

Mrs. H

By

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SC 1: INT. HALLWAY EVENING/ NIGHT

MRS. H
What facilities do you want?
A nightclub?

RAYNA
No..um...I was just wondering about
the wifi...

MRS. H
What is this why-why? Is it
vegetable? I go market in morning

MRS. H takes out a small NOTEPAD, and adds "Why Why" to the
LIST.

DAVE
No, no. She means the internet. Do
you have internet access out here?

MRS. H
No no...no interwebs here. This is
tranquil haven, free from the
burdens of the world. If you are
bored, read book. There are many
great books in ze library.

MRS. H puts the NOTEPAD back in her POCKET, turns and walks
down the hall. RAYNA sighs.

RAYNA
Where's the...

MRS. H keeps walking into the darkness of the corridor.

MRS. H
Behind and to the left

DAVE
(to RAYNA)
Come on, nothing else to be doin

RAYNA follows DAVE towards the library

RAYNA
When's ALAN comin? I thought he'd
be here already.

DAVE
Wouldn't be like ALAN to be on time
for anything in fairness.

They both laugh as they wander out of shot.

SC 2: INT. BASEMENT NIGHT

MRS. H enters the room, and takes out her NOTEPAD again. She flicks back a page or two and we see a LIST OF BREAKFAST ITEMS, eggs, rashers, pudding, bread, beans. She crosses the room to a LARGE FREEZER with some SHELVES above. On top of the FREEZER is a SMALL WASH BASKET.

She puts the BASKET on the floor, opens the FREEZER and takes some MEAT-ITEMS out. She puts the items in the BASKET and closes the FREEZER door, revealing the tied up man behind her. She continues to put items from the SHELF into the basket while humming an obscure nursery rhyme to herself, while we watch the man in the background struggle to untie himself from a METAL CHAIR that has been SCREWED to the cement.

To the left of the FREEZER is a WALL MAGNET. Attached to it are several ordinary house tools, a small tenderizing MALLET, a pair KITCHEN SCISSORS, a LADLE, a SPATULA, some BARBEQUE TONGS, and two large SKEWERS.

ALAN (the guy in the chair) makes muffled noises of confusion and anger. He's GAGGED, but appears to be shouting angrily at her to release him.

MRS. H, who had been moving at a snail's pace up until this moment picks up the BASKET to leave but then, changing her mind puts it gently down on top of the FREEZER. She goes to the WALL MAGNET and selects the KITCHEN SCISSORS. She looks over her shoulder and smiles sweetly at ALAN, who's still shouting at her. His voice fades, and he looks confused again. And a bit nervous.

MRS. H turns fully to face ALAN. She's holding the SCISSORS above and to her right as if holding a balloon. She continues smiling sweetly, with it growing wider with every step she takes towards him.

MRS. H
All in good time, mein
igelschnauzchen!

She takes a large and quick step towards him giggling like a schoolgirl. ALAN lets out a yelp.

MRS. H
We mustn't rush these things

She takes another manic step closer again. ALAN starts shaking his head, we can hear him saying no no no please...

(CONTINUED)

MRS. H
Because we want everything to be
perfect...

She takes a final two steps until she's standing right over him. ALAN is in horror. He's trembling, crying, trying to move himself away.

MRS. H suddenly brings the SCISSORS swiftly down towards ALAN. ALAN winces in terror. He opens his eyes to see MRS. H's face an inch in front of his own. He starts breathing heavily in panic. Eyes darting right and left.

The SCISSORS is right beside his ear. She strokes his head gently with the sharp end of the BLADE.

MRS. H
And we can't afford to make any
mistakes, can we?

She snips the SCISSORS right beside his ear. Making ALAN jump. We hear a trickling, and MRS. H steps back to reveal that ALAN has WET himself. We look at ALAN and he's crying like a baby.

MRS. H tutts at him and retrieves some BLUE-ROLL from a corner. She returns and lays it upon the PUDDLE at ALAN's feet. She speaks soothingly to him.

MRS. H
Oh don't be embarrassed, Darling.

She mops up the spill and sprays a bit of DISINFECTANT on the area. She throws the WET BLUE-ROLL into the DUST BIN nearby, and smiles again sweetly.

MRS. H
It happened to the last one too..

We hear ALAN's quiet defeated sobs as MRS. H gets her BASKET and heads back upstairs.

