

I'VE BEEN WATCHING

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EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Close in on VICTORIA (25), or Vic. Bloodshot eyes and ghostly pale skin. All color drained from her face. Focus on her face as she inspects something...

VIC

I'd been watching for 14 days. I mean, I had to. I was behind on rent.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Looking into a CAFE through a CAMERA LENS, we see a MAN sitting at a TABLE in the front. His head down as he reads a BOOK. This is TYLER KITT (30s, famous actor, wealthy, handsome). He sips his HOT LATTE out of small porcelain cup.

CLICK of the camera shutter.

VIC (V.O.)

You see, gossip magazines want the juicy shit. The wild pictures with the craziest stories. And the whole paying rent and feeding myself thing gets a little expensive. So I need the money. And you know what sells? Shit like...

**INSERT: BRITNEY SPEARS SCREAMING AT PAPARAZZI WITH HER NEWLY SHAVEN HEAD.**

VIC (V.O.)

Bald Britney terrorizing paparazzi.

**INSERT: JUSTIN BIEBER MUG SHOT PLASTERED ON THE FRONT PAGE OF US WEEKLY.**

VIC (V.O.)

Or Justin drag racing. Now *those* were the real moneymakers.

BACK TO:

EXT./INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tyler sips his latte. He flips the page of his book.

VIC (V.O.)

But god. I mean, "Actor Tyler Kitt sips lattes" was *not* going to sell.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - SAME TIME

Vic is perched in a bush outside of the shop. She fiddles with her camera.

A BELL RINGS. She looks up to the door of the shop. Tyler saunters out. Vic gets her camera ready to shoot. She focuses her camera, but she's too close.

She steps out onto the street, trying to find the right angle. She takes a few steps back before:

HONKK!! A bicyclist swerves around Vic. She GASPS and runs back to the street. The biker flips her off.

Back at the sidewalk, Tyler is gone.

A RING from her phone. She looks at the caller and sighs.

VIC

Fuck.

She answers. Her EDITOR (40s) on the other line.

EDITOR (O.S.)

Victoria?

VIC

Yes, this is her.

Vic bites her nails.

EDITOR (O.S.)

How's Tyler? It's been two weeks.

VIC

Yes, yes. Uhm, it's going, uh well, I'm still working out the kinks-

EDITOR (O.S.)

Victoria, we don't have time for kinks. I need you to work a *little* bit harder and get some good material for us, yeah?

Vic paces.

VIC

Trust me, I'm trying.

Boredom fills the other line.

EDITOR (O.S.)

I guess I could give it to Brianna.  
She's been itching for a story to  
cover.

VIC

No, no, uh, fuck, just a *little*  
*more* time. Please.

EDITOR. (O.S.)

(hesitant)

Right. Well deadline is tomorrow.

A quick BEEP as the line hangs up. Vic SIGHS.

EXT. LA RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Vic walks down the street. Wired headphones in her ears, her  
camera slung around her shoulder.

VIC (V.O.)

What I'm doing isn't weird. I mean,  
yeah, sometime's I'm pushed to the  
extremes. Like the bike, for  
example, that was their fault. I'm  
the pedestrian here.

Vic turns a corner. She approaches a RUN-DOWN APARTMENT  
BUILDING.

VIC (V.O.)

But for the story? I mean I'd do  
anything. You ever seen TMZ?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - HOUR LATER

Vic sits at her desk. She scrolls through her laptop. Her  
camera plugged into it.

On it are various PICTURES of TYLER: walking down the street,  
drinking coffee, driving his car.

Then: GIRL (20s, roommate) BARGES through the door. This is  
ISABELLE.

ISABELLE

Vic.

Vic doesn't look up.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Vic. This is serious.

Vic slowly draws her eyes away from her laptop.

VIC

Fine. What's up.

ISABELLE

Rent is late. And I can't keep covering you.

VIC

Shit. Look, uh, I'll be paid tomorrow night.

ISABELLE

(hesitant)

Promise?

VIC

I promise.

Isabelle SIGHS and peers over Vic's shoulder.

ISABELLE

You get anything good?

VIC

Nope. It's all just... boring.

ISABELLE

Hm. Well, maybe it's boring because they're just people. Like us. Living their boring lives.

Vic GROANS. Isabelle exits.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NEXT DAY

Vic sits inside the shop. She types on her laptop as she creates a BLOG POST. The headline: "TYLER KITT SPOTTED AT LOCAL COFFEE SHOP".

She deletes it.

A RING as the door swings open.

Tyler Kitt saunters through the shop. He walks up to the register. He orders and waits by the side.

Vic picks up her camera and focuses on Tyler, hoping to capture him.

VIC (V.O.)  
I was almost out of time but god, I  
was so close.

Suddenly:

BARISTA  
Hey! No photos in here!

The BARISTA points to a sign on the wall. **NO PHOTOS IN THE  
CAFE.**

VIC  
What?

BARISTA  
Policy.

VIC  
Since when?

BARISTA  
Since forever.

VIC  
Let me speak to the-

A RING. Tyler has left the shop.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Vic frantically packs up her things and exits the shop.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Vic walks a few paces behind Tyler. He strolls along the sidewalk, unaware of her presence. A RING from Vic's phone. She answers it.

EDITOR (O.S.)  
He-

VIC  
I almost got it! Just one more  
minute, please.

EDITOR (O.S.)  
Brianna caught that child actor  
turned addict piss drunk at the  
Crimson last night. You're  
released.

Vic stops in her tracks.

VIC  
Released?

EDITOR (O.S.)  
Mhm. Fired.  
(to someone else)  
Hey, get that to print!

VIC  
No, please, I'm so close. I really  
need this, I-

EDITOR (O.S.)  
If you needed it so bad, you  
would've gotten it.

A BEEP as the line is hung up.

A car drives by and HONKS at Tyler. He waves.

Vic watches as he waves to the car, smiling for a fan. Her  
face TWISTS in anger.

After a moment, Tyler turns into a PARKING LOT. Vic follows.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tyler walks towards a sleek black car. He pulls out a set of  
keys. The car unlocks with a BEEP.

Vic pulls out her camera.

VIC  
HEY! OVER HERE!

Tyler turns around. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

TYLER  
Can I help you?

Vic continues to take pictures.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
I really don't appreciate you  
photographing me right now.  
(beat)  
Hey! You hear me?

Vic takes a step forward.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
YO! BACK UP!

VIC  
JUST A QUICK SMILE!

Tyler walks towards Vic. She continues to CLICK away at her camera.

TYLER  
GET THE FUCK AWAY!

He APPROACHES Vic. He's larger than she is and ready to fight. He comes CLOSE to her face.

Tyler REACHES for her camera. He grabs the lens, but she yanks it away and BASHES the lens into his head. Tyler's body falls LIMP to the ground. Vic's eyes go wide.

With a CRACK his head hits the concrete. His eyes open slightly. Blood POOLS around his head. Vic bends down, inspecting his body. We CLOSE IN on her face. We are back at the first scene.

VIC  
(whispering to herself)  
Well shit. "Tyler Kitt dead in parking lot". Take that *Brianna*.

Vic gives a little *not too bad* face. She dips her finger into his blood. She SNIFFS it and grimaces. She RUBS it off on his shirt.

VIC (CONT'D)  
You made me do this.

Vic picks up her camera. She inspects the damage.

VIC (CONT'D)  
This wasn't always the plan, if you must know. But...

Vic focuses the camera lens onto Tyler's dead body. She stands back. She walks back to Tyler. She readjusts his shirt collar. She stands back, proud of her work. A CLICK.

VIC (CONT'D)  
I'd been watching for 14 days. I mean, I had to. I was behind on rent.

Another CLICK.

FADE TO BLACK.