

FOXY

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FADE IN:

EXT.WOODS-NIGHT

CLAIRE (18) lies in a shallow grave a quilt her coffin.

Her killer has brushed her hair; folded her hands on her chest,
a pillow cushions her head.

Silver bracelet, Claire inscribed on it.

Flowers flutter down... petals shade her sightless eyes.

EXT.RED LIGHT DISTRICT-NIGHT

JOSHA (20) approaches JENNIE (Working girl).

Shows her a leaflet featuring a picture of Claire and the
caption: missing.

JOSHA

Seen her?

JENNIE

Not lately.

A lorry rumples by them deafening out what Josha says.

She pockets the leaflet.



A CURB CRAWLER pulls up and Jennie darts.

Leens in the window.

JENNIE

(To Pitt)

You looking for business?

PITT (40s) motions: her bony legs spider in.

She stares at Josha as the car pull away, her face lost in doubt.

EXT.CRACK HOUSE-NIGHT

Josha watches STONEY (20s) and TYRONE (20s) enter.

A WORKING GIRL exits a punter's car.

Eyes hungry for the crack pipe.

Glazed to Josha, as she ghosts him in her rush.

Josha zips after her...

INT.CRACK HOUSE-CONT'D

catches her, gives her a leaflet.



JOSHA

Seen her?

She scans it.

GIRL

Yeah.

(Beat)

What's it worth?

Her ragged nails scar the queen on his offered twenty-pound.

She scrunches it into her pocket.

Clatters up bare stairs.

Enters a room.

Joshua climbs the stairs.

Sticks a leaflet onto the wall.

The girl exits the room, stabs her finger towards Joshua.

GIRL

(To Stoney about Joshua)

Cunt robbed me!

Stoney steps out.

Sees the leaflet stappled to the wall, sucks his teeth.



Tears it down, screws it, flicks it into Josha's face.

STONEY

(About Claire)

Boy wants to join her.

Josha steps back onto Tyron's trainers.

He turns.

Tyrone eyes his scuffed trainers- headbutts Josha down.

STONEY

Pockets.

The girl riffles his pockets pulling them inside out: a bottle of sleeping pills spills out.

She rattles it, clocks Stoney's cocked eye.

GIRL

(About the pills)

Sleepers.

Pockets them.

STONEY

Sneakers.

JOSHA

Come on, don't treat me like a-



Stoney boots Josha's head.

STONEY

Bitch.

The girl yanks off Josha's trainers and socks.

Scours them for money or drugs.

JOSHA

(To Stoney)

That it- bitch!

He gives Stoney a mocking look: this boy got a death wish.

Reaches for his trainers.

Stoney's boot launches him tumbling down the stairs.

A miracle that his NECK is not BROKEN.

The girl takes his sneakers.

Scores of Stoney.

EXT.WOODS-NIGHT

Pitt's car pulls up in front of a razor wired gate.



Cameras monitor it.

Behind the gate, a dark building.

INT.PITT'S CAR-SAME

Jennie looks nervously at the building.

JENNIE

What's this place?

PITT

Foxy's den.

JENNIE

I ain't doing anything nasty.

PITT

They beat steaks to make it tender.

He punches Jennie splitting her lip.

PITT (CONT'D)

Foxy's hungry.

Jennie scrambles for the door handle.

Pitt electrocutes her with a cattle prod.

She spasms, mouth frothing.



Just for the pure pleasure of it, he electrocutes her again.

EXT. PITT'S CAR

The gates open and Pitt drives in.

INT. SWAIN'S COMPOUND-FOXY'S CELL ROOM-NIGHT

Naked, FOXY (18) prowls her see through plastic cell.

Several security cameras monitor her.

Her cunning, cute faces watches as Pitt drags Jennie towards her cell.

Two steel barred cages circle hers.

An obese GUARD opens and locks them as Pitt shoves Jennie through.

PITT

(To Foxy)

Grubs up.

The guard opens Foxy's plastic cell door.

Readies a cattle prod.

Pitt shoves Jennie into Foxy's Cell.



PITT

(To Foxy)

Tuck in.

The guard locks the cell.

Jennie sinks down the cell's wall, trembling.

Foxy's eyes lock onto Pitt's... he's the first to break the stare.

He turns walks away.

The guard follows him.

Opening and locking the steel doors behind them.

Foxy sinks down next to Jennie.

Jennie's cut lip bleeds.

FOXY

Hurt you.

She licks Jennie's lip, specks of light on the tip of Foxy's tongue.

Heals Jennie's lip.

JENNIE

What are they going to do to us?

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FOXY

Hungry.

INT. SWAIN'S COMPOUND- NIGHT

A shrine to MARY SWAIN (Swain's daughter)

Her ashes in a gold urn.

Flowers.

Photos of her.

SWAIN kisses the urn.

SWAIN

Soon my love.

He exits the room.

INT. SWAIN'S OFFICE-CONT'D

Seats himself.

A knock on the door.

Pitt enters.



SWAIN

You fed her?

PITT

Turned her nose up at a
prime streetwalker.

SWAIN

Did she now.

(beat)

Hurt her.

Pitt smiles.

PITT

Pleasure... what if she still
won't eat her.

SWAIN

Bury the whore and bring her
something tastier.

INT.JOSHA'S HOME- LIVING ROOM-DAY

Joshua tossing on his sofa, his CAT watching him.

He wakes.



Heaves.

Empty beer bottle and an empty pill bottle spilling onto a brimming ashtray, he rolls to his feet.

Vomits.

JOSHA
(Despair)
Claire.

EXT.RED LIGHT DISTRICT-NIGHT

Joshua buys flowers from a street vendor.

INT.PITT'S CAR-NIGHT

Pitt eyes spearing for prey.

Spots a SUZI on the corner.

She's cradling a flower Joshua gave her.

Pitt pulls up.

Desperation floods his car's window as Suzi crouches facing it.

It slides down.

A wad of notes baits.

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SUZI

You looking for fun?

PITT

Sure. We can have some "fun"
and games.

She slides in- sealing her fate.

INT. SWAIN'S COMPOUND- FOXY'S CELL ROOM-NIGHT

The fat guard reads his newspaper.

A baseball bat and an electric prod gun within reach.

He gives FOXY (18) sneaky glances.

Naked, lithe, she prowls her see through plastic cell.

Empty except for a thin mattress.

FOXY

(Pained)

Hungry.

Her cunning face clocks the guard's lecherous peeps.



She tosses her fiery auburn hair.

Slides her butt down the plastic cell wall.

Hunkers.

Her back to the guard.

The guard rustles his paper; pretends to read it.

Foxy doesn't say the words, but the guard hears:

FOXY

(A whisper in the guard's ear)

Don't you want me?

He snipers a look at her... sees she hasn't spoken.

Back to his paper.

Foxy doesn't say the words, but the guard hears:

FOXY

(A whisper in the guard's ear)

You can have me- no one needs to know.

He licks his lips... his eyes glaze.

FOXY

Take me-NOW!



Hypnotized, the guard looks at Foxy- she's facing him; her body pressed hard against the plastic.

Trance like, he zombies towards her.

Her plastic cell, ringed by two barred cells, he opens them... reaches her cell.

Her crafty face promises him everything.

INT.SWAIN'S COMPOUND-SECURITY ROOM- SAME

A rack of monitors watching Foxy's every move.

Feet up on a table, GUARD #2 sleeping.

MONITOR: guard opens Foxy's plastic cell door.

A BLEEPING, warning that Foxy's cell has been opened, wakes the guard #2.

He scans the monitors.

GUARD #2

Fuck!

He slams a red button: an alarm claxon blares.

INT. SWAIN'S COMPOUND- FOXY'S CELL ROOM- NIGHT



Pitt kicks the obese guard's clothes a cloud of ash rises (guard consumed by Foxy).

PITT

She's been snacking.

Swain turns to PITT.

Eyes the rifle on his back and shotgun he's carrying.

SWAIN

I want her alive.

PITT

Shotgun to hound her- rifle
to snare her.

Chained to cell bars, Pitt passes Suzi.

Her terrified eyes follow him.

He turns back.

Flicks on his cattle prod.

PITT

Having fun?

He removes her gag.

SUZI

Please let me go- I wont



tell anyone.

SWAIN

Scream.

He electrocutes her.

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

Sitting on tree stump Josha smokes.

Tosses the cig.

He steps onto the tree stump puts a noose, hanging from a tree's branch, around his neck.

Tightens it.

He cries... gears himself to take his last step.

A shotgun's BLAST stops him stepping into oblivion.

He sees.

Probing torch light flashing in the woods.

Shotgun BLAST.

A VIXEN limps to him.

Blood seeping from her shot leg.

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Her eyes seek his... hypnotising their gaze.

Joshua trembles... shoves the noose from around his neck: the fox has saved him.

Steps of the log.

JOSHA

(To the fox)

I ain't going hurt you, foxy.

Reaches out.

She limps into his arms.

He cradles her.

Darting through the woods as torch lights search for them.

EXT.WOODS-GRASS VERGE-CONT'D

From the boot of his car, he takes a blanket wraps the vixen in it.

Gently puts her in the back seat.

Sees:

Dark silhouettes in the woods heading towards him.



A torch beam nails him.

He darts into his car as a shotgun blast shatters the windscreen.

INT.JOSHA'S CAR-CONT'D

He keys the ignition.

Floors the pedal.

A shotgun blast explodes the side window.

The car serves.

Crouched behind the steering wheel, Josha brakes as a dark figure rushes the car.

Reversing, he spins the car 180.

Steams away.

EXT.WOODS-CONT'D

Balaclava on, night goggles, Pitt writes down Josha's number plate.

INT.JOSHA'S CAR-NIGHT

Josha glances into the driver's mirror.

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JOSHA

Mad bastards!

(To the fox)

We ain't dead yet, eh foxy?

Grinning, he turns- naked, wrapped in the blanket, Foxy meets his grin.

Joshua slams on the brakes!

JOSHA

Jesus! Where the hell
you come from?

A smile plays her lips, she shrugs her slim shoulders.

JOSHA

Got a name?

FOXY

Foxy.

Joshua laughs.

JOSHA

You're kidding... where is
the fox?

She shrugs the blanket off her to examine her shot leg.



Licks at the blood; trickles of light in her saliva

JOSHA

You need a hospital.

FOXY

Home.

JOSHA

Where?

FOXY

You.

JOSHA

Me?

Your leg needs stitches.

FOXY

Hurt go.

She licks her wound, specks of light on the tip of her tongue.

The wound NOW less severe- healing.

She gives him a foxy grin.

FOXY

Foxy.



INT.JOSHA'S HOME- CLAIRE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT.

Joshua nudges the light on with his shoulder as he carries Foxy to the bed.

He gently puts her down.

JOSHA

It's Claire's room... she's away.

He glances around.

JOSHA (CONT'D)

Her stuffs in the wardrobe...
take your pick.

Foxy eyes the room.

Sniffs the dying flowers in a vase by the bed.

Stares at the record player.

JOSHA

You want some sounds?

FOXY

Sounds?

JOSHA

Music

He turns on the record player.

(For FREE professional screenwriting software check out StudioBinder.com)



Spins a record onto it.

Foxy shuffles up the bed at the sound of MUSIC:

Joshua eyes Foxy's shot leg.

JOSHA

Don't be dancing.

FOXY

Dancing?

