

LET ME SEE YOU

2/10/16 DRAFT

Written by

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A river through the city, stone pathways on each side next to skyscrapers and lights.

On a bench, drunken red eyes, a little too thin, in loose-fitting skinny jeans and a wine-stained sweater, sits RICHARD, and he's halfway through the second verse of Tom Waits' 'Blind Love'.

RICHARD

(Singing)

Well, I wonder where you are/I
whisper your name/the only way to
find you/is if I close my eyes.

From behind, a female voice joins in and he turns.

RICHARD/OTHER VOICE

I'll find you with my blind
love/the only kind of love is stone
blind love.

The voice belongs to CELINE - slender in beige trench coat, hair half done up in a bun half falling over her face, drunkenly dancing to the words, her hard cheek bones softened by her goofy smile.

Her smile gets Richard smiling, and they keep singing as she spins around and collapses upon the bench next to him.

RICHARD/CELINE

It's your blind love/only kind of
love is stone blind love

Celine goes full falsetto with that last part, and the two of them lose it a bit and fall into fits of laughter until they quiet.

CELINE

(Referring to herself)
Celine.

RICHARD

Richard. I've seen you around,
actually.

CELINE

And vice versa. Bad night, Richard?

RICHARD

Real bad.

CELINE

You want to get a drink?

RICHARD

I don't know if a bar will let me
in, in this state.

Celine simply grins and reaches into her purse, taking out a
bottle of gin. She takes a swig before handing it to Richard.

CELINE

Now, tell me about yourself.

He pauses. Looks at the bottle.

RICHARD

Give me a few shots first.

LATER:

They're laughing, cackling, closer on the bench.

CELINE

Ok, no no no, quick five, quick
five- Me: 32 years of age, one
beautiful daughter named Chelsea -
don't worry, she's cool, don't
worry, I'm single. I'm an
accountant, so I'm kinda useless,
and tonight I got stood up - again -
so I'm wild by the river. You?

RICHARD

Uhh, me, me - I'm 30, I'm a singer

CELINE

Oooohh a singer what kind of songs
do you sing?

RICHARD

You ask too many questions, and you
gotta let me finish, before you
gets deets.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm a bit of a closed book,
and I've been told I'm really
good in bed.

CELINE

Did you say 'deets'? Hahaha!

Celine leans in with this sly look.

CELINE (CONT'D)

That's only four facts.

RICHARD

Oh, right. Then, I *know* I'm really good in bed.

Celine cackles.

2 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

They crash onto a bed, Richard's face buried in Celine's neck.

3 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 3

Celine and Richard have cleaned up and sit across from each other at a nice table. They're being flirty.

CELINE

You know, you weren't *that* good in the sack.

RICHARD

I was drunk!

CELINE

You were distracted. Still fun though.

RICHARD

You're kind of mean.

CELINE

I'm just real.

RICHARD

You're full of shit. I kind of love it though.

4 EXT. CAR - FIELD - NIGHT 4

In a convertible, the top down, lying there looking up at the stars. Richard has a beard, time has passed.

RICHARD

And we never really saw my dad again.

CELINE

Do you think about him much?

RICHARD

No. I hadn't really, until tonight.
And I like it that way.

CELINE

I mean, God, it doesn't bother you
that there's this big,
unanswerable, 'what?' out there?

RICHARD

Dwelling on those sorts of things
will drive you mad. I prefer to
stay sane.

They stare up at the night sky.

CELINE

You know, Richard, sometimes I feel
like I barely understand you, but I
can't help but fall desperately
under your spell.

RICHARD

I love you too, Celine.

CELINE

Fuck. Are we in love already?

5

INT. CELINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

5

Richard sits on the couch alone, looking uncomfortable.

After a moment, Celine walks into the room holding the hand
of CHELSEA - 8 years old, nervous but not shy, thrusting her
chin out to seem confident.

CELINE

This is Richard, Chelsea.

Chelsea puts her hand out for a shake.

