

BLACK WINTERS © 2011

FADE IN:

INT. 1820'S - COUNTRY CABIN - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A roaring fireplace wards off an encroaching darkness.

LADY MADDY LISBON, late twenties, soft pearl eyes, a long Prussian blue dress, sits in a large lavish armchair, she watches the flames, enthralled.

MADDY

I'm glad we finally made back here.
How long has it been?

A voice protrudes from the dense surrounding black.

CHARLES (O.S.)

11 years.

CHARLES, thirties, jacket and waistcoat, takes a long powerful draw on his pipe, it glows and diminishes eerily.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

The country air always did bring
out the other-side of you.

MADDY

Don't even joke about it, Charlie.

CHARLES

I'm sorry, I couldn't resist.

MADDY

How long do you think we have?

CHARLES

Days, or weeks. I can't say -
Let's not talk about that, we're
her now aren't we.

Charles leans forward on one knee and extends a hand.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Would the madam care to dance.

MADDY

Always with the theatrics.

He pushes her hair gently aside and gazes into her eyes.

With a short smile.

CHARLES

Well, you are the most beautiful
woman in the room.

She accepts his hand, and takes to her feet.

Charles sets the needle on the phonograph, static crackles.

They face each other and take a bow. As the music starts, they Waltz.

INT. COUNTRY CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charles slides out of bed. He lovingly caresses Maddy whom lays soundly asleep, accentuated by moonlight.

He move softly into...

INT. COUNTRY CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The fireplace embers still glow dimly.

He moves near the fireplace and begins to remove a loose floor board.

He notices something on one of his hands. A strange scattering of small black petals grow upon it's back and dither up his forearm.

He examines his arm calmly, curiously and without surprise. Pulling upon one of the petals, he winces in pain. The petal draws out a long needle like spine buried beneath the skin, black blood oozes from the hole.

He casts the petal aside, returning his attention the floor boards with renewed haste.

Levering up from the ground, he pulls up a large wooden crate. He wipes away the thick dust from it's lid to reveal the heavily indented words - "DYNAMITE".

INT. COUNTRY CABIN - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Charles steps into the cabin, a dead rabbit in hand.

CHARLES
Darling, I'm back.

He places the rabbit on the worktop.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
There was a rabbit in the traps.

He turns to the open door, watches the falling snow flakes.

CHARLES
It's starting to snow.

A high pitched scream from within the house breaks serene landscape.

3.

MADDY (O.S.)

Charles!

CHARLES

Maddy!?

He launches himself towards the call.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Maddy, where are you.

He notices streaks of black liquid riddle the floor. He follows the trail.

INT. COUNTRY CABIN - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charles bursts in.

The bathroom is in a state, strewn clothing, broken fixtures.

A mix of blood and black claw like marks spread evenly across the walls.

Maddy sits in the bath, naked, in a fetal position. The bath filled mid way with a thick black water.

Her torso covered in what appear like small black feathers, her irises blood red. She violently claws at the feathers, tears stream down her face.

She looks at Charles pleadingly, helpless.

MADDY

(cracking)
Charles.

CHARLES

It's ok. I'm here.

Charles embraces her. Holds her tightly.

INT. COUNTRY CABIN - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Maddy appears from the bedroom, she wears a long jumper to conceal her arms, though the feathers peer from each of their openings like majestic cuffs.

CHARLES

Are you alright?

MADDY

Yes, it was, it was just something
of a shock.

She notices Charles arms, the black petals now resembling her own feathers.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Your arms.

Charles smiles softly.

CHARLES

We make quite the pair.

MADDY

Do I look hideous?

CHARLES

No more than usual.

She grins, pushes him playfully.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

But, we may have to recommission
that portrait we had done.

She laughs. As her laugh slowly ebbs away, her face washes over with a brief sadness. Charles smile dips, and for a moment they share a look of grave oblivion.

Maddy wipes a tear from the corner of her eye and renews a beaming grin.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Perhaps it's time to open the good
wine.

Charles moves over to a small shelf.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

My father was quite the connoisseur
before... before.

He picks one out.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

This one's perhaps worth more than
our entire estate.

MADDY

If it was up to you you'd probably
be living in a bottle as well.

He pours her out a glass, and then himself.

CHARLES

Cheers.

They clink glasses.

Charles tends to lighting the fire place.

MADDY
Have you finished your memoirs?

CHARLES
Almost. I'll have them soon -
Perhaps you could play for me this
evening while I write.

MADDY
I'd love to.

CHARLES
Oh, and I found rabbit in the
traps, perhaps for dinner?

MADDY
Rabbits. Poor things.

Maddy walks over to the worktop. As she sets eyes on the
dead rabbit she stops in her tracks.

CHARLES
I know you don't like seeing them
like that, but this is the country.

Her breath deepens.

MADDY
Charlie.

CHARLES
If you can't get used to the
sight...

Maddy interupts.

MADDY
Charlie. I've an overwhelming urge
to drink it's blood.

Charles stands, looks at her gravely.

MADDY (CONT'D)
I can't look away, Charlie.
Charlie.

He slowly makes his towards her.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Don't you feel it too?

Gently, he holds her by the wrists, musters a calm smile.

CHARLES
Come and play for me. Come and
play your violin, I want to listen.

She meets his gaze.

MADDY

How can you act like nothings
wrong. Like this is nothing.

CHARLES

Because I have to - Now play for
me.

Slowly he draws her away to the sofa.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You know how much I love to hear
you play.

He opens a case to reveal a beautiful handcrafted violin. He
hands it to her.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Do you remember, do you remember
what I said.

MADDY

When you first heard me play at the
auditorium in Victoria, you fell
instantly in love with me.

CHARLES

That's right.

Charles backs away and takes a seat opposite.

Maddy, poises herself, and begins to play.

The day transitions to dusk.

INT. COUNTRY CABIN - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DARLING, early twenties, dressed like a messenger boy knocks
at the front door.

DARLING

Hello. Sir Charles? Lady Maddy?

The door creaks ajar. He wearily pushes his way in.

He taps the snow off his hat.

DARLING (CONT'D)

Hello?

The windows are drawn cabin funnels into a dark abyss.
Darling eyes the rabbit, now messily drained of it's blood.

MADDY (O.S.)
(disaffected)
Darling.

Darling peers haplessly into the darkness.

DARLING
Is that you Lady Maddy?

MADDY (O.S.)
You shouldn't be here, Darling.

DARLING
Your estate was empty. Your butler
said you had escaped to the country
for some days now. You have been a
stickler to find.

MADDY (O.S.)
Oh.

DARLING
I've got letters, loads of letters
actually. Need be signing by Mr
Charles. Quite a quandary gettin'
down here Mam.

DARLING (CONT'D)
Where is Sir Charles, Mam?

MADDY (O.S.)
He's setting the dynamite.

DARLING
He's what?, sorry?

A pair of red eyes glow in the darkness. Maddy approaches.

DARLING (CONT'D)
Lady Maddy, is that you?

MADDY
He's making our final arrangements.

Darling washes with fear.

Maddy appears from the shroud, barely resembling a human.
Clothes-less, her face and skin pitch black, aside from her
darting red eyes. Feathers adorn her entire body, tight upon
her slender frame.

Darling stumbles backwards.

MADDY (CONT'D)
You shouldn't have come here, we
weren't meant to be found.

She launches at darling with furious speed, releasing a horrific bestial roar.

She grasps him by the neck, lifts him off the ground with considerable ease.

MADDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Darling. But I can't help myself.

She pierces a sharp claw into his neck just breaking the skin, blood oozes. She licks the blood sensuously.

Suddenly another roar echoes from behind. Charles grapples her. His appearance now resembling her monstrous state.

Charles pulls her off Darling. They struggle.

CHARLES

Run!

Darling scrambles to his feet. He heistates.

DARLING

Mr Charles?

CHARLES

Run! While you can.

Darling turns and darts out the door.

Charles turns her, so they meet face to face. He holds her tightly in embrace.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

This isn't you, Maddy. This isn't what we are.

Maddys heavy breathing begins to subside.

MADDY

I have the strongest desire to kill you and eat your flesh.

CHARLES

As do I.

MADDY

I can't help myself. What's happening.

CHARLES

It's not meant to end like this.

Charles releases her. She stands calmly.

Charles puts on the phonograph, music begins to play.

He lights the end of a red fuse wire, it begins to burn slowly.

He turns to Maddy on a knee.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Would you care for one final dance?

Maddy takes his hand.

The two monsters begin to Waltz.

The fuse wire burns slowly. It leads across the floor to outside the cabin. A row of dynamite line the cabins foundations.