

## **SICKENING DESIRES**

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SUBURBAN ESTATE - CARLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Red and blue lights flash ominously across a neighborhood of detached timber homes. The police are out in force.

One property is the centre of attention - the house at the end of the estate. It's the largest on the street, not overlooked.

Across the road, horrified neighbors look on as a gurney with bodybag is wheeled out to an Ambulance.

And watching this all is, HELEN, 30. She keeps away from the crowd to help conceal her distress.

**INT. CARLA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The remnants of a halloween party decorate the room. Fake cobwebs with black spiders hang off the walls.

Almost in keeping with the macabre decorations, smears of real blood cover the floor and kitchen surface.

Slumped at a table, with her arm in a bandage, is CARLA, 40. Her pale face carries a thousand yard stare.

CARLA

I told you, he...he just went mad,  
attacked me.

(points to blood)

See.

Opposite is DETECTIVE JONES, 55, the detached demeanor of someone who has seen it all, and rather be in bed. He frowns.

JONES

We've spoken to some neighbors who  
were at your party. They say your  
husband seemed normal.

She looks up at Jones.

CARLA

Then how do you explain what he  
did? What happened...huh?

JONES

You tell me.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Carla drops the last cutlery back in a draw, slams it shut. Lost in thought, she stares out the window.

FRANK, 35, large frame, strolls in as though nobody else is in the room. He opens the fridge, grabs a chilled beer.

Carla throws him a piercing stare.

FRANK

What!? You had your precious party.  
Happy now?

CARLA

You could at least pretend to be a husband.

FRANK

And you a loving wife. Hell, this beer is warmer.

CARLA

Why can't you just pretend?  
Everything has to be perfect with you. And if it was perfect you wouldn't have failed so much.

FRANK

Fuck you.

They both hit pause for a second.

CARLA

You, ok we, need help, Frank.

FRANK

A bit late, don't you think?

Carla steadies herself, becomes all business like.

CARLA

This has to work, like it did.

FRANK

What, before you dragged me to this soulless backwater?

CARLA

Frank! You lost your job. And I inherited the house. If you'd been able to provide for us, and not fail... Look, we just need to be dedicated to each other.

Frank waves Carla's suggestion away, heads for the door.

FRANK

Dedicated! How about love? Remember that part? I'm going downstairs, I need to shoot something.

(stops in doorway)

Ok, to prove I don't always fail, that mad Crone, your mother's friend, asked me to give you this.

Frank reaches inside a pocket, finds a small parcel.

CARLA

Astrid? I didn't see her tonight.

Frank chucks it onto a table. As it lands, a faint female SCREAM pricks Carla's attention. Frank oblivious.

FRANK

She couldn't stay. Said your mother wanted you to have it. I guess it was before her asylum years.

CARLA

Frank! That's not true. She--

FRANK

--went nuts, was locked up! It's the truth. Anyway, Crone said it will help your gift, or something.

That strikes a chord.

CARLA

I have a gift?

FRANK

Yeah, for using people.

Frank shakes his head, leaves.

**EXT. CARLA'S HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT**

A large garden backing onto a woodland. Evil faced pumpkins arranged for the party, still look on.

The residue of a large fire burns.

Carla shuffles out the house, the present in one hand, a glass of wine in the other. Slumps down into a chair.

She stares at the fire, her mind elsewhere, until fairy like 'whispers' startle her.

She looks around until her attention settles on the present. She unwraps it.

It's a purple leather note book, decorated with various moons, suns and stars.

She smiles, lifts it to her face, smells the leather.

CARLA  
I miss you, mom.

Inside, the first page reads;

**INSERT: BOOK**

*'My Book of Spells'*

Carla's fingers flick through the pages, stop at:

*'The Spell of Inner Desire'*

**BACK TO SCENE**

Carla's eyes widen as she studies the spell.

CARLA  
(to herself)  
A way to unlock inner desires.

A contented grin spreads across her face.

**(END FLASHBACK)**

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jones takes in the normality of the room, shakes his head with despair.

JONES  
So, everything was just fine.

Carla, sighs.

CARLA  
No, we did have problems. He hated living here, it was my mom's house. He felt trapped, but I thought we could work it out.

JONES  
Work it out!?

CARLA  
Yes, we belonged together.

JONES  
I'm not sure he agreed.

Carla gazes at a wedding photo.

CARLA  
We made vow to the spirits,  
Detective. That's how it works.

Jones leans back, not persuaded. He points at her hand.

JONES  
So, how did you cut yourself?

Carla's head snaps round.

**EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Sparks explode upward as Carla throws logs on the fire.

With the book in one hand, a knife in the other, Carla faces the fire and tilts her head toward the sky.

CARLA  
In the name of my mother, high  
priestess, spirits hear me.

A wind whips the flames higher, causing shadows to dance across the garden.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

A snug room. Sofas face a huge TV.

On the TV SCREEN, a computer game is in full battle. A soldier runs through a war zone firing at the enemy.

Frank focuses on the screen, a games console in hand.

His mobile PHONE buzzes. On the phone is a picture of Helen. He pauses the game, checks he's alone.

FRANK  
(to phone)  
Hi.

HELEN (V.O.)  
I want you so bad.

FRANK  
I've decided, I'm going to do it.

HELEN (V.O.)  
When?

FRANK  
Tomorrow. Let her sleep first.

HELEN (V.O.)  
Are you sure?

FRANK  
Yes, I want to be with you. This  
place has taken my soul. I hate it.

**EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT**

Carla dances wildly around the fire.

CARLA  
Spirits see me, spirits feel me.

Carla breathes deep, she can sense something around her. She  
opens her arms wide, like an invitation to the sky.

CARLA  
With this offering, I summon you.  
Give me the power to awaken...inner  
desires.

Carla places the knife into the palm of her hand, cuts  
herself. She grimaces, as blood drops into the flames.

CARLA  
Spirits make him see.

Once more she starts off around the fire.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Frank stares blankly at the TV. On the screen is Carla.  
She dances in a provocative, sexual way - beckons him.

CARLA (V.O.)  
Spirits make him hear me.

Frank is hit by a surge of hormones, his face flushes.

CARLA (V.O.)  
Spirits make him feel.

He jumps to his feet.

CARLA (V.O.)  
Spirits make him fulfill his inner  
desires.

His eyes open wide, like a switch has been flicked.

He strides over to a metal cabinet, flings it open.

From within he grabs...an axe.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Carla, wearing a curious grin, cautiously enters from the garden. Her eyes scan the room.

She moves forward, her head craning to see, or hear, any movement.

**BANG** - 'off screen' a door is flung open, followed by heavy footsteps which stomp upstairs.

CARLA  
Good boy. Off to the bedroom.

Carla unbuttons her blouse to show more cleavage. She heads toward the stairs, careful to not make a noise.

#### **INT. UPPER FLOOR - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

As though on autopilot, Frank moves toward the bed. On top the duvet is rumpled, like a person sleeps within.

He smashes the axe into the bed. Again, and again.

FRANK  
Die, bitch, die.

Splinters from the wooden frame start flying.

#### **CORRIDOR**

Almost at the bedroom, Carla stops dead on hearing the violent sounds. She hesitates, unsure what to do.

Frank exits the bedroom, axe in hand.



CARLA  
What! Frank, no!

Like a robot with one speed, he strides toward Carla and swings the axe toward her head.

Thrown by it all, Carla ducks late.

It slams into a timber post alongside, gets wedged.

Now alert to the situation, Carla runs to the--

### **STAIRS**

--jumps down to the first landing. Her legs buckle and she turns an ankle.

Gingerly, she gets up, but yelps in pain as the axe, thrown from above, glances her shoulder.

Frank stares down - zoned out.

### **KITCHEN**

Carla falls through the doorway, her wounded arm leaving a bloody trail across the floor.

She limps on, spies a knife rack and grabs a large blade.

Behind, Frank blasts his way through, axe clutched tight.

CARLA  
Frank! Stop it.

He marches on, devoid of emotion.

FRANK  
My desire...

Carla hops round to the other side of a kitchen counter, forming a barrier between them.

Frank, goes straight for the counter, smashes the axe across at Carla. She backs off just in time.

The force of the axe hitting the counter pulls it out of Frank's hands, onto the floor on the other side.

