MUSTARD VENUS

by EDWARD LONGDEN

DAPHALE (O.S.)
If you don't run from the erosion, you get engulfed.

EXT. ENCHANTED FOREST - DREAM SEQUENCE

Amidst the colourful air and joyful nature, lies two naked individuals, ADA and DAPHALE.

Daphale, an androgynous figure. Ada lies on a log like Eve and Daphale lays his head on her chest like Adam.

DAPHALE (CONT'D)
Child birth is a marvellous thing. I dream for your contentment that the child will be healthy and rid of disease. I wish that unto you. However strong my desire is, I can't help but also wish that your child be dead.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

A drab room encased in the filth of a horrid disease. A hospital room, shielded off.

A woman screams, we don't see above her stomach. Nurses surround her as she is yelling the screams of a thousand hells. She is giving birth, a dreadful birth, a birth no pain could compete with.

She screams beyond the walls, it's apparent. From her cunt, not a drop of blood in sight, a club footed foot is seen as a nurse attempts to push a baby out.

It yells high pitch screams of agony.

We see more and more of the child as it exits the woman's womb. As the underweight child is revealed, a shock is pulsated around the room. A hideous child, with a bulging eye in the centre of its head; no nose, lipless mouth and one singular bulging eye in the centre of its face. They all gasp, but gasps merge with yells in ungodly symphony.

NURSE 1 (O.C.)
What a Mephistophelian monstrosity of realism!

NURSE 2 (O.C.)
It won't stop screaming.

NURSE 3 (O.C.)
Children born with abnormalities as dramatic as this don't tend to vigour long.

NURSE 1 (O.C.)
It's struggling to breathe. Open it's airway.

The deformed child falls unconscious. A doctor checks it's pulse.

NURSE 3 (O.C.)
It's alive. Won't be for long, it can't breathe. Something's blocking its airway.

NURSE 2 (O.C.)
There's no nose, it's suffocating.

NURSE 3 (O.C.)
The nasogastric tube isn't there. Or it's somewhere else.

NURSE 3 (O.C.)
Nurse, get the Zapruder!

NURSE 2 (O.C.)
Zapruder? It's dying doctor. Still alive but dying!

NURSE 1 (O.C.)
It's dead already, nurse. How can a thing like that survive? Take a portrait of this thing.

As a doctor is checking the baby's mouth, a flash hits the screen.

INT. DAPHALE'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

A dishevelled and dubious man, DILLOWAY, sits to have his portrait taken. He seemed to have aged by experience, and suffered emotional torture beyond comprehension. He sits laughably attempting a cracked smile. Behind the camera we see DAPHALE, a mirthful and youthful man, smirking as he takes the portrait.

DILLOWAY
Is this a new camera, Daphale? It seems dashing.

DAPHALE
I hoped you'd've noticed. Cost me a fortune. So long is the daguerreotype era. Collodion is the now, Mr. Dilloway. It's the new Zapruder, cherry mahogany, iron-plated-

DILLOWAY
A deep lens.

Dilloway stares into the lens.

DILLOWAY
It's black as secular cataracts. What are you charging for a portrait?

DAPHALE
Not sure yet, you're the first thing it's ever flashed. More than usual I'd assume.

Daphale moves from the camera and traverses to his desk to jot information down.

DAPHALE
Done.

DILLOWAY
I'll pay?

DAPHALE
I've told you many a time, Mr Dilloway. Neighbours shan't pay.

DILLOWAY
Wonderful. As your so wish.

DAPHALE
Hang here.

Mr. Dilloway stands up and goes to grab his coat.

DAPHALE
How is Ada?

DILLOWAY
Oh Mrs Dilloway is sedulously enceinte. She couldn't stop whining last night, profusely. She said she had lost her carnation pink ostrich feather. She didn't ineptly leave the grotesque thing at your residence?

DAPHALE
I don't recall seeing an ostrich feather. I don't recall many things from that faceless night.

They chuckle.

DILLOWAY
You're always so jovial and blunt for such trivialities. My singular slither of youth, Daphale. Be well.

Dilloway exits the photographer's.

EXT. OUTSIDE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO.

Dilloway is stopped by a screaming, heavily-feathered beau, LADY TARQUISH of fanciable but modest dress sense.

LADY TARQUISH
My Dilloway, Mr Dilloway!

DILLOWAY
Lady Tarquish?

LADY TARQUISH
Your wife, Mr Dilloway-

DILLOWAY
Yes.

LADY TARQUISH
Ada, Mr Dilloway. She went into labour!

DILLOWAY
Labour? When?

LADY TARQUISH
Lady Davenshire saw her yell in pain at the confectioners on Pathsbury Lane. She called for a carriage. She demanded to be travelled to Worthwood Hospital.

DILLOWAY
Oh scats! Call for a carriage will you.

LADY TARQUISH
(shouting)
Horse for Mr Dilloway? Horse for Mr Dilloway! His wife's gone into labour!

Daphale exits his studio.

DAPHALE
What is the matter, Dilloway?

A horse arrives with a driver, Dilloway sits upon it.

DILLOWAY
Mrs Dilloway has gone into labour, boy. Mustn't wait, you'll succumb to it when you're older.

Dilloway rides away on the back of a horse. Daphale looks as he flees. Lady Tarquish looks as well, and a feather drops from her outfit.

DAPHALE
Miss Tarquish.

She turns around. He picks it up and hands it to her. She gasps.

LADY TARQUISH
(breathing heavily)
Daphale. Thank God for this!

DAPHALE
Morning to you too.

In the spur of the moment, she latches onto his arm.

LADY TARQUISH
Oh childbirth, what a wondrous happening. Are you busy right at his moment, Daphale.

DAPHALE
I'm working.

Daphale flashes an obviously faux smirk.

EXT. DAPHALE'S COTTAGE – MIDDAY

Daphale lives in a minute, mossy but comfortable semi-detached cottage. His front garden is neatly tidied, his neighbour's however is not. He enters, a tiresome sky melts on his face.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM

He places his documents on a table by the living space. He looks at a grandfather clock; all its hands spinning anti-clockwise rapidly. He thinks little of the minor inconvenience and walks toward it. He opens the clock and removes Ada's carnation pink ostrich feather.

DAPHALE
I wish your neonate dead. You wish it dead also. You're too infantile for birth. You've been trying to tell the marginal Ephebophile, your body also. I wish death upon your neonate. His neonate. My love.

He gently strokes the feather and places it back into the faulty clock.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – MIDDAY

The doctor and Mr Dilloway are in a room beside the nursery.

DOCTOR 1
I detest to stress the utter peculiarity of your situation here, but I must say in all the decades I've spent employed here I have never seen such a strangeness even close to one we face now.

DILLOWAY
Strangeness? Stillborn?

DOCTOR 1
Not quite.

DILLOWAY
Where's Mrs Dilloway?

DOCTOR 1

Your wife had fainted. She's been taken care of. But as I said Mr Dilloway, I must stress-

DILLOWAY
Let me see it. Is it a boy or girl?

DOCTOR 1
I believe that'll be the least of your worries, Mr Dilloway.

Dilloway takes note of a box with a flannel over it.

DILLOWAY
You locked my child in a box?

The doctor rushes to grab the box.

DOCTOR 1
You must prepare yourself. I'm... I'm so very sorry.

The doctor removes the flannel to present Dilloway's wheezing one-eyed child. He looks in dread and pants heavily.

DOCTOR 1
There's not much written of this sort of phenomenon, but the brain doesn't split, causing the absence of a nose and the presence of one eye.

Dilloway quivers as he removes the child from the box.

DILLOWAY
Siege of Yfel. Siege of Yfel.

The baby starts screaming in pain.

DILLOWAY
It's... agony. My boy was once sacred. I know it in me. My children aren't muddied.

It's heinous cries grow distorted.

DILLOWAY
Are its cries inevitable?

The doctor looks at Dilloway, hopeless. He passes him a ball-peen hammer.

DILLOWAY
Oh. How tragic. But, in my faith, progression did not come without his blunders.

Dilloway smashes the child's head with the hammer. The room turns a cactus silent.

DOCTOR 1
Do you care for funeral arrangements?

DILLOWAY
Funerals are for the previously living. Not the everlasting dead.

INT. CARRIAGE - SUNSET

Mr Dilloway sits in a carriage, Mrs Dilloway heavily battered and adhered to a wheelchair.

DILLOWAY
I had missed my high noon orison. I'm hopeful the Hailagas may be merciful.

ADA
And what if they're not?

DILLOWAY
Hopefully their prime chagrin was exhibited in the child you let out today. Hopefully we shall reap no more consequences.

ADA
How long did he live?

DILLOWAY
It was always dead.

ADA
No it wasn't. I could feel it kicking, I heard its screams when it left.

DILLOWAY
The child had no soul. It was destined to die, so it was always dead.

ADA
A child cannot be destined to die. That is beyond cruel, a cruel trick of nature no god could embrace.

DILLOWAY
A child can be destined for death. It's an injudicious veristic joke.

ADA
Maybe we're not fated to bear child. Is that the joke nature plays on us?

DILLOWAY
You're not fated. I am fecund. You delivered nothing. That's the joke, my darling.

ADA
My mother was heinously fecund... I believe.

DILLOWAY
It's age I believe.

ADA
I am still young.

Dilloway laughs.

EXT. THE DILLOWAY COTTAGE - SUNSET

A tiny gathering of women await outside the household. A carriage drives up to the front garden. The ladies yell in excitement and curiosity. Out the carriage comes Mr Dilloway and his dishevelled wife.

LADY TARQUISH
Oh Ada, Ada! Where's the child, Ada?

Dilloway rushes Ada through the crowd of women to the house.

INT. DAPHALE'S STUDY - SUNSET
Daphale is writing a journal entry on a discarded piece of paper:

INSERT - DAPHALE WRITING JOURNAL ENTRY:

'"Child birth is a marvellous thing." I was comforting her. My mind's adaptation seemed so vivid. I was then so explicit: "I wish your child be dead." I was so serious lying on her bare chest'

He hears Dilloway from outside and peers through the window in his study.

DILLOWAY (O.S.)
BACK OFF YOU PALTRY IRRITANTS!

Daphale begins breathing erratically and groaning to himself.

DAPHALE
I wish it be dead.

Daphale takes the paper and places it into a jar of pond-water under his desk, the jar filled with previous entries.

INT. DILLOWAY'S BEDROOM - SUNSET

Ada rests on her more tidied side of the bed, Dilloway attends to her. She is tearful, her mouth filled with saliva and face with mucus.

DILLOWAY
My sweet, what do you desire?

ADA
You should tell the others. Outside. Tell them the horrible news.

DILLOWAY
They creep under my skin those vexacious church-bells and spinsters! A minute with them seems too superficial for my standards.

ADA
They'll have to know at some point. For my solace, darling. Please, for me.

EXT. THE DILLOWAY COTTAGE – SUNSET

Dilloway exits his home to the half of a dozen women waiting outside.

DILLOWAY
Women, women. Acquaintances of Mrs Dilloway. I have rather dispiriting news, um. The child that Mrs Dilloway gave birth to this brisk morning, had passed only minutes after delivery. Mrs Dilloway is understandably in a crushing state of despondency and dolorous induced stupor. Out of common courtesy, we ask that you respect our privacy at this time.

INT. DAPHALE'S STUDY – SUNSET

Daphale hears the astounding news and his face immediately brightens up. He laughs and jolts in ecstatic victory and rushes to his front door.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM – SUNSET

Daphale opens the grandfather clock and removes the pink ostrich feather.

EXT. DILLOWAY COTTAGE – SUNSET
The women look at Dilloway in disbelieve.

LADY TARQUISH
Are you jesting with us?

DILLOWAY
What? How dare you suggest such a thing?

LADY TARQUISH
We don't believe you. Can we talk to her ourselves?

DILLOWAY
Why would I lie about such a travesty?!

LADY TARQUISH
May we see Ada?

DILLOWAY
No. She is resting.

LADY TARQUISH
Can we hear her answer?

Daphale leaves his front door, the feather underneath his coat. Dilloway doesn't notice him.

DAPHALE
Mr Dilloway! I have your photograph!

DILLOWAY
Daphale! You've arrived at a slightly cumbrous time.

DAPHALE
May I come in?

DILLOWAY
Hm.

LADY TARQUISH
Daphale can enter but not us? Because he's your friend. Ada is our friend.

INT. DILLOWAY'S BEDROOM - SUNSET

The ladies pile into the bedroom where Ada lays. Daphale pokes his head from behind the crowd.

LADY TARQUISH
Ada, Ada! Oh Ada. Mr Dilloway says your child had passed. Please say it isn't so.

Ada is about to talk, but bursts into tears. LADY Tarquish cares for her. Dilloway pushes in through the crowd.

DILLOWAY
Hey! Leave her be!

LADY TARQUISH
I wish you good faith my love. However you could find it.

ADA
I'm quite alright. I shall be dandy quite soon.

LADY TARQUISH
Oh my dear. We'll allow your rest. We're so ever sorry.

DILLOWAY
Now, begone all of you. *under breath* Witches.

The ladies all leave, with Daphale staying behind. Ada glances at him and keeps her eyes fixed.

ADA
Darling. Could you water the Hollyhocks. They seemed awfully dry when I came in.

DILLOWAY
As you wish, Mrs Dilloway.

Dilloway leaves the room, mindful of Daphale.

ADA
Daphale.

DAPHALE
Oh Ada!

He approaches her with amorous consolation.

DAPHALE
I'm ever so sorry, Ada. I overheard the miserable news. Oh this perilous of hatless alba knowing of your hunting travail. I wept for you. Wept for the gall.

ADA
Daphale. You know I adore you calling my name. But I must rest. I'm so tired.

Daphale removes the feather. Ada smiles

ADA
Oh, I thank you.

Mr Dilloway enters the room. Ada conceals the feather.

DILLOWAY
Daphale. You have the photograph?

DAPHALE
Of course!

Daphale removes the photo from his pocket and hands it to Dilloway. He opens his mouth as if he were about to speak, then closes, then does it once more. He places it in his pocket.

DILLOWAY
I hope you don't mind, Mrs Dilloway. Daphale was taking my photograph as you were going into labour.

He chuckles. There is a silence.

DAPHALE
I must return home. I shall leave you both to mourn unaccompanied.

Daphale leaves.

EXT. FIELD

We see the field outside the cottage as the day turns from sunset to midnight.

INT. DILLOWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ada sits in bed staring at the rotting wall. Screams of Mr Dilloway can be heard through the house.

DILLOWAY (O.S.)
HELP. HELP. HELP. CLIMB. CLIMB. CLIMB. FALL. HELP. HELP. HELP. HAILAGAS! PORE QUA TU FANQUA E A TUI INCRE TA TU INFAMBIOUS CO QUAN DALIN FASE. FASE RE CRE CUMBLA A DRE DRE CAQUAL! QUAL!

There is a pause

DILLOWAY (O.S.)
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

Ada jumps. She curls up into bed. She hears him pant.

Dilloway bursts in with black paint on his sleeves. He is panting profusely while drying his shirt with a cloth.

ADA
Were the Hailagas merciful?

DILLOWAY
I believe so.

Dilloway wipes the sweat off his face. He opens his drawer to reveal several penny tins of mustard.

He takes one out, opens it and begins to drink from the tin. He does not finish and slams it on the drawer, moaning in discomfort, resisting the urge to spit.

DILLOWAY (CONT'D)
The birth of a child can excuse any climacteric excursion.

Beat.

ADA
Do you believe maybe you could request mercy of the Hailagas?

DILLOWAY
My dear I love you so dearly but that is a comical request.

ADA
Comical? Bearing child is not trivial.

DILLOWAY
You know of my constant quarrelling with the Hailagas. They teach the consequences of equilibrium. And everything must be equal.

ADA
And what's that supposed to imply?

DILLOWAY
That if I ask them for your flourishing fecundity I will have to reap the consequences.

ADA
What kind of consequences?

DILLOWAY
You understand exactly the consequences-

ADA
No you haven't. What is so heinously grateful that it won't make you feud for our child?

There is a long silence.

ADA
Whatever can you do?

Dilloway lies beside Ada in bed, on top of a black stain on the mattress. He blows the candle on the bedside table out.

EXT. LUSCIOUS COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING - TWO WEEKS LATER

Ada, Lady Tarquish, Lady Davenshire and Mrs Caulsbury are riding through the countryside on penny farthings on a gorgeous summers day. Past the golden wheat farms, they ride to a wet patch of grass.

EXT. TEAHOUSE - MORNING

The ladies sit at a round table, sipping teas with a 3 tier dessert stand.

LADY TARQUISH
What a wondrous day for your manumission, Ada.

ADA
Yes, the fields are full of fervour today.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
It's as if the sun made an appearance for you, my dearest.

ADA
The sun's probably got better things to do.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
You're filled with diffidence, Ada. All from that insufferable dissolute you're wedded with.

LADY TARQUISH
Dissolute? Must you speak of these rumours around Mrs Dilloway?

LADY DAVENSHIRE (to ADA)
You're aware we know aren't you?

Ada shrugs her shoulders.

LADY DAVENSHIRE (CONT'D)
A man with such semblance of Satan does not surprise the townspeople with debauchery.

MRS CAULSBURY
Lady Davenshire!

LADY DAVENSHIRE
I believe she must know what the word's been for the past two weeks, Caulsbury. I can't picture the dread you must've endured, Ada. He's still forcing you to exhibit a demode poise as always.

ADA
Really, Mrs Caulsbury, I was perfectly satisfactory. I was simply grieving. And I enjoy the way I dress, be it demode or not.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Malarkey!

MRS CAULSBURY and LADY TARQUISH
Lady Davenshire!

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Oh what? I'm speaking the situation. I'm speaking all your minds.

MRS CAULSBURY
There's no need to speak so noisily. Ada my dear, in all truth, if you care to remain youthful you'll abandon that fool. He treats you as a strumpet.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Now who's speaking noisily?

MRS CAULSBURY
I'm speaking for her benefit, not belittling her words like you.

LADY TARQUISH
What is the reason for this mindless quarrelling? We all agree with each other?

MRS CAULSBURY
The idea that Mr Dilloway abuses Ada is all simply a fallacy and we must not treat it as truth around her.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
And you only now uttered you wish their departure from one another.

MRS CAULSBURY
Because I believe she can do better.

LADY TARQUISH
What do you mean by that?

MRS CAULSBURY
The Dilloway's neighbour. He's unwed isn't he?

Ada starts laughing, like a clown. Lady Tarquish looks concerned, not about Ada.

LADY TARQUISH
What's so funny, Ada? Spouse-less rakes are rare to come across around these parts of England.

ADA
It's silly. He's far from a rake. He's much too juvenile for my senses. Much too immature for my reins. It's silly.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Does the man allure you, Ada?

ADA
How do you mean?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Does he allure you?

ADA
He allures me as far as his youth can take him.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Youth is fresh, my dear. His quintessence would spew healthy newborns.

Lady Davenshire sighs under her breath. There is an awkward pause.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
What do you think, Ada?

ADA
I must admit there is a ravenous tension. I know he desires to court me, and I adore the occasional venery in his words to me.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
And why can you not reciprocate it, my dear? Release yourself. Oh it pains me, my sweet. Pains me to have to think of sufficing oneself with that miserable gristle. You choose not to please yourself. Do you fetch mettle?

ADA
Rarely. Mr Dilloway has lost his carnal desire.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
I didn't ask that... do you fetch mettle?

ADA
He doesn't allow me to touch myself by myself. And I thank him for that. For my mind can wonder, and temptation may lead me to turn unfaithful.

There is a silence. Lady Davenshire violently slams the table.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Where's your sting of death? WHERE'S YOUR STING OF DEATH? Here is what you must do. You visit his home tonight, for dinner.

Lady Tarquish looks up, in hidden apprehension.

LADY DAVENSHIRE(CONT'D)
We can occupy Mr Dilloway if need be. I'm sure it's no bother.

ADA
No, that is foolish. You shouldn't waste your time.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Oh sod it, he's a trick! TRICK! Tonight, you ask your neighbour. At his home.

MRS CAULSBURY
What a wondrous idea!

LADY TARQUISH
Wondrous indeed. However, I may not be able to come.

MRS CAULSBURY
What? How come?

LADY TARQUISH
Mr Dilloway terrifies me. As a devout catholic it would pain me to be in his presence once more.

INT. DAPHALE'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - MORNING

FATHER FRANCESCO, the troubled, young vicar of the village sits before Daphale, trembling in frantic sweats. Daphale sets up the camera.

DAPHALE
Where are you beautiful family today, Father?

FATHER
They don't know I'm here Daphale.

DAPHALE
Is everything well, Father?

Father takes a flask from his pocket and drinks from it, coughing at it's potency.

FATHER
You know priests were the law-men back many years ago? Moral law-men. This is what it must feel like when people can govern their own morals.

DAPHALE
Human beings must be thoroughly regressed in order for them to lack the capability to govern their own morals.

FATHER
I'm not a law-man. Not even a good-bringer. Just a simple novelty now.

DAPHALE
Father that is not true, certainly not true. Lighten up for the snap.`

Father looks toward the camera, not smiling.

DAPHALE
There.

Father takes out his flask again and drinks from it.

DAPHALE
Father, you shouldn't be drinking.

FATHER
Might as well run with the people.

DAPHALE
Wait here.

Daphale goes to the darkroom while Father waits restlessly on the seat, twitching and grunting. He gets up and walks out at the height of his grunting, where Daphale arrives back.

DAPHALE
Father? Father?

He peers out the window and sees Lady Tarquish at the other side of the road. She takes notice of him and crosses the road to his studio.

DAPHALE
Miss Tarquish, did you see Father Francesco he was just here.

LADY TARQUISH
No.

DAPHALE
Very odd. Well I thank you, Miss Tarquish.

He walks to his desk where he pretends to be occupied.

LADY TARQUISH
Daphale?

DAPHALE
Yes.

LADY TARQUISH
Do you wish to attend a party tonight?

DAPHALE
A party for what?

LADY TARQUISH
At the Forsyth manor. Do you wish to attend with me?

DAPHALE
Tonight?

LADY TARQUISH
Yes tonight.

DAPHALE
Fine. That'll be just fine.

A smile is plastered on her face.

LADY TARQUISH
Fabulous. When do you close?

DAPHALE
Whenever I want.

LADY TARQUISH
I'll be waiting outside.

Lady Tarquish sways around and exits the shop, sitting on a bench outside.

DAPHALE
That was peculiar.

EXT. DAPHALE'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO – DAY

Lady Tarquish rests on a bench. She slumps over, rubbing her face and yawning. People pass her by, taking little notice of the slipping beau. As her eyes flutter, birds and bees are heard, growing dangerously distorted. She shuts her eyes.

EXT. DAPHALE'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

DAPHALE
Miss Tarquish?

Lady Tarquish awakes abruptly to Daphale sending his smug grin through her body.

DAPHALE
It was beyond silly to wait out here for me. Lead the way.

He holds out his hand and pulls her up. They stroll through the town centre.

LADY TARQUISH
Shan't be far.

Lady Tarquish hears two ladies laugh and ushers Daphale to cover. She identifies them as Mrs Caulsbury and Lady Davenshire.

LADY TARQUISH
We must vanish like sand.

The two scurry off.

EXT. DAPHALE'S COTTAGE – NIGHT

Ada waits outside for Daphale, in a coat watching her surroundings. She knocks three times.

ADA
Daphale? Daphale?

She knocks another three times, then bangs it twice. Out of her silk velvet winter coat, she retracts out her carnation pink ostrich feather, placing it through Daphale's letterbox. She walks next door, home.

EXT. FORSYTH MANOR – NIGHT

Lady Tarquish and Daphale arrive at the bustling party, dressed in less than fancy clothes. Lady Tarquish leads the way in climbing through a window.

DAPHALE
What a royal entrance.

Daphale follows afterwards.

INT. FORSYTH MANOR MAIN HALL – NIGHT

The hall is packed with individuals of a much higher class than Lady Tarquish and Daphale. Their tampered sanctimoniousness is displayed through their violently colourful clothing and rowdy dancing, maintaining strong physical contact with each other. Lady Tarquish leads Daphale through the tumult to a bar, where she snatches the drinks of a chatty couple. She hands one to Daphale.

DAPHALE
I take it you're not welcome here.

LADY TARQUISH
Not not welcome. Just not invited. I come to these things frequently. For a semblance of high-class interaction.

DAPHALE
You crave attention?

LADY TARQUISH
I crave community. All the women of the village. They're too... sufficient for my enjoyment. All they talk of is romance and domestics.

DAPHALE
What do you wish to talk about?

LADY TARQUISH
The same but more fruitfully. The women of the village are much too involved in each others affairs. So much so they become vastly spiritless in themselves.

DAPHALE
Yet you never shy away from a morning cycle.

LADY TARQUISH

Oh I'm not sick of it. Never will be.

DAPHALE
I have very few adequate friends myself.

LADY TARQUISH
Like who?

DAPHALE
Mr Dilloway. My neighbour.

LADY TARQUISH
And how do you find him?

DAPHALE
Adequate.

Daphale sips the drink placed into his hand.

DAPHALE
What do you want of me, Miss Tarquish?

LADY TARQUISH
Call me Felicity.

DAPHALE
Felicity. Do you wish to copulate with me?

LADY TARQUISH
Must you be so forward?

DAPHALE
I prefer plausible answers.

LADY TARQUISH
No. I don't.

DAPHALE
You wish more than that?

She sips her drink.

LADY TARQUISH
Let us enjoy the night.

DAPHALE
I abhor that social mind game that both participants know is happening. Tell me your truth.

LADY TARQUISH
I could've sworn you've played those 'mind games' with other women of the village?

DAPHALE
Excuse me?

LADY TARQUISH
You know what I talk of.

He does. There is a beat.

DAPHALE
I don't desire Ada. It's simply a rudimentary endearment among neighbours.

Lady Tarquish leers at Daphale, judgemental.

LADY TARQUISH
What do you want of me?

Beat.

DAPHALE
I'm lost, you brought-

LADY TARQUISH
What do you want of me? Just speak it!

Daphale seems lost.

LADY TARQUISH
Now who's playing mind games?

DAPHALE
I need to use the lavatory.

Daphale places down his drink and ventures back into the crowds to a secluded location. Lady Tarquish looks to him in regret.

INT. LAVATORY – NIGHT

Daphale enters a deserted bathroom and looks in the mirror. He removes his blazer and trousers, and down flops a small dress. He powders his face in blush, pouts and exits.

INT. FORSYTH MANOR MAIN HALL – NIGHT

Daphale walks among the guests, sees Lady Tarquish from afar, then continues walking slowly, lightly brushing against the men who are trapped in their own boring conversations with others. Some look back at Daphale, but he just keeps walking.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM – NIGHT

Daphale struts in, all done up, to find KARLYSE, a youthful, charming man in decent shape and carnivorous eyes, sitting on the floor with a bottle of unknown liquid. Daphale approaches him like a poacher taming a lion.

KARLYSE
(singing)
Oh, how's a man in Angkor Wat, he's failing.
Seven tears per dear and still one more.
Savagery is near the jeered next circle.
One's a cometh down to sin of fraud.

There once was a pregnant Athens it's combusting
Rape a fecund royal brimmed with gall
They said a ticket down is all we needed
And the ticket is ourselves so down we fall...

Daphale sits beside the drunken man, and stares into him deeply. Karlyse notices.

DAPHALE
What do you want of me?

KARLYSE
I just lost my daughter's being, sir.

DAPHALE
Why are you telling me this? Pity?

KARLYSE
Leave me be.

DAPHALE
Is that what you truly want?

KARLYSE wipes his mouth of spit and looks into Daphale's dampened eyes.

KARLYSE
No. I do look for pity. She was jolly. Bloody healthy, she was! But that's what girls do, that's what girls do. They stray. T'was a cat that killed her. A cat with eyes blacker than the contra-punctum of the devil's personal nymph.

Daphale starts laughing.

DAPHALE
How could a cat kill a person?

KARLYSE
Typhus! But typhus could never kill my baby for me. My child dies with me!

DAPHALE
I'm sorry for your daughter.

KARLYSE
Oh stop with this sycophantic commiseration!

(beat)

She is not gone. I can speak with her. My only gift in life.

DAPHALE
Abstruse buffoon. What do you want of me?

KARLYSE pulls Daphale in to kiss him, then pushes him away soon after.

KARLYSE
What are you? You seem manly.

DAPHALE
Do you wish to find out?

KARLYSE
No affection, simply pleasure.

He pulls Daphale in to kiss him and they passionately do so. They wrestle like dogs, slobbering all over each other.

EXT. FIELD AT DAWN

The sun rises on a field of ripe wheat. Now wearing trousers, Daphale runs amongst the scene of fecund wheat. He laughs manically, sprinting like a child and hopping like a spring.

EXT. POND - MORNING

Daphale takes out a piece of paper from his coat pocket beside a pond. After placing it on stone, he then takes out a pot of ink and a dip-pen, with the word 'Forsyth' engraved on both. He then writes:

'A divine banquet. A hollowed cause. I ejaculated there to be left alone. I still feel so. Strawberry yearns for me, but she is too afraid to admit it. So I punished her.'

Daphale yawns, then throws the piece of paper into the murky green pond. It strangely sinks, and we see numerous other pieces of paper at the bottom of the pond.

He then leaves, the dawn washes upon the sweat on his face.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM

Daphale enters his home and finds Ada's carnation pink ostrich feather by his front door. He laughs, then taking the feather he places it in his faulty grandfather clock.

INT. DILLOWAY'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

The clock in the Dilloway household strikes 9 am. Ada sits on an armchair sipping a cup of tea while Dilloway sits on an adjacent armchair, scribbling in a journal, while eating a tin of mustard with a spoon.

ADA
How was work last night?

DILLOWAY
Selfsame, my sweet.

Dilloway begins to remove his shirt.

ADA
Do you wish to touch me?

DILLOWAY
How so?

ADA
My body's been feeling barren, latterly.

DILLOWAY
Ada.

ADA
I bet that fiddle is quivering.

DILLOWAY
You crude child.

ADA
My cunt yearns for it!

DILLOWAY
Stop it. A licentious wallop as yourself could never stand being Christian.

ADA
I don't view myself as licentious.

DILLOWAY
I don't either if I'm true to you. Carnality is the least of my fears. I'm just bewildered by yours so potent following the death of our child.

ADA
You persisted it were never living.

DILLOWAY
Oh it wasn't. 'twas a trick. Your punishment following your sacrifice to goodness.

ADA
What?

Ada turns to him.

ADA (CONT'D)
You said my consequences were final.

DILLOWAY
They're never final.

ADA
I've been a virtuous person since my birth, how could I be subjected to such barbarity?

DILLOWAY
Morals aren't subjective. There's not a more ignorant statement than saying you're a moral person.

ADA
Why don't you know their morals?

DILLOWAY
Because I simply don't need to. I spit on those who use the belief as a sanctuary. They don't tell us what they need.

ADA
That seems silly.

DILLOWAY
Why must everyone question me? I'm not God's creator. I am their pride of peril.

Dilloway plants his face in his palms. He takes a spoonful of mustard and eats it, cringing in the aftermath.

ADA
People are naturally inquisitive, darling.

DILLOWAY
Yes and it's a curse. It's turned to a curse. Inquisition leads to only little. Inquisition only breeds more questions.

ADA
You're simply old. You lack a sense of hunger, and with that you've become devoid of understanding.

DILLOWAY
Well maybe you should've courted a younger man, fraught of understanding.

ADA
Shall we invite Daphale for dinner. We haven't eaten with anyone else for weeks?

DILLOWAY
That was for good reason, my darling. Your mind under such tension required rest above everything.

ADA
A simple dinner surely can't aggravate the tension.

DILLOWAY
No. Daphale's a fine chap. Far finer than those repulsive crones you're acquainted with.

ADA
Why are you so critical of them?

DILLOWAY
Oh, you know full well. The disgustingly fallacious hearsay that escapes their sorrowful mouths is enough for anyone to view them sourly.

There is a silence.

DILLOWAY
Am I right?

ADA
Yes.

DILLOWAY
They're just as wretched as they believe me to be. They're sad, that's why they spread such erroneous statements. Attempting to secrete their own falsifications. They're lost.

ADA
Will you ask him for supper?

DILLOWAY
Ask who?

ADA
Daph-

DILLOWAY
Daphale yes, Daphale. Fine chap.

INT. DILLOWAY DINING ROOM – EVENING
Ada slices into an ominous meat pie and takes a slice, hovering her hand below the pie as she takes it onto a plate with boiled potatoes and vegetables. She places the plate in front of Daphale sitting at the table, dressed more modestly than normal. Dilloway sits opposite, with his plate already in front of him.

DAPHALE
Such a fabulous spread, Ada.

DILLOWAY
Fabulous indeed, my sweet.

Ada sits at the table with her plate. Dilloway digs in immediately, the others follow soon.

DILLOWAY
Hm, quite piquant.

ADA
Well I've had little to do today, I've spent a while perfecting it.

DILLOWAY
And it is quite perfect, my dear.

DAPHALE
So, how's work, Mr Dilloway?

DILLOWAY
Selfsame, selfsame. Shan't complain.

DAPHALE
So everything's fine?

DILLOWAY
Yes, everything's fine why wouldn't it be fine?

DAPHALE
No reason.

A strike of silence plagues the room.

ADA
Daphale, how was your week?

DILLOWAY
Daphale, are you popular within the circle of the village.

DAPHALE
Am I... am I popular did you say?

DILLOWAY
Yes, popular. Do you talk with them?

DAPHALE
Not really, no. If I'm truly honest I find them rather annoying.

Dilloway laughs.

DILLOWAY
You may be an old soul after all, Daphale.

DAPHALE
It's not as if they find each other bearable. Why do you ask?

Dilloway's smile sweeps from his face.

DILLOWAY
If I'm blunt, it's because I believe they despise me.

ADA
Oh please, darling.

DILLOWAY
No Mrs Dilloway I must know. You refrain from telling me yourself.

DAPHALE
What makes you think that?

DILLOWAY
Well I've heard dreadful rumours. Horrid. They send shivers down my spine. What rumours do they speak of Daphale?

DAPHALE
I don't know.

ADA
Leave Daphale out of this conversation please.

DILLOWAY
Then you speak!

ADA
They call you a debaucher.

DILLOWAY
Debaucher? DEBAUCHER?

Dilloway slams the table.

DILLOWAY
How could they speak of such awfulness with such callousness. What more do they say?

ADA
I don't know?

DILLOWAY
It kills me darling, it kills me.

ADA
Please I don't know.

DILLOWAY
I beg, I beg, I beg.

ADA
I think I recall them referring to you as a 'dissolute', and that I can do better.

DILLOWAY
Curse those women! They think they know me. From what did they fabricate this balderdash from?

ADA
I'm not sure, my love.

DAPHALE
Not sure, Mr Dilloway.

ADA
I apologize, darling.

DILLOWAY
Not your fault. I can sense loyalty. I know it, I've had many wives.

ADA
Ugh.

DILLOWAY
Ha, ha, ha. Mrs Dilloway hates when I mention them.

DAPHALE
I can imagine.

DILLOWAY
I keep telling her, I'm elderly. Shared experiences is not what brought us together.

Daphale forces the most aggressive smile.

DAPHALE
You never spoke of how you met.

DILLOWAY
It was dreadful day, 'tis why I never spoke of it. Oh that cursed day. I wipe from my memory every now and then.

DAPHALE
Why what happened? If you don't mind me asking.

DILLOWAY
Well before I went to All Souls, my previous wife, Ethel, bless her soul, she had gotten in a terrible fire at the house while I was working. She was taken to the London Infirmary on Whitechapel Road. She was taken there by a tosher, whom we all ignored but it was a breeze of fluke that brought them together. I could personally never trust a man that yearned to thrive in remains, yet Ethel thought different.
(beat)
Her face resembled a partially melted paschal candle. Like brown meat, flesh flaying. She spoke in screams, she didn't deserve it, no. The doctors and nurses were too afraid to go near her. That poor gust of lux. A dreadful, dreadful happening. But there I met a nurse who attended to Ethel, and that nurse brought her child into work that day. That child was... my dearest. And we love each other.

DAPHALE
That sounds beyond traumatic.

DILLOWAY
Oh she's really quite alright.

He starts laughing, others follow soon.

DILLOWAY
We love each other so.

ADA
Only on the weekdays.

They all continue laughing, Mr Dilloway shallows his laughter.

INT. DILLOWAY'S LIVING ROOM - AFTER DINNER - NIGHT

Daphale, Ada and Mr Dilloway all are seated on chairs, with the fire set. The three drink wine, almost dozing off to sleep. Mr Dilloway is scoffing a tin of mustard with a spoon.

DAPHALE
Why do you do that to yourself?

Dilloway keeps scoffing away. He groans as if to belch, but doesn't.

DAPHALE
You don't enjoy that filthy condiment?

DILLOWAY
No. I execrate this hideous sludge.

