

THE BUG HOUSE

"Blind Mice"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - MORNING

A long stark white hallway with black and white tiled floor. A NURSE dressed in white pushes a medication cart with wobbling wheels. TWO HOSPITAL WORKERS walk towards the nurse. The faces of the confined PATIENTS look out into the hallway through rectangular glass windows.

JODY RN (V.O.)

There is a place that is home to the
criminally insane.

The black and white tiles become soft and gooey. The wheels of the cart and the nurse's shoes sink into the tiles. The tiles become a swirling centrifuge gaining speed. It pulls the nurse and medication cart into the core.

JODY RN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That place has the appearance of
control and order, at least from the
outside. But within these walls there
is much to fear.

The walls, doors, and ceiling collapse and are pulled into the swirling mass. Patients and workers are sucked inside, their arms outstretched. The anguished faces of tormented, psychotic patients twirl and spin. We hear their screams for help and mercy, mixed with the eerie laughter of the deranged.

JODY RN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Patients so sick, so psychotic and
deranged, we lock them away from
society.

The horrified, perplexed, and sinister faces of the workers swirl and interchange with the patients. Their voices are a cacophony of fear, criticism, control, anger and doubt.

JODY RN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The caregivers' sometimes question
their own sense of reality, of what
is good or evil, and what is humane,
in this place they call the Bug House.

Bodies dissolve and melt into a red asymmetry of lines, that form into a moving and living brick outline. A plaque reads, "Hellingsly Mental Health Asylum, established 1829, Williamsburg, Virginia".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOOM OUT AND PAN

The asylum's clock-tower casts shadows across the front entrance doors. Vines creep up the exterior of the building. Barred windows ascend three stories.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Three members of the Behavioral Health Team stand in front of the viewing window of the Day Room. JODY WALKER R.N., a female in her late 30s, with streaked blonde hair, wearing a pink sweater and white casual pants. DR. MICHAEL CORMAC, a psychiatrist late 50s, slightly balding, wearing glasses and a wrinkled suit. DR. DAINAN MARLEAU, a forensic Psychologist, African-American in his early 30s, wearing casual business attire covered by a lab coat.

JODY RN (V.O.)

It is the early spring and Alison
Wilson arrived here two months ago.
She looks harmless, and unassuming.
But is she?

FLASHBACK

Alison raises the shovel spade above her head. Her eyes gleam with rage. Her muscles tense, as she thrust the spade downwards in fury.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Cormac peers over the top of his glasses to read a file marked, "Alison Wilson".

INT. DAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alison, a young woman in her early 20s with almond shaped eyes, sits at an easel painting. Her hair is perfectly combed and pulled back into a ponytail. She wears a bright flower patterned dress.

SETH THOMAS, Mental Health Technician, a male in his early 20s, wearing white casual pants and white T-Shirt, watches Alison.

Three patients play "Fish", two patients play checkers, a catatonic patient rocks back and forth in front of a jigsaw puzzle. A psychotic patient laughs. He stands at the window in the sunlight. Holding up his hands, he makes shadow finger images against the wall.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Cormac reads the medical file.

DR. CORMAC

I think she's about ready to stand trial.

JODY RN

Dr. Cormac, until the trial, can we consider transferring her to maybe a residential treatment facility? She's demonstrated no signs of hostility or aggression and she meets all the criteria for placement.

A kerfuffle in the Day Room. The checkerboard is thrown in the air. A patient playing checkers overturns the table and picks up his chair. He throws the chair against the wall. Seth talks on his walkie-talkie. Four ORDERLIES rush into the Day Room and place the patient in a four point hold. The patient is walked out of the Day Room, screaming, biting, and kicking.

DR. MARLEAU

Although that may be correct, given the savagery of her crime, how can you justify placing her there?

JODY RN

Dr. Marleau, the other patients are psychotic and violent. Watch her, do you really think she's that dangerous?

Alison, calmly walks over to the toppled table and straightens it. She picks up checkers off the floor. Seth walks next to her, and bends down. He picks up 3-4 checkers and hands them to Alison. He looks at her, and smiles.

DR. CORMAC

Nurse Walker, although I understand your empathy and compassion for her, I tend to agree with Dr. Marleau.

Jody R.N. looks at Dr. Cormac in disbelief. She glances into the Day Room. Alison looking up, sees her and the Behavioral Health team.

DR. CORMAC

After reading her file, I have serious concerns.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. CORMAC (Cont'd)

We still don't understand her motives
or triggers, or her capacity to kill
again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALISON'S APARTMENT- DAY

"ONE YEAR PRIOR" - Alison talks on the telephone to MARY BANCROFT, her mother. She looks expectantly out the living room window, she moves the curtain to the side.

Her apartment is eclectic with an over-stuffed sofa with antique furniture and paintings. MR. BUBBLES, a 3 year old white, fluffy, Persian cat rubs against her legs. Alison picks the cat and holds him, while she cradles the phone.

