MARY AND DIONYSUS

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE SEA - DAY

The sea, wide, endless, deep and calm.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

MARY, early thirties, walks through the front garden of a large but abandoned looking country house. She has a suitcase in hand and she's wearing an old, worn-down dress. Visible on her arms are cuts and marks. She has slippers on her feet and her toenails are long and dirty and her pinkie nail is broken and bloody.

Mary comes upon the front door and stops, she opens the suitcase - which is filled with bottles of vodka, a scattering of clothes and some packets of crackers - takes out a vodka bottle and starts drinking from it. She tries the key to the door but the door is already unlocked, so she opens it and walks in.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

She walks up the stairs and drops her suitcase in her bedroom and with the bottle in hand, walks downstairs and goes in the living room, only to find a naked man drawing on a big canvas. She drops the bottle and lets out a CRY, which in turn startles the man and makes him turn around. The man, DIONYSUS, is in his mid forties, handsome but uncombed and unshaven.

MARY
What is this, what are you doing?

DIONYSUS
Oh hello there.

MARY
What are you doing in here?

DIONYSUS
I’m painting. What are you doing?

MARY
This is private property. This is my place. You shouldn’t be here.

DIONYSUS
How do I know this is your place?
MARY
How -- I - I've been coming here since I was little. This was my parent's holiday home. You are trespassing and would you please put some damn clothes on.

Dionysus puts on trousers.

DIONYSUS
I was just exhibiting my natural state of being. There, feel better now?

MARY
Please leave this house.

DIONYSUS
No, I don't think so. I have been living here for two years now. This is my home.

MARY
It's my home.

DIONYSUS
I claim squatters rights. You can't just kick me out.

MARY
Yes, I can. You can’t claim squatters rights after 2 years, it’s gotta be 10 or more at least.

DIONYSUS
Lets agree to disagree.

Mary tenses up in anger and makes fists.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Easy there love, you might burst a vessel.

MARY
Do - do you want the police to get involved?

Dionysus puts a brush in paint.

DIONYSUS
Go get them if you want to. I’m not going anywhere.
MARY
Look, listen to me. I have come here to - to be alone. I really need to be alone.

DIONYSUS
Why?

MARY
What do you mean why? Because.

DIONYSUS
Well, I won’t interfere with your quest for solitude, not one bit. I myself have come here to escape the horrors of modern society and this place has been really good for me. It's out of the way, it's surrounded by gorgeous nature and it has inspired me to be creative again. Sorry but I am not leaving it.

MARY
But you got to leave. This is madness. Please just go.

DIONYSUS
No, I'm not going, sorry.

Mary goes right up to Dionysus.

MARY
Get out of here!

DIONYSUS
No.

Mary is inches away from Dionysus and stares angrily into his eyes. He just looks back at her in a calm way and smiles slyly.

MARY
Fuck.

Mary turns around in rage and storms off.

MARY (CONT’D)
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.
EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary walks out the front door and starts pacing up and down in anger, but that gives way to desperation and she starts to cry.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary comes back to the room as Dionysus is getting dressed. She is trying very hard to stay composed.

MARY
Will you please go now?

DIONYSUS
Nope.

Mary sighs.

MARY
OK, OK, this is what we are going to do. You don't want to leave, fine, stay but stay the hell away from me and do not interfere for a second with the things I do. Do you understand?

DIONYSUS
Yes, that's no problem, no problem at all. I thank you for your hospitality.

MARY
Don't. Just stay out of my way and do not cause me any further grief.

Mary turns to leave.

DIONYSUS
I'm Dionysus.

Mary turns around.

MARY
What?

DIONYSUS
It's my name. I thought since we are going to be living together we might as well introduce ourselves.
MARY
What kind of a stupid name is Dionysus?

DIONYSUS
It's the name of the God of wine, ecstasy and theatre.

MARY
I don't care about any of that. And we are not going to be fucking living together. You will keep your space and I will keep mine. We will stay the hell out of each others way. Do you understand me?

DIONYSUS
So, how long has it been since you last came here?

MARY
Do you fucking understand?

DIONYSUS
Why such hostility?

MARY
Please tell me you understand what I'm saying to you.

DIONYSUS
I understand.

MARY
OK, finally.

DIONYSUS
So, what's your name?

Mary turns around and starts walking away in anger.

MARY
Cunt.

DIONYSUS
That's your name?

MARY
Fuck.

She exits the living room.
DIONYSUS
(Calling after her)
I don't mind paying rent. Actually
I do. I don't have much money left
you see but - I guess I could put
aside a bit each month. Maybe.
Hello? Miss - hello?

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The day comes to an end and Mary is in bed rolling tobacco
into a cigarette. She lights it with a match and sits there
smoking away until tears appear running down her face and she
buries herself in a pillow. She starts punching away at the
bed as her crying becomes wilder.

CUT TO

Dionysus is sitting at the dining room table and is ready to
devour the plethora of food that is in front of him. The
table is perfectly set with cutlery and candles and there is
plentiful of red wine in a big jug. Dionysus begins eating
his meal. He takes his time, really savouring every bite, and
drinks a good amount of the wine too.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary wakes up with a bad cough and finds daylight hitting her
across the face. She looks pale and tired as she gets up and
walks slowly and dizzily to the window. Just as she is about
to pull the blinds shut she sees a shocking sight. Dionysus
is in the garden by a tree and is urinating with a big grin
on his face. Mary pulls the blinds shut in anger and disgust.

CUT TO

Mary, wearing the clothes she slept in, is lying on the floor
of her bedroom looking up to the ceiling. The room is dark
and she takes sips from a vodka bottle.

Suddenly the Carmina Burana starts being HEARD coming from a
distant room and Mary sighs and downs a large amount of
alcohol.

Dionysus is in the living room working frantically and
furiously on his surreal painting, his movements in
entrainment with the loud music.

Mary bangs the bottle on the floor, but the music persists.
INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary, still in the same clothes, is in the kitchen, sitting on the floor eating crackers and washing them down with her vodka. The room is dark, but for a lit candle that’s on the table.

Dionysus is in the living room, in his underwear, dancing ecstatically to what seems to be a native dance. Light is arranged around him ceremoniously.

Mary closes her eyes as the music and the clapping noise of Dionysus dance start getting on her nerves. She gets up and hits the kitchen wall repeatedly.

The noise continues.

MARY
For fuck's sake, just stop it.

Dionysus seems oblivious to Mary's pleas as the music and dancing reach fever pitch levels and he seems totally lost in the moment.

Mary starts pacing up and down the kitchen, getting angrier by the second. In rage, she heads for the living room to confront Dionysus but suddenly stops, turns and heads back. She quickly reaches the sink and throws up.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary is sitting on the toilet smoking a cigarette. The ashtray is by her feet and it's full of smoked buds.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Dionysus is riding a bicycle through the field that is in front of the house. He is challenging himself by riding on difficult terrain and he manages to fall off. Unhurt he mounts the bicycle again with childlike laughter and continues his ride.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary is in bed holding on to a vodka bottle and slowly sipping from it. She places the bottle down, then digs the nails of her left hand into her right arm.

Dionysus is in his bedroom and he is doing some light stretches.
He gets in bed and blows on the big candles on the table stand. He closes his eyes to sleep but soon opens them again and lights the candles with a lighter. He opens the drawer of the bedside table and takes out a book of erotica.

Mary, arm full of red marks, squashes the end part of her cigarette in an ashtray that’s on her bedside table.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus is sitting in the living room meditating on a cushion on the ground. Around him are some burning candles and incense.

Mary walks in with a cigarette in her mouth and sighs.

MARY
What's that bloody smell?

Dionysus keeps meditating while Mary looks through the large bookstand that is filled with books.

MARY (CONT’D)
What is that horrible smell?

Dionysus continues meditating and Mary goes right next to him, smoke getting in his face.

MARY (CONT’D)
Dionysus!

Dionysus opens his eyes.

DIONYSUS
What?

MARY
What is that smell?

DIONYSUS
Maybe it's that cheap tobacco you're smoking.

MARY
No, it's not this cheap tobacco I'm smoking. It's that crappy stuff you've got burning. It's giving me a headache.

DIONYSUS
It's called incense and it has a rather pleasant smell.

(MORE)
If your head aches it might be due to heavy intoxication and the absence of a descent meal.

MARY
I am not drunk and I am not hungry, so screw you.

Mary walks to the book stand.

MARY (CONT'D)
Get the hell out of my house.

DIONYSUS
I am going to choose to ignore that remark.

Mary picks a book out, then pulls out another one and lets it fall to the ground with a THUMP. She then walks off.

Dionysus closes his eyes to meditate once more.

He opens them again and sighs.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Great, there goes that.

CUT TO

Mary enters her bedroom and lies on the bed. She opens the book she picked up and starts reading it.

Suddenly, she closes the book in anger and throws hard to the wall.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Mary stands by the side wall of the house smoking. Dionysus goes by currying two big buckets of water.

MARY
What are you doing?

DIONYSUS
I've been getting water for us all morning. There is no running water so I usually get some from a stream nearby. I need to get more now that the lady of the house has returned.

MARY
Don't be doing me any favours.
DIONYSUS
It's no burden for me.

Dionysus walks to the house.

MARY
Mary.

Dionysus turns around.

DIONYSUS
What was that?

MARY
My name, it's Mary.

DIONYSUS
It's a beautiful name.

MARY
Just - get on with it, OK?

Dionysus smiles.

DIONYSUS
OK then.

He turns and walks in the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary wakes up to find that she slept in her clothes and that she has vomited on the bed.

She sits up, dazed and confused and holds her head.

She breathes in deep, slaps her thigh, then her face.

She picks up the bed cover, throws it to the ground and gets undressed.

She picks up a new bottle of vodka from her suitcase and new clothes and carries them to the bathroom. She walks in only to find the shower occupied by a SINGING Dionysus who is using a bucket to wash himself with.

MARY
Fuck.

DIONYSUS
Oh.
Mary quickly turns, walks outside and KNOCKS hard on the door.

DIONYSUS (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Just finishing off. Won't be long.

CUT TO

Time has gone by and Mary, her right leg shaking anxiously, is still standing outside the bathroom door, naked and holding on to the bottle and her clothes.

She KNOCKS on the door even harder.

Dionysus opens the door, fresh and wet, with a towel wrapped around his midsection. He smiles at a naked and angry Mary as he passes by her, then stops and turns to her.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Oh, good lord, you definitely need to shower. You have vomit stuck to your hair.

MARY
Go fuck yourself Dionysus.

Dionysus turns around and walks away whistling happily to himself.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dionysus is sitting in the kitchen by the table having a glass of wine and reading through a spirituality magazine. Mary enters the kitchen and stands in front of him.

MARY
I want a word.

Dionysus puts down the magazine.

DIONYSUS
Yes.

MARY
I am really - I mean, not really but - just that-

DIONYSUS
I'm so sorry, is this going to take long?
MARY
No, it's not going to fucking take long. You have not for a second obeyed the one rule that we have agreed upon regarding coexistence in this house. You are constantly tramping on my personal space and disturbing me with your loud, flamboyant, annoying, extravagant and utterly ridiculous lifestyle.

DIONYSUS
These are all lies Mary, or at the very least wild exaggerations. I have been most courteous and gentlemanly. I am accusing you in turn of slander and wrongful prosecution.

MARY
This is not a fucking game. Just leave already.

DIONYSUS
Are you aware that you have quite the tongue on you? A lady shouldn't curse as much as you do. Why you'd make a sailor blush.

MARY
Don't tell me what I should or should not do, you damn idiot.

Mary throws Dionysus' glass to the floor.

MARY (CONT'D)
You are not listening to me. Find an area other than the living room to practice your pointless, artistic endeavors in. I don't know, like your fucking bedroom maybe.

DIONYSUS
My bedroom's not big enough for-

MARY
Just fucking do it. Stop making such a racket and...

Mary starts to weep.

MARY (CONT'D)
Just do it. Please.
Dionysus lowers his eyes.

    DIONYSUS
    I am sorry. I am very sorry, you are right. You are the lady of the house-

    MARY
    Stop saying that.

    DIONYSUS
    -and I have acted like a damn fool. I am truly sorry. I will change, I promise.

Mary wipes away the tears.

    MARY
    You better or else you have to go. I do not, I repeat, do not, ever, want to have to converse with you again. I don’t even ever want to stand in your ugly presence again. OK? OK?

    DIONYSUS
    Definitely.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Mary, looking furious, is standing in front of a naked Dionysus who is standing on a chair in a position reminiscent of classical Greco-Roman statues. He is doing a good job ignoring Mary who is offering him his clothes.

    MARY
    Don't ignore me damn you. Stop this nonsense and put your bloody clothes on.

Dionysus stops being a statue and grabs the clothes Mary is holding for him.

    DIONYSUS
    What do you want? I'm not in the living room. Why are you giving me trouble for?

    MARY
    You cannot continue going around naked. It is very disconcerting and - down right disturbing.
Dionysus starts getting dressed.

**DIONYSUS**
It's natural.

**MARY**
It's not, it's weird. Do it somewhere where I cannot see you.

Dionysus is now fully dressed.

**DIONYSUS**
Look, this is an outcry. You are trying to take away my basic human rights. I came here so I could get away from that big dictatorship that's modern society. I will not be a caged bird, I am a free man.

**MARY**
You are an idiot.

**DIONYSUS**
And you are a Nazi.

**MARY**
I really want to punch you right now.

**DIONYSUS**
If it'll help release stress and anguish go right ahead. I present myself as the sacrificial lamb.

Mary tenses up and makes a fist but then lets go.

**MARY**
What is up anyway with all this ridiculous fascination with antiquity?

**DIONYSUS**
You wouldn't understand. It's to do with ideals of the past. It's to do with freedom, truth and love.

**MARY**
Is that why you use that stupid name?

**DIONYSUS**
It's not stupid. Dionysus was the man-God of pleasure and sex and wine.

(MORE)
DIONYSUS (CONT'D)
He inspired ritual madness and ecstasy. Known as Bacchus, he was the patron deity of agriculture and the theatre. Known also...

MARY
Shut up, I don't give a shit. Just shut it.

DIONYSUS
You asked.

MARY
I don't care. Just leave me alone.

DIONYSUS
You're the one always coming after me when I'm naked.

MARY
Go fuck yourself.

Mary turns and walks angrily away.

DIONYSUS
What is it with you wanting me to do that to myself?

Mary is further away.

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)
(Calling after her)
Is it like a Freudian thing?

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT
Mary is in her bedroom, lying in bed in her dress and smoking.

There is a knock on the door.

MARY
No.

DIONYSUS (O.S.)
It's only me.

MARY
Go away.

The door opens revealing a smirking Dionysus holding a bottle of wine.
DIONYSUS
How's the lady of - how is Mary doing tonight?

Mary sits angrily on the bed.

MARY
What are you doing? This is my room. Go away right now.

DIONYSUS
Wanted to see if you wanted some wine.

MARY
I don't want anything of yours. I never ever will. Leave me alone.

DIONYSUS
OK, I will go. There's just one thing I want to tell you. It'll put a smile on your face.

MARY
If you don't leave I will kill you. I swear I will.

DIONYSUS
No, listen, listen a second. There is a guy who wakes up and is really late for work. Now this guy got an important presentation so he's desperate to get there.

Mary falls hard back on the bed.

MARY
Oh God.

DIONYSUS
So he is rushing through the traffic, driving like a mad man and he reaches his destination but there is no parking space at all. So he is sweating and panicking and looking desperately around but nothing. So he looks up and says, God if you give me a parking space I will be a new man. I will never lie, I'll help strangers, I will be at church each and every Sunday.

MARY (O.S.)
Fuck off.
DIONYSUS
So right then, out of nowhere, as in a miracle, a parking space appears. So the man looks up and says, never mind I just found one.

Dionysus bursts out laughing but a vase hits the wall next to him and shatters, making his laughter die away.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
OK, good night.

Dionysus opens the door and exits.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT
Dionysus is at the dining table, by a bright lamp, drinking wine and writing in a notebook.

Mary comes over, cigarette in mouth, and sits at the table on the opposite side. Dionysus continues what he is doing, purposely ignoring her. Mary is about to say something but she stops herself at the last moment.

She composes herself and tries again.

MARY
Excuse me.

Dionysus ignores her.

MARY (CONT’D)
Excuse me!

Dionysus picks up his glass and sips the wine without looking Mary's way. Mary stands up and is about to explode in rage but just manages to control her nerves at the last moment.

She sits down again.

MARY (CONT’D)
I'm not here to pick a fight with you.

Dionysus continues to write.

DIONYSUS
That's a bloody surprise.

Mary sighs.
MARY
Just listen to me. I don’t want to argue or yell. I am here as one soul reaching out to another for some assistance.

Dionysus looks at her.

DIONYSUS
Go on.

MARY
I am running really low on the vodka so I was wondering if I could have some of your wine today?

DIONYSUS
You want some of my wine?

MARY
Yes. May I have some?

DIONYSUS
No.

MARY
Why not?

DIONYSUS
Because you are not very nice.

MARY
Oh fuck you.

DIONYSUS
Yes, that's the way to go about this.

MARY
Asshole.

DIONYSUS
Go away.

MARY
This is my bloody house. This is my kitchen. You aren't even paying any rent. The least you can do is offer me some wine.

Dionysus thinks about it.
DIONYSUS
OK, but only if you promise to be more civil in your attitude towards me.

MARY
I promise.

DIONYSUS
OK then.

Mary reaches for the bottle.

MARY
Thanks.

She starts downing the wine.

DIONYSUS
Hey, no, hey wait one freaking minute here.

Mary ignores him, so he gets up and takes the bottle from her.

MARY
What are you doing? You said I could have some.

DIONYSUS
Poor yourself a glass like a normal human being. God knows what diseases you carry.

MARY
I don't carry - OK, I'll get a glass.

DIONYSUS
And I never said you could have the whole bloody thing.

Mary gets a glass from the cupboard and comes back to the table.

MARY
Glass, see?

She pours wine into it.

MARY (CONT'D)
I'm following your stupid instructions. I don't want to argue with you. I am tired of it.
Mary takes out some tobacco and paper and begins rolling a cigarette.

MARY (CONT’D)
Do you want one?

DIONYSUS
No, thank you.

Dionysus reaches into his pocket and takes out his own tobacco.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
I have my own. This is from the Pinar del Rio province of Cuba.

Dionysus takes in a deep breath.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Ah, beautiful. I could roll you one if you want.

MARY
Why are you trying to show off? You think you are better than me, is that it?

DIONYSUS
I'm not trying to show off. It's what I have on me. I thought you promised to be nicer to me.

MARY
I'm trying but you're not making it easy for me.

DIONYSUS
OK. I'm just going to continue with my poetry.

MARY
Poetry?

DIONYSUS
Yes?

MARY
Nothing.

DIONYSUS
OK then.
MARY
Fine. Good.

Mary gets up and grabs her glass.

DIONYSUS
You can sit here and drink with me if you want. If you promise not to attack me at some point.

Mary sits down.

MARY
Do you think I like talking to you? Because I don't. I really do not. I would rather talk to a big fat roach to be perfectly honest with you Mr. Dionysus, Mr. Poetry Man.

DIONYSUS
Either be quiet or head for the basement, there are plenty of cockroaches there. Lots of mice too for that matter.

MARY
Fine, no talking.

DIONYSUS
Great.

MARY
Fantastic.

Dionysus stops himself from answering back.

They sit in silence.

CUT TO

Mary and Dionysus are sitting at the table embroiled into a heated discussion. There is a new bottle of wine opened and a lot of smoked cigarettes.

DIONYSUS
But Mary, it’s silly. It’s a ridiculous concept.

MARY
Are you saying I'm ridiculous? Thank you for that.
DIONYSUS
No, don’t twist my words. I am saying that the concept of God is ridiculous.

MARY
What the hell do you know? You are hiding here away from the world, pretending you are some goddamn 'avant garde', want to be intellectual'. It's quite pathetic really.

DIONYSUS
I could say a lot here, a lot, but I won't because I don't wish to scoop down to your savage and barbaric level.

MARY
Oh yeah, you think you're so good eh? Go on; say what is on your mind. Come on you fuck, give me your best shot.

DIONYSUS
No, there’s - no. You’re just incapable of sustaining an adult conversation.

MARY
What's there to talk about? You don't believe he exists.

DIONYSUS
Look, an external, separate from our nature, all mighty God is a concept for simple minded people, for sheep only. Like Marx said 'religion is the opiate of the people.' I can't believe you can't see that. What is wrong with you?

MARY
What is wrong with you? Most people believe in some God. But no, you just got to be so different. You are not a sheep; you don't follow what everybody else does. You are just so special, aren't you?
DIONYSUS
Why do you keep making personal
attacks towards me? Is it because
your argument is so weak?

MARY
Fuck you.

DIONYSUS
See what I mean?

MARY
You’re really annoying me.

They both go quiet for few seconds. Then:

DIONYSUS
I wouldn't have guessed you were
the religious type.

MARY
I didn't used to be, I didn’t
particular care one way or the
other. But then one day I became a
believer. My eyes were opened.

DIONYSUS
What happened?

Mary stands and leans close to Dionysus.

MARY
Trust me there is a God and I hate
his fucking guts.

