

THERE'S A BLAZE COMING IN THROUGH THE WOODS

Written by

Alexander Craig

Photograph: Dan Himbrechts/AAP



Claude stares, lingering.

CLAUDE
All those women. All those clothes.
All that *flesh*.

Dénise checks her watch -

INT. CORRIDOR - GRAND PALAIS - DAY

Claude leads Dénise along the passageway - all portraits and drapes and runner rug - as the music THRUMS on outside.

DÉNISE
You didn't have to walk me out.

CLAUDE
It's a big place. *Easy to get lost.*

Dénise nods, passes a sculpture of a nude woman and serpent -

INT. DOORWAY - KITCHEN - GRANDPALAIS - DAY

Dénise is in the open door, looking out at a back garden and driveway, mouth open: everything - hedgerows, flowers, cars, a stone water feature of two children frolicking under an umbrella - has been flecked in a thick, pink drizzle.

DÉNISE
It wasn't like this earlier...

Claude peers out from behind Dénise.

CLAUDE
It's retardant. There's a blaze coming in through the woods.

The clipped, summer beat of Dua Lipa's *New Rules* thuds away.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Quite soon, apparently.

Dénise stares on at the pink mess.

DÉNISE
I'm assuming they didn't... Out front?

Claude clicks his tongue.

CLAUDE
Scone for the drive home?