

We follow Alice's feet as she walks through the house (*in slow motion*)

ALICE (VO)

Thou sure and firm-set earth, hear not  
my steps, which way they walk, for  
fear thy prate of my whereabouts, and  
take the present horror from the time,  
which now suits with it.

She reaches a door which is ajar, we hear the sound of snoring over the sound of a TV. Through the gap we see the flicker of lights from the TV illuminating the dark room we can make out the silhouette of Edmund on the sofa. Alice leans against the wall, closeup on her face as she agonises over what she has to do.

ALICE

*(looking into camera unsure of herself)* What if I fail? *(Her demeanor changes as if she is possessed)* Screw your courage to the sticking-place, and you'll not fail.

Her breathing is erratic she tries to calm herself, gradually she gets herself under control.

ALICE (CONTINUE)

Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, and fill me from the crown to the toe topful of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood, stop up the access and passages to remorse, that no compunctious visitings of nature shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between the effect and it! *(She walks quietly into the room stops behind the sofa, looks down at the unconscious Edmund. She gently moves a stray hair from his face)* Come, thick night, and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, that my keen knife see not the wound it makes, nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, to cry 'Hold, hold!' *(The word Hold becomes a scream of fury as she raises the knife above her head.)*

Flashes of a knife repeatedly plunging downwards, SFX as it plunges into flesh, heavy breathing from the physical exertion, then silence..