

I SPY

Written by

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INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ABBY, 35, beautiful with long black hair pulls a cooked ham out of the oven and brings it over to the counter.

She glances back at the oven where there's a couple of saucepans, one filled with vegetables and the other with potatoes both boiling.

She looks over at the door.

ABBY

It's almost ready.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

JACK, 38, tall and handsome has his mobile phone in his hand and is flipping through a bunch of different pictures of attractive girls on a high end escort web-site.

He's masturbating.

JACK

(groaning)

Almost.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Abby sets the table. Places down two delicious looking meals.

She returns to the counter and pours herself out a glass of wine.

Jack enters hobbling side to side, his right ankle is strapped heavily with tape.

Abby comes back to the table and sits down.

ABBY

I don't want you leaving the house while I'm gone. I've made sure you've got everything you're going to need right here. I mean if something was to happen who would you call?

He sits down at the table directly opposite her, each with one of those plates of food in front of them. He smiles at her, dismissive.

JACK

It's only sprained. I've had way worse injures in my life. Before I met you I broke my leg playing basketball, and I was living on my own then and I just got on with my life perfectly fine.

ABBY

I know the story. But you're a lot older now, take it easy or you're just going to make it worse. I'm going to be gone for a full week. It's the biggest conference they've ever had. I've got to leave at five o'clock in the morning which is going to be such a pain.

JACK

So you're sleeping on the sofa again?

ABBY

I'm just comfortable there. The last couple of night I've just fallen asleep watching TV and can't be bothered moving to the bed.

JACK

Don't bullshit. It's been way more than just a couple of nights. You keep doing it. So what, are we not sleeping in the same bed anymore? Are we not going to be having sex, are we already one of those couples?

ABBY

It's always about sex with you?

JACK

So, I should get to have sex whenever I want to with you. It might make me sound like a pig but I like it. Sex is fun. But you've started looking at it like it's a fucking chore.

ABBY

But it's not just about you. It's meant to be a connection between two people, me and you.

He laughs at her.

JACK

It's not that deep, it's just sex.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Jack makes his way to the front door, his foot still hurting.

He opens the door to NEVE, 29, short cut blonde hair and large blue eyes she's dressed in a trench coat and red high heel shoes.

JACK

Good morning.

She hands him a tablet device, he takes it, confused.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's this?

She opens up the trench coat to reveal sexy lingerie.

He smiles and steps to the side, letting her in.

She walks in and closes the front door behind her.

His face changes.

JACK (CONT'D)

Wait, I know you.

She steps deeper into the house.

JACK (CONT'D)

I've had you before, you're that same s&m bitch. I remember you.

She walks right past him, heading for the staircase.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Jack, only in tight black underwear is tied to the bed with a blindfold on.

Neve stands over him, dressed in those same red high heels.

He wriggles frantically, trying to break free.

JACK

Get me out of these, what the fuck are you doing to me?

She exits, leaving him there.

He gets a hand free and pulls off his blindfold but she's already gone.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Jack follows Neve up the staircase.

JACK

I barely got out of those fucking ropes. When I called the agency they had never even heard of you. And now when I order another girl to come and you show up again. How do you do it?

NEVE

I intercept and pay those girls they send to just go home.

JACK

How?

NEVE

I think you should check what I just gave you.

He stops, turning the tablet device around he turns it on. A web-site is open on it, a porn site. A collection of videos, all of them are of Jack with different girl. A camera view from above aimed down at his bed. Each video has hundreds of thousands of views.

His face is drained of all color. His mouth hangs open, furious.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jack walks in, staring down at the tablet in disbelief.

JACK

What is this, what have you done?  
What am I meant to do with this?

He looks up and around the room but Neve isn't here.

He looks up at the ceiling.

JACK (CONT'D)

No fucking way.

He jumps up onto the bed, dropping the tablet.

He reaches up and is able to unscrew a ceiling light. A hidden camera falls out, a flashing red light. It's recording.

He goes to another light in the ceiling, unscrews it and another camera falls out.

JACK (CONT'D)  
How many of these things are there?

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

Jack, tied to the bed and blindfolded is fighting against the ropes around his wrists and ankles.

JACK  
What are you doing? Are you still there?

Neve stands on the bed, she unscrew a ceiling light and installs a camera.

On the side table beside the bed, another seven camera wait to be installed.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Neve is at the sink, washing her face. She's breathing heavy, fighting to keep in control of herself.

Jack appears behind her, has the tablet back in his hand.

NEVE  
Do you even remember any of those girls you had sex with?

JACK  
What? Who are you?

NEVE  
Their names, their faces? How many different women do you think you've slept with? I had those cameras recording for only one week, and I got you with twelve different women in that time.

JACK  
It's just sex, I like it. But so does everybody else. What does it matter the number, or what I remember of any of them?

NEVE

Just pieces of meat, get what you want from them and move on to someone new? Never stopping, or wondering, to think about them?

JACK

So what?

She turns to face him.

NEVE

How much money do you have in this house?

JACK

You're blackmailing me? Why the fuck should I give you anything?

NEVE

I'm the only one who can make those videos disappear. I know you're a high school teacher, what would happen to you if I sent them to the parents of the kids you teach?

He swallows hard, sweat appearing across his forehead.

JACK

Fine, I'll get you everything there is. You can take it all.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Neve sits at the table, her trench coat closed. She now has the tablet, holds it to her chest.

Jack dumps his wallet, a couple of expensive watches and some of Abby's jewelry down in front of her.

JACK

There you go, take it all. I know it's not much but that's what I've got to give.

Neve turns the tablet back on, she brings up a picture of a teenage GIRL, 15, long hair and pretty, dressed in a school uniform.

Neve now has tears in her eyes, streaming down her face. She shows the picture to Jack.

NEVE  
Do you remember her?

He stares at the picture with a blank expression.

NEVE (CONT'D)  
You taught her. You were her  
favorite teacher.

JACK  
Yeah, I remember her.

Neve continues to let the tears fall.

NEVE  
You raped her and chucked her out  
onto the streets. Weeks later she  
killed herself.

JACK  
I want those videos deleted.

NEVE  
She was my baby sister.

JACK  
Get rid of those videos or else.  
I'm warning you.

NEVE  
You just take what you want and  
throw these girls away.

Jack leaps up from the table, he runs over to the counter  
picking up a long steak knife.

Neve stands up from her chair, holds her hands out, trying to  
protect herself.

Jack knocks her down to the floor, he sits on top of her  
chest and holds the tip of the knife to her throat.

JACK  
Get rid of those videos or I'll  
kill you.

Abby now appears behind him, she picks up a chair and smashes  
it over the back of Jack's head. Knocking him off of Neve.

Neve rips the knife out of his hand.

Abby and Neve stand together, chair and knife at the ready.

Abby looks across at Neve.

ABBY

We're going to have to kill him.

Jack, blood oozing out from the back of his head from the blow rolls over and looks up at them.

JACK

Abby!

(his eyes grow wide)

You can't. People will know.

ABBY

I always knew you were a cheat. But you somehow made me so weak. I used to be strong. I left home when I was sixteen. I worked. I was independent. This is my home. But I let you in and you took everything over.

(tears rolls down her face)

In my bed you raped one of your students and she killed herself.

JACK

You can't hurt me, you won't get away with it.

NEVE

Right now you're being robbed. Those videos of you will be shared to more and more porn sites, eventually someone who knows you will see them. And then everyone who has ever met you will know all about them. Then the stories will start.

ABBY

And I'm on my way to a major works conference. And I'll be there for a full week. Far away from here.

NEVE

I have my entire family to act as my alibi. You'll just be a dead pervert who was robbed and killed.

JACK

No.

NEVE

This is for my sister.

Neve stabs the knife into his chest and Abby smashes the chair, breaking it over his head.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Neve and Abby, both splattered with Jack's blood sit down on the bottom of the staircase.

Neve has the tablet, she brings up the videos and deletes them.

Abby watches her do it, confused.

ABBY

Why are you getting rid of them?

NEVE

It's not just him in those videos.  
I have nothing against any of those  
girls. I'm deleting these for them.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END