1 EXT. CATHERINE AND DAN'S COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE - NIGHT

An old grand house sits isolated in an idyllic rural setting. Fruit trees, shrubs and scented plants sway in the wind. A patio decked with wicker chairs stares out at the horizon.

A low rumble of thunder in the distance underscores the the NATURAL OUTDOOR SOUNDTRACK OF NOCTURNAL ANIMALS.

A dim glow flickers in the TOP ATTIC WINDOW.

Below it, curtains flutter in a wide open window on the third floor.

The NOCTURNAL SOUNDS carry into --

2 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- A moonlit bedroom decorated in modest tones with PINK ACCENTS.

CATHERINE (32) preppy in pink flannel pyjamas, sits wide-eyed under the duvet in her bed staring at the ceiling. The comfort of heavy layers protects her from the world.

She shivers.

Next to her, lies her husband DAN (37), sound asleep on top of the duvet with his back to her. Well built and handsome, he sleeps in boxer shorts.

Oddly, the room is cold for Catherine and hot for Dan.

Catherine's breath is visible and Dan sweats profusely.

Catherine turns to Dan and looks at her husband as though she's forgotten why she ever married him. Like he's an imposter.

O.S. UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICES spoken in a backwards language creep into the bedroom.

The VOICES hit her from all sides.

Catherine's eyes dart around.

The VOICES grow in both volume and occupants.

A terror rises within her.

She turns to Dan and shakes him.

CATHERINE
Dan. Dan wake up.

Nothing. She shakes him harder.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Dan!

Dan is dead asleep.

The VOICES louder now.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
DAN!

Catherine turns away from Dan and tugs on the chain of a bedside lamp. It won't turn on.

Catherine frantically tries again. Nothing.

FULL PANIC ATTACK.

She turns back to Dan.

Her eyes widen in shock and fear.

The VOICES CRESCENDO and explode into --

SILENCE.

Dan is no longer beside Catherine, the comforter oddly peeled back on his side of the bed.

Catherine stares at the empty space.

She turns to check the ENSUITE BATHROOM.

The bathroom door is open. The light is off. Dan is not there.

She turns away from the bathroom and looks around the room in paranoia.

She tugs on the lamp chain again. It turns on. She tugs the chain again. The lamp turns off. She repeats this a few times.

She turns to look at Dan's empty side of the bed.

The wheels in her head turn.

She touches the empty space.

A mixture of fear and disappointment etch her face.

Reluctantly, she slips out of bed --

3 INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Catherine nervously ascends the dark staircase.

Her hand braces the banister.

O.S. a loud floor CREAK.

Catherine stops.

Nothing.

She continues cautiously.

The wooden steps randomly creak as she tip-toes upwards.

4 INT. HOUSE - UPPER HALLWAY/DAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Catherine stops on the moonlit landing.

She notices a dim fluorescence creeping out from under a closed door.

Filled with dread, Catherine approaches it then stops short.

On the wall beside her hangs an ANTIQUE OIL PAINTING OF MEN FISHING.

She stands before it with a deep sense of foreboding.

She steps forward and with trembling hands, quietly lifts it off the wall.

There's a hole in the wall the size of Catherine's face.

Within that hole, there's a smaller hole so she can spy into the room.

Catherine stares into the hole.

Fear, dread and disgust engulf her.

She looks away, alarmed by what she sees.

Deep breaths, then --

She forces herself to look back through the hole.

Rage consumes Catherine and a primal urge overtakes her.

5 INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Enraged, Catherine descends the stairs with a firm grip on the banister.

6 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is dark and empty.

A large wooden table sits in the middle adorned with unlit candles. A PINK TEA POT sits on the stove. Plants in PINK VASES nestle on windowsills.

Catherine rushes in and makes straight for the cutlery drawer.

She yanks it open.

Cutlery clanks about as she rummages through the drawer.

The UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICES return in a cacophony of explosive sound around her.

She turns sharply to address them.

CATHERINE
Zip it.

The voices cease on a dime.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

7 INT. HOUSE - DAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dan, in pyjama bottoms and a loose robe, sits at his desk in the dark.

With his back to the door and headphones on, he's oblivious as he types on his laptop. His body obscures the screen.

He types and scrolls with an odd intensity.

The laptop glow illuminates his face and a sense of danger behind his eyes.

He wipes sweat from his brow.

8 INT. HOUSE - UPPER HALLWAY/OFFICE DOOR - NIGHT

Catherine's hand carefully turns the doorknob and --

9 INT. HOUSE - DAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door creeps open.

Catherine slowly approaches Dan from behind, practically floating like a ghost.

As she gets closer, the light from the laptop illuminates her wild eyes.

Dan catches Catherine's reflection on his screen.

He rips off his headphones and spins around --

DAN
Catherine it's not what you...

Catherine lets out an almighty, FERAL SCREAM.

She whips out her hidden arm, raises it and slams down a PINK HANDLED BUTCHERS'S KNIFE right into Dan's right temporal lobe.

A lightening flash illumantes her silhouette as her SCREAM reverbs eerily throughout the house and into the night --

CUT TO BLACK:

10 EXT. HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY - 1 YEAR AGO

A GARDEN SPADE slams deep into soil. Dirt flies onto a two foot soil pile.

Catherine, dressed in gardening gear, wipes sweat from her brow.

DAN
This one's a beaut.

Dan comes up from behind her carrying an expensive GERTRUDE JEKYLL bush.

He places it beside the freshly dug hole and picks Catherine up.

She squeals in delight.

CATHERINE
It's a Juliet Rose --

Dan oozes charm and lovingly recites an Emily Dickinson poem.

DAN
"I hide myself within my flower,
That wearing on your breast, You,
unsuspecting, wear me too. And
angels know the rest."

Catherine kisses him long and deep.

Madly in love, Dan carries her through the garden and up into the house.

11 INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT - PRESENT

The pitter patter of rain hits the small attic window.

Catherine, covered in blood, stands up in frustration.

CATHERINE
(to Dan)
Should have locked the door.

Dan now has a BLOODIED PINK TOWEL wrapped around his head, tied tight at the point where the PINK BUTCHER'S KNIFE protrudes from his temple.

She bends down out of sight again.

Dan's legs are hoisted into the air as she attempts to push Dan into the office closet.

She struggles, shoves and pushes from all sides until --

FINALLY! --

The body goes in.

She slams the door and leans against it.

Breathing heavily, she looks down at her blood stained clothes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Bastard.

Catherine pushes off the door and leaves.

The closet door slowly creaks open.

NOCTURNAL SOUNDS fill the silence and morph into --

12 EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

The SOUND OF MORNING BIRD SONG as the sun rises behind the house.

13 INT. HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

Catherine's bloody pink pyjamas slosh around in soapy water.

The LOW HUM of the washing machine calming and hypnotic.

Two legs hang down in front of the machine, sporting jeans and white Converse All Stars. The legs kick back and forth like a child on a swing.

Catherine sits on top of the machine in a PINK SWEATER, engrossed in Bronte's 'JANE EYRE' as she munches on a swedish caramel wafer. Her nails freshly painted over old, chipped varnish.

An old doorbell chimes.

GONG!

Catherine looks up. She knows exactly who it is.

It chimes again.

GONG!!

Catherine takes a PINK BOOKMARK, sets it on her page, closes the book and hops off the washing machine.

14 INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Catherine opens the front door.

ANITA (32) stands smoking a cigarette out of a short cigarette holder. Sporting a RED LEATHER JACKET and AVIATOR SUNGLASSES she's larger than life, yet true to life. She has a working class toughness that masks an achingly sentimental heart.

Happy and relieved to see Anita, Catherine gives her a big smile.

CATHERINE
Anita!

ANITA
There you are. Almost forgot whatcha looked like.

CATHERINE
Huggers.

Catherine goes to hug Anita.

Anita ignores her and walks past her, straight into the house.

Catherine is taken aback.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Well -- That was rude.

ANITA
Smoke inside?

CATHERINE
Of course not.

Catherine grabs Anita's cigarette and throws it outside.

Catherine looks out the door in all directions to see if Anita was seen. Nobody. They're safe.

Catherine slams the front door shut.

Anita circles the large entrance, impressed by the home.

ANITA
This your home?

Catherine nods her head.

CATHERINE
My husband --

ANITA
Husband?

Anita grabs Catherine's hand and examines her WEDDING RING.

ANITA (CONT'D)
That real?

CATHERINE
Yes.

ANITA
Mother of fuck.

CATHERINE
He's well off. Well his family was. He's a lecturer.

ANITA
Adorable. How long?

CATHERINE
Three years. Five years together.

ANITA
No. I mean how long you been out?

CATHERINE
Five years.

ANITA
Jumped right into it didn't you? Kids?

Catherine shifts awkwardly.

Anita grabs a framed picture of Catherine and Dan from a side table that's littered with photos of them in various outdoor activities. Cycling down a country lane. Trekking on a hilltop. Fishing off the river bank.

She picks up one of Catherine and Dan taking a selfie surrounded by a champagne picnic.

Anita's not impressed.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Adorable.

Catherine grabs the photo and sets it back in it's place.

CATHERINE
We like to do -- outdoorsy stuff okay --

ANITA
That sounds retarded. You tell him about me?

CATHERINE
Of course.

ANITA
Liar.

CATHERINE
On our first date I did.

ANITA
What'd he say?

CATHERINE
He was -- understanding.

ANITA
Hmmm. His name is Dan?

CATHERINE
Yes.

ANITA
Dan the man?

CATHERINE
Just Dan.

ANITA
Just Dan. Adorable.

CATHERINE
Why are you being aggressive, darling?

ANITA
Darling?

CATHERINE
Why --

ANITA
Because you never call!

Catherine slowly approaches her.

CATHERINE
The phone works two ways darling.

Inches apart, the sexual tension is palpable. It seems as if Catherine's about to kiss her then --

ANITA
Suppose you're right.

Catherine smiles.

CATHERINE
Tea?

ANITA
With Scotch in it.

CATHERINE
Lovely!

15 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Catherine and Anita sit across from each other at the kitchen table.

They drink tea out of FANCY PINK TEA CUPS. Catherine sips hers with two fingers gently pinching the small handle. Anita holds her cup tight with her whole hand.

A BOTTLE OF EXPENSIVE SCOTCH sits on the table next to Anita.

Catherine smiles warmly at Anita. Basking in their reunion.

Anita sulks and pours Scotch into her tea.

CATHERINE
Dan says that's a good one.

ANITA
It's all the same once it's in your gut.

CATHERINE
Now, now, darling. Don't sulk. I should have called. I really should have. So very sorry. The important thing is that we're here now, isn't it?

ANITA
Suppose.

Catherine wraps her hand around Anita's.

CATHERINE
Don't suppose. Know.

ANITA
Yeah - I know.

CATHERINE
Good.

ANITA
So what is it, Catherine?

CATHERINE
What is what?

ANITA
Why'd you call me?

CATHERINE
Oh. Of course.

Catherine pulls away and takes a deep breath before taking a sip of her tea.

She sets the tea cup down gently and crosses her hands on the table.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I caught Dan -- watching -- it -- again.

ANITA
What's IT?

Catherine takes a deep breath before taking another sip of tea.

She sets the tea cup down and crosses her hands on the table again.

She stammers.

CATHERINE
Po -- porn -- pornogr --

Catherine kicks out her chair, stands and paces.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
He promised me he'd stopped. He even went to counselling. But what good is working on your illegally libidinous shortcomings if you're not making a lifetime commitment to destroying them?

Catherine throws herself back into her chair. She sips her tea and attempts to calm down.

Anita watches and waits.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
It was the middle of the night. His office door was closed. I saw that glow under the door. So I went and looked through my peephole.

ANITA
Peephole.

CATHERINE
He was on his laptop.

ANITA
And that means? --

CATHERINE
Duh! Of course! Door closed. Laptop on. Three in the morning?

