

DIRTY, TWISTED, HELP

Written by

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INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

A long hallway, stretching with emptiness. Lights off.

We travel down the hallway, tinted red by the EXIT signs. Slowly, we enter one of the rooms...as someone is getting slowly entered.

INT. PATIENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

*MOANS, BED CREAKING*

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, blonde, on top, bounces up and down on a BLACK GUY.

WOMAN

Should we worry about him waking up?

We pan over to THE ROOMMATE, in a deep sleep.

BLACK GUY

Nope. Guy's deaf.

WOMAN

Wow. Deaf and suicidal.

More MOANING and GRUNTING.

BLACK GUY

Damn, the service has really gotten better here since my last visit. When did this become part of the plan?

WOMAN

It's not.

BLACK GUY

Oooh, preferred customer?

WOMAN

Yeah. What's your deal again?

Still going at it.

BLACK GUY

What do you mean?

WOMAN

Why are you in here?

BLACK GUY  
Is now really the right time to be  
talking about this?

She starts to sway on top of him. Really getting into it.

WOMAN  
(sexy)  
Now is the best time.

BLACK GUY  
Ooh yeah, baby. I hate my life and  
I want to decorate my living room  
wall with my splattered brain.

That really gets her going.

WOMAN  
Ooh yeah, what else do you want to  
do?

BLACK GUY  
(still enjoying himself)  
This is so fucked up.

The gears are really turning now.

WOMAN  
Yes!

She digs her nails into his chest.

BLACK GUY  
Ow, bitch!

This gets her even hotter. Louder and louder MOANING. BED  
CREAKING quickens and quickens, getting closer and closer!  
They're both about to GO!

Suddenly, *BEEP BEEP BEEP*, the fire alarm blares, stopping  
them in an instant.

WOMAN  
Shit!

BLACK GUY  
God damn it!

She hops off the saddle and scurries to her clothes. Quickly,  
she's dressed in nurse scrubs. Yes, this beautiful, but  
fetish crazed woman is NURSE CATHERINE.

CATHERINE  
How do I look?

BLACK GUY  
Like you just got fucked by a  
suicidal black guy.

CATHERINE  
Wish you guys could have mirrors in  
here.  
(fluffs her hair)  
Alright, throw some underwear on  
and get outside.

He throws on some shorts and goes out the door. Catherine follows.

A BEAT

They come back in and wake up The Roommate. He has no idea what has just happened and what is happening. He trudges after them.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

People are slowly exiting their rooms. Some cover their ears from the blaring of the alarm.

Catherine helps escort everyone towards the exit.

NURSE  
Catherine?

NURSE CINDY, frumpy but friendly.

CATHERINE  
Hey, Cindy. I've got this exit.  
Make sure everyone is out of their  
rooms, please.

CINDY  
I thought you weren't on tonight?

CATHERINE  
(beat)  
I was covering for Barbara.

CINDY  
Oh ok.  
(beat)  
But Barbara's here.

Cindy points to: BARBARA, middle-aged, used to be a bombshell. Key Word: USED TO. She's pointing people towards the exit.

CATHERINE

(good liar)

Oh boy. You know, I shouldn't say anything, but she has been a little spacey lately. And I know she has a family history of Alzheimer's. It'd be best if we didn't mention it to her. Just let her keep working and I'll just go home.

CINDY

Oh. I didn't know that.

Cindy looks over to Barbara with a look of empathy.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I won't say anything. Just get out of here before she sees that you're here.

CATHERINE

Will do. Thanks, Cindy.

Catherine goes towards the stairs, but before she can get out...

CINDY

Hey, Catherine.

Catherine stops. Almost home free.

CATHERINE

Yes?

CINDY

Your scrubs are on backwards.

Sure enough, they are. She's almost been had.

CATHERINE

(embarrassed)

Oh my gosh. I was in such a hurry to get down here. You know how it is. Just one of those crazy nights.

CINDY

I've had plenty of those!

CATHERINE

Alright, well I'm going to go. Thanks again, Cindy.

Catherine cuts in front of the patients and is gone down the stairs, home free.

CINDY  
Barbara, do you have the clip  
board?

BARBARA  
You know, I did. I can't seem to  
remember where I put it though.

CINDY  
(to herself)  
Poor thing.

OPENING CREDITS ROLL.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

PEOPLE sit in a circle in an open gymnasium on cold, metal,  
folding chairs. Catherine is one of them.

JERRY, plain and likes to wear sweaters, mid 50's, the head  
of the group. He starts things off.

JERRY  
Hello, everyone. Glad to see all  
your familiar faces again.

EVERYONE  
Hi, Jerry.

JERRY  
I actually see a couple of new  
faces. As you may have heard, my  
name is Jerry. For those of you  
that are new here, would you care  
to introduce yourselves to the  
group?

BILLY, 21 years old, looks 40, stands up to introduce  
himself. His tone is close to death.

BILLY  
Hi, everyone. My name is Billy.

EVERYONE  
Hi, Billy.

BILLY  
I'm 21 years old and I have  
attempted suicide 3 times.

He sits down.

JERRY

Thank you, Billy. We are all happy  
that you are here and safe with us.

Billy nods with his head down. The WOMAN next to him pats him  
on the shoulder.

Catherine stands up.

CATHERINE

Hello, everyone. I'm Catherine.

EVERYONE

Hello, Catherine.

CATHERINE

Hi. I'm a nurse in the psych ward  
at Johns Hopkins.

JERRY

Hmm, well that's very good,  
Catherine.

CATHERINE

Thank you.

She sits down. That's it.

JERRY

Catherine, if you don't mind me  
asking, have you ever attempted  
suicide?

CATHERINE

Nope.

JERRY

Have you ever had thoughts about  
it?

CATHERINE

Nope.

JERRY

Well, usually what we do at these  
sessions is talk about how we are  
feeling. It helps us realize that  
we are not alone.

CATHERINE

Yup, that's very nice.

JERRY

(beat)

Well, we're all glad you are here,  
Catherine.

Everyone sits in silence for a moment.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Now that we've gotten to know the  
new faces, I've noticed some of the  
old ones are missing. Has anyone  
heard from Ron Bigsby lately?

Nothing more than a murmur. Most of the group shakes their  
head. Catherine's eyes light up.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Ok, well let's all pray that he is  
alright.

The group continues on.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER

The session is coming to a close. Everyone gets up and begins  
to mingle. Catherine goes to Jerry.

CATHERINE

Really great thing you're doing  
here, Jerry.

JERRY

Thank you very much, Catherine. I'm  
glad you came to join us tonight.  
Will we be seeing you again next  
week?

CATHERINE

Probably. I like coming to these  
things. It helps with the job, I  
guess.

JERRY

Well, you are always welcome around  
here.

CATHERINE

Thank you. I appreciate that.

(beat)

Hey, so earlier you mentioned that  
someone was missing.

JERRY

Ah, yes. Ron Bigsby. Real nice guy.  
I'm really hoping he's just busy.

CATHERINE

Well, if it's ok, I could go pay  
him a visit at his house. You know-  
check in on him, make sure  
everything is alright.

JERRY

You know what? That's a great idea!  
A beautiful woman such as yourself  
would surely brighten up his day.

He gives her a dorky smile. Jerry's not the smoothest guy out  
there.

CATHERINE

Great! Do you have his address or  
contact info?

JERRY

I do.

Jerry flips through some sheets on his clipboard.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Ah, here he is.

Catherine gets out a pad of paper and pen.

JERRY (CONT'D)

1075 Fairview Ave. Would you like  
his number as well?

CATHERINE

Yeah, that'd be great.

JERRY

555-3984. Let us know if you get in  
touch with him. We'd love to have  
him back.

CATHERINE

He'll be back in no time. Trust me.

JERRY

Thank you, Catherine.

CATHERINE

No problemo. If there's nothing  
else, I'm going to get out of here.

JERRY  
Yup, we're all done.

CATHERINE  
See you next week.

She flashes a wink. Jerry quickly gets all flustered as he watches Catherine's hips sway out the door.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

BETHANY, Catherine's older sister, cleans up around the kitchen. Stress has aged her faster than she would have liked. We hear a door open.

CATHERINE (O.C.)  
Hello?

Bethany looks around the corner.

BETHANY  
Shhh! I just put Josh to bed.

Catherine comes around the corner and puts her purse on the kitchen counter.

CATHERINE  
(whispering)  
Sorry.

BETHANY  
Come on, let's go out on the balcony. Want something to drink?

CATHERINE  
I'm good, thanks.

BETHANY  
I'm going to have some wine. You sure you don't want any?

CATHERINE  
Ah, ok. One glass.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

They sit at a two person rod iron patio set. Bethany pours two glasses of wine.

BETHANY  
Cigarette?

CATHERINE  
You should quit.

BETHANY  
Quitting's for pussies. Look at  
where quitting got John.

Bethany lights up, inhales deep and chases with some wine.  
She's relaxed.

CATHERINE  
How's Joshy doing?

BETHANY  
Just as good as any other baby out  
there. Oblivious to the world  
around him.

She takes another drag.

BETHANY (CONT'D)  
I wish I could be as oblivious as a  
baby just for one day, you know?

CATHERINE  
Wouldn't that be nice.

BETHANY  
I never would've thought in a  
million years that my life would  
turn out to be this fucked up.

Bethany takes a big gulp of wine. Catherine drags her chair  
next to Bethany and comforts her.

CATHERINE  
Come on now. Things are going to  
get better. Don't worry. Remember  
what dad always said? "Don't worry  
because worrying gives you gas."

A smile cracks on Bethany's face.

Josh's cry is heard on a baby monitor.

BETHANY  
Right on time.

Bethany starts to force herself out of the chair.

CATHERINE  
No, no, no. You stay and relax.  
I'll take this one.

BETHANY

Thank god.

Bethany falls back into the chair.

INT. JOSH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A dim night light shines in the corner of the room. Other than that, complete darkness. JOSH is still crying. The door slowly opens to show Catherine, more lovely than ever.

CATHERINE

(baby talk)

Hi, Joshy. Is someone awake?

She switches on the lights.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(baby talk)

There's the baby.

Josh continues to cry. She picks him up, nestling him in her breast. He slowly stops crying. Rocking him slowly, Josh falls back to sleep. Catherine hums a lullaby very quietly. She lays Josh back into the crib and carefully, leans in and kisses Josh's forehead.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I love you. Your mother loves you.  
Your father loved you. Always know  
that.

She brushes her fingers lightly through his wispy hair before turning off the lights.

EXT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Bethany is on cigarette number 2 and almost done with her glass of wine.

BETHANY

That was quick.

CATHERINE

He just needed a little attention.

Catherine sits back down and takes a sip of her wine.

BETHANY

I really appreciate everything  
you've done for us. You're really  
good with him.

CATHERINE

Are you kidding? It's my pleasure.  
No need to say more.

BEAT. Bethany breaks down.

BETHANY

(sobbing)

How could he fucking do that to me-  
to Josh?

CATHERINE

He didn't do it to you or Josh. He  
did it to himself. You need to stop  
feeling responsible for what  
happened.

Catherine wipes Bethany's tears with a napkin.

BETHANY

(sniffling, beat)

He didn't even leave a note.

Bethany begins to sob. Catherine has nothing to say. She  
wraps her arms around Bethany, a real hug, nothing more,  
nothing less.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

The Psych Ward is alive and well today. Nurses move about the  
rooms, making small talk with the patients hanging out in the  
hall, etc. Catherine enters with a strut that's impossible to  
ignore. She greets the other nurses and a few of the  
patients.

LEON (black guy from a couple nights ago) is sitting in a  
chair outside of his room.

LEON

What up, baby?

Nurse Cindy hears the comment.

CINDY

Umm, excuse me, Leon. You should  
not be speaking to our personnel  
that way.

CATHERINE  
It's fine, Cindy. Leon, may I speak  
to you for a moment in private.

LEON  
Of course.

They go into...

INT. LEON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He thinks he's about to get another special treatment. His smile is evidence of this. As soon as Catherine closes the door behind her

CATHERINE  
(trying to keep it down)  
Listen here, you motherfucker!

She slams him against the wall, holding him by his collar.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
What I'm doing for you is a god  
damn favor! If you want it to  
continue, you'll keep your big  
fucking mouth shut and pretend it  
never happened.  
(slams him against the  
wall again)  
Got it?!

Leon, freaked out, but sort of turned on, nods in agreement. Catherine lets go of her vice grip.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Same time again tonight?

Leon nods again.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Ok, good talk.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Cindy is waiting for Catherine in the hall.

CINDY  
What'd you say to Leon?

CATHERINE  
Just gave him the rundown on how  
things go around here.

CINDY  
I've never heard him refer to  
anyone as, "baby" before.

CATHERINE  
Maybe he's just getting better.

The situations been handled. She walks away.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Catherine and Cindy wait at the end of the line to pay for their food. They make small talk. Suddenly, something catches Cindy's eye.

CINDY  
Woah. Check out the hunk of man  
meat that just walked in.

Catherine looks over her shoulder, double takes. Walking through the doors is ROBERT REDFORD, no not the actor, just a name coincidence. Tall, dark, and handsome, wearing a suit, he's used to commanding the room the moment he enters.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Wa wa wee wah. He must be new here.

CATHERINE  
Work just got a whole lot better.

They both giggle like two young school girls.

Robert gets in line behind them. He catches Catherine's eye, giving her a smile in return. She lightly smiles back but quickly turns around.

MOMENTS LATER

Catherine and Cindy take a seat at a 4-person table.

CINDY  
Oh my gosh! He's coming over here.  
Act cool!

Catherine doesn't really care. Cindy is not "acting cool" by taking a big bite out of her sandwich.

ROBERT  
Do you ladies mind if I sit with  
you?

CINDY  
(mouth full)  
Please do!

Food sputters out of her mouth.

CATHERINE  
(to Cindy)  
Seriously?  
(to Robert)  
Yes, you can join us.

ROBERT  
Thanks. I'm Robert by the way.  
Robert Redford.

CINDY  
Ah! Like the actor!

As if he's heard it a thousand times before...which he has.

ROBERT  
Yes. Like the actor.

The ladies introduce themselves.

CATHERINE  
So, Robert. We haven't seen you  
around here before. What is it that  
you're doing?

ROBERT  
I'm an orthopedic surgeon. This is  
my first day here.

CATHERINE  
Wow, very impressive.

ROBERT  
And you ladies?

CATHERINE  
We work on the 7th. Psych ward  
nurses.

ROBERT  
Oh, man. I have a lot of respect  
for you guys. That shit is tough.

CATHERINE  
Yes it is. But we love it.

CINDY  
 (awkward/quick)  
 Yeah, we love you-I mean, it! We  
 love it! I'm going to go. I have  
 some work to catch up on.

Cindy scurries up her food and leaves.

ROBERT  
 She seems friendly...?

CATHERINE  
 She is...just a little too friendly  
 sometimes. So, what brings you  
 here?

Robert rubs his fingers together (the money).

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 (laughing)  
 Oh really?

ROBERT  
 No-well, yes and no. The pay is  
 better but I've always wanted to  
 work for Johns Hopkins. It just has  
 that prestige.

CATHERINE  
 It does.

ROBERT  
 So, 7th floor? Must be a lot of  
 excitement up there.

CATHERINE  
 We have our good and bad days just  
 like any other job.

ROBERT  
 I don't think there are many  
 accountants out there who have to  
 worry about their clients killing  
 themselves every day.

CATHERINE  
 Ah, you never know.

ROBERT  
 Good point.

CATHERINE  
 There are a lot of misconceptions  
 about suicide wards out there.  
 (MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Most of the people that check in just want to find one person—just one person—who cares for them. Most of them will never actually follow through with it.

ROBERT

Are you one of those people?

CATHERINE

I try to be.

ROBERT

Respect, home girl.

He gives her an awkward fist pump while still maintaining his "cool" ora. Catherine laughs.

CATHERINE

I should get back to work.

ROBERT

Yeah, me too.

CATHERINE

It was nice meeting you, Robert Redford.

ROBERT

And it was nice watching you eat that sandwich, Catherine.

CATHERINE

(laughing)

See you around.

She wraps up her food and leaves.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bethany dials up Catherine on her cell. Josh is in a car-seat in the back.

INTERCUT with Catherine at INT. PSYCH WARD

Catherine hangs out at the reception desk with Cindy. She answers her cell phone.

CATHERINE

(into phone)

Hello?

BETHANY  
 (into phone)  
 Hi, Cath. Question.

CATHERINE  
 (into phone)  
 Shoot.

PATIENT (TOM) walking by, overhears.

TOM  
 I will shoot if I don't get some  
 fucking pancakes for dinner.

CATHERINE  
 No, Tom. You're not shooting anyone  
 and you're not getting pancakes for  
 dinner.

Tom grumbles away.

BETHANY  
 (into phone)  
 What's going on over there?

CATHERINE  
 (into phone)  
 Nothing. I just have to be more  
 careful with my word choices around  
 here. What's up?

BETHANY  
 (into phone)  
 Can you watch Josh tonight for a  
 couple of hours?

CATHERINE  
 (into phone)  
 Of course. I'd love to.

BETHANY  
 (into phone)  
 Great! Thank you so much!

CATHERINE  
 (into phone)  
 What are you doing?

BETHANY  
 (into phone)  
 You're not going to believe it, but  
 I'm going on a little date.

CATHERINE  
 (into phone)  
 Oooh, really?

BETHANY  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah. Nothing serious but I thought  
 it would be good for me.

CATHERINE  
 (into phone)  
 Good, that's a great idea! What  
 time do you need me to come over?

BETHANY  
 (into phone)  
 6 o'clock sound good?

CATHERINE  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, perfect. I'll come straight  
 from work.

BETHANY  
 (into phone)  
 Awesome, thank you so much! I'll  
 see you later.

CATHERINE  
 (into phone)  
 No problem! Bye.

They hang up.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 (to Cindy)  
 My sister's going on a date  
 tonight.

CINDY  
 Oooh, really? Good for her.

INT. BETHANY'S APARTMENT - 6 PM

Catherine walks in, dressed in her scrubs.

CATHERINE  
 Hello?

BETHANY (O.S.)  
 Hi! I'm in the bathroom. Josh is in  
 the family room.

Catherine sees Josh in his playpen, playing with an alligator stuffed animal.

CATHERINE

(baby talk)

Hi, Joshy! Are you going to have fun tonight with your Aunt Cath? Yes you are!

She picks him up and gives him a big kiss, then puts him back into the playpen. Bethany comes out of the bathroom.

BETHANY

How do I look?

She looks beautiful, younger and put together. We never saw what Bethany looked like a couple of years ago, but this is pretty close.

CATHERINE

Oh my gosh! You look so beautiful.

BETHANY

Thanks. I'm so nervous. I haven't been on a date in so long.

CATHERINE

Ah, don't worry. Let's have a glass of wine. Is he coming to get you?

BETHANY

Yeah, he should be here soon.

Catherine pours two small glasses of wine.

CATHERINE

Cheers to you and your new hot piece of ass.

BETHANY

(laughing)

Shut up.

They sit down at the dinner table.

CATHERINE

So, what's this guy do?

BETHANY

He's a doctor.

CATHERINE

Ooh. Wow, shooting for the stars I see.

BETHANY

Yeah, I met him on a dating website.

CATHERINE

Well, I met a guy the other day. He just started working at Johns Hopkins. Really good looking ... funny too.

BETHANY

Good for you. It's about time you settle down.

*Knock knock.*

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Oh, that's him! We'll talk about your guy later. Sure I look ok?

CATHERINE

Beautiful.

Bethany quickly goes to the door, pauses, takes a deep breath, and opens it up. Meanwhile, Catherine puts the wine glasses in the sink.

BETHANY (O.S.)

Hi, you must be Robert.

ROBERT (O.S.)

And you must be Bethany. Pleasure.

BETHANY

This is my sister, Catherine. Catherine, this is Robert.

Catherine turns around to see Robert Redford. Her face drops. She's practically speechless.

ROBERT

Oh my god, Catherine, hi.

CATHERINE

Robert. Hello.

ROBERT

Wow, Bethany is your sister? It really is a small world.

BETHANY

You guys know each other?

CATHERINE  
Well, yes, not really though.

ROBERT  
We met yesterday at lunch in the  
cafeteria.

Bethany, oblivious to the fact that Robert is the guy  
Catherine had just mentioned.

BETHANY  
Wow, that is funny!

ROBERT  
Yeah, jeeze.

BETHANY  
So, where are we going for dinner?

ROBERT  
A friend of mine just told me about  
this place. Some little Italian  
restaurant on Green. We should  
probably get going if we want to  
keep our reservation.

BETHANY  
Yes, of course! Let me grab my coat  
and we'll go.

She goes into the bedroom.

ROBERT  
So, you're baby sitter for the  
night?

CATHERINE  
Yup.

ROBERT  
Cool.

CATHERINE  
Yup.

Awkward.

BETHANY  
Ok, ready! Thanks again, Catherine.  
I'll be back in a few hours.

ROBERT  
Yeah, thanks, Catherine.

He flashes her a quick wink and then follows Bethany out the door.

Catherine stands by the sink, thinking for a moment, but is interrupted by Josh, crying. She walks into the other room to care for him.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

Bethany and Robert sit at a table for two in an elegant, little, Italian restaurant. They each have a glass of wine. No food yet.

BETHANY

This place is really cute. I had never heard of it before.

ROBERT

Yeah. I'm glad my friend has good taste.

(beat)

That's so funny that your sister is Catherine.

BETHANY

Yeah, such a small world.

ROBERT

I could never do what she does.

BETHANY

Yeah. It's a very tough job.

ROBERT

It has to be so tough knowing that everyone around you wants to kill themselves.

BETHANY

Could we talk about something else, please.

ROBERT

Oh, I'm sorry.

BETHANY

No, it's ok. It's just a subject I don't like to think about.

Bethany begins to tear up.

ROBERT

Are you alright?

BETHANY

Please excuse me. I have to go to the bathroom.

She takes her napkin with her and quickly leaves the table. Robert stays.

INT. BETHANY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Catherine is lying on the couch. Josh is asleep in his room. Bethany comes into the apartment without Robert. The date didn't go too well.

CATHERINE

Back already?

BETHANY

Yeah, it was a quick dinner.

CATHERINE

Everything alright?

BETHANY

Yup. Josh asleep?

CATHERINE

Yeah. Are you sure you're good?

BETHANY

Perfect. Never been better. Thanks again for watching Josh.

Bethany fakes a smile.

CATHERINE

My pleasure.

Catherine sits up from the couch.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I guess I'll go then.

BETHANY

Yeah, if you don't mind. I'm really tired.

CATHERINE

Alrighty, good night.

Bethany goes straight into her room and closes the door.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Once again, the hallway is empty and dark, only illuminated by the EXIT signs. We enter...

INT. LEON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...to see Catherine getting doggied by Leon. The Roommate is sleeping once again.

CATHERINE

So, any new thoughts recently?

LEON

Always thinking, baby.

CATHERINE

Don't call me baby.

LEON

Whatever you say, nurse.

CATHERINE

I meant any suicidal thoughts.

They keep pounding away.

LEON

Actually, no. Been feeling pretty good lately.

CATHERINE

Really? None at all?

LEON

Nope.

Leon's really into it. Catherine's just there for the ride.

CATHERINE

Aw, come on. You must've had one thought. Just tell me.

LEON

Bitch, you're crazy.

CATHERINE

Make something up.

LEON

Huh?

Leon stops.

CATHERINE  
Make something up. Something you  
would maybe do.

LEON  
You want me to fake it?

CATHERINE  
Yeah. Do it!

They get back into it.

LEON  
Ummm, I'm going to hang myself with  
my belt...?

Catherine, sick and twisted, is trying to get off.

CATHERINE  
Yeah, that's better. Give me  
something else.

LEON  
Uhhh, I'll wine and dine with some  
Tylenol PM's.

They continue on a little more, eventually coming to a boring  
climax. They both lay down on the bed.

LEON (CONT'D)  
Hmm.

CATHERINE  
Hmm.

LEON  
Thanks. I'm gonna go to sleep now.

CATHERINE  
Alright, I'll see you tomorrow.

LEON  
Peace, bitch.

Catherine gets dressed and walks out into...

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...and goes over to the reception desk, plopping down in the  
chair in front of the computer. She looks unsatisfied. She  
then remembers something.

Reaching into her purse, she pulls out the slip of paper with Ron Bigsby's information on it and types it into the computer. Catherine prints out the directions and leaves.

INT. RON BIGSBY'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Catherine, dressed in sexier clothing, makes sure she has the right apartment number before knocking. She waits, nothing. Knocks again and again. Finally, from the other side of the door-

RON  
I'm coming! Fucking Christ!

His voice is dull.

The door unlocks and quickly opened. RON, normal looking guy, mid 20's, pissed at first, is taken back by the beautiful blonde at his door.

CATHERINE  
Hi, Ron?

RON  
Yeah. Who are you? What do you want?

CATHERINE  
My name's Catherine. You don't know me but I was at a meeting the other day and Jerry had mentioned that you were missing.

RON  
Oh, you're one of those people. Fuck Jerry. I bet he was wearing one of his stupid sweaters.

Ron goes to close the door, but Catherine keeps it open.

CATHERINE  
Well, yeah he was. But, I just came by to make sure you were alright.

RON  
Obviously, I am.

CATHERINE  
Ok, that's good.

RON  
What do you want? You're wasting my time here.

CATHERINE  
Is there anyone else home right  
now?

RON  
No.

CATHERINE  
Good.

She pounces, like a lion on its prey, into...

INT. RON BIGSBY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Aggressively making out him with, she throws him on the  
couch.

RON  
Woah! What's going on?!

CATHERINE  
I'm helping you out, and you're  
helping me out.

Ron can't resist. She's too sexy. They start fucking on the  
couch. Catherine looks around the apartment. She sees a  
bottle of wine next to a large amount of pills dumped out on  
the counter. This is her trigger.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
OOOH YES!

She rides him like a bull. Ron has no idea what's going on  
but he loves it.

RON  
This is so fucking awesome!

CATHERINE  
YES!

She swirls and sways, finally, BOOM! as if fireworks just  
shot off in the room, Ron and Catherine explode in ecstasy.  
Ron lies motionless, breathing heavily. Catherine hops off  
and fixes her clothes. She goes over to the counter and  
scoops the pills into her purse and takes a swig of wine.

RON  
(breathing heavily)  
Who the fuck are you?

CATHERINE

From the looks of this  
(points to wine/pills)  
I'm the woman who just saved your  
life. I'll leave you my number.

She struts out of the apartment, adjusting her underwear through her dress, satisfied again. Ron lies on the couch, breathing heavily. His head falls back onto the pillow. The door closes.

THE END.

Logline: sometimes to do something good, you have to do something dirty.