

THE FOUR SHADOWS

- cautionary tales for the modern world -

HALF HOUR PILOT

"UNEMPLOYED FILM BUFF"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CONDO BUILDINGS - DAY

We move slowly past condo balconies as it rains. Some are a neglected mess. Some are perfectly manicured, right out of a magazine. One is bare with Brazilian flags tied to the rails.

We drift down several floors -- gliding along balcony railings -- some topped with herb gardens. The sound of pattering rain changes depending on where we are.

Liszt's '*La campanella in G-sharp Minor*' begins as we land on a GUY (40's), in a worn thin rock shirt, surreptitiously looking through his balcony window with binoculars.

He hides behind a curtain, no idea how obvious he is.

CLOSER ON HIM, as he peeks again.

HIS POV: AN OPPOSITE CONDO BUILDING - THROUGH THE WINDOW

As a YOUNG WOMAN (25) paces around her apartment in a white tank top and jean shorts. She has long straight blond hair and a long, lithe body.

She picks at her hair compulsively as she talks on her cel, holding it away from herself as some do. She looks wound up.

BACK ON the peeping tom as he adjusts the focus, not able to get it quite right. He fumbles-

ANGELA (O.S.)

Jeff!

And drops the binoculars as we cut inside-

INT. CONDO, MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff kicks the binoculars behind an indoor plant and turns -- to ANGELA (mid 40's), in scrubs, approaching incredulously.

JEFF

What?

ANGELA

Can't you hear Noah is crying?

We hear it as it occurs to Jeff, and now all we can hear is a BABY CRYING.

JEFF
Of course. I was just-

ANGELA
What are you staring at?

JEFF
Pigeons. I told you I'm trying to figure out their patterns.

ANGELA
Please...

She puts her hand to her forehead in exasperation.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
...can you just feed him?

Jeff goes to the fridge nonchalantly.

JEFF
How crazy would it be to just cut off one of their heads and put it on a spike?

He glances at her and she glares slightly.

JEFF (CONT'D)
So too crazy then?

She turns in a huff and walks away.

ANGELA
Remember to change his diaper. I don't want any more rashes.

JEFF
Yeah, yeah.

She stops.

ANGELA
Excuse me?

JEFF
Yes.

He smiles at her. She softens.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Have a good shift. I got this.

She heads to him. Quick kiss and a hug.

ANGELA

I know you do. I'm sorry. It's just a full moon tonight on top of everything else.

He nods and shrugs, not taking it personally.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

But seriously, don't watch your movies too loud and miss something.

She puts on her tattered runners and opens the door. Jeff pulls a milk bottle out of the fridge and quickly puts a nipple on it. He glances over and sees her step out-

JEFF

Your mask!

She comes back in and puts her handmade medical mask on.

ANGELA

Thanks!

She heads out. He heads towards a bedroom. The whole time Noah has been crying.

INT. CONDO, BABY ROOM / FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff has NOAH up on a diaper table. It's a shitty diaper. Jeff gags as he works. He brings up some vomit and quickly spits it into one of those diaper genies, opening and closing it with his foot as he's done a thousand times.

Noah continues to cry. Jeff gives him a harmonica. He grabs it with his tiny fingers and very happily PLAYS that instead.

There's a KNOCK on the front door.

Jeff sighs angrily and puts the diaper table seatbelt on Noah. Noah starts crying in protest.

Jeff heads over to the door which is open a crack. Angela must not have shut it completely.

He opens it and a HATCHET FACED WOMAN in a perfectly clean jogging outfit is there, pulling out her ear buds.

JEFF

What?!

HATCHET

Sorry, you're probably going crazy
too... but your door was open a
crack and-

Jeff shuts the door in her face. He goes back to his mission.

In the room, he sees tears dripping down the side of the baby's face. It makes him cry too. He touches them in a way that makes it seem like this is the first time the baby has shed tears before, finally having working tear ducts.

He picks up the harmonica that dropped on the floor and gives it back to his son. Noah plays. They both smile.

INT. CONDO, MAIN ROOM - LATER

Jeff has Noah on his lap in a blanket, feeding him from a bottle. *'Bicycle Thieves'* is on a big TV.

Jeff bounces his knee. You can tell he's distracted as he steals glances out the window. It's stopped raining.

He finally holds the bottle with one hand, reaching for the binoculars with the other and holds them up, looking through-

HIS POV: through now cracked lenses, he sees the woman.

She walks across the room and sits at her computer. She plays with her hair again, finger combing, picking at split ends.

Something blurs the image-

ON Jeff, as he takes the binoculars down.

REVEAL a pigeon on his balcony railing, shitting on it, looking at him defiantly.

JEFF

You little fucking shit!

Jeff turns his head to see Noah looking at him wide-eyed.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Not you honey.

Jeff puts the binoculars on the couch carefully and puts the baby very carefully down into a bassinet, rocks it, then rampages out onto the balcony-

EXT./INT. CONDO, BALCONY / MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Of course he gets there just as it flies away, leaving a disgusting dripping turd behind.

Jeff tries to yell but gags instead, bringing vomit up and spitting it into a flower pot. He's out of breath.

He's about to swear again but stops cold as he glances across the courtyard to the building opposite.

(Two other buildings are North and South of the courtyard, the courtyard surrounded by four condo buildings total.)

Jeff looks towards the window where the woman lives.

She now stands in front of her desk... and a MAN is in there with her. Jeff frowns, thrown for a loop.

