

Fifty
by
One Ugly Dame

FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A modern, glass lined structure reflects a picturesque California coast line.

The sun's rays beat directly on a FOURTH STORY WINDOW.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

KATRINA BARTON, 33, peers out of the window, blocking the glare with her hand. Remnants of light fill the creases in her prematurely worn face.

KATRINA

Can't believe I finally made it.

Behind her, the refined DR. PATRICE ALLEN, 55, sits leg over stockinged leg in a chair rather than at her enormous mahogany desk - A desk cluttered with tiny ELEPHANT chachkies, all with their trunks pointing towards the sky.

Dr. Allen peeks at her phone. Katrina catches her, raises an eyebrow inquisitively. She plops on a brown leather couch across from Dr. Allen.

DR. ALLEN

Apologies, Katrina. My daughter always manages to call at the most inopportune times. Go on.

Katrina surveys some family photos on a wall. Dr. Allen with her HUSBAND and SON - a daughter nowhere to be found.

KATRINA

No problem. My mother never had time for me either.

(she smiles jokingly)

What's her name? Your daughter.

DR. ALLEN

Ellie.

KATRINA

Ah! That explains the elephants.

DR. ALLEN

Too much? They say an Elephant pointing its trunk towards a doorway is a sign of good luck.

KATRINA

No need to explain, I'm hip to it.
I almost had a daughter once. ...
No luck unfortunately.

DR. ALLEN

We don't have to discuss that, if--

KATRINA

No, no... That's why I'm here,
right? To emote? Let's just say
the boyfriend wasn't ready to be a
dad, so he sent me on an all
expense paid trip down some stairs.

Dr. Allen scribbles some words in her notepad. Nods.

DR. ALLEN

That's awful. Are you still in
contact with this boyfriend?

KATRINA

God no. He's dead. Not long
after. That's why I left Kentucky.
Is it wrong that I got an extreme
sense of satisfaction when he died?

DR. ALLEN

I don't think relief is out of the
ordinary in a case like that.

KATRINA

Good! *That's* actually a relief. I
thought you'd think it was wrong.

DR. ALLEN

Can you describe your feeling?

KATRINA

Bliss. Joy? I was reborn that day.

DR. ALLEN

Traumatic moments often lead to
awakenings. Fresh starts.

KATRINA

I guess so, Doc. You're right. It
got me goin. I haven't stayed put
in one place since.

DR. ALLEN

You had mentioned your childhood
dream was to travel, no? Sounds to
me like you're living the dream.

KATRINA

Travel, escape, whatever you wanna call it... but I guess you could say I've always had a wanderlust.

They both smile. Dr. Allen scribbles.

KATRINA

I wanted to be an actress like any other girl. Figured I'd stage tour the country, then do movies. Took me a while, but I finally made it here. Saved the best for last.

DR. ALLEN

A dream realized. California is a fine place to settle.

Katrina looks towards the window. Nods. They smile.

KATRINA

Of course that dream evolved over time. ... Can you keep a secret?

DR. ALLEN

Everything said here stays between us... and the elephants. Just keep in mind, they never forget.

Dr. Allen winks. Katrina laughs.

KATRINA

I became a bit of a free spirit after Kentucky. I made another goal to, how could I put this... get some action in every state?

DR. ALLEN

It's not uncommon for a young woman to experiment with those feelings.

KATRINA

Yeah, *those* feelings. You have a knack of making things seem normal. Guess that's why you're the best.

DR. ALLEN

It's perfectly normal, and thank you. How did that journey of self exploration work out for you?

KATRINA

I can proudly say that here I sit
in my fiftieth state with forty
nine check marks in my book.

Dr. Allen eyebrows shoot up. She scoffs, smiles.

DR. ALLEN

I suppose I never took the "lust"
part of that word so literally.

KATRINA

Right, wanderlust, blood lust, it's
all the same.

DR. ALLEN

Blood lust? I don't follow.

KATRINA

You're good, Dr. Allen. I wanna
like you, I really do. If I still
had a soul, this would be tough.

Katrina reveals a gun in the waistline of her jeans. Dr.
Allen jolts in her seat, at a loss for words.

DR. ALLEN

Katrina, I... What is this?

Katrina walks over to Dr. Allen, and holds her hand out.

KATRINA

Cell.

Dr. Allen fumbles for her cellphone, and hands it to her.

