## NECROPHILIA

by Michel J. DUTHIN

Dedicated to S.H.

FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP of man's face.

BRAD (33), a quite seductive black haired man, stares serenely at us in a dark room. His face is bathed by some electric light beam coming from nowhere.

> BRAD (V.O.) Until the age of 32, I lived peacefully, without knowing love. Life appeared very simple, very pleasant and very easy. I was rich.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Relax, Brad drives a red Maserati, smoking a cigar. By his side, on the passenger seat, a magnificent RAVEN HAIRED YOUNG WOMAN, dark glasses on the nose and head laid back, enjoys the sun and the speed.

> BRAD (V.O.) I enjoyed so many things that I had no passion for anything in particular. It was good to be alive!

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Brad is laid on his back, half naked. Hands under his head, in a bed, he smiles.

By him, a REDHEAD WOMAN sleeps on her belly.

BRAD (V.O.) I knew a lot of women without my heart being touched by any true passion or wounded by any of the sensations of true love.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A night bar crowded by a multitude of people where an electronic music blares. A glass in hand, Brad is leaned against a wall, talking to three GIRLS seated in a booth, laughing. He looks so self-confident. BRAD (V.O.) Those who love in the ordinary way must experience ardent happiness, though less than mine possibly, for love came to me in a remarkable manner.

#### INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Brad is in an antique shop, talking to the OWNER. They both stand in front of an Italian cabinet of the seventeenth century. Brad looks bewitched.

> BRAD (V.O.) The owner told me it was the work of a Venetian artist named Vitelli. It was very rare.

Brad brushes the wood with his fingertips.

BRAD (V.O.) The past always attracted me. The present terrifies me because the future means death.

CLOSE UP of Brad's fascinated eyes.

BRAD (V.O.) What a singular thing temptation is. One gaze at an object and, little by little, it charms you, disturbs you, fills your thoughts as a woman's face might do.

INT. BRAD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The cabinet is now set in Brad's living room. The room is full of old pieces of furniture. A real antique shop.

BRAD (V.O.) I bought it.

Brad places an armchair in front of the cabinet and sits, staring at it, admiring it, a fist under his chin.

BRAD (V.O.) I am sorry for those who never know the honeymoon of the collector with the antique he's just purchased.

FADE TO:

INT. BRAD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brad has not moved. He is still staring at the cabinet. Then, he gets up, steps closer, turns the key, opens its door, pulls out the drawers--

> BRAD (V.O.) I handled it with rapture, with all the intense joy of possession.

He caresses the old waxed wood, passes his hand on one panel and stops. He frowns.

Looking closer, Brad realizes that one panel is thicker than the rest.

BRAD (V.O.) There was a secret drawer.

FADE TO:

### LATER

Delicately, Brad drives a knife into a slit in the wood.

Slowly, a panel slides back and a secret drawer appears. As he puts his knife down, Brad discovers a piece of fold black velvet inside the drawer.

Very moved, Brad doesn't make a move for a while, then he slowly unfolds the piece of velvet. Inside, he finds a tress of hair. A long coil of fair hair, almost red, tied with a golden cord.

Almost trembling, Brad takes it out.

BRAD (V.O.) When, how, why had this woman's hair had been shut up in this drawer?

He puts the tress in the palm of his hand.

BRAD (V.O.) What story did this souvenir conceal?

With the back of his fingers, Brad caresses the hair.

BRAD (V.O.) Who had cut it off?

He takes the tress up to his face and smells it. He closes his eyes as he breathes in.

Brad reopens his eyes and, quickly, puts the tress back on the velvet, folds it, pushes the drawer in, and closes the cabinet door.

CLOSE UP of the cabinet as a door slams O.S.

FADE TO:

INT. BRAD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP of the cabinet as a door opens and someone enters O.S. A sun ray bathes the waxed wood.

Brad faces the cabinet, hesitating.

He frenziedly opens the door, pulls the drawer and grabs the piece of velvet. He takes the tress in his hand and lets the velvet falling on the floor. He puts the hair up his face and, closing his eyes, smells it.

> BRAD (V.O.) Was it not strange that this tress should have remained as it was in life?

Slowly, Brad's hand descends on his torso, caressing, rubbing his chest.

BRAD (V.O.) Was it when they were going to nail down the coffin that the man who had adored her had cut off her tresses, the only thing he could still love, and caress, and kiss in his paroxysms of grief?

His hand is about to cross down his belt when it stops. Brad stares at his own reflection in a nearby mirror.

> BRAD (V.O.) I didn't recognize myself.

Troubled, Brad picks up the piece of velvet, wraps it around the hair, and puts it back in the drawer. He clenches his fist, deeply sighs, and closes the cabinet.

Then, he turns again to the mirror.

BRAD (to his reflection) What?! INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad is sitting in the bar, alone in a booth. He looks lost, mind-absented. He hasn't touch his drink.

A SEXY GIRL comes to talk to him, very vamp. Provoking, she puts her foot on the edge of Brad's seat, right between his thighs. Her bare long and tanned leg appears from under her dress. Brad doesn't seem to notice.

> BRAD (V.O.) It obsessed me, haunted me.

#### INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad is laid in a bed, on his side, facing us. He doesn't sleep. By his side, the sexy girl is resting on her belly, naked.

BRAD (V.O.) I was tormented by turns, as when one falls in love, and after the first vows have been exchanged.

The girl looks to the other side. She softly cries.

INT. BRAD'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Brad enters his living room and closes the door behind him. He steps to the cabinet, turns the key, and opens the door.

> BRAD (V.O.) I locked myself in my house.

He frenziedly pulls out the drawer and takes the tress out. He glosses it round his face, buries his lips in it, kisses it--

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eyes shut, Brad is naked in his bed. The tress lays on a pillow by him.

He opens his eyes and turns to the hair, smiling.

BRAD (V.O.) I could not be without it nor pass an hour without looking at it. LATER

Brad is sleeping. He suddenly opens his eyes wide, scanning the bedroom.

BRAD (V.O.) I was not alone.

He turns back and realizes a naked BLONDE WOMAN lays next to him. The tress is part of her hairdo, perfectly matching the color of her hair. She stares back to Brad and smiles to him.

> BRAD (V.O.) She came back from the dead for me--

His hesitated hand reaches out for her face, her hair.

BRAD (V.O.) --that beautiful, adorable, mysterious unknown dead woman.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brad drives his Maserati. He looks brighthearted. As he smokes a cigar, he turns to the blonde woman seated next to him. She smiles at him and tosses her hair.

> BRAD (V.O.) I took her with me always and everywhere as she were my wife.

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad is making love to the blonde woman. He is panting and sweating. The blonde woman moans under Brad's carnal assaults.

BRAD (V.O.) I loved her so much that I could not be separated from her.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad is happily chatting with the blonde woman in the same booth as seen before. They both cheer and drink.

Brad leans over her and gently brushes a lock of her hair on her forefront.

The three girls seen before walk by him and stare at him with disgust.

BRAD (V.O.) My happiness was so great that I could not conceal it. No lover ever tasted such intense, terrible enjoyment.

EXT. BLIND ALLEY - NIGHT

Both leaned against a brick wall, Brad is making love to the blonde woman. In the shadow of a street lamp light, her dress is pulled up and Brad gives the best of himself to satisfy her.

# BRAD (V.O.)

But they saw her --

The red and blue light of a nearby police patrol car flashes.

TWO POLICEMEN walk down the ally and steps to Brad who hasn't noticed them. One of the policemen points his flashlight to Brad.

## BRAD (V.O.) They guessed--

With horror, the policeman realizes Brad is in fact alone, his pants half down, kissing the tress of hair against the brick wall.

FADE OUT:

BRAD (V.O.) They took her--

FADE IN:

FLASHBACK - STREET - DAY

Brad drives his Maserati. In the passenger seat lays the tress of hair.

FLASHBACK - BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad is alone in his bed, masturbating under the sheets, gazing at the tress of hair.

FLASHBACK - BAR - NIGHT

Brad is sitting in the booth by the tress of hair. The three girls stare at him with disgust.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP of Brad's serene face, bathed by some electric light beam coming from nowhere.

Brad is strapped in a white straightjacket, seated in a white room with extra padded walls.

With empty eyes, he stares at the cell door with a small glass window.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION HALLWAY - DAY

Two men wearing white stand in a long hallway in front of that door. They watch Brad through the small grated window.

DR. SANDRIDGE is a seventy year-old man with white hair. DR. REIGL (30) lowers his eyes to the clipboard in his hands.

> DR. SANDRIDGE He's the one of the most singular cases I've ever seen.

INT. DR. SANDRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

In his office, Dr. Sandridge is sitting behind his desk, facing Dr. Reigl.

DR. SANDRIDGE He's a sort of necrophile. Did you read his journal?

DR. REIGL I did-- I did in fact.

DR. SANDRIDGE What did you think of it?

DR. REIGL But-- that tress-- does it really exist? Dr. Sandridge opens one of his desk drawers, takes the piece of black velvet, puts it in front of him, and unfolds it. The tress of hair appears.

Visibly distraught, Dr. Reigl stares at it. Almost trembling, he slowly clenches his fists on his thighs. A light of desire appears in his eyes.

Without any notice, Dr. Sandridge shrugs.

DR. SANDRIDGE A man's mind is capable of anything.

FADE OUT:

The end

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