

" STOLEN GLANCES "

By

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EXT. BACK GARDEN, LARGE SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A black clad FIGURE drops down from a back gate and moves round the back of the house, quick and quiet.

The figure scrambles up a drainpipe and through an upstairs window that's been left open.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Climbing silently in through the window TRACE - mid twenties, tough yet vulnerable - drops into the room.

She heads for the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Trace passes the bedroom door.

Snoring within.

She freezes.

Calming herself she creeps downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trace is careful to shut the door noiselessly. She turns and stops dead in her tracks.

JASON - about her age, laddish charm, also dressed in black - is picking the lock of a display cabinet.

JASON  
Who the fuck are you?

TRACE  
Shhh!

Trace points upstairs and mimes sleeping.

Jason's eyes widen.

TRACE (CONT'D)  
(angry whisper)  
What are you doing?

JASON  
(low whispers from now on)  
What's it look like?

TRACE  
This is my 'mark'. I've been  
staking it out for a week!

(CONTINUED)

JASON

You think I haven't? He's never in on Fridays.

TRACE

Check, if you don't believe me.

JASON

And leave you to swipe the best stuff?

TRACE

If it wasn't for me you'd be waking up sleeping beauty upstairs.

JASON

I was still here first. I'm having the plasma.

TRACE

No way is that yours - I've got a buyer lined up.

JASON

You can have the sound system - it's proper gear.

TRACE

Then you take it. That TV's mine.

JASON

Okay, the sound system and first pick from the display case.

TRACE

Fine!

Trace tries to extract the TV from the mass of wiring behind it. The power cable is stuck under a book case. She looks to Jason, who's just got the cabinet open.

JASON

What?

She's not going to get any help from him. Trace tugs at the cable - it's almost free. She tugs again.

A brass trinket falls off the top of the bookcase. Trace reaches out and just manages to catch it.

Jason turns to see what's happening and knocks a small vase off the mantle-piece.

SMASH!

Both freeze.

(CONTINUED)

Movement upstairs.

Trace and Jason hurriedly replace their loot and look around.

There's a sofa a couple of foot away from a wall. They dive behind it.

Feet clump down stairs.

Jason has landed so that he is lying on top of Trace. She angrily fidgets to get room.

The light is turned on in the room.

Both catch their breath.

The feet move around the room.

Trace and Jason exchange glances - there's chemistry between them.

The feet leave and the light is switched off.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

A man in pyjamas sets a burglar alarm and heads upstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trace and Jason wait behind the sofa exchanging glances. A moment of embarrassment.

TRACE  
Shouldn't we...?

JASON  
Yeah.

Trace and Jason get up and brush themselves down. They look at each other awkwardly.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Well...

She nods and smiles.

Unseen by either of them a motion detector blinks to itself.

Jason holds the bookcase steady as Trace frees the cable.

Trace busily unplugs the sound system. Jason is raiding the collection of old vinyl.

(CONTINUED)

JASON (CONT'D)  
He's got taste.

Trace goes over to him to see.

JASON (CONT'D)  
"Man Who Sold the World" with  
Drag Cover...

TRACE  
You like Bowie?

JASON  
'Course! Look, Nick Drake first  
pressing. Very collectable.

TRACE  
Nick Drake?

JASON  
You don't know Nick Drake! Yours.

He hands her the album.

TRACE  
I don't have a record player.

JASON  
Yeah, you do.

He gestures over to an expensive turn-table with the sound  
system.

TRACE  
But that's yours.

Jason shrugs - he's not bothered.

Trace is over by the display cabinet preparing to put  
valuables in her bag.

TRACE (CONT'D)  
How shall we spilt this lot?

JASON  
Take it all, we'll divide it  
later.

TRACE  
Okay, where?

JASON  
You could come round to mine.  
Have you eaten?

Trace smiles coyly.

Outside blue lights flash.

Both bolt over to the window.

They rush for the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Running to the back door Jason tries the handle - it won't open.

Trace finds a key.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Trace and Jason sprint away from the house.

At the bottom of the garden is a tall brick wall. Trace shimmies up it effortlessly.

She extends a hand to help Jason up.

He jumps to reach her hand, but it's no good.

JASON  
I'll find a way round.

Trace jumps back down.

TRACE  
It's easier over there.

They make off in the direction indicated.

Lights come on in the kitchen.

Spotting this Trace grabs Jason's hand and pulls him into a nearby shed.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

In the near darkness Trace and Jason catch their breath.

TRACE  
How did you plan to get away?

JASON  
I've got a car. Why didn't you leave me?

TRACE  
You've still got the loot.

Trace smiles at him.

He smiles back.

They kiss.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Trace and Jason sit together in the back of a car. They glance at each other and smile.

Jason goes to scratch his head and brings her hand up with his - they're handcuffed together.

In the front of the car a police radio squawks.

Trace turns to look out of the windows, a sheepish smile plays on her lips.

THE END