

FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

A beautiful day in the neighborhood. Sunlight streams in through the windows of this perfectly decorated home.

THE DINING ROOM TABLE

Perfectly set for breakfast. Everything in it's place. Not too much nor too little of anything. Perfect.

A plate is placed on the table in front of us. Two eggs, two strips of bacon and toast -- perfectly cooked of course.

A hand reaches down to pick up a fork and we SPIN AROUND to find

JEREMY MOORE

A finely tuned human specimen reading the morning news. Handsome. Powerful. Some might even call him perfect.

He looks down at the plate before him -- then glances over his shoulder.

JEREMY

Honey --!

His wife, JANET, gracefully glides in from the kitchen and positions a glass of orange juice next to his plate.

Even at this early hour she is stunning. A natural beauty. In every way, shape and form his equal. If I hadn't already said it a million times, I'd say she's...

JEREMY

(smiling contently)

Perfect.

They kiss.

JANET

I love you.

JEREMY

I love you too. I want to take you away this weekend.

JANET

Where to?

JEREMY

Anywhere you want. I just want you to be happy.

JANET
I'm happy when I'm with you.

She kisses him again.

Then with a smile, she disappears back into the kitchen as Jeremy turns to devour his eggs. He takes a bite. Mmmmm... Nothing has ever tasted so good.

This, my friends, is the marriage all others are compared to. This is the perfect marriage.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

More kissing. They gently break.

JEREMY
I'll see you tonight.

JANET
Don't forget, the Seldons are coming for dinner.

JEREMY
How you do it, I'll never know?
(kissing her on the forehead)
Janet Moore, you are quite a woman...

She playfully pushes him out the door.

JANET
Of course I am, silly, what else would I be?

They kiss once more and we...

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Janet brings the BMW to a stop and cuts the engine. Grabbing her purse, she scoops two bags of groceries into her arms and starts for the house.

AT THE BACK DOOR

She fumbles for her keys, while attempting to balance one of the bags on her knee.

The inevitable -- the bag starts to fall.

JANET

No!

She lunges for it when all of a sudden TWO HANDS come to her rescue.

VOICE (O.S.)

I got it.

Janet is surprised to find that the two hands belong to a woman with shortly cropped hair wearing a charcoal grey suit. The woman's smile is warm, yet seems somewhat incongruous with her otherwise extremely professional demeanor.

Her name, as we are about to find out, is SIMONE BAAGO. What she's doing in Janet's garage is another story.

SIMONE

Let me help you with that.

Simone takes one of the bags from Janet, freeing up her key hand.

JANET

Thank you.

Janet opens the door and Simone proceeds to walk right in. This throws Janet a bit, but she follows cautiously.

INT. KITCHEN

Janet steps in through the doorway, keeping her distance. She unconsciously positions her grocery bag in front of her like a shield.

JANET

Excuse me, can I help you?

Simone drops her bag of groceries on the counter and turns.

SIMONE

I hope so, Mrs. Moore.

(she pulls a badge from her pocket)

My name's Simone Baago. I'm with the Los Angeles police department. I'd like to ask you a few questions about your husband.

Janet closes the door behind her.

JANET

My husband?

SIMONE

Yes. Is he home?

JANET
No. Of course not. He's at work.

SIMONE
What time do you expect him home?

JANET
Seven. Look, what are all these questions about?

SIMONE
Simply routine.

JANET
Well I don't like it. You're scaring me.

SIMONE
I'm sorry to hear that, ma'am. When you say seven, do you mean he leaves work at seven or he actually arrives home at seven?

Janet hesitates.

JANET
I think I'd better call my husband right now.

Janet rushes to the counter, drops the bag of groceries and heads for

THE LIVING ROOM

where a PORTABLE PHONE lies unattended on the coffee table. Janet reaches for it, but Simone meets her there -- clamping her hand down over Janet's and the phone.

SIMONE
That's really not necessary. As I said, the questions are merely a formality.

JANET
Let go of me.

SIMONE
I can't do that.

JANET
I think you should know my husband and I have friends in the police department, Miss Baago. Friends in high places. Have you heard of Captain Landau?

SIMONE

Yes ma'am. I know the Captain very well.

Janet stops struggling for the phone.

JANET

You do?

SIMONE

Yes ma'am.

JANET

Well what does he have to say about all this?

SIMONE

It was his idea that I come and speak with you alone.

(beat)

It's for your own protection.

Janet's hand slips away from the phone.

JANET

Why?

SIMONE

I'm sorry... It's just that we feel you would be in great danger if your husband ever found out I was here.

JANET

Danger? What are you talking about? Jeremy wouldn't hurt anyone.

Simone looks deep into Janet's eyes -- then hands her the phone.

SIMONE

Perhaps not the Jeremy you know. But the one that I'm acquainted with would kill a man just as casually as if he was pulling the wings off of a fly.

Janet looks down at the phone in her hands. Her hands are trembling. She looks into Simone's face.

JANET

You're crazy.

SMASH! Janet rakes the phone across Simone's head, knocking her to the floor.

She runs from the room.

INT. KITCHEN

Janet grabs her car keys and quickly bolts for
THE BACK DOOR

She throws it open and walks right into the arms of TWO COVERALL
CLAD CABLE REPAIRMEN.

The one named WILLIAM has a rather large tool box in his
possession, the other named TODD -- is holding a very small, but
lethal looking Taser.

JANET'S POV

The Taser sparks, sending an electrical current between it's jaws.
Todd grins.

TODD
Say goodnight Gracie.

He plunges the Taser into Janet's gut. Her muscles short circuit.
Everything goes TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

JANET'S POV - INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

When she comes to, Janet finds herself lying on the couch. Bodies
move back and forth in front of her.

An argument is in full swing.

SIMONE
The bitch went for the phone. I had no
choice.

TODD
But that's my point. She had you nailed
from the get go.

SIMONE
You're wrong.

TODD
William, am I wrong?

WILLIAM
From the get go. You can't just walk into
somebody's house like that.

TODD
Blew it right off the bat.

WILLIAM

Walk right into my house -- cop or not, I'm gonna blow your head off. It's not smart.

TODD

We're talking smart? Then don't even mention the other thing.

WILLIAM

Jeez -- that was a boner.

SIMONE

You're both so full of shit. Like you could have done better.

TODD

Hello -- Cloak and dagger 101.

SIMONE

Shut up!

Simone slams a glass of scotch down on the coffee table in front of Janet's face. Janet focuses on it -- slowly reaching for it.

JANET

Coas--

ANOTHER ANGLE - LIVING ROOM

William, Todd & Simone turn to see Janet.

SIMONE

She's coming around.

TODD

Good. Now we'll get some answers.

Janet continues to try and reach the glass. It's not easy. She's still weak. Got a killer headache.

JANET

Coas--

William and Todd step closer to the couch.

WILLIAM

What is she trying to say?

TODD

Sounds like "close". She wants the glass moved closer. She's thirsty.

WILLIAM

No! If she wanted a drink, she'd say "drink" or "scotch". She wouldn't say "close". Who would say, "close"? Use your head.

Simone has had enough.

SIMONE

Who cares how she says it. Give her a drink!

Simone moves to help Janet, but Todd grabs her arm.

TODD

No -- wait...

They all watch as Janet forces herself up into a sitting position and reaches the glass. She lifts it off of the table.

TODD

Ha! Told ya -- !

But Janet's not done.

JANET

Co-- Coaster...

Janet wipes the table clean of any ring and places a coaster on the table.

JANET

...Use a coaster.

She drops the glass down on top of it and begins rubbing the back of her neck.

WILLIAM

Yes!

TODD

Damn!

SIMONE

How did I get stuck with you two as my clean up crew?

Todd plops down on the couch next to Janet.

TODD

Yeah, well I'm not the only one who's got this bitch figured out ass-backwards.

(to Janet)

Okay, lady, question time... This Captain Landau you mentioned -- fact of fiction?

SIMONE

Don't answer. I don't want to know.

Janet looks up at her. Holds her gaze for a minute.

JANET

Fiction.

TODD

Exactly as we thought.

Todd stands -- high-fives with William. Simone spins around -
spitting venom at Janet.

SIMONE

I said I didn't want to know!

William gets right in Simone's face.

