

Charades

Written by

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EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS. DAY. 1999.

HARVARD. Auburn temples line the trail through campus.

ANABELLE (18) duck earrings, strawberry blonde, curious, bright, gazes along the Harvard trail towards the great big campus. Enamoured by it all.

Floods of STUDENTS brush past her.

INT. CRIMSON YARD DORMOTORY - HARVARD. DAY.

Anabelle relieves her shoulder of her many bags. She looks out the window as the autumn leaves swirl around.

INT. CRIMSON YARD DORMOTORY - HARVARD. DAY.

Anabelle SHAKES hands with **XIAO** a Chinese girl. The two girls engage in casual conversation. It's awkward but engaged.

INT. LECTURE HALL - HARVARD. DAY.

Row on row of **young girls** and Anabelle. The **LECTURER** reads from a massive white board.

A **group of boys** disturb the class by waving a banner that reads: '**Freshers**' on it. The Lecturer ushers them out.

EXT. BUSY NIGHTCLUB - QUEUE. NIGHT.

Music emanates from the busy nightclub's entrance. People in line are angsty to get in.

Anabelle and Xiao stands sweetly and innocent in queue as **guys** behind and in front **yell** at the bouncer and **girls** dressed provocatively. Xiao and Anabelle laugh at the boys.

BALDY BOUNCER stands in front of the girls. Points to a sign.

"21+ ENTRY ONLY - IDENTIFICATION REQUIRED".

They look at each other with grave disappointment.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS. DAY.

A NERDY GUY in glasses, a back pack and jorts sits by a set of stairs.

Anabelle and xiao approach him. They hand him an envelope of money and he goes into his bag, tosses the girls FAKE ID's.

INT. BUSY NIGHTCLUB - ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

The music now louder. Everything darker. Beams of multicolour lights shoot out from the open door.

Anabelle and Xiao hand over their jackets and bags to the **cloakroom assistant**, holding on awkwardly to their purses. What a farce. They love it.

INT. BUSY NIGHTCLUB - BAR. NIGHT.

Anabelle gets drinks from the crowded bar. Tries pushing past people with the drinks but its **difficult** .

INT. BUSY NIGHTCLUB - DANCE FLOOR. NIGHT.

Xiao is too busy dancing to notice Anabelle with the drinks. Anabelle watches in admiration. Xiao lets loose.

INT. BUSY NIGHTCLUB - DANCE FLOOR. NIGHT.

Anabelle now dances alongside Xiao, they are having a grand old time, dancing close - so close they can feel each other hitting off one another with every step. Both now efficiently drunk.

EXT. STREETS. NIGHT.

Anabelle and Xiao one in front of the other balance along a side walk curb. The night is lit up by the milky cataract moon.

INT. CRIMSON YARD DORMOTORY - HARVARD. DAY.

Anabelle and Xiao look over at each other with banging headaches. They can't help but laugh, until Anabelle sprints for the En-Suite bathroom. Vomits.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY.

Anabelle nurses a coffee as she reads documents on her laptop. **Score results! 78 out of 100 (B-) Well done!** She smiles, proud of herself.

Laptop: **XIAO SKYPE MESSAGE**. Anabelle unlocks it. **PHONE ME RIGHT NOW**. She phones Skypes Xiao. Xiao answers, holding up her papers: **XIAO - score... papers 1000-1, 96 out of 100 (A+)**. Anabelle freaks out - ecstatic for her friend.

INT. BAR. DAY.

The bar is littered with students. Its about 3PM, the daylight shines strongly through the windows.

Xiao and Anabelle are celebrating their score results with beers.

ALEX, a tall, dark and handsome (19) boy walks past with about five beers in his hands as he slowly crawls with them to a table adjacent to Xiao and Anabelle's. Anabelle is fixated.

Alex seats beside a table full of boys and girls. They cheer his arrival, someone **SHOOTS** a paper straw at his head.

Anabelle points over to their table without drawing suspicion. Xiao follows the finger and shies away after seeing the contents of the table across. Shakes her head **noooo**.

INT. BAR. DAY.

Anabelle sees Alex heading up for more drinks. She jumps up to the bar, when Xiao and Anabelle still have half a pint left.

Alex and Anabelle gets their drinks. As they are about to leave the bar, Anabelle accidentally bumps into Alex and she spills her drink all over the both of them.

He apologises profusely and she tries to clean his trousers and shirt. He stops her and lets her know he's fine. She apologies, both laugh.

Anabelle introduces herself and so does Alex, Xiao watches from the side lines embarrassed. Alex invites Anabelle to his table, she accepts and asks for Xiao. He nods.

Xiao hides her face, Anabelle grabs her by the hand and draaaags her over to Alex's table where he introduces everyone.

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

Everyone is now PISS drunk and laughing at each other. They all smoke cigarettes. Ash all over the table and floor.

A Bartender approaches the rambunctious group and takes the remainder of their drinks off them.

They all give the Bartender hassle, except Alex and Annabelle. Even Xiao is throwing out some vocals to the people trying to close for the night.

Alex and Anabelle share a moment in their bubble of silence as those around them start a riot.

INT. ELM YARD DORMOTORY - HARVARD. NIGHT.

Anabelle and Alex make out in his dorm. Its a messy pig sty. And they don't help by undressing and throwing their clothes all over the room.

INT. BAR. DAY.

Anabelle in a blue cardigan brings beers down to the table with Alex, his friends and Xiao.

INT. BAR. DAY.

Anabelle in different clothes, a green turtleneck hands everyone their beers. Kisses Alex.

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

Everyone steaming, Anabelle in a grey crop top, smiles as she downs a pint of cider. Lips and tongue, purple.

INT. BUSY NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

Dancing. Multicolour lights. Shots. Music. Photo-booth pictures.

INT. TOILETS - BUSY NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

Xiao holds up Anabelle's hair as she SPEWS into the toilets.

INT. BUSY NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

More shots. More cigarettes. Smoke fills the air.

INT. LECTURE HALL - HARVARD. DAY.

The lecturer lectures the inhabitants of the hall.

Anabelle's usual seat is empty.

INT. CRIMSON YARD DORMOTORY - HARVARD. DAY.

Anabelle fights her duvet, cuddles into the blanket. Smiles at Xiao who smiles back...

Xiao sprints for the En-Suite, as Anabelle laughs.

INT. BAR. DAY.

Anabelle sits alone on her laptop, massages her temples as she puts a cigarette to her lips. **Score results... 51 out of 100 (D) try HARDER!**

INT. PI BETA - LIVING ROOM - YALE. NIGHT.

Frat boys do beer pong in PI BETA YALE FRATERNITY.

Xiao and Anabelle enter the living room with Alex as he chest bumps a couple of his FRAT MATES.

Beer splashes all over the girls as they piss themselves laughing.

INT. PI BETA - BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle, **two Frat boys** and Xiao do lines of cocaine off the tiles of the sink.

A couple frat boys try to break down the door, the girls just watch and laugh.

INT. PI BETA - BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle and Xiao are both making out with the Frat boys. Anabelle looking strangely to Xiao.

INT. PI BETA - YALE. NIGHT.

Xiao and Anabelle sit on the couch smoking weed. Alex heatedly converses with someone across the room. The place has a haze of smoke all over.

Xiao caresses Anabelle's ear lobes where the set of duck earrings are. She giggles and rubs them between her fingers.

INT. PI BETA - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle shots back liqueur as the crowds of Yale students cheer.

Alex sneaks up on Anabelle and gives her a kiss, she shrugs him off and continues drinking. Alex turns away and leaves angrily.

INT. PI BETA - SECOND FLOOR. NIGHT.

Anabelle crawls herself up the spiral staircase to the second floor. She hears all sorts of **moans, sniffs and banging** sounds from each of the bedrooms. But she is very inebriated.

INT. PI BETA - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle opens the first door she comes to. The room is dark but she can see something very clearly.

Xiao on a bed, half naked, knocked out completely. Foam drips from her mouth. Anabelle's eyes jut out and she turns all the way back round.

INT. PI BETA - SECOND FLOOR. NIGHT.

Anabelle's eyes fill with tears and dread. She fights her legs for stability, and resists the earth's gravity to pull her down.

EXT. PI BETA. NIGHT.

Anabelle pushes past people as they enter and exit the Fraternity. Her tears dry as she falls on the grass. She clutches at the ground, but all she comes up with is frost.

The winter air chills Anabelle as she cries in the cold. A **wreck**.

EMERALD'S VOICE (V.O)
Hey, Anabelle. I hope Harvard's treating you well. I hope to hear all about it once you're home.

INT. CRIMSON YARD DORMOTORY - HARVARD. DAY.

Snow falls outside the window over the back drop of the Harvard Yard.

Anabelle stuffs all of her clothing into bags, without care. Looks over at the empty bed beside her. But only for a second. She can't bear to look.

EMERALD'S VOICE (V.O)
I'm excited to tell you that we will be celebrating it at your grandparent's this year. Your Uncle Ritchie will be there, with his wife and kids. So you'll have plenty of friends. Given they are much younger.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS. DAY.

Anabelle smokes a cigarette whilst she waits for a taxi to pull up.

It pulls up so she snubs the cigarette and crushes it with her heel.

EMERALD'S VOICE (V.O)
 Grandpa has also informed us that
 Grandma has gone completely off the
 rails in the past six years. So we
 will be performing an intervention
 between Chrissie and New Years,
 darling.

INT. TRAIN STATION - HARVARD. DAY.

Anabelle waits in the station for her train.

INT. TRAIN. DAY.

She listens to music on the train. She drowns everything out.

INT. TRAIN STATION - WORCESTER. DAY.

EMERALD'S VOICE (V.O)
 And please god tell me you didn't
 forget to get presents again. Good
 ones this time. We want to make
 this a Christmas and New Years your
 grandpa will remember.

Anabelle gets off from the train and heads directly for the
 gift store inside the station to buy last minute Christmas
 gifts.

INT. GIFT STORE. DAY.

Anabelle buys all sorts of **random** gifts for her **mother,**
father, grandma, grandpa, uncle and aunt, and the cousins.

EMERALD'S VOICE (V.O)
 You never know how many more he has
 left in him.

EXT. TAXI RANK - TRAIN STATION. DAY.

Anabelle gets another taxi from the train station's taxi rank
 and directs it homebound.

INT/EXT. TAXI CAB. DAY.

EMERALD'S VOICE (V.O)
 With Love, Mother.

Anabelle listens to music, as she gets closer to her house
 she pulls the headphones down and peers out the window.

ANABELLE
Just here, thanks.

EXT. FARRIS HOUSE. DAY.

Farris House: a huge three story detached house with a brick archway entrance, an open garage with a white Range Rover, grand windows, a balcony on the second floor. "Farris House" on a plaque above the home's archway.

Anabelle takes it all in, lets her lungs will with the evening air. Back home. She doesn't seem all that happy about it.

SUPER: Farris House.

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - ENTRANCE. DAY.

Anabelle enters the house. Tinsel sparkles around every inch of the house. It's a very well-off looking home, durable, brick, wooden floorboards, expensive décor.

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Anabelle walks in on **EMERALD**, blonde (35) both ears pierced: pearls (GUCCI: \$3,902), fluffy white scarf that looks like tinsel (VERSACE:\$290), a pair of skinny jeans (FIRETRAP: \$200). Emerald is directing a **Maid** on where to hang more tinsel: Over the fireplace. A bright idea.

There are bookshelves full of psychology books, pictures of brains, nervous systems, skulls, monkeys.

Emerald spots Anabelle and slowly crouches over to her Daughter with open arms, she resembles a spiteful crab.

EMERALD
Hi, Darling. How's life as an adult?

Anabelle nods and they split apart.

EMERALD (CONT'D)
(before Anabelle answers)
We've got a new maid. This one is good. Last one was stealing my jewellery. Had a pair of lovely duck-y ear pieces, but they went missing. Gucci.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FARRIS HOME - EMERALD'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Anabelle in the same outfit she had on in the first day of Harvard, skulks about her Mothers bedroom.

She tucks into her Mothers Jewellery and picks up a pair of the duck earrings that the maid clearly didn't steal.

EMERALD'S VOICE (O.S)
Your taxi to the train station is
here, Anabelle.

ANABELLE
I'm coming!

Anabelle in an anxious panic shuts the bedroom table drawer and heads down to start the first day of Harvard.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Anabelle snaps back to reality, as Emerald thinks for a second, shrugs whatever numbing thoughts she had.

EMERALD
So. She had to go.

ANABELLE
Yeah.

EMERALD
But it is so good to have you back.
Now I have you to help me with
dinner.

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY.

Emerald shows Anabelle a tinfoil tray for food, it has been cut down the middle with a strip of tinfoil glued keeping both sides together. If someone carried food in that it would surely collapse in on itself and ruin whatever food it contained.

ANABELLE
What's this?

EMERALD
I told Grandpa I'd make a
casserole.

Anabelle shakes her head and points at the tinfoil tampering.

EMERALD (CONT'D)
Oh. Don't worry about that,
Darling. You'll see soon enough.
(MORE)

EMERALD (CONT'D)

I need my partner in crime tomorrow night for Christmas.

ANABELLE

I'll see I've got a lot of things to get up to for college.

Emerald smiles, cups her daughters chin in her hand.

