

F E A R

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INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

CINDY (24), wearing a comfortable sweatshirt and matching trousers sits before a window in the sterile, white environment.

Bandages, wrapped around her head, cover her eyes.

ERIC

(O.C)

Don't be afraid.

Cindy remains seated, upright and stiff, as a pair of hands begin unraveling the bandages from around her head.

Her chest rises and falls with every breath.

CINDY

What if I should be?

The bandages are undone and are about to fall away from her eyes. One last moment of hesitation before opening them -

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Cindy lets slip a small gasp and leans forward in the passenger seat. Sunlight beams in through the windscreen and catches her sunglasses.

ERIC (35), roused by his sister's movement, takes his eyes from the road to glance at her.

ERIC

Bad dream?

CINDY

If only.

Cindy removes her sunglasses to reveal two milky, sightless eyes. She massage the bridge of her nose.

Eric is thin, handsome in an everyman kind of way. He is dressed plain, nondescript, and he sports a beard in its early stages.

Cindy is dressed for comfort, with a touch of femininity. Her hair is long and just a little unruly.

ERIC

Almost there now, not much longer.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

Being on the move isn't a bad thing. You know, always going somewhere, never gettin' there.

Eric takes in his sister. She stares forward, seeing nothing, but focused on something.

He keeps driving, with a glance to her SCARRED WRISTS.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Eric brings the car to a stop behind a removal truck parked outside a modest two-storey house. A 'SOLD' sign stands erect on the lawn.

CRRRK - the handbrake is engaged, the engine ceases to purr, and the folk music from the stereo cuts out.

A MIDDLE AGED REMOVAL MAN, dressed in overalls is visibly disgruntled that he now has to cut his cigarette break short.

Eric emerges from his car.

A second, YOUNGER REMOVAL MAN, in cleaner overalls, jumps down out of the truck's cab.

Cindy remains in the car, listening to the world she cannot see - the rattling door of the removal truck sliding up, the tail lift, the booted feet of the Removal Men.

She hears birds, the odd passing car, children on bikes - chains passing through gears, a neighbour hosing a lawn.

The car door opens and it is almost deafening.

ERIC

Come on. You're home.

CINDY

It doesn't feel like it.

ERIC

It will. In time. There's a lot that we're both getting used to.

Cindy plants her feet and unfolds a WHITE CANE. She starts, just a little, when Eric slams the car door shut.

She stares ahead with sightless eyes, refuses Eric's hand and walks beside him to the house.

The removal men work around them, carrying boxes from the truck and through the open front door.

(CONTINUED)

Cindy uses her white cane to navigate. The cane comes to a stop at a crack in the paving. Cindy pauses before stepping over the crack and continuing on.

WIND CHIMES hang to the side of the door. The gentle breeze elicits from them an unpredictable but not unpleasant melody.

Cindy zeroes in on the chimes, walking up to them, stopping and craning her head in their direction.

NEIGHBOUR

(O.C)

Good weather for it.

ERIC

I'm sorry?

The NEIGHBOUR (65), a red-faced, round man, stands on the other side of the fence.

NEIGHBOUR

Nice blue skies.

The Neighbour seemingly notices Cindy's eyes for the first time. His tone drops, just a hint. Not unnoticed by Cindy.

NEIGHBOUR

It's good luck to have nice weather like this on moving day.

CINDY

Lucky us.

The Neighbour keeps his eyes on Cindy's just a moment longer. Likely unintentionally.

ERIC

You must be Mister Donnelly.

JOE

Call me Joe.

ERIC

Eric Lassiter, my sister Cindy.

Another stolen glance at Cindy.

JOE

Pleasure. Welcome to the neighbourhood.

ERIC

Anything we should know about the area?

JOE

Your place used to be a crack den
and my wife and I are both
swingers.

Eric's jaw hangs poised and Joe remains stoic for just a second before the two men break into laughter.

While Eric and the neighbour laugh just a little longer out of politeness, Joe steals another sideways look at Cindy.

CINDY

Acid attack. A jealous ex-lover
didn't like the fact that I left
him for a woman.

JOE

...None of my business.

CINDY

You're right.

With that, Cindy heads inside the house. Eric is about to follow -

JOE

You want the best fish and chips
around here, go to Frydays. Top
notch Chinese food, that's Hong's
'bout twenty minutes out on the
bypass.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Cindy navigates the perimeter of the hall, one hand waving the cane back and forth, the other feeling the walls, its surfaces, cracks, joinings, and contours.

JOE

(O.S)

If it's a curry you're craving -

She drifts deeper into the house until Joe's voice fades into obscurity and her hand graces a light switch...

A doorframe.

A groove in the wall.

A mirror - the skin of her fingers creating a quiet
SQUEAK.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cindy's fingers paw desperately at the surface of a mirror, touching her own reflection that her eyes are directed at but do not see.

THE PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

She appears to be taking in the room, all its outlines and contents.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cindy glides, drags, then rakes her fingers across the walls of her hospital room.

Her agony and fear evident in her tensing muscles and her willingness to tear off a nail in the act.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

She is forced to step around a stack of boxes. The Removal Men continue to heave boxes into the surrounding rooms.

Her expression betrays little as her feet move from HARDWOOD...to TILES....to CARPET...to RUG.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The hem of a hospital gown trails at Cindy's calves as her feet slide on the vinyl floor of her room. She heads for the main hallway.

The sounds of a busy hospital intensify. Cindy halts at the threshold, apparently fearful. Her hands paw blindly at open air.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Cindy comes to a closed door.

She twists the handle and opens the door to a GARAGE.

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

The garage is dark and windowless.

The tiny HAIRS on Cindy's arms and neck stand to attention and she hugs her own midsection against the sudden chill.

She turns her head just a little as an EXTRACTOR FAN to the side of the door whirs and rattles.

She closes the door again without ever stepping inside.

INT. HOUSE, DINING ROOM AND LOUNGE- DAY

Cindy passes again through the hall, into the connecting dining room off of the kitchen, and comes to the connecting door to the lounge.

She opens the door on Eric.

ERIC

You're getting pretty good at lying.

CINDY

Think he believed me?

From outside, the sound of a dog barking attracts Cindy's attention.

She blindly navigates her way through the house and out through an open back door.

EXT. HOUSE, REAR GARDEN - DAY

There's another slight shift in Cindy's breathing and stance as he feet find SOFT GRASS.

The dog barks a second time. Still distant, but a little louder and clearer.

Cindy walks forward, cane in one hand, the other held out before her, fingers splayed.

Eric follows behind slowly, keeping a few paces between himself and Cindy.

She reaches the fence that borders the property and claws at the surface of the wood.

(CONTINUED)

She hears the wind blowing through the trees, leaves rustling, the hum of electricity from a nearby pylon - and the SUDDEN SCREAM OF A TRAIN SPEEDING BY.

Cindy matches the scream of the train and covers her ears, drops the cane, and falls to her knees.

Eric is soon at her side, taking her by the arm and helping her to her feet.

He attempts to calm her sobbing by burying her face in his shoulder.

INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Light floods the house via its many windows.

Cindy has backed herself into a corner of the hall. Eric talks calmly, reassuringly.

ERIC

Every single window in this house and every possible door is fitted with triple layered, laminated glass - as close as you're gonna get to soundproof. The front and back doors both come with three separate deadbolts. I've ordered a talking microwave, talking weighing scales, item locators, an optical character recognition device, voice recorders. It should all arrive soon. And...

CINDY

A new sister?

He takes her hand in his and straps a WATCH around her wrist. He presses a button and the watch starts to talk in a soothing female voice...

WATCH

The time is twelve thirty-seven PM.

CINDY

She sounds charming.
(Pause. Quiet)
Sorry.

ERIC

Hey, you've got nothing to be sorry for.

She traces her fingers along a scar up the inside of his arm.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

Don't I?

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - DAY

Cindy sits upright in a chair, fingers around her cane while she stares sightlessly ahead and REMOVAL MEN stack boxes around her.

Eric and Joe, both sweating, join the removal men. Joe chats away, barely pausing for breath - something he already appears in short supply of.

JOE

Those damn trains introduced themselves yet?

ERIC

One of them said hello.

JOE

Yep. Those damn trains.

Joe's voice fades as he and Eric trot outside to bring in whatever's next.

Cindy hears the Removal Men lower the sofa in the centre of the room just a few feet away.

She also hears as only one of them walks away. The remaining Younger Removal Man makes little to no sound as he remains fixed on the spot, staring at Cindy.

His eyes move from the thin scars on the insides of each wrist up to her eyes.

The Man appears perturbed as Cindy turns her head in his direction, granting him a full view of her glassy, silver eyes.

CINDY

I was born like this. What's your excuse?

Cindy can hear his heavy boots clomping away and the return of Eric and Joe, huffing and puffing cheerily as they dump a couple of boxes.

ERIC

That's it, last one. Can I get you anything Joe?

JOE

Cold beer if you got one?

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Water ok?

JOE

Ask Missus Donnelly and she'll
say so.

ERIC

I'm asking you.

JOE

(Smiling)

I'll say it'll do.

CINDY

I'll get the drinks.

ERIC

No, Cindy.

She is already up and moving for the kitchen. Joe watches her studied movements as she finds the kitchen with ease.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Cindy steps around more boxes and furniture. She puts herself in front of the kitchen counter and pulls from a pocket something that resembles a chunky, plastic pen with a button.

With the pen-thing in one hand she runs the other hand over the surfaces of the boxes on the counter, searching. Her fingers brush a small circular label.

She touches the tip of the pen-thing to the label and soon hears her own voice from a recording.

CINDY

(Recorded)

Bowls and plates.

Cindy finds the next box and its label. She again uses the PEN FRIEND to read the label and call out whatever it has been programmed to.

CINDY

(Recorded)

Knives and forks.

The third box...

CINDY

(Recorded)

Cups, mugs, and glasses.

QUICK CUT:

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Cindy holds a novelty mug under the tap. The water rises and comes into contact with the LIQUID LEVEL INDICATOR which lets out a little electronic buzz.

Cindy shuts off the tap, removes the indicator from the mug, and carries three mismatched cups of water into the adjoining lounge.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - DAY

Eric and Joe gratefully accept their drinks.

ERIC
Thanks a lot for your help today,
Joe.

The two men slap palms as they shake hands.

JOE
Pleasure.

ERIC
If there's anything I can do to
repay the favour...?

JOE
Take me out for that beer some
time. You, me, the wife, your
lovely sister here.

ERIC
Tomorrow?

JOE
'Fraid it'll have to wait. Me and
the wife are off to spend a
couple of weeks at her sister's,
leave tonight.

ERIC
Sounds nice.

JOE
You haven't met my sister-in-law.

Joe gulps down the last mouthful.

JOE
Well, I'll leave you two to get
settled in. Enjoy your first
night. I'll show myself out.

He puts down his mug, exits, and shuts the front door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY
Getting friendly with the
neighbours.

ERIC
Fit in or stand out.

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cindy navigates the room through touch and feels her way to the WARDROBE and the BAR inside it.

She hangs a few items of clothing.

She places a jewelery box on a windowsill before opening it and allowing her hand to glide across all manner of textures and surfaces inside.

She pricks her finger on an earring.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Eric positions the TV on a stand in the corner of the room and plugs it into the wall.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cindy is at the bathroom cabinet, where just a few disparate items have been unpacked and stored inside.

She once again is forced to go by feel and touch. She detects - toothpaste, earbuds, cotton wool, and finally plasters.

Cindy takes a plaster from the box, peels the backing away, and wraps it around her pricked finger.

INT. HOUSE, STAIRCASE/LOUNGE - NIGHT

Cindy descends. She hears the legs of a table being dragged across the floor and rearranged.

She hears a satisfying plastic "click" followed by an extended "beep".

Eric just finishes plugging in and placing the phone on a hightable at the foot of the stairs as Cindy reaches the bottom step.

ERIC
Don't know about you but I'm
about done for tonight.

(CONTINUED)

His eyes go to her hand on the rail and the plaster on her finger. He touches it lightly with his own.

ERIC
What happened? You ok?

CINDY
I've had worse.

ERIC
Your standards are slipping too.

He scratches at her long-chipped nail paint.

CINDY
What?

ERIC
Your nail polish, looks like it could do with a touch up.

CINDY
Why bother?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

They sit at a small table while Eric paints Cindy's nails black.

Nearby a 12 inch vinyl record spins on a turntable. Folk music plays quietly.

ERIC
I remember when you used to go to school wearing nothing but black. Black clothes, black hair, black make-up, black pencil case. Everything had to be black. Except for skin, that is. What is it with you Goth types and pale skin? Every boyfriend you ever brought home was practically translucent, you could have used them as tracing paper. I never knew whether to look into their eyes or their veins. Anyway, when you were twelve you were "that creepy weirdo kid". But by the time you turned fourteen you'd become "that cool goth chick".

(Pause)

The head-to-toe-black-thing gave you an advantage playing hide and seek. Remember?

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

My whole life's become a game of
hide and seek.

ERIC

...It's been good seeing more of
you, Cindy.

(Pause)

Sorry. Poor choice of words.

CINDY

You'll be seeing a lot more of me
too now I can't do a fucking
thing myself.

ERIC

That's not true.

CINDY

I lost more than my sight in the
accident. I lost my life, at
least the one I knew.

(Long pause)

I'm afraid of what I can't see.
I'm afraid I won't see what's
coming.

ERIC

Change. Change is coming. Don't
give up, it's not you.

He touches the scars on her wrists.

CINDY

It's not giving up if you've got
nothing to give.

He turns away, looks sad.

ERIC

There will be a lot to get used
to. Ourselves, for one thing.

CINDY

Tell me what you're thinking.

Without waiting for a response she reaches out with a hand
to touch his face, 'reading' his emotions.

Eric lets Cindy hold her hand there, looks at her.

CINDY

Who are you sad for?

(Pause)

I never asked you to do any of
this, all that you've given up.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

And you never needed to. You're my sister.

He puts the black nail polish aside and stands.

ERIC

You hungry?

CINDY

No.

ERIC

You should eat something.

CINDY

Cyanide?

ERIC

Don't joke.

CINDY

Who's joking?

ERIC

Why don't you get cleaned up, relax. Whatever. And I'll head out and get us a takeaway from one of the places Joe mentioned, the more calories the better.

CINDY

And drink?

ERIC

Deal.

CINDY

Mine's a vodka and coke.

ERIC

(Playfully reluctant)

Deal.

He snatches the keys from the table, shrugs into his jacket and readies to leave by the front door. She joins him there.

ERIC

And if you need anything in the night just...

(knocks on the wall)

...knock on the wall. Like when we were kids.

He opens the door, about to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY
Don't be long.

ERIC
I'll be back before you can say
"love you, big brother".

CINDY
Love you, big brother.

ERIC
Love you too, little sister.

He leaves.

Cindy stands in the open doorway and takes a moment to breathe, listens to her brother's footsteps...

The car door opening and closing...

The engine starting and the return of the muffled folk music.

The car is heard driving away until the sound is replaced entirely by the sound of the wind and the chimes above the door.

She closes the door.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cindy starts running the bath and the tub fills with water.

She removes her watch.

TALKING WATCH
The time is nine zero-seven pm.

She takes her phone from her pocket and places it to the side before undressing and easing herself into the water.

Steam swirls around her. The mirror mists.

She allows herself to sink beneath the surface until only her face is above the water.

As her ears dip under almost all sound is drowned out.

Soothed by the warm water, Cindy begins to fall asleep. Her eyelids flutter and close. She sleeps.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cindy wakes up in the night, alone. Two white, circular pads with tinges of blood are taped over each of her eyes.

Remaining prone, she reaches out, her fingers quickly finding the chair she apparently knew where to find, but also finding it empty.

Her fingers curl in on the cheap upholstery.

Cindy's desperate searching becomes more frantic until she knocks over a plastic cup of water from a table, spilling some into her own nose and mouth.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cindy wakes with a start when water pools into her nostrils and parted lips. She spits water and immediately finds herself shivering.

The mist has cleared from the room and from the mirror.

CINDY
(Calls out)
You home?

She uses her hand to reach and feel for the towel. finding it on the floor she stands from the tub and wraps it around herself.

She quickly dries, pulls on some comfortable pajamas and fixes the watch to her wrist.

WATCH
The time is ten thirty-one PM.

Looking concerned, Cindy opens the door onto the...

INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

CINDY
Are you home?

Nothing but the hollow din of an empty hallway and the quiet buzz of a light overhead.

Cindy retrieves her cane from behind the door and tentatively moves out into the hall.

She detects even the sound of her socks connecting with and peeling from the fibres of the carpet.

(CONTINUED)

She knocks on Eric's door and waits for a response. She gets none.

Cindy pushes open the door and it swings inwards to reveal an as-yet sparsely furnished room. Suitcases everywhere.

Just a bed is surrounded by boxes and a suit hanging from a wardrobe door.

Cindy turns and heads towards the stairs.

Once at the top she pauses and listens. She hears the floorboard beneath her own foot let out a quiet groan. She hears the buzz of electricity.

CINDY

You drink my vodka all by
yourself?

She takes the stairs one at a time and reaches the bottom.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

The vinyl record, having played through its entirety, spins uselessly, crackling.

Cindy passes through the hallway and the rooms, repeating her first journey through the house earlier the same day.

Each room sounds hollow. Empty. Devoid of life.

Cindy doesn't even call out.

Eric is not home.

Her expression bares this realisation.

She shuts off the record player.

She then heads for the front door, feels for the locks and turns them, pulling the door open wide.

Cindy stands at the threshold and listens to the night, waiting.

Cindy then pushes the door but leaves it open by just an inch, the sounds from outside now free to find their way inside.

She finds her way to a chair in a corner of the lounge and turns it around before sitting.

Cindy now faces the wall but her ear is turned to the open door.

She fingers the button on her watch...

WATCH

The time is ten thirty-nine PM.

Only a few moments pass before Cindy evidently feels compelled to check the time again.

WATCH

The time is ten forty PM.

The sounds of the house, the night, and Cindy's heartbeat, so minute by themselves, become almost deafening.

Cindy focuses from one to the next, isolating and scrutinising.

Cindy can't help herself.

WATCH

The time is ten-forty PM.

The sound of an approaching car can be heard outside...

The engine dies...

Cindy turns her head, following the sound of approaching footsteps...

Jangling keys...

The keys and the hand that holds them take pause at the ajar door.

CINDY

What took you so long?

The hand pushes further in...there's blood on the wrist and shirt cuff.

Cindy is offered no response but the sound of the door closing. And locking.

Heavy bolts slide past their strike plates and into place with a click and thunk.

CINDY

Eric?

Footfalls climbing the stairs...

Cindy gets up and navigates her way to the foot of the stairs while Eric ascends.

Cindy's hand finds glass. She investigates further by feel and her fingers wrap around the neck of a vodka bottle.

She eases up a little.

CINDY
Gonna join me for one?

The shower can be heard coming on distantly.

CINDY
Suit yourself. I'll leave you to
it.

Cindy heads for the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

With her hand running the length of the counter top and her eyes fixed forward Cindy finds the mugs and glasses used earlier.

She empties two of them over the sink before filling them a third of the way with vodka.

Cindy carries the glasses into the hall, through the lounge and upstairs.

INT. HOUSE, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Cindy does not see the streaks of blood at shoulder and waist height on the walls.

INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Cindy plants her front foot on the top step the DOOR TO ERIC'S BEDROOM CLOSES. Cindy heads towards it.

She passes by the open door to the bathroom.

Cindy stops outside Eric's room. From inside comes the sound of a few bumps, soft thuds.

CINDY
Your drink's outside. Let me know
when you're dressed so we can
eat.

She leaves the drink of vodka on the carpeted floor by the door before retreating to her own room.

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cindy steps inside and feels her way around a little, apparently looking for something.

After knocking a few things and discarding others on the windowsill and dresser she finds a hairdryer.

(CONTINUED)

She begins drying her hair.

Over her shoulder, unbeknown to Cindy, a picture hanging from the wall appears to rattle.

All that's heard is the loud whir of the hairdryer.

Again the framed picture bumps against the wall, as if the wall is being knocked from the other side.

Cindy turns off the hairdryer.

There's a knock on the wall.

Cindy puts down the hairdryer, pauses, walks to the wall, and returns the KNOCK.

A KNOCK KNOCK follows in response after a moments pause.

CINDY
You hungry then or what?

Silence.

Cindy feels her way to the door, out into the...

INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

She makes her way past the open bathroom door and to Eric's room.

CINDY
What's going on?

She pushes on the door and it swings inwards.

She does not see the STREAKS OF DRYING BLOOD smeared across the back of the door.

INT. HOUSE, ERIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

There are more BLOOD STREAKS on the walls.

Cindy's own hand comes away bloody when she uses it to guide herself along the wall and into the room.

She wipes the blood on her pajamas distractedly, carrying on into the room.

CINDY
Are you ok? Talk to me.

Eric sits perched on the edge of the bed, his face bloody and gore-soaked.

Cindy walks toward him.

(CONTINUED)

His breathing is wet and raspy. Bloody spit-bubbles form at his lips with every breath.

CINDY
Something's wrong.

Eyes from within Eric's heavily bleeding face follow Cindy's movement.

CINDY
Tell me what you're thinking.

She reaches out a hand, zeroing in on the wet breathing sounds.

Cindy touches his face - and it peels away.

The face comes away from the INTRUDER who wears it as a mask, dripping crimson, strings of tissue stretching and breaking.

Eric's dead face folds in Cindy's hand.

Cindy is too shocked, too terrified to even scream. She draws in a shuddering breath and drops the pound of skin that was once her brother's face.

It hits the carpet with a SLOP by her feet.

INTRUDER
Your brother died screaming your name.

The Intruder, his own face covered in red gore, rises, getting to his feet.

He wipes a hand across his real features. It does little to clear them of blood.

Cindy backs away. Her back hits the wall.

The Intruder moves forward, matching her pace.

Cindy's hands turn to shaking claws, extending at her sides and raking across the back of the door.

She hurriedly throws herself through the doorway and slams the door shut behind her.

Cindy holds onto the door handle. Both hands.

She hears her own breathing.

She hears approaching footsteps from behind the door.

A beat of silence.

The door handle starts to turn under her grip.

With blood on her hands, she has no purchase and the knob glides effortlessly beneath her palms and her fingers.

Cindy lets go of the door and runs as fast her blindness allows.

Half by memory, half by feel, she heads for the stairs.

The door to Eric's room swings open. The Intruder steps clear of the doorway.

Cindy speeds down the stairs while the Intruder calmly follows at a confident pace.

She hits the bottom step and crashes against the front door.

She finds it locked.

She feels for the locks in vain.

Her bloody hands fumble uselessly with the multitude of locks and the Intruder descends the stairs behind her.

Cindy SCREAMS.

It is a piercing, heart-stopping bellow.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house sits amid a short row of other assorted houses. Lights burn behind windows.

Crickets and cicadas chatter.

A dog walker passes by, skirting around Eric's parked car.

Cindy's Earth-shattering scream goes unheard.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

With the Intruder now only a few feet away, Cindy darts towards the lounge.

Her measured steps and memorised movements from earlier have now all but gone. She is panicked. Fearful.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Cindy bumps into door frames, shoulder barges walls, and stumbles into furniture.

She trips over a box and very quickly reaches out to anything and everything within arm's length to pull herself up.

(CONTINUED)

Her hand lands on the small table where she finds the bottle of black nail paint.

Her hand stops and her expression sharpens.

She whips the lid from the bottle and swings with her hand, spraying the jet black fluid across the advancing Intruder's face...and into his eyes.

The Intruder utters a pained groan.

Cindy knows she hit her target. It's enough to get her moving. She runs into the hallway.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

She crashes into the high table at the foot of the stairs.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cindy climbs down the stairs while Eric plugs in the phone and arranges it on the table at an angle.

Cindy hears the satisfying plastic "click" and electronic "beep".

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cindy grabs the phone and runs with it towards the kitchen.

She rushes into the room and slams the door behind her.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cindy drops to her knees behind the door and throws her weight against it.

She immediately takes hold of the phone's handset and gets dialing.

She dials...9...9...her finger comes down...

The phone is whipped out of her hands by the cord trailing under the door. Plastic snaps from the phone and the cord is torn free.

Cindy is left clutching air. She quickly retrieves the phone, hears no dial tone, and quickly ascertains that it is dead.

(CONTINUED)

The door bangs in its frame, jolting her with every strike the Intruder unleashes from the other side.

Cindy takes stock. She pats herself down, feels her pockets. Empty.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The tub is filling with steaming water.

Cindy removes her PHONE from her pocket and puts it down to one side.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cindy's expression turns to fear and dread.

The pounding on the door ceases...footsteps slowly retreat away from the door and down the hall.

Cindy gets moving. Hands braced out in front of her, she takes in the room around her and finds her way to the back door.

It too is locked.

She feels the boxes placed randomly about, the used cup, the bottle of vodka, which she spills, and finally, the PEN FRIEND.

Cindy grabs the pen friend and sets about searching for the circular labels on the surrounding boxes and scanning them.

She scans the first box she finds and her pre-recorded voice emanates from the device.

CINDY
(Recorded)
Bowls and plates.

Cindy finds the next box and its label.

CINDY
(Recorded)
Cups, mugs, and glasses.

She forcefully shoves the box aside and things can be heard breaking inside.

Cindy swipes the pen over whatever box she finds next...

(CONTINUED)

CINDY
(Recorded)
Pots and pans.

She flips the box to the floor and a loud CRASH follows.
The next box...

CINDY
(Recorded)
Blender.

