

A conflicted love affair.

Scene 1.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO- NOON.

LISA is posing at many different angles. The camera flashes, she twirls and smiles.

The PHOTOGRAPHER stops and looks at her.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Good job. Lisa.

Lisa smiles in a shy manner.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
You're going to win plenty of fans with these shots.

LISA
Easy tiger

Lisa walks towards the window on the far side of the room and looks out.

People and cars pass by in the street below.

ROGER, Lisa's agent walks into the room and speaks indistinctly to the photographer.

Lisa turns around.

Roger smiles and walks towards her.

ROGER
The photographer seems impressed with the shots.

He stops in front of her.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Wow you look stunning, as always.
How did you find the shoot?

Lisa smiles

LISA
I was easy enough, a bit boring though.

ROGER
Oh. Come on now Lisa, I know you like the attention.
Anyway I've got a new prospective client for you.

Lisa looks Roger in the eyes.

ROGER. (CONT'D)
This one's for real.
This one will make you international.

LISA
Who?

ROGER
Zelda's

Lisa turns back towards the window.

ROGER (CONT'D)
They're offering a hundred thousand a year, Lisa, are you listening?

Lisa looks down at the street.

LISA
I'm listening.

Roger steps forward

ROGER
You seem a bit unhappy today. What's on your mind?

Lisa sighs.

LISA
Do you remember three years ago, when you recruited me?

Roger smiles contentedly

ROGER
How could I forget? You were so cocky, though I haven't seen much of that side of you recently. The last month or so you have seemed a bit down.

LISA
I've been having second thoughts about all of this.
I'm beginning to think that something is not right, like something is missing

Lisa turns round.

LISA. (CONT'D)
At school I always thought I'd go to university.
Study something.
Instead I dropped out.

Lisa walks past Roger.

LISA (CONT'D)
Where will I be in five years?
On the scrapheap, that's where.
It all feels so false.
I feel so false.

Roger smiles and turns around to face Lisa.

ROGER
That's the industry Lisa, you knew that when you started out.
Look, most successful models go on to bring out their own fashion lines.
You're well on your way, Lisa.
To throw away all of your hard work over the last few years is foolhardy.

Lisa walks back to the window and looks out.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Just think about it Lisa.
Zelda's is an international fashion label.
For you that means fame, and I'm sure that you will do a great job.

Lisa smiles a weak smile.

LISA
I'll come and see you tomorrow.

Roger nods and walks away.

Lisa sits down in a chair by the window, her phone rings.

She looks at who is ringing, sighs and answers

LISA
Hi darling, what's up?

VINCE'S voice speaks from the phone.

VINCE
Nothing, I was just wondering if you have time for lunch.

LISA
Yes babes, where are you?

VINCE
The golden gate, how long will you be?

Lisa stands up and walks to the window.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Lisa, are you drifting again?

LISA (Cutting in)
I don't know why you always say that Vince?

VINCE
Sorry baby, just get down here as quick as you can, I'm hungry.

The phone cuts off.

Lisa takes a last look out of the window and walks towards the door.

The photographer turns to her.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Can I keep this one?
You look so good in it.

LISA
See, I knew the moment I walked in here, you were a pervert.

The photographer smiles and walks towards her.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Well that's not a very nice thing to say Lisa.
If I didn't know better I'd be offended.

Lisa laughs.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
It's good to see you again.

LISA
You take care now darling.

Lisa walks out of the room smiling.

Scene 2

INT. GOLDEN GATE BAR - AFTERNOON.

VINCE is sat down near the window looking out.

A waiter comes up to his table.

VINCE
Not yet, I'm waiting for someone

The waiter nods and moves on to the next table.

Vince pulls his phone out of his pocket.

LISA walks through the door and looks around.

Vince waves.

Lisa walks up, takes off her scarf and sits down.

VINCE (CONT'D)
How did the shoot go?

Lisa looks around.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Hello darling?

LISA
Oh fine, nothing new really.
Roger's got another contract for me to look at.

VINCE
Is the money good?

Lisa looks sharply at Vince.

LISA
It's always money with you.
Don't you think of nothing else?

VINCE
I just don't want to see them take advantage of you that's all.

LISA (Annoyed)
I can take care of myself, thank you.

Vince sniggers.

LISA (Raising voice)
What?

VINCE
Never mind baby, let's eat.

Vince gestures to a waiter.

The waiter walks over.

VINCE (CONT'D)
I'll have the Rib eye steak and a Kronenberg.

Lisa looks at Vince.

The waiter turns to Lisa.

LISA
A green salad and some water please.

VINCE
You are allowed to eat more.

Lisa looks at the waiter; he takes the hint and walks off.

VINCE (CONT'D)
So tell me about this contract.
Which company?

LISA
Zelda's.

VINCE
Oh wow, that's great.

LISA
Is it?

VINCE
Lisa, are you tripping?
It's your first international contract.
You'll get to travel the world like you've always wanted.
And you're sitting here like your dog just died.
What's wrong with you?

The waiter walks over with the drinks and Lisa looks annoyed at Vince.

The waiter walks away.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Sorry.
That was rude of me.

Lisa looks out of the window.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Something is wrong Lisa.
I can see it in your eyes.

LISA
I'm fine.

VINCE
You really expect me to believe that.
Lisa, I love you. I care deeply about you.
I just don't want to see you suffer.
It's my job to look after you.

Lisa looks Vince in the eyes.

Vince smiles kindly.

LISA
It's fine. I'm just a little under the weather.

VINCE
Ok darling.

SANDRA, Vince's colleague walks up towards them.

SANDRA
Vince, what are you doing here?

Vince jumps up from his seat and gives her a hug.

VINCE
Sandra, this is Lisa.
Lisa, Sandra.
She works with me at the law firm.

Lisa stands up and puts out her hand.

Sandra hesitantly shakes Lisa's hand.

SANDRA (distasteful)
Delighted

Sandra turns to Vince.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank you for that favour the other day.
You were a great help.

VINCE

Oh that, no problem.
I do like to help a damsel in distress.

Sandra laughs in an exaggerated manner.

SANDRA

A real hero you have here Lisa.
Don't let anyone touch him.

LISA

Sorry?
I was miles away.

Sandra raises an eyebrow, and then turns to Vince.

SANDRA

See you back at the office.
I've got something I need you to take a look at.

Sandra walks off.

Vince looks down on Lisa.

Lisa is oblivious, fiddling with her phone.

The waiter sets the food down on the table and Lisa prepares to eat.

VINCE

Thank you.

The waiter nods and walks off.

Scene 3

INT. CLOTHES STORE CHANGNG ROOM -LATE AFTERNOON.

LISA is sitting on a bench against the far wall.

FRANCES walks to the mirror and twirls

FRANCES
Well, how about this one?

LISA
Sure, if you lose six pounds.

Frances gives Lisa a condescending look.

FRANCES (Sighing)
Thanks Lisa, do you think I can do it?
I mean it's not for another three weeks.

LISA
Sure, if you eat nothing till then.
Why don't you wear the black one?
It's more flattering.