Joshua throws a few dance moves; Foxy is enchanted.

JOSHA

Dancing.

She slinks to the record player, sniffs it.

JOSHA

Back in a sec.

Joshua exits.

Not caring that the blanket falls from her, Foxy mimics Joshua's dance moves.

FOXY

Foxy dancing.

She slows the speed of the spinning record with her finger.

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Tastes her finger.

Picks up a framed photo of Claire.

Smells it.

Licks it.

A tap on the door.

JOSHA (O/S)

You decent?

Foxy puzzled face.

FOXY

Decent?

Joshua enters; turns his face when he sees she's naked.

JOSHA

I thought you were dressed.

FOXY

Skin.

She touches her flesh.

Plucks the bottle of disinfect out his hand.



Opens.

Sniffs it.

Licks it.

Joshua smiles.

JOSHA

It's for your wound.

FOXY

Wound?

She offers him her sleek leg: wound gone.

FOXY

Hurt go.

She steps close, face to face.

Licks the wounds on it.

Flecks of light on the tip of her tongue.

His face bruises fade... disappears.

He's blind to her eyes as they deepen, iridescent whirling pools.

We sink into them, swim with the ghost of Claire.



FOXY'S FLASHBACK- INT. JOSHA'S CAR

Joshua pulls up his car.

A desperate smile on her face, Claire comes to the window.

CLAIRE

You looking for business?

JOSHA

Maybe.

She gets in.

CLAIRE

(To Joshua)

You can fuck me- I'm cheap:
twenty quid.

She holds out her hand for cash.

FOXY'S FLASHBACK: INT.JOSHA'S CAR-NIGHT

Claire's legs hooked around his back- sneer on her face- Joshua pumps Claire.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM-NIGHT

Naked, Foxy lies on the bed studying Claire's photo.

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She rolls of the bed.

Searches a cupboard.

Sniffs at Claire's "streetwalker" clothes.

Smells and licks them.

HORN BLARE.

Holding a bright yellow miniskirt, she steps to the window.

Watches PROSTITUTES as they walk their beat.

Get picked up by PUNTERS.

Licks her lips.

FOXY

Hungry.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT-NIGHT.

Wearing the yellow miniskirt, and not much else, Foxy pounds Claire's beat.

A car pulls up.

PUNTER

You working?

(For FREE professional screenwriting software check out StudioBinder.com)



FOXY

Working?

PUNTER

For sale?

Foxy thinks.

FOXY

You can fuck me- I'm cheap:
twenty quid.

He motions for her to get in.

PUNTER

You got a place?
(Off Foxy's puzzled look)
To do it.

She glances at the busy road, houses.

FOXY

Woods.

PUNTER

Outdoors- you're my kind of whore.

EXT. WOODS- NIGHT.



The punter's car pulls up.

PUNTER

Strip.

FOXY

Hungry.

The punter yanks down his jean's zipper.

PUNTER

Eat this.

Foxy bends her head to his groin.

Her eyes NOW iridescent, fluid, light whirlpools into them like they're blackholes.

She stabs her sharp nails into his eyes.

EXT. PUNTER'S CAR-SAME.

A blind flash of light: Punter's life force, flares out the car.

It dazzles the woods.

PUNTER (O/S)

(Anguished)

Scream.

The light is sucked back into the car.

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POV through car window: glowing, Foxy's eyes suck the light in.

The interior goes dark.

Now blazes as Foxy's touch cremates the punter.

He explodes into a cloud of ash.

It snows.

On his clothes and shoes

EXT.WOODS-NIGHT

Foxy steps out the car.

Wipes the back of her hand across her lips.

Belches a light burb.

Strips.

Morphs into a vixen.

Heads into the woods.

Finds wildflowers.

Takes them in her mouth.



INT.WOODS- NIGHT

Claire's grave.

Sniffing it out, the vixen finds it.

Drops the flowers.

She morphs into Foxy.

Sits on the grave.

Light flares from her- sinks into the soil.

Her lips don't move but we, maybe Claire, hears:

FOXY

(A whisper in Claire's ear)

Wake.

She holds the flowers.

INT.JOSHA'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

On the sofa, Josha smokes a joint.

His cat slinks into the room.



Gracefully, leaps onto his lap.

Purrs her contentment as he strokes it.

An IDENTICAL cat enters the room.

Her fur spiked in anger and fear.

It hisses at the cat on Josha's lap.

Josha looks at cat on his lap, sees Foxy's head resting there.

She smiles at him.

Smuggles her head into his groin to get comfier.

Her face morphs into Claire's

INT. JOSHA'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Josha dreaming of Claire on his lap, smiles.

His smile turns to a horror grimace.

He yerks in his nightmare.

INT. JOSHA'S LIVING ROOM-MORNING.

Josha wakes.



Gets up spilling a brimming ashtray to the floor.

INT. BATHROOM-MORNING

He views his face in the mirror: no bruises.

JOSHA

What?

EXT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM.

Joshua knocks on.

JOSHA

Foxy. Are you clothed?

FOXY (O/S)

Yes.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM-CONT'D

Joshua enters.

Covers his eyes at her nakedness.

JOSHA

You a nudist?



FOXY

Nudist?

JOSHA

Forget it.

She pinches her flesh.

JOSHA

I've got to fly... things to do.

I show you what's what before I go.

He leaves, she follows him.

Takes the framed photo of Claire with her.

He backs up.

Takes Claire's dressing gown out the cupboard.

Covering his eyes, wraps her in it.

INT.KITCHEN-MORNING.

Joshua enters the kitchen.

Wearing the dressing gown, holding the photo, Foxy follows him.

He taps the fridge.



JOSHA

You've met a fridge?

Foxy shakes her head.

JOSHA

(Joking)

Have you been living down
a hole?

