, whose face is spotless
and clean.

OFFICER 1
Could you explain any reason why
your husband could've done this?

Angela takes her time to think, before responding with--

ANGELA
He just snapped. I feel like I
don't even know who he is.

As Angela speaks, OFFICER 2, walking to the corner of the room, eyes the potted plant up and down. Something catches his attention and he reaches in.

He pulls his hand out and holds the mic recorder between his fingers.

CUT TO BLACK.