

EREMITION

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EXT. THE EMPTY - NIGHT

Fade in on a blurry, yellow, flickering glow in the middle of the screen. All stays blurry throughout until the SMASH CUT.

We gradually make out a bonfire, THE HIVEMIND round it: first 2, then 6, then 12, then a 1000 cabalists, in absolute unison, incanting, their limbs contorting at unnatural angles, then snapping back into place with unsettling grace,...

THE HIVEMIND
(repeated)
In-fa-res-tus-ra-mi-deh...

...crescendoing, accompanied by Ligeti atonal music. Their fervor becomes overwhelming. As they're about to reach the climax of their ritualized set,...

SMASH CUT:

OVER BLACK

2002

SOUND: The last part of Bach-Gounod's Ave Maria sung by an angel whose voice belongs to...

INT. CHURCH BALCONY - DAY

...YOUNG PETER (13, cherub-faced), close-up.

As we move away from him, we see him being accompanied on an organ by ORGANIST (female, frumpy, 40s) who tries to wipe away a tear, moved beyond measure. MUSIC CONT.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Overhead view of the inside of a voluminous, grand old church, sunlight streaming through the exquisitely stained windows, filled to capacity by CHURCH-GOERS, Young Peter a tiny spot on the balcony above the pulpit.

INT. CHURCH PEWS - DAY

Near the back of the church, in the middle of a pew, moving down the row in their seated positions: UNCLE SYDNEY Mosterd (50s, hawk-eyed features, smart dresser, visibly moved), and...

...the healthy-looking, sun-tanned MOSTERDs: MOSSIE (36, everyman, rubbing the spine of his Bible), BABA (38, mousy, glancing at her watch every now and again) and...

...MARIAAN (18, bright-red hair, almost attractive, squirming in her seat without it being too obvious) dressed in their very modest Sunday-best.

SOMEONE's phone vibrates. They'd received a message from a WhatsApp group called, 'Cosmic Concord'. We know they're in the church because we can see the back of a pew behind the phone. SCREEN: 3 fire emoji's

INT. CHURCH BALCONY - DAY

YOUNG PETER
(singing)
Aaaaaah-meeeen.

MUSIC FADES AWAY.

Silence.

INT. CHURCH PULPIT - DAY

Seen from below, God's divine messenger, the PASTOR's head appears. He echoes...

PASTOR
God be with you.

INT. CHURCH PEWS - DAY

The churchgoers start towards the exits, their chattering starting to pick up.

INT. CHURCH BALCONY - DAY

Young Peter, standing, looks down out over the congregation. Smiling, excitedly, he spots Uncle Sydney who he waves to.

INT. CHURCH PEWS - DAY

Uncle Sydney waves back and gestures towards the corridor under the balcony.

INT. CHURCH BALCONY - DAY

Young Peter nods, gives a thumbs-up.

INT. CHURCH PEWS - DAY

CHURCHGOER 1 (male, 50s) accidentally bumps into Mossie, getting up off his seat, who drops his Bible.

A bookmark falls out, plain except for 2 INTERLOCKING HALF-CIRCLES (shouldn't be too obviously visible).

CHURCHGOER 1

So sorry.

Putting the bookmark back into his Bible...

MOSSIE

No worries, my friend.

INT. CHURCH NEAR AN EXIT - DAY

DOLORES (homely) speaks to MARTHA (God-in-the-heart)

DOLORES

Wasn't that just divine, Martha?

MARTHA

Oh! Like an angel from heaven.

(beat)

Dolores?

Martha, looking at Dolores enquiringly...

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Dolores!

Dolores has whiffs of smoke coming from behind her. SHE BURSTS INTO FLAMES!

Dolores gives a blood-curling scream as Martha looks on, petrified, then...

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(flames shooting out of her head)

Ah-ah AHHHHH!

INT. CHURCH BALCONY - DAY

On the balcony, Young Peter is gathering his sheet music, on his way out. He freezes, flickering yellow light playing off his face, mortified, as he sees churchgoers catching fire in spectacular fashion.

Here a random one, there another, until the whole congregation is burning in a tornado of flames. (We don't see Uncle Sydney or The Mosterds burning.)

Young Peter jerks his head to the right at the organist who catches fire, screaming in agony.

Young Peter drops his burning sheet music and screams. He looks down at his burning hands, skin singeing and burnt flesh dropping off. He falls back into the pew.

SMASH CUT:

From below, NOT A SINGLE FLAME IN SIGHT, the congregation has frozen in their tracks and looks up towards the balcony.

Peter finds their gaze ominous, but it's only his imagination.

INT. CHURCH BALCOONY - DAY

ORGANIST
(unhurt)
What's the matter?

Peter plays his hands over her arms and his own, making double-sure they're not burnt.

INT. CHURCH NEAR AND EXIT - DAY

Looking at the balcony, then each other, Mossie and Baba give each other a neutral gaze, and with the other churchgoers, start heading towards the exit once again.

INT. CHURCH BALCONY - DAY

Peter, white as a ghost, grabs his sheet music and...

INT. CHURCH BALCONY STAIRWAY - DAY

...runs down the stairs, bursts through the door...

17.INT. CHURCH BALCONY LOWER LEVEL CORRIDOR - DAY

...into a corridor, crashing into the arms of Uncle Sydney.

Peter screams.

UNCLE SYDNEY
Hey Hey! Calm down, what happened?

Peter whimpers...

PETER
Up there! The fire!

Uncle Sydney bursts through the balcony stairways door. Footfall accelerating up stairs. (OFF SCREEN)

Peter slides down the wall and scrunches himself up in a little ball.

The door opens...

UNCLE SYDNEY
There's no fire, Peter.

Peter looks up, wanting to believe his uncle.

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Promise.

Peter looks at him with big eyes.

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)
(patiently)
What is it with you today?

Uncle Sydney holds out his hand. Peter takes it.

INT. 2000S MERCEDES S-CLASS - DAY

Driving along a tree-lined street in an affluent neighborhood.

UNCLE SYDNEY
Feeling better?

Peter keeps staring in front of him.

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)
You know, your mom also had these intense flashes of imagination.

PETER
Noone ever told me.

UNCLE SYDNEY
I just always thought she had a very lively imagination, a rich inner world that she couldn't always explain to those around her. She often, uh, tended towards the dramatic or what we saw as dramatic. (beat) Sis and your dad wouldn't been so proud of you today.

Uncle Sydney wells up a bit.

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Anyway, Mr. le Roux is here today.

YOUNG PETER
Mr. who?

UNCLE SYDNEY
So, no shenanigans, ok? Please.

Teary-eyed, Uncle Sydney manages a smile and ruffles Peter's hair.

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)
We've got to get you in there.

YOUNG PETER
Yes, uncle.

UNCLE SYDNEY
Although, I really can't see that being an issue.

Inside joke, both with a southern brawl...

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Hey. Only the best boys choir school in the US of A!

YOUNG PETER
(feeling better now)
Only the best goddamn boys choir school in the US of A!

They high-five. Laughter.

YOUNG PETER (CONT'D)
(normal accent)
Does he really talk like that?

UNCLE SYDNEY
(normal accent)
He looks unassuming, but he's a killer-coordinator. And he knows talent when he sees it.
(beat)
Are you sure you're ok?

Young Perer nods his head.

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)
What do you need to always remember, Peter?

YOUNG PETER
Family is key.

UNCLE SYDNEY
Exactly. Family is key.

INT. MANSION GRANDIOSE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

50s, smartly dressed with a Stetson, southern drawl...

MR. LE ROUX
...the best goddamn boys choir school
in the US of A!

Uncle Sydney and Young Peter glance at each other but manage to keep their composure.

200 GUESTS are mingling, chattering in the background.

UNCLE SYDNEY
We were thinking of driving down
there this weekend.

MR. LE ROUX
You're most welcome, Mr. Mosterd.
(to Young Peter)
You're in, by the way, young man.

UNCLE SYDNEY
(to Young Peter)
What?! Did you hear that?

YOUNG PETER
(less enthused but not
showing it)
Great.

UNCLE SYDNEY
(to Mr. Le Roux)
I've heard you have quite a
rigorous audition process...

MR. LE ROUX
No need. Heard enough today. It's a
lock.

UNCLE SYDNEY
When's the next in-take?

Young Peter takes his chance to make a get-away. He saunters past some guests.

MR. LE ROUX (OFF SCREEN)
We have a group coming in mid-
January or beginning August, up to
you. But, the sooner, the better.
That voice ain't gonna...
(becomes inaudible)

GUEST 1 (OFF SCREEN)
... poor boy. Thankfully his uncle
was there to take him in.

Young Peter squirms.

GUEST 2 (OFF SCREEN)
...blessed with such a gift...

INT. MANSION ENTRANCE HALLWAY - DAY

Young Peter heads out the front door onto the...

EXT. MANSION VAST TERRACE - DAY

He looks out at the property's well-manicured gardens, its borderline out of sight. Behind him is the stone façade of a meticulously preserved 1950s mansion. Sadness flits across his face.

He hears squeak-squeak-squeak, contains himself, and goes down the terrace steps to inspect.

EXT. MANSION TREE - DAY

Young Peter sees Mariaan on a swing hanging off a big, knotted branch, not too far from the mansion.

YOUNG PETER
My favorite niece.

MARIAAN
I'd've believed you if I weren't
the only one.

Young Peter sits on the swing next to hers. They rock themselves gently.

YOUNG PETER
I got in.

MARIAAN
Where?

YOUNG PETER
Galveston Boys Choir School.

MARIAAN
That's fantastic!
(seeing him less excited)
Right?

YOUNG PETER
I'd rather stay here.

MARIAAN
This is a chance of a lifetime,
Peter. Take it.

YOUNG PETER
I know-I know.

MARIAAN
Looks like Uncle Sydney's got it
all planned out for you.

YOUNG PETER

Would be nice if he asked me
sometimes how I feel about these
things.

MARIAAN

Family is?

YOUNG PETER

Key.

MARIAAN

Right, well, it's not like you
don't want it, is it?

YOUNG PETER

Yeah, I know. (beat) But. I don't
even know if I want music to be my
future.

MARIAAN

Don't think about it too much, as
the Chinese like to say.

YOUNG PETER

What do YOU know about the Chinese?

MARIAAN

I pick up a book every now and
again. MEANING, things happen the
way they do.

(beat)

Could be that you're afraid of
success.

YOUNG PETER

Also a Chinese's saying?

MARIAAN

Not sure.

YOUNG PETER

You're very wise today.

MARIAAN

Smart-ass.

(beat)

Hey, wanna go camping this weekend?

YOUNG PETER

Are you guys EVER home?

MARIAAN

Right, hey? I go where the
parentals go. Come on, it's gonna
be fun!

YOUNG PETER
Can't. We're probably driving down
there this weekend.

MARIAAN
Hey, stop looking so glum. This is
a fantastic opportunity!

Peter nods. Beat.

MARIAAN (CONT'D)
What was that in church today?

Young Peter squirms in his seat.

YOUNG PETER
You're gonna think I'm crazy.

MARIAAN
Try me.

YOUNG PETER
I saw the whole congregation go up
in flames.

Mariaan unclenches her hand off the swings rope, then holds
on tightly again.

MARIAAN
What'dya mean!?

YOUNG PETER
Everyone was burning, one here,
then there, they burst into flames,
until everyone was burning. It all
felt so real.

Looking at him inquisitively...

MARIAAN
You're one strange puppet, little
bro.

YOUNG PETER
Right.

MARIAAN
Maybe you're gonna be a writer one
day with that imagination of yours.

YOUNG PETER
Who knows.

Beat.

MARIAAN
Do you miss them?

YOUNG PETER
Some days are better than others.

MARIAAN
They'd've been so proud of you
today.

Young Peter looks down.

Mariaan takes out a packet of smokes.

MARIAAN (CONT'D)
Want one?

YOUNG PETER
I don't think you're supposed to
offer a cigarette to a thirteen-
year old.

MARIAAN
Woos.

YOUNG PETER
Nice, Mariaan. Bad for my voice.

Mariaan inhales deeply. Young Peter, in 2 minds...

YOUNG PETER (CONT'D)
Well, OK then.

Mariaan lights him a cigarette and hands it to him. Young
Peter inhales, coughs violently.

MARIAAN
Woos.

YOUNG PETER
Hey, look,...

The sun going down over emerald-green tree tops is God
putting on his daily show, the city smog making it extra
special today.

YOUNG PETER (CONT'D)
...the same color as your hair,
carrot top.

Mariaan hits him playfully.

The 2 of them sit there, at peace with nature. Young Peter
tries to inhale again and coughs again.

EXT. MANSION VAST TERRACE - SUNSET

Mossie also looks at the sunset. His phone rings, UNKNOWN
CALLER.

MOSSIE

Yes?

VOICE

Things going according to plan?

MOSSIE

Yes. It will take time.

VOICE

Time doesn't exist.

Call ends.

OVER BLACK

PRESENT DAY

Sunset over farmland.

A hand pours whisky over some ice cubes in a glass.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DUSK

Peter (30, looking late 30s), with a slight drunken weave in his step, glass in hand, leaves the big kitchen and...

INT. FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM - DUSK

...walks through the ample dining room past a long wooden table with 10 chairs,...

INT. FARM CORRIDOR 1/LIVING ROOM - DUSK

...past the huge living room opening up off the WOODEN-FLOORED corridor. A sad little plastic Christmas tree, BAUBLES HERE AND THERE, in a corner gets dwarfed by the space around it, its lights flickering dimly in the darkening room.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT DOOR - DUSK

Peter stops with some effort, steadying himself on the door knob.

PETER

Kitsy-kitsy-kitsy-kishy...

A tabby (KITTY), inquisitively fluttering tail, appears from Corridor 2 where the bedrooms, bathrooms and study are.

PETER (CONT'D)

Let's go see how things look outside.

He opens the front door and Kitty slips out. Peter follows,...

EXT. FARMHOUSE PORCH - DUSK

...plops down on a chair and lights a cigarette. DRAWN-OUT QUIET SOUNDS. Birds are chittering away, getting in their last songs before nightfall.

Peter looks out over a field of blooming carrots almost ready for harvest. In the background far away, some peach orchards.

Sensor lights go on and light the porch in a soft glow.

PETER
(to the lights)
Cheers.

Takes a sip.

We spend some time in nature, deep orange sky turning a purplish hue. Some cranes fly overhead. A mole pushes up a small mound of rich earth, IT SCRATCHES AGAINST THE SOIL TOO UNNATURALLY LOUD. Kitty chases after a locust.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The door opens after a few tries from outside, and Peter...

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...staggers past the living room into...

INT. CORRIDOR 1 - NIGHT

He retraces his steps and...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

... toasts the Christmas tree.

PETER
L'Chaim

He starts sniggering loudly over this "supreme" witticism and lurches back down...

INT. CORRIDOR 1 - NIGHT

...to get to...

INT. FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

...where he switches on a lamp with a newspaper under it,
HEADLINE:

'FAMOUS ITALIAN INDUSTRIALIST KILLED IN FREAK ACCIDENT', but a
side table in his way has him come crashing down. Kitty
scrambles out of sight.

Lying on his back...

PETER

Fuck me.

He tries to get up but falls down again, and starts laughing
hysterically which turns into sobbing, then drunk-laughing
again.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sleepy time methinks.

He heads down...

INT. CORRIDOR 1 - NIGHT

...and turns into a dark..

36.INT. CORRIDOR 2 - NIGHT

...but stops in his tracks.

MENACING GROWLING.

Peter's frozen to the spot. Unsurely, a whisper...

PETER

Kitty-kitty-kishy?

THE GROWLING GROWS LOUDER. 2 rheumy-yellow eyes of a large
predator stares at him. We only see the eyes.

Corridor 2 elongates.

IT'S COMING FOR HIM DOWN CORRIDOR 2, THIS THING WE CANNOT
SEE, MUFFLED PREDATOR PAW-THUMPS ON WOODEN FLOOR.

A scream stuck in his throat, Peter staggers back into the...

INT. FARM HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CRESCENDOING PAW THUMPS!

...and falls over a carpet.

LOUD RINGING of a cellphone on a table.

Expecting the thing to pounce, Peter finally manages a scream, covering his face.

LOUDER RINGING of cellphone.

Silence.

Peter forces himself to peer past his arms, but sees nothing. He grabs an iron poke from the fire place...

LOUDER RINGING STILL!!

INT. FARMHOUSE CORRIDOR 2 - NIGHT

...and switches on the light.

Nothing there.

LOUDER RINGING!!!

He checks bedrooms 1, 2, 3, the 2 bathrooms...

LOUDER RINGING!!!!

...and the study, holding out the poke threateningly.

LOUDER RINGING!!!!!!

PETER
Jesus Christ!

Peter rushes down...

INT. CORRIDOR 2 - NIGHT

...into the...

INTO. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The cellphone says 'Mariaan'. He swipes over the decline icon and plops onto a sofa, his face white with fear. He looks at his hands, shaking.

LOUD KNOCKING (OFF SCREEN) on the kitchen door.

Peter's head jerks up in terror.

MARIO (OFF SCREEN)
Peter. Peter!

Peter visibly unclenches.

PETER
Coming.

MARIO (OFF SCREEN)
Peter!

PETER
Coming!!

INT./EXT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Peter opens the back door and we see a Hispanic man, 30s, rugged, weather-beaten.

MARIO
You ok?
Stumbling a bit...

PETER
Ja-ja, I'm fine.
Mario sighs and enters.

MARIO
Come on then.

PETER
What?

MARIO
To bed.

PETER
Let's have a drink first.

MARIO
I don't think so.

PETER
Coooome-oooon...

Mario ignores Peter's request and steers him down Corridor 1. Aiming his shush-finger to his mouth, but missing, Peter peers around the corner, down Corridor 2.

PETER (CONT'D)
(stage-whisper)
Wait.

MARIO
(normal voice)
Why?

PETER
Shuss! Just... Wait.

Peter peers around the corner again.

PETER (CONT'D)
OK, all clear.

Mario rolls his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

Peter flops onto the bed. Mario, taking off his shoes...

MARIO
I can't do this every night, Peter,
please.

PETER
I know-I know, I'm sorry.

MARIO
You always say that.

PETER
But this time, I mean it.

MARIO
I've gotta be up in four hours;
we're spraying tonight.

PETER
Ew, pesticides. Bad for the
environment.

MARIO
Pays my salary.

PETER
You're my hero, Mario, you know
that?

MARIO
Yeah-yeah.

PETER
No, really, you are. So strong...

Peter touches his bicep.

PETER (CONT'D)
So shhteakfast. Always doing whash
right. If I was into guys, I'd've
totally gone for you.

MARIO
Can't really say the same, silly.

Mario, smiling, mooshes Peter's cheeks affectionally, and
throws a duvet over him.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Sleep.

But Peter is out as a light already.

With one last concerned look at Peter, Mario switches off the light and exits.

Dim light. Pan around the bedroom; the open door. Light snoring. Quiet.

Kitty jumps on the bed, scrunches herself up Sphinx-like, and purring, stares intently at a sleeping Peter.

FADE OUT

ARIAL VIEW: The farmhouse looks small at the bottom of a mountain range. ON THE MOUNTAIN, 3 TINY DOTS ARE MAKING THEIR WAY ALONG A FOOTPATH.

The sun had just come up. Cicadas high-pitched whines already.

As we move closer, we see the farmhouse, trees dotted around it, the house a generous L-shape. A shed near the farmhouse is roughly the same size. 2 workers' houses 300 yards from the shed.

43.INT. BEDROOM 2 - DAY

Peter's head pops into view, SHARP INTAKE OF BREATHE, like someone who'd come to after the kiss of life.

PETER
(holding his head)
Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow.

He frantically rummages for something, then remembers where it is.

INT. CORRIDOR 2 - DAY

With trepidation, Peter sticks his head out the bedroom door, looks left, right, left and right again. Coast is clear.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

His phone gets picked up. He plops down on the sofa.

PHONE SCREEN: Calendar shows '24 December', in the 8 am slot, 'Johannes'. Time now, '5:44'.

Peter passes out on the sofa.

FADE OUT

Once again, Peter's head pops into view, SHARP INTAKE OF BREATHE. He looks at his phone.

PETER
Fuck-fuck-fuckity-fuck.

QUICK SUCCESSION OF SEQUENCE OF SHOTS:

- kettle boiling
- plunger being pushed down on ground coffee of a French press
- two eggs (sunny-side up) and bacon frying. SIZZLE
- toast dipped in egg yolk still a bit raw
- sip of coffee. SLURP
- cigarette being put out in the other egg yolk
- cat pellets pouring into a bowl
- Kitty, looking up, meowing talkatively, then eating, purring as she gets a stroke
- lush veggie garden being watered outside
- thorny weeds being pulled out by LEATHER GARDENING GLOVES
- stream of hot water from a showerhead, hair being shampooed
- jeans being pulled over Mickey Mouse boxers
- Rammstein t-shirt on
- laptop gets switched on on a very neat and organized desk
- time on wall clock moves from 7:58 to 8:42

46.INT. STUDY - DAY

Shot from the side, Peter is watching the screen.

NARRATOR (OFF SCREEN)
...and her legs were a bit disproportionate - the right one was a little thinner than the left one. She tried to hide this defect by wearing long skirts...

SCREEN: An interactive 'Frida Kahlo' video plays, Peter and JOHANNES (35, hipster hair and beard, surfer-dude, blue eyes, manly, quite the character, confident), their small participant tiles to the right.

VISUALS accompany the narrator's telling.

NARRATOR (OFF SCREEN) (CONT'D)
 ...but it didn't save her from the
 mockery of her peers. Despite this,
 her solid upbringing pushed her to
 be a good student and a creative
 personality.

Peter takes a long gulp from a glass of water.

NARRATOR (OFF SCREEN) (CONT'D)
 It may have been the health
 problems that inspired Frida to
 want to become a doctor. She
 entered the best high school in
 Mexico called, 'La Preparatoria' in
 Mexico City.

Narrator stops abruptly.

SCREEN: A sentence at the top reads: By the time Frida (dot-dot-dot) to high school, she (dot-dot-dot) through a serious disease. Select the right answer.

had gone + went

went + had gone

gone + had gone

went +went

PETER
 So, Johannes, remember what tense
 we use for an action that comes
 first if you have two actions that
 happened in the past, and you want
 to indicate their sequence of
 progression.

JOHANNES
 (German accent)
 Sequence of progression? What is
 this?

PETER
 Meaning, something happens, then
 another thing, then another thing.
 But here, we only have two things
 that happened - the one happened
 first, then the other one.

JOHANNES
 This ist bullshit, Peter. Let's do
 some free-talk, my man.

PETER
 (chuckling)
 Alles zu seiner Zeit.

Clinking and clanking from the kitchen. (off screen)

Peter's face lights up.

PETER (CONT'D)
Johannes, one second, please. Have
a loooooook aaaat thiiiiis shaaare..

Peter shares a page showing how past perfect and simple past work together.

PETER (CONT'D)
... and I'll be right back.

JOHANNES
No worries, my friend.

INT. FARM HOUSE DINING ROOM - DAY

Walking past the table, he sees LIZETTE (Hispanic, 27, tight clothing, perky breasts, cute) washing dishes in the...

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

PETER
(beaming)
Morning, Lizette.

LIZETTE
Morning!

He puts his hand on the small of her back.

PETER
How's things?

Lizette squirms a bit trying to get away from his touch. She wipes some crumbs off the kitchen table, keeping the table between them.

LIZETTE
Doesn't help to complain, right?

PETER
I'm teaching. I'll be back for a
chat in a sec.

LIZETTE
(forced smile)
Take your time.

INT. STUDY - DAY

PETER
So, Johannes, if you...

JOHANNES

Past perfect first (had and past participle) before the simple past verb. So, 'had gone' and 'went'. Sequence of events - Voila!

PETER

Excellent!

JOHANNES

I sheeted a little.

PETER

What?

JOHANNES

I sheeted. Don't be angry, my teacher.

PETER

Oh, you cheated.

JOHANNES

Yes, sheeted. I washed the video in my browser.

