

MONSTER IN THE WOMAN

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY

In front of a brick ranch surrounded by cookie cutter suburbia, JOE and FRAN SMITH, 40's, stand embraced.

Words spoken are soft. Fragile.

FRAN

But the chemo's killing me faster
than the cancer, Joe. I'm so weak.

JOE

Babe, you have to go, for me.

FRAN

But you're a doctor. You said there
was a way...

Joe pulls away, fidgets with his thick mustache. Softens.

JOE

Just a little bit longer. I have to
have proof before I put you in...

He pushes her hair back from her eyes, gently runs his finger
over her face reassuring her 'it's going to be ok'.

FRAN

Alright then, your princess is off
for cocktails. Get my throne ready.

She smiles but he knows it's just to make him feel better.
Fran goes to her car, gets in. Joe waves then goes inside.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Fran fumbles through her purse. She's forgotten something.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She walks toward the house but stops right before the front
door. Through a bay window she stares in shock at Joe, his
hands in a tight clutch around a black cat's neck dangling,
clawing and gasping for air.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fran bursts through the front door.

FRAN
What are you doing Joe!? The
neighbor's cat?

Joe looks up slowly. No words. A tear rolls down his cheek.
The cat hangs limp now.

FRAN (CONT'D)
God, Joe, is he...

Awkward pause and then Joe nods. Walks away quickly. She
stomps after him.

FRAN (CONT'D)
Where are you going? You send me
off alone! Kill a cat! And now you
won't even talk about it!

He disappears behind a door that is slammed in front of Fran.
She tries the knob. Locked.

FRAN (CONT'D)
What's going on, Joe!?

She beats on the door. Joe's footsteps fade down the steps.

FRAN (CONT'D)
Joe!!!!

Weak, she slides down the door and sits on the floor. '

MONTAGE

- Clock reads 1:16 p.m.

- 3:05 p.m. Fran paces in front of the basement door.

- 7:30 p.m. Fran beats on the door, begs entry.

- Clock reads 10:56. Asleep on the floor, Fran awakens at the
sound of a door knob turning.

END MONTAGE

INT. BASEMENT MADE LABORATORY - NIGHT

Defeated, Joe, in lab coat and specs, stands over a work
table covered in blood and intestines. Electrical leads.

The dead black CAT is shaved. Covered in staples in stitch-like patterns. Marble eyes. Mouth frozen open.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fran's gaunt shape shows through her nightgown. The disease or its treatment, eating her alive. Joe lies in bed next to her, staring at the ceiling.

FRAN
I told them I quit.

Joe doesn't react.

FRAN (CONT'D)
While you were locked away in that lab, I told them to cancel all of my remaining appointments.

He turns over toward her. Brushes her hair from her face.

JOE
I'll go with you tomorrow, babe.

FRAN
No, Joe, I'm done this time. I'm tired of fighting.

A SCREECH fills the house, the sound resembling a cat fight.

Joe gasps. Hurries out of bed. Fran follows much slower.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks down a narrow dark passage. The GROWLING is coming from somewhere.

JOE
Here kitty, kitty.

Greenish yellow eyes appear at the end of the hall. Suddenly bounding toward Joe, the cat springs upon him, clawing at his neck. Joe tussles about trying to get the monster off him.

Just as Fran catches up, Joe pulls the feline off, flings it on the floor and it races away.

FRAN
Oh my God, Joe it worked! I knew you could do it!

Joe walks down the hallway more cautious.

FRAN (CONT'D)
You gotta do me!

Joe stops in his tracks and turns to his wife.

JOE
There is no way I'm going to play
with your life.

FRAN
But you did the cat's. Turned him
into a feline Frankenstein.

Growling. Joe takes off in search of the cat. Suddenly a loud grinding and chopping sound mixed with cat screeching.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Fran stand in front of the garbage disposal. Joe fiddles with his mustache, deep in thought.

