

ADUANTAS
"Pilot"

Teleplay by
Juno Dante Night

Based on her novel KILL A NOCTURNAL BOAR
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***Aduantas** -- Irish: fear caused by unfamiliar persons or new, strange surroundings.*

TEASER

A MAN's shattering scream.

FADE IN:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY

A cold, orange morning sun blazes the yellow desert, bathing a senior man: EOFORY, late 60s, Irish, silver stubble, strong jaw, Roman nose, bruised, completely naked. He is rugged, yet looks younger (closer to late 50s) and may have been attractive once.

EOFORY
SATAN'S HELL!

He is pinned mercilessly to the dust by two uniformed policemen: BLONDE, 20s, tall, thin, dashing, a bloody left eye, slicked yellow hair, fair complexion, pointed jaw; and BROWN, 30s, brunette, short, burly, square-jawed, an orange tan and bloody nose.

EOFORY (CONT'D)
STOP! YOU'RE FUCKING HURTING ME!

Together, they mutilate him: Blonde sits atop Eofory's chest, pulls his shaggy grey hair, cuts his forehead with a pocketknife. Brown, his back pressed against Blonde's, crushes Eofry's pelvis, spreads his kicking legs, assaults him with the butt of his rifle. Eofory sobs vehemently.

EOFORY (CONT'D)
STOP!

From behind Eofory, cacti grows near the shoulder of a stretching highway. A dilapidated medium-sized American school bus rumbles, its body and windows crudely hand-painted scarlet. The rear faces the men.

It is an odd coach: a claw-foot bathtub on the roof; World War I aeroplane propeller on the back; flattened back tyre; defaced by graffiti -- a purple erect penis near the door. No number plates. Hand-painted over "GLENDALE UNIFIED SCHOOL DISTRICT" -- "THE IMPALER."

In the cacti, a girl: MONIQUE, 8 (going on 18), Maori, uncombed curls (messy pixie), dark circles, battered, rotting teeth, amputated left forearm (bandaged). Garbed in a too large 1930s RED DRESS, she struggles to free herself.

(CONTINUED)

Her limbs wrapped around the cactus, she attempts to twist her right wrist and left ankle through handcuffs, mangles her skin. She winces, eyes Eofory, desperate. She slides through scraped skin and blood. Her sock and saddle shoe slip off. Free. Blonde and Brown don't notice her. She scrambles to her knees, races to the bus, clambers...

INT. THE IMPALER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... inside. She trembles, cries, leaps behind the wheel, barely reaches the top. The driver's window is blown-out. The right side of the windshield is shattered, patched with duct tape. Monique appears to know what she is doing, wipes her tears, operates the cockpit.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY

A guttural noise. The bus crawls on the flat tyre, flies forward with laborious effort, drives away from the men, gains speed. The engine is gunned to its limit. It screeches to a halt, launches in reverse. Like a beast, it charges towards the men in a zigzag. Blonde doesn't look up. Brown turns around. Their skulls shatter against the rear.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY - LATER

All is quiet. Golden clouds of dust drift across the wide, desolate land. Brown is flat on his back, his jaw, upper lip and nose missing, his tongue ghastly protruding. Dead. *The Impaler's* nose is but mere feet from his head, quiet. No one is inside.

Blonde lies on his stomach across the road, his fingers nearly gripping the other side, a trail of blood left dragged beneath his feet. Beside his body: Brown's rifle, magazine emptied. There -- a gaping, shaved wound at the back of his skull, bullet lodged deep inside.

In the distance, Eofory slowly approaches us away from the men. His walk is peculiar: back straight, arms stiff, legs stark and wide apart. He rocks side-to-side, heads nowhere, a waterfall of blood running down his legs.

MONIQUE

Eh-ver-ee!

Far behind, Monique chases after him. He doesn't appear to hear her. A blind, pure white, blue-eyed cat of 13, ANGELA loyally tails her.

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Eofory! Eofory!

He stops, stares vacantly. We see for the first time his irises are different colours: BLUE-GREEN (left); BROWN (right). And two RED TATTOOS: Chinese dragon (left breast); roses (left thigh).

All colour is drained from him. His bottom lip is badly swollen. Blood from the gash in his forehead stains his face. Disorientated, he breathes heavily. Monique appears, circles around him. She studies him, disturbed. He doesn't acknowledge her. She gently reaches for his arm. He is motionless. He gazes into nothingness.

END OF TEASER

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ACT ONE

EXT. ARIZONA SUPERMARKET - DAY - LATER

SUPER: "26 DECEMBER 1957. NEAR CHLORIDE, ARIZONA."

Squarely in the middle of a desert nowhere, a modest supermarket hovers over a small, nearly empty parking lot. Planted at the edge and furthest from the entrance is *The Impaler*. It appears sorely out of place next to the few other clean and mint condition vehicles.

INT. ARIZONA SUPERMARKET - DAY

Eofory and Monique wander through the aisles. Eofory leads. He is barefoot, in a crimson flannel shirt, his thighs dry with blood, the cut on his forehead turning purple, stitched with blue thread.

Monique aimlessly follows, her right ear and hand bandaged and her shoulder bruised. She wears an adult-sized World War I fighter ace uniform, tank top and boots. Covered from head to toe in orange dust, they are strangers amid the smartly dressed MOTHERS and their CHILDREN.

Eofory briskly moves past the produce, coffee bar, bakery, butcher shop and dairy, lost. Monique reluctantly keeps up. At the sight of them, SHOPPERS look uneasy, move in the opposite direction. Some stare in fascination and discomfort at Monique's left limb. Monique flies down aisles, eyes the shelves, troubled. The shelves appear to watch, stretch upwards.

SHELVES (V.O.)

Monique... Nobody's watching now...

Monique moves closer to Eofory, anxious. They re-enter the produce section, come to a stop, admire a crate of oranges. She sees a MOTHER, 30s, no make-up, hair tied in a net, white matching gloves and pea coat; and DAUGHTER, 8, curly hair and floral red dress. Monique observes, notes the Daughter's new Mary Janes. The Daughter coldly locks eyes, wrinkles her nose.

DAUGHTER

You smell bad.

Monique pulls back, hurt. The Daughter's eyes grow wide from disgust to shock, takes in Monique's amputated arm. Eofory's towering shadow falls on Monique. He icily scowls. Terrified, she cautiously backs up, trips into her Mother.

The Mother turns, gawks. Unnerved, she quickly grabs the Daughter by the wrist, drops her items, scurries off with their trolley.

EOFORY

Yeah, run ya little bitch. The Aduantas will annihilate your ass. It's what you deserve.

MONIQUE

She had a safe colour, Eofory. Red.

(CONTINUED)

EOFORY
Listen, Monique, don't
trust any of these sorry
bitches. They could be
working for them for all
we know. 'Kay, honey?

MONIQUE
I don't. I know. You tell
me so each day.

Eofory shoves countless oranges inside his shirt. Monique
does the same, gathers two large paper bags. He ushers her
towards the noisy checkout area.

EOFORY
Oranges are safe. My friend on the
inside --
(taps his right temple)
-- tells me the Aduantas has
contaminated everything else,
Monique. Oranges are safe from
their toxic mind control. Listen,
Mo: These other sorry fuckers --
(glares at SHOPPERS)
-- they have not the slightest idea
of what's coming to devour them.
Everything as they know it now will
be gone... just like that --
(snaps fingers)
-- boom!

MONIQUE
Boom? The world will end?

EOFORY
No... But it will change.

MONIQUE
We can't warn them?

EOfORY

Look, Mo: There's a reason we know and they don't. Obviously, they're not worth saving. Slap my balls if I had some, fucking bitches. Bloody April. 1917. I was abducted by the Grey Ones in the sky and spared from the likelihood of certain death. The Germans nearly killed me, but I was saved by a fucking ship in the bloody sky. I was aboard that fucking ship, was implanted with a small chip in my body and they sent me back where they found me. Everyone else was dead. I lived. They said they'd come back for me. And they fuckin' did. Oh, they did come back. The Grey Ones. All I know is that I was chosen and for the better. True story. I'm not crazy. Otherwise, I'd be someplace in a wardrobe strapped to a scratchy bed that reeks like some fat bloke's anus.

MONIQUE

Oh God. Here we go...
Eofory, I already know this story, for fuck's sake!
(beat)
Are you done?

A blonde-haired TEEN at the class 6000 cash register eyes her customers curiously, forces a smile through her bubble gum. Monique scans her -- on a name tag in red: "CHARLOTTE." Eofory refuses to acknowledge Charlotte. CUSTOMERS in line take one look at the pair and leave, disgusted. Monique avoids Charlotte's unfriendly gaze. Eofory piles the oranges from his shirt onto the counter.

Charlotte gawks at his cleavage, finds -- his feminine body. She briefly glimpses a large surgical scar stitched in blue thread on his stomach. Underneath his shirt, he wears nothing. She blushes. Monique follows him, unloads the bags. Eyes down, Eofory nervously taps his sides.

