

GO LONG

Written By

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FADE IN

EXT. BARBE'S MANOR - DAY

A path in the snow has been ploughed between a stately, Victorian MANSION and a tiny garden shed at the back of the property.

ELSIE, in her 20's, beautiful, angelic, purposefully walks the path, wrapped in an elegant fur coat.

Snow flakes fall on her, coming to rest on her clothing and hair.

Elsie stares ahead, at the garden shed. Furrows her brow.

BARBE (V.O)

It is important, my girl, that you do not go into the garden shed.

She keeps heading towards the shed.

BARBE (V.O)

My privacy is important to me. You respect mine, I respect yours. Do you understand?

EXT. FIELD - DAY [DREAM SEQUENCE]

Elsie, in a wedding dress, lies atop a PALANQUIN.

The palanquin is carried by a group of TRIBESPEOPLE, dressed in traditional clothing.

A sytar plays O.S.

Elsie is carried, slowly, with great ritual, down a dirt path.

At the end of the dirt path sits a WEDDING ARCH.

Distant FIGURES, mere blips at the end of the path, await her arrival.

INT. WEDDING HALL - BRIDAL ROOM

Elsie sits in front of a grand mirror, in her bridal gown. Her face is contorted in great assination and fear.

NINA, a well-dressed, elegant, woman in her fifties, sits with her.

NINA
It is important that you go through
with this.

Elsie sobs.

ELSIE
Why?

NINA
You know why.

ELSIE
But why me? Why does this
responsibility fall on me?

Elsie places a hand on Elsie's shoulder.

NINA
Elsie. Do this for the family. Do
this for your father.

BLACK SCREEN

The BRIDAL WALTZ plays through a stereo, somewhere.

INT. BARBE'S MANOR - MASTER BEDROOM

Dark, dimly lit.

Elsie lays in bed, alone. A single flitter of moonlight
penetrates the room from the window, illuminating its ORNATE
FEATURES, huge paintings, and four-poster bed.

A dark SILHOUETTE appears at the door.

BARBE (40's), a domineering presence, bearded, stands at the
threshold.

BARBE
My beautiful wife.

He steps towards the bed.

ELSIE
Hello.

BARBE
May I join you?

Elsie forces a smile.

ELSIE

Of course.

Barbe removes his nightgown. Now nude, he stands before Elsie in bed.

To Elsie, his figure is grotesque in its nakedness -- a hairy chest, back and genitals.

He slips into bed, under the covers.

Barbe cuddles up next to a stiff Elsie. Grappling at her, he maneuvers her into being the little spoon. His hand firmly over her breast.

Barbe kisses her on the back of the neck.

BARBE

Goodnight, lovely.

Elsie, with wide eyes, wills her self to sleep.

KITCHEN - LATER

Elsie, just woken, wanders towards the gargantuan, stainless steel refrigerator.

The huge bay window in the next room shows a snowy morning outside.

On the fridge door is a note. It reads:

"Business trip, remember? Be back in 3 days :) - Barbe".

Elsie looks as if she just had terrific news. She smiles widely.

MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Elsie reads a novel in bed. At peace.

A BUMP is heard, shocking Elsie into attention. She looks up: it came from the walk in closet.

Elsie returns to reading.

Another BUMP. Followed by a the scratching sound, somewhere O.S.

ELSIE

Hello?

Elsie hops out of bed.

Creeps towards the

WALK IN CLOSET

Elsie, carefully, slides Barbe's coathangered clothing across the closet.

She peers into the darkness behind them.

Nothing.

Steps further into the closet.

Slides across another row of jackets and pressed pants.

Nothing.

Another step into the closet.

Something STARTLES Elsie -- she looks down.

At her feet, crawling, is a GHOSTLY WOMAN -- covered in dried blood, dress torn, pale.

Elsie yelps.

She is FROZEN in fear, whimpering.

GHOSTLY WOMAN

The garden shed.

Elsie shakes her foot loose from the woman's grip, stumbling backwards into a seated position.

GHOSTLY WOMAN

(chanting)

The garden shed. The garden shed.

Elsie crawls backwards, back into the

MASTER BEDROOM

Elsie finally stands and runs to the doorway.

She stops and stares at the closet entry.

No movement. No more noise.

Elsie, in panicked breaths, seems to calm.

EXT. BARBE'S MANOR - DAY

Elsie, in her fur coat, edges towards the garden shed.
She looks back at the overbearing manor behind her.
Reaches into a pocket, revealing a set of keys.

THE GARDEN SHED

She fumbles with the keys.
Puts it in the lock.
Swings the door open.

INT. GARDEN SHED

Elsie steps into the darkened shed.
Below her is a stairway, descending into darkness.
She walks down the stairs.

CELLAR

At the bottom of the stairs --
Darkness.

Elsie fumbles in the darkness, loudly CRASHING her legs into something metallic. She cries out sharply, in pain.

She paws at the wall.
Touches a switch.
Flips it.

LIGHT FILLS THE ROOM.

Cement walls and floors.

Hanging from the ceiling are hundreds and hundreds of
ELEGANT GOWNS, COATS and DRESSES.

Elsie looks on, bewildered.

She walks through the cellar, touching the clothing. Amazed.
She reaches the far wall -- there's another door.
It's a thick metal one, but unlocked.
With hesitation, she pulls the handle.
Steps into the

SECURE ROOM

and into darkness.
Elsie gags, coughing.
Again, she fumbles for a lightswitch.
She finds one.
Flips the switch.
Again, LIGHT FILLS THE ROOM.
HANGING from the ceiling are the CORPSES of many women.
Different levels of decomposition -- some are fresh, still
bloody; others with loose flesh dangling from bones.
Blood covers most of the surface.
Precarious piles of bones in one corner.
Elsie SCREAMS.
For a moment, she freezes, before RUNNING OUT --
-- but drops the keys.
Her footsteps are audible as she runs out the cellar, up the
stairs.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. SECURE ROOM

The keys, laying in a pool of blood, sit on the floor. Left
behind.

EXT. FIELD - DAY [DREAM SEQUENCE]

The palanquin, still being carried by tribespeople, reaches the end of a path.

Elsie, seated on top of it, looks on in horror.

Sitting, calmly, at the end of the path, is Barbe.

Waiting.

CUT TO BLACK