EMERALD

It wasn't me asking, you might act like an adult, but you're still my little daughter. Now. Go upstairs. And pick out outfits.

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - STAIRS. DAY.

Anabelle lugs all her cargo up the stairs.

EMERALD'S VOICE (V.O)

I've made sure to give your wardrobe a refurbish.

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - ANABELLE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Anabelle jumps on the bed. The sweet warmth and relaxation found in the pink duvet.

She gets up and throws her cupboard open. Mortified.

EMERALD'S VOICE (V.O)

Want you to look good for the holidays.

Anabelle stares into the wardrobe, her worst nightmares on clear display. Very expensive branded items, all sparkly, all furry, mostly white, some golden colours, outlandish outfits, and G-Strings are the only underwear option! My God...Emerald gave the wardrobe a vajazzle and Anabelle hates it.

Anabelle closes the wardrobe in an effort to forget.

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Anabelle enters the living room. She wears one of the outfits from her wardrobe, a grey turtleneck, white leggings and probably a G-String too.

CONRAD, (45) loose tie, shirt, jeans and a grey overcoat (an outfit that could indicate he's unemployed or working a CEO level job, it could swing either way), sits beside Emerald on the couch. They both watch TV - a soapy celeb dating show.

Conrad hops off the couch and gives his daughter a hug. Emerald rolls her eyes in motherly jealousy.

CONRAD
My baby girl. You're back! And you
look - amazing!

EMERALD
You can thank me for that.

CONRAD
I'm sure.

Emerald pauses the TV.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
So what did you get up to?

EMERALD
Any boys there?

CONRAD
I'm sure she didn't care about the
boys there.

EMERALD
Well, she isn't no lesbian, Conrad.
(to Anabelle)
There were boys there, weren't
there?

Emerald gives her daughter a cheeky wink (disturbing).

ANABELLE
(awkward)
I mean there were...boys?

EMERALD
Oh god.

CONRAD
Well done. Emerald. You've raised a
slut.

Conrad gets up and storms out the living room.

EMERALD
Don't worry I was a huge slut at
your age.

ANABELLE
I wasn't. I'm not.

Emerald winks again. Takes a big sip from her wine glass that
appears out of nowhere.

EMERALD
No. But what did you get up to at
University?

ANABELLE

Not much.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. PI BETA. DAY.

Morning day break. An ambulance carts off Xiao. A **POLICE OFFICER** chats to Anabelle.

ANABELLE'S VOICE (V.O)

A whole lot of nights out.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

A dishevelled Anabelle waits patiently outside a **hospital room**. An older (40's) Chinese couple run into the hospital, through the halls and into the hospital room. Bails of anguish and sadness can be heard. Anabelle can't take anymore and leaves.

ANABELLE'S VOICE (V.O)

Horrific morning's after.

INT. EN-SUITE - CRIMSON YARD DORMOTORY. DAY.

Anabelle stares into the mirror, sleeves rolled up, little blade in her hand...despair in her eyes.

ANABELLE'S VOICE (V.O)

(playful laughter)

Regrets. The usual. Teen girl, shit.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT.

The **opera house artists** play beautiful notes with their violins, cello's, double basses and snare drums.

The audience watch hypnotised by the orchestral music.

Emerald is right at the top of the colosseum of seats. Anabelle is a row behind. Uninterested. Emerald seems eager, but not understanding the *complexities*.

EMERALD

Isn't it gorgeous, Darling?

ANABELLE

Didn't know you took up Opera while I was away.

EMERALD

I didn't.

Emerald moves in a way as if she were moving with the music, or at the ocean letting the waves carry her: either way she looks slightly ridiculous.

Anabelle goes on her phone. Emerald sees. Takes her phone and puts it in her pocket.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

You still play Cello, don't you?

ANABELLE

You mean Violin?

EMERALD

That's right. I played Cello. Try to remember how this sounds. It's beautiful. Might get you to play this at some point.

ANABELLE

I hope not.

EMERALD

(not really paying
attention)

What was that, Love?

Anabelle rolls her eyes. Pays attention to the music. Watches more delighted than she thought.

ANABELLE'S VOICE (V.O)

What are we actually intervening on?

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

Anabelle checks herself out in the mirror, tosses her hair over her ears.

Emerald stomps her big designer boots into the rug at the door.

EMERALD

Oh. You know you're gran. Louder than she knows. Always clambering for attention.

Anabelle goes into the next room. Emerald bushes up her hair.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

She's the reason I'm always peacocking.

ANABELLE (O.S)
 No, but actually why are we having
 an intervention. Isn't she old?
 What is there to go - "please,
 stop".

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Emerald follows Anabelle into the living room.

EMERALD
 There's lot when it comes to that
 crazy bat. Try not to be too
 concerned about her. She's got
 everything that's coming to her.

ANABELLE
 Doesn't sound like the best mindset
 for giving an intervention.

EMERALD
 I simply could not care.

DING!

EMERALD (CONT'D)
 (loudly)
 Patricia! Patricia!

ANABELLE
 (correcting)
 Penelope!

EMERALD
 (realising her mistake)
 Yes. Penelope!

The Maid from before rushes into the living room with the
 girls.

EMERALD (CONT'D)
 My casserole is finished. I want
 you to put the casserole into the
 ceramic dish, leave the tin foil.
 If you put it in there it will
 break and fall on the floor.

PENELOPE nods and heads for the kitchen.

ANABELLE
 How long does the maid stay now?

EMERALD
 Oh, permanently. Penelope's a
 student, she's staying in the guest
 room. She studies until I shout her
 through.

ANABELLE

I didn't know there was a college nearby.

EMERALD

She's a highschooler. Her parents don't mind. She's been living here for months.

ANABELLE

(actual shock)

Oh.

EMERALD

(whispering)

It's a kind of punishment, her grades were failing and she needed a lesson, so she's staying here until her grades get better.

Emerald giggles like a school girl.

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - ANABELLE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle stares out at the open skylight. The stars sparkle. Anabelle seems unsatisfied. Gets up. Checks her cigarette packet. Only two cigarettes left.

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

Anabelle peels down the stairs slowly. She walks down the hall and knocks on a skinny door. Light shines through the cracks.

Penelope opens it. Reveals a bed covered in textbooks. Open laptop to a dissertation. Anabelle shows the cigarette pack. Penelope looks relieved.

EXT. FARRIS HOUSE. NIGHT.

Anabelle wrapped in a big fur coat from her cupboard, white, peacocking out in the cascading snowfall, stands at the edge of the house grounds, on the curb where she was dropped off.

Penelope shuts the door with as much care as she could muster, in a big blue peacoat.

Anabelle hands Penelope a cigarette and she takes it, they both light up and smoke.

PENELOPE

You have a lovely house.

ANABELLE

yeah.

Penelope almost chokes.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

First time?

Penelope pulls out an empty pack of cigarettes.

PENELOPE

No.

She crushes it in her hand.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

You're lucky living here. Rich parents like this.

ANABELLE

You don't know what you're saying.

PENELOPE

Don't be modest.

(silence)

How's College?

ANABELLE

It's okay. Not everything I hoped for.

Anabelle sulks in genuine disappointment at her experiences.

PENELOPE

What did you hope it would be?

ANABELLE

An escape from all of this. Freedom. Independence.

PENELOPE

Why'd you want to escape all of this.

ANABELLE

Trust me. I don't even want to be here anymore than you do.

PENELOPE

It's better than back home. At least here I get to live in Farris House.

ANABELLE

If you knew what my next week is going to look like, you'd be on your knees praying for me.

PENELOPE

(laughing)

Hardly.

(MORE)

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I'd do anything to live the way you do. I heard you go to Harvard. That's 100,000 \$ that my parent's definitely don't have. You should be grateful you get so much support from your family. My parents are funeral directors. They make shit.

Anabelle takes in everything Penelope just said.

Penelope drains the cigarette. Looks ashamed of her speech.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to go off on you like that.

ANABELLE

It's okay.

Anabelle stomps her cigarette out and leaves Penelope out in the cold to smoke herself.

Penelope watches Anabelle head back in. She continues dragging the cigarette.

EXT. FARRIS HOUSE. DAY.

Snow settles on the grass. Its kicked up by the hurried Emerald that carries boxes of presents to the Range Rover.

SUPER: Christmas Day.

Penelope helps Emerald as Anabelle watches from the door frame, its likely that's she's been asked to help about ten times and still hasn't lifted a single box.

INT. FARRIS HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY.

Emerald opens the massive fridge and puts the casserole into the tinfoil trap. Anabelle sniffs the food and provides a delighted upper lip; impressed at her Mom's cooking skills.

ANABELLE

(to Emerald)
That smells good.

PENELOPE

(without skipping a beat)
Thanks!

Anabelle rolls her eyes. Of course it was Penelope that made it. Emerald takes the tasty trojan horse into the car, carefully holding it by the middle - the most sensitive part.

INT/EXT. RANGE ROVER. DAY.

The Range Rover sets forth through the icy roads, scaling deep forests of woodlands covered in sleet.

Emerald, sporting a fashionable pair of black sunglasses, makes sure her makeup...is...just...right! in the cars side mirror.

Conrad bumps to music on the radio. Dad rock.

Anabelle reads a magazine, the travel has been extensive and a great bore.

EXT. FARRIS MANOR - OUTER GATES. DAY.

A sprawling estate. Outer gates with golden spears pointed at God in the sky, the gates automatically open and the Range Rover drives through the pearly gates unto ~~heaven~~ Farris Manor.

EXT. FARRIS MANOR - INNER GATE. DAY.

The Range Rover speeds closer to a second gate. This one doesn't open automatically.

INT/EXT. RANGE ROVER. DAY.

Emerald's teeth bare in anger at the gates. The obstacles keeping her from all the shiny things. She's a **decapod**.

EMERALD

What? Are they going to make us go through forty fucking gates to get to this place.

CONRAD

Calm down, honey. This is the last one. I'm sure.

The Ranger Rover pulls up to an intercom system. Emerald buzzes the button.

VOICE (O.S)

Who may this be?

EMERALD

This would be Emerald Farris.
Daughter to-

BUZZ. The gates open and Conrad steadily drives into the parking lot. Outside just before the gate, a golden plaque reads: **FARRIS MANOR**.

EXT. FARRIS MANOR. DAY.

FARRIS MANOR: An estate worth over \$40,000,000, well over 200 acres of land, a detached side house which incidentally creeps out into the coast with a dock and a yacht. The Manor is the pinnacle of American success.

SUPER: Farris Manor.

INT/EXT. RANGE ROVER. DAY.

EMERALD
(unimpressed)
This place looks...nice.

CONRAD
Your mother really has an eye for
real estate.

EMERALD
What does that even mean, Conrad?

Conrad shrugs.

CONRAD
The place looks nice.

EXT. FARRIS MANOR. DAY.

Emerald, Conrad and Anabelle exit the Range Rover.

Emerald spots a grey Lamborghini (model 1999) in the parking lot and in what can be described as a jealous snarl comes out of her.

EMERALD
(shock)
Is that a Lamborghini?

ANABELLE
I'm starting to understand the
intervention.

EMERALD
Quiet.

Emerald hands the tinfoil tray to Anabelle. She takes the bag of presents and clothes. Conrad pinches his nose repeatedly.

EXT. FARRIS MANOR - DOOR. DAY.

The double doors to the Farris Manor, iron serpents wrap around each door and entangle as they meet in the middle. One of the double doors opens to reveal **PIP** (67), old grey head of hair, a well maintained beard that matches his head.

EMERALD

Pip!

Emerald holds out her arms and embraces Pip, he doesn't return the favour, and it goes on all too long.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - FOYER. DAY.

Pip guides the trio through the Farris Manor foyer. A big open space, with Pip campily swaying his hand to whichever part of the Farris Manor he speaks about.

PIP

Here is of course the Foyer to Farris Manor.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

A heavily decorated room with Christmas paraphernalia. Fat Santa blow up doll in the corner smiling away. Bottles of champagne (some open) and wine glasses (some used), mirrored trays and a single massive stereo. Beige colour scheme.

PIP

This is the drawing room. Where most of the socialising these next days will take place.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - STUDY. DAY.

Shelves upon shelves of leather skin hardbacks, a computer desk at the far end and a turquoise colour scheme.

PIP

Your Father's Study.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - CONSERVATORY. DAY.

A green house attached to the house, the white heat penetrates the glass and fills the room with hot air. There are a couple garden chairs and master chairs with satin cushions here. A bottle of champagne (opened) and a wine glass (used).

PIP

The Conservatory. Also, fitted for socialising with family.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - HALLWAY. DAY.

Pip goes for the door to the Kitchen, to show them all the last room on the ground floor, Emerald looks around amazed, but tries to hide it. Anabelle doesn't care.

EMERALD

Has my Brother came yet?

Pip stops in his tracks.

PIP

No.

EMERALD

Good.

As they enter through the door, Emerald snatches the tampered with tinfoil tray of casserole deliciousness from Anabelle and gets ready for an introduction.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. DAY.

The Kitchen blooms with plumes of steam. Slaving away at the great big kitchen (that would be fit for a Michelin star restaurant) is **BRANDY** (60), Emerald's Father. A sweet man, trying his best to tie everything together. A pair of silver rimmed glasses, fogged up from the steaming kitchen.

PIP

Brandy. You're daughter is the first to arrive.

Emerald, Anabelle, Conrad and Pip enter into the Kitchen as Brandy comes around the corner and greets Conrad with a hand shake, Anabelle with a hug and Emerald...sweet Emerald brought him a casserole.

BRANDY

Conrad. Anabelle. My beautiful as ever Emerald, how you shine.

EMERALD

Hi Daddy! Merry Christmas.

BRANDY

Merry Christmas.

She gives Brandy a kiss on the cheek and she directs his attention to the casserole dish.

EMERALD

I baked you a casserole!

BRANDY

I see that!

EMERALD

Just like I told you I would!

BRANDY

Right you did.

Emerald hands it over, both hands in the middle of the tinfoil tray leaving Brandy to take it by the sides, she eagerly watches as the tin foil tray leaves her hand, the pressure builds up in the middle and the tray snaps in half.

The casserole falls and crumbles into a disgusting blob on the Kitchen floor.

Brandy looks down in complete shock and empathy.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I'm so so so sorry, Emerald.

EMERALD

Oh no.

Emerald puts on her best "I'll try to not cry" face she can to really sell the situation.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. Let me clean it up.

BRANDY

No! Don't you dare. Let me clean this mess up. I am so dang sorry that this happened.

Anabelle watches the pay off and doesn't get why her Mother just ruined the casserole and is making Brandy feel bad and clean it up.

EMERALD

Look. Dad. It's not a big deal. You didn't mean it.

Brandy stops trying to clean it up with his foot.

BRANDY

No. You know. You are something else. This is why I'm proud you're my daughter. I love you.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I love you too. Now. Had Pip given you the tour?

CONRAD

Yes. This place is marvellous.

BRANDY

Ain't it.

EMERALD

How long is it that you two have been staying here?

BRANDY

Three months. And...four...teen
days.

EMERALD

So not long.

(Beat)

Where's Mom? Is she around?

Brandy rolls his eyes, and rubs the grease on the top of his forehead and slicks back his hair.

BRANDY

Your Mother is in the yacht.

Brandy points out the window and out in the coast the yacht is stationed far out whilst it snows.

EXT. YACHT. DAY.

The day grows old as the sun stretches along the coast....

SILVIA (55), white blonde hair tied up in a bun, wearing a black bikini in the Yacht's open JACUZZI. She smokes a cigarette from the cigarette holder. Downs a glass of champagne. As "Are You That Somebody" by Aaliyah plays.

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O)

So she will not be biding with us
obviously. Until dinner.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - ANABELLE'S SUITE. NIGHT.

Pip opens the door for Anabelle and she walks inside.

PIP

This is your suite. I will call
upon everyone once Christmas dinner
is ready.

ANABELLE

Thanks, Pip.

Pip closes the door. Anabelle moves throughout the suite. Tracing her finger along the wood, books, satin sheets. She throws herself down onto the big luxurious bed. Not excited for the night ahead.

A knock against the door straightens Anabelle up. The door opens and Emerald lets herself inside. Slowly closes the door to not make a sound.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

Mom?

EMERALD

Anabelle. Isn't this place lush.
Now. My little partner in crime.
Let me clue you in.

ANABELLE

What was with the casserole?

Emerald sits on the bed beside Anabelle.

EMERALD

We need to look out for ourselves
here, baby. Okay.

Emerald looks down at her hands, covered in expensive rings
and bracelet bands. She takes Anabelle's hand.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

There's a reason why we are here
for Christmas and not back home.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DINING AREA. DAY.

Pip sets up the table in the dining area. Three knives, four
forks and two spoons. He neatens one of the forks.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - HALLWAY. DAY.

Pip pokes his head out into the hallway and calls for Brandy.

PIP

Brandy! That's the cutlery set.

Pip doesn't hear back and decides that he'll go looking for
him.

However, Pip doesn't need to go far to find Brandy on the
ground just outside the kitchen clutching silently at his
chest.

Pip goes to resuscitate him. Brandy gasps quietly.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - ANABELLE'S SUITE. NIGHT.

Emerald has pulled out a cigarette during the time it took to
tell the flashback and is puffing away at it.

Anabelle stares at her Mom as she looks off into nothing in
particular.

EMERALD

Poor old man's going to croak sooner or later, and we can't let that **cunt** Ritchie get everything. He's already the favourite. Because he's a boy - why the fuck wasn't I born with a cock, anyway. So. Follow my lead, make Grandpa love you. And do your mama proud.

Emerald grabs Anabelle by the head and plants a kiss on her head.

ANABELLE

The casserole?

EMERALD

To make him feel bad, subconsciously like me more - feel he owes me something.

ANABELLE

(devious)
Smart.

EMERALD

(smiling)
I know.

The door to Anabelle's suite opens once again. Conrad pops half way in the frame keeping the door closed on him.

CONRAD

(to Emerald)
Emerald, you spoke to Anabelle?
(Emerald nods)
Your Brother Ritchie is here.

EMERALD

Shit. Fuck. Meet me downstairs, I don't want him to see me first - I've gotten fatter since last time he saw me.

Conrad does a thumbs up to both girls, they return one back.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - STAIRWELL. NIGHT.

Anabelle slowly descends down the stairwell as Conrad at the bottom greets **RITCHIE** (32) big round belly, well fed, clean shaven, wearing a shirt (top two buttons undone, of course), a pair of cargo jeans and slick hair gel all over his jet black hair - a parting down the middle. A bottle of champagne in his hand.

Ritchie spots Anabelle peeping down from up the stairs.

RITCHIE

Anabelle! My favourite niece. How are you?

ANABELLE

I-

Emerald runs out her suite and barrels downstairs towards Ritchie.

EMERALD

Ritchie!

RITCHIE

My gorgeous sister! How you shine.

Emerald poses. They continue their conversation as they continue to the Drawing Room.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

Ritchie pops a bottle of champagne and the cork goes flying into the wall. Emerald makes a celebrating hoot noise. Conrad thrusts his empty glass into Ritchie's face.

Ritchie's wife **GRETA** (30) as round as her husband, full face of makeup, big circular hoops in her ears, big cheesy smile sitting on a chaise lounge.

Greta and Ritchie's kids **BROCK** and **STEVE** (12&14) both play their game boys not paying any attention to the adults.

Anabelle sits on the couch watching everyone. Spots a glass of champagne. Takes it and offers it up for to be filled. Ritchie goes to fill the glass but Emerald stops him.

EMERALD

She's not drinking.

RITCHIE

You're kidding me? The girl is twenty.

EMERALD

She is nineteen. And she will not be drinking.

Ritchie shrugs puts the glass back down.

RITCHIE

Sorry, Kid. Mom's a controlling narcissist.

He puts his hands up in self defence.

RITCHIE (CONT'D)

Kidding.

Emerald acts unbothered.

GRETA

So. Conrad, what is it you do?

CONRAD

Oh.

EMERALD

He's a marketing strategist at a company based in LA.

CONRAD

That's right. Marketing for short.

Greta and Emerald laugh.

ANABELLE

How's Grandma?

All of the **grownups** look to Anabelle as if she had just said something morally corrupt and devious.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

Aren't we doing an intervention for her...?

No one says anything. They look amongst themselves.

The deafening silence is interrupted from Pip at the door.

PIP

Brandy would like everyone to know that dinner is plated up.

Anabelle watches them all leave bundled up by the only door to go get Christmas dinner. Ignoring Anabelle.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DINING AREA. NIGHT.

Everyone is seated in the DINING AREA drinks galore. Food plated up, chicken, turkey, roast potatoes, stuffing, vegetables, cranberries and pigs and blankets.

Two seats at the head of the table, one taken up by Brandy and one vacant.

Anabelle toys with her food, not hungry. The adults chat together about pointless things.

RITCHIE

That's the thing with the free market in the EU, it comes with the stripping away of Bylaws. The whole reason I want to go somewhere else is because I can't do it where I am at.

BRANDY
 (just throwing out words)
 Globalization.

Ritchie points his knife at Brandy like he made a point.

EMERALD
 It's a man's world any way. I get
 the patriarchy thing, but come on.
 Bylaws are your biggest problem?
 What about dirty country men
 getting to make our laws - I mean
 they aren't progressive like we are
 here.

BRANDY
 (appeasing)
 Matriarchy.

Emerald and Greta aim their forks at Brandy.

EMERALD
 Daddy. I was thinking can we put
 some music on?

Emerald chews down on the last bites of her food.

BRANDY
 Sure thing. What were you thinking?

EMERALD
 I don't know. Whatever you like.

RITCHIE
 Surely you remember Dad's
 favourite, Emerald. Orchestral
 string music.

BRANDY
 You remember that?

RITCHIE
 Yes. Let me get specific...you
 like-

EMERALD
 (butting in, intense)
 5th Wilhelm's of Montecristo!

Brandy laughs, impressed. Ritchie snarls in last place to
 Brandy's affection.

BRANDY
 I didn't know you guys remembered
 that stuff.

EMERALD

Of course. In fact, our little Princess Anabelle knows some of Wilhelm.

(to Anabelle)

Don't you?

(quieter)

You remember? Don't you?

Anabelle goes from confusion to realisation. The opera house.

BRANDY

Well! That would be awesome...

(asking Anabelle

indirectly)

If she could play that?

ANABELLE

I could.

(indirectly telling off
her Mom)

Buuut I don't have my violin.

BRANDY

(genuinely disappointed)

Oh. Shame

Ritchie smiles smug.

EMERALD

(smiling)

Oh. Honey. I packed it in the car this morning.

BRANDY

Hooray!

Greta and Brandy start talking to each other as Ritchie retrieves something from his pockets.

ANABELLE

(whispers to Emerald)

Really?

EMERALD

(whispers to Anabelle)

It was either that or fucking make you watch Poirot.

RITCHIE'S VOICE (O.S)

Dad. Who do I look like to you?

BRANDY'S VOICE (O.S)

Huh?

Emerald and Anabelle quit the chat. Look over at Ritchie, wearing a little cardboard top hat, and a fake moustache.

RITCHIE
 (horrible Belgian accent)
 "The more emotional they feel the
 less command they have of
 language!"

BRANDY
 That is amazing! Poirot!

Emerald turns to her side. Brandy is hysteric with laughter.

EMERALD
 (loud to herself)
 Fuck! Should've gone with Poirot.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

Everyone stands around Anabelle eager to listen. A violin equipped. She wants to do anything but this. Stage fright.

She grips the bow tight. Watches everyone, their fake smiles. Pulls back the bow and plays. And she's good. Great. Emerald and Brandy sway to the sound of the music. No one else gets it. Ritchie joins in but gets bored of it.

The music brings a tear to Brandy's eye and he wipes it away. Emerald sees this and smiles. Ecstatic. She's winning.

Anabelle looks lame as she fiddles the violin half-heartedly. Imperfect.

BRANDY
 Perfect. It's perfect.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

The drawing room is full of smoke from Greta's cigarette. Emerald wafts the smoke around as she chokes on the air.

EMERALD
 Greta, Darling, could you smoke
 that outside or near the window?

GRETA
 No bother.

Greta gets up and moves to the window.

Brandy is being lectured by Ritchie on the couch.

BRANDY
 No, no. I get it, really.

RITCHIE

Are you sure you do? It's multi-level marketing scheme, where I as the top contributor receive a majority of the profits!

BRANDY

(unimpressed)

I know what a pyramid scheme is, Ritchie.

Conrad, Ritchie's children and Anabelle are not here.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - HALLWAY. NIGHT.

RITCHIE'S ECHOES (O.S)

(unbelieving)

Ha! Pyramid scheme. Dad, Please. That is *not* what this is.

Ritchie's voice echoes through the mahogany hallways as Anabelle slithers towards the closed bathroom door.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - BATHROOM DOOR. NIGHT.

Anabelle goes to open it but the door is locked. She presses her ear up to the crack and hears sniffing noises.

She rattles her knuckles off the door and after a moment of surprised ruckus, Conrad pops out pinching his nostrils.

CONRAD

Hey honey. Make sure to flush. Woo!

Conrad departs waving his hands. Anabelle rolls her eyes and goes in.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle admires herself in the mirror, pretty, but she soon goes cold as she rifles through her pockets.

She pulls out the pair of duck earrings, and puts them to her ears, through the hoop and lets them dangle. She smiles.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

INT. CRIMSON YARD DORMOTORY - HARVARD. DAY.

Xiao points to Anabelle's duck earrings.

INT. STORE. DAY.

Anabelle and Xiao check out a store with piercings and earrings, faux tattoos. Xiao points at a rack of SWAN EARRINGS.

INT. PIERCING CHAIR - STORE. DAY.

Xiao sits on the piercing chair, **PIERCER LADY** (30's) stands over her, piercing gun in her hand and biting Xiao's ear.

Xiao holds onto Anabelle's hand as she shrieks.

INT. PI BETA - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Xiao fondles Anabelle's ears, Anabelle brushes Xiao's hair back and plays with her Swan Earrings.

Anabelle kisses her.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle no longer looking in the mirror now having recollected her fond memories with Xiao. Tears in her eyes.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - ANABELLE'S SUITE. NIGHT.

Anabelle hides the duck earrings in the suitcase she brought, her mothers wardrobe choices fill the bulk of her things.

EXT. FARRIS MANOR - BACK EXIT. NIGHT.

