

MIA (CONT'D)

And not just crafts, other stuff
too.

From her backpacks she pulls out various items. A handmade craft with sticks and string, a figure whittled out of wood, an unopened CD box set, a diamond tennis bracelet.

JORDAN

That's quite a range. No cookies?

MIA

(coldly)

Why do people keep asking me that?

Jordan senses the girl's contempt. From the basement, she hears her overloaded washing machine rock and thud.

JORDAN

Well, I'm in the middle of ... a
lot right now. But I'm sure someone
else will be-

MIA

Don't you have a niece or
something? Any birthdays coming up?

JORDAN

Well, aren't you a pushy one.

MIA

Persistent. As Junior Leader
Scouts, we learn that persistence
is necessary to succeed.

Mia digs around in her knapsack. At this point, Jordan notices how worn Mia's clothes and backpack are and gets real with her.

JORDAN

Look, I'm not interested in more
junk. If I give you twenty bucks,
will you move on?

Mia gets still and quiet, stares down at the floor like she's done something wrong.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'll grab my wallet.

The camera follows Jordan as she walks into the kitchen.

When she returns to the door, there's no sign of the girl. Jordan steps out onto the porch, calls out.

She looks up and down the street but it's empty.

6 INT KITCHEN LATER - NIGHT 6

By the time Jordan has finished replacing the cabinet hinges, it's dark out.

She packs up her tools, grabs a jug of laundry detergent and heads to the-

7 INT BASEMENT NIGHT 7

Dark, dank, and poorly lit. The room is filled with old furniture and stacks of packing boxes.

Jordan plops the detergent bottle on top of the washer, adds some to the machine, and folds clothes as she removes them from the dryer.

The dark corners of the space don't seem to bother her.

She straightens up when she hears something above her head. Like someone running up the stairs.

8 INT JORDAN'S HOUSE NIGHT 8

Jordan looks cautiously around. Front door already closed and locked. She calls out but no answer. She glances upstairs towards the bedroom and sees the girl's shadow slip away from view.

Jordan heads upstairs, annoyed.

9 INT UPSTAIRS NIGHT 9

Jordan opens a bedroom door.

JORDAN

Hi, hello, look you can't be in here.

She checks under the bed.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I have your money downstairs.

She opens the closet. Nothing. Turns around and startles.

The girl is standing silent in the doorway, hands behind her back. Eyes wide, like she's in trouble.

A reverse shot shows the utility knife she's holding.

Jordan leans down and gets eye to eye with the girl.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
You seem like the kind of kid who
likes whipped cream on her ice
cream.

She closes the knife.

10

INT JORDAN'S KITCHEN NIGHT

10

Mia sits at Jordan's kitchen table with an empty ice cream bowl and glass of chocolate milk nearby. The lights are out in neighboring houses.

MIA
We stayed in Sunrise Mountain for
three days hiking, swimming.
Sometimes we fish. And sing around
the fire. There's this one song-

She launches into a verse. Jordan interrupts.

JORDAN
Hey, it's getting pretty late. We
should call your parents.

The girl stiffens when Jordan mentions this.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Do you have a cell phone?

The girl doesn't make eye contact.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(picks up her cell phone)
What's their number?

No answer.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Mia, you can't stay here. You know
that, don't you? Someone is
probably looking for you right now.

The girl plays with her food and refuses to answer.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Fine, I'll call your troop leader.

She leaves the kitchen.

11 INT JORDAN'S FRONT HALLWAY NIGHT 11

The girl's backpack sits near the front door. Jordan pulls it open and rifles through, looking for anything with a name. But instead of pamphlets and school supplies: a man's watch, a jewelry box, an old Junior Leaders handbook, duct tape. Jordan stops to inspect a number of pill bottles, eyeing the labels.

12 INT JORDAN'S KITCHEN NIGHT 12

Mia stands in the middle of the kitchen looking concerned.

JORDAN
Why do you have my neighbors'
medication?

Mia still says nothing.

Jordan looks towards the counter - her phone is missing. The confrontation is getting tense.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Give me my phone back, Mia.

Mia takes a step back, holds up her empty hands.

Jordan pats her down but there's nothing. She begins to search the cabinets and drawers frantically.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Where is it!

While Jordan's back is turned, Mia slips through the door to the basement.

Jordan gives up the search and turns around.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
This'll land you in trouble, Mia.
I'm reporting this to your troop
leader- fuck, again?

13 INT BASEMENT NIGHT 13

The basement is dimly lit with one sole lightbulb. Jordan pulls the chain and searches behind stacks of boxes and old furniture.

JORDAN

Mia, I'm sorry I got upset. And I won't get you in trouble, I promise. Please come out.

Silence. She continues to search. We hear the clink of laundry tumbling in the dryer.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Give me my phone back and maybe we can have a sleepover. We can light the fire pit, make s'mores...

Still nothing. Jordan pushes an old box aside and leaps back when she spots a dead mouse. She stumbles back and steps into a bug-speckled glue trap.

Jordan utters a cry of pain when she rips the trap off her bare foot, tearing the skin.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Fuck this, I'm going next door to call for help. You're on your own, Mia.

As Jordan ascends the stairs, a hand appears through the open stairs, slicing through her Achilles tendon.

Off screen we hear Jordan fall from the stairs to the ground, howling in pain. The dryer signal buzzes loudly.

14

INT JORDAN'S KITCHEN NIGHT

14

From the doorway, we see Mia helping Jordan up the stairs.