FRANCES
Black, huh. I'm going to a wedding not a funeral.

Frances surveys herself in the mirror.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
No, I like this one.
A little bulge won't kill me.

Frances looks at Lisa.

They burst out laughing.

LISA
Fran, can I ask you something?

FRANCES
Ask away.

Lisa stands up and starts to fidget.

LISA
I'm considering leaving Vince.

Frances rolls her eyes.

FRANCES

This again, why what's he done now?

LISA

Oh nothing, nothing.
It's just; it's losing its spark.
I feel nothing for him any more.
Though if I did leave him.

Lisa looks at Frances sincerely.

LISA (CONT'D)

It would break his heart and I still care for him.
I don't know what to do.

Frances walks up and touches Lisa's shoulder.

FRANCES

Lisa, we've been having this conversation for a year now.

Lisa tries to cut in.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(Forcefully)

If it doesn't feel right then leave him.
You're welcome to stay at mine until you're on your feet again.
But the fact is you won't.

Lisa turns away.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

You'll go home all ready to finish it, but you'll bottle out.
You always do.

LISA

I know, I'm too weak.

FRANCES

Listen, Stacey's having a party tonight.
Why don't you come along, let your hair down.

LISA

I can't, Vince is cooking tonight.
He'll go nuts if I stand him up.

FRANCES
Rebel, come out with me.
You'll feel a lot better for it.

Lisa looks in the mirror and smiles.

She turns to face Frances.

LISA
Let's do it.

FRANCES
That's my girl.

Frances grabs Lisa and hugs her.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE. LATE AFTERNOON.

FRANCES and Lisa are walking together.

FRANCES
Let's get back to mine.
Get some vodka down you.

They smile and walk away.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE- NIGHT.

VINCE is sat at the table, a cooked dinner prepared.

He pulls out his phone and try's to call Lisa he gets the answer phone.

The back door clicks and Vince turns his head.

He gets up to investigate.

A shadow flits across the back entrance.

VINCE
Who's there? Lisa?

Vince walks slowly towards the back door.

He hears a noise in the back room.

He slowly moves towards the door, kicks it open and flicks on the light.

The room is empty.

Vince slams the door shut and walks back towards the kitchen.

The shadowy figure is near the front door.

The figure/guy notices Lisa's photo on the hallway shelf.

VINCE
Hey you.

The guy turns, his eyes widen and he runs out of the door.

VINCE
Get back here.

Vince runs out after the guy.

The guy is gone, Vince looks around.

He walks back into the house to the kitchen.

The bread, wine and chocolates were missing.

Vince looked back at the door.

VINCE (Muttering)
Unbelievable

He try's to call Lisa.

He gets the answer phone.

He drops the phone and walks out of the room.

INT. STACEY'S HOUSE PARTY- NIGHT.

People are dancing and drinking in the front room.

A couple are kissing in the hallway.

A drugged up guy walks past the couple into the back lounge.

LISA and FRANCES are slumped on a sofa drinking vodka.

Lisa looks at her phone. Three missed calls.

Frances looks over Lisa's shoulder.

FRANCES
Just ignore him.
This is your night Lisa.

Lisa puts the phone away.

LISA
I am in so much trouble.

FRANCES
Well in that case one more can't hurt.

Frances passes Lisa a shot of vodka.

FRANCES
Bottoms up

They neck the shots.

Scene 4

EXT. OUTSIDE ROGER'S OFFICE BLOCK- NIGHT.

Roger is outside smoking a cigarette.

LISA and he are talking.

Lisa sends a text.
'I'm on my way'

The phone alerts battery low.

LISA
Right I'm off, see you tomorrow.

Roger smiles and nods.

Lisa walks to her car and gets in, starts up the engine and drives off.

EXT.COMMERCIAL STREET- NIGHT

Lisa is driving down a commercial street.

The radio is playing quietly.

The car begins to jolt and the power goes off.

She turns the car into the pavement.

LISA
What?

She gets out of the car and opens the hood.

Nothing seems wrong.

She gets back into the car and try's to start it.

Nothing happens.

She gets out of the car and pulls out her phone.

She calls the emergency breakdown company.

The phone battery dies.

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh, come on.

She puts the phone back in her pocket and walks up the road a little.

She sees a payphone and walks to it.

She opens her purse.

No change.

Looking forlorn she walks back to the car.

She takes out her coat and shuts the hood.

She locks the car and begins to walk.

The ARTIST turns onto the same street, notices Lisa walking off between two shops

He continues to walk.

EXT. EMPTY SQUARE –NIGHT.

Lisa enters a dimly lit square; she is a bit nervous and slows down her speed.

She hears footsteps and turns around sharply.

The artist/shadowy figure see's her and stops.

Lisa begins to back up a little.

The artist moves on past the square.

Lisa begins to walk faster towards the exit from the square.

She stumbles on a curb and trips.

She gets up and composes herself

She hears a door shut.

She turns and looks for someone.

LISA (Shaken)

Get a grip Lisa.

She takes a deep breath, begins to walk.

She walks past a doorway a man is waiting for her.

MAN
Not lost are you darling?

LISA
No I'm fine thanks.

She hurries away from the man.

He grabs her arm.

MAN
Where do you think you're going?

Lisa begins to struggle.

LISA
Get off me.

The man pushes her up against the doorway.

MAN
Come on love, I'm not going to hurt you.

He pauses for a second, leering

MAN (CONT'D)
Well, not much anyway.

LISA (Screams)
Help

The man covers her mouth.

MAN
Shut up, you make another sound and you'll wish you'd never been born.
Bitch.

The man pushes himself up against her and starts to undo his belt.

She scratches his face.

He punches her in the stomach.

She falls down in pain.

He pulls out a knife.

MAN (CONT'D)

Now you listen carefully.

It's going to happen, you can be sure of that.

We can do it the easy way.

I'll leave you to guess at the hard way.

ARTIST

Let's do it this way.

The artist punches the man in the head.

The man turns and strikes with the knife.

The artist grabs the knife hand and punches the guy in the face.

The man falls down and drops the knife.

The artist kicks the man in the stomach.

The man doubles up.

The artist picks up the knife.

The man climbs to his knees.

The artist holds the knife to the man's throat

The man staggers to his feet and runs off towards the commercial street.

The artist turns and looks at Lisa from the side.

Lisa looks up at the artist, terrified.

The artist looks at the way she came.

He puts the knife in his pocket and looks at Lisa.

LISA (squeaking)

Who are you?

The artist walks across the square.

LISA
Wait.

The artist ignores her and walks towards a door on the other side of the square.
He walks into a building.

Lisa scrambles to her feet.

She looks to see if anyone else is around.

She walks across the square.

INT. THE ARTIST'S FRONT ROOM.- NIGHT.

LISA opens the door.

She looks around but can't see anything.

LISA
Hello.

She steps inside and feels for something to hold on to.

She takes a step forward.

LISA
Are you in here?

She bumps into something and an object falls onto the floor.

She gasps.

She looks around and steps forward again.

Her hand rests against some matches.

She picks them up and strikes one.

She looks around.

The room is full of clutter, furniture, frames and household objects.