CHELSEA

Hello. I'm Chelsea, it's nice to
meet you.

Richard almost stands before sticking with the seat and puts
his hand out, shaking her hand curtly and succinctly. He
smiles, but it seems a bit forced.

RICHARD

Nice to meet you, too, Chelsea. I'm
Richard.

CHELSEA
I wish my mom hadn't said our names
already.

Celine and Richard laugh.

CELINE
I'm going to go grab some tea.

And she leaves. Richard looks at Chelsea, a little intense.

6 INT. CELINE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 6

They lie in bed, Celine snuggling against him.

CELINE
I think it went really well! She
likes you!

RICHARD
I like her, too. She's cute.

CELINE
(Smiling)
Of course she is, she's mine.

FADE TO BLACK.

7 INT. CELINE'S HOUSE - CHELSEA'S ROOM - NIGHT 7

Chelsea is asleep, wrapped around a little stuffed tiger.

The door opens quietly, and Richard stands in the doorway wearing boxers.

He walks, careful not to make a sound. His hand, previously a fist, unravels and his fingers dangle. As he reaches the bed, he lets his digits trail along Chelsea's foot.

8 INT. CELINE'S HOUSE - CELINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 8

Chelsea screams and Celine opens her eyes.

9 INT. CELINE'S HOUSE - CHELSEA'S ROOM - NIGHT 9

Celine bursts in as Richard kneels, trying to shush Chelsea.

CELINE
What the hell are you doing?

Richard turns, his face unknowable in Celine's shadow.

Celine moves, grabbing him by the hair, and she pulls him out of the room, through the hall and into -

10

INT. CELINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

10

She throws him to the ground and he tumbles into some cupboards. A skylight bathes them in the blue of the moon.

Celine grabs a glass water bottle from the counter and smashes it against the wall, scattering shards and leaving her with a weapon.

CELINE

What did you do?

Richard says nothing. He just stands and puts his hands out to calm her.

CELINE (CONT'D)

Don't move. You fuck, you - I let you into my home!

He keeps moving.

RICHARD

I didn't do anything, Celine.

She brings the broken glass up higher.

CELINE

I don't believe you.

RICHARD

Just calm down.

He takes one more step, and Celine moves fast. She slices at his face, blood spiraling out into the moonlight. He screams and backs away, but she follows. She swipes at his face again. Stabs at it.

Richard reaches out, grabs at her, but she lashes out at his hands, too. He spits blood, his face now incoherent and broken. She raises the bottle again, and this time he just takes it - pushing his palm directly into the glass spikes and twisting it away from her.

He kicks Celine in the chest, and she flies back, sliding across the blood drenched floor.

Richard stands, the lighting showing an incomprehensible mess where his nose used to be, a finger holding on by a thread.

He looks to his right - there, in the doorway, stands Chelsea, mouth agape. Richard looks back at Celine for a moment, and then he sprints past the little girl.

The front door opens and closes off-screen.

BLACK:

CELINE (O.S.)
0-0-0? Yes, send an ambulance right
away!

11 INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

11

Chelsea lies in the stretcher. Celine is over her, telling her she'll be fine, she'll be fine. An EMT tries to pull the mother away from her child.

EMT
Ma'am? Ma'am, she'll be OK - we
need to take care of you, you are
bleeding, you are - SIT DOWN.

12 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

12

Celine sits covered in a blanket across from an officer at a desk. He has a note-pad, taking notes.

CELINE
- I don't actually know where he's
from.

OFFICER
Address?

CELINE
He was in-between houses for the
moment - living at The Choice Hotel
in the CBD.

The officer sighs.

CELINE (CONT'D)
Excuse me?

OFFICER
I'm sorry, you're just not giving
me much information here. How well
did you know this man? Had you been
to his home? Did you ever -

CELINE

I KNEW HIM! I thought I knew him. Sure, I didn't have a lot of concrete information . . . But I loved him, I *loved* him . . .

