

Seduction of an Innocent

Written and to be Directed by

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FADE IN:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The RESTAURANT, scattered with couples, is like a large, white canopy, with string lights along the ceiling. It is lit only by the tiny lights, which makes the soft conversations all the more intimate.

One such dialogue of intimacy happens twixt two women, as a waitress walks away with their finished plates. The camera slowly circles the two and dollies-in... a downward spiral into lust.

The woman with the bleach-white hair, clear beads threaded all over, wears a polka-dotted dress. Her name is GLORIA WHITTAKER. She holds, in one hand, a mask. It's elegant and covers the entire face, with a smaller mask designed atop it. Another, cheaper mask, rests in front of her on the table next to her empty wine glass.

GLORIA

...but I've gone on about myself
for too long, Bianca. And maybe had
a little too much to drink.

She sets the elegant mask down in front of the other woman, next to her full wine glass. She leans forward and raises her rear far more seductively than perhaps is needed. Then she sits down, a little proud of herself for not falling over.

BIANCA BARKER-BATHORY slowly spins a spoon lengthwise twixt her thumbs and forefingers. Her crimson hair is parted to the left, and she wears a black, sleeveless dress that zips up front, bust to hem.

BIANCA

Part of my job is listening to
people, I'm sorry.

GLORIA rests her chin on her folded hands, like a horny, slightly drunk bird of prey, and looks lustfully into BIANCA'S eyes.

GLORIA

You think I'm work, eh?

BIANCA

I think you're lovely, Ms.
Whittaker.

GLORIA

Shame I still don't know your last
name.

BIANCA

Barker-Bathory.

GLORIA raises her eyebrows in disbelief.

GLORIA
(mockingly)
My, what lovely alliteration you
have.

BIANCA
All the better to know you with, my
dear.

GLORIA smiles at BIANCA'S ability to keep up with her
faerietale knowledge.

GLORIA
What job makes you a good listener?

BIANCA
I own a company. My hobby keeps me
listening, too.

GLORIA
What's your hobby?

BIANCA tilts her head puckishly.

BIANCA
A secret one.

GLORIA rolls her eyes, faking her annoyance.

GLORIA
What about pets?

BIANCA
I have two kinda-dogs, Wendy and
Lisa.

GLORIA
Maybe they can meet Selena, my
kinda-cat.

BIANCA
(smirking)
Maybe.

GLORIA sighs adoringly.

GLORIA
And here I thought getting picked
up at a masquerade ball would've
been boring. What's that like?
Owning a company as a woman? My job
at the museum makes my legs ache.

BIANCA
I only know how to do anything as a
woman so, I suppose, it fits like a
pair of silk panties.

GLORIA
Are you wearing them now?

GLORIA surprises herself with her forwardness.

BIANCA, however, is amused.

GLORIA
(cont'd)
Wow, could I be more slutty...

BIANCA
Being a perv doesn't make you a
slut, Gloria. And no.

GLORIA
"No?"

BIANCA
I left my Agent Provacteur on my
bed.

GLORIA smirks.

GLORIA
Oh.

BIANCA
Is there truth in your fiction?
From the masquerade?

GLORIA'S smirk grows into a perverted grin.

GLORIA
I dunno, you'll have to tell me. I
just know that I love to fuck.

GLORIA sighs, embarrassed.

GLORIA
(cont'd)
The things you do to me.

BIANCA
And haven't done yet.

GLORIA bites her lower lip in hopeful antici... pation.

GLORIA
You have a very interesting last
name, Ms. Barker-Bathory.

BIANCA
My parents married, but didn't take
each other's last names so, when I
entered their lives, they gave both
to me.

GLORIA
Makes you sound...

BIANCA
Married?

GLORIA
Regal.

BIANCA smirks, almost giggling, as she plays with the slider of her dress' zipper.

BIANCA
That's a little better than
married.

A peek under the table of BIANCA'S bare foot trailing up and down GLORIA'S fishnetted right calf.

BIANCA
(cont'd)
Especially now. I love your legs.
Does this hurt?

GLORIA
I didn't work today. Is there...
something else you could love?

GLORIA opens her legs.

[This next portion plays through the women's eyes, as if they're the only ones who matter in the whole world...]

BIANCA puts down the spoon and picks up her glass of red wine.

BIANCA
Maybe.

GLORIA glances around and scoots her chair closer to the table, until her chest presses against it.

GLORIA
Maybe a little?

BIANCA gently shakes her head as she sips her wine.

BIANCA
Maybe a lot.

A peek under the table as BIANCA'S foot raises high between GLORIA'S thighs.

GLORIA
Oh yeah?

GLORIA slowly drops her hands to the sides of the table, gripping them as her body rolls with the foot massage. GLORIA begins to close her eyes.

BIANCA

Yeah.

BIANCA brings the glass to her lips, as the screen fades to black.

Only the sound of GLORIA'S breathing is heard. It begins to slow and grow heavy, then turns into little moans.

GLORIA

(v/o)

My voice can get pretty high.

BIANCA

(v/o)

I bet.

And, suddenly, light.

GLORIA'S eyes EXPLODE open as the camera becomes a CLOSE-UP tennis match between the lustful women. She sits back, adjusting herself, and looks around for someone who could've spotted them.

BIANCA

No one heard you.

GLORIA sighs with a tinge of relief/regret.

GLORIA

Then why'd you stop?

BIANCA

I'd like to keep it that way.

She holds up her glass.

BIANCA

(cont'd)

And I still have more wine.

GLORIA snatches the glass with a grin, drinking as much as she can before coughing while BIANCA watches, amused.

BIANCA then leans in with her napkin and dabs the wine around GLORIA'S ebony lipstick.

GLORIA

I guess we better go to your place,
Ms. Barker-Bathory.

BIANCA licks the wine-stained napkin.

BIANCA

I guess so.

INT. BIANCA'S LOFT APARTMENT - LATER

The freight elevator rises to the floor. The two make out as if they taste like candy, the sweetest white chocolate.

GLORIA can't keep her hands off of BIANCA.

BIANCA is more still, but is still enjoying herself. Her only allowance of flesh is a gentle caress of GLORIA'S right thigh. She pushes herself away, her red lipstick smeared with her kissing partner's black lipstick.

BIANCA

I have to open the door.

GLORIA pulls her object of lust close, lips smeared in a similar way.

GLORIA

Mmm, no, you don't.

BIANCA

I will when you hear where I found
a dead rat once.

GLORIA pushes her away.

GLORIA

Yeah, open the door.

BIANCA lifts the door and lets GLORIA walk into her APARTMENT. She follows and, after pressing a button, BIANCA lowers the door slowly.

The elevator whines its way up.

Being a loft, it's essentially one giant room. One wall as a series of windows with a second-story view of the neighborhood. BIANCA keeps the loft sparse. Different rugs are scattered on the wooden floor like patches. All the lighting on the inside comes from white cubes on the floor. A canopied bed occupies one corner, and a kitchen area occupies another. A wine rack as high and wide as the grave stands next to the refrigerator. The BATHROOM is tucked away by the kitchen area.

The camera favors GLORIA.

BIANCA

I know it's not much, with my
career and all...

GLORIA

Hmm?

BIANCA

But take a look around. I'm gonna
get more...

She gestures to her clothes.

BIANCA
(cont'd)
You know.

GLORIA smiles pervertedly.

GLORIA
Then your lips can finish what your
foot started.

She makes a disappointed noise.

GLORIA
(cont'd)
That sounded better in my--

BIANCA shuts her up with a kiss, then goes to the BATHROOM.

GLORIA looks around the APARTMENT. She then goes to the antique, mirrorless dresser near the bed. On her way, she glances at a pair of silk panties on the comforter. She looks above the dresser, on the brick wall, at two framed reproductions: Caravaggio's Judith Beheading Holofernes and Jacques Resch's Retour.

Cut to a CLOSE-UP profile of her as she squints at the Neo-Surreal Retour, and leans in close to the Baroque Judith.

GLORIA
(cont'd)
Wow, a Caravaggio.

Her legs waft under her dress as she walks to the window wall, then stands at it on her tip-toes.

She observes the bar below, across the street. It's loud enough to be heard even where she is, and has the only people around for at least two blocks in any direction. Her breath lightly fogs the window.

Her fingers trail her neck, remembering the magic at the table.

GLORIA
(cont'd)
You kn--

A butcher's knife STABS through the base of her skull.

The blade goes THROUGH her mouth, CHIPPING a tooth, and the tooth HITS the floor.

GLORIA'S head SLAMS into the window as the blade PIERCES through the glass by inches.

The elevator GROANS downwards, bringing tendrils of fog with it.

QUICK SHOTS of GLORIA FRANTICALLY SQUIRMING as she CHOKES on her blood, the same blood that's staining her bleach-white hair and polka-dotted dress. The same blood that SPLATTERS onto the window, with cracks spiderwebbing from the blade.

Her screams turn to gurgled groans... then coughs... then nothing.

BIANCA waits until the victim is utterly dead. Her dress is completely unzipped, revealing her nakedness but not exposing it. She's almost free to be herself.

BIANCA YANKS the knife out and watches the corpse DROP onto a rug.

Its heartbroken eyes are frozen open.

The elevator door is raised and the fog belches outward.

BIANCA

Make sure her right leg is ok,
Wendy. I don't want the same
mistake that happened to Camille.

The camera contra-zooms into a DUTCH, MEDIUM SHOT as a woman steps out. A woman in only the loosest term. Her grotesque figure is hunched over, wrapped in bandages, and her back is covered with long nixie tubes. Four on either side. The glass tubes flicker various numbers with a red-orange, pulsing glow. The bandages are tattered, dangling, and molding. Around her neck is a strange, black, leather collar.

The grotesque woman goes to BIANCA. Each step is helped by her spike-like crutches that are stitched to her wrists. Her eyes, wholly blood-red, twitch as they examine parts of the room before seeing the late GLORIA. The steps grow quicker as she makes her way to the corpse.

The hem of the corpse's dress is flung up, and the grotesque woman gazes at the right leg as a fly would its meal, eerily gray hair hanging. WENDY looks at BIANCA.

WENDY

The leg is good.

Her voice is beautiful.

WENDY looms over the corpse, and BIANCA towers over her.

BIANCA

Splendid. Begin your preparations,
my little Murderhound, and tell
your sister to clean the blood.

(MORE)

BIANCA (cont'd)
(smirking)
I shall have a bit of wine and a
bath.

WENDY
Yes, my queen.

Now given her title, BIANCA is able to be herself. She lets her dress drop like the newly dead as she walks away.

WENDY
(cont'd, quietly)
Yes, my queen.

Clinking of a wine bottle can be heard.

WENDY gets closer to the corpse, to the camera, and steals one last look with her terrifying eyes.

CUT TO BLACK