She sees a door and walks towards it.

The match goes out.

She reaches for the handle.

The ARTIST grabs her from behind and pushes her against a wall.

She gasps.

ARTIST (Angry)
What are you doing here?

Lisa try's to struggle free.

ARTIST (CONT'D)
Speak.
Why did you come in here?

LISA
I'm sorry.
I just want to say thanks.
Please, you're hurting me.

The artist pauses and looks at her.

He lets her go.

ARTIST
Well now you have.
Leave me.

Lisa is too frightened to move.

The artist points at the door leading outside.

ARTIST
Are you deaf?
I said OUT.

Lisa runs past him.

She knocks an object over.

The artist follows her with his eyes.

She runs out of the door.

The artist slams the door shut behind her.

EXT. EMPTY SQUARE NIGHT.

LISA stops half way across the square.

She turns back.

The door is shut.

She slowly turns away and walks towards the exit.

Scene 5

INT. GOLDEN GATE BAR- LUNCHTIME.

FRANCES gasps

FRANCES

Lisa you have to report it.

LISA looks out of the window and back at Frances.

LISA

I can't. If I do, the guy who helped me will get in trouble.
He saved me.

FRANCES

That's not important.
Whoever tried to rape you will do it again.
Maybe you're not the only one he's done this to.
He should be behind bars.

LISA

He didn't get me.
I have no evidence.

FRANCES

The guy who helped you, he's a witness.

Lisa looks down.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

What?

LISA

Somehow I don't think he'll want the police knocking on his door.

Frances narrows her eyes.

FRANCES

Why? Who is he?

Lisa drinks from her glass.

LISA

He saved me, yes.

But I went after him.

He lives in this house in the square; the place is dark, very dark.

I think he squats there.

I went in, but I wasn't welcome.

I should have stayed out, but there was something about him.

FRANCES.

What?

LISA

He pushed me up against the wall, he hurt me.

He was angry that I was there.

It was so scary, but.

Lisa pauses.

LISA (CONT'D)

I think he's in pain.

There was something so sad about him.

He's hidden away from the world.

Frances cups her face in her hands.

FRANCES

Oh Lisa, don't dwell on this.

I know you.

You're excited.

LISA

There's something about him.

FRANCES

And you need to know what?

Don't go there Lisa.

Don't put yourself in any more danger.

I don't know what I'd do if I lost you.

Lisa sneers.

LISA

What are you talking about?

FRANCES (forceful)

Just be careful. OK

I don't want the next time I see you to be in a body bag.

Lisa looks down.

Frances looks guilty.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Look I'm sorry darling.
I know you've had a rough time.

Frances finishes her drink, takes her bag and stands up.

Lisa looks up.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
I have to go back now.
We'll meet later yeah.

Lisa nods.

LISA
See you later

Lisa stands up.

They hug and Frances walks off.

Lisa sits back down.

She smiles.

Scene 6

INT. ARTISTS FRONT ROOM. NOON.

The ARTIST is lying on a bed,

Pain shows on his face, he is sweating.

Screams and cries sound in the room.

His head moves from side to side rapidly.

The screaming intensifies.

He twitches.

The screaming intensifies more.

His eyes open wide.

The screaming stops.

He sits up and wipes the sweat off his face.

He stands up and reaches for a shirt and puts it on.

He looks sharply at the doorway.

LISA is standing in the open door

ARTIST
What are you doing here?

Lisa pauses.

LISA
Can I come in?

ARTIST
I'd rather you didn't.

Lisa takes a few steps forward.

LISA
I want to thank you for last night, but this time without your hands wrapped around
my throat.

The artist looks at her.

Lisa returns the look.

LISA (CONT'D)

You hurt me.
You saved me then you hurt me.

ARTIST (Angry)

Then why did you come back?
Anyone would have taken that as a stay away.

LISA

Because I believe you're a good person.

ARTIST

Really

LISA

Really
Else you wouldn't have helped me.

The artist turns away.

ARTIST

I would have done the same for anyone.
You owe me nothing; all I ask is that you leave me alone.

LISA (cutting in)

Why?

ARTIST

Because it's not safe for you to be around me.

LISA

You're in pain. I can see it in your eyes.

Lisa approaches the artist.

LISA (CONT'D)

I can't stay away from you.
Something is drawing me to you.
I can't explain it, and believe me I don't know why.
But I already feel something for you.
And you do too, you can't hide it

The artist turns around.

Lisa reaches to touch his face.

The artist pushes her hand aside. He turns away.

ARTIST
Leave me, please.

LISA
No.

The artist sighs and walks away.

LISA (CONT'D)
Let me help you.

The artist stops, looks back, then continues towards the door.

Lisa watches him walk away.

The artist walks through the door and locks it.

Lisa stands in the middle of the room, looking embarrassed.

INT. ARTISTS STUDIO. DARKNESS.

The ARTIST sits down in a chair in the corner and cups his head in his hands.

Sounds of screaming and crying fill the room.

He twitches; silent tears fall down his face.

The sounds fade away.

He looks up at the door.

ARTIST (Mutters)
What is going on?

He walks towards the door, unlocks it and walks out.

Lisa is gone.

He sighs and walks back into the studio.

He walks past a row of canvas paintings.

The paintings tell a story.

He stops in front of one, surveys it for a moment.

ARTIST
Forgive me.
I didn't mean for this my love.

He looks across at a covered stone.
He walks towards it and pulls off the sheet.

A large stone stands in front of him.

He looks back at the door.

He picks up a drawing pad off a table nearby and begins to scribble.

Scene 7

INT. VINCES HOUSE- AFTERNOON.

The doorbell rings

LISA walks towards the door and opens it.

VAL Lisa's mother looks up.

Lisa embraces Val.

LISA
Mom, I'm so glad to see you.

Val chuckles.

VAL
Let me get through the door first sweetheart.

Lisa lets go of her and smiles.

LISA
Come on, I'll make you a cup of tea.

They walk through the door, Val shuts it.

Val follows Lisa into the lounge.

Lisa picks up a cup and walks to the kettle.

VAL
How are you doing sweetheart?
I hear your modelling careers really starting to hit off.
Don't forget me when you're famous.

Lisa turns around smiling.

LISA
Don't be silly mum.
Anyway, I only do it for the money, you know that.

VAL
I know that but don't go telling your agent.
He won't like it.

Lisa pours hot water into the cup.

VAL

Your father's been getting himself in trouble again.

LISA

Why, what's he gone and done now.
Fighting again?

VAL

I don't know what's happened to him recently.
I think he's having a midlife crisis.

Lisa laughs, walks over with the tea and hands it to Val.

VAL (CONT'D)

Cheers darling.
Anyway how are you?

Lisa sits down slowly.

VAL (CONT'D)

Lisa?
What's wrong?

LISA

Oh nothing, as such.

VAL

Lisa? You can tell me anything. You know that.

Lisa picks up her cup off the table.

LISA

Do you ever feel like you're wasting your life?

VAL

Oh, most of the time darling.
Why what do you want to do?

LISA.

I'm just thinking about Vince and me.

Lisa puts her cup down

LISA (CONT'D)

It just doesn't feel right anymore.
He loves me, and I still love him.
But something's changed.
He's always trying to control me. I don't have a life anymore.

I come home every night and sit next to him but there's no warmth.
No passion.
I just feel like I've settled down too quickly, I crave excitement.
And the thought of spending the rest of my life with him terrifies me.
Does that make sense?

Val gives a knowing smile.

VAL
Oh Lisa.
I know that feeling all too well.
I feel regret about marrying your dad, you know that.
Unfortunately I've left it far too late.
Don't make the same mistake as did Lisa.
You'll only regret it.
Somewhere out there is a guy who'll make all of your dreams come true.

LISA
I think I've already found him.
But it's complicated.

Val leans forward.

LISA (CONT'D)
He's a dark character, even dangerous.
I've never seen anyone like him.
I know I shouldn't like him. I shouldn't have even had to meet him.
But I did.

Lisa looks desperately at Val.

LISA (CONT'D).
But I can't stop thinking about him.
Can you imagine it, such an intense person?
I should run away but feel compelled to go back.

Lisa burst into tears.

LISA (CONT'D)
And he's doesn't even want me to exist.
It's driving me mad.

Val hugs Lisa warmly.

Lisa cries into her shoulder.

LISA (CONT'D)
Why does it have to be this way?

VAL
Shush, shush.
I am here.
I am here.

The door opens.
Lisa moves away and rubs her eyes.

VINCE walks in. He looks at Val and Lisa.

Lisa averts her face.

VINCE
What's wrong?

VAL
Nothing, Vince can't you just.

VINCE
I'll be in the other room.

VAL
Thank you.

Vince walks off.

Val rubs Lisa's back.

Lisa rests in Val's arms.

INT. VINCE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT.

LISA is sitting in bed.

VINCE finishes brushing his teeth, swills and spits.

He walks towards the bed.

VINCE
I don't suppose you'll tell me what was wrong earlier.

LISA
Nothing was wrong. I was just feeling a bit run down, that's all.

Vince sits down on the bed and touches Lisa's shoulder.

VINCE
You can talk to me Lisa.
I love you. You know I do.
Lisa.

Lisa leans over and kisses Vince.

LISA
I know and I love you too.
But I'm ok, really.

VINCE
Ok sweetheart.

Lisa lies down away from Vince.

Vince gets into bed, he looks at Lisa.

Lisa is lying with her eyes open.

Vince lies down.

Scene 8

MONTAGE

INT. VINCE'S BEDROOM- MORNING.

LISA wakes up looks at the buzzing alarm clock.

She sighs, leans over and turns it off.

SOUNDTRACK STARTS.

She turns and buries her head in the pillow.

INT. ARTISTS STUDIO. DARK.

The artist scrawls away at some sketches.

He puts down the sketchbook and walks towards the marble stone.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING.

Lisa is sat at a table near the window stirring her coffee.

She puts the spoon down and looks out of the window.

INT. ARTISTS STUDIO – DARKNESS.

The Artist is whittling at a block of wood.

INT. A SHOOTING LOCATION. NOON.

Lisa is trying on an outfit for a shoot.

She walks out of the dressing room.

Roger looks at her and smiles.

INT. ARTIST'S STUDIO – DARKNESS.

The artist is doubled over in the chair cupping his face in his hands.

He lifts his head up and looks across the studio.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY SHOOT -NOON.

Lisa poses while a camera flashes.

She walks off the studio space with a sad look on her face.

EXT. ARTISTS DOORWAY LOOKNG ON SQUARE - AFTERNOON.

The artist is leaning against the door frame looking out on the square.

EXT. THE SQUARE - AFTERNOON.

Lisa is walking past the artist's house on the far side.

She stops and looks at the door.

The door is closed.

She takes two steps forward and stops.

Tears begin to fill her eyes, she turns and walks away.

INT. ARTISTS STUDIO – DARKNESS.

The artist sets down a complete wooden sculpture.

MUSIC STOPS

The scene closes in on the woman's face on the wooden statue

INT. KITCHEN, VINCES HOUSE. EVENING.

Lisa is sitting on a chair looking out on the street, a sad look on her face mirroring the artist's statue.

Vince walks up behind her and leans over kissing her on the forehead.

She turns around and gives a melancholy smile.

She looks at Vince's eyes.

Vince holds the look for a moment.

He looks away squeezes her shoulder and walks off.

Lisa sits back down and continues to stare out of the window.

Scene 9

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE HALLWAY – NIGHT.

The door opens and LISA walks in, followed by FRANCES.

LISA
That's odd, I thought he was in.

Frances smiles

Lisa looks at Frances.

LISA (CONT'D)
What?

Frances turns on the light.

The far end of the hall is full of Lisa's friends, Vince and family.

EVERYBODY
Surprise!

Lisa laughs, turns around and hugs Frances.

Lisa steps forward and begins to greet everyone.

Vince walks next to Frances.

Frances looks at Vince and back at everybody else.

VINCE
How's she doing Fran?

Frances looks at Vince.

VINCE (CONT'D)
She's seemed a bit off recently.
I think I know why.

Frances looks down sharply.

FRANCES
You do?

Vince nods and smiles.

VINCE
But it's o.k.
I know how to rectify it.

FRANCES
What do you mean?

VINCE
Let's just say.
She'll be beaming ear to ear by the end of the night.

LISA
Let's get you a drink Roger.

ROGER
Oh yes, drink sounds good.

Lisa and Roger walk into the lounge.

Frances and Vince follow.

INT. LOUNGE/KITCHEN - NIGHT.

The party is in full swing.

Roger is dancing with one of Lisa's friends.

VINCE is talking to Lisa's mother in a corner of the lounge

FRANCES hands Lisa a drink.

Lisa takes the drink and has a sip.

FRANCES
That's your final decision is it?

Lisa nods and looks at Frances.

LISA
I don't want to do it anymore.
I've already told Roger.
My last contract expires in six months, we won't be renewing them

FRANCES
You're turning down a lot of money.

LISA
I know.

She looks down at the table

LISA (CONT'D)
I've saved enough money. That's not an issue.
Ah, I can't wait.
Lisa Fenwick, the actress.
It has a certain ring to it, you have to admit.

FRANCES
So you'll be going off to drama school?
How do you think Vince will take it?

LISA
Vince?
Oh yes, Vince.
It's time me and him went our separate ways.
He's not going to struggle with the girls is he?
He doesn't need me.

FRANCES
Lisa, he loves you.

Lisa rests her hands on the table and looks sideways at Frances.

LISA
The feeling is no longer mutual.
Our time is over.
Fran, I'm alive for the first time in months, I feel energised.
Vince drains me, not intentionally of course but he does.
And I'll never be happy as long as I'm with him.

FRANCES
So when are you going to tell him?

Lisa looks towards the window, her eyes narrow.

LISA
It can't be.

FRANCES
Lisa? What is it?

Vince hits a glass with a spoon.

Everybody quietens down and looks at Vince.

