

DEATH CAN WAIT
By Mary Hahn

INT. PAM'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

Behind the wheel is PAM, an attractive woman of 45. The radio plays a sappy love song. Pam appears to be in a trance as she cruises past a strip mall.

PAM (V.O.)

Darlene St. John desperately needed to commit suicide. The bridge she had chosen was perfect but the timing couldn't be worse being Valentine's Day. At least she wouldn't have to buy a gift for -- ugh -- Larry.

She glances at the "ShoeTown" shopping bag on the front seat where a pair of gaudy stilettos peek out.

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Darlene was pretty once. She was talented. A writer. But now that she was married, there was nothing to write about. There should be more to life than laundry and laxatives and Larry, shouldn't there?

She careens through a busy intersection with a florist on the corner. A big sign says "We have Valentine's Day roses!"

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What was she thinking when she married him?

She continues down the street and turns into a swanky subdivision, parks in the driveway of a nice, two-story house.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pam pauses at her desk with its "Pam" coffee mug and photo of her, Larry, and their spoiled-looking daughter Chloe. Larry is bald, plump, and content. Pam's eyes are sad and longing.

PAM (V.O.)

Larry the computer nerd. No, it was better this way, with Darlene out of the picture. Nobody would even notice she was gone.

Pam slips on the stilettos she has bought and wobbles to the full-length mirror. The pink shoes with bows look ridiculous with her Mom shorts and tee.

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Owch! Darlene would have to do better than this for the burial. Her feet would swell up like marshmallows.

10-year-old CHLOE bursts into the room, wearing an iPod and chewing gum.

CHLOE
Cool shoes, Mom.

Pam teeters to the bed, sits down, takes off the shoes, rubs her feet. Chloe sits down too, attempts to put on the shoes.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
These look just like the ones in
Dad's tool box!

Pam turns her head in slow-mo and stares at her daughter.

PAM
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

CHLOE
Yeah, only Dad's are a LOT bigger.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Pam drags a tool box across Larry's workbench, opens the lid, gasps as she removes the shoes which have been worn.

PAM
Where did he get them, I wonder?

She stands very still and a smile tugs at her lips.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pam hops into her computer chair, flexes her fingers, dons her glasses. She glances at the family photo then plants a huge kiss on Larry's face.

PAM (V.O.)
This changes everything.

She focuses on the computer monitor and types, slowly.

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My Larry? I had no idea he was so --
interesting.

She types faster as sentences emerge on the screen.

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Death can wait.

She continues to type, inspired, as the room around her fades to a soft blur.

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Chapter one: Lareena was a starlet
trapped in the body of a nerdy
software engineer...