...shoved against the wall...
Fifth box...

CINDY
(Recorded)
Coffee maker.

...Tossed aside...
Sixth try...

CINDY
(Recorded)
Knives and forks.

She is about to throw the box to the floor but stops herself and flips the lid aside.

Cindy reaches in and digs around and pulls out a kitchen knife.

She finds her way back to the door, readies herself, and throws it open.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

With the knife in hand, Cindy treads slowly through the house, lowering her feet down quietly.

She reaches the stairs and begins climbing and is careful to make as little sound as possible.

INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cindy reaches the top of the stairs and proceeds down the hall in the direction of the bathroom.

She does not detect the Intruder standing calmly, still, at a far end of the hall.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Her hands do the searching, moving from surface to surface. She quickly locates the area she left her phone but finds it empty.

Not giving up, she keeps searching and her hands go into the tub where they sink up to her elbows in water.

The water is red with blood.

Cindy soon detects clothing swirling in the bloody water.

Eric's shirt.

Eric's trousers.

Cindy can feel bulk in each trouser pocket. She pulls a phone from one but it drips water.

She reaches into the pocket and pulls out a wallet.

Her moment of hesitation suggests that she knows what she's about to find inside.

Cindy opens the wallet. Behind a plastic cover is a photograph of herself and Eric smiling into the camera. They both are joined by THEIR PARENTS.

Cindy pulls a credit card from the wallet and slowly moves a single fingertip across the RAISED LETTERING that spells ERIC LASSITER.

She deflates, hangs her head, and allows the wallet and knife to drop from her hands.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cindy sits on her hospital bed, legs hanging over the side.

She stares into a sunset she cannot see, feeling the light on her face. The glow is reflected in her mirror-like, silver eyes.

Rubber soles squeak on the vinyl floor, signaling someone's entrance to her room.

Frightened, startled, Cindy snaps her head in the direction of the sound. There's a tremor to her voice.

CINDY

Who's there?

Eric puts his hand on hers.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
It's ok. I'm here.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cindy tightens her hands to fists, driving her nails into her palms.

She begins to cry.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cindy and Eric walk the building's perimeter together. He guides and supports her.

Without a word he stops and lets go, encouraging her to walk alone.

Feeling him stop, she reaches back while her foot falls forward, but Eric withdraws his hand further.

She continues on without him. She walks unaided. Totally blind.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cindy is on her knees crying when the Intruder steps past the doorway.

The rush of air and quiet footstep brings Cindy out of her state. She snatches up the knife and ceases crying.

She gets to her feet and exits the bathroom.

INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cindy emerges from the bathroom. She keeps the knife gripped in her hand.

As if the thought just occurred to her, she searches the wall for the light switch. She finds it and the hallway turns dark.

Cindy keeps moving and enters a spare room.

INT. HOUSE, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Cindy holds her breath and sweeps the room, swiping back and forth with the knife. It cuts nothing but air.

Satisfied that the room is empty, she returns to the hall.

Again, she carves a path ahead of her with the knife.

INT. HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

She steps inside the would-be study. An empty bookcase stands against one wall and an equally empty desk sits in a corner.

A LIGHT falls on her.

Suddenly she is illuminated by a single spotlight.

The Intruder stands in the corner of the room wearing a HEADTORCH, its beam aimed at an unaware Cindy.

She sweeps the room as before but the Intruder stealthily moves around her, sometimes close, sometimes from afar. It's a perverted dance.

Cindy returns to the hall.

The Intruder follows, matching her pace and placing his feet as she does her own.

INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cindy and the Intruder move down the darkened hallway, him just a pace behind her, the light from his headtorch at her back.

She places her foot a split second before he does.

Cindy freezes when she hears the floorboard settling for just a fraction of a second.

The Intruder blows on the back of her neck and stirs her hair.

Cindy turns on her heels and lashes out with the knife.

The Intruder grabs the hand that holds the knife by the wrist. Cindy freezes.

He then guides her towards him, offering his palm, pushing the knife into it and allowing himself to be cut.

She feels the blade slice him.

But her expression is not one of relief, nor vengeful joy.

(CONTINUED)

But one of horror.

Still holding her arm that grips the knife he holds her chin, smearing it with his own blood.

INTRUDER

There are worse things than death.

There is a sudden KNOCK at the front door.

Cindy drops the knife, pulls free of the Intruder's grip, and runs blindly down the stairs.

...KNOCK KNOCK.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cindy throws herself against the door with a bang. It remains firmly shut. Locked.

She tugs on the handle for just a moment and feels around the edges of the door in desperation.

There's a rapid succession of KNOCKS on the door from outside.

CINDY

(As one word)

Hello-hello-I-need-help.

Her fingers are still scrabbling fruitlessly at the door when they catch the flap on the letterbox.

Cindy drops to her knees and talks through the letter box.

CINDY

call the police.

A WOMAN with a soft, young-sounding voice calmly inquires....

WOMAN

(O.C)

Are you ok?

CINDY

There's a man inside my house.

WOMAN

(O.C)

I heard screaming?

CINDY

He's trying to kill me.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN
(O.C)
No.

CINDY
What?

WOMAN
(O.C)
He's not.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Eric talks calmly, reassuringly.

ERIC
Every single window in this house
and every possible door is fitted
with triple layered, laminated
glass - as close as you're gonna
get to soundproof.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

CINDY
Did you say you heard me
screaming?

The Woman crouches in front of the letter box. She is in her early 20s. Pretty. A scar runs from her hairline and down the bridge of her nose.

She smiles.

WOMAN
...Maybe that was wishful
thinking.
(Pause)
Aren't you gonna to let me in?

With her mouth a gasp Cindy backtracks down the hall and further into the depths of the house.

She collides with walls and doors and furniture.

FRONT DOOR

The Intruder comes down the stairs jangling keys, selects one and undoes the first lock.

DOWN THE HALL

Cindy's back hits a wall. She is frozen, terrified...

FRONT DOOR

The Intruder unlocks the second lock...

DOWN THE HALL

Cindy finally appears to force herself to move. She slips into the shadows. Retreats. Hides.

The third lock can be heard unlocking.

FRONT DOOR

The Intruder steps aside and allows the Woman to enter.

Once inside she shuts the door, bolts all the locks and pockets the keys in her jeans.

The Intruder holds the knife. His hand bleeds.

The Woman withdraws a syringe full of clear liquid from a pouch.

The pair acknowledge each other with a look before parting and opting for different routes into the bowels of the house.

They search for Cindy in the shadows.

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE AND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

THE INTRUDER.

He searches the lounge and connecting dining room slowly and methodically, moving with grace and ease.

The rooms are a mess.

As he passes through the room with an eerie patience it becomes clear that Cindy is nowhere to be seen.

He checks through other connecting doorways into the the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

Then the kitchen.

He returns to the lounge, where he sits on the sofa. The rise and fall of his chest as he breathes is his only movement.

He is apparently entirely unaware of CINDY HIDING UNDER THE SOFA.

She has a hand clamped to her mouth.

The underside of the cushions are almost touching her.

After an agonising wait The Intruder finally gets to his feet and walks out of the room.

Cindy listens to his fading footsteps.

After some time she allows herself to relax - a little - but enough to take her own hand from her mouth.

Her watch bumps against a leg of the sofa.

TALKING WATCH

The time is eleven zero-one PM.

Cindy is mortified.

INT. HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Intruder freezes at the threshold between the kitchen and the dining room.

He slowly turns back to face the lounge doorway.

He heads for the lounge once again.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - NIGHT

He zeroes in on the sofa, looks under it.

All he finds is Cindy's WATCH.

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT

Cindy moves quietly through the murky garage.

Just a sliver of moonlight infiltrates the garage through a gap in the main door.

Her extended hands work overtime. She is forced to feel her way around without the assistance of memory.

She touches tins of paint, varnish, odd bits of junk.

(CONTINUED)

Cindy feels her way along the length of one of the shelving units, her nails scraping at a tool box and then the corner of the garage.

She backs herself into the shadowed corner and there she waits and hides.

Behind and above her, something glints in the stolen moonlight - its a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE.

The needle is held poised above her exposed neck.

A DROP of the clear liquid from the syringe drops onto Cindy's skin and she flinches.

The Woman grunts and brings the needle down in an arc.

Cindy turns and reaches out blindly. Her hand lands on a METAL TOOL BOX.

The Woman buries the needle in Cindy's arm but it snaps off and Cindy swings the tool box into the side of the Woman's head.

The lid flies open and the contents spill across the concrete floor - SCREWDRIVER, HAMMER, STANLEY KNIFE, DUCT TAPE, TAPE MEASURE, PENCIL, WRENCH, SPANNER.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Intruder hears the sound of metal raining down onto stone.

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT

Cindy and the Woman fight in the dark.

It sounds ugly. It is ugly.

This a fight to the death and both parties know it and hold nothing back.

Flesh is rended by clawed fingers...

Eyes are gouged...

Teeth pierce skin...

Hair is yanked and pulled free from the scalp...

The Stanley knife carves and slices...

The hammer is used to batter, bruise and fracture bone...

One of them eventually dies spitting blood.

The survivor, her hair a frenzied mess and bathed in darkness and shadow, remains, breathing hard.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Intruder, knife in fist, storms through the house, pounding on the walls as he goes.

He's not quite sure where the sound came from. He is searching.

INTRUDER
(Shouts)
Morgan?

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT

The silhouetted survivor of the fight, looking like a blood-drenched warrior, turns at the sound of the Intruder's approach.

She removes her top and takes hold of the Stanley knife.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Intruder moves quickly from room to room before making the door to the garage his last destination.

He pauses in front of the door then kicks it in.

He finds two bodies on the floor. The Woman, though bloody from head to toe, is noticeably breathing.

A few feet away Cindy lies with her face and head obliterated from the blows with the hammer.

The Intruder gets to his haunches beside The injured Woman.

He strokes her arm and the back of her hand.

INTRUDER
Sister.

Cindy pulls THE BLOODY, DRIPPING FACE OF THE WOMAN from her own, sits upright, and brandishes the Stanley knife.

CINDY
Not yours.

The Intruder takes a wide step and also now stands with his knife poised. The two remain still, each holding their respective weapons.

(CONTINUED)

Cindy now also wears the Woman's clothes and has apparently dressed her opponent's corpse in her's.

INTRUDER

You think this makes us even?

CINDY

Why do you want to kill me?

INTRUDER

Kill you? Where's the fun in that?

(Pause)

Scared yet?

The Intruder takes a step. Cindy hears this and sidesteps, taking aim with the knife.

The Intruder repeats his movement, and again Cindy hears it and reacts defensively.

The Intruder then grabs a tin of paint from one of the shelves and hurls it into a far corner.

Cindy instinctively turns towards the loud noise.

But as the Intruder attempts to seize this opportunity by closing the gap, Cindy snaps her head - and knife - directly his way.

He makes more noise - whatever he can find and pick up gets thrown.

Cindy's response is to back away, zig-zagging her way across the garage.

She swaps hands with the knife, wiping blood and sweat on the Woman's jeans.

Her hand stops over one of the pockets. Cindy puts her hand inside and pulls out the keys halfway before immediately shoving them back down.

There's just a half moment respite from the noise, during which Cindy hears the EXTRACTOR FAN by the door.

She makes this her destination and makes a beeline for it.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cindy charges into the hall and immediately slips in the blood she is covered in.

She is spent sprawling across the floor.

(CONTINUED)

She recovers as quick as she can, orientating herself by touching the surrounding walls and making a move for the front door about thirty feet away.

But the Intruder emerges into the hall.

He stops her in her tracks with the simple sound of a footstep.

Cindy turns and heads for the rear of the house instead.

She fishes the keys from her pockets. They jangle loudly before she closes her fist around them.

All sound is gone.

Cindy stops. She listens for the Intruder but hears nothing.

Suddenly there's a HISS, a POP-THUMP and the sound of the folk music coming from the record player.

The volume is then turned all the way up.

Cindy resumes her journey to the rear of the house, her fingers examining the keys.

The TV comes on. It also has its volume turned up full.

Cindy reaches the backdoor to the house and starts trying each and every key in the locks.

After a couple of failed attempts, one key slides smoothly into the first lock. Cindy turns the key 180 degrees.

She gets to work on the second lock.

At the far end of the hall the Intruder steps out of the lounge and looks in Cindy's direction.

He starts walking. She does not hear his approach.

Cindy unlocks the second lock.

The Intruder continues to close the gap between himself and Cindy.

He takes his time. He does not seem concerned by Cindy's attempt to escape.

Cindy dismisses one key when it refuses to fit the lock...

She discards a second key...

The last key on the ring glides into the lock and she gladly turns it.

She throws the door wide open and runs into the back garden.

EXT. HOUSE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

She runs into the middle of the garden before turning in a circle and trying to get her bearings.

In the distance...

EXT. DONNELLY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Joe and his WIFE, PEGGY exit the house.

Joe carries two small suitcases while Peggy balances a cake in one hand and trying to lock the house with the other.

PEGGY
You turn off the air
conditioning?

JOE
Yes dear.

He throws the cases into the trunk.

PEGGY
You set the timer on the lights?

JOE
Yes dear.

Joe gets behind the wheel.

PEGGY
You programmed my soaps to record
while we're gone?

JOE
Get in the car.

He fires the engine as Peggy sits herself in the passenger side of the vehicle.

EXT. HOUSE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

The Intruder exits the house and sets foot in the garden.

Cindy hears Joe and Peggy and runs towards the house next door.

The Intruder runs to cut her off.

Joe's car backs slowly down the driveway.

(CONTINUED)

Cindy fills her lungs in readiness to shout and scream.

A TRAIN RATTLES BY DIRECTLY BEHIND THE LINE OF HOUSES. The sound is like thunder.

Cindy screams...

CINDY

HELP ME.

But her cry for help is swallowed by the colossal noise of the train.

Joe's car reverses into the road, shifts gear, and drives casually out of sight and earshot.

The Intruder buries the kitchen knife in the back of Cindy's calf.

He clamps a hand over her mouth, stifling her scream of pain and wrenches the Stanley knife from her grasp.

The Intruder drags Cindy back inside the house.

The kitchen door is slammed shut and the night resumes its peaceful, quiet chorus of crickets and cicadas and the occasional distant human voice.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Intruder corrects a downed table and pushes Cindy down into a chair in front of it.

He seats himself across from her.

INTRUDER

Life is a series of choices.
Every decision you ever made has
led you here. To this moment. To
me.

He places the knife in the centre of the table between them - the blade pointing at neither one of them.

INTRUDER

There's a knife right under your
nose.

He takes her hand and puts it on the knife.

INTRUDER

Here.
(Pause)
What do you choose next?

(CONTINUED)

She snatches away the knife and attempts to stand, sending her chair toppling backwards, but her stabbed leg fails her.

Cindy folds to the floor but she retains her grip on the knife.

The Intruder willingly puts himself in front of the knife and lowers himself to Cindy's level.

INTRUDER

There are two distinct kinds of pain. Two sides of the same coin. One of these is of no concern to me. Living is torment enough. To hurt, is to feel, to be alive.

The Intruder is surprised to watch Cindy turn the knife on herself. She presses the blade to the inside of her arm.

She holds it there...for now...

CINDY

You're right.

Cindy drags the blade across her arm and opens up an artery.

She drops the knife as blood spurts from the open wound in her arm.

The Intruder immediately rushes to her aid. He grabs her arm in both hands with a tight grip in an attempt to smother the cut.

He puts his face close to hers and spits his words through clenched teeth. He is angry.

INTRUDER

That was the last choice you'll ever get to make. Not because I'm going to allow you to die, but because from this moment on I make all your choices for you. When you live. When you die. What you hate.

(Pause)

And what you fear.

Cindy passes out.

The Intruder takes the belt from the trousers he wears and fastens it around Cindy's injured arm at the elbow.

He returns to the garage.

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT

The Intruder turns on the light and picks up the duct tape that had spilled from the toolbox.

He also retrieves the syringe with the broken needle, a TIN OF PAINT, and a PAINTBRUSH.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Intruder wraps the duct tape tight around Cindy's arm and another strip around the stab wound in her leg.

He picks her up and carries her over his shoulder towards the stairs.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Using more of the duct tape the Intruder binds Cindy's wrists together around the radiator pipes.

INT. HOUSE, ERIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Intruder stands before an open suitcase. He selects a well-worn, faded shirt and some sweatpants in a similar state of decay.

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Intruder finds some old, tattered clothing.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

He strips, peeling away layers of blood-soaked clothing. Each dirty garment joins the existing pile in the corner of the tub.

As he unbuttons the trousers, a PHONE in the pockets rings.

He pulls out CINDY'S PHONE. The screen displays "CALLING - MUM AND DAD".

CUT TO:

The Intruder showers. He stands under the steaming spray and blood runs off of him in tiny rivulets of red then pink.

LATER:

Cindy's unconscious form jolts and rocks as the Intruder removes her clothing.

(CONTINUED)

He lowers her into the tub and showers her, cleaning off every trace of blood.

Cindy startles awake when the water hits her face. She gasps, spitting water, and soon finds her wrists bound together.

LATER:

Cindy stands in front of the tub, naked and dripping water.

The Intruder, now wearing Eric's clean but tattered clothes, takes her wrists in his hand and unwraps the tape from around them.

He puts a towel in her hand.

Cindy immediately makes an attempt to cover herself.

The Intruder faces the wall.

INTRUDER

My interest in you doesn't extend to that. There are some clothes at your feet. Put them on. We don't have much time.

Cindy dries herself.

INTRUDER

My back is turned.

CINDY

...I know.

Cindy finishes toweling off. She feels around for the clothes at her feet and gets into them.

While dresses she can hear the Intruder moving around, placing things around the room.

As Cindy pulls on the last sock, The Intruder stands before her with a PAINTBRUSH dipped in WHITE HOUSE PAINT.

INTRUDER

Are you ready?

CINDY

...for what?

INTRUDER

More lies.

He flicks paint at her face - she flinches. He flicks paint at her clothes, her hands and arms.

Cindy is equal parts confused and terrified.

(CONTINUED)

The Intruder then turns the paint brush on himself and does the same.

He then takes the glass of vodka left by the side of the door to Eric's room and pours the drink down the drain.

The Intruder smashes the glass in the sink

CINDY

What are you doing?

INTRUDER

Being prepared.

Cindy is surprised when he grabs her arm, forcibly this time, and unwraps the self-inflicted wound.

Some blood spurts out.

He then selects the biggest, meanest shard of glass from the sink and pushes it into the cut on Cindy's arm.

Cindy screams her throat raw and drops to her knees but the Intruder's grip on the glass and her arm does not let up.

He twists and grinds the glass, making an existing clean cut into a messy one.

Blood pools around the glass.

He repeats the process on her leg before re-wrapping the wounds and once again making a tourniquet for her arm out of a belt.

The Intruder takes the glass and drives it into the wounds Cindy gave him. He squeezes the glass in a fist, cutting his fingers.

Cindy lies semi-conscious on the floor.

INTRUDER

Let's go.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The Intruder carries Cindy to Eric's parked car.

He helps her into the back of the vehicle and lays her across the seats.

He gets in behind the wheel and starts the engine.

INT. ERIC'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Intruder appears focused and steady. He operates like a man who is calm, but one who is sure of himself, his actions, and his goal.

He rearranges the rear view mirror so that he can see Cindy in its reflection.

Pale, and weak from pain, Cindy forces herself into a sitting position.

The Intruder takes CINDY'S PHONE from his pocket and taps the screen a couple of times.

PHONE
(Automated)
One new voice mail.

TRACEY (OVER PHONE)
Hi Sweetheart, it's ya Mum, here.
Your Dad and I will pop up to
visit you and your brother, see
the new house. Hope you're both
well and settling in ok. Love
you.

Concern and dread washes over Cindy. She stays tense and fixed in her seat.

The Intruder pockets the phone.

INTRUDER
Something for you to think about.

Cindy feels around for the button to lower the window. She finds it and soon enough the window goes down a few inches.

Wind blasts her face and billows her hair.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cindy lies in bed, the sheet crumpled at her waist, her gown damp with perspiration.

Exhaling heavily she swings her feet over the side and onto the floor.

Cindy finds the window latch and opens it. She lets out a sigh before filling her lungs with the fresh air.

She turns her head side to side in the breeze, allowing it to wash over her, caress her skin and toss her hair.

(CONTINUED)

She waves her fingers through the air, moving in and out of the breeze as if plucking at invisible harp strings.

PRESENT:

INT. ERIC'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

An unobtrusive PING sounds, accompanied by an orange light in the shape of a petrol pump on the car's dash.

The Intruder takes note but remains stoic and silent.

EXT. PETROL STATION - NIGHT

The Intruder steers Eric's car onto the forecourt and pulls up beside an empty pump.

He climbs from the car and starts pumping petrol into the tank.

He looks in through the window at Cindy. Her arm continues to bleed out.

Done pumping, he heads inside to pay. He moves quick but without running.

INT. PETROL STATION - NIGHT

The Intruder joins a short queue in line to pay.

Outside, unknown to the Intruder, a BMW pulls up to the pump adjacent to Eric's car.

The BMW DRIVER gets out of his car and starts pumping. While he waits for the tank to fill he lets his eyes wander.

They land on Eric's car.

The Intruder moves forward in the queue.

The Driver steps away from his BMW and toward Eric's car, scrutinising the rear window.

The Intruder hands over some cash.

The Driver puts his face to the glass and cups his hands around his eyes.

As the Intruder heads from the counter and to the exit he spots the unwelcome attention the car and Cindy seem to be attracting.

EXT. PETROL STATION - NIGHT

The Driver takes in Cindy and her appearance and takes step back.

DRIVER

Jesus.

INTRUDER

(O.S)

Looks worse than it is.

The Driver is taken by surprise.

DRIVER

You're with her?

INTRUDER

My sister. That's the last time we attempt to do any DIY, I tell ya.

The Driver does not appear entirely placated.

The Intruder keeps walking, heading for the drivers side door.

DRIVER

She ok in there?

INTRUDER

Ask her yourself. She'll tell you.

The Intruder opens his door but doesn't get in, instead leaning on the roof.

The Driver taps on the glass by Cindy's face.

DRIVER

Miss? You alright?

INTRUDER

Wait 'til we see what Mum and Dad make of all this, eh Sis?

DRIVER

Miss?

Cindy turns her head his way just a little, as if in an attempt to appear sighted, like she's addressing him.

CINDY

Looks bad, right?

The Driver leans in, trying for a better look at the sliver of eye he can see under the amber glow of lights.

(CONTINUED)

Cindy turns away, facing forward.

INTRUDER
Honestly, the way she went
through that conservatory, you'd
think she was blind.

The Driver grunts/laughs and backs up a step, seemingly
satisfied to a degree.

The Intruder settles in his seat, starts the car, and
drives away.

The Driver watches them leave.

INT. ERIC'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

INTRUDER
In case you were thinking I need
your parents to come to me,
don't. I found you. I can find
them.

INT. HOSPITAL, A&E RECEPTION - NIGHT

The Intruder, wearing a mask of concern and panic and
looking a little bloody and speckled with paint, carries
Cindy (tourniquet around her arm) into the ward.

INTRUDER
Please! I need some help, my
sister is hurt, she's bleeding
bad.

A passing NURSE, seeing Cindy's state and her arm, rushes
to their aid.

Nurse 1 shouts to some unseen workforce.

NURSE 1
Patient hemorrhaging!

As if from nowhere a 2ND NURSE wheels a gurney from around
a corner. The Intruder and the two Nurses help Cindy onto
the gurney and she is wheeled down the hall at speed.

NURSE 1
What's her name?

INTRUDER
Cindy.

NURSE 1
Cindy, can you hear me?

Cindy nods.

(CONTINUED)

The Nurse lifts Cindy's eyelids. She is surprised to see two sightless eyes staring back.

She talks as she puts two fingers to the inside of Cindy's wrist.

NURSE 1

Do you feel thirsty, Cindy?

(To Intruder)

How long ago was she cut?

INTRUDER

About thirty, thirty-five minutes ago.

NURSE 1

Let's get her stabilised.

The second nurse nods.

INT. HOSPITAL, A&E WARD - NIGHT

Cindy lies looking anxious, pale, dazed.

Nurse 1 puts pressure on Cindy's injured arm while Nurse 2 applies gauze pads and wraps it in gauze strips.

NURSE 3 attaches a cannula to the other arm and hangs an IV drip.

The Intruder stands at the foot of the bed, looking on while the TRAUMA SURGEON talks.

TRAUMA SURGEON

Your sister's cut her radial artery and lost a couple of pints of blood. She's gonna be fine, right now we're giving her fluids but we'll need to take a blood sample so we can find a match for a transfusion and she will need to undergo vascular surgery to ligate the offending artery. For that we'll take her up to the O.R floor and give her a general anaesthetic.

(Pause)

Don't worry, you did everything right.

The Intruder watches as Nurse 1 examines Cindy's cuts a little more closely.

Nurse 1 finds the scars on Cindy's wrists and she looks back at the Intruder and their eyes meet for a second.

(CONTINUED)

The Trauma Surgeon looks the Intruder up and down, taking in the man's own injuries.

TRAUMA SURGEON

You ok?

INTRUDER

Yeah I'm fine.

TRAUMA

You should let us take a look at you.

NURSE 1

Doctor Hutson?

The Trauma Surgeon turns, looks to the Nurse for elaboration.

NURSE 1

Do you have a moment?

TRAUMA SURGEON

(To Intruder)

Excuse me.

Nurse 1 and the Trauma Surgeon convene at the WARD STATION at the end of the short corridor.