ALISON (V.O.)

No mom, he's single. Of course, I'm
careful. No. Just a minute. Bubbles,
come on now, watch the teeth.

She walks to a painting easel. It sits in a corner of the living room. Brushes and tubes of paint are scattered on the adjacent side table. She puts a cap on a tube of paint. She glances at the half finished country landscape painting on the easel, and smiles.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Sorry mom, he is getting so
ridiculously jealous. The cat mom.
The cat?

MARY (O.S.)

I hope the cat. Now, you know what
we think about -

ALISON

Mom, he's here! I've got to go. Of
course I'll be careful. I love you.

Alison hangs up the phone. She cuddles Mr. Bubbles and gives him a big kiss on the forehead.

ALISON

You be good okay. Love you.

Alison drops Mr. Bubbles to the floor, grabs her keys and purse and exits out the front door.

INT. ALISON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Bubbles jumps on the living room window ledge.

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CONTINUED:

MR. BUBBLES POV FROM THE WINDOW

The cat watches Alison run down the front steps, to BERNAEL WILSON, male, in his mid 30s. He is tall and strikingly handsome with dark brown eyes and thick, black hair. He stands in front of his Porsche.

Alison greets Bernael with a passionate embrace. Bernael opens Alison's car door, and she sits in the passenger seat. As he walks to the drivers side, Bernael glances up towards the apartment window.

Mr. Bubbles swishes his tail agitated, and lets out an irritated meow, then a hiss. He jumps off the sill. Bernael grins slyly as he enters the Porsche.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Alison and Bernael stand by the pond. Bernael holds a paper bag full of pellets. Alison grabs pellets from the bag, and bends down.

ALISON
Watch this.

She extends her hand to the ducks which feed directly from the palm of her hand, and she laughs. Bernael smiles.

ALISON (CONT'D)
More food please.

Alison drops the pellets to the ground, and points to a colorful duck.

ALISON (CONT'D)
See that one there, that's called a wood duck. He's absolutely beautiful, isn't he.

BERNAEL
You're the one whose beautiful.

Alison smiles. She drops the remainder of the pellets on the ground. The ducks gather and feed at her feet. Bernael grabs her hand, and squeezes it.

BERNAEL
Alison, I know this may be quick, and we've only known each other for about four months now...But, I know I love you. Baby, I've never felt like this before. I know you're the one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches into his coat pocket. He reveals a ring box, and opens it.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

So, what I want to know is...Will you marry me?

Alison sees the engagement ring.

ALISON

Bernie? Yes! Oh my God, yes.

Alison hugs him. Bernael holds Alison's hand, to place the engagement ring on her finger.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP OF ALISON'S HAND.

Bernael places a wedding band on Alison's finger.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

The PRIEST, a 60 year old Caucasian male, stands at the altar.

PRIEST

You may now kiss the bride.

Bernael kisses Alison. The happy couple turn and face the congregation. The couple walk hand-in-hand towards the church entrance. Alison mouths, "I love you", to her parents, MATTHEW BANCROFT, early 60s, and tearful MARY BANCROFT, late 50s, as they stand at the right front pew. Bernael shakes his father's hand, LEVIATHAN SHAMAEL, mid 60s, cold eyes and a hardened face, and smiles at his mother, LINDA SHAMAEL, late 50s, petite and mousy. Linda smiles weakly at her husband.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Alison's and Bernael's parents with family friends stand on the steps of the chapel. The crowd throws confetti and rice at the newlyweds.

Alison and Bernael run to the limousine. A LIMOUSINE DRIVER opens the door. They enter the limousine, Alison throws kisses good-bye.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Alison and Bernael crawl into the back seat of the limousine. The door closes. Alison looks at the wedding bouquet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON
(laughing)
I forgot!

Alison opens the car window and throws her wedding bouquet. A lucky wedding guest catches it. She waves good-bye. Leviathan roughly grabs Linda's arm to leave, she relents. The other guests scatter and depart. Mary and Matthew watch the limousine drive into the distance.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Bernael leans over, and closes the car window. Bernael gives Alison a soft, tender kiss. A bottle of champagne sits in a bucket on ice.

BERNAEL
Champagne.

We hear the pop as Bernael opens the bottle. Alison laughs as it bubbles and overflows. He pours a glass and hands it to Alison.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Thanks.

Bernael pours himself a glass, and sits back looking at Alison with adoration. His eyes glance down at her necklace.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)
What's this?

CLOSE UP

Alison wears an exquisite Victorian 9 Karat rose cut diamond necklace with sweet foliate motif, there is a hint of art nouveau. It glimmers.

ALISON
It's my family heirloom.

BERNAEL
I thought we discussed this Alison.
Why didn't you wear the necklace I gave you?

ALISON
I couldn't, I'm sorry. My mom put it on me, just before the wedding. It means so much to her - to both of them - I couldn't tell them no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNAEL

I don't understand you. You didn't want to hurt their feelings, but you can hurt mine.

