

Sting  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. HONEY POT STRIP CLUB-NIGHT.

The strip club is located in an industrial area. The front sign reads, 'HONEY POT GENTLEMAN'S CLUB', a neon bear dips a paw in a honey jar.

There's a smattering of cars in the car-park. The headlights of a delivery van flare to life, shine through pouring rain.

The van reverses across the car-park and reveals a beat up old car. It parks on the other side of the car-park and the headlights shut down.

THE PAINTER steps from the van, he wears overalls and a Knit Cap. He rushes towards the club's entrance through the pouring rain.

INT. THE HONEY POT STRIP CLUB-NIGHT.

The interior of the strip club is hazy, country music plays. The mirrored bar is lined with empty stools, shadowy silhouettes sit in dark booths.

The Painter orders a drink. He turns and focuses on the stage.

MARY(23) dances around a chrome pole in a nun's habit, stockings and lingerie.

The song winds down and the DISK JOCKEY'S voice BOOMS from speakers.

DISK JOCKEY(O/S)  
Put your hands together for Susie  
the Sexy Sister.

The Painter claps and woof whistles. Mary picks up her uniform, walks wearily to the stage door exit.

DISK JOCKEY(O/S)(CONT'D)  
Okay folks you would've noticed  
there's a storm outside.  
(beat)  
Our next artist will bring the  
storm inside. Why not put you're  
hands together for Whiplash.

A dancer dressed as a cow girl struts on stage, she cracks a whip.

INT. DANCERS CHANGE ROOMS-NIGHT

The change-room has lockers on a back wall, a clothing rack with costumes.

SHELLY, youngish and dressed in a policewoman costume. She does her make up in a stage mirror.

SHELLY  
Storm's really blown up.

Mary has changed into sweatpants and a comfortable top.

MARY  
I know, and I need to drive to the opposite side of town.

SHELLY  
Had anything to drink?

Mary carries her nun's costume towards the clothing rack.

MARY  
Why do you ask, getting into character?

Shelly stares at her reflection for a moment. She smiles, nods understanding.

SHELLY  
Okay I get it.

MARY  
I don't accept drinks from customers.

SHELLY  
Who's getting into character?

The seedy looking boss, JOE, slinks into the room, speaks to Mary.

JOE  
Where do you think you're going?

MARY  
Shift's over, I'm leaving.

JOE  
No you're not, a customer's requested a private dance.

MARY  
Yeah and I know who. I told you before, never again with him.

JOE  
Your paid to take your cloths off in front of strangers, you don't get to be choosy.

MARY  
Then you don't pay enough.

JOE

Oh come on, so he has a few kinks,  
he's a good customer.

MARY

Look, I'm not the only one who  
thinks he's creepy.

SHELLY

Which guy is this?

MARY

He's wearing overalls, the girls  
call him The Painter because he  
reeks of turpentine, I'd stay away  
from him if I was you.

JOE

(to Shelly)

Don't you have something to do?

SHELLY

Okay, I'm out of here.

Shelly stands and struts towards the exit on high heels. Mary  
picks up her bag and makes to follow.

MARY

I'm right behind you.

JOE

I asked you to stay.

MARY

And I said no.

Mary tries to side step around Joe. He grabs her by the arm.

JOE

Do the dance, accept his tip, then  
leave.

MARY

I need to pick up my daughter. I'm  
leaving now.

Mary shakes her arm free. She pushes past Joe walks towards  
the exit. Joe calls after her.

JOE

Collect your wages and don't come  
back.

MARY (O.S.)

I won't, asshole.

JOE  
Strippers.

INT/EXT. CARPARK-NIGHT

Thunder RUMBLES, lightening flashes across a dark leaden sky, rain deluges down and puddles in the club's carpark.

The headlights of the old car flicker, the engine splutters, the lights dim.

MARY  
Come on you piece of shit!

Mary's behind the wheel of the car. She turns the key, the ignition clicks over metallic and feeble.

MARY (CONT'D)  
No please, don't do this now.

Mary turns the key on and off, nothing. She pounds the steering wheel.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Damn it!

The white delivery van pulls in beside Mary. The passenger door opens. A blurry figure steps into the rain, raps his knuckle on Mary's window.

THE PAINTER  
Need any help?

Mary peers through the rain wet glass of her side window.

MARY  
Fuck...

THE PAINTER  
Hey, you're Susie the Sexy Sister.

Mary turns the ignition key. She pumps the accelerator, glances out the window.

MARY  
Come on start you bitch.

The ignition clicks and coughs. The engine sputters to life.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Come on, yes!

Mary rams the car into gear. She looks back to reverse and her window EXPLODES in a shower of glass.

The Painter reaches into the car. Mary fights and screams as she is dragged through the window.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Your coming with me.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone.

The Painter jams a syringe into Mary's neck. She slumps lifeless as she is dragged from the car.

Outside: The van's headlights flare to life, it reverses to reveal Mary's car with a broken window. The van motors from the car-park.

INT. OLD CHAPEL-NIGHT

Artist William Blake's religious symbolism adorns the small chapel's walls. Glorious gods and angels, divinities and saints.

The Painter caresses a thin stream of paint along a pencil line with his brush.

THE PAINTER  
It's good your quiet, the artist  
must never be disturbed while  
painting, it disrupts their flow.

The Painter collects paint from his pestle. He dabs the eye of a serpent rendered on the chapel wall.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
But that's not what call me is it?

The Painter looks over at Mary. She's propped up on a wooden pew in a long plain black dress. Her eyes are frightened, her wrists and mouth are bound with tape.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
You're right, I'm only restoring  
the works.

The Painter examines his restoration work on Blake's painting 'Satan Exulting Over Eve'.

Eve sleeps naked in a field with her hair splayed. A serpent hovers across her breast, an angel floats above.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
My mother was the real talent.

The Painter places his pestle and brush beside a bottle of turpentine on a small artists aluminum scaffold.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
I was never to allowed watch her  
paint.

The Painter picks up a paint stained cloth. He wipes his hands.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
For me it was the basement.

The Painter throws down the cloth. He moves to stand in front of Mary.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
I'd like to say you'll get used to it, but I never did.

EXT. COUNTRY FARM-DAY

The rolling farm hills are blanketed in wild flowers. Dew glistens on the grass, it's a beautiful spring morning.

MORGAN SEAR(7) wears a pretty summer dress. Her long hair is held back with an Alice headband.

Morgan carries an egg basket towards a quaint farm house. She sings a nursery rhyme.

MORGAN  
Little chick waits in her egg of white.

Morgan stops to pick flowers. She smells their scent, places them on the eggs.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Curled up and cozy oh so tight.

Morgan swings her hair, she skips happily through the grass.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Little chick taps a hole with her beak, beak, beak.

A bee collects nectar from a flower in the field. The insect takes flight.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Then she pops from her shell with a cheep, cheep, cheep...

The bee lands on Morgans ankle, it drives it's sting into her soft flesh.

Morgan yelps, she swipes at the bee. Her basket of eggs falls with an EXPLOSION of bright yolk and wild flowers.

Morgan collapses in the field. She slips into anaphylactic shock, her body convulses.

Beat.

The front door of the farmhouse BANGS open. Morgan's distraught mother JILL SEAR (28) races across the field towards her daughter.

JILL

Morgan!

EXT.STATE FORREST PARK-DAY

FAITH Connor(15) petite and attractive. She wears a training outfit and head phones. She jogs through a deserted parkland area.

Faith notices a parked white van and she stops a safe distance away. SCRATCHY music comes from her headphones.

Faith toys with the gold pendant on her delicate necklace. She shades her eye's and peers at a bumper sticker.

Faith's POV: There's a silhouette of a pole dancer and the words, 'I Support Single Moms' on the van's back bumper.

Faith turns to go back the way she came. She gasps, stops short.

THE PAINTER

Do I know you?

FAITH

I don't thinks so.

Faith stares up at The Painter. He wears paint spattered overalls and a knit cap.

THE PAINTER

I'm certain I've seen you before,  
you live around here right?

FAITH

I don't know you.

Faith takes a step backwards. The Painter takes a step forward.

THE PAINTER

You're not someone I'd easily  
forget.

FAITH

I have to go.

THE PAINTER

We should talk about this.

Faith turns to run. The Painter lunges, he wraps his arms about her shoulders.

FAITH

Leave me alone.

THE PAINTER

And why would I do that?



Faith screams and struggles. The Painter pushes a syringe into the base of Faiths neck. He forces down the plunger and she slumps in his arms.

INT/EXT. FARM HOUSE-DAY

Jill washes dishes in her kitchen. Above the faucets, a foggy window frames the rolling hills of her farm.

Jill watches Morgan appear over the crest of the hill though the window.

Jill's daughter Morgan picks flowers, she breaths in their scent. She places them in her basket.

Morgan swings her hair, skips happily through the grass. She stops suddenly, drops her basket, swipes at her ankle.

JILL

What..?

Jill stops washing dishes. Her hands remain in the soapy water.

JILL (CONT'D)

Playing..?

Jill watches Morgan collapse and sudden realization strikes her.

JILL (CONT'D)

Bee sting!

Jill explodes into action. She takes her soapy hands from the sink, yanks open a kitchen draw and rummages around.

JILL (CONT'D)

Shit, where is it?

Jill slams the draw shut. She pulls out the draw underneath and empties it on the kitchen bench.

Miscellaneous items tumble out, among them is a yellow and black emergency Epi-pen.

JILL (CONT'D)

Damn it, where?

Jill snatches up the emergency Epi-pen and her phone. She hurries to help her daughter.

INT. BASEMENT PRISON-DAY

A naked light bulb hangs on a frayed cord. There's a crucifix on the wall, a tattered calendar.

Rusty paint tins are beneath a tarpaulin in the corner.

Rails resembling train tracks run down the center of the room, end at a bathroom.

Metal beds are either side of the space, there's a set of draws beside one.

The room's heavy door bangs open and The Painter drags an unconscious Faith towards the empty bed.

THE PAINTER

I found you some company.

Mary sits up in the other bed, her blanket falls to her waist. She's older and tired, she wears the long black dress.

MARY

What have you done to her?

THE PAINTER

Same as I done to you.

MARY

You've made a mistake. Why not take her back before it's too late?

THE PAINTER

I didn't get her from the same place I got you. It isn't like visiting your favorite fishing hole you know.

MARY

I know you're too careful to return to the Honey Pot?

The Painter dumps Faith on the bed. He picks up a manacle and chain.

THE PAINTER

Damn right I am, you have to move around a lot when you're involved in this type of pastime.

MARY

That doesn't excuse this, she's too young for you.

THE PAINTER

That's not for you to decide.

The Painter attaches the manacle to Faith's ankle. He locks it tight.

MARY

She's a child, let her go or she'll cause you trouble.

The Painter checks the chain is secured to the floor rail.

THE PAINTER

She's here to stay. You'll teach her how to behave and that's all she wrote.

MARY

The authorities will search for her harder than they did for me.

THE PAINTER

I'm not stupid, a lot of planning went into this. Now be quiet, your giving me a headache!

Mary lowers her eyes, she pulls her blanket tighter.

PAINTER

Better, now she'll learn or she'll be punished, so that will be on your head.

The Painter focuses his attention on Faith. His eyes travel her body, come to rest on her already red and swelling ankle.

THE PAINTER

You wont be needing those anymore.

The Painter slips off Faith's running shoes. He carries them to the door.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

Enjoy the company, I'll come back to do the same later.

The Painter leaves through the heavy door. He slams it shut with a prison-cell door CLANG.

EXT. JILL'S FARM-DAY

The door of the farmhouse BANGS open. JILL sprint's across the field towards Morgan. She screams at her phone as she runs.

JILL

We live on Old Chapel Road, there's a long driveway!

The phone's on speaker. The emergency dispatcher's voice is static.

EMERGENCY DISPATCHER(O.S.)

How old is your daughter?

JILL

Seven, please you need to hurry!

Jill falls to her knees. She dumps the phone in the flowers, cradles Morgans head.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Morgan baby, mommies here.

EMERGENCY DISPATCHER(O.S.)  
We have an emergency vehicle close  
by, please leave your phone  
connected so we can continue our  
trace.

Jill ignores the operator, she reads the Epi-Pen  
instructions, her hands shake nervously.

JILL  
Remove blue lid, hold the orange  
tip against patients thigh, gently  
apply pressure.

Jill fumbles the blue lid free. She places the Epi-pen onto  
Morgan's thigh.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Come on baby...

Jill applies pressure to the pen. There's an audible CLICK,  
the orange safety cover drops.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Come on Morgan, come on baby...

Morgan jerks in Jill's arms. Her eye's ping open, she gasps.

MORGAN  
Mommy.

JILL  
Yes Morgan, I'm here...

MORGAN  
Why did he hurt me?

JILL  
I don't know baby.

Jill brushes away Morgan's tears, she hugs her tight. There's  
the faint sound of a siren in the distance.

JILL (CONT'D)  
You frightened me baby, but it's  
going to be okay.

An emergency vehicle with flashing lights turns down a long  
gravel driveway and motors towards Jill's farmhouse.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE-DAY

Jill's bedroom is average and tidy, lamps sit on bedside  
cabinets either side of a queen sized bed.

Morgan's on the bed surrounded by pillows. She gazes at a photo in a frame on one of the cabinets.

Morgan's POV: Jill holds Morgan as a baby, she stands beside a Marine in full uniform.

Jill and a handsome doctor, DR. WEISS(30), stand at the foot of the bed.

DR. WEISS

It's a miracle you had the correct treatment so readily available.

JILL

Her father was allergic, the Epi-pen was in the draw in case of an emergency.

(beat)

I guess I never bothered to take it out after...

DR. WEISS

Of course, I understand, it must have been difficult.

JILL

Yes it was.

Jill glances over at Morgan and sees she's listening. She changes the subject.

JILL (CONT'D)

This will sound awful, I mean I should know what I'm giving my daughter, but I never thought to ask John.

DR. WEISS

The Epi-pen contains a synthetic version of adrenaline known as epinephrine. And no, it doesn't sound awful.

JILL

Thank you doctor.

DR. WEISS

Please, call me Brian.

JILL

Okay Brian.

DR. Weiss smiles at Jill. He moves around the bed towards Morgan.

DR. WEISS

I'd like to take one last look at her ankle before I return to the hospital.

JILL

Morgan, sit up for Doctor Wiess baby.

Morgan rolls over, sits up. Dr. Weiss bends over the bed and gently inspects her swollen ankle.

DR. WEISS

Does it hurt?

MORGAN

Not really.

DR. WEISS

You're a very brave young lady.  
(to Jill)

The swelling should go down in the next couple of days, you should try to keep her off her feet.

JILL

That going to be harder than it sounds.

EXT/INT. JILL'S HOUSE-DAY

A bright yellow Hyundai Hatchback parks next to a plain white vehicle in front of Jill's house.

Jill's friend EMMA(28) is in the drivers seat, she is dressed bright and cheerful.

There's a cute teddy-bear on the passenger seat, art books, box of paints, an unopened packet of paint brushes.

Emma exits the car and moves towards Jill's front door. She carries the teddy-bear by the ankle, gives the white car a cursory glance.

Emma fumbles with her keys, she lets herself inside, stands in the lounge room and calls out.

EMMA

Jilly, Smudge, where are you?

JILL(O/S)

We're in here!

Emma walks down a hallway, she moves towards the bedroom.

EMMA

I closed the studio as soon as I received your message, how is she?

Emma steps inside the bedroom and comes face to face with DR. Weiss.

DR. WEISS

Hello.

EMMA

Oh hi, I'm sorry, do I know you?

JILL

Em, this is Dr. Weiss.

Dr. Weiss holds out his hand, he glances at the teddy bear.

EMMA

This isn't mine, it's for, it's a present.

Emma shakes hands awkwardly. Morgan cheerfully interrupts.

MORGAN

Luna-sky!

Emma moves past the doctor, she mouths the word, 'cute,' to Jill. She passes the teddy-bear to Morgan.

EMMA

For you Smudge, but I'm no longer called Luna-sky. I've changed my name again.

Morgan giggles, it's their running joke. She takes the teddy-bear and gives it a hug.

MORGAN

What did you change your name to this time?

EMMA

I now call myself, wait for it.  
(beat)  
Desert Wind Over Dry Mountains.

Morgan groans, she rolls her eye's. Emma sits on the bed and reaches out her arms for a hug.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What, is the name too much of a mouthful?

Doctor Weiss smiles, he touches Jill gently on the elbow.

DR. WEISS

I should be going, may I speak with you outside.

JILL  
 (to Emma)  
 Will you keep an eye on her?

EMMA  
 Of course, me and Smudge have a lot  
 of catching up to do.

DR. Weiss and Jill walk from the room, they move down the  
 hall.(O/S) Morgan giggles.

DR. WEISS  
 I would have preferred to keep her  
 under observation.  
 (beat)  
 But laughter's also a strong  
 medicine.

JILL  
 Why, unless she gets stung by  
 another bee, it's over isn't it?

DR. WEISS  
 Anaphylaxis symptoms sometimes  
 reoccur, but this usually happens  
 within hours of the initial attack.

JILL  
 I'd prefer her at home right now.

DR. WEISS  
 Of course, it's your decision.

DR. Weiss and Jill arrive at the front door. Jill opens it  
 and leans on the handle.

JILL  
 I want to thank you for coming  
 Brian, and for the extra supply of  
 Epi-pens.

DR. WEISS  
 I was lucky enough to be close by.  
 The extra pens are just my way of  
 thanking you and Morgan for your  
 husband's service.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE-NIGHT-LATER

The lounge room lights are dim, soft music plays, a low fire  
 burns.

There's a pizza box, bottle of wine and tissue box on the  
 coffee table.

Morgan sleeps with the cute teddy-bear on the sofa. She's  
 cocooned up in blankets.



Jill and Emma sit in front of the fire on a rug. They hold stemmed glasses, drink wine.

EMMA

I would have panicked, how did you know what had happened to her?

JILL

John shouted at me Em, and suddenly I knew exactly what to do.

EMMA

When you say he shouted?

JILL

It was his voice, almost like a verbal push. He forced me to act.

EMMA

That's so crazy, what did he say?

JILL

He said bee.

EMMA

Be what?

Jill flaps her hands slightly annoyed, imitates a bee.

JILL

Bee, he said bee.

EMMA

Oh, like the insect, I thought, okay don't worry, ditsy.

Emma reaches for the wine bottle. She fills Jill's glass then her own.

JILL

I know John would have done anything to protect Morgan, to protect me.

EMMA

Of course he would have, he loved you both so much.

JILL

But how Em? He's been gone for...

Jill covers her mouth, her eyes well up with tears. Emma shuffles closer and embraces her.

EMMA

Oh Jilly, you need to let it out.

JILL  
I was just...  
(beat)  
I was so afraid I'd lose her as  
well.

EMMA  
I know, it's all been so difficult.

JILL  
I try to be strong, but  
I miss him so much...

EMMA  
Maybe John is watching over you and  
her, you know, keeping you both  
safe.

Jill takes a handful of tissues, she dabs at her eyes.

JILL  
But how?

EMMA  
Who really knows what happens after  
we, you know?

JILL  
I thought about it a lot after John  
died.

Jill glances at Morgan and checks that she's asleep.

JILL (CONT'D)  
I don't believe a benevolent god  
would take away a little girl's  
father.

EMMA  
I agree, but how do you explain  
what happened today?

JILL  
I don't know, I can't.

Emma passes Jill her wine glass. She picks up her own, takes  
a sip.

EMMA  
If the doors of perception were  
cleansed, everything would appear  
to man as it is, infinite.

JILL  
What is that, what did you just  
say?

EMMA

Just something I read in one of my art books, I think it means there's more to life, and death, than we could ever know.

INT. BASEMENT PRISON-NIGHT.

The light in the basement prison is turned off, the room is pitch black.

The exhaust fan in the bathroom spins out a soft WHIR. The muffled sound of Mary crying comes from the darkness.

FAITH(O/S)

(whispers)

Oh my god, where am I?

Mary's crying stops, she sniffs, her bed springs CREAK.

FAITH(O/S)(CONT'D)

Is somebody there, can you help me?

The soft METALLIC sound of a chain being dragged across an iron bed rail rattles eerily from the jet black dark.

FAITH(O/S)(CONT'D)

What is this? Oh my god, oh my god...

MARY(O/S)

Shhhhhh...

FAITH(O/S)

Who are you, where am I?

MARY(O/S)

I'll explain everything, but you need to, shhhhhh...

FAITH(O/S)

Okay, but it's so dark in here, where am I.

MARY(O/S)

He prefers me to keep the lights off at night.

FAITH(O/S)

I'm afraid.

MARY(O/S)

So was I, but I've grown used to the darkness. You'll need to do the same.

There's shadowy movement, a rustling noise. The soft SCRAPE of a chain being pulled along a metal rail.

MARY(O/S)(CONT'D)

I'll turn the light on but not for long, promise me you won't scream.

FAITH(O/S)

I promise, please hurry, I'm afraid.

MARY(O/S)

Look to your right, do you see the glow?

There is a matchstick thin strip of green illumination in the darkness.

FAITH (O/S)

I can see.

The bar disappears, comes back on. Off and on as a hand is waved in front of the strip.

MARY(O/S)

This is how you know where the light switch is located.

(beat)

Okay cover your eyes it's going to be bright.

A bald light-globe on a frayed cord flickers to life, BUZZES like an electric insect. The room illuminates eye stinging bright after the dark.

Faith sits on the edge of her bed with her hands covering her eyes.

FAITH

Thank you, can I look now?

Mary's thin and pale, she stands by the switch. She wears the long black dress.

MARY

Lower your hands but don't scream, we don't want him to hear us.

FAITH

Who is he?

MARY

The one who brought you here.

FAITH

(whispers)

Oh my god.

Faith keeps her hands raised. She looks between her fingers.

Faith's POV: The crucifix nailed into cracked plaster, Mary's iron bed and beside cabinet. The manacle on her ankle, the chain attached to the rail.

FAITH (CONT'D)  
Who did this to me, what's his name?

MARY  
I call him The Painter, but he doesn't really deserve a name.

Faith slowly lowers her hands and she turns to face Mary.

FAITH  
You call him The Painter?

MARY  
I saw his paintings once, they were beautiful, disturbing.

Faith whimpers, covers her mouth, tears roll down her cheeks.

FAITH  
I'm so afraid.

MARY  
I'm coming honey, you try to be strong.

Mary pulls her chain along the rail. Faith stands and Mary embraces her in the center of the room.

MARY (CONT'D)  
My name's Mary and I'm so sorry.

FAITH  
Faith Connor.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE-NIGHT.

Jill and Morgan are in the main bedroom asleep in the queen sized bed. Jill hugs her pillow, her backs to Morgan, she murmurs in her sleep.

Morgan faces her father's picture. Her eyes dart rapidly under her eyelids in rem sleep.

Morgan's having a bad dream, there's beads of sweat on her forehead, she murmurs.

MORGAN  
Afraid.

Morgan gasps suddenly. She jerks up, her eyes ping open and she stares into the darkness.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Mommy!

Jill sits up beside Morgan. She switches on a bedside lamp then turns to her daughter.

JILL

Are you alright Baby?

MORGAN

I'm hot mommy.

Jill reaches over and places her hand on Morgan's forehead.

JILL

Oh my god you're burning up, what happened?

MORGAN

I had a bad dream.

JILL

It will be okay sweetheart, I'm here.

MORGAN

It won't be okay Mommy.

Jill wraps her arms protectively about Morgan. She pulls her close.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE-DAY

Jill stands in a corner of the kitchen, she prepares coffee.

Morgan sits at the kitchen bench in front of a box of 'HONEY POPS'. She wears cute pyjamas with a high collar. She shovels cereal into her mouth.

Emma enters the kitchen, she's showered, she carries an overnight bag.

EMMA

Thanks for letting me stay. Tell me again, whose idea was it to open the second bottle?

JILL

No one to blame but yourself, and it was the third.

EMMA

I don't want to know.

Emma places her bag down. She pulls out a stool and sits by Morgan.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Morning Smudge.

MORGAN  
Morning Desert Wind Over Dry  
Mountains.

EMMA  
You remembered, aren't you clever?

Morgan takes a large spoonful of Honey Pops. She chews, nods cheekily.

MORGAN  
Mmmm, hmmm.

Jill places down a steaming cup of coffee in front of Emma.

JILL  
How was the sofa?

EMMA  
Thank you, and surprisingly  
comfortable.

Jill returns to her coffee, she cradles her cup, faces Emma and Morgan.

JILL  
I know, I've fallen asleep there a  
few times myself.

EMMA  
What about you Smudge, how did you  
sleep?

JILL  
She had a bad dream.

MORGAN  
I had a bad dream.

EMMA  
Did you, what was the dream about?

Emma picks up her cup. She blows on the hot coffee, sips carefully.

MORGAN  
I dreamed a bad man was putting  
girls in a box.  
(beat)  
I think he was a giant.

EMMA  
A giant, and you're sure he wasn't  
a friendly giant.

MORGAN

Uh uh, I don't think so.

Morgan shovels her last mouthful of Honey Pops. She holds out the bowl to her mother.

EMMA

Well that sounds awful, so what happened next?

MORGAN

I don't know yet, I woke up before it finished.

Jill retrieves the bowl from Morgan. She places it in the sink.

JILL

I'm more worried about her ankle, and I have a favor to ask.

Emma peers under the bench. She sees Morgan's ankle is swollen, wrapped in a red blotchy band.

EMMA

It does look sore, does it hurt Smudge?

MORGAN

No, but I still got carried from the bed.

JILL

Dr Weiss said it may swell, but I want him to take another look. I've made an appointment, I'm hoping you'll help...

EMMA

Help Smudge get ready while you make yourself beautiful for the handsome young doctor, of course I will.

JILL

Not exactly, but thank you.

EMMA

No problem and I can go one better. I've decided to take a day off from the art studio. Why don't I drive you and Smudge?

Morgan looks from Emma to Jill, she nods excitedly.

JILL

Well I could do with the company.



INT. JILL'S HOUSE-DAY

The bathroom's filled with steam, warm water streams from the shower head.

Morgan's exited the shower and wrapped herself in a fluffy bath-towel. She wears it like a Muslim Burqa, her tiny face is barley visible.

Morgan opens the slightly ajar bathroom door and calls down the hall.

MORGAN

Desert Wind Over Dry Mountains, I'm finished.

Emma steps from Morgan's bedroom down the hall. She holds a cute outfit on a hanger.

EMMA

Coming.

(mumbles)

Have to change that stupid name.

Emma hangs the outfit on the door-handle, she makes her way to the bathroom. She steps inside and sees Morgan in her towel.

MORGAN

Someone doesn't think I'm old enough to turn off the taps.

EMMA

Your mother's careful because she loves you?

MORGAN

I'm know.

Emma pulls up a sleeve. She leans into the shower and turns off the water.

EMMA

All done, now lets get you dressed.

MORGAN

Thank you Desert...

EMMA

No you don't, names changed. From now on I'm plain old Aunt Em.

(beat)

Wow, that makes me sound ancient.

Emma crouches, places her arms around Morgan's waist.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm going to carry you, wrap your arms around my neck then hold on tight.

Emma carries Morgan down the hall wrapped in the towel. She collects the cute outfit, steps into Morgan's pink bedroom.

MORGAN

Aunt Em, why do you call me Smudge?

Emma lays the outfit on the bed. She places Morgan on the floor, sits on the bed.

EMMA

You know I'm an artist. But did you know I sometimes paint by making smudges with my finger?

MORGAN

Like finger painting?

EMMA

Exactly, like finger painting. Now do you remember the day we first met?

Morgan takes a moment to think, then she shakes her head no.

MORGAN

I'm not sure.

EMMA

It was on your first birthday.

MORGAN

July 2nd?

EMMA

That's right, July 2nd. Well on that day I noticed you had the cutest little smudge on your face.

Emma kisses her thumb, then thumbs Morgan's nose. Morgan giggles.

MORGAN

That tickled.

Emma smiles, she twirls her finger above Morgans head.

EMMA

Okay turn around so that I can dry you.

Morgan spins, she allows the towel to drop from her shoulders. Emma lifts Morgan's wet hair from her neck.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, what's happened to you?

Emma's POV: Morgan's neck is marked by a red and swollen bar shaped blemish.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Jilly you better get in here, you need to see this!

INT/EXT. EMMA'S CAR-DAY-MOVING

Emma drives down Jill's long driveway. Jill's in the passenger seat.

