WOMAN UNDER GLASS

THE NEW THRILLER

Written by

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INT. THE MAIN ENTRY HALL OF A LUXURIOUS BEVERLY HILLS HOME - DAY

Located atop fashionable Coldwater Canyon

Several suitcases have been brought downstairs and stand by the front door.

HILDA, the middle aged housekeeper is hurriedly straightening up while JACK and his young attractive wife, SARA are just descending the elaborate structure armed with a few carryons. Their two suitcases already wait by the front door.

SARA
(to housekeeper)
Hilda, feel free to take the entire week off to visit your daughters. I've already asked Mr. Henry, our decorator to bring the mail up when he delivers the newly upholstered sofa.

HILDA
Does he know where it goes?

SARA
Yes, it's all worked out. And he'll set the alarm when he leaves.

JACK
(to his wife)
Are you sure you're not forgetting anything?

SARA
I'm fine. Are you fine?

JACK
What do you mean?

SARA
Hilda, why don't you just run along now. We'll lock up.

HILDA
I have not quite finished the laundry and vacuuming the first floor.

SARA
You can take care of all that the day before our return. Why bother now when no one's going to be home?

HILDA
Well, if you say so. I'll get my coat.

Hilda wheels the vacuum away and disappears toward the servants quarters.

JACK
Did you have some reason for running her off?

SARA
I might have.

JACK
What's going on? I thought you were looking forward to this trip?

SARA
I was.

JACK
The beaches in Costa Rica are fantastic. And I've arranged a personal guide to take you to the rain forest and ziplining while I'm tied up in conference.

SARA
And I'm sure you've got plenty of meetings on your busy schedule.

JACK
It's primarily a business trip, honey.

SARA
Then I suppose Angela will be there?

JACK
She's doing a cost analysis. She's been there for a week already.

SARA
Is that who you were texting this morning?

Now Hilda returns with her coat and a shopping bag.

HILDA
Are you positive you don't need me to finish up the laundry?

SARA
No sweetie, just run on and beat the traffic.

JACK
It's okay, our driver will take our bags out. We'll see you in ten days.

HILDA
Have a very safe flight, Mr. Fletcher.

Hilda exits, shutting the front door after herself.

JACK
I don't know why didn't just let her stay. There's always something to do around here.

SARA
What we need most is a good reliable handyman. The stupid shower door still won't stay closed.

JACK
Just slam it hard. Be brutal. That always works for me.
(checks his watch)
The limo should be here any minute.

SARA
Then we haven't much time to talk. I asked Hilda to leave because I wanted some private time with you.

JACK
Are you starting in again?

SARA
I just want some honest answers.

JACK
You want to imagine the worst.

SARA
I don't intend to fly to Costa Rica for ten hours only to have you ditch me while you steal every spare minute you can with her.

JACK
I swore to you nothing ever happened. Why would I have invited you to join me if I didn't want you there?

SARA
As I recall, I invited myself.

JACK
Sure. I was surprised. I know how you hate to fly, but I never had any second thoughts about it.

SARA
Well, I have.

JACK
I thought we'd put all that behind us. Look, I would've fired the woman if you'd asked me to.

SARA
But she's such an "able executive" as you put it.

JACK
I promise you'll have a fabulous time. Let's just go.

SARA
I don't think so. You'll be under much less pressure having to entertain me.

JACK
And what are you planning to do back here all alone?

SARA
I wouldn't worry about that.

JACK
Why did you decide to bring this up at the very last minute?

SARA
Why? Afraid you can't get a refund on the ticket?

JACK
You just didn't want to give me any time to argue you out of it. It has nothing to do with any text message. You had this in mind all along.

SARA
No, I didn't realize how I felt until a few minutes ago. And then I was sure of it.

They are interrupted by a beeper from the gate that comes over the phone line.

SARA (CONT'D)
There's the limo. Have fun.

She crosses to the closest telephone and buzzes the gate open.

JACK
Come on. You're all packed. Everything's planned. Just get in the car.

SARA
You don't want to be late.

JACK
I'm sorry for you. You're doing this to yourself.

She opens the front door for him and holds it open wide. He doesn't budge at first.

Finally, the LIMO DRIVER appears outside of the open door and waits for instructions.

JACK (CONT'D)
Just take the brown leather bag. Leave the other one.

The driver takes the designated bag and retreats to the waiting vehicle.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Sara)
I'll be in touch.
(a beat)
I hope you made the right choice.

SARA
I know I did.

And then in a moment he is gone, closing the door softly as he departs.

Sara stares at the door for a long while until she hears the limo pulling away.

Then she proceeds back upstairs, taking her suitcase along.

INT. THE MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Sara enters and shoves her suitcase in her walk-in closet without bothering to unpack.

She throws herself onto the king sized bed and lies thinking for a few moments. Then she picks up a pad and pen from beside the bed and begins to scribble a note.

SARA
"Angela, I know what's still going on with you and Jack. Everyone knows because you want them to.
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)
You're doing everything you can to break us up!!!

Then abruptly she stops writing and crumbles the note, throwing it on the floor by the bed.

SARA (CONT'D)
Oh, the hell with both of them!

She tucks a pillow under her head and seeks refuge in sleep.

In a few moments she has fallen deeply asleep, fully dressed for the trip which will never take place.

CAMERA RISES UP HIGH ABOVE HER.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - AS NIGHT FALLS

INT. THE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara awakens, feels groggy. We follow her to the bathroom - quite spacious in original antique tile from the art deco period.

She quickly undresses, tossing her clothes on the edge of the bathtub.

We immediately take notice of the very delicately rendered image of a red rose which is tattooed on her right buttocks. It's a work of art.

She steps into the shower fully naked now, bringing new bottles of shampoo and conditioner with her. She closes the shower door, but it doesn't catch hold. It springs open.

INT. THE SHOWER - NIGHT

Sara has already turned on the water overhead, but now she switches the spray off while she struggles to properly close the shower door - to no avail.

SARA
He said to slam it hard!
Okay!

So she slams it, but not extremely hard - it bounces open once more.

SARA (CONT'D)
You can do better than that.

She slams it harder - much harder.

SARA (CONT'D)
Don't break the goddam glass.

This time it sticks.

SARA (CONT'D)
That does the trick.

She now proceeds to lather up with a liquid soap and douse her thick hair with a designer shampoo - followed shortly by a creme rinse.

Shutting off the flow, she now attempts to open the shower door to reach outside for the bath towel on the wall rack.

Only the door won't open. At least at first try.

SARA (CONT'D)
Come on.

She tries again.

SARA (CONT'D)
First you won't close. Now you won't open.

She shoves hard. Then even harder.

SARA (CONT'D)
Okay, maybe a little gentle wriggle. Or jiggle.

The wriggling and jiggling serve to no effect whatsoever The shower door is stuck tight in place.

She tries lifting it a bit - pushing it to the right and then the left. It still won't budge.

SARA (CONT'D)
That's great. Squeaky clean and trapped like a rat! Give it a minute and try again.

EXT. THE HOUSE - THE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The closest main thoroughfare (Coldwater Canyon) with traffic speeding by in both directions to and from Beverly Hills - to and from the San Fernando Valley.

The headlights are on - some cars have snatches of loud music emanating from the stereo.

CAMERA RISES UP FROM THE CANYON AND SWOOPS IN OVER THE FENCE TO THE FLETCHER HOME - MOVING UP AN ALLEYWAY IN THE VAST STRUCTURE - TO ONE OF THE SMALL WINDOWS THAT LEADS -

TO THE SECOND FLOOR MASTER BATH.

From within we can hear a woman's voice calling for help.

SARA
Goddam it. Get me out of here. It's not funny. I'm stuck and it's getting cold. So fucking cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY

It's morning now. The barest outline of Sara's naked body can be seen through the clouded glass as her voice rings out loud and clear.

SARA
I'm using the hot water to warm me up, but when I turn it off I'll fucking freeze. Somebody get me out of here! Get me out! Get me out!

Then in the bedroom just a few yards away the telephone begins to ring.

After a minute the answering machine picks up and Sharon can hear a message being recorded.

It's Jack's voice calling all the way from China.

HOLD ON SARAH A SHE LISTENS TO JACK'S MESSAGE.

JACK'S (V.O.)
Hello Sarah? Why don't you pick up? You must be there. Please answer the phone.
(a beat)
(MORE)

JACK'S (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We just landed in Costa Rica and I'm really beat. I couldn't sleep the entire ten hours thinking about how I left things. Listen, there's still plenty of time for you to enjoy the trip if you change your mind. The ticket's still good. Just go online and book a flight. We'll work things out when you get here. I promise.
(a beat)
I know you're listening to this and you're still angry. But believe me, there's no reason to be. I love you. I guess I should say that more often. I hope you're alright.

SARA
No, Jack. I'm not alright. I'm not alright ....

But he has hung up and the message ends.

OVERHEAD SHOT -

Sarah nude in the shower. Exhausted, she now sinks down on the tile floor next to the drain and she lowers her damp head back against the wall.