He scales the counter to get over.

Trapped, Carla pounces forward and stabs him in the shoulder.

Frank grabs her throat, squeezes tight, and throws her backwards.

Her head smashes into a draw and she rolls up against the door to the garden.

Stunned, but aware she needs to move, Carla scampers on all fours and barrels out into the--

#### **GARDEN**

--crawls as fast as she can.

Out in front, the fire burns strong.

The fire jogs her memory and she reaches inside a pocket, finds the Book of Spells.

CARLA  
Spirits help me.

She stumbles backwards while flicking through the book.

The kitchen door slams open.

Frank, his neck now soaked with blood, staggers forward, the axe in hand.

Carla reads her book as fast as she can.

#### **INSERT BOOK**

Pages turn, each with a different spell; Humility, Liberation, Revenge...

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

None are helpful. Resigned, she looks up.

CARLA  
Frank, I'm sorry.

Oblivious, he steps forward, raises the axe.

Carla closes her eyes, clutches the book tight.

CARLA  
(frantic)  
Spirits make him see. Make him  
feel. Make him stop...

The fire crackles. A gentle winds blows.

But nothing else. Carla's eyes open.

Frank is frozen with the axe above his head.

FRANK

What the hell. Carla, what's happening? Ouch, my shoulder.

Carla collapses back in relief.

CARLA

Thank you spirits, thank you.

FRANK

Spirits! Carla what have you done? Have you drugged me? I can't fucking move.

Carla stands up, heads toward Frank.

CARLA

Frank, I didn't want much, only what you promised. I'm not like that slut. I saw you together.

She takes the axe out of his hands, drops it on the floor.

FRANK

You never deserved me.  
(struggling to move)  
I'm leaving, and taking my share.

Carla steps back, furious. Locks eyes with Frank.

CARLA

You're not getting my mother's house.

Carla searches for inspiration - finds it. She picks up a another log, throws it into the fire.

Frozen still, Frank's eyes follow Carla.

FRANK

Carla?

CARLA

You made me a promise Frank.

Another log lands in the fire.

FRANK

Christ! Things end.

CARLA

You said it was forever.

And another log.

FRANK  
It never is.

CARLA  
Till death us do part.

The fire swells, the flames rise.

Carla moves up to Franks face, forces a kiss.

FRANK  
Christ, you're fucking nuts, just  
like your mother.

She places a finger on his lips.

CARLA  
Quiet, now. Spirits make him see,  
make him feel, make him...

FRANK  
HELP! HEL--

CARLA  
--silent.

Frank's eye panic, he can't speak. All he can do is groan and grunt. His rage suppressed within muffled sounds.

CARLA  
Frank, can you feel it? The spirits  
have spoken. All this time I wanted  
you with me, but now I realize you  
can be part of me, forever. As mom  
used to say...  
(looks at fire)  
...the greatest sacrifice begets  
the greatest power.

Carla pushes Frank backwards into the fire.

Frank stares back at Carla with pleading eyes, his desperate guttural sounds break the silence.

Devoid of emotion, Carla watches Frank's burning body.

She thrusts her hands toward the sky.

The fire erupts.

**(END FLASHBACK)**

**EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

Jones escorts Carla toward a waiting Ambulance.

JONES  
They'll take you to hospital. We  
will speak again.

CARLA  
What else do you need to know?

JONES  
Oh, let me think, why your husband  
died in a fire, after you passed  
out. This ain't over.

Carla spies Helen standing across the road. Fired up by her presence, she gives Helen an evil stare. What can she do?

She nods to herself, has a plan.

CARLA  
There's one possibility, Detective.  
Drugs.

JONES  
Not sure I buy that.

CARLA  
I've heard that the wrong drug, or  
a bad batch, can make some people  
go mad. They suddenly become  
violent, just like Frank did.

They reach the ambulance.

JONES  
Ok, but where's the evidence?

CARLA  
Detective, if it's a weird drug,  
your evidence will be it happening  
again. Someone else will take it,  
and go unexpectedly...mad.  
(fixes her gaze on Helen)  
Before you know it, they'll do bad  
things, become violent and act out  
some sickening desires.

A sly grin creeps across Carla's face.

**FADE OUT.**