

THE SISTERHOOD

By

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

CATHY 30's, enters. A worn down beauty which yearns to be burnished again, huddles in a top coat.

She carries a saddle bag type purse in one hand and clutches a letter in the other.

Silence.

She sits down at the table, places her bag on the floor, opens the letter and reads it.

Silence...then.

An animalistic moan resounds around the room as she clutches her head. Tears flow like water.

CATHY

God, No! Why?...Why now?

She tilts her head back and closes her eyes.

The main door slams.

Cathy responds immediately, quickly wipes her eyes on her sleeve, pockets the letter, stands, removes her coat and throws it over a chair.

HAYLEY 17, cheer leader pretty enters. She slides her backpack across the floor, practiced, precise, nestles it up to an empty chair.

HAYLEY

Hi Mom.

Cathy looks away, tries to disguise her tears.

CATHY

Hi Sweetie...have a good day?

Hayley steps over her backpack and sits on the chair. She leans forward, intense.

HAYLEY

Mom...I need to talk to you...

Cathy is still lost in her own sadness.

Without acknowledgement she rises, automatic, goes to the refrigerator, pulls out a jar of juice, grabs a glass from the worktop.

CATHY

Juice?

Hayley is frustrated as her mother pours.

HAYLEY

I said...I need to talk to you!

Cathy pushes the glass across the table.

CATHY

Not right now darling...got a few things on my mind and Dad'll be back soon.

Hayley jumps up suddenly, knocks the glass over.

HAYLEY

You never listen to me! It's always about him! And he'll never...never be my Dad.

She rushes from the room.

HAYLEY (O.S.)

You hear me...never!

The main door slams again. Cathy is panic stricken.

She grabs a cloth kneels down quickly, attempts to wipe up the juice.

THOM 30's, muscled, tatoood, cocky, slightly drunk, enters and surveys the scene. The king has arrived.

THOM

What the fuck is this?

Cathy flinches, head bowed.

CATHY

An accident...just an accident.

Thom walks through the puddle of juice to the refrgrerator. Grabs a bottle of beer, opens it and stamps back to the table.

He raises his dripping footwear.

THOM

Boots!

Cathy obeys. Shuffles across, unties and removes his boots. He swigs, points the bottle to the juice.

THOM (CONT'D)

Forget that shit...I want my dinner.

Cathy slowly rises, turns then turns back.

CATHY

I got a letter today.

Thom swigs on his beer, places his feet on the table.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I've got cancer...

No response. Thom swigs again.

Cathy screams.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Damn you...did you hear me? I've got to have a mastectomy!

Thom leans back in his chair further, uncaring.

THOM

Well, that's real sweet. I mean you ain't no wife already...and now you're gonna be half a woman...

He throws the bottle across the kitchen smashing it.

THOM (CONT'D)

Jesus, what the fuck did I do to deserve this?

Cathy breaks down.

CATHY

You just don't understand what I need right now...

Thom jumps, pushes the table over. Now in Cathy's face, he grabs her cheeks.

She struggles. Pulls away.

THOM

No..you don't understand. You don't understand a man's needs... right now, anytime...you never have...

CATHY

Well if you weren't so drunk all the time...

He back-hands her to the floor.

THOM

Don't you fuckin' dis me, bitch---

CATHY

Go on, hit me...makes you feel big huh?

Thom slugs Cathy across the face. Blood and spit spew.

THOM

I'm outta here...gonna find something young...something fresh, know what I mean?---

Hayley enters.

HAYLEY

You already did!

Cathy gasps. Thom spins, almost falls.

Hayley looks at Cathy.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

I tried to tell you...when you work shifts...he rapes me...

Thom grabs Hayley by the hair and pulls her around. She screams. Chairs fly.

THOM

Lying bitch! You're fucking lying, like all women.

Cathy summons strength, stands and wrests Thom's hands from Hayley's hair.

She scratches Thom's face.

Shocked at the retaliation he retreats.

THOM (CONT'D)

As I said...I'm outta here...but
when I get back you two whores had
better be gone, or else!

Thom leaves, slams the door. Cathy jumps. She hugs her
daughter tightly.

CATHY

Oh baby...I'm so sorry...I'm so
sorry! I just didn't see it.

Hayley completely breaks down. She grabs Cathy hard.

HAYLEY

Mom...I'm pregnant!

Cathy smothers Hayley with kisses.

CATHY

Forgive me...please forgive me.

A loud knock on the main door.

Cathy gently leaves Hayley and answers the door.

LEYLA 30's, agreeable, safe, classic beauty, stands smiling,
kind. She carries a large holdall.

LEYLA

Hi. I'm Leyla...from across the
hall.

Cathy looks embarrassed.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

I heard some shouting...just
checking to see if you're okay.

She looks past Cathy, sees Hayley as she picks up toppled
furniture. She reaches out and grabs Cathy's hand.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

You're not alone sweetie.

LATER.

Cathy, Leyla and Hayley sit at the table. Leyla's bag is
beside her on the floor.

LEYLA
Not the first time right?

Cathy shakes her head.

CATHY
Whenever he's drunk.

HAYLEY
He's been raping me...I'm pregnant.

Leyla closes her eyes.

LEYLA
Dear God.

She takes a deep breath. Looks at Cathy

LEYLA (CONT'D)
It won't stop, you know that.

Cathy bows her head. Hayley gently takes her hand.

CATHY
I've got nowhere to go.

Leyla takes the other hand.

LEYLA
I was in an abusive relationship
once...not now though.

CATHY
You left him?

LEAH
No...he left me.

CATHY
Thom's not going to do that.

LEYLA
He'll have no choice...that's if
you really want this to end.

CATHY
You make it sound as if it's my
decision.

LEYLA
It is sweetheart...and we'll help
you.

Cathy looks confused.

CATHY

We?

Leyla nods slowly, smiles

LEYLA

I told you earlier, you are not alone. The 'Sisterhood' is with you.

Hayley and Cathy look at each other, uncertain.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

Let me explain...

LATER.

Cathy rubs her forehead nervously.

CATHY

I'm not sure I can do this...What do you think Hayley.

HAYLEY

Do it! He's gonna kill us one day anyway. What've we got to lose?

Hayley and Leyla look at Cathy. She wrings her hands.

CATHY

Okay...but you're sure this is foolproof.

Leyla smiles.

LEYLA

The 'Sisterhood' is doing this all the time. We've got thousands of women...all types, all covering for each other...rest assured...even better that he has no family.

She leans down and removes a blindfold from her holdall.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

Got everything we need in here.

The women hear a key being inserted in the main door lock. Cathy and Hayley panic.

CATHY

Thom!

LEYLA

Stay calm. Just follow me.

Thom staggers into the kitchen, very drunk. He sways as he focusses on Cathy.

THOM

I thought I told you---

Leyla interrupts.

LEYLA

You must be Thom.

He swings round.

THOM

Who the fuck are you?

Leyla eyes Thom, seductive, street walker style.

LEYLA

I'm who you want me to be darlin'.

Thom's eyebrows knit. He stares at Cathy. She hyperventilates.

THOM

What the---

Cathy blurts.

CATHY

She's a friend---

Leyla takes control. Stands and approaches Thom.

LEYLA

Cathy called me up. Said you guys were havin' a few problems...well baby, I'm here to sort those problems out...

She leads him to a chair, throws Cathy's coat on the floor and sits him down.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

Im here for you honey. We're all here for you...we're gonna give you what you need...what you deserve.

She gets very close and whispers in his ear.

LEYLEA (CONT'D)
 You just want me to do it, or all
 of us...your choice sugar.

Thom looks across at Cathy, spiteful.

THOM
 I just want that bitch to watch!

Leyla strokes his head.

LEYLEA
 Oh she will baby...she will...now
 I'm gonna dominate you...would you
 like that?

THOM
 Sure...Get it on.

Leah places the blindfold on Thom.

LEYLEA
 This'll spice things up for you
 honey..

Leyla points to the holdall. Speaks to Cathy.

LEYLEA (CONT'D)
 Rope and cuffs...Give the cling
 wrap to Hayley.

Cathy fishes around the bag. Produces the three items. She hands the cling wrap to Hayley and walks across to Leyla.

Leyla takes the cuffs. She whispers again in Thom's ear as she places them on his wrists.

LEYLEA (CONT'D)
 You won't believe what we're gonna
 do to you...We're gonna take your
 breath away...

Thom is excited.

THOM
 Bring it on baby...yeah, this is
 what I want! I need this shit!

Leyla indicates to Cathy to loop the rope over Thom. She does so, tying it to the chair back, in a tight knot.

Now she is close to him.

CATHY

I can see you're getting off on
this...me too.

Leyla whispers in his other ear.

LEYLA

I'm gonna get Hayley to do it to
you Thom.

Thom smiles leacherously, almost salivating.

THOM

Oh yeah. Come on baby, come to
daddy.

Leyla motions to Hayley to come closer and continues to
whisper.

LEYLA

You know...Hayley..your
stepdaughter...the one you
raped...the one you made pregnant?

Thom stops. Comprehension clears his drunken mind. He starts
to struggle.

THOM

What are you...? You're fucking
crazy!

Leyla looks at Hayley.

LEYLA

Ready babe?

Haley nods.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

Wrap his head. Wrap him good!

Hayley vigorously wraps Thom's head in the cling wrap as he
screams.

The screams become more muffled with each layer. Leyla has
to stop Hayley as pent up emotions take over.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

It's okay baby. That's enough.

She addresses both Cathy and Hayley.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

You've got a few minutes. He can hear you...talk to him...tell him like it is.

Hayley jumps right in, crying, wild.

HAYLEY

I hate you! I hope you rot in hell!

She punches him in the face.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Die you bastard!

She spits in his face.

Leyla eases her away. Cathy steps up.

CATHY

I know you can hear me Thom. Maybe for the first time you're listening to me.

Tears stream down her cheeks. She screams into Thom's face.

CATHY (CONT'D)

For years I allowed you to beat me, control me...and now...now I'm in control and it feels good...real good!...and you got your wish ...this 'bitch' is watching, oh yeah, I'm watching all the way!

Leyla places a hand on her shoulder.

LEYLA

Come sweetheart. He's on his way.

The three sit at the table as Thom's gasps become more irregular.

Leyla punches a number into her cell phone. Addresses Cathy and Hayley.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

So how're you guys feeling?

She holds up a hand to stop the replies as she is connected.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

Hi. Leyla. Yeah, I Need a clean up team. Right opposite my place.

LEYLA (CONT'D)
Twenty minutes?...Good. Call me
when you arrive.

She hangs up. Looks at Cathy and Hayley.

LEYLA (CONT'D)
So, how?

CATHY
Uplifted...free...like I can beat
anything...

She touches her breast.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Even this cancer!

LEYLA
Fantastic!...Hayley?

Hayley stares, dark, sombre.

HAYLEY
I wanna do it again.

Leyla reaches across and takes her hand.

LEYLA
That's the hate coming out darling.
Let it go. Get rid...hate's not a
good thing...you wanna do more of
this...join us. Do it for the right
reasons...to help others.

She looks over at Thom as he takes his last gasp.

LEYLA (CONT'D)
They're not all bad...just
some...that's why the 'Sisterhood'
operates.

She smiles and throws her hands in the air.

LEYLA (CONT'D)
Men huh? Donchya just love 'em!

FADE OUT:

THE END