CLOSE UP - SARA -

Her throat is raw from yelling constantly for hours, and she's drained of energy. Slowly, reluctantly, she falls off to sleep in broad daylight.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

All is still. Far in the distance a dog is heard barking. Then silence.

INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY

Sara's clothes stacked at the edge of the bathtub where she left them. Her dry towel still hanging unused on the rack nearby.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Sara still curled in a deep sleep of total withdrawal.

INT. THE BEDROOM - DAY

The bed remains messed up from Sara's nap the previous day.

Now the covers are pulled tight and the pillows are gently puffed up.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE HOUSEKEEPER, HILDA -

As the partly crumbled note, which Sara tossed on the floor is picked up and read. Then placed back exactly where it was beside the bed.

We can tell from her amused expression that Hilda already knows.

Hilda has returned and actually come upstairs to finish Sara's room without ever fully checking out the bathroom, where Sara lies invisible behind clouded glass

Now she's quietly leaving, shutting the bedroom door after herself.

The click of the door is enough to awaken Sara.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Sara's eyes open.

SARA
Hello? Is someone there?
Anyone?

She gets to her feet and again tries the shower door. Nothing has changed. It's still jammed.

SARA (CONT'D)
Damn you! Slam the fucking door, he said! He made this happen. Why did I listen to him? Why do I ever listen to that bastard?

Now she swears she hears movement in the house. But who could it be?

SARA (CONT'D)
Who is it? Hello?

And then from below - in the far distance she hears a familiar noise. She recognizes the sound. It's a vacuum cleaner starting to run.

SARA (CONT'D)
It's Hilda. God bless you Hilda for not paying attention to me. You came back. Sure, back to finish up.
(she starts yelling)
Hilda! HILDA! You wonderful workaholic! Can you hear me? You've got to hear me, Hilda!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Her voice comes in clearly in this and the adjoining bedroom to the bath, but the door to the hall is tightly closed.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Sara's voice is barely audible out here.

CAMERA PANS TO THE STAIRCASE.

From below, the noise of the vacuum cleaner dominates.

ANGLE ON THE STAIRCASE DIRECTLY BELOW US WE SEE HILDA

Cleaning the carpet with her state of the art machine.

TIGHT ON HILDA - humming to herself even as she continues to run the vacuum cleaner.

From above she hears nothing.

CAMERA IS FOLLOWING HILDA AS SHE WHEELS THE VACUUM TO THE SERVICE AREA.

The washing machine is running as well. Soiled linens are being laundered.

HILDA
I could've finished all of
this yesterday and had it off
my mind instead of having to
come all the way back.

She moves the completed laundry to the dryer.

INT. SHOWER UPSTAIRS - DAY

As Sara continues to shout.

SARA
Hilda! You've got to hear me! I'm here! Hilda! I didn't go away! I'm in trouble up here. Please help me!

She starts banging her plastic shampoo bottle on the tile wall. She's pounding it as hard as she can.

SARA (CONT'D)
You've got to hear this!

Show she's slamming the bottle against the shower wall, making a loud slapping sound.

CLOSE UP - THE DRYER SPINNING VIGOROUSLY

Hilda has stuffed the wash inside and turned it on.

The heavy load causes a loud thumping sound very similar to the slapping of the shampoo bottle that Sara is making so desperately.

At the rear door, Hilda is getting ready to depart. She pauses at the ADT alarm system mounted by the service door and hesitates.

HILDA
She didn't switch it on. I'd better leave it that way for the decorator.

Hilda exits without activating the system.

EXT. REAR OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Near the garage. Hilda is already outside and walking away to her parked car - a late model Toyota. She can't hear the racket Sara is making back inside upstairs.

In moments, Hilda is backing out slowly.

INT. THE SHOWER - DAY

Sara stops pounding when she faintly hears the car starting up.

SARA
No Hilda! You can't go!
You've got to hear me!

She screams as loudly as she can to no response.

SARA (CONT'D)
Why couldn't you hear me? I
made enough fucking noise.
You had to hear me! Come back,
you stupid bitch! Come back!
Please!

Sara sinks down on the damp floor and stares straight ahead into space.

(As the following ideas flash through her head we hear them as VOICE OVER)

SARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hilda's not supposed to be
back for a week. A whole
week! I could be dead by then.
(MORE)

SARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Wait, the decorator might show up with the new sofa, but you can't really depend on him.
(a beat)
And the Sparklettes delivery ... When are they supposed to come?
(a beat)
The glass. Can I shatter the glass without slicing myself to pieces?
(she thinks it over)
Even if I was bleeding badly I could get to the phone and call 911. If I could survive long enough to get them here. I'd be better off than dying from hunger and exposure.

She slams her hand against the glass door. It vibrates, but shows no signs of cracking.

SARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Tempered glass. We paid a lot extra for that. It won't crack. Won't shatter. Besides, what am I going to break it with? A plastic shampoo bottle? A cake of soap?
(after a silence)
I could take it out with both feet at once. The glass should spray outwards, not on me. Go ahead and try.
(MORE)

SARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Brace yourself back up against the wall. Try and strike close with both feet to the same point and don't hold back. Just do it. Do it!

Seated on the floor, her back wedged against the rear wall, she now kicks out with both feet in a half dozen powerful thrusts. Her legs build up force and momentum with each successive blow to the glass. It starts to hurt, but she won't give up. Grunting loudly seems to increase the impact.

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

The glass vibrates under the assault, but shows no signs of breakage.

SARA (CONT'D)
BREAK! DAMMIT BREAK! Fucking crack! Will you crack!

Exhausted, she finally gives up.

SARA (CONT'D)
Nothing. Except maybe a sprained ankle.

Then from the adjoining bedroom, the phone begins to ring.

SARA (CONT'D)
Somebody thinks I'm still home. Yes, I'm here! Whoever it is - I'm here!

After four long rings the message comes. She hears her own recorded voice.

SARA'S GREETING
You're reached Sara. Leave your name, number and time of your call and you'll hear back.
(followed by a beep)

Then Sara struggles to hear the identity of the caller.

RUDY'S VOICE
Hi Sara, this is Rudy at the Neiman Marcus shoe department. We're having a 25% off sale on select merchandise, including some of those "Blanecks" you're so crazy for.

SARA
Just what I need now. New shoes.

RUDY'S VOICE
(becoming an echo)
I'd hate for you to miss out, but I'm not in on Wednesday anymore.

He clicks off.

Suddenly his message seems far away - like it's coming from the end of a tunnel - for she has withdrawn into her own private world. She's numb.

SARA (V.O.)
(her thoughts)
I can't feel my fingers or my toes. What's happening to me?
(MORE)

SARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My legs are going to sleep too. Got to get up. Got to move around. Get my circulation going.

She rises to her full height and starts swinging her arms vigorously from side to side.

SARA (V.O.)
If you're going to survive this, you have to keep active. Exercise as much as you can. Keep moving.

Now she's running in place, trying to get her heart rate up, trying to get her circulation going.

SARA
You must look like an idiot, but you've got to do it. You can't just lay down and die in here. Try some stretches. Knee bends, anything.

She twists one leg up behind herself, holding it up there. Then she switches to the other leg.

Then from outside on the lawn she hears sounds.

The main gate is closing. Someone has come in.

SARA (CONT'D)
What day is it? Thursday. It's the gardeners. Shit, are they gonna love finding you in here like this. Maybe they'll be decent enough to toss you a towel before taking a look.
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)
Sure, there's a towel hanging
right outside.

EXT. THE HOUSE AND PROPERTY - DAY

A Gardening truck has pulled inside the gate and the two Gardeners are removing the huge lawn mower from the rear and setting down on the lawn. One gardener will trim the lawn while his associate will man the leaf blower and circle the driveway to clear away mounds of fallen Eucalyptus leaves.

They will then move the overflowing trash cans off the property to where they will be emptied into Sanitation Department Trucks early tomorrow.

The gardeners labors create a lot of noise. More than enough to muffle and eliminate Sara's continued cries for assistance.

INT. THE SHOWER - DAY

SARA
Turn that goddam blower off
for one damn minute!

And then as if following directions the blower goes off.

There's only the more distant mowing of the lawn.

Sara takes the opportunity to begin pounding on the glass door with her shampoo bottle, accompanied by her hysterical cries for help.

SARA (CONT'D)
I'm trapped in here! I need
help! Call the police please!
Get me out!

EXT. REAR OF THE HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON THE CLOSED WINDOW TO THE MASTER BATH.

Sarah's cries can be heard. Faintly, but unmistakably.

SARA'S VOICE
I'm trapped in here! Please call somebody for help!

THE ANGLE WIDENS AND DROPS DOWN TO REVEAL -

the gardener's assistant with the leaf blower who is standing just beneath that window from which Sara's pleas originate.

He is a large man in his forties, more than a bit unkempt with a few days growth of stubble on his cheeks, and his poorly shaved head. His thick neck and huge hands give him a formidable appearance.

This man, whom we will call QUINCE, is standing quite still and clearly he hears Sara's cries from above.

SARAH'S VOICE
Please - I'm alone and I'm trapped in here. Dial 911 for me. Get help!

