

SHANEN TESTA CASTING

3-23-07

"STALKER"

LISA
JACOBI #1

FADE IN:

MUSIC: "SPEED OF SOUND" (COLDPLAY)

INT. JACOBI HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - 2006

October 17. Unfurnished, cardboard boxes everywhere. It's moving-in day for the Jacobi family. Patriarch ADAM (49, white, nice-looking in spite of rumped attire) lugs in a state-of-the-art TV--

ADAM

Thing's gonna break my back.

Daughter LISA (17, pretty but plain, guarded eyes) unpacks a box of food at the counter. With a wry smile --

LISA

Dad, it's slipping.

EMILY

Honey, let me help you.

His wife EMILY (47, earthy type, harried mom with some extra padding) moves away from the box she's unloading to help her husband, but he shakes his head 'no.'

ADAM

It's okay. Exercise. Good for me.

Their youngest kid, CARSON (9, high energy) bursts in, laser tag VEST strapped on, plastic rifle bursting red beams of light, colliding with his mom.

CARSON

King Warlord strikes again!

LISA

Why is it guns all the time? Carson, why can't you like create something?

Adam has set the TV down. Now he's fiddling at the computer, which is set up on a card table, the only thing close to set up in the whole house.

CARSON

Like a tank?

EMILY

I'm getting him karate lessons.

CARSON

Awesome!

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COLD CASE - STALKER

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ADAM
How much are those?

~~EMILY~~
~~I don't know. Not much.~~

Lisa looks up at this exchange, watches her parents' faces anxiously. The peacekeeper --

LISA
Probably not a lot. I knew a lot of kids who took 'em in Ohio.

EMILY
We can manage, Adam. Your job starts tomorrow.

ADAM
Part-time.

~~EMILY~~
~~What do you mean?~~

ADAM
It may become full-time, but for now it's a part-time contract.

Emily sighs. Then, keeping it positive for the kids --

~~EMILY~~
~~Well, I'm sure it'll be full-time soon.~~

~~ADAM~~
~~I don't need a pep talk, Emily.~~

~~EMILY~~
~~Okay.~~

~~ADAM~~
~~We'll just have to see.~~

LISA
I know they'll love you, Dad.

CARSON
I don't need karate. I already know a lot of moves on my own.

Adam looks at his sweet son. Swallows, uncomfortable. Then he turns and bends over his computer, typing an email. To Adam --

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EMILY

~~Honey? You gonna get the rest of
the boxes outta the truck?~~

ADAM

~~Just give me a second, will ya? I
need the second for my stuff, okay?~~



The atmosphere suddenly thick with tension. Lisa clocking it, used to her parents' fights, goes for a distraction. She pulls a Jiffy Popcorn POPPER from the box.

LISA

Popcorn, anyone?

CARSON

Gross. It's all dusty.

But Lisa's made a beeline for the stove.

LISA

Remember the night of the big tornado?
In Cincinnati. Mom made us all sleep
in the basement.

CARSON

No.

EMILY

Carson was too little to remember.

LISA

We stayed up all night. Made popcorn.

Lisa hopes her dad will join in the reminiscing. Seeing her daughter's anxiety, speaking to the room --

EMILY

I'll tell you something. I hear the
winters are not as bad here in Philly.
Gonna be a lot easier life here,
guys.

Lisa blinks back tears. Scrapes the popper back and forth across the stove.

LISA

(whispering)

Pop, pop, pop...

EMILY

I promise.

OFF Lisa. Not believing at all--

~~PRELAP AUDIO. GUNSHOTS~~

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