

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Two mice crawl towards the small hole filled with light.

The mice peek their heads out seeing the vast kitchen floor.

In silence, First Mouse crawls out from under the refrigerator towards a small crumb of bread.

SLAM, a broom smashes the mouse. A Blood spot splashed on the floor.

BRADFORD, (40's) short, balding holds the broom.

Jumping to his hands and knees Bradford sees the second mouse scamper back through the hole to safety.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

The second mouse walks across the wide concrete floor noticing a MAN sitting in the shadows behind cardboard boxes.

He pokes his head out to get a better look at the mouse.

A hand slides across the ground holding a potato chip.

Motionless, the mouse stops in its tracks.

The Man flicks a potato chip at the mouse.

The mouse retreats to the corner of the storage room out of site.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

MEG (30's), gorgeous, walks down the stairs intoxicated holding a glass of wine.

The basement is a large rec room with tall ceilings a big screen tv and a standing stuffed Grizzly bear.

Meg walks into a storage room and opens a full size wine cellar retrieving a bottle of wine.

The sound of a BOX MOVES sliding from across the room JOLTS her.

MEG

Brad!

She waits for a reply but hears SILENCE.

She looks at a pile of Christmas decorations, a plastic smiling Santa Clause and cardboard boxes marked: XMAS.

She veers around the room holding the bottle of wine like a weapon.

She listens quietly.

Eyes opening wide, of the Man in the shadows undetected.

Meg lowers the bottle of wine to a casual position and takes a drink from her wine glass.

MEG (CONT'D)

Tucker?

The jumble of decorations remains still.

She flips the lights off and closes the door.

The Man, (40's), trimmed beard, short hair, clean t-shirt and sweat pants lays still shutting his eyes calmly.

Meg listens with her ear against the door, SILENCE.

BRADFORD

(OS)

Hunny?

MEG

Yeah.

BRADFORD

(OS)

Grab one more bottle of Cab?

Meg walks up the stairs.

The Man, under the stairs, lays on his back looking up at the FOOT STEPS sounds.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The magnificent kitchen is filled with holiday decorations and people conversing.

A large holiday party, married couples (40's) mingle around the kitchen.

Meg enters the party carrying one bottle of wine seeing Bradford feeding a fat black cat a piece of shrimp off his plate.

Bradford, the center of attention, has a small group standing around him chatting.

BRADFORD
You forgot the other bottle.

MEG
(whispering)
I heard something down there.

BRADFORD
What?

MEG
I don't know, something. Just go
see.

Bradford sets down his glass of wine.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bradford casually walks down the stairs and opens the
storage room door.

He listens carefully and looks around.

SILENCE

He curiously kicks a storage box under a desk.

He shuffles a x-mas box to the side.

He bumps his head hard on the top of the stairs.

BRADFORD
Owe, God damn it!

Stunned, he covers the top of his head.

Blood drops on the cardboard x-mas box.

Bradford looks up at the wood stairs seeing a half inch nail
poking out of a two by four.

His hand has a spat of blood on it.

He kicks over a few Christmas boxes seeing.

He sees no signs of life under the stairs.

An empty child sized bag of potato chips under the stairs
catches his attention.

Holding the top of his head, he painfully makes his way out
of the room.

MAN

(v.o.)

If only that nail were a couple inches longer.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Man, short hair, trimmed beard, sits on the couch in the dark flipping through the TV channels. He eats off a small kid size bag of potato chips.

MAN

(v.o.)

They are running low on cabernet so they will be filling the cellar tomorrow after Costco.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The ritzy bathroom has a his-and-her sink.

Man, short hair, trimmed beard, brushes his teeth in the mirror wearing an expensive men's bathrobe stitched: Bradford.

MAN

(v.o.)

I had my own family. I had everything he has, except not nearly as much.

EXT. LARGE NEW HOUSE - EVENING

The impressive three car garage made of brick has a large fountain in the front yard.

The garage door opens.

A new BMW pulls into the garage.

Meg exits the car and pulls groceries from the trunk.

She carries three bags through the door.

Hits the lights off and presses the garage door button.

The garage door closes.

Man, long nasty hair, torn dirty clothes, crawls on his hands and knees through the door just before it closes.

He listens, with his ear pressed to the garage door.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Man, long hair, takes a beer from the fridge inside the three car garage.

He sits in the driver seat of the 65 mustang completely covered by a tarp in the corner of the garage.

With his hand on the wheel as if driving, he sips on his beer. The tarp presses against his head.

MAN

(v.o.)

I know what its like to no longer exist.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Man (long hair), opens the kitchen pantry holding a bowl of a sorted foods.

He takes a few nuts from a can of peanuts and places them in the bowl.

He collects a small handful of food from each of the many boxes and places it in the bowl.

He takes one kids size bag of chips from the box and puts it in the bowl.

He carefully adjusts the box to its original position.

Man closes the door quietly letting go of the door handle.

He scans around at pictures on the refrigerator of the family: Bradford, Meg and Tammy (6), cute, at the lake cabin.

He opens a drawer pulling paper out. He finds a checkbook.

He opens the cupboards looking inside each one.

A wooden cupboard swings open revealing a bolted in safe.

Pleased, he places the checkbook back in the drawer and moves in for a closer look at the safe, satisfied.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Man stares at himself in the over sized mirror.

He cuts his own hair with great difficulty.

MAN

(v.o.)

I'm not an idiot. Well, maybe I am an idiot, but I deserved a normal life. Karen left me shortly after I lost my job, she took Isabella. I can't find her. I think it's time for a change.

He trims his beard with scissors.

INT. MASSIVE CLOSET - DAY

Man looks at the vast display of men's clothing hanging across both sides of the closet.

He thumbs to the back and grabs an old sweater and sweat pants.

He slips the clothes on and smells the clothing.

He digs through a basket filled with slippers and shoes.

He places black slippers on his feet.

He notices a picture hanging on the wall in the back of the closet. He moves in for a closer look.

A sexy exposed photograph of Meg in red skimpy lingerie.

MAN

(v.o.)

Bradford's wife, gorgeous. She's no dummy either. I met her at our first company Christmas party. She memorized everybody's name.

He looks up on the shelf seeing a shotgun.

He pulls the gun down, unprepared for it's heavy weight, it drops to the ground.

He quickly snatches it.

Sound of a GARAGE DOOR OPENING.

Man looks down at the direction of the sound.

INT. KITCHEN - SUNRISE

All lights are off in the kitchen except for a small spot light pointing on the safe.

Man sits Indian style with a flashlight in his mouth.

He looks through a giant pile of papers on his lap.

He twist the dials on the safe trying a series of numbers off each page.

DOOR BELL RINGS

INT. KITCHEN - SUNRISE

In a sleepy daze Bradford walks down the stairs in his bathrobe.

BASEMENT STAIRWAY

Man listens with his ear pressed to the door.

INT. ENTRYWAY - SUNRISE

A SECURITY INSTALLER, (30's) beard, overweight, enters and shakes Bradford's hand.

Bradford yawns and leads him into the kitchen.

The Security Installer follows him walking with a slight limp.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bradford pushes a loaded mouse trap with a broom handle on the side of the refrigerator.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Man secretly watches the Security Installer through a reflection of a mirror on the wall.

Security Installer limps alone towards the 60 inch flat screen running his hands across the screen.

He digs through the drawers of dvd's, pulls a disk from the case and stashes it in his coat GIGGLING childishly.

INT. ENTRYWAY - MORNING

The Security Installer flips up a security panel displaying the newly installed security unit near the front door.

Bradford punches in a code. SECURITY BEEPING SOUND.

The Security Installer opens the door creating a loud screeching ALARM SOUND.

BASEMENT STAIRWAY

Man covers his ears annoyed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Snow falls outside the windows as Christmas music plays.

The living room is full of Christmas decorations.

Tammy, (6) tears into one of her many christmas presents under the tree.

Meg and Bradford huddle on the couch watching her, while sipping their coffee.

Man peeks down at them with envious eyes from the second floor railing.

He sits hunched down on the floor gazing at the family.

Tammy carries a barbie house up the stairs.

Man notices Tammy and runs quickly into the child's room and takes refuge in the closet.

Tammy sees the closet door closing.

She opens the closet door exposing Man.

Man, holds his finger over his lips.

MAN

Shh. It's ok.

Tammy SCREAMS and runs out of her room crying.

Worried, Man makes his way down the hallway quickly.

MASTER BEDROOM CLOSET

Man, shoeless, routinely climbs up on the shelf.

He pushes up the attic trap door and crawls up.

INT. TAMMY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The sound of Tammy CRYING in the background.

Bradford opens the closet door ready to strike.

He sees a vast closet filled with kids toys.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

All lights out and SILENCE in the house.

Stockings hang over the massive fireplace.

The mouse sniffs around the boxes and disappears as Man walks closer.

Man stands in admiration of the giant X-mas tree looking over the pile of opened Christmas presents under the tree. The extremely wealthy gifts range from jewelry, toys, golf clubs ect.

A fat black cat looks up at him from under the x-mas tree.

Man bends down petting the obese cat.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dark, Christmas tree lights provide the only light.

Man sits Indian style in front of the safe holding a flashlight with a large stack of papers on his lap.

He digs through the papers thumbing through old black and white pictures: A wedding photo of Bradford and Meg.

He holds up a birth certificate: Tammy Gruver Born September 29th 2004.

Man spins the dial on the safe: 9, 29, 4.

The safe opens. Man becomes too exited to sit still.

He stands up excited stretching his sore legs.

He peeks his head inside the safe.

A medium size plastic bag full of cash, a vast array of jewelry and two hand guns in their holsters.

Man gathers all contents from the vault and closes the door quietly.

INT. ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Man struggles to carry the treasures in his arms.

He makes his way quietly to the front door and notices the alarm panel blinking red.

Panicking, he stuffs the valuables in the closet and shuts the door.

He approaches the alarm panel which has the words blinking: ARMED. He plugs in the number 9, 29, 4, ENTER.

The words: Armed continue blinking on the screen.

MAN
(quietly)

Shit!

He looks up the stairs at the dark empty hallway.

He stares at the alarm panel concentrating.

He sees a figure through a small cut fragment of glass behind the front door.

A tiny plate of glass on the side of the door breaks open falling to the ground.

An arm wearing a red coat reaches through the small hole.

The hand flips down the alarm panel and punches digits in the alarm. BEEP, the alarm panel reads: Disarmed.

The door slowly opens revealing two medium sized men wearing snow gear to conceal their identity.

Man stands hidden in the closet watching them through the cracks.

Each of the intruders carries a hand gun.

INTRUDER 1, overweight, walks with a slight limp.

INTRUDER 1
(whispering)
Master bedroom upstairs.

The Intruders make their way slowly upstairs into darkness.

In a state of shock, Man opens the closet undetected.

He pulls a basket from the closet dumping a pile of shoes to the ground.

He loads the treasures into the basket.

Scared, he looks up the dark stairway seeing no signs of movement.

With haste, he opens the front door carrying the heavy basket.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Multi-million dollar residential houses on either side of the road.

Man huffs down the road carrying the heavy basket.

He drops the basket loosing his grip.

Back at it, he picks up the heavy basket.

LOUD GUNFIRE echos through the neighborhood.

A flock of tiny birds fly off a tree above him.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Eyes on the stairs, Man digs through the basket removing a loaded handgun.

He walks up the dark stairway holding the gun.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

He turns the corner seeing nothing.

He sees a light in the master bedroom.

Shadows of movement come from the room along with CRYING.

Man creeps up to outside of the double door entry.

Man sees blood smeared across the carpet in front of him.

He rests his ear up against the bedroom door.

He hears HEAVY BREATHING and WHISPERING.

MUDDLED CRIES in the background.

He pokes one eye out seeing the family huddled together on the bed.

MASTER BEDROOM

Meg holds her hand over the SCREAMING child's mouth.

Blood is splattered across the front of the bed.

Man scans the room seeing two bodies on the ground.

The two Intruders lay on the ground covered in blood motionless.

Man's chest explodes, SHOTGUN SOUND, he falls to the ground.

Bradford holds a smoking shotgun on the bed.

Man falls along side of the Intruders.

Meg removes her hand from her daughters mouth.

Tammy SCREAMS in panic.

Bradford looks down at Man's motionless dead body from the bed.

BRADFORD

We know him? Don't we?

MAN

Eight years of signing my
paychecks. He couldn't even
remember my name.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Police officer's feet seen rushing through the front door.

The basket sits in the entry way as a police officer looks inside.

Paramedics legs seen walking into the doorway.

The mouse watches the commotion poking it's head out from under the fridge.

The mouse walks on the side of the fridge. A set mouse trap displaying a large piece of food lays in its path.

The mouse pauses in front of the mouse trap for a moment.

It scampers around the mouse trap and into a hole inside the wall.

FADE OUT.