

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 detached townhouse-cum-mansion. 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 crosses the floor, climbs onto the foot of the bed and runs up the shape of a body under the tousled covers. It moves over the pillow and stops on the face of a man, DANIEL(late 30s, ruggedly handsome).

Daniel stir and wakes. After a beat he smiles and rolls over, revealing a woman sleeping next to him. He props himself on his elbow and his appreciative gaze travels down the line of her curves. Her long TREACLE-BROWN(late 20s) hair spreads out over the pillow and tumbles like a waterfall off the edge.

FROM DANIEL'S POINT OF VIEW there is a subtle HALO OF LIGHT around her.

Outside of his POV, Treacle-Brown looks normal - no halo.

Daniel runs his finger along her jaw, down her neck and across her shoulder to her arm, wakening her. She smiles sleepily and it touches him.

DANIEL  
Let me paint you.

TREACLE-BROWN  
Paint me?

DANIEL  
Yeah. Like with brushes and paint and stuff.

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

TREACLE-BROWN  
Naked?

Daniel fiddles with her hair while he deliberates.

DANIEL

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

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

TREACLE-BROWN

Okay.

DANIEL

Yeah?

TREACLE-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?

TREACLE-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 Treacle-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, Treacle-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. His gazes runs over the room, sizing it up for what he has in mind.

DANIEL

Nope.

Daniel pulls Treacle-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 Treacle-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, creating the scene in his mind.

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

DANIEL

Perfect.

Treacle-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.

TREACLE-BROWN

I want to get ready.

DANIEL

You are ready.

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

TREACLE-BROWN

Don-

DANIEL

Dan.

(upon her confused  
look)

My name's Daniel.

TREACLE-BROWN

(mouths)

Oh.

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

TREACLE-BROWN (CONT'D)

Well, Dan, posing like that's 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 Treacle-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.

He goes into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Daniel has moved all the junk up against the inner wall. The FIRE is newly lighting. In the centre of the room is a large Persian blue-type RUG and he has scattered CUSHIONS on top. The heavy drapes on the French doors are closed.

He is setting up his EASEL in front of the rug, facing the French doors, then 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 Treacle-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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