

TWISTED SISTER

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - EN SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT

A small, outdated room. The sink top is cluttered with personal products. The entire area is in need of a good cleaning.

Hot water runs into the tub/shower combo. It is nearly full with suds floating on top. A woman's hand reaches out and turns the water off.

An ugly plaid robe drops to the floor, revealing a pair of women's legs. This is RACHAEL EVANS (35), a weathered alcoholic who doesn't care about anyone but herself.

Rachael eases her way into the water. The heat causes her to flinch but she enjoys it. Once she is seated all the way, she lies back and savors every moment.

Suddenly, her head lifts and she looks to the closed door.

RACHAEL  
(yelling)  
Katie?

IN THE LIVING ROOM

The rest of the house matches the bathroom - a mess and in need of cleaning. Old, ugly furniture doesn't help any.

KATIE EVANS (18), dark-haired with a ponytail, grim, sits on the couch. She lights a single candle on top of a store bought cupcake on a plate while she hums a sweet melody.

She lays the lighter aside and holds the cupcake before her face.

KATIE  
Happy birthday to me.

Katie closes her eyes, makes a silent wish, then opens her eyes to blow out the candle. She lays the candle on her plate and brings the tasty treat closer to her mouth.

RACHAEL (O.S.)  
What the hell are you doing out there?

Katie frowns.

RACHAEL (O.S.)

I told you to bring me my wine ten minutes ago. Can't you do anything right?

KATIE

(under breath)

I wouldn't be here if I could.

RACHAEL (O.S.)

I need that wine so I can enjoy my bath!

KATIE

Hold on!

Katie takes a big bite of her cupcake.

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The sink is full of dirty dishes. A few bottles of different wines are lined up to the back of the counter.

Katie searches the cabinets for a wine glass. No glasses of any kind in sight. She plucks a wine glass from the dirty dishes and chooses a bottle of red wine. Studies the label.

KATIE

Looks like a good year.

Katie fills the glass with wine and leaves the room.

IN THE HALL

Katie heads to the bedroom at the end of the hall.

RACHAEL (O.S.)

Dammit, Katie. After all I've done for you, you can't even get me my wine? Loser.

Katie stops. She's had enough. Changes course for another doorway.

HALL BATHROOM

Katie enters and turns on the light. She locates an old pair of rubber gloves inside a drawer and puts them on.

Next, she looks through the medicine cabinet at various medicines, prescription and non. Chooses a prescription bottle and reads the label.

KATIE  
Ambien. Hmmm.

Katie dumps several pills into her hand. She thinks a moment, then drops them into the wine. Holds the glass before her eyes as she watches the pills dissolve.

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - EN SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rachael fails to relax. Her unease is reminiscent of someone with withdrawal symptoms.

RACHAEL  
If I have to get out of this tub...

Katie opens the door, the glass of wine in her hand (no gloves).

KATIE  
You'll what, Mother?

Rachael calms somewhat at seeing her wine so close-by.

RACHAEL  
Never mind. Just give me that glass.

Katie grins smugly as she holds the glass out. Rachael takes it and sips the red liquid. It seems to calm her.

RACHAEL  
What were you doing out there anyway?

KATIE  
Eating my birthday cake.

RACHAEL  
It's your birthday already?

Katie crosses her arms.

KATIE  
My 18th. You'd think my mom would know that.

RACHAEL  
Birthdays don't matter anymore once you reach your teen years. Bring me another glass in ten minutes. No, just bring me the bottle.

KATIE  
Yes, Mother.

Katie leaves and closes the door.

Rachael leans back and enjoys her drink.

LATER

Rachael is passed out in the tub, her head barely above water. Her empty wine glass lies on the floor, next to the tub.

The door opens slightly. Katie pokes her head inside.

KATIE

Mother?

No response. Katie enters, now wearing the gloves again. With a smug smirk, she saunters over to the tub and studies her mom for a long, eerie moment.

She reaches out and pats Rachael's face. No movement. Katie lays a hand on top of Rachael's head and pushes it under the water. No resistance at all from Rachael.

Bubbles rise to the surface for a few moments and stop.

Katie stares into the tub with zero emotion.

CUT TO:

INT. CEMETERY - CREMATORIUM - HALL - DAY

Katie sits in one of a few chairs outside a closed door. She texts on her phone.

The door opens. A cemetery WORKER steps out with a plain urn in his hands. He wears a solemn look.

WORKER

Miss Evans?

Katie continues her text.

KATIE

Hold on.

The worker's face contorts slightly in puzzlement.

Katie finishes the text and sends it. Shoves the phone into her pocket as she stands.

WORKER

I am so sorry for your loss.

KATIE

Thanks.

They stand there in awkward silence.

KATIE

Can I have my mother, please?

WORKER

Oh, of course.

The worker holds out the urn. Katie takes it.

WORKER

We have a nice area here at the cemetery for those who have been cremated. You can plant their ashes with a new tree and have a plaque made with the deceased's name.

KATIE

My mother hated trees.

Katie marches off with the urn toward the exit.

The worker watches Katie go, still baffled by her.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Katie walks a primitive trail with the urn still in her hands. She stops, opens the urn.

KATIE

You need to spend time outside.

Katie callously dumps the ashes out just off the trail. Walks away with the urn.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Katie arrives with the urn. On her way across the lot, she stops at the dumpster and tosses the urn inside. Continues to the entrance.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 1ST FLOOR HALL - DAY

Katie walks up to her apartment door. An eviction notice is taped to it. Katie yanks it down and reads it to herself. Anger furrows on her face.

O.S. A door CLOSES behind Katie.

Katie looks behind her, finds...