

THE FLICKER OF LIGHT UNDER THE DOOR

Drama

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TEXT OVER BLACK:

"The troubled mind can barely show us a flicker of light behind a closed door."

FADE IN:

1. INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

Two hands, thin and as white as paper, shaking lightly, are setting breakfast on a tray. Two pieces of toast, bacon, eggs, orange juice, a cup of coffee and two pills. ROBERT (76), father of Monique, appears weak and ill. He walks upstairs and through the corridor to a closed door that has a chair right beside it. Robert looks tired but happy with the task at hand.

2. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Inside the room, Monique (19) is sitting on the floor with her pajamas still on, motionless, no expression on her face, looking nowhere. Monique's hair is a mess; she is wearing no makeup.

She hears the steps and goes towards the door. Monique clasps her hands and steps to the side of the door. She moves some paintings, stared at the door nervously. A toy clown comes close to her and smiles, then passes a brush, paint, and paper.

TOY CLOWN

What do you want for breakfast?

Monique looks at the clown with no facial expression. The toy clown sits on the floor.

3. INT. OUTSIDE MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Roberts leaves the tray on the chair.

4. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique passes a drawing of a flower under the door that reads, "Thanks dad".

5. INT. OUTSIDE MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Robert picks up the drawing and smiles. Turns and leaves.

6. INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

Coffee just finished brewing, two cups, cream, sugar, and two spoons fill the tray. Robert picks up the tray and walks out.

7. INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Robert is taking the coffee to the living room where JACK (67) is waiting.

JACK

Any news?

ROBERT

Well, some flowers begin to wither.
The kind that don't come back the
following year.

JACK

It happens to every garden, doesn't
it? Autumn appears.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

How is Monique doing? Is the
treatment working?

Robert's face shows resignation before answering.

ROBERT

Not much. Monique responds through
notes back and forward; she eats,
lets me clean her room;
occasionally she takes a bath. She
doesn't speak much, babbles
actually. She hasn't overcome her
speech impediment.

JACK

And what about changing her doctor?

ROBERT

Well... You know, Jack, the biggest
problem is not that. I'm sick and
old... and...

Jack takes a deep breath, looks at Robert's clenched hands
and attempt to soften the conversation.

JACK

None of us know when...

Robert talks calmly.

ROBERT

No... that's fine, that's fine,
life is like that. It doesn't
bother me at all. It's Monique what
worries me.

Beat.

Jack takes the cup from the tray.

JACK

Well, she has a sister. Janet is
very smart; she was always above
average, maybe she left too early.

Robert's hand rises, asking for a pause.

ROBERT

Sometimes I wonder why the genie
was in the lamp.

Robert closes his eyes and loses himself in his thoughts.

JACK

Oh, come on. Janet used to be
sweet; she used to be the apple
of your eye.

ROBERT

Oh, Janet. My blond fallen angel.
She would never take care of
Monique. I wish she would. I could
be the happiest dead father on
earth if she does. But I'm sure she
won't...

Robert's gray eyes lost on the horizon, like those of a blind
man at sea. Jack is uneasy; he doesn't know how to help, the
coffee cup swings in his hands.

JACK

Did you call her? Have you tried?

ROBERT

Uh, many times, she is selfish,
stubborn and obstinate like an old
donkey. Look, Janet hasn't seen
Monique in years, and Monique did
nothing to her.

JACK

Then, why do you think that is? She doesn't care about Monique?

ROBERT

I guess she is just jealous... we treated them both equally, but after her mother had died, Monique got sick, even though I was always there for her. She became really distant a few years back since she went to university. There is something wrong with her; she can't keep a normal relationship.

JACK

What do mean by that?

ROBERT

Well, love requires you to stay with the people you love, and Janet doesn't get that idea yet. She thinks that freedom is not to be tied down to anyone. You are only really free when you love.

Jack looks like someone running out of options.

JACK

I hate to ask you this, but do you have a will?

Robert glances to the ceiling, taking a deep breath.

ROBERT

No, but everything will be in the hands of Janet, anyway. Monique cannot take care of herself. So, the house, the old car, anything of value.

JACK

Well, that is a good reason to start a conversation with her, don't you think?.

Robert looks down and smooths out his shirt.

ROBERT

That is risky as driving a bike on Lombard St. on a rainy day.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I'll try, but she may not be interested, anyway. For her, there are things far more interesting than money. She may not show it, but trust me, I know her.

JACK
Nevertheless, you should contact her, let her know what to do in case...

Jack freezes knowing he just accepted what was coming, and he doesn't like it.

JACK (CONT'D)
You should make some arrangements for Monique's future, a will. Is it really the end of the road?

Robert nods and answers in a dry, forthright tone.

ROBERT
Yes. I'm afraid so.

Beat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
My dear friend, the end is near. I don't know exactly when, but it's coming.

8. INT. UPPER FLOOR, CLOSE TO MONIQUE ROOM -- EVENING.

Robert goes upstairs to Monique's room with a book in hand.

9. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

The toy clown grabs a book and sits close to the door.
Monique follows everything with her eyes.

10. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR, CLOSE TO MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Robert sits in the chair outside Monique's room.

ROBERT
Monique, would you like me to read a book for you?. I have a very nice one here... one about angels. It's a very magical book. I'm sure you would like it.

11. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

The toy clown nods affirmatively. Monique moves her head slightly.

12. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR, CLOSE TO MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Robert, without a word from Monique, starts reading.

ROBERT

Before she was living happily ever after... a girl was lost in an empty city looking for a cure to her medical condition. She wanted to get better, but couldn't do it alone.

13. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique walks to the door slowly. The toy clown makes some room for her, and she sits close to the door.

ROBERT

It was a rare sickness, and she knew that if she didn't get better soon, she would never get better at all.

14. EXT. EMPTY CITY -- NIGHT.

Monique is in the street of the empty city. Barefoot, she wears a white nightgown, dirty, outworn.

ROBERT

The streets of that city were dirty, dark and scary. There was a vibration that made it tough for her to walk straight. Bricks were falling from the surrounding buildings. She hurried, but there was no difference, until a silent, peaceful calm, like the eye of the storm, surrounded her. Everything was quiet, bluish, surreal, timeless. From the rickety doors of an old church, a sinister shadow approached her.

SHADOW

These are not hours for a young girl to be alone in the city.

Said the deep, frightening voice of the shadow. Monique couldn't talk. She was paralyzed.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Exactly what are you looking for in this part of town? Do you know this is the end? The end of everything?

Monique spoke with wide-open eyes, but without opening her mouth.

MONIQUE (INNER VOICE)

I'm a patient with a rare condition, and I need help to find a cure... Help me, I need to get better; I'll do anything...

The dark hand of the shadow abruptly interrupt Monique's words.

SHADOW

The patient is one who suffers and is ready to fight to stop doing it. Are you willing to fight?. In this neighborhood, that may cost you your life.

Monique took one step back and clenched her hands. The shadow's laugh sounded like thunder, so loud that pieces of buildings started falling around them.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Well, my darling, you stepped back; you showed fear. You don't deserve the magic answer, you just deserve death.

The last word was like a thousand eagles screaming out of tune. A dusty wind was wrapping around Monique, shaking her frantically. From the vintage doll store, a blinding white light emerged with the sound of a thunder. A beautiful angel, tall, muscular and with a sword in hand, emerged fast and energetically attacked the shadow. The sounds coming from the combat were from another dimension.

Every hit of the sword produces light flashes with colors, brilliant, ever-changing, and new colors. The angel slashed the air many times, trying to wound the shadow mortally. His wings, fearless, reckless, majestic, moving the surrounding air. His bloodshot eyes, light blue, determined, strict, were scanning for a weak point, a failure, a mistake. The shadow divided in two, sneaky. It grew on the angel's back and wrapped around his neck, suffocating him, overpowering him.

The sword fell to the ground with a crash as loud as a million glass shards falling. His brilliant body of turned dull, pale, almost lifeless. The wings suddenly relaxed, powerless, without that celestial force. The shadow at the front of the angel grab the sword and raise it, then lowered it over the angel, slashing him in half with a loud, dry sound.

15. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR, CLOSE TO MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Robert's hand picks up a lighter that had fallen to the wooden floor.

ROBERT

Oh my goodness, how foolish I am...
so Monique, would you like me to
read a book for you?

16. INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING.

Robert is at the kitchen table writing a draft of his will; he talks to himself.

ROBERT

I don't know how to start, damn
it... I just never thought about
dying... how unfair is death.
Monique needs me most... and the
old man is just dying. I understand
old people die, the young should
live... but who will take care of
her?

His voice seems worried and tired.

He drops his pen. His face shows deep pain, and as he breathes deeply, he feels relief after a few seconds. He rubs his tearful eyes through his glasses then grabs the phone book and dials Janet's number.

17. INT. JANET APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS.

JANET (30) is brushing her hair. The apartment is very modern, with black and white posters of people dancing. Janet is a good-looking woman, with an athletic body type.

The phone rings.

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)

I would like to talk to you in
person.

JANET

Hello Janet... how are you?

She replies in a mocking tone.

JANET (CONT'D)

Are we forgetting our manners here?

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)

Sorry, Janet, you need to come home, and we need to talk.

JANET

No way Robert, I'm busy.

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)

Jesus Christ, you are always the same capricious girl.

JANET

You are the same old man.

Beat.

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)

I once read in a book that no one goes down the same river twice...

JANET

What do you mean?

Beat.

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)

The water of the river is not the same afterward, and the flow of time makes that man a different one. I have changed, Janet; I have learned, did you?

JANET

It doesn't make any difference to me, Robert. How...

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)

Look, tell your heart that the fear of suffering is worse than the suffering itself.

JANET

What do you mean?

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)
That by a lack of a family or a
steady boyfriend, you are not
free, you are just running away.

JANET
Look, I'm really busy. I have to
look out for myself; I don't have
time for anything else.

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)
Say whatever you want, if that
helps you to assuage the guilt.

JANET
I don't feel guilty at all...

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)
Oh, I see, so you don't care about
your younger sister?

JANET
Nope.

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)
Nor about me?

JANET
Not really.

Janet's voice is trembling.

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)
And how are you going to have an
adult relationship if you don't
care about others? Love is keeping
in mind the other person's needs.

JANET
That's none of your business; I'm
satisfied with my life.

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)
Janet... I'm dying...

JANET
Oh, stop victimizing yourself, and
just grow up. Are you playing an
emotional blackmail on me?

ROBERT (ON THE PHONE)
Time will tell. I just want to make sure you know what to do with your sister in case something happens to me.

JANET
No way, I'll do nothing. I have my own life. Put her in an institution or something.

18. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- EVENING.

The voice of Robert is clearly heard from Monique's room when he talks with Janet. He is angry and raises his voice.

Monique grabs brushes and black oil paint from a drawer. With shaken and imprecise strokes, she draws a window on the door. She blinks a lot, and her face looks worried.

Menacing noises can be heard echoing in the background. She ignores them.

ROBERT (FROM THE KITCHEN)
No, no, she has a house. A home that your mother and I build for the two of you... She doesn't need an institution; Monique needs love; she is not an animal. Who is going to take care of her better than her family? Is that what we taught you?

Beat.

ROBERT (FROM THE KITCHEN)
You will be in charge of everything, and half of the house is yours, anyway.

19. INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS.

JANET (ON THE PHONE)
I don't freaking care... don't you get it?

Janet raises her voice.

JANET (ON THE PHONE)
I am not interested in taking care of Monique. I am not interested in you, nor in the fucking house.

ROBERT
Janet, it's our home.

JANET (ON THE PHONE)
Fuck you.

Janet hangs up the phone abruptly. Robert looks at the phone and says out loud.

ROBERT
You will miss me one day, you know?
You will miss me.

The monotonous ticking of the clock in the living-room is the only noise in the room's silence.

20. INT. WASHROOM -- DAY.

Robert is filling a bucket with warm water. He carefully tests the temperature with his hand. He grabs a sponge and a plastic box with a bar of soap inside, then leaves.

21. INT. OUTSIDE MONIQUE ROOM -- DAY CONTINUOUS.

Robert walks to Monique's room, knocks softly.

ROBERT
Monique, are you washing yourself
today or do you need help?

Beat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Monique... I'm leaving the bucket
for you right beside the door; I'll
come back later. OK?

Robert hesitates a second until he hears some noise behind the door, then walks away.

22. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique looks at the toy clown.

TOY CLOWN
I can't bring the bucket in myself,
but I will protect you.

The toy clown grabs a brush and plays with it like a sword.

Monique stands up and goes to the door, grabbing a small mirror and throwing herself to the floor. She looks under the door, then uses the mirror to see the sides of the corridor, finding no one.

Monique opens the door slowly and goes to take the bucket that was far away from the door.

23. INT. OUTSIDE MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique does two steps from her room and sees shadows of people, grotesque laughs, and some threatening gestures from the shadows.

She keeps walking. Monique is afraid, retreats, and accidentally drops the bucket. She walks back to her room, shaking, trying to hurry.

24. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique enters the room in a hurry and closes the door. The toy clown passes the paintings that she puts against the door.

25. INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS.

Robert hears the noise and leaves the kitchen.

26. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Robert goes to the bottom of the stairs and sees the waterfall on the stairs, the bucket, and a pool of water on the floor.

ROBERT

My lord, not again. You could have said that you didn't want to have a bath tonight. Monique didn't need to do that; you know?

27. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Inside Monique's room, the toy clown crosses his arms, frowning. Monique denies with her head and raises her right hand, then lowers her head. The light of her bedroom dims a bit.

28. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

With resignation setting on his face, Robert goes to the bathroom across the hall.

29. INT. WASHROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Robert enters and switches the light on, but the bulb burns out.

ROBERT
Oh, God! Something else?

He grabs a mop blindly and leaves.

30. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

He mops the floor and the stairs.

ROBERT
It's OK baby; Dad is not mad at you. Don't worry; it's nothing to worry about.

He put the mop back in the washroom's entrance, then leaves.

31. INT. BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS.

Robert enters the basement and grabs a box of light bulbs from a dusty shelf. Under it, he finds an old wooden box. Inside there are memories, necklaces, earrings from his wife, pictures, etc.

Robert goes through the pictures and picks one from a vacation of a young Janet at 10. In the picture, he is embracing her with a towel. Janet is smiling uncomfortably.

ROBERT
My little flower, you were so scared. That was the day you fall in the river and almost drowned. But Daddy saved you. I was there... always there.

In another picture Janet is kissing a four years old Monique, smiling. He looks at the pictures with watery eyes. He picks up some more pictures, the light bulb, and leaves.

32. INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

From a drawer, he takes a small voice recorder, sits at the table, and while he watches the pictures, he records a conversation.

ROBERT

Dear Janet, knowing my days are numbered, I make this statement indicating that despite your rejection; I wish you to take care of Monique. That the house is for the two of you, and Janet, take a look at these pictures carefully. There is a message in them. Also, I left on my nightstand a poem handwritten with a feather quill and Indian ink. Rolled and wrapped with a red lace as you used to like. That is the only real legacy left to you. As per how Monique must be taken care of, she has to be fed healthy food, with vitamins, daily. The medicine is in the kitchen, right beside the toaster. Make sure that she eats; sometimes she doesn't. Every day I leave a bucket of warm water, sponge, soap and a clean towel, at the door of her bedroom. Seldom she has to be washed. Often, she washes herself. A paper with the name and number of the psychiatrist is on the door of the fridge. If in doubt about anything, ask Jack, he is a good friend; he will support you in any way he can. Janet... I never forgot about you, and the fact that Monique needed my attention never meant that I did not care about you. And before death steals me the chance, I must tell you...

Robert stops recording abruptly, then grabs the phone book and the phone.

33. EXT. NIAGARA RIVER -- DAY.

Janet is going rock climbing at the Niagara River with MARK (33), a good-looking, athletic guy. The day is sunny and warm; birds are chanting, a perfect day. The backpack has a delicious picnic, and Janet holds a bunch of red roses.

The conversation is soft and peaceful. Her eyes glow with excitement; he treats her like a lady.

JANET

Wow, such a beautiful view. I have never been here before.

MARK

Feel the energy of the rapids; that water is a nonstop stream of life. Here we are.

They arrive, and Mark takes the ropes, the harness, and setups the equipment. She brings the helmets and the water. Mark is teaching Janet how to climb, approaching her from the back, halfway between showing how to hook a rope and getting close to her neck. They exchange meaningful glances.

MARK (CONT'D)

Are you sure it's tight enough?

JANET

Yes, very tight.

Janet smiles mischievously.

MARK

Let's see, use those muscles. Come on.

After the first attempt, Janet falls into Mark's arms. They peck on the lips. Janet's phone rings. Her face shows a mental search for probable sources. She goes to the backpack and reaches for the phone. The picnic containers fall from the backpack. She sees Robert's number on the phone but doesn't answer. Her mood changes rapidly and she becomes pissed off. Robert calls again.

MARK (CONT'D)

Why don't you answer? Don't worry about me?

Says Mark innocently. Her eyes suddenly are full of rage; she turns violently to Mark.

JANET

You, mister, you don't tell me what to do. You got that?

She throws the cell phone into the water.

JANET (CONT'D)

Our date is over. Let's go.

Says Janet, without looking at him. Mark cannot believe his ears, but slowly picks up the stuff and returns to the van.

34. INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

Robert realizes she won't answer. He hangs up the phone violently, and the light bulb rolls over the table, falling to the floor and breaking into pieces.

35. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- DAY.

Robert enters to clean Monique's room. She hides in the closet. Inside the closet, the hanger makes weird noises, as if someone was there with her. Monique leaves suddenly due to fear. She faces her father cleaning her room, who talks to her casually. She feels ashamed.

ROBERT

Hello young lady, how is my princess today?

Says Robert, smiling kindly. Monique doesn't answer and embraces herself. Robert is changing the sheets. Another Monique peeks from behind Robert, looking different, dark, devilish. Her arms are hiding something behind her back. Monique tries to alert her dad, moving her arms, makes a guttural sound.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Feeling like talking today? That's an improvement. I'm glad to see that.

Robert smiles. The darker Monique raises her arm and shows a huge knife, getting closer to Robert. The real Monique's eyes are wide open, extending her arms when the knife lowers on Robert's back. He twists his back, feeling the pain of the blow.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Ah... Oh, I left the door ajar. How foolish am I, don't you think?

Monique realizes she was just hallucinating and goes to her nightstand, grabbing the medication.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Forgot to take your pills?

Robert shows her the pills on the breakfast tray. Monique looks at her empty hands. Robert drops the medication in her hands and passes the glass of juice.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
You will feel better soon... you
will get over it, my darling.

36. EXT. JACK BACKYARD -- EVENING.

It's early evening, and Jack is in his backyard having a beer. The radio is on, and suddenly, from the other side of the fence, Robert shows up and waves at him. Jack raises up his beer.

JACK
Hey, Buddy! Do you want a cold one?

ROBERT
Sure, that wouldn't hurt a bit,
would it?

Jack grabs a beer from the cooler and passes it to Robert.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Look what I found yesterday.

Showing the pictures to Jack.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I completely forgot about them. The
girls look beautiful, don't they?

Jack nods affirmatively.

JACK
It's amazing how fast they grow.

ROBERT
It was funny because I went
downstairs to the basement looking
for a light bulb and suddenly,
there it was... it was as if Emily
would have put them in my hands...
maybe there is a message I have to
pass on... It's been many years
since she left.

JACK
Yes, but I guess you have to focus
on your task at hand.

ROBERT
Oh yes, of course. In fact, I just
did a recording with instructions
for Janet...
(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
if she ever comes to the house...
and not just that. In an envelope,
there is some cash, the address of
Monique's doctor, and a few things
that she could need.

JACK
Have you talked to her?

ROBERT
I did my best, but talking...
talking, no. It was more like an
argument than anything else. I
guess I have a terrible connection
with Janet. There is not an easy
fix, I don't know... I give up.

JACK
The worst attempt is the one in
which you don't try, right?

Jack raises his beer, looking for a toast.

JACK (CONT'D)
Cheers.

ROBERT
Cheers, oh yeah, I'll never be
tired of trying. I guess that's
what keeps me alive.

JACK
Well my friend, like Jacques Brel,
He is alive and well and living in
Paris!

ROBERT
Oh, you can't remember that movie?

Robert laughs.

JACK
Oh, yes, I do.

ROBERT
You have a good memory, Jack.

JACK
For the good things, sure.

After a brief pause, Robert stands up like someone who forgot
something.

JACK (CONT'D)
In a hurry Rob?

ROBERT
No, but I better get going. I
better keep an eye on Monique. She
has been a bit more disturbed
lately. She worries me a bit.

Robert has thoughts that keep him out of the conversation.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
By the way, the back door is open
as usual.

JACK
I know that Robert. Don't press
yourself; nothing is going to
happen to you.

ROBERT
I hope.

Robert kills the bottle.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Thanks, buddy.

JACK
Anytime.

37. INT. ROBERT ROOM -- NIGHT.

Robert is in bed reading a book; suddenly he hears noises and sounds, guttural noises that are coming from Monique's bedroom. He waits a few seconds; the sounds continue. Robert leaves the book on the old nightstand, puts his slippers on, and goes towards Monique's room in a hurry.

38. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

The fuss increase and things are falling inside the bedroom.

Robert opens the door and sees Monique running around the room, over the bed, the nightstand, the drawer. She is terrified and doesn't notice Robert's presence.

ROBERT
Take it easy, Monique; it's
nothing. It's nothing, there is
nothing, there! Calm down,
sweetheart.

He catches Monique, who looks at him, still confused and shaken.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Take a deep breath, come on, daddy
is here, there is nothing to be
afraid of. Everything is fine.

Robert embraces Monique, who slowly calms down.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
What was that, eh? Have you taken
your pills today?

He leaves her and moves towards the door, but she jumps at him and embraces him from behind. She doesn't let him go.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
OK baby, I'll stay here for a
while.

He tucks her in bed, then sits down on the floor. Monique is exhausted and closes her eyes briefly, not wanting to sleep. After a few seconds, she jumps sitting up in her bed. He raises up.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
No, no, no, I'll stay here, don't
worry. I'll leave the lights on,
and I'll be sitting right here with
you.

Monique leans back, more relaxed. Extending her hand, Robert grabs it. He contemplates the room, messier than usual.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
There will be enough time to clean
it up tomorrow.

His eyes slowly shut.

39. INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

The next day, in the kitchen, while setting Monique's lunch, Robert feels a deep pain in his chest. He grabs the phone and dials a number.

While on the phone, he falls to the floor, taking the tray with him. The plate, glass and everything else come down with a crash. The phone receiver lies on the floor.

ROBERT
Oh, damn it.

40. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Inside her room, Monique hears the noise. She sticks her head in the door trying to hear something. She looks intensely at the door knob, but she doesn't touch it.

41. INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS.

Minutes after, Jack opens the back door and enters. As he gets to the kitchen, he finds Robert unconscious on the floor.

JACK
Robert, Robert, come on. Don't do
this to me, buddy, come on.

Jack gets the phone book.

JANET (ANSWERING MACHINE)
Hi, I'm not available right now.
I'm kind of busy, you know. So,
leave a message. Bye.

JACK
Hi, Janet, I'm Jack, I'm taking
Robert to the hospital. Don't
disappear, please. Come over.

Jack hangs up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Stupid kid.

Jack dial 911. He is trembling.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hi, I need an ambulance. My friend
has a heart attack. I guess, please
hurry... oh yeah, sorry, the
address is...

42. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Jack yelled since he entered the house, and Monique clearly heard it. Suddenly, the toy clown walks up to her with a book in his hands.

TOY CLOWN
Would you like a book of angels or
fairy good mothers? Monique, are
you feeling any better? Are taking
your medication lately?

Monique talks to the clown without opening her lips.

MONIQUE (INNER VOICE)
Are you going to die?

TOY CLOWN
I will always be with you, but
someone must come to take care
of you now.

With a sad expression, the toy clown disappears through the shadows of her room.

43. INT. STRIP CLUB - STAGE -- NIGHT.

The lights change the colorful shadows cast by the moving bodies. Center stage, a clear redhead girl absorbs the glances of most men. The volume of the music doesn't let anyone think clearly. There are other girls, but Janet knows she is the center of the universe. Her body could fit perfectly on the cover of any men's magazine. Slim, beautiful muscular tone, a perfect skin without tattoos or piercings. The guys seated watching the show stare at her in awe. She looks with suspicion at an old man, still dancing seductively. Janet looks at the hands of the old man who touches himself. She gives him the finger and moves away to a younger man.

44. INT. STRIP CLUB - BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT.

Janet is just coming down off the stage, wearing no clothes.

JANET
They drop their jaws every time I
open my legs in front of them. I
should charge extra when they put
that face. Oh my god, I hate that.

(She describes the scenes vividly and even makes them funny).

In the dressing room, there are three other girls, among them is MASHA (23), a Russian dancer and an intimate friend of Janet. All of them laugh.

MASHA
I guess your phone was ringing.

Masha points at Janet's bag casually.

MASHA (CONT'D)
Were you expecting somebody's call,
someone after a fling?

Masha says, laughing.

JANET

Not really, but you never know,
with all the droll.

Janet laughs sarcastically, grabs a bottle of water and slaps Masha on the back. She looks around, feeling uneasy. Janet takes a seat in front of her mirror, and the lights make the drops of sweat on her face shine like pearls.

Janet combs her hair with her hand. She stretches her arm and grabs her bag from the floor right underneath the table.

Diving into the bag, she takes her phone. Janet sees a missed call and listens to the voicemail. Her face turns white. Her heart beats slower, she breathes heavily.

MASHA

Janet, are you alright?

Masha gets close to Janet, but she doesn't answer.

MASHA (CONT'D)

Hey, anybody there?

Janet looks in a trance, her eyes slowly show two full tears growing till they fall on her cheeks.

MASHA (CONT'D)

Something terrible just happened.
She doesn't act like this.
Do you want some water, baby?

Masha gets up and embraces Janet, who finally breaks the silence and also breaks into tears.

JANET

I just got a call from home... it
was Jack. My father has just had a
heart attack.

Janet is stunned and doesn't know what to do.

MASHA

I thought you didn't get along with
your dad?

JANET

I didn't... but he is still my
father, and I love him no matter
what...

MASHA
You must go then. Forget about
everything else, forget about
all this baby.

The manager arrives. He suspects something was wrong and his
face is not exactly friendly.

MANAGER
What is going on here?

MASHA
She has to go; she doesn't feel
good.

MANAGER
No way, we don't have enough girls.

Janet stands up and looks at him with rage.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
So what, you can't go, you know the
rules. I'm in charge here; I have a
show to run.

She throws a plastic chair at him. He dodges it, moving away
fast. The rest of the dancers rise from their seats and try
calming everyone down. Janet picks up her stuff and leaves.
The perplexed manager stands with his mouth open for a few
seconds.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
OK... Stella, you are up next.
Hurry!

Everybody gets back to their own business.

45. EXT. PARKING LOT OF ST. MARY HOSPITAL -- NIGHT.

Janet runs into a column in the parking lot with her car. She
is quite hysterical, and her car won't restart. Janet takes
her cell, calls Masha.

JANET
Oh, please, answer!

Beat.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
Hello, Janet?

JANET
Hi, it's me. Yeah.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
Are you alright?

Janet breaks into tears.

JANET
No... I feel like shit... I just
crashed my car, and it won't start.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
Don't worry, Janet, I'll take you
around, no matter what.

JANET
But the Manager will give you shit,
Masha.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
I don't care, just send me your
location. I'll be there in no
time.

JANET
Masha... I don't know.

Janet cries intensely.

46. INT. STRIP CLUB - BACKSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS.

Masha is naked in front of her mirror. She is on the phone.

MASHA
I'll take care of that; you just
calm down, I'll be there shortly,
leave it to me.

Masha glances at the manager. She dresses, the manager comes
up to her.

MASHA (CONT'D)
Janet had just had an accident. I
have to help her out.

MANAGER
You are going to lose your job like
Janet did.

MASHA
Be reasonable, or you will wear
another chair as a hat. Thank
you for asking, how is she?

MANAGER

If you leave, you better look for another job, I mean it.

MASHA

Do I look like I care?... really?

Masha leaves, flipping him the middle finger.

47. EXT. PARKING LOT OF ST. MARY HOSPITAL -- NIGHT.

Janet is sitting on the hood of her car, bent over and looking nowhere. The rubber on the wet pavement reveals a familiar presence. Masha arrives in the parking lot of the hospital, and Janet runs toward the car.

Janet's face is a mix of desperation and sudden happiness. Masha throws open the passenger door and Janet jumps in as the car is still in motion.

JANET

This is not the right hospital.
Thanks... I asked the receptionist,
and they said that there were two
possible hospitals he could be at:
St Michael or the General Hospital.

MASHA

Let's go to the General Hospital. I
know it, it's closer. Are you hurt?

JANET

No, I'm fine, thanks... I just
really need to know how he is.

MASHA

I can imagine... but don't worry,
everything is going to be alright.

48. EXT. GENERAL HOSPITAL -- NIGHT.

Janet and Masha walk fast in the hospital's corridor and find Jack sitting on a chair with his head in his hands. As soon as Janet sees Jack, she yells.

JANET

You, dickhead, you could have given
me the right information about in
which hospital Robert was. Because
of you, I just smashed my fucking
car... asshole.

Jack rises furiously, clenching his fists, face red. In a deep male voice resonating in his chest, he yells.

JACK
Janet, your father just died. Could
you stop thinking about yourself?
Jesus Christ!

An awkward silence between them. Janet breaks into tears, comforted only by Masha. Jack's tears roll alone and slowly on his wrinkled, inconsolable face.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Janet... You know how I
loved your dad...

Janet nod affirmatively with her head.

JACK (CONT'D)
Robert left a few things for you.
He was trying to reach you to let
you know about it, but you wouldn't
answer. You are in charge of
Monique from now on, if you need
me.

JANET
I know... I know...

49. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique takes a brush, black paint and writes unconnected words on the floor. She speaks but is not understandable, after a while, her knees have black paint on them, and the whole floor of the room is written all over. She raises her head; the walls have disappeared, and only the wall with the door remains with a light under it. The rest is a dark night with a few small stars. She shivers.

50. INT. TAXI -- DAY.

A taxi drives down a suburban street. The wind that comes from the window moves Janet's hair gently; she looks nowhere.

51. EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE -- DAY.

Janet comes out of the taxi. The cab driver takes two pieces of luggage from the trunk; She pays the driver without looking at him.

52. EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet gets to the front door, takes her sunglasses off, and breathes deeply. Looks for the key in her purse, raises her head, glance everywhere, opens the door and enters.

53. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- DAY.

Janet enters the house, closes the door, throws the luggage to the floor, kicks it, walks to the kitchen.

54. INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS.

The decoration is outdated; brown tones predominate. The furnishing is modest but in good condition. Everything seems tidy except the yellow papers with handwritten phrases on the fridge.

"The day doesn't start till we open our eyes."

"What is essential is invisible to the eye."

"Love is something that happens once."

"Never change a happy present for the past that has no future."

"Of all the things I could regret... I do not remember anyone."

"My daughters are the light of my eyes."

An acrostic with his wife's name is written with a quill on special paper. It looks like an old papyrus, with its broken edges, rough texture, and inconstant tones. A magnet in the shape of a rose holds it.

"East of my feelings."

"Memories of the future."

"Island full of flowers and colorful birds."

"Laughs are always beating in my heart."

"You are all that."

Janet takes the yellow stickies off the fridge but keeps them in a drawer. Other than the mess of Robert's last day, everything is in perfect order. Around Monique's medicine, there are a bunch of notes.

Over the kitchen table, Janet sees an envelope with pictures on top and some handwritten papers. Without looking at them, she puts them in the brown paper envelope. She grabs the voice recorder and presses play.

ROBERT (VOICE RECORDER)

Hi Janet.

She presses stop. She puts the voice recorder in the envelope and leaves, taking it with her. Janet is sad and walks looking nowhere.

55. INT. JANET ROOM -- DAY.

In her room Janet puts the envelope in a drawer, sits down on the bed for a second and looks at her old bedroom. She looks uneasy. After a few minutes, Janet walks to the door, and from the doorway, she looks at Monique's room.

56. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Inside the room, everything moves like a slight earthquake. A noise like a vibration is gaining speed.

57. INT. JANET ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet rushes into Monique's room.

58. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet opens the door and enters. Everything is quiet.

JANET

Monique... Hi, Monique, we need to talk. Could you just answer somehow?

Beat.

JANET (CONT'D)

Monique, Robert is dead, and now I am in charge. Could you just look at me at least?

Monique doesn't answer, just covers her face with her hands and shivers. Janet approaches and tries to uncover Monique's face.

JANET (CONT'D)

It has been seven years since the last time I saw you.

Beat.

JANET (CONT'D)

My God, you smell awful. You have to take a bath; could you at least move a finger, little brat?

My God, you smell awful. You have to take a bath; could you at least move a finger, little brat?

Janet walks around the room. Everything is a mess. Clothes are out of the drawers all over the floor.

JANET (CONT'D)

Many things are about to change here, you know? I'm not going to be here forever, so you better cooperate and get better soon, bitch.
I will not be talking to myself forever, got that?

Beat.

JANET (CONT'D)

... and today women have to be strong, you can not be like that... waiting for someone to take care of you... you have to fight...

Beat.

JANET (CONT'D)

Look, I can stand that you use my clothes as long as you take a bath.

Janet picks up a random object from the floor, getting back to Monique meanwhile talking.

JANET (CONT'D)

But not talking to me when I'm the one carrying all the weight now. Is not gonna happen... not gonna happen... Answer something, goddammit.
Tell me if you are there... are you there? Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Monique doesn't move, not even a hair. Janet loses it and starts hitting the table and kicking the drawer, overturning some chairs. She stops and takes a deep breath; her breast, neck, and face are turning red.

Monique raises her right arm, shielding herself slightly. Janet realizes that her bad temper scared Monique.

JANET (CONT'D)

Oh god.

Janet kneels down.

JANET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't know what to do... we are alone now, more than ever. I'll do my best, I just... I, just... I don't know.

Janet grabs some clothes and puts them mechanically back into the drawers, looking nowhere, tears rolling down her cheeks.

JANET (CONT'D)

I don't know...

Janet raises, accommodates the chairs and leaves the room.

59. EXT. ABYSS -- NIGHT.

Monique opens her eyes, finding herself in her bed surrounded by an abyss. The wind blows strong and moves the hair on her face. Lightning illuminates the abyss occasionally.

60. INT. WASHROOM -- EVENING.

Janet is in the washroom, washing her face. Her eyes are red, without makeup. She looks in the mirror and takes a deep breath.

JANET

Let's do it, whatever it has to be.
It better be now.

Janet grabs a bucket, put it in the bathtub and opens the cold water tab, meanwhile grabbing the soap, sponge, and the towel from the hanger.

As the water falls into the bucket, some blurry images of the early days of her and Monique bathing together.

Her first make-up session with her mother.

Robert's face, full of shaving cream making faces.

The overflowing bucket awakes Janet, she shakes her head as if to snap herself out of it.

61. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet enters Monique's room. She goes beside the bed, damps the sponge into the water and cuts the sponge's brown color with soap suds.

Partially undresses her sister, throwing the clothes to the floor, then grabs Monique's leg with one hand and with the other the sponge, working it between Monique's legs. She winces. The water is too cold for her. Monique is whining and moving to avoid Janet as she moves the sponge.

JANET

Could you stay still, please?

Janet dips the sponge again in the water, and this time it is wetter and colder than the one before. Monique screams her lungs out and moves violently. Both sisters struggle to get their way. The fight is fierce and increment in its violence.

Monique bites Janet's hand.

JANET (CONT'D)

Ugh, bitch.

Janet loses it and empties the full bucket of cold water over Monique, who spasms, out of breath.

Both sisters break into tears. The room is cold and wet.

Monique on her bed, Janet on the floor.

62. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- MORNING.

The day breaks, and Janet awakes on the floor; her butt is wet. Monique is on the bed, trembling cold.

Janet grabs a blanket from the closet, wraps it around her sister, who still sleeps, lifts her in her arms and leaves the room.

63. INT. ROBERT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

The room is warmer, filled with the candid light of the morning. Janet leaves Monique on the bed and closes the door.

64. INT. ROBERT ROOM -- MORNING.

Janet serves Monique breakfast and pills. Monique keeps her eyes closed. Still no signs of anger or eye contact. Monique eats mechanically, absent, distant.

Janet turns on Robert's radio, lowers the volume and turns the dial, looking for a radio station with music.

Monique doesn't acknowledge it.

Janet stares at Monique, who doesn't move a finger and looks as calm as a statue.

JANET

Monique, you have to eat, period.
I'm not going to feed you like a
baby...

Beat.

JANET (CONT'D)

and you better not forget to take
your pills.

There is no reaction from Monique, not even a blink.

JANET (CONT'D)

Do you know when these stupid pills
will take effect on you?

Janet sounds friendly but firm.

65. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet changes the sheets and tidies up the room. She takes the phone from her pocket.

JANET

Not one call, fuckers. Just when I
need someone...

Janet puts the phone back into her pocket and throws the pillow violently.

66. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- DAY.

Janet enters carrying a tray with food. Monique is in bed, covered up to the head. Janet looks at Monique, who is motionless.

JANET
You should be getting better, you
know?

Beat.

JANET (CONT'D)
I already gave you your pills. You
are acting childish. That's it.

Beat.

JANET (CONT'D)
If you are playing games with me,
you are in for a big surprise. I'm
not going to feed you again. No,
no. Here is the tray. You better
eat everything and get better soon.

Janet puts the tray on the floor and leaves.

67. INT. JANET ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet enters, visibly annoyed, throws herself on the bed, and takes a book from the night table, mechanically. She tries to read but can't concentrate, throws the book over the night table, sits down on the bed, looks everywhere.

Beat.

She stands up, undresses completely, grabs the cigarettes and lighter from her purse and leaves the room.

68. INT. UPPER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet comes out of her room naked, looks at Monique's door.

Beat.

Janet walks toward the washroom.

69. INT. WASHROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet walks into the washroom, fills the bathtub; smokes a cigarette, looks at her image in the mirror; then enters the tub and plays with the foam. She looks sad.

70. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- NIGHT.

Janet enters Monique's room wrapped in a towel, as she wraps her hair in another towel.

JANET

So, anybody there yet?

Janet looks at the tray with food, untouched.

JANET (CONT'D)

Monique, you cannot continue like this. If you do nothing, I will. I don't want complaints after.

Monique does not move a muscle.

71. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- MORNING.

Janet enters and wraps Monique in a blanket from head to toes. Monique has been hallucinating since her sister entered the room.

A twister wraps around her, and every time Janet puts her hands around her, Monique sees a burst of dust, a flying cow and pieces of sheet metal roofs.

72. INT. TOP OF THE STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet takes Monique out of her room, through the corridor and down the stairs. Monique, completely covered by the blanket, just follows.

73. EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique does not uncover her head but at the front door, trips over the blanket as she takes a step and falls to the floor, losing it.

Monique sees the sun and closes her eyes, screaming loud, and trying to free herself, making it impossible for Janet to control her and drag her to the taxi that was waiting on the street. After some violent struggle, Monique runs inside the house.

74. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique enters her room and hides in her closet. The room is in order and clean.

75. EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet touches her arms. The scratches on her face are bleeding lightly. Janet breathes heavily, sighs, walks over to the taxicab, and addresses the driver.

JANET
How much do I own you, sir?

TAXI DRIVER
Nothing.

Beat.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
Is she always like that?

Janet answers with sarcasm.

JANET
No, sometimes she bites.

The taxi driver laughs a bit.

TAXI DRIVER
Good luck.

JANET
Thank you, I'll need it.

The taxi leaves. Janet slowly walks back to the house.

76. INT. STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet goes upstairs to Monique's room and halts in the middle of the staircase.

bit.

Janet turns around and goes downstairs.

77. INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

Janet is drinking coffee. The furrows of her face are still fresh. She grabs the phone book and turns to the psychiatry section. She underlines a few names before picking up her phone to make a call.

JANET
I would like to make an appointment.

Bit.

JANET (CONT'D)
No, is not for me. I'm Janet, is
for my sister.

Bit.

JANET (CONT'D)
Yes, Monique. Sherbourne 735,
Toronto. Same phone number...
Thanks.

Bit.

JANET (CONT'D)
No, she can't leave the house. It's
impossible to put her in a car and
go anywhere.

Bit.

JANET (CONT'D)
Yes, thank you very much.

Janet hangs up the phone, takes a sip of coffee, and smiles
hopefully.

78. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- EVENING.

Janet answers the door. Dr. LIPOVETSKY (60) arrives. Long
gray beard, big belly, slowly walks in. Dr. Lipovetsky calmly
looks at her from behind his bifocals.

DR LIPOVETSKY
Good evening.

JANET
Janet, good evening.

DR LIPOVETSKY
Oh yes, sorry. Dr. Lipovetsky.

Dr. Lipovetsky enters, and Janet closes the door.

JANET
No problem and thanks for coming.

DR LIPOVETSKY
Not a problem at all. I see you
were trying to help Monique, all by
yourself?

JANET

Kind of. My Father passed away not long ago.

DR LIPOVETSKY

Oh, I see. I will need to see your sister's medication, and then I need to talk to her.

JANET

Yes, of course. Let's go to Monique's room.

Janet and DR. Lipovetsky take the stairs.

79. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

They enter and find Monique sitting on her bed, covered with a blanket.

DR LIPOVETSKY

Hi, Monique. I'm Dr. Lipovetsky. I'm a psychiatrist. Would you like to tell me how you feel?

Monique remains in silence and doesn't move a muscle.

DR LIPOVETSKY (CONT'D)

Can you hear me? You are not alone. I came here to help you. Would you like to share one of your dreams with me?... do you hear voices?

Janet crosses and uncrosses her arms, looks at the floor, closes her eyes.

Monique ignores the doctor.

The doctor winks at Janet to stay calm.

In Monique's reality, she sees them from the inside of a glass ball and their voices sound with a very confusing echo. Dr. Lipovetsky has elephant ears, lobster claws, and humongous glasses.

DR LIPOVETSKY (CONT'D)

I'm your friend... I'm here to make you feel better. I'll be honest with you, what you have is serious, but you have good chances to get better if you follow the treatment.

Monique moves under the blanket. Janet and the doctor exchange looks.

DR LIPOVETSKY (CONT'D)
It would take time, but within a few days, the medication would take effect, and you will gain control of your thoughts. Those terrible nightmares you have that make you scared will gradually go away. I'm here to help you. I'm your best ally, also here is your sister who takes care of you.

MONIQUE
No.

The doctor looks at Janet with a quick twist of his head.

DR LIPOVETSKY
What do you mean, Monique?

She shakes her head under the blanket.

DR LIPOVETSKY (CONT'D)
Doesn't she take care of you? Maybe you are mad at her because of some discussion, but she loves you, and she is here. She didn't abandon you, no matter what happened between the two of you. Janet is still here, she called me. Now your medication is outdated, but soon you will be better, I promise.

Monique moves her hand from under the blanket and gives a drawing of a flower to the doctor. The strokes on the drawing are more like an electrocardiogram but still resemble a flower.

DR LIPOVETSKY (CONT'D)
Thanks, Monique, this is beautiful.
I appreciate it.

After contemplating the drawing for a few seconds, he gives Monique a new medication and a glass of water. She takes it and drinks it under the blanket. The doctor nods and closes his eyes, then looks at Janet. It mesmerized Janet. She can't believe Monique's reaction. Janet's eyes shine with happiness.

DR LIPOVETSKY (CONT'D)
And now, Monique, I want you to
sleep. Good things happen to girls
who rest.

JANET (WHISPERING)
My god!

The doctor leaves the room with Janet.

80. INT. TOP OF THE STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS.

He looks at Janet over his glasses.

DR LIPOVETSKY
The days that are coming are
challenging, and it may take a
long time, but she has chances of
getting better. As soon as the
medication take effect, we can
begin the treatment with the
psychologist. As you saw, she is
very fragile. Don't contradict her,
neither follow whatever she says,
just agree with her kindly, and
when you say something meaningful,
say it clearly and loud. Also, she
has lost too much weight; she has
to eat more.

JANET
I know, but she doesn't want to.
How long until the medication takes
effect?

DR LIPOVETSKY
There are no two patients alike,
but within a few days we should see
some changes. She will feel better,
closer to normal, I would say. Call
me in two weeks.

Both go downstairs.

81. INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

A few days later.

Janet is up, and the coffee is already brewing. Monique,
whose speech impediment has improved, enters the kitchen,
talking out loud.

MONIQUE

Mr. Hastings, you are right; I have
seen the future too... it is
terrifying...

Janet looks with the face of someone who doesn't want to give
credit to what it's hearing.

JANET

Monique, please shut up. Who are
you talking to?

MONIQUE

Janet, don't you see? It's Mr.
Hastings.

Monique points at Mr. Hastings, which is only in Monique
imagination.

JANET

Ah, how can I tell you this? No-one
is there; it is just the two of us.
Are you missing dad?... I mean,
Robert?

MONIQUE

No, Mr. Hastings... was here, you
saw him.

Monique feels confused by the sudden disappearance of Mr.
Hastings.

JANET

No, I didn't...

MONIQUE

Well, whatever, he just left.

Janet realizes that confrontation is futile.

JANET

Do you want a coffee?

Monique seats at the table. Janet pours some coffee into
Monique's cup and brings her the toast with an inviting
smile.

JANET (CONT'D)

This time I got the right
measurement, right?

MONIQUE

Oh yes, today's coffee smells
great. Good job, Janet, and also

the toast looks just perfect.

JANET

Oh, thanks, would you like to go to the backyard later?

MONIQUE

That would be nice. But I don't know. I still have fears, sorry.

JANET

Don't worry, another day maybe.

MONIQUE

If it is not cold, you know. I have to be careful now.

JANET

You are right, that's good. Don't press yourself, don't need to.

It's windy outside.

82. EXT. GIRL'S BACKYARD -- DAY.

Sunny day, early afternoon. Masha is sitting in a Muskoka chair. Janet comes out of the kitchen with two beers. She gives one to Masha and takes a seat.

JANET

Going to the club today?

MASHA

Yeah, but it's still early, just four.

MASHA (CONT'D)

So, how are you adapting to the family's house and... are you adapting at all?

JANET

Well, it's better than what it used to be, but it's far from ideal...

MASHA

I imagine.

JANET

Look, I'll tell you right now that Robert's death and taking charge of Monique is something completely unplanned, but it will not stop me from traveling the world with you. It's just a pause.

MASHA

Glad to hear that, but don't press yourself. Things take time.

JANET

I would give Monique some time to get better, but if she doesn't cooperate or gets better, I will go on with my life. Sorry.

MASHA

Oh Janet, how can you say that?

JANET

No, seriously, living with Monique is like being married to an 80-year-old man, but without the money.

Both laugh.

Beat.

Masha turns slightly serious.

MASHA

She needs you. The trip can wait. You are the only family she has left; she couldn't survive without you. What you are doing is very important for the both of you. It's difficult, I know, but you can do it.

JANET

Thank you for your help, for always being there.

MASHA

Oh, don't mention it.

Both take the beer bottle and make a toast.

83. INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

Two months later.

Janet does yoga exercises in the living room. Monique shows up in the door's frame, still in her pajamas; she's gained some weight.

MONIQUE
What are you doing?

JANET
Yoga.

MONIQUE
Can you teach me? I would like to do that too.

JANET
Sure, come, it's easy.

They work on breathing, stretching and a few yoga poses.

MONIQUE
Do you always do this?

JANET
We can't talk Monique; we need to keep control of the breath. Stay calm and breathe deeply.

MONIQUE
OK... Am I doing it right?

JANET
Yes, keep quiet. Let's do the dragon now; it's good for your back.

MONIQUE
What?

JANET
Just do what I do.

By the end of the workout, both sisters are tired but look radiant.

MONIQUE
Janet, I need more books.

JANET
Do you? How come?

MONIQUE

I need something to do. It's getting boring.

JANET

In my room, there should be some of my textbooks from secondary school; it could be useful to take a look, don't you think?

MONIQUE

Yes, good idea.

84. INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

Monique is closing the blinds of the windows, avoiding being seen from outside, she looks through the blinds.

Janet enters the living room, in which the windows face the street, and stands to watch. She does not look happy.

JANET

I don't understand why it's so important to you that the blinds are closed at all times. I need light, sunlight, to see people.

MONIQUE

It's dangerous. People might see us alone, you know?

JANET

Everybody opens their blinds and windows, so new air refreshes the house. It's a kind of normal, you know?

MONIQUE

I can't stand it; I'm afraid.

JANET

And what about me? Am I of some importance here? Does anybody care about me? What do I feel? What do I need?

The doorbell rings, Janet peeks through the blinds and sees the postman, then smiles mischievously. She undresses to her see-through lingerie, walks to the front door and opens it wide.

Monique's jaw almost hits the floor. The postman smiles coyly.

The postman hands the mail to Janet, who casually looks through the envelopes. Janet peeks inside to see Monique's reaction, but she is nowhere to be seen. Janet, smiling, closes the door suddenly, leaving the postman behind with his mouth open.

Monique comes out of her hiding place, mad at Janet. She is furious.

MONIQUE

What have you done? You showed yourself naked.

JANET

I'm in lingerie. See-through, but I'm dressed.

MONIQUE

What would he think about us?

JANET

Us?

MONIQUE

Yes, he would think I am like you, and he might even try something if I ever answer the door.

JANET

If you ever... What do you mean by, "like you"?

MONIQUE

I don't show myself naked to anyone; I have respect for myself.

JANET

The postman is someone, not anyone, and I have respect for myself, I have a great body, and I do whatever the hell I want with it. No one tells me what to do with it. Not even you, got that? There is no correlation between respect and nudity. Do you know what I do for a living?

