

PATRONAGE

Written by

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In blackness, moaning.

Heavy breathing.

A man's voice and a woman's.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Up on the moaners. Sophia and Ian (late 20s) are having the best sex of their lives.

We start very close, holding tight on their faces.

We slowly move back, without cutting. Sophia rakes Ian's back with her left hand, and we see a wedding band on her finger.

She rolls him over and begins to ride him. His hands hold her breasts. We see a matching ring on his finger.

He pinches a nipple and she moans louder.

The camera continues backward. They remain the focus of the shot, but as we dolly out we see that they're in a huge bed in the middle of a huge wood paneled room.

Ian's hands go to Sophia's hips. He pulls himself deeper into her as she continues to ride him.

As the shot becomes wider still, we notice that they aren't alone in the room. Someone is watching them.

It is an attractive woman in her seventies. This is ANTONIA DELACORTE (70s). She rests her chin on a cane and watches the bed intently.

The camera finally loses interest in the couple. It spins to the woman and quickly closes in on her face. She's aroused, breathing heavily.

The moaning from the bed gets louder, the couple gets closer and closer to orgasm.

Antonia licks her lips, the moaning gets louder still.

SMASH TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE: PRODUCE SECTION - EVENING

Months earlier.

Sophia and Ian are shopping. They're happy and in love. Dressed casually, but well.

Ian pushes a shopping cart. Sophia takes things off the shelves and puts them into the cart.

She picks up a couple of avocados and weighs them in her hands. It's a little bit erotic.

Ian comes up behind her and kisses her neck. She smiles and spins around and drapes her arms over his shoulders and kisses him.

We notice, from behind a produce island, an old woman watching them. It's Antonia. She's immaculately put together and remarkably sexy. She leans on a lion's head cane.

INT. GROCERY STORE: DAIRY SECTION - CONTINUOUS

Ian and Sophia make their way to the dairy aisle. He opens a carton of eggs and makes sure none are broken. He hands the carton to Sophia.

Antonia walks by and deliberately runs into Sophia, causing her to drop the eggs. They shatter on the floor.

ANTONIA

I'm so sorry!

SOPHIA

Don't worry about it!

IAN

They've got more.

Antonia laboriously bends down to pick up the dripping carton.

SOPHIA

No, please, let me.

ANTONIA

I'm so clumsy.

SOPHIA

Really, it's completely fine.

ANTONIA

You must let me take you to dinner
to apologize.

IAN

No, really, that's not--

SOPHIA

We'd love to!

Ian shoots Sophia a look. She shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's a reasonably swanky place. They're just finishing a
convivial dinner, and each has an empty cocktail glass.

IAN

Thank you so much, that was
amazing.

SOPHIA

It really was. We haven't eaten
out in-- Too long.

IAN

(explaining:)
We're artists.

SOPHIA

Which means we have no money.

Ian laughs. Antonia doesn't.

ANTONIA

What sort of art do you do?

SOPHIA

Well, we're not *really* artists. I
mean, we are, we went to art
school. And we work on the
weekends. But we're-- We work day
jobs. Ian does graphic design, and
I make chalkboard signs.

Antonia looks politely interested. Sophia enjoys talking,
and keeps right on doing it.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Like, you know those signs outside sidewalk cafes and in pretentious coffee shops? I make those, and sell them online.

ANTONIA

Do you enjoy it?

SOPHIA

God no, it's awful.

IAN

But it pays the bills.

SOPHIA

Sometimes.

IAN

Mostly.

Antonia watches their banter. She seems to enjoy it. Through her eyes we see their youth and ease with one another.

SOPHIA

And we meet the strangest people. Freelancing feels like speed dating sometimes. You get to know all sorts of people. But it's weird, because they never really get to know you at all. They hire you and don't think about it ever again, but you spend *days* working on a project for someone, so you think about them all the time. And they might not even remember your name.

Ian picks up her baton like a runner.

IAN

Well, that's not just our day jobs, though.

(to Antonia:)

When I take off my Clark Kent glasses and change into Superartist I'm a photographer, and she's a painter, so we both spend time staring at people. I'll shoot someone's portrait and spend hours zoomed in on their pores -- but they were only with me for the time it took my shutter to-- Sorry, we're boring you.

ANTONIA
Not at all. I love art, but I
never got the chance to....

SOPHIA
What do you do?

ANTONIA
I'm wealthy.

IAN
Like, as a job?

ANTONIA
Yes.

SOPHIA
Well that sounds amazing.
(to Ian:)
We should have thought of that.

IAN
Yeah we should have! That would be
ideal.

Antonia's watching them intently again.

ANTONIA
It's dreadfully lonely.

SOPHIA
I'm sorry to hear that.

A pause. Antonia watches them.

ANTONIA
Not at all.

SOPHIA
What are your hobbies? What do you
do for fun?

ANTONIA
I am much more interested in your --
hobbies.

Ian laughs.

IAN
What hobbies? What we hope becomes
our livelihood is our hobby.
(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

We work sixty hours a week tangentially doing what we want, and spend another sixty wishing we weren't so damn tired, so we could produce--

SOPHIA

Something more worthwhile. That's true. We have a cat too!

IAN

You and that damn cat.

Antonia raises an eyebrow.

SOPHIA

I am not that weird about the cat. It is a living thing, in our home! Of course I care about it.

IAN

Of course.

(to Antonia)

That thing eats better food than me nine meals out of ten.

SOPHIA

Not true!

IAN

All organic, expensive soft food.

SOPHIA

She lost teeth!

IAN

And she's on antibiotics so she doesn't lose any more teeth.

SOPHIA

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

IAN

Just saying, if we got rid of that cat we'd only have to work--

SOPHIA

Fifty nine hours a week. And she brings me such pleasure.

ANTONIA

It's important to keep things that give you pleasure.

SOPHIA

Thank you!

(to Ian)

See, she gets it.

(to Antonia)

Do you have pets?

ANTONIA

Not at the moment.

SOPHIA

Oh, that's a shame. I think you might like one. Maybe a dog.

(to Ian:)

She seems like more of a dog person, doesn't she?

IAN

Definitely a dog person.

SOPHIA

Just don't get a parrot. Old people -- oh.

ANTONIA

No continue.

SOPHIA

Well, I read this article about lonely old people getting parrots, because they are friendly pets that even talk to you! They are low maintenance, etcetera, etcetera, you know.

ANTONIA

Right.

SOPHIA

But it turns out, parrots live for like, seventy five years.

IAN

Whoa. Is that real?

SOPHIA

Totally! And so all these old people, you know--

ANTONIA

Die.

SOPHIA

Right, and then all these poor parrots end up without an owner, shoved in overcrowded aviaries.

IAN

So. No parrots for you. Or for us. Seventy five years? Jesus we'd be.

ANTONIA

As dead as I'll be in ten.

Ian and Sophia look at her. A little uncomfortable

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

This has been a lovely conversation. But the wait staff seem to be itching for us to go. Would you like to come home with me for a nightcap?

Ian glances at Sophia. She shrugs.

INT. IAN AND SOPHIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Ian drives. Sophia sits on her feet in the passenger seat, navigating on her iPhone.

SOPHIA

Take a left up here.

IAN

At the light?

SOPHIA

I don't know.

IAN

You're the worst.

SOPHIA

Here.

IAN

Here?

SOPHIA

There.

They miss the turn.

IAN
 (good-humoredly)
 Damn.

SOPHIA
 That definitely was only sort of my
 fault.

IAN
 I can't believe we're doing this.
 Who is this lady?

SOPHIA
 She's sweet.

IAN
 I mean, yeah, but--

SOPHIA
 Left.

IAN
 Here?

SOPHIA
 Here!

They turn.

IAN
 I'm just saying, she's sort -

SOPHIA
 She kind of reminds me of Aunt
 Edie.

IAN
 That's way meaner than I was going
 to be.

SOPHIA
 No way! Aunt Edie is so sweet!
 She just--

IAN
 --hates black people--

SOPHIA
 Okay okay. But still. I like
 being nice to a--

IAN
 --weird--

SOPHIA
*Lonely. Albeit odd, woman. Doing
our civic duty. Plus she's so
cute!*

IAN
You're not wrong. I'd do my
(suggestively)
civic duty with her.

SOPHIA
(playful)
Oh would you?

IAN
Absolutely. She's got that, like,
Helen Mirren thing going on.
Where's the turn?

SOPHIA
Next light.

IAN
How do you know it's a light?

SOPHIA
I'm psychic.

IAN
God I want you.

SOPHIA
Yeah? As much as you want Helen
Mirren?

IAN
(ruefully - playing along)
I didn't say that. But when we get
home, I'm going to rip off--

SOPHIA
Turn here.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTONIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They look up at the large house.

IAN

I just feel like this is the point where she turns out to be a serial killer. We should just go home -- start our evening early.

SOPHIA

You'd like that wouldn't you.

IAN

You know it baby.

SOPHIA

God, you're like a sorority girl. Get a drink in you and you just want to fuck someone.

IAN

Seriously though, babe. We're like -- almost a mile from a road. I feel like if we just never showed up she'd get over it. At least faster than we'd get over being dead.

SOPHIA

You're such a baby! She's a seventy year old woman with a cane. What is she going to do?

IAN

Beat us with it. Murder us and bury us in the bajillion acres out back.

Sophia laughs. She bounds up the steps to the house.

SOPHIA

Well, now's your last chance. Save yourself!

(she pauses, goading him)

Better hurry, I'm ringing the bell.

She rings it.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

(mouthing)

Too late.

ANTONIA (O.S.)

(from inside)

Coming!

Ian shrugs, raises his eyebrows, and takes a deep breath. He joins his wife on the step.

INT. ANTONIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ian lounges on the couch, his arm protectively around Sophia's shoulders. Sophia sits comfortably beside him. They watch as Antonia mixes cocktails.

SOPHIA
You have a lovely home.

ANTONIA
Thank you, dear.

Antonia hands Sophia and Ian each a drink.

