

Between the Darkness

INT. BABY'S ROOM - MRS. BUTTERFIELD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A light blue room with toy that are scattered around the room and a white crib in the corner of the room.

MRS. BONES, a women in her early 30s, dressed in a navy blue knee high dress and blue high heels sits in a rocking chair holds a infant close to her chest.

She gently hums "You are my only sunshine" while she feeds the child with a huge smile on her face.

MRS. BUTTERFIELD, a mid 30s house wife enters the room quietly. She wears a dark green ankle dress with green high heels and makeup painted all over her face.

She wears a huge smile.

MRS. BUTTERFIELD  
(cheerful)  
Hello!

Mrs. Bones looks up and places her pointer finger to her lips.

MRS. BUTTERFIELD  
(Whispers)  
Oh, sorry.

Mrs. Butterfield Gently Strides into the room over to Mrs. Bones.

Mrs. Butterfield holds out her arms.

MRS. BUTTERFIELD  
May I?

Mrs. Bones takes the bottle out of the baby's mouth and places it on the table beside her.

She hands the child over to Mrs. Butterfield.

Mrs. Butterfield takes the child and brings him to his crib.

She places him gently down in his bed.

She turns to Mrs. Bones.

MRS. BUTTERFIELD  
Thank you so much for watching Jason.  
I have some tea brewing in the kettle.

Would you like some??

Mrs. Bones puts on a smile.

MRS.BONES

Yes please!

Mrs. Butterfield nods and walks out of the room.

Mrs. Bones' smile grows Twisted and sinister on her face as she follows Mrs. Butterfield out of the room.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - EARLY MORNING

The sky is dim. Colors of pink, orange, yellow and red paint over the dark blue sky. The sun peeks through the line of oak trees.

Mrs. Bones walks up some old, wooden, creaky stairs. Her golden hair hangs around her tomato red face as she drags a black cadaver pouch up the steps one by one.

She reaches the surface of the porch and lets go of the bag.

The Pouch hits the surface.

BANG.

She stands up and stares out towards the sunrise.

She slowly INHALES.

Her face is Bright red.

Her golden hair is a mess, Splatters of Red substances covers her Blue navy dress.

Her eyes glisten in the light. A smile grows on her face.

MRS.BONES

What a beautiful morning.

She inhales once more.

She bends down and picks up the Pouch.

She drags it across the porch and through the open glass door, a trail of Red liquid is left behind her.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Bones drags the pouch through the screen door, into the light grey wooden tiles, open spaced kitchen.

Mrs. Bones drops the cadaver pouch on the grey wooden tiles.

She walks over to the table and picks up a neat stack of newspapers. She begins to lay it over the stone surface.

She covers every inch.

She then plops some news papers on the ground in a circle.

She walks over to the cabinet closest to the door and opens it up, she takes out the biggest metal pot in the cabinet and places it in the sink.

CUT TO:

Water fills the pot.

CUT TO:

She slams the black pouch on the pile of newspapers.

CUT TO:

She grabs a butcher knife.

CUT TO:

she Begins to unzip the pouch open.

Blood begins to seep out of the pouch, all over the newspapers, then down onto the floor.

MRS. BONES

SHOOT! All over my new shoes! JUST  
great!

She unzips the rest of the bag open. The blood slowly seeps out.

MRS. BONES

I knew I should have put more  
newspapers down.

She carefully squats and heaves the pouch away. She GRUNTS and she struggles to lift...

She smiles down...

MRS. BONES

MM. Good morning, Mrs. Butterfield.

On the table laid Mrs. Butterfield. Strands of her brunette hair stick to her pale face. Her eyes wide with fear and clouded over with death. Her mouth hangs wide open. Stab wounds cover her chest. Cuts and bruises cover her arms.

MRS.BONES

How are you feeling?

Mrs. Bones places a hand on Mrs. Butterfield's chin and begins to move it up and down.

