

PET SITTER ABDUCTION

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Cloudy skies make the dark forest even eerier. The sound of someone huffing grows near. CINDY (19), dirty clothes with scrapes and bruises to her visible skin, runs into view. She checks behind her often in a panicked manner.

She trips over a log and crashes to the ground. Dazed, it takes her a few moments to get her bearings. Her eyes suddenly look upward and widen over something alarming she sees.

CINDY

No!

A WOMAN, face unseen, drops down on top of Cindy and wraps a cord around her neck. Squeezes hard.

As she chokes, Cindy attempts to pry the cord away from her throat. When that fails, she claws at her attacker's face. The attacker flinches with a yelp of pain and squeezes even harder.

Cindy drops still. Her attacker releases her grip on the cord.

EXT. WOODS - NEARBY - NIGHT

The woman drags Cindy up to a grave two feet deep. A mound of dirt is to the side, along with a shovel.

The woman drops Cindy into the hole. She grabs the shovel and begins piling dirt on top of her.

Cindy stirs. She coughs with the dirt being thrown into her face. Attempts to sit up.

CINDY

(choked)

No, please.

Wham! The shovel strikes her in the head. She drops back with a head wound, dead. Dirt rains down on her, quickly covering her face.

LATER

The grave is now completely filled in. The woman flattens the top with her shovel. She disappears into the woods.

INT. SANDRA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY

A three bedroom ranch in a remote area. The living area contains a walk-in kitchen, a nook for a four person dining table, and a modest living room. It is open with four doors down a hall. A back door is at the very end of the hall. A keyless lock with digital pad is on both the front and back doors.

A small area rug is carefully positioned on the living room floor, covering a cellar door. A bookcase displays family photos of Sandra and her daughter Karen (22). Karen looks a lot like Cindy and wears conservative, ugly clothes, along with a pretty cross necklace.

SANDRA MAYER (30), a creepiness behind her sophisticated hairstyle and professional mannerism, fixes a sandwich at the counter. A scratch is visible to her face, even with the remarkable attempt to hide it with makeup.

She takes her sandwich on a plate to the table and starts to sit down. A knock at her door. Wearing a curious look, she walks to the door and opens it to DETECTIVE AVA SANCHEZ (30s), female, her long hair put back in a ponytail.

AVA

District Attorney Mayer, it's been a while.

SANDRA

Detective Sanchez, what can I do for you?

AVA

I'd like to ask you some questions about a missing woman, if I may.

Sandra remains calm and collected.

SANDRA

Certainly.

Sandra opens the door wider. Ava enters. Sandra closes the door.

SANDRA

I was just about to eat lunch.

Sandra goes to the table and stands by her plate.

SANDRA

Can I offer you anything?

Ava scans the home with professional scrutiny.

AVA
No thanks, but you go ahead.

Sandra sits down and eats the sandwich while they chat.

SANDRA
You said someone is missing?

Ava moves closer to the table.

AVA
A young woman, Tiffany Harris. A neighbor thought he spotted her in this area right before she disappeared.

SANDRA
I haven't seen any strangers, only my neighbors and I don't see them often. People are very isolated up here.

AVA
So I've noticed.

Ava pulls a business card holder out of her pocket and removes a card. She hands it to Sandra and puts the holder away.

AVA
If you think of anything, give me a call.

SANDRA
Sure.

Sandra gets up and follows Ava to the door. Ava pauses to study the digital lock.

AVA
I have never seen one of these on the inside of a door.

SANDRA
My niece sleepwalks so I put those in for when she visits.

AVA
I see. Have a good day.

Ava exits.

SANDRA
I'll try.

EXT. SANDRA'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A lone rocker is off to the side, next to a small table. Ava stands on the porch for a lengthy moment, thinking. She walks down the steps and heads to her car parked at the end of Sandra's driveway.

INT. SANDRA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY - SAME

Sandra stands to the side of the front window, carefully watching Ava get into her car and drive away. She turns to the bookcase and chooses a picture of Karen (wearing cross necklace). Studies the photo with emotion.

Sandra tears up. She gingerly touches Karen's image with her fingertips. Suddenly grows bold and sets the picture down. She walks out of sight.

O.S. The main door closes.

EXT. LANDEN HOUSE - DAY

A nice house in the suburbs. A somewhat older blue sedan in pretty good condition stands in the driveway.

INT. LANDEN HOUSE - KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Immaculate. A large island with stools. An overhead pot rack. Beautiful cabinets. A dining table is off to the side. The area is open to an impressive living room.

DEBRA LANDEN (40s), a light on any dreary day, cooks breakfast at lightning speed. The table is set for four. The food is nearly done.

Her husband, JEFF LANDEN (40s), executive type with his nice suit and clean-shaven face, hurries in. He goes straight for the coffee maker and finds the pot empty. Picks it up and turns it upside-down.

JEFF

No coffee?

DEBRA

(playful)

I was getting to it.

Jeff fills the pot with water and sets it in place. Adds coffee grounds to a filter and gets the pot brewing.

JEFF

I suppose I can do it myself, but don't get used to it.

Debra smiles at him. He returns it.

Their youngest daughter MEGAN (12), dressed casually, texts on her phone as she walks in. Focused on the device, she fails to notice she's heading straight for the counter.

Jeff rushes around and grips the top of her head with his hand, turns it toward the table. Megan changes course just in time to avoid the collision.

JEFF

Thanks, Dad.

Megan stops just short of the table to look back, unaware that she almost walked into it, too.

MEGAN

For what?

Jeff stares at his daughter.

Megan surrenders and sits down. Debra brings a plate of food over and sets it before Megan, who fails to notice. She smiles at a text she receives.

DEBRA

What have we told you about that phone?

Debra snatches the phone out of Megan's hands.

MEGAN

Hey!

DEBRA

Your friends can wait until after breakfast.

Debra returns to the kitchen and lays the phone on the counter. She fixes another plate of food.

MEGAN

With school being out, it's the only way I can keep up with the gossip.

Jeff pours a cup of coffee. Adds cream and sugar.

JEFF

I think you need something around here to keep you busy. I know! Chores.

Megan's jaw drops.