Dilloway takes another spoonfuk.

DAPHALE
Why do you do that to yourself?

DILLOWAY
Are you a religious man, Daphale?

DAPHALE
There's a reason I've concealed it all these years.

Daphale reacts offended due to the unspecified face Dilloway flashes at him.

DAPHALE
Well. Pertaining to the secularity of the village, my religion sort of frayed. I was Catholic. But I don't know maybe I still am.

DILLOWAY
The village is damned. That's why I was drawn to it. A place that flourishes its sedition is like clay. People are led astray by the unknown.

DAPHALE
Your religion. Since we're conversing about religions. Why is it? Why?

DILLOWAY
Why is it? Because it's correct.

DAPHALE
How do you mean?

DILLOWAY
The church of the Heofonlic Riht is not a sanctuary. Although people treat it like it's one. It's centred around the fundamental belief system of symmetry. Symmetry in life, in love, in hatred.

DAPHALE
I know you don't worship God.

DILLOWAY
The Hailagas are spirits that roam as gods. You ever thought the

earth was unjust, unfair? It wasn't, you just saw a single side. People that give themselves over will suffer punishment on Earth as oppose to punishment in the fabric or afterlife, which we assume may be worse. Which is why... a lot of... wrongdoers accept the Hailagas.

(beat)

If you succumb yourself to rigorous but tenuous discomfort, they can acknowledge your act of selflessness and can benefit you from your selflessness.

DAPHALE
So when you accepted it, what happened to you?

DILLOWAY
Nothing.

DAPHALE
How about Ada?

DILLOWAY
Nothing. You see, it's a process that occurs over time.

Daphale bursts out laughing, like uncontrollably. He ceases, then begins to crack up once more.

DAPHALE
For a man who attended All Souls, you're truly disoriented. Very blatantly witchcraft.

DILLOWAY
Witchcraft implies it's influenced by evil. The Hailagas are gooder than God and evil-er than Satan.

DAPHALE
Do you practice magic?

DILLOWAY
Not magic. They are spirits that control energies. Energies trapped in the fabric of plane different to ours. Yadder fabric.

DAPHALE
How do you mean, what fabric?

DILLOWAY
A fabric can't be torn nor yielded. Spirits can meld the fabric. A fabric that-

DAPHALE
What does this fabric do?

DILLOWAY
It holds the energies of life with a physical presence disturbed. The recorded deceased. If you can focus on what you believe follows around your presence, by guidance and avail of the Hailagas, they may allow for communication and in some rare cases, somatic and psychological inhabitance. All with a cost though. That fundament of symmetry must be maintained.

DAPHALE
So you have the potential to be a necromancer?

Daphale giggles. Dilloway soon joins him.

DILLOWAY
Mrs Dilloway, you're awfully quiet!

ADA
I've heard this apologue before, dear. The spewing nature between a ptarmigan and you is uncanny!

DILLOWAY
You're slurring, my dear.

DAPHALE
I fear I agree with your wife, Mr Dilloway. Ada.

Ada looks to him with blood infused with ethanol.

DILLOWAY
A Catholic will laugh at any phenomena that's not cited in their piss-book.

Daphale bursts out laughing while Dilloway smiles in great anger.

DAPHALE
'Piss-book', how jovial!

They all laugh manically, like wicked drunken sailors have just caught a batch of plastic trout.

INT. DILLOWAY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Ada lies in bed, beside the heinous spot of mysterious black fluid on the pillow next to her. Dilloway comes to bed in comically juvenile pyjamas, shining a champagne flute.

DILLOWAY
How do you love me?

ADA
With my heart.

DILLOWAY
With your heart? Or your brain?

ADA
What are you spewing about?

Dilloway approaches.

DILLOWAY
What propels you to me?

ADA
Oh hush.

DILLOWAY
'My spewing nature'? You love me only on the weekdays? Only when you don't see me?

ADA
They were jokes, dear.

DILLOWAY
Jokes? Why do we back-and-forth about jokes so often. What is so comical about me?

ADA
You think too much. For someone who's petrified to think about anything else they devote most of their time to.

DILLOWAY
You think I'm the joke! I'm the jest! I have sacrificed my life many a time for you. And I'm rewarded with being the exhibit!

ADA
Please I'm tired, let me rest.

DILLOWAY
Why did you ask to invite Daphale over?

ADA
You're slurring, dear.

DILLOWAY
So you can have an audience for you ridicule of me?
(beat)
Is our child a joke to you?

Ada's face turns truthfully sour.

DILLOWAY(CONT'D)
You did something! You asked the Hailagas for something. Confess!

ADA
No I would never dare!

DILLOWAY
You're a fibster. A ridiculer and a fibster!

ADA
Why would I ask a thing of them while pregnant, how mindless would that be?

DILLOWAY
You did it before, the one before wasn't even delivered. You hate me, you want to kill my children!

ADA
STOP, STOP, STOP, STOP! Stop this madness, what did it come from? A few jests at dinner! You're much too sensitive!

Dilloway struggles to push his last words out while he pants by the bed frame.

DILLOWAY
Confess.

ADA
I would never ask them for something. You told me never to do it unless it was an absolute matter of life or destruction.

DILLOWAY
No. Confess, your love to me.

ADA
I adore you.

DILLOWAY
Would you love me if I were a freak? An ugly troglodyte with no dignified delight?

ADA
Yes.

Dilloway walks over to the corner of the room and holds to flute to his mouth. His forces his finger down his throat and after a few retches, he vomits a viscous substance, as black as the spot on his pillow. It nearly fills the flute. He walks back over to Ada, with her hands on her mouth attempting not to heave and hands her the flute.

DILLOWAY
Can you confess?

ADA
You know I don't lie, dear.

DILLOWAY
Your love for me is older than you believe. It can grow grey.

She takes the flute and holds it to her mouth. He holds the bottom of the flute as she tips it into her mouth. Her face cringes as Dilloway force-feeds her the vomit. She leaves a bit in the flute, Dilloway lets her off.

DILLOWAY
Our love will be bountiful, my dear.

He places the flute on his side and falls to his pillow. Ada breaths heavily in order to not vomit.

INT. SAINT DYMTHNA'S RC CHURCH – SUNRISE

Lady Tarquish is knelt before the smallest tabernacle in England within the smallest church in England. The hump of loneliness and longing weighs on her back and ages her. She looks up as the sun shines through the tiny windows onto her pasty face.

LADY TARQUISH
Idioms I'm hunkered to learn. I'm not a forceful woman nor a sensual being. My mother would pray. Sharpened door handle, pray; tighter corset, pray; sick 'n helpless daughter, pray. What can you do for us, Father? What can you yield? Not even a device to prove yourself to modern life? I love a man. What must I do for you to change him? My mother would've said she could pray it true, but she was stupid. Why are you here if not to equalize the people? Are you a magician that craves for attention or a simple creator that craves for attention or a simple swindler that craves for attention? I'm not blaspheming for I'm simply asking inquiries. Make him revere my tenderness for him. If not, you'll make me the last believer in the village.

INT. KARLYSE'S KITCHEN – MORNING

A princess-like figure, AMELIA, with eyes as grass and fine lips, is sat upon a chair with a stationary, blank expression. A bowl of stones sits before her as she stares painfully dead into the distance. Her father washes the plates.

KARLYSE (O.C.)
They proprietors spoke of a faulty component to the building. There was a sizeable bell above the factory, and on days where the workers worked immensely hard, the bell was ever so gently rock backwards and forwards, creating a chime. I said well what's the use of a bell if no one knew how to ring it. They said people did know once, but the place was obviously stacked with machinery. The proprietors could not pay to have the bell removed, so they

ignored it. Amelia, are you listening darling? You're doing that face again.

KARLYSE props up Amelia's head, her eyelids open wider.

KARLYSE (O.C.)
The paper factory had a grand order to Colchester, where they were printing many copies of Darwin's The Origins of Species. There was a halt due to a malfunction in a machine, which caused the very fragile headstock to snap. And the bell, fell. How strange is that?

Not even a breath leaves Amelia.

KARLYSE
Well I overheard someone say that. Of course I have friends. You're always starting fights. I know you preferred your father but he's not around. Come on, we're going to town.
(beat)
No you must. It's good for your soul. Listen to your poor father.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - MORNING

KARLYSE wheels Amelia in a sketchy home-made wheelchair down a rocky pavement. Amelia has a cover over her face to conceal her weightless eyes.

KARLYSE
What can we do today, my sweet? Visit the library, view the bonnets, take our photograph?

Amelia stays still. A frantic woman approaches KARLYSE from within a building.

TOWNSWOMAN
Good morning, sir.

KARLYSE
Good day.

TOWNSWOMAN
Sorry is it..?

KARLYSE
Karlyse.

TOWNSWOMAN
Yes, because I had seen you indulging in the festivities at the Forsyth manor. Are you new here?

KARLYSE stops.

KARLYSE
I am, yes. I prefer to keep away from town gossip.

TOWNSWOMAN
(to Amelia)
Good morning.

KARLYSE
She doesn't speak. She's named Amelia.

TOWNSWOMAN
Right. May I see her face?

Without permission, the townswoman lifts the black veil to reveal Amelia with her head looking down. More dead than asleep.

TOWNSWOMAN
Oh, deep heavens. She's gorgeous.

KARLYSE
She's very tired, her body clock has a mind of its own.

TOWNSWOMAN
Oh poor thing. Yes, well apologies for interrupting. Welcome.

The townswoman walks back, placing her palm on her forehead.

KARLYSE
What a ghastly woman. Can not respect rudimentary privacy.

INT. DAPHALE'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO – MORNING

Daphale writes in his journal at his desk, waiting for his next customer. KARLYSE enters with Amelia, but Daphale's eyes do not leave the page.

KARLYSE
Good morning... miss.

Daphale carries on writing.

KARLYSE
Miss?

Daphale's head tilts up, and he is faced with the poor man from the party. He sees him, then he sees him. He pays little attention to the girl in the wheelchair.

DAPHALE
What can I do for you?

KARLYSE
Well I was strolling through town and wondered whether me and my daughter could get our portraits taken.

Daphale looks down at Amelia, taking note of her stillness.

DAPHALE
Yes. I can do that.

A silence permeates the setting, thundering beyond the society of living individuals.

DAPHALE
I must ask. Is she alive?

KARLYSE
Do you offer post-mortem portraits.

He takes another glimpse of Amelia.

DAPHALE
Are you in contact with a funeral service or home or... I'm quite unsure of how to deal with a request like this.

KARLYSE
That's the issue, I... She's... not classified deceased.

DAPHALE
How do you mean?

KARLYSE
Only in real life, not in law.

Daphale conceals his journal in a draw and locks it.

DAPHALE
I can do that for you.

KARLYSE
How much?

DAPHALE
I don't know.

(beat)

KARLYSE
I'm Karlyse.

DAPHALE
Daphale.

KARLYSE leaves the building, Daphale is visually taken back; holding his chest, breathing heavily. He then catches himself, as Karlyse walks back in with his daughter in a tartan blanket.

KARLYSE
May I ask you shut the curtains? People may judge.

DAPHALE
Certainly.

KARLYSE props her daughter upon a chair while Daphale ghoulishly shuts the curtains.

EXT. GAZEBO, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

Lady Tarquish sees the curtains close.

INT. DAPHALE'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO – MORNING

It is pitch black, Daphale turns on a light for the camera. He jumps from the sight of KARLYSE's deceased child, AMELIA, a sleeping beauty-like figure.

KARLYSE
She's a blossom isn't she? Amelia.

Daphale examines the body, as if he were about to start conversation with it.

DAPHALE
How old was she?

A knock at the window is heard. KARLYSE and Daphale turn their heads to it.

KARLYSE
Oh.

DAPHALE
Ignore it.

Daphale begins to set up the camera.

KARLYSE
I overheard. The vicar had left the town. How sad.

DAPHALE
It was. I was the last to see him.

KARLYSE
Do you think I'm mad?

DAPHALE
No. I think you're lost.

KARLYSE
Lost?

DAPHALE
You can paint the wheats red but you can't make it velvet.

KARLYSE
Sorry?

Daphale turns to Amelia.

KARLYSE
I speak to her. So her state has meaning to me. I understand, she understands.

DAPHALE
Have you beautified her prior?

KARLYSE
Yes.

DAPHALE
Very well.

He retreats back behind the camera. The only light in the building is being shun upon Amelia. Daphale seems cautious and looks into Karlyse standing beside him.

KARLYSE
One with me after?

Daphale nods.

DAPHALE
Smile(!)

The camera snaps. The room goes pitch black then TRANSITION TO MOMENTS LATER - Karlyse is sitting with his child in the same spot after having their picture taken.

DAPHALE
Very good.

KARLYSE gets up and dusts herself down. Daphale takes a portrait of Father Francesco from his desk.

DAPHALE
You're a man of religion. You should have this.

He hands the picture to him.

DAPHALE (CONT'D)
I took this of him before he ran out and was never to be seen.

KARLYSE
Shouldn't his family possess it?

DAPHALE
They wouldn't appreciate it.

KARLYSE seems unbalanced.

DAPHALE (CONT'D)
You should leave through the back door.

EXT. GAZEBO, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

From a distance, we see the curtains of the studio open and Karlyse leaving with his daughter in the blanket. Daphale waves her off.

Seeming disturbed, he then walks toward us.

DAPHALE
Why did you knock?

We are Lady Tarquish. She looks down at her shoes.

LADY TARQUISH
I did not knock.

DAPHALE
What did I disclose about games to you, Ms Tarquish?

LADY TARQUISH
Mind games, you spoke of.

DAPHALE
They're both engagements of the past.

LADY TARQUISH
What are you even saying? You're not so progressive. Okay, allow me to disembark on a 'mind game'. Where did you leave to that night?

DAPHALE
What do you want?

LADY TARQUISH

Jeffrey Robinson, the owner of that coal mining rig down Harrigate. His daughter's having an engagement party. At sunset. Shall we go?

DAPHALE
Stop following me. It's beyond disturbing.

LADY TARQUISH
Following?

DAPHALE
You crave my approval. You wish to conjugate with me, wish to court me. Say it.

LADY TARQUISH
Will you go with me?

DAPHALE
I will and I will never love you.

Daphale leaves abruptly.

INT. BATHROOM AT DILLOWAY'S COTTAGE – MORNING

Mr Dilloway is seated on a straw chair, picking at the sole of his foot. It is heavily infected, with an outer-wordly greenish-yellow hole in the centre, dripping with black fluid. It starts pulsating; Dilloway mutters in pain. He wraps it in thick cloths; his daily ritual, then puts his shoe on. He takes the roll of bandages and places it in a box with a padlock, then places that box in a small compartment in the wall.

INT. LANDING AT DILLOWAY'S COTTAGE – MORNING

Ada waits outside the bathroom. Dilloway exits, limping slightly.

ADA
You sound in pain, dear.

He limps past, not taking notice.

ADA
You're limping.

He still does not take notice. She enters the bathroom, then he stops walking.

DILLOWAY
I'm going to work, dear.

She does not reply. He walks off, desolately. We hear him exit the front door, to where Ada exits the bathroom with a done-up face.

EXT. WOODS – MORNING

Ada walks into a luscious, woodland area nearby to retrieve a penny-farthing from a disclosed shed.

EXT. LUSCIOUS COUNTRYSIDE – MORNING

Ada rides her bike through the saturated straws of wheat and grass. The blue of the sky mix like a still from Kurosawa's Dreams; distinct but wholesomely united. The crickets yap and yap, as she cycles through the morning.

EXT. TEAHOUSE – MORNING

Mrs Caulsbury and Lady Davenshire are having tea in their signature spot; overlooking the edges and centres of British nature. Ada cycles up to them, then dismounts lady-like.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Ada! How are you this morning?

ADA
I feel as fanciful as ever.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
How so?

ADA
No reason that I know of.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
We've lost someone.

ADA
Lost someone?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Lady Tarquish has vanished for all we know.

ADA
Vanished? We only saw her a couple of days ago? Vanished where?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
We're unsure, we initially tried to catch site of her in town. She's almost never at home?

ADA
She's vanished?

MRS CAULSBURY
We're not too bothered. She'd always acted so alien. It's too easy to get sick of her?

ADA
You've checked in town, this morning?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
No. We've given in. I've never loved her anyway.

ADA
I must find her. She might've been hurt.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
We hope you don't.

ADA
You've never spoke of this.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Well, we hadn't seen you for days.

ADA
This is a recent detestation?

Mrs Caulsbury nods and Lady Davenshire sips her tea, a snooty look on her face internalizing her adoration for scandals and shared hatred.

INT. TOWN CENTRE - MORNING

Ada cycles through town, passing the regular bustle.

ADA
Miss Tarquish? Miss Tarquish? Where are you? Felicity? Felicity?

Lady Tarquish appears in front of Ada's path, and she stops abruptly. Lady Tarquish is heavily drunk, drooling along the road with her eyes rolling around like marbles. Ada dismounts

LADY TARQUISH
Mrs Dilloway. Mrs Dilloway. Ada. Ada.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Ada and Lady Tarquish are seated on a bench overlooking a cemetery, the morning sun still shining on them.

LADY TARQUISH
No love could remedy the damage it had done.

ADA
What damage?

LADY TARQUISH
What is the key to salvation?

ADA
Is your love what's harming you?

LADY TARQUISH
Is it in solace?

ADA
Answer me or get no answer.

LADY TARQUISH
Do you even remember my name? Has your love been so stuck up you couldn't face the names of your friends?

ADA
Your name? Of course, why would I not know your name?

LADY TARQUISH
Why would you curse me like this? Do you know how much more deserving I am? How much more fruitful our fantasies would be?

ADA
Are you talking to me? Or to someone I know? Why won't you answer my simple question?

Lady Tarquish turns to her side.

LADY TARQUISH
Any more of this, then it turns to a joke. Like me.

ADA
Then answer me. What damage?

LADY TARQUISH
You.

Ada strokes her patience, and leaves troublesomely with Lady Tarquish sobbing into her own arm.

LADY TARQUISH
I am a bygone. Who am I now?

EXT. CHURCH OF THE HEOFONLIC RIHT

An unstable chapel is firmly placed in front of a blistering sun. Chanting can be heard, unintelligible to a modern ear. A brooding eeriness plagues the setting, with deceased plants surrounding the church and saturated shards of healthy grass outside a specific radius of it.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Daphale paces up and down his room, panting heavily and stomping as he takes each step. The objects on his mantle shiver through

his vibrations. He takes a dirty glass on his coffee table and holds it to his mouth, as to catch each one of his violent breaths. The glass is no longer clear and is clouded. The maniac takes a seat on his sofa to calm down, placing his hands on his lap.

DAPHALE
There's a man in Angkor Wat, he's failing.
Seven tears, urrrrrrr and ur one more.
Savagery urrrrrrr next circle.
One's a coming down to sin of fraud.

Daphale stands back up and walks toward the broken grandfather clock, sensually.

DAPHALE (CONT'D)
There once was a pregnant Athens it's destroyed
Rape a urrrrrr brimmed with gall
They said a ticket down is all we needed
And the ticket is ourselves so down we fall...

He removes opens the clock and retracts Ada's pink carnation ostrich feather.

DAPHALE
Would you like it back now? I haven't forgotten. I can't forget. May I come in? I had to close the shop early today. You wouldn't believe who came in. No. It's someone you don't know.

EXT. DILLOWAY'S COTTAGE – AFTERNOON

Ada arrives home, having just left her penny-farthing away from Dilloway's residence. Daphale catches her through his window. She enters her front door, sighing.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

Daphale continues pacing up and down, this time breathing heavier. He gulps and looks to his ceiling, brewing up the courage.

EXT. DAPHALE'S COTTAGE– AFTERNOON

Daphale exits his cottage with the feather under his coat and walks to Dilloway's front door.

EXT. DILLOWAY'S COTTAGE– AFTERNOON

Daphale enters the partially dying front garden of Dilloway's cottage. He steps before the front door, shivering in trepidation to knock. He doesn't have to.

Ada opens the door, and they spook each other as they lock eyes.

ADA
Daphale. I was just about to come to you.

DAPHALE
Why.

ADA
There's little going on here.

Daphale conceals the feather, he doesn't need it now.

DAPHALE
What do you wish to do?

ADA
(mockingly)
What do you wish to do?

DAPHALE
Hush. I-

ADA
Why did you arrive at my doorstep.

DAPHALE
Same reason. We can go on a walk. I need to drop my letters off.

ADA
Sorry?

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Daphale and Ada walk through the woods, bonding tightly. Daphale holds a jar of pond-water, filled with pages of paper. Their conversation mixed with the twitter of birds and snap of twigs illuminate the already bursting setting.

ADA
Do you think mother nature deceits us, or is it out of her control.

DAPHALE
Well I believe all living things revel in the hints of their conniving nature. If you count mother nature to be living, maybe yes.

ADA
Jokes. Nature casts jokes? Like why I can't deliver. What if they become stale?

DAPHALE
Are you drunk?

ADA
No!

DAPHALE
Is this what your husband is telling you?

(beat)

DAPHALE
Cause will arrive, Ada. Your sanguineness shan't dwindle now.

EXT. POND - AFTERNOON

Daphale and Ada are both in each other's awkward presence, seated around the pond while nature talks behind their ears. Their immediate state of intimacy had not before been established, so they are silent.

ADA
Will you speak?

DAPHALE
Yes?

Daphale removes the lid to the jar, and tips the contents of damp paper into the murky pond-water.

DAPHALE
They are my daily ruminations and pontifications. I don't wish to read them again, but I also don't wish to destroy them.

ADA
They sink...

DAPHALE
I can't know how.

ADA
Are you dearly fearful?

DAPHALE
Sometimes I'm fearful for the wildlife. Are they passing from my waste?

So far away, we see a figure, Lady Tarquish, approach. She sees them from afar and we do her.

ADA (CONT'D)
You spotted any?

DAPHALE
Doesn't mean they don't loom.

The water trickles as they look into the murky pond.

ADA
You're bizarre.

DAPHALE
I don't know what I am.

He gets up and leaves, Ada follows. Following their departure, Lady Tarquish strolls to the pond, hastily. Without rolling up her sleeves, she plunges her arms into the pond and retrieves the papers, all broken and tattered, ink rubbed off.

She holds them, whimpering in a hopeless howl. She throws them down.

LADY TARQUISH
Oh cursed! Cursed!

She lies in the pond as a rotten Ophelia, surrounded by resurfaced letters sinking.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM

Daphale and Ada both arrive in comfort.

DAPHALE
Those insolent twats don't fare well with realism. All they can suffice is their own state of heedless conservatism. They can throw a delicious jamboree though.

ADA
I hadn't known you were so lonely. Intruding on such things uninvited.

DAPHALE
Oh yes.

ADA
Very lonely, you poor soul.

DAPHALE
And what should I do about it.

ADA
I-

DAPHALE
Say it.

INT. DAPHALE'S BEDROOM

Ada and Daphale copulate within the patterned sheets of his single bed. She mounts him, they exchange spit. A vigorous excursion of symmetrical desires ensues as they exchange sweat and produce animalistic noises.

DAPHALE
(panting, slurring)
Six years. Six. Years.

The motion pedals faster as they increment themselves into one another, they had done so spiritually time before. They catch a glimpse of one another and both ejaculate simultaneously. Ada dismounts him, and they pant as one.

MOMENTS LATER...

ADA
Lady Davenshire. The rest of them also but Lady Davenshire. Wanted this for me. With you.

DAPHALE
You didn't want it for yourself?

Ada smiles.

ADA
Yes...?

DAPHALE
(mockingly)
Yes...?

Ada laughs.

ADA
I do not feel as old as people say I am. I love you because you're like me.

DAPHALE
Sometimes I feel as though I'm as ugly as the old.

ADA
Ugly?

DAPHALE
Too fixed in themselves.

ADA
You're all I can relate to. I can speak to you, and we're on a similar stratum.

DAPHALE
Is that all?

ADA
What more do you need? My care? My unequivocal affection?
(beat)
Okay.

DAPHALE
Anyone could suffice.

Ada gently slaps his arm.

ADA
Sorry?

DAPHALE
What difference must a hog make?

Ada lightly smacks him in jest, continuously.

ADA
Behave will you?

DAPHALE
Behave? You believe we've been behaving up to this point?

He kisses her all over her blushing face.

ADA
Was I satisfactory?

They look deep into each other. Daphale bursts into laughter, Ada follows.

DAPHALE
You slimy spittle.

ADA
So you weren't a mandrake all this time, eh?

Daphale laughs, Ada giggles. She slaps his chest, he recoils in pain.

DAPHALE
Ow. Ow. Ow.
(beat)
Is that what they all think of me? A sodomite?

ADA
I'm unsure, are you one?

DAPHALE
Do you wish for me to be one?

They stare deep into each others eyes. Serious.

ADA
You depraved willy warbler.

The seriousness dissipates, Daphale regains his smile.
Ada gets up, and walks into Daphale's study.

INT. DAPHALE'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

She looks upon the many scraps of paper and empty jars.

ADA
Your fear is much too corpulent for your shackles, dear.

She looks into a large mirror by his desk. She observes herself, touching her face then widening her eyes.

MOMENTS LATER...

Daphale rests upon his desk, Ada rests on top of him. Together they bathe in the setting sun and chitter of birds and leaves.

DAPHALE
I've engaged in my own bete noire this evening, Ada. Escaping the clearer issue. Engaging in unspoken mind games.
(beat)
Is Mr Dilloway a lover or a husband?

ADA
Mr Dilloway despises speaking intent.

DAPHALE
He's not present is he?

ADA
I'm not sure if I'm honest.

Ada looks around the room.

DAPHALE
Do you believe in what he preaches?

ADA
Oh.

Ada looks down.

DAPHALE
He's a deceiver, Ada.

ADA
Daphale hush.

DAPHALE
You don't want me to hush, Ada. 'Tis the last thing you want.

Daphale gently places his hand on her cheek.

DAPHALE(CONT'D)
You're too pure for that shaft, Ada!

ADA
Hush! That's what all those horrible women say.

DAPHALE
And so you'll be one with him? That CUNTING BASTARD OF A MAN? There's evil in this house, Ada. It caressed my skin as soon as I stepped foot. You can't be one with such a man.

ADA
You believe I wish to be one with another? How unmannerly to think.

They sit together, bathing in the sunset. A tear falls from Ada's eye.

ADA
I should rid him of his insanity. I should destroy those beastly concoctions he eats.

Daphale holds her tighter.

DAPHALE
He doesn't exist. It's simply mustard.

INT. DILLOWAY'S STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Mr Dilloway arrives home. He coughs wetly and walks up the creaky stairs.

INT. DILLOWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ada awaits her husband on the bed.

ADA
Talk to me.

DILLOWAY
I beg darling, I've had such a wearisome day.

ADA
I want you to talk to me.

DILLOWAY
Whatever about? Stop acting foolish, woman.

ADA
I'm ill! I'm so ill. You must open your mouth. Open your mind to me, darling.

Dilloway creeps to his mustard drawer, approaching it like a wild animal. He opens it abruptly, scaring Ada, and all tins of mustard are in place. He takes one.

DILLOWAY
Can you cease this fussing. You're weak darling.

ADA
Weak? You think of me as weak, puny?

DILLOWAY
You're exhausted. Oh how mephitic your exhaustion is!

ADA
Sometimes. Just sometimes. I don't see myself in the mirror.

DILLOWAY
How so?

ADA
I feel fit, happy, jubilated. But slithers remain. Ever so slight slithers, attempting to soil my identity.

DILLOWAY
You shan't ignore those slithers, Mrs Dilloway.

ADA
Why? Why? And you don't talk. You don't verbalize yourself. I am left loving you and nothing more. For what?

Dilloway sits beside Ada on the bed.

DILLOWAY
Those slithers are you, my darling. My darling.

He caresses his old hand on her young cheek.

DILLOWAY
You're mine to brood about.

Ada gets up, leaving the old man on his own.

ADA
You're sick. YOU'RE SICK! YOU'RE SICK MR DILLOWAY.

Dilloway watches his project fall about with a distant expression.

ADA(CONT'D)
I can't express an urge for elders. Repugnant, hideous varmint. With a shrivelled quim fucker! Why do I love you? Give me an answer. Why do you practice all this? What is it? Where does it come from? WHO ARE YOU? AND WHO AM I?

Dilloway stands up.

DILLOWAY
(shouting)
YOU'RE ETHEL.

Ada is taken back, she takes a breath.

ADA
Lies-

DILLOWAY
(shouting)
YOU'RE ETHEL.

ADA
Stop-

DILLOWAY
(shouting)
YOU'RE ETHEL.

(beat)

I've trudged myself through unbearable consequences. I keep you alive.

ADA
That's not feasible.

DILLOWAY
You pain me!

ADA
You're a fibber. A FIBBER. EVERYTHING YOU DO. I'm just some projection. I'm just a vessel? That's insanity! Everything you preach are stacked fabrications wrapped in dread. Terrible kruger-spoof.

DILLOWAY
You asked it yourself.

(beat)

Who are you?

ADA
Trickster. You're a trickster.

Ada looks into a mirror on a chest of drawers. She stares at her tearful face.

DILLOWAY
Think.

ADA
I have my memories. My joys. My youth.

DILLOWAY
Memories don't last love. Memories are man-made. Emotions are energy.

ADA
That's fine. I'm leaving.

DILLOWAY
Do so.

Dilloway sits on the bed. Ada approaches the door but stops when she reaches the bed. She takes a seat beside her husband.

DILLOWAY
Think. Who do you feel?

ADA
Certainly not your strumpet wife.

DILLOWAY
Centre that position of emotion.

He holds her hands. She closes her eyes, breathing heavily.

DILLOWAY
Who do you see?

ADA
Nothing.

DILLOWAY
Hush.

She continues breathing heavily.

DILLOWAY
Dilsha meth. Foluctus Echoly. GRA. GRA. GRA.

Ada falls back on the bed in anguish. She moans in discomfort. Her husband holds her.

DILLOWAY
I'm present, sweet. I'm present for you.

She opens her eyes, in partial shock. She feels her face while looking at the mirror on the chest of drawers.

She stands up and creeps toward it, ever so slowly. She is hesitant to see her reflection, and holds back ever so slightly. As she gets closer, she sees her hair reflect in the mirror. It's much thinner and greyer. She gasps in fright, before fully presenting herself in the mirror, to a totally normal reflection. Nothing had changed.

She looks behind her to see Mr Dilloway already fast asleep on the bed. She turns off the lights and walks to her side of the bed, by the window.

She walks right past her reflection in the window, which unintelligibly displays a disfigured, bare woman, with searing red skin, no eyelids and thin strands of her on her head. Her mouth is wide open. Ada walks right past it and gets into bed.

EXT. DILLOWAY COTTAGE, DAPHALE'S COTTAGE – NIGHT

The wind violates the trees and its branches. The unholy screeches of it's fury penetrates through the walls. We see the two cottages, no lights. The grass moves rapidly, the trees samba.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Daphale sits in his living room on an armchair in his lounge-wear. Pieces of paper surround him as he jolts backwards and forwards while holding a glass of liquor.

DAPHALE
Acorns farn and aforns tarn. Hold me in your bush my lard. Lord.

He hears a bang from outside. He looks, but dismisses it as wind.

DAPHALE
Oh, there's a man in Angkor Wat, he's going.
Seven cheers a fear and still one more.
Savagery is near the cheered next circle.
One's a cometh down to sin of law.

There once was a pregnant Athens it's comprising
Rape a horny royal dimmed with gall
They said a checker down is all required
And the checker is ourselves so up we go...

A figure is seen approaching the window behind him. It knocks- startling Daphale. He looks. It's Ada. He gets up and opens the window. She climbs in.

ADA
Oh.

Ada kisses him firmly.

DAPHALE
Is this another one of my dreams?

ADA
With luck.

DAPHALE
You crept here. In these winds?

ADA
Was purely a zephyr as I slept. It only bloomed. We must go. Us both. Will you?

DAPHALE
Is this a dream?

(beat)

It frightens me terribly.

ADA
I beg you.

DAPHALE
I had just purchased a new camera. Heinously costly, dear.

ADA
This place is simply too restrictive, dear. We must start afresh. Without this looming putrescence. You have no need to run. I do. That means you do.

EXT. DILLOWAY COTTAGE, DAPHALE'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Daphale and Ada exit the front door of his home. They slowly trudge through the piercing winds away from the house. A light turns on in Dilloway's bedroom. Daphale and Ada immediately turn their heads.

ADA
Hurry!

She grabs his hand and they run.

DAPHALE
Are you in good health?

Ada runs, breathing hard. She yells in pain. They run into the dark woods.

From his front door, Dilloway exits his home with a lamp. He had just missed them and continues walking to the dark woods.

DILLOWAY
Come in all your fashions! Silk, red, lunch. COME!! COME!!! COME!!

EXT. DARK WOOD - NIGHT

Daphale and Ada run through the woods, a small light behind them visible. Daphale holds Ada to stop.

DAPHALE
It's much too dangerous here, my paramour. There are dips and creatures and all sorts.

Ada checks her surroundings, utterly petrified. She looks behind her to the small light. Her eyes widen.

An elderly, small figure, so far away it's barely visible, emerges from the light, levitating perfectly. It is completely stationary. But keeps getting closer.

ADA
No.

It gets closer. It's too far away for it's face to be shown, we simply see the fragile ghost like creature.

ADA
NOOOOOOO!

Ada buries her face into Daphale's chest. He comforts her.

DAPHALE
(slurring)
What's the bloody issue?

DILLOWAY(O.S.)
Mrs Dilloway.

Ada begins crying.

ADA
We musn't stop. We musn't cease here.

She holds Daphale's hand and runs away.

MOMENTS LATER:

The pair run to a more secluded, claustrophobic side of the woods. Daphale kneels down.

DAPHALE
We're far from anything, my love.

Ada kneels down beside him. An audible breeze sets in.

ADA
I'm ill, Daphale.

DAPHALE
We'll advance across country. We'll find you a doctor.

ADA
You threw it all to nothing. Your occupation. Your social life. For me.

DAPHALE
A social life I never had. Twas a harlot's purgatory.

ADA
Your pond? Your journal?

DAPHALE
I had to relinquish it sometime.

ADA
I'm ill.

DAPHALE
I understand.

Ada begins tearing up once more. The breeze grows louder.

ADA
No. I'm deficient. I- I don't understand.

Ada cries into Daphale's chest.

ADA
Not even God knows what I am.

DAPHALE
You're deluded, my dear. That man. He deludes you. That's his purpose in life. Every word he flatulences are nothing but air.

ADA
How are you to know?

She stands up. A distorting tone starts ringing from an ever so faint breeze.

ADA
I feel it once more.

(beat)

The biting. The edge I'm residing on.

The distorted tone grows more aggravated. It howls violently. Ada closes her eyes and covers her ears.

DAPHALE
It doesn't exist. You are growing. It doesn't exist, my love. We've almost arrived. You must keep on.

She continues so until the tone dissipates and all that is left is the subtle sound of the wind blowing.

ADA
Emancipated. Irrevocably.

She takes her hands off her ears and opens her eyes – and SCREAMS.

About six inches away from her face stands the burnt elderly woman; the one that replaced her reflection. It stands staring into her eyes, mouth closed and stationary. As she screams, she falls back, violently.

She trips and falls from around a sixty-foot drop. The branches from the cliff rip her clothes and her skin during her descent. She hits her arm on a rock, completely shattering the bone, making it poke the opposite the direction. She is now falling head-first and ends her descent by smashing her scalp into pieces on a large rock on the ground. A headless body drops to the forest below.

On the cliff. Daphale stands in shock. He sits completely stationary.

DAPHALE
no. no. no.

He begins to breath heavily.

DAPHALE
A dream.

EXT. DILLOWAY COTTAGE, DAPHALE'S COTTAGE – NIGHT

We see the two houses, Daphale's with his front door wide open and Dilloway's with his bedroom light on.

DILLOWAY
(distantly)
Mrs Dilloway! Mrs Dilloway! Mrs Dilloway!

Daphale runs back to his home. He enters the front door and shuts it.

EXT. WOODS – NIGHT

A set of thin legs traverse the long shards of grass and mud into a large bush, never to be seen again.

Ada's headless body rests on the floor. We hear the crickets laugh and the owls howl. The wind continues blowing.

EXT. THE TOWN CENTRE – DAY

A new day dawns. The midday bell rings from the church. A group of people, all dressed in black with their faces covered, walk through the deserted village. The bell continues ringing.

EXT. DILLOWAY'S COTTAGE – DAY

The people all dressed in black arrive at Dilloway's cottage, where in the front garden, he is hosting a funeral for Ada. Chairs are set up, a closed coffin is present before the attendees. The people in black all take a seat.

Mr Dilloway stands before everyone, beside the coffin.

DILLOWAY
Yee! Yee! Yee!

INT. DAPHALE'S BEDROOM – DAY

Daphale stands before the mirror, distant. He hears Dilloway from outside and leaves the room.