MRS.BONES

Oh, you know. Feeling pretty stiff!

Mrs. Bones CHUCKLES and lets out a deep sigh.

MRS.BONES

I need friends.

CUT TO:

MRS. BONES turns off the water.

CUT TO:

Places the pot on the stove.

CUT TO:

she turns the flame on.

Mrs. Bones walks over to the pantry. She comes out with a bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon in her hand, an empty wine glass in the other and a apron draped over her right arm.

She grabs the cork opener and twist it into the wooden cork.

She tiwisted it three times and pulled.

The cork came off with a soft POP.

She pours the Red thick wine into her glass.

She sets her glass and the bottle on the table next to the body.

She washes her hands with Mrs. Meyers' Snowdrop Hand Soap.

She wraps the apron around her waist and wipes her wet hands off on it.

She picks up the butcher knife.

She slams the knife down on the table, A line of blood squirts onto her face as her smile grows.

CRUNCH

CRACK

CRUNCH

CRACK

As if Mrs. Butterfield were a rotisserie chicken, Mrs. Bones separates the bones from the flesh, pulling them apart.

She throws the bones onto the pile of newspaper on the floor.

MRS. BONES

Axel is gonna have a ball tomorrow!  
Just as long as he doesn't lose them  
like the last 50 I gave him.

She CHUCKLES to herself.

MRS.BONES

That dog will be the death of me.

She reaches her hand into Mrs. Butterfield Chest.

Her smile disappears and is replaced with disgust as she SLOSHES around in her Chest.

She pulls out the heart and throws it in the pile of flesh and organs next to her Cabernet Sauvignon.

Once she finishes with the body she collects all the flesh and organs, she places them in the pot. Water begins to overflow out of the pot onto the stove.

MRS. BONES

Balderdash!

She quickly turns the knob to simmer.

She grabs a towel and wipes up the water.

She stops and turns back towards the table.

She walks back to the blood soaked surface and picks up the severed head.

She takes A sip of her wine and looks into the cloudy eyes of Mrs. Butterfield.

MRS. BONES  
So, I have one question for you  
Mrs.Butterfield.

Mrs. Bones places her hand on Mrs. Butterfield's chin and moves it up and down.

MRS.BONES  
"Yes dear?"

Pause.

MRS.BONES  
What does it feel like to be dead?

Pause.

MRS.BONES  
"Cold, Dark, Alone."

Pause.

MRS.BONES  
So not very different from being  
alive.

She takes another swig from her glass.

MRS.BONES  
You don't know how lucky you are Mrs.  
Butterfield. You have a loving husband  
who would do anything for you, who  
worshipped the ground you walked on,  
who loved you dearly. Loving kids who  
adored you, relied on you. Who called  
you "mommy," who needed you when they  
were sick, hurt, scared.

Mrs. Bones downs the rest of the glass and grabs the bottle off the table.

MRS.BONES  
Oh how lucky you were to have that

life... Trevor doesn't want kids. let  
alone talk about them. Says we don't  
need kids. Says couples only have kids  
to try and fix their relationship, to  
keep one another from leaving. To trap  
each other into a loveless  
relationship.

She looks at the head. Sorrow fills MRS. BONES eyes. She  
takes a gulp of wine from the bottle.

MRS.BONES

But you and Mr. Butterfield loved each  
other unconditionally... and you had  
three kids.

Mrs. Bones slides down the counter onto the floor. A wine  
bottle in her right hand, the severed head in her left. She  
takes another swig from the bottle.

A tear slips down her cheek.

MRS.BONES

But Trevor wouldn't lie to me. Ever.  
Why would he?  
(whispers)  
He loves me....Right?

The room is quiet. Another tear slips down her cheek.

She GUZZLES down the rest of the bottle and wipes away her  
tears.

She shakes her head a little and gets off the ground.

She walks over to the freezer and opens the door.

