

**L e S Q U A R E**

*SCREENPLAY*

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*We open on darkness and the lights of a busy café district like Crouch End/ Hampstead at night, with a song (yet to be completed) and a skein of jazz played over until V/O starts.*

**MUSIC** swells and the **SONG** becomes loud then :

**Fade into:**

- 1 FX as VO starts over a background, which will introduce the titles  
FX as titles end, BG sound cuts in  
as the TITLE

**Friday**

appears on the screen. This will be the style of all further titles of this nature, which are marked \*

V.O:

....It's around six-thirty one evening and Morgan, who is an Art Director in an Ad. Agency, is fed-up with work. He sits at a bar in The City of London and dreams a little, thinking about an Ad he's designing and mentally adding copy to it, avoiding the rush hour which is still taking place around him.

FX we see MORGAN's eyes move, him thinking as action starts and V.O. begins to finish

..... Then amid the gaggle of other traffic-dodgers, a young woman walks in and through to where he is.....

**end V.O.**

- 2 INT. DAY/EVENING. BAR. DEBORAH.

DEBORAH enters bar. We see her, she is smartly dressed and attractive.

- 3 INT. DAY/EVENING. BAR. MORGAN.

MORGAN'S eyes follow DEBORAH.

- 4 INT. DAY/EVENING. BAR.  
MORGAN and DEBORAH.  
Champagne, bubbles and laughter.
- 5 INT. DAY/MORNING. BATHROOM..  
MORGAN brushes teeth in foreground. DEBORAH dresses in B/G.
- 6 FX /FOLEY/ANNETTE/LEERSVEYOPU V.O.  
with the aid of writing in various media in FX.  
"He who remains silent acts... but he who speaks is considering action."  
upon the sharp edge of an isolated moment. Perfect Release. Perfect  
Motion. Perfection. Perfect. Perfect form: for what after all, is Perfection.
- 7 FX. THE JOURNAL.  
A hand (ANNETTE'S HAND) writes continuing context of 6.  
Montage over writing FX. We see the plot unravelling further.
- 8 EXT. DAY. SOHO. PHONE BOX. KELLY.  
KELLY is talking on PHONE.
- 9 INT. DINER/CAFÉ. DAY. ANNETTE.  
ANNETTE is talking on PHONE.Crying.

MUSIC swells back and the SONG becomes loud then :

- 10 EXT/INT. MOVEMENT. MORGAN  
TITLE:

**Thursday\***

AS EXPLANATORY ACTION BEGINS:

11 EXT/INT. DAY. MORGAN

*Scenario: working at his screen day after day,*

.....there was one comfort, Routine. Each morning Morgan made his way to work, to The Studio, which was an Advertising Agency. Outwardly there had been little change, though word spread that something had happened to him, that was evident. He became known around the offices for his isolation, his lack of attention and care fo others. Well, of course he was living in a self made cocoon. No-one could ever get really close to him, after all, loneliness seeps in at the level of the blood and the marrow; as basic as that, and as common

12 INT/EXT DAY. MORGAN

*Looking through a handout of some type, at length he marks something. We see him reach for the phone.*

MORGAN

I'm looking to hire... yes.. a studio ...yes I paint still-life and landscapes and life.. yes I'll need to hire a model I guess... but you've a noticeboard, don't you ..

CUT TO:

13 INT. DAY. STUDIO. MORGAN

MORGAN

...so I shall do what I can... create the art of the possible.

*Montage: Then Fall, Winter, Spring. Summer was almost upon him.....*  
MORGAN\_clutching a cup of coffee and smoking *Gitane Mais*.

14 INT. DAY: MORGAN. MONTAGE

TITLE:

**\*Tuesday.**

MORGAN, V.O.

.....This morning I got up early as usual, the streets were empty as I drove into the office carpark: merciful. I was at my desk at 7.30, turning-over the report that Hendrixsson had brought in last week: after all there was a decision to be made on it and the time was short. I mulled over it for an hour or so before I had a coffee and one of those almost tasteless, crunchy hard ginger biscuits: and then the 'phone rang. It was David, asking about the 'stats. I told him the latest news and we forgot about the 'stats for about 20 minutes or so: then finally I promised to send them over by messenger, made a note of it and put it on Fiona's table, then got back to work. Of course, none of the layouts were ready, and I had to go over the settings with a fine tooth comb.....

AS DIALOGUE OUT : **FADE INTO**

15 INT. DAY. STUDIO:

ART DIRECTOR 1

Well, we could put those copies flat on the artwork

MORGAN

You know you'll never get them flat.

ART DIRECTOR 2

I know that.. but will Williams know?

MORGAN

They might be punters, but we still have to smarm them up..

ART DIRECTOR 2

Will they know though?

ART DIRECTOR 1

That's not the bloody question

ART DIRECTOR 2

Well, I think it is when they're paying so much for our services ...

ART DIRECTOR 1

Well, what about those layouts, then?

ART DIRECTOR 2

Get them finished and ready for presentation

ART DIRECTOR 1

But those colour stats and  
overlays will cost a fortune!

MORGAN

Well yes, so what - it's the studio  
time I'm worried about, after  
all we're always short of staff

ART DIRECTOR 2

Very funny...., we can only get it  
if you take the clients to the right  
venues.. feed 'em up and then  
present to them right

MORGAN

Yes well..

ART DIRECTOR 2

What about that Model then?

MORGAN

Which one?

A/D 1

You know, the black haired one..  
the Italian one.. *you know*

A/D 2

Oh, the one on the shoot, that  
David was screwing

A/D 1

They say Agency's mad  
because her belly's all swollen

MORGAN  
Pregnant?

A/D 1  
Don't be silly.. heavy sex

MORGAN  
What's that to do with us?

A/D 1  
It's our photographer who fucked her!  
Or.... zilch... point is, there was a huge  
contract and it looks like she's  
lost it..you know, swimsuits .. and  
they're threatening to sue David...  
bloody thousands in commission

**PROCESS** over GENERAL ACTIVITIES to:

16 PROCESS. MORGAN  
TITLE

**NicelyBlack \***

MORGAN V.O.

*.....the new model poses for me: I imagine that she is in a Cemetery, all  
naked among the weeds and the fallen trees, bright black darkness among  
the stones, and she wears tall gloves: that's all, merely those tall red  
gloves. I've noticed that in default she always likes to wear just one thing.*

*I like the idea., but don't tell her.*

*It gives the idea of body a deeper metal. Anyway, red contrasts with the  
green of the grass and the finely-turned edges of the grass - black against  
the stones of my imagination, her hair, spikey and almost Chinese. Black.*

*Nicely black.*

***By drawing her I have begun to discover her thoughts. All at once  
I find I am inside her mind.***

17 SOUND MORPHS TO VOICE (ANNETTE):

*Now, like a drink of thick black coffee and deep yellow **Strega** she could allow him into her thighs, and yet allow herself the moment of sublime passion, as she shut him out with a movement. She could cut the thickness of her passion as if she were finishing her widest orgasm, on cue.*

*"What have you done with that body ?"*

*"What else is there for a woman .... it's mine to do with as I please .. what do you think I've done ... what do you think I should have done?"*

FADE SOUND back to MORGAN'S V.O:

.....the lead of a coarse pencil creates minute rivulets of faults upon the paper: whereas in reality she is perfect; what those faults actually do is to construct a communicating myriad of elements which inform the onlooker about the nature of paper and marker and air: the imperfections of eye and perception, and the process of transfer, as well as the exquisite nature of creating something that becomes itself: this paper will hold most of those same marks unchanged until whenever... but Annette will change and die, just as I will; our only memorial will be the relationship which we create unwittingly between ourselves now

18 DAY. INT. STUDIO. MORGAN. ANNETTE

MUSIC plays in B/G

*Annette likes this music. Without moving she says:*

ANNETTE

What's that ?

MORGAN

Oh, Vivaldi

ANNETTE

Thought it was.

MORGAN

What do you like....? In music, I mean

ANNETTE

Oh, anything really, but I like Beethoven

MORGAN

I have some here, somewhere

ANNETTE

We can have that next

MORGAN

Yes, fine

ANNETTE

Are you surprised that I listen to that sort of music?

MORGAN

Hang On...

MORGAN'S V.O

...I'm too busy scratching away to answer.

Annette stands there rather cold. One shoulder is just beginning to droop. with a tight gesture she smoothes along her flank and down her belly as I change position.

*"I wonder what she's thinking ?"*

**MUSIC** has stopped.

MORGAN

...well, no, not exactly

ANNETTE

Good, then

MORGAN

Did you learn music?

ANNETTE  
I've got it at A'level

MORGAN  
Amazing

ANNETTE  
Well, I really mean to go back to college eventually

MORGAN  
Oh

ANNETTE  
Did you?

MORGAN  
Oh, yes

ANNETTE.  
What's it like?

MORGAN  
Hang on

MORGAN'S V.O  
*.... ..I'm at a particularly difficult stage and my line is beginning to wobble. There is silence for the next few minutes while I straighten-out the drawing. Time has already changed us.:*

ANNETTE  
God, I feel so mangled today.

MORGAN'S V.O  
*Her flank is firm and elastic and slightly tan. She has fine strong legs. So, even Annette feels that she constantly changes ... I wonder in which unconscious ways..... The light has changed, the Sun has begun to duck its orbit and transit another time away from us. There is a moment of panic and loss. That's when the Sun ducks down like a breaking yolk puncturing itself upon the horizon's spike: after all that is maybe the last moment we will always know for sure.*

**SOUND FADES TO:**

19 MONTAGE OF KELLY

KELLY/ V.O.

*I like to pose. I have a talent for it. That's what it is.  
First I posed for some pictures, you know, snaps.*

*Half the strippers I know describe themselves as 'Miss Fascination' or use names like that. And they always call themselves 'Dancers'. That must mean something. I mean, how do you start in the Glamour Business ?. I could make lots of money working as a stripper, you know, just dancing and doing what I'd spent ages on. Then I started to go down the Clubs, just now and again. One day I was going to one on my own, like, down in Soho off Wardour Street, when I passed one of those strip clubs. Just on an impulse that I'd had lots of times before, I plucked up my courage and walked straight in.*

*You have to learn to strip. After all, if you give it all away too fast you'll have to think of something really radical, like sitting on a bottle. I've done that a few times to make the audience react, after a few drinks. The money was reasonable too. On summer days I only needed to wear a dress and rush from club to club. Then I'd put on the G-String and Bra, bump and grind a bit, take them off again and then rush on to the next club. You don't wear anything if you can avoid it because it marks you, you see. Stripping added up moneywise at the time. But the problem I hadn't seen was that you get used to the money, without realising it. That way I got into the 'photos.*

*It was weird to have ghouls leer at you having sex with other ghouls*

*It sort of put men in perspective, you know what I mean ?*

*At that time, a friend of mine suggested we should go swimming one night.*

*We did that just to keep fit, you understand. Stripping doesn't keep you really fit, you never do enough of it !*

*Anyway at the pool I noticed another girl's eyes on me, and the thought gave me a special pleasure that I hadn't known before.*

*Then, when I was showering, the same girl walked through and I felt my skin harden in some sort of anticipation. I thought about that and it gave me a special sort of feeling which I hadn't had before. The next week my friend and I went swimming again, but I didn't feel those eyes on me for several weeks. I forgot the pleasure of that privileged sort of feeling. Then one evening I was there by myself, as my friend couldn't make it that*

*evening. Then I noticed this other girl. That was, I noticed the way she looked at me.*

*She'd been looking at me - then suddenly spoke to me, and my body kind of blushed in pride of some sort: suddenly I was desirable after all those lonely days and...In the shower she turned up, sort of by coincidence, and we just continued talking, so when we went out into the bar together I felt good.*

*When she looked at me it was as if she had confidence in my ability to be desirable: suddenly I felt great!. So I drank quite a lot that night. I had this wonderful, almost vain, desirability about me. I was suddenly all proud of who I was. Suddenly I didn't enjoy men's eyes on me so much. She was some kind of actress in films or something: when I was with her I felt proud of myself: and she soon showed me how to satisfy her in bed: there're no boundaries between women. Not like that.*

*Pretty soon I didn't want to be with anybody else but her: but it was inevitable I suppose at that age, that someone more experienced and less shy should come along and unseat me. It was inevitable, I suppose. But it didn't feel that way at all, the hurt still lingers; I only suspected something going on because I guess she didn't have the heart to tell me right way. I don't know if that made it more or less painful, but it was inevitable that she should drift away, as I said. Well.*

*Actually I found them in bed together one day.*

*I was so hurt to hear someone else moaning and laughing that I can't ever describe it. I punched at her in fury and she caught my hand, then I screamed and raved in tears. She'd managed to blow a hole in my feelings: which really made me mad.*

*It was like being bathed in flames: I lost all my skin, like. That's how it felt. Terrible. That's the loneliness of loving, isn't it? And now in my life, though, is the loneliness of other things. I know I'm beginning to age, just a bit: I once said to my lover Annette:*

*"I'm missing the bus" and she said:*

*"That isn't true - you're beautiful - I love you anyway!"*

*But loving anyone doesn't last, just like beauty, or even cash... and the combination of the two lasts even less. That makes me really scared, that's all. I'm going to have to sort out a few things in my life, that's all, about life and beauty and loving and the worst catch, time. That's where we all get defeated. Somewhere along the line I've blown it, but I can't just think why. I'm in bed and it's just after dawn, which is bright, cold and yellow: now, beside me, Annette has moved, and her skin shows a little gooseflesh. But she's not cold, she has hardly shifted. She says something in her sleep and her hair golden, bronze, flaxen, against the (colour) of the pillowcase.*

*How beautiful she is. I must always remember to enjoy my time with her.  
Meantime her hair is gold, pure sunshine gold.*

20 MONTAGE/ INT. DAY. MORGAN

MORGAN'S V.O to himself:  
*"Sunshine Gold."*

21 PROCESS. MORGAN  
TITLE

**Saturday \***

MORGAN V.O.

*I checked my mail as I came through the studio door this morning.  
Fortunately, there wasn't any, which I expected, only a note telling me that  
I owed the landlord a months rent. I've never received a letter to this  
address, which is my aim; after all LeSquare and the studio are my secrets,  
the only secrets that I have.*

*The block which contains this studio is shared with a whole series of other  
organisations and individuals who cluster around LeSquare as if seeking  
some sort of collective, corporate warmth.*

*Whether they get what they want or not, I don't know because I am only a  
satellite here, a receiving station, remote in the Antarctic Artistic Attic.*

*But today it is Summer, Broad Summer.*

*The new model. Actually my only model. Blue eyes, though; I like blue  
eyes. She's slim and quite tall, and a little shy.*

*I sit her down.*

22 INT. DAY. STUDIO. MORGAN

MORGAN  
Sit down

ANNETTE  
Okay

MORGAN

Can I get you a coffee or something

ANNETTE

No thanks.

MORGAN

Are you Okay... comfortable?  
What's your name.. I'm Morgan

ANNETTE

Just Morgan?

MORGAN

yeah

ANNETTE

Okay - Oh - I'm Annette  
*She reaches out a hand to shake his..*

ANNETTE.

Do you want me to pose now ?

MORGAN V.O

*She has already dropped her coat, and now I am secretly curious as she removes first her blouse, then her skirt, and folds them neatly before removing her bra, a front-loader, which is quite nice; and then she straightens up and says*

ANNETTE

Would you like me in the suspenders ?

MORGAN works on. **FADE** to later:

ANNETTE

Would you like me any other way

MORGAN

Yes, if you like

ANNETTE. MORGAN, V.O:

*She walks to her coat and finds a diminutive thong, a silken lacy pouch, there in the pocket, which she slips-on without a word She wants a more restful position for a long pose and so lies upon the table with her back arched and her right leg outstretched, the left one flapping open and closed as if it were hinged. She knows that this is the way one sometimes has sex, and she is beginning to see that she can control me, even if I don't.*

**NEW ANGLE:**

*A change: this is a terrific pose: she is grasping the pipe that runs along the break of the wall with her hands, and stooping back slightly so that she can peek out of the canted studio window without anyone suspecting she's there; her right leg is back and her left leg crooked slightly, while her back is slightly curved: graceful.*

*She looks like a real, warm, human swan. Her black hair falls towards her shoulders as she bends her head forwards. She really is quite beautiful, with those deep blue eyes against the parchment skin. Now I'm playing at drawing, simply drinking-in her natural beauty.*

*When she leaves she turns and thanks me.  
How nice it was to draw her; what a privilege.*

23 PROCESS: V.O. ANNETTE as LERSVEYOPU

**V.O:**

*It was on the 2nd, or was it the 7th February  
that year?.. that it came to me.*

*Oh, not the incessant baying of wolves, nor  
for that matter the sound of the wind as the  
snow pattered down over the frozen pines, but  
rather a thought of such amazing tenderness  
that it quite took me aback.*

*She said: Now take me in your arms and simply lay me down and be  
my love and.. But then He said: Ah! Yes, but the very moment I do  
you'll...*

*Oh, Screw this up and and throw it away!*

24 PROCESS: MORGAN

TITLE:

**Thursday\***

MORGANS V.O.

All morning they were asking for :

*'Morgan... Morgan!'*

*So I've done a bunk, and it's afternoon.*

*I'm having a shower at my flat, having used seeing the the Ad Manager for the Pantone account for my latest excuse, and it being hot, I've sloped off home to cool down and prevent myself from bringing up the whole of that business lunch. Tasteless, though Duck and Mandarin cooking. Shame.*

*The phone rings and I've left the handset in the lounge, so I have to traverse the length of the flat.*

*The voice is cockney accented and quite deep: she says:*

KELLY

"I'm a model ... are you looking for a model?"

*Amazing how you suddenly get two at a time.*

*It's a problem finding good models, so I make an arrangement to meet her at the studio on Saturday morning, when the place is quiet. She doesn't ask about the money, so that's a bit strange, but I'll see then, anyway. I don't recall giving her the address, but perhaps I did without realising it. she doesn't leave her name either, but she'll probably make one up, most of them seem to. Well, that's the name of the game.*

TITLE:

**Saturday\***

25 DAY. INT. STUDIO. MORGAN. KELLY

MORGAN V.O.

*I'm tired after a hot and bothersome week, but I've promised to be at my studio, so I get into the car and drive automatically, not thinking of anything. The streets are very quiet and I get there really early.*

*She arrives early too: I've left the doors open, so suddenly while I'm immersed in *The Independant*, she is at my elbow. Just a hint of breeze.*

KELLY

Hullo!

MORGAN V.O.

*She's bright and breezy: I don't know how, so early in the day. I sit her down and make a cup of coffee or something for her. I've bought a couple of bagels, I offer her one, she nibbles at it but never actually eats it. Says it's her diet. I light a Gitane; she shrivels her nose:*

KELLY

D'you smoke all the time ... those

MORGAN

Only in the mornings, to clear my head  
*We talk about the rate for the job. She seems very easy about it, probablyfilling-in from other jobs. Happy about weekends too. She's 5 foot 10 tall, well shaped. She takes off her clothes to show me*  
26 DAY. INT. STUDIO. MORGAN. KELLY

KELLY

Can I move around

MORGAN

Well of course you can

MORGAN V.O.

*She moves like a dancer, rhythms running down her limbs. What a beauty she is!..... And then she's gone.*

27 INT. DAY. AGENCY

TITLE:

**Monday\***

MORGAN V.O

*All day in The Agency they yatter over the plan. The Plan. Well, what about it, for as far as I know, the damn plan is of the greatest irrelevance to me: they can plan all they want but that does not change a single little thing, the world does not cease to turn, and the last vestiges of light still linger over the high floors where my studio hides over the Square. I collect my impressions as some sort of a list that can be scribbled down the side of a work sheet: I have them here:*

KELLY'S V/O

Crystal  
Elegant  
Clear  
Electric  
clear  
blue  
sky  
Fixed  
Changed  
cut  
creased  
puffed  
languorous  
Limpid  
Curiosity.

MORGAN V.O

*Which of them is it? Mysteriously, I can see them both, those unlikely twins with their cloned eyes, in the lagoon of my thoughts.*

28 INT. NIGHT. FLORIAN'S. MORGAN.

MORGAN V.O

*This has disturbed me, so much so that I spend Saturday night in Florian's at Crouch End, drinking myself into nirvana. It's simpler that way, after all. You don't have to think, and the company is always well, unexpected.*

**SOUND FADES TO:**

29 INT. NIGHT. FLORIAN'S. MORGAN.

FADES TO:

**KELLY'S V.O.**

I like to pose. I have a talent for it. That's what it is.

I don't know exactly how it started, but I'll try and trace it. When I was 17, like everyone else I was itching to get started; well everyone is at that age and I wasn't going to be different. Virginity is something most girls want to get rid of as soon as possible. Well, then there's status, too, so you can imagine that I was really proud when I got myself what all the other girls called a 'Steady'. They cooed and umm'd and ahh'd and looked jealous because he was six years older than me and that seemed a hell of a lot, why, he was almost *old*, experienced too. What status that gave me ! They asked me questions like "What's he like in Bed ?" and "Tell me what it feels like", you know, curiosity. That was the sticking point. Because I didn't know any of those things, of course, so, after the first euphoria had worn off, I realised that keeping him satisfied, you know, like sex-wise.....

30 FADE as SOUND MORPHS TO FEMALE VOICE (ANNETTE):

**Funny**, how you find yourself in some strange places.  
I met Kelly in a strange place. That time I must have been dreaming. All I remember was that I was sitting in Victoria bus station and turning over the pages of *The Guardian Weekend*, reading about some science subject. I've read the science reports since I was at school, still do, even now.

31 DAY. INT. BUS STATION. KELLY

KELLY  
What're you reading ?

ANNETTE  
It's by a man called Camus

KELLY  
My cousin's a lab technician  
and he reads books like that

ANNETTE  
Oh, really

KELLY  
Yeah, amazin'. Whats your name then?

ANNETTE V.O:

*it was like being picked-up by a man, only this time it was Kelly, and she said that a friend of her friend was called Annette or something. I never met her cousin, so I never knew if either of these things were true. Once we'd known each other for a while I noticed how jealous Kelly was. She'd suddenly get possessive and sparks, or could be really vicious sometimes, like shoo-ing off any admiring males by talking at them as if they were the Hunchback of Notre Dame, or something.*

KELLY

You don't want those wankers all over  
you with their hands up your dress !

ANNETTE V.O: (Cont.)

*Then Kelly said not to worry because she could handle it: after all she could just 'Arrange' things and make lots more dough. She seemed to know the ropes in her business, and so it worked out that in the end she brought in most of the cash anyway.*

*Mind you, Kelly was experienced, or whatever you call it, so for the first year or so she did her posing and stripping and modelling.*

*Well, I didn't like people looking at me: not at that time.*

*I told Kelly I'd seen the card on a noticeboard, I showed her my copy of it, and she laughed. She said: "Go on, smartarse, I dare you !"*

*Well, that was enough of a push. I couldn't let her laugh at me. Then she looked at the card and said.. "Sounds pretty straight to me".*

*When I got there I walked up and down in front of the tumbledown entrance for a few minutes to steady my nerves: then I went in and climbed the stairs: a bit dingy: lots of noise and bustle from all the other levels, which thinned out as I got higher and higher.*

32 INT.DAY. STUDIO. MORGAN  
TITLE

**Cut Crystal\***

*That morning: the usual mess at The Agency.  
Hendrixsson came by, stuck his head into the studio where I was trying to think more clearly.*

HENDRIXSSON

It's fucked!

MORGAN.  
What's fucked

HENDRIXSSON  
The new booze account

MORGAN  
But we're shooting next week

HENDRIXSSON  
Are we ?-Don't want to be theatrical,  
but that silly new Art Director blew it

MORGAN  
It's not her fault.. I'm  
sure there was a reason

HENDRIXSSON  
Well, call her into the office and  
give her a good spanking !

MORGAN  
Katey... get me whatshername  
.. that new A/D

HENDRIXSSON  
'T'll never forget whatshername

KATEY  
Susie

MORGAN  
Susie

KATEY  
Right  
*the phone tinkles a moment later:*

KATEY

She's in the next studio

MORGAN

Thanks

*I talk to Sue the new Art Director, in a roundabout sort of way to suss the problem. She's a college leaver and not at all good at what she's doing, but she's got a certain limited appeal. Purely physical, I should think, knowing the Director who hired her. Well, if she knows the right things to do she could last a while, who knows.*

33 DAY. INT. STUDIO. MORGAN. KELLY

*Back to my model.*

*She is turning out to be a bright girl, a ray of light. I sit behind the assortment of sheets of paper fastened to the drawing board while Kelly makes a coffee, still wearing her coat. Curious. She says, almost carefully, as if testing the water:*

KELLY

"How would you like me today, Morgan ?"

*The phrase has a whole variety of meanings, and I let her decode that one for me (I know she will); I can see she has it in her mind to: then she removes her coat the better to do so, and is nude under it.*

MORGAN

Did you come all the way like that?

KELLY

Course!

MORGAN

On the bus?

KELLY

On the tube

MORGAN

You'll catch your death of cold

KELLY

Oh, you'll give me a lift back, or I'll borrow your sweater or something.  
*I begin to draw her. She poses open legged with her back to me: the roundness of her arse is almost a shock to my eyes: like icy water down the back of the neck: she falls to her knees and turns to face me, one knee dropped as she crouches, showing me all that she could give me. All that she could give me. I draw on, rolling the thought round my mind. She suddenly starts to talk:*

KELLY

How long you been in this lark?

MORGAN

Drawing you mean?

KELLY

Don't you do something else too?

MORGAN

I'm an Art Director

KELLY

That sounds important  
*There's a break while I finish a line:  
she brightens up when we shift the pose*

KELLY:

Is that important?

MORGAN

Can be, sometimes

KELLY

You do designs and things

MORGAN

Yes

KELLY *She's trying to be helpful.*  
D'you want me to model in them ... I mean ...

MORGAN

You already do, but more like an idea  
*There's another long pause.*

KELLY

You mean you get ideas by drawing me

MORGAN

It's all part of the process

KELLY

Oh!

*Starts again*

Did you ever ...was you ever married ..?

MORGAN

Yes, I was until 18 months ago

KELLY

Did it break down

MORGAN

Yes

KELLY

Over a woman

MORGAN

Yes and no

KELLY

Oh

MORGAN

Why do you ask.... have you?

KELLY

Me... no ... who wants to marry me.... ?

*She left the words out but I knew what she was thinking.*

MORGAN *said without much thought.*  
But you're a beautiful girl!

KELLY  
Only not a girl no more....

MORGAN  
Woman then

KELLY  
mind you, you're quite old to be  
single aren't you Ha Ha !  
*No humour in the laugh, though.*

MORGAN *Covering up*  
You know what I mean.

KELLY *in control.*  
Sure

MORGAN  
Oh, I don't know..happens all the time..

MORGAN V.O.  
*She laughed, with a deep gut sound that was in  
direct contrast to her normal light voice: then she said*

KELLY  
I suppose it does... what do you do  
in *your* spare time ...?

MORGAN  
Draw you

MORGAN V.O.  
*We both laughed. I was thinking about that hidden, deep  
dark voice of hers Now the frame  
changed, I was in recorded time:*

KELLY

No, be serious !

MORGAN V.O.

*The beautiful blue sky flitted in-between her eyes as she moved her head a little, and her breasts juddered with the laugh.*

MORGAN

Not a lot ... what about you?

KELLY

Oh, I go to the pictures... you know

MORGAN

How old are you, anyway ?

KELLY

You know you shouldn't ask questions like that..!

*She laughed, and the firm slipper of muscle and fat on her belly heaved like the soft swell at Poole on a calm day: suddenly our relationship had become in some way intimate.*

MORGAN

Well, I'll tell you mine if you tell me yours!

KELLY

We used to do that when we was kids.. only it was I'll show you mine ...

*she stopped: that was a cul-de-sac.*

*We both smiled, uncomfortably.*

Well, go ahead then ...

MORGAN

No, you go first

KELLY

No you go

MORGAN

Ok, I'm 38

KELLY  
Blimey

MORGAN  
Well?

KELLY  
I'm 26

MORGAN  
Oh

MORGAN V.O.  
*We both made some mental calculations:  
or I suppose we did.*

MORGAN  
I wouldn't think so, to look at you

KELLY  
Neither would I  
*Which of us was being polite?*

MORGAN  
But your body is great, really good

KELLY  
Thanks

MORGAN  
I mean it

KELLY  
Thanks

MORGAN  
I'm always wrestling with mine

KELLY  
Oh, you look quite slim to me

MORGAN

Really ?

KELLY

Yeah, you've got a real male shape

MORGAN

Thanks

KELLY

I'm not lying – Really

MORGAN

Your body is great, anyway

KELLY

Does that mean I can put my rate up?

MORGAN

Only if we have lunch together first!

*I'd said that without thinking.*

*Suddenly there was silence. We'd both made a move unexpectedly, both moved into an indeterminate area. There was no available syntax to cover it. So she made a face: she said*

KELLY:

My foot has gone to sleep ... and my left tit!

MORGAN

Let's have a break for ten minutes.

34 INT. DAY. STUDIO. MORGAN. KELLY

*Wednesday\**

MORGAN V.O.

*It's stressful to concentrate for periods even as short as twenty minutes when each mark the pencil or the chalk makes is so critical: after all, drawings are looked at in leisure: and the eye first sees the faults, not the*

*perfection . Wednesday was rather unexpectedly wet. Kelly was there as soon as I arrived; hardly said a thing for the first hour. Finally.*

KELLY

So...

*she said, relaxing as usual with one leg folded under her, the mug in her hand;*

*... you take your models out... sort of like a casting couch, is it? She was referring to our last conversation which I felt rather guilty about.*

MORGAN

I'm sorry if it felt like that

KELLY

No -

MORGAN

Come off it, anyway it was only an idea of mine, let's just forget it.

KELLY

Not that I minded, honest.

MORGAN

Well, I'm not going to force you

KELLY

Oh

MORGAN

I mean, I thought...

KELLY

But if you don't...

MORGAN

Eat lunch?.... I eat too many of them!

KELLY

Oh, I like lunch, anyway

MORGAN

Oh

*I'd forgotten about that.*

KELLY

Well, go on.. !

*Humorously, almost.*

MORGAN

Yes ?

KELLY

Well, you can take my number...!

*Kelly gave me her crosseyed look and  
changed legs. Time for a direct question.*

Where shall we go?

MORGAN

Oh, I know an interesting place called *Zen*

KELLY

Zen, ... *Zen..*

MORGAN

In Hampstead

KELLY

In Hampstead?

MORGAN

It's ... interesting

KELLY

...interesting

MORGAN

Don't be so suspicious!

KELLY

I'm not

MORGAN

Well

KELLY

Yes

MORGAN

Fine

KELLY

But one ...

MORGAN

What?

KELLY

Well, I thought you'd have seen  
enough of me already

MORGAN

You know that's not true...  
everyone has a private self too

KELLY

Yeah .. I do, I suppose you could say that!

MORGAN

Well, I regret that

KELLY

Respect that - and you'll pay me more?

MORGAN

Maybe

KELLY

You said you would

MORGAN

We'll discuss it

KELLY

As long as you don't turn out to be bent!

MORGAN

Why?

KELLY

Well, you know why, don'tcha!

MORGAN

Hey, don't move so much

KELLY

Oops!

MORGAN

Like that

KELLY

I've got to breathe, you know

MORGAN

What was that about ?

KELLY

Things like ..

MORGAN

What? Like...

KELLY

I dunno, *AIDS* or something

*Silence.*

*Kelly moves slightly.*

I've got an itch.

MORGAN

Well, itch it

KELLY  
D'you want to do it?

MORGAN  
Where is it?

KELLY  
There..... *she gestures with her nose*

MORGAN  
Here ?  
*locates a spot on her thigh*

KELLY  
Oh, *that* feels good

MORGAN  
Is that it ?

KELLY  
No!

MORGAN  
Oh, sorry

KELLY  
No... do it

MORGAN  
Where?  
*She gestures again, with her nose:*

MORGAN V.O.  
*This time I reckon I've located it.*

MORGAN  
Is that it?

KELLY  
Course

MORGAN

Fine

KELLY

Oh, that's really intimate !  
I can tell you're not gay!

MORGAN V.O.

*Kelly laughs, she's in control. I'm not sure what to do. I have the feeling  
Kelly enjoys it, and that makes me uncomfortable.*

KELLY

Do you like doing that ?

MORGAN

Well, yes, I do

KELLY

I like you to touch me  
*almost intimate but with the edge of a laugh.*

MORGAN

Listen, you're making my hands shake

KELLY

Well, I'd better make another drink

MORGAN V.O.

*she says and breaks the preciously brittle pose  
that both she and I have struggled so long to preserve,  
walks to the window and looks down at my private  
Square, LeSquare, forgetting me.  
Then she makes tea, spills some of it on the floor  
and comes and sits beside me. I can smell her  
suddenly, as if she has suddenly invaded  
immensely warm space. That high,  
slightly bitter smell of Woman.*

KELLY

And I can make coffee, too!

MORGAN

What's than in addition to?

MORGAN V.O.

*the scent of her body  
has taken over in this space. My eyes are full of her,  
in three dimensions.*

KELLY

I'm wet

MORGAN V.O.

*she says, eyes not leaving mine, fixing me, and  
goes into the toilet. In a moment the shower  
is running. Then she comes out all covered  
in water pearls.*

KELLY

My Body is all covered in, like, clear crystals

MORGAN

Water pearls

KELLY

Yeah, like water pearls.. sweat .. *Boy!*

MORGAN V.O.

*She's humming with something, almost a sort of desire,  
she moves around the studio like an athlete and  
brushes her breasts with the back of her hand  
almost experimentally, with an abstracted  
and absent expression*

KELLY.

Gosh, they're cold!

MORGAN

Umm... I'm watching the show.

KELLY

You could do me like this!

MORGAN

If you keep jiggling about like that I'll  
never complete a drawing.. after all...

KELLY

Sorry.. eh..after all *what?*

MORGAN

After all.. Oh Hell!.. I'm supposed to be  
creating, philosophizing.. you know,.. *thinking !*

KELLY

You think while you draw, do you?

MORGAN

Of course

KELLY

I don't

MORGAN

Well, you aren't drawing

KELLY

Umm.

*She thinks*

MORGAN.

Hardly surprising

KELLY

Is it ?

MORGAN V.O.

*She squeezes one breast, as if  
playing with it.*

KELLY

Uhh

MORGAN V.O.

*Then she looks at  
me, her eyes narrowing like a cats;*

KELLY

Nice?

MORGAN

What?

KELLY

Umm

MORGAN

Shh!

KELLY

What? Shh !

MORGAN V.O.

*She disappears into the shower again. When she  
reappears, her body is again encrystalled with  
water. She regards herself in the mirror with  
a sort of pride in time.*

KELLY

Bloody luxury!

MORGAN V.O.

*she says at length.  
She's right.*

35 FX /FOLEY ANNETTE as LERSVEYOPU  
**V.O:** with the aid of various media in FX.

*Neuvieme Bonjour Lervespoyu!*

*Tell me, what is it in the nature of a Journal that makes it so Secret? After all, a Journal is merely the reflection of someone's imagination and thus certain pieces of their life and all it's trammels. Trivia.*

*Well, now I think about existence and life and all those silly things. Just a moment, I remember what it said now:*

Geometry

Geomancy

Poetry

Music

Sound

Pure Shape

*I long to live and move and explore, and yet I am locked up in all these things.*

*My body is only the tip of the iceberg, which is of course my other secret self. Secrets are made to be kept.*

*So I keep you hidden, my friend, as if you did never actually exist. I could snuff you out with one sweep of my eraser !What a fine route to All perfection is there.*

*As is all the verdigris and the rottenness that we can ever find.*

*Yesterday I was sitting in a café near here, a sort of greasy-spoon type affair, nursing a cheese roll and a large square mug of tea.*

*The smells were bright and human and, well, pure, I suppose.*

*I was thinking how to circumscribe the Square.*

*I was thinking about a pyramid.*

*Now you have a shape in three dimensions which fits nicely into a cube. And that cube fits into a wall of cubes to become just another segment somewhere undescribed. One part of the galaxy which at it's furthest end, the wall so formed being thin, even razor-edged, to the point of invisibility, but in relationship to it's length and width, formed from an extended .. **Square.***

36 INT.DAY. STUDIO. MORGAN

TITLE:

## Middle Red\*

MORGAN V.O:

*At first I'd offered to pick Kelly up and then for some reason changed my mind: but anyway before I'd had time to open my mouth she'd demurred for some reason.. Thus, I found myself waiting on a windy Hampstead High Street while the unseasonal wind tugged at my collar as if it were trying to tell me something. The newspaper seller complained about the water running from my Driback onto his papers. I shifted feet and waited as more water, this time from the plastic cover over his magazines, found it's way into my right shoe.*

*Well, only for a moment, for the next thing I knew was that she came round the corner bright as a Summer Sunbeam... well, advertising deals in pre-digested ideas ... and flashed those beautiful dark eyes at me. She looked pleased, bright, motivated.*

KELLY

I fancy something at that place you mentioned  
*tossing her locks in the wind:*  
after all, I must look after my body

MORGAN V.O.

*She says body, not figure, just as she always refers to her breasts as her bust..I note these little things about her, after all they give her structure, make her understandable. It's like learning a new alphabet.*

*We dither, because it's raining: we look in at the Dome, decide it's not intimate enough: then I find a dress at Nicole Farhi that I'd like to put her body into: then she laughs and we pass the other shops bye: opposite Zen, which is the restaurant I mentioned but we decide that Café Rouge fits the bill best. So we sit in the window and we play with our food. This is after all part of the drama. Artist and model; I am as nervous as a cat, and yet I know her body better than she knows it herself: but her mind is a mystery to me. That's the catch.*

*She is wearing one of those skintight FM lycra dresses which leave little to the imagination: when in the course of our talk I mention how well it fits, she seems to know what I'm thinking: she says:*

KELLY

I can't wear nothin' under it ...

it would show...!

MORGAN V.O.

*and she tinkles a laugh across the table like some sort of currency, which I suppose it is. Then she says,*

KELLY

... After all you *know* my body, don't you ....  
Actually the Sun's come out and this dress is really getting uncomfortable against my skin.

MORGAN *joking*

You can wear one of my shirts!

KELLY *sniggers*

Oh, how'd I look !

MORGAN

You'd look even better than you do now

KELLY

Oh, look at that there...  
I've been sitting here in a pool for ages

MORGAN

What ?

KELLY

I mean, lets do something like  
walk around on the grass

MORGAN

What a brilliant idea!

KELLY

Well, Morgan....well, tell me about your troubles

MORGAN

Why did you come to lunch?

KELLY

Oh, just ..

MORGAN

No, really

KELLY

I was hungry

MORGAN

Oh

MORGAN V.O.

*The rain has gone and it's glorious sunlight.  
There's a sweat mark on her dress which makes  
a vee where her waist and her arse intersect.  
But only I know that. We're in that small  
wood between The Heath and Kenwood and  
we break the barrier of trees and walk  
down towards the shallow valley and the  
concert bowl. Kelly admires Iveagh House:*

KELLY

Lovely and big

MORGAN

You could have a swimming pool in the ballroom

KELLY

You could paint my *body* in the stables.

MORGAN V.O.

*She looks at me and licks her lips, then she  
reaches over and trips her fingers along my knuckles*

KELLY

...Couldn't you...!

MORGAN

Couldn't think of a nicer way to  
get your clothes off !

KELLY

Oh, I'll take them all off here then!

MORGAN

D'you mean it ?

KELLY

Well, maybe tomorrow !

MORGAN

Chicken !

KELLY

No I'm not

MORGAN

Huh !

**PAUSE**

KELLY

Wait till I show you

**Long PAUSE**

MORGAN

It's cold, isn't it !

MORGAN V.O.

*Walking under the damp trees I'm thinking of her sweating in the studio, then, under the stuff of the dress, now. The humidity is rising. Silence, while she looks slightly cross-eyed at me with those beautiful twin skies in her face. Absolute silence.*

*Neither of us has anything to say, it all seems so irrelevant at the moment. It is. Now I realise that we've spent the last five minutes simply regarding each others eyes: and now her look has shifted to my mouth.*

*She says, without changing focus at all, watching my front teeth as if mesmerised:*

KELLY

What did you say

MORGAN

Oh, nothing very important ... only something stupid

MORGAN V.O.

*At that moment several people suddenly  
emerge from the wood to one side and start to  
laugh and joke, which breaks the spell.  
So we walk on. How absurd.*

KELLY

Did you mutter something?

MORGAN

No

KELLY

Yes you did

MORGAN

I said absurd

KELLY

Oh

MORGAN V.O.

*We're puffing as we climb the shallow slope.  
My feet are sore. It's the studio's hard  
floor that has ruined them. At length we find  
the path that almost always evades me, then  
find the road past the conglomeration of cottages  
and the ugly concrete Developers Dream,  
which she renames 'The Gulag',  
and finally we emerge at Highgate.*

MORGAN

Actually, they all are

KELLY

Gulags!

MORGAN

Think so

KELLY

Amazing

MORGAN

We could go back to my place and  
relax, we'll only get tired  
in the sun like this.

KELLY

If you promise not to...

MORGAN

Of course... of course

MORGAN V.O.

*Our relationship has changed, and it feels formal;  
the relationship between artist and model  
doesn't exist away from the studio. Well, of course  
it doesn't. In some secret way I'm dismayed..  
I'll agree to anything: I need her scent to remedy the  
emptiness of my flat, that's all. She wrinkles her nose,  
throws back her head and laughs with her chest.*

KELLY *laughs*

Oh, Morgan !...I'm beginning to like you.

37 DAY. INT. APARTMENT. MORGAN. KELLY

**They enter the flat** and first she sniffs the air, like some mad bloodhound, suspicious. My life is some sort of ruin. Simple as that. Finally, perhaps to cover her confusion at the wreckage of my life, she finds a book of poetry and opens a page:

KELLY *reads*

"Ozymandias.....I am Ozzeymandias King of Kings, Look on ye *mighty*  
and despair...".  
*then stops*

MORGAN  
You just excavated my past

KELLY  
Did I ?

MORGAN.  
What's left of it !

KELLY  
Don't say that..

MORGAN  
Don't we all have our disasters ?

KELLY  
You're reminding me of mine, that's all

MORGAN  
Sorry

KELLY  
It's nothin'

**MORGAN** *shows her the flat, the various details, the bedroom, which she patrols, searching for unknown somethings with her eyes, indicate the bathroom, which she looks in to, sniffing suspiciously; the kitchen, sterile as it is.*

MORGAN V.O.  
*I'm sure she likes rock 'n' roll, but have none, so I get out an accessible Bach concerto disk and make a joke about it:*

MORGAN  
This one has Air on a G-String

KELLY  
There hasn't been much air on mine today!.

MORGAN V.O.

*Kelly gives a cracked laugh, which escapes and is then stifled as she catches me looking at her from out of the corner of my eye.*

*The music floods over us and the day begins to wear itself down.*

*Like disestablished satellites, we have touched several times almost fearing contact on a more intimate scale, but when I go out to the kitchen and get some ice out of the 'fridge for the Campari-Soda's the mould breaks and she suddenly appears at my back and hugs me once and long with a languorously leonine arm around my chest; then I turn and we kiss a few times experimentally, and each time more slowly and in a way more formally. Then we kiss for ... hours.*

*She kisses amazingly softly, as if an incredibly gentle feather down has suddenly lighted on my mouth, and her mouth is big and open and questioning me. Now her mouth has become a warm, soft, elegant, teasing, magnet. "Ouch", she says, breaking away and turning for a moment. She's looking for something. She suddenly picks her bag up and repairs the damage to her face, applying the lipstick with one perfect sweep to either lip, and evidently delighted with the result. She smacks her lips and, absent-mindedly, removes her earrings with one feline passing movement of her head. Her lips are now true Middle-Red, like the Campari that is not yet ready. An age later we drink the Camparis. There is a perfectly lined-up print of her mouth on the rim of the glass.*

KELLY

Funny how people are always formal

I need to get out of this dress, it's itchy ... can I borrow your shirt..?

.....I told you I wasn't wearing nothing!

**We see KELLY EXIT to the bathroom Now KELLY RETURNS:**

MORGAN V.O.

*...she jokes, as if having to justify her action. Her lips signal me in perfect middle-red. My body says stop, and the lips say, secretly, 'Take me at your Peril!'. Kelly's body is all-over sweat, but warm and humming with richness of scent. I could loose myself in her smell. I begin to fill my nostrils with her. Such moments are rare. I think we both are desperate to savour them. Just these few fugitive moments. Now we are standing there caught in time, she is naked and I am holding a glass of Campari in one hand.*

KELLY  
D'you like the new me ?

MORGAN  
It's good

KELLY  
D'you like me like, styled ?

MORGAN  
Why ?

KELLY  
Because I smarted myself up with your razor

MORGAN  
You look good

KELLY  
It was an idea I had

MORGAN  
It suits you

KELLY  
Good

MORGAN  
Good

Then KELLY goes over to MORGAN and sits over him

KELLY  
I did it for you, I did it to show you all of me

MORGAN  
Well, you've scored this time

KELLY  
Shall we ... make love ?

MORGAN

Not now, ... maybe later... don't  
get me wrong because I want to,  
because I want you....

KELLY

Something... personal, like ?

MORGAN *looks grave*  
Don't ever get married !.

KELLY

Oh?

MORGAN

Ignore me, I'm bad news !

KELLY

You got hurt, that was all

MORGAN

Don't ... I...

KELLY

No, I understand

*KELLY regards MORGAN with a sort of gravity, as if they share a secret,  
the catch being that he doesn't know what that secret is: at all events she is  
not about to let him in on it, yet.*

**LONG PAUSE:**

KELLY

Do what ?

KELLY is looking up at from three inches away, making MORGAN aware  
of the heat her body gives off.

KELLY

I'm not cold at all, here with you

MORGAN

Balance

KELLY

Do what ?

MORGAN

Your arse

KELLY

Oh, that

*KELLYS mouth moves against MORGANS chest and he's got lipstick on his collar, basic, elegant, perfect, Middle-Red. 'Lipstick on your Collar, told a tale on you..'*

*They lie together on the couch, and KELLY nuzzles into his chest.*

*MORGANS hand is on her firm naked rump.*

FADE TO:

38 INT. DAY/EVENING. BAR. DEBORAH

TITLE:

### **The Art Director's Tale \***

DEBBIE walks in.

*Smart, around thirty, with those large horn-rimmed dark glasses that meant that she was the affected type whom he liked, thought about in his fantasies as lying at impossible angles against the light offering him what she had between her legs..*

*She was wearing a red skirt and jacket and a black satin top and carrying a burgundy briefcase... a fairly typical example of the genre ... looking hyped-up and puffed all at once. Busy looking. Probably not busy at all, but it seems the right thing when you're looking around for someone to fill some hours with.*

*She sits at the bar, kicks one shoe onto the floor and began to massage her foot as if it were sore.*

*At this moment the MORGAN sees her.*

***She had made her decision.***

*Debbie looked at the Art Director and smiled.  
The Art Director was half aware of this, he sitting in  
this lense and this woman smiling: the lense focusing  
around him. He recalls the moment much later,  
when he says in passing, to a friend:*

MORGAN/V.O.

She was a bit stiff, but when  
she smiled at me and made obvious  
moves ... well I saw that sort of  
*shy* sexuality which peeps out  
at you when you least expect it'

39 FX /FOLEY ANNETTE

V.O. with the aid of various media in FX.

ANNETTE V.O;

Kelly has such lovely skin: she looks like a statue when she's really nude:  
not a pulled root in sight: that's what she's learnt doing those photos: and  
she uses glycerine on her skin to give it that sheen.It was a surprise: and it  
broke my reverie about '*Blind Date*' I guess I looked up at her: she said,

KELLY

Well ?

ANNETTE

What's all the specialness for ?

KELLY

Just because I like to

ANNETTE

I like you anyway

KELLY

Yes, but today I'm like a special bon-bon

ANNETTE  
*Bob-Bon ?*

KELLY  
French for like, a present or somethin'

ANNETTE  
Mmm, a present?  
*Then she looked at me calculatingly all of a sudden:*

KELLY  
Do you like me ?

ANNETTE  
That's a funny question

KELLY  
Well, I'm asking  
*Something flitted across her face, a sort of sudden darkening of her eyes  
from their normal bright colour to night - navy-blue.*

ANNETTE  
Don't ask that, that's stupid

KELLY  
No, say it

ANNETTE  
Well.. Okay, I like you

KELLY  
No really !

ANNETTE  
Meaning 'Do you want me?'

KELLY  
*She bends over and fastens an imaginary ankle strap, showing her arse,  
the swell of her sex: she's holding a red towel*  
Well, do you ?

ANNETTE

Well, I'm not dead am I, I'm flesh and blood

KELLY

You're *not* fed- up with me?

ANNETTE

Are you crazy ?

KELLY

What's that mean ?

ANNETTE

Of course I want you!

KELLY

So you've said it, then ?

ANNETTE

Of course I want you ... O.K.

KELLY

So you do want me

ANNETTE

Stop beating around the bush !

KELLY

Shall we have it ?

ANNETTE

What d'you think ?

KELLY

Here, or in the bedroom ?

ANNETTE

In the bedroom

FADE TO LATER:

KELLY

Oh !, You so and so, you're  
making me sore ! Oh, you  
little Vixen !

ANNETTE

I'm your what ?

KELLY

You know what I said !

ANNETTE

I didn't hear you

KELLY

You little tart !

ANNETTE

Say that to me again and I'll start on you!

KELLY

Go on then.. you're a tart that's all!  
*Kelly threw one arm up as if to  
defend herself and instead caught mine:*  
Now I've got you!  
*We struggled.*

ANNETTE

Have you ?... say I have!

KELLY

No you ain't!

ANNETTE

Yes I have!

KELLY

No you ain't!

ANNETTE  
Let me at you

KELLY  
No I won't!

ANNETTE  
I want to sit on your face !

KELLY  
No you won't !

ANNETTE  
Oh yes I will

KELLY  
Fuck Off!

ANNETTE  
All I get is promises!

KELLY  
Oh, get off me, you're hurtin'

ANNETTE  
That's what I'm tryin' to do

KELLY  
You bloody pervert!

ANNETTE  
Well, that's kind of true..isn't it!

KELLY  
Only if you're looking from here!

**They** stop and begin to laugh.

ANNETTE  
You are a pervert, aren't you?

KELLY  
No, it's bloody you!

ANNETTE  
Oh fuck that, you're as butch as a...

KELLY  
No I'm not..

ANNETTE  
Oh yes you are... remember when we was at  
that gay club ?... some gay turned round  
to his mate and said 'Oy, see those two lezzies...  
well the older ones a big butch.. isn't she... and the  
younger one's only a piece of Cod Fillet!

KELLY *Her eyes unnaturally bright.*  
What?

ANNETTE  
What?

KELLY  
What'd you say?

ANNETTE  
I was only joking

KELLY  
What'd you say?

ANNETTE  
Cod Fillet... you know ... Gays always  
call girls Cod Fillet, don't they !..

KELLY  
No,No, what you said before

ANNETTE

I dunno! *fearful of the outcome.*

KELLY

You said '*the older one's a big butch!*'

ANNETTE

No I didn't

KELLY

Yes you did

ANNETTE

Y-you must have heard wrong...  
no I said, *them two butches...!*"  
*Something unexpected and unpleasant ...*

KELLY

Did you?

ANNETTE

I think I did... I was only joking..  
I think I did! Why, Darling ?

KELLY

Oh! Nothing

*She suddenly gets up and walks round the  
room and then sits at the end of the bed.*

ANNETTE

What is it then?

KELLY

Nothing!

ANNETTE V.O.

*I wanted to kiss her but I knew she'd explode if I tried. She had her back to  
me and I had my arms around her. I could smell her, hot as anything.  
Sweating. Her body was moist, as smooth as marble to my touch*

ANNETTE

Come on Darling... tell me what's wrong?

KELLY  
It's really nothin'

ANNETTE  
Well, tell me.

KELLY  
Okay

ANNETTE V.O.  
*she said, and she got up, walked around the bed,  
and draped the red towel around her legs.*

ANNETTE  
Well?

KELLY  
Well... you know how we was discussin' the flat last  
week like.. and the landlord's going to put up the rent....

ANNETTE  
Well, that's nothing.. we can cope with that

KELLY  
I know that... but I'm trying  
to think ahead.. that's all.

ANNETTE  
I don't understand what you're getting at

KELLY  
Well, it's simple really

ANNETTE V.O.  
*'She looked down. All at once her eyes had turned to glass, then the glass  
turned to mirrors and began to wash down her cheeks.'*

ANNETTE  
Please...

ANNETTE V.O.

*It hurts me to see my lover cry.*

ANNETTE

Please don't cry..!

ANNETTE V.O.

*I began to wail, for some reason I  
couldn't understand, all of a sudden.*

ANNETTE

Tell me why?

KELLY

Oh God!... it's nothing !

ANNETTE

Of course it's something!

KELLY

It's you and me of course

ANNETTE

But I love you

KELLY

Yes, I know

ANNETTE

Well, we'll be together

KELLY

And what happens when our feelings change?

ANNETTE

But that's normal... besides which..  
it might never happen

KELLY

Can pigs fuckin' fly?

ANNETTE

We aren't pigs ..! I'm me and you're you!

KELLY

Oh, Hell! Of course it will ! Of course it bloody fucking well will!

ANNETTE

But Kelly...we.. me!

ANNETTE V.O.

*Kelly was talking about her life, her failures, her life. What could I say. My life isn't exactly a catalogue of success.*

ANNETTE

....But we'll stay together

KELLY

Look, I'm older than you.. a lot..

ANNETTE

Well?

KELLY

We've been together for almost two and a half years

ANNETTE

I know that

KELLY

It could just fall apart.. that's what I mean !

ANNETTE

No, it'll never fall apart... how could I ever leave you..? Tell me .. *no* !

KELLY

Annette... I know how these things go

between girls... you know what they say..  
that passion lasts two years and then it  
just .. dies.

*She turns away.*

It just bloody fades away as if nothing  
ever existed, fuck it!

ANNETTE V.O.

*She was sitting there with drooping shoulders.  
Her back was pearly with water or something.*

ANNETTE

Well?

KELLY

And that's that!

ANNETTE V.O.

*Something snapped in me:*

ANNETTE

Are you telling me you don't want me?  
Are you telling me you don't want me  
anymore... all those things you've said  
to me... you mean you've used me and now  
you want out !...Is that the story ?

KELLY

Don't be stupid.....you're really important to me!

ANNETTE

Well, don't hint at me, because it stinks!  
It stinks to manipulate your lover!  
And it stinks to be played around with!  
And it stinks to be played for a sucker!  
Don't ever lie to me....!

KELLY

Oh, please!

ANNETTE

I love you, what's the fucking  
problem...I love you, that's all

KELLY

Alright alright... I...

ANNETTE

Oh, what the fuck... I don't  
give a fucking damn, you...

KELLY

No, please don't!

ANNETTE

Fuck You ! Don't ever leave  
me or I shall kill myself !

KELLY

I didn't mean that!

ANNETTE

I'll kill *you* then

KELLY

Oh, baby ...

ANNETTE

Say something

KELLY

I'm just so confused

ANNETTE

Yes you did

KELLY

No, really, I didn't!

ANNETTE  
Now you've made *me* cry.

40 FX/FOLEY ANNETTE / LERSVEYOPU

V.O. with the aid of various media in FX.

TITLE:

**Electric Blue\***

*Imagine I've a Lover - unlikely, **Ha!** I could surprise you, you know!  
I'll have to work this out.*

*Because I want to talk about something with my invented lover.*

*This is the way it'll go: something like:*

*"We've been away from each other for three months.. and I have nothing to  
say to you... apart from the fact that whatever I want to say is..."*

*'No, lets get this straight... when I lose that memory of you it will be  
forever, do you hear me?*

**Forever..** After all, when you bleed your blood leaves your.. forever..

***Forever.'***

41 DAY. INT. APARTMENT. MORGAN

TITLE:

**Monday\***

*The Bangles are singing their swansong, Manic Monday, PMT and all,  
and the traffic below the office window has built into a block the length of  
several city streets.*

*The fumes rise on a column of blustering summer puff, and the brown  
cloudbase hovers inches above the ofice window. Capital Radio  
continues, because I am listening for an Advert that a client has scheduled  
around this time. Actually, they've complained about it's sound-bite  
quality, regarding it as 'Unmemorable', which is hardly surprising, as I  
can't remember a Campaign before last week and any advert that was run  
before yesterday, which is due, my friends tell me to the fact that I have a  
Budgerigar's recall.*

*"No", I tell them, ".. It's that I've a Goldfish's recall !"*

*Why flatter them with fantasy.*

*The disc jockey is being patronising about a problem that some feckless woman is airing to the rest of the world, some fatal flaw, which like a Vaseline-d nipple, will stand out above all the other flaccid lives for one tiny forgettable moment.*

*Then there's a crash down below, the forgettable life is dismissed with the wink of a yawn, and the sound of an excited voice cuts-in as some sort of collision occurs.*

*"Manic Mon-day  
.....fun-day"  
Crash, Clunk!  
".....Mon-day..."*

42    DAY. INT. AGENCY. ALAN.

ALAN

Hullo - This is how it runs *'Besides, I spend my days thinking ... only of you: I sit at my desk in the office and think only of your deep blue eyes'*.  
What do you think? Not bad, Eh?

MORGAN

In four-four time?

ALAN

Thump, thump - you know, burning canefields, woman drops knickers .  
.the whole nine yards

MORGAN

Hang on!

*The Ad. I've been waiting for comes on, plays, and sounds as boring as I'd imagined it would sound.*

ALAN

No, listen,

MORGAN

Yes, I heard it first time

ALAN  
Well ?

MORGAN  
It works okay

ALAN  
Let me tell you the rest of it

MORGAN  
Okay

ALAN  
Then the car comes into the layby  
and the bird gets out and..

MORGAN  
Today it's 'Slag'

ALAN  
What ?

MORGAN  
They're all Slags for today

ALAN  
Oh, sorry... yes, the Slag gets out and  
the bloke gets her over the bonnet  
and then the music fades-in,  
then they flash the copy over the  
frame .... what is it they flash?...  
Goes just there  
*He indicates*  
Where's it gone?

MORGAN  
Artwork Disk's nearly ready in the studio

ALAN  
I just hope they don't fuck up

my wonderful image

MORGAN

Yes and no

ALAN

It's a great idea... Toby thought of it actual...  
over at the boozier friday.. remember  
that blonde, you know, that one Jack  
fucked on his table that evening  
at the party ?

MORGAN

Eh ?

ALAN

Is your bloody memory goin' ?

MORGAN

Sagittarians have feral memories, anyway, my  
memory's only seven seconds like a Goldfish

ALAN

Very fucking good !

*Alan, stubbing out the Disque Bleu and pulling another from the pack.  
The air fills with pungent blue smoke again, which makes  
some sort of contrast with the brown gunge hovering  
just above the sandwich of fumes and heat.*

MORGAN

Beep

ALAN

Wh at?

MORGAN

Nothing

ALAN

What?

MORGAN

Yeah, She's downstairs at a casting today

ALAN

Uh, Huh You know - the Model

MORGAN

Oh

ALAN

Gone dead from the trousers down?.

MORGAN

What ?

ALAN

Fuckin'wonderful .... by the bye, is  
this an ad for condoms, or what ?

MORGAN

Don't worry about it

ALAN

Aren't I supposed to have some  
sort of *creative* involvement in this,  
after all I wrote the fucking thing

MORGAN

Think creatively about the cash

ALAN

Daft, writing copy like that

MORGAN

Daft writing copy

ALAN

Well, someone has to do it !  
Fuckin' Insurance, isn't it?

MORGAN  
Could be.

ALAN  
What ?

MORGAN  
The bloody Ad

ALAN  
It's wonderful, fucking wonderful

MORGAN  
Fucking great says the copywriter  
If we all don't stop fucking swearing,  
one day I'll write a fuckin' novel  
...after my next AD&D winning line

ALAN  
You bet your fuckin' balls!...  
Oh, and it's D&AD

43 INT. AGENCY. PROCESS. MORGAN

V.O. with the aid of various media in FX.  
He's talking about KELLY

*Instead of playing with the next copyline,  
I compile this list of keywords about you:*

Crystal  
Elegant  
Clear  
Electric  
skin  
clear  
blue  
sky  
Fixed

Changed  
cupped  
excited  
wet  
tight  
cut  
creased  
puffed  
langorous  
Limpid  
Limpid  
Limpid

**FADE** to:

44 DAY. INT. APARTMENT. ANNETTE.  
ANSWERS PHONE:

MORGAN

Hullo, it's Morgan, can you model this afternoon?

ANNETTE

Hullo ... yes ... are you eating something?

MORGAN

Chewing a cigar

ANNETTE

Oh

MORGAN

You're free then?

ANNETTE

Oh, yes

MORGAN

Fine!

ANNETTE

Shall I bring anything

MORGAN  
Anything?

ANNETTE  
Like a G-string or suspenders?

MORGAN  
Whatever you're in to

MORGAN V.O.  
*Odd sort of model; but then, I rather like her.  
Disturbing thought, ' You really shouldn't like your models,  
just think of them as pieces of meat!'  
She probably models in those lurid  
magazines, that's why she asks odd  
questions like that.*

ANNETTE  
That's my job isn't it

MORGAN  
If you want to

ANNETTE  
Are you sure you aren't eating?

MORGAN  
Why?

ANNETTE  
It's not good for you .... not  
between meals, I mean!

MORGAN  
Listen, bring a pan and  
some food.. that's what!

ANNETTE  
Don't be silly! Anyway,

you don't have a stove!

MORGAN  
Well, I'll see you then

ANNETTE  
Oh one thing

MORGAN  
What?

ANNETTE  
What time

MORGAN  
Oh ... make it 3.30

ANNETTE  
Fine

MORGAN  
At the studio

ANNETTE  
Thanks ... bye, bye.

MORGAN V.O.  
*I realise after that call that she actually sounded  
as if it were a pleasure. I wonder if her  
mouth is as firm and red after sleep as  
it is in my studio. Kissed, or unkissed.*

45 INT. DAY. APARTMENT. ANNETTE. MONTAGE  
TITLE

**Chrome Yellow\***

ANNETTE V.O

*I came home around five, okay, quite early, and the traffic was heavy. By the front door I found a card addressed to 'Annette c/o Kelly ( her nickname)*

MORPH to MORGAN V.O.

*From the stairs outside the flat I could see the traffic haze drifting up, turning the blue sky a deeper blue still. You have the effect of intense heat at that moment, as if the city is silently taking fire.*

MORPH back to ANNETTE V.O

*I got to the door, and there was a scrap of something on the floor, I stirred it with the tip of my shoe; it was a bit of that paper artists use for drawing: with the heavy texture, just a torn piece of edge.*

ANNETTE

Hi Kelly, where are you?

ANNETTE V.O.

*She'd told me she was modelling, and I know what she gets in to,*

KELLY V.O.

: 'I must make some money..... Jack said he'd get me some work for a Grand. Oh, I need a Grand'

ANNETTE V.O.

*Sends a shiver up my spine to think what that entails.  
The kitchen and the bathroom lie in a line with the rest of our flat: the bedroom is last, with the sitting room in-between*

**ANNETTE LIGHTS** a cigarette and hopes that Kelly doesn't smell it when she comes in later. she puffs it, then paddles the air to disperse the smoke: she opens a window and the background sound of traffic cuts in. She takes off her knickers and throws them into the bathroom, then, as an afterthought she rips everything else off and dumps it anywhere

ANNETTE V.O

*I'm fed up of wearing clothes: after all I spend all day without them: I'm getting like Kelly, wearing as little as I need to. We often walk around naked. I wouldn't have done this before I got used to her lifestyle. And I've got used to not having those elastic marks on my rear.*

**THEN ANNETTE HEARS A NOISE.** She enters the sitting room, and pushes the door. The Hi-Fi is on and the background music is familiar:

ANNETTE V.O

*Bach, even I know what Bach is.*

**SHE HEARS** Kelly laughing:

ANNETTE V.O

*I know she's with someone else, it must be - in our flat, I'm scared: I'm cold and hot all over, shake and then stop. That only takes a few seconds. Then I push the bedroom door, which is open anyway, open another inch. **What I see** through the crack shocks me; because on the floor, or actually half on the bed and half off it I see Kelly; her head is upside down near the floor, her eyes are tight shut and she's wheezing to get breath, her legs and arse are on the bed. I see this male shape fucking her, really getting on with it; Kelly has an expression on her upside-down face that I've never seen before: a mixture of fear and ecstasy; a fixed expression. For a moment I think he's killing her, that's what it looks like because her legs are so spread he might be tearing her apart, but now I realise that they are in the final stages of ...*

**ANNETTE** wants to kill her. **SHE** goes to the kitchen and gets the big knife; tests the edge and it's fucking well blunt: Curses her luck

ANNETTE V.O

**How shall I kill her?** *I point the knife, push it against my own belly, but I lack the courage: I imagine it sliding through my breast: no... ! What shall I do? I can hear Kelly almost screaming now, gurgling as if she's drowning in blood. My blood. The fucking bitch! She's there in ecstasy and I'm dreaming of death. I don't know whether to scream or just die. I just don't know. Then I sit down and realise I'm all clammy. I'm sticking to the plastic of the kitchen chair. The fucking bitch, the fucking whore's arsehole, the cunt!!*

**PAUSE:**

*Then I hear this man's voice and it's light, with a slight gravelly sound. God ! Is that my imagination? I know that voice, don't I? But how?' I'm listening there for ages. My arse grows cold and that's uncomfortable. I know that voice: I swear blind that it's that artist, Morgan, the man I pose*

*for. My God! How? How does he ... know.? How? No, it's my imagination ... it must be!*

**PAUSE:**

*By now I've been stood there for another age.... hardly breathing ... and I've formulated a plan. At least I've got something clear. I've got to keep my nose clean with Kelly. I run around and find some of my clothes while the two of them are fumbling around in our room. Then I make a pretend entrance, a bit noisily. I hear them react. At least I think they do. I enter the sitting room like a robot and throw my clothes around like I normally do - back in the same bloody places they were five minutes before. I grab one of Kellys wigs and make myself up like a transvetite to sicken her.... I'm naked again and I push the bedroom door.*

46 INT. DAY: MORGAN. KELLY. ANNETTE. APARTMENT.

ANNETTE V.O

*Now for my grand entrance: I shall do a Kelly on her, the whore. The smell is intense, it leaves nothing to the imagination: Kelly's smell is strong and his is thick: it's like entering a tropical forest off a plane, at least that's what I imagine: or the monkey house at the Zoo. Even if I was stupid I'd know he'd been up her.*

ANNETTE

Hullo, Darlings!

ANNETTE V.O

*I say sweetly, but I don't cover myself up:*

ANNETTE

Oh! Oh, you look comfortable!

ANNETTE V.O

*But the man is Morgan. My God!*

KELLY

Oh!

ANNETTE V.O

*this time it's Kelly, the cunt; she's wondering how to tell me to fuck off without irritating Morgan, without disturbing their perfect love affair. I sit on the edge of the bed, and they are already apart. Kelly is dripping with sweat; after all it's a hot afternoon. And she's been fucking like a whore. I roll on to the bed and lie there, with my hands behind my head. My body is suddenly cool, ready.*

MORGAN

You look like Modigliani girls.  
*Morgan doesn't know what to make of it:*

ANNETTE

Well Modiglian is my middle name  
*(to Kelly)*  
God! I'm bloody whacked

KELLY

Hard day stripped?  
*says Kelly, warming up to be obscene:*

ANNETTE

Haven't had my knickers on all day!

KELLY

Lost 'em now, have you?

MORGAN

Shall I make a coffee?

ANNETTE V.O

*He's already chickening out, I can see that's he's suddenly broken out in some kind of sweat, funk. You see, I can tell. . But I have business with him, I've got a thing or two to show them both:*

ANNETTE

No, you do it, Sweetie ...

ANNETTE V.O

*I says to Kelly. She's scared that I'll tell Morgan something, anything, if she doesn't, so she clears off. Come to think of it she's probably terrified whatever she does. Which gives me a thrill. Now for the masterstroke. There isn't any time to lose, so I say to Morgan:*

ANNETTE

Shall we do it now?

ANNETTE V.O

*He's just coming as Kelly comes back in. Nice timing.*

KELLY

Now you've had us both!  
.....I made something for us  
three to drink, but I expect Annette  
doesn't need hers now

ANNETTE

Oh, that's a good one

**PAUSE:** She breaks down, a mixture of tears, sweat, tiredness, anxiety

MORGAN. *to no-one in particular*

I'm sorry,

KELLY

*Kelly and Annette look at each other.*  
Hello Darling *says Kelly, brightly.*

ANNETTE

Hello

MORGAN

I don't know what to say

KELLY

Did you enjoy it?  
*asks Kelly, brightly.*  
*Trying to cover it up somehow.*

*Her eyes are more disturbed and  
panicking than mine.*

ANNETTE

First sperm this bed's seen,

KELLY

He's my man!

ANNETTE

But you can share him wiv me

KELLY

Can I?

MORGAN

What?

ANNETTE

Keep out of this!

KELLY

What did you say?

ANNETTE

Are you looking for a fight?

KELLY

You know what I mean!

ANNETTE

Yes, I do, do you!

KELLY

Look, come here

47 INT. DAY: KELLY. ANNETTE. KITCHEN.

KELLY  
You won't say nothin'

ANNETTE  
Of course I won't

KELLY *laughs*  
Who knows ... it could be good ... somethin' new

ANNETTE  
Oh!

**Two minutes later:** ANNETTE in the kitchen MORGAN comes in, sheepishly:

MORGAN  
Shall we go out and ... eat something?

ANNETTE  
Yes  
*She wraps the kitchen towel around her and goes somewhere else in the flat.*

MORGAN  
I don't know what to say

ANNETTE  
Don't say anything you don't have to...

KELLY  
I want you now, Annette's had hers, now I want my turn

MORGAN  
I'm a bit tired

ANNETTE  
I bet you are....

KELLY  
We could have it later

48 INT. NIGHT. RESTAURANT. THE TRIO.

KELLY

Mozzarella, that's like, *Italian*, isn't it?

MORGAN

Yes

ANNETTE

Do you know Italian, Morgan?

KELLY

Course he does!

MORGAN

Well, not all that well

KELLY

I bet you do!

MORGAN

No, not all that well

KELLY

Don't keep sayin' that

MORGAN

Why not... it's true

ANNETTE

Yes, leave him alone, Kelly

KELLY

Give us some wine

MORGAN

Here

KELLY

Take me to Italy, Morgan

ANNETTE

Morgan isn't a millionaire

KELLY

You don't have to be....  
I feel like getting smashed

ANNETTE

What about you, Morgan?  
Go on!

MORGAN

I haven't got anything to say

ANNETTE

Oh!

*We chewed and drank some wine.  
We were quite high by then.*

MORGAN

D'you want to go... I mean shall  
we take a holiday... ?

KELLY

Take..!

ANNETTE

Maybe

MORGAN

What?

KELLY

Nothing

ANNETTE

Why

MORGAN

Because I have a couple of  
weeks spare that I can use

KELLY

Get him.....Spare!

MORGAN

Yes.. well?

KELLY

You heard Annette

MORGAN

We could drive

KELLY

In your car

ANNETTE

Well we could

KELLY

Just for a week

ANNETTE

Or we could drive around

KELLY

In Europe?

Oh yes *clapping her hands* Oo !

MORGAN

Look, is it alright with you?

ANNETTE

Well, why not!

ANNETTE V.O

*I mean, what else could I say, it was all set up like, wasn't it. I didn't realise I was selling myself like a piece of meat, but then neither did he.*

KELLY.

Let's go away for a couple of weeks - do you have time?

*MORGAN is affected by the Valpolicella, and it makes him analytical: he sees that the two pairs of eyes regard the point gravely, one pair distantly cloudy, the other bright but guarded.*

MORGAN

Well, we could, easily!

ANNETTE

I'd like a break from work

KELLY

So do...

ANNETTE

We..

*MORGAN suddenly felt impelled, as one does under the influence of alcohol, to play some sort or personal Truth Game*

MORGAN

Both of you are beautiful, d'you know that?

KELLY

Well...Annette is !

ANNETTE

No, *you* are

KELLY

Oh, who cares

ANNETTE

Where shall we go!

KELLY  
I want to be surprised... !

CUT TO:

49    EXT. DAY: MORGAN. KELLY. ANNETTE..  
MORGAN is reading out of a book called '**The Disappeared.**' He  
puts it down and turns.

MORGAN  
Shall we fuck?  
*He asked both of us but only I was looking at him,  
so it was like a personal invitation.*

ANNETTE  
Okay. Actually I've been thinking about it all morning

KELLY  
No!

ANNETTE  
*Looks at Kelly*  
I want to do it, I've got the itch

KELLY  
Well, at least that's something I learned you  
....you two do it then ...(jealous)

MORGAN  
Where, here?

ANNETTE  
Yeah, lets  
*drops jeans*

KELLY.  
No Knickers...You Tart!

ANNETTE

*Morgan dropped his clothes all in a pile and came over to me and started to squeeze my breasts.*

Umm... Ouch. Come on

KELLY

*Kelly is watching over the top of her book*

SITUATION: ANNETTE is having 'virtual' sex with KELLY

It made me more wet than ever to imagine Kelly watching me perform. We lay down, and he was over me. I let him crouch between my legs and lifted-up the small of my back with my hands so that my arse was a few inches above the ground, at an angle, just as Kelly had shown me. It feels like bondage, because he can use you that way too, and you can't react without losing the feeling of him up inside you. It feels good that way. Then all of a sudden I'd sighed and Morgan had thrust inside with such force that I thought I would explode, I was panting and almost crying with the shock and the sudden enjoyment. I lost all consciousness of what we were doing, I just enjoyed it so much, I even enjoyed his strength. I was enjoying watching his body ripple and heave and then fall back, become rimed in sweat. He was making those small gasps he always makes. As he began to manoeuvre himself into a rhythm, I felt my hips automatically rise to crush themselves against his pelvis.

I was near losing control ... for some reason I had a crazy thought ... what if Kelly could know what I was thinking, if she could see what I wanted of him that she couldn't give me? After all these years without feeling the need for a man, why was the sense of penetration so wonderful? I wanted as much of him as I could get. I felt the thickness of him with the end of a free finger. It was great. I wondered how long I had been panting and almost cried out loud with the shock and the sudden enjoyment. I lost all consciousness of what we were doing, I just enjoyed it so much, I even enjoyed his male weight upon me, a man's weight for the first time in years. Some sort of symbol, like. I'd never thought that I'd enjoy it with a man again. **I know** I whooped as that Orgasm overtook me. It was a big shock, only a pleasant one, unexpected, I hadn't ever thought of it. It took all my body over and made me completely happy. I smiled to myself all the next day remembering the warm rush of that feeling. Then I lay back and enjoyed the trickle start between my legs; that luxurious feeling you get with the silken skin all inflated and never ever satiated.

KELLY

*Kelly is still watching, pretending to read from the guide book.*

'Plane trees become common south of Paris,  
they are the symbols of the Route South.'

MORGAN

Oh

*. He has rolled over on the ground and  
there is a fine layer of yellow sand on his body..*

KELLY

What's that mean ?

ANNETTE

It means you're not reading the words

MORGAN

Hey you...don't be smart, Annette... lovely

50 PROCESS. TRAVEL. PARIS/ROME. THE TRIO

ANNETTE *writes:*

Paris on the Metro, at *Les Invalides*. Rome, in the *Piazzale Flaminio*.....

MORGAN *writes:*

*'.. the scent of Rome, and makes a little drawing of a foot and a hill.  
... Sudden death in the Piazza del Popolo one Hot Summer Sunday  
Afternoon. because that is what had happened that day.*

KELLY

*playing with the Polaroid:*

*It was amazing, Kelly, Morgan and I were suddenly standing there as if  
frozen. "Click", said Kelly, and the camera clicked and buzzed. We all  
laughed, and the camera sicked-up a 'photo.*

ANNETTE

Clever Camera

KELLY

Innit...!

ANNETTE'S V.O:

It's in my book. I opened the page and looked at it, yesterday. I quite like being alone, and so when the other two were asleep one hot morning I went out for a walk and crossed the Piazza Del Popolo; that was funny, because as I faltered, to like, dodge the traffic, I saw cyclists beginning to wobble and cars beginning to drift: then I noticed that everybody else was walking, ignoring *The Dance of Death*, which was how Morgan put it in a funny moment. So I walked on and ignored them, and the picture returned to normal and I survived.

Just like that.

MORGAN

Just like that!

*laughter*

Just like that, just like that!

*It was really hot. Morgan was being poetic, he stood up all naked in the bedroom one day, leaned out of the window among all the palms, the air still and thick, sleepy and unmoving,*

MORGAN *Cont.*

Palm trees danced in the summer heat

*Then he suddenly says:*

I must get out of here: I must get back to my work

*I guess our time was up. I was lying in one of those long lounge chairs and wearing sunglasses, with my eyes closed: it was on a bit of beach where you could strip, and I was naked.*

*Like I said, I caught it from Kelly, wanting to be naked.*

ANNETTE V.O:

Then I opened my eyes.

The sky was the brightest yellow you ever saw. It was an extraordinary colour, Morgan said it was Chrome Yellow. I've heard of that Somewhere before. I'll always remember it. It was after all such a beautiful June day,

Kelly's eyes, blue sky, hot sun, green grass, brown skin. And Chrome Yellow, too.

51 INT/EXT. DAY: STUDIO. MORGAN. V.O:  
TITLE:

**Navy Blue\***

*From the window of the studio the view, as I have said before, is quite  
breathtaking. Breathtaking that is for it's simplicity..  
In my reverie I recall Kelly and Annette sleeping in the shade on a hot  
afternoon while the palms moved listlessly outside, and sigh. Now I know  
their bodies, almost by heart. I'm close to them.  
And, you know, I need that intimacy. I crave that affection and closeness.  
For the first time in an age I'm beginning to be alive, feel alive. And yet  
that's dangerous. But I don't know why.  
Will that be a moment worth waiting for?  
Nirvana - is it worth waiing for - or is it waiting for us?*

**Thursday\***

52 INT. DAY: AGENCY. MORGAN.  
TITLE:

SUSIE

Wow, you're brown

MORGAN.

Well, I'm Foreign anyway

MORGAN V.O:

The client's secretary who's called  
Terry sits down in the outer office,  
and gives me a slow, long, Kisprufe smile.  
While we, the Creative Team and the Client,  
go into my office. Terry, jiggles around as if  
she has a vibrator up her skirt. Maybe she has.  
She sighs and looks pale. Her smile says: "*Long Lunch ?*",  
and I cancel it out of my mind.

53 INT. DAY: AGENCY. BOARDROOM TABLE. MORGAN. V.O:  
They are looking through Sed-Cards:

A/D 1  
Got it!  
*making a mark with his pencil*  
"Wow.. she's nice  
*They turn over a few more Cards.*

A/D 1 Cont.  
I like the tall one

MORGAN  
It's like buying meat in a market

A/D 1  
Which would you like.. the ham or the beef!

CLIENT  
No, I like the blonde one

MORGAN  
Yeah, she's free on Wednesday

CLIENT  
Well, let's set it up, then!

A/D 1  
Lovely

CLIENT  
Do you think she fucks?

MORGAN  
She might if you offered her enough reason to.  
*Susie, my P.A., takes the cards and disappears*  
*to 'phone the agents, twisting her top lip at me*  
*without making a sound.*

CLIENT  
Okay.

MORGAN

Like another drink?

A/D 1

Yeah, it's been a hard day

CLIENT

What I'd give to be surrounded by beautiful girls all day!

MORGAN

Me too!

A/D 1

All your money?

MORGAN

And hear them tell you their troubles?

CLIENT

Well, perhaps no ...

*The crown cork clicked and something fizzed.*

*The boardroom is wood panelled and contains a folding Italian-designed table which dissappears with great speed when that is what is required.*

*The room is lined with pictures from campaigns which the Agency has completed successfully in the last year or so. That is our only qualification, the pursuit of gain. We're seeking the darkness and the coolness of this room. I rest there a moment with the Client, clutching our cool drinks, and let the relative calm seep in to us.*

MORGAN

Have you seen *Sleeping with the Enemy*?

CLIENT

No, but I made a new years resolution to do that last year...

MORGAN

There're so many movies I want to see..

CLIENT

Let's get together at the week end and see one

MORGAN

Yes, we could make a party of it

CLIENT

Fine, ... by the way are you married..?

MORGAN

I was.. but I'll bring some one

CLIENT

Great!... I'll tell the Wife ..

54 INT. EVENING: CLIENTS HOUSE. MORGAN. &tc:  
TITLE:

**Saturday\***

KELLY

Hard

CLIENT

Hard?

MORGAN

Babe

KELLY

No, no say *Babe*

MORGAN

I can't say it like that

CLIENTS WIFE

Well, try

MORGAN

Babe!

CLIENTS WIFE

That's better

CLIENT

Hey, that's good

CLIENTS WIFE

Mmm

KELLY

I think so too

CLIENT

You see, Kelly... you could be a Model

CLIENTS WIFE

Only we're too old

CLIENT.

Don't be stupid

CLIENTS WIFE

We're the girls and we know!

CLIENT

Is that so!

KELLY

Well, I *was* but sometimes I got kind of sore

CLIENT

Oh Yes? Yes-Oh!

CLIENTS WIFE

Well!

KELLY

Oh Yes

**The room is long;** clothed in deep rose and glittering with dark secrets, like the dining table in Rosewood, and the signed pictures by Bailey on the wall to the left of the sofa.

MORGAN *to Wife*

Tell me, I know this is silly, but where is the T.V?

CLIENTS WIFE

Oh, in a little space next door.  
*She gestures as if embarrassed.*

MORGAN

Oh, I just wondered where Bob would put it, after  
all we've made enough Ads together!

KELLY

They're right about Champagne!

MORGAN

Oh, what ?

KELLY

It makes girls dance..

CLIENT

I know that one !

KELLY

*And drop their pants !*

CLIENT

Oh, ho, ho.!

KELLY

But some of them drop their pants anyway.

CLIENT

Ho ho ho !

KELLY

If they're wearing any!

CLIENTS WIFE

Oh, you're being silly Darling

KELLY

Ouch!

*Morgan has kicked Kelly, but the client and his wife are so wrapped up in the laughter they caught from Morgan that they don't see their eyes angrily interacting.*

*Morgan stands out in the garden while Bob and the Wife are doing something - in the bar. Kelly is approaching him, having straightened her dress in the toilet. Vivaldi spills out everywhere, and the cooling air is full of the sweet perfume of honey-blossom.*

KELLY *quite drunk.*  
Like the smell?

MORGAN  
It's wonderful  
*meaning the air.*

KELLY  
I smell of sex  
*Flatly*

MORGAN  
Didn't you wash after we made love?

KELLY  
I didn't have time - we wasn't makin love -and I'm gooey.

MORGAN  
It doesn't matter, I like your smell.

KELLY  
It's nice to be here wiv you...

MORGAN  
It is

KELLY  
What's the music

MORGAN  
Vivaldi

KELLY

Oh, that

MORGAN

Look at the stars... you can't see them from town

KELLY

Couldn't see a darn thing yesterday

MORGAN

It's darker out here

KELLY

Is it?

MORGAN

Of course, can't you see!

KELLY

*For a moment they listen to the music.*

I must get this album

MORGAN

I'll get it for you

KELLY

Thanks Darlin'

MORGAN

I like to get you things

KELLY

I like to give it to you

MORGAN

But you like it too, don't you?

KELLY

Yes but..

MORGAN

Shush  
*Morgan kisses her eyelids.*

KELLY  
Do you want to fuck me?

MORGAN  
Listen... I like you very much

KELLY  
Come on and fuck me then.. here... I don't care  
*She begins to pull-up her dress.*

MORGAN  
Darling, it's the wrong time.. listen, later

KELLY  
Are we stayin'

MORGAN  
We'll see, later, just relax and enjoy

KELLY  
I need somethin' up me... urgently!

MORGAN  
Listen Darling, relax

KELLY  
Oh, Okay... only I thought....  
*They are kissing against the  
limewashed pink of an old garage wall.*  
Ouch !

MORGAN  
What a night !

KELLY  
Black and blue, like my arse!

MORGAN

Navy Blue.

KELLY

Is it?

MORGAN

Yes, it is

KELLY

How come you get rough,  
sometimes ... you're ever so strong!

MORGAN

Oh, I'm sorry

KELLY

Don't be sorry, I want you to  
be strong with me, *like a Bull!*

MORGAN

He kisses her neck.  
*"Toro! Toro!"*

KELLY

Look at the moon in the pond - Look at us

MORGAN

Look ? What d'you mean, Honey?

KELLY

I mean.... I mean, *what about us.. !*

MORGAN

You sound doomy

KELLY

I've been thinkin'

MORGAN

And?

KELLY

And I think... well I don't know what to think

MORGAN

Well, that's being decisive!

KELLY

Do what?

MORGAN

Nothing

KELLY

No, I mean... I mean that we should do something... I know it's soon, like, but I think the clock's goin' to run out on us as well

MORGAN

We can stay together

KELLY

What about Annette

MORGAN

I don't know.. I mean... you could move in to my flat for a while, and see how it goes

KELLY

Oh, that's a good idea!

MORGAN

Fine then... but keep your flat going just in case

KELLY

Yeah, just in case!

MORGAN

Well, you know what I mean

KELLY

Shall we tell Bob and the Wife!

MORGAN

Shush !.. we're supposed to be cool, like them

KELLY *sniggers*

Do you like it when I wear a quarter cup bra?.....

I bet they're pumping away in the back room

MORGAN

Think so?

KELLY

She was horny as a toad... and  
he was longing to suck something!

MORGAN

It must be our influence

KELLY

Well, she's got to earn her keep, hasn't she?

MORGAN

Inspiration!

KELLY

What's Annette to do?

MORGAN

I guess...

KELLY

You'd like the both of us... come on, own  
up - you would, wouldn't you !

MORGAN

I was thinking more of you two

KELLY

Did you know we was lovers?

MORGAN

You're lovers! God, No!  
I never realised... I thought....

KELLY

You thought we just enjoyed  
sharing men? ... come off it!

MORGAN

Well, I don't care about that...  
I mean I thought you two were.....

KELLY

Nice little shorthand typists who get long  
lunches fridays so we can fuck men for money?

MORGAN

I never thought like that ...well, do you want to  
stay together.. or will you split.. or what?

KELLY

I'm sure Annette wants to fuck you. She's  
jealous of me.. but she hasn't had a man  
for years... so she feels good with you ..  
anyway she told me she likes you,  
friendly like.

MORGAN

Well, I don't mind.. I mean  
I'm not against the idea

KELLY

Course not, you can get your oats at both ends

MORGAN

But, well what about.?

KELLY

About what?

MORGAN

Oh, nothing... only I thought

you wanted a sort of *normal* sort of relationship?

KELLY

course I do.. but you've talked  
your way round it now!

MORGAN

We should ask Annette

KELLY

Listen, she don't have no choice

MORGAN

She doesn't have a choice..?

CLIENT

*Bob was suddenly standing next to them:*  
There you are

KELLY

Puffed, are you then, Bob?

MORGAN

Very, definately!

MORGAN

Well, we haven't missed you..We're deep in thought

CLIENT

Decided anything

KELLY

We're sort of engaged

MORGAN

My God! ...I thought you'd never ask!

CLIENT

About time too!... stable family life and all that!

KELLY

Oh definately..*family* life and all that!

CLIENTS WIFE

*appears, smoothing her dress*

Hullo!

CLIENT.

They're sort of engaged!

KELLY

What you laughing at?

CLIENT

You

KELLY

Me?

CLIENT

You

KELLY

*Oh... Kelly was about to say 'Fuck Off',  
Morgan pre-empts her and kicks her ankle.*

Oh.. fuck!

CLIENT

She's hurt her ankle

CLIENTS WIFE

Oh, let me look at it

55     INT/EXT. DAY: STUDIO. MORGAN. V.O:

TITLE:

*I work in the stifling tower all the next day, Wednesday, and at around  
four in the afternoon Susie tells me that I have a call:*

SUSIE

It's that cockney girl

KELLY

Hullo.. Wearing much?

MORGAN

What're you up to?

KELLY

Oh, just in a bathroom being  
shaved while someone looks on

MORGAN

Well, I hope the audience clap until they bleed!

KELLY

Apparently it contains the most famous  
man in the History of the World.  
Actually, I'm bored and I've nobody to  
pose for, and it's fuckin' hot and I need a man....

MORGAN

Well, if you want to..

KELLY

No, I don't want to work today...  
I'd like to go to the Park.. would you?

MORGAN

What about Regent's Park ... tell you what, I'll  
meet you by the ice-cream stall on The Broadwalk

KELLY

Yeah, it's sunny, isn't it, I can do a  
bit of sunbathing before then

MORGAN

Don't get bitten

KELLY

Only you're allowed to bite me, now!

MORGAN

Good.

KELLY

Can't you say nothin'?

MORGAN

Of course..not!

KELLY

Oh

MORGAN

Don't let it worry you.. O.K.?

KELLY

Oh, Alright

56 EXT. DAY: MORGAN, KELLY, REGENTS PARK.

MORGAN V.O.

*When I arrive puffed at the Broadwalk entrance on the Inner Circle, Kelly is eating an outsize ice cream and she looks bad tempered:*

MORGAN

Are you in a mood?

KELLY

Oh, it's nothin'!

MORGAN

My P.A was listening, and she likes gossip

KELLY

Oh

MORGAN

Annette?

KELLY

I said *nothin'*, didn't I!  
*she produces a rose*  
I mugged a Park Keeper!

*Kelly is looking at two dogs mating,*

KELLY

Some women never have one...  
and I have them all the time!

MORGAN

What... Org-

KELLY

No, silly - *massages!*  
*Someone is playing a game – Kelly*  
*calls this game Softball. Or so she tells me.*  
*I'm thinking about the Absolute Blue of*  
*her eyes, trying to give it a name.*

KELLY.

Oh, Fuck You!  
*Kelly gives them two fingers.*  
Fuck You

MORGAN

Hey, leave them!

KELLY

Are you too old to fight, smartarse?

*We find suddenly that we are kissing: when next, a thousand years later, I*  
*look up, the Softball players have given up being mock aggressive and*  
*carried on playing.*

MORGAN

God! Sometimes I feel you're dangerous!

KELLY

But you don't know just *how* dangerous!

*with a smile that challenges* MORGAN

MORGAN

Well, show me how dangerous, then

KELLY

I'm dangerous in bed

MORGAN

Well, shall we

KELLY

I want to fuck in your car

MORGAN

Hey, you have such good ideas!

KELLY

I'm wearing my short skirt for easy access

MORGAN

Oh, Good!

KELLY

Don't laugh or you won't get it!

MORGAN

Well, I didn't mean to...

KELLY

How d'you want it?

*They kiss against a tree*

Give me your hand

*which means she wants me to play with her clitoris*

Not There, Here!

*She oozes up against my knuckles*

MORGAN.

Sweets for my sweet

KELLY

Don't be too smart

MORGAN

No, show me how *smart* you are..!

KELLY

Well ..... I'll show you something *really* dangerous ... later

*Later, as the sun begins to cool we drive to a Bar she knows. We both have that smart brown skin that the evening light illuminates in the summer.*

KELLY

Look, I'm undecided about this

MORGAN

What?

KELLY

This could be too risky

MORGAN

Come on, don't be chicken

KELLY

I'm not chicken

MORGAN

Listen, I want to have a drink, I'm thirsty and it's been a long hot day.

KELLY

You'll get more than you bargained for –

I could get to love you

*A beat*

I need a drink, lots of it!

59 INT. EVENING: CLUB. MORGAN. V.O.:

*The traffic is light and I guess that most people have tried to get out of Central London to savour the balmy air. I Never guessed that there was a Bar where Kelly takes me. The Bar looks nice, bright, pink neons: just around the back of Berkeley Square. Glossy. Glass and lacquer, dark carpets with woven corporate patterns. Richly put together. There are eyes at the bar; she is known by a man with gold around his fingers, heavy gold watch and insulting insular eyes. Money on his mind.*

KELLY

Why are we here ?

MORGAN

Just because

KELLY

I'm thirsty

MORGAN

People make money here

KELLY

Mostly female people

MORGAN

Right

*One of the girls greets her as if she knows her. There is a conversation, during which glances are exchanged. The glances are not entirely of a supportive kind. Then we rise from our bar stools and walk past a previously unseen black velvet partition into a second, more secluded bar. A girl in a low-cut black dress swoops one hand over the bar and picks something up, stooping as she does so. Morgan sees the whole ovals of her breasts expose themselves by their bulk, and the ovoid of a nipple peeks up against the interior discomfort of the coarse fabric. A large empty screen flickers in one wall, as if it is gathering energy, known only to itself.*

KELLY

I know all the people here ... this is like, the Members bar.

MORGAN

Well, who was that, then ?

KELLY

Don't ask if you don't want to hear  
*I hear that; curiosity killed the cat!*

MORGAN

Well ?

KELLY

Sometimes I used to work here

MORGAN

Behind the Bar?

KELLY

Umm

MORGAN

Oh

KELLY

Yeah

MORGAN

That's the wrong way round

KELLY

You're flash sometimes... you know?

MORGAN

Fuck knows

KELLY

I need a drink

MORGAN

Right

KELLY

A Vodka Orange

MORGAN  
Why not Champagne?

KELLY  
Makes girls dance...

MORGAN.  
What ?

KELLY  
Makes girls dance - and drop their pants!

MORGAN  
*Deja Vu!*

KELLY  
Wassat?

MORGAN  
I've heard that somewhere before

KELLY  
You are fuckin' smart, in't you

MORGAN  
No

KELLY  
What  
MORGAN  
I like it!

KELLY  
Think it's creative?

MORGAN  
Now you're being smart!

**TALK continues**, never finding the focus it's actually seeking.  
Meanwhile, Morgan's eyes seek the girl at the bar and when she passes,

each time she passes, he watches the way her body moves slightly disconnectedly. Like the Girl from Ipanema. But not in a song.

KELLY

Well!

KELLY

Tell me?

KELLY

*She looks up and to her left.*

About?

MORGAN

About your life

KELLY

You think it's as simple as that?

*She looks down and to her right*

MORGAN

What do you think?

KELLY

I'm not thinking any more

*The eyes are a little glazed.*

MORGAN

Good

KELLY

Well

MORGAN

Stop thinking and tell me  
anything that goes through your head

KELLY

Like a TV

MORGAN

Just like a TV-or that TV

KELLY

Like one of your fuckin' Adverts.

MORGAN

Just like one of my fucking Ad's

KELLY

Right

MORGAN

Well

KELLY

I was there...

MORGAN

On a large TV Screen..

KELLY.

Go On

MORGAN

No, first I'll watch... is that you?

KELLY

You guess then... asshole!

*There is a video-pale flickering in her eyes,  
perhaps a second of fear or less, fright.*

KELLY

Well, well!.

*The girl in the black dress is disinterestedly  
cleaning a tabletop, smiling at Kelly, sharing a secret.*

KELLY

Nice try!

*The girl in the black dress grinds her hips down as if she is mounting a man.*

KELLY *laughs.*  
Nice bumps!

MORGAN  
Makes a difference from shooting up!

KELLY  
What does that mean?

MORGAN  
Nothing!

KELLY  
I hate him

MORGAN  
Who?

KELLY  
That geezer over there ... he's a pimp.. a fuckin' pimp

MORGAN  
Well... ?

KELLY  
He makes you do... things you don't want to do.  
*Kelly shifts her butt on the seat because while our attention has been diverted the screen has changed:*

KELLY  
Look at this one.. they play it every night!

MORGAN  
Every night?

KELLY

Watch - you get a taste for these things.

ON SCREEN a man and a woman are screwing, she astride him, athletic, as if she is riding a horse

MORGAN

Did you enjoy it?

KELLY

None of the girls like what he makes  
them do ... but the money is good  
*She shivers as if an ice cube has just  
been shuffled along her backbone.*  
I hate that ... Don't you? ... it's too ... rough.

*The girl in the black dress walks back towards  
the bar and absent-mindedly uncreases her  
crotch where it contacts the fabric of the dress.*

*KELLY smiles sweetly at MORGAN*

KELLY

Gambling.

MORGAN

Gambling ?

KELLY

It's all a fuckin' gamble.

MORGAN

What else are you doing tonight?

KELLY

Oh.. I don't know. *Having the odd fuck*

MORGAN

Shall we..

KELLY  
I don't do ..

MORGAN  
Do what?

KELLY  
Nothing

MORGAN  
Eh?

KELLY  
There's nothing I won't do for you.. nothin'!

MORGAN  
Oh, I like that

KELLY  
Just ask well ... any ideas

MORGAN  
Ideas eh?!

KELLY  
*A moment, just like a laugh, but not one.*  
I told you I'd do anything

MORGAN  
I ... my mind's blank now!

KELLY  
Go-on then

MORGAN  
Okay..

KELLY  
Well ?

MORGAN

What can I say

KELLY  
Anything

MORGAN  
In the car... now!

KELLY  
If you say so!  
*She laughs. She makes a detour, reaches into her bag  
and extracts a small plastic bottle as she passes  
through the entrance door to the toilet.*

60 INT. DAY: MORGAN. KELLY. ANNETTE. APARTMENT.

ANNETTE has gone somewhere, MORGAN, on his way back from work has called on KELLY and now they are together, puzzles in both their minds. Now he sits hunched up and yet open. She is almost demure dressed in skirt, shoes, except that she has no top or bra. Kelly is sitting upon the bed and doing her makeup in the inadequate wall mirror; so sometimes she has to strain forward a little. They've been talking abstractedly, about this and that, while she has re-crossed the room and made something to drink ... the normal things everyone does.

MORGAN  
From? Where?

**KELLY** holds a secret finger to her lips, telling him to be discrete.

KELLY  
I don't know, the whole thing

KELLY hunches her shoulders the better to see her mouth move as she applies the glossy red lipstick...

KELLY  
.....I don't know ... the whole thing ... changed!

MORGAN

Where does that come from?

KELLY *shakes her head in a wide arc*

You won't say?

MORGAN

I don't think I have any more!

KELLY

Nothing more to say?

MORGAN

What would you say

KELLY

What would I say? ... I'm asking!...I'd say ... nothing  
*She makes a shape with her mouth and wipes down one side with a  
Kleenex to make the line sharp.*

MORGAN

Well, whatever makes you feel comfortable

KELLY

No but I want to get back to that

MORGAN

Well, it's an... intriguing idea

KELLY

You won't tell me that story!  
I don't think I have any more

MORGAN

No more?

KELLY

Yeah..more

MORGAN

Like?

KELLY

Like time ... like ... life ... besides  
there're things I want to do

MORGAN

Things? Really

KELLY

Really, bloody really!

MORGAN

Finally, really

KELLY

Don't fuck around

MORGAN

Sorry

KELLY

Oh, my fuckin' life's a mess!.....Does that upset you?

MORGAN

Where does that come from?.

KELLY

So, you think I'm going to tell a story .... that's what you're thinking!

MORGAN

Well ... I always think the other thing first

KELLY

Is it really that?

Why did we meet the way we did?

MORGAN

*Ask ... Morgan casts around with his eyes .. ask God!*

KELLY

Why?

MORGAN  
Because *He* must know

KELLY  
Suppose He's not around that day?

MORGAN  
Well .... well, for one, I have no time for these Courtship Rituals

KELLY  
Huh!

MORGAN  
Well, I can offer you a theory

KELLY  
I'm sure, fuckin' sure, of that

MORGAN  
The first thing you said to me

KELLY  
I said...

MORGAN  
No, it doesn't matter..

KELLY  
Do you like to see two women together?

MORGAN  
Yes

KELLY  
Well, so do I!

MORGAN  
What colour is your skirt?

KELLY  
Why ?

MORGAN  
Don't look down

KELLY  
Watch what you're doing

MORGAN  
Why ?

KELLY  
Because I said you should

MORGAN  
Oh

KELLY  
OOH!

MORGAN  
More

KELLY  
Are you looking for trouble, buster! What the hell ...!  
... don't think I have any more... I'm just me.

MORGAN  
Does that upset you?

KELLY  
You ask too many fucking questions ...  
I mean, where is this fuckin' going?

MORGAN  
Nowhere ... I want to know about you.  
I like you, even your underwear !

KELLY  
Especially my underwear, Okay.

So, you think you're going to tell a story -  
one of your fucking adverts about ideal moments,  
perfect imaginary loves and successfully fulfilled needs  
... all nicely sanitary and cool and unaffected by fact ...  
by poverty or ... that's what you're thinking!

MORGAN

Well ... no ... but I know what you feel ... and you're right!

KELLY

Fuck you! ... I always think the other thing first

MORGAN

Well, I can offer you a theory

KELLY

Go on !

MORGAN

Life is a circle.. and we're just  
wankers trapped in the cycle of it

KELLY

... and I could see that if you was-

**She stops** as if there's someone else in the room.

KELLY *continued*

I feel like I'm bein' watched

MORGAN

I'm taping the lot, the sex is best, I get the most cash for it!

KELLY

Well, reckon you could get it up in the lights?

MORGAN

Dunno

KELLY

I get wet as anything if someone's watching

You do things to me, things ... like ... well I guess it would add up to something ... well, that was the way it should be. It could always be like that ....

MORGAN

You're talking in morse code

KELLY

Digital

MORGAN

Fucking digital, then

KELLY

I want to tape us fucking

MORGAN

I want to go out and then suck your tits

KELLY

As long as you give me a 'photo of it

61 INT. NIGHT: MORGAN. KELLY. 606 CLUB.

They've eaten and they're hunched over the table by the coffee machine, listening to a combination of the music from the far end of the room and the kitchen sounds which swell from over her shoulder. The owner, Steve, keeps apologising profusely about the table, but has done nothing about it at all. Still, it'll do for them, and the music is good. They eat and drink some wine. Renée comes over and talks to them and then goes

MORGAN *to Renée,*  
We're almost related

*He does not elaborate: Renée is laughing and buys them both a drink. Privately, Kelly puts that down as just one more secret that he's got. That makes him more unexplored, anyway. Kelly looks at Morgan and thinks about him beside her in bed. She smiles. There are traces of lipstick on his nose, and Kelly shines them away with a finger and a movement of her imperfect nose.*

*Now, it's very late and they've been drinking for a long time, meanwhile  
the music has died.*

*They both drink deeply, looking into each other's eyes.*

*This seems to be a transaction he's had before.*

MORGAN

I know what you mean

KELLY

Can we talk about..

MORGAN

We'll talk about anything you want

KELLY

*She smiles.*

Anything?

MORGAN

You don't know anything about me

KELLY

*Anything*

MORGAN

Simply that, fuck it all

KELLY

You're showing signs of the strain

MORGAN

No I'm not!

KELLY

Okay, then.

MORGAN

Well, you can ask me... *anything*

KELLY

I don't want to get too dangerous.

MORGAN

You're a dangerous sort

KELLY

You've met me before then

MORGAN

Only on the screen

KELLY

So you have a double life

MORGAN

*Fuckin'* multiple life

KELLY

On the screen - When I'm on my back

MORGAN

Or..

KELLY

Or on my nose with my arse in the air

MORGAN

And what happens then

KELLY

Then I feel that at least I'm alive

MORGAN

But now..?

KELLY

You're feeding me words

MORGAN

Well ?

KELLY

But now I'm running out of fuckin' rope

MORGAN

Yes

KELLY

I'm past that stage

MORGAN

What stage are you in -

KELLY

The stage of fucking someone because  
of what I feel for them ... I'm changing

*She was going to say panicking,  
but that would give too much away.*

MORGAN

*feels that*

KELLY

...Panicking

MORGAN

Not exactly

KELLY.

Don't cover up

MORGAN

I've no real regrets

KELLY

Well, I don't regret either

MORGAN

Well, that's good

KELLY

But still you're sidling away from asking me

MORGAN  
Were you a whore?

KELLY  
Were you?

MORGAN  
Only for money

KELLY  
Only?

MORGAN  
Only to Ideas

KELLY  
...that's what being a whore's all about  
Ask that girl in the black dress don't ask me

MORGAN  
Were you?

KELLY  
Only if I had to be

MORGAN  
Tell me..

KELLY  
*She wrinkles her nose.*  
So you're not perfect either

MORGAN  
Were you?

KELLY  
I told you.. only when I had to be

MORGAN  
Oh

KELLY

And don't ask me how many..

MORGAN

No, I won't then

*Another Drink. They're drunk enough by now to  
regret beginning this talk.*

KELLY

But you like fucking me

MORGAN

I'm the type

KELLY

What does that mean ?

MORGAN

That means I want you

KELLY *Her turn to doubt.*

Oh!

MORGAN

All those things before our time together ...  
just forget them ... it's the way we behave  
towards each other now that means  
something, nothing else.

*He looks across the table at her, his recollection a little stirred. He hates  
her, the way she undresses and then the way she positions herself, settles  
down like a duck over his mouth. Tastes of something he likes, like ice  
cream.... Her secrets frighten him.  
Her face. Her nose is a little flat.*

MORGAN

You look like a tomboy to me, sometimes ...  
like when I was a kid in the  
playground. I understand how you think.

KELLY  
How old are you?

MORGAN  
Older than I said.

KELLY  
I know that... You liar!

MORGAN  
What about you?..... Me too

KELLY  
Well?

MORGAN  
Well, you should never ask a divorced man his age!

KELLY  
You're behaving like a neurotic tart

MORGAN  
I'm 40 then.....well?

KELLY  
*There's a hint of surprise on her face.*  
Well ... *fuck me!*

MORGAN  
How old are you?

KELLY  
Don't ask

MORGAN  
I'm asking

KELLY  
Well ... older than Annette... only just  
*It felt like a cold hand on her shoulder as she said it.*

MORGAN  
Now you're a liar

KELLY  
Oh?

MORGAN  
Just *Oh!* ... like that?

KELLY  
Just Oh...

*MORGAN looks at her flatly, as if seeking the truth,  
which he fancies he already knows  
..don't tell me, I know .. I've missed the bus..!*

MORGAN  
You mean the ...

KELLY  
Well, you know what I mean

MORGAN  
Yes  
*Silence between them while the music boomed on:*

KELLY  
I feel sick

MORGAN  
Have a tomato juice and Worcester

KELLY  
Yes  
*Her stomach feels as if she will throw up.  
KELLY exits to the toilet, sticks a  
finger down her throat and throws up.*

MORGAN  
*to Renée*  
Hey Wolfie! Was macht's du dann!

*he had fetched her the drink, laced with hot  
chili sauce. She swallows it in one gulp  
to KELLY*

Better?

KELLY

No, now I won't be able to sit down for a week - and make sure you wash  
all the chilli off your fingers or you'll burn my muff to bits !

MORGAN

Stomach still sick ... ?

KELLY

No, but now my fuckin' life is sick!

MORGAN

No it isn't

KELLY

Yes it is, you fuckin' bastard !

MORGAN

You're imagining that I've conned you..  
that I've got some advantage on you

KELLY

Yes, you fuckin' have!

MORGAN

Look, I didn't mean to!

KELLY

Well, you have!

MORGAN

Shall we leave?

KELLY

No, I want to stay here!

MORGAN

Well, we'll stay then

KELLY  
No, I want to go, now

MORGAN  
Well, we'll go then

KELLY.  
But there's one thing I want to say

MORGAN  
Say it outside

KELLY  
The slight shape of your nose against  
the light makes you look really sexy

MORGAN  
I love your voice

KELLY  
Ask me a stupid question

MORGAN  
What? Open your legs

KELLY  
Well?

MORGAN  
Go on! I've nothing more to ask at  
the moment, I'm just getting my eyeful

KELLY  
Bloody Pervert

MORGAN  
Open your legs a little wider

KELLY

Umm  
*She obeys.*

MORGAN  
Go on

KELLY  
Mmm

MORGAN  
Up a bit

KELLY  
Ouch

MORGAN  
You're really hot

KELLY  
Girls are always wet!  
*She laughs.*

MORGAN  
Wonderful

KELLY  
It'll be wonderful when I sit  
on your face later!.

MORGAN  
Even wonderful-ler

62 INT/EXT. EVENING:.. MORGAN. V.O:

*Outside the shadows were beginning to fall. The cars moved past with their sidelights on and warm air billowed around them as they moved together, her hand slipped into his and she felt each slim finger flex against his. It gave her a secret warmth in her stomach to think that they*

*were together, joined in some secret way that only he or she or they could know. She flexed her fingers to ain his attention and looked up at him, and he looked down at her and smiled.*

KELLY

You shouldn't be romancing with your nude

MORGAN

Model

KELLY

More people have seen me  
stripped than with me clothes on

MORGAN

Well?

KELLY

What do you think of?

MORGAN

You mean, at times like now?

KELLY

Yeah

MORGAN

I don't know.. I wait for things to come into my mind

KELLY

Oh come on, there's lots going on in that head of yours

MORGAN

Why?

KELLY

Because I think of things

MORGAN

Oh, yes?

KELLY

I mean, do you feel sore about your ex ..?

MORGAN

Well, yes I do, really sore

KELLY

Good

MORGAN

Oh?

KELLY

Stinkin' sore

MORGAN

Bruised, blue, sore

KELLY

Only that?

MORGAN

Bloody Magenta sore

KELLY

Good

MORGAN

That's enough, then?

KELLY

Yes

**Silence.** The Sun made ready to rise from behind the bridge.

MORGAN

What about you?

KELLY

Sometimes I know I've blown it

MORGAN

So you're the only one -I've  
wasted too much bloody time

KELLY

Well, we could like, make up the mess, couldn't we?"

MORGAN

I want you in my bed

KELLY

On Magenta sheets

MORGAN

I want you on magenta sheets in my bed

**THE SUN** struggles up over the concrete and brick, now scarlet and now  
magenta as it encountered a belt of mist.

KELLY

We could get away again somewhere,  
for a couple of weeks shall we ?

62 INT/EXT. DAY: MORGAN. KELLY. ANNETTE. AMBRUSCO.

TITLE

**Scarlet Ribbons\***

*They call the Island Ambrusco. Ambrusco lies deep in the thick blues of  
the Tyrhennian Sea, bordered for a hundred thousand years only by the  
sigh of the Sea itself and surrounded from season to season only by winter  
humidity and summer heat.*

*The Apartment itself is an arrangement of the simplest of shapes,  
and the room where they are this night is itself perfectly square, the walls  
absolutely white with heavy strokes of limewash.*

*The block the apartment is in, is another correspondingly perfect square, part of two which form an oblong, with equal rows of windows and balconies on this side of the island. The paint on the outside walls is rather tattered from winter sea-spray and the silence at dawn is almost complete. Completely ovoid.*

*The perfect Cerulean Sky was filled with fine-edged Macro Clouds today.*

*Only the Sea can be clearly heard. Shapeless.*

*This unequal Island, its foundation being of volcanic rock, supports a group of structures of varying antiquity and modernity and the breeze-block built building, which is one of four, set into the surface skin of the quadrilateral body of the rock.*

*The Island itself then, is a mushroom-shaped plug sitting on an undersea cliff rising from the seabed.*

*For that reason its coast is rocky and ragged, and the sea on the east side savage and unpredictable.*

*Still, the Island of Ambrusco is bordered by dense almost white sands, which only fall away into deep water several hundred metres out to sea. Few know that. Fishermen don't venture close for the reason that they lose their nets from a fierce undertow that starts at that point and plunges to where nobody knows. At least, that's the rumour.*

*The reason being that the water is a thousand feet deep. In-between strides it is possible to move from a depth of fifteen to one of a thousand feet.*

*Some coasts are treacherous, though beautiful, like this one.*

*The window to the room which Kelly and Annette are in is open, longer than square, being based on the golden section, and is painted green, as are all the others on this island. The door is open too, and the bare globe of the light in the centre of the ceiling of the next room, a square, is on.*

*Kelly and Annette sit in the room because Morgan's gone away, for the day, to visit some friends. They've been drinking brandy, 'Vecchia Romagna'. There's silence, with the inevitable sound of the Sea as a background. A lost, soft, hot wind, fragrant as Africa, batters through the window, round the squares, and moves the air in the room.. Kelly and Annette have begun to talk and for a moment they have fallen silent. The fragrance means nothing to them, as it would to Morgan, who has smelt Africa.*

KELLY  
Where's he gone?

ANNETTE

He's just gone, that's all!

KELLY.

He didn't say much

ANNETTE

Why - has Morgan disappeared?

KELLY

Don't be daft ! he's told me!

ANNETTE

I never trusted him that much

KELLY

That's an odd thing to say

ANNETTE

No, he always strikes me that way because I found this really strange book of his.. look.. it's like a sort of diary...

KELLY

That's his notebook! And he's left his money.

ANNETTE

You can get money anywhere!..anyway, maybe he's had enough of us once he's had both of us

KELLY

Don't talk crap Annette...are you mad ?

ANNETTE

No, maybe he's done a bunk !

KELLY

I think you're mad!... anyway we're all having a great time

ANNETTE

Yes but it *was* great

KELLY  
Oh, don't talk crap!

ANNETTE  
Anyway, I could tell he's using us... just think  
...if he's gone, we can stay together

KELLY  
Bullshit!

ANNETTE  
No, I mean it... maybe now  
we can get on with our life

KELLY  
What a thing to say!

ANNETTE  
No, I mean I think he's just a dreamer, Kelly, really.

KELLY  
No he isn't

ANNETTE  
Yes he is-look, at his wierd notebook *look at it!*

KELLY  
Oh !

ANNETTE  
I never trusted him that much

KELLY  
What?

ANNETTE  
I mean .... He always struck me that  
way because I found that book ages  
ago... he always kept it in the glove

box in the car... ....I reckon he'd had  
enough of it - once he'd had both of us

KELLY

Stop saying that... anyway it's great ...  
how's you know it was his..?

ANNETTE

I reckon it must have been.. his name's inside

KELLY

Oh, so it is - is that his writing? ... that looks different

ANNETTE

I reckoned he was going to leave.. and this  
book is a bit of the puzzle

KELLY

He wouldn't have left without it, would he?

ANNETTE

Why not.. he's gone just like that

KELLY

But he'll be back

ANNETTE

No he won't!

KELLY

What makes you so certain

ANNETTE

I just know him thats all-I'd be amazed  
if he came in suddenly

KELLY

You're mad!

ANNETTE

... I reckon he's done a bunk!

KELLY

No, it can't be bloody true

ANNETTE

It can be if he wrote this

KELLY

But he'll be back

ANNETTE

No he won't

KELLY

You seem really certain

ANNETTE

I just got to know him

KELLY

I know him really well, too

ANNETTE

No

KELLY

I said I did!

ANNETTE

But if he wrote all this?

KELLY

Yes, but people like him write all sorts  
of things-you write things too,I know,  
I've seen them.

ANNETTE

No thats different

KELLY

Why

ANNETTE

Because I don't take them seriously

KELLY

Well he didn't-I mean he never mentioned it

ANNETTE

Why should he.. look here

KELLY

What does it all mean?  
what does it matter?

ANNETTE

It matters because it means something

KELLY

So, what does it mean?

ANNETTE

It means that its going to get cold now  
and that you'll need me to keep you warm

KELLY

that's all your fucking' imagination

ANNETTE

What if it is?

**There's silence** for some time. Now the shadows have hardened, and Annette pours out some more 'Vecchia Romagna' and sits in the shadows. Kelly has been thinking: she says:

KELLY

Well what do I do.. what *can* I do ...  
think about it, for fucks sake ..  
look at me.. what will I get now?

ANNETTE

But you're lovely ... don't knock what *we've*  
got .. after all it's beautiful

KELLY

Beauty fades, and that's  
what I'm worried about  
*She starts to touch her face, then  
puts her hands down on the table.*

ANNETTE

The light here is all weird

KELLY

That's the sort of thing Morgan used to say

ANNETTE

Used to say?

KELLY

Nothing

ANNETTE

Well, maybe he's made me concious of it

KELLY

Listen

ANNETTE

Umm

KELLY

I prefer you

ANNETTE

Oh no, d'you think I'm stupid ... you like him too

KELLY

Why d'you say that

ANNETTE

Because I saw....

*She finds a Polaroid in her bag and shows it her*  
...You was givin' him everythin'

KELLY

Well

ANNETTE

Well, you took it... and more !

KELLY

Well, so what?... you did too

ANNETTE

You ain't as bent as you say you are

KELLY

Well, it was something I did with you *and* him

ANNETTE

That's not the question

KELLY

You know how bent I am

ANNETTE

And so does Morgan!

KELLY

Where'd you take that?

ANNETTE

The other day

KELLY

That film is really dear

ANNETTE

Morgan paid for it didn't he !

KELLY

This is pretty weird

ANNETTE

But I'm thinking ... I'm uncomfortable too

**ANNETTE lifts her hands**, puts them down again.

...it does make me uncomfortable

KELLY

I feel really comfortable being with the  
skin of that man. I have to say that

ANNETTE

But you've always hidden too much

KELLY

Well, first people say that.. and then they say..  
why d'you try so *fuckin'* hard

ANNETTE

But you *do* try too hard... what about  
when you're being just yourself ..  
you're such a nice person.

KELLY

It's that combination of things

ANNETTE

Well, I can't help you, because you're you

KELLY

I know what you mean

ANNETTE

Can we talk about..

KELLY

We'll talk about anything you want

ANNETTE

I understand how you think.

KELLY

You understand because you're a woman!

ANNETTE

No, I understand because you made me into what I am..

KELLY

No, don't say that !... I didn't make you into anything

ANNETTE

Yes you did.. before we met I was torn apart  
... I thought I couldn't ever love anyone again, and then you..

KELLY

Listen, what *was* between us

ANNETTE

What *is* between us!

KELLY

Don't tell me what to fuckin' say!

ANNETTE

How did you find out about him anyway ...?

KELLY

Oh, it was an accident

ANNETTE

What d'you mean it was an accident!

KELLY

I mean I... I found his number somewhere,  
like at the studio... you know on the notice board

ANNETTE

I took it to make sure no-one else got it!

KELLY

Well, he must've replaced it

ANNETTE

Tell me the truth ! You stole it from me

KELLY

I'm tellin' you the truth.. no I didn't, I found it

ANNETTE

I thought you had lots of work

KELLY

I do, but I wanted to do something less ... active, that's all

ANNETTE

You said you thought the pay was awful, didn't you

KELLY

Yes, but it's ... less active ... that's what

ANNETTE

You mean you didn't want to fuck for a buck!

KELLY

No, it's the fuckin' truth

ANNETTE

Listen, one thing

KELLY

What?

ANNETTE

I'm being *me*, asking *you* not to spoil what *we* have

KELLY

Look, let me explain ..I'm getting to a stage...

ANNETTE

A stage where *you* don't want *me*  
any more ... no, better still, you don't  
need me so that you can moan about  
this and that, no-one to kiss you  
when you're fucking alone... that's what!

KELLY

No, that's not it.. it's that I have *to get on*

ANNETTE

Get on!..without me.

KELLY

No!

ANNETTE

Go on - lie to me .. tell *me* you fuck *him*  
for the money! Bloody lie to me!

KELLY

Okay, I fuck *him* for his *money*

ANNETTE

No!

KELLY

Yes!

ANNETTE

You've fucked dozens of fucking *punters* for their lousy  
money... more men've been up you than.. than...

KELLY

*No!*

ANNETTE

Fucking well *yes!* You fucking whore!

KELLY

Oh, don't say that to me

ANNETTE  
Shut the fuck up!

KELLY  
Oh, please don't say that!

ANNETTE  
Listen .. do you love me?

KELLY  
Yes.. love doesn't die that easy .. of course..

ANNETTE  
Well?

KELLY  
Well, you know, you're female like me ..  
you've got a cunt like me, but I'm beginning  
to think about my *future*, about my age... I'm  
gettin too old and I have to find a way of  
getting out. I mean there isn't time and  
I've run out of fuckin' time.

ANNETTE  
Oh Yes.. I fucking know!

KELLY  
What are you doing to me ?

ANNETTE  
You know the problem then.. why.. we could stay  
together, it's not that bad... we can  
make a go of it ... but we have to change  
that's all!

KELLY  
I have changed...

ANNETTE  
...and now you've destroyed me!

KELLY  
No I haven't!

ANNETTE  
*Panics, a pause while she searches for her lost passion*  
.....Oh, I want you ... please can I come  
down on you..... please?..... Now.

KELLY  
No.. it's my period

ANNETTE  
No it's not!

KELLY  
How do you know?

ANNETTE  
Because you were with him yesterday –  
because we're synchronized.. you know that  
... we're lovers ... we live together ...  
we wear each others' clothes ... I dry you when  
you get out of the bath, I kiss your pussy  
when you want me to.

KELLY  
We're not always syn ...

ANNETTE  
That or ... I'm pregnant by that fucking' bastard!  
*We suddenly see what she really thinks about him*

KELLY  
Leave him alone, you enjoyed fuckin' him with me

ANNETTE  
When I was with you - so that we  
could be together, that's why!

KELLY

What do you want from me?

ANNETTE

Can't we even share .. like, him - nothing?

KELLY

Of course we can... but, well, I dunno

ANNETTE

Why?

KELLY

Because I dunno - that's why... I'll have to think about it... I haven't thought about it enough ... I just don't know - I'm all confused

ANNETTE

*Annette starts to weep.*

I never believed this could ever happen to us

KELLY

Neither did I

ANNETTE

So what do you feel ?

KELLY

Nothing, now

ANNETTE

Please don't say *nothing*.. that's the emptiest word in the bloody world to me..

KELLY

No I want to tell you the truth.....

ANNETTE

....there was a time when you wrote me cards ... when you wrote ...  
*I want you to be here on the beach with me..*

when you were away ... and you said  
things like ... *I love you more than ever*  
d'you remember that ? *More than ever!*  
What the hell's that mean now!

KELLY  
I meant it

ANNETTE  
But now?

KELLY  
But now it's changed

ANNETTE  
You're so bloody insincere

KELLY  
No, it's just bloody changed

ANNETTE.  
Oh Baby ... that was only six months ago

KELLY  
I'm sorry ... I'm really sorry

*Inside the complex of squares, Annette rises to her feet and moves to sit in  
the corner formed by the jamb of the half open door and the wall, which  
falls half way along the inside of the rooms' wall, and opposes the window  
at ninety degrees.*

*The stripe of light issuing from the centre light in the sitting room draws a  
line across the top of her head, linking it with Kellys chest.*

*A Long beat, then:*

ANNETTE *miserable*  
Oh God!... I'm so fucking lonely!

KELLY  
I know you are ... and I'm the coward

ANNETTE

No I am

KELLY *some kind of panic*  
No, I have to fuckin' run...

ANNETTE

Oh, Please don't leave me... Please.  
.I'm goin' to die..I'm goin' to drown...

63 FX /FOLEY/ANNETTE/LEERSVEYOPU V.O.

TOTAL SILENCE AS THE CAMERA FINDS SIGNIFICANT  
DETAILS.

TITLE

**Process Blue\***

The Journal: a hand is writing, as before, in a variety of media/effects

ANNETTE V.O:

I'm thinking of you and Morgan, I'm thinking of the moment I found you  
with him, overpowering him, coming between us in our own darkness, in  
our space. We were so happy then. Then I hear music

64 INT. DAY: MUSIC SUDDENLY SPILLS IN. ANNETTE. V.O:

Now, all I have is music: the music we shared in pubs, the music I heard from your warm body. The music on the Radio in the mornings, the music on *Classical Gold* that we heard when we lay together in the deep darkness ... the music Morgan and you began to make between you ... we were at the sea, and while you two were away I thought to try and make a picture of the music using some words I remembered when we were together, you know, special meanings; Things that I wrote, as usual in secret.

ANNETTE V.O.

*process over writing which is seen as fragments*

At first it was simply the emotion, the not wanting to lose everything which I'd so painfully gained.. and then –

SOUND FX:

*Clunk!*

Then colour.

The sudden sound of the expected report as the hull of the boat grounded and touched the jetty.

Now the shock of air because I was running. Salt air against skin and the material of that shirt you gave me, the blue one I liked so much; soft whistles with the report of waves in the back and only the sighing notes of musical wind ahead. Gurgles, almost like a baby making those noises, but continuous, maintained over a thousand seasons while the blue strange Sea continued to be restless, grow.

SOUND: we hear voices... MORGAN, KELLY... *they are arguing, then stop.. then they are making love:*

CAMERA stays on ANNETTE:

ANNETTE

You can't just write.. even if I had the talent, because they were there, almost at my feet, and Kelly was enjoying him, enjoying his body in a way that she'd never enjoyed me..

SOUND: a boat grounding or meeting a concrete jetty:

ANNETTE

You could say that that was the challenge of the newness of it.  
The tight air against tanned skin, the  
various deep strange smells in my nostrils;  
the ever changing, ever constant sea.  
Then I think: they say:  
'Too many moonlight kisses  
Seem to cool in the warmth...of the *Sun*'  
And we were in the Sun, Oh yeah.. (*bitter*) we'd been  
in the sun, fucked in the Sun... Morgan  
had had us both in the Sun and now the Sun  
was... Morgan was..

more SOUNDS of MORGAN and KELLY:

ANNETTE *cont*:

But - can you see, there was no warmth for me now, will you ever know  
that?. Because moonlight kisses there had been.  
Yes, that long moment had visited me. But no more.  
Put in that situation, you find that fever is not enough.  
There is more that is needed, even with a minimum of words.  
Stretch that fever! We all can But that could bring pain  
Something we must all understand; to find ourselves....  
like Romeo, Juliet.  
Captain Smith there had been there too.....  
You see, I was his mistress... just like that Pocohontas....  
I spent time with him between my legs...  
I had had to, I guess that was the point.  
Fever takes you over from the first  
point of contact. Takes you over like you're  
red-hot mad..... mad... hah!  
And what a way to burn!  
... Oh, and Rainbows too, there had been.  
Oh God!, how the colours lied to me,  
Oh God! how they deceived me,  
Oh God! how they planned it all so well....!  
Now only the yellow moon and me,

between them, clear glass and the green  
suckling deadly infant of the sea.  
**But she**, she could never be alone, she  
was always scared, secretly, much as anyone  
in that place, that arid sandy central  
desert, a crossing point and a perfect means  
of communication.

65 INT. DAY: MUSIC SUDDENLY SPILLS IN. MORGAN. V.O:  
SOUND FX:

MORGAN V.O.

Whats in your blue eyes?.... success?

ANNETTE V.O. *cont*

That's what he said to her, I heard it.

From the white bathroom while they  
were together. One simply desired, for means of trade.

**She** would inspect her brown body, even her mind  
sometimes, because like her body she wanted to  
know her mind just as well, every spot: and  
there was nothing she would not give him that was  
hers. Clear, cleanly.

**I knew it, finally.** Like Crystal. Perfectly flawed.

When I look back upon it, it seemed so simple, so practical.  
Light. So basic. Pastel. Could you let someone treat you that way?

You know every word I say

I spoke it to you every day....

Steal my heart away.....

'For ever, therefore..'

**Later**, propped against the warm bright glass of the juke box. I felt sweat  
trickle along my nose, find the path between my breasts as if they were  
hers, cover the soft skin on her brown stomach as if it could now, as if it  
could cover mine too. No..Her white blouse was wet beneath my arms.  
That was all that I had. That blouse from *What She Wants*, all I had now,  
all. All.

But why the fear - or tension, or something?

KELLY

I want you, I want your sex..

ANNETTE

What?

KELLY

It's natural! Come to me! Come here!

ANNETTE

Will you love me forever?

KELLY

How could I ever leave you

ANNETTE

How could you ever leave me!

KELLY

No, I'm not going to!

ANNETTE

Yes, I know you will!

KELLY

I promise... never

ANNETTE

Please, never leave me, please ! Please.

ANNETTE V.O

**The thing is insane.** Even in the bar I was now alone. Any bar. Any bar at all, here by the sand and between the palms and the sea. Anywhere.

Men looked at me with dark wishes in their secret eyes.

I mean, to want to walk against such a wind; or for that matter, to want him so much !... This desire makes me mad ! Mad.

"Please, share some of these moments with me"

"No please, God, no !"

Meaning: 'You sear me with my own moist weakness, want: you know me in all ways: thus I injure myself by such openness. I become someone else, not me,.'

"I hate this one..!..."

"My God! Curse me, I'm sick...incomplete.."

I ache and puke because of my need, I need you more than simple dignity. You can see. I feel sick, I need to have this smell by my damn mortal body.

"Call me, any, any time"

"Call me..."

"Like as if they were to become my heart, as if everything would, might, may, stop..!"

"What?".

"You. To Me. Oh, what's the bloody point!"

"I never want to learn!"

"You made me cry."

"Please tell me no!"

"Because it ain't no joy  
for an uptown girl  
whose teacher has told her  
Goodbye..."

"**You** must teach me to hold you."

"Theres nothing in it for me now, and I'm willing to try."

"**Just** one more try?"

**Silence.** There will always be silence. Always. Back, shift a few frames. Back on the shore, walking, advancing, releasing, reversing. Backshift. How else would you put it: the delicate shifting of a chosen object on a shone, stark, surface prepared for just that reason.

"Reach back, thats right.!"

"Don't bring me down.... let me down gently... don't break me, I hurt all over"

SOUND:

**"Bang, bang! \*\* key these in with SOUND in final scene.**

You're dead, so don't bring me down.  
It was so simple. The colour of Nickel. Greyish Silver. The colour of everything. No colour.

Don't bring me down.  
Don't ever bring me down.

**Darling....**

A word incapable of such delicacy of meaning.

Here too, incomplete.

You're making me crazy.....

.....Just another hooker, it happens every day

One more moment in the thick air at that bar... was it called 'Teba's Bar'?

One day they'll find him, perhaps in a thousand years. In the sand.

I'll memorise every line

and I'll kiss the name that you sign

and Darling then I'll read again

right from the start-

love letters, straight from your heart.'

**Yesterday My hand touched your skin:** your frown. It traced the edges  
of the lines engraved there by time. Unmoving, as in this dream, this  
celluloid.

67 INT. DAY: MUSIC SUDDENLY SPILLS IN. ANNETTE. V.O:

EFFECT: A polaroid photo in frame:

ANNETTE

I have it here, now, as a Polaroid.

And so, now I say, aloud:

'Now I know what romance is'

And I do.

When I sit in my eerie I dream of squares. Last In Ultra-Violet.

I discuss the nature of obsession day by day and night by night, when I'm  
by myself, or for that matter with my diary.....

**Tell me that secret** we discussed, and then I shall promise to be polite  
about 'our' thing. Seeing the perfect ultra-violet on your brown arms  
**... all coloured** Electrically Blue. All within the overall frame of things,  
within the mathematics and the frames and the construct and infrastructure,  
all the cubes of time - and then the catch, the secret place, Le Square.  
**No, he'll not be found.** Though I feel I should weep for them - though I  
cannot think just why. After all, secrets are made to be kept, like

confidences. Even pillow talk is a confidence ... and this has been pillow talk between us Lersveyopu, hasn't it ?  
Now maybe I'll speak ... maybe ... or think again !

**And Electric**, Process Blue. Always. That is the nature of Le Catch Lersveyopu, you and me, Kelly and what Morgan called 'Le Square'.  
It's perfect, perfect, formed like that, understandable.  
I think you knew all the time.  
You know, don't you.  
**It's Always.**

68    INT/EXT. DAY: APARTMENT. OBJECT (GUN)

The GUN comes at us as if it's seeking us. We see it put into/taken out of a bag or pocket. Then the muzzle seems to nuzzle up to us.

**\*\*Bang!... clink! a beat then BANG!**

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