ANITA
But how do you --

CATHERINE
Because I know!

Anita is at a complete loss.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Well. Go ahead. Judge away, Anita. Judge away.

ANITA
So what the fuck happened?

CATHERINE
What do you mean "what happened"? Do I have to spell it out for you? I caught him watching it again so I stabbed him in the side of the head. Right in the right temporal lobe.

Anita's eyes widen in horror.

ANITA
WHAAAT?

She can't believe this.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Is he DEAD?

Catherine's eerily proud and calm.

CATHERINE
Yes. I'd imagine he is.

Anita freaks.

ANITA
You ain't sure?

CATHERINE
Well if he's not at the moment, I can't imagine he'll last much longer.

ANITA
The bloody hell is he!?

CATHERINE
Upstairs. In the closet.

ANITA
(gallows humour)
Like you?

CATHERINE
No. Not like me. I am not "in the closet". He's literally -- in the closet.

16 INT. HOUSE - DAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

The closet door opens.

Anita stands behind Catherine as she looks inside.

Anita inches up behind Catherine, peeks at DAN'S CORPSE and does a 360 degree jump-spin.

ANITA
Fuckin' Bambino Jesus Christo!

Anita paces behind Catherine.

Catherine stands still. Proud of herself. A small smirk on her face.

ANITA (CONT'D)
That's a dead man!

CATHERINE
Appears so, doesn't it?

ANITA
You gave him the death sentence!

CATHERINE
Affirmative.

Anita tries to catch her breath.

ANITA
No -- I mean -- shit -- I mean --

Anita's jumping suddenly turns into a very bad MOONWALK.

CATHERINE
What are you doing?

ANITA
Gotta do the MJ. The MJ gets my mind right.

Catherine laughs.

CATHERINE
Would you like a cigarette?

ANITA
That'll be fun.

Anita continues to MOONWALK.

Catherine slams the closet door shut.

17 EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Catherine and Anita, both in SUNGLASSES, lounge on wicker lawn chairs. Anita smokes. Catherine pours more whisky into Anita's cup, sits back and calmly sips her tea.

CATHERINE
I need you to go into town. Buy a bow saw.

ANITA
A bow saw?

CATHERINE
In pink if you can find it.

ANITA
Hell.

CATHERINE
We have to dismember him.

ANITA
Shit.

CATHERINE
Dismember and burn him.

ANITA
Fuck.

CATHERINE
Then hose the place down. Speaking of -- after you go to the "pink bow saw" store, I need you to go to a different store and buy some cleaning supplies. Bin bags, bleach, sponges --

Anita takes a deep drag.

ANITA
Bow saw at one store --

CATHERINE
Cleaning supplies at the other.

ANITA
To avoid suspicion.

CATHERINE
Obviously.

ANITA
Obviously.

Catherine sips her tea. Anita sips her whisky tea and takes another long drag.

ANITA (CONT'D)
You coming with?

CATHERINE
Can't. I'm known in town.

ANITA
Of course.

CATHERINE
Of course.

Catherine sips her tea. Anita smokes.

ANITA
But nobody knows me.

CATHERINE
Correct.

ANITA
Correct.

Catherine sips her tea. Anita smokes.

ANITA (CONT'D)
That's why you called me? I'm your 'undercover scummer'?

Agitated, Catherine sits up and clocks A SPIDER crawling near her chair.

She lifts her foot and stomps on it.

CUT TO BLACK:

18 EXT. PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON - 1993

It's windy and overcast.

A rusty pair of RED SWINGS, a rusty RED SLIDE, and a dilapidated RED SEESAW sit on top of gravel with dead grass growing through it. A few dilapidated park benches sit to the side.

The playground is empty except for CATHERINE, AGED 7, who sits alone on a bench.

Tufts of cotton stick out of her war-torn FLUFFY PINK JACKET that sits on top of a school uniform, her legs covered in thick leggings and black winter boots. A PINK STOCKING CAP sits on her head. Oversized, black-rimmed glasses sit firmly on her nose. Her hair in BRAIDED PIG-TAILS.

Catherine gently rocks herself to stay warm as she reads 'PYGMALION' by BERNARD SHAW with a PINK BOOKMARK between the pages.

Wind blows through trees.

O.S. the SCHOOL BELL RINGS.

Catherine looks up from her book.

She stares in all directions at the closed school doors.

The calm before the storm.

She looks back down at her book.

WHOOSH! SLAM!

The school doors open and a rush of CHILDREN spill out.

They charge past Catherine, oblivious to her reading on the bench.

Catherine spies over the top of her book and watches a FEW KIDS being hugged and snuggled by their PARENTS. Some are given treats.

YOUNG CATHERINE
(to self)
Babies.

Catherine goes back to reading.

O.S. a SUCKING NOISE, then --

YOUNG ANITA
Whatcha readin'?

Catherine jumps out of her seat.

As if by magic, ANITA, AGED 7, appears next to Catherine on the bench. She wears blue jeans, WHITE CONVERSE ALL STARS and a RED JACKET. Her hair sprinkled with fake strands of BRIGHT RED HAIR. She looks like a rocked out My Little Pony.

She sucks on a RED LOLLYPOP and often talks with it in her mouth, the juice running down her chin.

YOUNG ANITA (CONT'D)
Sorry to scare you.

Catherine looks over both her shoulders.

YOUNG ANITA (CONT'D)
Saw you sitting alone and wanted ta say hello. So -- "Hello!"

Anita waves her lollypop.

Catherine eyes her suspiciously.

YOUNG ANITA (CONT'D)
My name's Anita. What's yours?

Catherine takes a deep breath.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Catherine.

YOUNG ANITA
You like books?

Catherine nods.

YOUNG ANITA (CONT'D)
What's your favourite?

YOUNG CATHERINE
'REMEMBERENCE OF THINGS PAST'.
Yours?

YOUNG ANITA
'GOOSEBUMPS'.

YOUNG CATHERINE
That's a children's book.

Catherine looks at Anita square on.

YOUNG CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I don't read children's books. I read books that will impress someone someday.

YOUNG ANITA
Why?

YOUNG CATHERINE
'Cause when you impress someone you can get them to carry your luggage when you go on journeys - Sigmund Freud.

Anita stares at Catherine, who avoids her stare.

Awkward silence as Anita continues to stare at Catherine.

Catherine slowly turns her head back to Anita.

Upon eye contact Anita's face lights up in a smile.

Catherine quickly turns away and attempts to read her book and avoid Anita.

Another awkward silence.

YOUNG CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Trying to start a staring match?

YOUNG ANITA
Yep!

Catherine slams her book shut.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Well I won't have it.

Catherine turns to Anita and stares back at her.

They actually ARE having a stare off.

YOUNG ANITA
Gotcha.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Got what? I didn't blink.

YOUNG ANITA
Gotcha into having a stare off!

YOUNG CATHERINE
You're right.

Catherine blinks.

YOUNG ANITA
You blinked! I win!

Anita laughs.

Catherine punches her book in frustration.

YOUNG ANITA (CONT'D)
Oh! There's my friend!

Anita waves at a BIG BLURRY FIGURE in the distance.

Catherine follows her gaze. Jealousy engulfs her.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Good. Go away. I don't need you lingering over my clavicles.

Anita calls out to her friend.

YOUNG ANITA
Come on over!
(to Catherine)
Don't be shy. You'll love her.

Filled with jealousy, Catherine's eyes dart from Anita to the BLURRY BLOB in the distance. She squints hard to focus --

CUT TO BLACK:

19 INT. HOUSE - UPPER HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - DUSK - BACK TO PRESENT

Catherine struggles with Dan's dead weight as she drags his body by the feet along the top landing.

The BLOODIED PINK TOWEL wrapped around his head has dried in places.

She looks down the staircase with irritation.

CATHERINE
Shit.

Dan's head bounces down the first few steps.

This won't work.

She turns him around, hooks her arms underneath his and drags him down the stairs behind her.

O.S a loud RIIIIP.

Catherine jerks back on herself.

Dan's PJ BOTTOMS are caught on a protruding nail.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(to Dan)
Oh dear.

She drops Dan's torso and detaches his boxers from the nail.

Once detached, she stands up with determination.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's go.

20 INT. HOUSE - LOWER HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - DUSK

O.S. heavy breathing.

Dan's legs drag along the landing.

Catherine stops dead in front of TWO ADJACENT BEDROOM DOORS.

One door is open and leads to their bedroom. The door adjacent to it is CLOSED.

She drops his torso to catch her breath.

She looks up at the CLOSED DOOR.

An odd mix of emotions cross her face that end in resigned determination.

Lost in thought, a SHADOW slowly creeps up behind Catherine.

As it LOOMS LARGE --

21 EXT. PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON - BACK TO 1993

A HUMAN-SIZED STUFFED TEDDY BEAR towers over Catherine (7) and Anita (7) but they surprisingly keep their cool.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Hello.
(to Anita)
What's her name?

TEDDY answers and speaks only in a 'Charlie Brown GIBBERISH'.

TEDDY BEAR
[Gibberish.]

YOUNG CATHERINE
One Hundred and Thirteen? Ha!
Were your parents crazy?

TEDDY BEAR
[Gibberish.]

YOUNG CATHERINE
No. I just met her.

TEDDY BEAR
[Gibberish.]

YOUNG CATHERINE
I just MET her.

TEDDY BEAR
[Gibberish.]

Catherine slams her book against her head in frustration.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Are you trying to cause me grief?

TEDDY BEAR
[Gibberish.]

YOUNG CATHERINE
GRIEF! It's a word for when someone causes you pain.

Catherine looks at Anita and back to TEDDY. She doesn't get it.

Catherine takes a deep breath and gets ready to explain the meaning of the word "grief". Then --

YOUNG ANITA
(to TEDDY)
Like when a bloke rubs the back of your neck and smiles through the moustache. If you pee your pants when that happens - that's grief.

Catherine looks at Anita, impressed.

YOUNG ANITA (CONT'D)
'Bout right, don't cha think?

Catherine slowly nods in agreement.

TEDDY VANISHES.

Sadness washes over Anita.

Catherine cautiously reaches out to hug her.

Anita recoils - then suddenly smiles.

YOUNG ANITA (CONT'D)
Wanna swing on swings?

22 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Catherine and Anita swing on swings.

YOUNG CATHERINE
So -- you don't like to be touched?

YOUNG ANITA
Nope.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Why?

YOUNG ANITA
Just don't like it.

Silent swinging.

Catherine changes the subject.

YOUNG CATHERINE
I'm in the class for supremely precocious children. Although there's this one boy who drools, but apparently he's brilliant.

YOUNG ANITA
You're in a retard kids class, ain't you?

YOUNG CATHERINE
No! It's a SMART kids class. We get special attention for being superior.

Anita's feet slam down on the gravel.

Catherine's feet slowly do the same.

Both pairs of feet in perfect alignment.

Silence.

YOUNG ANITA
My Daddy causes me grief. Sometimes he plays the "Itsy Bitsy Spider" game up my leg.

Catherine is mortified and extremely concerned.

YOUNG CATHERINE
He does?

Anita nods, cheeks red with shame.

YOUNG ANITA
You believe me?

YOUNG CATHERINE
I do. I absolutely do.

Catherine thinks hard for a second. Then --

YOUNG CATHERINE (CONT'D)
If those things are happening, my parents will take you in. I'll force them to.

Anita jumps off her swing and throws down her lollypop. She paces and bites her fingernails.

Catherine jumps off her swing and mirrors Anita's pacing.

YOUNG CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Anita -- you need to stay somewhere else.

YOUNG ANITA
How do you know?

YOUNG CATHERINE
Because I read books on therapy!

Anita stops. Catherine stops. They look at each other.

YOUNG ANITA
Can I sleep in your bed?

Catherine claps and jumps up and down, full of excitement.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Of course! You see? This is a multiple person's victory!

Catherine extends her hand. Anita takes it, leans in and gently kisses Catherine on the cheek.

ANITA
You sure are pretty.

As Anita stares lovingly at Catherine, a large SHADOW grows over them.

It starts at their feet and slowly grows over their small bodies, eventually blocking out all daylight --

23 INT. HOUSE - LOWER HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - DUSK - BACK TO PRESENT

Catherine notices the LARGE SHADOW growing behind her and turns.

Anita stands on the staircase holding several shopping bags. That same sulky look plastered on her face.

She looks down at Dan's body.

ANITA
Fuck, it's like 'Welcome to Dead House' in here.

Catherine grabs the bags of supplies from her.

CATHERINE
Tick-tock, Darling.

Catherine makes her way through the bedroom and into the ensuite bathroom.

Anita reluctantly follows, stepping gingerly over Dan's body.

24 INT. BEDROOM/ENSUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT

A needle settles unto an OLD RECORD PLAYER.

The sultry tones of Dusty Springfield's "SPOOKY" float into the bedroom.

Anita turns away from the player and slinks her way towards the large ensuite bathroom, stopping at the door.

A claw-footed porcelain tub sits in the middle of the carefully decorated, oversized bathroom with TASTEFUL PINK ACCENTS.

Catherine kneels on the floor and rummages through shopping bags, pulling out Anita's best buys and examining each one.

First the bleach.

CATHERINE
Lovely.

She pulls out TWO PAIRS of utility gloves.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Fab.

Four LARGE PINK SPONGES. One at a time.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Good thinking, Anita. We'll obviously need more than --

A LOUD THUMP pierces through the MUSIC, followed by what sounds like a CHANDELIER landing on carpet.

Anita looks up at the sound in fear.

Catherine darts her head towards Anita.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You hear --

Anita nods.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Anyone follow you?

Anita oddly shrugs one shoulder.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
What is that?

ANITA
(whispering)
What?

CATHERINE
That.

Catherine mimics Anita shrugging one shoulder.

Anita shrugs her shoulder again at Catherine shrugging her shoulder.

A LOUD house creak.

Anita freaks.

ANITA
Fuuuuuck. Dan's back from the dead!

CATHERINE
(still whispering)
Pull yourself together!

Catherine quietly rummages in the shopping bags and pulls out a PINK BOW SAW.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Pink!

Anita smiles, pleased with herself.

Catherine stands and attempts to take the safety-slide off the bow saw's blade.

She struggles and hops around on one foot trying to get the safety off.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Good lord!

ANITA
Need help?

CATHERINE
For the love of --
(it comes off)
GOT IT!

She throws the safety in frustration.

Catherine puts a firm grip on the bow saw and makes her way to the hallway, leaving Anita cowering behind.

25 INT. HOUSE - LOWER HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Catherine approaches the landing slowly but confidently.

The SONG is finished.

Anita's nowhere in sight.

SILENCE as Catherine tip toes towards the landing.

Her eyes grow in disbelief as she looks up to --

DAN.

No longer dead on the landing, but standing in a suit and loose tie, clutching his briefcase and a PINK SHOPPING BAG.

DAN
Hey there Sweetheart. Nice bow saw.

She shakes her head. This can't be real.

DAN (CONT'D)
Sorry I'm late. I had to make a little detour.

He holds up the shopping bag and makes for the ADJACENT CLOSED DOOR.

DAN (CONT'D)
I think you'll love it.

Catherine softens as she watches Dan grasp the door handle and walk into the dark room, out of sight.

Shaken, she edges to the bannister and looks up and down the staircase in all directions.

Nothing seems amiss.

Catherine turns to face the door Dan walked through, now ajar.

She approaches it, terrified of what lurks behind.

With a deep breath, she musters courage and steps into the darkness that explodes into A BRIGHT SILVER FLASH --

26 EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY - 3 MONTHS AGO

-- Of a FISHING LINE as it catches the sun and plonks into the sparkling river. An imposing Castle looms on the horizon.

Catherine, in waders and a pink checked shirt, walks towards Dan, into her fully decked out fishing chair and places her rod carefully on the rest. HORTICULTUE AND BIRD WATCHING MAGAZINES stacked neatly on the hamper.

Dan sits beside her in an identical set up reading the latest academic publication of 'ENGLISH: THE JOURNAL OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION'.

Dan leans over and tops up his steaming thermos cup with EXPENSIVE WHISKY.

DAN
Nice cast.

Catherine smiles, pleased with herself. She absently rubs the inside of her palm.

CATHERINE
I learned from the best.

Dan watches her carefully. He gently pries her hand into his, kisses it and continues to caress it as he settles back into his journal.

Catherine sips tea from her thermos cup and watches the water like a Hawk.

27 INT. HOUSE - ENSUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Catherine, oddly calm, returns to a pacing Anita.

She fills a glass of cold water and stares at herself in the vanity mirror as she gulps it down. From the corner, A LONG LEGGED SPIDER crawls it's way towards her reflection.

ANITA
What was it?

Catherine snaps to and grabs the shopping bags.

CATHERINE
Nothing.

She dumps the contents on the floor.

ANITA
Was it Dan? Dan the man?

Catherine ignores her.

Thick black tape, surgical masks, bin bags, disinfectant etc all spill onto the floor.

ANITA (CONT'D)
What's wrong --

CATHERINE
Nothing!

Catherine stares at the supplies and picks up a pack of plastic dust sheets.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You are surprisingly good at this Anita.

28 INT. HOUSE - ENSUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The upbeat jazzy notes of 'L-O-V-E' by NAT KING COLE waft into the room.

Most of the bathroom is covered in plastic sheets.

Catherine stands on a step ladder and tears off black tape with her teeth.

CATHERINE
You ever get over your fear of being touched?

Anita sits on the floor juggling tape balls.

ANITA
Not the back of the neck.

CATHERINE
Your girlfriends -- they respect your boundaries?

Catherine sticks plastic to the walls.

ANITA
The last one didn't. She'd get drunk and grab my neck.

CATHERINE
And she knew you can't be touched there?

Anita nods in shame.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
And she did it regardless?

Anita nods again.

Catherine jumps down and inspects the cleaning products.

She grabs the BOW SAW.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Now that you're back I won't let anyone harm you. Just like the old days.

Catherine stares at the bow saw, lost in thought.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
That's why you called me, right?

ANITA
Called you?

CATHERINE
You want me to off her?

ANITA
Off who?

CATHERINE
Your ex-girlfriend.

ANITA
Catherine --

CATHERINE
What?

ANITA
You called me.

Catherine looks at Anita stunned.

CATHERINE
What?

ANITA
You called me up.

CATHERINE
Are you demented? You called me up.

ANITA
You called me 'cause you needed me to help you with --

Catherine clenches the bow saw.

CATHERINE
I was in a happy marriage! I Didn't need you coming here and ruining it all for me!

Catherine's crazed eyes bore into Anita, the BOW SAW now dangerously close to Anita's neck.

Anita's terrified.

Catherine calms on a dime and smiles.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Deeply sorry, darling. Don't know what came over me.

She puts the bow saw down.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Dan's suits are in the wardrobe. Line the bathtub with them.

She turns away to inspect the cleaning supplies.

ANITA
Catherine --

CATHERINE
Yes?

ANITA
Catherine -- maybe you should call the police.

Catherine stops, her back to Anita.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Call the police Catherine.

Catherine's face morphs into an eerie gargoyle-like manifestation.

CATHERINE
I'm not going to do that.

ANITA
You need help.

CATHERINE
I'm not calling the police! Are you fucking crazy?

ANITA
Crime of passion --

CATHERINE
'Crime of passion' my arse! --
Call the police --

Catherine grabs the roll of bin bags and turns to Anita.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You are funny Anita. Now help me bag this bastard up.

CUT TO BLACK:

29 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 5 YEARS AGO

The same JAZZY TUNE is being played by a FEMALE PIANO PLAYER.

CHRISTMAS DECOR dresses the upscale, crowded restaurant. Merry customers dine and laugh.

CATHERINE (27) sits alone at a table and wears a conservative black dress. Her hair is long and flowing. Catherine seems calm and radiates honesty and vulnerability.

She attempts to smile at the strangers around her and contemplates the 'normal life' of others.

As stable as Catherine seems, she feels out of place. Awkward. Not completely adjusted to social situations.

She fixes her hair. She pats down her face and wipes her brow.

A carafe of water sits on the table with two wine glasses.

Menus sit on the plates.

Catherine recognises a MAN approaching her table.

CATHERINE
Dan?

DAN (32) arrives at the table and pulls out his chair. He's confident. Wears a suit and tie and comes across very professional.

DAN
Catherine?

Catherine stands up awkwardly and doesn't know if she should shake his hand or hug him or extend her hand for it to be kissed.

Dan gently grabs her hand and leans in to kiss her on the cheek. Catherine leans in on the same angle. They almost kiss on the lips and do a "face dance".

They laugh and sit down.

DAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to keep you waiting --

CATHERINE
I just arrived myself.

DAN
My lecture ran --

CATHERINE
No no no. No apologies are necessary. I absolutely understand. When I was a student my long-winded essays most likely kept teachers late. Meaning: I get it.

Awkward silence.

Catherine smiles at Dan.

Dan smiles back.

DAN
Well if your writing in essays was half as poetic as your writing in emails, I'm sure your teachers delighted in overtime.

Dan smiles. Catherine blushes.

CATHERINE
Do you bring all of your dates here?

DAN
'All of my dates'. Ha. No. I don't date much. Too much of a busy-body for casual romance. No. This is new to me. Actually I have a confession to make.

CATHERINE
What?

DAN
I've never been on an online date.

Awkward silence. Catherine blushes.

DAN (CONT'D)
What?

CATHERINE
Nothing.

Dan doesn't press her.

DAN
Well, I'm not one to interrogate a woman on a first date.

Dan smiles and grabs the menu.

CATHERINE
Okay.

Catherine decides to plunge in anyway.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Well I didn't tell you everything online. But I was very honest in my profile when I said that I've never --

DAN
Been on an online date?

CATHERINE
No. Not just an online date. I've never been on a date.

DAN
You're kidding.

CATHERINE
No.

DAN
You've never been out with a man?

CATHERINE
Never.

DAN
What a crime.

Catherine blushes.

CATHERINE
Thank you for the compliment, but it's true. This is my first time sitting across from a man in any type of romantic setting that may lead to romance if you -- you know. If something like that were to -- I mean if you were to like -- me.

An attractive WAITRESS (20's) with bright red lips, walks to the table with the wine list.

WAITRESS
How are you this evening?

DAN
Wonderful.

The waitress gives Dan a smile that borderlines flirting.

Dan catches it, but ignores it out of respect for Catherine.

Catherine's instinct tell her the Waitress is being inappropriate, but as a dating novice, she attempts to suppress her irritation.

DAN (CONT'D)
What's your best red?

WAITRESS
Red. For red I'd recommend --

CATHERINE
No!

Dan and the Waitress look to Catherine.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Um -- Um --

She tries to disarm them with a smile.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
No thank you. I don't drink. It will mess with my -- um. Well I take things that don't work with --

Catherine tries to backtrack.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
But you -- you -- you feel free to drink. I'm not an alcoholic or anything so it's not as though I'll salivate like a hungry rat if I see it.

Catherine sticks her tongue out and attempts to mimic a salivating rat.

Amused, Dan smiles and turns to the Waitress.

DAN
We're fine for the moment. Thank you.

The waitress leaves.

Catherine gives Dan a shy smile.

CATHERINE
You really could have ordered it.

DAN
No, no. Best for people to meet under the eyes of sobriety.

Catherine likes Dan more by the minute.

30 INT. HOUSE - ENSUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Catherine, now covered in bin bags with holes cut out for her limbs, wears utility gloves and a surgical mask.

Dan's corpse sits in the tub on top of five or six of his suits. She doesn't want to get blood on the porcelain tub.

His arm juts out over the side.

Thick plastic covers the floor.

Next to Catherine, empty bin bags wait for Dan's dismembered limbs.

Catherine lifts the arm up and examines where she should make the first cut.

She places the bow saw against the shoulder.

Hmm - not right.

She places it in the middle of his forearm.

O.S. the same UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICES spoken in a backwards language seep into the room.

CATHERINE
Not. Now.

31 EXT. BOAT - EARLY MORNING - 1993

CATHERINE (7) sits in a small fishing boat with a PINK LIFE VEST on.

Her DADDY (40's), sits next to Catherine in green flannels and fishing gear (his face is never seen).

Both hold fishing rods.

Catherine looks up at Daddy.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Daddy --

DADDY
Catherine?

YOUNG CATHERINE
I like it here. I don't ever want to go home.

DADDY
Well -- we'll see.

Catherine smiles up at him.

Suddenly, Daddy's rod tugs violently.

DADDY (CONT'D)
We caught one!

YOUNG CATHERINE
Yeah!!

Catherine jumps up and down in excitement.

The boat rocks.

DADDY
Steady -- Steady --

Moments later -

A fish flops around in a bucket.

Catherine looks from the bucket to Daddy.

YOUNG CATHERINE
What do we do now?

Daddy pulls out his hunting knife.

Catherine stares at the knife in fascination.

The live fish slaps down onto a board.

Daddy holds down the squirming fish with one hand and wields a knife in the other to demonstrate.

DADDY
There's three ways to kill a fish humanely. One is you cut their throat. You go in here --
(knife on throat)
And cut the blood vessels to the gills. Or you can hit it on its head with this
(he points to a small donger/priest)
Or you can brain spike em here.
(point to head)
I find the brain spike to be the kindest way to send Mr. Fishy to heaven.

Daddy angles the knife properly on top of the fish's head.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Look away if you're squeamish princess.

The fish flops around in terror.

Catherine watches in fascination as Mr. Fishy's head is smashed and its brains splatter the board.

END FLASHBACK

32 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

The bathroom is deadly quiet.

Catherine's bow saw still poised on Dan's forearm.

Determined, she saws into Dan's flesh.

Anita looms over her from behind.

ANITA
Uh -- Do I need to be here for this?

CATHERINE
For a girl who loves Goosebumps, you sure are queasy darling.

Completely committed to the act of dismemberment, Catherine saws with vigour.

ANITA
You'd better double bag it.

Anita gags and back aways.

The bottom half of Dan's arm falls to the floor.

Catherine picks it up and throws it into a bin bag without hesitation or emotion.

33 INT. HOUSE - DAN'S OFFICE - DUSK - 6 MONTHS AGO

Catherine sits in Dan's office chair completely still wearing an elegant LITTLE BLACK DRESS. With coiffed hair and perfect make-up, she evokes 'Holly Golightly'.

Dan's laptop sits open on her lap.

Shock, disgust and heavy disappointment play across her face.

O.S. the front door slams shut.

DAN
Catherine!? What's for dinner? Smells delicious! Hellooo!?

Catherine stares at the screen, completely mortified.

34 INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The large dining room table is lovingly set out for a romantic dinner at one end.

Dan sits at the opposite end with head in hands, totally ashamed of himself. His tie loose. The top shirt buttons open. He can't breath.

Catherine, now slightly smudged, stands a good distance from him, like he's a leper.

The laptop sits open on the dining table, facing Dan.

This is the most serious moment of Catherine's life. She needs to get this right.

She closes the laptop and stares at Dan.

Dan can't look at her.

The tension's unbearable until finally --

CATHERINE
Tell me.

Dan squirms.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I want to know. I have a right to know --

A tear runs down Dan's flushed cheek.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Look at me Dan.

Dan reluctantly meets her eyes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I bared my soul to you. Every single dark crevice of it -- and you -- you kept this from me --

DAN
Catherine please -- it's not --

CATHERINE
I trusted you --

DAN
I didn't know how to --

CATHERINE
I want children, Dan.

DAN
So do I.

CATHERINE
How can we with this -- this history?

Dan's taken aback.

DAN
What are you -- I love children, Catherine. I'm sorry. I'll never do it again. Please. We can get through this --

Catherine can't look at him anymore.

CATHERINE
You need help.

She storms out of the room.

Dan crumples in his chair and stares at his closed laptop, angry and disgusted with himself.

35 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Catherine pulls Dan's leg over the edge of the tub.

She carefully places the bow saw against his ankle.

Her mind drifts.

Dan's last words haunt her.

DAN
Catherine it's not what you --

She stifles an anguished scream.

A moment of clarity.

She can't believe what she's done.

A lump swells in her throat. Eyes fill with tears.

Her head drops.

CATHERINE
I'm a monster.

ANITA
He's the monster if you ask me.

CATHERINE
Thank you.

Catherine musters strength.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(to self)
C'mon Catherine. C'mon --

Deep breath. Head up. Eyes focused.

She starts to saw Dan's foot off as silent tears run down her face.

36 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 5 YEARS AGO

Dan prods Catherine lightly.

DAN
So -- are you under the weather?

CATHERINE
What?

DAN
Sick? Are you sick?

CATHERINE
Sick?

DAN
Because you --

CATHERINE
Oh! Because I said I was taking -- Yes. I mean no! No I am not sick. I mean I was sick, I was, but I'm not -- anymore.

Dan's confused.

Catherine gathers herself before --

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's say that we "like" each other and that we become a "couple". You were on the website because you were looking to be in a relationship, right?

DAN
That I was.

CATHERINE
Cool. Good. So we both want to be in relationships. And once you're in a relationship you find out all these things about your partner that maybe they were hiding early on so as not to scare the other person off and be left in the dust, right? That is how relationships work -- right?

Dan laughs lightheartedly.

Catherine turns serious.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

DAN
You.

CATHERINE
Why are you laughing at me?

DAN
No, no, no. I'm not laughing AT you, but rather WITH you.

CATHERINE
With me? I don't understand. I'm not laughing. I was trying to be honest about something personal.

DAN
When someone says they're laughing with you it just means that they like you.

CATHERINE
Oh. I didn't know that.

Catherine makes a mental note of this.

Dan tries hard to hold his laughter but he can't help himself and a cough/laugh slips out.

Catherine studies Dan with intensity.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
So -- you like me?

DAN
Yes. You're very funny. And yes -- I like you.

CATHERINE
Yeah! You like me.

Dan tries to control his laughter.

Catherine can't help but join in. Then --

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
So anyway -- would you like to know what's wrong with me?

O.S. a DULL THUMP - THUMP -

37 INT. HOUSE - LOWER STAIRCASE/FOYER - NIGHT - PRESENT

- THUMP.

A large bin bag filled with Dan's limbs land hard on the final step.

With a streak of BLOOD across her cheek and CLEAN GLOVES on, Catherine blows loose hair away from her flushed face and catches her breath.

As she heaves the bag up --

O.S. a LOW VOICE drifts towards her.

She looks up.

Her face crumples as the VOICE becomes clearer and she is faced with -

DAN's broad back as he WHISPERS into his mobile. His suit jacket and LAPTOP CASE strewn across the side table.

Longing and disappointment play across her face.

She makes her way cautiously towards him. The bin bag teeters dangerously on the step.

As she gets closer, Dan's words become clearer.

DAN
(whispering)
-- Yes. Yes, that's exactly right. I'm at a complete loss here. It's just -- I'm ashamed -- I'm ashamed I didn't ring sooner. I just thought -- I was afraid to -
- Yes, I did try but she won't --

Catherine stops inches from Dan and reaches out to touch him.

CATHERINE
Who are you talking to --

Spooked, DAN sharply turns around --

But it's ANITA's shocked face that confronts her.

ANITA
Catherine I --

Catherine takes in Anita holding the LANDLINE RECEIVER.

A FEMALE EMERGENCY SERVICE VOICE is muffled by Anita's hand.

Catherine turns cold and threatening.

CATHERINE
Who are you talking to?

Anita clocks the bin bag.

ANITA
That him?

CATHERINE
Parts of him.

Anita half-gags.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You clean his office?

ANITA
Yeah.

CATHERINE
Hallway floors?

ANITA
Yeah.

CATHERINE
Closet?

ANITA
Cleaned.

CATHERINE
Good girl. Who the fuck are you talking to darling?

ANITA
You asked me here to help --

Without flinching, Catherine rips the receiver from Anita's shaking hand, ends the call and rips the cord out of the wall.

CATHERINE
You call that helping? Seriously, when did you become so demented Anita? You know what they'll do to me. They'll send me back there. And this time they'll never let me out. Is that what you want?

ANITA
No but -- this is bat shit crazy Catherine.

Catherine leans hard into Anita - it's sensual.

CATHERINE
You have a short memory of what that really is.

Catherine turns and grabs the bin bag.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Now go start a fire.

ANITA
Catherine -- I really --

CATHERINE
We are not calling the police!

Catherine walks past Anita dragging the bin bag behind her.

38 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT - 2001

A cold-coloured room. An old wooden desk. A creepy cheap flower print on the wall beside a ticking silver clock. It's clinical and institutional.

Fluorescent lights flicker from the low ceiling.

A SECURITY CAMERA sits in a top corner of the room.

CATHERINE, AGED 15, sits on a chair in PINK PYJAMAS.

She's agitated and swings her legs in frustration.

The door opens. She sits up straight.

DETECTIVE REESE (mid 40's) female, walks into the room with a note pad and a CAN OF FIZZY POP. She wears a dark coloured suit. She knows Catherine is deeply troubled and approaches her with calculating care.

Catherine tracks every move Detective Reese makes as she sets the can on the table in front of her and pulls up a chair.

Reese sits down with the note pad in her lap and pulls a pen out from her suit.

DETECTIVE REESE
Hello Catherine. My name is Detective Reese. I know you've been through a lot tonight. I want you to relax. This is a safe space here.

Catherine fidgets.

TEEN CATHERINE
Where's Anita?

DETECTIVE REESE
Yes. Anita.

Reese gives Catherine a disarming smile and studies her carefully.

DETECTIVE REESE (CONT'D)
Catherine, I'm going to ask you some questions. We'll start simple and then work our way through. How does that sound?

Catherine rapidly nods her head, almost 'head-banging'.

DETECTIVE REESE (CONT'D)
Wonderful. May I have your name and age?

TEEN CATHERINE
First name Catherine. Surname Blake. Fifteen and a half years of age. IQ: 148. Non drug user. Shellfish allergies.

Reese makes notes.

Under the table, Catherine tugs at her pyjamas. Her leg swings nervously and she kicks Reese in the shin.

Reese looks up sharply from her notepad.

Catherine blushes.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Sorry.

DETECTIVE REESE
Quite alright.

Uncomfortable silence, then Reese proceeds cautiously.

DETECTIVE REESE (CONT'D)
Catherine, why do you think you're here?

TEEN CATHERINE
Anita stabbed Daddy.

DETECTIVE REESE
Anita.

TEEN CATHERINE
Where's Mother? What is she saying?

DETECTIVE REESE
Your Mother --

TEEN CATHERINE
Yes! Tell me what she said!

DETECTIVE REESE
She found you with --

Catherine kicks back her chair and slams the table.

TEEN CATHERINE
She's a fucking liar --

O.S. A CACOPHONY OF SOUND scorches Catherine's mind. She squeezes her head. A moan escapes the side of her mouth.

Reese doesn't flinch, but slowly slides the pen back in her pocket.

DETECTIVE REESE
Catherine --

Catherine's glazed eyes refocus on Reese.

DETECTIVE REESE (CONT'D)
It's okay. You're not in trouble.

Catherine calms a little and slumps back into her chair.

Reese cracks open the SODA and slides it across to Catherine.

She sips it. Her hands shake. Liquid fizzes over.

O.S. a KNOCK on the door.

Reese know's who it is.

DETECTIVE REESE (CONT'D)
Now Catherine, I've asked a nice woman named Charmaine to come in and talk with you. Your Mother will be present.