Foxy happily nods her head.

FOXY

Foxy hole. Sleeping.
Get wake.

Joshua smiles.

Opens the fridge.

JOSHA

You hungry?

She shakes her head.

He touches his face.

JOSHA

Foxy... my face... did you-



Foxy licks his face.

FOXY

Hurt go.

INT.LIVING ROOM-DAY.

Joshua gently prizes the photo of Claire of her.

Puts it onto of the tele.

Joshua remotes it on.

Foxy darts, hides behind him.

Peeps at the people on the tele.

JOSHA

It won't hurt you.

She creeps to the tele, sniff it.

Licks it.

A static charge tickles her tongue.

She grins at Joshua.

Clutches the photo of the tele.



JOSHA

You like Claire.

Joshua winks at her.

JOSHA

It's wink: we do when we like
somebody...

Foxy winks at Joshua.

FOXY

I do it to Claire.

Joshua's smile fades.

INT.JOSHA'S HOUSE-DAY

Naked, Foxy sits before the tele watching it.

TELE: 70s advert for shake and vac carpet cleaner. A HOUSEWIFE
sprinkles the cleaning product onto the carpet as she dances and
sings.

HOUSEWIFE

(Sings)

You do the shake and vac put
the freshness back; do the
shake and vac...



FOXY
(Sings)
Shake and vac-

Doorbell rings.

She doesn't understand what it is so ignores it.

FOXY (CONT'D)
(Singing)
put the freshness back.

Doorbell keeps ringing.

Eyes on the tele, she gets up... backs out the room watching it.

INT.FRONT DOOR-CONT'D

Foxy listens - smiles when the bell rings.

The door is booted.

She peeps out the curtain.

FOXY
Hungry.

Opens the door.



The DEALER grins as his eyes sweep Foxy's body.

BLOKE

Looking for Josha- but
you'll do.

He rubs by her.

Locks the door.

DEALER

Where is he?

Foxy thinks.

FOXY

Things to do.

DEALER

I bet he has.

He squeezes one of Foxy's breasts.

DEALER (CONT'D)

So, have I.

(Beat)

Josha can pay you out of
what he owes me.

He grabs her hair.



Drags her.

INT.LIVING ROOM-CONT'D

Shoves her onto the sofa.

Yanks her so her backside his facing him.

Strips.

Licks his lips.

DEALER

I'm goanna make a right meal
of you.

He moves to mount her- she moves lighting fast.

Her eyes iridescent.

Whirling tunnels.

Her long nails spike his eyes.

A blaze of light flashes out of them.

Dazzles the room.

Is sucked into Foxy's eyes.



Her fingers burn- cremate him.

He explodes into a cloud of ash.

It snows.

Dusting the carpet.

Foxy blows her fingernails.

INT. JOSHA'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Naked, Foxy sits before the tele watching it.

Joshua enters.

Sees she's naked.

Shrugs his shoulders.

Sees the dealer's pile of clothes.

Ash on his carpet.

JOSHA

Foxy.

She looks at him.



JOSHA

Someone come?

FOXY

Come?

She watches tele.

LATER:

Joshua hovers up the ash.

Fascinated, Foxy watches him.

JOSHA

Vacuuming... you want to try it?

Foxy leaps up.

Grinning hovers the ash up.

FOXY

(Singing as she hovers)

You do the shake and vac...

JOSHA

You hungry?

Foxy points to the pile of clothes, shakes her head.



Licks her lips.

FOXY

Made a right meal.

INT.CLAIRE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Foxy watches Girls of the night getting picked up.

She steps to the cupboard.

Checks out Claire's nightwear.

EXT.RED LIGHT DISTRICT-NIGHT

A flash Mercedes pulls up to Foxy.

Window slides down.

Foxy says, before she sees the woman driver:

FOXY

You can fuck me-

A large BIRTHMARK disfigures EVE'S face.

EVE

Hi...



INT.FLASH MERCEDES-NIGHT

Foxy stares straight ahead.

EVE

Your quiet... I'm Eve.

FOXY

Foxy.

EVE

Your very pretty.

Eve fingers nervously tap the steering wheel.

EVE

It's up to you... I could wine
and dine you in five-star hotel.

FOXY

Woods.

EXT.WOODS-NIGHT

The Mercedes pulls up.

INT.FLASH MERCEDES-NIGHT



Eve nervously touches her birth mark.

She opens an expensive hang bag.

Takes out and lights a cigarette.

Opens the window, blows the smoke out.

Fumbles money into Foxy's hand.

EVE

You can kiss me... if you want too.

(beat)

Sorry I'm going have fag breath.

FOXY

Lick you.

Eve tosses the cig out the window.

EVE

You don't have do that, a
kiss would be fine.

FOXY

Lick you.

Foxy licks the birthmark.

Specks of light on the tip of her tongue.



The birthmark fades.

Eve kisses Foxy.

Foxy squirms out of it.

FOXY

Hurt go.

Bolts out the door.

Eve watches through the window as Foxy disappears into the woods.

WOMAN

(shouts)

I'll take you home-Foxy!

She cries... wipes her eyes.

Glances into her driver's mirror- NO birthmark stains her face.

She frantically empties her bag out.

Opens her contact mirror.

Checks her unblemished face.

INT.FOXY'S UNDERGROUND DEN-NIGHT

Lying on a nest of Foxy's fur, Claire is sleeping.

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The wildflowers, Foxy picked, clutched in her hand.

A vixen enters through a narrow hole.

Morphs into Foxy.

She bends over Claire, licks the tip of Claire's nose.

Claire wakes.

Foxy winks at her.

She seizes Foxy in a hot kiss.

As they roll on the fur kissing, light from Foxy's eyes flows into Claire's

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

Two vixens (Claire and Foxy) play in the woods.

