

"Pater Noster"

A Scene  
by  
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FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

ANN, a beautiful but conservative mid-thirties brunette, is in her kitchen cleaning.

ANN  
(softly)  
...forgive us our trespasses, as we  
forgive those who trespass...

She opens the refrigerator.

ANN (CONT'D)  
Holy Fuck!

She looks around nervously.

JASON enters the kitchen while tying his tie. He is beyond handsome.

JASON  
I heard that. Put a dollar in the  
jar.

ANN  
Connor isn't even around. What  
happened in the fridge?

CLOSE UP on leftovers covered in plastic wrap, but the plastic is lifted up, and nearly all the saved food is gone or spilled in the refrigerator.

JASON  
I was hungry. I'll clean it  
tonight.

ANN  
And *this* is why I don't like going  
to bed without you--

JASON  
(interrupting)  
Funny, you do it every night...

Jason stops at the counter opposite of the fridge, so they face away from each other across the kitchen. In front of him there is a closed briefcase and a window to a pretty backyard.

Ann SHUTS the fridge door and turns to face Jason's back.

ANN

I have to get a full eight, *Jason*.  
I can't stay up all night like we  
used to.

Jason does not turn around.

JASON

Midnight is not all night...*Ann*.  
Are we using names now?

Ann turns back around and reopens the fridge.

Jason opens the briefcase and removes a hand gun, then a  
silencer. He places the silencer on the gun and aims at point-  
blank range at a bird figurine on the window sill.

JASON

(sighing)  
One more.

The fridge door SLAMS. Ann whips around to face Jason's back.

ANN

(angry)  
I thought I told you to take care  
of that last week?!

Jason lowers the gun and removes the silencer.

JASON

And I did!  
(pause)  
There was just a bit of a...hiccup.

ANN

What kind of hiccup?

JASON

It's nothing. I can take care of  
it. Someone might have seen me.

ANN

Might have?! It was an easy job.  
And it was the last one. We are  
this close to being rid of everyone  
who knew us before. I don't want  
any loose strings! None!

Jason turns to face Ann, leaving the gun in the open  
briefcase.

JASON

And we're still close. I've just got a tiny bit of cleaning to do.

ANN

Well as usual, if you don't do it right, I will.

CONNOR, a precocious 8-year-old, bounces into the kitchen.

CONNOR

Do what right?

Ann and Jason are startled. Jason quickly turns to shut the briefcase. Ann opens the fridge and grabs bread and milk.

Connor jumps onto a bar stool at the kitchen island across from his parents and opens his lunch box.

Ann steps forward and sets down her food. Jason joins her, bringing peanut butter from the other counter. Both of them face Connor across the island.

ANN

(smiling sardonically)

Daddy just needs to clean up his mess.

JASON

(gritting his teeth  
through a smile)

Which I plan on doing tonight.

ANN

(to Connor)

It's always best to clean up a mess when you make it, so it doesn't just keep piling up and getting worse, right Connor?

Ann grabs an apple from a bowl on the island and puts it in a lunch box.

CONNOR

Yeah Mom.

Jason opens the milk and begins pouring it into a thermos. Ann makes a peanut butter sandwich.

JASON

But sometimes you have a really big mess and it takes a long time to clean up, and maybe there's only one more bit left, which you can do as soon as you have the right opportunity.

Jason smiles and puts the thermos and sandwich in the lunch box.

ANN

Right now seems like a good opportunity.

Ann closes the lunch box.

JASON

It'll still be there tonight.

ANN

I think that's the problem.

JASON

(to Connor)

It's time to fly little Condor. Grab your lunch.

Connor hops down. Jason gets his briefcase. Ann bends down to tie Connor's shoes, while Jason stands behind her.

ANN

(without looking back at Jason)

Jason, if you can't get this cleaned up...

JASON

(interrupting Ann)

...I don't need you to clean up my mess.

ANN

(to Connor)

Have a good day at school sweetie.

JASON

Shit...

ANN

(to Jason)

I heard that. Dollar. Jar.

(to Connor)

Don't forget to turn in that permission slip...

JASON

...I forgot about a late meeting at the office tonight...

ANN

...or you can't go on the field-trip next week...

JASON  
...I don't know if I'll have  
time to get the cleaning  
done...

ANN  
...then you might as well  
just spend the night there...

CONNOR  
At school?

ANN  
(to Connor)  
No, not you honey. Meet Daddy at  
the car.

Connor turns and runs out of the room.

JASON  
I'm not spending the night at the  
office. I thought you didn't like  
going to bed without me--

ANN  
I'll learn to live with it. It's  
harder to sleep when things are  
messy.

JASON  
Fine. Here.

Jason hands her a picture of a man.

ANN  
(whispering)  
...lead us not into temptation, but  
deliver us from evil...

Ann sets the picture down and reaches under her skirt  
revealing a gun with a silencer strapped to her thigh. She  
takes it out and checks the clip and the safety.

JASON  
Just clean it up yourself then.

Ann points the gun at Jason.

ANN  
I always do.

FADE TO BLACK.