VINCE

Well, thanks everyone for coming, I know how much it means to Lisa.
Are you all enjoying yourselves?

Everybody nods in agreement.

ROGER.

You've put on a great party.

Everybody agrees.

Vince smiles

VINCE

Thanks, well as the party is for Lisa.
Lisa, can you join me?

Frances pushes Lisa forward.

Lisa looks at Frances, turns and walks nervously towards Vince.

Vince smiles as she approaches and put his arm around her.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Now as we all know, Lisa's been feeling a bit down recently.

ROGER (Calling out)

She's been getting us all down.

Everybody laughs.

Vince smiles

VINCE

Thank you, Roger.

Anyway I have been giving something a lot of thought.
And have come to a certain decision regarding our relationship.

Lisa looks at Vince curiously.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Lisa, I love you with all my heart and would give anything for you.

Vince fumbles around in his pocket.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Err, it's here somewhere.

Ah, found it.

Vince goes down on one knee.

Lisa begins to look nervous.

VAL looks at Lisa slightly alarmed.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Lisa Fenwick, will you do me the honour of being my wife.

He opens a case containing an engagement ring

Everybody begins to whisper amongst each other.

Lisa looks down.

LISA

Oh Vince, is that what you thought was wrong?

She groans.

LISA (CONT'D)

I was going to break up with you.
I'm sorry Vince, I can't marry you.
I am truly sorry.

Everybody in the room gasps.

Vince looks up at her shocked.

He stands up. Tears begin to swell in his eyes.

VINCE

No, no you can't be serious.

LISA

I am.
I'm sorry Vince.

Lisa backs up, turns and walks to the front door.

Vince stumbles back into a chair. He cups his head in his hands.

His friends begin to gather round him.

EXT. OUTSIDE VINCES HOUSE – NIGHT.

LISA runs out onto the street and looks around for the ARTIST.

She begins to walk towards the bottom of the road.

She sees a shadow leaning against the bushes just further on.

ARTIST
Are you looking for me?

Lisa walks closer.

The artist walks out of the shadow into the light of the street.

LISA
I thought you didn't want to know me.

ARTIST
Well I didn't intend for you to see me.

LISA
So you're stalking me.

ARTIST
Hardly, yet there's no point in disappearing now that you've seen me.

Lisa stops and surveys the artist.

LISA
So what we're you doing lurking outside my house?

The artist doesn't reply.

LISA
Ok. I'll rephrase the question.
How do you know where I live?

ARTIST
Well considering you walk past my house every day.
I'm surprised you didn't think I'd follow you home.

Lisa gulps in a slight state of shock.

FRANCES (Calling out)
Lisa, Lisa.

Lisa looks back the way she came.

ARTIST (Muttering)
Forget you saw me.

Lisa turns round.

The artist is gone

Frances comes into sight.

FRANCES
Are you o.k., Lisa?

Lisa turns round and see's Frances worried face.

LISA (Smiling)
Oh yes, for the first time in ages.
How is Vince taking the rejection?

FRANCES
How do you think?
He's devastated.
But Lisa, you did the right thing.
I know you did.

Lisa looks down.

LISA
Except now I have nowhere to go.

Frances touches Lisa's shoulder.

FRANCES
You have me.
Come stay with me Lisa.
I could do with the company.

Lisa throws her arms around Frances.

LISA
I love you.

Frances returns the embrace.

FRANCES (Laughs)
I love you too.
You're such a sap.

They hold onto each other for a moment.

FRANCES
Come on, let's get you home.

They walk across the road towards Val standing by her car.

Scene 10

INT. FRANCES LOUNGE - EVENING.

FRANCES is sitting down on the sofa reading a book.

The door shuts and LISA walks in.

Frances looks up and smiles.

FRANCES
How did it go?

Lisa sits down.

Frances puts her book away.

LISA
I start the A levels in September.

FRANCES (Squealing)
Good for you girl.
You'll be in university before you know it.

LISA
I have such a good feeling about this.
God, I never thought it would feel this good.

FRANCES (Smiling)
I've noticed.
Well, I think the occasion calls for a celebratory drink.

Frances gets up and walks to the fridge in the kitchen
She pulls out a bottle of wine.

LISA
You've been so good to me Fran.

Frances walks back into the lounge with two glasses.

FRANCES
You've supported me through the rough times.
Now we're even.

Frances fills two glasses of wine and hands one to Lisa.

LISA
To being even

They chink the glasses.

FRANCES
To being even

Lisa drinks from the glass.

INT, PUBLIC HOUSE – EVENING.

VINCE is sipping his beer.

He puts the glass down aggressively.

He looks across the bar and sees three guys laughing whilst looking at him.

VINCE (muttering)
Laughing at me, I'll show you.

He pulls himself off his stool and trips falling slightly into the bar.

The BARMAN looks sharply at him,

He staggers towards the laughing guys.

One GUY sees him approaching.

THE OTHER GUYS stop talking and stare at him.

He walks up to them.

GUY 1
You got a problem.

Vince stares at him breathing heavily, mouth clenched.

The barman takes a step forward.

GUY 2
He looks like he has a problem.

GUY 3
Well he picked the wrong problem.

VINCE (Slurring)
Let's go outside, all three of you.
(Muttering)
I'll teach you bastards to laugh at me.

Guy 1 stands up.

GUY 1
Let's go, dickhead.

BARMAN
Steady Tony.
He's not worth the trouble.

The barman walks round the side.

BARMAN (CONT'D)
Come on you, time to go.

The barman hold's onto Vince's shoulder.

Vince shakes off his hand.

VINCE
Get off me.
I have business with these boys.

The barman steps between Vince and the guys.

All three guys step forward in a threatening manner.

BARMAN
The only business you have is with your bed.
Now get out.

Vince looks at the barman and then the guys.

The guys stare back.

Vince slowly turns round and stumbles to the door.

He opens the door and walks through it.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE - EVENING.

Vince looks up and sees VAL walking towards an alley.

He staggers forward.

INT. FRANCES LOUNGE – EVENING

FRANCES laughs.

FRANCES
Oh I remember.
He couldn't keep his hands off you.
Vince was so pissed off.
He almost hospitalised the guy.

LISA looks down.

LISA
Vince almost hospitalised a lot of people.
You know, he told me that I gave him peace.
Those were different times.
I loved him; I never saw the monster that existed in him.
You know, he used to tell me that there was someone else inside him.
That the person came out when he was angry or threatened.
Now that I've left him, I don't know If that side of him will show up again.

Frances surveys Lisa.

FRANCES
Lisa, are you ok.

Lisa looks at Frances and smiles.

LISA
I'm fine, just being silly.
Let's go out, celebrate our freedom.

FRANCES
That's the spirit, girl.
Where do you want to go?

LISA
Lets go to that new club you were talking about.

FRANCES (cheerful)
Let's do it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY. – EVENNG

VAL is walking down the alley.

VINCE steps into the alley.

VINCE
Val.

Val turns round and sees Vince approaching.

VAL
What do you want Vince?

VINCE
I just want to talk to you.

Vince gets closer.

VAL
Have you been drinking?

VINCE
I had a couple.
What's up Val, you seem a little tense.