INT. HOSPITAL, A&E, WARD STATION - NIGHT

Nurse 1 alternates her attention back and forth between the Intruder at the foot of Cindy's bed and the Doctor in front of her.

NURSE 1

Did he tell you how it happened?

TRAUMA SURGEON

Said she was holding some paint for him while he was up a ladder. He went through the conservatory roof, she went in to help, but came off worse than he did. Fell in all the broken glass.

NURSE 1

Does that sound right to you?

TRAUMA SURGEON

Both their injuries are consistent.

NURSE 1

She's blind.

(CONTINUED)

TRAUMA SURGEON

So she can't hold a tin of paint?

NURSE 1

Who paints a conservatory at night?

TRAUMA SURGEON

I once treated a patient with a table leg inserted twelve inches up their rectum.

NURSE 1

And they gave you the honest answer for how it got there?

TRAUMA SURGEON

This is A and E, if we went one night without seeing something fucked up it would be fucked up.

NURSE 1

Don't you ever just get...a feeling?

TRAUMA SURGEON

Ok. I'll talk to the patient on our way up to the O.R. Meanwhile, you take a look at him too, he's pretty banged up.

A LITTLE LATER:

INT. HOSPITAL, A&E WARD - NIGHT

The Intruder sits upright on the bed next to Cindy's

Nurse 1 passes him a form attached to a clipboard.

NURSE 1

Could I ask you to fill out one of these? Just something you have to do on admission. Understandably you weren't of a mind to do it when you first came running in.

A TEAM OF NURSES come and start wheeling Cindy out of the ward on her bed.

The Intruder puts a hand to her arm as she passes.

INTRUDER

I'll be right here. Waiting.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE 1

While you do that I'll get you cleaned up.

The Nurse snaps on a pair of latex gloves. While the Intruder looks over the admittance form.

NURSE 1

Just fill it out to the best of your knowledge.

INT. HOSPITAL, O.R FLOOR - NIGHT

The Trauma Surgeon follows as Cindy's bed is carted along the corridor.

TRAUMA SURGEON

So you and your brother live together?

NURSE 1

Yeah.

TRAUMA SURGEON

Lucky, to have a brother that takes care of you like that.

The Trauma Surgeon watches Cindy, waiting for a reaction.

TRAUMA SURGEON

Must get interesting, huh? Not sure I could stand to live with any of my sisters.

(Pause)

We used to fight pretty bad when we were young.

(Pause)

Get together, Christmas, anniversaries, too long in the same room.

(Pause)

Not you guys though?

CINDY

I'd do anything for my brother.

TRAUMA SURGEON

Like try to dig him out of a load of broken glass?

CINDY

When will I be able to go home?

TRAUMA

...You'll need to recover after surgery.

The bed gets pushed through a set of double doors that slam open against the walls.

INT. HOSPITAL, A&E WARD - NIGHT

The Intruder ticks and fills in boxes on the admittance form.

He completes Cindy's full name - CINDY LASSITER, her date of birth, her address...

Nurse 1 cleans the cuts on his free hand.

NURSE 1
Looks like you got lucky?

INTRUDER
Why do you say that?

NURSE 1
Walking away with these cuts. I call that lucky.
(Pause)
Your sister wasn't so lucky.

INTRUDER
...Tell me about it.

Nurse 1 starts wrapping his cuts in gauze and plasters.

INTRUDER
Seriously, tell me about it.

She stops what she's doing and looks him in the eye.

NURSE 1
I see a lot of injuries and accidents and all the different ways people can be hurt.

INTRUDER
Must be an interesting job. You like it?

NURSE 1
It's not a matter of liking it or not liking it. I do what I can to help people that need it.

INTRUDER
I can only imagine the long hours. It's only a matter of time before somebody makes a mistake. You ever made one?

(CONTINUED)

NURSE 1

...You know what I think? I think you're lying about how you both got hurt, that's what I think.

INTRUDER

It's a thought. But that's all it is, a thought. Nothing means more to me than family. I love my sister very much.

(Long pause)

Thank you for taking good care of us, both of us.

NURSE 1

...You're welcome.

(Points to the form)

You done with that?

INT. HOSPITAL, A&E, WARD STATION - NIGHT

Nurse 1 takes the clipboard and completed form to her colleague sat at the desk. She slides it to the RECEPTIONIST.

NURSE 1

Janet, could you please try and find this patient's NHS number?

Nurse 1 waits while Janet checks the details on the form and uses the computer to search.

NURSE 1

And can you bring up the patient's records?

JANET

Sure.

NURSE 1

I want to see if she has more than your average number of household accidents.

JANET

Nothing.

NURSE 1

No burns, bruises, falling down stairs and walking into doors?

JANET

No, I mean literally nothing. The patient apparently has no NHS number and no medical history that I can see.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE 1

Does that seem weird to you for a
blind woman with facial scarring?

JANET

It's most likely an issue with
the system.

LATER:

INT. HOSPITAL, A&E WARD - NIGHT

Cindy lies in bed and comes around from the anaesthetic
while the Intruder watches from a chair.

The curtain is pulled around them, giving them privacy.

CINDY

The disinfectant isn't strong
enough. I can still smell you.

INTRUDER

The surgery went well. You should
be able to come back home
tomorrow.

CINDY

Home?

(Pause)

...You don't want to kill me. You
don't want to rob me. And you
don't want to fuck me.

(Pause)

What do you want?

He whispers in her ear.

INTRUDER

I could take your life, but all
you'd be giving me is a single
moment, one instant lost in time,
never to be experienced again.

(Pause)

Would you like some water?

He leaves to fill a cup from the water fountain at the end
of the corridor.

Cindy breathes deeply and lies still save for a slight
tremble throughout her body.

After a while of apparent contemplation she starts
clicking her tongue against the roof of her mouth. She
does this over and over, pausing for a second between each
click.

Cindy then raises her hand above her face at arm's length before slowly bringing it closer and closer to the tip of her nose, clicking the whole time.

INT. ERIC'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The Intruder drives. Cindy, her arm and leg freshly bandaged sits beside him with her wrists and ankles in handcuffs.

She clicks her tongue as before.

The Intruder looks sideways at her with a slight look of apprehensiveness.

Cindy faces him while repeating the clicking with her tongue.

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - DAY

Cindy stands in the centre of the room, clutching her injured arm.

the Intruder stands in the doorway holding the handcuffs.

INTRUDER

These windows, the locks on the
doors, all that was meant to keep
the bad stuff outside...

Cindy listens to him shut the door and lock it.

She starts slowly limping up and down the room, just a few strides in each direction, repeating over and over.

She clicks her tongue as she goes.

MONTAGE:

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The Intruder gathers up every single knife. He throws them all into a box along with any remotely sharp or pointed kitchen utensil.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

He takes a pair of nail scissors from the bathroom cabinet and gathers up the bloody clothing in the tub.

INT. HOUSE, BACK DOOR - DAY

A bulging black bin bag gets tied up and thrown down beside a couple of others by the back door.

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE

The Intruder wraps the Woman's dead body in a shower curtain and drags her along the floor.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

He mops up blood from the floor.

INT. HOUSE, STAIRCASE - DAY

He wipes the blood from the walls.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

He sweeps broken glass...

Uprights downed furniture...

He sets about emptying the remaining boxes from the house move.

He unloads books onto a shelf, storing them neatly and topping it all off with a DOMED BRASS BOOKEND.

INT. HOUSE, VARIOUS - NIGHT

The house now looks like a home.

CUT:

The rooms and hallways are quiet with the exception of a distant clicking - the sound of a tongue snapping against the mouth it resides in.

CUT:

The Intruder screws SHEETS OF WHITE PLASTIC over each and every window.

CUT:

He drills screws into the letterbox, sealing it permanently shut.

CUT:

The Intruder has the house keys on a lanyard which he places around his neck and tucks under his shirt.

EXT. HOUSE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

The Intruder throws a stuffed bin bag of God-knows-what into a pit in the ground where it lands on several others and the Woman's corpse.

He begins shoveling soil, filling the hole in the corner of the lawn.

He cries. Mourns.

END MONTAGE:

INT. HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The table is set neatly for dinner - two plates, two wine glasses, two spoons. A pair of lit candles flicker in the dim light.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cindy comes down the stairs but remains where she is at the bottom. She does not dare venture deeper into the house.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Intruder removes an apron and folds it over the back of a chair after taking two foil dishes from the oven using an oven glove.

He calls to Cindy.

INTRUDER

Sorry it's late, you must be hungry.

He positions himself in the doorway, granting himself a view down the length of the hall and to the front door where he sees Cindy standing.

INTRUDER

Come, sit down.

She refuses to move.

INTRUDER

Sit down or fall down with a blade in your leg. Move before I make the choice for you.

(CONTINUED)

Cindy has her cane. She limps her way to the table.

The Intruder serves up the food and helps her into her chair, like a gentleman.

INTRUDER
(Sitting)

Eat.

Cindy has to tentatively feel around for a moment before identifying the spoon and where to put it.

INTRUDER
Compliments of your brother.

She tries to feed herself but groans in pain when bending her bandaged arm.

She then switches hands with the spoon and takes a mouthful of warmed up takeaway curry. She gasps and puts a finger to her lip.

INTRUDER
Careful, it might be a little too hot.

Cindy sets her spoon down and slides the plate over a couple of inches. She keeps her hand on the plate.

INTRUDER
You're healing nicely. I'll change your bandages later.
(Pause)
This is nice. Like old times, sharing a meal with my sister.

CINDY
Why me?

INTRUDER
We are forever entwined, you and I, woven into the fabric of one another's being.
(Pause)
Why you? The answer is you. I want your fear.

Cindy hears the charge of a camera's flash and the click and whir of a photograph being snapped.

INTRUDER
Fear is ongoing.

He continues to snap shot after shot, moving in closer to Cindy with every image taken.

INTRUDER

Fear is perpetual.

He photographs her mounting terror.

INTRUDER

Fear is primal.

He positions himself and repositions himself like a perverse fashion photographer capturing his subject.

INTRUDER

Fear reveals who we truly are.

Cindy hurls the plate of steaming hot food at the side of his face.

The plate smashes.

One side of the Intruder's face blisters.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Intruder forcefully dunks Cindy in a tub full of water and ice. Water floods her nostrils and mouth.

A fist wrapped around her collar yanks her from the water long enough for her to gargle and choke before she is shoved under.

Her sightless eyes blink rapidly.

She struggles beneath the water and the strength of The Intruder.

Just as she is about to burn up all the oxygen in her lungs she is wrenched upwards.

She gasps for air.

The Intruder shoves her back down under the water.

Cindy kicks and claws, thrashing.

She shivers violently.

The Intruder blasts her face with a stream of steaming water from the shower head.

Cindy reacts as if she were on fire.

CINDY

Fuck you.

She's forced back under.

(CONTINUED)

When The Intruder gives her a brief respite and a chance to breathe her skin is lobster red.

Cindy scratches his face and she yet again is blasted with the scolding water before she is thrust under the icy water.

And so it goes;

COLD WATER...

HOT WATER...

COLD WATER...

HOT WATER...

With every dunk under the surface she is barely given the time to catch a breath.

Cindy reaches out of the water, scratching for the Intruder's throat.

He retaliates by driving his fingernails into her cut through her bandages and fresh blood soon appears.

She is left gasping, dripping wet.

As she lies suspended from the Intruder's grip around her clothes, struggling to breathe and close to passing out...

He pushes her under. Holds her down.

Her struggles grow clumsier, weaker. She goes loose in his grip.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cindy sits in bed, two white circular pads over her eyes. She looks extremely anxious.

DOCTOR

Life will not be the same. But you can be. The world hasn't changed, just the way you navigate it. It's a matter of adapting and making the necessary adjustments to survive.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Intruder pulls her out of the tub.

Cindy appears close to losing consciousness.

The Intruder smiles. It is not a sinister or malicious smile. It is happiness.

He hugs Cindy. She is limp in his arms.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A WOMAN IN A SUMMER DRESS (22), tosses a ball for her dog to collect and return to her.

INSERT: THREE WEEKS LATER.

Summer Dress throws the ball again for the salivating dog. It disappears behind the tree line and the Dog follows after it.

SUMMER DRESS
Pippit! Pippit, c'mon boy.

She is left waiting and so makes her way towards the treeline.

She ducks beneath some low branches and pushes aside some snagging twigs and finds Pippit, scratching at the dirt by the roots of a tree.

SUMMER DRESS
Time to go Pippit.

The Woman in the summer dress approaches her dog and discovers a decomposing HUMAN CORPSE with the front of the skull entirely exposed.

She screams.

Pippit gnaws on a finger bone.

HARD CUT:

EXT. PARK, CRIME SCENE - DAY

A small crowd has gathered, kept at bay by the strip of police tape.

Two Detectives, WILSON (47) and WATERMAN (31) move at a brisk pace through the park, under the tape and to the area where the body was found.