ALISON

Bernael, I never meant to hurt you, you know, I wouldn't do that...I'll change it, okay, I'm sorry.

Alison opens her evening purse and exchanges the necklaces. Bernael watches her make the exchange.

BERNAEL

Don't you think it's a little late for that now? It was a gift Alison, photos were taken.

He looks outside the window. Alison looks at the necklace on her chest, and touches it. Tears form in her eyes.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - EVENING

The hotel suite is immense and luxurious, with plush oversized furniture and intricate artwork. Alison and Bernael lie on the king-size bed, she is dressed in a negligee, and he is nude beneath the sheet. She is tucked under his arm, he kisses her.

BERNAEL

I'm sorry about earlier.

ALISON

It was my fault and I'm sorry. How about I make it up to you?

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

And how are you going to do that?

Alison kisses his lips.

ALISON

How about I show you?

Alison turns on her side, she reaches to turn off the bedside table lamp. Bernael grabs her arm.

BERNAEL

Angel, don't. Go turn on the bathroom light, and leave the door open a bit.

Alison looks at Bernael curiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNAEL

Hey, I like to see where I'm going in the dark. Besides, I want to watch you.

Bernael grabs Alison 's thigh and runs his hand up to her buttocks, squeezing them. She lightly screams in delight.

ALISON

Hmm, yes, baby.

Alison kisses Bernael, and gets out of bed. She walks to the bathroom, and leaves the door ajar. Bernael turns off the bedside table lamp.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A 1930 Dutch Colonial two-story house, stands on a quiet tree-lined road. A LIGHT INSTALLATION CONTRACTOR stands outside the house. He is late 30s, handsome, tall, with light features and blue eyes. He looks at his order sheet and rings the doorbell.

The front door opens. Bernael greets the CONTRACTOR.

BERNAEL

Good morning.

CONTRACTOR

Bernie Wilson?

BERNAEL

That's right, Amstel lighting? You're fifteen minutes late.

CONTRACTOR

I apologize, it was a little difficult finding my way here. There wasn't a lot of street signs and it's so-

BERNAEL

I don't need excuses, you're late. Just come with me, so I can show you where I want the installation.

The contractor enters the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Inside the house, the wood floors shine, and a stone fire place stands central between the living room and dining room. Moving boxes are stacked and furniture sits sporadically in each room of the house.

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CONTINUED:

Alison kneels on the floor of the living room, unpacking boxes. She plays with Mr. Bubbles, popping bubble wrap, he jumps into an empty box meowing. Laughing, Alison looks up as the contractor and Bernael walk by on route to the kitchen and pantry.

CONTRACTOR

Hello.

ALISON

Hi.

BERNAEL

Excuse me?

Bernael exchanges questioning expressions with Alison. Alison looks uncomfortable. The contractor watches the exchange.

BERNAEL

This way.

Bernael walks the contractor to the kitchen. Alison uneasy watches them leave.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The contractor walks with Bernael into the dining room and then the living room. The main overhead light turns on automatically. Movement sensors are positioned in each corner of the room.

CONTRACTOR

The motion sensors are highly sensitive and notice any slight movement, so when you enter any room in the house, the lights will go on automatically.

BERNAEL

What about when I leave the room?

CONTRACTOR

They'll turn off within a minute of no activity. If you want the lights to remain on, you only need to flip this switch.

The contractor flicks a switch on the lighting control panel.

BERNAEL

Perfect. Thank you.

The men shake hands. Alison and Mr. Bubbles watch the exchange questioningly. Alison pets the cat. Bernael walks the contractor to the door, he exits.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alison sits in front of a box labeled, "Bernael's stuff". She reaches inside and pulls out books. One book is labeled, "Tantra", Alison raises her eye brows and giggles when she opens it, revealing men and women in various sexual poses.

ALISON

Nice. This one's for the bedroom.

She reaches inside the box and pulls out a children's story book. She looks at it curious. It is stained and worn, and the title reads, "Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes". Upon opening, it plays a scratched and broken version of the children's song, "Three Blind Mice..."

BERNAEL

What are you doing?

ALISON

I'm unpacking your books.

Alison lifts the "Tantra" book.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Kinky.

Bernael grins.

ALISON (CONT'D)

And this. It is so adorable, Bernie.
I didn't know you were so...

BERNAEL

(interrupting)

Give that to me, please.

Bernael extends his hand irritated and angry. Alison surprised hands him the book. Bernael snatches it. Mr. Bubbles cowers.

FLASHBACK-BERNIE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

YOUNG BERNAEL, age eight. Leviathan yanks Bernie's arm and drags him towards the bedroom closet door. The bedroom is neat and sterile.

LEVIATHAN

You fucking little shit! You know what we do with little pigs, don't you?...Don't you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG BERNAEL

Please daddy, please, I didn't mean to spill my milk, I'm sorry. I don't want to go-

LEVIATHAN

Shut the fuck up!