VAL
Honestly Vince, I am a little tense.

Vince stops in front of her.

VINCE
Why, have you got something to be nervous about?

VAL
Because Vince, you're drunk.
I've heard stories about you when you drink.
Now what do you want?

VINCE
I want to know why Lisa split up with me.
The other day she was crying, why?

VAL
That's none of your business.

Val turns to walk away.

Vince grabs her arm and pushes her against the wall.

VINCE
You should know better than to turn your back on me.

Val struggles.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Or is it you turning her against me.

Well?

You know something; can see it in your eyes.

Tell me

TELL ME.

VAL

She was unhappy, she felt too controlled.

You love her but your love was suffocating her.

VINCE

How dare you.

VAL

Let me go

VINCE.

Is there someone else?

IS THERE SOMEONE ELSE?

VAL

No there isn't

VINCE (shouting)

LIAR

Vince lets go of her arm and slaps her.

She falls to the ground

Vince squats down.

VINCE

Tell me the truth.

Val strikes Vince and pulls herself to her feet.

She begins to run.

VINCE (shouting)

GET BACK HERE.

He moves forward.

Val runs out onto the street looking back.

A car horn honks.

She turns.

The car hits her

She is thrown over the bonnet and smashes the front window.

The car stops.

She is thrown off the bonnet and lands rolling on the floor.

People rush over to the middle of the street and surround Val.

Vince stands in the entrance of the alley crying.

He turns around and staggers off.

Scene 11

INT. FRANCES LOUNGE – NIGHT.

LISA throws on a top, turns and poses for FRANCES.

LISA
How do I look?

FRANCES
Like sex on legs

Lisa giggles.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Hell, looking like that even I'd do you.

They both laugh.

Frances pours more wine.

The doorbell rings.

Frances groans and gets up to answer the door.

She stumbles into the wall.

Lisa giggles.

LISA
Careful

The doorbell rings again.

FRANCES
Yeah, yeah, I'm coming.

Lisa sits down on the sofa.

Frances walks in, a worried look on her face.

Lisa turns round as a policeman appears in the doorway.

POLICEMAN
Lisa Fenwick?

LISA
Yes?

POLICEMAN
Can I take a seat?

Lisa nods a nervous expression on her face.

POLICEMAN
I'm afraid I have some bad news.
There's no easy way to say this, so I'm just going to come straight out with it.
Your mother has met with a traffic accident.
The ambulance crew did everything they could.
She died on the way to the hospital.

He puts his head down.

POLICEMAN
I'm sorry.

Lisa sits frozen in shock.

Frances looks across the room at Lisa.

POLICEMAN
I know this news must be difficult to accept.

LISA (Cuts in)
Please stop talking.

Frances walks to Lisa and sits down.

FRANCES
Lisa?

Lisa pushes Frances away, gets up and runs out of the lounge.

FRANCES
Lisa

The door slams.

Frances turns to the policeman.

FRANCES
How did it happen?

The policeman stands up.

POLICEMAN

The witnesses said she simply darted out in front of the car.
The driver's pretty badly mashed up too.
The shattered glass blinded one of his eyes. He has a few broken ribs, a smashed up
nose.

FRANCES

She was running?

The policeman nods.

POLICEMAN

From an alley, witnesses say she was running as if away from someone.
But there is no evidence to suggest who.
No witnesses.

FRANCES

What about the investigation, you'll find out what happened won't you?

POLICEMAN

I seriously doubt it.
Even if we did find out, there's no crime here.
She put herself in front of that car.
Naturally, we'll do our best to work out what happened.
But I'm not particularly hopeful.
I'm sorry.

FRANCES

O.k. thanks for your honesty.

POLCEMAN

What about Lisa?

FRANCES

I'll find her.

The policeman nods and walks towards the door.

Frances looks out of the window onto the street.

The police car drives off.

Scene 12

INT. ARTIST'S HOUSE – NIGHT

LISA runs through the artist's door and trips on something.

She pulls herself on her feet and leans against a unit

She breaks into tears.

A shadow closes on her, reaches down and gently touches her face

She looks up.

The artist is looking down at her, a stern expression on his face.

ARTIST
You grieve.

He holds onto to the back of her head a bit firmer and kneels down.

Lisa sniffles and looks down.

LISA
I'm sorry.

ARTIST
No, cry,
Tears heal the soul.
You go on and cry.

LISA
It's my mother.
She's dead.
Things were going so well and she dies.
It took me, completely by surprise.
God it hurts so much.

The artist touches her chin and lifts her head up slowly.

The artist holds eye contact for a moment.

He looks away gently shaking his head.

ARTIST
I know at the moment it seems like nobody understands how you feel.
I know how you feel, I know what something like this does to you.

LISA

It feels worse than anything I've ever felt before.

The artist lets go of her chin and rubs her shoulders.

ARTIST

Come on, let's get you somewhere warmer.

He holds onto her hand.

She gets to her feet.

The artist puts his hand around her shoulder and leads her to the other door.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOOKING IN - NIGHT

Vince is looking through the window at them.

He has a hateful expression on his face.

INT. ARTISTS STUDIO – NIGHT.

LISA sits down on a chair next to a small table by the door.

The ARTIST lights a candle on the table and kneels down beside her

Lisa wipes away the tears.

LISA

She was the best mum anyone could have.

She always supported me in what I wanted to do.

The only person who ever truly made me feel secure

And now she's dead, just like that.

Why? Everything was going so great.

The artist puts his hand around her shoulder.

LISA (CONT'D)

I don't even believe it, I can't.

I need to see her body.

But I'm scared, how will she look?

She's been run over.

ARTIST
Shush, you don't have to talk.
Just rest here while you recover yourself.
The numb feeling will go soon.
You never did tell me your name.

LISA
It's Lisa.

Lisa rests her head against the artists shoulder.

He holds her.

She groans.

LISA
How do you know about the numbness?

Lisa sits upright.

LISA (CONT'D)
What do you do in here?

She picks up the candle and stands up.

She begins to walk into the darkness.

She walks past a few canvases of personal paintings.

The artist steps up but hangs back.

Lisa stops in front of a canvas and looks at it.

LISA
Who was she?

The artist steps forward.

Lisa looks back at the artist.

He stops when he reaches her.

ARTIST
She was my wife and at the time my child was inside her.

LISA
What happened to her?

A vacant expression enters the artist's eyes.

INT, (DREAM SEQUENCE), BOTTOM OF SOME STAIRS - NIGHT.

Music is playing softly from another room with the door closed.

TERESA begins to descend the stairs.

She twinges and bends over.

She tries to right herself and in doing so loses her footing.

She SCREAMS as she falls down the stairs.

The door at the bottom of the stairs opens, the music gets louder.

The artist stops and kneels down.

ARTIST
Teresa

A group of people congregate by the door.

ARTIST (CONT'D)
Call an ambulance.

A guy rings on his phone.

GUY
Yes, ambulance please

The artist cups Teresa into his arms.

Teresa opens her eyes.

ARTIST
Baby hold on, we're getting help.

Teresa rolls her eyes around.

