

EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

(c) 2025
Address
Phone Number

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A beat up sedan flies down a lonely stretch of highway. JEN, (late 20s,) trembling, grips the wheel. A cut to her lip, bruise blooming on her cheek.

The radio crackles, tuning itself. A song comes on.

"Every breath you take... Every move you make..."

Jen's breath hitches. She slaps the radio off.

The car whips past a mile marker - Exit 42.

JEN

Yes!

The dashboard clock ticks over to: 2:45 AM.

Jen floors it, the speedometer climbs - 40, 50, 60 mph -

Then - BANG!

The car jerks violently to a stop, as if it collided with an invisible force. Headlights flicker. The engine sputters.

Jen grips the wheel, heart hammering.

The radio crackles and the song kicks in again:

"I'll be watching you..."

She squeezes her eyes shut -

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

- Eyes blink open again to discover she is...

In front of her house. Parked behind her shitty boyfriend's truck. As if she never left.

The clock on the dashboard clicks over to: 2:30 AM. A black cat darts across the lawn. A motion sensor light comes on.

Jen hunkers down in the car. Watching a silhouetted figure in the living room window. GARY, pacing up and down, a sad mean man, drink in hand, darkness in his heart.

Her cell phone rings. She picks up. Listens.

GARY (O.S.)

I'm sorry, baby...

Jen's voice catches in her throat.

GARY (O.S.)
I didn't mean it. Forgive me.

Jen throws the car door open, jumps out --

But she doesn't hit the pavement.

Instead - BAM! That jolt again. She lands with a thud, back in the driver's seat. Car engine powering up on its own -

- Gary's voice flipping on a dime, now seething with rage.

GARY (O.S.)
You made me do it, Bitch!

The car slams into gear, careens out of the driveway, down the road, around a corner, gas pedal hard to the floor.

Tires SCREECH.

The radio crackles, the same song on the radio loops back.

"Oh, can't you see you belong to me..."

Car flying along the main street now, past the *Curl up and Dye* beauty salon and *Doug's Diner*, past the small-town sign that reads: *"You are now leaving the town of Ravenwood"* -

"Hope to see you again soon."

JEN
(to herself)
Not if I can help it, you won't!

No sooner has she said this when -- BAM! The car seizes again. It takes a wild U-turn reversing at speed, back the way it came, taking bends and turns at breakneck speed.

Jen gasps. She takes her hands off the wheel.

Squeezes her eyes shut.

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Eyes blink open. Once again Jen in front of her own house. Parked behind her shitty boyfriend's truck.

The clock on the dashboard clicks over to: 2:30 AM.

Jen comes to, as if all the air has been sucked out of her lungs. The radio crackling, searching --

"I'll be watching you."

JEN
 (pounds the steering
 wheel)
 No! No! No! This can't be
 happening.

A rabble-rousing of voices play over and over in Jen's head.

DISCORDANT VOICES (V.O.)
 Are you sure?
 He made a mistake is all.
 He loves you.
 You should go back to him.
 In the end you always do.
 You just need to be sure. *You need
 to be sure.*

"Every breath you take, every bond you break..."

Jen watches as Gary, silhouetted behind the curtain smashes a glass, punches a wall.

"I'll be watching you".

The black cat jumps out from nowhere, lands on the hood. It stares right at her. Light reflects eerily from its eyes.

Flood lights shut off. Front lawn now cloaked in darkness.

Jen's heart pounds.

Eyes flick to the rear-view mirror.

In the backseat. A dead-eyed version of herself. A doppelgänger. Battered and bruised. Mouth stitched shut.

It lurches forward, hot breath in her face.

A muffled scream!

The time resets to: 2:30 AM. Jen starts the car, places her hands firmly on the wheel. The car peels off down the road -- for the last time.

SMASH TO BLACK.