

**I THINK WE 'RE ALONE NOW**

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TO BE DIRECTED BY:

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INT. JANET'S FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT - 1986

[As told through 4:3]

We slowly slide closer to the single sized front door of Janet's two-story suburban home. The room is dimly lit with atmospheric yellow light, a lamp perhaps. Some family portraits sit above a narrow side table with car keys and nic-nacs, the traditional stuff.

Outside, a snow storm persists.

In the other room, the TV plays.

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We (now) slowly push into a small 80's TV. Alfred Hitchcock's PSYCHO plays, just about reaching the infamous shower scene.

The room around it is dark, our eyes have a clear focus.

On the couch, a pair of feet in dramatic socks sit, curled against the wall of the seat.

A pair of manicured hands reach into a bowl of popcorn.

*This is meant to a perfect fucking stereotype.*

All of a sudden. There's a knock at the door.

J-CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S FRONT ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

Through someone's perspective, we watch as a hand opens the door to a handsome man FRANK (20s - WHITE) water soaked, and helpless. He smiles delicately.

FRANK

Hello.

A beat. His eyes hold on us, almost as if he's judging *US*.

And then we reverse shot to:

JANET (20s - BLACK) A fluffy, neon-dressed, makeup wearing girl. Her smile is cornered. She rests an arm on the doorway, cocking her head with confidence. She is in no rush.

JANET

Hi.

FRANK

I'm so sorry to bother you, i'm-

He looks behind, somewhere. It's too fucking dark to see. He's aware of that.

FRANK

I was going for a drive ...and... I don't know, I think I hit some kind of animal, or something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (CONT'D)

(Swallow)

Whatever it was...It took me off the road, into the ditch over there.

(Look off again)

I don't think I can get it going without a push, or something. But I need the car running.

He pauses, watching her expression.

It's calm, not eager to help, nor to close the door in his face. This makes him nervous.

FRANK

Uh.

(A beat)

Do you think...Do you think you'd be so kind to sit in the driver's seat and start it up for me? While I push.

A beat.

JANET

Sure.

(Relaxed)

Why don't you come inside while I grab my coat? You must be freezing.

His brow furrows.

FRANK

...Alright.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A snow-soaked Frank sits awkwardly in the center of her Sofa. PSYCHO continues to play in front of him.

In the other room, Janet rustles through the closet.

JANET (FROM THE OTHER ROOM)

I don't think I got your name?

He looks in her general direction, still she's not currently visible.

FRANK

It's Frank.

A beat.

She appears in the archway connecting the two rooms, wrapping a scarf around her neck, a kind smile on her face.

JANET

Well it's nice to meet you, Frank. I'm Janet. And I can't find my jacket.

She disappears back into the other room.

Frank is uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET (FROM THE OTHER ROOM)

I usually leave it in here. Not today, I guess.

(A beat)

I'm gonna run upstairs real quick.

In the other room, we hear her begin to run up the stairs before coming back into the connecting archway, slightly out of breath.

JANET

There's whiskey in the cabinet, if you'd like some.

(Light smile)

While you wait.

She exits once more, going upstairs fully.

Frank looks around the room, clocking framed family pictures, some plants, some VHS and board games.

Suddenly, a small rock is thrown at the window nearby. Frank nearly jumps, before walking over to it.

Through the heavy snow, we can slightly make out a SECOND man staring up into the window.

Frank signals to follow him to the front door, and to be QUIET.

TRACKING.

Frank walks through the living room, into the FRONT ENTRANCE.

TRACKING:

INT. JANET'S FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

He peers up at the stairs, nobody in sight.

FRANK

(Yelling to her)

I'm just gonna check on er', i'll be right back.

JANET (FROM UPSTAIRS)

Okay!

He quietly exits the home, coming face to face with KYLE (50s - WHITE) a much more rugged man, he's *been through it*.

EXT. JANET'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS - RAINING

An EXTREME WIDE SHOT on the two.

KYLE looks inside through the glass panel in the door, then to Frank, who's holding some awkward body language.

KYLE

What's taking so long?

He faces him with discomfort.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

(With discomfort)

I think we should find another house. There's a good one on Clark. Two story, it's got like...A blue car in the driveway. Or maybe brown, I don't know it's fucking dark and you were *not* going the speed limit.

KYLE

("You did the hard part,  
I don't understand.")  
You already went inside.

FRANK

...I know.

Kyle is at a loss for words, this is weird.

KYLE

...*What?*

Frank doesn't wanna say it, but Kyle's intense stare convinces him.

A BEAT.

