

All God's Creatures

An Original Screenplay

by

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"Love isn't just for the gifted, but for all the animals God
created."

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EXT. MANHATTAN AVENUE - NIGHT

We fade in on an unsuspecting RAT venturing out of a refuse-laden storm drain on a busy Upper West Side street corner. A BLACK CAT, mangy and collarless, pounces on the rat. As the cat trots off with its spoils, we tilt up to a young couple together on the sidewalk. Traffic whizzes by in the street as they walk. JEANIE, 23, demure and attractive, is clearly tipsy. JON Smith, 27, smiles ear to ear as he leads her up to his walk-up building. She is dressed to impress, Jon not so much. They giggle knowingly at one another as he fiddles with his KEYS.

JEANIE

This better be quite the chardonnay, young man. I have to work tomorrow morning, and this is anything but responsible behavior.

JON

Did I not promise you coming up for a glass would change life as you know it?

JEANIE

You did, and that is one bold claim mister.

A young woman with that will later be revealed as DELIA, walks by barely noticed. The couple take no note as Jon inserts the key into the lock.

JON

It certainly is.

He turns the key, the tumbler turns, he pushes open the door and holds it for his guest. She half-heartedly curtsies and steps through the door.

JEANIE

Thank you, kind sir.

Jon smiles and watches her pass.

CUT TO:

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INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door swings open and Jon holds it for Jeanie as he flips on the light.

(CONTINUED)

JON
Welcome to *Chateaux Smith*...

The apartment is modest, particularly by Upper West Side standards. A short hallway with framed replica art prints lining the walls leads to a living room with a similar IKEA-esque decor and a small kitchenette in one corner. A closed plywood bedroom door divides the far wall. The room has a profoundly anal-retentive cleanliness and order to it.

JEANIE
This is really nice, Jon.

JON
It's far from the greatest place on the upper west, but its more important to me to have my privacy and some space than a doorman and a fountain.

JEANIE
I live in Park Slope. I'd kill for this place.

JON
(under his breath)
Me too.

His remark goes unnoticed. She moves to the bedroom door.

JEANIE
Is this your bedroom?

He dashes over, cutting her off.

JON
Whoa, whoa...you don't wanna go in there. I didn't expect to be bringing company back.

Awkward beat.

JON
It's a complete mess.

Jeanie internally questions for a moment before letting the alcohol resume control.

JEANIE
That's hard to believe, as swiffer-riffic as it looks in here. But whatever. You can give me the "full tour" later.

(CONTINUED)

She giggles. Jon laughs it off.

JEANIE

What about the bathroom? Is that off limits?

JON

Of course not! It's down here.

He points her toward the bathroom, the door to which is near the front door in the hallway.

JEANIE

Thanks. Have my *immaculate* chardonnay waiting for me.

Jon chuckles as she heads for the bathroom and closes the door. He moves to the kitchenette, pulls two crystal WINE GLASSES out of the cupboard and places them on the counter. He opens a drawer and pulls out a PILL BOTTLE, pours one small CAPSULE into his hand and cracks it open into one of the glasses. He tosses the bottle back into the drawer just as the toilet is heard FLUSHING. The bathroom door opens and Jeanie speaks while washing her hands.

JEANIE (O.C.)

So how do you afford a place in this neighborhood, and do you need a roommate?

She laughs.

JON

I grew up here with my mother, and she was fortunate enough to get it rent controlled.

He opens up the fridge and grabs a BOTTLE OF CHARDONNAY off the top shelf. Next to it is an older woman's severed HEAD, sealed in a large ziploc plastic bag. ST. DALFOUR'S CRANBERRY SPREAD and GULDENS MUSTARD sit amongst the other miscellaneous condiments surrounding it. He lets the door slowly swing shut.

JON

When she died, she sort of passed it on to me.

He uncorks the bottle and fills the glass with the powder just as Jeanie comes walking back from the bathroom. He fills his glass, and hands her the tainted one.

JEANIE

I'm so sorry to hear to that.

JON

People die.

(beat)

But thanks.

He raises his glass and proposes a toast. She's a bit thrown by his response, but shrugs it off and raises her glass.

JON

May we never regret this.

She ponders his meaning to no avail. They CLINK and drink.

JEANIE

Mmmm...that is good!

He says nothing, watching as she takes another drink and heads for a window overlooking the street five floors below. A large residential building covered in windows sits across the way. People of all shapes and sizes meander in well lit rooms, in plain view.

JEANIE

You ever watch the people across the street? There are some real crazies in this city!

He walks over and closes the shade.

JON

I keep to myself.

A strange look crosses Jeanie's face. She seems to be losing her equilibrium.

JEANIE

It's getting a little...

She trails off into something incomprehensible as she drops her glass of wine, which lands safely on his now chardonnay-covered IKEA rug, and falls into Jon's arms, unconscious.

JON

Filthy cunt!

He tosses her limp body onto the couch and scampers to the cabinet below the sink, where he removes CLEANING PRODUCTS and frantically scrubs the spill. Once clean to his

(CONTINUED)

satisfaction, he pulls the coffee table off to the side. He pulls a plastic painting DROP CLOTH, still in the packaging, from under the sink and lays it down with deliberate precision. Jon lifts her off the couch and lowers her to the drop cloth, making sure she is centered on it perfectly. He grabs some DUCK TAPE, covers her mouth, then folds the other half of the drop cloth over to eliminate splatter. He stands, completely disrobes, walks to the kitchenette and opens a drawer where he searches for his weapon of choice for the evening.

He finds the Phillips-head SCREWDRIVER, methodically walks over to Jeanie's motionless body and straddles her. Jon pulls the plastic up and runs his fingers over her face, then returns it. He raises the screwdriver high over his head, then plunges it deep into her chest. Her body convulses as she is ripped from her drug-induced stupor and attempts muffled cries from beneath the tape. Jon repeatedly buries the head of the tool in her torso, without emitting even the faintest sound of rage. After her body goes motionless, he relents. A moment passes and he turns his attention to the refrigerator.

JON
 (at the top of his lungs)
 Shut the fuck up!

BLACKOUT.

3 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BLACK & WHITE VIDEO:

Jon sits on his couch, naked. He speaks directly to camera.

JON
 Growing up I realized, though imperfectly, that I was different from other people, and that the way of life in my home was different from that in the homes of others. This stimulated me to introspection and strange mental questionings.

(beat)

We've all got the power in our hands to kill, but most people are afraid to use it. The one's who aren't afraid control life itself.

(beat)

Take your worst nightmares and put my face to them.

BLACKOUT.

4 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DELIA, a young woman attractive in the most unconventional of ways, bolts in from the hallway with a large BAG slung over her shoulder. Her attire is just slightly odd, her hair lightly unkempt. It all comes together as quite an endearing package, despite her apparent distress.

Her antithesis and step-father, SEAN Maitlin, is seated on the couch in his underwear watching television. A weathered, blue-collar guy in his 50's with a stern demeanor, he glances up.

SEAN

Where the fuck do you think you're going?

She stops. She mulls over her reply a moment before giving it.

DELIA

Away.

SEAN

Away? What the fuck does that mean?

He stands with an intent for confrontation. She heads towards the front door.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You walk out that door, I'll be damned if you're ever allowed back in it.

(beat)

Just what your mom would have wanted - abandoning me and Lydia.

Her hand on the doorknob, she stops but doesn't turn back to look at him.

DELIA

If you touch my sister, I'll kill you myself.

Her voice quivers with fear as she stumbles through the threat. Sean feeds on this and moves towards her, but she's out the door before he can get to it. Sean yells after her.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Don't let the door hit you in the
ass on the way out!

It doesn't.

BLACKOUT.

5 INT. DELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BLACK & WHITE VIDEO:

Delia sits naked with her knees to her chest on the floor. Her features can barely be seen in the dimly-lit apartment.

DELIA

It was with a smile on my face that I strode past Tompkins Square park on an unseasonably warm day, on my way to meet a man who wanted me to jerk him off with my tits. A group of students from the nearby elementary school stopped me to ask me if I knew about some horrible injustice in the world. I leaned down to sign their petition, but the head girl had started her schpiel and wasn't going to stop until she reached her now unnecessary conclusion, "So would you please sign this petition?" Her teacher strolled over and smiled at me and I smiled at them and was on my way, wondering what those cute kids and their cute teacher would think if they knew they had just stopped a prostitute on the way to an appointment.

BLACKOUT.

6 INT. JON'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Jon begins his shaving ritual with a clean white towel wrapped around his waist. The water running in the sink is a scalding temperature, and steam permeates throughout the near-sterile, all-white bathroom. He is working up an acceptable lather of shaving cream in a small BOWL with a horse-hair BRUSH.

(CONTINUED)

JON (V.O.)

It's very important that man have a ritual, a proven way of doing things and a reason for doing them.

He reaches the desired degree of lather.

JON (V.O.)

I do everything with purpose.

He begins applying the cream to his cheeks with meticulous precision, top to bottom, left to right.

JON (V.O.)

Most people do not. Most people meander through their everyday lives bumping in to whatever comes along, with no idea why they do the things they do.

(beat)

Most people make me fucking sick.

He finishes the application, pauses a moment before filling his lungs to capacity with a deep breath, and exhales as he stares into his own eyes in the mirror. He washes the cream off his face in the scalding water, then begins the application ritual all over again.

JON (V.O.)

You must allow the enzymes in the cream to set, opening the hair follicle to it's fullest, which in turn exposes the hair itself to the greatest degree. I ensure the closest shave possible this way.

