

DIS-IN-TE-GRATE

by

Bruce Thomas

(c) 2013. Bruce Thomas
(e) response.write@gmail.com
(m) +44 (0)759 461 6416
(w) <http://goo.gl/TK39g>

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Bright white pulls into focus on JACQUI (30s) Asleep. Full lips, soft skin, auburn hair. Her eyes twitch rapidly, and with each breath, she gently blurs into a deep red --

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

-- strawberry. A sharp blade chops it in half.

TITLE: DIS-IN-TE-GRATE

Walnuts. Yoghurt. Honey. Sugar. Tea. Espresso. Croissant.

This is breakfast, and it's arranged on a tray, with a rose, envelope and an unusual gift box and bow.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A rose bud strokes Jacqui's profile, her nose twitches, then it glides down to her lips, they protest by reflex.

Behind the rose is FRANKIE (30s) mischief incarnate! Short messy hair, and handsome in a beautiful way. She teases Jacqui until her blue eyes pop open, register and smile.

Jacqui smells the rose as Frankie presents breakfast.

JACQUI

For me? Ah, Frankie. What's this?

Jacqui opens the gift, Sexy French knickers. She spins them on her index finger and smiles seductively.

JACQUI

Very naughty.

FRANKIE

Happy Birthday Jacks.

Jacqui leans into a kisses. Frankie kisses back, passion escalates --

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, a hand fumbles. CLICK.

Frankie frowns and pulls away.

Jacqui tugs her wantonly, Frankie glances to the clock and shakes her head. Jacqui folds forward, pins her down and kisses her. Frankie's eyes close in surrender, then with a sigh she pulls her vest up to reveal a magnificent winged tattoo.

Clothes litter the floor. The room is a kitsch, colourful mess. A shower starts running. And then a cell phone rings.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A modest bathroom, the basin cluttered with make-up, perfume and plastic bottles. JACQUI, in her bathrobe, carries the ringing phone toward a funky plastic shower curtain.

JACQUI

Baby! It's yours.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

What? Oh right -- who is it?

Frankie pokes her head out, checks the screen and grimaces. She grabs a towel, and steps out. She knows what's coming.

FRANKIE

Hello? -- Hey Max -- Shit really!?
Okay, well I, um, I'm on the
platform now, fucking tube! I'll
be there in, 5 minutes? Ok well --

Jacqui waves her arms and shakes her head, no no no.

FRANKIE

-- Yes! Okay already, I -- hello?
Max?

She hangs up, and rushes off.

FRANKIE

Fuck him.

Jacqui brushes her teeth. She bends to rinse and Frankie is clothed and ready. Almost. A squirt of perfume. Psst. Done!

JACQUI

Baby, there's a strike today, you
do know that? Right?

FRANKIE

Oh fuck, he's gonna kill me.

JACQUI

Take my scooter.

FRANKIE

Oh god why did I do that? What?

JACQUI

I said -- 15 minutes max. Take it.

FRANKIE

What about your - fifteen? Really?

Jacqui nods. Frankie frowns. Jacqui notices something --

JACQUI
Listen. Take the scooter. Okay?

-- she straightens a skew button --

FRANKIE
You're a life saver.

-- she scans Frankie again and smiles with approval.

JACQUI
Wait! You need to pick up some
tea, for me, on the way back.
Deal?

Frankie nods energetically and kisses Jacqui's cheek.

JACQUI
Frankie?

FRANKIE
I promise!

Frankie buzzes off, Jacqui puts her robe on the bath rail,
next to a red towel. Steps out of fluffy slippers and --

FRANKIE (O.S.)
Keys?!

JACQUI
In my bag, the blue one.

Jacqui enters the shower.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Frankie ransacks handbags, finds keys, grabs a jacket, reaches
for the door and pauses on a thought. She turns back, inhales
to ask but stops herself. Her eyes radiate mischief. She
tosses the keys up and --

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Water pours down Jacqui's face, as she hums a tune. The front
door slams, and she sings aloud as she lathers shampoo.

Three versus later a phone rings. Jacqui curses. She reaches
for her towel. It's gone. And her bathrobe. Gone. Shit!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The phone is perched on her folded towel and bathrobe.

Sopping wet and soapy Jacqui streaks through the flat covering
her bits. She sees the phone, by the window and ... the
NEIGHBOUR, on the opposite facing balcony.

She grabs the robe and thrusts her arm in. It gets stuck in the sleeve, she tries the other, it also gets jammed.

The towel belt knots tight both sleeves at the elbow!

The neighbour laughs as Jacqui fumbles naked with her bathrobe, he waves only to receive the dirty finger in reply.

Jacqui spins around to hide, and answers the phone, which erupts with laughter, then singing "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU".

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

In the street below Frankie serenades melodramatically.

JACQUI (O.S.)
Ha fucking ha!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jacqui unpicks the knots to untie the sleeves.

JACQUI
What do you want? -- Oh really?
Well find it yourself!

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Frankie shrugs and walks off down the street.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jacqui puts the robe on, and wraps her hair in the towel.

JACQUI
By the chemist. Goodbye! -- Oh for
god's sake Frankie, I said it is
parked by the chemist!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

She opens the cupboard and gets a box of tea, it contains only one tea bag, she plops it into a cup.

JACQUI
You won't forget will you? ---
What do you mean what? You know
you, you, you are so fucking
selfish, d'you know that Frankie?!
Tea! That's what!

She presses the kettle's button. CLICK. It shines orange.

JACQUI
You said that two minutes ago.

Jacqui notices the mess made for breakfast. She sulks.

JACQUI
Enough Frankie! Shut the fuck up
and listen to ME for one second,
will you. It's right there. Okay?
Just stand in the road and look
for the fucking number plate!

SCREECHING tires. SMACK. CRASH. THUMP.

Jacqui's eyes dart back and forth. She breathes in short gasps, and listens anxiously.

JACQUI
Frankie?

Nothing.

JACQUI
Frankie! Answer me baby, please,
this is not funny --- oh god no.

She gasps, drops the phone and bolts off in her bathrobe. A door slams, and the flat becomes sullen and foreboding.

The kettle's orange button shines bright. The water draws to a boil. The kettle hisses and grumbles. The button snaps off.

A scream of despair breaks the silence.

It's Jacqui's voice. It's coming from the phone which lies on the floor, like a dead body. The phone laments again with screams of deep anguish again. An ambulance siren gathers volume.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Jacqui enters her dressing gown is filthy with blood and muck.

She closes the door. It clicks open. She tries again. It clicks open. Again. It clicks open. She smashes it shut and beats it and flops like a rag doll, clutching a torn jacket.

Shadows creep over the floor, up the walls, and swallow the flat in darkness. An alarm clock BEEPS.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jacqui looks exhausted. She stares at the clock with puffy bloodshot eyes, then cranes her neck. She can hear water running. She stops the alarm, sits up and frowns. Yes, water is running.

INT. PASSAGE - DAY

Jacqui is walking when the water suddenly stops. She freezes and holds her breath scared stiff. Footsteps. Psst. Walking.

Frankie approaches in a bathrobe. Jacqui jolts. She's frantic with fear. Paralyzed. She breathes in short, shallow gasps.

FRANKIE

Morning.

She kisses Jacqui's cheek, and continues walking.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

You hungry? I'm starving.

Jackie is frozen, frantic, trembling. She replays the events, and gasps. Impossible!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frankie yanks the fridge open. Jacqui watches from afar.

JACQUI

Frankie?

FRANKIE

Yeah.

JACQUI

You ... you ...

Frankie's eyes drop, she turns around and interrupts.

FRANKIE

I'm so sorry baby.

Jacqui is coming apart at the seams

FRANKIE

I had like a really shit day okay,
and well, um --- Well. I forgot.

Jacqui's chin trembles.

JACQUI

You forgot? How could you forget?

FRANKIE

I didn't mean to! I'll go get your
tea, right now. Okay? Jacqui?

She closes the fridge. Jacqui bursts into tears.

JACQUI

No! Don't go - please don't go.

Frankie holds her. Meltdown! Is she really real? Jacqui kisses her, bites her, she slaps her. Frankie just holds on until Jacqui's whimpering subsides.

FRANKIE

Baby? Lets go downstairs, my treat, come on - it'll do you good. Okay?

INT. CAFE - DAY

Jacqui enters, MARIO (50s) the fatherly Italian proprietor of the tiny cafe, sees her and smiles. He's fond of Jacqui.

MARIO

Chao bella? Five minutes is okay?

Jacqui nods and sits while he prepares her order.

MARIO

Where is this crazy one? Always late no? No problem, is good girl.

Mario finishes and delivers: one tea, and one espresso.

Jacqui pours tea adds a sugar cube and takes a sip. She watches the street and checks her watch until -- Frankie arrives with a box of tea, and a victorious smile.

FRANKIE

Right, you ready? Let's go.

JACQUI

What? Where?

Frankie winks. A pipe organ plays a vaudeville tune.

EXT. CAROUSEL - BRIGHTON BEACH - DAY

A pipe organ in all it's majesty. Clockwork figurines twirl and strike bells, it's the centre of the carousel.

Frankie floats upward, and then down. And up, and down.

She's riding a carousel horse, hand in hand with Jacqui. The world spins around behind them. Jacqui winds a disposable camera, aims and snaps pictures: beach, horizon, horses, Frankie, organ, Frankie, Frankie and Frankie.

A door closes firmly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The flat is dark and calm. A door slams hard.

JACQUI (O.S.)
Bloody door! We really need to ask
John to --

Jacqui enters laden with camera equipment.

JACQUI
Frankie?

She wipes the wall feeling for the switch. Here it is.

FRANKIE
No! Please don't.

JACQUI
Oh, okay.

She leaves her camera stuff and joins Frankie on the couch.

FRANKIE
I have these dreams where I'm
running. I don't know where too,
I'm just running, and I feel
great. I slow down, and the world
slowly floods up, and crushes my
breath away. So I run, to keep it
down, but it's terrifying because
I'm getting really tired and - I
don't want to drown in the world
--

JACQUI
Oh god that's really awful.

FRANKIE
-- I'm suffocating. And then I met
you. And I stopped running. And
everything was okay.
(beat)
Turn the light on.

Jacqui needs a beat to pluck up the courage. CLICK.

The coffee table is littered with wine bottles.

Frankie is blurred.

Jacqui blinks and frowns but cannot focus on Frankie, who
downs the wine and cradles the glass. She holds her hand.

JACQUI
Talk to me Frankie

Frankie refuses to make eye contact. Instead she turns her
back and timidly lifts her shirt. Her tattoo has vanished.

FRANKIE
I'm scared.

Frankie turns back avoiding Jacqui's concerned eyes.

JACQUI
I know what you need.

FRANKIE
Vodka? The fucking wine's useless.

JACQUI
A holiday.

FRANKIE
Oh no! Not a trip down memory
lane. I'd prefer vodka.

Jacqui sits forward, and rubs Frankie's thigh maternally.

JACQUI
No! Morocco? Bali? Berlin? Umm,
Bristol? Oh I know. Amsterdam?

Frankie chuckles. Jacqui's relieved. It's working. Jacqui gets a photo album out from a book shelf, above the Hi-Fi.

JACQUI (O.S.)
Oh look. I forgot about this.

Jacqui sits with the open album and admires the print, then shows it to Frankie and then it happens.

Frankie snaps back into crisp focus.

Jacqui admires Frankie's features, then jumps up and leaves.

FRANKIE (O.S.)
What you doing?

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Neat and minimal. Decorated with old cameras. Photographic equipment in the corner, and a Mac and printer on the desk.

JACQUI
You'll see.

Jacqui scrolls through pictures on her computer, until she finds the digital original of Frankie in Amsterdam.

JACQUI
Beautiful.

The printer grinds and spits out a colour print.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jacqui sticks the photo on the wall.

JACQUI
You see, we can do this.

Frankie wanders over, slightly blurred, she looks at the crudely mounted photo and regains focus. A tiny proud smile confirms Jacqui's victory.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jacqui looks drowsy. A door slams and Frankie enters with shopping.

JACQUI
What time did you get up?

FRANKIE (O.S.)
Morning, these arrived for you.

Frankie puts a green plastic envelope of photos on the counter, and unpacks a bag of shopping.

She's blurred again.

Jacqui rubs her eyes, blinks twice, and frowns and looks back at the mounted photo.

Milk, bacon, eggs, bread, Jacqui looks back at the photo on the wall, and Frankie tucks something behind her back.

JACQUI
That's a really nice one of you.

Frankie puts her arm around her, looks at the photo and nods indifferently. Her features more blurred than before. She stays blurred, then winks and smiles.

FRANKIE
Tea?

Blurred Frankie reveals more tea. Jacqui frowns and leaves.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Jacqui, at her computer, looks at photos. Frankie approaches, kisses her and presents a box of tea.

FRANKIE
Happy Birthday Jacks.

JACQUI
What the fuck are you doing?

FRANKIE
Whoa Jacks.

JACQUI
Stop it! Okay? Do not remember okay? I need you to forget, to remember, I hate tea!

Ouch! Confused Frankie looks away, turns and leaves.

JACQUI
Can you do that?

Jacqui selects all the pictures and sends them to print. The printer obeys. Her study is a mess. So is Jacqui.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jacqui sits in front of the wall carefully cuts photos, and meticulously adds them one by one. The collage has grown. It's double the size.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frankie opens the kitchen cupboard. It's packed with identical boxes of tea.

FRANKIE
Baby, where did all this come from?

Frankie has another one. It won't fit, there's no more room. Jacqui marches in and snatches the tea from her.

JACQUI
Give me that! Where's the notebook?

Frankie looks confused. Jacqui throws the tea in the trash, and snatches a rolled up NEWSPAPER from the counter.

JACQUI
The list I gave you, where is it?

Frankie is much more blurred than before. Jacqui opens the paper and stabs her finger on the date.

JACQUI
See? Look, it's on the list, it-is-not-my-birthday! Okay? We've talked about this! Have you eaten? Look at you Frankie. Come --

FRANKIE
What the fuck is your problem?

Jacqui stops dead, and stares.

JACQUI
Me? My problem? Oh really?
(beat)
Come, let's look at the photos, it's on the list, remember? Where is it? In the bedroom? Frankie?

FRANKIE
You're fucking her aren't you?

Shock! Jacqui steps back holding her face. Oh god what now? Frankie does not like her reaction and marches off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frankie tears down photos, Jacqui pulls her away.

JACQUI
No! What are you doing!

FRANKIE
I thought so.

JACQUI
Baby it's you. I'm doing this for you, look. See? Frankie?

FRANKIE
Who is she? You sit there at the computer, day in day out, pawing over her, and here I am, the idiot! I fucking hate her!

JACQUI
Frankie --- it's you!

FRANKIE
That is not me.

She pokes at a photo of herself with bile in her voice.

FRANKIE
That's not me, that's not me, that is you. And that -- is not me.

As she pokes at each photo she pulses in and out of focus.

FRANKIE
You think I'm stupid?

She walks out. Jacqui picks up the fallen photos and patches them back into place. Frankie returns and slams an almost empty bottle of perfume on the table. It's her own perfume.

FRANKIE
And that is not me either!

JACQUI
You, you, I'm doing it for you Frankie, you're fading away, and and, you're forgetting yourself --

She throws it and it smashes. Jacqui tries to save what's left. Frankie kneels beside her.

FRANKIE
You think I don't know? I see you.
(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Squirting it all over the place,
and sniffing like, like you're a
junkie. That-is-not-me! Look here.

Jacqui looks up ashamed.

FRANKIE
This is me.

Frankie is very blurred, but she stands proud. Unashamed.

JACQUI
You're fading -- we just need more
photos.

FRANKIE
No. I'm not. You're forgetting.

JACQUI
That is a cruel thing to say!

Frankie grabs the envelope of photos from Brighton, and waves
them at Jacqui.

FRANKIE
What about these? Hey? Let's use
these.

Jacqui snatches them away, stares at Frankie with contempt and
storms off grabbing her bag on route.

The front door slams hard.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Jacqui enters, digs in her bag and hides behind dark glasses.

MARIO (O.S.)
Chao bella, is coming more than
one minutes or less. Please sit,
sit.

In the distance he prepares the order, while Jacqui sits and
opens the envelope.

She pages through the images, one after the other. They are
all familiar, the beautiful carousel, the beach, the colourful
rides and slides ... except Frankie is absent from all of
them.

Mario arrives with the order.

MARIO
Here is for you one --

He puts down a cup and saucer and a pot of golden tea.

MARIO
And for you one.

He places an espresso opposite her. Jacqui turns --

JACQUI
Thanks Mario

-- and stops, her hand poised over the sugar cubes.

The espresso cup is so small.

MARIO (O.S.)
Francesca all the times running.
Why always is rushing? She no like
when espresso is a hot? Crazy. Is
crazy.

She just stares at the lonely little coffee cup. He can't hear a word Mario is saying.

MARIO (O.S.)
Where is now this crazy? Bella?

It's so small and the chair so empty.

MARIO
You are not too good looking.

She looks up at Mario.

JACQUI
Oh god Mario, she can't say
goodbye. She can't! Oh god what
have I done?

She grabs her keys, jumps up, the chair keels over and Jacqui runs out, leaving behind her handbag, and the envelope of photos.

MARIO
Jacqueline! You are forgetting
everything!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jacqui walks in and stops a few feet from Frankie.

JACQUI
Frankie?

FRANKIE
I get so angry. Jacks, I. I'm
sorry

JACQUI
Frankie?

Frankie approaches timidly.

JACQUI

Baby?

FRANKIE

Forgive me? I'll make ...

Frankie crosses to embrace Jacqui but passes straight through her. Jacqui turns on her heel and leaves. Frankie follows.

JACQUI (O.S.)

Where are you Franks?

FRANKIE

Jacqui?!

The living room looks unusually massive. Jacqui returns --

JACQUI

Frankie?

-- crosses to the collage and hugs the wall.

JACQUI

Come back Frankie, come back.

FRANKIE

I'm right here Jacks.

Jacqui has the rose, that Frankie gave her, she sits down, and strokes the bud, then plucks a single petal.

Then another, and continues to pluck one by one.

FRANKIE

What are you doing?

Frankie reaches to touch her but again passes through her. Jacqui pulls the last petal. Her eyes well. She nods.

JACQUI

It's okay baby. I know you can't come back, I understand. Really. I do. And I'm okay with this.

Jacqui crosses to the kitchen drawer and gets a sharp knife. Frankie freaks out. She then gets a vodka bottle. Frankie tries to intervene, it's useless. Jacqui spits the lid onto the floor, slugs twice, and grimaces.

FRANKIE

Jacqui don't.

Jacqui walks straight through Frankie and out the kitchen.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jacqui runs a bath, adds bath soap, and gulps vodka.

FRANKIE

Please Jacks, please.

She looks in the mirror, and starts doing her make-up, for the very last time, drinking each step of the way.

Frankie sits by the bath and weeps, for the first time.

The bath is drawn. Jacqui looks absolutely stunning, dressed elegantly with loads of colourful bangles. She lights candles, turns lights off, and enters with bottle in hand and knife at arms reach.

FRANKIE

Stop! You fucking bitch! I, I -- I hate you! Do you hear me? I fucking hate you so much. So very much. I hate you more than anyone, I have ever hated before, more than anything. I hate everything about you - I hate you so much Jacqui. Please -- stay away from me! Please.

JACQUI

(slurred)

There was an old lady who swallowed a dog. She swallowed a dog?!

(giggles)

What a hog, she swallowed a dog?

Jacqui blinks slowly. She's drunk.

JACQUI

She swallowed the dog, to catch a cat. How about that she swallowed a cat? She swallowed the cat to catch a bird --

She raises the knife to her wrist. A pause for courage. The serrated blade slices deep. Frankie shouts, in vain.

Jacqui recoils screaming silently. Blood gushes up, and pours down through multi-coloured bangles. Jacqui composes herself and observes the wound. She's fascinated --

JACQUI

How absurd.

-- then she lies back and admires the bathroom.

Frankie punches herself and screams with rage, the longer she screams the more transparent she becomes. She stops and --

JACQUI

She swallowed a bird? She swallowed the absurd, bird, to catch a spider

-- a pulse of energy bursts across the room, and the lights turn on. And Frankie becomes opaque again.

Jacqui jerks back, and looks confused. And sees Frankie.

JACQUI

Frankie? Hey! There you are.

Frankie spins around and kneels beside her.

FRANKIE

Oh god no!

JACQUI

That's alright. I can. You're such a sexy thing. Did I ever tell you that? Yum yum.

FRANKIE

Jacqui, can you get up? You need to get your phone, baby. Okay?

JACQUI

That ... wiggled and tickled and tickled inside her. The spider. Insider. Isn't that funny?

FRANKIE

Try. Please. Sit up!

JACQUI

I knew you were still here, you know, I could feel it.

Frankie weeps, again.

JACQUI

Oh baby, don't be scared Frankie. It's okay. I'm coming. Don't cry.

Jacqui's eyes blink slowly. And stay shut.

JACQUI

She swallowed the spider to catch a fly, I don't know why she swallowed the fly --

FRANKIE

No baby, this is not right.

JACQUI

-- perhaps, she'll die?

FRANKIE

I, I, all we need is more photographs, and, and, and, I I won't buy any more tea, c'mon Jackie. Not like this.

JACQUI
Stay with me Frankie.

FRANKIE
Oh god what have I done?!

Frankie's head drops in defeat. DING DONG.

The doorbell chimes. Frankie spins around like a blood hound. DING DONG, her eyes sharpen. DING --

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Frankie pressed to the peep-hole. -- DONG. A gasp of relief. She grabs at the door handle, with both hands. Useless. She shakes her head in disbelief.

FRANKIE
No. No no, no!

DING --

EXT. LANDING - DAY

A finger releases the doorbell button. -- DONG! It's Mario. He has Jacqui's blue handbag, and envelope of photos.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Frankie pressed to the door, bashes it with tight fists.

FRANKIE
Mario! No! MARIO! Mario, wait!

EXT. LANDING - DAY

Mario checks the address on the envelope, and turns away.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
(a cold whisper)
Mario. Wait!

He looks back, shrugs disappointed and starts to descend.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Frankie pulls herself from the door.

FRANKIE
Nooooooooo!

The single syllable elongates into a scream of despair. Her face distorted by anger, her fists shake in rage. And then ... CLICK! The light goes on.

Frankie's scream stops dead. She glares at the light bulb.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frankie scans the room, fills her lungs ... and screams.

The scream is long, and unearthly as it rises in pitch. The lights flicker. She's a banshee, body rigid, her toes leave the floor. She hovers stiff and stretched into an arc.

Blisters bubble up in columns running down her back, and burst into thick black feathers.

She is translucent. Shimmering. Gone!

Blinding white light explodes across the room. Silence.

The TV turns on. The radio tunes in. The kettle, fan, oven, food mixer, Hi-Fi, lights, all turn on. Chaos at full tilt.

INT. STAIRWELL LANDING - DAY

The chaos spirals down the stairwell and Mario stops. He turns and frowns up at the commotion.

He buzzes the doorbell. No reply, again. Nothing. He bangs on the door, and it clicks open. The noise stops at once ---

-- and the door glides open wide. Nobody's there.

MARIO

Chao bella? Bella? Hello?

He enters cautiously as we drift away from the entrance and slowly float upward. The light fades to darkness.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

It's dark. Jacqui is asleep and restrained. A drip couriers liquid into a needle protruding from her hand.

The curtain waves. The bedside lamp flickers, and turns on.

Jacqui's eye lids twitch open.

FRANKIE

Whenever I'm alone with you,
you make me feel like I am whole
again.

She's a ghost with black feathered wings pinned into her back. She sits on Jacqui's bed.

FRANKIE

Whenever I'm alone with you, you
make me feel like I am young
again.

Jacqui's eye search but can't find her. Unseen, Frankie weeps
as she recites to Jacqui.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jacqui, her wrist bandaged, faces the collage, opens the
envelope of photos, and slowly adds them one by one. The
collage occupies the entire wall. It is finally complete.

FRANKIE (VO)

However far away, I will always
love you, however long I stay ---
I will always love you.

She admires the massive collage.

JACQUI

I will always love you.

Jacqui turns and walks to the kitchen the massive collage
behind her mysteriously composes a blurred portrait of
Frankie.

Jacqui turns the kettle on and opens a box of tea.

FADE TO BLACK.