

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Carol pours out two cups of tea. She grabs a small bottle and hesitates before pouring some of the contents into one of the cups.

INT. BRUCE BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Bruce is fast asleep with the empty cup by his bed. Carol walks in and rocks him gently, he stays asleep. She smiles as she starts to undress. She gets under the covers and climbs on top of him, reaching down as she positions herself. She sits up and starts rocking softly on him, moaning softly as she does so. She looks down and gasps in horror as she sees him start to foam at the mouth.

INT. LOUNGE. NIGHT.

Carol walks into the room and takes her coat off. Tears run down her cheek as she walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

She pours herself an alcoholic drink and downs it immediately. Then pours herself another as she looks over at a photo of Bruce pinned onto the fridge.

DOCTOR

(voiceover)

His body seems to have reacted negatively to a dangerous cocktail of drugs. We've stabilised him and put him into a medically induced coma. We'll do what we can and hope he can get out of it.

She continues to drink heavily.

INT. CAROL BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Carol opens her dresser and pulls a gun out. She drunkenly stumbles and falls against the wall. Falling asleep with the gun in her hand as she falls to the floor.

INT. CAROL BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Carol wakes up and stumbles over to the bathroom, we hear her vomit as she walks back in. Her reflection in her floor-to-ceiling mirror is a split second behind reality.

She sits on the edge of the bed and puts her head in her hands and starts crying. She looks up and notices her reflection staring back at her with a wry smile. She moves but her reflection stays still, smirking at her.

CAROL

Don't look at me like that.

As the conversation continues Carol's clothes get slightly darker, and her reflection's clothes get slightly lighter, so slowly that you don't realise it's happening.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I didn't know that was going to happen did I?

The reflection stays silent.

CAROL (CONT'D)

None of this was my plan. All I wanted was the best for him.

The reflection raises its eyebrow quizically.

CAROL (CONT'D)

If he didn't want me doing it he would have said. He had years to say no.

CAROL REFLECTION

You're right, ever since he was 13.

CAROL

He could have said no. MILF is one of the most searched for terms on porn sites. Most boys dream of this happening.

CAROL REFLECTION

Was he one of them?

CAROL

Of course he was. Even when his mind seemed elsewhere his body always told me the true story.

CAROL REFLECTION

The body with the multiple self-inflicted knife wounds on the arm?

CAROL

He wasn't....was he?

CAROL REFLECTION  
As if you ever cared.

CAROL  
I loved him. That's why I did it.

CAROL REFLECTION  
You're a rapist, that's why you did it.

It's at this point that Carol's clothes are completely black, and her reflections are completely white. Carol looks down at her clothes.

CAROL  
I am not a monster.

CAROL REFLECTION  
Really? Really think about what you've done with him. You've ruined his life. This goes one of two ways. Either he never tells anybody what you did, and he has to go around and pretend you're the perfect parent, having to look at accolades coming your way as the knowledge of the truth tears him up inside.

CAROL  
What's the second option?

CAROL REFLECTION  
The truth comes out.

CAROL  
And people find out he lost his virginity at 13 to a former beauty queen? I'm sure that will totally ruin his life.

CAROL REFLECTION  
And every woman out there thinks he enjoyed it and thinks he's some kind of damaged pervert. And every guy talks to him about it, reminding him of it for ever day of his life. Unless of course he moves away where nobody knows him, away from his friends and his life here, to start completely again as a stranger, because of you.

CAROL  
I've ruined his life. I'm not  
worthy of being his mother.

The reflection steps out of the mirror and consoles her.

CAROL REFLECTION  
Have you accepted your truth?

Carol fights through tears as her reflection stands up behind her.

CAROL  
I'm a pervert. I'm no better than  
that guy on Elm Street who lured  
kids into his basement. What was  
his name again? Krunger?

The reflection looks annoyed.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Krueger! Freddy Krueger. I'm just  
like him.

The reflection is now Freddy holding a gun, he shoots her in the head.

INT. CAROL BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Carol stays slumped against her wall, fast asleep. A gunshot wound appears in her head, shooting blood against the wall.

INT. CAROL BEDROOM. NIGHT. (DREAM)

Freddy kneels down to Carol's body as it bleeds out, the colour draining from her face. He pools some of her blood on his tongue and licks her face, covering it in her own blood. He slowly licks around her ear then softly whispers in it.

FREDDY  
I was better.