Morgan sits in the back with her teddy bear, she drinks a bottle of, 'Pop Top,' orange juice.

JILL

Morgan I want you to take one of these if you feel queasy.

Jill takes a packet of yellow lozenges from her bag. She passes them to Morgan.

MORGAN

Yes mommy.

JILL

(to Emma)

Morgan sometimes becomes car sick on long journeys.

EMMA

She's not going to vomit is she?

JILL

No, normally she'll say something. Then it's a case of pulling over so she can take some air.

EMMA

And you're sure you want to give her medicine?

Jill checks Morgan, sees that she is holding a childish conversation with her teddy-bear.

JILL

There a placebo, a honey lozenge like the ones you take for a sore throat, but they seem to help.

EMMA

You know I'm proud of how you're dealing with all of this, I'm sure I'd be a mess.

JILL  
I'm still concerned, but I don't  
want to frighten her, and she keeps  
saying it doesn't hurt.

Emma indicates, she turns onto the main country road. The car  
picks up speed.

EMMA  
And you think the swelling is all a  
part of her allergic reaction?

JILL  
Both DR. Weiss and Dr. Goggle said  
it may happen. Would you mind if we  
listened to music.

EMMA  
Of course.

Emma swipes her phone in its holder and SOFT music plays.  
Jill glances at Morgan, she continues.

JILL  
What really punches me in the gut  
is I feel like I'm a bad mother.

EMMA  
You're too hard on yourself.  
Children get stung by bee's, it's  
like a right of passage.

JILL  
I know, but I should've realized  
she was allergic, at least had her  
checked.

EMMA  
You really are your biggest critic  
you know.

JILL  
It's just hard finding a balance  
between being protective and  
allowing her the freedom to grow.

Jill checks on Morgan, see's she's playing with her teddy  
bear.

JILL (CONT'D)  
You feeling alright?

MORGAN  
Alright mommy.

JILL  
 (to Emma)  
 See, what am I so worried about?  
 She's says she's doing fine.

Emma smiles at Jill reassuringly. She gestures through the windscreen.

EMMA  
 I've never come up this way, what's  
 the building up ahead?

JILL  
 You know we live on Old Chapel Road  
 right? Well that's the old chapel.

Jill and Emma's POV: There's a small and quaint old chapel in a field up ahead.

EMMA  
 Would make a good backdrop for a  
 painting, you ever stopped to look?

JILL  
 Can't say I've ever really thought  
 about it.

Morgan sits up and looks out her window, she sees a tall man in overalls and knit cap standing on the steps of the chapel.

The Painter's eyes follow the car as it passes. Morgan pulls back from her window and she sits stiffly in her seat. She whispers to the teddy bear.

MORGAN  
 You feeling alright?

Morgan shakes the teddy-bears head no. She hugs the toy to her chest, whispers.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 Me too John.

INT. OLD CHAPEL-DAY

The Painter carries a paintbrush and pestle. He moves along the chapel wall, checks his restoration work.

The Painter stops at a rendition of William Blake's, 'The Crucifixion.' Mother Mary mourns at the feet of Jesus on the cross.

The Painter peels off a fleck of paint. He crumbles it in his fingers, mutters.

THE PAINTER  
 The artist's work is never  
 finished.

The Painter dips his brush in a well on his pestle and collects paint. He dabs at the damaged painting.

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

INT. THE OLD CHAPEL-NIGHT

The ARTIST dips her brush in a well on her pestle and collects paint. She dabs at the half-finished painting of 'The Crucifixion'.

The Artist wears the same long black dress Mary wears. She stands next to a flickering candle in a silver candelabra.

The Painter as a young boy, DAVID (7), walks down the center aisle of the chapel.

David moves to stand behind his mother the Artist. He remains silent, watches while she paints.

The Artist stops painting, she speaks with her back to David.

ARTIST

What is it, what do you want?

DAVID

Will you be finished soon?

THE ARTIST

The artist's work is never finished.

DAVID

I'm sorry, I'll leave you to your painting.

David starts to move away. His mother speaks and he freezes.

THE ARTIST

What did I tell you about interrupting my work?

DAVID

The artist must never be disturbed...

THE ARTIST

The artist must never be disturbed while painting, it disrupts their flow.

The Artist places her pestle and brush down on a pew. She wipes her hands with a paint stained cloth.

THE ARTIST (CONT'D)

What did you just do?

DAVID

I disturbed you.

ARTIST

You disturbed me.

The Artist picks up the candelabra. She moves to David and slaps him hard across the face, SMACK.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
You'll learn or you'll be punished,  
now get to the basement!

DAVID  
But mother...

ARTIST  
Do you really want to argue with  
me?

DAVID  
I'm sorry.

ARTIST  
That's what I thought.

David shuffles to the centre aisle, he moves towards the back of the church. The Artist follows with the candelabra.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
Move faster, I still have work to  
do.

The Artist shoves David and he stumbles forward down the aisle.

DAVID  
Yes mother.

ARTIST  
Silence, you're always talking,  
always disturbing me!

The Artist and David step on the dais, they move past the altar.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
Do you have any idea how hard it is  
to raise a child alone?

DAVID  
It's difficult because my father  
abandoned us.

ARTIST  
He left me all alone, I have no one  
to help me.

The Artist opens the door leading to the basement. She drags David inside.

ARTIST  
And you're the thief of all my  
happiness, now move.

The Artist follows David down the steps to the basement.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
Get to your corner.

David steps off the bottom step. The Artist holds up the candelabra.

Blake's renditions of hellish monsters are painted on the basement walls. 'The Number of the Beast is 666', 'The Ghost of a Flea', 'Cerberbus',

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
Put on your chain.

DAVID  
Please, I'm frightened, I don't want to...

ARTIST  
Silence!

David shuffles to the corner, he snaps a manacle onto his ankle.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
You'll stay down here until I come for you.

David sits and buries his face in his hands. The Artist walks up the stairs and candle light flickers eerily over the nightmarish paintings.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
You'll learn or you'll be punished.

The Artist slams the door into the chapel and the room goes dark.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. THE OLD CHAPEL-DAY

The Painter walks away from the painting of 'The Crucifixion'. He moves towards the altar at the back of the chapel, he mutters.

THE PAINTER  
You're the thief of all my happiness.

The Painter steps up to the dais. He places his pestle and paintbrush next to a familiar candelabra on the altar.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
You'll learn or you'll be punished.



The Painter turns and looks around at the paintings adorning the chapel walls.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
When they're finished, I will  
destroy your legacy.

The Painter opens the door leading to the basement. He descends the stairs.

INT/EXT. EMMA'S CAR-DAY-MOVING

The yellow hatchback passes a sign that reads, 'Welcome to Brooktown'.

The landscape has changed from rural to urban, shops, traffic lights, buildings, etc.

Jill points through the windscreen, she gives Emma directions

JILL  
The hospital isn't far, it's on  
this side of the city center.

EMMA  
I remember visiting when Morgan was  
born, but I came from a different  
direction.

JILL  
You'll need to take your next left.

Jill hears the RUSTLE of cellophane plastic. She peeks into the back seat.

Morgan pops a lozenge in her mouth. She looks up guiltily when she realizes she's being watched.

JILL (CONT'D)  
You okay?

Morgan smiles around the lozenge, nods cheekily. Jill returns her smile, goes back to her seat.

JILL (CONT'D)  
(to Emma)  
She just hustled a sweet.

EMMA  
Good on her.  
(in mirror)  
You go girl.

Emma turns onto a busy street and an Ambulance with FLASHING lights and siren BLARING motors past.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
We must be close.

JILL

The hospital's at the end of this street.

EMMA

That reminds me, last night you said emergency services arrived just after Morgan went into shock?

JILL

They traced the call, but your right it was quick.

(beat)

Dr. Weiss mentioned there was an incident close by, but Morgan's situation took priority.

Emma turns into a mid-sized hospital car park. A large arrow shaped sign indicates the Emergency Area.

EMMA

Did he tell you what happened?

JILL

He wouldn't elaborate, said the family needed to be informed before he could talk about it.

EMMA

Maybe there was some type of an accident...

Jill lurches forward when Morgan forcefully kicks the back of her seat. Jill spins around and undoes her seat belt in the same movement.

Jill's POV: Morgan lies on the back seat, her face is turning blue. She claws at her throat, chokes for air, her legs kick out.

JILL

Drive, get to the emergency area, hurry!

Jill climbs between the car seats to go to Morgan's aid.

EMMA

Shit, is she alright..?

Emma slams her foot on the accelerator. She jams her hand on the horn.

JILL

She's choking...

Jill cradles Morgan, her daughter convulses in her arms. Jill tries to clear her airways.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Come on breath baby, breath...

Outside: The horn BLARES as the yellow car dodges around traffic, swerves through the car-park.

The car SKIDS to a halt at the doors of the emergency area, the horn BLARES.

The back door of the car opens and Jill climbs out with Morgan in her arms.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Please, somebody help my daughter!

The hospital doors open and doctors and nurses rush to render assistance.

INT. BASEMENT PRISON-DAY.

Faint light filters into the basement prison from a mesh covered and smoke glazed bathroom strip window.

FAITH(O/S)  
Will he hurt me?

The dead light bulb is suspended in front of the crucifix, the ivory Jesus suffers.

MARY(O/S)  
I hope not.

On the chest of draws next to Mary's bed is a frame that once held a small mirror. It now holds a wallet sized picture of a girl aged (3).

FAITH(O/S)  
Has he hurt you?

Next to the photo is a hair brush, tooth brush and eyeliner pencil laid out neatly on a dish towel.

MARY(O/S)  
He's strapped me and he's starved me, but the most hateful thing he's done is take me away from my daughter.

Mary and Faith sit on the end of their beds facing one another. Chains run from their ankles to their respective rails.

FAITH  
How could he be so horrible?

MARY  
I don't know, but when he's angry he's malicious and petty.

Faith lifts her gold necklace, she toys with the pendant.

FAITH

I'm scared. I just want to wake up  
and be at home with my family.

MARY

I know.

(beat)

I noticed your necklace, it's  
pretty, did your parents give it to  
you?

Faith leans forward, holds out the pendant to Mary. The small  
gold heart has a deep red ruby inlaid at it's center.

FAITH

My mother, it belonged to my  
grandmother. She passed a few years  
ago.

MARY

I bet she loved you.

FAITH

We were close.

Faith places her palm over the pendant. She holds it against  
her heart.

MARY

I'm also a mom and I'm guessing you  
were named Faith for a reason.

FAITH

I was born premature, my mom told  
me it was a difficult time for both  
of us.

MARY

Faith suggests a strength of the  
heart. You should try to be true to  
the name your mother gave you.

FAITH

What's your daughters name?

Mary glances at her daughters picture. She turns back to  
Faith.

MARY

Joy, it's how I felt when she was  
born. For the first time in my life  
I experienced pure happiness.

FAITH

How long have you been here?

MARY

There are some things I'd prefer  
not to talk about.

FAITH

Please, I understand it's  
difficult, but I need to know.

Mary gestures at the calendar pinned to the wall. The date  
squares are marked with crosses.

MARY

I've been around twice.

FAITH

Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

(beat)

Do you have any idea why he  
kidnapped me?

MARY

I can't answer that question honey.

FAITH

What I mean is, will he expect...

(beat)

Is it a sex thing?

Mary lifts her leg onto the bed and adjusts her manacle. She  
avoids the question.

MARY

With me he became fixated at the  
club, but I thought he was creepy.  
He asked me to dance, told me I  
reminded him of somebody close...

FAITH

(interrupts)

I realize the answer may frighten  
me but I should be prepared.

Mary sighs, she returns her attention to Faith and her  
question.

MARY

Do you have a boyfriend?

FAITH

You want to know if I've done it  
before?

(beat)

I, no, I allowed a boy to put his  
hand down there once but I told him  
to stop.

MARY

It hurt?

FAITH

It hurt.

MARY

When I first came here he visited a lot for, you know. He doesn't want it so much anymore.

Faith lifts her legs onto the bed. She hugs her legs, places her chin on her knees.

FAITH

You think I'm a replacement?

MARY

I don't know. He sometimes has problems when he tries with me, he can't function properly.

FAITH

Maybe it'll be the same with me.

MARY

I hope so, but there's something else. It makes him angry, he beats me when that happens.

FAITH

I'm so sorry he hurts you.

MARY

Don't be, you don't want to hear this, but it's the better option.

FAITH

You're right, I don't think I want to talk about this anymore.

Mary leans over to the set of draws. She takes out a pack of sanitary napkins.

MARY

We have to find a way for you to escape.

FAITH

For both of us to escape.

MARY

True, but for now you need to be on your period.

Mary passes the package to Faith. They're interrupted by the rattling of the door handle.

MARY(CONT'D)

Shhhhhh...

Mary and Faith's POV: A metal flap squeaks open and a pizza box is pushed through the door.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 It's okay, it's how he delivers our food.

Mary slides her chain along the rail, she looks at the pizza box.

The words, 'COMING SOON' are written across a corner of the oil stained cardboard.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 He eats a lot of takeaway, sends his leftover's. I hope you like seafood?

Mary picks up the pizza box. She folds the lid underneath so that Faith can't see the message.

FAITH,  
 I can't, I'm allergic.

INT. DR. WEISS'S OFFICE-DAY

There's diploma's and yard-sale quality paintings on the walls of the doctor's office.

DR. Weiss sits behind a desk and a cheap computer. Jill sits across from him.

DR. WEISS  
 It was fortunate you were so close to the emergency department.

JILL  
 Morgan definitely gave me a scare, you're certain you know what's happening with her?

DR. WEISS  
 Her symptoms, the blemishes on her neck and ankle, they're common allergic reactions.

JILL  
 And the fact that she nearly choked on the back seat of my best friend's car?

DR. WEISS  
 I've consulted with a colleague and we believe the combination of cereal, orange juice and lozenge raised her blood sugar levels.

JILL

So it's my fault?

DR. WEISS

I doubt you could have known, but I will have my secretary e-mail you a list of common allergens.

DR. Weiss peers at the computer screen, he checks Morgan's notes.

DR. WEISS (CONT'D)

We believe the insect sting triggered a dormant allergic condition. We'd like to keep her under observation for the next twelve hours.

JILL

You're expecting another episode?

DR. WEISS

Don't worry, its precautionary. She'll also be electronically monitored and a nurse will stay with her at all times.