Charlotte quickly takes one of the oranges and types away at her register. She presses down on the motor bar and a price appears in a DEATH CRASH. Eofory jumps, indescribably paranoid. He feverishly grabs the fruit, slaps the back of Monique's head.

(CONTINUED)

EOFORY
Shit, it's wired, Mo!

Charlotte gapes, startled. Monique copies Eofory, reclaims the oranges. They take off. Charlotte grapples for Monique's shirt.

CHARLOTTE
Hey! Miss! Sir!

Monique breaks free and the two of them shove past a line of SHOPPERS, burst through the two doors, crash onto...

EXT. ARIZONA SUPERMARKET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the strong pavement. Monique slams into a group of PEOPLE entering the store, spills some oranges. She doesn't stop. Charlotte and the MANAGER, 40s, short, red-faced sprint after them. Eofory flies to *The Impaler*, rips through its doors and...

INT. THE IMPALER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... behind the wheel, oranges thudding. Monique plops in the seat behind him, hugs the bags. She views her reflection in the dirty mirror: right -- eight seats; and left -- some middle seats removed. There -- a mattress, red oak dresser, movie projector, film cans, clothes, stack of number plates, red shit-and-piss buckets and other assorted junk. An aeroplane propeller hangs from the ceiling. A red wireless transistor radio sits on the dashboard.

Angela hides beneath a chair. Eofory jams the accelerator. Monique jerks back. She studies Charlotte and the Manager. They scream, slap the red glass. Eofory speeds off.

EXT. ARIZONA SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

A deserted service station, bathed by the dying sunset, rapidly engulfed by dark. *The Impaler* sits beside a disused red petroleum refill.

INT. THE IMPALER - NIGHT

Eofory and Monique sleep upon their soiled mattress, stained in blood and urine, Angela curled between them. Scattered around: bags of cannabis (nearly gone), used fag ends, bottles of Delysid (psychiatric hallucinogen), glue, oral testosterone pills, half-empty tablet containers of "Pilot's Salt" -- Pervitin (meth). The buckets are full of diarrhea.

(CONTINUED)

Eofory convulses, drenched in sweat. He flies up, awake. He eyes Monique, distressed, shakes her violently. Monique wakes, bewildered. He doesn't loosen his grip around her shoulder.

EOFORY

Hey, kid! Who are you? Where am I?

MONIQUE

I'm Monique.

EOFORY

Who's that?

MONIQUE

I am.

He is unable to recognise her.

EOFORY

Who the fuck are you? I've never
fucking seen you in my entire life.

Monique is stricken. He clearly doesn't know her. She reaches over, strokes his cheek.

MONIQUE

(firmly)

Go back to sleep, Eofory.

His features soften, lies back down, succumbs to exhaustion.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Fat pig.

Monique does the same.

INT. THE IMPALER - DAY

SUPER: "27 DECEMBER 1957."

Monique sleeps deeply. Angela balances atop her hip, also asleep. Eofory appears, hovers over her.

EOFORY

Monique... Monique!

She stirs.

EOFORY (CONT'D)

Shit, Monique! They found us!

(CONTINUED)

Monique sits up, rubs her bloodshot eyes. He charges to a window, squats beneath it, cautiously peeks out through the tinted glass. He looks at her, shaken with fear.

EOFORY (CONT'D)

I thought we did everything right.
The cleansing, the oranges and
everything -- it -- it didn't work!
(to ceiling)
You said they'd leave us alone!

MONIQUE

Are you speaking to Mr. Rabhadh?
What is he saying?

She stands up, alarmed. Angela jumps down to the floor.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

I don't understand. It had to work,
Eofory!

EOFORY

No, girl! It didn't! Look!

He approaches Monique, shoves her next to him. Kneeling, he presses her head against the bottom of the glass.

EOFORY (CONT'D)

Look, you bitch! See them?

Monique strains her eyes: only desert, golden in the orange morning sun, tinted in red. Silence. Eofory glares, presses harder.

EOFORY (CONT'D)

Look, kid! Look!

Monique narrows her gaze, struggles to see anything. Only desert. Eofory observes her, disappointed. He knows. He shakes his head, releases Monique, stumbles backwards into the shadows. Monique studies him, defeated. Tears form in his eyes.

EOFORY (CONT'D)

I'm not a mentaller, Mo! I'm saner
than all you motherdicktards!
You're the crazy ones! I'm sane!
Sane!

MONIQUE

(stands)
Eofory, I do believe you. I can't
see them -- the Aduantas -- because
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

I might not be worth saving,
Eofory.

Destroyed, he lunges at her, grasps her throat, viciously chokes her, his eyes burning with an incredible fury. Angela crouches, hisses.

EOFORY

*LITTLE BITCH! YOU'RE IN
ON IT, TOO! YOU'RE ONE OF
THEM! FUCKING LIAR!*

(throws her skull on
windows)

*LIES! LIES! I CAN'T TRUST
ANYONE! NOT EVEN YOU! GET
OUT! GET OUT! LIAR! YOU
SPOKE! PLANNED IT ALL THIS
TIME! MARRED LIKE A BEAST
IN CHAINS! YOU KNEW! BETRAY
ME AND TURN ME IN!*

MONIQUE

No! I'm not! Eofory, please
stop! I wouldn't hurt you!
I wouldn't lie... I want to
live, too...

Eofory's anger gradually subsides. Monique's body falls limp, eyes roll into the back of her head. Conflicted, he drops her. Writhing, she struggles to regain air. Angela sniffs around, finds her, purrs, comforts her. Eofory looks down, guilt and anguish plaguing him.

EOFORY

I can't stay here, Mo...
(sees out windows, horrified)
They found me!

He flees, exits the bus, melts...

EXT. ARIZONA SERVICE STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... into the morning sun. He flails his arms wildly, wails like a madman, sprints chaotically through the desert as though something invisible hunts him.

INT. THE IMPALER - DAY

Outside, we hear his pained screams grow distant. Monique looks over, struggles to stand up.

MONIQUE

Eofory, wait!

She follows him into...

EXT. ARIZONA SERVICE STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the biting dust. She runs after him.

MONIQUE

Eofory!

She squints into the sun. His silhouette disappears behind a thick yellow cloud of dust. *The Impaler* not far behind her, she sharply halts, watches Eofory sink away. Angela crookedly catches up to her and rubs against her ankles.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Eofory!

He is gone.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

EXT. BALLYFERMOT - STREETS - DAY

SUPER: "TWO MONTHS, THREE WEEKS EARLIER. 4 OCTOBER 1957.
BALLYFERMOT, DUBLIN, IRELAND."

Monique, in a silver pea coat, maroon school uniform and women's white cloche hat, charges miserably down the street of the lower-class concrete suburb. Lined with autumn trees and trash, she assaults tin cans and bottles. Sleep deprived, her hair is shoulder-length, her left forearm intact. She clutches her red backpack.

One can lands in a muddy gutter, sprays her saddle shoes and maroon stockings. She pays no mind to the bustling PEOPLE, coaches and vehicles. She passes by a church, climbs down a busy road. She hungrily eyes a pub frying fish and chips. Her stomach ferociously growls. She fishes in her bag for a looser and a match.

A black-and-white family snapshot sits on a pile of cigs. A rickety Australian farmhouse and windmill, circa 1949: Monique's grandmother SORCHA "KUIA," 60s; her Maori father ILUKA, 30s; her brothers JONAS, 6; SIDNEY, 4; and NOAH, 3. BABY MONIQUE is in Iluka's arms. All share appearances, except Sorcha, a European. She wears Monique's cloche hat.

A YOUNG NUN, 30s, rides on a crimson bicycle. Monique takes a drag. A lorry swerves onto the pavement in front of her. A YOUNG MOTORBIKE MAN with a bag of groceries attempts to turn right. The pink-faced LORRY DRIVER is behind him.

LORRY DRIVER
(to Monique)
Feckin' move!

MONIQUE
(kicks his bumper)
Bugger off, fat ass!

The car behind Monique honks at the Driver. The Driver blares his horn, tears off, cuts his turn before the Motorbike Man, who flashes his middle finger. The street clears. Monique moves along.

EXT. BALLYFERMOT - VACANT LOT - DAY

"Diana" by Paul Anka (1957) soars from a car radio. The grassy lot is deserted -- except for a black man, HARPER, 35. In overalls, he soaps down his automobile.

(CONTINUED)

HARPER

Bout ye, Monique? Smoking is awfully bad for your health, darling. Maybe quit?

Monique weakly smiles, shrugs, carries on.

EXT. BALLYFERMOT - BUS STOP - DAY

A one-eyed woman tows a pram filled with paper bags, surrounded by a mob of little dogs: MAD MAEBH, 60s, wild silver hair, headscarf, baggy coat, one half of her face done-up in make-up, torn stockings, one shoe, the heel broken. One of her Pembroke Welsh Corgis wags as Monique comes by.

MAD MAEBH

The Queen looks for her tarts, Monique. Don't give 'em to her, chiseler.

Mad Maebh disappears around the corner. Monique, baffled, strolls off to...

EXT. GALA CINEMA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Beneath the shadow of an EMPLOYEE atop a ladder, she lingers by a fresh poster on the wall.

Drawn to it, she curiously scans the 1940's artwork. Against a blue-black backdrop is an older WOMAN, 40s or 50s (though can pass for five or ten years younger): golden-brown shoulder-length hair, pale eyes, strong jaw, Roman nose, red checkered coat and beret hat. Apprehensive, she clutches a pistol.

In bold, yellow letters: "EVEEN FAY IN THE SILENCE OF SCREAMING." Underneath in red: "A SELZNICK BROTHERS PICTURE."

EXT. SANSFIELD ROAD - DAY

"Bye Bye Blackbird" by Peggy Lee (1955) plays. The sun bleeds orange. Monique juggles bags of groceries, trudges across from Longmeadows Park down a rubbish-strewn street: rundown terraced public housing. DIRTY CHILDREN scream madly nearby. They play in the cracked, colourless roads and in makeshift swings strung from lamp-posts. She approaches a row of six terraced homes and...

EXT. DALY HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... mounts to the right: a grey semi-detached house, chartreuse front door. The song fades.

The second storey window is left wide open. A woman peers out: MISS SINEAD, 81, lean, despondent, eyelids painted mauve, purple silk kimono, long silver hair loosely tied up. She smokes and drinks whiskey straight from the bottle.

MISS SINEAD

Monique! Tell that miserable brat
down 'here to shut the feckin' hell
up, you hear me, lass?

She discards her fag, shuts the window, draws her purple curtains. Numb, Monique enters the side yard into...

EXT. DALY HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She wades through the jungle, ducks under laundry lines, passes a lopsided shed and an old disused privy. She catches a brief glimpse of a white cat (Angela) perched on the wall. The cat jumps to the other side. Monique inspects the spot momentarily and continues into...

INT. DALY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dizzy pink walls. A small round table decorated in a mismatched neon-coloured tablecloth sits in the corner. In fact, the entire house is boldly colourful and ill-matched as if deliberate. There is no telephone. The radio is on in the other room. Monique halts.

Her eyes fall on a boy of 15: bushy eyebrows, black-haired, pimply chin, his work clothes covered in fish slime. We will call him FIFTEEN. He slouches over the log stove, fiercely masturbates. Monique is disgusted.

MONIQUE

Oh, ick!
(slams groceries in detached
sink)
Fucking gross!
(removes her school things; to
living room)
Pirjo!

FIFTEEN

Mam isn't here right now. Do you
like that, babe?

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

Fucking no! Whatever that pink, hairy alien creature is, it's hideous. You're absolutely sick. Will you leave? Your *father* wants me to cook your dinner. Although, I'd rather let you starve! Oh, and Miss Sinead told you to "shut the feckin' hell up" -- her words, not mine.

Monique occupies herself at the sink. Fifteen creeps behind her. His hand reaches for her skirt. Angered, she spins around. He viciously kisses her. His fingers grab between her legs. He feels something unpleasant. He draws back, studies her body in bewilderment.

Monique bites down on him, hard. She shoves him violently. He yelps, flies back, knocks into the stove and -- SMASH -- the tea kettle and dishes shatter. Tea slushes. He gapes, pushes his penis back inside his trousers, wipes the blood from his mouth. Monique makes a fist.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Would you care to pour a cup of acid for Lady Mercy, Fifteen?

FIFTEEN

Christ, I have a *real* name.

MONIQUE

You're not my *real* brother. You never will be. My real brothers were taken away from me long ago. You're not important to me. Do that again, asshole -- I'll shove Lady Mercy through your fucking ugly teeth!

FIFTEEN

Crazy nigga whore. Was your mother a retarded brownie lunatic raped in an asylum?

Monique attacks him. He cowers. THIRTEEN, bald, short and dressed in his school uniform, races in. He leaps at Monique, attempts to tear her off.

THIRTEEN

Shit, she's an animal!

(CONTINUED)

TWELVE, the tallest of the brothers, untidy black hair, thick brows and in his uniform enters. He clutches a sci-fi comic. Compared to his brothers, he is kind in the eyes, though seems to be slow -- to no fault of his own.

TWELVE

Trouble -- Mam! Fighting!

He awkwardly runs away.

EXT. DALY HOUSE - DAY

A woman climbs the stone steps to the front door: PIRJO DALY, 32, distant, troubled, disheveled, messy blonde hair, half-assed make-up, her pink dress wrinkled. She sucks a used fag end. She carries a stack of envelopes, a mug of coffee and a bottle of whiskey.

She pours the whiskey into the coffee, wobbles. She drops some of the envelopes. The door flies open and -- CRASH. Twelve collides into her. She drops her items. The mug breaks. Liquid splashes.

INT. DALY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The kids wrestle -- SLAM -- the tub of laundry falls. Contents spill. Fifteen slips, lands in shards of glass. He cries, clutches his buttocks. Thirteen is stunned. Monique forces back a laugh. Twelve reappears and eyes her sympathetically. A MAN'S hand thrusts them back.

CLELL (O.S.)

Ay, ay, ay!

The frazzled father is CLELL DALY, 55, broad, black hair, greying beard and a heavy unibrow. He wears a grotesquely mismatched clothes covered in fish slime -- home from another laborious day at work.

CLELL

Look 'ere, Missy: you gotta know your place under my roof and it's anywhere in this house but on top of my son. Dja get me, Monica?

MONIQUE

It's Monique.

CLELL

Can ye tell me what feekin' happened? Why does it look like a bleedin' war zone in 'ere?

(CONTINUED)

FIFTEEN

Nothing, Dad!

MONIQUE

Your son's a fucking cunt!
Your slimy mouth was on
mine, fish breath!

FIFTEEN

Oh, come off it, whore!
She's lyin'! I didn't do
anythin'!

CLELL

What were ya doin' to her? Stand
up. Feckin' stand up, I said!
(yanks him, inspects; sees his
trousers)

Get out. Go on.

(shoves the boys)

I expect this feckn' mess to be
cleaned up, Monique. Is that clear?
An' change out of those clothes
when yer done, right? My *daughter*
isn't some slutty, lazy pig.

Monique grabs the mop and bucket from the corner, scowls,
defiantly cleans, holds back tears. Pirjo slips in.

PIRJO

What happened? Clell? The boys were
screaming.

Clell approaches Monique, briskly pulls the corners of her
skirt down. Pirjo gathers up a cracked tea plate. Clell
pushes her outside. She studies Monique, concerned. She is
unable to help her. Clell is the clear authority figure.

MONIQUE

(bitterly)

You're not my fucking father. My
father died a long time ago in
Australia. Lung cancer killed him.
I was four years old. Then, my
grandmother -- *kuia* -- killed
herself. She set herself on fire --
and almost took me with her. I
don't need you or Pirjo or your
sons. You're not my family.

Clell looks on, disturbed. Lost for words, he exits. Monique
shoves the bucket and fiercely mops. The wireless radio from
the next room cuts in:

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

The Silence of Screaming starring
Even Fay will be premiering at the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Gala Cinema tomorrow Saturday
 afternoon.

CLELL (O.S.)
 Pirjo, turn that bleedin' shite
 down!

Over the boys' screams through the house, static interrupts
 and a low classical song plays, melancholy and haunting:

EVEEN FAY (V.O.)
*May be a sinner, but I am a star/
 Don't call me your gal, boy; admire
 me, see me afar/ Is love truly
 tainted, or just bizarre?/ I have
 more thorns than a rose/ It's
 terrible to think you own/ This
 babe, hon/ Why is the night so
 dark?*

This brings us to...

INT. DALY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

... a purple Eastern carpet, yellow sofa, red wooden door
 and floral mint-green wallpaper, terribly hideous and
 ill-assorted. The wireless radio dominates the room. Pirjo
 turns the knob of the volume. She pours herself whiskey onto
 the tea plate, stains the carpet. Dazed, she collapses to
 the floor. Clell casually steps over her, exits into the
 hall where Miss Sinead leans over the banister, smokes.
 Through the ajar door:

CLELL (O.S.)
 (to Pirjo)
 Pissed outta yer feckin' mind,
 right manky woman?

MISS SINEAD (O.S.)
 Mr. Daly, are your monstrous sons
 worth the price of your rent? This
 is my house! I can write the
 council, throw those disgusting
 boys in institutions! You and that
 unstable wife can find another
 place to board!

Monique eyes the radio from the kitchen, searches for
 escapism.

MONTAGE:

(CONTINUED)

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

In 1946, the Selznick Brothers Pictures' hard-boiled gangster film noir, *The Silence of Screaming* was an ambitious career comeback for faded star Even Fay --

Grainy black-and-white newsreel from the 1920s and '30s: EVEEN FAY, mid-30s to late 40s, alluring, captivating and tall for a woman, full of life and charisma. She is a true product of Hollywood, a manufactured image that any woman would love to be.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

-- a moderately successful actress, singer and recording artist of the early talkie era.