Anabelle slides through the back exit of the conservatory and down a winding metal set of steps onto the sandy lawn that births into the open coast - Silvia's Yacht haunts the waters.

EXT. SANDY LAWN. NIGHT.

Anabelle gazes admirably out into the water as the wind throws her hair all over the place and sand clings to her clothes. She doesn't care. She wishes she were away from...

EMERALD'S VOICE (O.S)

Anabelle! Honey. Come back inside.
Grandpa wants to hear that lovely
violin!

Anabelle sees Emerald by the Back Exit, bent over, drunk, waving Anabelle over.

ANABELLE
 (defeated)
 Coming.

She saunters over in no real hurry. Looks back over at the Yacht in envy.

EXT. FARRIS MANOR - BACK EXIT. NIGHT.

Anabelle goes back inside - past Emerald who holds the door open for her.

Emerald pulls out a pack of cigarettes and begins smoking one half in, half out.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Emerald pours herself a glass of red wine. Picks away at a platter of cheeses on a board.

A beautiful serenade of Anabelle's violin whispers through the Manor and can be heard even slightly in the furthest away rooms.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Emerald wolfs down the red wine as she walks through the Manor until she...BUMPS into Pip. The red wine goes all over her white and silver fur outfit.

EMERALD
 (furious, drunk)
 Pip Squeak! You just made me spill red wine all over my...it wouldn't matter if I told you how much or the brand. Just go away.

PIP
 (understanding)
 Apologies, madame.

Pip leaves Emerald in the dark hallway lit up by wax candles that flicker in the shadows.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - ANABELLE'S SUITE. NIGHT.

Emerald enters Anabelle's suite, tip toes over to Anabelle's closed suitcase and opens it up. Rifles through clothes.

EMERALD
 (talking to herself)
 Anabelle, once you're a Mother, you'll understand.

Emerald retrieves a nice new baggy top that is definitely her vibe. As it unfolds a pair of little trinkets fall out.

She goes in to investigate and pulls out the little trinkets...she is left with confusion as she gawks at her STOLEN duck earrings...it turns to anger quick.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - ANABELLE'S SUITE. NIGHT.

Emerald sits on the chair, a glass of rose in her hands, a devilish look in her eyes as she stares down at...Anabelle.

Anabelle, unawares, chats with Ritchie, she isn't interested by what he has to say whatsoever. Yet she listens.

Brandy on the sofa, snoring lightly. Glass of red wine in his hand, it drips from his lip, and a red stain marks his chest.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - CONSERVATORY. DAY.

The morning sun shines harsh through the conservatory's glass panes. Cigarette smoke all over. Wine bottles scatter.

SUPER: **The Intervention.**

Anabelle sleeps on one of the lawn chairs, she wears a long elegant and exuberant nightgown, red and black with golden ringlets throughout. Shades cover her eyes.

Naked, wet, feet leave prints as they move through the conservatory over to sleeping Anabelle.

The **NAKED OBSERVOR** bends their back and clicks their fingers until Anabelle awakens.

ANABELLE
(dazed)
I'm up.

She looks up.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)
Grandma?

Silvia looks down on Anabelle, she still wears her black bikini but now with a transparent skin colour gown over it.

Silvia pinches Anabelle's nightgown.

SILVIA
This belongs to me, Anabelle.

ANABELLE
How are you doing?

SILVIA
 Hungover, drunk, high...give me my
 nightgown, Anabelle.

Anabelle throws the nightgown at Silvia. She puts it on over the transparent gown and she rubs it against her body. She loves it.

ANABELLE
 Why didn't you join us last night?
 It was Christmas.

SILVIA
 Anabelle, I don't like any of you.
 You are all too, boring...for my
 tastes. Tata.

Anabelle watches her grandma strut away down the hallway and disappears into the shadows and reflections of that the manor have too many.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - BRANDY&SILVIA'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Silvia stands over Brandy in their bed. He is tucked away under the covers. Snoring. She disapproves. Dresses herself.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - STUDY. DAY.

Anabelle lingers along the bookshelves and trails the hardcovers with her finger.

She drops the shades she has over her emerald eyes and pulls out the book:

Narcissistic Mothers

By
 Debbie Devall

She plops down on one of the many chaise longue's and begins reading it.

The door creaks open. Anabelle shuts the book and hides it under her back.

Emerald crawls into the room, doesn't notice Anabelle. She keeps silent.

Emerald taps along the book shelf and retrieves a book from the **instrument** labelled shelf.

The narcissistic mother takes the book with her as she tip toes out of the Study.

Anabelle checks for her mother, sees the all clear and continues reading.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - HALLWAY. DAY.

Brandy steps down into the hallway. Smudged ink all over his forehead. A dour expression. Gloomy.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

Brandy stumbles into the drawing room, bottles of wine everywhere, stains to boost. He disapproves.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. DAY.

Brandy holds a wetted dish towel to his forehead. Dab. Dab.

Emerald comes in, just to peep her head, double takes and propels her full body inside.

EMERALD

Daddy!

(taken aback)

What are you doing?

She gestures to the dish towel on his head. He lets his hand with the towel drop.

BRANDY

(on topic)

I think your Mother knows about the intervention.

EMERALD

How so?

Brandy puts the dish towel back to the smudged ink.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FARRIS MANOR - BRANDY&SILVIA'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Silvia notes something down on Brandy's sleeping forehead with marker pen.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - EN SUITE. DAY.

Brandy wanders into the En-Suite with his pyjamas on. Looks dead in the mirror. Marker pen on his forehead: **INTERVENE SHIT.**

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. DAY.

Emerald pauses. Takes it in. Shakes her head.

EMERALD

That woman is a piece of work.

BRANDY

Come on, Emerald. That's your Mother you're speaking about!

Emerald pulls back.

EMERALD

I know, Daddy. I just don't like the way she treats you.

BRANDY

I'm fine. Your Mother is who you should be worried about.

EMERALD

You matter too, Dad.

BRANDY

I appreciate it, Emerald.

Brandy smiles and kisses Emerald on the head. Hands her a wet cloth. She looks at her Father confused.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Help me wash this off.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - STUDY. DAY.

Anabelle looks up at the bookshelves. **Instruments**. A single book is missing: the one Emerald took for herself.

There is a **C** marked just before the missing spot to indicate the letter the title begins with.

ANABELLE

(mouthing)

...Cello...

It **CLICKS**. Ohhhhh. Another one of her schemes in play. Anabelle doesn't give a shit. Looks down at the book in her hands...

...Narcissistic Mothers.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - STAIRWELL. DAY.

Anabelle strolls down the stairwell as there's light commotion in the Manor.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - HALLWAY. DAY.

Anabelle approaches the door to the Drawing Room and peaks her head through.

Everyone is in there getting a pep talk by Brandy.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

Brandy stands at the fireplace, the Drawing Room curtains chatter against the wall as the open windows allow in the outside.

BRANDY

(to Ritchie)

I want you to mellow the mood,
maybe crack a joke - you've always
got your Mother in stitches.

(to Emerald)

Emerald. You cut through to the
heart of the situation.

(to Himself)

And Myself. I'll try to be a happy
mediator between everyone. I'll
keep your Mothers temperament -
which will crack through - at bay.

(to Ritchie)

Joke.

(to Emerald)

Cut.

(to Himself)

Mediate.

(to Everyone)

Got that?

Greta puts her hand up in the air.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Greta, sweetie?

GRETA

What shall I do?

CONRAD

And me?

Brandy sighs.

BRANDY

This is more of a...family matter.
Silvia's not going to listen to you
guys.

(to Greta)

Greta, take the kids upstairs to
the Cinema room.

Anabelle through the cracks of the door **shocked** that there's a cinema room! Looks up at the roof as if she could see through the walls.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

(to Conrad)

Conrad. You can make sure Emerald doesn't get angry at her Mother.

EMERALD

Excuse me...Daddy. Why do I have to cut? Also, why the hell would I get angry at Mom?

RITCHIE

Also, what jokes would I make? Is it something to do with the intervention? Should I do one about your old coke habit?

EMERALD

(to Brandy)

I don't want Mom pissed at me thinking that I'm the brains of this thing

(to Ritchie)

There was no Heroin thing shut the fuck up Ritchie

(to Brandy)

Also what if she freaks out and starts throwing names around like "Pissy Cunt" if she calls me that again! Oh...I will not let her-

RITCHIE (CONT'D)

(to Brandy)

Or do I go back to Emerald's heroin scare when we found that needle in her panty drawer.

(to Emerald)

That's not the point, Emerald. There was a "scare".

(to Brandy)

Why do I have to do jokes? I'm not a fucking stand up comedian-

BRANDY

(pissed, at Emerald and Ritchie)

Both of you two are going to give me a heart attack! Just please shut up. I have had enough. Everyone get your coats, we are going hunting.

Emerald's jaw drops and it forms into a snarl. Ritchie chuckles and B-lines for the doorway.

Anabelle is caught by surprise. Ritchie finds her, smiles and points her out to the group.

RITCHIE

We got a perv in our midst.

Anabelle shakes her head wordless. Emerald glances at Anabelle but doesn't react to her daughter eavesdropping.

BRANDY
 (calm, but reserved)
 It's fine, dear. You'll be joining
 us for the intervention anyway.

Everyone floods out into the hallway.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - HALLWAY. DAY.

Ritchie and Brandy are down the hallway at the Foyer with
 their rifles in hand, chatting and laughing.

Emerald is in the hallway with Anabelle aiming daggers at the
 two **men** , both get their coats and shoes on.

EMERALD
 (to Anabelle)
 Asshole.

ANABELLE
 Who?

EMERALD
 Take your pick. All Dad likes doing
 is hunting. It's the only thing him
 and Ritchie love doing together.
 Whilst I was made to knit clothes
 with Pip. Pip!

Anabelle looks at her Mother, uneasy.

ANABELLE
 There's a cinema room here?

EMERALD
 Yeah? Think if I told you I'd ever
 see you again. If I catch you in
 there I'll take your phone off you
 and I'll make you stay in with me
 and your Father.

Emerald walks down to the Foyer.

ANABELLE
 (to Herself)
 Jeez.

Anabelle doddles after.

EXT. OUTER WOODED GROUNDS - FARRIS MANOR. DAY.

The sky is a dull cobalt blue, clouds shade the sun over the
 Manor's wooded grounds.

A **RUFFED GROUSE** floats down onto a pine tree branch before
 its **BLOWN** off its perch...

...aiming down his gun is Ritchie. Brandy by his side. Smiling, enjoying the moment.

Emerald with a rifle and a mean stare hangs back with Anabelle. Conrad and Greta make do talking together - absent from the shenanigans.

BRANDY

(shouting back to everyone)

Our four neighbours are all connected by this woodland area. So be careful everyone and not look shootable.

Anabelle is unsettled by her Mothers temper.

ANABELLE

Have you hunted before?

EMERALD

Like once maybe less. Didn't kill anything so Dad cut it short and banished me from ever going out with them again.

Emerald doesn't bother making eye contact with Anabelle, she just lingers on the two men of the family.

EXT. OUTER WOODED GROUNDS - FARRIS MANOR. DAY.

Emerald sees a bird, points her gun, aims, fires. Misses.

Brandy and Ritchie aren't even paying attention, they just continue walking.

BRANDY

(to Emerald, barely)

Uhh...better luck next time, sweetie.

Brandy and Ritchie come to a halt, Ritchie points at a deer. Brandy's eyes widen, points his gun and goes to shoot.

Emerald watches this, looks above their heads at the branches upon branches of piled up snow. She points her gun and shoots it at the branches.

The snow cascades down and covers Ritchie and Brandy head to toe in snow as Brandy fires and misses.

Both men look back at Emerald: angry.

EMERALD

I'm so sorry, boys. I missed again.

BRANDY

(softened)

It's...okay. Why don't the rest of you guys head back in. We won't be long.

Emerald doesn't even respond she just whips back round and heads for the Manor.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - EMERALD'S SUITE. DAY.

Emerald practices playing the Cello, she's not half-bad, although it is clear she's a bit rusty, probably hasn't played in years. She curses as she slips up.

EXT. SANDY LAWN. DAY.

Anabelle steps back out onto the sandy lawn. Snow sits on the outer rim of the sand before it meets the water.

Silvia in a long lavish robe sits on a beach chair, smoking marijuana. Anabelle approaches her.

SILVIA

Hello, Anabelle. Want a huff?

ANABELLE

(taken aback)

Uh. Sure.

As Anabelle takes the joint she looks up at her Grandma-

SILVIA

When is my intervention?

ANABELLE

...tonight.

SILVIA

(scoffs)

Boring. I was going to spend tonight partying down at my friend Margaret's house, she has a much nicer house just a boats ride away - perhaps I should invite her down here.

Anabelle smokes the joint and passes it back to Silvia.

ANABELLE

How did you figure out about the intervention?

Silvia chuckles.

SILVIA

He used our joint email to notify the family. Silly boy. This family is in ruins. I tell you.

ANABELLE

Yeah. My Mom isn't handling it well either.

SILVIA

She's just going to sink you down with her, avoid her like the plague, don't let her ruin your fun. That's what they'll do. Ruin your fun.

ANABELLE

I'll keep that in mind, Grandma.

Silvia looks almost offended.