SC 3: INT. LIBRARY EVENING/ NIGHT

RAYNA blows DUST of an old BOOK and starts to cough. DAVE is in the background spinning a MASSIVE WOODEN GLOBE, and trailing his finger through the DUST creating a ring. He laughs at RAYNA, who gives him the finger. He pulls a small FLASK from his jeans and motions to her. Choking, she grabs it in desperation knocking it back before making a face, revolted by the taste of the POITIN inside.

(CONTINUED)

She accidentally spews some out, hitting some of the BOOKS on the shelf.

RAYNA
Fuck sake DAVE! Ya got any tissue?

DAVE searches his pockets.

DAVE
(still laughing)
Nope...

RAYNA uses the end of her JUMPER to wipe the excess away. In her haste, she accidentally knocks some BOOKS to the ground on the other side of the SHELF.

DAVE rounds the corner of the SHELF to find MRS. H standing there with that creepy wide smile. He can see she has LIPSTICK on her teeth, making her mouth look bloodied.

MRS. H
Everything to your liking?

DAVE
Jesus Christ!

MRS. H
Ah that would be under section C,
in the south end of the room. we do
everything by surname here.

MRS. H rounds the corner almost bumping into RAYNA. MRS. H looks at RAYNA impatiently.

MRS. H
You know, in my country, we were
taught to respect our elders!

RAYNA quickly steps aside.

RAYNA
Sorry MRS. H...

MRS. H grunts at RAYNA and leaves the room.

DAVE and RAYNA look at each other and giggle. DAVE grabs RAYNA playfully by the waist and holds her close.

DAVE
Bet you're glad of that drink now!

RAYNA
You've no idea.

They share a brief kiss before RAYNA pulls herself away and points to the WINDOW.

RAYNA
Oh my god, are those fairy lights?

DAVE joins her by the window.

Outside we can see a beautiful COURTYARD with a small CANDLELIT TABLE circled by THREE ELEGANT CHAIRS. Along the ivy covered walls are MULTI-COLOUR FAIRY LIGHTS in the shape of spherical lanterns. RAYNA looks charmed by the view, but DAVE has spotted something else in the library. A DOOR to an office or backroom. He walks towards it as RAYNA steps closer to the WINDOW for a better look.

DAVE hisses secretively at RAYNA.

DAVE
Pssst! RAYNA! Check it out! Secret door!

RAYNA looks towards him with a smile.

RAYNA
Leave it alone, probably locked anyways.

DAVE
One way to find out...

He slowly reaches for the DOOR and is about to touch the HANDLE when there's suddenly a loud ringing noise! Both DAVE and RAYNA jump. RAYNA laughs for a moment at the look on DAVE's face before turning back to look out the window, only to see MRS. H's face leering in at her. RAYNA shrieks! MRS. H rings the LARGE DINNER BELL again.

MRS. H
Dinner will be served in five minutes.

DAVE steps into view beside RAYNA, he puts his arm around her and yells back at MRS. H.

DAVE
Be right out MRS. H!

MRS. H grunts and walks out of frame. DAVE looks at RAYNA, who's now laughing again. RAYNA looks up at him and speaks.

RAYNA

This is gonna be some craic.

DAVE

And that's why I love you

They kiss again and the bell rings again. They run out of the library giggling hand in hand.

SC 4: INT. BASEMENT NIGHT

Close up on ALAN's hand and his jittery leg. His eyes dart about the room, looking for a means to release himself. Everything is out of reach. He pulls against his RESTRAINTS by attempting to stand up. But it's useless.

He stomps his feet in rage, then notices something by his left foot. A SCREW has come loose in the ATTACHMENT holding one of the chair legs to the floor. He looks at it in disbelief. He calms his breathing down for a few moments, while looking towards the door.

He slowly moves his left foot into position and starts rubbing it against the SCREW, its slow going, but it's beginning to move...

SC 5: EXT. COURTYARD EVENING/ NIGHT

DAVE and RAYNA are seated at the TABLE in the courtyard. A classical German song from the 40's is playing on a GRAMOPHONE nearby.

They're both taking in their surroundings. RAYNA squeezes DAVE's hand.

RAYNA

Ok, I take it back. Totally worth it! This place is like a postcard!

We hear a distant rattle of TRAYS getting closer as MRS. H approaches with a CATERING CART, lay with THREE COVERED PLATES. She smiles at them both, but her smile vanishes when she sees the empty seat. Feigning confusion, MRS. H speaks.

MRS. H

Your friend, he has not arrived?
Perhaps having some car trouble?

DAVE

I'd say you could skip him for dinner MRS. H. I haven't been able to get through to him at all.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. H serves the THREE PLATES, and takes a seat at the table with them.

RAYNA

Oh! You're joining us?

MRS. H

I see no point in perfectly good food going to waste.

DAVE

Well that makes sense!

MRS. H

Of course it does. Why wouldn't it?

An awkward silence rings out from the table.

RAYNA

So..um..MRS. H...tell us about yourself. Is this your family home?

MRS. H

Yes, yes. Very old, very old. I was born here but we relocated to Germany for the war.

DAVE

Wait...you moved to Germany FOR the war???

MRS. H

But yes of course! The motherland was under siege! You're too young, the young never learn. History is so important. But only written by the winners! PAH! Verbündete meinen Arsch! (Allies my arse)

RAYNA and DAVE pick quietly at their FOOD, unsure of how to respond.

DAVE

MRS. H this...whatever it is...is delicious!

RAYNA yums and nods in agreement. MRS. H smiles proudly.

MRS. H

That is authentic German Sauerbraten. Beef marinated in a sweet red wine sauce, served with marinated summer vegetables.

RAYNA

Well you're gonna have to let me in on the recipe because it really is gorgeous!

MRS. H's face darkens...

MRS. H

That is family secret and you have absolutely no right to it!

RAYNA

Oh I'm sorry, I only meant it as a...

MRS. H smiles again

MRS. H

But I will tell you this! Never marinate anything for less than two weeks. Otherwise it's a complete waste. And I hate waste...

She looks really angry for another moment but gets distracted by the GRAMOPHONE coming to the end of the song it's playing, we hear the SCRATCHING SOUND over the awkward silence at the table. MRS. H again snaps out of it, and gets up suddenly startling the young couple.

MRS. H lets out a wail of annoyance.

MRS. H

Nein! I can't stand this scratching!

She hurries toward the GRAMOPHONE and quickly changes the record to something more classical, soothing. She looks over her shoulder at the couple, smiling sweetly. She calls out to them.

MRS. H

Who's ready for dessert?

DAVE and RAYNA shakily raise their hands. MRS. H throws her hers up in glee.

MRS. H

Vundarbar! DAVE, be a darling and clear the dishes unto the tray for me, and I'll be right back with the cheese!

(CONTINUED)

MRS. H waltzes back to the kitchen humming along with the tune, closing the door behind her, leaving DAVE and RAYNA looking baffled. DAVE gets up dutifully and starts stacking the DISHES.

RAYNA
What's her problem?

DAVE
Problems...

RAYNA
Huh?

DAVE
Well clearly she's got more than one...

SC 6: INT. BASEMENT NIGHT

ALAN is still toe-ing the SCREW, he hasn't made much progress yet...He kicks at the SCREW feverishly as he hears footsteps approaching. A LIGHT shines in as MRS. H opens the door and enters, humming the same song she was humming in the courtyard.

She's carrying a LARGE CHEESE BOARD. ALAN watches her as she sets it on top of the FREEZER and crosses to a SMALL FRIDGE. She opens the fridge and takes out a LARGE TUPPERWARE BOX with CHEESE in it. She starts to cross back to the FREEZER when she notices the FRIDGE door didn't close properly. She gives the DOOR a gentle push with her foot and nods, smiling at the FRIDGE when the DOOR closes properly.

She crosses back to the FREEZER, opens the Tupperware box and starts arranging the cheese beautifully. All the while humming. She takes a few CHEESE KNIVES from her APRON and her smile grows wider as her humming begins to get louder, eventually turning into grandious "la-dee-da"s. A sliver of LIGHT shines upon ALAN, and his gaze is drawn back to the small fridge which we can see is swinging slowly open again.

We hear muffled wails from ALAN, rising quickly into screams of terror as the FRIDGE DOOR swings ever wider, revealing a HEAD and PARTS OF A CORPSE inside.

MRS. H looks over her shoulder at ALAN in confusion. She sees the FRIDGE is still open.

MRS. H
Have you met Lars? Charming boy!
Backpacking from Sweden, first time
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. H (cont'd)
away from his parents. Bit of a pig
when it came to table manners, but
we set him right, didn't we
darling? Back to sleep now, Lars!
Sorry we disturbed you.

