

OASIS' REQUIEM
Screenplay by
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FADE IN:

INT. MAY-PURNELL HOUSE - ROSEMARY'S ROOM - DAY

Black. A child's voice sings a pensive lullaby *a cappella* in Thai ("Oasis' Lullaby"):

OASIS (V.O.)
*Within the shell, within the heart/
Here is fire, here is the rot/
Escape the black, destroy the
decay/ The sea carries heartbreak
away/ Shadows fall/ Hear the cry of
Death/ The voice of your pain/
Cradles you as hatred can/ Sleep
now/ Past and now are one.*

An eerie whistle. Scratchy music. A windowless room. A burning shed inside two eyes gaze directly at us, fermented: OASIS, 6, half-black, wild ginger curls. She cowers underneath a lopsided spring mattress. Nearby in a cot: newborn BABY ELLE MARIE, underweight, unmoving, naked, the umbilical cord attached. Oasis is transfixed by something unseen in the middle of the room. A dysfunctional telly set plays *Mary Poppins* (1964). She observes a steel door ahead, anxious.

A long beat and -- a crash at the door. A small stream of daylight from the stairs. A scrawny, dark-haired boy trips in the dimness, drops a lighter initialed "A.S." This is ISAIHAH, 9, half-Thai, hollow eyes, hunched posture. Both children are unbathed and in mismatched rags.

He pants, feels around, reaches for a naked light bulb. A click. Sickly orange light reveals: sound-proof walls; a dirt floor; two mattresses on either side; an overflowing bucket of human waste; another steel door, locked. He stands guarded in the doorway, frozen. Nauseated, he searches and suppresses a horrified cry.

A tea kettle from above screams. On her stomach fresh from birth: ROSEMARY MAY, 23, ivory-skinned, strawberry-blonde, sea-green eyes open yet empty, near death. On her back: GRACE PURNELL, 26, half-black, untamed curls, dead. Both women are naked, malnourished, holding hands. No teeth; bloodied thighs; twisted entrails; a placenta; severed breasts; maggots. Isaiah is visibly pained.

ISAIHAH
Mum...

His eyes meet Oasis'. Uncertain, he approaches Rosemary.

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH

What did he do to you?

Isaiah kneels, turns Rosemary to face him, cradles her. She gazes into him. He weeps. An emaciated, greasy man naked from the waist up moves from the shadows: AUGUST SWEENEY, 36-40, Thai-American. A set of keys dangles from his waist always. He slithers towards Isaiah, accidentally bumps the bulb. He places his controlling hands, covered in eczema, on Isaiah's shoulders. The light crashes off.

ALO (V.O.)

No one will hurt you. Can you tell me your name?

OASIS (V.O.)

Oasis.

ALO (V.O.)

Oasis. Can you tell me what happened, Oasis?

OASIS (V.O.)

I told him... I said we're monsters.

The sound of the screeching kettle brings us to...

EXT. ROLLING LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

... SUPER: "DECEMBER 1971."

A blaring train whistle. Early blue morning, before dawn. A steam locomotive emerges. It slices through a barren country landscape, dry and damp. The billowing smoke stack dashes by, madly.

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Oasis, 10-11, wakes. Dirty and petite, her hair is longer; colourful sticking plasters cover every finger; she wears a tattered pink floral dress; hand-me-down ruby pea coat; a man's black coat; bell-bottom jeans and untied men's high-top trainers (painted pink).

Beside her: Isaiah, 13-14, also small, lightly snores. His sense of fashion is no better: A torn, too large jumper; patched trousers; a thin navy-blue hooded duffel coat and discoloured socks. Oasis eyes her reflection, disquieted. Isaiah stirs, disturbed. He trembles, shouts. She caresses him.

(CONTINUED)

OASIS

Shh. Isaiah. Isaiah. Shh. It's not real. The monsters are gone. Push the red from your mind.

Isaiah shoves her away, suppresses his emotions. He firmly studies her.

EXT. OUTSIDE LONDON - DAY

Dawn. The train races along into the horizon. London approaches, glistens in the sunlight. As the orange morning sun rises in the distance, a soft rock track plays.

MONTAGE:

INT. VICTORIA STATION - DAY

The train explodes, lingers in a cloud of smoke. Isaiah and Oasis descend. Isaiah draws into himself, his hands always in his sleeves. Oasis tugs along their red suitcase, uneasy. From her arm dangles a 1950's transistor radio inside a red leather pouch. They dart through their chaotic surroundings. Fluttering PEOPLE move about in every which way.

EXT. GREATER LONDON - STREETS - DAY

At the top of a CROWDED red Double Decker bus, the children take in their world. The coach zooms through the enormous city dressed for Christmas Day. Oasis gazes up at the monstrous buildings, mesmerised. Isaiah surveys the surrounding streets sharply, though is less enthralled.

EXT. CAMDEN TOWN - NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY

The sun turns golden. Eerily, the children are now the only passengers present. Oasis scans the passing houses, simplistic brick terraced dwellings. She peers at her reflection through the window, deep in contemplation.

EXT. CAMDEN TOWN - STREETS - DAY

The children move through the ADULT POPULATION. Everything from buildings to PEOPLE dominate their height. Isaiah charges straight ahead, veers nervously through the crowd. Oasis trails Isaiah and marvels at everything around her.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - STREETS - DAY

The children trudge along, sit at street corners and eye annoyed PASSERSBY with fast food in hand. Isaiah stops momentarily and observes a telly through a shop window: horrific images of prison life. Oasis passes him, avoids the screen. Disturbed, he moves away.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - STREET CORNER - NIGHT

By her side, Isaiah sleeps, his head on her lap. Oasis stares out into the bustling NIGHTLIFE, apprehensive. The volume of the song lowers, interrupted by static. We realise it comes from Oasis' radio pouch. The song ends.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. ISLIP STREET - OEDIPUS ESTATE - DAY

SUPER: "JANUARY 1972."

Peach sunrise. Near the Kentish Town Station. A black iron gate. Behind it, a crumbling red brick building, one of six apartment buildings on the block, eight storeys high. Brick balconies. Laundry lines. Overgrown garden hedges. Dry, yellow grass. A defunct playground creaks, untouched. Rubbish flaps in the breeze. It is far from idyllic.

A graffiti-ridden sign and a map of the housing scheme: "OEDIPUS ESTATE." Isaiah and Oasis mount through the front courtyard towards an arched red door. A white sign above reads: "WUTHERING HOUSE."

On the yard sits a homeless man beneath a willow tree. This is SCORPIO, 60s, rampant hair, legless, wheelchair-bound. Colourful hogwash dangles from his chair. He is motionless. Oasis eyes him sympathetically.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

The children ascend a never-ending staircase. Ten red doors (flats) on each floor. Only a few windows shed light on the murky setting. Isaiah marches ahead. Oasis struggles with their suitcase. She trips over her laces and -- the case flies away. She lets out a scream. Her voice echoes. Isaiah swerves towards her. Their accents are vaguely New York American:

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH
Bitch, shut up!

OASIS
Hey, I'm not a--!

ISAIAH
(yanks her)
Look, people might still be
sleeping! We can't risk getting
thrown out! Do you comprehend?! Do
you?!

OASIS
You're hurting me!

ISAIAH
I'll ask again: *Do you?!*

OASIS
Yes!
(pulls away; rubs arms)
Why do you have to hurt me?

ISAIAH
Because you're being a little whiny
shit. You're ten years old, not
five. Start acting like it. You're
utterly nonviable.

OASIS
You don't even know what that
means, you ignorant arse. Are you
listening? I just think you should
carry it -- because you're a boy.
Is chivalry alien to you?

ISAIAH
You *are* a boy!

OASIS
I'm not! I'm a girl!

ISAIAH
(eyes her wardrobe)
The bloody hell you wearing that
for? It looks stupid.

OASIS
I can wear what I want, Mr. Fashion
Police!

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH

You're confused. There's something seriously wrong with you.

OASIS

I'm a girl, okay?

ISAIAH

Not when you have a willy.

OASIS

Why does that matter?

ISAIAH

Will you hurry up?! Fuck!

OASIS

I'd appreciate it if you'd stop cursing.

ISAIAH

I'd appreciate it if you'd shut the fuck up!

Oasis throws him an opposing glare, though holds her tongue. She trips again, bends over and begrudgingly ties her laces.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

Isaiah skips ahead of her and runs past an older woman leaving her flat at Number 40: MRS WOOLSWORTH, 80, pale, thin, stern, a rat's nest for hair, outdated fashion. She looks on at Isaiah as he climbs the next set of stairs, miffed. She pushes an Edwardian pram onto...

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the descending stairwell. Oasis hops up the steps, wrapped in her own world. In a split-second, she crashes into the pram and sends it flying halfway down the stairs. Mrs Woolsworth's eyes widen in horror. She shrieks, struggles to grab it, slides down to...

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - LANDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the bottom landing. She unintentionally drags Oasis with her. A baby girl, her GRANDDAUGHTER screams bloody murder and nearly empties out over the edge. Mrs Woolsworth violently shoves Oasis aside and springs to protect the baby, cradling her in her arms.

(CONTINUED)

MRS WOOLSWORTH

You beastly child! Have you no worth for my granddaughter?!

(Oasis looks on, stunned)

Must you stare at me in such a manner to suggest you're mentally deficient?! She's barely a year old! You could have seriously maimed her, or worse, had her killed!

Oasis cowers back, searches for Isaiah. He is nowhere in sight. Mrs Woolsworth roughly grapples her, drags her by the arm and...

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... leads her into the hall, staring her down. A nearby door (decorated with a Welcome mat and a pot of red flowers) swings open, Number 21. A woman appears: MS RIDDLE, late 50s, tanned, stout, piercing eyes, auburn hair in curlers and a waitress' uniform. She seems concerned.

MS RIDDLE

Mrs Woolsworth, is everything all right?

MRS WOOLSWORTH

Are you daft, Ms Riddle?! My granddaughter was nearly thrown down these stairs to her possible death by this appalling child!

Ms Riddle glances at Oasis, aghast by her state but her judgment is much kinder.

MS RIDDLE

I'm sure it wasn't intentional. Perhaps, we're all overreacting, no?

Like a classic Roald Dahl witch, Mrs Woolsworth grimly rises, towers over Ms Riddle and bores into her eyes.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

Crawl back to your roaches' lair, Ms Riddle!

(Riddle frowns; Woolsworth studies Oasis, petrified by her neglectful appearance)

Young lady, where are your parents?! Who in their right mind

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS WOOLSWORTH (CONT'D)
 would leave such a retarded Negro
 mouse -- no, a rat -- unattended
 for?! I've never, in all my years
 of living, encountered anything
 quite as pitiful in sight!
 Atrocious!

(Oasis shrinks)

Who has allowed you to run loose,
 child?

(Oasis averts her eyes; slowly
 steps away)

Young lady, if you fail to provide
 me with an appropriate answer, I
 will be faced with no other option
 but to contact our city's finest
 services for wayward waifs. Surely,
 they'll know --

ISAIAH (O.S.)

Don't! Please!

The women look up to see Isaiah. Frenzied, he bounds down
 the stairs towards them. Mrs Woolsworth steps back,
 recoiling as though she fears he carries a disease. Isaiah
 flies to Oasis, grabs her by the arm. Mrs Woolsworth scowls.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

I suspect this loose creature
 belongs to you, boy?

ISAIAH

(rocks nervously; mumbles)
 Unfortunately. Yes... Ma'am.

Oasis throws him a disapproving glare.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

I suggest you do a better job at
 attending to her, child. She's an
 accident waiting to happen.

(he anxiously nods; backs up)

Hmpf. I suppose we should welcome
 our new neighbours. How 'bout it,
 Ms Riddle? Mister...?

ISAIAH

Sheen. No, Reese. I-it's Reese!

Dragging Oasis, he hurries up the stairs. Mrs Woolsworth
 scoffs and tends to her granddaughter, tucking her into her
 pram.

(CONTINUED)

MRS WOOLSWORTH

If I may inquire, where on this planet do you ghastly children come from?! I'm afraid I do not recognise your horrendous accents!

They are gone. She wrinkles her nose, disgusted, shoves Ms Riddle aside and pushes the pram out of sight.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY

A winding hallway, Numbers 61-70 on each side. A defected light flickers. A false black widow swings in limbo from a glistening string of web. The children stride down. Oasis judgmentally regards Isaiah. He feels her gaze, glares.

ISAIAH

What?

They stop before the third red door. Number 66. The key held in his sleeve, Isaiah unlocks it, struggles to push it open, the knob stiff and rusted. He backs off, pants. He tries again. It cracks open, though barely. Once ajar, he squeezes, falls through, disappears. He peers back out, waves for Oasis. Reluctant, she follows him into...

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... a dim, nearly bare single bedroom. Oasis stands just feet from the doorway, drops the case. Isaiah takes it and pushes it with his foot to the centre. He draws the shabby curtains. A door/window leads out onto their terrace viewing the front courtyard.

Oasis observes her surroundings: white walls; dusty, dark hardwood floors; a cramped hallway; a bathroom; a 1950's yellow kitchen left in squalor (moldy clothes from past tenants forgotten in the wash); a radiator and a neglected mattress under a second window.

OASIS

Isaiah, why did you lie? Our surname isn't Reese. It's Sweeney. Why did you lie?

ISAIAH

What was I supposed to say? No one can know.

Isaiah refuses to face her. Oasis looks at him, hopeless. A jump blues song from her radio cuts in.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY - LATER

To the music, Isaiah and Oasis tensely scrub down their apartment, clothes and mattress. Isaiah, the lower half of his face masked by his shirt, stands at arm's length from the dirt. Oasis is carefree: She splashes around water and soap; makes "dust angels" on the floor; and with her radio pouch dangling from her arm, she dances and collapses on the bed, exhausted. The song ends.

EXT. OEDIPUS ESTATE - DAY

Dark purple clouds roll in over the council estate. Thunder sounds.

INT. REESE FLAT - BATHROOM - DAY

Moldy ceiling. Cracked window. A train whistles. Isaiah rests in the tub, musing. Severe burn scars cover his back. Crumpled in his hand, a faded flier: "MISSING."

Underneath are two yellowing black-and-white school photos: Rosemary, 12 and Grace, 15, which reads: "ROSEMARY MAY. AGE: 12. LAST SEEN: Friday, 14 Dec. 1956. LANCASHIRE... GRACE PURNELL. AGE: 15. LAST SEEN: Friday, 21 Dec. 1956. NEW SOUTH WALES... If you know of their whereabouts, please contact..."

Isaiah is particularly fixed on Rosemary. Oasis enters. He hurriedly folds the poster and flings it aside. Oasis observes it, sadly.

OASIS

Can I come in or...?

He shrugs. Hardly shy, Oasis undresses. She lifts up the toilet lid and seat, urinates. Isaiah studies her harshly. Once done, Oasis gently sets down the lid and hops into the bath, almost stepping on Isaiah. He pushes her away and she falls backwards onto his stomach.

ISAIAH

Watch it!
(shoves her)
You didn't flush.

Oasis sighs and reaches out to push down the toilet lever. He fiercely launches her a bar of soap. It slaps her in the back. She frowns, fishes for it and cleans herself. Isaiah yanks it away from her.

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

Hey, don't use all of it! That's all the soap we've got! Listen, we have to ration our money, Oasis. That man didn't leave much.

OASIS

That man? He was our father...

ISAIAH

Don't get use to this luxury. Can't raise the funds. Not until I -- What?!

OASIS

Look, you don't need to talk down to me. I understand we still need money for the rent and food. Isaiah!

OASIS (CONT'D)

That man?! That man?! He was our father!

ISAIAH

(mortally)

He was no father of mine.

Oasis wistfully looks on. Isaiah locks eyes with her, coldly. He softens. Oasis slides herself to him. Isaiah pulls her closer, turns her around and douses her hair with a miniature bottle of shampoo. She shrieks as the soap runs down her face and over her eyes.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

Close them, idiot!

She shuts them as he scrubs her thick curls with force. She grimaces in discomfort.

OASIS

You're too young to work, Isaiah. I'm not stupid. What if you don't get a job? What are we going to do when the money runs out...? Isaiah, do you know?

His eyes wander, uncertain. A beat. She ducks forward, submerges herself underwater, runs the soap from her locks. She rushes back up, gasps for air, wipes her hair and water from her eyes. She swims to the other side of the tub, frantically slaps away at her back.

OASIS (CONT'D)

(excited)

It touched me!

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH

What?

OASIS

Your thingy! It was on my back!

ISAIAH

What?

OASIS

(nervously laughs)

Barely, but I felt it!

ISAIAH

I wouldn't be laughing. You have a
willy too, you know.

Oasis' smile disappears. Her eyes lower. She finds Isaiah,
her gaze distant.

OASIS

You keep saying I'm a boy... I'm
not a boy. I don't feel like a boy.
I *am* a girl. What my body looks
like, it doesn't matter.

ISAIAH

That's not how life works, Oasis.
According to the Bible, you are a
boy.

OASIS

I don't believe in the Bible. Or
God. It's bollocks.

ISAIAH

Even if that man forced it on us?

OASIS

I didn't agree with everything he
said, Isaiah. I once believed in a
lot of things, like Never Neverland
and Narnia.

ISAIAH

The Taking Boy?

OASIS

The what?

ISAIAH

The Taking Boy.
(she eyes him, scared)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

C'mon, Oasis. I can say it as loud as I want. He ain't gonna get us. He's not real. That man told us that load of bullshit fairytale to make us afraid of the outside world. You believed it. It's not real. Never was.

OASIS

(shifts uncomfortably)

Dad treated me like a girl. He said I was his Queen.

ISAIAH

Doesn't change a damn thing.

Hurt, she scans Isaiah's body.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - STREETS - NIGHT

A light shower of rain sweeps through the city.

EXT. OEDIPUS ESTATE - NIGHT

The rain moves over the council estate. Scorpio sits unmoving, hardly bothered by his drenched state.

INT. REESE FLAT - NIGHT

Oasis peers out of the window, slightly open. She sets various little objects from the suitcase on the sill above the bed. Notably, August's keys and an empty prescription bottle of amobarbital sodium. As she does this, she watches as Scorpio is soaked.

OASIS

Isaiah? Is mine going to look like that?

ISAIAH

What?

OASIS

My... you know.

ISAIAH

Do you want me to be perfectly honest?

(she nods)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
Soon. It'll grow.

OASIS
Eeew!

ISAIAH
Bloody hell! You're such an infant!

OASIS
And it's dreadfully hairy!

ISAIAH
(blushes)
Shut up!

Oasis fights back a laugh. A worn composition notebook signed "AUGUST SWEENEY" falls open from the case. Oasis frowns. Squeezed between coffee-stained pages titled "OBJECTIVES" and "LESSONS" of history notes: crayon drawings of ANNALISE MURRAY (11), bushy hair, round red-rimmed glasses and sea-green eyes. Some are graphic, displaying every inch of her anatomy in sexual detail. The last page: "FRIDAY, 8 JANUARY 1971. TERM 3." Folded sketch paper is between the crease. A crayon portrait, dated: "JULY 1971." Oasis quickly closes it, uneasy.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
Oi, shut the window!

She sighs, moving to grab it. Her look is caught off-guard. A dark-haired, ivory-skinned child, THE TAKING BOY (10) in turn-of-the-century English fashion. He stands outside of the gate, his gaze intense. Oasis leans in closer and peers through the rain. He looks directly at her. He grins, wickedly. Her eyes grow wide in fear as she steps back.

ISAIAH (O.S.)
Oasis! Do you suffer from hearing impairment?!

She quickly shuts the window and flees. Isaiah sits cross-legged on the floor, involved in counting pound notes from a brown paper bag sorted into separate piles. Oasis pounces on his back. Pushed forward, he collides with his piles. They scatter everywhere.

ISAIAH
Oasis!
(shoves her back)
Retard!

He bends over and roughly collects the money. Oasis trembles and grips the back of his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

OASIS
Isaiah!

ISAIAH
What?!

OASIS
(whispers)
The Taking Boy!

Oasis... ISAIAH

OASIS
Outside! I saw him! He's
gonna eat us, rip our skin
off! Isaiah, you said his
name out loud! You summoned
him!

Isaiah looks over his shoulder, glaring.

INT. REESE FLAT - NIGHT - LATER

The children press their faces against the window, scanning
the courtyard. Save for Scorpio, it is virtually vacant.

ISAIAH
Where?

OASIS
He was there!

ISAIAH
(hops back)
I thought you didn't believe in him
anymore. Liar. Look, that man made
him up, 'kay?
(crosses the room)
Don't be waking me up with these
bloody nightmares tonight.
(plops down on the floor;
continues his work)
Otherwise, you can take your black
ass outside to sleep. And--
(sing-song)
--*the Taking Boy!* He could swallow
you up! Mwa-ha-ha!

OASIS
Shh, you wretched arse!

Oasis turns to look at him, anxious. She takes a black carved wooden fairy from the sill and throws it at him. It slaps the back of his head. He grimaces, turns and glares at her.

INT. REESE FLAT - NIGHT - LATER

Isaiah and Oasis sleep on opposite ends of the neglected mattress, Isaiah at the top, Oasis at the bottom. Clad in their underwear, they have no blanket, only their clothes to cover them.

EXT. OEDIPUS ESTATE - NIGHT

The rain ceases. A crack of thunder. A flash of lightning streaks the sky. Ominous crimson clouds roll in. Ticking sounds. A woman's voice chants a haunting song, interrupted by static. It echoes eerily. Menacing shadows stretch, climbing to...

INT. REESE FLAT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

... the Reese window, spreading over the sleeping children. They swarm around them. Darkness consumes them.

INT. MAY-PURNELL HOUSE - ROSEMARY'S ROOM - DAY

The light rocks. August appears. He hums the lullaby, deep and alluring, though weirdly unsettling. He stands with his legs apart, Rosemary's head clutched between both hands. She stares up at him, her dying eyes pleading. He twists her neck and cracks her spine. She collapses, dead. Isaiah screams. August delivers a heavy blow to his head. He falls to the ground, whimpering. Oasis wails.

AUGUST

SHUT UP!!! FUCKING SHUT UP!!!

He drags the women's bodies by their ankles and brings them to a vertical floor drain in the corner, knocking over the telly. He removes the crate, peers down, and with no ounce of remorse visible, stuffs them down the pipe, piling them on top of each other in a twisted formation.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candle light. August sits in a tattered armchair. A cluttered, derelict room. Handcrafted dollhouses. Toys. Junk. Boarded windows. A strong, padlocked iron gate from floor to ceiling blocks the entrance to the red front door. Baby Elle Marie sits naked in his arms. His eyes find Isaiah and Oasis, traumatised, kneeling before him like servants. He views them, hardened. His gaze is on Baby Elle Marie. She barely stirs. He judges her resentfully.

AUGUST

None of you may understand what I have just committed. Someday, you will. You'll thank me, bow down, kiss my fine Thai ass, suck on my hairy testicles, deplorably. Like the pitiful little shits, you are. It was for the better. Oasis, your mother disobeyed me. Greatly. When I least suspected it. Isaiah, as for your--and this thing's--mother... I simply put her out of her misery. She was crippled, deformed, subnormal.

(eyes a vacant wheelchair parked at the kitchen entryway; Isaiah follows his gaze, tormented)

She couldn't remember a fucking thing, could hardly remember your own damn name on most days. Believe me. Mentally and physically defected things ought to be lawfully exterminated. There's no place in society for such "its." Societal poison. That's what they ought to be considered. They were detained in Germany's concentration camps for a reason.

(eyes burn red; squeezes the baby)

This defected, deformed Hell-spawn is no exception! It's not mine!

He flies up and projects Baby Elle Marie into the opposite wall. She lands on the floor and bursts into tears. The children gaze at him, shocked.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

August places a needle onto the last song, Side Two of the Beatles' *Please Please Me* album. "Twist and Shout" blasts. Under a spell, he waltzes strangely to the music. It is not a dance of joy. He passes Elle Marie, immobile and silent.

He rummages through the crowded table surfaces and collects a handful of colourful crayons. In a trance, he sways over to a soiled sofa. The children, naked, are apprehensive. August, trousers undone, looms before them. The song blares. Screams echo.

INT. REESE FLAT - NIGHT

Isaiah flies, his arms outstretched into the darkness, fending off an invisible monster.

ISAIAH

NOOO!!!

Drenched in sweat, he pants, rubs his arms and frantically untwists himself from his clothes. He peers down beneath the covers. His eyes meet Oasis' at the other end. He flushes, hops off the bed and...

INT. REESE FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

... bursts through the door, shutting it tight behind him. He leans over the sink and madly cleanses his face. He stares emptily into his reflection. A record needle scratches on loop. Isaiah shakes, beats himself, slaps his face, pulls his skin. His eyes travel towards the sink drain. It appears to grow. Screams echo from within.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Isaiah bites down on a naked August's cheek as he pins him to the sofa, hard. He pulls back on his flesh and draws away blood. August yelps and delivers a blow to his head. He leaps to his feet and viciously beats the child. He tightly grips his scalp and swings him towards the kitchen. Oasis, on the sofa, is neglected, bleeding and petrified.

INT. MAY-PURNELL HOUSE - ROSEMARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

August drags Isaiah to the drain. He screams. August pries open the crate. Without hesitation, he crams Isaiah down the pipe. At the sight of the mutilated corpses, Isaiah howls and sobs, vehemently. He tries to clamber up the sides of the drain. He slips down, touching the dead. August shuts the crate before him. He peers down and smirks wickedly.

ISAIAH

*NO! NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME
DOWN HERE! PLEASE!*

August exits. The light disappears. Darkness.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

NO! NO! NOOOO!!! NOOOO!!!!

Isaiah cries bloody murder.

INT. REESE FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Isaiah collides his head with the mirror. It splits open, but refuses to break. He growls.

INT. REESE FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Before sunrise. Isaiah, with a bag of crisps, flies around. Oasis follows him with her eyes, keeping her distance.

ISAIAH

*Bollocks, Oasis! Utter bollocks!
You're so fucking delusional; I
can't possibly wrap my mind around
it! How can you live in such fluff
fictitious fantasy?! He hurt me! He
hurt you! He made me hurt you! How
can you be so fucking blind?!*

OASIS

We are, both of us, we're monsters!

ISAIAH

DON'T!

*(launches the bag; advances on
her, staring her down)*

I dare you, bitch! Dare say it!

He grabs her by both her arms, yanks her hair, circles her around and thrusts her against the opposite wall with force. Her head bangs back, jolting her entire body. She lets out a

(CONTINUED)

scream as she grimaces in pain. She slides down to the floor, shielding her head with her hands. Isaiah towers over her.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

I swear on your dead body, little boy that if you tell anyone, you'll rue the day your whore of a mother ever gave birth to you!

OASIS

Shut up! My mum wasn't--!

ISAIAH

She was! That man favoured her! He let her sleep in the Blue Tower while he kept my mother down there almost always! With your mum--he--sure she enjoyed it! His tongue up in her cunt! Only way to stop pushing out more kids!

OASIS

(he shoves her; she pushes him)

Shut up! You're miserable!

ISAIAH

He hurt my mum far worse than he ever did yours! Always got her pregnant! Killed all my full-blooded siblings! Your mum was living in royalty compared to my mum! My mum was a slave! Your mum was a queen! Oh wait--so were you! Is that not what you said?! After she died, you were a replacement! Practically!

(shoves her again; she glares)

He favoured you! Just like Aunt Grace! It makes shitloads of sense! Obviously, he had a thing for niggers! He only killed yours because she tried to run away!

(she shakes her head in denial)

He lied to you, stupid ass!

OASIS

I'm part black, Isaiah! Not a creature! And he didn't lie! He was our father!

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH

(shakes her vigorously)

YES! YES, OASIS! HE DID! HE DID
LIE! SOMEHOW, YOU FORGOT! YOU
BLOCKED IT OUT OF YOUR STUPID
BRAIN! YOU REPRESSED EVERYTHING! HE
TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THAT! HE LIED! HE
ALWAYS LIED!

He kicks her powerfully in the face. She jerks backwards. She gazes up, her eyes swollen and bright pink. Tears stream down her cheeks as blood gushes from her nose.

OASIS

IT'S YOUR FAULT HE'S DEAD!

A loud bang from next door:

MS HELENA (O.S.)

Oi, shut the fuck up, arseholes!

Isaiah strays towards the window, gripping the sides. He stares deadly into the night sky. The rain clouds roll along. He collects himself.

OASIS

He had a name. His name was August, Isaiah... We're so evil!

ISAIAH

(refuses to face her)

No one can know. It'll be the death of both of us. You're as guilty as I am and you know it.

OASIS

I know. I realise they send children to prison. The system doesn't give a rat's arse how young we are. I'm not stupid... Isaiah... You scare me.

He glares ahead, coldly. Roaring waves off in the near distance and a rumbling train bring us to...

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

... before sunrise. We move through a boarded-up window. Dim lamplight. August, blood on his wifebeater and with Oasis (2) in his arms, sits cross-legged before Isaiah (5) on the floor. He acts weirdly affectionate with her. Isaiah glares. August turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST

You may hate me. The King doesn't
give a rusty fuck. It's for your
own good. You know why?

(Isaiah shakes his head)

I'll tell you why: You hear that?

Isaiah looks around, baffled. From outside, we hear a low moaning: the breeze, the ocean, the train and hums of a power station mixed as one. Isaiah doesn't seem to recognise the sources of these sounds. He looks back at August for reassurance.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Do you know what that is?

(leans in; whispers)

That's the Taking Boy.

ISAIAH

What's the--?

AUGUST

(whispers)

Shh. We must not say his name too loudly. It's taboo. Saying his name will signal his coming.

(Isaiah stares widely; clasps his hands to his mouth)

Keeping you downstairs in the servants' quarters during the day is for your own protection. I don't have to worry about Oasis yet. Yet. It's important that--The day is dangerous. Relatively. That's when--the Taking Boy prowls. Searching... searching for children.

August's gaze grows dark. We move in on his and the children's shadows painted on the wall.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Flesh. Flesh. Flesh. Flesh. That's how he survives. Consuming flesh. The Taking Boy is not really a child, although he appears in your image, to those children that can see him.

We submerge into a fantasy and...

EXT. AUGUST'S FANTASY - BARREN LANDSCAPE - DAY

... through the fog moves a towering, androgynous gangly creature, pure white skin, hairless and completely naked. He transforms into a small, dark-haired child clad in 1690s Thai dress: the Taking Boy.

AUGUST (V.O.)

In fact, he's a centuries-old demon that has been roaming this Earth long before you brats were even conceived.

He approaches a quaint village in the Thai mountains, circa 1768.

EXT. AUGUST'S FANTASY - VILLAGE - DAY

The Taking Boy sweeps through the desolate village, searching. He comes across a garden and waits in the distance. He sees a lone 10-YEAR-OLD THAI GIRL, long plaited hair and in peasant dress. He observes intently as she plays by herself. She gathers a red bouquet.

AUGUST (V.O.)

He lives off the meat of children, feeds on any kind of child. What's the difference to him?

He eyes her, hungrily.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

August faces Isaiah.

AUGUST

An' we're all made of meat, no? My ass is meat; yer ass is meat. Yet, the meat of children is pure. It is believed to contain immortality. You know what that is?

(Isaiah shakes his head)

It means Death will never come knocking on your door. Why, as a demon, would he appear as a child?

Isaiah gazes, dumbfounded.

EXT. AUGUST'S FANTASY - VILLAGE - DAY

The girl spots the Taking Boy in the distance. Mesmerised, she approaches him. She drops her freshly picked red flowers. They scatter on the grass and blow away in the breeze.

AUGUST (V.O.)

He's intelligent enough to know that if he were to stand before a child in his true terrifying state, they would run. He's aware enough to know that a child would trust another child. So, let it be.

The girl takes his hand. He smirks. She smiles. He leads her away into the distance.

AUGUST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Though, how does he manage to collect children? Simple: Stray children are the plainest targets. Stray children who disobey their parents and leave their homes, their gardens. That's where he lurks, where he waits.

The Taking Boy appears with the girl before various other gardens. A pattern ensues. FIVE CHILDREN (5-10) approach the demon under a spell. They take his hand. He guides them away. They follow blindly in a row.

EXT. AUGUST'S FANTASY - MOUNTAIN - DAY

The Taking Boy leads the way. The six children, holding hands in a line, follow him up a steep hill in a "*Danse Macabre*." As the children climb up the hill, further and further away, they vanish like ghosts.

AUGUST (V.O.)

They never return. Any child that meets the Taking Boy never returns on any circumstance.

Clouds roll in over the vacant land.

EXT. AUGUST'S FANTASY - FIELD - DAY

The Taking Boy and his line of unsuspecting children approach a large tree in a completely flat field.

ISAIAH (V.O.)
W-where does he take them?

No other trees in sight.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The lamp flickers. Isaiah brings his knees to his chest.

AUGUST
Where do you think? To his lair--

August reaches over and briskly turns off the lamp.

EXT. AUGUST'S FANTASY - FIELD - DAY

The Taking Boy leads them into a hole etched in the tree. Blackness. We move with them through the hole and...

INT. AUGUST'S FANTASY - LAIR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... fly underground to a candle-lit brick lair decorated in gruesome portraits of the Taking Boy as his demon self, devouring the children.

The children huddle in a group before him and without warning, he grows into the towering, naked demon. The children flee. They release blood-curdling screams.

The demon's arms stretch. He tears their clothes from their bodies, restrains them in both hands, brings them to his gaping mouth and maliciously rips their skin off, consuming them. He severs one group's heads, their bodies next, their feet last. He moves to the second group. Blood stains everything in sight. Bits of shoes, toys and hair is all that's left of them.

EXT. AUGUST'S FANTASY - VILLAGE - DAY

At various houses, PARENTS cross over to their windowsills to find blood-stained pieces of their missing children's belongings, left there deliberately.

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST (V.O.)

If their families are lucky, he'll return something of theirs: a shoe, a toy, a string of hair.

Heartbroken, they mourn.

AUGUST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is hardly committed out of respect for their loved ones, don't be mistaken. This is his pure entertainment. This is to mock them.

Out of the families' sight, the Taking Boy stands just feet away from their gardens. In his demon form, he cackles madly.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room grows lighter. Isaiah cowers.

ISAIAH

H-how do you know of--? Did you see him?

AUGUST

What a fucking stupid question? I'm still here, aren't I? Of course not. No. My *half-brother* did, unfortunately. I never saw him again.

Grace peers through the kitchen entryway, dissatisfied.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

Still dark, pink sunrise creeps on the horizon. August, with a metal bowl, inside it a foetus in a bath of blood, digs with his bare hands by a shed in an overgrown garden barricaded by a strong, tall brick wall and a forest of tress.

Isaiah sits nearby, playing with a bright pink ball. It rolls away. He follows it to the end of the wall. It is stuck in a hole in the brick. Isaiah retrieves it. He struggles. It releases. He falls backwards and clumsily gets up. He stops. The sound of roaring waves. He leans over and snoops through the hole. August buries the foetus. He hardly looks up, but appears to sense something.

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST
 (sing-song)
 Isaiah, I wouldn't do that. The
 Taking Boy's gonna get ya.
 (Isaiah peers over; glances
 back at the hole; squints hard
 and marvels)
 You're defying me, little shit!
 He's coming to get you, Isaiah!

August stands up, brushes off the dirt and examines him. His face twists as he anxiously picks at his eczema and grazes his flaky scalp.

AUGUST (CONT'D)
 Isaiah!
 (he is too wrapped in his own
 discovery)
 Isaiah!

His eyes remain glued to what little he can see of the world beyond: a bleak, windswept landscape.

EXT. DUNGENESS - BEACH - DAY

Morning. An orange sun rises over the ocean headland. Grey clouds move in. A scarlet flower, dancing wildly in the wind. This is Dungeness, a desirable home for any city dweller, a beach with possibly no end to its horizon. It's photogenic, though far from wealthy. There's no holiday getaway in sight.

EXT. DUNGENESS - ROAD - DAY

A road. A drenched windshield, its wipers dancing madly. Rain sweeps through the foggy headland. WOMAN DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR NARINE ALO (41), Iranian-Armenian, bright red hair, startlingly green eyes, a green hijab, formal women's suit and a men's trench coat, scowls through the fog as she drives on.

KENT 999 OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Emergency. Which service, please?

MS BELLE (V.O.)
 Yes, it's been about two months now, and my next door neighbour, Mr August Sweeney... There's been an unbearable foul smell coming from his residence.

(CONTINUED)

A dilapidated, white-painted single-storey wooden fishing cottage. In the front: an abandoned sky-blue 1971 Ford Zodiac. An old railway track. Looping telephone cables. Nearby, the power station, Dungeness A. Flashing police cars. A swarm of UNIFORMED MEN gather under umbrellas, gasping for air, repulsed by something. Alo shows no sign of horror as she swerves her car through a curtain of fog and...

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... sweeps the yard. She parks and steps out like she owns the ground, a giant mug and fag in hand and without an umbrella. Her baggy trench coat billows behind her. She strides diligently over to a tall uniformed man, CORONER SKULYKY (50s), a pot belly, balding and in an Academy of Forensic Medical Sciences jacket. He is sheltered under an umbrella and appears far less confident than her.

SKULKY

Chief Inspector Narine Alo.

ALO

Screw the introduction, Coroner Skulky. What kind of flavoured bullshit do you have for me today?

He is speechless as he stares blankly at her.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The two enter. Dank; musty; decaying; soiled in rubbish. The gate is gone. The dollhouses loom. A hub of POLICE affairs and popping flashbulbs. Alo is the only woman present. She eyes the tattered armchair before the telly, left on. Static. A sheet draped over a figure. Her eyes fall on Skulky and indicates it. He nods. She crosses over to it and rips away the sheet.

ALO

Shit!

Propped up stiffly in the chair sits August Sweeney, hardly recognisable. Limbless, hairless, a headcap, horrendous third-degree burns rotting black and green and his throat clogged with old, dried vomit. His eyes are open, cloudy and unmoving. Alo and Skulky hover over him, examining him like a school science experiment.

(CONTINUED)

ALO (CONT'D)

What a fucking mess.

SKULKY

August Sweeney. I'd place the postmortem interval--I'd say roughly over sixty days.

ALO

Is that a positive assumption?

SKULKY

It is hardly an assumption, Narine.
I know Death.

ALO

I don't doubt that. He smells like bitterness and neglect. Too early, perhaps, but any idea what the cause might've been? Aside from drowning, obviously?

SKULKY

Overdose, possibly. Digoxin.

Enters DETECTIVE SERGEANT BLACKBURN (40s), uniformed, greying hair, bulky, tired eyes.

BLACKBURN

He was prescribed the medication for heart failure when he was discharged from the Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother Hospital in Margate, Alo.

ALO

Hello, Sergeant Blackburn. This was... when, exactly?

BLACKBURN

Thirty October, 1971.

ALO

And he was admitted...?

BLACKBURN

Mid-September.

ALO

Got it.

She closely observes the evidence: a broken whiskey bottle, syringes and many vials of digoxin.

(CONTINUED)

ALO (CONT'D)

The ass was drinking? With medication? Was he... "holding" the whiskey, Blackburn?

BLACKBURN

No. In fact, the shattered end was over by the wall.

ALO

Odd... Did he acquire a new circus skill, or...?

She leans over August, noticing curly red strands of hair on his shirt. She gingerly takes them in a handkerchief, inspects them, struts about and eyes the two men.

ALO (CONT'D)

Foul play... murder... or suicide? Take your pick.

SKULKY

This is hardly a game, Narine.

ALO

Whoever said it was? It looks like a suicide or an accident on first glance, no? The bottle is strange, however. He'd have to throw it to allow it to break in such a way... Any relatives?

BLACKBURN

He had no family, but a certified nurse in her twenties was taking care of him from home. Nurse Emmeline. She--

ALO

(snaps fingers)

May be the bitch that did this? Perhaps. Is the bottle to throw us off? Did she plant it? Where is she now?

BLACKBURN

Missing. She hasn't been seen since November the sixth.

ALO

I see. It's an offence not to report a body, and it fits like a neat little puzzle, no? Did she

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALO (CONT'D)

overdose his meds by accident? Ran away out of fear? Maybe. I won't overlook it. But I certainly won't out rule the possibility of a suicide, either. If that's possible... You certain he was a loner?

(Blackburn nods)

What's this?

She indicates the red hairs.

BLACKBURN

Nurse Emmeline's?

ALO

Or perhaps not? Can we get a thorough inspection of the house? Find out if anyone visited before his death?

He nods. She smirks, turns away from the men and is visibly repelled by the poor sanitation at every turn, though she attempts to suppress it. She finds a music box and winds it. It plays "Oasis' Lullaby." She gazes at the walls. For the first time, we see black-and-white portraits, circa 1938. August's parents: KANYA MONGHALAI (28), Thai-American, gaunt, unfeeling eyes and HEATHCLIFF SWEENEY (28), white, hard-faced, haggard, pale eyes, young yet old. They stand before a Mount Morris farmhouse.

ALO (CONT'D)

(recites)

"There stood close to the sacred edifice a small barber's shop, which was kept by a man of the name of Sweeney Todd."

The men look on in confusion. She twirls around to face them and snaps her fingers.

