

BEHIND THE CLOSED CURTAINS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - DUSK

A masquerade is underway. People decorated to the max are laughing, talking, drinking, and dancing in a large room, dressed for a ball. People have glasses of champagne in their hands as a grand piano plays in the background. All of the curtains in the house are closed.

INT. FRONT HALL - DUSK

DOROTHY stands in a noble hall just after walking into the house through a luxurious front door, that is closed behind her. A gleaming mesmerized glow appears across Dorothy's face. Instantly, a man in a black tuxedo whirls around with a tray of champagne in his hand, and he bows elegantly.

WAITER

Care for a refreshment, my lady?

Dorothy nods and takes a champagne glass with a smile. Sipping on the glass, she steps down into the living room.

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - DUSK

A gaggle of men and women are clustered together and carrying on a gibberish banter back and forth. All wore masks upon their faces.

GENTLEMEN ONE

I just read the most fascinating thing in today's press. Scientists claim they have found God.

GENTLEMEN TWO

Next, they say God's a child.

GENTLEMEN ONE

(Laughing)
Even better, female.

The group broke out in laughter. Dorothy walks closer to the group as she looks around the room.

AGATHA

Dorothy? Dorothy is that you? My God, don't you look ravishing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGATHA brakes away from the group, and steps closer to Dorothy.

DOROTHY

Will you pardon me, I don't recall.
How do I know you?

AGATHA

Now don't be foolish. It's Agatha,
your friend; we met at the Maison
de Poupê es store. (Beat) It seams
like years, does it not?

DOROTHY

(Puzzled)

Ah, I'm sorry your mask must have
confused me. In fact, I'm very
overwhelmed. This place is so
magical, do you live here?

Dorothy giggles nervously.

AGATHA

(Quickly)

Don't tell me that champagne has
gotten to you already? You are at
my estate, well I mean my husbands
that is. Lord Dickens should be out
any moment now, I have told him so
much about you. I'm thrilled you
came. Take my arm; let's leave
these old men and gossip.

Dorothy takes Agatha's arm and walks through the house.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

This is the grand ballroom; the
dining room is just through there.
Kitchen over there. The lavatory
just around the corner. Oh, you
will fit in just fine. Here take a
mask.

Agatha grabs a mask that is laying around.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

It is a masquerade after all.

Dorothy takes the mask in her hands but doesn't put in on.

DOROTHY

Is that a grand piano?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGATHA

Why yes sweet girl. Go on, take a look.

They walk over to the piano in the living room. Dorothy rubs her hand across the lid of its black casing.

DOROTHY

It's beautiful.

The pianist nods his head as he strokes the keys.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

What artistic draperies you have.

Dorothy reaches for the curtains and tries to pull them open. Agatha reaches out and clutches her forearm. The pianist stops playing, and everyone in their masks stops talking and looks at Dorothy.

AGATHA

The curtains must remain shut.

DOROTHY

(Gasps)

I'm sorry. I did not know.

Agatha tightens her grip.

AGATHA

The curtains must remain shut.

Dorothy lets go of the curtain. Agatha releases her forearm. The pianist starts playing again. The crowd of people turn and start talking to one another once more.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Ah look, my husband, Lord Dickens has entered.

The lights dim, and a softer song is played by the Pianist. LORD DICKENS walks in from a dormitory, and the guests of the party make way for him. They create an aisle for him to walk through.

DOROTHY

That's your husband?

AGATHA

(Smiles)

I'm afraid so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lord Dickens is dressed in a stunning tuxedo with slicked back hair, and a haunting mask placed on his face. He approaches his wife and stops. With his hand he reaches out towards them.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

A dance.

DOROTHY

How delightful.

AGATHA

He wishes you to join him.

DOROTHY

ME?

AGATHA

Go on. Letting a man wait would be unladylike.

DOROTHY

I don't know...

Agatha pushes her towards Lord Dickens softly. Dorothy gives in and takes the LORD'S hand. Dorothy sets down the mask. Lord Dickens pulls her in tightly, and they begin to dance. Music plays, and everyone turns their heads drastically towards them and watches.

LORD DICKENS

Such fresh beauty to lay one's eyes on. How wonderful your complexion. Your skin, as smooth as a Porcelain Doll.

Lord Dickens caresses his hand against her exposed cheek.

DOROTHY

I'm flattered, but this isn't right.

Lord Dickens pulls her tighter as they spin on the dancefloor.

LORD DICKENS

It is the way I see fit.

Dorothy and Lord Dickens spin and spin and spin. Dorothy tries to push herself off of his chest, but he keeps pulling her in closer. Lord Dickens gently caresses the back of her opened dress with his hand and slides his fingers lower and lower. Everyone is clapping even Agatha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY

You are hurting me. Let go.

Lord Dickens kisses Dorothy. Dorothy pushes off of Lord Dickens and falls back to the floor. The music stops. Everyone gawks at her. Agatha runs over to Dorothy and kneels down.

AGATHA

Foolish toy, what are you doing?

DOROTHY

I... I...

LORD DICKENS

We have a fighter. I can tame that.

Lord Dickens brushes his chest off and looks around.

LORD DICKENS (CONT'D)

I think our Lady's time is up with us. My Lady Agatha would agree it is time for a Throwing.

MOB

(Chanting)

Throw her out. Throw her out. Throw her out!

DOROTHY

No... No... I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I will behave...

The crowd rushes and surrounds Agatha and Dorothy. Dorothy crawls backwards on the floor.

MOB

Throw her out!

Dorothy begins to get upset. The crowd circles Agatha and starts to tug and rip her clothing off.

LORD DICKENS

Throw her out.

Dorothy just sits there stunned and confused as she watches the crowd of masks rip away at Agatha.

LORD DICKENS (CONT'D)

Enough!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The crowd disperses, and Agatha is on the floor weeping, her mask has been removed, and her mascara is running down her face. Dorothy crawls over to her.

DOROTHY

Don't cry I will make this right.
I... I...I'm sorry.

AGATHA

(Crying)

These tears are of joy, not pain.
You will find out soon enough.

LORD DICKENS

Throw her away.

A group of men and women walk over to Agatha and pick her up and carry her away. Dorothy tries fighting back in her defenses but is quickly knocked to the floor once more. The group of people remove Agatha out of the room.

MOB

(Chanting)

Throw her out!

The room grows still as the MOB vanishes down a hallway that's behind closed curtains with Agatha. Lord Dickens walks over to Dorothy and extends his hand to help her off of the floor. Dorothy pushes herself off of the ground without his help.

DOROTHY

What will become of her? Your own
wife...

Lord Dickens places his hand on her shoulder and gently rubs his fingers across her skin.

LORD DICKENS

Follow me everything will make
sense, I will forgive you for your
outrage tonight. But you will
adapt, this is your new house. You
will be such a doll to have here.
You must be starving?

DOROTHY

NO!

Lord Dickens tightens his grip on her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORD DICKENS

I insist. This way to the dining hall.

INT. DINING HALL - DUSK

A large wooden table dressed with platters of food and drinks consume the long hall. Lord Dickens sits at the head of the table as the group of guests in masks sit on either side of him. Dorothy stands at the opposite end of the table next to closed curtains. She rubs her hand across the drapes and is about to pull them open. All of the guests stop talking and eating and look at Dorothy in silence.

LORD DICKENS

Have a seat.

DOROTHY

I am not a puppet on a string.

LORD DICKENS

(Laughs)

She is a tough one to break.

The guests laugh.

LORD DICKENS (CONT'D)

(Stern)

Sit.

Dorothy pulls the chair at the opposite head of the table out and sits slowly in the chair.

LORD DICKENS (CONT'D)

Eat.

Dorothy takes a bight of the food.

DOROTHY

(Quietly)

Mmm...

Dorothy looks down at the table and eyes a steak knife; she slowly rests her hand on the blade. Dorothy raises her eyes slowly up and stares at Lord Dickens. A woman in a mask setting next to her grabs Dorothy's hand discreetly.

WOMAN

(Softly)

Conform.

Dorothy looks at the WOMAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Conform.

Dorothy slides her hand with the knife down under the table. She raises a glass of champagne.

DOROTHY

Lord Dickens, I am humbled. Your hospitality is overwhelming.

Dorothy stands up holding the glass and walks towards Lord Dickens slowly.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

I am just a frail minded woman; I am slow to learn my place. I would like to raise a glass to your generosity.

Everyone raises a glass of champagne. Dorothy walks beside Lord Dickens and slides the knife out of her dress.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

To Lord Dickens!

ALL

Lord Dickens!

Lord Dickens is about to take a sip out of his glass, as Dorothy places the knife closer to his throat. Woman stand up.

WOMAN

(Yells)

She has a knife!

Lord Dickens turns and grabs on to DOROTHY'S hand. Dorothy's eyes widen with shock.

LORD DICKENS

How disappointing. Supper is over.

Lord Dickens still holding onto Dorothy's wrist pulls her away.

LORD DICKENS (CONT'D)

To my chamber, we go.

INT. CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Dimly illuminated, Dorothy is laying on her chest with her face pressed against the pillow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lord Dickens is above her thrusting and moaning. Dorothy sheds a tear. Dorothy finally pushes Lord Dickens off of her and runs out of the room.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Dorothy is stumbling around, colliding with the walls as she runs through the house. Dorothy tries to open any door she sees, but they are all locked.

DOROTHY

Help! Help me!

People from the masquerade stand silent in groups and just watch her struggle throughout the house, blocking her way here and there. Lord Dickens slowly walks after her.

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dorothy tries the front door, but it is locked. The guests in masks slowly inch closer to her as well as Lord Dickens. Dorothy gets trapped behind the piano and up against the curtains.

DOROTHY

What's wrong with you? Why is no one helping me!

LORD DICKENS

You are my new princess; you will love me.

DOROTHY

No this is all wrong.

Pressed against the curtains, Dorothy reaches for the drapes with her hand and pulls them open. A giant eye takes up the whole window as it looks at her. Dorothy takes a step back and shuts the curtain drastically.

LORD DICKENS

(Pleased)

You're such a doll.

INT. CHILD BEDROOM - NIGHT

A little girl is playing with a Victorian Dollhouse and is holding two dolls one that looks like Lord Dickens and another that has the appearance of Dorothy. A new box is laying next to SISTER opened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A doll that looks like Agatha is sticking out of a small trash can next to the dollhouse. BROTHER walks in to the room.

BROTHER
Hey snot, dinner is ready!

SISTER
Coming!!! (beat) Oh, Dorothy, you are beautiful.

Sister kisses the two dolls together.

BROTHER
Now!

Sister throws the dolls into the house as she gets up. The doll that looks like Dorothy lands upside-down on a couch. Sister runs off.

BROTHER (V.O) (CONT'D)
How's your new doll? Better than that old one grandma gave you?

SISTER (V.O)
She's about to marry the prince!

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dorothy is laying upside down on a couch motionless.

SISTER (V.O)
She's fitting in just fine.

Dorothy sheds a tear.

FADE OUT: