

D.O.A

Written by

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INT. TINY APARTMENT - MORNING

BZZT-BZZT-BZZT. The alarm clock on a cell phone rings. A hand reaches out and turns it off.

Yes, we're opening on an alarm. The cardinal sin of character introductions. But there's good reason. Much like the 'alarm intro', this guy's life is boring. At least, until today.

The guy? JIMMY KOUFAX, 30, the most average man in the world. Height, weight, hairline, all average for his age.

But he's kind! He's pleasant! He'll hold the door open for you, even if you're a little too far away. But you'd forget him the second you were through that door. *Sorry, Jimmy.*

But something is worrying him this morning. He's lying in bed, fully dressed in shirt and tie, staring at the ceiling. One deeeeeeeep breath and he heaves himself out of bed.

Quick shots of him getting ready in his tiny apartment:

- Jimmy waits as his K-cup of coffee is poured, then he diligently takes out the K-cup, empties it, stuffs grounds back in it, puts it back in the machine. *He's environmental!*

- Jimmy shells a hard-boiled egg, then pours salt on his plate. He pinches the salt off the plate and sprinkles it on his egg before each bite. *He's watching his sodium intake!*

- Jimmy brushes his teeth, looking at his watch. As the second hand hits 6, he switches sides. *Dentists love him!*

As he heads out the door, he pauses at the sight of a PICTURE FRAME. We don't see what's in it, but he takes it in, solemnly. Then he exits.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jimmy locks his door behind him and looks to see an elderly woman, his neighbor BERNADETTE, exiting her apartment next door, carrying a few reusable shopping bags.

JIMMY

Good morning, Bernadette!

Jimmy gives a full-arm wave. Bernadette looks back at him, gives a half-smile, then shuffles away.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, BETHESDA, MARYLAND - DAY

How's that for exciting! The CIA! Spies! Secrets! Fun!

And look who it is, driving up - it's Jimmy! Wow! We seriously misjudged this guy.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, BETHESDA, MARYLAND - LOBBY - DAY

Jimmy buzzes his security pass and enters through the security gates.

He crowds into a busy elevator and puts out his hand to hold the doors open for a POWER SUITED WOMAN rushing towards them.

Jimmy smiles as she approaches... and rushes right past the open elevator. He pulls his arm back and smiles sheepishly at the others in the elevator.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy sits down at his desk, presses his thumb to a workstation fingerprint reader, which starts up his desktop computer.

When it logs in, he types in an elaborate password. Like... symbols and everything. Then he presses ENTER.

Another screen comes up. Another password. And another.

And finally, he's in!

The screen is divided in two. On the left, a document titled "REDACTION GUIDELINES FOR CASE A-14202" and, on the right "CASE A-14202 (Document 112 of 2922)".

Jimmy rests his right wrist on a BLUE GEL "WRIST-EAZE" MOUSEPAD and begins highlighting the document on the right, turning specific names black.

We did not misjudge Jimmy. This is the most boring job ever.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jimmy returns to his apartment, his tie a little loosened. Must be tired from a long day of redacting. He's about to put his keys in the door when he stops. And... smiles!

He puts his keys in his pocket and strolls up to Bernadette's door. He clears his throat and knocks three times.

The door opens a sliver and we see Bernadette's eyes just below the chain she has kept on the door.

JIMMY

Hi Bernadette! I'm waiting on a package, I was wondering if maybe you've seen it?

BERNADETTE

A what?

JIMMY

A package. It was meant to be delivered today. Have you seen it?

BERNADETTE

Who are you?

JIMMY

I'm Jimmy. Koufax. Your neighbor. Just next door. That's my door, right there.

Bernadette looks skeptical.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I said hello to you this morning? And almost every morning? I've lived next to you for seven years.

Bernadette does not remember this guy at all.

BERNADETTE

Oh, of course! Jamie! Hello dear!

JIMMY

Hello! So... any package?

BERNADETTE

No, I'm sorry dear.

JIMMY

No problem. If you do see one addressed to me, could you bring it down to me? Apartment 4D. Right there.

BERNADETTE

Of course.

Jimmy smiles and leaves her sight. For a second.

Then he slinks back in to her eyeline.

JIMMY

Again, that's Jimmy. Koufax. 4D.

Bernadette nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Right there. 4D.

Bernadette smiles and closes the door on Jimmy.

INT. TINY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy enters, his eyes once again catching the PICTURE FRAME as he passes by.

Quick shots of him getting ready for bed:

- Jimmy reads the back of the microwave dinner box as it rotates pathetically in front of him.

- Jimmy blows on the food, cooling it down. He takes a bite but it's still too hot. He tilts his head back and takes sharp, cold breaths while wincing.

- Jimmy brushes his teeth, keeping his eye on his watch.

Dressed in pyjamas - nice, button-up pinstripe ones - he sits on his bed, taking in the whole apartment. He smiles.

