

CULTURE KILLINGS: PIANO LESSONS

by

Isabel Wyatt

EPISODE 5

**SCENE 1**

**EXT: DRIVEWAY**

FX: CAR DOOR SLAMS. TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL. BIRDS CHIRPING

KIM: Right. Here we are.

HANA: About bloody time. My back's killing.

KIM: Shut up it didn't take that long.

HANA: Two hours I've been stuck in that backseat. And all because your precious hiking poles won't fit in the boot.

KIM: Oh well, you can drive next time.

HANA: Gladly.

(BEAT)

You got the key?

KIM: Of course I've got the key, I'm not a bloody moron am I?

HANA: I'm just checking. If we're locked out, I doubt Auntie keeps a spare under the flower pot.

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP. A KEY TURNS IN A LOCK. THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN

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**SCENE 2**

**INT: HALLWAY**

HANA: It didn't look this creepy in the photos.

KIM: It's not that bad.

FX: FOOTSTEPS ENTER. THE DOOR CLOSES WITH A SLAM

KIM: It's...

HANA: Huge.

KIM: I was going to say 'roomy'.

HANA: It's that alright. Why does Auntie need all this space just for her?

KIM: It's not just her though, is it?

HANA: W...what?

KIM: Winston's here, int' he?

HANA: Oh for God's sake.

KIM: Hey, he deserves recognition. He's the whole reason we're staying.

FX: PADDING ON FLOORBOARDS. A CAT MEOWS

Speak of the devil! Hey, hey Winnie. Come here.

FX: CAT MEOWS. PADDING ON FLOORBOARDS FADE OUT

HANA: Ha.

KIM: Maybe later then...

HANA: Shall we get the stuff out of the car?

KIM: Ah that can wait. Come on, I wanna see my room!

FX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING. CREAK OF STAIRS. FOOTSTEPS STOP

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HANA: We've got our own rooms?

KIM: Of course we do! Look at this place. We could have three rooms each if we want!

HANA: This is the best thing that has ever happened.

KIM: Hey, don't speak ill of the...ill.

HANA: Oh come on, Auntie will be fine. It's just a minor operation.

KIM: Still...let's be respectful, eh?

FX: CREAK OF STAIRS

HANA: I'll race you!

FX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING. CREAK OF STAIRS

KIM: Hey, no fair!

FX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING. CREAK OF STAIRS

HANA: I bagsy a double bed!

KIM: Whatever, I just want an ensuite!

**SCENE 3**

**INT: BEDROOM 1**

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP. DOOR HANDLE SHAKES. A DOOR CREAKS OPEN

HANA: Oh my god.

KIM: This is like a Disney film!

HANA: I think you mean horror film...

KIM: Don't be like that.

HANA: Who has bed-curtains in this century?

KIM: Auntie is a traditionalist.

HANA: Well, I think she needs to be introduced to the modern world.

FX: A PHONE BEEPS

And WiFi! There's no phone signal in here!

KIM: I got a few bars in the driveway as we were pulling in.

HANA: Oh great, so I have to go into the garden to text my boyfriend?

(BEAT)

KIM: Maybe it's for the best.

HANA: What's that supposed to mean?

KIM: Think of this week as a relaxation retreat.

HANA: What about this environment looks relaxing to you?

KIM: There's a pool out the back.

HANA: I'm not swimming outside in November.

KIM: You can come hiking with me?

HANA: Mountains? No thanks.

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KIM: You can work on your hobbies.

HANA: I don't have any hobbies.

KIM: Well maybe we can find some. Mum said Auntie has loads of 'creative rooms' in the East wing.

HANA: The 'East Wing. Where are we? The White House?

KIM: Actually that's the...you know what never mind. Let's just go and have a look.

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING. A DOOR CREAKS SHUT

**SCENE 4**

**INT: ART ROOM**

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING

KIM: (MUFFLED) Maybe it's this one.

HANA: (MUFFLED) It can't be any weirder than the rest of the place.

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP. A DOOR CREAKS OPEN

HANA: Oh no. I was wrong.

KIM: Woah.

HANA: Why? Why does she have a mannequin? What is she doing? Running some sort of creepy life-drawing classes from the basement of her mansion.

KIM: It's for sewing, you idiot. She used to be a tailor.

