



THANATOFILMS

THANATOMORPHOSE

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ThanatoFilms

www.thanatofilms.com

BLACK

Weird, slow-motioned, dreamlike guttural sounds and short, deep breathing are heard on the soundtrack. Slowly it becomes clear: it is the short, deep breathing of a man. The steady breathing seems mixed with the paced sound of a saw cutting wood, mixed with the fast, short breathing of a woman.

CUT TO:

1. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

LAURA (pale-face) is on top of **ANTOINE**. We see only her chin and mouth. We then see the bottom of her back; Antoine holds her hips tightly. After a few seconds, he violently takes control. He throws her next to him and puts her doggy-style. It is a cold, hard, animal fuck. She reacts to each of Antoine's thrusts, but her face is never seen (we only see Antoine's butt and Laura's back). Antoine comes. He makes weird guttural sounds that are slowed down, and distorted, resembling that of an animal's scream mixed with the loud sound of insects feeding..

CUT TO:

THANATOMORPHOSE in dark letters over a 70s style red background.

On the soundtrack, the noises build up to a disturbing strident sound. The strident sound of the saw cutting wood becomes louder and louder.

CUT TO:

**INTERTITLE «ACT 1: EROS» in dark letter over a 70s style
red background.**

SOUND STOPS

CUT TO:

2. INT. BATHROOM AND CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Laura opens the light. She enters the bathroom, one hand held firmly between her thighs. She sits on the toilet and pees. We see Antoine, naked, passing behind the open door. Laura stands up, flushes the toilet and washes her hands. She stares at her face in the mirror for a long time before heading to the kitchen.

We follow Laura walking in the corridor.

3. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Antoine is spitting something, disgusted. Laura enters the kitchen. He is throwing a pint of milk down the sink. The milk is chunky. It is clearly expired. Laura stands next to the sink and stares at him. He takes a glass of water from an open box on the floor.

He pours a glass of water from the tap, drinks it. He walks towards the bathroom. Laura takes the glass left by Antoine and pours one for herself. We hear Antoine piss.

LAURA (between two sips)
Are you sleeping here tonight?

ANTOINE

No.

Antoine takes a sip from Laura's glass. He puts it back – empty – right in front of her on the counter and heads to the corridor. On the floor, a nail protrudes. Antoine's right foot lands on it and tears open. He falls to the floor holding his foot while screaming in agony. Blood spills on the floor. Laura runs to him.

LAURA

What happened?

ANTOINE

Tabarnak. You didn't look at the fucking place before renting it? You don't clear? Fuck.

LAURA

Hey hey, wait. Let me take a look at it.

She tries removing his hand to examine the cut. Her right hand is stiff; her fingers move clumsily. She cracks her knuckles, but her joints still feel stiff.

ANTOINE (clearly startled)

Fuck. Am I gonna have to constantly watch where I step in this apartment? ~~It hurts.~~

Laura removes some blood with the palm of her stiffed right hand and examines the cut on Antoine's foot.

LAURA

I don't think you'll need stitches. Come on get up.

She helps him up and they go to the bathroom.

4. INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura helps Antoine sit on the toilet. He is still holding his foot. Blood spills through the fingers of his right hand and splatter all over the ceramic floor. Laura looks through the medicine cabinet and retrieves a bottle of Baxedin, a bandage and a towel. She sits on the edge of the bathtub next to him.

LAURA

Come on, take your hand off. I need to see it.

ANTOINE

It fucking kills. (Laura touches his foot) Your hand is damn cold.

Laura opens the bottle but drops it to the floor where the liquid mixes with the blood.

LAURA

For christsake. Fucking cramps.

She grabs the bottle. Then she takes Antoine's foot.

ANTOINE

I warn you, you better not drop that...

She pours the liquid over his wound.

ANTOINE

Goddammit bitch. (He pauses and realizes it doesn't hurt.)

LAURA

Shut up and stay still a moment. Damn. I've seen worse at the hospital. Come on, don't be such a wuss. Hand it over.

His wound is covered in blood and the liquid. She pours the liquid over his wound again. He cringes.

ANTOINE

Fuck!

MUSIC FADES IN

We see Laura taking care of Antoine's wound from outside of the bathroom. After, she cleans her hands. He stays put.

CUT TO:

5. INT. BEDROOM AND CORRIDOR - NIGHT

There are boxes everywhere; some are open while others not. Laura is now wearing underwear. She stands in her bedroom's doorway while Antoine gets dressed to leave. He kisses her then leaves. Once he is gone, she stands there, motionless. She leans on the wall and she sighs. She sees a faint pink and blue bruise on her right shoulder. She touches it and cringes. She hits the lights and heads to the living room.

CUT TO:

6. INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Laura slowly removes the nail with a hammer. She seems to be uneasy and stiff.

CUT TO:

7. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Laura enters the living room and drops the hammer. Surrounding her are packed boxes, a TV and a couch. She pulls a huge canvas from a corner to the middle of the room. She sits in front of the canvas and removes the cloth covering it. She stares at the unfinished sculpture for a moment. She catches her breath. She grabs her tools, puts them in place and looks back at the canvas. She starts sculpting and then stops. She stares at it. She doesn't seem satisfied, or inspired. She looks at the TV. She passes her hand through her hair, unintentionally ripping out a handful as they get caught between her fingers. She shakes them to the floor. She stands up and puts the cloth back on the canvas.

CUT TO:

8. INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laura unpacks boxes in various rooms.

9. INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura brushes her teeth and washes her face. She stares blankly at her reflection in the mirror for a few seconds.

10. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laura puts herself to bed. She can't sleep. She tosses and turns from side to side. She breathes deeply, exasperated. She lies on her back. Her hands hurt. She looks at them and cracks her knuckles. She stares at the ceiling : it seems water got trough. There's a big crack. She takes deep breaths as she tries to relax. Her hand slowly moves between her legs. She gently starts masturbating, yet shows no visible signs of pleasure.

CUT TO:

11. INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Laura lays on her bed motionless. The morning light slowly emerges from behind the horizontal curtains. She looks at the ceiling. Her eyes follow the crack. Her neck is stiff. She cracks her neck. She follows the crack in the ceiling until it reaches the wall. The side of her groin (right next to her vagina) itches. She scratches it. There is a small wound caused by excessive scratching.

The clock strikes 6 AM. Laura, already awake, lies in her bed. She's still looking at the crack in the ceiling.

