

FADE IN

1 INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

A wooden spoon circles within a pot of stew on a stove.

Sara- 30ish and attractive, with long blonde hair, wearing a long sweater that comes down to cover her butt and tights on under that.

SARA
Since I'm doing all the cooking,
you can at least clean up
afterward.

Sara stops stirring and looks over her shoulder.

SARA
Oh, so you don't want to do that
either, huh?

Sara stares coldly. A brown-black tabby cat sits nearby on the counter, returning her gaze. Sara shakes her head resuming her stirring.

A hard, rapid knock on the door startles Sara. The cat leaps for cover. Sara spots a man behind the back door. She fixes her hair while rushing over to open the door.

SARA
Hi Troy. Come on in.

Troy- 30ish, tall, clean cut, short black hair, stands firm.

TROY
I'm just here for my stuff, that's
all.

SARA
The box is in the kitchen, but it's
heavy. Do you think you could...?

Troy sighs and walks into the kitchen. As he walks by her, Sara leans forward and motions to give him a kiss. He shies away, instead focusing his attention to the cat.

TROY
Hi there, Luna. Did you miss me?

He reaches down to pet the cat, who swats at his hand and hisses. Sara looks back at Troy apologetically then turns to stir a pot on the stove.

TROY
Wow, it smells good in here.

SARA
Beef stew. Your favorite!

Sara ladles some soup into a bowl and puts it on the kitchen table.

SARA
Here, have some.

TROY
Well, I suppose I could stay for a little while.

Troy sits down and starts to eat the soup. Sara does not eat, but instead sits down and watches him.

SARA
How have you been?

TROY
Good. Tired. Work's still a bitch, been doing lots of overtime. Damn, I've missed your cooking.

SARA
I've missed you.

TROY
Sara... I'm sorry, but I can't...

Troy pushes the bowl away and stands up.

SARA
Why not? This is just like it used to be. When we were so happy.

TROY
Were we? I sure wasn't, and you were crying every time I stayed out with friends.

SARA
I just wanted to be with you.

TROY
No, you don't understand. I need... guy time.

SARA
Guy time?

TROY
Yes. Alone. Without you.

Sara begins to cry.

SARA
Why you don't want me to meet your
friends? What's wrong with me?

Troy's tone change to frustrated.

TROY
This is what I'm talking about! I
can't be your self-esteem! I never
know what to say to you! Enough of
this. I'm done with you.

Troy stands up and grabs the box on the table. He walks out
of the room.

SARA
Wait, Troy! I'm sorry! I'll make
everything better! I promise!
Please, I love you!

Sara crying, grabs the soup kettle from the stove and dumps
it angrily into the sink. She crumples to the floor and
cries into her knees.

3 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sara is in the bathroom looking at the mirror, still a
wreck, trying to wash away her tears, but then she cries
more.

3 INTRUDER'S P.O.V. - INT. KITCHEN

An intruder skulks about in the kitchen, staying close to
the floor.

INTERCUT with bathroom.

Sara shakes herself back to her senses, grabs a hand towel,
and wipes her face. She stares into her eyes, resolving to
regain her composure.

The gaze of the intruder settles upon the fallen knife.

Sara puts toothpaste on her toothbrush.

The intruder approaches the outside of the bathroom door.

4

INT. BATHROOM

A sudden thump on the door prevents Sara from brushing her teeth. She puts down the toothbrush and cracks the door open, looking down.

SARA

Luna? Do you want to come in here
kitty girl?

The cat struts in.

Sara smiles down at Luna, settled in her little box, and breathes easily. She finally starts brushing her teeth, but then is again interrupted by a rattle from the hallway. The toothbrush drops.

SARA

(muffled from toothpaste)
Troy? Is that you?

She turns around to spit the toothpaste into the sink, then turns back around looking at the door.

A crash erupts from the hallway. Sara rushes to lock the door. The doorknob immediately rattles violently. Sara screams.

Silence.

Sara, panting loudly, reaches slowly for the doorknob.

Suddenly, a loud bang that resonates through the door. She falls to the floor on her butt, then frantically scoots backward.

More sporadic banging, each just as sudden and jarring as the last. Sara covers her ears and closes her eyes.

The banging stops. Sara sits there a couple of minutes crying until she builds up the courage to slowly stand up.

While shaking and crying she scans the bathroom looking for any type of weapon to defend herself.

She grabs the plunger next to the toilet. She slams it into the palm of her opposite hand a few time hard as to test its effectiveness, then drops it to the ground.

She looks around again and pulls the towel off the wall and drops it to the ground. She pulls the towel bar off the wall and tests that in her palm.

Sara slowly walks over to the bathroom door and looks at the handle a few seconds. She quickly flings the door open and stands next to the doorway. With her back to the wall she grips the towel bar tightly and waits for something to happen.

SARA
Hello?! Who's there?

She grips the towel bar with both hands like a baseball bat.

SARA
I'm warning you, asshole!
(beat)
I've got a gun!

She glances nervously at the towel bar in her hand and takes a deep breath.

5 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She cautiously exits the bathroom and looks around. Everything is quiet. A picture is smashed on the floor, with a footprint on the back.

She grips her makeshift-weapon tightly and continues down the hallway.

6 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She enters the kitchen, leading with her towel rod, then turns towards the back door and makes a break for it. At the same time, a man steps out of the pantry, blocking her way. She screams.

The man wears very dirty, tattered clothing, patterned with splotches of dried blood. He seems frail, but his eyes are wide with resolve, his hand clenching a gleaming kitchen knife. He approaches Sara.

Sara's eyes glance downward. A small ball with a bell rolls into the man's foot. The man pauses to look down, then to his right. Luna sits at a distance, quietly observing. The man looks back up, only to see Sara mid-swing with her towel rod.

Blackness.

The man lies dazed on his back, whimpering. He looks upward, and Sara slowly comes into focus, standing over him.

SARA
How did you get out?

Sara plucks the knife gently out of his hand.

SARA
You and your toys. You know, I
didn't mean to hit you. You really
scared me.

She grabs both of his arms and drags him down the stairs and to a wall upon which hang two pairs of empty shackles. She observes some damage to a pair.

Sara turns back around kneels down to speak to the injured man.

SARA
Why did you come upstairs? Were you
lonely?

The man is crying. Sara hoists one of his arms up to a cuff and locks it into place. She shushes him gently as she secures the second hand, then strokes his hair lovingly.

SARA
I know what you need. You need "guy
time," don't you? Troy needs "guy
time," too. Would you like to have
"guy time" with Troy? Yeah? Would
you like that?

Sara glances up at the second pair of shackles.

SARA
Troy will be back soon. He loves
me. And you two can have "guy
time."

Sara saunters toward the door.

SARA
Everything is going to work out,
you'll see.

Sara turns around, blows him a kiss, and turns the light off.

Whimpers echo through the darkness.