SILVIA

Grandma. Call me Silvia, for Christ sake.

Silvia puffs away at the marijuana.

SILVIA (CONT'D)

How is college?

ANABELLE

Shit. My best friend got spiked and died. I've pissed off a boy I was seeing. And my grades are falling.

Silvia smiles.

SILVIA

(can't tell if it's
sarcasm or not)

At least someone's succeeding.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. DAY.

Brandy and Ritchie THROW a hogtied doe onto the kitchen table. It's dirty, bleeding and very very dead. Brandy scrambles about the kitchen all excited.

Anabelle enters the kitchen.

ANABELLE

What was that bang?

She looks at the table.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

You killed a deer?

BRANDY
We hunted a deer.

RITCHIE
Honey, you are going to love
tonight's dinner.

Brandy heads into the kitchen and pulls out chickens and turkeys, tosses them in the trash.

BRANDY
Won't be needing this.

RITCHIE
Pass me a knife. I'm going to cut
it out right on the table.

BRANDY
No. Put that tarp down first.

Ritchie and Brandy lift up the deer's corpse. Brandy motions with his head to the TARP on the kitchen counter.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
(to Anabelle)
Sweetie, could you go put that tarp
on the table...hurry...this hurts.

Anabelle rushes over, scatters the tarp onto the table.

Brandy and Ritchie let the deer SMACK the table again.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
(beaming, to Ritchie)
Your Mother is going to love
tonight.

Anabelle nods knowing otherwise at the oblivious Brandy who goes on smiling at the deer, cogs turn behind his spectacles as he possibly envisions the perfect evening.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - EMERALD'S SUITE. DAY.

Emerald's suite is empty except from a cello and a bunch of music sheets.

Anabelle peeks through into the suite and sees it sitting there...she has a look that suggests she has an idea.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Silvia strolls along the hallway of the Manor, caressing the long spindly ornaments that coats the halls, the expensive paintings on the walls she scraped her finger nails along the strokes.

A perfectly placed wine glass full of wine entices her forward. She takes it and swigs it as she gets ready to enter the-

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Silvia enters to a candle lit kitchen where everyone (minus, Greta and the Kids) sits at the long table. Her place still empty: all eyes on her. She rolls her eyes and sits down.

BRANDY
How're you doing, my deer?

Brandy sniggers at himself as he presents a big meaty steak.

SILVIA
Venison?

Silvia nods, pleasant enough. Brandy acknowledges this.

BRANDY
(sincere)
Now. Does everyone want to say grace?

Brandy holds out his hands to Ritchie and Emerald.

RITCHIE
(forced laughter)
Hah! G-g-grace? Grace, who? What are you cheating on Mom?

EMERALD
(stunned, genuine confusion)
Erm.
(brutal)
Mom. You need to get a hold of your life. You're off the fucking rails!

RITCHIE
(kind of chortling)
Like the rails of cocaine and heroin you used to do with Timmy Viccus.

BRANDY
(soft)
No...

EMERALD
(to Ritchie)
Shut the fuck up. No I didn't that is such bullshit. I'm sick and tired of listening to your dog shit mouth.

CONRAD
 (to Himself)
 Oh boy.

RITCHIE
 (to Emerald)
 I'm supposed to be telling jokes,
 Emerald!

EMERALD
 Not every fucking sentence. YOU.
 ARE. MEANT. TO INT-E-GRA-TE THEM.
Casually.

BRANDY
 ("attempting")
 Please can we get back on track.

Emerald and Ritchie ignore Brandy's interjections. His words lost to the endless pursuit of squabbles.

<p>RITCHIE You are a piece of work, this is Mom's intervention! You whore. Stop ruining everything, you're just mad I'm the favourite.</p>	<p>EMERALD Is that right? Ohhhh, I see. I am a piece of work? You...you are a goddamn cunt. You- you are not the favourite! Fat ass.</p>
---	---

Brandy sees Silvia's hand slither around her glass of wine, entertained by the commotion that has erupted.

Brandy looks down defeated.

SILVIA
 (putting oil on the fire)
 Emerald, stop bothering your
 Brother.

EMERALD
 (points at Silvia)
 You miserable old bitch!
 (back to Ritchie)
 And YOU! With your...

Emerald and Ritchie's arguing blends together as Anabelle watches beside Conrad. They pull that familiar face you make to the other self aware member of the group.

Brandy takes Silvia's hand and tries to put on a smile.

BRANDY

Silvia...what the kids meant was...I love you...and I want you to come to bed with me when I go to bed...kiss me on the lips and say goodnight...I want you to not snarl whenever I fucking say that I love you! Sorry. I just miss you. I miss you with every fibre of my being...

Brandy holds for a moment.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I had a heart attack a few weeks back.

Silvia genuinely pauses at this comment.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

And when I sat on our floor, gasping your name...seeing fucking Pip - the PAID HELP come save my life...it broke me, and made me realise how much everyone had drifted. Well after I had died.

(weirdly happy)

But the three minutes I laid dead without a beating heart I flashed to our younger years when you'd wake up earlier than me and write cute messages on my face as a little surprise for when I walk into the mirror.

(smile fading)

Now you write obscenities on me, and for what? I've been a fool. I know that. I just want you to be proud to be with me and to call me **YOUR MAN**. Like you used to.

Brandy has tears forming around his eyes as Silvia for once looks at her husband with warmth and affection.

SILVIA

(less speaking, more like mouthing)

Sorry.

Anabelle watches in admiration as the two couple look like they might even kiss after all this.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - FOYER. NIGHT.

Greta enters the Hallway...into the Foyer...she hears a series of knocks at the entrance door. She looks bewildered. She opens the door in shock...

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Brandy's smile feels real. Silvia holds tight. She brightens as Emerald and Ritchie die out.

Silvia clears her throat.

SILVIA
(still mouthing)
I love you...My Ma-

Silvia's words whatever they might've been are promptly cut off by MARGARET (50's), her outlandish personality makes up for her complete lack of reservation and peace, a long kimono with a dragon winding around her body that's clothed in a black lacey outfit that someone half her age would be better suited.

MARGARET
(loud and brass)
What is this a fucking séance?
(to Silvia)
I thought you said this was a party?

Silvia stutters.

Brandy removes his hand from Silvia's grasp, as if it were never there. Betrayed.

Anabelle departs from the table as tensions between everyone grow in quiet smouldering.

Emerald catches Anabelle leaving and grabs her tight.

EMERALD
(spiteful)
Where are you going?

Anabelle shrugs her Mother's grip.

ANABELLE
(annoyed)
A shit.

EMERALD
You better get back soon.

Anabelle leaves without responding to her Mother's wrathful tones. Emerald tries playing it off but everyone is awkward.

EMERALD (CONT'D)
(to Margaret)
So, who are you?

Margaret seats herself in Anabelle's chair.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Not there.

Emerald grabs the chair and tips Margaret off. She catches herself before she falls and sits where Greta sat.

MARGARET

I'm Margaret, friend of your
Mothers. Pescatarian from birth.
Raped by my uncle at age thirteen,
father by sixteen, although I'd say
puberty hit me in all the best
ways.

Margaret chuckles, Ritchie joins her but he's uncomfortable.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - STUDY. NIGHT.

Anabelle swans into the Study with intent in her actions. She opens up drawers, reads the endless letters, envelopes and papers in each one. **Not what she's looking for.**

INT. FARRIS MANOR - BRANDY&SILVIA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle bursts into Brandy and Silvia's bedroom. She jumps over to Brandy's side and opens up his bedside table. Rifles through it but come across nothing.

She pulls back from the drawer defeated...an oil painting of a **Laughing Fool** neatly in view on the wall...

She smiles.

MARGARET'S VOICE (V.O)

No!!!! Look at what I'm doing...

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

Margaret in front of the fire place with a bottle of wine in the her hand and liquid dripping from her mouth. She holds what looks like an imaginary box in her hand.

No one really seems that interested. Especially Brandy. He seems more interested in sleeping, or sleeping's hot older cousin (death).

MARGARET

(mouthing loudly)

What's in the box!

Ritchie scratches his head.

Margaret repeats mouthing the motif of Se7en.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Okay. Okay. New one.

Emerald sighs, head sunk in her hands.

Margaret motions a film camera.

EVERYONE
Film.

Margaret pretends she's holding a knife, stabs someone invisible in front of her.

MARGARET
(mouthing loudly)
You psychooo!!! Aghhh.

EMERALD
Psycho! Go sit down. You are
terrible at this game.

Margaret jumps down onto a bean bag, Emerald goes up. Motions film camera.

EVERYONE
Film.

Emerald straightens her back, pretends she is holding onto a cane serving cunt, Ritchie shakes his head.

RITCHIE
My Fair Lady! For Christ sake.
Every time, Emerald.

Emerald nods and sits back down.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - BRANDY&SILVIA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle removes the painting from the wall. A alcove in the wall has a single sheet of paper...Brandy's will...she reads...shocked.

THE WILL READS:

Brandy Walsh Farris's Will and Testament.

All attributes and shares, properties and rentals will pass down to my second born son Ritchie Farris in the EVENT of my DEATH, natural or otherwise.

She tosses the will back into the alcove, props the painting back up, squint and runs out of there.

The Fool finds it all hilarious.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

Ritchie takes centre stage, clearly having played out a million actions to no correct answers from those around.

His hands expand something bigger.

MARGARET

Big!

Ritchie points and nods.

EMERALD

Big Lebowski!

Shakes his head: incorrect.

Ritchie joins his sleeve cuffs together: like handcuffs.

SILVIA

Crime?

BRANDY

Jail?

Ritchie shakes and puts his fingers to the outer areas of his eyes in what one can presume to be the racist Asian eye action, but before he actually does-

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Big trouble in little China!

Ritchie throws his hands in the air!

RITCHIE

Finally!

MARGARET

Boring.

BRANDY

(to Ritchie)

Got you, my boy!

EMERALD

Fuck this.

Brandy takes Ritchie's place. Emerald gets up and leaves.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - ANABELLE'S SUITE. NIGHT.

Anabelle rummages through her suitcase...she really gives the thing a tip out looking for...nope. Not there.

The door creaks open behind Anabelle...again its her Mother...probably coming to ask her where she went off to.

ANABELLE

Hi, Mother. I'll be down soon.
Promise.

Anabelle turns around to her Mother...she has **rage** running throughout her as her shadow looms over Anabelle.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

Mother? Are you okay?

Emerald holds out the duck-ey earrings. She upends her palm. They drip off her hand like beads of sweat.

EMERALD

Can you explain yourself, Anabelle?

Anabelle goes to speak, on the ground, her Mother towers over her. She let's the intimidation take control of her.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

You let me go on like an idiot. So you could steal from me. Your own Mother.

ANABELLE

I didn't. I didn't know you'd fire the help...I thought you wouldn't even notice.

EMERALD

I did. Miss Grande did. But you don't care do you? Do you?

ANABELLE

I do!

EMERALD

Do you?

ANABELLE

I do...

Emerald gets up close in Anabelle's face.

EMERALD

Anabelle. Tell me the truth. Don't you dare lie to me one more time.

Anabelle does a small nod, its all she can muster.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

(repeating)

Do you care?

Anabelle goes to nod, Emerald catches her head with both hands.

ANABELLE

I do.

EMERALD

I told you not to lie to me.

ANABELLE
I am not lying!!

EMERALD
(one last time)
Do you care?

ANABELLE
...No. No, I don't fucking care...

Emerald smiles, a tear runs from her eye to her lip, she lets the salty drop infect her mouth.

EMERALD
That's what I thought. You little
Pissy cunt.

Emerald walks backwards to the duck-ey earrings and picks them up. She returns with them and hands them to Anabelle.

EMERALD (CONT'D)
Seeing as you want them so much.
You better keep them on for the
entirety of our time here.

Anabelle sits there crying with the duck-ey earrings in her hand.

EMERALD (CONT'D)
Am I understood?

Anabelle understands.

Emerald leaves Anabelle in tears.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

Ritchie snores on the couch. Brandy is draping a blanket over Ritchie. Margaret is scoring lines of white powder on a silver dish. Silvia watches. Exhausted.

Brandy watches as he continues for the door.

BRANDY
I'm away to bed.

SILVIA
Oh. I'll be up soon?

BRANDY
Don't bother.

Silvia let's Brandy exit the drawing room...Margaret snorts the powder. Silvia isn't happy, but she doesn't let it show for long...

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

Silvia and Margaret have the big speakers in the drawing room blaring music as they dance off-beat, drunk, high, wasted.

They both scream obnoxiously loudly throughout the house.

EXT. SANDY LAWN. DUSK.

The sun shimmers beyond the coast as dusk settles across the ripple reflections.

Silvia and Margaret prance through the sand and into knee deep water to reach the yacht's ladders...they are giggling the entire time, like highschoolers talking about boys and gossip.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - HALLWAY. DAY.

The morning birthed a new Anabelle. She wears the duck-ey earrings with vulnerability that she holds dear to her. As if the moments she got in the bathroom wearing them alone now had to be revealed to the whole world.

Our **vulnerable girl** goes through the manor hallways like a snake. She comes to the manor kitchen...

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. DAY.

...she bumps right into Pip, he apologizes and continues through into the hallway with a tray of food.

Brandy also inhabits the table and chairs by the kitchen window. He looks out at the coast as he sips his coffee.

