

BloodAPPLE

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A Nouveau-Gothic Romance

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Stilettos reflect neon as they stab the dirty sidewalk. Shapely legs and a red mini continue the rhythm.

Most people would mistake EMMY for a prostitute, but she disregards the staring eyes that follow her. Beneath the heroin-chic makeup her eyes are alive and alert:

She is searching... for something, or someone.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS - NIGHT

As her perfect legs pass: a car flashes its lights. Emmy glances with disdain at the vehicle. The MAN behind the wheel gives here a "hey baby!" face.

She keeps walking leaving him with the image of her middle finger. He can only cower from the other drivers in the traffic. There's a ring on his finger.

EXT. SLEAZY BAR - NIGHT

Three Skanky GUYS are hanging around the entrance; laughing, joking and sucking on their beers.

PIERCE, the guy with the nose ring, notices Emmy approaching; he gets the attention of the others: Holding his beer bottle between his legs, Pierce thrusts his hips forward in an exaggerated manner.

PIERCE

Hey baby! You wanna drink?... Huh?

Emmy stops with an: "Are you talking to me" look. His buddies snort and snigger.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Yeah baby! Why don't you cum down here...

(points)

...And get some!

His buddies are laughing now.

EMMY doesn't skip a beat - she smoothly glides right up to him. She slides her hand down to the bottle and grabs it. She slowly slides it up against his pants and up his body.

Oohing and aahing sounds from the peanut gallery.

Pierce can only stand there and pretend to enjoy the attention.

Emmy puts the bottle to her mouth and finishes what is left of the beer in two gulps.

EMMY

Is that all you have for me?...
 (fingers on his zipper)
 ...Big Boy?

The buddies echo: "Big Boy!"

He smiles wryly at them; unsure - Emmy turns his face back to face hers. There's a moment.

Emmy's lips are nanometers from his but she doesn't kiss;

EMMY (CONT'D)

We should leave these children. My place.

Emmy takes his hand and leads him away.

SLEAZY BUDDY #01

You have got to be kidding me!

But Emmy and Pierce don't stop or turn around.

EXT. ART DECO APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

EMMY'S finger presses the elevator button.

A motor starts up, cogs and wheels move.

As the elevator drops to the ground floor Emmy turns away, her body looking perfect. PIERCE puts his hand between her thighs.

EMMY

Oh baby, what a bad boy you are.

Doors open - LIGHT - She pulls him in.

The doors close with a swallowing sound.

INT. ART DECO ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Emmy kisses Pierce strongly, he melts in her arms. Then he tries to respond, tries to regain control; but she is strong and passionate.

The florescent lights flicker.

Her hand finds the emergency stop button.

They writhe like animals; serpents...

He tries to kiss her; but coyly she dodges his advances. His hand searches for her breasts. She takes his hand and moves it to her crotch.

The atmosphere is electric - the lights flash then go out.

The vein on his neck swells with blood.

Her lips are close - so close. He watches mesmerized as she slowly licks her lips.

She inserts her thumb into his mouth and moves it around his tongue - he relaxes and goes with it as she goes down.

INT. ART DECO ELEVATOR - NIGHT

PIERCE has his head held back, his neck and back are arched, his eyes tightly shut with delight and his mouth open in rapture as the moment cums.

A bright electric - FLICKER -

Suddenly his face is contorted with pain - FLICKER - then a mixture of pleasure and pain.

He exhales ever so slowly - FLICKER - she lets his body slide down to rest - FLICKER - A thin trickle of blood draws a line from his mouth to the floor.

EXT. HIGHWAYS TO METROPOLIS - MORNING

A traffic helicopter flies by slowly leaving a heat-haze of disturbed air that distorts the massive orb of the rising sun.

Familiar sounds of traffic, sirens and the morning radio traffic report - The roads are grid-locked as usual.

Cars slowly pump their way through the red morning light, closer and closer to the heart of the city. A metal river flowing along the arterials.

EXT. ART DECO APARTMENT, DOOR NO. 54 - MORNING

The sound of nails ticking down the parquet floor.

Shadows and shapes move behind the frosted glass door.

OLD MAN
Okay Candy Girl - I'm coming.

CANDY GIRL scratches at the door.

The door opens to reveal an Old Jewish Man wearing a dressing gown and badly worn slippers. He scoops up the greying poodle and clips a leash to her collar.

The little dog pulls him out into the early morning sun; towards the elevator. He presses the button. Nothing.

Again - Still Nothing.

He hammers it a few times.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Damn thing's broken again.

He picks up the Maltese and gathers the leash as he descends the stairs - not amused.

As he reaches the bottom of the stairs the dog struggles out of his arms and falls to the floor - she quickly gets to her feet and scampers round the corner.

He follows the trailing leash - to find the poodle licking a hand that is stuck in the doorway of the elevator.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING

An idling car spews clouds of warm exhaust into the cold morning air. The vapors drift through a fence into a quiet graveyard.

The rows of stone tombstones lie solid and unmoved under a carpet of damp autumn leaves.

In a corner a stone angel is painted by the early morning sun. The angel's gentle face looks down on a gravestone that has been moved: There are dark patches where leaves have been trampled and scraped aside revealing the moist dark earth below.

INT. OLD MAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Numbers are dialled on a telephone.

Short heavy breathing.

The Poodle is yapping and whining as she tugs on her leash.

The line just rings and rings...

INT. LEE-ANNE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The clock radio is loudly playing the morning show, Lee-Anne remains fast asleep through the racket. The picture of cute under her poofy duvet.

Her sleeping eyelids move sporadically she's dreaming - suddenly her eyes fly open

LEE-ANNE looks over at the alarm clock - 7:42 AM

LEE-ANNE

Fuck, I'm late!

She jumps out of bed.

LEE-ANNE (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuckitty, fuck, fuck, FUCK.

She grabs things and goes into the bathroom and then comes out again - its morning chaos with no time to spare - she quickly grabs a bra from the closet and disappears back into the bathroom.

EXT. ART DECO APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

More flashing lights as tires complain and an unmarked police vehicle is brought smartly to a stop.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS, 32, black, keen and polished steps out of the passenger seat and leads OFFICER MUDGE through the police tape.

An ambulance, two black and whites and a morgue van are already parked in disarray. Uniformed Cops are securing the perimeter a Crowd is gathering

Andrews and Mudge round a corner as a camera flash pops. The dead arm still lies, pale and unmoving between the elevator doors.

Andrews leans in.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

How does it look?

MILLER a gruff, seen-it-all-before-cop turns to reveal the body:

The corpse is pale, drained of blood. There is a hole where the genitals should be. Bile and other vile bodily fluids are seeping onto the elevator carpet.

Andrews turns to a pot plant and promptly vomits his breakfast. He is stunned for a second and sinks to his knees.

Officer Mudge tries to help him up and offers him a tissue.

Andrews takes the tissue and pushes her away.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I'm fine!

Miller looks at the hotshot with a mixture of disdain and amusement.

MILLER

You sure?

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

Yes. I'm fine... What's the story?

MILLER

The story?

Miller shares a "Here we go" look with the Photographer; an equally gruff old-school cop.

Andrews stares at them holding his ground.

MILLER (CONT'D)

... The call came in at about seven. A resident had found a body in the elevator. We get here to find this.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

You spoke to the resident?

MILLER

Yeah. He said he was taking Candy Girl for her morning toilet.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

Toilet?

Miller and the Photographer are really enjoying this now. Andrews wipes a last bit of gunk from his lip.

MILLER

Yeah, you know... Doggie Poopie

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

Doggie Poopie?! Just tell me what we have here.

Andrews indicates towards the elevator but doesn't look inside. Miller takes his time; with a good hard look inside and then turns back to Andrews.

MILLER

Well we have a Caucasian Corpse and it looks like his penis has been removed. It could be the cause of death but we are not sure at this stage.

OFFICER MUDGE

Are there any other wounds?

Miller smiles at her - first intelligent question today.

MILLER

Not as far as we can tell, but the coroners report will tell the full story.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

Was there any ID on the body.

MILLER

No. No money either, nothing.

The Photographer holds up a plastic evidence bag. Miller takes it and shows them.

MILLER (CONT'D)

We did find this though.

Its a leather lady's purse; designed to look like a bunch of grapes.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

So, are you saying a woman did this?

MILLER

Hey, I didn't say anything. You're the Detective here... For all I know we could have a cross dressing nympho with penis envy on our hands... The one thing I will say: is that if it is a woman I for one would be very surprised.

MUDGE

Oh? And why is that?

MILLER takes a condescending tone with her. He's not sexist but he can sense where this is going.

MILLER

Our corpse here is not a small gentleman. If he did in fact die from this wound then the first question I would have is: where is all the blood?

MILLER pauses for effect.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Don't you see, its obvious that the killer must have been a man.

MILLER can see that he needs to explain further.

MILLER (CONT'D)

He was killed somewhere else and then two or possibly three grown men must have brought the body here. This is not the work of a woman.

INT. LEE-ANNE'S CAR - DAY

A Uniformed Cop waves Lee-Anne's car out of the Apartment Block parking.

LEE-ANNE

What happened?

UNIFORMED COP

A body was found in the elevator. You're gonna have to keep moving Ma'am.

LEE-ANNE

Is it someone from the apartment?

UNIFORMED COP

We cannot say at this stage. Please keep driving Ma'am.

Lee-Anne drives through, trying to get a look at the goings on around the elevator.

INT. TRENDY CLOTHING BOUTIQUE - DAY

Lee-Anne bursts in all bags, take-away coffee, jacket, chaos and damp hair flying everywhere.

LEE-ANNE

Sorry I'm late - I brought the coffee

LEE-ANNE'S best friend MICKI shows that she already has a proper cappuccino in a cup. She is tall, confident and amazingly stylish with self-conscious ORIGINALITY.

LEE-ANNE (CONT'D)

Sorry!... I have to phone David.

LEE-ANNE She perches on her designer stool and dials. A hand presses the receiver button.

MICKI

What's wrong?

LEE-ANNE

Nothing. We had a little - Nothing.

MICKI

Tell me.

LEE-ANNE

Just let me talk to him okay. Go
change the window display or
something. Go

Micki slowly lets go of the phone.

EXT. STEEL AND GLASS SKYSCRAPER - DAY

The modern megalith reflects everything around it and has no
character of its own.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

David continues pounding away at his accounting calculator,
ignoring the loudly ringing phone and letting it go to voice
mail.

Every couple of moments he flicks his pen around his thumb
and catches it again in a quick deft movement.

LEE-ANNE (O.S.)

David? You there?

He grabs the receiver

DAVID

Yup.

INTERCUT: OFFICE/BOUQUETTE

LEE-ANNE

Its Lee.

DAVID

Hi.

LEE-ANNE

You okay?

DAVID

Fine.

Silence

DAVID (CONT'D)

I have to work.

LEE-ANNE

Was there anything strange going on
when you left last night?

DAVID

Are you blaming me for this?

LEE-ANNE

No. A body was found in the elevator.

DAVID

What?

LEE-ANNE

Yeah - a dead body. Are you sure you didn't see anything?

DAVID

No, I always take the stairs.

LEE-ANNE

You could have walked right past it.

DAVID

Weird. Lee, there's a lot on my plate.

LEE-ANNE

Well can you come over tonight. This whole thing has me feeling funny...

David takes a sip of his coffee - its cold.

LEE-ANNE (CONT'D)

...What if the killer is one of the residents?

DAVID

Look, Lee. You don't even know if it was a murder. It may have been a natural death: you know, Old Age.

LEE-ANNE

I'm serious David - I don't feel safe.

DAVID

Well tonight is just no good for me. Last night was fine but now I'm under pressure to finish this account.

MICKI is trying on a pair of White Jackie O' Sunglasses with a feather boa.

LEE-ANNE

Tomorrow night then?

DAVID

Maybe.