Catherine let's out a loud CHORTLE and takes another sip of soda.

Detective Reese opens the door and in walks PSYCHIATRIST, DR. CHARMAINE JOHNSON (50s) holding a notepad and pencil. Friendly and dressed with a cultural flair, she gives Catherine a warm smile.

Catherine's Mother, BETTY (40's) follows sheepishly behind. She's blousy with too much make up, big hair and long fake fingernails. Red eyed and on edge, she's wired on coffee and too many uppers. Extreme paranoia consumes her as she avoids Catherine's death stare and sits in a chair behind her.

TEEN CATHERINE
What did you tell them Mother.

Detective Reese throws Charmaine a conspiratorial look and leaves.

Charmaine addresses Catherine and speaks in a calm manner.

CHARMAINE
Catherine.

Catherine turns her head sharply from Betty to Charmaine.

CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
My name is Dr. Charmaine Johnson --

Catherine smirks in defiance and gives her a knowing look, like she's the smartest person in the room.

CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
And I'd like to ask you a few questions. Alright?

Super confident, Catherine gestures for Charmaine to continue.

TEEN CATHERINE
By all means Charmaine.

CHARMAINE
Do you know why you're here?

Catherine rolls her eyes and nods her head back towards her mother.

Betty gasps, aghast at the accusation.

CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
Do you blame your Mother?

TEEN CATHERINE
I blame her for ratting on Anita.

Betty scoffs.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(to Charmaine)
Look -- I don't cause trouble, I always do my chores. A model teenager --

Betty tries to defend herself.

BETTY
The girl talks to herself!

CHARMAINE
(to Betty)
Fluid conversations --

BETTY
Fluid conversations! She hardly eats, and when she does she just giggles at her food with Anita. Giggles at the potatoes. Giggles at the carrots. Giggles at the whole bloody stew!

TEEN CATHERINE
May I -

BETTY
All she does is giggle with Anita. Talk to Anita --

TEEN CATHERINE
May I -

BETTY
Anita, Anita, Anita. This has been going on for EIGHT YEARS! --

CHARMAINE
Mrs. Blake have you ever taken Catherine to be assessed --

Betty looks at Charmaine like she's speaking a foreign language.

Catherine loses her patience.

TEEN CATHERINE
May I interject!

SILENCE.

Indignant and accusatory looks pass between them.

CHARMAINE
Go ahead Catherine.

BETTY
All the other children on our street --

CHARMAINE
Betty -- Give Catherine room to respond.

Betty bites her lower lip.

CATHERINE
Thank you Charmaine. Look, I simply don't care what Mother thinks. My entire existence is one of balance and dignity with Anita -- it's not my fault she's threatened by her. I'm just happy to spend time alone with my friend.

BETTY
Oh Kitkat darling -- you're a laughing stock.

TEEN CATHERINE
I am not a laughing stock Mother -- and it's Catherine --

BETTY
But you are -- Kitkat --

Catherine rails on her.

TEEN CATHERINE
I am not! I'm special!

Betty scoffs.

Charmaine is disturbed by this exchange. Betty is clearly just as unstable as Catherine - even given the circumstances.

Catherine turns to Charmaine in seriousness.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
And I don't mean 'SPECIAL' in the way in which one describes a retard out of some abstract concept of respecting what we pity. I'm LITERALLY special.

She's dead serious.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I have powers. Very impressive powers.

She looks back at her mother, then to Charmaine.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I can see things that others can't.

Betty opens her mouth - Charmaine puts up a hand to stop her.

Charmaine turns her head and looks to the opposite wall and it's the first time we see a LARGE ONE-WAY MIRROR. She gives the mirror a little nod and looks back to Catherine.

She treads lightly.

CHARMAINE
Catherine, Detective Reese is going to join us. There's nothing to be afraid of. Alright?

Catherine's suspicious, but doesn't protest.

39 EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT - PRESENT

Anita smokes and stands over the drum, the low fire illuminates her concerned face.

Catherine ignores Anita and drops a bin bag with Dan's dismembered corpse on the ground beside another one.

She picks up a log and throws it in the drum.

The fire CRACKLES to life.

Catherine picks up a poker and stokes the fire.

Anita takes Catherine's other hand and watches Catherine lost in thought.

40 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT - 2001

The door opens.

Detective Reese walks in and following behind her is --

ANITA, AGED 15. A splatter of DRIED BLOOD sticks to her school uniform that's been stretched and personalised to have a punk rock feel.

She sticks her tongue out behind Detective Reese's head.

Catherine brightens. They share a mocking smile.

TEEN CATHERINE
(to Anita)
Where the hell were you?

TEEN ANITA
(nods to Reese)
Being grilled by this one.

TEEN CATHERINE
You confess?

TEEN ANITA
Told them I did everything.

TEEN CATHERINE
Good girl.

Detective Reese and Charmaine exchange looks as she sits down beside her.

CHARMAINE
Catherine --

Catherine darts her head from Anita to Charmaine.

Charmaine looks towards Anita.

CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
Welcome, Anita.

Betty scoffs.

Anita sticks her tongue out at Betty. Catherine does the same.

They laugh.

Reese and Charmaine give each other a cautious look.

Charmaine clears her throat.

CHARMAINE (CONT'D)
Catherine has Anita ever hurt you?

TEEN CATHERINE
Like my feelings? Of course. When she's in a mood. But I'm no angel either. The important thing is that we make up and move on. Right, Anita?

Anita blows Catherine a kiss. She catches it and smacks it on her cheek with force.

CHARMAINE
Has Anita ever hurt you -- physically?

TEEN CATHERINE
Physically? Why would she hurt me physically? Who do you think I surround myself with? A bunch of psychopaths?

BETTY
Obviously there's violence in her. I'm a dead woman. Buy the casket now, darling. Buy the casket now.

Catherine rolls her head towards Betty and looks her directly in the eye.

TEEN CATHERINE
Really Mother? Is that what you think? You think voices in my head are telling me to kill you?

Catherine's smile turns sinister.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
If I wanted to kill you you'd already be dead.

Betty gasps. Her hand flies to her throat.

Anita laughs. Catherine laughs with Anita.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(to Reese)
Obviously I'm joking.

DETECTIVE REESE
But if you were to harm your mother -- how would you do it?

TEEN CATHERINE
You mean my 'Modus Operandi'?

DETECTIVE REESE
Sure.

TEEN CATHERINE
Well. I'd sneak into her room and stab her while she sleeps.

Betty nearly falls out of her chair.

BETTY
Dear lord!

Catherine and Anita laugh at Betty.

DETECTIVE REESE
Stab her?

TEEN CATHERINE
Yes.

DETECTIVE REESE
Stab her with what?

Catherine's eerily cheery.

TEEN CATHERINE
The knife under my bed.

TEEN ANITA
Duh.

Betty turns white and looks about to faint.

Charmaine rushes to her aid.

CHARMAINE
Mrs. Blake, let's get you some fresh air.

Triumphant, Catherine and Anita 'high five'.

Catherine smirks at Betty as Charmaine leads her out.

DETECTIVE REESE
You keep a knife under your bed?

Anita yawns in boredom.

TEEN CATHERINE
(to Anita)
I know, I know.

Anita taps her wrist to signal it's time to go.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I'm trying!

Anita opens her mouth wide. Her tongue FIZZES and POPS with RED and BLUE ROCK POPS.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Knock it off Anita.

DETECTIVE REESE
Catherine --

Catherine's had enough now.

TEEN CATHERINE
Look Detective Reese. My grades are of the highest merit. I don't smoke, drink, or take drugs. AND --

Catherine makes air circles above her crotch.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I'm still a virgin. Tell me where the problem exists.

Catherine stands with confidence.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Now if you would be so kind as to let us return home. Anita and I are writing a novella.

DETECTIVE REESE
A novella? How exciting. What's it about?

TEEN CATHERINE
It's called: ZEBRA GIRL.

41 INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - BEDROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A PINK and RED colour schemed room. Stuffed animals. Doll house. Twin bed with a modest frame, a slight tear in the wallpaper above it.

The room hasn't changed since she was 7.

Catherine (15) and Anita (15) lie on the floor, a blank RED EXCERCISE BOOK before them.

TEEN CATHERINE
It should be a novella. That's a short novel, Anita.

TEEN ANITA
What's it about?

TEEN CATHERINE
It's about an almighty girl who can turn into a Zebra when her human father sneaks into her room at night. It's based on your family. Is that okay with you?

TEEN ANITA
Mmmm -- just so long as it makes me look powerful.

TEEN CATHERINE
Powerful? You're a god in this!

Anita loves it.

TEEN ANITA
I'll do the illustrations!

END FLASHBACK

42 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT - 2001

TEEN CATHERINE
Once it's published, girls everywhere will know they can have Zebra powers too.

Catherine puts her arm out for Anita. Anita grabs her arm.

DETECTIVE REESE
Catherine --

TEEN CATHERINE
Whaaaaat?

DETECTIVE REESE
How does the story end?

Catherine turns to Anita.

TEEN CATHERINE
How does the story end Anita?

Catherine listens intently to Anita's whispering and nods in fascination.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Anita says that in the end, Zebra Girl mauls her human father.
(MORE)

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
She bites off his head and slowly digests him inside of her acidic Zebra stomach. Then she shits him out of her soul. Happy ending.

Catherine waits with her arm around Anita, cheery smile on her face.

Detective Reese looks towards the mirror, her face a mix of horror and sympathy.

Catherine follows Detective Reese's gaze to the mirror.

43 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT - 2001

On the opposite side of the mirror, Betty holds her throat in horror. She stares at her daughter like she's an alien and can't understand where it all went wrong. Silent tears run down her face.

Charmaine and TWO FEMALE DETECTIVES stand next to her watching Catherine with fascination.

FEMALE DETECTIVE
She on medication?

Charmaine looks to Betty. No answer.

44 EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT - PRESENT

The fire is brighter now as Catherine continuous to stoke it, lost in thought.

Anita smokes nervously.

ANITA
You ever finish it?

CATHERINE
Well -- our original idea sort of manifested itself in life.

They share a 'gallows humour' chuckle.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Dan told me it deserved a truly happy ending.

Anita's hurt and offended.

ANITA
Adorable. Can't believe you told him about it.

CATHERINE
Yep. Prince Charming comes along and accepts Zebra Girl for all her wickedly beautiful stripes.

ANITA
That's 'Pretty Fuckin' Woman' adorable.

Anita puts two fingers in her mouth and mocks a gag.

45 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT - 2001

Catherine stands at the mirror, nose inches from the glass.

She stares at it with hate, almost in front of where Betty stands behind it.

TEEN CATHERINE
Is Mother in there?

Reese tries to focus her.

DETECTIVE REESE
Catherine --

Catherine suddenly lets rip an ALMIGHTY FERAL SCREAM at the glass that tapers into what sounds like a wounded animal.

Reese moves to her side and tries to calm her.

DETECTIVE REESE (CONT'D)
Catherine. Look at me. It's ok. Look at me. It's all right.

Catherine darts her eyes to Reese.

DETECTIVE REESE (CONT'D)
That's it.

She calms a little and Reese guides her to her chair.

Reese sits opposite.

DETECTIVE REESE (CONT'D)
Now. I need to ask you a few more questions about tonight. You just take your time and answer when you're ready. How does that sound?

Catherine rapidly nods her head.

DETECTIVE REESE (CONT'D)
Ok good. Now, to the best of your recollection, walk me through the sequence of events beginning with your father entering your bedroom.

Catherine stares at Reese with glazed eyes and speaks in a trance like state.

TEEN CATHERINE
Anita and I were playing in our room. No, Studying. We were studying in our room. 19th Century literature.

DETECTIVE REESE
148.

TEEN CATHERINE
148.

Catherine stares at the mirror again.

DETECTIVE REESE
Catherine --

Catherine turns from the mirror back to Detective Reese, her pen poised for notes.