Leviathan slaps Bernael across the face. He opens the closet door. There is broken light bulb on the interior ceiling of the closet, the floor is urine stained.

LEVIATHAN

Here, you stinking, filthy little pig.

Leviathan throws the stained childhood book into the closet. The door closes. Young Bernael watches the darkness set in. "The Three Blind Mice" plays.

YOUNG BERNAEL

Daddy, please don't, I'll be good. I promise, please.

Young Bernael pounds his fists against the closet door.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alison looks at Bernael concerned. Mr. Bubbles hides behind Alison, peeking around her back.

ALISON

Are you okay?

BERNAEL

I'll unpack my own stuff, if you don't mind.

Bernael picks up the books, and hurriedly shoves them into the box. He grabs the box and exits.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bernael carries the box, and places it on the kitchen counter. He opens a cabinet and grabs a highball glass. He pours a stiff drink of scotch. His mood is dark. He downs the scotch in one large gulp and grimaces.

Mr. Bubbles enters the kitchen and drinks from his water bowl. Bernael looks at the cat. Irritated, he stomps his foot.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

Scat!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Bubbles arches his back and hisses.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out of here.

Bernael throws his empty glass against the wall. Mr. Bubbles scurries out. Hearing the noise Alison enters concerned.

ALISON
Bernie, are you okay?

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Alison looks at herself in the bathroom mirror, Mr. Bubbles watches her. She applies her make-up meticulously. Bernael enters the bathroom, wearing a suit. Mr. Bubbles nervous, flees. He stands behind Alison and puts his arms around her waist.

BERNAEL
I don't like when you wear make-up.
You're beautiful, you don't need this
shit.

Bernael grabs the eye shadow in Alison's hand and places it on the bathroom counter.

ALISON
But, I like to look nice when I go
out in public.

Bernael gently lifts her chin.

BERNAEL
Do you think your ugly without it?

ALISON
Well, no but-

He kisses her.

BERNAEL
Good, then it's all settled. By the
way, I'll be driving you to work this
morning.

Alison looks at him surprised.

ALISON
You really don't need to, I can drive.

BERNAEL
I want to.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNAEL (Cont'd)

I don't really see the point of us
wasting the gas or the money, I can
drive you.

Alison is hesitant. Bernael kisses Alison on her neck and
turns to exit.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

Be ready in ten minutes. I'm meeting
with a guy at eight-thirty, I think
the deal's going through, so I don't
want to be late.

INT. BERNAEL CAR - MORNING

Bernael drives the Porsche to the front entrance of the
hospital. Alison sits in the passenger seat and wears a lab
coat and ID badge, she is dressed in business casual. She
opens the car door and swings her legs out.

BERNAEL

So, what time do you want me to pick
you up?

ALISON

Well...seven.

Bernael leans in to kiss Alison.

BERNAEL

See you at seven.

A kiss, Alison unhappily looks at Bernael. She exits the
car.

EXT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Alison standing inside the hospital entrance doors, watches
the pouring rain. She looks at the car lights as they drive
by and then looks at her watch. A CO-WORKER notices Alison.

CO-WORKER

Hey Alison, you need a lift or
anything?

ALISON

No, I'm okay. My husband should be
here shortly.

CO-WORKER

You sure you don't want a lift?
Traffic is always shitty in this
weather.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON

Thanks, but he said he was only a few blocks away. He should be here soon.

CO-WORKER

Okay then, see you tomorrow.

The Co-worker exits from the main entrance. Alison dials Bernael on her cellular phone. She looks at her watch, the time reads, "8:15 p.m." Alison exits the hospital and waves for a taxi-cab. The cab pulls up and Alison enters.

INT. YELLOW CAB - CONTINUOUS

The cab's windshield wipers beat hard back and forth. The TAXI DRIVER, an overweight polish man in his late 50s, talks to Alison.

TAXI DRIVER

Where I take you?

ALISON

227 Wellington Court.

The taxi driver starts the meter. He speaks into the radio.

TAXI DRIVER

Hey, Bruno, yes, it me Vladimir. I pick up fare.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

And, what the hell have you been doing for the....

TAXI DRIVER

Czekaj, czekaj. I busy okay, you look outside, it raining you dumb shit.

DISPATCHER

What's your location?

TAXI DRIVER

I go to 227 Willington. You happy now? Good, dziekuje.

The car pulls away from the entrance of the hospital. Alison removes the cellular phone from her purse and dials Bernael's cellular phone. There is no answer.

ALISON

Hi Bernie, it's Alison. Where are you? I'm worried. I've been waiting for over an hour.

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CONTINUED:

The taxi driver looks in the rear view mirror.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I'm in a cab and heading home, I should
be there in about twenty minutes.
Call me if you get this message. I
love you.

Alison disconnects the cellular phone. The taxi driver looks
at Alison in the rear view mirror. Their eyes lock. Alison
avoids his stare and turns her face towards the car window.