She caresses the HEAD and closes the FRIDGE DOOR gently but firmly as ALAN, traumatised, sobs quietly.

SC 7: EXT. COURTYARD NIGHT

DAVE fakes crying. Sobbing loudly like a baby.

RAYNA
I was NOT that bad, jesus!

RAYNA mortified, tries to clamp her hand over DAVE's mouth, but his bawling gets louder as he pushes her hand away. MRS. H appears at the courtyard entrance, carrying the CHEESEBOARD. RAYNA spots her, and punches DAVE in the arm. MRS. H smiles sweetly as she places the CHEESEBOARD in the centre of the TABLE with a flourish.

MRS. H, sounding like a saleswoman at a deli, describes the CHEESES available. She points out the ugliest lump of anything they've ever seen.

MRS. H
Milbenkäse, otherwise known as Mite
Cheese, or Spider Cheese.

Seeing the look on their faces. MRS. H smiles wider and laughs.

MRS. H
Fear not, young ones. There were no
spiders or mites harmed in the
making of this delicacy.

DAVE relaxes and chops a healthy SLICE off the side of it, and pops it in his mouth and begins chewing.

MRS. H
It's just their spit

DAVE drops the KNIFE, and his mouth hangs open in disgust, revealing the chewed up cheese inside.

MRS. H
Oh yes, don't you know? The spit of
the mites helps the ripening of the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. H (cont'd)
cheese happen much quicker. Why
waste what god gives us eh?

RAYNA hands DAVE a SERVIETTE under the table, and DAVE subtly wipes the excess CHEESE of his tongue before putting the SERVIETTE up his sleeve.

MRS. H continues listing the CHEESES with pride.

MRS. H
This might be more to
your...taste...

She sits back down, takes her PLATE, and brings another ancient looking block of CHEESE to it and begins slicing the thinnest SLICES imaginable with the biggest CLEAVER they've ever seen.

MRS. H
You know Limberger cheese?

RAYNA
Oh yeah! The hamburger cheese...

MRS. H grimaces

MRS. H
Well Weisslacker is its cousin.

RAYNA
So is it...mild? I like brie, is it
creamy like that?

MRS. H slams the KNIFE down and scowls at RAYNA.
She hisses angrily.

MRS. H
It is NOTHING like Brie. Those
froggy-savages know NOTHING of the
value of time! An impatient breed,
they only let it ripen for 5
miserable weeks! Such a waste!
Weisslacker is a REAL cheese.

MRS. H looks up, realising she was a bit hostile in her tone. She smiles sweetly at RAYNA, who smiles awkwardly back.

MRS. H
This one is homemade, I can verify
personally that it has been
ripening for exactly 8 months! We
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. H (cont'd)
usually drink it with beer, but I
seem to have forgotten to pick some
up earlier. I do find, however that
it works quite well with the sweet
red I have here.

She motions towards a CARAFE(wine jug) on the TABLE near
some FRESH FLOWERS. Its made of GLASS, so we can see that a
good two glasses have been taken out of it already.
MRS. H looks towards DAVE's GLASS, which is almost empty.
And she sees RAYNA's GLASS is still clean.

MRS. H
DAVE seems to like it. DAVE,
dahling? Can I top you up?

DAVE is quite relaxed, the WINE seems to be hitting him
nicely. He shrugs and smiles back at MRS. H with his glass
extended.

DAVE
You surely can, MRS. H. That's
lovely stuff. Where'd you get it?

MRS. H
I import all my wines from the
motherland. Too many fussy
regulations to be dealt with here.
Much more relaxed in Germany.

She looks towards RAYNA's GLASS again, and starts filling it
without asking. RAYNA looks towards her.

RAYNA
Oh..uh..no thanks...I...

MRS. H interrupts her. She fills the GLASS right to the top
while speaking to RAYNA.

MRS. H
You really must try it dear. Try
both!

She passes the PLATE with the SLICED CHEESE and RAYNA
hesitantly takes a SLICE. She looks at MRS. H questioningly.

MRS. H
If you don't like the cheese, you
can always wash it down with the
wine.

MRS. H smiles wider and nods. RAYNA does as she's told. Turns out the CHEESE is lovely. She relaxes in her position and smiles in relief. With her mouth full, RAYNA speaks.

RAYNA

Hmm..oh my god...I'm in heaven! So good!

MRS. H

I'm so glad you enjoy it. Would you like some to take home with you tomorrow?

RAYNA

Yes please! That would be great! Thanks MRS. H!

MRS. H

Now...

She picks up the CLEAVER which happens to be near RAYNA's wine GLASS, she taps the wine GLASS lightly making a small ringing sound. DAVE looks suddenly spellbound by the sound, and looks towards the glass.

*DAVE's POV, cue VFX: The sound visually rings outward in the form of subtle RED-HUED RIPPLES through the air before fading out. He looks confused. He looks at his hands, which seem to be rippling slightly too. He claps them together and giggles as more ripples are formed, drifting outward from his hands. Meanwhile, RAYNA is clinking glasses with MRS. H and taking a swig. She yums in delight.

MRS. H has noticed the spiked WINE is starting to affect DAVE in a more obvious manner. She mimicks his clapping and cheers! Her cheering distracts him from his hands and DAVE automatically cheers and claps with her.

RAYNA, helps herself to more CHEESE and slurps the WINE.

DAVE

She likes the wine! She never likes wine!

As he is speaking, the camera is drawn back to the CLEAVER. MRS. H is caressing the BLADE with her thumb. She has drawn BLOOD.

SC 8: INT. BASEMENT NIGHT

Closeup on ALAN's fingers resting on the METAL of the CHAIR. He's making shallow grunting noises. We see he is trying to chew through his GAG. He's making more progress with this than the SCREW his foot is still pawing desperately at.

He looks exhausted.

We hear a small clinking/rolling noise. ALAN looks towards the SCREW and sees the HEAD has fallen off it and rolled a few feet away. He looks back at the BROKEN BIT left over, tries to move it again with his foot, but nothing happens. He gives it a few more goes, but to no avail. He's back to square one. Livid, he screams in rage at the ceiling above him, snapping the few remaining THREADS holding his GAG on.

SC 9: INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

An absolutely ancient FOUR-POST BED in the primary focus of their room. A modest ENSUITE to the side of the room shows RAYNA in her nighty dreamily brushing her teeth in the mirror. DAVE is dancing around the room struggling with his trousers. He's mock-singing some operatic song from earlier.

RAYNA watches him and laughs through the toothpaste foam.

RAYNA

Sit on the bed and do it, ya spanner! You're just standin on them is all.

DAVE stops mid-sway and points dynamically at RAYNA.

DAVE

Good thinking, Batman!

He attempts to heroically charge towards the bed but trips and ends up sprawling face down on the bed in an awkward starfish pose. RAYNA turns, and laughs heartily at him.

The wine is kicking in and she gently brushes the side of her face with the foamy toothbrush while speaking to DAVE who is rolling around on the bed still struggling with his trousers.

RAYNA

(Mockingly)

I can honestly say I've never found you more attractive than this very moment.

DAVE stops his struggle, and poses seductively on the bed. He pats the space beside him.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Well get that toothpaste off your
face and I'll show you just how
attractive I can be...

RAYNA looks confused, and looks back at the mirror. She turns on the tap and rinses her face, not even noticing that the makeup she still has on is now running. She washes out her mouth. She inspects her tongue in the mirror. She calls out to DAVE, who has finally managed to remove his trousers.

RAYNA

Do you have cotton mouth too? Not
sure if it's the wine or the cheese
that's done it.

DAVE

Oh definitely the wine. Actually,
I'm fuckin p...pra...par...I'm
fuckin thirsty. Where'd ya put that
flask after?

RAYNA comes into the bedroom looking puzzled.

RAYNA

I not give it back to you?

DAVE hears this in a trippy-voice.

DAVE

Um...no...I...whats up with your
speaky noise...

RAYNA

My voice?

DAVE

yeah its like...nevermind..where ya
put the...thingy?

RAYNA

Must still be in the library.

DAVE bounces energetically out of the bed. He strikes a hero pose, points towards the door.

DAVE

To the Libe...yokey!

DAVE swans out the bedroom door and runs down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

RAYNA

Wait! You've no pants on!

But he's gone already. She sighs and reaches for the pants on the bed, but the room starts to spin, so she hops into the bed starts cuddling the pillow. Feeling better under the sheets, she puts a soothing melody on her phone and lies back enjoying the comfort.