HANA: I still hate it.

KIM: (TO HERSELF) I'm sure there was more stuff on this side of the house.

HANA: Well, clearly not. Can we go downstairs now?

KIM: I thought mum mentioned a music room...

FX: A DIGITAL WATCH BEEPS

HANA: Oh, would you look at that? Lunch time. We should probably go and feed Winston now.

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING OUT OF THE ROOM

KIM: (FADING AWAY) Maybe it's next door.

FX: A DOOR HANDLE TURNS. KIM PUSHES THE DOOR

KIM: (MUFFLED) It's locked.

HANA: (SARCASTICALLY TO HERSELF) Shame.

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FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING. FLOORBOARDS CREAK.  
FOOTSTEPS STOP

KIM: Come on then. Let's get some food.

HANA: Finally!

KIM: We'll move everything in tonight.

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING. A DOOR CREAKS SHUT

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**SCENE 5**

**INT: BEDROOM 2**

FX: A CLOCK TICKS. HANA ROLLS OVER IN BED. THE FAINT SOUND OF PIANO KEYS. HANA MURMURS IN HER SLEEP. THE PIANO CONTINUES. HANA WAKES SLOWLY

HANA: What's that...?

FX: ALL SOUND STOPS BAR THE CLOCK TICKING

HANA: Whatever.

FX: SHEETS ARE PULLED. HANA MURMURS AND GOES BACK TO SLEEP. FAINTLY THE PIANO KEYS RETURN. THEY PLAY A SPARSE MINOR SCALE. SUDDENLY THEY PLAY A CHORD. HANA WAKES WITH A JOLT

HANA: Who is it? Who's there? Kim? KIM!

FX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING. A DOOR OPENS. A LIGHTSWITCH FLICKS

KIM: What's going on? Are you okay?

HANA: I heard something.

KIM: What?

HANA: I heard something!

KIM: What did you hear?

HANA: Music.

KIM: (SIGHING) You were just dreaming, Han.

HANA: No. No, I wasn't. I was awake. I was awake and I heard music.

KIM: Did you fall asleep with your headphones in again?

HANA: (SHOUTING) Just listen to me, for God's sake!

KIM: Fine. Fine, calm down. Where was it coming from?

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HANA: Somewhere in the house.

KIM: Maybe Auntie left a radio on before she went to the hospital.

HANA: There's no phone service remember? I highly doubt there's any radio signal out here too.

KIM: Well, what else could it be then?

HANA: It was coming from down the hall, I-I think.

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING SLOWLY. FLOORBOARDS CREAK

HANA: Wh-where are you going?

(BEAT)

Kim?

FX: DUVET IS THROWN ON THE FLOOR. FOOTSTEPS RUNNING. FLOORBOARDS CREAK

HANA: Well, wait for me!

**SCENE 6**

**INT: MUSIC ROOM**

FX: (MUFFLED) TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS WALKING. FLOORBOARDS CREEK

KIM: (MUFFLED) (CALLING OUT) Hello?

HANA: (MUFFLED) (WHISPERED) Shut up!

KIM: (MUFFLED) Oh will you calm down, there's nobody here.

HANA: (MUFFLED) Maybe they're hiding.

KIM: (MUFFLED) Hiding where? All these doors are locked.

FX: DOOR HANDLE RATTLES

KIM: (MUFFLED) See?

FX: DOOR SLOWLY CREAKS OPEN

HANA: Okay, what the hell, Kim?

KIM: But I-I tried it earlier.

HANA: Is this some kind of a joke?

KIM: I thought I couldn't – I guess I didn't check it properly.

HANA: For God's sake, Kim.

FX: LIGHT PADDED FOOTSTEPS. CAT MEOWS. SPORADIC PIANO KEYS PLAY

KIM: Oh, and would you look at that!

HANA: Winston!

FX: FOOTSTEPS MOVE ACROSS THE ROOM. PIANO AND FOOTSTEPS STOP

HANA: You scared the crap out of me!

KIM: I knew it would be something ridiculous.

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HANA: Winston, you are never allowed in here again. Do you hear me? Never. Jesus Christ, I thought I was gunna have a heart attack.

KIM: I didn't know cats could open doors?

HANA: Well, neither can you apparently.

KIM: Oh, ha-ha. Come on. (YAWNING) Let's go back to bed.

