

THE DECAMERON

Written by

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OVER BLACK.

The Zombies' "This Will Be Our Year" plays.

**SUPER: Firenze, Italia. 1348.**

As the drums kick in...

1 EXT. ARNO BRIDGE MARKET - DAY

1

OPEN ON the mercantile city of medieval Florence. Remember the opening scene of *Beauty and the Beast*, where everyone is buzzing with the bright, airy joy of being alive in a quaint provincial town? This is the opposite of that.

The Black Plague has arrived. People are dying. No one is immune. Confusion reigns. Everywhere we turn, there's a phlegm-soaked, dirt-smearred tableau that reeks of existential dread and the nightmares your brain doesn't have the courage to articulate. Welcome to hell on earth, baby!

ANGLE ON: a barefoot woman hurrying to the crowded market along the bridge across the Arno River. This is LICISCA (20's), a peasant with quiet, steady confidence. She's elegant, too, despite the dirty dress and sweat stains. And that she's perpetually chewing on the ends of her own hair. With anxious eyes, she surveys the stalls. An old APOTHECARY with amulets in his hands:

APOTHECARY

Amulets, ward off the pestilence!

*Nope, too late there.* There's a WOMAN SELLING LIVE FROGS:

FROG WOMAN

Rub the frog's belly on the marks,  
draw out the sickness! Like so!  
Like so! You have the marks, girl?

Licisca shakes her head and shoves ahead. And then she sees the stall she wants, just across the way. As she pushes past other peasants and pads along the edge of the bridge-

Two priests DUMP a wheelbarrow of bodies into the river right in front of her, putting her off balance -- she stumbles and almost falls into the water but manages to find her footing. As she catches her breath, she looks down at the water fifty feet below. A terrifying sight: it's congested with water-logged dead bodies, floating slowly along the river.

KIND-EYED WOMAN

What a waste, huh?

A KIND-EYED OLDER WOMAN standing next to her speaks.  
Licisca's grateful for the connection.

LICISCA

Yes. Every one, someone's daughter  
or father or cousin-

KIND-EYED WOMAN

(interrupting)  
Boots! Mine!

The woman spots a body floating by in elegant boots. She sprints down the bridge to a lower elevation and DIVES neatly into the water, swimming amidst the bodies to fetch her prize. Licisca watches, then looks down at her bare feet.

LICISCA

Lucky.

2 EXT. EDUARDO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 2

Now with a parcel under her arm, Licisca arrives at a large house off of the main drag and opens the front door...

3 INT. EDUARDO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 3

She rushes up the stairs. This is a well-appointed house of a noble family, but the halls feel bare... where is everyone?

Moaning emits from behind a closed door at the end of the way, faint and pathetic. Licisca opens the parcel -- it's a bouquet of posies. She picks a flower and sticks it into her nose hesitantly. The whole stem is protruding out of her nose, when-

FILOMENA (O.S.)

You're a freak, Licisca.

FILOMENA (20's), Licisca's heedless and melodramatic mistress, has exited her room.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

How in the Lord's name is that supposed to make him better?

LICISCA

The priests are saying the earthquake released rancid air from the ground. Sinner's air. So we can protect ourselves by warding off the smell. The pestilence can't get inside this way.

FILOMENA

Oh it can't, mouth breather?

She pulls them out of Licisca's nose. Then reconsiders, and puts some in her cleavage.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

Come brush my hair.

LICISCA

I'll quickly tend to your father and then-

FILOMENA

BRUSH. MY. HAIR. UGH. You're so annoying.

4

INT. FILOMENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

4

Filomena falls face down on the bed, her hair a curtain behind her. Licisca brushes Filomena's hair in silence. Well, not in silence; the dreadful moan persists in the background.

FILOMENA

(muffled)

Could you do my mother's comb?

Licisca takes an ornate pearl-encrusted comb and places it in Filomena's hair. It's all so lovely combined with her long, curls. Licisca is proud of her work as she braids it in.

MOAN down the hall.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

He's going to die, you know.

She's matter-of-fact. It's false indifference, and she's almost pulling it off.

LICISCA

Stop. Don't say that.

FILOMENA

And then I'll be an orphan.

LICISCA

You won't be an orphan. You'll be an adult woman. Who has no parents.

FILOMENA

Unmarried in a big empty house. No betrothed now that the Duca Piero has succumbed.

(MORE)

## FILOMENA (CONT'D)

No one to introduce me to  
 bachelors. No way to earn money.  
 (beat)  
 When he dies, I'll be all alone.

## LICISCA

I'll be here.

## FILOMENA

Licisca, you're the only servant  
 left. You'll probably leave too.

## LICISCA

I wouldn't do that. You need me.

This cuts close. Moaning down the hall breaks the intimacy.

## FILOMENA

Could you please do SOMETHING to  
 make him stop?

Filomena rolls her eyes but can't hide the look of intense  
 worry on her face.

5

INT. EDUARDO'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

5

The moan is coming from a man curled up in bed. This is  
 EDUARDO (40's-50's). Shirtless, sweating, he's got black  
 spots on his skin, swollen buboes on his neck and under his  
 arms. Licisca replaces her nostril flowers and approaches.

## EDUARDO

(off her nose flowers)  
 You look different, Licisca.  
 Changed your hair?

## LICISCA

(off his water jug)  
 Signore Eduardo, you haven't been  
 drinking water.

She grabs the jug and brings it to his lips.

## EDUARDO

I hate water.

## LICISCA

I know but you need liquids. You're  
 sweating it all away.

She reaches for the posies and sticks some into his nostrils.

EDUARDO

(sarcastic)

Oh sure, this will cure me in moments. Look! It's working! I'm running gaily around the room! I feel a carola coming on!

LICISCA

Anything is worth trying.

He looks her in the eyes. Serious now.

EDUARDO

I'm not going to make it through this.

LICISCA

You have a chance. God willing, we all have a chance.

Eduardo smiles upon her.

EDUARDO

I hope you know how much I have appreciated having you in the home over the years. Watching you grow. I know the Barona Elissa would say the same if she were still with us.

LICISCA

I miss her every day.

He reaches out and squeezes her hand.

EDUARDO

I do too. You really are like a daughter to me.  
(cutting the tension)  
Only, poor. And not as important as the others. But still alive!

LICISCA

(cracking, also tearful)  
Shut up.

EDUARDO

Can you believe of the three, she's the one that survived?

LICISCA

She's certainly... spirited.

EDUARDO

Your kindness knows no bounds.

KNOCK KNOCK. It's coming from the first floor.

6 INT./EXT. EDUARDO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

6

Licisca opens the door to a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

You, um, you don't have it, right?

LICISCA

Not yet. Nope.

She points to a white cross chalked above their door.

MESSENGER

I thought that meant you do.

LICISCA

Shit, it does?

As she wipes it away, he pulls out a parchment.

MESSENGER

I come bearing a message for Barone Eduardo, from his cousin, Visconte Leonardo of Fiesole.

Filomena instantly appears.

FILOMENA

The lord of Villa Santa!

(chills out)

We're listening.

MESSENGER

Visconte Leonardo requests the presence of Barone Eduardo, his fair wife Barona Elissa-

FILOMENA

Dead.

Licisca shudders at the brusqueness.

MESSENGER

His daughters Violetta-

FILOMENA

Dead.

MESSENGER

Lauretta-

FILOMENA

Dead.

MESSENGER

And Filomena-

FILOMENA

(raising her hand)

Not dead!

MESSENGER

At his countryside villa. He desires that you flee the pestilence-ridden city and enjoy respite in the beautiful, not-infected countryside. There's a formal welcome dinner on Friday, and you're invited to stay as long as you please. Until life is back to normal again and we can return to our affairs without the fear of death gripping at our throats.

FILOMENA

The Visconte Leonardo is unwed, correct?

LICISCA

Your father's cousin?

FILOMENA

(low)

Do you have any better ideas? Know of any handsome, wealthy, non-cousin bachelors? Who aren't dead?

MESSENGER

The Visconte Leonardo is unwed, but not for long. He is to meet his soon-to-be-bride on Friday. Blind!

Shit.

FILOMENA

Who else is invited?

MESSENGER

Many of Firenze's most prominent families are expected.

FILOMENA

Aren't most of them dead?

MESSENGER

I, um. I'm not sure. I've been  
leaving letters at the homes where  
no one answers.

FILOMENA

The Conte Brunello?

MESSENGER

Didn't answer the door.  
(whispering behind his  
hand)  
*But definitely dead.*

FILOMENA

Marchese Peralto?

He makes the "dead meat" finger-across-the-neck sign.

MESSENGER

But his nephew Signore Tindaro is  
coming.

FILOMENA

Any Signorina Tindaro to speak of?

MESSENGER

Not that I'm aware.

FILOMENA

Please inform our dear cousin  
Leonardo that Eduardo's daughter  
Filomena would be delighted to  
attend. And that I cannot wait to  
make his acquaintance on Friday.

LICISCA

Padrona, let's discuss with your-

FILOMENA

Thank you!

She shuts the door on the messenger.

LICISCA

Padrona Filomena, we can't leave  
your father here.

FILOMENA

Don't be foolish. There's no way  
I'm turning down this opportunity.  
I meet an eligible noble, he buys  
me a castle, I'm never alone again.

LICISCA  
Your father is gravely ill.

Filomena groans. She resents having to get so serious.

FILOMENA  
Licisca, this is the only way out.  
The pestilence has yet to reach the  
countryside. We flee now, and we  
have a chance to live.

Licisca looks as though she's going to retort-

FILOMENA (CONT'D)  
So it's settled, then. We leave  
tomorrow at dawn.

As she walks away...

LICISCA  
I can't.

FILOMENA  
(turns on her heel)  
Excuse me?

LICISCA  
Your father is my master, and I  
cannot leave him in distress. I  
made a promise to your mother.

FILOMENA  
(sharply)  
What's the point of keeping a  
promise to a dead woman?

But Licisca doesn't budge.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)  
Seriously? Very well. We'll stay  
and get sick and die. When we see  
my mother in heaven I'm sure she'll  
be thrilled to know you kept your  
promise.

As she stalks off, Licisca chomps nervously on her hair.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)  
(without turning back)  
Merry pestilence to you.

## 7 INT. FILOMENA'S ROOM - NIGHT 7

Filomena tries to sleep. But her father's painful MOANING is driving her crazy.

MOAN. She flips over. MOAN. She tries to do needlepoint. MOAN. That's it. She's fucking had it.

## 8 INT. FILOMENA'S CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER 8

Filomena stuffs all of her things into a trunk but obviously has never packed for herself before -- this moment has the energy of a toddler stuffing toys into a handmade handkerchief bundle to run away from home.

## 9 INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 9

Filomena DRAGS her trunk and other loose belongings -- a pasta extruder, riding boots, a viola -- through the hallway past Eduardo's room. She puts her ear up to his bedroom door and can hear him rustling quietly, moaning.

Her hand touches the doorknob, but she can't bring herself to open the door. She kisses her fingertips and presses them to the door, tears streaming down her face.

## 10 EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER 10

Filomena muscled her things through the dusty courtyard behind the house where they keep the horse and buggy.

Quick cuts as she struggles to get her stuff into the buggy. She brought seventeen too many things. But when it's time to hitch the buggy, she finds herself too weak to do it. FUCK.

## 11 INT. SERVANTS' QUARTERS - LICISCA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 11

Licisca sleeps in a ball on a dusty mat. Filomena bursts in.

FILOMENA

Wake up. We're leaving.

LICISCA

Padrona, my duties are-

FILOMENA

Listen, he's dead, okay? He died. I just went in and he was, you know, gone.

LICISCA

Gone?!

Filomena nods. Licisca starts to cry.

LICISCA (CONT'D)

I was just there, less than one  
hour ago, he was talking, he-

FILOMENA

Well, he's gone now.

LICISCA

Oh Padrona, our Eduardo-

Sobbing, Licisca goes to hug Filomena but she quickly pushes her off in a rage.

FILOMENA

He's not "our" anything, you sewer  
rat! He's *my* father!

The tantrum subsides. She gathers herself.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

I'm in charge now. We're leaving.

LICISCA

But we need the priest to, to say a  
prayer, or-

FILOMENA

What. Priest. The city is ravaged,  
priests are neck deep in bodies.

LICISCA

Then I need to at least say goodbye-

FILOMENA

No! The pestilence leaves the body  
and lingers in the room, searching  
for a new host. It's too dangerous.  
We have to leave. Now.

LICISCA

Can I have five minutes? To gather  
my things?

FILOMENA

Four. Because I said so.

She leaves. Licisca kneels on the ground, sobbing.

## LICISCA

Dear Lord, please usher into  
 heavenly paradise the soul of our  
 Eduardo, who lived kindly, a heart  
 of love for all the people in his  
 life, big and small. Rich and poor.

(starting to cry)

And dear Lord, I know I am but a  
 peasant. But, please. Grant me some  
 strength. Some blessing that I  
 might know how to move through this  
 moment of anguish. This moment of  
 unbearable loss. In your name I  
 pray. Amen.

12 EXT. EDUARDO'S HOUSE - DAWN 12

As the morning light streams through the city streets onto  
 their house, Filomena and Licisca flee for Villa Santa.

13 EXT. TINDARO'S MANOR - DAWN 13

Quick cuts as a handsome doctor DIONEIO (20's-30's) carries a  
 trunk down the stairs and loads it into a carriage. Then, a  
 case of metal instruments. Tinctures. He catches his  
 reflection on the side of a bottle of herbs and fixes his  
 hair. Damn, boy. But can you blame him? Dioneo's confident  
 sexiness feels like a personal affront to any onlooker. How  
 dare he. Be so hot. And know it.

He runs up the stairs and grabs one last thing: a SLEEPING  
 MAN wrapped in a blanket. Dioneo lifts him into the carriage.

14 INT. TINDARO'S CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS 14

As Dioneo places the man on the bench seat of the carriage,  
 he startles awake and rustles out of the burrito of fabric.

## TINDARO

What? Where?!

This is TINDARO (20's-30's), a maladroit nobleman with a  
 perpetual chip on his shoulder. He's not nice to be around.

## DIONEIO

We're off to the villa, as planned.  
 I didn't want to disturb your rest,  
 Padrone Tindaro.

TINDARO

You failed. Now I'll be even more  
out of sorts. God, it's going to  
take me hours to recover.

DIONEIO

Apologies, Padrone.

TINDARO

Did you examine my solid waste this  
morning? I left it in a neat pile  
for you.

DIONEIO

Yes. Thank you. Unfortunately, it's  
still too black. And since you  
didn't finish your lamb leg last  
night-

TINDARO

I had two whole bites!

DIONEIO

You need your sanguinity balanced.  
Time for your afternoon letting.

Dioneo pulls a jar of leeches from his bag. Tindaro wriggles  
one arm out of his blanket cocoon and stretches it out. As  
Dioneo coaxes the leeches to attach, Tindaro gazes out at the  
sick and poor peasants lining Florence's streets.

TINDARO

I don't even know why my uncle  
wanted me to go to the stupid  
villa. Might as well stay in the  
city.

DIONEIO

And die?

TINDARO

Going to someday anyway.

A tear abruptly runs down his face. Dioneo reaches out and  
clasps his hand lovingly.

DIONEIO

*("we're gonna beat this  
thing")*

Not soon, if I have anything to do  
with it. The pestilence is  
everywhere in Firenze.

(MORE)

DIONEEO (CONT'D)

And yes, with your fragile constitution, its slightest touch would be certain doom. But a few weeks in the countryside could do wonders for your health, while we await the pestilence's retreat. Perhaps you'll be merry. There'll be unwed women there.

TINDARO

Yes, you certainly lit up when you heard that bit of news.

DIONEEO

Not for me, for you! I care only for what benefits your health.

Tindaro scoffs. Dioneo doesn't react to his scoff, so he scoffs again, with more voice this time. Still no reaction.

TINDARO

I don't see how women will help my health.

DIONEEO

They may raise your spirits. Help balance your humors.

TINDARO

Women! Calculating, stupid. Unsympathetic. Before I was my uncle's heir, they wouldn't give me a second glance. It was all, "Luigi this, Antonio that." Well, Luigi's dead and so is Antonio, and I'll be damned if I let a woman touch a coin of my uncle's wealth.

(beat)

I bet their kitties don't even feel that good. How do they feel?

DIONEEO

They feel that good.

TINDARO

Too bad they're miserable shrews.

15

INT. NEIFILE AND PANFILO'S CARRIAGE - MORNING

15

NEIFILE (20's), a doe-eyed woman with horny virgin energy, kneels awkwardly to pray as the carriage rumbles over rocky streets. A polished young man crouches behind her, giving her the least sexual shoulder massage known to humankind.

This is her husband PANFILO (20's), whose manic social genius is constantly undercut by his stunning desperation to be liked. As Neifile repositions herself on her fluffy kneeling pillow:

NEIFILE

O Lord, we are suffering  
unimaginable pain.

A SLAP SLAP SLAP outside the carriage. What is that?

NEIFILE (CONT'D)

O Lord, witness my blood-

Just then, a line of FLAGELLANTS, nude from the waist up, precess down the street. Sweat-soaked, eyes dead as they march, hitting their backs with three-tailed whips. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. Drawing their own blood in the name of the lord.

NEIFILE (CONT'D)

*My metaphorical* blood, and have  
mercy. Do Thou look upon our  
groanings, loose the bands of  
death, and, uh-

SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. UGH. She can't take it. She SHUTS the curtains then kneels again.

NEIFILE (CONT'D)

And, just, you know, grant us life.  
In Your name we pray. Amen.

She looks to Panfilo, but he's lost in thought.

NEIFILE (CONT'D)

AMEN, Panfilo.

PANFILO

Amen! Yes, darling, certainly amen.  
(kissing her on the cheek)  
I'm so lucky you keep me right with  
God.

Neifile peels back a curtain and peeks nervously out the window.

NEIFILE

The world is ending, I know it. Why  
else would God send the pestilence  
upon us?

PANFILO

Darling, I must admit, the world  
does seem a bit grim at the moment.  
(MORE)

PANFILO (CONT'D)

To think, they had to cancel the Feast of St. Michael, *the* social event of the season. We didn't even get to thank the Barone and Barona Giudicci for that Flemish linen. Has this pestilence no mercy?

NEIFILE

Sister Benedict says that this is all a test from God. We have to remain as holy as possible.

Neifile makes eye contact with one particularly HANDSOME FLAGELLANT... her eyes scan his body. If he weren't screaming, dissociating, and covered in his own blood, he'd be kind of... hot? HORNY! Neifile falters.

NEIFILE (CONT'D)

But what if we fail that test?

This manic oscillation is Neifile's normal mode of operation, but Panfilo likes being her anchor.

PANFILO

If the pestilence is a test from God, our invitation to the villa is surely our deliverance, no doubt reaped by your diligent praying! You earned us a miracle! Like the animal man and his big boat of animals!

NEIFILE

Noah's ark.

PANFILO

Exactly! Disease-ridden Firenze is the flood, and Leonardo's villa is our delightful little ride to safety. With food, drink, and delicious company to keep.

As he talks, Neifile's gaze lingers a moment on another flagellant's nude torso, then she snaps out of it.

NEIFILE

Yet! Even in the respite of the countryside, evil still lurks in the shadows, ready to besmirch us. And I will strive to keep us washed clean in the everlasting lightness of prayer.

PANFILO

...but also to relax and have fun!

As they ride along, the vibrations of the carriage get more intense. She notices a jolt. In her vagina. Feels good. Interesting. As the carriage vibrates, she peeks again at the shirtless men...

16

INT. PAMPINEA'S CARRIAGE - DAY

16

As they pass by starving beggars, a noblewoman with high cheekbones and a severe scowl considers her reflection in a hand mirror -- this hopeful but perpetually concerned woman is PAMPINEA (20's-30's). Her somewhat bumbling yet extremely serious maid MISIA (30's-50's) pins a silver brooch on Pampinea's chest.

PAMPINEA

The matchmaker said the Visconte is a man of expensive taste -- it should be the swirly gold one. With rubies.

MISIA

Of course, Barona Pampinea. How stupid of me.

PAMPINEA

You're my left arm -- my left arm could never be stupid.

(chortling)

Though I don't suppose I could meet my betrothed sporting a drab silver brooch!

Misia does not look down at what she is wearing, which is basically a burlap sack, as she responds agreeably:

MISIA

My, you really couldn't!

They laugh. What an idea! Ah. Feels good to laugh. As Misia finds her the gold brooch inside a red velvet bag full of jewels on Pampinea's lap, Pampinea sees a man outside the carriage window, clutching his dying wife's face as he wails.

PAMPINEA

What a beautiful love story.

(back to her reflection)

Now, am I showing enough top of breast? To intrigue?

MISIA

Certainly intriguing. Like two  
fleshy peaches wrapped in silk. You  
look exceptional.  
(off Pampinea's look)  
Not exceptional, as in, different.  
Just as in, extremely good.

PAMPINEA

In any case, my gifts will please  
him. And this.

She hefts the red velvet bag.

MISIA

Barona, you'll impress him with  
your wit and your beautiful face,  
not your dowry.

Pampinea's worried. Misia leans in and grabs her hand.

MISIA (CONT'D)

He's going to love you. You just be  
yourself. And that will be enough.

PAMPINEA

Thank you. And Misia, let's of  
course keep it between us that we  
had that little spate of infections  
at the house.

MISIA

Oh, certainly.

PAMPINEA

I imagine it was hard for you to  
leave your little -- friend.

Misia looks up, seeming slightly caught.

PAMPINEA (CONT'D)

But she was so sick, wasn't she?  
And now we have a fresh start!

MISIA

Yes, Padrona. I love a fresh start.

Hello, and welcome to Villa Santa, a jewel nestled in the  
verdant rolling hills of the Tuscan countryside.

The villa is a compound of crisp, sand-colored buildings huddled around one central mansion, its tower jutting into the clear, cerulean sky. Skirting the buildings are pruned gardens with pink and yellow roses, tranquil fountains, marble statues, lovers' benches, a damn fawn drinking from a stream. It seems death could not be further away! So yeah, don't worry!

18

EXT. VILLA SANTA DRIVEWAY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

18

A scruffy, anxious-looking man in gloves shovels dirt into a ditch at the side of the road -- this is SIRISCO (30's-60's), the goofy but well-meaning steward of the villa's grounds. Just then, the first of a stream of carriages crests the hill. He quickly removes his gloves and runs to OPEN the enormous gate of the villa.

As the carriages approach, Sirisco's face turns calm and warm. He wipes the streams of sweat from his brow, approaches, and extends his hand to help Pampinea out.

SIRISCO

Good morrow, dear friends! Welcome to Villa Santa! We're so pleased to welcome you here. Welcome!

Pampinea doesn't take his hand as she steps out of the carriage -- she waits for Misia to escort her. Then Misia rushes back to the carriage, fetches a basket of fruit, and brings it to Pampinea, who holds it out with great ceremony.

MISIA

Introducing Barona Pampinea of Firenze, the soon-to-be Viscontessa of the villa.

SIRISCO

The magnificent Barona! An even greater pleasure than I previously expressed!

PAMPINEA

Good day, Signore.

SIRISCO

I am Sirisco, the steward. I can tell you anything and everything about our beautiful villa property.

PAMPINEA

What a thrill. I come bearing some small wedding gifts, nothing crazy.  
(MORE)

PAMPINEA (CONT'D)

Where is my betrothed, the Visconte  
Leonardo?

SIRISCO

He's not here at the moment.

Not here?

PAMPINEA

Not here?!

MISIA

SIRISCO

Visconte Leonardo is held up,  
gathering wine a few towns over.

PAMPINEA

What town? I can go directly to  
meet him, help him choose the  
wines, and we can journey back  
together.

SIRISCO

No, no, no that won't be necessary.  
He'll return shortly, I'm certain.

MISIA

Surely he'll be here for the  
welcome feast tomorrow.

SIRISCO

The feast tomorrow, yes. Until  
then, let's get you settled in.

Pampinea stalls, then softens.

PAMPINEA

I suppose it would be alright to  
settle in and put my touches on my  
future home. For my future husband.  
(to Sirisco)  
Please ferry me to my quarters.

Pampinea hands him the basket of fruit and walks toward the  
property. Sirisco looks at the basket then hands it to Misia.

SIRISCO

(to Misia)

Please ferry her to the first room  
on the top floor.

She hands it back.

MISIA

You ferry her. I need to see to it  
that the gifts are put away  
properly. And that there aren't any  
sticky fingers in the process.

Misia walks down the hill, and she's already barking orders  
at one of the CARRIAGE DRIVERS about a barrel from one of the  
carriages:

MISIA (CONT'D)

Careful with that one!

Sirisco glares at her, then grabs an apple and takes a bite.  
Faking a big ol' smile.

As we follow the parade of carriages laden with Pampinea's  
impressive gifts, we tilt down to reveal what Sirisco was  
burying in the dirt: A DEAD MAN'S FACE and neck poke out of  
the ground, a foul popped bubo oozing into the ground.

CUT TO:

19 INT. VILLA SANTA FOYER - MOMENTS LATER 19

MATCH CUT: In the villa foyer, a portrait of the homeowner  
and our inimitable host of the manor -- same face as the dead  
guy. **So to be clear, Visconte Leonardo is dead of the plague.**

20 EXT. FLORENCE BRIDGE - DAY 20

Back on the path from Florence, Licisca holds the reins in  
one hand, and with the other holds a fan over Filomena's  
head, protecting her from the sun. As their buggy crosses a  
bridge, they pass a DYING BEGGAR.

DYING BEGGAR

Please, some food, anything.

Filomena is munching away at a bag of dried fruit and a  
fistful of mutton. She looks away from the beggar.

FILOMENA

Ugh, he smells. Sick.

Licisca stops the buggy and reaches into her pack and pulls  
out a loaf of bread. She tears off a piece and throws it to  
the beggar.

FILOMENA (CONT'D)

That's a waste. He's just going to  
die.

BURP.

LICISCA  
We're all going to die.

FILOMENA  
He's going to die presently. His death is in the offing.

LICISCA  
But right now, he's alive.

FILOMENA  
You deserve the bread more than he does.

LICISCA  
Jesus didn't think any person deserved bread more than another.

Filomena turns sharply. Too far, servant girl. Licisca eats her bread, head down. Filomena surveys her, eyes narrowing.

FILOMENA  
I want some. Your bread.

LICISCA  
I believe you have some bread right there, Padrona. In your pack.

FILOMENA  
I do have bread. I want your bread.

Licisca looks to Filomena, silent. *What?*

FILOMENA (CONT'D)  
Is there a problem? Give me your bread. I deserve it just as much as any other.

In a moment that will change her life, Licisca falters. Just for a moment. But in that moment, rage rises in Filomena's eyes, and she LUNGES at her ungrateful peasant slave.

They tumble out of the buggy, and a hand-to-hand fight ensues. Filomena's mother's comb goes flying, and they're a mess of tangled hair. Licisca's ratty dress swirls with Filomena's silks, kicking, screaming, pulling... until they roll towards the edge of the bridge, and Licisca wrestles her bread out of Filomena's hands.

Licisca stands in the shame and terror of her disobedience. Filomena's shock mangles her face in the sunlight.

## FILOMENA (CONT'D)

What's gotten into you, you little ingrate? You don't decide who gets bread.

Oh, it's back on, bitch. Licisca PUSHES Filomena, hard. Only, this time, Filomena doesn't just stumble... she falls off the edge of the bridge. Filomena SCREAMS.

SPLASH. Filomena lands forty feet below, amongst a sea of floating bodies. The current carrying her away quickly.

Licisca is frozen in panic. *What do I do what do I do what do I do.* But then clarity flashes through her: how it's true that in this fallen world, anyone has as much right to a piece of bread as anyone else. How she can't undo what she's done. And how there might be a glimmer of glory there. In her violence. *Did God answer my prayer? Is this... my blessing?*

Depeche Mode's "Master and Servant" plays. Licisca wraps herself in Filomena's shawl, fits the Barona Elissa's dusty comb into her hair, hops on the horse with the buggy, and flees.

The dying beggar watched it all. He CHEERS as she rides away.

## BEGGAR

Fuck yeah, Signorina!

21 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER 21

As she rides off along the road, she passes a BAND OF BANDITS: an old man in tattered robes, a man with severe mange, and a man with a missing eye making kissy noises. Gross.

But she's in her own world, sunlight in her hair, slovenly chomping on a huge hunk of bread, crumbs tumbling out of the sides of her mouth as she rides. Happy.

22 INT. VILLA SANTA FOYER - DAY 22

Back at the villa, it appears that Pampinea, Misia, Tindaro, Dioneo, Neifile, and Panfilo have arrived. They're gathering in the foyer with nervous-but-playing-it-cool, first-day-of-high-school energy. *Gotta fit in.*

## PAMPINEA

Such a lovely day, isn't it?

## PANFILO

Such a lovely day.

PAMPINEA  
Lovely time of year.

PANFILO  
Lovely time of year.

PAMPINEA  
Just lovely.

PANFILO  
My, your brooch is stunning.

Off her satisfied smile.

Tindaro and Dioneo are huddled in a corner while Dioneo squeegees Tindaro's nose with some sort of metal contraption.

DIONE0  
In, two three. OUT two three.

Once finished, they come to join the group.

TINDARO  
(addressing them  
awkwardly)  
Is this, are you the, people?

PAMPINEA  
We are the people!

TINDARO  
Do you swear you don't have the  
pestilence?

PAMPINEA  
(laughing)  
Of course we don't! Because I am  
Barona Pampinea, betrothed to the  
Visconte Leonardo. This is Signore  
Panfilo, of the esteemed Lugnaro  
family, and his wife Signora  
Neifile.

Dioneo kneels to kiss Neifile and Pampinea on the hands. They each blush a bit. He somehow makes it erotic. But polite. But erotic, for sure.

DIONE0  
A distinct pleasure, Signoras.  
Barona, you are a vision. The  
Visconte is a very lucky man.  
(to Neifile)  
And Signora, a great morning to  
you. You, too, are a vision.

Swoon. Pampinea needed that little flirtation. Neifile's caught agog, too, but quickly averts her eyes in pious shame.

DIONE0 (CONT'D)

I am only here to attend to the health of my patient and friend, Padrone Tindaro.

Tindaro is clearly meant to kiss the ladies' hands, and he steps forward to, but he's noticing Neifile once again staring at Dioneo.

TINDARO

I'll let you finish looking at him first.

NEIFILE

I wasn't. I didn't. I was not looking at him. Hello, I'm Neifile.

TINDARO

My lady. A pleasure to-

He sniffs.

TINDARO (CONT'D)

Are you wearing perfume? Doctor. She's wearing perfume. I have an intolerance. I'm going to pass out. I'm going to pass out.

Dioneo grabs Tindaro's elbow and Sirisco steps in to help.

DIONE0

There we are, Padrone. Deep breaths. A rest will soothe you. There's a lovely divan just there.

SIRISCO

Happy to escort you, Padrone.

DIONE0

Thank you. He'll need a few moments of deep breath to rid himself of the allergen. Or he could die.

As Sirisco walks him to a fainting couch, out of earshot...

DIONE0 (CONT'D)

My dear Signore Tindaro. Gentle, and very intelligent, but quite fragile. He's a man of glass... even the slightest disturbance sets his humors off balance.

(MORE)

DIONEIO (CONT'D)

It's all I can do to keep him  
alive. But alas, I try.

Just then, we hear the CLOP CLOP CLOP of horse hooves on the  
cobblestone courtyard through the open front door.

SIRISCO

(returning)  
Ah. Another guest.

PAMPINEA

(to Misia)  
It's him, I bet it's him.

MISIA

You look beautiful. Smile?

Pampinea smiles. Misia takes a rag and wipes her mistress'  
teeth with it.

MISIA (CONT'D)

Beautiful.

A horse and buggy pull up, not driven by Leonardo (duh, he's  
dead) but Licisca, suddenly exquisite in a green silken dress  
of the late Filomena. The color brings out the deep brown of  
her hair. And it almost hides the manic glee in her eyes. She  
walks through the entryway to the group.

LICISCA

Hello. There. I am Filomena, of the  
House of Eduardo. The cousin of  
Leonardo.

SIRISCO

Padrona Filomena! True family has  
arrived.

Panfilo's eyebrows raise opportunistically.

PANFILO

A relative? What an honor!

He bows to her deeply. She... bows too.

SIRISCO

Padrona, where is Barone Eduardo?

PAMPINEA

And where in God's name is your  
handmaiden? You cannot mean to tell  
me you drove a whole day alone?  
Like a peasant?

LICISCA

Oh, yes, I wish I could have brought my handmaiden. Licisca. But the angel is still in Firenze. Tending to my sick father. A saint.

NEIFILE

I will pray for your father and for your handmaiden.

PAMPINEA

A prayer for Filomena, too, so brave to travel without assistance!

(beat)

Well, look upon such a gorgeous and gay group! Sirisco, do you anticipate more arrivals?

Wait, that was it? Licisca is almost giddy... *she's pulling it off.*

SIRISCO

More were invited, many more...

DIONEEO

I'm sure it's hard to know who will arrive, who is on their way-

TINDARO

(yelling from the divan)

And who has not been laid to waste by the harsh, swift judgement of the pestilence.

Neifile falls to her knees and starts praying.

NEIFILE

Lord, please grant us forgiveness for the sins which have wrought this horrible pestilence-

Panfilo notices that the group thinks this is a bit... odd.

PANFILO

She's... super close with God.

NEIFILE

-this pestilence, which is surely an indictment of our earthly selfishness. We do not deserve You-

Pampinea can't stand the vibe so she walks over and pulls Neifile to her feet-

## PAMPINEA

Okay. Yes. Aaaaand amen. Sirisco,  
let us please get a grand tour.

23 EXT. VILLA SANTA - COURTYARDS - CONTINUOUS 23

As they pass through the incredible courtyards lined with rose bushes and blooming orange trees, we feel what an absolute paradise this place is. Neifile and Panfilo join hands convivially as they walk, chatting as they take in the sweeping lines of the palatial villa against the lush Tuscan vista in the background; Tindaro points and smiles as a bird bathes in a fountain; Pampinea stops and actually smells a rose. Liscia breathes in, breathes out. They ALL are feeling the sigh of relief. They're safe. For now.

24 EXT. GARDENS - CONTINUOUS 24

As Sirisco continues the tour --

## SIRISCO

The fountains are all that remain of an old Roman villa on this very spot, and the water now is just as fresh as it was then! And here we have our herb garden, where our cook Stratilia grows the herbs she uses in our delicious feasts.

He gestures towards a woman picking herbs: STRATILIA (30's-50's), an odd bird with a witchy energy. She looks up and does a weird little wave.

## PAMPINEA

Lovely. Just lovely, all.

## SIRISCO

To the east a ways is our feeder piggery. Let's proceed through the walking gardens, which I highly recommend for an evening stroll.

## TINDARO

Sure, if you want to get stabbed by starving bandits roaming the countryside.

## SIRISCO

We haven't had any issues with bandits. We're too isolated for intruders, plus our dear Calandrino keeps a watchful eye on the gate!

In the background, the elderly mute CALANDRINO (60's-90's) is asleep under a fountain. It's blasting him in the chest, but he has no clue.

TINDARO

Didn't have any issues with a pestilence before either, but here we are. A gate won't stop death.

**Damn.** A moment of pregnant silence where the offscreen horrors and deaths they've all seen leading up to this vacation of willful ignorance flashes across their faces.

NEIFILE

(bowing to her knees)

Dear Lord, please let into the Kingdom of heaven our lost-

PAMPINEA

(interrupting her)

That's quite enough prayer for one day, dear. Let us make a rule: we are here to eat and drink and move into a bright new future, so we shall not hear any more of this... pestilence talk. It does not suit our time here.

Neifile frowns, but Panfilo links arms with her.

PANFILO

(low to Neifile)

They're just intimidated, darling.

As Sirisco guides them through the gardens, Dioneo tries to get Licisca's attention.

DIONEEO

Padrona.

(no response)

Padrona.

Licisca looks over her shoulder to see if he's addressing a noblewoman behind her. Panfilo, curious, sees this.

PANFILO

Padrona Filomena! Dioneo is speaking to you.

*Doy, it's me. I'm the noblewoman.*

LICISCA

Yes! Padrone.

DIONEEO

You flatter me, but I'm a simple working man. My father was a wine merchant. You can call me Dioneo.

They hang back and walk as a pair.

LICISCA

Thank you, Dioneo. And though I am, of course, a lady, please call me by name. Which is Filomena.

DIONEEO

Well then.

LICISCA

Well then. Are you enjoying the tour?

DIONEEO

I am now.

She smiles more. This dude has such simple, powerful game.

DIONEEO (CONT'D)

I get this feeling that you're not like other girls. You're... different.

LICISCA

Wow. Thank you. I guess I'm, you know, really myself. All the time.

DIONEEO

I sense that.

Tindaro walks up.

TINDARO

What are you guys talking about?  
Me?

LICISCA

No.

No.

DIONEEO

DIONEEO (CONT'D)

We were talking about how the lovely Padrona Filomena has a delightful trick up her sleeve.

LICISCA

I do?

DIONEO

Do you not? I believe that you are able to reach your toes with your fingertips WHILST touching elbow to elbow.

LICISCA

What are you talking about?

She puts her elbows together and bends over to touch her toes, sticking out her cleavage. Dioneo looks and smiles, and she immediately gets this is a flirty horny sex thing. She giggles with wild laughter, knowing she's being sexualized -- she loves it! Tindaro is watching on, frowning, but then when Licisca laughs, he thinks he's in on it and laughs, too.

LICISCA (CONT'D)

You're so bad!

TINDARO

You showed your breasts! Ha! We're having fun!

Licisca and Dioneo share a furtive sexy glance. Tindaro keeps laughing, which leads to wheezing, which leads to gasping.

TINDARO (CONT'D)

Breath fails me, breath fails me.

DIONEO

Deep in two three, deep out two three, Padrone. Let's sit you down.

After he helps Tindaro to a bench, he says, low, to Licisca:

DIONEO (CONT'D)

Walk with me? Tomorrow morning?

She nods, smiling. Being a rich noble is fucking LIT.

Pampinea claps her hands suddenly, pulling attention.

PAMPINEA

Steward, we shall take our evening wine by the fountain.

Sirisco smiles and nods with calm deference.

SIRISCO

Of course. Our fountain is such a wonderful vantage point for the property, from which one may see all that the eye may view.

25 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

25

Stratilia is in the kitchen putting away Pampinea's gifts when Sirisco walks in to get the wine. The kitchen is an impressive space with large ovens, sinks, and pantries for every little thing. But it feels almost empty with just the two of them.

SIRISCO

Good thing she brought so much, and so few guests have arrived -- I've had half a dozen deliveries fail and-  
 (off Stratilia sweating from the work)  
 Where's the rest?

STRATILIA

Maria's dead.

SIRISCO

I know that! I meant the servant girl Elora.

STRATILIA

Fled.

SIRISCO

Then Giuseppe.

STRATILIA

You didn't hear him last night? Went mad with fear. As the master was dying, he ran into the field, screaming that he felt his dead sister's voice vibrating inside his chest like thunder.

(pause, *don't you get it?*)

It's. Just. Us. The nobles play house upstairs, while we're now cook, steward, butcher, laundress, chamberlain, groom, scullery maid!

SIRISCO

All things I've been excited to try!

Calandrino trods through in a medieval bee keeper outfit with an intricate iron helmet, the visor pushed up so that he can see. He's holding a honeycomb with bees on it.

SIRISCO (CONT'D)

Ah ha! You forget we still have Calandrino!

STRATILIA

Oh, yes. If any of our guests turn out to be bees I'm sure he'll be quite helpful.

As Stratilia speaks she manically throws things into a huge pot -- herbs, onions, vegetables. She dumps spices in from a mortar and pestle and, without thinking, she throws the mortar and pestle in as well, which she immediately fetches out of the pot.

STRATILIA (CONT'D)

We need to stay focused. We are the only people who know Leonardo is dead. And it must stay that way as long as we can manage. Two masterless servants, we serve no purpose.

SIRISCO

*Unless we're indispensable to whomever claims the estate. Like the betrothed? The Barona Pampinea.*

STRATILIA

No marriage, no claim. She's just a pain in our ass.

She's temporarily distracted, slicing her finger with a knife. Sirisco doesn't skip a beat, handing her a rag.

SIRISCO

The lady Filomena is a cousin, so there's a claim there.

STRATILIA

The lord had many cousins. When word gets out, greedy roaches from all over Toscana will descend on us, with servants of their own, ready to lay claim to the whole estate. They'll kick us to the curb.

SIRISCO

I'll gladly lick every inch of the boot that's wont to kick me to the curb. With a bit of salt, it will be delicious.

Just then, Misia clomps down the stairwell and looks at an empty space next to a stack of crates.

MISIA

You moved the ale! I had it right there, and you moved it.

SIRISCO

I moved it into the cellar.

Stratilia leaves, wanting no part of this conversation.

MISIA

It's too cold in there for ale!

SIRISCO

This is my estate to run.

MISIA

Our estate.

She's at the cellar door when Pampinea barges in.

PAMPINEA

Misia! Misia! Sirisco! Let's discuss the plan for the welcome feast. Since my betrothed isn't here, it only makes sense for me to step in-

SIRISCO

Barona, I have a menu drawn up-

MISIA

The lady of the house is speaking.

SIRISCO

(through gritted teeth)  
My apologies.

PAMPINEA

I want it to be spectacular. Fish, meats, fruits, a spiced ale with the cinnamon we brought, Misia.

SIRISCO

Cinnamon! Gosh. You really are an abundance of good things, Barona. Wise, lovely, from an important family. Buckets of cinnamon. Quite a catch!

(beat)

You're number one!

She stares at him.

PAMPINEA

Yes. I am.

Pampinea pulls Misia urgently into the stairwell.

26 INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

26

PAMPINEA

He called me "wise." He knows I'm old.

MISIA

Padrona, he knows nothing. Less than nothing.

PAMPINEA

What if he does? And he tells Leonardo? That his bride to be is... twenty-eight? And Leonardo ends our betrothal?

MISIA

He doesn't know you're twenty-eight. How could he? Your face is a child's. And even if he did, I'd crush him before he got the chance to tell a soul.

PAMPINEA

You take such good care of me.

Pampinea exits. Misia goes back down the stairs.

27 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

27

SIRISCO

So your lady's an old hag. Now I see why she's had such a time getting married off -- got one foot in the grave!

Misia SLAPS Sirisco so hard across the face his jaw drops.

MISIA

The Barona Pampinea is a beautiful, intelligent, capable, extra virginal woman. Leonardo will be lucky to share a life with such a lady as her.

Misia storms off into the cellar.

28 INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 28

Misia goes to the corner of the room where several barrels of ale are stacked. She starts desperately surveying the barrels... *which one*. Finally, she sees one with a faint "x" marked on it and a few holes in the lid. She drags it out with her whole body -- it's heavy -- and pries off the lid-

MISIA  
Parmena? My dove?

In a ball is a frail woman, moaning. This is PARMENA, Misia's lover. She hands a jug of water to Parmena, who chugs it.

PARMENA  
(gasping for breath)  
Did the Visconte... like the...  
fruit basket?

29 INT. LICISCA'S QUARTERS - MORNING 29

Good morning, hello, life is good for Licisca!

Big Black's "The Model" plays while Licisca dances around her room, in a Kirsten Dunst *Bring It On*-esque montage. She eats breakfast from a tray with a little vase of flowers on it, she poses, she struts. She rubs crushed berries on her lips, pouting in front of the mirror. She pulls the flesh out from her breasts to get maximum cleavage, sticks her butt out, tries on corsets. It's so nice to be rich: just ask Licisca!

She's about to break into Filomena's jewelry when there's a KNOCK on her door. Half-dressed, she pops her head out into the hallway.

30 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 30

There stands the handsome Dioneo.

DIONEEO  
Filomena, is now a good time for  
our walk in the gardens?

LICISCA  
Oh, um. Yes. Might we meet  
downstairs in a short little  
moment? So difficult to dress  
without one's handmaiden!

DIONEEO  
Absolutely, my lady. Take your  
time.

LICISCA  
Just one little moment.

She ducks back into her room, searching for a skirt to match her bodice. Is she going on a fun little date?! I think she is!

31

EXT. GARDENS - DAY

31

Dioneo and Licisca walk through the grounds. She's giddy.

LICISCA  
It's so nice here. I feel I can finally relax. Have you noticed how good it smells?

DIONEEO  
Like warm jasmine. Mixed up with... bees.  
(beat)  
In the night sky.

LICISCA  
What a beautiful poem.  
(beat)  
How is Padrone Tindaro faring?

DIONEEO  
He usually needs a moment to recover when he has reactions.

LICISCA  
A shame he's so sick all the time.

DIONEEO  
(sharp inhale as he looks at her)  
Forgive me, Filomena. I rarely say this, but I find it impossible not to tell you that you are a *vision* in this light.

LICISCA  
Oh, my. My my. Dioneo. Thank you. I-

TINDARO (O.S.)  
Hello! Hello!

Tindaro is sticking his head out the window.

TINDARO (CONT'D)  
Are you going on a walk? Wait for me!

Tindaro disappears but we see his head whizz by window after open window. As he sprints through the second floor to the stairwell, down the stairs, we hear a periodic:

TINDARO (CONT'D)

Wait for me! Wait for me, please!  
Wait for me! Please wait for me!

It grows louder as he emerges from the ground floor of the house and barrels out towards them.

TINDARO (CONT'D)

Wait for me!

DIONEO

As you can see, we have waited for you.

TINDARO

Yes. Thank you.

(beat)

What are you up to? Were you talking about me?

DIONEO

No.

LICISCA

No.

TINDARO

Good. I'm nothing to speak of, really.

LICISCA

Oh, don't say that, Tindaro. You're quite handsome.

TINDARO

Don't make fun of me, you callous shrew.

LICISCA

I was not.

TINDARO

Oh.

As they approach a stream.

LICISCA

How lovely! The fish are jumping.

She runs over to the river. As Tindaro and Dioneo speak, in the background, Licisca is knee-deep in the water.

TINDARO

Did you hear that? She said I was  
"quite handsome."

DIONEO

Yes. She is kind.

Licisca has caught a fish by hand, but it flops and escapes  
back into the river.

TINDARO

I've been thinking. What if women  
aren't completely evil?

DIONEO

That. Might be possible.

TINDARO

She's elegant. Certainly a high  
born lady-

THWACK. She kills a fish by slamming its head against a rock.  
Blood spurts everywhere.

DIONEO

Though I don't think she's bright  
enough for you.

TINDARO

Well, none of them are.

(beat)

To think... maybe tonight is the  
night. That I finally make congress  
with a woman.

He yelps with glee and then the usually weak Tindaro, in a  
moment of insane bravado, runs towards Licisca in the river,  
picks her up in a flirtatious way and swings her into a piggy  
back ride, galavanting around like Tiny Tim when he shakes  
off his cane for Christmas day.

DIONEO

Tindaro! My lord, be careful! Your  
bones are incredibly brittle!

Tindaro runs up, with Licisca laughing on his back.

TINDARO

But I feel great! Perhaps it's  
being in the presence of a  
beautiful woman.

Licisca giggles, bloody fish carcass in hand. What a lady!

TINDARO (CONT'D)

In fact, maybe it would be best if you returned to the villa with the other help? I'll certainly let you know if you're needed.

Licisca mouths "Sorry!" to Dioneo as Tindaro gallops her away. Dioneo fumes as he turns to leave, the sound of Licisca's laugh ringing in his ears.

32 EXT. GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER 32

As Dioneo sulks back to the villa, he passes a bush with berries growing on it and stops. Hmm. He looks to see if anyone is watching before he picks several sprigs and stuffs them in his pockets. "Shock the Monkey" by Peter Gabriel plays as he makes his way back, alone.

33 INT. NEIFILE AND PANFILO'S QUARTERS - AFTERNOON 33

Neifile organizes her clothes in a dresser. Panfilo brushes his hair.

NEIFILE

How long do we have to stay?  
Everyone laughs at me for praying!  
Praying -- God's favorite thing!  
Sorry I wasn't raised to chatter  
endlessly about how lovely gardens  
are. They make me feel like a  
freak.

PANFILO

You're not a freak. You're a  
treasure, a disciple of God's  
teachings and a ray of light to all  
who know you.

Neifile pouts.

PANFILO (CONT'D)

I know it's hard, darling. But  
think of how grim it is in Firenze.  
Especially for our family. We have  
to keep the peace here. To survive.  
As far as God's judgment, we have  
your beautiful prayers, and if it  
makes you feel better, we'll  
maintain our arrangement of  
celibacy. That's certainly a hefty  
Christian sacrifice.

As they stand by the window, they see Dioneo approaching the Roman fountain, where he stops to drink and rinse off his body. His tights are tight. On the ol' penis region.

## NEIFILE

Yes. It certainly is. Well, I'm going to give the horse a ride!

He gives her a chaste kiss on the cheek as they part ways.

34 EXT. STABLE - MOMENTS LATER 34

As Neifile saddles up, her gaze lingers on the saddle horn.

35 EXT. GARDENS - MOMENTS LATER 35

She watches Dioneo in the fountain, his dark hair soaked. As she rides, circling the villa, she rubs her crotch on the saddle, furiously masturbating. Her eyes on Dioneo.

36 INT. NEIFILE AND PANFILO'S QUARTERS - SIMULTANEOUS 36

Through the window, Panfilo sees Dioneo bathing in the fountain, his golden skin glistening in the summer sun. Panfilo, too, begins furiously masturbating.

37 INT. TINDARO'S ROOM - LATER 37

Dioneo is fixing a cup of tea when Tindaro enters.

## DIONE0

How was your walk?

## TINDARO

It was, in a word, delightful. Filomena is full of life. Like a crazed pixie at times, but quite beautiful. And she didn't ask about my inheritance once.

## DIONE0

I'm glad you enjoyed yourself because I'm afraid I have some bad news regarding your health.

## TINDARO

(startles)

What? What is it?

He points to a beaker full of yellow liquid on his desk.

DIONE0

I examined your morning urine. It seems you are enduring a severe imbalance in your red and yellow humors.

TINDARO

I am?! I feel totally fine! What could have caused this?

DIONE0

I feel certain your pulse was dangerously elevated by our strenuous journey here, and perhaps, by some infection brought here. Probably by the women.

TINDARO

The pestilence?

DIONE0

Not the pestilence. Then we'd have to leave. Something less nefarious, but still dangerous for a man with your delicate constitution.

Indicating a tray with tea-

DIONE0 (CONT'D)

I've prepared a medicinal tea. Drink it now, and I can almost guarantee survival.

TINDARO

Thank you, Dioneo.

He chokes down a big gulp of the bitter liquid.

TINDARO (CONT'D)

To think, I was beginning to feel well for the first time in a long while. But as you're wont to say: my body is completely untrustworthy.

DIONE0

I'm afraid so, Padrone.

Dirty dishes sit outside Tindaro's door. Stratilia, passing by, picks them up to take them downstairs.

She looks into Tindaro's teacup. Some herbs remain on the bottom. She takes a whiff. Hmm. She's suspicious.

39 INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 39

On her way to the scullery with the dishes, Stratilia walks past the cellar, overhearing-

40 INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 40

Somehow, Parmena looks even worse than before. She's still huddled in the barrel, barely poking her head out.

MISIA

You have to drink more water.

Misia tries to lift the lid more, but Parmena shuts herself back in briefly, almost catching Misia's hand.

PARMENA

Stay farther! It might jump from my soul to yours! You can't die, too!

MISIA

You're not going to die. We still have options. The frog's belly. It worked for the butcher's son. We have to have faith in God.

PARMENA

I have faith that this is God's will. We are sapphic, on top of all our other sins. We have the cursed itch.

MISIA

(laughs, through tears)  
My life's greatest joy has been sharing the itch with you, my dove.

41 INT. KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS 41

As Stratilia listens, a RAT climbs out of a crack in the door of the cellar. Without hesitation, Stratilia takes a dirty pot, traps the rat, puts the lid on, and walks outside.

42 EXT. SERVANTS' ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

42

Stratilia marches towards a blazing outdoor fire. She then overturns the pot into the fire and holds the lid over the entrance of the furnace. SCREECH. DING. DONG. The rat briefly squeals and struggles on the other side of the lid before burning to its death.

As Stratilia, unfazed, walks away, something crunches under her foot... a rat ribcage, a rat femur... the ground is littered with rat bones. Looks like this is not her first plague-ridden rat-burning rodeo!

43 EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

43

Panfilo crosses Licisca on his way to his room. He stumbles and accidentally bumps into her, causing her to fall. She bounces up to her feet in an instant.

LICISCA

My mistake, Padrone, my mistake.  
Sincere apologies.

She bows down, supplicating herself, the lifelong training of a servant. Panfilo is confused.

PANFILO

Signorina, I'm sure it was my  
fault. No need to bend at the knee  
for a dolt like myself.

She's embarrassed -- he's right -- and she doesn't know what to say. He notices she's got blood and scales on her dress. And she stinks.

PANFILO (CONT'D)

Have you been... gutting fish,  
Padrona? You're covered in... fish  
carnage.

Recovering her status, she chooses confidence over embarrassment. The noble's way.

LICISCA

Am I? How absolutely queer of me.  
(as she wipes a fish eye  
off her cheek)  
Silly, silly Filomena. Doing  
whatever she pleases! What a life!

She strides away proudly, convinced she's pulling this off. Panfilo looks curiously after her...

44 INT. SERVANTS' QUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON 44

Pampinea storms down into the servants' quarters.

PAMPINEA

The panforte isn't up there. You said it would be there.

MISIA

It's almost done baking, Padrona. I promise it will be superb.

PAMPINEA

What meat are you serving?

MISIA

Trout.

PAMPINEA

Trout! No! Why not something elegant, like a suckling pig?

MISIA

You're absolutely right. Suckling pig it is.

SIRISCO

Unfortunately, Padrona, properly roasting a pig takes two days.

MISIA

We will do as the Barona commands, without hesitation. Thank you, Padrona.

(walking her to the door)

In the meantime, and I say this with love, I'd file your teeth... the front one is looking a little more prominent than the other.

Pampinea scurries off. Misia grabs a knife and RUNS to the door to outside-

45 EXT. PIGGERY - CONTINUOUS 45

She SPRINTS towards the pigs, knife out, Sirisco close behind.

SIRISCO

What is your plan? To serve raw pig? It takes two days!

MISIA

I'll just make it... super hot. If  
it's pigs she wants, pigs she gets.

46

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

46

Night's fallen. IT'S DINNER TIME. The nobles are dressed in their finest finery. Chatting in a quiet, restrained way. It's awkward. This group hasn't yet gelled. Pampinea sits next to a large empty chair at the head of the table.

PAMPINEA

Dioneo, are we expecting Tindaro?

DIONE0

Unfortunately, he is not feeling his best.

(to Licisca)

The poor man never has *full* control of his bowels, but this illness may leave him perched over a chamberpot for days. A real poopshow.

PAMPINEA

A shame. Then we lack only the Visconte Leonardo's presence.

NEIFILE

Shall I recite a poem while we wait for him?

PAMPINEA

(cautious)

That sounds lovely, dear.

NEIFILE

"We supplicate, desperate, begging for mercy--"

PANFILO

Oh, dear! I love this one, but I've already heard it today.

(low to Neifile)

Darling. You simply have to pause the piety... you're putting us at risk of seeming quite strange.

NEIFILE

But... I don't know how else to interact.

PANFILO

It's simple. Engage. Ask people questions about themselves.

NEIFILE

I can't engage in petty small talk when I'm full to the brim with unanswered prayer!

PANFILO

Instead, be full to the brim of alcohol.

He shoves a glass of wine at her and waits. She chugs it. He fills her back up. Okay. Diluting his liability, now we're getting somewhere.

Pampinea, in her corner of the table, is sweating absolute bullets. Where. The fuck. Is Leonardo. She sees Sirisco as he ascends the servants' stairs into the hall, and she almost tackles him.

PAMPINEA

Where is he?! How could he be late to the dinner? It's his dinner!  
(suddenly relieved)  
Wait, maybe he got hurt! That would be a reasonable explanation as to why he's not yet here!

SIRISCO

It would be reasonable, wouldn't it be?

PAMPINEA

Certainly! Very reasonable!

SIRISCO

Fantastic! I'm sure he's hurt! In the meantime, please enjoy the beautiful feast.

Neifile approaches Pampinea with Licisca, already a bit tipsy.

NEIFILE

Signorina Pampinea, you must be beside yourself to meet your betrothed.

PAMPINEA

What? Oh yes. Beside myself.

Rings of sweat are lining her armpits.

LICISCA

Friend, you do seem to be a bit nervous.

PAMPINEA

Perhaps ever so slightly. Just a touch.

NEIFILE

Whyever would you be nervous? You have everything to offer this man. A beautiful face, a beautiful body, a beautiful... dress.

PAMPINEA

A beautiful body?

Pampinea pulls the neck of her dress to the side, revealing a large, bean-shaped mole.

LICISCA

Oh! That's cool, he's gonna love that!

NEIFILE

Cursed!

NEIFILE (CONT'D)

Or, I mean, he'll love it! It's very interesting!

Pampinea hangs her head.

PAMPINEA

Not only that.

She looks up -- can they take this news?

PAMPINEA (CONT'D)

I'm *twenty-eight*.

Neifile GASPS then coughs into her wine, trying to hide her shock.

PAMPINEA (CONT'D)

Yes. Exactly. I'm a shriveled up twenty-eight-year-old maid. That is, I suspect, the reason why Leonardo is a no-show. Someone told him I'm old.

NEIFILE

Pampinea, you have nothing to fret over! You're rich, you're gorgeous, you have excellent hostess skills. What more could he want?

LICISCA

A wife with younger breasts, sure,  
but those other things are way more  
important. Also, you're a baby  
compared to him! Judging from the  
portraits, he's, like, forty!

PAMPINEA

Really?

LICISCA

Really.

Neifile stares at the mole, measuring it with her thumb from  
afar.

NEIFILE

Did your mother have an orgasm  
during your conception? That's how  
these things happen, I'm told.

Licisca catches Neifile's eye and smiles. Drunk Neifile is  
fun!

PAMPINEA

You know what? Let's eat now.  
Misia! We're hungry!

A partially burned Misia stomps up the stairs, holding a  
large platter of extremely charred piglet.

MISIA

Suckling pig.

Pampinea frowns as Misia sets it on the table.

PAMPINEA

I thought we said trout?

But Misia doesn't hear her as she scurries to the stairwell,  
not focused on her mistress for the first time...

47 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 47

As she grabs a plate set aside and rushes to the cellar...

48 INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 48

MISIA

Parmena, my dove, I'm so sorry I  
was delayed.

(MORE)

## MISIA (CONT'D)

I had to track down a piglet, then  
kill it, then there was a whole on  
fire situation, then-

She turns, realizing Parmena isn't saying anything back...  
Parmena is lying on the ground, eyes blank. **Dead.**

Misia cries over the dead body of her lover. Until she hears  
a noise upstairs and realizes she's in a very fearsome  
situation... no one can discover them like this. She starts  
to move quickly...

49

## INT. DINING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

49

The nobles are all really loosening up. Neifile is reciting  
horny limericks to a joyful audience of Pampinea and Panfilo:

## NEIFILE

"To assume being hard makes her  
cower/ is to paint her desire as a  
flower./ To fuck's no refrain/ of  
intangibile pain/ but a leaking of  
cum that's gone sour."

They laugh -- what bawdy fun! Drunk Neifile rules!

## NEIFILE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

I know it's so funny... but what  
does it mean?

The noble having the best horny time is Licisca as  
"Filomena." She eats plates and plates of food, cups and cups  
of wine... sitting in Dioneo's lap, getting really flirty.

## DIONEEO

Excuse me for saying so, but you're  
deliciously round on my knee.

## LICISCA

Thank you. I'm plumper than my  
dress conveys.

## DIONEEO

I may need to be the judge of that.

## LICISCA

Doctor! I'm not some patient in  
need of examination.

## DIONEEO

I'm sure I could help with *some*  
part that ails you.

Panfilo sees her sitting in Dioneo's lap. From the judgment on Panfilo's face, we can see that this is very inappropriate.

PANFILO

Darling, should you maybe sit in your own seat? The doctor has had a long day tending to Signore Tindaro and might need to rest his legs.

LICISCA

(looking into Dioneo's eyes)  
He's okay.

She runs her hand along the inside of his leg, laughing. Loudly. She's totally let go of her inhibitions.

DIONEEO

(looking back)  
I'm okay.

Panfilo feels the need to step in further, touching her shoulder.

PANFILO

Fetch us some water.

Licisca snaps out of her flirtation and pops up to help immediately... again, a noble's order has accessed her motherboard. As they walk to the side of the room:

PANFILO (CONT'D)

Hopped up pretty quickly to lend a helping, *serving* hand, *Padrona*.

Licisca sees she's been exposed in a moment of servitude.

PANFILO (CONT'D)

Filomena. Knowing what I know about you. Or what I suspect. It might be in your best interest to turn your romantic attentions towards someone who is... of a high station.

LICISCA

Dioneo is of a high station.

PANFILO

Dioneo is a merchant class man. Might you turn your attentions towards a wealthy eligible bachelor, like, say, Tindaro... your fate may be far better here.

LICISCA  
Is that a threat?

PANFILO  
God, no, dear. It's a warning! Do  
you understand what would happen if  
you were found out? You'd be  
stripped of all your belongings and  
thrown out into the field. You'd  
starve. Or worse.

LICISCA  
(a bit manic)  
You know we're all going to die,  
right? I assure you we are, and  
sooner than you think. So I  
appreciate your concern, but I'm  
going to do what I like in the time  
I have left. I want to be your  
friend, but I am no longer a  
servant, not to anyone.

Panfilo looks at her, taking in her boldness. Almost admiring  
it.

TINDARO (O.S.)  
(feverishly gleeful)  
Good evening, fellow friends!

The gangly Tindaro steadies himself as he walks down the  
stairs into the dining room. He looks AWFUL.

DIONEIO  
Padrone, you should be resting!

TINDARO  
I'm right as rain, my friend!

He trips and falls down three stairs but steadies himself.

DIONEIO  
Sir, you are extremely ill.

TINDARO  
I've been throwing up ever since I  
drank that new tea you gave me. But  
as you said, that would show it's  
working. It's certainly working!

He turns his head to the side and throws up off the side of  
the stairs, destroying a painting on the wall. He then raises  
his head, smiling. Dioneio ascends the stairs to be by his  
side.

DIONE  
(firm and low)  
You need to be in bed.

TINDARO  
No! I don't, actually! Because I  
heard the laugh of an angel, and it  
inspired me to join the party. I  
willn't be a wall flower of my  
life!

He falls down the last landing of stairs and rolls, laughing,  
to the table. He lands at Licisca's feet, giddy with  
weakness.

TINDARO (CONT'D)  
My lady, this evening you look as  
beautiful as a plum. What's it you  
say to women, Dioneo? She looks a  
vision! That's the phrase.

Licisca smiles dutifully. Panfilo nods to her, cheering her  
on. Dioneo is frowning.

Sirisco, having heard the clatter, stomps up the stairs...  
but then he sees a lantern outside the window, and someone  
rolling a barrel up the hill? Is that Misia? Burgling the  
villa?!

50

EXT. VILLA SANTA - MOMENTS LATER

50

Misia is at the top of the hill with her barrel, out of  
breath as she looks for a spot to bury Parmena. She sees some  
soft dirt, a patch by the entrance, and starts to dig.

Sirisco, meanwhile, is marching up the hill, confident he's  
catching Misia in some mischief that will allow him to gain  
control of the downstairs. But when he sees where she is, and  
that she's digging, he starts to run... oh shit.

MISIA  
Oh shit!

SIRISCO  
(approaching)  
Shit!

MISIA  
Ugh!

Misia's hole is right where Sirisco dug before, and **she has  
uncovered the very dead body of the head of household...**

MISIA (CONT'D)

Wait. NO! The man from the portrait  
in the foyer. Visconte Leonardo?!  
You didn't, did you?

SIRISCO

What? No!

MISIA

Well, well, well, look what we have  
here. The smug steward of Villa  
Santa in the palm of my-

SIRISCO

UGH!

While she's gloating, he's pried open the barrel and  
discovered the plague-ridden body of Parmena.

MISIA

Shit.

SIRISCO

Pestilence! You brought a  
pestilence person here!

MISIA

You buried a pestilence person  
HERE! And you're telling everyone  
he's on a trip! What's your plan,  
you bloody idiot?

Wow. They realize they both have bad secrets. And they know  
each other's now. They look to each other knowingly -- *should  
we? Yeah.* They both kneel and pray for a half second, then  
stand back up.

SIRISCO

So. This is quite a pickle.

MISIA

Quite.

SIRISCO

There's a world in which we simply  
make a mutually agreeable pact in  
this moment. I won't tell that you  
brought the pestilence to the  
villa...

MISIA

And I won't tell that the  
pestilence was already at the  
villa.

SIRISCO

The Visconte got the pestilence in  
some Firenze brothel and was dead  
hours after he returned.

MISIA

Then I will not tell them the  
esteemed Visconte Leonardo is dead.  
(re: her barrel, and  
Parmena)  
Give me a hand.

Together, they dump Parmena's barrel into the hole in the  
ground, next to Leonardo.

MISIA (CONT'D)

Buried for all eternity with a man.  
Sorry, my dove.

As they work, they don't see the faint glow of a torchlight  
floating closer in the distance...

51 INT. DINING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

51

Tindaro sits next to Licisca as best he can, rubbing his hand  
creepily up and down her back.

TINDARO

That's when Philip sent troops to  
conquer the Cynoscephalae Hills.  
Little did Flaminius know, Philip  
was FAR nearer than he realized.  
The ensuing battle required  
Flaminius to send 500 cavalry and  
2,000 infantry. Mostly Aetolians.

Licisca's eyes are glazing over.

TINDARO (CONT'D)

You probably don't know the history  
of the Aetolians' textured  
relationship with the Roman Empire,  
either.

He holds up a finger, vomits into a large blue vase he's  
grabbed from a nearby podium, and continues.

TINDARO (CONT'D)

I can get into it, don't worry.

LICISCA

Oh. My.

Pampinea has a bottle of wine.

PAMPINEA

Wine? There's enough for one more glass of this. It's quite a rare vintage.

DIONEIO

I'd love a glass.

Pampinea pours a glass for Dioneio, when Tindaro interrupts.

TINDARO

I'd actually like the glass.

PAMPINEA

Absolutely, Signore.

She moves to give the goblet of wine to Tindaro. Licisca sticks out her hand.

LICISCA

I believe Dioneio said he'd like it first.

PAMPINEA

But... then Signore Tindaro said he wanted some.

LICISCA

Perhaps you could split it between them.

PAMPINEA

Not to make assumptions, dear, but I believe a man of Tindaro's nobility might have a more distinguished palette for a wine so... nuanced.

LICISCA

I doubt that, since Dioneio's father was a wine merchant.

PAMPINEA

Dioneio, perhaps you can enjoy some of the ale.

DIONEIO

Sure, Padrona. Absolutely.

LICISCA

That's not fair.

## PAMPINEA

Fair? Fair is for children fighting over a toy. This is a most distinguished wine to be enjoyed by our most distinguished guests.

(beat)

That's simply... the way of things.

Licisca is fuming. She grabs the goblet and CHUGS IT herself, letting it spill out of her mouth and down her neck. Then she burps LOUDLY in Pampinea's face.

**Too far.** As Pampinea tries to grab the goblet from Licisca's hand and Licisca readies herself to answer for her insane social aberration-

There's a ruckus from downstairs -- Pampinea DROPS the goblet and it breaks -- and out BURST from the servants quarters THREE BANDITS. It's the men we saw leering at Licisca on the road: the EYELESS BANDIT, the MANGY BANDIT, and the ROBED BANDIT... they must have tracked her here. The robed bandit seems to be the leader.

## PAMPINEA (CONT'D)

What the hell!

## NEIFILE

We're going to die, this is it! The four horsemen!

## PANFILO

There are three.

## NEIFILE

They must've gotten desperate and eaten the fourth!

The bandits, bearing rusty swords and daggers, LUNGE towards the dinner guests.

## EYELESS BANDIT

We want your money!

## ROBED BANDIT

And your women!

## MANGY BANDIT

Also if you have clean water we want that.

The nobles scatter across the enormous dining room in terror.

The mangy bandit grabs and chews fistfuls of mutton as he throws plates at Licisca with a maniacal laugh.

LICISCA

Why are you throwing plates at me?

MANGY BANDIT

I-

Throw.

MANGY BANDIT (CONT'D)

To, to hurt you!

Dioneo wrestles with the robed bandit, but in trying to maintain his balance, he pulls a marble statue onto his own ankle. OWIE.

The eyeless bandit chases Pampinea round and round the foyer. He steps on the edge of her dress and she trips.

PAMPINEA

Help! Help! Misia!

As she turns, we see her dress has been pulled down enough to show her mole.

EYELESS BANDIT

What's that thing?

She swipes at his face and her rings cut him. He falls back.

EYELESS BANDIT (CONT'D)

You hag!

Panfilo tries to defend his wife as the mangy bandit closes in on her and grabs her neck-

PANFILO

Stop! Stop it!

He kicks him in the shins over and over. It kind of works but mostly doesn't. The mangy bandit pulls out a dagger and holds it against Panfilo's throat, when-

THUNK, he's knocked in the head with the blue vase by Tindaro. Vomit sprays everywhere. Yeah, it was his vomit vase.

MANGY BANDIT

Oh my god, disgusting!

As they close in on the bandits, now the Villa folks are in control. The robed bandit has snuck up behind Neifile and grabbed ahold of her hair, but she's able to spin under him, twisting his arm. Then, she looks into his eyes with a face of horrified recognition:

NEIFILE  
Cardinal Angolo?

He backs up, shocked to be recognized.

CARDINAL AGNOLO  
Neifile! Fuck! But also, yes!

NEIFILE  
What? What has gotten into you? A man of God acting in such a godless manner -- has the devil possessed you?!

He gathers himself, and then he charges forward again, pushing her into the table in front of her, one elbow perched on a plate of grapes and the other knocking a pitcher of wine onto the floor. He brandishes a little dagger.

CARDINAL AGNOLO  
I wish I could say I've been possessed by the devil. Or that I've renounced God. That I deny His existence. But it's something far worse.

He steps closer, breathing right into her mouth.

CARDINAL AGNOLO (CONT'D)  
After the horrors I've seen, the deaths I've witnessed, the bodies I've buried, I now know the truth. God is real. But He has lost hope for us.

Tears well up in his bloodshot eyes.

CARDINAL AGNOLO (CONT'D)  
He has abandoned us.

He leans closer still.

CARDINAL AGNOLO (CONT'D)  
Neifile, you were always such a pure child. A holy child.

He leans in to kiss her but she resists. Sheer terror on her face.

NEIFILE  
AWAY, SATAN, AWAY AWAY AWAY!

She flails but the Cardinal won't let her free. Panfilo cautiously speaks.

PANFILO

Cardinal, please. Take a breath and remember who you are.

Cardinal Agnolo grabs a second knife from the pig platter on the table with his free hand and holds it up to Panfilo. Neifile and Panfilo both seem fucked, when-

Sirisco and Misia BURST in, covered in dirt, brandishing shovels as weapons! Downstairs to the rescue! Sirisco SLICES off one of the Cardinal's toes with his shovel -- Cardinal Agnolo wails in pain. Misia corners the eyeless bandit and the mangy bandit with her shovel.

EYELESS BANDIT

Fine, you crazy bitch, we're leaving.

MANGY BANDIT

I wouldn't pay to rape you.

Misia WHACKS them both on the sides of the head with her shovel, THWACK THWACK. Then she KNEES the mangy bandit in the balls.

MISIA

Now you can't pay to rape anyone, you mangy ass.

They raise up their hands in surrender as they walk to the door. Cardinal Agnolo is the last to join them, limping...

CARDINAL AGNOLO

We leave, but know this: God has made his final judgement. He will not come again, nor will His son. So do what thou wilt.

He clears his throat.

CARDINAL AGNOLO (CONT'D)

All is lost.

And then: he pulls down his hood. All over his neck.

(BUBOES)

(BUBOES)

(BUBOES)

(BUBOES)

(BUBOES)

LICISCA

PESTILENCE!

In what must be milliseconds, Licisca's animal brain, full of memories of the sight of Eduardo, activates.

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees a potential weapon on the floor... she GRABS the broken stem of the heavy goblet, lunges forward, and stabs the Cardinal with it, over and over and over until there's no way he's not dead. The bandits hop out the window while he dies.

The whole room is speechless. Licisca shoves a chunk of hair into her mouth and chews and chews.

LICISCA (CONT'D)

I might need more wine.

Amidst the stunned silence, we PAN around the room, taking in all that's hanging in the air for the occupants of Villa Santa:

**Sirisco** locks eyes with **Misia** as she cleans the dirt from under her fingernails. How long can they keep the secret of Leonardo's death? And stave off an all-out war for ownership of the villa?

**Dioneo** glares at the half-conscious **Tindaro**, simultaneously an obstruction and a bridge on his fractured path to noble security. And little does he know, **Stratilia** is already steps behind on his trail...

And **Panfilo** looks from his wife **Neifile**, his volatile Achilles heel, to the bloody, wine guzzling **Licisca**, upon whom hinges his greatest leverage in the house. He's the only one who really knows who she is. That is, until...

There's a KNOCK on the door. Our languishing **Pampinea** believes her moment has finally arrived. With the worst possible timing. She's mortified as she stands.

PAMPINEA

It can't be Leonardo, is it? Oh  
god, I look a mess!

She goes to open the door, fixing her hair on the way. Horrified tears stream down her face as she tries her hardest to smile her prettiest smile for her betrothed.

But of course, it isn't Leonardo waiting on the other side of the door. It's a bloodied, broken, mud-caked Filomena. **The REAL Filomena.**

"Blue Monday" by New Order.

**END OF PILOT**