

The Mistress

By

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We hear a strong breeze pushing through fields of long grass, and the distant crashing of waves.

FADE IN:

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

A small bungalow sits isolated by coastal cliffs, surrounded by dense grassland.

OPENING TITLES: THE MISTRESS

A small hatchback crawls its way along a gravel path leading to the house.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY**

The interior of the house is modern. The main room, a combination of kitchen, lounge and dining room is decorated with white tiles and black glass. Huge windows look out to the distant sea on one side of the room.

On the walls are several canvases, each displaying similar, mostly black and white figures all in the same style.

SVEN, a male in his late twenties, moves along the canvases whilst sipping from a mug.

He stops at one seemingly hung in a place of pride. It's of a spindly woman, potentially a bride - her face is veiled. She's on her knees, gazing upwards. Her arms are spread out beneath her, the palms of her hands turned upwards as if pleading for answers. It's tragic, but also somewhat erotic.

There's writing in one of the corners of this canvas. It reads: "THE MISTRESS - A CONCEPT BY SVEN J. BENEDICT"

Sven smirks at this canvas dismissively before moving off.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Sven pops the boot of his hatchback and pulls out a wooden easel and a pack of blank canvasses.

He looks about across the barren landscape, the wind rustling his hair. He takes in the grey clouds above.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Sven sets up his easel with a blank canvas. He takes a big gulp from another mug, puts it down and takes up a pencil.

The thumb of his left hand fiddles with the ring on his left ring finger.

He stares intently at the blank canvas, then slowly brings his pencil up to it, hovering the nib just above the weave.

He swallows. Then puts the pencil back down.

He rubs his face, then looks over to the mobile phone he's left nearby.

CUT TO:

Sven stands gazing out the window, the phone up to his ear.

SVEN

Do.. do you think you'll come?

(beat)

I think you should come.

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

I don't see what use I'd be.

SVEN

We can talk about the project.  
Discuss ideas, that sort of thing.

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

Didn't you go away to be alone with your thoughts?

SVEN

Well I've, erm.. You've been inspiring me recently. What can I say?

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

You want me to drive an hour and a half out of London.. to your parent's holiday home... to *discuss ideas*? You realise that my job's to represent you.. not to collaborate?

SVEN

I don't know, I think you have it in you.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SVEN (cont'd)  
Charlotte... there's something  
about your tone that tells me  
you're coming.

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)  
Is there now, Sven? You think  
I'm... *teasing*?

SVEN  
What can I say.. I think I've  
learned to recognize it.

A single laugh comes through the phone. Then a while  
later...

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)  
I don't know if it's a good idea.

Sven rubs the bridge of his nose.

SVEN  
Two projects ago, do you remember  
what you said to me?

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)  
Was it-

SVEN  
When I was.. stuck for inspiration.

Beat. Sven glances over to The Mistress. Is she looking at  
him?

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)  
What?

SVEN  
You said I don't have bad ideas.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Headlights pass through the house as a car turns up on the  
drive, lighting up Sven as he waits. He seems anxious.

As the car's engine switches off, Sven looks down to his  
wedding ring. He hastily removes it and stuffs it in his  
jeans pocket.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

Sven puts some dirty plates on the side by the sink, before grabbing a bottle of red wine and a pair of glasses.

Across the room, CHARLOTTE, a thirty-year old woman, admires "The Mistress".

CHARLOTTE

I can certainly see your style  
coming through in it.

SVEN

Yeah.. that's probably where it  
started.

Sven pours the wine between the two glasses and takes them over to the sofa, placing them down on the coffee table before sitting himself down.

CHARLOTTE

Your parents obviously thought  
highly of it.

(beat)

Pride of place in the holiday home.

She turns around to see him sat down, two glasses of wine before him. She tries to hide a moment of hesitance, before dropping herself down on the other end of the sofa.

SVEN

Weird, isn't it? Doesn't exactly...  
scream holiday vibes, does it?

CHARLOTTE

Depends. Maybe you've come away to  
do a seance or something.

Sven smirks at her joke. Charlotte grabs her glass of wine and takes a rather large sip. There's a tense pause.

SVEN

It was the first one that made my  
parents think I could actually have  
a career in art. The first one I  
think they... noticed.

Charlotte turns to look at it.

SVEN

Which... is somewhat *unsettling*.

CHARLOTTE

Why so?

She turns back to him.

SVEN  
Well, you know...

He gestures to it.

SVEN  
I was fourteen.

CHARLOTTE  
Hence why her tits are the first  
thing you notice.

SVEN  
Exactly.  
(beat)  
I think I found an excuse to draw  
some.

CHARLOTTE  
Well, in my experience.. all  
successful artists are perverts.  
That's exactly why people like your  
work.  
(beat)  
You just have to find an  
intellectual *angle* to get around  
that fact... and people swallow it  
up.

Sven looks at her eyes for a moment, clearly some desire in  
his gaze.

SVEN  
How would you sell The Mistress?

He averts his gaze only momentarily to reach for his glass.  
Charlotte turns to it once again, then knowing her  
interpretation, turns back. She makes him wait for it as she  
structures it.

CHARLOTTE  
I'd say it's a classic case of  
beauty in tragedy, but with a  
little more to it. She's clearly  
a... *jilted bride* in utter  
despair... yet the viewer is  
encouraged to fetishize her,  
ultimately inducing a sense of  
guilt.

At her final words Sven looks away, smirking as he looks  
across the room at nothing.

(CONTINUED)

SVEN

I wish I had you when I was  
fourteen.

Charlotte stares into the bottom of her glass, using this  
brief break from his eyes to take a deep, silent breath.

They sit in silence for a moment until, without looking over  
at him, Charlotte asks him:

CHARLOTTE

How's the, um.. how's the project  
coming?

SVEN

I assume you've noticed the empty  
canvas in the corner?

CHARLOTTE

I was hoping that was the start of  
a third... or second attempt.

SVEN

Sorry to disappoint you. I've had  
trouble focusing.

CHARLOTTE

Well, there's time.

SVEN

I don't know how much help *more*  
*time* will be.

There's a pause, Sven turns to her, clearly expecting her to  
follow up.

SVEN

I think I'll end up just dwelling  
more and more on.. that thing I  
can't stop thinking about.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sure something else will come  
up.

(beat)

Maybe you'll have one of your  
*dreams*.

Charlotte takes another fairly large swig, still trying to  
avoid his look. Sven smirks.

(CONTINUED)

SVEN

Well my dreams have been pretty occupied too.

Charlotte now actively looks away.

SVEN

What's wrong?

After a while, she turns back.

CHARLOTTE

This is a dangerous game to play. All these lines... the dinner, the wine...

Beat.

SVEN

The place to ourselves.

CHARLOTTE

Yes.

Beat.

SVEN

Yet we're both here.

Beat.

CHARLOTTE

Maybe I *shouldn't* be.

Sven lets this sit in the air for a while, then puts his glass down and moves closer to her on the sofa.

SVEN

Do you want to be?

Charlotte nervously holds his eye, and searches for the right answer.

CHARLOTTE

You're married.

Sven puts his hand on her leg.

SVEN

Do you want to be here, Charlotte?

(beat)

Am I mistaken in believing you've brought things to stay the night?

(CONTINUED)



(gazing down at her wine  
glass)  
Or that you've willingly gone over  
the limit?  
(beat)  
Or... that what you're wearing  
underneath these clothes is  
something you're meant to be seen  
in?

She's silent. Sven takes his hand off her legs and takes her wine glass off her, placing it on the table. When his hand returns, it lands higher.

SVEN

If you don't want this, there's a  
spare room you can stay in. I'll  
make you breakfast tomorrow as a  
*colleague*, and we won't worry about  
it.

His other arm goes onto the back of the sofa behind her, his fingers resting in her hair.

SVEN

But if you do want this... we're a  
long way away from anything that  
would get in the way. Don't let  
that be wasted.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Sven cleans off his toothbrush in the sink, standing in his boxers with his hair looking noticeably more ruffled. The wind outside hammers the window.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Sven crosses the room to turn off the lamp in the corner, when he notices something odd about "The Mistress".

A single slither of red-gold liquid has run down the wall beneath it. Sven comes close to it, touches it, smells his finger.

He takes the canvas off the wall, and looks at the wall behind it. There's no sign of any source.

He puts the canvas back, then crosses the room to the kitchen area to grab a sheet of kitchen roll.

He dabs the damp mark away.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sven moves carefully into the bedroom, stepping over a pile of discarded clothes to get to the bed. Charlotte lays with her back to him.

Sven lowers himself into the bed, and moves a finger across her bare back. There's no response. He lies down.

CUT TO:

Sven lies sleeplessly as the wind continues to rage outside. His eyes shift to the sleeping Charlotte, and then to something on the bedroom floor...

Charlotte's knickers are crumpled up next to Sven's discarded jeans.

Slowly, taking a look back to make sure she's asleep, Sven reaches down and picks up Charlotte's underwear. He looks back to her one more time before stuffing them in his pillow case.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - MORNING**

Sven is hunched over a dirty plate, daydreaming in his pyjamas. The wind is still audible, and just beneath that the sound of a running shower.

CUT TO:

Sven stands awkwardly in the kitchen as Charlotte rummages in one of her bags for her car keys.

SVEN

You sure I can't get you anything  
for the road?

CARLOTTE

I'm fine.

She doesn't seem it. She crosses to open the door, but finds it locked.

SVEN

Oh yeah - sorry.

Sven grabs the keys to the front door from a bowl on a side table and unlocks it for her, but he stands in the way.

(CONTINUED)

SVEN

Are we okay?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know.

(beat)

I don't know.

SVEN

Do you *regret* it?

CHARLOTTE

Don't start with that shit.

SVEN

Look.. I think this was healthy for us-

CHARLOTTE

*Healthy?*

(beat)

Was it healthy for my career?

(beat)

Was it healthy for your *marriage*?

Sven looks sheepish.

SVEN

No one has to know.

Charlotte rushes her hands to hair in stress.

CHARLOTTE

That's not the point. *Fuck!*

(beat)

I woke up feeling absolutely shit about this, you know?

She sighs and looks down at her feet.

CHARLOTTE

Like... I'd just fucked something up.

Beat.

SVEN

Will you call me later?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know. Maybe.

Sven opens the door and she hurries out.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

Bye.

SVEN

Bye.

Sven watches as she puts her stuff into the back of the car.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Now dressed for the day, Sven picks up the two emptied glasses from the previous night which are still on the table, the remnants of the wine having dried at the bottom of each.

After he bends back upright, he finds himself staring at the blank canvas. His eyelids are heavy as he stares uninspired, with the wind continuing to make itself known outside.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Sven bundles up his jeans from the floor, along with other discarded garments.

He moves over to the pillow, and reaches inside the case to remove Charlotte's underwear. Seeing that they're still there, he shoves them back inside.

CUT TO:

**INT. UTILITY ROOM - DAY**

Sven shoves the garments, including the jeans, into a washing machine.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY**

The sound of the washing machine's spin cycle mixes noisily with the continuing wind outside. Sven sits at his drawing station, his arms resting in his lap with a pencil in his fingers. He's daydreaming away from the canvas, trying to block out the noise.

He brings the pencil up to the canvas, ready to start.

(CONTINUED)

He clenches his eyes, the noise seems to get louder.

With a great sigh he drops his arms back down, and discards the pencil.

He stares out the window.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

Wrapped in a pea coat, Sven trudges across the harsh terrain away from the house, buffeted and ruffled by the wind.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Sven stands on some rocks just back from the crashing waves. He watches as the water disturbs the pebble beach beside him. He bends down to scoop up a pebble and hurls it pointlessly in.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Sven lies back on the sofa drinking a beer and reading the book in his left hand.

The heavy eye-lids are back, and eventually get the better of him. The book comes to rest on his chest as Sven drifts off...

He dreams of his fingers on Charlotte's skin, and in her hair.

In his dream, he's still on the sofa, but looks up to see Charlotte astride him, dressed as she was before she left earlier, her knees either side of his body. Her hands are out in a similar pose to the Mistress picture, but slowly come up to the buttons on her blouse- a gust of wind seems to swell-

-Sven wakes with a start. The book has somehow made its way to the table, and Sven's left hand is overturned on his body, covered, like his shirt, in drops of a red-gold liquid.

He stares at the liquid, rubbing it between his fingers, then looks at the beer bottle he's still clutching in his other hand.

He then hurries to his feet and squints at the ceiling, looking for signs of a leak.

**INT. BEDROOM - EVENING**

Sven pulls his shirt off and dries his hand with it before tossing it aside. He sits down on the bed and rubs his tired eyes, before his gaze goes to pillow...

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - EVENING**

Sven washes his hands, then stares at himself in the mirror.

**INT. HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - EVENING**

Sven crosses the room, in a new shirt and jeans now, and stops over his blank canvas. He stares at it fruitlessly.

He heads over to the kitchen area and pours himself a glass of water, then makes back towards the canvas... but something catches his eye-

He walks up to the Mistress Canvas, or to where it was - now the only thing there is a blank canvas and a few more trails of red-gold liquid beneath it.

SVEN

What the hell?

He takes the canvas off the wall and looks underneath it, but finding nothing drops the blank one to the floor.

He also checks the liquid marks, which have now dried into the wall leaving a mark.

SVEN

For crying out..

He checks amongst the spare ones underneath his drawing station but again finds nothing.

**INT. BEDROOM - EVENING**

Sven paces about the bedroom, with the cupboard doors open behind him. He's holding a phone to his ear. Immediately it goes to voicemail.

(CONTINUED)

SVEN

Hey, Charlotte, it's Sven.. I hope you're okay.. I was just... You didn't take that picture of mine did you? The one of the bride? It's just.. it was there and now there's a... there's a blank canvas where it should be. I don't know, look...

(beat)

I know you came up with a way to sell it and all but... I think it probably belongs here. Okay, call me when you get this... Or you know, maybe call me anyway... Okay bye.

He hangs up and tosses the phone onto the bed, before puffing his cheeks out, embarrassed with his message.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Sven sits with his head in his hands at his drawing station, the canvas in front of him still blank. His pencil is between his fingers and he routinely crams it against his forehead. As ever, the wind continues to prevent tranquility.

He sits up right and readies the pencil, moving the nib to the canvas.

His left thumb goes to fiddle with a ring that's not there. He shakes his hand loose and tries to keep it rested on his knee.

He scrunches his eyes closed, really trying to focus, and the wind seems to swell in response.

Defeated, Sven lashes out, hurling the whole station to the side, the spare pencils scattering along the ground.

After taking in the mess, Sven massages his temple with his hand.

CUT TO:

Sven takes a huge gulp out of another glass of wine, a fresh bottle open beside him. The easel is still in ruins on the ground in the other corner of the room. Sven stares bitterly over at the mess.

**INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sven's sat on the bed, holding a phone to his ear with one hand and clutching Charlotte's underwear in the other. The phone continues to ring until it again reaches voicemail.

SVEN

Hey Charlotte, it's me again... I was hoping for a chance to.. tell you how much I enjoyed last night. You mentioned you had that dinner.. I was thinking maybe you'd be in the mood for a.. *chat* afterwards. I'm keen to hear your voice.

Sven thinks on it a moment, staring at nothing, weighing it up.

SVEN

In fact.. whilst I have you I wanted to remind you that I.. I'm not expected back from *Portugal* for another three days.

(beat)

So there's that...

(beat)

Anyway.. You should give me a call.

He hangs up, his other hand clenching around the garment.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Sven washes his hands in the sink again, then notices the mark where his wedding ring used to be.

He idly checks his pockets.. but then comes to realize something...

**INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT**

Sven bolts into the utility room, only to discover the washing machine already open, the contents spilled out. On top of the pile sit his jeans, with the pockets turned inside out.

He reaches down for them and checks, but finds nothing.



**INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Sven crosses the room quickly, scanning surfaces. He moves to the sofa where he lifts the cushions and checks underneath.

Unbeknown to him, a dark female figure on the far side of the room seems to notice his presence. Without realizing, Sven heads back to the...

**INT. UTILITY ROOM - CONTINUED**

Sven pulls apart all the items of clothing, desperately searching through. He hauls everything out from the cyclinder, then looks inside, but finds nothing.

He stands and stares, then his eyes drift to the wilderness outside.

His eyes widen at the prospect, and he hurries back into...

**INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUED**

Sven darts across for the door but upon seeing *her* jumps out of his skin.

SVEN  
eerrgh- THE FUCK?!

A realization of "THE MISTRESS" slowly moves towards Sven. Her veil is tight to her face, making the features impossible to work out. The material around her eyes is soaked with the red-gold liquid - TEARS.

She slowly trudges forward, her knees buckling inwards, almost inhumanly, as she moves. She stretches out a palm toward Sven as she nears, offering him something:

HIS WEDDING RING.

SVEN  
Who the fuck are you?!

She makes no sound but continues to move towards him. Seeing his window of escape narrowing as she closes, Sven bolts for the front door...

But finds it locked.

The Mistress stands between him and the bowl with the keys in it. Sven backs into the kitchen, and yanks a large knife from the knife block as it enters his view.

(CONTINUED)

SVEN  
You need to leave.

Again, no response. She continues to move.

SVEN  
You can take the ring just leave me  
the FUCK ALONE!

Desperate, Sven grabs the open bottle of wine and hurls it at her. It smashes against her body and soaks her in the liquid that remains, but she barely seems to feel it. She looks down curiously as the wine stains her greyish wedding dress. Her gaze then smoothly returns to Sven in the kitchen corner, and she begins to walk forwards again.

Sven panics and looks for an alternative escape. He bolts for one of the windows and opens it, letting in a great howl of wind. It's barely wide enough. He tries redundantly to fit himself through but there's no chance. Looking back, The Mistress is even closer now.

SVEN  
(whimpering)  
What do you want? Please just leave  
me be!

She horrendously near now, he cowers.

SVEN  
I'll fucking KILL YOU, I swear..  
Just FUCK OFF!

She holds the ring almost to his face.

SVEN  
I SAID FUCK OFF!

He drives the knife right into her heart and shoves her back, tripping on her as he goes and crashing his head against the hard tiles. The ring falls from The Mistress' hand and rolls across the floor.

He clumsily gets back up to his feet, clutching at his head, panting as he stares down to The Mistress. He seems to be struggling to stay with it.

She struggles slowly up to her knees then looks down at the knife jutting sickeningly, bloodlessly out of her chest.

Her hand moves to it, and slowly starts to heave at it.

Sven backs into the bathroom...

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

He locks the door after himself and backs against the wall, never taking his eyes off the door, even as he slides down onto the floor.

A trickle of blood runs out of his hair. He moves his fingers through it, looks at the red, then collapses.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM - MORNING**

A phone rings somewhere in another room. Sven slowly comes to, a line of dried blood down his face. He clutches at his head as he sits upright.

The ringing stops as Sven gets to his feet, careful to do it as quietly as possible. After gazing at the door he turns to try the bathroom window...

It only opens ajar. Realizing there's only one thing for it, Sven carefully approaches the bathroom door and puts an ear to it. There's still wind outside, and the phone starts to ring again.

He creaks the door ajar, and slowly widens, keeping his hand on the handle just in case.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUED**

The room beyond is still in the mess Sven left it in; the drawing station in ruins, smashed glass and red wine puddles. But back up on the wall, and Sven notices it as he emerges from the bathroom, is The Mistress canvas, with the titular character now back in it in her original pose.

Sven hurries over, still being careful to move quietly. He stares intently at the Mistress, then presses his hand against the canvas to check it. The phone stops ringing, then starts up again.

Checking the coast is clear, Sven takes the phone from the table. Seeing that it's Charlotte ringing, he answers.

SVEN  
Charlotte, hey.

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)  
Finally. I was starting to worry.  
Are you alright?

(CONTINUED)

He darts his head about, still unsure.

SVEN

Yeah.. I was-

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

I just wanted to let you know that Fischer misled us on the project.. it's a pitch, not a commission as such.. but if you offer them something they like there's a whole load more work that'll come out of it, and a lot more money than was originally projected.

SVEN

Okay... good.

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

How's it coming?

Sven paces a little, before coming to a halt at the puddle of wine in which his discarded wedding ring sits.

SVEN

Um.. did you get my message?

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

The one where you accused me of robbing you? Yeah. I did. Considering I seem to have misplaced a certain item of clothing, I thought it was a little rich.

Sven rubs the bridge of his nose.

SVEN

I'm sorry, I just.. it was the moment. I'll give them back.. I actually meant my *other* message.

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

Now's not the time for that conversation. I'm working.

SVEN

But can you- hold on can you just listen a moment?

(beat)

I wanna.. retract that invitation. I think it's for-

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

You want to *retract* it, do you?

He looks over at the corners of the room again.

SVEN

I, er.. yeah. I do.

Through the phone it sounds like Charlotte has slammed herself somewhere quiet.

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

(hushed voice)

You don't think it's a bit late to take things back?

SVEN

I think.. Look.. I'm not saying I want to take *that* back, I just think... well, it's out of our system now?

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

(hushed voice)

Out of our system? I'm glad I was fucking box for you to tick, Sven.

SVEN

No you weren't a box-

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)

(hushed voice)

There was a part of me that wanted to ring Freyja straight away after you *summoned* me on Wednesday, you know? I really fucking wish I'd listen to that voice instead of yours.

(beat)

Or maybe you could've listened to me when I told you it was a bad idea. I *knew* this would fuck everything.

Sven looks back down at the ring.

SVEN

Charlotte... I'm sorry, but.. I don't remember you saying no.

Beat.

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)  
(hushed voice)  
You're right. I didn't. I was being selfish. I wasn't thinking of *your* wife. But I *promise* you, I absolutely am now.

Beat.

SVEN  
There's no need for that.

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)  
(hushed voice)  
So *you'll* come clean, will you?

SVEN  
This is better left between us.

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)  
(hushed voice)  
Better for who? You might be able to handle the guilt, Sven. But I'm at breaking point already.

Beat.

SVEN  
I... I don't know if Phipps and Crown encourage their staff to sleep with their clients, or if-

CHARLOTTE (PHONE)  
Fuck you.

She hangs up.

Sven immediately looks guilty following this retort. He shuts his eyes and pockets his phone. When he opens them again, he's looking down at his wedding ring.

He scoops it up, and takes it over to the kitchen where he rinses it and dries it with some kitchen paper.

He fiddles with it in his fingers before sliding it back onto his ring finger. He leans heavily over the counter, clenching his eyes shut, swallowing the guilt.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Sven, the blood now cleaned from his face, mops up the puddle of wine.

CUT TO:

Sven reassembles his drawing station, as meticulously as he did when he first set it up. He places the canvas in place, stares at it for a moment. The wind is still there, there's still something eating at him.

Eyes weary, he rubs a hand over the empty surface of the canvas, then goes to stroll out of the room, pausing as he does so to remove "The Mistress" and face her against the wall.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Sven rubs his face as he crawls between the sheets of his bed, coming to rest with his arm over his face.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Sven wakes, and slides out of the cover. He rubs his face with his right hand, then looks back at the sheets...

THEY'RE COVERED IN BLOOD.

He jumps up, startled. Then he realises something...

He looks down at his left hand, finding a bloody stump where his ring finger used to be...

CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Sven's screams of horror and pain are muffled by the walls.

The knife from the block in the kitchen is still missing.

Now on the previously empty canvas at the drawing station is a telling image...

A SEVERED FINGER WITH A RING ON IT.

CUT TO BLACK

23.

THE END.