

NUDES

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - OAKLAND, CA - DAY

A pair of hands, palms down, on a wood/glass table.

The right hand grabs a sharpie marker and colors a small circle on the center of the left palm. Then the left hand colors a small circle on the center of the right palm.

WILLOW: 23 years old, a beautiful bohemian girl; independent; projects an effortless air of cool confidence.

She stares at the circle on her right palm; with her left hand, she puts two fingers to her neck and feels her pulse. Then closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

*FADE TO BLACK:
TITLE SEQUENCE:*

NUDES

FADE BACK IN:

INT. APARTMENT - OAKLAND, CA - DAY

Willow sits on the sofa, reading a book.

A knock on the door doesn't startle her. She takes her time to finish the page, then bookmarks her spot and answers the door.

WILLOW
Ms. Sokol, please come in.

MS. SOKOL enters the apartment. She is dressed conservatively, her head on a swivel; 40 years old, stern and matter of fact, constantly surveying her environment.

Willow pours her guest a glass of water. They stand on opposite sides of the kitchen peninsula.

Ms. Sokol takes a long, critical look at Willow, who straightens her posture and meets the lingering eyes.

MS. SOKOL
Have you been painted in the nude before?

WILLOW
Not painted, no.

MS. SOKOL
Do you think you'll be comfortable?

WILLOW
I do.

MS. SOKOL
Why?

WILLOW
Every day men stare at me and
imagine how I look naked.
Considering that, I'd say I've had
plenty of practice. And for Enok
Sokol nonetheless.

MS. SOKOL
Good. Strip, please.

WILLOW
What?

MS. SOKOL
Your clothes. Take them off, I must
examine you.

WILLOW
Of course.

Willow removes her clothes. She stands with perfect posture,
chin up, radiating confidence.

Ms. Sokol slowly circles 360 degrees. Her eyes dart all
around, taking note of every inch. As she does:

WILLOW (CONT'D)
I'm a huge fan of your son.

MS. SOKOL
As am I.

WILLOW
His last series blew me away. To
connect to the observer like
that... like, the moment when you
realize that one day you will be
one of the dead things in the
painting itself, and in that
realization you therefore become a
subject of the artist's meditation.

Ms. Sokol stops her predatory circling. Sakes a sip of water,
then stares at the liquid inside her glass:

MS. SOKOL
How often do you cry, Willow?

WILLOW
Cry? Never.

MS. SOKOL
Perfect. We leave tomorrow.

Off Willow, as she attempts to suppress her inner joy.

I/E. CAR - DAY

Ms. Sokol behind the wheel; Willow in the passenger seat.

They drive along a road that cuts through Northern California's lush coastal mountains.

Then eventually drop down into a small beach town.

And ultimately arrive at the beach house.

I/E. BEACH HOUSE - GLASS DECK - CONTINUOUS

Within the confines of the glass-enclosed deck, ENOK lays outstretched on a pool chair, music blaring, fast asleep.

ENOK: 26 year-old eccentric; famous painter; egoist who treats others merely as a means to his end.

The front door opens and slams shut.

The music stops, and Ms. Sokol and Willow appear on the deck.

MS. SOKOL
Enok? Enok, there's someone I'd like you to meet.

Still asleep.

MS. SOKOL (CONT'D)
ENOK!

He jerks awake.

ENOK
What is it?

MS. SOKOL
Darling, I want you to meet Willow.

He takes a long look at Willow, one hand sheilding his eyes from the glare of the sun.

ENOK

Oh.

She is over the moon.

WILLOW

I can't believe I'm meeting you,
I'm huge admirer of your work.

Enok cracks a grin, then (still sitting in the pool chair) reaches out his hand and gives her a limp shake.

ENOK

Quite pretty. It's a pleasure.

He looks up at the sky.

ENOK (CONT'D)

Dear God... I am afraid it's going
to rain.

Willow looks up at the sky.

WILLOW

Is it?

Enok smiles ear-to-ear.

ENOK

Yes in-deed.

Inside the house, the toilet flushes.

CAMILLE emerges from the house. She is 25 years old, quick-minded with an angry exterior; horribly possessive of Enok's attention (which amuses him greatly).

She sees Willow and stops in her tracks.

CAMILLE

What the hell is this!

Enok, without looking in her direction:

ENOK

You know what.

CAMILLE

I thought... I thought--

ENOK

What?

CAMILLE

I think it's hideous!

WILLOW

Excuse me?

Enok shrugs.

ENOK

You're certainly entitled to your opinion.

(he pats his thigh)

Come.

Camille sits on his lap, glaring at Willow with disgust.

ENOK (CONT'D)

Camille, this is Willow.

CAMILLE

Fuckin' yuck!

Enok bounces her on his knee, amused.

ENOK

Easy now. Down, pup. Down.

Willow, completely thrown off by the entire dynamic.

Off Camille, staring daggers.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Camille, still staring daggers at Willow.

They sit across from each other at the dining room table, along with Enok and Ms. Sokol. Dinner and drink in front of all four characters.

Willow pays no mind to Camille's death glare. Instead she speaks enthusiastically to an uninterested Enok, who plays with his food.

WILLOW

People have told me I look like Basquiat, like they weren't aware he had a daughter or whatever. But I never loved what he did. To be honest, I find him to be an absolute bore--

Enok reaches across the table and grabs Willow by the hands, studying the dots on her palms.

ENOK

What's this?

WILLOW

You noticed. They're an aid to lucid dreaming.

Camille scoffs.

ENOK

What do you mean?

WILLOW

I draw them on every morning. It's the first thing I do when I wake up. Then, throughout the day, every time I notice a circle on my palm, I ask myself if I am awake or asleep. If it's the former, I thank Goddess to be alive and onwards I go. If the latter is true, and I realize it is a dream, then I am able to make it lucid.

ENOK

And it works just like that?

WILLOW

Just like that.

ENOK

What do you do when you do it?

WILLOW

Anything I want.

ENOK

But specifically?

WILLOW

Usually I fly; that's my go-to. Other times, I'll meet a celebrity or historical figure and engage in fascinating conversation. Some times, I can be vengeful. And if the mood strikes, sexual--

MS. SOKOL

(slams fist on the table)
GOD-DAMN YOU ALL AND EAT!

They stop their conversation and dig in immediately.

MS. SOKOL (CONT'D)
 (calm again)
 You don't want the food to get
 cold, do you?

They eat silently.

Willow chews and swallows and--

WILLOW
 So Enok... when will you paint me?

ENOK
 Not sure.

WILLOW
 I've actually been thinking about
 this a lot... about nude paintings,
 aren't they a bit old fashioned? I
 don't want to say *elementary*, but
 it does seem like a strange genre
 for someone as accomplished and
 innovative as yourself.

ENOK
 They aren't nudes as has been done
 before.

WILLOW
 How so?

ENOK
 You'll see firsthand.

WILLOW
 When?

ENOK
 When the time is right.

CLAMOR, as Camille drops her utensils onto her plate angrily.

ENOK (CONT'D)
 Problem?

CAMILLE
 The time will never be right with
 this one.

ENOK
 Everyone has their time. You had
 yours.

CAMILLE
Had.. HAD!!! Had as in it's over?!

ENOK
Jesus Christ-- Mother?

MS. SOKOL
Now, Camille--

Camille stands up abruptly.

CAMILLE
How is she better than me, Enok?
Name one thing! One!

Enok sets his utensils down, looks Camille dead in the eye, with all seriousness.

ENOK
It doesn't have to be better. It
just has to be different.

Camille, momentarily at a loss for words, as though she has just been shot. Then she storms off to the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

Enok looks to his mother, who motions her head toward the bedroom as if to say "go after her."

Enok gets up from the table and follows Camille into the bedroom.

CAMILLE
(O.S.)
Fucking Asshole!

ENOK
(O.S.)
You knew what this was! Or are you
retarded?

CAMILLE
(O.S.)
Fuck you!

ENOK
(O.S.)
Is that it? Are you a *re-tard*?

The screaming continues, but Ms. Sokol continues to eat, as if nothing happened.

Off Willow and Ms. Sokol, alone at the dining table.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bunk beds: Willow on the top bunk, Ms. Sokol on the bottom.

The sounds of intense makeup sex between Enok and Camille in the next room over can be heard through the wall.