JEFF
(under his breath)
Who the fuck?

It's hard to make out details as they're a half block away.

Jeff steps back into his condo, rocks the bassinet, then grabs his binocs and peers out the window.

CRACKED POV: The man has long wet looking hair. Well dressed, but in a douchebag way. He's a few feet taller than the woman and has lots of beef on his frame.

He yells at her. She's upset. His finger is up in her face.

ON Jeff, his hands trembling slightly, his breath quickening.

The woman pushes the man with all of her strength towards the door. She yells at him. Jeff tries to look closely at her lips but it looks like she's speaking another language.

The man turns, then suddenly turns back and cold cocks her.

She goes flying into the couch, out of eye shot.

The man looms over her and hits her again and again with a closed fist.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Hey, what the fuck-?!

Jeff lowers the binoculars to see if this is really happening. He sees the man distantly, still very much at it.

Jeff steps out on his balcony again and raises the binoculars, very obvious now.

Jeff lowers the binocs and spots an OLDER LADY on the North balcony (his is East, and the building where the assault is taking place is West). The old lady scowls disapprovingly.

JEFF (CONT'D)

What? Look - call the police!

He points West.

The woman turns but can't see what he's looking at from her angle. She just shakes her head and continues to brush off a rug she holds over her balcony (even though she's many floors up, and all the dust falls to the balconies below).

Jeff doesn't know what to do. He pulls his phone out and dials 9-1- Then stops for a second. *Is he really doing this?*

He looks up and sees the man standing in front of the couch, not hitting her anymore, but ranting like a fucking madman. He pulls his shirt open as he rages, buttons flying.

Jeff dials the remaining '1'. A RING. He tries to stay calm.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

Emergency. Do you require police, fire or ambulance?

JEFF (INTO PHONE)

(blurts)

Somebody's attacking her!

OPERATOR

Calm down. What address are you at?

JEFF

I'm at 24 Brant, they're at 20. 20 Brant. It's the twin building across the courtyard.

Jeff counts with his finger.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(counting in his head, then:)

6 floors up!

OPERATOR

6th floor?

JEFF

Yes, I think.

OPERATOR
You think?

JEFF
I mean yes! I'm sure it's 6.

OPERATOR
Someone's attacking someone at 20
Brant Street? 6th floor?

JEFF
Yeah, he was hitting her. Now he's
yelling. He ripped his shirt open.

OPERATOR
Okay. So what's going on now?

JEFF
He's still yelling and-

OPERATOR
Where is he now?

JEFF
He's standing right in front of her
couch and yelling at her. I tried
to read lips but they're speaking,
I don't know, Russian, Dutch maybe?

OPERATOR
You can see their lips in another
building?

JEFF
I've got binoculars. For pigeons.

Jeff's baby starts CRYING.

OPERATOR
What's that?

JEFF
That's my baby. He's just fussing.

OPERATOR
Okay, sir. So where is she now?

JEFF
It's a he.

OPERATOR
No not the baby, the woman.

JEFF

I can't see her, she's on the couch. He punched her there.

OPERATOR

Did this just happen?

JEFF

Seconds ago. The pigeon was shitting and then it all happened.

OPERATOR

I'm sorry, can you repeat that?

JEFF

Oh just a pesky random pigeon. It shit on my railing and- sorry, I'm all over the place.

OPERATOR

Sir, do you know the woman's name?

JEFF

No, we're neighbors. I have no idea. I know a lot about her I guess, but not her name.

Jeff is pacing on the balcony, sweating a bit.

OPERATOR

And how do you know a lot about her?

JEFF

She's right across from me. I see her all the time. She's either at her computer, or on the couch. Working I assume, then watching sports, or *Sex in the City* at night.

(over explaining)

I'm observant. Maybe because I like watching movies.

(sudden panic)

Are you sending someone?

Jeff is wide-eyed, jittery.

OPERATOR

Yes, a police car has been dispatched. Sir, do you know what apartment she's in?

JEFF

6th floor. I'm in 909 so it could be 608, 610, I don't know which direction it goes in over there, it's opposite and, um, I can't think straight.

Jeff holds up his binoculars and sees the man yelling, covered in sweat, red faced.

The enraged man suddenly looks up and right at Jeff.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Now he's looking right at me. Just like in *Rear Window*. Holy shit, this is fucked.

OPERATOR

I'm going to keep you on the line so you can keep me updated, okay? He's looking at you right now? From the other apartment building?

Jeff looks at the man. He keeps looking at Jeff. His stare is beyond intimidating. No sign of the woman.

JEFF

Yeah, total Raymond Burr styles.

OPERATOR

I'm sorry, you DO know his name?

JEFF

No, no, Raymond Burr is the guy in *Rear Window*. The *Perry Mason* guy. You know, the judge in *Airplane II*?

OPERATOR

So you're talking about a movie actor? Let's stick to what's happening right now. The man you're talking about that was hitting the woman in the apartment. What does he look like? White, black, Asian?

JEFF

Euro trash. Sorry, is that inappropriate? White guy.

OPERATOR

How tall?

JEFF

6 feet easily. Way taller than her.

OPERATOR
How old do you think he is?

JEFF
30 maybe? Maybe younger, but
mature, like gangster mature, if
that makes any sense.

OPERATOR
I'm making a note of it. What's he
wearing? If you can still see him.

JEFF
We're still having a staring
contest. He's wearing a formal blue
shirt, untucked, jeans. \$200 jeans.
Like a total King Street bro type
guy. Probably coked up.

