

INT. KITCHEN - HOME - EVENING

There is an awkward silence around a dinner TABLE next to the kitchen. There are 4 sets of PLATES for 4 SEATS. 2 seats are empty. 1 of the empty seats has half eaten food on the plate. The other plate is in PIECES on the floor by the wall. A woman kneels down quietly picking up the pieces. A girl sits tense staring at a DEAD BODY laying slump on the other side of the table with an ICICLE sticking out of it's back.

GIRL
(scared)

Mom...why...did you....

WOMAN
(stoic)

I did what I had to sweetie.

The woman picks up the pieces of the plate in her APRON and brings them over to the TRASH CAN, dumping it inside.

GIRL
(ramping up with fear)

But why? How could you do that?! You just...HAPPENED to have an icicle that big to kill him like a knife!? They'll know you planned this! You're going to go to jail!

The woman brushes her apron of the remaining plates then returns to the table with the girl. She kneels down in front of her, looks up at her with a very clear BLACK EYE and cut on her face.

WOMAN
(calm)

I have thought about this moment for a long time sweetie. I have thought about a lot of things since I married your father. The rose colored glasses came off. I learned who he really was. I have thought about how this might end. Or if it would end. I have also thought about...my own end.

GIRL
(worried)

Mom...

WOMAN

It's alright.

The woman stands and gently pats her daughter on the head. The girl flinches away and the woman notices, a look of hurt on her face. She returns to the kitchen SINK and starts to wash her hands and her apron of a BLOOD STAIN.

WOMAN

You may hate me. You may be scared of me. But I don't regret it. He deserved it. He can't ever hurt me or you or your brother anymore ever again.

The woman goes back to the dead body and tugs at the waist, pulling out a RING OF KEYS. She calmly flips through them as her daughter watches. She finds the correct key and goes to a nearby PADLOCKed door and opens it. Inside is a young boy, tears streaming down his face with a black eye forming on his face.

WOMAN

(nurturing)

Hey there my little man.

BOY

(hiccuping)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I won't talk back to Daddy again! I'm sorry!

WOMAN

Shhh shhh. No it's okay. You don't have to be sorry. You were mommy's brave little hero.

The woman picks up the young boy and cradles him in her arms, pats his head and makes sure to maneuver him to not see the dead body.

WOMAN

You were protecting me from the big bad man. You did good. The big bad man is gone. He's learned his lesson. He won't hurt mommy anymore. He won't hurt you any more. Now let's get you to a doctor to see that cut. Just take a deep breathe baby. You'll be okay.

The woman looks back at the dinner table. She holds one hand out for the girl to come with them. The girl shakes her head unable to move. The woman looks hurt and slowly lowers her hand.

WOMAN

(holding back tears)

It's okay. I understand. I must be very scary to you now. Maybe more scary than he was. But I won't force you. I just want you to know that I love you. I did this for you both. Please live a happy life unchained by this house. Unchained by him. Be good. Be kind. I love you so so much.

The woman is unable to say anymore as tears stream down her face. She turns and slowly walks towards the door. She stops and takes one last look at the girl who stares back at her in shock. The woman turns away and steps outside.