

CUERPOS

Written by

Reiff Gaskell & Maya Gilmore

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Reiff.film@gmail.com
07923510756
mayasophiegilmroe@gmail.com
07307333847

1 EXT. RURAL EXTREMEDURA, SPAIN - DAWN 1

We open on a FIGURE walking through the countryside of the SIERRA DE GATA, passing underneath the shadows of a Church. *

2 EXT. RURAL VILLAGE STREETS - LATER 2

The Figure enters a lonely village. This is ANA, a young woman desperately trying to appear normal. *

The few people she sees move silently about their day; a MAN walks a DONKEY down the street and an OLD WOMAN is seen disappearing into her house. It's hostile and somber. *

Heavy footsteps start to get closer - Ana lowers her head - all she can see is the ground and her worn shoes. *

She watches as two pairs of polished leather boots go past her - men's voices, deep and young, bicker and laugh with each other. *

3 EXT. RURAL VILLAGE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS 3

The stone underneath her feet change from cobble to flat sun-bathed stone as she enters an open square. Figures can be seen crossing; a COURIER leads a HORSE away from a GRAND HOUSE and a WOMAN with two buckets fills them at the well in the square's centre; they lock eyes as Ana approaches. *

PAULA (O.S.)

Ana? *

PAULA (20s), a young maid who holds a full bucket in one arm and PACKET in another, stands in the doorway of the grand house. She beckons for Ana to come inside. *

From the upstairs window, we see Ana's small figure hesitate as she hears shouts from beyond the square. She hurries to the door; a shoulder can just be seen in the foreground. *

Ana glances at the window, seeing a figure disappearing and an imposing noble crest imprinted on a wall next to it. *

4 INT. THE ENTRY HALL - CONTINUOUS 4

Ana enters into a grand, dark entry hall handing a LETTER to Paula. Animals can be heard sounding from a door next to her. *

Paula takes the letter and continues past an open door where an antiquated CARRIAGE sits abandoned. Ana follows. *

5 INT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 5

Ana enters and looks to see MARTINA (40s) - The Cook, motherly & strong - rushing between two pots. CARRASCO (50s) - the Butler, weathered - sits reading a small telegram.

Paula places the packet & letter on the table by Carrasco and the bucket down by the sink - some water sloshes on Martina. *

MARTINA

Eh! Paula, watch it, you moron. Be careful.

Martina glances up noticing Ana. She sends a dirty look to Carrasco. Ana takes the room in before covertly eyeing some food on the table. *

CARRASCO

(To Ana)

You are in a probationary period. Any slip up and you're back out there.

Ana's attention snaps back to Carrasco, who has wearily folded the telegram and letter away. She nods. He stands. *

CARRASCO (CONT'D)

I'm Señor Carrasco. I manage the small household the Doña keeps. The Señora is... kind, but she expects a tidy house. *

Martina tosses an apron to Ana, who ties it in a rush. *

6 INT. STAIRWAY / ENTRY HALL - LATER 6

Ana stands sweeping on the grand stone staircase. She hears some raised voices outside and stops. She turns to the door. *

Someone sprints past the closed door and a man's shout can be heard trailing after him - the commotion passes. She resumes, relieved. Glad she's inside. *

7 INT. HALLWAY - LATER 7

Carrasco and Ana walk along a corridor, with Ana very carefully holding a silver tray with food and two folded newspapers (ARRIBA & ABC - dated for the 1940's). *

They arrive at a door. He knocks. We hear a muffled bell ring. Carrasco enters alone, closing the door behind him. *

Ana waits outside uncertain, hearing a harsh muffled voice. *
 She spots a PAINTING displaying vibrant berries, then glances *
 longingly at the food in her tray. *

Carrasco comes back out, subtly more muted and looking over *
 the tray, before he ushers Ana alone into the room. *

8 INT. THE COUNTESSA'S ROOM - LATER 8

Ana enter's. We see the CONDESA (60S) sitting in a large *
 chair, attempting to finish a letter. *

A GRAMOPHONE is on quietly in the corner. The room is dark, *
 except for the one open window looking out into the square. *

There's a tut - the Condesa waves a finger to her side table. *

Ana catches on and moves to place the tray by the Countessa's *
 side but is interrupted by another tut. She stops. *

CONDESA *
 So you're the new one? *

ANA *
 Yes, Señora. *

CONDESA *
 Where are you from? No, it doesn't *
 matter. *

She waves forward. Ana puts the tray down - dislodging what *
 was already there, a glass smashes on the ground. *

The Condesa's whole body pinches at the noise, claspimg a *
 fist to her chest. *

Ana makes for the door as the Condesa distances herself from *
 the mess picking up an elaborate FAN as she does so. *

CONDESA (CONT'D) *
 (snapping) *
 Heavens, girl. Just use your hands! *

Ana goes back to the shards and starts picking them up one by *
 one, placing them in her open palm. *

The Condesa paces, fanning herself in a flush, taking in deep *
 breaths. She snaps the fan closed and reaches for the *
 newspaper - there's a flash of Franco as she unfolds it. *

CONDESA (CONT'D)

God give me strength. Where does
Carrasco even find such blunt
instruments...

Ana puts the glass away, into her pocket before heading
towards the door.

CONDESA (CONT'D)

Have you been dismissed?

ANA

No, Señora.

The Condesa glares at her as she dramatically opens to a
random page.

CONDESA

You will do what I tell you,
nothing more.

Ana stands in the middle of the Countessa's room, fidgeting
nervously with the folds of her apron.

She glances at the food on the tray untouched.

The Condesa tries to turn another page, but the paper starts
to shake in her hand. She rubs at her chest and goes to light
a cigarette. She notices Ana staring at her.

CONDESA (CONT'D)

Turn away!

The Condesa flicks a cigarette sharply at Ana who turns. As
soon as her face is hidden, Ana shows her fire.

CONDESA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Abandoned, here with the dregs...
With tools. There's no words, no
words -

The Condesa trails off - Ana hears the crunch of the paper
and a guttural breath. Ana's head tilts at the sound of the
FAN slipping out of the Countessa's hand.

Ana is spooked by the sound of the sudden impact of the
Condesa falling face first into the floor, head thumping.

Ana, shoulders hunched, keeps facing the wall.

ANA

(CONT'D)

Señora?

Nothing.

ANA (CONT'D)

Señora?

Ana slowly turns around. The Condesa lies prone on the floor, only blood and the newspaper laying underneath her. *

Ana steps back against the wall. There's a chirp of birds outside and a sweeper women going along the cobbles. *

Ana, nauseous, runs out of the room.

9

EXT. OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

9

Ana sprints out of the kitchen door, heaving in breath. She braces on the wall getting ready to throw up. Nothing comes. *

HUGO (O.S.) *

A riot? Caceres? *

MARTINA (O.S.) *

Hugo no, a wildfire. It's okay. *

Probably one of Her farms gone up. *

Ana gathers herself and looks up - Martina leans against the side of the doorframe, while HUGO (30s), a stablehand with a limp, is sitting. Hugo & Martina stare at something in the distance. They ignore Ana. *

Martina gestures upwards as if at God. Hugo shakes his head. *

Ana looks to the SMOKE PLUME we can now see in the distance over the hills. From bad - to worse. *

The smoke deepens her worry. She ~~moves~~ to Martina. Hugo, noticing her for the first time, stands and leaves. *

MARTINA (CONT'D)

It's not our concern... *

Martina's mouth forms into a thin line as she goes to head back inside. Ana stops her but she can't find the words. *

The Cook's brow starts to crinkle, focusing on her for the first time. *

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Girl, whatever it is, it cannot be that bad.

10 INT. THE COUNTESSA'S ROOM - LATER 10

Ana is frozen in fear opposite Martina and Paula. They stand above the Condesa's body, all eyes glued to it. *

Carrasco is kneeling down over it. Ana sees him hesitating to touch her as he sees the patch of blood on the floor by her head. He goes to listen for a breath but Martina interrupts - *

MARTINA (TO ANA) *

Dear God... What have you done? *

Carrasco slowly stands up, before he address Ana directly.

CARRASCO

What happened?

ANA

I don't know Sir.

Carrasco glances at Martina. *

CARRASCO *

You didn't see anything? Did she eat or drink something?

ANA

Nothing, Sir. She was shaking - I didn't see. Just.. next - she fell. *

Martina looks at the wet floor (from the broken glass) next to Ana. She doesn't believe her. Carrasco slowly paces away to steady himself. *

A beat. We hold on all of them as they stare at Ana. *

CARRASCO *

Yes, well, our Lady was strange these last few weeks... Regardless, I will need to get everything in order: tell the neighbors, doctors, priest, officials, her Will... *

PAULA

Where are we to go?

CARRASCO *

Caceres. *

Ana notices Martina growing pale. A beat. *

PAULA

Someone's set to inherit. Right?

CARRASCO *
No. Her son's are dead. *

Paula sniffles. *

MARTINA (TO ANA) *
Now how are we going to feed *
ourselves! *

Ana steps back in response, putting her next to the open *
window. *

ANA *
But I didn't do- *

MARTINA (TO CARRASCO) *
It's your fault our Lady is gone, *
accepting someone as lowly as her *
into this house. *

CARRASCO *
The Señora not ten minutes ago *
accused you of poisoning her- for *
all I know you caused this by just *
being an incompetent cook. *

MARTINA *
You! You of all people do not get *
to question my service to this *
house- *

A KNOCK interrupts from outside. Everyone in the room freezes- *
the sounds of the village fill the space. *

Ana locks eyes with the house staff as the knocking outside *
continues. Carrasco and Martina have lost their voice.

OFFICIAL (O.S.) *
Hello?... Hello?!

A long beat. Ana without thinking goes for it. *

ANA *
What?!

OFFICIAL (O.S.) *
Oh, Señora?... My apologies, I have *
the documents for authorization. *

ANA *
Yes, well, you're late and, um, *
I'm now unavailable. Come back *
tomorrow! *

Ana promptly closes the shutters. A beat.

OFFICIAL (MUFFLED O.S.)
..I'll leave this at the door then?

Ana turns to find the whole room staring at her in shock. *

ANA *
Sorry, I thought you needed time... *

Beat.

CARRASCO *
Yes. There's that option. *

MARTINA *
What?!

CARRASCO *
We keep this quiet. *

MARTINA *
We would be lying. *

CARRASCO *
We would be silent. For a day... *
Would give me time to figure out - *

MARTINA *
Suggesting such a thing offends *
God. Our Lady needs to be *
sanctified, mourned, buried. We've *
got to get her off the ground. It's *
undignified. Carrasco? We need *
Father Modesto, and the Magistrate. *
They will know how to proceed- *

CARRASCO *
- It would give me time to figure *
out how to not get us shot. *

Martina steps back. Everyone is left in shock, weighing up *
just how high stakes their situation is. Martina amps up to *
argue a case while Paula is about to breakdown. *

CARRASCO (CONT'D) *
Someone might as easily say it was *
all of us. Our Lady was crazy. But, *
we don't know who she wrote to, *
what she said or if they believed *
her. We need time for me to come up *
with a plan - a story that works *
for us. *

Carrasco gestures, first to Paula & Martina, then adds Ana. *

A church bell tolls for Matins out in the square. A Beat. *
Martina is at a loss for words. *

Martina is thinking hard. Then her manner shifts. *

MARTINA *
They will expect her in Church *
tomorrow. *

CARRASCO *
It's temporary. I'll think of *
something. We just need to get her *
somewhere cooler... *

They stare down at the Contessa's motionless body. *

11 INT. STAIRWAY / ENTRY HALL - LATER 11

Carrasco urgently walks into view at the top of the stairs. *

CARRASCO *
Hugo! *

Hugo, unsuspecting, limps into view. *

CUT TO; *

Ana stares on powerless at the top of the landing. *

Carrasco and a reluctant Hugo carry the Countessa's body, *
wrapped in white sheets awkwardly shuffle the stairs. *

HUGO *
Jesus Christ. She's heavy. *

CARRASCO *
Don't swear in front of her. *

They disappear from view as Ana is left alone. *

12 INT. CELLAR - LATER 12 *

The body wrapped in white sheets is placed carefully down on *
the floor. *

We linger on the body uncomfortably long - we begin to think *
the Condesa might have breathed. *

13 INT. COUNTESSA'S ROOM - LATER 13

Ana sits against the wall by the door - faintly hearing the others' mumbling fade away. She lets her head fall into her hands. She clasps her hands in an attempt at a whispered prayer before a creak of the shutters startles her. *

Her eyes settle on the food lying untouched by the desk. She moves to the tray and eats some, tentatively. *

Satisfying her hunger, she looks around at the big empty room. She catches sight of a pearl necklace on the dressing table. She reaches for it, then pulls back - but puts it in her pocket in the end. *

PAULA (DISTANT O.S.)

Ana!

14 INT. KITCHEN - LATER 14

All of the household sit silently around the kitchen table as they chew the remains of a simple meal of bread and cheese. *

Ana stares out the window - she turns to find the rest of the house looking at her. Martina and Carrasco especially. Hugo stretches across the table to grab the water pitcher. *

Ana stuffs the necklace, starting to tangle, deeper in her pockets. She brushes against the broken glass still there - she grimaces as she cuts her finger. *

CARRASCO

Everybody needs to act normal. Keep up appearances. Nothing can look off. To anyone who comes knocking, we say she's sick and not taking visitors. *

A long awkward beat as the others don't know what to say. *

PAULA

I'm going to prepare her rooms and do the sheets... *

MARTINA

(To Ana)
Dishes. *

Martina shoves her own dish in Ana's direction daring her to refuse. The others follow suit automatically and leave. *

Ana grabs them, getting to work. Blood from her finger falls into the sink. *

After Martina has disappeared she stops to empty her pockets full of glass into a waiting bin, keeping the necklace. *

17 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 17

Ana walks down the hallway with bucket and a mop. She starts mopping. *

She is interrupted by a noise coming from further down the hall. *

Ana peers through a doorway into the GALLERY ROOM - we see Hugo sitting in a chair opposite paintings - he jumps up the moment he sees Ana, who is equally startled. *

When she doesn't move, he slowly sits back down.

HUGO

I always wondered what up here looked like.

Ana nods to him, and they share a smile. She slowly moves on. *

She looks down at her mop and bucket and then along the corridor. A bell starts to toll in the distance. *

17B INT. COUNTESSA'S ROOM - LATER 17B *

The doors swing open as Ana slowly walks into the space. *

We're on the Condesa's desk as Ana walks into frame in the background. She picks up the fan still left on the floor. Coming closer, she slowly sits one of the Countessa's chair. *

Fanning herself, *

She puts it face down before leaning back and putting her feet up on chair, staining it, as she mimics the Condesa smoking. The bells stop. *

She's spots a PHOTO of three men in army uniforms on the Countessa's desk. Ana slowly stops. *

A shadow indicates someone enters off camera. *

PAULA (O.S.) *

What are you doing?!

Ana scrambles out of the chair. *

ANA *

Nothing. *

Ana looks down to see the stain she's left behind. *

19 EXT. COUNTESSA'S GROUNDS - LATER

19

Pristine white linen flutters on a clothes line, as Ana and Paula tack them on. Paula has obviously been crying. *

Ana moves closer to help Paula with a particular sheet who stops and stares at her. There's a long silence. *

ANA *

I'm sorry... *

Nothing. *

ANA (CONT'D) *

Paula? Paula, hey. You okay? *

PAULA *

Who do you think you are? *

ANA *

You could relax a little, amongst this - *

PAULA *

It doesn't mean you can act like royalty! We have our place - *

ANA, *

Yes - but... Don't you see what we have here? You have a chance to breath - You know, you don't actually need to be doing what other people tell you to do- *

Paula stops - and turns to look at Ana who sees a crack in her facade- scared eyes. *

PAULA *

What's the alternative!?

Paula gestures around her, at the house and the village beyond. A beat. *

ANA *

(joking) *

Play dress up? *

They lock eyes and Paula can't help but release a small chuckle. *

They stop when they hear raised voices from behind the garden walls. *

Shouting, whistles and running can be heard getting louder - a group of Civil Guard chasing someone down the street - then an arrest being made; cries for help are muffled. *

Suddenly, it goes quiet. A long silence. *

ANA (CONT'D) *

Would you make me go? *

Beat. *

PAULA *

I wouldn't... But I don't know about Martina. *

21 INT. KITCHEN - LATER 21 *

Ana steps into the kitchen. Martina sits thinking at the table, smoking a cigarette from one of the Countessa's packs. *

Upon noticing Ana, she stands, puts it out and gets back to peeling potatoes at the table using a small paring knife. *

MARTINA *

What do you want? *

ANA *

Nothing. Can I help? *

Ana moves closer to Martina. *

MARTINA *

To hell with you. You helped enough. And now look at us - *

Martina nicks her skin, hissing as she draws blood. She lets loose some uncharacteristic curses as she puts her finger in her mouth to stop it. *

Soundlessly, Ana appears by her side offering her a dish clothe. Martina slowly takes it from her hand. *

Ana picks up the potato and a spare paring knife. *

Martina just watches her as Ana gets to work. A pause. *

ANA *

I've seen what happens when people get blamed - for things. For things they didn't do. *

MARTINA

*There is no authority except that
which God has created.
God provides. And God knows. But it
is on us to be truthful.*

The air is heavy with accusation and blame. Ana is quiet.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Did you do it?

Ana shakes her head.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Swear.

ANA

I swear it.... I needed this. I
need this, more than anyone... Did
you?

Martina picks up a potato alongside Ana and get's back to
work.

MARTINA

No. And don't you suggest such a
thing! I might have prayed for it
once, when young and stupid. But
*refuse to obey the law of the land -
refuse to obey God - and punishment
will rightly follow.*

Ana's fire is gone. She's feeling the weight of the world.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

... Don't fear. Pray. All will be
well and just, if it's so.

Ana doesn't know how to respond. Beat.

CARRASCO (O.C.)

Ana, a word.

Ana turns to see Carrasco in the door.

16 INT. CARRASCO'S OFFICE - LATER

16

It's a small office, with a square window overlooking the
village. Carrasco closes the door behind her as Ana enters.

CARRASCO

Take a seat.

Ana does so. Standing, Carrasco opens one of his drawers, pulling out a bottle and two glasses. He offers one to Ana but she shakes her head. He pours himself a glass.

CARRASCO (CONT'D)

How exactly did she die?

ANA

She told me to face the wall so I didn't see... She started shaking and holding her chest... That's it.

Carrasco gives her a look, before scratching something down into a ledger. Ana waits for him to speak but he doesn't.

ANA (CONT'D)

Am I dismissed?

CARRASCO

No.

Outside, Ana can hear rhythmic boots as they pass the window.

CARRASCO (CONT'D)

I recommend you leave. Tomorrow morning.

Ana's attention moves back to Carrasco who was watching her.

ANA

Sir?

CARRASCO

You were the last person our Doña saw alive. All we have is your word. I believe you. But, the Civil Guard won't.

ANA

But sir-

He pulls out an envelope from a drawer.

CARRASCO.

I've gotten you a weeks wage. The best I can hide within the books. And my recommendation is you run.

ANA

But... my absence - it would be hard to explain-

CARRASCO
 (gesturing to the book
 We would alter some of the details
 of her death.

Ana notices a book next to it - Fuenteovejuna.

ANA
 But, wouldn't it make me look
 guilty?

Carrasco stops drinking his brandy.

CARRASCO
 Suspicious circumstances don't help
 anyone. I'm old. I want to keep
 this simple. The others as well.
 You can keep what you stole...

Ana locks eyes with him. A beat.

CARRASCO (CONT'D)
 You're clearly a smart girl - you
 have chance in Caceres to find good
 work. We can hide this, make it
 look normal. If you leave.

A pauses for dramatic effect, weighing Ana's response before
 he waves her off by the back of his hand.

Ana, lost, takes the envelope.

Ana slowly stands. Ana is about to move away, but places the
 pearl necklace on the table before going to leave.

CARRASCO (CONT'D)
 Keep it. You'll need them more than
 her.

Surprised by the warmth in Carrasco, Ana is touched.

ANA
 Thank you.

22 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

22

Carrasco sits at the head of the table with Ana opposite;
 she's in a trance. The others sit around the remains of a
 luxurious meal, somber given the circumstance.

Carrasco's eyes linger on Ana, an unspoken message clear
 meanwhile Hugo awkwardly interacts with the cutlery. Everyone
 is thinking about everyone else and the unknown future ahead.

Martina clears her throat, breaking heavy silence. *

MARTINA *
What's our story? *

CARRASCO *
Later. I'm going to make the *
arrangements just before Mass. *

HUGO *
I lied today. To one of the *
tenants, he- he came asking for the *
mule. I gave it to him. *

The others don't respond. Ana takes a breath. *

ANA *
I'll be leaving tomorrow morning, *
things will be fine, Hugo. *

PAULA *
You're not staying? *

ANA *
It's okay. *

MARTINA *
But what are you going to do for *
money? *

ANA *
I'll be fine. *

Martina is genuinely curious so Ana brings out the envelope *
and the pearl necklace. *

Carrasco doesn't look up but keeps eating as Martina looks *
from the pearls to him. *

PAULA *
Where we will you go? *

ANA *
I don't know but I'll head East. *

MARTINA (TO CARRASCO) *
Carrasco. What are you doing? *

CARRASCO *
What? *

MARTINA *
Ana- where did you get the pearls? *

ANA *
Carrasco's been very kind.. *

Ana trails off as she see Martina staring daggers at Carrasco *

MARTINA *
Vanishing the new maid with all the *
money in the safe and the Doña's *
own pearls? *

Beat. Ana feels small & she turns to question Carrasco. *

CARRASCO *
It's for everybody's benefit- It *
will be safer for her and safer for *
us. *

The realization clicks. We start to slowly push in on Ana as *
the conversation starts to fade away, muffling. *

PAULA *
Why wouldn't she be safer here? *

MARTINA *
You can't send this poor girl out *
framed by unholy machinations! Or *
steal to suit your own ends for *
that matter. *

CARRASCO (TO MARTINA) *
... You were the first to point the *
finger at her. For yourself. *

MARTINA *
For truth. Let her be judged - if *
she so be judged - *

CARRASCO *
What happens when the Civil Guard *
show up tomorrow morning and the *
army after that? *

MARTINA *
I will gladly let them in as God *
wills! Let them decide whats to be *
done- *

We can't even hear them argue argue now. *

Martina is gesturing - Carrasco is defiant - Hugo is looking *
on scared and Paula withdraws inside herself. *

Ana is alone in frame. *

We suddenly snap out of it to hear: *

CARRASCO *

This is how people get killed! Only *
if we pin it on her do we come out *
of this alive! *

Martina goes silent. A beat. *

Ana abruptly stands- knocking her chair over. She stares *
defiantly at Carrasco returns it back. *

Ana looks for backup from Hugo, then Paula but there is none. *
Paula can't even look at Ana anymore. Ana tries Martina. *

Martina, sit's uncomfortable, but for once, silenced and *
unsure. *

ANA *

No. *

Beat. *

CARRASCO (TO HUGO) *

Lock her in the cellar. *

Hugo hesitates, but under Carrasco's glare he goes to stand. *

ANA *

Fuck you all. *

Hugo stops. Beat. *

ANA (CONT'D) *

You are no better than the cruel, *
inept bastards you so desperately *
serve.... I'm going to march out *
there this second, screaming. *
Describing in detail how exactly *
you fucked them - *

Carrasco stands up quickly. He starts to move along the other *
side. *

ANA (CONT'D) *

- How you probably killed her *
yourselves & desecrated the Doña's *
body!! I pray they line you all up. *
And make you burn- *

Carrasco is just about to grab Ana as Hugo slams his fist *
into the table stopping him in his tracks and silencing Ana. *

All surprised by his outburst. So is he. *

He goes as if to speak - but thinks better of it and doesn't. *

In the awkward silence, a small bell can be heard ringing quietly. *

They stare at each other confused. *

But then, almost as one, Martina, Hugo and Paula stand. A chair falls backwards. Carrasco's turns. *

Ana, after suspecting a trick, slowly turns to see a figure stumbling into view behind her. *

The Condesa stands in the doorway, swaying slightly. The injury of her head makes her look vulnerable. *

You could hear a pin drop. *

CARRASCO
... Señora? *

The Condesa tries to speak- but her voice is strange, weak and trembling. Only guttural sounds are coming out indecipherable. *

The Condesa stumbles forward - and Ana catches her. She doesn't know what to do with her, before looking around at the rest and then leading her to the table. *

Carrasco picks up Ana's own fallen chair while Ana sits her down in it. Carrasco, stunned, moves back to the top of the table to get a better view. *

The Condesa reaches out intrigued by Ana's cutlery. *

CARRASCO (CONT'D)
Señora? *

The Condesa doesn't look up but her mouth starts to pinch over a syllable - puckering. *

The Condesa fumbles with a spoon, unable to get a strong grip on it. She focusses harder, but she can't pick it up. *

Slowly, each of the other house staff sit down except for Ana, without a place. *

The Condesa tries to pick up the spoon again - but still can't. Ana, after hesitating, picks it up and puts it into the Countessa's hand. *

Feeling everyone's eyes on her Ana glances around not knowing what to do - she sees the injury on the Condesa forehead. *

She picks up one of the napkins on the table and gently starts to clean it. *

25 INT/EXT. CONTESSA'S GROUNDS - SUNSET 25 *

The Condesa sits on a bench, basking in the fading sunlight. Bandages are wrapped round her head. *

The rest of the households watch her from the kitchen door, feeling conflicting emotions. Ana stands a part. Hugo is confused. *

HUGO
What do we do? *

Carrasco stare daggers into Ana's back but leave this unanswered. Martina is uncharacteristically silent; disturbed. Paula is hollow inside. *

Ana feels alone. *

The Condesa still sits out on the bench, but starts humming a small tune as the smoke plume comes closer on the horizon. *

END. *