

LOVE . HONOUR . OBEY

Written by
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Final Draft

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Now a movie by Ate de Jong, made by
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*When a student is ready to learn a
teacher will appear.*

Japanese Zen Proverb

Footsteps. Slow, considered.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

1

Someone steps into view and stops, walking boot the only thing seen.

The lace is loose, not quite undone, but close... the knot partially free.

TITLE OVER IMAGE: FRIDAY

From the momentary pause, barely a beat, the suburban street is easily viewed. It's narrow, with close knit, sturdy houses. Cars line the pavement.

Aside from the owner of the walking boot, the street is empty.

The Man kneels. Makes a reef knot. Very tight. Each tug of the lace is regimented. Strict.

Standing, he begins to walk. Strides ahead with a sense of purpose. The pools of light from the streetlights that occasionally beat away the darkness reveal little of the **MAN**.

He's of average height and build. Short, dark hair. His clothes are dark, pushing him as close to a living shadow as could be aspired. He has a rucksack on his back. It's small but appears weighted.

The Man holds a folded yellow post-it note in his hand. There's an address on it. Difficult to read but the house number is visible.

Doesn't matter. He's found the address. He rubs his index finger across the written words; gentle yet ominous. There's reverence to the touch. Anticipation. He stops again. Looks at the house.

2 EXT. NONDESCRIPT HOUSE - NIGHT

2

It's much like any other in the street. In any street. Innocuous. Tidy. Well kept.

A 'FOR RENT' sign outside the next house over.

Reflections of television images throw irregular light flashes across one of the upstairs windows of the house the Man is looking at.

The Man unfolds the post-it note. Reveals an unmarked key.

Studies the house before he moves. The house number for the door ahead of him doesn't match the number of the post it note.

The Man tilts his head a little, studies, his gaze cast across the front of the house.

There's a small pathway to the side. A side entrance.

He strides down the pathway, straight for the door.

FRONT DOOR

The Man slips the key into the lock. Twists. The tumblers -

RUMBLE and CLACK

- as the quiet magnifies the sound.

The door is swept open and the Man steps inside, swallowed by the darkness within.

3

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

3

The Man locks the door. Slips on the chain.

Turns into the darkness of the hallway. It takes time for his eyes to adjust, but the layout is slowly revealed.

Stairs in front of him. Rooms to the sides. To the right a kitchen glimpsed clearly thanks to the moonlight that filters through the windows. To the left the sitting room.

All modern. Clean and tidy.

As his gaze wanders up the stairs, the Man slips the rucksack from his back.

Slips off his shoes. Notices others, at the base of the stairs, lined neatly. A man's trainers and lady's court shoes.

He places his shoes in the line, symbolically joining the family. Wandering fingers bypass the man's trainers but take the time to explore the court shoes. Touches. Feels. Scents. Draws it in slowly, deeply. The -

DEEP, QUIET HUM

- that emerges from his lips sounds satisfied.

He places them neatly back where they were. Returns to the rucksack.

The zipper's teeth -

CHATTER

- as he strips open the rucksack.

He draws something from inside. It's difficult to see. The only part that is obvious is the way he slips a small strap of rope around his wrist.

He places the rucksack on the floor beside his feet - indirectly in the way of the stairs - and climbs them; slowly and silently, avoiding the creaks that yawn into the night, threatening to announce his ascent.

A predator on the prowl.

4 INT. LANDING - NIGHT

4

As he reaches the top of the stairs, the muffled sounds of lovemaking bleed into his ears. Energetic. Led by an enthusiastic and powerful male -

GRUNT.

The Man takes his time; several doors. He peeks through a door that's ajar. The bathroom.

Another door marked with a plaque. Bears a child's name...

EMILY.

Carefully, he opens the door. Peeks inside.

SEEN THROUGH THE DOOR: A toddler's room; toys, cot - not an item out of place. A thin haze of dust hangs in the air, seems to dance gently in the moonlight.

Makes the room feel peaceful. Magical.

The Man closes the door again. He turns back and gets closer to the sound, the volume creeping louder with each step.

5 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

5

On the bed, lit by both the moonlight from the open curtains and the flickering blue gaze of a muted television, the **WIFE** has been mounted from behind with her short nightdress gathered around her buttocks, her arms drawn to the small of her back and gripped by the husband like horse reins.

Her face is buried in the pillows. Her own grunts more discomfort than enjoyment. Hampered by the way the pillow smothers her face. Her eyes, unseen by the husband, show as much sadness as desperation to accept her fate.

The **HUSBAND** is clearly lost in the moment as he GRUNTS and thrusts.

The sight seen is a far cry from the beauty of romance glimpsed on the television's screen as romance silently blossoms between two lovers.

The Man stands and watches for a moment. Seems struck by the contrast between the television and the reality ahead of him...

They're not making love. At best they're primitive animals - male dominance, female submission.

As he watches, the Man's fingers slowly unfurl, releasing what he took from the bag. It's a Gorilla Fist - a small, handmade weapon. A metal centre, the size of a squash ball, wrapped meticulously in thin rope. The ball is attached to the Man by a short leash, no more than six inches, that reaches toward his wrist.

He slowly begins to rotate the gorilla fist, letting it's own momentum speed it up.

MAN

Mind if I cut in?

The words are barely out of his mouth when he launches himself at the bed.

CRACK!

The gorilla fist collides with the back of the Husband's head before he can even react. Blood splatters down his Wife's back and he -

YELPS.

Tries to clutch at his head in instinct. Tumbles. Lands half on top of his Wife, who -

SCREAMS

- with the sudden shock.

The Man whips the gorilla fist into motion and raises it high as the Wife struggles free of her Husband's weight.

The Husband lands on his back and -

CRACK!

The gorilla fist comes down again. A stiff shot in the hairline as the Husband -

SQUEALS.

The Wife --

WIFE

TOM?!

-- in a panic, scrambles off the bed. The far side.

The Man glances at the Wife as she turns - fleetingly - to face him.

Her eyes fall to her husband, TOM, in time to see his arms fall limply to the bed. She's on the wrong side of the room, too far from the door. Instinct would be to defend herself, but there's nothing to hand, no way to fight back. She doesn't even need to look to know that.

She's not thinking that way either, not yet. Has eyes only for her husband, too far under the thumb to think of anyone else, even herself.

She looks at the Man, the gorilla fist in his hand, already gathering pace again.

She's moving. Bare footed, the moonlight glancing off the blood splattered nightdress. Straight for the door.

Tom -

MOANS

- quietly. Barely conscious.

The Man takes off after the Wife as she rushes through the door.

6

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

6

She hits the stairs at a run. Collides -

THUD!

- with the bannister as she starts down. It slows her momentarily. Let's the Man close the distance between them enough to make a grab for her.

MAN

Stop.

She -

SQUEALS

- as his outstretched hand brushes her exposed shoulder. The first skin on skin contact.

She rushes down the stairs, several of them creaking underfoot, the wall the only thing that stops her from falling.

7 **INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

7

The Man charges down the stairs behind her.

As she rushes for the front door, the vain hope she can unlock it before he reaches her burning in her head, the Wife's feet tangle in the unnoticed rucksack.

She stumbles.

Tries desperately not to lose her balance. Fails.

Tumbles. Hits her knees, the momentum throwing her body forward right in front of the door.

She raises her hands to protect herself as she -

THUDS

- into the door.

The Man doesn't break stride. Goes straight for her with a controlled attack: a MUAY THAI KNEE STRIKE...

The -

RESOUNDING CRACK

- of impact is enough to hurl us back into the street...

8 **EXT. NONDESCRIPT HOUSE - NIGHT**

8

All's quiet in the street.

The only sign of life in the house remains the flickering of the television's images in the upstairs window.

After a long beat that allows us to become uncomfortably aware of the eerie depth of the silence, the title begins to fade in, a single word at a time.

TITLE: LOVE. HONOUR. OBEY

The last word is different from the others. It's flecked in blood. Wrapped in bondage straps.

FADE TO:

Dreamlike, soft focused and difficult to comprehend, at least for the moment. Like we're coming out of a stupor.

Ropes are tied around human body parts. Slender limbs, manicured nails. The clothing glimpsed - a nightdress - is the same as worn by the wife.

It's her. She's a porcelain ragdoll, bent and twisted with love and devotion to the will of male hands, tying knots. Efficient. Artful. A skilled expert.

As the male fingers finish their work, as the Man himself steps back from his creation, the stupor begins to lift.

The wife is bound.

Wrapped.

A spider trapped in its own failing web.

Her arms have been contorted, twisted behind her back. Though her head is loose, left to dangle, she has no way of straightening, thanks to the bonds that hold her bent over in a manner similar to a shrimp tie.

One leg is drawn up behind her, leaving her to balance precariously on a single, long slender leg.

Overhead, the light fitting to which the ropes are attached CREAKS ominously, struggling to hold her weight.

It's KINBAKU. Japanese rope bondage. Beautiful in its patterns, artful in its structure, horrifying to the woman submitted to it.

Seen clearly for the first time under the gaze of the overhead lights, she's a beautiful woman. Early 30s with dark hair. A pixie's beauty.

Her nightdress has been dishevelled by the tight ropes. Has hitched and twisted awkwardly in places that reveal a little more flesh than she is likely comfortable with.

THUMP!

The sudden noise, from directly above her head, rouses her. Her head jerks a little. Her eyes open. Slowly.

Tom is in a broken heap beside the bed. Groggy. A rag doll.

TOM
(barely conscious)
Please...

The Man holds him by his ankles. Drags him. And he unfurls toward the door, leaving a bloody streak on the carpet.

TOM
...I need a doctor.

11 INT. LANDING - NIGHT

11

In the glow of the ceiling light, the barely conscious Tom's wounds are seen for the first time.

The hair across the top of his head, down one side, is matted into a thick black glue.

Blood has splattered across his face in thick strands. Obscures his handsome, stubbled features. Splatters his T-shirt.

His eyes, already largely lifeless, begin to sink closed...

TOM
Please..

...as he's dragged into the...

12 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

12

The Man stops beside the bathtub, his rucksack already on the toilet seat. Drops Tom's legs with a -

THUD.

TOM
I'll give you anything you want.

MAN
Don't beg. Didn't your Mother ever teach you it's demeaning?

His accent: It's not thick, and he tries to shield it, but it's definitely there: French.

He reaches into the open rucksack. Pulls free a length of rope that uncoils as it's drawn from the bag. The Man touches the rope with reverence and delicacy. It's special to him, 6 mm thick, woven from hemp.

It's only as it gathers on the floor that it becomes obvious one end is fashioned as a noose.

The Wife's eyes are skyward. She's listening for more bumps and bangs.

Aware of the precariousness of her positioning, she tries carefully to move her arms. Adjust their positioning from the awkward angles they're trapped in. Just tightens the ropes, the discomfort causing her to -

MOAN QUIETLY.

And from just above comes a -

CREAK.

The Man works quickly as he binds Tom. The same technique he used on the wife - Kinbaku - but a different pattern, not quite so complicated. From the speed he works it's clear he's experienced. An expert.

No, an artist.

By the time the Man is finished, Tom is trapped. Crosslegged with his arms behind his back. A variation of a shrimp tie, the forced position of his upper body will yield to a burning sensation the longer he's trapped.

Tom tries to keep speaking. His speech continues to slur. Dribbles out in syllables.

TOM

Please... why are you doing this?

The Man doesn't answer. He simply lifts Tom, displaying remarkable brute strength, and -

THUD!

- dumps him unceremoniously in the bathtub.

Tom -

GROANS

- as his head is lifted from the base of the 'tub. The noose slipped around his neck and tightened into the rest of the binds, further restricting his movements.

When the noose is tightened, Tom's breathing changes. Develops a -

RASP.

Tom's voice CROAKS through the noose:

TOM

What're you going to do to me..?

MAN

Don't struggle...

Finishing the last of the knots around Tom's body, fleetingly reveals the smears of blood across the base.

MAN

The more you struggle, the tighter the noose will become.

TOM

I'm begging--

The Man flicks Tom's forehead.

SLAP!

MAN

I told you, don't beg.

The Man forcibly lifts Tom's head.

Tom can't help but -

GROAN

- flinching as the lift of his head forces pain through his body.

The rope is drawn around his mouth, creating a makeshift gag.

By the time the Man is finished, Tom's every limb, his neck and his jaw are all trussed together. Moving one affects the others.

Painfully.

MAN

Hippolytus de Marsiliis was the first person to use sleep deprivation as an interrogation technique. Did you know that?

Tom watches, silenced by the rope as the Man reaches out of view.

MAN

He was also the originator of what we commonly refer to as Chinese Water Torture.

Returns with a pair of WIRE CUTTERS and a LIGHTER. Holds them for Tom to see.

He flicks on the lighter, the flame, bright and tall, licking at the air. He moves the flame close to Tom's face, heating the skin as fear invades his face.

The Man however extinguishes the flame. Shows the wire cutters to Tom.

MAN

Such techniques have their place,
in many ways I confess I'm quite
fond of them, but my methods are a
little more direct.

TOM

(muffled)

Please, I'll give you whatever you
want.

The Man smiles. Almost appears amused.

MAN

What I want is not yours to give.

Panic rattles through Tom. Escapes the confines of the strap as a -

MUFFLED SCREAM!

The Man ignores him. He might as well not be making a sound.

Tom tries to struggle, fights desperately against the bonds, but he's too weak, too tightly trapped to achieve anything beyond further damage to himself.

The Man exposes Tom's hands.

Hooks the wire cutters around one finger.

MAN

I'll make this quick.

There's a -

PROMINENT CRACK

- and Tom's -

SCREAMS...

15

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

15

...just get louder. More intense. Soak through the ceiling to his Wife's waiting ears.

She flinches at the sound. Tries to -

CALL OUT TO TOM.

Tries to struggle loose. The ropes have no give. All she can do is -

CRY.

16 **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

16

A bloodstained tissue sits on the toilet seat.

Tom's SCREAMS have died to a -

WHIMPER

- as the pain quickly passes into numbness.

The Man regards Tom. He's barely conscious. He slaps Tom across the face. Rouses him.

MAN

Don't fall asleep.

He reaches across to the tap just above Tom's head. Turns it on. Low.

An intermittent, irritating trickle dribbles from the mouth of the tap.

PLOP!

Splats onto Tom's forehead.

17 **INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

17

The ceiling light comes on. Bathes the room.

The Man strides in. The rucksack in hand.

He throws the rucksack on the bed. Shuts off the TV.

He works quickly. Searches everything. Strips the room of all communications and potential weapons. From the purpose he works with, he's working to a plan; knows exactly what he's doing. Or he's done this before.

Cell phones, electronic tablets, cordless receivers, medical pills. Hair pins. All thrown onto the bed.

When he begins to check the drawers beside the bed he stops dead.

A smile creeps across his face.

Top drawer. Sex toys. Lubricants, condoms. Handcuffs.

A VIBRATOR.

The smile becomes a leer.

He picks it up. Takes it carefully by the lower end. Regards it with a sense of reverence. Awe.

Slowly his fingers begin to explore the length and breadth of the shaft. Caresses the tip of the vibrator with delicate fingertips.

He rubs his fingertips together. Smells them. His smile broadens. He can smell her.

Raising the vibrator to his nose, he closes his eyes. Inhales deeply.

Draws in her scent over a satisfying moment of reflection.

He allows himself a shiver of excitement. Anticipation. Before he suddenly, impulsively, licks the length of the vibrator with an attentive tongue.

18

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

18

The soft -

WHUMP

- of footsteps draws the Wife's attention. Her movements are sluggish. By now the cobwebs are clearing, but they're still caught in the corners.

He ambles in like he hasn't a care in the world.

She watches him, precarious on a single foot, the stress of taking her weight on one leg beginning to show as the muscles rattle against the flesh.

MAN

Would you like tea?

He has the bloodstained tissue in his hand. Approaches her.

He puts his hand to the side of her face, the bloody tissue touching her skin, as he passes.

It takes very little pressure to make her turn to follow his movement. If she doesn't she could lose her balance.

He discards the tissue to the counter's surface. Begins to make himself tea. Gather's a mug...

The tissue begins to unfurl under the weight of its contents. Slowly reveals the finger, and the Wife -

SOBS.

The Man searches the cupboards.

MAN

Stop crying. He still has nine left. For the moment at least.

A calender catches his eye. There's only one entry. Bold lettering. Circled. Underlined. Toward the end of the month:

'EMILY'

He takes a short pause to make a mental note of the entry. Returns to what he was doing.

MAN

Do you have camomile?

The -

BURBLE

- of the kettle grows in stature and the Man turns to the Wife. He leans against the counter. Fixes his gaze on her. He smiles warmly at her as she tries - and fails - to meet his gaze.

She shies away, wishing she could do more than merely turn her head.