OPERATOR
Anything else?

JEFF
Fancy gold watch. Real shady.

OPERATOR
Where are you again?

JEFF
Across the courtyard. In 20 Brant.
Apartment 909. Lived here for 10
years. Or wait, it's more than 10,
we got married in- you said you
sent someone, right?

OPERATOR
Sir, where is he now, is he still
there?

Sure enough, he still stares at Jeff, a bit of a crazed look
now, like he's in a fugue state.

JEFF
Yeah he won't stop staring. I have
a baby, I'm here alone.

OPERATOR
You're going to be okay, help is on
the way. Just stay calm.

A SIREN is heard down the street.

JEFF
Is that them?

OPERATOR
Probably, stay on the line, okay?
What's your name, sir?

JEFF
Jeff. Jeff Winestone.

The siren is louder, closer.

OPERATOR
Okay Mr. Winestone, the police are
definitely there now.

The baby CRIES louder.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Is that your baby again?

JEFF
Yes.

OPERATOR
You can tend to your child, sir,
help is there.

Jeff sees TWO COPS exit a car and enter the building across
the street. Flashing lights splash the courtyard.

The man across the way is still inexplicably staring at Jeff.

JEFF
Jesus Christ, he's just standing
there, like the ending of *Blue
Velvet*. Except he has a look on his
face like Vincent D'Onofrio in *Full
Metal Jacket*, when he was in the
bathroom in the dark?

OPERATOR
I'm sorry sir, you're losing me
with all of these movie references.
Are you a filmmaker?

JEFF
I'm unemployed. I just watch a lot
of movies. My wife's a doctor,
sorry I guess I'm really freaking
out here, I don't even know what's
coming out of my mouth.

OPERATOR
For now, just stay in your
apartment. An officer will drop by
soon to follow up. Okay?

JEFF

Is she going to be okay?

OPERATOR

Stay in your apartment, sir.
Someone will be in touch shortly.

The line goes dead. Jeff lowers the binoculars to make sure what he's seeing is real again. The man still stands there.

Finally the man steps away... very slowly. Jeff raises the binoculars and sees him walk away and out the door.

JEFF

Shit, he's gone now. For fuck's.

Jeff looks like he wants to run over there himself.

The baby still CRIES, bringing him back to reality. He steps back inside the apartment. Rocks the bassinet again. The crying stops immediately.

Jeff rushes back out onto the balcony. He sees lights go on in the apartment next door to the woman. A DANCER spins and sashays to the door and opens it to the two cops.

JEFF (CONT'D)

No no no! Not in there, next door!

Jeff yells as loud as he can.

JEFF (CONT'D)

NEXT DOOR!!!

A neighbor in his building, above, responds with:

RUDE NEIGHBOR

Can you shut up?!

JEFF

Sorry, just a crime in progress!

Jeff looks and sees the dancer point next door towards the woman's apartment.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Yes yes yes, NEXT door! There!

Above Jeff, a SCOFF, and a balcony door SLAMS.

The cops leave the apartment. The light goes back out. Jeff waits. Waits. Waits.

The woman gets off the couch.

She walks to the door as if awakening from a nice nap and opens it. The cops talk to her. All seems calm.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Whaaaaat...?

A few more words are exchanged. Then, the cops leave. The woman goes into the bathroom.

Jeff puts his forehead down on the railing. He can't believe it. He looks up and the older woman is scowling. He gives her a half hearted macho 'what?' look.

INT. CONDO, MAIN ROOM - LATER

Jeff is burping his baby while a POLICE OFFICER stands there making notes in a notepad. He's wearing a medical mask.

JEFF

You sure you don't want to sit?
Espresso? I have an espresso maker.
Easy peezy, touch of a button.

POLICE OFFICER

This won't take long. Can you point
out the apartment in question?

Jeff stands and points, then sits and goes back to burping his son. It works. *BURP!*

JEFF

Excuse him. They don't know how to
burp yet, it's the weirdest thing.

Jeff smiles. The cop doesn't.

POLICE OFFICER

I can't make out much detail from
over here. You sure you're right
about what you saw?

Jeff points to binoculars on a shelf by the window.

JEFF

Yeah, I was using those binoculars.

The police officer frowns, grabs them, uses them.

POLICE OFFICER

They're cracked.

JEFF

I dropped them today. My wife startled me.

POLICE OFFICER

Forgive me for asking... but why're you spying on your neighbors?

JEFF

No, it's just pigeons. They crap on my balcony all the time. I'm trying to figure out their patterns.

The cop just looks at Jeff, totally deadpan. He jots something in his notebook.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Can you tell me why I'm the one getting the third degree here? I'm the one that called you guys, right? That lady was getting her ass kicked.

POLICE OFFICER

Mmm hmm. Nice looking lady too.

JEFF

Sure- wait, what?

POLICE OFFICER

She says her TV was on too loud and she was watching a violent episode of *Sex in the City*-

JEFF

There are no violent episodes of *Sex in the City*. I haven't watched it, but it's decades old, and not that kind of show. Why's a 20 something watching that anyway?

POLICE OFFICER

20 somethings watch a lot of old stuff. My 20 year old has seen every episode of *Friends* twice. *Friends* and *The Office*. That's it.

JEFF

My condolences.

POLICE OFFICER
Anyways, the guy next door did hear a commotion, but she says it was her TV and quite frankly I'm inclined to believe her.