SC 10: INT. BASEMENT NIGHT

MRS. H is putting a PLASTIC STOPPER on top of the CARAFE from the courtyard. She stores it next to some LOAVES OF BREAD on a nearby shelf. As she is doing this, we can see that the GAG is back in ALAN's mouth, From our angle, we can see the shredded part nearer his ear. He's pretending he's still gagged. We can also see from our angle that one of his arm RESTRAINTS has been chewed through, but again, the shredded part is hidden from MRS. H. His boot is covering the raw edge of the broken SCREW. He is deathly silent. Watching her like a hawk.

MRS. H finishes what she's doing, and turns to face ALAN. She smiles that sweet smile again.

MRS. H

I believe our guests have enjoyed themselves. Isn't that wonderful, mein igelschnauzchen?!

ALAN doesn't say a word. But slowly nods his head up and down. He even tries to smile. But MRS. H knows something's up. Her smile suddenly vanishes. She marches threateningly towards him. He inhales deeply, cringing, expecting the worst. But it doesn't come. He looks at her. She has stopped a foot away from him. She looks at him menacingly.

MRS. H

What are you up to...?

ALAN, without thinking, his eyes involuntarily flit to the broken SCREW head a few feet away. MRS. H spots this immediately, she walks behind him circling from the back until she is right in front of him. Her foot rests beside his. She leans slowly down bringing her face close to his, and she whispers.

MRS. H

We wouldn't want all this effort to go to waste now, would we?

(CONTINUED)

Her foot slowly rises and comes to rest on top of his foot. Below his foot we can see he's still got the broke SCREW underneath it. MRS. H smiles sweetly, her eyes unblinking never leaving his. His breathing starts to become panicked. He knows that she knows.

MRS. H
You know how I feel about....

She stomps hard on his foot.

MRS. H
..waste...

ALAN lets out a roar.

SC 11: INT. LIBRARY NIGHT

DAVE stumbles in. He flicks on the LIGHT, but it's dim and flickery. He crosses to the spot where he and RAYNA were earlier, and looks around the area briefly before getting down on his hands and knees to look under the SHELVES.

In doing so he knocks some books at the back and hears them hit the floor on the other side. He gets up to walk around the shelf, but find as he straightens up, MRS. H's face appears in the gap between some BOOKS.

MRS. H
You're up past your bedtime David

DAVE
Is this your favourite spot MRS. H?
I used wait in the town libe-berry
till dad was done in work. Loved it
there. All the stories just lining
the walls. So cool.

MRS. H
You're quite the deep-thinker DAVE.
Anyone ever tell you that?

DAVE
Not as many as I'd like!

MRS. H giggles like schoolgirl.

MRS. H
What is it you are looking for?

DAVE

My..drink..tin... I had it here earlier. Must've left it down somewhere.

MRS. H

Ah yes, I believe I found your flask little over an hour ago. I have it in my office. Come along, lets find it together.

DAVE

You're a true hero, MRS. H

She takes him by the hand, and he follows her in an almost trance-like state towards the MYSTERY DOOR.

SC 12: INT. BASEMENT NIGHT

We can hear DAVE and MRS. H's laughter from above. The CHAIR is empty, barring some left over RESTRAINTS. We see an empty space on the wall magnet where the tools used to be. We hear ALAN running down the hall and we see blood on the broken SCREW with red dots patterning out of the room.

SC 13: INT. OFFICE NIGHT

MRS. H motions for DAVE to take a SEAT. She herself rounds the OFFICE TABLE and looks through the DRAWERS. She asks him some pointed questions.

MRS. H

Blass... that's an unusual name for an Irish man.

DAVE

Huh..? Oh right! Yeah..he uh...my great, great, great great..great? Grandparents yeah...they're from P...Pol...Pal...

MRS. H

Poland? Yes, I suspected as much...And RAYNA? She is Polish too? Her family?

DAVE

Nah, she's a Moran. Irish oranges....originigs? Origins, I mean...

(CONTINUED)

MRS. H
well, you know what they say? Guilt
by association...

She pulls open the bottom drawer, revealing the flask and an unusually large collection of pliers and cable ties.

SC 14: INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

RAYNA is passed out in BED, all is silent and peaceful, a soft lilting MELODY drifts through the room and we hear her snoring slightly.

A dark shadow approaches her bed. Leans in, and we see big hairy hands grab her and shake her awake. She opens her eyes and screams, a hair hand clamps down over her mouth, stifling it. She looks up to see ALAN. He holds his finger to his lips. And removes his hand.

RAYNA sits up in bed and whispers.

RAYNA
ALAN, what the fuck....You're like
SO late...

ALAN
We gotta go, right fuckin now.