INT. JOSHA'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Lying on the sofa, Josha wakes.

Senses someone is watching him.

CLAIRE

You're dreaming.

(For FREE professional screenwriting software check out StudioBinder.com)



Claire's naked silhouette rises from a chair

JOSHA

Dreaming?

CLAIRE

Dreaming about fucking me.

Claire's silhouette slinks to him, climbs on top of him.

CLAIRE

Fuck me!

Joshua screams as he sees Claire's rotting corpse on top of him.

CLAIRE

I'm cheap- twenty quid.

INT. JOSHUA'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-NIGHT.

Joshua jerks off the sofa- NOW definitely awake.

Footstep creak the floorboards above him.

FOXY (O/S, IN BEDROOM)

(Whisper in Joshua's ear)

You're still dreaming.



JOSHA

Foxy.

INT. JOSHA'S STAIR'S LANDING-NIGHT

Joshua climbs the stairs.

FOXY (O/S IN BEDROOM)

(Whisper in Josha's ear)

About fucking Claire.

Joshua listens outside Claire's bedroom.

Sneaks the door open.

Flips the light switch: light stays OFF.

He creeps to the bed.

JOSHA

Foxy?

The duvet is pulled back and Foxy's naked silhouette beckons him in.

FOXY

Your dreaming, Foxy or Claire?

JOSHA

Claire.



Foxy morphs into Claire.

INT. JOSHA'S LIVING ROOM-MORNING

Sleeping on the sofa, Josha wakes.

He stares balefully at the stub of his joint.

JOSHA

(About the joint)

Bad shit.

INT. JOSHA'S HOUSE-OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S BEDROOM-MORNING

Josha taps lightly on the door.

JOSHA

Foxy?

He waits a few seconds.

Enters.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM-CONT'D

The bed is made up as if nobody has slept in it.

He turns to go- spots the silver bracelet.



Picks it up.

Claire engraved on it.

A sick look on his face, he drops it on the bed.

EXT. RED LIGHT AREA-NIGHT

Joshua gives a flower to a working girl.

Shock fills Joshua's face as he spots Claire (Foxy in disguise) across a busy road.

A bus pulls in front of her, obscuring Joshua's sight of her.

It moves off: she's not there.

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD:

Claire (Foxy) patrols Claire's beat.

A BMW, THUG1 the number plate, pulls up.

A tinted windows rolls down.

Claire (Foxy) darts to the window.

CLAIRE

You can fuck me- I'm cheap:

(For FREE professional screenwriting software check out StudioBinder.com)



twenty quid.

TYRON (O/S)

Get in.

The back door opens.

Claire slides in.

BMW moves of as Josha arrives.

INT.MERCEDES-CONT'D

STONEY gives her a gold tooth smirk.

STONEY

Back from the dead.

CLAIRE

Dead?

STONEY

Pushing up daisies.

Stony laughs.

Slaps her.

STONEY

You like that?



Claire touches her face.

CLAIRE

Hurt.

STONEY

It's just a tickle.

Claire touches her redding face.

Looks out window.

CLAIRE

Woods.

STONEY

You've been smoking too much crack- bitch.

CLAIRE

Woods.

STONEY

It a be a one-way trip.

INT. CRACK-HOUSE-NIGHT

Stoney and Claire watch as a girl of the night loads crack onto her pipe.

Lights it.

(For FREE professional screenwriting software check out StudioBinder.com)



Inhales the smoke... blows it out.

Lays down in ecstasy.

Closes her eyes.

CLAIRE

Hungry.

Stoney takes a wrap of crack out, gives it her.

STONEY

Smoke it.

CLAIRE

Smoke? Smoke you.

Stony raise his hand to back hand her.

She's faster.

Her nails stab into his eyes.

His life explodes; a blazing light fills the room.

Claire's eyes suck the light in.

Her touch cremates him.

His body an ash cloud... dusts down onto the night girl and the worn flowered carpet.

(For FREE professional screenwriting software check out StudioBinder.com)



Claire morphs into Foxy.

The girl opens her eyes.

Regards Foxy.

GIRL

Stoney?

Foxy looks at ash-stained flowered carpet.

FOXY

Pushing up daisies.

The girl spots Stoney's clothes- gold watch.

She pockets the watch, searches the pocket, takes Stoney's drugs and money.

Scarpers out the room.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT-NIGHT

Joshua aimlessly walks.

Doesn't spot the vixen stalking him.

It sneaks past him.



INT.JOSHA'S HOME- CLAIRE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Foxy lies on the bed.

Wearing Claire's bracelet.

Licks it.

FOXY'S FLASHBACK. INT.CLAIRE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Joshua gives Claire the bracelet.

Claire holds out her hand for money.

JOSHA

Will I always have to pay?

CLAIRE

A girl's got to eat.

INT.JOSHA'S HOME-CLAIRE'S BEDROOM-CONT'D

Foxy smirks.

FOXY

A girl's got to eat.

INT. JOSHA'S HOME- NIGHT



Joshua heads through the front door.

Hears the floorboards creaking above him.

Grabs a baseball bat that rests near the door.

STAIRWAY:

He creeps up it.

Listens outside Claire's bedroom door.

MUSIC:

He silently enters.

INT. CLAIR'S BEDROOM-CONT'D

Her back to him, Foxy sniffs a vinyl record (Jimi Hendrix: Foxy Lady).

Licks it.

Tosses the one playing on the system.

Puts the record on it.

FOXY

(To stereo)

Sounds.



MUSIC:

FOXY

(To herself)

Foxy dancing.

Foxy dances, turns sees Josha.

JOSHA

You like?

Her hands clawing- fingernails glinting.

Josha notices how long and lethal her nails are, steps back.

JOSHA

Sorry I didn't mean to
scare you.

