

Swedish Lesbian Vampire Wonderland

By

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Inspired by a true story

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INT. HOT STAR FUCKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BANG-A-DA. BANG-A-DA. BANG-A-DA. A country-style bedhead bangs against a wall. Blu-tacked above it is...

A POSTER

An Australian Football League (AFL) Player. Fists clenched. Head thrown back. A victory roar.

The caption reads: Blake Steele, Captain of the Devils.

He's late 30s. Hairy-chested, mustachioed. A 70s throwback. The illegitimate love child of Tom Selleck and Burt Reynolds. God's gift to women.

ON THE FLORAL-QUILTED BED

A naked BLAKE STEELE takes HOT STAR FUCKER (20s) from behind.

HOT STAR FUCKER
(faux enthusiasm)
Oh, I love ya, Blakey. I love ya.

His gaze drifts around the room until...

He frowns. Cocks his head.

On the far wall hangs a poster of another player. Team Captain. Crossed out and dated. Scored six out of ten.

And another. Team Captain. Crossed out and dated. Scored eight out of ten.

Twelve in all. All team captains. All crossed out and dated. All scored out of ten.

All but his.

CLICK. A camera flash lights the room.

WTF? He sneaks a peek.

She's on her cell phone. Texting.

STAR FUCKER
Don't stop, Blakey! It doesn't
count if you don't cum.

She twists and shoves her phone to his face.

HER FACEPAGE status update reads: "BLAKE STEELE! I WIN SLUTS!" beside a picture of his hairy nut sack.

STAR FUCKER
Say you love me, Blakey, so I can
upload that, too.

BLAKE
Bloody hell!

He bails.

As he reaches for his pile of clothes his phone BUZZES on
top.

ON BLAKE'S CELL PHONE

The screen reads: LOU.

He shuts it off. Grabs his clothes. Stumbles into...

THE LIVING ROOM

... and freezes.

Wearing just football socks, he stands frozen before a
dozen drunk HOT YOUNG WOMEN.

HOT YOUNG WOMAN #1
What's wrong, Blakey. Not man
enough for all of us?

Blake's phone BUZZES again.

Blake ignores it. Grins and spreads his arms.

BLAKE
Ladies.

HOT YOUNG WOMAN #1 rips open her blouse.

HOT YOUNG WOMAN #1
Lassie wants a bone!

ALL HOT YOUNG WOMEN
Har-ooo!

They all rip off their blouses. Crash-tackle him back into
the bedroom.

The last Hot Young Woman whips out her phone.

CLICK.

CLICK.

CLICK.

INT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The TV morning news runs hand-held footage of Blake's massively multi-player tryst.

The caption reads: "Blake Steele: Career Over?"

In front of the TV sits--

--DAVE-O (30s). A weedy version of Blake. Black jeans, beret, and black T-shirt that reads "Equal Work for Equal Pay". Bracers with badges like "Your Rights At Work!" and "Unions United".

Surrounded by Blake's trophies, flags, ribbons and footy memorabilia, he sinks into the couch, horrified eyes glued to the TV.

DAVE-O
(Mouths)
Fuck.

Blake staggers in. Disheveled. Dazed. Shuts the door. He leans against it to regain strength, a blissed-out smile on his face.

BLAKE
Waddaya watching, porn?

DAVE-O
Indeed. The Final Adventures of
Fuckie the Fuck Monster.

Blake admires his handiwork.

BLAKE
Epic night...

ON TV - A Hard-edged, corporate blond gives an interview.
Caption Reads: "We will Take Action" vows AFL Sexual
Harassment Lawyer.

Blake admires her handiwork with fond memories.

DAVE-O
Yeah, epic. What kind of deranged moron are you?... Wait, have you shagged her. You have, haven't you!

BLAKE
Mate, great tits.

DAVE-O
Could you not just say no? Just once.

BLAKE
Real men never say no.

DAVE-O
Here we go.

BLAKE
Roots are sacred, Dave-o. That's
why God made them so hard for
blokes like you to get.

DAVE-O
Ugh. Caveman. Make. Funny.

BLAKE
Maybe I need a real agent.

DAVE-O
You require a pimp.

BLAKE
You always were the mummy's boy.

DAVE-O
And you shall die as lonely and
bitter as Dad.

Silence.

BLAKE
Dad died of a broken heart,
Dave-o.

DAVE-O
That's not--

BLAKE
--The bitch vowed to love him
forever. And the poor bastard
believed it.

His phone rings. He checks it.

DAVE-O
That's Lou, right?

Blake switches it off.

DAVE-O
Do you not think you should ring
her back?

Blake strips as he strides to the bedroom.

DAVE-O
No time for sleep, Studmuffin.
Just shower and scrub up.

BLAKE
Who died and made you Mum?

DAVE-O
We have to meet Sir Jack at the
Clubhouse.

BLAKE
Sir Jack? Now? What about?

Dave-o looks at him like he's a moron.

INT. CLUB PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

A polished desk strewn with lewd photos and newspaper headlines like "Blake's Teenage Rampage" and "Blake Steele's Cherries".

From behind the desk glares SIR JACK DYER (70s). Old School. Patrician. Hard as nails.

Dave-o and Blake sit opposite, like naughty school boys.

SIR JACK
You, son, are a bloody disgrace.

BLAKE
Oh, c'mon, Sir Jack! What man
wouldn't do her?

DAVE-O
He means there were extenuating
circumstances--

SIR JACK
--Let me extenuate the fucking
circumstances. Horny toad fucks
twelve rich young girls. That
equals twelve. Very rich. Very
powerful. And very. Fucking.
Angry. Fathers.

BLAKE
But they lured me, Sir Jack. I'm
the victim here.

DAVE-O
He means he deserves a second
chance... another second--
another final chance.

Sir Jack rises.

Opens the door to the adjoining boardroom.

SIR JACK
They have an offer for you.

BLAKE
Who's they?

INT. CLUB BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blake, Dave-o and Sir Jack enter.

On the other side of the table, flanked by TWO SERIOUS SUITS, sits--

--CLAIRE MARKS (30s). Corporate-cut blond. White-hot body in a sharp, dark suit. Corporate lawyer to her flinty core. The one who gave the TV interview. Between her perfect breasts hangs a VIP pass.

DAVE-O
Oh, shit.

She smiles at Blake. A predator's smile.

CLAIRE
Hello, lover boy.

BLAKE
(to Dave-o)
Told ya. Great tits--

DAVE-O
--So! What deal are the Fascists from HQ proposing?

A Serious Suit slides a paper across the table.

Dave-o snaffles it. Reads.

Relaxes. Hint of sadness.

BLAKE
What? What's the deal?

CLAIRE
A network deal as commentator and regular slot on their mid-week football program.

DAVE-O
We can work with that.

BLAKE
No more footy!? Pig's arse.

DAVE-O
 (to Blake)
We can work with this.

CLAIRE
 You can play for two more
 seasons. With one condition--

BLAKE
 --I knew it. Community service.

Claire lays down a brochure and plane tickets.

CLAIRE
 Rehab.

ON BROCHURE: A Disney-esque castle reigns over a quaint
 medieval village. It reads: "SWEDISH LESBIAN WONDERLAND
 ULTIMATE SEXUAL HEALING."

Silence.

BLAKE
This is therapy?

CLAIRE
 An experimental cure, but one
 hundred percent effective.

BLAKE
 Cure? For what?

Across the table, Claire slides a particularly graphic
 photo of Blake and four naked women.

CLAIRE
 You're out of control, Blakey.
 You need help to... settle down.

BLAKE
 That's what this is all about?
Marriage?

The Serious Suits look uncomfortable.

Claire bites her lip...

BLAKE
 Jam it up your arse.

CLAIRE
 We're done.

SIR JACK
 Wait! Let's talk. Man to man.
 (to Dave-o)
 I didn't mean you, son.

Sir Jack ushers Blake back to...

INT. CLUB PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Blake paces while Sir Jack reclines.

BLAKE

Say what you like, I'm not going to some crazy whack-job doctor.

SIR JACK

Look, the therapy was the Harpy's idea. But HQ are going along with it because, to a man, they just want you...

BLAKE

Neutered?

SIR JACK

Domesticated. Each is afraid their wife's next.

BLAKE

I don't do wives. I don't.

SIR JACK

Alright. No wives. Just girlfriends and daughters and aunties and ex-wives and...

BLAKE

Yeah, righto. Righto.

SIR JACK

Look, the game has changed, son. There's no future in it for a man who's jerked around by his Tommy Roger. Sooner or later you have to settle down, let the lust mature into love. Is it really so bad if this voodoo works?

BLAKE

I'm not ill.

SIR JACK

A quick holiday. A fresh start. Keep your nose clean, you'd still end up a Hall of Fame-er--

BLAKE

--I'm not ill.

SIR JACK
 Son, don't fuck this gift horse
 in its mouth.

BLAKE
 Gift horse!?

SIR JACK
 Read the brochures. It's a week
 at an all-you-can-eat pussy
 buffet!

BLAKE
I don't need therapy--

SIR JACK
 --Trust me, son, you need this.
 Right now. Just for the holiday.

Blake relents.

Sir Jack softens. He stands. Throws an arm around Blake's
 shoulder.

SIR JACK
 Look, you want to know the real
 secret to taming the one-eyed
 trouser snake, son?... Poetry.

Blake blinks. WTF?

BLAKE
 Poetry is for poofers.

SIR JACK
 Poetry channels your lust, son.
 Transforms it into a noble ardor.
 It burns away the stink, leaving
 only what is real and pure.

Silence...

BLAKE
 Never rooted a sheila worth a
 love poem.

Sir Jack removes his arm.

SIR JACK
 (snap frozen)
 Then you do need help. I need
 your answer before the six
 o'clock news.

Sir Jack leaves.

Blake pulls out a wallet.

ON WALLET: The front reads: "Hall of Mirrors: To Blake from Dad".

He opens it.

One side is engraved with: "Take a good hard look at yourself,". The other side is a mirror stitched into the leather. Above it is engraved: "You Dickhead".

From inside, he takes a small photo.

Blake's phone rings.

It's LOU. Again.

He stares at the photo while the phone RINGS.

And RINGS.

EXT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - DAY

Blake RINGS the doorbell.

It's answered by...

--LOUISE (30s). Dark haired. Fair skin. An innocent sex goddess. Snow White meets Black Swan. She wears a dressing gown.

He looks away.

LOUISE

Blake!

BLAKE

L-Lou. Sorry, now's obviously not a good--

LOUISE

--Blake, we need to talk.

She opens the door to let him in.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Modern. Stylish. Feminine.

LOUISE

Just give me a moment.

She exits upstairs. He sneaks a peek as she leaves.

Blake paces. Uncomfortable. On edge. He smooths his hair. Checks his breath.

Then he spies...

In the corner, stands an empty display cabinet. On the floor rests three cardboard boxes full to overflowing with memorabilia. Flags. Trophies. Photos.

Blake looks gutted.

He opens a box. Slowly.

Framed photos rest on top. He pulls out two.

PHOTO #1: Blake as a boy winning an award. Beside him is a young Louise (10s), laughing.

In his other hand...

PHOTO #2: Blake, slightly older, shaking hands with the Prime Minister. Louise (20s) watches on, beams with pride.

In the box, at the top, lies...

PHOTO #3: Grand Final Day. Blake roaring in victory while Louise (30s) gives him a hug and a kiss.

Blake puts the photos down and retrieves...

A MEDAL: "BLAKE STEELE, CLUB CHAMPION 1979"

Blake stares at the medal.

FLASHBACK - JUNIOR FOOTBALL GAME - DAY - 1979

A huddle of young boys, including YOUNG BLAKE, surround their coach, BLAKE'S DAD. Watching from a gap between the others is YOUNG DAVE-O.

YOUNG BLAKE
They're too good!

BLAKE'S DAD
Aw, pig's arse. Dry your eyes,
Princess. Toughen up, Buttercup.
We've got a game to win.

YOUNG BLAKE
But dad--

A FACE SLAP. Real hard.

BLAKE'S DAD
No "buts", girl's blouse. It's
three minutes to the siren. We're
down by five and they've got our
bloody ball. So, what are you
gonna do, sunshine?

YOUNG BLAKE
Go in hot and hard.

BLAKE'S DAD
What's that?

ALL THE BOYS
GO IN HOT AND HARD!

BLAKE'S DAD
Too bloody right. Now go, you
good things! Go!

END FLASHBACK

Blake stares at the medal.

LOUISE (O.S.)
Some good times, huh?

Louise is now fully dressed. Wholesomely sexy.

BLAKE
Yeah... all packed away...

LOUISE
It's time to... to move on.

An awkward moment. They stare at each other.

BLAKE
You wanna grab some Chinese?
Spring rolls and fried rice?

LOUISE
I have other plans...

BLAKE
C'mon, just like old times--

She holds up her left hand. A diamond ring sparkles.

LOUISE
--Blake, I'm engaged. To Nigel
Eastlake.

Oh. Him. Him?

LOUISE
I've been trying to tell you. The
wedding is next Sunday. In Italy.

BLAKE
Eager beavers. No invite?

LOUISE

I'm sorry...

Not as sorry as Blake...

NIGEL (O.S)

Blossom?

Into the room swaggers--

--NIGEL EASTLAKE (40s). Long wavy hair. Chiseled jaw. Buzz Lightyear in a million dollar suit.

LOUISE

Nigel, honey! Come and meet--

NIGEL

--Blake Steele. A pleasure.

They shake. Nigel holds onto Louise like he owns her. Blake shakes his hand like he's throttling an adder.

Her cell phone rings. She disentangles.

LOUISE

Client. Excuse me, gentlemen.

She steps outside to answer it.

NIGEL

Love you, Blossom!

And she blooms just a little. Blows him a kiss.

NIGEL

She's a hottie, huh? Know her well?

BLAKE

Primary school. Family friend.

NIGEL

(nudge, nudge)

Still a virgin. Can't believe my luck.

Blake turns away. Nigel follows.

NIGEL

Turns out you just gotta say you love her. Soaks it up like desert rose. Like she's never heard it before in her life.

Nigel can't see Blake's grinding his teeth. Near bursting.

NIGEL

(whispers)

Of course the no sex before marriage thing is a bore. But, I have other tush. I mean, lads like us, who hasn't, right? Have to get in some good practice before the wedding night.

BLAKE

(barely controlled)

Marriage should be done proper.

NIGEL

Oh, she'll be done good and proper, trust me!

Blake replaces the medal.

He's gripped it so hard he's left indents.

He grabs another piece of memorabilia - a football.

ON FOOTBALL: Signed "For Lou from Blake Steele"

BLAKE

Real men honour their vows.

NIGEL

Then I do solemnly swear next Sunday to get behind that hot virgin arse and bang the bitch into next week--

Blake pivots and with graceful ease but almighty power drop punts the football into Nigel's face.

WHAM! Blake floors him, out cold.

Blake collects the football.

Steps over Nigel and out the door.

ON THE PORCH

Blake passes Louise. She gawks inside.

BLAKE

Why do you good ones always go for the fucksticks?

And he's gone.

EXT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - DAY

Blake strides down the footpath bouncing and catching his football.

Sir Jack strides towards him, phone in hand.

SIR JACK
Did you really just flatten a
fucking a board member?

BLAKE
You were right. I need a holiday.
See you after your daughter's
wedding, pops.

Blake strides away.

SIR JACK
Ah, you poor bastard, son.

INT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Blake stuffs clothes into an overnight bag. Slings it over his shoulder. Grabs his football.

Strides from his bedroom, into the living room.

Dave-o stands beside three bulging pieces of matching luggage.

BLAKE
What the fuck, Dave-o? You
gatecrashing my rehab?

DAVE-O
Rehab? It's sexploitation.

BLAKE
It's a sex clinic.

DAVE-O
Sex-starved, man-craving
lesbians? Puh-lease!

BLAKE
They'll be porn lesbians, moron.
The hot type that crave blokes.

DAVE-O
It is a front for sex slavery

Blake grabs a paper from Dave-o's pocket. It blares "Respect Our Women! Equal Pay For Equal Work!" And its headed "Union Membership Form".

Blake crumples it onto the floor.

BLAKE
They're not gonna to let you in.

DAVE-O
They have to. I'm from the Union.

He presents his Union card. Hangs it around his neck.

BLAKE
You ruin my holiday with your
anti-sex magic and you're dead
man.

INT. CLUB BAR - NIGHT

Claire strokes her champagne flute and stares lustful daggers at...

THE TV: It shows footage of Blake and Dave-o checking in at the airport. The caption reads: Blake Steele Enters Rehab.

Beside her sits SILVIA (30s), a dark beauty admiring her massive diamond ring, and KATHY (30s) frumpy and dumpy.

Cliff, late 40s, dashing handsome, but zero presence, waits on Silvia. She pats his arm.

SILVIA
But no olives this time, Cliff,
there's a good boy.

Cliff hurries away. Claire's eyes never leave the TV.

KATHY
Oh, just move on, already.

CLAIRE
You don't understand. It's like
fucking the last real man on
earth.

She shudders with pleasure. Kathy rolls her eyes.

SILVIA
It's the curse of the Alpha Male,
darling. Irresistible studs but
useless husbands. But the Swedes
will fix him, just like my Cliff.

CLAIRE
Brilliant people, the Norse.

SILVIA
It's all that snow and nothing
else to do.

KATHY

My mother always said that if you really love a man you take the good with the bad.

Claire gags on her drink.

SILVIA

Don't be ridiculous, darling! Look at us modern women. Healthy. Fit. Educated. We perfect ourselves while nature keeps tossing us cavemen or queers.

CLAIRE

We've earned a little "cake and eat it too".

SILVIA

To cake!

She and Silvia clink champagne glasses.

Cliff returns with a plate of dips, crackers and cheeses.

SILVIA

Where are the olives, stupid male!?

Cliff genuflects and hurries away again.

INT. SWEDISH TAXI - DAY

Blake grabs his football out of the air and lurches forward as the blue taxi screeches to a halt.

BLAKE

Easy, Phar Lap!

The Swedish taxi driver is already out of the cab.

EXT. SWEDISH VILLAGE - DAY

Blake and Dave-o bail from the taxi.

The taxi driver hurls their bags onto the cobblestones.

Slams the trunk shut.

Leaps back into the cab.

Guns it.

Burns rubber as he hauls away.

Blake offers euro notes to thin air.

BLAKE
 Guess Swedes don't tip, either.

The smoke clears revealing a quaint European village dominated by a Disney-esque castle, just like the brochure, but with a massive crane rising from behind it.

Across the street, a police helicopter flies in fast and low over the Village Inn.

Blake grabs his bag.

Leaving Dave-o to struggle with his three pieces of luggage, he strides to...

INT. VILLAGE INN - RECEPTION - DAY

A floral and lace wonderland. Flower arrangements. Potpourri. Nothing masculine.

The RECEPTIONIST (30s), blond pig tails, backs away as Blake strides through the doors.

Blake leans against the counter, bold as brass.

BLAKE
 G'day, Blake Steele--

--A glass security wall shoots up. Almost removes his head.

BLAKE
 Fuck me!

RECEPTIONIST
 (through intercom)
 Never. Go bar. Wait.

Blake stares, stunned.

RECEPTIONIST
 (through intercom)
 Wait bar. Not long.

INT. VILLAGE INN - BAR - DAY

Blake and Dave-o enter the bar. The same floral and frills decoration scheme as the Reception.

Lovey-dovey couples occupy every table and booth.

-- A man bends his knee. His partner nods, cries;

-- A woman plucks a diamond from her champagne. Squeals.

-- A woman jumps for joy and screams "no more headjobs!".

BLAKE
I'm gonna to be sick.

DAVE-O
Oh, sublimely clever, but I shall
not be fooled--

BLAKE
Shut up, and get us a beer,
Vagilante. I need a piss.

Blake saunters to the toilets.

Closed for cleaning.

Busting, he goes out the back door to...

THE BACK ALLEY

Blake unzips. Closes his eyes.

Sighs...

THE MAD PREACHER (70s) leaps from nowhere. Resembles Sir Jack, but cat-weazle crazy. A serious blue suit and string tie. Mid-west evangelical chic with all kinds of stains.

MAD PREACHER
PUZ-ZEE!

Blake reels.

BLAKE
Fucking Christ!

The Mad Preacher grips Blake by the shoulders.

MAD PREACHER
Beware the ladies of the night,
boy. They have corrupted Jayzus's
gift of lurve and made it a -
PUZ-ZEE - weapon against mankind.

BLAKE
I've pissed myself, you moron.

MAD PREACHER
Do not kiss them. Have no
congress with them. PUZ-ZEE!

Blake winds up to clock this lunatic--

--TWO ORDERLIES in white coats leap upon the Mad Preacher.
Drag him to the ground.

DR STUTTGART (50s) appears. Produces a needle and syringe.

The Preacher screams... gurgles... goes limp.

The Orderlies drag him away. Dr Stuttgart leads them towards a police chopper that rests in a nearby field.

BLAKE
Bloody hell.

THE POLICE CHIEF (50s) sidles up to Blake.

POLICE CHIEF
Apologies, sir. We attract many lunatics, as you can imagine.

He gives Blake a his business card.

POLICE CHIEF
My card. It should earn you free drinks for your troubles.

INT. VILLAGE INN - BAR - DAY

Empty beer glasses litter the table.

Blake plays with the Police Chief's Business Card. Slips it into his Hall of Mirrors wallet.

He frowns. Draws the small photo from his wallet.

ON SMALL PHOTO: Blake and Louise, in younger days, having fun in the sun. She's "in the moment". He gazes at her. Lovingly.

Blake gazes at the photo, melancholic.

Dave-o regards him with sadness.

Out the window, a limo pulls up.

BLAKE
Must be our lift.

Blake slips the photo back. Drains his beer.

A BLOND and A BRUNETTE leap up, sprint at Blake...

He readies himself as...

... they burst past him, racing each other outside.

EXT. SWEDISH VILLAGE - DAY

Out of the Limo sidles--

--THE CONCIERGE (30s). A dapper man in a robin's egg blue suit, parted hair slicked against his head.

He opens the rear door.

Out of it steps GOLF PRO (30s). Clean cut, nerd cool.

The Blond and the Brunette kick, elbow, cat fight all the way to his feet.

GOLF PRO
Victoria?... Cynthia?... What the
devil is... going on?

The Blond stands with stiletto on the Brunette's neck.
Grabs the Golf Pro. Smashes him with a kiss...

The Brunette sags.

THE BRUNETTE
Bitch.

The Golf Pro blinks, like he just woke up.

GOLF PRO
Victoria! Darling!

He drops to one knee.

GOLF PRO
Marry me!

The Blond slots a huge diamond ring onto her finger.

She struts into the Inn, Golf Pro in tow.

THE BLOND
Now, these are your friends we're
not inviting...

The Brunette cries in the gutter.

THE CONCIERGE
Mr Steele, I presume?

BLAKE
Was that... that golf pro? You
cured him?

The Concierge smiles.

BLAKE
Bloody hell.

DAVE-O
Nice try, Fascist Pimp. You are
perpetrating evil up there, and I
shall expose it!

THE CONCIERGE
Who are you, sir?

BLAKE
The idiot brother.

DAVE-O
The Union. And we shall go
through your dodgy operation like
lightning through a wet dog.

He jumps inside the limo. The Concierge smiles.

THE CONCIERGE
Welcome to the party.

BLAKE
Fair warning, he's a ponce.

The Concierge takes a deep whiff of Blake.

ON CONCIERGE'S EYEBALL : The pupil dilates.

THE CONCIERGE
Nice cologne. Very promising.

Blake takes a whiff under his armpit. Stares at the
Concierge like he's mad. Hops in.

The Concierge shuts the door.

THE CONCIERGE
Very promising indeed.

EXT. CASTLE GATE - NIGHT

Thunder rumbles as the limo pulls up in front of a giant
iron portcullis.

The boys pile out.

To one side rises a crane, half-dismantled, over a newly
constructed wing of the castle.

BLAKE
Business booming?

THE CONCIERGE
A new venture. This way, please.

He leads them through the portcullis to...

THE SCANNING ROOM

Metal detectors, luggage scanners.

Three nerdy security guards in light blue velvet suits and
white gloves man the entrance. Collectively they are known
as ZOMBIE PUSSYMEN.

THE CONCIERGE

The ladies are jealous of their privacy. All electronic devices will be returned on departure.

Blake hands over his keys, and a phone. And, reluctantly, his football. A Zombie Pussyman tosses them into a plastic tub marked in Gothic type with "Mr Steele"

Dave-o shrugs: "nothing to declare."

The Concierge searches him. Pulls out a hidden camera. A microphone. Wires. Another camera.

He tosses these into a plastic tub marked with a handwritten "Mr Dave-o".

DAVE-O

No happy snaps?

BLAKE

This isn't Disneyland, Dave-o

THE CONCIERGE

Indeed not. Sign, please.

He lays a contract on the table.

ON CONTRACT: Yellowed parchment. Olde Worlde writing, reduced to a scrawl at the bottom.

BLAKE

What's in the fine print, Red?

THE CONCIERGE

I'm not permitted to advise.

DAVE-O

Just sign it. They cannot enforce it if you haven't read it.

The Concierge stares at him like he's mad.

DAVE-O

An old union trick.

BLAKE

Who gives a rat's arse? It's a week-long lesbian orgy, right?

THE CONCIERGE

Once cured, you'll be released, a changed man.

BLAKE

Just here for the holiday, Red.

Blake signs with a big quill. Blood red ink.

They step through the metal detector.

The gates BOOM shut.

INT. CASTLE FOYER - NIGHT

Whale songs and soft pan pipes announce a world of rich velvets and seductive sculptures.

Candles float in water bowls and throw beguiling shadows. Zombie Pussymen dust and polish the furniture.

The Concierge minutely adjusts one of the many gold-framed mirrors. It has a parabolic curve that distorts his image.

He throws open doors to...

INT. CASTLE - DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

A tasteful, Gothic fantasy strip bar. It throbs with a full crowd and the promise of easy sex.

Gorgeous, waitresses in lingerie slink and flirt among sports stars, celebs, politicians, and Captains of Industry. Alpha males in Alpha heaven.

BLAKE

Now, this is therapy!

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE SUITE - NIGHT

A luxurious lounge and dining room overlooking the lap dancing bar, like a private box to the Stripper Olympics.

Before a huge one-way mirror a svelte silhouette, gorgeous, even in outline, tracks Blake's entrance.

We'll come to know her as LADYBIRD.

Elegant hands brush over a Tablet PC.

ON TABLET SCREEN: Series of web-page design layouts for "SWEDISH LESBIAN WONDERLAND REALITY PORN TOURS".

LADYBIRD

This one.

She hands it to a Zombie Pussyman who emerges from the shadows. He scurries away.

Below, Blake leans against the bar. Every woman entertains other guests, but their gazes swivel to Blake.

An elegant hand rings a silver bell.

The Concierge appears, as if by magic.

LADYBIRD
Ready this room. Now, stupid
male.

He bows and leaves.

An elegant hand presses an intercom button.

LADYBIRD
Mother, fetch our prize stallion
before somebody bites him.

INT. CASTLE - DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Blake leans against the bar. Dave-o scans the room, like a drug enforcement agent.

DAVE-O
Time for an inspection.

But as he reaches for his union card, but is taken by the arm by...

-- DAISY CHAIN (20s) Skin head. Black leather and chains. Nazi general's hat. A riding crop.

DAISY CHAIN
Aren't you just deliciously
revolutionary? Let's have a
detente. In private.

She leads Dave-o to the velvet curtains.

BLAKE
Go you good thing! Go!

Blake becomes uncomfortable with girl's attention.

There is something predatory about the dancers, the way they move. The way they lick their lips. The way they eye their prey.

Through the crowd he spots--

--CLEO STILETTO (30s) Blond bob. Fishnets beneath navy blue hot pants. Open suit coat reveals a black bra. She leans seductively against the bar.

Blake grins--

--MOTHER HAG (80s) fills his vision. Victorian. Severe. Mrs Bennett with an iron will and a stone heart.

He recoils.

BLAKE

Bloody hell. I'm not into fetishes.

MOTHER HAG

The Lady of the House desires your presence, Mr Steele.

He grins. Squares his shoulders.

BLAKE

Straight to the top shelf. I like that.

She rolls her eyes, leads him to the stairs.

Cleo sneers at the bank of reflective glass overlooking the dance floor.

CLEO

Greedy bitch.

INT. DAISY CHAIN'S FANTASY ROOM - NIGHT

A iron-framed double bed. Cow hide cover. Stripper pole. Mirrored ceiling. MUTED MOANS from another room.

Daisy Chain leads Dave-o to the bed.

DAVE-O

Right-o, shall we begin?

He fidgets in his pockets. She slips off her top.

DAVE-O

Oh... very well. We shall begin with breasts...

He produces a pad with a checklist, calculator, and a pen. CLICK. CLICK.

DAVE-O

... do you receive a topless allowance?

Daisy Chain's jaw drops.

DAVE-O

That's a "no". Open leg work loading?

Daisy Chain just stares.

He gravely marks a cross on his pad.

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE SUITE - NIGHT

The Concierge opens the door.

Blake enters, trailed by Mother Hag.

Her pager beeps. She checks it.

MOTHER HAG

Do excuse me. The Lady will not
be long.

She leaves.

Blake examines the room. Deep shadows. Hint of a table and deep sofas. Light and muted throbs leak from the dance floor below.

From this perspective it is noticeable that there is no nudity, just tease. The promise of sex, never honoured.

And a steady stream of clients follow girls into the private chambers... never to return.

BLAKE

So, this a good job, Red? All
this gorgeous flesh?

THE CONCIERGE

It is tolerable, Mr Steele.

BLAKE

Yeah, right. Plenty of perky
perks, I'm guessin'.

THE CONCIERGE

I assure you, we do not see the
ladies as sex objects.

He leans a little closer. Surreptitiously sniffs the back of Blake's neck.

BLAKE

Easy, Snookums! I'm not that kind
of man.

LADYBIRD (O.S.)

What a relief, Mr Steele.

Someone strikes a match, lights a candle. To reveal...

-- LADYBIRD (40s). Blond hair. Blue eyes. Alabaster skin and ruby lips. Black stockings and garters. Purple bustier.

She bends to light another candle. Full breasts gleam in the candlelight. She oozes sensuality, seethes with the promise of sex.

Lust burns inside Blake and sets his eyes afire.

LADYBIRD

I am Doctor Ladybird. I will be responsible for your therapy.

She blows out her match.

Before her, a candlelit banquet table, set with a feast.

LADYBIRD

Please. You look famished.

INT. DAISY CHAIN FANTASY ROOM - NIGHT

Daisy Chain chews her fingernails, hunched and bored.

From the adjoining room WHIPS CRACK. LOUDER GROANS.

Dave-o ticks off his list.

DAVE-O

No pay. No annual leave loading.
No family flexible arrangements.
No maternity leave. No sick
leave. No redundancy pay.

Daisy Chain yawns.

DAVE-O

My dear, you are being screwed.

DAISY CHAIN

I wish.

He takes her hands. Gazes deep into her eyes.

DAVE-O

But I can help you. I can take
you away from all this.

Daisy Chain perks up. Turns the sleaze back on.

DAISY CHAIN

You'd do that? For little old me?

DAVE-O

Of course, comrade.

DAISY CHAIN

My hero--

Dave-o whips out a pen and membership form.

DAVE-O
 --Just sign here. It's five
 hundred per annum, deducted from
 your pay. And you receive a
 T-shirt and a cap!--

WHIP CRACKS. PAINFUL GROANS become--

--SCREAMS.

DAVE-O
 That is enough!

Union membership form in hand, Dave-o strides into...

THE PRIVATE CHAMBERS' CORRIDOR

A long hall, many doors, reinforced with wrought iron.

DAVE-O
 What kind of sick!--

The door opposite slams open. Out falls a Man in an S&M mask and an adult diaper. Blood spurts from his neck.

He stretches out a beseeching hand.

Dave-o hands him the union membership form.

The Man whimpers. His eyes say: WTF?

A female hand with long painted nails grabs him by the mask. Yanks him back inside like a rag doll.

Through the open door, Dave-o glimpses a child's bedroom.

He peers closer...

Cleo Stiletto hisses at him from within the crack. Feral eyes and fangs. Chin smeared in blood.

He recoils and the door SLAMS shut.

DAVE-O
 (shaken)
 Good lord! Blake!

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE SUITE - NIGHT

The Concierge seats Blake at one end of the table.

As he pours Blake's beer, he sniffs Blake's scent and shudders, ever so slightly.

Blake reclines, feet on the table. Swigs his beer.

BLAKE

So. What's next, Frau Doktor?

LADYBIRD

We cure you.

BLAKE

I'm not ill.

LADYBIRD

Masculinity is your disease. But we can fix that.

BLAKE

I'm just here for the holiday.

He sips his glass, but its empty.

LADYBIRD

Allow me.

Ladybird grabs a pitcher. Stands on the table.

She cat-walks to him and squats.

Her crotch at his eye level, she spreads her legs, and pours the pitcher over her chest.

Water dribbles between her breasts...

Down her belly...

Over her crotch...

And into his glass.

Blake stares, open mouthed, electrified with desire.

LADYBIRD

See? One sniff of vagina and your brain shuts down. That is addiction, Mr Steele.

She sits and spreads her legs either side of him.

LADYBIRD

Wouldn't you like to be free of it?

She her perfect breasts glow in the candlelight.

LADYBIRD

Wouldn't you like to feel love you can trust?

She eases onto his lap.

LADYBIRD

See, I can help you.

Blake stares into her eyes.

He lifts Ladybird onto the table. Grinds his crotch into hers. Leans forward to kiss her.

She puts a finger to his lips. Whispers into his ear.

LADYBIRD

First, tell me you love me.

INT. DAISY CHAIN'S FANTASY ROOM - NIGHT

Dave-o bolts down the corridor.

DAVE-O

Blake! Blake! Blake--

He careens into Mother Hag.

DAVE-O

Ow. Fuck!

He staggers. His nose bleeds.

MOTHER HAG

Poor dear, let me see.

She smears a finger in his blood. Tastes it. Eyes glow.

DAVE-O

What the--? Back off psycho hag!

He barges past but she grabs him with one hand, hurls him backwards.

He bangs his head. Crashes to the floor.

Groggy, he holds up his Union card like a talisman.

DAVE-O

I have "Right of Entry"!

MOTHER HAG

Now, now, dear...

(Aussie accent)

Is that any way to talk to Mum?

She emerges from a shadow, transformed into a 1950's housewife. Dark-haired beehive. The promise of hugs and Sunday roast.

DAVE-O

Mum?

MOTHER HAG

You love your Mum, don't you,
Davey?

DAVE-O

Yes, but... What is going on?

MOTHER HAG

You're having one of your
nightmares, Davey. But we'll make
it go away. Just give us a kiss.

Dave-o, still disoriented, puckers up.

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE SUITE - NIGHT

Blake pins Ladybird to the table.

His lips... slide past hers.

He whispers into her ear.

BLAKE

Real men don't beg. Where's your
dunny. I'm bustin'.

She points to a door.

BLAKE

Won't be a minute...

She watches him, cold, serene, as he staggers to it.

He exits. SLAM.

Ladybird's composure falls. Flustered, she fans herself.

She pours a shot from a decanter on the fire mantle piece

She downs the shot.

And another.

Aaand another.

Deep breath. Composure - and ice - returns. Just...

MOTHER HAG (O.S.)

Something wrong?

Ladybird spins.

Mother Hag stands by a bookshelf. Dave-o is beside her in
a Zombie Pussyman light-blue velvet suit.

LADYBIRD
Good for you, mother!

Mother Hag pats his cheek.

MOTHER HAG
Quite the mommy's boy. Is the
brother done, yet?

LADYBIRD
Not yet.

Mother Hag cocks an eyebrow. Scrutinizes Ladybird, her
flushed cheeks and raised nipples...

LADYBIRD
It is merely the cold.

Mother Hag glances at the roaring fire.

MOTHER HAG
Maybe this one is different.

LADYBIRD
--Motherrr. We trap, neuter, and
release. There is no romance in
culling the herd.

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Blake shuts the door. Squirms. Groans. Adjusts his crotch.
Stares into the mirror...

BLAKE
Real men don't wank. Real men
don't-- Oh, fuck it.

He opens his Hall of Mirrors Wallet.

From behind the Chief of Police's business card, Blake
extracts the worn photo of Louise.

He sets the photo on the vanity.

Unzips. Soaps up one hand.

Deep breath. Jiggles. He's all shoulder. No wrist. A rank
amateur.

He goes left-handed. Even worse. Rigid. Mechanical. C3PO
masturbating.

He stares at himself in the mirror.

BLAKE
You utter dickhead.

A noise. He stares out...

BLAKE'S POV THROUGH TOILET WINDOW

In a window opposite, two dancers tease Hunky John with a private lap dance.

BLAKE (O.S.)
Oh, Go you good thing!

INT. TWINS FANTASY ROOM - NIGHT

Two dancers, THE TWINS, as slutty mother and daughter, bring THE HUNKY JOHN to a state of tortured longing.

HUNKY JOHN
For the love of God, blow me!

They whisper into his ear.

TWIN #1
Tell me you love me.

TWIN #2
Both of us.

HUNKY JOHN
I do! I do! I love you.

TWIN #1
Prove it.

TWIN #2
With kiss.

The Hunky John smashes a kiss onto their lips.

They lick their lips.

BOTH TWINS
You lie!

Their eyes turn orange and feline.

Fangs emerge from their gorgeous mouths.

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Blake gawks through the toilet window.

BLAKE'S POV THROUGH TOILET WINDOW

The Twins hold Hunky John off the ground and bite viciously into his neck.

BLAKE (O.S)

Fuck me!

The Twins look up. Dead at Blake. Chins dripping in blood.

BACK TO SCENE

Blake recoils. Loses balance. Crashes to the ground.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

LADYBIRD (O.S.)

Mr Steele?

Back against the door, he mouths a scream: FUCK!

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE SUITE - NIGHT

Ladybird knocks on the door.

LADYBIRD

Mr Steele?

BLAKE (O.S)

Coming! Coming!

She adjusts her bodice, accentuates her cleavage.

Preens in the mirror. Scrubs her teeth with her finger. Pinches her cheeks. Coifs her hair.

Further accentuates her cleavage.

The Twins burst in. Now wearing grey lycra and veils.

LADYBIRD

Get out of here!

BOTH TWINS

He knows!

LADYBIRD

What?

BOTH TWINS

Through the bathroom window. He saw us!

Ladybird snarls, a feral, other-than-human sound.

IN THE BATHROOM

Ladybird SMASHES down the door.

Empty.

She leans out the window.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Ladybird pokes her head out a tiny window, four storeys above the castle's courtyard.

She looks left. Right. Up. Down. No Blake.

Head first, she eases out the window, clings to the castle wall like a gecko.

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Around the corner from Ladybird's window, the castle wall drops a thousand feet to the village.

In the shadow of a snarling gargoyle statue, Blake clings for dear life, back to the wall.

An inch from his head, an elegant hand grasps the gargoyle's back.

LADYBIRD'S POV

She peers over the gargoyle.

Far below, a curtain blows in open window.

BACK TO SCENE

Ladybird grunts. Retreats.

Blake squashes himself into the shadows of the gargoyle.

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Head first, Ladybird climbs inside.

Mother Hag hands her the silver bell with a wry smile.

Ladybird snatches the silver bell. Rings it.

The Concierge appears.

LADYBIRD

Mr Steele has escaped. Seal all exits. And find him. Discreetly.

The Concierge turns on his heels. Exits.

IN THE CORRIDOR

He produces a Walkie-Talkie. Breaks into a sprint.

THE CONCIERGE

Team Zero, this is Big Dog. Alpha
One has escaped! Find him! Find
him!

EXT. CASTLE ROOF - NIGHT

Blake heaves himself onto the castle roof.

Far below, he can see the castle courtyard and beyond it,
the castle gatehouse with a limo parked outside.

He sags.

BLAKE

Aw, shit. Dave-o.

He spies the window through which he saw the Twins bite
Hunky John.

CASTLE WALL - LATER

Blake shimmies down a drain-pipe, level with the window.

It's shut. And locked.

He takes a deep breath and...

SHATTERS the window

Holds his breath.

From somewhere he hears a TOILET FLUSH.

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mother Hag watches Blake heave himself through the broken
window.

At the vanity, she smiles as she washes her hands.

INT. S&M DUNGEON - NIGHT

An S&M room. Ropes. Chains. Dildos. Nowhere to hide.

On the bed, lies Hunky John with bite marks on his neck.

Blake prods him. He moans and smiles.

Blake looks up, sees a CCTV camera in the corner.

He grabs the nearest weapon - a massive rubber cock - and
smashes the camera from its mounting.

The DOOR RATTLES.

A Zombie Pussyman backs a hospital gurney into the room.

ZOMBIE PUSSYMAN
 Wait'll the new wing is finished.
 We'll be able to toss them
 straight down the chute.

He turns.

Blake leaps at him brandishing his rubber cock.

BLAKE
 AHHHGGG!

The Zombie Pussyman faints.

Another Zombie Pussyman on the other end of the gurney
 throws up his hands.

DAVE-O
 Please! Do not strike me!

BLAKE
 Shit Dave-o?

Dave-o drops his hands.

BLAKE
 Great disguise, Vagina Man.

Dave-o whips out a walkie-talkie.

DAVE-O
 Blake Steele is in the Private
 Rooms! I repeat--

Blake wallops him with the rubber cock and he collapses.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Concierge races, walk-talkie in hand.

Behind him are Team Zero, five Elite Zombie Pussymen in
 tie-dyed riot gear imprinted with peace signs.

THE CONCIERGE
 Seal off the Private Rooms! Elite
 Squads only!

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A high tech room. Exposed wires. A bank of monitors with a
 large central flatscreen. One monitor displays static.

Two Zombie Pussymen Technicians work the elaborate
 controls.

Ladybird scours the monitors. Mother Hag stands beside her, aloof but amused.

On the central screen, the Concierge and his Elite Zombie Pussymen waddle down a corridor.

LADYBIRD

They just look so pathetic when
they act all macho.

INT. S&M DUNGEON - NIGHT

The Zombie Pussyman struggles on the bed, bound and gagged with S&M implements.

Blake wears his blue suit. And still looks hot.

He stashes his Hall of Mirrors Wallet into a suit pocket.

On the hospital gurney, lies an opened body bag. Inside, bound and gagged with S&M implements, struggles Dave-o.

Blake pats Dave-o's cheeks.

BLAKE

You'll thank me one day.

He zips up the body bag. Heaves the gurney into...

CASTLE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Blake pushes the gurney around the corner.

The Concierge and Team Zero sprint towards Blake.

Blake averts his face.

The body bag sits up.

The Concierge's eyes go wide.

Blake belts the body bag. It falls limp.

The Concierge, still running, frowns at Blake.

Blake shrugs at the Concierge.

Hidden within his sleeve, Blake lets the rubber cock fall from into his hand.

The Concierge's walkie talkie crackles.

ZOMBIE PUSSYMAN (O.S.)

All exits are blocked, Top Dog.
The castle is secure.

The Concierge races past Blake, eyes front.

THE CONCIERGE
 (into walkie talkie)
 Prepare his room. We will have
 him soon.

The Concierge vanishes around the corner

Blake takes a deep breath aaannnd...

THE CONCIERGE (O.S.)
 Mr Steele!

Blake barrels the gurney down the corridor.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Blake rattles the gurney down a corridor.

He spies a door. Opens it and pushes the gurney inside.

INT. THE TWINS LABORATORY - NIGHT

Blake wheels the gurney inside, closes the door.

A laboratory lit with the florescent glow from a tank that contains two naked Twins, faceless but curvaceous. Dozens of similar Twins tanks range into the darkness.

Slack jawed, Blake wanders amongst them.

BLAKE
 Creepy.

Silence.

BLAKE
 Nice tits, but.

FOOTFALLS

Blake races to a second door.

Cracks it open.

BLAKE'S POV THROUGH THE SLIT

The Concierge and his elite squad sprint to the end of the corridor--

The body bag hops past, moaning and groaning zombie-like.

The Concierge and his squad skid to a halt.

BACK TO SCENE

Blake leaps out the door. Snots Dave-o and catches him over his shoulder as he falls.

Blake sprints off, the Concierge in hot pursuit.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Concierge closes on Blake.

Blake rounds a corner. The body bag clips one of the many ornate mirrors. Knocks it askew.

THE CONCIERGE
No, Mr Steele! You'll ruin
everything.

Blake looks over his shoulder.

The Concierge and his Elite Zombie Pussymen fuss before the mirror.

Blake bangs another mirror.

THE CONCIERGE (O.S.)
Noooo!

Blake grins as he runs.

BLAKE
Vain prick.

INT. CASTLE AIR BRIDGE - NIGHT

Blake bolts across an air bridge, Dave-o's body bag over his shoulder.

Ahead looms a door hung with a "Men at Work" sign.

Blake crashes through it.

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

All the girls crowd over Ladybird's shoulder. Some sip drinks, still in work lingerie. Others lounge in sweat pants. A few - in bathrobes - dry their hair.

On the central monitor, they watch Blake burst through the door and disappear.

The women groan.

Cleo enters, wiping blood from her chin with a chamois. The only one still "dressed for work".

CLEO

No cameras in the New Wing, yet?

LADYBIRD

Think you can catch him?

MOTHER HAG

Ladybird, I think you should--

CLEO

--The laundry chute empties into?

LADYBIRD

The crypt.

Cleo smiles, sashays away with a deadly sway of her hips.

INT. CASTLE - NEW WING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A long corridor. Many doors. Like the floor of a hotel.

Wires hang from the ceiling where lights should be. Some rooms have no door. Plaster splatters dot the floor.

Blake tries several doors. Room after room contains a differently themed sexual fantasy room and internet cam.

At the end of the corridor, he spies...

A laundry chute.

Blake heaves Dave-o into the darkness, then dives head first himself.

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - CHUTE - NIGHT

The body bag hurtles out of the chute and plows head first into a pile of saw dust and builder's off cuts.

It twitches... rises...

Blake careens into it, knocking Dave-o unconscious again.

Blake dusts himself off.

Drags Dave-o into...

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - NIGHT

A vaulted hall. Cobwebbed ceiling. Row upon neat row of coffins.

BLAKE

Bugger me!

Blake opens a coffin.

A SWARTHY SUIT (70s), lies inside. Peaceful. Arms crossed on chest.

Blake prods him. The figure moans, smiles.

SWARTHY SUIT

...bunga, bunga...

Blake casts around.

Spies an annex with a desk... and an old dial phone.

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - ANNEX - NIGHT

Blake picks up the phone... pauses to think.

Dials.

LOUISE (O.S.)

Hello, this is Louise Dyer.

BLAKE

Lou! Listen, they've sent me to castle of fucking lesbian vampires. You have to--

LOUISE (O.S.)

... I can't come to the phone right now. If you leave your name and number...

Blake bangs his head against the wall.

An idea!

He pulls out his Hall of Mirrors Wallet and extracts the Police Chief's business card.

Dials.

BLAKE

Speak English?... Police Chief, please... No, I'll not fucking hold!... Vampires. Lesbian Vampires... Don't you fucking hang up on me... oh Police Chief I'm sorry... yes... yes... that's right I know it sounds strange... Midnight?! You're joking!... But that's... Of course... Thank you--

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP...

He hangs up.

Puts the Police Chief's business card away

Stares at the photo of Louise.

And back to the phone.

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - LATER

Blake strides from the annex.

BLAKE
We've just gotta survive 'till
midnight, Dave-o. Dave-o?

The Body Bag is open. And empty.

CLICK. CLANG.

From shadows, Dave-o emerges, swinging a ring hung with iron keys.

BLAKE
What the fuck, Vagina Man?

And behind him...

Cleo Stiletto sashays towards Blake, like a tigress.

Blake spies a wooden stake in the off-cuts in the annex.

He leaps, dives, rolls. Rises, wooden stake in hand.

Drives it through her heart.

She staggers... pulls it out. Tosses it away.

CLEO
We're not that kind of vampire.

He bolts.

She grabs him with one hand. Hurls him across the floor.

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The Ladies gawk at the bank of TV monitors.

On the main screen, Blake lies on the floor.

Cleo sashays into frame.

Ladybird smiles.

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - NIGHT

Blake scrambles backwards as Cleo stalks forward.

He butts against the wall. Struggles to stand.

She pushes against him.

CLEO

Tell me you love me.

He clenches his teeth.

CLEO

Come now, is it that hard? Men tell sweet fibs all the time to flense a girl of her panties.

BLAKE

Not real men. Not about love.

She leans in close.

CLEO

But who'd ever truly love you? I mean, let's be honest. They'll fuck you all day long. But love you? Care for you? I'll bet even your mother gave up on you.

Blake stares daggers.

CLEO

We're doing you a favour, sugar nuts. Draining your misery before it becomes your life. We'll make you faithful. Compliant. Perfect husband material. One little white lie and all your troubles will end.

BLAKE

Bullshit. That's where all the fucking problems begin.

She blinks. His anger surprises her.

BLAKE

Brain-dead tarts throwing the word around like its bird seed. "We love you, Blakey. You look so hot, Blakey. Marry me, Blakey".

She tilts her head. Maybe he does know.

He advances on her, building steam.

BLAKE

But they don't love me. They've got no idea what's in this bag of skin. And couldn't give a shit, either. Well, I, for one, am fuckin' sick of it!

Cleo is nodding. Blake is in full swing.

BLAKE

Love? Real love? It's gotta be forever. You don't cheapen it by fibbing about it. You stay silent, and nurture it, until you know its pure.

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The ladies let out a collective sigh.

ALL LADIES

Aww!

Mother Hag gasps.

Ladybird scowls.

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - NIGHT

Cleo stares at him. Awed. Softened. Eyes and loins afire.

She smashes her lips into his--

She BURSTS into tears, tissues, and chocolate wrappers.

Blake staggers backwards, into the open coffin.

The lid slams shut. Locks itself.

Dave-o stands rooted to the spot as a SOBBING WAD of wet tissues and chocolate wrappers flies around the room and hurtles out the door.

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

HEART-RENDING SOBS rock the castle.

LADYBIRD

NOBODY MOVE!

The other vampires freeze half out of their chairs.

LADYBIRD

You should all be ashamed of
yourselves! A few sweet words and
you're all gagging for a kiss!

Some guilty glances. But also some defiance especially--

CHASTITY BLAIZE (20s) a gum chewing, beer-swilling slutty
schoolgirl with blond pig tails and a cynic's smile.

CHASTITY BLAIZE

Whatever. With true love our
curse--

LADYBIRD

--True love? True! Love!

She leaps down among them.

LADYBIRD

He can't love. He's a cripple.
Just like all the others.
Testosterone-infected and
deformed. He will lie and cheat
and break your heart, and don't
you EVER forget that.

They wilt in the face of her hatred.

Mother Hag looks old and broken as she gazes upon Ladybird
with deep sadness.

LADYBIRD

Now relax, ladies, or you'll just
get yourselves hurt.

Ladybird grabs Mother Hag's walkie talkie.

LADYBIRD

(into walkie talkie)
He's in the Dungeon, stupid male.
Lock him in then come back.

Ladybird pushes a big red button.

Emergency lighting.

Heavy doors barricade the control room.

SLAM SLAM SLAM

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - NIGHT

BOOM BOOM BOOM

Silence...

The coffin bumps and rattles on its plinth.

Blake smashes through the lid. Hairier, more muscular. Vaguely lupine. Fists clenched. His victory roar.

DAVE-O

Damn!

BLAKE

Say your prayers, Vagina Man!

Blake leaps from the coffin.

Thwacks Dave-o unconscious with the massive rubber cock.

MAD PREACHER (O.S.)

PUZ-ZEE!

WTF?

At the very rear of the crypt, Blake sees a cell door.

He grabs the dungeon keys from Dave-o's pocket.

INT. MAD PREACHER'S CELL - NIGHT

Keys jangle. The door creaks open.

Blake peeks inside, unconscious Dave-o slung over his shoulder and the rubber cock in his hand.

Padded walls. Mirrored ceiling. A massive bed. Stripper poles. S&M accouterments. Lit by a lava lamp and the glow of a wall mounted flat screen that streams hardcore porn.

Chained to the bed lies the Mad Preacher. Bug eyed, he holds his crucifix before him.

MAD PREACHER

PUZ-ZEE!

BLAKE

Relax, Preacher Man.

MAD PREACHER

Oh praise the - PUZ-ZEE - Lord!
Quick, boy. Ah say, release me!

BLAKE

Pigs arse.

The crypt door CLANGS open.

Blake sees the camera in the corner, red light flashing.

MAD PREACHER

Ah know a way out!

Blake hesitates...

The Mad Preacher holds out his manacles.

Blake smashes the camera with his rubber cock.

INT. MAD PREACHER'S CELL - LATER

The Concierge and five Elite Zombie Pussymen storm inside.

Empty.

THE FLATSCREEN (O.S.)

Kiss my ass! Kiss it real good!

LATER

TV off. Only flashlights illuminate the cell.

The Concierge holds the walkie-talkie away from his ear.

LADYBIRD (O.S.)

WHAT DO YOU MEAN GONE? Stupid,
stupid male, find him!

Static. He shuts it off.

Shines his torch around the cell.

Focuses on the toilet.

He heaves against it...

...reveals a long drop to the castle sewers.

MAD PREACHER (O.S.)

(distant echo)

PUZ-ZEE!

INT. CASTLE SEWER - NIGHT

High arched drains glisten with... moisture. By the glow of the lava lamp, Blake glares at the Mad Preacher.

BLAKE

Do you have to do that?

MAD PREACHER

Ah can't help it, boy. Six years in that cell. Day and night. Tits and bums with God knows what shoved Satan knows where.

BLAKE

Sounds... horrible.

MAD PREACHER

PUZ-ZEE!

BLAKE

Surprised they let you live.

MAD PREACHER

Practice, boy. That's what they used me for. Honed their sex against mah flint. But they couldn't break me. Oh, no, boy. Our Lord - PUZ-ZEE! - Jesus has kept me sane.

Blake stares at him like he's mad.

MAD PREACHER

The Ladies feed on machismo, boy. Lust and lies transform them.

BLAKE

Oh, that's gotta be bullshit.

MAD PREACHER

Free men go in and compliant husbands come out. They have networks, boy, select clientele. Lawyers and gold diggers, mostly.

BLAKE

The Harpy!

MAD PREACHER

And they won't stop, boy, until they've turned every man on God's green earth into - PUZ-ZEE - men.

BLAKE

How do we stop them?

MAD PREACHER

Like all evil we must drag them into the light!

A powerful torch beam spotlights Blake. Stink rises off him, like steam.

THE CONCIERGE (O.S.)
Hold there, Mr Steele!

MAD PREACHER
Run, boy! Ah say, run!

Blake casts around. Trapped.

The Concierge and his elite posse tip-toe closer.

Blake raises his rubber cock.

BLAKE
One more step and you're fucked,
zombie nerd.

Blake's stink reaches the Concierge's nostrils. He breathes deeply.

THE CONCIERGE
That sentiment is unnecessary, Mr Steele.

BLAKE
No lesbian vampire bitch is going
to suck out my man juice.

The Concierge's walkie-talkie fires up.

LADYBIRD (V.O.)
Found him, stupid male?

The Concierge meets Blake's stare.

THE CONCIERGE
Not yet, M'Lady. But soon. There
is nowhere for him to run.

He shuts off the walkie talkie.

Drops it into the sewer.

THE CONCIERGE
I mean to help you, Mr Steele.
You are the last hope of man.

Blake stands in the torchlight. Dave-o over his shoulder. Robin's egg blue suit. 15 inch rubber cock.

Behind him, the wall cracks open. A secret door spews forth golden light.

BLAKE
Well, bugger me.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Louise sits in the soft golden light of a table lamp.
She presses her cell phone.

BLAKE

(through cell phone)

Lou... I'm... Here I am at my
wits end and the only number I
knew was yours... how sad is
that? I'm sorry. Sorry for
everything... I should've...
should've just said... you
know... well, look, I just...
wanted to wish you a happy
future... I just... wish I
could've been there at the
wedding...

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP.

Louise ponders.

LOUISE

Honey, that was Blake...

IN THE KITCHEN

LOUISE (O.S.)

...he sounds in trouble.

Nigel whispers into his cell phone...

NIGEL

I can't just duck away... You
know I love you, right? Right?

Louise scowls from the doorway.

LOUISE

Honey?

Bus-ted. He shuts down his phone.

NIGEL

Needy clients, ringing on a
Saturday night, right?

LOUISE

What's Claire Mark's number?

NIGEL

Why would I--

She arches an eyebrow.

Nigel sighs, flips open his cell phone.

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Ladybird paces, cell phone to her ear.

LADYBIRD
No arguments. No construction
crews tomorrow until I say so.

She shuts off her cell phone.

Through presence and glares alone, she asserts her
authority over a restless bevy of vampires.

All the ladies are dressed again in their most alluring
lingerie.

Her cell phone rings. She throttles it.

LADYBIRD
I said no fucking arguments!

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Excuse me!

LADYBIRD
Miss Marks! I'm so sorry--

CLAIRE (V.O.)
What kind of freak show are you
running there?

LADYBIRD
I'm not--

CLAIRE (V.O.)
His school sweetheart is babbling
about lesbian fucking vampires.

LADYBIRD
I assure you-- his sweetheart? He
has a sweetheart!?

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Fuck her. What's this about
lesbians?

LADYBIRD
The - the therapy is intense Miss
Marks. Sometimes the tougher ones
develop a form of psychosis. But
it heals.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Well, I don't want a fruit loop
for a husband! He better be
compliant - and sane - by the end
of the week, as promised, or I'll
sue your arse into the dark ages.

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP

LADYBIRD

Fucking lawyers. Shakespeare was right.

She rings her silver bell...

And again...

She hits her Walkie Talkie. Static.

Her sister vampires stare at her, hungrily.

CHASTITY BLAIZE

He's fair game now. We all get a chance.

LADYBIRD

He'll never love you. Any of you.

CHASTITY BLAIZE

Whatever. You're just afraid.

LADYBIRD

Excuse. Me.

CHASTITY BLAIZE

It's hard, getting old.
(re: Mother hag)
Just ask her. Can't get a man
with saggy jugs.

Ladybird STRIKES Chastity. She sails across the room.

LADYBIRD

Daisy Chain, drag the Concierge
from his lair.

Daisy Chain looks like she's about to clean the latrines.

LADYBIRD

Now, Daisy Chain!

Daisy Chain hurries away.

LADYBIRD

The rest of you, order cocktails
and relax. Next dissenter goes to
the Sun Room.

INT. LAIR OF THE ZOMBIE PUSSYMEN - NIGHT

Dingy. Fire-lit. A comfy Hell.

Blake enters with Dave-o over his shoulder. The Concierge, and the Mad Preacher follow.

BLAKE
Bloody hell.

Zombie Pussymen cook over hot stoves. Feed coal into roaring furnaces. Wash clothes in giant steaming tubs. Iron ladies delicate underwear.

A bell chime tinkles in the air.

From behind Blake, the Concierge breathes in Blake's scent, like a lover sniffing a date's perfume.

THE CONCIERGE
Washing. Cleaning. Cooking. Day
and night. We are but slaves.

Two exhausted Zombie Pussymen trudge up the stairs with champagne, strawberries and cocktails.

MAD PREACHER
Ah say, this is intolerable!

One by one, the Zombie Pussymen mob Blake. Touch him, rub against him. Stink steams off him.

BLAKE
Will you poofers just piss off!

The Concierge claps. The Zombie Pussymen disperse.

THE CONCIERGE
It is your musk, Mr Steele. Your
potent machismo. It helps us to
remember when we were men...

The Concierge breathes in Blake's scent.

Blake glares.

The Concierge looks sheepish.

THE CONCIERGE
Before we became--

MAD PREACHER
Zombie - PUZ-ZEE!- Men.

THE CONCIERGE
... slaves. Never to leave.

BLAKE
 Poor bastards.

He eases Dave-o into a chair. Slaps him.

BLAKE
 Wake up, girl's blouse!

The Concierge looks horrified.

THE CONCIERGE
 No! Nonono! You must not do that.
 Not to the fresh ones.

A click of his fingers and Zombie Pussymen restrain Dave-o to the chair with S&M implements.

THE CONCIERGE
 Brace yourself. He is one of us,
 now. He will have... changed.

He throws water into Dave-o's face.

DAVE-O
 Where am I... You! You fucking
 disgrace! Men like you--

Blake jams the ball-cock back into Dave-o's mouth.

BLAKE
 Nope. Still the same old wanker.
 So he kissed a girl and she made
 him cry, eh?

Embarrassed silence. Staring at feet.

THE CONCIERGE
 You only become one of us by
 kissing...
 (oh, the shame)
 Mother Hag.

MAD PREACHER
 Oh, Jay-zus, Mary, and Joseph!

Blake watches a Zombie Pussymen makes cherry-topped jellies.

BLAKE
 (nudge, nudge)
 Showed you her tits, did she?

THE CONCIERGE
 It is more complicated than that,
 I assure you.

Blake pats Dave-o's cheek.

BLAKE

You always were the mummy's boy,
Vagina Man.

THE CONCIERGE

We crave release, Mr Steel.

A champagne cork pops. Bubbles flows out.

THE CONCIERGE

And only you can save us.

Blake removes his hand from his pocket, suddenly aware he is playing with himself.

He wipes his hands.

Accepts a glass of champagne.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Red lit by emergency lights and candles.

Daisy Chain hits a secret button. A section of wall slides into the ground. Reveals a winding stairway.

She recoils, like she's just opened a dumpster.

Takes another sniff. Smells something more... alluring.

She descends.

INT. LAIR OF THE ZOMBIE PUSSYMEN - NIGHT

Blake downs a champagne.

BLAKE

Yeah, not sure its my fault you
kissed a granny, Red.

THE CONCIERGE

You do not understand, Mr Steele.
She is moving from a boutique
offering into a mass market.
Online. She aims to rid the world
of masculinity.

Blake stares at him like his mad.

THE CONCIERGE

What real man would resist an all
expenses paid buck's weekend to
Swedish Lesbian Wonderland
Reality Porn?

Blake's expression says it all - no real man on earth.

THE CONCIERGE

It will be the end of mankind.
But you can prevent it.

Blake watches a Zombie Pussyman thrust a giant poker into a glowing fire. He mimics each thrust with his hips.

BLAKE

Sorry. What?

He grabs a baguette from the table. Tears off a chunk.

The Concierge leads him aside, away from Dave-o's ear-shot, and whispers...

THE CONCIERGE (V.O)

I have a plan, Mr Steele. A perfect plan. And all you must do is distract them.

Blake nods.

THE CONCIERGE

However, we will need to address that if you are to prevail.

BLAKE

Address what?

Blake dry humps a hollowed out baguette. His pelvis thrusts away like a separate creature.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Daisy Chain tip-toes down the stairwell.

Below, glows the firelight from the Zombie Pussymen's lair.

She can hear voices. Deep voices.

Her eyes light up.

Pupils dilate.

INT. LAIR OF THE ZOMBIE PUSSYMEN - NIGHT

Blake throws the baguette away, embarrassed. Stink rises off his shoulders.

THE CONCIERGE

Their kiss is an infection, Mr Steele. And each Lady you defeat doubles the dose--

MAD PREACHER

--Ah done told you lust breeds
evil, boy.

THE CONCIERGE

Soon, you'll have no will left.
You'll succumb to the slightest
flirtation. Unless...

He mimes masturbation.

BLAKE

Not happening.

THE CONCIERGE

Masturbate or die, Mr Steele.

BLAKE

I'm no wanker.

MAD PREACHER

Boy, you are a true man of God!

THE CONCIERGE

Trust me, you must dull the edge.

MAD PREACHER

Do not succumb to the evils of
the flesh, boy! They are
creatures of the devil. Filthy,
smelly things.

THE CONCIERGE

Do not listen to him. He is mad.

MAD PREACHER

Despise them, boy. Hate will keep
you pure.

THE CONCIERGE

Your technique does not work!

MAD PREACHER

It is God's will!

THE CONCIERGE

It is a recipe for perverts. Only
physical release will keep him
sane--

The Concierge bows his head. All Zombie Pussymen do.

DAISY CHAIN (O.S.)

Well, looky here. The Australian.

Daisy Chain enters. Leather and chain lingerie. Fishnets
and knee high boots.

DAISY CHAIN
 You are in deep doo doo,
 Concierge. And as for you, Mr
 Steele...

His stink reaches her nostrils. Her pupils fully dilate.

She cracks her whip. Slinks towards him.

He moans.

MAD PREACHER
 Hate the body, boy. Hate it.

But Blake is lurvin' it.

She throws her arms around him.

DAISY CHAIN
 Gets so a girl craves something
 hard. Something rough and manly.

She rubs his chin, its hard stubble.

DAISY CHAIN
 And here you are, a real man with
 a noble heart. I love you,
 Blakey.

Blake rolls his eyes. Heard it all before.

With a growl she smashes her lips to his.

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The Ladies freeze and listen as Daisy Chain's HEART-BROKEN
 SOBS rocks the castle.

INT. LAIR OF THE ZOMBIE PUSSYMEN - NIGHT

Lightning flares.

The Zombie Pussymen duck for cover.

A hand THUDS on the kitchen table.

And another. THUD.

Blake hauls himself off the floor, a porn version of
 Wolverine. The Incredible Hunk.

Worms of lightning writhe in his hair. He's drenched in
 tears, snow-flaked with tissues and chocolate wrappers.

He grins. Howls in victory. Stink steams off him like
 front-row forward on a winter's day.

The Zombie Pussymen crowd about him, rub against him. The Concierge soaks his hankie in Blake's sweat.

Blake throws his head back.

BLAKE

That's it fellas. Rub yourselves against me. Feel like men again!

In the corner, Dave-o thrashes in his binds.

One of his straps GIVES WAY.

BLAKE

So, Red! Explain your plan!

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

On the central TV screen, Blake appears. He struts the stage in the night club like a WWE wrestler.

BLAKE (O.S.)

C'mon ladies! Join the party!
Fuckie the Fuck Monster is in the ring. And he's got lurve enough for you all!

The ladies squeal and rush from the room, an unstoppable, drunken, horny hen's night. With fangs.

Mother Hag hangs her head as they stream past. All at once, she looks broken.

Ladybird grins.

LADYBIRD

I predict carnage.

She rings her bell.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Concierge sneaks through the shadows.

The Bell rings, ethereal, disembodied.

He stumbles, as though struck. Falls to one knee.

He places the hankie to his mouth, the one drenched in Blake's sweat.

The Bell rings again, but it has no effect.

He breathes deeply, rises to his feet, and powers on.

INT. LAIR OF THE ZOMBIE PUSSYMEN - NIGHT

Dave-o breaks free of his last bonds.

He rises. Ta-DAH!

The other Zombie Pussymen gawk or cower.

DAVE-O
You two, follow me.

He rushes out the door, leading a posse of Pussymen.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The crimson mist of Blake's scent wafts through the air.

Scantily dressed lesbian vampires follow it's trail into...

THE DANCE CLUB

Where Blake struts the stage, Hell's own Chippendale.

Lesbian vampires swoon and whoop, the wildest hen's night ever.

In the front row, Chastity Blaize grooves, a blissed-out raver.

Blake beckons her onto the stage.

They dance.

His crimson stink envelops her.

Her eyes roll into the back of her head.

She mouths the words "I love you" and...

Smashes him with a kiss.

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE SUITE - NIGHT

Ladybird stands at the one way glass, Mother Hag beside her, and the Twins in the shadowy background.

Lightning flashes. A dull roar. A HEART-RENDING SOB.

Another flash. Another roar. Another SOB.

And Another. Flash! Roar! SOB!

LADYBIRD
Our wolf has quite the appetite.

MOTHER HAG
(mutters)
They are ruining everything.

LADYBIRD
Nonsense. They're weakening his
will...

A flash. A roar. A heart-rending sob.

LADYBIRD
... and re-learning a valuable
lesson into the bargain.

MOTHER HAG
This one is different, Ladybird.

LADYBIRD
Mo-therrr...

MOTHER HAG
You should give him a chance.
Give yourself a chance. You can't
want to live like this forever.

LADYBIRD
We're putting an end to the
misery caused by men. What could
be more noble?

MOTHER HAG
Love.

LADYBIRD
Love? It is merely the lust that
lingers after they've cum.

She rings her bell.

And again.

LADYBIRD
Where the devil is my Concierge?

She rings her bell. Hard and continuous.

INT. CHAMBER OF SORROWS - NIGHT

Floating candles throw soft light. Incense sticks spiral
their smoke into the air. Whale songs and pan pipes add to
the soothing.

A SOBBING wad of tears, tissues and chocolate wrappers
flies through the air, swoops to the vaulted ceiling.

Its glow illuminates huge rafters and cross beams. From each hang more SOBBING WADS, like tear drops.

From each wad, chocolate wrappers fall, like snow flakes, upon...

The Concierge.

He creeps through this Chamber of Sorrows. The wrappers evaporate in a twinkle, on his shoulders.

At the end of the chamber, an arched doorway reveals a spiral stairway that rises into unseen shadows.

The Concierge treads upon the first stair.

The Bell rings, ethereal but insistent.

He staggers, lifts the hankie to his mouth.

Before he can breathe, the Bell rings again.

And again.

He collapses. Writhes.

An invisible force drags him back the way he came.

With a last effort he brings the hankie to his mouth.

Breathes

And breathes.

And breathes.

He rises. Collects himself.

Runs to the stairway. Leaps up the stairs, two at a time.

INT. CASTLE - DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Blake rises from the ground. Lightning sparks off his body. Blood oozes from cuts and scratch marks on his face.

He's hairy. Mutton chops. Feral eyes. Irresistible in a raw, primal way.

The dance club is empty.

Except for Mother Hag.

BLAKE
More. Pussy.

She hobbles down the stairs.

MAD PREACHER

Remember to hate, boy! Hate and stay pure!

MOTHER HAG

Nobody loves this body anymore. Not even me. Unless this happens to be your thing.

She opens her blouse, revealing her breasts.

Blake and the Mad Preacher recoil.

MOTHER HAG

I thought not. Mr Steele--

BLAKE

--Fuckie Fuck Monster!

MOTHER HAG

I know a better man still lurks in there somewhere. A noble man who believes in true love.

The comment throws Blake.

She dabs his blood with her handkerchief. Cleans the scratch marks on his face.

She hesitates...

Stashes the handkerchief.

MOTHER HAG

The Lady of the House desires your company. Again.

Blake looks up to the reflective glass cage.

BLAKE

Greedy. Bitch.

Blake bounds up the stairs, two at a time, the Mad Preacher in tow.

INT. LADYBIRD'S PRIVATE SUITE - NIGHT

Dark. Silent. A weird light... grows stronger.

Blake appears, silhouetted in the light of the Mad Preacher's lava lamp.

A lamp light clicks on, revealing Ladybird sitting cross-legged on a sofa chair.

LADYBIRD

Still hungry, lover boy?

She un-crosses, then crosses her legs. A Basic Instinct moment...

Blake lets out an involuntary moan.

Ladybird smiles.

She sashays to him.

LADYBIRD

You want me. I can feel your pull, even from here.

MAD PREACHER

Jezebel! Hate her, boy.

LADYBIRD

Why must the Church always get in the way of love?

BLAKE

Not love. Lust.

LADYBIRD

Can you not feel the desire. The overwhelming urge to take me, to thrust inside me, to be one.

Blake groans.

LADYBIRD

That pleasing pain, that sweet agony, that is love, honest and pure.

She throws her arms around his neck.

LADYBIRD

And true love's kiss heals our curse. Sets us free.

She stares into his eyes.

LADYBIRD

True love's kiss, Blakey. And we live happily ever-after, until death do us part.

Blake howls, reels away, conflicted.

LADYBIRD

Poor puppy. You do not trust what your heart tells you. Let me help.

She hits a light, reveals the Twins.

They glide to Blake. Graceful. Sensuous. Perfectly formed in pure white lingerie. Wedding veils hide their faces.

LADYBIRD

These are one of my Twins.

Blake growls.

LADYBIRD

They are the ultimate male fantasy. Blank slates. Whatever you most desire, they become.

Blake moans.

MAD PREACHER

Beware, boy! Hate boy. Cleanse your mind of lust!

The Twins remove their veils.

Blake stares, speechless.

They are Ladybird. Two perfect replicas.

LADYBIRD

Fancy that, Mr Steele! Your deepest desire looks like me.

Blake remains transfixed as the Twins advance.

Ladybird slinks away through a secret door.

MAD PREACHER

Away, foul fiends!

He grabs a water jar.

MAD PREACHER

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

He hurls it at the Twins.

Holy water soaks their white lingerie.

Perky breasts and hard nipples cling beneath.

Blake HOWLS.

The Mad Preacher grabs garlic oil.

Hurls that at the Twins.

They rub the oil over glistening skin.

BLAKE
Not. Fucking. Helping.

MAD PREACHER
Run boy! These beasts are beyond
thee. Find the Queen. Ah'll take
these fiends.

Blake bounds from the room.

MAD PREACHER
That's far enough, fiends!

He holds his cross before him.

His mouth falls open.

MAD PREACHER
Jesus? Is that really you?...

His head tilts.

MAD PREACHER
Both of you?

INT. SECRET PASSAGE - NIGHT

Blake lumbers down the candle-lit passage.

The Mad Preacher's SCREAMS pursue him.

INT. LADYBIRD'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

A huge, feminine bedroom. Four poster bed with lace canopy. A bookshelf, stuffed with trashy romance novels and books of love poems.

Ladybird emerges from a secret door. The room pulses with red and white flashing lights.

She stares out the lace-curtained window.

Below, police cars slash back and forth up the hill towards the castle. SIRENS WAIL.

A police helicopter flies in low and hard over the tree tops.

It's search light falls upon the Sun Tower, momentarily reveals The Concierge.

Ladybird frowns.

As the searchlight slices away, a faint candle light glows from within the Sun Tower.

She grabs her silver bell.

INT. SUN ROOM - NIGHT

Tiled roof supported by creaking beams. Three hundred and sixty degrees of shuttered windows.

The Concierge stumbles inside and catches his breath.

Dozens of parabolic mirrors hang against the walls, throwing twisted images.

On the Western Wall one mirror hangs askew.

He lumbers to it.

Adjusts it... rights it... carefully--

The Bell rings.

He collapses, drags the mirror askew.

The Bell rings, again and again. He writhes on the floor.

He slides backwards, drawn by an invisible force.

The Bell ringing stops.

He lies there, holds the hankie to his mouth and breathes. And breathes.

On hands and knees, he crawls to the mirror.

Using the wall for balance he stands.

Gently, gently, he rights the mirror--

--WHAM.

The Concierge falls, drags the mirror askew again.

Dave-o stands over him with the massive rubber cock.

Two Zombie Pussymen drag the Concierge down the stairs.

Dave-o looks at the mirror...

At the Concierge...

And back to the mirror.

DAVE-O
Vain prick.

INT. LADYBIRD'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

Ladybird leans against the window, bathed in flashing red lights. Cool. Calm. Sexy as Satan's mistress.

Blake lurches into the room.

Outside, CARS SCREECH to a halt. DOORS SLAM and the Police Chief BARKS ORDERS.

BLAKE
Cops. Over soon.

Ladybird stares out the window.

LADYBIRD
I remember the day I died, clear
as a mountain stream.

Blake stops in his tracks.

LADYBIRD
My love had bedded me the night
before my wedding. It was such
sweet ecstasy. I had never been
so happy as those handful of
hours, cheating on my
husband-to-be.

Blake growls.

LADYBIRD
The marriage was canceled and I
was thrown out. I had expected
that, hoped for it, longed for
it. What I hadn't expected was my
love also refusing me. Now that
he'd had me, I had nothing more
to give. His declarations of love
were as ashes on the wind as he
moved on to his next conquest.

CRASH. The Police break down the castle gate.

LADYBIRD
I could see and hear them through
his bedroom window. I was just
sixteen. And my heart just...
broke. I died there, in the
gutter, while my true love gushed
his seed inside my best friend.

SHOUTS. BOOTED FOOTFALLS. The Police tear through the castle.

LADYBIRD

I woke in the morgue. Who would have thought the brokenhearted could get their revenge? That was four hundred years ago today, Mr Steele. And I have devoted every moment since to eradicating the men who bring us such sorrow. In all that time I have never found a single man worthy of my love and respect... until now.

She turns. Sexy, but vulnerable. Innocent, yet insatiable. The Siren of the Damned.

She comes to him.

LADYBIRD

I am exhausted, Blake. Weary of the struggle. Tired of the lies. I want a man who desires what is in me, not this outer shell. I want to feel truly loved.

Blake swallows. Hard and dry.

LADYBIRD

You are that man, Blake. The only honest man in four centuries.

SHOUTS from the corridor. The Police Chief leads Dr Stuttgart and the Two Orderlies towards the door.

With a gesture from Ladybird, her bedroom door SLAMS shut.

The Police Chief POUNDS on the bedroom door.

LADYBIRD

Hurry, my love. Tell me you love me. Kiss me before its too late.

Blake pulls away.

BLAKE

The Twins. Like you.

She pulls him back. One last ditch effort.

LADYBIRD

Yes, they showed you the true love's form, Blakey.

BLAKE

Form. Like you. But not you. Not true love.

Ladybird sneers, feral.

LADYBIRD

Stupid male.

She turns her back on him. The bedroom door bursts open.

The Police Chief and Dr Stuttgart and his two Orderlies storm the room.

The Orderlies each produce a tazer.

Blake points at Ladybird.

BLAKE

Monster!

They fire their tazers into Blake. He goes down.

BLAKE

Farrrk!

The Police Chief and Orderlies restrain Blake.

Dr Stuttgart produces a needle and syringe. Scary big. He plunges it into Blake.

Blake writhes, struggles.

With last reserves of strength he breaks free.

Stumbles about.

He locks eyes with...

Dave-o, who emerges from the shadows.

And behind him, a posse of Zombie Pussymen carry the Concierge, bound in S&M implements.

Blake, his spirit crushed, crashes to the ground.

LADYBIRD

Take him to the Dungeon.

INT. MAD PREACHER'S CELL - NIGHT

Inside the padded cell Blake thrashes on the bed, chained and naked.

BLAKE

Not. Monster! Far. King. Vampire!

Dr Stuttgart and the Police Chief peer through the grill.

On their necks, puncture wounds, faded vampire bites.

DR STUTTGART
Worst case I have ever seen.

POLICE CHIEF
Barely human.

DR STUTTGART
I've no hesitation in declaring
him sexually insane.

He scribbles on a form. Hands it to Ladybird.

DR STUTTGART
You may keep him here
indefinitely, until cured.

LADYBIRD
Thank you gentlemen. Now, if you
will excuse me, I have work to
attend to.

DR STUTTGART
Perhaps one day you will show me
your methods--

LADYBIRD
Good day, doctor.

INSIDE THE CELL - LATER

Ladybird enters.

Blake grits his teeth at her.

BLAKE
Can't. Do. This.

Ladybird holds up his contract.

LADYBIRD
But I can. This says you agree to
leave "only when cured".

She holds up Dr Stuttgart's diagnosis.

LADYBIRD
And this declares you sexually
insane. Just above "Committed
Indefinitely". That is, like,
for-ev-er, lover boy.

She flicks on the remote.

The flatscreen fires up with hardcore porn.

BLAKE
Bitch! Bitch!--

She exits. Slams the door.

OUTSIDE THE CELL

Dave-o stands to attention.

LADYBIRD
Give him five days, then send in
the Twins. You did good, Mr
Dave-o. The women of the world
will thank you.

She pulls out her cell phone. Dials as she strides away.

LADYBIRD
Mr Foreman, wakey, wakey. I want
crews up here as soon as
possible. Yes, NOW!, stupid male.

Dave-o squints through the grill.

In the flickering TV light, Blake writhes, tortured with
the promise of sex and the impossibility of release.

INT. DAY SPA - DAY

Claire lounges on a chair, wrapped in a dressing gown, a
mud pack on her face.

A technician buffs her fingernails. Silvia sits beside her
enjoying similar treatment.

Claire's phone rings.

She languidly answers it.

LADYBIRD (V.O.)
Miss Marks?

CLAIRE
Is the bastard neutered yet?

LADYBIRD (V.O.)
Mr Steele's treatment will be
finalised on Sunday, as promised.

Claire admires her fingernails.

CLAIRE
Thrilling.

LADYBIRD (V.O.)
Remember, Miss Marks. To complete
his healing, you must be the
first to kiss him.

Claire's hand caresses a police baton.

CLAIRE
You do your job, I'll do mine.

She hangs up. Nestles even deeper into the chair.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Louise sits on the edge of the couch.

SIR JACK
You're absolutely certain?

LOUISE
Yes, Dad.

SIR JACK
No changing your mind?

LOUISE
I love him, Dad. Really.

SIR JACK
Then you have my blessing.

She hugs him.

SIR JACK
Guess we should tell him the good
news.

He picks up his phone.

INT. CHAMBER OF SORROWS - NIGHT

SOBS fill the air.

From the ceiling beams hang two dozen glowing balls of
giant wet tissue tear drops.

They cry and mew. And from them, chocolate wrappers fall
like snowflakes and evaporate as they hit the ground.

Ladybird stares at the sobbing wads sadly.

LADYBIRD
They never learn. We are cursed,
Mother. All of us, cursed.

Mother Hag shuffles out of the shadows.

MOTHER HAG

He's a better man than most.

She holds out a hand.

A chocolate wrapper lands in her palm.

Evaporates.

LADYBIRD

He's a liar and cheat. They all are.

MOTHER HAG

He's not succumbed. Not to you, not the Twins. Not anyone. That is a man with integrity.

LADYBIRD

After his stint in the dungeon, he'll tell five different lies about love just to cum.

MOTHER HAG

That bitch does not deserve him!

LADYBIRD

So, you want to save him from the Shrew? Then seduce him yourself. If not lust, let mommy's hugs break him. Then you can give him whatever you think he deserves.

Mother Hag leaves, heavy-hearted but determined.

Ladybird smiles.

LADYBIRD

Oh, the horror.

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - CELL DOOR - NIGHT

Dave-o squints through the grill to Blake's cell, horrified.

Mother Hag appears beside him.

MOTHER HAG

Please open the door. And turn off that... show.

She produces a hankie, the one smeared with Blake's blood, and holds it to her nose.

IN THE CELL

The porn stops.

The cell door squeals open.

BLAKE

Pussy?

Mother Hag sashays towards him, into a deeper shadow...

MOTHER HAG

(Rough Aussie accent)

Now, now, Blakey. Dontcha love
yer mum, just a little bit?

She emerges into a shaft of light.

Now a 1950's socialite. Coiffed blond hair. Big, pointy
boobs. Marilyn Munroe without the class.

BLAKE

Who. You?

MOTHER HAG

(puzzled)

I'm yer mum, Blake.

BLAKE

Bloody. Not.

MOTHER HAG

Blakey! How could ya say such a
fing?

BLAKE

Mum classy. Dark hair. Like
raven. Like... like...

Dave-o stands at the cell door.

DAVE-O

Like my mum.

Blake is stunned.

MOTHER HAG

Oh, you poor boy.

BLAKE

Adopted?!

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

On the screen, Blake howls in utter despair.

Ladybird watches with a sadistic grin.

LADYBIRD

Oh, look, Mother. You broke his
fucking heart.

INT. MAD PREACHER'S CELL - NIGHT

Blake rages in his chains, truly feral.

MOTHER HAG

I did not know, honest.

BLAKE

Fucking bitch! All of you!

Mother Hag runs from the room.

Dave-o watches, impassive, points the remote at the TV.

BLAKE

Wait! Who I? Who mother?

DAVE-O

One of dad's many affairs. She
died in childbirth. And so...

Dave-o gives the twitch of a smile as he delivers both
barrels into Blake's face.

DAVE-O

It was not his cancer, why she
left him. Even without his balls
he just kept on... it broke her
heart. But she always loved you,
Blake. Even after you went with
Dad. And became like him.

BLAKE

No...

DAVE-O

All his talk of his about real
men and true love. It was all
bullshit. And you swallowed it,
hook, line, and sinker. I tried
to tell you, but you refused to
listen.

Dave-o gives Blake a pat on the cheek.

DAVE-O

Dad was dickhead, Blake. The kind
of man you have always despised.

He hits the remote and the porn nightmare continues.

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Ladybird grins at the TV.

LADYBIRD
Well done, Mother!

She glances out the window.

Sees movement in the Sun Room.

The first rays of dawn strike the spire.

LADYBIRD
Mother?

INT. SUN ROOM - DAY

Gloomy. Dusty.

Mother Hag knits in a rocking chair.

Ladybird bursts in.

LADY
Mother?

Mother Hag doesn't look up.

MOTHER HAG
You knew, didn't you, dear. That he was adopted.

LADYBIRD
And now he does too.

MOTHER HAG
He didn't deserve that.

LADYBIRD
It is a valuable gift, the truth.

MOTHER HAG
I'd always hoped your heart would mend. But the truth is it's not broken. It's just hard and cruel.

LADYBIRD
They made me this way, with their lust and their lies.

MOTHER HAG
You're going to die a loveless -- childless -- wretch, daughter. And I no longer want to be around to see that.

Mother Hag gestures.

A shutter flies open and a beam sunlight blasts Mother Hags.

She burns to ash.

A photo flutters to the floor atop the pile of ash.

ON PHOTO: A younger Mother Hag nursing a baby.

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - CELL DOOR - NIGHT

Dave-o stares through the grill.

IN THE CELL

Blake thrashes. He is hairier. More bestial.

The porn streams into his consciousness.

FLATSCREEN (O.S.)
Shall I compare thee to a
summer's day. Or just screw you.

His eyes open.

FLASHBACK -- POETRY IS FOR REAL MEN

SIR JACK
You want to know the secret?...
Poetry channels your lust...
transforms it into a noble
ardor... burns away the stink,
leaving only what is real and
pure.

END FLASHBACK

In his chains, Blake labours to his feet.

Spreads his legs.

Opens his arms.

He clears his throat.

Fills his lungs.

Like a Shakesperian thesbian, he delivers unto the back row...

BLAKE
You! Got! Great! T-Hits!

SERIES OF SHOTS -- THE LOVE SONNETS OF BLAKESPHERE

(These happen over six days. In each shot Ladybird wears a different outfit of sexy lingerie)

-- Alone in the Tower, Ladybird lovingly scoops Mother Hag's ashes into an urn. She rescues the baby photo.

-- Construction crews put finishing touches to the new wing.

BLAKE (V.O.)
Your boobs are like ripe round
melons. I want to suck--

-- Ladybird holds the urn close to her chest as she wanders listlessly through the Chamber of Sorrows, staring at the baby photo..

-- A crane crew eases a massive satellite dish into place on the castle roof.

BLAKE (V.O.)
Your beauty steals my breath. The
sway of your hips girds my loins.

-- Ladybird nurses the urn as she wanders the battlements of the castle. The last colours of a blazing sunset stain the sky. She smiles at the baby photo.

-- In the Control Room, Zombie Pussymen Technicians check their panel of instruments and read outs.

BLAKE (V.O.)
Dappled sunlight in your
sparkling eyes. Red rose lips and
snow white flesh.

-- Ladybird sits by the fire in her Private Chamber. She nurses the urn of Mother Hag's ashes and glares at the baby photo.

-- The satellite dish pivots towards the sky.

BLAKE (V.O.)
You are the fire in my heart, the
soft and golden glow that heats
liquid darkness of my soul.

-- With a sneer, Ladybird hurls the urn into the flames and it smashes.

-- The baby photo curls, chars, bursts into flames.

-- The homepage of the Swedish Lesbian Wonderland Reality Porn website, with a counter that clicks over from "1 Day" to a'23:59"

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Ladybird watches the central screen. Two Zombie Pussymen Technicians sit at the controls.

The Concierge attends upon her, grim and resigned.

ZOMBIE PUSSYMAN TECHNICIAN
Website live in five... four...
three... two... one.

He flicks a switch.

Silence...

PING!

ZOMBIE PUSSYMAN TECHNICIAN
First booking. Buck's party of
five.

PING!... PING... PINGPINGPINGPINGPINGPINGPINGPING

ZOMBIE PUSSYMAN TECHNICIAN
M'Lady, we are fully booked for
the first three... make that
five, no... eight months. And
climbing.

Ladybird grins.

LADYBIRD
Stupid males.

She changes the channel.

On it is Blake's cell, dark, but for the glow of the TV. Blake seems unconscious on the bed.

LADYBIRD
They always go limp at the end.

THE CONCIERGE
Perhaps I should go and check--

LADYBIRD
You just stay right by my side.

Ladybird hits her mike.

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - CELL DOOR - NIGHT

Dave-o squints through the slit into the cell.

LADYBIRD (V.O.)
 (intercom)
 Send in the Twins, Mr Dave-o.

INT. CASTLE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Ladybird hits a switch.

The TV reverts to a graph of webpage hits for Swedish Lesbian Wonderland Reality Porn. It climbs exponentially.

LADYBIRD
 Come, stupid male. I wish to
 savour the dawn of this new day.

She leads the Concierge away.

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - CELL DOOR - NIGHT

A Zombie Pussyman places a plastic tub, marked "Mr Steele", on the floor beside Dave-o.

ZOMBIE PUSSYMAN
 These go in the coffin with him.

INT. MAD PREACHER'S CELL - DAY

The door slams open.

Dave-o enters. Frowns.

The porn plays, but Blake is transformed. Serene. clean-shaven, a true gentlemen despite his nakedness.

Dave-o shuts off the TV.

BLAKE
 What a damn fine morning,
 brother.

Dave-o ushers into the room...

The Twins. Grey lycra, Grey veils. Bodies of sin.

BLAKE
 Good morning, ladies! What's the
 form of true love today?

They remove their veils.

Silence...

They have remained faceless.

The faceless Twins keen. Lost. Bewildered. Hurt.

Blake laughs, triumphant.

BLAKE
I knew it! I want her. Her! Not
something that looks like her.

Blake grabs his brother by the shoulders.

BLAKE
True love, brother! I've found
it! In my heart all along!

Dave-o shrugs Blake off, produces the massive rubber cock.

Blake's joy fades.

Dave-o thwacks the Twins unconscious.

Silence.

DAVE-O
God, but can't women moan?

Blake bolts from the cell.

Dresses in his clothes from the plastic bin.

Blake digs his football from the plastic bin.

DAVE-O
So what now?

Handballs the football to Dave-o.

Snatches back the massive rubber cock.

BLAKE
We save man kind.

INT. CASTLE CRYPT - ENTRY DOOR - NIGHT

Blake and Dave-o burst in.

They surprise two Zombie Pussymen guards.

Blake thwacks them unconscious.

INT. CASTLE BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

A Supervisor inspects six Zombie Pussymen Waiters.

Blake and Dave-o burst in.

Four of the Waiters faint.

Blake beats the others unconscious.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Blake and Dave-o confront five of Elite Zombie Pussymen in hot pink police riot gear.

Blake dodges, side-steps, hip-bumps, and thwacks his opponents until only one remains standing.

A sword fight ensues. Police baton versus a rubber dildo.

Blake clobbers his opponent unconscious.

The brothers race to...

INT. HALLWAY TO CHAMBER OF SORROWS - NIGHT

The brothers skid to a halt.

At the end of the Corridor, before double doors, stands a MAN MOUNTAIN ZOMBIE PUSSYMAN in hot pink police riot gear.

BLAKE

Aw, shit. There's no way through.

Dave-o grabs the football from Blake.

He tosses it to the Man Mountain.

On reflex, Man Mountain catches it.

DAVE-O

He's got your ball.

Bemused, Man Mountain examines the ball, looks up--

--WHAM!

Blake floors him with a crash tackle.

INT. CHAMBER OF SORROWS - NIGHT

The double doors burst open.

Blake races into the Chamber of Sorrows. Dave-o trails, with the football.

Blake gawks at the glowing wads hanging from the ceiling.

BLAKE

Bloody hell.

The wads twitch at the sound of his voice.

WAAHHH! They sob with twice the volume and faux-pathos.

INT. SUN ROOM - DAY

Ladybird leans against the window and admires the view. The Concierge and three Zombie Pussymen Technicians attend upon her.

The dawn stains the sky behind the surrounding mountains.

ZOMBIE PUSSYMAN TECHNICIAN
Three minutes to sunrise, M'lady.

LADYBIRD
Ah, never to see the other side of dawn. Always on the cusp, an eternally denied climax. It makes one feel so... feminine.

CLAMOUR from the Chamber of Sorrows.

LADYBIRD
What on earth is happening?

The Concierge shrugs.

ZOMBIE PUSSYMAN TECHNICIAN
(touching his earpiece)
Blake Steele has escaped. He's in the Chamber of Sorrows.

