

Final Draft
Month/Day/Year

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Registered:####

INT KITCHEN - COUNTER, SATURDAY MORNING.

In the background, we hear the morning cartoons.

ECU of cereal bowl. Cornflakes. Milk is poured. The cereal is spooned hungrily, sloppily away.

Reveal DIANA, 7 yrs, in her jammies. She's eating with gusto, as she watches TV.

EXT KITCHEN - BACKDOOR KNOB

ECU on a black gloved hand twisting open the kitchen door.

INT KITCHEN - COUNTER

ECU on Diana's paper napkin being disturbed by a breeze.

Diana freezes, midbite, a canny expression on her face. She catches her breath for a moment, then begins to pretend that she's still scarfing it down, making all the requisite noise with spoon and bowl, head bent over, forcing herself to breathe normally.

EXT KITCHEN - BACKDOOR

Intruder's POV as the door is soundlessly pushed open. We see Diane from the back, apparently still wolfing down her cereal.

INT KITCHEN - COUNTER

Diana's left hand sneaks across the counter to the broken circular half of a ladies's compact case--the mirror. She tilts it up and scans the reflected view--she sweeps slowly to the backdoor entrance to the kitchen.

She sees the INTRUDER, a large man dressed all in black, including a ski mask. There's only 5 yards between her and the intruder.

The intruder reveals a somewhat incongruous pink bathroom towel. He approaches Diana with the intent of smothering it over her head.

In the compact mirror, Diane sees all this. As she waits for him to approach, she firmly grips cereal bowl in both hands, ready to wield it as a weapon.

The intruder sneaks up to her and throws the towel over her head. But Diana's timing is perfect: she ducks under with the cereal bowl, spilling the contents all over as she does so.

As her kitchen stool topples backward, Diana goes into a crouch.

From Diana's POV we see the inverted V of the intruder's legs.

Springing out of her crouch for greater thrust, Diana rams the bowl into the intruder's groin. It is a surprisingly vicious and strong action, coming from a 7 yr old girl.

There is a grunt from the intruder, and then a chilling moment in which we have a frozen tableau as Diana and the intruder face off, and we expect him to crumble in pain but-- the intruder's apparently got balls of steel.

INTRUDER
(grunting)
Not this time, you don't.

Diana starts to back away towards the living room. The intruder moves in on her.

DIANA
Don't come any closer or I'm going to scream.

INTRUDER
Be my guest, lil miss Diana. Ain't no one here.

DIANA
HELP! HELP ME! HELP!

INTRUDER
Not so goddamn loud!

Realizing that she's shouting in vain, poor little Diana becomes scared, vulnerable.

DIANA
(crying)
I'm being attacked! Help!

INTRUDER
Lookie here--we got ourselves a cry baby.

DIANA
I'm not a crybaby.

Diana is back to her defiant, indomitable self. The intruder steps towards her.

INTRUDER
Come on, Di, let's do this the easy way.

DIANA
You'll never get me!

Diana sprints over to the living room, and jumps over and off the couch, rolls on the carpet and comes up holding a very large, very sharp kitchen knife.

INTRUDER
Hey, now! That's a dangerous knife. Kid your age ain't got no call playin' with 'em grown up instruments. Might hurt yaself.

The man holds out his hand for the knife.

DIANA
Go away!

The intruder lunges for the knife. Diana swipes at his approaching hand. Contact. The man shouts more in surprise than in pain.

INTRUDER

Aah! Fuck! What in Satan's name
you think you doin' cuttin' me up
like that?!

DIANA

Don't come near me!

INTRUDER

Now You gone done piss me off real
bad, missy!

Diana recoils at the menace in his voice, backing away towards a potted plant. Unseen by the intruder, her free hand grabs a fistful of surprisingly powdery dirt.

Diana throws the knife down a little distance in front of her. The intruder takes a step, bends down to pick it up.

INTRUDER (cont'd)

That's smart. That's real smart.

As he's straightening up, Diana flings the dirt into his eyes.

INTRUDER (cont'd)

Goddamnit! That does it!

Unfortunately, the sand doesn't have the blinding effect Diana and we were hoping for. The intruder grabs Diana by a fistful of hair on the back of her head. Poor little Diana kicks and punches ineffectually.

DIANA

NO! LET ME GO!

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT SUBURBAN HOUSE LAWN - EVENING

In the driveway, we see a crappy ol' car. Dressed in jeans and a tank top, a large muscular man in his mid-20's mows his lawn. It's our intruder. Maskless, he looks like your average Joe.

We see that there's a heavy bandage on his right hand.

CUT TO:

INT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

It's pretty dark in the basement. Sound of lawn mower can be heard as we find Diana stirring in her sleep, tied up to a chair in the middle of the basement.

On the floor next to her, we see a glass of water and a plate with left over crumbs and potato chips and ketchup.

CUT TO:

EXT SUBURBAN HOUSE LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The intruder sees one of the neighbor's kids KRISTEN, 13, approach on the sidewalk across the street. At the cusp of her burgeoning sexuality and dressed in a summer mini and top, Kristen's everyman's lolita.

The intruder mows towards his sidewalk, kills the machine and waves Kristen over.

INTRUDER
Hey, Kristen!

KRISTEN
Hi, Mr. Thompson.

INTRUDER
Tom. Where ya headed?

KRISTEN
Over to John's.

INTRUDER
Whatch'you guys doin'?

KRISTEN
Just hangin' out.

INTRUDER
Just hangin' out, huh? Is John
your boyfriend?

KRISTEN
I don't know.

INTRUDER
His parents away?

KRISTEN
They'll be back in the morning.

INTRUDER
Un-huh. You guys got yerselves a
lil youngblood soiree. Dontcha
worry, I ain't gonna tell nobody on
yer lil escapade.

KRISTEN
We're just hangin' out, watchin' a
coupla movies.

INTRUDER
I know them movies you watchin'.
Don't hafta tell me about it--been
there myself not too long back, if
ya know what I mean.

KRISTEN
I gotta go.

INTRUDER
You know what, I'm thirsty. You
wanna come in for some lemonade?

KRISTEN
I don't think so.

INTRUDER
Ice-cold and fresh-squeezed. It'll
cool ya off.

KRISTEN
I bet you're wife's away, Mr.
Thompson.

INTRUDER
Back in the morning.

KRISTEN
Listen, I really gotta go. Have a
nice evening, Mr. Thompson.

With a bright smile, Kristen walks away, knowing the effect she has on the intruder.

INTRUDER
Tom.

The intruder heads back into the house.

INT BASEMENT

The door at the top of the basement opens up, backlighting the intruder. He's carrying a flashlight. As he walks down the steps, he shuts the door and turns on the flashlight.

Diana is woken up by the sound made by the intruder as he descends the staircase. She moans.

The intruder points the flashlight directly on her as he approaches. Diana squints in the bright light.

INTRUDER
(tender)
How you holdin' up, honey?

DIANA
My arms are hurt. My head hurts.
Please untie me.

INTRUDER
You thirsty?

DIANA
I don't wanna play anymore!

INTRUDER
This is not a game! How many times
do I have to tell you to be
serious?

DIANA
This is a stupid game and I think
you're stupid! I'm going to tell-

The intruder slaps Diana. She starts crying from the shock, not the pain. The intruder switches on the light in the basement. He is ominously unmasked.

We see that it is quite a domesticated basement, with a washer and dryer, a couch and TV, a benchpress, and a carpentry set-up. In one corner we also see a baby carriage and a discarded tricycle.

INTRUDER

You ain't tellin' nobody nothin' unless I say so. You got that, missy? Nothin'! Now you better be listenin' real good cause I'm dead serious. Stop your moany-whiny and look at me! Look at me, Diana! Stop being a crybaby!

DIANA

You hit me!

INTRUDER

I'm sorry, honey. I didn't slap you hard. It's only to make you listen. You've gotta listen to me. This is a serious situation we got here. You're a little 7 year old girl, all tied up in a chair in some basement and the only person knows you're here is big, bad ugly ol' me! The only question is-- whatch' you gonna do about it?

DIANA

(indignant)

You hit me!

INTRUDER

Damn right I hit you! But did I hit you like this?

(slaps chair hard)

Like this?!

(slaps floor harder)

Did I hit you like this?

(punches wall hard)

Like this?!

(destroys the leftover plate)

No! The answer is no cause that sure ain't how I hit you, is it?! Answer me.

DIANA

No.

INTRUDER

No what?

DIANA

You didn't hit me like that.

INTRUDER

So don't be no crybaby.

DIANA

I'm not a crybaby!

INTRUDER

That's the spirit. Now, lookie here, Di, take a good look around ya--what are you gonna do?

DIANA

I don't know.

INTRUDER

Think!

DIANA

I don't know!

INTRUDER

Look carefully. You never know what might present itself to help yer escape.

DIANA

I can't move. I can't do anything!