CUT TO:

12. INT. BEDROOM, BATHROOM AND CORRIDOR - MORNING

Laura is in the shower. The water is hot. Steam overwhelms the entire bathroom. She looks at the bruise on her arm: it is bigger and the blue is much more pronounced. She touches it. It stings.

The soap drops from her hand. She grabs it. While she lathers herself with the bar of soap, one of her fingernails tears off, lodging itself in the soap. She is surprised and appalled. She removes the fingernail from the soap, inspects it, then examines her fingers. She takes another fingernail and removes it effortlessly.

She stops the shower. She takes the fingernails and tries to put them back into her wounded fingers. Her other fingernails are weak. Her groin itches again and she scratches it.

She dries herself. She stands naked in front of the bathroom mirror. Her breath doesn't form condensation on the mirror, but she fails to notice. She takes some pills (Effexor or something like it).

She wraps two band-aids over her wounded fingers. She shaves her legs and armpits. She takes her tweezers and plucks a few eyebrows. She combs her hair: a handful remain tangled in the comb's teeth. She applies some make-up. She looks at herself in the bathroom mirror: another tiny bruise on her chin. She stares at it - bemused - a long time. She covers it with make-up. She then exits the bathroom.

She dresses up for work. She makes breakfast, and then eats. She leaves the apartment.

MUSIC FADES OUT

CUT TO:

13. INT. CORRIDOR – LATE PM

The door opens. Laura enters and drops her bag on a pile of boxes and papers near the entrance. She has a letter in her hand. She opens it.

LAURA (Reading)

On behalf of our committee, we regret to inform you...

She stops right there. She has no expression. She walks past the camera and tosses the letter in the garbage.

14. INT. BATHROOM – LATE PM

Laura enters the bathroom. She changes clothes. She examines her chin in the mirror. The bruise seems to have continued to spread and darken. She then studies the bruise on her arm: same thing. Worried, she searches her body for other bruises: nothing. She touches up her make-up. Then she sits on the toilet to pee. She stares out in front of her, motionless. She touches her bruises. The doorbell rings.

LAURA

Yeah. I'm coming.

It rings again.

LAURA

Yeah. I'm coming. YEAH! I'M COMING!

She stands up and walks out.

CUT TO:

15. INT. CORRIDOR – LATE PM

Laura heads to the front door. The doorbell rings again.

LAURA

I'M COMING. I'M COMING for godsake.

She opens the door. **ANNE** is at the front door.

ANNE

Hello! I'm not too early... am I?

LAURA

No. No. Come on in! I'm sorry I was in the bathroom. I'm glad you came.

She returns to the bathroom as she talks. Anne enters the apartment, placing her purse and a bottle of wine on the floor.

16. INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Laura, Antoine, Anne, ~~ALEX~~, **STEPHAN**, **JULIAN** and **MARIE** sit on couches in the living room. They are talking and drinking wine. Julian is in front of Laura. He looks often at her. Antoine (drinking beers fast and steady) is next to Stephan and Anne (boyfriend and girlfriend). Marie sits on the ground between a few boxes. Unopened boxes surround them.

STEPHAN

He was crazy. He was just lying around the house. No running, no barking, nothing.

JULIAN

What did he have?

STEPHAN

He had kidneys stones. The vet operated, but the illness returned and he died a few days later.

ANNE

I'm sorry.

JULIAN

Yeah, we grow fond of those critters

ANTOINE

Yeah, but it was still just a fucking dog.

Marie playfully slaps Antoine's laps.

STEPHAN

Maybe, it was just a dog. But it was my dog.

There is a short, uneasy silence. Antoine – drunk – bumps into a glass of wine that spills over the floor. Wine splashes on some boxes and Julian's jeans ~~and the base of Laura's sculpture.~~

ANTOINE

Fuck.

Laura slaps Antoine's arm.

LAURA

Fucktard.

She gets up, takes a cloth from a nearby box and starts to clean, assisted by Marie, Anne and Stephen. Meanwhile, Antoine pours himself another glass. Julian goes to the bathroom.

STEPHEN (trying to break the heavy silence and pointing at
Laura's canvas)

So, will you finish it soon?

LAURA

I don't know if I'll be able to finish it. It's on and off.

ANTOINE

She's been saying that every month for the past year.

ANNE

And the grant?

LAURA

Still waiting for the reply.

ANNE (touching it)

Can we see it?

LAURA (removes Anne's hand)

No.

STEPHEN

How come?

ANTOINE

Because it's not interesting.

LAURA

Ha. Ha. Ha. Really, it's just not ready.

ANTOINE (starts removing the cloth)

Nah, she just wants people to insist. I'll show you.

Laura removes Antoine's hand and stares at him. Antoine turns back and takes another glass. Julian comes back.

MARIE

What is that?

LAURA (looking behind, around and on her)

What is what?

MARIE (pointing at Laura's face)

Right there. No, not there, the bruise on the right side of your chin.

Anne gets closer to Laura and touches her face.

JULIAN (quick glance at Antoine)

Where did you get that?

LAURA

I don't know. It was there this morning.

ANNE

Maybe it's just a spider's bite. It happens to me all the time.

STEPHEN

Yeah, she attracts them like a magnet.

ANNE

Like you.

ANTOINE (smiling in anticipation of his joke)

Nah, you're all wrong. I just wasn't at my best when I slapped her.

LAURA (quick glance at Antoine)

I'll bring more wine.

Laura takes the empty bottle and leaves the room.

17. INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Laura - pissed off - enters the kitchen. We hear people having fun in the living room. She puts crackers on a plate. Julian comes in.

JULIAN

You need help?

LAURA

No, thanks.

He helps her with the crackers as she grabs a bottle of wine from the counter. She breaks the cork and cuts herself.

LAURA

Fuck. Asshole.

JULIAN

Give me that.

He comes up behind her. She sucks the blood from her small wound.

JULIAN

Why are you still with that jerk? I mean, he's just an oaf.
Stupid, vulgar...

He approaches her as he opens the bottle.

LAURA

Please. Stop.

He continues to move in closer. His body feathers near her back. They barely touch. He takes her hand. She doesn't really fight it.

LAURA

Are your jeans ok?

Her hands move toward his thighs. His pelvis moves in and presses up against her rear. He starts sucking her wound.

She likes it. We hear laughter in the living room. She withdraws and grabs the wine bottle. She heads for the living room. Julian takes the plate of crackers and follows her.

18. INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Laura enters the living room followed by Julian. Antoine looks at them. Marie remains seated on the floor, but now between Antoine's legs. One of her hands wanders over his thighs.

