

JAMES / CYNTHIA
21.

The DARK FIGURE in the battered car lights another cigarette with an old Zippo, and in it's FLAME we finally see his face...

RICHARD RAMIREZ, years later, teeth worse than ever, eyes darker and colder than we've ever seen...

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The young couple enter their bedroom, oblivious to the danger outside, talking quietly, both tired.

JAMES

So I said he could take it up with Simon, if he wanted.

CYNTHIA

Simon?

JAMES

Regional office. If it makes him feel better I said he should kick it up there, see what happens.

She's getting into bed. Shrugging off the bathrobe, and she is beautiful underneath. James slides in next to her.

JAMES

Won't do him any good. By the time he's finished filling in all their paperwork, in triplicate, the product line'll be in the stores.

Cynthia leans over, quick goodnight kiss. Seems bored, obviously wants him to stop talking. He takes the hint, but kisses her back, runs his hands across her shoulders, her neck, her chest...

Then she hears the SOUND OF TINKLING, BREAKING GLASS from somewhere in the house.

CYNTHIA

You hear that?

JAMES

Hear what?

Cynthia sits bolt upright in the bed, straining to hear. James just smirks at her, still unconcerned.

Cynthia jumps again when there's just a tiny noise from outside the door.

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CYNTHIA
Okay, tell me you heard that.

JAMES
It's the cats, they're play
fighting, that's all. Jeez, you're
jumpy tonight.

CYNTHIA
Will you just go and look?

She looks so determined that James sighs, slides his legs out
of the bed.

JAMES
I'm putting them out in the yard.

He's tramping over to the door, looking back over his
shoulder at his concerned wife as he talks.

JAMES
Things I do for you.

CYNTHIA
Hey, love and protect, remember?
Read the contract.

Half-smiles, but she's still nervous. James opens the bedroom
door. AND RICHARD RAMIREZ, CLAD ALL IN BLACK, IS RIGHT THERE.

Cynthia SCREAMS. James turns to face the door, stunned...

Even more so when RAMIREZ brutally STABS HIM in the gut,
twisting the knife...

In that instant there's a FLASH of those horrendous
Polaroids, those brutal atrocities from Vietnam...

James makes a strange sound that's not even human, slides to
his knees. Ramirez STABS again, this time in the side of the
neck. James sees his own BLOOD SPRAY and hit the wall...

Cynthia SCREAMS again, leaps off the bed, towards the window,
scrabbling with badly shaking hands to try and open it...

Fails. Ramirez GRABS her, THROWS her back onto the bed.

RAMIREZ
Don't you fucking move...

Cynthia is just CRYING, SHAKING...

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