

INTRUSION

Written By

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Gravel CRUNCHES as a car pulls in the driveway. The engine is cut, and MARTHA, a businesswoman in her mid 30s steps out.

At the foot of the door to the house, there is a bouquet of flowers in a vase, with a card attached. Martha picks up the vase, and begins to unlock the door. There are three separate locks and keys to turn. She enters, locking the door behind her.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

She lazily discards her heels to the side and disarms the security alarm. Martha carries the vase and flowers into the kitchen, pausing to plug her phone in. Light from the setting sun shines through a nearby window on the flowers.

She puts something in the oven, and begins to prepare the kitchen table with two sets of plates and utensils, as well as wine glasses and candles.

Martha regards the flowers, reading the message on the attached card.

The card is blank.

She shudders. Picking up the vase, she dumps it into the kitchen trash can. Martha dashes to the window, peering through the blinds.

Outside is a fenceless neighborhood with a large tree between her and her neighbor's houses. Movement. A figure subtly moves behind the tree. Martha doesn't notice.

Martha slams the blinds shut and draws the curtains to a close. She repeats this for all of the downstairs windows. Her phone VIBRATES on the kitchen counter.

A text reads "Be there in about five". She takes a wine bottle out of one of the cabinets and places it on the table.

The doorbell RINGS.

Martha jumps. It rings again. She returns to the front door, looking through the peephole. JOHN, a delivery man in his early 40s holds a large box in his hands.

She opens the door.

Without checking the shipping label, John intensely ogles at Martha.

JOHN

Hello! I have a package for Martha.
Please sign here!

John pushes a clipboard into Martha's hands.

MARTHA

Do you know who sent this package?

JOHN

Unfortunately no. They didn't send it
with a return address.

Martha signs the clipboard, then accepts the package, placing it to the side of the door on the inside. John lingers.

JOHN

Do you mind if I come in for a second?
It's been really hot today and my car
doesn't have AC.

MARTHA
I do mind. Have a nice day.

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JOHN

What, did you not like the flowers from
earlier?

Martha is stunned for a second, then tries to slam the door shut, but John shoves his foot in the way. John pushes back on the door, slipping inside the house.

JOHN

Come on... just let me talk to you for a
second or two.

He closes the door behind him, leaning on it. The CLUNK of the bolts turning can be heard three times.

MARTHA

No. You need to get out. Now.

She tries to reach the door handle to force him out of the house. He moves to block her attempt.

JOHN

Look, I just want you to know how much I love you. I love you Martha. I really do.

He stalks towards Martha. She backpedals.

JOHN

Is it something I've done? Something I've done to offend you? Why haven't you returned my love?

Martha trips over the shoes she had previously discarded.

MARTHA

If you don't get out right now, I'm calling the police.

John ignores her words.

JOHN

Oh, did you set this dinner up for me? So you do love me back!

A dreamy smile breaks across John's face. Martha dives for her phone. She enters her password wrong. Again. John knocks the phone out of her hands.

JOHN

Why are you then playing so hard to get?

Martha runs across the kitchen to the knife block, drawing the first one she can get her hands on. A paring knife. John continues stalking towards Martha.

MARTHA

Stay AWAY!

Martha is backed into a corner. A car gets louder. Softer. The car passed the house.

JOHN

Do you want more flowers? I'm sorry if the ones earlier weren't satisfactory. I knew they were your favorite. Won't you go out with me?

MARTHA

Look, I have a boyfriend. He's going to be here any minute now. If you don't get

out, he's going to kick your ass.

John also reaches over to the knife block, drawing out a large chef's knife. He lazily holds it.

JOHN

Don't lie to me please. You've never had a man over here before.

Martha makes no response. Her hands shake, holding the knife directly out in front of her. He places the knife against his own throat.

JOHN

Won't you go out with me? At least for one date? Otherwise I'll kill myself. I really will!

MARTHA

NO! What part of "no" do you not understand?!

He tosses the knife away, aggressively making a grab for Martha's wrists.

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JOHN

(Growling)

Now look here bitch. I've been sending you gifts for weeks now. I know almost everything about you. Why don't you love me back?

Martha struggles to break out of his clammy grip. A car grows louder. The engine STOPS.

MARTHA

(Strained)

Life doesn't always play out like a Rom-Com. (Under her breath) Asshole.

John pushes his body against hers, forcibly kissing her.

Martha pulls her head back from the kiss, kneeing John in the groin. His hands let go of her wrists. She sprints away from him, trying to make it to the front door.

John hauls himself off the ground, grabbing the knife again. He stumbles after Martha. A car door CLOSES from outside.

She makes it to the front door, John close behind.

The doorbell RINGS.

CUT TO BLACK

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