OFFICER

Excuse me, ma'am. Just let me clarify: you're saying you let a man - about whom you had next to no concrete information - into your house with your daughter?

Celine's eyes widen and she bares her teeth.

CELINE

Are you blaming *me*?

OFFICER

I'm just saying you could have been more careful.

Celine jumps up and at him, utterly hysterical.

CELINE

You pig! You fucking hellhole bastard -

Two other officers run over and restrain her.

13

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

13

There are bags under Celine's eyes, but she listens to a doctor intently.

DOCTOR

Chelsea is going to be OK, he didn't actually cause that much physical injury -

CELINE

I don't care if he didn't give her bruises - he, he *violated* her, he snuck into her room in the middle of - do you know how much damage that's going to do to her head?

The doctor takes out two business cards, some handwritten info on their backs.

DOCTOR

Yes . . . Look, Ms. Sheil, I've written down some numbers for you.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

This one is for a great child psychologist I know - she can really help Chelsea. This other one . . . is for you. I know it may seem strange, it may seem . . . unfortunately, this isn't just your daughter's trauma.

Celine almost snarls at the doctor before only taking the first card and leaving.

14 INT. CELINE'S HOUSE - DAY 14

Celine is on the phone.

CELINE

How have you not found anything yet? THIS IS YOUR JOB!

OFFICER (O.S.)

He's just gone! You didn't give us much to go by.

15 INT. PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR'S OFFICE - DAY 15

A sign on the door reads 'William Harnigan, Private Investigator.'

Celine sits across from him. She's smiling.

HARNIGAN

Thank you for coming down, Ms Sheil.

CELINE

I just can't believe you finally found him, after all this time - the police were useless, and you've taken so long, I was worried -

HARNIGAN

Oh, no. Um, my secretary must have misinformed you. Ms. Sheil . . . I think he must have left the country, I can't do anything more for you. I'm so sorry.

Celine's face drops.

16

INT. CELINE'S HOUSE - DAY

16

Celine sits on her laptop in her living room. We see tabs on her screen: CHILD PREDATOR DATABASE, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, WORLDWIDE CRIME DATABASE - just page upon page of independent investigatory work.

But right now, Celine is simply on Richard's Facebook page, scrolling through pictures of her and him.

Chelsea - a little older, holding her backpack - stands a bit away.

CHELSEA

Mum!

CELINE

(Not looking up)
One second, sweetie.

CHELSEA

Mum, we've got to get to school!

Celine looks up, alarmed.

CELINE

What? It's starting soon?

CHELSEA

It starts the same time every morning, mum. I don't know how you keep forgetting.

Celine pushes her computer to the couch and jumps up, frantically searching for whatever she needs to get ready.

CELINE

I'm so sorry, sweetie. Do you have your lunch?

CHELSEA

Yep. I made it last night.

CELINE

What? I didn't make it?

CHELSEA

I noticed you forgot. It's OK.

Celine puts on her shoes.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Why can't I just take the tram?
That would be easier.

CELINE

No! You are not going out there on your own. I'll be ready in two seconds, Chelsea, you won't be late don't worry.

Chelsea stares as her mother looks for her car keys sitting on the table right in front of her.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLES: PRAGUE, 10 YEARS LATER

17 INT. DINGY APARTMENT - NIGHT 17

Silence.

The front door's handle shakes. The whole door shakes, and then it opens.

CELINE - older, lines in her face, wearing blue - creeps inside. She holds a knife.

Her steps creak.

CELINE (V.O.)

It's been years, Richard.

18 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 18

On the floor, an old alarm clock sits next to a blank mask. These items sit next to a cot, upon which lies a curled up body.

CELINE (V.O.)

But I finally found you.

The door to the room slides open, a small breath of air sending dust floating.

Celine walks, she crouches.

CELINE (V.O.)

I've thought about this moment.
I've thought about all the things I could do to you.

In the bed, the body stirs. It groans.

Celine bends over the body, and she lightly drags her blade across its torso, over its abdomen, down to its groin.

She raises the knife high.

CELINE (V.O.)
I loved you.

And she brings it down hard, releasing a scream from the sleeping figure, a blood curdling -

19 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 19

RICHARD sits up in the cot, yelling, shaking, sweats. In the shadow, we can't see his face.

Celine is nowhere to be found. It was just a nightmare.

The alarm goes off: 430 PM.

20 INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON 20

A dirty mirror. Richard walks in and flicks on the light and we see his tired face.

It's a shiny mess of greyed tissue and crisscrossing lines. No hair. His left eye is fine, but his right is still and glossy. A blank lump where his nose used to be. His lower lip uneven, teeth poking up higher than where they should be.

He regards himself for a moment before he pulls open the mirror and takes out a tube of antiinflammatory cream. He pushes the mirror back again.

Richard cringes as he gingerly applies the cream to his swollen face. He's missing his left pinky.

21 INT. KITCHENETTE - DAY 21

Richard stands at the bare counter and eats oatmeal.

22 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 22

Light shoots in through the opaque window. A shitty couch, a coffee table, an antique TV are all that lives here.

Richard does push ups. And he does sit ups. And squats.

23 INT. SHOWER - DAY 23

The hot water rushes over his body as he pulls at himself, jerking off to completion. When he's done, he stares at his feet.

The semen, which is the same color as the tile, seeps off the man's toes and pushes through the rusted drain.

24 INT. BEDROOM - DAWN 24

Richard opens a tiny closet. He slips on some black slacks, a wrinkled dress shirt, a fading jacket.

Over to the bed, and he bends down, picking up the flesh-colored, porcelain mask.

He palms the thing and presses it delicately to his face, air slipping out around the edges. Pulls his hand away.

He is a mannequin with a man's body.

25 INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT 25

Beautifully minimalist. This place is all greys, browns, and glass. Marble tables, four chairs a piece, gracefully arranged in front of a stage. A small crowd sits. To the left, a bar, black counter.

Richard stands on the stage, a small band behind him.

RICHARD

Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen.
I know they're aren't many of you,
but believe me when I say that I'm
going to put on a great show
anyway. My name is Arthur, and I
know you're all probably wondering
about the mask. Well, let me just
say that you're much happier with
it on. First off, I want to sing
you a classic number that I've
rearranged into something a bit
slinkier . . . I hope you enjoy it.

And with that, he goes into a jazzy version of Tom Wait's
'Blind Love.'

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Now you're gone/and it's hotels and
whiskeys and sad luck dames/and I
don't care if they miss me/I don't
remember their names.

CUT TO:

Richard drinks a bourbon and coke alone at the bar, lifting
up the bottom of his mask to do so. The customers have gone.

The bartender walks over. This is MIKHAEL - a large, shaggy
man with kind eyes.

MIKHAEL

Aren't you getting tired of that
drink?

RICHARD

It's sweet.

MIKHAEL

It's boring. Or, it has to be,
after five fucking years of the
same thing. How's your day been?
You do anything interesting?

RICHARD

Oh, you know. Took a walk. Had
breakfast at a nice cafe just
outside the city. Read a book.

MIKHAEL

I don't believe you. I bet you
didn't leave your house all day.

RICHARD

The truth is a slippery beast.

MIKHAEL

Was that a joke? I can never
fucking tell with you, can't see if
you're smiling.

RICHARD

I'm smiling.

Mikhael laughs. Then he reaches under the counter, grabs two
shot glasses, pours some vodka. Passes one over.

MIKHAEL

1,2,3!

They go down. Grimace, huzzah.

MIKHAEL (CONT'D)

I like you, Richard. You know that?
I like you.

They stare at each other.

MIKHAEL (CONT'D)

Maybe it's your voice, maybe it's
the way your shoulders slump down,
maybe you have to like someone who
seems so . . . Wispy. I don't mean
to insult you, if that's what I'm
doing.

RICHARD

'Wispy' is by far the least
insulting thing I've been called.

MIKHAEL

Good, good. But listen ... I like
you, but I don't know you. And I
know most of the people who work
this place, I know them. Anyone
ever tell you you're a closed off
guy?

Richard simply nods, and Mikhael laughs.

MIKHAEL (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is, and hey this
might be a weird thing, but I'm
trying to invite you . . . to do
some day-drinking tomorrow. In the
park, bringing some buddies around,
got some beer, some shandies if
you're feeling beachy . . . Aww
man, I'm sorry if I'm overstepping
into your private -

RICHARD

No, no, I appreciate the
invitation, I just, I don't know .
. . .

Long beat, Mikhael polishes a glass, then shakes and just
lets out a big smile.

MIKHAEL

Listen, there's going to be free
food, some good old guys, and all
the beer you could ever want. Come
on, Richard, be a friend.

RICHARD
 . . . OK. Yeah why not.

MIKHAEL
 Yes! Fantastic! 11AM, that big park
 by the university.

Mikhael starts walking away. He doesn't stop as he throws
 back an aside.

MIKHAEL (CONT'D)
 Oh, and by the way, I should have
 said this but I feared you'd say
 no; bring a smile because it's my
 little girl's birthday. She's
 great, you'll love her - and don't
 worry, she isn't afraid of jack.

26 EXT. PARK - DAY

26

Everything is in slow motion.

Richard stands with Mikhael and his buddies, beers in hand,
 laughing as they watch the kids run around the beautiful
 green park, screaming and giggling with joy.

Mikhael's 8 year old daughter - LAURA - runs over to the
 adults and grabs Richard's hand, pulling him away.

RICHARD
 Wha -

LAURA
 Your mask is boring. Me and my
 friends are going to give you a
 funner one.

And she drags him away, Mikhael and friends hooting and
 hollering.

Laura and friends pull Richard to the ground, and they
 surround him with crayons, drawing big green eyes and purple
 moustaches and red buck teeth and yellow moles on his mask.

The kids dance around him, singing songs, throwing streamers
 around, having the time of their lives.

And then Laura tackles Richard back from his seated position,
 he falls back, he lifts her up above him, this beautiful
 laughing eclipse in the sun, he stares up at her, he stares

SMASH CUT TO:

27 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 27

RICHARD

FUCK!

He tears his mask off his face and throws it into the sink.

The tap stream water, his fingers rub out the crayon marks, his eyes leak tears.

28 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 28

Can't sleep. Turns to face the clock: 9:30 AM.

29 EXT. PRAGUE - DAY 29

Richard walks, head down, a hood over his head.

30 EXT. CHARLES UNIVERSITY - DAY 30

The university is an enormous, imposing block of stone.

Students mill about, many heading in.

Richard walks across the great cobblestone path out front, his eyes drifting across these youths with their lives ahead.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry, I guess you're too old for your mother to make sure you look nice?

He stops, turns his head towards a woman talking to her 19 year old daughter.

DAUGHTER

We don't have to fight . . . Just, I already let you escort me to my exchange school. I'm old enough to get on a plane by myself.

MOTHER

I know that! I just . . . always wanted to see Prague, and this happened to be a good opportunity.

DAUGHTER

Sure. Anyway, orientation is starting, I have to go in. I'll see you tonight for dinner.

She turns to go. The mother calls out after her.

MOTHER

Have a good day! Don't forget
tonight, right here at 730!

The daughter doesn't turn. But then the mother does, walking this way.

It's CELINE.

Richard breathes hard. Backs away, tripping over himself, turning his head down, how to hold his hands, how to -

But it's fine, because Celine walks right on by, only a brief glance his way.

He calms, turns and watches her walk away.

RICHARD

(To himself)
I'm having a bad dream.

And he follows her.

31 EXT. CAFE - DAY 31

Richard stands at an alleyway corner, peering at Celine as she walks into a busy cafe and sits alone. She orders a coffee and takes out her phone. She makes a call.

32 EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - AFTERNOON 32

He follows her down outer streets.

Celine walks into a charmingly run down place - THE ARCADE HOTEL.

A beat after she walks in. Then he goes, too.

33 INT. THE ARCADE HOTEL - AFTERNOON 33

A flit of Celine's foot as she ascends the stairs. He follows.

At the top, he peers around the corner, sees her unlock a room and walk in.

Beat.

Richard creeps down the hall, stops outside her room.

His heart beats. He breathes hard. But he bends down, placing his eye to the keyhole.

34 INT. HOTEL ROOM - KEYHOLE POV - AFTERNOON 34

Celine drops her bag casually on the floor. She stretches, yawns, collapses onto the bed. She lies still for a moment.

Gradually, she moves her hands to run over her body, they move to her jeans, unclasping them, her eyes are closed, her hand moving under her underwear, pulsing, she moans, she moans, a hand to her breast and squeezing, pulling her hand from her pants putting her fingers into her mouth and wetting them before moving her hand back down -

CELINE (V.O.)

I've thought about this moment.
I've thought about all the things I
could do to you.

35 INT. THE ARCADE HOTEL - AFTERNOON 35

Richard flinches, he jumps away from the door.

Beat.

He runs.

36 EXT. PRAGUE - NIGHT 36

He runs through the streets, lit only by sodium yellow lamps.

As he runs, he sees copies of himself and Celine, walking and holding each other and having conversations in the fading light, echoing days and moments past:

CELINE

- how could someone be so cruel?

RICHARD

History is full of people hurting
the ones they love.

CELINE

You'd never do that to me, would
you?

RICHARD

Never.

And he runs past the two of them sitting on a bench.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

And you love me?

CELINE

Right now, I feel like it's all I know how to do. It seems like the simplest thing to love you, and simple is good, isn't it?

RICHARD

Simple is rare.

CELINE

Not if you live right.

And he runs past Celine standing over him, holding the broken glass bottle.

RICHARD

I didn't do anything, Celine.

CELINE

I don't believe you.

37 INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

37

Richard bursts in through the doors, stops, hands on knees.

Mikhael runs over.

MIKHAEL

Richard! You gotta get up there, show's starting in two minutes, where have you been? You OK?

LATER:

Richard is on stage, sweat stained through his top, but singing anyway. He sings Chet Baker's 'My Funny Valentine' and he sings it with his eyes closed.

RICHARD

- but don't change a hair for me/not if you care for me/stay, little valentine -

He opens his eyes.

And there, sitting at a table, is Celine, staring right up at him.

He stops.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

She stands.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
What do you want?

The crowd is confused, the band has stopped.

Celine steps forward. Her mouth moves as if to whisper, but her words come out booming:

CELINE
It's been years, Richard. But I
finally found you.

A beat.

Richard sprints out the back, knocking over the drums as he goes.

38 EXT. PRAGUE - NIGHT

38

He runs out onto a busy street, car swerves, screeches to a halt, just knocking Richard. He tumbles to the ground, dazed. The driver gets out.

DRIVER
What are you doing? Are you crazy?
Let me help you up, let me -

And as the driver takes Richard's arm, Richard turns back to the club and sees Celine exiting the place, eyes trained on him.

Richard scrambles to his feet, knocking over the driver in the process.

He goes.

39 EXT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

39

An unmarked door in a random, dirty alley. Richard slips as he moves, slams into the door.

He goes to his pocket, shaking as he reaches for his keys. They jangle, he fumbles for the right one, he's desperate -

He suddenly stands straight up.

Celine stands behind him, knife pressed into the small of his back.

CELINE

Make any sudden moves, and I will slit your throat. Drop the keys.

He does so.

CELINE (CONT'D)

I never forgot you. I never stopped searching for you. You left so quickly. And there were so many questions left in your wake. Turn around.

He does so. The blade presses against his abdomen.

Celine uses her free hand to caress his mask. Her hand is still.

CELINE (CONT'D)

Did you watch me, today? I heard you breathing outside the door. If you ask me why I did it, why I let you follow me, I . . . I don't know if I could really answer. One of those things, you know? One of those impulses, those angry parts of our lizard brains that just makes us do inexplicable things.

She laughs to herself.

CELINE (CONT'D)

OK. In a minute, we're going to walk into your sad apartment, and you are going to tell me everything. Why you did it. How you got away. How you hid your face. How your miserable life has been. Then, I'm going to kill you.

(Beat)

But, first, I want to see your face. Take off your mask.

Richard doesn't move.

CELINE (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

RICHARD

I don't think you really want to see that. Might make you sick.

CELINE

You already do. Take it off.

He brings his hands up to his face and presses in, then slides the mask away.

RICHARD

How's Chelsea?

CELINE

Don't you fucking say her name.

RICHARD

I'm sorry.

He holds the mask in his left hand by his side. Celine gets a good look at him, and she gasps.

CELINE

Look at what I did to you.

RICHARD

Do you regret it?

CELINE

Why would I regret it?

RICHARD

Because you loved me.

CELINE

I didn't know what I loved.

RICHARD

Well, it was me.

(Beat)

I loved you, too.

CELINE

Oh, shut up. Turn around and walk inside.

Richard nods his head and goes to move -

He spins suddenly and bashes his mask into Celine's face. The porcelain shatters, and the splinters break blood from her cheeks.

Celine yells out and presses the blade into Richard's gut. He grunts but keeps going, stomping his foot into her ankle.

She drops, crying out, and Richard runs. His hand to his stomach, comes away bloody.

40 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

40

Richard slides around a corner street, looking behind himself, scared. He moves towards the block.

He comes to a gate with a buzzer system. Jabs numbers in, buzzes. Again. Again.

RICHARD

Come on, come on, come on.

Finally:

MIKHAEL (O.S.)

Who is this? Stop ringing!

RICHARD

Mikhael! It's Richard, open up!

MIKHAEL (O.S.)

What? Are you OK? What the hell happened earlier at the club?

RICHARD

Just let me in, please, and I'll explain.

Pause.

The gate buzzes open.

41 EXT. MIKHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

41

Richard bangs on the door. Mikhael opens, and Richard goes to rush in, but the man pushes him back.

MIKHAEL

What is happening?

RICHARD

Let me in your apartment.

MIKHAEL

Not until you tell me what's going on! You show up late to the club, you sprint away in the middle of a performance after some random woman stands up, and now you're banging on my door - my kid is ASLEEP, by the way - in the middle of - fuck me, are you bleeding?!

RICHARD

Yes, and I recognize that this all seems bizarre, and I will explain all of it if you JUST LET ME IN.

Mikhael stares with horror.

MIKHAEL

No.

RICHARD

What?!

Mikhael purses his lips. He speaks calmly.

MIKHAEL

Listen: I want to help you. I would love to help you. But I've got a little girl asleep, and, I'll be honest with you, you've been acting strange ever since I invited you around to the park the other day.

RICHARD

Mikhael, I promise that -

Mikhael raises his hand to stop him.

MIKHAEL

Richard. We're friends, right?

RICHARD

Sure. Of course. Yes.

MIKHAEL

Then be a friend and tell me what's going on so that I can feel safe about letting you into my home.

Richard shakes, he shakes, he spins around, he looks around, the gears in his head are turning turning turning - he looks into Mikhael's eyes.

RICHARD

I can't. I'm sorry for this.

And he punches Mikhael in the face.

Mikhael stumbles backwards, his nose exploding with blood, and he's yelling.

MIKHAEL
 (Nasally)
 WHAT THE FUCK!

Richard moves in, nervous and trying to quiet him.

RICHARD
 Oh God, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry -
 shhh - fuck, I'm sorry I was just
 trying to knock you out I was
 trying to, you know you see it on -

Mikhael tackles him against the wall, hugging Richard's waist.

Richard groans in pain as Mikhael pulls him back from the wall, then slams him back against it.

LAURA (O.S.)
 Daddy? What's going on?

Mikhael turns his face to the sound of his daughter's voice.

MIKHAEL
 Sweetie, I'm so -

But Richard bashes his elbow down into Mikhael's head.

Mikhael falls, unconscious.

Footsteps in the house.

Richard looks to his right - there, in the living room, stands Laura, mouth agape.

Laura looks at her father on the ground, then she looks to Richard above him.

And she screams at the top of her lungs.

Richard moves quickly, picking her up and covering her mouth with his hand.

RICHARD
 Shhh. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but you
 need to be quiet, you need to -
 SHUT UP.

At that moment, the front door slams open, and Celine walks in, injury free, as if nothing has happened.

She is luminescent, a spirit walking.

Richard backs up, Laura still in his arms.

Celine has her knife ready. She notices the girl, still squirming.

CELINE
You really are sick.

Richard backs up as far as he can go, straight into the wall.

Celine is confidently slow.

CELINE (CONT'D)
Look at you. You've turned into a real boogeyman. At least you're not lying to everyone now. At least you're visible.

RICHARD
Would it matter if I told you I never actually touched her?

She walks.

CELINE
Would it be true?

RICHARD
Maybe.

CELINE
Then why are you asking?

RICHARD
You know I don't get it myself. I look back on that night, and I wonder, I wonder if I could have stopped myself. I wonder if I even tried. It's hard to remember correctly. It's hard to know.

(Beat)
What do you expect to get out of this, Celine? Revenge? We've seen the movies, we know revenge won't make you feel better. What do you want?

Laura fights against Richard. She cries. He holds her tighter.

CELINE
I want answers. I want closure.

RICHARD
(Sputtering, talking fast)
You want closure?! Fuck me, Celine!
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I could tell you everything in the whole wide world and that wouldn't make you feel better. You want to be happy? Leave this country forever and stop thinking about me. Forget me. That's how you get happy.

Celine is less than a metre away, and she still walks so slow.

She raises the knife.

CELINE

From now on, you're only going to talk when I ask you a question.

Panic in his eyes.

He releases his hand from Laura's mouth, and she yells out at the top of her lungs.

Richard moves his hand to the back of Laura's head and grips her hair tightly with his fingers.

RICHARD

I'll kill this girl.

Celine stops. She hesitates.

But then she coughs out a laugh and smiles a grim smile.

CELINE

She's not *my* daughter.

Horror floods Richard's face, his mouth gapes, his body shaking . . .

He drops Laura.

She hits the ground hard but jumps up immediately and runs to her father, hitting on his chest, begging him to get up.

Richard slides down the wall until he's sitting.

Celine crouches down next to him.

She presses the blade to his neck.

CELINE (CONT'D)

Now tell me everything.

Richard can only stare at the little girl crying over her unconscious father.

He turns his eyes to Celine.

He says

RICHARD

No.

And grips her hand, pushing the knife deep into his own throat.

BLACK:

43 THE SAME PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

43

Celine stands, knife in Richard's throat, and she is shaking. She's bloody and hunched and bruised and scared.

Richard gurgles and his life fades away.

Celine cries. She touches her hand to his face.

And then her cries are drowned out by those of Laura behind her, hitting on her Dad's chest. Mikhael is murmuring, not quite conscious but getting there, and Laura is freaking out.

Celine stands quickly, she goes to move but stops.

She bends down to Richard's corpse and pulls the knife out of his neck.

She hobbles away, past Laura, looking on with worried eyes. But she doesn't stop.

44 EXT. PRAGUE - NIGHT

44

In the moonlit streets, Celine limps away, each step clearly causing her immense pain.

'Blind Love' plays on the sound-track.

FADE OUT.