

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NESSA, 26, black hair, serious, stands with her hands on her hips. She glares at her sister, AMY, 22, brown hair, baby-face, who stands across the room, crying, her arms folded across her chest.

NESSA

I'm sorry, Amy, but you have to go.

Nessa shrugs, puts her arms out.

NESSA (CONT'D)

There's nothing else I can do.

Amy wipes the tears from her eyes.

AMY

Nessa, please! I know I shouldn't have taken your sweater without your permission, and I'm sorry it got stained, but does it really warrant you throwing me out?

Nessa bites her lip, sighs.

NESSA

It's not just about the sweater, Amy, you know that. Plus, that wasn't my sweater, it was Chelley's, and it was her favorite. After everything, but she just doesn't want you here anymore and frankly, neither do I.

Amy furrows her eyebrows.

AMY

Chelley?

CHELLEY, 26, black hair, nefarious, enters.

CHELLEY

You heard her. I want you gone!

Amy, confused, looks back at Nessa.

AMY

I don't understand.

Chelley walks up to Amy, her arms behind her back. She hides a steak knife in her hand.

Amy gives Chelley a questioning look.

CHELLEY
I said, I want you GONE!

Chelley slits Amy's throat.

NESSA
Chelley, no!

Amy's body falls to the floor. Blood gushes from her neck.

Nessa, horrified, stares at Chelley.

NESSA (CONT'D)
Oh my God, Chelley! What have you
done?

Chelley, covered in Amy's blood, turns to Nessa, emotionless.
She shrugs her shoulders and drops the knife.

CHELLEY
We should probably do something
about the body.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER SHORE - NIGHT

Nessa and Chelley drag the bag with Amy's body from their SUV
to the shore.

Chelley wraps weights around the bag, rolls it into the
water.

Nessa stands to the side, watches.

NESSA
I can't believe you killed her.

Chelley looks back at Nessa, shrugs. She comes over, stands
next to her.

CHELLEY
You weren't gonna do it.

Together, they watch the bag sink.

NESSA
That's because I'm not a murderer.

Chelley looks at Nessa, smiles, her eyes twinkling.

CHELLEY
Yes you are. You just don't know
it, yet.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chelley lies stretched out on the couch.

Nessa is on her hands and knees wearing blue rubber gloves as she scrubs the floor with bleach.

Chelley turns up her nose, furrows her brows.

CHELLEY

Ugh, that stuff stinks. I don't know why you're even bothering.

Nessa stops scrubbing. She glares up at Chelley.

NESSA

Yeah, well, I don't really have a choice, now do I?

Chelley raises an eyebrow, sits up.

CHELLEY

What's your problem? You wanted her gone as much as I did!

Nessa makes a face.

NESSA

Gone, Chelley, not dead.

Chelley presses her lips together, lies back on the couch.

CHELLEY

Whatever you need to tell yourself.

Nessa stands up and puts her hands on her hips.

NESSA

And what the hell is that supposed to mean?

Chelley sits up again.

CHELLEY

You were angry with her, but you didn't say anything. You never say anything. You just stew in your irritation.

Nessa shrugs.

NESSA

So?

CHELLEY
So? I'm sick of it! You never act
on your emotions. It's makes me
crazy!

Nessa narrows her eyes.

CHELLEY (CONT'D)
So I did it for you.

Nessa shakes her head.

NESSA
You can't be serious! I didn't want
to kill her!

Chelley nods her head. Her face is devoid of emotion.

CHELLEY
You did, you just won't admit it to
yourself.

Chelley stands, walks over to Nessa, circles her.

CHELLEY (CONT'D)
The sooner you admit that you and I
are the same, the sooner you'll be
free.

Nessa's eyes widen and she shakes her head, as a tear rolls
down her face.

NESSA
You're insane.

Chelley cracks a sinister smile.

CHELLEY
If I'm insane, then so are you.
We're one, you and I.

Nessa falls back to her knees and cries. She reaches out and
grabs the knife.

Chelley watches her and laughs.

CHELLEY (CONT'D)
You don't have the guts.

Nessa looks up at Chelley, eyes emotionless. She stands up
and stabs Chelley right through the stomach.

Chelley cries out, then laughs. She points to Nessa.

Nessa looks down. The knife is sticking out of her own stomach.

CHELLEY (CONT'D)
Like I said, we're one.

Nessa passes out in a pool of blood on the floor.

INT. SANITARIUM - ROOM - DAY

Nessa wakes up, her hand cuffed to a bedrail. She looks down, runs her free hand across her bandaged stomach.

DR. SARAH ROGERS, 42, blonde hair pulled back, glasses, enters, carrying a notebook. She smiles at Nessa, sits down in a chair next to the bed.

DR. ROGERS
Good morning. How did you sleep?

Nessa, confused, looks at Dr. Rogers.

NESSA
Where am I?

Dr. Rogers looks at Nessa curiously.

DR. ROGERS
Bellevue Hospital.

Nessa's eyes widen.

NESSA
I'm sorry, I...
(looks around)
...I don't know how I got here. How long...

Dr. Rogers leans forward.

DR. ROGERS
What's the last thing you remember?

Nessa looks up at the ceiling.

NESSA
I remember...
(sighs)
Chelley, she was taunting me...

Nessa looks back at Dr. Rogers, tears in her eyes.

NESSA (CONT'D)
...I stabbed her! She killed Amy!

Dr. Rogers nods her head.

DR. ROGERS
I see.

Dr. Rogers scribbles something in her notebook.

Nessa looks back down, yanks her cuffed hand, looks at Dr. Rogers.

DR. ROGERS (CONT'D)
Nessa, you were found a week ago in your apartment. Your neighbor called the police after hearing a scream.

Nessa raises an eyebrow.

NESSA
I've been asleep for a week?

Dr. Rogers shakes her head.

DR. ROGERS
Not exactly. When you were picked up, you gave the paramedic a different name.

Nessa's eyes widen.

NESSA
I... What?

DR. ROGERS
You also confessed to killing your sister, Amy, and dumping her body in the Hudson River.

Nessa's jaw drops.

NESSA
But I didn't! It was Chelley, not me!

Dr. Rogers puts down her notebook, folds her hands on her lap.

DR. ROGERS
Nessa, who is Chelley?

NESSA
I don't understand.

DR. ROGERS
Nessa, we found your sister's body.
Also, we tested the knife that she
was killed with. There are only one
set of fingerprints on it, yours.

Nessa glares at Dr. Rogers.

NESSA
What are you saying?

DR. ROGERS
What I'm saying, Nessa, is that
Chelley doesn't exist.

Nessa lunges at Dr. Rogers, yanks on her cuffed hand.

Dr. Rogers backs up, walks over to the wall next to the
doorway, presses a button.

NESSA
(screaming) You're a liar!

Two men enter the room.

DR. ROGERS
Two milligrams Haldol, stat.

FIRST MAN, tall, bald, wearing scrubs, grabs Nessa, holds her
down.

SECOND MAN, stocky, blonde hair, also wearing scrubs, walks
over, injects Nessa in the arm with medication.

Nessa calms, begins to drift off to sleep.

CHELLEY (V.O.)
I told you we were one.

END