JILL

Worry is a mother's allergic reaction to childbirth.

DR. WEISS

So I believe, but this is also why I want Morgan to carry an Epi-pen at all times, same goes for you.

JILL

The nurse gave me a script earlier. My friend is picking them up for me now.

DR. Weiss closes the computer screen and stands from behind the desk.

DR. WEISS

Good, I also need to ask if Morgan has a phone?

JILL

I was hoping to avoid buying her one until she's at least twelve.

Jill picks up her handbag and she stands. Jill and Dr. Weiss make their way to the door.



DR. WEISS

Generally I'd agree, but our hospital has an efficient emergency App. One swipe and first responders appear from everywhere.

JILL

I came with a friend so I'll need to go back for my car. I'll pick Morgan up something then download the App to my phone as well.

DR. WEISS

Good, she'll remain sedated for at least two hours. Now would be the perfect time to collect whatever you need.

DR. Weiss opens the door to his office. Jill exits and he follows.

INT. BASEMENT PRISON-NIGHT

There's a dusty model of the nativity, a chipped porcelain statue of the Virgin Mary, a tacky 3-D picture of Jesus stacked on a basement shelf.

The Painter stands in front of a heavy door. He unlocks a large padlock, pulls back a rusty latch, opens the door.

The Painter steps into the basement prison and switches on the light.

THE PAINTER

Time for us to get to know one another.

FAITH

Oh my god.

Faith sits up and lifts her blankets. She shuffles up the bed afraid. The Painter closes the door, there's no lock on the inside.

THE PAINTER

Haven't you been expecting me?

FAITH

No.

THE PAINTER

I left a message.

The Painter smirks at Faith. He makes a beeline towards her bed.

FAITH

Please leave me alone.

THE PAINTER

You'll learn or you'll be punished.

MARY

Stop it.

Mary sits up in her bed. She keeps her eyes on The Painter but initially speaks to Faith.

MARY (CONT'D)

Don't worry honey, it will be alright, I promise.

(to The Painter)

Leave her alone.

THE PAINTER

What's this, you a mother-hen all of a sudden?

MARY

She's young, she needs someone to look after her. I am a mother and I...

THE PAINTER

You're single mother white trash!

(beat)

You should've been at home with your child, not dancing in some strip club.

MARY

I danced in the club so I could support my...

THE PAINTER

That's a bullshit excuse, mothers who abandon children need to be taught a lesson.

The Painter steps towards Mary and raises his hand threateningly. Mary flinches back, she lowers her eye's, softens her tone.

MARY

I'm sorry, you're right, I'm a bad mother.

THE PAINTER

That's better.

(beat)

Now if you can shut your trap for a second I have more important things to think about.

MARY

You know she's too young for you.

THE PAINTER

Well I ain't about to wait for her  
to grow up now am I?

Mary pulls her blanket aside. She slips her dress up past her knees, her thigh's are heavily bruised.

MARY

Why would you want a child when you  
could have a woman?

THE PAINTER

Oh, now I understand, you're  
jealous.

(chuckles)

Don't worry, I'll let you coach  
from the sidelines.

The Painter sits on the end of Faith's bed, he tugs playfully at her bed-covers. Faith grips her blankets, tears roll down her cheeks.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

Have you ever done it with someone  
watching?

FAITH

Please...

THE PAINTER

It wont hurt, well maybe a little.

MARY

I'm trying to help, she won't be  
able to please you, why not try  
with me one more time?

THE PAINTER

Quiet, I'm bored with you, I want  
something fresh.

MARY

She isn't fresh, she can't take off  
her pants because of the manacle,  
she's been unable to wash.

The Painter takes his keys from his pocket. He dangles them in front of Mary.

THE PAINTER

Then maybe I'll take off the chain  
and watch her wash while I wait.

MARY

Look beside the bed, it's her time.  
I know that sickens you.

The Painter looks over the edge of Faith's bed and sees a small stack of sanitary napkins.

THE PAINTER

You should've told me about that,  
it's disgusting.

The Painter steps off the bed. He wipes his hands on his overalls.

MARY

I tried to tell you but you  
wouldn't listen.

The Painter glares at Mary. He storms towards the basement prison door.

THE PAINTER

I'll be back when she's finished  
her bloods.

MARY

Then you'll need to bring her a  
change of cloths so she can wash.

The Painter yanks the basement prison door open. He steps through and SLAMS it with an echoing CLANG.

FAITH

Thank you.

MARY

You okay?

Faith covers her mouth, sobs. Mary goes to her and they meet in the middle of the floor and hug.

MARY (CONT'D)

He won't be back for a few days,  
you're safe for now.

FAITH

I saw the bruises. I'm so sorry he  
hurt you.

MARY

I'm okay, I can push back  
sometimes, but not always.

Mary pulls back, she gently brushes away Faith's tears.

FAITH

I hate him.

MARY

I know honey, but don't worry. I  
think I have a way to get you out  
of here.

INT. JILL'S CAR-DAY

Jill drives Morgan home from the hospital, laid-back music plays.

Morgan's in the passenger seat with the teddy-bear. She plays a game on her new phone.

JILL  
What you doing sweetie?

Morgan doesn't look up, her fingers move across the screen like a pro-gamers.

MORGAN  
Playing a game.

JILL  
You seem pretty good at that.

MORGAN  
Um-hmm.

JILL  
Morgan, you know it's rude to ignore someone when their talking to you?

Morgan swipes the screen, she looks up at her mother.

MORGAN  
I'm sorry Mommy, I'm only playing a learning game.

JILL  
I brought the phone last night, who taught you learning games?

MORGAN  
Aunt Em showed me on her phone, it's a secret.

JILL  
Did she now, well maybe it's time I have a word with Aunt Em.

Morgan quickly places the phone between the teddy-bear's legs.

MORGAN  
I think I'm finished playing now.

JILL  
Thank you baby, but we'll need to set some rules when we get home.

MORGAN  
Okay mommy.

Morgan turns and peers out the passenger side window. There's a large tree with a beehive in the trunk, bee's buzz around.

The car cruises past the tree and the old chapel comes into view.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Mommy, can I have some car  
medicine.

JILL  
Why, what's wrong?

MORGAN  
I think I'm starting to feel  
queasy.

JILL  
Do you need the Epi-pen?

MORGAN  
No mommy.

JILL  
Okay I'm going pull over, take a  
deep breath and try to relax.

Morgan takes an exaggerated breath. Jill indicates to the shoulder and allows the car to roll to a stop, she turns to her daughter.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Sorry baby, we don't take car  
medicine anymore.

MORGAN  
Is it because of the llergic  
reaction?

JILL  
Allergic, but yes that's the  
reason.  
(beat)  
But hey it's nice outside, we could  
go for a walk.

MORGAN  
Alright mommy.

JILL  
We could explore the old chapel,  
it'll be fun, wait for me on your  
side.

Jill exits the car with her handbag, she moves around to Morgan's side of the car. Morgan undoes her belt and she picks up her teddy-bear.

The passenger door opens and Jill helps Morgan out. Morgan leaves her phone behind on the seat.

EXT. CHAPEL GROUNDS-DAY

Jill and Morgan walk towards the old chapel. Morgan carries her teddy-bear under her arm.

MORGAN  
I don't like this place.

JILL  
Why, it's just an old chapel?

MORGAN.  
It's too quiet, it makes me feel scary.

Jill and Morgan mount the front steps, the door's slightly ajar.

JILL  
Chapels are quiet so people can be alone with their thoughts.

MORGAN  
Will it be dark inside?

JILL  
I don't think so, but the door's open, so we could take a look.

MORGAN  
I'm not sure...

JILL  
I'd never put you in danger baby.

Jill reaches for Morgan's hand. They open the door and step inside the chapel.

JILL (CONT'D) (O/S)  
Wow, would you look at this place.

INT. CHAPEL-DAY

Jill and Morgan move down the chapel's center aisle under an arched roof. Swords of sunlight from small high-set windows slice through dust clouds.

Jill and Morgan stop to focus on the depiction of William Blake's, 'Sepulchre.' 2 glorious angels rise up either side of Jesus in his tomb.

JILL  
They're so lovely, do you see the angels Morgan, don't you think they're beautiful?

Morgan tugs on her mothers hand, Jill looks down at her concerned.

JILL (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, are you okay?

MORGAN  
I don't feel so good.

Jill takes down her handbag, crouches in front of Morgan.

JILL  
Do you want me to take out an Epi-  
pen?

MORGAN  
Not like that mommy. I just feel  
car sick.

Jill scoops up Morgan and sits her on the closest pew. She places the back of her hand on her forehead.

JILL  
You don't feel feverish, maybe you  
should just sit for a moment.

MORGAN  
I'm okay mommy, you can look at the  
paintings.

JILL  
Alright, but let me know if you  
feel any worse.

Jill kisses Morgan on the forehead. She stands and looks around the chapel.

JILL (CONT'D)  
I won't be long baby.

Morgan waits for her mother to re-focus her attention on the paintings. She changes position to the pew behind.

Morgan slides along her seat until she reaches the painting of 'Sepulture' on the chapel wall.

JILL (O/S) (CONT'D)  
Em has to see this, these paintings  
are amazing.

Jill's POV: William Blake's, 'Satan in his Original Glory.' The Archangel Lucifer offers up his globe and scepter before he's cast out of Heaven.

JILL (CONT'D)  
It's as though somebody painted  
Heaven, or..?



Morgan sits on the pew holding her teddy bear. She looks between her feet at the ground below, whispers.

MORGAN

Hell.

Morgan's POV: There's a hand print on the floor, the word, 'Hell' is written in red paint. The last letter runs into a gap between the wooden seat and the wall.

JILL(O/S)

This next painting's so sad.

Morgan gets to her knee's on the floor. She puts her teddy-bear under the pew. She reaches her fingers between the gap and she searches around.

Jill moves down the centre aisle of the chapel. She stops to look at the sad painting.

JILL (CONT'D)

I wish I knew the story behind this one.

Jill's POV: William Blake's 'Naomi Entreating Ruth Orpah.' A young woman clings to a saintly older woman, another woman walks away weeping.

THE PAINTER

Who are you?

The Painter enters through the door at the back of the chapel.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

Morgan gasps, she slips something into the pocket of her pants. She hurries to her mother's side without the teddy-bear.

JILL

I'm sorry. I thought churches were open to the public.

THE PAINTER

I can accept that people are curious, but this is a private chapel not a church.

JILL

We were just admiring the artworks.

The Painter moves up the center aisle towards Jill and Morgan.

THE PAINTER

My mother painted them, I'm doing my best to restore her works.

JILL

She was talented, this painting is very emotive.

THE PAINTER

She suffered dark spells during her life, painting helped her with the depression.

JILL

I understand, still the art is moving.

THE PAINTER

There are more in the basement, I could show you.

Jill reaches down and she pushes Morgan behind her body protectively.

JILL

Thank you, but I think we've seen enough.

MORGAN

Mommy I want to go, I feel sick.

JILL

My daughter's unwell, we should be going.

THE PAINTER

Did you and your daughter come here alone?

JILL

No, there's somebody waiting for us outside.

(to Morgan)

Okay baby, we're leaving.

Jill turns and moves with Morgan towards the front door. She quickens her pace.

THE PAINTER

Who's waiting for you, her father?

JILL

Yes, my husband.

THE PAINTER

Unusual, why would he remain outside?

Jill takes her keys and the Epi-pen from her bag as she walks.

The Painter follows a few meters behind, he rummages in his pocket.

JILL  
That's none of your business.  
(to Morgan)  
Keep moving baby.

THE PAINTER  
I can't imagine your husband would  
allow his wife and daughter to  
enter a strange building alone.

Morgan and Jill step through the front door and Jill kicks it closed. She unlocks her car and the alarm BEEPS, she looks down at Morgan.

JILL  
Run to the car, let yourself in,  
then lock the doors. Do it now.

Morgan nods, she runs towards the car. Jill turns and faces the door, she holds the Epi-pen out like a can of mace.

The Painter pushes through the door, he shades his eye's against the bright sunlight.

THE PAINTER  
Tell me the truth, there is no  
husband is there?

The Painter notices Jill's defensive stance, the Epi-pen. He steps back and holds up his hands.

JILL  
My husband's a marine so you'd  
better back off.

THE PAINTER  
I was only making small talk,  
offering to show you more  
paintings.

JILL  
My husband would love to talk with  
you, especially after I tell him  
you scared his daughter.

THE PAINTER  
There's been a misunderstanding,  
please leave now.

Jill cautiously backs down the steps, she keeps an eye on The Painter.

JILL  
Oh, I'm leaving, and you'd better  
not follow.

Jill moves towards the road, she makes it a safe distance,  
hurries to her car.

The Painter calls out from the front step of the chapel.

THE PAINTER  
This is a place of worship not a  
playground where single mothers  
bring children to play.

Jill gets into her car. She slams down the lock, puts her key  
in the ignition.

JILL  
You alright baby?

MORGAN  
I'm a little scared mommy.

JILL  
You're going to be okay.

Jill looks past Morgan and sees The Painter on the chapel  
steps watching. She revs the engine, squeals the tires as she  
pulls away.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Morgan sits at the kitchen bench in her pyjamas. She toys  
with her phone. Jill stands at the kitchen sink, she rinses a  
dish.

MORGAN  
But why do I have to go to bed when  
she gets here?

JILL  
She's my friend too baby, and  
you're going to spend the whole day  
with her tomorrow.

MORGAN  
I still think it's unfair.

JILL  
When did my daughter learn to pout?

Jill places the dish in a rack. She moves to Morgan's side of  
the bench and attacks her with tickles.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Guess what, I've got wet fingers.

MORGAN  
 (squirms and giggles)  
 Stop it mommy.

JILL  
 Okay, but I want to look at your  
 neck.

MORGAN  
 You can look.

JILL  
 Thank you, I just want to check the  
 swelling.

Jill rolls down the collar of Morgan's pyjama top. She  
 inspects the back of her neck.

JILL (CONT'D)  
 Does it hurt?

MORGAN  
 (squirms)  
 No it tickles.

JILL  
 Okay baby, stay still.

Jill's POV: There's a red bar shaped discolouration on  
 Morgan's neck.

JILL (CONT'D)  
 Your neck's still red.

MORGAN  
 I'm okay mommy.

Jill and Morgan are interrupted when the front door slams.  
 Morgan jumps off her stool and she rushes to meet Emma.

EMMA(O/S)	MORGAN
It's only me Jilly, I let myself in. I could use some help in here Smudge.	Coming Aunt Em.

Jill notices Morgan has phone left on the kitchen bench. She  
 places on top of the refrigerator.

JILL  
 Another toy to put away.

Morgan meets up with Emma at the front door. Emma carries 3  
 art books and a bottle of wine.

MORGAN  
 Can I help you Aunt Em?

EMMA

Here take this, then again maybe  
not, here take these.

Emma holds out the bottle of wine to Morgan then changes her  
mind. She leans down with the books and Morgan collects them.

MORGAN

(whispers)

Mommies angry about the learning  
games.

EMMA

I know, but don't worry,  
I can handle her.

Jill enters the room. She looks suspiciously from Morgan to  
the Emma.

JILL

What's happening in here, what are  
you two whispering about?

EMMA

Nothing.

MORGAN

Nothing.

Emma winks at Morgan and she giggles. Jill folds her arms,  
taps her foot.

JILL (CONT'D)

There's something's going on, I  
just know it.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE-NIGHT.

LATER:

Morgan is in her bed in her pink bedroom. Emma sits at the  
end of the bed. Jill stands at the door.

JILL

Alright you two, you have one  
minute. Good night baby, I love  
you.

MORGAN

I love you too mommy.

Jill steps outside and closes the door. Morgan sits up in  
bed.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Did you bring it?

Emma glances at the door conspiratorially. She passes Morgan  
her phone, whispers.

EMMA

I can't believe I let you talk me into this.

MORGAN

You're too easy Aunt Em.

EMMA

Fifteen minutes, then I'll be back to check you're asleep.

MORGAN

I promise, good night.

EMMA

Good night Smudge, see you in the morning, love you.

MORGAN

Love you too Aunt Em.

Emma kisses Morgan cheek, makes her way to the door. She turns back and taps her wrist.

EMMA

Your time starts now.

Emma switches off the light and closes the bedroom door. The room is dimly lit by a night light.

Morgan shines her phone's light at cloths piled on a shelf on the other side of the room. She gets out of bed and hurries over to them.

Morgan rummages in the pocket of the pants she wore earlier. She finds what she's looking for and rushes back to bed.

Morgan climbs under her blankets. She shines the phone's light on her hand.

Morgan's POV: Faith's necklace, the heart shaped pendant with ruby inlay, dangles from her fingers.

Morgan slips the necklace over her head. She lays down and closes her eyes.

Morgan places her palm over the pendant, she holds it against her heart.

INT. BASEMENT PRISON-NIGHT.

There's fast-food packaging on the floor of the basement prison. The words, 'COMING SOON' are written across the corner of a burger bag.

Faith and Mary sit at the ends of their beds facing one another.

FAITH

You want me to take off my clothes?

MARY

Not everything, enough to keep him distracted. Take your time, capture his attention.

FAITH

I don't think I can.

MARY

It'll happen whether you like it or not, it's better you have the control.

Faith lifts her legs on the bed, she hugs her legs, places her chin on her knee's.

FAITH

And you think I should try to be sexy?

MARY

The opposite, be yourself, be shy, cry if you can. It'll come across as real and he'll enjoy having power over you.

FAITH

What if it encourages him?

MARY

I promise, I'll do everything I can to stop anything like that from happening.

FAITH

It's difficult, I feel embarrassed, repulsed.

MARY

You should ask yourself what would your mother and grandmother would tell you to do?

Faith takes hold of her pendant. She holds over her heart with her palm.

FAITH

I know they'd want me to escape if I could, but you're sure we need to do it now?

Mary rattles her chain. She gestures at the calendar on the wall.



MARY

These chains come off maybe once or twice a year. We need to take advantage of any opportunity.

Mary steps off the bed, she moves to the paint tins in the corner. She lifts and lowers a couple, hefts a third and carries it back with her.

MARY (CONT'D)

The door locks from outside so there shouldn't be a problem once your free of the manacle.

Mary puts the paint can under her bed. She pushes it out of sight.

FAITH

What about you?

MARY

Don't worry about me, I'll find his keys, hit him again if he moves.

FAITH

I don't want to abandon you.

Mary adjusts her manacle, she grimaces. Her ankle is marked by scars.

MARY

You're not, if you escape you'll bring help, either way we win.

FAITH

But what if he hurts you for helping me?

MARY

Then I'll enjoy knowing I got him back for some of the things he's done to me.

FAITH

I promise I'll send someone to help you.

MARY

I know you will, just get out of here as soon as you can.

Mary and Faith are interrupted by the sound of the Painter unlocking the padlock on the outside of the door.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'd hoped we'd have more time.

INT. JILL'S LOUNGE ROOM-NIGHT.

The lounge room lights are dim, soft music plays, a low fire burns in the fireplace.

There's art books on the coffee table, a wine bottle and a tissue box.

Jill and Emma sit on the sofa, they hold glasses, drink wine.

JILL

You're sure you don't mind? I need to run some errands and I've arranged a consultation with Doctor Weiss.

EMMA

The handsome young doctor's involved, is it a meeting or a date?

JILL

No you don't. He called to say the test results were in, asked me to drop by if I was in town.

Emma smiles, she sips at her wine to cover her expression.

EMMA

He seems very interested in Morgan's case.

JILL

He's just being professional.

EMMA

We'll see, anyway, I love spending time with Morgan, and if you still trust me after the phone incident, I have a plan.

JILL

I trust you more than anyone, especially with her.

EMMA

Thank you, so tomorrow I want to teach her to paint.

Jill picks up the wine bottle, she fills her glass and then Emma's.

JILL

Oh she'll love it Em, and it will take her mind off everything that's happened.

EMMA

I look forward to it as well, and to sleeping on this comfortable sofa again.

JILL

You're a good friend, my best friend.

EMMA

I want to say I'm your only friend but that may change after tomorrow.

Emma reaches for one of her art books. She opens it to a page marked with a post-it note and passes the book to Jill.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Speaking of friendship, I found the painting you described.

JILL

That's the same one, it's so beautiful, it affected me somehow, I can't explain.

EMMA

William Blake, English poet and artist, it's his interpretation of a bible story titled 'Ruth and Naomi'. Read the verse at the bottom of the page.

Jill traces her finger along the verse, she reads the poem aloud.

JILL

Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee. For wherever you go, I will go, and wherever you lodge, I will lodge. Your people shall be my people and your God my God. And where you die, I will die, and there I will be buried. The lord do to me and more, if anything but death parts you from me.

EMMA

She's speaking with her mother in-law, her friend.

JILL

The saintly woman in the painting?

EMMA

Yes, when her sons die tragically she tells their wives to return to their families. But her daughter in-law Naomi refuses to abandon her.

Jill wells up with tears, she plucks a tissue, wipes her eyes.

JILL

Why is it that lately, whenever we're together I end up crying.

EMMA

I know right, I'd never read it before and it set me off as well.

JILL

I'd better check on Morgan.

Emma puts her glass on the table and makes to stand. Emma reaches over and stops her.

EMMA

You relax, I'll do it.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

The night-light in Morgan's bedroom emits a comfortable glow. Her phone is on a chest of draws near the bed.

Morgan's eyes dart back and forth in rem-sleep, there's sweat beads on her brow.

The bedroom door opens and the faint light from the hallway further illuminates the room. Emma pokes her head through the door, she asks softly.

EMMA

You asleep Smudge?

Emma listens for a moment but there's no reply, she whispers.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams honey.

Emma disappears and the bedroom door gently closes on the light.

INT. BASEMENT PRISON-NIGHT

Mary and Faith sit on their beds. The Painter wrenches open the latch on the outside of the door.

The basement prison door BANGS open and The Painter enters with plastic shopping bag. He closes the door but it remains unlocked.

THE PAINTER

(to Faith)

I got the change of outfit you asked for.

Faith shuffles up to the head of her bed. She wraps herself in her blanket.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

It might be a little big but I couldn't exactly go out for teenager clothes.

The Painter moves to stand between the beds. He shows the shopping bag to Faith.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

Still I brought you a gift so it's going to feel like Christmas down here.

MARY

They don't celebrate Christmas in hell.

THE PAINTER

What is wrong with you, what kind of talk is that?

MARY

Sorry, I didn't mean to sound ungrateful.

THE PAINTER

Yeah that's what I thought.

(beat)

I also got you something on account of the jealousy, so you might want to behave.

The Painter takes out a dress similar to the one Mary already wears, he holds it out.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

Here put this on, go on, I know you're not shy.

Mary gets off her bed and turns her back on Faith. She pulls her dress over her head and stands in her underwear.

Faith gasps when she sees Mary's back and legs are covered in bruises.

The Painter smirks, he makes a show of looking Mary's body up and down.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

When you stand like that it reminds me of why I brought you here in the first place.

MARY

You seen enough, can I get dressed now?

THE PAINTER

If I'd seen enough you wouldn't be needed anymore. You may wanna think on that before you say thank you.

MARY

Thank you.

The Painter gestures for Mary to dress. He watches her wiggle into the new outfit.

THE PAINTER

That was my mothers dress. She was a real artist not a striptease artist, not a whoring single mother on welfare.

MARY

I wasn't...

THE PAINTER

Silence!

(beat)

Now sit, I swear I'm just about finished with your attitude.

The Painter turns his attention to Faith. He stares at her for too long.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

Don't worry, she sometimes gets her nose out of joint, but I don't allow no cat-fighting down here.

The Painter takes a cotton summer dress from the bag and he lays it on Faith's bed.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

I picked this one out specially for you because it's pretty.

MARY

You'll need to take off her manacle.

THE PAINTER

Smart person here, I know that already.

(to Faith)

(MORE)

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
I need to take off your manacle,  
hold out your ankle.

Faith stretches her leg from underneath the blanket. The Painter unlocks the padlock on her manacle.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Now we need to get you cleaned up  
so that means you'll have to  
undress.

The Painter pockets his key's, sits on the edge of Faith's bed.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Why don't you show me how you do  
that?

Faith pulls her blanket tighter about herself. She shakes her head no. Mary swings her legs off her bed.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Don't be shy, just take off your  
clothes, the same as you do in your  
bedroom at home.

FAITH  
What do you mean..?

THE PAINTER  
Stupid to make choose without  
knowing what your getting. Ask her  
how many times I visited the club  
before I picked her.

MARY  
Don't listen to him, he's lying.

THE PAINTER  
Am I now?  
(to Faith)  
You have yellow hexagon shapes on  
your curtains, there's a pink desk  
in the corner of your room, you  
prefer sport star posters to pop  
star ones.

MARY  
You're disgusting.

THE PAINTER  
There it is, that jealousy again.  
(to Faith)  
Now why not start by taking off  
that training top?

FAITH  
I don't want to.

MARY

I promise you can do this honey.

Faith lowers the blanket. She edges from the bed, tears run down her cheeks.

THE PAINTER

I'm shy, can we turn off the light?

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

What would be the point in that, how would I see?

Faith stands and she unzips her top. She peels it from her shoulders and reveals a sports bra.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

Good, good, now take off the sweat-pants. Why not give me a show, see if you can do it sexy.

FAITH

Please stop making me do this.

THE PAINTER

You'll learn or you'll be punished, now do it!

Faith tugs the string bow at her waist, allows her pants to fall. She covers herself with her hands, she looks up at the ceiling.

The Painter leans in closer. Mary stands quietly behind him, she reaches under her bed.

FAITH

Help me...

THE PAINTER

Not exactly what I call sexy, still you're a pretty little thing.

Mary rises behind The Painter. She holds the paint tin by the handle.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

Okay lets get back to the bra, how about we set those puppies free?

FAITH

Oh no, oh my god.

THE PAINTER

Don't be shy, you know they like to bark and bounce.

Faith slowly lowers her shoulder strap. Mary nods a warning. She winds back and swings with the paint tin.



MARY

I told you to leave her alone!

The paint tin SLAMS into The Painter's head with a skull splitting CRACK..!

MARY (CONT'D)

Asshole!

The Painter sprawls off the bed, he lands on his knees. There's a gash on his temple, blood streams down his face.

THE PAINTER

What the fuck you whore?

Faith yanks up her pants. She explodes a kick into The Painter's face, WHAM.

FAITH

Shut up you dick!

The Painter vaults back, he slams his head on the floor. He reaches to his nose, looks at his bloodied fingers.

THE PAINTER

Bitch!

The Painter lashes out, he dives forward and grabs Faith by the ankle.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

Come here slut!

The Painter yanks Faith off her feet. She falls on her butt, she screams and kicks.

FAITH

Get off me!

The Painter grins a bloody smile. He rolls over and wraps his hand around Faith's throat.

THE PAINTER

You're going to be punished.

Mary steps forward with the paint tin raised high above her head.

MARY

No, you're going to be punished!

Mary drops, uses her momentum. She slams the tin onto The Painter's head with a bone crunching, KER-BASH!

The lid of the paint tin catapults off and red paint fountains across Faith and The Painter.

The Painter crumples under the blow, he moans, collapses unconscious.

Mary flings away the can, she climbs on The Painter's back.

MARY (CONT'D)  
You asshole...

Mary pulls The Painters head back and she SLAMS his face into the ground.

MARY (CONT'D)  
You fucking asshole..!

Faith kicks herself away from The Painter, she's wet with red paint.

FAITH  
Mary quick, you need to find his keys!

Mary climbs off The Painter, she rummages in his pockets, yells at Faith.

MARY  
Run honey, you have to leave, go!

Faith and Mary make eye contact across The Painter's prone body.

FAITH  
I'll send someone.

MARY  
I know you will, now run Honey, go, go!

Faith runs for the door, she yanks it open, she rushes outside.

Mary digs in The Painter's pocket. She rummages around, she drags free a set of keys.

Mary climbs on her bed and lifts her chained leg. She tries a key in the padlock on her manacle.

INT. JILL'S LOUNGE ROOM-NIGHT.

The fire burns low, soft music plays. There's a handful of used tissues beside the tissue box.

Jill sips at her wine. She looks up when Emma enters the room.

JILL  
Is she okay?

EMMA

I didn't want to wake her so I  
whispered, she didn't answer.  
That's how it's done right?

JILL

That's how it's done.

EMMA

Then she's fine.

JILL

Thanks, I'll check on her again  
before I go to bed.

Emma glances at the used tissues. She reaches for the wine  
bottle and fills their glasses.

EMMA

What about you, how you feeling?

JILL

Okay, but a change of subject would  
be nice, nothing sad.

EMMA

Done, nothing but inconsequential  
chit-chat from this moment forward.

JILL

Your strong point.

EMMA

My strong point.

Emma sits on the sofa. She picks up her wine and makes  
herself comfortable.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Why not tell me more about the  
chapel and the weird artist guy?

JILL

I wanted to take you there Em but  
not anymore. He was creepy, he  
really scared us.

EMMA

Creepy how, I'm an insecure artist  
and I don't want you to see my  
paintings creepy?

(beat)

Or, I sneak around the neighborhood  
stealing ladies underwear creepy?

JILL

Okay, so apparently there's a  
classification scale for creepy.

EMMA

Alright tell me this, was he as creepy as the guy staring at us through the window right now?

JILL

What, you're kidding?

Jill nervously glances at the dark window, there's nothing to see. She slaps Emma softly on the leg.

JILL (CONT'D)

That wasn't funny Em.

EMMA

Got you.

JILL

Thank you, and yes, he was exactly that kind of creepy.

EMMA

(giggles)

I'm sorry, but what could be less emotional than scaring you?

JILL

Alright, I'll admit it worked, but you nearly gave me a heart attack in the process.

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT.

Faith's cloths are splattered in red paint. She steps out from the prison and into the dimly lit basement. She looks around for an escape route.

Faith's POV: The walls are adorned in hellish paintings, devils and demons, sinners and suffering.

FAITH

What is this place.

Faith focuses on the painting of Blake's Cerberus on the basement wall. A huge three headed dog guards the gates of Hell.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Oh my god...

Faith hurries across the room, she climbs the staircase to the top.

Faith pushes the door open and she steps into the dimly lit chapel. She moves behind the altar, looks for a way out.

Mary and The Painter's screams ECHO up from the basement. There are the sounds of a fight.

MARY (O/S)

Let me go!

THE PAINTER (O/S)

I'll teach you a lesson you fucking bitch!

Faith turns towards the door and staircase to the basement. She takes a half a step forward, then shakes her head, she whispers.

FAITH

I'm so sorry Mary.

Faith moves around the altar, she steps off the Dais. She runs up the aisle towards the door of the chapel.

INT. BASEMENT PRISON-NIGHT

Mary sits on her bed, she SEARCHES through the set of keys, tries to find the correct one for the padlock on her manacle.

The Painter moans, he shifts position on the floor below.

MARY

Shit, come on...

Mary inserts a key and the padlock on the manacle pops open.

MARY (CONT'D)

Get off me.

Mary gingerly peels the manacle away from her ankle. Her flesh is swollen, there's an open wound, old scars.

Mary checks on The Painter, he remain's unconscious and unmoving.

Mary folds the dish-towel over her belongings. She steps off the bed and reaches for her calendar.

The Painter suddenly rolls over. He shoots out a hand and grabs Mary's injured ankle.

THE PAINTER

You ain't going anywhere you fucking whore.

Mary yelps painfully, she tries to pull free from The Painters grip. She, falls back onto the bed.

MARY

Let me go!

THE PAINTER

I'll teach you a lesson you bitch!

Mary raises her other foot, she kicks out at The Painter's face, BOFF, BOFF!

MARY

Let me go!

THE PAINTER

Stop it whore!

The Painter yanks Mary's ankle. She slips from the bed and on to the floor, grunts painfully, OMFFP.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

Come here.

MARY

No, no!

Mary kicks, punches and fights. The Painter lunges up and grasps Mary's shoulders.

THE PAINTER

How dare you.

MARY

Leave me alone.

THE PAINTER

You'll pay for this.

The Painter arches his back. He raises his fist and rabbit punches Mary hard in the jaw, BAMM!

Mary's body jerks, her head lolls. She falls unconscious and her eyes close.

INT. CHAPEL-NIGHT

Faith runs up the center aisle to the chapel's front door. She yanks the handle, RATTLES the door back and forth.

FAITH

Please...

The door's locked. Faith feels around, checks for some type of latch.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Come on, please, come on.

Faith slams her palms on the door. She kicks out at the base frustrated.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Damn it!

The Painter steps from the door at the back of the chapel. He moves quietly behind the altar.

The Painter crouches out of sight, he pulls aside an ornate cloth on the altar.

There's a syringe, medicine bottle and a plastic cigarette lighter inside the altar.

The Painter picks up the medicine the bottle, he casually fills the syringe with liquid.

Faith turns towards the altar, she moves down the centre aisle, searches desperately for a way out of the chapel.

The Painter's voice ECHOS up from behind the altar, he SINGS softly.

THE PAINTER(O/S)  
Little chick waits in her egg of  
white.

Faith stops, glances around desperately. She drops to her knees, crawls between the pews, whispers.

FAITH  
Help me...

THE PAINTER(O/S)  
Curled up and cozy oh so tight.

The Painter stands behind the altar. He lights the candle in the candelabra.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Little chick taps a hole with her  
beak, beak, beak.

Faith makes it to the chapel wall. She stops beneath the painting of, 'Sepulchre'.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Then she pops from her shell with a  
cheep, cheep, cheep.

The Painter carries the lit candle in the candelabra. He steps down from the dais.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
You know I hardly ever lock the  
chapel door.

The Painter makes his way down the centre aisle. He holds up the candle, checks between the pews.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
But tonight I had a feeling, a  
sixth sense.

Faith backs herself under the bench seat, she stares out nervously.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
You're locked in, there ain't no  
doubt about that.

Faith lifts her hand to her pendant. She notices she has left  
a hand-print on the floor.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Shame really, it was a good plan.

Faith takes off her necklace. She hides the chain between the  
seat and the wall.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
I bet that crafty, sneaky whore put  
you up to it.

Faith rubs a finger in a blotch of paint on her pants. She  
begins to write the word, HELP, on the floor.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
You have no idea how much she'll  
suffer over the coming months.

Faith starts on the last letter. She drags out the tail of  
the (P) to indicate the gap between the wall and the pew.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
That leaves me with a decision to  
make on how much I should punish  
you.

The Painter arrives at the end of Faith's pew with the  
candle, he turns towards Faith.

Faith doesn't place a hoop on the (P). She stops painting,  
looks up slowly.

Faith's POV: The Painter smiles but his features are grim in  
the flickering candle light.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Mary sometimes makes mistakes, but  
she's been with me a longtime.  
(beat)  
You on the other hand.

Faith moves out from her hiding place. She stands and faces  
The Painter.

FAITH  
I'm not going back in there!

THE PAINTER  
Well there's nowhere else for you  
to go.



FAITH

Never!

THE PAINTER

Look, I can't just allow you to walk out of here, can I?

The Painter places down the candelabra. He holds up the syringe, flicks up the air bubbles.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

This should make you a little more compliant.

FAITH

No, don't you dare touch me!

Faith charges The Painter. He lunges for her but she changes direction at the last moment.

THE PAINTER

Little bitch!

FAITH

Fuck you!

Faith leaps onto a bench seat, she hurdles over the pew. She runs down the centre aisle towards the back of the chapel.

The Painter snatches up the candelabra. He leans back then launches it at Faith.

The heavy metal candelabra spins through the air. The candle flame snuffs out mid flight.

The base of the candle holder SLAM'S brutally into the back of Faith's neck and she's catapulted forward.

Faith's head catches the corner of a wooden pew with a vicious, WHACK.

The metal candelabra CLANGS to the ground, rolls across the floor.

THE PAINTER

Foolish girl.

The Painter hurries down aisle to where Faith fell. He looks down at her prone body, shakes his head.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

There's never been a way to escape from here.

Faith lies still and unmoving between the bench seats. Her neck is bent at an impossible angle. Her eye's are open and staring.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

The night-light in Morgan's bedroom emits a comfortable glow.

Morgan's pillows are on the floor, her bed covers heaped at the foot of her bed.

Morgan's pyjamas and bed sheet are soaked with sweat. She breaths frantically, writhes from side to side.

Morgan's back arches, she drags in a raspy breath, she sits up. Her eyes flicker open, she stares across the room, moans softly.

MORGAN

Help me...

Morgan clutches Faith's pendant to her chest, tears spill from her eyes, they roll down her cheeks.

INT. JILL'S LOUNGE ROOM-NIGHT.

The lounge room lights are dim, soft music plays, a low fire burns. There's a tissue box, a wine bottle, empty glasses on the table.

Jill and Emma relax on the comfortable sofa, they hold coffee cups.

JILL

I don't think he's married.

EMMA

You Googled?

JILL

What kind of mother would I be if didn't Goggle Morgan's doctor?

EMMA

I agree, but I also sense an interest.

JILL

Me or him?

EMMA

Both.

JILL

Maybe, I think so, I just want to move slowly.

Emma reaches over and she reassuringly touches Jill on the thigh.

EMMA

I understand, but it's what John would have wanted for you and for Morgan.

JILL

Thank you.

(beat)

I will tell you what else I Googled, and this is kind of creepy.

EMMA

Interesting, I'm listening.

Jill lifts her legs onto the sofa, she makes her self comfortable.

JILL

You remember I mentioned an emergency vehicle was in the area when Morgan had the anaphylactic attack?

EMMA

Doctor Weiss wouldn't elaborate. We thought it may have been an accident?

JILL

Right, but it wasn't an accident. Apparently they found the body of a teenage girl not far from here.

EMMA

And you didn't think to tell me, what happened to her?

JILL

There wasn't a lot of detail in the article, they still don't know who she is, or how she died, only that it occurred some years ago.

EMMA

I guess they'll find out soon enough, but you're right, that's creepy.

Morgan enters the room behind Jill. Emma speaks to her over Jill's shoulder.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Smudge, are you okay?

Jill puts her cup on the table, she turns to look at Morgan.

Morgan stands in the doorway in her cute pyjamas. She wipes her eyes, there are tear tracks on her cheeks.

MORGAN

Mommy!

JILL

Oh honey, what happened?

MORGAN

She died.

Jill rushes over, she picks up her daughter and gives her a hug.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE-DAY

Jill nurses a cup of coffee. She's dressed attractively, a suggestion of sexy for her meeting with Dr. Weiss.

JILL

Morgan said she had another bad dream, but she didn't want to talk about this one.

Emma sits at the kitchen bench with her hands wrapped around a cup of coffee.

EMMA

I'm sure its nothing, I mean at what age do children start having nightmares?

JILL

Most internet sites list two years of age, but I still intend to ask Doctor Weiss.

EMMA

I'm sure it's just a normal part of growing up.

JILL

I know, and before you say it, I worry too much.

EMMA

That's your job, it's Aunty's who have all the fun.

Jill finishes her coffee, she rinses the cup, places it in the dish rack.

JILL

Don't be so sure, I have another favor to ask. Did you notice the necklace she's wearing?

EMMA

It's pretty, I figured you brought it for her after you left the hospital.

JILL

She said she found it at the chapel. When I told her we needed to advertise for the owner she became upset. Claimed it belonged to her.

EMMA

I'd want to keep it too if I was her age.

JILL

I know, I'm just hoping you can use that Aunt Em magic to convince her to give it up.

Morgan steps into the kitchen and interrupts. She takes Emma's hand, tugs for her to follow.

MORGAN

Aunt Em, I want to show you something.

EMMA

Easy Smudge, we have all day.  
(to Jill)  
I'll see what I can do.

Emma gets up from the bench, she lifts Morgan into her arms carries her from the kitchen.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Now what could be so important that I'd give up my morning coffee?

MORGAN

You'll see.

EXT. JILL'S FARM-DAY

Emma and Morgan sit at a table under the back porch of jill's house. They wear artists smocks, hold paint brushes.

There's tubes of paint scattered about, a glass of water to clean brushes. A canvas with a sketch of Morgan on an easel sits close by.

Emma watches Morgan paint a childish painting, red barn, blue sky, green field, fluffy clouds, big sun.

EMMA

What we really need Smudge is an artists model.

MORGAN

Where can we find one of those?

EMMA

Good question, are there any handsome young farmers living around here?

Morgan shakes her head no. She collects paint, dabs at her painting.

MORGAN

I don't think so.

EMMA

Disappointing but expected. Then what about the teddy-bear I gave you.

MORGAN

We can't, John is gone.

Emma lays her brush on the palette. She looks at Morgan concerned.

EMMA

What do you mean when you say John is gone?

MORGAN

My teddy-bear John, I lost him.

EMMA

You named the teddy-bear I gave you John?

Morgan swirls her paintbrush around in a glass of dirty water.

MORGAN

Yes, but I left him behind at the chapel when I found my necklace.

EMMA

John's a perfect name for your teddy-bear, but why did you leave him behind?

MORGAN

Because I was afraid.

EMMA

Why were you afraid?

Morgan collects paint from a well on the palette, continues painting.

MORGAN

The paintings made me feel queasy.

EMMA

Art can be very powerful, but mostly it's just the artist's imagination on display.

MORGAN

Mommy thought they were beautiful, but I just thought they were sad.

Emma smiles, she gestures at Morgan's bright painting.

EMMA

You're right Smudge, paintings should always be happy just like yours.

(beat)

So do you remember where you left John?

MORGAN

I left him under the seat, close to the painting of the two angels.

EMMA

You know what? I think we could use some inspiration, why don't we go and rescue John?

Morgan nods, she places her brush on the palette alongside Emma's.

MORGAN

Okay, but I don't want to go inside that chapel anymore.

EMMA

You don't have to Smudge, it won't take long, you can wait in the car.

EXT/INT. HYUNDAI-DAY

Emma and Morgan sit in the yellow Hyundai they're parked in front of the old chapel. The artist smocks are folded on the back seat.

EMMA

You sure you don't want to come for a walk?

MORGAN

No thanks, but I promise I'll stay in the car and wait for you.

EMMA

Okay the windows are down enough to let in air and you can keep the doors locked while I'm gone.

MORGAN

I'll be okay Aunt Em, I'll play a learning game.

Morgan takes her phone from her pocket, she swipes the screen.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Just don't tell mommy, okay?

EMMA

Okay Smudge, it will be our secret.

Emma opens her door, she steps outside, looks back into the car.

EMMA (CONT'D)

If you need me push on the horn and hold it down as long as you like.