WILLIAM

She fed you a line and you took it right
through the cheek -- hook, line and
sinker. Let's talk about who's stuck with
who here.

SIMONE

Look, I couldn't take the chance! Why
would she lie about something like that?

Todd comes at her from the other side.

TODD

Because she was on to you and your
pathetic cop routine. That's why.

Simone stands over Janet.

SIMONE

Bullshit. There's something about this
bitch that makes me nervous.

(pushing Janet back on the
couch with a heel)

Why would you lie to me like that?

Janet scowls.

JANET

Because you're a fuck up.

WILLIAM AND TODD

Chuckle. High-five again -- this time very lightly.

SIMONE

However, doesn't find it that funny.

She drops her leg away from Janet's chest. Then hauls off and punches her right in the nose.

Blood sprays everywhere -- face, hair, clothes, even on her ivory colored couch.

WILLIAM

What a mess.

TODD

Women -- always bleeding on the furniture.
C'mon, let's grab some munchies.

They head for the kitchen.

SIMONE

(sarcastically to Janet)
Oh, sorry. I hope that doesn't stain...

Janet cups her nose. Tears flow from her eyes -- yet behind them something else burns.

Simone grabs her chin -- holds it up so as to get a better look.

SIMONE

Ha! That's a real kicker. Your hubby used to glare at me just like that... Real fire in his eyes. He ever tell you about me? I bet not.

JANET

What about you?

SIMONE

Oh, we were an item once upon a time.

William walks back into the room, towel in one hand, carrot in the other.

SIMONE

But let's save the girl talk for later.

William drops a towel in Janet's lap. He's munching on a carrot.

WILLIAM

We're looking at about three hours... I'm gonna get set up, if you don't mind.

SIMONE

Go.

William picks up his tool box.

JANET

Will someone please tell me what this is all about? I've got a dinner party tonight.

WILLIAM

(actually enjoying it)

Ha! Good one... Thanks for the carrot, ma'am.

William exits into the back of the house as Todd enters from the kitchen eating from a bag of rice cakes.

TODD

So you want to know what this is all about, do you?

(dumps himself into a chair)

It's really very simple. We're here to kill Ronald Watt.

JANET

Who?

SIMONE

Your husband.

JANET

My husband's name is Jeremy Moore.

SIMONE

But in a former life it was Ronald Watt.

TODD

Ronald was an operative for a covert group within the CIA set up to quietly eradicate certain problematic radicals on U.S. soil. Very illegal -- hush, hush kind of stuff. Situations in which the President felt it was better for the individual to disappear rather than for the country to air it's dirty laundry.

JANET

My husband worked for the president?

SIMONE

(like it's the stupidest question ever)

Sort of, but it's not like he met the guy or anything. You're husband was an assassin. One of the best.

TODD

Then one day, five years ago, he just up and disappears. Said he thought his own government was setting him up. Can you believe that? Course he was right. But still in our line of work, you don't quit. The Company retires you. When they're ready -- not before.

JANET

And this man you think is my husband, this Ronald Watt, no one has seen him since?

Todd pulls a file from a briefcase and hands it to Simone. She walks it over to Janet and drops it on the table in front of her.

SIMONE

Exactly. Vanished into thin air -- until now.

Janet opens the cover on the file. It is filled with black and white photos of a man named Ronald Watt.

A man who looks nothing like her husband, Jeremy.

JANET

No... No...

(she begins to laugh --
almost hysterically)

You idiots. You stupid idiots have the wrong man. That's not my husband. That doesn't look anything like him!

Todd and Simone look to one another, worried -- has this woman cracked?

Janet stands and moves to the fireplace. She frantically grabs a picture of she and Jeremy from the mantel and shows it to Simone.

JANET

This is my husband! This is the man I'm married to. Jeremy Moore.

Simone takes the picture from her -- examines it closely. Then flings it against the wall angrily.

It shatters. Glass flying everywhere.

She grabs Janet and shakes her violently.

SIMONE

I said the man is an awol assassin for the CIA. He's been missing for five years! Do you really think he could avoid us for that long walking around in his own skin?! He's changed his appearance, you stupid slut. He's changed his hair, his face, his fingerprints. He's a new man.

(mellowing)

But he got sloppy. He forgot one thing...