SCENE OF CRIME OFFICERS work around them, bagging evidence.

(CONTINUED)

The ON-CALL PATHOLOGIST gets to his haunches as Wilson and Waterman arrive.

PATHOLOGIST
Wilson, Waterman.

WILSON
Juicy.

WATERMAN
The insects leave anything for us?

PATHOLOGIST
Not a lot.

WATERMAN
I.D?

PATHOLOGIST
SOCO'S haven't found anything.

WILSON
What's that?

Wilson drops to his haunches and points to a thin metal bar screwed to the bone of the corpse's forearm.

WILSON
Looks like our John Doe is no stranger to pain.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The house looks just like any other. Life goes on as normal for the street.

People do their gardening, water their lawns, walk their dogs, head out in their cars.

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE - DAY

There's the sound of construction work going on somewhere behind a closed door. Sawing, drilling, metal on metal and the buzz of machinery at work.

The walls are covered in photographs...of Cindy sleeping, eating, sitting in her room, being awoken at night, screaming, crying, cowering.

Seen down the length of the hall, Cindy is in the kitchen, pulling wet laundry from a washing machine.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Cindy feels around in the seemingly empty drum before finding a wet sock.

She throws it in the laundry basket with everything else.

She pulls herself up, struggling to do so on her stabbed leg.

Cindy also stretches and flexes her injured arm - better, but not there yet.

The sounds of grinding metal stop.

Down the hall the door to the garage opens and Cindy visibly cowers.

The Intruder emerges, sweating under a vest and wearing a welder's mask.

He takes slow and deliberate steps towards Cindy, watches her flinch.

He removes the welder's mask.

INTRUDER

Drink.

Cindy LIMPS towards the sink and fills a glass of water for him. She positions the tip of her thumb inside the glass and feels when it is full.

The Intruder takes a long drink, swirls the water around inside his mouth, and spits it onto the clean laundry.

INTRUDER

Wash it again.

There is a KNOCK at the front door.

The Intruder is quick to read Cindy for any reaction.

INTRUDER

Upstairs.

Cindy feels her way along the wall, limping, and heads up the stairs.

The Intruder waits for the sound of the door closing upstairs before he goes to the front door.

INT. HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

The Intruder opens the door on a DELIVERY DRIVER holding a large box. A courier's van sits idling by the curbside.

DELIVERY DRIVER
Eric Lassiter?

INTRUDER
Yes.

DELIVERY DRIVER
Sign here.

The Intruder wiggles his finger across an electronic pad.

The Driver hands over the box and returns to his van.

The Intruder is left looking down at the box and reading the name on the label.

He is closing the door when he glances up to see the neighbour, Joe throw a wave his way.

The wave and smile falter a little when Joe catches just a glimpse of a partial face slipping behind the door before it closes.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The Intruder sets the box down and returns to the garage. The noises resume.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

The largely rotten corpse is laid out on the slab. It is little more than strings of decayed meat clinging to bones.

The Pathologist, Wilson, and Waterman look over the body.

Wilson chews gum.

PATHOLOGIST
What you're looking at is an adult male aged approximately between thirty and forty.

WILSON
You able to narrow it down a little more than that?

PATHOLOGIST
Two things stand out. The first, the titanium plate here in the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATHOLOGIST (cont'd)
left forearm and the signs of a fracture means your guy underwent surgery sometime in the last couple of months. This would have been quite a break.

WATERMAN
And the second thing?

PATHOLOGIST
His face was cut off.

WATERMAN
Cut off?

WILSON
I'm assuming that one wasn't a routine surgical procedure?

PATHOLOGIST
I found marks going all the way around the parietal and temporal parts of the skull. Somebody sliced his entire face off with a knife.

WATERMAN
Jesus. Cause of death?

PATHOLOGIST
Asphyxiation. Most likely he choked to death on his own blood. His face was removed while he was still alive.

WATERMAN
Let's start scouring the hospitals in the surrounding counties for any males of the appropriate age who have been fitted with these types of surgical pins between April and June of this year.

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The ever present sound of power tools in use, tamed by walls and locked doors.

Cindy has a SKETCH PAD on her lap and a pencil in hand. She clicks her tongue and appears to be drawing.

The sketch is not yet seen.

The sounds of metal on metal cease.

(CONTINUED)

Cindy stops clicking and slides the pad under her mattress.

She picks up a book from her bedside, opens it up, and runs her fingertips over its Braille pages.

Footsteps...coming up the stairs...

A key in the door...the door opening...

The Intruder stands, sweating in the doorway. He looks at Cindy for a while and watches her read.

INTRUDER

You're getting better at that.

CINDY

I've had time. What are you doing down there?

INTRUDER

Giving you one more choice to make. But it won't be easy.

The Intruder has Cindy's phone in his hand. After tapping at the screen a few times

PHONE

(Automated)

One new voice mail.

TRACEY (OVER PHONE)

Hi Dear, it's ya mum again. Me and your Dad will be there in two days time. That'll be nice, won't it?

Cindy gives away nothing. But her reading finger stops dead in its tracks.

INTRUDER

Their timing couldn't be better. It's almost ready.

The Intruder shuts and locks the door.

The sound of receding footsteps...down the stairs...the front door opening and closing.

Cindy removes an EARRING. It is the same one she pricked her finger on. She bends the long hook into a right-angle.

She uses the earring to pick the door lock.

After a few rehearsed moves she hears the bolt slide back.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cindy comes down stairs.

The BOX sits to one side of the hallway.

Cindy moves with relative ease. Her hands are at her sides and she walks without the cane.

Her toe bumps the corner of the box.

CUT TO:

Cindy tears open the brown box.

Inside is an assortment of smaller boxes, differing in size, and displaying their contents via pictures.

Cindy lets her hands do the wandering, feeling around edges and over textures.

She lifts out a boxed TALKING MICROWAVE and keeps feeling around inside until she picks out a smaller box (the size of a remote control).

Cindy unpacks the device and finds herself holding a small black gadget that looks a little like a small ipad.

She peels away more plastic packaging and inspects it by touch. She presses a button.

OCR DEVICE

(Electronic)

Tap to scan text in portrait.
Point the camera at texted documents. The device will scan silently and notify you when text has been detected. Voiceover will read the text to you.

Cindy feels for the nearest box, points the device at it, and taps a button.

OCR DEVICE

(Electronic)

Start
scan...scanning...evaluating...optical character recognition complete.
"Item locators for the visually impaired".

After a brief moment of contemplation Cindy repeats the process on everything she lifts from the box.

QUICK CUTS:

(CONTINUED)

OCR DEVICE
(Electronic)
..."Talking scales for the
visually impaired"...

OCR DEVICE
(Electronic)
..."Voice recorder"...

OCR DEVICE
(Electronic)
..."Talking microwave"...

Cindy feels around in the bottom of the box, at first finding it empty before she nudges at a folded piece of paper.

She takes it out, unfolds it, scans it.

OCR DEVICE
(Electronic)
Start
scan...scanning...evaluating...optical
character recognition complete.
"Gift message from your Big
Brother. Don't give up, it's not
you. You're a survivor..."

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL, A&E WARD - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS wheel Cindy - eyes bleeding - at breakneck speed on a gurney, crashing open doors.

Eric races along in their wake, cradling an arm that's twisted at a savage angle while a NURSE pleads in vain for him to step aside.

ERIC
...You're a survivor. You hear
me, little Sis? Nothing worth
doing is ever easy, not even
living. It's ok to be afraid, you
just need to know how to beat it.
Fuck fear. You're a fighter. So
fight.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Cindy cries. But she finds her resolve and wipes the tears with the back of her hand.

She starts piling every item and box back into the largest box.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The Intruder pulls up in Eric's car. After getting out he goes to the trunk of the car and lifts out a SACK BARROW then loads it with a HYDRAULIC PRESS.

He wheels it towards the house.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Cindy loads the last couple of items into the main box.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The Intruder leaves the sack barrow and press by the garage door.

He heads for the front door.

He picks up a stack of mail from in front of closed door.

JOE
(O.C)
Hey stranger.

The Intruder turns to find Joe from the opposite side of the fence. The smile falters.

JOE
I don't believe we've met.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Cindy lifts the box and walks to the stairs. Her foot comes down on a piece of packaging.

She bends to retrieve it.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JOE
You a friend of the Lassiter's?

(CONTINUED)

INTRUDER

An old acquaintance.

JOE

Haven't seen Eric's face around
for a while.

The Intruder smiles.

INTRUDER

It does seem like he's in several
places at once these days.

JOE

He and Cindy settling in ok?

INTRUDER

Just fine. I kind of dropped in
on 'em, something of a surprise
visit.

JOE

That'll explain the windows then.

INTRUDER

Sorry?

JOE

You helpin' 'em fix the place up?

INTRUDER

You know what it's like, you want
to make it your own.

JOE

Nice of ya.

INTRUDER

I try.

The Intruder slides the key into the lock.

JOE

Pleasure to meet you...er...?

INTRUDER

Shaun. Shaun King.

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - DAY

Cindy ducks into her room and shuts the door behind her.
She slides the bent earring into the lock.

INT. HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

The Intruder steps inside and locks the door.

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - DAY

Cindy picks the lock and the bolt slides into place with a CLUNK.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The Intruder stands motionless, surveying the house with the eyes of a predator, almost sensing something amiss.

INT. POLICE STATION, TOILETS - DAY

Wilson stands at the urinals emptying his bladder.

Waterman enters and sits perched on the edge of the handbasin.

WILSON

Fuckin' prostate. Don't get old, Waterman. You get killed taking down some fuckin' nut job and your wife gets fat off the insurance, you get the hero's burial, and you get to kick it while you can still remember what your dick looks like.

WATERMAN

I'll miss your optimism when you're retired.

WILSON

You window shopping or you got something?

WATERMAN

So I didn't get any hits when checking hospital records for this county or any neighbouring counties, so I widened the search.

Wilson zips up and washes his hands.

WILSON

Our John Doe have a name?

WATERMAN

I got a hit...from two hundred miles away. But it seems to be a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WATERMAN (cont'd)
match - right age, same specifics
in regards to the fracture, the
surgery, and the time frame.

Waterman follows Wilson out into the hall.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

As the two men walk and talk Waterman hands the older
detective a printout.

It is a passport photograph of ERIC above several lines of
text.

WATERMAN
John Doe's name is Daniel Hawk,
age thirty five.

WILSON
Good lookin' guy.

WATERMAN
Beauty is skin deep. There's more
- Daniel Hawk and his sister are
both wanted for questioning in
relation to their involvement in
an RTA that took the lives of two
passengers traveling in another
vehicle. Daniel Hawk was driving
home at eighty-five when he
T-boned a car and sent it into a
tree just a hundred yards from
his own house.

He hands Wilson a second printout, this one with a PHOTO
of CINDY on it.

WATERMAN
Ellie Hawk. While Daniel broke
his arm in the wreck, Ellie lost
her sight in both eyes. They
discharged themselves from
hospital before they could be
formally charged.

WILSON
The other car?

WATERMAN
Two dead, two survived. Daniel
Hawk wiped out half a family.
(Pause)
You think that's a possible
motive?

(CONTINUED)

WATERMAN

It's the only one we've got.

(Pause)

Give me everything you've got on the folks inside that other car. You go find where Hawk and his blind sister hid themselves.

WILSON

If they fled charges it's likely they've assumed new identities.

WATERMAN

You've got a face now...

(Holding Eric's picture)

Start with that.

INT. HOUSE, ERIC'S ROOM - MORNING

The Intruder rises from bed wearing shorts and a T-shirt.

He wears the set of keys around his neck on a chain.

INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Eric's door unlocks and the Intruder crosses the hall to Cindy's door.

He finds the key with ease, unlocks the door.

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - MORNING

The Intruder cautiously opens the door, standing back and allowing it to swing open and grant him a view of the room.

Cindy sleeps in her bed.

Satisfied, the Intruder leaves and locks the door.

Cindy opens her eyes immediately and presses on her watch.

TALKING WATCH

The time is seven fifty-five AM.

She pulls the voice recorder from under her pillow and hits record.

CINDY

Room check at seven fifty-five.

QUICK CUTS:

Cindy opens up a cupboard where a few things have been dumped in the bottom.

(CONTINUED)

The shower can be heard running through the walls.

She feels around and finds what she's looking for - a TABLE LAMP. With a bit of force she rips the electrical cord from the base.

The shower stops.

Cindy presses on the watch.

TALKING WATCH

The time is Eight zero-two AM.

She talks into the voice recorder.

CINDY

Shower, seven minutes.

CUT:

Cindy stands on a chair in the corner of the room scratching at the wall paper.

She gets a purchase on the wallpaper with a fingernail and keeps peeling until she exposes a little brickwork.

She pauses when she hears the bathroom door open and several footsteps approaching passing, then receding.

Cindy takes the voice recorder from her pocket and speaks into it.

CINDY

Twenty two paces from the bathroom to the bottom of the stairs.

CUT:

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE - DAY

The ever present noise and sounds of machinery permeate the walls.

Cindy returns a Braille book to its shelf and her hand grazes the HEAVY BOOKEND.

After a contemplative pause Cindy starts folding dried laundry.

She comes across a shirt (one of Eric's) and feels her way around the collar and folds it up.

Cindy pulls a SMALL BLUE PLASTIC COIN (an item locator) from her pocket and hides it in the folds of the shirt collar.

CUT:

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - DAY

Cindy is back on the chair in the corner of the room.

She uses the patch of exposed brick to file away the plastic coating on the electrical cable pulled from the lamp.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cindy turns on the shower but instead of undressing and stepping under the spray she opens the cabinet above the sink.

She takes the OPTICAL CHARACTER RECOGNITION device from inside her clothing and scans the contents of the cabinet.

The sound of the shower spray masks that of the OCR.

OCR DEVICE
(Electronic)
..."Toothpaste"...

QUICK CUTS:

OCR DEVICE
(Electronic)
..."Mouthwash"...

CUT:

OCR DEVICE
(Electronic)
..."Men's Deodorant".

Cindy takes the can of deodorant and scans the back of it.

OCR DEVICE
(Electronic)
Start
scan...scanning...evaluating...optical
character recognition complete.
"Extremely flammable aerosol.
Pressurised container: may burst
if heated".

Cindy allows herself a little crooked smile.

EXT. PETROL STATION - NIGHT

Cars come and go.

INT. PETROL STATION - NIGHT

Waterman sits with DAVE (23), the wiry petrol station attendant before a small colour monitor, watching CCTV footage whir by in reverse.

DAVE

We wipe the footage at the end of every month anyway.

WATERMAN

Either he's on here or he's not.

(Pause)

Can I get a pack of 20 Bolton's?

DAVE

Menthol or regular?

WATERMAN

Regular.

Dave finds the cigarettes the detective asked for.

DAVE

So this guy's body was found in the park? I walk that way to get to work.

Waterman keeps his eyes glued to the screen.

WATERMAN

You got any Aspirin back there?
This is fuckin' my eyes up.

Dave gets the man the Aspirin.

The CCTV footage comes to a stop.

DAVE

Well, that's everything from the last thirty days.

(Pause)

You try the chink's?

WATERMAN

Am I to assume you're referring to the Chinese restaurant I came past on my way here?

DAVE

Only reason people drive out this way is either to get to the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVE (cont'd)
hospital, buy fags here, or go to
the chink - the Chinese
restaurant cuisine
establishment.

Waterman nods appreciatively and heads for the exit.

DAVE
Erm...officer? Detective?
(Pause)
The Aspirin and cigarettes?

Waterman returns to the counter, slaps down a twenty pound
note.

WATERMAN
Keep the change.

INT. HONG'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The door chimes above Waterman's head as he enters.

The Chinese owner, VICTOR HONG (59) greets Waterman with a
smile.

VICTOR
Good evening, sir. Takeaway menu?

WATERMAN
That security camera -
(Points behind Victor)
- does it work?

VICTOR
Yes sir.

Waterman flashes his warrant card.

WATERMAN
I'm gonna need to see everything
on it from the last few weeks.
(Pause)
And how much for an egg fried
rice?

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cindy is sat, small and withered at the table. The
Intruder looms large over her.

CINDY
...You're wearing his
clothes...and his aftershave. I
can tell.

(CONTINUED)

INTRUDER

Nosy.

(Pause)

In fact, what if I cut your nose
right off?

The Intruder explodes into anger. Calm and quiet one
moment, enraged the next.

He manhandles Cindy roughly and pulls open a drawer.

He tilts her head back over the counter, takes a container
of Superglue from the drawer, bites the lid off, and
shoves the nozzle up Cindy's nostril.

INTRUDER

Think you could still sniff me
out with your airways glued shut?

(Pause)

How about we take away all your
remaining senses?

He twists her and holds her hand over the gas ring and
turns on the heat.

INTRUDER

Burn your fingertips clean off?

But he quickly snatches her hand back and pins her head
sideways on the counter top. He takes a kebab skewer and
holds it poised just an inch above her ear canal.

Sweat runs from his hand, down the skewer, and into her
ear.

He releases her.

INTRUDER

I want you to hear me coming.
Your screams aren't for me.
They're for you.

(Pause)

We're going to play a game.

CINDY

(Shaking breath)

A game?

INTRUDER

M-hm. We're going to play a game
called "what's in the box?"

He places a box in front of her with a hole - big enough
for a human hand - cut in the side of it.

(CONTINUED)

INTRUDER

The rules are simple: You can't see, you can't smell, you can't hear what's in the box in front of you. I want you to reach inside and tell me what you feel.

CINDY

...I don't want to.

INTRUDER

You don't want to play my game? But you're already so good at Hide and Seek.

Cindy keeps her hands firmly pressed to the tabletop.

INTRUDER

Either you touch what's in there or I make you swallow it.

Terrified, Cindy lifts a trembling hand from the table. She inches it towards the dark hole in the box.

The Intruder watches her expression the entire time. He watches her fear evolve.

Her fingertips enter...her knuckles... until her whole hand is inside.

She keeps reaching in until she's up to her elbow.

Cindy feels around tentatively inside, fearful.

She emits a shaking, wavering breath.

The Intruder flips the lid on the box. Cindy's hand is the only thing inside.

INTRUDER

You saved me the job of having to imagine the worst.

He puts a hand to her chest and feels her heart racing...and there they both remain for several moments.

The Intruder gets up, starts walking away.

INTRUDER

Keep the box, tomorrow night we play "Inhale, Ingest, or Inject?"

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Intruder keeps a watchful eye as he ushers Cindy into her room carrying the box.

He locks her inside.

Cindy then opens the box to reveal the HEAVY, DOME-SHAPED BRASS BOOKEND inside.

INT. HONG'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Victor watches over Waterman's shoulder while he shovels forkfuls of rice into his mouth and rewinds CCTV footage.

Waterman puts down the fork. He looks just a little sick.

VICTOR

Good?

WATERMAN

Memorable. SHIT.

He's suddenly animated, having possibly seen Eric's face on the screen.

WATERMAN

How do I play, how do I play?

Victor hits a button on the key pad and the footage plays.

On screen: Eric stands at the counter handing over a credit card to Victor.

WATERMAN

Pause it.

Victor obliges.

Waterman reads the date and time stamp in the bottom corner of the screen. He points as he talks...

WATERMAN

He paid with a card.

(To Victor)

You got receipts for nine thirty-seven on the night of July eighteenth?

VICTOR

One moment.

HARD CUT:

EXT. HONG'D CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Waterman exits with a phone to his ear.

WATERMAN

It's too late now but 'll contact the bank in the morning, find out what new identity he's assumed and what address he's got registered with them.

WILSON (OVER PHONE)

Good work. As for the poor souls that the artist formerly known as Daniel Hawk plowed into -

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Wilson sits at his desk in near total darkness. The only light comes from the computer monitor.

WILSON

Paula and Fiona King were among the departed, while one Shaun and Morgan King survived the accident. In fact, Shaun saved his sister, Morgan's life when he pulled her from the wreck. Poor fucking guy lost a wife and one of his sisters in the same night. Apparently the sister choked to death on her own blood after her face was ripped off.

Wilson scrolls through a collection of photographs - PAULA (31), FIONA (20), SHAUN (THE INTRUDER), and finally MORGAN (THE WOMAN that Cindy killed).

WATERMAN (OVER PHONE)

Jesus.
(Pause)
Background?

WILSON

Morgan works for a medical supply company, Shaun's an engineer.

WATERMAN

You speak to 'em yet?

WILSON

Gonna do likewise and head out to the address I've got here first thing in the AM. Gonna take a good few hours to get there.

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cindy is asleep but soon wakes groggily. She climbs out of bed and finds her way to a bucket by the wall.

She pulls up her night dress and urinates into the bucket then returns to bed.

At no point does she give any indication that she is aware of the Intruder's presence.

He sits patiently in corner of the room, studying Cindy and studying the SKETCHPAD in his lap.

The PAD is open at a crude but identifiable hand-drawn image in pencil - it is a sketch of the very room he sits in.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cindy has her cane in hand and relies heavily on it to find her way. She appears to have little to no confidence.

She takes pigeon steps and bumps her hip on a bench before falling down into it.

Eric takes a seat beside her.

ERIC
Take your time.

CINDY
I don't need time, I need to see.

ERIC
There are other ways.

CINDY
Just fuck off.

ERIC
What do you feel?

CINDY
Like shit.

He takes her hand and puts it to the seat of the bench.

ERIC
C'mon, what do you feel?

CINDY
The bench.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
What's it made of?

CINDY
...Wood, metal. It's cold...and rough.

ERIC
What can you smell?

CINDY
...Cigarette smoke.

Eric looks to the small gathering of NURSES smoking just to the side of the hospital doorway.

CINDY
Food...coffee...

The automatic doors behind them slide open as a patient exits. Just inside is a small coffee shop.

ERIC
See it in your mind.

CINDY
I can smell exhaust fumes.

ERIC
Visualise it, draw a mental map.

A nearby car has its engine idling while a man and woman sit inside.

A MAN walks by and his coat tails brush the back of Cindy's hand.

She flinches and gasps. She is scared.

CINDY
What's the fucking point of this.

ERIC
I remember reading about a blind man who taught himself how to echo-locate.

CINDY
Leave it.

ERIC
He could walk without a stick or a guide dog. He could run, he could ride a bike. He would stand in the middle of a busy street and point to a bus stop or a phone box, or even a passing dog.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (cont'd)

He could tell you how tall a building was and if it was made of wood or brick and where the windows were.

(Pause)

Do you know how he did it?

CINDY

I don't give a shit.

ERIC

He would click his tongue and listen to the echo that came back.

INT. HOUSE, CINDY'S ROOM - MORNING

Cindy is already awake in her bed when she hears the door unlocking.

She shuts her eyes, pretending to sleep, and hears the keys hanging from around the Intruder's neck.

As soon as the door is shut and locked again Cindy is up and out of bed - she is already dressed.

She presses on her watch.

TALKING WATCH

The time is seven fifty-five AM.

CINDY

Seven minutes.

She clicks her tongue and walks towards the door, stopping right in front of it.

Cindy removes her earring and bends it into shape. She begins picking the lock...

The shower is heard coming on...

She wipes her sweating hands on her shirt.

The door unlocks with a twist of the earring.

INT. HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Cindy crosses the hallway wearing a backpack - clicking her tongue - while unraveling the coiled up electrical cable.

She takes the exposed copper wire ends and wraps them around the metal door handle to the bathroom.

Cindy then retraces her steps, using the cable, back to where it is plugged in. She flicks the switch and heads for the stairs.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Once downstairs, Cindy finds the Intruder's shoes and takes them with her.

She slips away silently into the depths of the house.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

The Intruder finishes dressing and tucks the dangling keys into his shirt.

He reaches for the door - and SCREAMS and TENSES.

He is forced to use his free hand to punch at his shocked hand which has locked its grip.

After freeing his hand The Intruder turns it towards his face. The palm and fingers are burned.

He dowses a flannel in cold water and wraps it around his hand before kicking the door open.

He storms towards the top of the stairs.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Cindy is momentarily interrupted from what she is doing, pausing when she hears the heavy footsteps overhead.

CINDY

Twenty two paces. Twenty one,
twenty, nineteen...

She then resumes programming the TALKING MICROWAVE which is now set up on the kitchen counter.

CINDY

...fifteen...fourteen...

Cindy puts the AEROSOL CAN in the microwave and shuts the door.

INT. HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The Intruder comes down the stairs cradling his burnt hand.

He hears the CLICKING TONGUE coming from the direction of the KITCHEN.

The Intruder angrily heads that way...

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The Intruder follows the sound of Cindy clicking her tongue.

But all he finds is a small, black VOICE RECORDER placed neatly in the middle of the floor...

...CLICK...CLICK

He bends to inspect the recorder...

And hears the microwave beep...

TALKING MICROWAVE
Take care, items may be hot.

The Intruder catches a glimpse of the DEODORANT in the microwave before it EXPLODES IN HIS FACE.

He is showered with flying glass, fragments of metal, and a flash of flame.

One side of the Intruder's face is horribly burned and pot-marked with shrapnel.

He gets back on his feet.

INT. HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Cindy backs towards the lounge door and smashes a drinking glass on the floor.

CINDY
Eight paces.

She clicks her tongue and smashes another glass on the floor, and another.

The floor is littered with broken glass.

Cindy edges out of the room and disappears behind the wall.

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE - DAY

Cindy puts her back to the wall adjacent to the doorway and takes the TALKING SCALES from the backpack. They're small, flat, and the sort of thing you'd use for baking.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Following the intruder through the room and into the...

INT. HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

...where he treads barefoot down onto broken glass. He yells in pain and stops to pull a shard from the sole of his foot.

He continues on...he treads a little carefully, finding relief when he makes it to the lounge and his foot comes down on carpet.

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE - DAY

The Intruder lowers his cut foot.

TALKING SCALES
Calculating weight.

He has long enough to look puzzled before Cindy swings down hard and smashes his foot with a sock weighted at one end.

His toes break and two of them burst.

The Intruder SCREAMS in agony.

Cindy holds in her hand a small key fob with a single circular blue button. She presses it.

The Intruder and Cindy simultaneously hear a quiet BEEP BEEP BEEP coming from the base of his skull - from his shirt collar.

Cindy zeroes in on that BEEP BEEP BEEP...

She raises the weighted sock overhead and starts swinging...

The Intruder looks up in time to see the bulbous end of the sock flying towards his skull...

But he dodges it.

The makeshift weapon strikes the floor, the sock tears, and the BRASS BOOKEND rolls out.

The Intruder grabs Cindy's stitched arm with one hand, and her stitched leg with the other.

The stitches tear. She bleeds and screams.

EXT. KING RESIDENCE - DAY

Wilson pulls up in his car. he gets out and makes his way to the house. The lawn is unkempt and all the curtains appear to be drawn.

He knocks and waits but gets no answer.

Wilson walks around the side and then the back of the house.

He tries to peer in through the windows but the house is dark.

After checking over his shoulder Wilson takes a small leather wallet from his pocket and uses the tools inside to pick the door lock.

He's inside.

INT. KING RESIDENCE - DAY

WILSON
Hello? Anyone home?

The house is completely innocuous but eerily quiet. Every room is plain and unremarkable.

Wilson keeps searching, walking from room to room.

WILSON
Shaun King?

INT. BANK - DAY

Waterman walks up to the glass that separates him from the cashier. He shows his warrant card.

WATERMAN
I need a name and address of a customer of yours.

INT. HOUSE, VARIOUS - DAY

Cindy and The Intruder fight. The fight is brutal and violent.

But The Intruder's aim is not to kill but to maim and disable. He attacks the limbs and extremities.

Cindy is forced to fight blindly. Wildly. She lashes out at anything and everything she comes into contact with - or whatever comes into contact with her.

(CONTINUED)

She bites, scratches, gouges, punches, kicks, elbows, knees, headbutts.

Eventually Cindy gets a grip on the set of keys strung around The Intruder's neck and she pulls tight against his throat.

She is strangling him.

He's close to passing out or dying when the cord snaps.

The Intruder gasps desperately for air, his throat raw.

Cindy is left holding the keys.

She clicks and heads for the front door. She tries the first key, then the second, then the third.

Just as Cindy tries the fourth key The Intruder's gasping turns to laughter.

Cindy is chilled and instinctively ceases to try, as if already knowing it would be no use.

But she does not appear to be scared - more resigned yet resilient.

Battered, bloody, and burned, The Intruder closes the gap between himself and Cindy.

INTRUDER

Did it never occur to you that
the keys dangling from my neck
like a fucking cowbell were there
for a reason?

(Pause)

Just to give you hope?

(Pause)

Hope that is mine to take away.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Cindy and The Intruder respond with equal shock and surprise.

INT. BANK, OFFICE - DAY

Waterman is led through the rows of back offices by the BANK MANAGER to a computer terminal.

BANK MANAGER

May I see your I.D again please?

Waterman shows his warrant card.

The Manager nods in acknowledgment and taps busily away at the terminal.

(CONTINUED)

WATERMAN

Shame you're not always so scrupulous. Guy I'm looking for opened his account using a fake identity.

BANK MANAGER

You're serious?

Waterman points at the info on the computer's monitor.

WATERMAN

That the name and address?

BANK MANAGER

That's it.

WATERMAN

(Reading)

Eric Lassiter, 128 Kingsway.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

TRACY (70) and her husband, NEIL (72) stand at the front door holding a pair of bags.

Neil knocks on the door.

TRACY

Maybe they're not in.

NEIL

(Raised voice)

C'mon, it's yer mum and dad 'ere.

The door opens and The Intruder smiles out at them, his face burned and bloody.

TRACY

Who are you?

INTRUDER

Ask your daughter.

INT. KING RESIDENCE - DAY

Wilson continues his search of the empty house...empty except for dozens and dozens of photographs on the walls of Eric (Daniel) and Cindy (Ellie) as seen in and out of the hospital.

In some photos Cindy's eyes are completely bandaged, covered with pads in others, and uncovered in some.

Wilson follows the trail of photographs down a hall and to a room at one end.

(CONTINUED)

He nudges the door with his foot and the door swings slowly open to reveal more covered walls.

These walls are covered in PLANS and BLUEPRINTS - the kind an engineer may conceive of.

Wilson scrutinises the largest section of plans and detects what appears to be the details of a CAR and some MODIFICATIONS and RIGGING on its sides.

Most prominent are TWO HYDRAULIC presses amongst the rigging.

Within the OUTLINES OF THE CAR are some hand-drawn HUMAN FIGURES.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Two cars are crumpled and smashed. Broken. One is wrapped around a tree, its sides caved in and its windows broken.

The other car lies across the road, its front concertinaed and the windscreen smashed.

There are cries, confused mumbles. Screams. The unnameable quiet that settles in the wake of a tragedy.

FIRST CAR

The Intruder (Shaun) shakes off the blood and confusion and finds his wife, PAULA dead beside him.

He looks into the back of the car and sees The Woman (Morgan) with her face cut and one side of the car crushing her.

She is next to FIONA, her face a mess of red, gargling blood, and pinned to her seat by the caved-in side of the car.

Both women are alive, conscious, and crying for help.

SECOND CAR

Cindy screams. She has broken glass in both eyes.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

Cindy is tied to a chair and The Intruder sits in front of her, his nose almost touching hers.

INTRUDER

You see, don't you? You see the irony - being witness to the very thing that stole your sight. Some might call that justice, call it fair.

(Pause)

Not me. I call it just the beginning.

Cindy has a moment of realisation.

CINDY

I know you.

INTRUDER

No, you don't. But you should.

CINDY

How'd you find us?

INTRUDER

Pure chance.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Morgan/The Woman carries a stack of boxes topped with a clipboard to the ward station.

Her polo shirt is emblazoned with the logo for AMBICON MEDICAL COURIERS and the cut to her face is mostly healed.

While she waits for the RECEPTIONIST to sign the paperwork she lets her eyes wander - and sees Cindy, blind, step from her room into the hall.

INTRUDER

(V.O)

My recognised you.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The Woman and The Intruder watch from their car as Eric encourages to Cindy to walk unassisted and to rely on her remaining senses.

(CONTINUED)

The Intruder photographs the pair with a photographic lens.

INTRUDER

(V.O)

We watched. We waited. We thought of nothing else.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

INTRUDER

And now it's time.

CINDY

For what?

INTRUDER

To choose.

He gets up, takes something from a nearby workbench, and puts it in Cindy's hands.

She feels a SWITCH, set in a home-made terminal with wires coming from it and spreading out in different directions.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

THE SCENE OF THE CAR CRASH.

Shaun tries his door, but it is too damaged and won't open.

He has to gently reposition his dead wife out of the way so he can climb into the back of the car.

He is confronted by Morgan - bleeding, crying, pinned by the side of the car, and Fiona, her face severely injured and spitting blood.

MORGAN

Please, please Shaun help me.

FIONA

...help...help...please

Shaun leans over Morgan and presses his shoulder against the dented door.

He struggles to undo her seat belt also.

(CONTINUED)

FIONA
....so scared....so scared...so
scared...

SHAUN
It'll be ok, Fiona.

FIONA
Please, Shaun.

Shaun manages to get the seat belt off then climbs over Morgan and out through the window.

FIONA
...scared, Shaun. I'm so scared.

Once outside he puts a foot against the car and pulls with all his weight on the door.

It bends enough to free Morgan and he lifts her out of the wreck.

Fiona gargles on her own blood in between breaths.

INTRUDER
I'll come back for you.

Shaun carries Morgan across the road and lays her down in the grass.

The sound of SIRENS fills the air.

Morgan looks back to her brother, to the wreck of the car, and to ERIC - stood in the road, arm bent at an impossible angle, and CINDY - sat in the passenger seat, blinded by the glass in her eyes.

Shaun returns to the car...

...Just as Fiona utters her last, gargling word with blood in her mouth.

FIONA
...Afraid.

Shaun watches his sister die. What remains of her face bares an expression of pure fear.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

Cindy gingerly paws over the SWITCH in her hand that currently sits in neutral.

(CONTINUED)

INTRUDER

I want you to picture something for me - your mother and father, both trapped, and both moments from dying. You can spare one of them, but to save one you sacrifice the other.

REVEAL:

Behind The Intruder is a CAR.

Inside the car, sat on either side are Tracy and Neil, their wrists, ankles, and mouths bound with tape.

On the outside of the car, poised directly at its occupants are two HYDRAULIC PRESSES, each held in place by metal framing that's been welded together.

INTRUDER

I'm giving you the same choice I had.

(Pause)

That feeling you're now having, here -

(Touches her stomach)

And here -

(Touches her heart)

That's for your silence. Moving that switch to the left will save your mother but kill your father. Move it to the right and you spare your father but condemn your mother. Choose.

INT. WATERMAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Waterman drives at speed. His phone rings and he keeps one hand on the wheel while he answers.

WATERMAN

Waterman.

WILSON (OVER PHONE)

It's me. You find an address for Daniel and Ellie Hawk?

WATERMAN

On my way there now.

WILSON (OVER PHONE)

Watch your step, Waterman. From the looks of things I'd say King is on a revenge mission.

INT. KING RESIDENCE - DAY

Wilson paces through the house while he talks on the phone.

WILSON

And whatever he's been planning he's been planning for a while, and it has all the hallmarks of being an obsession. He won't like you getting in his way.

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

CINDY

I'm sorry.

INTRUDER

Choose.

CINDY

I'm sorry for what I did.

INTRUDER

You could have spoken up. You could have held your brother accountable. Instead you said nothing, did nothing. I had to make a terrifying and impossible choice. Now I want your fear in exchange for that silence.

CINDY

I'm sorry. My brother wasn't driving that night. He wasn't even in the car.

FLASHBACK:

INT/EXT. CINDY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Cindy (Ellie) drives fast, one hand on the wheel, the other holding the phone.

CINDY

I'm almost there, I'm just a minute from your house.

ERIC (OVER PHONE)

So then get off the phone.

INT. HAWK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Eric (Daniel) hangs up the phone and immediately hears the sound of screeching tires, smashing metal, and breaking glass.

He runs through his house and out through the front door.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Eric runs into the road and towards the wreck. He slows just a little as he passes by the first car that's wrapped around a tree.

He hears voices from inside...

MORGAN (O.C)
Please, please Shaun help me.

FIONA (O.C)
...help...help...please

Eric ignores the cries for help and goes to Cindy's ruined vehicle.

He finds his sister with a face full of glass and bottles of booze in the footwell.

Panicked, Eric very quickly assesses the situation, seemingly weighing up options.

He can see the man at the other car trying to help free a woman from the wreckage.

Eric moves quickly - he runs to the passenger side of the car, leans in, and drags Cindy across the seat, moving her from the driver's seat to the passenger's.

With that done he removes his belt, bites down on it, then places his forearm at an angle between the door and the car.

He drops his body weight and his arms snaps.

MOMENTS LATER:

Cindy dozes, bewildered in the car while Eric cradles his arm.

ERIC
Don't be afraid.

PRESENT:

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

The Intruder stares at her, angry, shocked. Hate-filled.

CINDY

It was me who was driving that night. I hit you and killed your family. My brother, Daniel was trying to protect me, like he always did.

(Pause)

I'm not afraid of you. I'm afraid that you're justified. That you're right.

INTRUDER

...Not afraid of me? You will be.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Waterman's car screeches to a stop outside the house.

He jumps from the car and runs to the house before seeing that the garage door is open.

He runs inside.

INT. HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

Waterman finds Neil and Tracy tied up and held in their respective seats inside the modified car designed to crush its inhabitants.

He peels the tape away from Tracy's mouth.

WATERMAN

Where are they? Where's Ellie and King?

TRACY

He took her.

EXT. ERIC'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The car races along, the engine screaming. It swerves dangerously.

INT. ERIC'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The Intruder has dropped his usual stoic and in-control exterior. He appears to be driven by rage.

Cindy is calm. Content. At peace.

(CONTINUED)

He looks at her.

INTRUDER

NO.

CINDY

I was afraid.

INTRUDER

NO. This isn't fair.

CINDY

I was afraid of who I'd become.

INTRUDER

NO.

CINDY

But it's time to let that person
die.

(Pause)

Do it.

The Intruder stomps the gas, steering the car directly at the base of a large tree by an approaching bend in the road.

THE END.