Foxy eyes the baseball bat; her face a mask of fury.

FOXY

(About baseball bat)

Hurt me.

JOSHA

No!

He drops the bat.



JOSHA

I thought I had an intruder.

She darts- grabs the bat- slings it under the bed.

Still wary.

The record ends.

Silence.

She scans the stereo: waiting for it to play again.

FOXY

(To stereo)

Sounds.

Joshua puts the needle back to restart the record.

MUSIC:

Foxy smiles to the music.

Shows Joshua the bracelet.

FOXY

Claire.

JOSHA

Take it off.



He grabs her wrist to take it off.

She twists out his grip.

JOSHA
It's Claire's

FOXY
Claire gave it me.

JOSHA
Liar.

FOXY
Night.

JOSHA
Last night I dreamt...

FOXY
Claire here.

JOSHA
You're lying.

Foxy shakes her head.

FOXY
Fuck Claire last night.

JOSHA



No.

FOXY

Foxy or Claire?

JOSHA

Who are you?

FOXY

Foxy.

JOSHA

What are you?

Foxy smirks.

FOXY

Ask Claire.

JOSHA

Claire's... missing.

Foxy winks at him.

INT. JOSHA'S HOUSE- CLAIRE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Foxy watches from the window as Punters pick up streetwalkers.

Spots Claire.



EXT. JOSHA'S HOUSE-SAME

Claire looks up at the window at Foxy, waves.

Foxy doesn't say the words, but Claire hears:

FOXY

(Whisper in Claire's ear)

Hungry.

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

A car pulls up kills the lights.

INT. CAR-SAME

Claire and her punter.

He's nervous.

PUNTER

Strange place to take me.

CLAIRE

I live here.

Claire grins.



The punter fumbles banknotes out his pocket; Claire absently takes them.

PUNTER

That enough?

CLAIRE

For now.

PUNTER

Can we, do it?

CLAIRE

Wait... my girlfriend's coming.

The punter looks nervously out the window but doesn't spot the vixen watching him.

PUNTER

A threesome?

Claire chuckles.

CLAIRE

She's here.

Naked, Foxy stands outside Claire's door.

CLAIRE

Isn't she delicious.



EXT.WOODS-NIGHT

Claire exits, grins at Foxy.

Foxy licks the tip of Claire's nose.

CLAIRE

Enjoy.

INT.PUNTER'S CAR-CONT

Foxy gets in.

FOXY

Hungry.

He sees her iridescent eyes swirling.

PUNTER

I'm dreaming.

She seizes him in a locking kiss.

A blinding flash of light: his life force explodes out of him.

Her eyes suck it back into the car.. into them.

His dead eyes stare at her.



She touches him.

His body cremates into itself- explodes into an ash cloud...
settles like dust

Claire gets into the car.

Blows ash of Foxy's face.

CLAIRE

Men: don't they make a mess.

She licks the punter's ash of Foxy's breast.

INT. JOSHA'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Wearing a balaclava, Pitt watches Josha: sleeping on the sofa

He nudges him awake.

PITT

Wakey wakey.

Pitt motions with the gun for Josha to sit up.

JOSHA

I aint got shit- but you
can have it.

PITT

Where's is she?



JOSHA

Who?

PITT

Foxy.

JOSHA

I don't know no Foxy.

Pitt takes a deep sniff of Josha's scent, grins.

PITT

You're sick with her scent.

(Beat)

You don't know what you're fucking.

INT.NIGHT CAFÉ- NIGHT

Claire sips from her coffee cup.

Clocks Foxy eyeing male customers.

Reaches under the table squeezes Foxy's knee.

CLAIRE

Ain't you every full?

FOXY

Full?



Claire sips from her coffee, pushes her belly out so it looks full.

Pats it.

CLAIRE

Full: eaten enough men.

Foxy rubs Claire's belly.

FOXY

Full.

Foxy rubs her own belly.

Sinks it in.

CLAIRE

Maneater.

(Beat)

Touch me.

Under the table Foxy's hand snakes up Claire's thigh.

CLAIRE

Let me feel your fingers in me.

Foxy's hand slides between Claire's legs.

Claire catches DEAN (Pimp) checking out Foxy.



CLAIRE

(Moans)

Stop NOW.

Claire smiles at Dean.

He moseys over.

Sits close to Foxy.

His hand rubbing her leg.

CLAIRE

I'm Claire, she's Foxy..

She's a bit shy.

DEAN

Dean.

CLAIRE

Dean... that's a tasty name, eh Foxy?

FOXY

Hungry.

DEAN

(To Foxy)

Back to mine then:

I cooked you a proper fry up-
in the morning.



INT. DEAN'S PAD—MORNING

Claire and Foxy in bed.

Naked, Foxy gets out.

Kicks up Dean's ashes as trends on his discarded clothes

Searches through Dean's record collection.

Puts one on the record player.

FOXY

(To record player)

Sounds.

She switches it on its full blast.

A pillow strikes her head.

She's woken Claire up.

CLAIRE

Bed!

Claire buries herself under the covers.

Foxy jumps onto the bed.

Dances.



FOXY

Foxy dancing with Claire.

She grips Claire's hand drags her out the bed.

They dance.

Knock on the door.

MAN (O/S)

You up Dean?

CLAIRE

(To Foxy)

Breakfast.

INT. JOSHA'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-MORNING

Joshua lies on the sofa thinking.

The baseball bat rests on his chest.

INT. DEAN'S FLAT- DAY

Another pile of clothes lies on top of Dean's

Foxy rubs her belly.



Grins at Claire.

CLAIRE

Bring Josha.

They kiss.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT-NIGHT

A vixen slink through it.

EXT. JOSHA'S HOUSE- NIGHT

The vixen transforms into Foxy.

Naked, she finds the extra house key under a plant pot.