INTRUDER

Don't be childish, Diana. We got ourselves a serious situation, a matter of goddamn life 'n' death. You're trapped in the basement and time's runnin' out on you. You gotta try escapin'. You hafta, hon! I might come down any moment and...commit god knows what kinda wicked atrocity. So you gotta come up with a plan.

DIANA

I need to pee.

INTRUDER

That's good. See, now yer startin' to employ that pretty lil noggin of yers. You gotta pee. That's real good.

DIANA

I really have to go!

INTRUDER

But I'm sorry to say I ain't bitin'.

DIANA

My tummy hurts!

INTRUDER

Supposing it does. Remember, I ain't even down here. Yer by yer lonesome down here. So, say you gotta go, you gotta pee right now, or yer tummy's lumpin' ya up, whatch'you gonna do?

DIANA

I don't know!

INTRUDER

Think! For starters you might
wanna begin by rockin' the chair
back and forth till it topples
over.

Diana tries her hardest to rock the chair, but she's too
small and the chair's too big. She gives up after a
desperate final effort. A brief silence ensues.

INTRUDER (cont'd)

(exploding)

You're too goddamn small! I
Shoulda known! Shoulda tied you to
a smaller chair. You've gone done
ruin everything! This entire day's
been a goddamn waste of my time!
How can you get anywhere if you
can't even topple that goddamn
chair! You're history, finished.
you ain't nothin' more than
tomorra's headline. Chalk up
another one for the serial child
killer!

DIANA

My best friend Michelle's coming
over to play house!

INTRUDER

She ain't comin' down here, you can
betch yer lil ass on that.

The intruder goes to the workbench and retrieves his face
mask. He picks up the electric saw and turns it on. It
whirrs noisily as he casually cut through a block of wood.

INTRUDER (cont'd)

You shoulda worked your way here
and found a use for this.
(infinite pity)
Ah, damn! Shoulda, woulda, coulda-
I guess there just ain't much help
for yer kinda pint-sized tykes.

He turns the saw off and picks up some other tools, and
brandishes them at Diana.

DIANA

I really need to pee now!

INTRUDER

Shut up! I heard you loud and
clear the first time! Tell you
what we're gonna do.

He slips on his mask and goes up the stairs.

INTRUDER (cont'd)

I'm gonna pretend I just came in.

Pause as he descends the stairs.

INTRUDER (cont'd)

(gruff)

How you holdin' up?

DIANA
(sincere)
Please, Mr. masked man, I really
need to go to pee. My bladder's
going to burst.

INTRUDER
I don't want you makin' no goddamn
mess, you hear?

He begins to untie her.

INTRUDER (cont'd)
You be good now. No tricks,
capisce?

FADE TO BLACK.

INT BEDROOM - DAWN

A clock shows 6:15 AM. The Intruder is fast asleep. Close
up of his head as a woman's hand reaches out and lovingly
strokes his hair. The intruder stirs a little, without
waking up-very reminiscent of Diana earlier.

ECU of his mouth being kissed. After a couple of seconds, we
can see he's awake, judging by his responsiveness and
increasing intensity of the kissing.

INTRUDER
Missed ya.

A longshot reveals a beautiful woman, also in her mid 20's,
the missus: ANGELA. Everything about her suggests a working
professional: business suit, haircut, demeanor.

ANGELA
I missed you too, Tommie.

Intruder tries his best to undress her as they kiss.

INTRUDER
Daddy wants ya. Daddy wants ya
bad.

Angela struggles to get out of his grasp, gently at first
then it becomes a tussle. She finally succeeds, flushed,
triumphant.

ANGELA
Still the impetuous 18 year old I
fell in love with.

INTRUDER
You complainin', Angie?

ANGELA
I'm loving, Tommie. But seeing as
I just got in on the red-eye from
LA, you might want to consider that
I probably need some freshening up.

A quick kiss and she's up, undresses completely. In awe, he reaches out for her hand.

INTRUDER

(awe)
My world's wicked ugly when yer
gone.

She kisses his hand.

ANGELA

I hate leaving too. But one of us
has got to work.

Angela's in the bathroom. We hear her turn on the shower.
the intruder sits up on the bed.

INTRUDER

The usual?

ANGELA O.S.

Sure.

Intruder heads out of the bedroom and down the stairs.

INT INTRUDER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Intruder comes down the stairs and into the kitchen. He puts the kettle on to boil. He readies a mug with a packet of camomile tea, then gets out the honey bear. He squeezes it but its all gone. He writes down "honey bear" on the shopping list attached to the refrigerator door.

