

Moirai
01x01
Pilot

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT

A narrow alley. Rain drips from broken pipes.

A homeless man sleeps inside a torn sleeping bag.

His breath is shallow, slow.

She moves like someone who's done this before, too many times.

She kneels beside the man.

From her jacket, she pulls a pair of golden shears that shimmer faintly in the dark.

A pause. Then, one quick snip.

The man exhales, once, and goes still.

The wound seals instantly, skin knitting back together as if nothing ever happened.

Victoria looks down at the shears.

The gold dulls, cracks, and turns to dust, scattering through her fingers.

She gently closes the man's eyes.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry

She stands, adjusts her coat, and disappears into the night.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Victoria moves through the city's sleeping veins, closed shops, stray cats, empty bus stops.

The orange streetlights shimmer on the wet asphalt as her boots click softly in rhythm.

She looks like someone who belongs to the night and hates that she does.

Her phone buzzes. She ignores it.

She exhales, almost trembling, before stepping inside a small pub.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

Warm light. Music hums under the chatter of a few night owls.

Victoria walks straight to the counter.

Without a word, Audrey slides her a beer.

AUDREY

Did you do it

Victoria nods, drinks. Keeps her gaze low.

VICTORIA

Yeah. No choice

AUDREY

I know

They share a silence heavy with old guilt.

VICTORIA

You always say that

AUDREY

Because it's true

Victoria gives a faint smile, tired, broken, but real.

AUDREY CONT'D

See you at home

VICTORIA

You mean maybe

Victoria shrugs, finishes her beer.

Across the room, a girl is watching her mid-twenties, curious smile, restless eyes.

AUDREY

You're gross

VICTORIA

Love you too

Victoria slides off the stool, smooth and confident again back in place.

She approaches the girl.

GIRL

Hi

VICTORIA
Hi. You wanna get out of here

GIRL
Sure

They share a brief smile, one that hides more than it reveals
and walk out together.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PUB. NIGHT

The door closes behind them.

The sound of laughter fades, replaced by the soft hum of a
city half-asleep.

Under a trembling streetlight, Victoria and the girl start
kissing, hot, human.

GIRL
You wanna come to my place

VICTORIA
Sure

They laugh quietly, the kind of laugh that belongs to people
pretending to forget.
The night swallows them as they disappear down the street.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

Back inside, Audrey pours another drink, smiling politely at
a customer.

But her eyes drift toward the door.

Her expression changes:faint worry, faint knowing.
She wipes the counter, her movements mechanical.
The pub feels warm and alive.
Outside, the city keeps its secrets.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY
Early morning. Soft light filters through the window,
painting the kitchen in pale gold.

A young girl sits at the table, eating breakfast. Audrey
stands nearby, arms crossed, giving her a lecture.

AUDREY
Joey, you failed your algebra test.
Again

JOEY
I'm sorry, I don't like algebra

The door slams behind her. Victoria enters, still wearing the
same clothes from last night. Her hair is tousled, faint
traces of last night's perfume linger. She moves with the
calm confidence of someone who owns the room, yet her eyes
carry a hint of the night's darkness.

VICTORIA
Why are you shouting

She grabs a chair and sits beside her little sister, brushing
a strand of hair from her face.

AUDREY
Our sister failed her algebra test

VICTORIA
Again

JOEY
It's not my fault if you decided I
had to be the little, sweet sister
in high school. I'm as old as you!
It's not fair

AUDREY
Someone had to, and we picked you

JOEY
You mean you decided

Victoria leans back slightly, stretching after the night, a
small smirk crossing her face. Victoria wraps an arm around
Joey, before standing up.

VICTORIA
Enough. I'm going back to sleep

As she moves toward the door, Audrey stops her, holding out a card. Victoria glances at it, raising an eyebrow.

VICTORIA CONT'D

Another one

AUDREY

I don't make the rules

They exchange a brief look, tense but familiar. Victoria tucks the card into her pants pocket.

JOEY

Victoria, can you buy me an anti-age face cream, please

VICTORIA

You'll still be old

JOEY

Fuck you

Victoria smirks, then walks toward her room. Joey packs her lunch into her backpack, ready to leave for school.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Victoria's room is neat and bare. The walls are empty, no clothes lie scattered, as if no one truly lives here. Sunlight streams through the blinds, casting thin lines across the floor and bed.

Victoria steps inside, closing the door softly behind her. She slowly removes her clothes, revealing a scar on the back of her shoulder, shaped like golden shears, glinting faintly in the morning light.

She smooths the blanket with a precise motion, then lies down on the bed, pulling the covers slightly over herself. She exhales, letting the quiet of her room wash over her, eyes closing briefly, lost in a calm pause after the day's chaos.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Audrey puts Joey's cereal bowl into the sink, turns on the TV softly. She grabs vegetables and starts chopping, the knife rhythmically tapping the cutting board. The sound fills the room, creating a domestic counterpoint to the tension of the morning.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. HIDDEN SPOT. DAY

Joey and her friends hide behind a wall at the back of the building.

She hands a packet of cigarettes to her friends; they grab one each and light them. The smoke curls lazily in the sunlight.

FRIEND #1

Gosh, I love your sisters so much

FRIEND #2

Totally. My mum would never buy me cigarettes

FRIEND #1

And Victoria is just, wow

Joey scuffs, exhaling smoke.

JOEY

Clearly, you don't live with them

FRIEND #2

Seriously, how do you survive?
Victoria and Audrey together, I'd
be hiding under the bed all weekend

JOEY

It's a talent. You get used to it.
Someone has to keep them from
tearing the house apart

FRIEND #1

Can I come to your place later

JOEY

Sure

A young boy arrives and pulls Joey in for a kiss, then they pull apart.

YOUNG BOY

Morning baby

JOEY

Morning WILL

Will puts his arm around Joey, and then he whispers into her ear.

WILL

Listen, this Saturday my parents go
out for dinner, why don't you come
over

He looks at her, smirking.

WILL CONT'D

We can spend some time together,
just the two of us... it'll be fun

Joey doesn't even think about it for a second.

JOEY

Saturday is fine

WILL

You- you sure you don't have to ask
your sisters

JOEY

Of course not
(Joey squeezes Will's
hand.)
Saturday's fine

WILL

Perfect

He kisses her again. The bell rings. In unison, they flick
the cigarettes away and head to the main entrance.

EXT. ALLEY. DAY

The former crime scene.

Sunlight filters through the narrow alley, cutting through a
thin haze of dust and cigarette smoke.

Police tape flutters in the light breeze.

A few officers stand around, quiet, waiting.

The body of a homeless man lies on the ground, covered
halfway with a blanket.

The medical examiner kneels beside him, pulling on a fresh
pair of gloves.

The police officer, mid-forties, tired eyes, watches closely,
jotting notes in a small pad.

POLICE OFFICER

Looks peaceful. Like he just fell
asleep

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Maybe he did. No wounds. No blood.
Not even a scratch

He gently tilts the man's chin, checking the eyes.

MEDICAL EXAMINER CONT'D
Pupils are dilated. No clear sign
of struggle

POLICE OFFICER
Could be heart failure

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Could be. But he's not stiff yet.
Temperature's low for the time of
death

The officer frowns, scanning the alley.

POLICE OFFICER
So you're saying, what

MEDICAL EXAMINER
I'm saying I'll know more after the
autopsy. Right now, it's just odd

A quiet moment.

The officer looks down again, something catching his
attention – a faint pile of fine dust, shimmering faintly
next to the man's shoulder.

POLICE OFFICER
What's that

The examiner leans closer, pinches a little between his
gloves.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Huh. Doesn't feel like dirt

POLICE OFFICER
You Frank. Get a sample of this
stuff

FRANK
Yeah, sure

Frank, a younger officer, crouches beside them, pulls out a
sterile bag and tweezers.

He collects the dust carefully, watching it shift
weightlessly inside the bag.

FRANK CONT'D
Weird texture. Like ash, but...
lighter

POLICE OFFICER

Whatever it is, let's make sure the
lab gets it before the end of shift

Frank nods, stands, and walks off.
The alley falls quiet again, save for the hum of distant
traffic.

The examiner stands, removes his gloves, looks at the body
one last time.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No signs of violence.
No reason for him to die here

POLICE OFFICER

People die everywhere. Doesn't mean
there's a reason

He closes his notebook, but his eyes stay on the dust, now
just a faint shimmer in the sunlight.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yeah. Still, something about this
doesn't sit right

The officer sighs, already turning away.

POLICE OFFICER

Bag him. Let's get him out of here

As they walk off, the wind stirs the pile of dust, it swirls
once, catching the light, and then scatters.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Victoria is awakened by the alarm on her phone.