Todd pipes up from across the room.

TODD

His teeth.

SIMONE

That's right, his teeth.

Simone releases Janet from her grasp and turns away. Todd picks up the story.

TODD

Two weeks ago a NSA computer matches a set of dental records for Ronald Watt with a J. Moore in LaVonne, Minnesota. Seems your husband decided to have a tooth capped after all these years. That little vanity, cost him his cover.

SIMONE

And that's where we come in. We've wasted too much time already. Let's take care of business.

JANET

What do you mean?

SIMONE

I mean your husband will be coming home soon expecting his beautiful wife to greet him at the door. I expect to surprise him with your corpse.

(to Todd)

Todd, take her into the basement and put a gun in her mouth.

JANET

No... Please...

Todd leaps up out of his chair and takes Janet by the arm. He removes a 9mm Glock w/ silencer from a shoulder holster.

TODD

Let's go for a walk, Janet.

She stands and is led away by Todd.

As they reach the basement door (off the kitchen), she looks over her shoulder at Simone one last time.

JANET

Please... I didn't do anything.

SIMONE

But don't you see, that's the problem.
You give women everywhere a bad name...
Chalk it up to being born helpless and
pretty.

And on that, Todd nudges Janet forward and the two of them disappear down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Janet, with Todd right behind her, walk down the final few steps into a well stocked exercise room/laundry facility -- Free weights, Nautilus equipment, dual Stairmasters and stationery bikes, washer, dryer, the works.

Todd is impressed.

TODD

Hey, very nice set up.

JANET

(quietly)
Thank you.

TODD

What do you like better -- the Stairmaster
or the bike?

It's not really what you want to talk about when you're about to be shot in the head -- but Todd doesn't seem to get it.

Hanging her head, Janet answers -- sullen and depressed.

JANET

I prefer the Stairmaster.

TODD

Yeah, me too. Really tightens up the ol'
butt.

(he shows her his profile and
slaps his butt)

See?

Janet lifts her head -- looks.

JANET
(evenly)
That's great.

Todd finally catches on that she's not too happy.

TODD
Janet, don't blame yourself. Everybody's life comes to an end. In your case, your marriage just happen to make you the victim of something I like to call the Innocent Bystander Principle. Wrong place, wrong time. I deal with it alot.

Janet starts to cry. Todd, realizing this "pep talk" of his is having little positive effect, takes her by the arm and leads her over to a bench press.

She sits down.

TODD
Let's try to make this as painless as possible. Take off your clothes.

Janet looks up at him -- panicked. Todd stares back at her. He's puzzled.

TODD
It's nothing personal. I'm just going to fuck you first.

JANET
Don't humiliate me. Just kill me and get it over with.

TODD
Well, I'd like to help you out there and everything, but this is kinda like a ritual. I've never really been that good with girls and stuff. I mean, I didn't even have a date till I was thirty. To tell you the truth, I think girls find me kinda creepy. I like watching all those Star Trek shows and old Elvis Presley movies. You like any of those?

JANET
No.

TODD
I didn't think so... I'll tell you what.
You can leave your dress on, just slip
your panties off and bend over this bench
press here.

Janet stands up.

JANET
Look, why don't you and I leave here
together. I could learn to like Star
Trek.

Todd's face hardens.

JANET
Ma'am, I'm not really a relationship kind
of guy. Now we can do this with you awake
and willing or I can hit you with this gun
and do it to you while you're out cold.
Your pick. Only difference is one of 'em
leaves you with a nasty headache.

Janet steps back and reaches under her dress. She pulls her
panties down and hands them to Todd.

TODD
(disgusted)
Keep 'em. I'm not a weirdo or something.

Biting her lip, Janet turns around and grasps the barbell bar in
front of her with both hands. Todd positions himself behind her
and begins to unbuckle his belt.

CLOSE ON JANET

Arms spread out in front of her. Tears in her eyes. Suddenly her
dress flips up over her back. She waits for the worst. Then
Todd's face appears next to hers.

TODD
Did you know you have a rash on the back
of your leg?

WIDER

Janet flips out. Freaked, Todd takes a step back as Janet pounds
on the weights in front of her --

JANET
Just do it already! Get it over with!