Then he empties the dishwasher, neatly putting away all the dishes in their proper places. One of the last items he retrieves is a cereal bowl.

He's very thoughtful as he positions the bowl and spoon on the counter, then gets a box of cereal and milk and arranges that too. He sits on the kitchen stool, mimicking the way Diana had sat earlier. He looks over his shoulder at the back entrance. He looks around, contemplative. Then shrugs, returns the milk and cereal box.

The kettle whistles. He prepares the tea and heads back up.

INT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The intruder lays the mug on Angela's bedside. Sound of shower being turned off.

ANGELA O.S.

Did you pick up the paper?

INTRUDER

Too early.

ANGELA O.S.

It's there.

EXT HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONT'D

There's now a shiny European car next to the crappy old car. The intruder runs his fingers caressingly on the Audi as he passes by to get the Sunday papers.

INT BEDROOM - CONT'D

The couple's on the bed, reading the papers: he sports, she business. Angela's all washed and cleaned up, in a dressing gown, towel turban on her head.

INTRUDER

Liz called. Last night.

ANGELA

Liz McMahon?

INTRUDER

How many lizzes do you know.

ANGELA

As a matter of fact, there's liz Broadhurst, Liz Cromwell, Liz Beirne, Liz Googer.

Silence as they read.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Business.

Silence as they read.

INTRUDER

(meditative)

Liz Taylor.

ANGELA

What'd she want?

INTRUDER

They're organizing a bake sale at the church next Sunday.

ANGELA

I'm back in LA.

INTRUDER

Again?

ANGELA

You can bake. You've become quite the chef.

INTRUDER

I ain't hangin' with no group of cacklin' hens, not me, no sir!

ANGELA

Anything look good?

INTRUDER

Huh?

ANGELA
The classifieds.

INTRUDER
Oh, yeah.

Somewhat guilty, he picks up the classifieds.

INTRUDER (cont'd)
I ain't qualified to do nothin'
these days.

ANGELA
There's always a demand for
plumbers.

INTRUDER
(vehement)
I ain't spendin' the rest of my
life staring down every asshole's
clogged up shithole.

ANGELA
A job's a job.

INTRUDER
You got the job.

ANGELA
I'm just saying.

Angela picks up the news section, reads the headlines.

INTRUDER
Keepin' house is non-stop hands-
full kinda busy job.

ANGELA
I know. Thanks, darling. Oh god!
Not another one!

INTRUDER
What?

The camera stays on the intruder's face as Angela reads the news item below. As he listens, the intruder's face is awash with pity and compassion.

ANGELA O.S.
"Body of 5 yr old recovered:
Cassandra Littleton vanished last
morning while waiting for a bowl of
cereal. Neighbors who joined 200
law enforcement officials had their
hopes end in despair with the late
night discovery of Cassandra's
body, which was buried under debris
in an abandoned corset factory.
Police are investigating-"

The intruder gently presses Angela's forearm, restraining her from continuing. He looks at her wanting to speak, but his choked with emotion. Angela squeezes his hand in return.

INTRUDER

(breaks down)

I'm sorry, Angie. I just ain't cut out for the kinda world sees their lil girls murdered and...raped...it just cuts my heart out...I'm afraid, Angie...there ain't no second passes that I ain't conscious of a piece of ice tearin' my heart...I run cold sweat...what can a man do to keep his children from...what's a man supposed to do!

ANGELA

Hush, darling.

INTRUDER

What's a kid to do? You can school 'em, train' em, tell 'em not to talk to strangers but they're lil people...babies...and I know god smiles when they smile at ya. Ain't nothin' more precious in the world than have a young 'un smile ya down to righteousness.

ANGELA

You're a good man, Tom.

INTRUDER

I'm scared, Angie.

A moment of compassion as Angela comforts the intruder.

Angela hears a noise. She perks up.

ANGELA

(cheerful)

Methinks I did hear a little something.

She lets go of the intruder, her husband, and tiptoes out of the bedroom, smiling.

INT STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angela tiptoes down the stairs. We hear the sound of the refrigerator being opened and shut.

As she reaches the bottom of the steps, we hear a familiar clink.

INT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Angela turns the corner and walks into the kitchen.

Diana's seated at the counter, eating cereal, just as she was in the opening shot of the film.

Diana's POV on her mother, Angela.

ANGELA
Hi, honey Di. Won't you give mommy
a kiss?

FADE TO BLACK.