She takes one herself, and sits on a settee across from them.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
Now. I would like to watch you.

Sophia laughs.

SOPHIA
Watch us...?

ANTONIA
Have sex. You're a beautiful couple. It would bring me immense pleasure.

Sophia looks up at Ian. He is now sitting upright, his arm tightly around her waist.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
I'd pay you, of course. I can't expect it will bring you the same pleasure.
(she smiles wryly)
Though if it does, I'll still pay you.

IAN
Are you joking?

ANTONIA
Not at all.

The couple gapes at her.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

I don't mean to make you
uncomfortable, but I know what I
want. Do you?

She stares unnervingly at them.

They stare back.

SOPHIA

You mean like, now?

ANTONIA

If you like. Now seems as good a
time as any. When you got home
tonight, you would probably have
sex anyhow. You had a nice meal,
enough alcohol, a little drive to
digest. Why not do it here? Now?

IAN

In front of you?

Antonia nods.

Ian bristles.

Sophia looks at him.

SOPHIA

She isn't wrong. It is what we'll
do when we're home.

Ian searches her face.

Sophia leans in and kisses him softly.

Antonia settles into the settee with her drink.

Ian leans forward and sets down his cocktail. His hands cup
Sophia's jaw as he kisses her.

He pulls his face away from hers.

IAN

Are you sure?

SOPHIA

I am.

Ian kisses her deeply, wrapping his fingers in her hair.

She begins to unbutton his shirt as his hands slide down her
back to her ass.

He moves one knee on the couch and lays Sophia onto her back under him. He lifts her shirt over her breasts.

Sophia arches her back and unhooks her bra. Ian lifts the cups, exposing her pert nipples.

One of Ian's hands grabs a breast and he bites its nipple. She moans and starts to unbuckle his belt.

Ian pulls off Sophia's shirt and bra as she yanks down his pants. His swollen cock springs forth - into her face.

She sits up on her elbows, and takes his member into her mouth. He lets out a groan, and reaches up her skirt between her legs.

Antonia greedily drinks her cocktail as she watches.

Sophia pulls Ian's cock out of her mouth with a moan, and pushes him into a sitting position on the couch.

She straddles him, and lowers herself onto him as he runs his hands up her back into her hair.

She rides him.

Antonia watches, slack jawed.

ANTONIA

Very good.

FADE OUT.

UP ON:

INT. IAN AND SOPHIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Shocked silence as they drive. Their hair is mussed and their clothes a little disheveled. Sophia holds a folded check.

IAN

Are you OK?

Sophia thinks.

SOPHIA

Yeah, actually. I really am. Are you?

Ian thinks.

IAN

Yeah. I mean, it was-- But yeah.

Sophia unfolds the check in her hand, looks at it.

SOPHIA

Well, that's this month's rent. And then some.

IAN

(bemused)

Fuck me.

SOPHIA

I intend to.

IAN

Again?

Sophia smirks at him. He adjusts his jeans.

INT. ANTONIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Antonia undresses as water runs into the half-full tub.

She steps into the bathtub and settles into it.

She turns a lever, and the water stops running from the faucet. The shower head on the corner of the tub jumps to life, spilling water.

Antonia reaches for the shower head, pulling it under the water between her legs.

Her head tilts back onto the edge of the tub, and she lets out a sigh of pleasure.

INT. IAN AND SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A few weeks later. Ian and Sophia's apartment is small and artsy. One bedroom, and a combination kitchen/living room. The walls are hung with paintings and photographs.

Ian's at a desk, working on an iMac. Sophia is curled up on the couch with her laptop.

She absently strokes their small black cat.

SOPHIA

Did you eat this morning?

IAN

I did.

SOPHIA

Without me?

IAN

You were asleep, and I have to finish this proposal.

SOPHIA

You could have left me some.

IAN

Sorry.

SOPHIA

Do you think we can go to the movies or something tonight? Or maybe we could make the trek to the beach! We haven't done that in ages!

IAN

Sophia.

SOPHIA

Ian.

IAN

Don't you have work to do?

Sophia sighs.

SOPHIA

Of course I do. Why do you think I'm bothering you?

IAN

Because you enjoy torturing me.

SOPHIA

No, silly. I don't enjoy you at all! I am merely avoiding my own work.

IAN

Oh, I see. Well then. Avoid your work with the cat. I'm plugging in.

Her email dings. She opens the message. It's from Antonia, sent through Sophia's Etsy page.

SOPHIA
What the hell? Wait a minute.
Don't plug in yet.

IAN
(not looking up)
Hm?

SOPHIA
Antonia wrote me.

The cat jumps down, unhappy to be disturbed.

IAN
Who?

Sophia looks at him.

SOPHIA
Antonia Delacorte.

IAN
Who's that?

She raises her eyebrows.

SOPHIA
("seriously?")
The woman whose couch we fucked on
while she watched.

Ian looks up.

IAN
Oh, Jesus. How did she get your
email address?

SOPHIA
She found me on Etsy.

IAN
Whoa. That's super creepy.

SOPHIA
Yeah. Well-- Is it? Like, she
did watch us having sex. I guess
that gives her license to stalk us
online.

Ian laughs.

IAN
I guess that's true. What's she
want?

He gets up and goes to the couch.

SOPHIA
(reading)
She has a "proposition" for me.

IAN
Huh.

SOPHIA
She wants me to come over.

IAN
No way.

SOPHIA
What do you mean?

IAN
You're not going over there alone.
I feel like it is a miracle we
didn't die last time.

SOPHIA
Come on. She's got some, like
voyeuristic tendencies, but she's
just an old lady. What's she gonna
do to me?

IAN
We've been over this! She can beat
you with her creepy cane and then
lock you in her creepy sex dungeon.
You know she's got one.

SOPHIA
Please. She probably wants a
chalkboard for her kitchen. Or her
stables.
(excited)
Oh my god. She probably has
horses.

IAN
I feel like you aren't really
remembering how fucking creepy this
woman is.

SOPHIA
She's harmless. I'm going to tell
her I'll be there in a few hours.
The address is still in my phone.

IAN
I'm going with you.

SOPHIA
(shrugging)
Whatever. She'll probably like that.

INT. ANTONIA'S FOYER - DAY

Sophia and Ian stand uncertainly just inside Antonia's front door. Antonia displays no trace of awkwardness -- on the contrary, she's the soul of hospitality.

ANTONIA
Come in, dears, come in! I'm so glad you both came. I meant to invite you both, but I didn't want to pester you with a second email. Can I get you some lemonade? It's freshly squeezed.

Sophia and Ian glance at each other.

SOPHIA
Yes, please.

ANTONIA
Right this way.

INT. ANTONIA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

They follow her into the kitchen. It's as big and expensive as the rest of the house, with a massive island, hanging copper pots and pans, and a gas range with an industrial hood.

ANTONIA
Won't you sit down?

They do, at an oak kitchen table. She continues talking as she pours two glasses from a pitcher of lemonade.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
I hope you've both been well?

Ian and Sophia are thrown off by her chattiness. They retreat to a chilly formality.

SOPHIA
Very well. And you?

ANTONIA

Yes, quite well. I went to the opera on Sunday. "La Traviata," one of my favorites. I haven't been able to stop whistling the *brindisi* all week.

Ian and Sophia don't know what to say, so they don't say anything. Antonia begins whistling and continues bustling around the kitchen. Ian and Sophia look at each other.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Do you know the opera?

SOPHIA

Not really. We know the paintings they were inspired by.

ANTONIA

Well, that's something I suppose. There is something truly transcendent about opera though.

IAN

I never understood the appeal. I tried to get into it.

ANTONIA

You've probably never been properly introduced. I'd be happy to walk you through, if you were interested. The pleasure is worth the pain of learning.

SOPHIA

I would love to know more about the opera. It is a sort of exclusionary art form though.

ANTONIA

How do you mean.

SOPHIA

Oh, it's just expensive. It doesn't appeal to the masses because the masses can't pay.

ANTONIA

Let them eat cake.

IAN

You're joking.

ANTONIA

Some things are worth paying for.

Ian looks at Sophia. Sophia shrugs.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

I loved *your* artwork, by the way.

SOPHIA

Oh thanks. The chalkboards?

ANTONIA

Oh, those were fine, too, but no, I meant your real art. Your paintings. I found some of them online. You have real talent.

Ian frowns, but Sophia smiles at the compliment.

SOPHIA

Thank you!

ANTONIA

It's a real shame, you not having the money to pursue it properly.

IAN

Excuse me, but what are we doing here? Do you want Fi to paint your house, or your horses or some other bougie shit?

ANTONIA

Not at all. Though I wouldn't mind a portrait sometime. If you were willing.

Sophia nods.

IAN

So what are we doing here?

ANTONIA

Well dear, I was just getting to that. I have a proposition.

She finally sits down. She has a thick pile of bound papers that she slides across the table toward them.

IAN

What is it?

Antonia looks at them directly.

ANTONIA

I enjoyed our time together. I would like for it to happen again. It seems to me that I have a need and you have a need, and that we can help one another. What I propose is that you move in here. You'd have your own suite of rooms, complete with a private kitchen, bedroom, bathroom, and art studio. I would pay for both your housing and your food, and you would be free to pursue your art. Furthermore, when I die, I will leave you five percent of my estate. And between us, it is a rather sizeable estate.

IAN

And in exchange?

ANTONIA

In exchange, I will watch you fuck.

Ian and Sophia are silent for a moment. Antonia seems quite relaxed.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

But you mustn't hurry into anything. I don't want you to feel pressured, or to sign anything that you aren't completely comfortable with. I'm only interested in this arrangement if I have your full and total consent. Please, take a few days and think it over.

INT. IAN AND SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sophia sits on the couch with Antonia's contract. Her feet on Ian's lap. He is rubbing them.

IAN

Baby, let's leave the house today. It's my only day off this week.

SOPHIA

I know. Just a minute though. I want to read this.

IAN

It's a document outlining the ways a seventy year old wants to watch you have sex. That is not my idea of a good time.

SOPHIA

It is interesting though!

IAN

Are you into dinosaur erotica now? Should I have start watching age make-up tutorials on YouTube?

SOPHIA

Cut it out. This is super dry. And you're making me lose focus. Also you should look up dinosaur erotica.

IAN

I'm turning you on a little?

SOPHIA

No. And neither would dinosaur erotica.

Ian laughs.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

This is really comprehensive. Maybe we should have someone look at it? Do you know any lawyers?

Ian looks at her, bemused.

IAN

Sure. Let's call up my Dad's firm. He and my little brother can negotiate the terms of my sex slavery.

Sophia laughs.

SOPHIA

That's a great idea! Your mother is sure to like me more once she hears about this.

(imitating his mom)

"Oh that Sophia, I thought she was such a horrible influence, keeping him poor instead of letting him follow in his father's footsteps.

(MORE)

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Encouraging him on a path of no
success, but then I learned she got
him involved in a sex ring for--"

She abruptly stops imitating her mother-in-law.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Holy shit! This is what I was
reading for.

IAN
What?

SOPHIA
She has a VERY sizable estate.
Five percent is like, several
million dollars.

IAN
Really. So she *is* professionally
rich. Good for her.

Sophia sits up.

SOPHIA
Yeah, and maybe good for us. She
wants to pay our room and board,
plus a, get this, six thousand
dollar monthly stipend.

IAN
You don't seriously want to live in
the creepy house and - perform -
for that lady?

SOPHIA
For six thousand dollars a month I
wouldn't dismiss it so fast.

IAN
That is a lot of money.

SOPHIA
No shit.

IAN
Well, and technically it is more
than six thousand dollars a month,
considering we have no rent and no
food costs.

SOPHIA

Exactly. I mean, fuck, we could pay off our student loans in like, two years, instead of sometime before we die. We do have to consider the cat--

Ian studies his wife.

IAN

You are actually thinking about doing this.

SOPHIA

Not without you. Obviously. But yeah. It wouldn't be so bad. It actually kind of turned me on to have her watch.

Ian laughs.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Don't laugh! It turned you on too. You were very--
(she grabs his crotch)
--responsive.

Ian smiles.

IAN

You seem to be holding my penis.

SOPHIA

(feigning ignorance)
Oh, dear me! How scandalous!

IAN

Yes, it is, and actually, you haven't moved your hand yet. It seems like it would be only fair if I--

He yanks her on top of him, and grabs her ass.

SOPHIA

Well that might be fair, if I could--
-

She pulls his face into her breasts.

IAN

This feels very fair.

She leans down and kisses him.

IAN (CONT'D)
Should we move this into the
bedroom?

She nods.

INT. IAN AND SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They are both naked.

Ian is on top of Sophia. She wraps her legs around his waist.

He thrusts evenly, and kisses her.

She grabs his shoulder blades, and rolls him--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Sophia has rolled Ian over, and is riding him. He grabs her breasts.

If the moment seems familiar, it is because this is the opening scene. This time, however, we watch from Antonia's perspective.

Ian kneads Sophia's breasts, pinching the nipples as his hands pull away.

She moans a little each time a nipple slips through his fingers.

ANTONIA O.S.
(quietly)
Very good.

Their rhythm begins to synch. As he yanks her nipples she lifts off his cock - she releases back onto him as he releases her breasts.

His hands slip down to her hips, and he pulls her closer and himself deeper.

They go a little faster and a little harder -- the moans become more breathless until

Sophia screams in pleasure, and she grabs Ian's ass, pulling him into her as her back arches.

He grabs her breasts thrusts hard a few more times as she leans forward, he grabs a nipples with his teeth and then -

Lets our a moan of ecstasy. She collapses onto his chest and we hear their ragged breathing.

ANTONIA O.S. (CONT'D)

Very, very good.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: KITCHEN - DAY

Ian stands in the kitchen of their new suite, looking at the fixtures. He seems pleased. Adjoining the kitchen is a living area. It's all much nicer than their apartment.

The floor is covered in moving boxes.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

Ian!

He hurries through a doorway into

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A huge open room, brilliantly lit by a bank of windows. Sophia stands in the middle of it, radiantly happy.

SOPHIA

It's perfect.

Ian grins.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I couldn't have dreamed up a better studio.

IAN

(gazing around the room)

This is amazing.

She puts her arms around him and kisses him.

IAN (CONT'D)

I wish you'd had a real day job so that you could have the satisfaction of quitting it.

SOPHIA

(flirtatiously)

Did it feel good?

IAN

So good.

She stands on her tiptoes and nibbles on his earlobe.

SOPHIA

(whispering)

As good as this?

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sophia unpacks dishes into cabinets.

ANTONIA O.S.

You have a cat!

Sophia jumps, dropping a mug on the floor. It shatters.

ANTONIA

I didn't mean to startle you.

She picks up the cat, and strokes its head.

SOPHIA

It's no problem. How are you,
Antonia. The Studio is amazing!
We are so excited to get to work.

Sophia goes to get the broom.

ANTONIA

Leave it for now. I was hoping
you'd do a little something for me.

Sophia turns to look at her benefactor, broom in hand.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Are you comfortable with self
pleasure.

Sophia nods.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Good. And do you know when Ian
might come back to the kitchen.

Sophia shakes her head.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

That's no problem. This may take a
bit. Could you start the
dishwasher?

Sophia walks over to the dishwasher and starts it.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Now. Sit on the counter, please.

Sophia does. The washer begins to spin, and Sophia's body vibrates a little.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Very good. Does that feel -- like anything.

Sophia takes a sharp breath and nods.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Get comfortable, and when you are very wet, I want you to call your husband, remind him of the broken glass, and tell him you want him to fuck you on the kitchen floor.

Sophia lets out a little moan.

Antonia begins stroking the cat a little more forcefully. She takes a seat at the table.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Ah. This may go faster than I'd anticipated. No matter.

SOPHIA

Can I - touch myself?

ANTONIA

Do what you like, my dear. Though you should know, watching you touch yourself will bring me pleasure.

Sophia moans again, and undoes her jeans, reaching down the front. She fingers herself.

Antonia watches with rapt attention.

The dishwasher begins humming a little louder, and Sophia removes her hand from her pants. She reaches up her shirt and flicks her nipple.

SOPHIA

Ian. Ian come here.

Ian comes into the room. Notices Antonia, and looks at his wife.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
(still flicking her own
nipple under her shirt)
There's glass on the floor, so be
careful.

IAN
(eyeing Antonia)
I will.

SOPHIA
I want you to fuck me. On the
floor.

IAN
Okay.

SOPHIA
(moaning)
I'm so wet, baby. Come fuck me.

Ian walks over to his wife.

Antonia bites her lip.

Sophia undoes Ian's pants, and deftly whips out his dick.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Put your cock on the counter, baby.

She sets his semi-flaccid penis on the warm vibrating counter
next to her, and strokes him.

He is quickly hard.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
That's so hot. Now I need you to
fuck me baby.

She hops off the counter, and pulls down her jeans. She
leans over the counter.

IAN
You are so wet.

SOPHIA
So so wet. Are you going to waste
it?

IAN
I am definitely not.

He thrusts into her from behind, as she leans over the
counter.

SOPHIA

Harder.

He thrusts harder.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Harder, Ian, harder.

He grabs her hair with one hand, and her hips with the other, yanking her into him as hard and fast as he can.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Oh, that's so good.

He pushes himself a little harder - and over the edge.

She tenses with pleasure feeling him come.

IAN

Sorry, we didn't make it to the floor.

Sophia turns around and kisses him.

ANTONIA

That was very good.

They are startled and look at her. She placidly pets the cat again.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

I wouldn't want to miss any of these moments. Would you mind if I had cameras installed? For an increased percentage, of course.

Sophia looks at Ian and shrugs.

IAN

Why not? The sex is hotter when you're watching anyway.

He kisses Sophia's temple, and she nestles into him.

Antonia nods. She sets down the cat and stands.

ANTONIA

Would you care to join me for dinner?

INT. ANTONIA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

They're seated around a huge, beautifully arrayed dining room table. A crystal chandelier hangs like a ghost over their heads.

ANTONIA

Is there anything that would make you more comfortable?

SOPHIA

No, there's really not -- honestly, everything is wonderful.

ANTONIA

Your rooms are to your liking?

SOPHIA

They're amazing.

IAN

You should have seen our apartment.

SOPHIA

I think that whole apartment could fit inside our bedroom here. And the studio! I've never seen anything so beautiful.

ANTONIA

What is your painting schedule? I ask only so that I can try not to interfere with it.

SOPHIA

I-- I don't have one. I've never had one. I've never had a life where I *could* have one.

She looks around the grand dining room.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I can't believe that we live here now.

ANTONIA

Well, you just let me know if you find yourself falling into a schedule, and I'll do my best to leave you be.

SOPHIA

I will. Although-- Well, never mind.

ANTONIA

What?

Sophia glances to Ian. He smiles at her.

SOPHIA

Painting makes me sort of horny.
Just-- Just so you know. It
seemed like that might be relevant.

ANTONIA

Thank you, dear, I'm pleased to
know that. And you, Ian? Is
everything to your liking?

Ian shrugs.

IAN

No complaints. This food is
amazing, by the way.

ANTONIA

I'm so glad. Do tell me if you
have any dietary requests. If
you'd care to join me periodically
for dinner I'd enjoy that.

IAN

Of course.

ANTONIA

I do find it so stimulating to have
some conversation. Don't you find
that good conversation enhances
good sex?

IAN

Absolutely.

Antonia pours herself another glass of wine, and indicates
their glasses.

ANTONIA

May I?

IAN

Thank you.

SOPHIA

Yes please.

Antonia refills them.

ANTONIA

Do you know much about wine?

SOPHIA

I don't know a thing, but Ian does.