The Man watches her for a moment. Drinks in every inch. He bites his lips lightly. Likes what he sees.

The more he stares, the more uncomfortable she becomes, his gaze so intent he might well be staring into her soul.

MAN

Alison.

Her blood runs cold. Heart right into her throat. He knows her name.

MAN

Alison, I want you to look at me.

He waits. Gives her the briefest of moments to acknowledge him. When she doesn't, he steps away from the counter.

Taking a nearby chair, he swings it around so it's back is to her. Takes a seat, riding the chair backward, his arms able to rest on the back.

Seated right in front of her, eyes on the same level, he's close enough for her to sense his body heat.

MAN

Look at me, Alison.

When she doesn't, he reaches out and touches her soft, flawless skin. He turns her face. Makes her meet his gaze.

Even as he holds her face, so gently, she tries to shy away. To draw back.

Has nowhere to go.

MAN

You belong to me now.

19 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

19

Tom stares at the mouth of the tap. The drip has scaled back. Become more intermittent.

He watches the empty mouth as it fills with a bubble of water.

His eyes begin to cross as he tries to focus on it. Watches it build, the weight of additional water pushing the drip lower, closer.

Distending.

Until eventually, the weight pulls it too low. And the bubble finally falls...

SPLATS...

20 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

20

...into the mug from the withdrawn spoon.

The Man sips the tea. Seems content.

MAN

It's not camomile, but it will certainly do.

Returning the cup to the countertop, he turns back to Alison.

Moves to the back of her.

The exposed sole of the raised foot. Touches it with a stray finger. With a -

SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH

- Alison jumps out of her skin, almost losing her balance, the light fitting overhead MOANING uncomfortably.

As a snake slithering from a tree he allows his hand to begin to wander as he makes his way toward her shoulders.

Slowly. Very slowly.

Softly.

Mesmerized by the sight of her soft supple flesh shifting at the behest of his lingering, loving touch.

MAN

You have skin as smooth as silk.

He can't see Alison's face as his hand continues to wander toward to the top of her body. Can't see the effect his touch is having on her. The way it makes her skin crawl.

Her eyes flit to the bloodstained tissue. Anything to take the focus away from his touch.

His hand continues it's journey. Has reached the lower part of her back and marches onward along her spine. His touch, were it not for the situation would be almost erotic. Seductive.

MAN

'He who knows when he can fight and when he cannot will be victorious.'
Are you familiar with that quote?

His hand has reached her shoulders. She's brutally aware of his presence as he stands beside her.

He's still intoxicated by the softness of her skin, almost seems not to be blinking he's so enthralled. Seems to lose time as he massages the back of her neck with one hand.

MAN

You need to be. It sums up our little tête-à-tête perfectly.

He shifts. Takes his seat again just ahead of Alison.

Reaching out he takes her chin in his fingers. Forces her into making eye contact.

He puts his face next to hers. Cheek to cheek. Whispers in her ear:

MAN

You can't fight. Your only chance of victory comes from compliance.

He nudges her with his cheek. She involuntarily moves her head to the side. The Man pushes closer. Seeking the contact.

MAN

Give me what I want and you and your husband will be fine.

He kisses her cheek. It's a tender kiss. The kind shared between lovers.

She can see his face out of the corner of her eye. His expression is expectant.

Her question on the tip of *his* lips.

She waits. But he doesn't ask the question. She has to.

Alison tries to talk. The rope that clasps her lips makes it a struggle.

Her voice is muffled but she can be understood.

ALISON

What do you want?

His lips spread into a beaming, contented smile.

MAN

I want you to want me. The way any loving wife wants her husband.

As the realization of what that phrase means dawns on her, Alison's face crumples and the Man lets her go.

21

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

The duvet is stripped from the bed. Alison begins to remove the cover. Beside her, the Man pulls away the sheet, revealing intermittent stains on the bare mattress.

Alison becomes uncomfortably aware of them when she notices the way the Man studies the silent witness of the couple's lovemaking.

She turns away when he looks at her. Continues with the bedding.

From beneath the bed she pulls a drawer filled with clean bedding - some cotton, some satin (red) - and a plain bag that's been tightly closed.

Alison reaches for the cotton bedding as the Man watches.

MAN

The red.

Alison stops, her hand hovering over the cotton sheets. Glances up at him. Uncertainty, worry and fear on her face.

For a fleeting moment she looks like a deer caught in headlights.

The Man smiles warmly.

MAN

The colour of passion.

The last word leeches through her, clings to her skin like a parasite. It takes several moments for her limbs to find the courage to move again.

She retrieves the satin bedding.

MAN

And the bag too.

Alison stalls. Doesn't want to bring the bag out.

ALISON

(barely heard)

It's nothing.

MAN

Then you won't mind me looking.

He holds out a hand expectantly before beckoning for it with a -

CLICK

- of his fingers.

Alison looks up at him.

ALISON

Please...

The Man doesn't answer her. He just stares. She fights to meet his eyes, like two animals in a contest to back the other down, but she can't keep it up.

With clear reticence, she hands him the bag.

MAN

Thank you.

Alison wraps her arms around herself as he peers inside. She's desperately uncomfortable right now. Her arms, wrapped tight, are the best - and only - protection she has.

The Man's eyes flit from the interior of the bag to Alison. He can't help but smile.

Leer.

The cat that got the cream.

MAN

Oh my. And who's boundaries are we exploring with these?

Alison doesn't answer but her expression speaks volumes: she doesn't like whatever is in that bag.

MAN

Understood.

The Man stirs with his hand in the bag. Pushes his face inside to inhale the scent. Leaves whatever it is inside.

22

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

22

Tom is barely conscious. His eyes struggling to stay open. They start to sink closed.

His face is wet from the tap above, leaving damp patches and clear trails in the streaks of blood that stretch back into his hairline.

MAN (O.S.)

In you go.

Tom's eyes snap open at the sound of the Man's voice. He tries to see as the door sweeps open. Cranes his eyes but achieves little.

PLOP!

The unexpected drop of water startles him.

Alison appears in his field of vision. Still in the nightdress. Seems unharmed.

Though she's pained by her husband's injuries, just seeing him alive is enough to raise a smile.

The Man appears beside her. Smiles too.

MAN

Comfy?

He disregards Tom.

Reaches across to the shower above his head. Turns it on.

WHOOSH!

The water rushes from the shower head. Rains down on Tom. Quickly begins to beat away the blood that stains his face.

Red-tinged water swirls into the plug hole.

The Man looks at Alison. Her eyes are on Tom. She hasn't looked away since she came in.

MAN

Strip.

Now she does. She looks at him. Wide eyed. Her heart in overdrive.

The Man doesn't wait for a response. To his mind, he has no truck with games.

He leans over the 'tub, stoppers the plug hole with a small flannel.

TOM

(muffled)

What are you doing?

The Man again looks to Alison.

TOM

(muffled)

Why are you doing this to us?

His words are ignored. Unheard.

MAN

You should hurry.

Alison looks at Tom. The heat of the water is already provoking steam. Swirling high.

Water, bloodied red, builds like a puddle at the indent of the plug hole.

Tom stares up at her. His expression might be muddied by the tight strap that clamps his head. Do his eyes plead with her? Or is he only concerned with his own safety?

Alison reaches for the shoulder strap of her nightdress. Begins to strip.

Her movements, watched and savoured by the Man, are robotic. Lack sexuality. Radiate discomfort.

She's meat. Though most men probably wouldn't notice. Their eyes too busy caressing her curves.

The nightdress drops around her ankles. Leaves her in only her knickers.

Instinctively, Alison tries to cover herself. Wraps her arms around her bust. Cups her hands into her underarms.

She looks at the Man. Her expression pleading for the moment to end.

He's smiling, though doesn't appear satisfied.

He glances at her. Points.

MAN

Lose them.

She hesitates.

MAN

I want you clean. So lose them.

Emotion wells through Alison's chest. Bottlenecks in her cheeks. A single tear trickling into the open and tracing the contours of her face.

She wipes it away with the side of her hand.

Tucks her shaking fingers into the waistband of her knickers and awkwardly peels them down her legs.

The Man follows every little move she makes with gusto. He seems to enjoy her movements as much as he enjoys Tom's subdued anger.

She lets the knickers drop. Landing on the nightdress.

She covers herself again. One arm across her bust, the other covering her crotch.

Her breathing is shaky. Forced. Her skin alight with discomfort as the Man drinks in every curve.

The Man nods his head toward the 'tub.

MAN

In you get.

Alison looks from the Man to...

Tom

He's sodden. The water beginning to fill the base. His skin has reddened where the heat has struck him.

Anger boils in his face.

The Man holds out one hand to Alison. She looks at him. At his outstretched hand.

MAN

Need to watch your step.

She hesitates. Briefly. Takes his hand. And he steadies her into the 'tub, the blood splatter from the initial attack seen clearly climbing up her back.

There's no elegant way for her to get into the 'tub while retaining her modesty.

A sight that pleases the Man.

She keeps her eyes on Tom. Smiles at him. Loves him. Tries to blank out the Man's presence.

For that split second, she's alone with her husband.

Once she's steady, the Man speaks:

MAN

What do you say?

And his presence crashes back into her reality. She looks to him.

The words stick in her throat...

ALISON

Thank you.

MAN

You're welcome.

Letting go of her hand, he gently glides the shower curtain closed.

Alison looks down on Tom.

The splattered blood has gone from his face. The water from the shower has cleaned it.

His wounds are too far back into his hairline to be seen, but the water still trickles off the ends of his hair with the same blood red tinge.

He doesn't look happy.

Alison desperately wants to reach out and touch his face. To have that physical contact.

Her mouth forms words she doesn't say. The emotion of being so close to someone she's so devoted to seeing her emotions collide, crushing her voice.

She reaches out.

MAN

I'm not hearing any scrubbing.

The invasion of his voice startles Alison. She snatches her hand back.

Turns to look at the shower curtain in time for it to SHRIEK open.

The Man is naked save for a grin.

MAN

How about I help you out?

He looks down at Tom.

MAN

Room for one more?

It's phrased like a question. Has the same lilt. But there's no answer expected. Wanted.

He steps in. Squeezes nice and close to Alison. Robs her of any notion of personal space.

Caresses the back of her arms with his palms. Long strokes. Shoulder to elbow and back again.

MAN

Let's get all that blood off shall we?

He grasps the shower curtain. Feeds it back across the rail. Leaves only the shadows, cast against the fabric, in view.

...their two shadows become one as the Man presses himself into Alison's back, desperately determined to be a second skin.

MAN

Shower gel.

He slips his arms through her underarms as she retrieves the shower gel. Forces her into an unwanted embrace.

She hates herself right now. Hates her inability to do anything except do as she's told. She hands the gel to him.

From his vantage, Tom should be able to see the destruction this moment is doing to Alison's soul.

TOM

(muffled)

Don't touch her. You hear me?!

The lid POPS and the Man begins to rub the shower gel across her chest in full view of her husband. His hands exploring her bust as Tom's muffled voice competes with the pulse of the water:

TOM
(muffled)
You pervert.

He doesn't even look:

MAN
Said the pot to the kettle.

He glides his hands down Alison's stomach toward her crotch.
Forces her to press back into his own.

TOM
(muffled - to the Man)
What's that supposed to mean?
(muffled - to Alison)
What have you been saying?

And her breath catches in her throat with a GASP as the Man touches her.

The shock of the invasion is enough to draw tears from Alison even as she tries to beat them back.

TOM
(muffled)
I said don't touch her?!

In no position to do anything other than watch, his words fall on deaf ears.

TOM
(muffled)
You hear me?!

The Man has eyes and ears only for Alison.

MAN
Once you're clean, you can do me...

There's a moment before she responds, tears streaming down her face, where Alison wishes the ground would open up beneath her.

ALISON
Why are you doing this to us?

TOM
(muffled)
Because he's a fucking psycho.

This draws the Man's attention. He looks down at Tom. Fixes his eyes on him.

MAN

Psychosis is a myth perpetrated by the guilty in an effort to avoid punishment. I assure you, I'm entirely lucid.

That last statement, the way it's delivered, it's chilling.

23

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

The moon yawns across the bedding. Reveals Alison and the Man, cuddled up, spooning.

Alison is handcuffed to the headboard. No 'normal' handcuffs however, but the Kinbaku rope smartly knotted in a way which leaves Alison helpless.

The Man is pressed into the back of her. His arm around her waist. Tucked up toward her chest.

His face is right beside her shoulder. So close his breath dances off the side of her neck.

Alison is clearly uncomfortable. His every breath causing her to cringe.

He's already beginning to drift off.

Alison has yet to close her eyes.

MAN

You should try to sleep. You've got a big weekend ahead of you.

Alison takes a second to respond. Is reticent to say anything.

ALISON

Why are you doing this? To us?

He kisses her shoulder tenderly. Nuzzles back into the side of her neck. Pulls her even closer.

MAN

Because I was drawn to you.

Alison's brow furrows, the response frightening her. She takes a few moments for the comment to sink in. Asks the only question that comes to mind:

ALISON

You're going to rape me, aren't you?

The Man doesn't answer, not immediately. Alison pushes, even as her heart pounds in her chest.

ALISON
Why don't you just get it over
with?

MAN
Sleep now. Plenty of time for
questions later.

Alison's eyes fill with tears and she fixes her eyes on the
bonds that bind her to the bed, tinted red by the glow of the
bedside alarm clock.

She watches it as the numbers click over from 23.59 To 00.00.

FADE TO:

24 EXT. DESERTED STREET (NONDESCRIPT HOUSE) - MORNING 24

The sun is breaking the horizon. The houses in the street at
rest.

A cab stops several houses down. A YOUNG COUPLE climb out,
dressed up and worse for wear after a long night partying.
They're clearly happy. In love.

Elsewhere, an older couple are loading mountain bikes onto
the rear rack of their car. They too seem happy, in love.

Could be the same couple, just at a later stage of life.

The house, now in awakening daylight, gives no indication of
what might be happening inside. All silent.

25 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 25

The Man stands at the sink. Bare chested. Just jeans and an
unbuckled belt. A towel over his shoulder.

He has a tattoo on his chest. Three lines of text in ornate
font. Near his heart. It's a prayer.

He's shaving, using a cut-throat razor as Tom watches,
disgust in his eyes.

TITLE OVER IMAGE: SATURDAY

The Man's fully aware of Tom's attention. He begins to talk,
continuing to shave and wiping away the lather from the blade
as he speaks:

MAN

My Father taught me to shave. He caught me with a wet razor and insisted I learn to use a cut-throat instead. 'Wet razor's are for pussies,' that's what he said. 'No son of mine is going to be a pussy.'

There's a slight pause. He's considering the memory.

MAN

I notice you use a wet razor.

TOM

(muffled)

Fuck you.

The Man has finished shaving. He cleans off the blade. Handles it with clear reverence.

He proceeds to brush his teeth. Scrubs at them until his gums bleed. Bares his teeth in the mirror, his lips caked in toothpaste suds.

He sucks a capful of mouthwash. Swills and gargles.

Turns to the bathtub.

Spits the concoction at Tom. Splatters his T-shirt and face.

Tom splutters:

TOM

Sonofabitch.

The Man breaks into a smile.

MAN

Better go wake the wife.

26

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

26

The duvet is thrown to one side of the bed, uncovering Alison in a clean, short, satin nightdress. It's not as plain as the one she was wearing the night before when the Man first arrived. More revealing, deliberately more sexual - clearly picked for her by him.

She draws her legs up to her chest. Exposing the backs of her thighs.

She has her eyes on the Man. Breathes heavily through her nose.

The Man

...drops one end of a long strap, inspired by the same Kinbaku knots that bind Tom.

It seems to cascade floorward. Unfurling in a dance. Mocking Alison as she watches it.

He sits on the side of the bed. Takes her ankle. Does so tenderly. Caresses the skin with his fingers. Draws her leg straight.

Rests it on his lap.

ALISON

You don't have to do that. I won't run.

MAN

I know you won't. Not without Tom.

The Man wraps the rope around her ankle. He fastens it. Unusual knotting. Elaborate but attractive. Not something she could hope to escape from under his watchful gaze.

MAN

Your devotion makes you pliable. That's a useful quality to a man like me.

Moving her leg from his lap, the Man stands.

He retrieves one of Tom's shirts from the foot of the bed and after slipping his arms inside, fastens the other end of the strap to his own wrist.

They're bonded.

The Man smiles. Presents his tied wrist to Alison like some sort of prize.

Her heart sinks with his words:

MAN

Now there's no you and I. Only us.

He unfastens the rope that binds Alison to the headboard. Looped partly to the headboard, the cuffs unfurl slowly, free her like they're reluctant to let her go.

MAN

Let me help you.

He takes Alison's hands. Kneels in front of the bed. He helps guide her into a seated position, her legs swinging off the bed.

The cliché they find themselves in, he on bended knee, her hands in his isn't lost on either of them.