PETER

Ch-ch-ch-cheated.

JOHANNES

Ch-ch-Sheeted.

PETER

Ch-ch...

JOHANNES

Ach, mein Gott. These strange sounds.

(with some effort)

Cheated.

PETER

Yeah, great! Give me a high-five.

They high-five digitally, Johannes quite chuffed with himself.

JOHANNES

Now ze free-talk?

PETER

Now THE free... Nevermind.

JOHANNES

You got my PayPal money for the lessons?

PETER

I did, thanks, Johannes. You're settled in?

JOHANNES

Ja-ja, two more years for my company and then back to my heimat - I'll survive.

(sings)

'First I was afraid, I was be-tri-fied...'

Peter chuckles.

JOHANNES (CONT'D)

You are with family tonight?

PETER

(trying to lie convincingly)

Yes. Yes. I'm visiting a friend in Richmond. We're spending Christmas together.

JOHANNES

I miss you, my man. When you're visiting again?

PETER

Soon, I hope.

JOHANNES

I had a great time last time. Außer this shit American beer, mein Gott.

PETER

You know they have Paulaner and Erdinger at Costco, right?

JOHANNES

Ugh. Paulaner and Erdinger, for peasants.

Peter chuckles.

PETER

Johannes, I want to ask you something.

JOHANNES

Shoot at me, my friend.

PETER

Remember, last time I was there, we talked about your friend...

JOHANNES

Hmmm...

PETER

There were four people in a car and they were riding along a dark highway and suddenly a woman was right in front of the car, and they were sure they'd hit her, but when they stopped, there was no body anywhere?

JOHANNES

Yes-yes, my friend, David. What about zat? Man, was he on a freak-out...

PETER

Well...

JOHANNES

Spit them out, my friend.

PETER

I told you about the people I saw burning in a church when I was little, remember?

JOHANNES

Ja?

PETER

Well, you're gonna think I'm coo-coo.

JOHANNES

Try me on.

PETER

I was home last night, after lessons. I may have had a drink or two.

JOHANNES

(laughs)

Pffft. Sorry, continue.

PETER

I turned into a corridor...

The study door leading to Corridor 2 looms large. Peter swallows with some difficulty.

PETER (CONT'D)

...when I heard a sound.

JOHANNES

What sound you heard?

PETER

Growling. Deep guttural growling.

JOHANNES

Guttural?

PETER

Hmm, how to say... Aus der tiefen Kehle. Growling, like a lion or a jaguar.

JOHANNES

Like the car.

PETER

No, the animal.

JOHANNES

I see-I see. Continue.

PETER

NARRATION OVER FLASHBACK

It came at me, I could hear the sound grew louder...

FLASHBACK ENDS

...but then, nothing.

JOHANNES

You didn't see this animal?

PETER

Right. Only the sound.

Lizette scrapes some chairs over the wooden floor. (OFF SCREEN)

JOHANNES

That's very strange, my man.

(beat)

You was not a naughty boy and maybe took a little acid?

PETER

No, swears.

JOHANNES

Hmmm.

(beat)

I don't know what to say, Peter.
You have me forget my words.

Both chuckle uncomfortably.

JOHANNES (CONT'D)

But. There are any bad elements in your life?

PETER
Bad elements?

JOHANNES
People which want to hurt you?

PETER
God, no. Well, not that I can think
of.

JOHANNES
I told you I study in Berlin,
right?

Peter nods.

JOHANNES (CONT'D)
These days I am a little wild,
experimenting with everything.

PETER
Huh-huh?

JOHANNES
Well, some time, I had an esoterics
teacher.

PETER
What's that?

JOHANNES
Let's say, a guru.

PETER
OK.

INT. LAKE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Johannes sits at a dining table in an open-room concept post-modernist house, very well appointed, the glitterng lake in the background.

JOHANNES
He told me about projectionists.

SCREEN: Peter looks on inquisitively.

JOHANNES (CONT'D)
About this, I'm not really supposed
to talk.

PETER
Please, Johannes.

Johannes sighs.

JOHANNES

In this world, some people can make
you see what they want you to see.

PETER

You mean, people can put a picture
in your head?

JOHANNES

Right.

PETER

Why?

JOHANNES

Maybe they want something from you.
They want you do something for
they. They have a goal, a plan.
They want you to see the world a
certain way.

PETER

But, why me?

JOHANNES

I dunno, my man. You have to sit
down and think very carefully.

Silence.

JOHANNES (CONT'D)

Hey, teacher. I've gotta go. Sarah
wait.

PETER

OK, thanks, Johannes.

SCREEN TO SCREEN once again.

JOHANNES

If this happen again, you call me,
ok? I want to know. Any time is ok.

Peter nods.

PETER

Thanks, Johannes. Appreciated.

JOHANNES

Are you sure you with friends this
Christmas?

PETER

(smiling)

Of course. Stop fussing.

JOHANNES

Fussing?

PETER
Nevermind.

JOHANNES
Merry Christmas, my friend! Not
this bullshit, Happy Christmas.

Peter smiles.

PETER
Merry Christmas, Johannes. And the
same for Sarah.

JOHANNES
I see you before February, right?

PETER
Sure.

JOHANNES
Looooong before February. You come,
we drink, we barbeque again. You
sleep here.

PETER
Promise.

JOHANNES
But I see you for a lesson on 3
January.

PETER
Rightio. The 3rd.

Johannes blows him a kiss.

JOHANNES
Tschüss

PETER
Bis bald.

The Teams Meeting finishes.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Peter sits there a while and stares at the screen.

Clinking/clanking of empties being put into a waste bag. (OFF
SCREEN)

EXT. KITCHEN BACKDOOR - DAY

Water is pouring into a watering can from an outside tap.

Peter picks up the can, starts walking but pauses a while to look at Lizette hanging clothes. The summer sun simmers off the sheets, framing her beautiful figure.

She catches Peter staring.

He clears his throat guiltily. He continues on his journey...

LIZETTE

I'm soaking the bathroom mats.
Looks like Kitty's eaten something
on them. There's dried blood.

PETER

Probably a mouse again. She's quite
the hunter.

Peter walks on.

LIZETTE

Before I forget - Mario told me to
let you know to stay indoors at
night for a while.

PETER

Why?

LIZETTE

They spotted cougar tracks near the
orchard, looks like it killed
something and dragged it across the
road towards Spooky's house.

PETER

What? Wait...

Lizette looks up inquisitively.

PETER (CONT'D)

Last night...

LIZETTE

Yes?

PETER

Nothing, but, Jeez-Louise, that's
like half a mile from here!

Lizette continues hanging clothes.

LIZETTE

They tend to stay out of the way
during the day.

PETER

K, noted.

He's about to start...

Lizette stops hanging.

LIZETTE

Also, the fans are on from today.

PETER

Goddammit. Is it that time again?

LIZETTE

For a month.

PETER

Carrot or onion seeds?

LIZETTE

Onion. They catch mould quickly.

PETER

Great. I already smell like one.

LIZETTE

Japanese inspectors do spot checks.
Mario asked Spooky if they can be
switched off at night.

PETER

And Spooky said no. Great.
Christmas eve, ffs. He can't wait
till the 26th?

LIZETTE

Mario doesn't have much say in
these matters.

PETER

Right.

Lizette starts hanging again.

EXT. HOUSE/SHED - DAY

Peter stops at a vehicle drive-through between the house and the shed and looks at the 2 industrial-sized fans, now silent, built into the shed's wall. They have metal covers over them to keep out debris.

PETER

(bitterly)

Joy to the world.

EXT. VEGGIE PATCH - DAY

Peter waters his pumpkins. He bends down to touch a particularly healthy-looking one.

PETER
You grow strong, Mr. Pumpkin. I'm
getting you more food next week.
Merry Christmas.
(to himself, looking out
over the fields)
What more does one need?

He stands up and looks at the glaring sun from between his fingers.

EXT. FARMLANDS - DUSK

Spectacular sunset.

INT. CORRIDOR 2 - NIGHT

Moving through A WELL-LIT Corridor 2, we eventually see...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter on the sofa, Kitty on his lap getting an ear rub.

JOHN MCCLANE (OFF SCREEN)
Don't come up here! You're gonna
get yourselves killed!

On the TV screen, John McClane is shouting at arriving police officers not to come closer to Nakatomi Plaza.

JOHN MCCLANE (CONT'D)
I'm telling you, it's a setup!

Peter takes a sip from his half-empty glass. He's quite a few drinks in already.

DIE HARD CONTINUES THROUGHOUT UNTIL STATED OTHERWISE.

PETER
Hey, Kitshy. Guess it's time to es-
shange gifts.

A protesting Kitty gets lifted from Peter's lap. Peter weaves towards the Christmas tree.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hey, lookie here!

Kitty's licking her ass.

PETER (CONT'D)
What do we have here?

Peter picks up a small wrapped box.

PETER (CONT'D)
Wanna open it?

Kitty looks up, then continues licking her ass.

PETER (CONT'D)
OK then, I'll give you a hand.

Peter opens the gift - sachets of wet cat food in the box.

Kitty comes closer.

KITTY
Mauw.

PETER
What? You got me something as well?

Kitty rubs herself against Peter's leg.

From behind the tree, Peter extracts a wrapped gift, bottle-shaped.

PETER (CONT'D)
What could this be, Kitty? You really shouldn't have.

Peter unwraps his gift. A bottle of whiskey.

PETER (CONT'D)
(overjoyed)
You just always knows eshactly what to get me.

KITTY
Mauw.

PETER
OK-OK. Hold your horses.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Peter empties a sachet of cat food on a small plate and...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...places it next to the sofa. Kitty purrs and eats.

SLOW WHIRR AS THE FANS KICK IN. (OFF SCREEN)

Kitty jerks her head towards the sound and scampers off.

FULL-THROTTLE - WHIRR!!

PETER
Great.

He turns up the volume.

WHIRR!!

He turns up the volume some more.

SCREEN: McClane reaches the body of a fallen officer, a young man with a terrified expression frozen on his face.

McClane kneels beside the officer, his voice thick with emotion.

MCCLANE
(whispering)
I (inaudible)... I (inaudible)...

WHIRR!!

PETER
Fuuuuuuuck!

He turns up the volume some more.

SCREEN:

MCCLANE
(whispering to himself,
LOUDLY)
Alright, Hans... You want a war?
You got one.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

WHIRR!!!!!!

A glass gets slammed onto the counter top. Ice cubes clink into the glass. Whiskey gets poured over the ice, first a third full, then after a slight hesitation, two thirds full. Splash of soda water.

Peter takes a sip, then jerks his head towards the sound.

EXT. HOUSE/SHED - NIGHT

WHIRR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Glass in hand, Peter glares at the fans.

EXT. SHED METAL DOOR - NIGHT

He pushes and pulls at the locked door, but no luck. He disappears from sight...

...only to appear again, crowbar in hand, and tries to pry open the door - no luck.

EXT. HOUSE/SHED - NIGHT

Peter takes a sip. To his right, he sees something.

With drunken determination, he grabs a handful of building sand containing small rocks and starts throwing them into the fans.

WHIRR!!!!!!!!!! - whirr - WHIRR!!!!!!!!!!!!!! The fans protest a bit, but only a split-second, before they're on full-blast again.

Frustrated with this turn of events, he tries to pry off one of the metal covers, the fans whirring dangerously close to his fingers. IT'S SLIGHTLY LOSE BUT DOESN'T COME OFF.

He tries to push the crowbar through the fans' grates - doesn't fit. Frustrated, he throws the crowbar to the side.

INT. CORRIDOR 2 - NIGHT

Peter storms down Corridor 2 and...

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

...slams the door behind him.

WHIRR!

PETER

Better.

He opens up his laptop and searches for a file - 'Die Hard'. Click.

He puts on his headphones.

WHIRR.

SCREEN: KARL and OTTO, are arguing. Karl is nervous, Otto is arrogant.

KARL

(whispering)

Hans said no more casualties. We're supposed to wait for the police.

OTTO

(scoffs)

Coward. He's getting soft in his old age. Besides, that pig cop is still out there. He's a loose end.

KARL
But the orders were...

Peter passes out.

FADE OUT:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Peter jerks awake. Groans.

WHIRR!

INT. CORRIDOR 2 - NIGHT

Corridor 2 is WELL-LIT. He staggers towards the...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

WHIRR!!!!!!

He pours himself a glass of water and peers out the window but his own reflection keeps him from seeing much. He closes the curtain and takes a sip of water.

PETER
Ew.

He empties the water glass, and pours himself another whiskey, then...

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

...stumbles back into...

INT. CORRIDOR 2 - NIGHT

WHIRR!!

NO LIGHT. Peter freezes. He tries switching on the light. On-off-on-off-on-off. BUT, NO LIGHT.

We stay here for a few seconds, in the dark before...

Growling, soft and ominous. (OFF SCREEN)

Horror flashes across Peter's face. TWO YELLOW EYES APPEAR RIGHT BESIDE PETER'S HEAD.

GROWLING!!

Peter lets go his glass which smashes into pieces, and runs towards the kitchen.

GROWLING!!!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

WHIRR!!!!!!

He rummages frantically through the utensils drawer, doesn't find what he's looking for. His head jerks this way, then that way, searching for something..

GROWLING!!!!

...when he spots it on the dish dry-drip.

He grabs a big knife and disappears from the kitchen.

INT. CORRIDOR 2 - NIGHT

He gathers his courage, gripping the knife tightly.

PETER
Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker!

And disappears down a dark Corridor 2. Weirdly, he doesn't step into any glass (but we think he may).

REPEATED SOUNDS OF SHARPNESS PENETRATING FLESH, HITTING BONE.

HISSING (of an apex predator), THEN EXTENDED YOWLING (of a cat).

Dim lighting...

PETER (CONT'D)
No-no-no-no-no-no-no-no...

Peter switches on Corridor 2's light (which goes on this time), horror etched across his features.

Kitty is lying in a pool of blood, bloodied knife next to her, giving her final spams.

PETER (CONT'D)
(softly)
No, Kitty, no-no-no-no.

Peter steps closer to her and picks up her bloodied corpse he holds it close to him.

PETER (CONT'D)
Kitty! KIIIIITYYYYYY!

EXT. WORKERS HOUSE 2 - NIGHT

A light goes on in a window.

WORKER (OFF SCREEN)
Shuuuuut uuuuuup!!!

EXT. WORKERS HOUSE 1 - NIGHT

A light goes on in a window.

INT. WORKERS HOUSE 1 BEDROOM - NIGHT

Both lying in bed, Lizette awakes, bleary-eyed...

LIZETTE
Mario.

Mario is out. She shakes him harder.

PETER (OFF SCREEN)
(faint, but loud enough to
be intrusive)
Kiiiiityyyy! Ah!!!!

LIZETTE
Mario!

Mario manages to wake up.

PETER (OFF SCREEN)
Kiiityyy!

MARIO
Nope. It's Christmas, goddammit!

He turns over and goes back to sleep. Lizette sits up and looks towards the farm house, worried.

INT. CORRIDOR 2 - NIGHT

WHIRR!!

Peter, sobbing, is holding on tightly to Kitty. After a while, he manages to get up, ...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WHIRR!!!

...his hand reaching for his cellphone, whimpering. Scrolling through a very short list of numbers.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mariaan (36), sitting upright in bed, takes a deep, satisfying drag on a cigarette. The bedside lamp is on.

She doesn't show any surprise when the phone rings, Peter's ID showing. Her calm demeanor turns to well-acted fake concern in an instant when she starts talking..

MARIAAN

Peter? What's wrong? Do you know
what time it is?

She looks at a bedside clock which shows: 02:38. AN ENGRAVING
OF 2 INTERLOCKING CIRCLES ARE ON THE CLOCK.

MARIAAN (CONT'D)

Oh, Peter, I don't understand...
You're not making sense...Peter,
Peter... Peter!

She listens, stony-faced. Inaudible, hysterical babble
through the phone speaker. (OFF SCREEN)

MARIAAN (CONT'D)

(fake-concern again)
We're driving through, OK?...
Peter, Peter, listen!...No...Yes...Yes,
yes. Just, hold on.

She calmly takes another drag.

MARIAAN (CONT'D)

OK...OK...OK...Love you, sweetheart. OK...
See you soon.

The call finishes.

She puts out her cigarette and switches off the bedside lamp.
She lets out a well-contented sigh and closes her eyes.

Pan around her room until we stop, looking at a darkened
corner.

Sound of SOFT GROWLING. (OFF SCREEN)

Trying to get to sleep, keeping her eyes closed...

MARIAAN (CONT'D)

Shh-shh, sleepy time, boy. Such a
good boy.

GROWLING TURNS TO panting.

FADE OUT

OVER BLACK

23 December

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The healthy-looking, sun-tanned Mosterds (Mossie, now 54, Baba, now 56, and Mariaan, 36) look down at something, their stares STRANGELY DISPASSIONATE.

We see their figures round a hospital bed in a large private suite, expensive vases of flowers here and there.

Uncle Sydney (now 70s) opens his eyes. He inhales sharply, looking up at the DEEPLY CONCERNED Mosterds. Baba takes his hand.

BABA

How are we today, Sydney?

He tries to sit up.

MOSSIE

No-no, stay down.

We now see a protection shield under linen, his right leg amputated right beneath the upper thigh. He's connected to a vital signs monitor.

UNCLE SYDNEY

(weakly)

Water. Water.

Mariaan fills a hard plastic cup with cucumber water.

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Not that shite. Water.

Baba takes the cup from Mariaan and disappears into the private bathroom.

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Mossie.

Mossie takes his hand. Splashing water (OFF SCREEN)

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I need to talk to you.

MOSSIE

Of course, Sydney.

Baba holds the cup to Uncle Sydney's lips who takes a few sips.

UNCLE SYDNEY

Only you.

Mossie gestures for Baba and Mariaan to leave. As Mariaan closes the door, Uncle Sydney stares out the window. A tear rolls down his cheek.

MOSSIE
(softly)
What is it, brother?

UNCLE SYDNEY
When have you last heard from him?

Mossie looks perplexed.

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Peter.

MOSSIE
Not for quite some time, but
Mariaan stays in touch.

Beat.

UNCLE SYDNEY
My biggest failure.

MOSSIE
Don't say that Sydney. You can only
control so much.

UNCLE SYDNEY
Every single time I showed him the
way, he went in a different
direction. Forever pulling away
from light. Anything that takes a
bit of effort, that makes a man, a
man.

MOSSIE
But he's visited, right?

Uncle Sydney shakes his head.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)
He's visited you here, at least.

Uncle Sydney's eyes says, no.

UNCLE SYDNEY
Sitting there in the middle of
nowhere, a recluse from what I
hear. An alcoholic.

MOSSIE
Mariaan mentioned something like
that.

UNCLE SYDNEY
A fuck-up.
(beat)
Mossie.

Leaning in, slightly too eagerly...

MOSSIE

Yes, Sydney.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)

I've decided to leave everything to you, Baba and Mariaan.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)

Sydney! We can't...

UNCLE SYDNEY

I've made up my mind.

Mossie really puts up a fight not letting a triumphant smile break through.

UNCLE SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Robertson has already drawn up the papers. He's coming through this afternoon.

Mossie looks for a chair. He sees one next to a table. On the table, he sees a sharp pencil he grabs, unseen, as he slides to chair to the bed.

Taking Uncle Sydney's hand, he presses his forehead on the linen.

Uncle Sydney pats his head. From under the bed, we see Mossie slowly pushing the tip of the pencil into his own calf.

Mossie looks up, tears streaming down his face from the pain.

MOSSIE

You've always been so kind to us, Sydney. God will shine his divine light on you.

UNCLE SYDNEY

You were here when I needed someone. You, not him. Only makes sense.

(beat)

Go now. Go. I'm tired.

Mossie, sobbinng softly, kisses Uncle Sydney on the cheek, slipping the pencil into his pocket.

Midway to the door, he turns around...

MOSSIE

We'll see you tomorrow, ok? Don't you dare go anywhere.

Uncle Sydney gives a weak chuckle.

UNCLE SYDNEY
 What? Me? The regatta starts
 tomorrow. Can't make any promises.

Mossie smirks, shakes his head good-naturedly.

EXT. HOSPITAL UNCLE SYDNEY'S DOOR - DAY

As soon as he's out of sight, he loses the fake, concerned smile, and looks down at his slightly bloodied pant leg.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mossie's POV: Mariaan is showing Baba something in a car magazine.

BABA
 Naw, too flashy.

MARIAAN
 (fake annoyed)
 OK, mom. What about the 7-series.

Mossie smiles lovingly at the loves of his life.

BABA
 Too big.

MARIAAN
 (play-annoyed)
 Get a chauffeur.

They both look up and see Mossie.

MOSSIE
 (broad smile)
 It's ours.

The Mosterds laugh and high-five each other.

A disgruntled visitor looks on sourly.

VISITOR
 Come on.

The Mosterds contain themselves, barely, remembering where they are.

82.INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Walking-and-talking...

MOSSIE
Mama, today I'm ordering you and
Anie the complete works at 'Hook,
Line & Sinker' - oysters, shrimp..

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors opens.

MARIAAN
Lobster?

MOSSIE
Lobster.

They get in.

BABA
Caviar?

Mossie pushing the button...

MOSSIE
Hey, don't be greedy.

They laugh as the doors close on them.

We stay here a while as the laughter/excited talk becomes faint. We move back down the...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

...through the...

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

...where Visitor turns the page of a magazine, irritably, to the...

INT. NURSES STATION - DAY

...where NURSE 1 and JENNY are catching up on admin. work near Uncle Sydney's room.

The light above his room starts flashing.

NURSE 1 looks up.

NURSE 1
Jenny, code blue.

Jenny picks up the phone and pushes a speed dial button.

JENNY

Dr. Morrison? (beat) Mr. Mosterd.
Code Blue. (beat) OK.

A MEDICAL TEAM of 10 storm down the corridor and disappear into Uncle Sydney's room.

EXT. HOOK, LINE & SINKER - DAY

The Mosterds, in high spirits, sit at a table outside the restaurant, the sea glittering in the background.

A huge seafood platter, half-eaten, and an overturned bottle of Roederer Brut in an ice bucket adorns the table. Another bottle is halfway finished.

Mariaan snorts some champagne out her nose, laughing.

MOSSIE

OK, last one, promise - The elderly art collector, known for his eccentric tastes, had passed away. His will read: 'My prized Picasso goes to the one who can tell me the most disturbing fact about modern art.' The nephew, desperate to win, declared, 'Most modern art is easier to understand if you're high!

MARIAAN

No, please, no, stop.

Mossie's phone rings. Mossie picks up his phone, about to answer.

MOSSIE

The executor turned to the nephew and said: Not yours, you nitwit!

Gails of laughter.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

Yes. Yes?

Mossie gestures at the others to cool it. Laughter dying down. Concerned stares.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)

What?

(beat)

Yes, yes, of course. Thank you.

Mossie puts down his phone, ashen-faced. Baba and Mariaan look at him in anticipation.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)
He's in a diabetic coma.

A broody cloud blocks the sun.

BABA
The will?

Mossie shakes his head.

FADE OUT

EXT. HIGH-RISE - DAY

Establishing shot. Raining.

EXT. ROBERTSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Door gets slammed shut.

INT. ROBERTSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Rain lashes against the windows of the spacious corner office high above the city. Mossie turns to Robertson.

MOSSIE
That's bullshit. YOU'RE the one
that drew up the document.

SUE (legal secretary, 50s, smartly dressed) pops in her head.

SUE
(concerned)
Everything in order, Mr. Robertson?

ROBERTSON (a moneyed 50) waves her off. Sue closes the door from outside.

MOSSIE
How in God's name is there nothing
that can be done?

ROBERTSON
Mr. Mosterd, we've been through
this - there's no signature.
Period.

MOSSIE
But YOU knew about this. He asked
YOU to draw up the contract! How
can that not count for anything?

ROBERTSON

It simply won't stand in a court of law, Mr. Mosterd. (Beat) He may still come out of the coma.

Mossie sits down, dejected.

