

THE HORROR

An  
original screenplay by  
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WGA 894652

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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

Celeste walks along the dark stone passage. Her breath is tremulous. Her heart POUNDS

INT. LIBRARY TO A NUNNERY - NIGHT

Heavy wooden furniture, drapes and shelves of religious books adorn the small 18<sup>th</sup> century library. Candles burn.

A young girl, FREYA, 11, in a plain smock, with long fine hair and innocent face, sits at her desk copying from the scriptures. She SINGS sweetly.

FREYA

Ride a cock horse to Bambury Cross  
To see a fine lady upon a white horse.  
With rings on her fingers and bells  
on her toes.  
She shall have music wherever she goes.

SISTER MAY, 19, fragile and vulnerable in her beauty sits behind Freya. She wears a nun's habit like that of Celeste.

Inside Sister May's bible is placed a LETTER. Sister May's LIPS MOVE slightly, her breast HEAVES - as she reads to herself. The VOICE of her LOVER, FRANCIS - sounds OS.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

For you, my darling. My sweetheart  
forever - your devoted Francis.

Freya turns and scowls at Sister May lost in her own world.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Had we but World enough and Time.  
This coyness Lady were no crime.  
We would sit down, and think which way  
To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.

INT. DARK STONE CORRIDOR, NUNNERY - NIGHT

A figure walks the corridor with a lantern. The ABBESS. 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.

Her manner shows she is old but not frail. Her breathing is harsh and guttural as if only just containing her RAGE.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.  
Two hundred to adore each Breast:  
But thirty thousand to the rest.

The Abbess moves purposefully along the dark passage.

INT. LIBRARY TO A NUNNERY - NIGHT

Freya copies her scriptures, frowning, while Sister May is absorbed by her love letter.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

...then Worms shall try  
That long preserv'd Virginity:  
And your quaint Honour turn to dust;  
And into ashes all my Lust.

Freya's face turns ICY COLD - her back to Sister May.

FREYA

Sister May!

Sister May starts from her reverie and looks up nervously.

FREYA

I fail to see why I should copy  
from the scriptures whilst you  
read love poetry.

Sister May blushes.

SISTER MAY

Upon my word, Miss Freya, I am  
certain that I do not.

Freya TIGHTENS her lips and resumes her copying.

Freya looks UP to the GRATING of a BOLT being pulled back.

The heavy arched door swings open. Freya STARES OUT - her face GLOWING.

FREYA

Holy Mother!

The old Abbess moves forward. Sister May carefully CLOSES her bible.

ABBESS

My angel.

Freya rushes to the Abbess - who OPENS her arms wide and ENGULFS Freya in her BLACK habit.

Freya's face LOOKS UP - her EYES DART sideways - INDICATING Sister May, who waits nervously, her bible on her lap.

The Abbess picks up her CANE - she GLARES at Sister May who GLANCES at Freya then LOOKS DOWN.

The Abbess moves and TAPS Sister May's bible with the TIP of her cane.

SLOWLY Sister May opens her bible to reveal the letter. The Abbess SNATCHES it and reads - fuming.

ABBESS

"To His Coy Mistress."?

The Abbess' anger explodes and she brings the cane down onto the desk with a CRACK. Sister May FLINCHES. The Abbess HISSES coolly.

ABBESS

Stand.

Sister May RISES and slowly holds out her HANDS.

In a vicious FURY the Abbess brings the cane down onto Sister May's hands - OVER AND OVER.

TEARS POP from Sister May's eyes and spill down her cheeks.

Freya watches - PROUD.

Eventually the Abbess stops and turns to Freya.

ABBESS

Come, my precious. We have more work to do.

She leads Freya out.

Sister May sinks to her knees, weeping.

INT. A DARK STONE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A secret passageway beneath the nunnery.

CELESTE, young and beautiful in black hooded cape, walks with lantern along the dark stone passageway.

Celeste hurries quietly, looking around - then on, winding her way along.

Celeste stops to enter an

ANTECHAMBER

to face 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 her long cloak.

Freya stands dutifully by her side.

HATRED distilled over her sixty chaste years lets an EVIL GRIN crack the Abbess' face as she MOTIONS to 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, while Freya CLAPS her HANDS in GLEE.

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.

Freya's head turns, SAVOURING one last look.

EXT. A STREET IN A CITY - DAY

A line of tall 18<sup>th</sup> 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, 40s, thinning hair slicked back - spare flesh peeping out of a shiny track-suit -struggles out, panting.

His ORANGE-faced WIFE stays to LARD on orange lipstick and adjust the 'peroxide'.

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 - JANGLING the change in his pocket and whistling under his breath as he moves around.

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

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



He SHIFTILY removes a magazine from inside his jacket.  
GIRLS - a red-hot babe fest! He flips and rotates.

MR. WOOD

Will you look at that.

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 PANICS - FLINGS his magazine aside and flies  
downstairs, legs buckling - and out the door with a BANG.

The FORCE continues its mad rage for a few moments. Then

SILENCE

At the bottom of the STAIRWELL - the sound of the car  
PULLING AWAY fast. Then QUIET.

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.

INT. A METRO/TRAIN - 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 - DAY

A train THUNDERS past the platform.

INT. METRO, 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 out of the window, clutching the letter.

INT. METRO - 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, 20s, slim, pale and nervous with long hair 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 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 - 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. 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, buddy - but your sweaty,  
fat butt 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

Coffee?

JOSE

Please.

Jose straightens.

JOSE

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 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 real jerk-off.

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 cruddy basement.  
I must say it was so nice to be asked  
about the room-share. Real 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  
That can't be right.  
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 called  
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  
They were the terms 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 STARE 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  
'Scuse me. Did this just fall out  
of your jacket?

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  
See? This is what I mean. Five  
minutes of having a goddamn cheesy  
pannt-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 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 coffee - 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 rail track out  
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. It's a bit early,  
don't you think?

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. My God - she's  
playing my cello - and she's not  
even in the frickin' room!

Jessica throws herself onto her bed.

INT. MR. WOOD'S CAR - DAY

Mr. Wood cruises his motor up to the house while bantering  
into his mobile with salacious gusto.

MR. WOOD

Scrambled eggs, man. I'd bought her that many fuckin' tequilas, I only had to raise one eyebrow - and it was gonna be cherry-pie all fuckin' weekend.

EXT. STREET BY THE HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Wood closes his mobile. He has parked 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 SNEERS, 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. He's nervous too.

MR. WOOD

I'm sorry.

Holding up his key.

MR. WOOD

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

Yes, it's great. Still settling in - but everything's fine.

MR. WOOD

Good. No problems? No...

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

MR. WOOD  
... nothin' 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 Catholic Church,  
apparently. And they didn't give a  
damn - couldn't use it, but didn't  
give a fuck whether anyone else could.

He laughs, enjoying his own coarseness.

KATE  
I can imagine.

He sees Kate TOYING nervously with the CRUCIFIX round her  
NECK. The penny drops.

MR. WOOD  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean...

Kate smiles.

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

MR. WOOD  
Got you.

He stares non-plussed at the floor. Then looks to escape.

MR. WOOD  
Well, must see the other guys.

KATE  
Okay, nice to meet you.

She turns and rolls her eyes.

As Kate and Mr. Wood move off, 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's head appears round the door. He comes in.

MR. WOOD

Hi, I'm Bobby Wood, the landlord.

JESSICA

Oh, hi, I'm Jessica.

Mr. Wood SNEAKS a LASCIVIOUS LOOK at Jessica.

MR. WOOD

You like cooking do you?

JESSICA

I do it to cheer myself up.

MR. WOOD

Looks tasty.

JESSICA

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

MR. WOOD

Yeah. Actually, no. Better not.

He smiles and pats his tummy.

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

Yeah?

Mr. Wood STARES at her - almost cross-eyed with LUST. 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!

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 mommy 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 class now. Better move.

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

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

Jose stares blankly.

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

INT. COLLEGE HALL - DAY



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

At the front of the 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 PROFESSOR JONES, 40s, strides in. He is sturdy, handsome and sexual in his maturity - oozing masculine confidence.

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

FOR A LONG TIME

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

Prof. Jones is only staring at the FEMALE students.

Jose sits up - alert.

Some students GIGGLE quietly. Someone COUGHS nervously.

Still Prof. Jones eyes the group. His eyes rest on one LOVELY GIRL. He FIXES on her. She BLUSHES, looking 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 Prof. Jones' performance - oblivious to Jose' point.

Prof. 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. Prof. Jones senses her spirit - which AMUSES him and he turns to move near the painting.

Jose mutters.

JOSE

Prick.

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

PROF. JONES

My name is Professor Jones. I am here  
to lecher you on the 'Renaissance  
Artists' unit to the European  
Art History module.

Jose FLINCHES on hearing 'lecher'. She LOOKS around. Kate  
and the other students all look forward and LISTEN.

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

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

PROF. 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.

PROF. 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

PROF. 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.

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

PROF. 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.

PROF. JONES

Quite. Go on.

KATE

Bacchus... demands Ariadne join him.

Prof. 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 Prof. Jones.

INSERT

The painting. The TINY sailing BOAT in the distance.

END INSERT

Jose sees Prof. 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.

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

KATE

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

PROF. 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.

PROF. JONES

A psychological line represented by the invisible line drawn by Titian. Just as subtle as the conflicting energies of the human mind. 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. Her clothes, her pose, are as in a mirror. She is Ariadne... becoming. After the divine... after sex.

Jose FLINCHES.

PROF. 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.

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

PROF. 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 Prof. 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 Prof. Jones. Students bustle around.

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

PROF. JONES

Hello.

Kate smiles shyly.

KATE

Hello.

Prof. 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 Prof. Jones. She WATCHES them talking and SMILING.

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

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

INSERT

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

PROF. JONES

It's beautiful.

KATE

Thank you.

END INSERT

Jose stares AGHAST as Prof. 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 here to lecher you." Not lecture...lecher!

Jose stares at Kate.

KATE

I didn't hear that.

JOSE

What about the golden silence? Eyeballing us! 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

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 Berkeley. 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 lotsa 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

All my life. Just waiting for the  
right opportunity. Thanks for the cake.  
They smile. 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 JOINT.

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 a godamn film major! I need  
the DVD for the course work!

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

JOSE  
Come on Kate, we're all waiting.

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, honey. Gotta go. Later.

Lisa turns her mobile off - and looks around.

LISA

Okay. What's the problem - someone left the dishes? Smelly toilet? I've got a seriously motivated party 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)  
when I heard a noise, some banging  
from upstairs. 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 need it.

Silence.

Lisa checks her watch.

LISA

I've got to move. Take it easy, Jess, baby. 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 some coffee. Can I get

you some, 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

Wanna watch a movie?

JESSICA

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 joint 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 coffee.

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  
Hi, Jerry. Where are you? Can you stay there? - I need to talk about something. I'm coming now.

INT. A BAR - NIGHT

Mr. Wood looks around the bar. He spots JERRY, 40s, and moves over with a bourbon. Jerry splits off from his crowd.

MR. WOOD

All right, Jerry? How you doin'?

JERRY

Good. Bobby. What can I do?

MR. WOOD

Fuck. Have I got a situation arising.

Jerry laughs - guessing the subject matter.

JERRY

You ain't started getting involved already?

MR. WOOD

It's fuckin' with my head, Jerry. I'm going to pop my top every time I go round there.

Jerry loves this. He's seen it all before.

JERRY

You can't get involved there. It's business. Leave it alone. Just for once.

MR. WOOD

You don't understand. There's this one girl. FUCK is she hot. Oh God, she's beautiful.

Mr. Wood gets serious.

MR. WOOD

And I know I have got absolutely NO CHANCE. There is no way I'm gonna get a piece-a that.

Jerry relaxes.

JERRY

Thank Chris' for that - you're seeing the light BEFORE all the crap lands

on your head.

But Mr. Wood stares at Jerry with deadly intent.

MR. WOOD

That's why I'm gonna need some Knockout.

Jerry spins into exasperated reaction.

JERRY

WHAT! You're mad. You've just gone totally fucking AWOL, Bob. Do you realise the stupidity of what you are saying?

Mr. Wood LOOKS OFF, coldly, his teeth clenched.

MR. WOOD

I know what I'm doing, Jerry.

JERRY

You fuckin' don't. Just because some little bit of la-di-da fancy-ass flashes her eyes at you, you think it's got to BE. Bobby, please, think of Sherry. The kids, the business - everything you've worked for...

MR. WOOD

Goddammit, Jerry, I've got a wife with an ORANGE FACE.

Jerry cools it and speaks softly to make his point.

JERRY

You could ruin everything if you carry this through, Bob. It's not worth goin' down for, believe me.

MR. WOOD

Jerry?

JERRY

What?

MR. WOOD

Are we friends?

JERRY

Of course.

MR. WOOD

Then get me the Knockout.

Mr. Wood looks at Jerry like there is no alternative and leaves.

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 beer. She looks at Jessica snuggled up to Gus.

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

## INT. MALL CAR PARK - NIGHT

Three CARS are parked in a corner of the mall CAR PARK - NOSE to NOSE. They pass a joint and beers.

Lisa and her CROWD LAUGH 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 beers and climbs onto the bed. Kate takes a beer.

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.

JESSICA

Gus?

GUS

Yes?

JESSICA

I'm scared.

GUS

Why?

JESSICA

By the film!

GUS

Oh, right. This film?

JESSICA

Yes.

Gus PAUSES the DVD.

GUS

Well, shall I take you back to  
your room?



JESSICA  
Are you going to carry on watching?

GUS  
Yes, it's a great film.  
JESSICA  
But, Gus...

GUS  
What?

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

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

GUS  
Okay. It's off.

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 dumb?

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. MALL CAR PARK - NIGHT

Lisa and friends make to leave and START UP their MOTORS. 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 sit together in one of the motors.

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 dumb...

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 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.



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 real 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 D. 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 JD. 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 SCREECHES to a halt at the tape and he rushes out. 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. Jessica, wrapped in a blanket, stares into space, shaking. Kate sits silent.

Two detectives, the slim female DET. 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 bewildered.

MR. WOOD  
What's going on?

DET. MILLER

And you are?

MR. WOOD

Bobby Wood, the landlord.

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

DET. MILLER

We'll be right with you.

MR. WOOD

Yeah, but...

The detectives move off to Jose's room. Mr. Wood hangs on.

INT. CORRIDOR ON BATHROOM, THE HOUSE - DAY

Gus enters the bathroom and closes the door.

INT. STAIRWELL, THE HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Wood paces, muttering to himself. He looks up to see Jessica coming down.

MR. WOOD

Hi, sugar. Are you okay?

Jessica smiles weakly.

MR. WOOD

You're exhausted. You poor baby.  
Can I get you anything? A cup of  
tea? A coke?

JESSICA

That would be nice. Gus is hogging  
the bathroom.

MR. WOOD

There's no such thing as a gentle-  
man 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 fiddles with teabags and a mug.

MR. WOOD

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

JESSICA

Yes, it was utterly horrible.

MR. WOOD

They won't let me up there. I AM  
the landlord. There might be things  
that I...

JESSICA

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

MR. WOOD

I've seen some stuff in my time. You  
Really don't wanna know, sweetie.

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 God.

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 come by to see how you are,  
honey. I'll have to fix up Lisa's  
room big-style.

JESSICA

Thanks, you are kind.

MR. WOOD

I've gotta go. They wanna ask me  
some questions.

He gestures back to the living room.

MR. WOOD

You have your bath.

JESSICA

Thanks, Mr. Wood.

MR. WOOD

Call me Bobby.

He exits clumsily, looking back at Jessica.

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

Your major... what...?

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 got 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

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. Not as one would normally understand it.

JOSE

I don't understand.

DET. RICARD

There's no sign of forced entry.

DET. RICARD

No evidence of any outsider 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 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

You're 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 could 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  
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  
Sure.

Mr. Wood takes out his keys, walks to the basement door and unlocks the padlock. With the detectives behind him, Mr. Wood starts to perspire.

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.

Det. Ricard looks into a cardboard box - containing a new T.V. He looks across to a T.V. already set up in the room.

He looks in another box - of stereo equipment. A stereo sits on the shelf. Det. Ricard looks at Mr. Wood.

Mr. Wood sweats it out.

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. 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 struggles to get a grip. He mutters to himself.

MR. WOOD  
Fuckin' Jesus.

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  
I don't know.

DET. MILLER

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

She gives him an ambiguous look as if referring to his  
basement room. Mr. Wood breathes a sigh of relief.

Det. Miller looks at Det. 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 maintenance.  
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 hammer and 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 to a  
movie I force myself to stay in  
and practise.

This registers with Mr. Wood. He tries to raise his tone.

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 empty room, 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.

JESSICA

I really don't mind.

MR. WOOD

I'm a bit pushed.

JESSICA

Okay, then. Bye.

Mr. Wood winks and shuffles 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 bet 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 Jerry walking over to him. He reaches in his pocket. Jerry sits. They greet one another curtly.

MR. WOOD

Jerry.

JERRY

All right, Bobby.

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

Jerry 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 frickin' T.V. all

night. How about a movie?

Jose looks at Gus - her face close to his.

Gus?  
JOSE

That's the least I deserve.  
GUS

And with that excuse he's off the sofa.

Jessica, you coming?  
GUS

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

But they are ready for it -

PRACTISE!  
KATE, JOSE, GUS

Jessica smiles defensively.

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

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

As they leave Gus OPENS his COAT and lifts up a HIP FLASK  
from his pocket.

Good ol' Uncle Jack.  
GUS

Kate and Jose' EYES LIGHT UP.

Allright!  
KATE, JOSE

The door CLICKS shut as Jessica WATCHES them leave.

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

Whoa, I'm sorry, honey. I'm not that bad am I?

JESSICA

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

MR. WOOD

I've got my own 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

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 remembers 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.

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

He pulls of 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

You gotta be fuckin' kidding.

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. He SLUGS on his flask.

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

Jess 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

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 freak 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.

Kate SEES Celeste and FREEZES. Celeste STARES past Kate at Sister Mary.

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

A CHILD'S VOICE sounds - singing - frail and echoing.

FREYA (O.S.)

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross  
To see a fine lady upon a white horse.

Celeste growls and TURNS - as Freya slips across the corridor from one room to another.

Celeste WAITS. Freya darts out of a room and along the corridor.

Celeste goes to tear her to shreds - but Freya reaches a wall at the corridor END, and LEAPS THROUGH it.

Celeste GRUNTS and turns back to look at Kate, then into Kate's room.

Kate is RIGID.

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

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.

A 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 just after you find two dead bodies, mangled and caked in blood?

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 so fuckin' twined  
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 garbage?!

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 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 FOLKS! This is LIPS  
RADIO 107. It's seventy degrees out  
there and this is your wake-up call.

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.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)

This is LIPS RADIO 107. It's  
seventy degrees out there and  
this is your wake-up call.

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!  
DAMMIT!

Jose falls out of bed grumpily.

JOSE  
ALL RIGHT! JEEZUS!

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 doin'? 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. He's more FORMAL than before.

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' 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' 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 GRANDDAD 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? Why thank you,  
treasure.

JESSICA

Happy birthday, grandma. Hi granddad.

GRANDDAD

Good morning, my sweetness.

The granddad/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, mom!

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

Mom 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.

Jose' GAZE moves along the street to a house nearby. A  
young girl plays on the SIDEWALK - catching a ball.

She has long, fine hair - it is Freya. She sings.

FREYA

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross  
To see a fine lady upon a white horse.

Jose WATCHES as a man exits a parked car along from Freya  
and moves towards her - smiling.

The man taps Freya on the shoulder from behind - she turns  
and SQUEALS with delight, jumping up and down and clapping.

FREYA

Daddy, daddy, daddy!

Jose watches in disgust as the man KISSES Freya's forehead.

JOSE

For Chris' sake.

The man walks up the steps and enters his house. Freya  
resumes playing with her ball.

A local YOUTH rides around 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.

From the grate an ARM SEPARATES from the rest of Celeste's body and RISES UP slowly with it's to

ELEVATE behind Freya's SHOULDER.

Celeste's CRABBY finger gently TAPS on Freya's shoulder.

Freya TURNS - her jaw DROPS.

FREYA

Huh?

In a FLASH Celeste's hand GRABS Freya by the back of her head and quickly forces it DOWN - just as

Philip rides by.

The hand RAMS Freya's FACE into the spinning SPOKES of the bikes FRONT WHEEL - taking Freya's FACE OFF in a

WHIZZING EXPLOSION OF BLOOD AND TISSUE

Causing the bike wheel to SEIZE.

Philip FLIES over the handlebars and headfirst into a WALL.

Celeste BARKS MANICALLY with GLEE from the GRATE - while REFIXING her RETURNED ARM.

Philip lies STILL. DARK RED BLOOD spills out in a thick pool by his head.

Freya lies FACE DOWN - bloody and INERT.

Jose watches then LOOKS OFF - with DISDAIN.

THE END