We now see that Jimmy is holding a tiny screwdriver, which he reaches towards a WALL OUTLET. He removes one screw of the outlet cover and rotates it, revealing a SMALL PAPER SACHET.

Jimmy replaces the wall outlet, screwing it back in.

He unfolds the paper sachet and TWO PILLS fall out in his lap.

Jimmy reads INSTRUCTIONS on the paper, nodding along as he does.

Then he stands, turns on his tiny, portable hotplate and puts the paper to the metal. It takes a moment, the paper is set alight! Jimmy lets it almost completely burn before dropping the ashes in the sink and washing them away.

Jimmy fills a water glass, then TAKES THE PILLS and lays back on the bed, contented.

A few seconds pass before he opens one eye. Something is bothering him. He stands and moves to the PICTURE FRAME.

He bites his lip, thinking hard. Clearly he's fighting something. Then... one side wins out and he picks up the frame. He takes the back off the frame and takes out the photo, folding it and putting it in his pyjama pocket.

Then he OPENS THE DOOR, just a tiny bit, leaving it ajar.

As he turns back to his bed, he STOPS suddenly, putting his hand to his chest.

Something's wrong. Very wrong. The hand on his chest begins clutching. He's sweating all of a sudden.

JIMMY
Ooooooarrrrggghh-

Jimmy's going down. He grabs at his chair, toppling it, then falling on the table and out of our sight.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Bernadette emerges from her apartment with her shopping bags and almost trips on a package.

She puts down her bags and picks up the package. Sure enough, it's addressed to 'JIMMY KOUFAX' with the address mistakenly given as 4C, Bernadette's apartment.

She looks around, a little bewildered.

Then, like a bolt of lightning, she remembers! It's a miracle!

She shuffles up to 4D, holding the package.

BERNADETTE
I found your package! You put my
apartment on there by accident.

Bernadette stops at the door, seeing it's slightly ajar. She pushes on it.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
Hello? Jamie?

The door swings open and Bernadette DROPS the package, her hands moving to muffle her SHRIEK OF HORROR!

Inside the apartment, Jimmy's blue-tinged, lifeless body lies contorted awkwardly across the toppled chair and table. And extra ew, his eyes are OPEN! It's super gross and awful.

INT. TINY APARTMENT - DAY

A CORONER zips closed the black BODYBAG, obscuring Jimmy's still-open eyes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The coroner wheels the bodybag on a gurney past a DETECTIVE interviewing Bernadette in the hallway.

BERNADETTE

He must've been new to the building. I'd never seen him before. Poor young man.

The detective nods, taking notes.

We slowly move from the hallway back into the apartment, coming to rest on the EMPTY PICTURE FRAME.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

The coroner wheels the body into a cold morgue, all stainless steel and tile. Waiting for him is the MORGUE ATTENDANT.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

What've you got for me?

CORONER

Early 30s, male, probable heart attack.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

In his early 30s?

The two share a look.

CORONER

Too much salt.

MORGUE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Too much salt.

MORGUE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Do you need a rush on this?

CORONER

Nah, positive ID from a neighbor and detectives at the scene saw no indication of foul play. Get to it whenever.

The coroner holds out a clipboard, the morgue attendant signs it. Then, the two walk away, chit-chatting.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

Perfect. I can get back to the Games.

CORONER

Oh, how we doing this year?

MORGUE ATTENDANT

Leading the golds but China winning overall medals.

CORONER

Gold's all that matters anyway.

They exit, leaving the bodybag alone. We narrow in on the bodybag. Now would be the perfect time to roll credits.

RIP Jimmy, we hardly knew ye. It's such a shame that you never got to improve your super bori-- wait a second.

We hear a door swing open and someone, dressed all in black, their face obscured, pushes the gurney out of frame.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The figure pushes the gurney to a truck waiting in the loading bay, where another person dressed in black TRADES the gurney holding Jimmy's body with another IDENTICAL GURNEY!

Then the second figure guides the gurney into a truck, closes the doors and TAPS TWICE on the back. The van pulls away, revealing a sign on the side for MASTERPIECE CATERING.

INT. WELL-LIT ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME

The bodybag lies on a gurney in the middle of a bright room.

A WOMAN IN HEELS enters, the click of her heels echoing around the cavernous space. She unzips the bodybag, revealing Jimmy's still-open eyes and his pyjama'd upper body.

She reaches into her suit jacket pocket and takes out a small pen. It's all very formal. Until she pulls her arm back and SLAMS the pen down right on Jimmy's heart.

Jimmy sits up, panting hard.

The woman composes herself and stands in Jimmy's eyeline. She's in her mid-50s with sharp features and little patience for fools. But she likes her job, especially the heart-stabbing part. So she's smiling. Also, her name's OLIVIA.

OLIVIA

Welcome to the D.O.A.

SMASH TO TITLES.