JEFF
Sure, but the guy punched her like 10 times, you didn't see any bruises?

POLICE OFFICER
Nothing. Not a scratch.

JEFF
How is that even possible?

POLICE OFFICER
I'd save the binocular stuff for birds in the park. I saw the pot plants on your balcony. You have one too many. I'll let it go, but I don't condone spying on your neighbors and calling in false reports. Are we clear?

The officer sees a bunch of DVD's on the coffee table.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
De Palma fan?

JEFF
Yeah, of course. He's a genius. Well, his old stuff.

POLICE OFFICER
I do love *The Untouchables*. So... you've seen *Body Double*?

JEFF
It's my favorite. Well, it's a toss up with *Blow Out* but everyone loves that one.

The police officer nods.

POLICE OFFICER
Watch it again. Pretty apt, and a cautionary tale last time I checked.

Jeff has so much to say. He keeps almost saying something. But in the end he deflates, not saying anything. Awkward silence. The cop closes his book, puts it back in his pocket.

INT. CONDO, BABY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Jeff smiles down at his baby swaddled in his crib. He angles a baby monitor just so, and makes sure it's coming through on his cel phone. The cel phone is cracked too.

A BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE of the baby asleep. It looks kind of creepy, the way that security camera footage always does.

JEFF

Goodnight, sweetheart.

INT. CONDO, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff is looking out his window. The curtains across the way are partially drawn now, leaving a crack open.

He grabs his binoculars. BINOCULAR POV: he can't see anything through the crack from his angle.

ON Jeff as he mulls this over. His eyes dart. He's worried. And totally obsessed.

INT. CONDO, BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER, DUSK

Jeff is now on his balcony with a drone. He turns it on and sets it on a balcony table. He looks at his cel phone and switches over to an image created by the drone's camera.

Jeff looks around. It's a quiet evening. Some lights are on. No one is out on their balcony.

He takes a remote control device and starts the drone with a HUM. He lifts it up and flies it over with his naked eye.

He glances around. He glances down at his cel phone on the table, still BROADCASTING THE SIGNAL from the drone.

He's quite practiced at it. He carefully flies it over and lands it right on the woman's balcony, right on a table.

He looks at the image through the curtain. He uses the remote to lift it and rotate it slightly and land it again.

He looks around. Is anyone out on the balcony wondering what the hum is?

Doesn't look like it, even though it's a spectacular sunset.

He lifts his cel and looks closely at the image. He zooms in. He sees the couch. It's spotless.

He sees a passing shadow on the wall. He tenses up. Nothing.
Then the curtains shut completely.

ON Jeff as he wordlessly expresses frustrated defeat. He wonders whether to bring it back. He decides to leave it there for now.

He looks at the curtains. He sees another passing shadow. It looks like more than one person is in the apartment.

He makes a 'fuck this' expression and steps back inside.

INT. CONDO, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff puts the image back on of the baby monitor.

Noah is still on his back, just like he left him, sleeping peacefully.

Instead of smiling at the image, Jeff looks resolute. He looks back up, through his window, at the apartment.

EXT. CONDO COURTYARD - DUSK

Jeff crosses the courtyard, looking around, trying to look inconspicuous, which makes him look all the more sketchy.

The four condo buildings that surround the courtyard cast dusky shadows. Two are visible from the angle we're at.

He heads to the West condo, avoiding puddles.

He looks up to her balcony.

For a brief moment he swears he sees her looking down, but then she's gone... and he's not so sure. He frowns and keeps going.

He gets to the front doors of the condo. There is no concierge on duty.

He waits, looks at his phone. Noah still sleeps soundly, almost like it's a still picture he's looking at.

Suddenly a FOOD DELIVERY GUY in a medical mask pulls up on his bike with a big pink Foodora-type backpack on. He's looking at his phone too.

He steps into the vestibule of 24 Brant and dials a number on a pad. Jeff tries to be smooth as he steps over and opens the outside door, still looking at his phone as if distracted.

There's a BUZZ as the delivery guy is let through the main door. The delivery guy steps through.

Jeff tries his best to gracefully lurch forward and grab the handle.

He misses, but uses his foot to stop the door from closing.

The delivery guy heads to the elevator.

Jeff, trying to keep his obviously racing heartbeat down, steps into the lobby and sits on a bench, looking at his phone. DING. Elevator door opens. Guy gets on. It closes.

Jeff gets up and heads to the elevator, a bit of a jump in his step now, feeling like a super spy genius.

He uses his elbow to press the elevator button. DING. The other one arrives. Doors open. He gets on. Doors shut.

INT. WEST CONDO BUILDING, ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Jeff uses his elbow to press the 6 button. He presses another by accident.

JEFF

Oh for fuck's-

He gets it right the next time. The elevator stops at the wrong floor. Tension mounts as he tries to hurry things along, tensed up, hoping no one else gets on.

He almost uses his elbow to press the 'close' button but it closes on its own.

He looks up and spots a camera in the elevator. He looks away from it, back at his phone. There's Noah. *Phew.*

INT. WEST CONDO BUILDING, 6TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The doors open. He steps out.

He uses a compass app on his phone to orient himself. He finds North, then points toward South and turns himself around.

He steps down the hall and sees the number 610 beside a door. He listens to the door. He almost knocks. Doesn't.

Then he just goes for it and knocks on the door.

Long pause. He looks at his phone. All is fine.

He's about to knock again... when the door opens.

There stands the woman, bare foot, in a white tank top and jeans shorts, also wearing a medical mask. She looks right at Jeff's phone and sees the image of the sleeping baby. Jeff instinctively hides it.

WOMAN
(Russian accent,
impatient)
Yes?

JEFF
Sorry, I-

WOMAN
Can you put a mask on please?

JEFF
Right, I-

He reaches into his pocket and there is actually a mask there.

He smiles awkwardly. She looks coldly at him, unimpressed.

He puts it on. It's obviously made from an old Incredible Hulk T-shirt with the big clenched teeth lined up with where Jeff's mouth would be.

WOMAN
What do you want?

JEFF
My name's Jeff. I live at 20 Brant.
This is embarrassing, but I just
wanted to make sure you were okay.

She just stares at him. No expression.

JEFF (CONT'D)
I saw someone hitting you. I was
the one that called the police.

Still no expression.

JEFF (CONT'D)
You look fine. I don't know, maybe
you were play fighting or
something? I know I should be
minding my own business but... I
thought he was hurting you.

She just stands there.

Her nipples poke through her shirt a bit. Jeff shuffles. He clears his throat.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Is he here now?

Still nothing.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay.

(beat)

I'm going to go. This is super weird and I'm making it weirder.

He turns to go. No resistance. He takes a few steps-

WOMAN

Hold on.

He stops. Turns. She looks at him with an amused smile now.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

My apologies. The lockdown. It's made everything strange. I haven't talked to anyone in person for four months.

JEFF

Except that guy I guess. Yeah, it's been tough. World's upside down.

She tilts her head like she's seeing something in him she didn't see before.

WOMAN

I guess I can explain.

(beat)

It wouldn't make it any more awkward at this point to invite you in. Maybe stay for one drink?

(beat)

If not, that's okay.

JEFF

No, no, yeah, I can come in for a minute.

She seems to betray some excitement and waves him in. He steps forward on slightly shaky legs and steps in-

INT. WOMAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He steps into to a stark white environment. Very minimal decor.

There's a few framed pictures by the door of scantily clad 50's era women.

John Legend's "Ordinary People" PLAYS on a sound system.

There's also a shelf on the wall with some tiny Mickey Mouse plates. Under it, shoes are neatly arranged on the floor.

JEFF

Shoes off?

WOMAN

Please.

He takes his vans off and just stands there.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Come in.

She walks into the main room. He follows -- past a spotless bathroom with sea shells on the sink and an shower curtain inexplicably featuring Ivanka Trump on it.

JEFF

Is that a-? I'm not even going to ask.

They are both in the main room now.

There's a couch. A coffee table. A ceramic statue of an eagle on it. A throne like chair.

There's a desk. There's a big huge TV playing a TV menu page.

There's an old fashioned bar against the wall by the TV.

He instinctively walks towards the curtains and peers out. Spots his drone on the balcony table.

Sees his own building across the way. A very bizarre perspective he wasn't expecting to experience tonight.

WOMAN

Keep the curtains shut if you wouldn't mind.

JEFF

Oh of course.

He lets them close on their own, turns. She's at the bar with her back to him.

WOMAN

So would you like that drink?

JEFF

Yeah, sure. I like drinks.

WOMAN

Do you want to have a tequila shot with me?

JEFF

I guess. Why not?

She pours tequila into two glasses at her bar. She puts the glasses down and slowly lifts and removes her tank top.

Jeff stares incredulously at her bare back as she drops the shirt to the floor.

WOMAN

Have a seat.

He trepidatiously drops to the couch, every muscle tense.

She turns, holding glasses. She sees the look on his face.
(NOTE: from here on, the framing will always subtly adjust so that all nudity is off camera.)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Does this make you uncomfortable? I always have my shirt off at home. I only put one on to answer the door.

JEFF

I know.

WOMAN

You know?

He's too embarrassed to explain.

She smiles, approaches, and hands him his drink. She sits in the throne-like chair across the coffee table from him.

He looks at the half full glass.

JEFF

More than a shot. No salt and lemon?

WOMAN

Nah, that's for losers. This is for sipping, it's wonderful, try it.

They air cheers and he almost has his drink with his mask in the way. She giggles. She pulls hers down around her chin.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We're six feet apart and there's a lot of air flow in here. You can take it off to drink.

He pulls his down and feels so vulnerable showing her his whole face. He can't hide how uncomfortable he is. Not like he's leaving any time soon.

They both take a sip. She gives him an expectant look.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

So? What do you think?

He makes a series of expressions conveying its complexity. Then a hoarse:

JEFF

Wow that is good.

WOMAN

Did you know there's a car that runs on tequila?

JEFF

Get outta here, really?

WOMAN

Yes! There were only a few made in the 60's by Chrysler.

JEFF

I did not know that.

WOMAN

Jay Leno owns one. I think there's only 3 out there or something.

JEFF

This is incredible.

Jeff's almost done his. He tries to slow down. The nervousness made him gulp. She's sipping hers super slow. She smiles, noticing.

WOMAN

Want a top up?

JEFF

Maybe I'll nurse the last of this
for a second. Drinking fast.

WOMAN

That's allowed. I'm sure you've had
a hard day.

JEFF

It was intense. I'm not gonna lie,
that guy really freaked me out.

She drops her smile a bit. Just a bit.

WOMAN

That guy is my boss. He's the only
person that's been in my apartment
in four months. He can be
aggressive.