Then a slight smile crosses Quince's face. There's a woman inside the house, alone and helpless. Probably a very rich young woman. And this gives Quince a few ideas.

Before her voice can carry any further and perhaps alert the gardener, who is mowing away on the lawn, Quince assures that this possibility will not occur.

Quince flips the switch, turning the leaf blower back on at full intensity.

Then he continues circling the house - appearing to do his job.

INT. THE SHOWER - DAY

The renewed sound of the blower infuriates Sara.

SARA
What's the matter with you?
You were right down below!
You had to hear me! Hello!
Hello!

EXT. THE FRONT LAWN - DAY

The "Boss" gardener has completed his mowing. He's wheeling the mower back into his truck just as Quince emerges from around the main house.

GARDENER
Don't just stand there. Help me with this.

Quince helps his supervisor load the mower into the vehicle.

GARDENER (CONT'D)
Before we go, turn on the sprinkler system over there to the left. The yellow lever below.

It's clear now that Quince is new to the job and needs specific directions.

QUINCE
Where?

GARDENER
Right in front of you. Are you blind?

As the sprinklers come on, Quince hurries into the truck beside the driver.

QUINCE
So who lives here? Do you know?

GARDENER
What do you care?

The truck is backing out of the driveway by now.

QUINCE
I just thought it might be some celebrity.

GARDENER
She's good enough looking to be. The husband builds shopping centers, I think. They were pretty generous at Christmas, but they don't make much conversation. They just wave at you.

The gate to the property opens automatically as the truck approaches.

Quince keeps staring back at the house - from which a faint scream rises and falls.

GARDENER (CONT'D)
Did you hear something?

QUINCE
Birds. Must be nests up in those trees.

By then the truck has cleared the gate, which again closes.

The truck heads down in the direction of Sunset Boulevard.

INT. TRUCK - IN MOTION - DAY

Quince pulls out his cell phone and pretends to look at it.

QUINCE
Damn it. I just got a text message from home.

GARDENER
I didn't hear it ring.

QUINCE
It's on vibrate. Can you drop me off at the closest bus stop on Sunset?

GARDENER
That's bullshit. You're on for the whole day.

QUINCE
Just pay me for half.

GARDENER
I'm not paying you at all.

QUINCE
It's a family emergency. What can I do?

GARDENER
You're never working for me again.

QUINCE
Fine with me. I'll get out right here if you want me to.

GARDENER
(pulls over)
You've just made twice as much work for me today. And your big emergency is probably just another excuse to go out and get piss head drunk. I was warned about you.

Quince climbs out of the truck defiantly and slams the door.

QUINCE
Hey drive over a cliff, why don't you?

GARDENER
Fucking degenerate bastard!

The gardener continues cursing Quince as the truck speeds away, leaving Quince on the side of Coldwater Canyon.

He pauses to light up a cigarette before turning and hiking the few blocks back to the Fletcher household where a helpless woman awaits him.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Sara has been crying her eyes out, but now she's struggling to gain control.

SARA

What's wrong with you? Don't fall completely apart. Start breathing again. Maybe somebody did hear you. Maybe they don't speak English. Maybe they went for help. Going crazy won't make it better. You're not going to die. Not like this. It can't happen. But suppose you did. You'd be the cleanest dead body they ever found. Woman found dead ... frozen to death in shower in sunny California. Scrubbed and shampooed to death. That's it. Sure laugh about it. This is pretty funny, isn't it? You'll be dead and everybody will be laughing their asses off. Beverly Hills woman found all "washed up!" Fight your crying. Now you're laughing. Laughing at my own bad jokes. They obviously can't hear you screaming, maybe they'll hear your obnoxious laugh!

EXT. THE FENCE SURROUNDING THE PROPERTY - DAY

A figure is seen quickly climbing over the twelve foot fence. We recognize Quince returning to the house, and he's quite agile for a big man.

EXT. THE PROPERTY - DAY

As Quince heads to the main house and hurries to the service entrance.

EXT. KITCHEN DOOR - DAY

Quince approaches the door, which is locked. He picks up a small flower pot and uses it to smash open a small panel in the glass door.

QUINCE
If the alarm goes off, I'm out of here.

He reaches through and unlocks the door. There's no blast of any alarm. Hilda failed to reprogram it.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

Quince is safely inside. He surveys the area, opens the large refrigerator and surveys its contents. Then the freezer as well.

He helps himself to a frozen Haagen Daaz on a stick, sucking on it almost obscenely as he checks out the cabinets and finally selects a formidable carving knife to use as a weapon if necessary.

We follow Quince as he strolls through the house as if he owns it, pausing to straighten a painting in the wall.

His muddy shoes leave tracks on the luxury carpets that the housekeeper so recently vacuumed.

Quince checks out the huge 70 inch flat screen on the living room wall - plus all the original oil paintings hung in the entry hall and he's favorably impressed.

He takes out his cellphone again and dials.

QUINCE
Hey Curren, pick up, will ya?
(finally there's an answer)
Hello, Curren? Where are you? Can you get a hold of the large van? I finally found what I been looking for only there's a whole shit load more than I can carry. 2727 Holden Drive off Coldwater Canyon. Big gated house.
(listens)
Just ring me when you get here and I'll let you in. The son-of-a-bitch gardener used a clicker to get in. I don't have the codes, but I'm about to get them.

Hanging up, he reaches the foot of the staircase. He pauses to look up with great expectations.

The he notices a beautifully framed photo of Sara and Jack beside him on the end table. He picks it up admiringly.

QUINCE (CONT'D)
Is that you, ma'am? Are you the one waiting for me? You wanted help - you're gonna get plenty of help!

He returns the photo gently to its' place. Then he ascends the stairs - dragging the blade of the knife against the rail as if sharpening the blade as he proceeds up.

The scraping of the blade on the metal is unnerving.

QUINCE (CONT'D)
Are you upstairs? I'll find you.

He reaches the second floor and peers into the guest bedroom, satisfying himself that it's vacant.

Then he hears her voice coming from the master suite.

SARA'S VOICE
Hello? Is somebody there? Am I just imagining it again?

Quince follows the sound of her voice into the master bedroom.

CAMERA FOLLOWS.

He sees the bed nicely made, everything is in order. No sign of the woman. Not yet. And then she calls out again. It's coming from the elegantly appointed bathroom straight ahead of him.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM INSIDE -

Sara's voice originates from within the shower. With its clouded door, she's barely a silhouette visible within.

SARA
Hello? Please answer me.

Quince rejoices at the opportunity to torment the woman who is clearly naked inside that shower.

He reaches for the wall switch and flicks it on and off just to let her know for certain that he's there.

INT. THE SHOWER - DAY

Sara reacts to the light going on and off.

SARA
I know you're there. Why don't you answer me? Who are you? What are you doing in my house?

Again, there is no response.

SARA (CONT'D)
Are you the police? The fire department? Did somebody hear me and call you?

Again, he flicks the lights on and off.

SARA (CONT'D)
Okay, I get the joke. I must look pretty stupid trapped in here. The door is jammed. Can you get me out?

INT. THE SHOWER - DAY

She can now make out the bare outline of a man approaching the shower. In a moment, someone jiggles the door - rattling it, but finding it securely shut.

SARA
I told you it's jammed. You'll need some kind of equipment.

QUINCE
What's your name?

SARA
Why are you asking me that? Who the hell are you?

QUINCE'S VOICE
Be polite.

SARA
Just call 911 for me. That's all you've got to do. I don't care how you got into the house. I'm not going to press charges.

QUINCE'S VOICE
That's so nice of you.

SARA
I'll even give you a reward. No questions asked and five hundred dollars.

INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY

Quince closes the lid on the toilet and sits himself down.

QUINCE
Is that the best you can do?

SARA
Alright, make it a thousand.

QUINCE
Now what would I do with all that money?

SARA
You can leave and make the call once you're safely gone.

QUINCE
But I'm safe now. You're not.

SARA
I'll get you your money. I swear I will.

QUINCE
How can I trust you?

SARA
Just tell me what you want?

QUINCE
I'm working that out. Don't rush me.

SARA
While you do, how about throwing me a towel - and my bathrobe that's on the back of the door?

QUINCE
Now what good would that do me?

SARA
Please just do the decent thing and get me my robe.

QUINCE
Only maybe I'm not decent. Are you trying to make me feel bad about myself?

SARA
No. Not at all. I don't mean to insult you.
(a beat)
Just tell me who you are? Did you come by to read the gas meter? Are you the Sparkletts delivery man? Something must have brought you up on our property.

QUINCE
Maybe it's better if you don't know.

SARA
Did you come here to rob us?

QUINCE
Now wouldn't that be a coincidence? You get trapped in there and burglars just happen to show up.

SARA
My purse is in there on the bed. My money, my credit cards ...

QUINCE
Thanks. I'll check it out. Don't go any place.

CAMERA FOLLOWS QUINCE BACK INTO THE BEDROOM WHERE HE LOCATES THE PURSE.

It's partially hidden by the throw pillows.

Quince goes through it, counting the cash he discovers.

He returns to the bathroom.

QUINCE (CONT'D)
Three hundred and forty dollars. I'm somewhat disappointed.