FRAN
No way he could've put himself in
there. Right? Joe?

Fran pulls the garbage disposal open slowly. Nothing but bloody carnage inside. She closes it quick. Gags.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fran pukes into the toilet. Joe stands behind her, holding her hair back.

She pulls back and collapses on the floor. He wipes her face with a wash rag. She looks into his eyes.

FRAN
Please, Joe.

He doesn't say anything. She starts to sob.

JOE
The procedure isn't ready. I'm not
going to be responsible...

FRAN
Please Joe. This is so degrading.
Humiliating. Look at me!

He gets mad, stomps out of the bathroom.

FRAN (CONT'D)
If you won't do it, I will!

She locks the door, pulls the trash bag out of the waste basket. Ties it around her neck. It collapses on her face.

She turns a red...purple...blue. She falls, writhing on the floor, twisting but her hand holds the bag tight.

A gentle knock at the door. The knob twists.

JOE (V.O.)
I'm sorry, honey. Open the door.

Her eyes marble, stare at nothing. Her body is relaxed on the floor -- dead.

JOE (V.O.)
Come on. You know I love you too much to put you in harm's way. Why don't you open the door and we can talk about it.

Dead silence.

JOE (V.O.)
Baby?

He beats on the door now. It shakes with force until --
-- BLAM! He kicks the door in. Falls to his knees in shock.

BASEMENT LABORATORY MONTAGE

- Joe carries Fran down the steps.
- On the table, Joe uses a scalpel to cut into her torso.
- Joe staples Fran back up. CHA CHINK. CHA CHINK.
- Joe plunges electrodes into her flesh with shaky hands.
- Joe stares at his bloody hands as they flip a switch.
- Fran on the table (dead) Joe pacing.
- Joe shriveled up on the floor in a heap, crazy eyes, sobbing or chanting or something.
- Joe carrying his dead wife back up the stairs.

END MONTAGE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe puts Fran's body in the bed, tucking her in.

He gets in bed beside her. He stares at the ceiling while nursing a bottle of whiskey.

LATER THAT NIGHT

The bottle of whiskey dangling from Joe's limp arm falls to the floor with a clink.

The bed squeaks. The headboard moves with rhythm. Joe's eyes are pursed shut.

But the bed squeaks louder. The headboard moves harder, slamming against the wall behind it.

Joe opens his eyes to see Fran, naked, riding on top of him. She's a bit bloody, but vibrant and strong as a horse.

He enjoys himself for only a few seconds before she rolls off, giggling playfully.

JOE

What? That's it?

She turns over, looks into his eyes.

FRAN

Now you know how I felt all those times.

She rolls away from him. His eyes fill with tears of joy as he examines every inch of her body. With his finger, he traces a line of staples around her waist. An electrode still protruding from her flesh.

JOE

I don't know how...it worked. I mean, the cat...

FRAN

So you couldn't save the cat.

JOE

But I did. I saved the cat.

FRAN

Did you really save the cat, Joe? I mean he committed suicide.

JOE
Well, yes, but only after he tried
to attack me. But why would he...

FRAN
Frustration. Pure and simple.

She rolls over and faces Joe.

JOE
Frustration? For what?

FRAN
Not finishing what he started.

JOE
Honey, maybe you should rest.

FRAN
What? And end up like the cat? I
don't think so. You did it, Joe.
I'm the real deal. Fran-ken-stein.
Get it?

She laughs wildly. Joe furrows a brow. Has she lost it?

She gets dead serious, a twinkle in her eyes.

FRAN (CONT'D)
See, Joe, you can take the monster
out of the woman...

She crawls up on top of him again straddling his waist.

FRAN (CONT'D)
But can you take the *woman* out of
the monster?

She jerks a brass lamp off the night stands and repeatedly
bashes Joe's head in. Brains splatter the headboard as he
struggles, but he's no match for his monster.

FADE OUT.