BRANDY

Oh. Hey, Kiddo.

ANABELLE

Hi, Grandpa. Where's Pip taking the food to?

BRANDY

It's for himself. He lives here with us.

ANABELLE

Don't you guys move, like, all the time?

BRANDY

Yes. Weird, right? He's just content with following us around. He's been working for the family for decades and decades.

(MORE)

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I am pretty sure that his Father used to work my Father...or he was just very young...but Pip's always been old. Hah.

Anabelle pours herself a glass of water.

ANABELLE

What type of name is Pip, anyway?

BRANDY

(chuckling)

Nickname. The kids actually gave him it.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DINING ROOM. DAY.

It's the 1970's and RITCHIE, EMERALD, are young kids, and BRANDY and SILVIA are both younger adults. They sit at the Dining room table.

Ritchie and Emerald slam their cutlery down onto the food mats collectively looking out into the hallway.

EMERALD

Pip Squeak! Pip Squeak!
Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

RITCHIE

Pip Squeak! Pip Squeak!
Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O)

(full of humour and
nostalgia)

Kid's are just mean ain't they.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. DAY.

Anabelle looks at Brandy with a devious questioning look.

ANABELLE

You let your kids call the butler,
Pip Squeak?

BRANDY

(nostalgia turning to
regret)

Yeah...I did. It's things like that
which toy with my mind at night...

(pause)

I've got some advice for you,
Anabelle.

ANABELLE

Shoot.

BRANDY

If you're unsure about something.
Don't do it, or own it. Don't let
there be any in-betweens. You
either don't do it, or you do it
and live with it. Strip everything
from you so that you don't get
sleepless nights at my age. Promise
me that, Anabelle.

Anabelle promises.

ANABELLE

Where's Grandma?

BRANDY

...Out. I think for good this time.

Brandy's longing look returns as he gazes out the window
towards the yacht.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

(without moving)

You look beautiful in those
earrings.

Anabelle smiles, plays with them as she leaves.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - HALLWAY. DAY.

Anabelle enters into the hallway. She sees Emerald down the
hallway sorting her green sequin dress.

When Emerald notices Anabelle she smirks and continues to fix
her dress.

Ritchie strolls down hungover. Lampoons along the wall as he
goes to enter the drawing room. Fingers both his ears as he
looks at Anabelle.

RITCHIE

Cute earrings.

Anabelle smiles, grateful. Emerald glares at Ritchie then
follows after into the Drawing Room.

EMERALD

(snide, to Anabelle)

Get dressed, we are taking Grandpa
out...something nice.

Emerald stops right between the Hallway and the Drawing Room.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Quack. Quack.

Anabelle watches her Mother disappear into the Drawing Room.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - ANABELLE'S SUITE. DAY.

Anabelle checks herself out in the grand bedroom mirror, it takes up an entire wall, just for her to see herself. Emerald would be more fitted for this suite.

Anabelle wears a sequin red dress, from her Mother's selection. It actually looks nice on her. She hates it.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - EMERALD'S SUITE. DAY.

Anabelle rushes into Emerald's suite with a mean determination. She B-line's for the Cello and messes with it.

EXT. FARRIS MANOR. DAY.

The ground is covered in ice and sleet. Sky is a melancholic blue.

Anabelle walks out into the cold with just her dress on.

Emerald sees her; she wears a furry coat atop her long dress.

EMERALD

Go back in and get a jacket. You'll catch a cold.

ANABELLE

No. I like it cold.

EMERALD

Suit yourself.

Anabelle gets into the range rover and Emerald slams the door closed.

INT. BOOJIE CLUB. DAY.

A dark, candle wick invested boojie club where some of the most elite come to for sanctuary from non-classical music. They probably only serve red wine too.

The entire Farris Family (excluding Silvia) are sat at a BOOTH, not too far from a STAGE, where a small ASIAN WOMAN plays a HARP. Its tranquil.

This outing lights Brandy up, him, Ritchie and Emerald all drink some fancy red wine.

Conrad, and Greta munch on some red velvet cake, the two cousins drink down cranberry boxes that they probably brought with them.

Anabelle drinks fizzy water.

Blue lights come on. The Asian Woman stops, bows. The crowd applause. Brandy is at the forefront of the applause.

OMNISCIENT PRESENTER (V.O)

Laura Lou, everyone.

BRANDY

(to Emerald)

Thanks for taking us out, honey.
I'll reimburse you for everything.

EMERALD

Thanks, daddy.

Emerald gets up and leaves the table. Disappears through a door.

Anabelle sees this and smiles, rubs her oily fingers together.

The lights dim...Brandy looks around and back to the stage.

OMNISCIENT PRESENTER (V.O)

Tonight's special guest has asked
me to give a warm welcome to our
very regular and very own Brandy
Farris.

Everyone around the Farris family turns and claps at them as an orange light illuminates the family (excluding Anabelle). Brandy is the focus of everyone in the room's attention.

BRANDY

(confused)

Uh. What? Thank you, everyone.

OMNISCIENT PRESENTER (V.O)

Now after all that smoke blown up
Brandy I'm sure his glasses need
cleaning.

Brandy laughs, Ritchie slaps his Dad on the arm.

OMNISCIENT PRESENTER (V.O) (CONT'D)

Without further a due Emerald
Farris.

Emerald slowly walks onto the stage in her beautiful dress, how she shines. A cello in her hands. She waves at the audience, a real show girl. She smiles at Brandy.

Brandy looks every bit thrilled. So is Anabelle at least she's finally got some spirit about her. Ritchie as dubious as ever, this will show him. Conrad anticipates some spectacle as always, doesn't even know this plan. How clever it is. Daddy will love this.

Emerald seats herself on a stool, warmed by the Asian woman prior. She doesn't seem nervous, but excited. She loves being the centre of attention. Its gut wrenching in fact.

She places the cello below her, holds the fiddle quite nicely, she feels along the strings...they're slick, shouldn't be an issue...the chords, the tunes, they are all wrong. She pushes through, the ever insistent Emerald.

Each bow swing produces a crude and scratchy sound that bangles and irritates everyone's ears. She keeps going. It screeches. Emerald cries as she screeches. She's a mess. What a mess. The crowd look in horror.

Brandy's eyes are hidden. Ritchie holds his fingers to his ears, not to mock Emerald, but to protect his ears. Anabelle, she watches without plugging her ears, voyeuristically observing. Conrad has left. Emerald puts down the instrument after a moment of grief and sorrow.

She exits the stage. Returns to the table. All eyes are off her. She looks down at her feet, embarrassed, presumably.

She redirects her attention to the inhabitants of the table, no one matches her eye contact. Everyone looks away.

Brandy? Ritchie? Anabelle? Conrad? He's gone. Greta, she doesn't matter. No one wants to be apart of this.

Emerald breaks down as those around her don't engage with her. Business as usual. She sips her red wine. It spills on her lovely sequin dress.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

A fire rages and the aluminous flames bounce off Emerald's green sequin dress. A barbie with dried tear trails.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - CINEMA ROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle enjoys the Cinema Room.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - EMERALD'S SUITE. NIGHT.

Emerald wanders into her bedroom. Conrad snores. Anabelle lays beside the bed with a cover snuggled up, awake.

EMERALD

What are you doing, Anabelle?

ANABELLE

I went to the Cinema Room.

Emerald flops onto bed.

EMERALD

(done)

Go to your own bed.

Anabelle eyes on Mother, swiftly gets up and drags her blankets back to her suite...

EXT. MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

Cars and floods of people enter through the mansion gates. Its extravagant.

SUPER: Margaret's House Party.

INT. MAIN HALL - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

Brandy and Ritchie gaze at large luxurious oil paintings on the wall pretending to encapsulate the prestige understanding of the craftsmanship. They have not got a clue.

Emerald remains dormant sipping a glass of wine in the green sequin dress. She wears it with little dignity.

Silvia chats with her friend Margaret in the corner about something supposedly hilarious.

Crowds of people surround the Farris family, some higher class, some lower so - you can tell from the stitching and brands they wear - outrageous - this is meant to be formal.

Anabelle sulks by herself as everyone around her walks about looking pretentious. Not what a Margaret and Silvia party would be like. Everyone is old and posh.

Conrad rubs his nose and exits the building, Greta follows. Mischievous. Anabelle observes everyone.

INT. TOILETS - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

Anabelle wearing a long brown dress (no sequin) just fine silk, with emerald gems lining the bottom and neck.

Anabelle takes a bobby pin from her hair and creates a hole in the bottom of the dress, stripping it of the emeralds and the bottom half, exposing her long legs. She smiles. Better.

INT. MAIN HALL - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

Anabelle struts out into the main hall, Emerald approaches her with disgust directed toward her new dress design.

EMERALD

What have you done to my dress?

ANABELLE

Made it look sexier.

EMERALD

Quack! You don't get to be sexy. This is your Grandmother's best friend's house party - why do you need to look...hot? Gross. You're just a little girl, stop acting like a slut.

Anabelle shrugs.

ANABELLE

Someone has to be?

EMERALD

What the fuck does that mean-

Some OLD FART budes in and kisses Emerald

OLD FART

(smooch, smooch)

Emerald, gorgeous woman. I haven't seen you since you were little.

Old fart looks her up and down, he likes what he sees, Emerald gains back some confidence and smiles. Gross.

Anabelle saunters away from her Mother. Joins Brandy and Ritchie. They instantly admire Anabelle's new fashion look.

RITCHIE

(awkward)

Looking...good...Anabelle.

ANABELLE

Thank you.

BRANDY

(humour)

You remind me of your mother when she was your age.

Anabelle goes in the direction of a golden staircase that winds high onto a great big platform second floor.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

Anabelle walks among the rich and powerful as the darker and less near dead members linger around on lounge chairs, chatting and drinking.

An INDIAN WOMAN with a bangle around her neck and a diamond woven in her hair chats with a BRITISH ACCENT with a RICH SCHOLAR. She overhears.

INDIAN WOMAN

Down the hall...you can hear two people fucking. It's madness. I love it.

INT. DOWN THE HALL - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

Anabelle follows the hallway and hears two people really going at it in the linen closet.

She creaks the door open...

INT. LINEN CLOSET - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

...Conrad kisses Greta's neck...

INT. DOWN THE HALL - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

...enough of that, Anabelle closes the door again. She does however go back in...

INT. LINEN CLOSET - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

The sweet sounds of love making...Anabelle grabs hold of Conrad's trousers that were discarded on the floor.

INT. DOWN THE HALL - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

Anabelle sprints down the hall laughing as she holds her Fathers trousers...

INT. TOILETS - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

Anabelle upends the trousers and empties the pockets...coins, (rolled up) notes and a vial of cocaine. Woo!

Anabelle does a bump and goes back out into the civilized chaos.

INT. SHOW ROOM - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

The lights are faded in the show room that shows projections of paintings with boobs and cocks. Margaret dances around the place, finding it ecstatic. Silvia finds her silly.

Brandy and Ritchie try to avoid eye contact or looking at the projections: eyes remain on their feet.

Anabelle sees the two cousins playing their game boys.

ANABELLE

Hi, boys. I heard that upstairs in the second floor there is a games room down the hall!

The boys instantly look up from their screens and beam with excitement.

INT. DOWN THE HALL - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

Conrad with a pillow over his tighty whities, Greta sorts her hair and bra inconspicuous. They both stand there looking guilty as all hell.

Emerald and Ritchie both stand and look at them confused. The boys shy behind the two of them.

CONRAD

(lying)

Thank god, you guys found us, some lunatic has stolen my trousers!

EMERALD

Why did you have your trousers off in the first place?

CONRAD

...Taking a shit! In one of the toilet stalls, some guy with glitter makeup and an afro peaked beneath the toilet door and YANKED!

Conventionally a MAN WITH GLITTER MAKEUP and an AFRO walks past, Ritchie points at the GLITTER AFRO MAN.

RITCHIE

Hey! You.

CONRAD

Not him! Someone else.

Anabelle stumbles in between the lot and hands them back to her Father.

ANABELLE

Look what I found on the stairwell,
the thief must've tossed them - I
saw exactly what you jut described
- Glitter...green and purple on one
side of the face...?

Conrad confused...nods? Nods. He gets it. She saw. He's being
blackmailed face to face. Just without any obvious ammo.

Conrad shuffles to get his trousers back on. Buckles them up.

He pats his pockets. She took everything. She smiles sweetly.

INT. SHOW ROOM - MARGARET'S MANSION. DAY.

Margaret Addresses the masses in the Show Room, she wears a
sparkly ruby red outfit.

MARGARET

(loud)

I love all my guests, big, little
and smaller. I hope everyone
continues to have a wonderful time.

(British Accent)

And for you I say - let them eat
cake!

HOME SERVANTS and KITCHEN PORTERS bring out grand dishes of
cakes, sandwiches and snacks on silver platters. It's real
fancy, even though the food isn't all that gourmet.

Emerald is the first at the cakes, not enjoying it, but
stuffs her face with a slice of Victoria sponge.

Brandy speaks with Ritchie...looks over to Silvia who is
laughing and being close with an OLD HANDSOME GENTLEMAN,
jealous, he looks down in shame.

Anabelle sees a GIRL that looks like absolute ROYALTY. NADIA
LANDRY (17), wearing the most British Dynasty dress you could
imagine.