She yawns, and slowly gets up from the bed. She gently opens
the door as she heads into the kitchen.

INT. MOIRA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Victoria walks into the room still half asleep, while Audrey
is setting the tablecloth.

VICTORIA

Morning

Audrey nods at her.

AUDREY
I made you lunch

VICTORIA
Thanks

Audrey hands a bowl of rice with some veggies to her,
Victoria smiles at her sister, sits at the table and eats it.

Audrey looks at her sister for a moment, she pinches the
bridge of her nose, then she grabs a chair and sits right
next to Victoria.

AUDREY
When are you going to do it

Victoria fidgets with her finger on the table, then takes a
deep breath.

VICTORIA
Tonight

AUDREY
Fine
(Audrey squeezes
Victoria's hand.)
Just be careful

Victoria eats a spoonful of rice, but it's just an excuse to
breathe.

VICTORIA
Sure

AUDREY
Do you need any help with the final
touches

VICTORIA
I'm good

AUDREY
Perfect

Audrey's phone chimes, she gets up from the table as she
answers right away and she starts wandering around the room.

AUDREY CONT'D
Hello
(Beat)
AUDREY CONT'D
What
(Beat)

Audrey freezes, the room falls silent except for the ticking clock.

She keeps looking at Victoria, straight in her eyes. Her look is firm, strong, Victoria instead rolls her eyes, she drops the fork on the table.

AUDREY CONT'D

Thanks

Audrey hangs the phone, she heavily drops it on the table.

AUDREY CONT'D

You fucking screwed it

Victoria pretends to be casual, but her posture suggests the opposite: she bites her fingernails.

VICTORIA

What are you talking about

Audrey stops in front of Victoria.

AUDREY

Frank called. You left a large
amount of dust next to the body

Victoria covers her face with her hand, exhaling sharply.

AUDREY CONT'D

He can't cover you everytime you
screw up, you know

Victoria gets up from the table abruptly, she now stands tall in front of her sister. Her breath is ragged, she looks at her sister right in the eyes, she's furious.

VICTORIA

He will instead, everytime I screw
up he'll cover for me. He always
does

Audrey takes a deep breath before answering her sister. Her tone is still calm and relaxed.

AUDREY

Victoria, you need to be careful,
you're becoming reckless everytime.
I don't want you to get in trouble

VICTORIA

I'm done talking with you

AUDREY

Then we're done
(Audrey shakes her head as
she abruptly grabs her
phone, she's frustrated
she just wanted to help
her sister but as usual
Victoria totally did not
understand her
intentions.)
I have to go to the pub, you can
stay here

AUDREY CONT'D

Bye

VICTORIA

Bye

Audrey walks away from the room, the door slams behind her.
Victoria stands still in the middle of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION. LAB. DAY

The lab smells faintly of disinfectant and metal. Rows of
microscopes and trays of samples line the counters.
Fluorescent lights hum softly overhead.

Frank walks in, bag of dust in hand. He glances around,
noting the sterile environment, the quiet efficiency. Police
technician, mid-30s, meticulous, stands near a microscope,
scribbling notes on a pad.

FRANK

Nice day, uh

POLICE TECHNICIAN

Lovely day

She glances at him, a small smile forming. Her excitement
isn't obvious to anyone but her, she's genuinely happy to
finally have a sample to examine.

POLICE TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

What do you have for me

Frank casually holds up the bag, pretending it's mundane. He
leans slightly against the counter, hands relaxed.

FRANK

I think it's just dust

The technician raises an eyebrow, curiosity piqued. She moves closer, adjusting her gloves, careful not to spill a single speck.

POLICE TECHNICIAN
I'll see what I can do

She places the bag carefully on the table, eyes scanning the contents with a faint sense of anticipation. The hum of the lab feels heavier, as if even the air is waiting.

Frank watches her for a moment, a faint smirk crossing his face.

FRANK
Do your magic

He winks, a playful gesture that contrasts the sterile seriousness of the lab.

The technician smiles, almost imperceptibly, her fingers nimble as she begins examining the dust. The light from the microscope casts tiny reflections on her glasses. Each speck seems to hold a secret she's determined to uncover.

Frank gives a small nod, satisfied. He steps out, the lab door clicking shut behind him. The technician doesn't look up — her attention is entirely on the bag of dust, the hum of machines, and the thrill of what might be revealed.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL. CORRIDOR. DAY

Joey stands right in front of her locker, her backpack slung lazily over one shoulder. The corridor is bustling with students, the noise of lockers slamming and chatter filling the air. She taps her fingernail lightly against the metal locker door, pretending to be bored, though her eyes flicker every so often toward the crowd, scanning for familiar faces.

She notices Will and her friend approaching from down the hall. A small smile creeps onto her face, almost involuntarily.

JOEY
Ready to go home

FRIEND
Sure

Joey glances around, taking in the energy of the corridor—the posters on the walls, the squeak of sneakers on linoleum, the faint hum of the intercom announcing the next class.

She watches as a few students jostle past, barely noticing her little world unfolding.

WILL

See you tomorrow, babe

Joey steps closer, brushing a strand of hair from her face as she reaches up and pulls Will in for a soft, lingering kiss. The noise of the hallway seems to fade for a moment, the hum of lockers and voices reduced to a distant murmur.

When they pull apart, Joey tilts her head, her smile lingering, warm and teasing. Will grins back, his eyes holding a hint of excitement and something unspoken, a shared secret just between them.

WILL CONT'D

I can't wait to be with you
Saturday

He leans in slightly, brushing a hand against her shoulder, then presses a gentle kiss to her forehead. Joey closes her eyes for a brief second, savoring the moment before opening them again, her fingers brushing against his lightly.

JOEY

I'm looking forward to it too

They exchange one last smile, and Will steps back, his backpack sliding onto his shoulders. He gives her a small wave and starts walking away, disappearing into the sea of students, leaving Joey standing by her locker, a small, satisfied smile on her lips. She watches him go for a beat, then slams her locker shut lightly and adjusts her backpack, ready to head home with her friend.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Victoria is slouched on the couch, one leg tucked under her, a cold beer in her left hand. Her right hand scrolls idly through Pingirl, the soft glow of the phone illuminating her face. She stops abruptly at a profile of a brunette woman, tilting her head slightly.

VICTORIA

You look nice

Her eyes move down to the bio: "Olivia, 34, doctor, I hate dogs."

Victoria frowns, lips pursed.

VICTORIA CONT'D
 (muttering to herself)
 What, no... you can't hate dogs

She swipes away, impatience flickering across her features, scrolling to the next profile.

VICTORIA
 Alright, next one

She barely has time to glance at the next profile when the front door creaks open. Joey and her friend stomp past the living room, laughing and chatting loudly, completely oblivious to Victoria's presence. Their backpacks bump into the wall as they head straight to Joey's room.

Victoria sits up a little straighter, resting the beer on the coffee table. She leans back again, crossing her arms, giving a small shrug.

She watches them disappear down the hallway, the sound of their laughter fading.

VICTORIA CONT'D
 Hello

She waves a hand lazily, calling out, but gets no response.

Victoria tilts her head, a hint of annoyance crossing her face. She leans back into the couch, takes a slow sip of her beer, and mutters under her breath.

She sets the beer down, pulls her knees up, and resumes scrolling on her phone, the glow reflecting faintly off her glasses.
 The quiet of the living room returns, punctuated only by the distant sounds of Joey's laughter echoing from down the hall.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. JOEY'S BEDROOM. DAY

Joey closes the door behind, she and her friends toss their backpack onto the floor, and they both get onto the bed.

Victoria knocks at the door, then opens it right away. She stands by the door.

VICTORIA
 Hey
 JOEY
 Hi sis

VICTORIA
Hi, Callie, how's it going

CALLIE
Hi Victoria, looking good as usual

Victoria smiles embarrassed, she takes a step back.

VICTORIA
I'm in the other room if you need
me

JOEY
We don't, bye loser

Joey casually dismisses her with her hand.

VICTORIA
Have fun

Victoria closes the door behind. As soon as the door is closed, Callie turns and looks at Joey.

CALLIE
I'm in love with your sister, she's
so cool

Joey busts out laughing, as she covers her face, disgusted.

JOEY
That's gross

Callie ignores her, she places her arms behind her head.

CALLIE
I'm going to marry her one day

JOEY
Dude stop it, she's my sister

She pins her elbows onto the mattress.