Mary throws her chair to the floor and walks away.

DIONYSUS
(Calling after her)
You are so very mature.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary is pacing up and down in her bedroom.

She picks up a bottle of vodka and starts drinking from it.

CUT TO

Dionysus is in his bedroom, sitting on his bed and looking
intently at a framed picture of a woman.
He suddenly stands up in a flash of anger, goes to the window, but struggles to open it. Once successful, he throws the picture out.

He walks back to the bed.

DIONYSUS
There, should have done that ages ago.

He sits on the bed.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Feels right, good.

CUT TO

Mary is sitting in the middle of the bed drinking from the vodka bottle.

She slaps her thighs.

MARY
You are weak Mary.

She slaps herself again.

MARY (CONT’D)
Good for nothing.

And again.

MARY (CONT’D)
Worthless.

One more time she slaps her thighs.

MARY (CONT’D)
And so much more.

She drinks.

MARY (CONT’D)
So much more.

Tears appear in her eyes.

CUT TO

Dionysus is sitting on his bed but then looks towards the window.

He gets more and more agitated.
He stands up.

DIONYSUS
Ah, damn it.

He runs out of the room in a hurry.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary and Dionysus are both in the kitchen. Dionysus is preparing a big casserole dish and a Greek salad, while Mary is smoking away and nibbling on some crackers. Dionysus waves his hand in the air, annoyed by the cigarette smoke.

DIONYSUS
Must you smoke in here?

MARY
Yes.

DIONYSUS
Just checking.

Dionysus starts giving quick glances at Mary as she stands there, nibbling and smoking. He notices how pale and skinny she looks. He starts singing a tune and tries to keep his wits up.

He looks back at Mary, smiles and keeps humming the tune.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Oh for crying out loud, let the crackers be this instant.

MARY
Fuck off.

DIONYSUS
No, I won't fuck off. Listen to me. Let's make a deal here. If you agree to stop nibbling like a little mouse and have the food I’m making; I will let you have all the wine you want.

MARY
All the wine I want?

DIONYSUS
Within reason.
MARY
What the hell does that mean?

DIONYSUS
We can open two bottles.

MARY
Three.

DIONYSUS
It's expensive wine.

Dionysus thinks about it.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
OK but you also help me with the dishes.

MARY
Is that a joke?

DIONYSUS
Three bottle means you help with the dishes. I wash, you wipe. Do we have a deal?

MARY
Whatever.

CUT TO

Dionysus and Mary are having dinner at the dining table and Dionysus devours with relish the feast that he has created. Mary by contrast is barely touching her meal and concentrates on drinking the wine and playing with her matches. She takes out her tobacco and rolling paper.

DIONYSUS
Don't even think of smoking now.

MARY
I'm going to roll one for later.

DIONYSUS
Eat something, damn it.

MARY
Not hungry in the least.

Mary continues rolling her cigarette.
DIONYSUS
We had a deal. You have to eat now or I am going to take the wine away.

MARY
Oh Fine.

Mary in an overly theatrical way picks up a piece of feta cheese from the salad bowl, puts it in her mouth and chews it in an overly exaggerated manner.

MARY (CONT’D)
Happy now?

Dionysus' face turns red.

DIONYSUS
Go - go and fuck yourself.

Mary is momentarily shocked with Dionysus’ response.

MARY
Fine, I’lI have one more. Jesus, calm down.

CUT TO

Dionysus is in the kitchen washing the dishes. Next to him stands an annoyed and fidgety Mary, unwillingly holding on to a towel.

Dionysus hands her a washed plate and she proceeds to dry it in a hurry.

She puts it aside half wet.

DIONYSUS
Can you please do a better job?

MARY
Not really, no.

DIONYSUS
We had a deal.

MARY
I'm doing it, aren't I? What'd you want from me?

DIONYSUS
I want you to stop acting like you are an extra from a George Romero movie.
MARY  
Just get on with it, I don't want  
to be here all night.

Dionysus hands Mary another plate but as she starts wiping  
it, it slips from her hand and breaks on the floor.

DIONYSUS  
See; see what happens when you  
don't even try?

Mary throws the towel away, dips her hands in the sink, picks  
up a load of soapy plates and slams them on the floor.

She walks away as Dionysus tries to hold back his anger.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)  
They're your plates you know.

Dionysus grabs the wine bottle and starts drinking.

CUT TO

Mary is in her bedroom and is looking through her luggage,  
scattering clothes and her belongings around the room.

Rope becomes visible as she looks through her suitcase and  
finds a very small bottle of vodka.

MARY  
Goddamn it.

Mary downs the drink in one gulp, throws the bottle hard on  
the wall and sits on her bed.

She slaps herself hard.

She pulls hard on her hair with both hands and starts crying.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

Mary is startled, then she wipes her tears.

MARY (CONT’D)  
Fuck off.

The door opens slightly and a hand holding a white  
handkerchief pops through.

DIONYSUS (O.S.)  
Don't throw anything. I just want  
to have a word, if I may.
MARY
No Dionysus, go away, go away now.

DIONYSUS
Just be a second.

Dionysus pops his head through and Mary lowers her head to her hands.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
I just wanted to apologies about earlier on. I was out of line with my behaviour. I never meant to use the 'f' word and I didn't mean to yell at you for breaking the plate. I've been under stress lately but that is no excuse for me to take it out on you.

Dionysus waits to see if Mary says anything but she just keeps on having her head lowered in her hands.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
OK, I said what I came here to say so now I shall bid you a good night.

He swings the door to close but at the last moment changes his mind.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Oh wait, I nearly forgot. I have another joke to tell you.

Mary looks up in shock, disbelief and hopelessness.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Think you will like this one. It's a bit naughty but bloody good. Now listen before I start, I have to tell you it’s not a racist joke. I am not a racist. I learned this joke from an Irish friend I used to know. OK. Just a harmless joke, that’s all.

Mary continues looking at Dionysus in silence and disbelief.
DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Here I go. So there is an English man, a Scotsman and an Irish man and they are in the jungles of the Amazon exploring and all that, when they get caught by a tribe of cannibals. The cannibals explain to them that they only got one chance for freedom. Each one of them will have to go in among the trees and get one kind of fruit and stick 5 pieces of that fruit up their bums. Whoever makes no sound while all five pieces go up there, that person won't be eaten. So in goes the English man and comes out holding apples. He puts one in, then with the second one he goes ouch. That's it; he'll be dinner. Then it is the Scotsman's turn. He comes out with some raspberries. He puts one in, two in, three, all going well, puts the fourth raspberry in but right then he starts laughing. He gets eaten too. Then, in heaven one day, the Englishman meets up with the Scotsman. The Englishman goes, 'too bad we were eaten.' 'Aye, a right shame', says the Scotsman. Englishman goes: 'But what happened, you were so close, why did you start laughing?' The Scotsman replies, 'Well see now, right at that moment that I stuck the forth one in I saw the Irishman coming out from the trees holding on to pineapples.'

Dionysus bursts out laughing. He looks at Mary but she is just staring at him, not saying a word.

Dionysus composes himself, nods and closes the door.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary is in the bathroom, on her knees, hugging the toilet bowl and throwing up.

CUT TO
Dionysus is awake in bed, looking through his erotica book and sketching figures on a note-pad.

CUT TO

Mary is searching through her room and gathering all the bottles of vodka but they are all empty. As she searches, she opens a drawer and finds a Mafalda comic strip paperback. Mary stares at it, getting more and more distressed as she does, then quickly puts it back and closes the drawer.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Dionysus is at the front of the house, in the garden, meditating.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary is sited in the corner of her bedroom, holding onto her knees and shaking. She starts to cry and bang slowly the side of her head on the wall.

CUT TO

Mary, the top side of her head slightly bleeding, walks to the bathroom but finds the door locked.

MARY

Oh yeah, yeah, you think this will stop me?

Mary takes her panties off, squats to the floor, lifts her dress and urinates right on the spot, just outside the bathroom door. She finishes and walks away.

Dionysus comes out of the bathroom, freshly washed, with a towel along his waist and steps right in the fresh paddle of urine.

DIONYSUS

Ah, what fresh hell is this? Oh God, this is urine isn’t it? Oh that’s just disgusting. Shame on you Mary. Shame on you.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dionysus is in the living room, sitting on the ground on a cushion and meditating while listening to Hindi music. Mary enters the living room, wearing the dress she always wears and walks up to him.
MARY
What are you doing?

Dionysus stays silent.

MARY (CONT’D)
Hello? What is this, are you meditating?

Dionysus sighs and looks at Mary.

DIONYSUS
I was trying to.

MARY
Why?

DIONYSUS
Because it’s good for you.

MARY
Why?

DIONYSUS
It calms the mind, increases brain size; promotes overall health. You should definitely try it.

MARY
I don't think so. Where do you keep the wine?

DIONYSUS
Somewhere, why?

MARY
I want some.

DIONYSUS
You want some or you need some?

MARY
What's the difference?

DIONYSUS
Do you care to enjoy a nice glass of quality wine, to smell its aroma, to feel it warm your belly, to glow in the bliss of the aftertaste? Or are you just in desperate need to numb yourself from your surroundings and from your own being.
MARY
Obviously it’s the second thing.

DIONYSUS
I don’t think I should give you any wine then.

MARY
Stop being an asshole.

DIONYSUS
Flattery will get you nowhere.

MARY
Look, I just want to have some of your wine that’s all. I let you stay here rent free, it’s the least you can do.

DIONYSUS
You will not let me be unless I concede, won’t you?

Mary nods her head Yes.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
OK, fine. A few things though. Give me an hour to finish up here and meet me at the front of the house. We will have wine together with some delicious savouries and we will engage in a delightful conversation. This is non-negotiable.

MARY
Fine, that’s fine, whatever. We can eat club sandwiches and sing lullabies if you want. I don’t care.

DIONYSUS
Good. I will see you in an hour.

MARY
Enjoy sitting on the ground doing nothing.

DIONYSUS
Thank you. Glad you dropped by.
EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Dionysus is sitting by the steps of the house smoking a rolled up cigarette and looking out into the night. Two lamps are lit nearby.

Next to him is a bottle of wine, two wine glasses and a plate with bread, prosciutto, various cheeses and olives. Mary appears at the open door and comes over to join him. She sits next to him and Dionysus pours wine into the glasses and offers it to her.

They drink in silence for a while.

DIONYSUS
It's beautiful out here isn't it?

MARY
What's so beautiful about it?

DIONYSUS
What? What’s so... the smell for starters, clean and fresh.

Dionysus breathes in deep and exhales with joy.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
The millions of stars up there smiling down on-

MARY
The fucking bugs crawling all over you.

Mary slaps her leg in disgust.

DIONYSUS
You have to learn to appreciate what an absolute miracle this life is. There is boundless beauty all around you.

MARY
Can't we just drink in silence, is that too much to ask?

DIONYSUS
No, the deal was that we have a nice conversation.

MARY
That's impossible.
DIONYSUS
Only because you are not willing to try.

Mary sighs.

MARY
OK, can we at least not talk about stupid shit?

DIONYSUS
Well, what's your definition of stupid shit?

MARY
Anything along the lines of beauty all around or the miracles of life or anything of the sort.

DIONYSUS
OK, let's change topic. What is your political point of view?

MARY
Couldn't care less.

DIONYSUS
I don't blame you, not one bit. These days there is no political movement one can really belong to. It's all a joke. Everything is controlled by the mega corporations and all the leading politicians just obey their wishes as if they were puppets. It's all just a circus of lies and hypocrisy. This is just a society of slaves and...

MARY
Christ! I'd rather you continued on about the fucking miracle of life and the smiling stars.

Dionysus waves his hands in exasperation.

DIONYSUS
You're not giving this a chance.

Mary downs the rest of her wine.

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)
You're not getting any more.
MARY
Oh yeah?

Mary grabs the bottle, stands up and starts downing it.

DIONYSUS
You devil woman.

Dionysus gets up and tries to get the bottle from her.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Give me that.

MARY
Don't you fucking put your hands on me.

DIONYSUS
This is not your bottle.

MARY
This is not your house.

She takes a big gulp of wine and throws the bottle at Dionysus who just manages to catch it.

MARY (CONT’D)
I told you to leave. I told you. I told...

Mary turns around as tears appear in her eyes and walks back into the house.

INT. THE SEA - DAY

The endless ocean, vast and deep.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary wakes up from a bad dream startled and tries to catch her breath as if she’s drowning.

She falls off the bed and takes deep breaths.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus is on a bicycle and is approaching the house. He has a large brown bag at the pannier rack and two plastic bags on each of the handles. Mary is by the front door, cigarette in hand as Dionysus parks the bicycle and unloads.
MARY
Did you get what I asked for?

DIONYSUS
What, no ‘welcome back Dionysus, I missed your company while you were gone’?

MARY
Did you get what I asked for?

DIONYSUS
Yes, it wasn't particularly difficult to forget: Vodka and cheep tobacco.

Dionysus hands her the brown bag.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Now you have to keep your end of the bargain.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus is standing in front of a blank canvas with a drawing pencil in his hand. He is deep in thought and concentration and keeps looking back and forward from the canvas to Mary who is posing for him wearing a brand new dress that he got for her. The dress looks odd on her, as she has made no effort to comb her hair or wear make up and has adopted a look of dismay and futility. There is a bottle of vodka by her feet.

DIONYSUS
Would it have hurt you to have fixed yourself up a bit? Don't you own a comb?

MARY
Just get on with it, I have things to do.

DIONYSUS
Yeah, like what?

MARY
Like drinking and smoking, in my room, on my bed, in peace and quiet.

DIONYSUS
How exciting.
MARY
I like it.

DIONYSUS
Fine; let's begin.

Dionysus starts to work on the canvas.

CUT TO

Mary is trying her best to stand still so Dionysus can paint her but she is also holding on to a bottle of vodka and occasionally drinking from it.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Can you not drink right now?

MARY
You said pose with new dress. You never said anything about not drinking.

DIONYSUS
How foolish of me.

They continue in silence for a while. Dionysus really focuses on Mary's facial features. Mary is fidgeting on the spot, sighing and taking sips from her bottle.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
I have to say your features are so classy. Like a Hollywood starlet in the golden age of cinema. This is the artist eye speaking here. It speaks only the truth.

MARY
Ha, sure. Me and Cary Grant would have made quite the pairing.

Dionysus looks at her and smiles.

DIONYSUS
Ah, he’s my favourite.

MARY
Yeah, right.

DIONYSUS
I’m being honest.

Mary looks from the bottle to Dionysus.
MARY
Well, he’s my favourite too.

DIONYSUS
Oh great. Favourite movie?

MARY
We’re not doing this.

DIONYSUS
Oh come on Mary.

Mary drinks from the bottle.

MARY
Fine. I don’t know. His Girl Friday?

DIONYSUS
That’s a absolute classic. But my favourite is Only Angels Have Wings. I mean, I just love...

MARY
More painting, less talking Dionysus.

DIONYSUS
OK, fine.

CUT TO

Dionysus brings a tray full of sandwiches and places it on a sheet that is laid on the floor of the living room.

Mary is lying on it and drinking wine.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Tuna and cucumber sandwiches. Just like mother used to make.

Dionysus picks one up and digs into with relish.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Why aren’t you eating?

Mary smiles in exasperation.

MARY
I’m just not hungry Dionysus.

Dionysus picks one up and offers it to her.
DIONYSUS
Take it; it's really nice.

MARY
I don't want it.

DIONYSUS
Come on, if you put some effort into eating one you will probably get your appetite back.

Mary gives him a demeaning look.

MARY
You are such a huge dumbass.

They both go quiet as Mary looks away annoyed and Dionysus lowers his head.

Suddenly Dionysus starts laughing and Mary looks at him in surprise.

MARY (CONT’D)
What’s so funny?

DIONYSUS
A dumbass?

MARY
Yes?

DIONYSUS
Don't know; I guess I just didn't expect to hear that word from you.

MARY
My - husband was American. He used to say it all the time for fun.

DIONYSUS
So you were married?

Mary tries to get up.

MARY
Can we just finish off with the painting now?

DIONYSUS
Wait, I'm still eating.

Mary lies back down.
DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Give me a few minutes here. Look the dumbass line back there. It's a complement for me.

MARY
Well, why wouldn't it be, you are one after all.

DIONYSUS
No, listen. I love donkeys. Modern society regards them as stupid creatures and disrespects them both in art and literature. It's not fair.

MARY
I like them. They do look quite stupid though but I still like them.

DIONYSUS
They have just gotten the wrong end of the deal, that's all. Did you know that even in mystic traditions such as Paganism and Gnosticism that a donkey had a negative connotation as it was representative of the lower, animal aspect of a person, the side that prevents him from awakening to his true spiritual self? The ego if you want. For example in Christian esoteric mythology, when Jesus is riding towards Jerusalem on a donkey, that scene was symbolic of him having conquered his lower, mortal side, thus realizing his true divinity of the immortal Christ.

MARY
What the hell are you on about?

DIONYSUS
I don't think that it is fair; donkeys are special creatures in their own right too.

Mary looks at Dionysus with a bewildered expression and seems lost for words.
MARY
You are truly bizarre, you know that?

DIONYSUS
Why thank you.

MARY
It wasn't a complement. I think that you might be clinically insane.

DIONYSUS
Maybe.

MARY
You do talk crazy all the time.

DIONYSUS
Have a sandwich and I will not say another thing for a while. What do you think?

MARY
I think it's a good bargain.

Mary picks up a sandwich and after a slight hesitation bites into it.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - LATE EVENING
Dionysus and Mary walk through fields of wheat that surround the house; it is late evening and the sun is beginning to descend. A bottle of vodka is shared between them as they sit on the ground under a tree. They are both silent for a while but then Mary begins to silently cry.

INT. THE SEA - DAY
The vast sea on a sunny day.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - LATE EVENING
DIONYSUS
If you want to talk about it; I'll listen.

Mary wipes away her tears.
MARY
Three years ago I was lying on the beach with my eight year old daughter Ava. We were both sunbathing. I must have dazed off for what seemed like a few seconds but as I opened my eyes she wasn't lying next to me anymore. I looked towards the sea but couldn't see her. I - I started frantically calling her name. I - started asking everyone around if they had seen my little girl but no one had noticed her. No one. I rushed into the water looking for her, some men followed me in. We looked for ages but there was no trace of her. Two days later the local costal police found her drowned body. One year later I was divorced. Tom couldn't even stand being in the same room as me. To be fair to him he did try but he couldn't bring himself to forgive me and I couldn't forgive myself. I will never forgive myself.

They stay in silence.

DIONYSUS
I'm really sorry.

MARY
Just pass me the bottle.

DIONYSUS
In a sec.

Dionysus takes a drink from the bottle and then hands it to her.

Mary drinks as well and gets up.

MARY
Let's head back.

They walk back to the house in silence as the sun reaches the lowest part of the sky.

DIONYSUS
Listen Mary, I want to confess something.
MARY

What?

DIONYSUS
I didn't just come here to this place to escape from the madness and sickness that is modern society. I didn't just come here to find myself and live a life of freedom and...

MARY
Is this going to take long?

DIONYSUS
Just listen.

MARY
OK.

DIONYSUS
I came here basically cause I caught my wife in bed with another man.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A slightly younger Dionysus, with a neat haircut and wearing a suit, opens the bedroom door only to be introduced to the scene of his wife ANNE, (the woman from his picture), having sex with a young man, TOBY.

DIONYSUS (V.O.)
The thing is that I walked in on them close to the - end of their act and they both seemed to be heading for a climax.

Anne and Toby are really going for it; granting and moaning.

ANNE
Don't stop, fuck me; fuck me!

TOBY
Oh Jesus, oh shit, oh fuck.

DIONYSUS (V.O.)
I mean, they - you know, they actually freaking saw me standing there and for a few seconds just kept at it; kept humping away like damn dogs, with me the hopeless spectator.
Anne and Toby look at Dionysus but they both get into the process of climaxing.

ANNE
Oh God, oh fuck me...

TOBY
Ah, oh man, Jesus fucking Christ...

The act comes to an end while Dionysus stands there looking at them in shock and disbelief.

As the intensity subsides; there is a moment of silent contemplation.

Then:

ANNE
Oh shit, you came didn't you? You fucking came in me.

Anne jumps out of bed.

ANNE (CONT’D)
You fucking idiot; I told you to pull out at the last minute. I told you, you could have come on my belly. Fucking idiot!

TOBY
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.

ANNE
Screw your sorry.

Anne, all the while ignoring Dionysus, rushes to the adjoining bathroom.

Dionysus and the naked Toby are left there in complete, uncomfortable silence.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary and Dionysus stand in silence looking at each other.

Mary bursts out laughing totally surprising Dionysus.

DIONYSUS
Oh, you found that funny did you?
MARY
(While laughing)
I'm sorry; it's just ridiculous.

DIONYSUS
Well, it's my life. It's not funny.

Dionysus starts laughing too.

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)
Who am I kidding, it's utterly pathetic.

The laughing seizes and Dionysus turns serious.

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)
That's not the end of it.

INT. FLAT - DAY
The younger Dionysus is in the middle of a serious conversation with Anne.

DIONYSUS
Why don't you want to discuss things with me? Give us a chance to try and work things out.

ANNE
There is nothing to discuss. I am not going to apologize to you. This marriage has been a joke for many years now. You catching me fucking someone else was the best thing that could have happened really. It is such a relief.

DIONYSUS
Look I am willing to put that behind us. All we need is to see a marriage counselor together.

Anne laughs.

ANNE
What the hell for?

DIONYSUS
What do you mean what for? To help us with our problems.
ANNE
There is nothing to help. Are you blind? It's time for a new beginning for both of us. This is a good thing, it might not seem so but it is. Anyway, the writing has been on the wall for ages now. It was obvious that things were over between us.

DIONYSUS
Not for me they weren’t.

Dionysus approaches Anne and grabs her arm.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Give this another chance, I love you.

ANNE
Well, I don’t love you.

Anne gets away from Dionysus.

ANNE (CONT’D)
Please go.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Dionysus is wearing his hat and coat and is holding on to two suitcases. He is looking totally depressed as he walks down a street.

DIONYSUS (V.O.)
See, even after what I had witnessed, I was still willing to stay with her. I was so pathetic, I didn't know if I could live without her. I didn't know if I could be on my own.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE – NIGHT

Mary hands the bottle to Dionysus who smiles and drinks from it.

They both look in each other's eyes and there is evident mutual affection and attraction. They seem to be about to kiss, when Mary walks away and into the house.

Dionysus walks in too. Mary heads quickly to the stairs, turns and looks at Dionysus standing by the door.
MARY
Can you give me the bottle please?

DIONYSUS
Sure.

Dionysus walks up to Mary and hands her the bottle.

Mary hesitates but then quickly walks up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dionysus gets up from a bad dream. He lights the bedside lamp and composes himself. He quickly gets out of bed and rushes to the bathroom.

Dionysus comes out and notices Mary's door is slightly opened and candlelight within. He goes over and KNOCKS on the door but there is no reply. Dionysus looks inside the room.

DIONYSUS
Mary?

Mary is not in the room. Dionysus starts feeling worried and runs down the stairs.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Mary.

Dionysus thinks about going outside but notices light coming from the living-room area.

He walks in to see Mary on a chair with rope around her neck, tied to the chandelier.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
No!

Mary pushes the chair from under her and starts to hang by the rope.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Jesus.

Dionysus rushes and grabs Mary by the legs.

MARY
Let me go. Let me go.

Mary struggles to get free.

DIONYSUS
Stop, stop please.
MARY
Don't. Go away. Fuck off.

Dionysus reaches out and unties the rope from Mary's neck and lets her down. She starts slapping him hard in the face. Dionysus grabs her wrists and holds her close to him.

They start to passionately kiss and undress. They fall on the ground and start having sex, with Mary on the ground and Dionysus on top of her.

MARY (CONT'D)
Wait, wait.

DIONYSUS
Oh, sorry, sorry.

Dionysus tries to get off from her.

MARY
No, no, stay inside. It's my back; it hurts to be on the ground, let's switch.

DIONYSUS
Oh, OK.

Dionysus lies with his back on the ground and Mary sits on top of him. They continue having sex in a very intense way.

CUT TO

They both lie exhausted on the ground holding each other.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary and Dionysus are in the kitchen. They have towels wrapped around their bodies as they have just washed themselves. There is food on the table and they are working themselves through it.

They keep eating and glancing at each other and smiling.

DIONYSUS
How are you feeling?

MARY
Good, really, really good.

CUT TO

Mary is bent over the toilet bowl and is throwing up while Dionysus keeps her hair in his hands.
DIONYSUS
You need to cleanse your system.

MARY
You think?

She throws up a bit more.

DIONYSUS
That's it; let it all out.

MARY
Can you please shut up.

DIONYSUS
Sorry.

MARY
Make me coffee.

DIONYSUS
No, not coffee.

MARY
Why not, don't we have any?

DIONYSUS
We have some excellent, Arabian coffee but you need green tea now.

MARY
Green tea? No, coffee.

DIONYSUS
Coffee will wait. You are getting green tea and that's final. Not another word.

MARY
Dionysus?

DIONYSUS
Not a word.

Mary sighs.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary is in bed sleeping.

A young girl, AVA, is in bed sleeping instead.
Mary is at the edge of the bed looking at Ava. The little girl opens her eyes and sits up.

    AVA
    Mummy.

    MARY
    Yes, sweetie?

    AVA
    Are you OK?

    MARY
    Yes, why do you ask?

Mary is now the one sitting in bed and Ava is placed by the edge.

    AVA
    I’m not here.

    MARY
    Why say that?

    AVA
    I’m not.

    MARY
    Ava, don’t say such...

Mary stops in fear.

    MARY (CONT’D)
    Ava?

The little girl is gone.

A KNOCK is heard.

    MARY (CONT’D)
    Ava?

More KNOCKING now.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus enters into Mary’s room, and Mary wakes up with a scream.

    DIONYSUS
    Mary?
Mary looks at him confused. She is shaking, sweat pouring down her forehead. Dionysus goes to her and holds her. He feels her back with his hand.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
You’re soaked. You have to change.

He places his hand on her forehead.

DIONYSIS
You have a fever.

He gets up and gets clothes for her.

He helps her into dry clothes.

He puts a wet cloth on her head.

INT. YARD – DAY

Dionysus is sitting on the ground and is sipping from a bottle of wine.

INT. HOUSE – NIGHT

Dionysus comes out of Mary’s room holding to a tray with a full plate of food on it.

CUT TO:

Dionysus is lying in his bed smoking.

INT. HOUSE – MORNING

Dionysus enters into Mary’s room and places a hot cup on the bed side table. Mary is sprawled on the bed; still asleep.

Dionysus opens the blinds and let sun into the room, waking up Mary in the process.

MARY
Mmm, no. No.

DIONYSUS
Rise and shine.

MARY
Get out.
DIONYSUS
Time to get up. It's a marvelous sunny day outside.

MARY
I don't care.

DIONYSUS
Time to get up.

MARY
I feel exhausted.

DIONYSUS
Here have this.

Dionysus picks up the cup.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Sit up now, and sip it.

Mary puts the pillows behind her and sits up. She takes the cup Dionysus hands her and smells it.

MARY
What the fuck is this?

DIONYSUS
Do you always have to curse?

MARY
It smells like water.

DIONYSUS
It is water. It's freshly boiled water. Careful you don't burn yourself.

MARY
Why?

DIONYSUS
It's hot.

MARY
No, why water?

DIONYSUS
It will help cleanse you. The Japanese follow this procedure every day and they live like forever.
MARY
I'm not Japanese and I don't want
to live like forever. What's the
point being really old?

DIONYSUS
Every age has its own beauty. Being
elderly is a very special time.

MARY
A time for soiling yourself all
over again.

DIONYSUS
Not if you've been healthy and
drunk your water every day. Now
drink up and we will go for a long
walk and enjoy the sun and recharge
the batteries.

MARY
I hate you.

Mary looks at the water with a dismayed expression on her
face. She slowly brings herself to drink it.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary washes herself in the bathroom.
She combs her hair.
She puts make up on.
She wears the dress Dionysus got for her.

CUT TO

Dionysus is in the living room with his painting of Mary. He
is mixing colours and getting ready to continue working on
it. Mary appears fully made up and wearing the dress. She is
extremely good looking and Dionysus is surprised and taken
back by her.

DIONYSUS
Dear God, you’re beautiful.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus is at the kitchen with Mary. They are in front of
the sink and around them are bottles of vodka.
MARY
I don't think this is a good idea.

DIONYSUS
Look at it as a symbolic gesture, like a ritual and be really in the present when you do it.

MARY
Stop saying these things. It just sounds stupid.

DIONYSUS
It's nothing but common sense. This has to be done or you won't be able to move on.

MARY
Maybe I can't move on.

DIONYSUS
Yes, you can.

MARY
Maybe I don't want to.

DIONYSUS
I don't believe that.

MARY
Who cares what you believe. I am not doing this; this is fucking stupid.

Mary picks up two bottles and pushes them hard on Dionysus.

MARY (CONT'D)
Here you bloody do it.

She storms off.

DIONYSUS
Mary, come back. Mary.

EXT. YARD - DAY
Mary, hands shaking, lights a cigarette and inhales deep.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT
Mary is in the bathroom, looking at herself at the basin mirror. A bottle of vodka is on the sink.
She slaps herself while looking in the mirror.

MARY
Mirror mirror on the wall, who’s the biggest cunt of them all?

She slaps herself again.

MARY (CONT’D)
You are Mary, you are.

She grabs the bottle and starts drinking from it without pause. She downs lots of it, the drink spilling onto her clothes.

She stops and spits it in the mirror.

She looks at her distorted image staring back at her.

She throws the bottle in the mirror and shatters it.

She takes a piece of glass, turns her arm and places the sharp shard on her skin.

She cuts her skin and blood appears, sliding around her arm.

She starts crying and puts the piece of glass down.

She breathes in deep then puts her arm to her mouth and sucks the blood from the cut.

CUT TO

Mary is in the kitchen. She picks up each bottle of vodka and slowly and carefully empties them down the kitchen sink.

INT. HOUSE – NIGHT

Dionysus is in bed awake. There’s a KNOCK on the door.

He opens it and sees Mary standing there looking at him wild eyed. She rushes to him puts her hands on his face and kisses him. Dionysus pulls back and looks at her hand in concern.

DIONYSUS
You’re bleeding.

MARY
It’s nothing.
She kisses him again and Dionysus picks her up and takes her to the bed.

CUT TO:

Mary and Dionysus are holding each other in bed.

MARY (CONT’D)
I’m never getting married again.

DIONYSUS
OK.

BEAT

MARY
I don't want us to be a normal couple.

DIONYSUS
What’s normal about us?

MARY
And just - I don’t want...

DIONYSUS
What?

MARY
I don’t know. Don’t take me for granted.

DIONYSUS
I won’t.

MARY
And if you lie to me, lie good, so I never know.

Dionysus pushes himself up and looks at Mary.

DIONYSUS
I won’t lie to you.

MARY
You’re lying already.

DIONYSUS
Jesus wept.

MARY
What?
DIONYSUS
You’re being - intense.

MARY
No, I’m not. I just don’t want you to - have expectations.

DIONYSUS
Expectations? I just wanted to lie here and enjoy the afterglow of our lovemaking until sleep arrived.

Mary gets up and gets dressed.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Where you going?

MARY
My room to sleep.

DIONYSUS
OK.

Mary reaches the door.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Good night Mary.

Mary turns and smiles.

MARY
Good night Dionysus.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus and Mary are in the garden and Dionysus is trying to get Mary to ride the bicycle.

DIONYSUS
That is unacceptable Mary. Hop on, I'll help you learn.

MARY
No, I am not getting on that thing.

DIONYSUS
Come on, it'll be fun.

MARY
I don't care, I am not doing this.

Dionysus gets on the bicycle.
DIONYSUS
OK. Look, sit in front and we will
go for a ride together.

MARY
What?

DIONYSUS
Come on. It'll be fun, trust me.

MARY
It looks like its going to rain.

DIONYSUS
Nothing wrong with a bit of water,
hop on.

Mary gets on the bicycle in front of Dionysus and puts her
hand around him. Dionysus starts peddling and they are off.

MARY
I don't know about this.

DIONYSUS
Trust me.

They ride through the big garden and reach the little stony
road and continue around the big field.

Rain starts springing down.

MARY
Told you it was going to rain.

DIONYSUS
Refreshing.

They continue riding the bicycle as the rain comes down
harder.

MARY
God.

Dionysus loses control of the bicycle as it leaves the little
road and goes into the field. They fall off and to the muddy
ground and just lie there, letting the water wash over them.
They burst out laughing and turn affectionately to each
other.

They start kissing and touching each other and taking each
others clothes off. Dionysus starts kissing Mary's feet, legs
and work his way to between her legs. Mary lies back,
moaning.
The rain continues to falls down on them.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus and Mary are in the living and Mary is trying her hand at painting.

MARY
I’m going to be very bad at this.

DIONYSUS
No, you are not. Have some faith in yourself.

MARY
I don't know the first thing about painting.

DIONYSUS
I'll teach you.

MARY
It'll take forever.

DIONYSUS
I'm a good teacher.

MARY
I’m a bad student.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Dionysus is riding through town on his bicycle.

CUT TO

He buys some bread from the bakery.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary is painting in front of a canvas. She stops and lights a cigarette. She starts feeling really anxious and having difficulty breathing. She storms out of the house.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

She takes deep breath and composes herself.
INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary wakes up in fear from a bad dream, next to her sleeping is Dionysus. She gets up, picks up a candle and walks out.

Mary is in her own bedroom now and lights a cigarette. She notices that her hand is shaking.

Mary sits on the ground, her back to the wall. Her hand grabs on the back of her thigh and her nails push into her flesh.

She stares at the desk.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Ava is sitting on a chair at the same desk, drawing on paper. Mary, youthful and bright, appears by her side.

AVA
What do you think mummy?

MARY
It’s beautiful.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary is on the ground and is crying away.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus walks into Mary’s room and finds her on the ground.

DIONYSUS
Mary.

He goes to her.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
You OK?

Mary opens her eyes as Dionysus puts his hands on her.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Thank God.

MARY
What are you doing? Let me go.

She pushes his hands away.
MARY (CONT'D)
I can’t breathe.

DIONYSUS
Sorry. Do you want some water?

MARY
No, I don’t want no fucking water. Go away.

DIONYSUS
I was just worried.

MARY
Just let me be for a bit, please. Go meditate or stand naked or something.

DIONYSUS
OK, OK, I’m going.

INT. HOUSE - DAY
Mary comes back with a shopping bag. Dionysus is in the living room painting.

DIONYSUS
How was it?

MARY
I'm exhausted.

DIONYSUS
I thought you got lost; you were gone so long. I got a little concerned. I'll warm some food for you.

MARY
That's okay; I grabbed something while I was out.

DIONYSUS
Do you want to have some tea, read some books together?

Mary shakes her head NO.

MARY
I just want to be alone tonight, I'm so tired.
EXT. YARD - DAY

Mary is carrying two buckets of water, careful not to spill them and is approaching the house.

Dionysus walks out of the front door.

MARY
Keep the door open.

Dionysus does so. Mary reaches near.

DIONYSUS
You went to the well?

MARY
Very observant Dionysus.

DIONYSUS
That’s my duty.

Mary stops and careful puts the buckets down. She breathes in.

MARY
What do you mean?

DIONYSUS
I’ve always done that.

MARY
So, do you have the exclusive rights in the water gathering? Is it forbidden for me to get it?

DIONYSUS
No, I just - I’m surprised that’s all.

Mary picks up the buckets.

MARY
Whatever.

She walks past him and into the house.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary walks into the house, lights a candle and finds Dionysus sitting down in the living room with a glass of wine.

MARY
You're still up?
DIONYSUS
Didn't feel like sleeping. I thought you'd be back sooner.

MARY
I got lost.

DIONYSUS
Have you eaten?

Mary shakes her head NO.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Do you-

MARY
No.

Dionysus sips the wine.

DIONYSUS
You didn't used to like going out this much.

MARY
You say it like it’s a bad thing.

DIONYSUS
I just like having you around, is that bad?

MARY
I don’t exist for your fucking amusement, OK?

DIONYSUS
What the hell does that mean?

MARY
You’re being possessive.

DIONYSUS
Am I? God forbid; that's one of the seven deadly sins, isn’t it?

MARY
OK, you’re clearly drunk.

DIONYSUS
What if I am, I can be drunk if I want to as long as I don’t take you for granted.
MARY
You’re acting like a child. I’m going to go to bed.

DIONYSUS
In your bedroom no doubt.

MARY
Drink some - boiling water and sleep it off.

DIONYSUS
I don’t want to.

Mary walks up the stairs.

MARY
You’re such a child sometimes.

DIONYSUS
You're a child.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dionysus is in the kitchen with a young woman, ABELLE, who is dressed in very revealing clothes and lots of make up. Abelle is sitting on a chair cross legged and is smoking while Dionysus opens a new bottle of wine.

DIONYSUS
I am running out of bottles but as you are my lovely guest for the evening we have to celebrate and toast to love.

ABELLE
Is your name really Dionysus?

DIONYSUS
Is your name really Abelle?

ABELLE
Sure it is.

Dionysus pours wine and offers a glass to Abelle.

ABELLE (CONT’D)
So, what would you like to do then?

DIONYSUS
I would like to get to know you.
ABELLE
Oh, I see you like a bit of romance; a bit of illusion? Me, not so much.

Abelle lifts her right foot and starts rubbing Dionysus in the groin area.

ABELLE (CONT’D)
Like Elvis said: A little less conversation, a little more action please.

Mary walks in the kitchen.

MARY
What the fuck is this?

ABELLE
That’s more like it.

DIONYSUS
Mary, come join us.

Mary walks towards them.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Abelle, this is Mary, Mary, this is Abelle. Her name means bee, isn't that fascinating.

MARY
Very. What the hell is she doing in my house?

DIONYSUS
Having some wine.

MARY
And rubbing your cock with her foot?

DIONYSUS
Um, yes, there was a bit of that too, I guess.

MARY
You brought a prostitute in the house? Are you mad?

ABELLE
Hey, the politically correct term is whore, OK?
DIONYSUS
I thought we could try something different.

Mary slaps Dionysus hard on the face and storms out. Dionysus goes after her.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Come back here, why did you do that?

MARY
Because you are a total asshole.

Mary walks towards the door.

DIONYSUS
What did I do?

Mary stands by the door, her back to Dionysus.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
You’re being immature and possessive Mary.

Mary turns around.

MARY
You’re so fucking infuriating and stupid.

DIONYSUS
I don't understand why you are so upset, we’re not a normal couple, are we?

MARY
We are not a couple at all. Dionysus. Go fuck your - whore; I hope she shoves a large cucumber up your ass.

Mary opens the door steps out and slams it hard.

Abelle appears in the living room.

ABELLE
I don't mind the cucumber thing, if that's what you're into.
EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Mary walks down a stony path that is surrounded by nature. It is quite dark, the moon is the only thing providing some light. The night seems to have a calming affect on Mary and the tears and anger subside with each step she takes.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dionysus and Abelle are lying in bed drinking wine. They still have their clothes on.

ABELLE
Have you learned enough about me yet?

DIONYSUS
I don't know anything about you.

ABELLE
I told you so much already.

DIONYSUS
You gave me a brief overview of your excessive sexual history.

ABELLE
I thought you'd like that.

DIONYSUS
Do you think she's alright? It's quite late and it's fairly dark out there.

Abelle gets up.

ABELLE
I know what will take your mind off her.

She starts undressing.

DIONYSUS
Oh, God, no, don't do that.

Abelle gets completely naked.

ABELLE
Don't you like it?

Dionysus gets up.
DIONYSUS
Of course I bloody like it.

He kisses her on the forehead.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
I have to go.

He runs to the door.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Make yourself comfortable, do what you like, there's wine, there's food downstairs. I have to go.

ABELLE
You do?

He opens the bedroom door.

DIONYSUS
I'm sorry; I have to go after her.

He leaves.

ABELLE
(In French)
Wow, he really is romantic at heart.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - NIGHT

Dionysus is walking as quickly as he can through the stony road surrounded by trees and darkness.

CUT TO

Mary is sitting on a bench at the train station.

CUT TO

Dionysus is in town looking around for Mary.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Mary wakes up in pain on the bench. She gets up and tries to stretch.

A train is approaching the station.

Dionysus walks onto the platform as the train stops and people start coming out.
MARY (O.S.)
Dionysus?

Dionysus turns around and sees Mary standing by the bench.

MARY (CONT’D)
How did you know I was here?

DIONYSUS
I’ve been looking everywhere, but when I saw the station, I felt something.

MARY
Did you feel that I would board a train or jump in front of one?

DIONYSUS
Both.

MARY
You should have stayed with - the bee woman.

DIONYSUS
No, that was - I was just being stupid. Please forgive me.

Dionysus walks up to her.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Please.

MARY
You’re in luck. I’m too tired to stay mad at you.

Around them, people board the train, others say goodbye to each other.

Dionysus puts his hand on top of Mary’s.

MARY (CONT’D)
Will we kiss now, like old lovers apart for too long?

They look in each others eyes, then kiss as such.

MARY (CONT’D)
I don’t think we can make this work Dionysus. We are world’s apart deep down.
DIONYSUS
We’re more similar than you think. It - it happens that I have another confession.

MARY
How many of those will you fucking spring on me?

DIONYSUS
Last one. I promise. See, the real reason I came to the house was also to end my life. I used all my savings on wife, tobacco and good food. When the wine ran out was the day I would have done it, well, if you hadn’t come along.

Mary smiles.

MARY
Would you have gone through with it, do you think?

DIONYSUS
Yes.

Dionysus re-thinks his answer.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Hell, no, I guess I would have chickened out.

The train’s engine roars into life, startling them a bit.

MARY
So what now?

DIONYSUS
Let me propose that we simply ride this till the wheels drop off?

Mary now puts her hand on Dionysus.

MARY
OK Dionysus. OK. Let’s go home.

As they walk off, the train leaves the station.
INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus is in his bedroom, looking at loose change and notes spread out on the bed. It really isn’t much. Mary is by the window smoking.

DIONYSUS
I’m going to try and sell a painting, hell, maybe take up fishing.

Mary is silent, looking outside.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Mary?

Mary throws the cigarette out the window and turns around.

MARY
I want to find work.

DIONYSUS
You do?

MARY
I need to be out of the house as much as possible, and I need the distraction.

DIONYSUS
What will you do?

MARY
I don’t know.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary is in front of a canvas painting and smoking. There is a KNOCK on the door.

Mary opens and finds Abelle standing there. She is holding a small, brown paper bag.

MARY
Oh.

ABELLE
Bonjour. Sorry to disturb.

MARY
What is it? Dionysus is not here.
ABELLE
No, I wanted to see you. I felt bad about the other night.

MARY
No need to, everything’s OK.

ABELLE
Oh good. He really cares for you, you know.

The two women stand there unsure. Then:

MARY
Sorry, would you like to come in?

ABELLE
No, I - I’m in a hurry. Just wanted to give you some seeds. I noticed the yard, it looked - too barren.

Abelle hands Mary the bag.

Mary stares at it, surprised by the gesture.

MARY
Thank you.

ABELLE
My pleasure. Au revoir.

MARY
Au revoir.

Abelle starts walking away but turns back.

ABELLE
Maybe I come by sometime for a coffee?

MARY
I would very much like that.

Abelle smiles and leaves.

INT. GARDEN - DAY

Mary and Dionysus are in the front Garden, on the ground, their hands full of dirt as they’re are planting seeds.

MARY
Do you think it’s going to work?
DIONYSUS
Don’t see why it wouldn’t.

Dionysus and Mary stand up, their hands and clothes brown from the dirt.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
What’s left?

MARY
Chilies, I think.

Dionysus stares at Mary’s face.

DIONYSUS
Oh wait, you have something.

MARY
What?

DIONYSUS
Right - there.

Dionysus swipes his finger on her nose, leaving dirt trace on it.

MARY
Is it gone?

DIONYSUS
No, wait, there’s more.

Dionysus smudges some more dirt on her face.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
There, much better.

He tries to contain his laughter.

MARY
I’ve got dirt on my face, don’t I?

DIONYSUS (smiling)
No.

Mary places both her hand across Dionysus face and swipes away.

MARY
There, how do you like it?
DIONYSUS
Quite organic sensation, probably
great for the skin.

MARY
Oh you think so?

DIONYSUS
I do. I think you don’t have
enough.

Dionysus bends down to the ground and buries his hands in the earth.

MARY
What are you doing?

He comes back up again.

MARY (CONT'D)
Don’t you fucking dare.

Dionysus puts his hands up and Mary starts running from him. Dionysus chases her across the yard.

MARY (CONT'D)
Dionysus don’t.

He catches up to her and they both fall on the ground, rubbing dirt on each other and giggling.

They soon start kissing.

INT. HOUSE – NIGHT

Mary and Dionysus are in the living room. The leftovers of bread and hummus on the ground. Mary is smoking and reading a book, Dionysus is practising his juggling skills.

He drops all three balls to the ground.

Mary looks up at him.

MARY
I can’t concentrate with you making
that noise.

DIONYSUS
Sorry. I’m usually a lot better
than this.

Dionysus continues on but Mary feels a slight chill. She looks his way again.
MARY
You really need to sort out the
fireplace and find wood, it’ll be
winter soon.

A juggling ball drops from Dionysus hand.

DIONYSUS
Damn it.

MARY
Did you hear me?

DIONYSUS
Yes, your highness, wood,
fireplace. I’m on it.

MARY
You don’t have to be so damn
condescending?

Dionysus puts the juggling balls away and picks up a paint
brush.

DIONYSUS
Sorry, I was doing really well and
you made me lose concentration.

MARY
Oh did the little boy drop the
ball? Well woo-hoo.

Dionysus smiles.

DIONYSUS
Shut it.

MARY
Want me to read you a bedtime story
tonight?

DIONYSUS
Ah piss off you.

EXT. VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus is outside a house showing one of his painting to a
woman that is standing by the front door.

The woman shakes her head No repeatedly and walks back
inside, shutting the door behind her. Dionysus wraps the
painting back up, gets on his bicycle and paddles away.
INT. VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus is sitting on an old couch in a small but cosy living room, which is full of books and old vinyl discs. An old man, JULES, bring over a tray with two cups of coffee and biscuits and serves Dionysus.

    DIONYSUS
    Ah, God bless you.

    JULES
    Just happy to have some company this afternoon. Always a welcome event.

Dionysus sips the coffee.

    DIONYSUS
    This is lovely.

    JULES
    Thanks. So, you paint?

Dionysus uncovers one of his paintings and shows Jules who examines it with great interest.

    JULES (CONT’D)
    I like it, you are quite talented.

    DIONYSUS
    That’s good to hear, I was beginning to have huge doubts the past few days.

    JULES
    Ah doubt, that sly old foe.

    DIONYSUS
    So do you want it?

    JULES
    Sure I want it. What can I exchange you for it? What do you like?

    DIONYSUS
    Money might be good.

    JULES
    No, no, not money. It is against my principles.

    DIONYSUS
    It is?
JULES
Of course.

DIONYSUS
But I need money.

JULES
No, you don’t.

DIONYSUS
I could pretty much make a solid argument that I do.

JULES
No money. Don’t prostitute your art.

Dionysus sighs.

DIONYSUS
What can we exchange for it?

JULES
Tell me my friend, do you like wine?

Dionysus mouth morphs into a big fat smile.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - NIGHT
Mary and Dionysus reach the front of Jules’ house. They are in evening clothes and Dionysus is holding a bottle of wine.

MARY
Is it this one?

DIONYSUS
Yes, told you it wasn’t far.

Mary stops.

MARY
How do I look?

DIONYSUS
Fine.

MARY
Is that one of the bottles he gave you?

DIONYSUS
Yes.
MARY
That is so cheap Dionysus.

DIONYSUS
What can I do? We don’t exactly have much money left.

MARY
I suppose.

They walk to the door and KNOCK.

Jules opens.

JULES
Mary.

Jules gives her a big hug.

INT. JULES HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary, Dionysus and Jules are sitting around a table in the dining room. A roast beef and vegetables platter is on the centre, the plates are served and wine is being had by Dionysus and Jules. Mary is drinking water.

Jules is not eating, he is happily looking at Mary. Mary is a bit self conscious, she smiles at him awkwardly.

JULES
Forgive me love, I’m – I’m just so happy that I see you again. It warms my heart to see people from the past.

He turns to Dionysus and makes a height gesture off the ground.

JULES (CONT’D)
I knew her since she was this high.

Dionysus smiles. Jules turns back to Mary.

JULES (CONT’D)
Speaking of which, how’s your little one?

Mary’s slightly caught of guard. She turns to Dionysus.

MARY
You – didn’t...

Dionysus shakes his head NO.
Jules

Oh God, oh no.

Jules puts his hand over his face.

Jules (CONT’D)
I am so sorry Mary.

Mary

It’s OK.

Jules

God. That’s the worse...

Everybody lowers their head.

Jules gets up.

Jules (CONT’D)
My apologies. I ruined things.

Mary

Forget it.

Jules

No, the air now is too heavy, too sad. I need to fix this. Excuse me a few seconds.

Jules goes over to a vinyl player and puts on traditional, upbeat French music.

He comes and sits back down. He waves his hands through the air and breathes deep.

Mary and Dionysus exchange a look.

Jules (CONT’D)
OK, now we eat.

CUT TO:

Time has passed the plates are near empty and there’s dessert and brandy on the table.

Mary

That was wonderful Jules, thank you.

Dionysus

Best meal we had in a while.
JULES
It is I that should be thanking you. You are both wonderful company.

DIONYSUS
You’re very kind.

Dionysus looks at Mary, she looks absent minded.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
So Mary mentioned you had a bookshop in town. Do you still run it?

JULES
Yes, it’s still open, though much less people go in now.

DIONYSUS
Mary is looking for work, do you think maybe she can work there?

Jules turns and looks at Mary.

JULES
Can you start tomorrow?

MARY
Um – yes, of course.

JULES
You’re hired.

MARY
Really?

JULES
Yes.

MARY
Thank you so much Jules, that’s very kind of you.

JULES
Nonsense, I’m a selfish bastard. I want the company you see and I want to travel around soon. So I should be the one saying thank you.

Mary and Dionysus look at each other and smile.
Jules is showing Mary around the shop. It is a charming, small bookstore, the type of place where one can find old copies of the works of Jean-Paul Sartre and Henry Miller, old postcards and South American comic books.

Jules shows her the back room.

JULES
We have a little fridge, you can keep lunch in there.

MARY
OK.

CUT TO:

Jules presses buttons on the cash register and the till springs open.

JULES
Very simple, no?

Mary nods Yes.

JULES (CONT’D)
Good. OK, I go.

MARY
You’re leaving?

JULES
Yes. I go to the pond and feed the ducks now.

MARY
But it’s my first day.

JULES
You’ll be fine. Don’t worry.

Jules opens the door and exits.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary comes back into the dark house with a grocery bag.

MARY
Dionysus?
Mary places the bag down and lights a row of candles that are near the door.

CUT TO:

Mary is in the kitchen, she chops some vegetables on a chopping block and lights a small gas cooker.

Mary places the vegetables in a saucepan, then sighs annoyingly.

Mary stands in front of the fireplace which seems unused and bare.

Mary is back in the kitchen, now with a sweater on, and is steering the vegetables.

CUT TO:

Mary is sitting in the living room, a blanket over her feet, and is drawing in a sketchbook. The door opens and a whistling Dionysus comes into the house.

DIONYSUS
Honey, I’m home.

He puts down his wrapped paintings, takes his jacket off and throws it on a chair.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Ah there you are, I have to tell you, I’m so excited.

He walks up to her. Mary keeps drawing.

Dionysus kisses her forehead.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Guess what?

Mary doesn’t.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
I sold a painting today. For actual, real money this time.

He waits for Mary’s reaction but it never comes.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
What’s wrong?

MARY
I’m cold.
DIONYSUS
Arrgg, the damn fireplace, completely slipped my mind.

MARY
It’s slipped for 2 months now.

DIONYSUS
Oh come on, don’t be like that, I had a nice day.

Mary puts the drawing down.

MARY
Oh no, we wouldn’t want to spoil your nice day, would we now?

DIONYSUS
Look, this isn’t even my fault really. I told you that we should have put the power and water back to use. We’re not in a bloody Jane Austen novel.

Mary gets up.

MARY
You said you liked it like this too.

DIONYSUS
I - I did at the time. But...

MARY
But what? Too much effort for you now, so you want the easy way out?

DIONYSUS
No, of course not. This is mad Mary.

Mary stares at him.

She walks away.

MARY
Sleep in your own fucking room tonight.