And then an unexpected thing happens...

Janet's pounding causes THE WEIGHTS to slip off the bar on the side closest to Todd.

The first of the weights falls, knocking the gun from Todd's hand. Before he can move, the other weights quickly follow.

No longer balanced, the weighted side crashes to the ground, shooting the opposite side of the bar up into the air --

-- where it catches Todd under the chin driving through his throat and out the back of his head, impaling him some two feet off of the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

The bathtub has a rubber tarp in the bottom of it. Along the side several INDUSTRIAL BOTTLES OF HIGHLY CORROSIVE ACID are lined up waiting to be put to use. This is the kind of stuff that can turn a full grown man into a frothy lather of melting skin and bones in a matter of minutes.

William stands nearby in full rubber apron and gloves. Around his head -- safety goggles.

Simone checks out the operation.

SIMONE

Are we ready? I don't want a trace of either on of them left behind.

WILLIAM

I just need to fill the tub.

Downstairs a LOUD THUMPING is heard. Both of them perk up upon hearing it.

SIMONE

Sounds like the party's begun.

Simone exits the room.

WILLIAM

I'll start mixing the punch.

William begins pouring the acid into the tub.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

As the door at the top of the stairs opens, Janet scrambles to find Todd's gun.

She picks it up -- it's plastic casing is CRACKED.

JANET
(under her breath)
Damn...

She scurries into the shadows.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Simone hears something she doesn't like. She pulls her gun and begins to cautiously work her way down the steps.

SIMONE
So Todd, how would you say she compared?
(nothing)
Did she go out sniveling or did she take
it like a man...

SIMONE'S POV

At the bottom of the stairs, Janet suddenly slides into view and squares off.

SIMONE

Takes aim.

AT THE BOTTOM OF STAIRS

Janet raises Todd's pistol -- aiming with both hands. Simone dead in her sights.

CLOSE ON JANET'S FEET

Sliding into position. Digging in for balance.

Crack!

The four inch heel on one of her shoes -- SNAPS OFF! These shoes were not made for gun fights.

JANET

Fires -- lurching to one side as her shoe breaks apart.

SIMONE

Fires back as a bullet explodes off the wall by her head. She ducks, trips and falls.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

A bullet whizzes by -- missing Janet as she falls to one side. Trying to regain her balance, she uses the handgun as support. It's plastic casing cracks deeper. The gun caves in.

Janet drops it. Tries to stand, but is suddenly mowed over by the tumbling Simone.

The women grapple. Janet breaks free and tries to mount the stairs, but her shoes are worthless. She kicks one off. Grabs the other in her hand.

Simone grabs her leg, but Janet kicks free.

Janet is up the stairs and moving fast.

Simone grabs a gun from the floor and fires. Her eyes go wide as she notices the gun is damaged.

It's Todd's gun. It explodes in her hand.

SIMONE

Argggghh!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Janet launches herself out of the basement. High heel still in her hand, she pauses to try and get her bearings.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Janet runs into the room and grabs the portable phone on the coffee table. Racing down the hall, she tucks the phone under her arm and throws open the bathroom door, diving inside.

INT. BATHROOM

Janet quickly locks the door behind her.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Son of a bitch!

Janet spins around in horror -- and screams!

William is sitting on the toilet with his pants around his ankles reading the newspaper.

He stands, fumbling for his gun. In case your wondering, his apron covers his "most intimate of areas".

Janet rushes at him swinging her high heel. It catches him in the eye.

He screams bloody murder.

But it's not over. Her follow through yanks him forwards -- sending him headlong into the acid bath.

As he shakes, sputters and dies the acid turns him into soup before her eyes.

Now it's done. Janet rests against the sink, breathing heavily. Wearily, she moves to the door and unlocks it.

Swinging it open, she comes face to face with a very bloody Simone. Grabbing her by her hair, Simone pushes a gun in her face. Simone checks out the bathroom carnage and frowns.

Spinning Janet around, Simone pulls her down the hall by her hair.

SIMONE

You and I need to have a little talk.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Simone throws Janet on the bed and climbs on top of her. She points the gun up under Janet's chin.

SIMONE

Who are you?

JANET

Don't you know?

Simone slaps her face -- hard.

