

Sarah takes a moment to collect her thoughts.

FRANK

We don't have all night here
sweetheart.

Frank twists the gun.

SARAH

I... I killed Diane.

Frank laughs, tapping the gun on Roy's head.

FRANK

And here, all along I thought it
was you.

ROY

(not wanting to believe)
He's making you say this.

SARAH

No, Roy, I killed her, but it was
an accident.

(taking a deep breath)

The day you came home and I was
cleaning up the broken dishes,
Diane had come to the door again
looking for you.

84

FLASHBACK - INT. PEYTON BROWNSTONE - DAY

START 84

Sarah answers the front door wearing the same white and blue striped blouse we has seen with the blood on it before Sarah tossed it into the fire.

When the door opens we see Diane standing on the steps -- a brown leather purse over her shoulder -- the same purse Sarah buried in the forest.

Diane is surprised to see Sarah.

DIANE

I'm sorry, I must have the wrong
address.

Diane turns to leave.

SARAH

Don't come back here again.

Diane stops on the steps, her backed turned to Sarah.

SARAH

That's right, I know who you are...
what you are.

Diane turns and walks back up the steps.

DIANE

Then I guess I can tell you what I
came to tell Roy.

SARAH

And what might that be?

DIANE

That he's with you because he feels
guilty, not because he's in love.
When he realizes that, I'll be
waiting.

Sarah stares at Diane in disbelief. Then, without warning,
Sarah slaps Diane hard, nearly sending her backwards off the
step.

Enraged, Diane retaliates, pushing against the door as she
goes after Sarah. The door flies back, hitting Sarah, sending
her to the floor.

SARAH

That's it, I'm calling police and
putting an end to this once and for
all.

Sarah scrambles onto her feet and races towards the phone in
the kitchen.

Diane pushes her way through the door, following after Sarah
into the kitchen.

DIANE

Why don't you call Roy instead?

SARAH

Get out of my home.

DIANE

Go ahead, call him. I'm sure he's
had is fill of crazy by now.

SARAH

I said get out!

Sarah turns and pushes Diane who slips backwards, her purse
flying off her arm and crashing into a stack of plates on the
counter.

4/4
END