

What Comes Around

By

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An Original Screenplay

INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

AMY PARKER (27) is standing in in her bra and panties in front of a mirror in a brightly lit, slightly cluttered bathroom. Beauty products litter the tile counter top. She's putting on make-up. Her sister-GWEN (25) is in the kitchen cleaning up.

GWEN (OS)
Who's tonight's victim?

Amy pauses while putting on her eye shadow.

AMY
Not funny, Gwen. When you're looking for Mr. Right you have to take a few lefts along the way.

GWEN (OS)
Where do you come up with this crap? That sounds like something grandpa would say.

AMY
I read a lot.

GWEN (OS)
Right. Do you think it's wise to invite a stranger to our house? What if he's a rapist or something. You read about it all the time.

AMY
You're too paranoid. No wonder you haven't had a date in months. And besides, I'm picking him up downtown. We're going to grab a bite and maybe hit the clubs.

Gwen appears and leans against the bathroom door jamb.

GWEN
I saw on the news this morning the police found another body dumped on a deserted back road like the guy two weeks ago. That makes five this year. You might be dating a serial killer.

Amy fluffs her hair, spins around and smiles.

AMY
I always thought Ted Bundy was kind
of cute.

GWEN
You are one sick puppy.

Amy puts her arm around Gwen's shoulder.

AMY
And you, my spinster sister,
wouldn't be working nights at the
hospital if you had a man around.

Gwen mock flinches.

GWEN
Ouch.

AMY
Look, you need to get out once in a
while. All work and no play is not
going to get you a roll in the hay.

GWEN
Do you just make those stupid
sayings up?

AMY
That one I did.

GWEN
I'd lose it. It doesn't quite have
the folksy charm like the rest of
them. And please have the guy out
of here before I get home.

AMY
Don't get your knickers in a bunch.
Most of the guys I date don't last
very long if you know what I mean.

Amy winks at Gwen.

GWEN
T.M.I. That is something I really
did not need to hear.

Amy wriggles into a tight black dress.

AMY
Zip me, please.

Gwen zips up the dress.

AMY

You know, sometimes I think you were born in the wrong era. How does one get so sexually prudish in this day and age? Mom and Dad would be so proud of you.

GWEN

Aren't you afraid of catching something?

AMY

That's why God made penicillin, silly.

GWEN

Tell me you're kidding.

Amy laughs, slips by Gwen and goes into the kitchen. Gwen follows.

AMY

Of course I am. Don't you have to get to work?

GWEN

Please be careful.

AMY

I will.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

It's a moonless, dark night. The two lane, tree studded rural road has no defining landmarks; no lampposts or street signs to mark their progress. Amy is behind the wheel of her white SUV, the whoosh of air from the open moon roof nearly drowned out by the soft rock music coming from the car stereo. Her date RICK (30's) is looking through her CD case.

AMY

See anything you like?

Amy turns to him for a moment and smiles. Rick chuckles and sets the case down.

RICK

Have you met many guys in the grocery store? I mean, it's none of my business, but I'm just curious.

Amy slows the truck and turns down a gravel driveway marked only by a mailbox.

AMY
Curiosity killed the cat, you know.

Rick chuckles.

RICK
You weren't kidding when you said
you lived in the sticks. What
possessed you to move way out here?

AMY
My parents left my sister and I the
house when they passed away. The
free rent more than makes up for
the drive.

RICK
No doubt. The rents are a bitch
now.

She pulls up to a well maintained, single story, fifties
clapboard house with a neat lawn and a small barn/garage
behind.

RICK
So, will I'll get to meet your
sister?

Amy pats him on the leg and turns off the motor.

AMY
Gwen works nights. Maybe next time.
Tonight it's just you and me.

Amy gets out and walks around the truck and waits until Rick
joins her. She takes his hand and together they walk up to
the front darkened porch. Amy bends over -longer than
necessary- lifts the edge of the door mat, retrieves a key,
and unlocks the front door.

RICK
You think it's safe to leave the
key out like that? Two woman,
living alone in the middle of
nowhere.

AMY
You sound like Gwen. She such a
worry wart. Besides, I doubt many
bad guys come this far out. You're
not a bad guy, are you Rick?

RICK
My mother doesn't think so.

INT.LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

The living room is cozy and dimly lit, soft music is already playing.

Rick looks around.

RICK
Is someone here?

AMY
No.

Amy closes the front door and takes off her jacket.

AMY
I just wanted the mood
right. Would you like a glass of
wine?

RICK
Well, I wouldn't want to let all
this mood go to waste.

AMY
You get comfortable and I'll get
the drinks.

Amy leaves the room and goes into the kitchen. Rick takes off his jacket and tosses it on a recliner, and flops down on the couch.

INT.KITCHEN-NIGHT

RICK (OS)
Can I help you?

AMY
Not necessary. I'll be right in.

Amy takes two wine glasses from the cupboard and sets them on the counter. She uncorks a bottle of wine and pours a generous amount in each glass. She opens a small cupboard above the stove and removes a small clear bottle with medical markings and a syringe. She expertly shoves the needle into the bottle and fills the syringe.

AMY

You're not falling asleep on me,
are you?

RICK (OS)

Just getting in the mood.

AMY

Excellent.

She calmly thumbs the plunger sending a stream of clear liquid into the wine glass. She stirs the wine with the needle. She replaces the bottle and syringe in the cabinet and closes the door.

INT.LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Amy enters the living room carrying a tray with the two wine glasses and the bottle. She sets it on the coffee table, hands a glass to Rick, takes one for herself and sits down on the couch next to him. Rick places a hand on Amy's exposed thigh. Amy gently lifts his hand off and places it on his knee.

AMY

I don't like to be rushed. I'm kind
of funny that way. We've got plenty
of time. Can I get you anything
else?

RICK

I'm kind of hungry. Do you have any
snacks?

AMY

Cheese and crackers?

RICK

Perfect.

Amy lifts her glass and smiles.

AMY

To the perfect night.

Rick smiles back.

RICK

To the perfect night.

They both drink generously from the glasses. Amy holds her glass out to Rick.

AMY
 Could you top me off?

He takes the bottle and refills her glass. She takes another sip and sets it down.

AMY
 Be right back.

Amy leaves the room.

INT.KITCHEN-NIGHT

RICK (OS)
 I hope I'm not being a bother.

Amy goes to the refrigerator and gets a block of cheese. She gets a knife from the drawer and begins to slice it.

AMY
 Not at all. A man needs to keep up his strength. You never know when he might need a little stamina. Cheddar o.k.?

Amy walks over and gets a tray and crackers from the cupboard.

RICK (OS)
 Fine.

AMY
 Swiss can't miss, but cheddar is better.

RICK (OS)
 'Scuse me?

INT.LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Amy re-enters the room with a platter of cheese and crackers. Rick looks a little pale and is beginning to sweat.

AMY
 Are you all right?

RICK
 I'm sorry. I don't feel so hot all of the sudden.

AMY

Maybe it was something you ate.

Suddenly Rick's body goes rigid. He slides to the floor and begins to shake violently. Amy sets down the platter and pulls the coffee table away to give him more room. His eyes, wide with horror, stare up at her before rolling back in his head; his features twisted. She calmly picks up her wine glass and casually drinks it as she watches him writhe uncontrollably. His body shudders one last time as she finishes her wine.

AMY

You men are all alike. You always finish too soon.

She sets down the glass, bends down and removes his wallet from his back pocket.

INT.BEDROOM-NIGHT

She kicks off her shoes as she walks through the door into her bedroom and kneels by the bed as if to pray. She reaches under the bed and slides a gray metal box from beneath, opens it and tosses his wallet in. She closes it and slides it back under the bed.

She stands up, goes to the closet and pulls out a large brand new canvas painter's tarp and walks back slightly unsteadily to the living room. She stops over his body, tosses the tarp on the couch and drags the coffee table out of the way. She picks up the tarp, lets it unfold and lays it out on the floor beside him. She then kneels down behind him and struggles to roll him onto the tarp. She wipes sweat from her forehead and sways a bit. She shakes her head, takes a deep breath and again attempts to roll his body up in the tarp. Suddenly she crumples in a heap on top of the body.

INT.LIVING ROOM-MORNING

Pale morning sunlight along with the flashing red lights of police and emergency vehicles filter through the drawn shades. The house is buzzing with activity. Paramedics have moved Amy to the floor across the living room and are working on her. A police DETECTIVE 1 (30's) is standing over her. Another -DETECTIVE 2 is talking to Gwen.

Gwen, crying, is sitting on the recliner. Rick's obviously dead body is unwrapped. The CORONER (50's) is going through his pockets. Both wine glasses are bagged and sitting on the coffee table. A male crime scene INVESTIGATOR (30's) goes into Amy's room.

DETECTIVE 1

(To Coroner)

What's the verdict?

CORONER

This guy's as dead as they come,
and it wasn't a pretty departure.
Poison, I'd say.

DETECTIVE 1

What about the girl?

CORONER

She's out cold. Zero response.
Vitals are o.k.. She'll live. If I
had to guess I'd say some kind of
date rape drug. We'll do a tox
screen and see what comes up. Maybe
it's a murder/suicide. You see that
a lot.

The Investigator comes in from Amy's room holding an open gray metal box in his surgical gloves hands. It's full of men's wallets.

INVESTIGATOR

(To Detective)

Sir, you'd better take a look at
this.

FADE OUT