HANNAH LANDRY (50) mother of Nadia, DAVID LANDRY (55) pot-
bellied, both parents aren't paying any attention to their
daughter.

Anabelle finds herself doddling closer to Nadia.

ANABELLE

Hi, lovely outfit. Looking fab.

NADIA

I fucking hate it, it's too big and
show off-ey.

ANABELLE

Yeah, I didn't want to wear a dress, but my parents forced me too.

NADIA

Oh, my parents didn't force me.

ANABELLE

Then...why are you wearing it?

Nadia looks at her parents who are now chatting with Margaret and Silvia.

NADIA

...because then they might notice me for once.

ANABELLE

How peculiar.

NADIA

How come?

ANABELLE

Doesn't matter.

NADIA

OK.

Anabelle pinches a sandwich on the platter...sludgy.

ANABELLE

Cigarette...?

EXT. THE GROUNDS - MARGARET'S MANSION. NIGHT.

Dark purple plumes in the sky as the day transitions to night. The grounds are empty bar a few exceptions walking about smoking and drinking.

In the TALL GRASS is Anabelle and Nadia on a small patch of shaved land. Nadia smokes, she looks a lot more chilled. She offers it to Anabelle she takes it.

NADIA

I get anything I ask for. Its exhausting.

ANABELLE

You do realise how bad that sounds, right?

Nadia nods.

NADIA

Obviously. Do you know how many people I have said that to. It's horrible being looked at the way you just looked at me. But I don't take it back.

Nadia outstretches a clutching hand for the cigarette, she's given it back.

NADIA (CONT'D)

I won't be going through education. Because why the hell would I, I can get near any job I can already - I don't need the education - the grades - the socialising, I've got years and years of that here. I just don't have to move a muscle without it growing stronger. And I rue my parents for it. But I can't help but crave whatever modicum of attention they give me, its like shitting in your own garden.

ANABELLE

Yeah. Sucks.

Anabelle stubs out the cigarette. Pulls out another.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

Another?

NADIA

You had another, yet we were sharing?

ANABELLE

Yeah. Do you want it or no?

Nadia plucks the cigarette from Anabelle's fingers. Lights it. Smokes it. Loves it. Embraces it's poison.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

From what you've told me your life is fucking perfect.

NADIA

What of what I said sounds perfect?

Anabelle snatches the cigarette.

ANABELLE

...my parents are fucking suffocating.

NADIA

I'd love that.

Nadia snatches it back.

ANABELLE
No you wouldn't. Trust me.

NADIA
Yes I would.

ANABELLE
No you wouldn't!

NADIA
Shut the fuck up!

Anabelle tenses up, takes the cigarette back, smokes it and stomps it out at just half-way. Gets up and leaves.

NADIA (CONT'D)
(starstruck)
Bitch!...

INT. MAIN HALL - MARGARET'S MANSION. NIGHT.

Anabelle enters back into Margaret's Mansion. The Main Hall is littered with drunk and lazy socialites filling up on cheese cubes and other Knick knacks.

Brandy has fallen asleep on a bean bag as Margaret and Silvia giggle beside him doodling things on his forehead.

Ritchie has a plate full of food and wolfs down it all.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MARGARET'S MANSION. DUSK.

Emerald sits in the passenger side of the car in the parking lot. She cries as she looks at herself in the tiny mirror.

SUPER: New Years Eve.

ANABELLE'S VOICE (V.O)
I can't wait for the New Years with you all. God blessed. Anyone want to hear a tune? No? Is it after Emerald's shocking display the other night? I thought so, well don't worry nothing's wrong with my instrument, I play quite fine.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - ANABELLE'S SUITE. DAY.

A gorgeous woman in a NIGHTINGALE outfit, orange and brown talons line a pair of wings strapped to Anabelle's back. She looks in the mirror. Frays her wings. Smiles.

ANABELLE
 (to herself)
 Everything will be fine.

Anabelle sighs, a breath of knowing, that tonight will not be fine.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - BRANDY&SILVIA'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Brandy in a JESTER outfit with a CROWN atop his balding head. Sits tranquil, not quite peaceful, more melancholic as he watches the clock tick by on the wall. Writings still on his face.

The sound of fireworks outside.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

Emerald pulls a pair of damaged angel wings from her suitcase, she throws them on the ground in disappointment.

Ritchie dressed as a BEAR comes through with his kids who sport DEER ANTLERS. Ritchie sees the stressed Emerald.

RITCHIE
 Emerald, we still have your old
 Halloween costume?

Emerald doesn't bother looking up at Ritchie. Conrad dressed as a SPIDER with floppy arms, pokes his head through...

CONRAD
 Halloween costume?

INT. FARRIS MANOR - STORAGE ROOM. DAY.

Conrad with OPEN EAGER eyes stares over Ritchie's shoulder as he rummages through a BOX of old items and accessories from their childhood, VHS tapes, PROM outfits...A CRAB HALLOWEEN costume. Emerald in the back hides her face.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. DAY.

Greta in a glorious PARIS HILTON outfit and Silvia with a grey miniskirt and a batch of PEACOCK feathers, both women chat in the kitchen as they drink wine.

SILVIA
 You should really come onto the
 boat. It has a jacuzzi and
 everything.

GRETA
 If I did, Ritchie would go mental!

SILVIA

You have to free yourself from that
mindset. You have a life to live.
Live it.

Greta smiles with aspiration as she downs the last of her
wine.

SILVIA (CONT'D)

Be your own person. No one else
will.

GRETA

Too right.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

Anabelle strolls into the drawing room. Emerald in her CRAB
outfit lazes on the couch with a glass of gin and a
cigarette. Anabelle puts on a worried face.

ANABELLE

What happened to your wings, Mom?
Why are you dressed as a crab?

Greta comes into the Drawing Room. She sees Emerald smoking.

GRETA

Oh. You smoke? I thought you keep
telling me you hate when people
smoke near you..?

EMERALD

I told you that because I don't
like you. I don't like when YOU
smoke in front of me.

GRETA

I see.

Greta pulls out a cigarette and smokes it to match Emerald's
levels of pettiness.

Brandy enters into the Drawing Room. Jester costume with the
king's crown. It's crooked on his head. Stylish.

BRANDY

(to Emerald, not really
caring)
Lovely costume, sweetie.

EMERALD

(insincere)
Thank you, Daddy.

BRANDY
 (to Greta)
 Is She still in the kitchen?

GRETA
 (nodding)
 Yes.

BRANDY
 Oh thank god she isn't back at the
 fucking yacht. At least.
 (to Emerald)
 Where's your Brother?

EMERALD
 I don't fucking know. Call out to
 him he's probably taking a shit.

ANABELLE
 (interrupting)
 I'll go get him.

BRANDY
 Thanks, sweetie.

Anabelle goes to get Ritchie.

Brandy stands in the centre of the Drawing Room pacing himself, trying to keep it all together. He looks about for something to do, anything...nothing? There is nothing to do.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. DAY.

Brandy slowly makes his way into the kitchen, Silvia drags a cigarette as she looks out into the ocean.

Brandy goes straight for the kitchen cupboard. Pulls out a plethora of CHIPS, CRACKERS, CHOCOLATES, HUMMUS and MORE!

Opens some hummus and dips a cracker into it.

SILVIA
 It's a nice view.

Brandy nods, mouthful of hummus.

SILVIA (CONT'D)
 Don't you think?

BRANDY
 You certainly must seeing as its
 the only thing you seem to pay
 attention to. That and college
 professors.

Silvia takes her eyes off the shore, strikes them at Brandy.

SILVIA

Excuse me?

BRANDY

I saw how you were looking at Harvey Guddo at Margaret's party.

SILVIA

What makes you think that look was lust?

BRANDY

I didn't say it was. I just think it makes sense, for you. And this whole new personality you've got going for yourself.

SILVIA

You are appropriately dressed for this conversation, I see.

BRANDY

Tell me I'm speaking porkies.

SILVIA

Unbelievable porkies. Honey, I don't lust over anyone. Not just you. Don't worry.

Silvia upends the glass of wine and somberly walks away from the Kitchen to join the others.

Brandy stands there in his own pity. Opens a glass of wine and lets the fizz overwhelm his hand and sink into his Jester costume.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DINING AREA. NIGHT.

Silvia and Brandy at the head of the table. Anabelle sits beside her Mother, Ritchie beside Greta. Conrad sits with the Kids at the bottom of the table.

Everyone is in distilled silence, as a TV in the background with the NEWS commentating over the New Years that will commence.

BRANDY

(to Everyone)

Everyone got their resolutions ready for the new years?

RITCHIE

Get slimmer.

EMERALD

Same here.

CONRAD
Pretty much yeah.

GRETA
Mine is healthier lifestyle.

EMERALD
No need to go in any deeper, just
say to get skinnier. You clearly
need it more than us.

Ritchie shakes his head.

RITCHIE
Am I missing something? Emerald,
why are you being an asshole to my
wife?

EMERALD
I wasn't.

BRANDY
(to Emerald, soft)
Honey. You were.

EMERALD
(insincere)
Sorry.

BRANDY
There we go!

GRETA
That wasn't sincere. She has been
acting like this since we got here.
What is the matter?

EMERALD
Nothing. I just don't get why you
were in a cupboard with my husband
with his pants off?

RITCHIE
(scolding)
Emerald!

Conrad jumps in.

CONRAD
I already said! The guy with the
afro stole them, Anabelle- please
you saw this person.

Anabelle shakes their head.

ANABELLE
I can't remember.

CONRAD

You said...you said? Yesterday.

ANABELLE

Now that I think about it I didn't.

Conrad looks like he's about to get a heart attack.

BRANDY

Can we resolve this some other time
and just fucking enjoy tonight?

A hush falls over the family as they heed Brandy's
interjection...one person is ready to burst with words...

GRETA

I am in love with Conrad!

RITCHIE

What?

EMERALD

Whore!

CONRAD

Fuck...

Anabelle giggles away as everyone begins to shout over each
other. Emerald sees this and puts her full attention to
Anabelle.

EMERALD

And you, you little bitch. I don't
see what you're laughing at, taking
your friend to a party and letting
her get drugged and die.

Everyone goes silent as Emerald nods away.

BRANDY

Sweetie...

ANABELLE

How did you...?

Anabelle looks to the one person she told...Silvia...she's
clueless, so she didn't tell?

EMERALD

Do you really think that you could
go to college and I wouldn't check
up on you. As if I wouldn't figure
out your little friend died. Pfft.
You are just as fucked up as the
rest of us, so you can get off that
little fucking huge giant high
horse and come down with the rest
of us.

Anabelle looks along at everyone at the table, it's awkward...her eyes go to fill with tears until she turns them into anger.

ANABELLE

I was the one that damaged your
fucking cello. I broke the pegs.

EMERALD

You little **cunt**.

ANABELLE

You stood up there and you looked
your most authentic, crying.

Emerald doesn't know whether to scream at Anabelle or burst out into tears so what she actually does is slam her hands against the table as Anabelle speaks.

EMERALD

Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!
Quack! Quack! Quack! QUACK!
QUACK! QUACK! Quack Qu Quaok
QUSKC QUACK qock qaataak!
Quck quock...

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

Your husband doesn't even
want you anymore. You're an
awful Mother. And you're not
even on Grandpa Brandy's
fucking Will!

Emerald stops in her tracks...watches the eyes fall onto her then Anabelle...

BRANDY

(to Anabelle)

How do you know...?

ANABELLE

I checked behind the painting in
your bedroom. Mom's been trying to
manipulate you to get you to swap
out Ritchie for her. That's why she
had me play the music. That's why
she wanted to play Cello. The
silver dish falling. Everything was
just some plan to get YOU to LOVE
HER! And it failed. It fucking
FAILED.

Brandy looks at Emerald unbelieving. She looks back, tearing up.

EMERALD

I'm not on your Will?

BRANDY

You've been messing with me since
you got here?

EMERALD

Why in the fuck do you prefer
Ritchie over me, answer me that!

BRANDY

BECAUSE you remind me of your
MOTHER...

Silvia gawks at the words that flowed from Brandy's mouth.

Emerald ugly cries at Brandy's statement.

Silvia gets up and leaves, the peacock feathers toss a bowl
of potato salad across the floorboards...

Ritchie argues with Greta and Conrad tries to calm Ritchie
down, they are on their feet now.

Silvia picks up Anabelle's violin that is on the floor. Takes
it with her.

Emerald turns to Anabelle.

ANABELLE

(imitating a crab)
Pinch! Pinch! Pinch!

Emerald pinch's Anabelle's right duck-ey earring and yanks it
out of her ear lobe. A trickle of blood smears across the
snack table.

EMERALD

Quack.

Emerald gets up from the table and goes to argue with
Ritchie, Conrad and Greta...

Brandy looks at the TELEVISION...he listens to the countdown.

TV PRESENTER (V.O)

10...9...8...

Emerald throws a glass of wine onto Greta's face and Ritchie
punches Conrad in the face.

TV PRESENTER (V.O) (CONT'D)

7...6...5...

Brandy dips some CHIPS into hummus, mmm...

TV PRESENTER (V.O) (CONT'D)

4...

Anabelle looks over at Brandy...she stares...

TV PRESENTER (V.O) (CONT'D)

3...

Brandy pleads at Anabelle with his eyes...

TV PRESENTER (V.O) (CONT'D)

2...

Pip stands by the door watching all the madness continue. Was he there the whole time?

TV PRESENTER (V.O) (CONT'D)

1...HAPPY NEW YEARS!

Brandy SMACKS his head off the table, FALLS to the floor, CLUTCHES his CHEST...

Fireworks from the TV go off...everyone stops and stares at Brandy, he pleads for help, the only person that attends his side is Pip Squeak.

BRANDY'S LAST MEMORIES:

INT. LOVELY BIG BEDROOM. MORNING.

A MUCH YOUNGER BRANDY sleeps away in a lovely luxurious bed, with soft pillows, blankets and a child's COT beside their bed.

A MUCH YOUNGER SILVIA removes a pen lid from a MARKER and WRITER something on Much Younger Brandy's forehead.

This Silvia gives this Brandy an Eskimo kiss as he slowly wakes up from his sleep. She descends out of frame after rocking the baby COT with Emerald inside.

INT. BATHROOM. MORNING.

Brandy looks into the mirror as he chuckles at the message written on his face...obscured by the foggy mirror...**MY MAN.**

MEMORY ENDS-

EXT. FARRIS MANOR - OUTER GATES. NIGHT.

-The AMBULANCE waits for the GATES to open...

EXT. FARRIS MANOR - INNER GATES. NIGHT.

The Ambulance has to wait once again for the comms...

EXT. FARRIS MANOR. NIGHT.

The ambulance MEDICS perform CPR and try any attempt to resuscitate Brandy.

The whole family watches from the living room windows. Keeping a distance, too close and Brandy dying might become to REAL!

EXT. FARRIS MANOR. NIGHT.

Anabelle exits the Manor and approaches the medics that have Brandy responsive in the back of the Ambulance.

MEDIC
(to Anabelle)
Want to hop in?

Anabelle shakes her head.

The Medic nods and thumbs up the driver.

Brandy reaches out for Anabelle, she holds out her hand. He takes it.

Brandy whispers something so faint, a wheeze, into her ear...

BRANDY
Thou was not born for death,
Immortal Bird.

Anabelle looks at Brandy confused. Brandy, still in his Jester outfit bursts into a laughing fit.

Medic slams the doors shut but you can still hear the laughter. It's so loud. The ambulance drives off.

Anabelle with one bleeding ear...watches the Ambulance...she turns back to the Manor...

All the eyes are on her...She trundles toward the home unsure of what's next...

INT. FARRIS MANOR - BATHROOM. DUSK.

Anabelle looks at her reflection in the mirror, dirty, bleeding and sweaty.

She doesn't like it. Rubs on the wound and yelps as it stings.

Anabelle's eyes gloss over as tears surface, she tears out the other earring...

FLASHBACK:

INT. PI BETA - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle kisses Xiao...Xiao pushes off from Anabelle in disgust...looks her best friend in the eyes as if she's been betrayed. She sits there alone. Xiao gone.

INT. PI BETA - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle sees Xiao kissing another BOY on the couch across the room. Really going at it, Xiao makes eye contact. Anabelle looks away, jealous.

INT. PI BETA - SECOND FLOOR. NIGHT.

Anabelle walking up to the door with Xiao OD'ing.

INT. PI BETA - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle mortified looks at Xiao on the bed, Xiao looks back at her, she can't see straight but she recognises Anabelle.

XIAO
(through pain; whispers)
Help.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - BATHROOM. DUSK.

The Nightingale looks at herself in the silver lined reflection. Burdened with her own presence.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

Emerald discards Brandy's Will and Testament Receipt in the FIRE PIT. It shrivels up in the heat and burns.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

Emerald and Ritchie swirl like Piranha's to PREY, as they point fingers and argue.

Anabelle lingers behind a door. Through the hall. In the bathroom, wherever she possibly can.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - STUDY. DAY.

Anabelle reads books. Non-fiction. About court details, solicitors, one book called "**YOUR Will AND Testament!**".

She flicks through them fast. Her ears still BEET ROOT.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - RANDOM BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The moonlight creeps into the cramped bedroom where Conrad and Greta sit awkwardly, hands on their head...regretful...

EXT. FARRIS MANOR. NIGHT.

TAYLOR'S FUNERAL DIRECTORY VAN parked in the Parking Lot just outside the Farris Manor.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle, Emerald and Ritchie are in the Drawing Room with JEROME & ELIZABETH TAYLOR and their daughter Penelope (Emerald's Maid).

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Ritchie shakes a glass of Jack on the Rocks. Emerald devours a glass of Wine.

RITCHIE

Someone has to tell Mom.

EMERALD

That someone, you mean: Me?

Emerald points at herself and pulls a face that expresses the impossibility of that option.

RITCHIE

Well, I can't. She doesn't have a phone. We can go rent out a boat tomorrow and go fetch her.

EMERALD

Number one Ritchie...always on top of everything. I just now see why you are the favourite.

Ritchie sips his Jack.

RITCHIE

Give it a -fucking- rest. Our Dad is dead, and all you care about is who his favourite was.

EMERALD

Because I don't have any memories with him. The last experience I'll ever have with him was yelling and shouting and...I just wanted him to love me the same way he loved you.

RITCHIE

I know. Emerald. I know.

Emerald smiles against her sadness. Pours the remainder of the wine bottle into her glass.

EMERALD

What do you think about those two up there.

She points to the ceiling. Where Conrad and Greta must be.

Ritchie laughs. Rubs his tired eyes.

RITCHIE

That I don't know. What I do know is that we have a funeral tomorrow and Mom doesn't even know Dad's dead.

ANABELLE'S VOICE (O.S.)

I can go over.

Anabelle enters the Kitchen.

EMERALD

Uhuh. As you should. You are the reason that night got so loud. Don't think you're blame free from what happened.

ANABELLE

I overheard your phone call, the doctors said it was bound to happen.

EMERALD

Eavesdropping are we now?

ANABELLE

Stop trying to make everything into an argument. Jesus Christ.

Emerald scoffs and slowly crawls closer to Anabelle.

EMERALD

Is there something wrong with me? I must have raised you wrong.

ANABELLE

Now I get what Grandpa Brandy meant.

EMERALD

What the fuck does that mean?

Anabelle rolls her eyes and goes to leave before Emerald grabs HOLD of her shoulder.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Go on. Say what you said.

RITCHIE

Emerald, for Christ sake leave the girl alone.

EMERALD

I want her to stop being ungrateful for everything she has and to act like an oblivious little shit-

Anabelle SMACKS Emerald across the face.

Emerald's jaw drops and she SLAPS Anabelle HARDER. Anabelle falls backwards and HITS her back against the WALL.

Anabelle finds her footing and runs out the room.

Emerald holds her RAW hand as if it were a bloodied knife and she were an insomniac-killer waking up to their latest murder.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Anabelle, I'm sorry!

Anabelle is gone. Emerald had taken things too far. She starts backwards for her glass of wine. Downs it.

RITCHIE

She'll forgive you in the morning.

Emerald doesn't respond. Takes the bottle of wine and departs the kitchen.

EXT. SANDY LAWN. NIGHT.

Anabelle cascades onto the sand, the snow and the water. Its chilly. Numbing. Biting. She is devoured by the water. She swims out.

EXT. YACHT. NIGHT.

Anabelle claws at the water and grapples the side ladder for the Yacht.

EXT. YACHT. NIGHT.

Silvia bathes in the sun lounger. Warm jumper on. A glass of water beside her. She wears sun glasses so its hard to tell if she's awake or asleep.

Anabelle approaches her Grandma and Silvia perks up before she can reach her.

SILVIA
Anabelle, what are you doing? I am
awake by the way.

ANABELLE
Oh.

SILVIA
You swam all the way out here?

ANABELLE
We were worried about you.

SILVIA
Did Brandy set you up for this?

ANABELLE
No.

SILVIA
Emerald?

ANABELLE
Grandma, I'm sorry. But...Brandy is
dead. He died of a heart attack on
New Years just after you left...his
funeral is tomorrow.

Silvia's face drops from a smile to an uncanny dead look.
Tears run down her cheeks but she gives no indication she's
crying.

SILVIA
Call me Silvia, sweetie. Grandma
makes me feel old.

ANABELLE
Process what I just said. I need to
know that you understood what you
were told.

SILVIA
My husband is dead. His funeral is
tomorrow. Got it.

Anabelle nods and sees that Silvia's just been drinking a
glass of water.

ANABELLE
Is there not anything else you want
to say?

Silvia shakes her head as more emotionless streams of salty
water flood her face and ruin her mascara.

Anabelle turns to leave.

SILVIA

Wait.

Anabelle stops. Turns. Silvia's jaw chatters before she speaks.

SILVIA (CONT'D)

I brought your instrument. Thought it silly to be the only Woman of the family unable to play a string instrument. Turns out bringing it was all the more sillier. Can't make heads or tails of the damn thing. I really tried to when I was younger, about Emerald's age now... Yes. I used to take her to my classes.

(laughs at fond memories through currents)

She asked me, "Mommy. Do you think I could take classes too?". She loved mimicking me when she was little, dressed like me. Acted like me. A little drama queen. I took her and she gravitated towards cello...

ANABELLE

...go on.

Silvia points in the direction of Anabelle's Violin.

SILVIA

I would like you to play me a song. I don't want anything Brandy would listen to. I am way too individualistic for that. Play me something impromptu. I want heart.

Anabelle nods in understanding.

SILVIA (CONT'D)

I've messed up the tuning I believe.

Anabelle sighs, walks over to the Violin and tunes it slightly. Grabs the fiddle. Looks at Silvia. She's lost, looking out into the empty waters. She's all alone out here.

Anabelle pulls back the fiddle and begins to play the Violin. It is melodramatic, hopeful, melancholic and cynical. She fiddles harsh, long and imperfectly.

Silvia listens intently on the lounge. Drinks her water.

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O)

(over Anabelle's violin music)

(MORE)

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O) (CONT'D)

My heart aches, and a drowsy
 numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I
 had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the
 drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards
 had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy
 lot,
 But being too happy in thine
 happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of
 the trees.

Anabelle decrescendo's and drops the instrument onto the deck. Silvia claps.

EXT. YACHT. NIGHT.

Silvia drives the Yacht through the freezing cold waters and back to the house.

Anabelle shivers in the Yacht's hot tub, skin blue, she's naked. Teeth chattering.

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O)

In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows
 numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated
 ease.
 O, for a draught of vintage! that
 hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-
 delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country
 green

INT. FARRIS MANOR - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

Anabelle buckled by the raging fire as Silvia throws logs into it, feeding the flames. Pip hands Anabelle a cup of hot cocoa. She sips through shivering.

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O)

And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the
 world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the
 forest dim:
 Fade far away, dissolve, and quite
 forget.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - EMERALD'S SUITE. NIGHT.

Emerald sits with Anabelle in her suite. She rubs anti-septic cream on her Daughter's infected ears. Smiling through the fog of melancholy.

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O)

The weariness, the fever, and the
fret Here, where men sit and hear
each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last
gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and
spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of
sorrow.

INT. FARRIS MANOR - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Silvia enters the dimly lit kitchen as Ritchie holds his head in his hands, looks up to see his Mother...

Silvia breaks down on the spot and in the centre of the Kitchen...Ritchie a reflection of his Father Brandy. She can't take it. Ritchie goes to help her up, but he can't.

He's breaking with her, but he can hardly tell.

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O)

And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her
lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-
morrow.

EXT. PRIVATE CEMETERY - DAY.

Rainfall. Grey clouds. Black clothes. The Farris Family in a row of BRANDY'S OPEN CASKET. Tears stream in Unison.

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O)

The grass, the thicket, and the
fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral
eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in
leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy
wine,
Darkling I listen; and, for many a
time.

Silvia holds onto an umbrella shading her and Emerald who are side by side now, mourning together. They both watch as the casket is lowered into the grave.

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O) (CONT'D)

I have been half in love with
 easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a
 mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet
 breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to
 die.

HOLD on Silvia. She watches the earth cascade down onto her
 MAN's grave.

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O) (CONT'D)

To cease upon the midnight with no
 pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy
 soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have
 ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Anabelle's mind is elsewhere. Lost. She daydreams, her eyes
 looking around the row upon rows of grave stones...

BRANDY'S VOICE (V.O) (CONT'D)

Thou wast not born for death,
 immortal Bird!

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS. DAY.

People run about the campus wearing graduation gowns and
 suits. Passing by Freshmen and Sophomores.

SUPER: **Graduation...3 years later.**

INT. HARVARD HALL. DAY.

A great big hall. Gradulators are all chipper and cheerful.
 Anabelle in amongst them is happy, but looks a little bored.
 Everyone THROWS their caps into the air...

EXT. PUBLIC CEMETERY. DAY.

Anabelle wanders alone through a more disorganised burial
 site, still wearing her graduation gown.

She stands over one grave in particular...**XIAO CHEN 1980-
 1999**. Two candles on the dirt burned to the bottom of the
 wick surrounded by bracelets, bangles, gems and bouquets.

Anabelle kneels down onto the earth. Puts her Duck Earrings
 on the grave as an offering.

The sun smiles through blossoming trees and branches lay shadows along the cemetery grounds where a pair of ducks and swans rest quietly.

The END.