SARA
We use credit cards for most purchases. But there's another thousand dollars - or more - for emergencies in the inside pocket of my Escada jacket in the closet right there.

QUINCE
Now, I'm getting vaguely interested again.

SARA
It's a red jacket with white buttons down the front. It's the only one like it.

QUINCE
I know you wouldn't mislead a fella.

We AGAIN - FOLLOW QUINCE AS THIS TIME HE ENTERS -

INT. THE SPACIOUS WALK IN CLOSET - DAY

Quince sorts through the garments.

QUINCE
My whole apartment isn't much bigger than your closet, and I got to share it besides.

He locates the specified jacket she described and reaches into the inside pocket to find a wad of hundred dollar bills held together with a rubber band.

QUINCE (CONT'D)
(lying)
I found the red jacket like you said, but there's no money in the pocket.

SARA'S VOICE
The inside pocket.

QUINCE
Inside - outside! I checked them all. Zero!

SARA'S VOICE
That's not possible.

QUINCE
Who else knows about it? Your loving husband? Maybe he snatched it and bought himself an expensive hooker. Is he into escorts?

SARA
It has to be there!

QUINCE
How about the maid? You must have a maid. Of course, she'll deny it. And usually you can't prove anything, but I'd get rid of the bitch.

He has returned to the bathroom after pocketing the thousand.

QUINCE (CONT'D)
Now I'm terribly disappointed.

SARA
Are you lying to me? That money was there.

QUINCE
Now you're calling me a liar? Maybe I should just leave.

SARA
No. Please don't!

QUINCE
Where do you keep your jewelry? Ladies like you always have jewelry.

SARA
At a safety deposit box at City National.

QUINCE
No. Right here in your house. Where's your safe?

SARA
Okay. It's all insured anyway. Why shouldn't you take it?

QUINCE
Don't get my hopes up again.

SARA
Promise me if you get what's in the safe you'll leave then call 911. And that you'll pass me my robe.

QUINCE
Isn't it nice how you're insured for almost anything. Except getting trapped in your own shower. You sure missed out on that one.

SARA
You're really having a good time out there, aren't you?

QUINCE
I'm glad you can tell.

SARA
Do you really want to locate that safe or not?

QUINCE
Sounds like you're running the show. Is that how it is in your married life? Do you call the shots?

(MORE)

QUINCE (CONT'D)
Have you got the poor bastard all pussy whipped?

SARA
I realize you’re just trying to provoke me. I bet you did find that cash. Well, didn’t you?

QUINCE
Stop roughing me up, lady. Save your abuse for your husband. He’s used to it.

SARA
You don’t know a damn thing about me and my relationship with Jack.

QUINCE
Aw, what’s Jack gonna do when he finds out you gave all your fancy diamonds away? To a complete stranger who didn’t even point a gun in your direction? In return for a fucking terrycloth robe!

SARA
Well, that’s the offer I’m making. Only I want the robe first.

QUINCE
Jesus, what a tough negotiator I’m up against.

SARA
I'll tell you where the safe is and then after I get the robe, you get the combination.

QUINCE
Deal! We finally closed! I'm ready for my instructions, Madam.

SARA
Directly across from this bedroom you'll see a storage closet.

QUINCE
Just across the hall?

SARA
It's unlocked. There are drawers built in. And the bottom two drawers are fakes. They pull out and the safe is hidden behind them. Go see for yourself.

QUINCE
Try and stop me!

We follow Quince back through the bedroom and out into the hallway. He reaches the designated closet, kneels and pulls away the false front - revealing the safe.

Back inside the bathroom - as Quince returns.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

QUINCE
I could never open that by myself. I'm not that skilled. I'd have to yank the whole safe out of the wall and haul it off some place and probably end up with a hernia. And then I'd start wishing I had killed you.

For the first time, he runs the kitchen knife across the glass - scratching it back and forth.

SARA
Stop that!

QUINCE
Don't you hate that sound? Puts a chill through me. Goose pimples, you know.

SARA
The robe. I want it now.

QUINCE
God knows I'd like to take a long look at you in your state of undress. But then you'd see me and I'd have to do something about that. So as you couldn't identify me later on.

SARA
Mister, I'm not looking to see you punished. I'm just looking to get my ass out of this shower!

QUINCE
You want the robe, I want the combination. You first!

SARA
Try and get this straight. Right turn of the dial two times - stop at 17. Then opposite direction once to number 8. Then back one turns right to 24. Pull the handle and open.

QUINCE
Rotate twice to right to 17. Rewind once to 8 and back once around to 24.

SARA
You've got it. The robe please.

QUINCE
(ignoring her request)
Even I should be able to do this.

Quince heads back to the safe in the closet.

INT. HALL - DAY

Quince kneels beside the safe and fiddles with the dial. And like magic, the safe unlocks. He pulls it open, removes the inner trays, lifts the lid and reveals the sizable army of jewelry within.

He fingers the jewelry with loving care - then finds a man's wrist watch - a Cartier. He slips it on and resets the time, regarding it proudly.

INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY

Quince returns, pocketing the jewelry as he enters.

QUINCE
Bad news. It didn't work.

SARA
Then you didn't follow instructions.

QUINCE
I did so. Don't put this on me. You made me fuck this up. Now I've been wasting all this time on you and I've still got nothing to show for it.

SARA
You're lying again. You got a thousand dollars and what's in the safe, but you still don't want to give me my robe!

QUINCE
Are you beating up on me again?

SARA
I want the robe and the towel and I want it now!

QUINCE
I find it so fucking sexy when you assert yourself. There's nothing makes me hotter than a naked helpless woman asserting herself.

SARA
You're never going to get me out of here, are you? You have no intention of helping me!

QUINCE
Do you really want me to get you out? Yeah, I bet you can't wait for me to push that door open and come in there and warm your tight little ass up. And believe me, I'm the guy that can do it.

He begins rattling the shower door violently.

And suddenly she's scared that somehow he will get it open and come after her. The alternative to being trapped is being raped.

SARA
No. Don't. It's not going to open. You'll just break the glass and cut me up. I said stop! Please stop!

QUINCE
Oh, we're back to using the magic word "please". Please stop trying to break the door in! Please give me my nice robe, and a nice towel. Because I'm being so nice now.

Quince reaches to the back of the bathroom door to where Sara's white Donna Karan robe has been left hanging.

He leaves the robe in place, but strips off the white cotton belt, which he brings to the shower and slides over the space at the top of the door.

INT. THE SHOWER - DAY

Sara sees the belt to the robe being offered. Her first impulse is to reject it.

SARA
You sadistic bastard. What am I supposed to do with that?

QUINCE
Hang yourself. How's that for a suggestion?

SARA
You're nothing but a fucking lowlife pervert!

QUINCE
It's so great to find someone who finally knows and understands me.

SARA
Just take the money and take jewelry and go! I don't want to hear the sound of your voice anymore.

QUINCE
What's the rush? I hate to be seen in public again looking so shabby.

Quince starts running the water in the sink. He unbuttons his shirt and removes it.

From the medicine cabinet he withdraws some luxury shaving foam and a razor.

QUINCE (CONT'D)
Your husband has good taste in everything except you.

At the same time he turns on the hot water in the tub and watches it quickly filling up.

In a moment, Quince has stripped off all of his clothes and underwear. He pours some bath salts into the steaming tub and then submerges himself.

QUINCE (CONT'D)
Now we're both naked. Does that excite you?

He dunks his head under then quickly comes up - and begins lathering his face.

He will use the small circular mirror on the edge of the tub for guidance as he begins carefully shaving.

SARA
What are you doing now?

QUINCE
Making myself look presentable. In a few minutes I'll smell just like Jack. You can close your eyes and pretend you're making love with him. Only it'll be better. A lot better. Like the guy in the clothes ad on TV always says, "I guarantee it."

SARA
I'd rather take your suggestion and hang myself.

QUINCE
What makes you think that'd make any difference to me? Most of my women may as well have been dead for all the enthusiasm they put into it!

Quince is seated in the tub, shaving his face. The water around him has turned to foam. He then finds a small plastic sample shampoo and conditioner by the side of the tub. He douses his bald head with shampoo, lathers up and continues shaving off the stubble.

QUINCE (CONT'D)
Looks like you stole a lot shampoo from the 4 Seasons.
(MORE)

QUINCE (CONT'D)
You people ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

Now he rises from the tub - his nude body caked in foam. Stepping out of the tub he slides up against the clouded door to the shower.

He places himself tightly against the tempered glass so his outline will be as visible to Sara as hers was to him a while ago, the suds on his body drips down the outside of the glass.

QUINCE (CONT'D)
See anything you like? Sure you do. I'm clean as a whistle now. And all that's separating us is one skinny pane of glass. Step way back - up against the far wall while I break it down.

He's slamming his entire body with maximum force against the glass in a simulated sex act.

The entire door shudders, but doesn't give way. The glass will not crack. He continues thrusting.

QUINCE (CONT'D)
They made things to last back in the old days. Made them solid. But I'll get it done. Just give me a minute.

ANGLE ON SARA INSIDE -

She's terrified, but she's got to maintain control.