ALO (CONT'D)

Knew I knew that name from somewhere.

Skulky sheepishly nods. Blackburn frowns.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - DAY

Skulky and Alo circle around the house. She refers to her disorderly leather notebook.

ALO

He was forty. American. Born and raised in Mount Morris, New York. A secondary school teacher in Hastings, East Sussex. A history teacher, no less. What a bore. A teacher that didn't mind living in a pigsty, apparently. And playing with dollhouses. The wanker had a history: September 1970, he drove over a bloody cliff--and lived. Fucked an angel, probably.

In a white truck, she spots a thin, Red Golden Retriever receiving medical attention. Four months old, matted fur and a pink collar with a tag: "ANNIE." August is pulled into a van beside it. Skulky takes her by the arm and leads her away. Something curious catches her eye: from the garden, a charred toolshed blanketed by trees.

ALO (CONT'D)

Holy Virgin Queen Elizabeth! What happened here?!

SKULKY

That's the source for his hospital stay, Blackburn said. Apparently, there was an accident.

ALO

September?

SKULKY

(nods)

An attempted robbery gone awry. Or rather, a biased offence. His limbs amputated. Genitals mutilated. A fire.

Alo steps into...

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the garden and inspects the shed from the door. Burnt dollhouses eerily line the surfaces.

(CONTINUED)

ALO

Two accidents. A year apart. Both in September? How are we so certain that he wasn't a suicidal, maniacal Geppetto? That's what it jolly well looks like, no?

SKULKY

You find this amusing, Narine?

ALO

Coroner Skulky, I've seen a shitload of ugly fuck-ups in my life. Believe me. This hardly surprises me. I come from a family where shit like this was as common as pudding served in the morning.

She's fixed on a dismantled vintage playhouse, burned black. The shed looms demonically.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - DAY

Alo strolls by a meek little woman with a frozen, warm smile, MS BELLE (70s), garbed in a 50s-era nightgown and robe. Detective Alo holds her umbrella for her.

ALO

You knew Mr--?

MS BELLE

Yes.

ALO

For how long, Ms Belle?

MS BELLE

Approximately fifteen years.

ALO

He wasn't a local here, though?

MS BELLE

Afraid not, dear.

She examines for miles the other homes and yards. None have wild, untamed jungles or towering brick walls or boarded windows.

ALO

No kidding?

(CONTINUED)

MS BELLE

He moved in early spring 1956. That time is clear as yesterday to me.

(Alo carefully jots in her notebook; balances the umbrella on her shoulder)

He was unusually... I don't want to say anti-social, but he never made any effort to really get to know anyone. He rarely left his house, only ever for work or groceries. A history teacher. Lolita Hill, on Croft Road? He scarcely acknowledged anyone who greeted him. Seldom spoke a word or made eye contact. Never invited anyone in. Never accepted invitations. That is so unlike the locals here. The moment he moved in--

ALO

(not looking up)

Almost sixteen years ago?

MS BELLE

Yes. From that moment, up went that wall back there, as though he were attempting to keep people out.

Alo considers this, long and hard. She gazes intently at the house.

EXT. OEDIPUS ESTATE - DAY

Sunny. Oasis crouches in the courtyard, a new sticking plaster on her forehead. With chunks of charcoal, she draws: a body with severed limbs. She glances over her shoulder. Scorpio hasn't moved. Oasis strolls over to him, stops and examines him: a hospital gown, a grimy jacket, amputated, a patient's bracelet, bruises, stitches and dead eyes. Bugs occupy his face. Oasis waves. He doesn't stir.

OASIS

What's wrong with you? Are you dead?

She nears his chair full of everything colourful imaginable. She fishes through as if shopping. She comes across a glittering locket. Drawn to it, she takes it and opens it. Inside: a black-and-white photo of a smiling FAMILY, FOUR GIRLS (5-12) and ONE BOY (4). She locks eyes with him.

(CONTINUED)

OASIS (CONT'D)

Who are these people?

(balances on the arm of his chair)

I had a family too once. I have a brother, but he's a demon to me. Not always. Though on most days, he treats me like hell. A monster takes over him. Wherever he goes, I don't know. But that monster last night wasn't my brother. I had a sister. She's dead now. I had a mum. She died. I was six. She got sick; I think. I don't remember; I only have vague memories of her. No photos. No, sorry. There's one, at least--I vaguely know her. Isaiah hogs it, though because it has his mum in it too. Auntie Rosemary. Not really my aunt; I just call her that. We have two mums. Same dad. I mean, I *had* a dad. He... It was recent. In November. He didn't get sick like my mum, though. He... he was killed. I'm not allowed to talk about it. Where's your family?

(he struggles to blink)

You can't talk?

(he moves his head slightly)

Who put you here, anyway?

SCORPIO

Too--

(she gasps; steps off)

Too... many... questions...

OASIS

Am I bothering you?

(he stiffly shakes his head; she extends the locket out to him; sets it on his lap)

What's your name...? You have so much water in your eyes. Honesty. Loyalty. A reliable keeper of secrets. Like a Scorpio. Can I call you Scorpio? If it's all right with you?

(he nods)

I wish I could talk about it. Isaiah--my brother--he would murder me in my sleep if he found out. But you can barely move. If I tell you, promise me you won't call the police?

(CONTINUED)

(she looks at him, sad;
whispers)
We're evil.
(lies her head in his lap)
Someday... somebody's gonna know
about us.

She closes her eyes and hums her sad lullaby.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - DAY

Alo mounts back to the house.

OASIS (V.O.)
Someday, somebody's gonna know of a
girl named Oasis who lived with her
sister, brother and father in a
fishing cottage at the edge of the
world.

She steps inside the front door, swallowed by darkness.

EXT. REESE FLAT - TERRACE - DAY

SUPER: "FEBRUARY 1972."

Morning. "Oasis' Lullaby" plays. Windy and wet. Laundry sways on the terrace. A frosted window. We see Oasis stand before it. She wipes away the moisture. Frost reforms and she draws with her finger a stick figure of a girl. She moves away and...

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... jumps over Isaiah on the mattress, deep in sleep, and navigates the flat. Still no furniture in sight, the place has turned into a child's ideal homemade Wonderland filled with all sorts of lost-and-found treasures. The maze reaches the ceiling, magnificent though questionably unsafe. The white walls are filled with charcoal drawings and black paintings. Oasis leaps through the jungle and takes it all in. By the letterbox sits a heap of unopened mail.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

As if she were on a snowy mountain, Oasis flies down the stairs inside the suitcase like a sled, unafraid and...

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... crashes onto the landing, plopping out of the suitcase. Unhurt, she smiles. A nearby door bursts open, number 40. This scares Oasis and she jumps back, expecting the worst. From the depths of the ajar door, out steps Mrs Woolsworth, her face hard as ever. She scowls down at Oasis, unamused.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

Why, if it isn't the little Negro rat once again? A blissful accident. Just waiting to happen. Do you realise what day it is, young lady? What hour?

(Oasis gapes at her; steps back, frozen)

I see that your retarded nature has barely improved in a month, not that I expect it to wear off overnight.

(Oasis flees upstairs)

Where are your parents, young lady?! It may have escaped their notice, but it is a Friday morning! Don't you children have school?! I am Deputy Headmistress of St Primrose! Surely, you must be designated for this facility!

Oasis disappears. Mrs Woolsworth follows her...

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... to the seventh floor. Oasis reaches for the door of number 66. Barely ajar, Mrs Woolsworth slams it shut. Oasis twists around to face the hunter cornering her, apprehensive.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

I'd like to know where your parents are.

OASIS

(shyly)

Dad is...

MRS WOOLSWORTH

Yes?

OASIS

In hospital. Visiting Mum.

(CONTINUED)

MRS WOOLSWORTH

Is he now...? I'd like to meet him.
In my office. St Primrose. Today.
Understand?

Oasis merely gawks and rushes inside her flat.

EXT. OEDIPUS ESTATE - DAY

The children burst through the front doors and bound down the courtyard. Oasis, her radio pouch on her arm, stops in her tracks. Isaiah passes her. She gawks at Scorpio. Isaiah veers back, grapples her arm and runs with her. Scorpio looks on. They disappear onto Islip Street.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Mrs Woolsworth views the children from a window, pram by her side. She scowls. Ms Riddle, dressed in her uniform, skips down the stairs. She stops, eyes wide. Mrs Woolsworth meets her gaze, harshly. Ms Riddle shyly waves. Mrs Woolsworth huffs.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

That Asian-looking child can't possibly be related to that black child. She's too black. They're likely not from the same mother.

MS RIDDLE

Pardon?

MRS WOOLSWORTH

Their father sounds like scum. Who knows which mother that girl was referring to, the one in hospital? There should be laws against it, non-black men mating with Negro women. The type of filth blacks--as they're known to carry! When I come to consider it, only a black child could have a name such as "Oasis." I'm sure her African mother named her. I don't understand why black people insist on giving their children such absurd names. Hers is not even the worse of what I've heard. That black rat, a ragamuffin straight from Uganda. Filth!

She turns sharply on her heel down the steps. Ms Riddle is left stunned. A rock song cuts in.

EXT. CAMDEN TOWN - STREETS - DAY

Isaiah and Oasis, scarcely bundled, trudge through the madding CROWD, the streets wet, windy and dull and crawling with towering ADULTS too concerned with themselves to take notice of the children's neglected appearance. Their breath is visible. The music abruptly ceases.

EXT. CAMDEN TOWN - ALLEYWAY - DAY

The children linger in the shadows, isolated from the SWARM of the adult world before them. Isaiah kneels and plucks away at discarded fag ends. He brings one to his mouth. He takes a familiar lighter from his pocket, "A.S.," lights it and puffs away. Oasis, clearly bored, kicks at the ground. Her stomach growls.

OASIS

Isaiah... we'll starve. We can't live like this.

He looks on in contemplation. She is far removed from his world. Annoyed, Oasis gallops over to him and nudges him. He leaps up, furious.

ISAIAH

What?! What the fuck do you want me to do about it?! We're broke! We need to save what little--!

OASIS

I know. But we haven't eaten in days. Standing hurts so much...

She leans against a wall, weak. Without thought, he scavenges through the nearest waste-bin, avoiding touching the lid and insides with his bare skin, and retrieves an old half-eaten sandwich wrapped in greasy paper. He extends it to her, expecting her to take it. She scowls at it critically.

OASIS (CONT'D)

Are you an animal?! I can't eat that filth! That's absolutely barbaric!

With no more patience, he throws it at her. It flies at her face, splatting to the ground.

ISAIAH

Then starve!

He marches off. Oasis stands there momentarily, considering for a second. She kneels down and scoops up the contents. Examining it like a bird, she picks at it and eats it. As she walks off, she gags in disgust.

EXT. SOMERS TOWN - STREETS - DAY

Oasis lags behind Isaiah, devouring the old sandwich. She stops to gawk at a window of puppies up for adoption. She interacts with them through the glass. Isaiah comes back her way, not seeming quite as interested. She looks up at him, her eyes begging. He walks away. She sadly parts from the puppies and tails him.

OASIS

You wouldn't let me take Annie, you horrendous monster.

ISAIAH

I'm not! How could we take care of her? I'm sure she ran away and someone else found her by now. I'm sure she's living in luxury compared to us.

OASIS

Isaiah, I wish we would have stayed in the shelters.

ISAIAH

(turns sharply)
What? Why? Are you mad?

OASIS

Can I please be honest? I seriously hate it here! That lady is a demon from Hell!

ISAIAH

In the shelters, Oasis, we weren't *living*. Is that what you want? Don't you want to live a life, independently?

OASIS

If that means we have to starve and freeze our arses off, then no. This isn't what I want.

ISAIAH

Bollocks. Utter bollocks.

(CONTINUED)

He strays off, hands shoved in his pockets. Oasis follows from a distance.

OASIS

You treat me as if I don't understand. News for you: I do. Just because I'm younger, I know more than you think I do. I know what we're facing. You're not an adult, Isaiah. Stop acting like you are one.

(he files on, doubtful)

Listen to me!

Oasis slows, curiously transfixed. She comes closer to a window, her reflection in focus. Before her, a gorgeous white dress with a Peter Pan collar. It appears to be made especially for her, her reflection lining up perfectly. She eyes it in awe. Isaiah realises Oasis is nowhere by his side and veers his head to see her immobile by the window.

ISAIAH

Oasis! Oi!

She remains loyal to the window. He sighs and strides over to her. He observes her object of admiration.

OASIS

I'm going to be eleven tomorrow.

Her eyes glisten with plead. He walks away. Oasis, disappointed, parts from the glass. In the next window over, a tower of tellies. Onscreen: In faded colour and film grain, we fly over yellow caution tape flapping in the wind and POLICE surrounding a familiar fishing cottage.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - DAY

A troop of MEDIA REPORTERS flock around the house. They eagerly attempt to film and shoot photos of OFFICIALS as they pour out the red front door, evidence in tow. Intrusive NEIGHBOURS lurk by. A handful of them are interviewed, limelight hungry. A helicopter from above drowns out all sound. Alo sweeps silently into the house. We move around and...

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... find MEN in gloves and masks excavating the garden, digging up LITTLE BODIES by the shed. Decomposed aborted fetuses.

EXT. ALPERTON LANE - SCRAPYARD - DAY

Near the Hanger Lane Station, the children stray through a frozen timber of junk and defunct cars. Isaiah sits down on a pile of tyres before a dying fire in a tin can by a broken red car, afflicted. Oasis wanders off and explores. Carelessly, she clambers up an extraordinary mountain of clutter. She ascends, shops for rubbish and stuffs whatever she can into her jeans and coat pockets.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)
*... last month, Kent police
gathered... an unexplainable
mystery... Romney Marsh... an
investigation... August Sweeney...*

Oasis appears surprised. She turns to the side, fiddles with her radio and attempts to adjust it. Nothing. Her eyes raise. In the distance: the Taking Boy, observing her. She gasps and nearly loses her balance.

DICKISH BOY (O.S.)
Excellent! Eddy the cuntboy!

Oasis follows the voice. The Taking Boy has vanished. She shakes it off and peers through an opening. Below, a DICKISH BOY clad in a school uniform leads three other BOYS (13-14) to a tall, scrawny auburn-haired boy, EDDY (13). Eddy sits by an ancient armchair, a magazine flatly open in his lap. He sinks away, nervously. The boys loom.

DICKISH BOY
All right 'here, Eddy?
(Eddy springs up)
What's that 'er readin'?
(rudely pulls the pages away;
examines)
Poof literature, right?

Eddy sprints forward. The other boys barricade his exit, crowd around him and shove him back. They circle him like vultures and with little effort, Dickish Boy yanks his hair. Slapping him to the ground, he locks Eddy's waist between his knees. Eddy faces the opposite way and struggles to free himself. Dickish Boy peers down. He jeers. Violently, he beats Eddy's buttocks. Eddy cries in pain. The other boys sneer, entertained.

(CONTINUED)

DICKISH BOY (CONT'D)
Who votes to see Eddy's cunt?

Oasis, horrified, slides down from the mountain and races to the other side. She ducks behind the scattered junk, keeping out of view, watching. She fumbles with the ambient static of her radio.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

To the rhythm of the radio noise, Alo inspects the filthy sea-green kitchen. Dirt in wheelbarrows by the red gas cooker. An out-of-order canary-yellow rotary wall phone. Dollhouses line the counters and table. Dried, splattered paint on the floor. Isaiah's pink ball. The red backdoor to the garden fixed with many padlocks and bolts. Unlocked.

EXT. ALPERTON LANE - SCRAPYARD - DAY

Eddy lies stretched out on his back, his arms and legs spread out, pinned by each boy like a frog in a dissecting lab. His trousers and pants lie nearby, torn and smeared with dirt, his bottom naked.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Alo leans against the cooker. It moves. She eyes it and pushes it aside.

EXT. ALPERTON LANE - SCRAPYARD - DAY

Eddy sobs. Dickish Boy masturbates him against his will. Oasis impacts him, intensely. The other boys scramble, not sure what hit them. Oasis, armed with a large broken hammer, swings it fiercely. Eyes wide, the boys back away. They chuckle, studying the small girl. Oasis charges and slams the hammer against one of their stomachs. A physical brawl ensues.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Beneath the cooker, Alo examines the floor, feels, knocks, listens. A hollow sound. She finds loose tiles. Removing them, a steel door is revealed. She tries it. Locked.

EXT. ALPERTON LANE - SCRAPYARD - DAY

Eddy clambers away to safety. Oasis stands before Dickish Boy, ready to swing at him. Isaiah appears behind her and inhumanely bores into Dickish Boy's eyes as he unveils a glass shard, inserting it perfectly into his cheek. Everyone is horrified. Drowned out by static:

OASIS
(mouths)
ISAIAH!!! NO!!!

Beads of sweat trail down Isaiah's face. His heart beats rapidly.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

With a set of power tools, Alo unleashes the lock and swings the door open. Armed with a torch, she descends the stairs into the underground house.

EXT. ALPERTON LANE - SCRAPYARD - DAY

Isaiah's hand flicks away. The blade slashes Dickish Boy's flesh.

INT. MAY-PURNELL HOUSE - ROSEMARY'S ROOM - DAY

She meets the door to Rosemary's room and smashes the lock. Inside, she approaches the cot. The rotting corpse of Elle Marie (3-4) is bathed in her light. Sickened, she finds the broken telly and Rosemary's wheelchair. Beside it: the floor drain. She peers down, shining her torch through the grate. A glimpse of deformed, twisted bones.

EXT. ALPERTON LANE - SCRAPYARD - DAY

Dickish Boy howls. Holding his gaping wound, he bounds away. The others follow. He sobs pathetically, his true self uncovered. Isaiah is expressionless. He turns to face Oasis and Eddy. Oasis glares and defiantly throws away the hammer. Isaiah approaches Eddy. He cowers away, struggling to pull up his pants. Isaiah studies his crotch momentarily and extends his hand. Eddy, uncertain, studies him. The static dies.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

The children loudly hop up the stairs. A low, static song plays from Oasis' radio as she tugs a red toy wagon with reclaimed rubbish. Mrs Woolsworth sternly peers up at them from the fourth floor. She leans over the banister.

MRS WOOLSWORTH
Mr Isaiah Reese! I'd like to
inquire of your whereabouts! Where
were you in my office today?!

From the top of the stairs of the fifth landing, Isaiah turns and stares down at her, lost.

ISAIAH
What?

MRS WOOLSWORTH
I expected to see the *both*
of you--and your *father*--in
my office at St Primrose
primary school. Living in
this area, are you not--?

ISAIAH
Primary? Do I look ten?

MRS WOOLSWORTH
I beg your pardon?

ISAIAH
It's another school, bird.
Independent, earned with
scholarships. And secondary.

OASIS
And Catholic?

ISAIAH
Anti-Catholic. We burn Bibles and
anal fuck in the halls. Even the
teachers.
(gestures to Eddy)
Fancy my *boyfriend* here? We fucked.
All day.

Mrs Woolsworth's eyes widen. So do Eddy's. Ms Riddle's door, number 21 on the third floor opens. She curiously spectates the scene.

MRS WOOLSWORTH
A *homosexual*?! I have a *homosexual*
living above me with a *nigger*?!
Horrible!

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH

Oi, bugger off! I hear they're
selling tickets to Hell at King's
Cross! My recommendation!

MRS WOOLSWORTH

How dare you, you demonic child!

ISAIAH

Shove it up your ass when you get
there!

He flashes his middle finger. The children burst up the next
set of stairs, howling.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

Terrible! Unbelievably vile!
(hobbles to the third floor)
I will have the council throw you
out! I'm ringing Ms Wendy!

Ms Riddle frowns and closes her door. From the sixth floor,
Isaiah leans over the banister and views Mrs Woolsworth,
seeming greater than the adult before him.

ISAIAH

Love, it's a sad, mad, cruel,
miserable world.

He blows her a kiss and exits.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

A 60s R&B/classic soul song blasts on Oasis' radio. The
children charge joyously through the makeshift playground. A
mystical performance takes place, bursting with ecstatic
energy. Eddy grows weary and collapses on the mattress.
Isaiah joins him. The music dies and so does the mayhem.

Oasis, on the floor, examines her new rubbish. Among her
treasures, a dirty hair comb. Not minding, she strokes it
through her curls, pulling her knots. Isaiah and Eddy lie on
their backs, gazing keenly at each other, sharing a joint.

ISAIAH

You're not a boy, are you? I saw...
Why do you go 'round dressing like
a boy for?

EDDY

(shrugs)
Feel more like myself. I hate being
a girl. Why? Do you mind?

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH
(shrugs)
What's your name?

EDDY
Eddy, duh.

ISAIAH
No, your *real* name.

EDDY
Eddy... It's Edith. But I hate it.
I prefer Eddy. Everyone thinks I'm
a lesbian. I'm not. I like--both, I
dunno. Your father? That lady knows
him?

(Isaiah shakes his head)
Oh. Where you from? You sound kind
of English but kind of American, I
guess, like... Isaiah, hello! Are
you listening to me?

ISAIAH
Nothing mental 'bout liking girls.
Or boys. Or both. Whichever.

EDDY
No one I know thinks that.

ISAIAH
They think wrong... You're lucky my
brother--

EDDY
Oasis? Isn't she a girl?

ISAIAH
He's got a penis. He's mental.
You're not.

Isaiah strokes Eddy's face while his other hand finds Eddy's
crotch. Eddy blushes. Isaiah moves closer and gropes him.
They snog. Isaiah leads. At first innocent, it grows
vicious. Isaiah draws away blood. Eddy shoves him back,
pained.

EDDY
Stop! That's too rough!

Any ounce of innocence that was previously there is drained
from Isaiah's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH

Is it?

He lunges at Eddy and eats his face. Eddy struggles to free himself, not enjoying it. Isaiah slips under his clothes, trying to tear them off.

EDDY

No! Stop! Isaiah, I'm not ready!

He thrusts Isaiah back again. He frowns intensely at him. Isaiah studies him.

ISAIAH

Yes. You are.

EDDY

No! I'm not! No means no!

Isaiah leaps onto him and holds him down, forcibly. Eddy screams. Isaiah shoves his fist down his throat and stifles his cries. Oasis looks over, frightened. She spectates the scene, uncertain. Isaiah rips away Eddy's clothes and his own, pulling at Eddy's breast binder. He gives up. Skin thrusts against skin. Oasis' eyes flare and she pounces on Isaiah, beating his back.

OASIS

*STOP IT!!! STOP IT!!! STOP IT!!!
STOP IT!!!*

He hisses and throws her off. She's unfazed and charges again. Grappling his ankles, she yanks him off Eddy. Eddy pants, stunned and traumatised. The siblings fall to the floor and wrestle viciously.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY - LATER

An orange sunset. Isaiah, emotionless, lies on the mattress in his underwear, scratched and bruised. He watches as Eddy, clearly distraught, hurriedly dresses himself. Drops of blood trickle down his leg. Oasis, battered and her hair even messier, inspects him, empathetic.

EDDY

There's something seriously wrong with you! You need help!

ISAIAH

Says the girl that dresses like a boy! You wouldn't report this, bitch!

(displays the glass shard)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

Unless you want your hairy labia
still intact when you leave through
that door!

Eddy eyes him, fearful. Isaiah is satisfied.

ISAIAH

I thought so.

Eddy flees, refusing to look back. The door is left ajar.
Oasis calmly goes to close it. She appears unwell. She
crouches down. She is unable to look at Isaiah.

OASIS

I don't know you.

ISAIAH

I can't hear you.

She turns, leaps to her feet, her back straight, her hands
balled up into fists by her sides and glowers at him, her
face unrecognisable.

OASIS

I don't know you! Whoever the hell
you are, you're *sick*! I hope they
lock you up! Why do you have to
ruin everything?! I wanted to be
his friend!

ISAIAH

(sits up)

Bullshit! I'm not the one who's
mentally ill!

OASIS

Maybe we both are! Maybe being
locked up would be better, anything
to get away from you!

He advances towards her. She stands her ground.

ISAIAH

Is that what you want, you needy
little shit?! Even if that means
being restrained in a straitjacket
and sedated?! Or chemically
castrated?! Oh, you'll learn,
seeing that we're both diseased!
Right, Oasis, you fuckin' queer?!

(CONTINUED)

OASIS
I'm not diseased!

ISAIAH
Funny, I thought that's exactly
what you said!
(shoves her violently)
You're not a homosexual! I'm wrong!
I know what you are: a
transvestite!

OASIS
What is that?!

ISAIAH
Men who dress like women!

OASIS
I told you I'm not a boy!

ISAIAH
You and Eddy are exactly the same!
Boys dressing like girls?! Girls
like boys?! If she thinks she's a
boy, does that make me a faggot?!
Am I in fucking Wonderland?! Prove
it!
(kicks her in the crotch; she
screams)
That's a boy's most sensitive part!
You are a boy!

She lunges at him, furious. He fights her. A physical battle ensues.

OASIS
STOP HITTING ME!!! STOP IT!!!

ISAIAH
I'm a hypocrite here: you fight
like a girl!

OASIS
I AM A GIRL!!!

She presses her nails into his eyes and scratches them. He howls and holds his wound, staggering back. He screams. He grabs her ankles. She falls on her back. He climbs on top of her and straddles on her stomach. He pulls her arms over her head and restrains her. She tries to kick his back with little success. She screams. His expression is twisted. "Twist and Shout" cuts in on the radio. He gradually grows disturbed.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Isaiah lies on top of Oasis, both naked, on the sofa. Her arms are raised over her head, held down by August's hands. Her face is frozen like a statue, but her eyes are pained. He pants heavily, his face full of guilt.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

Isaiah, disgraced, slides off her. He moves over to the radio pouch and lunges it at the wall. The song cuts out. Free, Oasis scurries away from him. She cowers in the corner, visibly distressed, her dress and jeans torn worse. He hunches on the floor and stares in her direction, unhealthily pale.

ISAIAH

I saw.

(she observes him, confused)

I saw you. What I did. A long time ago. Four years? Five?

(she shakes her head, baffled)

It's the same, always. *That* one. Is that why you want to be a girl? Is that how you cope with it?

OASIS

I don't want to be anything,
Isaiah. It's who I *am*. I *am* a girl.
I just want you to accept that.
You're my brother.

He hides his face. He runs out the door and slams it. Oasis looks on.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY

Isaiah leans back on the door of number 66, plagued with emotions. Oasis' sobs break the silence. He cries too. Standing at number 68, a heavily pregnant MS HELENA (40s) scowls. Thin hair, haggard and garbed in a white nightgown, she holds a year-old BABY BOY.

MS HELENA

You people must be deaf! Do you not hear me screamin' atcha to shut the fuck up?! Where the Devil are yer parents?!

(he meets eyes with her)

You keep this shite up, I'm ringing the police! Or the council!
Understand?!

(CONTINUED)

(he flees; she follows him;
peers down)
I hope ye hear me, asshole! They
have facilities for spoiled brats
like you and yer little bitch!

Isaiah disappears.

EXT. SOMERS TOWN - STREETS - NIGHT

A sad hymn echoes. Isaiah flies down various shops, head bowed, before he comes across one that is familiar to him. He immediately halts. He draws to it like a magnet. He catches a glimpse of the white dress.

INT. REESE FLAT - NIGHT

Oasis, eyes puffy, curls in foetal position by the wall. She paints a girl stick figure. She adds something between the legs and smudges it away. She sits up and eyes Isaiah's glass shard sitting on the mattress.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - STREETS - DAY

Orange sunrise bleeds over the city.

INT. REESE FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Morning. Bathed in the sun, Oasis, eyes red, stands before the window. Her eyes are deep, distant. In her hands, she holds the glass shard. She unbuttons her jeans.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

Isaiah crashes through the door. We view him from the doorway as he maneuvers the flat. He skips down the hallway and peeks through the bathroom door. He runs to the kitchen...

INT. REESE FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... and enters. He halts, contemplating her. She glances over her shoulder, her face long. He motions to remove the white dress from underneath his shirt. His eyes fall upon the glass shard. He stares back up at her, terrified.

(CONTINUED)

OASIS

If you can't accept me for who I
am, if I have what you have,
then...

ISAIAH

What are you talking about?

OASIS

I don't want this anymore if you
can't accept me.

He flies behind her, reaches around her and takes her hand
into his. He loosens her fingers around the glass. It slides
out of her hand and onto the floor. He takes her by the
shoulders and rotates her around to face him.

ISAIAH

Look at me, Oasis. Look, I
shouldn't have said those things to
you. I... Look.

He unveils the dress. He holds it up to her. She hardly
reacts. She grips it and gazes emptily into it. It doesn't
seem to register.

OASIS

How did you get this?

ISAIAH

I... It doesn't matter. Nothing
really matters.

OASIS

It does. We have no money.
(he takes her in his arms; she
hugs him)
You never...?

She smiles weakly and embraces him tighter.

EXT. WINDSOR STREET - SAOIRSE'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER "APRIL 1972. Barrow-in-Furness."

Alo drives. Annie, bigger and healthier, sticks her head out
the window. She turns into an underbelly neighbourhood, rows
of terraced working-class homes.

ALO (V.O.)

The CID is hanging a light on the
case, convinced Mr Sweeney's death

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

is not unusual. No valid fingerprints were traced, but red hairs were found in August's bedroom, like the ones on his shirt. No roots. They're not Nurse Emmeline's; she's brunette. Perhaps, they belonged to either of the two women. There's no investment for the missing persons; no tips; no matches in the Kent database. Neither female skeleton is a positive identity of August's former student, eleven-year-old Annalise Murray, missing from Hastings since last July. Prior to her disappearance, August had been sacked from Lolita Hill on the eighth of January, 1971. An inappropriate lesson took place, confirmed by the headmistress in her interview. Currently unknown if he had contact with Annalise after that date. However, the bones are positively of two adult women that gave birth, aged between nineteen and thirty; they are far too decomposed. Six months is all I have, Coroner. Not a lot of time, but I'll have to manage. August was living on his own at thirteen. He shared an apartment with a sixteen-year-old Irish immigrant, Saoirse May in Queens, New York. If she was living with the wanker at one time, no doubt she has stories to tell.

She parks before a crumbling, red-bricked terraced house that has seen better days and approaches the front door, leather bag by her side.

ALO (V.O.)

He moved to the UK in December 1954 with his... I assume her to be his ex-girlfriend. He hadn't applied for British citizenship. By spring 1956, he was single and came to Kent. Ms Belle corroborates that. The rest is history. He then started a new life, became a Lolita Hill history teacher by day, assumed the role of the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 neighbourhood bogeyman by night. He
 lured two women to his underground
 phantom's lair... raped them, and
 ate them for supper.

She looks up and sees that one of the second storey windows
 is shattered and boarded up. The lace curtains flap in the
 breeze. She knocks on the door. Silence. Opening just a
 smidge, a sickly, unpleasant woman with a shaved auburn head
 appears, SAOIRSE MAY (43).

INT. SAOIRSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alo enters. The front door purposely swings in her face. She
 kicks it shut behind her, surveying the room.

ALO
 (sarcastically)
 Why, you're too kind?

It emits illness like a hospital room that has been
 overstayed: prescription bottles; needles; glass jars; clear
 bags full of who-knows-what. From upstairs, a young girl's
 singing echoes. Saoirse draws the curtains, sucking away the
 light. She wheels around an oxygen tank and scowls.

SAOIRSE
 What the fuck do you want?

ALO
 Saoirse May. Pardon me for
 disturbing your beauty rest. I'm
 here to inquire about your--shall
 we say--ex-boyfriend, if I can call
 him that?

SAOIRSE
 Which one?

ALO
 I see there are... You had many.
 August Sweeney. You knew him?

SAOIRSE
 Maybe. Maybe not.

ALO
 I'm a chief inspector, from Kent.
 Woman Detective Chief Inspector
 Narine Alo--

(CONTINUED)

She brandishes her rank badge. Saoirse barely looks at it and huffs, irritated.

SAOIRSE

I can't fucking do this right now!
Piss off!

ALO

Look, I'm not looking to fuck around. Frankly, I don't have time for this Mickey Mouse bullshit. Miss, I'm just trying to do my fucking job. So, I'd advise you turn off your little bitch attitude and bear to cooperate with me. Is that a complicated feat? Or shall I enact some slightly more brutal force to get that through your thick Irish skull?

SAOIRSE

Bitch!

ALO

I eat a bowl of nails for breakfast every morning. I know I'm a bitch.

SAOIRSE

Where's your assistant? Do you have one?

ALO

He got sick of my bull, loaded his homemade rocket ship with heroine and LSD and took a year-long trip to Pluto... I hope to not stay long.

She crosses the room to Saoirse. From her bag, she waves her an envelope. Saoirse hesitantly takes it. Alo doesn't wait and waltzes around, examining the room. Saoirse plops down on a nicotine-stained sofa. Carelessly, she smokes cannabis. She offers some to Alo who painfully smiles and waves a hand in refusal. Saoirse raises an eyebrow and tears open the envelope.

SAOIRSE

This is what you came all this fucking way for? A death certificate. Lovely. What do you expect me to do with it? Frame it?

(CONTINUED)

ALO

Do what you like with it. It's a copy.

SAOIRSE

(scans it)

Cardiac arrest... Suicide.
Digoxin... Barbiturates... Bastard!
(throws it)

The fucker. That's how he goes out.
While I live every day of my life
in pain. I'll burn it later. Is
that it? You came all this bloody
way just for that? That's not
usually a constable's job, right?

ALO

Chief Inspector. That's not--No. I
need to know--I can't say at the
moment, but his death was... I
don't want to say...

SAOIRSE

Are you a fucking imbecile? What
exactly do you need to know about
my precious ex-bitch?

ALO

I'm not permitted to reveal much at
the moment... It's not--I notice
you lack a telly. And papers...
That explains a lot. It's
complicated. Where do I start? To
begin, an overdose was indeed
traced in his body: lethal levels
of digoxin, amobarbital sodium and
alcohol. His nervous system slowed
down and altogether stopped
functioning. Respiratory depression
followed due to barbiturate
poisoning combined with alcohol.
Digoxin toxicity led to cardiac
arrest. He was prescribed
barbiturates by a psychiatrist for
insomnia related to clinical
depression and anxiety, but
amobarbital sodium wasn't found
anywhere in or near his house. What
I'm more concerned with, however,
is what was found in his home.
Simply, he had...

(CONTINUED)

She comes across a shelf stacked with picture frames. Peculiarly, they're all turned around. She rotates them towards her, revealing black-and-white portraits. They all capture a girl, wavy shoulder-length hair, trapped in the 40s and 50s: Rosemary, at all stages of life, stopping at twelve. She smiles, but her eyes are somehow sad. One photo is in colour: strawberry-blonde hair.

ALO (CONT'D)

He had... problems, apparently.

SAOIRSE

Who the fuck doesn't? What're you gawking at?

(swings forward, eyes raging)

No, leave them!

(yanks them away; desperately fixes the frames, deranged)

You really think that because you're the law, you can come in here and violate my shit?!

Saoirse storms through the room, hysterical. Alo seems surprised at this reaction. She remains level.

ALO

I see you have a daughter; I presume?

(gazes at stairs)

Is she here?

We listen more closely. The singing is a recording. Saoirse collapses to the floor and clutches her stomach as if in pain, sobbing.

SAOIRSE

Please leave! He's literally the worst thing that's ever happened to me... after my asshole for a dad! Please go!

A beat. Alo stares blankly into her questioning eyes. She coolly removes herself from the home.

EXT. WINDSOR STREET - SAOIRSE'S HOUSE - DAY

She waltzes down the gravel back to her car. Annie is excited to see her. As she enters the vehicle, Saoirse tails her. She slams into the car door. Annie jumps and hides on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

SAOIRSE

Don't come back! You people caused
enough pain!

ALO

Pardon?

Alo watches her through the side mirror as she charges back to her house, slamming the door. She is left speechless as she zooms away into the horizon.

EXT. LANCASHIRE - STREETS - DAY

Alo's vehicle drives out towards a building. A dark navy sign reads: "LANCASHIRE CONSTABULARY." In the distance, purple clouds gather. A streak of lightning.

EXT. LANCASHIRE - STREETS - DAY - LATER

Heavy rain. Alo lingers in her car parked at the kerb. She eyes her leather briefcase. She empties the contents and holds on a file: "MISSING." A dated school photo: Rosemary. She gazes intently into the picture.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

SUPER: "MAY 1972."

Sunrise. Isaiah sleeps on the mattress under dirty blankets. In her underwear, Oasis sits cross-legged before a wall and hums her lullaby. Her stomach growls loudly. She draws with crayons and charcoal.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY - LATER

The room is filled with more junk. The letterbox overflows with unopened mail. Oasis stands before a new, dirty full-view mirror. A height chart is drawn nearby.

She observes her reflection: slightly taller; hair longer; thinner; visible ribs; a rash on her body. She seems unconcerned, inspecting her face for hair. She slips on the white dress and fixes her curls. Some fall from her head. She doesn't fuss.

Isaiah stands next to her: shirtless; taller; bony; dark circles; acne. He brushes through his longer hair and pulls away chunks. He appears daunted. He picks his zits and dresses. Oasis gathers laundry, twirls around, whips her hair and makes animated faces. He smiles at her.

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL PARK - DAY

Sunny. A light shower. From a distance, Isaiah and Oasis clean their clothes and themselves in a drinking fountain. PASSERSBY look on.

EXT. LANCASHIRE - STREETS - DAY

Heavy downpour. With Annie by her side, Alo stands inside a red telephone box, leafing through a thick file and her notebook.

ALO

Chief Super, hi...

(lies)

No! What're you, insane? It's going real swell up here; feels like California's Disneyland!

(lights a fag)

Bastard, you bet I'm lying. Listen, one of the bodies *may* be Saoirse's daughter, Rosemary May. She was redhaired, like the hairs found in August's home. I couldn't get the information directly from her mother; there's no birth certificate either, though it's possible August fathered her. He would have been a kid then. Talked to people that know her. Saoirse had no other relationships at the time. Apparently, they stopped living together when he jumped out a window with the kid, paralyzed her from the waist down. He had a sick history. A year later, she goes missing. Coincidence? I think not. All too convenient.

(takes a drag)

Look, in the same month, Grace Purnell goes missing in Australia. Daughter of an unwed couple. The father: name's January Sweeney. Apparently, from his father, August has a half-brother. Now unfortunately, I can't trace January's whereabouts, but--No. But two girls related to August go missing at roughly the same time. We have two female skeletons. I think--Yeah, yeah. I've sent in the post their dental records--August

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALO (CONT'D)

maybe somehow killed himself to evade charges? Maybe someone knew something? Though something tells me he--It's... I'm... I'm at a dead end... Everything... It's so incredibly bizarre. I don't know anymore. Look, there's more to this story. I know there is. I don't believe August was attacked by assailants or some shit in his shed in September 1971. That's absurd. I don't believe he killed himself either... And I can't prove it.

She bites her lower lip as she lowers the phone.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

Sunny. The children sleep. A loud bang at the door. A muffled woman's voice. She curses inaudibly. The bangs sound again, fiercer. Isaiah wakes. So does Oasis.

OASIS

Is that the landlady again?

Isaiah stares at her, dazed, sleepily crosses the room and answers it. His eyes grow wide at the sight of Eddy in a dress. He gasps and jumps back. Eddy doesn't face him, his eyes firmly focused on the ground. A rigid woman with wild frizzy hair in a bathrobe, EDDY'S MOTHER (50s) stands beside him. She tightly grips her child's arm.

EDDY'S MOTHER

You slut!
 (flings pound notes in
 Isaiah's face)
 You homosexual slut! How dare you
 spread your disease to my daughter!

She violently slaps Eddy. She advances on Isaiah. He backs up, terrified. She turns away and drags Eddy towards the stairs by the hair, cursing. They disappear. Isaiah stares on, dumbfounded. A glam rock song plays.

EXT. CAMDEN TOWN - STREETS - DAY

Windy. Isaiah scowls and marches ahead. Oasis follows, worried. They approach a smoking group of SCHOOL CHILDREN (12-15) occupying a graffiti-ridden wall. Eddy is among them, quiet and wearing a skirt.

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH
Oi! Eddy! Oi!

Eddy turns to face him. So do the others. They sneer at the sight of the siblings in their oversized clothes. Eddy cowers. Isaiah stands before the group, hands shoved deeply inside his pockets. Oasis stands defiantly by his side.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
What the fuck was that about this morning?! What the fuck did you tell your bitch for a mother!

A schoolgirl behind Eddy, CERAFINA (12), Korean, plaited hair, tie undone and shirt untucked leans in and rests her elbow on his shoulder. She puffs on a fag. An ugly smirk spreads across her face.

CERAFINA
Is this the scrubber that gave you his dirty quid, Edith?

Eddy looks down, blushing. Isaiah exchanges a confused glare.

ISAIAH
What the fuck have you been telling people, Eddy?! Answer me!

Isaiah dives. Eddy leaps back. The other children shove him away, shouting a mesh of curses. Isaiah attempts to fight through them.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
Tell me! C'mon, fucking dyke!

Eddy finally looks up. He approaches Isaiah, hesitantly. He shoves the others aside. They stop to look. He grabs Isaiah by the shoulders and leans in.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
Nice skirt, sicko. Suits you. You wear bras too?

EDDY
Isaiah, I'm so sorry. I... My mum found the money. It was mine. From Piccadilly. With other men. I was trying to help her. I... didn't know what to say. I couldn't tell her. She'd have me institutionalised. I told her that you lent me some. That you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDDY (CONT'D)
 prostituted yourself and it was
 yours. I'm sorry.

ISAIAH
 You what?!

EDDY
 (steps back)
 I'm sorry. Really. I'm
 sorry.

ISAIAH
 You told everyone I--?!
 Money?! For you?! Why would
 I do anything for you,
 bitch?!

OASIS
 He said he was sorry, Isaiah!

ISAIAH
 You're the one that said I was a
 sicko! Fucker! Hypocrite! You eat
 your own fecal words, you mentally
 ill girl-boy! Whatever you fucking
 are!

He ignores Oasis and charges, maniacal. A struggle with the
 children ensues. Oasis leaps in and attempts to hold him
 back, tugging his shirt.

OASIS
 Stop!

ISAIAH
*WHAT ELSE?! WHAT ELSE,
 WANNABE BUGGER?! WHAT ELSE
 HAVE YOU FUCKING SAID?!*

Eddy backs away into the wall, his face full of shame. Oasis
 blocks the other kids from her brother and shoves Isaiah to
 the ground. Everyone ceases and backs away, staring them
 down.

OASIS
 Will you stop, you animal?! He said
 he was sorry! He obviously means
 it! Why don't you ever listen to
 me?! Stop seeing red! Find the
 quiet! You're so stupid!

CERAFINA
 Hey, isn't that bird with you
 really a boy?

Oasis glares at her. Isaiah's eyes widen. The other kids
 swarm around him and drag him away by his arms. Oasis chases
 after him.

(CONTINUED)

OASIS
What're you doing?!

ISAIAH
Stop! Leave her alone!

Cerafina diligently approaches Oasis, now isolated, and pushes her away, separating the siblings. She turns around to see Eddy.

CERAFINA
Isn't that what you said, Edith? That she has a penis? Where the hell did you find these two freaks?
(to Oasis)
Let's see, then? Shall we?
Let's see the natural eel.

EDDY
Cerafina, don't. Please.

She sprints, reaching for her dress. Unexpectedly, Oasis lunges and kicks her clean in the crotch. Cerafina yelps in agony. Oasis jumps on her, knocking her hard to the ground, beating at her face and chest.

ISAIAH
Leave her alone! Cerafina, you slut!

The others swarm her. They yank her off of Cerafina by her hair and tear pieces of her dress. Isaiah frees himself and comes to her aid.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
Oasis, run!

Oasis flees. Isaiah shoves his way out of the swarm and follows her. The others throw an array of objects at them, jeer and yell insults. They clap and cheer. Cerafina is helped up by TWO GIRLS her age. She is barely conscious, her lips bloody. Isaiah and Oasis disappear behind a corner. Eddy looks on, saddened. The song ends.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

SUPER: "JULY 1972."

Oasis sleeps restlessly on the mattress, bags underneath her eyes. She sits up and vomits on the floor. She turns away and rolls over. We move past her. A trail of discarded clothes leads to the bathroom. Outside the bathroom door, we hear fierce moans and Isaiah's muffled sobs. Oasis wakes, listening. Unsettled, she places her hands over her ears.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - STREETS - DAY

Sunny, yet thundery. Oasis flies down the road with her red toy wagon. She runs out into a traffic-heavy street. A car nearly hits her. It honks. She disappears around a corner.

EXT. CAMDEN TOWN - STREETS - DAY

Oasis skips down the footpath, lost in her own world. She freezes in her tracks. Cerafina and her gang, dressed for the summer, walk in her direction. They notice her. They fly towards her.

CERAFINA

Hey, boy! Show us your snake!

(Oasis flees)

You're violating the law wearing
that dress! Subhuman freak!

She throws her handbag in her direction. It nearly hits her. It misses.

EXT. SOMERS TOWN - ALLEYWAY - DAY

Oasis digs through overflowing waste-bins, collecting reusable rubbish. She stops to vomit on the pavement. PASSERSBY merely gawk. She continues and gasps, stepping back. A giant grey woodrat, PETER gazes up at her. She is unafraid.

EXT. SOMERS TOWN - EMPTY ROAD - DAY

Oasis tugs along her red wagon filled with trash. A cloud of colourful balloons bounce from the handle. Peter sits on her shoulder. She hums her sad lullaby.

THE TAKING BOY (O.S.)

(echoes)

Oasis!

She peers over her shoulder. The Taking Boy stands in the distance.

THE TAKING BOY

Oasis! Come and play with me!

Afraid, she walks faster and turns to look behind her. The further she moves down the road, he reappears in different places and gradually grows nearer. She runs. The Taking Boy manifests Isaiah's pink ball.

(CONTINUED)

THE TAKING BOY (CONT'D)
 Oasis, come play! Come play! Come
 play with me!

He laughs. Oasis halts. In front of her at the edge of the road, he cradles her puppy, Annie.

THE TAKING BOY (CONT'D)
 COME PLAY!

Oasis turns to the side and sprints. The sinister snickers follow her, becoming less child-like, more monstrous. She grows further and further away as she approaches a row of homes.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - KELLY STREET - DAY

In a vacant neighbourhood of terraced flats, Oasis leans against a wall and catches her breath. She turns to grab Peter clawing on her back. She strokes him. He calms down.

THE TAKING BOY
 Oasis...

At the end of the street, the Taking Boy stands in his demon form. Oasis backs up, petrified. She turns to run.

AUGUST (O.S.)
 Oasis!

Oasis gasps and turns to look. Nobody is there. The demon is gone.

OASIS
 (spins around)
 Dad?! Daddy?! Dad!

AUGUST (O.S.)
 Oasis!

She swerves around. He stands in the distance. He smiles and hums her lullaby.

AUGUST
 You being a good girl, Oasis? My
 Queen? No longer a baby, are you?
 (she nods)
 You've changed. I barely recognised
 you with how pretty you are. I told
 you not to leave. The Taking Boy's
 gonna get ya. Come here. I'll
 protect you.

(CONTINUED)

He stretches out his arms. She runs to him. He resumes humming her lullaby. He grows further away. The song echoes in the distance and is replaced by a car coming her way. She screams and leaps back into the wall. It honks as it zooms past her. She searches for August. No one is there. She pants, her eyes full of bewilderment.

OASIS

(whispers)

Dad, I'm sorry for what I did. The monsters... don't go away.

She closes her eyes and hears "Oasis' Lullaby."

EXT. DUNGENESS - BEACH - DAY

SUPER: "JULY 1970."

Morning. Waves gently crash over the shingle. Some ways from the ocean, a small train shoots past us, bringing us to...

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the Sweeney House. We move to a window, creeping through the planks and...

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... enter a blue bedroom. A rocking chair, vintage dollhouse and black cloth doll family sit in the corner. Oasis (9) wakes. Next to her, August. Sporting a beard, he wears a stretched out wifebeater, black trousers and appears significantly heavier. She kisses him. He comes to, smiles and embraces her.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The red radio pouch hangs from a hook above the cooker. A 60s jazz song booms. With a lighter signed "A.S." August lights two cigarettes--one in his mouth and the second in his hand. A bottle of whiskey swings in the other. He cooks Thai dumplings and oatmeal like a magician. A tea kettle screeches. He sprays the whiskey into the contents. The kitchen steams. Isaiah (12) and Oasis eye him hungrily from the table, snacking on liquor candies. August peers over at a calendar and scans it.

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST

Damn. Twelve years old today,
Isaiah? Makes me feel fucking
ancient. Did it grow at all?

(approaches Isaiah; he
flinches)

I thought you stopped pulling that
shit. I'm not gonna hurt ya. I just
wanna look. May I?

Isaiah bows his head. August kneels down and unfastens
Isaiah's trousers. Isaiah tenses up. August examines him. A
harsh frown spreads across his face as he stands back up.
Isaiah looks on, nonplussed.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

The kitchen table is crammed with jars of paint and
dollhouses-in-progress positioned on paint-stained
newspaper. There is hardly enough space for the food. The
children attack and devour their meal. August, like the
undead, picks at his plate but never eats a single morsel.

AUGUST

What're you, fucking vultures?
Shit... This is yer first fucking
time stuffing shit down yer
pathetic lil' throat like the
greedy, heteromorphic, illegitimate
bitch you are--up here in my
Kingdom--in daylight, right Isaiah?

(Isaiah meets his gaze)

Yer gettin' too fucking big to keep
down 'ere forever. That other thing
down there? I can't fucking bear
the fact that it even exists.
Should have aborted it when I had
the chance. But lemme tell you
something--

(aims a dumpling pinned on a
fork)

There's still rules to follow. Yer
a servant, not royalty. I'll let
you come up 'ere during the day
from now on when I want, but only
when I'm here. Only when I say so,
only when I say. Beyond the King's
Wall?

(gestures to the gate)

Off limits. The garden is permitted
before sunrise and after sunset, as
always. You got it?

(CONTINUED)

He points over to the bolted and padlocked red backdoor to the garden.

OASIS

(whispers)

The Taking Boy.

AUGUST

Right. For your protection. Anything committed for the sake of doing so without the King's permission is forbidden. Strictly. The King won't hesitate to execute anyone that disobeys him, including his Queen. If it's not me that gets you, it'll surely be--

(whispers)

--the Taking Boy.

(she looks at him admirably)

But you're not that kind of queen, Oasis. I have no reason to doubt you.

ISAIAH

Funny you say that. You didn't hesitate to kill the previous "Queen." Grace?

AUGUST

(callously glares)

Did a lowly servant just dare talk back to me? I seriously fucking hope that's not what happened.

(Isaiah looks away; August

feverishly picks his eczema)

I'm waiting for a fucking answer, servant.

OASIS

Dad? What does Isaiah--?

AUGUST

(caresses her)

Isaiah is ill, Oasis. He's a deceptive, uneducated, retarded worthless slave. He doesn't know half the shit that spills outta his fucking stupid mouth. If I do say so myself, he needs a straitjacket and a lobotomy. An overnight ice-cold bath, even. Chemical castration.

(CONTINUED)

OASIS
Mum got sick, right?

AUGUST
Yes, she did.

ISAIAH
I'm not the one who's lying.

Oasis looks over at him, pleading. She shakes her head. August's face twists inhumanely. A beat. He dives, dislodges the table to the floor, places his hands around Isaiah's throat and violently chokes him. Oasis cowers in the corner and places her hands over her head.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

August bursts through the door and thrusts a bruised Isaiah into the bathroom by the hair. He crashes to the floor and curls in foetal position, sobbing. August slams the door.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

He fiercely locks the door with his set of keys and...

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... flies back into the kitchen, retrieving a clothes iron. He plugs it into the wall. He sighs and yanks at his roots. He jerks his head, strolls over, crouches on the floor before Oasis and scoops her into his arms. He rocks her. She leans into him.

AUGUST
I didn't mean for you to see that,
my Queen. He lost his privileges.
Permanently. Should have known. The
royal servant needs to learn a
lesson. You have to understand. I
don't want to be like this. He
asked for this.

OASIS
Dad, please don't--!

AUGUST
Quiet. You know what must be done.
I'm afraid that the Queen doesn't
get to decide that.

The iron steams. August eyes it. He sets Oasis down. He clutches the iron, unplugs it and exits. Oasis sits there, her head bowed. She holds her stomach. Pained sobs travel down the hall. She looks ill.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

August, silhouetted in the dark, stands outside the bathroom door and unlocks it. He pushes it open.

AUGUST

Isaiah, I don't enjoy doing this. Believe me. You need to learn your place in life. Your place is to serve me. Beyond my land, my Kingdom, you're completely worthless. Virtually helpless. Within the confines of these walls, you're safer than you'll ever be, not just from--the Taking Boy--but the rest of this wretched, dregs-infested, trash-filled shithole called society. Out there, you'd be eating your own bacteria-thriving shit to survive. You wouldn't even last a single fucking day without me. Believe me... Shut up. It could be worse; I can heat a rod and stick it up yer fucking ass instead. I saw that in a movie once. Shame. It's your birthday. But if the rest of the world doesn't give a rusty fuck, neither do I.

He disappears behind the door. It shuts closed. A beat. Isaiah's piercing screams echo. Oasis appears and crashes against the door.

OASIS

Dad, please stop! He didn't mean it! Burn me in his place! Please! Please!

(slides down, powerless; beats the door)

Please! Burn me! Burn me!

She breaks into tears. Silence. August slips out of the bathroom. He appears conflicted.

INT. MAY-PURNELL HOUSE - ROSEMARY'S ROOM - DAY

Isaiah, bandages around his back, sits on the floor. A bowl of rice on his lap. He gazes harshly ahead. He gets up slowly and limps to the other side of the room. He stops and squints through the darkness.

ISAIAH

Elle Marie... Elle Marie.

Wobbling out from the shadows: Elle Marie (2-3), grunts, walks on all fours, dark eyes, skin a sickly yellow, baby teeth covered in plaque or missing, spine and ribs visible. She stops and studies Isaiah hungrily. She surges ahead, shrieks and viciously attempts to grab it. Isaiah jumps back.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

Elle Marie! Stop!

With her overgrown nails, she scratches his lower body. He grimaces and drops the bowl. It falls upside down, cracking. The rice splatters. Elle Marie flies to it like a predator. Isaiah rubs his wounds and glares at her.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

Freak!

(kicks her; she yelps; claims
the bowl; hides and munches on
the food)

I wish you were dead!

She screams at him and shifts towards the wall. A large grey woodrat emerges from the drain. Isaiah lunges at him and violently grabs him by the neck. He squeaks in pain as Isaiah mercilessly chokes him.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

Look! This is you!

Without hesitation, he snaps the rat's neck. He falls limp in his hands, dead. Elle Marie turns around and observes him, dolefully.

EXT. SEAFORD - STREETS - DAY

SUPER: "SEPTEMBER 1970."

Heavy rain sweeps through the town. Daylight is consumed. August, thinner and sickly, speeds down the road in his red 1968 Austin Morris. He nearly strikes other cars and PASSERSBY. Honks and curses. His eyes are distant, deep in contemplation. They're nowhere near on the road.

EXT. SOUTH DOWNS - DRY VALLEY - DAY

He advances through thick fog along grassy hills. Absentminded, he swerves his car to his left. It slips off the pathway and slides near the ocean. He appears unafraid.

EXT. SOUTH DOWNS - CHALK CLIFF - DAY

From a distance, his car bounds towards the edge of a jagged chalk cliff. He rides over it and crashes on the way down against the rocks, swallowed by the ocean.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A tea kettle, screeching. Oasis turns off the flame. She pours into a cup stained dark yellow and sets it on the table. She pops a bottle of whiskey and splashes some into the tea. She examines the scene and repositions the cup several times. She looks satisfied. She studies the cooker, closes her eyes and places both arms on the heated top. She grits her teeth as her skin burns red.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "OCTOBER 1970."

Oasis, stomach growling, sleeps bundled in August's bed. The front door unlocks from the other room. It slams shut. Oasis stirs. The gate clicks and rattles. Awakened, she jumps out of the room.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

She flies to August. He stands in the middle of the room as if in a trance. In a hospital gown and hugging his folded clothes, he is severely battered, his arm in a cast.

OASIS

Dad! Dad! You're all right!
 (wraps her arms around him)
 Dad! I thought you abandoned us!
 You've been gone for days!
 (he stares off into another
 world)
 Dad, what's wrong?

AUGUST

The Earth cries.
 (she eyes him, puzzled)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST (CONT'D)

I feel it. It makes me sad. Makes me see Death. He's an old friend. He never takes me, though. I don't know why. Death isn't supposed to pity--Did you say something, my Queen?

She gazes on.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

A new steaming cup of tea sits on the toilet. August and Oasis lie in the bath. Oasis makes bubbles. August is deep in concentration. He appears dead behind the eyes.

AUGUST

Jesus. What the fuck did you do to your arms?

OASIS

I... For Isaiah... Dad, what happened to your face? You look like hamburger meat.

She blows bubbles in his face. This doesn't faze him.

AUGUST

I lost the car.

OASIS

How?

AUGUST

A sea monster. It ate it.

Oasis gasps. She clearly believes him.

OASIS

Was it the Loch Ness?

AUGUST

That's in Scotland. No. Oasis, listen. My Kingdom. It's falling apart.

OASIS

I've been taking care of it!

AUGUST

That's not what I meant. You've done all right. It's not you. It's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST (CONT'D)

not working. Not like it used to. I think... I've been thinking. I discern that it's probably time to... There may be a day where...

(twirls a razor; the blade glistens)

Where we need to tear down the Kingdom. Leave. All of us.

OASIS

And go where?

AUGUST

Dance. With Death.

(drops the razor; slices his thigh)

It's not something to fear, Oasis. Everyone dies. I'll make it painless. I can't do this anymore.

Oasis nestles inside his chest.

OASIS

Dad, you scare me.

He wraps an arm around her. His eyes shimmer.

AUGUST

We can't live like this anymore. This was meant to be a Kingdom of Purity. Now it's... a Kingdom of Fuck-ups. We're not... normal.

He buries his face into her hair and cries.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "JULY 1971."

August, his face still scarred, sits in the armchair with Oasis asleep on his lap. Isaiah lies flat on his stomach on the floor, also asleep. Sketches of dollhouses litter around him. A 50s film plays on the telly. August, a sketchbook propped up, fiercely draws with crayon. A face of a girl appears: Annalise Murray. Thunder sounds.

EXT. HASTINGS - CAFÉ - DAY

Stormy. August drives a new sky-blue 1971 Ford Zodiac down the road. Through the windshield, a girl outside a café comes into view: Annalise in a pink floral dress. The bridge of her glasses is tied together with a bandage. Her left lens is cracked. She is drenched. August pulls up beside her. She steps back, uncertain. He rolls down his window.

AUGUST

Miss Murray.

ANNALISE

(looks away)

Mr Sweeney? Hi.

AUGUST

Kinda stupid to be standing out here in the middle of a storm with no fucking umbrella.

ANNALISE

Yeah.

AUGUST

Need a ride?

ANNALISE

My mum's coming to pick me up.

AUGUST

Really now?

ANNALISE

Yeah. About forty-five minutes ago.

AUGUST

Look, I'd really feel like a dick if I left you standing out here, soaked, while I'm sittin' my ass inside dry as a bone.

He opens the door for her.

ANNALISE

I'm not supposed to.

AUGUST

Miss Murray, am I really a stranger? I'm your fucking teacher, like c'mon. You know me. Look, I... I'm... a little more balanced these days. I apologise about last

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST (CONT'D)
semester. I didn't mean to fuck up
your glasses. Family problems,
y'know? Next year will be better,
honey, promise... Hop in. I'll take
you to my place. I live alone. Not
far. You can call your mother from
there, sound good?

She anxiously looks around. A beat. She exhales and
dubiously enters the car. August smiles, hands her a
handkerchief to dry her glasses and speeds off.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - NIGHT

Annalise's eyes flutter open. The lamp flickers. She surveys
her surroundings and gasps. August lies beside her on his
stomach, completely naked. His arm rests over her. She peers
down. Her clothes and glasses are gone. LSD blotters and
barbiturates litter the bed. Horrified, she gently slips out
from underneath his arm. He doesn't move. She breathes
heavily. Discarded on the floor, she grabs one of August's
shirts, buttons it up and tears off through the door. The
shadows close in on her as...

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

... she flies down the hall, blood dripping down her leg.
She sprints into...

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

... the telly room and smacks into the gate. She fiddles
with the tight padlock and attempts to scale up the bars
with little success. Oasis stirs from the sofa. Annalise
doesn't see her. She swerves around and heads towards the
kitchen. She bumps into objects on the way there, and...

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

... enters, slamming into the backdoor. She struggles with
it, noticing the number of padlocks. She leaps back and
desperately searches through the kitchen. She clutches a
knife and scrapes it through the door crack. Nothing. She
throws it aside, eyes the rotary wall phone and frantically
grabs it. She rotates the dial. Listens. No dial tone.
Dropping it, she sees the window, climbs up on the counter,
wrestles with the planks, takes the tea kettle from the
cooker and swings it. Splinters fly. She recoils. A loud
bang from below echoes. Annalise stops, curious.

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH (O.S.)
(faint)
Help!

She steps off the counter and, on her knees, brings her ear to the floor.

OASIS (O.S.)
(shyly)
Who are you?

Annalise gasps, turning around. Oasis stands in the doorway, baffled. Both girls are frozen.

ANNALISE
Is... is someone down there?

Beat. Quietly, Oasis crosses the room and moves the cooker aside. Annalise stares into the empty space, perplexed. Oasis pries away the loose tiles. Annalise's eyes grow wide at the sight of the door. Oasis tugs it. Locked.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)
I don't understand. Mr Sweeney...
Is he--? Did he--? Did he take you?

OASIS
I'm his daughter.

Annalise scans her, shocked. Without warning, Oasis flies forward as if pushed. The girls scream and smack into each other, crashing to the floor. From behind Oasis, something heavy strikes Annalise's head. Blood flies. She collapses. Oasis is shoved away by strong hands. August emerges from the shadows, undone trousers loosely pulled up around his waist. A bloody fire iron sways by his side. He briskly unlocks the door and shoves Annalise...

INT. MAY-PURNELL HOUSE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

... down the stairs. He follows, kicking her. Oasis runs to him, attempting to stop him.

OASIS
Dad!

He shoves her away, unlocking the door to Rosemary's room and gripping Annalise by the hair, he throws her...

INT. MAY-PURNELL HOUSE - ROSEMARY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... inside. Isaiah backs away, dropping the empty waste bucket and yells, appalled. Elle Marie cowers in the corner. Annalise raises her bloody head, observes the room, frightened by what she sees.

ISAIAH

Please, help me. I've been
imprisoned here my whole life.
Please. Take me with you.

AUGUST

(charges, shoving him to the
wall)

THIS IS YOUR FUCKING FAULT!

(stands over Annalise; strikes
her again; drops the iron,
pained)

Look what you made me do. Lil'
shit. I wanted to keep Annalise for
at least a while, Isaiah. Maybe
marry her? I don't fucking know.
I'm fucking sick of you kids. I
want a new life.

(picks his scalp and eczema,
crying; kneels; places his ear
on her back)

She's still breathing. Shit. This
is your fucking fault, Isaiah.
Everything is your fault.

OASIS

Isaiah didn't do anything. I showed
her the door.

AUGUST

OASIS, FUCKING SHUT UP!

In the rare time, she appears terrified of him. Isaiah trembles, silently crying. August tugs at his roots.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Isaiah, listen. We need to finish
what we started.

(bends over; reclaims the fire
iron)

Put this bitch out of her misery.

He distantly gazes down at Annalise. He heaves, raises the iron over his head and exhales. He brings the iron down on her body. He repeatedly beats her, viciously. Blood flies. Bones crack. Isaiah and Oasis watch in horror and sink to

the ground, covering their eyes, petrified. Isaiah vomits. Elle Marie screams.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

August hums "Oasis' Lullaby." Annalise's bloody shirt is thrown in the sink. He chops away on a cutting board. Oasis sits in a corner, stunned, her face remarkably aged. August wipes away blood on his trousers and scrapes his saw clean. On the soaked board: dismembered flesh. Tears stream down his face. He slaps away his tears and carefully wraps the limbs into a plastic bag.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - NIGHT

August backs out onto the road with Oasis in the seat beside him. She is tense but also curious at the pitch black outside she's never ventured in beyond the garden. She gapes in awe at the lit-up power station nearby, almost like a mystical castle. August zooms off. Oasis jolts back, surprised.

EXT. DUNGENESS - ROAD - NIGHT

August's Ford Zodiac flies down the darkened street past the Old Lighthouse and charges...

EXT. KENT COAST - ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

... onto the coast road. Inside, he eyes Oasis pressed against the seat. She stares straight ahead, eyes wide, her breath held tightly. August reaches out and strokes her. She meets his gaze, a million thoughts visible in her eyes. She jerks her head at the sound of crashing waves. She peers out into the darkness. She looks over at him for reassurance. He locks eyes with her. She views the night. On the highway, the vehicle speeds out of sight.

EXT. NEW ROMNEY - BEACH - NIGHT

August and Oasis sit in the sand of a deserted beach and gaze deeply out into the ocean. The plastic bag is carried out onto the waves. It rocks further and further away.

AUGUST

I... We can't keep living. Not like this. Neither of us. Soon, I'm gonna put us all out of our misery.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST (CONT'D)

I can't bear to imagine what you kids will grow up to be like. It's for the better. I fucked up.

Oasis turns to look at him. Her face twists in sadness and fear.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Onscreen: Superimposed and black-and-white, Frank Capra's *It Happened One Night* (1934).

WALTER CONNOLLY

(reads)

"The Walls of Jericho are tumbling." Send them another telegram right away. Just say: "Let 'em tumble!"

A loud crash. August, with a sledgehammer, swings at the iron gate. Oasis helps him. Isaiah stands a few feet behind them, covering his ears. A trumpet plays from the telly. August and Oasis succeed in knocking down the gate. It bangs into the front door.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

The disassembled gate sits stacked in the entryway. Isaiah and Oasis are on their knees before August. He peers down at them.

AUGUST

The King has decided to tear down the King's Wall. Obviously, it is no more. I believe it has been creating more of a strife in my land than as a means of protection, as originally intended. Given the recent tragedy we have experienced with the death of the Maiden Annalise from the village, I am led to believe some of my dwellers--

(gazes coldly at Isaiah)

--received the wrong impression about the Wall's purpose. It was not meant to keep my people in. Rather, it was to keep unwanted intruders out. The Maiden, a welcome visitor at first, simply saw too much. She couldn't have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST (CONT'D)

lived and retold what she'd seen here to the rest of the dangerous world beyond. You must understand that. It was something I did not want to do, but in the end, I had no choice. Intruders, upon hearing her story, would have tried to invade the Kingdom, contaminate it, eradicate it. The Wall was there for that very reason, but it has apparently evoked sinister opinions in certain members of my Kingdom. Let me make this clear: there is no such thing as prisoners in my Kingdom. One of my royal servants seems to think otherwise. Therefore--

ISAIAH

It's not the Wall. It never was the Wall.

AUGUST

I don't appreciate my royal servant interrupting me. You realise, quite clearly, I'm already in a terribly, shitty mood.

OASIS

Dad, I'm sick of make-believing.

AUGUST

Make-believe? Whoever said this was make-believe? Oasis, this is reality in its truest colours. My decision has a lot to do with you, Isaiah. This wall may be gone. However, there are still rules, as always. The outside... It remains a hazardous territory. That has not changed. But after careful consideration, the King has selected a means of compensation. Listen: Isaiah, your last birthday--I deeply regret that. It affected me a lot more than I initially thought it would. The same could perhaps be said of yourself. You blame me for it, I know. I realise my own provisional actions have encouraged some ounce of insurgence, the most precarious

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST (CONT'D)

type of self-harm, something I have been trying my hardest to prevent, though in the end, I created what I was desperately attempting to smother. I understand that. It was all committed for the sake of your own protection, choose to trust me on that or not, though you seem to hold this idea that I have done these things out of spite. You understand what I'm saying?

(Isaiah looks at him, blankly)
You attempted to defy me, correct? You contemplated--how do I say?--leaving beyond the King's Wall by using Annalise to aid you in your self-destruction, provoked by whatever feelings you have had for me for what I have done? You don't have to envisage that anymore, Isaiah. Being thirteen now--and while your birthday has passed some days ago--I believe it's time for the royal servant to venture beyond the servants' quarters, beyond the Kingdom. In daylight.

(Isaiah's eyes grow wide in disbelief)

I regard that this may put some of that revolt on a leash, do you concur? I want you to understand that you are not my prisoner. With the King's capital permission only, you may accompany me to the outside, but only when I say so, only when I say. Is that a reasonable compromise, to mend what I have done, or what you seriously determine that I have done to you?

Isaiah bows his head, his eyes mixed with emotions. A song cuts in.

EXT. CAMBER COAST - ROAD - DAY

August speeds down a road by the sea. Isaiah, in his navy duffle coat and seated in the back, gazes at the passing marsh, sheep and blinding beach in wonder, squinting hard. Oasis, in her ruby pea coat and Annalise's dress over her jeans, sits next to August. She has her head out the window, her wild ginger curls ablaze in the sun.

EXT. HASTINGS - TOWN - DAY

August's Ford Zodiac flies down a virtually vacant road. It turns sharply and recklessly bumps into a pole. The song ends.

EXT. HASTINGS - TOWN - DAY - LATER

August and the children stroll down the pavement of the claustrophobic seaside town. Not too many PEOPLE occupy it. They closely lurk by and anxiously absorb their new surroundings, their eyes sensitive to the light. A car loudly zooms past them. Isaiah jumps and smacks into August's arm. Oasis peers at it with curiosity. August eyes them, frowning.

OASIS
(whispers)
Dad?

AUGUST
Yes, Queen?

OASIS
(whispers)
What if the Taking Boy appears?

AUGUST
You're fine.

They turn...

EXT. HASTINGS - CAFÉ - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... onto another street. Up ahead, loud chatter rings in the air. A mob of curious ONLOOKERS and JOURNALISTS surround a familiar café. MRS MURRAY (40s), an older mirror image of her daughter in a modest floral dress, sobs hysterically as reporters fight each other for her interview.

MRS MURRAY
She's just a baby, you know? How could this happen? In a quiet, little community like this? I would have never thought!

August seems apprehensive, slows and comes to a complete halt. The children hide behind him and scan the chaos. The scene appears utterly unfamiliar to them. Near the commotion, a BARISTA (60s), straggly hair, freckled skin, blue eyeshadow and taking a drag on a fag, speaks to someone concealed by OFFICIALS and EAST SUSSEX INSPECTORS.

(CONTINUED)

BARISTA

Yeah, she got into a car. A really nice car, I have to admit. Not an expensive one, but, y'know, appealing. That's all I saw.

ALO (O.S.)

Do you know the model?

BARISTA

Ah, shit. Sorry. I didn't get a good look. It was like, black, I think. Purple? A Ford Anglia, maybe?

ALO (O.S.)

Okay. And what time would you say that was?

The officials move aside to reveal Alo writing in her notebook. Her eyes remain attentively glued on her work.

BARISTA

Shit. Let's see. Four-thirty in the afternoon, I think. Is that right? I think that's right. She seemed like she knew the bloke. Talked for a bit. I didn't think much--

ALO

You saw the driver?

BARISTA

Shit. Not really. It was stormy. Murky. Could hardly see shit as it was. I don't know if it was a man. Could've been a woman for all we know, y'know?

ALO

Right. You didn't get a registration number down, then?

August unexpectedly lifts Isaiah by the waist, which surprises him, and walks fast in the opposite direction. Oasis follows, peering back. Mrs Murray spots her and shoving through the crowd, runs to her, grabbing her arm.

MRS MURRAY

Annalise!

Frightened, Oasis gazes at her. Mrs Murray realises her mistake. Nervous, August pulls her along.

(CONTINUED)

MRS MURRAY
 Oh, Mr Sweeney! I'm sorry!
 I... It was the dress...
 and everything...

AUGUST
 Niece and nephew.

Alo veers her head towards him, hearing the commotion. She barely glimpses him. He blends into the crowd like a typical father with kids. August disappears around a corner. We follow him...

EXT. HASTINGS - TOWN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... down a narrow side street. He sets down Isaiah and turns, marching him...

EXT. HASTINGS - COFFEE HOUSE/BOOK SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... to another coffee/book shop near Lolita Hill on Croft Road. He yanks open the door, shoving Isaiah in first. He glares bitterly at the sight of Christmas decorations before him.

AUGUST
 Shit! They do this every year! It's
 July, people!

Oasis reluctantly follows. August doesn't wait for her and by accident, the door smashes in her face. Annoyed, she struggles through...

INT. HASTINGS - COFFEE HOUSE/BOOK SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the door. The trio advance to the front. The commotion seems to trouble the children. August leads them and weaves through a sea of tables and CUSTOMERS. He inspects the kids like a hawk. They stand in a small line. Uneasy, Oasis lags behind and wanders off. Isaiah eyes the Christmas decorations and cards beckoning from the counter shelves, distracted.

AUGUST
 Do you think Oasis would like this?

He holds up a card, a classic painting of a sleeping blonde-haired Aryan angel. Isaiah examines it disapprovingly.

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH

It's girlie.

AUGUST

Of course, it's girlie. She *is* a girl.

ISAIAH

I wish you wouldn't encourage that. You're messing with his head.

AUGUST

I'm not influencing anything. She told me she was a girl by the time she was seven. I didn't say anything.

ISAIAH

Doesn't mean he is.

AUGUST

I think you envy her, Isaiah. I think that's what you're fucking problem is.

He mindlessly clutches the card, shoving it in his coat pocket and walks up to the register, scratching his eczema. At the exit, Oasis closes her eyes and leans against a window plastered in old posters. She adjusts herself, reaches over and peels a paper from her back: "MISSING." Frozen, her eyes expand at the vaguely familiar faces. Rosemary and Grace.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

A peach sunset, near dark. August heedlessly throws grocery bags aside. Items spill out. Isaiah stands behind him, hugging small logs. He fiddles with the lock to the shed, pries open the door and yanks some wood from Isaiah, dropping a few. He tosses them and kicks the stray wood through the door. Isaiah attempts to look inside. He's unable to see much of anything: shelves of unfinished dollhouses and a vintage playhouse; a table saw; cans of paraffin oil. The angel card falls from August's pocket. He grabs it and studies it.

AUGUST

Look, Isaiah. Respect my Queen. She's special. Not like the sluts descended from Eve. She may not have a vagina. I don't give a rusty fuck. I'd rather prefer that she

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUGUST (CONT'D)

didn't. You know why? I'll tell you why: Vaginas are pure evil. The Bible says so. All the people I've ever known in my life that God assigned vaginas to, and perhaps most especially my mother, were evil sluts, just like Eve. Oasis isn't like them. God knew Oasis was special, so he didn't curse her with childbirth. As a solution, he merely gave her a penis, but with a girl's brain. See how that works?

Isaiah is lost for words when August tenderly embraces him.

OASIS

DAD!!!

(tears through the backdoor)

DAD!!! ISAIAH!!!

They turn. August is exasperated.

AUGUST

Hey!

(snaps his fingers)

Oasis, hey! Get yer black ass back inside! The King did not grant you permission to--

OASIS

Elle Marie!

AUGUST

Who?!

She grapples his arm and yanks him towards the house.

OASIS

My sister! She's not moving!

AUGUST

What kinda drugs are you on?! You don't have a fucking sister!

August grudgingly follows. Isaiah drops the remaining wood, alone. He eyes the garden wall, anxious. Stones block the hole from years ago. Torn, he trails his family.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the floor: Elle Marie (3-4). Her head lies motionless in August's lap. He strokes her forehead and feels around her neck. She is undernourished. Oasis gathers behind August, her hands gripping his shoulders. Isaiah sits on the sofa, contrite.

AUGUST

It has a pulse. But it's barely breathing. I don't know if there's anything I can do.

(eyes distant, yet no emotion;
scoops Elle Marie in his arms)

I can't fabricate the reality of the situation. This thing likely won't live for long. It can sleep up here, for now, but strictly within the confines of this room. I don't want it in my fucking bedroom. Can't risk spreading its germs and who the fuck knows what else it carries.

(Oasis looks down, saddened;
Isaiah is mixed)

Isaiah, the King permits you to join me and Oasis in the Blue Tower. I see no reason to keep you in the servants' quarters tonight.

He turns away, reaches over and turns off the nearest lamp. The room goes black.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "AUGUST 1971."

Elle Marie, sickly, sleeps on the sofa. Her breathing is laboured.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - NIGHT

August lies between Isaiah and Oasis. Isaiah recoils as far away as he manages to get away from him. August kisses him, rolls over and wraps himself around Oasis. In her fist is the flier, crinkled. A golden light fills the room.

GRACE (O.S.)

Oasis!

(her eyes flutter open)

Oasis!

(CONTINUED)

She sits up, climbs over August and Isaiah and rolls out of bed, floating. She gravitates towards the window where mystical sunlight streams through the cracks in the planks. Mysteriously, they fall down and she peers through the window. A golden sea of endless wheat sways before her. She opens the window and sits on the sill, marveling at the dream-like sight. In the distance, Grace stands in a white dress. It flaps wildly in the breeze. She holds out her arms. Her eyes widen. She jumps off the window and leaps through the field towards her.

EXT. OASIS' FANTASY - GOLDEN FIELD - DAY

Oasis weaves deeper and deeper through the wheat, her eyes pained, desperate and lost, but no matter how long and fast she seems to move, Grace grows further and further away.

GRACE

Oasis!

Grace's body deteriorates, falling apart. Black blood and rotting flesh flood the field. Oasis stops, her feet consumed by decay. Her piercing scream shatters the peaceful atmosphere.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

On her knees, Oasis screams hysterically. August bends over and hectically removes Elle Marie off the sofa. Scarily skeletal, she is limp in his arms. He flies into the kitchen. Her head bumps into the wall on the way there. He disappears under the stove. Isaiah spectates uncomfortably from the hallway.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - DAY

August, stoic, sits propped up against his pillows. Oasis buries her face in his lap. He hums her lullaby. She sobs vehemently. Isaiah sits on the floor, back against the bedside, knees to his chest, conflicted.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - DAY - LATER

Oasis sleeps. August meticulously plaits her hair. He appears utterly isolated.

AUGUST

The Earth cries, Isaiah. That thing took the non-arduous way out. We should be next.

Isaiah looks up at him with uncertainty and fear. A 60s R&B/soul song blasts.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

August, fag in mouth, hovers over a steaming pot of white bean chili. The song booms from the radio pouch. He downs whiskey in the pot. From his trousers pocket, he grips a prescription of barbiturates, turns it over in his fingers and shoves it back inside. He fetches laundry detergent powder and rat poison from a shelf above the front-loader washer. He empties a small dosage of the toxic ingredients into the chili and feverishly stirs.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - DAY

Isaiah sits beside Oasis on the bed. She curls in foetal position, her face incredibly despondent, her nose bloody. She has lost weight. Both children are bruised and seem more pale than usual. He leans over her.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>ISAIAH</p> <p>Listen, Oasis. A birthday ago, I told Elle Marie that I wished she were dead. I took my feelings out on her. It's my fault. I'm sorry. I wished it and it happened. I've been meaning to tell you that, but I can hardly communicate with you when that man is--He... he's planning on... Did he tell you? He's mad. He is. When he says he thinks about destroying the Kingdom, you know what he means by that? He means <i>us</i>. He wants to get rid of <i>us</i>, like he did our mothers.</p> | <p>AUGUST (O.S.)</p> <p>Isaiah! Oasis! Feeding time!</p> |
|--|--|

OASIS
Auntie Rosemary...

ISAIAH
What? Yeah. My mum. And Aunt Grace.

(CONTINUED)

OASIS

I saw her.

ISAIAH

Huh? What?

OASIS

With Grace. In town.

ISAIAH

What?! What're you talking about?!

From her hand, she unveils the crumpled flier, dropping it on the bed. Isaiah unfolds it and feverishly scans the content, his expression growing sick with a mix of emotions. He looks up, gaping.

OASIS

This has happened before, hasn't it? I don't know him anymore.

August enters. Isaiah quickly hides it.

AUGUST

Did you hear me? Get yer asses into the kitchen.

Isaiah looks up and anxiously nods.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The family sit around the table and quietly eat to the music. Oasis struggles to chew as chili and bloody vomit spill down her mouth. August multitasks painting a carved wooden fairy figurine black and cleaning Oasis. She pushes him away.

OASIS

Stop, please!

AUGUST

If you don't eat this shit that I worked so hard to make, I won't hesitate to shove it down your pathetic lil' throat. You hear me, Oasis? You need to eat. I'm fucking sick of this hunger strike shit yer pulling. Look, do this for me. It's my birthday today. You know I'm turning forty? I'm a fucking antique, honey... Is it that fucking bad?

(CONTINUED)

OASIS

(sassily)

Yeah, it's wonderful, Dad.

Isaiah gags on the chili. His gums bleed. Out of August's sight, he spits some of it back into the bowl. As he stirs, he notices a peculiar substance. He brings it to his face and examines it: microscopic white powder and crushed green grains easily concealed in the greenish-white chili sauce. He sniffs it and makes a face. His eyes grow wide. He tries to notify Oasis, nudging her under the table.

AUGUST

I was thinking of filling it in, Isaiah. The downstairs. We don't need it anymore, do you think? I've been reconsidering. It contains some fucking dire memories, no? I want to forget it. Get rid of it. Whatever. Things are going to change around here. The Kingdom is reforming.

ISAIAH

What about Elle Marie? We're just going to leave her down there?

AUGUST

You like your fairy, Oasis?

(she stares off)

It needs to dry first. Then you can--What the hell is wrong with you?

ISAIAH

Isn't it obvious? Oasis is sick.

AUGUST

I wasn't talking to you.

(to Oasis)

You wanna dance?

