

# **COME IN**

**Pilot**

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EXT. COLONIAL HOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Jane, forty, in a spaghetti strap yellow tank top, red capri pants, blue tennis shoes with her hair in a pony tail, steps out the Traditional front door with Rocco an over muscular man in a black suit and a tall man bun.

Jane closes her eyes as she goes in for a kiss, lips full and open.

Rocco pecks her on her cheek as she blinks open her eyes with a slight sigh.

JANE

Please don't work late tonight.

Rocco turns and strolls away down the front walk.

ROCCO

The money it makes bought you a life worth living.

JANE

I mean it this time Rocco.

ROCCO

You mean every time until the last time.

INT. AUDI SEDAN - DAY

CHANCE a handsome man forty, business casual, in a professors tweed jacket with elbow patches, sits in the front seat as he opens a packet of women's nylons.

He holds the stockings up to his lips, stretches, pulls them tight and eases them into his right jacket pocket.

With methodical apathy he lifts a Glock handgun out of a metal case, along with a silencer. He slips them into his left jacket pocket.

He breathes reserved and balanced.

His phone buzzes and he reflex answers in one ring.

CHANCE

Tired of him canceling.  
(pause)

CHANCE (CONT'D)

I still need visual that she is there now.

(MORE)



JANE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry I'll think of  
something, anything.

Jane glances up and spots the mail sauntering up the front  
walk towards her.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I've got to go I'll call you  
tonight.

MAIL PERSON  
Good morning Miss Jane.

Jane smiles and takes the stack of junk mail from the mail  
person.

JANE  
Dandelions are thriving in this  
drought.

MAIL PERSON  
I heard you can eat them from the  
flowers down to the roots.

JANE  
I'll make a hotdish for you.

The mail person turns away and waves goodbye over their head.

MAIL PERSON  
You do that Miss Jane, You do that.

She steps on the plush lawn, pops up a dandelion flower and  
tucks it behind her ear.

Jane waves in the air, to no one across the street.

She spins around on her heel and heads inside.

EXT. COLONIAL HOUSE - DAY

Chance stands relaxed in front of the heavy wooden door.

His eyes laser onto a beetle as it scurry's by his loafers.

Hi taps his shoe on it, raises a brow, and grinds it into the  
concrete.

With the clip board out in front of him proper, he knocks  
hard on the door.

Chances jaw muscle flexes.

He thrusts his hand in his left pocket.

The door suddenly swings open.

JANE

Oh my God! Chance... is that you?  
It can't be.

His hand lifts slow out of his pocket.

His eyes dart with humanity.

JANE (CONT'D)

Chance? Are you alright?

CHANCE

It's you...

JANE

What a long time. Why didn't you  
call first?

Chance rubs his temple.

CHANCE

(mumbling)  
I didn't know it was you.

JANE

What are you doing here? You look  
great.

Jane eyeballs him up and down with a knowing smile.

A sudden grin pops on Chances face.

CHANCE

It's so great to see you. What a  
surprise.

JANE

Well what are you doing here?

Chance waves his clipboard.

CHANCE

Canvassing for Greenpeace.

JANE

(laughing)  
You loved turtle soup.

Chance shrugs his shoulders.

CHANCE

Back in town, started as an associate professor at the U. Helping out my students in the neighborhood. I'm always about bonding.

JANE

I would never have dreamed. Come on it. It's the devil hot out here.

Jane grabs his hand excited and yanks him inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chance glances around the living room at pictures of kids growing up on the fireplace mantle, pitchers of live flowers on every period piece table and a grand piano stacked with board games.

JANE

So how have you been?

Jane quick gives Chance a hug.

Chances pats her back with two light taps.

CHANCE

You play the piano?

JANE

It's a thirty eight thousand dollar kids shelf.

CHANCE

(nodding)

I see that. So you've been good?

JANE

I've been great, just living my pampered exciting life.

Jane steps square in front of him.

JANE (CONT'D)

So here you are... In my house.

Chance twists his head towards the kitchen.

CHANCE

Is that apple pie I smell?

JANE

I think that's why you were always over all the time.

CHANCE

OH that's totally why. You learned your Moms recipe?

JANE

I finally learned to follow directions.

CHANCE

Evolutions greatest achievement.

JANE

Me following directions?

CHANCE

The apple pie... The crust is the true art of the pie though.

JANE

But the bravery is in the peeling, where the blood is spilled.

CHANCE

(laughing)

Is it safe to eat?

JANE

We should let it cool a bit first.

Jane flashes a once familiar wink.

Chances eyes sparkle back at her.

JANE (CONT'D)

Don't you have any save the whales questions for me. Hit me up for a monthly lifetime donation?

Chance steps towards a stylish antique love seat, surrounded by ring lights and a microphone center stage.

CHANCE

Dare I ask what's going on over here?

JANE

So you haven't heard?

A slight blush spreads on Chances cheeks.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I am a fashion and lifestyle  
vlogger.

CHANCE  
There money in that?

JANE  
I never have to ask for money.

Chance looks over a vase of bright orange bird of paradise  
flowers on a Queen Anne table, and rubs one of the flowers  
between his fingers.

Jane caresses the same flower right after him.

CHANCE  
Latest vlog?

JANE  
Every woman should go for a bra  
fitting.

CHANCE  
So that's an actual thing?

JANE  
Very important. Ill fitting,  
popping out. Needs to fit here nice  
and high not down here like a  
couple of bobble heads on a  
Chrysler's dashboard.

Chance nods his head slow.

Jane begins to saunter around him.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Well I have to say, I don't  
remember those in high school.

JANE (CONT'D)  
After the boys, the girls are the  
best thing that Rocco ever did for  
me.

CHANCE  
Rocco?!

JANE  
Don't ask, he lives exactly how  
it's spelled.

Chance stretches his arm out of his jacket coat and glances at his watch.

JANE (CONT'D)  
That's a pretty fancy watch on a professors salary.

CHANCE  
It's always good to have one nice thing in life.

Jane sniffs a flower.

JANE  
That it is, that it is.

CHANCE  
Would you mind if I used you bathroom.

Jane points and waves her arm, as she draws numbers in the air.

JANE  
There's one downstairs off of the kitchen for one, and two upstairs for a duce.

CHANCE  
Still got that charm.

Chance head back to the kitchen.

JANE  
Twin boys, twin boys, twin boys.

CHANCE (O.S.)  
And a Rocco.

JANE  
(quietly)  
And a Rocco... And a Rocco... And a Rocco...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Chance washes his hands, and holds them up to the mirror. His pinky finger twitches a bit.

He quick yanks the Glock and silencer out of his pockets and assembles them together in seconds. He points the pistol at the mirror.

His face expressionless as puts disassembles and slips the Glock away. His eyes wide open.

He twirls up and stretches the stockings above and behind his head.

JANE (O.S.)  
Hey taking quite a while. Duces  
wild upstairs please.

INT. ROCCO'S MAN CAVE ROOM - DAY

Chance with and annoyed look on his face glances around at what have to be a hundred karate trophies on shelves. The truly gaudy ones tower up from the carpet.

CHANCE  
(quietly)  
Douche...

Chance whips a perfect air karate chop.

CHANCE (CONT'D)  
A bit into the martial arts.

JANE (O.S.)  
Keeps him out of the house. And I'm  
protected by a real life ninja  
assassin.

CHANCE  
OH I see that.

JANE (O.S.)  
It's always good to have one great  
thing in life.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHANCE  
Do you and Rocco go to all our old  
restaurants?

JANE  
I just have to hope the chefs  
aren't spitting in my food like  
they are his.

Chance strolls over to the bookshelf.

JANE (CONT'D)  
You always were a great tipper.

CHANCE  
You read a lot of true crime.

Jane sides up next to Chance, their shoulders touch and rub.

JANE  
I just can't believe there's that  
much murder in the world

Chance takes a book that was upside down and places it right side up.

He turns to Jane face to face with a smile.

CHANCE  
The accidents of amateurs, true  
amateurs.

Jane saunters over to the cart bar.

JANE  
Care for a drink?

CHANCE  
Uh, no... Oh why not. I'll Have an  
old fashioned.

JANE  
You'll have a martini, and love it.

CHANCE  
Well that is old fashioned.

JANE  
Bringing them back baby.

Jane faces the bar cart as she mixes the martini's with a flair.

Chance steps up behind her very close with his hand in right jacket pocket.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Still favor that Bay Rum after  
shave.

Chance lifts the stocking easy out of his pocket as he raises both shoulders.

JANE (CONT'D)  
So whatever happened to you that  
you would up a professor back in  
hell?

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Did you marry, adopt ten kids? She left you for another woman didn't she?

Chance twists the stocking around the knuckles of his right hand.

Jane suddenly spins around, Chances right hand thrusts back into his pocket.

JANE (CONT'D)

Martini's are served.

CHANCE

You made those fast... mmm tasty.

JANE

Boredom is a great professor. You never answers my question.

CHANCE

You pretty much guessed it except for the kids.

Jane takes a sip of martini, her pinky out.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

So by the looks of the pictures, married right out of college.

JANE

Drinking Shirley Temples at my grad party.

CHANCE

Why this guy if I can ask.

JANE

My kids are great, so like me.

CHANCE

Not an answer.

JANE

You always think people will grow out of things they never do.

CHANCE

Like us?

JANE

You had to go to NYU, save the world, save your self, save the whales.

Chance takes a sip of his martini then does a small spit take.

CHANCE

I have a daughter I've never met,  
goes to Columbia.

JANE

Great that's were the twins go.

CHANCE

An in-laws Thanksgiving nightmare  
waiting to happen.

Jane gives Chance a chef's kiss into the air.

JANE

(laughing)

That would happen wouldn't it.

(pause)

JANE (CONT'D)

Are you happy?

CHANCE

I never dream of dreams. Life is  
fast, if we stop to think what's  
good or bad for us we stop moving.

JANE

So you never married?

CHANCE

Once you said no, that was enough  
for me... I've had a lot of  
situationships.

JANE

Very productive.

CHANCE

I'm loyal to my passwords.

JANE

Well don't blame me.

They both takes sips of their martini's.

CHANCE

We'll all be fucking A.I. soon  
anyway. Whispering in your ear as  
it changes its own batteries.

JANE

I'll bet you date women who say they love great pottery and call it culture.

CHANCE

Never the cute ones. Every beautiful woman will cheat.

JANE

I say more people should fuck on the first date.

CHANCE

And good singers shouldn't do karaoke.

Chance plops an olive into his mouth.

JANE

Have you forgotten I was your first.

Chance rolls his eyes hard to the popcorn ceiling.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hey I apologized endlessly. Did that thing you liked over and over all through the summer after graduation.

CHANCE

Uh huh...

JANE

It was a fun party.

CHANCE

Did you wake up in your sisters bedroom with a girl riding you?

JANE

Your eyes were wide open.

CHANCE

Blind drunk.

JANE

Not all your eyes, and you sure had one hell of a smile on your face.

CHANCE

And when I came to so did you.

JANE  
You didn't stop me.

They both start to laugh out loud as Jane strokes her hand on Chances arm. She bumps his left pocket on the release.

JANE (CONT'D)  
You always mad me laugh.

CHANCE  
You always made it easy, to easy.

JANE  
The pies probably cooled down  
enough to eat now.

CHANCE  
The taste is on the tip of my  
tongue, lead the way.

Chance follows Jane close behind into the kitchen, as his hand slips into his left jacket pocket.

JANE  
I've been dying for a slice all  
day.

Suddenly spins around and bumps into Chance eyelash to eyelash.

They both freeze, there eyes stare into each others.

They feel each others breath.

CHANCE  
(quietly)  
Dior Hypnotic Poison.

Chances left hand still in jacket pocket.

JANE  
(quietly)  
Scoop of vanilla?

CHANCE  
(quietly)  
Just the pie.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jane and Chance stand, thighs in friction, at the breakfast island.

Jane spins the apple pie towards her by two small plates and forks.

JANE  
Hand me that knife would you.

Chance grabs a chefs knife at the end of the island.

CHANCE  
A bit of overkill.

Chance grabs the shiny knife quick, his jaw muscles flex.

Jane takes the knife with the blade between thumb and index finger.

JANE  
(smiling)  
Big piece or little.

CHANCE  
I'll have what you're having.

JANE  
Big piece.

Jane holds the pie plate as she stabs the knife into the center.

The knife suddenly slips on the glass bottom.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Damn it.

Jane quick jerks her hand up.

A slight trickle of blood looms from her wrist.

Chance lifts her wrist up to his mouth and sucks in the ooze of blood.

Janes eyes go wide in surprise.

CHANCE  
I think you'll live a while longer.

JANE  
I should wash it.

They both turn around to the sink. Chance grabs the sprayer as Jane holds her bleeding wrist out.

CHANCE  
Just a little splash.

Chance pulls the trigger to early spraying Jane in the face.

JANE

Auhh.

CHANCE

OH I'm so sorry.

JANE

(laughing)

On purpose.

Jane wipes her face with a tea towel.

CHANCE

I'll kill him.

JANE

What the hell are you talking about?

Chance strokes his thumb underneath Janes eye. Removing the rest of her makeup, revealing a deep bruise.

Jane winces back in pain.

CHANCE

I swear I'll kill him.

JANE

Let me kill him first.

CHANCE

How long?

JANE

It just started... Three years ago.

CHANCE

Why would you--

JANE

If I left him he'll kill me, he'll kill me, kill me.

CHANCE

But I'll ki--

JANE

Just drop it please. I am handling it, trust me. Please just move on.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)  
(long silence as she  
presses the tea towel  
into her wrist stopping  
the bleeding)

CHANCE  
I suppose we all have are things we  
feel we must finish even if it's  
the worst. So you really are going  
to be OK?

JANE  
Trust me it will all be over soon.

Jane stabs a fork into the center of the apple pie and lifts  
the bite into Chances mouth with an overdone smile.

CHANCE  
Mmm... that is how the national  
fucking anthem taste. Wow.

Jane upside down forks a bite for herself.

JANE  
Mom taught me two weeks before she  
passed.

CHANCE  
OH I'm so sorry.

Chance squints down at the dirty fork.

JANE  
Dementia... She lived with us until  
she passed three years ago.

CHANCE  
Horrible way to go out. I'd...

JANE  
That recipe was one of the last  
things she remembered.  
(silence as Jane feeds  
them both another bite)

JANE (CONT'D)  
Did you go?

CHANCE  
I uh... drove by.

JANE  
You just drove by?!

CHANCE

Drove by slow, looked in and didn't see you. I was half an hour late.

JANE

And you didn't think that I know you were always late?

CHANCE

I figured you left, but--

JANE

But, but, why were you so late was I not important? I know it was ten years ago but we agreed to meet. We both promised.

CHANCE

I had a work thing I had to finish. But yes I parked and went in and waited all night, downing old fashions. Had fun singing Karaoke at the bar by the way.

(pause)

JANE

So you sang our song?

CHANCE

Hey, I'm still a Swifty.

JANE

Well that's something I guess.

CHANCE

So even though I was always late back in the day you still left?

JANE

Rocco broke his arm at a tournament on a concrete block. I was at the hospital.

CHANCE

OH well that's totally understandable. Keep that marriage solid.

JANE

It's always good to have one nice thing in life.

(silence)

They both laugh out loud.

CHANCE  
Ten years ago.

JANE  
And a lifetime.

Jane spots a bit of the nylons as it peaks out of his jacket pocket.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Latest conquest there, where you  
have to think of me to finish?

Chance pushes the nylons back in.

CHANCE  
To start.

JANE  
(smiling)  
You and your lines.

CHANCE  
You are a century ahead of amazing.

Jane winks, and tilts her head.

JANE  
And you're five hundred years  
behind with that Shakespeare wanna  
be line.

Jane strolls as a queen into the living room.

Chance sighs a puppies sigh after her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

JANE  
Another drink?

CHANCE  
So we're day drinkers now?

JANE  
You have the laugh lines of a  
professional.

CHANCE  
And you have the wink.

Jane suddenly turns around into Chance, her hands on his chest.

Chance's breath stutters up as he inhales quick.

JANE

I've never forgotten how you make  
me feel, how you feel.

She strokes his cheek then shoulders.

Chance cups her breast, he flicks his thumb over her stiff  
nipple, she gasps with a short breath.

CHANCE

(smiling)  
So no drink?

JANE

No one would ever know you were  
here.

CHANCE

... Even know I was here...

Chance wraps his arms around her in a tango embrace.

