

Come Play

By

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1

INT. SITTING ROOM. DUSK.

1

JEFFREY (50s), a baggy brown suit jacket and trousers, walks up to the far right an elegant, open plan sitting room, floor to ceiling glass windows at the far end of the black and red decorated walls, a black leather sofa in the centre.

In the far right corner, against the window and adjacent wall, a record player, on a small metal table. Below are a series of records, stacked neatly.

He crouches down by the records, tracing his fingers across the covers, picking one, slipping the record out the sleeve, putting it on the turn-table, flipping a switch, moving the tone-arm into place and letting it rest.

Introduction - Rite of Spring - Igor Stravinsky -

- begins to play.

Jeffrey stands, moving a few feet over to his left, in front of the window, his hand steadying himself on the side of the metal table. The sun sets across his silhouette, metropolis lights dancing through the window from never-ending towering skyscrapers.

2

INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

2

Jeffrey and GLENN (50s) sit on the black, leather sofa, she just to her left of middle, legs crossed, a tight knee length dark grey suit skirt, a slit up the side. He on the other side, leaning an elbow on the sofa arm, legs spread wide, tight against his thighs. Same dull browns.

DAKOTA (20s) stands in front of them, a few metres back, toward the windows, in fitting black jeans, a loose grey top, short black pixie hair, a string of silver hoops on her left ear, a hour glass tattoo combing the side of her neck, disappearing beneath her shirt.

The flickering lights of the moving city dance across her back. Jeffrey studies her.

Glenn flicks open a silver holder on the sofa arm, taking out a cigarette and lighting it with a silver zippo lighter, GJ stamped in.

GLENN

Are you comfortable?

Dakota nods as Glenn takes a large drag. She breathes out the smoke. Jeffrey's fingers wrap on his sofa arm. She claps the cigarette holder shut.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Are you wearing anything  
underneath?

DAKOTA  
Yes.

Glenn watches her, tilting her head as Dakota crosses her arms and takes off her top, a black bra, another tattoo of a warped clock face above her hip.

Glenn takes another drag. Dakota looks between the two, bending down and going to take her shoes off.

JEFFREY  
No.

Dakota looks at Jeffrey and slowly lowers her leg.

He pulls a weak smile.

JEFFREY  
Those are fine.

Dakota begins to unbutton her jeans. Jeffrey shifts in his seat, Glenn takes another drag, a smile starting across her face.

Dakota pulls down and removes her jeans, standing there in black bra and black pants, looking down at the floor.

(O.S) A siren flashes past, briefly distracting Dakota, her back changing from blue to red, and back, gradually replaced with the dancing whites and neons.

GLENN  
You exercise.

Dakota looks up at her.

DAKOTA  
Yes.

Glenn scoffs.

GLENN  
It wasn't a question.

She puts the cigarette out on the silver holder. Jeffrey pulls his hand from wrapping on the sofa arm.

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY  
Please turn round.

He smiles at Dakota, who has turned to him.

She pauses, breathes out and slowly turns around. The street lights dash across her face as she looks around the view outside the glass, her eyes darting across the scene.

Jeffrey studies the back of Dakota, Glenn turns to him.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Glenn's eyebrows rise as Dakota comes back round to face them, Jeffrey smiling at her.

Glenn stands up and walks over to a dark red, fibre-glass cabinet against the wall closest to her, opening the double doors. She takes out a needle attached to a glass vial, walking over to Dakota.

GLENN  
Hold out your arm, darling.

Dakota looks down at the needle and then to Glenn, who sighs.

DAKOTA  
You are clever enough to work out  
why...right?

Dakota looks back to the needle, nodding. She twists her arm, holding it out, elbow bent in. Glenn proceeds to push the needle into Dakota's skin. Jeffrey watches on.

The vial fills up with blood, sloshing to the top. Glenn removes the needle and goes back to the cabinet. Dakota lowers her arm as blood trickles down towards her wrist.

Glenn places the vial into a small holder, three other blood filled vials next to it. She closes the cabinet.

3 INT. GLASS CUBE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY.

3

A glass cube sub office, in a large windowed space, thirty floors up.

Dakota sits in a chair, buttoned up shirt, a few feet back from a bare table, a laptop, a neat stack of files, behind which sits Jeffrey.

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY

Why do you want to work here?

Dakota shuffles in her seat, thinking.

JEFFREY

You have come here today...

DAKOTA

No, this is an unique company-

JEFFREY

Unique. There are hundreds of  
defence contractors.

DAKOTA

I would call your decade long  
government contracts unique. A  
distinct lack of reset  
accountability.

JEFFREY

Now we've started.

Jeffrey smiles.

JEFFREY

We are accountable. If our vehicles  
failed to stop a barrage of  
bullets, that couldn't, and  
wouldn't, be kept from the public.

DAKOTA

Ok, financial accountability. A  
guarantee as to what you actually  
develop, for who and at what cost.

JEFFREY

Whom.

Dakota looks at him.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

As a designer, would you develop?

DAKOTA

Depends what was expected of me. I  
would tend to stick to my remit,  
given-

JEFFREY

-not a free thinker?

( CONTINUED )

DAKOTA

I'm enough of one to know how to keep a well paid job.

JEFFREY

This isn't some vicious company developing chemical weapons for shady clients. You want to whole spiel, war being a factor of human existence? It doesn't matter. We supply this country's military with the support they need. It's fairly simple. From our perspective. And the countries. The ethics and/or morals are beside this company existence.

DAKOTA

Just this country's military? In how many countries do you own factories?

Jeffrey smiles.

JEFFREY

There are not many interviewees who would argue that..any line.

Dakota shrugs.

DAKOTA

Just playing devil's advocate to an interesting topic.

JEFFREY

I know where you get it from too. I value opinions, highly. But what happens when you reach a moral quandary? Inevitably.

DAKOTA

Don't have the time. I can be that selfish, and removed.

Jeffrey stares at her. Dakota realises what she said.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Huntington's.

Jeffrey goes through some papers on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY

Marla didn't say. You are...

DAKOTA

Twenty Seven.

JEFFREY

And...

DAKOTA

Early forties. Maybe ten years.

Jeffrey nods, continuing to shuffle.

JEFFREY

Wasn't going to be the question  
but...thank you. So this will be  
a...ten year tenure?

DAKOTA

If you'll have me...

Jeffrey looks to her and smiles. He reaches into a drawer beside and takes out a few-sheet contract and a pen, sliding them over to Dakota.

JEFFREY

Nothing special. Read through. Then  
sign.

She looks at the contract, pulling it toward her and starting to read.

4 INT. RESTAURANT ABARTH. NIGHT.

4

Dakota, dark t-shirt, jeans, sits in a small, red leather booth, opposite MARLA (50s), tight short brown hair, a dark green dress suit.

A dim, dark restaurant, spotlights over the tables.

MARLA

We raised four hundred thousand,  
all through Clarence, that sneaky  
bastard. We'll be expanding right  
through the valley, there'll be  
room for around seventy further  
patrons.

DAKOTA

What about Graeme's farm?

(CONTINUED)

MARLA

Oh, he lost it. We sued for...noise complaints.

DAKOTA

You forced them out because of what, noise?

MARLA

The cows, Dakota. Constantly mooing. Hideous.

Marla takes out a herbal cigarette, brown paper, from her handbag beside her, lighting it. Dakota watches her.

DAKOTA

How is Clarence?

MARLA

Oh, he is such a wonderful man. You know he personally funds several seminaries and orphanages throughout Foxneck.

DAKOTA

He likes those orphanages a bit too much...

MARLA

Dakota.

DAKOTA

If I had been...I dunno, a more stupid child....

MARLA

This is totally unness-

A waiter comes up.

WAITER

May I take your order?

Marla sighs.

MARLA

Thank god, yes, finally. Martini. Two olives.

WAITER

Very good.

( CONTINUED )



MARLA  
No, three.

DAKOTA  
Heavy day?

Marla stares at her.

The waiter nods, turning to Dakota.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
Ummmm...Sex on the beach.

MARLA  
Dakota.  
(to the waiter)  
I'm so sorry.

WAITER  
It's nothing madame. I'll be right  
back.

MARLA  
And a tray!

She gestures her cigarette. The waiter nods and backs away.

MARLA  
Do you actually want a...because I  
will not be coerced into an  
embarrassed exit, Dakota.

Dakota scoffs.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
So, how did it go?

DAKOTA  
Yeah, fine.

Marla looks at Dakota.

MARLA  
Fine.

DAKOTA  
Fine.

MARLA  
Dakota, you know what time-

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

Don't. Do not. I'm going to do this my way.

Marla sighs.

MARLA

Honey-

DAKOTA

Yes, you've already said multiple times. Ok? So, can we...?

She gestures around the room.

MARLA

And I was. Be asking how it went?

DAKOTA

I mean it was an interview. Some tricky questions. Some...not tricky questions. It's already happened...how's dad?

MARLA

That's better. See, you can do it, if only you'd try. How's Jeffrey?

DAKOTA

How's dad?

MARLA

Hmmm...where are those drinks? Did you send my love? To Jeffrey?

DAKOTA

What is it that you think ignoring the question will do?

MARLA

Stop us talking about it, dear. You have conversational boundaries, why can't I from time to time? Ah...

The waiter has come back with the drinks, placing them in front of Marla and Dakota.

Marla waves away the waiter and takes a long sip from her martini. Dakota tuts as she stirs her cocktail.

DAKOTA

...time to time...

(CONTINUED)

MARLA

Dakota.

5

INT. GRENDDEL THEATRE. DAY.

5

Glenn stands on a half dressed stage, a chaise longue centred, a few empty golden frames stacked against the back wall.

She wears all black, a single spotlight on her.

GLENN

I was once a great..there was  
nothing I didn't achieve...really?  
There was quite a lot  
left...unachieved, no?

EDWARD (60s), a fat, green suited theatre director, sits in the stalls, feet up on the chair back in front, papers sprawled across his legs, pencil turning through his fingers.

EDWARD

It's not literal, Glenn. It's your  
perspective of yourself.

GLENN

Yes, thank you for that. But why  
are we including this? Honestly?  
It's crap.

Edward takes down his legs and stands, edging along, rocking each seat as he passes, toward the aisle.

EDWARD

Glenn, theatre is about challenging  
the concepts of reality. The  
realities of-

GLENN

-Edward, I'm not going to do this  
with you if you're going to be a  
cunt about it.

Edward stops before reaching the aisle, pauses and then starts shuffling back to his original seat.

EDWARD

Very well, darling, over to you.

Glenn resets herself and begins to speak but stops, sighing.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

I cannot stand this...we need to  
change this.

6

INT. FAWLTY'S BAR. NIGHT.

6

Glenn and Edward sit in a dark green leather booth towards  
the back of a thin, dark and dusty, underused bar. Both have  
whiskey tumblers, close to empty, Edward twirling.

EDWARD

I hate loving what I do. At this  
age.

GLENN

Do shut up. You're a lucky son of a  
bitch. You got me to do your  
fucking plays.

EDWARD

And without you darling...just  
imagine.

GLENN

Even I can reach the pinnacle of  
ego massaging, I don't need your  
praise.

EDWARD

Never.

He drinks his whiskey.

EDWARD

Do you really think my writing is  
that bad?

GLENN

There's a limit to what I'll allow  
out of my mouth in public. Or in it  
for that matter, so it can't be  
that bad. You need to make it work  
in the context. Or just stick to  
the original script. It's not as if  
I would afraid to tell you.

She howls with laughter, he smiles into his drink.

Glenn picks up her tumbler, studying black & white photos  
plastered to the wall above the booth, dancers, musicians,  
people looking moodily in profile.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN (CONT'D)

I really do miss the lavish sets.  
The sixteen hour rush.

EDWARD

C'est la vie.

GLENN

French, really? Let's not lower the  
tone. And no, it's not. I think I  
want to go back to it.

EDWARD

Let's not have this conversation  
again. Go talk to someone, use your  
contacts-

GLENN

I am talking to someone.

EDWARD

A faggot director of a shitty  
theatre that commands middling  
audiences?

GLENN

Yes. My faggot director. I'm going  
to talk to Jeffrey. I can finance  
something on my own.

Edward looks at her.

GLENN (CONT'D)

What?

EDWARD

...nothing. Didn't know you had a  
project.

GLENN

I have many, darling, many. There's  
much to achieve.

Edward smiles and finishes his whiskey.

EDWARD

I'm not going to indulge  
you...again.  
(gesturing to her tumbler)  
Another?

Glenn nods and downs her drink. Edward grabs both glasses  
and walks off towards the bar, leaving Glenn sitting back,  
looking through the old photos.

7 INT. SITTING ROOM. DUSK. 7

Jeffrey stands by the record player. He lifts the tone-arm into place, moving to his left, standing in front of the windows.

Augurs of Spring - Rite of Spring - Igor Stravinsky -  
- begins to play.

8 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 8

Glenn and Jeffrey sit in the same positions on the black leather sofa.

MILES (20s) stands in front of them, in ripped blue jeans, loose white cotton shirt. The large glass windows, the flickering lights on his back.

Jeffrey studies him. Glenn takes a cigarette and lights it.

GLENN  
How big is your cock?

Miles stutters a swallow.

MILES  
Yeah...um-

GLENN  
-what? Yeah?

MILES  
No I mean that-

Glenn sighs as she breathes out smoke.

GLENN  
Just undress.

Jeffrey looks over to Glenn who is staring at Miles. He turns to Miles and nods.

Miles looks between them, starting to take off his top.

Glenn takes a drag. Miles is slim, well built. Jeffrey smiles and crosses a leg over the other, matching Glenn.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Keep going.

Miles looks from Jeffrey to Glenn, unbuttoning his trousers and pulling them down. He stands there in black boxers, trying to find a comfortable position.

(CONTINUED)

Glenn raises an eyebrow.

Miles notices, swallowing and taking off his boxers.

He stands there, arms by his side, eyes darting around the room. Jeffrey smiles, Glenn stares, smoking away.

Jeffrey stands up and walks over to another red cabinet, on his side mirroring Glenn's, opening the double doors. He takes out a needle attached to a glass vial, walking over to Miles.

JEFFREY  
Hold out your arm.

Miles looks down at the needle and back up to Jeffrey. He retreats his arm slightly behind his back. Jeffrey's eyebrows rise.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
You did read the attached  
requirements?

He turns to Glenn.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
You did tell him...?

Glenn nods. He turns back to Miles.

Miles slowly nods, pausing, before holding out his arm, elbow bent in. Jeffrey punctures Miles' skin with the needle.

As the vial fills up with blood, Glenn stands, dropping her cigarette onto the floor, crushing it with her high heel black boot.

She comes in front of Miles as the blood reaches the vial's top, Jeffrey removing the needle and walking back to the cabinet.

She grabs hold of Miles' penis, he stumbling on his feet. Their eyes meet.

Jeffrey places the vial into a small holder, other vials empty, un-marked. He closes the cabinet and sits back down on the sofa.

Miles lowers his arm as blood trickles down towards his wrist, Glenn maintaining eye contact, still holding his penis. She turns it over in her hand, letting it rest across her palm. She smiles, gently sliding her hand away and walking back to the sofa. Miles looks down at his penis.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Please turn round.

She sits down, shuffling into comfort. Miles looks at Glenn, then to Jeffrey, then back down at his penis.

He resets his legs, pauses briefly, then slowly turns around. The street lights light up his face and chest as he looks around the view out the glass.

JEFFREY

Why did you agree to this?

GLENN

Not now.

Jeffrey turns to her.

JEFFREY

Please answer.

Miles swallows, looking across the windowed view.

MILES

I've been placed on a certain trajectory, throughout my life, that wasn't...what I wanted...within my control.

GLENN

What an attractive quality. Unable to control your-

Jeffrey stares at Glenn, who stops, shrugging at him.

GLENN (CONT'D)

It's true.

MILES

I control...I do control my life.

JEFFREY

So you're lashing out? You hate the patriarchy-

MILES

Matriarchy. Personal Matriarchy.

Glenn smiles. Miles start to turn back round.

JEFFREY

No.

Miles pauses and resets himself facing the windows.

(CONTINUED)



GLENN

So you want to enter another woman  
dominated relationship?

MILES

I...want something different.  
Experience something different.

Glenn turns to Jeffrey.

GLENN

I like him.

She turns back to looks at Miles's back.

GLENN (CONT'D)

A lot.

JEFFREY

Good.

Glenn takes another cigarette and lights it, studying Miles.

9

INT. GRENDDEL THEATRE. DAY.

9

Glenn and Edward sit in the stalls, rough broken red covered  
seats, her feet up on the back in front, two black stilettos  
piercing the air. Edward holds several sheets of paper,  
shuffling and attempting to organise them, loudly.

Glenn looks over to Edward, down at the papers. She tuts,  
grabbing and ripping them from his hand and stuffing them  
down on the seat next to her.

Edward smiles and stumbles.

EDWARD

Ok...hmm...go ahead.

Miles stands on the stage, single spotlight, wearing all  
black.

MILES

Well, I had no pressing engagement,  
and she'd mentioned something to  
drink...sometimes it's interesting  
to see just how bad bad writing can  
be. This promised to go the limit.  
I wondered what a handwriting  
expert would make of that childish  
scrawl of hers.

Glenn is drawn into Miles. She watches him talk.

(CONTINUED)

MILES (CONT'D)  
Max wheeled in some champagne and  
some-

GLENN  
-Edward...

Edward snaps out of his own entrancement with Miles.

EDWARD  
...yes, very good. Miles, is it?

MILES  
Yep.

EDWARD  
Thank you Miles, that's all we need  
to see.

Miles smiles, slightly bows and starts to walk off stage.  
Edward turns to Glenn.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
What is it?

GLENN  
He's good...

Her gaze doesn't leave Miles. Edward sighs and tuts.

EDWARD  
He's auditioning for this, not for  
you.

GLENN  
Jealous, darling?

Glenn sweeps her feet off the row of chairs in front.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
I will...actually, won't be back.

She squeezes past Edward and off up the aisle towards to  
stage. Edward's head falls into his hands.

10 INT. GRENDDEL THEATRE BACK STAGE. DAY.

10

GLENN  
You.

Miles stops and turns. Glenn comes up to him. She holds out  
a hand. A dark, tight hallwayed back stage.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN (CONT'D)

Glenn.

Miles looks at her hand, then remembers to offer his.

MILES

Miles...thank you for giving me-

GLENN

Do you drink?

MILES

Ummm...yes.

GLENN

Good, follow me.

Glenn sweeps past him and down the hallway, further back stage. Miles checks around him before following.

She stops and turns, he slams to a halt.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Learn to speak with conviction.

Umm's are for cunts.

She smiles at him, then turns back and resumes walking. His eyebrows are up and starts to puppy-follow.

11 INT. GLASS OFFICE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY.

11

Jeffrey walks up to the door of the glass cube, opening it, letting Dakota out ahead of him.

Dakota waits as Jeffrey re-passes her, leading her up to the rows of white tables lined against the glass windowed walls, laptops and people in ergonomically impressive chairs.

JEFFREY

This is our design department.

You'll be working with Horatio.

Dakota scoffs but quickly blanks her face, as HORATIO (40s) spins round in his chair to face her.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Horatio.

Dakota holds out her hand.

DAKOTA

Dakota.

(CONTINUED)

Horatio looks from her hand to Jeffrey, who turns and smiles at Dakota, who smiles back, retrieving her hand. Horatio tuts and spins back to his laptop.

Jeffrey leads Dakota along to another row of laptops and people.

JEFFREY

Mandy. Our Head Animator.

A small blonde woman spins in her chair, waving without stopping, all the way back round to her laptop. Jeffrey points along the table.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Got James up there at the end. Does something clever with colour. Head of Colour. Something. And this is you.

They have reached final white table, fewer laptops spaced out across the top, only one person sitting at the far end.

Jeffrey comes round to a chair closest to the glass right angle in the corner.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

This...

He gestures directly opposite.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

...is Bart.

BART (20s), chubby, t-shirt and tracksuit, pulls out some headphones and smiles widely at Dakota.

JEFFREY

You're a two man team, he'll let you know how projects run, how we run, details etc. Happy?

DAKOTA

Yes, happy. Two person team.

Jeffrey turns to Dakota.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Hmmmm...two man team.

He smiles at her.

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY  
Have a good day.

He turns and walks off back down the rows of tables.

BART  
Hey, Bart.

DAKOTA  
Dakota.

BART  
Huh...Johnson.

Dakota stares at him.

BART (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

DAKOTA  
Big fan of middle aged porn verse,  
Simpson?

BART  
It just...sorry, I just watched it.  
Check this out.

Bart spins his laptop around to show a partially coloured  
military SUV.

DAKOTA  
What?

BART  
Cool, isn't it?

Dakota studies the design.

DAKOTA  
Is this what we working on?

BART  
Yeah, I mean, you can start on this  
if you want.

Bart furiously types, the laptop facing Dakota pinging and  
an information box pops up. She double clicks on it, opening  
a programme with the blue print outlines of a small fighter  
jet.

DAKOTA  
Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

BART

Yeah, how fucking cool is that?

He smiles at her before going back to his laptop.

Dakota looks up and around the office, scoffing. She notices Jeffrey, back in his cube, sitting at his desk.

DAKOTA

What do you think of Jeffrey?

Bart looks up and around to the cube, then back to Dakota.

BART

He like's his work. But...he like  
only talks when he's in the mood.  
It's weird. You'll just used to  
him.

He puts his headphones in and goes back to his laptop.  
Dakota continues watching Jeffrey as she sits.

12 INT. GLASS CUBE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY. 12

Jeffrey picks up a silver phone on his desk and punches in a number. After a pause, his face reacts.

JEFFREY

I think I've found someone...

He turns and looks to Dakota at the far end of the office space.

13 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 13

Glenn sits on the black sofa, looking out the windows. A blank piece of paper atop a red leather binder sit on her legs. She holds a mont blanc fountain pen between her fingers, hand up, twisting. She studies the lights coming through the window, flashing across the floor.

After a pause, she puts pen to paper and begins to write, scratching away:

"I would like to thank you for  
coming"

14 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 14

Glenn and Jeffrey sit on the sofa, same positions. Dakota turns back round to face them.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA  
(gesturing to her pants)  
Do you need me to-

JEFFREY  
-no, we can see.

Glenn takes a drag.

GLENN  
Not unless you have a cock,  
darling. Vaginal size...

She turns to Jeffrey.

GLENN  
...is irrelevant?

Dakota smiles, looking down nervously. Jeffrey shakes his head.

JEFFREY  
Any questions for us?

The small stream of blood continues down Dakota's arm.

DAKOTA  
In terms of...payment, keeping  
things separate from...

She gestures to Jeffrey.

JEFFREY  
You imagine I would have these  
payments on company books? A public  
company?

DAKOTA  
Sorry, I just...

GLENN  
It's only money but that was  
particularly thick question. You  
will be paid, each week, unlinked  
to your death machines.

Jeffrey looks at Glenn, who smiling at Dakota.

DAKOTA  
Is there something that we can go  
through-

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY

-you will get into it, stage by stage.

Both Glenn and Jeffrey smile at Dakota.

GLENN

Relax. And embrace it. You can always leave.

15 INT. ARCH LEFT BAR. NIGHT.

15

Miles sits at a corner table opposite JAIME (20s), in a green strap top. Wooden chairs, small round wooden tables are messily placed around them. Loud acoustic guitars, obnoxious; drinks in jars, annoying.

They both stare at each other, Miles hopeful, Jaime concerned. He goes for his drink, Jaime's eyes shoot down to his hand, Miles notices and slowly withdraws, rolling his eyes. She stares back up at him.

A man-bunned waiter comes over, Jaime flicks her hand without looking from Miles, the waiter diverts from the table at the last minute.

Miles goes to speak, but pauses, stuttering.

JAIME

You're a cunt.

Miles looks surprised.

MILES

All I did was tell you...

JAIME

How can you not know exactly what it entails?

MILES

They didn't say. I mean, I showed you...and told you what they said.

Jaime grabs her drink and takes a large gulp.

JAIME

And what should I do, while your frolicking around with two fucking vampires?

(CONTINUED)



MILES

I never said I was going to do it...

JAIME

Are you serious? I know you, Miles.

MILES

This isn't even like me. And yes, I just told you because-

Jaime looks at him, slamming down her drink, stopping him speaking.

JAIME

Why did you even tell me?

MILES

We're going out...it's a fuck load of money that-

JAIME

-yes, it is a fuck load of money but I'm not letting you twist this.

MILES

I told you, what I thought...like...it's a future thing-

JAIME

What future do you imagine, Miles? Honestly? You are such an idiot sometimes.

Miles looks down.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Actually, don't bother. It's just...why did I ever entertain this? Why do I entertain you? I don't know why I even still see you.

MILES

Jaime...

She downs her drink and stands.

JAIME

Downward spiral.

She makes a downward spiral with her hand.

(CONTINUED)

JAIME (CONT'D)  
Downward fucking spiral, Miles.  
You've always let people treat you  
like shit. Go home to mommy Inés.

She turns and walks off into the crowd by the bar. Miles  
slips down in his seat.

A man sitting behind, on a stool by the wall spins round and  
sits in Jaime's empty chair. Miles looks at him and picks up  
his drink. JIMMY (30s), sits in front of him, tattered  
hoodie, hood up.

JIMMY  
You are an idiot sometimes.

MILES  
Fuck off.

JIMMY  
This opens up an opportunity  
though.

Miles finishes his drink and puts in on the table.

MILES  
I'm not...leave me alone. I don't  
even know why I asked you here.

JIMMY  
Emotional support. I literally am  
your punching bag  
of...for...emotions?

Miles scoffs.

16 INT. SITTING ROOM. DUSK. 16

Jeffrey stands by the record player.

Spring Rounds - Rite of Spring - Igor Stravinsky -  
- begins to play.

17 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 17

Dakota has finished putting her clothes back on. Jeffrey  
stands up from the sofa and walks behind, toward an open  
plan kitchen, next to entrance hall with silver elevator  
doors. He goes off down a hallway on the right.

Glenn stands and gestures Dakota into a doorway in the wall,  
just down from Jeffrey's record player, on his side of the  
sofa.

18 INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

18

A contract and mont blanc fountain pen lie on a round black table in the similarly darkly decorated box room. Four white chalked 'X's in the middle of each wall.

Glenn comes over, picking up the pen, handing it toward Dakota, who is following slowly behind.

GLENN

Non-disclosure. That's all.

Dakota comes over, past the pen and Glenn, studying the contract. She reads through it. Glenn stands there, pen still offered, expectant, eyebrows raised.

DAKOTA

...denial rights?

GLENN

What did you expect? Never signed one before?

Dakota looks back to the piece of paper.

GLENN (CONT'D)

It's a contingency. I should think the financial...rewards will be binding enough.

Dakota turns, they stare at each other. She holds out her hand for the pen. Glenn smiles and gives it to her. Dakota signs the contract, slamming the pen down when finished.

19 EXT. MINNOW STREET. NIGHT.

19

Dakota walks along the road, black hoodie; hood up, tucking herself in, giving other passers-by a wide berth.

She watches a couple pass, holding their young daughters hands between them. She looks at a business woman getting into a taxi. She sees two mates laughing with beers outside a pub. She looks to the floor, confused.

Coming up to a cash machine, she places in her card and punches commands into the pad.

She reaches a page and stares at it.

BALANCE: \$XXXXXX (Blurred)

She smiles, then concern, unsure what to think. She turns back down the road, the back of the couple with their kid, swinging her up and back as they walk.

20

EXT. ESTRA STREET. DAY.

20

Jaime walks fast down a tree-lined residential street, Miles following behind.

MILES  
Please slow down.

Jaime keeps walking.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Jaime.

Jaime stops and spins.

JAIME  
Miles.

Miles stutters to speak.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
Speak.

MILES  
We need to talk about this-

JAIME  
-no, you want to talk about this.

MILES  
It's quite a big deal.

JAIME  
For you.

Miles looks at her. Jaime sighs.

JAIME  
Just...come in.

She gestures over to a small red brick flat block and walks over, up the black metal railing stairs outside. Miles follows, trudging up the stairs.

21

INT. JAIME'S STUDIO. DAY.

21

Jaime slides a mug of coffee over to Miles, both standing either side of a counter island marking out the kitchen from the rest of the small, one room studio.

JAIME  
Look, even if it makes me a cunt, I  
don't want this on my plate.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

We are supposed to be in a relationship-

JAIME

-I have sixteen million things to think about, my work, my bitch sister, money...look, perhaps it's best we just-

MILES

No, come on, I just wanted to talk about something that was important to me.

JAIME

But it's not important to me. You enjoy fucking me, right? I enjoy fucking you. Can't we just go back to that?

Miles turns away from the counter, sighing.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Miles, talk to Jimmy about it if you need to get it off your chest.

She turns to the fridge, opening and looking inside. Miles turns back to her.

MILES

Please, help me with this.

Jaime sighs, still facing into the fridge.

JAIME

Please, give me a break.

Miles shakes his head. Jaime turns to him.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Why don't you leave me?

Miles looks at her.

MILES

Don't...

JAIME

If you're so fucking unhappy, if you can't fucking talk to me...

(CONTINUED)

MILES  
I...I want this-

JAIME  
-yes, you like having a consistent,  
fit fuck.

MILES  
It's more than that...

JAIME  
...it really shouldn't be.

Miles looks down into his steaming mug.

MILES  
Why don't you leave me?

Jaime laughs and walks past him into the studio, sitting in a sofa just behind Miles, clutching her mug between her hands.

JAIME  
(whispering to herself)  
Because it's too much fun.

She sips from the mug, turning around to face Miles.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
You wanna fuck me, then?

Miles looks back at her.

22 INT. GLASS OFFICE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY.

22

Dakota sits in the corner, laptop open, staring at a blue print on the screen. Bart, opposite, types away furiously, headphones in, head slightly banging.

DAKOTA  
Bart...Bart...

She clicks her fingers in his direction. He clocks and takes out his headphones.

BART  
What's up?

DAKOTA  
Why do you work here?

Bart leans back in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
Sorry, it's just...

                  BART  
No, no, that's fine. I get it.  
Anyway, I assume the same as you.  
It's fantastically well paid.

Dakota smiles.

                  BART (CONT'D)  
And I don't have a conscience.

He laughs and points to himself.

                  BART (CONT'D)  
Autistic.

Dakota's eyebrows rise.

                  BART (CONT'D)  
It's fun. Can get away with loads  
of shit!

He smiles, putting his headphones in, back to typing away.

Dakota looks up and around the room, to Jeffrey's office,  
empty. She grabs her bag, jacket and stands.

                  DAKOTA  
Thanks.

Bart see's her lips and nods. Dakota walks off out the  
office.

23           INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

23

                  GLENN  
Help yourself to anything in the  
fridge, cupboards...

Glenn looks Dakota over.

                  GLENN (CONT'D)  
...not that you'll want too much.

Dakota stares at Glenn, who wears a blue dress, strolling  
through the kitchen, just behind the sitting room, a  
three-sided granite work space, black cupboards floating  
above, built just to the side of the entrance space, silver  
elevator doors which Dakota stands in front of, flanked by  
large Chinese armchairs and smaller matching side tables.

Glenn walks off, through the entrance space, towards the long, darkly lit hallway.

24 INT. ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT. 24

GLENN  
Bathroom. Sink, toilet.

Glenn points to the first door just by the entrance to the hallway. Dakota finishes looking around the kitchen and heads to follow Glenn, watching the black sofa in the living room as she goes, rubbing her index finger on her thumb, ink slowly fading from the tip.

25 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 25

Glenn strolls down the hallway, followed by a slower Dakota, who looks at the paintings on the black walls as she passes. Glass canvases, various red shades of thick paint leaking onto a dirtied blue below, shining against the subtle ceiling lights.

Glenn stops by a door on the left, turning and watching Dakota studying the paintings.

GLENN  
Here...

Dakota looks to Glenn and moves quickly over to her. Glenn swings open the door to a black walled room, a double bed and little else. A painting of Samson and Delilah hangs over the bed, it's outrageous silver decorative frame singing out amongst the dim.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
...this is Jeffrey's and mine. You  
won't need to be in here.

Glenn looks around the room with satisfaction, before closing the door and moving over to the opposite side of the hallway, a little bit along, to the next door. She swings it open.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Study.

Dakota comes round behind Glenn's shoulder and looks inside the room.

No shelves, tables or chairs, just neat stacks of books, waist high, creating a maze walkway of various paths, all converging on a small square space beneath a square window, cross hatched, oddly unfitting.

(CONTINUED)



GLENN (CONT'D)  
I like to think you'll read.

She looks to Dakota, who still looks around the room.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Jeffrey certainly does.

She swings the door shut, Dakota slightly taken aback, and moves along, the same side of the hall. She passes a closed door on the opposite side, pointing to it.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
No need for you to know about that.

Dakota follows, watching the closed door as she walks past. Glenn smiles to herself.

More glass paintings, the reds becoming richer, more erratically splashed across.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
This...is your room.

Glenn has passed another door, ignoring it, reaching the door handle of the furthest room at the end of the hall, but doesn't open. She looks to Dakota.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
It's for you. Everything you do.  
All..."visits" will be to here, to  
you.

She opens the door. Dakota steps inside.

26

INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

26

A square room, a double bed in the middle, red rugs laid on top, black walls. To the side, by the door, a single mattress on the floor. A cupboard, open, empty, on the left, a bedside table, black, a striking red lamp. Above the bed, a painting of Mary Magdalene in another elaborate silver frame.

Dakota studies the room and turns to Glenn, who smiles.

GLENN  
Moody, no?

Dakota looks back around, then down to the mattress on the floor.

Glenn follows her gaze, smiling, before sweeping out the room. Dakota takes a few last looks, backing out slowly.

27 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 27

Glenn walks directly opposite from Dakota's door to another, swinging it open.

28 INT. MILES' BEDROOM. NIGHT. 28

GLENN  
And this is Miles' room. You'll  
meet Miles.

She looks to her wristwatch.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
He really should be here.

Dakota walks into an exact reflected replica of her room. Same double bed, mattress on floor, cupboard, bed side table and lamp. Different painting, one of The Burning Bush. Dakota draws herself into the painting, an archaic image of deep religiosity. Another silver frame.

Glenn leaves the room into the hallway, turning to Dakota.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Here...

Dakota turns and follows Glenn out the room, one last looks at the painting as the door is closed.

29 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 29

GLENN  
...last and maybe least...

Glenn goes back to the door she missed between Dakota's and the study.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
...second bathroom. This one has a  
shower. And a bath.

She doesn't open the door.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
So...all happy?

Dakota nods at her. Glenn stares back.

DAKOTA  
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Good. Max will bring your belongings up.

She looks at her watch again.

GLENN (CONT'D)

He should also be here. Head into your room, Jeffrey will be back soon.

Glenn sweeps off down the hallway toward the entrance hall, leaving Dakota standing alone.

GLENN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

...all should be here.

Dakota looks up and down the hallway. The same dripping red paintings line the walls all the way to the back. She looks up the ceiling, a neat line of built in spotlights running the length. She turns to the bathroom door and opens it.

30

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

30

Dakota walks into a bright, white tiled room, a normal bathroom. She looks around with confusion. A white bath, a shower curtain, white sink, mirrored cabinet above.

Dakota turns, shuts the door, trying to lock it. The brass slide catches on the holder. She fiddles with it and forces it closed, locking into place with a snap.

She walks over to the toilet, next to the sink, pulling down her trousers and sitting down with a relaxed sigh. She tilts her head back and closes her eyes, the bright white dissipating.

(O.S) A sharp wrap on the door.

Dakota's head shoots up, she stumbles on the toilet, holding herself up against the sink. Her eyes shoot to below the door, a small crack.

A pause, silence.

DAKOTA

Occupied.

Further silence. Then footsteps, getting quieter, walking away. Dakota watches the door.

31 INT. SITTING ROOM. DUSK. 31

Jeffrey stands by the record player. He lifts the tone-arm into place.

Procession of the Oldest and Wisest One - Rite of Spring -  
Igor Stravinsky -

- begins to play.

32 EXT. HARMONY TOWERS. DAY. 32

A banged up, dented and scratched blue car pulls up outside a dark green covered walkway across the public street, leading up to a set of glass doors beneath a towering block of flats.

33 INT. MILES' CAR. DAY. 33

Miles peers out his window, up to the top of the building, back down to the entrance. He turns off the engine.

34 EXT. HARMONY TOWERS. DAY. 34

Miles gets out his car, the door creaking. He shuts it, it's bounces open, he back-kicks it with his foot, slamming it shut hard, causing the window to shift down a tad. Miles tuts, goes over and tries to push it back up with his hand, forcing it, finally getting it to click into place.

He turns back around, resets himself, breathes and heads down underneath the cover.

MAX (40s), a portly, red and black uniformed, smart doorman, comes sliding through the doors, stopping in between them and Miles, who has been stopping and starting to avoid passers-by.

MAX

Can I help you, sir?

Miles stops, a little taken aback.

MILES

Probably.

Max smiles. Miles smiles back.

MILES (CONT'D)

I'm seeing...well moving in with  
number...three?

(CONTINUED)

MAX  
Ah, Miles?

Miles again aback.

MILES  
That's the one.

MAX  
This way please.

He gestures Miles inside, who turns and gestures to his car.

MILES  
I got my stuff-

MAX  
-no matter, sir, may I take care of  
that for you?

He holds out his hand. Miles looks at his palm.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Your keys, sir.

He smiles. Miles tentatively takes out his keys and drops them in Max's hand, who's fist slams shut.

Max spins round, opening the glass door and waving Miles inside.

35 INT. HARMONY TOWERS ENTRANCE HALL. DAY.

35

Max strolls through a thin, green veined marble entrance hall. One golden set of elevator doors on the left, opposite a low french red leather-clad mahogany desk.

Max takes a seat in a disparately plain wooden chair behind. He opens three identical black books laid out on the table, pages full of scribble in variously sized columns and rows. Miles, who has been studying the hall, looking up to the crystal chandelier, comes to stand in front of the desk.

Max takes Miles' keys, opens a left hand drawer, placing them inside. He opens the right hand drawer, pulling out a Mont Blanc fountain pen. Miles notices the signet on the tip.

Taking the cap off and placing it back in the open drawer, Max starts to write in the first book. Miles watches him scratch.

(CONTINUED)

After a couple of lines, Max switches to the middle book. He writes another couple lines. Pausing and looking Miles up and down, he goes back and scratches some more.

The last book. Max writes one word, takes the cap, puts it back on, pen back in the drawer. He takes out a wooden ink pad.

MAX  
Your left hand, index finger  
please.

Miles eyebrows rise as he looks to Max. He starts to raise his arm.

MAX (CONT'D)  
...the finger next to your thumb,  
sir.

Miles gives him a look. He places his finger into the ink.

MAX (CONT'D)  
And roll.

He turns his finger over in the ink.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Press here...

He marks out a place in the final book. Miles goes to put his finger down.

MAX (CONT'D)  
...hard.

Miles stares at Max, who smiles back at him.

Miles places his finger down, hard. He picks it off the sticking page.

Max whips out a tissue from the right hand drawer and hands it to Miles, who starts wiping. He closes all three books and puts the ink back in drawer.

Standing, Max walks over, past Miles, to the elevator. He pushes the single rectangle button on the side, which gradually grows to a green glow. He turns to Miles.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Sir...

He gestures Miles forward, who comes over to stand next to him.

(CONTINUED)

Silence.

Max looks to Miles and smiles.

Miles looks back, plain-faced.

Further silence.

(O.S) A ding and the gold doors slide open. A black elevator, red strip lighting on all four sides of the floor.

Max gestures Miles in. He reaches round the door and pushes the top of a set of unmarked golden buttons. It glows green.

He steps back out and smiles at Miles.

36 INT. HARMONY TOWERS ELEVATOR. DAY.

36

Miles stands toward the back of elevator, turning to face Max. (O.S) Another ding and the doors start to close. With a small bow...

MAX

...sir...

The door closes.

The elevator smoothly starts to move. Miles looks around the dark space, lit with the red from below. He notices the green light on the button Max pressed, smoothly transitioning to match the red strip.

The elevator comes to a stop, the doors start to open, revealing Glenn and Jeffrey's flat's entrance hall, a small section of kitchen to the right, the sitting room far off to the back. Miles steps out.

37 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

37

Jeffrey stands over the threshold of the bathroom, the white light leaking into the dim hallway. His hands are fiddling with something two thirds the way up the door frame, a snap.

38 INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

38

Dakota sits on the end of her double bed. A pill bottle in each hand. She sighs, looking between them.

A knock at the door.

She puts the pills behind her.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

Yep...

The door opens, Glenn stands there.

GLENN

Dakota, did Max bring your  
belongings in?

Dakota gestures over to the cupboard, a suitcase, half  
unpacked.

DAKOTA

Yes, I started-

GLENN

Good.

Glenn studies Dakota, noticing her hands gripping her knees.

GLENN (CONT'D)

What are you hiding behind you?

Dakota stumbles to speak, staring at Glenn.

DAKOTA

Just...ummm...noth-

GLENN

-spit it out.

They both stare at each other.

DAKOTA

...just my medication.

GLENN

Medication is kept in the bathroom.

DAKOTA

I would rather-

GLENN

In the bathroom...please.

She gestures down the hall.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Come on.

Glenn disappears from the doorway. Dakota watches the space,  
the footsteps drifting off. She slowly retrieves the pill  
pots, stands and walks out her room.



39

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

39

Glenn strolls up to the mirror cabinet above the sink, opening it. There are four shelves, two full. She points to the bottom one, a single empty glass.

GLENN

This is yours.

DAKOTA

I really would prefer-

GLENN

Here. Right here.

Glenn taps on the shelf. Dakota steps forward, looking at both pots before putting them in the cabinet.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Do you need them now?

Dakota looks to Glenn, then back to the pills.

DAKOTA

Umm...yeah, actually.

Glenn takes them back out the cabinet, flipping off the caps, letting them rattle to a stop in the sink.

GLENN

That's twice now, umm's are for  
cunts.

(gesturing the bottles)

How many?

DAKOTA

Er...one. Of each.

Glenn taps out one each, clasps the lids back on and puts them back in the cabinet. She swings the door shut.

GLENN

Hand.

Dakota holds out her hand. Glenn drops them in.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Water?

Dakota nods. Glenn tuts, reopening the cabinet, taking the glass from Dakota's shelf, turning on the tap and filling it a small amount with water.

(CONTINUED)

She hands it toward Dakota, who takes it and puts the pills on her tongue, sipping the water and swallowing, maintaining eye contact with Glenn, who stares back.

Glenn holds out her hand for the glass, Dakota hands it back. Glenn empties it and puts it back in the same place on Dakota's shelf, re-closing the cabinet.

She comes round to Dakota's shoulder, resting a hand on it. Their eyes meet in the mirror.

Glenn smiles and walks out the room, leaving Dakota standing in front of the sink. The door swings closed.

40

INT. RESTAURANT ABARTH. NIGHT.

40

JEFFREY

This is rather time consuming...

Jeffrey and Marla sit in the same booth as she sat with Dakota. Dim, red wine glasses, full between them. Marla grips the knife next to her, close to the table.

MARLA

You are an cunt, Jeffrey, it's been what-

She looks at her wristwatch.

MARLA (CONT'D)

-seven minutes? And already, I'm "consuming your time"-

JEFFREY

-that is how time works, Marla. Why are we here?

Marla puts down her knife. Jeffrey picks up his wine and drinks.

MARLA

I told you. How is Dakota?

JEFFREY

This easily could have be done over the phone.

He sets down his glass, looking around the room. Marla stares straight at him.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

...she's fine. Settling in.

(CONTINUED)

He reaches for and breaks off some bread in a basket on the table, twisting it in his hand. Marla watches.

MARLA

She's fine...atleast you two suit  
each other...

A Waiter comes to the table.

WAITER

How's-

MARLA

Fuck off.

The Waiter bows and retreats, Marla not breaking from staring at Jeffrey.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Jeffrey...

Jeffrey's eyes flicker quickly over to Marla.

JEFFREY

I did you this favour, Marla. And I didn't tell her any specifics, as you asked. So do we really need to do this? I know I said it could have been done over the phone, but there is no need for that either. I don't like you. And I can't imagine you, me. Not now in any case. Dakota is fine, settling in, being paid handsomely. That's all you need to know. She's your daughter, ask her. I'm not micro-managing, wrong, I'm not even managing her. I don't want to see you Marla. Unless...even if it is an emergency. We both should have moved on. I did you this favour because-

MARLA

-you want to fuck her.

Jeffrey pauses. He smiles.

JEFFREY

Goodbye, Marla.

(CONTINUED)

MARLA

Jeffrey-

Jeffrey chucks the piece of bread down onto the table, standing and walking away from the booth. Marla watches the crumbs come to a stop, and then looks up to the empty space in front of her.

She turns to see Jeffrey nearly at the restaurant door.

MARLA

(shouting across the room)

I'll tell her.

Jeffrey pauses, turns slightly, smiles, then leaves. The other patrons and nearby waiters watch Marla alone in the booth, muttering amongst themselves.

41 INT. KITCHEN. DUSK.

41

Dakota turns from cutting a tomato on the counter to Miles, who has just stepped out the elevator.

DAKOTA

Miles?

MILES

Yeah...?

Dakota licks her fingers clean and wipes her hand on her trousers, coming over to him.

DAKOTA

Dakota.

Miles looks around, starting to smile.

MILES

...so they got...one of each?

DAKOTA

...guess so.

MILES

Really is a process.

Dakota scoffs.

DAKOTA

Wait for the tour...

Miles looks at her as she walks off back into the kitchen. He watches her walk away, looking her over.

42

INT. MILES' BEDROOM. NIGHT.

42

Miles stands at the end of his bed, looking at the painting of The Burning Bush. A couple of bags lie unpacked by the cupboard.

(O.S) A knock on the door, Miles turns, the door opens and Glenn steps inside.

MILES

Hi.

She closes the door and walks straight past Miles, lying on her back down on the bed. She beckons him over with a finger.

He smiles and comes over, climbing on top of her. She kisses him, long. They stop and look at each other. She jovially bites his lip.

She takes his hand and leads it down to her trouser button. He un-picks it and they both help slide them down.

Glenn kicks them off, bringing Miles back up for another kiss. She puts her hand on top of his head and pushes it down. He slips across her chest, to her crotch. He kisses around over her pants, slipping them off and putting his tongue into her vagina, his head starting to move around.

Continual glances up, checking on her. She enjoys, her head tilting to the sides and back. Her hand holds his head in place, her fingers running through his hair. Her body writhes, back arches.

He shuffles from side to side, unable to break her grasp. She pushes down hard. He struggles more and more.

She releases her hand, Miles coming away, gasping for breath, Glenn chuckling.

Miles looks up at her. She looks down at him, winks and puts her hand back on his head, pushing it back towards her vagina.

Miles head continues to move around, kissing up her thighs, licking up towards the bottom of her shirt. He goes back to her vagina, Glenn's movements and tensions increasing, gasps of pleasure.

After several moments of continued increase, Glenn orgasms, her body shaking, hand holding Miles head in place hard. Her waist is thrust up, her legs tense. She slowly starts to relax, releasing the gasping Miles.

(CONTINUED)

She breathes heavily, lying back with her eyes closed. Miles moves back up to her face but she stops him with her hand, shifting him over to the other side of bed. He comes off her and sits, propping himself up, watching her lie, eyes closed.

Silence. Stillness.

Glenn tilts up, sitting on the edge of the bed. She grabs her pants and trousers, pulling them back on and striding toward to door.

Miles watches her walk away. She opens the door and leaves, closing it behind her.

Miles looks to the closed door. He pauses, before rushing off the bed and to the door. His hand on the handle, he pauses.

He retrieves his hand and sits back down on the bed, wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

43

INT. ARCH LEFT BAR. NIGHT.

43

Miles and Jimmy, same places.

MILES

A punching bag? Filled with emotions?

JIMMY

You know what the fuck I mean. Your best friend.

MILES

Really? Fuck off.

JIMMY

Miley-

MILES

Why do you want to be involved?

JIMMY

It would be fun, complicate things a little bit.

MILES

Maybe you need a more complex life, but it's fucking complicated enough already. Atleast it will make things simpler for me, in the long term I guess. By the way, did I just say, for me?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY  
Pretty please...

Miles stares at him.

MILES  
Get me another drink.

JIMMY  
It's your round.

Miles pulls out a debit card and chucks it at Jimmy, who picks it up and looks at Miles. He sighs, getting out his phone, quickly typing something in. (O.S) Something buzzes in Jimmy's pocket, who take out his phone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Cool.

MILES  
You're giving me that when you get back. Not having you keep it.

JIMMY  
I could just remember it.

MILES  
Ha. You don't remember to turn up to fucking work.

JIMMY  
I do try.

Miles laughs, shaking his head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What would you do without-

MILES  
-just get the fucking drinks.

Jimmy tuts and walks off toward the bar, Miles smiles after him.

44 INT. SITTING ROOM. DUSK.

44

Dakota sits on the sofa, left hand side, reading "Far From The Madding Crowd". The final moments of sunlight mingle with the start of the night neons.

Glenn strides from the hallway toward the kitchen but stops upon noticing Dakota, diverting toward her.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN  
Strange place to sit...

Dakota stops reading and watches Glenn come round to sit at the other end of the sofa.

DAKOTA  
(gesturing to the window)  
It's pretty...and there aren't  
really that many places.

Glenn takes out her silver holder, picks out a cigarette and lights it with the zippo.

GLENN  
Are you enjoying yourself?

Dakota stares at Glenn, who takes a long drag.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
You don't have to answer that. It  
doesn't even particularly matter.

DAKOTA  
Yes, I am.

Glenn smiles.

GLENN  
How's my husband? Although I think  
I already know the answer.

DAKOTA  
You made me sign the  
non-disclosure.

GLENN  
Don't fuck with me, little girl, I  
am not in the mood.

DAKOTA  
Are you enjoying fucking with me?

Glenn pauses smoking.

GLENN  
Do you ever talk about your  
disease?

Dakota turns to her.

(CONTINUED)



DAKOTA  
Would you like to?

GLENN  
Go on.

DAKOTA  
What do you want to know?

GLENN  
What it's like knowing your brain  
will fail? And soon.

DAKOTA  
Life-affirming.

Glenn laughs.

GLENN  
Good answer.

DAKOTA  
Your's is going to fail soon too. I  
know what I want to achieve and I  
have the luxury of knowing when I  
need it achieved by.

GLENN  
That's not a luxury.

DAKOTA  
It is if you tell yourself it is.

She turns to Glenn.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
Isn't that how you live? Entirely?

GLENN  
What are you currently achieving?

DAKOTA  
What I want to. Contentment.

GLENN  
I don't believe that. And neither  
should you. It's not all about  
strong defence, darling.

She drops her cigarette on the floor, stubbing it out with  
her foot.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Do keep enjoying yourself.

Glenn stands and walks off into the kitchen.

DAKOTA

I am enjoying myself.

Dakota goes back to her book. Glenn takes a beer out of the fridge and opens it against the counter. She comes back up behind the sofa.

GLENN

I'm enjoying myself too.

Dakota looks up from her book, watching Glenn stride off down the hallway in the window reflection. Her vision adjusts to the dancing lights against blackening blue sky.

She throws the book down next to her, rubbing her hand through her hair, alone on the sofa.

45 INT. TRAIN. DAY.

45

Miles sits in a busy train carriage, a two person seat, by the window. Fields, barns, small collections of increasing large houses comes past.

He turn around, catching a view of the retreating city.

46 EXT. FALKIRK STATION. DAY.

46

The train pulls up to a small commuter station, a hanging green painted wooden sign: Falkirk Station.

Miles gets off, looking up and down the platform. No one joins him. (O.S) The train horn, as it begins to pull away from the station.

Miles stares at the exit. He sighs and trudges off toward it.

47 INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

47

Jeffrey sits on the end of the double bed, head held up straight, eyes open, Dakota on her knees, head going up and down by his crotch. She comes off his crotch, kissing the tip of his penis as she retreat, holding it in her fist.

DAKOTA

Do you want me to keep going with this?

Jeffrey slowly tilts his head down, Dakota wiping her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY  
It's been a long day...

DAKOTA  
I just...that's alright.

She puts her mouth back round his penis but he stops her, his hands on the side of her head.

JEFFREY  
Maybe not...

He gently moves her away and zips up his trousers, standing. She stays on her knees.

DAKOTA  
You sure?

Jeffrey looks down at her and smiles. He walks to the door opens, leaves and closes.

Dakota gets up and goes to sit on the double bed but stops. She looks over to the single mattress on the floor and then back to the double bed.

With a tut and head shake, she sits down on the double bed, shifting herself backward, lying down, eyes open.

48 INT. SITTING ROOM. DUSK. 48

Jeffrey stands by the window, next to the record player.

The Dancing Out of the Earth - Rite of Spring - Igor Stravinsky -

- begins to play.

49 EXT. ROOFTOP RESTAURANT. NIGHT. 49

Jeffrey sits at a two person table, beside a glass barrier at the edge of tall building, borderline skyscraper, looking out over the flickering lights, expensive colour and floating noise. The table sits on wooden slates, tea lights along the edge.

No one else is there, except a waiter, who comes over and pours more red wine into Jeffrey's glass, who smiles and nods to him, turning back to the view.

Glenn sweeps in, coming huffing up to the table. She stops the waiter on her way to sitting.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN  
Vodka. Neat.

The waiter nods, Glenn takes a seat in front of Jeffrey, sighing as she sits.

JEFFREY  
Fashionably late...

GLENN  
It had to be done.

She sweeps hair from her forehead, leaning over, taking Jeffrey's water and downing it. She puts the empty glass down. Jeffrey watches her.

JEFFREY  
Tough day?

GLENN  
Like you care.

JEFFREY  
Not tonight. It's one day a year.

Glenn looks at him.

GLENN  
Fine. Miles took ages.

She continues to breathe heavily. Jeffrey looks back out to skyline, Glenn noticing.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
How's Dakota?

JEFFREY  
I don't like her as much as I  
thought I did, or...would.

GLENN  
Quite the opposite for me. She is  
great fun.

The waiter comes over, placing a tumbler of vodka in front of Glenn.

JEFFREY  
I can see that.

Glenn looks to him, gulping her vodka.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Why can't you treat everything like  
you do your intellectual fantasies?  
Or your books? Atleast fake  
something once in a while.

JEFFREY

For a lack of future prospects.

GLENN

Don't sulk and stop being a cunt.  
Use some of that money you've been  
accumulating for centuries.

Jeffrey quietly laughs, picking up his wine and taking a  
sip.

JEFFREY

You want me to fly you to a private  
island somewhere? Which ocean would  
you like?

GLENN

I know you're taking the piss, but  
Indian.

JEFFREY

Can you be more specific?

GLENN

Well, I don't actually know where  
the Arabian Sea officially finishes  
but Seychelles.

JEFFREY

White beaches and blue water.  
Original. And it's not private.

GLENN

Well then you come up with  
something, cunt.

JEFFREY

Fine.

He looks away, thinking. Glenn smiles at him.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Japan.

GLENN

Japan.

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY  
Japan. Hokkaido.

GLENN  
Spring.

Jeffrey nods slowly.

JEFFREY  
Worried that it wouldn't live up  
to...my vision.

Glenn's eyes narrow.

GLENN  
Your vision? It's flowers...

JEFFREY  
You know what I mean.

GLENN  
No, I don't.

JEFFREY  
This is turning again...

GLENN  
Because when you start musing, it  
annoys me.

JEFFREY  
Glenn-

GLENN  
-oh, Jeffrey. Stand the fuck up for  
yourself, just once.

JEFFREY  
I'm bored of your tests.

GLENN  
Tests? This should be  
implementation by now.

JEFFREY  
You are clever-

GLENN  
Just because I don't want a CNN  
panel on the side to everything we  
ever do?

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY

Things...facts are interesting...

GLENN

...not to me. Not the way you treat them.

JEFFREY

I begin conversations, I start-

GLENN

-do shut up. You are not an academic, no matter what you mutter to yourself at night.

JEFFREY

Yet.

Glenn stares at him.

GLENN

Then don't sulk, be pro-active about it.

JEFFREY

Without your support, darling?

GLENN

Why would you need it?

JEFFREY

You're right, I don't.

GLENN

There you go, that's better.

JEFFREY

...I really don't.

Glenn rolls her eyes. Jeffrey notices.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Atleast this has been mostly civil so far.

GLENN

Civility...

The waiter comes up, laying down two beef carpaccio.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Finally.

She picks up her cutlery and tucks in, eating quickly.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Fucking famished.

Jeffrey nods the waiter away and picks up his cutlery. He gestures to his plate.

JEFFREY  
Did you pick the menu?

GLENN  
(mouthful)  
Yes.

JEFFREY  
What's coming next?

GLENN  
You'll see...

She looks up from eating.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
You like this.

JEFFREY  
I know.

He moves around a piece of beef with his knife.

GLENN  
Just eat it.

Jeffrey picks up beef on his fork. He puts it's in his mouth. He nods at Glenn.

JEFFREY  
It's good.

GLENN  
Better be. It was...is fucking expensive.

JEFFREY  
That was crass.

GLENN  
I know, I'd hoped it would annoy you.

JEFFREY  
Why is everything a competition?

(CONTINUED)



GLENN

Because, unlike you, I know how to  
have fun.

50 INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

50

Dakota lies on the double bed, hands behind her head,  
t-shirt and shorts. She sighs, slowly blinking at the light  
in the ceiling.

The door opens and Glenn comes in, shutting it behind her.  
Dakota watches as she comes onto the bed and lies down next  
to her, mirroring her body position, hands behind her head.

Dakota continues to stare at her. Glenn's head rests back,  
eyes closed.

She turns to Dakota, opening her eyes. She takes her hand  
from behind her head, sliding it onto Dakota's chest,  
gripping her shirt tight across her skin.

She crosses down to her stomach, putting her hand up  
Dakota's shirt.

DAKOTA

Are you trying to psyche me out?

Glenn smiles, reaching her hand down underneath Dakota's  
shorts.

GLENN

Just want to see what happens...

Dakota's head tilts back as Glenn's fingers move beneath the  
material, she breathes out.

Dakota turns to Glenn, starting to speak.

GLENN (CONT'D)

...don't say anything.

She reaches with her other hand and shifts the shorts down  
onto Dakota's thighs. Her hand moves faster with the  
increased freedom beneath the pants.

She stops, looking down at Dakota's crotch. She pulls out  
her hand, a smattering of blood on her fingers. Dakota looks  
down and sighs, going to pull up her shorts. Glenn stops  
her, they stare at each other.

51 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

51

Glenn stands behind Dakota in the shower, the water cascading over both, gripping her tight. Her hand is over Dakota's vagina, her fingers rotating. Dakota's eyes open and close, her head and shoulder blades tensing. A trickle of blood runs down the inside of her thigh.

DAKOTA  
...you are-

She stops in a moment of pleasure, gasping.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
...fucking szch-

Glenn puts her other hand over Dakota's mouth.

GLENN  
Let's not ruin our best moment.

Dakota shakes her head. She bites down softly on Glenn's finger, getting harder. Glenn pulls away, the skin stretching between Dakotas teeth.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Some of this was always going to  
fun...

She pulls Dakota closer to her, grabbing her ass.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
...and I know you won't be a good  
girl for long.

DAKOTA  
Fuck you...

Glenn bites down on her neck, Dakota groaning.

52 INT. GLENN &amp; JEFFREY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

52

Jeffrey sits up against the backboard of the bed, his leg crossed, reading "Ulysses".

The door opens, Glenn coming in, a towel wrapped around her, drying her hair with another. She kicks the door closed on her way to the bed.

Jeffrey looks up from his book as she sits down on the opposite side, rubbing her head with the towel.

He lays down his book open across his leg. Glenn notices and turns toward him.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN  
What is it?

Jeffrey sighs and shakes his head, picking his book back up.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Jeffrey.

He looks at her, slowly getting off the bed and leaving the room, closing the door behind him.

Glenn has watched him leave, throwing the towel down on the floor. Her thumb taps furiously on her leg.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Bitch.

53 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 53

Miles lies on the sofa, Glenn on top of him, both naked. She grinds back and forward slowly, her hand on his chest, nails digging into his skin, eyes closed. He watches her.

54 INT. ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT. 54

The elevator doors open, Jeffrey steps out, tired, holding his brown leather, scuffed briefcase, matching his suit. The doors close behind him as he looks up to see Glenn's head and chest moving up and down over the back of the sofa.

Her eye's flash open and over to Jeffrey, She closes them and starts to moan, getting louder and louder. Miles looks at her in confusion.

Jeffrey sighs, placing his case down on the arm chair to the right of the elevator and walking over toward the sitting room.

55 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 55

He strolls past Glenn and Miles, who looks up, noticing Jeffrey, turning to Glenn confused, who hasn't stopped grinding, groaning.

Jeffrey reaches his record player and puts the tone-arm into place.

The Naming and Honouring of the Chosen One - Rite of Spring  
- Igor Stravinsky -

- begins to play.

(CONTINUED)

The music shocks Glenn into stopping. She tuts and viciously spins her head to Jeffrey who is standing beside the player, looking out the window. Miles fidgets but Glenn holds him in place, shuffling her hips further down on top of him.

She bends down and grabs a cigarette from her holder on the floor, lighting it.

The music keeps going. Jeffrey stills looks out the window.

Glenn puffs away, frustrated, staring at Jeffrey's back. Miles looks between them.

The music continues.

Glenn takes a long drag and throws the cigarette on the floor. She starts to move up and down on Miles, getting quicker and quicker, moaning louder and louder, battling the music. Miles grabs her sides for support.

The pause and final timpani triplet singles the end of the music, replaced by Glenn's moaning.

Jeffrey lifts the tone-arm up, switches off the player and walks back across the sitting room, staring straight ahead.

56 INT. ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT. 56

He picks up his case and walks off down the hallway.

57 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 57

Glenn watches him walk away, still moving up and down, having stopped her groans. Miles stares up to her. She looks down at him.

GLENN

You are going make me cum.

She looks off towards the hallway.

GLENN (CONT'D)

May as well get something extra out of this.

58 INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 58

Jeffrey sits on the end of the double bed, facing the door. He wears a red cardigan above a buttoned white shirt. Dakota sits on the right length of the bed, in a navy tracksuit and loose top.

His eyes are closed, breathing deeply. Dakota watches him in her periphery.

(CONTINUED)

A few more deep breaths. Jeffrey opens his eyes.

JEFFREY

Come with me to the study.

Dakota turns round to watch Jeffrey slowly rise, hands on his knees for support, walk to the door, opening it and leaving.

59 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

59

Jeffrey is perched on the windowsill at the far end of the room, moonlight coming through onto his face. Dakota appears slowly in the threshold.

JEFFREY

Please...

Jeffrey gestures Dakota inside.

60 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

60

She looks down both lengths of hallway, no one there.

She slowly walks into the room.

61 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

61

JEFFREY

The door...please.

Dakota stops, turns and closes the door. She walks over to Jeffrey, winding through the stacks of books, lit softly by the moon, her fingers tracing over the covers.

He picks up a book, "Far From The Madding Crowd". Dakota reaches him, tilting her head to read the title. It's an old, well-read edition.

Jeffrey opens to the first page of prose. Holding the book in his right hand, he unzips his trousers and takes out his penis. Dakota watches with brief surprise.

She comes down onto her knees, looking at the book cover. A red suited man sweeping a navy dressed woman off her feet in a field.

She takes hold of Jeffrey's penis, pausing, looking up at him, already reading, before she places her mouth around it.

Jeffrey reads away as Dakota's head moves up and down. He turns the page. Her eyes shoot up, then back down.

(CONTINUED)

After a couple more page turns, sucking noises, Dakota pulls away, panting. Jeffrey looks down from his book. She looks up at him, his penis is her hand, saliva dripping down her mouth and chin. He smiles.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

You're not stopping this time.

Dakota looks at him, begins to speak but stops herself. She puts his penis back in her mouth and resumes moving. He goes back to his book, turning the page.

62

INT. GLASS OFFICE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY.

62

Dakota sits opposite Bart in the corner of the office space. She watches Jeffrey talking to two other men in his glass cube.

Bart looks up from his laptop, noticing her distraction. He pulls out his headphones.

BART

You know what we're doing?

Dakota snaps out and looks at him.

DAKOTA

Yeah, just thinking.

BART

Dangerous.

DAKOTA

You're not funny.

Dakota looks over to Jeffrey's office, Bart following her gaze.

BART

Was he a dick or something?

DAKOTA

I'm not sure you'd believe me if i told you. And I'm not going to.

He shrugs, putting his headphones back in.

The two men leave Jeffrey's office, who remains at his desk.

Dakota stands.

63 INT. GLASS CUBE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY.

63

Dakota walks in, Jeffrey looks up at her.

JEFFREY  
How can I help?

Dakota looks at him. He smiles back.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
We work in the same building. Think  
of it like that.

Dakota starts to speak but stop herself, staring at him.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
I didn't say it would be simple.

He shifts in his seat.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
At least you know your company  
expiration date, won't be here  
forever.

Dakota scoffs, shaking her head. Jeffrey looks regretful,  
shuffling papers on his desk.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
That wasn't meant-

DAKOTA  
-you are not going to force me out  
of this job. I deserve this and I'm  
keeping it.

Jeffrey looks back up at her.

JEFFREY  
I'm really not trying to...

After a pause, Dakota turns and walks out. Jeffrey watches  
her go back over to her desk. He wraps his fingers on the  
files beneath.

64 INT. RESTAURANT ABARTH. DAY.

64

MARLA  
...so how's work?

Marla and Dakota sit in the same booth, two drinks in front  
of them.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

Why do you feel the need to check  
up on me? People don't see their  
parents this much, I swear.

MARLA

We are in the same city, dear.  
Anyway, I do actually have  
something to tell you.

Dakota looks at her, asking with her eyes.

MARLA (CONT'D)

This isn't easy...

DAKOTA

Just say, I don't want to stay to  
eat.

Marla looks up at Dakota.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

I wasn't being harsh, you know how  
I evaluate my time...

Marla nods and shrugs.

MARLA

I know, I know, dear.

Marla looks away.

DAKOTA

Mom...

She turns back.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

...how's dad?

MARLA

...Dakota...what do you want me to  
say?

She picks up her drink and takes a sip.

DAKOTA

Mom-

MARLA

I come to see you to get away from  
these things, you know where to  
visit him if you want to.

(CONTINUED)



DAKOTA  
Don't do that, don't.

MARLA  
He's in this city too, dear.

Dakota stares at Marla, shaking her head slowly.

DAKOTA  
I've told you so many times. I  
don't need to once again see my  
future laid out in a hospice bed. I  
know how I want to go about this, I  
keeping fucking telling you.

They stare at each other.

DAKOTA  
Fuck you.

MARLA  
Dakota-

She stands and strides off toward the entrance.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
...I need to tell-

Dakota spins round.

DAKOTA  
-then email me.

She leaves the restaurant.

MARLA  
...just one damned meal...please...

65 INT. GRENDDEL THEATRE. DAY.

65

Glenn sits on the chaise longue, on stage, backlight by a rotating projection light, flickering bright across the small auditorium.

GLENN  
Still wonderful, isn't it? And no  
dialogue. We didn't need dialogue.  
We had faces. There just aren't any  
faces like that any more. Well,  
maybe one -- Blanchett.

Edward, sitting in his place in the stalls, laughs in his seat, marking down on pieces of paper.

(CONTINUED)

She jumps to her feet, face framed in the middle of the rotating white projection light, that is now turning into a rotating rainbow.

GLENN

Those idiot producers! Those imbeciles! Haven't they got any eyes? Have they forgotten what a star looks like? I'll show them. I'll be up there again. So help me!

She looks off into the distance. Silence.

Edward starts to slow clap.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Shut up.

EDWARD

It was good. Shame there's no one next to you.

She darts a look to him.

GLENN

We'll keep looking.

EDWARD

...Miles...

Glenn scoffs.

GLENN

No. Definitely not.

She sits back on the chaise longue, looking at Edward.

EDWARD

What are you doing with that boy?

GLENN

Nothing that concerns you.

She sweeps up off the chaise longue.

GLENN (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Turn off the fucking lights.

The theatre goes dark.

Glenn sighs.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
House lights.

General lights comes on it the theatre. Both sets of eyes adjust in the light.

EDWARD  
Get him back in.

GLENN  
No. Find someone else.

EDWARD  
Glenn.

GLENN  
Edward.

They stare at each other. Edward stands with a huff.

EDWARD  
What happened to that project of yours?

GLENN  
I've found one, albeit temporary, much more gratifying at my age. Less rejection.

EDWARD  
Do you still want to do this?

Glenn looks around and thinks.

GLENN  
Yes, it's a welcome distraction.

Edward stares at her. He struggles to speak.

EDWARD  
There's...I do require...a level of com-

GLENN  
-do not.

She stops him with her finger and walks to the edge of the stage.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
I'm doing you a favour. You know that you could never, never attract

(CONTINUED)

GLENN  
the kind of talent you have right  
here. I am totally committed to  
myself.

She stamps on the stage.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
I own this stage. If I had a cock,  
I'd still own the fucking screen.  
And you, secretly woman hating gay,  
are part of those stacked odds. I'm  
in control, of all of this.

She has talked Edward back into his seat.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Which means I'm in control of you.  
And whomever sits right here.

She points to the chaise longue.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
I am re-building my existence and  
my pride. Back up into the skyline.  
Fucking Donald Trump will want his  
brand all of this. So stay sitting,  
Edward, do your job and I'll stride  
the fuck forward.

A ringing silence fills the hall. Edward and Glenn stare at  
each other. After a pause, Edward begins nodding.

EDWARD  
Ok, shall we go again then?

GLENN  
We shall go again.

She turns and sits back down on the chaise longue.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
Lights.

The theatre falls into darkness.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
For fuck's sake.

66 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 66  
Dakota comes skidding out her room and runs quickly into the bathroom.

67 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 67  
She closes the door, trying the lock but it doesn't catch. Jumping up and down, she tries to lock it in but it won't go. She leaves it and rushes to the toilet, pulls down her trousers and sits down in relief.

68 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 68  
Jeffrey comes out the study, walking down the hallway.  
His shoes are off. He makes it up to the bathroom, stopping in front of it, head close to the door.

69 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 69  
Dakota head is titled back, her eyes closed, relaxed.  
The door opens a crack, silently.  
Dakota takes some paper and wipes. She stands, stretches and slowly pulls up her trousers. Post buttoning, she goes to the sink and begins to wash her hands.  
She turns the tap off and dries them on a towel hanging on the wall nearby.  
She comes up to the door and goes to open it but stops, noticing the crack, a slither of red glass painting.  
She flings it open.

70 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 70  
Dakota looks down the hallway, both ways.  
Empty.

71 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 71  
She comes back into the bathroom, looking to the lock. She fiddles around with it for a bit, forcing it forward, the catch snapping into place.

MONICA

We had to delay the whole release,  
pushed it back over two months,  
June 7th. June fucking 7th. \$XXXXXX  
(Bleeped) wasted, we pulled  
everything...all that student  
outreach, I mean there's a shooting  
every fucking day, just because  
it's double digit victims on  
occasion...

MONICA (50s), a middle eastern woman in a sharp white suit,  
sits back and sighs in her large, black leather chair,  
behind a glass desk, mostly empty, a large computer screen  
to the side.

Glenn sits opposite, dirtied-cream dress, in a lower,  
smaller leather arm chair. Large windows on the side, a  
separate meeting area behind them, frosted glass barricade  
completing the room, shapes of people moving behind.

MONICA (CONT'D)

It is good to see you, Glenn. Can't  
remember the last time you visited  
outside the dinners.

Glenn smiles at her.

GLENN

You could always visit me too. I've  
been developing...something for the  
stage. With Edward Carrim.

MONICA

Edward. Never quite had the  
necessary luck, did he?

GLENN

He never knew how to make his own.

Monica nods in agreement.

MONICA

No disrespect intended but it's a  
busy day...

GLENN

Of course. I...wanted to get back  
in the industry, being frank. It's  
time for an ageing powerhouse.

She scoffs at her own joke.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

What would you propose?

GLENN

I have a few ideas, besides, there must be the roles now, it is 2018.

MONICA

There are more. But mostly filled. And still, not enough.

GLENN

Why not something new, I can talk to some writers?

MONICA

If you get something, together, developed, I'll have a look through it, sure.

GLENN

Can develop in house.

MONICA

Glenn, I'll make this quicker than respectful. It's not going to happen. You're only as good as your last job. Particularly with the time you've taken out. You need to build up a decent series of recent material-

GLENN

-which is what I'm trying to do, Monica.

Monica smiles and shakes her head.

MONICA

Financially, doesn't add up. Creatively, you'll have to prove it. And, you do have a lot to prove. Come back to me with something substantial and we'll see what we can do.

Glenn stares at her, stopping herself from snapping.

GLENN

Then that's what I'll do.

She smiles and sweeps to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

You must understand my position...

GLENN

I do. But, what can I do? I'll see you soon, darling.

She blows Monica a kiss and heads out the office, watching the moving body shapes crossing behind the frosting. Monica watches her leave, sighing.

73 INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE HALLWAY, K92 OFFICES. DAY. 73

Glenn steps out into an empty hallway, the door swinging peacefully behind.

She looks up and down, searching for someone.

Silence. Stillness. Empty.

She sighs and walks off down the hallway, turning the corner.

74 INT. MILES' BEDROOM. NIGHT. 74

Glenn lies in the middle of the double bed, Miles on her right, draped over her, both naked. Glenn strokes his hair, his head buried in her chest.

GLENN

Why did you audition? For me and Edward?

Miles looks up at her.

MILES

It was an open audition, got to go to as many as possible.

GLENN

...that's it?

MILES

It wasn't meant as a slight...

GLENN

Doesn't matter how you meant it. Do you want the role?

MILES

Would you want me in the role?

(CONTINUED)



GLENN  
I don't know.

MILES  
Of course I would want it.

GLENN  
I'm not sure it would work.

MILES  
Isn't that up to us?

Glenn looks down at Miles.

GLENN  
I like you arrogant streak. Don't  
let it wreck you.

MILES  
I'll do the role.

Glenn strokes his hair, combing round his head.

GLENN  
You already are.

Miles comes back to Glenn's chest, confused.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Have you spoken to my husband?

MILES  
No, I don't actually think so...I  
should.

Glenn laughs.

GLENN  
He's nothing special.

MILES  
Can I ask...?

GLENN  
If you're going to ask, ask.

MILES  
Why are you married to him?

Glenn looks down at him.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN  
Ease of existence.

MILES  
It just doesn't seem like you're  
happy...

Glenn laughs, ruffling his hair.

GLENN  
I make myself happy but, that's  
naïve. But it's not everything.  
There's nothing quiet like complete  
and utter satisfaction.

MILES  
I do want the role.

GLENN  
We'll see. Now...

She picks him up and on top of her.

GLENN  
...fuck me.

She grabs his penis and puts it inside her, tilting her head  
back in pleasure, he groans.

75 INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY. DAY.

75

Dakota sits in a small waiting room, alone, pale green walls  
flanked with chairs, a hallway spanning off beside a frosted  
glass booth, a receptionist staring at the screen, hitting a  
keyboard button every now and again.

Dakota stares at him. She taps her foot, shooting up and  
walking over.

DAKOTA  
Why am I waiting? There's no one  
else here...

The receptionist looks up slowly.

RECEPTIONIST  
...he's with a patient.

He looks back to the computer.

DAKOTA  
And how long more will this take?  
I've been sitting there for-

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST  
-won't be a long, I promise.

He doesn't look from his screen.

(O.S) A door creaks and voices.

DOCTOR MANN  
...and we'll make to sure to cut it  
right out, ok?

A woman, holding her child's shoulder walk out from the hallway, followed by Doctor Mann (60s), frustratingly German, black and white striped suit. He addresses the child.

DOCTOR MANN (CONT'D)  
(making a swooshing motion)  
Right out, ok? Snip.

He smiles at the kid, who looks to her mother.

MOTHER  
Thank you Doctor.

He looks up to her.

DOCTOR MANN  
All will be fine, my love.

He rest his hand on her shoulder. They both walk round Dakota to the reception desk.

MOTHER  
Hi...I would like to...umm book...

RECEPTIONIST  
I understand madame, how about...

Doctor Mann turns to Dakota.

DOCTOR MANN  
Dakota, come through.

He waves he down the hallway. She moves past him, a short walk, the same green paint, and through a smart wooden door at the far end, Doctor Mann following.

76

INT. DOCTOR MANN'S OFFICE. DAY.

76

DAKOTA

Why did you pull my prescription?

DOCTOR MANN

I knew it was the only way to get you to come in. You were never in danger of missing a dose.

Dakota sits in an armchair opposite Doctor Mann, in a green leather chair, a decadent wooden desk. Pale green painted, wood panelled walls, a window behind streaming sunlight onto her face.

DOCTOR MANN (CONT'D)

There is something new I want you to try. How is it you are doing?

DAKOTA

What, new meds?

DOCTOR MANN

I also want to know how it is you are?

Dakota roles her eyes.

DAKOTA

I haven't picked up on any of your "starter signs" yet. I mean, I already know what going to happen...

DOCTOR MANN

But you, Dakota, how are you?

DAKOTA

Why is my mum speaking with you?

DOCTOR MANN

I would never break doctor patient confidentiality rules.

DAKOTA

Doesn't mean she won't influence your behaviour.

DOCTOR MANN

I am your doctor. You are in my care.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA

Only because you know the history  
of our hereditarily fucked  
family...

DOCTOR MANN

You are the one who turns down most  
help, blaming others will get you  
nowhere.

DAKOTA

I'm fine. What are the new meds?

DOCTOR MANN

Final testing stage for a new  
anti-psychotic. I know how you  
enjoy progress.

DAKOTA

When do we hear back about it?

DOCTOR MANN

We already have.

He opens a drawer in his desk, picking out a paper file,  
opening it and sliding it across the table to Dakota.

DOCTOR MANN (CONT'D)

The research does look promising,  
in specific relation to  
Huntington's.

Dakota looks through the papers.

DAKOTA

I don't need another...some life  
consistency crap...

Doctor Mann sighs.

DOCTOR MANN

They won't find a cure, not if our  
lifetime. You know this.

Dakota looks up at him. She points to the papers.

DAKOTA

How do you say that?

Doctor Man follows her finger.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR MANN

Seroquel. It could help alleviate early symptoms, maybe even delay them. It should also mix well with your current roster.

Dakota shakes her head.

DOCTOR MANN (CONT'D)

It's borderline pot luck, Dakota. But I think it will help.

He smiles at her.

DOCTOR MANN (CONT'D)

Over the page is prescription. Don't stop with your others, we can incrementally add to the cocktail.

DAKOTA

You already said.

Dakota picks up the top page in the folder, sliding the prescription underneath toward her.

DOCTOR MANN

Do watch for Tardive Dyskinesia.

Dakota looks at him.

DOCTOR MANN (CONT'D)

Jerky muscles movements. Legs, arms, face. Can be permanent.

DAKOTA

It's that the same...

DOCTOR MANN

But too early. We'll know if it's the Seroquel or not.

He smiles at her.

77

INT. HARMONY TOWERS ENTRANCE HALL. DUSK.

77

Max sits in his chair. Nothing is on his desk. He stares straight ahead.

Jimmy, in the same suit as Max, walks through the glass doors. Max notices and turns, stands and comes round from behind the desk.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

James.

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

Maximilian.

Max looks wholly unimpressed. He walks past Jimmy and out the door.

Jimmy scoffs, walks over to the table, sits behind it and pulls out the three black books from the left hand drawer. He lays them out with the same precision as Max, opens the first and starts to scroll down the columns with his finger.

78

INT. ENTRANCE HALL. DUSK.

78

Dakota comes out of the elevator, looking tired, dumping her bag on the arm chair on the right, leaning back against the closed elevator doors.

Miles, standing by a whirring microwave in the kitchen, notices her.

MILES

Long day?

Dakota tilts her head toward him, nodding in agreement.

DAKOTA

Do you have a job? What do you do all day?

MILES

I audition.

He scoffs at himself. The microwave beeps.

DAKOTA

What you got?

She peels off from the elevator and walks into the kitchen.

79

INT. KITCHEN. DUSK.

79

MILES

French Toast.

DAKOTA

How do you eat that shit?

He takes a plate out the microwave.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

You serious? It's fucking amazing.  
Plus, the rate that she goes at...

He gestures off down the hallway.

Dakota comes round behind him to the fridge, opening and sticking her head inside, eyes closed.

MILES (CONT'D)

Syrup please.

She opens her eyes, rolls them and looks around.

80 INT. HALLWAY. DUSK. 80

Jeffrey comes quietly out the study and walks up to the end of the hall, leaning against the wall, in shadow.

81 INT. KITCHEN. DUSK. 81

Dakota finds the syrup, takes a beer and closes the fridge.

MILES

SHIT-

He has seen Jeffrey and dropped the toast on the floor.  
Dakota spins round and sees Miles looking at Jeffrey.

MILES (CONT'D)

-sorry...shit...

He bends down to pick up the toast. Dakota watches Jeffrey, who stares back at her.

With a look to Dakota, Miles grabs the syrup from her.

MILES (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Thanks...

He swiftly moving out of the kitchen, past Jeffrey, who's gaze remains on Dakota.

Dakota goes to the draw next to the fridge, takes a bottle opener and opens her beer.



82 INT. HALLWAY. DUSK. 82

Jeffrey steps out from the shadow and walks toward the kitchen.

83 INT. KITCHEN. DUSK. 83

Dakota stands by the counter, hand steadying herself, taking a swig of beer. Jeffrey comes to the opposite side of the kitchen, bending down by a cabinet, retrieving a tumbler and unmarked bottle of dark spirits. The cork lids pops. He pours into the glass.

Dakota watches him, taking another swig of beer. She moves away from the counter and starts to walk off toward the hall.

JEFFREY  
How's you finding your work?

Dakota stops and turns to Jeffrey.

DAKOTA  
Fine, yeah, good.

JEFFREY  
Fine. Yeah. Good.

DAKOTA  
Jeffrey, you know how much I appreciate the job. You must see my work, know my accountability level. I just didn't think you wanted to conflate that and...this.

Jeffrey slowly nods.

JEFFREY  
No, you work hard. I do want to know what...you think. About the work, the people...about me.

DAKOTA  
You know my reservations. Bart is...I can work with him, he's nice enough.

She pauses.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
And as far as you go...I'm here. Doesn't that say enough?

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY

No.

DAKOTA

What would you like to hear?

He thinks about it.

JEFFREY

That you think I am interesting. A man you respect.

DAKOTA

Do you actually...want me to repeat...th-

Jeffrey comes quickly forward, up in front of Dakota.

JEFFREY

-take this seriously.

DAKOTA

I didn't mean-

JEFFREY

Take...it seriously.

He grabs round her front and pulls her tight into him.

DAKOTA

I am being serious.

Jeffrey smiles, gripping her more softly.

JEFFREY

...I know.

He sweeps her hair across her forehead.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

I appreciate it.

They stare at each other.

He spins her over and bends her over the counter. She goes to stop him but pauses, slowly retreating her hands to the edge of the surface.

He pulls down his trousers, then hers, followed by her pants. He looks down, holding his penis, guiding it forward. He thrusts in.

As he moves back and forward, Dakota gently lies her cheek on the granite, her face crushing against the surface, sliding back and forward with every thrust.

84 INT. HALLWAY. DUSK. 84

Glenn opens the door of her bedroom. She looks down the hallway to Jeffrey and Dakota in the kitchen.

She flings open the door, it slamming against the wall. Jeffrey notices and stops moving.

Glenn walks straight round to Miles' door, opening it, going in and slamming it shut.

85 INT. KITCHEN. DUSK. 85

Dakota watches from the counter. Jeffrey resumes thrusting back and forward.

A few more thrusts and he cums, leaning down over Dakota, pushing her further into the granite. He lies on top, breathing heavily.

He slowly stands and he pulls up his trousers, buttoning them. He looks to Dakota, unmoved.

JEFFREY  
Why didn't you stop me?

DAKOTA  
I don't know.

He picks up his tumbler and walks off out the kitchen, down the hallway.

Dakota stays still on the counter, her legs bent and crumbling.

86 INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 86

Dakota lies with her cheek on the sheets.

87 INT. KITCHEN. DUSK. 87

She slowly rises, pulling up her trousers and steadying herself on the counter.

88 INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 88

She lies on the single mattress on the floor, foetally curled up.

89 EXT. FALKIRK STREET. DAY. 89

Miles comes up, past the street sign: FALKIRK STREET, to a large, recently re-painted white house with a large front yard, a well kept lawn, herbaceous borders of decadent glory.

He stares up at the structure, pausing on the street, before walking up the few red brick stairs and pathway leading to the front door.

90 INT. MILE'S FAMILY HOUSE DINING ROOM. DAY. 90

Miles sits on the side of a long dinner table in a large dining room, cream walls, decorative plaster edges of swirls and flowers, gold framed mirrors and military portraits, golden candle sticks lining the length of light grey cloth over table. Doors behind him lead to an expansive garden, towering oaks following a large lawn.

At the head of the table sits INÉS (50s), in a bright blue summer dress, dotted with white spots. Miles is on her right, MAGNUS (30s), on her left, in a white linen baggy shirt, three buttons from the top undone, blonde, definitely somehow Scandinavian.

In front of them, thin slices of raw vegetables on plates. Miles looks at it, worried.

INÉS  
You haven't been round much.

Miles stares at her, Magnus digs into his vegetables.

MILES  
I've been...I mean, I'm here now  
aren't I?

He smiles at her, she looks away.

INÉS  
I want you to go work for William.

Miles sighs.

MILES  
I'm doing...I'm auditioning-

(CONTINUED)

INÉS

-let's not joke and kid. I'm not  
going to support you any longer.

She picks up a fizzing glass and sips.

MILES

You don't support me, you haven't  
supported me in-

Inés darts a look at him, he stops speaking and looks down  
at his plate. Magnus has nearly finished.

INÉS

William would teach you structure,  
precision...

Miles roles his eyes.

INÉS (CONT'D)

...a true sense of worth.

Mile stares at her, sighing.

INÉS (CONT'D)

I am trying to help you, Miles.

She turns to Magnus, who has finished his plate.

INÉS (CONT'D)

Did you enjoy that?

Magnus nods at her, washing down the final mouthful with  
some water. She smiles, turning back to Miles.

INÉS (CONT'D)

I want to see you having made  
something of yourself. You carry my  
name, don't dare embarrass me  
further in my final years of  
socialite acceptance.

MILES

Why do you always make it out to be  
my fault?

Inés shuffles her vegetables around with her fork.

MILES (CONT'D)

Mom-

(CONTINUED)

INÉS

Mom, mom, MOM, MOM, MOM, MOM, MOM.

She slams her hands on the table with every iteration.  
Magnus' head suddenly turn to Inés, Miles sits frozen.

She calmly breathes and gestures relaxation with her hands.

Silence.

INÉS (CONT'D)

Miles, please. I'm too old to be  
made so angry.

Miles shakes his head, Inés smiles, watching him struggle  
for words.

INÉS (CONT'D)

You really are too weak.

She stands, rubbing her hands together.

INÉS (CONT'D)

Magnus.

Magnus looks to her and stands, coming round behind her. She  
turns to Miles.

INÉS (CONT'D)

William's card is on the desk by  
the front door. Go on, disappoint  
me. And this family. Again.

She strolls off out the room, followed closely by Magnus.  
Miles sits alone at the table.

91 INT. TRAIN. DUSK.

91

Miles sits in a two seat row, by the window, on a close to  
empty carriage. He stares outside, fields, barns, trees and  
the vast metropolis rising up behind, sea of light against  
the purple sky, getting ever closer as the train rocks  
forward.

92 EXT. GREATER FOREST TRAIN STATION. DUSK.

92

The train pulls up to an near empty commuter station, the  
platform lights flickering on in the emptying sun.

93 INT. TRAIN. DUSK.

93

Miles looks up to see SILVIA (30s) walk onto the train, brown hair tied back. She looks down both ends of the carriage, noticing Miles. She smiles and walks down the aisle toward him, sitting a few seats down, opposite side, both still able to watch each other in the gaps between the seats.

She smiles at him, looking down, giggling. He looks at her, the back out the window. He finds her reflection. She is changing her hair, checking herself in her phone. He looks down to his hands on his lap, one on his knee. Ruffling his own hair, he turns back toward her.

She is on her phone, chatting away, laughing, looking out her window. He shuffles his feet, the city ever largening.

94 INT. SITTING ROOM. DUSK.

94

Jeffrey lifts the tone-arm into place.

Ritual Action of the Ancestors - Rite of Spring - Igor Stravinsky -

- begins to play.

95 INT. ELEVATOR. NIGHT.

95

Two men and two women, dressed in dark cloth, step through the opening doors of the elevator into the flat.

96 INT. ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

96

Various groups of smartly dressed people stand throughout the entrance hall and, leaking into the sitting room, small moments of patterns punctuating the dark materials. Dresses, kimonos, suits, tunics.

Everyone wears a different mask, ones of famous activists. Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, Gloria Steinem, Bridget Bardot, Linda McCartney, Margaret Atwood, Emma Gonzalez, Bono, Bob Geldof and John Lennon have all turned up.

Next to the door, in a silver vase replacing an armchair, stacks of masks, untaken Mandela and Gandhi, Courtney Love, Barrack Obama.

Naked waiters walk among, three girls and three boys, young, just of age, carrying with them silver platters of canapés, Chambord Champagne and a variety of drugs, powders, pills, liquids.

97 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 97

Dakota stands in front of the cabinet, the sound of guests muffled behind the closed door. She wears a tight black suit, three pills in her palm. She studies them.

After a pause, she chucks them in the sink, turning on the tap. She stands, watching the water spin down the plughole, washing them away.

98 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 98

Dakota comes tentatively out of the bathroom. She composes herself and begins to stroll towards the small groups of people.

99 INT. ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT. 99

She comes past the masked guests, smiling in return to their nods and stares, up to the vase. She ruffles through and picks up a mask.

She turns, placing on Elizabeth Taylor.

Elizabeth walks towards the closest group, a waiter coming up to her, offering the purple fizz. She takes a glass, smiling at the waiter, who quickly scurries off without eye contact.

Elizabeth comes up to Malcolm X and Emma Gonzalez, both choosing something from the drug tray between them.

ELIZABETH  
Enjoying your evening?

Both Malcolm and Emma turn to her.

MALCOLM  
Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH  
That's a bold choice...Malcolm.

MALCOLM  
Isn't that the point? Anyway, I'm a big fan. Suits me well, I think.

DAKOTA  
He certainly counts as an academic...

Malcolm scoffs and turns back to the tray.

(CONTINUED)



MALCOLM  
(gesturing to tray)  
At least I only got married once.  
Will Ms. Taylor indulge...?

ELIZABETH  
Maybe later. And, atleast it was  
the same man...

Malcolm laughs, shrugging.

MALCOLM  
...I'm disappointed.

Elizabeth leaves, as Bono replaces her in that group. She walks past several more guests, drinking, laughing, and up to Queen Elizabeth II, standing by the kitchen, overseeing.

ELIZABETH  
We need to talk. And yes, I know  
not now. But it needs to happen...

Elizabeth looks over the Queen's mask.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
...your Majesty?

The Queen, who was just left alone by Bridget Bardot, turns to Elizabeth. She lifts the bottom half of her face up, Glenn's mouth.

GLENN  
Not now, darling.

She laughs and walks away. Elizabeth pauses in place.

ELIZABETH  
(whispers)  
That's what I fucking said...

John Lennon comes round behind her.

LENNON  
So, who are you?

She spins round.

LENNON  
Ah, Ms. Taylor.

ELIZABETH  
Someone has already made that joke.  
It's not even a joke.

(CONTINUED)

LENNON

She was a good actor...what's wrong?

ELIZABETH

Seriously? You must know why you walked out, what was going to happen?

LENNON

I didn't know that was going...what do you want me to have done?

He comes up close to her.

LENNON (CONT'D)

You can leave.

She steps back away from him.

ELIZABETH

This isn't a competition, not between us.

LENNON

It kind of is.

ELIZABETH

I'm here for different reasons to you.

LENNON

No, you're not. You think you're so singular.

She looks at him. He shrugs.

LENNON (CONT'D)

...she's rubbing off on me.

ELIZABETH

You are actually an idiot.

LENNON

Nothing wrong with a basic starter game.

ELIZABETH

There is if it's that shit. What's wrong with you? Actually, don't answer that, I can't handle more animosity in this fucking flat.

(CONTINUED)

Lennon shrugs and points to a waiter carrying a drug tray. Elizabeth laughs, shakes her head, strolling away.

A waiter comes up to Martin Luther King Jr., Margaret Atwood and Queen Elizabeth II. They take some canapés before The Queen slaps the retreating waiter's ass. He stumbles, some canapés slipping off the tray. The surrounding activists look to him, some laughs as he crouches down and picks them all up, walking quickly into the kitchen, where the other waiters prepare platters.

100

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

100

Seventeen activists sit round the large circular table, a black glass lazy suzan in the middle, quiet chatter. On each wall, a framed painting, all four mortuary mid shots of dead Dwight D Eisenhower, dead Lyndon B Johnson, dead Richard Nixon and dead Ronald Reagan. In front of Johnson and Nixon, two waiters with silver trolleys of drinks.

The other four waiters come through the entrance, going to the each ninety degree section of table and placing down glass bowls of drunken shrimp, flopping around, on the suzan. A few exclams, laughs, points and continued chatter, as the waiters retreat out of the room. They return quickly, trays of long strips of Foie Gras, dates, dried fruits surrounding, placed next to the dancing shrimp.

QUEEN

Please, everyone, dive in.

A few laughs from round the table as people dig into the shrimp. Elizabeth sits between Barrack Obama and Bono, directly opposite Lennon, The Queen and Malcolm taking to other two ninety degree heads of table.

The Queen stands.

QUEEN

As you eat, I would like to thank  
you all for joining us for what is  
the world's greatest seance.

More laughter.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

And I...we...

She gestures to Elizabeth, Lennon and Malcolm.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

...would like to thank you, all,  
for bringing yourselves and your

(CONTINUED)

QUEEN  
visitors. It is and will be hugely  
appreciated.

She lifts a glass of white wine from the table.

QUEEN (CONT'D)  
To activism.

CHORUS  
To activism.

Everyone around the table lifts their glasses and repeats  
The Queen's line. Elizabeth's glass rises lower than most  
and without voice. Laughs and talking follow the toast.  
Obama turns to Elizabeth.

OBAMA  
So, I understand you're Jeffrey and  
Glenn's.

Elizabeth looks over to him.

ELIZABETH  
And you're...I was going to make a  
clever political joke about you  
being in corporate pockets, but I  
can't really be bothered to think  
of one.

OBAMA  
I can see why they, well, Glenn  
picked you.

He laughs and tucks into some shrimp from the bowl.  
Elizabeth watches the shrimp flip and swirl around.

QUEEN  
You all may of course take of your  
masks for the rest of  
dinner...unless that's your thing.

All around the table, people begin to take off their masks  
revealing a mixture of men and woman, mostly older,  
interrupted with younger, a variety of races, yet unlikely  
class.

Elizabeth looks round the table before slowly removing her  
mask.

As Dakota looks up, some people around the table are looking  
directly at her. She recognises no one. Wait. One woman she  
might have seen in the office. She tries to see her face in  
the dim.

(CONTINUED)

Lennon's mask comes off, Miles looking around, some looking back at him. Glenn looks between Dakota and Miles and then up to a still-being-removed Malcolm. Jeffrey catches her gaze. He sits uncomfortably, isolated among surrounding conversation.

JACKIE (60s), sits to the Glenn's left, speaking with a thick savannah accent.

JACKIE

I am truly honoured to have been  
chosen to sit next to the host. And  
the prettiest one at that.

Glenn turns to her.

GLENN

Jackie, my darling. Who else?

Jackie laughs and puts a whole shrimp in her mouth and crunching.

JACKIE

(mouth full)

These are simply glorious. You have  
set your standards very high one  
course one.

Glenn smiles.

GLENN

Just you wait...

The waiters come in, taking the shrimp and leaving the room. Others enter, placing down silver platters of Yin Yang Fish, tails flipping, gills trying, eyes darting, flesh conveniently sliced open, surrounded by a variety of neatly placed vegetables and fruits. Further exclams, laughter and chatter. Bowls of rice come next.

Dakota looks at the fish, struggling, knives and forks digging in, taking out chunks. As does Miles. They look up to each other. He shrugs, she looks back to the fish.

Monica, sitting next to Miles, turns to him, with two black poles through her hair, a delicate navy Kurdistan dress.

MONICA

Ever had Yin Yang?

MILES

Can't say I ever have.

He reaches for the wine in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

You know, there is no reason to keep the fish alive. No increase in flavour, texture. It's just the entertainment, of seeing it move as you eat. What genius thought of this first.

She reaches forward with her chopsticks and pokes the fish in front of her through the gills. It reacts, the eye shooting around the head, gills pulsating weakly, body shaking. Miles watches with thinning eyes.

Monica takes out a piece of flesh from the fish and places it on Miles' plate.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Enjoy. Having said all that, it does taste fucking good.

She smiles at him. Miles looks at his plate, picking up his chopsticks. He hesitates, gulps, then goes for it, picking it up and putting it in his mouth. He chews, turning to Monica and shrugging.

MILES

It's fish.

Monica laughs and tucks in herself, retrieving bits of fish onto her plate. Miles reaches forward for more. He watches the fish's face as he picks of some flesh. It seems now not to notice.

Dakota watches those around her picking the fishes apart. She notices some older patrons talking and turning towards the younger. Some look uncomfortable, some happy enough. She looks to her left. GILL (60s) in a black flower dress, stares back at her.

GILL

Gill.

She offers a hand to Dakota who goes to shake it, but can't quite work out how to shake a hand ready to be kissed. She holds it gently instead.

DAKOTA

Dakota.

GILL

Oh, I know. I've heard much.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA  
How's that?

Gill's confused.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
Heard from where?

GILL  
Newsletter, darling.

Dakota's turn to be confused, looking over to Glenn, who notices with a wry smile.

DAKOTA  
I refuse to be stupid about this.  
Each...couple has younger  
mistresses, and whatever the male  
equivalent is-

GILL  
-lover.

Dakota pauses, looking round the table.

DAKOTA  
And you all write your sex diaries  
into something you call a  
newsletter and distribute it  
amongst each other.

GILL  
Pretty spot on.

Dakota scoffs. Then realises something.

DAKOTA  
Writing, only?

Gill smiles.

GILL  
Yes, dear, it really is presented  
with panache. Anyway, higher risk  
for us than you.

DAKOTA  
Truest thing I've heard in a while.  
Why do you write one?

GILL  
Why? Well, because it's fun, dear.  
All part of creating something  
different and unique.

(CONTINUED)

She pops some fish in her mouth.

GILL

And, I suppose, because we can.

Gill looks down at Dakota's empty plate.

GILL

Not eating?

Dakota looks at her. Gill goes back to her fish.

GILL (CONT'D)

It's fun doing what you want,  
without feeling consequence. I  
suppose at your age, you might call  
it adrenaline. And you, my dear,  
why are you are?

DAKOTA

Guess.

GILL

You do strike me as someone not  
entirely in this for the money. Not  
the first I've met, granted. But it  
does make you more interesting.

DAKOTA

I'm not a specimen.

GILL

No need for that, dear.

Dakota looks away from Gill.

GILL (CONT'D)

You are and you aren't. Most  
specimens can't be touched.

Dakota looks to Gill, who breaks into a laugh as, RICHARD  
(60s), the either side of Dakota, turns to her, in a black  
Kung Fu dress shirt.

RICHARD

Enjoying your meal?

DAKOTA

Is it all just for shock value?

RICHARD

No, it taste fucking fantastic. As  
I suppose it does fully dead. But

(CONTINUED)



RICHARD  
as you say...shock value. Why are  
you here?

DAKOTA  
Why does everyone ask me that?

RICHARD  
Because it's a good question, but  
fine. I'll get it out of you, don't  
worry.

He winks at her, taking a large gulp of red wine from the  
glass in front of him.

Miles has continued to precariously eat the Yin Yang. He  
catches the eye of another young guest, MARIA (20s), short  
ginger hair, freckles across her face, sitting near Jeffrey.  
They smile at each other, Miles looking down, partially  
embarrassed.

Monica leans in close to Miles.

MONICA  
You like her?

MILES  
I mean, she's...beautiful,  
obviously.

MONICA  
Glad you think so. She's mine.

Miles turns to Monica, who looks at Maria. Monica nods at  
her, Maria feigning a smile back, then turning to Miles.

Maria stands, puts her napkin onto the table and walks out  
of the room, glancing back to Miles as she leaves. He looks  
to Monica, who shrugs.

He stands up and starts to walk round the table. Glenn and  
Jeffrey have both noticed and watch him walk. Glenn signals  
a waiter. Miles reaches the door frame but is stopped by the  
waiter.

WAITER  
I'm sorry, sir.

MILES  
What...why-

(CONTINUED)

Miles turns to see a few people watching him. He looks to Glenn, who smiles at him. He turns back to the waiter, before backing off and going back to his seat. Monica smiles to herself, amused.

Jeffrey watches Miles back to his seat. JERRY (70s), next to him, followed by NATASHA (50s) continue their conversation.

NATASHA

He's says to me "I'm won't do it. I flat out fucking won't". He always looks so pleased with himself when he swears. And Jared, just walks out, prat. He's completely fucked himself. Knowing our friend, he'll force through a fucking divorce.

JERRY

Well, when the administration's up, he'll have the face the music anyway. She is better looking-

NATASHA

-but part of that family. I mean, I could try and find you a bigger put off.

Jerry laughs.

JERRY

Jeffrey, how's Glenn?

Jeffrey turns to him.

JEFFREY

Keeping herself busy. Or trying to. At the theatre mostly.

NATASHA

Not with that awful...homosexual, what's him name?

JEFRREY

Hmmmm...Edward.

NATASHA

Edward. Edward. Urgh.

Both men chuckle.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Did you get through the contract?

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY

I did, we got it yesterday. We'll cover it. Of course. It is a large amount of money.

NATASHA

It's a fuck load of money, Jeffrey.

JERRY

I thought people bid for contracts?

NATASHA

They do...doesn't mean we have to give it to them. Friends are more reliable.

Jerry eyebrows rise, Jeffrey perks up.

JEFFREY

What's best? Safest? Most reasonable priced option for this country? Quality consistency. Why would we deviate? It's important, we make important decisions. And we've proved that quality consistency in product for close to seventy five years.

NATASHA

Now, now, Jeffrey, we don't need a pitch. We are here for something new, not your regurgitated spew.

JERRY

Fighting talk.

Jerry and Natasha laugh, Jeffrey smiles.

JERRY

It's still doesn't seem quite right...

NATASHA

Jerry, honestly. It's not hard...

Jeffrey looks over to Miles.

Waiters come forward from standing by the portraits on the walls and retrieve the emptied fish platters. Maria come back in and sits down. She looks to Miles, who shrugs and smiles. She giggles.

(CONTINUED)

Two waiters come in carrying a plastic sheet, laying it down behind Glenn, between her and the wall, in front of dead Reagan. Another two carry in a six foot perspex screen, placing it in front of the sheet.

Glenn stands, recieving everyone's attention. The chatter become murmurs before ceasing.

GLENN

Everyone...live monkey brains was just that little bit too complicated and illegal. But to continue a rough theme...here's a deer.

Two waiters come in, full body plastic suits, still naked, one in front, dragging with a rope round it's neck, a large female deer, bucking against her and the waiter holding her hinds. People exclaim, some beginning clapping.

GLENN (CONT'D)

And since we didn't want you to get blood on yourselves hacking up your own, we thought we would do the slaughtering part.

She smiles as several people stand for the view, others gasp, some still clap.

Four waiters come in, holding hot plates, placing them down on the suzan. Another two bring in platters of roasted vegetables, pigs in blankets surrounding a hog head with a apple in it's mouth.

DAKOTA

That seem's totally unnecessary.

Gill laughs.

GILL

Glorious. You're taking a long time to understand this, dear

Small glass and cork bottles of oil are placed in front of each guest.

Miles is watching the deer, bemused, turning to Maria, who grins back at him. She licks her lips. He giggles.

Jeffrey has remained seated and is staring at Glenn, drinking his wine. He looks over to Miles and follows his gaze to Maria.

(CONTINUED)

Dakota watches Richard and Gill dot some oil on the hotplate in front of them, sizzling, smoke flashing up.

Glenn moves to one side.

GLENN

Now, people of all ages...

A waiter comes in carrying a thick machete.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Please, those in front, move out to way for all to see.

Everyone is on there feet, bar Jeffrey. The guests closest to Glenn have fanned out. Dakota stumbles to a stand, steadying herself on the back of her chair. Richard places a hand on her shoulder, leaning in.

RICHARD

First bit of you, found out.

He scoffs and pulls back.

Miles is also standing, subtly shifting round to stand next to Maria.

MILES

Miles.

Maria looks at his outstretched hand and then back to the deer. Miles removes his hand.

MILES (CONT'D)

Monica's interesting.

MARIA

Huh...you're telling me.

MILES

What do you think of all of this?

He gestures up to the deer, now being forced behind the perspex.

MARIA

My daddy hunts. These people are cunts. And I don't normally rhyme.

Miles laughs, Maria stares at him in her periphery.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

For your entertainment.

Glenn sweeps her arms across herself like a presenter, people begin clapping.

The waiter holds the deer's head between his hands, it bucking, kicking out at the back as the machete wielder comes round, putting the blade under it's neck. Cheering and even whoops have started from the audience.

The waiter looks to Glenn, who looks at the deer, before smiling and nodding.

He pushes the blade into it's neck, hard and slices all the way across, slowly, digging deep. The waiter holding the head struggles to keep the animal from moving away, as blood gushes out onto the sheet, spurting viciously downward. It streaks up onto the perspex and the wall behind, spilling onto all waiters. Whoops and cheers.

After a short struggle, the deer buckles and slowly ceases to move. It's rested down on its side, peacefully, by the waiters. Now bloodied dead Reagan looks on, albeit eyes closed.

People shouts and clap loudly, Glenn looking around for adulation. Miles looks stunned, darting between the deer and Maria's reaction. Dakota is visibly more upset. Jeffrey still sips his wine, still sitting, still not looking at the deer.

A woman in chef's whites walks in with a black roll-bag of knives under her arm. She kneels down behind the perspex, removes a knife and begins skinning the deer, starting cutting around the neck.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Please, everyone sit, your cuts will be with you shortly. Do request your preference if applicable.

The bloodied waiters walk out, others coming in, queueing up behind the chef with empty silver trays. Two others come in, carrying the trays of drugs and placing them down on both metal tables, next to the alcohol. Monica's eyes light up.

MONICA

Ohhh, it has been a long week.

(CONTINUED)

She stands, walking quickly over to the nearest metal table, picking up a vile of cocaine. She taps a generous amount out of her hand, snorting hard. She shakes her head, putting the vile into her dress strap.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You, are for later.

Others have too gone quickly for the drugs, one man, having sat back down and downing his wine, has now passed out in his chair, snoring.

Maria walks away from Miles and to the nearest drug tray. She looks it over and takes two yellow pills with a cross stamped in. She walks back to Miles.

MARIA

Hold out your hand.

MILES

Don't want to pop it in for me?

She stares at him, he smiles.

He reaches out his hand, she drops in a pill. He studies it.

MILES (CONT'D)

Is that a crucifix?

MARIA

It sure is.

She pops her pill into her mouth, Miles watching her before following.

MILES

How often have you done this? These dinners, not the...

He gestures to the drug tray.

MARIA

Number three.

Miles stops smiling.

MILES

Are they all like this?

Maria slowly nods.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

Mostly. Each one is supposedly  
unique though. They like themes.

Dakota is still standing, watching the chef carve sections  
off the deer, pulling ribs out the way. Gill has seen and  
stands back up, next to her.

GILL

You eat meat dear, there's not much  
I can say. It's the theatre of it.

Dakota looks to her, about to spill over.

GILL (CONT'D)

It won't be worth it, dear. Think  
it over.

Dakota stops, Gill smiles and coaxes her back into her seat.

GILL (CONT'D)

Enjoy the venison, as you would any  
other time.

Gill turns around, scurries out her seat, over to the drug  
tray. She comes back quickly.

GILL (CONT'D)

Have something to calm yourself  
down. One of these will work.

Gill holds out an oval green pill. Dakota looks at her.

GILL (CONT'D)

It's not terribly potent, dear.

Dakota sighs, looking back at the half cut up deer. She  
grabs the pill and puts it in her mouth. She waits,  
expecting. Gill laughs, popping her own.

GILL (CONT'D)

Give it a few minutes.

The chef places several chunks from the carcass onto the  
first tray. The waiter comes round to the table, behind  
Glenn. People begin to murmur and clap as Glenn takes some  
meat, putting it on her plate. She finishes and royally  
accepts the applause.

Dakota watches Glenn, who turns, eyes piercing. Glenn's face  
slowly becomes spotlit, the rest of the room grows darker.  
Her face starts to move toward Dakota, getting closer and  
closer. Dakota looks down at her hands, planted on the

(CONTINUED)



table, gripping hard, then down to her feet, planted on the floor. She looks back up. Glenn's face laughs into hers, mouth consuming. Dakota jumps, her chair rocks, closes her eyes and re-opens. Everyone around the table has their own spotlight, all staring at her. She turns to Gill. Just a mouth. The lips creak into a smile. Dakota shoots up. She tries to steady herself, turning and making toward the entrance. Everything snaps into bright refracted light, leaking calmly for all directions. They stream down from various angles, stream from people's face.

Dakota is sitting in her chair, everything and everyone reset, the spectrum of colours warping around all objects. The table is now the suzan, spinning slowly beneath her hands, against the spin of the real suzan as the hot plates send up sparks of smoke infused rainbows. A tap on her shoulder. Her head jolts over.

GILL (CONT'D)

Starts heavy but isn't this nice.

Dakota stares at her.

DAKOTA

Enlightening.

Gill roars with laughter as a waiter comes round with a tray of raw, bleeding meat, different shades of red leaking out the flesh, as if giving off it's own light.

GILL

Ah, fabulous.

She starts to take off some of the chunks off the tray, placing them on her plate. Dakota watches as they squash onto the plate.

Gill finishes, the waiter comes round to Dakota. Nodding decidedly, Dakota picks up slices of meat. They squish between her cutlery, sponging when placed on her plate. She finishes and the waiter moves on.

Gill has started putting cuts on the colour-steaming hot plate. The meat sizzles with bright flashes, the brown grey eeking up the side, slicing into the red. Blood dripping out is immediately cauterised, leaving a brown burnt stain.

Dakota places on her own piece. It cooks quickly, heat rushing through the meat. She retrieves it to her plate, studying it over, before putting it in her mouth. She chews down, her face in clear enjoyment. She looks over to the carcass, still being divided up by the chef. She puts her cutlery down, grabs a glass of water and downs most of it. The bright lights retreat slightly, more manageable.

(CONTINUED)

Miles has sat back down, meat not yet having reached him. His leg had started tapping up and down with increasing viciousness. He looks at it with confusion. He puts his finger to his neck, his heartbeat getting steadily faster. He takes a deep breath in and holds it. Everything around him freezes. He looks around, everyone, everything still, smoke frozen in the air.

He breathes out. Time catches up, a brief fast forward, before re-setting to normality. He looks over to Maria, who sees his face, and begins laughing. He chuckles and shakes his head.

A waiter with a platter of meat nearest Miles speeds forward past all diners, stopping restfully behind Miles, who looks at him in surprise. He takes some meat, looking to Maria. She mouths "wait for it.". His eyebrows rise.

Jeffrey looks at his plate, the meat still raw.

JEFFREY  
(to himself)  
That's it for me.

He stands, stretching his back, pulling up his trousers. Glenn watches as he walks round the table, huffing, toward the exit. Her eyes thin as he leaves.

Jackie bites a piece of meat off her fork and closes her eyes in enjoyment as she chews.

JACKIE  
I must say, once again, what food  
you have prepared. Glenn, you have  
out done all of us.

RONNIE  
A hollow sentence if ever there was  
one. She says that every time.

RONNIE (60s), sitting to the other side of Glenn in a boring grey suit, nudges her gently. Glenn snaps back from Jeffrey's exit, an instant smile streaking across her face.

RONNIE  
She says that every time we do one  
of these.

Glenn looks to Jackie.

JACKIE  
I most certainly do not.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN  
Most kind of you to say, Jackie.

JACKIE  
Exactly, do quieten down Ronald.  
May I enquire...

Ronnie rolls his eyes at the words.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
(she gestures to each wall)  
...as to quite what in the fuck  
these portraits are, Glenda?

Glenn shivers at the name use. Jackie notices, smiling to Ronnie, who scoffs back.

GLENN  
What, you don't like them,  
Jacqueline?

JACKIE  
On the contrary, they are quite  
superb. You must put me in touch  
with your dealer.

GLENN  
Right over there. Gill?

Gill looks to Glenn gesturing her over and comes round the table, up behind her chair.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Gill, my darling, meet Jackie.

GILL  
Charmed, I'm sure.

JACKIE  
Gill, I am Jackie.

GILL  
Wow, you really are.

Ronnie coughs laughing on his wine. He pretends to study his glass.

RONNIE  
Glenn, where are the spirits? This  
wine...

He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN  
You don't like it?

RONNIE  
It's joyous, just weak, very weak.

Glenn gestures over to the nearest waiter against the wall.  
She nods him over to Ronnie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Whiskey. Something decent.

The waiter nods and starts to turn as Ronnie grabs his  
penis.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Ohhh...

GLENN  
Now, now, Ronnie, behave.

Ronnie smiles up at waiter.

RONNIE  
But it's so...nice.

He let's go, the waiter walking quickly back to the metal  
table, searching through the bottles.

Glenn lifts her Queen Elizabeth II mask and studies it.

JACKIE  
Where can I purchase these  
extraordinary dead presidents? And  
more importantly, where exactly is  
my dear Jimmy Carter?

GILL  
Jimmy was more of a struggle. And  
not strictly legal. But we got  
there, ended up being terribly  
expensive.

JACKIE  
All the better. I just have to know  
how much you spent on dear dead  
Jimmy?

Gill leans in and whispers in Jackie's ear. Her eyes widen  
and she shrieks in excitement. Gill stands back,  
self-impressed.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
My order is in.

GILL  
I'll be in touch. When Bill's on  
ice, I'll give you a call.

They laugh, Gill walking back over to her chair.

JACKIE  
Ohhhh, Jimmy.

She feigns orgasm, slamming her hands on the table.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Jimmy, Jimmy, JIMMY.

Ronnie and Glenn start laughing.

Four waiters come over to the now severely damaged carcass,  
picking up a corner of the sheet each and carrying it out  
the room. Two others come over and take out the perspex.

The back wall is smattered with blood, dead Reagan deeply  
stained with now crusted red. Gill looks over to the picture  
and begins laughing.

GILL  
Jackie, dear.

Jackie stops her fake orgasming and looks around, following  
Gill's gesturing. She notices the painting and howls with  
laughter.

JACKIE  
That's what you get for usurping my  
Jimmy.

Miles is now wide-eyed, leg tapping furiously. The meat on  
his plate has been chopped into neat squares. He studies it.  
Looking over to his hands, he realises he is holding a knife  
and fork. He drops them onto the table.

Maria is cricking her neck, physically pouting her chest.  
She stops and rolls her hand all the way round, Miles  
watching her study herself. She looks to him and winks.

Dakota's light has now soften, a gentle glow across the  
scene.

GILL  
Did you enjoy it?

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA  
Certainly relaxed me.

GILL  
That is by design, dear.

Glenn stands.

GLENN  
Everyone, coffee and treats will be served, but as to formally sitting round the suzan, please, relax.

Ronnie stumbles to his feet.

RONNIE  
I...well...I...Glenn and Jeffrey.

He thrusts his hand into the air, realises theres no glass, lowers it, looking around for a glass, drunkenly falling back into his seat.

CHORUS  
Glenn and Jeffrey.

Everyone's glasses are raised as people begin to stand and slowly leave the room. Maria stands, a last look at Miles before sweeping out the room.

Miles himself stands, cricking his neck, heading round the table for the exit, but is cut off by Richard. He stands close.

RICHARD  
I was watching you..some of the evening. You have a nice smile. Now I know you were eyeing up Miss. Maria and I don't, in any way, want to distract you from that, for now, but later, you'll be mine, just to let you know. We do have all evening though.

He slides his hand down Miles chest, stepping to one side and gesturing him through. Miles pauses, smiles at him and then heads out of the room, the smile becoming determination once out of sight of Richard.

Glenn comes round to Dakota, still sitting. She leans in. Gill watches.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

I hope you enjoyed all of that.  
Because I'm not so sure you will  
the next part.

She moves away from an unmoving Dakota to join a group leaving the room. Gill lends a hand to Dakota's shoulder, gesturing to a drug tray.

GILL

If you stay, it'll be easier that  
way.

She removes her hand and walks out the room. Dakota stares at the tray. She stands and walks to it. Many varieties of different coloured and shaped pills, powders, liquids, lip rubs, everything. She looks up at the waiter holding it.

DAKOTA

Any suggestions?

WAITER

Sorry, ma'am.

DAKOTA

Really, none?

WAITER

Sorry, ma'am.

Dakota stares at her. She grabs a lip rub and heads out the room.

101 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

101

Richard and Natasha come together, naked, kissing hard.

The large windows in the sitting room have been covered with layers of black silk, just translucent enough. On the floor, a thick black rug, spanning out up from the window to the sofa, which has been replaced by a red leather version, covered in thin layers of black silk.

Natasha lays Richard down, profile to the sofa, grabbing his penis and slowly lowering herself down, head tilting back, eyes closed. Richard smiles, putting his hands behind his head.

A couple of laughs. People are spread throughout the sitting room, entrance hall and kitchen, tucking into trays of small sweet pastries and puddings, getting stronger drinks, digging into drugs.

(CONTINUED)

Natasha opens her eyes, seeing his position and slaps Richard. He takes it and giggles. She continues to slowly grind on top of him, going back into herself, eyes closing.

Gill, naked, has a hand on each of the naked backs of FRANCIS (20s) and APRIL (18), two younger guests, bringing them forward up to Richard and Natasha.

She stops them, turns Francis to her, kisses him, then pulls April up, kissing her. She pushes their heads together. They kiss. Gill smiles as she watches. They stop and look at her, eyebrows raised.

GILL

There are no norms in starting an  
orgy, dears. You can fuck one or  
two people on a bed anytime.

(pointing at Francis)

You.

He walks forward, Gill lying down on the rug near to a still grinding Natasha and Richard.

Gill grabs Francis' head and forces it down until he is at her crotch. He moves forward cautiously, Gill forces him in, moving his head around her vagina for him.

GILL (CONT'D)

Jackie...

Jackie looks over.

JACKIE

YEE-HAW.

Some more laughs. Natasha looks around, riding Richard faster now and notices April, standing alone and awkward over Gill and Francis. She beckons her forward, grabbing her head and forcing it down, behind her ass. April slightly resists before going down onto her stomach between Richard's legs, hands pulling open Natasha's ass, her head thrusting hard in.

Jerry notices the group on the rug, walking away from talking to Monica and takes a seat in the middle of the sofa, unzipping his trousers, pulling out his penis and starting to masturbate, watching the now five large orgy intently.

Monica slowly moves over towards the hallway, peering down. Empty.

Jackie comes up behind her, naked.

(CONTINUED)



JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Let's loose this.

Jackie starts to take off Monica's dress, leaving her hands to touch as much skin as possible, Monica still staring down the hall.

She reaches Monica's ass, pulling the dress hard down against the skin. Monica turns her head from the hallway, Jackie reaching her ankles. She steps out the dress, almost muscle memory. Jackie rises back up to Monica's face.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Are you ready for this?

Monica smiles at her, they briefly kiss, before arm in arm they sweep off toward the group on the rug.

102

INT. MILES' BEDROOM. NIGHT.

102

Miles is on top of Maria on the double bed, both naked, he thrusting forward fast. Both faces in ecstasy. The thrusting fast forwards and slows, each specific enjoyment highlighted with a slow in time.

Maria's eyes flash open. She watches Miles as light shines over every contour on his body, digging her fingers into his back.

A slow, hard thrust forward and she stops him moving, putting her hands on his shoulders. He opens his eye's and looks down to her.

She pushes him off her, sliding forward of the bed, he twists off the side, standing, walking over to her, now too standing, her hand hits his chest, forcing him backward, slamming him against the door.

They look at each other intensely before she kisses down his neck, onto his chest, his head tilting back. She pulls away from kissing below his stomach, grabbing hold of his penis with her hand. She pauses, shrugs.

MARIA  
It is just a cock.

She licks up the length of his penis, Miles starts moaning. She smiles, putting her mouth around it and starts to move back and forward.

103 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 103

Miles' door shifts roughly in it's frame, muffled groans.

104 INT. STUDY. NIGHT. 104

Jeffrey sits on the windowsill, moonlight coming in through, illuminating his book, "Infinite Jest".

His head rises at the sound of a particularly loud sex scream.

105 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 105

Five people has now become ten.

Glenn is at the centre, highest, seemingly propped up, her face and torso reaching out from the mess-mass of skin.

Jerry still sits on the sofa, leaning forward, his arm moving almost too fast. Trousers now by his ankles, his face is red, veins straining, on his arms too. His toes are curled in.

Through the doorway to the dining room, Ronnie has passed out in his chair, by himself, snoring.

MICHAEL (20s), naked, is at Glenn's front, kissing her chest, biting down on a nipple, pulling it back with his teeth.

Behind her is Gill, licking her tongue down the groove in Glenn's back, down to her ass and then to the back of her vagina. Glenn has a hand on her head, thrusting her in, face purely distracted.

Jackie comes up from kissing Monica, on Glenn's left, to the side of the mass. She stands and walks over to a waiter at the side of the room, holding a tray of various vibrators, strap-ons, sex toys. She picks a red strap-on.

She walks over to Monica, who now has Francis' penis in her hand, eyes fixated on him, he looking to her and away, nervously.

JACKIE

My sweet...

Monica turns around, sees Jackie holding the strap-on, smiles and turns back to Francis, putting his penis in her mouth.

Jackie slips the strap on up her legs, it's too loose and keeps slipping as she tries tighten. She tuts and tries to tighten it, pulling it off, holding it in front of her face for clarity, managing to tighten it.

106 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 106

Dakota stand in front of mirror cabinet. She looks down at the lip rub in her hand.

She opens up the cabinet, grabbing both her medicine bottles.

She sits down on the toilet, holding the pots in one hand, the rub in the other.

She studies both, looking between them.

Deciding, she shoots up, dropping both bottles in the sink, taking the rub and lathering across her lips.

She drops the rub in the sink, studying herself in the mirror.

107 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 107

Jackie has tightened the strap and successful pulled it up onto her waist.

She comes down to her knees, behind Monica and Francis, placing her hands gently on Monica's back, who turns and moves aside, Jackie coming forward and kissing Francis.

She stops, roughly turning him round and shoving him onto all fours.

FRANCIS  
Wait...what...

Jackie grabs his sides and silences him. She holds the strap-on in her hand and slowly puts it into his ass. Francis face begins to contour to pain.

FRANCIS  
No...

Monica comes round to his face. She kisses him gently, as Jackie starts to move forward and back.

MONICA  
You'll love it, just relax.

She smiles at him, he grimaces back.

(CONTINUED)

Monica stands up, smiles at Jackie who is thrusting faster and faster into Francis, and walks over past a very distracted Jerry, turning down the hallway.

The mass of skin continues to move and writhe, groans and shrieks.

108 INT. MILES' BEDROOM. NIGHT.

108

Maria is lying on her back on the double bed.

MARIA

Do you have a razor?

Miles looks up from down by her crotch.

MILES

Think so...

MARIA

Get it.

He climbs off the bed and ruffles through his stuff over by the cupboard. He finds it, gets back on the bed and hands it to her. He goes back to her vagina but she stops him, lifting his head up toward hers.

She presses the razor hard against the skin just below her shoulder. She scrapes down, drawing blood, slicing up the first few layers of skin. He watches, looking up at her. She takes the razor off, blood leaking out down her chest. She looks at him, taking his head and moving it toward the cut.

He licks up the dripping blood with his tongue, moving over her breast, reaching up to the cut itself. He licks up over it, Maria shivers in enjoyment.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Suck.

Miles starts to suck on the cut. Maria's body writhers around on the bed.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Fuck, you're amazing.

She pulls him off and up to her face, kissing him, licking the blood from off his lips. She pulls away, licking her own.

109 INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT. 109

Ronnie snores and snuffles to life, looking around him. A waiter comes up behind, placing down a whiskey, he murmurs thanks, picking it up and downing it. He snuffles, then falls back asleep.

110 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 110

Monica strides down the hallway. She stops at the first door, putting her ear close to it.

Nothing.

She walks across the hall.

Nothing.

Back across.

111 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 111

Dakota hears footsteps. She turns and stares at the crack beneath the door.

The footsteps stop. The door creaks.

Dakota is still.

Silence.

The footsteps move away, Dakota breathes out.

112 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 112

Monica goes for the next door but stops. She turns, hearing, and heads for the last door on the left, smiling.

113 INT. MILES' BEDROOM. NIGHT. 113

Miles is down by Maria's vagina, his head moving around, lying on the bed. Maria's face increases in pleasure, Miles gets faster, Maria climaxes and cums. Her face screwed into ecstasy, Miles pulls away, breathing heavily, mouth dripping, she slams his face back in.

Her hand slaps around on the bedside table. She finds a pill. She breathes more normally, studying the pill between her fingers.

MARIA  
Ecstasy in Ecstasy...

She scoffs and chucks the pill in her mouth. Miles looks up.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA (CONT'D)  
You're still not done...

He smiles and goes back to her vagina, kissing gently up her thighs before moving faster.

The door sweeps open and Monica strides in. Miles stops and turns, coming off the bed. Maria's head shoots up.

Monica stands at the end of the bed. She looks at Miles.

MONICA  
Don't you move.

Miles stops at the edge of the bed and swallows. Monica turns to Maria. She slowly goes onto all fours on the bed, coming up slowly until her face is over Maria's.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
I think it's time your weren't so selfish.

Maria face goes still, a small smile. Monica grabs Maria's hair, who starts shouting.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

Monica shuffles backwards off the bed, dragging Maria along. Maria's hand on Monica's, holding it tight.

MARIA  
Stop, stop, I'm sorry.

Monica pulls hard and Maria falls off the end of the bed. Miles steps forward. Monica daggers a look to him. He freezes.

She drags Maria out the door, Miles runs forward.

MONICA  
What did I say?

He stops and stands still.

114 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

114

Monica drags a screaming Maria down the hallway by her hair. Maria's naked skin scraps along the floor, Monica looking determinedly forward.

115 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT. 115

Dakota hears the screaming and comes up to the door. She opens it slowly, just a crack, watching Monica drag Maria by. She opens the door and steps out.

116 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 116

Dakota stands in the hallway. She turns around to see Miles, standing still by his door, wide-eyed.

117 INT. STUDY. NIGHT. 117

Jeffrey hears Maria's screams. He turns and looks to the door. They get louder, passing, then get quieter. He turns back to his book, shuffling his position and turning a page.

118 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 118

Maria, still screaming, is pulled along the floor into the room and past the sofa. Jerry looks away from the orgy the first time. He starts the chuckle, masturbating faster.

Ronnie wakes up as Monica strolls past the doorway, looking around, then passing back out.

Certain members of the group have looked over, April and Francis watching concerned. Jackie cackles, Glenn smiles.

MONICA

Enjoy.

Monica chucks Maria forward toward the mass of people. A crying Maria has clambering hands all over her, pulling her into the swirling flesh, Maria's tears and eyes directed at Monica.

Dakota comes to the end of the hallway, Miles just behind her. Monica turns, sees and walks over to them. She smiles at Dakota, walks past, up close to Miles.

MONICA (CONT'D)

She like's it. You have a lot to learn about people before getting so intimate.

Glenn steps away from the group, striding past the sofa and into the kitchen, getting a glass, filling it from the tap.

Monica and Miles stare at each other.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA (CONT'D)

Go on, ask her.

She walks away back toward the group, Dakota turning to Miles, who is staring at Maria amongst the others.

Glenn downs her water. Standing at the counter, catching her breath, she notices Dakota and Miles, walking over to them.

GLENN

Don't make me do that you.

She gestures to Maria, tears still wet on her cheeks, on all fours, Richard thrusting hard behind her. Miles is watching him.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Learn to learn, boy.

Dakota stares at Glenn, who turns to her and smiles, gesturing her off toward the rug.

Dakota slowly walks forward, taking off her suit. Jerry watches her as she comes up to the group, Glenn following, and is grabbed, pulled viciously in by Jackie, who slipping off Dakota's pants.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Miles.

Glenn has rejoined the group. Miles looks around for an escape. He moves slowly forward, catching Monica's eye.

MONICA

You enjoyed it so much in private.  
Let's see about public.

She grabs Miles, pushing Richard out the way. She position Miles behind Maria, still on all fours. Richard begins to chuckle on the floor, he grabs a nearby head, Michael's, and forces it onto his penis.

Miles stares at Monica, down to Maria's back.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Go on.

Monica comes behind him, grabs his penis and forces it into Maria, pushing his ass forward. She grips Miles' sides and starts the thrusting motion for him. Tears start coming down Miles' cheeks, he looks straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)



Monica smiles. Richard continues chuckling. Maria's head turns slightly. Miles looks down at her, she wryly smiles, eye's in wide enjoyment. He stares at her in shock.

GILL  
(shouts)  
WATER.

Gill's head pops up from among some bodies.

GILL (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
WAITER. WATER. WATER. WAITER.

Two waiters come quickly from the kitchen with glasses of water on a silver tray. The mass of bodies temporarily separates. Monica holds Miles and Maria in position. Everyone else comes apart, most grabbing a glass of water.

The Last Supper:

Jackie, Gill and Francis stand to the left, watching Miles and Maria continue to fuck, centred amongst the crowd. They sip their water. Next to them, Natasha holding one arm round Dakota, playing gently with her nipple, holding water in the other. All bodies angled toward Miles and Maria. Dakota rejects water as the waiter comes past. Miles continues to move back and forward, slower now, with Glenn standing directly behind them, no water in hand, surveying. Monica kneels to the right of the couple, sipping her water. Michael, April follow behind, then Richard, who has his hand on April's Vagina, rubbing his fingers slowly in circles. She looks uneasy, between his hand and Miles' back. Both sides watching Miles and Maria, drinking. Jerry continues to masturbate on the sofa.

Gill clicks her fingers at one of the waiters, standing by the kitchen, holding a drug platter. She scurries forward, coming up to Gill, who gestures to Jackie, next to her.

GILL (CONT'D)  
Don't be so rude.

WAITER  
Sorry, ma'am.

The waiter offers the tray to Jackie.

Miles has slowed down close to a stop. Monica picks up her foot and plants it into his back. Maria groans, Miles snuffles. He continues quietly crying and resumes thrusting back and forward, Monica's leg stretching and retreating against his back with each movement.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Excuse me, won't you?

Glenn walks round the back of the group and heads for the hallway.

JACKIE

Don't you be too long...

GLENN

Don't you worry your pretty little self...

Jackie smiles. Natasha leans in to Dakota.

NATASHA

What do you think?

Dakota looks down at Miles and Maria.

DAKOTA

That this isn't even...fucking classifiable. He's being raped.

Natasha smiles.

NATASHA

Interesting, though, that they haven't stopped.

DAKOTA

Not really. She has his foot on his back and that one seems to like it.

She pauses.

DAKOTA

Flight or fight or freeze.

Natasha scoffs.

NATASHA

Watch this.

She comes round and crouches down in front of Miles and Maria. They both look at her. She turns to Maria.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

I'll give you \$XXXXXX (Bleeped) if you take it up the ass.

Maria stares at her, Miles stops moving. Monica removes her foot.

(CONTINUED)

The room is silent, watching. Maria reaches round, grabs Miles penis, moves it up and pushes it in. She smiles, closing her eyes.

Natasha turns to Miles, placing her hand on his back, starting to move him forward and back. She looks at Dakota, who stares back at her.

After watching for a while, Natasha turns to Miles, shuffles over to come up close to his ear.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
I'll give you \$XXXXXX (Bleeped) if  
you take it up the ass.

Miles looks at her, the start of a head shake. He then looks down, stops moving and pulls out. Natasha clicks to her left, Jackie slipping off her strap-on and chucking it to Natasha, who holds it out to Maria. Miles looks to the floor.

Maria stands and pulls the strap-on up onto her waist. Natasha gently turns and pushes Miles onto all fours, he closes his eyes. Maria holds the strap-on in her hand, moving forward and crouching down by Miles.

MARIA  
(whispering)  
I told you to wait for it.

Miles stares at the rug. Maria pushes the strap-on into his ass, starting to thrust back and forward. Miles faces screws up in pain.

Natasha giggles, standing, and walks back over to Dakota.

NATASHA  
Flight or fight or freeze indeed.

She goes round to Dakota's back.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
Are you freezing? Welcome to XXXX  
(Bleeped), bitch.

People have finished the water, glasses back on trays or the floor, resuming coming together, surrounding Maria and Miles once again.

119 INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

119

The door swings open and Glenn strolls in, closing it behind her. Jeffrey looks up from his book. The moonlight strong on his face.

She stands at the start of the maze of books.

GLENN

Do I need to tell you how  
embarrassing that was for me?

Jeffrey looks back down to his book.

JEFFREY

People know what to expect. They've  
met me before, as you might say.

GLENN

We are hosting.

JEFFREY

You are hosting.

Glenn tuts, staring at him.

GLENN

I'll divorce you and take your  
money.

JEFFREY

I can earn more.

GLENN

You can take more.

JEFFREY

This...whole conversation seems a  
bit below us, it's certainly below  
me.

GLENN

You pine for academic appraisal,  
but you actually manage a group of  
twisted creatives, Jeffrey.

Jeffrey looks up to Glenn.

JEFFREY

And what do you do, darling?

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Oh, nothing as important as you.  
Darling.

She turns, opens the door, slamming it shut behind her.

Jeffrey stares vacantly at the door for a time before going back to his book, turning a page.

120

INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

120

Gill takes a large snort of cocaine off of the side of the tray. Her head rises, before shaking vigorously.

GILL

Ohhh. Let's get going again.

She strides over to Maria and Miles, stopping her thrusting.

GILL (CONT'D)

Come on, let's be adults.

(to Maria)

Get that off, give it to me.

RICHARD

Yep, over here.

He beckons the waiter over, then does a particularly large line of cocaine. He turns to April and Michael.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(to April)

You.

( to Michael)

You.

They both look at each other, coming over as he cuts up to large lines.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Come on, you first.

He thrusts Michael forward towards the tray, who briefly pauses, before taking a hard snort.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

More.

Michael lowers his head and snorts even more.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Good boy.

(CONTINUED)

He drags Michael's head back, kissing him hard and pushing him away, licking the excess powder from his nose. He stops and brings April up in front of the platter.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
HMMMM...for you...

He picks up a vile of yellow liquid. She shakes her head.

APRIL  
No...

RICHARD  
Don't worry, I'm not into  
necrophilia.

She looks at him. A shaking hand comes up, taking the vile. She unscrews the lid and takes a sip.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Oh, oh, oh.

Before she can completely lower the vile, Richard tips it back up until the whole vile is emptied into her mouth.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Good girl.

Richard brings her in and kisses her, licking her lips. He pulls away.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Anyone else?

He gestures those close to the tray, Monica and Natasha, moving Dakota from behind, come over.

Glenn comes back into the room.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Ah, Glenn.

GLENN  
Ah, Richard.

RICHARD  
Will you?

GLENN  
Will I!

A few chuckles.

Glenn comes over and dumps her face in a pile of cocaine.

(CONTINUED)

Miles and Maria sit, with backs to each other, on the rug.

MILES

You said you have been to one of these before.

MARIA

I have. And I enjoy them. Not my fault you're a beautiful idiot.

Miles starts to speak but doesn't know what to say. He closes his mouth. Richard comes round in front of him, bending down.

RICHARD

I'm a man of my word.

He starts to kiss him, Miles struggling to react.

Glenn finishes snorting and comes round, taking Dakota by the hand and away from Natasha, who goes to pull her back but see's Glenn leading her away and backs off, turning back to Monica and the tray.

Glenn stops behind the sofa and turns to Dakota.

GLENN

What did you want to talk to me about?

Dakota looks around the space.

DAKOTA

...seriously, now?

GLENN

Yes.

Dakota stares at her.

DAKOTA

I don't think it needs to be said anymore.

Glenn stares at her, tilting her head to the side.

GLENN

Go tend to my fucking husband. He's reading a book.

121 INT. SITTING ROOM. DUSK. 121

Jeffrey stands by the record player. He lifts the tone-arm into place.

Sacrificial Dance - Rite of Spring - Igor Stravinsky -  
- begins to play.

122 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 122

Miles is bent over, on all fours, face emotionless, Richard thrusting behind him hard. He shifts forward on his arms

Ronnie is still passed out in his dinner chair.

Jerry is still masturbating on the sofa. He cums, semen spraying out onto the carpet.

Dakota stands at the start of the hallway, looking back into the sitting room.

The orgy has resumed, Glenn back in the middle, a furious pace. Clouds of white dust engulf the group, the scene fast forwarding, becoming unnaturally quick.

123 EXT. MINNOW STREET. NIGHT. 123

Dakota walks along the street. Friends stand outside bars and pubs, drinking, talking, laughing.

An old woman walking a small dog passes by, Dakota watches her. Two men kiss as one gets in a cab, the other closing the door. A VICAR (30s) comes past her.

VICAR

Are you ok?

Dakota realises she is standing alone in the middle of the street. She looks to the Vicar and begins to speak but stops upon seeing his black and white collar.

DAKOTA

No.

She walks straight past him, he turns and watches her leave.

She comes up to a cash point, taking her card out her pocket, sliding it in the machine. She presses a few buttons and reaches a page.

BALANCE: \$XXXXXXX (Blurred)



She stares at the screen. She pushes another button, her card sliding. She pauses before taking and pocketing it.

124 INT. GLASS OFFICE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY. 124

Dakota walks through the office space, coming up to the final desk and sitting down. Bart nods to her.

125 INT. GLASS CUBE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY. 125

Jeffrey looks up, noticing Dakota. His eyebrows rise.

126 INT. GLASS OFFICE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY. 126

Dakota looks over to Jeffrey's office, making eye contact with him. She maintains it with determination.

127 INT. GLASS CUBE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY. 127

Jeffrey looks down to papers on his desk.

128 INT. GLASS OFFICE, DELSTAR OFFICES. DAY. 128

Dakota stays staring at him. She goes to the laptop in front of her and types away furiously.

129 INT. MILES' BEDROOM. NIGHT. 129

Miles lies foetally curled up on the single mattress on the floor, a baggy, dirty t-shirt and tracksuit. His eyes are open, staring ahead into space.

The door handle moves, Miles hears and turns. It swings open, Jeffrey walks in. He sees Miles on the mattress.

He closes the door and sits down on the end of the double bed. Miles sits up, hugging his knees against his chest. Jeffrey looks around the room.

JEFFREY

I heard...

Miles looks at him.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

...why did you put yourself through that?

MILES

People keep asking like it's my fault.

Jeffrey turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY

Back when I first met you, you said  
you were in control.

Miles stares back at him.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Take it as a lesson. Take something  
away with you.

Jeffrey stands, adjusting his trousers. He looks down at  
Miles.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

I'll be in the study.

He goes to the door, opens it and walks out, leaving it  
ajar. Miles watches him leave, still clutching his knees. He  
stares at the gap in the door.

130 INT. GRENDDEL THEATRE. NIGHT.

130

Glenn sits on the chaise longue, the projector light  
flickering above her, a full length silver sequinned dress.  
MANUEL (30s) sits next to her, a decadent suit.

GLENN

Still wonderful, isn't it? And no  
dialogue. We didn't need dialogue.  
We had faces. There just aren't any  
faces like that any more.

She jumps to her feet, face framed in the middle of the  
rotating rainbow projection light. Manuel watches her,  
crossing his legs.

Jeffrey sits in the front row, flanked by Edward and Gill.  
They watch the stage, a mostly empty auditorium.

GLENN

Those idiots! Those imbeciles!  
Haven't they got any eyes? Have  
they forgotten what a star looks  
like? I'll show them. I'll be up  
there again. So help me!

131 INT. GRENDDEL THEATRE ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

131

Dakota comes through the revolving doors into the Grendel  
Theatre lobby, a cracking red painted, decaying monument.

She walks up to double doors across the hall, coarsely  
painted black. She notices a sign stuck across the front.

(CONTINUED)

SUNSET BOULEVARD: Special Guest Screening.

She scoffs and quietly opens one door.

132

INT. GRENDAL THEATRE. NIGHT.

132

Dakota slides through the door, closing it softly behind her. House lights down, she slips and stands behind the back row, looking down upon the stage.

Glenn, Manuel sit at a table with three others. They play cards, coins being exchanged across the table.

MANUEL

Sometimes there'd be a little  
bridge game in the house, at a  
twentieth-of-a cent a point. I'd  
get half her winnings. Once they  
ran up to seventy cents, which was  
about the only cash money I ever  
got.

Dakota looks down to the front row, noticing Jeffrey. She looks around amongst the rest of the crowd.

Glenn holds out a full ashtray in Manuel's direction, who takes it, stands, walking over to the edge of the stage.

MANUEL

The others around the table  
would be actor friends, dim figures  
you may still remember from the  
silent days. I used to think  
of them as her Waxworks.

Dakota looks back to Glenn on the stage, pouting at her cards, picking one out and placing it on the table.

The stage lights suddenly drop out.

GLENN

(shouting)

FUCK'S SAKE.

Dakota quietly laughs, turning and walking back through both doors. Murmurs and movement start in the darkness. The light leaks from the lobby through into the auditorium, Glenn noticing, staring as it fades, the doors swinging closed.

133 INT. ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT. 133

Dakota comes out the elevator. The black silk still hangs against the far windows. The sofa still red leather. The rest all tidied.

134 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 134

Dakota strides down the hall.

135 INT. MILES' ROOM. NIGHT. 135

A knock on the door. It swings open, Dakota comes in. She looks around the room, no one, over to the cupboard. It's partially open, clothes stills stuffed in, bag on the floor.

136 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 136

She comes out Miles' room and heads for the bathroom, knocking on the door.

Silence.

She opens the door and looks in. Empty.

She comes back into the hallway, standing there, the white light from the bathroom harshly hits her.

137 INT. HARMONY TOWERS ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT. 137

Dakota comes out the golden elevator, carrying her suitcase and walking past Jimmy, sitting at the desk. He looks up at her.

138 INT. STUDY. NIGHT. 138

The door creaks open, Dakota stands silhouetted. She moves between the maze and up to the window. She peers out. A quiet street below, tree-lined, a few parked cars, no movement.

139 INT. HARMONY TOWERS ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT. 139

JIMMY  
Goodbye, Dakota.

He smiles at her, she turns her head, sweeping through the glass doors.

140 INT. STUDY. NIGHT. 140

Dakota sweeps "Far From The Madding Crowd" off the book pile nearest the window.

141 INT. RESTAURANT ABARTH. NIGHT. 141

Dakota and Marla, a darker green dress, sit in the same booth as always.

MARLA

How's work?

Dakota stares at her.

DAKOTA

You never did email me.

MARLA

I asked Jeffrey to interview you.

DAKOTA

I know.

MARLA

He can be a tricky man, Dakota, be careful.

Dakota laughs.

MARLA (CONT'D)

What? What has he done?

DAKOTA

Mom...nothing. Thanks though, I'll bear it in mind.

Marla smiles at her. She offers her hand forward across the table.

MARLA

What's wrong, honey?

Dakota looks down at Marla's hand.

DAKOTA

You actually, truly could never understand.

Marla looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I really thought I could do this.

Dakota starts to stand. Marla leans further across the table.

MARLA

Dakota, please let me do something.

Dakota stands beside the table.

DAKOTA

I can't.

She pauses, unable to look at Marla, before slowly walking off out the restaurant. Marla watches her go, her hand still out on the table.

142 INT. ARCH LEFT BAR. NIGHT.

142

Jaime comes through the bard crowd, searching. She spots Jimmy, sitting in the same corner opposite a girl. She rushes over to them.

JAIME

How did I know you'd be here?

Jimmy looks up at her. CARRIE (20s), opposite him, chokes on her drink.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Move over, love.

Carrie's eyebrows rise.

CARRIE

Jimmy?

JIMMY

Give me a second, sorry.

She looks at him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No, not like that...

Jaime looks between them.

JAIME

You think I'm fucking him? In his dreams. Now go get yourself another cocktail in a jar with a paper straw.

(CONTINUED)

Carrie stands and moves off to the bar, tutting, Jimmy smiling after her. Jaime sits down in the vacant chair.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
Where is he?

JIMMY  
Why do you care?

JAIME  
He's my boyfriend, dick.

JIMMY  
I never quite got that impression  
from you...

JAIME  
Where is he?

JIMMY  
He's over you.

Jaime scoffs, sniffing Carrie's half drunken drink, turning her face up at it.

JAIME  
He can tell me that himself. For  
the last fucking time, where is he?

JIMMY  
I don't actually know-

She stares at him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
...where he is.

JAIME  
Bullshit.

JIMMY  
I don't, honestly.

JAIME  
You work in the fucking building.

JIMMY  
Only night shifts. I've never been  
in the flat.

Jaime's eyebrows rise. Jimmy realises something and looks at his phone. He shoots out his chair.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Shit...shit...

Jaime stands with him.

JAIME  
You need to tell me.

JIMMY  
I wouldn't even if I could. Atleast  
now he is free.

He rushes off out the bar, through the crowd, Carrie shouting and rushing off after him.

Jaime stands by the table, alone in the back.

143 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

143

Glenn sits on the sofa, now black again, lit by the uncovered windows. The red leather binder and piece of paper on her legs, she scratches away with her mont blanc fountain pen.

"...I hope you felt sufficiently  
indulged..."

She continues scratching.

She stops, raises the pen tip off the paper, looking out the window. The city lights flicker across her face.

(O.S) A house phone rings. Glenn spins around. She puts the pen, paper and binder down on the sofa and walks off toward the kitchen.

144 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

144

She picks up a silver phone, hanging on the wall.

GLENN  
Yes?

She stands in silence, listening.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
So, what is her address?

She opens the drawer next to her, taking out a piece of paper.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Hang on.



145 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT. 145

She sweeps up the mont blanc fountain pen from the sofa, walking back to the kitchen, picking up the phone and starting to scratch.

146 INT. THE EXHIBITION ROOMS. DAY. 146

Dakota sits on the middle red sofa-puff, navy jacket, in front of Ruben's 'Massacre Of The Innocents'.

Jeffrey walks in from the left and takes a seat next to her.

JEFFREY  
(gesturing to the painting)  
I expected more subtly from you-

DAKOTA  
-shut up.

Jeffrey smiles and tilts his head down.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
I'm keeping the job.

JEFFREY  
They were never mutually exclusive.

DAKOTA  
Where's Miles?

JEFFREY  
I don't know.

DAKOTA  
Where-

JEFFREY  
-I...don't know.

DAKOTA  
Talk to your fucking wife.

Jeffrey scoffs.

JEFFREY  
You talk to her.

DAKOTA  
Are you happy about this?

(CONTINUED)

JEFFREY

Are you?

DAKOTA

No.

JEFFREY

Then I suppose not.

Dakota shakes her head, staring at Jeffrey.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Is there anything you want? The payments go through?

Dakota laughs.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

I'm not saying that's what is important.

DAKOTA

I don't actually understand. I really thought I would understand by the end.

JEFFREY

It's just a bubble. You have one too. It might now have burst.

He looks over to her.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

You do what you want, right?

Dakota stares back at him.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Within your means, of course.

She stands, pauses. Thinking. Jeffrey looks at her. She looks back at him.

147 INT. SITTING ROOM. DUSK.

147

Jeffrey stands by the record player. He picks up the record, bends down by the collection, putting it back in it's sleeve and slotting in back amongst the other.

He traces his fingers over each one, studying them.

He chooses. Slipping it out the sleeve, standing, placing it on the still rotating turn-table, moving the tone-arm into place and letting it rest.

(CONTINUED)

Free Bird - Lynnyrd Skynnyrd -  
- begins to play.

148 INT. DAKOTA'S FLAT. DUSK. 148

Dakota comes into her flat, a small hallway, four doorways, two on each side.

She takes off her jacket and hangs it on the wall, walking through the nearest doorway.

(O.S) Creaking, clinking and a slam.

She comes back out holding a beer, sipping it as she walks into the diagonally opposite doorway.

149 INT. DAKOTA'S FLAT BEDROOM. DUSK. 149

A small room, messy, clothes scattered, stuff stacked, silks over the window, the sun coming through in soft pinks and reds.

Dakota lies down on her bed, on her back, with huff. She stares at the ceiling, taking another swig of beer. She puts the bottle on a table next to the bed.

She starts to unbutton her jeans and slips them off, kicking them onto the floor. She slips her hand underneath her pants and starts to masturbate.

Her head tilts back, groans starting, eyes closed. She keeps going, getting steadily faster, her back arching in tension.

She cums, shaking for a moment, her face scrunched.

She releases, tension removed from her body.

She lies on the bed, hand down her pants, breathing heavily. She starts masturbating again.