

LOVE NEST

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INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

JANE and FRANKLIN, both about 40, sit cuddled on the couch, watching a sitcom on TV. Jane is neat and pretty, maternal yet sexy. Franklin is unkempt, sloppy. An odd couple.

They laugh together at a joke on TV. Jane turns to look at Franklin and smiles warmly, a glow of deep affection.

JANE

I love being with you. Just... just sitting. Anything.

He smiles back.

JANE

I'll get us a snack, okay?

FRANKLIN

Great.

Jane heads for the kitchen. Franklin's turns back to the TV.

WIDER - Heavy drapes cover all the windows. Barely a hint of daylight slips in. The room is cluttered, messy. Piles of mail, books, clothing and other detritus cover everything.

JANE (O.S.)

Oh God! Franklin!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUING

Franklin hurries in.

JANE

In the sink!

Franklin looks. Amid the dirty dishes: a big furry spider.

JANE

Get rid of it, please!

FRANKLIN

Oh. Okay, sure.

He catches the spider in a paper towel, crushes it, then drops it into one of several trash cans.

JANE

Thank you, sweetheart. I'm sorry I  
get so scared. I'm such a baby.

He hugs her.

FRANKLIN

It's okay. It's okay.

JANE

I love you.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Jane and Franklin are having sex. She's positioned astride  
him, hips pumping. She spasms in a shuddering climax.  
Franklin gasps. Jane's head rolls back, eyes closed.

They both sigh, catching their breath. Jane stretches out,  
cuddling up on Franklin's left side, an arm across his chest.

JANE

I love you, sweetheart.

Franklin smiles and caresses her face.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

Franklin works on a computer, editing a technical document.  
He finishes a final change, and e-mails the file to a client.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Franklin sits at a small cleared space at the table, eating a  
microwaved meal in a plastic tray. Jane is vacuuming in the  
living room. A sudden electronic BUZZ gets Franklin's  
attention. He rises, walks into the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUING

He approaches a wall-mounted INTERCOM PANEL, with a security  
VIDEO MONITOR next to it. The screen shows the area just  
outside the GARAGE. A delivery man stands by the door.

Franklin presses a TALK button. He looks at a PAPER SCRIPT  
taped to the wall and begins to read, slow and deliberate.

FRANKLIN

Wait for the door to open fully.  
Place the packages on the floor.  
Take the money in the envelope.

He presses a button; the garage door opens. The TV monitor switches to an inside view. The man enters, puts down boxes of groceries, then picks up an envelope and leaves.

Franklin hits the button again, and the garage door closes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jane and Franklin are again cuddled on the couch, watching TV. He hears steps approach the front door, and tenses up.

JANE

Relax. It's just the mail.

He turns. In the front hall, some mail drops through the slot in the door. The footsteps recede.

Franklin goes to pick up the mail. Amid the catalogs and bills there's a PURPLE ENVELOPE with a hand-written address.

JANE

Anything interesting?

FRANKLIN

Another letter from Cathy.

Franklin returns to the couch, looks at the TV.

JANE

You going to open it?

He glances at Jane, then opens the letter. He reads to himself, and his face falls. He puts down the letter. Jane hugs Franklin, trying to offer comfort. She rubs his back.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

Franklin works at his computer. Outside his office, Jane is singing somewhere, not far away. A happy song.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Franklin jumps, and a wave of panic takes him. He rises, moves to...

INT. FRONT HALL - CONTINUING

He peers through the security viewer in the door. There's a UPS MAN on the front steps, who rings the doorbell again.

Franklin looks like a cornered animal. His eyes find another PRINTED SCRIPT taped to the wall. It's in sections: POLICE, NEIGHBORS, FAMILY, CATHY, DELIVERIES... He starts reading.

FRANKLIN

Leave - the package - on the steps.

Jane steps up and puts a hand on Franklin's shoulder.

JANE  
It's okay, sweetie. I'm right here.

UPS MAN (O.S.)  
Hello?

FRANKLIN  
LEAVE - THE PACKAGE - ON THE STEPS.

UPS MAN (O.S.)  
You have to sign for it!

FRANKLIN  
IT'S - OKAY - YOU CAN - LEAVE IT.

UPS MAN (O.S.)  
Need a signature pal! Jesus...

The UPS man pounds on the door. Jane presses herself against Franklin, holding him close.

FRANKLIN  
STOP! STOP IT! OKAY!

Franklin unfastens three dead-bolts, leaving three chain locks in place. He opens the door a few inches. The UPS man peers in, holds up his electronic clipboard.

Franklin snakes his arm through the opening. He gropes for the stylus. The UPS man positions the signature pad.

Franklin signs, and the UPS man rushes off. Franklin slams the door, slides to the floor. Jane is right beside him.

JANE  
Sweetheart, I'm so sorry. He's probably new. It's okay.

They hear the UPS truck drive away. Franklin stands, peers through the door viewer. He unfastens the locks, opens the door. There's a HOME DEPOT SHIPPING CARTON on the steps.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Franklin is opening the Home Depot carton. Jane sits next to him on the couch, grinning like a kid on Christmas morning.

JANE  
It came so fast!

Franklin brushes aside some foam peanuts, then lifts out an ELECTRIC NAIL GUN and boxes of framing nails.

JANE

Oh, honey, it's beautiful. You know, I'm probably the only one who knows what this means to you.

She hugs him. Franklin puts the shipping carton on the floor, revealing Cathy's letter. Jane glances at it.

JANE

So what did Cathy have to say?

FRANKLIN

Oh, goodbye, basically.

Franklin opens a box of nails and loads the gun.

JANE

That's all?

FRANKLIN

She said this is her last letter. She said she doesn't... she can't keep trying to reach me. She's giving up. She said she always knew I'd end up like this.

JANE

Like what?

Franklin looks for an AC outlet, and plugs in the nail gun.

FRANKLIN

Alone. Trapped in this house, with nothing for company but my fear.

Franklin moves to a window and turns on the nail gun; it produces a reassuring whir. He pushes the drapes aside.

WIDER - Jane is gone. Franklin is alone.

He begins firing nails into the window frame. KA-THUNK... KA-THUNK... KA-THUNK... Franklin smiles.

FRANKLIN

Wow. Works great, huh?

KA-THUNK... KA-THUNK... KA-THUNK...

THE END