JANE

We'll have to hurry. I'm getting my  
hair cut at five thirty, so I have  
to leave in ten minutes to make it.  
Appointments take three months to  
get. I can't miss it.

CHANCE

OH I won't have any problem  
hurrying, at all.

There lips meet but don't kiss.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

(quietly)  
Are you sure?

JANE

Is fuck me sure enough for you?

Jane exhales quick, her nose makes little squeaks.

CHANCE

There's the girl I knew.

Chances eyes sparkle.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

My lips are kind of dry.

Their blinks race, they begin to breathe in unison.

Jane's stare suddenly flashes sideways.

JANE

SHIT!

Jane spins quick away.

Chance's hand jabs into his left pocket.

CHANCE

Rocco?

JANE

Nosy Red Hat Lady across from me.  
Nothing to do but watch everything  
up and down the street. You've been  
here to long.

CHANCE

How would--

JANE

She probably thinks I'm getting  
strangled or something.

Chance swings his hand into a light slap on the butt.

Jane smiles and pushes his hand away before another swat.

JANE (CONT'D)

Stop would you, just get back.

Jane runs up to the door.

Chance backs up, grabs a bottle of Makers Mark from the bar  
and slinks behind the kitchen door jam. He smiles back a  
swig.

BANG, BANG, BANG!

Jane flings the door open with a quick annoyed swing, She  
stops it with the slap of her hand.

JANE (CONT'D)

(sweetly)

What Mrs. Driller.

MRS. DRILLER

That man he--

JANE

He's a Greenpeace canvasser.

MRS. DRILLER

Well he's been in there a month of Sundays and--

JANE

Well you can see I'm fine can't you.

MRS. DRILLER

Well it could be against your will. You never know who's a killer these days. He came straight up to your house from his car.

JANE

Mrs. Driller, if you must know I have the man tied up in my basement and I am using him as a sex slave and if you don't mind as you know Rocco gets home at five thirty so I need to hurry.

MRS. DRILLER

Well I--

JANE

Nice to see you again Mrs. Driller.

Jane slams the door as she steps in front of the front bay window as she watches Mrs. Driller huff back across the street.

Chance strolls forward as he slips the bottle back.

CHANCE

Greenpeace sex slave. I'm moving up in the world.

JANE

So another drink?

CHANCE

(smiling)

I think we can skip it don't you.

Jane and Chance embrace as she strokes his hair.

Jane glances down quick.

JANE

Well I know you can.

Chance lifts up her hand with a gentle kiss to the cut on her wrist as she inhales quick.

She kisses him hard, long sloppy and passionate.

Jane slide her sticky lips away with a catch of her breath.

Chance leans in, his lips already apart.

Jane turns away just out of reach.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I felt your heartbeat on my lips.  
I've missed that.

CHANCE  
Then why did you--

JANE  
I love you.

CHANCE  
You want me to love you?

JANE  
I...

CHANCE  
I love you, I love you, I love you.

JANE  
Psychopaths love the idea of love.

CHANCE  
Takes one to know one.

JANE  
Takes one to love one.

They both breathe in quick unison as they gaze into each others eyes.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Fuck it.

Jane grabs the buckle of Chances belt and with the moves of a ninja, flips it open, the leather swings on each side.

Suddenly the Bon Jovi song "Living On A Prayer" blares from Janes Capri's pocket.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Goddamit!

CHANCE  
Well my favorite song at my  
favorite moment. What a day.

Jane yanks the phone out of her pocket.

JANE  
Shut up I have to get it. And SHUT  
UP!

Jane stabs the phone screen with her finger.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Hey baby.

Jane, with ease, slides the tip of her finger up and down on the front of Chances pants.

JANE (CONT'D)  
No, why do you always have to be  
late on Friday nights?

Chance begins a slow exhale through his whistle lips.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Nice house, nice cars, I get it.  
I'm mad at it but I'm not gonna  
kill it.

Chance slips a finger under the front of her shirt and pulls it down a bit.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I'll be waiting... I'll be wearing  
the red one... Don't be to late.

Jane flings the phone onto the orange leather Lucy couch.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Fucking his goddamn mistress  
fucking again. Third time this  
week. You'd think... Black eye and  
he's not even discreet.

Chance, with his middle finger lifts up her chin.

CHANCE  
So should I go?