TERESA (Wheezing voice)
It's too late.

The artist begins to cry softly.

ARTIST
No baby, you'll be fine, hold on.
Help is coming.

TERESA
You gave me so much happiness.
I love you.

ARTIST
No baby, hold on.
Don't say your goodbyes.
Please, stay with me.

The ambulance siren sounds in the distance.

ARTIST
Do you hear that?
You'll be fine baby.

Teresa widens her eyes and goes still.

The artist smothers her and cries.

The paramedics rush through the door.

The artist falls back against the wall crying heavily.

INT, ARTISTS STUDIO – NIGHT.

The crying sound fades away.

LISA looks at the ARTIST.

The artists lip quivers.

ARTIST
She died in my arms.
She was turning blue as I held her.
It was too much.
All the well wishers started to come round so I just packed my bags and vanished.
Everyone thought I'd killed myself.

He moves towards the stone.

ARTIST (CONT'D)
But I wasn't finished.
I had to do my masterpiece, a tribute to her.
So that she would not be forgotten.
So I set myself up in here, and when it was complete I would join her in heaven.

The artist points at a noose barely visible behind the stone.

Lisa gasps and looks at the artist.

The artist looks back at her.

ARTIST (CONT'D)

But I lost inspiration; nothing I could create would do her justice.

It seems death isn't the way.

Not now that I have met you.

You look like her.

The same sad eyes

He lifts up a wooden carving of Lisa.

The artist steps towards Lisa.

ARTIST (CONT'D)

Understand, after she died I couldn't bear to have another woman touch me.

But then I saw you, her and saved you.

I fell right in love with you, but it was too painful to bear.

It is too painful to bear.

I hate my feelings for you.

But I do love you Lisa.

Lisa shudders and moves closer.

LISA

Kiss me.

The artist grabs her and kisses her fiercely.

She returns the kiss

Scene 13

INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM – AFTERNOON.

LISA walks into the function room, the ARTIST by her side.

The artist stops.

Lisa turns to face him.

LISA
Are you ok?

ARTIST
Yes fine it's just, there are so many people.

LISA
Take your time.

The artist touches her hand and gives a small smile.

ARTIST
It's fine, let's go in.

They walk towards the table where FRANCES is stood.

Frances turns round looks at Lisa and regards the artist.

FRANCES
I don't believe I've had the pleasure.
Frances.

ARTIST
Good to meet you.

Frances turns to Lisa.

FRANCES
And how about you, are you alright?

Lisa smiles and moves towards the buffet table.

FRANCES moves towards her and gives her a hug.

INT, HOTEL BAR - EVENING

LISA, FRANCES and the artist are all laughing.

FRANCES

She was crazy you have to admit.
Tell him the story you're always telling me.

The artist looks at Lisa, interested.

Lisa looks at him and smiles.

LISA

Ok

Lisa takes a breath and Frances cuts in.

FRANCES

Ok, I'll tell you.
Lisa's mum one day decided she was going to....

Frances voice trails off.

Vince is sat against the partition wall with teary eyes, listening in on the conversation

EXT. HOTEL BAR ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

Frances kisses Lisa on the cheek and jumps into a waiting taxi.

Lisa and the artist begin to walk.

They walk onto the road.

Vince is leaning against the wall out of sight watching them walk off.

The cab drives nearby, he pushes up against the wall as the lights pass by him.

INT. ARTISTS FRONT ROOM – NIGHT

LISA and the ARTIST walk in.

Lisa sits down and the artist picks up an old lamp, he plugs it in.

The room lights up a little, revealing the room to be full of old possessions.

Lisa looks at a picture in a frame.

LISA
Was that her?

The artist looks around at the picture.

ARTIST
Yes that was her; I moved it all here after she died.
I've never used it since.
But now we'll have to.
Can't have you living in the dark now can we.

Lisa smiles

ARTIST
So how are you, really?

Lisa looks down.

LISA
I'm not too sure.
But it feels right that you're here with me.
You understand.
Few of my friends do.

The artist kneels in front of her and puts his arms around her.

She leans down and rests against his shoulder.

Scene 14 (finale)

INT. ART GALLERY – AFTERNOON

LISA and the ARTIST walk into a spacious room, filled with paintings.

They walk across to the left hand wall.

LISA
Which one is yours?

ARTIST
It's three across.

Lisa smiles and slowly walks across the wall towards it.

The artist follows her with his eyes.

She looks at the painting and a surprised smile escapes her.

LISA
She looks like an angel.

The artist steps forward.

ARTIST
She was the most beautiful angel.

Lisa looks down at the caption below searching for the name.

She is distracted by the curator walking across the floor.

CURATOR
Ah, a good choice.
A fantastic artist painted that.
He was a good friend of mine, but then he disappeared.

The curator looks at the artist, a curious look follows.

CURATOR (CONT'D)
But then you already know that don't you.

The artist smiles

The curator embraces the artist.

CURATOR (CONT'D)
You devil, we all thought you'd killed yourself.

ARTIST

No, I just needed some time away.

CURATOR

Five years away?

Well it's good to see you're back.

The curator looks at Lisa.

Lisa smiles and holds her hand out.

The curator shakes her hand gently.

CURATOR

We really should get to know each other better.

The curator turns to the ARTIST.

CURATOR

I insist that you both come to my house for drinks tomorrow evening.

The artist smiles

LISA

We'd be delighted.

The curator smiles and walks off.

The artist and Lisa look at each other.

LISA

That should be fun.

The artist smiles and puts his arm around her, they walk on.

EXT. VINCE'S HOUSE – EARLY EVENING.

FRANCES walks down the street towards the front of the house.

She stops, takes a deep breath, and walks closer.

She looks in through the window and sees Vince at the table, petrol can next to him.

His hand is bandaged and he is drinking from a whisky bottle.

She walks towards the door and knocks.

Nobody answers.

She walks back to the window and bangs on it.

FRANCES.

I know you're in there Vince, I can see you.

Vince turns around and looks at her.

He punches the table and stands up.

INT. VNCES HALLWAY AND FRONT ROOM.

He walks towards the hallway and opens the door.

He opens the door and Frances storms in past him.

She walks into the front room.

VINCE

What do you want?

Frances turns around sharply.

FRANCES

You know damn well what I want.

I want you to leave her alone.

It's bad enough that you killed Val.

I'll die before you take Lisa from me.

Vince laughs.

VINCE

I always knew you we're an imaginative girl but never delusional.

What makes you think I killed her?

FRANCES (Cutting in)

Not with your own hands of course,

But you're the reason she threw herself at the car

What is this?

Frances points at the petrol can.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

What are you planning next Vince?

Going to light a little bonfire are we?

Vince stops smiling and steps towards Francis.

VINCE
And what are you going to do to stop me?

Francis stands firm.

VINCE
It's not me who's doing this Franny.
My brother is here too.
He's going to take care of me.
He's going to take care of you.

Vince sneers as he steps closer.

Francis pulls out a kitchen knife and holds it towards his throat.

FRANCES
I take care of myself Vinny.
And those I love.
To go for Lisa will be the last thing you ever do.