DIONYSUS
Gladly, happily.

Mary goes up the stairs.
MARY
Fucking child.

DIONYSUS
Potty mouth - fiend.

Mary’s door is heard SLAM hard.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

Mary is browsing through the shelves, checking titles out. She stops and picks out a copy of Huis Clos, and moves back behind the counter, as a WOMAN and a GIRL enter the shop.

Mary looks on as the Girl runs happily to the comic strip session. Then as her Mother catches up to her and pats her hair tenderly.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

A younger, bright looking Mary is in the bookshop with an excited Ava who picks up a paperback copy of a Mafalda comic strip.

AVA
Can I have this one mummy?

Mary picks it up and looks through it.

MARY
Sweetie, this is in Spanish.

Ava lowers her head in disappointment. Jules appears behind them.

JULES
(in French)
You speak French?

MARY
Yes.

JULES
I’m sure there’s a French version.

Jules starts to look through the shelves.

MARY
See honey, it’ll be alright.

Ava smiles at her mother and hugs her.
INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

The Woman and the Girl approach the counter with their comic strip but find no one there.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dionysus, holding to a lamp, walks up the stairs.

DIONYSUS

Mary?

He reaches the entrance to her room and finds Mary on the ground, a near empty bottle of vodka and vomit next to her.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)

Mary.

He runs to her side.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)

Are you OK?

MARY

Fuck off Dionysus.

DIONYSUS

What happened?

MARY

What do you think happened?

He puts his arms around her.

DIONYSUS

It’s OK.

Mary tries to shrug him off.

MARY

No, get out, I don’t want you here.

DIONYSUS

No.

She pushes him.

MARY

Yes.

Dionysus holds her again.
DIONYSUS
I got you, it’s OK, we’re OK.

Dionysus strokes her hair.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
It’s OK to fall down sometimes.

MARY
Is it OK to have your hair sticky with vomit?

DIONYSUS
Yes, that’s OK too.

MARY
Dionysus - leave me.

She starts to cry.

DIONYSUS
Never.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dionysus is listening to loud music and painting on a large canvas.

EXT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

Mary, her back against the wall next to the entrance of the bookshop, is reading her book and smoking.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary and Dionysus are in the same bed together and are both sound asleep.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

Mary opens the bookshop, walks to the counter and sits down, sipping her coffee. Suddenly she stands up and rushes to the toilet to throw up.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary is in the bathroom, holding onto and staring in shock at a positive pregnancy test.
Her facial features ease up as the sensation of hope returns to her after a very long time, only, a second later, to be chased away by fear.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

It is late afternoon, the sun descending in the horizon, and Mary is smoking and pacing up and down. She finishes her cigarette and lights another one. The front door opens and Dionysus pops his head out.

DIONYSUS
Are you sure you're OK?

MARY
Yes.

DIONYSUS
It's cold, come inside.

MARY
I will when I'm bloody good and ready, OK.

DIONYSUS
OK, OK, relax woman.

MARY
Don't fu -- I'll be in soon.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary goes up to Dionysus who is sitting down in the living room with his legs up, sipping wine and listening to music. He looks at her, standing there unsure, not saying a word.

DIONYSUS
What?

MARY
I'm expecting.

Dionysus puts his feet to the ground.

DIONYSUS
Is it - mine?

MARY
Of course it's fucking yours, what do - whose else could it be? Have you seen a herd of men parading outside my room each night?
Dionysus becomes elated.

    DIONYSUS
    Sorry, it’s just the way you said it.

    MARY
    What about it?

    DIONYSUS
    We’re expecting.

Mary sighs.

    MARY
    Fine, we’re expecting. For now anyway, don’t know if I’ll keep it. OK?

Dionysus gets to his feet.

    MARY (CONT’D)
    OK?

    DIONYSUS
    OK, yes.

Dionysus starts kissing Mary’s belly.

    MARY
    What are you doing?

He can’t stop himself.

    MARY (CONT’D)
    Stop that.

    DIONYSUS
    Just a bit longer.

    MARY
    Dionysus...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD – DAY

Dionysus, whistling merrily away, is riding his bicycle, off to town to sell some more paintings.

INT. BOOKSHOP – DAY

Mary gives a customer his change as Jules puts the book and receipt in a bag and hands it to the them.
JULES
(in French)
Thank you. Enjoy the rest of your day.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Dionysus has gathered some logs together and is holding on to an axe. He swings it on a log but the blade gets stuck in the front of the wood. Dionysus tries to get it out but can’t.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary and Abelle are sitting opposite each other in the kitchen table, cups of coffee in front of them. They both light a cigarette at the same time and inhale.

MARY
So, what is new with you?

ABELLE
I have a new boyfriend.

MARY
Is it serious?

ABELLE
He wants me to quit my job, so yes.

MARY
Will you?

ABELLE
I haven’t decided yet.

They sip their coffee.

ABELLE (CONT’D)
And what is new with you?

MARY
I’m pregnant.

ABELLE
Oh wow, congratulations. Dionysus must be thrilled.

MARY
To say the least.

ABELLE
Will you keep it?
MARY
I haven’t decided yet.

Abelle looks at her cigarette.

ABELLE
Maybe one day we give this up then?

Mary sighs.

MARY
Maybe.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary is working on her painting while Dionysus rides around the place naked on his bicycle.

INT. LAKE - DAY

Dionysus is sitting on some rocks by the sea and has a fishing rod in his hands.

INT. GARDEN - DAY

Mary and Dionysus are in the garden sitting on the ground with their eyes closed and meditating.

Mary suddenly opens her eyes and sighs in boredom.

INT. LAKE - DAY

Time has gone by and Dionysus has started getting restless as nothing is happening with the fishing line.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Mary and Dionysus are working on the garden, taking bad weeds out, cutting grass and checking on the seeds they planted.

INT. LAKE - DAY

Dionysus has now fallen asleep on the rock where he is fishing.
INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary and Dionysus are lying and holding each other on a carpet on the ground of the living room, in front of a warm fireplace.

MARY
Dionysus, tell me a joke.

DIONYSUS
Are you serious?

MARY
Yes.

DIONYSUS
I thought you didn’t like me telling them.

MARY
It’s different now.

DIONYSUS
I bet you still won’t laugh.

MARY
Come on.

DIONYSUS
Oh alright. Hmm, OK, OK. A guy is sitting on his sofa when he hears a knock on the door. He opens the door and sees a snail on the porch. He picks up the snail and throws it as far as he can. Three years later there is a knock at the door. He opens it and sees the same snail. The snail says, "What the hell was that all about?"

Mary gives a half smile.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
See, I knew you wouldn’t laugh.

MARY
No, but I still liked hearing you say it.

She places her head on his chest.
INT. HOUSE - NIGHT
Mary, Dionysus, Abelle and Jules are in the kitchen playing strip poker. They are all down to their underwear.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY
Mary and Dionysus are spread out on the ground, smiling, as they are staring at a tomato fruit developing on the vine.

MARY
It’s beautiful.

DIONYSUS
Sure is.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT
Mary and Dionysus are asleep together.
Mary awakes and sits up in worry and fear, waking Dionysus too.

DIONYSUS
Mary?

MARY
Something is wrong?

Mary pulls down the blankets, revealing excessive blood coming out of her and covering her nightgown and sheets.

DIONYSUS
Oh sweet God.

Dionysus gets out of bed.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
I’ll get help.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT
Dionysus is racing his bicycle on the road.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT
Dionysus KNOCKS hard on the front door.
A puzzled Jules opens.
INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Dionysus and Jules are waiting anxiously in a small room. A DOCTOR comes in, and Dionysus and Jules rush towards him.

    DOCTOR
    She’s OK, she’s OK.

Dionysus sighs in relied.

    JULES
    Good, good.

    DOCTOR
    It was what’s called a complete miscarriage. Unfortunately common within the first few months of a pregnancy. We performed an ultrasound and blood tests, her vitals were normal and there was no indication of ectopic pregnancy.

    DIONYSUS
    Can we see her?

    DOCTOR
    Yes. We will keep her here for the night, but she should be OK to go home tomorrow.

    DIONYSUS
    I wish to stay with her.

    DOCTOR
    Um, OK, I’ll get a nurse to bring you a blanket and a pillow.

    DIONYSUS
    I appreciate that.

CUT TO:

Dionysus and Jules slowly enter Mary’s room. She is in bed staring off at the wall. She acknowledges them but then looks away, inconsolably.

    DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
    Mary?

    JULES
    We’re terribly sorry.
Mary stays quiet.

CUT TO:

Dionysus and Jules are at the front lobby of the hospital.

JULES (CONT’D)
I’ll be back here tomorrow, OK?

Dionysus nods his head.

JULES (CONT’D)
Hang in there Dionysus.

DIONYSUS
Thank you for the help.

Jules hugs Dionysus, puts his hand tenderly on the side of Dionysus face. Then turns and walks out.

Dionysus walks into the mens room. He is alone. He stands there for a few seconds.

He explodes in rage, starts banging his hands on the sinks, the cubicle doors, the walls, growling as he does so, and as he stops exhausted, he grabs his hand in pain.

An agitated Nurse is applying a bandage on Dionysus injured hand.

Dionysus is in Mary’s room, sleeping on a couch chair, blanket over him. Mary though, is pretending to sleep. She opens her eyes and looks over at Dionysus, then slowly and quietly gets out of bed and locates her clothes.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Mary is walking through the path that leads to her house. The sun is starting to rise in the horizon.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Dionysus wakes up in his chair. He notices the bed is empty and gets to his feet.

DIONYSUS
Mary?

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Mary is nearing the house now.
Dionysus is anxiously riding his bicycle.

EXT/INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary opens the front door, walks into the house and goes up the stairs. She comes down the stairs holding on to the rope.

She goes to the living room, grabs a chair and goes under the chandelier. She ties the rope around it and around her neck and pulls the chair from under her.

She starts to kick out with her legs and to choke.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Dionysus is paddling on his bicycle with all his strength.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary is getting strangled by the rope.

The chandelier starts to give way and dust starts falling from the roof. Mary is still choking.

The chandelier gives way and falls from the roof and Mary falls down too.

Mary lies on the floor in pain with the chandelier on her.

Dionysus storms into the house.

DIONYSUS
Mary? Mary?

He rushes into the living room and sees Mary on the ground with the broken chandelier.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
Mary?

Mary pushes the chandelier from her and slowly, painfully gets to her feet, holding on to her hurt stomach.

DIONYSUS (CONT’D)
You OK?

Mary looks at Dionysus incredulously, then starts laughing away.

Her laughter gets stronger, and soon Dionysus starts laughing too.
As they both continue roaring merrily away, the sun rises fully in the horizon. Even though it is winter, it looks like it will be a warm day.

THE END