

INT. CASTLE BEDROOM - DAY

A room decorated in rich, dark colors.

To one side, the queen, CATHERINE, sits at a table and weeps. She's striking, dressed in sumptuous clothes, but her dark hair is streaked with grey despite her youthful face.

The king, EDWARD, enters with his advisor PENRIC in tow. The king is red-haired and barrel-chested, but going grey at the edges. Penric looks like a sweaty sack of snails on two legs.

Penric places a goblet in front of the queen. He pours dark liquid into it and she stares, dull-eyed, until he finishes.

Edward coughs pointedly. Catherine turns and stares daggers at him as she throws the goblet at his feet with a CLATTER.

Edward takes a step, one two, and SLAPS her, full force.

Catherine moans, clutching her jaw.

Penric picks up the goblet, sets it on table, and refills it.

Catherine hiccups out a sob and then drinks down the goblet.

After she finishes, Edward and Penric watch expectantly.

Catherine writhes in pain, her face turning red..

And then darkening to purple..

And swelling, her body bloating, her skin CRACKING, until--

SHE SPLITS OPEN.

Blood goes everywhere, the king splutters and lurches away.

Catherine is torn down the middle from head to toe, revealing something smooth and pale underneath, not bone but--

SKIN. And it's moving now, shifting under the mess of her body, sloughing off the layers, opening the tear wider until a LONG, SLENDER HAND reaches out from the muck.

Penric reaches down and grasps the hand, pulling up and away, revealing a YOUNG WOMAN, nude and slick with blood, heat radiating off her body, like Catherine but elven, angular.

Edward stares, mesmerized, as the young woman steps towards him, sinuous like flame.

She reaches up and gently touches his bloody face, then licks her fingers with a thoughtful expression.