Ms. Sokol reads a book, as if nothing unusual is happening.

A jealous Willow attempts to muffle her ears.

INT. BEDROOM - BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Willow wakes up and climbs down from the top bunk stealthily.

She sees the car keys on the bedside table, next to Ms. Sokol, who is fast asleep.

She reaches for them--

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Keys in hand, Willow unlocks Ms. Sokol's car, hops in the driver's seat, throws her duffle bag on the passenger side.

She starts the car, backs out of the driveway.

Begins driving down the road.

Puts down the sun shade to shield her eyes.

Then brakes to complete stop. Attached to the sun shade is photo of a painting (*Enok's most famous painting? Or one of the nudes? Or a questionable photo of Enok himself?*).

Willow stares at the painting for a moment--

WILLOW

Fuck me.

She turns the car around, and reparks in the driveway of the beach house.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Willow walks along the shore, staring out at the ocean thoughtfully.

She reaches the end of the beach (the confluence where the ocean meets the lagoon).

With eyes toward the heavens, she touches two fingers to her pulse, and is at peace.

Then she sits down in the sand, eats some fruit, and writes in her journal.

She walks back to the beach house.

She spots something in the sand, picks up a seashell. Eyes the ocean with sly smile. Takes off her clothes, and wades into the water (*logistics?*).

Meanwhile, Enok watches her from the sand dunes that are in front of the beach house.

As Willow emerges from the water, Enok walks towards her with a towel. He wraps her up in it, as a parent would do for their small child.

Camille walks out onto the sanddunes. She watches their intimate embrace, fuming.

I/E. BEACH HOUSE - GLASS DECK - DAY

Willow sits in a chair, reading her book.

Camille walks out onto the deck, sets up a chair next to Willow and begins to read as well.

WILLOW

Hi.

CAMILLE

Hi.

Willow looks over at Camille, sees that she is reading the Holy Bible, and can't suppress a chuckle.

Camille mimicks her with a fake laugh.

Beat.

Willow continues to read. When she turns a page, Camille turns a page. When she takes a drink of water, Camille takes a drink. When she coughs, Camille coughs.

WILLOW

Seriously?

CAMILLE

Seriously?

WILLOW
Jesus!

CAMILLE
Jesus!

Beat.

WILLOW
(mimicky)
My name is Camille.

CAMILLE
My name is Camille.

WILLOW
I'm hopelessly insecure.

Camille glares at Willow, who glares back at her.

Beat.

Then

Willow takes out her pen and notebook and begins to jot something down.

CAMILLE
What are you writing?

WILLOW
Notes.

CAMILLE
For what?

Willow continues writing, ignores Camille's question.

WILLOW
I am so sorry, Camille.

CAMILLE
(confused)
Why?

WILLOW
Thus far, everyone in your life has
allowed you to behave this way.

Willow closes her notebook and looks up.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

It's the worst thing you can do to someone, you know: to see the way in which they error, then not say a thing. That way, you ensure that they continue to repeat their error until the day they die. It's cruel.

Camille semi-trembling, her tough exterior vanished.

CAMILLE

What-- what's my error?

Willow looks Camille dead in the eye, and a cruel grin forms on her face.

Then she stands up and walks away.

Off Camille, sad and insecure and vulnerable.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Willow sits atop the sand dunes as the sun sets on the ocean, using the last minutes of light to write in her notebook.

Enok approaches her.

ENOK

What are you writing?

Willow takes her time to finish writing her thought.

ENOK (CONT'D)

Willow?

She closes the notebook and look to him.

WILLOW

You know how I am to be a model for one of your paintings? Well you are to be a model for my next novel.

ENOK

Is that so?

WILLOW

It is.

He admires her for a moment.

ENOK

You're a cool-girl.

WILLOW
If you say so.

ENOK
Supper is nearly ready, cool-girl.
Put on something nice.

He starts back toward the house.

WILLOW
I'm not hungry.

ENOK
It's going to be an unusual dinner.
Come on, you'll want to write about
it in your "novel".

He continues on.

She thinks about it for a moment, then gets up and follows
him back.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Willow, dressed beautifully in the bathroom. She puts on the
finishing touches to her outfit: a pair of earrings, then some
lipstick.