SARA
Listen, I see you up against the glass. I see you very well. And maybe I even like what I see.

QUINCE
You wouldn't lie about it?

SARA
Look ... I'm pressed up really hard up against the glass on my side. I can feel how warm you are. Can you feel me?

QUINCE
You don't know how good I'll feel in a minute.

SARA
Let me see your ass now. I want to see you rub it up against the glass - against me. I'm pushing back and I want your ass up against me. You can tell what I'm doing to myself while I'm talking to you. You're making me feel so great because I haven't had any good sex in so long! Come on do it. Do it to me, you fucker.

INT. OUTSIDE THE SHOWER - DAY

The foam is running off Quince's body as he turns - reversing his position, backed directly up against the shower door. Pressing as tightly as he can against it. He even tries to pleasure himself with her coaching - as he thrusts backwards.

SARA
Push, push back harder.
That's it - don't stop! Slam
it up against me!

And then in the flash of a second she has fashioned a loop out of the belt of the bathrobe - soaked in water and dangled through the narrow opening atop the shower door - so that it drops and easily encircles Quince's neck.

And then she pulls it tight! Jerking it tighter!

INT. THE SHOWER - DAY

As Sara yanks the belt as far as she can - then ties it quickly around the shower head - knotting it twice.

Quince can't get loose. He's strangling out there.

SARA
Does it feel good? Tell me
how much you like it! Can't
you tell me? I want to hear
how good it feels now!

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Quince continues to struggle against the belt from Sara's robe, which she tugs on to tighten - pulling down on it with all her weight. The cloth is soaked through and the knot seems to hold more firmly since the fabric is wet.

As Sara pulls down on it the shower head helps support the belt, which she could never do on by herself. Quince can't get his fingers inside the noose that encircles his throat - totally cutting off his air. She is strangling him and his gyrations do nothing to help free him.

ANGLE ON QUINCE'S NAKED FEET

He's been pulled upwards to the point where he's virtually balanced on his toes.

CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM HIM -

To the edge of the tub where his clothing remains piled. His windbreaker has slipped over and a stack of expensive jewelry has spilled out onto the tile floor - this is Quince's loot - which he will never get to enjoy.

Indeed his is in the process of dying for his trouble.

There's a shrill ringing. It's Quince's own cell phone in the inside jacket pocket.

It continues to ring, but there's no one to answer. Finally, a message is being left.

CUT TO:

THE OTHER END OF THE TELEPHONE LINE - JUST THE MOUTH OF THE PERSON SPEAKING - SOMEONE WITH VERY BAD TEETH.

CURRAN

Hey Quince, why don't you pick the fuck up? I brought the van around like you said to. But you got to open the goddam gate for me. I'm parked right outside now. So just let me in. Don't fuck around. Nobody's seen me yet, so open up quick.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON QUINCE

He can't get loose. He can't respond. He's rapidly losing consciousness. He slams both elbows backwards against the glass door in a final effort to dislodge himself - but again he fails.

In a moment he gasps and goes limp. Then he simply dangles there. A naked thickly built brute of a man impaled on the outside of the shower door while only an inch away inside - an attractive woman continues her struggle for survival.

The failure of the shower door to dislodge has saved her from a certain rape and a probable homicide. But she still remains trapped with no way out.

From the incoming cell call we know that this new arrival - this accomplice may find some way to enter Sara's home just as Quince managed to do!

SARA
Are you dead yet, you bastard? You didn't expect that, did you? Aren't they going to love it when they find us both naked. Me inside, you outside! What a discovery somebody's going to make. Who knows when! We might both be dead by then!

Then the cell phone rings a second time. And after five rings another message is being left. Sara can't hear it but we can.

CUT TO:

THE OTHER END OF THE CELL PHONE LINE

EXT. STREET - DAY

Curren is parked outside the closed gate to the property in a battered old van.

CURREN
Did something go wrong? Why can't you pick up? Should I get the fuck out of here or come on up over the fence like you did? Am I walking into something? Tell me what to do! Shit! I'm parking up the hill a ways and then I'm coming in.

He pulls away and parks under some trees at the top of the hill. Then he hurries back and scans the fence and begins to climb.

INT. BACK INSIDE SARA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Quince as stopped breathing a while ago. He's very dead.

Sara can release her grip on the belt, but it's tied to the shower head and still supports his body.

SARA
If he'd only kept his clothes on I might've been able to reach that cell phone in his jacket. But I never get a break.

CAMERA MOVES AWAY FROM THE OPAQUE SHOWER DOOR TO THE BATHROOM WINDOW - THROUGH WHICH WE CAN SEE THE SERVICE ENTRANCE TO THE PROPERTY.

And in the distance, just for an instant, a figure appears.

Someone else has gained entry and is darting around looking for a place to access the interior of the house.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

As we become aware of the presence of Curren, the anxious new arrival.

Unlike Quince, this criminal is thin and wiry. Instead of a shaved head, Curren has a wild brush of hair, badly in need of cutting. His prominent eyes seem almost to pop out and he has a perpetually distressed look. In fact, he radiates desperation down to the nervous tic that manifests itself as a facial twitch he cannot control.

CURREN
How did you get inside? I mean without setting off any alarm? Plenty of glass doors, but I don't want any fucking Bel Air patrol down on my ass.

We follow as he circles the ground floor searching for some point of access.

Finally, he finds the broken window panel in the kitchen door.

CURREN (CONT'D)
I knew it. I'm in.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

As Curren carefully makes his entry.

CURREN
Now where in the hell are you?

He once again dials his cellular in an effort to reach Quince.

CURREN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello. I made it inside. Nobody saw me come over the fence. If you give me the gate code I can bring the van up here and we can get the art work and the electronics out of here and even any nice antiques. This could be quite a haul.

CAMERA FOLLOWS CURREN THROUGH THE HOUSE AS -

He talks, taking stock of all the valuables that he could lay to claim. In his mind, he's stripping the place bare.

CURREN (CONT'D)
We've got a bonanza here. But don't make me search for you. Answer up!

Curren reaches the foot of the stairs and looks up. Instead of using the phone, he takes a chance of calling out LOUD and CLEAR.

CURREN (CONT'D)
Quince? Hello?

CLOSE UP OF SARA - SHE HEARS THE VOICE OF THE ACCOMPLICE.

She reacts.

BACK TO CURREN -

CURREN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Quince - YOU FUCKER! Did your battery go down or what? I'm coming up stairs. You're not down here so you gotta be up there.

As he begins climbing the stairs.

CURREN (CONT'D)
Or did you already grab what you could carry and take off? Did you fucking run out on me?
(MORE)

CURREN (CONT'D)
And any minute the cops are gonna walk in and nail me for this job! Did you set me up, you son of a bitch?

Curren is methodically checking out each room on the second floor.

Even the storage closet - where he finds the open safe which recently held Sara's jewelry collection.

CURREN (CONT'D)
How the hell did you get this open on your own? Never knew you to be a peterman.

Finally, he reaches the Master Bedroom.

There's nobody visible here and he hasn't thought to check out the bathroom - yet.

He pauses at the walk-in closet and survey's the racks of men's clothes.

While none of Sara's husband's wardrobe would've fit Quince's enormous build, there's a good chance Curren might find a number of jackets and topcoats that might need only a slight alteration. He fiddles around with the hangers, making a good deal of noise.

INT. THE SHOWER - DAY

Sara hears the second housebreaker approaching.

In moments, he's sure to find her. There's no escape - but also no way she can be reached if that shower door remains jammed in place.

INT. THE CLOSET - DAY

Curren is checking out Jack's shoes.

CURREN
I'll bet this guy's shoes would fit me fine. I always wanted fancy alligator shoes, but they must go for fifteen hundred easy. And now I got me three pair plus a whole designer wardrobe. Whoever this guy is, he's got fantastic taste.

He now approaches the master bath.

CURREN (CONT'D)
Quince couldn't get into any of this stuff so I'm laying claim.

ANGLE ON SARA CROUCHING INSIDE THE SHOWER -

She's got to take some approach to dealing with this second housebreaker who may be just as dangerous as the first.

SARA
Who's going to show up next? Norman Bate's mother?

She decides to play dead, then flattens herself out on the floor of the shower. She shuts her eyes and doesn't move. She listens intently.

She hears Curren's footsteps entering and then his exclamation.

CLOSE UP - CURREN'S REACTION

Upon seeing Quince's limp body hanging there outside the shower door - completely naked and still covered with suds, and clearly dead.

CURREN
Shit. Quince, what the fuck happened to you? Where are your clothes and who did that to you?

At first Curren isn't aware that anyone is in the shower. The glass door is closed and Sara is prone on the floor virtually out of sight.

CURREN (CONT'D)
We got a friggin' jackpot here and you go and strangle yourself with your dick hanging out! Wait a minute - sure - you were going after some kind of sexual kick cutting your air off while chokin' the chicken. I always thought you might be a freak or some pervert. Maybe both! Definitely into strange.
(he pauses to look over the disgraceful position of his friend)
Probably kinky behavior you picked up during your most recent incarceration. Well, I can't very well leave you hanging there like that.
(MORE)

CURREN (CONT'D)
Not with a knife laying there within reach.