VINCE (threatening tone)
Then do it.
We are going to kill Lisa.
Lisa and that son of a bitch that she is shagging, they both deserve each other.
And as of now, you're the only thing in our way.
So do it.

Francis begins to shake.

FRANCES
I will.

Vince steps back and grabs her hand forcing her to drop the knife.

He kicks her in the stomach and throws her against the wall.

Francis screams and runs towards the door.

Vince pulls her shoulder, swings her around and punches her in the face.

She falls to the ground unconscious.

EXT. THE SQUARE. - NIGHT

Lisa and the artist walk into the square, arms around each other.

They kiss and walk towards the house

INT. VINCES BACK STORE ROOM. – NIGHT.

FRANCES wakes up.

She climbs to her feet.

Looks at the door and tries to get out, the door is locked.

FRANCES
Ugh, too easy.

She reaches into her pocket.

She can't find her phone.

She bangs against the door.

FRANCES
Let me out Vince.
What do you think is going to happen?
LET ME OUT.

She gives up and leans against the wall.

She looks around and see's a hammer.

She goes to it and picks it up.

She feels the weight of it and looks at the door.

She presses her ear against the door listening for movement.

She leans back and swings the hammer at the door.

She pierces the door.

She hammers violently again and again until a hole appears.

She stops, wipes her forehead and hammers again until the hole is big enough.

She reaches her hand out and unlocks the door from the outside.

She runs towards the front room.

Vince is gone.

She grabs the phone.

She dials 999.

The line has been cut.

She groans and runs towards the door.

INT. GOLDENGATE BAR – NIGHT.

VINCE is sat in the bar, drunk.

He has a holdall next to him.

He is muttering to himself.

He looks out of the window and watches a policeman walks past.

VINCE
Pigs
What do you think Harry?
I am ready.
Soon, have another drink.

Vince necks his beer and walks up to the bar.

A BARMAID watches him approach.

Vince slams the glass on the bar.

VINCE
Another

BARMAID
Sorry sir, I can't serve you.

VINCE (Angry)
What?
Says who?

BARMAN
Say's me.

The barman steps in front of the girl.

Vince sneers at the barman.

BARMAN
I remember you
We don't want any trouble. So don't give us any.
Just go.

Vince picks up the glass and throws it at the bottles of whisky on the shelf.

VINCE

Fine

He turns around picks up his bag and walks towards the door.

People move out of his way fearfully as he passes them.

He slams the door.

INT, ARTISTS FRONT ROOM – NIGHT.

Lisa and the artist are lying on the bed.

Lisa is sleeping.

The artist is leaning over her stroking her hair.

He looks towards the door and lies down.

INT. POLICE STATION – NIGHT.

FRANCES runs up to the counter, she is out of breath.

The policeman on the desk looks up.

FRANCES (ragged breathing)

You have to help me.

He's going to kill my friend.

Please help me.

The POLICEMAN puts his hand up in an attempt to calm her.

POLICEMAN

Ok, just calm down.

Who's your friend?

FRANCES

Lisa Fenwick.

Come on, they might already be dead.

POLICEMAN

Please, take it easy.

Who is the offender?

FRANCES
Vincent Guildhall.

POLICEMAN
So what do you know?

FRANCES
He's going to set their house on fire.
He's going to kill them.
Please, come on.

POLICEMAN
I'll send someone.
Wait here.

Frances turns around, hands pulling back her hair.

A policeman walks out.

She turns to him.

POLICEMAN
Come on.

Frances follows him out of the police station.

INT. DREAM SCENE, ARTISTS STUDIO – NIGHT.

The ARTIST wakes up.

The studio door is open, he sits up.

He see's a glow from inside; he gets out of bed and walks slowly towards the door.

A woman is standing looking at his paintings.

ARTIST
Teresa?

TERESA turns around.

TERESA
I was just admiring these paintings.
Your soul's got darker, Phil.
I remember your art used to be so happy.

ARTIST
Are you really here?

Teresa smiles and turns back at the paintings.

TERESA
I'm here to set you free.
You've found someone else?

ARTIST
Please darling, forgive me.

TERESA
It's ok, really.
It's about time you let me go.
You still have a lifetime to enjoy.

Teresa walks up to the artist.

TERESA
Please, no more nightmares.
I will always love you.
And I know you will always love me.
So let's leave it at that.
We shall see each other again when you pass through the golden gates.
No more sorrow.

ARTIST
I will never forget you darling.

The artist touches Teresa.

Teresa looks at the doorway, an alarmed expression on her face.

The artist looks around and see's Vince pouring petrol on the floor.

INT. ARTISTS FRONT ROOM – NIGHT.

The artist opens his eyes.

Vince is standing in the doorway.

Vince drops a match.

EXT. SQUARE – NIGHT.

A police car cruises into the square.

Vince shuts the door and turns around.

The police car pulls to a halt.

Vince begins to run.

The policeman runs from the car and hits Vince with his baton in pursuit.

Vince falls down.

The policeman cuffs him and pulls him into the car.

FRANCES jumps out of the car and looks at the flames in the house.

FRANCES
Oh my god.
Quick they need help.

Frances begins to run towards the house.

The policeman grabs her and pulls her back.

The room explodes.

FRANCES (Screaming)
Lisa

INT. ARTIST HOUSE – NIGHT.

The ARTIST gets out of bed and pulls Lisa up.

Lisa begins to cough.

ARTIST
Get up Lisa.

Lisa gets out of bed, stumbles to the floor and begins to cough.

ARTIST
Lisa

Lisa splutters and crawls towards the artist.

The artist pulls a sheet off the bed and wraps it around Lisa.

He pulls Lisa to her feet and through the door to the studio.

He shuts the door.

The room explodes on the other side

The artist drags her to the far wall of the studio.

She leans down and opens her eyes.

The artist runs to a cupboard and pushes it over.

A door is revealed.

He fumbles around in his pockets for a key.

The door falls inwards and smoke begins to fill the room.

The artist pulls out the key and feels for the lock.

The fire spreads inside and begins to set the canvases on fire.

The artist looks at the fire.

ARTIST (desperately)
Come on, open.

LISA
We're not going to make it.

ARTIST
Hang on Lisa I'm going to get us out of here.

Lisa looks up as the flames get closer.

LISA
Hurry

ARTIST
Please unlock, please.

The lock clicks.

He opens the door.

He pulls Lisa towards the door and shoves her through it.

He shuts the door.

Lisa looks down on the floor at a staircase bottom.

Dried bloodstains cover the bottom steps.

The artist unlocks the door.

ARTIST
Come on Lisa.

Lisa looks at the artist and runs through the door outside.

EXT. THE STREET – NIGHT.

They run across the street.

The house explodes.

They fall onto the ground against the wall of the house opposite.

Lisa watches as the house burns.

The artist groans, relieved.

ARTIST
It's over, at last.
I'm free.

Lisa looks at him and puts her arm around him.

He puts his head on her shoulder.

People walk out of their houses in nightgowns shocked.

The scene pans out of the street as fire engine sirens get louder.

THE END