He seems to revel in it. Alison is revulsed. She tries to pull her hands back.

He holds them firm.

MAN

Don't ruin the moment.

Alison visibly shivers.

Shifts her gaze. Looks anywhere other than directly into his eyes.

Looks at the tattoo, visible on his chest thanks to the still unfastened shirt.

So close to it, it's readable: HEART OF JESUS, ONCE IN AGONY, HAVE MERCY ON THE DYING.

MAN

It's a prayer. Said for those embraced by the kiss of death.

Her eyes flit to his. It's written on her face: Is he talking about himself? Is he dying?

The Man smiles. Changes the subject.

MAN

This is going to be a very special weekend. Can't you feel it?

Alison keeps her gaze averted. Focuses on the wardrobe across the room.

ALISON

Could I get a gown? Please?

She looks at him.

MAN

Of course.

The Man stands. Helps her to her feet.

MAN

Don't want you to get cold.

She crosses to the wardrobe. Opens the door as he fastens his shirt.

INSIDE THE WARDROBE: her eyes search the contents. Desperately searching for anything that might be useful.

She finds Tom's ties - what few he has - still noosed after being slipped off over his head. Her hands shake as she reaches for one of them.

Takes it down. Wills herself to turn around as she looks at it. Can't hide the shivers that roll through her bones.

And the Man's hands wrap her biceps.

MAN

What do we have here?

He steps in close as he wraps his arms around her and takes the tie.

MAN

Turn around.

Alison is rigid. Doesn't move.

MAN

Ali.

Those three letters, that seemingly innocuous word, it trembles through her, there's no hiding the reaction she has to it.

He guides her, giving her no option but to turn around. She can't look at him. Keeps her eyes away from his face.

Her heart is POUNDING so hard it can almost certainly be heard in the quiet of the room.

He slips the tie over Alison's head. Slowly closes the neck. When he stops he considers for a moment and then shakes his head.

MAN

I really think it would look better on me. Don't you?

Alison doesn't raise her eyes. Truly doesn't want to look at him.

He tugs the neck open, undoes the tie completely. Offers it to her.

MAN

Why don't you help me out?

When she takes the tie, her hands are trembling.

The Man lifts the neck of the shirt and with dread in every movement, Alison wraps it around his neck.

Can't stop her hands from trembling as she knots it. Closes the neck, the Man's eyes burning into her. He's testing her will. Needling at her to try something.

Her hands slip away from the tie.

MAN

Done? How does it look?

She doesn't answer. She knows what he was doing. Laments her failure to rise to his challenge.

MAN

Ali?

ALISON

Please don't call me that.

MAN

Why not?

ALISON

Tom. He's the only one who calls me that.

He nods as his mind processes her comment.

MAN

The privilege of the beloved.

With no warning but determined pace he's off. Twisting toward the door.

The Kinbaku strap that bonds them unspools quickly. Alison rushes as the length threatens to run out.

Barely makes it as the strap snaps taut. She follows the Man. Has no choice.

27

INT. LANDING - DAY

27

As she reaches the landing, the bathroom door slams shut. The lock -

CLICKS!

The Kinbaku strap feeds through the gap at the bottom of the door. Jerks taut.

Drags Alison closer to the door. For a few seconds she stays on her feet.

Hears:

MAN (O.S.)

Turn over.

The muted shifting of water spills through the closed door before quickly being drowned out by Tom's -

MUFFLED, AGONISED SCREAMS!

Panic fires through every nerve ending and Alison thuds the door with an open palm.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

ALISON

I'm sorry. Please. Don't hurt him.
I'm sorry. I'll do what you want.
Please.

She drops to her knees. Tries desperately to see through the gap between the bottom of the door and the carpet but she can only see the shadows of the Man's feet.

Tom -

SCREAMS

- again. Louder. More desperate.

Still on her knees, Alison thuds the door again.

BANG BANG!!

ALISON

Please!

Tom's screams stop.

And Alison waits. Listens. Waits more.

The lock -

CLICKS.

The door sweeps open as Alison stumbles back, away from it as she rushes to her feet, not wanting to be in a compromised position as the Man appears.

The Man

...steps onto the landing. Eyes her angrily. Snatches hold of her hand and she tries to pull away.

MAN

Don't!!

He brings his other hand into view. Holds Tom's ring finger, the ring still attached. Slipping the severed end between his teeth he removes the ring and slaps the finger into the palm of her hand.

She looks down. Can't believe her eyes.

The Man forces the ring onto his own finger.

MAN

Now it's my privilege... *Ali*.

Alison looks from the ring he now wears to his face.

ALISON

You didn't have to do that.

The Man bypasses her statement. Looks at the severed finger she holds.

MAN

He's down to eight. Try not to cost him any more.

28

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

28

Held in the long slender fingers of one hand, Alison cracks the egg against the side of the bowl. Her wedding finger is glimpsed properly. She wears a matching ring to her husband's.

The one the Man now wears.

Splinters the shell. Splits it. The yolk and white spilling into the dish with the other eggs.

She's still in the nightdress, but with the added coverage of a matching, short satin wrap.

She beats the egg with a thin-tined fork. Her movements are stiff. Uncomfortable.

She can feel his eyes on her.

The Man

...sits a short way back. His eyes are trapped to her. Drink in every detail of the tiniest movements.

The long strap stretches lazily between them.

Alison reaches for the salt and pepper shakers.

MAN

Not too much salt. It's bad for you.

Alison stops. A moment of self doubt as she prepares the meal.

She takes a second to find her train of thought.

ALISON

I can leave it out if you'd like?

MAN

No need. Just make do with a pinch.

She picks up the salt. Shakes a little into the bowl.

The Man continues to watch. Enjoys the way the wrap wisps back and forth across her legs with the gentle shake of her arm.

She adds the pepper, the scratch of the grinder blocked out by the slow sizzle of the saucepan on the hob.

The Man glances toward it. Struggles to take his eyes off Alison.

MAN

The butter's ready. Don't want it to spoil.

Alison doesn't reply. Her response is closer to the put upon and browbeaten wife. She turns to the hob.

Crosses the kitchen barefooted.

At...

The hob

...she lifts the saucepan, the butter sizzling loudly as she swirls it around the 'pan.

She adds the eggs. Pours them in slowly.

Watched.

Places the saucepan back on the hob. Begins to stir. Holds the saucepan steady with one hand.

The Man

...gets to his feet. Approaches her slowly.

MAN

You need a little more heat.

He steps up behind her. Wraps his arms around her waist as he reaches for the hob controls.

She goes rigid in his arms. Stops stirring the eggs.

He can feel the tension in her body.

Eyes her.

She's not blinking. She simply stares straight ahead. His mere touch creating a sense of paralysis.

MAN

I sense cooking isn't your forte.
Is it Tom's, or does he still
harbour the archaic view that a
woman's place is the kitchen and
the bedroom?

Alison doesn't answer. Still paralysed by his touch.

He nuzzles into her. Kisses her neck gently.

MAN

You need to relax.

The saucepan begins to -

RATTLE

- on the hob as Alison begins to shake.

MAN

The weekend will go much easier if
you just embrace it. Embrace me.

The rattle gets a little louder. The Man looks down at
Alison's shaking arms.

MAN

Here, let me.

His hands glide from her waist to her arms. To her wrists. He
takes the saucepan. Takes the spoon.

Keeps Alison trapped tight to his body as he begins to stir
the eggs.

As the eggs begin to solidify, he speaks to her again:

MAN

Add the salmon.

Alison does as she's told. Reaches past his arms and scoops
up the plate of chopped salmon. Tips it in.

The Man takes a sliver of salmon out of the pan, holds it in
front of Alison. He wants her to eat it.

She hasn't any choice.

She takes it in her mouth. His fingers linger in front of her
face. He wants her to lick them.

Reluctantly she does.

MAN

See, that wasn't so bad, was it?

He continues to stir the eggs and salmon. Stirs quickly as they solidify.

And as the eggs become a creamy mass, we subtly...

MATCH CUT TO:

29

KITCHEN TABLE

29

The scrambled eggs, smoked salmon and brioche. Topped with dill. An appetising breakfast.

Alison is seated to the side of the Man. Stares at the eggs in front of her. Hasn't touched them. Hasn't even picked up the knife and fork.

The Man has already started to eat. He eyes her.

MAN
Something wrong?

ALISON
I'm not hungry.

The Man smiles.

MAN
That's the anticipation and excitement of the weekend.

He reaches across and takes her hand. Her eyes snap to his touch. She hates it.

MAN
But you'll need your strength. So eat.

He squeezes her hand lightly. A loving gesture in any other circumstance.

Letting her hand go, he returns to his own meal. Takes another bite.

Continues to watch her.

Still she doesn't eat. The Man chews his lips gently as he decides what to do.

Eventually:

MAN
Here...

He puts his knife and fork onto his plate. Slides the plate aside as Alison watches him from the corner of her eye.

Then he beckons her to him.

MAN

Allow me.

Now Alison looks at him.

He taps his leg with a -

MEATY THUD.

Reaches out and takes her hand in his.

ALISON

It's fine. I'll ea--

The Man shakes his head as he cuts her off:

MAN

It's fine. This is even better.
Much more in keeping with our
weekend.

He's not forceful, but Alison daren't argue. She allows him to pull her to her feet.

And he settles her on his lap. Cradles one arm around her. Leaves her with no place to go.

Pulls her plate across the table.

MAN

I'm glad you thought of it. Very
seductive.

He picks some of the scrambled eggs onto the fork. Starts to feed her, playful as a child.

30

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

30

The water around Tom sways softly. Tinged red.

His breathing is shallow. His eyes sunken to half-closed. Somewhere beyond the bathroom, the familiar -

TING!

- of an iPhone notification rings out. Hard to place.

Tom struggles to turn his head. His movement painfully sluggish. He knows the iPhone is in the Man's rucksack in the corner of the bathroom. No way he can even get close.

The water swills quietly as he moves.

PLOP!

A splatter of water strikes his head.

31 INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

31

Alison is seated, rigid on the sofa as the Man explores her life through the photographs and personal belongings that are in the room.

There's a glass coffee table just in front of the sofa.

He momentarily eyes a photograph of a Persian cat, asleep on Alison's lap.

MAN

You have a lovely home. Immaculate.

He looks at Alison, obviously looking for a response. It takes her a moment.

ALISON

Tom likes a tidy home.

The Man nods. Returns his attentions to the personal belongings.

The mirror above the mantle isn't straight. It's ever so slightly askew.

MAN

You cook, you clean... very traditional.

He eyes the mirror for a moment. Tries to straighten it, but it slips askew as soon as his fingers leave the frame.

MAN

Tom isn't much of a handyman.

He glances at her, searching for a response. She doesn't answer immediately. Doesn't want to say anything that might undermine her husband's competence.

He's not going to look away though.

ALISON

He does what he can. I'm grateful for that.

He seems to accept that. Turns away. Alison can't take her eyes off him, her focus tightening as he slowly makes his way to the mantle.

It's lined with photographs, and a small URN.

MAN

And in keeping with tradition, I assume Tom is the breadwinner of the household?

Alison doesn't respond. It prompts the Man to turn to her again.

MAN

No?

He's studying her face, her expression. Looking for the slightest variation.

Micro-expressions. He's reading her.

MAN

He does work?

Finally, Alison offers a response, exaggerates the pride in her voice slightly as she speaks of her husband.

ALISON

He's a technical writer. He's responsible for--

MAN

(cutting her off)
--for producing technical documentation designed to make comprehension clear and concise to the layman. Yes I know.

His expression implies he's unimpressed. Alison's suggests she resents being robbed of the chance to finish speaking.

She tries again:

ALISON

Business is picking up for him. He's just taken on an assistant. She helps him with the layouts and--

He interrupts again:

MAN

Layouts? Does he lack the creative imagination to do those himself?

He's baiting her. Testing her courage. Wants to see how far he can push. When she doesn't answer immediately, he looks at her.

ALISON

He's very creative.

MAN
(nodding)
Well now, good for Tom.

It's a dig. That's obvious. That she'd go back at him in any way clearly hasn't impressed him. He clearly didn't expect it.

He moves on, picks up a wedding photograph from the mantle.

ON THE PHOTOGRAPH: It's Alison and Tom in close up, smiling and happy as they look directly into the camera. After a short pause the Man adjusts the position of the photograph frame in his hands, changes the reflection of the light. It seems to transpose his smiling face in place of Tom's.

MAN
But you earn more.

Alison nods as the fear at the Man's ease of reading her creases her face.

ALISON
A little.

That's a lie. Clearly the expanse in earnings is significant. We see it. The Man sees it. She knows he sees it.

MAN
I see.

Putting the photograph down, the Man eyes the urn.

The plaque reads:

EMILY. BELOVED DAUGHTER. 3 MAR. 2010 - 9 SEPT. 2012

Alison is behind him, her reflection caught in the mirror above the mantle.

If he touches it, she'll die.

The Man eyes her reflection.

MAN
What happened?

It takes her a long time to reply.

ALISON
Could we please, just... not?

The Man takes a second. Considers the request. Alison clearly expects the worst.

He nods slowly.

MAN
Maybe later.

He blows hot breath across the front of the urn, the plaque misting over. He polishes it gently with his sleeve, treats it with a surprising amount of respect.

Alison's body quivers. She wraps her arms around herself protectively. A makeshift shield. He's found her hot button, the one thing guaranteed to put her down, and put her down fast.

He sees her reaction in the plaque. A mild, almost unexpected sense of guilt washes over him.

He turns his attentions to the iPod dock on the glass coffee table. Powers it up.

Sifts through the music until he finds one that appeals to him.

It's a...

LOVE SONG, SMOTHERED BY AN UNDENIABLE DARKNESS.

MAN
Delightful.

He raises the volume a touch. It creeps louder...

32 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

32

...quickly penetrating the bathroom with a hushed rhythm and a bass line that ever so softly -

RATTLES

- the fixings.

Tom's eyes sweep open slowly with:

TOM
Ali..?

He turns his head slowly to one side. There's no one there. Only the soft rattle of the fixings for company.

33 INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

33

The Man is seated on the sofa. Alison is beside him. He has his arm around her.

Classic body language shows her discomfort - rigid frame, her crossed legs pointed away from him. She has her elbows tight to her body. Her hands clasped together on her lap.

He strokes his hand through her hair lightly. Uses his fingers to separate the strands.

MAN

What would you like to do today?

Alison doesn't respond. She knows her opinion doesn't matter.

He turns to look at her.

MAN

What do you normally do with your husband on a day like this?

His hand sweeps toward the back of her neck. Caresses it.

She can feel his eyes burrowing into her. The caress of his fingers getting a little harder.

His touch is bordering on painful. She's trying not to flinch. Answers:

ALISON

Nothing particular. Why don't you pick?

The Man smiles.

MAN

Really? You trust me?

His touch eases.

Alison has to force herself to answer. It's like bile in her throat...

ALISON

Yes.

MAN

You trust your husband, whatever he chooses?

ALISON

Yes.

MAN

And you trust me, like you trust your husband?

The next words are even harder. Sickening. Take an age to find.

ALISON

I trust you.

MAN
Grand. Just grand.

34 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

34

Tom is trying to keep himself awake. Counting the seconds between the drops of water.

He's shivering. The water cold.

He's tense, fighting discomfort. It's a need to pee. He can't fight it any longer, has already fought it too long.

His face visibly relaxes as he releases his bladder. And deep yellow liquid swirls into the bath water.

A relieved MOAN can't help but escape his lips.

To his own ears, his muffled, whispered voice sounds obscure as the water ebbs gently:

TOM
..nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirt--

The door swings open. Carries the Man's voice...

MAN (O.S.)
After you.

Tom stops counting. Strains to lift his head. To see his wife.

Alison glances at him. That same warm glow flows through her belly when she sees he's still alive.

She smiles. A mix of emotions carried on her lips. Love and sorrow.

Tom continues to strain. Talks to Alison as the Man appears in view behind her:

TOM
(muffled)
I heard you playing our song.

He looks to the Man. Has to crane his eyes.

TOM
(muffled)
What happened downstairs?

MAN
(to Tom)
What would a happily married couple do in their spare time?

TOM
(muffled)
Alison! Did you...

He can't even say it... 'fuck him'... he can't do it... but Alison knows it's what he wants to ask.

ALISON
No.

The Man lifts his hand. Touches his thumb to her lips. Hush.

TOM
(to the Man)
Did you touch her?

The Man ignores Tom. At least for the moment. Focuses on Alison.

She wants to answer, wants to reassure Tom. That much is written in every crease of her face. But she's not sure if she should.

She looks at the Man. Seeking permission. He motions toward the toilet.

MAN
Go right ahead.

TOM
(muffled)
I asked you a question!

Without bothering to look at Tom, the Man presses a single raised index finger toward him. A simple gesture: Wait your turn.

TOM
(muffled)
Alison! Alison answer me.

The Man's finger doesn't waver.

Alison hesitates. Clearly doesn't want to use the toilet in front of him.

MAN
What are you waiting for?

She glances at Tom. She's looking for support. The Man takes it differently.

MAN
Don't worry about him. I'll deal with him.

ALISON
(very timid)
Could you turn off the tap?

MAN
I'm sorry?

Alison barely motions toward the dripping tap above Tom's head.

ALISON
The tap. Could you turn it off?.

The Man clearly considers the request. Takes a moment.

MAN
And if I do this for you... you'll
do something for me?

Now it's Alison's turn to consider. Her expression reveals the leap her imagination has taken.

TOM
(muffled)
Don't you say 'yes', don't dare say
'yes' to him!

No words, just a faint nod from Alison.

MAN
Very well.

He reaches over the side of the bathtub as Tom blurts out at him:

TOM
(muffled)
Don't you do shit for me! Hear me!
Don't touch her.

He may as well not even be speaking. The Man turns off the tap and returns his attention to Alison.

His tone shifts a little as he motions to the toilet again. A hint of authority to his voice:

MAN
Go ahead.

Alison considers for a beat. Regards her husband again. Finally sits.

TOM
(muffled)
Don't piss in front of him! Don't
give him what he wants.

Now the Man turns to Tom. Looks down on him.

MAN
Learn patience, child.

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK

He unzips.

TOM
(muffled)
What are you--

And as Alison watches, aghast, he pisses into the 'tub. Onto the -

TOM (O.S.)
(muffled)
Fucker..!

COUGHING, SPLUTTERING AND GAGGING

- Tom.

35

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

35

The Man has his back to the bed, to Alison. Has a DIGITAL SLR camera in his hands.

He leafs through the images within. A sharp but low volume beep accompanying every new picture.

Behind him, Alison has the plain and sturdy bag that was found under the bed.

She's looking at the contents, freshly tipped onto the bed. It's hard to tell what it is, beyond the fact it's an item of clothing.

Shiny. Black. PVC or latex. Fetish wear.

A DEEP THROAT gag, designed to prevent closure of the mouth during oral sex.

ON THE CAMERA SCREEN...

...pictures of Alison, in a variety of sexual outfits and poses flit by. Each one glanced at for only a moment. There's a theme to the outfits. Each one implies submission: prisoner... secretary... nurse...

There's only one significant constant between the myriad of images. Alison's expression. She clearly doesn't want to be in front of that camera.

When Alison speaks, her voice is quiet. Barely caught:

ALISON
Please...

The Man doesn't bother to look at her.

MAN
Please, what?

ALISON

...looks at the clothing on the bed.

ALISON
Please don't make me put this on.

Now the Man turns. Lowers the camera. Keeps it trapped in his fist, the neck-strap twined around his wrist.

MAN
You don't want to wear it?

Alison shakes her head. It's the surest, most forthright action she's given since he invaded her home.

The Man regards it.

MAN
Why did you buy it?

ALISON
I didn't. My husband did.

The Man nods slowly. Considers his response.

MAN
Your husband wanted to see you in it?

She nods. Her expression speaks volumes. She doesn't share her husband's tastes.

The MAN

...reaches down. Picks up the clothing by one limb. It shines in the light, refracts.

It's a CATSUIT.

He rubs it between his fingers. So soft. So smooth. Like a second skin.

He looks at Alison.

MAN
Then I want to see you in it.

He holds it out to her. There'll be no negotiations here.

36

INT. BATHROOM - DUSK

36

The door stands wide open. The light beyond the window beginning to dim as the sun slowly loses it's war to the moonlight.

TOM

...is quiet. Awake. His eyes a struggle to keep open. The darkness beckons sleep.

He tries to listen. The SLOSH of water seems to blot out everything else.

A flash of -

BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT

- startles him. He flinches. Quickly realises what it is.

TOM
(muffled)
My cam-- You... BITCH!!

ANOTHER FLASH and...

37

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

37

Alison sits on the edge of the bed. The long strap that bound her to the Man loose on the bed. Removed so she can change.

She is slipping into the catsuit.

It's tight. Restrictive.

She peels the PVC/latex up one leg.

And the BRILLIANT WHITE FLASH echoes around the room again.

The Man is taking photographs of her as she changes, capturing her redressing for posterity.

MAN
You truly are a magnificent creature.

The same expression, that desire to be anywhere else, hangs on her face as she continues to change.

ANOTHER FLASH.

Alison tries desperately not to allow her movements to appear sexual. Fights a losing battle, the catsuit deliberately designed to appear seductive.

ANOTHER FLASH.

After slipping her other leg into the catsuit, she stands.

ANOTHER FLASH.

Tries to turn away from the Man. Wanting to avoid his gaze as she slips the nightdress off. As she slips her arms into the catsuit.

ANOTHER.

MAN

Exquisite. Such coy allure.

ALISON'S

...expression sags further. He's enjoying her attempts at modesty.

ANOTHER FLASH.

She grasps the zip. Begins to draw it closed.

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK.

She can see him out of the corner of her eye, the camera pressed to his face.

MAN

So demure.

ANOTHER.

He's on the opposite side of the bed. Furthest from the door.

As the zipper reaches it's zenith, Alison runs.

MAN

Hey!

And he chases.

38

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

38

Alison heads straight for the bathroom. For Tom.

ALISON

TOM!

She's almost at the door--

The Man stumbles, miss-stepped. Gives Alison the briefest window to escape.

It's all she needs.

She's inside the bathroom before he can react.

CLICK

Locked.

39

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

39

Alison rushes for the bathtub. In her haste, her desperation, she doesn't even think to go for the lights, leaving the room lit by the blue moonlight of a small, high window.

Feverishly tries to get Tom free.

She starts with his mouth. Loosens the makeshift gag. Her fingers tremble so much that it takes an age.

NOISES

- can be heard from the other side of the door. It's not clear what they are, though they're focused on the door handle.

The gag slips free.

TOM

Get the phone, get the fucking phone.

He tries to nod toward the rucksack in the corner.

TOM

It's in the rucksack.

Alison dives for it, not even bothering to get to her feet, her body sliding on the floor.

She upturns the rucksack. Tips everything out.

The gorilla fist, cell phones, electronic tablets, everything the Man gathered previously.

Alison grabs the iPhone, hands shaking like they're coursing with electricity. Fumbles with it as she tries to dial.

ALISON

What's the code? The code!

TOM

You don't need it, not for the police..!

Alison fights with her own shaking limbs to jab the screen and get a call through when...

CLICK!

The bathroom door sweeps open, throws light from the landing over the kneeling Alison.

She stops dead. Looks up at the Man. Watches him reach up and tug the light switch, bathing the room in harsh, stinging light.

He has a hairpin in his other hand. Brandishes it like a trophy.

MAN

Yours, I believe.

He smiles. Seemingly amused at Alison's efforts.

She grabs the gorilla fist. Raises it. Ready to strike.

ALISON

Don't come any closer.

TOM (O.S.)

Hit him! Do it! Hit the motherfucker!!

The Man looks on, amusement on his face as Alison drags herself to her feet.

ALISON

I want you to leave. I want you out of our home. Get out!

The amusement on the Man's face spreads. Brandishing the gorilla fist, the light showing it's made of white rope, stained with her husband's blood, dressed in the catsuit, it's an image he personally finds almost comical.

TOM

Ali, just hit him! Do it!!

MAN

Yes, do. Hit me.

The Man spreads his arms, gives her a wider target to aim for.

MAN

But don't miss. I daren't even contemplate the potential ramifications if you miss. What would happen to you? To your beloved, Tom.

Alison glances at Tom. What should she do?

The hesitation, the fleeting shift of her eyes to Tom, it's all the Man needs. He's on her like a shot.

Strikes with well practiced AIKIDO.

In a single fluid movement, he disarms Alison and staggers her, taking hold and half-hurling her toward the bathtub.

THUD!

He slams her into the side of the tub, forcing her to her knees with the impact. He wants her face close to her husband's.

MAN

You should have taken the swing,
Ali.

He twines a handful of Alison's hair around his fist.
Snatches hold of one of her hands -

ALISON

No... please...

- as she tries to unpick his fingers with her nails.

Tom is already...

TOM

(yelling)
Don't you touch her...

...as the Man tells Alison simply:

MAN

Now you have to be punished.

He digs his fingers into the flesh of Alison's captured hand.
The placement is specific. He's aiming for pressure points.

MAN

I know just how we can begin.

Even as she fights it, her fingers spread open.

He forces her hand down to Tom's face. His nose.

MAN

(to Tom)
Breath through your mouth.

TOM

Please... don--

Alison -

SQUEALS

- tears already beginning to flow as he squeezes her fingers closed and uses his own strength to force her to break Tom's nose with a sick wrench of the bone in a counter clockwise motion.

CRUNCH.

40 INT. LANDING - NIGHT 40

Alison is half seated, being dragged by her hair. Is dragged into the bedroom...

41 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 41

...where he hurls her onto the bed.

She lands in a heap. Slides. The PVC/latex catsuit finding no friction on the satin sheets.

As she tries to find traction the Man crashes down on top of her.

Straddles her. His weight on her stomach.

Pins her arms either side of her head. Held by the wrists.

MAN

What did I say to you?

Panic and fear compete to escape the situation first. She blurts out:

ALISON

I'm sorry. Please, don't hurt me. I won't do it again. Please. Please, I promise...

Her pleading goes unheeded.

MAN

Don't beg.

He traps one of Alison's arms between his leg and her body.

Retrieves the ropes attached to the bed.

ALISON

Oh God, please, no! I'm sorry, I am! Please, don't do this...

He doesn't acknowledge her. Just continues with his intentions.

Forces her exposed arm up to the headboard. Fastens the ropes that trap her to the bed to her wrist.

Snatches hold of her trapped arm. Wrenches it loose. She struggles against his grip. It's instinctive. She's not strong enough. He fastens the ropes around the other wrist. She's cuffed. Trapped. On her back.

ALISON

Please! Please don't! Please--

He speaks over her:

MAN

Just take the consequences and move on.

She knows, in her heart of hearts, this is it, the moment she's been dreading. He's going to rape her.

She keeps begging even as he stands. Releases his weight from her stomach.

ALISON

I won't do it again! I'm sorry! I promise...

She can't take her eyes off him. Terrified of what he'll do next. He glowers at her, like he's intent on devouring her.

Turns to look at the bedroom door. Back at Alison. His mind is ticking.

He nods, like he's answering a question. In reality, he's agreeing with himself.

The Man glances around the room, across the surface of the bed, watched by Alison. In many ways, it's these moments, right before the rape that are most frightening.

He strides around the bed, his eyes searching. Finds what he's looking for on the floor at the far side of the bed.

The deep throat gag.

Alison bursts into tears. Fear associated with the knowledge of what the gag is for climbing through her.

ALISON

Please don't, don't use that please... I promise... just... please.

The Man hears her - how could he not - but doesn't acknowledge her. Instead, he leaves the room.

The Man bursts in. Heads straight for the rucksack. Drops the deep throat gag to the floor as he kneels.

TOM

What have you done to her?

The Man ignores Tom, starts to put everything back into the bag.

As he reaches for Tom's iPhone, that familiar -

TING!

- rings out.

The Man grabs the phone. Looks at the screen. Opens the phone. Tries to. It's locked.

His expression darkens and he slips the iPhone into his back pocket.

TOM

Why was my wife wearing that suit?
Who's idea was that? Yours? Hers?
Answer me!

The Man finds what he was looking for. Turns toward the 'tub.
And Tom sees the PLIERS in his hand.

TOM

Oh God. Please. Don't!

The Man leans over the side of the bathtub.

TOM

Please... don't do this...

The Man jabs the pliers into Tom's crotch, burying them into the fly of his boxers as Tom's fear bursts forth in blasts of petrified breath.

He flinches at the metal kiss of the pliers on his genitals. Freezes.

MAN

You lock your phone.

Tom looks at him, wide eyed. Nods in short, jagged movements.

MAN

The code. Or your genitals. Which
would you prefer to give up?

He doesn't need to be asked twice. He blurts out the code:

TOM

9, 9, 12.

Recognition flutters through the Man's eyes. He knows those numbers. The Urn. Emily's. The day she died.

MAN

Thank you.

He withdraws the pliers, and Tom relaxes. Even in his current circumstances he considers saving his genitals a victory of sorts.

His moment is short lived however, when the Man picks up the deep throat gag.

TOM

What the hell..?! What the hell
are you doing?!

Tom's already drawn the same conclusion Alison had. The panic is like a jolt of electricity piped through the water.

TOM

Don't you fuckin'--

He tries to close his mouth but the Man pushes the deep throat gag between his teeth. Prevents him from closing his mouth. He's exposed as he's ever been.

Then the Man moves in with the pliers, pushing them through the two rings that form part of the gag to the back of Tom's mouth.

And Tom -

SCREAMS!

43

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

43

Alison is fixated on the door. Panics as the Man strides back into the room.

His hand is covered in blood. He holds his hand up. Has something between his index finger and thumb.

It's a TOOTH.

When she realises what it is, the panic turns into another squeal of begging:

ALISON

Please... don't. Please.. I won't--

He flops his weight back down on Alison. Pins her flat. Winds her. Thrusts the air from her lungs.

The MAN

...pushes his bloodied fingers, the tooth he holds in his grasp, into her mouth as she wrenches her head from side to side.

Use his other hand to hold her jaw open as she struggles.

ALISON

No!

He drags his fingers free. Clamps a hand over her mouth.

She stops dead.

He doesn't need to see her face to know she's terrified. Her eyes tell the story.

MAN

Swallow.

She tries to shake her head.

MAN

Don't you say no to me. No, is a luxury you don't have. Not now.

She trembles beneath him.

MAN

Now swallow.

Alison's breath is blasting through her nose. Again, she tries to shake her head.

The Man nods slowly.

MAN

Okay. Alright.

He's still nodding as his free hand moves to the zipper of the catsuit.

A quiet, almost begging -

SQUEAK

- whistles through his clamped hand.

And he slowly, oh so agonisingly slowly, begins to draw the zipper down...

CLACK... CLACK... CLACK...

CLACK...

Alison -

SQUEALS

- again. Louder this time. Petrified.

The open zipper passes the mounds of her chest. Stops.

Alison is trying to talk. To beg. The words can't pass his fingers.

The Man slips his hand into the catsuit. From the way the PVC/latex begins to shift, it's clear he has cupped her breast.

Is caressing and manipulating it.

MAN

Did you know that a human being's physiological response to sexual contact is involuntary.

He continues to caress her breast. Fondle it. Her begging becomes more fevered. Terrified.

MAN

It's entirely possible that, as much as we might say no, through no fault of our own, our body could say yes...

He moves his hand to her stomach, the zipper -

CLACK... CLACK...

- pushed lower by the movement of his hand as he caresses her stomach.

MAN

That's why so many men use that age old hogwash that, 'she wanted it really' as a defence. So many of us are too primitive to understand basic physiology.

He shifts his weight. She's screaming beneath his clamped hand now. Passing into terrified paralysis.

His hand passes her belly button. Ventures lower. The muffled screams only get louder.

His hand stops.

MAN

Most interestingly, it's entirely possible for a male victim to become erect, or a female to experience an orgasm during an assault.

A long beat.

He draws his hand out of the catsuit. Keeps his other hand over Alison's mouth.

As he peers close to her, the screams die in her throat.

MAN

It's not enough for me to have you.
I need for you to want me... and
you will want me before this
weekend's over. If you don't, or if
you try to run again, I'll have you
regardless. Understood?

She nods. Her body vibrating.

MAN

Swallowed?

She nods again. Still vibrating.

He doesn't believe her. He takes his hand from her mouth.

MAN

Open wide.

She does. Slowly, hatred burning through her cheeks. He peers inside.

MAN

Tongue.

Slowly, Alison shifts her tongue. Sticks it out. Raises it so he can see beneath it. The movement is slow. Disgusted.

Yet the Man seems to be enjoying the show.

MAN

Good.

Alison closes her mouth and he touches her nose with his. Closes his eyes. Rubs side to side gently. An Eskimo kiss.

MAN

Good girl.

Draws back.

Scents the fingers of the hand he used to fondle Alison. Seems pleased by the aroma that greets him.

He sucks one of his fingers. Smiles.

MAN

You all taste so much sweeter when
you're frightened.

He turns and walks away.

Slaps the light switch with his hand as he passes. Swings the door closed.

Leaves her in darkness.

BLACK

The PVC/latex -

CREAKS

- as Alison shifts her weight.

And she -

SOBS.

In the dark we hear voices, leading us...

TOM (O.S.)
Are you fucking kidding me?

ALISON (O.S.)
I don't know what you want me to say?

44 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

44

It's mood lighting. Minimal. Creating an ambience of calm.

The Man is on his feet. Wanders back and forth slowly. His attention on an iPad in his hand.

TOM (O.S.)
Just play the fucking role. Is it really that difficult? You really are fucking useless sometimes. Just blow a kiss to the camera...

He's found some saved videos.

TOM
(on iPad screen)
Twirl the... thing. Say you want to check my temperature.

One of them is playing out on the small screen. The vibrant colours captured within dancing across his face.

ALISON
(on iPad screen)
It's a Stethoscope.

There's a short pause. When Tom speaks next, his tone is darker.

The Man stops walking. His attention wholly on the SLR.

TOM

(on iPad screen)

Don't tell me what it is. I know what it is. You always do this. You always go out of your way to make me feel small. You sound just like my Mother, you know that.

...Alison stands rigidly uncomfortable. Wears a cheap NURSE'S OUTFIT. The kind bought from a lingerie shop.

Alison protests innocence. Her expression is what's of interest. Less sorrow. More fear.

ALISON

I'm not. I wouldn't do--

TOM

For fuck-sake! You always have to fucking argue with me.

His voice is creeping higher.

TOM

Every time, with everything you're asked to fucking do. You either won't do it or you fucking argue.

ALISON

You're going to wake Emily.

TOM

No. Not me. You. All you have to do is not argue with me. Do as I tell you, that's all, and we could avoid these petty.. *fucking disagreements!!*

ALISON

I'm sorry. I'll do it properly. Okay?

The Man's expression is filled with disdain.

TOM

Make sure you fucking do, Ali.

TING!

The iPhone message bell.

The voices on the iPad stop. Paused.

A small box appears, centre screen. An iMessage.

ON SCREEN...

...the visible part of the message reads simply:

'LONELY'

He touches to read.

The Man

...frowns as he reads. His fingers sweep the screen. What he's doing can't be seen, but his face thunders the more he sees.

He lowers the iPad. Takes a moment for whatever he's seen to sink in.

The anger he feels seems to boil through him though for the moment he manages to stay calm. His gaze falls on the mirror, still askew.

Slinging the iPad aside, aiming it at the sofa, he tries to straighten the mirror, his breathing loud and forced through his nose as he tries to control his temper.

The mirror straightens. Falls askew again as soon as he lets it go.

An angered breath pushes through his nose and the frustration knots up his face. His eyes flit to the wedding photograph.

He stares at it. Snatches it up.

He turns. Strides for the door. Purpose in his gait.

45 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

45

He charges into the bathroom. Sends the pull cord spiralling wildly as he yanks the light on -

CLATTERING

- off the tiled walls. Slams the door closed.

THUD!

TOM

What's happening? What have you done with my wife?

The Man turns toward Tom. Glares down at him.

Tom stares back, his mouth splattered with blood. Spies the photograph in the Man's hand, tilted so he can't see which one it is. Speaks. Bravado pushes him toward an arrogance in tone.

TOM

You wouldn't be so tough if I wasn't tied up.

The Man smiles.

MAN

We may never know. Let's hope otherwise.

His smile broadens. Becomes a grin. He allows Tom a beat for the sadistic glee he's displaying to sink in, before lunging at him.

Tom tries to struggle against the Man's attack but only succeeds in tightening the ropes that bind him.

The Man beats Tom down.

A flurry of punches, anger flashing through his fists. He can feel the weekend he planned is on the verge of changing. Realises his whole view has begun to corrode.

Blames Tom.

He lifts the photograph, thrusts it into Tom's face. Let's him see it's the wedding photograph.

MAN

You remember this day?

Tom has to blink through the ripples of pain slowly fading from the assault so he can focus on the picture.

TOM

Yes, of course--

No chance to finish the sentence. The Man cracks the photograph off the side of the tub, shattering the frame and the glass front into the 'tub.

He talks as he struggles to contain his anger enough to retrieve the photograph from the shattered frame.

MAN

I've never had the privilege. Never met that 'special someone'.

The picture's free and Tom's trying to process what he's hearing. What's happening.

The Man folds the picture so Tom is on one side and Alison is on the other. Snatches a decent sized piece of the frame from the 'tub.

Wraps the flannel that's been holding water in the base of the 'tub around the wider edge. A makeshift knife.

He wrenches and rips at Tom's T-shirt as the water runs out of the 'tub. Tugs it clear of the Kinbaku bindings.

TOM

What the fuck..!?!

He presses the tip of the glass into Tom's belly button, and Tom's struggling stops dead.

He holds his breath.

The Man yanks the iPhone from his back pocket. Accesses.

Holds up the screen, the text message, the picture that came with it visible, Alison's smiling visage poking into view from the top of the phone on the photo.

Tom is given barely a moment to focus on the phone's screen.

So are we.

ON THE SCREEN: It's fleeting, almost subliminal: a photograph of Tom with another WOMAN. They look happy together. There's more love in the picture than Tom has shown to Alison since the Man's arrival.

MAN

Explain this to me.

Tom starts to shake his head as the Man swipes a finger over the screen, scrolls through more and more happy, cosy pictures.

TOM

What? I'm sorry. I --

MAN

Do you love her?

TOM

What?

MAN

Alison! Your wife! Do you love her?

Tom's words stumble from his mouth.

It's hard to tell what causes the stumble, panic or uncertainty over the answer. He wheels through half a dozen different words, none of them said in their entirety...

TOM
I... wai-- wha-- I don--

MAN
You treat her like she's a piece of
meat.

TOM
No!

MAN
Yes!

The Man's questions come as rapid fire bullets. Fired off too fast for any one question to be answered.

MAN
Why do you love her? What do you
love about her? Why are you with
her? What is it about her that
speaks to you?

TOM
I... I don't understand...

MAN
Have you made love to her? This
woman? Have you fucked her?!

Tom's reeling. Takes a long pause to find even a single word.

TOM
I...

Wrong first letter. The Man was looking for the letter 'N'.
As in 'No'.

MAN
Wrong answer!

And Tom -

SQUEALS

- as the point of the glass is dragged up his belly.

The Man stows the iPhone in his pocket. Swings his leg over
the side of the 'tub to get the angle he wants.

And he carves, the view obscured by the hunch of his body.

But the blood, running off Tom's sides, into the waiting
water, is unmistakable.

Tom's squeals become frantic begging.

MAN
I told you, don't beg.

46

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

46

Alison lays on the bed. Still in the half unzipped catsuit.

She lifts her head when she hears the door rub softly against the carpet.

The moonlight through the landing window makes the Man appear as nothing more than a shadow.

MAN
Are you awake?

Just the briefest of moments to answer.

ALISON
Yes.

MAN
Watch your eyes.

He reaches toward the wall. The light comes on. He's naked. His chest and arms splattered with muted blood stains.

The blood hasn't quite washed off.

He pushes the door down. Approaches Alison. She instinctively draws back.

There's no acknowledgement of her movement. He simply unties the rope that binds her to the bed.

MAN
Change your clothes.

He moves around the bed.

ALISON
What do you want me to put on?

The Man retrieves pyjamas from one of the wardrobes. Begins dressing as he answers:

MAN
Whatever you want to sleep in.

Alison sits. Looks at the door.

ALISON
I need the bathroom.

MAN
Toilet's blocked. I'll fix it in
the morning. Change your clothes.

He's finished dressing. Looks at Alison. She's clearly
confused by what's going on. Trying to fathom what game he's
playing now.

She's still frightened. Nods.

ALISON
Okay.

FADE TO:

47 EXT. DESERTED STREET (NONDESCRIPT HOUSE) - MORNING 47

From here, beyond the walls, it's impossible to tell what has
been going on inside.

The picture of calm as a dog walker wanders past the house.
Another dog walker is on the other side of the street,
walking the other direction. They politely greet each other
and walk on.

48 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 48

Alison is asleep. She faces the centre of the bed, her hands
uncuffed. Free.

Wears simple flannelette pyjamas.

There's a quiet, rhythmic THUD seeping into the room with
her. Hard to place.

TITLE: SUNDAY

After several moments her eyes open lazily. She's barely
aware she's woken up. Her eyes settle on her hands. Flare
wide as she realizes she's free.

She's awake like a shot. Sits bolt upright, looking around
the room. It's empty.

The quiet, rhythmic THUDS come into sharper focus.

HAMMERING.

Coming from downstairs.

Alison climbs quickly from the bed. Crosses to the door,
which she eases open.

She stops in the doorway of the bedroom, listens, her back to the closed bathroom door. The -

HAMMERING

- seems to seek her out.

Alison turns, reaches for the handle. Twists, cringes at the faintest of -

SQUEAKS.

She starts to push the door open, the edge of the bathtub beginning to come into view as she takes a step in.

ALISON

Tom..?

Her eyes fall on the corner of the bathroom, where the rucksack was. It's gone.

They search the rest of the bathroom, the surfaces. They're empty. Stripped bare.

She steps behind the shower curtain, leaving it to rest against her back with just her legs on display.

Tom's mouth is gagged again. He doesn't move.

Is he dead?

Alison takes in his prone form. Blood stains Tom's top. From the shape of the blood, it may or may not be letters.

ALISON

Oh my God, Tom... what did he do to you?

The top is tucked into the ropes again. Haphazardly.

She reaches. Touches his stomach gently.

Tom flinches awake. Even the gentlest of touches enough to set off a gunshot in his belly.

It startles Alison. She looks at Tom as his eyes open lazily, like he's awakening from a pleasant dream.

ALISON

What has he done to you?

Tom shakes his head, barely. He's weak.

TOM
(muffled)
Where is he?

Alison starts on the gag, removes it so Tom can breathe easier. Speak to her relatively unencumbered.

ALISON
Downstairs.

TOM
Why are you free? You didn't sleep
with him..?

Alison shakes her head. Defiant.

She's like a cat on a hot tin roof, barely able to stay still as she tries to pay attention to the noises from downstairs even as she talks to Tom.

ALISON
No, no I haven't. It hasn't come to
that, not yet.

TOM
What does that mean? Yet?

Alison bypasses the question. They both know what it means. She's aware it could have to happen. Tom is too, he just hasn't accepted it like she has.

She's getting more anxious. This is taking too long.

ALISON
I'm going to get us out of this.
I'm going to save us.

Tom shakes his head again. When he speaks, his tone is indistinct and difficult to read...

TOM
You can't. He's psychotic. Look
what he did to me last night. There
was no reasoning, he just attacked
me. You can't do this, you have to
cut me loose, let me deal with it.

Alison's mind is made up.

ALISON
I'm going to make him believe he
can trust me. He wants me to want
him. I'm going to make him think I
do...

The shake of Tom's head wilder now, the pain of the ropes tightening against his movements dulled by what Alison's words can mean...

TOM

No. Don't you sleep with him. I don't want anyone but me inside you. You hear?

The hammering has stopped.

ALISON

Tom, you have to trust me, please. I can do this.

TOM

(muffled)

No, you can't. You can't do this. Don't you fuck him.

The -

WHISTLE

- of the kettle winds it's way into the bathroom through the open door. Alison looks toward the door, the shower curtain shifting on her back.

ALISON

He'll be here soon.

TOM

Ali, you promise me...

She looks back at Tom.

ALISON

I have to go.

She slips the gag back into Tom's mouth even as he continues speaking...

TOM

(getting muffled by gag)

Promise me, Ali. Promise you won't fuck him.

She leans in. Kisses him. It's an awkward kiss as the Kinbaku ropes prevent real intimacy, real contact.

ALISON

I love you.

TOM

(muffled)

Ali, you have to promise me...

Alison is already up and slipping out from the shower curtain. She doesn't want to answer the question, make the promise. She knows it could be one she can't keep. At this point, she'll do whatever it takes to save Tom and herself.

Tom's muffled voice carries through the shower curtain as Alison hurries out of the room:

TOM (O.S.)
(muffled)
If you fuck him.....

50

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

50

She lies down in the same position she awoke in. Her heart is pounding and she's breathing heavily in her rising panic. She fights desperately to calm herself.

Outside the room, the -

SOFT CLATTER

- of crockery begins to rise in volume. He's coming.

A few moments later and she hears the base of the door sweep across the carpet.

MAN (O.S.)
Good morning, my sweet.

Alison's eyes sweep slowly open as she pretends the SOFT RATTLE of crockery is drawing her into wakefulness.

Her breathing has just about settled.

She lifts her head. Looks.

The - dressed - Man rests a tray on the edge of the bed. Smiles sweetly.

MAN
Breakfast in bed.

Alison glances at the tray. It's a CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST. Served professionally.

She's surprised. And uncertain as to exactly what's going on. Both emotions register in her face, one after another, the concern of what game is being played lasting longest.

She looks at the Man.

ALISON
Thank you.

The Man's smile broadens a little.

MAN
It's my pleasure.

He gestures to the tray.

MAN
Please... eat.

She plays the next few moments well.

It's only as she guardedly reaches for the tray that - for the MAN's benefit - she seems to notice the handcuffs are missing. That she's free.

She looks at her wrists. Touches one hand to one wrist briefly.

Reaches for the tray as she becomes conscious of the Man's gaze.

As she begins to eat...

The MAN

...retrieves the SLR camera. Sits on the end of the bed. Alison tries to watch him without drawing his attention.

Can hear the -

BEEPS

- of the camera as he flits through the menus. Works swiftly.

From where she sits...

ALISON

...can just make out the screen of the camera. Doesn't realize the angle is deliberate.

Sees the Man delete the pictures.

Stops chewing momentarily as the screen blanks. Like she needs to let what she just saw sink in before she can swallow.

The Man glances back at her.

Spots her befuddled expression - she's not quick enough to hide it.

He smiles. Raises the camera a little.

MAN
He has you. That should be enough.

Alison takes a moment. She can't figure out his game. He seems almost genuine.

Manipulators always do.

She half nods. Slips food into her mouth as she lowers her gaze. Her eyes float on the knife. Move to the tea. She's looking at them as weapons. Neither will do.

The knife is too blunt, the hot tea too fleeting. The Man catches her gaze. Knows what she's thinking.

MAN

212 degrees.

Alison eyes him.

MAN

For water to boil. It sounds hot but it's not as effective as you might think.

He's shooting her down at every turn. Just a seed of doubt. But how does he know in the first place?

51

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

51

The door sweeps open slowly.

MAN (O.S.)

After you.

Alison walks slowly. Still in pyjamas. Her eyes are drawn to the shower curtain. She stops.

The Man -

QUIETLY CLEARS

- his throat.

She looks at him. He nods toward the toilet.

ALISON

Sorry.

MAN

No need to apologize.

Her eyes are back on the shower curtain.

The Man can read her desires. Her intentions. At least that's what he thinks.

MAN

Please don't.

She glances back.

ALISON

I'm sorry.

The Man smiles. Wears the understanding in his lips.

MAN

No apology necessary. It's not an order. Just a request.

She nods her understanding.

MAN

Thank you.

Starts to sit. And the Man turns his back on her, steps outside the bathroom, but leaves the door open. He leans on the bannister, keeps his back to Alison.

For Alison, it creates more confusion. His attitude, the dramatic change.

Has to be a game.

The gentle trickle of her bladder fills the quiet.

And her eyes fall once again on the shower curtain. The urge so great. She eyes the Man again.

Her hand hovers above her leg. Poised in the direction of the curtain.

She desperately wants to see Tom one last time, finally know he trusts her, if only from the look in his eyes.

She just needs to know he has faith.

She changes her mind. Her hand returns to her knee as the trickle runs out.

52

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52

Alison is the first into the spotless kitchen. For the first time it becomes obvious - there's no long strap.

The Man follows behind her. Carries the tray with the breakfast remnants.

MAN

Please, sit.

He points her to the table. It's not an order. Doesn't sound like one, but she takes it as one anyway.

With his back to her, his focus on the crockery, Alison takes a risk. Snatches a small, sharp knife from a to-hand knife block.

Slips it beneath her rump as she sits.

With the crocks in the sink, the Man moves on...

MAN

I'll get us some coffee.

The MAN

...gathers the mugs. His eyes drawn again to the calender. To the solitary entry:

'EMILY'

His eyes float back to it as he prepares the mugs. Adds the coffee.

Flicks the switch on the kettle.

He looks one last time at the calender. At the entry.

Turns to face Alison. She isn't looking at him. She's staring at the table's surface. Her hands clasped lightly, nervously, on the surface.

He leans against the counter.

When he speaks his voice is calm. Friendly. He almost sounds concerned:

MAN

What happened to your little girl?

It takes a beat for Alison to react at all. As if it takes that long for the words to penetrate her thoughts.

Slowly, very slowly, she turns to look at him.

It's not a question she wants to answer. But perhaps that fact is something she can use to build his trust, accepting her own pain for the safety of herself and Tom.

ALISON

I took my eye off her. Just for a moment.

The burble of the kettle begins to invade the quiet. The Man moves to the table.

Sits opposite.

ALISON

But that was all it took.

KITCHEN TABLE

The Man glances at her hands. She's using her nails to peel at the cuticles. Shaking ever so slightly.

MAN

Car?

ALISON

Motorcycle.

Her hands shake a little more. But she also, out of the corner of her eyes, keeps track if the Man is aware of her trembling.

MAN

I'm sorry.

She pretends not to hear him. Her memories, her emotions surrounding them, have pushed her into another state of mind.

ALISON

He was going too fast. And she could be so quick on her feet. She'd barely even started walking.

Despite the emotions, the sorrow, she smiles. Chews it back.

The Man reaches out. Takes her hands in his as she continues. Wraps her fingers in his so she can't pick at herself.

She notices. Apparently accepts his touch without resistance.

ALISON

For a few days the doctors thought she might pull through. Said she was a... a fighter.

The tears begin to come through now. Slowly.

And her hands seem to find his.

ALISON

I sat with her for five days. Had to watch as they poked and prodded her. Filled her with tubes and needles.

Her head shakes slowly. The tears are trickling slowly down her face.

ALISON

They wouldn't even let me hold her as she slipped away.

Their hands create a surrogate embrace. Comfort.

MAN

She's in a better place.

The shake of her head slows. She's heard it so many times...

ALISON

I can't believe that. I can't believe in a God that would take a child from her Mother. That would take her instead of me.

She takes a second. Her tone changes. Darkens, just a touch. Almost imperceptibly:

ALISON

Or Tom.

She takes another moment. Swallows back the next wave of emotion. The salt in her throat.

Her hands tighten on his.

ALISON

He didn't even visit her. Said it was too painful for him. That he couldn't see his little girl like that.

Alison's eyes zero in on the Man. It's clear the emotion is still raw, like this is the first time she's spoken about it.

In some way, she might well have forgotten herself, become lost and tangled in her own darkest memories.

ALISON

What about me? What about being there for me, being there to support his wife? I was hurting too, he just never noticed. He never does.

Those last words, they hang in the air between them like an echo. And as the last remnants of those words pass into the ether, Alison realizes what she's just said.

She blinks, and that zeroed in gaze is released. She draws her hands back sharply.

Anger trickles into her voice:

ALISON

Is that what you wanted to hear?

She gets up, determined to create space, terrified she may have gone too far. Forgets the knife beneath her rump.

It tumbles to the floor with a -

CLANG.

Alison snaps around, showing genuine fear when she sees it, her arms crossed over her chest. She's protecting herself again.

This is what Tom meant when he said she couldn't do it. Just another example of how Alison always fails, always gets things wrong; only at the Man's hands, it be much worse for her than at Tom's hands.

At least Tom is only ever verbal.

The Man looks from the knife to Alison. Sees the fear in her face. It makes him uncomfortable.

MAN

Must have forgotten to put it away.
I'm so sorry. You could have cut
yourself.

The Man picks it up and gets to his feet. He returns the blade to the knife block.

MAN

I'll make that coffee.

He crosses to the kettle. The crockery clanking a little as he makes the drinks.

MAN

So what would you like to do today?

ALISON

I don't care.

The words of a broken woman. Apparently.

With his back to her, Alison takes the opportunity to assess the possibilities the kitchen affords her. The potential for weapons is on every surface, but she can't be sure she could get to any of them without him being able to stop her.

It's too much of a risk. She might only get one shot. It has to count.

Slowly her eyes climb higher. To the top of the cupboards. There are boxes there.

A smile fleetingly creases her lips. Maybe, just maybe, she has a plan.

The Man collects the milk.

MAN

Well, I might have a suggestion...

He looks back at her. She meets his gaze.

53

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

53

Alison is curled up on the sofa, her bare feet up on the cushions. A book in her hand.

The Man sits in a comfy chair reading a newspaper.

It's a picture postcard moment, the loving couple, set in their ways, caught relaxing on Sunday morning.

MUSIC

- plays softly in the background. Comes from the iPod dock.

MELODIC, CALM

The only oddity, is the HAMMER laying on the mantle.

Despite the seemingly relaxed stance, she's restless. Her eyes are on the Man rather than the book.

She glances at the phone base, off to one side. It's unplugged, the handset missing.

She looks back to the Man. This time he's looking back.

MAN

You're restless.

ALISON

I'm fine.

The Man nods slowly, reflecting on her tone. She over exaggerated it.

Alison realises it too. Tries to recover.

ALISON

I noticed you'd fixed the mirror,
that's all.

MAN

(touched)

I'm glad you noticed. You're happy
with the job I did? It meets with
your approval?

As a question, Alison realises it could be taken two ways - either he's genuinely pleased or (as Tom would) he's being sarcastic.

ALISON

It puts Tom to shame.

There's a note of honesty to the answer, one that surprises them both, Alison more than him.

The Man can't contain his pleasure at what she said. He just drew a favorable comparison to her husband and he views that as a victory. He beams.

He looks at the mirror. Notices the hammer.

MAN

I forgot the hammer.

He starts to close the paper.

MAN

I'll put it away.

Alison stops him. While it's there, it's a weapon, but she can't afford to let on that that's her thinking.

ALISON

No... don't.

He looks at her.

ALISON

Tom's the one who likes the tidy house. I've always thought a little mess makes a house a home.

The Man smiles again, beaming even wider if that were possible.

MAN

That's just what my Mother used to say to my Father.

Alison smiles too. She's not even sure how much of it is genuine.

MAN

I know just what you would enjoy. Stay right there.

And he's up and leaving, the paper hung over the side of the chair.

Alison watches as he walks away, listens as he ascends the stairs. She's still a little startled by what just happened. Feels like an honest connection may have been made.

Tom was wrong - she can do this.

Once she's sure he's really up there, not just hiding at the top of the stairs, she moves to the kitchen.

Quick. Quiet.

The Man opens the cupboards. Looking for something. It's not yet known what.

The reflection of the still drawn shower curtain is caught in the mirror above the sink.

He opens another cupboard.

MAN

Ah-ha.

The sound of his voice draws a -

MUFFLED GROAN

- from behind the shower curtain.

The Man half glances.

MAN

Still going I see.

He takes a bottle from the cupboard. Closes the cupboard door.

MAN

Give it time.

Alison is going for the boxes. Stands on a small stool. She hurries, her hands shaking with her rush. No matter how fast she is, she'll still worry it's taking too long.

She tugs open one of the boxes.

IN THE BOX: An assortment of medicines for a cat. She pulls a small vial from the box. Checks the label.

ON THE LABEL:

There are only three words that matter: POISONOUS IF
INGESTED.

Relief washes through Alison's expression. Whatever it is, the plan she's forming is clearly coming together.

She climbs down. Stows the stool. Pockets the vial.

Rushes back.

She settles quickly onto the sofa, in roughly the same position as she was previously.

Grabs the book. Flits a few pages forward. Buries her head.

MAN (O.S.)

Here we are.

Alison lifts her head. Does her best to look as innocent as possible as the Man comes through the doorway.

Spots the bottle of LOTION in his hand.

Worry crosses her face as the Man sits on the opposite end of the sofa.

He looks at her. Can see the worry, the confusion in her expression.

He affects an understanding smile.

MAN

You need to be pampered.

He motions with the lotion.

MAN

I thought maybe you'd like a massage?

Alison's heart leaps into her throat again.

Her grasp on the book falters, just a little. Enough for it to begin to slip. Not enough for her to drop it.

The Man adjusts his position. Turns more toward her. One leg on the cushions. Crooked at the knee. The foot toward the front edge.

He holds out his hand.

Alison looks at him. Her mouth peels open. Starts to form a word. What word it is, even Alison can't be sure.

MAN

Your feet.

Alison's mouth pops closed. The threat of what this could lead to is still there, but right now, it's confined to the furthest point of her body.

MAN

I'm particularly good at Thai massage.

He beckons for her feet with a flex of his fingers.

MAN

Come on. Give.

Cautiously, Alison slips her feet out from under herself.

Straightens her legs. He smiles. Takes one of her feet. He rests it on his crooked leg.

Alison watches him.

He squeezes a drop of lotion onto his hand. Rubs them together.

Begins to MASSAGE her foot.

Alison continues to watch him. The way he handles her foot. The way he rubs and caresses it.

MAN

I fell in love with this particular form after I tried it myself. Truly an exquisite experience.

The reverence with which he handles her.

His hands sweep in long arcs across the sole and top of her foot, back as far as her ankle.

MAN

I hope you enjoy it. I've had very little experience.

Alison tries to engage - if she does, if she speaks to him, maybe he'll believe she's falling under his spell.

ALISON

How many women have you...

She's not sure what the right phrase is...

MAN

You're my fourth victim.

He LAUGHS and Alison forces herself to join in, albeit fleetingly, but there's something about the way he says that last word is off.

Victim...?

The way he touches her. It's so soft. So gentle. So sinister with that last word.

The soothing nature of his touch, the way the MELODIC music that plays so softly in the background seems to fall into the same rhythm as his touch...

Alison begins to succumb despite herself.

Tires.

Drawn into the relaxation of what he's doing. She lets her hand slide to the floor, and then - unseen by the Man - slips the vial under the sofa.

The Man's thumbs massage her forefoot. Flex her toes.

And the book slips from her grasp. Hasn't far to go. From the way she's seated it rests against her body. The corner still almost caught in her hand.

Her head tilts slowly. Her eyes closed.

The Man smiles sweetly. Seems genuinely pleased that she's become so relaxed by his touch.

His hands glide a little higher.

Past Alison's ankles.

Push the pyjama pant leg toward her knee. Expose her calf.

She lets it happen but peeks through her eyelashes. Can she trust him? And more importantly does he trust her?

And the Man's hands sweep back and forth across her tibia bone. His fingers massage the calf muscle softly.

Move to the back of her ankle. His caress gliding back toward her ankle, over and over.

Alison -

MOANS SOFTLY.

The Man beams.

He finishes the massage at her toes.

Then he slips from the sofa. Moves closer to her.

MAN

Alison?

She doesn't answer.

56a INT. KITCHEN - DAY

56a

The Man is in the kitchen, surrounded by food. He's preparing a meal.

Wears a pristine apron. Tom's. Clearly, it's never been used before.

56b INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

56b

Alison wakes with a start to find herself alone in the room.

Sitting upright her eyes go straight for the hammer. Still there. She can hear a rhythmic THUNK coming from the kitchen.

She quickly gets to her knees and checks beneath the sofa. The vial of cat medication is still there. She retrieves it.

57 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

57

The Man is CHOPPING and DESEEDING tomatoes. Has a collection of ingredients beside him as he works.

The -

THUNK

- of the knife on the board is quieter than it sounds. Rhythmic.

He already has a small bowl of fresh cut, thick sliced chips to one side.

Movement beside him draws his attention. He glances.

It's Alison.

She's reticent to enter the room.

MAN

Afternoon. I'm just preparing dinner.

He continues chopping.

The chopped tomatoes are swept into a waiting bowl.

Alison watches. Regards the ingredients for a beat.

ALISON

What are you making?

MAN

Bois Boudrin. It's a marinade. The perfect accompaniment to thick cut chips and Sirloin Steak. Well...

He turns to Alison.

MAN

...strictly speaking it should really be Fillet Steak, but Sirloin was all I could find.

Alison nods. Slowly. Uncertainly.

ALISON

Sounds nice. I was going to suggest
a meal myself.

She steps into the kitchen and takes an apron. Puts it on.
It's stained and damaged, clearly well used. Matches the one
the Man wears.

His 'n' hers.

She smiles when he looks at her. From his expression, she's
winning him over. Or he's winning her over.

58

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

58

Alison is at the wardrobe, the door ajar. Her clothes on
display.

She stares at them.

MAN

You should consider disposing of
these.

Alison turns to look.

The Man is in one of the drawers. Has found the outfits
Alison has worn for the photographs and videos.

He lifts a SECRETARY OUTFIT into view.

MAN

It's all cheap, slutty trash. You
deserve better.

He dumps it back in the drawer.

MAN

That's one of the reasons I admire
the Japanese so. Even when they
embrace something like bondage they
turn it into an art form.

Alison continues looking at him.

MAN

Could you imagine any culture other
than the Japanese creating knots as
beautiful as those I used?

There's a look between them, like he's waiting for Alison to
respond.

She doesn't.

He doesn't seem to mind.

MAN

Truly, a culture of beauty.

He begins to pick through the rest of the drawer.

MAN

Did you know in ancient Japan the
nape of the neck was considered
highly erotic.

Alison glances in the wardrobe. Looks back at the Man as he
continues to speak:

MAN

So few men have a true appreciation
of the female form.

He wipes his hands off. Seems borderline disgusted.

MAN

The small of the back, the
clavicle, the back of the knee...
all far sexier than any of this
crap.

He shoves the drawer closed. THUDS it shut.

Alison slips. Allows herself a brief, almost mocking -

LAUGH.

The Man looks at her. Searching for an explanation to her
laugh without ever asking for one.

ALISON

Given what you made me wear
yesterday--

He interrupts. Has no need to hear anymore.

MAN

Yesterday I aspired to be like the
man you married. Today I aspire to
be like the man you deserve.

Alison doesn't know what to say. The sentiment catches her
unexpectedly. Off guard.

She tries to ignore his sentiment.

ALISON

What would you like me to wear?

MAN

Lady's choice. I'm sure you'll look
stunning whatever you choose.

She's not used to being spoken to like this. With such
caring. It's getting harder to tell if his actions are part
of a game or genuine.

Harder still to tell if she's falling for it-- or just
pretends to fall for it.

She looks into the wardrobe again. Reaches.

Holds lingerie in front of her body, judging like women do in
front of a mirror.

The Man looks with admiration. She catches his gaze in the
mirror.

ALISON

You like it?

There's a flicker of recognition in the Man's face that
Alison doesn't notice.

MAN

Does your husband like it?

ALISON

You've seen what my husband likes.

There's honesty to her tone.

ALISON

It's my own design.

The Man seems surprised.

ALISON

I design lingerie for a high street
retail brand. Nothing fancy.

MAN

On the contrary. You make women
feel beautiful and light the fires
of desire in the hearts of men.
It's quite remarkable.

Alison smiles. It's genuine. She's touched by his sentiment.

MAN

Have you ever worn your designs for
Tom?

Alison's smile fades.

ALISON

He doesn't like to be reminded of
my work.

The Man smiles. Alison cautiously answers with one of her
own.

An awkward silence follows. More awkward for the Man than
Alison it seems, as this time he's the one who breaks eye
contact.

MAN

Well I'll... I'll let you change in
private.

He's already heading for the door when Alison responds.

ALISON

Thank you.

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

The Man stops at the bannister. He looks at the bathroom
door, anger reddening his face. Reaches into his pocket for
Tom's iPhone.

Accesses. 9912.

Searches. Finds:

ON SCREEN: Sarah and Tom. Sarah's in the same lingerie Alison
just showed him.

59

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

59

Scissors slice through the corner of a piece of raw SIRLOIN
STEAK, a touch of blood dribbling from the fresh cut wound.

Dressed smartly in shirt and loose-fitted tie, the Man slips
the piece into his mouth.

Chews.

Alison, dressed in a red satin CHEONGSAM and high heels, her
makeup and hair perfectly finished, regards him with a vague
look of revulsion.

The Man smiles at her as he slices another small piece from
the steak.

MAN

Old habits. As a child steak was
something of a treat.

He lifts the meat delicately.

MAN

My Father always used to slice off a tiny sliver and give it to me and my brother. He was older so I had to make do with the smaller piece.

He offers the raw steak to Alison, who draws her head back.

The possibility that he'll pressure her creeps into the moment.

She shakes her head.

He pops the meat into his mouth.

ALISON

You were close to your brother?

The Man sticks up two intertwined fingers to indicate their closeness.

ALISON

You still see him?

MAN

He died when I was fourteen.

Alison is stunned. Could he... just like Emily?

ALISON

I'm so sorry.

MAN

As am I.

Alison is still cautious of him, but there's eye contact between them.

ALISON

That's why you have the prayer on your chest. For your Brother.

Not a question, a statement. Dots being connected.

And there it is. That moment. That connection that everyone looks for. Catches both of them unawares.

The Man is the first to react. Seems almost embarrassed.

Is already turning back to the Sirloin when he changes the subject. Asks:

MAN

How do you take your steak? I prefer blue myself.

He glances at her. An attentive look on his face. She's still a little lost in what just happened.

MAN

Another throwback to childhood.

The -

AROMATIC SIZZLE

- of steak cooked on a high heat invades the kitchen.

Alison places two wine glasses, a bottle of wine in the centre of the table.

Her eyes are drawn to the already lit candles. The flickering flames lazily lick the air. Cast hazy shadows.

She turns to the Man.

ALISON

Would you like me to serve?

The offer seems to catch him off-guard. He smiles.

MAN

You're sure?

Alison nods.

ALISON

I'm sure.

And now he beams. Seems to be winning her over.

MAN

That would be lovely.

Wine swirls into the glasses, the lazy nearby shadows mimicking the actions.

The bottle is put aside, ready to top up the glasses. Her back towards the Man, her body covering the glasses, Alison takes the vial of cat medication from within her clothes and empties the contents into one of the glasses.

She turns back to him.

ALISON

Why don't you sit?

She smiles. He reciprocates.

He takes a seat.

Loosely interlocks his fingers as he rests his elbows on the table's surface.

And he watches Alison as she serves the food onto the plates.

In the dress, she looks stunning, her every curve hugged. She looks far more at home, far more comfortable, and - as a consequence - far more beautiful.

She spoons the marinade onto the plates. Discards the bowl.

ALISON

Perfect.

She takes a deep breath. Picks up the plates. Turns.

And stops.

It's his expression that's stopped her. He looks utterly captivated.

It's a long time since she's seen such a look on anyone's face. She can't help but smile.

Her cheeks flush, just a touch.

She crosses to the table.

As she puts his plate before him she seems to forget herself.

ALISON

Elbows.

It's only after she's said it that she seems to realise what she's done.

The shock registers in her expression. She can't help it. As much because he responded by taking his elbows off the table as the fact she said it in the first place.

Alison sits.

He still hasn't taken his eyes off her.

She smiles. A mix of flattery and uncertainty.

MAN

You're a vision.

Her smile broadens. Her cheeks beginning to glow.

ALISON

Thank you.

The Man lifts his wine glass.

MAN

If I may, before we begin... a toast.

Alison's eyes jump to the Man's glass. This is it. The plan coming to fruition. The anticipation is writ large on her face.

The Man smiles. He raises his glass.

She takes hers. Raises it.

MAN
To divine company.

Their glasses -

CLINK

- together.

He puts the wineglass to his lips but barely takes a sip.

She looks surprised. He understands.

MAN
Eating and drinking don't go well
together. All in good time.

60

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

60

The candles lit around the room create a warm, romantic glow.

The Man puts his wine glass on the coffee table, still full. Turns to look at Alison, stands just a little way back from him, her glass nearly empty.

MAN
Dance with me.

Alison's heart pounds.

ALISON
What?

He smiles as he - correctly - interprets the shock as nervousness.

He holds out his hand for her.

Repeats himself, his tone as calm and soothing as it has been for the entire day.

MAN
Dance with me.

Alison shakes her head. She's conscious of where this could go, even more conscious of the fact that, on some level, she may be leaning toward it.

ALISON
I can't dance.

MAN
Everybody can dance.

She shakes her head again.

ALISON
Not me. Tom always said I have two
left feet.

It doesn't register with her that she's just referred to her
husband in the past tense.

MAN
And what would Tom know?

He moves toward her. His pace slow. Matching the mood.

When he reaches her, he takes her hand in his. Draws her into
a slow dance. His touch is as gentle and tender as it could
possibly be.

ALISON
He's not a bad person.

MAN
He's not a good person, either.
Like so many of us, he falls
somewhere in between.

ALISON
Where do you fall?

He ignores her question. He's attentive of the fact she tries
to keep just a little distance between the two of them.

Still cautious.

He breaks the dance for just a moment. Gestures tenderly with
one hand for her to await his return to her arms.

He places the iPad on the mantle, leaned against the wall.
Uses the hammer to prevent it from falling.

Uses the iPad's camera to start recording them.

He smiles at her as he returns to her arms, her eyeing the
iPad nervously. His smile seems to prove infectious, and she
slips back into his arms.

And they dance, her awkwardly following his step.

Quietly, the Man begins to -

HUM.

The rhythm he creates matching the movement of the dance they're lost in.

Alison smiles as she looks into his eyes.

Their hands shift. His first. Moving to a more romantic position.

Hers follow.

And slowly but surely, they drift closer to one another, as the music the Man hums begins to build around them, gently becoming one with the dance.

MAN

Put your arms around my neck.

It's a request, not a demand.

MAN

Please.

She does as she's been asked. Her arms sweep to his neck. Hands clasped loosely together behind him.

They're eyes locked. Both caught up in the same moment.

MAN

I adore your eyes.

ALISON

You do?

MAN

I do. So blue, like a sun speckled ocean. I could stare into them for an eternity and never become bored.

Alison smiles.

MAN

They're a gift from heaven,
presented to the wrong man.

Alison makes no effort to defend her husband.

As they become completely lost in the music, he draws her closer still.

Alison allows it.

Their body's press together. His arms wrap around her waist. Her arms wrap further around his neck.

It draws them yet closer together, until they can each feel the other's breath dance across their lips.

MAN

See? Easy.

And on the wall, cast in shades of black, their shadows dance alongside them.

ALISON

What's your name?

MAN

My name's not important.

ALISON

It is to me.

The music stops.

Alison picks up her wine glass. She hands the Man his glass, but when he takes it from her, it slips from his hand. Impossible to tell whether it was an accident.

CRASHES

- on the glass table.

The wine glass breaks as the wine dribbles from the table and pools onto the carpet.

Begins to soak in almost immediately.

ALISON

Sorry. Sorry. I've ruined it, I'm sorry. I'll clean it up.

The Man seems genuinely taken aback by her reaction. So much for so little.

MAN

No harm done.

ALISON

I'll get something to mop it up.

She rushes for the kitchen. The force of her reaction is still sinking in for the Man. She seemed truly upset, almost frightened.

MAN

Salt is best for red...

Alison reappears in the doorway. A roll of kitchen towel in one hand, a tub of salt in the other.

The sight of the salt in her hands takes away the Man's voice.

He smiles. Laughs. Even Alison sees the funny side.

ALISON
We think alike.

MAN
We do indeed.

He holds out his hand as she approaches.

MAN
Let me help you.

Alison seems a little startled - this is a first for her, to be helped. She hands over the kitchen roll.

On hands and knees, they clean the spill together. Gather the broken glass. Use the salt. It's a small moment. Insignificant to most, but the Man is clearly lost in it. This... this is what he wanted...

He takes the iPad from the mantle and places it close by. Uses it to capture this domestic moment.

He notices Alison's face. The puzzled expression she wears as she looks at him.

MAN
These are the moments a family
should cherish.

They finish cleaning up the wine. Alison sits up, settles back, her rump against her ankles. Regards the stain.

ALISON
Well, if it doesn't work we can
always buy a new carpet.

The Man looks at her. His expression is mixed. Excitement, happiness, surprise... Did the 'we' include him?

Alison smiles at him. Seems so genuine... is it? - that he can't help but be drawn in:

MAN
Yes... yes, we can.

61 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

61

The moonlight that peeks into the room through a gap in the curtains stretches across the bed.

Gives just enough light to see them.

They're already in bed. Laying facing one another. Close. Looking into one another's eyes.

There's a question on Alison's lips.

MAN

You look like you want to say something.

Alison takes a moment to answer. She's cautious.

Eventually:

ALISON

How did you know my name?

The Man smiles.

MAN

We've met before.

She wasn't expecting that.

ALISON

We have?

And the Man's smile widens. He reaches out. Strokes his fingers through her hair.

MAN

Don't look so surprised. I'm not the sort to make a lasting first impression.

ALISON

Where did we meet?

The smile becomes a soft laugh.

MAN

We did more than meet. We talked. Shared a conversation.

She shakes her head.

ALISON

I don't.. where..? I would at least have remembered you're accent.

MAN

It's not important.

He leans into her as his hand sweeps from her hair to her cheek. A feather-light touch.

ALISON

You told me you were drawn to me..?

MAN

I saw it in your eyes. I mistook it for happiness but in reality it was sadness.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

You needed this, in the same way I
needed you. I just misunderstood
the reasons.

And he kisses her. Allows his lips to linger as, despite
herself, Alison responds.

Beat.

It's him that breaks the kiss.

ALISON

Will I wake up tomorrow?

MAN

That's a decision only you can
make. I hope you do.

His hand slides from her face to the space on the bed between
them. He takes her hand in his. Interlocks their fingers.

Alison stares at him for an age. His answer, it doesn't make
sense.

Unless... is that how he wants it to work? Is he telling her
now is the time to make the choice? Sex or death?

He looks into her eyes. She looks back. His expression is
impossible to read.

It is, that's what he wants... he's forcing her to
initiate... he wanted her to want him, and he's forcing her
hand.

He knows what she's thinking. It's all over her face. She
closes her eyes, starts to lean in. What he says, it stops
her dead:

MAN

Sleep now.

Alison's eyes pop open. She looks at him. There's a question
on her lips that she can't ask.

They look at one another for some time. Then he closes his
eyes, and his fingers tighten around hers.

FADE IN:

62

EXT. DESERTED STREET (NONDESCRIPT HOUSE) - DAWN

62

The end of a long weekend.

The grumble of car engines break into the peacefulness of the
quiet street. Some six people, all on their own, have left
their houses.

Dressed for work. Suits, briefcases. Uniforms. All walk the pavements. Some silently nod a greeting to one another, others blankly move passed their fellow neighbors.

Unnoticed by all of them - us included, save for the eagle eyed - the Man leaves Alison's home.

63

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

63

Alison is stretched out on the bed. She's the only one in it.

TITLE: MONDAY

She shifts in slumber. Her legs moving. And something -
CLATTERS.

It startles her awake. She jerks up. Glances around. As the duvet slides toward her lap, it reveals the long nightshirt she slept in.

She hasn't noticed, but the room has been returned to the way it was. Everything back in it's place.

She sees the tray on the end of the bed. Breakfast.

A folded piece of paper rests against the stem of a HANDMADE ORIGAMI ROSE.

She takes it. Reads the front. It's handwritten, the font bordering on calligraphy:

THANK YOU FOR A WONDERFUL WEEKEND. AARON.

She looks down at the empty bed.

Her hand sweeps across the empty side of the bed. Like she can't believe her own eyes.

She looks back at the note. Unfolds the paper. Written inside are four simple words:

WHATEVER HAPPENS, BLAME ME.

She closes the note. Puts it on the tray. Lifts the lid that covers the plate.

It's a variation on the CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST he served her the day before. Alison smiles.

Then realisation hits her like a bolt of lightning.

ALISON

Tom!!

She throws back the duvet. Rushes from the bed.

64 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

64

The shower curtain remains drawn. The room itself has returned to how it was when the Man first arrived at the house on Friday night.

ALISON (O.S.)

Tom!?

The door swings wide and Alison snatches at the shower curtain.

It -

SHRIEKS

- on the rail.

TOM

...is still alive. A wadded flannel stuffed into his taped up mouth.

ALISON

Thank God...

In a rush she removes the tape. Has to yank at it.

ALISON

Sorry. I'm sorry.

She pulls the flannel from his mouth.

He -

COUGHS AND SPLUTTERS

- as he's finally able to suck in air again.

TOM

Where is he?

ALISON

He's gone.

TOM

Gone? Gone where? Cut me loose. If you'd cut me loose earlier I could have dealt with him.

Alison starts to pull the knots, but with just her fingers it's a struggle to undo them.

TOM
Come on. Get me outta this.

ALISON
(turning)
Sorry. Sorry.

TOM
What the Hell is taking you so long?

ALISON (O.S.)
I'm going as fast as I can. It's the damned knots. I can't figure them out.

TOM
Of course you can't. Get some fucking scissors.

Alison stops. Turns into the bathroom. Notices - finally - that everything has been put back. You can't even tell Aaron was ever there.

She checks the drawers. Searches. Nothing.

ALISON
I'll be right back.

Rushes out.

Tom cranes to see her leave.

TOM
Where are you going?! Alison!!?

Tom fights with the ropes, a renewed burst of frustrated energy.

64a INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

64a

Alison stops in the doorway. Surveys the room. She's realised everything is how it was found on Friday night.

She must have been exhausted for Aaron to do this with her in the room.

She rushes in. Searches drawers and cupboards. Finds:

DRESS-MAKING SCISSORS.

64b INT. BATHROOM - DAY

64b

Alison returns with the scissors. Can cut the rope.

Digs the blades in between each length.

The threads of the rope breaking individually as she struggles to cut them.

It twangs free.

And Tom's bones -

CRACK LOUDLY

- as his arms move freely for the first time since Friday night.

TOM

Ah. Fuck me. Thank fuck.

He turns to face her, Alison helping him as his deadened limbs wait to awake.

She's already got her arms around him, already helping him when he says:

TOM

Help me the fuck up. And get me a fucking bandage for my hand.

ALISON

Which is it? The bandage or--

Tom snaps at her:

TOM

Don't fucking talk back to me.

ALISON

I'm sorry.

She settles him on the side of the bathtub. Heads for the medicine cabinet.

He cradles his injured hand, the missing fingers a blot of burnt black flesh.

Watches her.

Clocks her bare legs.

TOM

What the fuck are you wearing?

Alison grabs a length of bandage. Soaks it.

Returns to Tom.

ALISON

Give me your hand.

She sits on the edge of the bathtub next to her husband.

Wraps his hand.

He eyes her face. Spies the makeup on her face, still relatively fresh.

TOM

Why are you wearing makeup? Who the fuck are you trying to impress?

ALISON

I'm not trying to impress anyone.

TOM

Doesn't fucking look like it.

Alison stops what she's doing. Looks at Tom.

ALISON

I've just had to spend a weekend having to play the good little wife just to--

TOM

Did you fuck him?

ALISON

What? No!

TOM

Did you fuck him?!

ALISON

I said no.

TOM

So what, you expect me to believe he just wanted a home cooked meal and some good company?

He tries to stand. Can't.

Winces. He clutches at Alison.

TOM

Fucking help me.

Alison helps him. Takes the weight of his legs and swings them clear of the tub.

ALISON

It'll take a bit of time for the blood to start flowing again.

TOM

No shit. You think I'm a fucking moron?

The feeling is returning to his fingers. He starts to flex them.

ALISON

The feeling's coming back?

He snaps at her as she starts to rub his legs to encourage circulation:

TOM

Don't ask stupid questions. Help me take a piss. Made me piss myself in that fucking 'tub.

Alison supports him as he stands by wrapping an arm around him. He stumbles over to the toilet, just a few steps, but he has to hold on to her to avoid toppling over.

With his good hand he lowers his underpants to be able to pee. Alison has to hold him. Despite their relationship, she finds herself embarrassed by the situation.

Tom doesn't care. His focus is on the pleasantness of voiding his bladder.

His T-shirt rides up a little. The bottom part of whatever's been carved there is glimpsed by Alison.

LETTERS. A WORD?

ALISON

What did he do to you?

Tom tugs the T-shirt down.

TOM

Nothing.

ALISON

I need to dress that.

He shrugs her off.

TOM

I said it's nothing. What are you, deaf?

ALISON

I'm just trying to help.

TOM

Is that the excuse you're going to use for fucking him, you thought it'd help?

The feelings coming back now. Tom starts to flex his limbs with a little vigour.

ALISON

He never touched me--

She pauses. Uncomfortable. She knows he's building up to a rage.

ALISON

I should call an ambulance. The police.

She starts for the door.

TOM

Was he good?

He grabs her. She stops.

ALISON

What?

TOM

Was he any fucking good? Was he a good lay?

Tom's attitude, his natural aggression is boosting his adrenaline. The pent up anger ready to burst free.

TOM

Did you fucking come? I know you fake it with me. Did you have to fake it with him too?

ALISON

No I didn't 'come'. I told you nothing happened.

TOM

You're lying to me. It's all over your fucking face.

ALISON

I'm not ly--

SMACK!

Alison's staggers as she's struck. Half collapses into the bathtub.

TOM
Don't you fucking lie to me. I
warned you what would happen if you
ever cheated on me.

She struggles to her feet, her awkward positioning combining
with the force of the blow loosening her equilibrium.

ALISON
I haven't chea--

SMACK!

Another shot.

TOM
What did I say? What did I fucking
say to you?! Cheating fucking cunt!

65 INT. LANDING - DAY

65

Alison is launched into view. Hurtles across the landing.

SQUEALS

- as she catches her feet and flees into the bedroom, closing
and -

CLUNK

- locking the door behind her.

Tom strides across the landing, still vaguely stiff limbed.

TOM
After everything I've done for you.
Everything I've fucking given you.

BANG!

He thumps the door.

65a INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

65a

Alison leans against the door. Tom can't get in, but she
certainly doesn't feel safe.

The handle twists and turns. He pounds the door.

BANG! BANG!

BANG!

Alison can't help but flinch away. This is really frightening
her.

TOM (O.S.)
Everything I gave up for you, and
you thank me by letting another guy
dip his fucking wick!!

ALISON
Tom please!

There's a brief respite. Several short seconds of silence,
then -

THUDS AND CRASHES

- ring out. Not coming from directly beyond the door.

Tom's voice follows, displaced. He's moved from the door.

TOM (O.S.)
I bet you fucking enjoyed it too
didn't you?

There's another -

THUD.

Heavier than the others.

Alison turns. Looks along the bedroom wall, in the direction
that Emily's room would be from there.

Another -

CRASH. A SERIES OF BANGS.

ALISON
Oh God, no.

Alison is already opening the door. Already peeking through,
emerging onto the...

66 INT. LANDING - DAY

66

Tom is in Emily's room. Alison is already heartbroken by what
he's doing. Barely holds on to her emotions.

TOM (O.S.)
Everything I do, everything I gave
up, everything I still give up...
and you won't even let me turn this
damn room into an office! No, has
to be a fucking shrine to a child
we DIDN'T EVEN PLAN IN THE FIRST
PLACE!!

Though she can't see Tom, she can see the TOYS being hurled
around the room.

This is worse than Tom's ever been. He's never raised his hand to Alison, though it was never unexpected. But this... Emily's room... his daughter's room... was he always this sadistic... this evil...?

Alison starts for the stairs. She's just starting down when Tom spots her.

He charges for the landing, a large DOLLHOUSE in his hands. Hurls it at her.

TOM

Get your ass back here!

It strikes the wall just behind her head. SHATTERS.

The shards and chunks rain to the stairs and race her to the ground floor.

She can't avoid the broken pieces of the dollhouse. Tramples them.

SQUEALS

- as they bite into her exposed feet. She stumbles, tries and fails to stay on her feet as Tom starts onto the stairs behind her.

She tumbles completely on the last few stairs. Nothing broken, but the fall is just enough to allow Tom to gain the ground his stiff-limbs have robbed him of.

Alison goes for the door. SQUEALS with fright as her hand finds the door handle. Jerks it, and the door springs open.

Alison drags the door wide. Gets it just wide enough to slip thru--

BOOM!

The door slams shut. Driven closed by Tom as he catches up with her.

TOM

Don't you fucking run from me.

ALISON

Tom please..

She back pedals. For the kitchen. Tom snatches the shoulder of her nightshirt.

She twists. Struggles. Escapes. Rushes for the...

Tom is right behind Alison, her advantage of Tom's stiff limbs slowly dissipating. He's getting quicker, and she's got nowhere to go.

TOM

Love. Honour. Obey. Remember those words. I don't remember you offering to fuck another guy anywhere in there.

Alison is shaking her head wildly. She's lived with Tom for a long time. Seen his displays of aggression, but this is the worst it's ever been.

She's terrified.

ALISON

I didn't Tom, I swear I didn't.

She uses the dinner table as a natural barrier. It works for a short time. Tom can't reach her.

TOM

You let him take pictures. I saw the God-damned flashes. Were you trying to taunt me? You wanted me to know you'll do it for him but not for me? Why was he so fucking special?!

Tom grabs the table, upends it in violent rage. There's nothing between him and Alison anymore.

She's trapped.

He grabs her.

TOM

Did you let him video it too? Did you smile for the fucking camera?

He shoves her backward.

TOM

Fucking slut.

She tumbles to the floor with a -

THUD.

She begs. Words travelling at a million miles an hour:

ALISON

Tom, I swear, nothing happened. I didn't do anything. I swear to God he never touched me. He didn't.

TOM

You're a liar!

She's scrambling backward, legs and arms wheeling as he stalks her.

ALISON

I'm not. I'm not lying to you. I swear I'm not. I wouldn't do that to you.

TOM

You're a fucking liar!

And Alison is still shaking her head wildly.

ALISON

I'm not. I wouldn't...

With a little distance between the two of them, Alison struggles to her feet.

SCREAMS

- as Tom makes a grab for her.

Snatches hold. Sends her tumbling into the...

67

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

67

Alison is totally off balance. She hits the sofa, doubling over it and falling partially onto the glass coffee table.

Tears are streaming down Alison's face. She's terrified.

Tom's next to her before she can get up.

SCREAMS.

He hurls her.

BANG!

She crashes back down onto the toughened glass of the coffee table, the glass -

CREAKING

- but refusing to yield to her weight. The impact stuns her. She tries to curl into a ball.

Tom clamps a hand around her throat. Squeezes tight. The anger spits from between his teeth:

TOM
Look at you. Dolled up like a
fucking whore.

ALISON
(squeaking out)
Tom, please...

TOM
Where did you do it? The sofa? The
bed? Did you fuck him here on the
carpet?

His voice, already angry, raises further when he notices the red wine stain on the carpet.

Alison claws at his tightening fingers as she fights to breathe.

He stares at the stain.

TOM
(looking at the stain)
The carpet. How many times?
(looking to Alison)
How many times did you fuck him?!

He twines his hand in her hair like it's a leash. Yanks her off the table, dragging her to the wine stain. Thrusting her nose into the wine stain like you would a puppy with it's pee, he rubs her face against the pile like it's a chesse grater.

TOM
(yelling)
Did you suck him off?

ALISON
(barely able to speak now)
Please, Tom... you're hurting me...

Tom shakes his head.

TOM
I haven't even begun to hurt you.

He raises his fist, his whole arm shaking with fury.

He's going to hit her.

TING!

The iPhone message beep. He looks toward the mantelpiece.

Sees the phone. The screen lit up. The claw hammer stands beside it, standing on it's head. Next to the urn.

THWACK!

Alison kicks out, strikes Tom square in his crotch.

Tom -

YELPS

- as he clutches at himself and his legs buckle.

Alison strikes hard at his knees and Tom goes down.

CRACK!

His head strikes the edge of the coffee table. Snaps backward. He lands in a heap.

Silent. Still. Dead?

Alison slowly gets up. Has to hold on to the sofa. Draws in breath through a bruised and RASPING throat, every breath stinging.

Doesn't notice the slowly rising Tom. Not until he speaks.

TOM
You dirty slut.

Startled, Alison turns to look at him. Struggles to comprehend that he's getting up.

TOM
I told you, no one inside you but me.

He lunges for her with a -

GUTTURAL YELL.

Instinct kicks in. Alison ducks away and Tom's fist misses, swinging passed her wildly.

Alison kicks out, drives the table into Tom as he stands. Takes him off his feet again and he collapses across the glass.

She snatches hold of his head, digs her fingers in.

SMACK!

Smashes his face off the glass table.

SMACK! SMACK!

Again and again, until the glass plate is covered in a crimson mush.

The last -

SMACK!

- is weaker than the others. Crafted as much by the perpetual motion Alison has built up as her anger.

She stops. Breathless.

Stares at Tom. His head is turned sideways. She can see his eyes through the blood that paints his face.

Breathing heavily, her hands sink from his head and she flops back into a seated position against the sofa.

From where she's seated, and the angle of Tom's body, the carving on his stomach can be seen through the table.

TING!

The iPhone goes off again.

It takes several long seconds for Alison to realize what she heard.

She struggles to her feet. Pads painfully across the floor.

Picks it up. The phone has been unlocked. She takes a moment to read the text.

ON THE SCREEN:

A text - *sent by 'SARAH'* - her expression shifting to shock as her eyes are drawn to three simple words:

'MEET YOUR SON.'

She opens the image attached to it.

A SONOGRAM.

It's like a sucker punch to the gut, and Alison bursts into tears as she draws the only conclusion she possibly can.

She puts her hand to her mouth. Breaks down, sinking to the floor.

Her eyes are on Tom now, tears streaking through the blood that splatters her face. She finally sees... registers... what the cuts on his stomach must be...

She pulls him off the coffee table.

Like a ragdoll he collapses to the floor, landing on his back. Alison pushes the T-shirt up high.

Sees...

A word carved into the flesh:

CHEATER

She stares at it. The word, the text, all sinking in.

She pummels the body, all the anger and frustration boiling free.

68 EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY 68

The quiet -

RUMBLE and CLACK

- of the locks releasing, and the door swings open. There's a key in the lock, identical to the one Aaron used on Friday night.

69 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 69

A rucksack, not identical, but not dissimilar to the one Aaron carried is placed behind the door. Shoes follow.

WOMAN-02

Tom?

70 OMITTED 70

71 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 71

The Woman stands. Listens.

She's heavier-set than Alison, her curves more pronounced.

Hears the faintest of sounds, from the direction of the sitting room.

SARAH

(a smile to her voice)

Are you hiding from me?

She's a few steps from the sitting room when Alison steps into view. Blocks the door.

The Woman is startled.

SARAH

Alison!?

Alison's voice still rasps, her throat still sore.

ALISON

The new house key works well, then?

The Woman spots the blood.

WOMAN-02

Is that blood?

ALISON

I don't think you'll be working today, Sarah.

SARAH

Whose blood is that?

SARAH eyes the doorway that Alison blocks. Knows in her heart that's where Tom is. Wants in there.

SARAH

Is that Tom's blood?

She's an attractive woman. On first glance she's easily Alison's equal, except without the more demure qualities.

Alison reads her intentions. It's not difficult.

ALISON

You don't want to go in there.

SARAH

That's not a decision you get to make.

Sarah's on the move even before she finishes speaking. Charges for the door.

SARAH

Let me through.

She drives herself into Alison, forcing her back.

72

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

72

Tom's body stretches out alongside the coffee table, the carpet and the table itself splattered in blood.

SARAH

Jesus Christ, Tom!

She rushes for him as Alison watches.

SARAH

Is he dead?

Sarah drops to her knees beside Tom's prone body. Checks for a pulse, probing his neck with her fingers. The way his body is half turned, twisted, she can't see his face yet.

ALISON

I hope so.

Sarah shoots a look.

SARAH

Don't you say that! Don't you dare.
Call an ambulance.

She tries to roll Tom onto his back at the same time.

His face, smashed and bloodied, lolls into view.

Sarah can't believe her eyes.

SARAH

(spluttering)
What the Hell did you do?

ALISON

He'll hurt you like he hurt me.

SARAH

He would never hurt me. He'd never
hurt you. I know him.

Alison holds up the phone. The picture of the sonogram still showing for Sarah to see.

ALISON

Like I know you? I never thought my
best friend would fuck my husband.
I thought I knew you well enough to
at least know that.

Sarah pulls herself to her feet. Calmly, almost nervously, takes the phone from Alison. Looks at the sonogram. Back to Alison.

When she speaks, it's at least obvious she believes what she's saying.

SARAH

I didn't want this to happen. I
never wanted him to come between
us. I can't help who I fall in love
with.

Alison smiles. Almost amused.

ALISON
I spent almost a decade convincing
myself of the same thing.

She regards Tom with a nod.

ALISON
If he lives, you can have him.

SARAH
Don't you even care?

ALISON
(with a faint shake of the
head)
No.

THWACK!

Sarah slaps Alison across the cheek, snapping her head to one side.

SARAH
What happened to you?

Alison smiles to herself. Takes her time, returns her gaze to Sarah slowly. Speaks as she does:

ALISON
I woke up.

Sarah grasps for the deeper truth behind Alison's words but it's too early for her to truly understand what she means.

SARAH
I have to call for an ambulance.

She starts dialling the emergency number on Tom's phone. She looks at Alison. A hint of apology in her tone:

SARAH
The police too.

Behind her Tom rises. He's staring straight through Sarah at Alison. Has death in his eyes.

Sarah's quick to realise Alison isn't looking at her, but before she has chance to turn, Tom is upright and slamming her out of the way as he climbs to his feet.

The phone is knocked from her hands as Sarah stumbles into the mantle, her shoulder catching Emily's urn.

SARAH
(struggling to get the
words out)
Tom, the baby...

He still hasn't taken his eyes off Alison.

TOM
Fuck the baby.

SARAH
I thought you'd... change your
mind... when you saw the
sonogram...

Tom spins around.

CRACK!

Punches her full force in the stomach and she -

SQUEALS

- as she crashes to her knees, the urn revealed to Tom on the
mantle as she drops.

Doubled up in pain, she struggles to breathe. Tom doesn't
care. His attention is on the urn.

A smile creeps into the knots of anger.

TOM
If we'd never met, you'd have never
had Emily. She'd never have
existed.

He glances at the urn. Snatches it up, smugness easing into
his voice as pain jolts through Alison.

ALISON
Tom, please... not that...

Tom's smile creeps to the edges of his face. The calmness in
his voice is more frightening than the anger.

TOM
You think I give a shit... what
have I always said, what did I
always tell you would happen? You
disobey me, you have to be
punished. That's how this works!

ALISON
You don't get to order me around
anymore.

TOM
Yes. Yes I do. You're my fucking
wife and you'll do as I fucking
say!

He starts to unscrew the lid of the urn.

TOM

She was probably not even my child.

Alison lunges at him.

SCREAMING!

There's no way she'll get to him before he spills the ashes from the urn, it's already on a downward arc.

Sarah can see the urn, the glee in Tom's face. Can't believe what she's seeing. Tom's true colours in full flight.

She musters. Forces herself to react. Pushes herself to her feet, slamming her shoulder into Tom's gut.

THWACK!

Drives him back.

He buckles. Falls. Sarah goes with him.

SMASH!

The weight of the two of them shatters the glass of the coffee table and they tumble, tangled up together, into the frame.

The urn lands just out of reach, part of the ashes spilling across the floor.

Alison is -

YELLING

- wildly, distraught at the spill of her beloved daughter's ashes. Can't believe Tom really did it.

Her voice quickly dies in her throat.

Tom's action have finally broken her. He doesn't know it yet, but it's not in the way he would have wanted.

SARAH

...tries to untangle herself from Tom, but Tom isn't finished.

He clutches and grabs at her. She tries to crawl away.

SARAH

Alison, help me!

Tom drags her back. Wraps his hands around her throat.

Squeezes.

Sarah reaches for Alison, eyes pleading.

Alison looks straight at Sarah. Makes no effort to help her, not yet. She sweeps the ashes back into the urn as best she can. Picks it up and seals the lid. Calmly puts it back on the mantelpiece.

Sarah starts to fade, her eyes register the question: why?

TOM

Some fucking best friend she turned
out to be, huh?

Coolly, Alison takes the claw hammer and turns to Tom. She lifts it high over her head.

ALISON

Heart of Jesus...

Tom looks up at her.

ALISON

...Once in agony...

TOM

You don't have the guts.

Alison stalls. Only for the briefest of moments.

ALISON

...Have mercy on the dying.

Tom looks smug as the hammer dangles high above his head.

TOM

Nice prayer. You get that from your
fuck-buddy?

There's something about that grin, the way he tightens his grip on Sarah's throat, that seems to tip Alison just that tiniest step further, and...

...she hurls all of her weight into the -

WOOSHHH!

- downward arc of the hammer.

CRACK!

The impact drives the head of the hammer through his skull, embedding it in the bone as Tom collapses across Sarah.

Sarah tries to scramble free.

Alison helps her, Sarah instinctively wrapping her arms around her. A hug.

SARAH
He tried to kill us. He tried to
kill my baby.

Alison's eyes are on Tom. The look of fear that flashed
across his face as the hammer came down is still there. His
eyes wide and staring.

He almost seems to be looking at Alison. She doesn't seem to
mind. More than anything, she enjoys knowing that for once,
he was the one who was afraid.

SARAH
Oh my God, we're going to go to
prison, they're going to take aw...

Alison -

HUSHES

- her, soothingly.

ALISON
It's going to be fine. It wasn't us
that killed him. It was the man who
broke in, who took us hostage all
weekend. He killed him.

SARAH
What man..?

**FADE TO
BLACK.**

BEGIN CREDITS

Beat.

FADE IN:

73

INT. KEY CUTTING STORE - DAY

73

The shop is empty save for the ASSISTANT, who works with his
back to the door. Repairing the heel of a shoe with a claw
hammer not dissimilar to the one Alison used to take Tom's
life.

A loud -

PING

- rings out as the door is opened.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN steps into the shop. Late 20s, long flowing
locks and even longer legs.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
I'll be right with you.

His voice sounds familiar.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
That's okay, take your time.

She approaches the counter. Glances at the counters that line the walls as she moves toward the back of the store.

The Assistant turns.

It's Aaron.

He smiles broadly when he sees her. She reciprocates.

AARON
Hello there, how can I be of service?

The woman offers a set of keys.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
I need a new set.

AARON
Not a problem. Would you like to wait, or pick up?

She considers for a beat.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
I'll come back, if you're sure that's okay? I've still got some shopping to do.

AARON
No problem at all. I'll need a few details for the store records. Name and address, so on.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Sure.

He picks up a small, purpose-printed leaflet. Slides it across the counter to her as he says:

AARON
Call back in about an hour, they should be all set.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Great. Thank you.

AARON
My pleasure.

As she starts to fill out the form, his hand rests on the counter's surface.

She puts the key in his hand. He closes his hand, embraces the key. He still has TOM'S RING on.

TO CREDITS

THE END