

Whore

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INT.APARTMENT.DAY

A single drop of water,hanging precariously from the edge of a faucet. It refuses to fall. Before the sink stands KARLA. She stares at the drop, mesmerized.

Totally still.

For some reason she cant seem to remember how she got here. Was she sleeping? Is she just tired?

The water drops.

Suddenly the shower begins to run, spewing forth blood and bits of dismembered body parts. It runs so powerful the shower head shakes and seems to be loosening.

Karla just stands. She should be worried, but her mind wont let her. Her mind tells her this is normal.

Her mind tells her she's not normal.

She looks in the mirror. Her body is covered in scars, cuts, slices. So many. But she has no scars in her life.

Another droplet falls.

The cuts begin to open. Slowly memories begin to pour out. Projections and images of Karla's past. Hers mother. Her father.

The cuts close.

The mirror disapates, replaced by a photo of Karla's mother and father. They look happy. But then the photo moves. Karla's father reaches behind his back and reveals a knife. He holds it up to his wife's throat.

FATHER

She was a whore.

He pulls the blade across her throat. She does'nt move. She just smiles.

The mirror warps back into view. Then, it shatters.

INT.BEDROOM.NIGHT

CLOSE UP:KARLA'S EYES

They snap open.

Karl sits up. Was it a dream?

(CONTINUED)

Karla gets up and sits on the edge of the bed. She takes a breath. Karla stands and walks over to the bathroom. She walks in. He takes a piss.

She looks over at the tub.

A finger sits on top of the drain.

Karla looks back over at the mirror.

Its gone. So is the sink, toilet and tub.

Karla now stands in the room with her father. He holds a knife.

FATHER

You were a whore.