JANE  
You're not going anywhere sex  
slave. We have at least five  
minutes.

Jane pushes into Chance with a fast passionate kiss.

Jane pushes away as her eyes roll up.

CHANCE

OH my God...

JANE

We should go upstairs... unless  
you'd prefer the trophy room.

CHANCE

Is the red one upstairs.

JANE

(sexy whisper)  
Already on the floor.

Jane whips Chances jacket off of his left shoulder, it falls  
quick and heavy. She catches it by the pocket.

She feels with a confused look on her face as she flips the  
pocket open.

JANE (CONT'D)

What the HELL IS THIS! WHAT THE  
FUCK!

Chance yanks his jacket back over his shoulder.

CHANCE

Let me explain.

JANE

Mrs. Driller said you came straight  
up to my house.

CHANCE

For the students protection.

JANE

In this neighborhood?

CHANCE

You never know what can happe--

JANE

We had an agreement. I was not  
supposed to be here.

CHANCE

What?

JANE

You knew it was me didn't you. So  
much for the dark web of secrets.

CHANCE

Wait what the hell are you talking about? What is happening?

JANE

So YOU'RE THE GUY I HIRED TO KILL MY HUSBAND!

CHANCE

Oh no.

JANE

You? Small, small world isn't it. Lets all sing the fucking song.

CHANCE

I would--

JANE

I just couldn't take it anymore. You've seen what he does to me. You didn't know it was me over the phone?

CHANCE

It wasn't me, you have to believe me. I'm not...

The doorbell suddenly RINGS.

JANE

Who the hell is that?

CHANCE

Wait, wait...

Jane quick looks out the bay window to the side.

JANE

Some man. A student of yours?

CHANCE

Get back from the window now.

Jane steps towards the door.

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Don't open it. He won't care if you're here or not.

JANE

What are you talking about.

The doorbell RINGS!

CHANCE

That guy is your assassin. I'm filling in for the guy that Rocco hired to kill you.

JANE

You killing me? Very funny. Well isn't that romantic. I love you, I love you, I love you. Come on.

Jane turns quick for the door but Chance blocks her way.

CHANCE

I didn't know it was you AT ALL.

JANE

Well I love that small detail.

Jane tries to catch her breath.

CHANCE

I could never hurt you.

JANE

So you really are here to kill me?!

Jane lunges for the door and Chance grabs her hard by the arm.

CHANCE

I've never gone back on a contract until now. You open that door he'll kill us both. He knows what Rocco looks like.

JANE

Well you didn't know what I looked like?

CHANCE

Last second mix up. Broke every code I know and here I am.

JANE

(exasperated)

I'm supposed to believe my own killer or are you my lover past or present? How did you become this?

CHANCE

(calmly)

I meant everything. I did.

JANE

Fuck 'em and kill 'em huh. That's next level Hallmark channel.

CHANCE

I didn't know. I didn't know

JANE

You're a hired assassin?

CHANCE

You hired an assassin?

JANE

Mine is self defense, your soul is gone.

CHANCE

You're wearing the same soled shoes.

The doorbell RINGS!!

JANE

I loved you, for years I loved you. Such a waste.

CHANCE

I honestly didn't know it was you. I had to be done by the time Rocco got home.

JANE

And now he's fucking his mistress what a fucking coward.

CHANCE

Listen I didn't know it was you and I would never ever, ever hurt you. What we just experienced...

JANE

This is crazy.

CHANCE

I know, I know... That doorbell is going to keep ringing.

Chance takes the gun and silencer out, assembles them and checks the clip in seconds then steps cool towards the door.

JANE

Well I believe you now.

Jane peeks out the window sideways.

CHANCE  
Get back.

JANE  
He's still out there.

CHANCE  
We have to let him in and kill him.

JANE  
Great idea, why not make him a  
martini.

Jane suddenly jerks her head as she peers across the street.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Oh No...

CHANCE  
Is he leaving?

JANE  
Here comes Mrs. Driller.

The doorbell RINGS!!!

Chance flashes Jane a look of remorse, his nostrils flare.

She stares back, no blinks.

CHANCE  
I never stopped thinking about you.

JANE  
Hell of a rewind meet cute we got  
going here.

**END OF EPISODE ONE**