ANNE

So he told me that I had to brought back the...

ANTOINE (to Laura)

Problems finding the bottle?

LAURA

Yes. And harder to open.

ANTOINE

Ha. Ha.

CUT TO:

19. INT. LIVING ROOM AND CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Everybody's a bit drunk. They laugh and tell jokes. Someone knocks on the door.

ANNE

Are you expecting anyone else?

LAURA

I don't think so. What time is it?

Knocking again. Laura goes to the front door. She opens the door.

APARTMENT'S OWNER (He glances inside.)

Do you know what time it is?

LAURA

No, yeah, well I'm sorry ~~Mr. Kaufman.~~ I just invited a few friends. And you know, one glass of wine too many and we just lost track of...

APARTMENT'S OWNER

I hope this little party is over. (He sneaks in.) And that it won't happen again. My wife and I aren't as *young* as you and your friends.

LAURA

No sir, it won't. Again, I'm terribly sorry. Goodnight.

He stays there. Laura waits for him to leave but he doesn't. She returns to the living room giving everyone their things to pack up and leave. The owner watches people leaving.

LAURA

Sorry. Good night.

STEPHEN

Like this!? Hey.

LAURA

Just go now.

ANNE

Come on. Let's go.

Everyone says good night to each other as they leave the apartment.

ANNE (to Laura)

I'll call you tomorrow.

Laura nods.

JULIAN (kisses Laura on the chin)

Good night.

APARTMENT'S OWNER

I hope it won't happen again.

The landlord follows then out. Laura returns to the living room. Antoine stands in the entrance. Laura starts to clean up. A long silence follows.

ANTOINE

So, he's doing well?

LAURA

Fuck you.

ANTOINE

If I ever see that douchbag near you again I'll smash his fucking head in.

LAURA

You're drunk. And who the fuck do you think you are?

Antoine approaches Laura and grabs her.

ANTOINE

Fuck, you're so ~~fuckin~~ cold. ~~God damn it.~~

LAURA

Wonder why?

ANTOINE

Come here.

LAURA

Fuck you. Let me go bastard.

Antoine seizes her. She frees herself and slaps him. Antoine slaps her back. She falls on the couch. She touches her lips and her chin. He approaches her. She lies there, emotionless. He mounts her.

He insists and finally succeeds in kissing her. She doesn't react. He forces her. She lets him kiss her and slide his hands under her shirt. Slowly, she lets go. They kiss intensely.

LAURA

Fuck! ouch. What are you doing moron?

ANTOINE

I didn't do anything! What's going on?

There are small cuts over Laura's lips.

LAURA

Damn. It hurts.

She pushes Antoine away. She goes to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

20. INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura enters the bathroom and examines herself in the mirror. Antoine emerges from behind and tries to grasp her in his arms. She doesn't let him.

LAURA (touching the small cuts)
What's your fucking problem?

ANTOINE

And you? What's your fucking problem?

Antoine slowly grabs her and she eventually lets him as she continues to inspect herself in the mirror. His hand slides into her pants.

ANTOINE

Come on, I haven't done anything. Or maybe I did.. or I
will...

After a moment, she turns back and kisses him.

CUT TO:

21. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Antoine is on top of Laura. He inserts himself and pauses.

ANTOINE

Damn, have I told you that you're freaking cold?

LAURA

Yes. But maybe it's because of you. Maybe I don't feel anything. Maybe someone else could be up to the task...

He starts pounding her furiously. Laura stares, motionless, at the ceiling. She licks her scratched lips. She smiles. A little white liquid appears in her eyes.

CUT TO:

22. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laura is awake. She gazes, motionless, at the ceiling. Antoine is beside her. She looks at the crack in the ceiling, which seems longer than last time. Eventually, she speaks.

LAURA

I don't want to do this anymore.

Antoine's mumbling.

LAURA

This no longer gives me pleasure.

ANTOINE (bored)

What?

LAURA (she doesn't pay attention to him)

It's all pointless. It doesn't matter. I can't do it
anymore.

ANTOINE (annoyed)

What?

LAURA (she doesn't pay attention to him)

I'll quit sculpting. I'm tired of fighting windmills.
Nobody cares. I don't care anymore.

ANTOINE

Yeah, yeah. Sure you will. You should come to my job one
day. You'll really understand what 'not caring' means.

Antoine grumbles and tries to go back to sleep as if he'd
heard it all before.

LAURA

I can't feel it. It's useless. I've lost the urge to do it.

She gets out of bed and leaves the room.

23. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Laura stares at her canvas for a long time. She covers it
with a cloth. Her groin itches again and she scratches it.

She opens a closet and shoves in the canvas. She arranges all her art material. Antoine enters the room.

ANTOINE (lighting a cigarette)

Fuck, what are you doing? What's all the noise?

It's fucking 3 am. Damn.

Laura continues to arrange her stuff. Antoine sighs and leaves the room.

24. DREAM SEQUENCE 1

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - DAY

Sunblast. A weird, eerie, and creepy crawling sound on the soundtrack. It is a mix of flies buzzing and cockroaches eating. The image is out of focus, redish. It seems really hot. The image ''flies'' as if burning. Slowly, the image focuses as the soundtrack pitch rises. We hear a handsaw cutting through wood. The focus slowly reveals the carcass of a dog being devoured by worms and flies as the sound becomes louder and more acute.

CUT TO:

25. INT. BEDROOM AND CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Laura wakes up. She realizes her left side, on which she was sleeping hurts. A big, dark-blue and red bruise covers most of her left arm, chest and leg.

LAURA

What the...?

She tries to get out of bed, but her body hurts. She pushes Antoine.

ANTOINE

Now what do you want?

She sits on the bedside. This is done with great difficulty. It takes all her strength, but she manages to sit up. The entire room is spinning around her. She struggles to raise her head and vomits on the floor, the bed and Antoine.

ANTOINE

Caliss.

She heads to the bathroom, leaning on the wall as she advances for support. Her stomach is in extreme pain.

CUT TO:

26. INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura sits on the toilet. She's on the verge of fainting. Antoine is behind the door.

ANTOINE

Are you ok?

She tries to stand up but falls to the floor, unconscious. In the toilet: a dark red pool of blood.

CUT TO BLACK

Weird sounds, voices, sickening sounds, very loud high and low pitch noises play on the soundtrack. The saw cutting wood can be heard as well.