Stock footage of World War I, post-war Dublin and...

INT. WINTER GARDEN (NEW YORK CITY) - STOCK FOOTAGE

Even, hopeful and bright-eyed, dons her make-up in a chaotic dressing room. She tails behind a long chorus of GIRLS, heads out into the spotlight. She towers over all of them.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

A native of Ireland, she was born in Dublin on the dairy farms north of the River Liffey; the farms would later develop into the Ballyfermot suburban housing estates. After serving as a nurse for the British troops during the Great War, she immigrated to New York City in 1924. Considered "ripe" for a beginning actress of thirty-five, she got her start in the limelight as a chorus girl on Broadway at the Winter Garden Theatre.

EXT. TRAIN STATION (NEW YORK CITY) - STOCK FOOTAGE

Even smiles, waves at her invisible audience. She excitedly hops onto a train. The whistle BLARES and it departs in a burst of smoke.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - STOCK FOOTAGE

Palm trees and rolling hills fill the frame: California. Even strides down Sunset Boulevard, begins her new life.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

In 1927, she relocated to Los Angeles, California, hoping for better opportunities and signed a contract with Silver Reel Pictures. It was there her career truly began.

A dashing dark-haired man of 25 beams at the camera, CHARLES O'BRIEN: thin, short, a pencil mustache, a mix of Gary Cooper and Fredric March. He becomes a frequent presence in the footage. Off-screen and candid, Even appears uncomfortable next to him. On the red carpet, he leans in to kiss her, struggles to reach her height. She scowls, refuses his advances. Their screaming, adoring FANS don't notice this.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Her big breakthrough was seen in 1929 at age forty when she starred opposite rising star Charles O'Brien in her first talkie feature, *Gonna Paint the Town*. The picture turned Miss Fay into an overnight sex symbol. Silver Reel touted her as their next "It Girl" and she enjoyed great success in the musical genre. Although, fear of being typecast saw her turning many roles down. Ultimately, her career was short-lived.

INT. FAY HOUSE (FRANKLIN HILLS) - STOCK FOOTAGE

Even, no make-up, dressed in slacks, hair unstyled, gives the unseen CAMERAMAN a tour, wanders alone through the grounds of her three-storey Italianate-style mansion.

She passes by a CHILD's bedroom at the end of an empty hall, door ajar. The camera goes to it, interested. Hysterical, she rapidly closes it, locks it tight, directs the camera away from the door.

EXT. POOL - FAY HOUSE (FRANKLIN HILLS) - STOCK FOOTAGE

She sits alone, plays with the water. Her only company is a Calico cat -- and the camera.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

Lingering in the shadows of the greatest stars during the Depression, she was never quite catapulted into international stardom. Beneath a glamorous demeanor lied a privately troubled woman: irrational violence, tax evasion and substance abuse were greatly publicized.

EXT. HOTEL (LAS VEGAS) - STOCK FOOTAGE

Technicolor: Even's mood changes. No longer the bright-eyed woman, she appears haggard and dirty and scowls harshly. In a familiar 1930s RED DRESS, she ignores hordes of FANS in the street. They beg for autographs. She pushes her way through the CROWD, past the cameras. She strolls away, displays her middle finger.

EVEEN FAY

(American)

Piss off! All of you!

A MAN approaches her, kisses her. She punches him. A fight breaks out. COPS lead a screaming and kicking Even away.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

Arguably, she is remembered today for her scandalous notoriety and frequent commitment to psychiatric institutions. As a consequence of her difficult, unpredictable behaviour, her contract with Silver Reel was terminated and she was blacklisted from Hollywood. By the mid-1930s, she was in severe debt and struggling to find work. Sensationalism was her downfall.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD (CALIFORNIA) - STOCK FOOTAGE

Black-and-white: In an evening satin gown torn at the hip (revealing her underwear and TATTOO) and white fur coat, hair disheveled and make-up smeared, Even trips crookedly on a broken heel down the nightly-lit street. One shoe falls off.

(CONTINUED)

Clearly drunk, she laughs broadly. A swarm of PAPARAZZI move in on her. The dress slips down, reveals her breasts (and a TATTOO, difficult to see, on the left). Unaware of what is happening, she is trapped in the violating flashbulbs.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

Fighting for relevancy and desperate for money, she organised her final concert tour, which commenced on her forty-seventh birthday, October 1935 -- then slipped into a state of total seclusion. For eleven years, no one had heard of Eeven Fay. That was until 1946 when she emerged from obscurity and was cast in *The Silence of Screaming*. Then fifty-eight, she shed her musical typecasting as the gun-wielding working-class Clara Claire. On 13 March, 1947 she arrived at the prestigious Academy Awards, nominated for Best Actress -- her first and only nomination.

EXT. OSCARS RED CARPET (SHRINE AUDITORIUM) - STOCK FOOTAGE

Eeven, 58, appears healthier and younger than her years. She glides elegantly in an Orry-Kelly gown. She waves at the flashing cameras before her, sinks into the night.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

Although she lost to Olivia de Havilland for *To Each His Own*, public interest was immediately renewed; however after that night, Eeven Fay all but retreated from the public eye. Her whereabouts today remain largely unknown.

She doesn't look back. Her song fades.

END MONTAGE.

INT. BEDROOM - FAY HOUSE (FRANKLIN HILLS) - DAY

Circa 1935. A dank, sweltering room, red curtains drawn, the windows smeared madly in red paint. Deep red walls and carpet, an unmade red bed and heaps of rotting rubbish populated by German cockroaches. Eeven, 47, sits upon her soiled floor, legs crossed, barefoot. Her floral red dress

(CONTINUED)

is drenched in sweat, lipstick sweats off, hair in wild tangles.

Everything in this room is disgusting. If we could smell it, the odor would be unbearable. She is disquieted, unnerved, unmoving; her absolute stillness is painful. She doesn't even dare take a drag from her cigarette or a sip from her bottle of red wine. Ashes fall one-by-one. She tips the bottle, spills her drink.

Her expression unreadable, she appears to gaze directly into us. What she looks at, we aren't certain. A sickening, blaring noise fills her head. Eveen gradually clutches her right temple and lower stomach, grimaces. Is it a headache? A menstrual cramp? We don't know. The noise assaults her ears... and a MAN's voice, calm and assertive:

MR. RABHADH (V.O.)

(whispers)

No one sees. No one hears. No one notices your fears.

A WOMAN's, gentle though patronizing, joins his:

MISS SARU (V.O.)

Are you awake, Eveen? No one's helping now.

MISS SARU cackles. The ringing in her head grows louder. Her features tighten. We see her eyes clearly: BLUE-GREEN and BROWN.

EVEEN FAY (V.O.)

Don't call me dollface, sweetheart.

END OF ACT TWO

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*ACT THREE

INT. GALA CINEMA - DAY

SUPER: "5 OCTOBER 1957."

On screen: Superimposed and in gorgeous black-and-white cinematography, Eeven Fay (as Clara Claire) bears her pistol. Swallowed in steam, masked in heavy nighttime shadows, Eeven stands in the alleyway, glares at an injured GUNMAN #1, 30s, hardened, in an upturned 1930s automobile. His face bloody, he peers up at her.

GUNMAN #1
Please, Clara... Please,
dollface... Don't -- don't kill
me...

She kneels, smiles coldly.

The theatre is filled with CHILDREN, enthralled and silent as they munch on their snow cakes and popcorn. Among the audience is Fifteen, Thirteen and Twelve. Geese flock the aisles. Monique, alone, peers through the windows of the double doors. She wears a French sky-blue dress, her coat, cloche hat and backpack, groceries in arm. (This is the only outfit outside her uniform that she owns and unless indicated, this is all she wears.)

Eeven carefully stands up, aims her pistol, fires directly at his face.

The children jump and scream.

Gunman #1's bloodied hand falls limp. Eeven examines the body, satisfied and -- BANG! -- she bleeds, thrown back against the wall.

The children gasp, leap up, point.

(CONTINUED)

BOY

In the back, Clara!

CHILDREN

He's in the backseat!

GIRL

Shoot him! Shoot him!

Eveen holds her wound, narrows in on a shadowy figure of GUNMAN #2, 30s, pensive, slender, concealed in the back of the car. She fires. He fires back.

His ammunition runs dry. Silence. Beads of sweat roll down his thin face. He locks eyes with Even. Without hesitation, he claws his way outside, tears down the alley. Even follows him, keeps shooting.

The children clap and roar.

In the distance, Gunman #2 collapses. Silence, except for Even's heels. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. He is half-dead, breathes heavily in a puddle of water. Even studies him momentarily.

She fires. His hand falls restless. She gazes at his body, grins. She wipes her pistol with a handkerchief, places it inside her handbag. She looks up at the stars, glides down the alley. Her silhouette sinks away followed by a victorious orchestra and -- "THE END."

The children cheer. Monique frowns. A goose flies into the curtain. The USHER hollers.

EXT. BALLYFERMOT - STREETS - DAY

Geese run down the road into traffic. Screaming CHILDREN pour out from the Gala Cinema. One goose catches his foot in a popcorn holder, flutters around desperately, attempts to free himself. Popcorn spills into the road. Monique, isolated from the chaos, trudges down the street. Fifteen appears and blocks her path.

FIFTEEN

Where ya goin', nigga monkey?

MONIQUE

Home. Duh?

(shoves past him; he pushes)

Will you just fucking move? I have to get this shit home, you know!

Your dad is going to be livid if

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
his Saturday bangers and mash
aren't hot on the table when he
gets off work!

FIFTEEN
That's not really my feckin'
problem, is it, bush Indian?

Thirteen sweeps in, devours cream cake.

THIRTEEN
Indians are barefoot, Sherlock.

Fifteen throws him to the ground, steals his cake.

FIFTEEN
Go and shite!

THIRTEEN
You bleedin' arse!

Twelve appears a few feet away from his brothers, cream cake
in hand. He stops, eyes the confrontation apprehensively.

MONIQUE
What do you assholes want?

FIFTEEN
Last night, I felt somethin' super
feckin' weird. There's somethin'
not normal with you.

MONIQUE
Like what?

FIFTEEN
Yer flange.

MONIQUE
What the fuck? What the hell is a
flange?

FIFTEEN
Yer fuckin' cunt... Yer girl thing!

MONIQUE
(steps away)
What about it?

FIFTEEN
Really? You don't know?

(CONTINUED)

Monique firmly shakes her head. Fifteen grins, drops the cake to the pavement, smashes it beneath his shoe. Thirteen is horrified.

THIRTEEN

Aw, mate! I would have eaten that!

FIFTEEN

'Ere, let me show ya.

(she runs)

C'mon, leg it!

Monique bolts away into oncoming traffic, disappears on another street. Twelve runs the opposite way.

The boys give chase. PASSERSBY don't look. She whips past a shop. Harper is at the door.

HARPER

Monique! Hey!

The boys shove past him. He looks on, senses something is wrong.

EXT. BALLYFERMOT - BRIDGE - DAY

Monique rips onto a bridge, hops over the ledge...

EXT. BALLYFERMOT - TRAIN TRACKS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... crashes onto the tracks below. Her bags empty. Fifteen and Thirteen spectate from the bridge. Blood drips from open wounds on her knees. She limps with her squashed bags, heads for a row of terraced houses atop a hill. She crosses the tracks and -- SMOKE BILLOWS.

Distant it seems and --

-- it builds speed -- faster -- the SHADOW swallows her --

-- the train shoots under the brige and -- Monique emerges, clambers up the hill. Fifteen and Thirteen gawk and run off. She ascends...

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... climbs over the wall, falls down into a heap of rubbish and plywood. She cringes.

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE - SIDE YARD - DAY

She reaches the gate, finds it locked, pushes the groceries to the other side, scales over it. She drops -- crushes one of the bags. She is mortified, combs through the contents -- all flattened worse than before. She sighs, frustrated.

EXT. BALLYFERMOT - STREETS - DAY

Monique, bloody and dirty, walks down the road, brushes muck from her dress. Quiet -- and --

FIFTEEN (O.S.)

Nigga whore!

Fifteen and Thirteen charge at her from the end of the street. Monique gasps and tears away.

EXT. BALLYFERMOT - CEMETERY - DAY

Monique crashes into the graveyard, heads towards the roofless abandoned church. Fifteen apprehends her, pounces. She slams into the dirt; groceries gush and spray. He claws off her backpack and coat, sits on her back. Her hat flies. Cigs, matches and her family snapshot empty from her bag. She struggles against his weight.

MONIQUE

FUCK OFF!

She thrashes against him. One shoe slips off.

FIFTEEN

(to Thirteen)

Hey, get her feekin' arms!

Thirteen obeys. Fifteen holds her knees, flips her on her back. He pulls up her dress, yanks down her underwear to her ankles, smears blood from her knees. She screams.

FIFTEEN (CONT'D)

Shut her up!

(Thirteen smothers her)

Look...

They gander at something off-screen, shocked and repulsed.

THIRTEEN

Jaysus Christ!

(CONTINUED)

FIFTEEN

What the hell is that, ye think?

THIRTEEN

I haven't got a baldy.

FIFTEEN

Ye know what it looks like?

THIRTEEN

But she's a girl! She ain't got any balls! Look, she's got a canal, 'kay? It's right there. She's gotta pee somehow.

FIFTEEN

Where?

THIRTEEN

Right there.

FIFTEEN

Yeah, caffler, but ye can barely see it. What is this? Isn't this a feckin' cock?

(moves his hand)

Ew, it's so freaky! Da and Ma adopted a freak!

THIRTEEN

It's her clitoris, you dumbfuck! Stop it! I've 'ad enough! Put her pants back on! This is so stupid!

FIFTEEN

What kind of lady bits look like that?!

Monique urinates, frees one of her legs, kicks Fifteen powerfully in the crotch. He cries in agony, curls into a foetal position. Thirteen stares, stunned, breaks out in laughter.

FIFTEEN (CONT'D)

Dry your arse, eejit!

THIRTEEN

(one hand picks up her snapshot)

Hey, what's this?

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

That's mine, Thirteen!

THIRTEEN

A whole family of apes!

Monique screams, leaps on him, ferociously beats and claws his face.

MONIQUE

FUCKING CUNTS!

THIRTEEN

Get her off me, she's crazy!

She kicks him in the shin, wrenches the snapshot from his hand. He falls to the ground, cries. Slightly torn and stained with a single drop of blood, she shoves the photo down her undershirt. Monique gazes down at the boys, coldly.

In the wrecked car, Even glares at the bleeding Gunman #1.

Monique gathers a loose branch, looms over Thirteen, bores down. She raises the branch, lashes down on his face.

Even fires her pistol.

A red line appears on his cheek and over his left ear. Blood runs from the wound. He screams. Monique moves to Fifteen. She grips his trousers, pulls them down.

FIFTEEN

Please...

The bleeding Gunman #2 lies in the puddle, silently pleads to Even.

Monique kicks his knees open, aims the branch above her head.

Even raises her gun. She fires. Triumphant, she strides off into the shadows. Dramatic music blares. The large white end titles appear. An unseen audience erupts in cheers.

Monique tightens her grip. Mad Maebh emerges from the abandoned church, fascinated by what she sees. She dances. Her dogs bark crazily.

MAD MAEBH

Alice! Alice fights the pack of cards! She tells the Queen of Hearts lies and truths to 'et away! Off wit' 'heir heads, Alice!

(CONTINUED)

Monique turns, caught off guard.

FIFTEEN

Mad Maebh, ye crazy whore! Help me!
She's insane!

MAD MAEBH

Go, Alice! Go!

CLELL (O.S.)

MONICA!

Clell delivers a violent blow to her face, rips her back. Twelve lingers behind, looks on, empathetic. She drops her weapon, stunned. Blood gushes from her nose. Clell throws Monique her bloody, urine-stained underwear. She doesn't catch it. She can't look at anyone. She's paralyzed.

MAD MAEBH

Wake up, Alice! Wake up!

CLELL

Cover yerself up, Monica! Mad Maebh, ara be whist! Hell, I don't know what the feckin' Christ any of ye were doin'! You look like a mank, slutty shtate, Monica! You hear me, Monica?! You wanna end up like Mad Maebh, over 'ere?! A crazy witch livin' in this shite graveyard?! Quit actin' the maggott, child! Pirjo wanted you! I'm doing this for her! Lord knows she'd 'ave gone crazy without another child after she lost our girl!

(gestures to Twelve)

An' we ended up with her twin eejit! We're lucky he's just stupid an' not dead! Why can't you just be a normal daughter?!

(chokes)

I'm sorry. We just wanted a daughter, Monica -- Monique, an' yer makin' things so miserably hard. You're not... perfect, and we just wanted you to be perfect. Why are ye doin' this to us? Monique, look at me!

Harper trudges through the headstones, advances.

(CONTINUED)

HARPER

Mr. Daly, please! The boys --

CLELL

I appreciate the call, sir. I can handle it from here, Harper, right?

HARPER

Monique isn't -- She's a good child, sir.

CLELL

I can handle my children, sir!

Harper backs away. Clell moves on and screams inaudible insults at his sons. Harper spectates the madness, places a comforting arm around Monique, wipes her bloody nose.

HARPER

Come, darling. None of this is your fault. You have to believe that.

MAD MAEBH

Wake up, Alice! Run away! Alice, wake up! Wake up, Alice! Wake up! The Queen is coming! Alice, wake up!

She doesn't appear to hear or see anyone. A ringing sounds in her ears, her insides visibly breaking.

END OF ACT THREE

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*ACT FOUR

INT. DALY HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Monique, exhausted, grips the sink, watches the tap gently run. She removes her blue dress, stands in her underwear. She scrutinizes her reflection, finds a finger-sized bruise on her cheek. She roughly brushes her teeth, spits water and blood into the sink, splashes the mirror. She wipes the glass, fiercely rubs her bloodshot eyes.

MONIQUE

God, you're hideous.

A soft noise erupts outside. An animalistic cry. A blinding orange and red light bleeds through the towel nailed to the frosted window. Monique studies it, pulls it back, analyzes the dark. The light is gone. She scans the garden, finds... Angela on the wall -- yet -- crouched down, ears back.

The cat hisses, growls -- at SOMETHING. She looks harder, squints and --

-- MOVEMENT. A GREY BEING, short, slender, large head, moves slowly and silently from behind the shed. Angela screeches, disappears behind the wall. Monique leans in, rubs her eyes. It glides down the garden and -- stops, turns to face her. Big, insect-like black eyes lock directly on her. It knows she's there.

She gasps, jumps back... sees in the mirror -- Fifteen at the door. She spins around, grabs the bar of soap, tosses it.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

GET OUT!

(CONTINUED)

Fifteen flees. Door SLAMS. A thunderous thumping and muffled screams sound from the stairs. The door BURSTS wide -- Clell enters, shuts it.

MONIQUE
He was gandering at me!

CLELL
Ara be whist! Let me see!

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
See what? No!

He moves closer. She steps back, grips the sink.

CLELL
Drop the drawers. Let me see.
(leads her to toilet; seats
her on lid)
What's wrong with ye?

MONIQUE
Nothing's wrong with me! What the
fuck?!

MONIQUE
No! No! Pirjo! I don't want
your fucking help! Pirjo!

CLELL
(removes her underwear;
she screams)
I'm your father! I want to
help! Let me see!

He peers at her. Whatever he sees, he's speechless. He lets go of her, steps away, fearful. Monique leaps, crouches down on the floor, covers herself with a towel. The door swings open, jams Clell's back. He cringes. Pirjo moves around him.

PIRJO
What is this? What are you doing to
her? Why is she screaming like a
banshee?

Clell studies her.

INT. DALY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Monique madly screams. She lies upon the pink bed of Clell and Pirjo's yellow room. At the foot of the bed is a wicker basket of girls' baby clothes. Clell shamelessly grabs at her knees, holds them. Pirjo crosses her arms, uncomfortable yet concerned.

(CONTINUED)

CLELL

We should get her to a bleedin'
hospital! This -- this isn't
normal!

PIRJO

I agree, Clell that it's... a bit
unusual.

CLELL

Unusual?! You call that
perfectly unusual?! Her
clitoris is the size
of an immature penis!
She's a -- I'm sorry --
a freak of nature! What
the feck do they call it?!
Hermaphrodite?! Someone
with both--?!

PIRJO

Clell, stop it! She's your
daughter! Our daughter!

CLELL

Unless ye wanted a fourth boy,
Pirjo!

PIRJO

She's not a boy! We can fix this!

CLELL

With what bleedin' money,
woman?! Look, I want to
help her! Why didn't the
bleedin' caseworkers say
anythin'?! They feckin'
adopt her out like this?!
Better off sending her
back, right?! I don't
know what to bloody do,
'right?! See, I don't want
to send her back! It only
took -- what? -- a feckin'
decade, messin' with the
shitty system?! But what
are we 'posed to feckin'
do?! Pirjo, don't look at
me like that, ye maggot
tick! Monique, shut up! I'm
trying to help! Believe it
or not, I do care! I'm your
father! I want to help you!

PIRJO

Maybe they didn't know!
Stop it, Jesus! She's not
deaf! She can hear you!

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE
*YOU'RE NOT MY FUCKING FATHER! FUCK
 OFF!*

Angered, Monique fiercely kicks him in the crotch. He grimaces, staggers backwards, curls on the floor. Monique hides her face in the pillows. She's not crying, just purely angry.

PIRJO
 I think you may have deserved that.

She considers Monique, sadly.

INT. DALY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Pirjo holds up Monique's blue nightgown.

PIRJO
 Get in, Monique.

Monique reveals her face from the pillows, glowers. Her skin is reddened, though dry. No tears visible. Presently, she can't cry.

PIRJO (CONT'D)
 It's all right, love. It's just us girls, now. The boys are upstairs, asleep. Clell -- he's in the kitchen...
 (nervous laughter)
 ... icing his flute.

Monique harshly frowns. Pirjo's smile fades. Monique considers for a moment, crawls over to her. Pirjo slips the gown over her head, fixes her hair. Monique involuntarily flinches.

PIRJO (CONT'D)
 There you go. Would you like me to brush your hair?
 (Monique flinches)
 I'm sorry.

MONIQUE
 Forget it.

PIRJO
 May I brush your hair?

Monique thinks, nods. Pirjo guides her to the vanity, gently combs her strands.

(CONTINUED)

PIRJO (CONT'D)

My mother taught me to brush my hair like this. So the hair doesn't pull. I never thought I'd be doing this with a daughter of my own.

MONIQUE

(eyes the basket)

She... died... or something?

PIRJO

Did... your mother...? Did she name you Monique?

MONIQUE

I... don't know. I never met my mother. She left when I was born. I don't know why. No one ever talked about her.

PIRJO

Sometimes, parents make regrettable decisions.

MONIQUE

How come you don't just leave him?

Beside a photo of James Dean, Monique gazes at a black-and-white portrait above the bed: Clell and Pirjo walk down the church steps on their wedding day. Pirjo, 25, girlish, thin, grins broadly at the viewer, waves. Clell, 48, clutches her arm. He appears more like her father, too old, rigid, grumpy, stern. Scribbled in white at the bottom corner: "2 JUNE, 1950."

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

He obviously makes you miserable.

PIRJO

It's not that simple, Monique. He possesses all the money. I have no education, no career. I left school at fifteen when I met him, a co-worker and a friend of my father's; Clell was thirty-eight. When I became pregnant at sixteen or seventeen with my first son, I found no other option but to stay with him, move into this flat with him, married him after ten years or so. I don't know. That's what I was taught to do -- be a wife and mother. That's my life. You'll

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PIRJO (CONT'D)

understand when one day, you become a woman. We're not allowed to do whatever we want.

MONIQUE

Are you going to send me back? Because of my curse? That's what my *kuia* called it. She set herself on fire. I was four. Some days, I think it's all my fault. She blamed me for his death -- my father's. Why? Who the fuck knows? Said my curse brought misfortune. She killed herself... but I pushed her. Had to. Otherwise, I'd be dead like her.

Pirjo calmly puts down the brush, locks eyes with Monique. Slowly, she embraces her. Monique's features soften. She allows this, leans into her.

EXT. SARSFIELD ROAD - DAY

SUPER: "31 October 1957."

Bright orange leaves drift in the breeze.

INT. DALY HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Monique sits near the top landing surrounded by red wallpaper and red carpet, smoking. Her legs swing through the rails of the dark red wood banister. Her knees are now purple, her breath visible. She gazes emptily at the ground floor, miserable and tired. She doesn't absorb the soft music from the radio downstairs -- or the the ascending footsteps.

EOFORY (O.S.)

Who the fuck are you?

Monique peers up to see the bare, muscular bruised legs of a man standing on the stairs... Eofory. He glowers down at her. He wears a hospital gown, bracelet, cotton cap and fighter ace boots. Slung over his shoulder is a stained coffee-brown bag pinned with R.F.C. badges. Monique focuses. She can't tear her gaze from him.

EOFORY

Am I so fucking attractive, kid, you can't stop gawking? What? What

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EOFORY (CONT'D)
 is it? Am I balding? Is my ass
 showing? Slap my balls if I had
 some, Jaysus, kid. Will you
 bleedin' move?

He shoves past her, shuffling to the first door facing the stairs: violet with a cat flap. He tries it. Locked. He silently curses.

MONIQUE
 Hey, are you a Seppo?

EOFORY
 (assaults the door; to Miss
 Sinead)
 Thanks, Mam!
 (to Monique)
 A bloody what now? Barely got two
 words of that alien gibberish.

MONIQUE
 From the States? Are you American?
 'Cause you sound kind of American.

EOFORY
 (laughs; sarcastically)
 Thanks. That's fucking
 beautiful.
 (to Miss Sinead; beats
 the door)
 Mam, open the bleedin'
 door, fucking bitch! Mam!
 Fuck! What is fucking wrong
 with you?!

MONIQUE
 Wait, Miss Sinead...
 she's--your...? I didn't
 know she had a... She's
 never mentioned you. I've
 been living here with the
 lovely Dalys downstairs for
 six fucking months. Always
 see her alone--if I *do* see
 her. She's like some giant
 squid--more myth than fact.
 She's not gonna answer,
 y'know, obviously. She may
 own this place or whatever,
 but she comes out once a
 fucking day: dinnertime.
 And who the hell are *you*,
 arse? Hate to give you
 the five o'clock news,
 fat date, but there's no
 more fucking room. Sorry.
 Find another place to rent.
 Seven people living on
 top of each other with one
 toilet is enough of a death
 sentence.

(CONTINUED)

EOFORY
 (to Miss Sinead)
 You got my cat?!
 (to Monique)
 You've seen my cat, kid?!

Monique studies him, shaking her head. Eofory fiercely kicks the door and flies to his knees, struggling to fit through the cat flap. His gown raises, exposing his underwear. Monique stifles a laugh.

Inaudible shouts from Eofory and Miss Sinead erupt from her room. She slaps him. Eofory recoils, attacking the door. His cap falls off and he attempts to readjust it, irritated.

EOFORY (CONT'D)
 (to Miss Sinead)
 Suck my clit, asshole!
 (to Monique)
 Go fuck yourself, smart ass! I was living here long before you were shoved out of your mother's fucking slutty vagina! You find another place to rent--*on the dole*, sweetheart! In California, baby--we call it fucking welfare! Sure they can lend ya a fucking one-way transit ticket to Mother Teresa's orphanage for Lost Boys if that suits ya better, honey!

MONIQUE
 (shrugs)
 Fuck you!

He savagely snorts and launches a large ball of saliva at the door, tripping backwards into Monique. Her cigarette flies from her hand, landing on the carpet inches from Miss Sinead's door. A small flame grows.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
 (leaps up)
 Hey, dumbass!

EOFORY
 Oh, shit!
 (they collect around the flame, attempting to smother it)
 You gotta real foul mouth on you for a lady! How fucking old are you anyway?! You know, this is why little bitches don't smoke!

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

It's your fault, you drama queen!

EOFORY

(rips off his cap and
bag; beats the fire)
Drama queen?! And what
are you, bunking off for?!
Why aren't you in bleedin'
school?!

MONIQUE

Cat's piss!

The flame dies, leaving a large dark spot. Relieved, they collapse to the floor on either side, facing each other. Eofory takes his blackened cap, twisting it tightly and slaps it against his leg. He nervously laughs. Monique harshly frowns.

EOFORY

Shit, I won't tell if you won't.
(retrieves her fag end,
sucking on it; reveals his
"meth mouth")
I left school when I was fourteen,
just to be fair. Never fucking
looked back, hon. What the bleedin'
in Satan's Hell happened to your
knees?

MONIQUE

(shrugs, glowering)
It's the eyes... or something. I
don't know why. You remind me of my
grandmother. I called her *kuia*.
That's Maori.
(he scans her, hard)
I hated her. I don't know why I
told you that. You're a fucking
ass.

(CONTINUED)

EOFORY

Thank you. Took me years
to perfect it. You're one
stingy kid, you know that?
Did someone abduct your
doll? Steal your sweets
at gunpoint? Kicked your
ass for staying up past
bedtime? That's life--fucks
a nail in your ass before
you can even order dessert.

(stands up, tapping his
right temple)

Ah, this guy on the inside,
he says you're okay, kid...
Mr. Rabhadh, the bloke...
in *here*. He's been with me
a long time. Long fucking
time.

MONIQUE

(leery)
Are you like a... I don't
know, communist spy?

EOFORY

Your accent, sis, is flippin'
funny. Sorry. Had to be said, doll.
You a... fuck, what is it? Kiwi?
Like the fucking furry fruit? Is
that what Maori is, right? Or is it
Hawaiian? Can't fucking remember.
What the fuck brings you to this
depressing lil' shithole christened
Éire?

She gazes at him, suspicious. A long pause.

MONIQUE

(shrugs)
Monique.

EOFORY

Fucking what now?

MONIQUE

My name's Monique.

(CONTINUED)

<p>Yeah. (violently sneezes, snot spraying the air; she looks on, repulsed) I don't give a rusty fuck. Didn't ask. (leans over banister) Who the fuck is that? Shit, that fat bloke's still here?</p>	<p>EOFORY</p> <p>CLELL (O.S.) (from downstairs) Monica! (banging doors) Dja see her come home, Pirjo?</p>
--	--

Monique slides down, hiding out of view, glaring and folding her arms. We hear Clell hollering through the house.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

If you mean Clell Daly, the Unibrow from the Underworld, then yes, that's him. I would say he's my father, but he doesn't deserve that title.

EOFORY

Yeesh, you don't look the least bit like that fucking cave troll.
 (hops downstairs; she turns, eyeing him, perplexed)
 Those two down 'here should take some advice: stop fucking, stop pushing out kids, man! Send those fuckin' boys to a fucking orphanage, Jaysus!
 (spins around, facing her)
 Listen, girl: can I trust you?

MONIQUE

I don't really know you.

EOFORY

Don't eat anything that's contaminated. Only red or orange. That's safe. Got it? They're all watching us. They will poison us and kill us... Look out for the Grey Ones in the sky. We can trust them.

He doesn't wait for an answer, turning. He jumps down the stairs and into...

INT. DALY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the pink-striped hall. Clell looms in, head to toe in fish slime. Pirjo is behind him, her eyes bloodshot, swaying and drunk.

PIRJO

Clell, just leave her alone! Jesus!

CLELL

Monica! You up there smoking?!
 (aghast at the sight of
 Eofory)
 Who the Christ are you?! What are
 you doin' in my feekin' house?!

Miss Sinead's violet door cracks open. She peers down at Eofory, scowling. Monique turns to see her.

MISS SINEAD

Stay away from that individual,
 Monique. Right? That's a mad one,
 that is.

Monique considers this. Miss Sinead shuts her door. Eofory ignores Clell, shoving past him outside. Pirjo sits on the bottom step, downing whiskey. Monique skips downstairs, watching Eofory from the door. Clell drives her back, follows Eofory...

EXT. SARSFIELD ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... stalks him down the street, launches trash at him from the dustbin.

CLELL

Feck off my feekin' property, ye
 maggot tick!

He propels the can into his back. Eofory moves along, unaffected. Clell, miffed, shoves Monique back into the house.

CLELL (CONT'D)

Why are ye talkin' to strange
 people, Monica?!

MONIQUE

He talked to me! I'm never seeing
 him ever!

(CONTINUED)

A gust of orange leaves sweeps by as the family argues. Eofory disappears behind screaming CHILDREN dressed for Halloween.

END OF ACT FOUR

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ACT FIVE

EXT. FARMHOUSE (BROKEN HILL) - DAY

Early morning sun. We find a familiar shabby farmhouse erect in a vast, Australian desert. A squeaky windmill and decreipt well water pump loom nearby. Smoke rises. One section of the house is gradually consumed by flames.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sorcha, 65, golden-brown hair, howling and savage, douses the entire kitchen with a canister of petroleum oil. She is clearly not in the right state of mind as she drenches herself.

(CONTINUED)

By force, she showers 4-year-old Monique, her dress child-like and pink, her hair cut like a boy's. Delirious, Sorcha lights a match, another, and another, creating a large fire in the middle of the room. Her hand clawing at Monique, she powerfully drags her to the flame first.

Monique, eyes wide in terror, fights for her life, no matter her size. Sorcha and Monique struggle against each other and somehow, Monique is able to free herself, shoving Sorcha, furiously. Monique cowers in the corner, watching in horror.

Sorcha loses her balance and rapidly, she's consumed by the flames. Her scarlet nightgown disintegrates from her body along with her skin and hair, revealing her flesh. She madly laughs and screams, holding out her arms. Her eyes are similar to Eofory's -- only, they're both brown.

INT. DALY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Monique, lying in Pirjo's arms, gasps, drenched in sweat. She is wide awake. A book is laid open on the end table, bathed by the flickering lamp. The page reads: "8 NOVEMBER 1957." Clell and Pirjo are fast asleep. Clell loudly snores. She sits up, retrieves her backpack off the floor and fishes for a looser and match.

An orange ball of light pierces through the window, crawling over the wall. Monique notices it, flying to the window. She sees nothing.

INT. DALY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

In place of numbers, the clock face spells: "13 NOVEMBER 1957." Monique, in her blue nightgown, sits on the yellow sofa, reluctantly folding laundry. The dark red wood door to the hall is shut. The wireless radio is turned on low. She eyes the clock: eight-thirty a.m.

From where she sits, we see Pirjo passed out on the kitchen table, a cup of coffee and whiskey in hand and a dying fag between her fingers. Monique observes her momentarily and...

INT. DALY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... approaches, taking the pink mug. Analyzing the contents, she takes a quick gulp. She gags, cringing, takes a drag on Pirjo's cigarette and returns to the sofa.

INT. DALY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

The clock on the mantle reads: two p.m. Monique has fallen asleep. Silence. A feverish bang sounds from the hall. She awakes, tumbling to the floor. Grudgingly, she pries open the wooden door and shuffles...

INT. DALY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... to the hall. It comes from the front door.

IRVING BROWN (O.S.)
Monique Dawson?

Cautious, she considers and swings open the door. A man in black, MAJOR IRVING BROWN, 25, Korean-American, black suit, overcoat and shades grimly studies her. She freezes, suspicious.

IRVING BROWN
Monique Dawson?

MONIQUE
That's... my name on my birth certificate. My old one. It's Daly now. Unfortunately. Can I help you?

IRVING BROWN
My name is Major Irving Brown of the U.S. Air Force. What do you know about UFOs, Miss Dawson?

MONIQUE
Sorry?

IRVING BROWN
Are you interested in the phenomena of flying saucers?

MONIQUE
Not really.

IRVING BROWN
Have you received our calls?

MONIQUE
Fascinating. We don't have a bloody phone.

IRVING BROWN
(nods)
Have you spoken to Miss Aoibheann Moore lately?

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

Are... you from that air force base
in--where was it?--England?
Someone... talked to me. From a
box. In the... inner-city.

IRVING BROWN

No.

MONIQUE

(moves to close door)
I don't know an Aoibheann Moore.
Please stop asking me. Go away,
right?

IRVING BROWN

(forces himself between the
door and frame)
Miss Dawson, please cooperate.
(she eyes his unusual long
fingers gripping the door)
Miss Aoibheann Moore is a liar. Do
not talk to her.

Afraid, Monique shoves him out the door and slams it,
locking it tight. She draws the curtains, watching him climb
into the passenger seat of a black Cadillac. The windows are
blackened. We cannot see the driver. The car disappears. She
sighs, marches back to...

INT. DALY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the sofa, shutting the door to the hall. She sits in
silence, contemplating. The shadows grow. The clock reads:
two-thirty p.m. A fierce bang explodes from the wooden door.

EOFORY (O.S.)

Monique! Monique!

Startled, Monique goes to it -- and it bursts off its
hinges, slamming to the floor in front of her. Alarmed, she
jumps back. Eofory appears, clad in a World I fighter ace
jumpsuit (the top piece tied around his waist), cap and
goggles, a greyish wifebeater and orange-wheeled
roller-skates.

MONIQUE

What the bleeding fuck?!

Eofory doesn't hesitate, viciously grabbing hold of her
wrist and yanking her intensely to...

INT. DALY HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... and leads her towards the bed.

MONIQUE

Stop! What are you doing, pig ass?!

EOFORY

Eofory, kiddo!

(spins around, tearing her
with him)

Wait! Hold the fuck up! That fat
ass with the bushy eyebrows isn't
here, is he? The cave troll?

(she shakes her head)

Fucking brilliant! Call me Eofory!

(crams her beneath the bed;
follows her)

None of that formal bullshit, got
it?!

She doesn't see the Colt M1903 tucked firmly in the back of
his trousers.

MONIQUE

(wrinkles her nose)

Gross, you fucking reek!
Did you throw a party in a
toilet?!

EOFORY

(whispers)

Keep your fucking voice
down, bitch! Look, it's
just Eofory. Not "Mr.
Eofory" or whatever the
fuck. Fuck that. It's false
entitled respect invented
by the stupid white blokes
chilling in the highchairs
of hierarchy. Actually,
they're the jacks. Crap
buckets of hierarchy.

(she looks on, baffled)

Shit, what're you? Five?

MONIQUE

I'm eight, princess. Why are we
whispering?

EOFORY

Eight? Really? Thought you were a
fucking forty-year-old hag cursed
inside a five-year-old's body. Sure
as fuck talk like one.

(CONTINUED)

MONIQUE

And what are you? Fucking eighty?
Shut the fuck up! You don't know
me! Piss off!

EOFORY

Eight, okay, okay! Hopefully that
sticks. Can't guarantee it. No, I
ain't fucking eighty, smart ass.
I'm sixty-nine--going on
one-hundred. Memory's stuck on life
support most days. I just turned
sixty-nine. Last month. Does it
show?

MONIQUE

Happy birthday, I guess? Avery, is
it?

EOFORY

Eh-ver-ee! What're you, nuts?

MONIQUE

Is it really? If that's your name,
it sounds fucking stupid.

EOFORY

(snidely)

Three years of education evidently
hasn't been wasted on you, darling.
Really, I'm so fucking impressed,
you charming little genius. It's
shortened--for Every Fucking Louis
B. Mayer Whose Sagging Hairy Balls
I Will Tear Off And Shove Way Up
Your Sweaty Asshole Way Up Inside
There V--IV. It's *my* name. No
other sucker has it!

(she opens her mouth; he
quickly covers it)

Listen, shut up, you need to
understand something: the
Aduantas... They found me again. I
was incarcerated in that place
thanks to Mam and once I realised
they were actually spying for the
Aduantas, I pretended I was cured
just to get away. They found out.
They're coming for me.

MONIQUE

Ah-dwon-what? What kind of shit are
you smoking, crazy pig?

(CONTINUED)

EOFORY

Ah-dwon-tes. You need to listen to me and you need to trust me. I'm not crazy. Everyone thinks I'm insane, but--I don't really know what they are--breathing black, unnamable things. They're not human. Only those that know about them--those that can't not *think* about them--can see them. They've been pursuing me for years. They won't stop hunting me until they poison me, possess me, torture me, possibly kill me. Their spies are coming--can be anyone and everyone--trust no one! My doctors didn't believe me, thought I was hallucinating and put me on all this fucking shit I didn't need. I tell you, I'm not mental! I tell you that they told me that because they were spies--all along! Fucking asses--everyone--they always lie, always deceive me! Half the fucking world is filled with lying spies filled with shit! Look, I don't know. I trust you. Mr. Rabhadh, the man in my head right here, says I can trust you. You can't let them take me, Mo... You know too much, now. I can't leave you here. They'll come for you, too.

She gazes at him, affected. He crawls out from under the bed and rummages through drawers, tearing out Pirjo's dresses. Searching for a bag, he spots Monique's red backpack on the floor and retrieves it. Monique emerges, frowning.

EOFORY

(throws her Pirjo's dress)
 Mo, get dressed!
 (rips open bag;
 scrutinizes stash)
 Shit girl, you need any more fucking cigarettes? You're just asking for cancer, honey. Look, Mo! We ain't got time for this shit! Look, I'll turn around!
 (faces the wall)
 Hurry the fuck up, man!

MONIQUE

(yanks the dress away;
 grabs her blue one from the bed; watches him pack items into her bag)
 Hey, I don't know you, fat date! I'm not changing in front of you!

(CONTINUED)

Though uncertain, she obeys, quickly slipping on her dress, coat, cloche hat and saddle shoes. Eofory slides to her, frantically shoving her gown into her backpack. The lock of the front door rattles. He stops, listening. The door bursts open. Frightened, he pushes her under the bed.

They wait. Dreadful silence. An unbearable ringing erupts inside Eofory's ears, unheard by Monique. Trembling, he holds his head. An elongated shadow creeps through the door. A floorboard creaks. Monique is tense. Eofory, beads of sweat drenching his skin, sees something.

A pair of shiny black shoes and trousers appear. They belong to a gaunt, unremarkable man of 30, slick black hair and in a white coat. We will call him SHINY SHOES.

Eclipsed by intense fear and paranoia, Eofory urgently seizes Monique and charges out from under the bed, hoisting the mattress at Shiny Shoes. Brandishing his Colt M1903, he shoots. The bullet misses and he dashes...

INT. DALY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... to the hall. Bing Crosby's "Mack the Knife" (1957) plays from the radio. A group of uniformed POLICEMEN and WHITE COATS block his path. Gunfire commences. Eofory aims with remarkable precision, swift though brutal; he has been trained well. Men collapse in blood and Eofory flees wildly into...

INT. DALY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the living room, dragging Monique along, darting through the mousetrap. Furniture crashes. Glass shatters. Violence initiates. Monique appears lost, not seeming to realise what is happening. Eofory and Monique bolt to...

INT. DALY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the kitchen. Pirjo obscures their exit. She looks on, terribly confused and frightened.

PIRJO
What's happening?!

Eofory thrusts her aside, leaning against the sink. Gripping Monique in front of him as a shield, he feverishly aims his gun over her shoulder at the Policemen and White Coats closing in. They clamber behind Pirjo, shaking in the doorway. She eyes Monique, petrified.

(CONTINUED)

SHINY SHOES

Aoibheann! You are very sick! You shouldn't have been discharged! Put it down, Aoibheann! We can try alternative medication!

EOFORY

POISON!

Monique gradually eyes the gun trembling behind her right ear. In a matter of moments, time appears to slow down. Eofory releases the trigger.

Silence. A bullet dislodges from the mouth of the gun, slicing through the air, carving through Monique's hair and right ear. Her flesh is cut and her curls on one side are shaved short. The strands fall to the floor.

In a ribbon of blood, the bullet sails towards Pirjo, piercing itself deep inside the flesh of her heart. All colour drains from her face. Her pupils are frozen. Her limbs become lifeless. She crashes to the floor bathed in crimson, dead. Urine flows from her body.

Blood spilling from her ear, Monique gazes down at the unmoving woman, paralyzed. The men surround Eofory and Monique like wolves. The men's screams echo.

END OF EPISODE