ENOK
(O.S.)
Supper's ready!

Willow takes one last look in the mirror, then walks out to
the kitchen, where Enok sits at the dining room table.
(Ms. Sokol reads on the couch in living room.)

She stops in her tracks.

There are several bottles of booze on the table. No food.

Camille scurries past her, secures the chair next to Enok.

WILLOW
What's this?

ENOK
Game night.

CAMILLE
Ooo, what's the prize?

WILLOW
What's the game?

ENOK

I say a riddle, you each get a guess. Get it right, get a point. Get it wrong, shoot your drink. Whoever ends the night with the most points wins.

WILLOW

No thanks.

ENOK

Then don't play. Be useless. But the winner gets painted.

Beat.

Willow contemplates her options.

Then takes a seat at the table.

ENOK (CONT'D)

Fantastic!

Enok pours liquor into three cups, enough for one large gulp.

He eagerly shoots his drink, follows it up with a SHIVER and YELP, then fills it up again

ENOK (CONT'D)

Okay! What can run but never walks, has a mouth but never talks, has a head but never weeps, has a bed but never sleeps?

The girls think it over. Willow raises her hand.

ENOK (CONT'D)

Speak, schoolgirl!

WILLOW

A God.

ENOK

Nope. Camille?

CAMILLE

I-- I don't know.

ENOK

Shoot, both of you. Answer was: "a river".

The girls throw back their drinks; their faces contort.

Enok throws his back as well, fills all three up again. Specifically, he pours more in Willow's cup than the other two and pushes it toward her. She notices, and the two make silent eye contact.

ENOK (CONT'D)

What, now... what can fill up a room, but takes up no space?

CAMILLE

(directed toward Willow)
A talkative bitch.

ENOK

Drink.

CAMILLE

I was kidd--

ENOK

DRINK!

Camille drinks.

Enok turns to Willow.

WILLOW

One's ego.

ENOK

Gay. Drink.

Willow drinks.

ENOK (CONT'D)

Answer is: "*light*", my lovelies.

Enok refills their cups, pouring even more in Willow's cup this time.

ENOK (CONT'D)

Light. Okay--

CAMILLE

Hey, she got more than me!

ENOK

Shut up--

CAMILLE

I want what she has!

ENOK

YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU'RE GIVEN!

Beat.

ENOK (CONT'D)
Now... what is so fragile that
saying its name breaks it?

WILLOW
A pleasant ambiance.

CAMILLE
A sand castle!

ENOK
Both wrong. Drink.

They do, begrudgingly.

But Willow has so much in her cup that she can only take one
small sip at a time.

ENOK (CONT'D)
The answer is: *silence*. This might
take all night.

CAMILLE
Can we please play something else?

ENOK
No.

CAMILLE
I know! Enok, truth or dare!

A moment of silent anticipation as he considers his options.

ENOK
Truth.

CAMILLE
What do you think of me?

ENOK
I don't.

The answer hits Camille like a gut punch. Completely
deflated, she sips her drink unsolicited.

ENOK (CONT'D)
Where were we?

Camille stares down at the table silently, still deflated.

Willow keeps sipping.

ENOK (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

What does man love more than life,
hate more than death or mortal
strife...

Willow slowly makes a dent in her cup.

ENOK (CONT'D)

That which contented men desire;
the poor have, the rich require...

As she does, everything around her begins to fade to black.

ENOK (CONT'D)

The miser spends, the spendrift
saves, and all men carry to their
graves.

Willow finishes her cup, and everything is BLACK.

Beat.

CAMILLE

(O.S.)

Nothing.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Willow finds herself on the bathroom floor, head resting on the brim of the toilet seat.

The sound of Camille's WAILING and WEEPING fills the house.

Willow crawls out of the bathroom and looks down the hall, to where the sound of crying is coming from.

The door of the master bedroom is open. Enok sits in a chair before a blank canvas. Brush in hand, he plays with some paint in his easel.

A bottle of whiskey on the floor; he picks it up, takes a pull, then notices Willow and something inaudible.

An arm reaches out (Ms. Sokol, but we can't see her face) and closes the door.

CAMILLE

(O.S. ; sobbing)

I-- don't-- know-- what-- I-- did--
to-- deserve-- this!

ENOK

(O.S.)

SHUT UP! YOU ARE WORN OUT AND WORN
THROUGH!

Willow crawls drunkenly into her bedroom.

CAMILLE

(O.S.)

But-- please-- Enok--

ENOK

(O.S.)

HOLD STILL!

Camille continues to sob uncontrollably.

Willow can't make it to the top bunk, and falls onto the
bottom bunk.

ENOK (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

I SAID HOLD STILL!

Off Willow, passed out cold.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Nobody in the living room.

Nobody on the deck.

No cars in the driveway.

THUD!

Willow stumbles out of bed, hung over as hell.

He drags herself into the kitchen, fills a glass of water in
the sink and drinks it desperately.

It doesn't relieve her pain; she collapses onto the living
room couch, head in her hands.

Enter Enok, nearly naked, holding a whip in his hand.

ENOK

Did you have fun last night?

WILLOW

What are you-- I don't remember.
Where is everybody?

ENOK
Gone like the wind.

Enok whips himself in the back with CRACK! Then emits an exhale of pleasure.

ENOK (CONT'D)
Let's fornicate.

WILLOW
No.

ENOK
Why not?

WILLOW
I'm not into masochists.

ENOK
Is that what I am?

CRACK! Another pleasurable exhale.

WILLOW
You really get hard from that?

ENOK
Unfortunately I didn't have enough childhood trauma to get aroused like the average person.

CRACK!

Willow giggles, very amused.

WILLOW
Oh, I think you had just the right amount.

ENOK
I also like choking. Being choked. You have nice hands for it. Christ, perfect fucking hands.

WILLOW
Hands?

ENOK
Slender. Unlike the pudgy bear paws those other animals possess.

CRACK!

WILLOW
You are so strange.

ENOK
You don't like it?

WILLOW
I never said that.

ENOK
Makes for a good story, huh?

WILLOW
Some things really do.

CRACK!

Off Willow. Her face says it all: she's into it.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

After sex, Willow lays in bed, pleased with herself.

The sound of a long, satisfying piss can be heard from the bathroom. It stops.

Enok re-enters the bedroom; admires Willow for a moment.

ENOK
You look happy.

WILLOW
(she shrugs)
Sure.

ENOK
It's okay to admit it.

WILLOW
When is it that you will paint me exactly? I'm truly in the mood for it, moreso now than any time since I've been here.

Beat.

ENOK
You said "sure."

WILLOW
I did...

ENOK
That's not affirmative.

WILLOW
It is, technically.

Enok takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself.

ENOK
I just wish people would be more expressive. I really wish that. Using language as a veil is a misuse of language.

WILLOW
I said I was happy--

ENOK
Saying "sure" is so fucking gay, Willow! This is America, okay? Nothing bad is gonna happen if you say you're happy!

He storms out of the room.

Exasperated and confused, she follows him.

WILLOW
Enok! Enok, what's the matter?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Enok is crouched down on all fours like a chimpanzee.

ENOK
(earnestly)
I apologize for my outbursts. I can't help it. I'm a passionate ape.

He starts roaming around the room, acting like a monkey.

ENOK (CONT'D)
OOO! OOO! OOO! OOO! OOO! OOO!

Willow is speechless.

ENOK (CONT'D)
(breaking character)
Come on, Willow! Join me. It's only fun if you really commit.
(he reverts back to ape)
OOO! OOO! OOO! OOO! OOO! OOO! OOO!

She remains frozen.

ENOK (CONT'D)
 000! 000! 000! 000! 000! 000! 000!

He finally realizes that she is never going to join in, and stops his ape act.

ENOK (CONT'D)
 Sorry.

Beat.

He spots some of his clothes strewn across a chair and gets dressed.

ENOK (CONT'D)
 My attempts to connect beyond the sexual... (beyond first assumptions and instead toward first principles, the metaphysical, into the past, the primal...) they always fail.

WILLOW
 It's okay.

ENOK
 I truly am sorry. I don't know how to behave sometimes.

WILLOW
 No worries. Nobody does.

ENOK
 For me, after sex is one of those times. Lot of shame in the act, isn't it? Sweaty and selfish and self-indulging. Society looks down at self-indulgence these days, don't you think? I feel their disapproval. I really feel it. But I refuse to feel shame. I think it's unfair, I shrug it off!

He waits for her to respond, but she is frozen.

ENOK (CONT'D)
 What do you think?

She is turned off. She doesn't want to be here.

WILLOW
 I don't know.

ENOK

Every person in the world is selfish, even when they're unselfish. So why do they still do that to me?

WILLOW

Do what?

ENOK

Try to make me feel small.

WILLOW

Because we are small.

ENOK

Not really.

WILLOW

Yes! Think of stars and planets and all that.

He doesn't like her attitude.

ENOK

Think of atoms, electrons, quarks. Have you ever seen one with the naked eye?

WILLOW

You know I haven't.

ENOK

Well I've seen a star...
(throws his hands up)
So fuck off.

Enok storms off, out through the front door, slamming it behind him.

Off Willow, annoyed and confused.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - PORCH - EVENING/NIGHT

Willow sits out on the back porch, writing in her notebook as the sun sets behind the dunes.

The front door opens and Enok enters the house, a pizza box in hand. He goes to her.

She finishes her writing before she meets his gaze.

ENOK

Hungry?

Off Willow, hungry indeed.

INT. DINING ROOM (OR GLASS DECK?) - CONTINUOUS

They sit across from each other at the dining table.

Willow eats a slice of pizza. Enok does not touch his food. Just watches her eat.

ENOK

I apologize for my behavior earlier.

WILLOW

It's alright. Intamacy can be overwhelming.

ENOK

I know it was big turn off for a girl like you.

WILLOW

What kind of girl is that?

ENOK

One man might define you as a cool-girl. Another man might define you as a *cunt*.

She stiffens up.

WILLOW

And which man are you?

ENOK

I'm the third type of man. I don't have a definition for you because that would require I give you any thought whatsoever. And I don't. Not an iota. You aren't worth it.

WILLOW

Oh yeah, you *totally* haven't given this *any* thought at all.

ENOK

I am the ideal man, Willow.

(she scoffs)

I am!

(MORE)

ENOK (CONT'D)

Not ideal for the individuals whose paths I cross -- you, Camille, etcetera -- but rather, ideal for society, for humanity. My actions push mankind forward. In doing so, the individual may fall at the wayside, and guess what?

WILLOW

You don't care.

ENOK

Exactly. I don't.

WILLOW

So that was a performance earlier? All those apologies and confessions childish insecurity? And the barage of barbed insults, those are completely off the cuff, you give them zero thought ahead of time? Bull shit.

ENOK

I--

WILLOW

You are a liar. You acted like an inexperienced little boy earlier. I saw you, and you cared. Too much.

ENOK

I put myself out there earlier, and you don't say a god-damn thing! I tried to connect--

He sees her satisfied smirk and stops in his tracks.

Beat.

She's won this round. Marinate in this moment.

She gets up from the table and retreats into the bedroom.

As she walks away:

ENOK (CONT'D)

(irate)

AHHHHFUCCKKK!

He picks up a slice of pizza and throws it against the wall.

She enters the bedroom, closing the door and locking it behind her.

She stares at her palms; her hands tremble with anger.

I/E. BEDROOM - BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Waves crash softly against the shore.

Willow, fast asleep in the master bedroom.

She rolls over onto her side, opens her eyes sleepily, then jerks awake startled.

WILLOW

E-- Enok?

Enok sits hunched forward in chair at the foot of the bed. He holds an iron fire poker, twiddling it around, then smacking the end of it in the palm of his hand.

He leers at her, mouth open, but says nothing.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

What-- what are you doing in here?

Beat.

ENOK

Whatever I want.

WILLOW

Are you trying to scare me?

ENOK

Not *murder*, you fucking thespian.
I'm just wanted a stare.

WILLOW

Well I don't like it, please stop.

ENOK

Can't. I've always had a staring
problem. Ever since I was school
boy, alarming all the school girls.
How the tides have turned, eh?
School girls became cool girls, I
became me... look at us now.

He stands up and paces round the room.

ENOK (CONT'D)

I may live forever, Willow. Do you
know why? Because you are not
unique. My fuel, I mine you.