MORGAN

I'm okay Aunt Em, don't worry about me.

EMMA

I'll find John, then I'll come right back.

MORGAN

Thank you Aunt Em, be careful.

EMMA

I will Smudge, see you soon.

Emma winks at Morgan, she closes the door, walks towards the chapel.

Morgan climbs between the seats to the backseat. She lays her head on the artist smocks, concentrates on her phone.

INT. CHAPEL-DAY.

The inside of the chapel is oppressive and gloomy after the bright sunshine outside. Emma stands at the top of the aisle and looks around at the paintings.

EMMA

Definitely Blake, but why choose him?

Emma moves a few paces down the centre isle. She stops to look at a painting. Heavenly angels rise up either side of Jesus in his tomb.



EMMA (CONT'D)

Sepulchre.

Emma moves towards the painting, she checks under the bench seat, finds the teddy-bear.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That was easy, nice to see you again John.

Emma moves to the aisle, continues towards the altar, she stops to look at a rendition of William Blake's, 'Sconfitta.'

Emma's POV: A godlike creature bows over an altar in front of the alien world he's created.

THE PAINTER(O/S)

William Blake, just a rendition unfortunately.

Emma turns towards the voice. The Painter stands behind the altar. The candelabra is back in its place.

EMMA

I know, I've been researching his work lately.

THE PAINTER

The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God. The nakedness of woman is the work of God. Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

EMMA

Like the art, his words are beautiful.

The Painter moves past the altar. He steps off the dais, stops at the first row of pews.

THE PAINTER

I'm no poet, but I refer to his books when I need help with the restoration.

EMMA

It's sad that Blake's talent wasn't celebrated during his life.

THE PAINTER

My mother considered him a true artist, she painted these.

EMMA

And your restoring them?

THE PAINTER

Doing my best, but I ain't no  
artist either.

Emma gestures at painting she's was looking at earlier.

EMMA

The title of this painting is  
Sconfitta, the word is Italian for  
loss or defeat.

THE PAINTER

My mother had this chapel built  
after my father died. She spent a  
lot of time on the paintings.

EMMA

Can I ask why she chose to paint  
William Blake?

THE PAINTER

My father was a poet, she was an  
artist. He gave her the book of  
poems, 'The Marriage of Heaven and  
Hell,' on their wedding day.

The Painter creeps up the aisle. He edges closer to Emma.

EMMA

I think I understand, the book  
contains both poetry and art.

THE PAINTER

Unfortunately, he committed suicide  
not long after they were married.

EMMA

I'm sorry for your loss, that's a  
sad story.

THE PAINTER

I never knew my father, but she  
struggled with a deep sadness after  
his death. She infused these  
paintings with her pain.

EMMA

I'm also an artist, so I can tell  
she had talent.

THE PAINTER

She had a talent for painting and  
praying and not much else.

The Painter steps closer. He gestures at the teddy-bear in  
Emma's arms.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

What is that?

EMMA

This, oh it belongs to a friend,  
it's a long story.

THE PAINTER

Little unusual to be carrying a  
child's teddy-bear around.

EMMA

She's only seven, but I guess it  
would seem strange.

THE PAINTER

Where is your friend?

Emma glances back towards the front door of the chapel.

EMMA

She lives not far from here. I was  
on my way to see her when I noticed  
this chapel and decided to stop.

THE PAINTER

And the bear followed you from the  
car?

EMMA

He was sitting in my lap. I brought  
him along for company.

The Painter edges nearer. He places his hand in the pocket of  
his overalls.

THE PAINTER

There's more paintings downstairs,  
I could show you if you like.

EMMA

I don't think so, I have to be  
leaving.

THE PAINTER

Maybe I can change your mind. The  
best work is in the basement.

EMMA

I should be going. Thank you for  
allowing me to see the paintings.

The Painter creeps closer. He takes his hand from his pocket  
and holds up the syringe.

THE PAINTER

I could use an artist's help around  
here.

EMMA

Stay away from me!

Emma turns and flees down the aisle. The Painter rushes after her. He lunges, wraps an arm about her neck.

THE PAINTER

EMMA

You're going to stay with me      Let me go..!  
awhile.

Emma drops the teddy bear, grabs The Painters arm, struggles. The Painter slides the syringe's needle into Emma's neck.

INT/EXT. JILL'S HOUSE-DAY.

Jill walks through the front door of her home and into her lounge room.

JILL

Morgan, Em, I'm home.

Jill puts her keys in her bag, she waits for an answer, there's no reply. She moves down the hallway and walks into her kitchen.

JILL (CONT'D)

Morgan, Em, where are you guys?

Jill places her bag and phone on the kitchen bench. She moves towards the hallway, opens the back door. She pokes her head outside to check.

JILL (CONT'D)

Morgan, Em, are you two out here?

Jill notices the canvas on the easel, the paints strewn around the table, she steps outside onto the back porch.

JILL (CONT'D)

Oh Em, it's perfect.

Jill moves to stand in front of the easel. There's a sketch of Morgan. She holds a brush, concentrates on painting.

JILL (CONT'D)

I'll have it framed.

Jill notices Morgan's painting on the table. She moves around the easel, picks up the childish picture of a red barn, blue sky, green field, fluffy clouds, big sun.

JILL (CONT'D)

Just as perfect.

Jill carries Morgan's painting with her. She moves back inside and walks down the hall to her kitchen.

Jill slips Morgan's painting under a fridge magnet on the refrigerator. She sees a post-it note, takes it down and reads the scrawled writing aloud.

JILL (CONT'D)  
 Hi Jilly, Smudge lost her bear,  
 we're on a rescue mission to get  
 him back, love you.

Jill places the note on the kitchen bench. She taps her fingers, considers the message.

JILL (CONT'D)  
 What bear?  
 (beat)  
 Shit!

Jill snatch's up her bag and phone and she hurries from the kitchen.

INT/EXT. HYUNDAI-DAY

Morgan's on the back seat of the car wrapped in an artist smock. She plays a game on her phone, she murmurs.

MORGAN  
 One more...

Morgan's fingers move around the screen like an experts. The phone suddenly beeps and whistles, the device signals the game is over.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 Oh no...

Morgan lowers her phone, she raises herself up and looks out the window.

Morgan's POV: The Painter steps through the chapel door carrying her teddy-bear. He strides towards the car.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 Hide...

Morgan rolls to the floor, she pulls the smock over her head. She hovers her thumb above a button on the phone's screen.

The Painter reaches the car, the lock release BEEPS. He climbs inside and puts the bear on the passenger seat.

The Painter adjusts his seat back. The seat slides bumps Morgan and she gasps.

The Painter turns and peers into the rear seat of the car. He reaches back and tugs Morgan's smock aside.

THE PAINTER  
 What have we got here?

Morgan sits teary eyed. She grips her phone, her hands shake nervously.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Give me that.

The Painter puts his hand out for the phone. Morgan passes the device over.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Did you call anyone, tell me the truth?

Morgan shakes her head no, tears roll down her cheeks. She wraps herself tighter in the smock.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Good, now tell me, where have I seen you before?

MORGAN  
I don't know...

THE PAINTER  
Quiet, I think I know.

The Painter turns and SLAMS the phone on the dash until it shatters. He drops the wreckage from the window.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
You won't be needing that anymore.

Morgan covers her mouth, she begins to sob. The Painter turns to her and scowls.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
No you don't.

The Painter picks up the teddy-bear and he passes the toy between the seats.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Take this, see if you can keep quiet.

Morgan takes the teddy bear and she hugs it tightly. She shuffles behind The Painters seat and out of sight.

The Painter starts the engine, he drives slowly away from the shoulder.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
I know someone who's going to be happy to meet you.

INT. JILL'S CAR-DAY

Jill speeds along a country road towards pink and orange clouds lit by an approaching sunset. The farmland outside rushes by in a blur.

Jill's phone RINGS in its dashboard holder. The caller ID flashes the name DR. Weiss.

JILL

What now?

Jill swipes her phone. DR. Weiss's worried face appears on the screen.

DR. WEISS

Jill, I'm glad you answered.

JILL

DR. Weiss, Brian, I only just left your office?

DR. WEISS

There might be a problem, is Morgan with you?

JILL

No, what sort of problem, what's happened?

Jill pushes down on the accelerator and the car picks up speed.

DR. WEISS

Morgan activated the emergency App on her phone, but it only lasted a moment. I'm sorry Jill, but we don't have any idea where she is.

JILL

I think I know, I can give you a location.

DR. Weiss's face disappears, Jill's phone BEEPS. The doctor's face comes back on the screen.

DR WEISS

Okay go ahead, I'm recording.

JILL

About ten kilometers north of my home, there's a chapel. I think Morgan's there and I want you to send the police. I'm already on my way.

DR. WEISS

Jill you don't need to panic, the alert may have been activated by accident.

JILL

(interrupts)

There's more to this but I don't have time to explain. Brian you need to trust me.

Jill see's the old Chapel become visible through the windscreen up ahead.

DR WEISS

Okay, I'll call the police right away.

JILL

I've just arrived, tell them to trace my phone, to search inside the chapel.

DR WEISS

What should I tell them the problem is?

JILL

I think Morgan's in danger, I have to go, please hurry.

DR. WIESS

Okay, I'll hang up and make the call.

Jill pulls over to the shoulder and parks, she opens the glove compartment, she put's 2 Epi-pens in her bag.

Jill grabs her phone and exits the car. She glances up at the orange sunset, hurries towards the old chapel.

Jill steps over Morgan's smashed phone lying in the gravel, she doesn't notice.

INT. CHAPEL BASEMENT-NIGHT

The Painter and Morgan stand in front of the entrance to the basement prison. He inserts a key and opens the padlock on the heavy door.

THE PAINTER

There's someone inside I want you to meet. You and her should get along fine.

Morgan holds her teddy-bear in her arms, she nervously looks around the gloomy room.



Morgan sees a rendition of William Blake's 'The Ghost of a Flea'. A demonic creature walks through stage curtains into stars.

Morgan gasps, she turns away, buries her face in the teddy-bear.

The Painter opens the door to the basement prison and reveals a dark room. He switches on a light.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

This is your new home. Go on, don't be shy, there's nothing to be afraid of.

The Painter gently guides Morgan inside and she cautiously steps into the basement prison.

Morgan's POV: Emma's unconscious and chained on a bed. Mary sits opposite, her face has visibly aged, her hair is streaked with gray.

PAINTER

Found another one, it'll be crowded down here until I can work something out.

MARY

You can't be serious, no, you can't.

THE PAINTER

She was part of the package, a mistake, what am I supposed to do?

MARY

You've gone too far, you're going straight to hell.

THE PAINTER

Already been, can't say I'd recommend it.

Mary stands from her bed and she confronts The Painter.

MARY

If you touch her, I promise I'll kill you.

THE PAINTER

Don't excite her. I already had to give her the teddy-bear to calm her down.

MARY

Let her go at once you evil prick.

The Painter raises his hand. He steps towards Mary menacingly.

THE PAINTER

Don't make me hurt you in front of the child!

Morgan sniffs, she start to cry. Mary notices, she slumps onto the bed, holds out her arms to Morgan.

MARY

Come here honey, you move away from that horrible man.

THE PAINTER

Go on, do as she says, you need to get to know one another.

Morgan runs to Mary, climbs onto her bed and into her arms. Mary hugs her tight.

MARY

Oh honey, I'm so sorry.

THE PAINTER

See, she likes you already, you're going to get along fine.

The Painter turns and walks towards the door. He calls back over his shoulder.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

See if you can do a better job of raising her than you did your own child.

The Painter steps through the prison door. He BANGS it closed. The latch outside RAMS into place.

Mary wipes Morgan's tears from her cheeks with the corner of her blanket, she gestures at Emma.

MARY

Is she your mommy?

MORGAN

My Aunt Em.

MARY

Your mother is probably out of her mind with worry. What's your name?

MORGAN

Morgan.

MARY

Well Morgan, I'm going to look after you until your Aunt Em wakes up.

INT. CHAPEL-NIGHT

Jill stands in the aisle close to the first row of pews. The interior of the chapel is shrouded in shadows as dusk settles into night.

JILL

Hello, is anybody here?

Jill's voice echoes back empty and hollow, she walks slowly towards the altar.

JILL (CONT'D)

Morgan can you hear me?

Jill checks between the bench seats. She moves down the centre aisle.

JILL (CONT'D)

Emma are you here, Morgan baby?

Jill comes to the end of the aisle. She steps toward the dais, stops.

JILL (CONT'D)

Who's there?

The Painter rises up from behind the altar, he stares down at Jill.

THE PAINTER

You again, why did you come back?

JILL

I'm looking for my daughter, my friend.

THE PAINTER

I haven't seen them.

JILL

You're sure, my daughter's wearing a pink top and jeans, and Emma, well she's hard to miss?

THE PAINTER

I just told you they haven't been here. Now it's growing dark, it's time for you to leave.

The Painter lights the candle on the altar, he picks up the candelabra.

JILL

My daughter lost her teddy-bear  
last time we were here. My friend  
brought her back to find it.

THE PAINTER

Oh now I understand, there's a lost  
teddy-bear involved, you must be  
very concerned?

JILL

This isn't a joke.

THE PAINTER

Then why bother me, why not call  
the police?

JILL

I've already called them, they're  
on the way, they should be here  
soon.

The Painter glances nervously at the chapel door over Jill's  
shoulder.

THE PAINTER

I haven't seen them but we could  
search together, put your mind at  
ease.

JILL

I think I'll wait for the police to  
arrive, I'd feel safer.

THE PAINTER

You seemed anxious moments ago.

Jill moves between the pews, sits a couple of rows back from  
the dais.

MARY

My daughter's seven, she's sick and  
she's missing. I'm sure the police  
will search every inch of this  
place.

THE PAINTER

And your husband, is he with you  
this time or are you still alone?

JILL

You're right, I lied before, but I  
was dealing with a difficult  
situation.

THE PAINTER

So why should I believe you this  
time?

JILL

My daughter had just spent the night in hospital. I was being a mother, I was being protective.

THE PAINTER

Protective, is that what you call it?

JILL

You wouldn't understand, but it doesn't matter. The police will be here soon.

The Painter steps off the Dais. He walks towards his artist's scaffold.

THE PAINTER

Oh, I think I understand. Your daughter was sick and you had time to come in here and look at paintings.

JILL

There's more to it than that...

THE PAINTER

Your daughter had just spent the night in hospital, and you had so much going on, it distracted you from being a mother.

JILL

You don't know me. I don't need to explain myself to you.

THE PAINTER

Then don't. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to prepare for unwanted guests.

The Painter places the candelabra on the scaffold. He picks up the bottle of turpentine, removes the lid, splashes liquid on a painting.

JILL

What are you doing, what's in the bottle?

THE PAINTER

Turpentine.

JILL

I don't understand.

THE PAINTER

These are my mother's paintings, I've hated them since I was a child.

Jill stands and moves into the centre aisle. She steps cautiously towards The Painter.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

I had intended to make them perfect before I destroyed them, but seems I'm out of time.

JILL

Your lying, you're trying to hide something.

THE PAINTER

Am I? I feel like I have been very open with you.

The Painter splashes the next painting with turpentine.

JILL

Please stop what you're doing.

THE PAINTER

The paintings in this chapel cost me my childhood.

The Painter wets down the pews with turpentine. He discards the empty bottle.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

You and your friend just cost your daughter hers.

JILL

You have seen them.

Jill rushes forward, she wrenches The Painter around to face her.

JILL (CONT'D)

Where are they, what have you done with them?

THE PAINTER

Don't you dare play the worried mother with me.

The Painter winds back his arm. He backhands Jill hard across the face, WHAM!

Jill's lifted off her feet and flung backwards. She lands hard, exhales painfully, UMPF!

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)

You welfare whore!

The Painter takes a syringe from his pocket. He paces over to Jill. He drops to his knees, wraps his fingers around her throat.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, I promise I'll take  
you to your daughter.

Jill claws at The Painters wrist, she struggles. The Painter pins her down.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
She's a child, she shouldn't die  
alone.

The Painter inserts the syringe into the base of Jill's neck. Her movement slows, her head lolls to the side.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
You've killed them all you stupid  
bitch.

The Painter pockets the syringe. He empties Jill's bag on the floor.

Car keys, a phone, makeup items and the two Epi-pens spill out of the bag.

The Painter takes the car keys, he CRUNCHES Jill's phone under his heel. He moves towards the flickering candle on the scaffold.

INT. CHAPEL-NIGHT

MOMENTS LATER

The Painter stands with a candle before of a rendition of William Blake's, Jacobs Ladder.

Jacob sleeps at the foot of a staircase winding to heaven. Angel's ascend and descend, some have wings, some do not.

The Painter lowers the flame to the base of the painting. Fire blazes upwards, licks outwards, black toxic smoke rises.

The Painter watches as the flames spread along the wall, engulf other paintings, leap across to the bench seats.

INT. CHAPEL-NIGHT

MOMENTS LATER

Sweat beads on Jill's bruised face glisten in the light of the flames. She shudders, her eyes flicker, her fingers stretch towards an Epi-Pen.

Jill fumbles the Epi-pen into her palm, forces off the blue lid. She edges it to her leg, places the tip on her thigh, applies pressure.

The Epi-pen's orange safety cover SNAPS down and synthetic adrenaline floods Jill's body.

Jill sputters softly, her eye's open, she sucks in a RASPY breath, whispers.

JILL  
Oh my god.

Jill rolls over and snatches up the remaining Epi-pen. She clambers to her feet, screams at The Painter.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Where's my daughter?

THE PAINTER  
What the hell?

The Painter turns to Jill. He strides towards her with the candelabra.

THE PAINTER (CONT'D)  
You should be unconscious bitch.

JILL  
Where is she? I want her back right now!

THE PAINTER  
There's another way to put you to sleep.

The Painter snaps the candle out of the candelabra. He carries the heavy metal holder like a club. Jill raises the Epi-pen like a can of mace.

JILL  
Stay the hell away from me you mother fucker!

THE PAINTER  
Think I'm going to fall for that again?

JILL  
This isn't for you!

Jill places the Epi-pen against her chest. She ROARS as adrenaline rushes into her heart.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Give me my daughter back you fucking asshole!

THE PAINTER  
Why don't you go and find her yourself whore!

Jill discards the pen, she charges towards The Painter.

The Painter swings the Candelabra wildly, misses, WHOOSH!



Jill body SLAMS into The Painter's chest and he stumbles backwards.

JILL  
Where is my daughter you asshole?

THE PAINTER  
Ask your artist friend.

Jill storms forward and screams WILDLY at The Painter.

JILL  
Where is she you fucker!

THE PAINTER  
Finders keepers bitch! You wont be seeing her again.

Jill leaps at The Painter, she rakes his face savagely with her fingernails. The Painter stumbles back, tries to protect himself.

JILL  
I'll kill you if you've hurt her, I will fucking kill you!

Jill drives a vicious knee into The Painter's crutch, CRUNCH!

The Painter GRUNTS and drops the candelabra. He doubles over, sucks in air.

Jill scoops up the candle holder, she holds it like a baseball bat, waits.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Where is she?

THE PAINTER  
Fuck that little bitch, let her burn.

The Painter charges Jill. She holds back, times her swing, does not miss, WHAM!

The base of the candelabra smacks The Painter in the jaw with a teeth shattering, CRACK!

The Painter reels sideways, his legs buckle, he falls to his knee's.

JILL  
I want my daughter back!

THE PAINTER  
She's already dead.

Jill steps forward, winds back and swings the Candelabra at The Painter.

The Candelabra SLAMS into the side of The Painters head with a meaty, THUNK!

The Painter falls flat. He struggles to get up, slips in his blood, collapses.

Jill moves forward, she readies the candelabra to hit The Painter again.

JILL  
Tell me where she is asshole!

The Painter GROANS, his head lolls to the side, his eyes close.

Jill throws the candelabra and it clatters away. She looks around the chapel, focuses on the door behind the altar.

Jill rummages through The Painters pockets, finds his keys, runs towards the door.

INT. CHAPEL BASEMENT-NIGHT

Jill descends the steps into the gloomy basement, flickering orange light and wafting smoke follow her down.

JILL  
Emma, Morgan!

Jill see's William Blake's rendition of, 'The Number of the Beast is 666.' A three headed beast raises up The Great Red Dragon from Hell.

Jill shudders, turns away. She notice's a door with a padlock on a metal latch.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Morgan are you in there?

Jill hurries over to the heavy door, she bangs her fist on the frame, call's out.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Morgan, Emma!

MORGAN(O/S)  
(muffled)  
Mommy!

Jill lifts the padlock, she fumbles through the keys, tries them in the lock.

JILL  
I'm coming baby!

Jill undoes the lock, she pulls open the latch, shoulders open the door. She steps inside the basement prison.

JILL (CONT'D)

Morgan?

MORGAN

Mommy.

Morgan runs and jumps into Jill's arms. She buries her face in Jill's chest.

JILL

It's okay baby, I've got you.

INT. BASEMENT PRISON-NIGHT

MOMENTS LATER

The basement prison is filled with billowing smoke. Scorching sparks drift like stinging insects in the haze.

Mary has her leg on her bed, she tries keys in the manacle on her ankle.

Emma is unconscious on the other bed. Jill crouches in front of Morgan.

JILL

I'm going to get you out of here,  
but I need to help Aunt Em first.

MORGAN

I'll be okay mommy.

Mary pops the padlock on her manacle. She holds the key she used and passes rest of the set to Jill.

MARY

For you friend, see if this key  
opens both padlocks.

JILL

Thank you.

Mary get's off her bed. She wraps up her belongings, takes down her calendar marked with crosses.

JILL (CONT'D)

Morgan baby give me your Epi-pen,  
hurry.

MORGAN

Here Mommy.

Morgan takes the Epi-pen from her pocket and passes it over to Jill. Jill moves to Emma, calls over to Mary.

JILL

Look after my daughter.

Mary takes a blanket off the bed and wraps it around Morgan.

MARY

Keep this around you, hold the teddy-bear over your face honey.

Jill unlocks Emma's padlock. She flips off the Epi-pen's lid and jams the tip onto Emma's thigh, she applies pressure.

Emma shudders, she gasps and sits up. She stares at Jill confused.

EMMA

Jilly, what's happening, where are we?

JILL

There's a fire, we need to get you out of here.

MARY

I'll help her, look after your daughter.

Mary moves past Jill and goes to Emma, helps her stand. Jill crouches in front of Morgan, pulls the blanket tighter.

JILL

Wrap your arms about my neck. Hold on tight, don't let go.

MORGAN

Yes Mommy.

Jill stands with Morgan. Mary wraps her arm about Emma. The group moves together, they hurry from the basement prison.

INT/EXT. CHAPEL-NIGHT

MOMENTS LATER

Jill, Morgan, Emma and Mary exit the door behind the altar and move into the chapel.

Fire drips from the ceiling and flames climb the walls, the painted gods wither and burn in a hellish inferno.

Jill and Morgan, Emma and Mary, hurry past the altar and down the dais, they run down the centre aisle of the chapel.

The Painter crawls through the heat and flames. He reaches for the group but they ignore his pleas.

The chapel roof crashes down and engulfs The Painter. He combusts into flame, he WRITHES and SCREAMS.

The group race outside the chapel and into the night. They make it a safe distance from the inferno, they fall coughing in a field.

Jill, Morgan and Emma hug and comfort one another while glowing embers swirl in billowing smoke against the night.

Mary stands to one side and she stares defiantly at the flames and fire engulfing the chapel.

Emergency vehicles arrive, their LIGHTS flash, their sirens SCREAM.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-DAY

Mary's in a hospital ward, she is in bed with a drip in her arm.

Mary's meagre possessions and her calendar are beside a box of tissues on the bedside cabinet.

There's a plain clothes POLICEWOMAN in the room, she stands by the bed and holds a electronic tablet.

POLICEWOMAN

The chapel was destroyed, we don't expect to find a great deal of evidence.

MARY

I won't be shedding a tear for him or his prison.

POLICEWOMAN

I understand, what happened to you was horrific, nine years is such a long time.

MARY

I survived for my daughter, seeing her again is what kept me going.

POLICEWOMAN

And you've made contact with her and your mother?

MARY

We've spoken on the phone, they're doing fine, they'll be visiting soon.

POLICEWOMAN

Then we should get this over and done with.

The policewoman sits in a chair by the bed. She swipes her tablet, checks her notes.

POLICEWOMAN (CONT'D)

We found a number of vehicles hidden on the adjoining property, some were licensed to missing women. We believe he used the chapel as some type of honey-trap.

MARY

I don't know about the others, but I was stalked and hunted, he must have become careful.

POLICEWOMEN

Careful or sophisticated.

(beat)

So you can confirm there were other women kidnapped?

MARY

I'm not sure about before I arrived, he hinted, never elaborated, but yes after Faith there were other women.

POLICEWOMAN

Faith Conner, the girl you helped escape?

Mary's eye's well up and spill over. She pulls a tissue from a box, dabs at her tears.

MARY

Yes Faith, but she didn't escape did she?

POLICEWOMAN

No and I'm sorry. I can only tell you that she's been recovered and returned to her family, she's at peace now.

MARY

He blamed me for her escape, he taunted me, told me he did horrific things to her, that she suffered.

POLICEWOMAN

I can't go into too much detail, but I can assure you that he was lying.

The Policewoman looks up from her tablet, she smiles kindly at Mary.

POLICEWOMAN (CONT'D)

You should also know Faith's mother wants to meet with you, to thank you.

MARY

I'd love to let her know how brave Faith was.

POLICEWOMAN

She'll be very grateful, she's hoping for closure.

MARY

I can't imagine how difficult it would be for her, I'll do anything to help.

POLICEWOMAN

Thank you, I'll let her know. Can you tell me about the other women?

MARY

I'd wake up and they'd be there, then I'd wake up and they'd be gone. I don't understand why I survived.

POLICEWOMAN

Kidnappers sometimes form an attachment, the psychological term is Lima Syndrome, it's probably what kept you safe.

MARY

Safe isn't the word I would have used, but I think I understand.

POLICEWOMAN

I'm sorry, but I need to ask about the others, do you know any of their names?

Mary reaches for her calendar and she folds it over. There's a list written in eyeliner on the back.

MARY

After Faith I didn't become attached to the other women, but I wrote down their details. I kept them hidden from him.

The Policewoman takes the calendar. She turns it over and reads from the back.

POLICEWOMAN

Faith Conner escaped, July 2nd  
Sarah Hall, kidnapped and kept from  
March to August, Ann Freeman...

(beat)

Oh Mary, you have no idea what this will mean to their families?

MARY

They're all there, as much information as I could write down.

The women are interrupted by a knock on the door. Emma and Morgan stand in the doorway.

EMMA

We're leaving, Morgan wanted to say goodbye.

Morgan ignores the policewoman. She runs into the room, climbs onto Mary's bed and gives her a hug.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(to Policewoman)

Sorry, I didn't realize Mary was busy.

POLICEWOMAN

That's fine, no problem.

MARY

(to Morgan)

That was just what I needed, thank you so much honey.

EMMA

Jill's receiving extra treatment, but she wanted me to thank you for looking after Morgan.

Mary pats Morgan's hair, kisses her cheek. She looks up and smiles at Emma.

MARY

Morgan can interrupt anytime she wants.

EMMA

Okay Smudge we have to leave Mary alone now.

(to Mary)

Jill and I want to stay in touch, we've left our details with the hospital.

Mary helps Morgan climb from the bed. Morgan smiles at Mary then she goes back to Emma.

MARY

Of course, please do, I would love to hear from you both, and Morgan of course.

EMMA

We'll visit again in the next few days.



MORGAN  
Goodbye Aunt Mary.

MARY  
Bye honey, and I will see you again  
soon.

Emma takes Morgan by the hand. She leads her out the ward room door.

POLICEWOMAN  
Looks like you've made some new  
friends.

The policewoman places the calendar under her tablet. She swipes the screen, checks her notes.

POLICEWOMAN (CONT'D)  
I have a couple more things I need  
to ask you about...

MARY  
(softly)  
Oh my god, where did she find this?

The Policewomen looks up from her tablet concerned.

POLICEWOMAN  
What is it, are you okay?

Mary holds her hand over her mouth, tears roll down her cheeks.

MARY  
Morgan, she left this behind, this  
necklace belonged Faith.

Mary lifts Faith's necklace to show it to the policewoman. The heart shaped pendent with ruby inlay glitters in the light from the window.

FADE OUT: