

PRISON

Written by

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INT. A FORENSIC LAB - AFTERNOON

The curtains are shut, and the lab is shrouded in silence and darkness.

A pair of hands clad in white gloves folds plastic sheets, stows away vascular forceps, a measuring tape, and sealed tubes into a tote bag.

This person scans her ID card and exits the forensic lab. The screen shows AUDREY FOSTER, a senior autopsy technician.

INT. AUDREY AND ETHAN'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Audrey Foster unlocks her apartment door. She's 32, dressed in a professional suit, a leather tote slung over her shoulder. Audrey steps into the room and shuts down her phone.

JULIA (O.S.)
(raucous voice)
What took you so long?

AUDREY
OT. I have to finish my work before leaving. You know I can't raise suspicions among my colleagues.

JULIA
But C'mon, Look at him! I haven't called the police. But I honestly don't know what to do.

JULIA, around 24, crouches in a corner of the living room, with her lips bleeding. Audrey takes Julia's phone and shut it down, then wipes the blood from her face.

AUDREY
It's alright honey. I'm here. Tell me where he is?

Julia nods towards the bathroom.

JULIA
The tub. I dragged him from the porch to the bathroom. I can't look at him just lying on the floor. He's bleeding all over the place.

AUDREY
I'll take a look at him. You've already cleaned the floor?

JULIA

Yes. I wiped out the blood.

Audrey puts her disposable lab coat and plastic gloves on. She squats besides the tub and carefully examines the wounds on the back of ETHAN's skull. Audrey appears so calm that one could barely tell Ethan was her husband, that contrasts with Julia disorientation.

JULIA (CONT'D)

What do you think?

AUDREY

Emmm... If this was the case,
Julia, you might be charged with
manslaughter at least.

Both of them falls into silence. Julia collapses on the ground as if all her strength has been drained.

JULIA

So it's twenty-five years or more.

AUDREY

You won't. I won't let that happen
to you.

Audrey gets up to get her scalpel and vascular forceps.

JULIA

Wait, you're not going to...

Audrey begins cutting Ethan's skull. Julia backs away from her with a frightened look on her face.

AUDREY

Listen to me, Julia, calm down--
Ethan's been living with depression
for years, he's tried suicide three
times. Last month he said he
stopped taking medicine because I
brought up the divorce case. So far
as I know, he's been delusional
these days.

Audrey grabs a bottle of boiling water and poured it over Ethan's body. Steam rolls over Ethan's body, and his skin instantly turned red. She checks the clock and continues.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Now it's 6. Ethan will go out for a
walk after the dinner.

(MORE)

AUDREY (CONT'D)

He'll walk down the Stonewall Bridge, following that narrow path by the water, and then disappears. I'll call the police next morning. By the way, I've invited you over for dinner tonight, that explains why you're here.

JULIA

You mean like, completely fabricating the story?

AUDREY

Yes. You're a good writer, you know how to weave things together.

JULIA

No one's gonna believe this, there're security cameras on that bridge.

Audrey sneers.

AUDREY

I'll disguise as him.

JULIA

How?

AUDREY

Babe, I've been married to him for ten years. I got accustomed to know every bit of his life. This is when that comes in handy.

Julia watches Audrey rubs Ethan's skin as the water on his body slowly evaporates. Julia finally turns her head away as Ethan's skin is peeling off. She tries to control her urge to vomit.

JULIA

Audrey, honey, stop. I can't take this. Stop. I despise him, but there's no reason for him to die this way.

AUDREY

We *have* to get rid of this mess.

JULIA

I know.

(pauses, takes a deep breath)

I'll turn myself in.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

I didn't expect Ethan would be here too. We fell into a fight, and I pushed him. That's all. This is only an accident. I should've called the hospital and police right away. I was just too scared.

AUDREY

Do you have evidence for that?

JULIA

What evidence?

AUDREY

For what you just said. Recordings, footages, audios?

JULIA

No, how can I anticipate...

AUDREY

Then it doesn't matter if he fell accidentally or not. The scene shows you killed him. But I won't let you go to prison, Julia, no.

Audrey continues her work, measuring Ethan's body and drawing lines for segregating his organ sections.

JULIA

Babe, stop, this is brutal. You're scaring me.

AUDREY

This is what I do, every single day.

JULIA

But he's your husband.

AUDREY

Now a dead body.

Julia doesn't respond to that, she just puts her arms around Audrey's shoulder, and gives her a kiss. Audrey sighs, stops and turns back to Julia, staring at her in the eyes. Audrey's lab coat has been stained by blood and the white gloves are colored red.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Look at me, honey. There's no turning back. He is my husband, yes, but what's left between us is only void.

Audrey kisses Julia on the cheek.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

He's dead, so what? Either way,
death or divorce, he's gonna leave
my life. You're not, Julia, you're
not Ethan. I'm so in love with you.
I can't bear losing you. I can do
anything, literally anything to
keep us together.

Julia watches Ethan's body slumps in the tub behind Audrey,
like a pile of white meat waiting to be severed.

JULIA

Did you tell Ethan the exact same
words when you guys were married?

AUDREY

What?

Julia repeats, holding her breath.

JULIA

Did you tell Ethan the exact same
words when you were married.

AUDREY

Julia, people say things when
they're in love.

Julia stiffens, looking at Audrey as if she never knew Audrey
before. Audrey doesn't notice that, she stands up to get the
saw.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Do you need some rest? You don't
have to watch me do this. I know my
stuff.

JULIA

I wanna get some fresh air.

AUDREY

Okay. But don't go far, be extra
careful.

Julia leaves the room, without answering.