

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, dressed casually with a long sweater.

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

Sara looks over her shoulder.

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

A brown-black tabby cat sits nearby on the counter, returning her gaze. Sara shakes her head and turns back to the stew.

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!

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

TROY  
I'm just here for my stuff.

SARA  
The box is in the kitchen.

Troy maintains his stoicism.

SARA  
But... it's heavy.

Troy remains resolute for a moment more, then sighs and walks into the kitchen. He avoids Sara's kiss on the way in, focusing his attention to the cat.

TROY  
Hi there, Luna. Did you miss me?

Luna swats at his hand and hisses. Sara looks back at Troy apologetically then turns to stir a pot on the stove.

TROY  
(nursing his hand)  
Wow, it smells good in here.

SARA  
Beef stew. Your favorite!

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

SARA  
I know you want it.

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

Troy sits down and starts to eat the stew. 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.

Troy takes another bite.

TROY  
Damn, I've missed your cooking.

SARA  
I've missed you.

Their eyes connect.

TROY  
Sara... I can't...

Troy pushes the bowl away and stands up.

SARA  
But we used to be so happy...

TROY  
Were we?

SARA  
I just wanted to be with you.

TROY  
You still don't understand. I  
need... guy time.

SARA  
Guy time?

TROY  
Yes. Alone. Without you.

Sara lower lip quivers.

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.

Troy stands up, grabs the box, and storms out the door. Sara  
rushes after, pleading.

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

Sara stops at the door.

SARA  
Please...

Sara crumples to the floor.

SARA  
I love you.

Sara cries into her knees.

3 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sara is at the sink in the bathroom, her hands shaking as  
she fumbles with a bottle of pills. She looks into the  
mirror and tries to calm herself.

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

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

INTERCUT with bathroom.

Sara manages to open the bottle, putting pills in her hand. She reaches for a dixie cup and turns on the faucet.

The gaze of the intruder settles upon the fallen knife.

Sara leans back and takes the pills, then the water.

The intruder approaches the outside of the bathroom door.

## 4 INT. BATHROOM

The door thumps. Sara turns off the faucet, then turns to crack the door open and looks down.

SARA

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

Luna struts in.

Sara smiles down at Luna, settled in her little box, and breathes easily. As Sara reaches for her toothbrush, something rattles in the hallway and the brush clatters into the sink. She tries to peek through the opening in the doorway.

SARA

Troy? Is that you?

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.