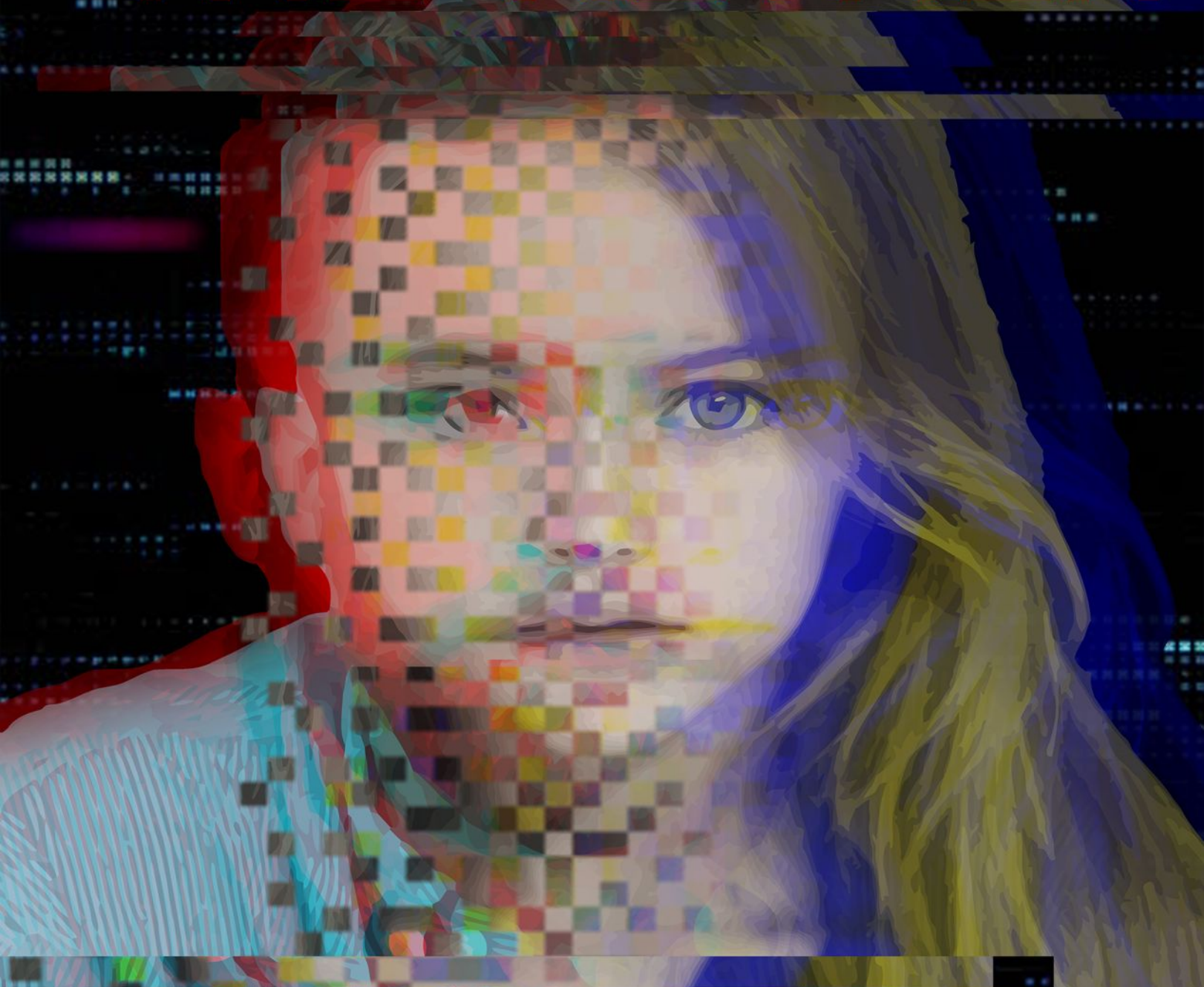


# THE NETHER



CREATED BY  
**FRANK BLACKMORE**

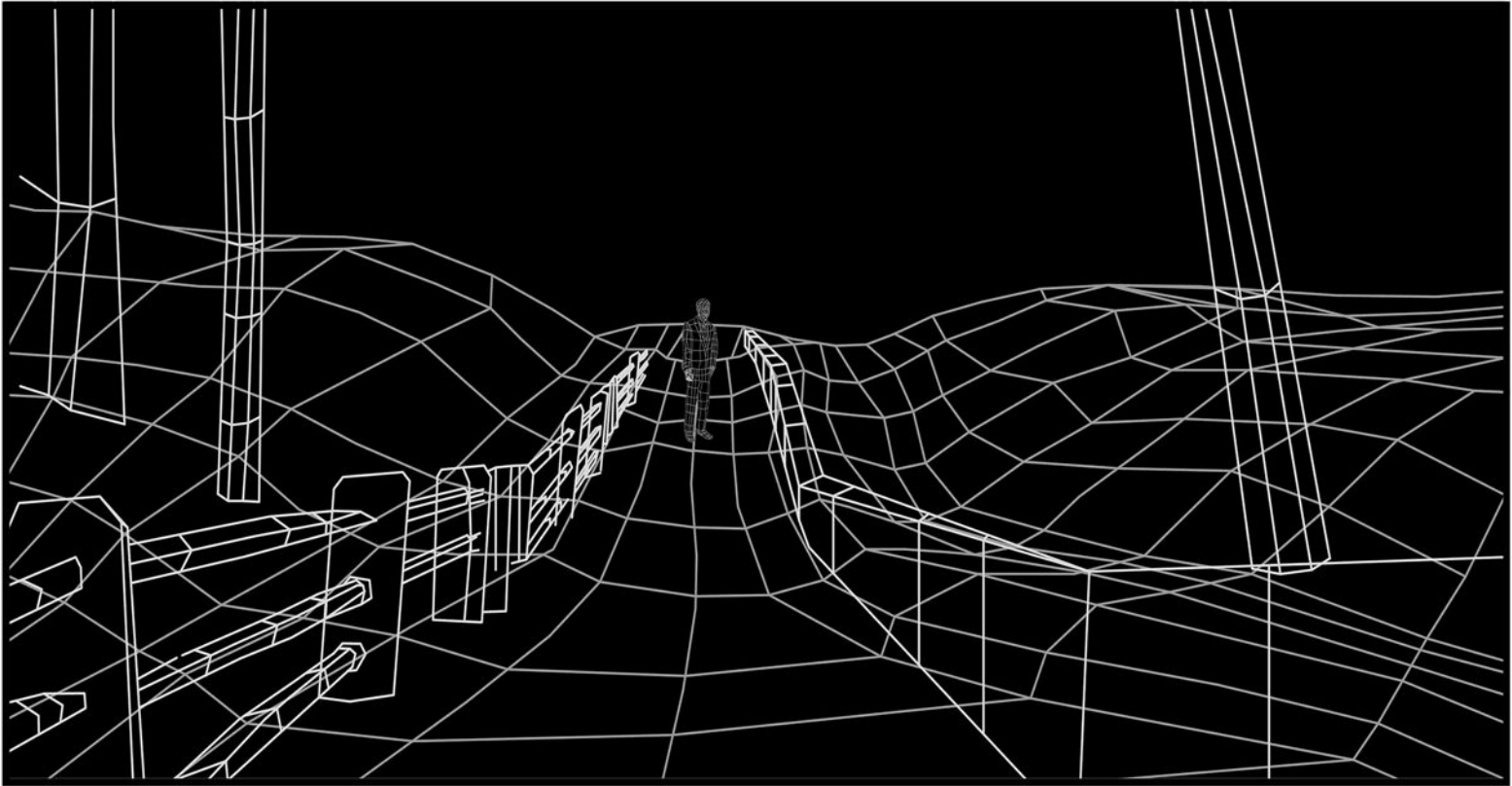
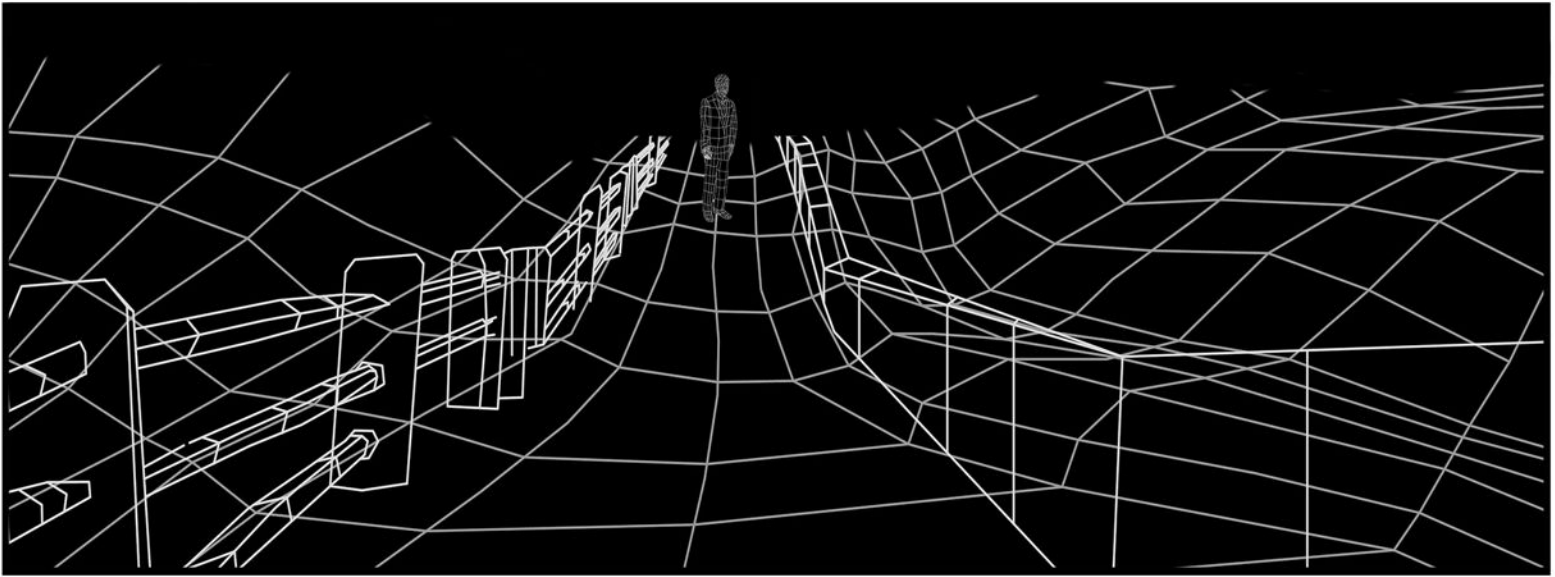
BASED ON THE PLAY BY  
**JENNIFER HALEY**











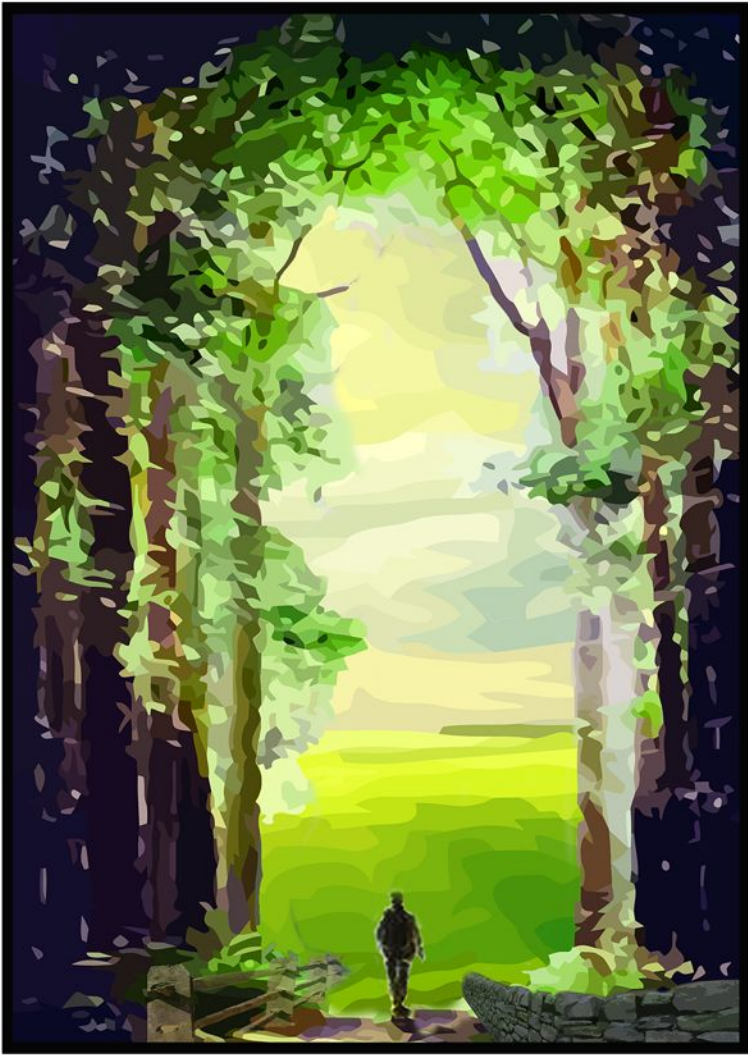




THE FIRST THING I  
EXPERIENCE IS THE TREES



THE FLICKERING LIGHT AND SOFT SOUND AS THEY  
SWAY IN THE SUN AND WIND IS ALMOST  
OVERWHELMING

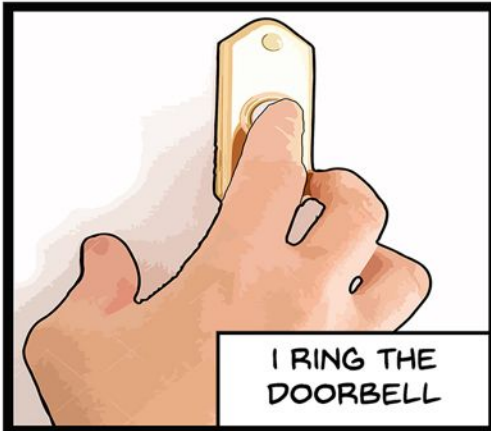
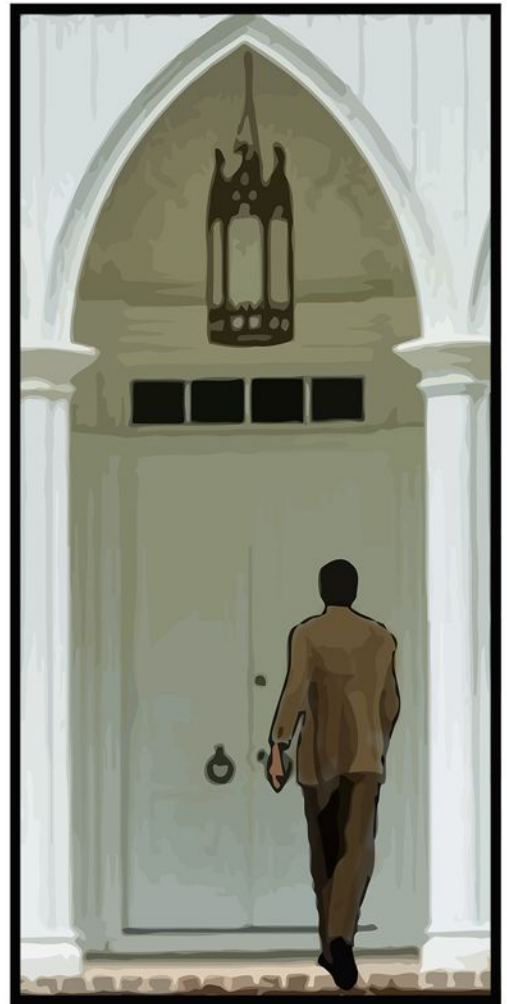




AT THE END OF THE  
LANE IS A BEAUTIFULLY  
RENDERED 1880s  
GOTHIC REVIVAL







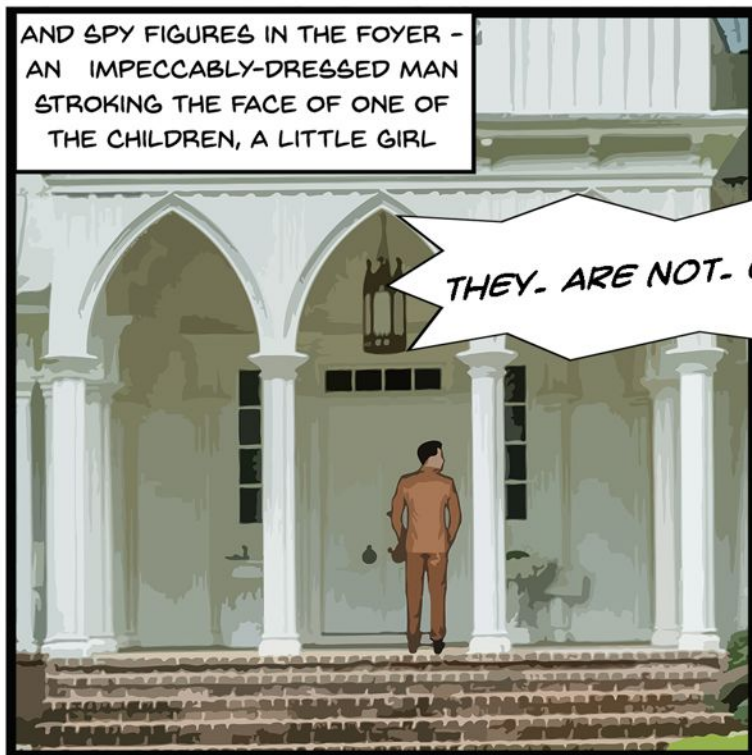
I RING THE  
DOORBELL



I CAN ACTUALLY FEEL  
MY HANDS SWEAT



I PEEK THROUGH A  
WINDOW...



AND SPY FIGURES IN THE FOYER -  
AN IMPECCABLY-DRESSED MAN  
STROKING THE FACE OF ONE OF  
THE CHILDREN, A LITTLE GIRL

THEY. ARE NOT. CHILDREN.



I GUESS THAT DEPENDS  
ON CONTEXT, MR. SIMS

OR SHOULD I CALL YOU -  
PAPA?

