

"Blood APPLE"

By
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A Nouveau-Gothic Horror

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS - NIGHT

The city breathes out after a long hot day. There is still a hint of red on the horizon where the sun escaped. Traffic ebbs and flows; streaks of light. Red Light - pause - Green Light: everything moves again.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

EMMY walks on by; she is all heroine-chic, skinny, anaemic even. But her eyes betray the fire inside, she has an energy that cause eyes to look and wonder.

As she passes lit windows and dark alleys there are fleeting moments where it appears as though she may not actually be all there. Her reflection seems to be missing from time to time, but yet there it is...

She is looking for someone or something - searching.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS - NIGHT

EMMY stops.

She looks up at the red sign and it changes to green, just a minor annoyance. She continues walking.

As her perfect legs walk past a car flashes its lights. EMMY looks at the occupant of the car with disdain. The MAN BEHIND THE WHEEL smiles at her.

She turns and keeps walking leaving him with the image of her middle finger. He can only shake his head and blush like a married man should.

EXT. SLEAZY BAR - NIGHT

THREE LOUD GUYS are hanging around the entrance laughing, joking and sucking on their beers.

SPIKE the guy with the spike in his nose of them notices EMMY approaching, he gets the attention of the others...

He holds his beer bottle between his legs and thrusts his hips forward in an exaggerated manner.

SPIKE
Hey baby! You wanna drink?
(Shuffles closer)
Huh?

EMMY stops with an: "Are you talking to me" look on her face. His buddies snort and snigger.

SPIKE (CONT'D)
Yeah baby! Why don't you cum down here...
(points)
...And get some!

His BUDDIES burst out laughing.

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

Now his buddies make oohing and aahing sounds for effect.

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

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

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

His BUDDIES echo: "Big Boy!"

He smiles at them wryly not sure what to do next...

EMMY turns his back to face her.

EMMY (CONT'D)
Maybe we should leave these children...
My place maybe?

EMMY takes his hand and leads him away.

SLEAZY BUDDY #01
You have got to be kidding me!

But EMMY and SPIKE don't stop or turn around. She is not kidding, far from it.

SLEAZY BUDDY #02

That kind of shit just doesn't happen. It should happen! But it doesn't happen man! What the fuck dude?

SLEAZY BUDDY #01

I don't know what the fuck just happened.

EXT. ART DECO APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

EMMY'S finger presses the elevator button. A motor starts up, cogs and wheels move. A dial turns indicating floor numbers as the elevator drops to the ground floor.

Doors open; light - SPIKE puts his hand on her tight ass as they go in - She gives him an encouraging smile and grabs him closer. Her red nails dig into his black leather jacket.

The elevator doors close with a swallowing sound.

INT. ART DECO ELEVATOR - NIGHT

EMMY kisses him strongly, he starts to melt in her arms. He then responds trying to regain control, but she is strong and passionate.

The florescent lights flicker.

Her hand finds the emergency stop button.

They writhe like animals; serpents...

He smiles as she dodges his kisses. His hand searches for her breasts. She takes his hand and moves it to her crotch.

The atmosphere is electric - the lights flash again and go out.

He sweats and his veins begin to bulge. She inserts her thumb into his mouth and moves it around his tongue. Red nails quickly unzip his zipper. She goes down on him. He smiles and lets his head relax back.

A bright electric flicker.

Suddenly pain on his face, then a mixture of pain and pleasure.

He breathes out ever so slowly as the flickering slows and a thin red line runs from his lips; down his neck.

INT. ELEVATOR MOTOR HOUSING - NIGHT

The motor starts up - cables clang against each other. The elevator is going down.

Then smoke and sparks and a loud crash.

EXT. ART DECO APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Wind blows some dry autumn leaves past. The door starts to open and then pauses. The light is back on. There is a ticking sound.

Then suddenly the doors pull to the side. A hand falls through the gap between the doors. The skin on the hand is almost opaque and blue veins can be seen beneath the surface of the skin.

The door tries to close, but the arm of the hand is in the way.

The light flickers - The hand doesn't move.

The door tries to close again.

EXT. HIGHWAYS TO METROPOLIS - MORNING

A traffic helicopter flies slowly by leaving a heat-haze of disturbed air in the huge orb of the rising sun.

Familiar sound of traffic, sirens and the morning radio traffic report.

The roads are gridlocked.

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

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

Scratching.

Shadows and shapes move behind the frosted glass door.

OLD JEWISH MAN
Okay Candy Girl - I'm coming.

More scratching. Then the ticking sounds of Candy Girl's nails on the wooden parquet floor.

The door opens to reveal an OLD JEWISH MAN wearing a faded dressing gown and badly worn slippers. He scoops up CANDY GIRL the fading Maltese poodle and clips a leash to her collar.

Together walk through the early morning sun to the elevator. He presses the button. Nothing.

Again.

Still Nothing.

He hammers it a few times.

OLD JEWISH MAN (CONT'D)
Damn things broken again.

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

As he reaches the bottom of the stairs Candy Girl struggles out of his arms and falls to the floor. She dashes round the corner - He follows the trailing leash.

To find CANDY at the doorway of the elevator licking the hand.

INT. LEE-ANNE'S APARTMENT, SHOWER - MORNING

The radio is playing the traffic report.

Water gushes from the shower head, tiny steamy droplets in the morning sunlight.

INT. LEE-ANNE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cuddled under the covers still fast asleep is LEE-ANNE, 27, blonde, cute. Her sleeping face is earnest; small worry lines furrow the flawless skin around her eyes.

Despite the sounds of the shower and the morning traffic report her deep breathing is uninterrupted - what could she be dreaming?

INT. OLD JEWISH MAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Numbers are dialled on a telephone.

Short Breaths.

CANDY GIRL is yapping and whining as she tugs on her leash.

The line rings and rings...

INT. LEE-ANNE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The shower turns off.

DAVID, 31, walks in still dripping. He has an open face with kind eyes, a towel is tied around his toned waist.

He shakes out his wet hair over her. She squeals and pulls the duvet over her head. David pulls away the covers and plants a big wet one on her lips.

DAVID

I'm off!

LEE-ANNE

What! No coffee?

David dresses.

DAVID

No! I'm late. Its past 7:30 already and it sounds like traffic is going to be murder.

Lee-Anne moans.

LEE-ANNE

No Coffee...

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

JADE, sips the last of her take-away coffee and tosses the cup. She is 31, a petite but feisty Asian lady with an odd sense of style; corporate but with a hint of vintage porn lurking under the smart jacket.

She looks up the road - still no sign of a bus.

Other commuters just stare blankly ahead - the morning wait.

She takes a mobile phone from her "Hello Kitty" handbag and starts to punch in a message.

A police car rushes past lights flashing and wailing.

INT. LEE-ANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

DAVID goes out the door, it closes with a slam. LEE-ANNE looks over at the alarm clock... 7:52 AM

LEE-ANNE
Fuck, I'm late!

She jumps out of bed.

LEE-ANNE (CONT'D)
Fuck

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

EXT. ART DECO APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Tires complain as an unmarked police vehicle is brought smartly to a stand-still.

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

An ambulance, two black and whites and a morgue van are already parked in disarray. Uniformed cops are securing the perimeter a crowd starts to gather.

Andrews hurries up the stairs to the building two at a time with Mudge in tow.

As he rounds the corner a camera flash pops and he sees the dead arm lying between the elevator doors.

Andrews leans in.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS
How does it look?

MILLER, forties, gruff, seen-it-all-before-cop turns to reveal the body: The corpse is pale, drained of blood. There is a hole where the genitals should be where bile and vile bodily fluids are seeping out.

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

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

Andrews takes the tissue and pushes her away.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I'm fine!

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

MILLER

You sure?

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

Yes. I'm fine... So what's the story?

MILLER

The story?

Miller looks at his PARTNER; an equally gruff old-school cop.

Andrews stares at them holding his ground.

MILLER (CONT'D)

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

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

You spoke to the resident?

MILLER

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

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

Toilet?

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

MILLER

Yeah, you know... Doggie Poop.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

Doggie Poop! Just tell me what we have here.

Andrews motions towards the elevator but doesn't look inside. Miller takes a good hard look inside and then turns back to Andrews.

MILLER

Well we have a Caucasian Corpse and it looks like his penis has been removed.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

It could be the cause of death but we are not sure at this stage.

OFFICER MUDGE

Are there any other wounds?

Miller smiles at her - first intelligent question today.

MILLER

Not as far as we can tell, but there will be a report once the coroner has had a chance to do a full autopsy.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

Was there any ID on the body.

MILLER

No. No money either, nothing.

Miller's Partner holds up a plastic evidence bag. Miller takes it and shows them.

MILLER (CONT'D)

We did find this though.

Its a leather lady's purse; designed to look like a piece of fruit.

DETECTIVE ANDREWS

So are you saying a woman did this?

MILLER

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

MUDGE

Oh? And why is that?

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

MILLER

Our corpse here is not a small gentleman. If he did in fact die from his wound then the first question I would have is: *"where is all the blood?"* There isn't enough here.

MILLER pauses for effect.

MILLER (CONT'D)
 Don't you see, it's obvious that the
 killer must have been a man.

MILLER can see that he needs to explain.

MILLER (CONT'D)
 He was killed somewhere else and then one
 or two, possibly three men must have
 brought the body here. This is not the
 work of a woman.

INT. LEE-ANNE'S CAR - DAY

LEE-ANNE is leaving for work. A uniformed officer waves
 her through the police tape. Lee-Anne winds down her
 window.

LEE-ANNE
 What happened?

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

LEE-ANNE
 Is it someone from the apartment?

UNIFORMED COP
 We cannot say at this stage. Please keep
 driving Ma'am, we need to keep this area
 secured.

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

EXT. STEEL AND GLASS SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Establishing a megalithic conglomeration - big, faceless,
 imposing and cold.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is a sterile anaemic environment.

DAVID pounds away at his accounting calculator - it makes
 a noisy buzzing printing noise every few seconds. He then
 enters figures into his computer.

Every couple of moments he spins his pen around his thumb
 in a quick deft movement favoured by Japanese students.