FRANK

She's got a weird vibe.

KYLE

"A weird vibe."  
(A beat of disbelief)  
*Does she?* Are her parents home?

FRANK

No.

KYLE

Boyfriend?

FRANK

No.

KYLE

No? Okay.

Kyle gives a pondering expression, belittling Frank.

KYLE

Well. Um.  
(Taking his time)  
I really, *really* don't give a fuck. And I think you should get back inside, before she wonders where you went. And when you finally do get her outside, make sure you leave the door unlocked.

Frank stares at him, pleading silently.

KYLE

(Sarcastic)  
Unless you'd like me to go in with you and hold your fucking hand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kyle raises his eyebrows, awaiting an answer.

J-CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S FRONT ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

Frank closes the door, An IRRITATED Kyle by his side. Their clothes are still wet, beginning to create a puddle at their feet.

Frank motions to a clear area to hide, then points to upstairs (assuming she's still there)

Kyle gives a thumbs up, and begins to tip toe away.

FRANK

(Yelling to JANET)

Hey, sorry. I had a smoke.

JANET (FROM THE OTHER ROOM)

(Quickly)

In the storm?

Oh shit.

The two of them stop in their tracks.

Frank peers up, but she is not upstairs. The sound came from the connected LIVING ROOM.

Frank's anxiety increases, but he tries to keep his face relaxed. It's kind of working.

Kyle motions for him to go into the other room, and KEEP TALKING.

FRANK

If you can get em' lit, they usually keep up.

He turns, walking through the connected archway:

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

To Frank's surprise, Janet sits in an arm chair directly facing him, SHOT GUN in hand.

Her face is sterile, the gun POINTED HIS WAY.

JANET

(Stern)

Mhm.

Staying on JANET.

She pulls the trigger, murdering him and splattering blood and brain matter all over the room.

We hold on her, as she wipes his bodily fluids off her face, setting the SHOT GUN on the rug below.

JANET

(To herself)

Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**TITLE CARD: I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW**

INT. JANET'S FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle PANICS, nearly shaking. Good thing he's already wet, or you might be able to see all the sweat.

He eyes the door-handle behind him. But because he's so close, and she has a SHOT GUN. He's understandably afraid to make a sudden movement.

With hesitance, his hand grazes the knob.

JANET (O.C.)  
(Starstruck)  
Oh my God.

Kyle jumps.

Opposite him, Janet (blood SOAKED) stands in the doorway, holding the gun at him. Her face glimmers with surprise, UNREAL.

She offers an out of place smile.

JANET  
It's you.

A beat.

JANET  
...You came.  
(A beat)  
I mean I thought you would. But...You never know.

She looks at his water-soaked clothing.

JANET  
Okay, well.  
(A beat)  
I'm gonna go get you a chair, and a towel, and then we can chat. Okay?

She begins to step around him, but steps on FRANK'S severed ear. It crunches under her foot.

JANET  
(Reacting)  
Oop- oh, gross.  
(Play gag)  
Good thing he didn't hear that.  
(Playful scoff)  
Okay, i'll go.

She turns away to the OTHER connecting room, THE DINING ROOM. We remain with Kyle, who is too overwhelmed to think.

JANET (O.C.)  
Oh, and Kyle.

He faces her. A maternal smile on her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

That's your name, isn't it?

His face does no acknowledgement, nor deny.

INT. JANET'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We PUSH-IN on her kind expression.

JANET

If you try to run. Or scream.

Her hand curls around the shoulder of the dining chair.

JANET

I'll find your mother, and i'll put a knife in her chest.

A dramatic beat we PUSH IN further.

JANET

Just like you did mine.

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

We slowly zoom on JANET'S TV as it plays the News.

80'S TV NEWS CASTER

Four more girls were found dead in their home this weekend by Officer Nick Reynolds. Matching the description of past victims in recent time, officials are putting people on the lookout for the unknown assailant, and warning civilians of Saint Clair County to stay inside their homes, with locked doors and windows until the man responsible for these heinous acts has been apprehended.

Opposite the TV, Kyle sits. His arms and legs have been tied to the dining room chair, along with his mouth gagged by a hand towel. Frank's blood remains on him. His eyes are somber.

JANET (O.C.)

Four. More. Girls.

Next to the TV, Janet stares at him. She holds the upper hand.

JANET

But it wasn't just any four girls, was it?

Kyle looks over at her.

JANET

No...I don't think it was.

She kneels down in front of him, and removes the gag.

His face sits still, his eyes sunken and accepting of his fate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

I bet you're upset. Picked the wrong house.

