

HYSTERIA

By

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EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

It's raining clothes.

A bleak winter's morning. A lazy river flows beneath an old stone bridge.

Jeans, shirts, socks, jumpers, shorts...all fall from the bridge, catching the air, billowing and ballooning pathetically before easing into the frigid water and drifting away.

On the bridge a LONE FIGURE takes a step back away from the wall and watches the assorted garments sink or swim.

FADE TO BLACK:

HYSTERIA

FADE IN:

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Lights burn inside a distant FARMHOUSE. The surrounding land and barns are lit by the moon.

DEAN FREEMAN(21), sporting a thick growth of stubble and wearing multiple layers of clothes that look more lived-in than well-loved, staggers through the mud.

He empties a bottle of booze down his throat before hurling it into oblivion.

Dean's only company are the pigs, snorting and snuffling at his presence. He unlatches the gate to their pen, dismayed by their apparent lack of enthusiasm for escape.

DEAN

Go...run...get out of here. Live.
I said GO. Be FREE.

As if on cue he slips in the mud and passes out.

EXT. FARM - MORNING

A shadow falls over a still-sleeping-it-off Dean.

NICK

Dean.

Dean opens one eye, then the other.

DEAN

Dad?

(CONTINUED)

After shaking his head, Nick (55), grey and balding, a large man but one who is starting to stoop and with eyes that have seen a lifetime of hardship, offers Dean his hand.

Dean gets up by himself. And struggles.

NICK

What are you doing out here, Son?

DEAN

I came home for the funeral.

NICK

Home is three miles down the road.

Dean takes a slow look around - sees a second man, RUSSEL, running around trying to round up a pig.

NICK

Wrong farm. You're lucky Russel called me and not the police.

DEAN

That's Russel? He got old.

Nick starts walking, heading to a car.

NICK

Time will do that. And the funeral was last week.

Dean follows, but he's in no hurry.

INT. CAR - DAY

Nick gets behind the wheel and Dean climbs in the passenger side. Nick doesn't start the engine just yet.

NICK

No bag?

DEAN

I'm wearing everything I own.

Nick shakes his head - from heartbreak just as much from disappointment.

Nick starts the engine and drives off.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Nick makes the first effort to break the silence.

NICK
You can stop doing whatever it is
you feel the need to keep doing.
She's dead.

DEAN
What is it you think I'm doing?

NICK
You're saying you never put your
mother and me through hell just
to spite us?

DEAN
This isn't about you, or mum.

NICK
(Accusing. Biting)
It never was.
(Pause)
You can only be a boy for so
long, Dean. At some point you've
got to be a man.
(Pause)
Stay this time. The farm's
waiting for you.

EXT. FREEMAN FARM - DAY

Nick brings the car to a stop. He climbs from the car and
heads inside the farmhouse.

Dean gets out of the car and looks the house over before
following his dad.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Dean enters and Nick closes the door behind him.

NICK
Your room is just as you left it.

INT. FARMHOUSE, DEAN'S OLD ROOM - DAY

Dean stands in the doorway, Nick at his back. Tentatively
he enters the sparsely furnished room.

Reminders of his past adorn all four walls; photographs of
himself mountain biking, camping, climbing, fishing,
snowboarding, swimming. He is alone in every picture.
Except for the last one he comes to.

(CONTINUED)

Dean looks at his younger self, sandwiched uncomfortably between his father and MOTHER.

He reaches for the frame, on the verge of picking it up. But eventually he declines the silent invitation.

NICK

So where'd you disappear to this time?

Dean's eyes fall on a small gift-wrapped box.

DEAN

What's this?

NICK

Birthday present.

DEAN

My birthday's not 'til August.

NICK

It's been sitting there since last August.

Dean unwraps the present and opens the box. Inside is a silver watch, obviously old, marked by imperfections.

NICK

It's from your mother.

Dean reads a small hand-written card.

DEAN

"Don't let life pass you by, Mum".

NICK

It was her father's. She wanted you to have it.

(Pause)

...I'll make us some breakfast.

Just as he turns for the stairs...

DEAN

You don't need to keep bailing me out, you know.

NICK

Good. 'Cause today's the last time I'm doing it.

And on that note he leaves.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Nick and Dean chew their food, avoiding further conversation. Dean breaks the cycle with a sip of coffee.

NICK
You can help me out in the field
this afternoon.

DEAN
I can't.

NICK
Can't or won't?

DEAN
Does it matter?

NICK
It matters to me.

DEAN
And what about the things that
matter to me?

NICK
You see the sign out front? It
says Freeman Farm. Your name has
been on that sign since before
you were born. Since before I was
born. You think I'm gonna be
around forever? You think you
will? This is your life.

DEAN
Just like it became Mum's life
too?

Nick is silent and stoic for a beat before he hastily bins his remaining breakfast and coffee and shrugs into his coat.

DEAN
I came back for the funeral. I'm
not sticking around.

NICK
...Where?

DEAN
I don't know. That's the point.

NICK
...I'll be outside waiting.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
I'm sorry about Mum.

NICK
Sorry she's gone? Or sorry you
weren't around to watch her die?

Nick leaves the door open on his way out, a silent invitation to follow. Dean watches the elder stagger through the mud.

INT. BARN - DAY

Nick, sleeves rolled to his elbows and forearms slick with grease, tries in vain to start a tractor's engine. The old machine whines in protest.

Dean enters behind his old man and, without a word, rolls up his own sleeves and gets to work on the engine.

Father and Son slave over the guts of the tractor together in silence...until Nick breaks it...

NICK
You got a woman in your life yet?

DEAN
A few.

NICK
A good woman?

DEAN
That all depends on your
definition of good.

NICK
When you gonna settle down?

DEAN
You talking about marriage? Kids?

DEAN
It's what life is all about.

DEAN
That doesn't sound like settling
down. Sounds like tied down.

(Pause)
Dad, what have you got to show
for your life?

NICK
Keep at your tricks and all
you'll have to show for it is
your own parking space at the
sexual health clinic.

(CONTINUED)

(Pause)

What have I got to show for my life? You.

DEAN

We're not the same Dad, we want different things, different lives. I want to live mine.

NICK

You are my life, Son.

DEAN

So then who's life is it? Mine? Or yours? Choosing for me isn't the same as loving me.

Nick grits his teeth and gets back to work. Dean does likewise, but he does so on autopilot, with no heart.

Agitated, Nick gets careless. With a quiet yelp he withdraws his hand. A fresh cut splits the palm.

Dean is quick to pour water over it from a drinking bottle and wrap it in a towel.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nick lays the table ready for two. His hand is freshly bandaged.

He goes to remove whatever has been roasting in the oven. Through the window he sees that the light inside the barn still burns, the only visible illumination out there.

He hears the tractor engine whine for a brief moment, spurt, then turn over satisfyingly.

CUT TO:

The two men eat in silence. Dean stares at the urn on the mantle piece.

INT. FARMHOUSE, DEAN'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT

Dean lies awake on his bed, fully clothed. Though motionless, his face speaks of a restless man.

INT. FARMHOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean creeps quietly past his father's doorway. He pauses to peek through the gap in the door to see his father, lying on his side with his back to him.

INT. FARMHOUSE, NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nick lies fully awake. But he gives no hint to Dean of the fact that he is aware of his Son's leaving in the night.

Dean hovers for a second then stalks off, his footfalls barely whispering.

INT. FARMHOUSE, DEAN'S OLD ROOM - DAWN

A little more stooped than the day before, Nick takes in Dean's room.

He gives little acknowledgment to the little rectangular patch of paint that's noticeably more vivid than that around it. The one and only FAMILY PHOTO is GONE.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAWN

Dean takes a single flower from a neighbouring grave and gently lays it on his mother's. He stands a while, regarding the headstone before walking away.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAWN

Dean stalks his way along by the side of the road, his thumb out at his side.

A car passes him by without slowing. And another. A car pulls to a stop beside him. Dean climbs in and the car drives him away.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Dean stares out through the window at the road ahead with a contemplative look on his face.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - DAY

Dean's teeth-brushing is interrupted when a MAN exits a stall behind him. The MAN looks Dean up and down with obvious distaste. Dean smells himself.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

He snatches a fresh SHIRT, SOCKS, and BOXER SHORTS from a washing line.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Dean stands naked and grinning in the wind. He hurls his own dirty clothes into the water.

The grin dies. The shivers begin. The clothes go on and Dean puts his back to the sun and walks with nothing to aim for but his own long shadow.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Dean stands on the far side of the street watching people eat.

INT. JEWELERY SHOP - DAY

QUICK CUTS:

The JEWELER happily accepts the watch.

He inspects the watch through a MONOCLE while Dean waits.

The Jeweler lays down a few £20 notes. Dean looks at the Jeweler; "That it?". The Jeweler's unspoken response; "It's all you're getting."

The money gets rolled up and shoved inside Dean's jacket pocket.

EXT. UNDERPASS - DAY TO NIGHT

Dean finishes the last few remains of a sandwich as day turns to night, light to dark.

As the hours fall away he is joined by another destitute. An OLDER HOMELESS MAN, his clothes little more than filthy rags, rummages through a bin for food.

Dean watches the man huddle in the shadows, lay his head on a bed of concrete and newspaper.

Dean then folds a newspaper of his own and uses it to prop up his head. It is a long time before he falls asleep.

And not long before he is woken up...

...To a beating.

The FISTS and FEET come in low and quick, too quick for Dean to do much about them but try and protect himself.

His ATTACKER makes a grab for the money stuffed inside his clothing. Dean, in turn, makes a grab for the offending hand - but is left clutching just a couple of bills.

Dean watches his Attacker run away. His lip bleeds.

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

Dean waits while the phone at the other end of the line rings. The line connects and a voice answers.

NICK (OVER PHONE)
Hello? Hello?...Dean?

Dean hangs up. A drop of blood blots the newspaper he holds to his lip. The crimson fluid spreads to a PERSONAL AD - "...ROOM AND BOARD AVAILABLE"...

CUT TO:

Dean has the phone to his ear and the newspaper in front of him - now stained a rusty brown from his own blood.

A female voice that sounds like liquid satin tinged with age answers. Her name is LILITH.

LILITH (OVER PHONE)
Lilith Cambion speaking, how may I help you?

DEAN
Hi, I'm calling about the ad in the paper. Are you still looking for a lodger?

LILITH (OVER PHONE)
Oh, yes. I do believe the man of the house placed an advertisement stating just as much.
(Beat)
To whom am I speaking?

DEAN
My name's Dean.

LILITH (OVER PHONE)
Hello Dean.

DEAN
The ad states that room and board will be provided in exchange for domestic chores?

LILITH (OVER PHONE)
My Nigel has been unwell. I hope you forgive me for saying so but his decline in health has become a bit of a burden. He needs some caring for but I imagine we'd both welcome the thought of a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LILITH (OVER PHONE) (cont'd)
young man joining the household.
You understand of course that the
room is basic, simple?

DEAN
That all sounds good.

LILITH (OVER PHONE)
Why don't you pop along to meet
Nigel and myself, see if we all
get along, see if it's a good
fit. And we'll go from there?

DEAN
Great.

LILITH (OVER PHONE)
Grand. I shall give you the
address.

In the next instant Dean is scribbling the address down on
the newspaper.

EXT. RURAL VILLAGE - DAY

A VERY small village. It's quiet, picturesque. Modest
houses boast tendered lawns and manicured gardens.

Dean walks the empty streets, seemingly following
directions given to him, carrying nothing but a carrier
bag of clothes and belongings.

EXT. NEWS AGENTS - DAY

Dean consults with the shop owner, DERREN (45), fingers
pointing to the written directions. The Shop owner appears
happy to oblige, his pointed finger guiding the way.

As Dean exits the shop the female assistant, AMELIA (22)
catches his eye. She glances his way and his smile does
little to keep her attention. She continues to stock the
shelves.

He lets the door close behind him. A MISSING POSTER is
taped to the glass. The poster shows the face of a smiling
young man in his twenties.

EXT. CAMBION RESIDENCE - DAY

A painfully average house sits at the end of a long and
winding driveway. Dean walks past one parked car on his
way to the front door.