SIMONE

Who are you?

JANET

I'm your worst nightmare. A woman with balls.

Simone laughs. Pulls the gun away from Janet's chin.

SIMONE

(scoffing)

You don't have balls, lady. You don't know the first thing about 'em. I've disemboweled a man while he was fucking me. That took balls. I've shot my own people in the head so as not to blow my cover.

(smiling wickedly)

I've even let your husband masturbate me with a loaded gun in the CIA armory because it really turned him on...

Janet gasps.

SIMONE

That's right. Ronnie was a kinky mother of the rarest kind. Does he still like to be spanked? Does he still like to have you bite him on the back of his neck real, real hard? Bite him so hard that it draws blood? Well, does he?

(shoving the gun under her chin again)

Answer me. Does he?

JANET

(nodding; whimpering)

Yes...

Simone pulls the gun away. Relaxes, sits back.

SIMONE

(laughing)

You can change the way you look, but you can't change what you're made of. To tell you the truth, I'm looking forward to seeing him again. It's been a long time.

JANET

Not long enough -- Gwen. What do you think of my new cap?

Janet smiles, showing Simone her teeth. Simone's eyes go wide. She swings the pistol around, but Janet catches her wrist.

SIMONE

What did you call me?

JANET

I called you Gwen. At least that's what you told me your name was the first time we met.

SIMONE

Wha--?

Simone struggles to bring the gun around. But Janet's too strong. Way to strong.

JANET

I think it was Miami. The Menendez hit in Coconut Grove. No, maybe it was the Muellerleile fiasco in Baltimore. Do you remember, Gwen?

Simone's eyes are ready to pop out of her head.

SIMONE
R-- Ronald?

JANET
Good-bye, Gwen. I'd like to reminisce a little longer, but as I said before, I have a dinner party at seven.

SIMONE
NO!

In a split second, Janet/Ron breaks Simone/Gwen's wrist, spins the gun away from his own head and points it into her mouth. With a muted boom, Simone is dead.

Janet stands, smooths her dress, and looks to the clock on the night stand. Five p.m.

JANET
Looks like I've got my work cut out for me. I guess you and your friends will just have to help...

Grabbing Simone by her feet, Janet begins to drag her from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Janet, Jeremy and THE SELDONS enjoy a perfectly cooked meal at a perfectly set table.

The house is immaculate. The decor divine.

Jeremy and Janet are the perfect hosts. Everyone is laughing and having a good time.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Janet hustles about the kitchen preparing another course. Pulling a roast from the oven, she places the hot roasting pan on the counter.

CLOSE ON ROASTING PAN

An EYE BALL floats in the simmering juices.

BACK TO SCENE

Janet scowls -- hands on hips.

JANET

Darn.

Grabbing a spoon, Janet daintily lifts the eye from the pan and throws it into the garbage.

A second later, Jeremy pops in.

JEREMY

Honey, look what Larry found?

He holds up a chicken finger (chicken meat on a stick). This one, however, is wearing a class ring.

Janet gasps.

JEREMY

It's a joke! Larry was just kidding around.

JANET

Well, it's not funny. I almost had a heart attack.

Recovering nicely, Janet returns to preparing her roast. Jeremy slides up behind her and begins to nibble on her neck.

JEREMY

What are you doing later?

JANET

(smiling)
What'd you have in mind.

JEREMY

Oh, I don't know. I bought a new paddle board...

JANET

You did?

JEREMY

Yes, I did. And when daddy's done spanking mommy maybe we can play spy.

JANET

(pointing to the back of her neck)
Only if you bite Ronnie right here -- the way I like it.

JEREMY

Bite who?

JANET

What?

JEREMY

You said bite Ronnie.

JANET

No, I said "Bite mommy..."

She cups his face and kisses him on the lips. Jeremy picks at the roast and slides some into his mouth.

JEREMY

Mmmmm, what an unusual taste. What's in it?

JANET

Oh, something some friends helped me throw together.

JEREMY

How you do it, I'll never know.
(kissing her on the forehead)
Janet Moore, you are quite a woman...

Janet smiles as she picks up the serving tray and starts for the dining room.

JANET

Of course I am, silly, what else would I be...?

FADE TO BLACK

THE END