CUT TO:

7 INT. DELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Delia stares out the window. A ratty upholstered chair and a twin-sized mattress on the floor are the only pieces of "furniture" that occupy her sullen studio apartment.

She collects her KEYS off the window sill, which lie next to a cup full of miscellaneous CONDOMS, and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

8 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A small neighborhood coffee shop on the Upper West Side, the antithesis of a Starbucks.

Jon works behind the counter as a barista. He has a pleasant way with the customers that comes across as genuine, and everyone seems to get along great with him. He also has a small piece of TOILET PAPER stuck to his chin by dried blood, a shaving accident.

He finishes a latte for MRS. CHU, an elderly Chinese lady with a thick accent, who is watching him like a hawk from across the counter.

MRS. CHU
Extra foam?

He's made her drink a million times. Her request stirs a laugh.

JON
Yes, Mrs. Chu.

MRS. CHU
Good boy, Jon boy.

Jon musters a tight-lipped smile. Mrs. Chu takes her latte and moves off.

JON (V.O.)
People don't know me. They think they do, but they don't.

Delia walks in the front door. Jon watches her as she scans behind the counter for someone. MR. BROOKS, an older man and the owner of the shop, notices her and approaches.

MR. BROOKS
Delia! Welcome.

DELIA
Hey, Mr. Brooks!

Her eyes reach Jon.

DELIA
Hi.

Jon just stares.

(CONTINUED)

JON (V.O.)
Definitely gonna have to kill her.

DELIA
I said hi?

He snaps out of it.

JON
Didn't I say hi?

DELIA
Nope. But you do have T.P. stuck
to your chin.

Embarrassed, he peels the toilet paper off.

DELIA
If you used hotter water when you
shaved, you wouldn't cut
yourself. I read an article about
it on MSN.

Beat.

JON
Thanks. I'll try and remember that
in the future.

Mr. Brooks interjects.

MR. BROOKS
This is Jon, our top barista.
(to Jon)
This is Delia, your new
understudy. Show her "The Way."

Mr. Brooks is thoroughly amused with himself.

JON
You got it.

MR. BROOKS
I'll get you an apron and then
we'll get you started!

He moves off, leaving Delia and Jon staring blankly at each other.

JON
It's Jon without the H.

DELIA
"Top barista," huh?

CUT TO:

9 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Delia and Jon come walking out of the coffee shop, aprons in hand. Jon holds the door for Delia, then follows her out. As he lets the door go, Jon looks back and sees a little OLD LADY was behind them. He lurches back to catch the door before it slams in her face, then holds it open as she walks through. They smile at each other as she does so.

OLD LADY
Thank you.

Jon nods. Delia gives him a sarcastic "way to go" look.

DELIA
So, barista boy, as I told you, I just moved here. I don't have anyone to play with so you're going to have to entertain me so I don't get homesick.

He is clueless how to respond.

DELIA
That means you're going to have to take me out. So what are we doing?

JON
Uhhhh...

DELIA
Is that the name of a bar? "Uhhh?"

JON
I don't, ahhh, I don't really...I can't tonight.

A moment.

DELIA
That doesn't work for me. Screws up my plan.

JON
Ahhhh...

(CONTINUED)

DELIA

What are these sounds you keep making? Take me out.

Another moment. He can't hold back a small laugh, despite his best efforts.

JON

Thank you. But I can't. I'll see you tomorrow, yes?

An awkward moment of playful disdain from Delia, then he turns and walks away. She watches him go with a look of curiosity.

FADE TO BLACK.

10

INT. JON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jon walks in from his day at work, deep in thought. He throws his apron on the coffee table and closes the shades of his main room, immersing himself in darkness. He walks to the bedroom door, opens it, and flicks on a small lamp sitting on the nightstand.

JON (V.O.)

I wish I could stop, but I can not. I have no other thrill or happiness.

The room is utterly disturbing. A queen sized bed takes up most of it, covered with numerous locks of woman's hair in an assortment of lengths and colors. A roughshod pyramid of sealed mason jars sits on the nightstand next to the lamp, each containing body parts: fingers, toes, ears, eyes, etc.

JON (V.O.)

I possess them physically as one would possess a potted plant, a painting, or a Porsche. Owning, as it is, the individual.

The walls are covered in bloody handprints and smears. "kill 1 and you might as well kill 21" is scrawled in blood across the far wall, partly over a crucifix that was there when it was written. A mural of the Last Supper hangs above the head of the bed. Stacks upon stacks of old newspapers line the walls. A mannequin wearing what was a dress of his mother's stands in the corner, almost overseeing the scene.

He crashes down onto the bed, thinking.

(CONTINUED)

PAN: AWAY FROM JON TO SCRAWLING ON WALL

CUT TO:

11 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jon lies in the bed, staring at the ceiling, hand on the lamp switch. He turns the lamp on, then off. On, then off. Again. He turns it on, takes a moment, then sits up.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Jon walks a dimly-lit path in the park. He spots a scantily-clad HOOKER soliciting a couple COLLEGE GUYS near an underpass in the distance. He stops for a brief moment and watches before continuing on. A couple hundred feet further down the path, a GAY COUPLE approaches, all over each other. Jon's face contorts with disgust after they pass.

He continues walking until he reaches a secluded rock formation off the path, where he climbs to the top and sits. He collects himself for a moment, then looks to his left where an unconscious BUM lies nestled behind the rocks.

JON (V.O.)

Hello from the gutters of New York City, which are filled with dog manure, vomit, stale wine, urine and blood.

Jon looks the bum up and down. The man is in his late 50's, shoeless, and haggard. His long, gray beard is littered with dried debris and snot. After taking all this in, Jon stands, pulls a coiled metal WIRE from his pocket, and climbs down to stand over the bum.

He kneels down over the man and carefully lifts his head to wrap the wire loosely around his neck a few times. He slowly draws the wire taught until the man begins to stir, and stops. A moment, then Jon gives the wire a small tug that wakes the bum. As soon as his eyes pop open and body springs to life, Jon pulls the wire with all his strength and pins the bum to the ground, his nose inches from the bum's. He stares into the eyes of his victim as it squirms, lurches, and gurgles.

(CONTINUED)

JON
(whispering)
I don't want to kill her.

The bum's eyes fill with fear as his last attempts to breathe fall short and his body goes limp. Jon holds his grip for another moment, then leans back, winded. The bum lies motionless in front of him, eyes wide open.

JON (CONT'D)
Well, in any event, as I don't suppose even the most open-minded girl would understand this sort of...behavior, its pointless to even consider the notion.

The dead bum. No response. Jon sits in silence.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

BLACK & WHITE VIDEO:

Jon walks through the park shortly after the murder. At times he is almost skipping.

JON (V.O.)
I was literally singing to myself on my way home, after the killing. The tension, the desire to kill another builds up in such explosive proportions that when I finally take the life, all the pressures, all the tensions, all the hatred, just...vanish, dissipate. But only for a short time.

(beat)

I spend most of my time thinking about the rush of another's last breath. I found myself...distracted...from my fixations over the ensuing days.

BLACKOUT.

14 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Delia stands behind the counter conspicuously eavesdropping on a hipster couple's conversation. Jon makes their drinks in the background.

HIPSTER GUY
I'm too punk rock for that
shit. They've completely sold out.

HIPSTER GIRL
They went soft the second MTV got a
hold of them.

They notice Delia listening in.

HIPSTER GUY
(Condescendingly)
Do you have any input, or are you
just listening?

Delia stares him right in the eye, devoid of the faintest hint of passivity. Jon drops their coffees off with a smile, and the two give Delia another glance before walking off. He looks to Delia with a "what was that about" expression.

DELIA
I can't stand that.

Jon waits.

DELIA (CONT'D)
The philosophy that the second a
band has the slightest commercial
success, they've sold out.

JON
I imagine that's on the more
forgivable side of those two's
spectrum of faults.

A moment.

DELIA
Why do you smile so much? You
don't like people anymore than I
do.

JON
It's kind of part of the deal,
working here.

(CONTINUED)

DELIA

Yeah, but you smile way more than necessary to keep the old man happy.

JON

I suppose people are just easier to deal with if they think you like them.

DELIA

Interesting theory.

(beat)

People don't know me. They think they do, but they don't.

JON

I know what you mean.

DELIA

When are you going to get to know me?

JON

What-

DELIA

Are you gay?

JON

No I'm-

DELIA

Are you dating someone?

JON

No.

DELIA

Then you're taking me to dinner tonight, barista boy.

She walks away before he can protest.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. COFFEE SHOP BACK ROOM - DAY

Delia pulls her PHONE from her PURSE and checks her text messages. Her expression goes cold and she slumps onto a chair as tears begin to well up in her eyes. Jon enters after a beat.

(CONTINUED)

JON
Brooks is bitching about you
needing work on the pumpkin latte-

She attempts to mask her tears.

JON (CONT'D)
Delia?
(beat)
I know this place sucks, but if
you're already crying after a
week...

DELIA
Sorry. I'm a girl...I like shoes.
(beat)
Family issues.

JON
Oh.

He hesitates a moment before pulling up a chair next to her.

JON (CONT'D)
Is it...do you...can I do anything?

DELIA
Off my step dad for me?

He briefly visualizes the suggestion.

JON
Sure.

DELIA (CONT'D)
Kidding. I'd never delegate that
to anyone else and forgo the
pleasure of doing it with my own
bare hands.

Jon laughs nervously as Delia collects herself.