KYLE

(Calmly)  
This is the right one.  
(A beat)  
Two stories. Brick. Copper awning. With the fucking indoor pool.

Her brow furrows.

KYLE

I hand picked this house.  
(A long beat)  
But I didn't pick you. And my name's not "Kyle."

Her expression falls.

KYLE (O.C.)

It's Brian.

JANET

No, it's not.

KYLE

(Tired)  
Yeah. It is. You can check my ID.

JANET

How do I know it's real?

KYLE

Because how many fucking idiots bring their ID to rob someone? Let alone their entire wallet.  
(Half beat)  
It's in my pocket. Left side.

He strays forward as she removes the wallet, and begins to search.

His eyes wander over to FRANK, who's mutilated corpse lays in a pool of blood in the corner.

His eyes fill with despair.

JANET (O.C.)

FUCK!

He strays for a moment, before turning back to Janet in the beginning of a meltdown.

JANET

Fuck.

Using her arm with the wallet, she angrily waves her arm into the side table, knocking a lamp off the table.

JANET

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU, AND WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE!

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

(Calmly)  
I told you. My name is Brian, and I was here to rob you. Not to kill you.

JANET (O.C.)

(To herself)  
Oh my God.

KYLE

That's why he was here. To lead you out of the home, and leave the door unlocked.

JANET (O.C.)

(To herself)  
You're fucking kidding me.

KYLE

To which I would come in.

JANET

ARE YOU FUCKING CRAZY?

A beat.

KYLE

No.

JANET

(To herself)  
*Oh my God.*

JANET

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!  
(Panicking)  
Who the fuck is that!

She points to Frank.

Kyle looks, then back to Janet. His face null.

KYLE

That would be *Frank*.

Her breath is intense, her chest dramatically rising up and down. She tries to conceal her anger. Eying the two of them, back and fourth.

A beat.

She stands up, her brows furrowed intensely. She walks over to Frank.

JANET

(To herself)  
Goddamnit.

Digging in his pocket, she removes his Wallet.

Kyle turns away.

She reads his ID.

JANET

*Fuck.*

There it is.

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CONTINUED: (3)

10.

FRANK SINCLAIR

AGE:20

GENDER: MALE

Etc. etc.

A beat.

KYLE (O.C.)  
So, what was your plan? Leur the killer  
in. Kill *them*? Torture *them*?

She doesn't acknowledge him.

KYLE  
I can't say it's undeserving. Unless  
you'd still like to hold those  
intentions up.

A beat.

Acceptance sinks in to her mind.

KYLE  
Look.  
(A beat)  
I know you're upset. I understand.

JANET  
You don't fucking understand.

She turns around, standing up from Frank's corpse.

JANET  
Maybe you **did** just come to the wrong  
house. But after I answered the door,  
you still intended to harm me.  
(A beat)  
You may not be the killer. But you're  
not a good person, either.

A beat.

He lets that sink in.

JANET  
Why this house?

He stares down at the floor. It seems so stupid now.

KYLE  
It's nice, I guess. You have money. That  
of which *I* do not.

JANET  
Yet, you have the entitlement to take  
what is not yours.  
(A beat)  
I'm so sick of men like you.  
(A beat)  
How about you go get a fucking job?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JANET (CONT'D)

Or does harboring off the first nice woman you can find sound more fun?

His face falls null again.

KYLE

I have trouble keeping jobs.

JANET

And why's that?

He waits a second, debating honesty.

And then,

KYLE

...I have epilepsy.

(A beat)

I don't get special favors. I'm not expecting any. But I guess...

(A beat)

Shit's easier when I get to just...Not really exist. Take something. Move on. Take something else. *Move on.*

(A beat)

And I'm sorry. I won't deny the fact, that when you opened the door...I felt relieved. Because you're a woman. And you'd be *easy*.

A small smile appears, even now.

KYLE

My luck.

(A beat)

...I don't care what you did, or intended to do.

(Another beat)

But please let me go.

(Another fucking beat)

My word means nothing out there.

She stares at him,

Her expression is unreadable. Sympathy, perhaps?

She shrugs, nonchalantly.

JANET

*How?*

(Half beat)

I can't. I'm not stupid. I killed him. Right in front of you.

Kyle's stomach drops.

KYLE

Doesn't matter.

JANET

*-It does.*

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

-It doesn't.

JANET

KYLE

It does! Because I can't just (Calmly pleading)  
let you walk out of my fucking Seriously. It doesn't.  
house, when your friend's brains  
are dripping off your shirt!