DETECTIVE REESE (CONT'D)
There you are. Hi. You're studying in your room and --

TEEN CATHERINE
It's all a bit of a blur.

O.S. a PIERCING SOUND followed by a cacophony of UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICES spoken in a backwards language that grows in volume and vehemence.

Catherine's vision blurs into --

46 INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Catherine (15) and Anita (15) lay side by side on their bellies facing the headboard. MARY SHELLY's 'FRANKENSTEIN: OR, THE MODERN PROMETHEUS' lies between them.

While Catherine reads, Anita picks at the wallpaper.

TEEN CATHERINE
After we finished studying, Anita turned the lights off.

Anita turns the light off.

They lie on their sides and face each other. Anita takes Catherine's hand and gives her a quick peck on the lips.

They take a deep breath and attempt to fall asleep in unison.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
After we fell asleep -- I found myself reading a book with Daddy. I thought I was dreaming.

A low night-light shines onto Catherine's bed.

DADDY, his face obscured, sits shoulder to shoulder next to her against the headboard as they read 'FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC' by V.C. ANDREWS. Catherine holds one end of the book and Daddy holds the other. The book is almost finished.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
When we read together. He likes it when I hold one end of the book and he holds the other. Two people who love each other holding paper.

Their hands on each end of the book.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Well -- Anita sees this and explodes into a fit of jealous rage.

From the dark, Anita lunges, grabs Daddy by his shirt and yanks him off of the bed.

TEEN CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Anita! Stop!

The book flies through the air.

CATHERINE
Anita thought Daddy was trying to hurt me but we were simply reading a late 70's classic.

47 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT - 2001

Deadly serious, Catherine doesn't blink.

Reese slides her pen back into her jacket and proceeds with sensitivity.

DETECTIVE REESE
Catherine, what I'm about to ask you next may make you -- uncomfortable.

Catherine stares down Reese.

TEEN CATHERINE
Detective, don't you think that if Daddy were trying to hurt me that I'd be able to sort it out myself? Do you think I'm some internally vulnerable victim? Well I'm not that. Trust me. I am not a victim. I told you. I'm ZEBRA GIRL.

DETECTIVE REESE
I only ask to better understand Anita's intentions.

TEEN CATHERINE
Detective --

DETECTIVE REESE
Catherine, there's an examination --

TEEN CATHERINE
What do you mean by 'rape examination'?

DETECTIVE REESE
Well, I didn't use those exact words --

TEEN CATHERINE
I won't take it.

DETECTIVE REESE
It would only help us understand --

TEEN CATHERINE
He didn't do anything! I wish he were still alive. Lord, If I were going to kill anyone it would have been Mother.

DETECTIVE REESE
Why?

TEEN CATHERINE
Because I hate her.

DETECTIVE REESE
Why?

The sudden notes of a kitsch 1960's song floats into --

48 INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

-- The Blake's kitchen. The song blares from the radio.

A blood soaked package of meat slams down on a worn chopping board. Blood oozes out.

DADDY
For the stew.

Daddy scrubs his rough hands.

Betty watches him from the corner of her eye and sips a large G&T.

Daddy towers over Catherine (15) at the kitchen table.

He strokes the top of Catherine's head.

DADDY (CONT'D)
(to Catherine)
Hello, sweetheart.
(to Betty)
Fix me a Scotch, Betty.

BETTY
Fix him a Scotch, Catherine.

DADDY
(to Betty)
You do it!

He continues to stroke Catherine's hair. Catherine looks from Daddy to Betty with great discomfort.

Jealous, Betty turns and downs a pill with her G&T and walks out.

Catherine watches her go with hate filled eyes.

49 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT - 2001

Catherine can't hold it in any longer.

TEEN CATHERINE
Because she's a lonely, depressive, pill-popping blame-gamer -- and she hates me.

DETECTIVE REESE
Why?

TEEN CATHERINE
Because he likes me more than her!

50 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Betty gasps and turns white.

Charmaine and the Female Detectives simultaneously look to Betty.

51 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Silence.

Detective Reese connects the dots.

DETECTIVE REESE
I'm so sorry Catherine.

TEEN CATHERINE
What for? I'm fine. Feel sorry for yourself. This is a waste of your time as much as it is mine.

The UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICES return with a vengeance and swarm Catherine's mind.

The CACOPHONY crescendos, Catherine covers her ears and takes a deep breath --

The SOUNDS dissipate as Catherine looks up through disheveled hair.

ANITA stands behind Detective Reese dressed like POIROT. Moustache and all.

She sticks her chin up and imitates Poirot.

TEEN ANITA
I'm from France. I'm from France --

TEEN CATHERINE
You're from Belgium --

TEEN ANITA
I'm from France.

Catherine and Anita laugh.

Anita's suddenly beside Catherine and turns serious.

TEEN ANITA (CONT'D)
Play it strong here Catherine.

Catherine switches to control mode and stands.

TEEN CATHERINE
Listen, Detective. I respect the sensitivity you're displaying in the face of what appears to be chaotic madness. But it's as basic as this: Anita is jealous of Daddy. Mother is jealous of me. Anita stabbed Daddy out of jealousy and you're trying to find out who did what for whatever reasons. I'm aware that Anita will have to go away for a while. But she's only fifteen. Three years in a juvenile correctional facility? Good. She could use it. At that point she'll be eighteen and able to start up her life again. Right?

The CACOPHONY OF VOICES pierce through and hit a ten then --

SILENCE over SECURITY CAMERA POV:

CATHERINE STANDS IN A DISHEVELLED MESS, HER PINK PYJAMAS COVERED IN DRIED BLOOD.

Anita has VANISHED.

52 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 5 YEARS AGO

Catherine stops laughing and turns serious --

CATHERINE
When I was fifteen I killed my father.

Dan stops laughing.

The piano player smiles at the room.

Catherine looks around the restaurant to see if anyone overheard.

She waits for Dan's response.

Dan clears his throat and wiggles in his chair.

DAN
You’re -- THAT -- Catherine?

53 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT - 2001

CATHERINE
Yes.

Catherine smiles at Detective Reese.

Neither move.

DAN
You’re Catherine Blake?

The security camera zooms in on BLOODY CATHERINE and EXPLODES INTO WHITE FRAMES --

DAN (CONT'D)
Wow. You were a national --

54 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 5 YEARS AGO

Dan stares at Catherine with awe and morbid interest.

DAN
They never showed your face.

Catherine nods and takes a sip of water.

CATHERINE
My mother never believed -- It was a very abusive relationship between Daddy and Mother. And between her and me. Most importantly it was abuse between him -- and -- me.

55 INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Daddy sits next to CATHERINE (15) in bed. He holds the book "FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC".

Catherine wears the same PINK PYJAMAS.

Daddy gently strokes the back of Catherine's NECK.

Catherine is almost comatose as she distractedly picks at the wallpaper. Through the layers an old ZEBRA PRINT WALLPAPER is revealed where Catherine picks at it.

O.S. the SOUND OF A BELT BUCKLE coming undone, followed by A ZIPPER.

Catherine's eyes are dead as Daddy takes Catherine's hand and guides it under the covers as he softly sings --

DADDY
The itsy bitsy spider climbs up the water spout.

Catherine is suddenly pushed unto her belly.

Her eyes flicker to life in fear. Tears sting her eyes.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Down came the rain and washed the Spider out --

CATHERINE
One night, after a decade of pretending that it wasn't happening. Daddy was about to take it to the next level and --

Catherine nudges to the edge of the bed and slowly reaches for something underneath.

DADDY
Out came the sun and dried up all the rain --

Taped under the mattress is a BUTCHER'S KNIFE. Below the knife on the floor is a STACK OF OLD GOOSEBUMP BOOKS.

Catherine struggles at first, then detaches the knife.

Daddy looms large behind her.

DADDY (CONT'D)
And the itsy bitsy spider climbed up --

She quickly turns to face Daddy, the KNIFE raised above her head --

A FLASH OF SILVER BLADE SLASHES THE AIR -

CATHERINE
I stabbed him.

56 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 5 YEARS AGO

She looks Dan straight in the eye.

CATHERINE
Stabbed him right in the right temporal lobe.

Dan gulps.

57 INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT - [FLASHBACK]

Catherine falls backward.

The knife stuck in Daddy's brain.

She stands looking down at his body in shock.

58 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 5 YEARS AGO

CATHERINE
The court said because I had the knife waiting that it was premeditated.

Terrified, intrigued and fascinated, Dan's lost for words.

The waitress appears from nowhere.

WAITRESS
Are we --

CATHERINE
No we are NOT. I will signal you when we are ready to order.

Catherine gives the Waitress daggers and watches her leave.

Dan tries to keep his shit together and pours more water into their glasses.

DAN
Were you in an adult prison?

Catherine slowly turns to face Dan. She's still in 'possessed' mode.

CATHERINE
What?

DAN
Adult -- prison?

CATHERINE
Adult prison? No. I wasn't there --

Catherine takes a deep breath.

59 OVER WHITE:

A BARRAGE OF SOUNDS --

- Handcuffs.

- Transport.

- CLANKING as several feet shuffle down a hall.

- Teenage girls LAUGHING.

- Heavy metal doors SLAM shut and LOCK.

- Disturbed patients in a mental institution.

The SOUNDS REVERB into SILENCE.

A single clock TICKING pierces through and into --

60 INT. MENTAL HEALTH INSTITUTION - ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

- A white room with a single bed.

Morning light creates odd shadows through barred windows.

CATHERINE, AGED 19, with SHORTER HAIR wears institution garb and sits alone on her bed, staring at the ceiling.

CATHERINE
I was diagnosed as a -- I was diagnosed with --

61 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 5 YEARS AGO

Catherine struggles to get the words out. This 'diagnosis' is far more embarrassing to admit than the murder of her father.

CATHERINE
I had no real friends. I don't know why. Never had them before Anita. And then of course AFTER Anita, who would be friends with me? And my god was she fabulous.

Dan's confused as hell.

DAN
Anita?

CATHERINE
I mean once we went into the nuthouse together, the bitch was always running around with the other maniac's imaginary friends. She'd be gone for months on end.

Catherine chuckles at the memory and nearly drops a tear.

62 INT. MENTAL HEALTH INSTITUTION - ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

CATHERINE (19) sits on the bed reading a book on HORTICULTURE. Behind her, a CHART on the wall lists all the reasons why it's 'good' to take your medication while a stack of RED WORKBOOKS with 'ZEBRA GIRL' written on the front sit idle on her bedside table.

A NURSE (50's) unlocks the door and walks in. She holds out a small cup of pills and a small cup of water. Catherine stares at them both. She glances at the workbooks before giving in and downing the pills.

CATHERINE
Of course, I know why she'd disappear. I started taking the medicine. They wouldn't have released me had I not proven through years of hard work that I could recognise the correlation.

Catherine hands the cup back to Nurse.

Catherine stares at the ceiling - a lonely figure.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
But I'd miss her. God I'd miss her.

63 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 5 YEARS AGO

CATHERINE
And I'd be so lonely when all the neurons were functioning the way the doctors desired. I'd go off my medication just to get her back.

64 INT. MENTAL HEALTH INSTITUTION - ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

TWO LARGE FEMALE GUARDS (30's) hold Catherine (19) down while the NURSE attempts to give her a shot in the arm.

Catherine screams and kicks to avoid the needle.

CATHERINE
Get away! Get away from me!

NURSE
This is what happens when you fake swallow, Catherine.

CATHERINE
I won't take it!

Catherine spits in the Nurses face.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Fucking cunt!

In her uncontrollable fury, Catherine BANGS her nose against the door frame. Blood sprays.

Nurse wipes her face and takes the opportunity to inject the needle.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Help me, Anita!

ANITA
Can't Catherine.

CATHERINE
Anita, please --

NURSE
Calm down. That's it. It's all for the better.