JOEY CONT'D
And, she's like a hundred years
older than you

CALLIE
You're overreacting

CALLIE CONT'D
We're 16 and she's 27. It's no big
deal

JOEY
I hope you're kidding

CALLIE
Not at all, I'm dead serious

Joey shakes her head in disbelief. She gets up from the bed.

JOEY
I have to pee, I'll be right back

CALLIE
Can I go talk to your sister

JOEY
No, absolutely no

Joey walks to the door, she heads out. Clearly, Callie doesn't listen to her friend and she goes out of the room.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Callie walks into the living room, nonchalantly, grabs a chair and sits in front of Victoria, who is, again, on the couch, beer in one hand and phone in the other one.

Victoria looks suspiciously at Callie who is staring at her.

CALLIE
Can I have a beer

VICTORIA
I don't think it's a good idea

Callie shrugs as she takes Victoria's beer.

VICTORIA CONT'D
Hey

CALLIE
Relax. It's just one sip

She takes a long one, then hands it back like nothing happened.

CALLIE CONT'D
You're so protective. I kinda like it

VICTORIA
Don't get used to it

Callie laughs softly and starts walking around the room, fingers brushing over the back of a chair, the books on the shelf, the photo frames on the wall.

CALLIE
You've got a weird vibe in here.
Cozy, but quiet

VICTORIA
That's how I like it

CALLIE
Yeah, I can tell. You don't really
do the whole "small talk" thing,
huh

VICTORIA
Not my specialty

Callie tilts her head, studying her.

CALLIE
So what is your specialty

VICTORIA
Not answering questions like that

CALLIE
You're so cool, you know

VICTORIA
Thanks, I guess

Once again, Victoria smiles embarrassed, she sits straight on the couch putting some distance from Callie.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY

Joey flushes the toilet, she washes her hands and then she looks at herself in the mirror. She touches her face, despite the look of a teenager she knows she's not young anymore, that it's just a cover.

She grabs her phone and takes several selfies posing in different positions.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Victoria clears her voice.

VICTORIA
Where's my sister

CALLIE

Bathroom

VICTORIA

You should go back into her room
I'm sure she's done now

Callie shrugs.

CALLIE

I like being here with you

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY

Joey closes her eyes for an instant, she takes a deep breath and when she opens them...
Her pupils are red, her face is covered in wrinkles, her lips are flat, it's like she doesn't even have a mouth. Behind her there are flames everywhere. She opens her mouth, her smile is the scariest thing in the world, it's just tons of sharp yellow fangs.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

CALLIE

I'm going to marry you one day, you
know

VICTORIA

You what

CALLIE

Yeah, I'll marry my sister's best
friend, can you believe it

Victoria gets up from the couch as fast as she can, it seems like the couch is on fire.

VICTORIA

No, it's never going to happen

CALLIE

Why not, aren't't I sexy enough for
you

She arches her back, in order to show off her chest.

VICTORIA

Because-

Before Victoria can answer, her sister Joey interrupts them.
Saved by the bell, this time.

JOEY
Hey weirdos, what are you up to

VICTORIA
Nothing

CALLIE
Planning our wedding

JOEY
You can't be serious

CALLIE
I am

VICTORIA
Go back to your room I've got
things to do

Callie frowns, gets up from the chair, and walks with Joey into her room.

Victoria looks at her sister and Callie going back into the room.

VICTORIA CONT'D
(mouthing)
Jesus

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT
The room is quiet, bathed in the soft glow of fairy lights.

Joey and Callie lie on the bed, side by side, staring at the ceiling. A faint song hums from Joey's speaker.

CALLIE
You ever think about what you'll do
after graduation

JOEY
Sometimes. Then I remember I barely
know what I'm doing tomorrow

CALLIE
Come on. You've got to have some
dreams

JOEY
Dream? I don't know. Maybe leave
this place. Go somewhere no one
knows me. Start fresh

CALLIE

I like that. We could find an apartment, one of those tiny ones with leaky pipes and a terrible view

JOEY

You. Living without your mom's lasagna. I'll give you a week

CALLIE

I'll survive. You can cook

JOEY

I burn cereal, Callie

CALLIE

Then we'll live off takeout. Chinese on Mondays, pizza on Fridays

Joey rolls her eyes, laughing.

JOEY

What about the other five days

CALLIE

Starve. But at least we'll starve together

They both laugh softly. Joey turns her head, watching Callie's smile fade into something quieter.

CALLIE CONT'D

I'm serious though. I don't want to lose you. Not after all this

JOEY

You won't. We're stuck with each other

CALLIE

Good. Because I'm not great at making new friends

JOEY

That's because you're a pain in the ass

CALLIE

Yeah, but I'm your pain in the ass

They share a small grin, the air between them still and easy.

For a moment, everything outside that room feels far away –
the noise, the world, the secrets.
Just two girls, planning a future that feels simple.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PUB. EVENING

Audrey stands behind the counter, arranging the bottles for the night, when the door opens. It's Frank. Audrey looks at him, she smiles, he smiles back then walks to the counter.

AUDREY

Hey

FRANK

Hey

Audrey steps away from the counter. They meet in the middle of the pub. They kiss on the lips.

FRANK CONT'D

You smell good

AUDREY

I've missed you too

Frank hugs Audrey.

FRANK

Everything's under control, you don't have to worry

(Audrey nods while he
grabs her hand.)

I just got back from the lab. They have no evidence

AUDREY

Thank God, I was so worried

FRANK

Love, I told you. You don't have to worry, you know you can count on me

AUDREY

I know, it's just-

Frank squeezes Audrey's hand firmly.

FRANK

I'll always take care of you and your family

AUDREY

You are an angel, you know that

Frank smirks.

FRANK
I've been told

Audrey laughs.

AUDREY
I'll be lost without you

Frank kisses Audrey again.

FRANK
You could tell your sisters we're
dating. Or you could move in with
me

He takes a step forward.

FRANK CONT'D
Or we could have dinner altogether

Audrey hesitates, she looks at the wooden floor then she
gently caresses Frank's face.

AUDREY
You know I can't right now

Audrey avoids looking at him, she takes a step back and
crosses her arms.

AUDREY CONT'D
After everything that happened in
our family

FRANK
I know I know, it's just-

Frank takes a step forward, touching Audrey's shoulders.

FRANK CONT'D
I love you that's all

AUDREY
I love you too

They hug one more time before being interrupted by a client
who walks in.

They pull immediately apart, pretending like nothing
happened.

AUDREY CONT'D
What can I get you

Audrey walks back behind the counter.

FRANK
Beer is fine, thanks

AUDREY
Sure

Audrey serves Frank a beer then heads to the other customer.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN. EVENING
It's a small well-decorated kitchen.

We see the back of a girl cooking while she listens to a podcast about serial killers.

She turns around as she puts the plate onto the table.

She sits at the table and she starts eating, alone.

After a few bites, she pauses not for any real reason. Her eyes drift toward the window.

Outside, the evening light fades into the quiet of the street. She keeps staring for a second, as if something out there had caught her attention but then she blinks, lets out a small breath, and goes back to her meal.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. JOEY'S BEDROOM. EVENING

Joey lies on her bed, studying, headphones on, rock music blasting. Victoria leans against the doorframe.

VICTORIA
I'm going out
No answer.

VICTORIA CONT'D
Joey
Still nothing.

Annoyed, Victoria rolls her eyes, crosses the room, and pulls off Joey's headphones.

JOEY
Jesus! You scared me

VICTORIA
You gave me no choice

JOEY
Whatever

Joey puts the headphones back on.

VICTORIA
I'm going out, I'll see you later

JOEY
Sure

Joey puts her book down, eyes her sister. She removes her headphones again.

Victoria bites her lip.

JOEY CONT'D
You sure you're alright

Victoria dismisses her casually.

VICTORIA
Sure, why wouldn't I be

JOEY
I don't know, you tell me

VICTORIA
I'm fine

Joey studies her face, she doesn't buy it.

JOEY
Who are you going to kill

Victoria freezes.

VICTORIA
You know I can't tell you

JOEY
Yeah, yeah. Rules, bla bla bla

Victoria leans down, kisses Joey on the head. Joey puts her headphones back on.

Victoria walks out.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT

Kate pulls over the car and turns off the engine.
The parking lot is almost empty, a few cars scattered under dim yellow lights.

She grabs her purse and steps out. As the door closes behind her, her wallet slips from the seat and lands on the asphalt with a dull thud.

She doesn't notice.
For a moment, the sound of the engine fading mixes with the distant hum of the city.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

Kate pushes the door open. A faint bell chimes as she enters. The warm light inside contrasts with the cold night outside.

She scans the room, laughter and chatter fill the air, the smell of beer and old wood lingers.