JANET

I don't understand what the fuck you  
expect me to do?

(A beat)

Or do you expect no consequences? Sure,  
you're not the killer, but you did try  
and rob me. Oh, but you have epilepsy.  
So. I mean, fuck! I should probably  
untie you. Oh, and grab you some  
necklaces, to go.

A beat.

JANET

Which do you prefer, silver or gold?

Her eyes linger on his.

This doesn't end well.

A beat.

TOO aggressive, she begins to let up. Her face falls neutral.

J-CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY - MANY YEARS AGO

We slowly SLIDE IN ON: Janet's front entrance. The room is slightly  
different. Pictures on a different wall, a plant near the door.

An unknown person knocks from the outside.

A little girl, CHILD JANET (15) walks up, opening the door to:

EXT. JANET'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

An old-Hollywood kind of handsome man stands in the doorway. His  
hair is slicked back, and his clothing is expensive 60's attire. He  
has a viperous grin on his face. This man is REAL YOUNG KYLE (20s -  
WHITE) This is not a young Brian, this is who he'd been mistaken  
for.

REAL YOUNG KYLE

Hi, honey.

(A beat)

How are you?

CHILD JANET

I'm okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REAL YOUNG KYLE

Well, good. Is your Mama home?

From inside, JANET'S MOTHER (40s) peers through the archway to the living room.

JANET'S MOTHER

(To JANET)

*Baby.*

She moves out of the way, Janet's Mother takes the place. Young Kyle admires her figure.

JANET'S MOTHER

Can I help you with something?

A beat.

Young Kyle smirks.

REAL YOUNG KYLE

I sure hope so.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Young Kyle dials the rotary phone, his attention elsewhere. His eyes focus on Janet's Mother, as she folds laundry on the couch.

Kyle smiles, as he begins to fake a conversation with himself.

REAL YOUNG KYLE

Oh. Yes, hello.

(A beat)

Yes, yeah, it broke down.

He smiles at Janet's Mother, who watches him carefully.

REAL YOUNG KYLE

*Again.*

(Half beat)

Mhmm. Mhmm. Well, thank God for this kind woman that allowed me to use her phone.

(A beat)

It's parked on the corner of Carney, and Brown. Oh, good. Okay. Thank you.

He hangs up.

JANET'S MOTHER

Is everything alright?

REAL YOUNG KYLE

Yes, I think so. The mechanic is going to come shortly.

She nods, continuing her laundry.

REAL YOUNG KYLE

Could I burden you for a glass of water?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

He drinks some water, standing by the kitchen island.

Although uncomfortable, Janet's Mother's hospitality overrules her wish to leave the room immediately.

JANET'S MOTHER

...Can I get you anything else?

He looks at her, as he takes another sip. His gaze is low, and sexual.

He slowly approaches her. Her body language is clearly not interested, yet he persists.

His hand grazes her back, she quietly pushes him aside. Doing her best to not make a scene.

JANET'S MOTHER

No, thank you.

He says nothing, only eyeing her breasts. She looks around in quiet panic, to which his eyes meet hers again.

She takes a step back, but he grabs her again. This time, with intensity.

JANET'S MOTHER

*No!*

He wraps his second arm around her, she tries to push away, knocking him against the counter. Some supplies crash onto the floor below.

INT. JANET'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We slowly push in on: CHILD JANET who had been doing her homework at the dining table.

She looks out the hallway, as the ruckus continues in the other room.

JANET'S MOTHER (FROM THE OTHER ROOM)

*Get off, now!*

In the other room, we can hear her use all of her strength to shove him backwards into the cabinet again. More things slosh against each other.

REAL YOUNG KYLE (FROM THE OTHER ROOM)

Oh, you fucking bitch!

Child Janet jumps out of her seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sounds continue from the other room, until the worst of all occurs:  
Her mother's SCREAM.

BLACK.

INT. JANET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

We begin a short SLOW MOTION montage, set to the 80's style  
orchestral score.

In a closeup to slide OUT - Janet takes expensive jewelry out of a  
little box, and piles it into her open palm.

By her side, sits a large suitcase.

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kyle stares profoundly into an abyss. His eyes longing. To his  
side, Janet stuffs his pockets with her jewelry, he pays her no  
attention.

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

We TRACK Frank's torso as she begins to stuff his corpse into the  
open suitcase. She folds him like a chair, bending his mutilated  
limbs with focus.