Catherine cries as her struggle subsides.

65 EXT. MENTAL HEALTH INSTITUTION/PET CEMETARY - COMMUNAL ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Catherine's hair has grown somewhat and a small bandage covers her nose as she kneels in the dirt of the PET CEMETARY and vacantly plants bright pink flowers for the latest victim.

Behind her, TWO FEMALE PATIENTS with EASTER BASKETS and FLUFFY BUNNY TAILS eagerly hunt for EASTER EGGS nearby.

One says 'HELLO' to Catherine, but she's oblivious.

CATHERINE
This cycle went on for years. It's why I was trapped there until I was twenty-six. But I had to get normal. Or else what the hell --

66 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 5 YEARS AGO

CATHERINE
I'd die a virgin.

Catherine's lost in the memory.

Dan tries to make eye contact.

DAN
Catherine.

Nothing.

DAN (CONT'D)
Catherine?

Catherine looks at Dan.

DAN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

CATHERINE
For what?

DAN
For trusting me. For sharing with me. For your unadulterated honesty. You're an inspiration.

CATHERINE
Ha. Inspiration? To whom? Jack The Ripper?

They share an ironic laugh.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You can leave now. I'll understand.

DAN
Why would I leave? This seems like the beginning of a never-a-dull-moment romance.

They share an awkward laugh of relief.

DAN (CONT'D)
Plus I'm a square. And you're stunning. And you write beautiful emails.

CATHERINE
And I'm better now. For quite some time. The medicine. It really does help.

After a moment, Dan raises his glass of water.

DAN
To leaving the past where it belongs.

Catherine raises her glass.

They clink and sip over strong eye contact.

She lets out a deep sigh of relief.

CATHERINE
So, as you're still sitting here -- I suppose it's your turn.

DAN
My turn for what?

CATHERINE
Your turn to tell me any dirty little secrets that I'd eventually discover two years into our marriage.

A flirty smile passes between them.

This could be the beginning of 'under the cherry tree' love.

The SOUND of WOOD BURNING builds and carries into --

67 EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

-- The fire burns high in the drum. Catherine and Anita stare into its bright orange glow.

CATHERINE
Do you know what he told me his dirty little secret was? That he liked reality television.

Catherine laughs in disgust and violently pokes the raging fire.

ANITA
And you believed him? Wow. That was stupid.

Anita anxiously lights another cigarette.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Brave. But Stupid.

Catherine sets down the poker, reaches into a bin bag and grabs one of Dan's feet.

CATHERINE
Stupid is as stupid does.

Without hesitation, she tosses it into the fire.

68 INT. ENSUITE BATHROOM - DAY - 1 MONTH AGO

Thick steam fills the bathroom.

Catherine sits on the side of the tub, entranced by hot water flowing from the tap into a nearly full tub of bubbles.

Her face is hard to read. A mixture of joy and fear. Her eyes focus on a BOTTLE OF PILLS and glass of water on the stool in front of her.

She turns off the tap.

Her robe hits the floor and she disappears into the tub.

A PREGNANCY TEST with a POSITIVE SIGN lies on the bath matt next to her discarded robe.

69 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - 1 MONTH AGO

A plain GPs office.

DR. ANTO (40s), with an intelligent face, explains options to Catherine and Dan, who sit opposite her and anxiously hold hands.

DR. ANTO
-- So for example, the **Stemetil** you've been on for several years is associated with a higher risk of malformations in the first trimester.

DAN
And after that?

DR. ANTO
After that, the risks increase and vary at different stages of your pregnancy. Stats are based off limited studies though --

Catherine stops listening, her gaze drifts to the window.

Dr. Anto looks from her to Dan with concern.

DR. ANTO (CONT'D)
Catherine --

Catherine turns back and gives her a little smile.

DR. ANTO (CONT'D)
There are newer forms of low dosage antipsychotics you can try that reduce the risk of side effects.

CATHERINE
Dr. Anto, thank you so much for your time --

Catherine stands and stretches her hand out.

Dr. Anto takes it.

DR. ANTO
Catherine, we should talk about options --

CATHERINE
We will.
(to Dan)
Let's go sweetie.

Catherine leaves the room.

Dan stands, confused and embarrassed.

DAN
I -- well --
(to Dr. Anto)
Thank you for your time Doctor.

Dan shakes her hand.

DR. ANTO
Dan -- please keep me informed of your decision so we can monitor her properly -- her mental health is just as important as the baby --

DAN
We know -- and I will.

Dan rushes out after Catherine.

Dr. Anto sits back down, heavy with concern.

70 EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT - PRESENT

Tears run down Catherine's face as she throws Dan's leg onto the fire.

ANITA
Fuck.

CATHERINE
Fuck.

They stare into the orange glow.

ANITA
A little you. When's it popping out?

CATHERINE
In 6 months.

ANITA
So that's really why you called me.

Bitterness consumes Catherine.

CATHERINE
It could have been perfect.

Catherine breaks.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
If he didn't l - l - lie -- if he wasn't such a p - per - perv --

Anita takes her hand.

ANITA
Lie down with me.

Anita gently guides Catherine away from the fire.

71 EXT. EILDON HILLS - DAY - 3 WEEKS AGO

Sun bounces off the rolling landscape and hills of Eildon in full bloom from Scott's View.

Catherine rests her head in Dan's lap as he caresses her belly. A champagne picnic laid out before them.

Catherine's deep in thought, SIR WALTER SCOTT's 'LADY OF THE LAKE' discarded at her side.

DAN
What if it's a girl.

CATHERINE
Then I'll love her forever.

Dan kisses the top of her head.

DAN
What if it's a boy?

CATHERINE
Then I'll love him forever!

Dan laughs and kisses her again.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Dan?

DAN
Hmmm?

CATHERINE
You're -- good. Right?

Dan hesitates.

DAN
What do you mean?

CATHERINE
You know.

Dan moves his hand away. Catherine sits up.

The tension palpable.

DAN
I've been -- Why are you asking me that?

CATHERINE
Come on. You know why.

DAN
Catherine --

CATHERINE
I'm just being cautious.

DAN
About what, Catherine? What are you being cautious about?

Catherine's not giving him an inch.

DAN (CONT'D)
Are you seriously asking me this? After all I went through to get --

Catherine tries to get a solid read on Dan.

DAN (CONT'D)
Wow. What a way to start a family.

CATHERINE
I just --

DAN
Would you like to check my laptop?

Catherine pleads with her eyes for him to drop the defence. She just needs to hear it.

DAN (CONT'D)
To answer your question. I. Am. Good.

CATHERINE
Ok. I'm sorry. I just need to be sure --

Dan feels like an idiot and takes her in his arms.

DAN
I'm sorry too sweetheart. God, you know I love you so much. You just gotta trust me.

CATHERINE
I do. I really do.

72 INT. BEDROOM/ENSUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT - 3 WEEKS AGO

Catherine stares at the empty dark space where Dan should be.

She turns away and tugs on the chain of her bedside lamp.

Light floods the room.

She turns toward the ENSUITE BATHROOM.

Inside, Catherine stands in her PINK PYJAMAS over the toilet.

She looks back into the bedroom.

Only Dan is there, sleeping soundly on top of the bed.

She empties her bottle of medicine into the toilet and flushes.

73 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - 2 WEEKS AGO

A sultry JAZZ TUNE plays from the radio.

Catherine, sporting preppy clothes, cuts meat for stew at a cutting board with the PINK HANDLED BUTCHERS'S KNIFE.

She HUMS along - domestic bliss.

O.S. A PIERCING SOUND.

She stops. Looks around. Walks to the window and glances out.

Nothing.

As if it must just be the wind, Catherine returns to the cutting board.

She turns up the radio, grabs her knife and returns to cutting meat.

74 INT. HOUSE - LOWER STAIRCASE/FOYER - NIGHT - 2 WEEKS AGO

Catherine walks down the staircase in a PINK ROBE - depressed and vacant.

Dan walks into the house carrying his LAPTOP BAG and a pile of school papers.

Dan sees Catherine nearing the bottom steps, smiles and approaches with caution - like she's a porcelain doll.

Catherine stares at his laptop bag.

DAN
How are you feeling?

Catherine's lost in space.

CATHERINE
We're alive.

DAN
Is she moving yet?

CATHERINE
We're always moving.

Catherine eyes him with suspicion.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Why are you so late?

Awkward silence.

Dan clears his throat.

DAN
Listen Catherine, Dr. Anto --

CATHERINE
Shut the fuck up.

DAN
Catherine. Please don't -- We need to keep your appointments --

Catherine switches. Bright as sunshine.

CATHERINE
How was school?

Dan takes a deep breath. He rubs his forehead in confusion and frustration.

DAN
The usual. I've got papers to mark.

CATHERINE
Of course you do darling.

DAN
I'll be in my office.

As Dan passes Catherine on the stairs, he stops.

He puts a hand on her belly and looks her in the eyes.

DAN (CONT'D)
We're good?

CATHERINE
Perfect.

He gives her a light peck on the cheek. She involuntarily cringes.

Dan looks back over his shoulder at her as he ascends the stairs.

Catherine gives him a warm smile and watches him until he's out of sight.

O.S. his office door SLAMS shut, then LOCKS.

She turns her head away in disgust and makes her way downstairs.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Pervert.

75 INT. HOUSE - LOWER HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - DAY - 1 WEEK AGO

An unkempt Catherine vacuums the landing.

She opens the DOOR ADJACENT TO HER BEDROOM and --

She freezes in horror.

An explosion of WHITE FRAMES carries into --

76 INT. MENTAL HEALTH INSTITUTION - WHITE ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

-- A bright white room in a mental institution with no windows.

A single twin bed with a TINY FIGURE underneath white sheets sits in the middle of the room.

Catherine stands at the open door. She knows exactly where she is.

The SOUND of a CHILD's WHIMPER comes from under the sheets.

Catherine cautiously approaches the bed.

She kneels next to it.

The WHIMPER louder now.

Catherine gently pulls the sheet down, exposing --

YOUNG CATHERINE (7) in institution gown, crying.

CATHERINE
Shhhhhh.

She puts her hand to YOUNG CATHERINE's forehead.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Catherine. You're burning up.
Did you take your pills?

YOUNG CATHERINE
You told me not to.

Catherine's confused.

CATHERINE
I did?

Young Catherine let's out a deeper cry.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Help me.

CATHERINE
Nurse?

Catherine hurries to the door and tries to push it open.

There is no door handle --

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
NURSE!

YOUNG CATHERINE
Help me --

CATHERINE
I'm trying! Nurse! We have a
sick little girl in here!

Catherine pounds violently on the door.

YOUNG CATHERINE
Catherine please!

CATHERINE
HELP US!

Catherine completely breaks.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Help us! Nurse! Nurse! NURSE! --

She turns around and moves to help YOUNG CATHERINE when --

WHOOSH!

The force of DEVILISH VOICES stop her dead in her tracks.

Catherine SCREAMS --

77 EXT. HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY - 3 DAYS AGO

Catherine, disheveled and showing major signs of instability, pours her medication over the GERTRUDE JEKYLL ROSE BUSH she planted with Dan.

She picks up a water bucket and waters the bush. Her hand rests protectively on her belly.

DEVILISH VOICES seep into the atmosphere and grow around her.

Catherine lets go of the water bucket.

She tries to place the VOICES.

Catherine rubs her stomach to protect her unborn baby.

CATHERINE
(to the air)
I'm sorting it. Zip it!

The VOICES stop.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
See? Mommy's here to protect you.
Mommy will always be here.

78 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - 3 DAYS AGO

Catherine and Dan, elegantly dressed, beam at us from a silver framed PHOTO on their honeymoon in Venice as they hug on the Rialto Bridge.

O.S. NEEDLE STATIC then --

'IL MONDO' by JIMMY FONTANA floats into the bedroom.

Catherine's bare feet pad across the carpet as she hums and drifts into the landing that's filled with dust.