Her eyes find an empty table tucked away in a quiet corner, where no one pays much attention unless they look directly her way.

She walks across the room and sits down, placing her purse on the table.

For a moment, she just sits there, watching people, silent, as if trying to disappear in the noise.

EXT. HOUSE. GARDEN. NIGHT

Victoria is dressed in total black, she stands in the dark near a tree where no-one can see her.

She grabs the note her sister gave her previously, she looks at it one more time.

It's Callie, Joey's best friend. The same girl who spent the afternoon in her house and told her she wants to marry her.

She looks at the address one more time, and it matches exactly the one written on the card.

She slowly puts the cards in her pocket again.

She walks along the perimeter of the house, trying to get a view of it and to understand who's in there. On the first floor through the window, Victoria sees Callie's parents in the living room watching a movie, and on the upper floor Callie is studying at her desk. Victoria realizes the only way to get inside the house without being noticed is to climb up a tree that stands exactly in front of Joey's window.

VICTORIA

Shit

She climbs the tree.

EXT. TREE. NIGHT

Victoria made it to the top of the tree. She can see Callie through the window who is at her desk studying, but there's still one thing she needs to figure out: how to call Callie.

VICTORIA

(whispering)

Callie

No answer.

She tries one more time.

VICTORIA CONT'D

Callie!

Callie doesn't answer. Victoria pinches the bridge of her nose, she must think quickly, she has to reach out to Callie. Eventually, she grabs some little rocks she finds on the branches and throws them against the window.

INT. HOUSE. CALLIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Callie is focused on her book when she hears something hitting on her window. She looks around, looks at the window, when another rock hits it. She gets up from her desk, walks toward the window, opens it and she sees Victoria sitting on the tree.

CALLIE

What are you doing here

EXT. TREE. NIGHT

Victoria smiles brightly at her.

VICTORIA

I need to talk to you

VICTORIA CONT'D

Let me in

INT. HOUSE. CALLIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Callie opens the window wider in order to let Victoria in as she gestures to step inside.

EXT. TREE. NIGHT

Victoria gets close to the window as much as she can, then jumps inside.

INT. HOUSE. CALLIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Victoria steps into Callie's room. They stand in front of each other. Callie smiles brightly at her, her smile is genuine, she's not the rebel teenager we've seen earlier, she's timid now.

VICTORIA
I need to talk to you

CALLIE
(Whispering)
We have to be quiet, my parents are downstairs

VICTORIA
Okay

CALLIE
Wait, I have an idea

She walks back to her desk, grabs her phone and turns the music on, then she goes back near Victoria.

Victoria grabs Callie's hand as she leads her on Callie's bed.

VICTORIA
I thought about what you said
before I just- I just couldn't talk
in front of my sister

Victoria pauses. She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes for an instance.

VICTORIA CONT'D
I'm in

CALLIE
What you mean

VICTORIA
I want to marry you

Callie's mouth opens in disbelief. Her eyes are wide open in shock and surprise.

CALLIE

For real

Victoria nods.

VICTORIA

I'll wait for you

Victoria squeezes Callie's hand.

VICTORIA CONT'D

I don't care how long I have to
wait, I want to marry you

Callie doesn't answer right away, she just stares at
Victoria, she doesn't even blink her eyelids.

VICTORIA CONT'D (CONT'D)

So... what you think

CALLIE

I, uhm, yes, yes!

Callie hugs Victoria, Victoria hugs her back as she caresses
her shoulders.

VICTORIA

Are you happy

Callie nods enthusiastically, she has tears in her eyes.

CALLIE

Yeah. Are you happy

Victoria smiles at her, she knows she has to lie to her, she
can't tell her the truth.

VICTORIA

I am

Callie pauses, she looks at Victoria.

CALLIE

Can I tell Joey

Victoria bursts out laughing.

VICTORIA

No, it's our secret. You can't tell
her, not right now. Can you do it

It's a big deal for Callie, she can't tell her best friend,
but then reluctantly she nods.

CALLIE
Yes. I can do it

VICTORIA
Good. Good

They look into each other's eyes for a moment.

VICTORIA CONT'D
I'm sorry Callie

She places her left hand onto Callie's face.

CALLIE
What's- what are you doing

Callie freezes, panic creeping in, trying to push Victoria away. Victoria's other hand slips into her pants pocket and pulls out the golden shears.

With a swift, precise motion, she presses the shears to Callie's throat. Blood flares instantly, but as Victoria pulls the shears away, two things happen at once: the cut closes completely, skin knitting back as if untouched, and the shears crack, crumble, and turn to dust in her hands, falling softly onto the bed.

For a second Victoria doesn't move, she stays still looking at Callie's body lying on the bed.

VICTORIA
I'm so sorry

She closes Callie's eyes.

Victoria steps away from the dead body, she slowly falls down on the floor while tears cover her face.

VICTORIA CONT'D
I'm sorry, so sorry

She is brought back to reality when Callie's phone buzzes.

VICTORIA CONT'D (CONT'D)
Shit

She wipes the tears off her face, gets up, looks for Callie's phone, Callie left it on the desk. She grabs Callie's phone, it's a message from her best friend Joey.

Victoria puts the phone down right away. She looks at Callie one more time, her expression blank, almost frozen between grief and disbelief.

Then, she climbs back onto the windowsill and jumps out of the window.

EXT. TREE. NIGHT

Victoria lands softly on the grass.

She doesn't look back.

She disappears into the darkness.

INT. HOUSE. CALLIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Silence.

The room is still. The music from the phone keeps playing softly in the background.

Callie's body lies motionless on the bed.

EXT. HOUSE. GARDEN. NIGHT

A single leaf detaches from a branch and falls through the night air, slowly, gracefully.

It lands on the grass, right where Victoria was standing just moments before.

Silence again.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. JOEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Joey lies in bed, the lights dim. Her phone buzzes a message from Will:

She stares at it for a moment, but doesn't reply. Instead, she opens Callie's chat.

Her last message, "Love you weirdo," still shows unread.

Joey sighs softly, shrugs, then places the phone on the bedside table.

The screen fades to black.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

The night has stretched long.

Most of the tables are empty now, only a few regulars sit scattered across the room, the dim lights reflecting on their half-empty glasses.

Audrey wipes the counter in slow circles, the soft hum of the neon sign buzzing behind her. Frank sits on a stool, sleeves rolled up, his beer untouched.

FRANK

You should close soon. It's late

AUDREY

You say that every night

She smirks, folds the towel and leans on the counter, arms crossed.

AUDREY CONT'D

You staying because you like the
beer or because you don't trust me
alone

FRANK

Both, maybe

He smiles faintly, but his eyes are tired. Audrey studies him for a moment, then lowers her voice.

AUDREY

I got your message. About the alley

Frank exhales, his fingers tracing the rim of the glass.

FRANK

Yeah. It's handled. The lab didn't
find anything they could use.

AUDREY

Did they find something they can't
use

Frank looks up at her, that brief silence says everything.

FRANK

You know I don't write everything
in my report

Audrey nods. She knew the answer already.

AUDREY

You shouldn't risk it. One day
someone's going to notice

FRANK

Someone always notices. But they
stop asking questions when they
realize who you're asking about

Audrey freezes, towel in her hands. Her eyes meet his warning, and a quiet promise.

AUDREY

You talk too much for a cop

FRANK

And you don't talk enough for what
you are

The words hang in the air. A flicker of light crosses Audrey's face, half surprise, half recognition.

She doesn't deny it.

AUDREY

Finish your beer, Frank

FRANK

You know, sometimes I wish I didn't
understand the things I understand

He finally takes a sip. The moment softens.

AUDREY

That makes two of us

They share a silence that feels almost like comfort.

A drunk at the far table laughs loudly; the world resumes its noise.

Frank stands, grabs his jacket, leaves a few bills on the counter.

FRANK

Lock the door when you're done

AUDREY

Always do

He nods once and heads out.

Audrey watches him go, her reflection shimmering in the glass bottles behind her calm, composed, but her hands are trembling slightly.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Victoria stands in front of a Victorian palace. She looks disheveled, upset. She walks toward the house, there's a bouncer standing next to the door. As soon as he spots Victoria he lets her in. Her pace is fast, urgent.

INT. PALACE. NIGHT

Victoria gets inside, there's a huge living room full of people.

Some of them are drinking, chatting or kissing their partner. She scans the room, she walks along the room until she turns to her right. She is looking for someone, she knows how to move, she walks until she stands in front of a black door.

INT. PALACE. ROOM. NIGHT

Victoria sits on a chair, wearing nothing but her bra and pants.

Ellie stands before her. Next to them, a tray with blades, tweezers, pliers, and shears gleaming under the faint light.

ELLIE

I'm going to tie you up now. Last
chance to change your mind

VICTORIA

Hurt me

Ellie takes a leather rope, ties Victoria's wrists behind her back, her fingers brush the skin like she's done it before.

ELLIE

Tight enough

Victoria nods.

VICTORIA

Perfect

Ellie picks up a blade, drags the edge slowly along Victoria's chest, not cutting, just tracing the shape of her breath, before stabbing her rib.

Victoria gasps. No blood.

ELLIE

Better

VICTORIA

I want more

Ellie gives a short, dry laugh.

ELLIE

You're more twisted than I
remembered

She hesitates, glances at the tray, then takes two blades instead of one.

She strikes her shoulder, then her stomach. A mortal would already be gone, but Victoria just trembles, breathing through the pain.

ELLIE CONT'D

And now, my favorite part

VICTORIA

Do your best

ELLIE

Or worst

Ellie winks, like she used to.

She grabs the shears and cuts Victoria's chest. Slowly. From left to right. This time, blood.

Victoria exhales sharply, a sound that's half agony, half release.

Ellie drops the shears, unties her, hands her a towel.

Victoria wipes the blood away. The wound vanishes.

VICTORIA

Thank you

ELLIE

I've never seen you that desperate since...

(beat)

...Alex

Victoria freezes, lips tightening.

Her eyes dart away, toward the floor.

VICTORIA

I... I killed Joey's best friend

Ellie doesn't answer right away. Then softly:

ELLIE

I'm sorry

She reaches up, brushes Victoria's cheek with her thumb, a touch that feels like muscle memory.

ELLIE CONT'D

How you feeling

VICTORIA
I don't know

Victoria takes Ellie's hand, just for a moment, like she's afraid to let go.

Ellie lets her, then gently steps back.

ELLIE
It's late, Victoria. You should go home

Ellie leaves.

Victoria stays there, motionless, bloodless again, but far from healed.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. JOEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Joey sleeps when all of a sudden she is woken up by the ambulance's siren that just crossed the road.

She gets up, goes to the window, she looks at the ambulance turning on the street on the left.

She goes back to bed, she checks her phone, no messages, still no answer from Callie.

As she puts herself in bed again, another siren approaches, this time it's the police. Joey gets up again and walks to the window.

The car follows the same path the ambulance took before.

She grabs her phone and she writes a message to a group chat: Kensington sisters.

This time she doesn't go back to sleep, she just sits on the bed waiting for an answer.

After a minute that seems an eternity, her phone chimes.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Victoria walks down the street when her phone buzzes. She reads the text message Joey sent to the group chat. She texts her back.

Victoria tucks the phone into her pants, and she now stands in front of Audrey's pub.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

Audrey's phone chimes, she grabs her phone and reads the chat between her sisters, but she doesn't answer. She tucks the phone back onto the counter and she turns her head toward the door.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

Audrey leans against the counter as Victoria walks in, visibly upset. Victoria takes a seat, Audrey leans against her sister, she looks at her from head to toe.

AUDREY
You look like shit

She wipes the counter with a towel.

VICTORIA
Yeah, well, I just killed my
sister's best friend

Audrey looks around making sure no one hears them, but the patrons are actually too busy to pay attention to them.

AUDREY
Keep your voice down, are you out
of your mind

Audrey turns around and serves a cold beer to Victoria.

Victoria holds the beer in her hand, but she doesn't drink it. She stares at the bottle.

VICTORIA
She looked at me with those big
eyes - she couldn't believe I was
hurting her

AUDREY
I'm sorry

VICTORIA
Yeah, but I'm the one who had to
kill her, not you

AUDREY
It's not my fault if you're "the
death"

VICTORIA
Yeah well I'm fucking tired

Victoria gets up from the stool, leaving her sister.

AUDREY

Where are you going

No answer.

Victoria heads to the bathroom.

INT. PUB. BATHROOM. NIGHT

Victoria steps inside and locks the door behind her.

She stands in front of the mirror, silent. Her reflection looks back human, ordinary, exhausted.

She takes a deep breath, gripping the edge of the sink. The light above her hums softly, flickering.

Victoria leans closer to the mirror. Her eyes change: darker now, endless.

Her skin fades to a cold shade of grey, veins surfacing like dark rivers.

Her pupils disappear. Her lips twist into a faint, lifeless smile.

For a brief moment, Death stares back at her.

The Moirai beneath the mask.

Victoria doesn't look away. She just watches herself, a quiet acknowledgment of what she is.

Then she blinks. The flicker stops. Her reflection is human again.

She turns on the faucet, splashes cold water on her face. Water drips from her chin as she straightens up, breathing slowly, steadying herself.

She looks in the mirror one last time.

The woman staring back looks calm. But her eyes, her eyes remember.

Victoria unlocks the door and walks out.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

Victoria steps out of the bathroom.

The pub is lively; people chatting, laughing, glasses clinking.

She moves through the crowd slowly, almost detached from it all.

Then she spots Kate, sitting alone at a table in the corner.

Her expression softens.

As Victoria walks toward her, she accidentally bumps into a girl carrying a tray.

GIRL
Whoa, careful there

VICTORIA
It's fine. Happens more than you
think

The girl smiles, intrigued.

Victoria gives her a fleeting, playful glance before walking on.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

She reaches the table.

Kate looks up, surprised to see her.

Victoria stands there for a moment, then slowly sits down.
The noise of the pub fades, just the two of them, locked in
silence, their eyes meeting for a heartbeat too long.

VICTORIA
Mind if I sit here. It's my favorite
table

KATE
Do I know you

VICTORIA
I don't think we've ever met

VICTORIA CONT'D
I'm Victoria

KATE
Katherine, but everybody calls me
Kate

VICTORIA
Can I get you a drink

Kate looks at the empty bottle of beer, then half smiles.

KATE
Sure

Victoria waves her hand to Audrey, who nods.

VICTORIA

So... Do you come here often

Audrey serves two bottles of beer to them.

AUDREY

Have fun

Kate smiles politely to Audrey; Audrey leaves them alone.

Victoria and Kate clink the bottles.

VICTORIA

What brings you here

KATE

They have the best beer in town.
You

VICTORIA

Free drinks, I guess – she's my
sister

Kate chuckles. Victoria smiles back.

VICTORIA CONT'D

What do you do for a living

KATE

I work at the local library

VICTORIA

Nice. I guess books live longer
than people

KATE

Only if someone keeps reading them

VICTORIA

Then I guess you're keeping a lot
of souls alive

Kate studies her for a moment, slightly intrigued.

KATE

You

VICTORIA CONT'D

I, uhm, I run the family's
business. We create unique pieces
of clothing

KATE

Nice

VICTORIA
You wanna get out of here

KATE
With you

Victoria looks around like it's just the two of them.

VICTORIA
Yeah

Kate scoffs.

KATE
I know who you are, Victoria. You
bring all the girls to your place,
seduce them, and have sex with
them.

Victoria looks at her, half amused, half offended.

KATE CONT'D
'Cause that's what you want, right

VICTORIA
Technically, I don't bring them
home - my little sister lives with
me. But other than that... yeah

Kate gets up from the table, goes near Victoria, leans close to her.

KATE
I just made you buy me a drink
because I lost my wallet, but
thanks for the offer. I'm flattered

Kate kisses Victoria's cheek and walks away.

Victoria smirks, but as she watches Kate disappear into the crowd, her smile fades.
For a moment, her eyes grow distant, almost hollow.
The noise of the pub returns, but she seems somewhere else
haunted by something she can't name.

She lowers her gaze, fingers tracing the rim of the beer bottle.
Then she takes a slow breath, the mask of confidence sliding back into place.

INT. PUB. NIGHT
The pub is almost empty now.

Chairs are stacked, lights dimmed. The only sound is the faint buzz of the neon sign outside.

Victoria sits alone at the same table, a half-empty beer in her hand. Her eyes are lost somewhere far away.

Behind the counter, Audrey sets down the last crate of bottles, wipes her hands on a rag, and walks toward her sister.

She leans against the table.

AUDREY

You planning to sleep here tonight

VICTORIA

Wouldn't be the worst place

Audrey chuckles softly, then sits across from her.

AUDREY

You met someone

Victoria doesn't look at her, just swirls the bottle in her hand.

VICTORIA

Maybe. She didn't fall for it,
though

AUDREY

Lucky her

A beat. Silence fills the space between them.

VICTORIA

Do you ever... wish we could stop.
Just live. Like everyone else

Audrey sighs. She looks at her sister with that mix of pity and affection only older siblings can have.

AUDREY

We're not everyone else, Vic. You
know that.

Victoria nods faintly, finishes her beer, and sets it down.

VICTORIA

Yeah. I know

Audrey stands, grabs her coat.

AUDREY

Come on. Let's go home

Victoria looks one last time at the empty bottle – the condensation sliding down like tears – then gets up and follows her sister toward the door.

As they step outside, the lights flicker.
The pub falls silent.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOUSE. CALLIE'S BEDROOM. DAY

The room is heavy with silence. Callie's body lies on the bed, still and pale, almost unnervingly perfect in its stillness. The sunlight filtering through the blinds cuts narrow lines across the walls, casting the room in fragmented shadows.

Her parents stand frozen, grief etched into every line of their faces. Mrs. Ramirez leans against her husband, burying her face in his chest, shaking softly. Mr. Ramirez grips the edge of the bed, knuckles white, unable to speak.

A crime scene photographer moves quietly around the room, flashes briefly illuminating the pale walls, the pristine bedspread now a silent witness. Frank stands near the door, notebook in hand, his expression unreadable, but the tension in his jaw betrays him.

The familiar police officer from the homeless man's case approaches the parents, voice low, careful.

POLICE OFFICER

I... I'm so sorry for your loss

Mrs. Ramirez nods weakly, her body trembling. Mr. Ramirez swallows hard, eyes fixed on the lifeless form of his daughter. Words feel hollow here.

POLICE OFFICER CONT'D

I know this is difficult, but I
need to ask a few questions.
Anything you can tell us could help

Mrs. Ramirez can only nod, tears sliding silently down her cheeks.

MR. RAMIREZ

Anything. Anything for our daughter

The officer steps closer, lowering his voice.

POLICE OFFICER

Did you notice anything unusual
lately. Anything that seemed off,
or made her worried

MR. RAMIREZ

No. Callie... She was our little
angel. Always happy. Always careful

POLICE OFFICER

Did she have a boyfriend

MR. RAMIREZ
Not that I know of

The officer glances at Mrs. Ramirez, who can't hide the sharp pang in her eyes.

MRS. RAMIREZ
She didn't. She spent a lot of time
with her best friend. That's all

POLICE OFFICER
Do you remember the friend's name

MRS. RAMIREZ
Joey, Joey Kensington. They were
together yesterday, and when she
came home she was fine. Just like
always

The officer nods silently, jotting the name in his notebook, the sound of pen scratching against paper echoing in the stillness.

POLICE OFFICER
Thank you for your time. And my
deepest condolences

The parents nod wordlessly, swallowed by grief. The officer turns toward Frank, lowering his voice further, tense but professional.

POLICE OFFICER CONT'D
(quietly)
Let's go see the Kensingtons

FRANK
Yeah

Frank closes his notebook, allowing one final glance at Callie's still body.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Kate sits at the table having breakfast.

She scrolls through her phone with one hand, the other holding a spoonful of cereal mid-air.

As soon as she finds out that Callie is dead, she puts down the spoon.

KATE
Poor girl

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. ENTRYWAY. DAY

The front door opens with a soft creak. Audrey and Victoria step inside, both exhausted, the pale light of dawn leaking through the curtains. Their hair is messy, their clothes smell faintly of beer and smoke. The house is silent, too big, too still.

AUDREY

I'm gonna get changed. Then coffee

VICTORIA

You read my mind

Audrey drops her shoes by the door and disappears down the hallway.

Victoria exhales, runs a hand through her hair, and heads toward her room.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. AUDREY'S ROOM. DAY

Audrey tosses her jacket on the chair, slips off her shoes. She's still in last night's clothes, the smell of smoke and beer clinging to her skin.

She opens the window, the first light of dawn spills in, pale and cold.

She pauses in front of the mirror. Her reflection looks back at her, tired, human.

She rubs her eyes, sighs.

Then, the room goes still.

In the mirror, her reflection blurs, the colors drain away, leaving her skin the color of marble, her eyes dark and endless, veins like thin cracks of black glass spreading beneath the surface.

For a brief moment, her true form emerges; one of the Moirai, timeless and deathly calm.

Audrey looks away.

When she looks back, it's gone.
Just her, human again.

She ties her hair up, grabs a sweater, and heads for the kitchen.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. VICTORIA'S ROOM. DAY

Victoria unbuttons her shirt slowly, her movements heavy. She throws it aside and sits on the edge of the bed for a moment, rubbing her face with both hands.

The faint light outside touches her features pale, distant, still haunted.

She grabs a sweatshirt, pulls it over her head, and forces herself to stand.

Then she walks toward the kitchen.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Audrey is already at the counter, setting a kettle on the stove. Steam rises as water heats, the room quiet except for the soft hum of morning.

Victoria enters, rubbing her eyes, dragging a hand through her hair.

AUDREY
Coffee

VICTORIA
Yes, please

Audrey pours water into the French press, the aroma of coffee filling the small kitchen.

Victoria leans against the counter, stretching.

AUDREY
Looks like it's going to be another sunny day

VICTORIA
Yeah sunny. Great.

They share a brief smile, the kind that acknowledges each other's presence without words.

Audrey sets the coffee to brew. The two move around the kitchen in sync, silent, accustomed to each other's rhythms.

AUDREY
Sugar

Victoria shakes her head.

VICTORIA
Just black

AUDREY
You always do

Victoria nods, takes the mug Audrey hands her.

They sip in silence for a moment, the warmth of the coffee grounding them.

AUDREY CONT'D

I guess we should get ready for the day

VICTORIA

Yeah

The two share a glance, a quiet understanding. Nothing is said about last night. It's morning. Coffee. Light breaking through the windows. The small, ordinary ritual of life continues.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. JOEY'S BEDROOM. DAY

Joey wakes up, stretches, and groans. Half-asleep, she reaches for her phone. The screen is buzzing nonstop—hundreds of notifications. She squints at them, still blurry-eyed.

Scrolling through, her heart sinks: every message, every alert, every news update says the same thing. Callie is dead.

Her hand slips. The phone clatters to the floor. A cold rush runs through her chest.

Joey throws the covers off and bolts upright, her hair falling into her face. Panic makes her limbs move faster than thought. She races across the room, almost tripping over her rug, and bursts into the hallway.

Her feet pound the floor as she sprints toward the kitchen, the sunlight cutting through the blinds, sharp and blinding.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Audrey and Victoria sit at the table, coffee in hand. The quiet hum of morning fills the air, the calm before the inevitable.

Suddenly, the front door bursts open.

Audrey and Victoria exchange a quick look. They already know who it is. Joey storms in, eyes blazing. She charges toward Victoria, who rises from her chair.

VICTORIA

It's not what you—

Before she can finish, Joey punches her square in the face.

Victoria stumbles back, groaning in pain.

JOEY
You killed my best friend

Victoria tries to block the next hit, but Joey's rage is relentless.

They crash to the floor, shadows twist, and in an instant, their human faces dissolve. Their eyes darken. Their skin turns cold and ashen, the true forms of the Moirai revealed.

They struggle, power against power, the air vibrating with their fury.

VICTORIA
I had no choice, and you know it

JOEY
You could have told me

AUDREY
Guys, stop it

Neither of them listens. Their voices echo like thunder in a small room.

VICTORIA
You know I can't

JOEY
You and your stupid rules

AUDREY
Enough

Joey slams Victoria down again, tears and rage burning her eyes.

JOEY
She was my best friend

Audrey, still human, tries to pull them apart, but she's too weak.

She exhales sharply and transforms. Her hands, now dark and veined with light, grab Joey's arms. Joey struggles, snarling, trying to strangle Victoria. Victoria gasps, then laughs, defiant.

VICTORIA
You know you can't kill me

JOEY
You're wrong

Joey's grip tightens. The air grows heavy, suffocating, until the doorbell rings. Once. Then again.

All three sisters freeze. They exchange wary glances. No one's supposed to be here.

Audrey shifts back into human form, straightens her clothes.

AUDREY
Coming

She smooths her hair, takes one last look at her sisters.

AUDREY CONT'D
Get a grip. Both of you

As Audrey heads for the door, Joey leans close to Victoria, eyes still burning.

JOEY
This isn't over

She drives her fist into Victoria's ribs before standing up.

Victoria winces, gasping, hand pressed to her side.

Joey storms out of the kitchen.

Victoria stays on the floor for a moment, chest rising, breath heavy.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. ENTRYWAY. DAY

Audrey straightens her clothes one more time, takes a deep breath — then opens the door with a polite, practiced smile. Detective Roger and Frank stand on the doorstep.

AUDREY
Can I help you

Joey appears beside her, slightly tense.

DETECTIVE ROGER
Good morning, Mrs. Kensington. I'm
Detective Roger, and this is my
colleague, Officer Diaz

Audrey and Joey exchange a look, eyebrows raised.

DETECTIVE ROGER CONT'D
We'd like to ask a few questions
to...

(He checks his note.)
Joey. Joey Kensington.

Audrey turns toward her sister.

JOEY
I'm Joey. What's going on

DETECTIVE ROGER
May we come in

AUDREY
Of course. Please

She steps aside, letting them in.

As they enter, Victoria, freshly changed, joins her sisters.

VICTORIA
Everything alright

Audrey gives her a measured glance.

AUDREY
Victoria - these officers have some
questions for Joey

Victoria nods quietly.

DETECTIVE ROGER
As I was saying-

AUDREY
I just made some coffee. Would you
like some

DETECTIVE ROGER
No, thank you

FRANK
I'm fine, thanks

A beat. The detective clears his throat.

DETECTIVE ROGER
I'm afraid I have some bad news

JOEY
It's about Callie, isn't it

DETECTIVE ROGER
That's correct

FRANK
How... how do you know

JOEY
School group chat. News travels
fast

FRANK
Right

DETECTIVE ROGER
Did she seem different lately?
Upset, maybe

JOEY
No

DETECTIVE ROGER
Was she seeing anyone

JOEY
No

DETECTIVE ROGER
You're sure

JOEY
She was my best friend. We told
each other everything, she would've
told me right away

DETECTIVE ROGER
I appreciate that. Anything you
remember – details, strange things
– could help us

JOEY
Callie was a good person. Only a
monster could've done something
like that to her

Roger and Frank exchange a brief, uneasy look.

DETECTIVE ROGER
Alright. If you remember anything
else, please reach out

JOEY
I will

DETECTIVE ROGER
Thank you for your time

Audrey opens the door. The two men step out, nodding politely before leaving.
Silence lingers for a moment. None of the sisters speak.

Then Joey turns and walks toward her room.

VICTORIA
Where are you going

JOEY V.O.
School

Victoria and Audrey exchange a glance, worried.

Victoria bites her lip; Audrey rubs her forehead, exasperated.
The weight of what's left unsaid hangs in the air.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. JOEY'S BEDROOM. DAY

Joey slams the door behind her.
Her pajamas hit the floor in a heap as she pulls open the wardrobe, grabs whatever clothes she finds, and throws them on in a rush.

EXT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. JOEY'S BEDROOM DOOR. DAY

Victoria knocks gently. No answer.

VICTORIA
Joey... I'm sorry
Silence.

VICTORIA CONT'D
Please. I feel terrible. I would
never have done it if I'd had a
choice

The door bursts open. Joey stands there face pale, eyes burning. They're inches apart.

JOEY
Did she suffer. Did you make her
suffer

Victoria looks down before answering.

VICTORIA
No. I, uhm, she died peacefully

Joey wipes a tear from her cheek, trying not to break.

JOEY

You killed my best friend. I
haven't had a real friend in almost
a century – and now she's gone.
I'll never forgive you

She slips on her headphones, brushes past Victoria. Victoria reaches out, but Joey pulls away.

VICTORIA

You know I've been there. It sucks

Joey keeps walking, ignoring her, until she disappears outside. Victoria sinks slowly to the floor, burying her face in her hands.

Audrey appears behind her, kneels down, and wraps her arms around her sister.

Victoria leans her head on Audrey's shoulder.

AUDREY

She'll come around

Victoria nods, silent.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Kate, a book in hand, walks down the quiet street on her way to work.

She's lost in thought, reading as she walks, until she bumps hard into someone. It's Joey. Eyes red, face tense, moving fast.

JOEY

Watch where you're going, dude

KATE

Sorry

Kate's book falls to the ground. Joey doesn't even glance back, she just keeps walking, shoulders stiff, anger radiating off her. Kate sighs, kneels to pick up her book, brushes off the dust, and keeps heading toward the library.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. GARDEN. DAY

Joey spots Will and their friends sitting at the picnic tables. No one talks, the air is heavy, everyone's lost in their own thoughts.

Joey walks toward them. One of her friends stands and pulls her into a tight hug. Then Will gets up, wraps his arms around her, and presses a soft kiss on her forehead.

The bell rings in the distance.

Her friends start heading toward the main entrance, slow and silent. Will and Joey walk behind them, but halfway there Joey stops. She grabs his hand, pulls him closer.

JOEY
I'm not going in there

WILL
What are you talking about

JOEY
Let's get out of here

Before he can answer, she's already dragging him away.

INT. PUB. DAY

Frank walks in. Audrey is behind the counter, wiping it clean.

FRANK
That was awkward

AUDREY
You're telling me

They meet halfway. Frank takes her hand.

FRANK
At least I almost got to have
breakfast with your sisters

Audrey chuckles, pulling him closer.

AUDREY
Let me make it up to you

FRANK
I might have an idea

He kisses her. Then he playfully bites her neck. Audrey laughs, pushing him gently on the chest, not to stop him, but just enough to tease.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Victoria runs through the forest, branches snapping under her feet. Her breath comes in ragged gasps, sweat glistening on her forehead.

Sunlight filters through the trees in fractured beams, bright, almost mocking.

She pushes harder, faster, as if she could outrun her thoughts.

Her shoes sink into the damp ground. A branch slices her arm, she doesn't even flinch.

The world around her is alive, but she looks like the only dead thing in it.

She stumbles, catches herself on her hands, then falls to her knees. For a moment she just stays there: chest heaving, face twisted between rage and grief.

Finally, she exhales, broken but calm.

INT. HOUSE. WILL'S BEDROOM. DAY

Will and Joey lie on the bed, faces close. Will's hand hovers uncertainly, trembling slightly.

WILL
(whispering)
Are you sure this is okay

Joey tilts her head, a small, reassuring smile playing on her lips. She keeps her eyes gentle, encouraging, letting him take the lead.

JOEY
Yes. Just take your time

He nods, swallowing nervously. Slowly, he leans over her. Their lips meet in a soft, tentative kiss. Joey doesn't rush; she mirrors his movements, subtle shifts that make him feel in control.

Will's hands brush her arms, her back, lingering uncertainly. They pull back slightly, foreheads resting together. Will's breath is uneven, nervous excitement mingled with awe. Joey's expression is calm, patient, encouraging him silently.

They kiss again, slower this time. Will's confidence grows, still careful, still timid. Joey allows it, her hand lightly resting on his shoulder, a quiet signal that everything is alright.

Will smiles slightly, emboldened. Joey smiles back, quiet and approving. The moment lingers, a mixture of trust, discovery, and unspoken connection.

Beat.

They remain on the bed, both slightly breathless. The soft morning light filters through the window, casting warm highlights across Joey's face.

WILL

That was... wow. Best three minutes
of my life

JOEY

(chuckling)
It was perfect

Joey snuggles against Will's chest.

WILL

I love you, Joey

JOEY

I love you too

They kiss once more, slow and tender.

WILL

Do you want to go out for lunch

JOEY

I would love to

They smile at each other, fingers intertwined, as the morning sun fills the room with a warm, quiet glow.

INT. PUB. DAY

Audrey and Frank lie against the counter, silent, he gently rubs his hand on Audrey's body.

FRANK

I should go now

AUDREY

Do you really have to

Frank kisses Audrey on the lips, he gets up.

FRANK
I'm afraid I really have to

He helps Audrey to her feet.

AUDREY
Hey Frank

FRANK
What, what is it

AUDREY
I love you

He smiles at her.

FRANK
I love you too

They kiss one last time.

FRANK CONT'D
I really have to go now

AUDREY
See you later

FRANK
Yep. Later love

He looks at her, smiling, then heads to the door. Audrey watches him leave. For a moment, she stands there, her hand lingering on the edge of the counter, tracing its worn surface absentmindedly. The pub is quiet now, the hum of the neon sign filling the silence. She exhales slowly, letting the brief warmth of the goodbye settle in her chest before turning to tidy the counter.

EXT. WOOD. DAY

Victoria is breathing hard, chest rising and falling as sweat drips down her face. Her legs are heavy from the run, leaves crunching underfoot with every step. She slows for a moment, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand, then her phone buzzes.

VICTORIA
Yes...
(beat, catching her
breath)
In the woods, I'll be right there

She tucks the phone into her pocket, shoulders tense, and picks up her pace again, feet pounding the forest floor, determination written across her exhausted expression.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Frank leans against his car, whistling softly. A few minutes later Victoria approaches, breathless.