Unlocks.

Enters.

INT. JOSHA'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Darkness.

But Foxy's eyes see clearly in it.



Joshua sleeping on the sofa, baseball bat resting on his knees.

She crosses to him.

Bends.

Tosses the bat.

FOXY'S FLASHBACK: INT. JOSHUA'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Claire stuffs clothes in a rucksack.

Joshua pulls them out.

CLAIRE

I'm leaving.

JOSHA

No, you ain't.

She shrugs her shoulders, releases the rucksack.

CLAIRE

Keep the shit- sniff it.

She exits.

STAIRS:

Skips down the stairs.



LIVING ROOM:

Joshua darts to the front door- locks it.

JOSHA

Stay... please.

CLAIRE

I'm sick of you fucking me.

JOSHA

Stay.

He blocks the door.

Claire grabs the baseball bat next to it.

CLAIRE

Move it.

JOSHA

Babes.

CLAIRE

You're sick!

She whacks him.

Smash him again as he crumples.



Swings to finish him.

INT. JOSHA'S LIVING ROOM-CONT'D

Joshua wakes.

Sees her.

JOSHA

You're in trouble.

FOXY

Woods.

JOSHA

Stay away from the woods.

Foxy sits on Joshua's lap.

Licks the tip of his nose.

FOXY

(Meaning do you what me to be Claire)

Claire?

EXT. JOSHA'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Dressed, Foxy exits the house.



Sniffs the air, she has caught a danger scent.

She sees the MAN, hidden in the bushes, watching her.

Pretends she doesn't know.

EXT.RED LIGHT DISTRICT- NIGHT.

Foxy prowls the pavement.

A car pulls up: the man from the bushes in it.

He pats the seat next to him.

Foxy gets in the backseat.

INT.CAR-CONT'D

Eyes darting into driver's mirror, checking Foxy.

He drives.

MAN

Woods, okay?

His hand reaches for the stun gun under the seat.

Foxy nods.



MAN

(Hums)

If you go down to the woods
tonight, you're in for a big
surprise...

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

A van waits in a layby.

Pitt and two guards in it.

Guard #3 nervously checks his watch.

GUARD (#3)

They're late.

Pitt smiles.

PITT

She's tucking into a KFG.

(Of guard look)

Kentucky fried guard.

Pitt starts the van.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Foxy catches the man's eyes clocking her in the driver's mirror.



She smirks.

Licks her lips.

Foxy doesn't say it, but the man hears:

FOXY

(Whispered in the man's ear)

Touch me.

He glances into the mirror.

Foxy spreads her legs.

Foxy doesn't say it, but the man hears:

FOXY

(Whispered in the man's ear)

Let me feel your fingers

in me.

The man's eyes glazed; he licks his dry lips.

FOXY

(Moans)

Stop-NOW!

Dazed, the man skids the car to a halt.

Foxy grins.



She scrambles over the seat.

EXT. CAR-CONT

A blinding light, the man's life force blasts out the car.

Dazzles the woods.

It's sucked back into the car.

INT.CAR-CONT

Foxy glows as her eyes suck the life light in.

Her touch cremates him.

His body an ash cloud.

Settling.

She wipes her hand across her mouth, sated with her meal.

EXT.CAR-CONT

Foxy steps out.

She strips.



Piles her clothes.

Morphs into a vixen.

Takes to the woods.

EXT.WOODS-NIGHT

Pitt's van pulls up next to the guard's car.

Pitt and the guards get out.

Pitt pokes his head into the car.

Sees the guard's clothes.

PITT

Finger licking good.

They head into the woods.

INT.WOODS- NIGHT

Foxy watches guard (#3).

Stalks him.

Foxy doesn't say it, but the guard hears:



FOXY

(Whisper in guard (#3) ear)

I'm hot - naked- dripping.

The guard (#3) spins seeking to see who has whispered in his ear.

His torch scans the dark.

Lost in it.

Foxy doesn't say it, but the guard (3) hears:

FOXY

(Whispered in guard (#3) ear)

Come to me- do what you please.

The guard's eyes glazing.

Foxy steps out so the guard (#3) can see her.

FOXY

Come-NOW!

INT. WOODS-NIGHT

Pitt sees.

A flash of light dazzles the wood.



Is sucked back.

Pitt pinpoints where the light has gone to.

Stealthy, heads to it.

Finds the guard's (#3) discarded clothes.

INT.WOODS-NIGHT

A vixen swift through the woods.

Foliage its nature habitat.

It stalks guard (#4).

Morphs into Foxy.

Foxy doesn't say it, but the guard (#4) hears:

FOXY

(Whispered in guard (#4) ears)

I slick, dripping.

Guard (#4) scans the woods.

His hand gripping his stun gun.

Foxy doesn't say it, but the guard hears:



FOXY

(Whispered in guard (#4) ears)
My juices running.

Guard (#4) eyes glaze over.

Foxy steps out of the undergrowth.

FOXY

Taste them-NOW.

Guard (#4) stumbles to her.

INT.WOODS-NIGHT

A flash of blinding light.

It's sucked back.

Pitt pinpoints the position.

Circles to it.

EXT.WOODS-NIGHT.

Foxy prostrated on Jennie's grave.

Light pours out her eyes.



Seeps into Jennie's shallow grave.

FOXY

Wake.

She slides to her feet.

Pitt stabs the stun gun into her face.

Electrocutes her.

She sinks.

PITT

You hungry?

He boots her stomach.

Handcuffs her hands behind her back.

She stirs.

PITT

Still hungry?

Pitt shoves the prod into her mouth.

Electrocutes her.

Slings her over his shoulder.



INT. SWAIN'S COMPOUND- SHRINE TO MARY BELL ROOM- NIGHT

Swain hangs a silk dress (For Mary to wear).