MRS.BONES

Well Mrs. Butterfield. Thanks for the  
talk. Now welcome to your new home!  
Enjoy the company!

She throws the head into a freezer full of severed heads and  
slams it shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The walls of the living room are light grey, the room lights  
up brighter as the sun leaks in through the double glass  
doors.



Mrs. Bones sits in the recliner near the glass doors. She holds a glass of Cabernet Sauvignon as thick as blood in her right hand and has her left hand inside a box of Ritz crackers. Tears stream down her face as she shovels Crackers into her mouth.

AXLE, a golden retriever, lays next to her feet.

On the T.V. a soap opera plays.

ON THE T.V:

RICHARD a tall handsome man with slick black hair and big brown eyes, wears a three piece black tuxedo holds, VICTORIA a women with long wavy brunette hair and bright blue eyes wears a flowing red glittery dress and red high heels, in his arms.

They stand on the sand as the sun dips into the water behind them as the sky is a blend of purple, blue, orange and yellow.

RICHARD

I love you Victoria!

VICTORIA

I love you too Richard!

They kiss. The screen fades to black and the credits roll.

Mrs. Bones begins to sob.

MRS.BONES

Oh Axle-

The dog raises his head towards her.

MRS. BONES

I just wish love was like it is in the movies! The passionate kissing, the powerful love, the Amazing se-

Axle WHIMPERS.

MRS. BONES

Oh. I'm sorry baby! The bewildering shaking of the sheets.

She giggles to herself.

Her stomach GURGGLES.

She places a hand over her stomach and sits up.

MRS. BONES

Ooo. Those crackers aren't sitting well.

Her stomach GURGGLES again.

Her cheeks bulge up.

She places a hand over her mouth and runs to the bathroom.

Axle runs after her.

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Bones falls to the ground and sticks her head in the toilet, she vomits harshly.

She lifts her head and looks down into the bowl

Bits of crackers and chunks of digested flesh float around in red liquid. A half eaten finger pops out from the water.

She takes a breathe.

She shoots back to the bowl and vomits once more.

More red liquid fills the bowl, an eye ball pops out from the water, looking up at Mrs. Bones

MRS.BONES

Don't give me that look.

She slides off the toilet and sits on the ground, Her legs spread out in a V as she leans against the wall.

Mrs. Bones wipes the red spit off her mouth with the back of her hand.

MRS.BONES

That's Weird. I've never gotten sick from Cabernet Sauvignon wine and crackers. Maybe I'm coming down with something.

She places her hand on her forehead.

MRS.BONES

I don't feel warm.

She gets up off the floor, Flushes the toilet and walks over to the sink.

She opens up the cabinet that sits above the sink and begins to search through the countless bottles of medication.

MRS.BONES  
Where is that damn thermometer!

Her hands skims past a box.

She stops.

She goes back over to the box and picks it up.

MRS.BONES  
Pregnancy tests? Hmmm

She stares at it for a moment then shrugs.

MRS.BONES  
Wouldn't hurt to try, right?

She rips open the top of the box and takes out one stick.

She turns the box over and reads the back of it.

MRS.BONES  
Ahh, so that's how they do it!

She sits on the toilet.

She sticks the test between her legs and pees on it.

she finishes and places the test in the sink.

She waits for the results.

She starts to hum "My only sunshine" As she waits.

Lines begin to fade in the white circle.

Her eyes go wide.

Her hums go quiet.

MRS.BONES  
No.

She grabs the other test out of the box and pees on it again.

She places it in the sink and stands over it.

Her right leg is shakes, she bites her lip as she watches the test closely, Blood begins to drip down her chin onto the counter.

The lines appear once more in the circle.

Her mouth hangs open.

MRS.BONES  
(screams)  
NOOOOO!

Both the tests in the sink read positive.

MRS.BONES  
NOOOO!

She picks up the tests and throws them out the window.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The pregnancy tests both land in the bushes below The bathroom window.