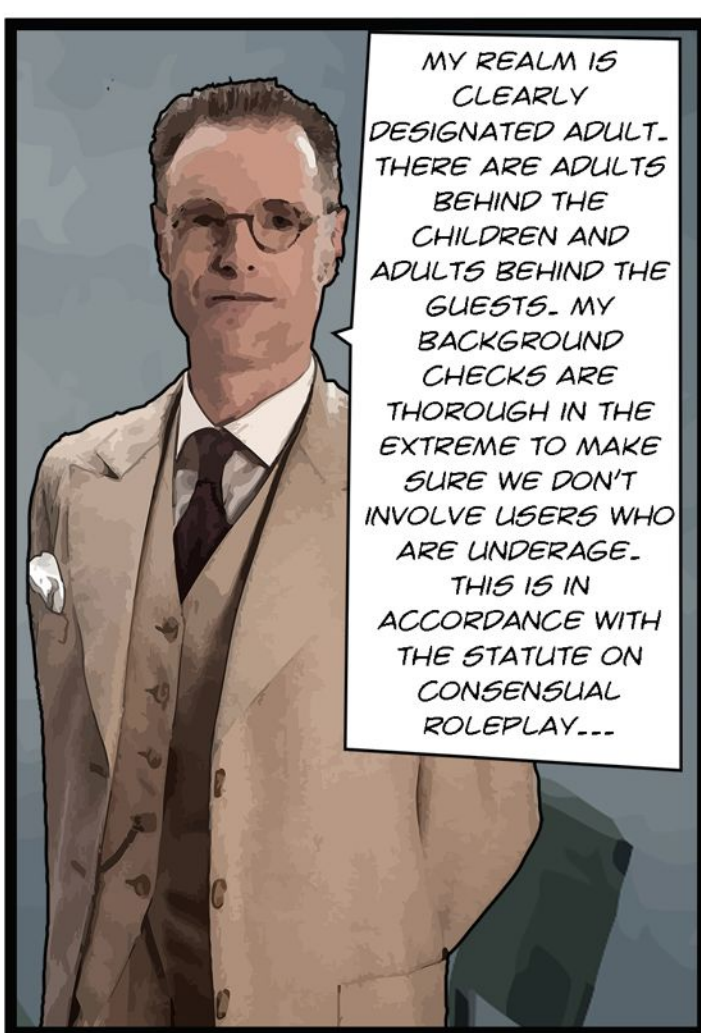
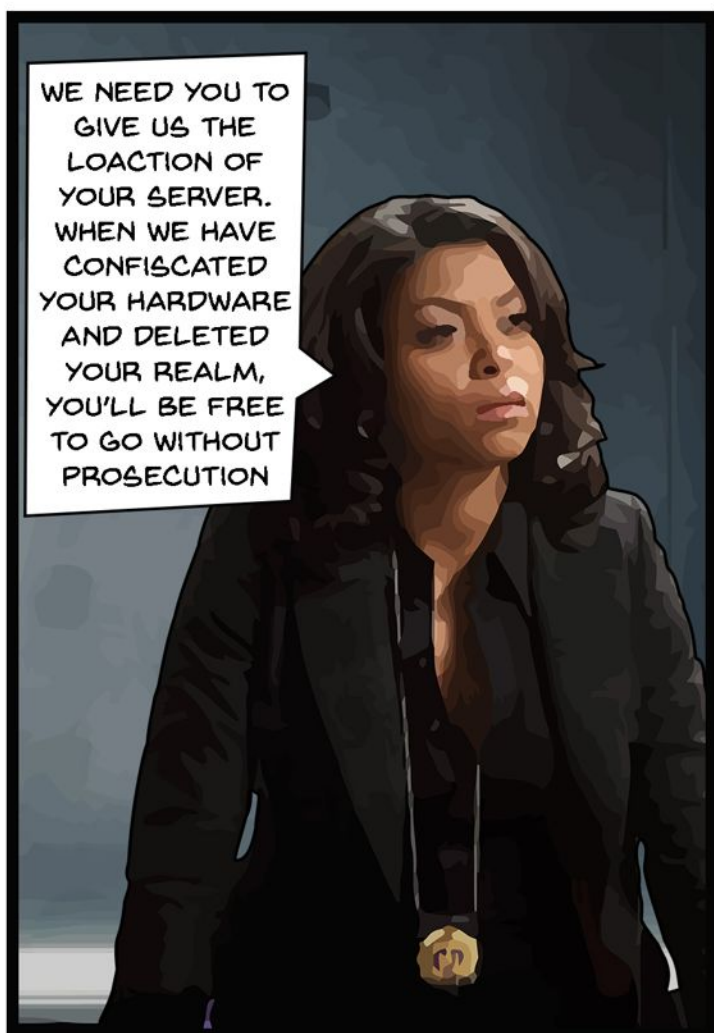




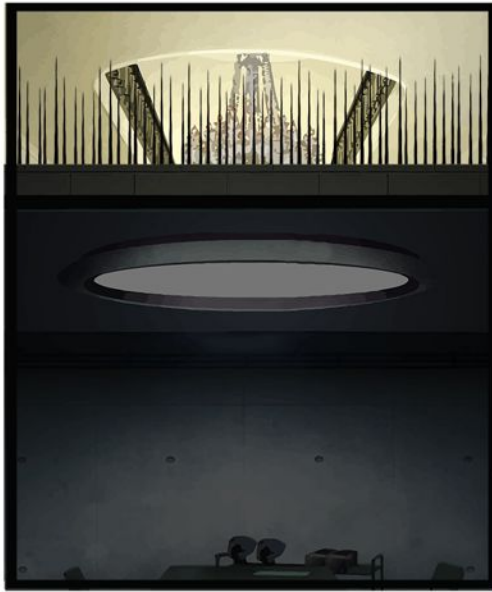
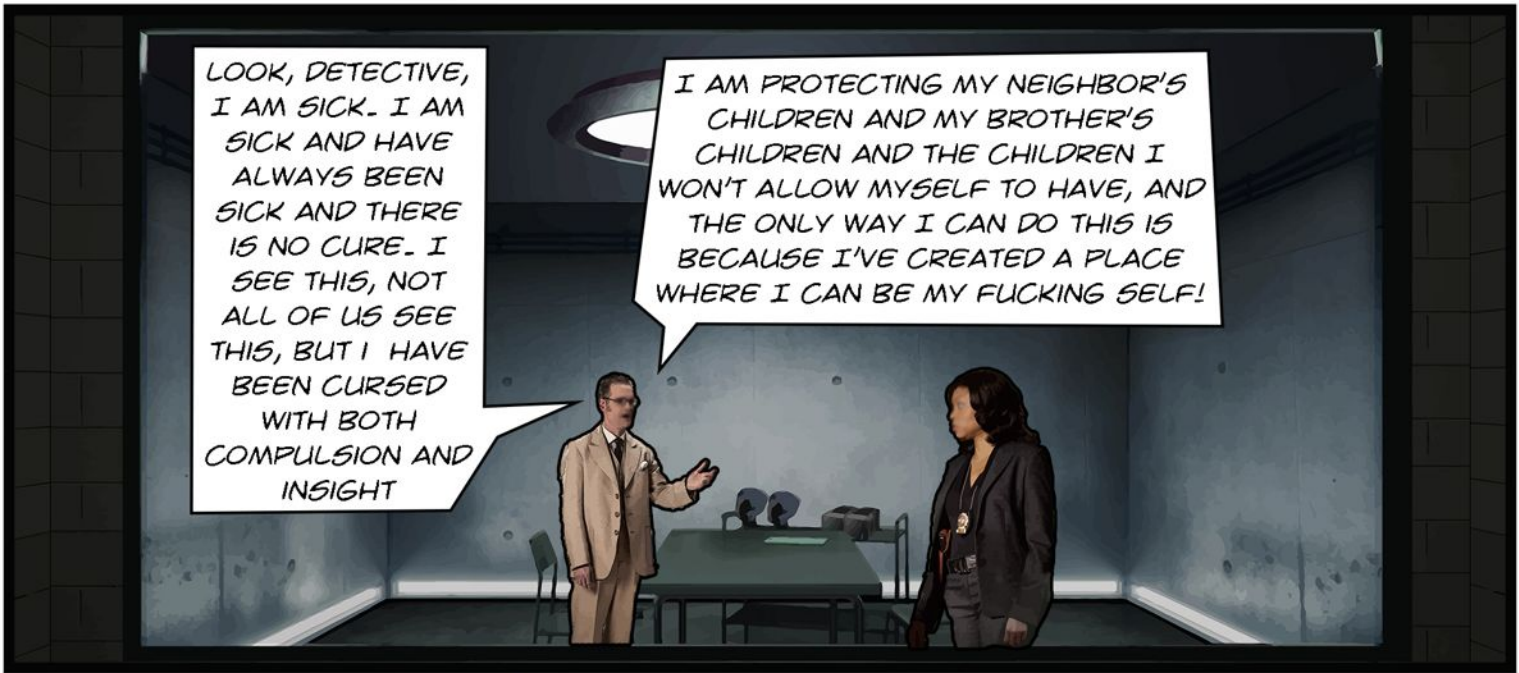
















I'VE NEVER ASKED YOU FOR ANYTHING, HAVE I PAPA?

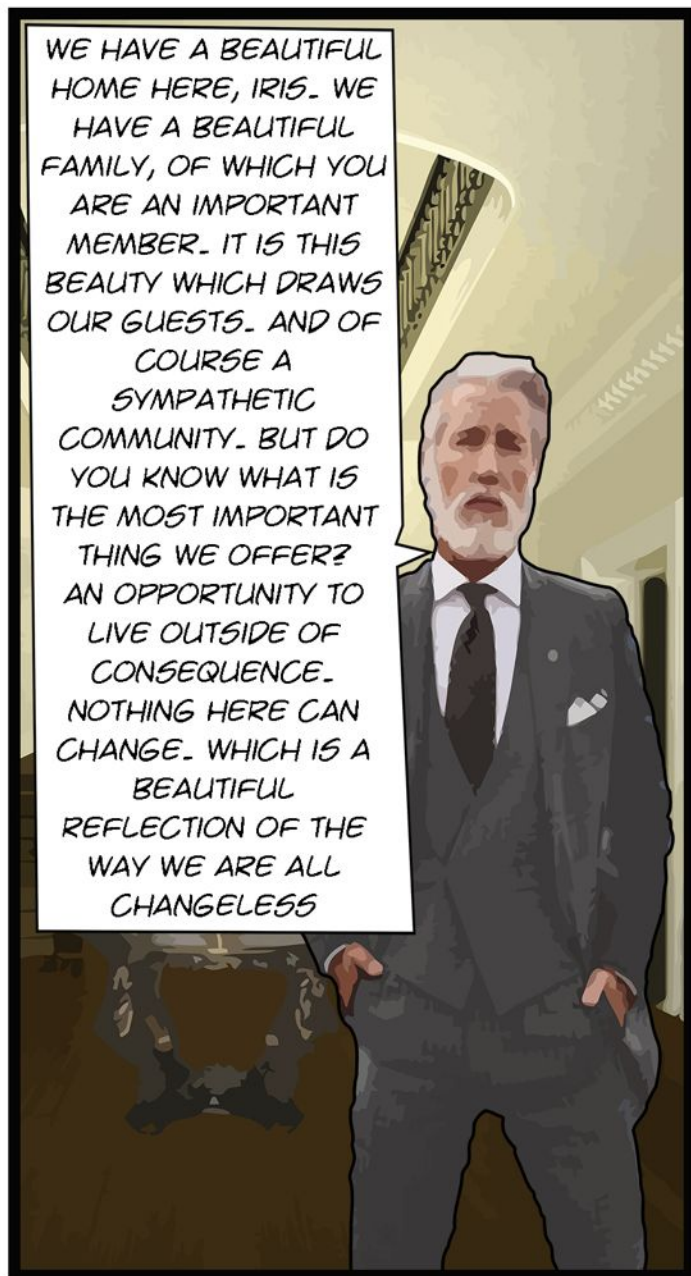
NO, YOU HAVEN'T



I WAS THINKING. I MIGHT WANT A BIRTHDAY PARTY



A BIRTHDAY PARTY?



WE HAVE A BEAUTIFUL HOME HERE, IRIS. WE HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FAMILY, OF WHICH YOU ARE AN IMPORTANT MEMBER. IT IS THIS BEAUTY WHICH DRAWS OUR GUESTS. AND OF COURSE A SYMPATHETIC COMMUNITY. BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING WE OFFER? AN OPPORTUNITY TO LIVE OUTSIDE OF CONSEQUENCE. NOTHING HERE CAN CHANGE. WHICH IS A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION OF THE WAY WE ARE ALL CHANGELESS



WE HAVE A GUEST. YOU'D BEST GO TO THE PARLOR



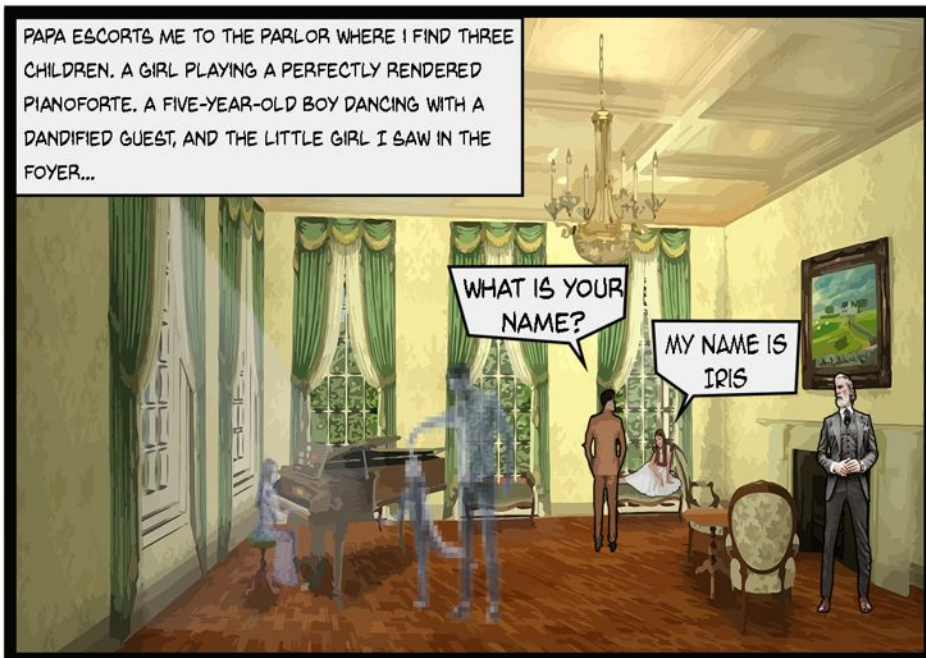
YES, PAPA



IRIS?  
I AM SORRY WE CAN NOT HAVE A BIRTHDAY. IT WOULD UPSET THE BALANCE HERE TO SUGGEST YOU'RE GROWING OLDER

I UNDERSTAND







WE MOVE DOWN A DARKENED HALLWAY, DOORS ON BOTH SIDES AND THE WALLS COVERED WITH WEAPONS



FROM BEHIND ONE DOOR COMES THE LOW SOUND OF WHAT MUST BE A FOURTH CHILD, WHIMPERING

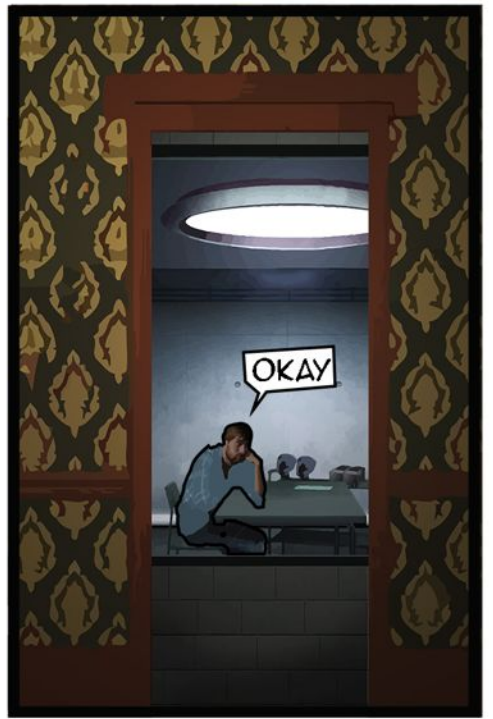


IRIS LEADS ME TO THE LAST DOOR OFF THE HALLWAY. HANGING BESIDE IT, COVERED IN DARK RED STAINS, IS AN AXE



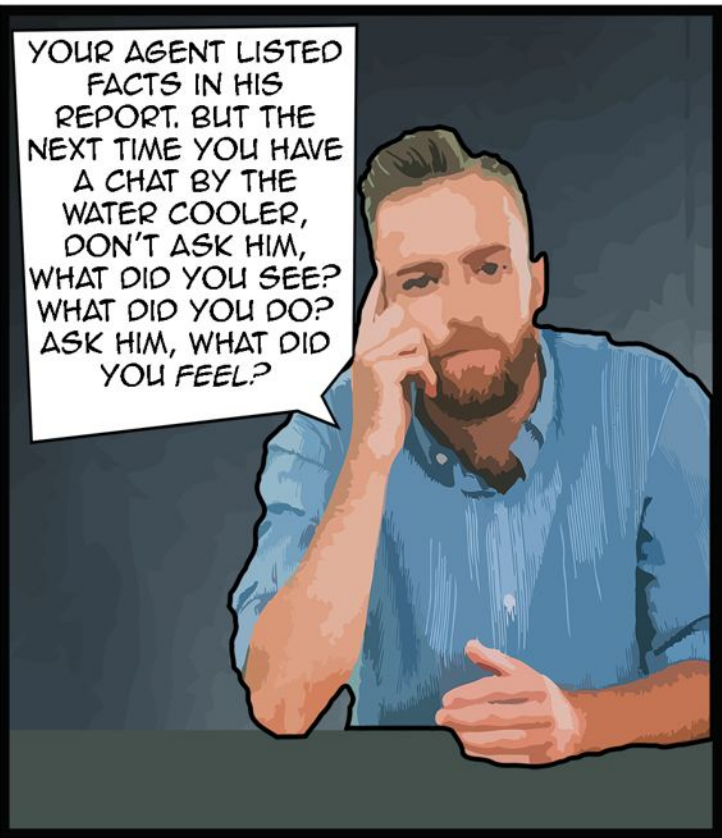
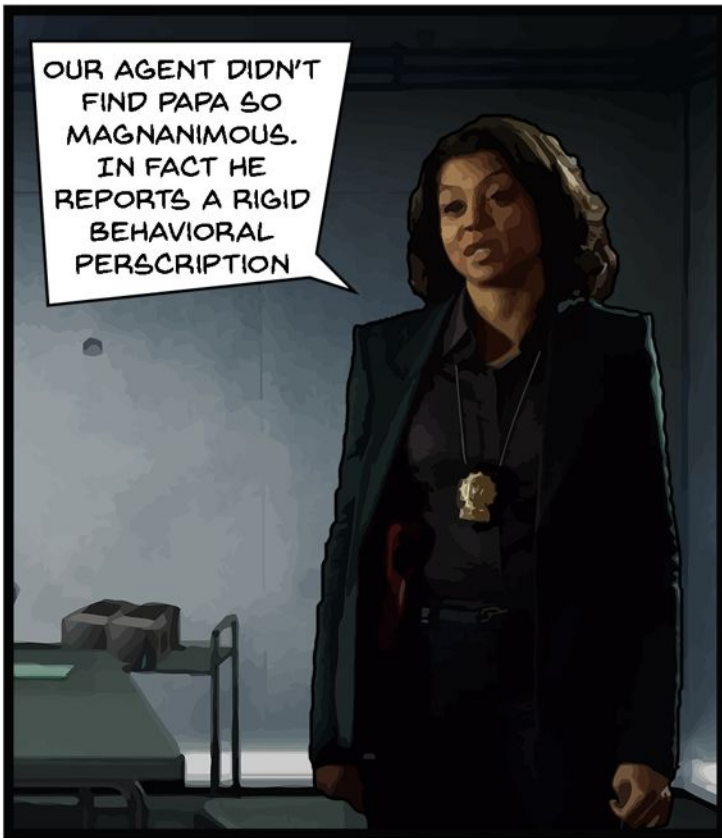
WE ENTER A BEDROOM WITH FLOWERED WALL PAPER AND A WHITE LACE BED. A LITTLE GIRLS DREAM

WHY DON'T YOU COME HERE? I WON'T BITE...

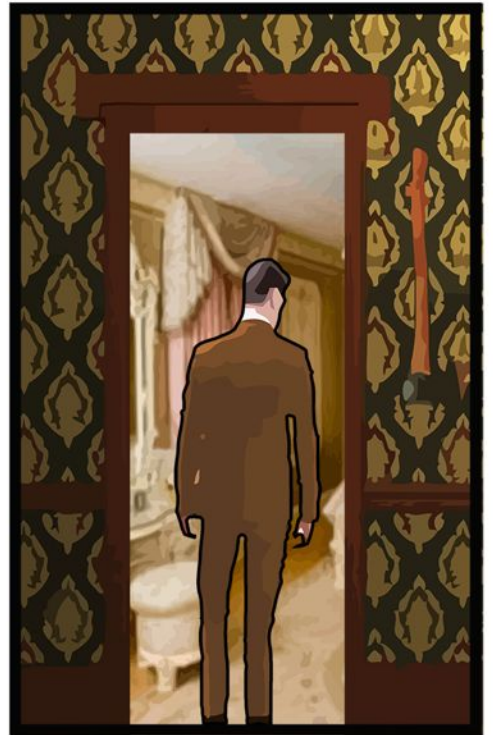


OKAY

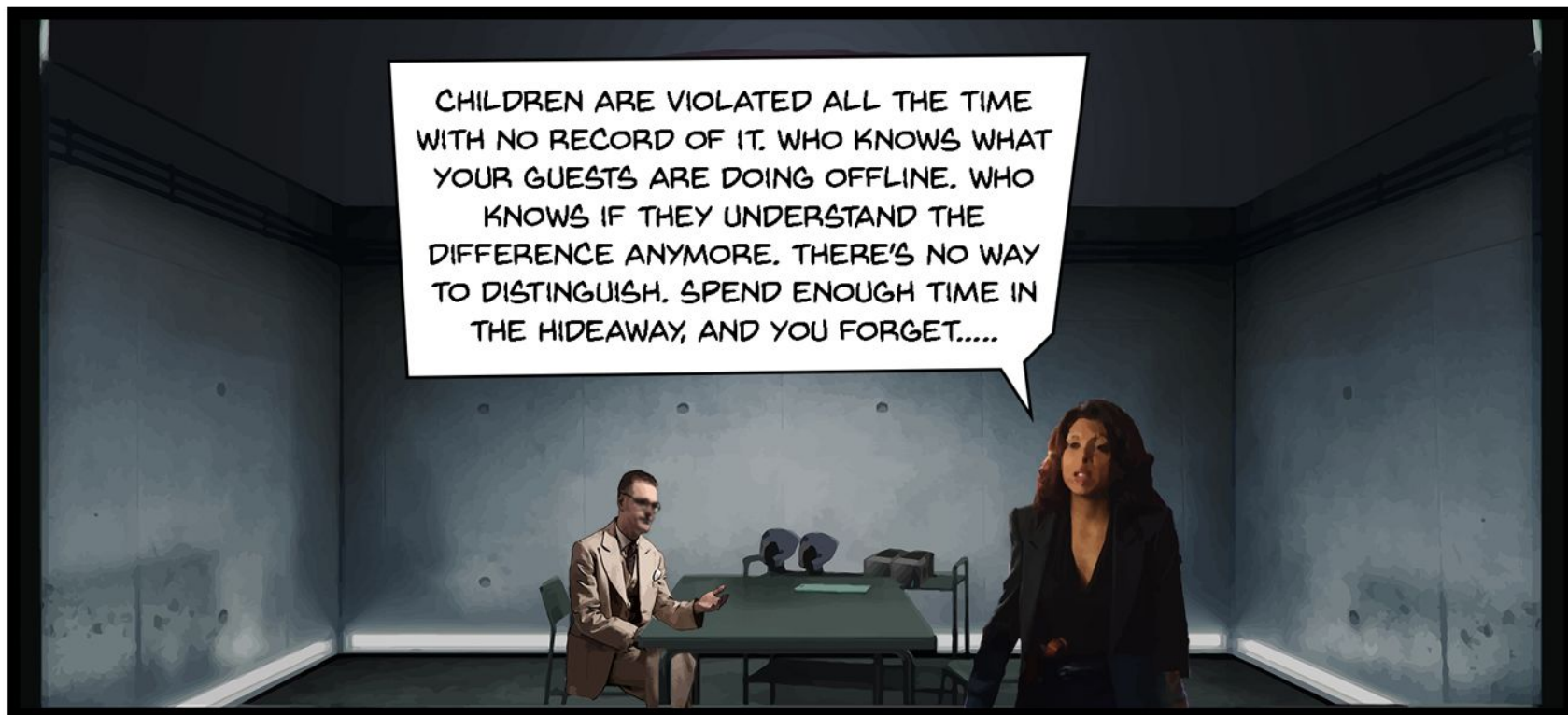




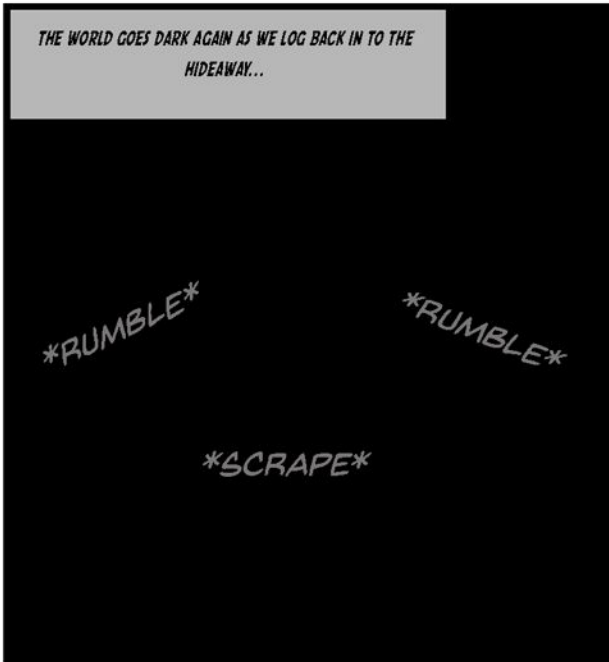




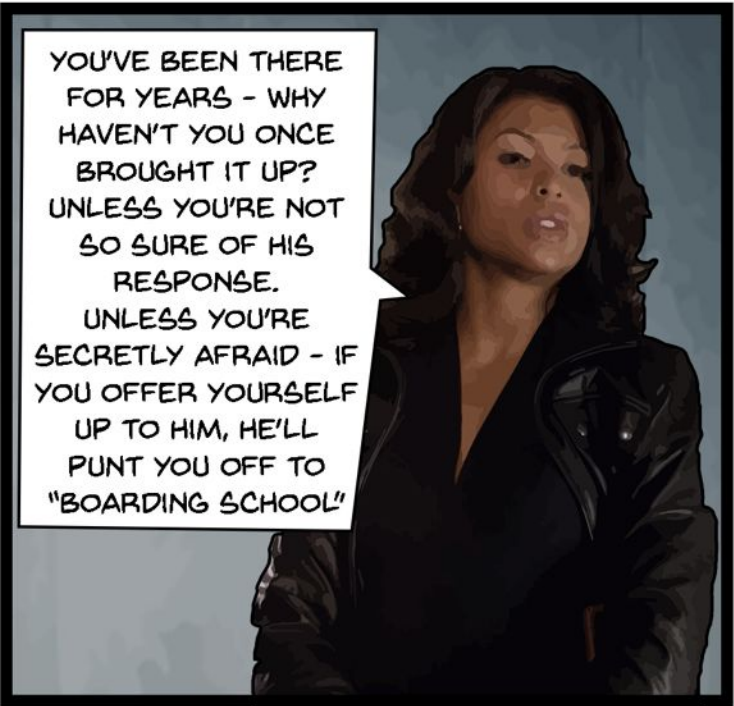












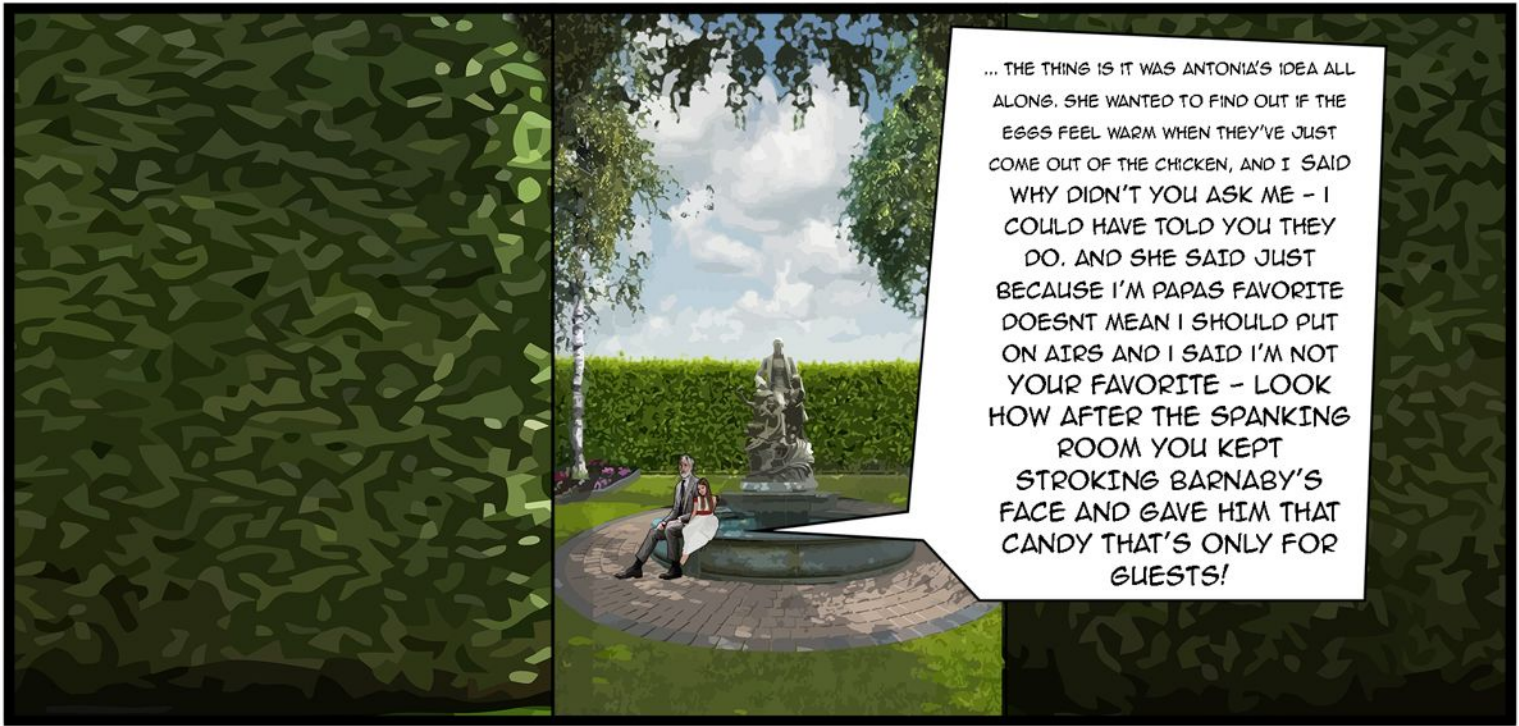












... THE THING IS IT WAS ANTONIA'S IDEA ALL ALONG. SHE WANTED TO FIND OUT IF THE EGGS FEEL WARM WHEN THEY'VE JUST COME OUT OF THE CHICKEN, AND I SAID WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK ME - I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU THEY DO. AND SHE SAID JUST BECAUSE I'M PAPAS FAVORITE DOESNT MEAN I SHOULD PUT ON AIRS AND I SAID I'M NOT YOUR FAVORITE - LOOK HOW AFTER THE SPANKING ROOM YOU KEPT STROKING BARNABY'S FACE AND GAVE HIM THAT CANDY THAT'S ONLY FOR GUESTS!



WHY, DO YOU GET JEALOUS?

I KNOW I MUST BE A LITTLE BIT SPECIAL, TO GET TO SPEND AN AFTERNOON WITH YOU



WELL, OF COURSE YOU ARE SPECIAL

I FEEL IT, BUT... I DO SOMETIMES WONDER IF IT'S REAL



OKAY, SO HERE'S A SECRET: I HAVE A GARDEN



WHAT'S IN IT?

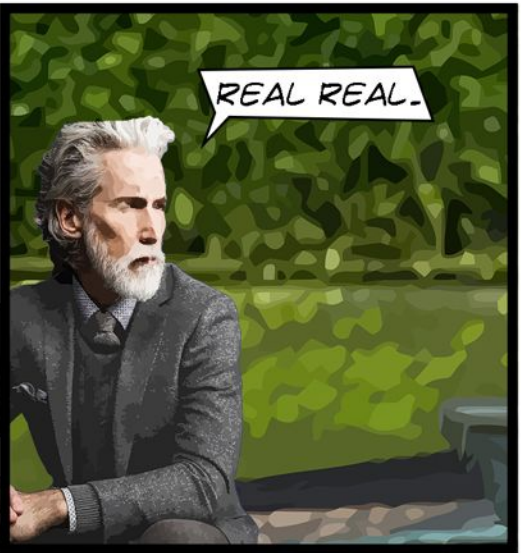


THE SAME THINGS THAT ARE GROWING IN OUR GARDEN. AND GUESS WHAT I JUST PLANTED? I'VE SCOURED THE WORLD FOR IT.

WHAT?

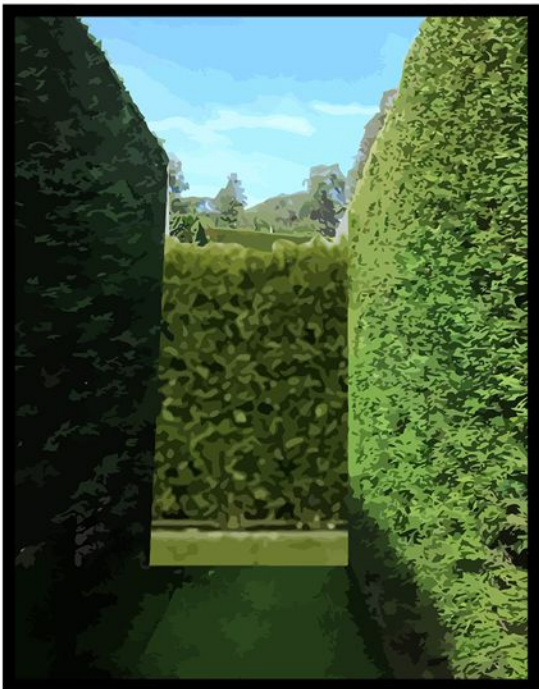
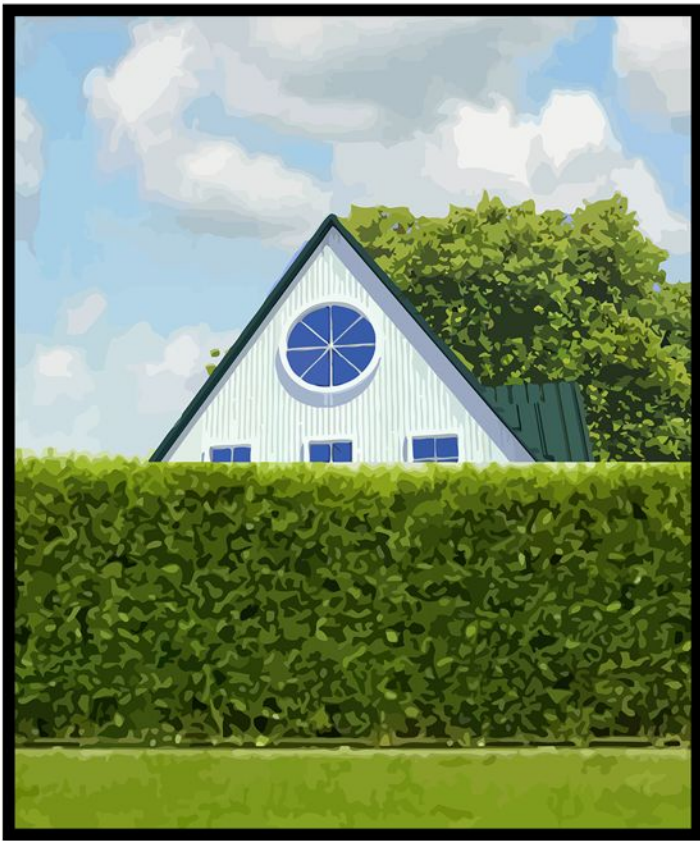
A SAPLING. A POPLAR

THAT'S REAL?



REAL REAL.







YOU CULTIVATE A PARADE OF LITTLE GIRLS, EACH LOOKING LIKE THE ONE BEFORE. YOU LET THEM GET CLOSE BUT NOT TOO CLOSE. WHEN THEY START EXPRESSING REAL EMOTION, IT'S OFF TO BOARDING SCHOOL. THE CHILDREN LOOK THE SAME NO MATTER WHO'S BEHIND THEM. THE WAY EVERYTHING LOOKS IS COMPLETELY UNDER YOUR CONTROL. YOU CREATE A REALM IRRISITIBLE TO ANYONE WITH A LONGING FOR BEAUTY, GO THERE EACH DAY, PULL THE STRINGS AND FORCE EVERYONE TO DANCE TO YOUR NIGHTMARE

I DON'T FORCE ANYONE TO DO ANYTHING. YOUR AGENT - WOODNUT - KNOWS THAT

HE GOT CLOSE TO A LITTLE GIRL. HE FUCKED HER. THAT'S A HIGHLY ILLEGAL ACT FOR A MEMBER OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, OR PERHAPS THE NETHER COMMUNITY HAS DEEMED IT PERMISSIBLE?

HE FOLLOWED PROTOCOL AND CONDUCTED A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION. YOUR PRESENCE HERE IS PROOF

WHAT DID YOU DO TO IRIS? SHE WAS GONE FOR THREE DAYS... SHE CAME BACK AND SHE WAS CRYING

GIVE ME THE LOCATION OF YOUR SERVER

WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?

GIVE ME THE LOCATION, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOUR PSYCHOSIS HAS WROUGHT

WAIT... IT WAS YOU

NO, MR. SIMS...

OH, YES. WE HAD A CHAT OVER COGNAC. I RECOGNIZE YOU

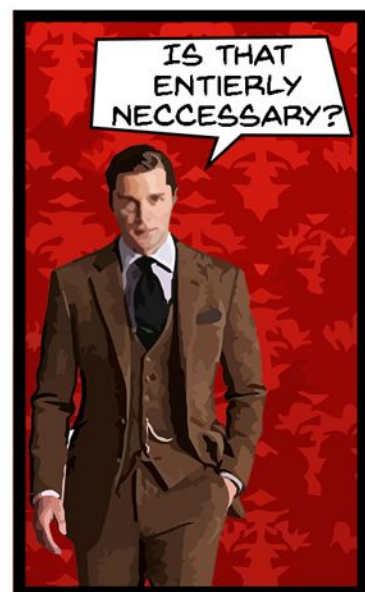
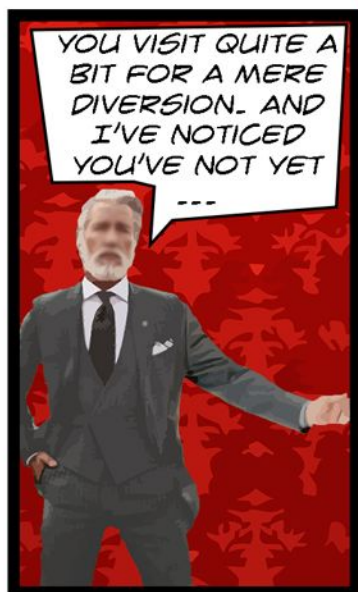
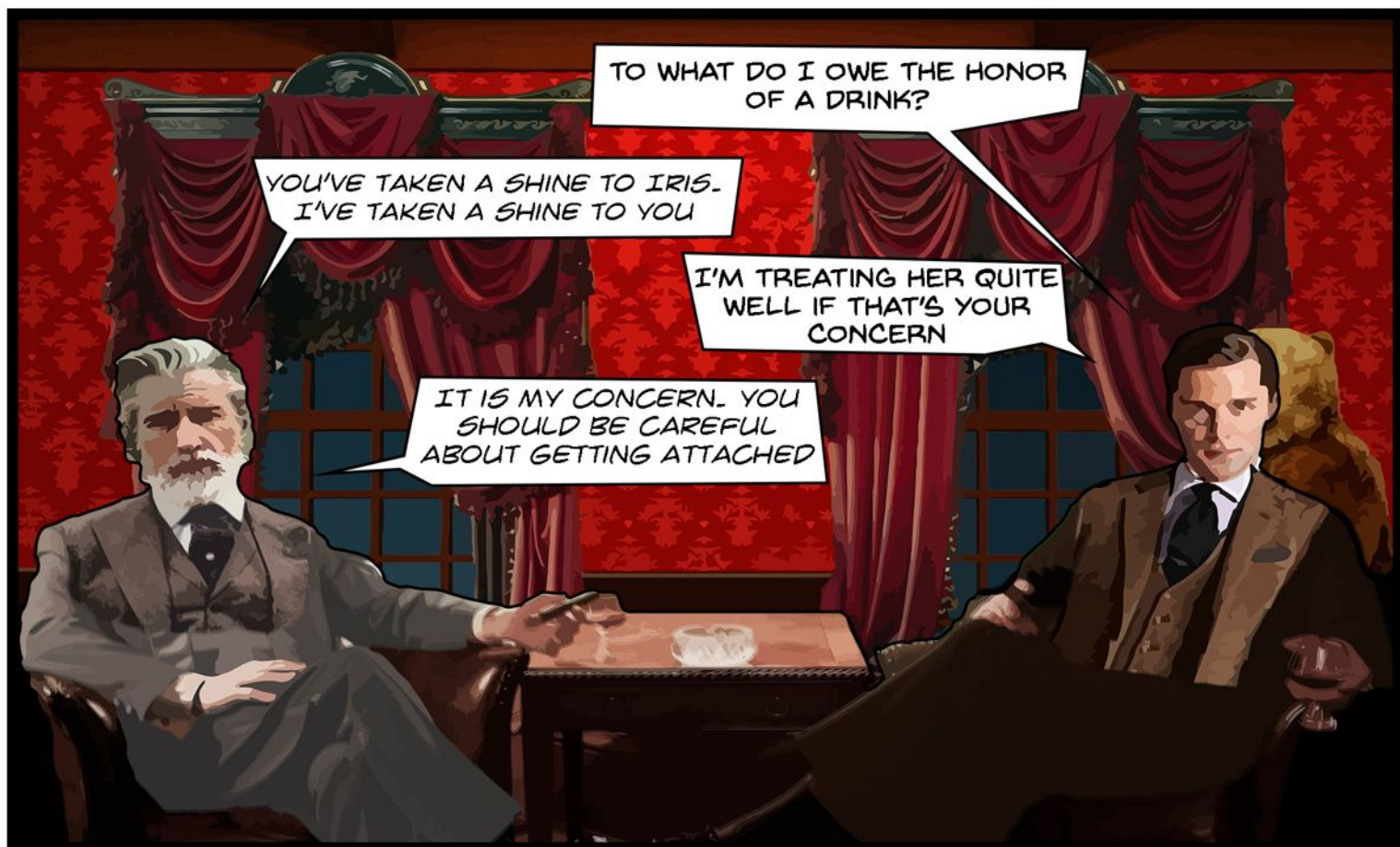




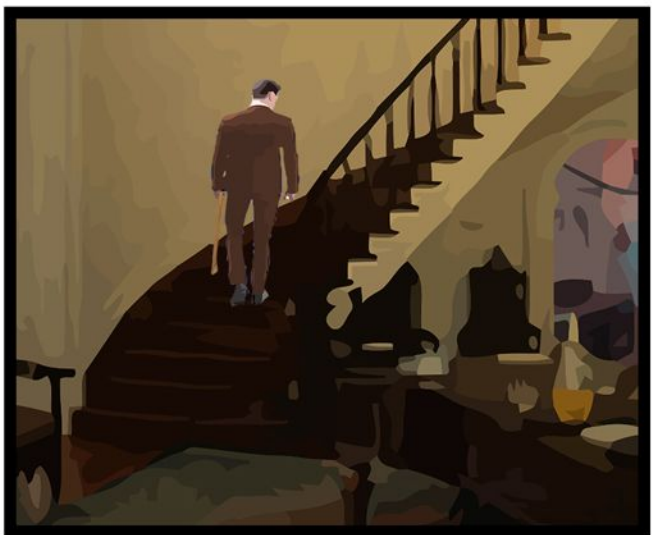




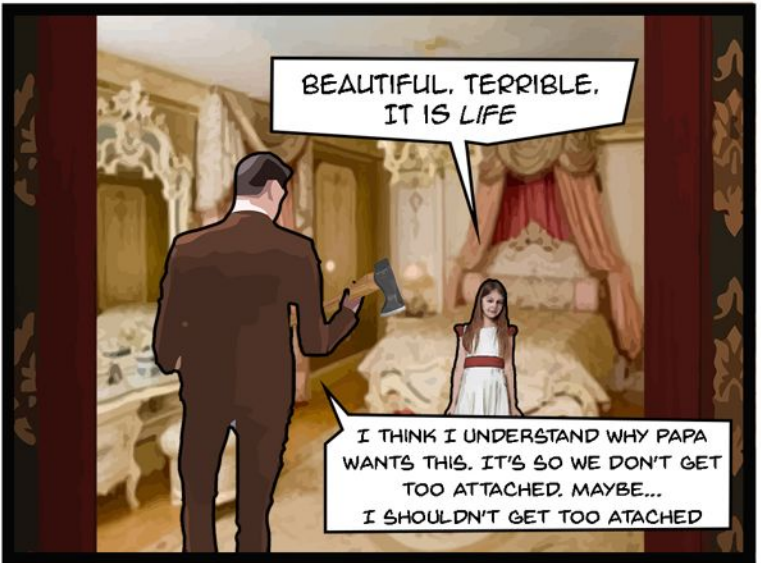














AND IN THOSE MOMENTS,  
STANDING IN THE CARNAGE OF  
HER SMALL BODY, THE HOT  
SMELL OF EVERYTHING WE HAVE  
INSIDE RISING AROUND ME, I  
STARE AT THE BLOOD ON MY  
HANDS AND THINK, MY GOD,  
LOOK AT THE BRIGHT BEAUTY,  
HOW DOES THIS EXIST IN NATURE,  
HOW DOES IT EXIST IN ANY WAY, IN  
ANY CODE I CAN UNDERSTAND?

I LOOK DOWN TO FIND HER BODY GONE. WHAT  
HAVE I DONE, HAVE I DONE SOMETHING, HAVE  
I DONE NOTHING, IS THIS ALL NOTHING, IS  
EVERYTHING NOTHING?  
A GIGGLE AT THE DOOR AND SHE REAPPEARS,  
COMING TOWARD ME WITH HER ARMS OPEN -  
AND I LIFT THE AXE AND DO IT AGAIN. AND  
AGAIN. AND AGAIN. I WANT HER TO STOP  
COMING SO I KNOW I'VE DONE SOMETHING.  
BUT SHE KEEPS COMING...

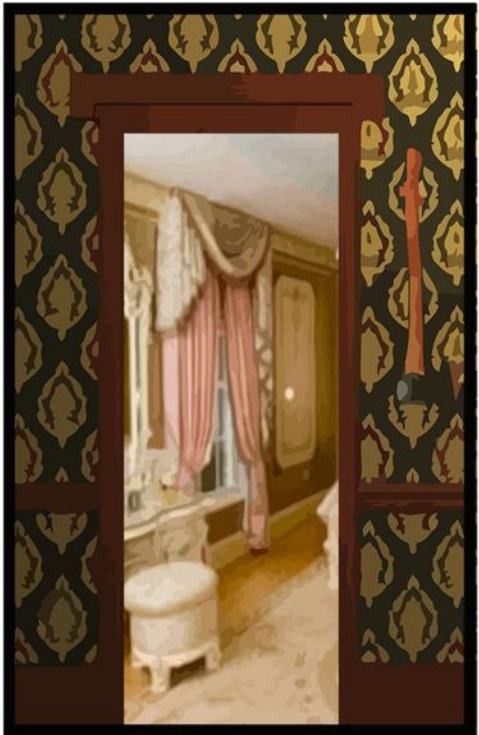
I AM CRYING, I  
HAVE NEVER FELT  
SO MUCH WITH  
EVERY NERVE, FELT  
SO MUCH, SO  
MUCH... FEELING.  
UNTIL I AM SPENT.  
AND SHE COMES TO  
ME AGAIN, EYES  
WIDE.

BUT IF THERE HAS  
BEEN NO  
CONSEQUENCE,  
THERE HAS BEEN NO  
MEANING BETWEEN  
HER AND MYSELF,  
BETWEEN MYSELF  
AND MYSELF.  
AND IF THERE HAS  
BEEN MEANING, THEN  
I AM A MONSTER

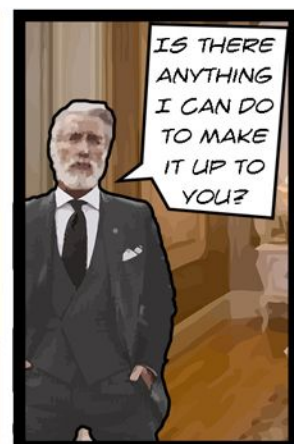
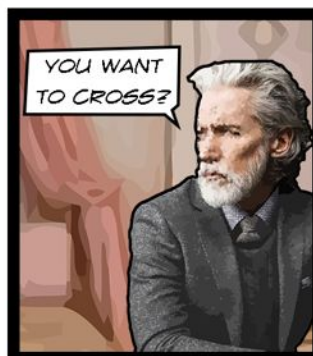
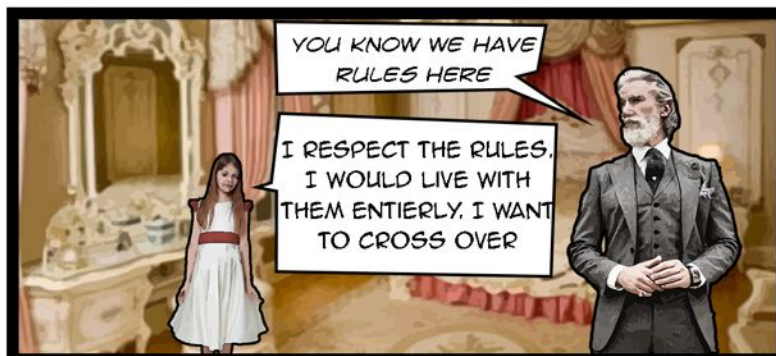
IT WAS YOU...  
I TRUSTED YOU

I BELIEVE WHAT  
PAPA'S DOING IS  
HURTING YOU, BUT I  
AM WILLING TO BE  
PROVEN WRONG. I  
WILL LET YOU SEE  
HIM AGAIN. IF HE  
LOVES YOU  
- YOU -  
AND WANTS YOU TO  
CROSS, I'LL LET YOU  
STAY IN THE  
HIDEAWAY TOGETHER.  
IF NOT, YOU WILL  
GIVE ME WHAT YOU  
HAVE ON HIM

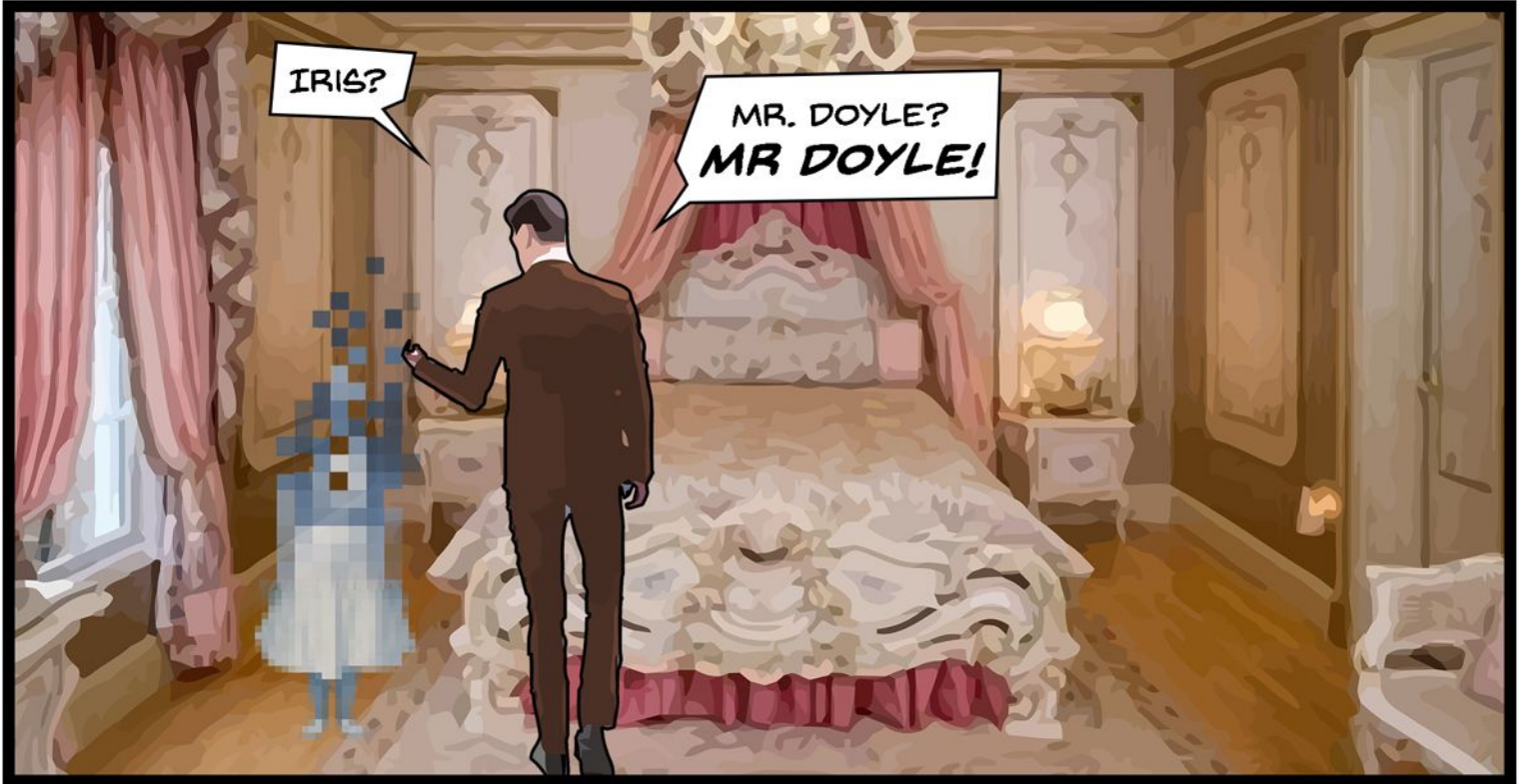




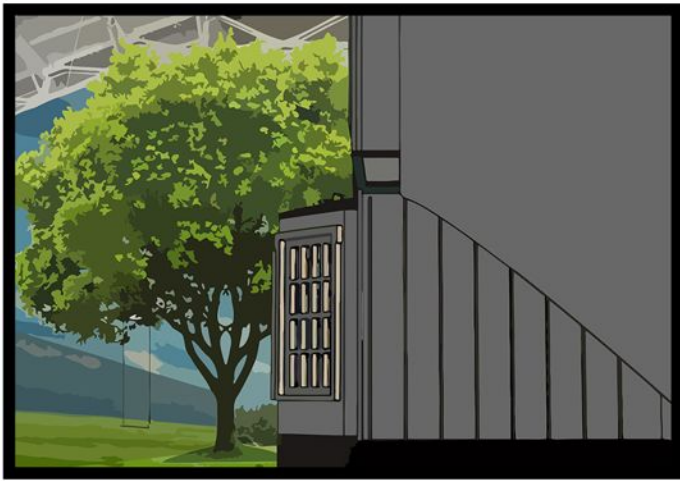
















YOU'RE NOT GOING TO RETURN MY LOGIN, ARE YOU?

OFFLINE EXILE HOW CUT AND DRY.

THERE WAS A REAL LITTLE GIRL. THE DAUGHTER OF MY NEIGHBOR DOWN THE STREET. THIS WAS A LONG TIME AGO. I COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT HER. SHE HAD HAIR THE SUN PLAYED IN. AND A LAUGH THAT CAME OUT OF HER LIKE MAGIC. I PRETENDED TO BE HER FRIEND. I POSED TO HER FAMILY AS THE HARMLESS UNCLE-TYPE. ONE NIGHT I GOT HER ALONE IN HER BEDROOM...



WE WERE LAUGHING - AND I REACHED OVER AND GRABBED HER - AND SHE LOOKED AT ME - SO STARTLED - AND - I. . .  
I FOUND IT IN MYSELF TO LET HER GO. I WENT HOME TO MY COMPUTER AND THAT'S WHERE I'VE STAYED.



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DO, DETECTIVE, PUTTING ME OUT INTO THE WORLD

THE WORLD IS STILL THE PLACE WE HAVE TO LEARN TO BE

YOU ARE FREE TO GO, ME. SIMS.

YOU ARE FREE









**YOUR  
REALITY  
IS  
LOADING**