JEFF

Your boss? What kind of work do you
do?

He almost chokes on another big sip. He's trying not to look
at her breasts but glances every time she looks away. She
couldn't be more casual about her toplessness.

WOMAN

I sell ad space for websites.

JEFF

What kind of websites?

WOMAN

Porn mostly.

He almost does a spit take. Covers.

The song that's playing ends, and another John Legend song
plays: "When I Was Your Man".

JEFF

I don't know your name.

She smiles.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Is it okay if I ask you your name?

WOMAN

A neighbor. A very friendly
neighbor that likes your company.

He fiddles with the phone in his pocket. She watches. He leaves it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
You can check your baby.

JEFF
How did-?

WOMAN
I have eyes. You were looking at it at the door.

Jeff releases the urge to look at his phone. He sips.

JEFF
So, seriously? No name? I should just call you neighbor?

WOMAN
You can call me Nadia.

JEFF
Oh, hi. I'm-

NADIA
Jeff. Yes, you said. I think maybe you do need a top-up.

Nadia gets up and walks back to the bar. She pulls a bottle of expensive tequila out and brings it back to the table.

She pours Jeff some. She puts the bottle down.

She turns the chair so she can better face Jeff and sits back, bringing her bare feet up on the table.

She sips through a sly smile.

NADIA (CONT'D)
I *am* making you uncomfortable.
Would you like me to put my shirt back on? I don't mind. The A/C is quite cool.

JEFF
No, that's okay. Be comfortable.
I'm cool. Totes cool.

He takes another big gulp.

NADIA
Well in that case, I'll take more off.

She casually drops her jeans shorts, kicking out of them. She sits in her panties, mask still under her chin.

Jeff takes another gulp.

NADIA (CONT'D)

This is how I roll. And it makes me comfortable to be so comfortable around you.

JEFF

Uh huh, yep... so, you were just play fighting with your boss? It really doesn't look like he hurt you. You guys had me fooled.

She just looks at him as if he's not even looking back. She's really taking him in. Then she snaps out of it-

NADIA

He's like a big brother. We're always joking around. It's been a long four months. If he wasn't like a brother to me, well... you know.

She places a hand between her legs, just casually.

NADIA (CONT'D)

You're married I see.

He looks taken aback, then lifts his wedding ring finger.

JEFF

Yeah.

NADIA

Must be nice to fuck whenever you want to.

JEFF

Yeah. Yes. I- she works most nights at the hospital, so. But yeah.

NADIA

Oh. That's interesting. What does she do there?

JEFF

ER doctor. Should be a busy night, with the full moon and everything. She was kind of stressed.

NADIA

She must see some crazy stuff.

JEFF

Lots of broken ankles. High heels.

NADIA

Ah.

She moves her legs around, looking at him as she sips.

NADIA (CONT'D)

You know, I know... that you watch me sometimes.

Jeff puts his glass down on the coffee table. He blushes.

NADIA (CONT'D)

You don't have to feel caught or whatever. I like it, are you kidding me?

Jeff looks up. You can tell his heart is slamming. Nerves on his neck are visibly flickering.

NADIA (CONT'D)

I love the attention. Especially now. Up close. It's only looking, anyway, right?

He clears his throat so he can speak.

JEFF

Right.

NADIA

You can look all you want. I might be a bit shy to take my panties off though.

JEFF

That's alright.

NADIA

You might be able to talk me into it though.

JEFF

Totally alright.

His voice squeaks a bit. He looks embarrassed by that now.

She strokes herself between her legs (O.S.) as if sneaking it but at the same time being super obvious.

NADIA
 Okay, I'm lying. I'm not really
 shy.

He takes a deep breath. From her body language and subtle sounds we can hear she has slipped her fingers inside her panties.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 And maybe I can ask you to do
 something for me. Something nice.

Jeff doesn't know what to say.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 I'll let you look at me... whenever
 you want... from across the way.
 With your little binoculars or
 whatever. Anytime. But then...
 maybe... I can watch you.

He inadvertently lets out a laugh.

JEFF
 I don't walk around my place naked.

NADIA
 No, not like that. I don't have
 binoculars anyway.

She finishes her drink and now she takes a deep breath.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 I mean maybe every once in a while
 you can come over here for a drink.

JEFF
 I-

NADIA
 I'm not finished.

JEFF
 Okay.

NADIA
 And I can watch you.

He doesn't follow.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 I'll just say it. Okay? I really,
 really, really like to watch guys
 jerk off.

(MORE)

NADIA (CONT'D)
 (tension filled beat)
 I don't know why, I just really do.
 It's the biggest turn on for me.

Jeff reaches for his tequila and then stops. He fiddles with his phone.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 I get it if it's asking too much, but
 I can see you're aroused... that's
 what's making me fantasize about
 it.

Jeff changes position slightly.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 I take it as a compliment. And
 compliments are a big turn on.
 Maybe you might want to give it
 some air? For me? If I ask really
 nicely?

There is a long silence. Full of tension. James Blunt's
 "You're Beautiful" PLAYS.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 I watch stuff online but you know
 it's not the same as sharing energy
 with someone in the same room.

Jeff shifts again.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 Maybe I can do it at the same time.
 I've already started... and you can
 join if you want.

Jeff takes another deep breath. She narrows her eyes, totally
 in control.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 It's not cheating. I could be
 masturbating at my place. You could
 be masturbating at yours. We just
 happen to be in the same room. So
 what?