TAXI DRIVER

You okay?

ALISON

I'm fine, thank you.

TAXI DRIVER

You no look fine.

Alison looks at the taxi driver. She is unable to speak.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Man should respect woman, why he
late?

ALISON

I'm sure something just happened,
and-

TAXI DRIVER

(interrupting)

And what happened? The son-of-a-
bitch hands broken? You have phone,
he can phone. You look like nice
girl, don't let man treat you like
shit, understand?

Alison looks away from the taxi driver, disconcerted.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Alison stands in front of an easel, she paints a picture of
a solemn woman and her cat. The cat is curled in the woman's
lap, the woman strokes it. Her sad and haunting eyes look
out into darkness.

Mr. Bubbles is curled up on the floor next to Alison's feet.
Alison turns to the sound of keys opening the front door,
and stops painting in mid stroke.

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CONTINUED:

The front door swings open. Bernael walks in drunk, the entry lights turn on. He attempts to place the keys on the foyer table, missing it, the keys tumble to the floor.

ALISON
You're home late. Are you okay?

Bernael staggers to the bar, and pours a scotch. Alison places the paint brush down.

ALISON
I waited for you for over an hour.

Bernael takes a drink of the scotch. Oblivious to Alison. Alison walks over to him.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Bernael, aren't you going to talk to me.

Bernael looks at Alison blankly. Silence.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I was worried about you.

Bernael's mood shifts, he slaps Alison across the face with the back of his hand. Alison is shocked and speechless. Mr. Bubbles hisses.

BERNAEL
Fuck you, I don't need to say a fucking thing bitch.

Alison looks at Bernael, tears form in her eyes. Mr. Bubbles swishes his tail, arches his back, and poses to pounce. A deep low guttural meow.

INT. RESTAURANT BAR - DAY

Alison and her mother, Mary sit at the bar in an upscale Italian restaurant. Alison sips a glass of wine, while Mary drinks a dry martini. Alison wears dark glasses. She glances at an adjacent couple who kiss and hold hands. She looks at her mom.

MARY
So, everything's been okay? You know how your father is...My god, that man worries. He counts the days until you call.

ALISON
Everything's been fine, Mom.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON (Cont'd)

I'm okay, really. I don't mean to make Dad worry, I'll try to call more often, okay.

MARY (CONT'D)

Well, you look exhausted. Have you lost weight? You just don't look right. And why are you wearing those ridiculous glasses? Will you take them off, please.

Alison hesitantly removes her glasses, her face is bruised. Mary is mortified.

MARY

Oh my god, Alison, what happened? Did he do this to you?

ALISON

No, Mom...It happened at work. A patient in the Emergency Room. I just happened to be in arms reach.

Mary looks at her daughter uncertain.

MARY

Put your glasses back on...You really need to be more careful. I don't know why you ever became a Doctor in the first place, all those diseases and -

ALISON

Mom, please. I don't want to talk about it.

MARY

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable.

Mary raises her hand, and motions for the BARTENDER.

ALISON

Mom, no. I got this, I invited you.

Alison opens her purse, and removes the credit card from her wallet. She hands it to the bartender.

MARY

So, how is Bernael anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON

He's fine. He's just having a hard time making a sale, the economy and everything - nobody's buying houses right now.

Alison looks at her hands and then at her mother. The women sip on their coffees.

MARY

Can't he do something else in the meantime? I mean, marriage is hard enough without having financial difficulties. He needs to be doing his part too, Alison.

ALISON

I know, Mom, he's been trying. It's just this real estate slump is really...

Alison glances up as the bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

Excuse me, I apologize. But your card has been declined.

ALISON

That can't be. I just got paid. Can you try the card again, please?

Mary annoyed, raises her hand to interrupt. She opens her purse, and removes her wallet. She hands the bartender cash.

MARY

I got it. Here, this should take care of it.

BARTENDER

Thank you, ma'am.

The bartender walks away. Mary looks at her daughter concerned. A moment of silence.

MARY

Alison, what's going on?

Alison looks at her mother uncomfortable.

INT. BANK - DAY

Alison enters the bank. A sign on the wall reads "Accounts Manager". Beneath it sits a BANK CLERK, a heavy set woman in her late 20s. Alison walk towards her.

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CONTINUED:

BANK CLERK

Can I help you?

ALISON

Hi, yes, there seems to be a mistake with my checking account. I haven't made any recent withdrawals, and my card was just declined.

BANK CLERK

Can I get your name, account number and a picture ID please?

ALISON

Sure, uh, Alison Wilson.

Alison hands the Bank Clerk, her debit card, and driver's license. The Bank Clerk enters data into the computer system.

BANK CLERK

Your available funds is \$22.16. There was a sizable withdrawal two days ago, for just over nine thousand dollars.

ALISON

No, that can't be, my paycheck was deposited only two days ago, and...

