

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Sarah opens her front door and steps into her home. She walks to the kitchen and puts her bag and work material on the table and sits down. Her cat, LUNA, rubs against her leg and PURRS. She reaches down to stroke its fur. Sarah goes to the refrigerator and gets a saucer of milk for the cat who laps it up. There is a MUFFLED SOUND, an unintelligible voice coming from somewhere in the house.

Sarah goes down the hall to a room with a closed door. She opens it, the room is dark, the SOUNDS grow louder, she leans against the door frame and flicks the light switch.

BEN, 25 years old, 5'9", brown hair and a slight build is sitting, bound tightly to a wooden chair, his legs taped together, a gag in his mouth. His hair is matted, his face is bruised and sweaty. There is a bed opposite him, and a dresser drawer with a mirror behind him. Sarah pulls up a chair and sits close to him, she grabs a knife from the dresser top. Ben is squirming and trying to talk through the gag.

Sarah glides the blade of the knife along Ben's face and throat, never drawing blood.

SARAH

You'll be happy to know that you've been reported officially missing. Probably your idiot friends at the pub missed your drunken slurs and hilarious aids jokes. No doubt I'll be getting a visit from the authorities pretty soon, motive and all. What to do, what to do.

Ben is trying to speak through the gag.

SARAH

What's that, let you go? Hahaha. Oh yes, and I'm sure I have your word that you'll never say anything about this, and that you'll never bother me again. Never hit me, push me down the stairs, whip me, yank out my hair, blacken my eye! Let's see, did I leave anything out? Oh, right, cause my miscarriage?!

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SARAH (CONT'D)

Wait, that was actually a favor, wouldn't want to carry the spawn of your evil little seed. God, I actually slept with you, and more than once! Maybe one for me too, eh?

Sarah starts to make a small cut on her left forearm.

SARAH

Hmm, nah, think I'll just forgive myself. But you, on the other hand.

Sarah pulls the chair closer to Ben and sits, her face inches from Ben's face.

SARAH

Did you really have me pegged for one of those women who will just play by the rules, only to find herself dead in a ditch somewhere while everyone watching on TV thinks, "Oh my, what a shame, I guess there was nothing she could do, that SOB was just crazy and determined to kill her"? Let me tell ya, Ben Ben, I may go to prison, but I won't be the bitch in a ditch.

Ben strains to answer through the gag.

SARAH

Even now you think you'll get out of this just fine. And why wouldn't you, most of you scum bags do? If only all those women knew how easy it was to pull this off.

FLASHBACK

A montage of images to match Sarah's description in the voice over below.

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SARAH (V.O.)

A late night invitation to come over and let bygones be bygones. A drink spiked with some home made poison, a recipe I found on the internet, God bless it, some rope, duct tape and a sturdy chair. So simple really.

The doorbell rings, Sarah gets a towel and stuffs it along the bottom of the door where it meets the floor.

SARAH

Can't have someone hearing your pathetic umphs now can I?

She leaves to answer the door and finds...