(CONTINUED)

Dean does not have to wait long after knocking before the door is answered.

Lilith (50's) is blonde, slim, and attractive. Though heavily lined, her face is pretty, but it looks as though her make up was applied with a paintbrush.

Her assorted wardrobe cries "housewife". Silvering hair piled on top of her head looks dated. She smiles from ear to ear.

LILITH
You must be Dean.

DEAN
Lilith?

LILITH
Who else would I be, silly? Come on in.

Dean steps inside and Lilith shuts the door.

INT. HALLWAY, DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

LILITH
Uhuh, shoes.

Dean looks to Lilith's feet - BAREFOOT, then to his own filthy shoes.

DEAN
Oh. Sorry.

He takes them off.

LILITH
It's ok. On the shoe rack.

Dean does as he's told.

LILITH
Go on through.

Dean finds himself at the bottom of the stairs. Lilith pushes her way past him, smiling sheepishly.

LILITH
I'll give you the guided tour.

LIVING ROOM

LILITH
Living room.

Aged furniture points towards the TV.

KITCHEN

Dated fittings and appliances, but eerily clean.

LILITH
Kitchen.

HALLWAY

She heads for the stairs, Dean following. He watches her pass by a CLOSED DOOR and is about to reach for the handle.

DEAN
And here?

LILITH
That's not something you need
concern yourself with.

Lilith waits for Dean to follow her up the stairs.

LILITH
Come on then, don't take root
just yet.

Together they head upstairs.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

She leads him to a small, sparsely furnished room. A bed, a small desk and chair, a wardrobe, and a TV compete for space.

LILITH
This would be your room. Provided
we all find one another amenable,
of course.

Dean steps inside and takes a look around. A few books collect dust on a shelf.

He opens a wardrobe door and finds clothes still hanging inside; browns, greens and oranges. Muted colours. Function over fashion.

Lilith reads Dean's expression and answers his question preemptively.

(CONTINUED)

LILITH

We lost our son a little while back. Seems a shame to let the room go to waste.

DEAN

This was your son's room?

LILITH

It's hard. You think about the kind of person they should have grown to be. You have hopes and expectations. But they died with him.

DEAN

I'm sorry. I lost my mum recently.

LILITH

Loss, regrettably, is a necessary stitch in life's tapestry, wouldn't you agree?

Dean nods.

LILITH

I'll just potter along and see if my Nigel can put the kettle on.

Lilith and Dean exchange brief, awkward smiles as she departs and heads downstairs, leaving Dean to survey the room and look out through the window.

He allows a smile to crease his lips.

KITCHEN

Dean and Lilith are joined at the table by NIGEL (50's). The man is frail for his age, stooped at the shoulders, his spine curved. He sits in a wheelchair.

Lilith and Nigel sip from delicate china, mugs painted with floral designs. A matching mug sits untouched in front of Dean.

NIGEL

You drink coffee, Dean?

DEAN

Er, no. But thanks anyway.

LILITH

Oh, but you must. For your energy.

(CONTINUED)

They sit and stare, waiting for him to accept the drink.
Dean takes a sip. Smiles.

NIGEL

You look a bit worse for wear.
Are you ok?

DEAN

I've had a rough couple of days.
(Pause)
Well, call it a rough few years.

LILITH

Poor thing. How come a man as
young as yourself can find
himself out of sorts?

DEAN

Bad luck? Bad choices? Maybe
both.

NIGEL

Luck can change.

LILITH

And we can all start making
better choices. How long will you
be wanting to stay?

DEAN

For as long as it takes me to
find my feet.

NIGEL

Well you can help me find mine. I
took a fall down the stairs a
while back, broke a few
vertebrae. Doctor says I've got
brittle bones and that's why I'm
not healing too good. I need a
bit of help around the house,
take on some of my roles and
responsibilities. The duties that
used to fall on yours truly.

LILITH

Nigel is still mobile and doesn't
let it stop him from getting
around, but he requires the use
of a wheelchair on bad days.

(Pause)

I'm grateful for good days.

Nigel and Lilith exchange looks.

LILITH

You don't have any friends or family who you can call on?

DEAN

I have...no. No family.

LILITH

Girlfriend?

DEAN

That's something that I aim to work on.

NIGEL

It'll work on you if you're not careful. You won't see it coming, but then wham, it'll hit ya. You wait and see, Son. Take me and Lilith here, never in a million years. Never in a million years would I 'ave thought it.

Lilith and Nigel reach for each others hands across the table.

Dean finds himself enjoying their warmth. He can't help but smile.

DEAN'S ROOM

LILITH

Go ahead, it's yours now, make it your own. We want you to feel at home.

(Pause)

Why don't you - I was going to say unpack.

NIGEL

I don't have much.

LILITH

I'll say. I'll bet my last button that is something we can remedy, eh? Help yourself to whatever you find in the meantime and I'll do my best to find you some smart new threads.

(Pause)

Join us for dinner tonight? I'll make us something special.

Dean smiles and nods appreciatively.

(CONTINUED)

LILITH

Oh, Nora. I almost forgot. Here
is your key.

She slides it onto the desk.

QUICK CUT:

Dean is now alone in the room, sounds of clattering china below, hanging his meager belongings in the wardrobe.

He leans the photo of him and his parents upright on the desk.

He opens a drawer - and finds the garish cover of a tattered porn magazine. He shifts it aside and finds a stack of the things. He slams the drawer shut and shakes his head.

INT. NEWS AGENTS - DAY

Dean peruses the shelves in the small shop. He drops the odd food item into a basket and pauses at the selection of wines. He grabs a bottle of WINE.

He takes his haul to the counter to find it manned by Amelia.

DEAN

Hi.

AMELIA

Hello.

She gets busy processing his shopping.

DEAN

...There much to do around here?

AMELIA

Only if you like complaining
about the weather.

DEAN

I just moved here. No, I haven't
moved here. I'm between places.

AMELIA

Which places?

DEAN

I'll know when I get there.

AMELIA

I think I know what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Yeah?

AMELIA

Look around. Does it look like I
want to be here forever?

Dean appears to choose his next words carefully, taking
his time before blurting them out nervously.

DEAN

D'you wanna go out some
time?

AMELIA

Fifteen seventy-five.

DEAN

Sorry? Oh.

A little awkwardly, he hands over the money and waits for
his change.

DEAN

See ya.

AMELIA

Bye.

He exits with a wave. Amelia doesn't let him see her
smile.

INT. CAMBION RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Lilith wears an apron as she dashes from stove to oven and
back to stove again in the steam-filled kitchen.

Dean enters the doorway and loiters, a little awkward. He
carries a plastic bag of food in one hand and a bottle of
wine in the other.

DEAN

Would you like some help?

LILITH

Hi there, Dean.

DEAN

I got you something. To say
thanks.

LILITH

That was sweet of you -
(At the sight of the wine)
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

What?

LILITH

We don't drink alcohol in this house.

DEAN

I can exchange it.

LILITH

No, don't worry. We'll find a home for it.

A pot starts to boil over.

LILITH

Oh, bother.

She runs to calm the angry vessel and sets the white wine down on the counter top.

LILITH

I had Nigel set aside some fridge space just for you.

DEAN

Thanks.

Dean opens the fridge door, prepared to empty his shopping bag, and is confronted by masses of food stored in matching plastic tubs.

DEAN

Which shelf did you say it was?

LILITH

At the top there.

It is stocked full of 'take-away style' tubs, each one marked with a different day of the week. Inside is a prepared meal of vegetables, rice, and meat.

LILITH

I took the liberty of getting some things for you. Save you the bother.

Dean doesn't quite know what to make of the 'gesture'.

DEAN

Thanks again. Is there a cupboard I can put these in?

He holds up his small bag of food shopping.

LILITH
(Back over her shoulder)
What have you got there?

DEAN
A few bits of food and drink.

Her tone is a little on the demanding side. This is more than friendly curiosity.

LILITH
Let me see.

DEAN
Sorry?

LILITH
Let me see what you've bought.

DEAN
It's just some pasta

LILITH
(Barely concealed
displeasure)
Um-hm.

DEAN
And some bread.

LILITH
Um-hm.

Dean senses her displeasure.

LILITH
We watch what we eat very
carefully in this house.

DEAN
Its ok, I'll just keep it in my
room.

LILITH
That might be for the best, for
now.

A TIMER pings.

Lilith smiles, wide.

LILITH
Dinner's ready.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

Dean lays the table, setting three plates, three sets of knives and forks, three glasses. He takes a step back, satisfied.

Lilith rearranges a plate, moving it a fraction of an inch.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The lid is lifted from a steaming pot of curry.

Dean helps Nigel off of his crutches and to a seat at the table.

LILITH
Fish curry, Nigel's favourite.

NIGEL
Mm.

DEAN
Smells good.

Lilith lays a napkin over Nigel's lap. Just as Dean is about to take a sip of his water Lilith places a napkin on his lap also. The glass hovers at his lip.

LILITH
Can't have you making a mess, can we?

Dean nods.

LILITH
Well, dig in. It's not going to eat itself.

Nigel reaches for the serving spoon but his hand is quickly swatted away (playfully?) by Lilith.

Dean catches sight of Nigel recoiling. Blink and you miss it.

LILITH
Nigel, you know better than that, we have a guest tonight. Dean?

DEAN
Go ahead. I can wait.

LILITH
Dean.

Apparently Lilith can also wait. And that's precisely what she does, waits until Dean goes first.

He loads some food onto his plate before offering to serve Nigel.

DEAN

Nigel?

NIGEL

Thanks.

DEAN

If I'm gonna be helping out around the home, might as well start now, eh?

As Dean is about to dish up a third spoonful onto Nigel's plate...

LILITH

Oop, not too much. Nigel is watching his weight.

Nigel raises his eyebrows and slaps a hand to his stomach.

NIGEL

Just a couple of kilos, right dear?

LILITH

Right. Like I said, we all watch what we eat. So, what do you like to do of an evening, Dean? Any interests, hobbies, pursuits?

DEAN

...I've been thinking a lot about that recently. I'm thinking maybe I just need a taste of the quiet life for now.

NIGEL

Suits us. We spend our nights in front of that TV back there. We like our game shows, don't we?

LILITH

Nigel enjoys guessing the answers.

NIGEL

Aint no guessing, I apply my wits.

LILITH

Oh you.

DEAN
Maybe I'll join you.

LILITH
That would be nice, wouldn't it
Nigel?

DEAN
We can hang out, have a few
beers.

LILITH
Like I said, we don't drink
alcohol in this house.

DEAN
Maybe just the one?

LILITH
Perhaps now is a good opportunity
to discuss a few house rules.

DEAN
House rules?

LILITH
Your parents didn't implement
such things?

DEAN
Our's were more...unspoken, when
I was growing up.

LILITH
Well now you're all grown up. And
we can speak about them.

(Pause)
But we don't let that stop us
from having a bit of fun from
time to time, do we?

She smiles, laughs. Nigel dutifully does likewise.

LILITH
These are just a few simple
things that we'd ask you to
respect.

DEAN
Of course.

LILITH
No shoes in the house - that one
you know already. We tend to lock
up after ten thirty, so try to
remember. And the downstairs room
at the end of the hallway is out
of bounds.

(Pause)
Dessert anyone?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dean dries dishes handed to him by Lilith once she is done soaking them and scrubbing them clean.

Dean can see all the way through to the LIVING ROOM where Nigel sits in front of the TV, engrossed in a game show.

The volume is intrusive, to say the least.

LILITH
I can already see a difference in
him. I expect great changes
having you around.

Dean smiles, almost shyly at her.

LILITH
I think you'll notice the
difference too, once you get to
know him. Who knows, it might
even change you a little.

DEAN
Do I need to change?

Lilith shifts her attention from the dishes in the sink to Dean. She looks him up and down, raises an eyebrow, smiles. She resumes doing the dishes.

Dean seems a little perplexed; was she flirting?

LILITH
Tell me about your mother.

The question catches him off guard. He drops a plate and it shatters on the floor.

DEAN
Oh shit, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

LILITH
The dust pan is under the sink.

Dean is still a little flustered. He barely has time to register what's been said, let alone move.

LILITH
Don't worry, I'll get it.

Dean is left watching as she hurriedly dries her hands, gets the dustpan and starts sweeping.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Sorry.

LILITH

(Passive aggressive)

It's ok, I'm not mad.

Dean hangs back. Awkward.

He watches as she dumps the contents of the dustpan into the bin - right on top of the bottle of WHITE WINE, which remains unopened.

Dean looks back through the doorway to the living room. Nigel is turned in his armchair, eyes peering over the back of the seat at him.

DEAN

Thanks for dinner. I'll er, go get started on the laundry.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Dean empties a wash basket into a washing machine. Bombastic sounds of TV game shows can be heard.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nigel favours an evidently well-loved armchair, leaving Dean and Lilith to occupy opposite ends of the sofa.

Dean humours his hosts by half forcing a chuckle - the other half is at his hosts' expense, but not unfriendly.

Lilith knits, a new endeavour, as evidenced by the small size of the garment-to-be.

Nigel laughs his arse off along with the canned laughter emanating from the TV set.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dean lays on the narrow bed, staring at the ceiling, visibly irritated by the volume of the TV below.

The rapturous sounds of the game shows continues to vibrate the walls. And Dean's skull.

He reaches for the remote, points, clicks. Nothing. Point and click. Still no reaction from the TV.

With a sigh of frustration Dean gets up off the bed and crosses the room (a short journey) to the TV. He presses the power button on the set itself. Nothing. Dead.

(CONTINUED)

He gives the thing a quick inspection. There is no power cable. No lead going to the aerial socket. The television is purely cosmetic. _

Dean takes pause. He slides open a draw and quickly rifles through the pornographic magazines stacked inside, selecting one, and taking it over to the bed.

Another round of applause erupts from beneath the floorboards.

CUT:

Dean sleeps.

But something rouses him, gently pulling him awake.

Sounds, strange sounds, obscure at first but edging closer to clarity with each waking moment.

SEX.

Loud, thumping sex; grunting, breathing, knocking, banging.

Impatience? Frustration? Muffled cursing? Anger?

Dean pushes the pillow away and creeps stealthily to the door - putting a bare foot down on the porn mag - and puts his ear to it.

The animalistic sounds of *aggression and lust* come to a sudden climax. The *heavy SMACK/THUD of flesh on flesh.*

Dean practically has to bite down on his knuckles to stifle his laughter.

DEAN
(Whispers to himself)
Nigel, you lucky bastard.

A door opens.

Feet moving on soft carpet.

Stifled crying? Definite crying.

Dean's grin dissolves. He eases himself back onto the bed, the springs groaning in quiet protest.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - MORNING

The sound of a *VACUUM CLEANER*. Whirring away, loud and obnoxious, it wakes Dean.

Bleary eyed, he looks to the clock. It's only 5:45 AM.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Jesus.

EXT. HALLWAY, UPSTAIRS - MORNING

Dean leaves his room and bed in disarray and emerges dressed in some of his own clean but tattered clothes. He carries a wash bag.

Lilith, alert and awake, shuts off the vacuum cleaner when she sees Dean. She is as bright and perky as sunshine itself.

LILITH

Dean, you're awake.

DEAN

Morning.

LILITH

Good morning. Did you sleep well?

DEAN

I slept. Bathroom free?

LILITH

Free as a bird, poor Nigel had a rough night.

DEAN

(Trying not to smirk)

Did he now?

LILITH

He's having one of his bad days today. He's gone off to be alone with his thoughts.

DEAN

That's a shame.

Lilith quickly gets back to the task at hand, about to turn the vacuum cleaner on again.

DEAN

I can do that later, it's not a problem.

LILITH

Later is a problem.

DEAN

Sorry, I...I didn't realise you -

(CONTINUED)

LILITH

It's ok. I'm not mad.

A brisk smile and the vacuum cleaner whirs back to life. She sends it back and forth across the carpet, her back to Dean.

Dean sidesteps past Lilith to the bathroom. He clicks the door shut and slides the latch across, locking it.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Dean stands beneath the hot spray from the shower.

After soaping and rinsing himself and generally enjoying the feeling of being cleansed, Dean cocks his head, as if intrigued by something he has seen.

He loses all interest in the business of bathing and leans closer to the bathroom wall. Closer to the tiny (little more than a pinhole) hole in the wall.

He closes one eye and squints with the other. He can see through to what is presumably Nigel and Lilith's room.

Lilith pushes the vacuum cleaner into the bedroom and Dean quickly looks away, shuts the water off and throws a towel around himself.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Dean enters as he roughs his hair with a towel. He pauses when he finds the bed made, the magazine placed on the desk (a book mark between the pages), the curtains open, and his clothes folded.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Dean reaches the bottom of the stairs. He can't help a glance in the direction of the CLOSED DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL.

Just a door, same as any other.

He enters the kitchen. A mug of freshly made coffee waits for him at the table.

From the next room...

LILITH (O.S)

Coffee's on the table for you.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Thanks.

He pours it down the sink. But he doesn't run the tap. The coffee sits in the drain.

He starts opening cupboards, searching.

LILITH (O.S)

Can I help you find something?

DEAN

Just looking to see if you had any cereals.

A few seconds pass before a response is offered.

LILITH (O.S)

You'll see there's fruit in the bowl.

Sure enough a stockpile of bananas and figs awaits.

Lilith slams shut the top on a chest freezer and carries cuts of meat into the kitchen.

She places the cuts on a chopping board and lines up seven plastic tubs of equal size in a row.

Dean is still looking around the kitchen.

LILITH

Do you have any plans for the day?

DEAN

Er, yeah. I think I'm gonna head out for a bit and then -

LILITH

This morning?

DEAN

Whenever I'm ready.

LILITH

And do what?

DEAN

A bit of exploring.

LILITH

Where?

DEAN

I thought I'd head into the town.

(CONTINUED)

LILITH

There's not much to see or do there.

DEAN

Still...I thought I'd check it out.

LILITH

You weren't in the mood for breakfast?

DEAN

Looking for the bread bin.
(Pause, gets it)
You don't eat bread.

LILITH

(Smiling)

You're getting to know us already.

DEAN

I think I am.

(Pause)

Lilith, I really appreciate you giving me a place to stay. I appreciate everything you're doing to help me. But I'm not used to having people know what I'm up to. I'm not used to having people wait on me. It's been a long time since I've been...

He struggles to find the word.

LILITH

Mothered?

Dean half smiles, half nods; that about sums it up, sorry.

LILITH

Oh dear, I do apologise. You must think me such a busy-body.

DEAN

No, its ok. I get it.

LILITH

You understand its been a while since we had another...since our son...I suppose I'd gotten used to caring for him in a certain way, and with you around -

DEAN

Don't worry about it.

LILITH

You're sure.

DEAN

Of course.

LILITH

Because we both want you to feel at home here.

DEAN

I do.

LILITH

You do?

DEAN

Yeah. We're cool.

LILITH

Oh I am pleased. We're both so nervous about all of this, having a lodger is all so new to us.

(Pause)

Have a nice time in town. Would you like a copy of the bus schedule?

DEAN

That'd be helpful, thanks.

LILITH

I'll be back in two shakes -
(sees the coffee pooled in
the drain)
- of a lamb's tail.

Her tone and demeanor shifts. Distant. Veiled resentment.

She puts her bundle of laundry aside, leaves, and returns a moment later with a bus timetable, which she hands to Dean.

LILITH

I'm sure you'll be home whenever you please.

DEAN

...See you later.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Dean shoves his feet into his (freshly cleaned) shoes.

EXT. CAMBION RESIDENCE - DAY

Dean carries two heavy black bin bags as he leaves the house and is about to close the door.

He practically BUMPS INTO the POSTMAN.

DEAN
Sorry.

POSTMAN
Sorry.

POSTMAN
Anyone in to sign for this?

DEAN
I can sign for it.

POSTMAN
You live here too?

DEAN
I do now.

He signs and accepts the small, tightly wrapped brown parcel. It is labeled with half a dozen stickers covered in Chinese characters.

Dean sticks the parcel just behind the door before closing it.

INT. BUS (MOVING) - DAY

Dean sits on the inside, looking out.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Eating in such a manner as to suggest he's famished, Dean gorges himself on a pastry treat.

INT. NEWS AGENTS - DAY

Dean picks items from shelves, seemingly at random, and with little care. His focus is Derren and Amelia, behind the counter. Derren writes on a clipboard while Amelia takes stock of cigarette packs.

Finally, Derren puts down his clipboard and exits through the back of the shop. Unbeknown to Amelia, Dean makes his approach.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Looks like it's gonna rain.

Amelia turns, smiles.

AMELIA

That so?

DEAN

Want to go for a walk?

AMELIA

In the rain?

DEAN

It's a gamble.

AMELIA

I have a lunch coming up. I
suppose I could take my chances.
(Shouts)

Dad.

Derren steps into the shop a moment later, his eyes
falling suspiciously on Dean. Dean waves.

AMELIA

I'm just heading out for a bit.
You be ok on your own?

Dean follows Amelia outside.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Dean and Amelia walk side by side slowly along the water's
edge.

DEAN

I'm not getting you in trouble am
I?

AMELIA

It's ok, Dad's harmless.

DEAN

I'm Dean.

AMELIA

Amelia.
(Pause)
So if you're "between places",
and this isn't home, where is
home?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

A farm...A prison disguised as a farm. No, it's not a prison. More like a speeding train that I can't off until it's the end of the line.

AMELIA

I've always wanted to do something with my biology degree or go and volunteer somewhere, but my parents have nobody to take over the shop.

DEAN

My Dad has my whole future planned. But it isn't a future. His life became my mum's life, she had me, then she died.

AMELIA

I'm so sorry.

DEAN

I know she had hopes and fears of her own. But over time she forgot what hope was and became what she feared.

He catches himself, looks sideways at Amelia and cracks a smile.

DEAN

Sorry. I'm rambling.

AMELIA

(Smiling)

At least I'm not bored.

(Pause)

Are you going to go back, to your Dad?

DEAN

If I do go back I'll get stuck there and never leave.

AMELIA

And if you don't?

DEAN

Then I lose the only person left in my life that gives a shit about me. My Dad might not be right, but he's not wrong either.

AMELIA
So you're trapped?

DEAN
Thanks for summing that up.

AMELIA
You're welcome.

Amelia notices that Dean has stopped walking. She looks back.

Dean stands on the grass bank watching the water, a contemplative look on his face. This look soon turns to one of bewilderment.

He walks to the edge of the bank. On the other side of the river are several items of clothing spread out and snagged on rocks, reeds and tree branches.

EXT. STONE BRIDGE - DAY

Amelia and Dean stand in the middle of the STONE BRIDGE, at the wall, looking down at the water.

DEAN
I thought I wanted to see the world, see everything. I thought that was what it meant to be alive.

AMELIA
Not anymore?

DEAN
Now I'm wondering if life is only worth it if you've got someone to share it with.

AMELIA
I sometimes think the most incredible things can be found on your own doorstep and under your own nose. We don't see them at first because we're too close to see.

Dean turns to face Amelia and smiles.

DEAN
I dunno, I'm pretty close, and I'd say the views look good from here.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

Cheesy will get you nowhere.

DEAN

Not even a little closer?

Amelia leans in and gives him a light kiss on the cheek.

INT. CAMBION RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nigel's feeble frame obliges the contours of his aged armchair. He stares at the TV through heavy-lidded eyes.

He perks up when the front door opens and Dean steps inside, bringing life with him. The shoes go on the rack.

NIGEL

Watch'ya Dean.

DEAN

Hey Nige, you alright?

Dean enters the LIVING ROOM and perches on the edge of a neighbouring chair.

NIGEL

Having one of my good days.

DEAN

That's good. Hey, can you or Lilith let me know if anyone calls for me or leaves a message for me, cheers.

NIGEL

Your lady friend?

DEAN

With any luck.

NIGEL

You want my advice?

DEAN

Go on.

NIGEL

Play hard to get. The harder the better.

DEAN

That right?

Nigel splays his hands and grins.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Thanks for the advice.

NIGEL

Plenty more where that came from.

Dean smiles and gets to his feet and heads for the...

HALLWAY

...where he pauses, just for half a beat, at that locked door, his ear cocked to it ever so slightly and giving the innocuous pane of wood a sideways glance.

He continues on into the...

KITCHEN

Dean opens the fridge and can't help but smile (in defeat?) at the seemingly endless supply of prepared meals in tubs.

He takes out 'WEDNESDAY' from the shelf, removes the lid, and pokes curiously at the contents.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dean carries the plate of food, now steaming, to his room. Laid out on the bed are brand new, neatly folded socks, boxer shorts, trousers, shirts, belt and a sweater. All the same muted colours as the items in the wardrobe.

A note on the bed; "Welcome home Dean, L + N".

Various tubs of VITAMIN TABLETS, a toothbrush, and other men's toiletries await Dean's inspection on the desk.

Dean is evidently touched by the generosity.

UPSTAIRS, HALLWAY.

DEAN

Lilith? Lilith? I just wanted to say thanks for the -

BEDROOM.

He finds Lilith standing at the window stifling her cries and wiping away her tears.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Lilith?

LILITH

I'm fine.

She hurries to stash something away in a shoe box and put the lid on the box.

DEAN

You sure?

LILITH

I was looking through some photos. Having them up around the house became too much, but sometimes I find I just can't help myself.

She keeps the box on her knees and her hands resting on it.

LILITH

Oliver was born...different. Not how one might have hoped. Imagine, the months, years spent dreaming, imagining. Wishing for everything to be perfect. Willing it. We did everything we could. Tragically parents from time to time are forced to make unspeakable choices.

She can't hold back the tears any longer.

Dean runs to her and offers his shoulder. She leans into him and sobs. Dean puts his hands on her back, awkwardly at first, but the pair settle into it.

DEAN

It's ok, it's ok.

LILITH

(Crying)

I pray you never find yourself in the same position.

DEAN

I'm betting he loved you.

LILITH

That's sweet of you to say.

DEAN

Mum like you, who wouldn't?

LILITH

What was your mother's name,
Dean?

DEAN

(Smiles)
Naomi.

LILITH

Pretty. You miss her?

DEAN

I thought I didn't need her. I
don't know, maybe I don't. But it
doesn't mean I don't want her
around.

LILITH

I bet she was a good mother to
you.

(Pause)

Nigel and I haven't ruled out
trying again.

Dean smiles and nods sympathetically. He's on his way out
the room.

LILITH

Any plans for the rest of the
day?

Dean turns and is unsure of how to respond. Lilith cracks
a smile and Dean realises he's been had.

LILITH

I'm joking.

DEAN

Actually I kind of need a
haircut. Can you or Nigel
recommend anywhere local.

LILITH

I can do that for you if you
like?

DEAN

Doesn't get much more local than
your own home.

LILITH

Lilith knows best.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dean sits on a chair which has been pulled to the middle of the floor.

Lilith drapes a towel across the back of his neck with the care and finesse of a lover.

She smooths the towel out across his shoulders and allows her fingers to follow the curve of his muscles.

Dean shifts slightly in his seat.

Lilith sprays a fine mist of water over his hair and works it through with her hands.

She moves around to his front and sprays more water.

He turns his gaze upwards to look at her but a gentle, yet firm, push of her hand lowers his head once more.

With Dean's eyes now on her hips, Lilith moves around behind him.

She begins snipping away at his wet hair.

Dean is able to see all the way through to the living room. The back of Nigel's head is visible while the older man remains engrossed in his game shows.

Lilith combs her fingers through Dean's hair, her finger tips brushing against his earlobes.

Forced to face forward, Dean's eyes match the movements of Lilith's roaming hands.

She ever-so-gently tilts his head down. He bows. She tilts his head back. Their eyes meet.

She massages his scalp as she returns his head to neutral and lowers herself so that her eyes are level with the back of his head. She comes in close.

Lilith purses her lips and blows away the loose hair.

Dean's own lips part, ever so slightly, in silent response. Does she know what she's doing?

She whips the towel away and the spell is broken.

LILITH

All done.

Dean stands and rubs the back of his head and neck.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

...Thanks.

LILITH

You're very welcome, Dean.

Beat.

The doorbell chimes.

LILITH

Heavens, that gave me a fright.

Dean begins sweeping up the loose hair, his eyes on Lilith as she sashays down the hall toward the front door.

He watches her greet a TWENTY-SOMETHING WOMAN, dressed kind of punk. Not from around here. The two womens' voices are just about audible.

WOMAN (O.S)

...looking...my brother...

LILITH (O.S)

...moved on...while ago...sorry.

Dean sweeps the hair into the bin.

INT. CAMBION RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The garment Lilith knits is now growing in size a little, stitch by stitch.

Nigel sits in his armchair, engrossed in the TV while Dean and Lilith occupy the sofa again - just a hint closer than before.

She slides her slippers off her feet and tucks her knees up under her, her toes now pointed at Dean. One foot glides against the other.

The movement catches Dean's attention and he looks up the length of her slender calves.

He catches himself and forces his attention back to the TV before quickly getting to his feet.

NIGEL

You off out Dean?

DEAN

(With a laugh)

You two don't want me under your feet all night, every night, do ya?

(CONTINUED)

LILITH
Meeting anyone in particular?

Her tone gives nothing away.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Dean and Amelia are each huddled under sleeping bags and blankets and dressed in thick layers of winter clothing.

They lay beneath a starry night.

AMELIA
So when were you born?

DEAN
Sixth of August.

He takes a pen to a newspaper of his own, drawing lines of ink over celebrity faces.

AMELIA
So that would make you a Leo...

She uses a torch to read the horoscope from a newspaper. One newspaper of many.

AMELIA
(Reading)
Find out if the moon's position presents any new opportunities, if today is the day to take a chance on love, or if you should be questioning an important relationship's motives.

DEAN
What aren't you telling me?

AMELIA
That I secretly hate you.

Their eyes meet before they both crack smiles.

DEAN
And you?

AMELIA
January ninth. Capricorn.
(Reading)
A close relationship could get challenged under today's potent square between an emo Cancer moon in your relationship zone and volatile Uranus in your foundational fourth house of home

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA (cont'd)

and family. If someone in your life is always a bit of an "x factor," you may finally decide to cut 'em loose. Who needs the drama?

DEAN

A volatile Uranus. Sounds painful. What do the other papers have to say?

She tosses it aside with a light-hearted sigh.

AMELIA

Just a load of bollocks.

DEAN

Say bollocks again.

AMELIA

Bollocks.

DEAN

At least you never run out of crosswords.

She looks to his doodles. An assortment of eyeglasses, Groucho Marx-style facial hair and penises adorn the faces of the tabloid centre-folds.

AMELIA

You never mentioned you were good at art.

He rolls a paper and bumps her playfully on the head with it.

She retaliates by doing the same and soon enough a playfight ensues, which ends with them rolling around together and out of breath.

AMELIA

You want to stay for a while?

DEAN

And do what?

AMELIA

(Shrugging, coy. Smiles)
You know.

DEAN

The Sudoku?

She kisses him. He gladly reciprocates.

Together they climb into the same sleeping back and resume their kissing and exploration of each other's bodies.

Dean pauses to take his wallet from his pocket. He unzips a small inside pocket in the wallet and is seemingly surprised to find it empty.

DEAN

Shit?

AMELIA

Let me guess.

DEAN

I could've sworn I had one in here.

AMELIA

Stud.

DEAN

Haha. Sorry.

AMELIA

Don't apologise to me...
(Rolls her eyes down)
Apologise to him.

DEAN

I'll make it up to him at home.

Amelia laughs, kisses Dean.

INT. CAMBION RESIDENCE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean turns the key in the lock, steps inside and kicks off his shoes.

He heads upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean walks to his room and passes by the open door to Lilith and Nigel's room - where he catches sight of Lilith squeezing into a figure-hugging black dress.

DEAN

Oh shit! Oh, I'm sorry, sorry.

LILITH

Oh, Dean. I wasn't expecting you back so soon.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Me neither.

LILITH

Nigel and I thought we might have
a date night.

Lilith she appears to make attempts at covering herself.
She pulls the dress up over her shoulders.

DEAN

I'll just go to my room -

LILITH

Perhaps you could help me?

She makes her approach and offers him her back. Dean
hesitates for a moment before eazing the zip up over her
back and towards her slim neck.

Lilith turns to face him.

LILITH

Thank you.

DEAN

No worries.

He opens the door to his room.

LILITH

Why don't you join us for dinner?
There's always room for one more.

DEAN

It's ok, thanks anyway.

LILITH

Oh but I insist.

DEAN

Wouldn't it be weird?

LILITH

What's weird about enjoying each
other's company?

(Pause)

I couldn't bare the thought of
you up here all by yourself.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lilith spoons food onto Dean's plate and passes him a
drink.

There are candles on the table. Nigel, Dean, and Lilith
are eating dinner. And laughing.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

...and then I hitched from Vancouver to San Francisco, where I lived in an old School bus for two months with a bunch of hippies. Somehow I managed to afford a flight to Vietnam, then Cambodia, then Belize.

NIGEL

Sounds like you've done some living. I know they says it's a sin, but colour me a shade of envious.

LILITH

Envious? But you've got me.

She puts a hand on his thigh. But her eyes are on Dean. Dean looks away, unsure.

NIGEL

That I do, dear. That I do.
(To Dean)
So then where'd you jet off to?

DEAN

For lack of a better word, home.

NIGEL

I bet your old man was relieved?

DEAN

First night back - only night back, I stumbled home drunk and fell asleep in the middle of a load of pig shit - sorry -

The typically demure Lilith just laughs all the more...

DEAN

- and my Dad has to wake me up. Turns out, I'm not even at the right house.

Nigel's laughter increases with every new revelation.

DEAN

and I've set my neighbour's pigs loose.

Dean pauses his story to knock his drink back.

DEAN

...So now my neighbour hates me...my Dad hates me.
(Pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (cont'd)
My mum hated me.

Dean's smile disappears and the laughter dries up into an empty silence.

NIGEL
I'm sure that's not true?

DEAN
I wasn't always the best son.

NIGEL
That's hard to imagine.

LILITH
For what it's worth, we like you.

DEAN
Thanks.

NIGEL
We hope you don't leave us.

LILITH
...Dessert?

CUT:

Dean is pushing Nigel's empty wheelchair out of the way.

DEAN
You ready, Speed Racer?

The rubber from the wheels leaves a mark on the linoleum - parallel lines.

NIGEL
You have to release the brake.

Dean finds and releases the brake. The wheels move beautifully.

Dean helps Nigel to his feet.

DEAN
You ok there?

NIGEL
Having one of my good days.

Nigel makes his way to the stairs.

Lilith begins clearing the table.

(CONTINUED)

LILITH
You're good for him.

DEAN
I'll take care of all this.

LILITH
That's awfully kind. You're good
for the both of us.

Dean happily takes over while Lilith follows Nigel's path.

CUT:

Dean washes the dishes in soapy water.

CUT:

Finished, he dries his hands on a towel and heads for the front door.

It's locked and won't open.

He takes out his keys, slides the corresponding one into the lock and turns it. Still locked. No amount of tugging at the key makes a difference.

LILITH (O.C)
We lock up after 10:30, remember?

Dean turns. She is stood on the stairs wearing a robe, open at the front and revealing her nightie beneath.

She ascends without a further word, leaving Dean perplexed and holding his redundant keys.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

He sits by the open window, seemingly taking in the fresh air.

Dean appears to pay little mind to the incessant sounds of *flesh smacking against flesh and the breathless groans that merge agony and ecstasy.*

INT. UPSTAIRS - MORNING

The clock reads 5:45 so of course Lilith is at work hoovering the carpet.

Dean's door flies open and he dashes across the hall in his boxer shorts and a vest, past Lilith, and into the bathroom. The door slams shut.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Dean empties his bowels. Well, they empty themselves. Dean appears to have little say in the affair.

A gentle rap at the door.

LILITH (O.S)
Dean? Would you like something
for your tummy?

Dean cringes.

LILITH (O.S)
I have just the thing. Lilith
knows best.

Dean lets go of the breath he's been holding in; an act of surrender.

Lilith can be heard shuffling away.

EXT. NEWS AGENTS - DAY

Dean presses his face against the glass whilst wearing a stupid grin and taps at the window.

His smile quickly disappears when the stern-faced Derren, Amelia's father and shop owner, glares out at Dean.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Dean and Amelia walk shoulder to shoulder.

DEAN
Say sorry to your Dad for me.
(Pause)
I thought you'd be working today.

AMELIA
No, not today.

DEAN
Are you ok?

AMELIA
I'm fine.

DEAN
You sure?

AMELIA
I'm getting ready to leave.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Leave? Where are you going?

AMELIA

Spain.

DEAN

You going on holiday?

AMELIA

No, I'm going to volunteer at the refugee camps there.

DEAN

For how long?

AMELIA

For as long as I'm needed.

DEAN

That's mental.

AMELIA

What's mental? Doing something because you choose to? Or feeling obliged to do something that you'd never choose for yourself?

DEAN

Jesus.

AMELIA

(Sarcastic)

I'm so glad you're happy for me.

DEAN

I mean...Jesus.

AMELIA

You think I wanna spend the rest of my life selling lottery tickets and newspapers? You think you're the only one who wants to forge their own path? Be happy for me.

DEAN

When do you go?

AMELIA

In the morning?

DEAN

When were you going to tell me?

AMELIA

Look, I like you. But let's be realistic, we both know what kind of guy you are and neither one of us is under any obligation here.

DEAN

Good job too, otherwise we might have risked really hurting each other.

He walks away.

AMELIA

Dean? Dean?

Dean doesn't quite pull off the attempt to hide his disappointment. And hurt.

INT. BATHROOM- NIGHT

Dean cleans the toilet...the sink...the mirror. Then he notices the light. It is a tiny, needle-like shaft of orange light coming from the hole in the wall.

He ceases cleaning and puts his eye to the hole.

Lilith is masturbating.

She is poised on a corner of the bed, her legs open wide and her back arched.

Nigel sits in front of her, his head partially obscuring Dean's view, specifically where her hand meets her groin.

She looks up. At Dean?

Dean looks away, shamed. He freezes, afraid to make a sound.

That's when the stomach cramps hit. He clutches at his abdomen and runs to the toilet. After his body purges itself he chances a look in the bowl. And wishes he hadn't.

A look of horror and revulsion takes hold.

INT, DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR

You've got worms.

DEAN

What the fuck? Sorry. Worms?

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR

Tapeworms to be precise. Have you been around any livestock recently?

DEAN

As a matter of fact, yeah. My Dad's a farmer, he keeps pigs and cattle.

DOCTOR

Microscopic eggs can occasionally be found harvesting in cysts from infected cows.

Dean looks as though he'll be sick.

DOCTOR

Looks like you accidentally ingested some. I'd be more careful about washing your hands if I were you.

DEAN

How do I get rid of them?

DOCTOR

Simple tablets. I'll write you a prescription for some niclosamide.

The Doctor writes the prescription.

DOCTOR

Nasty things, tapeworms. Lucky you caught them quick otherwise they can cause all sorts of problems; vitamin deficiency, abdominal pain, nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, convulsions, malnutrition. Even cysts.

Dean has heard enough.

DOCTOR

Can you believe that some people swallow these things on purpose?

DEAN

What?

DOCTOR

Mostly women. They go online and mail order the eggs from somewhere like Mexico, Kenya, China. They take a pill and think it'll help them lose weight.

(CONTINUED)

Deans sits staring at the man.

DOCTOR

They lose weight. They lose weight while recovering from surgery after having a 10 metre-long worm removed from their intestine.

He hands over the prescription.

DOCTOR

Take two with food.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dean lays the table. Almost done. He re-shuffles the final plate by a fraction of an inch.

CUT TO:

Dean, Nigel, and Lilith eat in near-silence. The clinking of cutlery on the finest china fills the air.

Lilith sips her drink. Nigel chews his food.

Dean pokes at the salmon with his knife and fork.

LILITH

You not eating Dean?

He continues to stir the food around a little more.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The sounds of *panting and breathing and groaning* are turned up to eleven tonight. Dean is resigned to it.

DEAN

Trying again. No shit.

Over time the grunts break rhythm and sound as though they are prompted by frustration and resentment. Not pleasure.

Dean puts his ear to the door for a closer listen.

Someone can be heard crying.

He gingerly turns the handle and inches the door open. Nigel and Lilith's closed door offers no further insight.

The door opens.

Lilith steps out and the crying becomes all the more clear. She strides down the hall and to the bathroom, the hem of her sheer nightgown trailing at her legs.

(CONTINUED)

The bathroom light goes on.

Dean can now see Nigel curled up on the bed in a foetal position, his body racked by sobs. It is Nigel who is crying.

Lilith closes the bathroom door, shutting out the light and Nigel is swallowed up by the dark.

Dean closes his own door, careful not to make a sound. He puts his back to the door and contemplates what he has just seen.

He returns to the bed but he does not lie down. He does not sleep.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BACK GARDEN - MORNING

Dean hangs washing on the line, pegging the laundry out to dry.

Lilith emerges from the house at his back.

LILITH

Dean, I'm afraid Nigel is unwell and I have to pop out for an appointment shortly. I'd be extremely grateful if you could help him get sorted and settled in his favourite chair?

DEAN

Sure.

LILITH

Is anything the matter?

DEAN

No. I'm almost done here so I'll just finish up first.

LILITH

If you say so. I'll see you shortly. Toodle-Lo.

DEAN

Yeah.

Dean finishes pegging up a towel before hanging a sock. He notices a small blood stain at the toe end. He sets it aside and picks out a second sock - it also is stained with blood in the spot where the toes would sit.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Dean helps Nigel out of his pajama top and tosses it into a laundry basket. He goes to the wardrobe.

DEAN

What are you in the mood for today?

He opens the door and the selection inside is virtually identical to the contents of his own wardrobe; muted oranges and browns.

DEAN

Dark brown, light brown, or medium brown?

He takes out a shirt and helps Nigel put his arms through the sleeves and buttons the front for him.

The pajama bottoms are next to go and they too are replaced by a pair of brown courdrouys.

DEAN

Socks.

He takes a pair from a drawer.

DEAN

So how did you and Lilith meet?

NIGEL

Long story short, I wasn't worthy, no man is, but she took me in anyway. Ask her and she'll tell you she saw something in me. Ask me, I'll tell you for the life of me I don't know what that is.

Dean removes Nigel's socks. And freezes. He looks up at Nigel, who smiles down at him.

Dean returns his attention to Nigel's feet. There are aggravated RED DOTS between the big toe and second toe. Dean checks and finds identical marks between each of his toes.

The other foot is the same.

Dean puts fresh socks on the man and smiles up at him for his benefit.

DEAN

Right, all done. Let's get you downstairs.

Dean helps Nigel to his feet and offers the man his crutches. Together they head for the doorway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nigel eases into his chair. Dean points the remote and puts the TV on for him. He makes sure to put the volume up an extra notch or two.

DEAN

I'll be around, sorting a few things out. Let me know if you need anything.

NIGEL

Will do. Cheers, Dean.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dean throws open drawers, apparently looking for something of importance. When he comes across a few medical supplies he scrutinises each item. Paracetamol, indigestion tablets.

He's not interested in those.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Dean searches the bathroom cabinet. He finds nothing but the usual, expected items; toothpaste, extra soaps, cotton buds etc.

He closes the cabinet and looks around, thinking.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He routes around in drawers; socks. Pants. Ties. Nothing of interest.

Bedside cabinets next; books. Diaries. Tights. Eye drops. Dildo and lubricant - that gets a slightly longer look.

As if struck by a second wind of inspired thought Dean looks under the bed. He spots the shoe box. He slides it out and lifts the lid.

He begins going through a stack of photos one by one; Lilith holding a baby boy, Nigel at her side. He turns the photo over and written on the back is the name "Oliver".

Then; Lilith, perhaps 10 years younger, holding a baby boy, a younger Nigel at her side. On the back of this picture, "Mark".

(CONTINUED)

And another; Nigel and Lilith in their 30's, a baby boy in Lilith's arms. "Ian".

And finally; a small, withering, and sickly infant inside an incubator. And written on the back, "Megan".

DEAN
What the fuck?

The front door can be heard opening.

LILITH (O.S)
Boy's I'm home.

She's coming up the stairs...

Dean hurries to put the pictures back in the box.

She's at the top step...

He slides the box back under the bed.

LILITH (O.C)
Gosh. What are you doing in here?

Dean gets to his feet.

LILITH
Dean. What are you doing in my room?

He grabs Nigel's dirty pajamas and the other dirty laundry.

Lilith stands in the doorway awaiting his response.

DEAN
Sorry, I was hoping to have this place cleaned up by the time you got back.

LILITH
...Any lady would be lucky to have you, Dean.

She keeps her eyes on his and neither one of them seems willing (or able?) to move.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lilith places a plate of steaming food in front of Nigel and empties MONDAY'S food onto a second plate just as Dean enters the room.

Dean greets Lilith with a smile as he enters.

(CONTINUED)

LILITH
Lunch is served.

Dean takes a can of MUSHROOM SOUP from a cupboard.

DEAN
Oh, that's ok, I got myself some
canned soup. I'll just quickly
heat this up.

Lilith's silence speaks volumes.

The sound of the can opening is practically deafening. The contents of the can go in a bowl and the bowl goes in the microwave.

DEAN
Smells good, right? Love this
stuff.

Lilith's stoic silence speaks volumes.

The PHONE RINGS.

The pair remain bound together for a beat or two.

LILITH
I'd best get that, hadn't I?

She heads out the room. Dean watches from upstairs while Lilith picks up the handset.

LILITH
Lilith Cambion speaking, how may
I help you?...Dean?

Dean hurries over.

DEAN
I got it, thanks.

He hungrily takes the phone from Lilith, who then backs away, her eye still on him.

DEAN
Hello?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
I'm sorry.

Lilith retreats to the background where she dumps the plate of food into the bin - and makes a point of doing so loudly.

DEAN
Amelia?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
You were right. I should have
told you. I'm sorry.

DEAN
It's ok. I was a bit of a dick
too.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
I'm not gonna argue with that.

DEAN
So we forgive each other?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Yeah. In fact it was talking to
you on the bridge that day that
made me think more about things.
You inspired me.

DEAN
Well I'm glad I was the one to
drive you away...1,500 miles
away. So how is it?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
It has its good points. But it
doesn't have you.

He puts his back to the kitchen. To Lilith. He lowers his
voice to a conspiratorial volume.

DEAN
You were right about one thing.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Was I?

He cups the mouthpiece with his hand.

DEAN
It is the the strangest things we
find right under our nose. On our
own doorstep.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dean takes the phone into his room to continue the
conversation. He whispers excitedly, but not without
anxiety.

DEAN
...and then I find this box of
photos, each one of them seems to
have a different baby in it. No
pictures of the kids any older
than that. Just babies.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)

That is weird.

DEAN

They told me their son died, made it sound like I'm staying in what was his room. So who's fucking stuff is hanging in my wardrobe?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)

Why do you care? Just get the hell outta there. Don't mess around with these people.

DEAN

I can't.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)

Why not?

DEAN

I think the husband's being abused.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)

She beats him up?

DEAN

No. It's not that. It's something more...It's just different. And I found something the other day.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)

What?

DEAN

Needle marks. Between his toes.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)

You're sure they're needle marks?

DEAN

Trust me.

(Beat)

I think she's poisoning him.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)

Has he told you that, said anything to you?

DEAN

No. I don't even know if he knows she's doing it. He seems infatuated with her, like the sun shines out of her arse.

(Pause)

But I think he wants me to help

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (cont'd)
him. He was the one who placed
the ad in the paper.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
You think it was a cry for help?

DEAN
I can't take the chance that it
wasn't.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Can you find out what she's been
injecting him with?

DEAN
I looked. Don't worry, I'll find
it.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Let me know when you do.

DEAN
Will do. And thanks, Amelia.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Be careful, Dean.

They hang up their phones.

EXT. NEWS AGENTS - DAY

Dean stands across the street from the small shop, taking
the sight of the place in.

INT. NEWS AGENTS - DAY

Dean already has a loaf of bread tucked under his arm and
a can of coke in his hand. He goes to the small selection
of canned soups.

An empty shelf space is marked with the tag, bar code, and
price for MUSHROOM SOUP. Disappointed, Dean makes his way
to the counter, to Amelia's Father.

DEAN
Do you have -

DERREN
It's all here ready for ya.

Derren lifts two loaded carrier bags onto the counter.
Dean is perplexed.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
I don't understand.

DERREN
Grocery order for Lilith Cambion.
It's what you came in for, right?

DEAN
...er, yeah. Ok.

Dean puts down the bread and coke and fishes out his wallet.

DERREN
Already paid for. So you can
leave now.

DEAN
For the loaf and drink?

Derren angrily adds up the sums on the till buttons.

DERREN
Two-sixty.

As Dean counts out the cash and hands it over...

DEAN
You know much about them? Lilith
and her husband?

DERREN
Only that she always settles her
accounts ahead of schedule.

Derren gestures towards the door.

DEAN
Why do you have an issue with me?

DERREN
You're male and you took an
interest in my daughter, that's
reason enough. Shortly after you
took an interest in my daughter
she leaves behind her family, her
job, and her home. If you haven't
hurt her already, you will.

Dean peaks inside the bags. Inside are salmon, avocados,
and bananas...and nothing else. He shoves the coke and
bread in too.

EXT. VILLAGE STREETS - DAY

Dean carries the shopping through the quiet streets. There's a few people out and about, cars plodding along.

Dean pauses as he passes by a library.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Dean sits at one of a few computer monitors. He accesses the internet and a popular search engine.

With a few rattles of the keyboard and clicks of the mouse he opts to view the ELECTORAL REGISTER.

He types in LILITH CAMBION into the search bar, followed by the postcode. After a few moments the search results are displayed - Lilith and Nigel's names, their address.

DEAN

Ok, you are who you say you are.

He then moves the cursor along the screen to LENGTH OF OCCUPANCY....and reads....1983 - 2019.

DEAN

And you've been there a long time. A long fucking time.

Dean directs the cursor to OTHER OCCUPANTS and reads several names - Michael Doran, Jeffrey Mikolay, Carl Purchase, Johnathan Teti.

DEAN

And who are you guys?

Dean sits silently contemplating the information for a spell.

INT. CAMBION RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dean, Lilith and Nigel eat dinner in silence.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nigel watches TV. Lilith knits - the unidentified item is growing.

Dean moves in and out of view behind them in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean empties the contents of a dustpan into a bin. He hangs the dustpan inside the CLEANING CUPBOARD then ties up the bin bag and takes it out.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dean carries the bulging bag of rubbish to the end of the drive and dumps it beside another. Something inside the bag catches the light, glints for a moment.

His curiosity gets the better of him. Peering over his shoulder first, Dean gets to his haunches and looks inside the black bin bag. Inside are dozens and dozens of cans of MUSHROOM SOUP.

He looks back to the house, this time wearing an expression, not of caution, but of sheer what-the-fuck?

He sets about rummaging through the other bags of rubbish. Eventually he comes across a sealed CONDOM. He holds it up to the one and only streetlight - and sees that it is perforated with holes.

INT. HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean opens up the cleaning cupboard, looks down at the vacuum cleaner.

He quickly unscrews a portion of the plastic shell and rips out a handful of wires before screwing the shell back into place.

He shuts the door on the cleaning cupboard.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The house is still, silent, dark. Dean wakes in the night to leave his room and tread groggily towards the bathroom.

Across the hall he turns on the bathroom light - and briefly illuminates Lilith, stood behind his door, the soft, dim light spilling through the gap and illuminating her profile.

He closes the bathroom door and darkness is restored. Lilith remains hiding in his room.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Dean bounces downstairs and finds Nigel and Lilith eating their breakfast. Dean works hard to keep his tone light. Jovial, almost.

DEAN

How are you both today?

LILITH

Fine. Thank you for asking.

DEAN

Nige? You alright, mate?

NIGEL

Can't complain.

Dean nods, an act of solidarity.

DEAN

You got any plans today? Lilith?

LILITH

Me? I need to venture all the way into town. It seems my dear old vacuum cleaner has finally given up the ghost. Care to tag along? Perhaps you could help us to pick out a new one?

DEAN

Would if I could. Got a ton of ironing to get through, then I have a doctor's appointment. Gutted. Nigel, maybe you and I could sit and watch one of your game shows. What's your favourite?

NIGEL

A -

LILITH

You can come with me, Dear. These sorts of important decisions require a man's perspective as much as they do a woman's.

DEAN

Fair enough. That coffee pot still hot?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dean is ironing, working his way through a pile of laundry, glancing at the TV every now and then.

In the doorway behind him Lilith takes a jacket from a hook and shrugs into it. Nigel does the same.

Dean flashes them a smile.

DEAN

Have fun.

Lilith and Nigel leave. Dean waits until he hears the door close.

QUICK CUTS:

He searches the entire living room. Cupboards, drawers, cabinets. Nothing goes unchecked.

UTILITY ROOM

The search continues...

HALLWAY

He's starting to work up a sweat by now.

KITCHEN

His search becomes more thorough, checking under anything he can lift and behind anything that moves. The fridge...nothing. The freezer...nothing.

BEDROOM

Dean finds himself back in Nigel and Lilith's pristine room. Its dated furniture and furnishings totally incongruous to how clean and perfect it all is.

He gets busy making a mess; stripping the bed, pulling furniture away from the walls.

Finally he stands back, exhausted and sweating. He runs his fingers between the mattress and the bed.

He snatches his hand back as if bitten.

His fingertip bleeds. A dot of red growing steadily bigger.

Dean reaches in and pulls out a syringe, and next to it a small canister of clear fluid. He reads the label.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dean is on the phone.

DEAN
Amelia. I found it.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
I found something too.

He reads directly from the drug container and struggles to pronounce the name of it.

DEAN
It's something called
cypdro...cyproterone

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Dean, listen.

DEAN
Cyproterone Ace -

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Cyproterone Acetate?

DEAN
Yeah.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Ok, hang on.

...thousands of miles away fingers move quickly across a keyboard...

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
It's an aphrodisiacal drug.

DEAN
What's that?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
The opposite of an aphrodisiac.

DEAN
The stuff that makes you horny?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Yes. What you've got there is
used for chemical castrations.
It's what sex offenders are
given. And get this, one of the
known side affects is that it can
cause osteoperosis.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Osteoperosis?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Weak bones.

DEAN
Could that sort of thing result
in a person breaking a vertebrae
in their back that then doesn't
heal?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Yes.

DEAN
Oh shit. But why would she be
injecting him with this stuff?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Maybe she isn't.

DEAN
Maybe he's doing it to himself.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Dean, I did some searching of my
own. I found everything I could
on their family history.

(Pause)
What exactly did they tell you
about themselves...who they are?

DEAN
That they're Nigel and Lilith
Cambion.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
But who they are? Who they really
are?

DEAN
What's your point?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Dean, they've always been Nigel
and Lilith Cambion. They don't
share that name because they're
married. They share it because
they're brother and sister.

DEAN
....Are you serious?

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
What have you gotten yourself
involved with?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
I have no idea.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Just leave, go to the police, let
them sort it out.

DEAN
I think you're right.

Out his window he sees Nigel and Lilith returning.
Lilith's strides are purposeful. She is pissed off.

DEAN
Oh shit. They're back.

The door opens and shuts below.

AMELIA (OVER PHONE)
Dean? Dean stay on the li -

Dean drops the phone, grabs a handful of change from the
desk and shoves it in his pockets and leaves the room.

HALLWAY, DOWNSTAIRS

Dean reaches the bottom of the stairs and quickly pulls on
his shoes. He finds Lilith clicking the door shut. THE
DOOR at the end of the hall.

Her eyes widen, just little, just a hint of surprise at
seeing Dean. She composes herself.

She gives a quick downward glance to his feet. She sees
his shoes are on.

LILITH
Dean...you're home.

DEAN
Where's Nigel.

LILITH
He's having one of his bad days.

Dean looks to the door. He sees twin tyre marks leading
under the door; wheelchair tracks.

DEAN
So he's gone off to be alone with
his thoughts, is that it?

She remains silent.

DEAN
What's in that room?

LILITH
Nothing that you are ready to see yet.

DEAN
Is Nigel behind that door?

LILITH
Nigel is where he needs to be right now.

DEAN
What have you been doing to him, you sick twisted bitch?

LILITH
Are you accusing me of something?

DEAN
Open that door.

LILITH
Because I have always striven to do right by my family.

DEAN
Open it.

LILITH
I am a good and loving woman. As I was a loving mother.

DEAN
Shut up and open that door.

LILITH
In time you will come to love me too, Dean.

Dean shoves Lilith aside and barges into the door with his shoulder. Three more charges and the door flies open.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - DAY

Dean stands in the doorway staring into a room made up of sparkling white, wipe-down surfaces and stainless steel counters.

Surgical instruments are neatly lined in a row; an amniotic hook, forceps, scissors, and a speculum.

Surgical gloves, scrubs and a face mask hang from hooks on the wall. A bed with stirrups at one end takes centre stage.

(CONTINUED)

This is a DELIVERY ROOM.

Nigel sits in his chair, pathetic. Trampled.

NIGEL

I'm having one of my bad days. I
need to sit and think about what
I've done.

Lilith appears over Dean's shoulder.

LILITH

Welcome to the family.

She brings the iron down across the back of his head. The
world turns dark.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - EVENING

Dean awakes. He tries to rise but soon finds that he has
been tied to the bed. He struggles against his bonds.

NIGEL (O.C)

You've upset her.

Dean finds Nigel at his side. The older man looks down at
him, a kind and sympathetic look on his face.

DEAN

How long have I been here?

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - EVENING

Lilith angrily (but with dignity and grace, always)
empties the wardrobe of Dean's belongings.

She does the same with whatever she can find in the
drawers, under the bed, on the shelf and on the desk.

The photo of him and his parents gets taken down and
thrown in a suitcase with everything else.

She leaves what was already in the room before Dean's
arrival.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - EVENING

DEAN
Nigel, please let me go.

NIGEL
Lilith wouldn't like that.

DEAN
What the fuck does she want with me?

NIGEL
You think you were the first?

EXT. STONE BRIDGE - EVENING

Lilith climbs from her car (like a lady) and takes the suitcase of Dean's personal belongings to the edge of the bridge.

NIGEL (V.O)
Before you there was Michael...

She opens the case and upends it over the water.

NIGEL (V.O)
...Before Michael there was Jeffrey...

The photoframe smashes on a rock before the water takes it. The cold river swallows the photo of Dean and his parents.

NIGEL (V.O)
...Before Jeffrey there was Carl...

His clothes, his toiletries, his shoes...all of it is food for the hungry river.

NIGEL(V.O)
...And before Carl there was Johnathan.

Lilith watches it float away or sink beneath the surface.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - EVENING

NIGEL
Michael and Jeffrey and Carl and Jonathan didn't work out.
(Pause)
For your own sake, you'd better make sure you work out.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I can help you get out of here,
Nigel. Lilith is fucking insane.

A car rolls up the drive. Handbrake creaks, engine dies, door opens and closes.

DEAN

Nigel, listen to me. Help me help
you.

Keys slide in the lock. Door opens, closes.

LILITH(O.C)

Boys, I'm home.

NIGEL

Shhh. I'd best go make the
coffee. Lilith doesn't like it
when I don't have the coffee
ready.

DEAN

NOOOO.

Dean can only watch as Nigel leaves the room and shuts the door behind him. He hears the door lock and is left to scream in desperate dissent.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Nigel sits in his favourite chair, the bright colours of the TV illuminating the room.

Behind him Lilith finishes the ironing that Dean started.

Nigel barks a response to a question posed by the exuberant host.

NIGEL

Alfred Hitchcock.

GAMESHOW HOST(OVER TV)

And the answer is...Alfred
Hitchcock.

A round of applause.

LILITH

You're a good man, Nigel Cambion.
I love you.

NIGEL

Love you too.

LILITH
I don't deserve you.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - EVENING

Dean fights his restraints, tugging, pushing, pulling. He soon breaks a sweat. He grits his teeth and soldiers on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

NIGEL
Stephen King.

GAMESHOW HOST (OVER TV)
And the answer is...Stephen King.

LILITH
Well done, my love.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - EVENING

Dean bites down on his lip and veins bulge in his face and neck. His ankle pops free. He pushes his heel against the bond that still tethers his other ankle.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

NIGEL
Nat King Cole.

GAMESHOW HOST (OVER TV)
And the answer is...Nat King Cole.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

LILITH
Who could that possibly be at this hour?

INT. FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Lilith opens the door and greets the visitor with a tight-lipped smile that lets Amelia, looking jet-lagged and exhausted, know she is being intrusive.

AMELIA
I'm looking for Dean.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - EVENING

With both legs now free, Dean is better able to position himself and use his teeth to work on the restraints around his wrists.

INT. FRONT DOOR - EVENING

LILITH

I'm afraid you have the wrong house.

AMELIA

This is 21 Rectory Drive, isn't it?

LILITH

That's correct, but no Dean lives here. What, this the first time a man has disappointed you?

AMELIA

You must be Lilith.

Lilith narrows her gaze at the younger woman. A knowing look passes between them.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - EVENING

Dean frees one hand and uses it to liberate the hand that remains tied.

He runs to the door and throws his weight against it.

INT. FRONT DOOR - EVENING

THUD/CRASH.

Amelia tries to see past Lilith and down the hall.

DEAN (O.S)

Let me out. FUCK.

Amelia charges by Lilith.

LILITH

My goodness.

Lilith is careful to close the front door before charging down the...

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

...behind Amelia, who stops at THE DOOR.

AMELIA

Dean? I jumped on the first plane
as soon as I could to come see
you.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - EVENING

DEAN

Amelia? Call the police, I'm
trapped.

AMELIA (O.S)

What's going on? De -

The words get caught in her throat. There is the sound of something heavy falling softly against the door before sliding down.

Dean drops to the floor to peer beneath the gap under the door.

Amelia's face falls into view, her eyes already glassy and seeing past him. Dean pulls his hands back when BLOOD creeps from beneath the door.

LILITH (O.S)

Look at what you made me do. Look
at this floor.

DEAN

Amelia? Amelia?

LILITH (O.S)

I want you to spend your time in
there thinking about what you've
done.

DEAN

You killed her...you bitch.

LILITH (O.S)

No supper for you.

DEAN

Fuckyoufuckyoufuckyoufuckyou.

He beats against the door, a curse for every rap of his fists.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - NIGHT

Dean is exhausted. He continues to beat against the door, but he is weak, his movements slow. His knuckles bleed and paint red streaks on the door.

Through the gap in the door Lilith can be seen scrubbing the floor and squeezing out a sponge over a bucket. The sponge bleeds red.

LATER THAT NIGHT.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - NIGHT

Dean slips in and out of consciousness. His eyes are open when the light spilling through the gaps in the door go out.

Moments later the stairs and floorboards creek overhead.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - MORNING

Dean sleeps on the floor right behind the door. He shivers, even in his sleep. His knuckles are now scabbed over.

LILITH (O.S)

Dean? Dean?

DEAN

...please, please open the door.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

It pains her to say it.

LILITH

You broke the rules, Dean. I think you need more time to think.

DEAN (O.S)

Please...no...

The TV comes on in a distant room, the sounds muffled, but loud.

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - NIGHT

Dean lies slumped in a far corner, his skin pallid, eyes dark and lips dry and chapped. His voice is barely above a whisper, a parched croak.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
...I'm so thirsty...I'm so
thirsty...I'm so thirsty.

His eyes fall shut.

LATER:

INT. THE LOCKED ROOM - NIGHT

Dean urinates into a pristine measuring jug. He forces the pitiful stream of dark amber liquid into the glass.

He doesn't bother to zip up.

Dean brings the beaker to his lips and drinks a couple of mouthfuls before vomiting.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Glorious sunshine fills the room. Dean's eyebrows do the heavy lifting before his eyelids are up to the job. When he does finally and fully wake he is forced to squint.

His eyes are red and his vision blurred. Eventually he is able to focus...on Lilith, smiling down at him, hands crossed at her front.

LILITH
I bet it's nice to be back in
your own room, isn't it?

DEAN
Wha - What's going on?

LILITH
I need to know that you're going
to be good. I need to be able to
trust you and to know that you're
not going to break any more
rules.

DEAN
Who the fuck are you?

LILITH
I'm Lilith, silly.

DEAN
...You're insane.

LILITH
Are you willing to promise me
that you'll behave?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

I'm thirsty.

LILITH

Uh-uh, not so fast.

DEAN

I promise. Now can I have some water? Please.

LILITH

I would expect you to say that. I'm no fool. I run a tight ship, as you've become accustomed to, but it is all for good reason.

(Pause)

Nothing happens in this house without my say so, Dean. Nothing. I give the best and I expect the best in return. So, I'm afraid, that until you have demonstrated that you can be trusted...

She strips the duvet from the bed. Dean is tied down with his palms turned out. He watches her every move with great anxiety.

She plugs the IRON into the wall and a RED LIGHT comes on.

LILITH

...Ol' Lilith is going to have to make sure of a few things herself, isn't she?

DEAN

What are you doing? Lilith? Lilith, listen to me.

She spits (as a Lady is called to, on occasion) onto the flat surface of the iron. The ball of saliva bounces and dances.

LILITH

I'd say that's about ready.

DEAN

Get away from me.

She presses the hot iron against the palm of his hand. He screams bloody murder.

DEAN

NigelHelpMeNigelHelp.

She does the same to his other hand. He screams, almost passes out.

(CONTINUED)

LILITH

We can't have you wandering
around where you're not allowed.

The iron meets the sole of his foot. SCREAM. GARGLE SPIT.

The other foot gets the same treatment.

DEAN

NigelPleaseHelpMePlease.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Nigel tries his hardest to focus on the TV. But Dean's guttural screams get to him. His lip quivers, just a little. His eyes twitch. He turns up the volume on the TV.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Dean is barely conscious. His chest heaves and sweat glistens on his brow.

LILITH

I'll go fetch your water. Would
you like some lemon in it?

She disappears and returns moments later with a glass of water with a straw and a slice of lemon in it.

Dean just about manages a few sips.

LILITH

I'm sorry to do this to you,
Dean. But you need to learn. You
will give me what I want.

He passes out from the pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The steady and rhythmic *dripdripdrip* of water. Dean comes around and his focus lands on a shiny, round helium balloon with the words "Get Well Soon" cheerily plastered on its front.

He once again finds Lilith at his bedside.

She wears an apron and uses a cloth to dab gently at his burnt hands and feet. Water drips from the cloth into a bowl below.

(CONTINUED)

LILITH
Do you like it?

DEAN
Fuck you.

LILITH
We don't want these getting
infected, do we?

He spits in her face.

Remaining perfectly composed, Lilith uses a piece of her apron to wipe the spit from her face.

LILITH
I'll have you know I've been
dealt far worse than that, young
man.

She moves on to the next foot, sliding a stool along the floor for her to sit herself on.

LILITH
It's true what they say, becoming
a parent really does change you.
You can try and prepare for it
all you like, but only when you
hold your child in your arms do
you really feel it. Feel the
change happening, shaping you,
molding you, for good.

(Pause)

But let me tell you, there is no
warning, no warning at all that
can prepare you for the change
that comes when you are forced to
bury that child. That changes
you. That changes you for good
all over again.

(Pause)

More water?

She holds the glass under his chin and helps him take a mouthful. She wipes his mouth clean.

LILITH
It is then that you realise that
you really would do anything for
your child. Anything to have them
back.

She clears things away and is about to leave the room.

DEAN
You need to let me go.

LILITH

I'm afraid I can't do that.

DEAN

People will come looking for me.

LILITH

Who? Your mother who passed away?
Your father who has all but
disowned you? Your floozy skirt,
Amelia?

That hits Dean hard. He tries to mask the hurt, but his face betrays him.

LILITH

...I'll be back for your glass
when you're finished.

Dean twists his head around and can do nothing but watch her leave.

DEAN

Come back here you fucking psycho
bitch.

LILITH

I won't have that kind of
language in my house, thank you
very much.

She shuts the door.

Instinctively he swings his feet over the edge of the bed and plants them on the floor.

He screams his throat raw and collapses in a quivering heap.

He (kind of) recovers and crawls on his knees and elbows to the door where he reaches up and tries the handle. Another scream.

Dean withdraws his hand and clutches it to his chest. He then puts each arm to either side of the door handle and is able to turn it.

But the door is locked.

He folds to the floor, out of breath. Eventually he summons the strength to drag himself to the window.

Dean looks out onto an empty, quiet, rural landscape. He bangs on the glass uselessly with his wrists.

Realising his efforts are futile, he slides to the floor and cries.

(CONTINUED)

...*THUNKCLICK*...*THUNKCLICK*...*THUNKCLICK*...*THUNKCLICK*...Nigel on his crutches.

A thin sliver of shadow appears in the gap beneath the door.

DEAN
Nigel...?

Silence.

DEAN
Nigel? I know you're there.

Dean drags himself across the floor to the door.

DEAN
Nigel, be a fucking man and answer me you piece of shit.

NIGEL (O.S)
It's better if you do what she wants.

DEAN
We can get out of this together.

NIGEL (O.S)
It will be ok.

DEAN
Open your fucking eyes, Nigel. What has she done to you? Is it true she's your own sister? Do something to get yourself out of here. Get the key to unlock this door and I can help you to escape all this.

NIGEL (O.S)
Open your own eyes Dean.

DEAN
What? What are you talking about?

NIGEL (O.S)
Help me to escape? You already have.

DEAN
Nigel?

NIGEL (O.S)
I'm sorry.

...*THUNKCLICK*...*THUNKCLICK*...*THUNKCLICK*...the sound of Nigel's crutches on the floor fade as he moves away from the door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nigel turns on the taps and the tub begins to fill with water.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lilith stands before a full length mirror, examining her appearance. She carefully unties the apron at her back and slips it off over her head.

She undresses.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dean haul's himself back onto the bed, grunting with the effort and wincing in pain. He flops down onto the mattress and stares up at the ceiling.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

As the water level in the bathtub continues to rise Nigel too regards himself in the mirror, a contented smile on his face.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lilith takes her time sliding into a sheer black nightdress that clings to her figure. More than satisfied, she smiles at her reflection.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Dean stares at the ceiling...

FLASHBACK:

NIGEL (V.O)
 You think you were the first?...I
 wasn't worthy, no man is...

FLASHBACK:

The room still occupied by a stranger's possessions; The clothes. The books. The pornographic magazine.

PRESENT:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lilith brushes and fixes her hair. It sits across her shoulders. She applies a layer of red lipstick.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dean continues putting the pieces of the puzzle together...

FLASHBACK:

Dean discovers the baby photos.

LILITH (V.O)

You think about the kind of person they should have grown to be. You have hopes and expectations. But they died with him.

FLASHBACK:

He rifles through the baby photos, each one identified by a different boy's name.

LILITH

(V.O)

Oliver was born...different. Not how one might have hoped. We did everything we could... Tragically parents from time to time are forced to make unspeakable choices.

PRESENT:

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dean appears to come to some form of comprehension, an understanding that leaves a sour taste in his mouth as his own question to Lilith replays in his mind.

DEAN

(V.O)

Do I need to change?

The door opens and Lilith enters, at first hovering in the doorway.

DEAN

You want the perfect son? Is that it? What happened to the babies that didn't live up to expectations? What fucking rules

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (cont'd)
 did they break? What happened to
 the others like me that you
 couldn't change to suit you?

LILITH
 My poor Dean, how wrong you are.
 It never was a son that I wanted.
 Which is precisely why they were
 disposed of.

(Beat)
 All I've ever wanted, all I ever
 desired or tried for, was a
 little girl.

She steps inside and her movements and posturing are,
 without doubt, sexually charged.

She positions herself above him and begins to slide the
 hem of her nightdress up her legs.

FLASHBACK:

NIGEL(V.O)
 ...take on some of my roles and
 responsibilities. The duties that
 used to fall on yours truly.

PRESENT:

Dean can only stare, wide-eyed in shock and utter
 disbelief? He is repulsed by his own arousal.

LILITH
 And you're going to give me what
 I want.

She lowers herself onto him and kisses his neck.

FLASHBACK:

NIGEL (V.O)
 Help me to escape? You already
 have.

PRESENT:

INT. BATHROOM -NIGHT

Nigel eases himself, fully clothed, into the bathtub full
 of steaming water.

He reaches for a RAZOR and, moving slowly but without
 hesitation slides the blade over his wrist.

Nigel opens up his other wrist and lays back as his blood
 mixes with the water.

He smiles.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dean and Lilith's noses are almost touching.

DEAN

No. No. No. I won't.

LILITH

Protest all you want, your body appears to oblige.

DEAN

Get away from me.

LILITH

It gets easier, I promise. This is the way it has to be. I'm ready.

Dean is disgusted. With Lilith. With himself. He turns his face away as Lilith sits astride him and lowers her body onto his own.

His face remains stoic as his body sways and pulses, as dictated by Lilith's motions.

She attempts to kiss him. He gives her nothing, no reaction.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

LILITH AND NIGEL'S ROOM - DAY

Lilith looks through the baby photos. She moves quickly past the boys to get to the image of the tiny baby in the incubator.

LILITH (V.O)

Megan was eight weeks old when Nigel and I were forced to make the decision to turn off her life support.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dean lies on his side, his back to the room. He wears a vacant, broken expression.

Lilith stands at the window, also with her back to the room.

(CONTINUED)

LILITH

The doctors said nothing could be done, that she was dying from the moment she was born.

(Pause)

She was our first. My light in the dark.

She turns, faces the room. Faces Dean.

LILITH

We tried for years after for another just like her. But we were only ever met with...disappointments.

DEAN

Boys.

LILITH

We had to...let them go.

DEAN

You murdered your own babies.

LILITH

They weren't right. I always thought that if I could just have my little girl back, I would have my life back. I would be complete. I thought she could mend my broken heart. Nigel tried as hard as he could and for as long as he could to please me. But I believe he gave as much of himself as he had to give. That's when was I forced to turn to others. Others just like you.

DEAN

And what happened to them?

LILITH

(Beat)

I know you think me a monster, Dean. I don't expect you to understand the needs of a mother.

FLASH TO:

Lilith smothers an infant with his own stuffed toy.

FLASH TO:

She drowns a second boy in a baby bath.

PRESENT:

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lilith wipes away a tear.

LILITH

You should get some sleep.
Goodnight.

She closes the door on her way out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MONTAGE.

- A. Lilith dons an apron and rubber gloves.
 - B. She prepares a chopping board and selection of knives.
 - C. She spreads a tarpaulin across the kitchen floor.
 - D. Lilith plugs in the electric kitchen knife and tests the device with a quick press of the button. The two parallel blades whir into action.
- She takes the knife to Nigel's corpse, now laid out on the tarp.
- E. A forearm is placed onto the chopping board with a slap.
 - F. A foot (left).
 - G. A foot (right).
 - E. Lilith wipes the sweat and blood from her brow.
 - F. She folds away the tarp.
 - G. She carves the severed chunks of flesh into more delicate proportions.
 - H. The cuts of meat go into rows of plastic tubs matching in size.
 - I. And the tubs go into the freezer.
 - J. Lilith mops the floor, wipes down the kitchen counter, washes the knives and chopping board in the sink, and peels off the rubber gloves with a sigh.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Lilith watches television by herself, knitting. She chuckles half-heartedly along with the canned laughter before looking across to the vacant armchair, then the empty space beside her.

She puts down her knitting to push a cushion between her thighs.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - EVENING

Dean lies on his side, vacant and despondent. A tray of food (Nigel) lies untouched beside the bed.

LILITH

Are you not eating? You need your strength.

(Sighs, picking up tray)
I'll be back shortly with your water.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lilith crushes a blue tablet, sprinkles the resulting powder into a glass of water, then squeezes a slice of lemon into the glass.

She uses a tiny dustpan and brush to clear away any fine blue powder. She carries the glass out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Lilith treads softly into Dean's room where the single overhead light burns.

She drifts towards the bed in her nightwear and swings the door closed on Dean's awake and vacant expression. The light is extinguished.

Bed springs creak.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

Lilith straightens her dress in front of the mirror and applies a fresh coat of lipstick.

She turns, looks down at Dean. He reeks of depression. A tray of untouched food remains beside the bed. Worry lines crease Lilith's face.

She stabs a finger at the wilting balloon, still just enough helium left in the thing to keep it bobbing towards the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

LILITH

I ought to get rid of this thing.

She slides an envelope out from beneath a cup of orange juice.

LILITH

This came for you the other day.

He ignores her.

LILITH

I'll open it for you.

She opens the envelope and unfolds a short letter. After quickly scanning the page her mouth turns tight-lipped.

LILITH

It appears to be from your dear departed lady friend. The sooner I dispose of this, the better.

She folds it over again, twice, for good measure.

The doorbell rings.

Lilith puts the letter down by Dean's bedside. She then hurries away and locks the door behind her.

Thump...thump...thump...down the stairs.

LILITH (O.S)

Just coming.

Dean reaches for the letter and unfolds it.

FRONT DOOR

Lilith opens the door. The POSTMAN smiles back at her and hands her a parcel.

POSTMAN

Another package for ya, love.

Lilith accepts the parcel.

DEAN'S ROOM

Dean reads the letter.

AMELIA (V.O)

Hi Dean, it's hard here. Really hard. But worth it. And nothing worth doing is ever easy, is it? Thanks for coming out of nowhere,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA (V.O) (cont'd)
right when I least expected it,
and igniting my fire. Thanks for
jump starting my life. I hope I
can do the same for you one day.
Love Amelia.

He looks up from the page to the wall and sees past it.

FRONT DOOR

The Postman is just leaving and Lilith is just closing the door when he turns on his heels and returns.

POSTMAN
Need a signature.

Lilith starts signing.

DEAN'S ROOM

He crawls from the bed and hits the floor with a thud.

FRONT DOOR

The Postman tilts his head, looks up, then questioningly at Lilith.

Lilith reads his look and diffuses it with a smile (and a flick of her hair).

LILITH
My Nigel is having one of his bad
days.

The Postman nods sympathetically.

DEAN'S ROOM

He is stillll reeling from the fresh wave of pain in his hands and feet. He forces it aside and crawls on his elbows to the window.

Dean is just about able to prop himself up enough so that he can see the top of the Postman's head as he is leaving.

Dean raises a fist, about to pound on the glass.

Outside the Postman puts his earphones in his ears and nods his head slightly to whatever music is pumped into his ear canals.

Dean's hope dies. He lets his hand fall to his side.

(CONTINUED)

He sees his reflection in the window (not pretty), and that of the floating balloon. He gets moving...

The front door closes...

Dean grabs Lilith's lipstick from the desk.

She climbs the first few steps...

Dean writes on the balloon in red; "999 HELP RAPED TRAPPED 21 RECTORY DRIVE".

He opens the window, shoves the balloon outside. It slowly rises.

Dean crawls back into bed and looks back to the window but the balloon's trailing ribbon is snagged on the window lock.

Lilith reaches the top step. She is coming down the hall.

The tumblers in the lock turn with a loud CLUNK.

Dean takes the glass from the tray between his bandaged hands and downs the thing as quick as he can. He hides the glass under the bed.

The entangled balloon is caught by a passing breeze and is freed. It ascends and disappears from view.

Lilith enters and quickly surveys the room with the eyes of a predator.

LILITH

This behaviour won't do, Dean. I think we need to see a change in attitude, don't you?

DEAN

You're right.

Lilith pauses, listens; I'm all ears.

DEAN

I'm looking forward to tonight. let's make it special.

LILITH

What did you have in mind?

DEAN

Why don't you bring a bottle of wine.

(Pause. Smiles)

Just this one time. Make it a about us. Make it a new beginning.

(CONTINUED)

Dean tries on his besst smile.

LILITH
You wouldn't be lying to me,
would you?

DEAN
Kiss me and find out.

LILITH
What?

DEAN
I said kiss me. Tell me if I'm
lying.

She hesitates. Dean offers his hand and she takes it. He gently pulls her closer and offers his lips.

The kiss is quick and tender until Dean holds her face, her head, and kisses her passionately. He leaves her breathless.

DEAN
So am I lying?

Lilith puts a hand to her chest, says it all.

DEAN
I'll see you tonight.

Lilith backs out the door, still feeling the effects of the kiss.

She still has the peace of mind to shut the door and lock it.

Dean removes a pillow from its pillow case. He then takes the glass from under the bed and puts it in the pillowcase.

He uses a book from the shelf to break the glass. The pillowcase of broken glass then gets shoved under the mattress.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lilith readies herself, a permanent pleased look on her face.

She moves across to her burea and sits. She wears a smile as she writes something. A moment later she fastens a small card onto a GIFT BAG decorated with a ribbon.

Merrily she gets up and walks out the room, carrying the gift with her.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lilith takes a bottle of wine from the fridge and two tall glasses from the cupboard.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings inward. Lilith saunters in and Dean makes the effort to return her lustful look.

She puts down the glasses, pours two drinks.

LILITH
Your timing is perfect. I have
something to tell you.

She slides the gift across the table towards Dean. He pays it no attention.

DEAN
Music.

LILITH
Pardon?

DEAN
Why don't I finish pouring the
wine while you go put on some
music. Then you can tell me
whatever it is you have to tell
me.

LILITH
Ok.

She leaves the room and shortly thereafter the romantic sounds of strings being plucked waft in.

Dean grabs the pillowcase and empties the broken glass all over the floor, right in the doorway. And waits.

Lilith returns and her smile vanishes when she steps on the jagged shards. She piles to the floor with a scream and holds her bleeding foot.

DEAN
See how you like not being able
to walk.

He makes a dive, sending the glasses to the floor, where they shatter, and the gift bag sliding out into the hall.

Dean grabs the bottle of wine around the neck and brings it down on her skull with a sickening thud. She drops prone to the floor and moans nonsensically.

He climbs over her.

(CONTINUED)

Lilith quickly comes to and claws her way over Dean's body.

The two fight viciously, each hair pull, scratch to the face, slam to the head, and kick to the groin more savage and spiteful than the last.

Lilith and Dean wrestle their way across the floor.

Dean pushes her over the edge of the top step. She teeters for just a moment...

LILITH

My ba -

She falls. Her body breaks on the steps before it even hits the bottom.

Dean looks down at her lifeless form lying slumped crookedly at the foot of the stairs while his chest rises and falls rises and falls.

He lies there, catching his breath.

Unremarkable yet incongruous, the gift bag remains on the floor within arms reach.

Dean stares at it for a moment before deciding to reach out and take it.

More POUNDING at the door

He slides the card out, unfolds it, reads...

LILITH (V.O)

To us, all three of us...

Dean wears a look of dread. He reaches into the bag and pulls out a folded, knitted, item of clothing.

Something small, white and plastic - the size of a pen - falls from the bag and lands at Dean's feet.

He unfolds the knitted garment and finds himself holding a BABY GROW embroidered with the name 'Megan'.

DEAN

No.

He peers between the banisters and looks down at Lilith's corpse. Her glassy orbs stare back at him.

DEAN

No.

A pregnancy test kit, reading positive, lies on the floor by Dean's feet.

THE END.