

BLACK SCREEN

GABI (V.O.)
(we may or may not notice
a southern drawl)
An old woman I knew on the inside
once said, "You know the answer to
every choice you have to make as
soon as you come across it."

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR

The doors are closed. They open and out walks GABI, young and still beautiful, but she's holding onto it out of spite.

GABI (V.O.)
She got popped for murdering her
husband when he came home drunk and
went after the kids with a nine
iron.

We follow her down the hall. She's wearing the kind of heels that are usually worn with the intention of having someone else remove them. Her fur coat hangs below the ends of a dress she'd have a hard time justifying during the daytime.

GABI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She was gonna die in prison. Even
her fingertips had wrinkles. I
guess she saw givin one'a the
younger girls like me advice as a
way of makin use outta her life
experience. Even though she was a
murderer, she still felt the need
to nurture someone. To mother them.
We called her Aunt K.

She slips a key into a room and opens the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The T.V. is on. Some sporting event. An open suitcase on the bed shows a MAN'S clothing. GABI takes off her jacket and tosses it on the bed like she owns the place.

GABI (V.O.)
This isn't my hotel room. It's
Franky's.

She opens a small bag she's been carrying with her and starts rummaging through the contents.

GABI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Franky found me in a karaoke bar on a highway outside Tupelo, Mississippi. He asked if I knew any Elvis. I told'em to fuck off. He said I was cute. We were always like that, and truth be told, he was easy to fall for. Especially when I was seventeen.

She pulls out a few candles, rose petals, etc. She spreads them around the room. The makings of a very romantic evening. She thoughtfully removes the man's clothing from his bed and folds them neatly in the suitcase.

GABI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was already lookin' for an escape. He just came along at the right time. He carried me away to the big city and started usin' me to run drugs. I woulda done anything for him.

As she says this, we notice her remove a small FILET KNIFE and a PAIR OF PLIERS from her bag. She lays one under each pillow.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

GABI stands in front of a bench. She looks at it in a way that's inexplicably tense.

GABI (V.O.)

Three months after we got engaged we were at a deal with two sweaty cholos that went wrong. They said we didn't have enough cash and one of'em pulled a gun. Franky asked what they wanted and they started lookin at me. He walked off and played lookout while they raped me.

(beat)

He always was a dealmaker.

She turns and walks off. We're left staring at this bench.

GABI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When the cops showed, they all ran and left me laying there with the drugs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A close shot on GABI SCREAMING at the top of her lungs while fully submerged in a bathroom tub. After a minute she stops, then opens her eyes and looks up at us.

GABI (V.O.)
The only thing I ever did wrong was
love him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

She's now wrapped up in a bathrobe. She slides on sheer stockings. Then those shoes. Now LIPSTICK. She puts it on carefully in the mirror. Her hair is still wet.

GABI (V.O.)
We used to eat a lotta catfish back
home. It's cheap and it's always
around. Everyone knows they're
bottom feeders, but not everyone
knows how to skin'em once you
gotten caught.

Finally, she pulls out a pair of velvet sex handcuffs from the bag and lays them suggestively on the bed.

GABI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The trick is to nail the head to
something, and then use a pair of
pliers to pull the skin off. Then
you filet it and throw it in the
fryin pan.

She walks over to the window and looks outside. At the oncoming traffic. At the busy night and this city still having it's way with the world, with naive girls like the one she used to be from everywhere.

GABI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I had a lot of time to think during
those five years inside. And I
think Aunt K was wrong.

A knock on the door. She turns and looks at it. Composes herself.

GABI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I still don't know whether I'm
gonna skin this fish before I
gut'em and throw'em in the fryin
pan.

She stands and walks over to the door, robe on. She looks through the peephole. Then in a grand, sensual, deadly, gesture, she removes the robe and lets it fall to the floor. Then turns the handle to open the door.

Cue *(You're the) Devil in Disguise* by Elvis.

CUT TO BLACK.