The Concierge glares at him.

LADYBIRD
Escaped? Why would he head here?

She scours the Sun Room.

Spies the askew mirror. Frowns--

THE CONCIERGE
--I believe he is coming for you, M'Lady.

LADYBIRD
Me?

The Concierge shows her the Tablet PC.

ON TABLET PC: CCTV footage of one of Blake's love poems.

BLAKE
You are the fire in my heart, the soft and golden glow that heats liquid darkness of my soul.

She grins.

LADYBIRD
Oh, this is too pure!

INT. SUN ROOM - LATER

Almost-dawn.

Blake bursts into the Sun Room.

On the Western wall, the mirror hangs askew.

Blake strides to it, but screeches to a halt as he sees--

--Ladybird.

In the pre-dawn light, this is the hottest she's been.
Sexy and sultry. A proper lady you could take home to Mom
and brag about to Dad.

LADYBIRD
I heard your poems, my love.

Blake stares at the Concierge, who winks back.

The sunlight creeps down the wall.

BLAKE
My... poems? Ah, my poems!

Blake embraces her. She puckers up.

BLAKE
Great poems, I thought.

LADYBIRD
Indeed.

BLAKE
Full of passion and love.

Lips, millimeters apart.

The sunlight strikes Blake's head.

BLAKE
But they weren't for you, bitch.

She snarls.

He lifts her towards the sunlight.

Her hair sings--

She breaks his hold.

Hurls him against the far wall.

He slams into the stone. Just misses the mirror.
 A gesture from her and all the shutters slam down.
 Darkness.

Blake rises, squints into the gloom.

Ladybird charges him.

He sidesteps. Hip-bumps her.

She careens into the wall.

SMASHES the mirror.

Blake stares at it, dismayed.

She hurls him against the far wall.

He smashes into the stone.

He claws to his feet. Opens a shutter.

Sunlight streams through.

He flips open his Hall of Mirrors Wallet. Sunlight bounces wildly off the tiny mirror.

A gesture from Ladybird and the shutter slams closed.

Ladybird strides to him, and yells at the ceiling.

LADYBIRD

See, Mother? I told you they were
 all liars. Breakers of hearts.
 Black and loveless to the core.

Blake heaves on the shutter, but its stuck fast.

DAVE-O (O.S.)

Blake!

Dave-o appears in the doorway, football in hand.

DAVE-O

Forward pocket!

Dave-o kicks the football to Ladybird.

She wheels towards Dave-o.

LADYBIRD

What the--

Instinct takes Blake over.

He leaps, climbs Ladybird's back.

Marks the ball.

Rides her to the ground.

He lands with cat like grace while she sprawls.

LADYBIRD

Get him, stupid males!

Three Zombie Pussymen jerk into motion.

The Concierge trips one and he sprawls.

Blake palms off the second one.

Side-steps the third.

Pivots.

And with graceful ease but almighty power, he drop punts the football into the ceiling.

BOOM.

The ball punctures the roof. A powerful ray of sunlight streams through.

LADYBIRD

You filthy fucking maggot-male!

Blake produces the Hall of Mirrors Wallet.

BLAKE

Take a good hard look at yourself...

He catches the sun ray on the mirror.

BLAKE

Ya dickhead.

The beam hits Ladybird in the face and blows her head off.

Her corpse teeters...

Slams onto the floor.

The beam slices out the door.

-- Strikes the mirror at the top of the stairs.

-- And the next. And the next, down the stairs.

-- The Chamber of Sorrows fills with a lattice work of reflected sun beams and the tissue wombs burst into dust.

-- The Castle explodes with internal light, like a flash bomb made from sunlight and fairy dust.

INT. SUN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Silence.

Blake lowers the mirror.

Gloom returns.

Dave-o and the Concierge burst into manly cheers, assume Blake's his victory pose.

But Blake stares out the window, downcast. From his Hall of Mirrors wallet, he takes out Louise's photo.

Dave-o and the Concierge fall into a reverent silence.

BLAKE
Anyone know where I can get a tux
and a chopper?

The Concierge grins.

EXT. CASTLE GATE - DAY

Whooping Alpha males run wild and free through the Castle Gates, into the wilderness.

They stream past the Limo as it hauls away, burning rubber.

EXT. VILLAGE INN - DAY

A crowd of excited blond women watches the limo pull up.

In the mix, lurks Claire, wearing a stylish coat.

From within Claire's sleeve a police baton slips into her gloved hand.

The Concierge steps out of the driver's door.

He opens the rear door.

Dave-o bursts out, phone in hand, followed by the Mad Preacher.

Blake steps out last in a million dollar tux.

He. Looks. Hot.

The girls go wild.

CLAIRE
Back off sluts! He's mine!

Armed with her baton, she beats all other girls away.

BLAKE

Claire! Bloody hell!

She leaps upon Blake. Kisses him.

He falls to one knee.

She beams, triumphant. Hands him a big diamond ring.

CLAIRE

You'll need this.

BLAKE

Too right.

He stands. Declares unto the back row...

BLAKE

Ladies and gentleman, I, Blake
Steele, have found my true love!

Claire beams. The crowd cheers.

BLAKE

But, tomorrow, in Tuscany, she
marries a complete wanker!

Claire's grin collapses. The crowd boos.

BLAKE

So I ask you, ladies and
gentleman. Can anyone here
prevent a broken heart?

The Police Chief steps forward, guided by the Concierge.

POLICE CHIEF

I would be honoured to thwart
such a crime.

CLAIRE

Wait! He's mine! Miiiine!

She collapses and the crowd treads her underfoot.

Blake crowd-surfs to the police helicopter.

INT. LOUISE'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Louise sits in front of a mirror. Outside the window, a
quaint Italian village scene.

Her Bridesmaids fuss over her.

Louise cries tears of...joy?

INT. POLICE CHOPPER - DAY

The Police Chief helms the chopper.

Squeezed into the other seats are Blake, The Concierge, Dave-o and the Mad Preacher.

MAD PREACHER

PUZ-ZEE!

He points to a quaint church on a tree-crowned hill.

People throng outside and file inside the Church.

POLICE CHIEF

No space. I'll land there.

He indicates a field a kilometer away from the Church.

INT. BRIDAL LIMO - DAY

Louise sits in the back seat.

Sir Jack sits beside her in his Sunday best.

She checks her watch.

Sir Jack pats her hand.

SIR JACK

Relax. You're the bride. You're supposed to be late.

EXT. MUDDY FIELD - DAY

The Chopper hovers three feet from the ground.

POLICE CHIEF

I can't land. You must jump!

Blake and Dave-o leap out.

The Chopper rises away.

THE CONCIERGE

Good luck!

MAD PREACHER

PUZ-ZEE!

Between Blake and the Church stretches a MUDDY FIELD with a MAD COW, a PIG FARM, and a STEEP HILL.

Blake sags.

BLAKE
I'm never going to make it.

DAVE-O
(broad Aussie accent)
Pig's arse, son.

BLAKE
You sound like, dad.

DAVE-O
Too bloody right. Now dry your
eyes, Princess. Toughen up,
Buttercup. We've got a game to
win.

BLAKE
Nice try, but--

He slaps Blake. Hard.

DAVE-O
No "buts", girl's blouse.

He hands Blake the diamond ring.

DAVE-O
Its three minutes to the siren.
We're down by five and they've
got our bloody ball. So, what are
you gonna do, sunshine?

BLAKE
Go in hot and hard!

DAVE-O
What's that?

BLAKE
GO IN HOT AND HARD!

DAVE-O
Too bloody right. Now go, you
good thing! Go!

He smacks Blake on the arse and Blake launches off across
the field.

It's a graceful sight...

This athlete of a man...

Stretching out for his true love...

Racing across this muddy field like it was softest moss...

Feet barely hitting the ground--

--WHAM!

The Mad Cow flattens him into the mud.

He loses the ring.

EXT. ITALIAN CHURCH - DAY

Sir Jack opens the limo door.

Offers Louise his hand.

She glides from the back seat.

Stares up the church steps to its arched door.

EXT. MUDDY FIELD - DAY

Blake emerges from the mud, Gollum-like, clutching the diamond ring.

The cow charges again.

Blake leaps up and runs.

Squelch

Squelch

Squelch, across the muddy field, towards...

A WOODEN FENCE

Blake leaps, clears it as the Mad Cow careens into it.

He assumes his victory pose, taunts the cow.

OINK.

He turns.

He's in...

A PIGSTY

Six hungry pigs charge him.

BLAKE

FAARK!

They slam into him, drive him backwards into their stall.

INT. ITALIAN CHURCH - DAY

Violins play "The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba."

Louise glides into the Church.

She beams now and tears flow freely.

Up the aisle she sails, between smiling, gawking, teary faces...

EXT. PIGSTY - DAY

Blake crawls from the sty, caked in mud and shit, but still clutching the diamond ring.

He climbs over a barbed wire fence.

Slips.

Tears his suit.

Falls into a compost heap.

Cupped in his hands, the diamond ring. He face plants, rather than lose it.

He struggles to his feet, gazes up the hill to the Church.

He shambles up the hill, the Groom from the Black Lagoon.

INT. ITALIAN CHURCH - DAY

Hushed. Expectant. Awed.

The BRIDE and GROOM and the BRIDAL PARTY stands before THE PRIEST at the altar.

THE PRIEST

Any here who know why these two
should not be wed, speak now, or
forever hold your peace.

Silence.

THE PRIEST

Then I pronounce you--

BLAKE (O.S)

I speak!

The whole Church turns it head.

Blake defiles the doorway. Mud-caked. Torn clothes. The Wolfman after a night of bog snorkeling.

BLAKE

I speak. I know why these two
should not be wed. Because he
doesn't really love her. And she
doesn't really love him.

The crowd gasps. Cries of "Get him!", "Ruin Him!".

The three groomsmen barrel down the aisle.

BLAKE

And how could she? He's a two
timing, triple timing - nay -
infinite timing man whore who'll
root anything attracted to power
and money.

Blake hip-bumps the first Groomsman into the pews.

BLAKE

But here's the real reason.
Because I love her. With all my
heart. Always have. Always will.

He side-steps the next groomsmen. Face-palms him into the
opposite pews.

BLAKE

She is beauty personified, a
goddess made real.

That stuns the final groomsmen.

Blake drops his shoulder into the final groomsmen, and he
collapses.

Blake strides past.

BLAKE

But on the inside she is even
more beautiful. Kind. Loving.
Sharing. A perfect human being,
and one I would be only too
honoured to love and protect for
the rest of my natural days.

All stare as this mad, shambling mound lurches to the
altar.

BLAKE

What say you? Will you marry me,
Louise?

Louise?

BRIDE

Oo de fuck is dis Louise, den,
eh?

She lifts her veil.

It's not Louise. But she is hideously ugly. And pregnant.

PRIEST

(whispers)

Miss Louise canceled her wedding
a week ago.

Oh.

GROOM (O.S)

Oi, Romeo.

Blake turns.

The groom is a man-gorilla with a cocked fist.

GROOM

Not smart.

He uncocks his fist into Blake's face.

INT. ITALIAN CHURCH - DAY

Blake turns. His eye is black and blue, slightly faded.

He beams in a tux, dressed to impressed.

Dave-o, also in a tux, hands him a golden ring.

Blake turns back to...

Louise.

She smiles, lovely and gorgeous, even behind her veil. It is THIS wedding that we have been watching her get ready for.

He slides the ring onto her finger and takes her hand.

The Mad Preacher, in a tie-dyed smock and dreadlocks, puts his hand over theirs.

MAD PREACHER

Anyone who knows why these two
should not be wed, speak now or
forever hold your peace...

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE HAPPY GUESTS

-- Sir Jack smiles, dabs his eyes with a hankie.

-- Blake and Dave-o's true Mother beams, gives a little wave;

-- The Police Chief and Dr Stuttgart cry with joy;

-- The Concierge holds hands with his TWO HOT NEW GIRLFRIENDS.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Silence reigns.

MAD PREACHER

... then by the power of lurve,
invested in me, I do declare thee
husband and wife. So kiss, you
holy love birds, kiss!

Blake lifts her veil and they kiss.

MAD PREACHER

Puzzee.

The congregation goes wild.

INT. LESBIAN VAMPIRE CASTLE - NIGHT

Claire, cut, bruised, a mess. She stumbles through the main gate, which hangs ajar.

In the candle light she looks a lot like Cleo Stiletto.

CLAIRE

Where are you, bitch? Show
yourself!

She stumbles inside and runs into--

The Twins.

CLAIRE

I purchased a husband! A
compliant fucking husband!

They presents her with a Tablet PC.

TWIN #1

Choose.

She turns it on.

ON TABLET PC: A page of names and photos, all hunks or rich or both.

She smiles.

INT. MAD PREACHER'S CELL - NIGHT

Candle-lit. Whale songs and pan pipes.

Nigel Eastlake struggles, chained to the dungeon floor.
Naked. Bug-eyed. Half-mad. He sobs in terror.

The cell door SLAMS open.

Claire enters with a crocodile grin.

NIGEL

Claire? What the bloody hell--

THE TWINS emerge from the torch-thrown shadows. Shapely
female figures. Grey Lycra suits. Grey veils.

NIGEL

No! Dear God, no!

The Twins remove their veils. No faces.

NIGEL

AHHHGGGggg... Oh...

The Twins have morphed into comely red heads. Leather and
chain lingerie. Massive strap on dildos.

THE TWINS

Tell me you love me.

FADE OUT