(MORE)

ENOK (CONT'D)

Just a piece of pussy, like a pocket of oil. And there are so many of you out there, I may never run out.

WILLOW

Stop it.

ENOK

Pardon?

WILLOW

Please stop it.

ENOK

Stop what?

WILLOW

Being mean.

ENOK

Am I? Okay. Value for value. I'll stop being mean, but you have to do something for me.

WILLOW

What?

Beat.

Enok stares her in the face, contemplating his options.

ENOK

Make yourself ugly.

WILLOW

What?

ENOK

Make. Your. Self. *Ug-ill-lee.*

WILLOW

How?

Enok shrugs.

ENOK

However. Use your imagination.

WILLOW

I already am. I'm sleepy, I'm not dressed or showered or wearing any makeup--

ENOK

NOW!

She contorts her face, distorting her cheeks, lips, eyes, tongue, mouth--

ENOK (CONT'D)

More!

He stares at her with a wild intensity that is demanding.

This time she uses her hands to pull on her face: her cheeks, mouth, eyes, lips, nose, tongue--

ENOK (CONT'D)

UGLIER!!!

She keeps on what she is doing, except now she is flailing her body all over the bed, screaming desperately--

ENOK (CONT'D)

KEEP ON GOING,
ON!
GO!!
ING!!!

She does as she is told, by this time exhausted, slobbering all over herself, at the verge of tears.

Enok starts to laugh.

She sees him and stops what she is doing, nearly broken.

They lock eyes.

Enok leans down and kisses her gently on the forehead.

Then puts his lips to her ear and whispers something that we can't hear.

She is at a loss, looking as though she has just been shot.

WILLOW

What???

Enok nods, slowly and seriously.

She can't help herself: she breaks down crying.

At first, a slow trickle.

It ramps up, and the trickle becomes a stream.

Eventually, she is sobbing uncontrollably, face down on the bed.

When she finally looks up, Enok stands in front of an easel and canvas, paintbrush in hand.

His eyes are filled with a wild intensity, oscillating back and forth between her and his canvas.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

W-wh-what?

ENOK

Hold still, my weeping!

She sits up straight.

WILLOW

Now?

ENOK

HOLD STILL--

Then she stands up defiantly.

WILLOW

No!

ENOK

NO!

WILLOW

W-wh-what?

ENOK

Hold still, my weeping!

She sits up straight.

WILLOW

Now?

ENOK

HOLD STILL--

Then she stands up defiantly.

WILLOW

NO!

ENOK

NO!

WILLOW
W-wh-what?

ENOK
Hold still, my weeping!

She sits up straight.

WILLOW
Now?

ENOK
HOLD STILL--

Then she stands up defiantly.

WILLOW
NO!

ENOK
NO!

He drops his paintbrush and charges her, wrestles her down to the bed again. With one hand around her neck, the other cocked back and ready to strike:

ENOK (CONT'D)
I swear to fucking god, Willow!

She curls up again, crying, trembling with fear.

He returns to his canvas, trembling with pleasure.

ENOK (CONT'D)
LORD KNOWS HOW MUCH I FUCKING NEED
THIS!

As he paints, Willow emits quiet sobs she can't suppress.

ENOK (CONT'D)
I, I, I, I am! The one encounter in
your life that can never be
repeated!

Enok, painting ferociously:

ENOK (CONT'D)
And you can't stand me. In the end,
none of you art whores can. And
that's the problem with people like
you.

FEROCIOUSLY.

ENOK (CONT'D)
You don't love the star in me. You
can't. But, oh boy, do you love the
constellations.

Willow's sobs continue.

Then a door creaks open.

ENOK (CONT'D)
See, Mother...

Willow looks up.

Ms. Sokol stands next to her son, quite closely, her head
leaning on his shoulder.

ENOK (CONT'D)
I told you it was going to rain.

Enok and his mother stare at Willow.

She stares right back.

Ms. Sokol puts her lips to Enok's ear and whispers something.

ZOOM IN CONTINUOUSLY

Whispering, whispering...

Kiss on the cheek.

Whispering, whispering...

Tongue in the ear.

Mouth sucks on the ear.

Tongue in the ear, around the ear.

Ear in mouth.

THE END