

CELESTE

An
original screenplay
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INT/EXT. BLACK

BLACK

A FEMALE VOICE whispers - 'swooning' in the darkness.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I love you.

Two GREEN EYES open slowly. A time-wracked SNARL sounds - and the faint CLANK of chains.

Then SILENCE. The eyes close.

BLACK

INT. A PRIVATE CHAMBER - NIGHT

CELESTE, 20s, beautiful, dark haired - serene, washes herself at her dresser with a flannel and jug of water.

The décor, furniture - everything indicates a setting of some 200 years ago.

Celeste rinses - droplets of water shimmer off her body.

She stands. Perfect, naked, pure - and aware. She looks around - consummated in her femininity - not proud.

She moves to her dresser, sits and starts to brush her hair. She looks to the dresser and a figurine of JESUS.

Celeste KNEELS and KISSES the feet of the Jesus.

CELESTE
I love you. Thank you, my lord.

Her green eyes GAZE upon a single rose stem in a glass near the Jesus.

She takes the pink rose flower and sits on the edge of her bed with the rosebud to her CHEEK.

Closing her eyes her LIPS TREMBLE as she murmurs.

CELESTE
My darling, my darling.

She strokes her cheek with the pink petals. She moves the rose to her bare breasts - which heave with passion.

Her HAND ENFOLDS the rose - and slowly CRUSHES it. Broken pink petals FALL to the floor.

Celeste opens her eyes and gathers herself. She rises and moves to her clothes draped over a rail. She dresses hurriedly - in a NUN'S HABIT.

She puts on her long black cloak and takes a candle-burning lantern, puts up her hood - and EXITS her chamber - into a LONG DARK CORRIDOR.

INT. A DARK STONE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A secret passageway beneath a nunnery.

CELESTE, young and beautiful in black hooded cape, walks with a lantern along a dark stone passage. Her breath is tremulous. Her heart POUNDS.

She hurries quietly, looking around - then on. Celeste enters a gloomy antechamber - and faces her LOVER, a Priest with long brown hair and beard.

Celeste throws herself into his arms. They KISS. They are on FIRE. Her cloak falls.

They look into each other's eyes, about to consummate -

but they TURN - as the curtain is RIPPED BACK - the ABBESS stands STARING at the two lovers, her face OBSCURED by the HOOD of a long cloak.

In the gloom the Abbess' FACE is NEVER CLEARLY VISIBLE. Only a SNEER or the expression of LOATHING from two malicious EYES can be made out.

HATRED distilled over her sixty chaste years lets an EVIL GRIN crack her face as she MOTIONS to her two HENCHMEN.

Two brutes DART forward. One PINS the priest while the other beats him mercilessly with a club.

Celeste is frozen in HORROR which the Abbess SAVOURS.

Celeste flies at the henchmen and tries to pull them off. Her fear turns to fury. She bites and scratches the oafs. Her wild beauty is now FEARSOME but

Three CRACKS to the SKULL finish the Priest's struggle and he lies LIMP - maybe dead.

The thugs turn slowly to face Celeste who realises that it is her turn.

Her exit blocked by the Abbess, she fights as she is dragged along the corridors by the men who FLING her into a corner and stand leering.

The Abbess APPEARS - cue for the men to snap Celeste's wrists into MANACLES. She is chained to the wall.

One brute starts to build up the BRICK WALL that will be her COFFIN - the other stands over her - then moves in to enjoy the body that was to have been the Priest's.

He RIPS open her front - her BREASTS are bared. He kisses her neck and mouth. Both men RAPE Celeste - with the ABBESS watching.

Finally the Abbess 'COUGHS' and they stand back. Celeste's abused body hangs LIMP as the brick wall is built up.

Her dark hair moves as she raises her head. Her green eyes GLOWER at the Abbess.

CELESTE

I hate you - and your religion!
 Your God - everything!
 I curse you and this building.
 Whoever opens their heart to Love,
 whenever feelings show or any
 ardour is felt that would grow
 and make this world a better place,
 I shall arrive to poison it with
 the same vicious hatred that you
 have shown to me.
 Whenever a heart beats faster from
 the stirrings of Love's sweet spirit,
 my murderous revenge will have its
 play. I will throttle it - and leave
 it lying, like the sweetest babe -
 to rot in the sun.

The bricks are HEAD-HIGH. Celeste SHRIEKS. The Abbess turns and leaves the men to finish the job.

EXT. A STREET IN A CITY - DAY

A line of tall 18th century houses stands in a leafy terrace. One house is more dilapidated.

IVY grows up and around the house, reaching to bedrooms. It is THE HOUSE. Its presence BREATHES.

Road traffic, modern paraphernalia show it is the present. A BOY and GIRL, aged TEN arrive and sit on the steps, sharing sweets and giggling.

Children's VOICES SING - OUT OF SHOT

CHILDREN SINGING (V.O.)
 Robert and Jessy, Sitting in a tree
 K-I-S-S-I-N-G
 First comes love, next comes marriage
 Then comes a baby in a golden carriage.

Robert and Jessy, Sitting in a tree
 Doing what they shouldn't be
 Begins with S, ends with X
 Oh my God, they're having sex!

The boy and girl are relaxed. Gradually a deep GROAN filters in, like an evil force waking its horror.

The kids sense something. The groan builds to a GUTTURAL hateful NOISE - a rage ready to EXPLODE.

The two kids take off down the street - their sweet papers left circling in the wind by the GRATE, which seems to emit an EVIL breath from below.

EXT. STREET ON THE HOUSE - DAY

Sweet papers worry themselves kerbside, then UNDER tyres as A status SALOON CAR pulls up.

MR. WOOD, 60s, with WHITE HAIR, a thin drawn face and ICY BLUE EYES - slowly gets out of his car - like a REPTILE

His ORANGE-faced WIFE, 50s, stays to LARD on orange lipstick and adjust her hairdo in the car mirror.

Mr. Wood looks UP at the house. He goes to check the basement door for security. NODS to himself. Then goes to the front door, glancing at the oblivious wife, and enters.

INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Wood does his LANDLORD'S final check-over - he seems DISTANT as he moves around - BORED with his task.

Living room - kitchen and appliances - boiler. Internal BASEMENT ENTRANCE - LOCKED. All are checked.

Upstairs bedrooms, bathroom etc. Mr. Wood RELAXES. He LOOKS DOWN out of the window at his wife still caking her face.

He removes a magazine from inside his jacket.

The COVER shows a seriously HARDCORE FETISH S+M publication - one for the CONNOISSEUR only.

Mr. Wood FLIPS the pages, stopping occasionally.

MR. WOOD

Look at you, bitch.

His eyes dart OVER the pornographic images as his SINISTER LIBIDO wakes.

MR. WOOD

No-one would hear you scream,
my darling.

He STOPS - sensing something.

A GROWL filters in from the distance - then with a ROAR, the door flies open and -

An INVISIBLE FORCE rushes in - whirling round past Mr. Wood who is ROOTED - it goes into the corridor.

Through adjoining rooms. Doors SLAM open as the force hurtles through.

It roars down to the ground floor, around, then back up to Mr. Wood - a terrifying crescendo of MALICE.

Mr. Wood is RATTLED but does not panic.

He watches and listens as the force tears all around him - not sure whether to trust what he perceives - though he seems to SENSE that it is PERSONAL.

The FORCE continues its mad rage.

Mr. Wood moves downstairs - inadvertently DROPPING his magazine as he goes.

He stands at the bottom of the

STAIRWELL

He looks up and around as the noise goes on unabated.

Suddenly it STOPS and there is

SILENCE

From ABOVE - pieces of paper FLOAT gently down.

They come to REST in the hall area. The PHOTO from the girlie magazine lies ripped into four or five PIECES.

But Mr. Wood does not notice the pieces of paper as they LAND - he has MOVED to the FRONT DOOR - EXITING the house.

INT. A METRO/TRAIN, UNDERGROUND - DAY

GUS - a dishevelled dude with GOATEE, 20s, sits on the rattling subway train - his i-pod cranked.

He can't HELP noticing WOMEN. He WATCHES them - SHYLY, while stroking his goatee, with a vulnerable fascination.

A woman feels his GAZE and looks up - Gus has to look away.

Gus CLOSES his eyes for a while to the music as the carriage EMPTIES out. Digs the TUNE.

INT. METRO/TRAIN STATION, OVERGROUND - DAY

A train THUNDERS past the platform.

INT. METRO/TRAIN, OVERGROUND - DAY

JESSICA, 20, with long dark curls falling around a pale VIRGINAL face - stares out of the train window.

Her CELLO case is by her side - HELD CLOSE, almost clutching.

Jessica takes some music from her bag. She looks at the cover, which shows

INSERT

SUITES FOR CELLO
by J.S. BACH

END INSERT

She opens the score. Her finger TRACES the lines of notes. As she stares off in a MELANCHOLY DAZE, she 'hears' the MUSIC.

Dreamily, her hand takes a letter from her jacket. She looks away - BROKEN-HEARTED - then reads the crumpled letter from her EX-BOYFRIEND, maybe for the hundredth time.

EX-BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

"Dear Jessica,
 You know that I love you.
 You will always be special to
 me. But music has always had
 first place for you. If we have
 to wait until we are married,
 before..."

The voice trails off. Tears SPLASH onto the music.

Jessica stares into the blackness of the window, clutching
 the letter.

INT. METRO/TRAIN TRAIN, UNDERGROUND - DAY

Gus, music on, is into his tune. His eyes OPEN - to see a
 whole row of WOMEN opposite him.

He STRUGGLES with their CLOSENESS.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Kate - a red-haired Irish girl, 20s, reads a book on the
 train - suitcase at her feet.

She looks up. Her eyes WANDER to a handsome OLDER MAN - who
 is oblivious. She watches him.

Kate STARTS - her face grows pale. She stares at a GHOST or
 personal horror from her imagination or past.

The ghost is SISTER MARY - an old, severe Irish nun with a
 total PALLOR - so that in her nun's habit, she appears
 almost in BLACK + WHITE, sitting in a corner seat.

SISTER MARY

No need to be looking at things
 that are not for you, Kate. The
 way of our Lord is a thorny one.
 Impure thoughts seduce us with
 their pleasures. We are NEVER
 safe from the sins of the flesh.

Kate has blanched. Only SHE sees Sister Mary. She notices
 the older man looking at her - almost smiling.

But she is beyond a normal moment - the present corrupted
 by the ghost from her past.

Kate tries to relax. She looks to where Sister Mary sat.
She has gone.

INT. METRO/TRAIN, UNDERGROUND - DAY

Gus gets up as the train slows to a halt. His bags
INTERFERE with a woman also exiting - who turns.

His voice is soft, polite - and definitely Texan.

GUS

Sorry. Kind of over-loaded here.

Other women seem wary of his holdalls catching them.

INT. JOSE'S CAR - DAY

JOSE drives her loaded-up VW Golf in the city heat -
ENERGIZED by her Salsa tunes. She's 23 - and serious. Like
someone has forced her lid on.

Jose PARKS - the engine still running. She skips out and
into the offices of a COLLEGE building.

Jose comes BACK OUT - moving fast to her car. In her hand
she holds a KEY. Jose looks at the key in her palm. Her
fingers CLENCH around it - into a FIST.

JOSE

Yes!

She pockets the key and jumps in her VW - and PULLS AWAY.

A BEEP from a disgruntled TAXI sounds behind her - but
she's gone.

JOSE

Sorry, Mr. Taxi driver - but your
sweaty lard-arse will have to wait
its turn. Goodbye. Yeah, and you.

EXT. STREET, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose unloads her belongings up the steps of THE HOUSE.

INT. JOSE' ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose struggles into her room with a box and dumps it down.
Kate appears, equally sweaty, at the door.

KATE
Cup of tea?

JOSE
Please.

Jose straightens.

JOSE
Phew, thank God that's over.

At that the LOUDEST rave music sounds from upstairs. They
move to LOOK - at LISA - who practises her rave moves on
the staircase.

Lisa, 20s, looks like a bad advert for hedonism -
underweight but overdone.

Jose and Kate LOOK at each other. They TURN as -

Jessica struggles through the front door with her cello.

JOSE
Hi. I'm Jose... this is Kate.
And that...

Jerks her thumb backwards

JOSE
... seems to be Lisa.

JESSICA
I'm Jessica. Is that her music?

KATE
Oh yes. You get your key all
right?

Lisa has 'MOVED' back to her room with a DOORSLAM. Relative
peace returns.

JESSICA
Yes.

KATE
We haven't met the landlord yet.

JOSE
He sounds a right weirdo.

On Jessica's tired and lost look.

JOSE

There are two rooms left. One...

Jose points up the stairs.

JOSE

... next to Lisa. Or near the
basement.

Jessica starts to hump her bags up the stairs -
she turns - HUFFY

JESSICA

Despite the taste in music, I'm not
sleeping near a bloody basement.
I must say it was so nice to be asked
about the room-share. Very nice.

Kate and Jose LOOK at each other - then TURN as -
Gus stumbles in.

GUS

Wow. Big city life. 'Smog. Fog.'
Unfriendly people! Hi...

JOSE

Hello? Yes...? Can I help you?

GUS

I got a room here. I'm Gus.
Pleased to...

He holds out a hand but it is not taken.

JOSE

There seems to be some mistake.
Have you got a key?

GUS

Sure. Picked it up today.

Jose is taken aback for a moment, then

JOSE

Something's gone wrong. I think
someone else has the room.

GUS

Are they here?

JOSE

No, we're waiting. There's GOT to be a mistake.

GUS

Excuse me. What mistake? It's just some crappy student house, for Chris' sake.

KATE

There is that.

JOSE

No. I didn't just arrive at this house. I made the point of finding out some in-for-mation. I rang the landlord, who assured me, more than once, that this was to be a women-only household.

Jose focuses on the finality of it.

JOSE

That was the condition on which I paid my deposit.

GUS

Well, the college called me yesterday... said someone had dropped out... and did I want a room?

He holds the KEY up between two fingertips.

GUS

Nothing about gender specifications. How many in this house anyway?

KATE

Five.

GUS

Me... and four girls?

JOSE

Women.

KATE

Yep.

GUS

Oh, Jesus.

JOSE

I don't believe this.

Jose looks down in frustration - unable to accept she has to back down. Her eyes FIX on something behind Gus.

She moves - by the open front door - and picks up some pieces of paper - the torn picture from the magazine.

Jose is face on with Gus, disgust on her face.

JOSE

What? What is this?

Jose' RIGID FINGER jabs the picture - her NAIL almost CUTTING into it.

Jose, Gus and Kate look at the erotic fragments. Then -

A WIND rushes through the house. Doors suddenly SLAM all over the place. The glass chandelier TINKLES above them.

Kate SHIVERS - and closes the front door. SILENCE returns.

JOSE

Excuse me. Did this just fall out of your pocket?

Gus feigns disdain, but cringes inside.

GUS

What? That?... No! Come on, I've just got here.

JOSE

Well, who else would it be?

GUS

Not mine! Okay? Please, just which way is my room?

Kate points and Gus moves off.

GUS

Thanks a lot, ladies.

JOSE

Just one thing, Gus. We are not your 'ladeez'.

GUS

Figure of speech. Later.

Jose moves close to Kate. She holds the fragments.

JOSE

This is what I mean. Five minutes
of having a bloody pant-sniffer
here... and look what turns up.

She SCREWS up the fragments into a TIGHT FIST and throws
them out of the front door.

KATE

It's not going to be that bad, Jose.

JOSE

I've been there. That's why I try
to avoid it.

INT. GUS'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Gus dumps his suitcase on the bed - and PUFFS his cheeks.

GUS

Damn - I've landed the fucking
wank police.

He unpacks. He puts some FILM BOOKS out, some clothes in a
drawer. A bottle of Jack Daniels. Then he takes -

A couple of TOP DRAWER American erotic MAGS - Swank, Cherie
etc. and drops them on the bed.

He GLANCES at the DOOR. One up on the 'girls' - but

STOPS

The bed SHUDDERS. The room SHAKES. A WAILING echoes eerily
- distant, then louder.

Gus GRABS the erotica, jams them into a drawer and exits.

INT. HALLWAY, THE HOUSE - DAY

Kate and Jose drink tea - in a heavy silence. They FOCUS on
a PALE and jittery Gus, shuffling their way.

GUS

What the fuck was that?

JOSE

What?

GUS
THAT!

JOSE
What 'THAT!'?

KATE
You seem a bit overexcited, Gus.

GUS
Damn right. My whole room shook.

Jose and Kate get SARCASTIC. They CONFER, facing each other.

JOSE
No shaking near me.

KATE
I didn't notice anything, either.

Kate softens.

KATE
There's probably a railway line out the back or something.

Gus faces them blankly - then goes back to his room.

GUS
It wasn't a train.

Out of earshot, he mutters in humiliation.

GUS
Fucking conspiracy, already.

Jose and Kate's eyes FOLLOW him patronisingly.

INT. GUS' ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Gus enters and sits on his bed. He looks down at the FLOOR, the source of his FEAR.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jessica unpacks. Her CELLO is in its open case. She puts the BACH SCORE on a music stand, next to the cello.

The LETTER falls to the floor. Sadly she picks it up.

RAVE music starts up from Lisa's room and PUMPS through.
Jessica speaks to herself.

JESSICA

This is going to be a nightmare.

She looks distraught.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

SUNLIGHT streams in. A BIRD sings. Peace.

Jessica WAKES, sits up in bed and looks over at her CELLO.
She gets up, stretches - then, bow poised, sits to play.

Jessica CLOSES her eyes. SILENCE - then JS BACH. Beauty on
nothingness. She is LOST - in MUSIC.

SUDDENLY the WALLS seem to HEAVE - RAVE MUSIC pounds from
next door - like an electronic HELL moving in.

Jessica stops playing - in DISBELIEF. She moves out to the
landing.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jessica KNOCKS on Lisa's door. TAP TAP TAP.

JESSICA

Hello. Hello, Lisa. LISA!

Lisa - tired but wired, opens her door.

LISA

Yeah?

JESSICA

Lisa. Your music. Don't you think
it's a bit early?

LISA

Yeah, well, your music woke me up.
I just put mine on.

JESSICA

It's very loud.

LISA

It's meant to be.

Jessica turns like her face has been slapped. Lisa is too mashed to gloat.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jessica walks into her room like a child whose world is crumbling. RAVE still plays next door.

Jessica stands STILL in the room centre.
Her face QUESTIONS an odd SOUND, faint. A 'NOTE', maybe?

Jessica's face SWIVELS towards the cello - she moves close.

A single STRING, the 'C' string, vibrates, RESONATING with the power of Lisa's music. Jessica looks like one DEFILED. With a lip-wobble she chokes out -

JESSICA
My 'C' string. Oh, my God - she's
playing my cello - and she's not
even in the bloody room!

Jessica throws herself onto her bed.

INT. MR. WOOD'S CAR - DAY

Mr. Wood SLOWS his saloon outside the house and parks.

MUSIC plays on his car CD.

EXT. STREET BY THE HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Wood has got out of his car and APPROACHES the house as Jose EXITS in jogging gear and headphones.

She SEES him. He SEES her. They haven't met face-to-face but already know each other a lot more than they want to.

Mr. Wood moves up the house-front steps and goes to speak - but Jose SCOWLS - and RUNS off.

Mr. Wood STARES COLDLY - watching Jose. He rings the bell and NOT WAITING - enters the house with his master key.

INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

In the front door, Mr. Wood meets Kate approaching. She JUMPS and stands rigid for a moment.

Mr. Wood apologises formally - unsympathetic.

MR. WOOD

I'm sorry.

Holding up his key.

MR. WOOD

Landlord's key. I'm Mr. Wood.

He looks at Kate.

MR. WOOD

Are you okay?

Kate THAWS and breathes hard.

KATE

Yes. You surprised me, that's all.

MR. WOOD

I came round to see if everything was okay? With the house?

He looks around nervously - not trusting his memory.

KATE

Oh yes, it's great, thanks. Still settling in - but everything's fine.

MR. WOOD

Good. No problems, then? No...

He walks around craning his neck, looking up the stairs.

MR. WOOD

... nothing to worry about?

KATE

No. It's fine.

MR. WOOD

This house stood empty for a long time. It took a lot of work.

KATE

Really? This lovely building? Why?

MR. WOOD

It was owned by the Church, apparently.
And they didn't care - couldn't use it,
but didn't give a damn whether anyone
else could.

He laughs, dryly.

KATE

I can imagine.

He hears the Irish accent. The penny drops.

MR. WOOD

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean...

Kate smiles.

KATE

Don't worry about that, please. If
I could wash it all away, I would.

MR. WOOD

I understand.

He STARES hard at Kate - like a cold fish.

MR. WOOD

I'm not a spiritual person, myself.

Kate nods nervously.

He LOOKS UP the stairs to the upper house - and POINTS..

MR. WOOD

Must see the other tenants.

KATE

Okay, nice to meet you.

Mr. Wood moves up the stairs. Kate turns and SHUDDERS.

After Kate and Mr. Wood separate, Gus is STANDING at the
top of the STAIRS, having OVERHEARD their conversation.

INT. KITCHEN, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jessica, still a bit red-eyed, has tried to start the day
anew - by wearing something 'perky' - clingy shorts and a
very tight jumper.

She takes a mixing bowl and adds cake ingredients. With a SNIFF she begins spooning it together.

Jessica looks up. On a KNOCK, Mr. Wood enters.

MR. WOOD
Hello, I'm Mr. Wood, the landlord.

JESSICA
Oh, hi, I'm Jessica.

Mr. Wood LOOKS at Jessica like a PREDATOR waking up.

MR. WOOD
You like cooking?

JESSICA
I do it to cheer myself up.

MR. WOOD
Looks tasty.

JESSICA
I call it my 'Sticky Mess'.
Want some?

MR. WOOD
Not right now.

He smiles without emotion.

Jessica beats the mixture into a thick, creamy texture.
Mr. Wood looks into the bowl.

MR. WOOD
Interesting.

JESSICA
There. Ready.

Jessica empties the mix onto a fruit base and pastry.
Jessica bends over and slides the cake-mix into the oven.

JESSICA
Pop it in the oven for a few minutes -
and you've got yourself a very sweet,
hot, sticky tart.

She licks some GOO off her finger.

Mr. Wood STARES at her.

She looks back at him WIDE-EYED and innocent.

EXT. COLLEGE BUILDING - DAY

Birds twitter. The college building stands in daytime quiet. One or two students walk on paths.

INT. COLLEGE CANTEEN/COFFEE BAR - DAY

Kate sits alone at a table reading and sipping a latte. Jose joins her with a drink.

KATE
Hi.

JOSE
Hi. How's it going?

KATE
Fine. Did you see him?

JOSE
Who?

KATE
The landlord!

Jose's face darkens.

JOSE
No, I went for a run.

Kate smiles knowingly. Jose frowns.

JOSE
The nerve! Such a bloody liberty.

KATE
You're not still seething
about that, are you?

Jose is explicit.

JOSE
Yes! It maybe his house but it
is our living space. He has to
respect that. Fucking 'land-LORD'!

Kate raises her eyebrows.

KATE
There's not a lot you can do.

JOSE
So, just smile and be nice? Like a
good girl?

KATE
No. But Gus seems okay. Just, a bit -
OUT THERE - that's all.

JOSE
Right.

KATE
Why DO you object to a guy being
in the house? I know you said...

JOSE
Have you ever lived with one
that's not lived away from his
mummy before?

Jose looks hard at Kate.

JOSE
And everything is always reduced
to sex.

Kate looks at her watch. She collects her bag and starts to
get up.

KATE
I've got a lecture now. Better move.

JOSE
I'm free. I'll head home.

KATE
Why don't you come and sit in on my
lecture? Please.

Jose stares blankly.

KATE
You must. It's on my favourite
painting - you've got to come.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Students settle onto the benches. Kate and Jose look
forward - expectant.

At the front of the lecture hall is an easel which holds a
LARGE POSTER of the painting 'BACCHUS AND ARIADNE' by
Titian.

Kate indicates the painting and gazes down at it.

KATE

Isn't it amazing?

Jose looks down - forcing interest. Her FACE stares at the picture IMPASSIVELY for a long time.

JOSE

Mmmm, yeah.

A DOOR OPENS behind the painting and MR. JONES, 40s, strides in. He is sturdy, handsome and sexual in his maturity - oozing masculine confidence.

Mr. Jones stands in front of the rows of students and LOOKS up at them

FOR A LONG TIME

Jose watches Mr. Jones as he takes in the students in his visual survey. Something 'CLICKS' as she watches and realises -

Mr. Jones is only staring at the FEMALE students.

Jose sits up - alert.

Some students GIGGLE quietly. Someone COUGHS nervously.

Still Mr. Jones eyes the group. His eyes come to rest on one LOVELY GIRL. He FIXES on her. She BLUSHES and looks down.

Jose NUDGES Kate. She WHISPERS sideways.

JOSE

What is going on? Can you see what he is doing?

Kate simply stares ahead and SMILES at Mr. Jones' performance - oblivious to Jose' point.

Mr. Jones looks up to the backbenches and spies Kate. His eyes LOCK onto her - then onto Jose.

He stares at Jose - invading her. Jose STARES back - full of RESISTANCE. Mr. Jones senses her spirit - which AMUSES him and he turns to move near the painting.

Jose mutters.

JOSE

Prick.

Kate GLANCES sideways - not understanding. Mr. Jones CLEARS his throat.

MR. JONES

My name is Mr. Jones. I am the lecherer for the 'Renaissance Artists' unit to the European Art History module.

Jose FLINCHES on hearing 'lecherer'. She LOOKS around. Kate and the other students all look forward and listen impassively.

Jose is ALONE in her indignation. She LEANS back in her seat - and is BURNING with hostility.

Mr. Jones looks again at the students - some SLOUCHING, some TIMID, some GAWKY as they look at him. He comments

MR. JONES

The fresh and imperious gaze of youth? The same desire for perfection as the Golden Age Renaissance itself.

He CHUCKLES at his own sarcasm.

He HOLDS UP his hand to indicate the painting.

MR. JONES

The gaze. An obsession of that most perfect of painters. A godlike imagination. Tiziano...Titian.

INSERT

The painting. On ARIADNE'S FACE - on her GAZE.

END INSERT

MR. JONES

If subtext had to have a certification, this painting would most definitely be a triple 'x'.

Students GIGGLE nervously and shuffle. Jose STRAIGHTENS. Kate is absorbed.

Mr. Jones ENJOYS the FRISSON of attention and excitement - he MOVES forward energetically.

MR. JONES

Right. This picture... 'Bacchus
and Ariadne' ... by Titian...
a riot of energy. Look at it.
What is it about?

A VOICE sounds nervously. It is Kate. Jose STARES at Kate.

KATE

Sex.

MR. JONES

Quite. Go on.

KATE

Bacchus... demands Ariadne
join him.

Mr Jones moves closer to the students - up an aisle - and
stands by a young FEMALE, whilst listening.

KATE

She is in fear, because
Theseus has deserted her.

Kate POINTS at the painting.

ALL HEADS TURN AS ONE - to look at the painting. EXCEPT
Jose's whose stare remains fixedly on Mr. Jones.

INSERT

The painting. The TINY sailing BOAT in the distance.

END INSERT

Jose sees Mr. Jones move to stand CLOSE to a pretty BLONDE
FEMALE student. He is right NEXT to her - almost BEHIND
her.

The blonde almost 'SHUDDERS' as she 'FEELS' his presence.

Mr. Jones LOOKS at Kate for her to continue. Kate GULPS.

KATE

But that is the past. Bacchus
is the here and now.

MR. JONES

Yes. 'Forget your grief and fear.
Come with me and enjoy. Sex.'
There is a line.

Jose watches and listens like a panther on a branch.

MR. JONES

A psychological line represented by the invisible line drawn by Titian. Just as subtle as the conflicting energies of the human mind.

Mr. Jones points it out on the picture.

MR. JONES

See the two leopards. They look at each other as in a mirror. That line between them defines the divide between the figures. It arcs, so the divide is not simple... to be calculated as mere opposites. Ariadne has her alternative. The nymph with the symbols is Ariadne reversed.

He punctuates dryly and rhythmically.

MR. JONES

Her clothes, her pose, are as in a mirror. She is Ariadne... becoming. After the divine... after sex.

Jose FLINCHES.

MR. JONES

The mirror of sex. Male, female. God, human. Sex, repression. Choose your path. 'Have me,' the god speaks, 'or languish forever in death, the past, memories, regret'... whatever.

Mr. Jones now stands OVER the blonde student - his legs by her shoulders. She TREMBLES, trying to concentrate.

He speeds up his delivery.

MR. JONES

'Come now and fuck me, I say. I am the force.' There are a thousand things in this picture that overwhelm the eyes. Music is a background element, as always with Titian. But this mythic story is outside of civilization or technology. It is the struggle of psychic elements... with the sexual dynamic, sexual identity... the becoming divine through sex... and so with 'fucking' at the centre of its debate.

Jose SCOWLS in disgust. The blonde CRINGES as Mr. Jones stops. He STARES at the awe-struck students.

Then he turns his back and starts to collect up his papers.

The students slowly rise - WHISPERING INTENSLEY about what they have just heard.

Jose stares ahead - full of ANGRY LOATHING. Kate takes a DEEP BREATH and stands up - turning to Jose.

KATE

I shan't be a minute.

Jose hardly hears her.

Kate makes her way to the front of the hall towards Mr. Jones. Students bustle around.

Mr. Jones TURNS as Kate nears - almost SENSEING her. His face LIGHTS UP as he sees her.

MR. JONES

Hello.

Kate smiles shyly.

KATE

Hello.

Mr. Jones waits patronisingly.

KATE

I'd just like to say...

Kate's voice TRAILS OFF and is lost in background NOISE.

Jose comes out of her CONCENTRATED STARE to notice Kate and Mr. Jones. She WATCHES them talking and SMILING.

Jose SQUINTS as Mr. Jones SEEMS to MOVE CLOSE to Kate.

Jose watches as Mr. Jones takes hold of a LONG STRAND of Kate's AUBURN HAIR. Jose FOCUSES in on his FACE.

INSERT

Mr. Jones smiles at Kate who looks DOWN - SHYLY.

MR. JONES

It's beautiful.

KATE

Thank you.

END INSERT

Jose stares AGHAST as Mr. Jones gently places his FINGER on Kate's CHEEK.

Jose' FIST BANGS onto the bench and she STORMS out the back in a RAGE.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jose paces in a FURY - beside herself. She STRIDES back and forth by a row of LOCKERS. Some doors hang open.

Jose paces MADLY - but she can't contain - she SMASHES her FIST against the locker doors - one after the other.

She stops - her breath HEAVING. She looks around furtively. There is no-one. Jose sighs - calming down. Then

Jose JUMPS as

Kate APPEARS from around a corner.

KATE

There you are.

Kate sees Jose PERSPIRING.

KATE

What's wrong?

Jose EXPLODES into emotional energy.

JOSE

Did you see what he was doing?

Kate looks blankly.

JOSE

I can't believe it. Lining us up like pieces of meat.

KATE

I don't understand...

Jose moves closer - furious.

JOSE
 Didn't you hear him? "I am your
 lecherer." Not lecturer...lecherer!

Jose stares at Kate.

KATE
 I didn't hear that.

JOSE
 What about the golden silence? A
 staring session! What was THAT!

Kate is calm.

KATE
 That was atmosphere.

JOSE
 What...?

Jose turns in desperate frustration.

JOSE
 Did you see how close he was to
 that... blonde bimbo-fuck? All
 that talk about "Let's fuck"...
 and he was practically unzipping
 into her face!

KATE
 No.

JOSE
 He was broadcasting it. Coding it.
 "Come with me and fuck." One by
 one - we were being lined up.

Kate reacts impatiently.

KATE
 Oh, come on. It was just to get
 our attention.

Kate eyes Jose, closely.

KATE
 And it worked, didn't it?

Kate FIXES Jose with a look. Kate means Jose in that. Jose
 almost CHOKES on her anger - she is caught.

Jose SEETHES - she doesn't like being out-smarted - then
 SLOWLY, and COLDLY

JOSE
And what was that business with
your fucking hair?

Kate is embarrassed, looking down.

JOSE
Five seconds you've met... and
he's mauling you like a pimp.

Jose sees Kate SQUIRMING - she waits - asserting her
dominance.

SHAME and GUILT ENGULF Kate, who mutters.

KATE
No, no. Please don't. I'm sorry,
Jose. I'm sorry.

Jose relents. She warms.

JOSE
Okay, forget it. I'm sorry, too.

Jose TURNS and SLAMS her fist onto one last LOCKER DOOR -
sending it PINGING back and forth.

JOSE
Stand up to it, I say.

She takes Kate compassionately by the hand and slowly leads
her down the corridor.

INT. KITCHEN, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jessica carefully cuts two slices from her golden-topped
tart and passes one to Lisa.

LISA
Oh thanks. This looks gorgeous.

They tuck in.

JESSICA
Did you meet the landlord?

LISA
Yeah. He was just putting a face
to the standing order.

JESSICA
Oh.

LISA

Why, did you think he was being social? He only wants us for the money.

JESSICA

Right.

LISA

So, you studying music, are you?

JESSICA

Yes. I love music.

LISA

So do I. Listen to it night and day. I'm doing Fashion.

JESSICA

Just Fashion? Can you do that?

LISA

Of course.

JESSICA

I'm hoping to win a Scholarship to go to the Academy. To study cello.

LISA

What's cello?

JESSICA

You know. The instrument I play.

LISA

I thought it was a big violin.

JESSICA

No. It's a cello.

LISA

Right. You got a boyfriend?

Jessica takes a breath.

JESSICA

Not any more. We broke up just before I came to college.

Lisa attempts compassion.

LISA

That's a shame.

JESSICA

He was my soul mate.

LISA

Really? I've always had loads of friends.

Jessica blinks.

LISA

I've got to go. Connections to make. As usual, people are relying on me to make the party happen.

JESSICA

You're from round here, are you?

LISA

Born and bred. Thanks for the cake.

Lisa leaves the house. Jessica shuffles out. She places her hands together and looks up - in mock prayer as she mounts the stairs. The house is empty.

JESSICA

Thank you, God.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jessica enjoys the quiet of the house. She stops at a bedroom - the door is open. She peeps in.

JESSICA

Hello?

No answer. Jessica enters slowly. Kate's things lie around. Kate is definitely the Artist.

An easel stands with a mirror nearby. An incomplete, charcoal self-portrait of Kate's face stares from paper pinned to the easel.

An ANGRY charcoal LINE has been run across the face.

Jessica looks down at the bed. Next to an open pastel case is an art book showing the painting of Titian's 'BACCHUS AND ARIADNE'.

There is a detail picture of Bacchus' beautiful head - crowned with IVY. A sketch book on the bed has Kate's copy of the Bacchus head.

Jessica picks up the sketch-book - and turns the page. She sees an excellent detail sketch, in GREEN, of an IVY LEAF.

Jessica puts down the sketch-book and leaves the room.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jessica enters her room and opens her window. The warm air wafts in.

On the sill - an IVY LEAF climber sways in the breeze. Jessica doesn't notice the ivy - so close.

Jessica sits with her cello between her legs, her bow in her hand. She closes her eyes and BREATHES in.

Long deep, peaceful breaths.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

The front door CLICKS open and then BANGS shut.

Gus enters the living-room with a BOX. He moves to the T.V. and opens the box - removing a DVD player. He sets it up.

Gus puts a DVD DISC in the player and sits back with the remote - hitting PLAY.

INSERT

T.V. SCREEN

A section from the FILM -

THE INNOCENTS by Jack Clayton, plays.

DEBORAH KERR'S GOVERNESS glides through the big house in an expansive gown. Her ANXIETY-RIDDEN face stares out.

END INSERT

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Eyes still CLOSED - breath slow and even - Jessica starts to play the BACH she loves so much.

Jessica's LEGS are open around her cello. Her breasts SWELL slightly. Her lips part. Her face has an ECSTATIC glow.

The IVY LEAVES waver by the window.

Into the music SOUNDS the line from the letter.

EX-BOYFRIEND (V.O.)

If we have to wait until we
are married, before...

Emotion RISES up on Jessica's beautiful face. She enters a FANTASY of what may have been - still playing the Bach.

FANTASY

In a different bedroom - Jessica looks up at her handsome ex-boyfriend. She SMILES coquettishly - a little out-of-character - and slowly takes OFF her blouse.

He stands close, nervous. She FONDLES her own breasts. She kisses her lover. A deep kiss. Then sinks slowly to her knees and undoes his trousers.

OUT OF FANTASY

Jessica plays her music. PASSION and EMOTION both surging within her body and face.

Behind her - the IVY CLIMBER moves, GROWING slowly over the window-sill and down to the floor.

It CREEPS its way slowly across the floor.

The ivy reaches the legs of Jessica's chair. She is unaware as it starts to wind around her ANKLE.

FANTASY

Jessica has drawn back from BLOWING her lover. She stands up - enjoying herself. She is driven - EMPOWERED.

She HAUGHTILY pushes her man back onto the bed. She sits ASTRIDE the male body - and starts to FUCK him.

END FANTASY

Jessica is reaching total ECSTASY - as is the MUSIC.

The ivy has worked its way up her leg and around her middle, encircling her breasts.

Oblivious, Jessica begins to climax.

The ivy encircles Jessica's THROAT - and TIGHTENS.

SHOCK covers her face. GASPING for air she flings her bow aside - the cello hitting the floor. She CHOKES, CLUTCHING with both hands, trying to tear the ivy from her neck.

Pulling at her bed sheets in a panic, she knocks furniture over and sends books flying.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Gus watches the T.V. - ENTRANCED.

INSERT

THE T.V. - THE INNOCENTS

Deborah Kerr's parted lips QUIVER as she sees the GHOST.

END INSERT

Gus watches the screen. A MUFFLED crash sounds from a room above. Gus doesn't notice. He tokes on a spliff.

A low groan BUILDS - distant, but Gus doesn't hear it.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

WRITHING frantically - Jessica lies on the floor, a long TENDRIL of IVY still around her neck and body which reaches back out through the window.

Jessica kicks her HEELS against the floor in the hope that some-one will hear her. But no-one comes.

The ivy has control. A grotesque NOISE sounds - the FORCE is at work through the ivy. Jessica loses consciousness.

The door opens - and Gus stands blinking in amazement at Jessica on the floor - her room in chaos.

Gus FREES the ivy from Jessica's throat. He slaps her cheeks gently to bring her back.

GUS

Hey, wake up. Come on, wake up.

Slowly Jessica's eyes OPEN. She splutters and looks up. Jessica stares ADORINGLY into Gus's face - her saviour.

GUS

My God, what happened?

Tears spill from Jessica's eyes.

JESSICA

I don't know.

She staggers up and sits on her bed.

Gus moves to the open window - thinking of an intruder. He looks at the broken ivy, spread across the floor - a few scattered, harmless leaves and stems.

He SEEMS to regard Jessica sadly, as though she is some wretched, attention-seeking lunatic.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jessica sits wrapped in a blanket on the sofa. She stares blankly into space.

Lisa pads around - TEXTING into her mobile.

Jose and Gus sit in silence - waiting. Jose DRUMS her NAILS on the chair-arm.

Jose NODS - indicating the DVD Gus has installed.

JOSE

Did you buy the DVD today?

GUS

Yes.

JOSE

No porn, please. All right?

Gus sighs with patronising restraint.

GUS

I'm on a year's Film Studies Exchange Programme. I need the DVD for the course work.

Jose tilts her head sarcastically. Then she gets up impatiently and calls out of the room -

JOSE

Come on Kate, we're all here.

Kate responds from her room.

KATE (O.S.)

I'll be right there!

INT. KATE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate sits on her bed. She looks at the print of 'Bacchus and Ariadne', mesmerised by its erotic beauty.

She FLINCHES at a familiar SOUND - Sister Mary's VOICE addressing the subject of Titian's pagan works.

SISTER MARY (O.S.)
The Holy Father NEVER approved that
kind of painting, Kate.

Kate LOOKS round the room but there is no Sister Mary. Kate relaxes - hoping it was just a fleeting visit.

Sister Mary APPEARS on the bed, sitting behind Kate. A SPASM of fear grips Kate.

SISTER MARY
Don't waste your life drooling over
THAT poison, my dear.

With a yellow-toothed grin Sister Mary ups and walks THROUGH the wall - and away.

Kate gathers herself. Closes her book and goes downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate enters the living room. Jose and Gus sit silent. Jessica is near catatonic, while Lisa does a 'mobile' pose.

LISA
Okay, babes. See you later.
Gotta go, bye.

Lisa turns her mobile off - and looks around.

LISA
Okay. What's the problem - someone
not washed up? Smelly toilet? I've
got a seriously motivated social
crowd waiting on me - what is this
all about?

KATE
Sorry, if that was me - keeping you.

Jose looks at Jessica and Gus. Gus waits but Jessica doesn't react. He takes a deep breath as the rest listen.

GUS

This afternoon, something very odd happened. While Jessica was practising, she was - attacked.

KATE

Oh, my God. Who by?

GUS

She doesn't know. She didn't see.

LISA

What happened? Are you hurt, Jess?

JESSICA

No. I'm okay.

She doesn't look okay. Jose looks at the others.

JOSE

Try to tell us about it.

Jessica starts to speak, but breaks down into sobs.

JESSICA

I can't. I can't speak about it now.

Jose turns to Gus with heavy expectation.

JOSE

What was so 'odd', Gus?

GUS

I was watching a movie on the DVD, a regular movie...

He looks across at Jose who sits upright and serious.

GUS

When I heard a noise, some banging from upstairs. So I went up to where the noise was coming from and opened Jessica's door.

Gus takes a deep breath. His voice is shaky as he strokes his goatee.

GUS

And she was lying on the floor, choking, with ivy wrapped around her throat. She had passed out. The only thing there was the ivy around her neck.

They all stare at him incredulously. Then at Jessica. Kate moves to Jessica, looking at her neck.

KATE

Look at the marks on your neck.

Jose is focused.

JOSE

So, what did you do?

GUS

Straightaway, I freed the ivy from her throat. As quick as I could. It was scary.

JOSE

You didn't have to give mouth-to-mouth?

Gus LOOKS at Jose.

GUS

No, I didn't. I tapped her cheeks to bring her round. Gentle taps.

KATE

Well done, Gus.

LISA

But you didn't see anybody? Didn't you hear anyone coming? Feel them attack you?

JESSICA

No. One minute I was playing my music, and the next - I felt like I was choking to death.

Jessica breaks into a flood of tears and covers her face.

JOSE

I think we get the picture. Jessica's had enough.

KATE

Shouldn't we call the police?

Gus 'SNORTS'. Lisa looks shifty.

JOSE

For what? "Student gets hysterical in first week away from home"?, or, "Students pass positive in drugs testing..."

She eyes Gus and Lisa SCORNFULLY.

JOSE

"... while being charged with
wasting Police time"?, are the
headlines I can see coming my way,
and frankly, I don't fancy it.

Silence.

Lisa checks her watch.

LISA

I've got to move. Take it easy,
Jess, love. Okay? See you guys.

Jessica smiles weakly. Lisa's inane mobile tone SOUNDS.
Lisa answers as she goes out.

LISA

Yeah? Hi! Yeah, I'm on my way,
now. Sorry I'm late... you
wouldn't believe...

She's gone. The others are guilty about moving on.

KATE

I'm making a hot drink. Can I
get you one, Jess?

JESSICA

Yes, please.

Kate leaves.

JOSE

I've got to do some work. Call me
if you need anything?

JESSICA

Thanks.

Jose goes out to her room. Gus stretches and looks over.

GUS

Do you mind if we watch a movie?

JESSICA

No, not at all. I need something to
help me calm down for a while.

GUS

Great. It's in my room.

He skips out to his room.

Jose APPEARS at the doorway AFTER Gus exits.

She waits for him to disappear into his room, then moves close to Jessica. She kneels while watching the doorway.

JOSE

Jessica. Listen to me. You're SURE
it wasn't Gus who attacked you?

JESSICA

I'm sure. I think. It wasn't him.

JOSE

Nothing happened between you? You
WERE the only ones in the house.

JESSICA

No. Nothing happened.

JOSE

No smoke together? No cup of tea?
He hadn't come on to you, earlier?

JESSICA

I hadn't seen him. I was practising.
My eyes were closed - playing from
memory.

She looks down, embarrassed at the memory of her fantasy.

JOSE

So it could have been him? You didn't
see?

JESSICA

I know it wasn't him. I am sure, now.

Jose stands up, relenting, as Gus returns with the tape.

JOSE

Okay. See you later.

Gus passes by Jose like she's the viper in his pants. She exits. Gus turns the T.V. on and starts the movie.

Kate enters and hands Jessica the drink.

JESSICA

Thanks, Kate.

Kate stops to look at the movie. She is unsettled.

KATE

What's this?

GUS

'The Innocents'. It's this really creepy story about a governess who gets freaked by these posh little kids. But it's all in her head, kinda thing, you know?

Kate nods at Jessica.

KATE

Just what she needs, then?

Gus stares back blankly - unsure what is expected. Kate gives up and leaves.

EXT. MR. WOOD'S CAR - NIGHT

Mr. Wood drives and dials his mobile.

MR. WOOD

Hello, Tony. Where are you?
Can you stay there? - I need to speak about something. I'm coming now.

INT. THE BLACK SWAN - NIGHT

Mr. Wood looks around the pub from the bar. He spots TONY, early 40s, and moves over with a G+T.

Tony splits off from his crowd. He is slightly drunk, but in a merry way.

MR. WOOD

Tony, you good?

TONY

Always pleased to see you, Alan.

Mr. Wood LOOKS AROUND cautiously.

He MOVES IN CLOSE to Tony.

MR. WOOD

I need to talk serious business, Tony.

Mr. Wood GUIDES Tony to a quiet corner of the pub lounge.

MR. WOOD

I've got a situation that needs...

Mr. Wood exhales SMOKE. He pauses and NODS his HEAD SLOWLY
- weighing up his words to one who will understand.

MR. WOOD

Assistance.

Tony is matter of fact.

TONY

What can I get you, Alan?

Mr. Wood stares at Alan.

MR. WOOD

I want some Knockout.

Tony SMILES.

TONY

Are you sure?

Mr. Wood is deadly serious.

MR. WOOD

Oh yes, Tony. I'm sure.

They both look at each other and SMILE.

Tony walks Mr. Wood to a quiet corner of the pub corridor,
and then outside.

TONY

Well,...that's all well
and good. But you know as well as
I do...

Tony struggles to express his feelings. He lights a
cigarette.

TONY

You have two girls, I have one,
right? And if I thought for one
moment, that some cunt, was in
some way trying...or planning,
scheming in any way to try and
rape her in her sleep, by drugging
her up, or something equally heinous...
so she is completely defenceless,
unable to defend herself.
So knocked out, she can't say no...

Tony stops and stares at Mr. Wood. He shakes his head slowly and lets out a silent whistle of breath.

TONY

That's gotta be six inch nails
through the knee-cap...don't you
think?

Tony smiles to himself, takes a large gulp of whisky and stares at Mr Wood.

Tony holds up his hands to SILENCE Mr. Wood who is about to speak.

TONY

And don't give me that 'each to
his own - every man finds his own
way - one bloke's hard-on is another's
nightmare - even gangsters can be fags'...

Tony stares.

TONY

'It's all about the foot massage' shite.
Because to me, that's just fuckin'
bollocks, mate...shockingly bollocks.

Tony spells his words out in total confidence.

TONY

If something's wrong, then it's wrong.

He waits.

TONY

I mean, how would you like it?
Not as 'don't rob a bank', wrong,
or 'sell a kilo of whiz, wrong -
but downright, outrageously wrong.
Badly wrong.

Tony takes another deep breath.

TONY

I mean, what you're talking about
doing...what you're planning, Bob...
that's bordering on the kingdom of
noncedom.

There is a long silence. Tony lights a cigarette.

TONY

Apart from that, Bob, apart from
that, apart from the fact that no

fucker likes a nonce, Bob...

Tony hard at Mr Wood.

TONY
Don't get caught.

Tony holds up the vial of Knockout in his clenched fist.

TONY
This makes me an accessory.

They look at each other in a long SILENCE.

TONY
The point is Bob - how would you
fuckin' like it?

Mr. Wood stares blankly.

MR. WOOD
You what?

Tony stares - EYEBALLS POPPING - sweat beading.

The atmosphere is loaded.

Tony BLINKS - his face deadly serious - like there is a far greater significance to what he is saying?

He repeats.

TONY
I mean, Bob. How would you like it?

Mr. Wood waits.

TONY
How would you like havin' somebody
else force themselves inside your
body without your permission?

Tony looks right INTO Mr. Wood.

Mr. Wood almost catches on. But he is UNMOVED.

TONY
It wouldn't be very nice, now,
would it?

Tony SNEERS.

TONY

'Fucking him was like fucking a
bean bag.' That's what they'd say.

Mr. Wood struggles.

MR. WOOD

I can appreciate what you're saying
Tony...

Silence.

MR. WOOD

But I'm my own man, Tony. I have
to do what I have to do.

Mr. Wood straightens his back.

MR. WOOD

Like master, like man.

Mr. Wood stares.

MR. WOOD

I need the Knockout.

Tony' steps back.

TONY

Okay, Bob. But this is the last time.
Has to be.

Tony HANDS OVER the vial of KNOCKOUT.

His voice CRACKS.

TONY

Just don't get caught... 'cos I
can't do it again.

People talk about freedom without
really knowing what it is. You know.
Inside, it's very different, Bob. I
knew people in there as hard as a
sailor's cock on shore leave.
Inside, you start thinking, Bob. Start
thinking about all kind of crazy
things.

What will the other cons think of me?
Will I be assaulted, extorted, strip
searched twice a week, given a body
cavity search on high days and
holidays?

Will I be able to make it through a normal fuckin' day without breaking down like a fuckin' woman in front of every cunt watching?

I am gonna locked up with murderers and rapists? What if I get sick? I've been there, Bob. Nasty, horrible places, where every day is sick with fear. Where the biggest question is one you're too scared to even ask yourself...whether it's best to be fucked without a fight or done like a squealing pig - just to crawl to the prison hospital and beg for your stitches?

Tony gathers himself.

TONY

I can't do another fuckin' stretch.

Tony stares menacingly and directly at Mr Wood.

TONY

Don't get caught.

Tony drags on his cigarette, and exhales long hard.

Tony turns to walk away.

Mr Wood watches him as he returns to the Bar.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus and Jessica watch 'The Innocents'. Jessica's pale face is suffering with fear from the film. She edges CLOSE to Gus with her blanket.

Gus puts his arm around her - for security.

INT. KATE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate sits at her easel. She stares at her self-portrait. Then looks into the mirror.

Her face is full of SADNESS. She knots her hands and closes her eyes in a desperate prayer to her absent tormentor.

KATE

Oh please, please, please, go away.

She cries quietly. Alone.

INT. JOSE' ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jose makes notes at her desk. Freud's 'Interpretation of Dreams' lies next to 'Symbolism' and other books by Jung.

Jose looks over at an OPEN BOOK - there is a picture of the goddess ARTEMIS.

INSERT

Title and picture of Artemis.

END INSERT

Jose muses. The words sound in her head.

JOSE (V.O.)

Artemis, a symbol of female strength. The goddess of the moon, of fertility. The huntress, sleek and swift, without fear. Pure, chaste, untouched - alone.

Jose CLOSES her eyes and envisages Artemis.

JOSE' VISION

A magnificent ARTEMIS appears in the MOONLIGHT. Then

In a short tunic with one hand CLENCHED TIGHT around her BOW and a quiver full of arrows, Artemis runs FULL PELT through woodland. DEER scatter. Birds fly up.

Artemis races on towards her band of nymphs, who wait.

END VISION

Jose snaps out of the reverie. She gets up and goes out.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jose enters the living room with a glass of red wine. She looks at Jessica snuggled up to Gus.

Gus SMILES for the wind-up. Jose, missing the irony, stares deadpan and leaves.

INT. THE DOG AND DUCK, PUB - NIGHT

Lisa and her CROWD are LAUGHING hysterically as she recounts events. Lisa is full-on with the mockery.

LISA

" My cello has fallen to the ground!
My bow! I'm choking. My God, a load
of poison ivy has insinuated itself
around my throat. I'm going to die!"

Lisa falls into her friends. All are weak with laughter.

INT. KATE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jose walks into Kate's room with two glasses of wine and climbs onto the bed. Kate takes a glass.

KATE

Thanks.

JOSE

What do you think?

KATE

I think Gus is a regular bozo -
but I don't think he'd hurt anyone
like that. Do you?

JOSE

No. I questioned Jessica - to try
and make sure. I don't know WHAT
could have happened. I hate not
knowing.

KATE

We have to be really careful. It
must have been someone coming in.

JOSE

But, the ivy. What does that mean?

KATE

I don't know.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus and Jessica are watching 'The Innocents'. Jessica gets the shivers. She looks at Gus.

Gus? JESSICA

Yes? GUS

I'm scared. JESSICA

Why? GUS

By the film! JESSICA

Oh, right. This film? GUS

Yes. JESSICA

Gus PAUSES the DVD.

Well, shall I take you back to your room? GUS

Are you going to carry on watching? JESSICA

Yes, it's a great film. GUS

But, Gus... JESSICA

What? GUS

I'll still be scared if I know the film is on. I won't be able to sleep. JESSICA

Gus accepts the situation with resignation. He stops the movie and ejects the disc.

Okay. It's off. GUS

JESSICA

I'm sorry, Gus. Do you hate me?

GUS

Don't be silly. You've had a tough time. It was the wrong thing to put on.

JESSICA

Do you think I'm stupid?

GUS

No. It's fine, really. I'll watch it another time. Don't worry. Goodnight.

They have walked to her room. She enters sleepily.

JESSICA

Goodnight, Gus. And thanks.

Gus waves 'good night'. She closes the door an inch.

JESSICA

Goodnight.

GUS

Bye.

He turns but is too polite to turn his back. She doesn't want to shut the door on him.

JESSICA

Goodnight.

Finally the door is closed.

INT. THE DOG AND DUCK - NIGHT

Lisa and friends finish their drinks and get up to leave the pub. PHILIP, 20, pale and thin with long greasy hair - moves close to Lisa.

He smiles.

PHILIP

Hi, I'm Philip.

LISA

I know.

They look at each other, KNOWINGLY, lustful anticipation of the night's proceedings in their eyes. They exit together.

EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

Lisa, Philip and their crowd straggle along in raver party mode. They slug on water and drop pills.

EXT. A CLUB - NIGHT

Lisa and Philip are warming to each other. They smooch outside the club. A RAVER friend waits impatiently.

RAVER
Shall we see you in there?

LISA
No, hang on.

She stumbles into the club with Philip hanging on.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Soulless electronic music explodes over ecstatic ravers. From ABOVE they seem like ants or bees gone mad.

INT. JOSE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jose lies in bed, reading. Tunes on.

INT. GUS' ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus pads in his room, nervously. He looks at the floor.

INT. JOSE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jose reads. She yawns. From the HALL, a floorboard

CREAKS - Jose stops reading. Her door opens slowly. Gus stands in the gloom. He's stoned.

GUS
Hi.

JOSE
No knock?

She glances at her clock radio.

JOSE
At twelve-thirty?

GUS
Sorry. I was... pre... I was...
I was thinking.

JOSE
Really?

GUS
Can I come in for a sec'?

Jose sits up, deciding not to get huffy and indicates the FAR end of the bed. Gus lands on the bed - just.

JOSE
Well?

GUS
Right. Well, I've been thinking...

JOSE
Lucidity, Gus.

GUS
Right.

Gus stares into space for a moment - or two.

GUS
I know it sounds stupid...

Jose nods.

GUS
But that whole thing with Jessica
has really got to me. I mean there
was no sign of an intruder. It
all seems so weird. And I don't
feel Jessica is crazy - like it
was some witch thing...

JOSE
Witch thing?

Gus looks nervous.

JOSE
Never mind.

GUS

And there was that weird noise
when I arrived.

JOSE

The train?

GUS

There is no track anywhere near
here. I've checked.

JOSE

Okay. But it was a new house. Long
journey, you were tired. You know.

GUS

It was more than that - I'm telling
you, Jose.

JOSE

What are you telling me, Gus?

GUS

I don't know.

Gus looks embarrassed.

JOSE

Let's see how it goes. I'm sure
Jess will calm down okay.

She smiles at Gus.

JOSE

Calming down. That's probably the
key. I know I'm not one to talk.

GUS

You're right. Maybe, as long as
we're trusting each other, things
won't get out of hand.

Jose looks at him quizzically like he's being cryptic,
almost sinister - but then remembers he's stoned.

JOSE

Yes, sure.

There's a pause.

JOSE

Night, then.

Gus gets the drift. He nods, smiling and leaves.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

As Gus closes Jose's door the landing light-bulb BLOWS.

Gus is in DARKNESS. Stoned, he feels too foolish to go back to Jose's room. But he's getting freaked by the house.

Gus shuffles along the hallway - near to Kate's room. He hears a WHISPERING - anxious and tormented.

Kate's door is ajar - throwing a crack of light which helps Gus. He peers in to see Kate sitting on her bed, tears running down her face.

A GLASS of water is in Kate's hand. Her other hand holds something else, like a small bottle, but it is OBSCURED.

She PLEADS with someone - begging.

INT. KATE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate sits on her bed. Sister Mary stands before her and grins wickedly as Kate begs to be left alone.

KATE
Oh, please, Sister Mary, for the
love of God. Let me be.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus moves closer to the door - Kate is talking to NO-ONE. Kate drinks from the glass.

Gus stands back. UNNERVED he stumbles down to his room.

INT. GUS' ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus enters his room - WHITE FACED. He pours himself a large Jack Daniels. He GULPS - and paces the room.

Suddenly Gus STOPS in his tracks. He thinks harder about what Kate was doing.

FLASHBACK

In the dark corridor outside Kate's room Gus SEES the glass of water in Kate's hand.

Then he SEES the glass bottle in her other hand. A bottle of PILLS.

END FLASHBACK

Gus races out of his room and up

THE STAIRS

Along the corridor to

JOSE'S ROOM

Gus bursts in to Jose's room who is still reading in bed. Jose SLAMS her book down in annoyance.

GUS

Jose, come quickly. It's Kate.
You've got to help.

Before she can speak Gus has grabbed her hand and pulled her out of bed. He drags her out into the corridor.

JOSE

Gus! For God's sake! What are you doing?

GUS

It's Kate...

He knocks QUICKLY and FIRMLY

RAP RAP RAP

Gus charges into Kate's room pulling Jose with him. Gus and Jose stand panting - Kate holds several pills in her palm, about to swallow them.

On the bed is a small mirror with more pills laid out in the shape of a CROSS. Gus moves in quickly and gently takes the pills out of Kate's hand.

GUS

Sorry to burst in, Kate. But I was worried you were going to overdo it.

Kate looks around startled.

KATE

I'm not doing anything... I was just going to take some to get to sleep.

Kate is shaking. She looks at Gus and Jose in anguish. Jose stands in her T-shirt and panties.

Jose looks at Kate with concern - but she watches Gus CLOSELY, as he calmly takes care of Kate.

GUS

It's okay, Kate. We know what it's like. I'll have to take the pills for now. You try and rest.

Kate breaks down into sobs. Her body heaves as her pain forces itself out.

Gus holds Kate in his arms. He strokes her hair.

Gus and Jose look at each other. Respect and admiration are on Jose's face.

Jose goes out. She comes back with a small glass.

JOSE

I got you a brandy.

Kate's sobs have stopped and she is cheered by this.

KATE

Thanks. I need it.

Kate sips. Gus pulls a blanket over her. He makes to leave.

GUS

I'll go. If you need to talk, and the girls aren't around, I'm more than ready to help. Anytime.

KATE

Thanks, Gus.

Kate lies back exhausted. Gus leaves. Jose looks at Kate.

JOSE

I'll be back in a minute.

Jose follows Gus onto the corridor. They speak in hushed tones, cramped together in the gloom.

JOSE

I'm sorry if I was rude, Gus.

GUS

I'm sorry too. I had to have you there or it could have gone wrong - bursting into her room like that. She might've thought I was attacking her or something.

They have moved to

JOSE'S ROOM

Gus holds out the bottle of pills to Jose.

GUS
Maybe you had better have these.

They stand CLOSE. Jose takes the pills.

JOSE
Thanks. Gus, how did you know?

GUS
When I left you, the light blew.
I was in the dark but light was
coming from Kate's room. I couldn't
see properly. When I got downstairs
I realised what she was doing.
So I came to you.

Gus looks into Jose's eyes.

GUS
Well, I feared what she was doing.

JOSE
What do you mean?

GUS
My big sister did the same thing,
except she died. She virtually did
it right in front of me.

Gus's voice CRACKS just a little.

GUS
I was only nine, I didn't realise
what was going on. I saw her kill
herself.

JOSE
Oh, Gus.

GUS
So tonight, I just knew.

Gus looks at Jose, needing to be understood. She does.
Their eyes lock for a long time.

JOSE
You did really well. I'd better go
and see her.

GUS

Yes. Goodnight.

Gus goes downstairs as Jose goes to Kate's room.

INT. GUS' ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus enters his room. He pours another Jack Daniels. He BREATHES DEEPLY, full of emotion.

He strokes his goatee and calms himself.

Gus takes out his magazines - Swank, Cheri etc. He looks at the covers.

He FREEZES as a low GROAN emanates from BELOW his room. Gus slams the magazines back in the drawer.

There is silence. He waits. But nothing. He opens his bedroom door and looks along the corridor.

CORRIDOR

Gus edges his way to a DOOR - leading down to the basement. It is LOCKED. Gus touches the PADLOCK - relief on his face at the sign of security. He turns back to his room.

GUS' ROOM

Gus slugs some more Jack D. He turns his tunes on and lies on his bed - with a freaked STARE at the FLOOR.

INT. FRONT DOOR, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa and Philip enter the house. They are sweaty from the rave, ashen and hollow-cheeked from pills.

They GROPE and KISS like porn stars.

LISA

Come on, let's go up.

A wind blows through the house. A door SLAMS. Lisa giggles, but she's too blasted to sense anything strange.

LISA

We'd better be quiet. Everyone's in bed.

They go upstairs. In the shadows, by the basement DOOR, is what seems to be a FIGURE, too dark to see.

INT. LISA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa and Philip undress while exercising their tongues.

Naked on the bed Lisa plays her music - then sits astride Philip. They have sex like it's the last day on earth.

The WARDROBE DOOR swings slowly OPEN. In the dark cupboard is a PRESENCE.

CELESTE has RISEN.

Celeste emerges and stands by the bed. The lovers do not notice. Celeste watches their sex act like a jealous beast.

Lisa stops in horror as she sees Celeste - TOO LATE.

Celeste sinks one set of gnarled CLAW-LIKE FINGERS into Lisa's NECK and the other into Philip's throat. Blood SPURTS as they choke and gurgle.

Celeste brings their heads together for one last bloody KISS - right through to the last SPASM and twitch.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Morning sunlight streams in. A bird sings. Jessica wakes. She waits, expectantly, for that relentless rhythmic pulse.

She removes an EAR PLUG. Silence. No Lisa's music. Jessica cheerfully gets up - and is confronted by the badly SCRATCHED cello. Her spirits fall.

JESSICA

My poor darling.

She strokes the damaged cello like a lover.

JESSICA

Daddy will help get you fixed.

Jessica glances over to a framed photo of well to-do PARENTS on her dresser. Then she sits up JAUNTILY.

JESSICA

Oh, well.

Jessica grabs a towel and opens her bedroom door to SEE Kate going INTO the bathroom and locking the door.

Jessica POUTS.

She turns to face Lisa's room. She waits - then KNOCKS.
No answer.

JESSICA

Lisa?

She knocks again

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Jessica can't RESIST opening the door - and LOOKING in.

LISA'S ROOM

BLOOD is SPLASHED across walls. Jessica SHRIEKS.

She screams as she stares at the bodies.

HALLWAY

Gus RUNS up the stairs and along the landing.

GUS

Jess?

He rushes into Jessica's room. It's empty. Turns back and follows the SOUND of the screams - and charges into

LISA'S ROOM

Gus arrives to Jessica still screaming. He sees the bodies.

HALLWAY

The bathroom door clicks OPEN and Kate looks out - the sound of a running bath behind her.

Kate moves out to the sound of the screaming and turns towards Lisa's room.

KATE

Gus?

The screams reach a new pitch. Kate looks over to Jessica - then follows the CATATONIC stare to the mutilated lovers still entwined on the bed.

The WHITES of Kate's eyes ROLL UP and she FAINTS in a heap with a THUD.

Gus turns as Kate faints. He looks back to the hysterical Jessica - then back to the bloodied corpses - his mouth open. The figures are held in the horror of the moment.

FREEZEFRAME

EXT. THE STREET, THE HOUSE - DAY

MAYHEM has erupted onto the street outside the house.

AMBULANCES and POLICE CARS are parked all over. Tape cordons keep back the gawking neighbours.

Paramedics bring out two bodies on stretchers in body bags.

Mr. Wood's car SLOWS to a halt at the tape and he gets out calmly. A policeman bars his way but gives way on -

MR. WOOD

I am the landlord.

Staring at the emergency units, Mr. Wood enters the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose sits in sullen silence. Gus is on the sofa holding an ice pack to his head. Jessica, wrapped in a blanket, stares into space, shaking. Kate sits silent.

Two detectives, the slim female DET.SUP MILLER, 30s, and the thick-set, weary, male colleague, DET. RICARD, 50s, stand observing the group.

A uniformed officer guards the door.

FORENSICS move all around the house.

Det. Ricard looks sour-faced at the students and glances resentfully at his younger female superior - waiting.

GUS

How much longer do we have to sit here.

DET. RICARD

Two people are dead.

GUS

I know.

Det. Ricard makes to speak but Det. Miller cuts him off.

DET. MILLER
We can leave it there. Anybody with
plans to leave town, cancel them.

Ricard seethes. Det. Miller surveys the room. The group
gets up to leave. The detectives turn to face Jose.

DET. MILLER
Miss Oakes?

JOSE
Yes?

DET. MILLER
It's Josephine, isn't it?

JOSE
Jose.

DET. MILLER
We would like to see your room.

Jose looks puzzled for a moment but has no choice.

JOSE
Of course.

The two detectives follow Jose out of the living-room.

INT. STAIRWELL, THE HOUSE - DAY

The detectives and Jose stand at the stairs to meet Mr.
Wood coming in.

He looks UP AT them.

MR. WOOD
What's going on?

DET. MILLER
And you are?

MR. WOOD
Alan Wood. The landlord.

Det. Miller indicates the living-room as she follows Jose.

DET. MILLER
We'll be right with you.

The detectives move off to Jose's room.

Mr. Wood waits in irritation.

INT. CORRIDOR ON BATHROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Gus enters the bathroom and closes the door.

INT. STAIRWELL, THE HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Wood stands at the stairwell. He looks up to see Jessica coming down.

MR. WOOD

Hello, dear. Are you all right?

Jessica smiles weakly.

MR. WOOD

You must be exhausted. Can I get you anything? A cup of tea?

JESSICA

That would be nice. Gus is hogging the bathroom.

MR. WOOD

There's no such thing as a gentleman anymore.

JESSICA

No.

Jessica rewraps herself in her blanket, inadvertently giving Mr. Wood a glimpse of her pale neck - though she does leave her cleavage just a little exposed.

They have MOVED to the -

KITCHEN

Mr. Wood takes a teabag and a mug.

MR. WOOD

The officer told me it happened in the room next to yours. And that you found... the bodies.

JESSICA

Yes, it was utterly horrible.

MR. WOOD

I need to go up there.
I AM the landlord. There may be
things that I...

JESSICA

You wouldn't want to go in there,
I can assure you.

Mr. Wood is mildly amused.

MR. WOOD

I have seen some things in my time,
believe me.

JESSICA

But this was too gruesome for
words. The looks on their faces.
And the blood.

MR. WOOD

Blood?

JESSICA

It was everywhere.

MR. WOOD

Oh Jesus.

Jessica starts to get upset, thinking Mr. Wood is appalled
by the horror of the tragedy - not the mess.

MR. WOOD

I'm sorry. We shouldn't talk about
it. It was wrong of me.

Mr. Wood faces Jessica.

He puts his hands on her shoulders in a pretence at a
fatherly gesture of comfort. She doesn't SEE the LUST
RISING up in his FACE and BODY.

He looks into her face. His hands are on her shoulders, TOO
LONG. He stops, knowing it's preposterous to make a move.

MR. WOOD

I'll drop by to see how you are. Since
I'll have to clean up Lisa's room by
the sound of things.

JESSICA

Oh thanks, you are kind.

MR. WOOD

Well, I'd better make myself available to those that uphold the law of the land.

He gestures back to the living room.

MR. WOOD

They have more questions. You have your bath.

JESSICA

Thanks, Mr. Wood.

MR. WOOD

Call me Alan.

He exits slowly - looking at Jessica as he goes.

INT. JOSE' ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Detectives Miller and Ricard face Jose in her room. Det. Ricard looks at her books on the desk.

DET. RICARD

What subject are you?...

JOSE

Psychology.

DET. MILLER

"The Interpretation Of Dreams." What do you make of this particular nightmare, Miss Oakes?

There is a silence.

DET. RICARD

You were asked a question.

JOSE

The coded puzzle?

More silence.

Which shows Det. Ricard doesn't get the Freud reference.

JOSE

It doesn't matter.

She focuses.

JOSE

I have absolutely no idea what happened. I came upstairs to the screaming and... the blood.

DET. RICARD

You didn't hear anything during the night?

JOSE

No, I was asleep. She always played her music too loud , anyway.

DET. RICARD

Did that annoy you, especially?

JOSE

Not at all, no.

DET. MILLER

But you were the last to come up. Why were you last?

JOSE

Well, somebody had to be, didn't they?

Detectives Miller and Ricard BRISTLE.

JOSE

I was the last to hear anything. Does that make me a suspect? Are there any suspects?

DET. MILLER

At the moment we're not considering you or any of the other tenants as suspects.

JOSE

So it is an intruder.

DET. MILLER

No. It's probably not even a situation of murder. Well, not as one would normally understand it.

JOSE

I don't understand.

DET. RICARD

There's no sign of forced entry. No evidence of anyone coming in or going out. No footprints, no blood smears. Nothing.

DET. MILLER

You were all asleep. All clean.

JOSE

What then?

DET. MILLER

We know they had been to a club and had probably taken one or more Ecstasy pills. Other drugs as well. We'll get the exact details from the lab report.

JOSE

So?

DET. MILLER

The circumstances point to a drug psychosis on the part of one, or what would be a very strange occurrence, both victims at the same time...

DET. RICARD

During sexual intercourse.

JOSE

I'd got that bit.

Both detectives look HARD-FACED. Jose sighs and sits with her face in her hands.

JOSE

I'm sorry. I'm tired, that's all.

Det. Miller nods acknowledgement. Jose tries to understand.

JOSE

Are you saying that you think Lisa and her boyfriend attacked each other in a drug psychosis, during sex?

DET. MILLER

Yes.

JOSE

How did they manage to do that?
How did they?...

DET. MILLER

We can't disclose any details on that. And you must maintain absolute confidence on this, for the time being, do you understand?

JOSE

Yes, of course.

DET. RICARD

Any information you can give us will be vital. If they took bad pills rather than a cocktail...

DET. MILLER

We're going to need to get to the dealer quickly.

JOSE

If that's what it was.

DET. MILLER

It's just one possibility we have to follow through.

Both detectives look long and hard at Jose.

INT. BATHROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Gus lies soaking in the bath. Gus looks up. A mix of bras and panties hang on a line above him. He pushes himself up and STANDS. He nuzzles a pair of panties with his nose.

He gives a playful LICK to the panties. As he does Gus GLANCES at his own reflection in the MIRROR.

In the mirror APPEARS Celeste - looking at Gus from behind him. Gus SWIVELS - but Celeste is nowhere. He looks back to the mirror - it's as normal.

The bathroom DOOR flies open - an ICY WIND BLASTS in - then rushes out sucking the door to SLAM shut with it.

Gus grabs a towel and sits on the edge of the bath, in silence, trying to understand what just happened.

The DOOR bursts open again. Jose enters and looks surprised.

JOSE

Oh, sorry. I thought I heard you go out.

Jose looks at Gus. She stays, closing the door behind her.

JOSE
Gus, are you all right? You're as
white as a sheet.

GUS
I'm okay.

Gus stands up in just his towel. Jose moves close to him.

JOSE
No you're not. What's wrong?

Gus stares into her eyes.

GUS
Jose, I don't know what's going on.
I think I'm hallucinating. I hear
noises... and I just saw something...
in the mirror. It was behind me,
just for a second.

JOSE
What was it?

GUS
I don't really know.

Gus drops his head.

GUS
But I can't help feeling...

JOSE
What?

GUS
That it's something to do with this
house.

JOSE
The house? Why?

GUS
I don't know. Everything that happens
seems connected somehow.

JOSE
By the house? You mean like the ivy?
That's a bit tenuous, Gus. I think
you're tired. Everyone's nervously
exhausted. There's a good reason for
this.

She laughs slightly.

JOSE
It's called psychology.

GUS
Yeah, you're right. I need to sleep.

Jose runs her finger along his wet forearm.

JOSE
You've got goose bumps, I'll let
you get dry.

On his LOOK.

JOSE
What?

GUS
Your eyes. They're so green.

Jose smiles bashfully.

The door flies open again and a WIND blows in. Jose assumes it's the draught. She goes out and closes the door.

Gus stares at the door.

INT. HALLWAY, THE HOUSE - DAY

Detectives Miller and Ricard stand in the hallway - as Mr. Wood exits the kitchen from Jessica.

They face each other.

DET. MILLER
Mr. Wood, before we go any further,
the door to the basement, along
the hall?

MR. WOOD
Yes?

DET. MILLER
Unlock it, please.

MR. WOOD
Certainly.

Mr. Wood takes out his keys, walks to the basement door and unlocks the padlock.

A small set of stairs leads down to the basement flat area. Det. Miller faces Mr. Wood stonily.

DET. MILLER

After you.

The three go down.

BASEMENT FLAT

Cardboard boxes lie around the partly furnished flat.

DET. RICARD

What is this part of the house used for?

MR. WOOD

For storage - at the moment. My son's away travelling. It's for him.

Mr. Wood is fighting his boredom.

MR. WOOD

I've still got a bit of sorting to do. My house, more on this one.

DET. MILLER

That'll do here for now. I think you need to see the victim's room.

The detectives and Mr. Wood walk up the stairs through the house up to Lisa's room.

LISA'S ROOM

Forensics still dust and scrape. Bloody sheets lie sculpted on the bed.

Mr. Wood follows the detectives into the room.

For the first time his cold demeanour is disrupted - horror and astonishment cover his face.

MR. WOOD

My God.

DET. RICARD

Don't worry, it won't look like this when we've gone.

MR. WOOD

Who can have done this?

Det. Miller looks at a textbook of FASHION HISTORY lying on Lisa's desk.

She opens it at a bookmark - the chapter reads

INSERT

"History of Fashions for the Neck."

Details of collar design and styles
for the neck are shown.

END INSERT

Det. Miller looks up to Mr. Wood's question.

DET. MILLER

They did.

Mr. Wood is confused.

MR. WOOD

Who?

DET. RICARD

We believe the victims suffered a
drug psychosis, probably due to
bad pills or excessive cocktailing.
Either way, they ripped each other
to bits.

Mr. Wood pauses to understand.

A strange and macabre FASCINATION rises on his face - as he
struggles to HIDE his DARK PLEASURE.

MR. WOOD

My God.

Det. Miller closes the fashion textbook with a sigh.

DET. MILLER

Just a student of fashion.

DET. RICARD

Can you do that... just fashion?

Mr. Wood hardly hears them as he looks around in an
elevated state that he has to CONCEAL. He whispers.

MR. WOOD

I don't know.

DET. MILLER

Okay, Mr. Wood. I don't think
there'll be anything else right
now .

Mr. Wood is lost in the ecstatic atmosphere of the room. He is CHARGED UP. He BREATHEs DEEP as he looks around.

Det. Miller looks at Det. Ricard - as they wait for Mr. Wood to respond.

There is SILENCE.

Then Mr. Wood catches himself and 'comes to'. He looks at the officers.

MR. WOOD

Of course.

Det. Miller acknowledges this - and turns to Ricard.

DET. MILLER

You've got a report to write.

Det. Ricard disguises a scowl. The detectives make to leave.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

The house stands as normal. No police or emergency vehicles. Children race by on bikes. Birds sing.

A cello sounds.

The front door opens and Gus comes out. He walks off up the street.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Gus walks up the steps to the public library. He enters.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY - CONT

In a quiet corner of the library an elderly female LIBRARIAN places a LARGE LEATHER BOOK on a reading table in front of Gus. He opens the book.

LIBRARIAN

Please be careful. It's from our special reference section.

Gus nods and opens the book, starting to read.

EXT. THE STREET, THE HOUSE - DAY

Gus walks up the steps and enters the house.

INT. JESSICA'S NEW ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jessica practises her cello. The room is her NEW room. Gus's room is now full of her stuff. They have swapped.

There is a KNOCK on the door and Gus comes in. Jessica stops playing with a smile.

GUS
The landlord's here, doing jobs.
But he was looking for you.

Gus smirks.

GUS
He came to my room.

Jessica titters.

JESSICA
Okay. So he knows where I am?

GUS
He does now.

Gus makes to leave. Jessica strikes a pose.

JESSICA
Gus?

GUS
Yes?

JESSICA
Thanks for swapping rooms.

Gus smiles coyly - even a little guiltily - and exits, trying not to look down at the floor.

Jessica continues with her practice. There is another KNOCK on the door.

Jessica breaks off her playing somewhat petulantly.

JESSICA
Come in.

Mr. Wood enters with a screwdriver in hand.

Jessica's open-leg posture unnerves him.

MR. WOOD
Hello. That sounds lovely.

JESSICA
Thanks.

MR. WOOD
I suppose you have to practise
for hours?

JESSICA
I don't do as much as I should.
But if the others go out for a
drink I force myself to stay in
and practise.

This registers with Mr. Wood.

MR. WOOD
I see. That's very... commendable.

He struggles as her doll-like face looks up at him.

MR. WOOD
I didn't mean to interrupt...

JESSICA
That's okay.

MR. WOOD
But I'm fixing a few things up, not
just the spare room, and I need to
adjust your curtain rail - it's a
bit loose. I'll come back another
time, I just wanted to let you know.

Jessica turns to look up at the curtain rail.

JESSICA
Oh, is it loose, I didn't notice?
You can do it now if you want?

MR. WOOD
No, I don't want to interrupt. I'll
come back another time.

JESSICA
I really don't mind.

MR. WOOD
It can wait.

JESSICA

Okay, then. Bye.

Mr. Wood backs out. Jessica looks puzzled and resumes her practice.

INT. KATE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Kate paces her room, wringing her hands. She is pale and dark-eyed.

A new incomplete self-portrait is pinned on her easel. The face in the portrait looks haggard - full of suffering.

Kate stares into her easel mirror, grinding out her words.

KATE

Leave me ALONE!

Jose has come to Kate's door and speaks OUT OF SHOT.

JOSE (O.S.)

Kate?

Kate turns with a GASP as though expecting Sister Mary. Relief floods her face on seeing Jose.

KATE

Oh. Thank God, it's you.

JOSE

Why, were you expecting someone?

Jose looks puzzled and worried at the state of Kate.

JOSE

Are you okay?

KATE

You surprised me that's all.

JOSE

I was going to cook. Just came to ask if you were hungry. I've got the wine.

Kate smiles and gets up.

KATE

You're a diamond. I'll come and help.

They go to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose and Kate enter the kitchen chatting gaily. Jose stops. Gus stands at the cooker - cooking.

JOSE
Gus - you're cooking?

Gus looks up.

GUS
It has been known. Am I in the way?

KATE
No, we'll wait 'til later.

GUS
That's okay, there's room.

JOSE
It'll be too crowded. We'll wait.

Gus holds up his finger.

GUS
I'll do enough for you. It's only pasta. No problem.

Jose stands by the cooker looking into his sauce.

JOSE
You sure it'll be safe?

GUS
You won't be able to thank me enough.

KATE
Come on, Jose, you can toss the salad.

Jose gets out her wine bottle. Kate breaks up a lettuce. Gus moves close to Kate.

Jose watches Gus' kindness to Kate.

GUS
How are you, now?

KATE
A lot better, thanks, Gus. Jose told me about your sister. I'm sorry.

Gus nods. The wine cork POPS. Gus moves to pick up a glass. He holds it in front of Jose and the bottle.

Jose looks at Gus. Their eyes LOCK. She pours his wine.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jessica plays her cello. MUSIC sounds from the kitchen.

Jessica stops playing and gets up in irritation. She looks around and then at the window. She walks to the window and looks up at the curtain rail.

She moves a chair to the window and gets up on it. She gives a little tug to the curtain rail - which is tight and secure.

Jessica frowns in puzzlement. She gets down and exits.

INT. KITCHEN, THE HOUSE - DAY

Gus, Kate and Jose prepare food and slurp wine. Gus goofs around as he cooks. He wears an apron and puts on a CHEF'S HAT. He dances as he stirs the sauce.

Kate stands close to Jose. She whispers.

KATE
I think he likes you.

Jose frowns shyly for Kate to 'SHUSH'.

KATE
Gus, do you really deserve that hat?

Kate giggles. Jose watches.

GUS
Appearances can be deceiving. I'm
a talented guy.

KATE
Very deceiving.

They LAUGH - and stop as Jessica stands at the doorway. Her face falls and she fidgets awkwardly.

JESSICA
Don't let me interrupt.

KATE
Jess, Gus is cooking.

GUS
Come on DOWN.

Jose pours her some wine and Jessica relaxes, taking the smallest sip.

INT. STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

Mr. Wood sits alone at the bar watching a stripper - waiting.

He sees Tony walking over to him. He reaches in his pocket. Tony sits. They greet one another.

MR. WOOD

Tony.

TONY

Alan.

Tony looks around, then secretively passes a VIAL across to Mr. Wood, who pockets it without scrutiny. He gives Tony the cash.

Tony nods, gets up and leaves.

INT. MR. WOOD'S CAR, NEAR THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Wood smokes and watches the house.

INT. THE KITCHEN, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jose finishes washing the dishes and walks to the

LIVING ROOM

Kate, Jessica and Gus watch T.V.

Gus is in the middle of the sofa with Jessica to one side.

Jose approaches hesitantly then slides onto the sofa - she is next to Gus. Jessica twirls her hair with her finger.

Gus is IN-BETWEEN two women. He tenses slightly. Jessica notices Jose next to Gus. She STIFFENS as if jealous.

Jessica fidgets provocatively. Gus gets the friction. Jose senses his discomfort - close female presence is pressure for him.

Gus is sweating. Gus clears his throat.

Jose looks at Gus obliquely - what was once disdain has mellowed to a definite interest.

KATE
I'm not watching bloody T.V. all
night. Shall we go for a drink?

Jose looks at Gus - her face close to his.

JOSE
Gus?

GUS
That's the least I deserve.

And with that excuse he's off the sofa.

GUS
Jessica, you coming?

JESSICA
No, I think I'll stay and ...

But they are ready for it -

KATE, JOSE, GUS
PRACTISE!

Jessica smiles defensively.

JESSICA
I have to. Serious music is a
cut-throat world. I might be able
to catch up with you.

The others 'NOD' in ironic deference to 'serious music' -
and get their coats.

INT. MR. WOOD'S CAR - NIGHT

Facing the house Mr. Wood looks at his watch. He reaches
for his keys to start the ignition when -

Across the street the front door opens and Kate, Gus and
Jose exit and walk off up the street.

Mr. Wood stalls. Wrestling his demons he GRIPS the steering
wheel - and loses. He gets out and walks over to the house.

He enters with his key.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jessica picks up an empty coffee cup and exits her room.

HALLWAY

Jessica walks the hallway. She suspects nothing. She enters the living room - enjoying being in the house alone.

She lolls around at the foot of the stairs looking up. Her EYES GAZE upstairs - as she struggles with her DESIRE to wander through other people's rooms. RESISTING, she turns.

She moves down and enters the

KITCHEN

Jessica JUMPS in FRIGHT as Mr. Wood turns to smile at her. He's making tea - for TWO.

MR. WOOD

Good evening.

JESSICA

You scared the daylights out of me.
How did you get in?

MR. WOOD

A key.

He holds up his screwdriver.

MR. WOOD

Curtain rail? Remember?

JESSICA

Did the others see you come in?

Mr. Wood doesn't appreciate the scrutiny.

MR. WOOD

We kind of passed, yes. Why?

JESSICA

Well, it's just that you shouldn't...

Jessica has got her breath and drops her assertive stance.

JESSICA

It doesn't matter.

She remembers her point.

JESSICA

I couldn't see anything wrong with the rail myself.

Mr. Wood moves around Jessica like a vampire.

MR. WOOD

Did you get up to check? How sweet.

He looks at her - like a piece of meat.

MR. WOOD

You leave that to me. Do I tell you how to play that...

JESSICA

Cello.

MR. WOOD

That's the one.

Jessica relaxes a little and takes the mug of tea from Mr. Wood - who eyes her LASCIVIOUSLY.

Jessica LEADS the way back to her room.

HALLWAY

Mr. Wood's gaze devours her from behind. He looks round nervously as a cold breeze goes through the house.

A door slams. The chandelier TINKLES. Jessica prattles on -

JESSICA

I've swapped rooms with Gus. He's such a sweetie - didn't mind at all.

MR. WOOD

I see.

JESSICA'S BEDROOM

JESSICA

There's no way I could stay there after that business with poor Lisa. No way.

She sips her tea. Mr. Wood WATCHES her drink. Jessica becomes uncomfortable under his gaze.

Mr. Wood covers himself.

MR. WOOD

I'll get on with it - and leave you in peace.

He gets on a chair and tightens the fittings. Jessica YAWNS and sits on her bed. She stretches.

JESSICA

Excuse me.

Mr. Wood turns from the rail. Jessica is flat out ASLEEP.

Mr. Wood gets down quickly. He moves - fully prepared for his actions that follow.

First, he goes to the door - glancing out at the empty hallway. He shuts the door and locks it.

His hands TREMBLE so much the KEY falls to the floor as he pulls his hand away. He doesn't notice.

He removes his jacket. He gazes down at Jessica. Mr. Wood sits on the bed and strokes Jessica's hair. He looks at her BREASTS - HER WAIST and THIGHS.

Lust rises up in him. He gets up suddenly, turning away -

SWEAT BEADS on his forehead. He clenches his teeth. He is PANTING - in a SURGE of SELF-LOATHING.

Then, in a RUSH he undoes Jessica's trousers and pulls them down. He stands over her - her pale legs splayed.

He pulls off her panties. He LIFTS her over to the easy chair and sits her in it, moving her legs over the arms of the chair.

He GAZES down at her open SEX and breaths in - DEEP.

MR. WOOD

Jesus fucking Christ Almighty!

He moves to GO DOWN on the sleeping girl then STOPS - A GRUNT causes him to turn.

Celeste stands behind him. The horror of her visage hypnotises Mr. Wood with terror.

MR. WOOD

What...

He freezes, knelt between Celeste and Jessica. Celeste presses her thumb on his chin - opening his mouth.

She pulls on his tongue so it is out of his mouth - he cannot resist - then she pierces the tongue from underneath with one claw-like finger.

Mr. Wood SQUEALS in agony and fear as he is raised up. He stands and his loosened trousers fall to the floor.

He begs - with a gurgle.

MR. WOOD

No, please...

Celeste's GREEN eyes bore into him. She plays a little with his genitals - before

TEARING THEM OFF

Mr. Wood SCREAMS and goes into SHOCK. Celeste lets him DROP to his knees.

Mr. Wood falls to the floor in the foetal position and BLEEDS to death.

INT. HALLWAY, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

The hallway is empty. No sound in the house.

The CHANDELIER chinks in a slight wind. A low GROAN sounds and recedes into nothingness.

The front door opens. Gus, Kate and Jose enter, a little drunk. Kate moves OFF to the kitchen. Jose and Gus to the

LIVING ROOM

Gus and Jose flop into chairs.

Both stare ahead, away from the other, in a resentful SILENCE. Gus has got the hump.

GUS

There was no need to be sarcastic.

Jose SNORTS dismissively.

JOSE

I keep telling you Gus, I wasn't being sarcastic. You can only be sarcastic if you actually MEAN to be sarcastic.

GUS

Yes, you can.

JOSE

You can't. Believe me. You've got me wrong. You have to have the conscious intent. Or the meaning doesn't exist.

Gus struggles with that one. Finally he gets it.

GUS

So, it was no bad vibe, then. No picking at me, with Kate?

JOSE

Crossed wires, that's all.

GUS

Oh well...

They laugh at their vexation.

Kate enters, drinking a glass of water. She yawns.

KATE

Jessica must have gone to bed. I think I'm going too. Goodnight.

JOSE AND GUS

Goodnight.

Kate exits. Gus and Jose look at each other and start to laugh.

JOSE

Stop it.

He does.

GUS

Want to watch a movie?

Jose looks at Gus and thinks about it.

INT. HALLWAY, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate has her toothbrush in her hand. She stops at Jessica's door and raises her hand to knock.

She looks down and SEES the key poking out under the door. Kate KNOCKS gently - and waits. No answer. Kate moves away.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jose and Gus watch the movie 'The Innocents'.

Gus looks over at Jose. She notices him.

JOSE
What?

GUS
I went to the library earlier.

JOSE
Good for you.

GUS
To find out about this house.

JOSE
And?

GUS
There is a story to it. It could
explain all the fucking weirdness
that's been...

Jose cuts him off, sharply, with a look of annoyance.

JOSE
Gus!

GUS
What?

JOSE
What do you take me for?

GUS
What do you mean?

JOSE
You put this movie on. Then you come
out with a 'story' about this house.
You're not going to scare me, Gus.

She sits back unruffled to watch the film.

GUS
I'm serious, Jose.

JOSE
Don't even bother, Gus.

She smiles at him, like he's been rumbled. He is silenced.

INT. KATE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate walks into her room in her pyjamas. She walks past her easel and BLOCKS the sight of her self-portrait with her outstretched HAND.

She looks away from the mirror and lies on her bed. She looks at her art book - 'Bacchus and Ariadne', by Titian.

Kate stares transfixed by the picture. She sips her wine and lies back in a dream world. She falls asleep.

EXT. A GROVE IN ARCADIA - DAY

KATE'S DREAM

BLACK

Then in

FULL VIEW the fabulous 'Bacchus and Ariadne'. The STILL picture is complete and splendid.

MUSIC - The picture SUDDENLY comes alive.

Bacchus in mid-leap, flies through the air and grabs Ariadne, kissing her powerfully and sexually.

Then Bacchus flings her behind him so she spins and JOINS physically the nymph with cymbals who resembles her, so that they become one.

Bacchus leaps again - the train follows him in mad abandon.

Nymphs, satyrs and drunken youths chase through the trees dancing, singing and embracing. Then they disperse, each with their chosen lover/s.

Bacchus and Ariadne dance and caress in ecstasy. She is his. The followers make love in an orgy of eroticism. Their passion is complete and beautiful.

OUT OF KATE'S DREAM

INT. HALLWAY, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Celeste walks in the gloom of the house corridors. A MALICIOUS murmur fills the house.

Celeste STOPS at the open living room door.

LIVING ROOM

Gus and Jose watch 'The Innocents'. A chilly draught forces Jose to put her cardigan around herself.

Celeste looks in from the corridor UNNOTICED by Gus and Jose. Celeste moves on and through the house.

INT. KATE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate lies asleep - DREAMING. She turns in her sleep - AROUSED. Her long hair spread on the pillow, her face pale.

Sister Mary stands in the dark corner of her room. Her sadistic face stares at Kate - hating her dream.

Sister Mary's BONY FINGERS stroke her ROSARY - which she HOLDS UP and shakes in an ANGRY FIST at Kate. Her RASPING BREATH quickens in desperation.

SISTER MARY

Wake up, Kate. Wake up. Escape
from that filth. Escape and pray
together, with me.

Kate stays asleep.

EXT. A WOOD IN ARCADIA - DAY

KATE'S DREAM

Through a grassy wood with winding streams full of flowers and shaded moss, is a dark pool surrounded by lilies.

APPEARING from the dark depths a group of nymphs swims to the surface and arrive naked at the mossy bank.

They laugh and talk as they wring out their long hair. They start, as behind them, in the trees, appear two SATYRS.

The nymphs move back to the pool and the safety of the water but a hidden OLDER SATYR appears, preventing their escape.

The three satyrs make after them, snorting and laughing, with the nymphs looking back in terror.

The nymphs cross brooks and stumble in ferns. The satyrs cackle, not bothering to catch up too fast.

Gradually the satyrs close in on the nymphs who stumble exhausted and terrified in the undergrowth.

One nymph falls to her knees and a satyr arrives to stand over and then rape her.

OUT OF KATE'S DREAM

INT. KATE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate sleeps - arching her body and MOANING in her dream.

Sister Mary watches blackly - hissing quietly at Kate.

The door to Kate's room SWINGS open revealing the dark corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Celeste APPEARS at the end of the corridor and moves slowly towards Kate's room.

Through Kate's door Celeste STARES at Sister Mary.

Celeste sees Sister Mary as the REINCARNATION of the Abbess who killed Celeste and her lover.

Celeste SNARLS in anticipation. She stands STILL - a distillation of HATE - a little way from Kate's room.

EXT. A WOOD IN ARCADIA - DAY

KATE'S DREAM

The satyrs chase on and as the nymphs see the fate of their friends, their resolve and energy become weaker.

The group of nymphs is molested and raped. As the assault of the satyrs continues, some of the nymphs seem to derive some pleasure, others not at all.

One nymph is in ECSTASY with one satyr.

END OF KATE'S DREAM

INT. KATE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate WAKES in a fright - sitting bolt upright with a GASP. Sister Mary stands OVER her, her eyes bulging with menace.

SISTER MARY

Fear the disgusting stench of
eternal Hell, Kate. Lusting like a
goat? With the goat? The GOAT, Kate!
The evil beast rampant inside you?
Filling you with his rancid seed?
Is that your dream, Kate?

Kate gets out of bed, rushing past Sister Mary. She is in
tears and panic stricken.

KATE

Stop, stop. For God's sake, I can't
bear it.

Kate rushes out to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate puts on the light and pours herself a glass of water.
She SOBS and talks out loud.

KATE

Why won't she leave me alone?

Kate calms her breathing. She stands in the bathroom
doorway - summoning the courage to go back to her room.

INT. KATE'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sister Mary stands waiting for Kate to hear her out.

INT. BATHROOM/CORRIDOR, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate breathes DEEPLY. She has calmed a little. She looks
along the corridor to her room. It's too dark to see any
figure.

Kate steps out into the corridor and FREEZES.

Kate sees Celeste in the corridor. Celeste stares past Kate
- towards Sister Mary.

Celeste turns to look at Kate, then back into Kate's room.
Kate is RIGID.

Celeste walks towards Kate's room.

KATE'S ROOM

Sister Mary stares in HORROR at Celeste approaching. She gives a SQUINT of half-recognition as

Celeste STANDS OVER Sister Mary - who sinks to her KNEES and CLASPS her hands together - MUTTERING a prayer.

This amuses Celeste, who CHUCKLES.

Celeste RAISES her arms and brings her RAGGED CLOAK above and AROUND Sister Mary - ENGULFING her.

Celeste TURNS.

Sister Mary has DISAPPEARED - ABSORBED by the figure of Celeste.

Celeste moves past a TREMBLING Kate in the

CORRIDOR

Celeste disappears into the GLOOM of the house.

Kate is breathing spasmodically. She stares around her - her eyes BULGING in terror.

Kate leaves her room.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate walks the corridor, shaking. She stands outside Jessica's room and taps feebly on the door.

She looks down and sees the KEY under the door. She picks up the key, unlocks and enters.

Jessica is still drugged, asleep on the chair. Mr. Wood lies dead in a pool of blood on the floor.

Kate MOANS softly to herself at the horrific scene. She stares at Jessica, then Mr. Wood -

and a DARK POOL of blood.

Kate sinks to her knees by Mr. Wood, CRYING. She kneels in the blood. She lifts her bloody hand to her face.

She STROKES Jessica's inner thigh with her bloody hand.

In a TRANCE Kate walks out of the room dripping blood from her hand.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate walks along the corridor like a ghost.

KATE'S ROOM

Kate goes up to her self-portrait.

She smears blood over her portrait face.

She walks out.

CORRIDOR

Kate walks downstairs.

HALLWAY

Kate passes the living room. She stands at the door.
Gus and Jose are asleep in their chairs. The T.V. has gone
to white noise.

Kate turns, walks to the front door and leaves the house.

The front door stands wide open, letting the breeze blow
through.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - NIGHT/DAY

Gus and Jose sleep in the grey gloom, the T.V. on.

Grey turns to pink as DAWN arrives.

A piercing SCREAM causes Gus to tumble off his chair and
look up groggily.

Jose' GREEN eyes snap open. Gus looks at her.

GUS

It wasn't me, I swear, Jose.

JOSE

Oh for God's sake, Gus.

Jose and Gus scramble up and run towards the screaming.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose and Gus rush into Jessica's room. Jessica sits with
her bare bloody feet suspended over a pool of blood. She
screams, looking down at Mr. Wood.

Jose and Gus stare at the horror on the floor and the grotesque humiliation of Jessica - her legs still open.

Jose gets a blanket and wraps it around Jessica. She helps her off the chair and leads her out of the room.

JOSE

It's going to be okay, Jess. It's okay, Gus is calling the police.

Gus is DIALLING into his mobile phone. Jessica's screams become choked sobs.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose helps Jessica into the living room. She looks at the floor. A trail of BLOOD leads out to the open front door. She helps Jessica onto the sofa.

JOSE

I'll be back soon, love.

Jose walks to the hallway.

HALLWAY

Jose follows the blood trail to the open front door as Gus arrives by her side.

A police SIREN sounds, approaching.

Gus and Jose follow the blood out of the front door to the

HOUSE STEPS

They look down onto Kate who sits, BLOODY, on the steps.

JOSE

Kate?

Kate turns - relaxed and smiling but exhausted - as though she has been through a catharsis.

KATE

Oh, hi you two.

To Jose.

KATE

How are you dear?

Jose is perplexed.

JOSE

Kate, what happened?

Kate smiles benignly.

A police car SCREECHES to a halt by the house - followed by an ambulance. Officers get out and approach.

Kate looks at the police and then back to Jose with resignation.

An unmarked car arrives and parks. Detectives Miller and Ricard RUSH out.

The detectives stop at the foot of the house steps and look up at Jose - and Gus and Kate.

INT. HALLWAY, THE HOUSE - DAY

From the hall Jose watches as Kate is driven off, HANDCUFFED, in the back of a police car.

Kate looks at Jose as she moves away. Her cuffed hands give a melancholy wave.

Jose stands frowning.

JOSE

I don't understand.

Gus is near - the detectives are in the background talking to forensics.

GUS

What's wrong?

JOSE

She wouldn't do that.

GUS

Who knows what's going on inside somebody else's head?

The paramedics bring Mr. Wood's body down on a stretcher in a body bag.

Jose watches with Gus. They turn as a MR. BIRCH, 50s, tall and formal - Jessica's father from her photo - strides into the house.

Det. Ricard moves to Mr. Birch.

DET. RICARD

Who are you? What do you...

MR. BIRCH

I'm Mr. Birch. Jessica Birch's father. I've come to take her home.

Mr. Birch eyes Jose with disgust, as if she is to blame.

INT. KITCHEN, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose and Gus sit in the kitchen. The coffee boils up and Jose pours.

GUS

Something's been going on ever since we got here.

Jose looks at Gus patronisingly.

GUS

I am NOT being paranoid!

JOSE

You just got freaked because you had to share with four females. To most guys that'd be living in a dream.

They smile.

GUS

I must admit it was a little scary.

JOSE

And now there's only me.

GUS

It's not so bad - when you get to know people.

Their EYES MEET. There is a GENTLE SILENCE. Jose and Gus are a little shy - feelings are recognized.

An MALEVOLENT MURMUR sounds as Jose gets up with her cup.

GUS

What was that?

JOSE

What?

Gus looks SERIOUS at Jose - but she is unaware.

JOSE
You're not hearing things again?

GUS
Jose! Didn't you hear that? That...
like a groan or something.

JOSE
Gus, can you hear yourself? It's
probably just traffic noise. Big
city life. Calm down.

GUS
Can you hear any traffic?

There is silence - no traffic noise.

GUS
I did hear it. Twice. And now.

JOSE
Gus, I am studying psychology.

Gus leans back in his chair, stretching. He SIGHS.

GUS
Okay, maybe I am hallucinating.
I'm stressed out - it figures.

Jose looks at him compassionately.

GUS
But both times before...

Jose waits.

JOSE
Yes?

GUS
You're going to blow your lid.

JOSE
I won't.

Gus looks as if knows better.

JOSE
I promise.

Gus waits. He has to speak.

GUS.

Both times I heard this noise... a horrible sound, like emerging from the background...

JOSE

Or your unconscious, maybe.

Gus throws a dangerous look.

JOSE

Sorry. I'll shut up.

GUS

It happened when... I was looking at some magazines.

Gus looks at her nervously. Jose doesn't get it.

JOSE

Magazines?

It sinks in.

JOSE

MAGAZINES?!

She turns in disgust.

JOSE

Oh, Gus!

GUS

See, I told you, you are angry.

JOSE

Just frustrated. Disappointed! They are so degrading, unpleasant - and embarrassing!

GUS

Maybe. But masturbation aids for lonely people - it's no big deal.

Jose looks at Gus. She can cope - she mellows, shaking her head at Gus in resignation.

Gus breathes a sigh of relief. Jose waits.

JOSE

So?

GUS

What?

JOSE

What has that got to do with hearing noises?!

GUS

I'm not sure. But remember in the bathroom, when I saw something?...

JOSE

This was after your bang on the head?

GUS

Yes.

JOSE

Right.

Jose looks exasperated - trying to be reasonable. But Gus won't be stopped. He tries again.

GUS

Okay... Lisa died while having sex.

JOSE

As did the guy, Philip, obviously.

Gus looks at Jose disapprovingly. Jose smiles naughtily.

JOSE

Sorry.

Gus tries to make the connections.

GUS

The landlord was going to rape Jessica when Kate killed him.

JOSE

And you hear things when you look at dirty magazines?

GUS

Jose, don't be sarc... Look, there is a connection.

JOSE

What?

GUS

Sex. There's always sex. I don't know. Maybe love...

JOSE

You are starting to worry me.

Jose moves closer - looking into Gus's face intently. Her green eyes WIDEN, hypnotically.

JOSE

Okay. What about Jessica and the ivy.
Explain that.

Gus is unable to. He looks up at Jose.

GUS

But you must admit... that was the
fucking weirdest.

Jose nods magnanimously - like she's still won the argument.

But Gus perks up.

GUS

All her stuff is still in her room.
Her old man was in such a strop he
took her straight home.

JOSE

With the cello.

GUS

Right. He's coming back for the
rest later.

Gus gets up and moves out of the kitchen. Jose follows.

HALLWAY

JOSE

What? Are you going to look for
clues?

They stop and stare STRAIGHTFACED as a RAT shuffles across the floor ahead of them and disappears down a small hole.

GUS

You don't have to come if you
don't want to.

JOSE

She might have some magazines.

GUS

She might.

They reach Jessica's room.

A LARGE COBWEB has formed on the doorframe. They BEND to AVOID it. Gus opens the door.

A BAT flies out, SQUEAKING, past their FACES and away. They have jumped aside and now turn SLOWLY and look back on an EMPTY corridor behind them. In TREPIDATION they enter JESSICA'S ROOM

Gus looks around. Looks on the desk.

JOSE
This is a bit unethical don't you think?

Jose points to the top drawer on the chest.

JOSE
Panty drawer's right there.

Gus is feeling foolish under the biting sarcasm.

Gus moves to the music stand. The practice chair stands with the cello gone. The book of JS Bach Cello Suites is on the stand.

Gus picks up the music book.

GUS
Is this what she was always playing?

He opens the book. It falls open at the Suite. A piece of paper falls to the ground. Gus looks at Jose.

JOSE
Pick it up.

He does. They both read the letter which is stained with Jessica's tears.

Gus reads aloud the section -

GUS
" But music has always had first place in your heart. If we had to wait until we were married, before..."

Gus breaks off reading.

GUS
It's smudged, I can't read much of the next bit.

JOSE

From her tears. He dumped her,
because she wouldn't have sex
with him.

GUS

And she was coming away to study.
He wouldn't wait.

Gus looks at the music book and the music stand - the chair
and the space for the cello. And the letter in his hand.

JOSE

She used to look at the letter
while playing.

GUS

Dreaming of him.

Gus stares at Jose. Jose is troubled. She stands back.

JOSE

Are you trying to hypnotise me
with this rubbish?!

Gus looks at her in desperation. Jose flinches.

GUS

No. Jose, I swear. If I am mad -
I don't know it. I would never
hurt you.

He takes her hand and looks into her face.

GUS

I swear. I do know that.

She relaxes. The EVIL sound rises from BELOW.

Jose is STARTLED. She hears it. They both look down.
Jose looks at Gus.

JOSE

The basement!

Gus is on another plan.

GUS

The landlord told Kate this house
was old. That it had a history.

JOSE

So?

GUS
Come with me. There's something
you've got to see.

He gets up and takes Jose's hand. They walk out the door.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Jose and Gus walk up the steps and enter the library.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Jose and Gus stand at a table in a quiet corner as the elderly female librarian opens the LARGE LEATHER BOOK.

The librarian nods recognition to Gus, looking at Jose as she talks.

LIBRARIAN
The house you refer to used to be
a Nunnery - owned by the Church.
It has a long history, kept in
this book.

JOSE
You know the house?

LIBRARIAN
I'm interested in local history.
It's for reference only. Please
be careful.

Jose gets out her student CARD, showing it.

JOSE
It's okay, we're students.

The librarian raises an eyebrow.

LIBRARIAN
That's all right, then.

The librarian walks off with a kindly smile. Gus and Jose sit next to each other to read the book.

They have to be close to each other to read. Jose looks at Gus. He feels it. He looks up shyly.

JOSE
Back in the house. The sound came...

GUS

Yes?

JOSE

Because we were starting to... like each other?

Her face is close to his.

GUS

That could be.

Jose moves in closer so that - they kiss.

They draw apart. Gus focuses - referring to the book. Jose smiles shyly. They read.

They TURN PAGES

INSERT

THE BOOK - with old engravings of the Nunnery. Ink drawings of nuns at prayer.

A page TURNS

An ink DRAWING of a beautiful dark-haired nun - Celeste.

END INSERT

Gus scans the pages then finds a familiar passage.

GUS

Here it is.

Gus reads out loud.

GUS

"In the year seventeen-eighty, most of the nuns died from a violent fever. The pestilence was blamed on one nun's crime of fornication - the beautiful Celeste. A nun from a rich European family, her father was the Ambassador to Rome. Celeste was caught in her scheme of lust by the Abbess, who expelled her from the Nunnery forever."

Jose points to another section across the page.

JOSE

Look - this tells another story.

She reads out loud.

JOSE

"Local legend has it that Celeste was secretly tortured and bricked up by the wicked Abbess - who was jealous of her beauty - and left to die in the secret chambers beneath the old building. It was said that as she died she cursed the house, swearing to destroy any hope of love or beauty that might grow there. The Abbess died a horrible death shortly afterwards. At the time it was believed she was murdered by the ghostly vengeance of Celeste."

Jose looks at Gus, not knowing what to think.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The light is fading. Gus and Jose walk with the library behind them in the distance.

They pass a church in a leafy corner away from the city noise. Jose points.

JOSE

Look, there's the church to the Nunnery.

Gus walks on.

Jose hesitates, looking back at the church. BEWILDERED, Jose turns to Gus, but he is some way off.

She cannot resist and slowly walks back to the CHURCH. She looks up at its HUGE TOWER - entranced.

Somnambulistic, she shuffles the steps and stands in the entrance to the gloomy church - and STOPS.

Jose stares at a FIGURE. It is

The PRIEST - with shoulder length BROWN HAIR - he arranges prayer books with his BACK to Jose. He turns slowly - BUT

Gus takes Jose's arm and gently pulls her away.

GUS

Come on, Jose. Are you dreaming?

He moves away - and Jose follows after him - looking back towards the Priest who has GONE.

She hurries after Gus.

An OWL HOOTS.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

Gus walks purposefully up the steps to the house and enters with Jose behind.

INT. HALLWAY, THE HOUSE - DAY

Gus and Jose are in the gloomy house.

JOSE

What are you intending to do, Gus?
Couldn't we just call the police?

Gus snorts.

GUS

Yeah, right.

He walks to the BASEMENT DOOR. Mr. Wood's screwdriver is in his hand. He forces the padlock off its hinge.

Gus pushes the DOOR open slowly - which CREAKS.

Jose follows him down into the basement.

BASEMENT FLAT

They search around the half-decorated flat. They find nothing. They face each other.

GUS

There's no sign of an entrance
anywhere. I'm not taking the
plaster off the walls.

Jose eyes Gus like a vixen.

JOSE

Let's call it. If it's there it'll
show, won't it?

She moves in on Gus. Her arms on his shoulders - she
KISSES him.

An outraged ROAR sounds - Jose and Gus jump apart.

JOSE
Fuck! What was that?

Gus looks down at a panel - near floor level. It falls off
as he touches it. He starts to pull at the plaster board
around it when

THUD THUD THUD

REVERBERATES from BELOW, shaking the whole house. Then

The STEREO RADIO on the shelves COMES ON.

Gus walks over to it, PERPLEXED, as the RADIO DJ is in the
middle of an INSISTENT wake-up chat.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)
So if you are not, then maybe it is
time, RIGHT NOW! You have got to get
going. GET UP! It's a lovely day out
there. Let's GET MOVING!

Gus turns the radio OFF. Silence.

Gus has moved back to the open panel and pulls the rest of
the plaster away to

Look through to a DARK STONE PASSAGEWAY.

Gus and Jose look at each other.

JOSE
Are you kidding?

Gus shakes his head.

He reaches for a torch lying on a workbench and goes
through. Jose follows.

The passageway turns and winds - full of cobwebs and the
odd rat. Water drips.

JOSE
How far does this go?

GUS
It seems to stop up here.

The corridor ends with collapsed rubble. The torch blinks on and off.

JOSE

Gus, please! Don't do this to me.

The torch comes on - weakly.

GUS

There's nothing. It ends here.

A BAT SCREECHES past. Jose hugs close to Gus nervously.

A low GROWL greets the two students. Two GREEN EYES glow from the corner.

Jose holds on to Gus in fear.

That IRRITATES Celeste who RISES from her manacled slouch. She WRENCHES the manacles from her arms.

Celeste staggers over the broken down brick wall towards Gus and Jose. They RUN.

They stumble and fall - helping each other - staring back at the figure of Celeste - who follows. Back to the

BASEMENT

They go through, then up the basement steps. Jose exits the door first, then Gus - but his ANKLE is

GRABBED - by a claw-like hand. He calls out - Jose turns and pulls him free.

They run to the

HALLWAY

and up to the front door, which is LOCKED.

They bang hard - SHOUTING for help. Celeste is close - they run up

THE STAIRS

Celeste arches her head back and ROARS.

A RAGING wind storms through the house. Doors slam open and shut - windows crash open - furniture flies AROUND, over and past Jose and Gus.

The two crouch on the stairs, hands on heads with the WHIRLWIND around them. The chandelier CRASHES down.

Celeste has moved up - she stands over Gus. Jose watches.

Jose REALISES something. She realises that there is no escape unless they use their POWER.

The thing Celeste once enjoyed, but now hates is - LOVE.

She SCREAMS at Gus.

JOSE

GUS! GUS, COME HERE!

Gus is frozen in terror at Celeste who LOOMS over him. The noise and CHAOS are relentless.

Gus crawls up to Jose. Celeste is savouring the victims' terror and revelling in the mayhem. Jose has her plan.

She sits astride Gus. She undoes her top and bra and looks into Gus's face. He doesn't get it.

JOSE

Gus, kiss me. It's our only chance!

She hitches up her skirt and KISSES Gus - a kiss of love and passion that comes from the heart.

Jose looks over her shoulder at Celeste - who has seen.

In a SPASM of FURY Celeste moves to tear the two lovers to shreds - but her own whirlwind holds her back.

Her anger increases and manically, she strives to get to Jose and Gus. She is clawing WILDLY, only inches away - but

Their PASSION rises. As Jose is consumed with sexual energy, Celeste is sucked away by the ravaging wind - to

OBLIVION

Jose and Gus kiss gently.

A white DOVE lands nearby on the stair rail. They descend the stairs holding hands.

They face each other, in wonder and bafflement.

They EMBRACE again. Gus stops his kiss to smile.

JOSE

Hey, I'm in control here.

Jose wraps her legs around Gus' waist and kisses him DEEPLY, ready to make love to him again. He is controlled by her.

INT. JOSE' BEDROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose lies asleep. She's

DREAMING

She WRITHES and MOANS in a SEXUAL FRENZY.

A poster of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' is above her bed.

BANG BANG BANG

is a violent knocking on her bedroom door.

Jose wakes and SITS UP with a START. Her CLOCK RADIO is on.

She is YOUNGER - pre-college age. Her room is in THE HOUSE but cosier, more comfortable, with drapes and T.V. etc.

BANG BANG BANG

Mr. Wood shouts from outside the room - OUT OF SHOT.

MR. WOOD (O.S.)
JOSEPHINE! WILL YOU GET UP NOW!

Jose falls out of bed grumpily.

JOSE
ALL RIGHT!

Jose comes round, sitting on her bed. She THINKS - then reaches for her mobile phone. She DIALS.

It rings and RINGS.

JOSE
Come on.

It rings and rings.

INT. A DARK PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Celeste's abused body hangs LIMP - as when she had just been raped and manacled by the Abbess and her men.

Celeste's head lifts and her green eyes GLOWER.

CELESTE

I hate you - and your religion!
 Your God - everything!
 I curse you and this building.
 Whoever opens their heart to love,
 whenever feelings show, or any
 ardour is felt that would grow
 and make this world a better place,
 I shall arrive to poison it with
 the same vicious hatred that you
 have shown to me.
 Whenever a heart beats faster from
 the stirrings of love's sweet spirit,
 my murderous revenge will have it's
 play. I will throttle it - and leave
 it lying, like the sweetest babe -
 to rot in the sun.

The bricks are HEAD-HIGH. Celeste SHRIEKS in a mad RAGE.

The DIRECTOR is pleased with that.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT! And that is a WRAP!

The FILM CREW relax and move around. Celeste the ACTRESS is un-manacled.

The Abbess stands to the side in a darkened corner. Her HOODED CLOAK obscures her face.

Something about her - the RASPING BREATH or the BONY FINGERS clutching her ROSARY - is similar, REMINISCENT of Sister Mary.

But the actress/Abbess turns and walks away - DISAPPEARING into the SHADOWS of the FILM SET.

A MOBILE PHONE'S RING TONE sounds.

And still sounds.

CREW MEMBER (O.S.)

Answer it, please!

Gus walks onto the middle of the set with a tray of plastic cups. He passes them round - hurrying so he can ANSWER the phone in HIS pocket.

The last cup is taken, by the YOUNG FEMALE script editor, who eyes Gus with EROTIC INTENT - it is

LISA

Gus drops the tray and moves off - and answers his 'phone.

GUS
Hello?

INTERCUT

PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN GUS AND JOSE

JOSE
Hi, it's me.

GUS
Hi, how you doing? I'm a bit busy.

JOSE
Fine. I love you.

GUS
I love you too.

Gus looks around coyly but the crew are oblivious.

JOSE
I just called to say... I want to.

GUS
What?

JOSE
Tonight. I'm ready. Okay?

GUS
Yes.

JOSE
Bye.

INT. JOSE' BEDROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose puts down her mobile phone. She goes out towards the bathroom.

HALLWAY

She meets her MOTHER, it is

KATE

Kate is dressed formally, to go out. She has a fake tan which is overdone. Kate seems uncomfortably aware of this.

KATE
Morning dear. You haven't got long.

JOSE
Okay! As if you need me there. I never go to church anyway.

KATE
You know why, dear.

Mr. Wood walks by briskly - in suit trousers and shirt - putting on a silk tie.

MR. WOOD
Get a move on, Josephine.

Jose squints. She steps into the bathroom. She takes her toothbrush.

KATE
It's granny's birthday. It's what she wants. She IS treating us all to lunch.

JOSE
But I hate church. I'm old enough to decide for myself.

Kate looks over Jose's shoulder into the mirror and adjusts her own hair. She doesn't react to Jose's argument.

KATE
I'm so glad you didn't choose 'Fashion', dear.

Kate pinches her own cheek - examining the tone of her fake tan. There's no escaping the orange-ness.

KATE
God, I look terrible. I shan't go there again.

INT. JOSE'S BEDROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose gets dressed. RAVE music sounds - LOUD - from her sound system. It is the music Lisa played in the house.

At the open window a poison ivy vine sways in the breeze.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose comes out of her bedroom - dressed smart enough, just.

She walks past an open bedroom where a CELLO stands. It is a girl's room. A music stand holds a J.S Bach manuscript .

Jose goes downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose walks in to face a surly scowl from her younger sister

JESSICA

Jose ignores her sister's pettiness. Mr. Wood enters fully suited and picks up his car keys. He looks at Jessica.

MR. WOOD

You ready, Princess?

Jessica twirls a pigtail.

JESSICA

Yes, daddy.

Jose rolls her eyes at the pair of them. Mr. Wood can sense her derision. He looks at Jose with hostility - then exits.

The FRONT DOOR bell RINGS.

Jessica jumps up.

JESSICA

They're here!

Jessica runs to open the door.

FRONT DOOR

GRANDMA and GRANDAD enter smiling in their Sunday best.
It is the

OLDER SATYR and SISTER MARY

GRANDMA

Hello dear.

She kisses Jessica. Jessica hands her a present.

GRANDMA

Is that for me?

JESSICA
Happy birthday, grandma. Hi granddad.

GRANDAD
Good morning, my sweetness.

The grandad/Satyr rubs a large lumpy growth above his forehead - where a horn might have been.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Jose drags herself up and walks to greet her grandparents.

HALLWAY

Jose pecks them both on the cheek.

JOSE
Happy birthday, grandma.

Grandma is opening her present.

GRANDMA
Oh, aren't I lucky.

Jose doesn't bother to watch. She ambles along to the basement door. She opens it and peers down.

It's dark, dusty - more of a CELLAR. Kate passes.

KATE
Don't go down there, Jose, it's disgusting!

JOSE
I was only having a look.

Kate moves to the guests.

KATE
Happy birthday, mum!

More hugs and kisses. Jose can't stand it.

She moves PAST them to the front door and out onto the

HOUSE STEPS

Jose looks at the street on a bright sunny day. Jessica appears by her shoulder.

JESSICA

Mum says I can have your room
when you've gone to College.

Jose looks like THUNDER but keeps it inside. Jessica
flounces off back into the house.

A woman passes by on the street. She is the wife from Mr.
Wood's car - but with NO orange face.

Jose watches her. She is distracted when - a white DOVE
lands and coos nearby.

A local YOUTH rides by the house showily on a bike. It is

PHILIP

He sees Jose looking off and WOLF WHISTLES her.

This is TOO MUCH

Jose' head TURNS with a HISS - her eyes flash GREEN - an
EVIL ROAR sounds

From a grate in the pavement - A CLAW-LIKE hand GRABS the
grate from below. Two GREEN EYES appear in the dark.

The youth sees into the grate and in fright falls from his
bike - his head CRACKING on the stone pavement.

He lies STILL. DARK RED BLOOD spills out in a thick pool.

Jose watches then LOOKS OFF - with DISDAIN.

THE END