MOSSI

The prognosis isn't looking good.

ROBERTSON

Legally, your nephew remains the main beneficiary.

Mossie slams his fist on the arm rest. Robertson tries to find a way to calm him..

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

An oral declaration of intent is GENERALLY not legally binding in estate matters.

MOSSIE

Generally?

Robertson sits down behind his desk.

ROBERTSON

There are avenues we can explore, but.. as the main beneficiary, Peter will have significant financial resources at his disposal to hire whomever he wants. Would you?

Mossie looks down. With renewed hope...

MOSSIE

What about undue influence?

ROBERTSON

That'd be almost impossible to prove. They haven't been in touch for years. Please, Mr. Mosterd, just remember, estate litigation can be expensive and time-consuming. And you simply don't have the resources at present.

MOSSIE

(bitterly)

It was within my grasp.

Remembering who he's talking to...

MOSSIE (CONT'D)

It's just, not right. (beat) You said that with witnesses, I can try to demonstrate Sydney's intent to the court.

ROBERTSON

But, you said there were none.

Beat.

MOSSIE

What if there were?

ROBERTSON

Then, surely, you'd have told me.

MOSSIE

There could have been witnesses.

ROBERTSON

(coldly)

I think that's all we have time for today, Mr. Mosterd.

MOSSIE

One little signature, Robertson. One little signature. And a quarter of the estate is yours - that must be well over a hundred million.

ROBERTSON

Stop. Talking. If I am asked to testify about the exchange that'd passed between us today, I'll have to, you realize that...

Mossie gives Robertson a cold stare, then gets up. At the door he looks back...

MOSSIE

Understood.

ROBERTSON

And I will.

MOSSIE

Understood!

...and leaves.

INT. COFFEE SHOP CORNER BOOTH - DAY

In a booth, Mossie plops down next to Mariaan, cup of coffee in front of her. Baba sits opposite them, eating french fries.

MOSSIE
How can you eat after all that
seafood?

BABA
Stress.

MOSSIE
Five-hundred dollars we won't see
again.

Mariaan puts her hand on Mossie's leg.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)
Jesus, this day has gone to shit.
Tried reasoning...
("reasoning" in hand
quotes)
...with Robertson. He threatened me
with exposure.

Mariaan moves her hand down and starts rubbing Mossie between
the legs.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)
(looking around to see if
anyone can see)
That's kind of you. Not really in
the mood.

Baba calmly eats another fry.

MARIAAN
(nibbling on his ear)
There are ways and means, daddy.

MOSSIE
(slight smile)
You always know how to cheer me up,
Anie.

MARIAAN
(taking a peek at Mossie's
crotch)
Oops, looks like Little Mossie also
sees some hope.

MOSSIE
Come to think of it. Some stress
release would be nice. Shall we to
home?

BABA
Shortly, kind sir. Mariaan?

Mossie kisses Mariaan in the nape of her neck.

MARIAAN
Oooo, yes, daddy.

Baba wipes her hands on a napkin.

BABA
Before you get your freak on, my
darlings, some business to attend
to.

She picks up her phone. WhatsApp Group Chat, COSMIC CONCORD:
the last message sent to her was a crocodile emoji from
'Carla', Italian number (+39...).

BABA (CONT'D)
(showing them her phone
screen)
Remember this one?

Mossie and Mariaan break off their petting.

MARIAAN
Oooo, that was a fun one, the
industrialist.

MOSSIE
They were well pleased.

BABA
What do you say, Mossie? Crocodile
again?

Mossie takes the phone and scrolls through the animal emojis.

MOSSIE
OK, then. Let's tie up this loose
end.

He shows them the screen. We don't see what they see.

MARIAAN
Perfect.

BABA
Excellent choice, my love. Wait.

MOSSIE
Hm?

BABA
Are we doing a level one, two or
there?

MOSSIE
Oh, three, for sure. This guy is
waaaaay past some luke-warm
illusion. And send.

Mossie sends 3 snake emojis to the WhatsApp Group Chat called, 'COSMIC CONCORD'. He switches the phone off and places it back in front of Baba.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)
You know what the man said?

MARIAAN
Robertson?

Mossie shakes his head.

MOSSIE
The executor. He turned to the nephew and said: Not yours, you nitwit!

Mossie, blank-eyed, waits for the punchline from the seafood restaurant to land.

Baba sniggers first, then Mariaan. Laughter getting louder.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The BARISTA, then PATRON 1, then PATRON 2 look over at the darkened booth in the corner as the Mosterds' laughter goes from loud to unruly to faintly demonic, WITH A SLIGHT WITCHES CACKLING EDGE TO IT.

Thunder and lightning as a bolt of lightning hits a lamp post outside the coffee shop.

INHALE OF BREATHS.

STUNNED SILENCE from all in the coffee shop before the strange cackling crescendoes again.

CAKCLING MORPHS INTO CHILDREN LAUGHING EXITEDLY

93. SEQUENCE OF EVENTS WHICH SPEEDS UP, THE MORE MESSAGES ARE RECEIVED:

1 IN SEQUENCE: EXT. PETTING ZOO - DAY

Some children are feeding goats, pigs and lambs while others run around, chasing each other. ITALIAN, SUBTITLED, THROUGHOUT SEQUENCE 1.

CARLA
Giovanni, careful.

GIOVANNI (5) stops chasing a GIRL (5) for 2 seconds before continuing his chase.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Giovanni!

Carla's phone pings. BABA: 3-SNAKE EMOJI.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Elena! I have a small emergency at home.

ELENA (25, pretty kindergarten teacher) turns around from helping a little girl feed a lamb.

ELENA
Oh, no, Carla. I hope it's nothing too serious.

CARLA
Nothing I can't handle.

ELENA
Go-go-go. I'll be fine here.

Walking away briskly, turning back...

CARLA
Thank you, my love. I owe you one.

EXT. ROME STREET - DAY

Carla drives erratically, swerving through traffic in her Fiat Giulietta.

INT. CARLA'S APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - DAY

She throws down her bag and keys and heads to her...

INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

...where she centers herself with deep breaths, yoga-style. Close-up of her face morphs into that of...

2 IN SEQUENCE: INT. TIBETAN BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

...DORJE (35) who is one of a group of monks meditating in a gompa, misty mountains in the background. Dorje, near the back of the group, feels a vibration under his robe. He looks at his phone, BABA: 3-SNAKE EMOJI.

The ABBOT looks at him disapprovingly, wags his finger.

Dorje kowtows towards the abbot and, still kowtowing, reverses out of the meditation hall.

EXT. TEMPLE - DAY

Dorje rushes down the steps and hops on his bicycle.

EXT. SMOKY LHASA STREETS - DAY

He peddles as fast he can through throngs of people - HOUSEWIVES shopping at food stalls, VENDORS shouting the special of the day in Tibetan.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

Dorje rushes along the path and comes to an...

EXT. OUTCROPPING - DAY

...peaceful and quiet. Exquisite scenery.

He centers his breathing.

3 IN SEQUENCE: EXT. PARISIAN CAFÉ - DAY

HASSAN (55, suit and tie) takes a sip of coffee. His phone pings. BABA: 3-SNAKE EMOJI.

He puts money on the table, gets up and walks off.

4 IN SEQUENCE: EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNAH - DAY

AKINYI (Kenyan, 19) is balancing water in a calabash as she walks along a dusty footpath, a river glittering in the background.

Her phone pings. BABA: 3-SNAKE EMOJI

Akinyi hides her calabash under some brush, and rushes along the path.

105.5 IN SEQUENCE: EXT. FARMHOUSE OUTBACK SHEEP STATION - DUSK

Sitting on his porch, looking out over nature, CHRISTOPHER (55) sees - BABA: 3-SNAKE EMOJI.

6 IN SEQUENCE:

A brown hand looks at BABA: 3-SNAKE EMOJI.

7 IN SEQUENCE:

A white manicured female hands looks, a light-brown hand looks, a hairy hand looks, a smooth hand looks, SPEEDING UP UNTIL IT ALL BECOMES A BLUR.

SMASH CUT

Carla is breathing in and out, in and out, now arm movement gets added.

SPLIT SCREEN: Carla and Dorje move in absolute unison.

FOUR-SECTION SCREEN: Carla, Dorje, Hassan and Akinyi move in absolute unison.

They now start moving in choreographed movements exactly the same as at the beginning of the script. THEY ARE PART OF THE HIVEMIND.

THE SCREEN GETS DIVIDED MORE AND MORE, SAME MOVEMENT IN UNISON until the tiles become so small that individuals become unrecognizable. This all morphs into smoky nothingness until we see the blur of a bonfire.

As the bonfire comes into focus, we see something writhing round the fire - SNAKES of all shapes and sizes. HISSING, SPITTING.

THE HIVEMIND

(repeated)

In-fa-res-tus-ra-mi-deh...

To the naked moving figures of Carla, Dorje, Hassan, Akinyi and Christopher gets added more and more and more until there's a 1000 of The Hivemind. LIGETI MUSIC helps us towards the climax of this ritualized dance when...

INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Carla spasms, DEMONIC FEATURES, growling and groaning, stiffly stuck in a pose - outstretched arms.

TARRY BLACK GOO comes out of her eyes, running down her cheeks, but...

...this GOO has a mind of its own as it morphs into a string of tarry black smoke finding its way through her bedroom window,
...

EXT. CARLA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

...onto the street, weaving around and THROUGH pedestrians and motorists (TOTALLY UNAWARE OF IT), finding its way further into the sky, still further...

A VISUAL OF EARTH FROM SPACE

...forming small lines of writhing black evil that intersects and connects around the globe until they congregate into THE ONE. (Think of VFX in James Cameron's 'The Abyss', but with black water and much bigger.)

EXT. ARIAL VIEW OF FOREST - DAY

Heavy raining. From above, THE ONE looks down at a cliff-side mansion over-looking the sea. Now it looks at a forest near the home. It shoots down, into...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

...Mossie, eagerly accepting its evil embrace under a tree. The tree bursts into a ball of fire, Mossie spasming, DEMONIC FEATURES, groaning and growling, CREAKING and SNAPPING of bones.

Suddenly...

The clouds clear up. The tree is as it was before, unscathed. Mossie, NORMAL FEATURES, looks on calmly in the direction of the house. Sun shining brightly.

EXT. ROBERTSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Robertson parks his sportscar in the drenched driveway. He gets out and peers into the sky.

ROBERTSON

Weird.

INT. ROBERTSON'S HOUSE - DAY

The living area, a perfect blend of natural light and minimalist elegance, looks out towards a swimming pool and the ocean through floor-to-ceiling windows.

Robertson pours himself a drink and looks out towards the sea.

Then he looks at the swimming pool glittering invitingly.

EXT. ROBERSON'S SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Lingering shot of Robertson floating on his back, eyes closed. Birds are singing, bees are buzzing.

SILENCE.

Robertson senses the quiet, looks up, but continues floating.

Near the pool, a DUBOIS' SEA SNAKE peaks its head out a bush. Flickering tongue.

Land not its natural habitat, it struggles a bit as it slithers towards the pool. SILENCE ECXEPT FOR EXAGGERATED SNAKE-MOVEMENT SOUNDS.

It eventually makes it to the pool and slides in.

Pobertson floats there, peacefully, for 15 seconds, eyes still closed. We can't see what's under the water.

The snake slowly rears its head right beside Robertson's head, its tongue flickers Robertson's temple.

Robertson, thinking it a fly, swats it away, eyes closed. He misses the snake.

The snake's head disappears beneath the water.

We study Robertson's face. Out-of-focus, in the background, we see 100s of snakes sliding into the pool.

Pobertson floats peacefully for 15 seconds more.

Overhead shot: Under the surface, a writhing mass of glittering scale, all colors of the rainbow.

Robertson lets out a sigh of contentment.

Side shot of Robertson. The writhing of the snakes makes rings towards the pool's side.

Robertson opens his eyes, not understanding the logic of this.

He starts treading water.

Underwater, the snakes move away from him. A BEAKED SEA SNAKE breaks away from the pack and circles Robertson.

On the surface, Robertson now sees something moving under the water. He jerks his head this way, that way, paddling furiously.

The beaked sea snake strikes and bites him on his nipple.

Robertson screams and tries to make it to the side.

But, a YELLOW-BELLIED SEA SNAKE bites him in the balls.

Robertson thrashes about wildly.

More and more, quicker and speedier, the others strike at him.

Robertson's POV: He's on his back again, snakes striking at him, over and over and over. Robertson's BELLY EXTENDS.

Overhead view: Robertson slowly starts to blow up as the snakes intensifies their bites. Blood comes out his eyes, his ears, his nose, a big vomit load of yellow-poisonous blood out his mouth.

Then...

...he explodes!

Side view of the pool: Bits of flesh, some human, some snake, projectiles into the air, and come down in the pool, splashing, to the side of the pool - SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT. A mess of blood and gore.

EXT. ROBERSON'S SWIMMING POOL - DUSK

Overhead view of POLICEMEN fading into the scene, going about their duties. Faint red and blue lights. No blood, no gore. On the side of the pool, Robertson's body, INTACT, no bite marks, is visible except his face.

POLICEMAN 1
(in shape)
Barely 50. Probably a heart attack.

Looking at the body with disgust...

POLICEMAN 2
(podgy)
Jesus, I'm sure death ain't much
fun, but come on, God!

Policeman 2 jokingly shows the skies a fist.

POLICEMAN 1
(smiling)
Idiot.

As they walk away...

POLICEMAN 1 (CONT'D)
Better tell Jenny only broccoli and
skinless chicken from now on.

Inaudible chattering.

We move up Robertson's body until we come to his face...

...his mouth agape, frozen in a silent scream, his eyes,
bulging and bloodshot.

SUPER SLOW FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

..on Peter's sweaty face, exerting himself, pushing onwards. He follows Baba and Mossie who are unperturbed by the physical exercise, so too, Mariaan who's behind him.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

ON SCREEN: 26 December.

The early afternoon sun beats down on the 4 dots making their way along the...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

They keep hiking for a loooooooooooooong time as we soak in the natural beauty around them, Peter, out of shape, trying to keep up within the group. HEAVY BREATHING. COUGHING.

Mariaan has to pause every now and again, waiting for Peter to catch up to Baba and Mossie's stride.

BABA
(Peter out of hearing
range)
You packed it, right?

Mossie pats his backpack and nods.

MOSSIE
Not making hiking especially easy.

BABA
Dunno why we have to go through
this rigmarole. Just do it already.

MOSSIE
No.

BABA
What is there to think about? We're
next in line, Peter's gone and
we're rolling in it.

Mossie pretends to ignore her.

BABA (CONT'D)
Your reasoning tact is very
admirable but it rarely bears
fruit, case in point, Robertson.

MOSSIE
Family is key.

BABA

Great. Here we go with the family motto again. Pity some of their financial know-how didn't rub off on you.

Mossie stops and faces Baba.

MOSSIE

What is it with you today?

BABA

I'm sorry. I'm just a bit angsty.

Walking again...

MOSSIE

I'm not just killing my nephew willy-nilly. Reasoning first. Always. Bring him into the fold.

Baba looks back, seeing Peter struggling to keep up.

BABA

Your charity case needs another break. Again.

EXT. OVERHANGING OUTCROPPING - DAY

All quiet in the shade, Peter taking generous gulps of water, looking at the farmlands below.

PETER

I'm sad to hear that.

BABA

Probably not long now.

Mossie's playing with a small dry branch.

Beat.

MOSSIE

But, you'll be well looked after, I bet.

MARIAAN

Daddy, don't you think this conversation is in bad taste?

MOSSIE

Come on, Anie. Just facts.

PETER

I doubt I'll get anything.

The Mosterds glance at each other.

BABA
 (to Peter)
 Oh, I'm sure Sydney won't forget
 about you.

PETER
 You know? I really don't want
 anything.

Mossie breaks the branch.

MOSSIE
 Come again?

PETER
 If I do get anything, I'm giving it
 to animal welfare...or meals-on-
 wheels. The right cause'll come to
 me.

BABA
 (looking at Mossie)
 Meals-on-wheels.

MOSSIE
 If you do get something, Peter, how
 much do you think you're getting?

MARIAAN
 Dad!

PETER
 He'll probably make a ggodwill
 gesture, dunno, \$5000? Maybe 10?

Mossie has to force himself not to burst out in frustrated
 laughing.

PETER (CONT'D)
 I'm sure you'll be well-looked
 after as well...

MARIAAN
 I think that's admirable, Peter.
 Your heart's in the right place.

PETER
 I really needed this. Thanks you,
 guys.

BABA
 Of course, Peter. Family first.

Baba gives Mossie a side-glance. Mossie rolls his eyes.

MARIAAN
 (cheery)
 No alcohol for three days. Yay.

PETER
(bit bitterly)
No alcohol for three days.

MOSSIE
The greatest journeys start with
small steps, hey, buddy?

Mossie gives Peter a side-hug.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)
We'll get you through this.

PETER
(to Baba and Mossie)
I can't believe we havn't seen each
other in so long.

BABA
Things are gonna change.

PETER
(softly)
Yeah, hermit mode ain't exactly
working out so well for me.

Mossie moves away from the group to get a better view of the
farmlands.

Peter takes off his hiking boots and socks, groans. Some
nasty-looking opened blisters on his feet.

MARIAAN
Boots still new?

PETER
Newish.

MARIAAN
Do you have dry socks?

Peter nods.

Mariaan rummages through her backpack and finds what she's
looking for...

MARIAAN (CONT'D)
Moleskin. Mom, do you have the
anti-septic?

BABA
(upbeat)
One mo. (beat) There you go.

Mariaan applies salve and puts moleskin over Peter's
blisters.

MARIAAN

Now, socks.

(beat)

Good. Tie your laces tight enough
but not so tight that your feet are
constricted.

(beat)

Hunky-dory.

(smiling)

Should last till we get to the
cabin.

BABA

Talking of which - we'll have to
get moving if we want to get there
before sunset.

And they're off again - Mossie in front, then Baba, then
Peter, then Mariaan.

Mossie looks back at Baba who gives him a cold stare. He
winks at her.

EXT. THE CABIN - DUSK

Establishing shot.

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

In a crudely-built bedroom rummaging through their bags,
Mossie and Baba both find what they were looking for.
Inaudible dialogue from Peter and Mariaan who can be seen
through the front door, sitting close to the fire.

Mossie holds up a bottle of whisky, Baba - 2 vials: both with
interlocking circles on them, the one RED, the other WHITE.
She picks the red one.

MOSSIE

You are a persistent little thing,
aren't you?

Mossie takes both vials from her, gives her the white one and
puts the red one in his pocket.

Baba gives him a kiss.

BABA

Why did I marry such an old softy?

Baba puts the white vial in her pocket and gives Mossie a
cold stare before she follows him out the front door, Mossie,
bottle of whisky in hand.

EXT. CABIN PIT - NIGHT

MARIAAN

But Peter, this still sounds a lot like that time... remember? God, must be about 20 years ago now. You sang in church that day, so beautifully...

PETER

The fire.

MARIAAN

Right.

Peter, quietly brooding, looks at the fire, flickering ominously.

EXT. CABIN FRONT - NIGHT

Coming down the steps, keeping the bottle behind his back...

MOSSIE

Hey, ain't this just too perfect.

EXT. CABIN PIT - NIGHT

MARIAAN

Daddy! What are you guys up to?

MOSSIE

No good, as usual.

The Mosterds chuckle as Mossie and Baba join the others. Mossie slips the bottle to his side.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)

Peter, how are you doing?

PETER

All good.

BABA

Feet ok?

Flinching slightly as he touches his right foot with a slightly trembling hand...

PETER

Nothing I can't handle.

MOSSIE

(to Peter)

You did really well today. (beat)
That's why I thought, for tonight only, maybe we can have a bit of a reprieve.

Baba and Mariaan eye Peter with expectation.

PETER
How's that?

MOSSIE
I don't know why the Good Lord
tests us the way he does, but, I
found something in one of the
cupboards.

The 3 looks at Mossie in anticipation.

MARIAAN
Well, come on then!

Mossie shows them the bottle.

BABA
Mossie, I don't know...

Peter eyes the bottle hungrily.

MOSSIE
Mama, you're right, you know.

Mossie unscrews the cap and starts pouring the whiskey on the
ground.

PETER
No!

Mossie stops.

MOSSIE
Peter, I really don't think we
should.

He starts pouring again..

PETER
(softly, desperate)
Please.

MOSSIE
Well, if you feel THAT strongly
about it.

PETER
From tomorrow, I promise. New leaf.

MARIAAN
Daddy, I think it's ok if we make
an exception but just this time.
(to Peter)
OK?

MOSSIE
 (to Peter)
 You promise?

PETER
 Cross my heart and hope to die.

MOSSIE
 Mama, would you do the honors,
 please?

BABA
 Yes, kind liege.

Giving her a playful slap on the bum...

MOSSIE
 I thank thee, kind maiden.

Baba disappears through the front door. Peter follows her every move.

MARIAAN
 Daddy, I told Peter it's kind of
 like that time he saw the people in
 the church burn, you remember?

MOSSIE
 Vaguely.
 (to Peter)
 Runs in the family, don't you
 think? Your mom also had that
 affliction since she was yay-high.

Fidgeting, looking towards the cabin entrance...

PETER
 What?

MOSSIE
 (slightly morphed sound)
 Kitty.

The painful memory this evokes, flashes across Peter's face.

PETER
 Kitty cat.

MOSSIE
 Though, she never killed anything,
 as far as I know.

MARIAAN
 Daddy!

MOSSIE
 Sorry.

MARIAAN
 (trying to find reception
 on her phone)
 There's this thing I read about I
 want to show you about alcoholics...

PETER
 I don't think I'd call myself...

Purposefully interrupting, looking at Peter, then back at her
 phone...

MARIAAN
 ...who'd been drinking for a long
 time, who sometimes hallucinate... if
 only I can find some kind of
 service, ...
 (to the skies)
 ...fuckheads!

Peter stares at the fire.

MOSSIE
 Anie, language, really.

Mariaan looks at Mossie (making sure Peter doesn't see) and
 licks her top lip suggestively.

Mossie adjusts his crotch and gives Mariaan a playful Not-
 now!-look.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Baba fills 3 cups with water, and one - 1/2 whisky, 1/2
 water, meant for Peter. She adds some powder from the white
 vial to the whisky.

Moments later...

ALL
 (The Mosterds keeping
 their cups high so Peter
 can't see inside)
 Cheers!

Peter takes a big gulp, coughs a bit.

PETER
 Why do I love thee like I do. Like
 suckling on Satan's teat.

Laughter.

BABA
 Cheers to Old Nick.

ALL
To Old Nick!

Laughter as we move away from the group, FIRE BURNING BRIGHTLY, up into the sky, inaudible chattering. We stay here a bit, the humans mere dots as we appreciate the moon beaming down on the mountain side.

Back on earth...

MOSSIE
(pretend-slurring)
No wait, I tell you what!

Peter looks at him drunkenly and lights a cigarette. Looks at it, thoughtfully.

Mariaan throws some more logs on the fire now much smaller from when we saw it before.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)
I tell you what!

Mossie seems to have forgotten what he wanted to say.

MARIAAN AND BABA
What!?

Laughter.

MOSSIE
Peter!

PETER
(right hand up)
Right here!

Peter almost falls off his chair.

Mosterds hysterical laughter with a CACKLING EDGE to it, seemingly coming from the trees near them.

Peter, taken aback for a bit, peers into the edge of the forest, trying to adjust to this subtle change in atmosphere.

PETER (CONT'D)
Did you... Did you hear that?

BABA
What?

All listen.

MOSSIE
Peter!

They all jump.

Mossie pretends-laugh, hysterically. Mariaan and Baba join in. Peter laughs uncomfortably before he also loses it, drunkenly.

MOSSIE (CONT'D)
(weirdly elequent for a
"drunk")

Peter! Maybe that growling you heard was made by an international cabal, part of what people call, The Illuminati, a secret society that controls the fate of the world, who wants to recruit you to join their ranks.

Peter looks at Mossie, shocked. Then laughs hysterically.

PETER
You're killing me! That was oddly specific, uncle-my-uncle.

Peter looks at his cigarette again.

PETER (CONT'D)
(to Mariaan)
You.

MARIAAN
Yes, darling?

PETER
Remember, on the swings, you offered me a cigarette.

MARIAAN
Don't be silly.

PETER
Yes-yes, I remember it now.

BABA
Someone has had one too many.

Laughter.

Peter looks at his drink. We see it blurry, coming in and out of focus, the white powder taking effect.

He looks at the fire.

PETER
Why do I?...Why do...?

Peter nods off.

Mossie, Mariaan and Baba, cold-sober, gives a loud CLAP! (extra sharp unnatural edge to the sound) in unison.

Peter jerks awake.

PETER (CONT'D)
Why do I want to see the biggest
bonfire now Ah-f ever seen in my
life?

Peter manages to get up, takes hold of a log, is about to
throw it in...

...but falls backwards. Out cold.

MOSSIE
(sober)
See? Reasoning.

BABA
(sarcastically)
Yes, Mossie. We have all the time
in the world.

MOSSIE
Won't be long now. That mind's
mush.

MARIAAN
That cigarette WAS where it all
started.

MOSSIE
Right, we've been going at it a
while, hey?

BABA
Time for the pay-off.

Kissing her on both cheeks...

MOSSIE
And tonight, Anie, you're the star
of the show.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Peter's head jerks into view, deep intake of breathe.
COUGHING.

We see him in a bedroom, yellow light from outside flickering
on his face.

INT. CABIN FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

From behind, we see Peter slowly walking outside, the huge
bonfire from outside framing his figure.

EXT. CABIN PIT - NIGHT

Everyone's naked.

In slow-motion, Mossie is having ritualized sex with Mariaan, moaning in ecstasy. MARIAAN HAS A CHOKER OF THORNY FLOWERS pushing into her neck - rivulets of blood flowing down her breasts, she smears over herself ecstatically.

Moving in circles around them is Baba with the kind of movements we'd seen before, The Hivemind's calling card.

They slow down when they see Peter.

The Mosterds gestures to Peter to join them.

Frozen to the spot...

PETER
(softly)
No-no-no-no-no-no...

But it's like some invisible force is manipulating his movement towards them until he's next to Mariaan and Mossie. Baba slides her hands over him sensually..

Mossie gets off Mariaan.

Peter takes off his clothes, and Mariaan welcomes him into his embrace.

He enters her.

Peter's POV: Mariaan moans in ecstasy.

Mariaan POV's: Peter, reluctantly, horror etched across his face, keeps humping Mariaan, the run-up to final release building and building...

He sees figures appearing among the trees: Carla, Dorje, Hassan, Akinyi and Christopher all there, moving in ritualized unison, as more figures join them, as far as the eye can see through the forest.

As we near the climax in tune with THUMPING ON SOME ANCIENT FORGOTTEN INSTRUMENT, The Hivemind's faces warp demonically.

More and more and more, getting closer and closer!

We're there!

CACOPHONY OF SOUND.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Peter's head jerks into view, early morning sunlight streaming over his face. He holds his head in pain, hungover.

Excited family chatter from the kitchen through his open bedroom door. (OFF SCREEN)

Peter stares towards the sound, petrified, and rushes towards the door, but winces in pain as he steps on his blistered feet.

He closes the door softly, waiting there in fear, scared they may have heard him.

LOUD KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

MARIAAN

Hey, sleepy-head! Breakfast's ready!

Split view of the side of the door: Peter standing there, frozen to the spot, Mariaan putting her ear to the door, listening for movement from inside.

Peter's POV: LOUD KNOCKING

MOSSIE

Come on, buddy. Sun's already yay-high in the sky.

He stands there a bit longer.

Excited chattering moving outside. (OFF SCREEN)

Peter rummages for his phone in his backpack - no service.

He puts on his clothes, socks over his feet, grimaces in pain, then his shoes.

He packs his stuff as quick as he can.

Backpack on his back, he tries to open the bedroom window, facing away from the pit. No luck

PETER

Fuck-fuck-fuckity-fuck.

Realizing he has to face The Mosterds, he takes off his backpack, gently opens the door, and moves towards the front door.

BABA (OFF SCREEN)

Oh, I'd love to see that in full flow.

MOSSIE (OFF SCREEN)

Probably nothing there now. I don't think there's been rain here a while.

Close-up of Peter's face as he gathers his courage to go outside.

As Peter's head moves out of the way, we see Mariaan's face right behind him.

MARIAAN
My favorite nephew.

PETER
Aaaaah!

EXT. CABIN PIT - DAY

Baba and Mossie look towards the front door.

INT. CABIN FRONT DOOR - DAY

PETER
I'd've believed you if I weren't
the only one!

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Peter rushes down the stairs. He grabs a camping chair and keeps it between him and The Mosterds, a very ineffective shield.

Mariaan joins Baba and Mossie.

PETER
(forcefully stuttering)
What was that last night!?
(pointing to the spot
where he mounted Mariaan)

BABA
Peter, sweet, what are you on
about?

Peter shudders like a ghost had crossed his grave.

PETER
You, you, you and me, doing that...

MOSSIE
Peter, buddy...

Mossie comes closer.

PETER
Stay back!

MOSSIE
OK-OK.

MARIAAN

Peter, we all drank a bit too much last night.

PETER

Yeah, but we didn't have to...

He shudders again.

MARIAAN

What are you going on about? We were having a jolly old time. You were about to put a log on the fire and...

Mariaan gestures someone falling over. Baba and Mossie chuckle.

MARIAAN (CONT'D)

Out as a light. Daddy carried you to bed, and we all went to bed soon after.

PETER

But, that thing we did.

BABA

What thing? We all went to bed soon after you, and that was that, Peter.

PETER

You mean, we didn't...

They look at him in expectation.

MOSSIE

What?

PETER

We didn't?

Peter looks at Mariaan's neck - NO THORN-WOUNDS there.

MARIAAN

See, darling, this was what I was talking about last night. Your hallucinations...

Mariaan takes the camping stool away from him and steers him towards the others, Peter now open to being touched again.

MARIAAN (CONT'D)

It was just a bad dream. We're here for you, ok?

Peter starts to relax.

BABA
A REALLY bad one by the sounds of
it.

MOSSIE
(to Peter)
Silly billy.

Mossie offers him a plate of tinned food.

PETER
Thanks. I'm sorry about that...

Mossie waves it off like a slight inconvenience.

BABA
OK, that's it then, Peter. You're
off the juice.

Realizing she's right, Peter sighs.

PETER
You're right - you're right -
you're totally right.

MARIAAN
Shoo, that was intense!

The Mosterds laugh.

Peter, reluctantly, joins in.

MOSSIE
Come on, then, eat up, all. We've
gotta get moving.

Some time later...

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The Mosterds are zipping and unpacking and re-packing for
better efficiency on the stoop, almost ready to be off, as
Peter walks into the forest, his backpack also on the stoop.

MARIAAN
Don't forget the Sunblock.

MOSSIE
Oh, right.
(to Peter)
Wrong way, Peter.

PETER
Just going for a pee.

MOSSIE
OK.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The cabin barely visible in the background, Peter aims at a tree, and joyfully splatters it from side to side, when he spots something.

THE BROKEN FLOWER CHOKER OF BLOODY THORNS.

His peeing stops immediately.

He picks it up very slowly, then drops it.

CUT TO

At the edge of the treeline, he sees the Mosterds ready to leave.

MOSSIE
(at Peter)
Ready!?

Peter doesn't get to close. He doesn't want them to see his face.

PETER
(beads of sweat rolling
down his face)
I've gotta do a two!

MOSSIE
We'll wait!

PETER
No-no! This one's a doozy! Wouldn't
wish it on my worst enemy!

Laughter.

PETER (CONT'D)
You guys go so long. I'll catch up.

MOSSIE
You sure!?

PETER
Sure!

MOSSIE
Suit yourself.

MARIAAN
Don't be long!

BABA
Do you have paper?

PETER
Yeah, in my pocket.

BABA
OK, see you soon.

Peter waves them off, and goes deeper into the forest.

He sees them disappearing on the path between some trees, but not before he overhears...

BABA (CONT'D)
Just kill the little fucker
already.

MOSSIE
Will you keep your fucking voice
down.

Peter, hand over his mouth, hides behind a tree just as...

EXT. FOOTPATH - DAY

Mariaan looks back.

MARIAAN
Did you hear something?

MOSSIE
No. Come on. Just keep your fuckin'
cools.

They continue on their way.

EXT. FOOTPATH HOME - DAY

Peter hurries along the footpath as fast as he can with blistered feet. Steep slope on the right, valley floor drops away below. He tries his phone again - eureka!

SCREEN: CALLING MARIO, BATTERY: RED

No answer.

PETER
Godammit!

He looks back over his shoulder at the path stretching out behind him. Noone there.

SCREEN: CALLING JOHANNES

JOHANNES (OFF SCREEN)
Hey, my man!

PETER
Johannes! They're trying to kill
me!

JOHANNES (OFF SCREEN)

What!?

PETER

My family.

JOHANNES (OFF SCREEN)

Peter, you make no sense.

PETER

They're rying to kill me, or fuck me. Or fuck me to death!

JOHANNES

What?!

PETER

I have noone, please, I need your help. Call the police and tell them to...

JOHANNES (OFF SCREEN, BREAKING UP)

Wh.....come...

PETER

Fucking phone!!

Peter looks further along the path and sees it disappearing around a corner.

He looks back.

THEY'RE THERE! 3 small dots for now, about 1/2 a mile away, but gaining.

PETER (CONT'D)

(tears of frustration)

No-no-no-no-no...

He hears them calling to him, faintly...

MOSSIE

Peter!

MARIAAN

Peter! What are you doing!?

The corner is getting closer. He tries to pick up speed. He looks down at the sheer drop to the side of the footpath as he starts running along it. He walks again, the pain too severe.

The Mosterds are 400 yards away.

BABA

Peter! Peter!

(sing-song)

We're gonna get you!

Maniacal demonic laughter.

He rounds the corner and tries his phone again. Full bars.

PETER
Johannes!

JOHANNES (OFF SCREEN)
I'm on my way.

Pressing the phone against his chest, looking up into the sky,...

PETER
Oh, thank God.

...but always moving forwards.

JOHANNES
At your home, the police meet us.
These people, who are they?

PETER
My uncle, my aunt and their
daughter, Mariaan.

JOHANNES
Gott im Himmel. Got it.

PETER
Tell them, so they know.

The Mosterds are 300 yards away.

JOHANNES
Of course. Beweg deinen Arsch! Send
your location first.

PETER
What?

JOHANNES
Ping your location!

PETER
OK

BATTERY FLICKERS. PHONE SWITCHES OFF.

Peter screams in frustration.

The Mosterds mimic him. More laughter.

SOUND OF THUNDER. Peter looks in the sky. There are no clouds.

The Mosterds are 200 yards away.

MOSSIE

Peter! The slope!

Peter sees a cascade of rocks coming down the slope towards him.

BABA

Jump, Peter! It's your only chance!

Peter looks over the edge of the footpath and sees a ledge sticking out 15 yards below. Sweat rolling down his face, gasping for breathe, he looks at the rocks, then The Mosterds, then the ledge.

MARIAAN

Jump, Peter!

A sudden calm comes over Peter.

PETER

(softly)

Fuck it. Do your worst.

He opens up his arms, ready to be crushed by the landslide. He closes his eyes. The sound of crashing rock grinding on each other grows louder and louder until...

Silence. It was an illusion!

Quivering like an arrow, he stands there. And pees his pants.

Mosterds 100 yards away.

BABA

Lookie-look, he pee-pee his panty.

Unleashing all his anger and angst at Baba...

PETER

Fuuuck yooooou, you horrible old cuuuunt!

More manic laughter with an edge of witches' cackling to it.

Peter starts hurrying along again.

The Mosterds are 50 yards away.

Peter gives it his all.

40 yards.

Labored breathing as he pushes onwards.

MOSSIE

Peter!

PETER
Fuck off!