JON
So where am I taking you to dinner?

Delia musters a tiny chuckle.

DELIA
Anywhere with burgers and beer.

Jon smirks as they lock eyes.

CUT TO:

16 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Delia sits alone at a plaid cloth-covered table, on which a cardboard Corona six pack holder houses the salt and pepper shakers, hot sauce, etc. Neon lights and other obnoxious decorations adorn the wall behind her.

Jon enters frame and plops two cans of cheap beer onto the table.

DELIA

There wasn't anything cheaper up there?

JON

Hey - you wanted burgers and beer, this is the epitome of that pairing.

DELIA

Don't get your panties all in a bunch, barista boy.

JON

Oh, I'm sorry...was that meant as sarcasm? Its just that you use that so scarcely, it really caught me off guard.

She accepts her subtle defeat. He relishes it.

JON (CONT'D)

So, Delia, tell me...what's your deal?

DELIA

My deal?

JON

Yep. Everybody has one - what's yours?

Intrigued, she mulls over her reply.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. 72ND STREET PIER - NIGHT

Jon and Delia leisurely walk side by side on a path following the river. Awkward silence fills the air as they turn onto the pier.

(CONTINUED)

DELIA

Do you put your T.P. on the
thing-a-ma-bob so it unrolls
towards the floor or the ceiling?

JON

What?

DELIA

Your toilet paper. You do use
toilet paper, yes? I mean, you
don't use leaves or your hand...or
the three seashells, right?

JON

Three seashells?

DELIA

Stallone movie reference. Sorry.

JON

Oh yeah...the cop flick where he
was "cryogenically"
frozen. Obscure one, Delia.

Jon notices a large COCKROACH scurrying across their path,
which captures every iota of his focus. He stomps the pest
with a definitive malice that strikes Delia as a bit
overboard.

Awkward.

DELIA

So which way do you put it on the
thingy?

JON

We've moved back to the T.P. I'm
still a little lost here.

DELIA

You either put it on so it comes up
over the top and unrolls towards
the floor, or vice-versa so it
comes from underneath towards the
ceiling. Really quite simple.

JON

Wasn't that an episode of Friends?

(beat)

I guess I put mine on so it unrolls
towards the floor.

(CONTINUED)

DELIA

Good. Towards the ceiling is just plain weird.

She bursts out laughing. Jon is befuddled.

JON

In twenty five years of walking around the craziest city in the world, that was the oddest question anyone has ever asked me. Ever.

DELIA

Well I'm the oddest girl that's ever walked around this crazy city, so expect my questions to follow suit.

He smiles and lightly knocks twice on the side of his head, as one would a door.

JON

File it.

DELIA

Besides, if normal seemed like your thing I wouldn't have bothered asking you out.

JON

Did you actually ask?

DELIA

Made. Made you take me out.

JON

Right. So I'm not normal?

DELIA

You try to be. But you definitely have something *lurking* beneath that shiny veneer.

JON

Lurking? Sounds ominous.

They reach the end of the pier, and look around. They are alone.

DELIA

It is.

(beat)

I'll figure it out. But that's why you're interesting. Most people actually are their boring facade.

(CONTINUED)

JON
I know what you mean.

DELIA
I know.

She leans in and surprises him with a kiss. He happily reciprocates.

BLACKOUT.

JON (V.O.)
I'm not dangerous now, but I won't say that I wouldn't be tomorrow.

18 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jon sits in his IKEA chair, legs crossed, reading a BOOK. He is dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. He looks up from the book to the window and watches the meanderings of the inhabitants of the building across the street.

JON & DELIA (V.O.)
(In unison)
People are like maggots. Small, blind, and worthless. The more I look at them, the more I hate them.

The door BUZZER blares from the front door of the apartment. Jon rises, walks to the intercom and presses the door button, then returns to his chair and resumes his position.

A moment later there is a meek knock at the door. Jon puts his book on the coffee table.

JON
Come in.

The door opens and ATHENA clacks in. She is dressed in an absurdly short jean skirt and a low-cut top her breasts spill out of. Four-inch heels and a gigantic SPARKLY PURSE complete an ensemble that, at the very mildest, would be deemed slutty.

ATHENA
You're Jon?

JON
I am. And you are Athena, I presume?

(CONTINUED)

ATHENA
The one and only!

JON
Nice to have you, Athena. Lock the door behind you, would you please?

ATHENA
Expecting company?

JON
Certainly not, but this city is full of crazies.

ATHENA
Very true.

She walks back and locks the door as Jon stands and walks to the kitchenette.

JON
Can I get you something to drink?

She walks into the living room.

ATHENA
A glass of water would be fine.
(beat)
And the donation for a ninety minute session is three-twenty, please.

JON
Of course.

He takes note of her eyes, a piercing blue.

JON (CONT'D)
Those are quite a pair of eyes you have, young lady.

The compliment is genuine, and she briefly relents on her all-business charade to accept it.

ATHENA
...thank you.

He pours her a glass of water, sets it down in front of her and hands over a tightly rolled WAD OF TWENTIES, which she quickly counts and stuffs in her purse.

(CONTINUED)

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Would you like me to set up in the
bedroom?

She motions to the closed bedroom door.

JON

No. Here on the couch will be
fine.

Athena looks to the couch, which is clearly too small to
accommodate Jon's six foot frame.

ATHENA

More of a love seat than a couch.

JON

The couch will be fine.

Beat.

ATHENA

You got it. Where can I change?

JON

The bathroom is down the hall, by
the front door.

They stare at each other for a moment.

ATHENA

Thanks.

She turns and heads to the bathroom with her bag. Jon walks
to the kitchenette, opens a drawer and removes a MEAT
TENDERIZER MALLET. He sets it on the counter next to him
and waits nonchalantly.

Athena comes walking out in nothing but a pink bra, matching
boy shorts, and her hooker heels. She walks over to the
coffee table and begins pulling out her various LUBRICANTS
and prepping for the session, her back to Jon.

ATHENA

You ready to play?

Jon picks up the mallet and slowly walks up behind her.

FREEZE FRAME IN BLACK & WHITE

JON (V.O.)

You no doubt are wondering how one
actually goes about killing.

(CONTINUED)

We resume and he raises the mallet. As she turns, Jon smashes it into her left temple, sending her careening to the floor.

BLACKOUT.

JON (V.O.)
I didn't rob her, or touch her, or
rape her. I just killed her.

FADE IN.

19 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO:

The room is dimly lit. Flickering flames from a large cast-iron heating boiler sheds an eerie light on Jon as he speaks to camera while unbuttoning his bloodied shirt.

JON
The women I kill are filth-bastard
prostitutes who are littering the
streets. I'm just cleaning up the
place a bit.

He throws the shirt into the boiler.

JON
Every night I have the same dream.
(beat)
In my dream I see before me a
forest of crucifixes which
gradually turn into trees. At
first there appears to be dew or
rain dripping from the branches,
but as I approach I realize it's
blood. Suddenly the whole forest
begins to writhe. The trees, stark
and erect, ooze blood. A man goes
to each tree catching the blood in
a cup. When his cup is full he
approaches me. "Drink," he
says. But I am unable to move.

Silence.

CUT TO:

20 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jon hunches over Athena's dead body, which lies on a plastic drop cloth. Her face is bludgeoned to a pulp. Jon manically gouges her left eye out of its socket with a knife, then rips it from the nerve with a teeth-clenched roar.

BLACKOUT.

21 INT. DELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Delia sits hunched over in her chair, holding her PHONE to her ear, listening intently.

DELIA

I'm so sorry, Lydia.

Listening.

DELIA (CONT'D)

I know. You understand why I left, don't you? I-

Beat.

DELIA (CONT'D)

I didn't want to leave you there with that son of a bitch. But you're fifteen, sis. You can't just up and leave, go wherever you want.

More listening.

DELIA (CONT'D)

Unless you go to the pol-

A moment. Delia is unable to keep her composure any longer.

DELIA (CONT'D)

Well what can I do Lydia? What can I do from here? I was every bit as scared as you are to say anything to anyone, and I was miserable for years! Its your-

Lydia hangs up. Delia flips the phone shut, drops it on the floor and stares despondently out the window.

(CONTINUED)

Her door BUZZER sounds. She sulks over to the intercom, presses the button, then opens the door a crack before returning to her chair. Jon knocks on the open door a beat later.

DELIA
Come hither.

He pushes the door open and precariously steps inside. Delia is staring out the window.

JON
What if I was some deranged killer?

DELIA
What if I was some deranged killer?

JON
Touche.

Silence.

JON (CONT'D)
So...you wanna go?

She hasn't been listening.

DELIA
Hmm?

JON
You wanted to go see a movie?

DELIA
Oh. Yeah.

She stands and begins rummaging through a pile of clothes. She finds one sock but can't find the match, and throws a miniature temper-tantrum.

JON
Just go barefoot.

His remark doesn't get through.

JON (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

DELIA
Nope.

She goes into the bathroom and shuts the door. The sound of the FAUCET running can be heard. Jon sits down on the

(CONTINUED)

chair. He hears a VIBRATION under the chair, and looks to see Delia's phone lighting up. He grabs it and the face reads "New text msg." After a brief deliberation and glance to the bathroom, he opens it. A message from "Lil Sis," it says "Ur right and I'm sorry. I just don't know what to do."

He stares at the message for a moment, hears the faucet shut off in the bathroom and quickly shuts the phone and puts it back under the chair. Delia emerges from the bathroom.