He stands up and slowly spins her around in his arms. Isaiah sadly watches the two drift in their own universe; he is not invited. He stares emptily into his lap. Oasis leans over her father's shoulder and without warning, vomits down his shirt.

AUGUST

Oh fuck. Isaiah, run a bath for her. Make yerself useful, whiny slut.

(he slowly leaves; August runs his fingers through her hair)

(CONTINUED)

Why didn't you tell me, love?

OASIS

Dad, I appreciate it, but I'm too old for fairies. Fairies aren't real.

AUGUST

Listen, you wanna see your mother again? I can make that happen. I can make anything happen.

(moves the pot of chili aside;
turns up the gas jets)

Yer fucking lucky as sin to have me, Oasis. My mother was a demonic slut. She only held me, perhaps once. Kanya.

His mind travels elsewhere. Oasis leans her head against his shoulder, dazed.

EXT. MOUNT MORRIS - FARMHOUSE - DAY (1938)

August (7), grungy, neglected and like a baby monkey grips his mother, Kanya, sallow-skinned, her black hair wild and in a see-through white nightgown. She is stunned, arms at her sides. TWO ORDERLIES in white uniforms struggle to separate him from her. Her eyes are unaffectionate and dead. A fire engulfs a rickety farmhouse behind them.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tears fill August's eyes. He peers around to see Oasis, her eyes closed.

AUGUST

Your demented, possessed grandmother. She killed herself. Before you were born. Jumped from the fourth floor of a hospital, fucking nut. The Buffalo State Asylum. She was only forty-five. I wish there was an easier way.

(opens the oven door)

It'll be quicker than falling asleep. I won't lie about that.

He gently places her head inside the oven. Oasis wakes, thrashes around, screaming.

(CONTINUED)

OASIS
DAD! DAD! STOP! ISAIAH! ISAIAH!

Isaiah rushes in and gasps at the sight. Oasis breaks free from his hold and runs to Isaiah. August turns to face them. They study him in horror. A beat. August gently closes the oven door and turns off the gas, his expression virtually empty. The music trails off.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - NIGHT

Oasis nervously tosses around on the bed, wrapped tightly in the blankets. A bowl of vomit sits beside her on the floor. Isaiah leans in close to her ear.

ISAIAH
Oasis, listen to me. Don't eat anything that man gives you.

OASIS
I know, Isaiah. I know. He's been feeding us something. Isaiah, he's our father! Why is he doing this? He's killing us!

ISAIAH
He's fucking insane. He's going crazy again like he did when he killed our mums.

OASIS
He said they got sick.

ISAIAH
He lied. They were victims, Oasis. He kidnapped them! Do you know what that makes us?

AUGUST (O.S.)
Are we playing spies?

The children jump and jerk their heads towards August. He stands in the door with a glass of soft drink.

AUGUST
I only ask because I'm not sure why I'm hearing this hush-hush secret language. Is that what it is? Did I secretly give birth to twins?

(CONTINUED)

OASIS

We were--telling each other a story.

AUGUST

Really now?

(crosses the room; sits on the bed)

What kind of story?

ISAIAH

(whispers)
The Taking Boy.

OASIS

(whispers)
The Taking Boy.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Ah, that's my favourite. Here, my Queen. This will surely make you feel better.

Oasis anxiously takes the glass. The children observe intently, noticing crushed mystery pills floating at the bottom.

OASIS

I'll... drink it later, Dad.

She sets it on the nightstand, eying August. He gazes at her with an unreadable expression. He nods and exits. The children look on, apprehensive.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

SUPER: "SEPTEMBER 1971."

A stick of charcoal flies over a white sheet of paper. Isaiah, his knees propped up, sits in the dry bathtub with a stack of sheets. Balls of crumpled paper lie strewn about. He hotly sketches what appears to be plans. The front door swings open from outside. He leaps up and quickly cleans up his mess.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - DAY

An angelic apparition in flowing white strokes a sleeping Oasis: Grace. August, sickly and bruised, violently coughs blood into a handkerchief and flies in through the door. The phantom is gone. He hides something within his coat. Oasis stirs from her sleep and sits up, frail. He unearths a newborn Annie. Oasis' face brightens in excitement and, happily she takes Annie in her arms.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sunset. Pink and orange light seeps through the planks on the windows, bathing the room. Wheelbarrows of dirt sit by the gas cooker.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Isaiah lurks towards August, asleep on the sofa, the telly on static white snow. Scattered around are pills. Isaiah gently picks up a pill from the floor and examines it. August turns over. Pills empty from his pocket. Isaiah exhales and fishes through. He retrieves a bottle, the cap loose: "PRESCRIPTION. A. SWEENEY: Use as directed. AMOBARBITAL. 10 MG TABLET." He discharges some of the pills into his hand, gazing at them fiercely.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - DAY

Heavy downpour. August's car zooms away. Oasis' eyes peer out through the planks.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

With Annie in her arms, she moves away from the window.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - DAY

A music box on the vanity plays her lullaby. She engages with her dollhouse and black cloth dolls, detached. Annie sniffs around. Something flickers in her eyes and she twists off one of the heads. From the shadows, Isaiah studies her. He calmly approaches her, his face hardened and cold. He looms over her. She doesn't suspect him. He touches her shoulder. She looks up, serious. The room grows dimer, the shadows longer.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

In silhouette, Oasis approaches the front door. She stops short of it and waits.

ISAIAH (V.O.)

I need you to help me. The Kingdom
is crumbling. If he doesn't die
first, he'll find us. It'll never
end. He trusts you the most, Oasis.
All I ask is that you don't give

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
yourself away. This day is no
different from any other.

The rain steadily ceases. A car engine nears. The lock from the other side rattles. August steps in with a large paper bag. Oasis weakly smiles at him. The two stroll...

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - AUGUST'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... to his bedroom. She gazes at him, nervous.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Isaiah slithers into view. He looks down the dark hallway into the red bedroom door, ajar. Kneeling, August unveils a life-size faux Victorian doll from the bag. He extends it to Oasis. She inspects it, disinterested, forces a grin and embraces him. Isaiah glides away out of sight. She glimpses him and anxiously frowns.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

On the table: a steaming cup of tea. From his trousers pocket, Isaiah unearths barbiturates. He empties the tablets and gazes down as the powder swims around and subtly dissolve in the drink. He seems pleased. August enters and sits. He coughs violently into a handkerchief and slyly smirks at Oasis. She sets Annie down on the counter and stands strongly nearby. She forces a smile, balls her hands into fists by her sides and restlessly spectates. August drinks the tea.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

He leans over to one side, his eyes heavy, and accidentally knocks the cup to the floor. The glass shatters. She rushes to his side and struggles to support him as he collapses downwards. They both fall, tearing down the table. Paint splatters. A long shadow engulfs her. A blurry, dark image of Isaiah towers over her from behind. The room submerges in darkness.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Isaiah struggles to drag August to the shed by his legs. Oasis hesitantly follows several feet behind. A breeze blows gently. August stirs slightly. His arms fall over his head and manages to grab Oasis by the ankles. He sleepily looks up into her terrified and guilt-ridden face. He turns over and tries to sit up, falling back down. Isaiah pulls him away from her. She looks on, ashamed. A wind chime plays.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY - LATER

The shed sits eerily in the breeze. August's keys clank. Weary pants. August sobs pathetically.

AUGUST (O.S.)
Isaiah, love. What have I done?
Tell me!

The table saw blares. August howls in horror. Oasis breaks into screaming tears.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY - LATER

Thunder rolls. Purplish-grey rain clouds move along the sky. The wind picks up. Through the planks on the kitchen window, Annie paces the counter and paws the window. She squeaks and lets out a high-pitched moan.

INT. GARDEN SHED - DAY

Blood spills over the work table. Encased inside a plastic bag, August is amputated and naked. His penis is shredded. Eyes closed, all colour drained from his face, he sweats profusely. His lips are sewn shut. He is forcibly compressed into the playhouse.

A small tear forms on the bag around August's eye. Through one of the windows, he looks out in fear. Isaiah, calculating, douses the area in paraffin oil. Oasis jumps at him. A physical struggle occurs. The table saw topples to the ground. She slices her knee on the blade. With August's lighter initialed "A.S." Isaiah sets the shed on fire. He callously steps back as flames consume everything. August cries.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

A tower of flames climbs the sky. A distant siren blares, mixed with August's muffled screams.

EXT. SWEENEY HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY - LATER

Isaiah carries the red suitcase. Oasis, in August's black coat, holds Annie and the radio pouch. Isaiah forcibly yanks her and they tear out the backdoor. She fights him. Her knee bleeds profusely.

OASIS
ISAIAH! NO!

ISAIAH
BLOODY MOVE! YOU WANT MS
BELLE SEEING US?!

He shakily flies through the garden towards the crack in the brick wall and hurriedly removes the stones covering it. He fights through her thrashing arms and stormily crams her through the hole, kicking her. He shoots the suitcase after her and squeezes himself to the other side.

EXT. DUNGENESS - BEACH - DAY

He madly yanks Oasis up from the ground, grips her arm and battles to pull her towards the Romney Marsh. As they race off, a fire truck zooms wildly past them towards the house. Ms Belle spectates the fire and witnesses the fleeing children. They melt away into the fog.

EXT. ROMNEY MARSH - DAY

The children dart through the fog, their path barely visible.

THE TAKING BOY (O.S.)
(echoes)
Isaiah! Oasis!

Oasis peers over her shoulder and struggles to focus her gaze. She doesn't see anything. Sirens wail.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - STREET CORNER - DAY

SUPER: "OCTOBER 1972."

Isaiah, infected with oral herpes and holding a bag of groceries, jumps back as a fire truck bullets past him. He holds his breath as he looks on.

INT. ASHFORD POLICE STATION - ALO'S OFFICE - DAY

Alo buries her face on her cluttered desk, a fag clutched tightly in one hand. Beneath her, a coffee-stained folder. Clipped to it: old photographs of August, Rosemary and Grace. Annie, fully grown, sleeps on the floor nearby. A knock sounds at the door.

ALO
Enter, bastard.

Enters Ms Belle.

MS BELLE
Miss?

Alo jumps up, alarmed, rubbing her bloodshot eyes.

ALO
Shit! I thought you were someone else!

MS BELLE
I'm sorry, my dear. I didn't mean--

Alo relaxes at the sight of her and hastily adjusts her hijab.

ALO
What're you doing here? Miss...?

She has forgotten her name.

MS BELLE
Ms Belle.

ALO
Right. I'm sorry. It's been a shite year.

MS BELLE
What of the girls?

ALO
August's daughter, Rosemary. And his niece, Grace. Positive matches. The babies--it's safe to say, incest.

MS BELLE
Terrible...

(CONTINUED)

ALO
Has yet to go to press... Just...
disgusting.

MS BELLE
May I inquire, dear?

ALO
I'm listening.

MS BELLE
I was... I'm interested in knowing
if Mr Sweeney's... Because of these
dreadful circumstances... Are his
niece and nephew all right?

Alo looks dumbfounded.

ALO
Pardon?

MS BELLE
His niece and nephew. The boy and
girl he had been taking care of.
Came to live with him last summer.

A realisation seems to dawn on Alo.

MS BELLE (CONT'D)
Strange as it seems, yes, two
children. I saw them head into town
on many days. "My niece and
nephew," Mr Sweeney told me. I
distinctly remember a little girl
and a little boy. I took them in
when he was in hospital. Once he
came home, Nurse Emmeline cared for
them. The little boy--oh, I forget
his name. It was Isaac or something
to that effect. The girl, on the
other hand, had a fairly unique
name. I can't say I recall it.

Alo jumps up, excited.

ALO
Tell me: what do they look like?

Ms Belle gapes at her.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - STREETS - DAY

SUPER: "1 NOVEMBER 1972."

Bright orange leaves flutter down. They fly against a wall with encrusted layers of posters and graffiti. One dawns before us: two composite sketches positioned side-by-side on a single sheet. Isaiah and Oasis. All the posters are the same: "INFORMATION WANTED."

Mrs Woolsworth, sullen-faced, trudges along the path. She comes face-to-face with the posters, captivated. She observes them for a moment like masterpieces in an art gallery. Her eyes narrow in as she rips away one of the sheets. She briskly walks off.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

Mrs Woolsworth, face red, charges up the stairs. Her eyes flare as she sees Oasis, Peter gripping onto her shoulder, cradling her granddaughter outside of Ms Riddle's flat, number 21. Ms Riddle kneels before her in her nurse uniform.

OASIS

A friend, kinda. Name's Peter.

MS RIDDLE

We're looking a bit woozy, aren't we? You feeling all right, love?

MRS WOOLSWORTH

BLACK FILTH!

She flies to Oasis, fiercely claims the baby and powerfully slaps her repeatedly. Oasis cowers against the nearest wall. Ms Riddle spectates this, horrified. The commotion prompts the baby to shriek.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

HOW?! HOW?!

(to Ms Riddle)

*YOU ROACH! DEVIOUS ROACH!
HOW CAN YOU LET THIS PIECE
OF BLACK FILTH SPREAD
HER CONTAMINATION TO MY
GRANDDAUGHTER?! NEVER
AGAIN! NEVER AGAIN! I WANT
THESE VILE CHILDREN OUT OF
THIS BUILDING AT ONCE! FOR
GOOD! I AM DONE! DONE!*

MS RIDDLE

Mrs Woolsworth, please!

They're harmless children!

(CONTINUED)

Oasis' eyes water, her cheeks reddened and bloody. Ms Riddle bends down and caresses her.

MRS WOOLSWORTH (CONT'D)
*HARMLESS?! HARMLESS?! FRAUDULENT
 RATS IS WHAT THEY ARE! APPARENTLY,
 MS RIDDLE, THESE HOLY TERRORS HAVE
 BEEN DECEIVING US RIGHT UNDER OUR
 NOSES!*

(displays the poster)
*HOW 'BOUT IT, MS RIDDLE?! LOOK!
 LOOK FOR YOURSELF, ROACH! LOOK!*

Ms Riddle scans the sheet before her, confused. She shakes her head. Oasis cranes her neck to see. Her eyes widen.

MRS WOOLSWORTH (CONT'D)
*DOES THIS NOT LOOK LIKE OUR FELLOW
 UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOURS, MS RIDDLE?!
 APPARENTLY, THESE WORKING-CLASS--*

MS RIDDLE
 There's a s light resemblance.
Slight, madame. That is all.

MRS WOOLSWORTH
*WITLESS, OBTUSE VIXEN! ARE YOU
 DAFT?! IT IS THEM! I KNOW! CLEARLY,
 THESE PLEBEIAN SLUGS ARE WANTED BY
 THE POLICE! HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT FOR!*

Oasis leaps from Ms Riddle's arms and flees up the adjoining stairs. Mrs Woolsworth charges after her and leans over the banister.

MS RIDDLE
 (pulls her back)
 Mrs Woolsworth!

MRS WOOLSWORTH
*I AM CONTACTING THE AUTHORITIES AT
 ONCE, YOU VILE NIGGER! I DO HOPE
 YOU'RE LISTENING, COLOURED SLIME! I
 WANT A WORD WITH THAT APPALLING
 FATHER OF YOURS! I WILL HAVE ALL
 THREE OF YOU THROWN IN CORRECTIONAL
 FACILITIES! I SURELY WILL!*

She storms off to the fourth floor. Ms Riddle looks on at her, dumbfounded. She sways for a moment, seemingly uncertain of what to do and marches up the stairs.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY

Ms Riddle approaches the Reese door, number 66. She exhales and hesitantly knocks.

OASIS (O.S.)

GO AWAY!

MS RIDDLE

Love, everything will be all right. Look, Mrs Woolsworth... It's always empty threats with her. She certainly won't--

Ms Helena from number 68 peeks out, her tummy now flat.

MS RIDDLE

Please, Ms Helena, this doesn't concern you.

MS HELENA

As a matter of fact, fat whore, I will make it my fucking business. I fucking live here. There's somethin' going on in there, ye 'ere? Some sort of wanking stop business. Boys! Swarms of them! Flocking in and out, day an' night! Some of 'em look like men!

MS RIDDLE

What the Devil are you on about, Ms Helena?

MS HELENA

I'm talkin' 'bout that bleedin' boy! He's running some kind of anal assassin call house! I fuckin' 'ere that shite goin' on all blasted day. I'm ringing Ms Wendy. That's it. I'm fucking sick! Listening to this shite for ten months straight is enough to drive anyone to immediate suicide!

She slams her door shut. Ms Riddle glares at her. The Reese door creeps open. Oasis peers out, eyes red.

OASIS

Everyone hates us.

(CONTINUED)

MS RIDDLE

Come again?

OASIS

They all hate us.

MS RIDDLE

No! No, no! No one--

OASIS

My father's in, if that's
who you want to see.

She disappears behind the door and leaves it wide open. Ms Riddle looks astonished as she follows her, inching her way...

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... inside. She looks around, taken aback at the state of the room. Only Oasis is present as she plops down on the mattress.

SHYLAN (O.S.)

Shit, is that your mum?

Ms Riddle swerves around to find Isaiah in the hall, accompanied by two boys, SHYLAN (17), blonde and stalky, and FOWLER (18), tall, dark-haired and covered in zits.

FOWLER

Ouch! Mate, you don't look the
least bit like her.

ISAIAH

Shut it, Fowler.

(approaches her; she's stunned
at the sight of his
herpes-ridden face)

Ms Riddle, is there a problem?

MS RIDDLE

Love, look. This is getting
dreadfully serious. I want to help
you and your sister the best that I
can. You see--

ISAIAH

Let me guess: this has to do with
Mrs Witch of Bitchville? What else
is new?

(turns to face the boys)

This has to wait. Not a good time.
Sorry. Shylan. Fowler.

(CONTINUED)

They gawk at him, huff in annoyance and slither away. A beat.

MS RIDDLE

I hear your father is in. Perhaps,
it's best if I speak to him.

(he exchanges a look; glances
at Oasis)

I don't want to send the wrong
impression. I'm not here to--

MRS WOOLSWORTH (O.S.)

Disgusting!

Everyone turns to look. Mrs Woolsworth prowls in, uninvited. Isaiah glowers at her as she rudely inspects the room. Oasis is fed up.

OASIS

Get out! This is our home!

Mrs Woolsworth leans over Isaiah and stares him down like an aggressive tiger.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

Dare you let her speak to me that
way, repulsive boy!

ISAIAH

Get out!

MRS WOOLSWORTH

I will not! Not until I have a word
with your dreadful father! I'd like
to inform him that the Met has been
reached!

(shoves past him; he stumbles
into Ms Riddle)

Filth! Everything! Unimaginable
sewage you people live in! Your
father, dear boy, ought to have his
Parent Card revoked! Immediately!

OASIS

Funny you keep calling us
working-class rats, missus. You
live here too, do you not? St
Primrose isn't exactly royalty
either.

Mrs Woolsworth is horrified.

(CONTINUED)

MS RIDDLE

Mrs Woolsworth, I believe I can manage this.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

(rises over Ms Riddle)

No. You. Can't.

(to Isaiah)

If he exists, boy, where is he?
Your father? Mr Reese, I presume?
Unless he's H.G. Wells' Invisible Man?

She studies him, long and hard.

OASIS

He's here.

MRS WOOLSWORTH

Really, now, you appalling brat?
Where?

Beat.

SCORPIO (O.S.)

Pardon, missus.

From the shadows, Scorpio wheels out from the bathroom. The women eye him, overcome. Isaiah views him, shocked and relieved.

SCORPIO

I apologise to have kept you ladies waiting. I see you know my children, yet I don't believe we've met.

He slinks near them and extends out an arm. Mrs Woolsworth recoils at his state. Ms Riddle politely nods.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

The two women clamber down the stairs.

MS RIDDLE

I do hope you're satisfied now. I believe you've mistaken those composite drawings for--

MRS WOOLSWORTH

Have I?

(spins around)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS WOOLSWORTH (CONT'D)
This is far from done.

She hops away.

MS RIDDLE
Whatever do you mean?!

Ms Riddle runs after her as they...

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... descend. Mrs Woolsworth bounds towards her door and swings inside. Ms Riddle follows her. Mrs Woolsworth twists around and stands firmly in the frame, hands locked around on both sides. She views down at Ms Riddle like a predator.

MRS WOOLSWORTH
You heard me. I have my suspicions. I'm keeping my word. And what the honest hell are you going to do about it, woman?

MS RIDDLE
Mrs Woolsworth!

The door slams tight before her face.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

Scorpio sleeps between Isaiah and Oasis on the mattress with Peter on Oasis' head. A blaring bang sounds from their door followed by a mad cackle. All three stir.

MS HELENA (O.S.)
Holy shite! Wake up in 'here! Oi, wake up! Today, Heaven's kissin' yer sorry arses!

Isaiah grudgingly sweeps to the door.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY

The door swings open. Isaiah, exhausted, blinks at Ms Helena as she leans proudly against her door.

ISAAH
Are you on drugs?

(CONTINUED)

MS HELENA

Farewell, arseholes. Frankly, no one will miss ya. Krampus has blessed ya with an early Christmas present, he has. Have a nice fucking life with yer little black bitch.

She points at his door. Isaiah peers around. His face fills with horror as he rapidly tears off a pink slip that reads in bold red: "EVICTION NOTICE." He flies back inside. Ms Helena howls.

EXT. OEDIPUS ESTATE - DAY

Isaiah scampers down the courtyard. Shylan and Fowler lean against the building, smoking.

SHYLAN

Oi, Isaiah!

Oasis catches sight of him from their window. She leans out on the terrace.

OASIS

Isaiah! Where are you going?!
Isaiah!

He doesn't appear to hear her. He keeps moving and disappears out of sight.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - STREETS - DAY

Isaiah races down a jammed street into the horizon.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

Oasis crouches by the wall with a stick of charcoal and intensely vomits into a bowl. She collects herself and resumes her work. Scorpio still sleeps. Peter scurries around her.

SHYLAN (O.S.)

Didn't know you were a bloody artist.

Oasis jumps and swerves around. Shylan and Fowler crudely waltz in, fags in mouth. Oasis stands up and leans against the wall, apprehensive.

(CONTINUED)

SHYLAN

Oops. Didn't mean to scare you, love. Door was still open. What I mean to say is, I've been seeing these for how long? But never bothered to ask who did them. I was thinking Isaiah maybe, but then he's not really the type, ain't he? I mean, even from the literal arsehole, he's not much of a--Eh, never mind. What's this creepy looking wanker right 'ere?

He points to a sketch of the Taking Boy in his demon form.

FOWLER

Bastard, shut up! Quit the blather!
 (to Oasis)
 Where's Isaiah?!
 (beat)
 'Ello, you deaf? Shylan, she deaf-mute or something?

SHYLAN

God, shut up! You miffed, mate?!

FOWLER

(to Oasis)
 Where's Isaiah, stupid black bitch?!

SHYLAN

(shoves Fowler)
 Come 'ere, love. Nobody's gonna hurt you.

He views Oasis and gradually lurks towards her.

FOWLER

Shylan!

SHYLAN

Shut it, Fowler! You keep screamin' like that, you'll scare her!
 (to Oasis)
 Ignore him. He's a wanking bastard. Y'know, yer friends are waitin' outside for you, right?
 (she studies him, confused)
 Outside. Those girls. I told them it was the seventh floor. We'll make this quick, right?

(CONTINUED)

She edges near the door/window to the terrace and spots Cerafina and her gang below outside the gate. They glimpse her and jeer. She recoils.

OASIS

They're not my friends.

FOWLER

Oh shit, the tart *can* speak!

SHYLAN

Shut the fuck up, Fowler.

(to Oasis)

They're not?

(she shakes her head)

Look, we won't hurt you. We'll make this quick, right? If you cooperate, it'll go fast.

OASIS

He's coming back.

SHYLAN

Oh yeah? When?

Beat. Oasis' eyes dart from Shylan to Fowler to Scorpio to the ajar door. They fill with fear. She races to the exit. Shylan and Fowler corner her and restrain her. She screams bloody murder. Shylan pins her to the floor as Fowler tears off her underwear. He unfastens his trousers and jumps back, disgusted.

FOWLER

FUCK! FUCK! SHE'S A BOY!

SHYLAN

(eyes wide)

What?

FOWLER

SHE'S GOT A FUCKING--! OH MY GOD!

OH MY GOD! FREAK! YOU FUCKING

FREAK!

He delivers a heavy blow to her head. She shrieks and sobs. Shylan holds open her thighs and inspects her. He releases her, stunned. Fowler vigorously beats her and rips her dress. Scorpio awakens and attempts to charge at them in his chair.

SCORPIO

Oi!

Shylan gains the upper hand and beats him. He pushes him to the terrace and flips him off his chair. He falls over the edge. He crashes into the bushes, concealed. His chair lands nearby. Fowler wrenches her dress from her body and flings it to Shylan who throws it out the window. They roar.

EXT. OEDIPUS ESTATE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The dress flies off the terrace and down below. Cerafina and her gang run in through the front gate and surround it. They howl madly and smear it in mud. A police car pulls up outside. The girls see it and, afraid, flee in the opposite direction.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

Shylan views down from the window.

SHYLAN

Shit! There's fucking Blues and Twos down there!

Fowler ceases beating Oasis.

FOWLER

What?!

SHYLAN

A bobby, mate!

FOWLER

Fuck!

The two boys run off. Oasis, sprawled on her back, lies motionless on the floor in her undershirt. Her pants are nearby. She is severely bruised and battered, her eyes closed. Peter edges near her and sniffs her.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

A MALE SCOTLAND YARD INSPECTOR (50s), bulky body and a professional air, firmly knocks on a familiar door, number 40. Mrs Woolsworth slithers out.

INSPECTOR

Mrs Woolsworth, right?

They both disappear behind her door.

EXT. OEDIPUS ESTATE - DAY

The afternoon sun turns orange. Isaiah hurries along the street. He halts at the sight of the police car. His eyes glued on it, he circles around it and tears off.

SCORPIO (O.S.)

Isaiah!

Isaiah stops dead and sees Scorpio's chair on its side, its wheel spinning. He runs to it and looks around. He finds Scorpio, hardly visible, sprawled under the bush, severely injured and stunned.

SCORPIO

Isaiah. Your sister. Someone.
Assault. Her dress.

He points further ahead. Isaiah follows his direction and narrows in on the discarded dress. Panicked, he runs to it and retrieves it. He peers up at their terrace, the window open. Isaiah runs off through the entrance.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

Isaiah storms in through the door.

ISAIAH

OASIS!!!

He stands frozen, his face filled with horror, and releases the dress. Gradually, he kneels beside her. Tears stream down his face as he traces her bruises. He collapses on her.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

Oasis! Oasis! Who did this to you?!
(cradles her; redresses her;
kisses her face)
Who did this to you?! Did they
touch you?! Answer me!

Her eyes flap open.

OASIS

Shylan. Fowler.

She leans into him. He looks up, his face cold and demented. Thunder sounds.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - STREETS - DAY

The orange sun sets. Grey clouds visible on the horizon. Isaiah speeds through the streets, his eyes psychotic as he feverishly searches around. Oasis, garbed in her torn and soiled dress, tails him, worried.

OASIS

Isaiah! Please, stop! Let it go!
I'm all right now! Don't make it
worse! Push the red from your mind!
(he ignores her)
Isaiah, listen to me! Please! Anger
can retreat! Find the quiet inside
you! Isaiah! Isaiah!

Her screams echo.

EXT. ROMNEY MARSH - DAY

We melt into a familiar image as Isaiah pulls Oasis through the fog.

OASIS

Isaiah! Isaiah!

Oasis views over her shoulder at the distant sirens.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

*... an eventful tragedy... this
afternoon... a man nearly burned
alive... rushed to the extensive
care unit... Queen Elizabeth The
Queen Mother Hospital on St Peter's
Road...*

Oasis gazes ahead, her hair thrashing around her.

OASIS

*I HATE YOU, ISAIAH! I HATE YOU! I
HOPE YOU DIE! I HATE YOU! I HOPE
YOU SUFFER LIKE DAD! I'D RATHER BE
ALONE AND DANCE OVER YOUR GRAVE! I
THINK I'D ENJOY THAT FAR MORE THAN
BEING ALIVE WITH YOU!*

ISAIAH

*HE WAS KILLING US! I THOUGHT YOU
AGREED WITH ME!*

(CONTINUED)

OASIS
WE DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM!

The children grow distant. A beat.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)
*... expected to live, but in
 critical condition...*

They're gone.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "6 NOVEMBER 1971."

Before sunrise. Isaiah slithers out of the shadows holding vials of digoxin, a bottle of amobarbital sodium, whiskey and syringes. In the armchair, Oasis sleeps on August's lap with Annie on hers. The telly flashes. White snow. Isaiah kneels, sets up the syringes and pierces the needles into August's bandaged shoulder. He empties all the vials. Satisfied, he forces pills and whiskey down his throat, dripping on Oasis' head. He gags. She jumps up, awake, stunned. Her hairs shed on August's shirt.

OASIS
 Isaiah, what are you doing?!

He violently shoves her back. They struggle. Annie yelps, hiding behind the telly. The commotion arouses August. He cries out and attempts to move. He can't. He clenches his jaw. Isaiah lunges at him and forces his mouth open, shoving the nose of the bottle down his throat. The children fight. Mindlessly, Isaiah shoves the empty amobarbital container into his pocket and breaks the whiskey bottle against the wall. With the shattered end, he points it at Oasis. She gasps and steps back.

ISAIAH
*IT'S DONE! OKAY?! IT'S DONE! I DID
 IT! THERE'S HONESTLY NOTHING YOU
 CAN DO ABOUT IT!*

Her eyes tear.

AUGUST
 Isaiah?
 (Isaiah turns, eyes drained of
 empathy)
 Isaiah? Why? Why do you hate me?

Isaiah glowers.

INT. SWEENEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sunrise. Isaiah, with his suitcase ready, attempts to drag Oasis out of the house. She screams and cries bloody murder as he pulls her away from August. He slowly dies. Isaiah grapples his sister by the waist and drags her outside through the kitchen door.

OASIS
WAIT! ANNIE! DAD! DAD!

It slams behind them. Annie peeks her head out from behind the telly, whimpering. August tries to strain his neck to glimpse them. His eyes fill with longing as he falls asleep.

EXT. DUNGENESS - BEACH - DAY

Isaiah struggles to yank Oasis down the shingle path.

EXT. ROMNEY MARSH - DAY

The children sprint through the marsh, disappearing into the rising sun.

EXT. SOMERS TOWN - STREETS - DAY

Sunset. The children race through the streets. Isaiah follows the sounds of Cerafina and her gang crazily laughing. He turns sharply around a corner. Oasis stops behind the outside wall, watching as...

EXT. SOMERS TOWN - ALLEYWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... Isaiah flies into a tight closing, waste-bins stacked on both sides. He halts at the sight of Cerafina and her friends, Shylan accompanying them. His face twists in indescribable rage. They look up and acknowledge him.

CERAFINA
 Is there somethin' special you
 want, bufter?

His gaze narrows sharply on Shylan. He charges at him.

ISAIAH
*WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY SISTER,
 SHYLAN?!*

(CONTINUED)

SHYLAN

It wasn't--! Fowler did most of--!
C'mon, mate!

ISAIAH

*EVIDENTLY, YOU DID ENOUGH BY NOT
DOING ANYTHING!*

He flashes his glass shard. Everyone edges back. Cerafina bravely stands her ground.

CERAFINA

Plainly, we have learned one thing.
Edith was right. Your so-called
"sister" is a hermaphrodite.

ISAIAH

DARE CALL HER THAT!

He advances on her and presses the blade against her face. She eyes it fearfully, but doesn't move. He briskly pulls the shard away. It slashes her cheek. She shrieks and falls to her knees, clutching her wound. The gang behind her look on, terrified. She glares up at him.

CERAFINA

You're both bloody crazy! Edith was right! You're homo freaks! The government will take you away! I've seen it happen!

She spits at him.

ISAIAH

*YOU DON'T KNOW EDDY VERY WELL, DO
YOU, CERAFINA?!*

He lunges at her. He physically assaults her. The older girls and Shylan move in, attempting to intervene. Oasis joins them.

OASIS

Isaiah! Please, push the red away!

A physical fight carries out. He recklessly stabs Cerafina with the shard, smearing her blood on him in the process. She winces in pain.

CERAFINA

*HE'S JUST A BOY IN A DRESS! SHE'S A
HE! YOU'RE BLOODY DELUSIONAL!*

(CONTINUED)

Isaiah fights through the group, yanking Cerafina by the hair. From his pocket, he retrieves August's lighter. Without hesitation, he flicks it and meets the flame to the ends of her hair. She jerks away from him and flails her arms. She yelps madly. Her hair quickly singes away, the flames consuming her scalp.

Isaiah leaps at her, setting more areas of her body on fire. The fire briskly travels and engulfs her arms. She screams in terror. Her gang prance around uncontrollably, shrieking. Shylan, eyes wide, runs off. Oasis gapes in utter horror. Isaiah glares through the flames.

INT. GARDEN SHED - DAY

His expression remains unchanged as August burns in agony.

EXT. SOMERS TOWN - ALLEYWAY - DAY

An ironically upbeat 60s soft rock song plays. Time slows. Cerafina twirls, screaming. Isaiah sharply turns around, meets his sister and grabs her arm. The children tear off. Police sirens approach from the distance. Cerafina, her scalp and arms swallowed in flames, collapses facedown to the ground.

EXT. SOMERS TOWN - STREETS - DAY

Smoke climbs the sky as police cars fly down the road towards it. A fire truck tails closely behind followed by an ambulance. Alo, with Annie, spectates the madness. Curious PASSERSBY join her. She seems to sense something and jogs towards the commotion. Annie loyally tracks behind her.

EXT. SOMERS TOWN - STREET BY ALLEYWAY - DAY

A chaotic crime scene. Cerafina, alive, though severely stabbed and burned, is loaded into an ambulance. Several OFFICIALS interview the remaining hysterical children. A swarm of ONLOOKERS are barred back. Alo is among the spectators. She slips away into a less crowded area. She finds Eddy, isolated, dressed in boy's attire, crouched against the wall. He stares emptily. Annie approaches him, sniffs him. He is unfazed. Alo follows her and kneels before him.

ALO

Hey, kid. You all right? You need assistance?

(CONTINUED)

(he shakes his head)
Listen, I'm currently off duty, but
I'm a chief inspector, from Kent.
Woman Detective Chief Inspector
Narine Alo.

(flashes her rank badge; he
eyes it briefly)
I know how to handle these things.
Where are your parents, kid?
Perhaps, I can--

EDDY
I know who did it.

ALO
Sorry?

EDDY
I wasn't here when it happened like
they were, but I know. They don't
know him like I do. I know it was
him. Him and his... sister.

ALO
What do they look like?

Eddy peers up.

EXT. OEDIPUS ESTATE - DAY

Isaiah and Oasis bound down the courtyard. Scorpio lies on his back and is relieved at the sight of them. He perceives the blood smeared on Isaiah. His expression grows incredibly anxious as he scans them. Oasis looks away, guilty. They exit behind the door.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

The children scurry up the stairs past Mrs Woolsworth and the Inspector standing in her doorway. She points over his shoulder, energetic.

MRS WOOLSWORTH
That's them, Inspector! That's
them!

He swerves around. Isaiah apprehensively looks over his shoulder and peers down at them. The Inspector is stunned at his state. So is Mrs Woolsworth. Police sirens from outside near. The song fades.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY

Oasis crashes through their door. Isaiah approaches it as Ms Helena peeks out, scowling. At the sight of blood on his clothes and face, her jaw drops in surprise.

MS HELENA

What the feckin' hell? Is that yours?

He barely acknowledges her as he slams the door shut behind him.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

Oasis shakily kneels to pick up Peter and strokes his back. Isaiah fetches the suitcase and feverishly packs. She eyes him disapprovingly.

OASIS

What are you doing?

ISAIAH

What do you think I'm doing? We're leaving.

OASIS

Where?

ISAIAH

America, maybe.

OASIS

America?!

ISAIAH

I don't know, Oasis!

OASIS

We can't just leave to America! Are you mad?!

He eyes her, frustrated.

ISAIAH

Really now?! You have any bright ideas because you certainly aren't helping!

She huffs and glares at him.

EXT. KENTISH TOWN - STREETS - DAY

Police cars drive through the area, sirens wailing.

EXT. OEDIPUS ESTATE - DAY

The sun bleeds a bright pink. The vehicles swerve and surround the area. From them pour out a mob of FEMALE AND MALE UNIFORMED OFFICERS. Alo and Eddy stand nearby behind an open car door. Annie trots away and sniffs the courtyard from the gate. She seems to pick up a familiar scent. A POLICE CONSTABLE stands shielded behind his door with a megaphone. Alo fights him for it.

POLICE CONSTABLE
Residents of the Wuthering
House flats! Please,
evacuate!

ALO
Let me talk to the kids,
please!

Scorpio eyes the drama around him grievously. Trucks pull up and a flood of MEDIA REPORTERS scramble out, excitedly filming and photographing the disorder. TENANTS spread out from the Wuthering House, screaming and run towards the front gate. Among them: Ms Helena; her two-year-old boy and BABY GIRL; Mrs Woolsworth; and the Inspector.

PASSERBY
Oi, somethin's happenin' at the
Oedipus place!

PEOPLE from other flats, a nearby church, pubs and businesses pour out to spectate the madness. Traffic stops. CHURCHGOERS cross themselves. Officers move in. AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS escort Scorpio on a hospital trolley. Ms Riddle walks up the street and eyes the upheaval ahead, confused and astonished. Mrs Woolsworth approaches her.

MRS WOOLSWORTH
I knew it! I knew it all along!
Those ghastly devils!

MS RIDDLE
Isaiah and Oasis?! What did they
do?!

Shouting reporters loop around Mrs Woolsworth with microphones and cameras. She seems to enjoy the attention.

(CONTINUED)

MRS WOOLSWORTH
Blood! There was blood!

MS HELENA
Lots of it! On his face!
I saw it! The devil lives
next door to me! Number
sixty-six!

Ms Riddle looks away, disgusted and eyes the building, spiritless. In the courtyard, the Inspector meets his colleagues and points.

INSPECTOR
They ran up there! Seventh floor!

The swarm crams in through the doors. Helicopters zoom loudly overhead as Alo approaches the Inspector.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

Oasis peers out of the window at the chaos below.

POLICE CONSTABLE
Residents need to evacuate the area
immediately! Reese flat, you're
barricaded!

She reels back, afraid.

OASIS
Isaiah! There's an army of them!

He ignores her as he chases around the room and desperately packs necessities.

OASIS (CONT'D)
Isaiah, listen to me. We can't keep
running away. It doesn't get rid of
the monsters. I'm just as scared as
you are likely, but I think the
best thing to do right now... We
need to turn ourselves in.

He flies at her, scared.

ISAIAH
NO! WE CAN'T DO THAT TO OURSELVES!

OASIS
Isaiah, please! America?! That's
mad! How we gonna get there?! Most
importantly, how are we going to
get past all of this?! They know
who we are!

(CONTINUED)

ISAIAH
I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T BLOODY KNOW!

She breaks into sobs.

OASIS
Isaiah, please! We need to stop
running away! We can't do this
anymore!

He protectively grips her shoulders, crying.

ISAIAH
WE CAN! TRUST ME! WE CAN!

OASIS
*NO, ISAIAH! WE CAN'T! WE'RE
CHILDREN! WE'RE JUST CHILDREN! WE
NEED HELP! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL
YOU THAT ALL ALONG! PLEASE! THE
MONSTERS WON'T EVER GO AWAY! WE'RE
THE MONSTERS!*

She shoves past him and runs towards the door. Isaiah panics. Time around them slows down.

INT. WUTHERING HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Officers line themselves up the stairs and position their guns towards the top landing. Alo is behind them.

INT. REESE FLAT - DAY

Afraid, he flies forward, grapples for her arms, twists her around and accidentally throws themselves back a little too violently. Peter runs away. She charges against him, clawing his face, shoving him away. They struggle. He powerfully releases her and stumbles backwards, losing his footing. His head collides against the radiator. Time resumes. A loud crack. His body falls limp to the floor, facedown.

Oasis peers down at him, seething, not seeming to realise what she has done. Blood seeps from an open wound on his scalp. Her face twists from fear to shock to understanding to rage to misery, overcome. She gently kneels by him, turns him to face her and cradles him in her arms. His eyes are wide open, but lifeless. Tears glaze her eyes. The sun rapidly disappears.

INT. REESE FLAT - NIGHT

Oasis gazes into Isaiah's eyes. Flashing blue police lights fill the room. A helicopter searchlight radiates from above. Oasis nestles him and hums her lullaby.

OASIS

Isaiah, please... Please, don't
leave me... Don't leave me like
Dad...

No response. She breaks down like an animal. The knob turns. The door silently opens. Alo, unseen, gradually enters, gun in hand. Annie tails her. She is stunned at what she sees. Oasis doesn't sense her. She collapses onto Isaiah, hiding her face from everything around her.

Alo slowly slithers further into the room, lowering her gun. She crouches behind Oasis, empathetic, their frames silhouetted. Alo places a hand on her shoulder. Oasis refuses to face her. The lights flood the room. We hear Oasis' voice as she sings "Oasis' Lullaby."

FADE OUT.