QUICK STYLIZED CUTS X3

1. TRACKING ZIPPER AS SHE CLOSES THE SUITCASE
2. ECU ON SPONGE AS SHE SOAKS IT WITH WATER
3. SOAPY WATER MIXES WITH FRANK'S BLOOD

As Janet washes his brain matter off the wall, we slowly PAN UP to  
a framed portrait of her mother holding her as a baby, untouched by  
gore.

We linger, as she washes up the walls beside it.

Opposite the wall, her face stares at the picture. Although a bare  
expression, her eyes explore the memories of that moment.

We transition to REAL TIME.

A beat.

KYLE (O.C.)

Why clean up?

She faces him, humbly.

They stare at one another.

KYLE

(Passive aggressive)

Or have you had a change of heart?

She tenses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not in the mood for converse, she turns back around, dropping the sponge in a bucket of soapy water to rinse.

A beat.

KYLE (O.C.)  
(Softly aggressive)  
What happened to your Mother?

Her brow furrows, back facing him already. She grimaces, not interested in indulging him.

She scrubs more blood.

Kyle watches intently.

KYLE  
(Softly aggressive)  
Why'd he kill her?

A beat.

We take on Kyle's POV, and slowly SLIDE IN on her. She back faces us, her back muscles and shoulders tightening and loosening as she scrubs the floor deeply.

Another beat.

JANET (BACK FACING US)  
(Stern)  
Epilepsy, i'm sure.

Kyle's face tenses, his attempt at humanizing himself failed.

A beat of contemplation.

KYLE  
What are you gonna do? If he actually comes.

She scrubs.

KYLE  
Do you think he'll recognize you?

She scrubs.

But then,

JANET (BACK FACING US)  
I'll gut him. Slowly. Starting at his crotch.

Kyle lets that sit, and begins to ponder more questions.

KYLE  
Why would he come back?

A beat.

Janet washes the sponge, then returns to scrubbing.

JANET (BACK FACING US)  
Did you actually get stuck in the ditch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A beat.

KYLE

What do you think?

She continues scrubbing, solidifying her answer.

JANET (BACK FACING US)

Is anyone going to wonder where you are?

KYLE

No.

She stops scrubbing, still not facing him.

All of a sudden, she faces him. Her face has become relaxed, her eyes inquisitive.

JANET

Why?

Kyle becomes less tense (under the circumstances) he goes into thought.

KYLE

My presence, I guess. People might miss that. What I *offered*.

JANET

What *did* you offer?

KYLE

Money, here and there. To my daughter.

She scans him silently.

KYLE

Don't get it twisted, i'm not a good Dad.

JANET

I didn't think that.

KYLE

-*Okay*. Well.

(A beat of contemplation)

I don't know. She's a good kid, delt a hard hand, but-

(Half beat)

I don't know. I want to support her in any way, and most times...The best way is through fucking cash, so I send her some, when I can.

JANET

I'm sure your money equates to being an absent father.

A beat.

Instead of poking back, he lets that sink in.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE  
(To himself)  
...Yeah.

A beat.

JANET  
How old?

Her continuation surprises him. He indulges.

KYLE  
Fifteen.

She thinks to her *fifteen*.

His eyes glaze.

Janet continues to read him. His eyes, his body language. The way his hands aren't attempting to loosen the rope anymore. The way his sweat has stained through his shirt. The way his heart isn't beating rapidly anymore.

Something is different about him.

Around her neck, sits a golden heart necklace. She peers down at it.

Swiftly, she unbuckles it, and rests it in her palm.

She walks over to him, presenting it like a card to read.

JANET  
This is the only thing my Dad ever sent me.

KYLE  
(Presenting palm)  
May I?

She rests it in his, he looks and twiddles it with his fingers.

JANET  
I would've preferred cash.

Kyle gives a light smile.

Janet's heart throbs a bit, she tries to conceal it.

Her perception of him has changed. She makes a sudden movement, standing up and exiting the room.

Thinking that she's decided to kill him now before he can change her mind, Kyle's heart begins to race.

His feet squirm against the legs of the chair.

Janet re-enters, a pair of scissors in her hand. She avoids his eye-contact, and moves quickly to his behind where she cuts the ropes.

He doesn't move for a moment, this can't be genuine.

She tracks the chair to it's side, eyeing him softly.

CONTINUED: (4)

Her expression is tense, almost as if she's going behind her own back.

They meet each other's gaze.

A longing beat.

We slide in on Janet's face, her cheeks growing pale.

JANET

(Softly)

Go.

He doesn't move, expecting her to stab him instantly when he rises.

She waits a moment, then looks around awkwardly. She moves to the other side of the room, swiftly grabbing the soap bucket and exiting into the hallway.