Kisses Mary's ern.

SWAIN

Soon my love.

Pitt pushes Foxy in with the cattle prod.

SWAIN

Free her.

PITT

You're sure: she's not
a fluffy bunny.

Pitt uncuffs Foxy.

SWAIN

Go.

Pitt reluctantly goes.

Swain takes off Foxy's blindfold.

She doesn't blink as he touches her eyes.



SWAIN

(About her eyes)

Tunnels to the soul.

Swain empties the gold ern.

Spilling Mary's ashes onto a silver tray.

SWAIN

Bring her back.

He moves close to her.

SWAIN

(Whispers in her ear)

You can eat Pitt.

Foxy bends, sniffs at the ash.

FOXY'S FLASHBACK-INT. MARY BELL'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Mary hangs from a beam.

INT. SWAIN'S COMPOUND- MARY'S SHRINE-NIGHT.

She picks up the silver tray.

FOXY

Hurt her.



SWAIN

Bring her back.

FOXY

Hurt her.

Swain avoids her eyes.

She tips the ash into the carpet.

Swain's punch sends her crashing face down into the carpet.

FOXY

Hurt her.

Foxy turns over to show she has morphed into MARY.

She's crying.

MARY

You're hurting me.

Swain crouches over her.

MARY

Kiss me better.

He bends to kiss- light explodes from Swain as Mary stabs her fingers in his eyes.

Blinding.

(For FREE professional screenwriting software check out [StudioBinder.com](https://www.studiobinder.com))



It dazzles the room.

Mary's eyes suck it in.

Mary's touch cremates him.

A cloud of ash floats to the carpet.

Mary transforms into Foxy.

She takes the silk dress of the hanger.

Lays it on the carpet.

Her eyes now iridescent.

Whirling pools of light stream out them.

Flow into Mary's ashes.

FOXY

Wake.

Blinding light... fades to reveal Mary clothed in the silk dress.

Mary sees her father's clothes.

MARY

Is he dead?



FOXY

Hurt go.

Foxy climbs out the window.

Mary rushes to it.

Touches her.

MARY

Thank you.

Pitt bursts into the room- levels a gun at Foxy's back; Mary shoves his hand down.

MARY

Let her go.

EXT.SWAIN'S COMPOUND-CONT'D

Foxy morphs into a vixen.

Runs to a fence.

A fox hole dug under it.

She slinks under it.

INT.SWAIN'S COMPOUND- MARY'S SHRINE-CONT'D



Mary eyes Pitt.

MARY

Your services are terminated.

PITT

Sacked.

MARY

You're lucky I don't bury you.

EXT.SWAIN'S COMPOUND-NIGHT

Pitt strides to his car.

PITT

Bitch.

Gets into his car.

INT.PITT'S CAR-CONT'D

Seats himself behind the wheel.

Notices the dirt on his seat.

Looks into the driver's mirror.



Jennie and Suzi dirt smeared faces fill it.

They spring.

Their black nails digging into Swain's jugular.

His blood spurting.

EXT.WOODS-GRASS VERGE-NIGHT

Joshua gets out his battered car.

Switches on his torch.

Carrying the baseball bat.

Heads into the woods.

Two vixens watch him.

Stalk him.

EXT.WOODS-CLAIRE'S GRAVE-NIGHT

Torch light probes... finds Claire's dug grave.

Joshua sinks to his knees.

Claws in the soil.



CLAIRE (O/S)

You looking for me?

The torch's beam finds Claire.

JOSHA

Foxy?

CLAIRE

You wish.

JOSHA

Your dead.

CLAIRE

You mean you killed me.

JOSHA

A ghost?

CLAIRE

Do I look like a fucking ghost?

He rushes to embrace her.

She raises her hand to halt him.

CLAIRE

You killed me.



Foxy takes the baseball bat of Josha.

FOXY'S FLASHBACK- INT.JOSHA'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Josha ducks as Claire swings the bat at him.

He snatches it of her.

Chases her up the stairs.

Lunges.

Catches her ankle.

She topples over him.

Neck snapping as it hits the stairs.

Tears spilling, he cradles her.

JOSHA

Wake up babes.

His words falling on her dead ears.

INT.WOODS-NIGHT.

Claire puts her arm round Foxy.



JOSHA

(About Foxy)

She ain't human.

CLAIRE

And you are.

(Beat)

A big brother is supposed to
protect his little sister.
Not fuck and kill her.

JOSHA

You fell.

CLAIRE

And Foxy saved me.

Claire kisses Foxy.

JOSHA

You don't know what she is?

CLAIRE

Don't I.

(To Foxy)

Show him.

Foxy morphs into FOX GIRL.

Soft red fur coats her slim body.



Perky velvet ears.

Cute nose.

Her mouth wide, sensuous, filled with pearl white- sharp teeth.

She swishes her fluffy tail.

FOXY

Foxy.

Disgust... desire, fills Josha's face.

Claire kisses Foxy.

CLAIRE

Isn't she beautiful.

Foxy's foxy tail circles Claire in a loving hug.

CLAIRE

Foxy's hungry.

FOXY

A girl's got to eat.

Foxy winks at Josha.

INT. LUXURY APARMENT-NIGHT



CAPTION: ONE YEAR LATER.

PHOTOS of Foxy and Claire in the word's most exotic places.

Foxy (In Fox girl form) is painting Claire's toes.

CLAIRE

(On mobile to a punter)

A thousand cheap for the surprise

I've got for you.

Claire winks at Foxy.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Okay, see you soon, my little "chicken".

Claire clicks of the mobile.

FOXY

Hungry.

Claire kisses her.

CLAIRE

(About the punter)

The "takeaway" coming.

Focus on a vacuum cleaner in the corner.

FADE OUT:

END.



