

SURVIVAL MENTALITY

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

CONSTABLE ROSS (32), dressed in a standard police uniform, her brunette hair pulled back into a ponytail, drives.

A female voice sounds over the radio.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Delta four, complainant just called
and said she thinks they're still
in the house. She's calling from
the en-suite bathroom.

Constable Ross grabs the radio microphone, pressing the button.

CONSTABLE ROSS
(into microphone)
Copy that. Any word on back up?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Ten four, on the way from the
neighboring detachment.

CONSTABLE ROSS
(into microphone)
Do we have an E.T.A.?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
About ten minutes.

CONSTABLE ROSS
(into microphone)
Thanks.

EXT. RURAL HOUSE - NIGHT

A police car, all lights turned off, slowly pulls up the driveway of a large house. A full moon provides sufficient light.

It comes to a stop and the engine turns off. Constable Ross steps out of the car and closes the door as gently as possible, barely making a sound.

The door to the house rests wide open.

She reaches to the microphone hooked to her body armor.

CONSTABLE ROSS
 (into microphone)
 I'm on scene. The front door is
 open.

Constable Ross cautiously surveys her surroundings, being as quiet as physically possible. She moves towards the house, one careful step at a time.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
 Ten four. Will put you on a five
 minute timer.

She jumps out of her skin as the dispatcher's voice cackles over the radio. Her hand scrambles to find the volume control.

CONSTABLE ROSS
 Fuck.
 (into her microphone)
 Copy that.

The shrill scream of a woman from inside the house pierces through the air like sharp nails scraping down a chalkboard.

Constable Ross draws her firearm at light speed and rushes to the residence.

CONSTABLE ROSS (CONT'D)
 (into her microphone)
 Screams from inside. I'm going in.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
 Perhaps you should wait for back
 up?

CONSTABLE ROSS
 (into her microphone)
 Would if I could. Tell em' to get
 here faster.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The moonlight silhouettes Constable Ross in the door frame. She steps into the house and gently closes the door behind her.

She grips her gun with both hands in a ready position. She's ready to pounce at the slightest indication of trouble.

She makes her way to the stairwell. Step by step, head up and gun cantered upwards, she carefully ascends the stairs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Constable Ross walks in through an open door. The en-suite door is closed. The light from under the door shines into the room.

Drawers from the beside cabinet litter the floor, its contents scattered throughout the master.

Quiet whimpering from inside the bathroom.

INT. EN-SUITE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens, revealing Constable Ross.

GWEN WATTERS (47), blonde, dressed in a night gown, slippers on her feet, huddles in a ball on the floor. Tears flood her face.

Constable Ross holsters her gun and attends to Gwen.

CONSTABLE ROSS
Mrs. Watters?

Gwen nods her head.

CONSTABLE ROSS (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

GWEN STANLEY
(sobbing)
I thought they were going to kill me.

CONSTABLE ROSS
Are you alone?

Gwen nods her head again.

GWEN STANLEY
My husband is gone for the week on business.

CONSTABLE ROSS
How many were there Mrs. Watters?

GWEN STANLEY
I was so scared, I thought I was going to die.

Constable Ross takes a knee and consoles her.

CONSTABLE ROSS
It's okay, I'm here now. You're
going to be okay.

Gwen tenses up.

GWEN STANLEY
(hysterically)
They're still in the house.
They're still here, they're going
to kill me. They're going to kill
me.

CONSTABLE ROSS
Everything is going to be okay.
Lock this door behind me and don't
let anyone but me in. Okay?

Gwen nods.

Constable Ross rises from the floor, draws her firearm.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Constable Ross shuffles through the hallway with cat like
precision, her firearm always at the ready.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Delta four, checking.

The volume of the radio is considerably lower than it was
outside, but still startles her.

CONSTABLE ROSS
Shit.
(whispering into her
microphone)
Ten four, in the residence. The
suspect may still be in the
residence somewhere. Where's that
back up?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Almost there.

Something at the end of the hall catches her eye, distracting
her from her task. She squints to see. No dice, it's too
dark. She grabs her flashlight and flicks it on.