DELIA
Let's do this.

Jon stares at her.

DELIA (CONT'D)
Hola?

CUT TO:

22 INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

Delia stands in front of a claw machine game, stuffing dollar bills into it. A comical TUNE belts from the contraption as she tries her luck at a large stuffed COILED SNAKE that's a bit buried in the plethora of other prizes, and fails. Jon comes walking out of the restroom and approaches.

JON
How's that working out?

DELIA
I've wasted five bucks already.

JON
Lemme at it.

She steps aside and gestures sarcastically to the machine.

DELIA
By all means, Conan.

He shoots her a look before stepping up to the plate, and checks to see if money need be put in.

DELIA (CONT'D)
It's ready to roll, Claw Master.

(CONTINUED)

JON

What're you shooting for
here? That fluffy heart pillow in
the corner there?

A pink heart, covered in lace, reads "Love is for all God's
animals" across it.

DELIA

Nope. The snake.

JON

Bold aspirations.

He hits the start button and the tune begins again. He
leans to the side of the machine and lines up the claw to
the snake with a surgeon's precision.

JON

You can't just send the claw
barreling into into the pile. It's
all about strategy.

DELIA

Uh huh.

Once satisfied with the claw's position, Jon leans back to
the front of the machine. He slowly taps the lever until
the claw is exactly where he wants it and hits the button to
lower it. Success. He pulls the stuffed animal out, steps
back from the machine with his arms up in the air, and
showcases to the entire lobby of moviegoers.

JON

I...AM...THE GREATEST! KNEEL
BEFORE ME AND PAY HOMAGE! I AM
CONAN, THE CLAW MACHINE DESTROYER!

An OLDER MAN in the vicinity is genuinely startled by the
outburst. Delia, in uber-dramatic fashion, falls to her
knees and hugs Jon's leg. Jon revels in it.

DELIA

My hero!
(to the passerbys)
Kneel! Kneel! Can't you see this
is your king!?!?

The patrons in the lobby give them condescending looks as
they pass. Jon refutes them with outlandish taunts.

CUT TO:

23 INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Jon and Delia sit side by side in their seats, the light from the screen cast onto their faces. The SOUNDS from the film leave no doubt it is of the horror genre. The stuffed COILED SNAKE sits in Delia's lap as she eats POPCORN, half of which falls all over her before she gets it to her mouth. Jon takes notice, shakes his head and leans over and kisses her on the cheek. Delia turns, smiles, then stuffs a handful of popcorn in his face.

FADE TO BLACK.

24 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

A young girl sits on her bed, breaking open the ROACH from a joint on her nightstand. LYDIA, 15, is beautiful in the stereotypical All-American sense, with blond hair and engaging blue eyes.

The room has all the trimmings of that an emotionally stable teenage girl would sleep in. Posters of pop musicians and other Page Six regulars cover the walls, and numerous stuffed animals lay huddled near the head of her bed. The glass BONG that sits in front of her couldn't be more out of place.

She scrapes the resin-saturated weed out of the roach into the bowl and lights it. The pipe fills with smoke, she pulls the bowl and clears the chamber like a veteran. She repeats the process.

Lydia hears the front door of the house SLAM, sending her into a desperate scramble to hide all her paraphernalia and clear the smoke in the air. She plops back down on her bed just as Sean approaches her doorway. He leers at Lydia a moment before speaking.

SEAN

Smells like a weed factory in here.

He stares. She won't look back.

CUT TO:

25 INT. DELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Delia is plunging away at her toilet as the water comes spilling over the lip of the bowl. She lets out a shrill cry of frustration as she gives up and backs away, watching the commode overflow. Her cell phone is heard RINGING in the other room.

(CONTINUED)

The PHONE screen reads "Aunt Barb." Delia begrudgingly walks out to get it, takes a deep breath as she realizes who it is, and slaps a facetious smile on her face as she answers.

DELIA
Hi, Aunt B!

AUNT BARB (V.O.)
Hello, Delia.

Moment of silence.

DELIA
So...what's up?

AUNT BARB (V.O.)
I'm not gonna beat around the bush here, Delia.

DELIA
That's nice of you.

AUNT BARB (V.O.)
Lydia had an accident.

DELIA
Whaddya mean an-

Delia begins to pace back and forth.

AUNT BARB (V.O.)
She fell down the stairs in her and your dad's house and-

DELIA
Fell?

AUNT BARB (V.O.)
She's been at St. Mary's all night-

DELIA
Jesus Christ. Is she...

AUNT BARB (V.O.)
She's in pretty bad shape.

Delia turns to stone.

AUNT BARB (V.O.)
I'm sorry, Delia. I just thought someone should let you know, since you took off-

(CONTINUED)

The remark hits a nerve.

DELIA

I didn't *take off*, Barb. I got the hell out of there because I was miserable and-

AUNT BARB (V.O.)

Don't-

DELIA

No! Don't you even think about starting in on your "Listen, Delia" shit right now! That house was hell to grow up in, and you don't know a damn thing about what that son of a bitch put me or Lydia through!

AUNT BARB (V.O.)

I-

DELIA

Do you really believe she fell, that he had nothing to do with it?

AUNT BARB (V.O.)

Well-

DELIA

DO YOU BELIEVE HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT?

Silence.

DELIA (CONT'D)

You know what I've realized since I *took off*? The only thing that's gotten me through Lydia's 3 AM phone calls? There's not a person on the planet that doesn't know the *truth* about themselves when they lay down to sleep at night. That's a very comforting thing.

(beat)

What are your truths, Barb?

More silence. The line goes dead.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

26 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jon and Delia both lean against the back counter, arms crossed. The shop is dead.

DELIA
This sucks.

Jon looks around to see if they're in the clear. He motions her over to the shop's land line phone and picks up the receiver.

JON
Dial a number.

DELIA
What number?

JON
Any 2-1-2 number.

She complies with a bit of reluctance. The phone rings.

CUT TO:

27 INT. WENDY'S COUNTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

An employee, ALEX, stands behind the counter taking a customer's order. The young man is the definition of a stoner. The phone rings and he stops the customer as he reaches to answer it.

ALEX
One moment.
(he picks up the phone)
Thanks for calling Wendy's, this is
Alex speaking.

CUT TO:

28 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JON
Hello Alex, this is Oscar with Time
Warner, the number one digital
telephone provider in New
York. How are you today?

Delia shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (V.O.)
Uhhh...perhaps you should speak
with Rick, the manager.

JON
Oh no, Alex. That's not necessary.

CUT TO:

29 INT. WENDY'S COUNTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alex listens, befuddled.

JON (V.O.)
I'm merely calling to alert you we
have personnel working on the
primary fiber-optic line in your
neighborhood, and would appreciate
it if you could disable your land
line for the next fifteen minutes
or so to ensure our technician's
safety while they oscillate the
capacitors.

ALEX
...ok.

JON (V.O.)
Thanks so much for your time and
cooperation, Alex. You have a
wonderful day.

ALEX
Tha-

CUT TO:

30 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jon hangs up.

DELIA
That was quite the little
performance, but I'm still bored.

JON
That's not the part meant to
alleviate your boredom.

(CONTINUED)

DELIA

There's a second act? How exciting.

He places his finger on her lips, sarcastically shushing her, and holds the phone up with his thumb on the redial button.

JON

Wait on it.

He holds a beat, nods as if he's waited the precisely correct length of time, and redials. It rings once, twice, a third time. Alex finally answers.

ALEX (V.O.)

Thank you for-

JON

BIIIIIZZZAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!

CUT TO:

31 INT. WENDY'S COUNTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The sound scares the shit out of Alex, causing him to fumble the phone to the floor.

CUT TO:

32 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jon and Delia laugh hysterically. Mrs. Chu sits at a table in the corner shaking her head with disappointment.

CUT TO:

33 INT. WENDY'S COUNTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alex picks the phone up off the ground and hangs it up. A CO-WORKER watches.

CO-WORKER

What was that about?

ALEX

I think I just fried some guy oscillating the capacitors.

The two idiots look at each other, equally dumbfounded.

CUT TO:

34 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Delia and Jon still laughing. Jon glances at the clock on the wall.

JON
And with that, I leave the empire
in your hands.

He unties his apron.

DELIA
All this? Mine?

JON
A hint of sarcasm, young lady? Is
there something else you'd rather
have?

DELIA
I can think of a thing or two.

He inches back towards her.

JON
Like...?

Stubborn beat.

DELIA
None of your business.

She turns away to fiddle with the steamer. He pursues, tickling her at her sides.

JON
Spill it!

Delia shrieks at the top of her lungs, which causes Mrs. Chu to spill some of her latte in her lap.

DELIA
OK OK OK OK OK!!!! I hate it, I
hate it!!!

He relents. She takes a moment to compose herself as he impatiently awaits her admission.

(CONTINUED)

DELIA (CONT'D)

Yes, I was talking about you,
shithead. Don't let your head
swell up too much. You look goofy
enough already.

Mrs. Chu waddles up to the counter to get napkins. She
mutters under her breath as she walks back to her table.

MRS. CHU

Damn kids...its like a day care in
here.

They take brief notice of Mrs. Chu's performance.

JON

Good. It would suck to be out here
on this little island all by
myself.

DELIA

What island would that be?

He steals a kiss and heads for the door, eyeing her the
entire way.

DELIA (CONT'D)

You, barista boy, just may be a
keeper.

No retort, just a smile.

JON

Bye Mrs. Chu!

Another glance at Delia, and out the door.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. JON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jon walks up to his building after work, apron in hand and
all smiles. He goes to put his key in the lock, rethinks
it, and continues walking.

FADE TO:

36 EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT

Jon looks out at the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. He turns and heads up the steps towards Castle Clinton, and stumbles across a woman and a young child, seated on the ground wrapped in blankets. The woman sleeps while the child huddles in her mother's arms, and makes eye contact with Jon as he passes by.

Jon walks a stride or two past the mother and child, stops and turns back. The child looks. Beat. Jon walks back, pulls out his wallet and gives the kid all seventeen dollars in it. A subtle smile forms on the child's face as Jon hands over the offering. Jon smiles back and heads off, the mother never having stirred.

CUT TO:

37 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The shop is empty. Delia cleans up hurriedly. Mr. Brooks comes walking out of the back.

MR. BROOKS

I thought you had somewhere to
scurry off to tonight?

She looks up to the clock on the wall.

DELIA

Just finishing up.

MR. BROOKS

Go on, get out of here.

Delia stops cleaning and immediately heads for the door.

DELIA

Appreciate it!

MR. BROOKS

Hot date with Jon?

She looks back coyly.

MR. BROOKS (CONT'D)

I was born at night, but not last
night! I see the way you too eye
each other!

(CONTINUED)

DELIA
Night, Mr. Brooks!

CUT TO:

38 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A naked, middle-aged JOHN lies in the bed while Delia dresses herself.

JOHN
I could take care of you, you
know. You don't have to do this.

Delia continues to get dressed, without response.

JOHN (CONT'D)
No commitments, no strings.

Delia stops.

DELIA
Every arrangement in life has
strings in some form or
another. And I like doing
"this." "This" is independence.

She grabs a few hundred dollar BILLS out of a WALLET on the nightstand and stuffs the cash in her bra. She shakes his pack of CIGARETTES to check if any are left, removes one and lights it. She heads for the door and swings it open.

DELIA
Please come again.

The door closes behind her.

CUT TO:

39 INT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BLACK & WHITE VIDEO:

Delia sits alone on the bed, wrapped in a sheet.

DELIA
While I was willing to sell my
body, I wasn't willing to sell my
independence. Life is difficult
for all of us; it's always been
very difficult for me. Its

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DELIA (cont'd)
tempting to let someone else take care of you; the word after all is "kept." A kept woman is kept safe, fed, groomed, and presumably, happy. But what good would a life like that be if you didn't like the person you were sharing it with? My free will isn't for sale.

CUT TO:

40 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Delia comes strolling out of the elevator, smoking her cigarette. The lobby is empty, save for a front desk CONCIERGE. He speaks up as she passes the desk.

CONCIERGE
I'm sorry ma'am, but there's no smoking in the hotel.

She doesn't even give him the courtesy of eye contact as she flicks the lit cigarette at the desk he stands behind.

DELIA
Fuck off.

CUT TO:

41 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Jon sits in the corner seat of the 1 train, eyeballing the assortment of riders that pepper an 11 PM subway ride in New York.

JON (V.O.)
Freedom is a light for which many men have died in darkness. And this is what we do with it.

He begins to survey the passengers, sorting through the shortcomings of each.

A black man, disheveled and in his late 40's, comes strolling into the car through the door at the end of the car opposite Jon. The PANHANDLER is singing the chorus of an outdated Top 40 hip-hop song as he approaches random women, and dancing with the metal poles that line the center of the car.

(CONTINUED)

PANHANDLER

Lean back, lean back...

At the bottom of his final "lean back" pole diddy, which is done for the benefit of a well dressed young woman in her late 20's who is having no part of the performance, we FREEZE FRAME IN BLACK & WHITE on him.

JON (V.O.)

Look at this fucking tweaker. He hasn't provided a positive contribution to society in years. He wakes up every morning on a piece of public property our tax dollars provided and maintain, reeking of his most recently formulated piss-vomit cocktail, and spends his day stealing and deceiving to facilitate the provision of whichever substance allows him to suppress the anxieties he wishes he could alleviate.

(beat)

Worthless.

We resume with the panhandler moving off, continuing to belt his song. Jon shifts his focus to the well dressed young WOMAN, who quickly takes note of the attention as she tucks her long dirty blond hair behind her ear. Just as she reaches the end of that act, we FREEZE FRAME IN BLACK & WHITE on her.

JON (V.O.)

Fashion. She has spent every waking moment since her 16th birthday fixated on beauty, wishing she could be-

The panhandler interjects on his fixation.

PANHANDLER

Spare any change?

Jon slowly turns his attention from the girl, settling on the old man with a piercing look that conveys the necessity to move along far better than any words Jon could concoct. The panhandler moves to the next car as Jon turns back to the girl. FREEZE FRAME IN BLACK & WHITE again.

JON (V.O.)

Wishing she could be on the cover of Vogue, or Cosmo, or one of the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JON (V.O.) (cont'd)
other dozen putrid beauty magazines
she lives her life according
to. When she realized her nose
wasn't the perfect shape and 5'7"
just wasn't going to cut it, she
promptly enrolled at FIT and sold
her soul so she could at least
stand next to the model she would
never be at the C.K. runway show
after-party.
(beat)
Pathetic.

The subway screeches to a stop at 66th Street as the woman stands and exits. Sitting next to the door as she gets off is a STOCK BROKER, late 20's and dressed in a tailored black Versace suit with subtle white pinstripes. He takes note of Jon's stare out of the corner of his eye, snidely pulls his BLACKBERRY out of his coat pocket and begins hammering away on it. After a few button mashes, we FREEZE FRAME IN BLACK & WHITE.

JON (V.O.)
What does a guy who's only goal in
life amounts to logging as many
nights blowing coke off naked
stripper's asses as possible do for
a living? He works eighty hours a
week on Wall Street, wearing that
exact suit, conning others out of
their hard-earned money to reap the
commissions that facilitate the big
pile of money necessary to indulge
in said activity.
(beat)
I've never tried white collar
before.

We come out of the freeze and the train pulls into the 72nd street station. As Jon continues to stare at the broker, the doors open and close as they do at every stop. Just as they slam shut, Delia comes crashing into the doors opposite Jon. Pissed about missing the train, she pounds her fist on the plexiglass window before noticing him. She bursts into laughter and makes a funny face as the train pulls away.

Jon looks at the broker. The broker looks back nervously.

CUT TO:

42 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Jon lurches at the Stock Broker with a knife as he reacts with horror.

CUT TO:

43 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Jon sits quietly in his seat, rocking with the motion of the car. The broker does the same.

CUT TO:

44 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment door opens and Jon walks in from his train ride. He is speaking on his CELL PHONE.

DELIA (V.O.)
I was sooooo pissed.

JON
You looked it. I thought you were gonna knock that plexiglass right out of the door.

Laughs.

DELIA (V.O.)
How about I come over?

JON
Right now?

DELIA (V.O.)
Right now. It's only a few blocks up from the coffee shop, right? I can be there in ten minutes. After having been teased by that chance subway encounter...

Jon opens his bedroom door and flips on the light on the nightstand. The room still looks as though the Manson family resides in it.

Beat.

JON
Tonight isn't so good. I have some cleaning to do.

(CONTINUED)

DELIA (V.O.)
Cleaning? Come on, barista boy!

He attempts to be firm despite laughing at her remark.

JON
Yeah, cleaning. I don't want you coming over here for the first time and running away screaming at the sight of the place. Can I get a rain check for tomorrow night?

DELIA (V.O.)
I have to work.

JON
The coffee shop closes at ten. I'll walk over and pick you up, and then I'll make you dinner.

DELIA (V.O.)
Make me dinner? That's quite a provocative proposal...

Another chuckle from Jon.

DELIA (V.O.)
Deal. And that place better be spotless.

JON
I'll call you tomorrow, Delia.

DELIA (V.O.)
Spotless!

JON
Night!

He hangs up and throws the phone onto the bed amidst the locks of girls hair. A deep sigh accompanies his realization of the work that lay before him.

CUT TO:

45 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jon scrubs the blood scrawlings off the walls with a SPONGE.

CUT TO:

46 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jon tosses the locks of hair into a GARBAGE BAG.

CUT TO:

47 INT. JON'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jon pours the phamaldehyde from the mason jars containing various body parts down the drain, humming as he does so. He tosses the body parts in the garbage bag with the hair and sets each jar in the tub.

CUT TO:

48 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jon carries the stacks of newspapers out.

CUT TO:

49 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jon takes the mural and crucifix down from the walls.

CUT TO:

50 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jon removes his mother's head from the fridge and throws it in the garbage bag. He grabs the carton of MILK, sniffs it, recoils from the stench, and tosses it into the bag as well.

CUT TO:

51 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Jon stuffs the garbage bag into the boiler and slams the door shut, then wipes his hands off on the ass of his jeans.

FADE TO BLACK.

52 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Jon walks through central park texting Delia on his cell phone. He flips the phone shut as he passes the same panhandler from the train the night before, seated on a milk crate, holding a cardboard sign that reads "Need money for kung-fu lessons - Ninjas stole my wife"

PANHANDLER
Spare some change?

Jon stops. He looks around. Not a soul to be seen. Jon takes a step towards the old man, reaches into his pants pocket and searches for something. A moment of tension is cut as he pulls some CHANGE out and drops it in the man's outstretched hand.

Hold on the panhandler as Jon walks off.

PANHANDLER
God bless.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Delia sits on the curb out front of the coffee shop, speaking on her phone.