Monique doesn't even open her mouth.

JANET (CONT'D)

I'm a stripper, Monique. I get naked in front of men, and they pay for that.

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)
It's a very respectful job, whether
or not you understand it.

MONIQUE
Sorry, I didn't mean to say that.

JANET
Whatever.

Janet dashes the letters onto the sofa violently and leaves
the room.

85. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- DAY.

Monique is reading a History book.

Janet enters jumping like a bunny.

JANET
Let's throw a party.

Janet, cheering herself up.

MONIQUE
No, I can't.

Monique crosses her arms, embracing herself.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
I'm feeling better, but I still
can't... We should talk to the
doctor about this.

JANET
No, it's just a party, just some
music, drinks, friends.

Monique looks around; she feels uneasy; she starts blinking
and rocking in her chair.

MONIQUE
Janet, you know I have fears... I
can't...

Her words are becoming fuzzy.

JANET
OK, let's do this. I'll throw the
party, but you stay in your room.
(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

The top floor is off limits to the guests, so no-one will even get close to you. What do you think, it doesn't get any better than that, right?

Monique feels relief and breathes better.

MONIQUE

I guess that would do... but not many people, right?

She coyly smiles.

JANET

No, just a few close friends.

Janet answers, smiling.

MONIQUE

I can help you prepare the house if you want. I know how to clean the house.

JANET

That would be great.

86. INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

Janet is cleaning the kitchen.

Monique shows up.

MONIQUE

I will take care of the living room and the corridor.

She takes some perfume candles, matches, a shovel, broom, and duster, then leaves.

87. INT. WASHROOM, LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

After a while, Janet is cleaning the washroom and smells something. Instinctively react.

JANET

Monique!... Monique!

Since there is no answer, Janet drops everything she has on hand and rushes to the living room.

88. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

At the end of the corridor, she sees Monique running upstairs with the broom on fire as if she is fighting with someone.

JANET
Monique... stop!

Janet runs after Monique. The smoke detector sounds loud.

89. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique, who reaches the top of the stairs and is in panic walking backward to her room, threatening someone with the broom on fire. She doesn't notice Janet.

A humongous Iceman follows Monique; he extends his icy arms trying to grab her. The nine-foot massive Iceman is shaking the house at each step. Pieces of ice are falling while he is moving. The smoke detector sounds loud.

90. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique enters walking backward and falls on her bed dropping the broom. The smoke detector sounds loud.

Janet enters, catches the broom and runs out.

91. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet runs with the broom on fire.

JANET
Oh my god, oh my god.

The smoke detector sounds loud.

92. INT. WASHROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet turns on the shower and extinguishes the fire in the bathtub. She takes a deep breath.

JANET
Fuck!

She runs back to Monique's room. The smoke detector sounds loud.

93. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

The smoke detector sounds loud. Monique is under the bed, covered with a blanket.

JANET

What are you doing Monique, are you stupid? Do you want to burn the house? What the hell were you thinking? Answer, you bitch.

After a brief pause, Monique replies shamefully.

MONIQUE

The Iceman was after me; he wanted to freeze me.

JANET

What? Oh fuck, Monique. You can't do this to me; you forgot to take your pills last night, didn't you?

MONIQUE

I don't remember... I just wanted to help you, but the Iceman.

JANET

Well, you help a lot by just taking your pills every day and on time. Monique, could you just do that?

MONIQUE

He was there; I swear.

Janet leaves the room, shaking her head.

JANET

Jesus.

94. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet follows a trail of black smoke on the white ceiling from the stairs to the living room. The smoke detector sounds loud.

JANET

I swear I'm gonna kill her.

95. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- NIGHT.

The party is in full swing. Loud music, drugs, and alcohol. The lower floor is full of people.

One GIRL, 30, kind of tomboy, drunk, is bouncing from girl to girl in her search for a pickup. Pissed off at her unsuccessful attempts, she reclines against the wall, resting her left leg on the first step of the stair.

96. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique is in her room reading. The music from the party is loud. She suddenly stops reading to listen to a growing creaking noise coming from the other side of the door. The walls start to compressing inside the room, making it smaller and smaller. Monique leaves the book on the floor.

MONIQUE
Janet... Janet.

She slowly leaves the room.

97. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR, CLOSE TO MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique leaves her room. The corridor is normal, and the party music makes the pictures on the walls move. Monique walks to the edge of the stairs and peeks at the party.

The girl catches Monique's movements and climbs up the stairs.

Monique runs back to her room.

98. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

The room is normal. Monique gets in, closes the door and kneels on the floor.

99. INT. OUTSIDE MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

The girl sees the light under the door and, guided by her curiosity, opens the door.

100. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

The girl enters, she is drunk, gets close to Monique and tries to seduce her. Monique covers her face and screams, but the music was loud.

101. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- NIGHT.

Mark shows up at the party. Masha encounters him at the entrance.

MASHA

Hi Mark, nice to see you again. Are you going out with Janet again?

MARK

No, we are just friends now.

102. INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS.

Mark walks in and sees Janet embracing a guy and turns around. Janet sees him and goes after him.

JANET

Hey, thank you for coming. I wasn't expecting you actually to show up.

MARK

I see.

Janet is red with shame.

JANET

Mark, I just...

MARK

What happened to the ceiling?

JANET

Oh, nothing, just the Iceman.

MARK

What?

JANET

Don't worry; it's a long story. A beer?

MARK

No thanks, I'm driving, and I'm leaving soon.

JANET

Look, the other guy is no-one important.

MARK

Stop Janet; you are not my official girlfriend, anyway; I can't be so selfish to just think about myself. Bye now.

103. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Mark leaves, glancing at the ceiling.

104. INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet is mad at herself.

She is opening two beers, one for her and one for a guy who is kissing her neck.

JANET

I'm not so selfish after all, right?

Suddenly, Janet freezes. She drops the beer and frees herself from the guy.

Janet rushes through the people and runs.

105. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet just finishes the last step of the stairs and stops for a second.

She looks at the light under the door and sees movement in the light.

106. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

The girl is kissing, touching and undressing a completely paralyzed Monique, already topless. The girl is removing Monique's panties.

Janet enters the room and looks for a second.

Janet jumps at the girl and starts hitting her, then stands up and grabs her by the hair.

The girl yells.

Janet grabs the girl by the neck and punches her face; she drags the girl from the hair out of the room.

107. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet pulls the girl by the hair through the stairs.

108. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet drags the girl by the hair to the front door. Then she opens the door, and kicks the girl in the behind, throwing her out of the house.

She then turns around and faces everybody; they are watching in astonishment. Janet yells.

JANET

The party is over. Everybody out,
out, out.

All of them leave immediately.

109. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR -- NIGHT.

It's pouring outside, and lightning threatens to cut off the power.

Both Janet and Monique are in their rooms now. It's pouring outside and lightning threatens to cut off the Power as the lights flicker on and off.

There is a kitten at the door meowing as though asking to come in. Monique calls Janet from her room.

MONIQUE (FROM HER ROOM)

Janet, there is something out
there, a cat or something. Could
you let it in?

JANET (FROM HER ROOM)

No way, I'm already in bed.

MONIQUE (FROM HER ROOM)

It's raining outside.

JANET (FROM HER ROOM)

Really? Of course, it is, and the
light may go out at any moment.

MONIQUE (FROM HER ROOM)

I can't go out by myself. That
animal is suffering.

JANET (FROM HER ROOM)
Don't worry; it's not going to die.
It's an animal, and it's prepared
for any weather better than you and
I. Someone must be looking for it.

The storm intensifies, and Monique goes to get the cat herself.

When she opens her door, the corridor's walls are moving as if someone were inside them. She hears screams, noises, voices; hands and faces are protruding from it. The faces are not recognizable, but they show dread, horror, evil. She closes her eyes. The voices are louder.

She runs, stumbles and falls the stairs yelling.

110. INT. JANET ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet hears the fall and yells.

JANET
Oh, God! Monique!

Janet jumps from her bed and goes to help her.

111. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet reaches Monique at the bottom of the stairs and helps her stand up.

JANET
Monique, are you stupid? Why are
you doing something like this? What
is going on with you?

MONIQUE
I'm fine, thanks.

Says Monique, trembling. The light goes out, Monique yells.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Ahh!

JANET
It's OK Monique; the power will be
back soon. Calm down. Stay here;
I'll get a candle.

The front door opens, flashes of lightning illuminated the entrance. A tall man enters, closing the door and giving his back to Monique.

ROBERT (DEAD VOICE)
Who is going to take care of you
now?

Says a darker version of Robert's voice. He turns around, pale face, skin partially rotten. He looks at her with anger, scowling. His deep black eyes reveal a dark power inside of him.

ROBERT (DEAD VOICE)
I'll take care of you. I'll take
you with me.

Monique wants to scream, but she is frozen. She shakes and walks backward slowly.

JANET
I told you not to let the cat
inside. Hold the candle; I'll
close the door.

Janet gives the candle to Monique and walks towards the door, and from the shadows Robert grabs Janet by the neck, strangling her.

She falls to her knees, trying to free herself from him. Monique walks towards them and hits Robert with the candle.

A hand grabs Monique's shoulder.

JANET (CONT'D)
Monique, are you alright? Here,
hold the candle.

Monique sees her sister on her back, and also in front of her, fighting back Robert.

Janet passes from Monique's back to the door, passing over her own figure and Robert's; they vanish slowly.

MONIQUE
He has come to take me with him.

JANET
Who? The cat?

MONIQUE
No, dad.

JANET
Oh, please Monique, shut up. You
give me the creeps. It was just the
cat. No one will take you anywhere.
(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

I had sworn to Mom before she passed away that I will take care of you. I never came back because Robert was in charge of you. But now it's just the two of us. I'll take you back there to bed. Come on.

The rain keeps beating heavily against the windowpane.

112. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Both sisters enter Monique's room, candle in hand. They walk slowly, like a small family procession. Monique sits on her bed inviting with a gesture for her sister to sit.

MONIQUE

Did you really swear to mom to take care of me?

JANET

Well, it's a long story. I was young and I never really thought that I would actually have to do it, but yes, I did.

MONIQUE

Then why did you leave?

JANET

Well, when I went to university, I guess I was jealous of you and Robert. I don't know, that's not important now. Back then I had made a promise, and I'll do what I said to mom. I'll take care of you.

MONIQUE

Do we have pictures together?

JANET

I don't know. Why? Does it matter? I'm here now.

MONIQUE

I know, but I don't have memories of that.

JANET

Don't you remember me? Don't you know who I am?

MONIQUE

Yes, of course, it's not that. I would like to see us in those days. The colors, the clothing, the hairstyle. I don't know. Do you remember that? Mom? You, me, dad?

JANET

I see. Our family, in those days.

MONIQUE

Yes, I have a blank memory. I know it happened, but I don't have a single image in my head. It's horrible.

JANET

Funny that you should say that. The other day in the bathroom, a bunch of images of those days came to me, from I don't know where. I never thought that I remembered that. The images were there the whole time; I just didn't see them. It was like if I didn't want to remember.

MONIQUE

Us?

JANET

Yeah, all of us. I guess I put the family in a shoe box and forgot about it. But it was there. The whole time. It was like covering the sun with one finger.

MONIQUE

How did she die?

JANET

Oh, slowly and painfully, don't you remember anything? The doctors, Mom's girlfriends doing a chain prayer, here at home. Dad, his face was something that talked way more than his words. He was paler than mom. He really loved her. I always wished to have a man who loves me like he loved her. She was the link that held us together. After that, poof. Everything fell apart.

Both sisters stay silent.

113. INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

Janet brings a TV into the living. Its silver plastic UFO-like shape doesn't match the old brown general ambience of furniture, lamps and wall paper. The only TV in the house.

JANET

I guess that watching T.V. could be a wonderful therapy; you know? Just relax on the couch and look for something nice.

Monique smiles, sits and surf channels. The documentary about Chichen Itza captivates her, with its incredible shots of the Mayan temple. She sees the sacrificial ceremonies depicted in detail, which made her face show discomfort. Janet uses Monique's distraction and leaves the room.

114. INT. JANET ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet changes her clothes in a hurry. She looks radiant in a red schoolgirl kilt, a white shirt, high heels, knee high white socks and pigtails.

115. INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet enters in a rush and prepares a pot of coffee.

116. INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

While Monique watches TV, the doorbell rings. Monique covers herself with a blanket.

117. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet rushes to the door.

JANET

I'll get it, Monique. There is a fresh pot of coffee if you want some.

She lets in a MAN (60), that looks like a construction worker. She welcomes him politely but coldly, both head upstairs.

118. INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique peeks through a fold of the blanket.

She looks alternatively from the T.V. to the stairs, shifting only her eyes back and forth

119. INT. JANET ROOM -- LATER.

Both come out of Janet's room. She has changed into sweatpants and a t-shirt, but still has the ponytails.

120. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

The old man leaves, Janet closes the door. Monique is standing in the living room, looking at her.

MONIQUE

Who was that?

JANET

A friend, an old-time friend, came just to talk. He is divorcing his wife.

MONIQUE

You didn't offer him a coffee?

JANET

Oh, Jesus, I forgot.

MONIQUE

And he just left smiling from ear to ear, and with his zipper open.

JANET

I didn't see that.

MONIQUE

I'm sick, not stupid. Do you think that's right?

Beat.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

It's a sin, and you do it right under this roof.

JANET

I'm not a believer.

MONIQUE

But I am. What are you now, a slut? Is that what you want for yourself?

Those words stab Janet's heart. She looks like a child caught breaking a window.

JANET

We need money for food and to pay the bills. I can't go to work in the club; there is no other source of income. In the real world out there, people don't always do what they want. They do what they can in order to survive.

Janet walks toward the kitchen and before reaching the door, turns around.

JANET (CONT'D)

Such a poignant way to thank me for what I do for both of us.

121. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- DAY.

Monique is reading in her bed, Saint-Exupéry's *The Little Prince*. She closes the book and looks at the painting of the window on her door.

Monique grabs the brush and black paint, draws some black clouds in the painting, looks from a distance, then goes back to reading.

122. INT. JANET ROOM -- DAY.

Janet walks into her room and JOHN (55) follows her. He sits on the bed watching her, his eyes peering at her with intense desire.

Janet closes the door and reclines on it. She looks at her hand that plays with a button on her shirt. Her heel makes a sound on the wooden floor.

JANET

John, Before I start, I'd like to make something clear. I do this because there are some special circumstances, but I'm not a hooker, just an exotic dancer. I will not do it forever. When I get back to the club, all this will be gone.

JOHN
Oh, so if things were different,
would you do it for free?

The client laughs with sarcasm, but he is friendly.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Look, I don't care. I see nothing,
hear nothing, know nothing, and
neither do you.

JANET
Thanks, I couldn't have said it
better.

JOHN
We know each other for many years
already. I've had the hots for you
for so many years. It's about time.

Janet walks slowly from the door to the bed, undulating her hips seductively. Her mouth changes the speed of her words, and her voice tone is now deeper.

JANET
Do you really like me?

He extends his right hand and caresses her breast. His other hand describes the contour of her silhouette, runs over the perfect roundness of her waist, and explores her crotches. Then he kisses softly, meticulously, the fancy piercing of her navel.

JOHN
You bet.

She breathes deeper than him and opens her shirt. Pushes him onto the bed and undresses him completely. He grabs her hand and leads her to the bed, gets on top of her, and starts a slow repetitive movement with his eyes closed.

Her body moves according to his pushes, with little emotion. John finishes, dresses, says goodbye casually, and leaves.

Janet looks at the money and puts it into the drawer together with a bunch of overdue bills.

123. INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

John's steps make Monique look at him while he is leaving.

Door slam.

MONIQUE

Bye!

Beat.

A soft knock at the door.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Janet... he forgot something!

Janet runs silently to the door. Janet spies through the eye peephole of the door and tiptoes towards Monique, signaling her to stay quiet.

JANET (WHISPERING)

It's Jack, Shhh.

MONIQUE

But Jack.

JANET (WHISPERING)

Shhh.

124. EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE -- DAY.

Jack looks at the garden.

Beat.

Jack carefully puts a bunch of flowers on the entrance and a box with pastries. He nods and leaves, strolling.

125. INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT.

It's nighttime, and Monique and Janet are just finishing dinner. They turn on the TV, and a documentary about bullfights is on.

The participants enter the arena in a parade and salute the presiding dignitary. The corrida happens to the tune of live-played Pasodobles.

Three banderilleros plant two banderillas, (barbed sticks), each on the bull's shoulders. They spur the bull into making more ferocious charges.

MONIQUE

Oh my god, that poor animal. They are killing it.

JANET

Well yeah, the show is all about that.

The passes of the matador are celebrated by the audience with shouts.

THE AUDIENCE ON TV

Ole!

MONIQUE

It's bleeding badly; even its mouth is full of blood.

JANET

That's nothing. By the end, it will be dead. If the bull gets the Matador, it would be fun.

MONIQUE

Janet, how can you say that?

JANET

Eh, yeah, not fair, the Matador is kind of hot. Maybe his wife gives him some horns, as revenge, on behalf of the bull.

Janet laughs energetically.

MONIQUE

How can you be so cruel to both of them?

JANET

That's nothing. You should see me at the bar.

Janet stands up.

JANET (CONT'D)

Well, it's time to go to bed, at least for me. Are you staying?

MONIQUE

Yes, just a bit more.

JANET

OK, but don't go to bed too late, and don't watch scary movies. You don't need nightmares, right?

MONIQUE

Oh no, of course not.

Monique is relaxed on the sofa when she sees the advertising of a company that offers work to do at home; she writes the phone number and nods. After that, an Asian guy is cutting everything with sharp knives. Carrots, a watermelon, and even soda cans. He gets chicken and cuts it in half with just one stroke. Monique covers her face with fear.

Gentlemen in black suits surround a group of women in sexy lingerie. It's an adult store commercial.

Monique's eyes are wide open. She smiles, then turns around to see if Janet is still around. When she realizes she is alone, Monique gets closer to the TV set.

126. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- NIGHT.

Monique reads while seated on the floor of her room. She is touching her lips and breasts, and from the bookshelf, a light shines and becomes a FAIRY GODMOTHER (30). She is a good-looking blond woman. After a while, she takes off her typical clothes and reveals a sexy underwear set.

MONIQUE

What are you doing?

FAIRY GODMOTHER

A fairy godmother for a six-year-old girl is one thing and for a nineteen-year-old is another. You are growing, and you will need space, independence, and a boyfriend. Have you had a boyfriend yet?

MONIQUE

No, not yet.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Well, you would like it a lot. You will know Mr. right when you feel some butterflies in your belly.

Monique looks at her belly.

MONIQUE

I feel it already.

When she raises her eyes, the fairy godmother is not around anymore.

127. INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

At lunchtime in the house, Monique was at the table with the biggest smile. Janet looks at her, trying to guess the reason for that smile.

JANET

Are you going to tell me what makes you smile so nicely?

MONIQUE

I have news. Are you ready?

JANET

Of course, always ready.

MONIQUE

I called a number from an ad on TV and got a job at home doing transcriptions from audio to text. They should bring me the first work next week.

JANET

Monique, I'm impressed. You did that?

MONIQUE

Yes, I want to help. I would like you to stop having clients at home. It's up to you, anyway. But I want to help.

JANET

Well, that is a pleasant surprise. You thought about me and actually took the initiative of looking for a job. Thanks, you made my day.

Janet passes a cold lemonade with three ice cubes, Monique receives a hot chamomile tea. Monique wears winter clothes.

128. INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

Monique is dusting off the furniture of the room. The house phone rings. Monique picks up.

MONIQUE

Hello.

Beat.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Oh, hi. OK, wait.

Janet approaches, Monique passes the phone to her.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
It's Mark.

Janet receives the phone and hangs up.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Why did you do that?!

JANET
I don't want to talk now.

MONIQUE
Oh, come on.

JANET
Look, I have good feelings for him,
but the fact is that I ruined it
too many times, and I'm too
embarrassed to face him. I've never
had good luck with guys, but with
him, everything turns out wrong. I
don't want to see him again.

MONIQUE
Well, he just called.

JANET
Oh, shut up.

129. EXT. FRONT. DAY

Jack Just finished cutting the grass of his front house. He turns off the lawn mower, takes off his cap, and dries the perspiration with a handkerchief. He takes a sip of water.

He looks at the front yard of the Girl's house. It needs a cut, badly.

Without asking, Jack turns on the lawn mower and cuts the girl's house grass. He picks up the tools and goes home.

130. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- DAY.

From the window, Monique sees a baby bird fall from the nest, high in the tree. She is afraid to go out.

MONIQUE
Janet, a baby bird just fell from
the tree. Could you go out and
bring it?

JANET (FROM THE KITCHEN)
Monique, there is nothing there.

MONIQUE
Yes, there is. You are lying. I'm
better now; I can distinguish when
I'm hallucinating... There is no
way to stop it, but I know when
it's coming.

JANET (FROM THE KITCHEN)
Whatever, it's just a freaking
bird.

MONIQUE
Yes, but it's suffering. Don't you
care?

Janet rushes from the kitchen to the front door.

JANET
Oh, here we go again. OK, Monique,
I'm going. Happy now? The poor
thing is probably dead already.

131. EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet goes out, looks around the tree and sees the dead bird.
She realized someone had cut off the grass.
She returns to the house and enters, slamming the door.

132. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet enters, visibly pissed off.

JANET
As I said, the freaking bird is
dead. Happy now? Are you going to
care about me now? What do I think?
What do I feel?

MONIQUE
Well sorry, I thought we could
help...

JANET
We, oh, shut up.

Janet gets back to the kitchen.

133. INT. JANET ROOM -- NIGHT.

Janet sorts the clean clothes into drawers.

She looks like she's far away. Janet sits on the bed and picks up the phone.

JANET
Hi, it's me. I need some special amusement, and I can't leave the house. What if you break your busy schedule and come to visit me?

ALLAN (ON THE PHONE)
Well, that depends on the urgency of the call.

JANET
It's very urgent, so to speak.

ALLAN (ON THE PHONE)
OK, get ready then.

JANET
Oh, I am already.

134. INT. JANET ROOM -- NIGHT.

Janet is in her room with a man. She presses play in the music box, then lowers the volume a bit and winks at Allan (28). The excellent-looking man, dressed up in an expensive suit, sat in the chair in the middle of the room. Janet is wearing a miniskirt, a blouse, and high heels.

She dances and undresses slowly, meantime she gets close to Allan. They disrobe each other and jump on the bed in the middle of a storm of kisses. Janet moans in a voice husky with arousal.

The alarm clock falls to the floor, but nobody notices.

135. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique from her room listens to Janet making love with Allan; her hands roam her body. The banging of the bed on the wall, increase volume and rhythm.

Her eyes open and close convulsively, her breath is deep, inconstant.

Monique gets closer to the door to hear better.

She cracks the door and peeks down the corridor.

Monique looks inside her room. The toy clown lies motionless on the floor, then leaves, avoiding making any noise.

136. INT. STAIRS -- NIGHT.

Monique sits at the bottom of the stairs, barefoot, just in her pajamas, looking cold.

The sound of the clock is the only noise until she hears Allan leave Janet's room, buttoning up his shirt with pants in his hand. The door slams in front of his face.

Allan takes the stairs, and at the bottom of the stair is Monique embracing her knees. He passes by her, then looks at her.

ALLAN

Hi, and who are you?

MONIQUE

I'm Janet's sister, Monique.

ALLAN

Oh, she never told me about you.
That is weird.

MONIQUE

No, it's not that weird.

He looks at his watch and sees it is 3:35 AM. Allan realizes he is still in his underwear, turns around and tries to put his pants back on. Monique smiles tenderly meanwhile her cheeks redden.

ALLAN

Oops, I'm sorry.

Monique smiles. He sees her smiling and smiles back.

MONIQUE

She probably never mentioned me
because I'm sick.

ALLAN

Oh, and what you suffer from?

MONIQUE
Schizophrenia.

ALLAN
I'm almost a family doctor; it is my last year of university. After that, I'll cure the world.

MONIQUE
Are you her boyfriend?

ALLAN
We are just friends with benefits; we know each other from university, Janet took only one year, after that vanished practically. I never knew if it was because of money or what. She quit; Janet was quite good, it's a shame.

MONIQUE
Oh. I see.

ALLAN
Are you on medication?

MONIQUE
Yes, I'm taking aripiprazole, I'm fine.

ALLAN
With positive and negative symptoms?

MONIQUE
Yes, visual and auditory hallucinations, problems with the speech.

ALLAN
And how are you now?

MONIQUE
The hallucinations are less frequent, but sometimes I still see things. The rest is gone.

Monique makes a jerky movement. Allan notices it, and Monique looks at him, embarrassed. He grabs her arm tenderly.

ALLAN
Don't worry; it's just a side effect.

Monique grabs Allan's hand and looks at his lips.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
I know a cure for the side effects.

Monique looks at him, confused. Allan gets closer and kisses her kindly on her lips, then he leaves. Monique stays still for a moment, smiling. Monique runs to her room.

137. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique enters her room and grabs the brush and paint.

She paints the sun over the dark clouds in the picture on the door.

138. INT. KITCHEN -- DAY.

A knife slices carrots, onions, green peppers, and meat. The phone interrupts the jump of the ingredients into the saucepan; it pisses off Janet who mumbles while picking up the phone.

MARK (ON THE PHONE)
Hi Janet, nice to hear from you.

JANET
Hi, go on, Mark.

MARK (ON THE PHONE)
Well, I don't want to take much of your time. The reason that I called is to offer you a job.

JANET
Well, as you know, I can't leave the house since I can't leave Monique alone, but I will think about it.

MARK (ON THE PHONE)
Well, well! I also wanted to know how you are?

JANET
I'm fine thanks, look, I'm cooking right now, can I call you later?

MARK (ON THE PHONE)
Yes, sure.

JANET

OK bye.

Janet keeps cooking, clearly annoyed.

139. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- DAY.

The doorbell sounds, and Monique stops watching TV. She peeks through the blinds and sees Allan. Without thinking twice, she opens the door.

Allan comes in.

MONIQUE

Did you come to see Janet? She is upstairs.

ALLAN

Not really, I came to see you. This is for you.

He hands her a package.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Pastries from an Italian bakery close to my home.

MONIQUE

Oh, thanks.

ALLAN

They are great with coffee.

MONIQUE

Oh, yes, sorry, come to the kitchen.

Monique put the pastries on a big plate and prepares a coffee. As soon as it's brewed, she serves it in two cups.

ALLAN

Do you like it strong, espresso like?

MONIQUE

Is it too strong? Sorry. It looks like petroleum. It is my first time.

ALLAN

Don't worry, it's just fine; you did a good job. Tell me how are things?

MONIQUE

Well, I'm reading a lot, I applied for a job as a transcriber, to do at home. The pay is not great but to start; it's OK.

ALLAN

That's awesome; it's a big thing. Go on.

MONIQUE

Well, not much more. I will have to take a course about coffee brewing, but the rest is fine.

Both laugh at the occurrence of Monique. They look at each other tenderly.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Well, in the last few months, I put on some weight. I look better; I guess.

ALLAN

You look great. You are beautiful.

Janet enters the kitchen dressed in a worn-out t-shirt and sweatpants and looks at them, puzzled.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

I brought some pastries. Would you like to join us?

MONIQUE

I made some coffee.

JANET

You made some coffee, oh.

ALLAN

Yes, and it tastes great.

JANET

I'll pass, I have a headache.

Janet leaves the kitchen poker faced. Monique and Allan keep their conversation going, as if nothing else matters.

140. INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING.

Janet dresses up nicely and goes down to the kitchen, where she finds Monique.

JANET
Are you cooking now?

Monique has the ingredients over-the-counter top, pre-washed and ready to cut. She is as happy as she could be.

MONIQUE
Yes, I want to learn. I found a recipe book in one of the cabinets.

JANET
Forget it; I'll cook. I'm hungry.

MONIQUE
How would I learn then?

JANET
Don't worry; there is time for that.

Beat.

JANET (CONT'D)
He already left?

MONIQUE
Hours ago.

JANET
Why did Allan come to see you this afternoon?

MONIQUE
To have a coffee and some pastries.

JANET
Monique, stop playing stupid.

MONIQUE
What?

JANET
You know what I'm talking about.
What did he want?

MONIQUE
Are you jealous?

JANET
What? Yes, sure, jealous of you.

MONIQUE
Then what?

JANET

So, now the sick little baby has a life of her own, and mocks me, right?

MONIQUE

I don't mock you, I just...

JANET

Cut it off. What was he doing here?

MONIQUE

That is none of your business; I'm tired of following your choices. When I have to wake up; when I have to take a bath; when I...

JANET

Also, when you have to take your fucking pills, asshole. Do that, so maybe you'll stop seeing stupid things that don't exist.

Janet clenches her fists.

141. INT. JANET ROOM -- NIGHT.

Janet knocks the pen against the desk of her room where many bills populate. She looks nowhere, unable to concentrate. Her green eyes look darker, unfriendly.

At the rear of her desk, two used dishes pile up. There are glasses and cups on the floor. Janet drops the pen with anger, grabs the phone and calls.

JANET

I feel bad.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)

Hi, Hello Janet, what happened?

JANET

I'm pissed off.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)

OK, relax, take a deep breath and tell me everything.

JANET

It's frustrating; she doesn't appreciate my efforts.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
Calm down; a bad day should not ruin all the work you've been doing. She is still recovering. That takes time. Certainly, you will have better and worse days.

JANET
I don't know; I feel like leaving.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
I guess you need a rest. You are just tired, things are improving, and suddenly everything is upside down? What if we go out for the weekend? That would help you relax and see things from a different perspective. How about that?

JANET
Sounds interesting, but I really feel like leaving for good.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
That would make things more bad than good.

JANET
I don't really care much.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
That's just anger talking. After all her recovery, how can you quit now?

JANET
I don't know.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
Let go out this weekend, just you and me. You'll see how different things will look when we come back. She's been cooking her own food lately. Right?

JANET
We haven't even talked in the last few weeks.

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
Well, you see? She would be fine. Then you come back refreshed, and open to sitting down and fixing things between the two of you.

JANET
OK, but where to?

MASHA (OVER THE PHONE)
My uncle has a cottage up north, in
a little town. It's very nice;
you'll like it.

142. EXT.FRONT OF THE HOUSE -- DAY.

Masha picks up Janet and both drive out.

143. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY.

Driving their way to the cottage, Janet is absentmindedly looking out the passenger window, not looking at anything in particular. The place is beautiful, surrounded by small lakes and ponds. The trip is quiet.

144. INT. COTTAGE -- EVENING.

Janet and Masha are seated in the fireplace. The cottage is very small; their bed is right in front of the fireplace. They are ready for bed having some wine.

MASHA
And what's keeping that smile
hidden in that face?

Beat.

Janet looks puzzled at Masha. Masha sings smiling devilishly.

MASHA (CONT'D)
I'll have to shake that face... so
the bunny can jump.

Masha starts a pillow fight and both laugh. Both relax.

Beat.

MASHA (CONT'D)
You know what? Tomorrow we'll go to
the town's bar, a cozy, modest, but
marvelous place.

JANET
Do they have guys?

MASHA

Plenty of them. They are nice and handsome.

JANET

I'm game then. I guess I need to relax and have some fun.

MASHA

That's the idea.

JANET

The thing is that on the way here; I was thinking about her. It is like that after so many months; I need to know that she is OK. Of course, my ego would not let that come to the surface. However, I never, before Robert's death, thought about her as I do now. She seems to be more fragile. I don't know; I feel guilty somehow.

MASHA

You're not guilty of anything.

JANET

I know, but it's that kind of feeling. At least I feel I could do better than what I do.

MASHA

Let's sleep a little. Tomorrow, everything will look different.

JANET

Yeah, time to talk to the pillow.

The lights are off. A strong wind is blowing outside. She feels restless, insecure. Janet has a hard time sleeping. The clouds move fast and the moon shows up briefly.

145. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- NIGHT.

Monique is in her room. She realizes Janet has left the house for the first time. She hears footsteps, runs, doors closing abruptly, plates smashed on the floor, compelling voices that urge her to take action.

ROBERT (DEAD VOICE)

Who is going to take care of you now?

VOICE 2
You have to jump from the window;
it's the only option.

VOICE 3
Throw the pills.

VOICE 2
She's never coming back.

FEMALE VOICE 4
Don't hide Monique; I'm coming for
you, I'm going to get you, and I'll
kill you.

VOICE 3
Throw the pills, Monique.

ROBERT (DEAD VOICE)
Who is going to take care of you
now?

FEMALE VOICE 4
She left and committed suicide
because of you; you are evil,
you are Satan.

VOICE 3
Throw the pills... throw the pills,
they make you sick; you don't need
them. Do it now!

FEMALE VOICE 4
Yeah, right. Do it now that she is
dead.

Monique looks at the night table, see worms inside the pills container, she opens the window and throws out her pills. She moves the bed right beside the door.

She grabs some clothes, shoes, books, brushes, paint, and put everything on top of the bed, and pushes everything against the door to avoid anyone's entrance.

146. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- NIGHT.

Janet returns to the house. She walks from the entrance to the living room to the kitchen. Monique is nowhere to be found. She looks from the bottom of the stairs.

147. INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet enters the kitchen, grabs a cup, puts some water to boil.

She looks up toward the stairs, gets distracted and tosses the cup to the floor. She doesn't pick it up.

JANET (WHISPERING)

Damn it.

She gets another cup, makes tea and leaves.

148. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet comes out of the stairs, the cup of tea in hand, and stops at the corridor. She looks at Monique's door; there is no light coming from under the door.

Janet walks two steps forward into Monique's bedroom, then stops.

JANET (WHISPERING)

Forget it.

Janet enters her room.

149. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- DAY.

Janet looks for Monique. She walks from the entrance to the living room to the kitchen. Monique is nowhere to be found.

150. INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS.

Janet enters the kitchen and picks up the pieces of the cup, continuously checking for any noise coming from Monique's bedroom.

She sets the table for two, gets pasta, a saucepan and starts cooking.

When the pasta is ready, she turns off the stove and leaves.

151. INT. OUTSIDE MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

JANET

Monique, I made pasta. Hurry, it's getting cold.

No answer.

Beat.

Janet tries Monique's doorknob, but she cannot open the door.

JANET (CONT'D)
Monique, open the door. Are you OK?
Oh, cut it out. Open the door.
Don't do this to me. Let's talk.

Janet takes her phone and calls Allan.

JANET (CONT'D)
Hi Allan, could you please come?

ALLAN (ON THE PHONE)
Sure, is everything alright?

JANET
No, it's about her. Monique didn't
respond; she locked herself in
her room.

152. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- LATER.

Allan gets to the house; he finds an apologetic Janet with
tears in her eyes.

JANET
I don't know what I was thinking?
This is all my fault. She was
getting better and now this. I
could have avoided it.

ALLAN
Easy Janet, it's a very tricky kind
of sickness, takes time, the right
medication, luck, among many other
things.

JANET
Sometimes I'm too hard on people; I
wish I were different.

ALLAN
And so do I. But why do you say
that? Did you have an argument with
her?

JANET
Yes, nothing important, but we
stopped talking to each other and
then I left for the weekend with
Masha.

ALLAN

Don't pressure yourself; it's already difficult enough for the both of you. You knew it would take time and it could have some setback. It's quite normal for a patient like her.

Allan shows her the pills he just found in the front yard before entering the house.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Without this, she will never get well. Something may have happened for her to throw the pills out the window.

JANET

Let's go. I couldn't open the door.

ALLAN

Stay here, let me do it. Trust me.

JANET

OK. I'll wait here.

Allan leaves.

153. INT. OUTSIDE MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Allan gets Monique's room almost running.

ALLAN

Monique, open the door. Can you hear me? It's me, Allan. Open the door, please.

Allan turns the knob and pushes the door with his shoulder after a few attempts. Unknown things fall on the other side of the door, and there is a gap. Allan puts his head through the gap and sees Monique seated on the bed, completely absent.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Move away Monique; I'm getting in.

She doesn't even blink. He pushes his way in and enters.

After recovering his breath, he gives the medication to Monique. She is calm, doesn't react. Her lips are dry, broken, almost white.

He kneels down to pick up the things that fell with his entrance. When he closes the door, he sees the drawing. Allan gets up and looks at the painting on the door.

A black oil drawing, over the dark brown wood of the door.

The strokes of the casing and grilles of the window are sloppy, not clearly defined. Sketch like, without detail. The black clouds have a better technique, defining the clouds with distinct tones of dark gray, creating depth, contrast, and volume. The shy half sun, peeking from behind the clouds, resembles Picasso's style. Quick strokes, powerful strokes, capable of describing the world with a few lines. It looks like two people could have done it.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
Monique, how many things I have to
learn from you? How many secrets do
you have?

Allan stares at the painting, examining every stroke, looking for meaning. The paint of the sun looks fresher than the rest. He tests with the finger on the thicker part of the stroke and verifies his suspicions.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
You were getting better. What
happened?

Allan puts Monique in bed, kisses her on the forehead, and leaves.

154. INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS.

Before leaving, Alan goes to the kitchen and finds Janet at the table.

JANET
Do you want some tea?

ALLAN
Good idea, thanks.

JANET
How did it go?

ALLAN
Good. She will be fine. We have to
wait a couple of days and see if
she reacts positively. Most likely,
she will.

JANET

I don't know if I'm tired, or if I don't know how to treat her.

ALLAN

Relax, is difficult but it can be treated. Monique eventually will get better, and she will need space and time as a teenager in development needs. Monique would awaken to life like she should if she didn't have that sickness. Conflicts are always going to be there, but she will improve with time.

JANET

Yeah, time.

ALLAN

I know you put your life on hold, but with steady treatment, she could recover. The thing is to adjust the medication if needed and be regular at taking the pill on time.

JANET

That's the hardest part.

ALLAN

True. And what about you?

JANET

Just waiting for her to get better and see if I can put my life back together. Just that.

ALLAN

You can do that; and in the meantime, she will recover.

JANET

What do you mean?

ALLAN

I may be wrong, but I believe that your biggest problem does not lie in money, time, freedom, or Monique. Your problem is deep inside yourself.

(MORE)

ALLAN (CONT'D)
You are an admirable woman, yet
contradictory forces are
perpetually in conflict within you.
Pinpoint them and control them.

JANET
Thanks. Sounds easy, but it's not.

ALLAN
I know, sometimes our egos don't
let us see what is in front of us.
We have the tool to fix our
problems, but we don't know how to
use it.

JANET
I have been thinking about that; I
should get better soon too.

Both laugh relaxed. Allan finishes his tea.

ALLAN
Anyway, I'll have to get going,
keep me posted.

JANET
I will.

Allan kisses her kindly on the cheek and leaves.

155. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- MORNING.

Monique opens her eyes and jumps from the bed when she hears
the alarm clock. She takes the clothes from the closet and
lays them on the bed, then runs to the washroom.

156. INT. WASHROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

She enters the washroom, takes a quick shower, runs back to
her room.

157. INT. HOUSE, UPPER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique runs from the washroom to her room, wrapped in a
towel.

158. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique dresses up and puts on some makeup, but not too much.

159. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique goes downstairs and stops at the mirror by the entrance. She looks very different, has gained some weight and changed her hairstyle. She dresses conservatively, work like.

160. EXT. BUSY STREET -- DAY.

Monique walks fast but stops at a flower shop to smell the roses. She smiles at the people on the street. She looks radiant.

161. INT. PARALEGAL OFFICE -- DAY.

Monique enters the office and goes to the front desk.

MONIQUE

Hello, I'm here for an interview
about the job posting.

SECRETARY

Have a seat.

Monique takes a seat. She is the only one there other than the secretary. The paralegal comes out of the boardroom.

PARALEGAL

Monique. Come in, please.

162. INT. PARALEGAL OFFICE, BOARDROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique enters the boardroom. In the interview she looks calm, well mannered, smiling.

PARALEGAL

Sit down, please. Do you have some
experience?

MONIQUE

To be honest with you; I don't... I
have a medical condition, but I'm
getting better. I only ask you to
give me an opportunity. You will
not be disappointed, I promise.

PARALEGAL

Let's do this. I'll give you a
fifteen day trial at a minimum
wage, and if you can... you start
today.

He assigns Monique a desk; she answers the phone, takes notes and appointments.

163. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- EVENING.

Monique enters her room and throws her purse on top of the bed. She grabs the brushes and color oil from the closet.

The sun has bright orange and yellow tones. Now there are trees in the distance with their green leaves and their light brown trunks, the small hills are light green and the cows pasturing are like small dark dots.

164. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- MORNING.

Allan comes over, and Janet opens the door. Her expressionless face contrasts with the otherwise contagious smiling face of Allan.

JANET

Hi, you look so happy. What's up?

ALLAN

Of course, I'm happy as hell.
Monique called me and gave me
the good news!

JANET

Wait, which good news?

ALLAN

She went for an interview and got
the job. That's great!

JANET

Allan, what do you mean?

ALLAN

Didn't she tell you? About the
interview.

She closes her eyes, takes her hand to her face and jerks her head.

JANET

Allan, she never left the house
yet.

ALLAN

No? Are you sure?

JANET
Of course, I am.

ALLAN
She called me, just to let me know that. Is she taking her pills?

JANET
Yes. She has an appointment with the psychiatrist next week. We should talk about it.

ALLAN
Maybe it's time to adjust the medication or change it completely.

JANET
Talk to her; she may listen to you more than she does to me.

ALLAN
I'll try my best.

JANET
I'm going to sit outside for a bit. I need fresh air. She is in her room.

ALLAN
OK, thanks.

165. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Allan knocks on the door. He cracks the door and shows just his head, then smiles.

MONIQUE
Good morning Mr. Get in.

Allan enters. Monique embraces and kisses him.

ALLAN
Good morning my lady. Did Jack wake you up with his lawn mower?

MONIQUE
No, he just started, and I was awake for a while. I was waiting for you in bed.

ALLAN
Ah, and why is that, my lady?

MONIQUE

To show you my pajama, do you like it?

ALLAN

Colorful indeed. Did you choose it yourself or the enemy helped you?

MONIQUE

Oh, shut up. Listen, how about brunch, and later on a couple of movies?

ALLAN

I'm game if you are.

MONIQUE

I am going to take a shower. Don't miss me.

ALLAN

Oh, I will.

She kisses him and leaves, closing the door behind her. Allan sees that the painting on the door is colorful and has a rainbow.

166. EXT. GIRL'S BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Janet is in the backyard lying on a chair and hears a yell from Jack's backyard. She goes and looks over the fence. Jack got a cut gardening and bleeds a lot.

JACK

Oh, my god, damn it.

JANET

Jack, are you OK? I'll help you.

JACK

Oh, thanks.

Jack looks at her, gladly surprised. Janet runs to the house.

167. EXT. JACK BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS.

Jack has blood in his t-shirt, pants and running shoes. Janet comes with a first aid kit.

JANET

What happened?

Janet looks for antiseptic and bandage inside the box.

JACK

Oh, nothing. I'm getting old and stupid. Some weeds got stuck in the blade of the lawn mower, and while trying to free them, I got cut. Is not a big cut, but is right in one vein. I shouldn't sharpen those blades that much.

JANET

Jack, here, let me help you. You will be fine in no time. Give me that hand.

JACK

That's very kind of you!

Janet cleans the wound.

JANET

OH, don't worry.

Beat.

JANET (CONT'D)

Jack, let me tell you something.

JACK

...ok?

JANET

I apologize for my attitude towards you; I acted like a stupid teenager girl. So immature, it was not your fault at all. You were there to help me the whole time, and I didn't see it.

JACK

Don't worry, it happens.

JANET

Everything was too difficult for me, the death of Robert, Monique's medical condition and even realizing which was my weak spot. I was selfish since I left the house to go to university, ignoring Robert and Monique.

JACK

It's never too late to learn things in life, you know. I guess you were not selfish by going to university, but you could have been in contact with them somehow.

JANET

Yes, I see it clearly now. What hurts me the most is that I can't talk to dad anymore.

JACK

You said, dad?

JANET

Yes, I guess I did. That also was part of armor to protect myself from, I don't know who. I was so distracted trying to hurt Robert that I hurt myself.

JACK

Robert?

JANET

Dad.

JACK

Somebody said that we paid the price for our mistakes.

JANET

That's right.

JACK

Thanks.

Jack checks the bondage. He smiles happily.

JANET

Jack, If you need help to clean the wound, or to change the bandage, just let me know.

JACK

I'll keep you in mind, don't worry.

168. INT. JANET ROOM -- NIGHT.

Janet is in her room. She opens a brown paper envelope and sees the pictures that Robert left for her, presses play on the voice recorder and hears the message.

ROBERT (VOICE RECORDER)

Dear Janet, knowing my days are numbered, I make this statement to express that despite your rejection; I wish you to take care of Monique. That the house is for the two of you and...

She weeps but smiles. She opens the old trunk close to her bed and takes a pocket watch, an old railway nail, an antique cameo, a black beret, and puts them on top of a drawer, close to the door.

She gets back at the trunk and removes a silk cloth, and under it discovers a wedding dress. It's wrinkled and yellowish, but still looks good and makes Janet check it over her body, glancing at herself in the mirror.

ROBERT (VOICE RECORDER)

Janet, take a look at these pictures, carefully, there is a message in them. Also, I left a handwritten poem on my nightstand with a feather quill and Indian ink. Rolled and wrapped with a red lace as you used to like. That is the only real legacy left to you. Janet... I never forgot about you, and the fact that Monique needed my attention never meant that I did not care about you. And before death robs me of the chance, I have to tell you...

The message stop with a noise of Robert's frustration and the typical tape recording noise.

She takes a portrait from the bottom of the trunk, flips it over and sees the wedding portrait of her parents. Both were very young, fresh, healthy, and handsome.

JANET

I really miss you both.

She closes the trunk, lies her back on it. Janet contemplates the ceiling as if she could see through it, seeing the faces of her parents in heaven.

Janet's right-hand sticks to her heart the pictures of a happy family. She breathes deeply, closes her eyes, and falls asleep.

169. INT. HOUSE, LOWER FLOOR -- NIGHT.

Monique and Allan embrace for the last goodbye at the front door.

MONIQUE
Tomorrow is Sunday. What if you
wake me up with a coffee?
Take the keys.

ALLAN
Promise me you will take your pills
every day, and you will eat well,
sleep eight hours, etc.

MONIQUE
And what? There is no such a thing
as a free lunch, Sr. Are you going
to kiss me more often if I do that?

ALLAN
Yes, I will. Do you promise?

She answers with a candid kiss. Monique waved to Allan from the slightly ajar door, and he left, getting lost in the night's dark. Monique closes the door and takes the stairs.

170. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique enters, grabs the toy clown, puts it in the closet. She grabs the brush and paint, then signs the painting on the door with red paint:

"With love, Monique".

She lies on the bed and closes her eyes.

171. INT. MAYA TEMPLE -- EVENING.

The priest takes incense and herbs, sets them on fire; he dances with jumps and screams. The paint on his face, especially around his eyes, gives him a more dramatic look. He jerks the incense lightly, spilling lit ashes, and goes over Allan's body, closely. His dark clothes made of black feathers, obscured straw and dried mud, make him look like a bird from the underworld. A bird of death.

He takes a pot and drinks, then spits, spraying Allan's body. He writhes and howls like a hungry wolf. Suddenly falls to the ground, exhausted.

Monique caresses Allan's body, dressed in the clothes of a Maya king, necklaces of gold and jade, gold decorations in his ears and nose.

WARLOCK

I insist we need a human sacrifice
to the gods, so they in return, let
Allan into the world of the living
for a while longer.

The sun is falling while the shadows deepen. The warlock gives the ceremonial knife to Monique.

Monique leaves the room where Allan is dying and walks through a short hallway in complete silence. The stone resonates the steps of Monique's bare feet.

172. EXT. TOP OF PYRAMID -- EVENING.

On the top of the pyramid, in front of the stairs, is the sacrificial limestone. In it, a beautiful young woman is lying face up, held by her extremities by four warriors.

Monique, without hesitation, hurries and stabs the ceremonial knife in the victim's chest. Once, twice, many times, until the ribs yield and Monique put her hand in and tear-out the victim's heart, still beating. The victim is inert, wide-eyed, lifeless.

Monique presents the bloody heart to the gods with both hands.

The blood of the victim is all over Monique's body. Her bloody face, hands, and arms tremble as she walks inside the pyramid.

173. INT. MAYA TEMPLE, BATH -- CONTINUOUS.

In a room of the temple, Monique disrobes and dips into a vat of stone. The priest washes her. Monique stays motionless.

174. INT. MAYA TEMPLE -- CONTINUOUS.

Monique walks naked into the room where Allan is agonizing and lies beside him on a bed of rose petals.

175. INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING.

Allan arrives at the house, goes to the kitchen, and feeds the coffee machine.

He set a tray with two cups, sugar and cream, water and a flower in a tall glass. Allan, as usual, is in a good mood. He brews the coffee; fills the cups and leaves.

176. INT. MONIQUE ROOM -- DAY.

Allan enters to Monique's room with the tray and wakes her up.

ALLAN
Good morning, sleeping naked
lately? How nasty of you. Do
you know what your problem is?

Monique denies with her head.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
You are too beautiful.

They embrace and kiss tenderly. Monique and Allan are in her bed, with him facing her, when the toy clown suddenly shows up from inside the closet.

Allan doesn't see it. Monique stands up from the bed and freezes.

TOY CLOWN
Do you want me to read you a book,
Monique?

177. INT. JANET ROOM -- DAY.

Janet's body is lying face up on top of the trunk; a bloody old railway nail is stuck at the center of her chest.

THE END.