IAN

My uncle was a sommelier. He used to take me with him on trips to Provence to visit the vineyards.

ANTONIA

That must have been extraordinary.

IAN

It was. I think. I was too young to really appreciate it. I kept thinking I'd go back when I got older, but then I got older and I started working and.... You know how it goes.

ANTONIA

I don't, actually.

IAN

Right.

ANTONIA

But I've heard.

IAN

Do you have any family?

He realizes almost at once that he's made a misstep. Sophia shoots him a look and the mood turns abruptly icy.

Antonia doesn't say anything, but from her demeanor it's clear that the question was an unwelcome one.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to pry.

Antonia eyes him. At last:

ANTONIA

No. No, of course you didn't. Tomorrow you really must explore the grounds. Did you know that I have a lake?

IAN

I didn't know that.

ANTONIA

Yes, a small one. I used to go there to think. It's a lovely spot. I'd like it if when I died you'd scatter my ashes there.

Ian and Sophia don't know how to respond.

INT. ANTONIA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

It's dawn.

Antonia's bedroom is spacious, but seems musty. A bedside table is covered in pill bottles.

At the end of her bed is a bank of monitors, each screen showing an angle of one of the couple's rooms.

On one of them, Ian and Sophia are seen sleeping in their bed.

Antonia is propped up on pillows, watching them sleep.

After a moment, she picks up her phone, opens an app, and raises it to her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Antonia's voice is amplified through a loudspeaker.

ANTONIA (O.S.)

Good morning.

The sleepers jerk awake.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to wake you, but I wasn't sure when the light would be best and I'd like to ask you to paint my portrait today.

SOPHIA

Sure thing, Antonia. Give us--

She looks at Ian.

IAN

Fifteen minutes.

SOPHIA
Breakfast?

IAN
Maybe thirty.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
Very good. I'll meet you in the
studio.

INT. ANTONIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Antonia watches the monitor as Ian and Sophia begin their morning routine.

Sophia rolls over and grabs Ian as he attempts to get out of bed.

He kisses her perfunctorily.

She grabs his neck and pulls him in for a deeper kiss.

She leans back into her pillow as he kisses her.

He rips the blanket off both of them, and springs out of bed. They both laugh.

Antonia's eyes switch from the bedroom monitor to the bathroom monitor, where Ian begins brushing his teeth.

On the Sophia stretches, rolls off the bed, and begins pulling clothes out of her dresser.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: STUDIO - MORNING

A little later, the three of them are in the studio.

Antonia sits in a chair near the windows, bathed in a soft light.

Sophia is behind an easel, sketching her.

Ian moves through the space with a film camera, periodically snapping photos of them.

Close on the canvas. The sketch emerging is beautiful, classical, and restrained.

Sophia is a professional at work. She's competent and completely absorbed in the task at hand.

Her answers in the following exchange are abstracted and automatic.

ANTONIA
May I speak?

SOPHIA
Of course.

ANTONIA
It won't disrupt your process?

SOPHIA
Not at all.

ANTONIA
Is this pose alright?

SOPHIA
It's fine.

ANTONIA
Shall I try another?

SOPHIA
No.

ANTONIA
What is Ian doing?

IAN
Documenting.

SOPHIA
It's an ongoing collaboration.

IAN
Basically, you know the whole "it's not the destination, it's the journey" platitude? The trouble with painting is that there's never any record of the journey *except* the destination. So for each of her pieces I make a series of photos detailing the journey.

ANTONIA
And they're designed to accompany the artwork?

SOPHIA
They're *part* of the artwork.

IAN
Theoretically.

Sophia pauses and looks at her husband.

SOPHIA
Demonstrably.

IAN
In any case.

He snaps a photo. Antonia brushes something off her nose.

SOPHIA
Don't move.

ANTONIA
Sorry.

SOPHIA
Please look to your right.

Antonia does. The collar of her blouse falls open to reveal the end of an IV tube protruding from her left shoulder.

She reaches up to adjust her shirt, but Sophia stops her.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Don't.

Antonia lowers her hand.

There's a long moment of sketching.

ANTONIA
(uncomfortably)
This is very...

POV shot through Ian's viewfinder. Close on Antonia's PICC line. The shutter clicks.

SOPHIA
You're ill.

ANTONIA
Excuse me?

Without looking up, Sophia taps her own shoulder with her pencil.

SOPHIA
The PICC line. My grandmother had one for home care. I haven't seen any nurses in.

Antonia looks flustered. She tugs her blouse up.

ANTONIA
I'd like to be done now.

Sophia doesn't stop sketching. She shrugs.

SOPHIA
You're the boss.
(re: the illness)
Is it serious?

ANTONIA
I don't wish to discuss it.

Sophia keeps sketching. A long tense moment.

Antonia sits, staring at the couple at work. They peer back at her.

She stands up angrily, and hurries past them and out of the room.

Ian photographs her retreating back.

INT. ANTONIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Antonia bursts into her bedroom. She is flushed. Less composed than usual.

She looks at the pills on her nightstand, and pushes them all to the floor with a grunt.

She leans on the nightstand, breathing heavily.

She stands up. Looks around. Zeros in on the monitors.

She sees Sophia and Ian in their studio. A calm look washes over her face.

She heads to her bed and picks up her phone. She intercoms the couple.

ANTONIA
(into phone)
I'd like you to fuck now.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Sophia looks up from her work.

She turns to look at Ian.

Ian nods, and snaps a photo.

SOPHIA
We can do that.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
Good. I would like to do things a little differently. Are you willing to do as I say?

SOPHIA
Absolutely.

A pause.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
I need you both to consent.

IAN
Of course.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
Excellent. Sophia, start drawing again.

She does.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ian - take a photo of your wife.

He snaps a picture.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Isn't she beautiful? Appreciate how lovely she is. When you are ready, take another photo.

Sophia blushes, and becomes distracted from her work. She looks up at Ian and he takes the photo.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now, Ian, take Sophia into that lovely light.

Ian takes Sophia by the hand and leads her into the center of the studio.

Ian tucks her hair behind her ear. He turns her away from him, and has her look over her shoulder. He takes a photo.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sophia, take your shirt off.

Sophia removes her top.

Ian's shutter snaps rapidly as the fabric peels up her back.

With one hand, Sophia unhooks her bra. She looks back at Ian, and removes it.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now turn to him, Sophia.

Sophia does. Ian stops photographing, and just looks at her.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now your pants.

Sophia unbuttons her jeans, and takes them off.

She stands in just a pair of lacy underwear.

IAN
Oh my God.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
Take her picture, Ian.

Sophia poses for the camera as he snaps three photographs.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Get closer.

Ian steps closer. Sophia continues striking poses.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Drop the camera.

Ian does.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Grab her hair. And kiss her.

Ian kisses her. Sophia's hands run up his back.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No, Sophia. You can't touch him.

Her hands drop.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Run your hands all over her body,
Ian.

Again, he complies. His hands run over her body, tangling in her hair, grabbing her ass, holding her neck. All the while, he kisses her deeply.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Her panties. Take them off.

Ian slips Sophia's panties down her legs.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Grab her pussy. Is she wet?

Ian groans with pleasure.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Very good. Put her in that chair.

He pushes her into the chair.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Spread her legs and kneel between
them. Kiss her mouth.

His hands grab her thighs as he kisses her.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now kiss down her neck to her
sternum. Down her stomach. Now
stop. Lick up her stomach and over
to her left breast. Catch the
nipple with your teeth. Bite.

Ian looks up at Sophia. She nods. He bites. Sophia moans
loudly.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bite harder.

He does.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Pinch that nipple with your
fingers. And suck in a line down
her body.

He does. Sophia is squirming with pleasure and grabs the hair
at the nape of his neck.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I said don't touch him, Sophia.
Now. I want you to lick from her
knee all the way to her pussy.

Ian does this.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now down to the other knee. And
back again. Make your tongue flat.
(MORE)

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And lick her pussy. Very good.
 Now, stick your fingers in her
 mouth.

He releases her nipple and sticks three fingers into Sophia's
 mouth. She sucks them eagerly.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Keep licking. Sloppier. Lap her
 up. Sophia -- you can't touch him,
 but touch your self. Run your
 hands through your hair and twist
 your nipples.

She complies as readily as Ian.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Now, Ian, I want you to suck her
 clit while you flick it with the
 tip of your tongue.

Sophia moans loudly.

SOPHIA
 Oh my God. I'm going to come.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
 Don't you dare, Sophia. Bite his
 fingers, but don't orgasm. Not
 yet. Keep going, Ian. Faster.

Ian's head bobs as he performs. Sophia's back arches. She
 is screaming.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Ian. Stop.

He does.

SOPHIA
 Oh. No. Come back.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
 Ian. Stand up. Unbutton your
 shirt. Slowly.

Ian starts unbuttoning his shirt.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Toss it on the ground. Now. Take
 off your pants.

He does. Sophia watches, breathing heavily.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Slower.

He slowly takes off his pants. His penis is clearly outlined - hard and pressing against his boxers.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now your boxers.

As he takes down his shorts, we see Sophia's face. Slack jawed and eager.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now. Sophia. Return the favor.

Sophia quickly gets out of the chair, onto her knees. She crawls over to him.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Remember how slowly he started.
Don't be too eager, my love. I
want you to lick the underside of
his cock. All the way to the tip.

Sophia does.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now. Flick your tongue over the
head. In a moment I am going to
ask you both to do something that I
think you will like, but I need you
to consent. Now suck his cock,
Sophia -- you may grab her hair,
Ian.

Ian grabs the back of her head, gently leading her onto and off of his penis.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ian. I want you to choke her.

Ian looks stricken, he stops bobbing her head.

Sophia moans in pleasure.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Doesn't that sound good, Sophia?

SOPHIA

(removing the dick from
her mouth)

Yes. I want you to, baby.

Ian's hand moves from the back of her head to her throat.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
Not yet. Sophia. Make him come.