Her feet float up the staircase and onto --

79 INT. HOUSE - UPPER HALLWAY/LANDING - CONTINUOUS

The upper landing that's covered in plastic.

Her feet pass a discarded PINK BUTCHER's KNIFE and bits of strewn dry wall across it.

The OIL PAINTING OF MEN FISHING sits on the ground.

O.S. a DRILL starts and a fresh cloud of DUST hits the morning light.

A hole, the size of Catherine's face, has been cut into the wall.

Catherine stands on a foot stool in the SAME DRESS from the photo and drills a pinhole inside the large hole.

A cacophony of DEVILISH VOICES seep in and cut through the music and over the drill.

Catherine stops drilling and listens.

The VOICES build over the MUSIC.

CATHERINE
(to self)
Hurry your lezza-ass up, Anita.

She starts the drill and resumes her task in spite of the voices.

As the VOICES crescendo, Catherine stops and blows excess dust from the tiny hole revealing a peep into Dan's office.

Catherine's face is hard to read as she slowly puts her eye to it.

The DEVILISH VOICES climax and --

80 INT. HOUSE - DAN'S OFFICE - LAST NIGHT - [FLASHBACK]

Catherine's hand grips the door handle and slowly pushes into Dan's office.

Dan sits on the ground in his boxers and T-Shirt.

He's holding YOUNG CATHERINE in PINK PYJAMAS.

They laugh and innocently tickle each other as Dan sings --

DAN
The itsy-bitsy spider crawled up the water spout. Down came the rain --

Dan and Young Catherine see Catherine.

DAN (CONT'D)
Look, there's Catherine. Catherine!

YOUNG CATHERINE
Hey, Catherine!

DAN
Hey, Catherine!

They both wave and smile at Catherine. "Hey Catherine" repeats and REVERBS around the room as they morph into a a blurred haze-trip.

Their VOICES reach an apex then --

Dan is at his desk in boxers and T-Shirt, typing on his laptop. Young Catherine is gone.

Over Dan's shoulder, Catherine's silhouette appears in the doorway. One arm behind her back. Her demeanour off - like she's possessed.

Catherine practically floats towards Dan.

As she gets closer, the laptop glow illuminates her deranged eyes.

Dan catches her reflection on his screen.

He rips off his headphones and turns, horrified --

DAN (CONT'D)
Catherine! It's not what you --

Catherine lets out an almighty, feral SCREAM.

She whips out her hidden arm, raises it and slams down a PINK HANDLED BUTCHERS'S KNIFE right into Dan's right temporal lobe.

Her SCREAM reverbs eerily throughout the house and into the night -

THE VOICES explode into SILENCE.

81 INT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT - PRESENT

NOCTURNAL SOUNDS echo across the peaceful garden setting.

Catherine and Anita lay side by side on pushed-together wicker lounge chairs.

Catherine holds her belly protectively.

Anita holds her other hand tight.

They stare at the stars and fight back tears.

CATHERINE
I've gone and gotten ourselves into another mess, haven't I?

Catherine lets the tears flow. Then --

FULL PANIC ATTACK.

Catherine stands, hyperventilates.

She slaps her face and rubs her eyes. She paces. She slaps herself again. Harder.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(like a mantra)
You're not a victim. You're not a victim. You're not a victim.

Anita stands, reaches for her and accidentally touches the back of Catherine's NECK.

Catherine jumps out of her skin and fumes. All the pain, hurt, frustration and loss of what she's strived to achieve hits her hard.

Anita's presence finally a stark reminder that she's not well, Catherine blasts her with an almighty feral scream and charges towards the house.

Anita follows.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(to self)
You're not a victim. You're not a vict --

ANITA
It's okay to be -

CATHERINE
It is NOT okay to be a victim!

ANITA
It's --

CATHERINE
It's NOT! Victim-hood is simply an excuse for a lack of personal progress!

Anita stops. Catherine charges on.

ANITA
Where are you going?

CATHERINE
To find ZEBRA GIRL!

82 INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Catherine bounds up the staircase with purpose.

83 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Catherine barges into the bedroom and heads straight for a small drawer.

Anita arrives at the doorway out of breath.

ANITA
So you did finish it!

CATHERINE
And with a happy fucking ending!

She rips open the drawer.

She feels around the back and pulls out a PINK LOCK BOX.

She places it on the bed.

She grabs her large jewellery box from the nightstand and dumps the jewellery onto the bed.

She pokes through the tangled mess.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
The hell is it!?
(picks out key))
Got it!

After a few attempts, she finally opens the box.

Nestled inside sits an old school work book titled: 'ZEBRA GIRL'.

Catherine pulls out ZEBRA GIRL and flips through it with urgency.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I'll show you. I'm not a victim, Anita. The Prince accepts Zebra Girl and they live happily ever after --

Catherine gets to the end of the book.

Her face drops - mortified.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
No --

ANITA
What is it?

The book drops to the floor.

A LOW FERAL NOISE escapes Catherine.

Her hands fly to her head and she squeezes it in desperation.

Anita drops to the floor and opens the book at the end.

On the last page of the book there's a drawing of Dan as 'The Prince' sitting in front of his laptop at the desk - hand on crotch. Catherine as 'Zebra Girl' looms behind him. The PINK BUTCHER's KNIFE poised to kill.

Anita reads the last words out loud.

ANITA (CONT'D)
"For as she had always known, a Zebra is simply just a painted horse. Sometimes you buck the horse. Sometimes the horse bucks you. The End."

Anita looks up to Catherine.

ANITA (CONT'D)
The bloody hell does that even mean?

CATHERINE
I'll show you what it means!

Catherine storms past Anita.

84 INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Catherine charges up the staircase and into --

85 INT. HOUSE - DAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

-- The moonlit office.

She rushes to Dan's laptop and opens it. The glow lights her face.

Anita appears in the doorway out of breath.

CATHERINE
It MEANS that I knew all along this perverted bastard was never going to --

Catherine's eyes widen in shock.

She scrolls through Dan's history.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
To -- to --

She scrolls faster.

Shakes her head.

Eyes scanning like a maniac.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
No, no, no, no --

As Catherine scrolls, Dan's HISTORY ON SCREEN READS:

- WATER THERAPY FOR THE MIND

- ART THERAPY FOR THE MIND

- ANTIPSYCHOTIC VITAMINS?

- SIDE EFFECTS WHEN STOPPING ANTIPSYCHOTIC MEDICATION

Tears sting her eyes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
No, no --

She keeps scrolling. Then --

Big GASP. Eyes wide.

Her hand shakes with trepidation as she CLICKS on something unseen.

Catherine can't breathe.

Tears stream down her red face.

Over Catherine's shoulder the fluffy tops of BABY HEADS can be seen.

Anita approaches --

ANITA
What is it --

As Anita approaches Catherine from behind, the obscured IMAGES on the screen come into view.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Oh shit --

Over Catherine's shoulder, the IMAGES on the screen are crystal clear as Catherine clicks through them like a zombie:

- HAPPY BABIES MODEL BABY CLOTHES, SOME CLADE IN PINK ZEBRA PRINTS.

- BABY TOYS

- BABY MONITORS

And lastly --

- A BIG BEAUTIFUL BABY MOBILE WITH CRYSTAL TEAR DROPS AND LITTLE PINK ZEBRAS FLOATING IN THE AIR.

Catherine steps back in horror.

CATHERINE
No --

She holds her belly and SCREAMS in anguish.

Anita tries to hug her.

Catherine violently shrugs her off and runs out of the office --

ANITA
Catherine!

86 INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Catherine descends the spiral staircase in a state of utter insanity.

Anita appears at the top.

ANITA
Catherine, wait! --

87 INT. HOUSE - LOWER STAIRCASE/LANDING/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Catherine stands in front of the CLOSED ADJACENT DOOR to her OPEN BEDROOM DOOR.

Eyes glazed with shock, she's terrified of what lies beyond.

She grips the door handle and gently pushes the door open.

Catherine cautiously makes her way in.

O.S. her FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH on PLASTIC.

Moonlight shimmers off PLASTIC COVERED FURNISHINGS.

She looks to the floor.

Small GASP.

A pile of debris shimmers in a heap by her feet.

She leans over in the dark and pulls on a cord.

The room is suddenly awash in a DUSTY PINK hue. ZEBRA SHADOWS dance on the walls that emanate from a large rotating BABY LAMP.

The walls have different coloured paint patches.

It's an UNFINISHED BABY's ROOM.

On the floor at Catherine's feet lies the SAME BABY MOBILE seen on Dan's laptop, crashed in a heap on the floor. The PINK SHOPPING BAG discarded beside it.

Anita's FEET appear next to Catherine.

As she reaches for Catherine's hand, we see that Catherine is holding the BLOODIED BUTCHERS KNIFE.

Catherine's face crumples in anguish.

O.S. distant POLICE SIRENS cut through the eerie silence.

Catherine turns to Anita - eyes wild.

CATHERINE
Please tell me you didn't darling -
-

She grabs Anita violently by her leather jacket and puts the KNIFE to her throat.

Anita doesn't resist.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
What the fuck did you do? You know what'll happen -- I'll be pilled to the ceiling! Alone until death. Why would you call the police!?

ANITA
Because -- you're not alone anymore Catherine.

Catherine takes this in.

The SIRENS LOUDER now.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Tick-tock darling.

Anita puts her hand on the knife and gently guides it away from her.

Catherine gives in and drops the knife.

She sits on the floor against the wall.

Anita sits beside her.

Catherine's head falls into Anita's lap.

She wraps her arms protectively around her belly.

An eerie sense of calm.

Anita strokes Catherine's hair.

CATHERINE
We were so happy. I felt so secure. I thought I could -- I just wanted a healthy baby.

Catherine breaks. Tears roll down her cheeks.

O.S. POLICE CARS SCREECH to a halt outside and the baby's room is hit with flashing RED and BLUE lights.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I guess I'm one of nature's mistakes.

Anita gives Catherine a gentle kiss on the cheek.

O.S. the SOUND of OFFICERS approaching the front door.

FEMALE OFFICER
One, two, three!

BOOM!

O.S. the front door SMASHES open and POLICE are HEARD rushing into the house and up the staircase.

ANITA
You ain't no mistake.

O.S. POLICE FOOTSTEPS on the stairs get closer and closer --

ANITA (CONT'D)
You're Zebra Girl.

Catherine smiles and puts her forehead against Anita's.

CATHERINE
I'm gonna miss you.

The door cautiously opens and A FEMALE POLICE OFFICER stands at the door with her GUN pointed at CATHERINE.

Anita is GONE.

Catherine sits on the floor against the wall amongst all the debris. Her arms wrapped around her belly. A small cut bleeds near her throat.

The BLOODIED PINK BUTCHER'S KNIFE sticks out of the floor between her feet.

Catherine looks up and smiles at the Officer as if looking for understanding and forgiveness.

She looks down at her belly and back up to the Officer.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I'm not alone.

The Officer connects the dots.

She lowers her gun and speaks into her radio.

FEMALE OFFICER
I have a Pregnant Female, 30s -

Catherine smiles and the Officer's VOICE fades as we float out of the room --

Into the BLOODIED BATHROOM and --

Down the SPIRAL STAIRCASE passing an ascending FEMALE POLICE OFFICER into --

The KITCHEN past a FULL UNTOUCHED BOTTLE OF WHISKY and CLEAN TEA CUP and out the open door into the --

BACK GARDEN, past the PUSHED TOGETHER wicker lounge chairs with ANITA's SUNGLASSES, UNOPENED PACK OF CIGARETTES and RED LEATHER JACKET laid out like a body and PANNING ONTO --

The DRUM at the end of the garden SPEWING FIRE with DAN's BAGGED REMAINS beside it and OVER TO --

The JULIET ROSE BUSH in FULL BLOOM and down to Catherine's PILLS scattered at the base, the discarded WATER CAN beside them.

THE END