

TITLE

THE ICE

WRITTEN BY:

Amu Mary

Iportrayme@gmail.com

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FADE IN:

INT. THERESA'S HOUSE. - DAY

Camera opens on a tidy characterless room with a sewing machine at a corner. A female's hunched on the floor praying with the rosary.

CUT TO:

Bathed and dressed, she notices her skirt shows the huge slash mark just below her knee, she throws it in the bin and wears a much longer one.

We pan to a ridiculous amount of makeup products on her dressing table, one fit only for a professional or someone with something to hide.

CUT TO:

She's standing in her walk-in closet. For a pale person, her shoe collection is a marvel with nothing but heels taking up half of her closet. She pulls out a stiletto.

CUT TO:

She stands in front of a full-length mirror. Her black long sleeved turtle neck shirt, her high waisted long black skirt, a flawlessly made-up face and her hair pulled in a tight bun.

Meet, THERESA OBONG, 32. She tries to smile genuinely but fails. She tries 2 more times and fails. She sighs. She sits down on the edge of her bed and goes over her to-do list

- 1. Pray the rosary 15 times.**
- 2. Practise your smile.**
- 3. Remember to 'Breathe twice and don't break the ice'.**
- 4. Survive TODAY!**

She strikes out 1-3 and stares at 4 dreadfully.

She picks up her black bag, adjust the portrait photo of a woman and 2 girls; one older than the other on her dressing table and walks out.

INT. CAR. - DAY

Theresa turns her car off. She pull down her front mirror and practises her smile again but it falters. She sighs.

THERESA

I should have gone with nude. No, this color is fine. Maybe I should go home! No! Its fine. I'm fine.

She sighs and alights from her vehicle.

EXT. CLEO'S HOUSE. - DAY

Theresa looks at the 2 story bungalow, impressive. She walks to the door and knocks.

A man opens up, LUKE, 40. Shirtless, Low riding jeans showing his deep V, cigarette hanging from his lips.

THERESA

Hello. I'm Theresa. Cleo's sis--
ter

LUKE

Just fucking marvelous. My day just got better.

He goes to hug her, she stiffens shifting back. He gets the message.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Oh fuck me! I'm so rude. Come on in Sugar.

Theresa's enters

INT. CLEO'S HOUSE. - DAY

Ushered in. Theresa beholds the colorful and super-lively living room. She scans the healthy number of people bustling around. She adjusts her skirt.

LUKE

I'm Luke, the fuck tarde Cleo is marrying. Good to meet you honey.

THERESA

Theresa..

LUKE

Of course. Lovely to meet you
Theresa honey.

He stretches out his hand. A beat. They both stare at it,
he's not backing down. She shakes his hand stiffly, he smiles
an earth shattering smile

LUKE (CONT'D)

Look at you.. A blank canvas
waiting for just the right artist.
Come, come let me introduce you to
my family..

THERESA

NO! No.. Thank you. I would just
like to see my sister.

LUKE

Of course!! Come on then pumpkin.

She nods following him up.

INT. STAIRS. - DAY

Theresa stares at every piece of painting and photograph
lining the walls as she climbs.

LUKE

I wanted everything to be Lavish.
Fireworks! Zulu dancers! All that
bullshit but Cleo wanted low key.
My best friends just flew in
yesterday and Cleo doesn't do too
well with people she barely knows.
You're here, I can fucking relax.

He turns to see her staring at a monochrome portrait
photograph of a naked girl with a blurry face.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Isn't she fucking beautiful. So
damn gifted too. We co-own a
gallery downtown.

THERESA

Oh?

Luke turns down a hall

INT. HALLWAY. - DAY

He stops in front of a door.

LUKE

Its like a bloody fortress up here.
Fucking murder can be committed and
no one will hear. She loves it. It
worries me.

He knocks again.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Probably in the bathroom. Well, go
in. Fucked up that I can't see her.
You don't talk much do you?

Theresa stands stiff staring at the door. Luke watches her.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Look, Sweet pea. I know you and
Cleo had it rough growing up. So,
thank you for coming.

He walks away.

She stretches her hand to open it, she withdraws.

She turns away but then stops at the edge of the stairs

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. ROOM. - DAY - FLASHBACK

22 YEAR OLD THERESA stands on the doorway watching 17 YEAR
OLD CLEO throwing her clothes frantically in a box.

THERESA

You're already packing? You still
have 2 weeks before college starts

CLEO

I'm going in early

THERESA

Well, em -- okay

CLEO

I'm not coming back.

Silence. They stare at each other.

CLEO (CONT'D)

I can't do it anymore.. I.. Feel
suffo-- cated.

THERESA
(soft, Hurt)
Okay.

CLEO
(hurt)
Okay?

THERESA
(Harder)
Okay.

CLEO
Do you even care?

THERESA
Go. I'll pray for you.

Cleo BANGS the door in her face.

INT. HALLWAY. - PRESENT

Theresa turns back to the door and opens it.

THERESA
Survive today.

She walks in.

INT. CLEO'S HOUSE. CLEO'S ROOM. - DAY

The room's huge, beautiful and scattered. Arts spray the walls.

Blinds close any outward source of light. A single lamp and a candle burning on a side table illuminate the room.

Waters running in the bathroom.

Unable to help herself, she picks up the clothes from the floor.

She stumbles on Cleo's phone open to a conversation which displays naked pictures of Cleo with a text by Cleo saying ***'Come on baby, I know you can pay higher. You don't get body like this everywhere'***

She drops the phone, does the sign of the cross and continues putting the room in as much order as it can be.

The bathroom door opens. Theresa's oblivious.

Meet CLEOPATRA OBONG, strikingly gorgeous in her disheveled form. Her dreads long, her piercing plenty. She leans on the door frame watching Theresa.

CLEO
Hey stranger.

Theresa stops, she breathes in and out twice then turns to face Cleo. They stare at each other.

THERESA
You look different.

CLEO
8 years of growth can do that to you. You look very much the same.. Too much makeup don't you think?!

Theresa nods. Straightens her skirt. Anxious.

CLEO (CONT'D)
You're here.. You came.

THERESA
Congratulations.

Theresa tries to smile, Its tight and forced.

CLEO
Yeah! Some of us have life completely great.. Others don't.

Cleo gags. She holds her hand over mouth and runs back into the bathroom.

Theresa drops her forced smile. Inhales, exhales then follows her in.

INT. CLEO'S ROOM. BATHROOM. - DAY

The bathroom is huge. Cleo kneels throwing up into the toilet bowl. Theresa stands on the doorway

CLEO
Its gets trickier to hold food down.

Cleo flushes the toilet.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Mama's no longer here, don't you need to take those off?

Points to her shoes.

THERESA
No. I'm comfortable.

Cleo throws up again. Theresa holds her hair up.

CUT TO:

Cleo undresses, Theresa looks away. We pan to the Tattooed letters on her spine we can't quite read.

CUT TO:

Theresa sits on the Toilet singing '*Ancient words*' as cleo soaks in the bath tub. Her voice is rusty and beautiful.

THERESA (CONT'D)
-- *changing me and changing you. We have come with Gods own heart. Oh let the ancient words.*-- impart

CLEO
Please stop fucking singing that terrible song

THERESA
You used to love it.

CLEO
No, mom used to love it and we played along. You recall my favorite song and it was not that. Sing that if you want to sing at all. Come on.. Sing! Sing! Sing! I know you know the words.. oh, come on! Say: *fuuuu*---

Cleo's enjoying this. Theresa looks ahead, anxious.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Okay, we'll do it together. 1,2,3
fuu--ckk

Cleo snickers but stops noticing Theresa's demeanor. Silence. Theresa adjusts her skirt.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Yeah, I guess you won't sing it. You don't indulge in profanity.. Of course. Cause you're--

THERESA
Saved.

CLEO
 Yes, saved. Mama was saved too.
 Woke up to Christ, slept to Christ.

Theresa clenches her hand tightly.

CLEO (CONT'D)
 Her prayers were soft and Fervent,
 Her hand swift to strike
 distributing pain wherever she was.
 In fact she was so saved, she died
 as nothing.. squeezed in between
 the tires of a trailer.. Saved.

Theresa closes her eyes and breathes twice. Cleo watches her.

CLEO (CONT'D)
 'Breathe twice and don't break the
 ice'. Yep! You haven't changed.

Cleo relaxes into the water as Theresa walks out.

INT. CLEO'S ROOM. - DAY

Theresa sits admiring the arts on the wall. Her sights stop
 on one which highlights the face of a lady; one part
 disfigured, the other perfect.

She traces the face with her hand then notices the signature:
C.O

CLEO (O.S.)
 Could you help me with my robe?

Theresa picks up the robe on the arm chair.

INT. BATHROOM. - DAY

Theresa stumbles on Cleo blow drying her hair naked, she
 turns her back swiftly and stretches the hand with the robe
 out.

Cleo giggles. Turns it off and slips on her robe

CLEO
 Still can't stand a naked body huh.

THERESA
 You draw.

CLEO
 What?

THERESA
C.O. You draw..

CLEO
Draw, paint, mold, sculpt, graffiti
but majorly painting.

THERESA
I didn't know.

Theresa puts the blow dryer in its proper position.

CLEO
Its okay. You never knew anything
about me anyway.

Cleo creams her body. Theresa sits on the edge of the bath
tub staring at her hands

THERESA
Why did you want me here?

A moment.

CLEO
I didn't. Luke thought it would be
petty to walk down the isle alone
while I had a surviving sister.

THERESA
What if I had changed numbers or
moved?

CLEO
You? Change routines? Not stick to
order. That's like saying Lions no
longer have hair growing on their
face.

Theresa glances at the fire extinguisher sitting beside the
door. Cleo follows her stare.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Luke's parents died in a fire. He's
been a little paranoid ever since.
There's one at every nook and
cranny.

Cleo grips the sink almost falling. Theresa goes to help,
Cleo waves her off. She takes water from the tap and swallows
some drugs.

THERESA
Does it hurt?

Cleo looks at her through the mirror.

CLEO
What?

THERESA
The cancer.

CLEO
Oh, Luke!!.. Detected early and
fixed. In my recovery phase.

THERESA
But he said--

CLEO
--He's just scared. If anything
you're the one dying with that much
black you have on.

Theresa releases her breath, relieved.

Cleo walks into the bedroom and Theresa arranges everything
back in its position.

CLEO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
A toast?

INT. CLEO'S ROOM.- DAY

Theresa walks out to see Cleo setting out two glasses of wine
atop her mini fridge.

THERESA
I don't drink, thank you.

Cleo gulps one of the glasses.

CLEO
No, that wasn't for you.

She settles into one of the chairs and twirls the second
glass.

Theresa walks over to where the white dress hangs and caresses
the material.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Mama used to love white, remember?

Theresa withdraws like she's been burned.

CLEO (CONT'D)
What do you think of Luke?

THERESA
I don't know him. I have no
opinions.

CLEO
You hate him, I know. He's not your
type. Not that you have a type.
Common, a little something?

THERESA
I have no opinions.

CLEO
(spiteful)
You never do. What do I expect a 32
year old Virgin to know about love
and relationships?

Theresa twists the hem of her top too tightly as she breathes slowly.

Cleo pours more wine into her glass and into her body.

CLEO (CONT'D)
You and love are literally two
sides of a coin. You know back in
high school some friends of mine
would put money on the fact that
you'll die alone. If it wasn't the
hideous clothes, it was that
coldness that could kill birds.

More wine. Looser tongue. Cleo walks over to the half deformed painting. Cleo laughs.

CLEO (CONT'D)
Always so fucking silent. A freak!
I used to be so ashamed to tell
friends that we were related.

Theresa bites her lip too hard and it bleeds. She closes her eyes and licks the blood as she tugs on the hem of her shirt.

CLEO (CONT'D)
I wasn't sure if mama gave birth to
someone with a soul. At least
you'll die alone, unbothered...
Like you always wanted.

Cleo laughs. Then sits back and stares at the candle.

CLEO (CONT'D)
(sad)
Luke loves me, you know.

The hem rips, she folds it in and turns to Cleo.

THERESA
Does Luke know you're selling your
body to the highest bidder?

Cleo pushes Theresa.

CLEO
How dare you? I love Luke. You
don't even know what Love is.

THERESA
Just like Mama loved all the men
who could put food on our table.

Cleo throws wine at her face.

CLEO
At least she wasn't a fucking
faggot!

The wine drips down her face.

Dead silence. Theresa's breath is ragged, she looks in the
mirror.

THERESA
No.. No.

She tries to clean her face, the makeup smudges.

THERESA (CONT'D)
My face. My face.. No

She punches the table repeatedly as she shakes.

She rushes towards Cleo and grips her shirt

THERESA (CONT'D)
You don't know what you've done. Do
you know how long I spend.. Hours..
Just to cover.. to look perfect!!

CLEO
Nothing can cover your filth--

Slap! Cleo stumbles. Spits out blood in Theresa's face

CLEO (CONT'D)
You're sick.

Theresa raises her fists to punch her, Cleo cowers

Theresa pushes her to the ground. She sits on the chair laughing cynically.

THERESA
You're so stupid. so so fuc--king
stupid!! You don't know shit!

She fiddles for something in her bag with her shaking hands. She pulls out a cigarette, struggles but lights it and smokes.

CLEO
Freak!

Silence. Theresa leans into the chair eyes closed. Cleo nurses her bottle of wine.. Then starts mopping.

THERESA
(whispers)
Shut up.. Shut up..
(yells)
AH! Shut up! You don't know.. What
fucking reason do you have to cry?

CLEO
(yells back)
What kind of daughter refuses to
attend her moms funeral?

A beat.

CLEO (CONT'D)
(solemn)
You know mama was harsh but you're
just cruel.

Theresa chuckles. Stops. Chuckles. Stops.

THERESA
Until mama wakes you up at 12 am
with a direction from God, you
don't know what cruelty is.

Exhales anxiously, Relaxes into the chair.

INT. CAR. - DAWN - FLASHBACK

The car sits inside a dingy motel.

Introducing MAMA, 35 with conservative clothing making her look twice that age. She scratches her hand and sniffs, her eyes read.

15 YEAR OLD THERESA looks stricken with uncertainty

MAMA

Are you sure you gave Cleo just a drop of her sleeping drug.. You know how concentrated it can be?

THERESA

Yes Mama.

MAMA

Come on then

They step out of the car.

EXT. DINGY MOTEL

Mama leads Theresa up the stairs and unto a floor, Theresa withdraws

THERESA

Mama.. I can't.. Mama please

MAMA

Shh! We're only followers, where ever God leads we follow and he has lead me to bring you here.

THERESA

(tantrums)
No! Please

Mama grips her hair, she whimpers.

MAMA

Listen you, I need-- we need this.

A cleaner passes, mama withdraws her hand, smooths Theresa's cloth and attempts a smile

MAMA (CONT'D)

Now look at what you've made me do to your hair.

THERESA

I'm sorry Mama.

Mama squats in front of her

MAMA

Shh.. God forgives children who
honor their parents.

Theresa slouches. Mama slaps her back. She straightens

MAMA (CONT'D)

Stand tall.

THERESA

Sorry Mama

MAMA

You do want to be forgiven.. Will
you honor me my darling Theresa?

Theresa nods. Mama stands up and leads her to a room.

THERESA

Go in. Do whatever you're told,
I'll pray for you.

Theresa walks in and mama walks a bit further off.

A high pitched scream comes from the room.

THERESA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

NO! MAMA! PLEASE! MAMA! MAMA!

Mama slides to the floor and brings out her rosary to pray.

The cleaner walks out of another room, Stops in front of the
door with Theresa's screams.

She walks toward mama and they both just glare at each other.

MAMA

You don't have any right to judge
me

The cleaner spits at her feet and walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPER MARKET. - DAY - FLASHBACK

A middle aged WELL SUITED MAN looks at Theresa's body as she
stretches to grab a can from the top shelf.

Mama walks over to Theresa and pushes her towards the
counter. She turns to face the man angrily

MAMA

You should be jailed for looking at my child like that. Do you have no--
shame

WELL SUITED MAN

My. My. Sylvia?

Mama's eyes pop in recognition

MAMA

I don't know you

WELL SUITED MAN

Oh don't play dumb Sylvia. Why the last time I saw you were 17 with a red wig and my cock in your mouth. You know you were always my favorite of the girls until I heard you got pregnant and left.

MAMA

I don't know you. Please stay away from me

She turns to walk away. He pulls her back

WELL SUITED MAN

I know you Sylvia. A real spitfire. You're not the home type you're a wild card... You know I can give you 100,000 thousand for just a round with that sweet little girl.

Mama slaps him hard.

MAMA

How dare you!

WELL SUITED MAN

I'll make it 200,000 and I have friends who can pay twice that. Besides, you look like you need it.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. BATHROOM. - DAY

Sitting on the floor Mama stares at the dialing phone nervously.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I told you to stop calling me.

MAMA

Mum, Please. I have 2 kids. Help me!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Then call the father!

MAMA

You know he left us.. Mama, I just need some money. Mama--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I am not your mother. Not after you nearly destroyed my life.. My marriage! then ran away!

MAMA

Cause you didn't believe me! My own mother!.. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.. I need some money..

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Then say it! Say your father--

MAMA

--Step-Father--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Say your FATHER didn't rape you!

Silence. Tears fall down Mama's eyes

MAMA

I can't mama. He--

Dial tone.

MAMA (CONT'D)

-- did.

Theresa knocks O.S

THERESA

Mama I need to run to the store and buy some things.

Mama turns out her wallet. Change falls. She pulls out a tiny plastic with white substance from the side of her skirt, pours a little on hand and sniffs.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINGY MOTEL. - DAWN - FLASHBACK

Well Suited Man walks out, red-eyed drunk and buckling his pants, he slams a cheque in Mama's hands.

MAMA

Don't spend it all in one place.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. BATHROOM. - DAWN - FLASHBACK

Theresa sits naked in the tub as Mama pours water on her head.

MAMA

You're such a blessed child. You know the bible says, the child that honors his mother will live long on earth.

Mama moves to scrub her back, Theresa flinches

MAMA (CONT'D)

Your sisters going to be able to continue school, that's great right?. A few more and we'll be out of this terrible place in no time.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEO'S ROOM. - DAY - PRESENT

Cleo buries her head in her legs

CLEO

(mumbling)

No! You're lying! No!

She rushes to the fridge, ruffles out a bottle of gin and takes a huge gulp. On her knees, she looks back at Theresa smiling at the ceiling.

THERESA

'Titus 2 VS 5; to be self controlled and pure, to be busy at home, to be kind and to be subject to their husbands and so that no one will malign the word of God..'

Theresa stands up straight and cocks her head like she's ready for a show

THERESA (CONT'D)

(mimic)

'I'm teaching you what Gods word says. You'll become fully submissive to your husband. I'm giving you life experience of what is to come'

She starts dancing a loop of 5 steps and clapping her hands.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH. - DAY - FLASHBACK

A full service, Cleo watches Theresa watch Mama dance as she leads the church in praises. The song stops and Mama raises her hand in a laugh of Joy.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEO'S ROOM. - DAY - PRESENT

Theresa's completing the laugh. Cleo's transfixed by the replica of the memory.

CLEO

(whispers)

Mama

Theresa walks towards Cleo then stops to squat in front of her.

THERESA

'Oh my darling.. God expects so much of you and you're making me so proud.'

She gently takes her Jaw looking in her eye.

THERESA (CONT'D)

'Isn't that right my darling Theresa?'

Cleo recovers and tries to wiggle out of Theresa's painful grip. Tears drop down Cleo's eyes.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Isn't that right my darling Theresa?

Theresa tightens her hold.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. LIVING ROOM. - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Cleo peers from the side of the door as Mama squats gripping Theresa's Jaw.

INT. CLEO'S HOUSE. CLEO'S ROOM. - DAY - PRESENT

CLEO

You're hurting me. Please

Theresa lets go and Cleo backs away from her quickly until her back hits the wall.

THERESA

If you keep crying, you'll get puffy eyes before your wedding and I know you hate makeup... I turned out great, didn't I?

CLEO

No Theresa, You turned out Cold and unforgiving.

Theresa tries to smile again, not much progress. She lights another cigarette.

THERESA

You know in Ephesians its says: *Obey your parents, so your days may be long..* but many people forget the part that says: *Parents do not provoke your children to anger...* All would have been forgiven, but she decided to abandon us.

Cleo's neck snaps up.

CLEO

For Christ sake Theresa, she died from a car crash.

THERESA

Yes, she did.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME. PORCH. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mama's discussing with a police officer.

OFFICER 1

I'm sorry Ma. Its just when someone calls to make such claims it is paramount we check it out.

MAMA

I completely understand, but of course we don't prostitute underage girls here. I have 2 daughters, an 18 and 13 year old and I feel devastated that someone could be doing that although we can expect anything in this neighborhood.

OFFICER 1

Please keep an eye out, we don't want anything to happen to your girls

MAMA

Thank you Officer Sam. I look forward to seeing you at Bible study

As they turn to leave, the officer catches the eyes of Theresa peering through the window. He waves at her.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. THERESA'S ROOM. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Theresa screams as Mama's cane lands on her body. Theresa pulls something out of her pocket and throws it Mama.

Mama picks it up eyes wild, its a small batch of cocaine.

THERESA

That's where its been going! That's where all the fu--cking money I get from fu--cking has been going! I'm not doing the will of God, I'm doing the will of a fucking drug addict.

Theresa throws a folded slip at her.

THERESA (CONT'D)

She already had a scholarship from the church.. up to the end of high school and the rent hasn't even been paid in 6 months.

Theresa lays on the floor shaking as she stares at the ceiling and tears spill from her eyes.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. BATHROOM. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mama sits in the bathtub naked as Mama cleans the huge bleeding scar on her face.

MAMA

Look at what you've made me do.

THERESA

Sorry Mama.

MAMA

Makeup will make you look perfect.

Mama Slaps her back. She straightens it. Theresa's eye are cold.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Theresa hurls a huge box of clothes into the trunk of Mama's car. Cleo struggles with mama's tiny handbag. There's a particular glow about mama today.

CLEO

Mama that's a lot of Clothes for just bible study.

MAMA

Its for the welfare department.
When I come we'll sort through your old clothes so we can have it ready for the orphanage.

Cleo and Theresa wave to mama as she drives off.

INT. CLEO'S HOUSE. CLEO'S ROOM. -DAY - PRESENT

CLEO

Why didn't you tell me?

THERESA

You were young.

CLEO

You were young too.. Fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM. - DAY

Cleo hurls her ass off in the toilet. Tears taking too much of her face.

INT. CLEO'S ROOM. - DAY

Theresa stares at the white dress. She flicks her lighter on and off absentmindedly.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. LIVING ROOM. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Theresa glares at the photo of Mama on the wall. Mama's wearing a white dress with a bible in hand and a huge smile.

Cleo walks in with her box and stops to stare at Theresa and then the picture.

Cleo goes to place her hand on Theresa's shoulder, Theresa flinches. She withdraws and walks out.

Theresa punches the pictures glass frame. It shatters.

INT. BATHROOM. - PRESENT

Cleo tosses in pain. Struggles to her cabinet, finds her pills and swallows, then lies on the floor as she calms down.

She sniffs the air, rises quickly and runs out.

INT. CLEO'S ROOM. - DAY

Cleo rushes in to see her dress on fire and Theresa glaring at it with a lighter in hand.

A moment. Cleo stares back and forth dumbfounded.

CLEO
(screams)
THERESA!

Theresa snaps out. Slow realization. Cleo runs around confused; grabbing clothes, water, wine to stop the fire.

Theresa grabs the fire extinguisher and lets it out on the dress. Now we have a half burnt dress with ashy substance around it. Cleo throws open the window.

O.S Luke bangs on the door.

LUKE
Sugar, are you okay?.... Baby? Are you okay, I smell smoke.

CLEO
I'm fine. I and Theresa just went a
little crazy.

LUKE
You sure sugar?

CLEO
Of course. I'm fine.

LUKE
Okay Sweetie.

Silence as his feet pads away. Theresa looks at Cleo
terrified.

THERESA
I'm so sorry. Cleo I swear I
wouldn't.. I'm sorry

CLEO
(enraged)
No. You're not. No. YOU'RE NOT. Do
you know what I did at my college
graduation.. I sat at the steps
watching every fucking person hug
or kiss some loved one whilst
nursing a bottle of vodka until a
lecturer sat beside me, and laid
his hand on mine. It wasn't mama
cause she's fucking dead, it wasn't
you that I called and sent several
texts but a stranger who loved a
piece of shit like me enough to
marry.

Cleo flings Theresa's bag at her and backs her against the
bathroom door.

CLEO (CONT'D)
So I'm fucking sorry that I tried
to connect with a heartless bitch.

THERESA
Cleo--

CLEO
You need to get the fuck out!

THERESA
Cleo--

They stare at each other. Cleo moves closer to her face

CLEO
(whispers)
I hate you.

THERESA
Cleo--

CLEO
GET OUT!

Power goes out making the place a little dark. Theresa runs into the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. BATHROOM. - DAY

Theresa falls on the floor in shatters. She pulls out her rosary.

Cleo's bangs the door

CLEO (O.S.)
What did I do Theresa? Theresa!
Theresa! What the fuck didn't I do?

She tries to pray, but she's shaking and can barely get the word out.

CUT TO:

Montage begins

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Theresa pours some liquid into a cup. She stirs. Mama walks in with her bible, she hands it to her and walks out as mama lifts it to her mouth

CUT TO:

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME. PORCH. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Theresa and Cleo wave to Mama as she drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. MAMA'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Theresa stares at the empty wardrobe knowingly. Kneels on the floor and pulls her rosary out to pray.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mama unbuttons her shirts to show off cleavage. She throws her scarf out of the window. Loosens her hair. She lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

Mama eyes closes and her hands slides of the steering wheel.

A crash. Screams. The car tumbling.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. LIVING ROOM. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Cleo peers from the side as 2 policemen talk to Theresa.

Cleo Screams, falls to the floor crying. Theresa rushes to her and wraps her arms around her.

INT. BATHROOM. - DAY - PRESENT

Theresa stares at herself in the mirror. Smudged makeup, she tries to fix it but her shaky hands won't allow it. She scratches the woods surface with her fingers.

Inhales, exhales, Inhales--

She washes the makeup off. We see her huge scar across her face. She tries a genuine smile, it fails. She picks her bag from the floor, smooths out her appearance and walks out.

INT. CLEO'S ROOM. - DAY

Cleo's seated on the floor leaning against the wall next to the bathroom with the burnt dress in her hand. Theresa wants to speak but refrains and walks to the door.

CLEO

(soft)

I shouldn't have told luke to call you.. What was I thinking?!

Theresa stops. Hands on the door knob.

THERESA
 (shakes her hand)
 You said luke--

CLEO
 (soft)
 I didn't fix it. It was too late to
 fix. I don't have 6 months and I
 certainly don't have 3 months. I
 don't even know if I have tomorrow.
 I just thought-- Just maybe--
 Please Just go.

THERESA
 Oh Cleo. I'm truly--

CLEO
 Don't even fucking say it! Just,
 go!

Theresa turns the door Knob but doesn't move. Theresa walks
 to her and grabs the dress out of her hand. Cleo scrambles up
 for a fight.

THERESA
 Wait.. I'm a tailor. A damn good
 one at that and I'm fast with a
 needle. I'll fix the dress, if you
 like it, then maybe you'll let me
 walk you down the isle

CLEO
 Why's that? Cause now you know I'm
 dying. I don't want your fucking
 pity. I don't need you. Get out!

THERESA
 I can't. I need you.. I'm sick
 (points to her heart and
 chest)
 In here and in here. I've always
 been the one who needed you.

Cleo walks to her wardrobe and pulls out another white dress.

CLEO
 Luke's rich and paranoid. He bought
 2 just incase I wanted a last
 minute change.

THERESA
 Right.

She turns to leave

CLEO

Fix the dress. If its better?
Then.. maybe

CUT TO:

A cigarette hanging from her lips, Theresa chops off a quarter off the dress and goes into work mode.

Cleo sits on the sofa watching and sketching her.

CUT TO:

Cleo pulls out a tiny worn out pink purse from her bottom drawer. She pulls out a condom packet and tosses it at Theresa.

Theresa's eyes widen in surprise and she busts out laughing.

THERESA

I can't believe you have it. Its
been 10--

CLEO

--11 years. I still wonder what
kind of sister throws a condom to a
14 year old child who just wants to
go study with the neighbors son.

THERESA

A terribly sick one. I wasn't any
good at parenting. You looked at me
like I was mad!

CLEO

Yes.. For like 5 seconds and then
immediately I stepped out of the
house I laughed so hard. You were
mental.. And weird.. You were
perfect for me.

They stare at each other, Cleo takes her eyes away and continues sketching.

Theresa starts singing **FUCK IT BY EAMON**

THERESA

(singing)

See, I don't know why I liked you
so much

I gave you all, of my trust
I told you, I loved you, now that's
all down the drain

(MORE)

THERESA (CONT'D)

*Ya put me through pain, I want to
let you know how I feel*

Cleo joins in. They share a glance, each with a smile of her own and Theresa's just as genuine. The song floats.

CUT TO:

Cleo shows her the sketch.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Can I keep it?

Cleo nods and her eyes sway to a drawing of Luke on the wall and then to the ring on her hand.

THERESA (CONT'D)

I think Luke is wise.. cause he
knows you're not a piece of shit.

CLEO

As the clock ticks by I'm expecting
him to walk in here and call it
off. Who wants to marry a woman
that can't guarantee her days
alive.

THERESA

A man who truly sees and loves her.

Cleo hugs her, Theresa first stiffens then relaxes into the hug.

CUT TO:

Theresa grimaces at the pair of slippers at her feet.

CLEO

Oh, common. It can't be that
terrifying. You wear slippers in
your house.

THERESA

Yes, but never when I'm out. I
tried it once and I had a nervous
breakdown. Mama always said I was
too short, she said to stand tall,
so instead of courage I opted for
the literal meaning.

Cleo kneels in front of her.

CLEO

Mama was wrong, you didn't need to stand tall. You are tall.

THERESA

I'll wear it if you let me do your makeup.

CLEO

FUCK! Make it super light

Theresa slides her feet slowly into the slippers. She stands up, test them in walking.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Good?

Theresa pulls out a makeup bag and turns it out on the table.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Who the fuck carries so many makeup?

THERESA

Someone who's always insecure about her looks.

CUT TO:

Cleo sits on the chair as Theresa does her makeup.

THERESA (CONT'D)

--Its just, I've been saving for 5 years and I think its time I quit teaching and open my Tailoring and makeup studio... Or not. Not. Its a stupid idea.

Cleo touches her hand

CLEO

I think its a great Idea.

Cleo touches her face and caresses her mark. Theresa smiles

THERESA

I'm sorry I called you a prostitute.. Its just I saw.. Well, on your phone.

CLEO

Its okay. Its a picture of me, Luke took it.

(MORE)

CLEO (CONT'D)

My gay friend wants to buy it, he's gathering a collection of feminine nudity. So fucking crazy. Its a surprise he's into men.

THERESA

I was with a girl once when you moved out. She was a walking piece of art. When I woke up in the morning after a night of passion, I threw her out and prayed 50 hail Mary.

CLEO

Did it work?

THERESA

No. It didn't cleanse away my guilt for treating someone like trash. I did find out I wasn't into females, I was just terrified of males.

CLEO

Do you like being Catholic?

THERESA

Yeah. Its different now that I really know the truth, I like the order of it. I have a therapist in church, he's nice.

Theresa helps arrange Cleo's hair.

CLEO

I never wanted to leave. I just wanted you to want me to say. I wanted you to say something, anything. You never talked much, it just became worse after mama died.

THERESA

And I wanted you to want to stay. I should have spoke up. I'm sorry.

CLEO

I should never have left you knowing how much you were hurting. I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

Theresa turns around as cleo takes her clothes off. Cleo walks to her front and turns her back to Theresa.

Theresa stares at the Tatoo which we can now see is **THERESA** in italics. She traces her hand on it, a tear drops.

CUT TO:

Cleo stands in the mirror with theresa behind as we get a full view of the dress. Its short, white with *other cloth* patterns lining the edges. Its gorgeous.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Will you like to walk me down the isle?

THERESA

More than anything in the world.

CLEO

You're so talented.

THERESA

(smirks)

I know.

Cleo giggles then slowly turns to Theresa

CLEO

You poured all of my sleeping drug in her Tea that morning she left, didn't you?

Tears slowly roll down her eyes. Theresa nods

THERESA

I found tickets, passports. She was leaving us with another man. She was leaving me after everything..

CLEO

Mama didn't drink it. I did.

Theresa covers her mouth in shock.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME. MAMA'S ROOM. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mama stares hard at the mirror as she makes her call

MAMA

(whispers)

Yes. Yes. I'm on my way. I've told you, don't fucking call me at home... I know. I know, I fucking hate this place but I just feel so sick.. I'm going to leave them.

(MORE)

MAMA (CONT'D)

Of course. Sweet freedom. I'm on my way

Mama walks into the kitchen to see Cleo wiping her chin, with an empty cup in her hand.

Mama twists her cheeks

MAMA (CONT'D)

Oh Darling. I told you to have just a little sip.

CLEO

Sorry mama.

MAMA

Don't tell your sister. She'll be very mad at you and she'll feel very bad.

INT. CLEO'S ROOM. - PRESENT

THERESA

No wonder you slept so long I almost called a doctor.. What if something had happened to you?

CLEO

She's dead Theresa, stop living her death.

Theresa slides to the floor in tears and relief.

THERESA

Oh my God!

Cleo sits on the floor with her

THERESA (CONT'D)

(muffled)

You'll stain your dress.

Cleo encloses her in a hug.

CLEO

I found mama crying once.

THERESA

Mama never cried.

CLEO

Maybe so but the day before she died, I found her sitting in her car crying to a baby picture of you.

Cleo lifts her chin up and looks into Theresa's eyes

CLEO (CONT'D)

I was so fucking terrified. It was like seeing a rock bring out water. She never looked so human, now I'm thankful that I saw that side before she died.

CUT TO:

Theresa buckles Cleo's heels. Cleo looks at the time, about 15 minutes to 5pm.

CLEO (CONT'D)

You'll wear something colorful for my funeral, won't you Theresa?

Theresa stops and looks up at her.

THERESA

Oh Cleo. I don't even know where I'll start.

CLEO

I'm sure you'll blow my mind.

Theresa stands up to face her. Cleo touches Theresa's Scar.

CLEO (CONT'D)

You were enough. You were enough for me. I didn't care that father left us and mother died. You'd always been enough... Smile for me my darling Theresa.

Theresa lifts her face in a smile and tears falls.

A knock on the door. Theresa doesn't hear, she's transfixed.

CUT TO:

The door pushes open

LUKE (O.S.)

You okay sweet pea?

Earth to Theresa. Theresa turns to luke and then back at what she was staring at.

We pan out to see she's the only one standing in middle of the room with the prettiest rainbow dress, ballet flats, a makeup free face with her hair down.

The room is clean and void of any existence.

Theresa twirls the room slowly taking in everything.

She walks up to luke.

THERESA

I'm sorry you couldn't get married.

LUKE

Yea. I already had names for all our kids! Sugar plum, Sweet pea, Sweet pea Junior.. aah!

Theresa smiles.

THERESA

You think she'll like my dress?

Luke smoothens the sides of her hair.

LUKE

I think she'd be blown away.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mama throws her scarf out of the window. Mama pulls a cigarette from her bag and puts it in her mouth, she searches for a lighter. She opens the glove compartment, she stumbles on the baby picture of Theresa.

She stares at it and tears stream.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mama's about to enter the car, Theresa runs to her and hugs her tightly

THERESA

(whispers)

I forgive you mama. I forgive you.

INT. MOVING CAR. - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mama places the picture on her chest. She unbuckles her seat belt. Swerves in front of a moving trailer. Closes her eyes and lets go of the steering wheel.

A crash! The car tumbles and tumbles. Her rosary, Blood, Theresa's baby picture, Cigarette all move in one slow swirling motion.

Screams! Screams! Screams!

FADE OUT.