

LoveBuzz  
3rd Draft  
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by  
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EXT. LEAFY SUBURB - EVENING

An old Land Rover cruises past a long line of cars waiting to enter a private driveway.

INT. OLD LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS

MEGS, young 20's, sits in the back staring ahead between the Passenger, A dapper middle-aged man named Smittie, and the Driver, ART, a gaunt man with pinched features and a shitty eastern European accent.

They watch the line of cars.

SMITTIE

(To Art)

What do you think?

ART

I don't know.

MEGS

This is all wrong, it's supposed to be tomorrow.

They both ignore her.

ART

I can drive around, take another look?

SMITTIE

It's just gonna be the same.

ART

We could leave it, come back tomorrow night.

SMITTIE

Money could be gone by tomorrow night.

He turns to Megs.

SMITTIE

What do you think?

MEGS

It's all wro--

Smittie's look hardens, Megs thinks for a moment.

MEGS

If you say it's the right thing to do then it's the right thing to do.

SMITTIE

That's my girl.

EXT. LEAFY SUBURB - NIGHT

The Land Rover pulls over beside an Ivy covered wall and Megs slips out, she appears at Smittie's window.

SMITTIE

Okay kiddo, remember your way, stay off the ground floor and it'll be a cinch, just like the others.

She looks to Art who shows no interest.

ART

Sure, sure, others.

SMITTIE

And try not to get sidetracked by every little thing.

She nods and vanishes into the darkness.

INT. OLD LAND ROVER - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Art eases the Old Land Rover back onto the road.

ART

I gotta bad feeling about this one.

SMITTIE

I've been thinking it's time to cut her loose anyway.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - NIGHT

Megs drops into the shadows and darts across the grounds.

Burning torches flicker amongst the trees and voices float across the grounds, beyond looms a grand old mansion.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Megs slips into the mansion's shadow and finds a place where two walls meet at right angles. There's a carving of a Greenman in one of the stones and she uses him as a foothold.

Megs shimmies up the wall with an almost feline dexterity.

EXT. MANSION ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Megs pulls herself onto the roof and pads across the tiles to a loft window. She uses a tool to pop it open and the curtain billows on the breeze.

INT. (SAM'S) BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Megs steps cautiously into the darkness and her eyes scan the room. An overturned chair lies on the floor and above, hanging from the rafter by a crude noose is a Young Man, early 20's, in a fine black suit and ratty old sneakers.

MEGS  
(Whisper)  
OH SHIT!

She grabs his legs, pulls a knife from her pack and cuts him down. His fingers are all bent in spasm and his mouth is agape.

Megs fumbles to see if he's breathing.

MEGS  
Oh God!..Oh shit!

She places her mouth over his and breathes. Nothing happens. She breathes into his mouth again.

MEGS  
Come on, wake up!

Saliva bubbles on his lips. She tries another breath. He struggles to breathe!

MEGS  
Please wake up!

He manages to suck in another raspy breath, his eye lids flicker open and he looks at her in panic. He sucks in a couple of short raspy breaths and then passes out.

MEGS

Oh shit! What does that mean?

She waits for a moment and then he makes a quiet breathing sound. Megs sits back relieved.

She checks out the room and finds his wallet, watch and keys. She slips the watch over her wrist, takes the cash from the wallet and checks his ID.

MEGS

Samuel..? I don't think so. You're definitely more of a Sam or a Sammy.

Megs grabs a blanket and a pillow and fusses over him, brushing a strand of hair from his face.

MEGS

Sweet dreams Sammy.

She slips across the room and out the door.

INT. CORRIDORS AND HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Megs darts along a narrow corridor lined with art and down a set of stairs into a larger hallway.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Megs appears above the foyer. Below a crowd of mourners mill about, they're all dressed in black, amongst them is VEDDER, mid 60's, the patriarch of the house.

Megs scampers away into another hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Megs hurries to the door at the end. She slips a tensioner into the lock and uses a pick gun to open it. She slips inside.

INT. (VEDDER'S) OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Megs darts behind the grandiose desk and pulls up the carpet revealing a floor safe.

She dials in the numbers and pops the lid open. Its flush with cash.

MEGS  
Jesus Smittie!

She quickly fills her pack, which expands to cope.

She shuts the safe and smooths out the carpet again.

Megs pads over to the door and peeks through the keyhole.  
Vedder and his entourage are striding down the hall towards  
her.

MEGS  
(whisper)  
Shit!

She hits the lights, plunging the room into darkness.