Confusion rushes over her face like a hot flash.

A thin rope flashes in front of her eyes from behind, making a home around her neck and tightening with the ferocity of a python squeezing its food.

Constable Ross drops the flashlight and her gun. Both of her hands rush to her throat in a desperate attempt to release the rope, but it's useless. It's locked in for the count.

Fading, Ross reaches behind her head, flailing her hands at her attacker like a fish out of water fighting for its last breath.

The rope loosens slightly, giving Ross enough time to get her hand between it and her neck. Her attacker pushes her over.

Ross rushes for her gun, turns around and levels it at an empty hall.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Constable Ross staggers through the living room, gun at attention. She grabs her microphone.

CONSTABLE ROSS
(into her microphone)
I need back up... now.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
They just pulled onto the street.

A knife slashes the hand that holds her gun, making a sizable cut in her forearm. She drops the weapon.

Gripping her arm, she turns to face Gwen, who holds a bloody knife.

GWEN STANLEY
You bitch.

CONSTABLE ROSS
I didn't know. I swear.

GWEN STANLEY
Fuck you, you home wrecking slut.

CONSTABLE ROSS
He told me he was divorced. He even lied to me about his name. He lied about everything, I swear on my life.

GWEN STANLEY
You're not going to have a life.

Gwen swipes the knife at Ross with the fury of a woman scorned.

Ross steps back as fast as she can. The blade rips into her body armor, protecting her from its sting.

With her good hand, Constable Ross smacks Gwen on the side of the head. The force of her hand knocks Gwen off track, giving Ross enough time to reach her pepper spray.

Ross plasters Gwen's face with the burning liquid. Gwen screams in agony and drops the knife.

Ross pushes Gwen out of the way and makes a move for her gun.

Gwen fights through the clear discomfort she's in, and grabs Ross's ponytail. With all her might, Gwen rips Ross down to the ground.

Ross lands on the floor with a **THUD!** A painful groan escapes her lips.

Gwen quickly grabs the fallen knife and jumps on top of Ross. She angles the blade towards Ross's stomach.

GWEN STANLEY (CONT'D)

Die, whore.

Gwen plummets the knife into Ross's abdomen. She beams with pure psychotic bliss.

Ross's blood curdling cry cascades throughout the house.

Amid her shriek, Ross turns her head away from her attacker, spotting her fallen firearm. It's within reach.

She gains her composure and stretches for the gun and grabs it.

Gwen grips Ross's hand. They struggle for the deadly weapon.

Gwen knocks the gun out of Ross's hand. She looks directly into Ross's eyes as she twists the blade with killer intentions.

Ross screams, but it fades as she struggles to breath.

Gwen moves her head in closer to Ross.

GWEN STANLEY (CONT'D)

I hope it hurts like hell, you bitch.

Ross, still with some fight left, grabs Gwen's throat.

Gwen, cocky and confident, couldn't care less about the hand on her neck.

GWEN STANLEY (CONT'D)
You're nothing more than a dirty
cunt that my hus...

Ross digs her fingers around Gwen's esophagus and squeezes her hand with all her remaining strength. A sickening **CRUSHING** sound brings an end to Gwen's victory speech.

Gwen rolls off of Ross. She violently thrashes around the floor, hands around her neck, gasping for air. Her breaths are short and labored as she quickly asphyxiates.

As fast as it started, Gwen ceases to struggle. One last fleeting breath escapes her miserable mouth before her movement comes to a dead stop.

Ross battles to remain awake, the pain and fear evident on her face. She reaches for her radio microphone. She struggles to speak.

CONSTABLE ROSS
(into her microphone)
H... hel... help me.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Delta four? Are you okay? Delta
four?

Her hand weakly falls to the floor as her eyes close over.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

Voices speak over the radio.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
She's got a pulse.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Copy, the ambulance should be
pulling in.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
I see them.

ANOTHER FEMALE (V.O.)
Angie, we've got a body up here in
one of the bedrooms.
(MORE)

ANOTHER FEMALE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
From the picture in the hall, it
looks like the husband.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Ten four. Dispatch, you copy that?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
I copy.

FADE OUT.