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 think 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 Faith's 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 breathes 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 loose 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.

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, shhhhhhh...

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 witches on a beside 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 Morgan’s 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 POVs: 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)
Shhhhhhh...
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, it's 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 won't 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 they’re 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 allergic 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 mother's 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)
It's only me Jilly, I let myself in. I could use some help in here Smudge.

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    MORGAN
Nothing.     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 clothes 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 sweatpants. 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 Painter’s 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 Painter's 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!

MARRY
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                  MARY
How dare you.                  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 he 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 herself 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 and 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
You're going to stay with me awhile.

EMMA
Let me go..!

Emma drops the teddy bear, grabs The Painter's 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 revels 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 starts 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 Painter's 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.
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 gets 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: