

EXHIBIT A

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE - DAY

A NOTICE reads: FEBRUARY 14TH. EXHIBIT A. TODAY ONLY.

A QUEUE, mostly of cool-looking MEN, snakes out of the museum door and down the steps. A man coming out of the museum looks dazed.

A scruffy-looking wastrel, TOMMY, hovers near the entrance, trying to peer inside. He steps back and scans the queue, then walks to the end and joins it, behind another man

He spots a TICKET protruding from the man's back pocket. Tommy checks behind him. No-one's there. He steals the ticket. While he's at it, he nicks the man's WALLET, too. The queue moves forward.

EXT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE - LATER

As his victim searches for his ticket Tommy presents it at the door and is admitted.

INT. MUSEUM, EXHIBITION ROOM - DAY

At the doorway, he hands the ticket to a middle aged female CURATOR, who has a set of KEYS hanging by her waist.

Tommy gazes into the room, where a bunch of men are gathered around a big GLASS CASE. Moving closer, we scan the faces of the crowd. They are all entranced.

Tommy walks towards the case, which says EXHIBIT A.

We see a WOMAN's hair, glossy. Smooth skin. Eyes. Red lips. Shoulder blades. Cleavage. Waist, belly button. Fingers, nail polish. Thighs. Ankles, secured to the case by ribbons. Painted toenails.

Tommy walks all the way round the cabinet taking it all in, wide-eyed. He stops directly in front.

We see EXHIBIT A's face straight on. A beautiful woman, made up like a 40s screen goddess. Perfectly still, unblinking.

Tommy's gaze travels up and down and he lets out a breath. He notices the LOCK on the cabinet and looks thoughtful.

He looks over at the Curator and her keys. She has her back to him. She is talking to a group of people who are avidly listening to her as she gesticulates towards the cabinet. Tommy sidles up, glances down at the keys, and smiles.

EXT. MUSEUM FORECOURT - DAY

Tommy strides away, whistling. He has the keys in his hand.

EXT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Tommy sneakily lets himself in

INT. EXHIBITION ROOM - NIGHT

A strange GLOW emanates from the cabinet.

Tommy licks his lips. With shaking hands, he unlocks the cabinet and opens the door. He looks up and steps up inside.

He comes face to face with Exhibit A, still unmoving, still the same blank, perfect stare. Tommy's hands hover over the curves of her body. He gives a devilish smile. As he touches her skin, he winces with pleasure. He places one hand on her cheek, and leans in for a KISS.

As their lips touch, Tommy's eyes close. And as they do so -

Exhibit A blinks. She stares. Her hands grab at him, she pulls back, opens her mouth and reveals a mouthful full of very sharp TEETH. She gives a bloodcurdling scream and goes for him. He cries out in horror.

CUT TO:

Footsteps and torchlight. The sounds of agonised howls from the Exhibition Room. The Curator shines her torch into the room. The noise stops abruptly, and there's the sound of a THUD. She switches on the light.

Exhibit A is breathing heavily, twitching, sweating. She has blood all over mouth. At her feet are Tommy's clothes.

The Curator lifts up the clothes and grimaces. She looks up at Exhibit A's frightened face. She takes a cloth from her pocket, steps up and wipes her mouth carefully. Exhibit A smiles gratefully, and begins to cry.

LATER-

A MOP and BUCKET in the room. The Curator closes the glass door and locks it. Exhibit A is perfect again. The Curator carries the pile of clothes across the room, and pockets the wallet. At the door, she smiles back fondly, maternally, and switches off the light.

FADE OUT:

THE END.