Sophia bobs furiously. Ian breathes hard.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stop. Sophia. Lay on the ground.
And ask your husband to fuck you
like a man.

SOPHIA
Ian. I want you to fuck me. Like
a man.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
You heard her, Ian. Fuck her.

Ian climbs on top of Sophia, and thrusts into her. Sophia
gasps in pleasure as he enters her.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now grab her throat.

SOPHIA
Choke me, baby.

Ian wraps his hand around her neck.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Tighter.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
Thrust more slowly, Ian. Grab her
neck more tightly.

He does.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
A little faster. A little tighter.

He picks up speed. Sophia cries out in pleasure.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
Faster. Tighter.

He follows her instructions

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Faster, harder, tighter. Tighter.

Sophia's face is red and contorted. She gasps for air.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
As hard and fast as you can Ian.
Fuck your wife.

He thrusts hard and fast, and orgasms. Hard.

As he does, Sophia's body arches and contracts. She grabs the arm holding her neck.

He releases her throat and she screams in pleasure.

ANTONIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Very good, my dears. Very good.

Ian collapses on his stomach next to Sophia.

She runs her fingers up his back.

SOPHIA
That was amazing.

He looks at her, noticing bruises already starting to stand out on her white neck.

He kisses each bruise.

INT. ANTONIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Antonia lies on her bed, her cell phone on her chest.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
Really, really amazing.

She looks at the screen. Watching the couple hold one another.

She lets out a contented sigh.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: KITCHEN - MORNING

Weeks later.

Ian is at the stove, making eggs. Sophia is curled up on the couch, reading her email.

IAN
What's the news in the world?

SOPHIA
Everyone sucks and we're all going to die.

IAN
So the usual?

SOPHIA
Yep.

Ian flips the eggs.

IAN
I don't read the news anymore.
I've embraced our luxurious life of
sex slavery.

SOPHIA
It's not really a bad life, all
things considered.

IAN
Not really.

Sophia opens an email.

SOPHIA
Holy shit.

IAN
What?

SOPHIA
(excited)
Holy *shit*.

IAN
What?

SOPHIA
Fuck me.

IAN
I swear to god I'm going to burn
your eggs - just yours - if you
don't tell me what's going on.

Sophia grins up at him.

SOPHIA
The Edwards Gallery wants to
exhibit us.

IAN
What?!

Sophia jumps off the couch in excitement.

SOPHIA

I realized last week that we've actually had time, to, like, make art -- so I sent them some of our stuff just to see what happened.

IAN

Holy shit.

He runs out of the kitchen and grabs her and kisses her.

IAN (CONT'D)

God bless sex slavery.

He kisses her again.

SOPHIA

(laughing)

You're going to burn the eggs.

INT. ANTONIA'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

That night, the three of them eat around Antonia's huge dining room table.

SOPHIA

I feel like you're -- well, no, you are -- responsible for it! We've made more art in the last three months than in the three years before that.

ANTONIA

(genuinely happy)

That's wonderful, dear.

SOPHIA

And obviously this relationship is...unconventional. But we'd love it if you'd come with us to the opening.

IAN

We really would.

ANTONIA

I'm afraid that's impossible.

SOPHIA

Why? You'd be the guest of honor -- the patron who made the entire thing possible!

ANTONIA

I won't be attending, and neither will you.

SOPHIA

But-- Of course we will! Openings are really important.

ANTONIA

If you plan on continuing our arrangement, you won't be going to the opening.

SOPHIA

You can't do that!

ANTONIA

In fact I can. You clearly didn't read the contract with attention. You ought to have consulted a lawyer before signing it.

Ian and Sophia exchange a glance.

SOPHIA

Then-- We're prisoners?

ANTONIA

(shuddering)

Certainly not. I don't ask anything of you that you don't consent to. The terms were very clear though.

IAN

So, we can't leave the house?

ANTONIA

Of course you can leave the house. I'm afraid I cannot, however, permit you leave the grounds without nullifying our agreement.

IAN

That's some fucked up shit.

ANTONIA

Ian, please. Don't be disagreeable. If the terms are untenable we can of course dissolve the contract immediately. I don't want to force you into anything you're uncomfortable with.

(MORE)

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
I'll have my lawyer draw up a
termination clause immediately.

She reaches for her phone.

IAN
I-- No, hang on. Wait.
(to Sophia:)
Fi?

Sophia hesitates.

SOPHIA
I mean, it hasn't been a problem
before now. And the grounds
are...spacious.

ANTONIA
(proudly)
Forty acres.

SOPHIA
See? I didn't even notice we were
captive.

Ian sighs.

IAN
But we have to meet with the
gallery manager.

ANTONIA
I'd feel better if you left all of
that in my hands, dear. I'll
handle it all. If you want me to,
of course.

A tense moment. Ian looks questioningly at Sophia.

SOPHIA
That's fine. It's like an artist's
retreat. Besides, we've got lots
of work to do to get ready.
(to Antonia:)
I'll email you the details. Thank
you for handling this.

ANTONIA
Thank you, dear. I'm so glad we
can see eye-to-eye on this. I
should mention that I'll be doing
some renovations this month -- I
hope it won't disturb your work.

MONTAGE:

Sophia and Ian prepare for the opening.

--In the studio, Sophia paints like a woman possessed.

--Ian photographs her.

--Workmen pass in and out of the house.

--Sophia stretches canvas over frames.

--Ian develops his photos in the bathroom.

--Sophia's stack of finished paintings grows.

--Antonia watches everything on her monitors.

--Under Sophia's careful oversight, a team of elegantly dressed men and women load the art into crates.

END MONTAGE.

INT. ANTONIA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

They're all sitting at the dinner table. Sophia and Ian look melancholy.

ANTONIA

It was a lovely day today. Were you able to get outside?

SOPHIA

No.

ANTONIA

Ian?

IAN

No, I stayed inside. Worked mostly.

SOPHIA

Decompressed mostly. We didn't finish the last piece until the gallery attendants arrived to pick it up.

IAN

It is a weight off.

They play with their food, not eating it.

ANTONIA
What's the matter, my loves?

SOPHIA
It's just weird not to be there.
This is what we've worked towards
our whole lives, and....

She trails off and shrugs.

ANTONIA
I thought you might feel that way,
so I took the liberty of making
this evening a special one. I have
a surprise for you.

SOPHIA
What is it?

ANTONIA
When we've finished our meal I'll
show you.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

After dinner, Antonia leads them down a long dark hallway.

ANTONIA
It's what I've had those awful
contractors working on. I
apologize again for the noise, but
I think you'll agree that it was
worth it.

At the end of the hallway is a heavy oak door.

INT. PLAYROOM - NIGHT

Antonia pushes the door open, and the space lights up.

Inside is a luxuriously appointed S&M dungeon.

Sophia and Ian stand staring.

ANTONIA
Welcome to the play room! There
are no cameras in here. It is a
safe place to explore things that
might make living spaces feel -
icky.

Sophia and Ian look at her.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Take a look around.

Antonia takes a seat in a stool next to the door. She is winded.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

This is the only time you should be in this room in street clothes. There are changing rooms for each of you just outside.

Ian heads to a standing tool chest and opens the drawers. He pulls out a whip, a flog, and ropes.

Sophia heads to a table. It looks like a Medieval torture device. There are restraints in a cross. She begins turning a large crank.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Oh yes. That is one of my favorites. It was heck of a time convincing someone to build it for me. Keep cranking it, dear.

Sophia does. The table raises and instead of being parallel to the floor, becomes perpendicular.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Now of course, there should be someone on the table.

The restraints dangle limply from the surface.

Ian stands, looking at a leather flog with spikes at the ends.

IAN

Do you want us to use this stuff?

ANTONIA

Of course! I'll talk you through it. I was hoping to have a crack at it tonight. If you consent.

Sophia looks at Ian.

IAN

I consent.

SOPHIA

Me too.

ANTONIA

Excellent. Go change, then!

Antonia rests her head back against the wall. She looks exhausted.

Sophia and Ian leave the playroom.

INT. SOPHIA'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Sophia flips through hangers filled with corsets, panties, garters, and thigh high stockings. Behind her head there is a shelf taller than she is, filled with heels.

She pulls a frilly white corset with pink bows, and matching crotchless panties off the rack.

INT. IAN'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Ian has chosen a sexy ring-master outfit -- a crisp white shirt completed with top hat and red tails, but only a sort of Speedo as bottoms.

He has one leg up on a bench, putting garters onto his socks.

INT. PLAYROOM - NIGHT

Antonia still sits on her stool. The couple stand in front of her.

They look a little uncomfortable in their getup.

ANTONIA

Very, very good. Let's begin.

CUT TO:

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: KITCHEN - MORNING

The next morning. Marks of the night before are evident on both of them -- bruises, abrasions, etc.

The couple seems happy, though. Ian's making eggs.

Sophia's on the couch with her laptop.

SOPHIA

OK. Are you ready?

IAN
For what?

SOPHIA
To read the reviews of our opening!

IAN
We can't do that yet!

SOPHIA
Why not?

IAN
This is the most important moment
of our lives! We can't just rush
into it! I'll burn the eggs!

Sophia smiles.

IAN (CONT'D)
Besides, what if the reviews are
terrible? These might be our last
few moments of happiness.

SOPHIA
OK, stupid, what do we have to do
to prepare?

IAN
We need, like, a ritual. And we
should probably have mimosas.

Sophia laughs.

CUT TO:

FAST MONTAGE:

--Eggs frying

--Champagne cork popping

--Mimosas being poured

--Bacon sliding onto plates.

END MONTAGE.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen table has been laid with a Pinterest-worthy breakfast.

Ian pulls out a chair for Sophia, who sits down. He sits.

They share a moment.

SOPHIA
Aren't you going to eat?

IAN
God no.

SOPHIA
Can we read the reviews now?

IAN
We can read the reviews now.

Sophia gets back up to get her laptop. She comes back to the table and pushes away her untouched food.

She opens a browser and types.

SOPHIA
OK. Are you ready?