BANK CLERK

Does anyone else have access to your account?

(pause)

No one knows your PIN number, or account numbers, or access codes?

ALISON

Well, just my husband.

The Bank Clerk gives Alison a knowing look. Alison looks ashamed, and then indignant.

INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alison enters the house, she removes her coat and places her purse on the entry table. She looks around the room, searching for her cat.

ALISON

Bubbles? Mr. Bubbles.

Alison waits and listens. She does not hear her cat's meow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON (CONT'D)
Bubbles.

Alison walks down the hallway.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Here kitty, kitty, kitty.

She walks into the kitchen. Bernael sits at the kitchen table, eating a sandwich and drinking a beer.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Hey Bernael, have you seen Bubbles?

BERNAEL
Is that anyway to greet me? No, Alison, I haven't seen your fucking cat.

Alison shocked looks at Bernael. He shoves the empty plate across the table, and grabs his beer.

ALISON
Excuse me?

BERNAEL
Are you deaf, or just stupid? It's not my fucking problem, Alison, it's your problem.

ALISON
Bernie, please, I need to talk to you, alright? And I need your help.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)
You're always trying to talk to me. Like, fuck, can't you see how hard I'm trying here? All you care about is your fucking cat!

ALISON
That's not true. I've been working hard, trying to pay the bills... cleaning the house, all I want is a little bit of help here, Bernie. I just can't keep...

Bernael bangs his fist on the table.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up, okay! I know, Alison, I know. What the hell do you want me to do, huh?
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNAEL (Cont'd)

I hate my fucking life right now. Is that so hard for you to understand?

Alison fearful.

BERNAEL

I don't need this and I don't need your bullshit today, okay. Just leave me the fuck alone and go find your fucking cat.

Bernael stands up and walks out.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alison steps out the back door onto the porch. She is frantic. The area behind the house is wooded.

ALISON

Bubbles!

Alison paces. She walks onto the grass, in the middle of the lawn. Her cheeks are streaked with tears. She stands on the grass. Moments pass. She listens and hears a faint meow. She walks towards the sound.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Bubbles! Bubs.

She walks faster, and calls out the cats name frantically. The cat howls and meows. The sound is coming from above. She looks up into the tree, and sees Mr. Bubbles peering down at her, scared.

ALISON (CONT'D)

What are you doing up there? Get down here. Come on. That's a good boy.

Mr. Bubbles sees her and begins to crawl down the tree. Alison lifts him to look at him closely. His white fur is caked with dirt. The cat purrs as Alison grabs him and pulls him close, and bumps his nose into hers.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Did you sneak outside you silly cat?

Alison walks towards the house, Mr. Bubbles looks towards the house and swishes his tail agitated.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Alison bathes Mr. Bubbles in the kitchen sink. The clock reads, 9:10 pm. The cat screeches as she soaps and rinses away the dirt.

ALISON

Oh, come on now, it's not that bad.

(pause)

I'm going to take care of you.

Everything's going to be okay.

She rinses the cat with water and towel dries it. The telephone rings. She places the cat on the kitchen floor, and it does a spasmodic dance, as it tries to fling the water from it's paws.

CLOSE UP NAME OF CALLER - "BERNAEL WILSON"

Alison picks up the phone.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Hello...Hello?

She hears voices on the other end of the phone.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - EVENING

Bernael and TRISHA MCBRIDE, a pretty woman, in her late 20s, dressed in seductive black corset and garter. They are in the heat of passion.

Bernael's I-Phone and wallet sit on the bedroom dresser. He lifts Trisha by her buttocks onto the dresser. He unzips his pants and thrusts inside her. She screams in delight. His I-Phone and wallet fall to the floor.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Alison listens intently into the telephone. Barely audible she hears.

BERNAEL (V.O.)

Come here, baby. Oh yeah...I like that.

ALISON

Bernie, pick up the phone!

Alison listening intently paces the floor.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I can hear you, damn it. Pick up the phone! Bernie. Bernael!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dial tone goes dead.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The bedroom clock reads, "5:00 am". Alison glances at Bernael asleep. She lifts the bed covers gently, pushes Mr. Bubbles to the floor, and lowers her feet to the ground. She quietly exits the bedroom.

INT. FRONT STAIRWELL - MORNING

Bernaël's I-Phone sits on the entry way table. Alison glances up the stairs, she picks up the I-Phone with unsure, and flips through the screens.

CLOSE UP I-PHONE

She opens the text messages. A tear rolls down Alison's cheek. A message from Bernael's mistress TRISHA reads, "Tell me, who's your dirty little whore?" Attached is a photo of Trisha in a sexy lace, no cup underwire shelf black bra. She wears Alison's heirloom necklace.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Alison picks up the telephone receiver and dials her mother, Mary. Alison waits impatiently as the phone rings. Mr. Bubbles jumps on the table, he meows and butts her hand, trying to console her.

INT. BANCROFT BEDROOM - MORNING

Mary lies in bed. MATTHEW BANCROFT, a Caucasian male in his late 60s, lies next to her.

MARY

Hello?

ALISON (O.S.)

Mom.

Mary is now alert. She sits up, concerned.

MARY

Alison?

Matthew sits up and looks questioningly at his wife.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE THAT MORNING

Alison sits at the kitchen table at her parents home. It is large upscale Brownstone, finely decorated. Matthew sits across from Alison. Mary pours coffee into mugs and sits at the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON
Mom and Dad, I need your help.

Tears flow down her face. Shame and humiliation build.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Everything's wrong, everything's
horribly wrong. I'm so afraid.

MARY
Alison, a patient never hit you in
the ER, did they? It was Bernael,
wasn't it.

Alison hangs her head in shame and shakes her head, "yes".
Matthew is enraged.

MATTHEW
That son-of-a-bitch! I'll kill him!

Mary places her hand on his arm. Matthew clenches his fists,
and hits the table. Alison cringes. Mary watches his
reaction, concerned.

MARY
Matthew, enough.

Matthew becomes quiet. He looks at Mary.

MATTHEW
(painfully)
He hurt my little girl, Mary.

Tears form in Matthew's eyes. He looks at Alison, and the
pain is too much. Mary squeezes his arm.

MARY
I know, honey, I know.

He looks at Mary, a tear rolls down his cheek. He stands
up, and walks to the kitchen sink, disheartened.

MARY (CONT'D)
Alison, what do you need us to do?

CUT TO:

INT. JEWELRY STORE - AFTERNOON

The JEWELRY CLERK, a sophisticated woman in her mid 40's
presents the Tiffany Diamond Pendant Necklace to Bernael to
inspect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEWELRY CLERK

The necklace is round diamonds in platinum, with a total of 1.8 Carats. It's priced at \$8500.

Bernael lifts the necklace into the light, it sparkles.

BERNAEL

Perfect. I'll take it.

JEWELRY CLERK

Will that be cash or credit?

BERNAEL

Cash. Can you gift wrap it for me, please?

JEWELRY CLERK

Certainly.

The Jewelry Clerk smiles. Bernael's phone rings. It reads, "Call Forward".

BERNAEL

(into phone)

Hello? Sorry, she's not available. I'm her husband...I see. Is it okay if I come by to pick it up? No, it's no problem, no problem at all.

Bernael hangs up the phone. The Jewelry Clerk returns with the gift wrapped necklace.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

Bernael sits on the sofa watching "The Three Stooges", a highball of scotch in his hand. Alison enters, carrying an empty suitcase in her hand. She places it on the floor by the front door. Mr. Bubbles running, greets her.

BERNAEL

Hey baby, where've you been? I missed you...What, no kiss?

Alison guarded enters the room. Mr. Bubbles watches protectively.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, the bank called today, you left these there.

Bernael places her driver's license on the coffee table. Alison turns pale. Mr. Bubbles tail begins to swish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

Lucky for me I forwarded the home phone, today. So, what were you doing at the bank Alison?

Alison is fearful.

ALISON

I had some business to take care of.

Bernael sees the suitcase by the front door.

BERNAEL

And, what's with the suitcase angel? Going somewhere?

Alison is speechless.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

What's wrong, cat got your tongue?

He reaches into his coat pocket and withdraws a gift box, handing it to her.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

I bought a present for you today. Go on, Angel, open it.

Alison stares solemnly at it. Bernael opens the jewelry case to reveal the diamond necklace. Alison is unnerved. Mr. Bubbles hisses, and arches his back.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

You like it, don't you?

ALISON

(whispers)
It's beautiful.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

How about you try it on, huh, baby?

Bernael walks behind Alison and wraps the necklace around her neck. He grips the chain tight. Alison struggles and fights for her breath. He whispers in her ear.

BERNAEL

You know you're my everything, don't you, princess. I know you'd never leave me.

ALISON

Bernie, let go, I can't breathe!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The necklace breaks. Alison gasps for air and backs away.

ALISON
Get away from me...

Bernael reaches, grabbing Alison's hair, he swings her head violently. Mr. Bubbles HOWLS, agitated, he slashes at Bernael with his claws.

BERNAEL
Where are you going Alison? Where
the hell do you think you're going?

He punches Alison hard in the face. Alison falls to the floor and breaks free of his grasp. He tries to grab her hair and misses. She pushes herself on her buttocks to the fireplace. Alison picks up the fireplace poker and swings it wildly. She connects with Bernael's face, slicing it. Mr. Bubbles hunches to pounce. Bernael touches his face, and looks at his fingertips, stained with blood.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)
You fucking bitch! You're fucking
going to get it now!

Mr. Bubbles pounces onto Bernael's back. Biting, he digs his teeth deep into his neck. Mr. Bubbles claws hard at the broken skin. Bernael yelps and grasps the cat.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)
You little fucker, feisty little shit,
aren't ya?...
(gleefully)
Gotcha! See who I got, Alison? Huh?
What are you going to do now, baby?

Bernael dangles Mr. Bubbles hissing and clawing in mid-air.

ALISON
Bernael, stop! Please, don't hurt
him!

BERNAEL
Do you think I want to hurt your
precious little cat? Do you? Want
to see how much I like pussy?

Mr. Bubbles squirms, frantically attempts to scratch and maim Bernael. Bernael grasps him tight by the scruff of the neck. Mr. Bubbles GROWLS.

BERNAEL
Do you know what it's like to be second
rate to an animal, Alison? Do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON

Bernie, please...He's all I've got.

BERNAEL

He's all you got? Did I hear you right, Alison? He's all you fucking got?

Bernael pauses. He looks at the cat frantically trying to escape. With malice, he breaks the cat's neck and the cat crumples lifeless to the floor. Alison runs to her cat. She cuddles the dying animal in her arms

ALISON

Bubbles! You fucking bastard! Why?

(to cat)

My baby, my poor baby. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

(to Bernael)

I hate you! I fucking hate you!

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up, Alison! Shut up, do you hear me!

Bernael grabs her head and pulls it back.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

If you don't, I swear, I'll snap your fucking neck next, do you hear me? Now, go bury that fucking thing.

Bernael exits.

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

Alison places Mr. Bubbles into a shallow grave. She shovels dirt onto a small mound. She turns and walks to the back door.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The back door knob turns, the door opens. Enters Alison. She holds a shovel in her hand. The kitchen lights turn on. She walks to circuit breaker and turns off each breaker one at a time.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bernael lies on the bed, watching television. A bottle of scotch sits on the bedside table. BLACKNESS, the lights go OUT. Bernael is surrounded by DARKNESS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNAEL

Alison, is that you? Turn on the fucking lights! Alison, do you hear me?

Bernael is frozen. He extends his arms and hands, and blindly walks toward the closed curtains.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

Alison!

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Alison walks up the entryway stairs. She drags the shovel up the stairs, in her opposite hand is duct tape. The shovel hits the wooden steps, the a roll of sound echoes in the house. She turns at the top of the stairs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bernael flings the curtains open. The streetlight ILLUMINATES his face. He feels a sense of relief, then scowls.

BERNAEL

You want to play, huh Alison? You want to fucking-

As he turns, the spade smashes across his face. Bernael falls to his knees.

ALISON

Play?

Alison raises the spade high, and drives it straight down into Bernael's right shoulder blade. We hear the CRUNCH of the bones breaking. His arm hangs loosely.

ALISON (CONT'D)

You bastard! You like this now?

BERNAEL

Alison, please don't! I love you.

ALISON

You love me? You love me. You have a weird fucking way of showing it.

Alison drives the spade into the center core of Bernael's back. He SCREAMS again.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

You bitch! I can't feel my legs, I can't feel my fucking legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bernael drags himself across the floor to the bedside table. He reaches for lamp, it topples to the floor shattering. Grabbing a piece of glass shard, he stabs Alison in the leg. Alison yells in pain. She smashes the spade hard into his hand. Bernael SCREAMS.

BERNAEL (CONT'D)

Alison, stop! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you.

Alison grabs the duct tape and binds Bernael's wrists together.

ALISON

You didn't mean to hurt me?

BERNAEL

I didn't mean to hurt your cat.

Alison stops. Her rage intensifies and she straddles Bernael.

ALISON

Nobody hurts my cat.

She drives the spade deep into his Adam's apple. Blood sprays. Alison's face is splattered with blood. She walks to the window, she closes the curtains, pauses, and looks at Bernael. His eyes pleading.

She picks up a shard of glass and twirls it in her finger tips. She kneels next to Bernael's face, grabs his hair, and thrusts his head backwards. Lifting the glass shard, she plunges it deep into each eyeball. Bernael SCREAMS. She plucks out each eye. She walks out the bedroom, and closes the door. We hear faint crying and panicked gurgled speech.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY ROOM PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Alison sits calmly in front of the easel, painting. Jody leans over her shoulder, and looks at a disturbed painting of a white fluffy Persian cat. Its fur is caked with blood, its eyes glimmer, and teeth clench a gnawed mouse. It stands proudly in front of a man's butchered face.

EXT. DAY ROOM PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Cormac and Dr. Marleau stand at the viewing window. Jody, unnerved, walks towards them.

DR. MALEAU

Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JODY RN

I'm fine.

DR. CORMAC

Jody, sometimes in life, things happen outside of our control. Unfortunately, it can permanently change who we are as a human being.

Dr. Cormac closes the file.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Seth stands outside Alison's room, watching her sleep. He turns the door handle to check it is locked. Seth peers inside, extends his tongue, and lecherously licks the tiny observation window, an evil glimmer in his eye.

SETH

Sleep tight, Angel. Sleep tight.

Blackness.

FADE OUT