Curren picks up the carving knife that Quince appropriated from the kitchen floor.

He approaches the body with some trepidation.

CURREN (CONT'D)
You know how I hate dead things so I hope you appreciate this.

Curren has to squeeze up against the corpse to keep his balance as he uses one hand to steady the body while he slices the cotton belt with which he assumes Quince hanged himself.

Meanwhile, inside the shower, Sara continues to lie absolutely still, playing dead.

The belt severs instantly and Quince tumbles to the tile floor in a heap.

Curren steps back, looks at the body, then covers it with a large bath towel. He still has the carving knife in his hand.

He tries to peer into the shower, but the clouded glass gives him only the barest suggestion of the female figure lying inside.

Curren tries the shower door, but as usual, it will not budge.

CURREN (CONT'D)
What the fuck is with this door? Is there a lock on the inside?

He rattles it several times to convince himself that it's permanently stuck.

Then he crosses back into the bedroom to a night table with a makeup stand. There's a stool beside it and Curren borrows it - bringing it back into the master bath.

Setting the stool beside the shower, he steps up onto it and peers over the narrow opening at the top of the shower door.

CURREN'S POV - WHAT HE SEES -

A naked woman curled up on the floor below - either unconscious or dead. He again tries the shower door, but can't get it open.

CURREN (CONT'D)
Hey lady! Got any life left in you? Did Quince do the deed? How did he get to you? Or did you just have a heart attack? You look awful young for any cardiac.

He takes notice of the tattoo on her backside

CURREN (CONT'D)
Hey, that's a fucking piece of art on your ass there. I'd like to smell that rose up close. If I could just get in there. I don't see any lock or catch on the door.

TIGHT ANGLE ON SARA.

She keeps her eyes tightly shut, but she hears every word.

LOW ANGLE - INSIDE THE SHOWER - LOOKING UP

WE SEE CURREN'S EYES STILL PEERING OVER FROM OUTSIDE.

CURREN (CONT'D)
Lady, I'll bet you also bought yourself a great pair of tits. They come with the Beverly Hills zip code.

TIGHT SHOT - THE PIPE ATTACHED TO THE SHOWER HEAD -

To which part of the cotton belt remains tied.

TIGHT ON PORTION OF CURREN

As seen over the shower door.

CURREN (CONT'D)
How'd he get inside to hook that up to the pipe? No way he could reach through unless the door was open when he tied it on? Then how come it won't open now? I don't like it. I don't like this not making sense.
(he can't let go of his doubts)
Don't look much like he stabbed her. No blood on the knife - or on her. No blood on the tile in there, maybe he just hit her real hard or choked her.
(MORE)

CURREN (CONT'D)
But I don't see no sign of that - at least from up here. No marks, so maybe she just took a fall - slipped even - and hit her fuckin' head.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Curren still balanced up on the stool looking in on the naked woman in repose.

CURREN
A cryin' shame. She's just Quince's kind of woman. And plenty rich besides. It's always a kick helping yourself to a rich bitch. I could've appreciated a taste of that myself.
(yells)
You still alive down there lady? I bet you got all the answers. Come on. Own up if you're still alive. Truth is I never had myself a rich woman. Not a real class act. But what right did I have to be picky? What am I? God's gift to women? I probably never had one I didn't have to pay for in one way or another. You know, the rent, the phone bill, some outfit they wanted. Yeah, most of the times clothes.
(MORE)

CURREN (CONT'D)
I never had a woman offer to pick up a check - not even offer to split one on my birthday. Never even got a fucking card, that I recall. What am I telling you for?

Curren climbs down, pushes the stool aside, struggles angrily with the shower door once again and them seems to give up.

He kneels beside the tub gathering up the handsome selection of jewelry that has spilled out of Quince's jacket. He searches the pockets and finds all the cash and still more valuables.

CURREN (CONT'D)
I don't for one minute figure Quince was ever gonna let on about all this loot. I was only about to share in what the heavy items would bring. Couple of flat screens and laptops. I can forget all that. This here stash will keep this boy in style through a long cold winter.

He's greedily gathering everything up and stuffing his pockets until they overflow.

CURREN (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll be able to afford me a nice piece of ass like that one to warm me up now and then. Well, definitely not as upscale as her.

Curren seems ready to depart the premises, but as an afterthought he decides to check out the medicine cabinet over the sink.

TIGHT SHOT OF THE CONTENTS -

It's a virtual pharmacy. All forms of prescription medicines and mood enhancers. Valium, Prozac, Zanax, Vicadin, etc.

Curren checks out the labels, taking his pick. He finds one pill dispenser that amuses him.

CURREN (CONT'D)
(reading label)
If erection lasts more than four hours see your physician.
(to woman in shower)
Guess the old husband had trouble getting it up - even for you.

Curren tosses the toothbrush in a glass aside and fills it with tap water - then pops one of the Cialis tablets.

CURREN (CONT'D)
Always good to be ready.

Then he takes one last look around the bathroom before making his exit.

INT. THE BEDROOM - DAY

As Curren passes through.

He notices a photo album on the nearby shelf and decides to examine it.

INSERT SHOTS - the pages of mounted photos flip by showing Sara posing on many beaches and beside her own pool in a selection of provocative swimsuits.

TIGHT ON CURREN

CURREN
This is putting bad ideas in my head. Forget it!

He tosses the photo album aside.

CURREN (CONT'D)
Gotta beat hell out of here before security shows up.

Grabbing the Louis Vuitton suitcase with the suits and alligator shoes, Curren quickly exits the bedroom.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

We watch Curren hastily descend. In the huge mirror opposite the stairs he watches himself round the curved staircase and it's clear that he's not so pleased at what he's seeing.

He's nothing but a sleazy little punk and a few pocketsful of jewelry and cash will do nothing to change that. He'll probably never find himself in posh surroundings like this again. At least not until his next break-in, and Curren would never have the nerve to tackle a forced entry into a luxury home like this one without Quince to call the shots.

If only that mirror wasn't there. It destroys all the fantasies about himself that Curren was imagining.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE SHOWER - DAY

TIGHT ON SHARON

Listening closely. Assuring herself that she's finally alone. She has no more need to lie on the tile and pretend.

Then she hears something outside in the driveway.

The distant sound of the gate opening.

A moment later she can faintly hear a vehicle pulling onto the property.

No, it's two vehicles approaching.

SARA
No, not now. Just let him leave.

INT. THE ENTRY HALL - DAY

Curren remains standing frozen at the foot of the stairs looking in that mirror at his shabby reflection. Designer suits and expensive shoes won't change what he is; a loser.

Then suddenly he hears a slight click. Someone is turning the lock on the front door just opposite him.

Someone is about to enter.

In a panic, Curren grabs the suitcase and flees back upstairs - reaching the second floor just as the front door opens.

Curren ducks out of sight around the corner, but peers out to see who's coming in directly below.

CURREN'S POV - THE DOOR SWINGS WIDE AND A UNIFORMED FIGURE BACKS IN CARRYING THE FIRST PORTION OF A SOFA - FOLLOWED BY A SECOND DELIVERY MAN CARRYING THE BACK END.

Then the decorator, MR. HENRY appears issuing directions in his usual superior manner.

MR. HENRY
Let's be careful of the walls, boys. She's sure to see the slightest scratch and complain to high heaven. The woman's a born nitpicker. Most of them are.

DELIVERY MAN
Where's it go?

MR. HENRY
Into the living room. Where else? Move that Eames recliner over to the corner. Not there. The corner by the window. Now angle it in. Not like that. Catty corner it.

Curren can see them in the living room as they finish setting the new couch in place.

MR. HENRY (CONT'D)
The sun is sure to fade the hell out of that fabric - so they'll be reupholstering again next year, which always makes good for business.

DELIVERY MAN
Anything else now?

MR. HENRY
No, you two can run along. I have a few things to take care of on the premises.

DELIVERY MAN
You car's blocking our truck in the driveway.

MR. HENRY
Well then you'll just have to back all the way up, won't you?

DELIVERY MAN
I guess we can, yeah.

MR. HENRY
And don't forget to drop those two Murano crystal ceiling fixtures over at the Crawfords on Camden Drive on your way back to the showroom.

DELIVERY MAN
That's the third time you reminded us.

MR. HENRY
Then let me also remind you that I don't appreciate any attitude on your part.

DELIVERY MAN
Boss, no offense intended.

The two delivery men exit, cursing him under their breath while Mr. Henry remains.

They close the front door a bit harder than necessary.

INT. THE SHOWER - DAY

TIGHT ON SARA.

She hears the door slam and she starts to shout.

SARA
Don’t go! Help me!

Then Curren’s silhouette appears outside the shower. He now realizes that she’s fully awake and capable of calling for help.

CURREN
(whispered)
You’d better shut the fuck up!
(lying)
I’ve got a gun here and I’ll kill anybody that comes up the stairs. You understand me?
Answer me!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Curren positioned outside the shower -

We can see through to the bedroom where Curren has re-entered closing the bedroom door to the hall to shut out any sound.

He has left the Vuitton suitcase by the bed.