Kyle remains. He stands up, and looks around.

All of a sudden, there's a knock at the door.

A beat.

Kyle steps towards the connecting front entrance, where he's meet by Janet.

INT. JANET'S FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

She stares at him, her tense face remains, the soap bucket gone.

The Frank-case sits between them.

JANET

The back door.

She motions tensely.

Kyle nods, and carefully passes her by.

She begins to approach the door, when Kyle halts.

KYLE

Wait.

She faces him.

His hand digs in his pocket, removing her collection of jewelry.

He extends his arm forward, she takes them.

A beat.

JANET

(Softly)

Get out.

He gives a quick nod, and walks away.

We stay on Janet, watching as she processes this. Is this the first victim she's ever let go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We're taken back into reality when the person outside offers another KNOCK.

Janet face the door. This could be it. Her mindset isn't where it should be, but she attempts to ready herself.

We J-CUT into:

J-CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S FRONT ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

Janet opens the door -

In an intricate shot, we weave over her shoulder, and out the door (almost SAM RAIMI like) out onto the front porch and up to a MAN.

ONE LONG SHOT TO:

EXT. JANET'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The man's head is titled down. He's in his fifties, his hair is beginning to gray, and clearly smells like peppery cologne.

We all know who this is.

OPPOSITE HIM,

Janet's heart SINKS.

The man lifts his face up, illuminating that viperous smile of his. This is REAL KYLE (50s)

REAL KYLE  
(Devilishly charming)  
Hello, Ma'am.

Speechless, Janet stares blankly.

REAL KYLE (O.C.)  
I hate to bother you, but.  
(Cam on him now)  
Well, I think I must've hit some kind of  
animal on my way home. Went right into  
the ditch.

It's unclear whether he recognizes her or not. It doesn't really fucking matter, he's **here**.

The storm continues to pour behind him, it's almost angelic the way he stays handsome in weather like this.

JANET  
...You must be freezing.

He smiles in agreement.

A dramatic beat.

We push in on REAL KYLE ever so slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REAL KYLE

May I come in?

INT. JANET'S FRONT ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

We WIDE on Janet and Real Kyle as they enter the home. Janet's guard is up, she keeps an eye on him.

HE however, eyes the room. Could he be remembering? He takes notice to the suitcase.

REAL KYLE

Going somewhere?

Her face is stern.

JANET

Visiting someone.

REAL KYLE

A friend?

A beat.

He hasn't met her eyes since they entered, she stays on his face.

JANET

My Mother.

He meets hers,

REAL KYLE

...How nice.

He doesn't remember. Her face shows this.

REAL KYLE

I'd like to meet the woman that could make someone as beautiful as you.

A tense beat.

She ponders her next move, he offers another quick smile.

REAL KYLE

Could I burden you for a coffee?

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE JANET'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Kyle walks around the side of the home, bearing witness to what could've been the sight of his murder.

As he reaches the front yard, he spots someone through the window to the living room.

His brow furrows, watching as Real Kyle investigates her home. Due to him being similarly looking, the pieces are fucking put together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside the room, Real Kyle's head turns to greet Janet, who enters the living room with a cup of coffee.

Envisioning his daughter in Janet, Kyle is compelled to walk up to her front porch and watch through the window.

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Janet sits on the armchair, a pocket knife handy.

Real Kyle sips the coffee.

REAL KYLE  
Thank you.

JANET  
Mhm.

A beat.

Janet expected this to play out differently, therefore she's unsure of what to do.

JANET  
What kind of animal was it? That you hit.

He peers up from his cup.

REAL KYLE  
...A possum.

All of a sudden, the front door slides open.

Real Kyle and Janet turn that direction.

The sound of feet entering are heard, and then boots being kicked off.

We stay in their POV watching the archway, curious to see who will pop out. And then someone does, Kyle.

His hair is damp from the snow, and he wears an innocent smile.

KYLE  
(Shaking water off)  
*Whew!*  
(A beat)  
Cold as fuck out there.

Janet stares at him, unamused.

Kyle dramatically takes notice to Real Kyle.

KYLE  
*-Oh!*  
(Walk over)  
I'm so sorry, I didn't even see you.

Kyle extends his hand to Real Kyle, who shakes it begrudgingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

(To hand shake)

Brian, I'm her Dad. Nice to meet you.

Kyle looks over at Janet, who is glaring.

KYLE

Just got off work.

Janet shakes her head ever so slightly, telling him to go. He then looks back to Real Kyle.

KYLE

I'm sorry, what's your name?

REAL KYLE

...Kyle.

Kyle smiles.

KYLE

You look like a "Kyle."

Kyle goes to sit on the couch.

KYLE

Are you from the area?

Not enthused by this sudden arrival, Real Kyle begins to step away, looking to Janet.

REAL KYLE

I think it'll be fine, actually.

KYLE

JANET

No!

No!

Janet tenses, not looking over at Kyle. She stays on Real Kyle.

JANET

It's horrible out there.

KYLE

Really is. Accidents all over.

Real Kyle's body language has gone cold.

REAL KYLE

I'll be alright.

Janet thinks quick.

But just as Real Kyle turns to leave, he's met again with the suitcase, along with a puddle of blood leaking from it.

He stares at it for a moment. And then slightly upward, to the framed picture of Janet and HER FUCKING MOTHER.

We linger on him, as his mind puts it together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

All of a sudden, Janet's hand appears and dives her pocket knife into his throat.

KYLE

(Reacting)

-Fuck!

Real Kyle dabbles back as blood begins to spurt out from the puncture.

Janet eyes him closely, like a predator to it's prey.

Real Kyle's eyes widen as his skin becomes red with strife. He slowly removes the knife, which causes him to fall back against the side table of family pictures, shattering some. He tries to keep an eye on her, but he's loosing a lot of blood.

He tries to stop the bleeding, while half way collapsing.

REAL KYLE

(Through blood gurgling)

...What the fuck?

Real Kyle collapses onto the floor. Janet springs at him, taking the knife and stabbing him repeatedly.

We slowly slide out through the connecting archway as we watch her mutilate his body, hunched over, feral like almost.

Blood splatters the room, all over, the pictures, the rug, her.

Until...After maybe forty stabs, she whips herself UP.

She looks down at her prey, having finally done what needed to be done.

A disturbing smile emerges on her face, as she wipes a bit of blood out of her eyes.

A beat.

She slowly turns around, facing Kyle. She looks horrifying.

Opposite her, Kyle's face is that of a comedically concerned parent. He just stares for a moment, unsure of what to say or do. Until-

KYLE

...He seemed like a real dick.

Janet stares blankly.

A beat.

JANET

(Stern)

Yeah.

She eyes him up and down, her humanity feels far away. Kyle peers back at her with confusion.

JANET

He tried to leave. Because of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Oh shit.

He steps back, maintaining eye contact. She steps forward, the knife glimmering in her hand.

JANET (O.C.)

But I get it.

(A beat)

You had to come save her.

She tightens her grip.

JANET

(Seething)

How heroic.

Kyle eyes the shotgun that remains near the TV, as does Janet.

Who will get to it first?

He shoves a chair her way, leaping towards it. She dodges the chair and makes her way over as well. The two of them reach the gun at the same time, beginning a handheld struggle.

Kyle takes a hold of the side, and uses it to ram Janet into the wall. She takes the knife and slices a part of his thigh, and then his cheek.

She screams as she begins to loose the struggle.

KYLE

STOP!

He throws her onto the ground, loosing her grip on the gun. His finger grazes the trigger as it aims directly at her temple.

Their breath becomes panicked.

A tense beat.

With anxiety, he lowers the gun...

She stares up at him, breathing intensely. Anguish in her eyes.

All of a sudden she leaps back up, diving the knife into his shoulder, and pushing it farther in as he collapses against the wall behind him.

They both groan as she tries to push it in more.

Kyle has entered full survival mode.

She rips the knife out. He uses the gun to push her down again, but this time his fingers grip her heart locket necklace. She collapses to the ground, her necklace in his hand. He uses his non stabbed leg to press against her lower back while pulling the necklace closer, choking her.

Her arms thrash around as she begins to panic.

He strangles her harder, her whole body reverting into desperation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

In a painfully long shot we watch his feral expression last as long as it needs to in order to finish. His face becomes red with veins popping.

Sweat brimming his forehead and panic across his eyes.

Eventually, Janet begins to stop struggling.

Kyle begins to cry with terror as his grip loosens, slowly collapsing onto the floor.

A horrible beat.

On the floor, he painfully tries to hold back the stream of tears begging to be released as he grazes Janet's lifeless body beside him. The locket slips out of his grasp, onto the floor below.

Desperate silence fills the room.

Kyle looks away from her, not being able to bear what he's done, his hand shakes as tries to wipe tears away.

With self-disgust he scoots away from her, her lifeless head falling onto the floor as he does so.

We sit here with him as he cries for a long while. Until he can finally catch his breath.

On the nightstand nearby, he sees a phone. After a second to process, he shakily grabs it and begins to dial a number he knows by heart.

It rings...

A beat.

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

Hello?

He readies himself, his throat is tight.

KYLE

...Honey?

She sighs.

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

...Who's phone is this, do you have any idea what time it is?

A beat.

He closes his eyes.

KYLE

(Profoundly)

I miss you so much.

Another beat.

The lack of response kills him.

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

Are you drunk?

(CONTINUED)

I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW  
CONTINUED: (5)

27.

KYLE

*No! I'm not.*

(A beat)

Can't I not just fucking call you?

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

...What's going on?

A beat.

He holds back more tears.

KYLE

...How's Jess? Is she okay?

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

No, actually.

KYLE

(Urgently)

-What?

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

She had another seizure.

**Mhm.**

A beat.

KYLE

Oh my God, is she okay?

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

...Okay.

KYLE

(With exhaustion)

IS she okay? I'm asking if she's okay?

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

I don't wanna fucking do this right now.  
She's fine, thank you for your concern.

KYLE

Don't fucking treat me like that. I  
care.

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

(Loosing patience)

Right.

A beat.

He tries to think of what a responsible parent would do.

KYLE

How are you doing, do you need money? I  
can send you something, do you have  
enough for prescriptions, and shit?

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

Don't do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

KYLE

I can help, how much do you need?

A beat.

KYLE

...Please.

KYLE'S WIFE (THROUGH PHONE)

...What do you have?

We slowly slide in on him. His expression is aware that he doesn't like what he's about to do.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Kyle pours Janet's jewelry into a bag, rings, necklaces, bracelets, etc. His face is emotionless, regret peaking? He stuffs the bag.

EXT. OUTSIDE JANET'S HOME - MORNING

Snow blows in Kyle's face violently as he treads back to his car. He breathes heavily, ripping the door open.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - MORNING

He drives, silently, processing. This can't be it?

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE - MORNING

He embraces his daughter, KYLE'S DAUGHTER (15), his wife grimacing at him from the corner.

KYLE

(Mid-hug)  
Sweet girl, I missed you! God, you're big. Wow!

KYLE'S DAUGHTER

(Mid-hug)  
I have so much to tell you!

KYLE

I have so much to hear!

CUT TO:

KYLE'S KITCHEN

He and his wife discuss the jewels he's giving her. She's understandably skeptic.

KYLE'S WIFE

(Tired)  
Don't fucking lie to me. I'm serious, I can't do this right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

I've been saving it. Honey.

He goes to touch her, she brushes him off.

KYLE

Do you not want it? I don't understand.

KYLE'S WIFE

No, I don't want it if you fucking stole it! Why-!

(Frustrated)

Oh my God.

KYLE

It's mine. It's mine, I promise. I promise I didn't take it, I'd never!

She's morally confused. It's not like they don't need it.

KYLE

I promise. *Baby*. I promise. Please.

INT. KYLE'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

Tension is about. It's rare the extra chair is ever used. Everyone is silent.

BEAT.

KYLE'S DAUGHTER

...How long are you gonna stay?

KYLE

Well-

And then there's a knock at the door. Kyle's face drops, but he reassures himself that it's fine and brings back a little smile. His wife gets up to get it.

KYLE'S WIFE

'Scuse me.

KYLE

(to his DAUGHTER)

I think a while. How long could I be without you? My girl.

He takes her hand, they smile. O.C The door opens, and muffled voices are heard.

KYLE

I love you.

KYLE'S DAUGHTER

I love you too.

He kisses her hands, finally feeling like the father he should've been.

The door closes, and in enter the sounds of feet re-approaching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE'S WIFE (O.S.)

Brian?

He faces her. His wife, her eyes are glassy in disbelief, she holds a wallet in her hands. His wallet.

KYLE

(Unfazed)

What?

And then she opens it, a human finger resting in the plastic lining. His face drops.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF KYLE'S HOUSE - MORNING

SMASH CUT TO - 'BAD REPUTATION' -JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS

CREDITS ROLLING IMMEDIATLEY!

And there's Janet, stumbling down the sidewalk. A cigarette between her lips, and a bruised line across her neck above her necklace. She walks casually, tiredly, another day of giving shitty men what they deserve.

In the back (BLURRED) we see Kyle running to his car, his wife with the phone in hand. She smacks the car with her hand, moving to the trunk where she continues, he starts it and runs her over, slamming on the gas and driving away.

Janet pays this no mind. Damn this cig is good.

BLACK.