

Your Unwarmth

by

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A black screen.

The unmistakable creaking of a weathered wooden surface. A discontent grunting followed by the laboured shuffling upon this flooring.

We hear a woman's voice, inconspicuously whispering;

WOMAN (O.S.)
Wake up, wake up.

A softer voice rings out, indistinguishable to decipher whether it is a young boy or girl;

VOICE (O.S.)
I is not sleep.

WOMAN (O.S.)
I'm going.

VOICE (O.S.)
Go? Where go?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Away. Now.

VOICE (O.S.)
I is comes?

WOMAN (O.S.)
No, no, baby. Stay. I must go.

VOICE (O.S.)
But you say dangerous. You say
inhos--inhospitab--

WOMAN (O.S.)
-I know. I must. I can't stay here
any more. I will go somewhere
better, nicer-- Hopefully. And I
will never return. But I will
always be there with you.
Watching, dancing and smiling.

VOICE (O.S.)
I understand not.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hopefully one day... One day you
will understand.

An indistinct murmuring from a distance, approaching.

VOICE (O.S.)
But--

WOMAN (O.S.)

-Shush now, little one. It's time
for me to leave. I know it. It's
been a delight. My only wish is
for you to live happy and know I'm
always there with you.

With that final statement, we open to

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

The graceful moon suspends against the black backdrop that
is the night-sky. The moon seems abnormally large within
this setting, as if an imposing force beyond the horizon.

The silence deafening. The cold light bombards the
atmosphere. On the surface is a sea of pure white,
glistening. A level plain of everlasting snow.

We can see a small figure struggling through the snow,
moving away in the distance, towards the moon.

We close on this figure to see that it is a WOMAN.
Ill-prepared for the sub-zero temperatures as she wears a
thin layered dress, and with each stride she is knee deep
in the snow. Tears stream from her exasperated face as she
braves the ferocious nature.

A HOWLING from a distance.

She looks back over her shoulder to see the thick, dormant
fog surrounding her.

The howling is more prominent. Harrowing, gaining on this
woman.

She paces on, somewhat determined, but with no alternative
option.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPERIMPOSE: TITLE CARD

OPEN TO:

A dated microphone system playing a calming piano piece
which is amplified throughout a dimly lit room. A candle
alight, illuminating the place in a soft orange glow. The
room is stale with few essential amenities, reminiscent of
an enclosed prison cell.

As we establish the cell-like room, we see tucked away in
the corner of this squared space, lying face-up on the bed,
a young WOMAN (18), in rags, dirtied, but her beauty

undeniable even through her battered appearance - this is BEAUTRIX, or simply, as she's referred to: BEAU.

Beau, lays motionless, staring blankly towards the ceiling.

The music abruptly halted. Beau lays, unaltered.

A fierce knock against the steel door.

Beau rises from the bed with a start and stands still upright, as if psychologically conditioned. She waits.

We hear an old, throaty, one-too-many cigars, male voice speak out from behind the doors;

MALE VOICE

Beau?

The door unlocks with a jolt and slides across open, bringing a light, illuminating Beau, as we can see her expressionless eyes peer towards the door. A look of pure dread.

The man enters the room. Cigar in mouth. He gives off a certain authoritative presence. He's the type of guy you wouldn't really want to oppose. His name is aptly: BOSS.

An ominous smile stretched across his face, which immediately falls to discontent as soon as he sees Beau. He pulls the cigar from his mouth. Peers closer. Examines her.

BOSS

(Tutting)

You know this is not an acceptable appearance.

Boss observes and touches her provocatively, almost in a harassing nature. Beau stands unopposed to this man and his aggressive advancements.

He tears the rags from her body, to reveal her bare naked body. Her body is full of obscure markings in each patch you look. Scars, scratches, inconsistent pigmentations.

He glides his finger tips across her stomach.

He steps back and paces around her in a 360.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You know the standards. Have you cleaned?

He takes a drag from his cigar. Filling the air with it's pollution.

BOSS (CONT'D)
You shall answer my question.

BEAU
Yes. The standards, I do know.

BOSS
What is with the appearance, Beau?

BEAU
I failed to realise the time.

BOSS
(Provocative)
You failed to realise? Or you
simply took less care in
prioritizing. What is the cause
for this mishap?

BEAU
I do not know.

Boss eyes the book below on her bed. He grabs it, flicks
through the pages.

Beau's eyes wonder for the first time towards his actions.

BOSS
I can think of an answer. Perhaps
we will take away your liberties
and force your focus elsewhere.

He tears a few pages from the book, to the clear dismay of
Beau, though she stands unaltered.

BEAU
It shall not happen again.

He hands the book to Beau. She takes it and observes it's
ruined format.

BOSS
Be sure of that.

He exits the room.

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

We follow the bare feet of Beau walking upon the creaking
floorboards. A humming noise.

Pan up and see Beau is now wearing a silkier attire; an
attire that wouldn't leave much to the imagination.

The hallway is narrow, with candles running down the entirety of this place with the same orange glow it emits, creating a certain ominous ambience. At the end of this hallway she is directing towards is a door.

She approaches, slides it open to reveal waiting beyond it is Boss, naked but the cigar ever-present. He's sitting in an armchair and waits for Beau to advance.

Beau endeavours, dropping to her knees and crawls towards him until she approaches his lap.

FLASH CUT: the accelerated growth of a mushroom.

As she conducts herself, the door slowly creaks back, leaving the audience out in the cold.

FLASH CUT: the chopping of the mushroom. Relentless spews of a bloody-red substance from beneath the root.

Cries of agony blurts from within the door, distinctly of Boss.

The door is again yanked back open and we are greeted with the completely naked and bloodied form of Beau. She storms out of the room and eventually out of frame to reveal behind her; in the middle of the room is the similarly spewing of blood, originating from the groin area of Boss. He's laying in a puddle of his own blood, struggling in agony.

INSERT ON: his severed penis in the puddle of blood.

For the first time Boss looks at this abysmal sight. His most coveted piece of him is detached, much to his shock. He rolls around away from it.

BEAU,
Has returned inside the room.
Accompanied with her in one hand a
bottle of whiskey and in the other
hand one of the candles from the
hallway. She stares at him, her
eyes filled with pure hatred.

Boss squirms to himself and curls into a ball. Beau advances towards him, unscrews the cap from the whiskey bottle and indulges briefly, then spits most of it on Boss and drains the rest of the whiskey all over him.

BOSS
Beau!!!

Angle towards Beau as she raises the candle up towards her face. A close shot of Beau's unrelenting and merciless

hatred. She drops the candle from view and see her face light-up orange within a millisecond.

Screams of pure agony as Boss's body is engulfed in flames.

Beau stands unopposed, watching the deed, emotionless.

The cries resemble a consistent tone, like the repetition of a music piece.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEAU'S ROOM - DAY

Beau has arisen from a sleep. She leaps from the bed upright with a start and evident cold-sweat drowning her.

The cries from Boss are now consistent with the music playing from a radio player system within her room. Then it fades out with a muzzled static. She turns the radio off.

She regains her breathe from the horror dream, examines herself and her surroundings. The room is a complete juxtaposition, besides the overall size. It's colourful, well-lit and consists of items that would characterize it to be a young woman's room. The window beside her bed brings in a blinding white beam of sunlight.

There's a knock on the not-so-steely door, along with the familiar sounding voice;

BOSS (O.S.)

Beau?

She sighs, briefly. Readjusts herself, then answers;

BEAU

Yes. Come in, dad.

DAD (a.k.a Boss) slides the door open and enters - similarly attired, though without the cigar and a more friendly nature to his appearance. He sees Beau in a state of despair, he rushes over to comfort.

DAD

Beau, what's happened?

He sits beside her on the bed. He wants to get close to her, she fights for personal space.

BEAU

Nothing. Just a dream.

DAD
You want to tell me about it? You
can talk.

BEAU
It's nothing.

Dad appeases her with dropping the topic. He eyes the book
on the ground below her bed. He grabs it and examines.

DAD
Ah, I remember this book. It was
your mothers fir--

Beau grabs the book from his grasp abruptly and rests it on
her near-side.

DAD (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

BEAU
You were messing with the pages
where I left it.

DAD
Sorry... Did you know that that
book--

BEAU
-I'd rather not talk about the
book.

They both sit for a beat.

Dad raises from the bed and looks towards the wintry
climate outside the sole window.

Nothing but trees and heaps of snow as far as the eye can
see.

DAD
Not a lot of snow around this
summer. We might be able to have a
game of walk around.

He looks at Beau for a reply that doesn't come. She sits
uninterested in conversation. He gets it.

DAD (CONT'D)
Listen, I've made breakfast. Let
me know if--

BEAU
Not hungry.

Dad maintains upbeat despite the obvious negative feel from Beau.

DAD
Well. I'll be around my office,
trying to get through my next
project... Well, you know writers
block?

Dad looks towards Beau for reconciliation and soon realises it won't come.

DAD (CONT'D)
(Clears throat
emphatically)
If you need anything, you know...
I'll be around.

With that, he walks out.

Beau looks at the book beside her bed, it's cover reminiscent of the snowy scenes outside her bedroom window.

Slow insert: on the book. As we move closer we submerge into it.

The pastel art cover of two figures approaching a lone shack in the alps. The art begins to motion and spring to life and we transition into...

EXT. SNOWY ALPS - NIGHT

A lone shack stands vacant amongst trees and a backdrop of mountains in the distance. This shack is poised next to a break of surface, close to the edge of the cliff.

We're amongst this blizzard as we move through and see the calming ambience it brings. There's a man and woman in the distance wondering from the trees towards the shack. They are blissfully enjoying the area.

We join them close in;

We see the man is DAD and the woman is MUM - The resemblance to Beau is astonishing. So much so it may as well be just an aged clone. In a word: BEAUtiful.

Dad playfully trips Mum and she tumbles into the snow. Dad dives on top of her and they lay there momentarily enjoying their time.

MUM
Oh, I can't believe this place.

DAD
I know, right. What a find, eh? Am
I the best wheeler-dealer or what?

MUM
I just can't comprehend it. It's
ours. This. This is all ours!

DAD
You better comprehend it, baby.

They raise themselves, brush off the snow and take a look
towards the shack.

Mum rushes towards the shack, closer. She looks back to Dad
and poses.

MUM
You should take a picture of me
like this.

He giggles, then approaches her.

DAD
You will never stand lonesome!

Dad embraces with Mum. They take a further look towards the
shack together.

MUM
I've never been more in love. The
scenery, the mountains, the snow!
It's a writers dream location.

DAD
I like how we're both on the same
page about this. Do you think Beau
will take a liking?

MUM
Are you kidding?! She's just like
her mum. She'll love it. I can
already picture it. Her growing up
here...

Mum looks towards the sole window to the right of the
shack.

MUM (CONT'D)
...Her room.

As we see Mum focus solely on the window. We get a reverse
angle peering from within the window back towards Mum and
Dad. Present beyond this window is Beau looking towards
them.

Dad and Mum then dissolve away from Beau's sight.

Beau eyes her front door, with a slit of orange glow coming from the corridor beyond. She follows the glow out into

CORRIDOR

A piano rings out around. She follows the piano noises. The piano keys raise in volume, getting closer. She turns the corridor to

LIVING ROOM

The flames of the fireplace oppose the piano to which dad is enjoying. She approaches Dad. Dad plays a note out of place and abruptly stops, just as Beau wonders close. He is shaken by the surprise appearance.

DAD

Ah, Beau. You're up.... Beau?...

Beau stares at him, almost in a trance-like state.

DAD (CONT'D)

Beau? Are you alright--

BEAU

-Shut the fuck up. You did it! You did it! You did it! You betrayed her! You did!

Beau's eyes vanish towards the back of her skull.

Dad sweeps to his feet to her aid.

He grabs her gently and consoles.

DAD

Beau? Baby, what's wrong?

BEAU

You betrayed her!

DAD

Who? What are you talking about!

BEAU

You did it!

Beau raises her hand which reveals a kitchen knife in her hand. Dad immediately rushes towards it and disarms her. Knocking the knife the other side of the room.

DAD

Beau!!!

Beau's eyes roll back to normal. Her trance stops and now she's struggling for breath. Confused at her whereabouts.

BEAU
What am I doing here?!

Dad is as shocked as her. He braves a calming facade.

DAD
Beau, are you alright?

She nods. She gazes around the room.

BEAU
What happened?

DAD
You were sleep-walking.

BEAU
Sleep-walking? I've never--

DAD
-You use to when you were a kid.

Dad walks over towards the knife and kicks it under the sofa out of sight.

BEAU
What was I doing?

DAD
Nothing. You just came in here and stood next to me. You don't remember anything?

She shakes her head.

DAD (CONT'D)
You sure?

BEAU
Yes, I'm sure. I don't know-- I was sleeping and I just... Don't know.

DAD
Alright. Alright. Let's take you back to bed, come on.

Dad ushers her back towards her room.

BEAU
What if I do it again.

DAD
It's fine. You use to do it when
you were a kid. You know what use
to calm you down?

She shakes her head.

DAD (CONT'D)
Your mum use to sing you a song.
Do you know what song?

BEAU
Her song.

DAD
You used to love it. I'm not the
singer in the family. That's why
you like music to get you to
sleep. How's the radio in your
room?

BEAU
Broke.

They enter Beau's room. She jumps in bed. Dad examines the
radio.

DAD
Broke? How?

BEAU
It was making some funny static
sounds.

He goes about being a make-shift repairman with
questionable tactics that result in him banging and
shaking. He turns it on and what do you know? It's done the
trick.

DAD
Am I the best or what? Now let's
see, what music?

BEAU
It's fine, dad. I'll sort it.

DAD
You going to be alright?

BEAU
Yeah.

DAD
Alright. Goodnight, Beau.

Dad exits and closes the door completely. We follow him back to

LIVING ROOM

The facade drops and his face fills with concern. He reaches back under the sofa for the knife. He examines it and then motions towards

KITCHEN

INSERT: a block of knife holders stand on the kitchen counter.

Dad slips the knife back into it's holder.

He walks towards the refrigerator. Decorated with, magnets and stuck-on pieces. He focuses on, as we can see, a magnet holding a picture of Mum.

He flips the picture.

INT. DAD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A typewriter stands atop a large desk facing a large window with a view of the ominous looking mountains. The page tipping out the edge is blank but for one word; name for that matter: Beau.

He tears the page and replaces the rack with a fresh piece.

He hovers over the keys, hesitant with frequent urges to type only to halt at the last moment. Tiresome of this battle he breaks away in frustration and moves back into the

LIVING ROOM

The fireplace dying down, he wanders into a nearby stock room and grabs the last of the firewood and tosses it back into the fire.

He sits down on the floor and pokes it with the fire poker and indulges, memorized by the flames.

He stares blankly deep into the flames and they begin to engulf and show the faces of Beau/Mum. We delve deeper into the flames. The flames alter in colour to a cold transparent blue. We hear the shuffling through snow. Then we are;

EXT. ALPS - DAY

A stone-deaf silence.

Dad is within a group of trees, axe in hand, eyeing his potential firewood victim.

He wonders to a previously beaten stump and continues his duties.

As he chips away at this stump, he gets a quick vision of BEAU, naked bent over the stump, seductively looking back at him.

BEAU
Why don't you stick it in me,
daddy?

He jolts out of posture with a scream and leaves the axe embedded in the stump. He looks again, there's no Beau. Just a stump.

DAD
Jesus.

BEAU (O.S.)
Stop with your blasphemy.

Dad turns. Beau is there, covered up to deal with the climate. He's somewhat happy she's not naked.

DAD
Ah, it's only blasphemy if you
believe in such a thing as
religion. What are you doing out
here?

BEAU
Needed some fresh air. Saw we had
no firewood, figured you'd be
here.

DAD
Ah, come to spend some time with
your ol' man, eh? How about you
take the axe--

Dad catches a glimpse of Beau's mirrored reflection on the axe, slightly distorting her face. He retracts the axe firmly close.

DAD (CONT'D)
On second thought, I'll be fine
doing this myself.

Beau brushes off the odd notion from Dad.

Dad begins to chip away again. Beau stands, something clearly on her mind. Dad stops⁶ and turns back towards her.

DAD (CONT'D)
Something on your mind?

BEAU
Well... Last night... I used to
sleep walk?

DAD
Only when you were little, Beau.
Yes. I wouldn't worry about it.

He returns to his stump, half listening-in to Beau.

BEAU
It's just weird. I thought it was
a--

She has a quick vision of taking the kitchen knife.

DAD
What, Beau? I didn't hear you.

He halts his lumbering again, momentarily.

BEAU
Nothing. It's nothing. Just a
weird dream I had.

The cold finally hits her.

BEAU (CONT'D)
I can't, it's too cold. How can
you be out that thin red jacket
and-- Oh, shit.

She giggles, his attire dawning on her.

DAD
What?

BEAU
Nothing... Jack.

DAD
Jack?

Dad studies his own appearance, looks at the axe. He gets it. He does his best impression of the Stanley Kubrick stare and mutters;

DAD (CONT'D)
 (Jack Torrance/Jack
 Nicholson)
 Heeeeere's Johnny.

The both break into laughter.

BEAU
 I'm going in. This was a bad idea.
 It's too cold.

DAD
 Go ahead. I'll be in soon.

BEAU
 Ice caps melting, right? Isn't
 that the biggest lie.

DAD
 Anything to keep us sedated, Beau.
 They'll tell the world to cut down
 on producing methane and all
 sorts. Yet they're spraying the
 atmosphere with chemicals, with
 fuck-knows what in. Just take this
 in, Beau. That sweet, natural air.
 No spraying here--

BAM - Beau has unleashed a snowball within her arsenal into
 Dad's face.

BEAU
 A simple "shut up" would have
 sufficed, Beau.

Beau gestures the peace sign as she wonders back through
 the break in trees towards the shack.

Dad returns to the stump. One last thrust and upon
 completion of said act, we are

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIREPLACE - LATER

The wood is shoved back into the fireplace by Dad.

INT. BEAU'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau is readjusting her appearance at her desk, opposing a
 mirror. Her book that she was beside her bed is now present
 on the desk. She looks at it. Flips it open to continue
 reading;

MUM (V.O.)

(Reading)

...If only the decision had come sooner. She thought. The thoughts repeated in her mind again and again, always there. A constant splinter. Even if she had forgotten about it for one second - no! better still, a millisecond - it would have left her at the brink of suicide. But of course, she could not bare to think of anything other than the decision. She seldom knew any alternative at this point. 'It must be that'. She said to herself, reassuringly. She's never been more sure. He, of course, was none-the-wiser. Completely oblivious to anything other than the squared space of his so-called 'sanctuary'. How folly of him. Folly, she thought. How apt a word for him. If there were to be only one word to describe him, it would be folly. That very love had grew and transformed into spite. Then a sudden, overwhelming contradictory emotion came to her...

In the mirror opposing Beau is MUM. An eerie smile overlooking Beau as she's head down into the book.

Beau places the book down and looks towards the mirror and sees herself. Mum has gone from the mirror. The distinct clattering of the typewriter at work.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - FIREPLACE - CONTINUOUS

Dad has set up a make-shift office beside the fire. He's typing away, page after page. Inspired.

As he types away we get the hear his voice over;

DAD (V.O.)

(Typing)

...It was like... nothing he'd ever encounter. Nevertheless..... he suspended his disbelief..... and absorbed it. It happened...

He halts the typing. Hesitantly hovering over the letters. His eyes wonder to the fire, then back to the white page that opposes him.

DAD

Fuck!

He tears the page and scrunches it, tossing it over his shoulder that lands beside an already filled bin - filled with more scrunched papers.

He reloads the typewriter with a new sheet.

ENTERING THE FRAME: is Beau, she glides through to the kitchen in the b.g. Opens the fridge and pulls out a few ingredients.

She prepares food on the counter. Atop this counter is the block of knives. She grabs a knife and holds it, studying.

Then begins to chop through. Each chop, bringing a growing irritation to Dad. Clearly distracted by the chopping.

CLOSE ON: the chopping of the meat.

BOSS (O.S.)

I'm starving to death here. Hurry up.

Beau, reverted back to a full bloodied and naked form, is cutting away with a happy humming. In a good mood or a humming to distract away from the exterior groans from Boss.

She cuts away at this MEAT that is Boss's severed penis. Cut all into cubed fine cuts.

She pours the fine cuts into a bowl and walks towards Boss, is sitting in the living room, again, full bloodied and naked. She presents him the bowl with a bow.

Boss shakes her away. She falls back a few paces and observes Boss eating the contents of the bowl.

BOSS

You've out-did yourself. This meat is the finest. Cooked to perfection. Makes me wonder... How much of a slacker you are in previous times.

BEAU

Yes.

Boss finishes the contents with a slurp and offers the bowl to Beau.

She reaches out to take the bowl. Boss grabs her arm and pulls her close, eye-level.

An unbroken silence as they stare at each other.

Boss releases his tongue - a fucking long tongue - purple, and extends towards Beau and licks from her chin to tip of her nose. She accepts the gracious gesture.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Boss releases his grip and Beau returns to the kitchen.

She sets the bowl down on the counter.

DAD (O.S.)

You okay, Beau?

Beau is back in her original state. She snaps out of a trance with the sound of her dad. She looks below as she's grasping the knife. She releases it. Looks towards Dad.

BEAU

Huh? Yes.

Dad's eyes wonder towards the knife in front of her on the counter. Clearly worried.

DAD

(inconspicuously)

What are you making?

Beau doesn't answer. She looks towards the knife. The severed cubed penis falls into sight. She gasps. Composes herself and looks up to her Dad.

BEAU

Oh. Preparing dinner.

DAD

What's on the menu?

BEAU

Chilli.

DAD

Can't wait. You know your mum used--

She slams the knife on the chopping board. Bites her tongue. Startling Dad.

DAD (CONT'D)
Everything okay, Beau?

BEAU
(Refraining)
Mhmm.

DAD
Beau. Talk to me. Is something
troubling you? You can tell me.

BEAU
Everything's fine! Just stop
treating me like a kid. Alright?

DAD
A kid? Beau--

BEAU
(Beau's inner voice)
Stop. Can I just cut your fucking
dick off in pieces!
(Aloud)
Stop. Can I just cut this fucking
meat off in peace!

Dad holds for a moment in silence, abstaining himself not
to cause further conflict. He brushes his draft papers and
walks out the room.

Beau continues to cut.

MUM (O.S.)
This is how you do it, Beau.

We see MUM is in the kitchen. A little Beau beside her -
about 4 in age - is watching on, struggling to see above
the counter as her mum demonstrates and teaches her the
process of this recipe.

She's cutting along the chopping board.

MUM
Perhaps one day, you'll be a
better cook than me. Do you want
to be?

LITTLE BEAU
Me love cooking.

MUM
You're just like your mum.

She ruffles Beau's hair. Little Beau watching on in
admiration.

MUM (CONT'D)
Dad thinks he can cook just as
well as mummy. Have you tried
daddy's food?

Little Beau nods.

MUM (CONT'D)
Not good is it?

Little Beau agrees.

MUM (CONT'D)
But we don't tell him it's not
good. Do you know why?

LITTLE BEAU
Because it hurt feeling?

MUM
Yes, so we pretend to like it. To
make him happy. Whatever you do
Beau, as you get older, be sure to
always make the kitchen yours.
Never let the man cook. If you do
that, you'll be depriving your
taste buds. Just make an excuse to
cook every time. We women fake a
lot to keep the men happy. To keep
the family happy.

LITTLE BEAU
Fake? What fake?

MUM
Perhaps when you're older, baby. I
will tell you more.

Mum finishes the preparation and tosses the food into the
oven.

Beau opens the oven, the steam whooshes out and she pulls
out the tray of food.

She prepares two dishes and fills each plate.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau and Dad are opposing each other, indulging on their
meal. The dig into their food like primitive animals.

DAD
Delicious, Beau. Almost as good as mine. Ha! I'm kidding. Of course it's better than mine.

Beau doesn't return any sign of amusement. She continues devouring through her plate.

DAD (CONT'D)
Well. Thank you, Beau.

Dad ushers to his feet and gives Beau a kiss on the forehead as he passes.

DAD (CONT'D)
You look just like your mother.

An uncomfortably long stare. Dad moves off.

We follow Dad through to his

OFFICE

Where his typewriter awaits him. Isolated, staring back, intimidating.

He sets himself in front of it and begins to type away.

We can see the words as he types: It's been a while since I've had some pussy.

FLASH CUT: Beau bent over the stump.

Back to the typewriter; Pussy is pussy, right? Oh, she wouldn't oppose?

He stops his typing. Twitching in his seat. He looks back towards the kitchen.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dad is walking through, silently and waits beyond Beau's door. He lowers his posture to view the keyhole in the door.

KEYHOLE = (-)

- Beau is undressing for bed. Almost completely naked.

Dad lowers his hand to his groin.

- Beau looks towards the doorway as she hears groans from beyond the door.

Dad's eyes widen as she approaches. But he endeavours with his act.

- Beau's hand reaches for the handle and pulls the door open.

She stands observing as Dad continues. FAP FAP FAP, rapidly increasing.

A smile appears across Beau's face. Then she returns to her bed and hops in beyond the covers. She gestures for Dad to join her.

Dad glides over as if hovering above the ground.

Beau winks; "come here, daddy". Dad stretches the widest smile with eyes filled with joy.

FLASH CUT: Two bunny rabbits going at it as fast as physically possible.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Dad is still typing then abruptly halts. We see the final words: thrusting harder and harder until the point of orgasmic climax. She loved every second.

He pulls the page, scrunches and tosses it over his shoulder.

INT. BEAU'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beau is reading her book in bed. Her hand lowers towards her groin.

A pleasurable moan.

She brings her hand back towards her face and licks the juices off her hand.

We hear as she reads;

BEAU (V.O.)

...The dead body only excited her more. The fact that she could do anything, anything! somewhat made her feel extremely naughty. She slid on top and tightly wrapped her limbs around the corpse. Twice she had done this. The first time, she remembered, was a confusing time.

(MORE)

BEAU (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She compared it to losing her
virginity - didn't know what to
do, didn't know what to expect,
only did. She thrust her tongue
inside the open mouth of the
corpse and began to drool
inside...

She abruptly stops at the sound of a groan outside of her door. She leaps from her bed and pulls her pyjamas on. Then walks to the door. She opens and peers out.

Nothing. She returns to her bed. She sets her book aside and closes her eyes.

INSERT: Her eyes.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Oh, daddy. Oh, daddy. Yes! Yes!
Yes!

A jumping spring accompanies each word in unison.

DAD (O.S.)
Yes. Call me daddy. I like that.

Sexual groans and moans.

Little Beau's eyes open with a gasp.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Little Beau is walking through the corridor clutching her teddy bear tight as she approaches the consistent bed spring sounds and groans in another room.

Little Beau approaches the door of which the sounds are originating. She pushes it open.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Little Beau and Dad are sitting across from each other, a full table of breakfast in between the two stand untouched. They are sitting in silence. Little Beau grasping her teddy looking distraught.

DAD
Beau, what were you doing out of
bed?

LITTLE BEAU
(Biting on teddy bear)
Nightmare.

DAD
What you saw... in my room, Beau.
It wasn't-- See, when a man
needs--

He catches his daughters innocent eyes looking on in
confusion. He reconsiders his words.

DAD (CONT'D)
You not hungry?

A faint shake of the head.

DAD (CONT'D)
You've got to eat, Beau. It's
pancakes. You love pancakes.

Dad places a pancake on her plate and gestures for her to
eat.

LITTLE BEAU
No! Me want mum's pancake!

DAD
It's I want-- Beau. Mum's--

LITTLE BEAU
Mum's pancake!

DAD
Mum's not here any more! Eat your
pancakes!

LITTLE BEAU
Me don't want bad pancake! They
smell and bad taste bud!

Little Beau storms off from the dining table back down the
corridor towards her room.

Dad sighs.

The piano begins to play in the background.

Dad turns, there's Mum playing it, teaching Little Beau the
keys.

MUM
Good. Good. Now let's see if you
can do it all on your own.

Little Beau takes over the entire piano as Mum slides over the seat and watches on.

Little Beau plays well. Mum watches. A tear falls from her eye. She braves a smile through her tears.

LITTLE BEAU
Why you cry, mummy?

Mum wipes away the tears. Smiles at her.

MUM
Tears of joy, baby.

They're not.

MUM (CONT'D)
You're so beautiful.

She strokes her cheek as she plays.

Dad enters the frame. Mum sees him. Dad and Mum exchange glances.

MUM (CONT'D)
(To Dad)
She's gifted.

DAD
Of course she is. She's yours.

Further tears fall from Mum's face. Dad rushes to comfort. Dad holds Mum in his arms tightly, as he does Mum squeezes her emotions out.

MUM
My poor baby. I don't want to
leave her-- You-- This.

DAD
Everything's going to be okay.
You're not leaving anybody.
Whatever the doctor said-- It's
bullshit. I know you're going to
beat this.

Mum weeps into Dad's arms as Little Beau plays out the final few notes and we fall to silence.

FADE TO BLACK:

The distinct tweeting of a bird. Then the fluttering of their wings as they take off.

INT. BEAU'S ROOM - DAY

Beau is gazing out of her window. Looking at the mountains scattered with snow.

She's smiling.

BEAU
(To herself)
Thanks for coming.

OUTSIDE
Dad is walking. Beau watches from her window.

MOUNTAIN PEAK
Dad has hiked to the top of this mountain. He embraces the view, below we can see the small wooden figure that is the shack.

He inhales deeply.

DAD
You smell good. You always do...
13 years, damn. Feels like a
lifetime, it really does. Anyway,
sorry I haven't been visiting much
I uh-- Well you know... You know
me, always keeping myself busy.
Beau's doing fine. Just fine.
Don't know if she regularly visits
you but uh-- I'm sure she has her
ways to talk to you. Well, I'll be
in touch. Leave you in peace. You
deserve it.

Dad peers over the edge, dangerously close. Below a steep fall.

DAD (CONT'D)
What if...?

He edges close, holds out his arms and closes his eyes.

He inhales again deep.

The heartbeat thumping through his chest. BOOM BOOM BOOM.

He exhales.

We close on his eyes - an ominous ringing sound; sharp and penetrating.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIREPLACE

Bloodied Beau holds a long key on the piano.

A fierce slap across her key-playing hand. Boss is beside her.

BOSS
That's not it!

She retracts her hand.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Again.

Beau returns to play the keys.

He slaps her hand again.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Do you want your hands?!

BEAU
Yes.

BOSS
Don't drag the key too long!
Again.

Beau endeavours.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Better.

FRONT DOOR
Dad enters the shack. Beau is at
the piano.

DAD
Just been up to see your mum. You
know its--

Beau abruptly halts her piano.

BEAU
-I know.

DAD
When was the last time--

BEAU
-I've seen her today. She came to
me.

DAD
Yeah?

BEAU
Yeah.

DAD
What you doing? Just playing the
piano?

Dad approaches Beau. Her back to him. His hand reaching out for her neck. He pauses.

DAD (CONT'D)
From behind. You look just like
your...

Beau twists her head with a pivot and looks at Dad.

BEAU
(Seductive)
Play with me, daddy.

Dad's eyes widen. Drool from his mouth. His breaks his trance-like state with a shake of the head.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Do you want to play the piano,
dad?

DAD
No, no. You go on. I prefer your
mellow keys.

Dad places his hand on the shoulders of Beau, gently. His hand fiddling with fractions of her hair beside her neck.

Dad inhales deep. Closes his eyes.

INT. STAGE ROOM - (DAD'S IMAGINATION) - CONTINUOUS

The piano continues playing over.

A stage spotlight illuminates a small, empty plank stage. Beyond the stage is curtains.

The piano stops.

A naked leg with a garter and high heels on pokes out from behind the curtains.

A laugh track is heard from beyond the stage area.

The spotlight fixes on the leg. The other leg joins the show. Revealing from behind the curtains, a torso-less body. Just a pair of legs are now dancing onstage to the laughter followed by a rapturous applause upon completion of the act by the unseen audience(?).

DAD (V.O.)

Do I just take it? No. Yes. No.
Yes. No. Yes. Yes. Yes. It's mine.
I made it. Why not? You catch her
looking at you like that. She's
thought about it. Yes she has. Is
she a virgin? Oh, what a thought.
More incentive for me. Only I
shall take it. It's mine to take.
But how?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Dad is typing away. Inspired.

INT. BEAU'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cold moonlight shines in from the only window in the room.

Beau is reading.

There's a knock at the door.

BEAU

Come in.

The door creaks open. Dad enters.

DAD

(Clears throat)

Beau. Been working on some new
material.

Beau gestures no interest and continues to read. However she musters up;

BEAU

Cool.

DAD

I could use some constructive
criticism-- Or any criticism for
that matter.

Beau lowers her book to view Dad.

BEAU
I'm reading at the moment.

DAD
I'd really appreciate if you could.

BEAU
What is it about?

DAD
It'd certainly be better if you went in bare.

BEAU
Fine. What happens in it?

DAD
A surprise. I mean, if you like it, then I think it would really work out. Your input would be divine.

BEAU
Could you give me a few minutes to finish up this book? Then you will garter my attention.

DAD
Garter?

BEAU
Garter.

They share a long unbroken eye-contact.

Dad exits.

Beau returns to her book.

BEAU(V.O.)
(Reading)
...the catalyst for change, so they say, eluded her conscious thought. But she knew there was something, however deeply buried down into her sub-subconscious it may be. She knew. The real urge for the action. She felt her body itching towards it. And if indeed, her mind was preparing her for the instance, she felt prepared enough to take action now.
(MORE)

BEAU(V.O.) (CONT'D)
Having pondered all the possibilities; the ups and downs; the pros and cons - she felt it was time. Folly! folly! folly! the word came to her again. He wouldn't suspect a thing. It was time for action.

Beau snaps her book closed. Wanders towards her desk and prepares herself suitably. Applying lip-stick and spraying herself.

She begins to hum along as she brushes her hair. An unbroken stare through the mirror. A mesmerized state.

Then she strips to her underwear, throws on a silk robe.

INT. DAD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dad waits. A glass of whiskey rests in one hand. The other hand;

Holding the stacked paper files neatly upon his lap.

The sole word/title: "Beau" on a blank piece at the top of the pile.

Beau appears beside the door frame.

BEAU
Knock-knock, daddy.

Dad gulps upon entry.

She smoothly glides through the room, hovering-like and rests her exposed torso inches from Dad's face.

Dad stares at her mid-drift. Her pure, unscathed, delicate skin.

Beau lowers her hand to his lap.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Is this it?

Dad trembles. Nods. Then finishes his glass.

She grabs the papers from his lap. Then sets herself upon his lap as a replacement.

She peers towards him. Dad is unmoved.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Just like old times.

Dad begins to fidget, slightly. Sweat begins to trickle down from his forehead.

Beau sets her eyes on the title.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Me? I wonder.

She peels open the first page and skims through. She looks back to Dad. Sweating profusely. He's shaking. In a terrible dismay.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Are you comfortable like this? Or
would a different position be more
accommodating?

Beau winks.

Dad is drooling, his eyes rolling backwards. Clutching his chest. A thumping heart beat.

BEAU (CONT'D)
You're sweating. Let's take this
off.

Beau rips his shirt. The buttons give at the force and fling in all directions. He's in a pool of his own sweat. He falls backwards on his chair to the ground. Unable to react. His muscles twitching, his body in full spasm.

DAD
B-B-BE-BEAU. B-B-BE--

Beau stands above him, still reading the papers.

BEAU
Yes. You can take it from me. It
is yours.

Dad's body comes to a rest. The loud thumping has died down to a halt. His body still resting on the ground.

Beau drops the papers, scattering them everywhere.

She kneels to the ground. Places her head against the chest of Dad. Nothing. Dad's cold eye's are reverted back in sight, but undoubtedly vacant. A dead stare.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Yes. I'd like for you to see
everything.

INT. STAGE ROOM - (BEAU'S IMAGINATION)- CONTINUOUS

The performing legs have sprouted it's limb counterparts. A headless body now stands dancing to the amused audience.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIREPLACE - CONTINUOUS

Beau is dragging Dad's potato bag through from his legs.

She sets him down beside the fireplace.

BEAU
I know you've had burning wood for
some time.

Beau slides off her underwear, leaving the silk robe on.

Beau rolls on top of Dad.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Is this how you imagined it would
be?

She bounces on top.

BEAU (CONT'D)
My warmth. Your... What is the
word? Unwarmth.

Rhythmic bounces. She hums along.

She closes her eyes. A thumping heartbeat rising.

Dad is regaining consciousness.

The thrusting, faster. Beau moans.

FLASH CUT: A cow's udder.

More thrusting.

FLASH CUT: The cow juice squeezed from the udder.

Dad now fully conscious. Groans. Beau's moaning in unison.

Dad's revived.

The burning fire beside them is now beginning to ease out slowly.

INT. STAGE ROOM - (BEAU'S AND DAD'S IMAGINATION) -
CONTINUOUS

The full form of the dancing lady is now in full show. We can not see it is MUM dancing. To the unseen audience who cheer on.

She is smiling, happy. The crowd applaud. She bows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIREPLACE - CONTINUOUS

A heavy panting fills the room as they both lay beside each other. Close but distant.

The fire slowly dies out, leaving the soft orange glow momentarily lingering. As the fire eventual fades out, so do we.

THE END