

INT. WIDOW HOUSE, NEXT MORNING

Einar paints. In a smart male suit. He is stiffly composed. Gerda comes into the studio, in her nightclothes. Finds Einar deeply immersed. No trace of the night's upset.

GERDA
How are you...?

EINAR
You were late home last night, I thought I'd let you sleep. How was it? Did Lili have fun?

Gerda's stunned. Goes to the kitchen, upset.

In the kitchen, Lili's bloodied clothes are soaking in a bucket. Gerda struggles with the sight. Begins to make coffee, then...

Gerda returns to the studio, watches Einar, anger building. He allows it a while, then turns, braced to face her:

GERDA
I think it would be better if Lili didn't come here again.

EINAR
Fine. I understand.

GERDA
You know what I would like to understand?

Einar takes Gerda in... how furious, how shaken she looks.

GERDA (CONT'D)
Exactly what happened between you and Sandahl last night?

EINAR
(quickly)
Nothing.

Gerda HUFFS, disbelieving. Einar repeats himself, angrily:

(CONTINUED)

EINAR (CONT'D)
It was nothing.

GERDA
Did he know it was you?

Einar blushes, shies away.

EINAR
It wasn't as simple as that. It's
hard to explain...

Gerda loses control, shouts at him:

GERDA
I watched him kiss you, Einar, so
could you please make an effort?!

Einar's shocked, ashamed. He takes stock, then quietly:

EINAR
He may have known who I was. But I
wasn't always... me. There was a
moment when I was... just Lili. And
I think he could see that. Do you
see?

Gerda struggles to comprehend this shift in the landscape.

GERDA
But Lili doesn't exist. We made her
up.

EINAR
I know...

GERDA
We were playing a game!

EINAR
I know we were... but then it
changed...

Gerda's mind reels, panic rises...

GERDA
This is absurd. We need to stop.
Make it stop Einar.

With genuine anxiety:

EINAR
I'm going to try...

She goes, still distressed, leaving Einar alone.