IAN
I'm ready.

SOPHIA
Well, we are already doing well - we get thousands of hits when I type in our names.

IAN
That is promising.

SOPHIA
OK. Here goes. Holy shit.
"Brilliant opening by mysterious artists."

IAN
OK!

SOPHIA
"The opening last night at the Edwards Gallery," etcetera, etcetera -- oh my god. "These young artists have not stepped, they have vaulted onto the scene."
(MORE)

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 This exhibition--" Holy shit,
 honey.

She's breathless with excitement.

IAN
 Wait, who is that?

SOPHIA
 (critic's name:)
 Watanabe.

IAN
 Jesus. Holy shit. Uh, what does
The Times say?

Sophia types.

SOPHIA
 Uh-- Oh my god. First of all, we
 are reviewed in *The Times*. So be
 excited about that.

IAN
 Oh believe me, I am.

SOPHIA
 And here is what they have to say:
 "Staggeringly emotional,
 effortlessly engaging," uh-- Hah!
 "The evening's coup de grace was
 the physical absence of the
 artists. By removing themselves
 entirely from the proceedings they
 delivered the final word on
 artistic ownership and in essence
 declared their work to belong to
 the world at large. It was a
 masterstroke," etcetera. Holy
 fucking shit.

Ian's stunned.

IAN
 Son of a bitch. She was right.

The intercom crackles as Antonia breaks in on their
 celebration.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
 Thank you, Ian. And
 congratulations to both of you, my
 dears. There's no one more
 deserving.

SOPHIA

Thank you! And thank you so much
for all you've done for us!

ANTONIA (O.S.)

I haven't done anything you haven't
earned.

INT. ANTONIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Antonia is propped up in bed. She's fully dressed, but looks
much the worse for wear. She moves her phone away from her
mouth and coughs violently.

ANTONIA

Excuse me.

On the monitors, we see Ian and Sophia look toward the
camera.

IAN (ON MONITOR)

Are you alright?

ANTONIA

Fine, thank you. I'm feeling
sentimental today.

She opens a pill bottle. She shakes three large pills into
her hand and pops them into her mouth.

SOPHIA (ON MONITOR)

Would you like us to fuck for you?

ANTONIA

Not now, dear. No, I have another
proposition for you, and I want you
to consider it carefully before
answering. Please take your time
thinking it over.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ian and Sophia share a questioning look.

IAN

Go on.

ANTONIA (O.S.)

I'm prepared to leave you half of
my estate.

IAN
 Jesus. What do you want us to do?

ANTONIA
 Have a baby.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: BATHROOM - EVENING

Months later.

Sophia is reclining in a large and luxurious bathtub, her body hidden by bubbles. Her eyes are closed and she looks happy.

IAN (O.S.)
 Hey honey, we're gonna be late!

Sophia doesn't open her eyes.

SOPHIA
 I'm coming, I'm coming.

She sighs.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 (ironically)
 God our life is hard.

She stands up. As she emerges from the bubbles, it becomes apparent that she's several months pregnant.

Ian enters the bathroom. He takes a towel off a rack and wraps it around her shoulders from behind. He kisses the side of her neck.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 (contentedly)
 Mmmm.

IAN
 I love you.

SOPHIA
 I love you.

IAN
 How do you feel?

SOPHIA
 Like a whale.

Ian runs his hands down the curves of her damp body.

IAN
(meaning it)
You're so sexy.

He pinches a nipple.

SOPHIA
Oh baby.

IAN
(in her ear)
I wish we didn't have to go to
dinner.

SOPHIA
Me too! But she says she has a
surprise for us. And the last time
she said that was...stimulating.

Ian grins.

INT. ANTONIA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ian and Sophia enter the dining room.

Antonia's already seated. But there's someone else, too -- a
stranger.

It's a beautiful man. Tall, muscled, square-jawed but
delicately featured.

Ian and Sophia are brought up short upon seeing him.

ANTONIA
Hello, my dears. I'd like to
introduce you to a friend of mine.
This is Paul. Paul, this is Ian
and Sophia.

Paul nods to them, but doesn't say anything. Paul never does
say anything.

The couple is cautious, but friendly.

IAN
Hi.

SOPHIA
Hi.

ANTONIA

Don't be shy, my dears. Paul is a model, and I thought you might like to make his portrait. I couldn't help but notice that being cooped up inside all the time is no way to create art -- you need stimulation, new experiences, new faces!

SOPHIA

That's true.

ANTONIA

So what do you say -- would you like to paint him? Stand up, Paul.

Paul stands. He's even more magnificent on his feet.

Sophia glances at Ian, who's sizing him up with an artist's gaze.

IAN

(as though he's talking
about a sculpture)
He's exquisite.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: STUDIO - MORNING

The next day.

Paul sits, shirtless, in a chair by the window. His pose and position are reminiscent of Antonia's for her sitting.

His vitality is in striking contrast with her illness, though.

Sophia is behind her canvas, sketching. Ian kneels on the floor with a boxy medium format film camera. He looks down into the viewfinder, and we see his POV.

Through the camera, Paul looks larger than life, heroic.

Antonia breaks in, over the intercom.

ANTONIA (O.S.)

If you'd like to stop working,
please do so.

Sophia continues sketching.

IAN

Do you need anything?

ANTONIA (O.S.)
No, no. But I would like it if you
wanted to have sex.

IAN
Now?

ANTONIA
If you like.

IAN
Sophia?

Sophia keeps sketching.

SOPHIA
Let me just...finish...this.
There.

She sets down her pencil and looks at Ian. She smiles.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Hey, handsome.

Ian grins at her, then glances at Paul. Paul gazes back
complacently.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
Would you like Paul to leave?

IAN
Uh-- Would you not?

ANTONIA (O.S.)
I'd like you to be comfortable.

IAN
But you'd like him to stay.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
I would prefer it.

Ian looks at him again. Then at Sophia.

SOPHIA
I mean. I'm OK with it.

IAN
Me too.

ANTONIA (O.S.)
Wonderful. Then please begin.

IAN

What would you like us to...?

ANTONIA (O.S.)

It's a beautiful morning. I want you to be as beautiful as the morning. Slow, gentle, and beautiful. I want you to come together. I want you to break my heart. I want you to make me come without touching myself.

SOPHIA

Ian?

IAN

Yes?

SOPHIA

I love you.

Ian locks eyes with her and smiles.

IAN

I love you.

Without breaking eye contact, he pulls his shirt over his head.

SOPHIA

(watching him)

Hello, you.

Ian unbuckles his belt. His jeans fall to the floor. He steps out of them and stands facing her in just his boxers.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Oh my.

Ian slowly slides his boxers off. He stands in the middle of the room, naked, offering himself to her. He looks confident and sexy.

Paul, still seated in the chair, gazes at him appreciatively.

ANTONIA (O.S.)

Very good.

Sophia, still fully clothed, approaches Ian. She picks a large, clean, soft-bristled paintbrush out of a jar as she moves toward him.

SOPHIA
I'm going to paint you.

While Ian stands motionless, Sophia raises the brush to his face. She brushes the bristles across his nose, playfully. He smiles. He raises his hand toward her face.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
I can't paint a moving subject.

Ian drops his hand.

Sophia traces the brush along his brow to his left ear. She runs it along the curve of his ear.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Does that feel good?

Ian nods.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Hey. No moving.

Ian stops nodding.

Sophia moves the brush down to his neck. She lets it linger in the hollow of his clavicle. She brings it down his chest and traces his nipple. He sucks in a breath through his teeth.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Does that feel good?

IAN
It does.

She runs the brush down the length of one arm, then the other. She crosses the palm of his hand, then down each finger. He shudders.

SOPHIA
Does that feel good?

IAN
Yes.

She runs the brush back up his arm to his chest, and then slowly moves it lower. She runs it around his bellybutton, then along the his hip bone.

He is beginning to get hard.

ANTONIA (O.S.)

Please turn, so that Paul has a better view.

They turn sideways, but don't break eye contact. The intimacy of the scene continues. Paul gazes at them.

Sophia begins to gently trail the brush up and down Ian's cock. His erection grows until he's standing completely at attention.

Sophia kneels. She gently pulls his foreskin back and kisses the head of his dick. Then she circles it with the paintbrush. Ian gasps.

SOPHIA

Does that feel good?

IAN

It does.

Sophia gives him one last stroke with the paintbrush, then sets it down and takes him in her mouth. She looks up at him as she slowly pulls back, leaving his shaft glistening in the morning sunlight.

He lets out a moan. She stands up. She's very close to him, and takes a step backward.

She pulls her shirt over her head and unhooks her bra. She lets it fall to the floor. Her breasts are swollen, her nipples dark. Ian drinks her in with his eyes.

SOPHIA

Does that feel good?

He smiles at her.

She undoes her pants and shimmies out of them. She drops her underwear.

They stand naked, facing one another.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I love you.

IAN

I love you.

SOPHIA

You can move now.

Ian pulls her into his arms. They kiss passionately, their bodies moving together like a Rodin sculpture, bathed in the glow of the morning.

Ian lays her down reverently on the studio floor. He enters her slowly. They both gasp as he slips inside.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Oh god.

INT. ANTONIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Antonia is in bed, watching them on the monitors. She gasps as though Ian were thrusting into her.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Sophia snakes her leg up around Ian's back, and smoothly rolls him over.

He reaches up to hold her breasts as she slowly rides him. They stare deep into each other's eyes.

Paul, watching from his chair, is visibly aroused.

We hold close on his face, and see their bodies reflected in his eyes.

IAN

Oh god. I love you so much.

He sits up and wraps his arms around her. She reciprocates. She's now sitting in his lap, her legs around his hips, their lips pressed together. They're so close that their thrusts are barely noticeable. They break off the kiss and gaze into each other's eyes.

SOPHIA

I love you, Ian. I love you. I love you.

INT. ANTONIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Antonia's breathing is ragged, her hands at her sides.

SOPHIA (ON MONITOR)

Come for me, baby.

On the monitor, Ian's body spasms. Sophia squeezes him tightly as they come together.

With a cry, Antonia orgasms.

INT. ANTONIA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The four of them are eating dinner.

SOPHIA

Antonia, did Ian tell you? We've won an award!

ANTONIA

An award?

SOPHIA

Yes! For our work at the Edwards Gallery. It's actually sort of a big deal.

ANTONIA

That's wonderful, dear.

SOPHIA

It is! It's crazy, though, there's this big purse that goes with it. A year ago it would have changed our lives, but now it feels sort of....

IAN

Unnecessary.

SOPHIA

Yeah. So we actually-- God, I hope this is alright with you, we probably should have run it by you, but we donated the prize money to an artists' defence fund.

ANTONIA

That's perfectly alright. But what is an artists' defence fund?

SOPHIA

Oh, it's, like, a pot to defend art from censorship and things like that. Established artists contribute to it.

Antonia looks surprised.

ANTONIA

Is censorship a threat?

SOPHIA

Sometimes. Not so much here. It's an international fund. Although these days-- Well, who knows? But it seemed worthwhile.

ANTONIA

It sounds it.

IAN

Do you know, though, if that fund had existed in the 1930s we wouldn't have had the Hays Code.

ANTONIA

The what?

IAN

The Hays Code -- it restricted what you could show in movies.

SOPHIA

That's true. And the sexiest movies ever made were made under the Code. Not a glimpse of skin and it was the hottest thing in the world.

IAN

Right, they were actually sexier *because* they couldn't show anything.

SOPHIA

I think art flourishes with restrictions. It's a conundrum. Because you're never *not* going to fight against censorship, obviously, but at the same time it's possible that censorship actually makes your art better.

IAN

Right. Like, people fucking on camera isn't sexy. But when Bacall talks to Bogie about horse racing.... Holy shit.

ANTONIA

Well, I'm so pleased to hear you're getting the recognition you both deserve.

Paul keeps eating, but watches the conversation politely.

SOPHIA

It's a little bit surreal. Right out of school we always noticed that our classmates who were the most successful weren't the ones who were the most talented -- they were the ones who had wealthy families, and didn't have to have day jobs.

IAN

Yeah! Like, they were able to devote all their free time toward making whatever it was they made, and sending it around, and getting their name out there.

SOPHIA

And now that we're able to do that, suddenly we're seeing....

IAN

Success.

SOPHIA

"Success." That's so weird. Are we successful?

IAN

I think we are.

Sophia smiles at Antonia.

SOPHIA

Thanks to you.

Ian raises his glass.

IAN

To Antonia.

SOPHIA

To Antonia.

Paul raises his glass, too, but of course doesn't say anything.

Antonia beams.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophia and Ian are asleep. Ian has his hand around her belly.

Sophia stirs, opens her eyes and jumps.

Antonia is sitting beside their bed. Watching them sleep.

IAN
(in a sleepy murmur)
What time is it, baby?

SOPHIA
(patting him)
Go back to sleep, honey.
(to Antonia:)
Good morning. You're up early.

ANTONIA
Yes.

IAN
What's--? Good morning Antonia.

ANTONIA
I had another proposition for you.
For a greater percentage, of
course.

Sophia and Ian look at her.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
You seem to admire Paul. And I was
hoping you would be willing to add
him to your trysts.

SOPHIA
Like -- he would have sex with us?

ANTONIA
Precisely.

Sophia and Ian look at one another.

IAN
I don't see why not, but--

ANTONIA
Excellent.
(calling out:)
Paul?

Paul enters the room. He has evidently been waiting just outside.

IAN
Wait, now?

ANTONIA
If you have no objections.

SOPHIA
I guess not. Do you mind if I pee
first?

ANTONIA
Of course not. We'll wait.

Sophia slips out of bed and pads to the bathroom.

IAN
Good morning, Paul. This has to be
a strange one for you.

ANTONIA
He won't respond. He won't speak.
He is of course, completely
complicit.

IAN
You mean compliant.

ANTONIA
Of course.

Sophia comes back into the room.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
Very good. I didn't want to
introduce Paul to you in the
Playroom. That felt too --
dangerous. Are you okay with him
in your bed?

SOPHIA
Sure.

Ian nods.

Paul walks towards the bed.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Good morning, Paul.

IAN
He won't talk to you.

Sophia looks at Ian.

ANTONIA

I think you'll find he responds best to direct requests. I can start.

They nod.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Paul. Kiss Ian.

Paul does. It is incredibly sensual.

Sophia watches.

SOPHIA

Paul, kiss me like that.

Paul does.

ANTONIA

Get into the bed with them, Paul.

He climbs onto the bed, between Sophia and Ian.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Now the fun begins.

Ian and Paul kiss. They move to their knees.

Paul wraps his arms around Sophia's body. He stops kissing Ian, and kisses Sophia instead.

She moves Paul's hands from around her pregnant belly to her breasts.

Sophia reaches around both men, and grab Ian's ass.

Antonia leans back in her chair and watches.

INT. PLAYROOM - AFTERNOON

Antonia sits on her stool near the door.

Ian and Sophia show Paul the wonders of the room.

Paul stands in the center of the room, and Sophia and Ian circle around him, pointing out what they are talking about.

SOPHIA

Over here is a mattress, for after all the good stuff.

IAN

And from here, we can suspend
someone.

SOPHIA

That can be really fun, but takes
some practice.

IAN

In here we have all the toys. The
clamps, the leads, the ropes.

SOPHIA

Some flogs and whips.

IAN

Of course.

Sophia heads over to the table.

SOPHIA

And this is Antonia's favorite.
Probably mine too.

She shows him the crank.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

You try it.

Paul dutifully cranks the lever, and the table raises.

IAN

Even that can't get you to crack a
smile, huh?

Antonia is getting restless. She leans her head against the
wall. She seems to have difficulty breathing.

ANTONIA

Are you actually going to use room.
Or just gush about it?

IAN

We'll get right on that, Antonia.

Antonia opens her eyes.

ANTONIA

Only if you want to. Of course.

Ian looks challengingly at her.

SOPHIA
(putting a hand on Ian's
arm)
Of course. We'll get ready now.

She and Ian start heading out of the room.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Come on, Paul. I'm sure Ian has a
costume that will work for you.

Paul follows them.

Antonia rests her head against the wall again as the trio
leaves the room.

INT. COUPLE'S SUITE: KITCHEN - MORNING

Ian is making breakfast.

Paul sits silently watching as he cooks.

IAN
Would you like some eggs, Paul?

Paul looks at him, but gives no response.

IAN (CONT'D)
Oh right. Well, I'm making you
some eggs.

A timer beeps.

IAN (CONT'D)
There's coffee in the pot.

Paul doesn't move.

IAN (CONT'D)
You should get some, if you'd like.

Ian is unnerved by Paul's stare.

IAN (CONT'D)
You should drink some coffee, Paul.

Paul gets up and heads to the coffee maker, he pours a cup,
begins drinking it.

IAN (CONT'D)
Can you get me one too? I take
cream and sugar.

Paul adds cream and sugar to the cup he was drinking. Hands it to Ian.

Paul pours another cup of coffee, and then adds cream and sugar to that.

IAN (CONT'D)

You should drink you coffee how you like -- never mind.

Sophia walks into the room.

SOPHIA

Good morning! Do I smell coffee?

IAN

Paul, get Sophia a cup. She takes it with just cream.

Paul obediently follows.

SOPHIA

How very Jeevesian.

IAN

I think I'm getting the hang of him.

Sophia heads over to Ian and kisses him.

SOPHIA

What are we doing today?

She waddles to the table, and sits in a chair.

IAN

That ball is in your court. You look like you're ready to burst.

SOPHIA

Ha ha. I'm fine. It's good to keep moving.

Paul hands her a cup of coffee.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Not so good to have an entire cup of coffee though.

IAN

Paul. Drink half of Sophia's coffee.

Paul obediently does.

SOPHIA

You're right, he takes getting the hang of. But worth the learning curve. You're wonderful, Paul!

Paul doesn't respond.

Sophia laughs.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

We're going to get to paint today, Paul.

(to Ian)

I bet Paul is a wonderful artist. Maybe we should have him do some work. He spends so much time observing.

Ian nods, and brings Sophia and Paul eggs.

IAN

Sit down, Paul. Have some eggs.

Sophia dishes the meal.

SOPHIA

My feet are killing me.

IAN

It's probably the extra hundred pounds. You better hope that baby is eighty pounds.

SOPHIA

You take that back!

IAN

I take it back. You're beautiful. And wonderful. And I would love you even if you were this fat.

Sophia throws a napkin at him.

SOPHIA

Will you rub my feet?

IAN

I'm eating, lovey. Ask Paul.

SOPHIA

That's no fun, Paul has to do it.

IAN

If you ask me, that's all the fun.

Sophia considers.

SOPHIA
 You're right.
 (to Paul)
 Paul, rub my feet.

She puts her feet in his lap, and he rubs them for her.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
 Oh, Ian. You are going to be out
 of a job. Paul gives spectacular
 foot rubs.

IAN
 Is that so?

SOPHIA
 Yes, it is.

IAN
 I can't say I mind letting Paul
 have the pleasure.

INT. ANTONIA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Antonia sits at the head of the table, Paul Ian and Sophia
 sit around.

There is a half-eaten spread in front of them.

Antonia looks very unwell. She takes hits from a breathing
 mask between bites.

ANTONIA
 So tell me what you are working on.

SOPHIA
 We are concluding our study of
 Paul, actually. I've made a series
 of portraits. And Ian has some
 remarkable photos.

ANTONIA
 Marvelous. And you are nearly
 finished?

SOPHIA
 Unfortunately, totally finished
 with Paul. He did his last sitting
 today.

Paul looks -- well the same as Paul always looks.

ANTONIA

Marvelous.

IAN

He was a fantastic subject.

