

THE BEAUTY IN YOU

Written by

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Based on the short story 'The Beauty in You' by Emma Ennis

FADE IN:

EXT. TOWNLAND/HIGH ABOVE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

Floating in a shaft of light dizzyingly high above a suburban street. Flying lazily at first then more determined toward a townhouse along the lines of American Horror Story season 1. STEPS lead to the front door.

The shaft of light finds a window on the second floor where there's a crack in the curtains. It rushes inside.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Curtains billow. The light leaps off the sill, onto carpeted floor where it scampers over some items of discarded clothing.

The light climbs onto the side of the bed near the head, and runs over to the opposite pillow. It stops on the face of DANIEL(late 30s, ruggedly handsome).

His eyes are closed, like he's sleeping but then his face screws up with passion. He MOANS and opens his eyes.

He reaches up and the shot widens to show his hands cup the face of BROWN(late 20s, curvy, long treacle-brown hair) who is naked and sitting astride him. Her eyes are closed with concentration as she rocks back and forth.

He slides his hands down her throat, over her breasts, down to her hips, which he grips to help her rock. They lock eyes and their breathing and movements intensify.

Daniel grabs Brown and flips her around so he's on top. He throws her leg over his arm and gets back down to it. Brown closes her eyes, arches with pleasure, grabs his buttocks.

They climax and Daniel collapses beside her. A second later, he props himself on his elbow and looks down at--

BROWN

Her cheeks are flushed. Her hair tumbles off the edge of the pillow like a waterfall. There is a subtle HALO OF LIGHT around her.

Outside of Daniel's point of view, Brown looks normal - no halo. She smiles and it touches Daniel. He runs his finger along her jaw.

DANIEL  
Let me paint you.

BROWN

Paint me?

DANIEL

Yeah. Like with brushes and paint and stuff.

Brown laughs and slaps his shoulder. After a beat she turns serious.

BROWN

Naked?

Daniel fiddles with her hair while he thinks.

DANIEL

Not necessarily, if that makes you uncomfortable. You could keep your underwear on. Or, my personal favourite, strategically placed silk.

Brown blinks up at him for a beat, doing some deliberating of her own. She looks bashful.

BROWN

Okay.

DANIEL

Yeah?

BROWN

Yeah.

Excited, Daniel springs onto his hands and knees above her. He kisses away her laughter.

DANIEL

C'mon then. What're you waiting for?

BROWN

Right now?

Daniel bounces the mattress beneath her.

DANIEL

Yes, right now. Right now is the best now there is.

He shoulder rolls off the bed and tosses a man's bathrobe Brown's way. She puts it on. For himself he chooses only last night's jeans from the floor.

DANIEL  
(holding out his hand)  
C'mon!

Laughing, Brown takes his hand and allows herself to be dragged from the bedroom to the--

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Daniel opens a door to another BEDROOM.

DANIEL  
Nope.

Daniel pulls Brown onward and opens another door, this one to a BATHROOM.

DANIEL  
Nope.

They continue along the hall to the--

STAIRWELL

--and descend to the--

FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY

As they move through the house they pass EASELS standing in various places. Some hold empty canvasses, some hold partially finished paintings. There are PAINTINGS decorating the walls.

The house has a passed-down-through-the-generations, 'gentlemen's club' look and feel - wood and leather and brocaded soft furnishings. It reeks of money, old and new. There is little by way of a female touch.

Daniel pulls Brown through the first floor and stops at yet another doorway - a LIBRARY OFFICE.

DANIEL  
Definitely not.

Onward again until Daniel opens the door to the LIVING ROOM. He pauses and eyes the room, creating the scene in his mind.

It's a magnificent space with enormous FRENCH DOORS at the opposite end and WOOD PANELLING on the walls, but right now it's a junk reservoir.

DANIEL  
Perfect.

Brown looks at Daniel like he's lost the last of his marbles. Oblivious, he goes to lead her into the room but she digs in her heels.

BROWN  
I want to get ready.

DANIEL  
You are ready.

Daniel tries to pull her inside again but Brown pulls back.

BROWN  
Don—

DANIEL  
Dan.  
(upon her confused  
look)  
My name's Daniel.

BROWN  
(mouths)  
Oh.

They laugh awkwardly. Brown catches her bottom lip with her teeth, embarrassed.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
Well, Dan, posing like that is  
intense. And invasive. I at least  
want to brush my hair, wash my  
teeth... Go to the toilet.

Daniel takes Brown's face in his hands.

DANIEL  
You're right. Yes. You need to feel  
comfortable.  
(kisses her)  
Not too much makeup or anything  
though. Keep it natural.

It's Brown's turn to kiss Daniel, and it's clear she would like to do it for longer, and a lot more besides, but he's impatient to get started.

DANIEL  
Go on.

He smacks her ass and propels her down the hall.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Bring the sheet from the bed. And  
don't be long.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel starts moving the junk up against the inner wall. In the centre of the room is a large Persian blue-type RUG. Daniel scatters CUSHIONS on top. He closes the heavy drapes on the French doors and lights the FIRE.

He sets up his EASEL in front of the rug, facing the French doors. He roots out a stool from among the stuff he's already moved, dusts it off and sets it in place.

He's surveying the scene when Brown enters in her robe, a SHEET draped over her arm. She glides up beside Daniel and slips her hand into his.

Turning to face her, Daniel takes the sheet and tosses it aside. While holding her gaze he undoes the girdle of her bathrobe, letting it slide down off her shoulders. Hands on her naked hips, he leans in close.

DANIEL

Lie down.

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