CURREN
Who were you expecting?

SARA
Nobody.

CURREN
Somebody just brought in furniture.

SARA
Then it must've been our decorator.

CURREN
He's hanging around. I might have to kill him if he hears you.

Curren also shuts the bathroom door tightly to minimize the sound of their voices.

SARA
I won't make any noise.

CURREN
From the looks of him, he wouldn't be of much help to you anyway.

SARA
There's no reason to hurt him. He'll leave in a few minutes.

CURREN
He'd better.
(he laughs)
I bet you thought I'd taken off. You figured I bought the idea that you were dead or unconscious. And I nearly did.
(MORE)

CURREN (CONT'D)
But after your friend departs, we've got some issues to settle.

SARA
You've got the money and all the jewelry. What more do you want?

CURREN
Do I really have to remind you? You heard every word I said before.

SARA
But I've never had a good look at you. I couldn't identify you. Wouldn't it be smarter to leave it like that?

CURREN
Who says I'm smart? I've been accused of a lot of things, but never of being smart.
(a beat)
But you're smart, aren't you? Almost had me fooled that you didn't do that to Quince. But you're guilty.

SARA
He did it to himself.

CURREN
Not a chance. I don't know how you engineered it, but you fucking murdered him.
(MORE)

CURREN (CONT'D)
The only killer around here is you. And you gotta pay for it somehow.

SARA
You’re wrong.

CURREN
You’re the homicidal housewife of Beverly Hills.

SARA
I swear to you ...

CURREN
Don’t swear. Jesus wouldn’t approve. No more talking. I gotta check your decorator out and I don’t want to hear a peep out of you.

He exits the bathroom, shutting the door tight.

INT. THE BEDROOM - FOLLOWING CURREN -

He crosses the bedroom door and cautiously opens it.

He ventures out into the upstairs hall.

CAMERA FOLLOWS

He’s looking for Mr. Henry and he soon catches sight of him below.

The decorator is standing at the bar in the living room pouring himself a second brandy, as if he owns the place. He knows he won’t be interrupted. He can have the run of the entire house.

TIGHT ON CURREN WATCHING HIM -

CURRAN
(softly to himself)
He’s not going anywhere.

CURREN’S POV - BELOW

All at once Mr. Henry seems to get an idea. He starts laughing to himself. Then he ventures into the hall and casts his gaze upstairs.

ANGLE ON CURREN - ALARMED

It appears Mr. Henry intends to come upstairs. Although he really has no gun, Curren has the means and the intention of doing this man great bodily harm.

He backs away from his vantage point and retreats back into the master bedroom, closing the door after himself.

INT. THE BEDROOM - DAY

There’s no way to secure the door.

CURREN
No fucking lock. He better not come in.

He backtracks to the bathroom.

INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY

Curren returns and shuts the door. This one does have a lock.

He advances to the shower and speaks in a whisper.

CURREN
Well, did you miss me?

SARA
Is he gone?

CURREN
No such luck. You can kill him though, just like you killed poor Quince, just by raising your voice. If he hears you, he's dead. One less interior decorator won't matter. So go ahead and scream your head off. Let me hear how loud you can scream!

SARA
I won't make a sound. Just let him alone.

CURREN
What's he coming up here for?

SARA
How should I know.

INT. THE HALLWAY - THE STAIRCASE

As Mr. Henry ascends with that insipid smile plastered across his face as if he's enjoying some private joke.

He reaches the second floor and heads straight for the master bedroom.

He twists the door knob and the door opens. He seems extremely pleased. As he enters -

INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY

Curren has opened the door a crack to peer though.

CURREN'S POV - AS SEEN THROUGH THE CRACK

Mr. Henry surveys the entire bedroom as if not quite sure where he should start.

Then he slides open several of the dresser drawers until he locates Sara's ample stock of lingerie.

He removes a selection of nighties and bras - and commences to satisfy his fetish.

He holds them up as if to model them as he admires himself in the mirror.

He has a dreamy look in his eyes and this only stimulates his desire to go further.

INT. THE BEDROOM -

As Mr. Henry crosses to Sara's walk-in closet and the shoe rack crowded with Sara's purchases of designer footwear.

He selects a particularly seductive pair of Jimmy Chu spiked heels with ankle straps.

Sitting down at the foot of the bed, Mr. Henry kicks off his own loafers and slips into Sara's stilettoes - buckling them firmly into place.

Now he rises and begins strolling around the room like a model coming out on the runway. He's in heaven in these three inch heels.

TIGHT ON CURREN - CATCHING SIGHT OF THIS DISPLAY

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Sara keeping quiet, but well aware something is going on close by. She wants to call out, but she manages to control herself - knowing that Mr. Henry would just become the victim.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Mr. Henry feeling totally at home -

It's clear this is not his first time.

He's about to choose another pair of stilettos when the bathroom door springs wide open and Curren steps into full view holding his cell phone out and snapping a flash digital photo.

CURREN
You look absolutely lovely!

Mr. Henry loses his balance and nearly faints.

MR. HENRY
Oh my god -

CURREN
Turn your left profile a little.

He snaps another photo with a flash.

MR. HENRY
Who the hell are you?

CURREN
These pictures will be great on the Internet.

(MORE)

CURREN (CONT'D)
You'll probably pick up a lot of clients, but you might lose a few.

MR. HENRY
What business do you have to be here?

CURREN
I'm the official photographer! Why don't you try on some of those sexy nighties? You want to. I'm sure the lady of the house won't mind. Want me to turn my back?

MR. HENRY
Did you break in here?

CURREN
Hey, both of us - caught in the act!

All of the sudden the decorator's attitude seems to shift. A smile crosses his lips and his gaze seems to be focused on the lower portion of Curren's body.

MR. HENRY
Well, look at you.

CURREN
What's the big joke?

MR. HENRY
You're ready - or haven't you noticed?

CURREN
For you? That's bullshit.

MR. HENRY
Well check yourself out, Mr. Angry. You're ready to explode.

CURREN
Shit. That's the Viagra kicking in! Back off!

MR. HENRY
Loan me the camera. None of my friends will ever believe this without hard evidence.

CURREN
That's enough.

MR. HENRY
Now don't be in denial. Just tell me how you like it. I aim to please.

CURREN
How about if I just beat your fucking brains out?

MR. HENRY
You wouldn't be the first, honey.

CURREN
I told you to back off.

From the bathroom Sara's voice is now heard.

SARA'S VOICE
What's going on out there?

MR. HENRY
(shocked)
Mrs. Fletcher, is that you?

CURREN
Yeah, that's her alright. And if you want to fuck somebody how about "Him"?

Curren grabs Mr. Henry's arm and drags him into the bathroom to where Quince's body lies sprawled out on the tile floor.

The decorator's flirtatious air has vanished and it's been replaced by pure fear.

CURREN (CONT'D)
He's there for you. Bare assed and ready. Go for it.

MR. HENRY
Don't be disgusting. He's dead.

CURREN
Then he won't mind.

He shoves the near hysterical decorator down on top of the nude corpse.

CURREN (CONT'D)
Come on, just a quickie.

MR. HENRY
You bastard! You killed him!

CURREN
No. She did.
(to Sara)
Time to confess, honey. Own up!

SARA
(from inside the shower)
You mustn't hurt him.

CURREN
Aw, you're ruining his fun.
(to Mr. Henry)
Tell her you're having fun.

MR. HENRY
Just let me out of here, please.

CURREN
Sure, let's see how fast you can run in stilettos. Take off. I'll even give you a good head start.

Curren steps aside giving his crazed victim a clear path out of the bathroom.

Mr. Henry staggers to his feet and exits, nearly twisting his ankle as he runs for his life in three inch heels.

In a moment Curren takes off in pursuit.

INT. THE SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Mr. Henry races to the steep staircase with Curren close to catching up.

The terrified decorator makes it halfway down the staircase before losing his balance.

He tumbles the rest of the way, his body twisting grotesquely. There's a terrible crunch as he hits the marble floor at the foot of the stairs and lies quite still.

Curren checks him out and reassures himself his quarry will not be getting up.

CURREN
Oh, they're gonna love it when they find you. Almost as much as when they get a load of Quince, plus the babe in the shower.

He starts back upstairs - picking up pieces of jewelry he dropped from his pocket in his pursuit.

INT. THE BEDROOM - DAY

Entering again, Curren stoops to pick up still another object of jewelry he dropped, and in doing so inadvertently comes upon the hand written note Sara had started to write to Angela, which lies partially crumbled on the rug.

And then the telephone begins to ring again. It seems shrill, almost like a scream.

After four rings the message machine picks up - and she can again hear her husband's voice on the line.

JACK'S VOICE
Hello, Sarah honey. I know you've probably got a good reason for not picking up. But I'm finally at the Four Seasons Costa Rica and they've upgraded me to a huge luxury suite with a fantastic beach view I know you'd love. We can still have a wonderful time together.

SARA
Jack! I'm sorry. I was acting crazy. Now I know what crazy is.

And then Curren's voice is heard. He has picked up the phone and he's actually talking to Jack.

Sara is in shock as she listens in disbelief.