FX: FOOTSTEPS. CAT MEOWS. FLOORBOARDS CREAK

HANA: (TO HERSELF) Hmmm.

FX: PIANO LID SLAMS SHUT

HANA: No more private concerts, Winston. Sorry.

KIM: (MUFFLED) (CALLING) Night, Han!

FX: FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT. DOOR CREAKS SHUT

**SCENE 7**

**INT: KITCHEN**

FX: A KETTLE WHISTLES. A MICROWAVE PINGS

HANA: (MOUTH FULL) How'd you sleep?

FX: WATER POURS. TEA IS STIRRED

KIM: Like a baby.

HANA: (MOUTH FULL) Really?

FX: HANA SWALLOWS HER MOUTHFUL. PLACES BOWL IN SINK

I was awake most of the night.

KIM: (SIPPING TEA) Winston really got to you, huh?

FX: KIM CHUCKLES

HANA: It's not funny. It was so creepy. That bloody piano will haunt my nightmares forever.

KIM: (GIGGLING) Don't worry, I've taken care of it.

HANA: Oh yeah?

KIM: I locked the door. That way nobody can get in. Not even our weird ghost cat.

HANA: You found the key?

KIM: Oh, I found the key.

FX: A DRAWER OPEN. KEYS CHINK TOGETHER

HANA: Woah.

FX: HANA SIFTS THROUGH THE KEYS

HANA: I didn't realise she had that many rooms.

KIM: Or that many things to lock away.

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HANA: How'd you find the right one?

KIM: Well, call me crazy, but I reckon it's the one with the treble clef carved into the metal.

HANA: God, Auntie is weird.

KIM: Hey, let her have her fun. Mum said she doesn't get out much. Maybe the music room is all she has to keep her busy.

HANA: Well, she's welcome to it. I, on the other hand, will stick to Beyoncé, thank you.

FX: MUSIC BUZZES THROUGH HEADPHONES. FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY. KIM SIGHS. CROCKERY CLATTERS INTO THE SINK. A BOX SHAKES

KIM: (SHAKING THE BOX) Winston? Here, kitty. Come and get your breakfast.

(BEAT)

Winnie?

(BEAT)

Where are you?

**SCENE 8**

**INT: BEDROOM 2**

FX: CLOCK TICKS. HANA MURMURS IN HER SLEEP. FAINT PIANO KEYS PLAY. THEY GET LOUDER. HANA WAKES

HANA: Hmmm?

FX: PIANO SOFTLY PLAYS A TUNE

You're asleep, Hana. It's all a dream.

FX: MUSIC CONTINUES. SUDDEN LOUD CHORD. HANA SCREAMS. FOOTSTEPS RUNNING. DOOR OPENS. LIGHTSWITCH FLICKS

KIM: Who is it? What's happening?

HANA: (SNIFFLING) I heard it.

KIM: What?

HANA: (Almost crying) I heard it again!

KIM: The...

HANA: ...the piano!

KIM: That bloody cat!

FX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING. HANA SNIVELS. DOOR HANDLE RATTLES IN DISTANCE. FOOTSTEPS RETURN. FLOORBOARDS CREAK. FOOTSTEPS STOP

KIM: (SIGHING) It's locked, Han.

HANA: But...but I heard it.

KIM: Listen, I know you miss Callum.

HANA: No. No, Kim. Don't do this...

KIM: ...but there's no need for all this 'attention grabbing'.

HANA: I'm not grabbing anything! I'm not lying! I heard...

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KIM: I'm going back to sleep. I don't wanna hear any more about that damn piano.

HANA: Kim, please. I heard it! Don't...

KIM: Goodnight.

FX: DOOR SLAMS SHUT. MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS FADE AWAY. CLOCK TICKS

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**SCENE 9**

**INT: KITCHEN**

FX: A KETTLE WHISTLES. A MICROWAVE PINGS. DOOR OPENS. FLOORBOARDS CREEK

KIM: Morning.

(BEAT)

Sleep okay?

HANA: No.

FX: BOWL AND SPOON CLATTER. CEREAL IS POURED

KIM: Well, you'll be glad to know I found the source of your problem.

FX: CHAIR SCRAPES BACK. FOOTSTEPS

HANA: What are you talking about?

KIM: (FADING AWAY) Come look at this.

FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN. FOOTSTEPS DISSAPEAR

**SCENE 10**

**EXT: DRIVEWAY**

FX: WIND BLOWS. BIRD CHIRPS. TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL

HANA: What are you on about?

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP

KIM: Look up there.

(BEAT)

HANA: Huh?

KIM: See that window?

HANA: Yeah?

KIM: That leads to the music room.

HANA: So?

KIM: So, maybe I was wrong last night.

HANA: Oh, *really*?

KIM: Winston never ate his lunch yesterday. I couldn't find him all evening, I reckoned he was just out in the woods, ya'know. Mum said he's not much of a house cat.

HANA: What has this...

KIM: ...that window is open. He must have got up there somehow. I don't know, got on the garage roof or something.

HANA: Cats don't just shimmy up the drainpipe, Kim.

KIM: I bet he's found somewhere nice and warm up there and is having a right old laugh us again.

HANA: But I don't remember a window in-

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KIM: I'm trying to say I'm sorry, Han. You were right and I didn't believe you. I shouldn't have shouted. I'm sorry, okay? Do you forgive me?

HANA: Well, yes I suppose so but what if –

KIM: Phew! Thanks Han, now let's forget about that stupid cat. I'm going to go hiking, wanna come?

HANA: But-but shouldn't we unlock the door? Let Winston out?

KIM: Nah, he'll be fine. He'll come out the window again, when he wants to. And for peace of mind, I think it's better to keep it locked.

HANA: Right.

KIM: I'm setting off now, you in?

HANA: I think I'm gunna stay here. In case Winnie gets hungry.

KIM: Suit yourself!

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL

KIM: (FADING OUT) I'll be back in a few hours!

FX: FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT

HANA: B-bye.

FX: ONE PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL. FOOTSTEPS ABRUPTLY STOP

HANA: (CALLING OUT) Wait! Kim!

(BEAT)

(TO HERSELF) I'm pretty sure I shut the piano lid...

**SCENE 11**

**INT: BEDROOM 1**

**FX:** **CLOCK TICKS**

**KIM:** You were dreaming, Han.

**HANA:** No. No, I'm not. It was real.

**KIM:** If that piano lid is shut, you give me a rational explanation to what is happening?

(BEAT)

And where is Winston if he's not in there?

**HANA:** I...I don't know.

**KIM:** Exactly. So, just leave it, yeah?

**FX:** **FOOTSTEPS ON CREAKY FLOORBOARDS**

**KIM:** Just try and dream of nice things.

**HANA:** Great advice.

**KIM:** See you in the morning.

**FX:** **LIGHTSWITCH FLICKS. FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT. HANA ROLLS OVER IN BED**

**HANA:** (MUTTERING) It's okay, Han. It was just a dream.  
(YAWNS) It's all just a terrible, stupid dream.

**FX:** **TICKING FADES OUT. TICKING FADES BACK IN (TIME HAS PASSED). LIGHT PIANO FADES IN. A FEW SPORADIC NOTES, A SIMPLE MELODY, THE SAME MELODY IN MINOR. A LONG CHORD IS HELD. HANA SCREAMS. FOOTSTEPS RUNNING ON CREAKY FLOORBOARDS. FOOTSTEPS STOP. HANDLE TURNS. DOOR OPENS. LIGHTSWITCH FLICKS**

**HANA:** Tell me you heard that?!

**KIM:** I'm gunna kill that bloody cat!

**FX:** **FOOTSTEPS RUNNING**

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HANA: Wait, Kim!

FX: SECOND PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING.  
FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT

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**SCENE 12**

**INT: KITCHEN**

FX: FAINT PIANO MELODY IN DISTANCE. WIND BLOWS IN BACKGROUND. LIGHT TAPPING ON THE WINDOW PANE. TWO PAIRS OF MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS RUNNING. HANDLE RATTLES. DOOR OPENS. FIRST PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS SLOW. DRAWER OPENS. KEYS JANGLE. SECOND PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS STOP

HANA: (Out of breath) Kim...what are you...doing?

KIM: I'm gunna get the key, open the door and ring that cat's neck!

HANA: No, Kim we need to just get out of here!

KIM: (TO HERSELF) Auntie and her stupid musical pet...

HANA: Kim, it's not the bloody cat! Listen! Can't you hear it?

KIM: What?

HANA: Listen!

FX: KEYS STOP JANGLING

HANA: It's not-

KIM: What is that?

HANA: I don't know! But we have to-

KIM: No, not the music. That...that tapping?

FX: DRAWERS CLOSES. FAINT FOOTSTEPS MOVE AROUND THE ROOM. TAPPING GETS LOUDER

HANA: I don't know why-

KIM: Shut up for a second!

FX: TAPPING GETS LOUDER. FOOTSTEPS STOP

KIM: Oh my god.

HANA: (Scared) What-what is it?

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KIM: Oh my god.

HANA: Kim, what is it?

KIM: Get in the car, Han. Now.

HANA: Kim will you just tell me what you can bloody see. What's making that noise?

FX: FOOTSTEPS RUN ACROSS THE ROOM

KIM: Look out the window.

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP ABRUPTLY. HANA SCREAMS

HANA: Winston! Oh my god is that blood?

KIM: Han, we need to leave.

HANA: What happened, did he fall?

KIM: I don't think cats fall with a noose around their necks.

HANA: Who did this? Why? Why would someone do this?

KIM: Han...

HANA: Oh my god, and he's banging against the window. Make it stop, Kim, make it stop please!

KIM: Hana! If Winston's hanging outside...

FX: PIANO MUSIC GETS LOUDER

KIM: Then who the hell is upstairs?

FX: FOOTSTEPS CREAK UPSTAIRS

KIM: Go, go now! Run!

FX: TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING. DOOR OPENS.  
TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS IN GRAVEL

**SCENE 13**

**EXT: DRIVEWAY**

FX: TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING ON GRAVEL.  
CAR LOCK BEEPS

KIM: Get in the car!

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP. TWO CAR DOORS OPEN. THEY  
SLAM

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**SCENE 14**

**INT: CAR**

FX: KEYS JINGLE

HANA: Hurry, Kim!

KIM: I'm trying!

FX: KEY CLICKS IN IGNITION. ENGINE REVS. TYRES SPIN ON GRAVEL. CAR DRIVES QUICKLY

HANA: What do we do about Winston?

KIM: Nothing.

HANA: But we can't just leave him?!

KIM: It's a dead cat, Han. What do you want me to do, give him the kiss of life? Have you got your phone?

HANA: N-no. I left it in my room.

KIM: Take mine. Call the police. Now.

FX: PHONE NUMBERS BEEP. DEAD DIAL TONE RINGS

HANA: It's not...it's not working!

KIM: What do you mean?

HANA: It's not working, Kim, it's not bloody working!

KIM: Okay, it's fine. It's probably just the signal again.

HANA: But you said it worked out here!

KIM: I thought it did! Try the radio, try and get a station. Maybe the service is out everywhere.

FX: CAR RADIO TURNS ON. SNIPPETS OF NEWS SHOWS, WEATHER, THE ARCHERS ALL COME THROUGH AS CHANNELS CHANGE

HANA: I don't understand!

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KIM: Ummm okay. It's fine, we'll find a police station. We just have to keep driving.

HANA: But there's nothing for miles!

KIM: Hana I really need you to-

FX: FAINT PIANO MUSIC COMES THROUGH THE RADIO

KIM: What is that?

HANA: Oh my god.

KIM: Turn it off. Turn it off now, Hana!

FX: FIDDLES WITH RADIO. RADIO GETS LOUDER

HANA: I'm trying it! It won't-

KIM: -turn it off, Hana!

FX: OVERLAPPED SCREAMING AND SHOUTING. CAR SUDDENLY SWERVES. CAR ROLLS AND CRASHES TO A STOP. ALL NOISES STOP. AN ALARM FAINTING BEEPS. RADIO CRACKLES TO LIFE

RADIO: Today a serious fire broke out at Ludlow Community Hospital in Gravel Hill. Although many patients are suffering with minor injuries we can only report one fatality at this time. Mrs. Marie Dalton was in the patient common room when the fire allegedly started. According to medical staff at Ludlow, she would have been practicing piano, as she did the same time every night. Our deepest condolences go out to any friends and family as we are sure she'll be sorely missed.

FX: RADIO CRACKLES OUT. FAINT PIANO MUSIC FADES IN

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