

Murderer  
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**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

KELLY (late 20s) slices an apple in half with a kitchen knife.

***KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!***

She peers through the kitchen window blinds, sees a MAN in a black suit on her doorstep.

She immediately jumps away from the window, dropping the apple pieces and knife.

KELLY

Shit.

She picks up the knife, abandoning the apples as she moves to the --

**HALLWAY**

The knocking persists.

She peers through the peep-hole then immediately steps back, inhales, exhales, and opens the door with chain lock still in place.

KELLY

What do you want?

MAN

Where the fuck were you, Kelly?

KELLY

What?

MAN

Did you forget or somethin'?

KELLY

Piss off.

She slams the door.

The man repeatedly BANGS on the door.

MAN

Open the door, Kelly..... Kelly,  
open the door.

KELLY

You're gonna piss my neighbours  
off --

The door suddenly opens, hitting Kelly's forehead and knocking her down. However the chain lock stops the door from fully opening.

The man reaches for the lock, squeezing his hand through the gap.

MAN  
Always gotta be so fucking  
difficult.

Bruise on her forehead, Kelly picks the knife up and slashes the intruder's fingers.

KELLY  
I said piss off!

The hand retreats with a yelp.

She shuts and locks the door then rests her forehead against it, eyes closed, facing the ground.

She drops the knife.

MAN (V.O)  
You're fucking crazy, Kelly.

KELLY  
(low, to herself)  
I'm fine.

MAN (V.O)  
I hope you heard what I just  
said, you're a nut!

The man repeatedly BANGS on the door. Kelly shuts her eyes tighter.

After a few more BANGS, silence.

She opens her eyes, peers through the peep-hole: empty doorstep.

KELLY  
You still there?  
(no response)  
I'm not opening this fuckin' door  
so don't even bother.....

She waits for a response but doesn't get one. She looks up at the heavens in relief.

Then she looks down at the knife she dropped.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN**

She washes the knife and her hands in the sink. Blood spirals down the drain.

She picks up the apple pieces which are now bruised. She looks at the fruit bowl: it is empty. She looks back at the apple slice..... and takes a bite.

She picks up the rest of the other piece and heads back to the -

**HALLWAY**

As she leaves the kitchen she bites into the apple, only instead of hearing a crunch she hears a CREAK - she is grappled from behind by none other than the man in black.

She struggles and screams, legs flailing about, the man's bloody hand covers her mouth, smearing blood all over her face.

KELLY

MFFHHMM!

MAN

Stop. For Christ sake stop! I'm not tryna hurt ya!

They stumble into the -

**LIVING ROOM**

where they continue to scuffle. Kelly bites the man's hand.

MAN

Aaaaaarghh!

He lets her go.

Kelly rushes over to a pair of scissors, picks them up.

KELLY

You wanna talk? Lets talk.

The man stares her.

KELLY (CONT'D)

What?

She looks at the scissors in her hand. Then she puts them down.

MAN

I really don't know who you are any more.

MAN

I'm Kelly, your sister. Pleasure  
to meet you.

She holds out her hand - the man holds up his bloody  
slashed hand.

MAN

My sister doesn't slice peoples  
fuckin' fingers off - and she  
definitely doesn't not show up to  
her own mother's funeral!

KELLY

I never promised anything.

MAN

It's your mother's funeral,  
Kelly!

KELLY

So is that why you're here, to  
tell me how much fun I missed?  
Rub it in my face? Bet it was a  
thrill --

MAN

I can't believe you can say that.

KELLY

That's what you've never  
understood about me, Jack. I say  
and do whatever the fuck I want.

Beat.

Jack picks up a photo on table: a toddler Kelly, himself  
and their mother smiling for the camera.

Kelly watches him.

He puts the photo down and points at her.

KELLY (CONT'D)

What?

JACK

It was you wasn't it?

KELLY

What are you talking about?

JACK

It never made any sense - your  
story 'bout where you were the  
night mom died. That was bullshit  
and you know it.

KELLY

You believe what you want to believe, Jack.

JACK

This has got jack shit to do with believing. I've got facts. Been doing some of my own investigating these past few weeks, and the things I've been findin' out -- Oh God..... I didn't believe it at first, but your psycho behaviour lately, and you not showing up's driven me to wonder, is it grief or guilt that's making act you like this?

KELLY

(low, calm)

Jack, accusations like that could destroy this family.

JACK

You already did that by Killing mom.

Beat.

That moment, the picture falls on it's face with a CLANG due to Jack having not put it down properly.

KELLY

You say you don't know who I am any more. But If you truly believe, in your heart, that I'm capable of taking someone's life, my own mom's life, then you know me even better than you think you do.

Kelly picks up the scissors and we -

CUT TO BLACK