ALAN opens the door to the ENSUITE and looks inside. He looks back at her.

ALAN
Where's DAVE?

RAYNA's having trouble putting her PANTS and SHOES on. He sees this and helps her out.

ALAN
You drank the wine didn't you?

RAYNA
Yeah we both did. Have you tried
it? It's lovely!

ALAN
Where's DAVE, RAYNA? Come on, hun,
focus for me

RAYNA
Um Libe-berry ha ha, he can't say
Liberarry, oh I can't say it now
must be catching ha ha

ALAN drags a puzzled, dopey RAYNA from the room and guides her down the hallway.

SC 15: INT. LIBRARY NIGHT

ALAN stumbles into the library almost carrying RAYNA, who's completely out of it.

RAYNA

ALAN, I missed you. You're so big and strong. I should hire you, and you carry me all over the world on a MARVELLOUS advertune...Anventar...a great big trip! Come on! Let's go right now!

ALAN guides RAYNA to a nearby CHAIR close to the exit, he gently sits her down.

ALAN

I think your alright trippin on your own. Here look, I need to you to sit right here, and be extra quiet ok? Like a game! First one to make a noise loses, got it?

RAYNA nods excitedly in quiet agreement, stifling giggles.

ALAN nods at her with a smile. Motions for her to stay, and takes a few steps towards the OFFICE DOOR. We can see a LIGHT is on in there and we can hear MRS. H and DAVE chatting.

ALAN gets ever closer, the tension is palpable and he's trying to keep his breathing under control. Ever footstep is taken with the most delicate care. He inches ever closer. Suddenly there's a whispered voice from directly behind him.

RAYNA

WAIT!

ALAN nearly dies of fright, He turns to her.

ALAN

I told you to...

RAYNA swiftly ties her BATHROBE SASH around his head, like a bandana. She plants a big kiss on his nose. And smiles at him cheekily.

(CONTINUED)

RAYNA
Now, you're ready!

ALAN rolls his eyes, turns away from RAYNA and braces himself to step through the door. But RAYNA can't contain herself any longer. She shouts at the top of her lungs.

RAYNA
GO RAMBO! GO!

SC 16: INT. OFFICE NIGHT

RAYNA shoves ALAN in through the DOOR, bursting it open and surprising MRS. H, causing her to drop the flask she had in her hand. DAVE automatically dives under the table to save the FLASK. Under the TABLE we see him looking and feeling around on the CARPET. We can hear a scuffle between MRS. H and ALAN, while RAYNA cheers him on!

RAYNA
Woohoo! ALAN ALAN, he's our man, if
he can't do it no one can, go ALAN!

She using FALSE PLANTS as cheerleading poms, doing the most ridiculous dance ever, when we see the SHADOWS of ALAN and MRS. H battling on the desk. Things are falling off it, and various items are falling out of ALAN's pockets.

Below the table DAVE grabs the flask, and a small mallet falls on the floor in front of him. ALAN stand up from behind the table scratching his head and querying the mallet.

DAVE
(to mallet)
Where did you come from?

ALAN is underneath MRS. H who is straddling him on the DESK. She's got the CLEAVER at his neck and he's barely able to hold her back. He yells at DAVE.

ALAN
Fuckin USE it!

DAVE stands there and scratches his head with the MALLET, looking bewildered by the scene in front of him. RAYNA spots his lack of action and volunteers cheerily.

RAYNA
Happy to help!

She skips over, takes the MALLET and bonks ALAN on the forehead with it.

(CONTINUED)

ALAN
HER! HIT HER!!!

RAYNA looks shocked, then offended, then angry. She raises the MALLET above her head while yelling at ALAN.

RAYNA
Well jesus ALAN...

Smack

RAYNA
...why complicate things...

Smack

RAYNA
...when you can...

Smack

RAYNA
...always try...

Smack

RAYNA
...being more...

Smack

RAYNA
...SPECIFIC!!!

RAYNA is in a frenzy slamming the MALLET into the back of MRS. H's head. MRS. H is slumped over ALAN, who's struggling to get out from under her. Both ALAN and RAYNA are soaked in BLOOD.

DAVE
Um, I think she's done babe...

He rolls MRS. H off the table and gets up. All three of them look down at MRS. H's body.

RAYNA
So much for the cheese and wine...was looking forward to that...

DAVE
Ve cen order zome from ze motherland cent ve...?

(CONTINUED)

ALAN grabs the two of them and drags them out the door.

ALAN

I'll personally drive us all to
fucking Germany if we can just get
the fucking fuck out of here, now
come on!

SC 17: INT. LIBRARY NIGHT

ALAN supports DAVE while a blood-soaked RAYNA skips playfully ahead with her POMS out of the library.

SC 18: INT. POLICE STATION NIGHT

Open on a small room in a rural police station. There is a young female police officer, helping a giggly RAYNA clean the blood off her face. RAYNA takes a WET WIPE from the PACK nearby, and places it ceremonially on the officers head, before booping her nose, throwing her head back and laughing a like it's the funniest thing on earth.

DAVE is slumped in his seat, barely able to form a coherent sentence, while ALAN is perfectly sober but looks he just got outta Vietnam. He's still wearing the BATHROBE BANDANA. He's got BLOOD all over his FACE and CHEST, and he's sweating profusely.

ALAN

I swear to god, I'm telling ya the
truth. There was something in the
wine. These two will be fine by
morning, they're my witnesses...

The two male police officers opposite them look at each other and look at ALAN. He can tell they don't believe him.

MALE OFFICER ONE

Let's start again, so you're saying
you got there around 6ish, yeah?

ALAN

Yeah, I was early, and she had wine
and cheese so, I hung out with her
for a bit and...um well when I woke
up...

MALE OFFICER TWO

Now when you say she...?

(CONTINUED)

ALAN

MRS. H.

MALE OFFICER ONE

And that's her blood all over you
and your drunk girlfriend here?

ALAN

Yes, but no...I mean...she's not
drunk, it whatever drugs are in the
wine...and MRS. H, she was trying
to...

MALE OFFICER TWO

So you drugged this girl's wine??

ALAN

No no, not me, MRS. H...

MALE OFFICER ONE

You drugged MRS. H's wine?

ALAN

No, you're not getting it, will you
just listen to me?

FEMALE OFFICER stands up angrily.

FEMALE OFFICER

I think we've heard just about
enough of this bull...

ALAN

huh?

The FEMALE OFFICER points a finger in ALAN's face.

FEMALE OFFICER

You went up there, knowing she was
all on her own. A helpless old
woman, who just wanted to help you
out...

ALAN

No no no...that's not it at
all...please just let me...

FEMALE OFFICER

(to the other officers)

Put them in the lock for the night.
I can't look at em anymore.

Both officers take DAVE and ALAN away. The FEMALE OFFICER
leads a babbling RAYNA down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

RAYNA

Oh and her wine went SO well with the cheese! She's doesn't like the French tho. I might start a food blog. Do you know which one's the bet platform...? I'm not a huge fan of wordpress...Where's MRS. H? She coming soon? I miss her...

SC 19: INT. SHOP DAY

Open on a newspaper headline. Deviants found to have tortured elderly widow in her own B&B. MRS. Hiedler still missing, presumed dead. Mystery continues.

A litre of milk and a carton of eggs are placed on top of the paper. We pull out to reveal a woman in her early thirties pushing a pram with a baby inside.

MOLLY

Howya Mrs K?

MRS. H

No complaints here, MOLLY. How's little Mordechai this morning?

MOLLY

Hungry as always!

MRS. H

Nothing new there eh? Gonna grow up big and juicy eh?

MOLLY

Uh...yeah...ha ha..

MOLLY rifles with her change as MRS. H continues to stare at the baby, who is starting to get a bit freaked out. MOLLY counts her change out on top of the newspaper. She shoves the change out of the way to read part of the article.

MOLLY

Some people eh? Madness!

MRS. H

All that's wrong with this world is the evil within it

MRS. H is still staring at the baby.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

Now you've said it Mrs. K. Anyways,
there's five fifty anyways. You
still comin to bookclub tonight at
mine?

MRS. H

I wouldn't miss it for the world

MOLLY fills the lower section of the pram with her items,
and turns to leave, there's no space to turn the pram
around, so she is facing away from MRS. H while pulling it
towards the exit.

MRS. H

Oh MOLLY...?

MOLLY turns toward MRS. H.

MRS. H

Should I bring some...wine?

MOLLY

Oh could ya? That'd be fab! Thanks,
Mrs K!

MRS. H smiles sweetly at lil Mordichai in the pram. She
waves a tiny wave at him.

MRS. H

I'll be seeing you later, mein
iglesnauschen!

FIN