EXT. DILLOWAY'S COTTAGE – DAY

Daphale runs out of his cottage and takes a seat at the far back of the crowd.

DILLOWAY
My dearest wife, never once desired not to be by my side. As a pelican can languish by it's seclusion, I must crumble without my dearest... and she would've without me.

A member of the crowd, covered face, dressing in black, scoffs.

DILLOWAY(CONT'D)
The body can rot. The memories can rot. But the soul cannot. I shall have her soul by my side, until is my time to leave as well. I had not achieved enough. I realize that now. I must push myself further, to keep from this paucity of spiritual prosperity.
(beat)

Alfaqack Maslerk! GAH GAH GAH GAH-

MOMENTS LATER:

Ada's coffin is lowered into a patch of land outside Dilloway's property. The people surround, not making a sound. Birds are heard chirping from afar.

Daphale sits on a seat alone. He tries not to look at the procession. A man arrives behind him.

KARLYSE
Good day, Daphale.

He turns around and sees Karlyse. He is not wearing black.

DAPHALE
Good day.

KARLYSE
Karlyse.

DAPHALE
Sorry?

KARLYSE
You've buried my name haven't you?

Daphale takes a good look at him.

DAPHALE
You weren't aware of the type of dress?

KARLYSE
I wasn't invited. I caught sight of the commotion.

DAPHALE
You've just moved haven't you?

KARLYSE goes to take a seat next to Daphale.

KARLYSE
Do you remember a single thing about me?

Daphale looks into her eyes.

DAPHALE
You're alluring.

KARLYSE
Excuse me?

DAPHALE
What do you want from me?

KARLYSE
Nothing at all. I've not got many acquaintances here. Do you care for some tea at my home? It's a quick walk.

Ada's coffin has been fully lowered. A woman from the crowd removes her black face-covering. It is Lady Tarquish, she is looking at Daphale talking to Karlyse.

INT. KARLYSE' LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAPHALE sits femininely on a chaise longue, holding a cup of tea. Karlyse sits opposite. On the shelves and mantles are taxidermic animals, staring Daphale in the face.

KARLYSE
Did you know the poor woman?

DAPHALE
We were neighbours... and great friends.

KARLYSE
I'm ever so sorry.

DAPHALE
Ignore my misery. There's no extinguishing inferno.

KARLYSE
The hurt is that bad? You were close?

DAPHALE
I am... diseased with convention. I've found that out recently. I vow to never run from my convention.

KARLYSE
How do you mean?

DAPHALE
How do I mean? I vow to never explore that.

KARLYSE
You're speaking in enigmas, sweet.

Karlyse stands up and strokes Daphale's chin.

DAPHALE
I vow to never run away. It's only brought me the greatest misery of all; preservation.

KARLYSE
Preservation is not always a misery, my dear. Look around thyself.

Daphale looks to the stuffed creatures that lace the walls.

DAPHALE
You're a taxidermist?

KARLYSE
Never for pleasure, you see. I can see them. I can see their spirits.

Daphale laughs.

DAPHALE
I've heard enough stories of necromancy. What balderdash.

KARLYSE
I don't hear what they're saying. Only how they're saying it. I cannot speak to animals, dear. They comfort me.

DAPHALE
There is one severely paramount flaw in your habit.

KARLYSE
Speak it.

DAPHALE
These things, they putrefy, no?

Karlyse looks to his creatures. They seem healthy to him, maybe a slight hint of rotting. He stops looking and looks back at Daphale. He sits beside Daphale, close. He strokes Daphale's luscious hair.

KARLYSE
Do you love me?

DAPHALE
I'm sick of that question.

KARLYSE
Would you still love me when I'm putrefied?

Daphale kisses him. They share a sloppy kiss as Daphale reclines on the chaise longue.

From the living room window where the two sit, we see Lady Tarquish standing in her blacked-out outfit, looking in. She seems upset, wiping a tear from her face.

EXT. TEAHOUSE - DAY

Lady Davenshire and Mrs Caulsbury sit at a table, dressed in the black garments they wore for the funeral. Lady Tarquish joins

their table, sits. They don't look at her, instead they look at the fields.

LADY TARQUISH
I apologize.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
For what?

LADY TARQUISH
For acting tremendously foolish.
(beat)
It's an agonizing shame. That poor woman.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
That poor woman, indeed. All those sunny mornings propagating her maturity, culminating in her amateur demise.

LADY TARQUISH
Amateur demise?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Her husband. Revolting cancer, he is.

LADY TARQUISH
You believe she did it was her own doing?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
We believe so, do we not Mrs Caulsbury?

MRS CAULSBURY
She did not deserve to be with that beast. She did not deserve to die to it's hands. She did not deserve to be buried on his tainted land.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
We're planning on transposing her vessel.

LADY TARQUISH
Where to?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
A cemetery. A patch of swamp would be more respectful. She is too virtuous to be buried on the land of a conman. Every second she lay in that sordid pit, it desecrates her.

LADY TARQUISH
A conman?

They both look to her, then look back at the fields.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
You should leave, Lady Tarquish.

LADY TARQUISH
Leave?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
We do not want you here.

LADY TARQUISH
Why?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
You've sullied your name in our heads. We don't want you near us.

Lady Tarquish waits a second, looking at their faces. She gets up and leaves.

INT. SAINT DYMTHNA'S RC CHURCH – SUNSET

Lady Tarquish sits in the church alone as the sun sets. She is crying.

EXT. FIELD – SUNSET

Lady Tarquish runs through a wheat field, teary-eyed, as the sun sets. She stops and takes a breath. She watches as the sun goes down. Evening hits, the sun disappears, she ventures off.

EXT. CHURCH OF THE HEOFONLIC RIHT – EVENING

Lady Tarquish stumbles upon the church. She hears non-English chanting from outside. Bewildered, she enters.

INT. CHURCH OF THE HEOFONLIC RIHT – EVENING

Mr Dilloway stands in the central staging of his church. The people sit beneath his, on a floor resembling an ohenro hat with a circular peak instead of a point (where he stands). They all dress as the grim reaper, instead with a multitude of different coloured cloaks.

DILLOWAY
Hark the word of equity.

The attendees stand.

DILLOWAY
May the Hailagas reflect our misdoings. For all that balances in a realm of green, shan't ever frown thee, oh helio foremen. Only shall stand the infant to the Heofonlic Riht!

ATTENDEES
Yes, high priest! High priest. High priest.

All attendees sit, Lady Tarquish emerges from the crowd in front of Mr Dilloway.

DILLOWAY
What is your name?

LADY TARQUISH
Felicity

DILLOWAY
Felicity what?

LADY TARQUISH
Felicity Tarq-

DILLOWAY
FELICITY WHAT?

LADY TARQUISH
Felicity, high master.

DILLOWAY
HIGH PRIEST, HIGH PRIEST, HIGH PRIEST!

LADY TARQUISH
High priest? Is this a coven?

There is a pause. Dilloway smacks LADY TARQUISH with might.

DILLOWAY
A coven ascends from hell. A religion descends from heaven. The Heofonlic Riht emanates from our atoms. It's all around, it's not some hope of binary living, some hope of good will. It's our breath. From whom did you find us?

LADY TARQUISH
I search for cause!

DILLOWAY
Every one searches for cause.

LADY TARQUISH
Well I search for it deeper! I search for it deeper! Deeper than any sceptic or pious believer!

Dilloway kneels down to LADY TARQUISH' level.

DILLOWAY
We're not here for a solace of a cause. We're here for the dread of the truth.

Dilloway slaps him once more.

DILLOWAY
Who processed you prior?

LADY TARQUISH
No one. I came on my own terms.

DILLOWAY
Do you succumb to your unequivocal sentience, by the hope of the Hailagas?

LADY TARQUISH
Yes, High Master.

DILLOWAY
Are you bare for the church of Heofonlic Riht, as of this night?

LADY TARQUISH
Yes, High priest.

DILLOWAY
Are you a wrongdoer that wishes for a reduced suffering in the afterlife?

There is hesitation.

LADY TARQUISH
I wish for truth and-

DILLOWAY
YES, HIGH PRIEST!

LADY TARQUISH
Yes, High Priest.

DILLOWAY
The Hailagas taste lies. All it will do is come back to you! You've made a shameful mockery of yourself, woman. You come from an esteemed background, huh? I went to All Souls! ALL SOULS!

LADY TARQUISH
Yes, High Priest.

Dilloway takes a deep breath.

DILLOWAY
Are you willing to give up flesh, bone and fluid for the good of righteousness?

LADY TARQUISH
Yes, High Priest.

They stare at each other in the eyes, finding a glimpse of one another within its complexity.

DILLOWAY
Let us commence.

The cloaked church members dance around Dilloway and Lady Tarquish, the latter presenting his bare skin and genitals. The dance members chant unintelligible words. Dilloway places his finger on a copper pipe connected to a strange machine. As he slides his finger across the pipe, a distorted hum blares out of the instrument. He slides his finger up and down to produce sounds of differing pitches and frequencies. The church members cease dancing. A hollowed out cat on a stick begins to automatically breath in accordance with the high frequency pitches.

SCENE TO BLACK AND WHITE

The humming then evolves to lower frequency, pulsating tones, like the beat of a heart of the throb of an orgasm. The hollowed out cat begins to breath with the tone while Dilloway stands above Lady Tarquish on her knees.

DILLOWAY
(heavily distorted)
Are thee travail of Hailagas, to arsk ous of solitious angfang? If yee so, spread wide thy arms AND GRANT YOURS DEVOTION.

Lady Tarquish begins sweating and shivering, unable to move from his kneeling position. She attempts to move her mouth but nothing happens.

DILLOWAY (CONT'D)
AHHHHHHHHHHH

A blaring light flashes upon Dilloway and his pupils grow significantly smaller. He moves away to reveal Lady Tarquish, who had just stood up. Her pupils also grow shrink significantly. The pulsating cat increases its beats per minute.

The humming ceases, the hollowed cat stops pulsating. As he opens them, they are back to normal.

DILLOWAY (V.O.)
And thou shall cairn those who've transgressed. For they shall live by your gall in yonder coelom. CAST, CAST, CAST.

Lady Tarquish cries on the spot. He touches under her jaw.

DILLOWAY
Your skin is lively and fair. Strong, new but blossomed. Would you like to be wed to me?

LADY TARQUISH

(shouting)
I don't care for your theatrics.

She runs away, crying. No one looks at her.

EXT. KARLYSE'S HOUSE – EVENING

Lady Tarquish runs crying toward the house.

INT. KARLYSE'S LIVING ROOM – EVENING

Karlyse sits in his living room with Amelia on the chaise longue. There are candles all around.

KARLYSE
She's charming, dear. She could be your new mother.
(beat)
Hush. I've never met someone so accepting of my gift.
(beat)
Should I move you?
(beat)
We did not copulate, dear.

He hears a rattle. He pokes his head to see, nothing.

KARLYSE
Don't pout at me.
(beat)
She looks gorgeous to me, darling.
(beat)
You sound like your mother.

LADY TARQUISH
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Karlyse jumps at her scream. He turns to see her recoiled in the hallway, with the door opened. He stands up.

LADY TARQUISH
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

KARLYSE
Madam? Can I help you?

She stands up quickly.

LADY TARQUISH
WHO ARE YOU? Sodomite?

KARLYSE
What on Earth are you yapping about, you foul demoniac?

LADY TARQUISH

You prefer me to shout or scream? That's all I can do?

KARLYSE
Leave. I will be calling the constabulary.

LADY TARQUISH
Leave me.

INT. HALL – EVENING – CONTINOUS

Lady Tarquish walks backwards down the hall, lined with candles, Karlyse approaches her.

LADY TARQUISH
Whatever do you expect? Lustful treasures in a camel's exemplary.

KARLYSE
You require a hospital. Leave.

LADY TARQUISH
Leave? Leaving wasn't written. None of this was written for me. No one would believe a foul demoniac like me if I were to say a profound treasure to this place took it up the arse.

KARLYSE
You're speaking nothing, woman. Leave this house. You're disturbed.

LADY TARQUISH
You can read, how astute.

KARLYSE
LEAVE!

LADY TARQUISH
Leave what?

She walks backwards into a candle. Her clothing catches fire and she begins to burn. She screams, rolling around on the floor. Karlyse panics and runs back to the living room.

INT. KARLYSE'S LIVING ROOM – EVENING

Karlyse picks up Amelia and he runs out the house.

INT. HALL – EVENING

The fire spreads to the stairwell and flooring. The walls catch on fire.

INT. KARLYSE'S LIVING ROOM – EVENING

The fire spreads to the living room. The taxidermy animals lined on the shelves and mantles begin to burn.

INT. HALL – EVENING

Amongst the fire, we see Lady Tarquish rolling around. She stands and runs through the back door.

EXT. BEHIND KARLYSE'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Lady Tarquish runs out to the setting sun, her dress burning. She falls and rolls around in the grass, but the fire does not cease.

She runs into the distance.

LADY TARQUISH
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

EXT. KARLYSE'S HOUSE – EVENING

Karlyse watches with Amelia as his home burns down. People from around the village rush to the sight. People of the village comfort him with blankets as they all watch his house burn and the flames rise high into the sky, dissolving into nothing.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

A pot of water boils over a fireplace. Karlyse looks into the fire. Daphale takes the pot off the fire and pours the hot water into a cup of tea, giving a cup to Karlyse.

KARLYSE
Heinously neurotic. Ghastly hair. Barren voice. She looked almost like you; defined jaw, deep eyes.

DAPHALE
I'm ever so sorry.

Amelia sits in the corner of the room, with a blanket over her.

DAPHALE
Did you salvage your... collectibles?

KARLYSE
They're all gone. Everything.

Daphale sits beside him.

DAPHALE
You can reside here for as long as you need.

There is a knock at the door. Daphale answers. It is Mr Dilloway. He seems drained, tired.

DILLOWAY
Good evening, Daphale. I saw the rubble of a fire. I was told the inhabitant came here.

Daphale opens the door wider to show Karlyse sitting on the sofa.

DILLOWAY
Good evening.

DAPHALE
Karlyse, this is Mr Dilloway, my neighbour.

Mr Dilloway enters the house.

DILLOWAY
I'm ever so sorry.

DAPHALE
Would you care for some tea?

DILLOWAY
Only if you're making.

Daphale goes to pour Dilloway some tea. Dilloway goes to sit next to Karlyse.

DILLOWAY
My wife perished in a fire, you see. The fire consumes all that think to play with it. You know how it started?

KARLYSE
A manic woman, whom I'd never witnessed.

DILLOWAY
Women shall sanction my demise. When the time arrives. Woman shall shackle the husband's knees. When the time agrees.

Daphale arrives in with a cup and hands it to Mr Dilloway. He sits on a chair.

DILLOWAY
There's a good chap.

DAPHALE
Karlyse. What is that? Under the muslin.

Everyone stares to Amelia in the corner of the room.

KARLYSE
Ha. I feel as though my tonnage of eccentricity shouldn't go further.

DAPHALE
What is it?

They all look at it, pensively. An overarching suspense thickens the air.

KARLYSE
My daughter lays in that chair.

DILLOWAY
Sorry?

DAPHALE
You can't bury her?

DILLOWAY
Bury?

Karlyse stands up and unveils Amelia. Stone cold. Dilloway sees, in utter awe. He stands and approaches the girl like a wild animal.

KARLYSE
Will you be understanding?

Dilloway analyses her.

DILLOWAY
You preserve her with wondrous care. She seems beyond delightful.

DAPHALE
I feel ill.

KARLYSE
Don't my darling, she's nothing more than a vessel. The vessel of an animal I can translate.

Dilloway touches beneath her jaw and pushes up.

DILLOWAY
Are you a man of religion?

KARLYSE
I'm a man of spirits. No divinity.

Dilloway stands up.

DAPHALE
I won't have that in this place, I apologize Karlyse.

DILLOWAY
Is something up today, Daphale, you seem odd?

DAPHALE
I'm fine. Karlyse.

KARLYSE
She is my daughter, Daphale. She shan't be a hassle.

DILLOWAY
You both should rest.

DAPHALE
You hadn't had any tea, Mr Dilloway.

DILLOWAY
I've had enough. Good night to you both.

Dilloway leaves abruptly.

EXT. LADY TARQUISH' HOUSE - NIGHT

A group of women removes clothes, ornaments and objects from the house in wooden boxes, placing them into a cart. LADY DAVENSHIRE and MRS CAULSBURY stand watching.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
She was a zealot. There's little doubt.

MRS CAULSBURY
We're dying, Davenshire.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Hark. The literature of solitude permeates through teachings. She was unduly fragile.

MRS CAULSBURY
And same goes for Mrs Dilloway?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Ada was not weak. She had escaped, according to those who'd discovered her.

MRS CAULSBURY
They hadn't found Tarquish's body. Maybe she did so too.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
It's a piddling query. Her marbles had been besmirched weeks ago.

MRS CAULSBURY
It's all that ooze of a beard, isn't it?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
His influence is a canker. Leave these belongings, tomorrow they shall burn with her.

MRS CAULSBURY
Sorry?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
I believe I can grasp a more respectful action to undertake.

EXT. DILLOWAY'S COTTAGE – NIGHT

Lady Davenshire and Mrs Caulsbury enter Dilloway's front garden, Davenshire holding a spade. She begins to dig up Ada's grave, quietly as not to wake Dilloway. She hits the weak coffin, only around 2 feet deep. They both look, Davenshire opens. It is empty.

INT. DILLOWAY'S BEDROOM – MORNING

We see a black door, seems to be a door to a wardrobe of some sorts. A loud, harsh, violent noise builds up as we focus on the door. We move away to see Dilloway resting in bed, the noise dies down.

He awakes, rubbing his eyes, then the bridge to his nose. He stands and walks to a mirror, looking in and admiring the bridge of his nose. It has shrunk.

He looks at the floor and sees spots of thick black liquid where he had stepped. He overturns the covers on his bed and there is a large spot of black liquid where his feet would've lay.

He feels inside his mouth with his thumb, pulling it out to reveal nothing but normal saliva. He does so again and pops something, he tracts his thumb to see black/yellow pus.

INT. DILLOWAY'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Dilloway sits in his living room sipping a cup of tea and eating a tin of mustard with a spoon. It finishes. He sits up and chucks the tin across the room.

INT. SHOP – MORNING
Dilloway dressed in a winter's outfit, enters a food store and heads to the condiment section. He takes several tins, then several more then takes them to the counter.

He dumps the tins at the till, the shopkeeper stares.

SHOPKEEPER
You must breathe the stuff by now.

DILLOWAY
I despise it. I'll never attune to it's barbarity.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE – MORNING

Dilloway walks through the town centre holding a bag of the tins. As he walks, he notices more and more people stare at him. People in shops, houses, sitting on benches, all stare at him in awe and disgust. Some even start following.

INT. DILLOWAY'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Dilloway sits in his living room eating a tin of mustard, having dumped the rest of the tins on the floor. From the window, we see a woman peer through, watching like it's a zoo. Another woman and man join. Soon a large crowd of people watch Dilloway through the window devouring the mustard.

A rock is thrown through the window, Dilloway jumps, looking back.

DILLOWAY
What in hell?

He walks to the window.

DILLOWAY
What is the matter? What is this a zoo?

Dilloway walks to the front door and exits.

EXT. DILLOWAY'S HOUSE – MORNING

Dilloway stands before the crowd.

DILLOWAY
What is the meaning of this? I am a poor soul in grieving for hell's sake.

Lady Davenshire approaches from the crowd.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
You're demented, only your shit will cry when you die.

DILLOWAY
You filthy whore. What is it you think I did? What is it you think I've done?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
You're a bogging charlatan. You're clandestine cajolery here will cease this morning.
(beat)
We demand you vacate this county.

DILLOWAY
I cannot.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Where is your wife?

Dilloway looks to her dug-up grave.

DILLOWAY
Why?

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Where is she?
(beat)
You monster.

Daphale looks at the commotion from his window.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
You monster, to even call on a service. For this box. WE DEMAND TO TO KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF HER CARCASS.

Dilloway stays silent.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
YOU DROVE YOUR WIFE TO SUICIDAL INSANITY. YOUR 'CHURCH' IS AN EYESORE TO THE BEAUTY OF THESE PEOPLE. And I believe, in my heart and soul and everything in between. You drove Lady Tarquish to reclusion and an eventual destructive suicide, which burned down that house.

DILLOWAY
OH THAT IS COMPLETE LIES, THROUGH AND THROUGHOUT. I had no relation to the yapping cunt of Koalemos!

Mrs Caulsbury approaches.

MRS CAULSBURY
YOU'RE GONE.

DILLOWAY
Sorry?

MRS CAULSBURY
YOU'RE GONE!

DILLOWAY
You peasants can't force a man of true spirit. Spirit encompasses all. YOU ARE HAVE NO SPIRIT. YOU ALL ARE WEAK, YOU NEED EACH OTHER TO DRIVE THE SIN OUT OF YOUR LIVES.

A carriage arrives.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - MORNING

Dilloway sits on a carriage, moving throughout the village. People yell and throw objects as he looks down.

EXT. CHURCH OF THE HEOFONLIC RIHT - MORNING

The carriage passes by the church. People set the church alight and it starts to burn. People cheer. Dilloway watches, angrily.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Your days are past. Your days aren't contagious.

Dilloway is travelled away, as the sun shines brightly on his face.

INT. DAPHALE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Daphale stands peering out the window. Karlyse rests on the bed.

DAPHALE
T'was bound to transpire.

KARLYSE
He seemed pleasant last night.

DAPHALE
That's how he holds you.

KARLYSE
It feels terribly silent today.

DAPHALE
Yes.

KARLYSE
You stay in bed, dear. I'll bring up some a brew.

DAPHALE
Don't be foolish, I shall do so at once.

Daphale walks to the door.

KARLYSE
You're a delightful bonny today, my sweet. I shall help downstairs.

Karlyse gets up.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM

Daphale and Karlyse walk down the stairs to see Amelia sitting in an armchair in the living room.

DAPHALE
Heavens. You placed her there?

KARLYSE
Amelia?

Karlyse approaches his daughter, sitting in the chair motionless. He kneels down before her.

KARLYSE
Good morning...
(beat)
My beautiful daughter.

He strokes her cheek.

KARLYSE
Amelia?

Daphale looks at the two and starts breathing heavily.

KARLYSE
Where are you?
(beat)
Amelia? Amelia, my dearest.

Karlyse starts crying.

KARLYSE
Amelia? AMELIA?

DAPHALE
Karlyse what's wrong?

KARLYSE
Speak. Speak to your father.

DAPHALE
Come Karlyse.

KARLYSE
MY DAUGHTER. MY ROCK.

Daphale holds Karlyse and takes him out of the living room.

DAPHALE
What is the matter with you?

Karlyse breaks free and runs to Amelia.

KARLYSE
OH PLEASE, OH PLEASE, OH I BEG. TALK. TALK. I AM IN PAIN, I AM IN PAIN, MY DEAREST. YOU'RE LEAVING ME?

DAPHALE
KARLYSE!

Daphale holds Karlyse as he breaks down on the floor. Karlyse cries.

DAPHALE
There there. Don't foreshadow the cricket bites.

KARLYSE
Where is she? Where is she.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A blistering sky, crickets chirping, wind blowing. We see shards of grass speaking and swaying. Emerging from the nature, comes Dilloway, wearing a large coat with a single drawer filled with tins of mustard in his hands.

EXT. CHURCH RUINS - DAY

Walking through the fields, Dilloway comes a medieval church. He sees a pool of water on the ground, like a well. He walks to it and looks inside. A single light at the bottom sits.

He looks back up to see in the distance; a Colman's mustard omnibus being pulled by two horses. Passengers sit inside. The carriage comes toward him. He drops the drawer, runs into the road and waves his arms.

DILLOWAY
You! You! You!

The carriage stops in front of him.

DILLOWAY
I'm desperately sorry but I must where you are going?

DRIVER
Colton.

DILLOWAY
Colton? What is there in Colton, dear boy?

DRIVER
Not much.

Dilloway goes to pick up his drawer and steps onto the omnibus, climbing the staircase onto the top. He sits on a seat holding the drawer.

The carriage drives off.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The carriage drives through the fields.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Noisy steam-powered machinery pumps and steams. Workers scurry around the place, coughing, depressed.

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

Entering Colton, Dilloway sees a factory, with the COLMAN's logo plastered on the outside. He walks toward it.

INT. ROOM, FACTORY - DAY

Dilloway sits before an INTERVIEWER, late 40s, glasses. Dilloway rubs the bridge of his nose in pain as the interviewer sorts papers on his desk, frenetically.

INTERVIEWER
Is something the matter?

DILLOWAY
I wish to work here.

INTERVIEWER
Work, manual labour? You wish to partake in manual labour?

DILLOWAY
Is that a quaint imploration?

INTERVIEWER
A man of your age, your stature. You look as if you're about disassemble and reduce to dust.

DILLOWAY
Only for a short while. I'll be departing anon.

INTERVIEWER
I can suss.

DILLOWAY
Do you mind?

INTERVIEWER
It's a brand new manufactory. Colton is revered for it's contributions to the culinary world.
(beat)
Do you enjoy mustard?

INT. TENEMENT - DAY

A squalid home, a man, youthful Scottish DORSIDYDE, is getting dressed with Dilloway in the house's living quarters. They are putting on their work outfits.

DORSIDYDE
Ay came from Wick. Very north of the country. Nothing there, nothing there for miles-

Dilloway looks down and sees his soles are leaking the black liquid. He takes his clothes with his foot and wipes the liquid away.

DORSIDYDE(CONT'D)
Ay business is booming in the south. South of what I said. I ain't going south, ay fuckin' hate the English. We do all the work for the nation. My cousins moved to London, they're all rich now, they probably own slaves.

DILLOWAY
What do they call you?

DORSIDYDE
Dorsidyde. Dorsidyde Welckingham.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Machines turn and crank. Workers in the same outfits turn the levers and cogs. The sound of metal and machine traverses the building. Dilloway turns the levers, above a large vat of newly-produced, bright-yellow mustard. His fragile body attempts to turn the machine, but he struggles.

He looks down into the vat of mustard, turning and turning to produce a perfect whirlpool. Dilloway stares into this whirlpool, almost hypnotised.

He coughs. A small amount of black fluid leaves his mouth. He wipes it away and continues working.

INT. DAPHALE'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Daphale takes the photo of a family, a mother, son, daughter and father.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Daphale arrives home to see Karlyse sitting with Amelia on his lap.

DAPHALE
Any luck, dear?

KARLYSE
I'm trying ever so hard.

DAPHALE
Take a rest.

Daphale approaches Karlyse and strokes his cheek.

KARLYSE
She's lost.

DAPHALE
Leave her. Have you embalmed today?

KARLYSE
Yes.

DAPHALE
There's a fair, a market, in a neighbouring village, midday. We should go.

KARLYSE
I can't, I can't. Poor girl is astray, she must be feart.

DAPHALE
It will your mind off it.

KARLYSE
It's almost noon.

DAPHALE
Then we must leave, hurry.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Daphale and Karlyse walk down a dirt path with many other members of the village.

EXT. FAIR - DAY

Daphale and Karlyse reach a patch of land, where stalls are set up, children run around and play, a carousel stands and live entertainment. A joyous scene for a glorious day.

Daphale and Karlyse walk around the fair, looking at the frenetic children and hectic people bustling.

LADY DAVENSHIRE(O.C.)
Daphale! Daphale!

Daphal turns around to see Lady Davenshire running up to him.

DAPHALE

(deepened voice)
Lady Davenshire.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
It's been an aeon, has it not?

DAPHALE
Certainly. This is Karlyse.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Oh dear, you're the poor fellow who's house burned down. I'm ever so sorry.

KARLYSE
It's quite alright.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
You saw what happened this morning?

DAPHALE
I did. It was a long-time coming.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Certainly. I'm unsure how much you knew about that thing, Karlyse, but he was terror. The tragedies that had been occurring. Was no coincidence.

KARLYSE
I'd heard.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
(to Daphale)
You look very well though. You're one of the only good men still left.

Daphale looks down awkwardly. Karlyse seems confused.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Anyhow, I must dash. It's been a pleasure catching up. You both should join Mrs Caulsbury and I for tea at the teahouse.

DAPHALE
Most definitely.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Hopefully there are bright days ahead. Stay safe, they say a storm coming tonight.

Lady Davenshire walks away.

INT. DAPHALE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daphale faces the window, putting on a layer of shirts. Karlyse sits in bed, lonesome.

DAPHALE
Are your sensibilities settled, my love?

KARLYSE
Sure.

DAPHALE
Sure? What more can I do?

KARLYSE
You've done your best, my sweet.

Daphale gets into bed.

DAPHALE
What's with your sullenness?

KARLYSE
What sullenness? I sense no sullenness within my heart.

DAPHALE
I do.

KARLYSE
I'm completely fine!

DAPHALE
You're riddled with the morbs. Touch me.

Karlyse starts rubbing Daphale's belly in a circular motion.

KARLYSE
Do you like being touched in this way?

He moves downward. Daphale guides his hand upwards below his breasts, but not touching.

DAPHALE
Why are you tentative?

KARLYSE
You're wishing out of thin air.

DAPHALE
Speak.

KARLYSE
I shan't

DAPHALE
Speak to your partner.

Karlyse moves his hand downwards.

KARLYSE
Don't touch my hand.

He moves his hand to Daphale's crouch. He feels something, but doesn't move his hand.

KARLYSE
What are you?

There is a long pause.

DAPHALE
I can't breathe.

KARLYSE
What are you?

DAPHALE
I'm afraid.

KARLYSE
Please speak to your partner.

DAPHALE
I was born...

KARLYSE
You were born...?

DAPHALE
A true hermaphrodite.

Karlyse feels around.

KARLYSE
Aren't you a freak?

DAPHALE
All my life, I've seen freaks as joyous things. Miracles, Gods.

Karlyse continues feeling.

KARLYSE
Are you a boy or girl?

DAPHALE
Is that of significance? I am neither, I am both, I am one, I am another, whatever changes?

KARLYSE
I don't copulate with boys.

DAPHALE
Then I'm not one.

KARLYSE
That can't make sense.

DAPHALE
You can speak with the deceased. Can you speak with the living?

KARLYSE
Yes.

DAPHALE
You can see within a being. Look into mine.

Karlyse takes his hand away and stares Daphale in the eyes.

KARLYSE
I don't know. I don't know, I don't know.

DAPHALE
I don't want to disappoint you, my dear.

Karlyse seems worried.

DAPHALE
We shall rest now, and you can decide.

Daphale blows a candle out by his bed. Karlyse falls to sleep.

EXT. DAPHALE'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

That silent night, Daphale leaves the cottage and walks next door to the abandoned abode.

INT. DILLOWAY'S STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Daphale breaks the door open and creeps upstairs the terrifying, deserted home, creaking floorboards and all.

INT. DILLOWAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daphale creeps around, a steady sense of dread follows him around. He approaches the wardrobe in the corner of the room and opens it. Inside are many garments belonging to Ada. He takes all of them out and throws them onto the bed.

He feels an energy from the black door in his room. A tingle travels down his spine. He sense impending danger and starts

breathing heavily, taking the many clothes off the bed and rushing out of the room.

EXT. DILLOWAY'S COTTAGE – NIGHT

Daphale rushes out the front door, pacing, holding the garments. He stops, out of breath, then turns to look at the cottage, an empty, hollow field, devoid of any life whatsoever. He walks back to his cottage.

INT. TENEMENT – NIGHT

Dilloway sleeps on a bed that is too small for him, beside Dorsidyde sleeping on an identical bed, fit perfect. Dilloway's bed has traces of black fluid, which he attempts to hide.

DILLOWAY
(whispering)
Pore qua tu fanqua e a tui incre ta tu infambious co quan dalin fase. fase re cre cumbla a dre dre caqual! qual!

DORSIDYDE
Shut your mouth, will you?

A beat.

DILLOWAY
Sorry.

DORSIDYDE
There's a storm coming. I already have enough drilling cemented into my skull.

DILLOWAY
Are you religious?

DORSIDYDE
Go to sleep, you bastard. It's a 5 wake up.

Dilloway holds the bridge of his nose.

DILLOWAY
I am ill. I require a doctor.

DORSIDYDE
I told you you were too old to work.

DILLOWAY
This work is brainless. Whatever happened to the days of yesteryear? The bygone calender?

Dorsidyde sleeps, Dilloway looks to see a reaction. He turns over.

EXT. FIELDS – NIGHT

The moonlight shines on all the nature that walk through the night. A heavy blow of wind approaches, blowing all the grass to one direction. The trees sway heavily.

EXT. CHURCH RUINS – NIGHT

The heavy wind blows through the church ruins, brushing away the dirt off the structure. The wind gets even more violent and starts to move the ruins, the bricks move, weak and tall structures begin to fall. A tree falls, destroying a large wall.

After a while, the wind dies down, nature ceases movement. When everything is still, a white rabbit enters and hops among the new ruins.

INT. DAPHALE'S BEDROOM – MORNING (DREAM)

A bright morning, Daphale awakens, wearing a thin shirt, in his bed to the birds chirping. He yawns and stares at the ceiling.

ADA
Good morning, my depraved willy warbler.

Daphale looks beside him to see Ada, young and healthy.

DAPHALE
Ada? You look utterly splendid today, dear.

ADA
I do?

Daphale jumps onto her and smothers her with kisses, everywhere on her face.

ADA
Whatever is the matter?

DAPHALE
I feel a cankerwort growing in my stomach.

Ada giggles.

ADA
Shall we eat breakfast?

DAPHALE
Breakfast. I'm not hungry.

ADA
No?

DAPHALE
No, I'm not. I'm full.

He stares deeply into her eyes.

ADA
You're lively, my boy.

DAPHALE
I love you.

He falls on top of her, touching skin to skin.

ADA
Stop, stop, I can't breath.

He rolls over, lifts her arm up and buries his face in her armpit.

ADA
You're neurotic, this morning.

He begins licking.

DAPHALE
Isn't it great we remained? Everything would've sorted out.

ADA
Hm. Let me get us breakfast.

Daphale wraps his arms around her as she tries to leave.

DAPHALE
No. No, no, no, no, no, no.

ADA
What is the matter?

DAPHALE
I love your skin, so comely.

Daphale opens her mouth and shoves his nose in there for a couple seconds. She pushes him away, they stare at each other in the eyes.

ADA
What would you be without me?

DAPHALE
Someone else.

INT. DAPHALE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Daphale wakes up to a bright but significantly less euphoric morning. He wears a layer of shirts.

DAPHALE
No.

He looks to his side, no one there.

DAPHALE
No, no, no. NO, NO, NO!

He cries into the pillow next to him.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Karlyse sits on an armchair, sipping tea. Daphale enters, wearing feminine clothing.

KARLYSE
My God, you look utterly splendid today, dear.

DAPHALE
Do I?

KARLYSE
Of course.

Daphale sits beside him on an armchair, slowly as if he's afraid.

DAPHALE
Where's Amelia?

KARLYSE
I'm totally unsure.

DAPHALE
I mean where is her carcass?

EXT. DAPHALE'S GARDEN – MORNING

At the end of a watered, fruitful garden, sits Amelia on a rocking chair. Daphale sees her and walks to her.

As he gets closer, a low frequency tone pulsates through the air. His heart beats faster. His breaths grow more frequent. He stands before the corpse, looking dead into the distance.

KARLYSE
There's little point.

Daphale turns around to see Karlyse having just entered the garden.

KARLYSE
She's finally gone.

Daphale looks back to Amelia. He gazes into her eyes.

KARLYSE
She's gone.

Daphale's stomach visually drops. He walks away, reacclimatising from the high energy.

DAPHALE
Have you made tea?

INT. TENEMENT - MORNING

Dilloway is asleep facing the wall. Dorsidyde pats him awake.

DORSIDYDE
You over-rested. Work! Work!

Dilloway awakens, covering his face. He groans in pain.

DORSIDYDE
You alright. You can't've rotted in your sleep!

DILLOWAY
I'm well.

Dilloway takes a small mirror and rolls over. He looks into it. His eyes have gotten closer together and his nose has gotten thinner, only slightly. He seems puzzled.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Dilloway stands before a machine that grinds mustard seeds. He turns a wheel, which spins a vat of seeds.

There are kids beside him that spin on their own machines, faster and more efficiently than him.

He spins a couple more times, then has a cramp in his chest. He clenches his heart and cringes his face as he slowly falls to the ground.

DILLOWAY
Help! HELP!

Dilloway falls, the kids don't even bother to look.

DILLOWAY
Help me you irksome newborns!

They continue working, not batting a glimpse.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY
A DOCTOR inspects Dilloway with a stethoscope as he sits on a table in a dainty, grimy room.

DOCTOR
Your diet, Mr Dilloway?

DILLOWAY
The regular gravel they offer.

DOCTOR
You're much too old to work if you pardon the offence.
(beat)
Why do you work?

DILLOWAY
What more is there?

DOCTOR
A safe, comforted life? Certainly what you require.

DILLOWAY
I will be departing soon. A job is only to satisfy me while I transition.
(beat)
I'm ill.

The doctor looks at Dilloway.

DOCTOR
Open your mouth.

Dilloway opens, not fully. The doctor refrains from taking a look, avoiding his mouth.

DOCTOR
You're not ill. Just sleep and clean your teeth.

The doctor moves away, Dilloway looks at himself in the mirror. He feels around his eyes.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

There is a large bonfire in the centre of a field, with many around. They throw items of furniture, clothing and other general objects into the flame. Lady Davenshire and Mrs Caulsbury is among them.

Carriages arrive with large amounts of stuff. People unload like blood-thirsty animals. Mrs Caulsbury takes a chest off a carriage

and runs to the bonfire. As she is about to throw it in, Lady Davenshire stops her.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Cease. You're checked inside?

MRS CAULSBURY
I have not.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
Do so!

Mrs Caulsbury places the chest down and rummages through. She removes a large, oversized, dusty, old dress. She a pair of women's shoes, black with dirt.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
That is all?

Mrs Caulsbury closes the chest and throws it into the fire. She picks up the clothes and runs to a pile of women's clothing close-by, chucking them in the pile.

LADY DAVENSHIRE
(shouting)
Iniquitous articles must be quelled! Send them to the fire!

From afar, Daphale and Karlyse watches. Daphale dresses in a black bonnet and a gaudy dress. Watching over everyone, Karlyse kisses Daphale.

DAPHALE
Come. I need to show you a place.

They walk off.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Daphale and Karlyse both trudge through the woods, over sticks and leaves.

KARLYSE
Where are you taking me, dear?

DAPHALE
It's just on the way back.

EXT. POND - DAY

Daphale and Karlyse approach the pond, Daphale's diary entries restrained at the bottom.

DAPHALE
These are my daily thoughts and so on and so forth. I haven't been here for a while.

Karlyse looks into the pond.

KARLYSE
May I read one?

Karlyse reaches in and takes out a page, all floppy.

DAPHALE
You must be gentle.

KARLYSE
It's a strange, strange pond. They all sink? What material is this paper? It's in tact.

Daphale takes the page from his hand and throws it back in.

DAPHALE
I don't want you to read them.

KARLYSE
Why not?

DAPHALE
I'm terribly vulnerable.

KARLYSE
And so you dispose of them in the open?

DAPHALE
Never do I sign my name.

KARLYSE
You're a sublimely entrancing person. A true kaleidoscope of absorbing nature.

Daphale looks into the pond. She reaches her hands in and removes all the pages.

KARLYSE
What?

Daphale removes all the pages and stacks them on the side, then taking all of them, hugging them and walking off.

KARLYSE
Shall I hold some?

EXT. DAPHALE'S COTTAGE - DAY

Holding all the pages, Daphale speed walks to the cottage, passing by the people rushing out of Dilloway's cottage with items, and carriages holding items.

Daphale and Karlyse enters the cottage.

INT. DAPHALE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Daphale rushes in, holding the pages, opens the wardrobe and places the pages in a drawer in the wardrobe.

A large coat is in the way, which she feels. In the pocket, she feels something and removes it. It is Ada's feather. Daphale stares at it deeply.

KARLYSE(O.S.)
Everything dandy, dear?

DAPHALE
Hm.

The feather unlocks something in her, as her eyes widen.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

We see a large tub of mustard being swirled, we ZOOM into the centre of the spiral.

Large machines pump and steam is let loose. Children work around the factory, pushing levers and such, while the sounds of industrial metal permeate the atmosphere.

EXT. TENEMENT - DAY

Dilloway limps down a cluttered path, poverty-stricken children running around, women talking amongst themselves. A tall woman talking with many others sitting on a set of chairs, MAREE, watches him struggle.

MAREE
Dear sir? How do you walk like that?

Dilloway continues walking.

MAREE
You seem in excruciating anguish.

Dilloway stops.

DILLOWAY
I'm terribly elderly.

Dilloway carries on walking.

MAREE
Stay will you?

A woman standing next to Maree nudges her. She dismisses.

MAREE(CONT'D)
You may be terribly elderly but you're new in my eyes.

Dilloway stops and turns around, looking down.

MAREE
Sit.

He hesitantly sits on a chair beside Maree.

DILLOWAY
What a vicious day.

MAREE
I'm Maree.

DILLOWAY
Vicious, vicious.

A beat.

MAREE
You're very new. I take it you don't hear much news.

DILLOWAY
No.

MAREE
Do you wish to know the news?
(beat)
You had heard the vicious storm yesterday?

DILLOWAY
Hm.

MAREE
Well, there is a rumour traversing. Many are talking about a miracle. Do you believe in such things.

DILLOWAY
I've heard enough about such things.

MAREE
Well, we will all gather tomorrow by Colshire Hill, a short voyage, to see the miracle. Will you be joining?

She looks down at his legs, realizing what she had just said.

MAREE
The carriages may be available.

DILLOWAY
I've heard enough about such things.

Dilloway stands up and limps away. Maree watches in all her divinity. She turns to her girlfriends.

MAREE
I feel considerable sympathy for that man.
(beat)
He's just frail.

INT. TENEMENT - DAY

Limping and breathing monstrously, Dilloway takes the drawer of mustard and places it on his bed. He removes all the tins and takes out a piece of paper beneath them, reading:

"UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT:
[redacted]Dilloway
HAS SUFFICIENTLY COMPLETED STUDIES AT:
ALL SOULS COLLEGE."

He places the piece of paper on the wall with a pin. Slowly, he takes a handkerchief from the drawer, with the name 'ETHEL GRIFFITHS' written in gold. The handkerchief is sullied with Dilloway's fluids. He stares at it deeply, then holds it to his face.

He falls to his bed and cries, stuffing the thing into his mouth.

DILLOWAY
Freckled fletchers. Why must the movement of nature purge me like this? Freckled fletchers! I ask of you dearly, as a pious figurehead, I beg that you hasten the transition. There's little to live when I live as a gangrened breath with mouldering marrow.

Dilloway whimpers like a child, clenching the handkerchief.

DILLOWAY(CONT'D)
Hm bah ham hugged, far la so GAAAAAAAAAAA. GAAAAAAAAAAAAA.

Dilloway settles down.

INT. DAPHALE'S BEDROOM - EVENING/NIGHT

Karlyse sits in bed, reading Mary Shelley's Frankenstein. Daphale, wearing a thin, delicate nightgown, climbs into bed with him. She is unsteady and trips slightly.

KARLYSE
Steady, dear.

She gets into bed beside him, turns over and starts to fall to sleep. Karlyse continues reading, then with a subtle movement, goes to place his hand on her shoulder.

She lets out a sigh of relief as he begins to massage her. He reaches down to her breast area, of which she has little. She flinches.

KARLYSE
This novel is too distressing.

She sits up and looks at him. He looks back.

KARLYSE
It's not too late is it? We're becoming older sleeping at these times.

DAPHALE
I'm fatigued as a Jesus' sandal darling, maybe tomorrow.

He starts rubbing her stomach.

KARLYSE
I'm brimming.

DAPHALE
Egh, you vile man.

KARLYSE
I beg of you.

MOMENTS LATER:

Karlyse copulates with Daphale mercilessly on the bed, sweating profusely.

DAPHALE
Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow.

He pushes her head against bed frame and repeats, bashing her head numerous times. A tear falls from Daphale's eye. Karlyse cums, humping Daphale to the beat of his ejaculation, groaning each time.

KARLYSE
(out of breath)
Let us rest, dear. I thank you eternally.

DAPHALE
Thank you, dear.

They fall off each other, panting heavily.

LATER:

The two are lying in bed, Karlyse is asleep, Daphale is awake. She inhales then exhales. At the exhale, she hears a slight gorgeous humming, angelic. She exhales again and hears the humming. Once more, she inhales, then exhales, this time for a longer amount of time, and hears the humming for that time. She looks around, then stands up. She takes a blanket off the bed and walks out the room.

EXT. DAPHALE'S GARDEN - EVENING/NIGHT

The sun sets over Amelia, who sits alone at the end of the garden. A low tone pulsates.

Daphale enters the scene, walking to Amelia. She sits beside her, on the floor, and looks at her. Daphale rests her head against Amelia's thigh. She places the blanket over Amelia.

Daphale rests there, absorbing the coruscating bickering of the environment surrounding. Daphale takes a deep breath in, and hears a faint hum.

DAPHALE
Hm?

She does so again. No hum.

DAPHALE
You don't ring as much as an average church bell.
(beat)
I am warm. I feel warm.
(beat)
I feel much too different often. It's a dismally frightening phenomenon. Too frightening.
(beat)
I think we're alone now.

Daphale rests her head against Amelia's thigh and falls asleep.

INT. DAPHALE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Karlyse is fast asleep on Daphale's bed. The rain falls outside the window. We hear heavy, squelchy footsteps. Daphale enters, shivering and sniffling beyond normalcy and dripping. Her lips are blue, face is grey.

She removes her wet nightgown and gets into bed. She starts coughing horribly; croaky, somewhat wet and sickly. She carries on until Karlyse wakes.

KARLYSE
Morning.

He places his arm around her and immediately retracts.

KARLYSE
You're soaking. And cold.

Daphale continues coughing.

KARLYSE
My dear, my dear.

A crash of thunder is heard.

KARLYSE(CONT'D)
I must run you a steaming bath this instant. My dear, my dear.

He gets out of bed and picks a very weak Daphale up. He takes her and leaves.

INT. DAPHALE'S BATHROOM - MORNING

The rain pours outside, almost therapeutically. Daphale is in the bath, Karlyse scrubs her with a sponge.

KARLYSE
Can you tell me?
(beat)
Please.

DAPHALE
Don't look at me.
(beat)
I'm naked.

KARLYSE
We're lovers.

DAPHALE
You've never seen my breasts.

KARLYSE
No. And by the looks of them neither have you.

Karlyse laughs awkwardly.

KARLYSE(CONT'D)
T'was a jest. I'm not bothered.

(beat)
Can you tell me?

DAPHALE
This country was parched for weeks. I'd rejoiced.

Karlyse scrubs Daphale some more.

KARLYSE
Is it the corpse?

DAPHALE
The corpse?

KARLYSE
The corpse.
(beat)
My daughter?

DAPHALE
What?

Daphale gives a fake laugh. Karlyse is taken back.

KARLYSE
That's the most lively I've seen you today.

DAPHALE
Because it's absurd!

KARLYSE
You've taken quite a liking to her recently.

DAPHALE
Absurd!

KARLYSE
Well, I'm ridding our lives of it. She's gone. I cannot hear her.

DAPHALE
You've tried haven't you?

KARLYSE
Of course, you know that. She is gone forever.

DAPHALE
What misery.

KARLYSE
Not so much. I've found life.
(beat)
I've ceased speaking to the dead. They've got nothing new to say.

INT. TENEMENT – MORNING

Dilloway rests in his black bed, Dorsidyde walks around getting changed.

DORSIDYDE
Come on.

DILLOWAY
I do not believe in God.

DORSIDYDE
Everyone here does. It'll do ya good. Pray for yourself, and you'll be clean and robust.

DILLOWAY
You can thank your God.

DORSIDYDE
It's the day of the Lord. The day of rest.

DILLOWAY
I'll be resting.

DORSIDYDE
The vicar's going to speak on the miracle that's set to occur. We'll be washed of all sins. All evil.

INT. CHURCH – MORNING

The simple church is packed to the brim. People are standing at the sides, the pews are filled. A frail, shaking and hunched Dilloway and Dorsidyde stand. A VICAR stands at the altar.

VICAR
Let us pray.

People on the pews stand.

VICAR
Let the Lord reverberate his tenor. Let yee wing-shallows farquet your huths, and all His demeanour value unbalanced kaleidoscopic iridescence. Sit.

People sit.

VICAR
As mentioned a week prior, a special miracle is soon to arise around our England, as prophesied by our highly devout Mother Mercede.
(beat)
MOTHER MARY WILL ARISE and bring capricious celebrations to us. HOW CAN WE NOT BE GRATEFUL!?

The crowd murmur in agreement. Dilloway is hunched down severely, leaning against a wall.

VICAR
Me and members of the church have planned a special activity for the children of the town. We will conduct... a quest. Among the hills, there sits Mother Mercede, and she waits for all of yee bairns to find her. The child who finds her, will reap a generous award, only by one with the most high.

Parents look at their children in excitement.

VICAR
A quest?

The crowd murmurs in acknowledgement.

VICAR
A QUEST?

The crowd cheers.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

A crowd gathers outside the church. Parents are talking to their children, motivating them. Dilloway stands far back, almost weak. Dorsisdyde watches enthusiastically. The Vicar stands before them all.

VICAR
By the Lord's mercy, may the supreme triumph.

Kids all stand around the vicar.

VICAR
Go!

The kids run off. The parents and members of the crowd cheer. Dilloway coughs heavily and walks off as if not to drag attention. People start looking, and the looks spread to Father Francesco.

VICAR
Halt!

Dilloway stops walking.

VICAR
Let me see you my son.

Dilloway turns around carefully, with his shaking hand covering his face. The Vicar's face turns cold.

VICAR
Oh. Oh, oh, oh, oh. How asinine.
(beat)
Heretic.

While shaking heavily, Dilloway coughs a splatter of black fluid, some yellow specks.

VICAR
Stay away, far and away.

People step back from Dilloway.

VICAR
You're the heretic.

DILLOWAY
(croaking)
I am no heretic. There is no God, His brother is fig-mental along with Him.

Dorsidyde taps Father on the shoulder.

DORSIDYDE
He is very sick. He's not got much time left.

VICAR
Oh tremendous! I sense... something other than God.

DILLOWAY
BECAUSE GOD IS FICTITIOUS.

VICAR
SPEAK ANOTHER WORD ON HIS NAME!

Dilloway removes his hand to reveal his eyes, which have moved closer together. The crowd gasps.

DILLOWAY
I've seen miracles. God kneels to miracles.

VICAR
Vanish foul cad.

The crowd begin yelling for Dilloway to leave. He limps away, coughing and croaking.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Dilloway walks restlessly through the wet fields on a grey morning. He can hear faint children yelling. He hears a faint drumming, an angelic slow beat. He walks toward the noise.

In the field, he sees a woman, MOTHER MERCEDE, sitting cross-legged in a patch of dirt. She wears the most elegant and colourful gowns. She faces away from him. He covers his face with his arm as he walks toward her. The drumming stops.

MOTHER MERCEDE
You're not young.

Dilloway looks in awe.

MOTHER MERCEDE
Magician or law-man?

DILLOWAY
Neither.

MOTHER MERCEDE
I am swallowed. In your resounding tragedy.
(beat)
Are you a man of Chr-

DILLOWAY
No.

MOTHER MERCEDE
What are you if not someone with something to live for? Are you a man of yourself?

Dilloway hesitates.

DILLOWAY
No, and it's too late to change. I am a corrupt quip for what I believe in.

MOTHER MERCEDE
In scripture, God created an angel. That Satan. Ushered to commit right. But then ushered for pure peculiarity. Ushered out of nature's boredom. Then, in that moment and moments before, God created Himself. Anaphase-d His essence. What are we all if not God's essence. What are we if we are not God, in all His colours.

DILLOWAY
I don't believe in God.

MOTHER MERCEDE
You believe in God, as naked breath.

Dilloway lowers his arm.

DILLOWAY
(croaking, distorted)
I'm leaving soon. For an undying love.

Mother Mercede laughs.

MOTHER MERCEDE
That's the tragedy.

DILLOWAY
(croaking, distorted)
And you're so sagacious! Affectionately insightful due to your faith.

MOTHER MERCEDE
My faith has little to do with me here. I am here to breath the spontaneous nature of nature. I am far from faith.

DILLOWAY
You are here for nothing. What purpose do you have other than to usher these dullards to a land of reverie!

MOTHER MERCEDE
And your reverie has passed.

DILLOWAY
(croaking, distorted)
Bitch.

MOTHER MERCEDE
And you're a debacle. Undying love is a debacle. Everything rots.

DILLOWAY
(croaking, distorted)
Then I shall rot... with her.

Mother Mercede stands.

MOTHER MERCEDE
You've found me.

Children's yells grow less faint. Dilloway walks backwards. Children then rush in from either side, totally ignoring Dilloway.

CHILD
I've found her!

CHILD 2
I saw her first!

CHILD
I got here first.

Dilloway walks away as the children surround Mother Mercede.

INT. DAPHALE'S DINING ROOM - MIDDAY

Daphale and Karlyse eat lunch in the dining room. Daphale has a towel wrapped around her, shivering.

KARLYSE
Is there no work on today?

DAPHALE
I'm not going in.

KARLYSE
You're not that ill are you?

DAPHALE
I don't fancy it.

KARLYSE
I was thinking about where we could... bury Amelia.

Daphale stays silent.

KARLYSE
We can't apply for a spot at a cemetery. It's much too exposed.
(beat)
Daphale please respond, dear.

DAPHALE
Wait. For a while longer, would you?

KARLYSE
What for?

DAPHALE
You may find her.

KARLYSE
Dear.

DAPHALE
Could you run and get a pheasant, I'm making a meal tonight.

KARLYSE
Are you sure?

DAPHALE
Hm.

KARLYSE
You're not the greatest cook.

DAPHALE
I fancy a roast pheasant, dear.

Daphale coughs.

KARLYSE
Shall I call the doctor?

DAPHALE
A pheasant.

EXT. DAPHALE'S COTTAGE - DAY

Karlyse leaves with a tote bag. Daphale watches from the window.

INT. DAPHALE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Daphale opens the wardrobe and takes out the pieces of paper. She leaves the room holding them.

EXT. DAPHALE'S GARDEN - DAY

Amelia sits at the end of the garden, drenched. We hear a low-frequency droning as Daphale walks to her.

Daphale sits beside her on the ground.

DAPHALE
Good day.

Daphale looks at Amelia for a response.

DAPHALE
I'm unable to recognize... how you are.
(beat)
A charmed cadaver filled with yearning.

Daphale shuffles through the papers

DAPHALE
(reading from paper)
'"Child birth is a marvellous thing." I was comforting her. My mind's adaptation seemed so vivid. I was then so explicit: "I wish your child be dead." I was so serious lying on her bare chest'.

That was from a dream. I remember fondly.
She coughs terribly.

DAPHALE
I was nothing but possessed since that moment. Not this entry. Since I met her.

We see Amelia's dead, neutral face.

DAPHALE
I fear to recall what enchanted me. The feminal gigglemug; the celestial beak; the peepers of an ether honey pot, rich, Daedalian. They all mean bugger all. They never even meant bugger all at all.

Daphale removes the carnation pink ostrich feather from inside her clothing. She holds it up to Amelia, waiting for a response. She then retracts it.

DAPHALE
Why?
(beat)
I'm still me. I haven't change, no I haven't.
(beat)
DON'T SPEAK IT! TAKE IT. OH PLEASE OH PLEASE.

Daphale begins crying at Amelia's knee.

DAPHALE
It's still pink. I'm a sweetheart and it's still pink. I wear a Yorkshire bonnet and it's still pink. YOU'RE AN DEFUNCT CHILD AND IT'S STILL PINK!

She continues crying. She hugs Amelia tighter.

DAPHALE
You'll never leave, you'll never leave, you'll never leave.

A breeze of wind begins, an angelic humming is heard. Daphale stops to listen. Her breaths turn silent, her whimpering ceases. She stands almost like a robot, tears falling from her eyes, and walks toward the house.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Daphale takes all the candles from the shelves, tables and cupboards.

INT. DAPHALE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Daphale walks totally unnaturally into the kitchen and starts a fire in the furnace. She places a large pot onto the fire and throws the candles inside the pot. She watches the wax melt as snot falls from her nose.

She takes a tea pot from the cupboard and scoops a large amount of melted wax into the pot. Holding it, she falls backwards onto the ground as if she were possessed, and lifts her legs up into the air.

With the teapot burning her hands, she hesitates slightly as she holds the teapot over her crouch and begins to pour the wax into her vagina.

She releases the most repulsive, ghastly screams as it pours. Like a wild animal she chucks the pot at the wall.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

We see machines turning and working.

Dorsidyde sits before a conveyor-belt, lined with empty Colman's cans. He pushes down a lever above him to dispense mustard into the cans.

There are many other young boys like him on different conveyor-belts in front and behind him.

An OVERSEER walks among them, holding a cane. He walks past a BOY WORKER, not over the age of 8.

OVERSEER
Quickly, quickly, quickly, boys. Last batch before doors close. Our final hundred tins.

BOY WORKER
Will you lock us in?

The overseer hits the boy worker, who cries in pain.

BOY WORKER
Ow. Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow.

The boy worker starts crying like a child would; despairingly and painfully. Tears fall from his eyes and snot falls from his nose as he widen his mouth, his cries growing loud as if he's throwing a temper-tantrum. The other boys don't pay attention.

OVERSEER
(to boy worker)
Work! WORK! Cease your mind-numbing tantrum, you petty scrote.

The boy worker continues going, wiping his snot and carrying on. His whimpers persist however.

OVERSEER
Quickly, quickly, quickly, quickly, quickly, my children. A short while, then no more pain. No more pain.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

Karlyse walks down holding a pheasant in his tote bag and reading the paper, headline reading:

'THOUSANDS IN THE EAST PREPARE FOR METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENON'

He seems fascinated.

INT. DAPHALE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Daphale is kneeling on the floor in the corner of the room, hands to face. We hear Karlyse enter the house. He walks into the kitchen and immediately runs to comfort Daphale.

KARLYSE
What's happened? What's happened? Dear?

DAPHALE
(sobbing)
Will you take her away?

KARLYSE
I will.

DAPHALE
(sobbing)
I don't want you to. I beg of you. I don't want you to do that.

INT. TENEMENT - EVENING

A pitch black room, Dorsidyde opens the door, letting the evening glow in. Dilloway is on his bed drooling, his black drool dripping onto the ground below him. He covers his face.

DORSIDYDE
Sir. What's the matter?

Dilloway sits, shaking. Dorsidyde moves closer.

DORSIDYDE
Are you crying?

Dilloway begins shivering an alien amount, as if he were being possessed. Dorsidyde creeps toward him.

DORSIDYDE
Shall I call the doctor?
(beat)
A doctor?

Dilloway ceases shivering and sits up. He removes one hand from his face, which should be covering his eye, instead there is no eye present... where it should be. He moves his hand back.

There is a silence.

DILLOWAY
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. AHHHHHHHHHHH.

DORSIDYDE
Be quiet! Close your gob, you sick man!

DILLOWAY
AHHHHHHHHHHH. AHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

People emerge by the front door peering in. Dorsidyde rushes to Dilloway, holding his shoulders.

DORSIDYDE
Shut up, shut up, shut up-

DILLOWAY
(simultaneously)
AHHHHHHHHH. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. MY, MY, MY!

Dorsidyde smacks Dilloway in the face, who recoils into his bed in a fetal position like a petulant child.

DORSIDYDE
Ya huffy bairn!

Dilloway cries like a child. The men and women watch from the opened door.

DILLOWAY
(quietly)
Hmmmmmmm.
(beat)
(louder)
Hmmmmmmmm.
(beat)
(louder)
HMMMMMMMMM.

DORSIDYDE
SHUT UP!

Dorsidyde slaps his back, then promptly Dilloway viciously grabs Dorsidyde and pushes his against a wall. The people at the door rush away.

Dorsidyde punches him in the face, a face we don't see, and he falls back. While hunched over, Dorsidyde knees his stomach, elbows his neck then throws him across the room.

DILLOWAY
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

Dilloway charges at Dorsidyde and knocks him to the ground.

INT. DAPHALE'S KITCHEN – EVENING

Daphale charges at Karlyse and pushes him onto the burning furnace. He quickly retracts.

KARLYSE
My love!

She grabs him by the back of the head and bashes it against the wall. He pushes her away and slaps her.

KARLYSE
Godforsaken grimalkin.

He attempts to restrain her by holding her arms, but she breaks free and grabs his neck, taking him to the pot of melted wax. She shoves his head in there, as his weak self tries his hardest to escape her, as the wax bubbles with his screams.

INT. TENEMENT – EVENING

Without a second thought, while on the ground, Dilloway begins to shove his whole arm down Dorsidyde's throat, causing vomit to (attempt to) blast out his mouth. Resisting the biting and vomit, Dilloway goes deeper until he reaches his shoulder. Dorsidyde begins to slowly pass. Dilloway retracts his arm and stands.

DILLOWAY
You trebber.... trebba fark. Fawk. Al fawking kill you!

He stomps his his head multiple times, causing Dorsidyde's head to cave. Even after caving, Dilloway carries on stomping.

INT. DAPHALE'S KITCHEN – EVENING

Karlyse resists, removing his head from the pot. He pushes Daphale away from him.

KARLYSE
LEAVE ME! OH PLEASE LEAVE ME!

He runs to the front door and exits, his face slightly burned.

EXT. DAPHALE'S COTTAGE – EVENING
Karlyse runs as fast as he can away, down the country road.

INT. DAPHALE'S KITCHEN – EVENING

Daphale looks through a window to the garden and sees Amelia sitting there.

EXT. TENEMENT – EVENING

Dilloway limps through the crowd of people that surround him. Children begin crying, mothers usher their young away from him and people recoil in disgust. We do not see his face.

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

Rain begins to fall on Dilloway as he trudges through the fields, leaving Colton.

DILLOWAY
(distorted, beastly)
DO YOU WAIT FOR MY ADVENT, BELOVED? Come, come, come, come, come, come!

He comes across the patch of dirt where he saw Mother Mercede. A wide array of glaring, vivid flowers lay where she sat, an abundance.

Dilloway throws himself onto the flowers and curls into a fetal position, while burying his face into the flowers.

DILLOWAY
When dawn transpires, we shall be one again. You shall be bloomed.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

We see the rain pouring outside and begin to hear grunts from Daphale. At a crash of thunder, we see Daphale carrying Amelia into the living room and placing her onto an armchair.

Daphale sits beside her in another armchair, having removed their bonnets and feminine clothing and is now only in male lounge-wear.

Daphale shivers profusely, coughing violently, spitting out snot. Daphale's coughs grow more beastly, until they chunder all over the carpet, a violent chunder, as if it were the last time they'd ever chunder. It's everywhere.

With vomit dripping from Daphale's mouth, snot spilling from their nose, tears falling from their eyes, they look up at Amelia-

DAPHALE
Are you not satiated? We are now, just like before.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The bushes are violated by the blows of the wind, leaves move to where they're told to. The violent wave of wind speaks in ungodly tones, like distorted. There is no life in sight.

EXT. DAPHALE'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

The immense storm has destroyed the windows of the cottage.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Furniture has been displaced. Curtains are flying everywhere. On the vomit riddled floor, we see a completely naked Daphale hugging a limp Amelia tightly.

EXT. TRAIN STATION – NIGHT

Karlyse runs through the thick storm, clothes blowing everywhere. He runs to an open station, where not a soul lies. He stands by the platform.

KARLYSE
Anybody! Anybody?

He looks over the tracks to a patch of forest, frighteningly gloomy, where trees are blown in one direction and leaves are travel with no gravity.

He moves backwards and falls onto the floor. He curls up into the corner and covers his face. A flow of leaves shoot their way through the platform, hitting Karlyse. He shields himself.

EXT. CHURCH RUINS – NIGHT

We see the well, a single light at the bottom of it.

Amidst the chaos of nature's tantrum, a strong beam of light emanates from the well and shoots up into the sky. A piercing, Jovian, alien sound advances through the air as the light beams up.

The wind begins to calm, not extremely so however. A white rabbit emerges and hops along the scene. Not a care in the world. The wind dies down.

EXT. ENCHANTED FOREST – DREAM SEQUENCE

A forest filled with life; singing birds, grasshoppers. Amidst the colourful air and joyful nature, lies two naked individuals, Ada and Daphale. Daphale is totally androgynous and lays their head on Ada's chest.

DAPHALE
Have I pleasured you enough? That we can erode together?

Ada strokes Daphale's hair and begins that angelic humming.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

ANGELIC HUMMING CONTINUES

From behind, we see a soaking Daphale who lies in the mess of broken windows and furniture, almost naked. Amelia sits in the armchair. Daphale looks to Amelia, while the angelic humming waves through the wind. It's coming from a certain direction however. He coughs heinously.

EXT. DAPHALE'S COTTAGE – MORNING

ANGELIC HUMMING CONTINUES
Daphale leaves the cottage barefooted and looks to his neighbour, where the humming is emanating from.

INT. DILLOWAY'S COTTAGE – MORNING

ANGELIC HUMMING CONTINUES, LOW FREQUENCY TONE BEGINS
Daphale enters the abandoned cottage. He covers his nose with his arm as he walks through the empty house, the windows broken. He looks up the staircase, where the angelic humming emanates from. He begins to walk up it.

INT. DILLOWAY'S BEDROOM – MORNING

ANGELIC HUMMING CONTINUES, LOW FREQUENCY TONE BEGINS TO GROW HIGHER
Daphale enters the deserted room, water dripping from the ceiling, mould all on the walls and floor. He looks to the black door, where the humming persists. He slowly walks toward it.

ANGELIC HUMMING CONTINUES, UNEASY TONE BEGINS RAISING PITCH AND DISTORTION.
An uneasy Daphale stands before the black door...

He opens it.

A strangely lit shrine. It is bright but there are no candles, only strange hieroglyphics on the wall and splatters of mustard. There is a chest of drawers, with a solid platform on top darkened with ominous fluids. There are three drawers.
THE ANGELIC HUMMING GROWS LOUDER, THE NOW HIGH FREQUENCY TONE GROWS MORE DISTORTED.
Daphale picks the second drawer down and opens. He recoils in shock, falling back a couple yards.

We peer inside the drawer. It is the body of Ada, almost faceless, rotted. Her bones are contorted to fit inside the larger than average drawer. Daphale walks over to see.

ANGELIC HUMMING CEASES, TONE BEGINS GROWING BEASTLY AND REPUGNANT

Daphale witnesses the corpse, with tears falling.

DAPHALE
Is this your final straw or your primal call?

EXT. FIELD – MORNING

THE TONE STARTS MOVING LIKE WAVES, FROM HIGH TO LOW FREQUENCY, DISTORTED LIKE THROBBING GRISTLE'S 'HAMBURGER LADY'
We see a plain, average field. Wheat growing and trees in the distance. Nothing out of the ordinary.

From a distance, we see a figure, although we can't make out if it's just us or if there's actually something there.

The figure gets more distinctive. There is someone there... and it is walking closer to us.

We can make out the figure is a man, a man who is poorly and limping.

He walks closer. Now we see. It is Dilloway. He seems odd.

He walks closer to us and we witness the things he's been covering. He has a singular bulging eye in-between where his two eyes used to be.

He gets closer to us and we see that he is talking to himself. We don't hear him.

He gets closer and closer, limping, until he makes contact with THE CAMERA. He breathes onto the lens, causing a blur.

EXT. DILLOWAY'S COTTAGE – MORNING

Daphale runs next door.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Daphale runs through the broken windows. He kneels before Amelia.

DAPHALE
Who do you need? I can hear it in you. You're transposing.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE – MORNING

Dilloway limps through the quiet towns centre. The little amount of people there all stare at the freak. Dilloway mutters to himself, we don't hear.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Daphale begins crying on Amelia's lap.

DAPHALE
He's not a liar. He can't a liar. You choose me? After all I did you must.

EXT. DAPHALE'S COTTAGE – MORNING

Limping at extreme pace approaches Dilloway. He stands outside.

INT. DAPHALE'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Daphale looks outside to Dilloway standing looking at him. He jumps in fright and begins to breath heavily.

DAPHALE
Oh. Oh, oh, oh. My God's green realm.

Daphale stands watching Dilloway. They stare at each other.

DAPHALE
What are you muttering?

They stand for a while. Then Dilloway charges at him through the window. Daphale falls to the ground as Dilloway jumps on top of him.

DILLOWAY
(ungodly, distorted, beastly)
GAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRR.

Dilloway spills fluid onto Daphale's face. Daphale attempts to push him off but he is too strong. Amelia watches, static.

Daphale manages to slip from his grasp and he charges at him to the ground. Now Daphale is on top. He punches him, then grabs his bottom jaw, pulling it.

DILLOWAY
(ungodly, distorted, beastly, in pain)
NAHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRR.

Daphale begins to rip Dilloway's jaw off, but Dilloway throws Daphale off him.

He gets up and with his two hands, squeezes Daphale's face.

Grabbing his hair, Dilloway repetitively smashes Daphale's head against the wall, then against the corner of the mantle, puncturing his eye.

DAPHALE
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

Daphale pushes Dilloway to the ground and grabs his jaw once more. With rigourous tugging, he manages to rip the whole jaw clean out.

Out of shock, he pulls back.

DILLOWAY
(ungodly, distorted, beastly, in pain)
AWR AWR AWWWWWWWWWWR.

Dilloway goes to feel for his jaw. It isn't there. He stands up carefully. Daphale just watches.

DILLOWAY
(ungodly, distorted, beastly, unclear)
Once more. Once more.

He stands before Amelia and kneels down, staring into her eyes. He strokes her hair and seems to give a subtle smile.

DILLOWAY
(ungodly, distorted, beastly, unclear, happily)
Ethel! Ethel!

Daphale watches in shock.

DILLOWAY
(ungodly, distorted, beastly, happily)
Ha ha ha!
(beat)
What am I if I don't perish with you? Ha ha ha! A shuck.

Dilloway falls to the ground and falls limp, with his one eye open. Daphale watches. He does not care any more.

EXT. TRAIN STATION – MORNING

Karlyse, who is sleeping on the floor, is awoken by the first train. A crowd of people exit and enter. He stands and enters the train.

INT. TRAIN – MORNING

Karlyse is totally enamoured by the sumptuous interior. He sits on a seat, looking out the window. A woman sits near to him. The train departs.

Along the fields of England, on a bright sunny morning, Karlyse watches nature from the train. A TROLLEY MAN is walking along the isle with a trolley of nourishments.

TROLLEY MAN
Nourishments? Nourishments?

The trolley man passes Karlyse.

KARLYSE
No thank you.

He feels his face. His burns are minimal, but a few pieces of wax remains. He attempts to removes them as the trolley man passes the woman.

TROLLEY MAN
Nourishment?

WOMAN ON TRAIN
Yes, a tea please. Two sugar.

The trolley man pours the drink for the woman and rolls the trolley further along the carriage. The woman tastes the tea.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
Ew, yuck. Oh Christ.

She reaches her hand out for the trolley man that went past.

WOMAN ON TRAIN(CONT'D)
Excuse me? Excuse me?

No response. She looks around the carriage and sees Karlyse, blissfully looking out the window, picking the wax off his face.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
(to Karlyse)
Excuse me? Good day?

Karlyse turns to the gorgeous woman, around his age.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
Would you like this tea? It's much too tart for me and I hate for things to go to waste.

KARLYSE
Hm. I'll take it, thank you.

The woman goes to sit next to Karlyse with the tea. Excited, she spills it on him.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
Oh Heavens! Sweet Heavens, I'm ever so sorry.

KARLYSE
It's quite alright.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
You're soaked, oh I'm so horribly ashamed

She looks up at him.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
Whatever is the matter? Ye look dreadful.

KARLYSE
A rough night.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
Oh it was, it was. MAID! TROLLEY BOY! THERE'S A SPILLAGE! Yes what a remorseless storm. A do-gooder I knew was blown off his horse, cracked his head!

KARLYSE
Oh dear.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
Windows caved in, houses fallen. It's devastating. But we progress, don't we?

KARLYSE
We do.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
We- Oh.

The woman feels Karlyse's trousers where the tea spilt. Dry.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
What? How odd. Dry as a bone.

KARLYSE
Hm?

The woman looks out the window. Her jaw drops. She is totally fixated.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
Goodness... a miracle. A miracle can't exist can it?

KARLYSE
It's simply tea.

WOMAN ON TRAIN
Watch.

Karlyse looks outside. In the sky, where the sun should be, he sees a great big dancing, ball of colourful illusion. It zigzags around and emits a vibrant array of multicoloured lights and radiant colours.

The people on the train all look out the windows at the miracle.

FADE TO:

EXT. DAPHALE'S GARDEN – MORNING

Daphale sits in the garden in an armchair. Beside him, Amelia also in an armchair. Before them is a fire, where the bodies of Dilloway and Ada are burning. Behind them, past the greenery, is the miracle sun, glowing and radiating all those colours.

Daphale and Amelia sit facing away from the miracle and instead watch the fire, holding hands.

Daphale shivers.

Staying completely still, Amelia's eyes begin to move around, as if her pupils are trapped.

Finding comfort in each other, Daphale rests his head on Amelia's shoulder and they both watch the burning, while nature chirps and sings around them.

THE END