DELIA
Hey sis. I hope you're feeling better. I know I said I'd head back home after work tonight, but this guy I've been seeing, Jon, asked me over for dinner and I just can't bring myself to turn him down. He's a little...off, but I like it. Him. I like him a lot. I think.
(beat)
I promise I'll catch an early train tomorrow and make it up to you.

She spots Jon a few blocks away, carrying a ROSE. She smiles.

DELIA
I love you, sis. See you tomorrow!

CUT TO:

54 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The kitchenette is covered with the remnants of Jon's cooking - a half pepper with a knife jutting up out of it sits amongst a slew of diced vegetables on a cutting board, pots and pans sit on the stove with dried sauce running down the sides.

JON (O.S.)
You shouldn't drink that stuff
before you work out.

Delia and Jon sit on the couch, drinking red wine.

DELIA
Red Bull? Why?

JON
(In all seriousness)
It makes your feet swell.

DELIA
Get the fuck out of here...

Delia bursts into laughter. In doing so, she spills some wine on the rug. Jon notices.

DELIA
Oop! Sorry!

CUT TO:

55 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia tidies up the room, pitching beer cans and wiping down the coffee table. Sean enters through the front door in his Amtrak work uniform. Lydia's immediate unease is palpable.

LYDIA
Hi.

She heads for the hallway.

SEAN
Where you going, honey? Let's see
what's on HBO.

She stops and, with her back still to him, winces.

CUT TO:

56 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He watches the wine seeping into the fiber of the rug another half second, then looks to Delia, expressionless. Her laughter abruptly ceases. A beat of her assessing his reaction passes.

DELIA (CONT'D)
Just marking my territory. Kinda like peeing in the corner.

Unable to keep up the charade, Jon cracks up. She rejoins him in laughter before walking to the kitchenette to grab some PAPER TOWELS.

DELIA (CONT'D)
This place is borderline sterile anyhow! Do you do anything with your free time *other* than clean?

She crouches down to blot the stain.

JON
I have hobbies. You gotta dilute that with some seltzer.

He ambles over to grab a bottle of SELTZER from the fridge and crouches down on all fours next to Delia to pour it on the mishap.

JON (CONT'D)
(teasing)
You're like a child.

He looks up at Delia after dousing the stain to see her watching him, smiling ear to ear.

CUT TO:

57 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lydia standing with her back to Sean. He walks up behind her and wraps his arms around her shoulders.

SEAN
You're beautiful, you know that?

CUT TO:

58 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Delia is all smiles.

JON (CONT'D)
Whaddyou smiling ab-

She attacks him before he's able to blot the soaked stain, pinning him to the ground. She kisses him with a passion that takes him completely off guard, pulling his shirt up over his head and off instantly. The kissing resumes, now reciprocal, and the two partake in an entangled, wine-inhibited dance towards the bedroom. By the time they crash through the door that leads to it, far more articles of clothing lie on the floor than adorn their bodies.

CUT TO:

59 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sean softly kisses the base of Lydia's neck, and begins to work his hands down her torso to her waistline. She grimaces, knowing this routine all too well. His hand slides down the front of her jeans.

CUT TO:

60 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The door flies open in the dark room and the two spill into it. Delia pushes Jon to the bed, then straddles him. She leans in, bites his ear and does her best to sound sultry.

DELIA
Barista boy...

They both emit a subdued chuckle before tearing into each other.

CUT TO:

61 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A SERIES OF CU, DISTORTED SHOTS:

A montage depicting Sean raping Lydia on the living room couch. His hand on her breast, his face while he pumps away without remorse, etc. VO's of her painfully weathering the storm and his grunts of passion.

THIS MONTAGE SEAMLESSLY LEADS INTO THE NEXT:

62 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A SERIES OF CU, DISTORTED SHOTS:

This montage insinuates rough sex taking place between Jon and Delia, the latter acting as the catalyst of it. Her hand around his neck, her nails digging deep into the skin on his back, VO's of her telling him to fuck her harder, etc.

FADE TO:

63 INT. JON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Delia and Jon lie in bed post-coitus, her head on his chest.

DELIA

What are you thinking right now?

He thinks a moment.

JON

I'm thinking I want a ham sandwich.

She laughs.

DELIA

Men are simple, simple creatures.

JON

That we are. What are you thinking right now?

DELIA

Honestly, you don't wanna know.

JON

Actually, I do. That's why I asked.

DELIA

No, you really don't.

JON

You don't have to-

DELIA

It's family shish.

JON

I know it's a little trite, but you can tell me anything, Delia. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JON (cont'd)
guarantee you there's *nothing* you
could say that would shock me.

DELIA
Nothing?

JON
Nothing.

DELIA
I left home because my step
father...my step-father had been
raping me since I was 13 years old.

She waits for a reaction. He doesn't give one.

DELIA (CONT'D)
My little sister, Lydia, still
lives there. Since I left he's
started with her...I know the
police seem like the logical thing,
but its more complicated than that.

Still no reaction.

DELIA (CONT'D)
I can't believe I just said that to
you.

He thinks a moment before speaking.

JON
I'm sorry, Delia. But I assure
you, no matter what's happened to
you in the past or how you got
here, this is all that matters.

He motions to the two of them with his finger.

JON (CONT'D)
It's been a very long time since
I've been with someone like
this...*talked* to someone like this.
(beat)
So thank you, barista girl.

Delia lifts her head off his chest and looks at him.

DELIA
That's it? You don't wanna know
anything else? Or interfere?

JON

I wanna know what you want to tell
me, and the only way I'd get
involved is if you asked me too.

DELIA

Thank you. Jon Smith, "without the
H."

JON

What are you doing for the rest of
my life?

He beams. They kiss.

CUT TO:

64 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CU of Lydia's face, turned to the side as she lies on the
couch. Her expression is a blank one as her body jostles
while Sean can be heard climaxing off-camera. He leans in,
kisses her cheek, and heads off to the bathroom. She
doesn't move a muscle. A tear trickles from her eye and
over the bridge of her nose to the couch cushion.

Silence.

FADE TO BLACK.

65 INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Delia sits in a window seat, phone to her ear.

CUT TO:

66 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD BATHROOM - DAY

A CELLULAR PHONE lies on the grimy, fluorescent-lit ceramic
floor tiles of the silent bathroom. It springs to life with
Delia's call, quietly vibrating across the off-white
ceramic. It rings a few times and sends the call to
voicemail. As it comes to rest, a girl's hand falls into
frame, covered in blood that drips off the middle finger to
the floor. We pan up to see the phone lies next to the
bathtub, in which Lydia lies wide-eyed and motionless in
crimson-tinted water. Her long blond hair floats around
her, covering her bare chest.

CUT TO:

67 INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Delia listens to Lydia's voicemail pick up. She hangs up without leaving a message and turns her attention out the window to the New Jersey countryside.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Delia climbs out of a TAXI in front of a down-trodden home on Philadelphia's North side. The brick exterior is worn, and a battered aluminum screen door sits uninvitingly at the top of three concrete steps that jut up from the sidewalk.

Fighting the long line of horrible memories that accompany the sight of the house, Delia climbs the steps to the screen door, which hangs slightly ajar on rusty hinges, and enters.

CUT TO:

69 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is a disaster. Empty beer bottles litter nearly every surface in the room. A large red acrylic bong sits amongst other weed paraphernalia and dried, ash-filled beer puddles on the makeshift coffee table. Delia's grimace insinuates a putrid stench permeating throughout the house as she moves through to a dark hallway.

CUT TO:

70 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Delia moves cautiously down the hallway to a cracked-open door. She pushes it open.

CUT TO:

71 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Delia enters, surveys her sister's personal effects.

DELIA

Sis?

No answer. She retraces back to the hallway.

CUT TO:

72 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Delia stands before a closed door. Fluorescent light beams through the gap between the bottom of the door and the floor.

DELIA

Lydia?

CUT TO:

73 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The doorknob turns and the door creaks open. Delia steps in. Her eyes bulge as she surveys the the scene, approaching Lydia lying in the tub. Delia lifts her sister's hand, revealing a long slit running up her forearm from her wrist. She drops the hand and slowly backs out of the room, struggling to maintain composure. On the way, she notices a NOTE scrawled on notebook paper in the sink. It reads "I'll be home at the usual time. Be here, honey. - Dad"

Delia crumples the note in one hand and slips out the door into the hallway.

CUT TO:

74 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Delia backs into the hallway and slides down the wall to the floor, note in hand, despondent. Not a single tear falls from her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

75 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A far from lavish funeral parlor not far from the family home. Rain falls.

Sean, dressed in a cheap suit, stands in front of the parlor underneath an overhang shaking hands and kissing babies. There is a subtle falsehood about his interaction with the attendees.

A woman in her late 30's, bearing a striking resemblance to Sean, speaks with him and another FAMILY MEMBER.

(CONTINUED)

FAMILY MEMBER

I'm sorry for your loss, Sean.

Sean acknowledges her condolence.

FAMILY MEMBER (CONT'D)

Such a shame, how young she
was. Was there any indication? I
mean, I had no idea she was so
troubled.

SEAN

N-

(he clears his throat)

Nothing.

AUNT BARB

Well, how could you, I suppose.

Sean takes a pack of CIGARETTES out of his pocket and lights
up.

CUT TO:

76 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jon paces around his apartment. He dials his CELL
PHONE. It rings a few times before going to voicemail.

DELIA (V.O.)

BIIZZZZAAAAAHHHH!

(beat)

Leave your name and number and I'll
get back to ya!

He hangs the phone up and tosses it onto the couch,
frustrated.

JON (V.O.)

I haven't killed in seventeen days,
nine hours and...

He looks at the clock on the wall.

JON (V.O.)

Forty-two minutes.

He frets a moment, then walks out of the apartment.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. FUNERAL HOME PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rain pours down onto Delia, dressed in black, seated on a retaining wall with her knees to her chest. She holds the NOTE she found with her sister's body.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The conversation continues as Sean smokes.

FAMILY MEMBER

Delia couldn't make it back from New York?

AUNT BARB

She-

SEAN

I don't think she could handle all this. She's had a rough couple of years, with Kate...the move...and now this. She said being here would be a little too much.

Barb looks off. The family member consoles Sean.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Th-

Delia storms across the parking lot towards Sean. Soaking wet, mascara streaked down her cheeks, she holds the NOTE.

AUNT BARB

I guess she reconsidered.

Delia approaches Sean with purpose, shoving the waterlogged note into the middle of his chest as she struggles to contain her rage. He takes the piece of paper from her and looks at it. She stares right through him as tears well in her eyes. He lifts his gaze from the note to Delia. She glances at Barb a moment, then back to Sean before turning and heading off without a word.

Barb turns her attention to Sean, guilt oozing from his every pore.

Silence.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The torrential downpour continues. Delia trudges down the sidewalk, still reeling from the confrontation. She pulls out her PHONE and dials.

CUT TO:

80 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jon's CELL PHONE lights up and vibrates over and over on his couch.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Delia walks and listens as Jon's voicemail picks up.

JON (V.O.)

Mehr.

The beep. Delia speaks over the sound of the rain between sobs.

DELIA

It's me. I'm sorry I haven't answered your calls the last couple of days. It's been a horrible trip and I just...I'll explain it all when I get back. I'm headed back to the city and I'm coming straight to you when I get there.

(beat)

I love you, barista boy.

She hangs up, a little unsure of what she just admitted. She tries to flag down a cab that speeds by, dousing her with muck from a pothole in the street.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

We follow Jon from a distance as he walks the streets of New York. He crosses Central Park West into the park.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Jon walks the park, eyeing various forms of blasphemy that have piqued his interest in the past. He never breaks stride.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

A small dive bar on the Upper West Side. Jon enters.

CUT TO:

85 INT. DIVE BAR - EVENING

A decent-sized young crowd fills the establishment. Jon approaches an empty stool and sits. FRANK, the bartender, approaches.

FRANK

What can I get ya?

JON

Jack, Bud.

FRANK

Good day?

JON

Had better.

The bartender pours the shot and the beer, then returns and slides them in front of Jon.

FRANK

Need a straight-razor too, or will that hold you over?

No response.

FRANK

Well I'm Frank. Let me know if you need anything.

Frank moves off. Jon slams the shot and washes it down with the beer. He surveys the room before settling on a young quartet of women who have clearly taken notice of his entrance.

(CONTINUED)

JON

Jack.

Frank looks up from his bar duties.

FRANK

Sure there isn't something you'd like get off your chest? You wouldn't be the first to dump a bunch of shit on me, if that makes it any easier.

Jon stares. Frank pours the whiskey, Jon shoots it. Beat.

JON

Any idea how to nullify the need for women in your life?

FRANK

I've heard ideas on that, but none of them really appeal to me. I'd wager they wouldn't do much for you either.

Frank glances as the group of girls.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But I do find fresh blood is surprisingly effective at nullifying the need for the last woman in your life.

A stunning brunette in the group, KIRA, finishes whispering in her girlfriend's ear and stands. She has a faint resemblance to Delia.

JON

Well put.

The girl approaches Jon.

KIRA

See those three girls over there? We were talking about it, and they all wonder what it'd be like to fuck a professional baseball player.

(beat)

I hate wondering...more of a doer. And I've been watching the Mets since I was a little girl.

(beat)

I'm Kira.

(CONTINUED)

Jon looks at her a moment, gulps his beer, then motions to an eavesdropping Frank for the check.

FRANK
(patting his chest)
It's on me, slugger.

CUT TO:

86 INT. TRAIN CAR - EVENING

Delia sits on the train as it speeds towards New York.

CUT TO:

87 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kira and Jon come crashing, lip-locked, through the door to the apartment, down the hall to the living room and onto the couch.

Jon's CELL PHONE lies on the couch near Kira's head.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. PENN STATION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Delia exits the train station and flags a cab as she dials her PHONE.

CUT TO:

89 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kira and Jon all over each other. Jon's CELL PHONE begins vibrating.

KIRA
(muffled by kissing)
Your phone...

Jon pulls back and knocks the phone to the floor.

JON
Who cares.

CUT TO:

90 INT. CAB BACK SEAT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Delia climbs into the cab.

DELIA
(to cab driver)
Eighty-first and Amsterdam, please.
(into phone)
I'm here, barista boy. You better
be waiting at your place for me or
you're in big trouble, mister.

CUT TO:

91 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kira slowly peels Jon's shirt off as he straddles her on the couch, working her lips down his torso to his naval. He forcefully pushes her on her back and unbuttons her blouse, then rips her bra off with no regard for the snap in the back. She begins soft, subtle moans as he teases her nipples and gives the hair at the base of her neck a staunch pull.

Her buttons pushed sufficiently, she props Jon up and starts undoing his belt. Jon halts her, dropping her shoulders back to the couch, which turns her on even further. His hands slowly move from her shoulders to her collarbones.

JON (V.O.)
I have got to say this - it felt
really, really, really good.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. JON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Delia exits the cab and approaches the front security door of Jon's building. She catches the door just as a couple are leaving.

CUT TO:

93 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jon's hands close on Kira's neck. A moment of belief that it's a sexual gesture quickly dissolves into panic for the young woman, as Jon's hands immediately eliminate all airflow in her trachea.

(CONTINUED)

The two's eyes burn into the other, one with rage and the other with fear. Kira's futile attempts to stop Jon are for naught, and her body eventually goes limp. Silence while Jon revels in the euphoria.

The front door BURSTS open.

DELIA (O.S.)
Barista boy!

In the most horrifying moment of both their lives, Delia walks in on Jon perched atop a half-naked woman, shirtless and belt undone. Anger wells for a split second before the woman's motionlessness is realized. Jon slowly climbs off the couch and onto his feet.

JON
Delia...

She begins backing towards the door.

JON (CONT'D)
This...

Delia can barely keep her feet under her as the disbelief takes hold.

DELIA
Don't you come near me!

JON
Delia, please. Let me-

She turns to leave and Jon pounces on her, covering her mouth and dragging her into the kitchenette, where he pins her against the fridge. He grabs a KNIFE from the storage block on his counter and holds it to her neck.

Delia offers virtually no resistance, just looking into Jon's eyes. The internal conflict between his carnal self-preservation instinct and the love he harbors for Delia begins to show in his expression and body language.

He looks at her. She looks at him.

Him at her. Her at him.

Love wins. He crumples to the ground, dropping the knife at his side. Leaning against the cabinetry, he adopts a sad and distant demeanor that insinuates tears are in him somewhere, but they are unable to surface.

(CONTINUED)

JON

I'm sorry. I'm so fucking sorry.

Delia stands, back still pinned to the fridge by fear and confusion, processing her own conflict between self-preservation and love.

JON (CONT'D)

I love you. I'm fucked up, and I'm so fucking sorry, but I love you.

Love wins. She slowly drops to her knees and wraps her arms around Jon.

DELIA

I know. Thank you for that.

She holds him.

DELIA (CONT'D)

Who is she?

JON

I don't know. I never know.

DELIA

I found my sister lying in the bathtub at home, wrists cut wide open.

The words instantly halt Jon's self-pity.

DELIA (CONT'D)

I thought the son of a bitch had taken everything from me. Seeing that...child...my sister...lying dead - I didn't even know what everything was.

Jon picks himself up from her lap, holds her cheeks in his hands and kisses her.

JON

I've been a terrible person for a long time, Delia. I'm not sure I even know what happiness or love is-

DELIA

Jon...I'm a whore.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

DELIA (CONT'D)

I fuck men I know nothing about for money. And to be honest, I enjoy it.

JON

So what.

(beat)

Next to you, I want to be a better man - and for that, I'll give you anything.

DELIA

Yes.

JON

Yes...what?

DELIA

Yes.

They kiss.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

94 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jon and Delia wrap Kira's body in plastic.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

95 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Jon shoves Kira's body into the boiler while Delia looks on from the periphery.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

96 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Jon and Delia kiss as the boiler burns behind them.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

97 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO:

Delia speaks directly to camera, the boiler burning in the background. She's cold and emotionless.

DELIA

All of the sudden I realized that I had just done something that separated me from the human race and it was something that could never be undone, I realized that from that point on I could never be like normal people. I have never felt an emptiness of self like I did right then and I never will forget that feeling. It was like I crossed over into a realm I could never come back from.

BLACKOUT.

JON (V.O.)

I talked to her saying I was sorry for what I had done. It was the first time I had apologized for killing someone.

FADE IN.

98 INT. JON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Delia looks out the window at the street below. Jon sits.

DELIA

It puts me in a position of power with men. I've never had that, to be honest.

(beat)

Why do you do *this*?

JON

It makes me feel real, and that doesn't happen often.

DELIA

I guess that's kind of the same thing. Who else?

(CONTINUED)

JON
Who else...?

DELIA
Who else have you...you
know...killed?

JON
A bum in the park. A couple
sensual masseuses, some hookers -
or is that...insulting?

Neither can hold back a feint grin.

DELIA
No, hooker is fine.

JON
Ok. Some hookers, a bar fly or
two. My mother.

She turns from the window.

DELIA
Your mom was worthy of that
company?

JON
Growing up with that woman was
miserable. She was a horrible
human being, and it was glaringly
obvious the rest of them weren't
much better. I really don't feel
like I did anything every other
worker bee in this city hasn't
wished they had the balls to
themselves God knows how many
times.
(beat)
This city is disgusting...I've just
been cleaning the place up a bit.

DELIA
Jon-

JON
Haven't you ever wanted to just
eliminate someone from the gene
pool? Someone you thought was a
complete waste of space?

Delia thinks.

(CONTINUED)

DELIA

Yes.

JON

See! Everyone does-

DELIA

My stepdad. We're going to kill my stepfather.

Jon gives her a look of disbelief. She doesn't waver in the slightest.

JON

Delia...

DELIA

Don't "Delia" me. He embodies the exact filth you just preached to me was deserving of it.

JON

That may be so, but even if you have wrapped your mind around the idea of actually *killing* the man, how would you...could you do it?

A hint of a knowing smile forms on Delia's face.

CUT TO:

99

INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD BEDROOM - DAY

A cheap L.E.D. alarm clock is BUZZING, and a hand comes smashing down to silence it. The clock is huddled on a makeshift nightstand with an overflowing ashtray and empty beer cans. Sean begins the daily chore of dragging himself out of bed.

JON (V.O.)

There's more to killing someone than you think. This is just another mundane day for them, no different than the day before or the day, in their mind, that will follow.

CUT TO:

100 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean groggily stumbles to the fridge and pulls a BEER out, cracks it, and medicates. He sits at the makeshift dining table that occupies the corner and stares out the window.

JON (V.O.)

But you spend your day
premeditating the most heinous act
a man, or woman, supposedly can
indulge in.

(beat)

Try saying it to yourself. I am
going to kill this man. Today.

(beat)

Doesn't exactly roll of the tongue.

Sean drinks, then lights a cigarette. Exhales.

CUT TO:

101 INT. MAITLIN HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sean grabs his keys off the table and heads for the front door. He stops in front of a small framed picture hanging crookedly on the wall near the door. It's of the family, Delia & Lydia, their mother, and himself. He lingers for a moment.

JON (V.O.)

This is not a stranger. You know
this man.

He exits.

CUT TO:

102 INT. SEAN'S CAR - DAY

Sean drives a beat-up '94 Ford Thunderbird, singing along with Poison's "Every Rose Has It's Thorn" playing on the radio, a lit cigarette in his hand. He breaks into a haggard smoker's cough mid-chorus.

CUT TO BLACK.

DELIA (V.O.)

I do know this man. I hate every
ounce of his being.

103 EXT. AMTRAK PARKING LOT - DAY

Sean pulls into a parking spot as far from the train station as one could be. He painstakingly climbs out of the car, dons his conductor cap, and heads for the station.

JON (V.O.)

The reverberation of serrated steel grinding against a man's rib cage is quite a feeling. Empowering, to say the least.

CUT TO:

104 INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Sean meanders through the car, taking tickets from and punching marker cards for passengers. His patterned movements from passenger to passenger are akin to that of a drone, with no attention paid to or connection with the people themselves.

DELIA (V.O.)

He's had the same routine for years. He rides that train back and forth from Philly to The City all day, every day.

CUT TO:

105 INT. EMPLOYEE TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Sean walks into what equates to the employee lounge on the train. The lone occupant is an older conductor, DON, sitting at a table drinking a cup of COFFEE. Sean makes himself a cup and sits down across from the old man.

The two say nothing. Sean blows on his coffee. Takes a sip.

SEAN

You have any real regrets in your life, papaw?

DON

Countless. Everybody does.

SEAN

Yeah...that's what they say, huh?

(CONTINUED)

DON
That's what I say.

SEAN
So what do you do when you feel
like shit? How do you make peace
knowing you fucked up something you
could have done right?

DON
I get up in the morning, have my
coffee, and come to work. I drink
more coffee. I get off this train
and go home and get into bed. And
I wake up and do it again the next
day.

SEAN
And that works?

DON
I do that and only that, I know I
won't fuck anything else up.
(beat)
Yeah, that makes me feel better.

Sean sips his coffee.

CUT TO:

106 INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Sean walks the aisle as the train slowly creeps through a
subterranean Penn Station tunnel.

DELIA (V.O.)
Every night the twelve-seventeen
A.M. train rolls into the Penn
Station rail yard.

CUT TO:

107 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Delia and Jon sit on a subway car together as it barrels
through a tunnel beneath Manhattan's streets. Her head
rests on his shoulder as they both stare blankly ahead.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. RAIL YARD - NIGHT

The train comes rolling to a stop.

DELIA (V.O.)

And every night he and a pint of
Old Granddad hide at the end of the
yard until the whistle sounds for
the twelve forty-three back to
Philadelphia.

Sean steps off the train and heads for a secluded nook
between a pair of out of service trains.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT

Sean sits on the metal rung hanging below a door on one of
the passenger cars. It's surprisingly quiet for being in
the middle of one of the world's largest metropolises. He
pulls out a PINT of whiskey from his Carhartt jacket and
takes a swig.

DELIA (V.O.)

That gives us a fifteen minute
window to make the world a better
place.

BLACKOUT.

JON (V.O.)

You really want this?

DELIA (V.O.)

The only thing I want more is
us. And this is us.

The sound of the two KISSING.

FADE IN.

110 EXT. RAIL YARD PERIMETER - NIGHT

Delia and Jon approach the nondescript exterior chain-link
fence of the rail yard, hand in hand. The mood between them
is airy and loving - you'd never hypothesize they were in a
premeditated act of murder.

(CONTINUED)

The two walk along the fence, which Delia runs her hand along as they search for a weak point in the obstacle. Their joint focus is diverted as a POLICE CAR passes by. The two lovers share a glance of internal relief as it does so.

Jon begins surveying the fence again before noticing and squatting to fiddle with a section of the fence that's been previously pushed in by at least a few vagrants over the years.

JON

Convenient.

A well-dressed, middle-aged COUPLE round the nearby corner in passing conversation, which startles Delia and, to a lesser extent, Jon. The couple has a look that conjures thoughts of what Delia and Jon could be in a couple decades. The four share a brief moment of this vague realization as the elders move off.

Jon turns his attention back to the fence for a second before looking up at Delia.

DELIA

I love you.

He lets the words settle before speaking.

JON

I know. Thank you for that.

He squeezes through the hole in the fence.

CUT TO:

THE FOLLOWING MOS MONTAGE SEQUENCE FADES IN AND OUT WITH A HEARTBEAT SOUND THAT GRADUALLY BUILDS, THEN CEASES AS DELIA COMMITS THE ACT.

111 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT

Sean sits, bottle in hand.

FADE OUT & IN.

- 112 EXT. RAIL YARD - NIGHT
CU of Delia's eye. She blinks.
FADE OUT & IN.
- 113 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT
Sean drinks.
FADE OUT & IN.
- 114 EXT. RAIL YARD - NIGHT
CU of Delia's hand brandishing a small KNIFE.
FADE OUT & IN.
- 115 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT
Delia and Jon approach an oblivious Sean from around the corner of the train car.
FADE OUT & IN.
- 116 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT
THE HEARTBEAT STOPS.
A fellow train EMPLOYEE'S voice is heard addressing Sean. Jon and Delia stop in their tracks, listening.
EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
Ten minutes, bud!
Sean nods in acknowledgment, then waits a moment for the guy to move off before unscrewing the cap of his pint and taking a preparatory breath.
FADE OUT & IN.
THE HEARTBEAT RESUMES.

117 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT
Jon pounces from around the corner, pinning Sean against cold steel hull of the train.
FADE OUT & IN.

118 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT
Delia steps into Sean's line of sight.
FADE OUT & IN.

119 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT
Sean notices Delia.
FADE OUT & IN.

120 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT
CU of Sean's eye. Confusion, then fear.
BLACKOUT.
The heartbeat stops.
CUT TO:

121 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT
Delia and Jon stand over Sean's slain body. A train WHISTLE is heard in the distance.
CUT TO:

122 INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT
BLACK & WHITE VIDEO:
CU of Delia sitting on an empty train. City lights can be seen whizzing by outside the window behind her.
DELIA (V.O.)
I've read how "serial killers"
enjoy toying with their victims
before the kill. I don't know what
I am, but I know I am not that. I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DELIA (V.O.) (cont'd)
kill purely for the elimination of
the virus - the purification of my
environment.

We zoom out and see Jon lying on his back, head in her lap. She's been playing with his hair. Delia looks off as Jon turns his attention to camera.

JON (V.O.)
We should have gone to college, and
gone into real estate, and gotten
ourselves an aquarium. That's what
we should have done.

He resumes his original position. Save for the ambient noise of the train, silence.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. RAIL YARD NOOK - NIGHT

Delia and Jon standing above the body. Delia walks over to Jon, wraps her arms around him and passionately kisses him. They look to the body once more before Delia leads Jon off the way they came.

LS of them walking away hand in hand, Sean's murdered body lying in the gravel. We pan away to two black CATS harmoniously feasting on a dead rat under a nearby stationary train.

THE END