SOPHIA

Yes, he did exactly as we'd ask,
and never moved. And yet, his
passivity brought something unique
to the work.

Antonia takes a deep drag from the oxygen mask.

ANTONIA

I am glad you've enjoyed him.

SOPHIA

Enjoyed him -- you make it sound
like he's going away. Are you done
with Paul?

ANTONIA

Not quite.

Paul sits stoically as ever.

SOPHIA

And you, Antonia? How are you?

ANTONIA

I have everything I could possibly
want. I am doing incredibly well.

Sophia and Ian look at one another. She doesn't LOOK
incredibly well.

IAN

That's great Antonia.

Sophia puts her hands on her belly.

SOPHIA

Oh! She's kicking again!

Ian gets up from the table and places his hands on Sophia's
belly.

IAN

That is amazing.

SOPHIA

Would you like to feel her,
Antonia?

ANTONIA
I would not.

SOPHIA
Paul?

Paul looks at Sophia but makes no move.

ANTONIA
The question is, do you want Paul
to feel her?

Sophia looks confused, but it quickly passes.

SOPHIA
Oh, right. I suppose not
particularly.

Ian heads back to his seat.

Antonia leans onto the table.

ANTONIA
I didn't prepare any desert
tonight. I hoped you three might
provide it.

SOPHIA
Sure thing.

IAN
Absolutely.

SOPHIA
Any requests?

Antonia takes another long drag from her mask.

ANTONIA
Wear what you would like. I'll
save my requests for the room.

INT. PLAYROOM - NIGHT

Antonia sits on a chair by the door, she wears an oxygen mask

Paul is muzzled with a ball gag and wears only collar on a
lead. He is on all fours on a wrestling mat. Sophia, now
very pregnant, straddles his back. She wears a corset bra,
garters, and heeled slippers -- her foot on Paul's lead.

Ian stands behind them in crotchless, assless chaps.

He runs his hands up Sophia's body, pulling her arms above her head. A rope dangles down the length of her arm.

ANTONIA

Bite her.

Ian sinks his teeth into Sophia's neck. She yelps.

Paul moves, and Sophia stomps on his lead.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Very good.

Ian kisses, then bites, all the way up Sophia's arm. Indentations from his teeth are visible.

He wraps the rope around her wrists in a figure eight, and pulls tight, forming a knot between her wrists.

Her breasts heave out of the top of her corset, with her arms pulled tight above her head.

Ian pulls a carabineer on a rope down from the ceiling.

IAN

Should I hang her up, Antonia?

Sophia moans in pleasure, and stomps on Paul's lead again, casing his head jerk closer to the floor.

ANTONIA

Not yet. I have another proposition tonight. One that bequeaths you my entire estate.

Sophia and Ian look at Antonia.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Do I bring you pleasure?

The couple nods.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

I'm glad. You bring me pleasure. But there is something else I need from you.

SOPHIA

Anything, Antonia.

Ian yanks her arms.

IAN
(into her ear)
I didn't ask you a question.

Sophia whimpers.

ANTONIA
Such pleasure. But I need more.

IAN
Tell us.

ANTONIA
I want to watch you murder Paul.

A moment of stunned silence. The trio seem frozen. Then:

Paul bucks, throwing Sophia into Ian. He bolts for the door.

Sophia, hands still tied, grabs Paul's long lead and YANKS it hard, causing Paul to tumble backward.

His head thumps against the mat.

Ian climbs on top of Paul, holding his arms above his head. Ian's knees on Paul's hip bones. Ian's member is fully erect, and pulses against Paul's stomach.

Sophia wraps the lead around her hand, giving it another yank with each loop.

Antonia breathes hard in her mask.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
Yes, my dear ones.

Tears stream down Paul's face.

Ian looks into Paul's eyes, he glances back at Antonia then spits in Paul's face--

IAN
You pussy. Are you crying? You'll pay for that.

Paul tries to wrestle his arms free, but Ian digs his knee harder into his hip.

Ian looks up at Sophia. She looks a little lost.

SOPHIA
You're a very bad boy, Paul.

IAN

Yes. You are a very bad boy. What do we do with bad boys and girls, Fi?

Sophia winces at her pet name being used in the dungeon.

SOPHIA

We punish them.

Paul sobs -- gurgling noises escape around his gag.

Antonia is breathing very heavily. Her hand drags across her chest.

ANTONIA

Very, very good.

IAN

That's right. Let's put him on the table.

Sophia nods. She heads over to the men on the floor.

Antonia plunges her hand into her shirt and grabs one of her breasts.

Sophia and Ian each take one of Paul's arms and begin to drag him across the floor, to a table not far from Antonia.

He kicks and struggles.

Sophia has a hard time holding on

SOPHIA

Ian--

She indicates her tied hands.

IAN

No.

The couple get to the table, and hoist Paul onto it.

Ian chains Paul's wrist to the table.

Sophia is unable to work the lock with her hands tied.

Ian moves to Paul's legs. Paul kicks him in the face.

Ian punches the squirming man in the face -- hard. Paul's eyebrow bleeds.

Antonia kneads her breast with one hand, and clutches the oxygen mask to her face with the other.

Ian chains Paul's feet.

Sophia still struggles with the chains.

Ian walks over, and backhands her.

IAN (CONT'D)
We punish bad girls, Sophia.

She falls on her knees.

IAN (CONT'D)
Stay there.

Ian restrains Paul's arm, and begins cranking the table. It goes slowly from flat table top to an upright wall.

Antonia can be seen in the mirrors on either side of the table. A third mirror hangs from the ceiling above.

Antonia removes her hand from down her shirt, spreads her legs, and reaches up her skirt. She shudders at each sound of the table cranking.

Paul is now dangling from his arms and legs. Sophia is still at his feet, on her hands and knees.

Ian grabs Sophia's hair and pulls it.

IAN (CONT'D)
Now. Suck his cock.

Sophia obeys, and begins licking Paul's dick. She uses her bound hands to stimulate him.

Antonia lets out a gasp.

IAN (CONT'D)
How should he die, Antonia?

ANTONIA
Knife. As he orgasms.

Ian leaves to find a knife.

Sophia, still on her knees continues performing fellatio.

Antonia is breathing alarmingly heavily.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
So good. So very good.

Ian returns with a knife -- the blade is the same size as his still throbbing erection.

IAN
Here comes the fun.

He drags the blade across Paul's stomach in a small line above Sophia's bobbing head.

Paul's whole body tenses in pain.

Blood drips down Paul's body, onto Sophia's forehead and nose.

IAN (CONT'D)
Is that good, Antonia?

Antonia moans. She is fingering herself as she watches.

Ian cuts a thin slice into Paul's arm.

ANTONIA
Make him come.

Ian grabs the back of Sophia's head, and forces her Paul's penis further into her mouth.

IAN
You heard her. He has to come.

Sophia continues performing, but pleads with her eyes up at Ian.

Ian winks at his wife.

She nods back.

He carves another line into Paul's skin, up his sternum and across his collar bone.

The knife hovers at Paul's throat.

Antonia furiously masturbates -- the sound of her breathing is deafening.

Sophia whimpers, stops bobbing, and sucks just the head of Paul's penis.

ANTONIA
Do it! Do it now.

As cum starts dripping from Sophia's mouth, she takes more of Paul's member and returns to a rhythmic bobbing.

Paul's body is racked with sobs. Tears stream down his face neck and chest, onto the knife.

Antonia is arched in her chair, furiously working under her skirt.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Ian - do it!

Ian hesitates. The knife flicks, nicking Paul's neck.

Ian whips around.

IAN

Sorry, Antonia.

He lunges at her, and the knife severs the tube connecting Antonia's mask to her tank of oxygen.

Antonia is still breathing heavily.

She begins hacking, and clawing at her oxygen mask.

She tugs at the mask, but she shakes, and can't remove it.

She coughs hard, and blood spatters into the mask, filling the clear plastic with goopy red.

She claws at her face.

Ian crouches in front of her.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Antonia. I'm so sorry.

Sophia spits out the cum, and starts to undo Paul's chains.

Antonia coughs harder and harder. She falls to her knees out of the chair.

SOPHIA

Ian, help me.

IAN

I'm so sorry. I'm so so sorry.

Sophia releases Paul's arms, and they work together on his ankles.

He slides down the table, and runs out of the room.

Sophia crouches next to her husband. He cries into her lap.

Antonia lays on the floor, raggedly and unevenly breathing, her mask filled with blood.

SOPHIA
You did the right thing, Ian. You did.

Antonia sputters, her eyes flutter, and her breathing stops.

IAN
I'm so sorry.

Sophia comforts her husband. Stroking his hair and shushing his sobs.

She looks sadly at Antonia's body in front of them.

FADE TO:

INT. ANTONIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ian carries Antonia's body into the room. Sophia walks behind with the oxygen tank. They are both fully clothed now.

He lays Antonia out on the bed tenderly. He kneels beside the bed.

Sophia sits next to the body, and gingerly fixes Antonia's hair.

SOPHIA
It seems so strange, touching her.

IAN
Yeah. It's weird being in her room.

They look at the body.

SOPHIA
I think it's safe to say she died doing what she loved.

Ian nods.

He takes Antonia's hand.

Sophia gets up and peruses the room.

She notes the screens where Antonia watched them.

She runs her fingers over the multitude of pill bottles.

She heads over to a desk. On it is Antonia's will.

Sophia picks up the paper.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Ian. She left it all to us.

IAN

How can you think about that right now?

SOPHIA

No, I mean, before we moved in.
Before we even signed the contract.
She left it all to us.

Ian looks at his wife and back at Antonia.

INT. ANTONIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Months later.

A bassinet, with a peacefully sleeping baby inside.

On the bed, the couple is having sex. It's strangely passionless.

Ian is on top of Sophia. He seems to be working very hard.

Sophia's face is expressionless. She looks at the bassinet beside the bed.

She looks bored.

She stares at nothing.

SOPHIA

Good. Very Good.

FADE OUT.