MIA

You shouldn't have done that, Miss Jordan. You shouldn't have scared me like that. I don't like being alone. Or being scared.

Mia helps Jordan to a seat. Jordan's dazed from the fall. Her feet are covered in blood. She has one hand on the back of her head and another clamped around her ankle.

MIA (CONT'D)

You're gonna need first aid for that. It's a good thing I'm here.

Jordan is too weak to argue. What's done is done. Mia searches the cabinets and pulls out a basket of random first aid supplies.

MIA (CONT'D)

Then we can make s'mores.

She wraps her ankle sloppily. Jordan musters up some strength and clarity.

JORDAN

I need a doctor.

MIA

Leader Scouts look after those who need it.

JORDAN

(bargaining)

You can stay here while I'm at the hospital. And when I'm back, we can make cookies and have a sleepover.

Mia responds matter-of-factly.

MIA

Hospitals don't fix people. They tear people apart.

JORDAN

(desperate)

You could live with me. Help me fix up the house.

Mia pauses in consideration; but gets wise to Jordan.

MIA

Are you scared of me too?

With this, Jordan breaks down in defeat.

MIA (CONT'D)

I will take good care of you, Miss Jordan.

JORDAN

Mia, I need medicine. For the pain. Ibuprofen. It's in the bathroom upstairs. Under the sink.

Mia finishes wrapping Jordan's ankle, kisses her foot, and leaves the kitchen. As soon as she's out of sight, Jordan struggles to stand.

She hobbles painfully to a box marked KITCHEN on the other side of the room and rifles through.

15 INT UPSTAIRS NIGHT 15

Mia calls down from the top of the stairs with options.

MIA
I found Midol, Imodium and aspirin.
Are those ivy-brofen?

16 INT KITCHEN NIGHT 16

Jordan struggles to compose herself and answer.

JORDAN
No, keep looking. It's in the pink
basket.

17 INT UPSTAIRS NIGHT 17

Mia returns to searching.

18 INT KITCHEN NIGHT 18

Jordan hurriedly pulls out a taped-up roll of knives. She
tries using her teeth to break it open.

19 INT UPSTAIRS NIGHT 19

MIA
I don't see a pink basket, Misses
Jordan. I'll bring you the aspirin.

20 INT KITCHEN NIGHT 20

JORDAN
(panicked)
No! That won't work! Look in my
bedroom... dresser. Check the
drawers. All of them.

21 INT UPSTAIRS NIGHT 21

Annoyed, Mia returns to the search.

22 INT KITCHEN NIGHT 22

Glancing fearfully over her shoulder, Jordan tries
desperately to rip open the knife roll before Mia returns.

The adrenaline has her shaking almost uncontrollably. She finally has success and the contents tumble into the box with a clatter. She grabs one and turns around-

Mia stands in the doorframe watching her.

MIA
What's that for?

JORDAN
Give me my phone back, Mia.

MIA
I don't remember what happened to it.

JORDAN
Get out of my fucking house! Get away from me!

Jordan stumbles forward, wildly swinging the knife at Mia who backs away calmly.

MIA
You're gonna hurt one of us.

Jordan continues to limp forward with the knife. Her foot drags behind her like a dead weight

MIA (CONT'D)
Miss Jordan-

Jordan slashes the knife dangerously close to Mia's face. Mia grabs her wrist on the next swing and they begin to struggle for the knife.

Mia pushes Jordan back into the kitchen, slamming her into the counter.

MIA (CONT'D)
You need my help.

JORDAN
I don't want you here!

Jordan briefly overcomes Mia's grip just enough to slash her shoulder with the knife. A thin sliver of blood seeps through and darkens the sleeve of her dingy polo.

There's a change in Mia's face, like she's heard those words before.

Mia musters all her anger and strength and throws Jordan to the floor, the words more injurious than the wound.

Jordan drags herself backwards across the floor, crying in defeat. Mia picks up the kitchen knife from the floor and approaches her slowly.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Please go. What is it? Why?

MIA
Because you have what we want.

Mia gets down on the floor looking right in Jordan's face. Jordan looks away, crying and terrified.

JORDAN
Have what?

MIA
You have what we want!

Mia raises the knife over her head as Jordan begs for to stop.

The scene cuts as she plunges the knife down.

23 INT BASEMENT NIGHT 23

Washing machine opens. A blood-spattered uniform is dumped in. Turned on. Goes back to add soap. It's all sloppy.

24 INT BATHROOM NIGHT 24

The shower drips and steam fogs the mirror. Mia removes and tries on different lotions and skin products.

A dirty handprint is left on the tile.

Blood and hair circle the drain.

25 INT JORDAN'S KITCHEN DAWN 25

Opened cabinets. Fridge door ajar. Food everywhere. Like an animal ravaged the place.

Blood spattered cabinets and hardware. We see the bottom half of Jordan's body lifeless.

26

EXT ROADWAY DAWN

26

The blue-gray light of early dawn. Mia stands at the end of the street, chewing bubble gum. She plays around on Jordan's phone as she waits.

From the right, a girl walks into frame towards Mia. Same uniform, different backpack.

Then another.

Then another behind her; a blood stained baseball bat.

Another one clutches the hand of a small child with footed pajamas and a stuffy.

Mia walks into the woods as they approach, and they follow her down the walking path, off screen, another operation complete.

FADE OUT.