MOSSIE
Peter. Stop.

Peter stops in his tracks and sees a COUGAR on a ledge in front of him. He screams. GROWLING. After a moment, looking at the cougar, he starts laughing hysterically. The cougar doesn't quite know what to do.

10 yards. The Mosterds have stopped the chase and look on confused.

PETER
(laughing crazily)
Oh, God. Nice one.

INTENSIFIED GROWLING

PETER (CONT'D)
Fool me once, shame on you; fool me
twice, shame on me.

Mariaan waves, No-no-no, with her hands.

PETER (CONT'D)
THAT! You fucktards. IS NOT REAL!

Facing The Mosterds, he points at the cougar behind him.

The cougar (very much real) swipes his paw, nails extended, at Peter's hand and AMPUTATES his index finger cleanly.

THE MOSTERDS
(in sympathetic unison)
Ow!

Peter looks at the stump where his finger was, shocked white meat and bone before blood comes spurting out.

The cougar gets ready to pounce.

PETER
(getting louder as he
realized what'd just
happened)
Ah-ah-Aaaaaah!

As Peter scrunches down, holding his hand in pain, the cougar, having missed its target, flies over him, into the Mosterds. Its momentum pushes Baba and Mariaan over the edge, the cougar going over with them.

Mossie grabs onto a hand.

Peter, taking his chance, tears off part of his t-shirt with his teeth, and presses it to the stump.

He sees his severed finger in some brush, slips it into his pocket, and gets the hell outta there.

Mossie, grunting and groaning, is holding onto the hand with his left hand, the other arm anchored around a young tree growing out of the slope.

Screaming coming from below, like a cow to the slaughter.

When Mossie looks over the edge, he sees he's holding onto Mariaan's hand. Baba is holding onto Mariaan's boot, the cougar having its claws into Baba's backpack, trying to scramble higher, each time he tries, tearing pieces of meat out Baba's body not covered by her backpack.

BABA

Mossie, look after Anie.

Baba lets go and she and the cougar gets smaller and smaller until they both disappear in brush far below.

Mossie's crying hysterically, trying to hold on to Mariaan.

MARIAAN

Daddy. Please. Please don't let go.

MOSSIE

The sunblock, Anie. I love you so much.

Mariaan's hand slips out of Mossie's and she falls.

Mossie falls back against the slope, labored, shocked breathing.

He eventually regains enough physical resources to shout...

EXT. SAFELY FURTHER ALONG THE PATH - DAY

Peter stops when he hears, echoing off the mountains...

MOSSIE (OFF SCREEN)

I'M COMING FOR YOU, NEPHEW! NO MORE REASONING!

EXT. DIRT ROAD FARMHOUSE - DUSK

WHIRR (of the fans)

Peter stumbles down the dirt road leading to the farmhouse when he spots the back-end of a BMW SUV.

PETER

Johannes.

He picks up the pace.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

WHIRR!!!!

Glancing at the SUV, looking empty, getting excited, he opens the front door of the farmhouse, unlocked. He rushes through the house, checking all the rooms.

PETER

Johannes?

Noone there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WHIRR!!

He plugs his phone into the charger, calls...

SCREEN: MARIO

MARIO (OFF SCREEN)

What's it, Peter? We're about to have dinner.

PETER

Mario, my friend with the SUV, have you seen him around?

MARIO (OFF SCREEN)

Right, I was wondering who's car that is. Nope.

PETER

Thanks.

CALL ENDS.

Peter hits himself on the head for having said...

PETER (CONT'D)

"Thanks". Jesus Christ.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

WHIRR!!!!

Peter takes huge gulps from a glass of water. He looks at his reflection in the kitchen window but cannot see much outside. He closes the curtains.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

WHIR!!!

A light from a window dully illuminates the SUV. Hand pressed to the sides of his face, he peers inside. Can't see much.

He tries the doors.

The passenger door opens. The cabin lights go on.

JOHANNES'S LIFELESS BODY lies stretched out on the driver's and passenger's seats.

PETER
Johannes. Johannes!

He turns Johannes's face towards him. Johannes's lifeless eyes stares at him.

Peter bumps his head (hard) trying to get out of that cabin as fast as he can. But, he sticks his head in again when he spots something in the passenger footwell - A VIAL WITH RED INTERLOCKING CIRCLES ON THEM.

Getting close to hysterical now, Peter slips the vial into his pocket, and...

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

WHIR!!

...enters the home.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

WHIRR!!!!

Peter grabs the biggest knife he can lay his hands on, thinks better of it...

...few stabs through the air with a corkscrew, handle covered with a terry cloth...

...but finally decides on the knife.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Peter goes through the whole house and switches on ALL the lights, locks all the outside doors.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WHIR!!!

SCREEN: CALLING MARIO

MARIO (OFF SCREEN)
What?

PETER
Mario, come here, now.

MARIO (OFF SCREEN)
Peter, no.

PETER
My friend has been killed.

MARIO (OFF SCREEN)
What!?

PETER
My friend is in the car. He's dead.

CALL ENDS

SCREEN: CALLING MARIO

No answer.

Peter calls...

SCREEN: POLICE

DIALING.

DIALING.

DIALING.

POLICE
911. What's your emergency?

A shadow flits past the window.

POLICE (CONT'D)
911. Wha...

Peter ends the call.

LOUD KNOCKING ON THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

WHIR!!

PETER
Who... who is it?

MARIO (OFF SCREEN)
It's me.

PETER
Who are you?

MARIO (OFF SCREEN)
Mario, for God's sake.

PETER
It doesn't sound like you, Mario.

SILENCE

LOUD BANGING ON THE FRONT DOOR.

MARIO (OFF SCREEN)
Peter, let me in!

MOSSIE IS RIGHT BEHIND PETER!

He puts his hand over Peter's mouth, holds a knife to his throat.

MOSSIE
(whispers)
Tell him to go away or I slit you
from ear to ear.

Peter half-turns his body.

PETER
Uncle Mossie, look.

Mossie's confused.

PETER (CONT'D)
Behind you, it's Mariaan.

Mossie relaxes his grip.

Peter slips out from under it and runs for the dining room.

PETER (CONT'D)
Mario! Call the police! NOW!

Mossie's in pursuit.

BANGING ON THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

WHIRR!!!

Peter slips under the dining room table, out the other side,
the table between him and Mossie now.

They veer this way, then that way.

Mossie slips under the table and stabs at Peter's legs, giving him a painful nick, but Peter gets away and grabs his GARDENING GLOVES off a shelf, and flees out the dining room, putting on the gloves, left hand easy, right hand super painful...

Peter screams.

...back into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WHIR!!!!!!!!!!

...and runs for the Christmas tree, Mossie in hot pursuit.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

WHIR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

...bursts open. Mario rushes in, and Mossie, distracted, stabs him in the stomach before pursuing Peter again.

Mario goes down.

Mossie almost on Peter now, lifts the knife, when Peter SMASHES 2 CHRISTMAS BAUBLES into his eyes. Mossie lets go the knife and screams in agony.

EXT. HOUSE/SHED - NIGHT

Mossie keeps blindly swinging at Peter as Peter leads him towards the fans.

PETER

Uncle Mossie, stop it now, please.
I'm trying to help you, ok?

Mossie screams in agony.

A RESIDENT OF WORKERS HOUSE 2 (OFF
SCREEN)

Shuuuuuuuuuuut the fuuuuuuuuuuck
uuuuuuup!

PETER

I know, I know. It'll soon be
better. The...

(exerted effort trying to
get the cover off the
fan)

...am...

(grunts)

...bu...

(groans)

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
 ...lance will be...
 (SUCCESS!!)
 ...here soon. Now, just bend over a
 little bit, we're trying to stifle
 that blood flow. Perfect, there you
 go.

Mario, severely injured, stumbles past the corner, into
 sight.

MOSSIE
 Shouldn't I be the other way
 around, on my back?

MARIO
 (whispering)
 What are you doing?

PETER
 No-no, this will do.

Peter positions Mossie in front of the fan. Then pushes him
 into it. Mossie's head gets pulverized, mushy globs of bloody
 brain matter splattering Peter's face.

PETER (CONT'D)
 That's for Kitty. And Johannes.

THE FAN FINALLY GRINDS TO A HALT.

With bloodied face, looking at Mario...

PETER (CONT'D)
 An accident, alright?

Mario, giving Peter a horrified look, nods his head furiously
 in agreement.

Faint red and blue lights glimmer off their faces.

SLOW FADE OUT

FADE IN...

...on a brand-new Toyota Frontrunner, an older one following
 behind, riding along the ...

EXT. DIRT ROAD FARMHOUSE - DAY

...purring along steadily.

ON SCREEN: 22 AUGUST

INT. WORKERS HOUSE 1 - DAY

Lizette is drying some dishes when she sees the 2 cars stop in front of their house.

LIZETTE

Mario!

Mario appears in the kitchen.

LIZETTE (CONT'D)

People.

EXT. WORKERS HOUSE 1 - DAY

The driver of the new car steps out.

MARIO

Can I help you?

DRIVER

Are you Mario Pérez?

MARIO

Yes?

The driver hands him the keys and an envelope.

DRIVER

These are yours.

Mario opens the envelope. There's a check made out to him for \$300 000. A card reads...

'Merry Christmas, Mario. Enjoy! Peter'

The driver gets into the passenger seat of the other car. Mario looks after them as they depart, in shock.

MARIO

But, it's not Christmas.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. PETER'S MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of an expansive architecturally-designed cliff-side mansion.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE STUDY - DAY

In a bottom desk drawer, a cellphone rings from inside. A LEFT HAND takes the flip-phone burner out and answers.

Peter, from behind, is silhouetted against a floor to ceiling window of a huge home office, the sea glittering in the background.

PETER

I've been expecting your call.

VOICE

We've received your generous contribution, thank you.

PETER

I hope you don't think this means I'm starting out as a foot soldier as the Mosterds had to.

VOICE

Noone said you have to. (beat)
We'll let you know about next steps.

CALL ENDS

Peter puts the phone back in the drawer.

We follow him as he gets up and walks through the mansion's spacious...

INT. PETER'S HOUSE CORRIDORS - LATE AFTERNOON

..., we don't see his RIGHT HAND, to get to the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter picks LEECHES off his right hand index finger with a black credit card, puts them in a clear-water glass jar, and - index finger looking quite good! (considering) - pours himself a virgin mojito while looking up at the TV.

PRESENTER

...unexplained unrest in Venezuela
where a mob of 10 000 stormed the
governor's office in Caracas.

BEVERLEY (30s, smartly dressed, slightly robotic) comes in.

PETER

Fuckers.

PRESENTER

It is estimated that...

BEVERLEY

Sorry to bother you, Mr. Mosterd.

Peter switches off the TV.

BEVERLEY (CONT'D)
I just need one last signature
here, please.

Peter signs a cheque for \$5 000 000 made out to The Humane Society of the United States (HSUS). The cheque also reads from: The Sydney Mosterd Foundation

BEVERLEY (CONT'D)
Let me know when you want me to
show you around digital banking.

PETER
I suppose I'll have to some time,
Beverley.

BEVERLEY
(not exactly a stand-up)
Yes, the 80s called and they want
their cheque book back.

PETER
(smiling)
OK-OK. You done for the day?

BEVERLEY
Yes.

PETER
I'll see you tomorrow. Thanks,
Beverley.

EXT. PETER'S POOL - LATE AFTERNOON

Leaning over the side, Peter sips at his mojito as he watches the sun touch the ocean's horizon. MUSIC: End of Mahler's Symphony nr. 2.

Some moments later..

He floats in the pool, at peace with the world.

Someone (POV) is watching him from some overgrown bushes not too far from the pool. Someone (POV) walks closer to the pool, Peter totally unaware.

MARIAAN (OFF SCREEN)
My favorite nephew.

Peter's eyes grow wide as he jerks up and stares at Mariaan, disheveled, with a badly-healed scar across her face. She's almost full-term, as well.

PETER
(trying his best to make
it to the other side of
the pool)
Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuckity-fuck.

Mariaan gives a scream as ancient as time itself.

She jumps through the air. Just before she hits the water...

FREEZE FRAME.

THE END