

STALKER

By

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FADE IN

INT MOLLY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

MOLLY, 30, comely, athletic, strong, opens a box of long stem red roses. She picks up one, sniffs it, and drops it back in the box.

She pushes the box toward the square box that holds a birthday cake, right next to a VICTORIA'S SECRET box that is half open and spilling red silk. A bottle of champagne adorned with a pink bow stands at the ready.

Around everything stand half a dozen birthday cards. She bumps one that immediately launches into an annoying HAPPY BIRTHDAY song.

She closes the card to stop the song and grabs her iPad. She opens an email, and an ecard launches. A cute character merrily sings HAPPY BIRTHDAY. She kills the ecard as her phone CHIRPS. She taps the phone, and another app launches into the Beatles' I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND.

She stares at the menagerie of good wishes before she sits down in front of her laptop.

INT SKIP'S APARTMENT - DAY

SKIP, 30, T-shirt, jeans, a sloppy man at a sloppy table supporting computer and accessories. On the wall is a poster filled with 50 photos of Molly, 50 photos taken at distance, surveillance photos. It's the collage of a love-stricken, long distance admirer.

His computer CHIRPS, and he opens an email. As he reads, his smile widens. He jumps to his feet, punches the air, and does a little happy dance. He stops, sniffs his T-shirt, and recoils. WHEW! Taking off his shirt, he hustles away.

EXT MOLLY'S PORCH - DAY

Molly sits in a swing, gently moving to and fro. She's fetching, as pretty as a picture.

A none-too-clean car stops at the curb, and she rises.

Skip, in clean Tee, comes around the car with a wrapped present in hand.

Molly steps off the porch and heads toward the grinning Skip. They move like two lovers who haven't touched in a year.

They stop, a few feet separating them. Skip holds out the present. Molly steps closer, close enough to kiss.

Just as Skip leans forward for his kiss, she erupts, slamming a TASER into his chest. His knees buckle before he collapses, twitching on the ground.

She produces a folded page of paper and drops it on his chest.

MOLLY

That's a restraining order, bucko. Understand? A RESTRAINING order! That means no email, no tweets, no instagrams, no ecards, no phone calls or texts. No electronic connection of any kind. It also means I've got a hundred foot halo around me. Step inside that and you go to jail. Get within fifty feet and I can shoot you. And trust me, I won't hesitate. If I were you, Skip, I'd find another hobby because this one is life-endangering. Do you get the message?

Skip GURGLES his answer. Molly shows him the TASER one last time before she spins and marches away.

INT MOLLY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Molly enters, dressed in red Victoria's Secret silk lingerie, as sexy as a Ferrari.

She pauses at the table where the roses are prominently displayed in a cut glass vase. She pours a flute of champagne from the bottle still sporting its bow. Then, she runs a finger through the cake icing and sucks off the icing.

INT MOLLY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Champagne in hand, Molly strides straight to the door to the basement.

INT MOLLY'S BASEMENT - DAY

Molly crosses half the basement before she flips a switch and reveals...

Her alcove. A desk with multiple large monitors. Behind, large speakers.

Three walls covered with photos of the same HUNKY MAN. 1,000 surveillance photos that reveal an exceedingly handsome man in all manner of situations. Dining, walking, driving, playing golf. This is a shrine to Hunky Man.

She slips into her swivel chair and pulls to the table. The monitors show the inside of an apartment.

On one screen, Hunky Man appears, as handsome as his photos. He enters his bedroom and starts to strip away his suit.

Watching, Molly reaches out and picks up a doll that looks remarkably like Hunky Man. As she watches him strip, she curls up, clutches the doll to her chest, and sips champagne.

FADE OUT