

THE INTRUDER

Written by

Anonymous

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TOBY (40), sits in front of the TV. He takes his last swig of beer, turns off the television and heads upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Toby enters the dark room, taking off his shirt.

TOBY  
Ready to have some fun?

He leans over the figure in the bed, ready to start the night's festivities. He suddenly pulls away in shock. His hands are soaked. The figure in the bed, a beautiful WOMAN, has her throat slit from ear to ear.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
Oh God... no.  
(pause)  
The kids!

He turns to run out of the bedroom. A figure moves in the shadows as Toby leaves.

TOBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No! No! No! No!

Toby runs back into the bedroom and grabs a knife at the side of the bed.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
You motherfucker! I'm not going to  
call the cops! I'll fucking tear  
your heart out!

The figure in the BG turns on a lamp. A middle aged man in an overcoat points a gun at TOBY. This is VINCENT.

VINCENT  
You thought we were never going to  
find you?  
(smiling)  
You look different, Frankie. Those  
Feds really did a number on you.

Toby drops the knife to his side. Vincent takes a step towards him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Sorry about the wife and kids. I  
fucking hate doing that shit. But  
Don Castellano ordered it....so....

Toby drops the knife and raises both his hands.

TOBY  
Before you do that, I'm sure Don  
Castellano would like to know what  
is back here.  
(nods to the closet)  
It might change things.

Vincent walks towards the closet, keeping his gun on Toby. He  
opens it, and tied and gagged, sits a wide eyed FRANKIE. He  
frantically reaches for Vincent, who shoots him in shock.  
Immediately afterwards, a needle plunges into Vincent's neck.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vincent wakes up as Toby stands over him, blood covering his  
face.

TOBY  
I hadn't even started with them.  
Did you not notice how they didn't  
move when you slit their throats,  
idiot? You ruined my fun. And I  
like my meat fresh.

Vincent lies paralyzed on the ground, his eyes wide with  
fear. Toby lifts up a severed foot and takes a bite out of  
it. Vincent looks down and sees that his foot has been cut  
off and his leg sits in a pool of blood.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
For the road. Tough and chewy.  
Should keep me until we reach your  
house. 33 Dibgate Avenue? Nice  
area.

Though Vincent's eyes bulge with fear, a tear rolls onto his  
cheek.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
And, I see you've got a baby.  
They're my favourite.  
(smiling)  
Let's go.