KATRINA

Oh hey, speaking of cells.

She holds it up to Dr. Allen's face. The phone reads:
"MISSED CALL: CALIFORNIA STATE PENITENTIARY."

Dr. Allen is completely taken aback, frozen in fear.

Elephant trunks lead Katrina's path towards the door of the
office. She swings it open, and waves the gun.

A FEMALE SCREAM and frantic scurrying can be heard as Katrina
closes the door. She heads back over to the window.

DR. ALLEN

What do you want? Who are you?

KATRINA

I don't even know anymore. Good question. I kinda thought you were gonna help me figure that part out.

DR. ALLEN

Do you know Ellie?

KATRINA

No. Not Ellie. But I know plenty of women like Ellie. Have you ever heard of the Continental Killer?

Dr. Allen, terrified, tries to keep her composure.

KATRINA

I was never fond of that name. Always felt it short changed my work in Alaska and Hawaii... To be fair, they probably haven't found every body. Slackers.

DR. ALLEN

Are you implying you're... that's impossible.

KATRINA

Why because I'm a woman? You of all people should think that makes my work even more impressive.

DR. ALLEN

... You consider it your work?

Katrina smiles, takes a seat back on the couch.

KATRINA

I had to work my ass off! Nine years, and not even so much as a parking ticket. The key was to zig zag the country. No set route.

DR. ALLEN

Katrina, this is a lot to register.

KATRINA

What do you know about the...
ughhh... Continental Killer?

DR. ALLEN

Uh, Not much... from what I recall reading, police believe he... *she* only killed other criminals. I take it she is still at large.

KATRINA

I sensed a tone shift when you said "other criminals." Chill with the name calling. I have a purpose.

DR. ALLEN

If you are who you say you are, I don't understand why you're pointing a gun at me.

Katrina leans forward, lets the gun rest on her lap casually.

KATRINA

I have a code. *Cliche*, I know. I only kill those who have wronged women in some way. Rapists. Pedophiles. Abusers. The real scum of the Earth.

DR. ALLEN

Oh? Is that supposed to be admirable? Killing men who--

KATRINA

I never said only men. Every girl gets a little curious sometimes.

Dr. Allen swallows hard. Stops talking, panic creeping in.

Katrina gets up for another jaunt around the office. She heads over to the wall and runs the gun barrel over the various certificates that hang. She stops at a DIPLOMA.

KATRINA

Harvard?! Wow, Patrice, good for you. That's near Boston, right?

Dr. Allen nods.

KATRINA

Massachusetts. Let me think. ... Ah! Number sixteen, Hugh Ward, convicted sex offender out on bail. Put one right in his back.

DR. ALLEN

You remember all of your victims?

Katrina picks up an elephant.

KATRINA

I never forget. And "victims" is giving them too much credit. Where were you born?

DR. ALLEN
What does that have to do with--

Katrina raises the gun.

DR. ALLEN
New Mexico.

KATRINA
Good one! That was a chick!
Number thirty one, Chelsea Weekes.
Swindled her best friend's life
savings. Poor girl shot herself a
month later. Sadly, Chelsea also
ended up "committing suicide" wink
wink. Name another state.

DR. ALLEN
I don't know. Ohio.

KATRINA
O-hi-o. Number eight, Colonel
Mustard. Bludgeoned him with a
candlestick in a library.

Katrina smiles, eggs on Dr. Allen to no response.

DR. ALLEN
Hard to laugh with a gun pointed at
you. So this was your path? Are
you happy with yourself, Katrina?

KATRINA
Happy?! Thought we said no jokes?

DR. ALLEN
What did I do to deserve this?

Katrina flicks an elephant to Dr. Allen. She catches it as
Katrina lays down on the couch.

KATRINA
She was an addict, Patrice.

Dr. Allen closes her eyes, paralyzed.

KATRINA
I did my research. You pretend to
"help" people for a living, but you
gave up on your own blood.
California's best psychiatrist.
Seems a bit hypocritical, no?

Dr. Allen's lip quivers. She scowls.

DR. ALLEN

You know nothing about me.

KATRINA

No, no, I do. You're fascinating. You sit here every day with this beautiful view, and poor Ellie won't see the light of day til she's fifty. But hey, as long as mommy isn't stressed anymore.

Dr. Allen slams her hand down on her chair.

DR. ALLEN

We tried to help her! You don't know the trouble she put us through! Every day, something else! She nearly OD'd three times!

KATRINA

So you just turned her over to the police? Your own daughter...

DR. ALLEN

It was the only thing left to do!

KATRINA

A bullet to the head would have been more humane. Look at this place. It's a shrine to your guilt. An Ellie-phant graveyard. You might not realize it, but you're evil, Patrice.

DR. ALLEN

You compare me to rapists?! Pedophiles?! I did what I thought was best for my daughter! You're evil! Standing here preaching about morals. Who the hell are to decide what's right and wrong?

KATRINA

I'm the one holding the gun. Jeez, talk about teeing one up. Thanks for the assist. That's the most help you've provided all day.

DR. ALLEN

Fuck you.

Katrina sits up, impressed. She stands, and walks back to the window. RED AND BLUE LIGHTS appear in the distance.

KATRINA

I'm afraid our session's up.

Katrina points the gun at Dr. Allen. She starts to cry.

DR. ALLEN

No! Wait! I'm sorry, Katrina. I can still help you! Please.

KATRINA

Ya know, part of thought that was a possibility today, but help has flown out the window. You couldn't even help your own daughter. I need you for something else. You know how hard it is to be famous, yet completely anonymous? You're the culmination of everything I've worked for. I'm ready for my close-up, Dr. Allen.

DR. ALLEN

I'm a... good person. You're breaking your own code.

KATRINA

I respectively disagree, madam. You charge people an arm and a leg for false hopes. You may think you're steering them down the right path, but all you do is highlight their inefficiencies, their inner demons. Give them unachievable goals. You sell snake oil. Time to knock you off your high horse.

DR. ALLEN

Wait! I don't think you're a bad person either, Katrina. You only killed those who deserved it. Look deep into your heart. Do I really deserve this?

KATRINA

Nice try. Maybe you shoulda went to some auditions while you had the chance. I didn't come here with intentions to kill you specifically if it makes a difference. I just needed someone with a little notoriety to go out on.

DR. ALLEN

There's doubt in your voice. I can help you. I have helped you!

KATRINA

S'too late. You're the puzzle piece I've been chasing my whole life. "Famed serial killer shoots celebrity shrink." Number fifty, Dr. Patrice Allen, California.

DR. ALLEN

No one knows who you are but me! I won't tell.

KATRINA

You have a history of narking, that's the whole point! It's not all a loss, Meryl Streep can play you in the movie about me.

DR. ALLEN

Is that with this is about? You won't see it. You'll be in prison!

KATRINA

If that's the case, I'll look after Ellie. Lord knows you couldn't.

Dr. Allen slumps in her chair, defeated. She sniffles.

DR. ALLEN

I clearly can't get through to you.

KATRINA

Ain't that just like you to quit.

DR. ALLEN

Yes. I'm a quitter. I quit on my little girl, ok? I'm supposed to fix problems and the fact I couldn't fix hers has haunted me for the last decade. I try to find catharsis in other people's problems, but it never comes. You got me, I'm evil. Go ahead and shoot.

Katrina puts her gun down, confused, conflicted.

KATRINA

Patty, you're taking all the fun out of this.

DR. ALLEN

Right, the fun. The fun of ending a life. Sorry about that Katrina. I forgot that's what gives your precious life meaning. I wanted to help, but I guess I let another young female go astray. Do it.

POLICE SIRENS wail outside. Katrina raises the gun again. She shakes, lacks confidence.

DR. ALLEN

Promise me this. If you see Ellie, tell her I love her, and that I'm sorry I won't be visiting anymore.

Dr. Allen hugs an elephant with all of her might and mumbles a prayer.

Katrina peers outside at the approaching Cops, gulps. She turns back to Dr. Allen and cocks the gun. Trembles. Aims the best she can.

Tears stream down Dr. Allen's face as she kisses the elephant and awaits her fate. She squeezes her eyes shut. Everything goes DARK.

BANG!

CRASH!

Wind HOWLS. SIRENS blare.

Dr. Allen opens her eyes, shocked to be alive. She looks up in fear to see Katrina standing near shards of broken glass at the foot of the now blown out window. Katrina peers out at the view, lets the sun bathe her face.

Katrina turns towards Dr. Allen, drops the gun.

KATRINA

Tell Ellie yourself. Number fifty, Katrina Barton, California.

She spreads her arms out and jumps.

FADE TO BLACK.