

START

LOUISE

I'm not crazy.

JOHN

Yeah, I'm not so sure about that.

LOUISE

Remember what I told you I'd do the  
next time you put your hands on me?

John chuckles. He switches on a small portable radio.  
Haunting classical music plays.

JOHN

Your eyes are bigger than your  
stomach. Nanna used to say that  
whenever I put more food on my  
plate than I was able to eat. In  
other words, don't be greedy.

Louise whispers to herself--

LOUISE

Take what you want but eat what you  
take...

JOHN

What was that?

LOUISE

We'll talk her into changing it.

JOHN

There's no talking my mother into  
anything, which is why she doesn't  
know there is a we yet.

LOUISE

Then stop her, or be left with  
nothing. We'll be left with  
nothing.

The radio's music begins to falter, as if the batteries are  
dying. John taps on it, trying to fix it.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Don't you get tired of people  
trying to talk you into being a  
man?

John looks up from the radio. A wry smirk.

JOHN

I never told you what happened to my sister. Kathleen. She was six when it happened. She loved the water. Loved to play games. Mother made us dig the grave ourselves. Until our hands bled.

(nodding to the shore)  
We buried her right over there.

Louise looks over her shoulder at the manor property. She looks back to John--

BAM! John backhands Louise straight across the face. She falls to the side of the boat. She is somehow not shocked. Used to the routine.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't think I don't know what you're up to...

John continues to row. Doesn't miss a beat.

LOUISE

I told you what I'd do the next time you put your hands on me.

JOHN

Why don't you remind me, Louise?

Louise pulls the revolver from her coat and pumps a bullet straight into John's face -- through his open mouth and out the side of his cheek.

John recoils. A shocked beat as he stares at Louise, clutching his bleeding face.

John lunges for Louise. She retreats in fear and unloads another shot into his chest. John crumples backwards in the boat like a ton of bricks.

The gunshot echo fades over the quiet lake. An otherwise beautiful morning. Louise checks the shores. The coast is clear.

Louise inspects John's dead body. Takes his wallet. His gold watch. But can't get the gold wedding ring off of his plump finger. Frustrating... She fishes out his cell phone from his pocket. Types in a password.

LOUISE

The day we met, how cute...

END