She gives him a very steely look. A daring look.

NADIA (CONT'D)
 C'mon, 4 months, man. Don't make me
 beg. Unless you like that.

She laughs in a good natured way, as if this was the most normal thing ever.

Jeff is red in the face with all kinds of feelings.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Help yourself to more tequila.

He looks at the bottle, shifts uncomfortably.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Yay? Or nay? No pressure.

She is getting more vigorous as she plays with herself.

JEFF
(weakly)
Yay.

She smiles like the sun just came out.

NADIA
You're so cool.

Nadia takes her panties off and kicks them across the room. She puts her hand back where it was. She lets out a moan.

Jeff takes two or three deep breaths.

Then he unzips his jeans and tries to take his dick out. It's difficult because he's so hard. He undoes his jeans and slowly pulls it out.

(NOTE: again, all below the waist activity is off camera, below frame, so this isn't outright porn.)

She lets out a big moan at the sign of his exposure.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Oh my God, you don't know how much
I want this. How much I love this.

He starts pulling on himself awkwardly this way and that.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Are things a bit dry?

She reaches on a shelf under the coffee table and pulls out a container of lube. She throws it on the couch.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Lube. It's kiwi flavored... in case
we change our mind about anything.

She wags her eyebrows.

He's thrown all over again by that comment but takes some lube and things get SQUISHY. He lets out an involuntary moan. This makes her moan. She rolls her eyes back.

NADIA (CONT'D)

It's better than I imagined. Oh fuck. Oh fuck, I can't believe you agreed to this. I know why. It's because you're so fucking cool.

He keeps going. There's no stopping this train now.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Put your mask on. I'll put mine on too. Just in case in all the excitement... we get close.

She shrugs.

NADIA (CONT'D)

I like to play it safe.

He puts his Hulk mask up. It looks like he's growling as the Hulk as he masturbates. She puts hers up too.

Both their masks go in and out of their mouths slightly as they pant.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh God.

She throws her head back. She seems beyond the point of any control.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, wait! I need to see everything.

She gets up, still rubbing herself as she comes closer.

His eyes are as wide as they can get. It's as if his eyeballs are sweating.

NADIA (CONT'D)

I need all your clothes off. Please, I'm begging you. I want to see all of your skin.

She pulls off his shirt. It's awkward. Frantic. She pulls off his jeans. He tries to hold them there.

NADIA (CONT'D)
It's okay, it's okay...

He lets go. She pulls them off.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Your underwear too. Oh you're the best.

He pulls at them and manages to get them down and off. She is now on one end of the couch and he is on the other.

She moves around in all kinds of provocative positions.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Uh oh. I'm gagging for you now.

He goes harder and faster.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Slow down, slow down. Make it last.

He does. So does she.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Let's make this last forever.

She gets his underwear back and throws them to him.

NADIA (CONT'D)
(all while panting)
Just put them beside you, in case you come, and slow down. I want to keep the couch clean. Okay? It's scotch guarded, but still.

She reaches out like she's going to touch him. Jeff finds himself inching towards her touch.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Oh God, I can't. But I want you, so bad, I want you in every way possible. I want you all over me.

It looks like Jeff is going to pass out.

NADIA (CONT'D)
I need some air. You do too.

She reaches down and grabs something with the sleight of hand of a magician near where Jeff's jeans are.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Don't stop.

She holds something behind her back with one hand as she inches towards the window, still playing with herself with the other hand, letting out little moans and almost squeaks.

She opens the curtains. Jeff instinctively lowers down hidden from sight as she opens the window.

NADIA (CONT'D)
I need air. Fresh beautiful air.

She steps out onto the balcony through the curtain. Before it adjusts back we see her quickly pick the drone up and throw it off the balcony. Then she throws something else. We hear a tiny jingle and then that's that.

She steps back in and the curtains reset as closed. Jeff can't believe she walked out there naked.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Don't come yet.

This just makes it closer.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Don't come yet.

She brings her mouth as close as she can get to his lower half, coming in as if in slow motion. Licking her lips. Playing with her breasts.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Don't. Come. Yet.

He makes an involuntary sound.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Don't you do it-

Jeff lets out a roar, a Hulk like roar... as he comes. She looks immediately disappointed.

NADIA (CONT'D)
I told you not on my couch.

JEFF
(totally out of breath)
It's mostly on me.

He wipes with his underwear.

NADIA
Just... go clean up in the
bathroom, don't make any more mess.

He gets up, totally vulnerable and does a weird crouch walk to the bathroom. Her attitude is totally different. She's switched it all right off and is all business.

The underwear is on the couch. She looks at it with a frown.

She puts on her panties. Adele's "When We Were Young" PLAYS.

Jeff is in the washroom, washing himself quickly in the sink.

JEFF

Okay if I use a hand towel?

NADIA

(cold)

Use toilet paper.

Quick beat. She rounds up all his clothes and slips out to throw them off the balcony too.

She holds on to his cel phone. She puts it on a shelf in the main room next to hers.

He comes out of the bathroom. He's mad now.

JEFF

So that was all bullshit? Like the play fight earlier. You just like to play games with people?

NADIA

Oh you have no idea.

JEFF

Really.

He goes to get dressed.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Where are my clothes?

She shrugs. He's really mad now.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Where are my clothes?! Where are my keys? Where's my fucking phone!?

He walks toward her, super aggressive now.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Give them to me... the fuck?!!

NADIA

Take a step back. Take several steps back actually.

He stops, his face shifting in all the confusion.

NADIA (CONT'D)

You're on camera. So don't try to do anything like what you thought you saw earlier.

JEFF

What do you mean, *on camera*?

She points up to a corner of the concrete ceiling. A camera is there.

She points across the room. There's another one in the other corner.

JEFF (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

NADIA

I sell ad space for porn websites. And they always need content.

She points to the ceramic white eagle sculpture on the coffee table.

NADIA (CONT'D)

There's a camera in one of the eagle's eyes too. For close ups.

Jeff is white as a sheet.

JEFF

Okay, look, I need to go. Just give me my keys and we'll never see each other again.

NADIA

Oh I know we won't. But our little time together is forever.

She walks over to the shelf and grabs his phone. He looks relieved. She gives it to him.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Here, you can have this back. You'll probably want to check it, right? As for everything else, figure it out.

JEFF

I can't walk out of here naked!

NADIA

It's called the walk of shame.

JEFF

Oh you are fucking crazy.

NADIA

At least I'm not an idiot. Good luck explaining this to your wife.

JEFF

I could fucking kill you.

NADIA

That's rich. I thought you were my knight in shining armor a few minutes ago. Check your phone.

He looks at her with fear in his eyes. He checks the baby monitor.

ON SCREEN: no baby in the crib.

Jeff lets out a cry of anguish. Nadia giggles.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Here's what you're going to do. You're going to go home and never speak of this to anyone. As it stands, our video is going on a few porn sites. Your 'reluctance' is the hook of all the best porn videos. It might get lots of views. And I'm gorgeous of course. You recognize me right?

JEFF

What? Where's my baby?!!!

He approaches her, freaking. She holds a finger up.

NADIA

You don't even have a subscription do you? Motherfucker, you think you can see all of this (indicating her body) for free? I'm running a business out of my home, how dare you? Well now you CAN contribute. This video will be featured on a few sites. And that's your first installment.

(MORE)

NADIA (CONT'D)

I won't send it anywhere else, like every single contact on your phone, which I've already linked to, IF you keep this to yourself. You'll have a lot of explaining to do, I don't envy you. You can just say you lost your mind. The lockdown affects us all differently.

Jeff looks like he's about to cry.

NADIA (CONT'D)

And you will pay for a subscription, God damn it. I have your credit card info. My boss has cloned your computer by now. You wanted to know more about me, now I know everything about you.

JEFF

Please. I'm begging you, I'll do anything. *My baby...*

Now he IS crying.

NADIA

Don't worry, you'll live, just head back and remember what I said.

(beat)

Now get out.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The door slams on Jeff now outside with nothing but a mask on and a cell phone in his hand.

He's crying. Desperate. At the end of all ropes. He runs to the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff runs down the stairwell. We stay with him, soaking in all his discomfort. But this is nothing.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

We see Jeff make a dash from the stairwell door, through the lobby where SOMEONE is checking their mail. He runs past and outside.

He almost trips on the broken drone. But nothing is with it.

He hides in some bushes as a COUPLE out for a stroll walk by.

He almost comes out again but a car drives by. He's lucky it's dark but still pretty unlucky.

He looks at his phone. The camera has panned and now he sees the man with the shiny long hair sitting beside the crib with Noah in his arms, feeding him from a bottle expertly. It'd be a cute image if it wasn't so diabolic.

Jeff runs across the courtyard, hyperventilating. A car drives past and the DRIVER does a double take and crashes into the curb.

A DOG WALKER emerges from Jeff's building and also does a double take, then lurches away as Jeff runs past her, zipping through the main security doors before they close. He runs across the lobby.

The CONCIERGE, in a medical mask, glances up and freaks out. Jeff has run into the stairwell.

The concierge stands up and looks at the monitors. He rewinds some footage with his computer and sees a naked man run in. And he knows him too.

CONCIERGE

Jeff?

INT. JEFF'S CONDO STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff runs up. Almost puking from all the stress.

A DUDE in a backwards cap is coming down the stairs with a mask on. There's almost no room for both but Jeff pushes past him. The dude can't believe it and lets out a nervous laugh.

DUDE

Whoaaaaa! WTF my man?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff runs into his apartment. The door is open.

He almost runs right into the hatchet faced woman, masked and in a robe. She's in there, coming out of the baby room.

HATCHET

Oh my God! What are you doing?

He covers his crotch with one hand and holds the phone in the other.

JEFF

What are YOU doing? Get out of here!

She backs away and trips onto the floor, letting out a scream as if she's about to be attacked.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Just get out!

HATCHET

Your door was open a crack, your baby was crying - why are you-?

JEFF

OUT!

Jeff heads into the baby room. Hatchet doesn't even leave, she just kind of looks after him, shocked.

INT. BABY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Noah is back swaddled. Asleep. Baby monitor where it was.

Jeff's T-shirt, jeans and underwear are folded across the railing.

Jeff collapses to the floor. We hold on him for a long time as he sits there naked, in shock, not knowing what to do.

His phone rings. ON SCREEN: Angela. A picture of her. He almost doesn't answer, then does.

JEFF

Hello?

ANGELA (ON PHONE)

Jeff, what's going on? I just got a really weird call from the concierge.

Jeff doesn't know what to say.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Jeff? What's going on?

Jeff finds the harmonica on the floor, pulls his mask down and starts to play it. He looks like a baby now himself, naked, curling up, as he drops the phone and we

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE