

BL DLIST



FRESH BLOOD SELECTS

All Inclusive

By

Kyle Bowler

FADE IN:

INT. LARGE CARDBOARD BOX - DAY

A sliver of light shines through a small gap in the lid. Just enough for us to see SOPHIE, six, curled up inside.

She lies perfectly still, clutching a long-necked, wide-eyed plush toy tortoise, TERRY, who's almost as adorable as her.

A door creaks from outside. She shushes Terry with a finger, gently covers both of their mouths with her hands.

Her eyes dart vigilantly as footsteps approach. Stop. And retreat from where they came. The door slams shut.

Sophie removes her hands, breathes a sigh of relief, but it's cut short by the lid of the box being ripped apart.

She shrieks as EMMA, late twenties, affectionate towards her daughter but not much else, reaches inside and tickles her.

Sophie squirms and wriggles through uncontrollable laughter.

EMMA

You want me to stop?

SOPHIE

Yes! Yes!

Emma stops. But a puzzled look lingers across her face.

EMMA

But I thought you said it was opposite day?

And goes back to work.

SOPHIE

No!

EMMA

It is or it isn't? I get confused.

SOPHIE

It's not! Stop, it's not!

Emma lets go. Smiles.

EMMA

Come on, then. Out you get.

Sophie grabs Terry and climbs out of her hiding place.

INT. HOPKINSON HOUSE - MAKESHIFT CLASSROOM - DAY

Sophie emerges into a brightly decorated room.

A whiteboard filled with simple math sums hangs on the wall behind a large desk containing a globe, textbooks, art supplies, all the resources you'd find in a primary school classroom. The only difference is, this room's built for two.

Emma slips on a pair of shoes at the foot of the door.

SOPHIE

Is it soon yet?

She nods towards a scattering of toys beside the box.

EMMA

Put them back and I'll go find out.

Emma turns to leave but can't resist a quick glance back at her daughter who excitedly flings the toys back into the box.

INT. HOPKINSON HOUSE - LOFT - DAY

The usual junk piles up against one side of the room along with timber boards, rolls of insulation and tools leftover from a conversion that never came into fruition. A recently-slept-on mattress complete with bedding lies at the other.

TOM, mid thirties, types away at a computer desk in the centre of the room. His pale complexion, reading glasses and speed behind a keyboard suggest this is second nature to him.

He adds a sentence to a lengthy email but stops short with a frown. Listens carefully as somebody climbs the stairs below.

He takes a deep breath. Finishes up with new found haste and signs off - 'Sincerely, Tom Hopkinson'. Clicks send.

The subject of the email - 'Managing Director Position'.

He closes the window to reveal a route planner with directions from Central London to the South West Coast.

The printer kicks into life as the door swings open.

Emma steps inside, completely stone-faced.

TOM

(fiddling with the router)

Bloody internet's playing up again.
Thought I'd better print out a set
to be safe. Wish I hadn't of...

He spins around in his chair, instantly hit by the realization that she's not buying into his bullshit.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Emma sits in the passenger seat while Tom drives. They both stare straight ahead, not a word exchanged between them.

Sophie sits in the back next to Terry who's strapped into his seat. She gazes out the window, engulfed by her surroundings. Vibrant fields and meadows as far as the eye can see with the distant backdrop of the English Channel in all its glory.

EXT. SANDY BEACH - DAY

Tom adds the finishing touches to a SAND TORTOISE.

It's certainly no masterpiece, but judging by the beaming smile across Sophie's face, she seems to approve.

TOM

Have you decided yet?

SOPHIE

It's between Rodger and Terry Two.
But I don't know which.

Tom sighs.

TOM

Looks like we're just gonna have to
build another one, then.

SOPHIE

(overjoyed)
Really?

TOM

I'm afraid I can't see any other
way.

SOPHIE

Mum, look! We're making another
one.

Emma lies on a towel a few feet away. She glances up from a book she's reading to admire their handy work.

EMMA

Wow.

She watches as Sophie gleefully gets to work on the body,
then turns her focus to Tom who seems just as excited.

He glances up, slightly perplexed as Emma grants him a
seemingly forgiving smile before returning to her book.

SOPHIE

D'you think Terry could come and meet them? They are gonna be friends.

Tom holds his gaze for a second longer.

TOM

I thought he was sleeping?

SOPHIE

He'll be awake now, silly.

Tom smirks.

TOM

Okay. Let me have five minutes and I'll go get him.

Emma places her book down as Tom approaches and sits next to her. They admire their daughter in silence for a moment.

Tom shuffles his hand through the sand towards hers and to his surprise, she slots her fingers in-between his.

EXT. SANDY BEACH - CAR PARK - DAY

Tom reaches into the back seat of his car, unbuckles Terry and gently sits him on the roof.

He shuts the door, holds out his key, hovers his thumb over the lock button but stops.

He pockets the key, opens the driver-side door, reaches into the glove box and retrieves his phone.

He studies the screen, frowns as he skims over its contents.

He chucks his phone back into the glove box, slams it shut. Then moves onto the car door with even more force.

He snatches Terry by the neck and storms towards the beach.

EXT. CORNISH COAST - DAY

A secluded property sits at the top of a cliff. It's decent in size but looks tiny compared to the vast ocean, sweeping rugged moorlands and steep granite cliffs that surround it.

A cloud of dust follows Tom's car as it makes its way up a narrow dirt track. The only access to and from the property.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Emma reads a brochure while Tom focuses on the track ahead.

Sophie's fast asleep in the back using Terry as a pillow.

EMMA

This must be the hiking trail he
was on about. I still think it's
worth a look.

Emma turns the brochure for Tom to see. He glances at it,
nods, but his mind's clearly somewhere else.

They reach the top of the track and approach a large
lighthouse keepers' cottage, turned guest house, with views
almost as appealing as the property itself.

The only thing ruining this would-be postcard, is an old beat-
up hatchback parked outside.

TOM

(frowns as he notices)
Cleaners must be running late.

Emma looks up from the brochure, reaches back and gently
shakes Sophie's knee.

EMMA

We're here, sweetie.

Sophie rubs sleep from her eyes, sits up and squints at her
temporary new home.

EMMA

You like it?

She answers with a nod, yawns, then points towards the
cottage.

SOPHIE

Who's that?

Emma turns to see NATE, late thirties, somewhere between
charming and rugged with what seems like a permanent grin
etched into his face, open the boot of the hatchback.

Tom stops his car a short distance away.

TOM

I'll let you know when I find out.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Nate grabs a holdall from the boot. Slams it shut. He steps
towards the cottage but stops as he notices Tom approaching.

NATE

Come a bit far to borrow a pint of
milk, don't ya think?

Tom stares back, confused.

WENDY (O.S.)

Who is it, love?

He turns to see WENDY, late forties, a hippy-like woman whose
best years have passed, exit the front door.

She makes her way over while Nate stares at Tom curiously.
Almost as if he's waiting for the answer.

Tom realizes and quickly holds out his hand to shake.

TOM

Oh, sorry. Tom.

Nate drops the holdall and shakes with a vice-like grip.

NATE

Nate. And this is my... well,
beautiful's a bit of a stretch, but
wife, Wendy.

Wendy playfully bumps into Nate's shoulder while Tom
discreetly shakes blood back into his fingertips.

WENDY

Nice to meet you.

Tom smiles.

TOM

Are you...

WENDY

How old is she? The little one.

Tom glances towards his car, then to Wendy who's eyes are
fixed on it.

TOM

Six. Sorry, but are you the owners?

Nate and Wendy stare back blankly.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

Sophie leans into the front beside Emma to get a better view
of what's going on.

SOPHIE

What's daddy doing?

EMMA
Just speaking to the kind man and
lady.

SOPHIE
What's he saying?

EMMA
I don't know, sweetie.

SOPHIE
Why are they here?

EMMA
(patience wavering)
I don't know.

They watch as Tom and Nate finish their brief conversation.
Tom walks towards them, opens the car and leans inside.

EMMA
What's going on?

TOM
There's been a mix up.

EMMA
What d'you mean?

TOM
With the booking. It was definitely
this week?

Emma flicks through the brochure, lifts out a loose booking
sheet and studies it. A scribbled note in the top right hand
corner reads - Key Code - 1289.

EMMA
Fifteenth to the twenty second.

She passes the sheet to Tom who double checks.

TOM
Nate said the same thing.

EMMA
Nate?

Tom turns to the happy couple who are already making their
way towards the car.

TOM
(to Nate)
Yeah, we've definitely got the
right date.

NATE

Ah, no worries. I'll pop down the village and sort something out.

TOM

(glancing at the sheet)
There's a number here. I'll just give 'em a quick ring.

NATE

Already tried that one for the WiFi code. Weren't nothing quick about it, trust me. I gotta go shop anyway, kill two birds and all that.

TOM

You sure?

NATE

Wouldn't be offering if not.

Nate quickly changes the subject by leaning on Tom's car and peering through the driver side window.

NATE

So this must be the beautiful family Tom spoke very highly of.

Emma smiles out of politeness but is clearly uncomfortable about the whole situation.

Sophie huddles into the corner with Terry in her arms.

TOM

Oh, yeah sorry. This is my wife, Emma. Daughter, Sophie.

EMMA

Hiya.

Nate grins.

NATE

I'm Nate. That's Wendy.

WENDY

Pleasure to meet you both.

Wendy stares into the back and admires Terry.

WENDY

And who've we got here, then?

Sophie remains silent, clutches Terry tighter.

TOM

It's rude to ignore people, honey.

Emma subtly glares at Tom. Wendy chuckles.

WENDY

It's okay. I was the same at her age. Shy Sally they used to call me.

(laughs)

Still not sure where they got the Sally bit from.

Nate pulls a set of keys from his pocket.

NATE

Well, you might as well start unpacking.

TOM

D'you not think we should wait til you get back?

NATE

Nah. We'll be out of your way before you know it. Wendy'll give you a hand with your stuff.

EMMA

That's okay. We can manage.

NATE

(while waltzing towards his car)

Please. It'll be the most productive thing she's done all year.

Sophie watches Wendy laugh as Nate jumps into his car.

SOPHIE

(sheepishly)

His name's Terry.

Emma turns to Sophie, stunned.

Wendy smiles back, overjoyed.

WENDY

What a lovely name that is.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Emma slides open a drawer in a spacious, somewhat rustic room accommodated with a king size bed and en-suite bathroom.

She grabs a handful of underwear from a suitcase but has second thoughts and drops them back inside.

EMMA

I still think we should wait.

Tom sits at the edge of the bed, eyes glued to his phone.

TOM

He said he'll sort it.

EMMA

And what if he can't?

TOM

Then they'll have to find somewhere else to stay.

EMMA

They were here first.

TOM

(losing patience)
Look, he told us to unpack. We're unpacking. Don't turn this into a problem.

Emma slams the drawer shut.

INT. COTTAGE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - DAY

Sophie bounces on her bed with Terry in hand.

Emma watches from the doorway.

EMMA

Come on, then. Downstairs.

SOPHIE

Awww, why?

EMMA

Because we've got company and it's polite.

SOPHIE

But I haven't even decided where the fort's going yet.

EMMA

I wasn't asking.

Sophie has one last bounce and lands flat on her back.

Emma's stern glare unwillingly turns to a smirk.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Tom scrolls through contacts on his phone. He stops on a number. Stares at it nervously.

He presses call, puts the phone to his ear and stands.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma and Wendy endure an awkward cup of tea on the sofa while Sophie rifles through a box of board games on the floor.

WENDY

He should be back soon.

Emma smiles, sips tea.

She scans the room, searches for any hint of a talking point.

A small stack of camera equipment on the windowsill catches her eye. It'll have to do.

EMMA

So who's the photographer, then?

WENDY

That would be Nate.

EMMA

He's picked a good spot for it.

Wendy smiles, but seems more interested in what Sophie's doing than the conversation at hand.

EMMA

Is it just a hobby then, or...

WENDY

He doesn't get paid if that's what you mean. But obsession's probably a better word for it.

Emma realizes the conversation's going nowhere and resorts back to sipping tea.

INT. COTTAGE - READING ROOM - DAY

Tom stands at a bay window overlooking the front yard in a small, basic room consisting of a bookshelf and seating area.

He speaks on the phone while fiddling with a set of bamboo blinds that seem to be stuck halfway up on one side.

TOM

No, I see what you're saying. What I can't see is how qualifications are more important than experience. I've been at it for fifteen years and they're treating me like a fucking apprentice.

He twists the blind handle and they drop down fully.

TOM

I appreciate it. But I don't want any good words, just get me into the room.

He wedges the phone between his shoulder and ear and tries his luck with both hands.

TOM

The quicker the better. I mean, we're managing... for now anyway. But with Emma being off as well, we'll be getting pretty desperate soon.

He twists the handle again and to his surprise, the blinds lift up evenly, just in time to see Nate pull up outside.

TOM

Cheers. I owe you one. Look, I've gotta go, I'm having a nightmare here as well.

Tom watches as Nate jumps out of his car and heads for the cottage. It's tricky to tell from here but he seems happy.

Tom turns, his back now to the window.

TOM

I won't go into it. Looks like it's all sorted now.

A keen viewer might notice Nate in the background stop, just short of the cottage and talk to himself, gesturing his hands like he's rehearsing a play.

TOM

Yeah, okay. Thanks again. And like I said, just a meeting, nothing else.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma and Wendy perk up to the sound of the front door.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

Nate closes the door behind him.

WENDY (O.S.)
What's the verdict, hun?

He turns to Tom who's halfway down the stairs.

NATE
Be with you in a minute.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Nate leans against the back of a bench in a well-kept garden.

Tom stands in front of him, doing a bad job of trying to hide how pissed off he is.

TOM
So what do we do?

NATE
Well, they won't have anything else available for three days, there's no way around that. But that aside, there was some slightly better news.

Tom waits impatiently for Nate to share it.

NATE
He did offer a full refund to whoever leaves, on top of the new accommodation.

TOM
So what, we flip a coin?

Nate shakes his head. Grins.

NATE
We're not gonna ruin your holiday, bud. You want us gone just say the word. But I did wanna run something by you first. Something that might take a bit of smoothing over with the other halves.

TOM
Go on.

NATE
I say we split the money. Share the house for a few days and me and Wendy'll leave first thing Thursday morning.

Tom frowns.

TOM

Would it not just be easier for you to take it? There's gotta be plenty of hotels around here.

NATE

A few hours ago, maybe. But I reckon we might struggle fitting a week's worth of shopping into a mini fridge.

Nate watches Tom as he mulls over the proposal in his head.

NATE

So how's seven hundred and fifty quid sound for letting us kip on the sofa for three nights?

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Emma angrily stuffs underwear into a drawer.

Tom stands behind her, clearly flustered.

TOM

So what? You're not even gonna talk about it, just sulk?

EMMA

Sounds like you've already made our minds up.

TOM

They've got just as much right to be here as we have.

EMMA

I'm not arguing that. But we could've just stayed in a caravan for a few days. Sophie wouldn't have minded.

TOM

Well, I wish you would've told me that eight months ago, before we spent an extra grand on this fucking place.

EMMA

Don't. You lost your right to talk about money when...

Emma shakes her head.

TOM

When what? Go on, you haven't mentioned it since this morning. It's way overdue.

Emma slams the drawer shut, turns to face him.

EMMA

Since you lost your job and was too much of a pussy to tell me.

Emma drags her suitcase over to the wardrobe, rips it open and chucks folded jeans and T-shirts inside.

Tom bites his tongue, but his grip soon loosens.

TOM

At least I had a fucking job to lose! And don't give me all that shit about what's best for her. She should be in a proper school with kids her own age.

Emma slams the wardrobe door.

EMMA

We tried that once. I don't expect you to remember because that would've meant you'd have had to have been around. Instead of hiding from us doing god knows what.

TOM

I wasn't...

Tom stops himself while he still can.

He sits on the bed. Tries his best to act calm.

TOM

If you want me to go talk to Nate, tell 'em they can't stay, I will. I just think it might do us good to have a bit of company for once. Sophie especially.

EMMA

Of course you do. The more things to distract you from your family the better.

Emma swiftly exits the room.

Tom takes a deep breath, rubs his hands down his face. He looks up to see the net curtains fluttering in the breeze.

He stands, walks towards an open window overlooking the garden and sees Sophie sat with Terry on the grass below.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Sophie sits cross-legged, covering Terry's ears with her hands. Behind her in the distance, Tom slams the window shut.

She removes her hands.

SOPHIE

It's okay. They've stopped now.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nate sits on the counter while Emma fills a glass with water at the sink.

EMMA

Well, there's a bed upstairs if you do want it.

NATE

Sofa's fine. But thanks.

Emma turns off the tap, heads for the door.

EMMA

I suppose I'll see you tomorrow, then.

NATE

Yeah.

Nate watches her leave.

NATE

(to himself)
Suppose you will.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophie reads to Tom in bed with Terry tucked between them.

SOPHIE

But the frail wolf explained to the sheep, that he needed to eat. He was too cold to hunt, and too weak without meat. The sheep just smiled and said, go ahead. Gobble me up, til you're plump and well-fed. But if you do, come tonight, you'll be hungry again. But if I don't, said the wolf, I won't make it til then. The sheep pondered a moment without much concern. Help me out of this pit, I'll help you in return.

Emma enters the room with a handful of blankets.

Tom throws her a puzzled look.

SOPHIE

(reading)

But I am a wolf. And you're merely a sheep. I'm big and strong. And you're small and weak. How could someone like you, help someone like me?

(sees Tom's not listening)

Dad!? We're right at the end.

TOM

Sorry.

He turns his attention back to his daughter while Emma makes up a bed on the floor. Sophie turns the page.

SOPHIE

(back to reading)

The sheep lay in his barn with his bowl full of fruit, but something was different, he was bald as a coot. How do I look? Cried the wolf, as he stepped in the room, wearing his brand new fur coat, with his brand new fur shoes. Warm. Replied the sheep and they giggled together, and from that day on, they were best friends forever.

Sophie closes the book.

TOM

Very good.

SOPHIE

(to Emma)

Is that for me?

EMMA

No, you can get cosy up there with daddy.

SOPHIE

Owww. Why can't I just sleep in my own room?

EMMA

It's only for a few nights.

Sophie jumps under the covers and slumps onto her side, annoyed in the cutest way imaginable.

Tom holds Terry out to her. She snatches him into her arms.

Tom and Emma share a laugh. Then realize they're still pissed at each other and stop.

Emma crawls under the blankets and faces the wall.

Tom sighs, reaches out and flicks off the light.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Emma turns onto her back, opens her eyes and stares at the ceiling. She shuffles from side to side, less comfortable with each movement.

She finally gives in, uncovers herself and carefully climbs into bed next to Tom. Closes her eyes.

Light from the landing filters through a small crack underneath the door.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

An uplifting Ska song blares out from a small radio on the windowsill. Israelites by Desmond Dekker & The Aces, maybe.

Nate skanks to the beat, mumbles the few words he's familiar with while he cooks breakfast.

And by the looks of it, he's catered for all.

The fullest of English breakfasts for the adults, scotch pancakes and waffles for Sophie with small pieces of fruit arranged into a face. And last but not least, a small bowl of shredded lettuce with a makeshift name card for Terry.

INT. COTTAGE - LANDING - DAY

Emma leads the way as she and Tom climb downstairs.

They stop near the bottom as Wendy rushes past with a handful of cutlery and a jug full of orange juice.

WENDY

Oh good, you're up. I was worried
we'd have to wake you.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nate sings along to the chorus while adding one final touch to Sophie's pancakes. Two blueberries for eyes.

He grins as he spots Emma and Tom in the doorway.

NATE

Morning.

EMMA

What's all this?

NATE
Breakfast.

Tom and Emma look over what can only be described as a banquet on the kitchen counter.

TOM
This is too much.

WENDY (O.S.)
Believe me.

Tom and Emma turn, both slightly startled to see Wendy stood right behind them.

WENDY
He'd be making the same effort if it was just us. Ain't that right, Nate.

Nate shrugs.

NATE
Ain't wrong.

Wendy squeezes past, opens the fridge.

WENDY
Likes to think he's one of those TV chefs. All the fancy ingredients, recipes he can't even pronounce. Not that I'm complaining.

Nate laughs as he spreads butter on toast.

WENDY
Sometimes I think it's the only place where he's truly happy, the kitchen.

Wendy bends down to pick out a selection of sauces.

Nate sneaks a look and smirks.

NATE
Or bedroom.

Tom and Emma watch uncomfortably from the doorway as they wait for this moment to end.

INT. COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Tom and Emma tuck into breakfast at the table with Nate and Wendy opposite.

Sophie seems to enjoy hers the most. She sits at the end with Terry next to her, his head buried in the bowl of lettuce.

Tom reluctantly prods a piece of black pudding the size of a hockey puck with his fork.

NATE

Not too keen on it?

TOM

Not really, no. The whole blood thing.

NATE

It's up there with venison for me.

Tom frowns, scrapes the puck to the side of his plate.

WENDY

So, what's your plans for today, then?

EMMA

We haven't really got any.

Nate shakes his head in disbelief.

NATE

I wish I had parents like you growing up.

(to Sophie)

You should think yourself lucky, kid.

He reaches over and to Tom's surprise, stabs the black pudding from his plate and drops it onto his own.

NATE

Mine used to write out a manifesto a month in advance. If we wanted to do something different we'd have to organize a family meeting.

Tom watches in disgust as Nate shovels it into his mouth.

EMMA

We have got a rough idea. Beach. Park. All the usual stuff. Me and Sophie were gonna check out the Bison Trail at some point.

Tom stares at Emma. Clearly something he didn't approve of.

SOPHIE

The man in the shop said that dinosaurs used to walk across it.

WENDY

Really?

Sophie nods excitedly.

NATE

The man in the shop was right. I heard that when they got too hot, they used to go swimming in the cove at the bottom.

SOPHIE

What's a cove?

EMMA

A little beach, honey.

SOPHIE

We went to a big beach yesterday.

Wendy leans forward, smiles.

WENDY

How big?

Sophie stretches out her arms as far as she can.

Emma, Wendy and Nate chuckle.

SOPHIE

Can we go?

TOM

Maybe another day. The man in the shop also said it was tricky to find.

Sophie commits to a frown, but it doesn't last long.

WENDY

Nate knows where it is.

Sophie's eyes dart towards him.

NATE

We stopped at the top on the way here. Ain't far. Was planning on doin' it ourselves at some point.

WENDY

(almost too eager)
Why don't we all go today?

Nate stares at her as if she's said something wrong.

Tom glances at Emma as if to say, definitely not.

WENDY

(noticing the tension)
Sorry. I didn't mean to be intrusive. Me and Nate can always go another day. It's your holiday.

SOPHIE

Noooo.

Emma chuckles at Sophie's disapproval.

EMMA

Don't be silly. You're more than welcome. Probably save us an hour just trying to find the place.

NATE

Today it is, then.

SOPHIE

Yay!

NATE

(leans towards Sophie)
But if I see any dinosaurs, I'm running in the opposite direction.

Sophie giggles while Tom scornfully watches Emma casually finish her breakfast.

EXT. COASTAL PATH - BEGINNING OF TRACK - DAY

Nate stands at the peak of a cliff, absorbing the sight and sound of sea battling jagged coastline.

He lifts a camera from around his neck, twists the lens and takes a snap. He half smiles, not quite satisfied. Then hops down to the path below to join the rest of the group.

Emma stands with Nate's camera bag in hand.

Wendy and Sophie pick daisies on the ground beside her while Tom stands a few feet away, eyes glued to his phone.

WENDY

Did you get it?

NATE

Bit high up for what I was after.

Emma passes the bag back to Nate in exchange for a smile and watches as he carries on the trek with Wendy by his side.

Sophie runs over to Emma and to her surprise, holds out Terry for her to take. She does, then watches with greater astonishment as Sophie skips after Wendy and Nate.

NATE

You coming?

TOM

We'll catch up.

Tom holds his phone in the air in a desperate attempt to find signal. Emma tucks Terry into her rucksack, his head still poking out from the top.

EMMA
(to Sophie)
Wait there, sweetie.

Sophie reluctantly follows her command as they wait for Tom who's too invested in his phone to notice.

Emma approaches Sophie and holds out her hand.

EMMA
Come on, then. Daddy'll catch up.

Sophie cups her hand and continues to skip along the track.

EXT. COASTAL PATH - MIDDLE OF TRACK - DAY

Wendy and Sophie pick flowers up ahead while Emma and Nate stroll behind at a snails pace.

NATE
She doesn't seem that shy to me.

EMMA
I honestly haven't seen her this comfortable with anyone in years.

NATE
What about friends? She must have some at school.

Emma shakes her head.

EMMA
We thought it was just around adults at first. Our friends, family. But then her teachers got in touch and said the same thing was happening. I used to teach primary so it just seemed like the right thing to try home school.

NATE
Was it? The right thing?

EMMA
She's happier.

NATE
Yes then.

Emma half smiles, not fully on board.

NATE

Kids go through a lot. And people make the mistake of thinking they've got this default setting of happiness. Give 'em something sweet and a cuddle and all their problems just disappear. But they go through stuff like everyone else. And like everyone else they deal with it in their own little way. That's all she's doing.

EMMA

Well, I wish her little way would hurry up. We're starting to run out of ideas.

NATE

Have you tried getting her to talk to someone? Professionally I mean.

EMMA

We've thought about it.

Nate notices a change in tone.

NATE

Sorry, I didn't mean to dig. I just know it helped me a lot.

Emma glances at him, intrigued.

EXT. COASTAL PATH - BEGINNING OF TRACK - DAY

Tom sits on top of a boulder, his phone to his ear.

TOM

Yeah, I can hear you now... No, I heard that, you cut off after meeting... Tomorrow? There's no chance... Well, is there any way around it?... And you're sure that I'm in with a chance?

Tom sighs.

EXT. COASTAL PATH - MIDDLE OF TRACK - DAY

Emma watches as Nate takes a picture of small lighthouse in the distance. He studies the screen with a grin.

NATE

That's a good'en.

He holds it out for Emma to see. She smiles.

NATE

Don't worry. You ain't gotta pretend.

EMMA

I'm not. It looks nice.

Nate laughs.

NATE

I probably take it all a bit too seriously anyway.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Mum, look!

Emma looks up from the screen to see Sophie bundling towards her clasping something tightly in her hands.

Nate lifts his camera and films her.

EMMA

What's that?

Sophie holds out a daisy chain necklace.

SOPHIE

It's for you.

Emma takes it from her.

EMMA

Wow. Thank you.

SOPHIE

Now we just gotta make another one for daddy.

Sophie skips back over to Wendy who stands proudly up ahead.

Nate turns to Emma who's clearly overwhelmed.

She attempts to put on her daughter's gift with subtle tears of joy forming in her eyes. Nate puts down his camera.

NATE

Here.

He takes the chain from her, lifts the back of her hair and carefully fixes it around her neck. Emma rubs her eyes.

EMMA

I'm sorry.

NATE

Don't be daft.

Nate gently rubs her back as they continue the walk.

EXT. COASTAL PATH - MIDDLE OF TRACK - LATER

Tom puffs and pants, bent over with both hands on his knees.

He catches his breath. Surveys the area. Not a trace of his family in sight.

He fights through a stitch and jogs up ahead.

EXT. COASTAL PATH - END OF TRACK - DAY

Tom checks his phone. No signal. He swiftly pockets it and continues the search, more panicked than before.

He climbs to the top of a hill for a better view of his surroundings. Still nothing.

TOM
(top of his lungs)
Emma! Sophie!

He waits for a response but is met by silence.

TOM
Emma!

More silence.

TOM
Emma! Soph...

NATE (O.S.)
(muffled from a distance)
We're down here, buddy.

Tom follows Nate's voice with his eyes and scrambles down the hill. He runs towards a row of bushes with an overgrown, barely noticeable path through the middle and heads down it.

EXT. SMALL PEBBLED COVE - DAY

Emma and Nate sit on the beach, admiring Sophie and Wendy as they stack pebbles at the waters edge.

Nate lifts his camera.

EMMA
Have you got any of your own?

Nate adjusts the lens and takes a snap.

NATE
Wendy used to. A long time ago now.
Little girl.

He takes another photo and turns to face Emma.

NATE

This is usually the part where people ask what happened.

EMMA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bring anything up.

NATE

Like I said, it was a long time ago. Before I met her.

EMMA

Did she?

Nate nods.

NATE

Couple of days before her fifth birthday.

EMMA

Oh God.

Nate chuckles.

NATE

He clearly weren't involved. To her credit though, I think she coped well. Almost as if it made her like kids even more, you know.

Tom trudges towards them from behind.

EMMA

I can see that. You must be so proud. I don't know how anyone gets through something like that.

Nate shrugs.

NATE

Same way we all do I s'pose. Same way I did when I lost my wife.

Nate quickly turns to Tom and grins.

NATE

Finally made it then, bud.

TOM

(still catching his
breath)

I thought something had happened.

NATE

I was only kidding about the dinosaurs.

Tom slumps down next to them, unimpressed. He stares at Emma who's still trying to process what Nate's just said.

Nate senses the tension and jumps to his feet.

NATE

Time for a dip I reckon.

He places his camera down, whips off his T-shirt and heads for the water. Emma focuses solely on him.

NATE

(to Sophie in the
distance)

I'm afraid I'm gonna have to borrow
her for a second.

Emma watches as Nate slings Wendy over his shoulder and albeit her pleading, carries her into the water.

EMMA

Are you angry?

TOM

I was worried. What if something
had happened?

EMMA

Then like usual, you wouldn't have
been there.

TOM

Do you not get bored of it? Do you
enjoy it that much that you have to
have a dig at me every time I open
my mouth?

Sophie clambers towards them.

SOPHIE

Why aren't you two swimming?

TOM

We're just talking at the moment,
darling. Go play with your rocks.

SOPHIE

They're pebbles.

Emma stands, reaches out and takes hold of Sophie's hand.

EMMA

Come on. Let's see if we can stack
them even higher before Wendy gets
back.

Tom sighs as he watches his family walk away.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Nate sits at a table, flicks through photos on his camera.

Tom strolls over with two cups of tea, places them down.

NATE

Cheers.

Nate holds the camera out for Tom to see. It's a picture of Sophie and Emma perched on a boulder at the pebbled cove.

NATE

I told Emma I'd print 'em out for her. Maybe put a slideshow together or something.

TOM

Oh right.

NATE

Got a few videos as well. You won't get the benefit of 4k on here but when it's blown up and edited it's a different story.

Tom sips tea, really not interested.

NATE

(still flicking through)
Be nice to have a few with you in.

Nate quickly shows him another before he can respond.

NATE

That's a good one.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Emma tips a tin of beans into a saucepan to the sound of fast-paced footsteps circling the rooms above.

Wendy rifles through a holdall on the floor.

WENDY

I'm sure I packed it.

EMMA

There's plenty of clean ones in there. I'm putting a wash on tomorrow anyway.

Wendy places a bottle of shampoo on the counter.

WENDY

Thanks. The sooner I get this salt out of my hair the better.

The footsteps stop with a loud thump.

EMMA
(shouts upstairs)
You alright, sweetie?

The footsteps continue.

WENDY
(smiling)
She's a little angel, ain't she.

EMMA
Most of the time.

Emma stirs the beans.

WENDY
You can't take 'em for granted, you know.

She stops mid-stir. Wendy notices.

WENDY
I take it Nate told you about what happened?

Emma turns to face her, uncomfortable is an understatement.

EMMA
He mentioned it. But only because I brought it up.

WENDY
It's okay. I find it comforting to talk about these days. He knows that.

EMMA
What was her name?

WENDY
Mallory.

EMMA
I'm sorry. I couldn't begin to...

WENDY
You couldn't. No one can. It's times like that when you want to believe there's a bearded man up there...

Wendy stares up at the ceiling where the footsteps pound.

WENDY
...just so you can have someone to vent your hate towards.

She holds her gaze in a trance-like state.

WENDY

I despised people for a long time.
You see a family at the park, at
the beach, laughing, not a care in
the world. And all you can think is
why me and not them.

Wendy blinks, snaps back to normality and faces Emma who's wide-eyed from a mixture of pity and perplexity.

WENDY

It was hard to get over that
feeling. And if it wasn't for Nate,
I probably wouldn't have.

Wendy grabs the shampoo and heads for the bathroom.

WENDY

Don't ever take them for granted.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Nate continues to browse through his photos while Tom sips tea opposite.

TOM

Is there any money in it, then?
Taking pictures?

NATE

Not for me, no. My real passion's
film. Wanted to be a director for
the best part of my life.

TOM

You don't anymore?

Nate shakes his head.

NATE

It's alright to have a dream when
you're young. Then you get to
around thirty and reality wakes you
up. I still dabble, put a few bits
and pieces together. Feels more
like a job than a hobby sometimes.

TOM

So why d'you keep doing it?

NATE

Two reasons, really. Wendy. She
enjoys watching what I put
together. And incomplete memories.

Tom stares at him, looks lost.

NATE

Like, not me in particular. Humans
in general.

Tom continues to stare, still lost.

NATE

For example. I know I had happy
times in my childhood. I remember
going fishing with my dad, him
teaching me how to hunt, how to
drive, but not enough to really
feel anything. Just a few blurred
images that don't seem to fit
properly. But with film, it's all
there. A thirty second clip and it
all comes rushing back. The
feelings, smells, everything. It's
magic.

For the first time in the conversation, Tom seems intrigued.

INT. COTTAGE - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY

Wendy dries her hair with a towel in front of the mirror to
the sound of Sophie running around upstairs.

She puts the towel down and picks up a hair brush.

WENDY

(under breath)
Just stay still.

She pulls the brush through her hair, steady at first.

WENDY

(under breath)
I've told you once. I won't tell
you again.

Her movement become slightly fiercer with each stroke.

WENDY

(slightly louder)
I've told you once. I won't tell
you again. I've told you once. I
won't tell you again.

Her hand quivers as she grips the handle tighter.

WENDY

(through gritted teeth)
I've told you once. I won't tell
you again. I've told you once. I
won't tell you...

EMMA (O.S.)
 (shouts upstairs)
 Sophie. Lunch is ready.

The footsteps stop.

As does Wendy's erratic behavior.

She pauses for a second. Studies her reflection.

Then continues to brush her hair as if nothing happened.

INT. COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom, Emma, Nate and Wendy sit around the table enjoying a flawlessly prepared duck dish.

Everyone has a glass of wine in hand apart from Tom who's opted for orange juice.

NATE
 See, I don't believe in God,
 ghosts, none of that stuff. But if
 a see a magpie on its own, I can't
 help but salute it.

EMMA
 So you're superstitious?

NATE
 Not in the slightest.

Emma smirks.

WENDY
 What about you, Tom?

TOM
 Never really thought about it.

WENDY
 Oh, come on. Everyone thinks about
 it. The big questions. Why are we
 here? Where do we go?

Tom shrugs.

TOM
 Agnostic then, I guess.

NATE
 Ohhhh, that's the worst one. Even
 mentally ill... Sorry, religious
 people, know what they believe. I
 mean, it's wrong, but at least
 they've made up their minds.

TOM

I find it all a bit depressing to tell you the truth.

NATE

That's because you're looking at it wrong. We're on this earth for what? Seventy. Eighty years. A short amount of time in the grand scheme of things, then we're gone. That's it. Nothing else.

TOM

Sounds even more depressing when you put it in a sentence.

Nate lifts his arms in a theatrical, 'Are you being serious?' kind of gesture.

NATE

Seventy or eighty years! That's the part you need to focus on. What you do with those years is all that matters. It's everything.

Nate takes a swig of wine.

NATE

And the most important thing is. You don't get a choice. It's happening right now, at this precise moment, whether you like it or not. So you can spend your years worrying about what comes next, which I can almost assure you is nothing, or make the most of 'em while you're here.

Wendy tilts her glass in approval. Nate refills his.

NATE

So on that note. Are you sure I can't pour you a glass?

TOM

I'm fine, really.

NATE

Suit yourself.

Nate swings the bottle around and refills Emma's.

EMMA

Thanks.

Sophie shuffles over to the table in a onesie and slippers.

EMMA

Did you find him?

She shakes her head glumly.

EMMA

He's probably just hiding
somewhere. We'll have a look first
thing tomorrow.

SOPHIE

Owww. Why can't we just look now?

EMMA

Because it's late. And you need to
go to bed.

SOPHIE

But I don't wanna go to bed!

TOM

Listen to your mum, Sophie.

Emma leans in towards her.

EMMA

(softly)

I tell you what. How'd you like to
sleep in your own room tonight?

Sophie's face lights up a little.

EMMA

That sound good?

Sophie nods.

Emma stands, scoops her into her arms.

EMMA

Come on, then. Say your good
nights.

SOPHIE

Good night.

WENDY

Sweet dreams.

TOM

Night, darling.

Nate salutes as Emma carries her upstairs. Sophie smiles.

He waits for them to leave and turns his focus to Tom,
tilting the almost empty bottle of wine in his direction.

NATE

Last chance.

Tom reluctantly slides a spare glass across the table.

INT. COTTAGE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emma tucks Sophie into bed.

EMMA

So you're having a good time so far?

Sophie nods, barely able to keep her eyes open.

EMMA

And don't worry, we'll find him in the morning. He couldn't have gone far.

Emma kisses Sophie's forehead.

EMMA

Good night, sweetie. Love you.

SOPHIE

Love you too.

Emma flicks off the light. Leaves the door slightly ajar.

Sophie turns onto her side, stretches out her arms but can't seem to get comfy.

She pulls a spare pillow from underneath her head and cuddles it as a substitute for Terry.

INT. COTTAGE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - LATER

Sophie opens her eyes to the muffled sound of laughter.

She rolls onto her side, closes her eyes, but they're forced back open by a burst of cackling from downstairs.

She crawls out of bed, slips on a pair slippers and heads for the door.

INT. COTTAGE - LANDING - NIGHT

Sophie slowly descends downstairs.

The laughter sounds more distant the closer she gets.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sophie reaches the bottom, stands outside the dining room door and listens. The laughter now almost non-existent.

She pushes the door open and apart from the creak of its hinges, the room's dead silent. And pitch black.

One thing that is visible thanks to a narrow strip of light from the hallway, is the table. And whatever's sitting at it.

A DARK FIGURE with a similar build to Emma. Its back turned.

Sophie studies it for a moment. Slowly edges forward.

SOPHIE
Mummy, I'm scared.

The figure cracks its head around with breakneck speed to reveal a WITCH-LIKE WOMAN with blistering skin, milky dead eyes and a practically toothless grin.

WITCH-LIKE WOMAN
(deep growl)
You should be, cunt.

Sophie lets out a fearful gasp and bolts for the staircase.

INT. COTTAGE - LANDING - NIGHT

Sophie sprints upstairs, almost stumbles over.

She reaches the top.

Thuds of heavy, gallop-like footsteps close in from behind.

She makes a dash for the master bedroom.

Frantically bangs the door.

SOPHIE
Mum! Dad!

TOM (O.S.)
Go to sleep, honey.

EMMA (O.S.)
It'll do you good to meet someone new.

Sophie's eyes fill with tears.

SOPHIE
But I need your help.

The sound of Tom's fist crashing against the door sends her back a few steps.

TOM (O.S.)
(venomous)
We're sick and tired of trying to
help. Go to your room!

Sophie stares at the door. Puzzled. Petrified.

Another loud bang catches her attention. But this time it's from behind.

She turns to see the Witch-Like Woman at the edge of the landing. It cackles. Slowly takes a step forward.

WITCH-LIKE WOMAN
On your marks... Get set...

Sophie takes one last look at the door, realizes it's hopeless and makes a dash for her own.

The Witch-Like Woman does the same.

Sophie manages to squeeze inside of the room.

She pulls on the door handle, but a BLISTERED HAND reaches through the gap and grabs hold of her hair.

Sophie howls in pain as her head is forced backwards.

She tries to break free but she's too weak.

The Blistered Hand lets go.

Sophie falls to the floor, scurries towards her bed as fast as she can, backs up against it.

She catches her breath. Watches the door like a hawk.

Then shrieks as it bursts open.

The Witch-Like Woman steps inside. Grins a toothless grin and slams the door behind her.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma opens her eyes to the distant sound of a door shutting.

She glances over at Tom who's fast asleep next to her, carefully removes the covers and heads for the landing.

INT. COTTAGE - LANDING - NIGHT

Emma approaches Sophie's room, a look of slight concern on her face as she notices the door now shut.

She reaches for the handle, twists it open.

INT. COTTAGE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sophie is fast asleep, arm around her pillow with all of the covers kicked to the side of the bed.

A netted curtain flutters in a faint breeze at the back of the room. Emma creeps over and closes it.

She watches her daughter for a second, smiles, then gently tucks her back into bed.

She heads for the door but stops short as something catches her eye on the floor behind it.

She chuckles, bends down and picks up Terry.

She studies him, screws her face a little as she notices a shallow cut across his throat.

She carefully removes the pillow from under Sophie's arm and replaces it with Terry.

She admires her daughter for a little longer and heads for the door.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

A DEAD BADGER lies on a large chopping board.

A CLEAVER removes its head from its body in one forceful swoop. Nate flips the badger onto its back, runs a filleting knife from neck to tail and carefully removes the guts.

Emma approaches from behind, stops in the doorway, covers her mouth with her hand.

NATE

(as he notices)

Sorry. I should've cracked a window.

EMMA

Is that a skunk?

Nate washes his hands under the tap.

NATE

Badger. Well, was a badger. Now it's just a big old lump of meat that would've gone to waste.

EMMA

I didn't know you could eat them.

NATE

A lot of people don't. Truth is, as long as it ain't been there too long and you cook it right, you can eat almost anything you find on the side of the road.

Nate opens a window.

He wipes blood from his knife, picks up a steel sharpens it.

He stares at Emma who's undivided attention is on his bounty.

NATE

I can take it outside if it's a problem. Just a bit easier in here, is all.

EMMA

No, it's fine. Have you seen Tom?

Nate stops sharpening. Puts the knife down.

NATE

Said he had to pop out for a bit.

EMMA

Pop out?

Nate sighs.

NATE

I did say I'd cover for him, but I can't see that turning out well for any of us.

Emma waits impatiently for an explanation.

NATE

He had a job interview. Said his friend found a firm that needed a place to fill. Was a sooner rather than later sort of deal so it had to be today. That's all he said.

Emma stands in silence.

Wendy breaks the tension by emerging from the bathroom.

WENDY

Morning.

Emma forces a smile.

WENDY

You want something to eat?

Then screws her face as Nate pulls the remaining offal from the badger.

EMMA
I'm okay, thanks.

WENDY
Cuppa?

EMMA
Umm, yeah. Go on then.

Wendy fills the kettle, clicks it on.

WENDY
So, where's the littlen?

EMMA
Still in bed.

WENDY
Ahh, poor thing must be knackered.

EMMA
She must be. I've never known her to sleep in this long.

NATE
The late night probably took a lot out of her.

Nate carries the badger's head and guts over to a bin. Dumps them inside.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Emma sits at the edge of the bed.

She places a steaming cup of tea on the bedside shelf and picks up her phone. Stares at it. Puts it back down.

LATER

The cup is now empty and the sound of an active shower fills the room. It cuts off.

Emma steps out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel.

She opens the wardrobe and flicks through a rack of dull clothing. Mostly dark blouses, jeans and jogging bottoms.

She stops at the end of the rack and fixates on the only item left, a stunning floral summer dress, unused with its price tag still attached.

INT. COTTAGE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - DAY

Emma enters wearing the dress.

She approaches Sophie and sits on the bed beside her.

EMMA

Come on, sweetie. Time to wake up.

She strokes her daughter's hair which looks noticeably straighter than it did the previous day.

EMMA

(slightly concerned)
Sophie?

Emma shakes her gently but she remains lifeless.

EMMA

(concerned)
Sophie.

She shakes harder, more frantically. Then lets out a deep sigh of relief as Sophie stirs. Opens her eyes.

EMMA

You had me worried then, sleepy head. It's almost ten o'clock.

SOPHIE

(still half asleep)
I had a bad dream.

Emma smiles, leans in and kisses her forehead.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Nate scrubs grease from the grill of a gas barbecue.

Wendy sits at the bench with a cup of tea in hand.

Sophie sits on Emma's lap at the other side of the bench, clutching hold of Terry while Emma flicks through a brochure.

WENDY

(to Sophie)
Somebody's a bit quiet today.

Sophie continues to stare straight ahead.

EMMA

She didn't sleep too well. Had a bad dream.

WENDY

Ahhh, poor thing.

Wendy seems agitated that she's not getting a response.

WENDY
I like your hair.

Sophie nestles her head into Emma's arms.

EMMA
She's convinced that a witch did it.

WENDY
Must've been a pretty friendly one to do that.

Sophie shakes her head.

WENDY
So it was a mean witch?

Sophie nods.

WENDY
Oh. Well, at least you've got Terry back to protect you now. I'm sure he wouldn't let any mean old witches bother you.

SOPHIE
He's broken.

WENDY
Broken?

EMMA
We must've caught him on a bramble or something yesterday.

WENDY
Can I have a look?

Sophie reluctantly passes Terry to Wendy who studies the rip across his throat.

WENDY
He's not broken. Just needs a bit of patching up is all.

She passes Terry back to Sophie but instead of taking him, she nestles her head further into Emma's arms.

Emma kisses the top of her head.

EMMA
I'll do it as soon as we get home.

Wendy leans in a little closer.

WENDY

What if I told you I could fix him
up for you, good as new?

This peaks Sophie's interest. She turns to face her.

WENDY

D'you think he'd like that?

Sophie nods.

WENDY

Then I'll get him prepped for this
afternoon.

EMMA

It can wait til we get home.

SOPHIE

Nooo.

WENDY

It's no problem.

SOPHIE

Can you really fix him?

NATE

I wouldn't doubt it, kid. He's in
good hands. Wendy was a well
respected surgeon at one point.

EMMA

(to Wendy)

Was you?

Wendy half smiles. Nods.

SOPHIE

Did you save people?

WENDY

Sometimes.

EMMA

So you don't still practice?

Wendy shakes her head. Nate waltzes over, grabs a pint of
orange juice from the side and necks it.

NATE

Probably best to stop when you
start losing your patience.

(chuckles)

Get it?

Emma watches Wendy smile at Nate endearingly. He places his
glass on the table, grins and returns to the barbecue.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

Tom enters through the front door with a plastic carrier bag in hand, wipes his feet on the welcome mat and heads for the living room.

He pokes his head inside but nobody's there.

He places the bag down. Stands at the foot of the stairs.

TOM

Hello?

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tom walks over to the back door, opens it and peers outside.

TOM

Emma?

He shuts the door, heads back towards the landing, but stops dead as he notices the blood-drenched cleaver in the sink.

He fixates on it as a hundred terrible thoughts race through his head, then swiftly exits the room.

TOM (O.S.)

(panicked)

Emma? Sophie?

We stay with the bloody cleaver to the sound of Tom sprinting upstairs as fast as his legs will allow.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

Nate and Wendy enter through the front door, followed by Emma and Sophie who looks the most excited she has all trip.

INT. COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Tom sits at the dining room table, a bottle of champagne and two glasses in front of him, one of which is half full.

He turns his attention to the doorway as Emma steps inside.

They have a brief but tense stare-off, interrupted by Sophie bundling into the room. In her arms is a black and white, giant headed stuffed toy COW called ANGUS.

SOPHIE

Dad, look!

She runs up to him, jumps onto his lap and holds out the toy.

Tom glances at it, then back to Emma.

TOM
(to Emma)
Where've you been?

SOPHIE
Nate took us to a farm. We saw
chickens, ducks, kangaroos...

EMMA
Llamas, honey.

SOPHIE
...llamas, goats.

TOM
Wow. Let me just speak to your mum
a minute then you can tell me all
about it.

SOPHIE
But I haven't even got to the best
bit yet. Before we went, Nate and
mummy built me my fort. It's bright
pink and I'm allowed to sleep in it
if I want.

NATE (O.S.)
Sophie.

Tom looks up to see Nate peering into the room behind Emma.

NATE
I need some help finding out how
good this ice cream tastes but I
don't know who to ask. Can you
think of anybody?

Sophie jumps off of Tom's lap and bolts for the door.

Nate winks at Tom before following her into the kitchen.

Tom and Emma continue their stare-off.

EMMA
Bit dramatic don't you think?
Drinking alone at three o'clock in
the afternoon.

Tom picks up the bottle, fills the other glass.

TOM
I had an interview.

EMMA
I know.

TOM

It went well. And I'm sorry for not telling you. I should have. But I couldn't risk being talked out of it. And it came at a shit time but it's exactly what we've been waiting for. A nine to five, no staying late, no weekends. I'll be home for tea every night. And the money they were offering.

Tom shakes his head.

EMMA

What's your chances?

TOM

I start next week.

Emma takes this in. And to Tom's surprise, walks up and cuddles him.

TOM

You're not upset?

EMMA

I'm tired of being upset. I just want us to get back to us.

TOM

I think I'm ready for that.

Tom tries to kiss the top of Emma's forehead, but she leans in and plants one on his lips instead.

He pulls back and admires her dress.

TOM

You look beautiful by the way.

Emma smiles, tears of joy forming in her eyes.

TOM

And next time please leave a note. That's twice now my heart's almost stopped this holiday. I thought you'd been murdered til I opened the bin and saw a badger head grinning at me.

Emma laughs.

EMMA

I'm hoping there won't be a next time.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nate pulps meat into a bowl with his fists while Tom slices peppers on the counter beside him.

CLASSIC ROCK seeps through an open window from outside.

TOM

They not riddled with disease, them things?

Nate adds herbs and spices to the meat mix.

NATE

Nah, load of bollocks if you ask me. I gut the neck and sling the lungs to be safe, but as long as it's fresh you're fine.

Nate scoops a handful of meat from the bowl and shapes it into a burger.

TOM

How do you know it's fresh?

NATE

This one was easy...

Nate slaps the burger onto the counter.

NATE

...still had a pulse when I hit it.

EXT. COTTAGE - BOTTOM OF THE GARDEN - DAY

Sophie lies on the grass, colouring in farm animals in a colouring book while Terry and Angus watch.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Emma and Wendy sit at the table behind a half empty bottle of wine as CLASSIC ROCK plays from an iPod dock.

WENDY

So did he just come out and tell you in the end or did you find out?

EMMA

Bit of both really. When the money stopped adding up and he ran out of excuses, I guess he had no choice.

WENDY

That must've been hard.

EMMA

What? Losing our life savings or not divorcing him on the spot?

Wendy laughs. Refills their glasses.

EMMA

So, what about you and Nate?

WENDY

What about us?

EMMA

I don't know, all the good stuff. Like how you still get along so well.

WENDY

We just like similar things I suppose. And Nate was there for me when I needed help, he had a few issues of his own that I like to think I helped with. Those are the things that stick with you, you know.

Wendy swigs wine, chuckles.

WENDY

And the bedroom antics certainly play their part.

(nudges Emma)

Speaking of which. I'm guessing I'ma need a fire blanket tonight with all those sparks flying.

Emma blushes.

EMMA

I'm not sure we're quite there yet. It's been a while.

EXT. COTTAGE - BOTTOM OF THE GARDEN - DAY

Sophie scribbles away at a chicken in her book.

She glances up at Angus and smiles. Then to Terry and frowns.

She continues with her work but her eyes are soon drawn back to Terry, specifically the gash across his neck.

She screws her face, grabs Terry and chucks him away from her. Then pulls Angus in a little closer.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Tom strolls out from the kitchen with a tray of meat.

WENDY

Been trying your hand in the kitchen, then.

TOM

Yep. Luckily it wasn't just badger on the menu.

He places a tray of skewered chicken kebabs on the table along with minted lamb cutlets and pork chops.

He sits next to Emma and kisses her.

As Wendy watches in awe, Sophie solemnly approaches with Terry in hand.

SOPHIE

(softly)

Wendy?

Wendy doesn't flinch, her full attention on the now-happy couple, still making up for lost time with their lips.

SOPHIE

(slightly louder)

Wendy?

No response.

Sophie edges a little closer. Gently tugs at her sleeve.

Wendy snaps her neck around.

Sophie stumble backwards in shock.

EMMA

What is it, sweetie?

Sophie watches as Wendy's face transitions from a snarl to a smile, then turns to her parents.

TOM

Are you okay?

SOPHIE

(sheepishly)

Terry's still broke.

TOM

He'll be alright. We'll get him fixed soon as we get home.

SOPHIE

But Wendy said she'd fix him this afternoon.

EMMA

We've all had a busy day, sweetie. And Wendy's just sat down. You've got Angus to play with for now.

SOPHIE

I've tried. But Terry won't stop crying.

WENDY

Well, we can't have that now, can we?

Wendy reaches out for Terry.

WENDY

Give him here and I'll get him sorted.

EMMA

You don't have to.

WENDY

It's fine.

After slight hesitation, Sophie passes Terry over.

TOM

What do you say?

SOPHIE

(still sheepish)
Thank you.

WENDY

I'll be back before you know it.

Wendy heads for the door, just as Nate heads outside with a tray of surprisingly good-looking badger burgers.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Wendy watches through the window as Nate places the tray on the table and Sophie leans over to investigate what's inside.

Wendy holds her emotionless gaze for a second longer. Then turns her focus to the bloody cleaver in the sink.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Nate flips burgers on the barbecue while Tom and Sophie play chase around the garden. Emma sips wine at the table.

NATE

This things back to normal, then?

Emma smiles, but seems unsure.

Nate grabs a beer from the table, takes a swig.

NATE

He's making an effort. You've gotta give him that.

EMMA

I just hope the effort lasts.

NATE

It will. If he's got any sense that is.

Nate finishes his beer and places the bottle down.

NATE

He almost seems good enough for you when he's like this.

Nate strolls back over to the barbecue while Emma mulls over what he's just said.

INT. COTTAGE - READING ROOM - DAY

Terry lies in the middle of a makeshift operating theatre, his face partially concealed by a gas mask attached to a small canister as Wendy hums the tune 'Pop goes the weasel'.

She places a worn, wooden case beside him and opens it to reveal a red velvet-lined, antique-like surgeon's kit.

She pulls a length of thick black lace from inside, threads it through a large needle and puts it down on the table.

She removes the mask from Terry's face. Grabs a blade from the kit and hovers it across the tear in his throat.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Sophie swings Angus by the hand as she skips past the barbecue looking pretty pleased with herself.

NATE

How'd you get on?

SOPHIE

(cocky)

I won.

Nate grins.

NATE

Maybe later you can try your luck
against a worthy opponent.

Sophie giggles at Nate as he flexes his biceps.

She sits on the grass beside Emma as Tom clambers over,
completely knackered from Sophie's workout.

EMMA

Someone's gonna sleep well tonight.

Tom slumps down on the table.

TOM

(out of breath)
Me or her?

Emma laughs.

Nate approaches with two beers, cracks one open and places it
in front of Tom.

Tom shakes his head, gesturing no but too worn out to say it.

Nate pats him on the back.

NATE

It's important to stay hydrated.

INT. COTTAGE - READING ROOM - DAY

Wendy stitches the last few threads of lace along a cut
that's noticeably larger than before.

She takes a small blade from her kit and snips it.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Nate tucks a beef burger between two buns, adds a slice of
tomato, a leaf of lettuce and drops it on a plate.

NATE

(to Sophie)
You wouldn't go and give Wendy a
shout for me, would you? Tell her
the food's ready.

Sophie doesn't budge, just stares towards the cottage.

Emma gently rubs her back.

EMMA

Quickly then, before it goes cold.

Sophie reluctantly stands and heads for the back door.

NATE
You good for badger, Tom?

TOM
I'll stick with beef, thanks.

Nate smiles, pulls another beef burger from the barbecue.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

Sophie walks towards the bottom of the landing.

SOPHIE
Wendy?

No answer.

She remains still for a moment. Then begins a slow ascent to the top of the stairs.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Nate turns the barbecue off, grabs two plates of food and adds them to the rest of the spread.

NATE
Right, that's kitchen closed.

He slides a plate over to Tom.

NATE
Beef for the squeamish.

Slides the other to Emma.

NATE
Badger for the men.

INT. COTTAGE - LANDING - DAY

Sophie peers around upstairs.

SOPHIE
Wendy?

Every door is open except for the reading room's.

Sophie edges towards it.

SOPHIE
Wendy?

She presses her ear against the door but hears nothing.

SOPHIE
Wendy? I'm scared.

With that, the door swings open.

Wendy bursts outside and quickly shuts it behind her.

Sophie takes a step back.

WENDY
Don't be silly. What's there to be
scared of?

SOPHIE
You didn't answer me.

Wendy bends down on one knee, a loving smile across her face.

WENDY
I was concentrating. You wouldn't
want me to mess up now, would you?

Sophie shakes her head.

WENDY
But you'll be pleased to know that
the surgery was a success.

SOPHIE
Then where is he?

WENDY
Resting.

Wendy gestures her to come a little closer.

WENDY
Now, come on. I don't know about
you but I'm starving.

Sophie complies, lets Wendy scoop her into her arms.

She carries her towards the stairs with Sophie fixated on the door of the reading room the whole time.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Emma, Tom, Wendy and Nate tuck into their burgers while Sophie lifts the bun from hers and removes the lettuce.

TOM
Don't play with your food, honey.

SOPHIE
But Terry's gonna be back soon.
He'll be hungry.

Tom chuckles.

TOM
Okay, then.

Emma finishes her last mouthful of burger.

NATE
So, what's the final verdict?
(points to Wendy)
Approve?

Wendy smiles, nods.

NATE
(points to Emma)
Approve?

EMMA
It was nice, yeah. Different. But
in a good way.

NATE
I'll take that.

Nate turns his attention to Tom. Holds out a plate containing a bite-sized ball of badger meat.

NATE
Last chance to find out what you're
missing out on.

Tom glances at it, takes a swig of beer and picks it up.

He chucks it in his mouth and chews while the others smile and wait in anticipation.

SOPHIE
What's it taste like, dad?

Tom swallows, takes another swig of beer.

TOM
A word that I can't use around you,
honey.

Emma and Nate laugh.

WENDY
At least you can tell people you've
tried it.

TOM
Not exactly something to brag
about.

Wendy glares at him, almost as if she's offended by his comments, then silently tucks into the rest of her meal.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Hot water pours into the sink.

Emma adds washing-up liquid along with plates and cutlery.

She sips wine while she waits for the basin to fill.

INT. COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Sophie tucks into a bowl of ice cream at the table.

Wendy adds the finishing creases to an origami swan that she's sculpted from a napkin. Places it in front of her.

WENDY

See. I told you I could make another animal.

SOPHIE

I don't want another one. I want Terry.

WENDY

The anaesthetic won't have worn off yet.

SOPHIE

I don't care. I wanna see him.

WENDY

Well you can't. I've told you once, I won't...

Wendy stops herself. She stares blankly ahead for a moment but quickly snaps out of it. She leans forward.

WENDY

I'll go check on him in a little while, okay. But you have to be patient. These things take time.

Sophie pushes the bowl of ice cream away and folds her arms.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nate enters through the back door, grabs two beers from the counter, turns to leave but double takes as he notices Emma.

NATE

Sorry. For a minute there it looked like you were about to do the washing up.

Emma smiles, tilts her glass.

EMMA

Anymore of this and I won't be capable for much longer.

NATE

You say that like it's a bad thing. It's our last night, forget all that, let's make it a special one.

EMMA

It'll only take a minute.

Nate shakes his head, brushes past her and turns off the tap.

Emma laughs, reaches out to turn it back on but Nate won't budge. And now their hands are touching.

They stare at one another.

Thankfully, Nate cuts the moment short by removing his hand before the tension can build any further.

NATE

Leave it to me. It'll be gone by the morning, I promise.

Nate steps towards the door, holds out his arm in a 'you first' kind of way.

Emma shakes her head and follows his command with a grin.

INT. COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Wendy stares at Sophie's half-full bowl of ice cream.

WENDY

Finish that before it melts.

SOPHIE

I don't want anymore.

WENDY

It wasn't a question.

Sophie gets up and storms towards the hallway.

WENDY

(stern)

Where on earth d'you think you're going?

SOPHIE

(back still turned)

Toilet.

Wendy's face sours as she watches Sophie leave.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

The light begins to fade as the sun makes its inevitable retreat beneath the horizon.

Emma and Nate return to the table where Tom watches a video of himself and Sophie playing chase on Nate's camera.

TOM

I didn't see you record any of these.

Nate cracks open a beer, places it in front of him.

NATE

That's the trick, you see. Take 'em when no one's looking and you're guaranteed authenticity.

INT. COTTAGE - READING ROOM - DAY

The door creaks open as Sophie enters.

She treads quietly across the room towards the makeshift operating theatre where Terry lies.

His head pokes out from beneath a stained turquoise sheet.

She checks behind her, listens for any movement.

She pulls back the sheet, horrified by Wendy's handy work, a thick black lace now threaded from throat to stomach.

She slowly lifts him up.

WENDY (O.S.)

This is a funny looking toilet.

Sophie spins around, hit by a surge of anxiety as she sees Wendy leering at her from the doorway.

And even more so when she shuts the door behind her.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Tom continues to browse through Nate's camera.

Emma and Nate share a smile while he's preoccupied. It's borderline flirtatious but not quite there yet.

Emma switches her focus to the cottage before it is.

EMMA

I'm just gonna check on Sophie.

Nate nods understandably as Emma gets up.

She looks to Tom as she passes but he's too invested in the camera to notice.

Nate stares at him while Emma makes her way to the cottage.

He picks up a bottle cap. Taps it against the table. It's gentle at first but grows harder and faster with each second that passes. His grin fades and turns to a frown, which in turn turns to a scowl as he continues to watch and tap.

Just as it's about to reach its crescendo, Nate drops the cap, reaches over and gently closes the camera.

NATE

That's enough now, bud. You don't
wanna ruin the surprise.

He pulls the camera from Tom and replaces it with a beer.

INT. COTTAGE - READING ROOM - DAY

Wendy stands in the doorway while Sophie tries her best to put on a brave face.

WENDY

So, what do you say?

Sophie glances at Terry in her arms.

SOPHIE

He's really heavy.

WENDY

That's because you keep feeding
him.

SOPHIE

It's not. He only eats lettuce.

WENDY

(child-like, mimicking)
He only eats lettuce.

Sophie frowns.

SOPHIE

I liked him better before.

WENDY

You ungrateful little bitch.

Sophie stands, wide-eyed and helpless as Wendy slowly steps towards her.

WENDY

It's always something with you. I try my very best but you're never happy.

SOPHIE

I want my mum.

WENDY

Don't play games with me, Mallory.

SOPHIE

That's not my name.

Wendy swipes at the table in a fit of rage, hurling it across the room.

She grabs hold of Sophie's arm and shakes her violently.

WENDY

I've told you a hundred times! I don't care what all your friends at school call you. You'll take the name I gave you!

Sophie manages to wriggle free, bolts for the door, but Wendy jams her foot in the way before she can open it.

Sophie remains still, frozen with fear as Wendy towers over her. Too scared to move. Too scared to cry for help.

Wendy stares straight at her, eyes bulging, teeth gritted.

WENDY

Do you not remember what happened the last time you tried to walk away from me? You didn't wake up for weeks!

Sophie clutches Terry tight to her chest, closes her eyes.

Wendy blinks. A look of realization stems across her face.

She kneels to Sophie's level, reaches out and softly rubs a tear away from her trembling cheek.

Sophie opens her eyes, sniffs away more tears.

WENDY

(calmly)

I'm sorry, sweetie. I don't know what came over me. Are you okay?

Sophie musters up enough courage to nod.

WENDY

Good, but now for the hard part. If you speak a word of this to your mum and dad, I'll slit their throats while you sleep.

Sophie's eyes grow wide at the thought.

WENDY

So if you don't wanna wake up one morning with them looking like Terry here, you do as you're told. Okay?

Sophie attempts to agree through quivering lips but the words won't come out. Wendy lunges forward.

WENDY

(bark-like)
Okay?

Sophie nods frantically.

Wendy smiles.

WENDY

Now go to your fucking room and stay there.

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

Emma peers inside the dining room, frowns a little as she notices Sophie's half eaten bowl of ice cream, then turns her attention to the staircase as a door shuts from above.

She takes a step towards the stairs but stops, slightly baffled to see Wendy on her way down.

WENDY

Sorry, you were all out of loo roll downstairs. I was busting.

EMMA

Where's Sophie?

WENDY

In her room. Making up for lost time with Terry I think.

Wendy throws an arm around Emma and attempts to herd her back towards the garden.

WENDY

What've I missed?

EMMA

Not much.

WENDY

Good. But now for the hard part.
Pinot Grigio or Riesling?

Emma stops her.

EMMA

Surprise me. I'll be back out in a
minute.

Wendy and Emma exchange a smile before Emma brushes past and heads upstairs. Wendy's smile fades as she watches her leave.

INT. COTTAGE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - DAY

Emma enters to see Sophie hidden away in a SMALL PINK TENT pitched beside her bed.

EMMA

What you up to, sweetie?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Playing.

EMMA

Are you not gonna come outside and
play with us?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

No.

EMMA

Why not? Are you okay?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Yeah.

Emma frowns, steps towards the tent.

EMMA

Can I come in?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

No. There's no adults allowed in
the fort.

Emma smiles, bends down and reaches for the zip.

EMMA

I'm sure you can make an exception
just this once.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

(desperate)

No! You'll wake Terry. I just wanna
play on my own.

Emma stops, slightly taken a back.

EMMA

Okay. Are you tired?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

No.

EMMA

It's fine if you are. We have had a busy few days. An early night'll probably do you good.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Okay.

EMMA

Can I have a kiss goodnight?

Emma waits for a response but is met by silence.

She leans forward to unzip the tent.

EMMA

Sweetie?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

(losing patience)

Just go away. We're playing.

Emma sighs. Stands up.

EMMA

Alright, I'll leave you to it. If you need me, I'm just downstairs.

Emma waits disheartened at the foot of the tent but is again met by silence.

EMMA

Good night, then.

She turns and heads for the door.

EMMA

Love you.

Emma half-closes the door and leaves.

INSIDE TENT

Sophie lies on her side, eyes red from evaporated tears.

She clutches hold of Angus while staring at Terry who's propped up against the side of the tent.

SOPHIE
(barely above a quiver)
Love you too.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Emma walks towards the garden but stops just short of it.

She turns back and focuses on the closed bathroom door.

She steps towards it and knocks. No answer. So gently pushes it open.

She stands in the doorway. Stares inside.

EXT. COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Emma steps out of the back door with a bare toilet roll tube in hand. She chucks it into a recycling bin and makes her way over to Tom, Wendy and Nate at the table.

Wendy holds up two bottles of wine.

WENDY
Couldn't decide which.

Emma forces a smile, sits next to Tom.

NATE
Where's the little one?

EMMA
In her room. She's in a bit of a funny mood.

Tom gently places a hand on Emma's arm.

WENDY
Why? Is something wrong?

EMMA
She just gets like it sometimes.

Nate nods to Wendy.

NATE
Maybe her new best friend could go up and have a word. She'll be down in no time.

Wendy stares back as if to say 'stop talking'.

Nate seems to acknowledge the look but shrugs it off with a swig of beer.

TOM

We've found it's best to leave her to it when she's like that. Usually sleeps it off.

Nate rubs his hands together.

NATE

Well in that case. Now that there's no impressionable ears and eyes around, how about we take this inside, pick up the pace a bit? I've got a bottle of tequila that needs finishing.

Tom firmly shakes his head.

NATE

Come on. We're celebrating. Our last night. You with your new fancy job. Emma?

EMMA

I can't remember the last time I drank spirits, let alone straight.

NATE

Not straight. There's lime involved. Think of it as one of your five a day.

TOM

I'm thinking of calling it a night.

Nate shakes his head in disbelief.

NATE

How can you call it a night when it ain't even night yet?

(to Emma)

Come on, Em. Have a word.

EMMA

I'm staying out of this one I'm afraid. Don't wanna be blamed for any bad heads in the morning.

Emma sips the last of her wine.

EMMA

But I will partake.

Nate rubs his hands together, eyeballs Tom who in turn eyeballs his beer. Sighs.

TOM

I'll have a couple more of these. No shots, though.

INT. COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Note: The whole sequence is shot through Tom's eyes. Sound slurs and his vision becomes blurry with each drink he takes.

Moody TRIP HOP plays throughout, 'Overcome' by Tricky, maybe.

- Empty bottles, wine glasses and spent wedges of lime cover the table. Everybody's well on their way to accomplishing the mother of all hangovers in the morning. Especially Tom.

- Nate, Wendy and Emma lick salt from their hands, take a shot and finish up with a slice of lime. Tom follows suit, but due to his blood alcohol level, he's well out of sync.

- Nate, Wendy and Emma talk amongst themselves. But all Tom hears is muffled sounds. He can't keep still, swaying wherever the alcohol takes him. He shuts his eyes.

- Then opens them to see Nate refill the shot glasses and slide one over. Tom takes his, not bothering with the salt and lime this time. Nate, Wendy and Emma take theirs. Tom's eyes shut, staying closed for slightly longer than before.

- They open to see another shot below. He lifts it to his mouth but spills most of its contents in the process. Nate laughs, shakes his head and pours another one. Emma tries to intervene mid-slide but she's not quick enough, and now it's inside of him. Emma playfully slaps Nate on the shoulder to his and Wendy's amusement. Tom shuts his eyes.

- He opens them to a view of tequila stained carpet. He lifts his head back up to see the blurred view of Emma's hand on one shoulder, Wendy's on the other. He shuts his eyes.

- Opens them to see a glass of water below, and Nate now knelt down beside him. He attempts to grab it, but instead knocks the whole glass over Emma's dress.

- He shuts his eyes briefly and opens them to find he's being walked towards the sofa in the corner of the room.

- His eyes shut again. But they're forced back open by him being slumped onto the sofa. He sees Nate stood over him with a grin from ear to ear. His eyes shut for the final time.

END MONTAGE

INT. COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Wendy wipes Emma's lap with napkins as Nate returns to the table with Tom now flat out on the sofa.

Emma's not far behind, her eyes heavy and speech slurred.

MUSIC still plays from a radio on the table.

EMMA

It's okay. It's going in the wash tomorrow anyway.

(turns to the radio)

Can we turn that down a bit.

Wendy laughs.

WENDY

Up d'you mean?

EMMA

No. Cause Sophie.

WENDY

I thought you said she'll sleep through anything?

Emma bats Wendy's hand away from her lap and reaches for the radio. But Nate's already turned it off.

Wendy looks confused.

WENDY

Oh come on. It's still early.

She grabs a bottle of wine, attempts to top up their glasses but Emma places a hand over hers, shakes her head.

EMMA

We didn't come on this holiday for us.

Wendy reluctantly puts the bottle down while Emma pushes the half-full glass of wine away from her and stands.

NATE

She's right. Let's not ruin the little one's day.

(sees Wendy sulking)

Some people have still got a kid to wake up to.

Emma stares at Nate in shock, but stumbles backwards, quickly taking the attention away from what he's just said.

Wendy jumps to her feet, throws an arm around Emma to stop her falling, completely unfazed by Nate's comment.

WENDY

Come on, let's get you to bed.

Emma remains still, tries to compose herself but the alcohol won't allow it.

EMMA

I'm fine.

WENDY

Don't be silly. What are friends
for?

Wendy slowly walks Emma out of the room.

Emma has one last glance at Nate who smiles back.

Nate sits down, cracks open a beer and takes a swig, his eyes fixated on the doorway. He listens as Emma and Wendy shuffle across the hallway and eventually tackle the stairs.

He turns his focus to Tom passed out on the sofa.

He grabs his beer, camera and a handful of bottle caps from the table and approaches him.

He takes a pew on the coffee table a few feet away, sets his camera down beside him and presses record.

He leans forward and throws a bottle cap like a dart.

He takes a swig of beer and throws another.

Tom doesn't stir. So Nate throws another. And another. And another. The whole time completely stone-faced.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy gently pushes Emma back onto the bed.

WENDY

Just lie down, you'll be fine.

Emma rubs her hands down her face while Wendy takes on the task of removing her shoes.

Emma sits up.

EMMA

I've gotta check Sophie.

WENDY

I'll do it. Don't you worry.

Emma slumps her head back against the pillow as Wendy places her shoes at the foot of the bed.

WENDY

Now, let's get that dress off.

Emma shakes her head in disapproval but Wendy leans over, reaches behind her neck and loosens the straps, careful to avoid her daughter's daisy chain which still hangs there.

WENDY

We can't have you going to sleep in
wet clothes now, can we.

Emma stares up at the ceiling in a desperate battle with her
eyelids as Wendy gently removes the dress.

INT. COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nate continues to throw bottle caps. It takes two more for
Tom to stir and a third to wake him.

He sits up, rubs his eyes, completely lost.

NATE

Get upstairs.

TOM

(semi-conscious)
What?

NATE

(stern)
Get upstairs and fuck your wife.

This sobers Tom up a little.

TOM

What did you say?

NATE

Get upstairs and fuck your wife.
She's all prepped, waiting. And if
you don't grow a set of balls and
put 'em to good use, someone else
will.

Tom frowns. But before he has time to respond, Nate lunges
forwards, grabs his arm and pulls him to his feet.

NATE

She's your wife for christ's sake.
Go and make her happy for once.

Nate pushes Tom towards the door.

He stops, glances back in shock.

NATE

(pointing to the door)
Go!

Through a mixture of fear, Ethanol and curiosity, Tom follows
his orders and slowly makes his way upstairs.

Nate wipes beer bottle caps from the sofa and sits back with
his feet on the coffee table, hands behind his head.

INT. COTTAGE - LANDING - NIGHT

Tom makes his way towards the master bedroom.

Wendy emerges from Sophie's room, stopping him in his tracks.

She gently shuts the door and turns to face him.

WENDY
(softly)
She's ready.

Wendy grins as she brushes past and heads for the stairs.

Tom watches her leave in sheer bewilderment.

He stands for a moment with a little help from the wall, then continues en route to the master bedroom.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma lies in bed asleep.

Her eyes open as the door closes.

Tom approaches, kicks off his shoes and kneels beside her.

He rubs his thumb down her cheek and leans in for the kiss.

She doesn't respond at first but sees where this is going and likes the idea. She smiles as they gently touch lips.

Tom, still unsure about the situation, pulls back a little, but Emma gives him the go ahead by removing his shirt.

Tom unfastens his belt, pulls down his jeans, just enough for the job at hand and drags the covers over the top of them.

After another passionate bout of lip Olympics, Emma sinks her head back into the pillow and waits for him.

She stares up with sheer delight.

It's been a while and she intends to savour every moment.

Tom gently moves his hands across her shoulders.

Emma closes her eyes.

Opens them to see Tom smiling back.

Closes them again, but this time something's wrong.

Her ecstatic expression turns to discomfort.

She opens them to see Nate on top of her.

Her eyes widen.

She should be struggling to break free but she's not. The discomfort on her face fades.

Until...

Nate jolts forward, open mouthed and retches.

Emma watches in shock as he repeats the process, again and again in a mechanical-like fashion.

He moves his hands from her shoulders to around her neck.

She shifts from side to side in a feeble attempt to escape, but Nate continues to jolt and retch. Louder each time.

His grip tightens.

Her face turns blue.

She closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Emma opens her eyes.

She's alone. Peaceful. Tucked up in bed.

But the retching noise continues.

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - EN-SUITE BATHROOM - DAY

Emma pushes open the door to see Tom on his hands and knees, sharing his stomach contents with the toilet bowl.

She pity-smiles.

EMMA

Are you okay?

Tom stares back as if to say 'Do I look okay?', before going in for another round.

EMMA

Where's Sophie?

TOM

In her room. She hasn't moved yet.

EMMA

It's eleven o'clock.

Tom shrugs.

TOM
I poked my head in but...
(retches)

Emma screws her face, knowing she'll be joining him if she stays any longer.

EMMA
I'll go.

INT. COTTAGE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - DAY

Emma pushes open the door to see Sophie tucked up in bed with Terry tucked up next to her.

She steps over Angus who's been thrown on the floor and sits down beside them.

EMMA
Morning, sweetie.

She gently rubs her thumb down Sophie's cheek but she doesn't respond, just continues to stare straight ahead.

EMMA
Are you okay?

Sophie nods unconvincingly. Emma sighs.

EMMA
I'm sorry it's late. Me and daddy
got a bit carried away last night.

SOPHIE
(softly)
Are you still friends?

Emma chuckles.

EMMA
Yeah. We're still friends.

Sophie turns to her, her eyes instantly drawn to the red marks from premature bruising around her mother's neck.

SOPHIE
What happened to you?

Emma frowns. But her confusion soon clears when she rubs a finger along one of the marks.

EMMA
Oh, nothing. Me and daddy were just
play fighting.
(quickly changing the
subject)
You must be a hungry little girl.

Sophie slumps over and faces the wall.

EMMA

Look, it's okay to be annoyed,
grown ups make mistakes too
sometimes. But you've gotta eat.
It's almost lunchtime.

SOPHIE

I'm not hungry.

EMMA

Well you can't stay in here all
day. Come downstairs and I'll make
us some waffles. You can put
whatever you want on them.

This peaks Sophie's interest but she still doesn't budge.

Emma watches her for a moment. Glances at Terry who's botched
surgery is concealed by the blanket.

EMMA

Terry must be starving as well.

Sophie rolls back over to face her.

SOPHIE

Can we eat them up here?

Emma mulls over the proposition.

EMMA

If you come down and get 'em, then
yeah.

Emma playfully prods and pokes her daughter in the belly
until a smile finally returns to her face.

EMMA

Okay?

Sophie gives in, holds out her arms.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nate wipes down the draining board and sink with a yellow
sponge in a now-spotless kitchen.

He grins as Emma and Sophie enter.

NATE

Morning.

EMMA

Morning.
(noticing the kitchen)
You didn't have to.

Nate chucks the sponge into the sink.

NATE

Please. It's the least I could do
after what we put you through last
night. Tend to get a bit carried
away on the Mexican stuff.

EMMA

I think we all did.

Emma opens the cupboard, pulls out a packet of waffles.

NATE

Speaking of which. Where's the man
of the hour?

EMMA

Having some alone time in the
bathroom.

Nate chuckles.

NATE

Cuppa tea and a bacon sandwich
should do the trick.

Nate reaches for the grill as Emma turns for the toaster.

They both stop dead as they almost touch.

EMMA

Sophie's opted for waffles.

Nate turns his attention to Sophie as Wendy enters through
the back door with a handful of washing.

NATE

Good choice.

WENDY

Morning.

Nate grabs a stack of tea towels from the top of the pile,
places them on the counter and folds them into a drawer.

Emma smiles at Wendy, slips two waffles into the toaster.

WENDY

How's the head?

EMMA

It's been better.

Wendy laughs. Turns to Sophie.

WENDY

And the little one? We missed you last night.

Sophie stares back, too frightened to open her mouth.

EMMA

She's still a bit quiet this morning.

Wendy kneels to Sophie's level.

WENDY

Well I hope she's not too quiet to say goodbye. Me and Nate'll be leaving soon.

Emma softly rubs the top of Sophie's head.

EMMA

She won't be.

Wendy places the washing on the counter.

Emma brushes past and heads for the bathroom.

SOPHIE

(nervous)

Where are you going?

EMMA

I just need to use the bathroom.

SOPHIE

(desperate)

Use the one upstairs.

Emma chuckles.

EMMA

It might be a while before that one's usable, sweetie. I'll only be a minute.

Emma enters the bathroom and shuts the door behind her.

Nate and Wendy stop what they're doing immediately.

They stand side by side, eerily still.

They fixate on Sophie who can't help but stare back, a look of terror plastered across her face.

They continue to stare in a seemingly never-ending moment.

Even the distant flush from the bathroom doesn't deter them.

Or the sound of the bathroom door unlocking.

The toaster POPS.

INT. COTTAGE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - DAY

Sophie nudges a half eaten banana and syrup-laced waffle to the side of her plate.

EMMA

You can't be full-up already.

She quickly forks another mouthful to avoid suspicion.

EMMA

You gonna tell me what's wrong?

SOPHIE

Nothing.

EMMA

Is it something me and your dad did?

Sophie shakes her head.

EMMA

It's okay if it is. We shouldn't have stayed up so late. And we're sorry, but you can't let us being silly ruin your holiday.

Sophie prods food with her fork.

SOPHIE

It's not that.

EMMA

Then what is it?

Sophie stops, stares down at her plate.

EMMA

If you don't tell me I can't help.

Sophie's eyes begin to well as she tries to muster up enough courage to talk.

Emma's face drops as a look of realization hits her.

EMMA

Did Nate do something to upset you?

Sophie slowly shakes her head.

INT. COTTAGE - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY

Wendy brushes her hair in the mirror with the door wide open.

She stops, glances into the kitchen where Nate packs washing into a holdall to the sound of Emma storming downstairs.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nate calmly folds underwear into his holdall on the floor as Emma enters the room like a woman possessed.

NATE

Well, we're pretty much all packed.

He quickly realizes something's wrong, jumps to his feet and stands between her and Wendy.

EMMA

What the fuck did you do to her?

INT. COTTAGE - MASTER BEDROOM - EN-SUITE BATHROOM - DAY

Tom lies on a towel next to the toilet.

He sits up with a frown as he hears the commotion below.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Emma lunges for the bathroom where Wendy stands, completely unfazed. Nate manages to restrain her.

NATE

Whoaa, whoaa. What's the matter?

Emma shakes him off, takes a step back.

EMMA

She's got bruises all up her arms.

Wendy casually finishes brushing her hair.

WENDY

Well someone had to teach her a lesson. She can't just go around disrespecting people.

Emma lunges again, this time with more force.

EMMA

I'll fucking kill you, you gutless cunt!

INT. COTTAGE - LANDING - DAY

Tom swiftly exits the master bedroom, struggling the multi-task of putting on a T-shirt and walking at the same time.

He passes Sophie's room, notices the door's shut and tries the handle.

TOM

Sophie?

INT. COTTAGE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - DAY

Sophie lies traumatised on her bed. She covers her ears with her hands while Tom bangs the door.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nate has a firm grip on Emma who continues to try and get a firm grip on Wendy.

NATE

Just calm down so we can talk.

Wendy cracks a smile which infuriates Emma more.

EMMA

(to Nate)

You think it's alright for her to hurt little kids? My little kid!

Nate grins.

NATE

If you would've done your job properly she wouldn't have had to.

Tom enters the room to see Emma thrusting with Nate now barely managing to control her.

TOM

What the fuck's going on?

NATE

Think your wife's a bit upset, mate.

Tom takes a step forward but loses his nerve.

TOM

Get away from her.

NATE

You gonna make me?

Tom notices Wendy giggling in the bathroom.

EMMA
They're fucking animals!

NATE
Bit harsh.

Wendy continues to giggle while Nate stares Tom down.

The situation is getting too much for him.

His face turns pale.

He lunges forward, turns for the sink and vomits.

Nate laughs.

NATE
(to Emma)
You picked a real winner there, Em.

Emma stares at her husband in disbelief.

Nate nods Wendy to vacate the bathroom.

NATE
I'll meet you outside.

Wendy leans into Emma's face and blows a kiss.

Emma spits in hers in return.

EMMA
Psycho bitch.

Wendy's playful expression turns bitter. Nate notices.

NATE
Go! Don't ruin it now.

Wendy holds her gaze for a second longer. Then leaves.

Tom composes himself by the sink. Picks up a small paring knife from the draining board and points it towards Nate.

NATE
Oooh, I've never seen this side of you before. I think I like it.

TOM
Let her go.

NATE
What you gonna do? Peel me some spuds?

Tom takes a step forward, hands trembling.

TOM

Please.

Nate shakes his head out of pity and releases Emma.

Without a second thought, she cracks him across the face with a mighty slap.

Both Nate and Tom are equally taken aback.

NATE

(laughs)

Least one of you have got a bit of fight in ya. It's no fun when they just roll over.

Tom moves a little closer, ushers Emma behind him with his spare arm.

TOM

Get out.

Nate doesn't budge.

So Tom advances.

TOM

I mean it.

Nate chuckles as he folds a towel neatly into his holdall.

NATE

As you wish.

Tom follows him at knife point as he casually grabs the radio from the windowsill and packs it inside.

NATE

Well, I'd like to say it's been a pleasure, but it kinda feels like we've left on a bit of a damp note.

TOM

Stop talking and get out.

Nate places his holdall on the counter.

NATE

One last thing.

He reaches inside and searches for something.

Tom and Emma watch and wait anxiously, both now fully aware of how incapable Tom is of protecting them.

Nate pulls out a small wad of cash tucked into an envelope.

NATE

Seven hundred and fifty. As agreed.

Emma stares at Tom. An even mix of confusion and anger.

TOM

We don't want your money.

Nate smiles.

NATE

We wouldn't be here if that was true.

Nate slaps the money on the counter, zips up his holdall and casually heads for the front door.

Tom turns to comfort Emma but she declines with a head shake and bolts upstairs.

He drops the knife. Watches as Nate walks outside to where Wendy waits.

Nate slings an arm around her and they stroll towards their car like a newlywed couple in the final scene of a Rom-Com.

INT. COTTAGE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - DAY

Sophie watches from the window as Emma and Tom walk a POLICE OFFICER back to his squad car.

He turns to face them, nods, jumps in his car and leaves.

Tom attempts to put an arm around Emma but she shrugs it off and heads back to the cottage.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Tom drives while Emma and Sophie huddle together in the back.

INT. HOPKINSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emma fills a glass of water at the sink.

She glances up at her reflection in the window, tilts her head and studies the now-faded bruises around her neck.

INT. HOPKINSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emma heads for the stairs but stops as she notices a small stack of letters at the foot of the door.

She chucks them on top of a cabinet and carries on upstairs.

The letters are all pretty basic but one stands out from the rest. The address has been handwritten and an unusual black stamp used in the top left hand corner.

INT. HOPKINSON HOUSE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emma tucks Sophie into bed beside Terry who's wrapped in a dog blanket with only his head poking out.

She rubs a thumb down her daughter's cheek.

EMMA

Do you want me to read you a story?

Sophie glumly shakes her head.

EMMA

Do you want to read me a story?

SOPHIE

I want daddy to come home.

Emma sighs.

EMMA

I know, sweetie.

Sophie slumps onto her side, clutches hold of Terry.

EMMA

Can I have a kiss good night?

Sophie tilts her head, just enough for Emma to peck her cheek. As she does so she screws her nose. Chuckles.

EMMA

We're gonna have to give you a bath tomorrow. Can't have you walking around in public smelling like that.

SOPHIE

It's not me, it's Terry. He stinks.

Sophie closes her eyes. Emma frowns.

INT. HOPKINSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emma carries Terry to the sink, her fingertips just clutching the top corner of his head.

She sits him on the counter and removes the dog blanket. Then stares in horror at his black-stitched, full body scar.

MOMENTS LATER

Emma holds Terry over the sink, a pair of scissors in hand.

She carefully snips open the thread and lays him flat on the draining board.

She gathers her nerves. Bravely pulls the cut apart.

She gags, covers her mouth in disgust.

She stares at Terry.

Terry stares back.

Rotten badger offal bulging out from inside of him.

Emma sprays a mouthful of vomit through her fingertips as she watches dozens of plump maggots spill out onto the counter.

INT. HOPKINSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emma places the house phone back into its charge dock on the cabinet. Takes a deep breath. Composes herself.

She stares down at the cabinet as something catches her eye.

INT. HOPKINSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Emma sit at either end of the same sofa.

They fixate on the coffee table in front of them where the black-stamped envelope lies, torn with a disc on top of it.

The disc reads 'Hopkinson's Holiday' in scrawled handwriting.

Emma looks concerned. Tom more restless than anything else.

TOM
How long, Em?

Emma glares at him.

TOM
You said you wanna know what's on
it. Let's find out.

Tom leans forward to grab the disc but Emma pulls him back.

EMMA
We should wait.

TOM
Then why am I even here?

EMMA

Because I'm scared, Tom. I'm
fucking terrified. They know where
we live.

Tom sighs.

TOM

I'm sorry. I'd just like to know
what's on it. He's gonna be at
least another hour, that's if he
left straight away. It took us four
and a half to get back.

Emma continues to stare at the disc while Tom focuses on her.

TOM

And like he said, worst case
scenario they were probably just
trying to rob us. We still don't
know what actually happened with
Sophie. We could be overreacting.

EMMA

You saw the bruises, Tom. She's
barely spoke a word all week.

TOM

It wouldn't be the first time a
kid's got bruises.

EMMA

She filled a stuffed toy with
fucking animal guts!

This silences him for a moment.

TOM

You want answers. We both do.
(points to disc)
They could be looking right at us.

Emma thinks this over.

Tom holds out his hands for permission.

EMMA

Check....

TOM

I will.

Tom stands, carefully picks up the disc by its edge and holds
it up to the light.

TOM

It's clean.

Tom proceeds to slot the disc into a DVD player below the TV.
He grabs a remote control and sits back down.

He glances at Emma who stares at the blank screen, then nervously lifts the remote and clicks it on.

Sound BLARES from the speakers as a scene from an old black and white movie plays out. Tom quickly lowers it down.

TOM
Jesus. Why's it so loud?

EMMA
I've been leaving it on at night.

Tom's concern grows a little at the thought of this.

He clicks a button and the screen changes to a white DVD title page with only one option. Play.

He hovers his thumb over the remote but can't bring himself to press it.

TOM
Maybe we should...

Emma snatches it from him. Clicks play.

They both watch as a static shot of an idyllic stretch of Cornish coastline appears.

The title 'Hopkinson's Holiday' fades in. Then dissolves away, similar to a thousand other shitty DIY holiday videos.

Tom and Emma share a brief look of disbelief as an uplifting beat to a song like 'The Go's Go's - Vacation', kicks in.

Note: For the next couple of minutes Nate's home video is the centre of attention. It's a series of sequences accompanied by the music and although not a masterpiece, it's been colour graded and edited well enough for it to look half decent.

We never see Nate or Wendy's face. We know it's them but they've either got their backs turned, they're filmed from the neck down or they're concealed in the way stated.

NATE'S HOME VIDEO

- A lighthouse sits on a rocky outcrop some distance away. The camera turns to see Emma holding Nate's bag below on the Bison trail, Tom with his phone looking miserable and Wendy and Sophie picking daisies up ahead. Emma smiles.

- Sophie skips towards the camera with a daisy chain in hand.

- Nate, Emma and Sophie stand near the waters edge at the small pebbled cove. The camera zooms in for a closer look.

- Nate teaches a class on how to skim pebbles to Sophie while Emma admires from a short distance away. Sophie has a go herself and although no skims, the smile on her face implies she couldn't care less.
- Sophie and Wendy stack pebbles to the backdrop of waves gently lapping over the rocky shoreline. The camera turns to show Emma, clearly embarrassed about being on camera. She playfully wrestles with Nate's arm to point the camera in any other direction but hers.
- A split second shot of Emma asleep in bed.
- A llama stares directly into the lens. Its jaw sways from side to side as it chews on the remainder of its lunch.
- Wendy peers over the fence of a turkey pen. She points to the various different breeds while Sophie stands by her side.
- Emma gently pats a cow's head while it sits peacefully on a bed of straw.
- A chicken viciously pecks grain from Nate's hand, much to Sophie's amusement.
- A split second shot of Sophie asleep in bed.
- Emma sits across from Wendy in the garden with a glass of wine in hand. She listens and laughs along with her new drinking partner. The camera swivels to show Tom breathlessly chasing Sophie around the garden.
- A split second shot of Tom asleep in bed.
- A shaky handheld tour of the coastal cottage, starting downstairs and ending up in the master bedroom.
- Wendy sits at the edge of the master bed. She rocks back and forth as if to test the mattress for its softness.
- The camera slowly pans across the master bedroom as Tom and Emma lie fast asleep in bed.
- An out of focus shot of what looks like a set of headlights. The camera zooms out to reveal Tom's car driving up the dirt track. The camera quickly turns and cuts.
- Sophie lies asleep in bed with Terry by her side. Wendy, now concealed by a surgical gown and mask, slowly approaches from the side of the bed and takes a pew next to her.
- A shaky shot of the corridor leading to the master bedroom. The camera and its operator move closer towards it.
- Wendy sits beside Sophie asleep in bed. She gently strokes a thumb down her face. A frame skips and Wendy now sits eerily still, staring straight into the lens.

- The camera continues down the corridor until it reaches the master bedroom. A hand reaches out, gently pushes the door ajar to seemingly reveal Tom and Emma's night of passion.

- Wendy continues to stare into the camera as she sits next to Sophie. She nods. The camera moves closer. As does a hand clutching an anaesthetic mask attached to a small canister.

- The camera enters the master bedroom as the two people in bed continue their romance. But as it edges closer towards the couple, the camera pans left to reveal an unconscious Tom, propped up in a chair with a newspaper in hand.

- Sophie's eyes bolt open as an anaesthetic mask is forced over her face. She blinks frantically while Wendy attempts to comfort her by stroking her hair.

- Tom continues to sit lifelessly in the chair. The camera turns towards the bed where Nate thrusts back and forth on top of an unwilling and unconscious Emma. He snaps his neck around to reveal a similar surgical mask to Wendy's. A frame skips and he's back to thrusting.

- Wendy sits on a chair in Sophie's room with Sophie limp on her lap. She brushes her hair in brutal fashion with a vintage-looking hairbrush, each stroke more erratic and forceful than the one before it. A frame skips and the brushing has stopped. Wendy faces the camera, still clutching the brush but Sophie's head is slumped downwards.

- Nate lies in bed next to Emma with both hands behind his head. He nods to the left. And after a moments hesitation, the camera drops onto the bed with Tom now its main focus. Wendy approaches her target, kneels in front of him and pulls the surgical mask behind her head.

- The screen turns black.

- It fades in to show Wendy walking towards a clifftop, her white dress fluttering in the breeze.

- Nate and Wendy stand together on the same clifftop as the sun rises above sea level. Nate throws an arm around her.

- A caption reads 'For My Beautiful Wife, Happy Anniversary'.

- The screen fades to black.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nate and Wendy watch casually from the middle of the sofa.

They each wear a matching bloodstained surgical gown.

Tom and Emma sit either side of them. Their heads slumped backwards and throats cut open.

Wendy gently rubs her lover's knee.

WENDY

I think that's the best one yet.

Nate grins.

NATE

You say that every time.

WENDY

I know. But they just keep getting better.

Nate throws an arm around her. Pulls her in a little closer.

NATE

I think the Johnson's still top the list for me.

Wendy nestles her head into Nate's arm.

WENDY

Only because we almost got caught.
Bloody adrenaline junkie.

Nate chuckles. Checks his watch.

NATE

Speaking of which. D'you wanna go up and get your daughter?

Wendy smiles at the thought, glances up at Nate endearingly.

WENDY

You mean our daughter?

Nate smiles back.

Wendy reaches out and grabs the remote from Tom's bloody lap.

WENDY

Just one more time.

Nate approves with a squeeze and a smile.

The serene couple sink back into their latest victims' sofa.

Wendy points the remote at the TV.

FADE OUT.