CUT TO:

27. INT. BEDROOM, BATHROOM AND CORRIDOR - DAY

Laura wakes up. She looks at the ceiling: the crack has now reached the wall. She removes her sheets. She stands up. She's hurting. Her body is covered in bruises. Her eyes seem caught in two black holes. She breathes heavily and she sweats profusely. She goes to the bathroom and looks through the medicine cabinet. She tries to find a bottle. Her hand is stiff and knocks several bottles to the counter and floor. She grabs some painkillers. She downs a handful of pills. She sits on the toilet, dizzy. Her mouth is pasty: she's thirsty.

She stands up slowly. She grabs hold of the wall for support. Once up, her body slowly unstiffens as she attempts to reach the kitchen.

CUT TO:

Laura walks down the corridor.

CUT TO:

28. INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Laura reaches the sink. She can hardly turn on the tap. She tries to grab hold of a glass, but drops it on the floor. She splashes water on her face then puts her mouth to the tap, reaching for the stream of water with her tongue. Her

mouth hardly moves. Her tongue is off-color. The phone rings. She turns her head.

Slowly, the water turns red, then to a weird, brown pulp. The liquid is infested with maggots, and shortly, only maggots spew from the tap, filling the kitchen sink. The phone continues to ring. She feels the liquid on her face and turns her head. She gasps. Laura backs away; she is horrified. She slips. As she falls, the back of her head hits the counter and splits open. Blood spills. She lies unconscious on the floor. The sink is filled with maggots and thick liquid. It overflows, spilling to the floor near Laura's head.

CUT TO BLACK

CUT TO:

29. INT. KITCHEN AND CORRIDOR - DAY

Laura wakes up. She's on the floor. A pool of blood surrounds her. She can't stand up. She reaches behind her head; there is blood. She glances, horrified, at the sink: nothing. She doesn't understand. There are pieces of glass lodged in her back. She removes a shard.

She gets up heavily. She looks in the sink: nothing. She slowly makes her way to the bathroom, holding the back of her head.

CUT TO:

Laura in the corridor. She uses the wall for support as she makes her way down the corridor.

CUT TO:

30. INT. CORRIDOR AND BATHROOM - DAY

Laura enters the bathroom. She looks at the back of her head in the mirror: there is a big open wound.

LAURA (confused)

How come? What?

Hers side bursts in pain. She falls to her knees. She tries to sit on the toilet. Once there, she holds her stomach in agony. She slams the counter with rage.

The pain seems to pass. She then slowly starts to remove the pieces of glass. She is exhausted. She wraps a bandage around her head. The doorbell rings.

LAURA (with difficulty and in a low tone)

Come on in. (it rings again) Come on in.

After a few seconds, the door opens. Julian enters.

JULIAN

Hello?

LAURA (with difficulty and in a low tone)

Over here, inside the bathroom.

JULIAN

Are you ok?

Julian appears in the doorway.

LAURA

I've been better. What are you doing here?

JULIAN

Common, let me help you.

He grabs her and tries to bring her into the corridor.

LAURA

Let me go. I can take care of myself.

She grabs hold of the wall for support. She tries to build up momentum but only manages a few steps before retreating back to the wall. Julian stops and gawks, open-mouthed, at her. She stares back at him.

JULIAN

What's this nonsense? What do you mean you can take care of yourself? Take a look in the mirror! (He looks around.) And where's that little fucker?

LAURA

Not here. And you? Why are you here?

JULIAN

I was just passing by... And anyway, what happened to you?
Come on, I'll take you to the hospital.

LAURA

I just fell. You sure you didn't come around just to...?
Laura is dizzy. She nearly faints and collapses on Julian.
She looks drunk. He looks at her as she looks back at him.
She tries to kiss him but he pushes her away.

JULIAN

No.

LAURA

Then leave. I can take care of myself.

He doesn't leave. She continues to try and they eventually start kissing furiously. Slowly, she moves down and unzips his pants. She sucks him. His hands move to her head. Hair gets caught between his fingers. The phone rings. The answering machine plays.

ANTOINE (to the answering machine)

Ok. Hope you're well. Look, I had to leave... I put you to bed. I'll be back later.

Bye.

She sucks harder as Antoine leaves his message. His hands clutch her head. His fingers grip her head, slowly entering the wound through the bandage. Red blood slowly soaks the bandage. Her hands and mouth are stiff. Julian comes. She tries to swallow it but her mouth is stiff and she almost chokes. Semen drips from her mouth. She rests her head on Julian's lap. After a moment, he zips up his pants. She stays on her knees. He seems both uncomfortable and disgusted.

He pushes her back and gets out as fast as he can. She falls to the floor, lying there motionless.

She lay on the floor expressionless. She tries to stand up, but she's too weak. She starts breathing heavily, gasping for air. She has an anxiety attack. She collapses.

31. INT. CORRIDOR AND BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laura slowly opens her eyes. The place is pitch black. She feels dizzy. She gets up slowly. She can't move her feet; they are stiff as hell. They're swollen and bruised; blue-pink-red, up to her knees.

She crawls to the nearest phone. She feels dizzy, stiff. She can't move properly, nor can she scream. She tries to scream for help but her jaw is locked. She hurts herself as she accidentally walks into the wall. Her bowels and bladder suddenly release. Feces and urine soak the floor beneath her. We feel panic in her eyes but her body doesn't react.

She feels dizzy. The ground is soggy, unstable. Insects, maggots, and other creatures slowly infest the corridor floorboards. She falls face first to the floor. Her face is covered with feces, urine, and insects. She can't move. The wall and ground transform to mud and earth. She can't scream. She can't breath. She collapses.

32. DREAM SEQUENCE 2

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Laura lays down naked over an autopsy table. She can't move. It is dark as hell. A clothe is covering her. Slowly, Antoine gets over her. He presses his body over her. The clothe slowly imbibes itself with blood, pus, and other body fluids. Everything is in close-up. From shot to shot, Antoine morphs into Julian. Then a hand takes the clothe and removes it.

We only see her naked body on the table. Close-ups of her body parts follow (sex, skin, mouth) in an almost abstract manner. Several naked dummies are standing with hideous make-up masking the female faces. Their private parts are ripped off; leaving dark holes where once were their breasts and genitals. Instead of human voices, it is ape noises: sharp, fast, inhaling/exhaling, shouting and panting.

A weird **DOCTOR** approaches and starts dissecting her. She can't move or talk. Each slab of flesh and organ he removes from her body are those of a pig: pig's flesh, pig's grease, and pig's liver... He removes them like clay off a sculpture. He throws them in a pit where beast-like Antoine and Julian stand, naked, and fight over and eat them.

CUT TO BLACK

**CUT TO INTERTITLE «ACT 2: THANATOS» in dark letter over a
70s style red background.**

CUT TO:

33. INT. BEDROOM AND BATHROOM - DUSK

Laura wakes up. She's pale. There are black spots over her face. Her eyes resemble two black pepper holes. Colored spots cover her body. She can't move. Her legs, arms, and everything are dead stiff. She has lost weight. Her mouth is tight. She grinds her teeth. Her lips are dry and there are little scratches over her lips. Her eyes are filled with a milk-like liquid.

She barely reaches the bathroom. She looks at herself. Her eyes saddened. She touches her bruises, her body...

She enters the shower and turns it on as fast as she can. The water clogs the drain. The water continues to rise as she washes herself. She scrubs herself with the soap. Small worms fall from her skin. The water turns brownish, greenish in the bathtub. She scrubs harder and harder. A slab of skin from her right breast tears off (along with the nipple). She stops. She panics and sobs (but no tears fall from her eyes).

She gets out. She frantically opens the cabinet and removes her make-up. She tries to cover her wounds and her bruises. She applies red lipstick, eye shadow, and blush... When done, she stares at her face in the mirror. It's a grotesque sight. She hardly succeeds in covering herself.

She's on the verge of crying but nothing comes out of her exhausted eyes. Her breathing grows heavy until she screams in despair, punching the mirror. The mirror cracks. She smashes her head into the shards of broken mirror. After a

few strikes, she stops. She can't cry, yet she manages a few whimpers as if she could.

After a moment, she lies on the floor. The back of her head hurts. She reaches her hand behind her head: the bandage is juicy and blood-soaked. She looks at her hand: a greenish, yellowish and bloody substance covers her fingers.

She holds back her vomit. She proceeds to remove the bandage. It is a bloody and disgusting liquid mess. It stinks. She looks inside the bandage. Small worms squirm among the concoction of blood, flesh and puss.

She tries to scream but finds herself breathless. She can't hold it any more and starts heaving. She finally vomits while trying to inhale simultaneously. She gets up and takes the bottle of Baxedin. She empties the bottle over her wound. She is both panicked and bemused. She puts a finger in her wound: she feels no pain. She falls to her knees and furiously punches herself and everything in sight.

34. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laura lies in her bed. She stares at the ceiling. Her body itches so she moves constantly in her bed, scratching herself. Her groin continues to itch and she scratches it. The wound is bigger than before. It looks as if it is infected. She gazes at the crack in the ceiling. She is shivering violently. She has trouble breathing. She has goosebumps. After a moment, she seems to pass out but her eyes remain open. She is paralyzed.

35. INT. BEDROOM, CORRIDOR AND KITCHEN - DAWN

Laura wakes up grasping for air. She hears insects feeding. She takes off the bed sheets and sees worms all over the bed. They are protruding from her bandage. Worms cover her face and the pillow.

She tries to remove the bandage but she can't lift her right arm. Her body lies on top of her arm. It is stiff. She rolls over and lifts it up with her left hand. She massages her arm. Nothing. Her arm has a weird brownish-dark color. Her stomach has also bloated.

The doorbell rings. She stops moving. It rings again. She panics. She throws herself to the floor. It doesn't hurt, but she can't really move much either. She urges herself to move. Slowly, her fingers, hands, arms, legs, and other body parts loosen. She clumsily crawls out of the room and tries to find a spot to hide. She can vaguely see a shadow through the door window. She shivers in anticipation.

After a moment, the ringing stops. She lies in the corridor. Footsteps are faintly heard, walking away.

She takes a deep breath but chokes. She starts to massage her body parts. She tries getting up, but falls to the floor. She continues to massage herself and tries again. After her third fall, and exerting tremendous effort, she manages to get to her feet.

She breathes with difficulty. She grabs the bottle of cortisone pills. She drops it. She kneels to the floor,

grabbing a handful of the scattered pills and swallows them.

She walks slowly to the kitchen. It's awfully hot. Sunlight penetrates and heats up all corners of the stuffy room. She examines at her rotting flesh. She looks at the thermometer.

CUT TO:

36. INT. KITCHEN, CORRIDOR AND BEDROOM - DAY

Laura looks under the sink, removing black garbage bags, duck tape, a hammer and nails. She walks around the apartment in frenzy, panting heavily, blacking out all the windows.

She crosses a mirror in the corridor, catching a glimpse of her reflection. She flips out and punches the mirror, shattering it. Shards of glass are lodged in her rotting, bleeding, hands. She doesn't care, she smashes the other mirrors with a hammer.

She proceeds to explode every light bulb in the apartment. Once done, she just drops the hammer to the floor. It lands on her right foot. The hammer's teeth slice her foot but she doesn't notice. She looks at her hands. She takes out what remains of the shattered mirror. Then she heads to her bedroom. She stops in front of the «psyché» mirror and stares at herself a long time. Instead of breaking it she puts a cloth over it. She heads to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

37. INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Laura enters the bathroom. She wraps up her bleeding hand with a bandage. She does the same with her foot. She heads for the kitchen.

CUT TO:

38. INT. KITCHEN AND BATHROOM - DAY

Tap water fills various recipients. Everything in the fridge has been thrown out. The recipients are put in the freezer. The bath's drain is plugged. She slides her fingers down the drain, removing a few handfuls of hair and throwing them out. The bath is filled with cold water.

Laura takes ice cubes and puts them in the bath. She does the same with the, now frozen, recipients. She unrobes, takes a deep breath and sits in the bath. Once in, she takes a deep breath.

39. INT. BATHROOM, CORRIDOR, LIVING ROOM AND KICTHEN - NIGHT

It is pitch black. Laura wakes up. She is still in the bath, now filled with water and small pieces of melted ice. She stands up and gets out. She doesn't dry herself. There are recipients all over the floor. Water covers the floor as she exits the bathroom.

Occasionally, she bumps into a wall or doorway, but doesn't react. She also steps on the scattered shards of the shattered mirror and light bulbs. She walks to the living room. She sits on the couch. She rests. She scratches the rashes between her legs. She looks at her fingers. A

translucent liquid covers them. A weird drone starts on the soundtrack as she stares at the wall in front of her. The paint is slowly peeling. Rain hammers the window: there is a storm outside. She breathes heavily. She looks at the closet where she hid her canvas. The soundtrack gets louder.

She gets up again, opens the closet and takes her canvas out. She gazes at the unfinished sculpture. She starts sculpting frantically. She presses hard on the clay, tearing out her remaining fingernails. She continues to sculpt even harder, so hard to the point that she loses one finger. She stops.

She takes the finger, twirls it before her eyes and stares at it. She plays with it as if her hand was just a broken toy. She puts it back into place on her hand. It doesn't hold. She places it back on the table. She looks at the bookcase in the corner of the room.

She stands up, pulls the bookcase's contents off the shelves and drops them to the floor. Once done, she heads to the kitchen. She searches through boxes and finds jars. She takes them out and brings them to the living room near her canvas and the bookcase.

She tries opening one of the jars but cuts herself. One of her fingers hangs from her hand by a mere piece of flesh. She looks at it and tries setting it back into place. She can't find anything so she takes the wool cloth covering the canvas, wraps it around her hand and tears it. She uses

a piece of tape and scotches the homemade bandage into place.

She opens the jar with her teeth. She feels something in her mouth. She puts her hand in her mouth. Her tongue is dark. One of her teeth is loose. She pulls it out. A bit of blood drops from her lips. She looks at her tooth: the inside is rotten. She feels something moving in her mouth. She opens up and reaches for the tooth's cavity. She removes a white worm. She vomits. The liquid is a brownish substance with hints of blood. Worms squirm in the puddle of vomit on the floor.

She heads for a small cabinet containing two or three bottles of liquor (Bourbon, Vodka and Rum). She grabs the whiskey and rinses her mouth. She then takes a big sip straight from the bottle. Her mouth is stiff. About half the whiskey escapes her mouth, dribbles down her chin and over her breasts. She takes another sip, this time, throwing her head back to swallow.

She returns to the bookcase and the box of jars. She takes the severed finger and drops it in the jar. She then pulls out a piece of paper. She writes - her writing is illegible as her hand is too shaky - on it: LITTLE FINGER - RIGHT HAND - MONDAY. She crosses MONDAY. She adds the date and time.

She tears the piece of paper with her mouth and tapes it to the jar. She looks at it. She walks back to the kitchen and takes out a bottle of vinegar. She fills the jar with

vinegar. She comes back and puts the jar on the shelf of the desk.

40. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Laura sits on the floor at the foot of her desk. Her finger floats in the jar in front of her. Scattered on the floor out in front of her lie her remaining medical products (quarter bottle of peroxide, a small roll of bandages, etc.) and the last supply of garbage bags, duck tape and alcohol. Sheets of paper and scotch tape lie there too.

She pre-fills at mid-level a few jars with the remaining vinegar and tosses the bottle in a corner of the room. She takes a sip of whisky. She places paper, scotch tape and a pen next to a jar. She leaves of the room.

She returns with a Polaroid camera. She removes all the bandages and photographs every part of her body. She lays the snapshots next to the jar.

CUT TO:

41. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Laura removes the fingernails stuck inside the clay. She puts them on a table. She sits. She puts glue under her nails and puts them back on her fingers. She then removes the bandage from her wounded finger, hanging merely by a slab of flesh. She takes Kirshner' pins and stitches her finger to her hand.

CUT TO:

42. INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Laura lays on the floor, naked. Her body has clearly started to rot. There are small cracks, color spots and bruises covering her entire body. Her eyes are closed as her hand glides over her entire naked body. She details it. Occasionally, she stops at a bruise. She'll presses it. She picks at scabs. She likes it. Small drops of blood-mixed puss seep out each time she does. She opens her eyes and looks at the ceiling. The paint is slowly peeling and cracking, like her skin.

She closes her eyes again. Her hand moves down to her vagina. She starts to masturbate as she continues to touch herself. The sound of the saw cutting wood saturates the soundtrack. Each cut is in synch with the motion of her fingers. She reaches orgasm.

43. INT. BEDROOM, KITCHEN, CORRIDOR AND BATHROOM - DAY

Laura lies in her bed. The sheets are humid. Blood, puss and a frozen-cheese like substances, infested with maggots, cake the sheets. The doorbell rings. She wakes up. It rings again. She takes a short breath. She panics. It rings again.

She gets up. Her right foot twists as it hits the floor. She stumbles but gets to her feet again. She gets out to the corridor and looks at the door. A storm rages outside. Rain batters the window.

ANTOINE (from outside the door)

Hey? Open up.

She heads to the kitchen but there is no place to hide. A key enters the door's lock. She enters the bathroom. The door opens. Hesitant footsteps are heard entering the apartment.

ANTOINE

(to himself) Christ qu'essé ça? What's going on here?

Laura hides behind the shower curtains. She is petrified.
She hardly breathes. Antoine walks in the apartment. A wave

of stench hits him. He gags. He takes a deep breath and covers his nose with his arm. He steps through a squishy substance on the floor.

ANTOINE (disgusted and walking from room to room)
Tab... Ça pue. It smells like shit. Are you ok? Where are
you?

Laura doesn't answer. Antoine is overwhelmed by the mess (worms, body fluids, broken mirrors, etc.). He can't find Laura either. He looks in the bedroom. After a moment, he grabs his cell phone and starts dialing 9-1-1.

LAURA
No. No. Wait.

ANTOINE (he stops dialing)
Where are you?

Laura doesn't answer. She stands there terrified. Antoine enters the bathroom. He sees a form behind the curtain.

ANTOINE
What the hell are you doing?

He approaches Laura. He moves the recipient and pieces of the shattered mirror on the floor with the tip of his shoes.

ANTOINE
Come on, get out. You're going to the hospital.

He tries to grab hold of her but she escapes his grasp, taking refuge behind the curtain. He tries again; catching her left arm through the curtain, but clutching it harder this time around. She relishes the touch.

LAURA (almost ecstatic)

Ah.

Antoine stops. He seems surprised. An ooze-like bloody substance soaks through the curtain. He feels it, sees it and removes his hand in disgust.

ANTOINE

What the... fuck, what's happening to you?

Now, Laura tries to grab him from behind the curtain.

LAURA

Touch me.

Antoine is struck by surprise. She manages to grab his hand and uses it to touch her whole body in a frenzy. She's ecstatic.

LAURA

Harder.

ANTOINE

Stop it.

Through the curtain, Laura continues to rub his hand over her. Blood and puss plaster the curtain. She breathes louder. She is aroused.

ANTOINE
Stop it.

She grips his hand firmly and moves his hand towards her crotch.

ANTOINE
STOP IT. You're disgusting.

He manages to free his hand and pushes her back. Laura falls into the bath, tearing the curtain down with her. A weird crack is heard. Antoine stands there in shock. He rushes over to her. She doesn't move.

ANTOINE
Voyons donc. Say something? Come on for christsake.

Antoine panics. He approaches the bathtub.

ANTOINE
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Crazy bitch.

He takes his cell phone and starts to dial 9-1-1. Behind him, Laura slowly gets up. The blood-soaked curtain covers her, resembling the shroud from a crime scene. He turns back and sees her. He stops dialing. She clumsily walks towards him. He drops his phone. She approaches. He is

petrified. She comes in closer. She presses her body up against his. He gags. He pushes her away violently and gets out. He vomits on the floor.

She jumps on him. His face hits the vomit-covered floor. She starts rubbing herself all over him.

ANTOINE

Get off of me crazy bitch.

He punches her and throws her to the floor. Blood spurts from her mouth hitting the curtain. She coughs. He gets to his knees and tries removing the curtain. She fights back, but he succeeds. He sees her. He stops. She licks her cut lips with her rotting tongue. He can't avert his eyes from her. She looks back at him, directly in the eyes. He gags again.

Antoine turns back and heads for the door but she grabs his hips with her left arm. He doesn't stop. She gets dragged behind him. She holds on stronger. He kicks her. He continues forward, tearing her shoulder, and the surrounding flesh, out of its socket. He falls on his chest. She lies motionless behind him.

Antoine rolls to his back. Laura's left arm lays on him. He notices it and tosses it to the side. He looks at her. He is overwhelmed by all of this. She looks back at him.

LAURA (while getting up)

Bastard. Bastard. Bastard.

She grabs the hammer from on the floor next to her.

LAURA

Bastard. Who do you think you are?

ANTOINE

No. Don't do this.

LAURA (louder)

Who do you think you are? Bastard.

ANTOINE

No, listen to me.

She puts her broken foot over his chest. Maggots fill the wound. Antoine sees it.

LAURA (louder)

Who do you think you are? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

ANTOINE

FUCK YOU CRAZY BITCH! YOU UNDERSTAND: YOU'RE A FUCKING
CRAZY BITCH!

She falls on him and starts hammering in his face. His teeth chatter everywhere. Blood spurts all over.

LAURA (smashing his face in)

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? ANSWER ME? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU
ARE? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

The hammer gets lodged inside his head. She tries removing it, but gives up shortly. Antoine's face is left a bloody pulp of blood, brains and fragments of his skull.

Laura gets off of him and sits by the wall. She catches her breath. She looks at her shoulder then in the corridor where lay her left arm. She crawls towards it. She picks up her severed arm and stares at it. She looks at the bone protruding from the flesh. She tries wiggling her arm back into its place.

She walks towards the living room. She steps over Antoine lying on the floor. One of her feet steps through what remains of his head.

44. INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Laura looks at the previously gathered objects. She has no more bandages. She takes a sip of the open yet almost empty bottle of whisky. She grabs the duck tape. She tries to tape her left shoulder back into place. She seems to have difficulty breathing. She breathes heavily. She finishes the roll of tape. The makeshift cast isn't great, but it keeps her arm in place. It sways a little but she doesn't care.

MUSIC FADES IN

45. INT. APARTMENT – EVENING

Laura tries dragging Antoine's body down the corridor. She only uses her right arm. Her left arm hangs motionless to her side. She forces herself. She stops. She crawls next to him and pushes the body. It's more or less successful. She looks around, but can't find a place to put the body. She gives up.

A translucent liquid, a cheese-like substance, green puss and other bodily fluids seep from her wounds and rotting flesh. Maggots cover her body. They too ooze from out of her wounds. She crawls to a closet and opens it. She takes all the bath towels. She tries to dry herself. The towels soak-through immediately, but she manages to remove most of the stuff. At least she removes the fluids covering her face.

CUT TO:

46. INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Laura looks at the open wound on her knee. She stares at the maggots feeding and crawling in and out.

CUT TO:

47. INT. APPARTMENT AND LIVING ROOM - DAY

Laura assembles the various fragments of her severed body parts into a heap on the floor. She takes the heap into the living room. She drops it over her sculpture and tries to sculpt with various bits of flesh.

CUT TO:

48. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A Polaroid flashes. An ear is put into a jar. Laura writes RIGHT EAR. Both the Polaroid and slab of paper are pasted to the jar with puss. The jar is put on the shelf next to other jars: some empty, some full.

CUT TO:

49. INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

Laura sits on the toilet. She takes her tweezers and extracts the meat worms from her wounds.

CUT TO:

50. INT. APPARTMENT - DUSK

Laura hangs the bed sheet, towels, clothes and bandages to dry on a homemade clothesline.

51. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

A few more jars rest on shelves, containing body parts identified by a piece of paper and a Polaroid.

52. INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

Laura is in her bath. She slowly gets up. She stands in front of what remains of the mirror. She looks at herself. She touches her rotting face. She takes her makeup and tries concealing her face. She does so slowly at first but then starts applying makeup madly. She puts red lipstick over her torn lips. When done, she resembles a grotesque mix between a cadaver and a prostitute. She would have cried but her eyes are now a mere grayish matter unable to produce tears.

She starts rubbing her eyes as the rest of her body throbs. No tears escape her eyes.

The tape holding her arm in place is now soaked through by bodily fluids and doesn't hold much anymore. Laura removes it. The extremities of her arm and shoulder are rotten and infested by maggots. She takes out her sewing kit. She stitches her arm to her shoulder. The sewing needle penetrates the dry but fluid-covered flesh.

MUSIC FADES OUT

DREAM SEQUENCE 3

53. INT. UNKNOWN PLACE - DAY

On the soundtrack we hear the saw cutting wood. Laura stands in pitch black. She can't see anything. But she follows the sound. It gets louder and louder as she approaches it. A blast of light hits her eyes: it is a reflection from the blade of the saw. She sees herself cutting boards and assembling a coffin. She approaches the coffin and touches it. She explores it with her sight and touch. She then gets inside it. Laura II finishes the lid and brings it next to the coffin. They look each other in the eyes. Laura II closes the coffin. We hear a hammer nailing the coffin. The light fades out as the coffin is closed. In a few seconds her whole body rots and decomposes as she tries to scream, but no sound comes out. Only ashes and maggots remain. We hear mud hurting the coffin.

CUT TO:

54. INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Laura takes the phone. She dials. We only see her mouth.

LAURA

Would you mind coming up right now. Please, I need you.

CUT TO:

INTERTITLE «ACT 3: AND BEYOND» in dark letter over a 70s style red background.

55. INT. CORRIDOR – DAY

Julian enters the apartment. He recoils. He covers his nose with his arm. There's no sound except that of flies flying around.

JULIAN

I came as fast as I could. Where are you? Where is that bastard?

He walks in the corridor; disgusted as he walks over worms, flies and other insects. There are only a few beams of light here and there, mostly due to small holes in the plastic bags covering the windows. He walks through the damp, hanging bed sheet, towels and bandages. He sees Antoine's rotten body. We hear someone breathing heavily. It comes from the bedroom in the apartment. Julian heads slowly towards the room. He stumbles and plants his hand into a weird brownish liquid on the wall. He nearly vomits. He tries to peer into the room through a crack in the door. Black. He slowly enters the room. An eerie noise – a mix of flies, worms and breathing – comes from one end of the room.

JULIAN

What's going on? What is all this? What are you doing?

LAURA (she can't speak properly, breathing heavily between
each word)

Fuck... me...

JULIAN

What? What's going on here? Are you ok?

LAURA

I said... fuck me...

JULIAN

Come on, let's get you out of here. It's enough, now I'll
take you to the hospital.

LAURA

I SAID... FUCK ME... NOW!

JULIAN

Come on, you're not yourself. Give me your hand.

Julian reaches for Laura's arm through the darkness. He touches something squishy. His hand jolts off in horror. A bloody rotting liquid covers his hands. He can't bear it. He walks out of the room and vomits on the floor.

LAURA

What? You don't find me attractive anymore. (She laughs with contempt.)

JULIAN (not looking at her)

What's happening to you? What's going on here?

Laura approaches him. She presses her body against his back, her hand already searching for his fly. He shivers.

LAURA

You want me to blow you like last time?

He closes his eyes. Her hand unzips his fly, and enters his pants. He violently removes her hand.

JULIAN

It's disgusting. You have to go to the hospital. Come on.

He takes a bed sheet hanging next to him.

JULIAN

Put that on. Please.

LAURA

Fucker. (She pushes him and he doesn't turn back nor do anything.)

Fucker. You're just a fucking coward. You came here, I blew you.

Enough for you, eh?

JULIAN

Please, stop that.

LAURA

You want me to stop? YOU want ME to stop?

You had what you wanted? You had enough?

She keeps on pushing him. Each time he moves forward a little.

JULIAN

Please, you're not yourself. If we... if you could just come with...

LAURA (Screaming)

Fucker! I thought you loved me. No, just a cheap fuck.

Nobody loves me.

He can't answer. Her face enters a beam of light in front of him. He looks her straight in the eyes. Worms crawl over her rotten flesh. Flies circle around her head. He turns

back and heads to the door but he gets tangled in the clothes hang-drying.

Laura appears behind Julian with a knife. She stabs toward him and the knife penetrates the right hand of Julian. His middle finger flies up. He turns back to get away but he falls. She jumps over him and starts stabbing him in the back. His body convulses on the floor. She screams in pain while stabbing him as though she were stabbing herself. She grabs his penis and tries to penetrate herself with it but it is too soft. She screams and rubs herself on Julian until she climaxes.

The pins stitching on her hand gets caught on the knife's handle. The skin tears from her hand, dangling from the knife. She then realizes what she's been doing. She drops the knife, horrified. She falls to her knees next him. Her crotch is covered in blood and a redish-brownish liquid. She screams in pain and despair.

LAURA

Answer me. Answer me.

Julian is still breathing. She tries to move the body but one of her arms (or the remains of it) tears off. She can't move him. She starts crying (no tears come from her eyes but her body shivers as she makes a sound resembling both crying and laughing at the same time).

LAURA (sobbing and laughing)

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

56. INT. BATHROOM – DAY

Laura sits in a bath full of ice. By the door, in the corridor, lays Julian's body. It is dark as hell everywhere. He is slowly dying. We barely see Laura's face in the darkness. Slow **ZOOM IN** on her mouth as she talks.

LAURA

(Her jaw falls during her speech muffling the sound near the end)

What have I done? Damn.

(Long pause; a worms exits the cavity that was once her right ear)

I'm tired... I haven't finished my damned sculpture.

She snorts in the air. Pieces of brain and blood spurt from her nose to her chin and chest. She doesn't touch it. She coughs. Her detached jaw moves weirdly each time.

She crawls out of the bath. The ice and water in the bath resemble a muddy, runny pulp. She crawls past Julian into the corridor.

CUT TO:

57. INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Laura goes to her canvas. With her body fluids and remaining body parts, she starts sculpting and covering the sculpture with blood and fluid at a crazy pace. She can't stop. Once it is done, she falls by its side totally exhausted. We distinguish a weird expression of satisfaction on her rotten face. She crawls to the desk; leaving a path of fluid, blood and rotten feces behind her.

Near the desk, she stops, exhausted and looks at the jars containing her body parts. She tries to take one, but she can't and it drops. It shatters, leaving the rotten ear it once contained lying on the floor. She lay there exhausted, next to her painting and body parts, for a long time.

She crawls out in great pain and demanding tremendous effort.

CUT TO:

58. INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Laura stops in front of the «psyché» mirror. She removes the clothe over it. She looks at herself. Her eyes are a mere grayish matter unable to produce any liquid.

LAURA

Is there anything left to see?

Slowly, her hands move toward her face. Her fingers travel over her face towards her eyes. She pokes her eyes out. The cornea splits opens, slowly releasing a grayish/redish decaying liquid. She sobs. Her eyes are now torn apart, spurtng a weird liquid dropping like tears over her rotten face. She stays in front of the mirror a long time. She starts crawling again.

CUT TO:

59. INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Laura crawls toward the door at the end of the corridor. Several beams of light penetrate the darkness. The remains

of her body rot and detach along the floor, as she moves forth, leaving behind a trail of brownish liquid, filled with bits of flesh, skin and hair. Each move is difficult, she breathes heavily. Worms and flies surround her body and the fluid trailing behind her. She stumbles into the wall a couple of times, leaving large traces of body fluids and flesh behind her. She disintegrates completely as she reaches and puts her hand on the door handle.

The sound of flies saturates the soundtrack. It stops.

CUT TO BLACK

END CREDITS