INT. THE BEDROOM - DAY

Curren is holding the cordless phone as he paces around the room in circles.

CURREN
Listen close, Jack. We're having ourselves a ball! So, don't go ruining it for us.

JACK
Who the hell is this?

CURREN
Your little wife and I have been fucking like ferrets for months now and we've been looking forward to you finally going off on this trip.

JACK
Where is she? Put her on the line.

CURREN
(faking it)
Sara? Do you want to talk to this asshole? Maybe you should.
(a beat)
Sorry, she thinks it's better coming from me. Maybe you should've upped the Viagra - because she complains you were sorely lacking in the lovemaking department lately.

TIGHT ON SARA - SHE'S SCREAMING NOW.

SARA
He's lying, Jack! He broke in! He's robbing us! And I can't get out!

Back to Curren - he's got his hand clamped tightly over the receiver so she can't be heard.

Now he carries the cordless phone outside onto the landing to finish the conversation - shutting the bedroom door tightly behind himself.

CURREN
What's wrong with you, Jack? The woman has got a great body and that sweet little tattoo of a rose on her ass drives me absolutely ape shit. We're doing it in your bed, Jack and I'm in your silk pajamas.

JACK'S VOICE
You disgusting little fuck.

CURREN
How about what you are, scumbag?
(checking out the crumbled note Sara scribbled)
Both you and this Angela are pure trash. But if you can still get it up for her go for it. You see, Sara filled me in on all the sordid details.
(a beat)
Are you still there, Jack? She's just getting even. This is purely a revenge fuck. And there's nothing that feels better than sweet revenge.
(faking an aside to Sara)
Did I explain it to him properly, darling?

JACK
There's some reason you won't let her talk. You're not fooling me.

CURREN
Then why not call the police? Go on.
(MORE)

CURREN (CONT'D)
Who cares if the whole neighborhood finds out she's been fucking around. Or else just enjoy beautiful Costa Rica. And one of these days, get that shower door fixed.

Before Jack can respond Curren hangs up and starts laughing.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

SARA
(screams)
No - No - No! Jack! You know it's a lie! You know I'm in trouble! Get help! I need your help!

Then she stops and listens. She knows the call is over.

For a moment she assures herself that Curren must be gone.

He wouldn't take a chance hanging around. Jack still might call the police.

Or he might believe those terrible lies.

All is deadly quiet for a moment and then -

SHOCK CUT:

WITHOUT ANY WARNING SOME HARD OBJECT COMES SMASHING FURIOUSLY AGAINST THE GLASS ONLY AN INCH AWAY FROM HER FACE!

She recoils and emits a piercing scream.

On the opposite side of the glass, he's swinging the stool, that he'd tried to stand on earlier.

He's desperately trying to smash the shower door into broken shards, furiously determined to get his hands on her.

CURREN
You shouldn't leave notes like that lying around, lady!

Sara screams and backs away - up against the tile wall of what's become a cell!

While Curren continues to pound the wooden stool like a battering ram - shouting expletives even as the intensity of his blows escalates.

CURREN (CONT'D)
Wasn't I fantastic on the phone? I was on a roll and he believed it. Now let's make it all come true.

SARA
You'll see the police will be coming soon!

CURREN
I'll stop when they get here.

SARA
You'll cut me.

CURREN
Then open that goddam shower!
You know how!

SARA
I don't. It's still jammed.

CURREN
Deceiving bitch! No wonder
he's fucking Angela!

SLAM AFTER SLAM CURREN WON'T STOP.

Finally, a crack appears in the center of the thick tempered glass door.

CURREN (CONT'D)
There it is. It's coming.

SARA
Stop! You'll kill me!

CURREN
Not till I'm done with you. I don't mind your blood all over me. It'll rinse off!

SARA
Take what you've got and run while you still can!

CURREN
Nobody's coming. I had him mind fucked but good.

SARA
I won't even try to identify you.

CURREN
But what about old Quince lying there turning blue? Aren't you gonna lay that on me?

SARA
I wouldn't do that.

CURREN
Sure you would. You'd say anything to save your own ass.

He resumes smashing at the tempered glass and the crack down the center becomes more pronounced. The door seems on the verge of shattering.

CURREN (CONT'D)
And your sissy decorator lying downstairs with his head turned around backwards. Who gets credit for him?

SARA
You didn't have to kill him.

CURREN
Who says I did? You see how you try and shift blame for everything onto my ass? You deserve what you're getting!

Again he swings the stool with all his might.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Sara in total panic. When that glass shatters it is bound to fly in all directions and she's totally uncovered - unprotected.

Yet she has no weapon with which to offer a defense this time.

Then is desperation she looks up at the shower head. The cut-off portion of the belt from her robe still dangles there.

She reaches up to the shower head using both hands - trying to twists it counter clockwise, trying to unscrew it from the water pipe. It won't turn.

Counterpointing this action is the wooden stool smashing into the glass. The sound of impact seems to be magnifying into a crescendo.

The adrenalin pushing through Sara's system gives her added strength - far beyond her normal capacity.

She twists harder. The shower head budges - then begins to loosen.

She twists it again and again and miraculously it unscrews in her hand.

Outside the shower - A frenzied Curren rejoices at the many spider cracks appearing on the glass.

It’s only a matter of a few more moments of impact.

CURREN
I told Curren this was a revenge fuck and IT IS!

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Sara has the loose shower head in her hands. It’s a hunk of solid metal.

Now she sets it down at her bare feet and goes to work on the cloth belt half of which remains knotted on the shower pipe.

It’s still wet and pulled tight as she tries to get her finger nails into that knot.

EXTREME TIGHT SHOT - THE KNOT AND HER FINGERS

As one of her nails breaks painfully off.

WIDER ON SARA

She ignores the pain and keeps tugging.

Finally, the knot unravels.

She has the length of cloth.

She kneels down now and ties the remains of the belt onto the loose shower head.

Now she has a weapon to swing.

If only she isn’t cut to pieces when that glass finally shatters.

Curren won’t be expecting an attack.

She balances herself in such a way as to propel forward and add all her weight to her intended blow. She will aim for his head!

SARA
(to herself)
You're only going to get one shot, girl. So make it count.

OUTSIDE THE SHOWER -

Curren's mounting frustration is beginning to show.

The glass continues to show additional cracks, but it still fails to shatter.

CURREN
Almost there!

Then the stool he welds with such force starts to break into pieces- leaving him with only the back two legs and the seat to use as a battering ram.

He continues to smash what's left against the door with grunts and moans that seem almost sexual.

Inside the shower - Sara shields her eyes from the splintering glass she expects at any second.

Outside the shower Curren strikes out one last time - only no glass crumbles.

Instead, the door suddenly springs open wide with intense force as if in reaction to Curren's constant assault.

The door flying open unexpectedly in his face strikes Curren, driving him backward so that he trips over Quinces body.

ANGLE ON SARA

Astonished at the sudden opening of the immovable glass door.

She rushes forward even as Curren tumbles backwards - landing hard.

Sara is nearly a blur.

The naked figure of an enraged woman swinging a makeshift weapon.

The steel shower head at the end of the cloth belt strikes Curren square in the forehead. As he tries to recover she swings again and again taking her tormentor out with a show of violence she has suppressed for hours.

She looks down at the figure at her feet. Curren isn't moving any more. And just in front of him lies Quince's dead body.

This lone woman in her completely naked condition has somehow disposed of them both.

Sara's immediate reaction is to seize a bath towel off the nearby rack and wrap it around herself.

Covered she feels far less vulnerable.

SARA
In the movies they usually get up again. You won't!

For the moment there seems to be no threat - but just to be absolutely sure, she takes one more brutal swing at Curren striking him right between the eyes.

Curren's mouth lies limply open and we can see that there's more than a few of his rotten front teeth missing.

His pockets still bulge with Sara's prized possessions but she'll wait to collect them.

Instead, she turns her attention back to the shower, which imprisoned her, it stands open wide. The tempered glass is spider webbed in cracks.

With justifiable anger she reaches out and slams the glass door shut.

It closes with the sound of grinding metal - and in a fraction of an instant the glass completely shatters and instantly collapses.

In tiny fragments - filling the interior of the shower with a rain of tiny jagged pieces that could've cut her - perhaps fatally.

Some kind of curse locked her in.

Some kind of miracle let her out.

We follow her as she carefully steps past both bodies as camera escorts her into her adjoining master bedroom.

Sitting at the foot of her bed she picks up her phone and dials 911.

911

911. Is this an emergency?

SARA
(to 911 operator)

Not anymore.

Suddenly in the distance we hear the siren of an approaching police vehicle.

SARA (CONT'D)
(to 911 operator)

I think my husband already called you ...

Sara hears the siren coming closer and realizes that Jack has come through.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AWAY FROM HER.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

PULLING BACK FROM THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM WINDOW -

CONTINUING TO PULL BACK AWAY FROM THE FLETCHER HOME -

As the siren becomes overwhelming -

Camera moves down past the driveway and up over the gate which remains closed. Dropping down and turning for a full view of the traditional sign: “NO TRESPASSING”

QUICK FADE OUT.

THE END