

TART.

2nd Draft

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**EXT. SUBURBAN TOWN CENTRE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Heavy, anxious *BREATHING*. IVAN (9) hurries down a long road, through a busy town centre. Heavy, crudely applied make-up runs down his tear flooded cheeks. He is dressed in extravagant, peacock-esque, women's clothing. Faceless BODIES are seen and heard *LAUGHING* and *JEERING*. Ivan stumbles and falls to the floor.

**EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME/ BACK GARDEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

The face of a BARBIE DOLL is being rouged with human sized lipstick. A youthful hand puppeteers the doll strutting it across the ground in catwalk conduct. The noise of childish *GIGGLING/JEERING*. Three SISTERS (11, 12 and 13) congregate, forming a small circle, on the back-steps of the house; each of them clutching a BARBIE DOLL.

ELDEST SISTER

Look how short her skirt is.  
You can nearly see her fanny!

TWIN 1

Imagine leaving the house dressed  
like that? What a little skank!

**EXT. SUBURBAN TOWN CENTRE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

IVAN (9) stands back up. He is crying in pain. Picking up the pace he hurries on. The sound of *LAUGHTER* almost becoming unbearable. Ivan collapses and cowers in the corner of a doorway.

**EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME/ BACK GARDEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

TWIN SISTER 2

She's got no dignity!

ELDEST SISTER

She's a SLUT!

SISTERS

SLUT! SLUT! SLUT! SLUT!

The sisters dash the dolls against the floor. Breaking off limbs. Smashing them into pieces.

**EXT. SUBURBAN TOWN CENTRE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

IVAN (9) is sobbing hysterically. Passers-by burst into overpowering, manic *LAUGHTER*.

SISTERS (O.S)  
SLUT! SLUT! SLUT! SLUT!

A *HISS* of steam is heard *OFF SCREEN*.

**INT. IVANS FLAT (CITY) - EARLY MORNING (PRESENT DAY)**

The *HISS* of steam. An iron presses a military jacket. A hand takes the jacket and pulls it over a pair of shoulders. IVAN (20) stands before a mirror, he is dressed in a well fitted military uniform. He studies his reflection for an extended period of time.

LATER

IVAN sits on the edge of a bed holding a *GREETINGS CARD*. The card has a childish graphic on the cover. The title reads 'COME HOME SOON.' Ivan opens the card--

LATER

IVAN packs the last of his items into a duffel bag.

IVAN (V.O)  
Whatever brawls disturb the street.  
There should be peace at home.

Ivan takes one last look around his empty flat and exits.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

IVAN walks through the busy crowded streets. A *YOUNG MAN* sarcastically salutes him and *LAUGHS* with his *FRIENDS*.

IVAN (V.O.)  
Where sisters dwell and brothers  
meet. Quarrels should never come.

**EXT. COACH STOP - EARLY MORNING**

IVAN is boarding a coach at a roadside bus stop.

IVAN (V.O.)  
 Birds in their little nests agree.  
 And 'tis a shameful sight.

**INT. COACH - EARLY MORNING**

IVAN is in disturbed state of sleep. Various colours of light pour through the coach window, illuminating Ivan's face.

IVAN (V.O.)  
 When children of one family.  
 Fallout and chide and fight.

**EXT. HOME TOWN - EARLY MORNING**

A silent suburban council estate, mist clings to the air. We follow IVAN down a long road, clutching a duffel bag. He walks firm and with a purpose. Ivan comes to a halt. A rundown, redbrick house, with an unkempt front yard. Ivan approaches the front door and knocks. The door is pulled ajar. Slowly the door opens to reveal an emotionless ELDEST SISTER.

**INT. HOME/ DINING ROOM - DAY**

A lifeless, undecorated dining room, in a loveless home. IVAN sits at the head of a long dining table. He is eating bloody steak. MOTHER, 54, wheelchair bound and in a chronic state of catatonia, sits opposite, she is oblivious and unmoving. The THREE SISTERS silently spectate Ivan as he eats. The room is quiet besides the obnoxious sound of ravenous eating. Abruptly, Ivan stops eating.

IVAN  
 Are you wearing lipstick?

TWIN 1  
 No--

IVAN  
 Yes you are.

TWIN 1  
 Well its just a little bit, it--

IVAN  
 Who told you it was okay to wear lipstick?

TWIN 1  
 Nobody, it was a--

IVAN  
Well go and wipe it off! GO ON!

Twin 1 stands up to leave the table. At that moment Ivan begins to choke on his food. The sisters awkwardly watch as Ivan struggles to regain composure.

The *STOMP* of *BOOTS OFF SCREEN*

IVAN (O.S)  
FOWARD MARCH! LEFT. RIGHT. LEFT.  
RIGHT.

**EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY**

IVAN is at the far end of the garden demonstrating a marching drill, precise and rehearsed, moving with aggressive, heavy, exaggerated movements. The SISTERS spectate from the other side of the garden.

IVAN  
LEFT. RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT. HALT.  
ATTENTION!

Ivan stands at attention a few meters away from his sister. The SISTER's are side by side, in a line. Ivan moves between each of them. He inspects the length of their skirts, and examines their lips and nails for make-up. After scrutinizing ELDEST and TWIN 1 he finally comes to TWIN 2; she is smirking and soon bursts into *LAUGHTER* as Ivan inspects her. At once, Ivan becomes innocent, he freezes, unsure.

*HEAVY BREATHING* is heard *OFF SCREEN*.

**INT. STAIRCASE - DAY**

IVAN, red faced and struggling, clasps MOTHER around the waist as he heaves her up a staircase. He is walking backward, taking one step at a time. Mother's feet drag against the steps. The SISTERS stand at the bottom of the staircase spectating. Ivan struggles to the top.

**INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - DAY**

MOTHER is tucked into bed. Ivan stands at the foot of the bed, gazing into mother's lifeless eyes. Her chest rises and falls as she *BREATHES HEAVILY*.

**SURREAL FLASHBACK**

YOUNG IVAN (11) stares directly into the camera. He is breathing heavily, tears in his eyes. He is dressed in extravagant, colourful, women's clothing and heavy make-up.

TWINS (O.S)  
Mary had a little skirt with slits  
right up the sides.

**INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

IVAN cautiously sits down at the foot of the bed. MOTHER'S hand lays flat, outstretched on the mattress. Ivan, with nervous motion, slowly creeps his hand towards mother's.

<p>1...2...3</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">IVAN (O.S)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">TWINS (O.S)</p> <p>Every time she crossed her legs the boys could see her thighs.</p>
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**SURREAL FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS**

Slow motion. YOUNG MOTHER (30S) stares directly into the camera with a wrathful gaze; shaking as though she's about to explode with rage.

<p>4...5...6</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">IVAN</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">TWINS (O.S.)</p> <p>Mary had a little skirt with slits right up the front.</p>
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**INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

IVAN'S hand slides closer, he is millimetres away from touching MOTHER'S hand.

<p>7...8...9</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">IVAN</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">TWINS (O.S)</p> <p>Every time she crossed her legs the boys could see her cu...</p>
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THEN...

**SURREAL FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS**

*Audio comes back, sharp and aggressive.*

YOUNG IVAN, dressed in women's clothing, clutches at his mothers ankles, *SCREAMING* and *SOBBING*. YOUNG MOTHER is *SLAPPING* and *SHOUTING* at him aggressively.

**INT. TWINS BEDROOM - (PRESENT DAY) - EVENING**

An obnoxious childlike *CACKLE*. The TWINS are laid back on a mattress, in hysterical laughter, drinking a bottle of wine.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

The *BUZZ* of a Hoover. ELDEST sister is frantically hoovering the living room floor.

**INT. IVAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING**

IVAN, *GRUNTING*, is working out in front of a mirror. He is thrusting a set of dumbbells into the air.

IVAN

10..11...12

Ivan drops the weights. He is exhausted. He wipes himself down with a towel.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

IVAN exits his bedroom. *LAUGHTER* and *HUSHED VOICES* come from the TWINS room. The door is open. Ivan peers inside. The TWINS stand at the centre of the room, adjacent to one another. TWIN 2 is applying make-up to TWIN 1's face. TWIN 1 is half naked, topless.

TWIN 2

Stop moving you twat. I'll mess it up.

Ivan watches, silently, until the twins catch sight of him. Embarrassed, he recoils from the door. *LAUGHTER* follows him down the stairs.

**INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

ELDEST is chopping potatoes. IVAN enters, sits on a stool and begins polishing his military boots, nervously. Boisterous *BANGING*, *STOMPING* and *LAUGHTER* can be heard upstairs. Eldest sister stares at Ivan in an accusational manner.

Ivan ignores her. Eldest begins CHOPPING the potatoes angrily. Ivan enters the living room and paces back and forth. TWIN 2 enters the room, a smug look on her face, she walks into the kitchen and helps Eldest prepare dinner.

IVAN

Where's your sister?

TWIN 2

She'll be down in a minute.

Ivan sits. He polishes his boots anxiously. TWIN 1 enters the room. Ivan freezes. Twin 1 is dressed in short colorful clothing and heavy make-up; with childlike seduction she tiptoes to the centre of the room, GIGGLING. Ivan ignores her as she circles his chair, stroking his shoulders. TWIN 1 walks over to a cassette player, and clicks play.

CASSETTE PLAYER

WHENEVER YOU TAKE ME. OR WHEN YOU  
MAY. I'LL FALL FOR YOUUUU. TIME IS  
A GOOD MISE. OF NEVER KNOWING.  
ABOUT YOUUUU.

Twin 1 begins dancing provocatively. Ivan stands up to challenge her. Twin 1 begins dancing with Ivan. Ivan closes his eyes, relishing in an intimate moment of contact, he holds his sister close.

CASSETTE PLAYER (CONT'D)

I SURRENDER. I SURRENDER. TO  
YOUUUU. I SURRENDER. I SURRENDER.  
TO YOUUUU.

ELDEST stomps into the living-room and switches off the MUSIC. Ivan, suddenly, shrugs from the grip of Twin 1. Ivan looks between his sisters; Eldest glaring at him and Twin 1 smiling smugly. Ivan, abruptly filled with rage, slaps Twin 1 with significant force. Twin 1, tearful, with a bloodied lip, kisses Ivan on the cheek and hurries out of the room. Ivan fondles the lipstick mark on his cheek, a doubtful expression.

**INT. IVANS BEDROOM - NIGHT**

IVAN lays in bed, tossing and turning, he cannot sleep.

**INT. MOTHERS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

IVAN is standing over MOTHER as she sleeps. Ivan climbs into the bed and stiffly lays next to her, she BREATHES HEAVILY. Ivan begins to relax.



IVAN

Good night to you. Good night to me. Now close your eyes and go to sleep. Good night. Sleep tight. Sweet dreams tonight. Good night. I love you.

Ivan begins hugging his mother tight. The bedroom door opens. TWIN 1 stands in the doorway. Ivan becomes tense. Twin 1 creeps towards the bed and slides next to Ivan.

TWIN 1

I know you're awake. Stop pretending. You don't need to prove anything to us.

Ivan turns towards his sister, almost trustingly.

TWIN 1 (CONT'D)

You don't have to pretend. We all know that you're still a PUFF.

Twin 1 begins LAUGHING hysterically. Ivan turns away from her. The LAUGHTER continues.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING**

IVAN, MOTHER and SISTERS are seated around the dining table eating breakfast. The TWINS are now both dressed in colorful, 'revealing', clothing and makeup. TWIN 1 sitting closest to Ivan, she rubs her foot against his leg and smiles at him seductively.

TWIN 2

Why don't you take that uniform off, you must be-

IVAN

No!

TWIN 1

He likes wearing it, gets him all the ladies don't it? Have you got a girlfriend Ivan?

Ivan ignores his sister and looks down at his plate.

TWIN 2

Oh come on, you must have a girlfriend, eh? Or is it something else?

Ivan eats his food quickly.

TWIN 2 (CONT'D)

Oh my god! It is, isn't it? Look at him, he's blushing! My little brother got himself a boyfriend!

TWIN 2 stands up and moves around to the head of the table and wraps her arms around IVANS neck.

TWIN 1

Oh come on, what's his name?

TWIN 2

Do you love him?

TWIN 1

You do, don't you, you're in love with a man.

The Twins tug at his jacket and his shoulders. Ivan attempts to stand up but he bangs his legs against the table and spills food down his lap. The plate clatters to the floor. Ivan, immediately, gets down on his knees to clean the mess. Silence falls on the room. The twins, after a moment, collect the plates and leave the room.

ELDEST SISTER

You haven't fucking changed have you? Come on mum, you need a lie down.

Eldest takes Mother out of the room. Ivan attempts to clean his jacket. Twin 2 walks back into the living room, carrying a laundry basket.

TWIN 1

Take off that uniform, I'll wash it for you.

IVAN

It doesn't need to be clea--

TWIN 1

TAKE IT OFF.

At this moment in the scene IVAN is replaced by his 9 year old self. He reluctantly removes his clothes, stripping down his underpants. TWIN 2 collects the clothes into the washing basket and leaves the room.

**INT. BATHROOM/IVANS BEDROOM - DAY**

IVAN is submerged in a bathtub. *LAUGHTER* from outside of the door. The bathroom light is switched off, plunging the room into darkness.

IVAN  
I'm in here!

Loud, childish LAUGHTER from outside of the door.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
Turn the light on!

More LAUGHTER. Feet SCAMPERING away. Ivan climbs out of the bath, wrapping himself in a towel. He unlocks the bathroom door. The corridor is empty. IVAN walks down the corridor to his bedroom. He frantically searches his bedroom. The wardrobes/storage units have been ransacked and emptied. The only item of clothing is a colorful dress which has been laid out on the bed. Ivan picks up the dress and inspects it. He finds a note 'THIS WILL SUIT YOU BETTER'. ELDEST sister appears in the doorway. She glares at Ivan accusingly.

The SOUND of a door OPENING and HEAVY FOOTSTEPS OFF SCREEN.

**EXT. BACK-GARDEN - CONTINUOUS**

IVAN, wearing nothing but a pair of white pants, is storming down the garden towards the TWINS. Ivan's military uniform hangs on the washing line, drying, blowing in the breeze. Ivan snatches a cigarette from TWIN 1's hand and throws it on the ground.

IVAN  
You shouldn't be smoking. Get back inside and put some clothes on!

The TWINS burst into hysterical laughter. Ivan grabs TWIN 1 by the wrist and drags her back towards the house.

TWIN 1  
Oh, he's so strong! HELP! HELP!  
He's going to slap me again!

TWIN 2  
There's no use in doing that! We already know the truth!

IVAN  
I'm not a fucking puff!

TWIN 2  
Oh well who said anything about that! It's the fancy dress that I'm talking about. That nice, little, costume of yours!

Ivan stops in his tracks. He turns to face Twin 2. She holds a brown price tag in her hand.

TWIN 2 (CONT'D)

'Genuine, vintage British Officer, full military uniform. One hundred and eighty pounds. Boots sold separately'.

Ivan releases Twin 1 and hurries back down the garden towards Twin 2. Ivan attempts to grab the price tag but Twin 2 snatches it away from him.

IVAN

Give that to me.

TWIN 2

Ah, ah, ah. Now you listen to us--

Ivan pounces on Twin 2. He wrestles with her but is overpowered. Ivan is pushed to the floor. Twin 2 pins him down.

TWIN 2

Now don't be stupid. If you want this to stay between us, you be a good boy, go inside and put that dress on!

**INT. IVANS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

IVAN, wearing a long colourful dress, is studying his reflection in the mirror. The dress fits well on his skinny, effeminate, body.

**INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

A short and confined corridor. IVAN observes ELDEST SISTER, her back turned, as she hovers the carpet. Eventually she turns to face Ivan, stopping in her tracks. The Hoover BUZZES LOUDLY as pressure builds. Eldest sister slaps Ivan in the face. Ivan does not react. Eldest sister exits down the stairs.

**INT/EXT. MOTHERS BEDROOM - NIGHT**

IVAN is sitting by the window holding a hand mirror and applying lipstick; his face is covered in an abundance of crudely applied, heavy, make-up. In the garden ELDEST and the TWINS are congregated, in a coven-esque manner, around a flaming barrel. ELDEST throws Ivan's military uniform into the fire. Ivan studies MOTHER, through the reflection of his hand mirror. Mother is sleeping upright, propped up by cushions.

Ivan, watching mothers reflection, walks with his back turned towards her bed. Ivan stands at the foot of the bed.

IVAN

Are you ready to see me, mother?

Ivan turns, dramatically, to face mother. The bed is empty. Mother is gone. Ivan bursts into maniacal laughter.

IVAN

Where are you, mother? You're not hiding from me are you?

Ivan begins pulling back the bed sheets playfully. Suddenly, he becomes frantic and aggressive; he rips off the sheets, and beats at the pillows until the feathers billow out.

IVAN

Don't you want to see me, mother?  
Don't you want to see your son?

Ivan begins searching the room. He catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror, and hallucinates that he is YOUNG MOTHER (30s) in his reflection. Ivan recoils from the mirror.

FATHER (O.S)

Come to bed, darling, come to bed.

A hallucination of FATHER (40) is sitting on the edge of the bed. He bursts into laughter. Three YOUNG SISTERS (11,11,13) are sitting next to the bed, aggressively smashing BARBIE DOLLS against the wooden floor. Ivan hurries out of the bedroom.

#### **INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A hallucination of YOUNG MOTHER (30s) descends the staircase, and IVAN follows after her. In the downstairs hallway YOUNG SISTERS (11,11,13) are opening the front door and shoving YOUNG IVAN (9), dressed in women's clothing, outside. Ivan hurries on into the living room.

IVAN

Mother! Where are you?

ELDEST and TWINS are dancing at the center of the room, they surround Ivan and break into an Irish jig. The sisters take it in turns linking arms with Ivan, throwing him between themselves as they dance. Ivan is disorientated. The room is spinning. The Sisters are LAUGHING and SINGING. FATHER (40s) stands on the edge of the circle APPLAUDING dramatically.

IVAN  
MOTHER! MOTHER! MOTHER!

Ivan collapses. His vision goes black.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING**

IVAN awakes in a slump on the floor. He is in a state of confusion. The entire room is a mess. A bottle of nail varnish has been split forming a large red pool. Ivan becomes wild-eyed, he hurries to his feet, and returns a second later with a bucket and sponge. Ivan frantically begins scrubbing at floor in order to remove the nail varnish. Exhausted, Ivan eventually finishes scrubbing and inspects the room for other chores to complete. Ivan frantically hovers the floor; plumps up the cushions on the sofa and clears the dishes.

**INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING**

IVAN is at the sink rapidly cleaning dishes. He tidies the plates back into the cupboard. Ivan spots a washing basket full of his SISTERS clothes. Disapprovingly, in a mother-like way, he throws the clothes into the washing machine.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

IVAN is reapplying his eye-liner, this time his make-up is more precise and delicate. Ivan is suddenly distracted. In the mirror he sees that the toilet seat has been left up. Ivan, shaking his head, puts down the toilet seat and then continues to apply his make-up.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING**

IVAN, with straight and proper posture, is sitting in an armchair, knitting. The QUIET, peaceful morning is abruptly shattered by a SHRILL SCREAM that cuts through the entire house. Ivan does not react.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room is ransacked, pillow feathers scattered all around. MOTHER, her body mangled and twisted into an unnatural position, lays dead in her bed.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

IVAN continues knitting. Sounds of PANIC come from upstairs. The THUMP of feet hurry down the stairs.

The SISTERS burst into the living room. Ivan looks up to meet their gaze. The sisters are lost for words.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

The SISTERS are lined up behind IVAN next to the coat rail. They all put their coats on. Ivan ties a scarf around his head and puts on an extravagant feather jacket. Opening the front door the SISTERS walk out in file behind him.

**EXT. TOWN CENTRE - CONTINUOUS**

IVAN leads his SISTERS through the town, they walk in file behind him. LOCALS pass by in the street, stopping to take a look at the unusual scene.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS**

IVAN pushes a trolley down the aisle. The SISTERS follow behind him. TWIN 1 takes an item from the shelf and places it into the trolley. Ivan stops abruptly, taking the item from the trolley he hands it back to Twin 1. In a childlike manner Twin 1 struts back over to the shelf and replaces the item. The family then continue on their way down the aisle.

**END.**