

MY KILLER NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

A very nice two-story home with an in-ground pool dimly lit by solar lights around the outskirts. A table and chairs stand on the decking, by the shallow end. A large beach towel is draped over the back of a chair.

STACEY WILLIAMS (38) takes a relaxing swim. She slowly treks from the deep end to the shallow, where a set of steps exits out of the pool.

WATCHER'S POV: From behind tall bushes, someone watches Stacey. Their breathing is slightly audible.

Stacey arrives at the steps and exits the pool. She grabs her towel and dries off.

WATCHER'S POV: Someone moves in behind Stacey.

We see someone wearing a black jacket with the hood obscuring their face walk up behind Stacey. They conk her in the head with a brick. She falls face first into the water. Blood streams from the wound. She floats toward the deep end.

Her attacker walks away toward the side gate, dropping the bloodied brick into an areas of plants.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

A nice but small two bedroom trailer situated inside a trailer park.

INT. TRAILER - LIVING AREA - DAY - SAME

A small living room with the kitchen to the side. EMILY PETERSON (35), strong resemblance to Stacey, serves up a home-cooked breakfast in the confined space. A pot of coffee brews.

Her husband, STEVE PETERSON (39), dressed in a suit, hurries in and pours a cup of coffee.

EMILY

Do you have time to eat?

STEVE

Sorry, I have that meeting at eight. I need to get there early and prep.

Their kids, LILY (10) and JOSH (8), dressed for school and carrying backpacks, hurry in and lay the packs aside. They sit at the small table barely big enough for four.

JOSH
I'm starving.

Emily fixes two plates of food and takes them to the table.

EMILY
When aren't you starving?

The kids dig in.

Steve dumps out half a cup of coffee in the sink and gives Emily a peck on the cheek.

STEVE
See you tonight.
(to kids)
Have a good day at school.

LILY
Yeah, right.

Steve leaves. Emily fixes herself a plate and sits down with the kids.

LILY
When are we gonna get a bigger
place to live? Josh snores.

JOSH
Do not.

LILY
How would you know?

JOSH
I just do.

Lily rolls her eyes. She returns her focus to Emily.

LILY
I need my own room, Mom. My own
bathroom would be nice, too.

EMILY
I know, sweetie. The fire made
things rough on all of us.

JOSH
I miss our old house. This place
sucks.

EMILY
 Don't use that word, and your dad
 and I are saving all we can.
 Hopefully it won't be too long.

The home phone on the counter rings. Emily grabs it.

EMILY
 (into phone)
 Hello?... This is she...

A look of shock comes to Emily's face.

EMILY
 How?... I'll make the arrangements.
 Thank you.

Emily hangs up, still wearing the traumatic look. The kids watch her.

LILY
 What's wrong?

Emily barely finds her seat without looking.

EMILY
 Your Aunt Stacey died last night.

LILY
 How?

EMILY
 They think she slipped and hit her
 head on the pool.

JOSH
 She had a pool?!

Lily's head whips around to her little brother.

LILY
 Mom's sister is dead. Show a little
 respect.

Tears come to Emily's eyes. She forces a grin as she moves the hair back from Lily's shoulder.

EMILY
 I can always count on you. I'll
 have to make her funeral
 arrangements.

JOSH

We'd be happy to skip school... I mean stay home and help you.

EMILY

Nice try, but I can handle it alone.

The kids return to eating. Emily sits back and looks lost.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

MR. BRYER (50s) leads Emily inside. There are drawers built into the walls to hold the bodies.

MR. BRYER

I am very sorry about your sister. It's always sad for us here to see someone her age pass.

EMILY

Thank you.

Mr. Bryer pulls on one of the drawers, sliding Stacey's body into view. She is covered by a sheet up to her shoulders. Her skin has gone nearly white. No sign of the head wound.

Emily loses her breath at the sight.

EMILY

Can I be alone with her for a few minutes?

MR. BRYER

Certainly.

Mr. Bryer leaves the room. Emily stands beside Stacey, gazing down at her tearfully.

EMILY

I'm so sorry.

Emily pulls a tissue from her pocket and cries into it.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

All is quiet in the park. Two sedans parked in front of the trailer. A lone light burns in the main bedroom's window.

INT. TRAILER - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Barely big enough for a queen bed, a small nightstand on each side, and a dresser.

Steve lies in bed, wearing reading glasses as he looks over a contract. Emily enters from the hall, still very glum. She slides into bed.

STEVE

How are you feeling?

EMILY

Terrible. Even though Stacey and I had grown apart, it still hurts like hell.

Tears come to Emily's eyes. Steve removes the glasses and lays them aside with the contract. He takes Emily into his arms. She rests her head against his chest.

STEVE

She was still your sister.

EMILY

Maybe the rift was my fault. I was unreasonable when Mom passed away.

STEVE

You wanted some of her things that you cherished. Stacey was the one who had a power trip and tried to get every dime.

EMILY

I should've made up with her.

STEVE

It does you no good to live in the past, you hear?

Emily nods.

EMILY

Yeah.

They lie there in silence, enjoying the moment.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Friends and family are gathered for Stacey's funeral. Her casket stands over an open grave. A MINISTER gives the eulogy MOS.

Seated in the front row, Emily attempts to stand strong in front of her kids. Steve is by her side.