FRANK
You're late

VICTORIA
Sorry. I was farther than I thought

FRANK
Whatever

He hands her a small wallet.

VICTORIA
Thanks. I owe you one

Frank chuckles, looks her straight in the eyes.

FRANK
You owe me more than one, Victoria

He opens the car door.

VICTORIA
Listen, I know you're seeing my
sister

Frank freezes. He slowly turns to her, mouth opening in surprise. Words catch in his throat.

VICTORIA CONT'D
I'm okay with that

FRANK
You... you are

Victoria shrugs, casual.

VICTORIA
You should come to our place. Have
dinner with us.

FRANK
I - I would love to

VICTORIA

Okay then

They stand in silence, studying each other. Frank pinches the bridge of his nose, uneasy.

FRANK

How, how did you find out, we've
been careful

Victoria smirks, steps closer.

VICTORIA

Oh – one more thing

FRANK

What is it

She leans in, voice low and steady.

VICTORIA

If you hurt her, I will fucking
kill you

Frank blinks, a mix of confusion and a flash of real fear.

FRANK

You– you can't be serious. You're
joking, right

Victoria's face is unreadable.

VICTORIA

You don't want to know

She turns and walks away. Frank watches her go, then gets into his car.

INT. CAR. DAY

Frank climbs into his car, closes the door, and sits for a moment. He grips the steering wheel tightly, taking slow, deep breaths, trying to calm himself. His chest rises and falls, eyes focused on the dashboard, still processing the encounter.

After a few tense seconds, he finally loosens his grip, exhales sharply, and starts the engine.

INT. DINER. DAY

Will and Joey sit at the counter, each with a milkshake in front of them.

The clinking of dishes and the low hum of other customers fill the diner. Sunlight streams through the large windows, glinting off the polished counter.

JOEY

Try this

She hands him her milkshake. Will takes a sip, smiling.

WILL

Good, but mine's better

Joey chuckles, but there's a shadow of sadness she can't quite hide.

JOEY

That's your ego talking

Will laughs openly, then looks at her more seriously.

WILL

Hey how're you doing

Joey looks down at her milkshake, then back up at him.

JOEY

It sucks. I really miss her

Will drapes his arm gently around her shoulders, trying to offer comfort.

WILL

I know. I miss her too

JOEY

Will

He meets her gaze.

JOEY CONT'D

Thank you for being here with me

WILL

Anything for you

He leans down slightly and kisses her forehead softly. Around them, the diner continues its life: a waiter calls an order, the coffee machine hisses, yet in this little bubble of noise and light, the world seems suspended just for them.

INT. PUB. DAY

Audrey wipes the counter, the place nearly empty. The faint sound of a radio plays in the background, something soft and old.

She takes a deep breath, looks around, everything is spotless.

A middle-aged man enters, one of the regulars.

CUSTOMER
Morning, Audrey

AUDREY
Hey, Charlie. Usual

He nods. Audrey pours him a coffee and slides it across the counter.

CHARLIE
Quiet day, huh

AUDREY
Yeah. Guess the whole town's still
talking about that poor girl

Charlie shakes his head.

CHARLIE
It's a damn shame. Kids that young

Audrey nods silently, her eyes distant for a moment.

AUDREY
Yeah. Feels like the world's just
getting colder every day

Charlie takes his cup, moves to his usual seat. Audrey watches him for a moment, then goes back to wiping the counter, calm on the outside, but her expression heavy with thought.

EXT. LIBRARY. DAY

Victoria leans against a car in front of the library, biting her fingernails, nervous. Kate opens the doors and spots her waiting. She rolls her eyes. When Victoria sees her, she smiles and walks over.

KATE
What do you want, Victoria. I
already told you I'm not interested

VICTORIA
I have something for you

She hands Kate the wallet she lost the other night, the one Frank gave her earlier. Kate exhales in relief.

KATE
Thanks. Where did you find it

VICTORIA
It was hidden behind the trash cans

KATE
Thank you

She slips the wallet into her purse and starts to walk away.

VICTORIA
Do you want to go out for a drink

KATE
Sorry, I'm busy

VICTORIA
Do you want to go on a date

Kate stops, turns, and looks at her.

KATE
No

Victoria stays quiet, disappointed.

VICTORIA
Oh

Kate takes a few steps, then stops again.

KATE
But tomorrow I'm having dinner at Don's. Eight o'clock. Don't be late.

Victoria straightens up slightly.

VICTORIA
I won't

Kate walks off, expression unreadable – she's not sure if telling her was the right move.

INT. MOIRAI'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

The house is dimly lit. A single lamp glows softly, cutting through the stillness.

Joey sits on the couch, legs crossed, music humming in her earbuds. She stares blankly ahead, pretending not to notice when the front door opens.

Victoria steps inside. She freezes when she sees Joey, her voice uncertain.

VICTORIA

Hey

No answer. Joey doesn't move.

VICTORIA CONT'D

(gently)

Joey

Still nothing. Victoria takes a step closer.

VICTORIA CONT'D (CONT'D)

I'm sorry

That's enough to make Joey take out one earbud, though she doesn't look at her.

JOEY

You said that already

VICTORIA

And I'll keep saying it until you believe me

JOEY

Then you'll be saying it for a while

The silence stretches. Audrey appears from the kitchen, holding three cups of tea.

AUDREY

Okay, that's enough tension for one night

She sets the cups down, her voice light but firm.

AUDREY CONT'D

You can hate each other later.
We've got work to do

Joey scoffs.

JOEY

Right. Because the universe doesn't
care if one of us feels like crap

AUDREY

Exactly

Victoria sits down slowly across from Joey, her hands wrapped
around the cup for warmth.

VICTORIA

You don't have to forgive me. Just
don't shut me out.

Joey hesitates, rolls her eyes, torn between anger and the
duty that binds them. She finally looks at her sister, her
voice quiet but sharp.

JOEY

You hurt someone I loved. That
doesn't go away because we've got
another soul to take

Victoria nods, eyes lowered.

VICTORIA

I know. But it's who we are. We
don't get to choose.

Joey shakes her head.

JOEY

Maybe that's what I hate the most

Audrey sighs, rubbing her temple.

AUDREY

Girls, please. Enough

She stands, her tone shifting, serious now.

AUDREY CONT'D

We have to go. Now

That gets Joey's attention. She puts the cup down, her jaw
tightening.

JOEY

Fine

Victoria meets her gaze for a brief moment, a silent truce,
fragile but necessary.

The three sisters walk toward the door together. Joey keeps a few steps ahead, refusing to look back. Victoria watches her for a beat, then follows.

END OF ACT THREE

EPILOGUE

INT. TEXTILE COMPANY. NIGHT

The three sisters enter the building. At first glance, it looks like an ordinary textile company—rows of sewing machines, piles of colorful yarn, the faint hum of fluorescent lights. The air smells faintly of fabric and oil.

They move down a narrow corridor, passing the “showroom” floor where nothing seems out of place. Audrey glances at a notice on the wall—just a routine schedule for workers.

Audrey just nods, focused. They reach a second, unassuming door at the back. Victoria pushes it open. The room beyond is starkly different. Shadows twist along the walls, the air feels heavier, almost alive. A low, rhythmic hum fills the space. The sisters pause, exchanging a glance.

In a slow, deliberate motion, they shift. Their human forms melt away, replaced by the Moirai, their eyes dark voids, skin pale and flawless like marble, veins black as cracks in glass. They radiate power, eternal and terrible.

Joey/ Clotho moves to the central chair, the one labeled Clotho. She sits and reaches for a spindle, a glowing thread materializing before her hands. With meticulous care, she spins the thread, each twist a new life. Her expression is unreadable, calm and eternal.

Audrey/ Lachesis takes the chair labeled Lachesis. She lifts a golden rod, sliding it along the thread. With every measure, the life of the person is calculated—short, long, or doomed. Her eyes scan the threads like numbers on a ledger, precise and impartial.

Victoria/ Atropos approaches her chair, the one marked Atropos. She grips a pair of shears, the metal gleaming in the dim light. With a swift, final motion, the thread is severed. Life ends.

Behind them, two machines whir quietly. The first prints a name on a card, the mechanism precise and cold. Each card corresponds to a thread—each thread to a life. Atropos' shears wait, ready.

The camera lingers on a card sliding from the machine: the name of someone soon to die.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME. NIGHT

An elderly woman sleeps peacefully, her chest rising and falling with slow, steady breaths. The room is quiet, the moonlight spilling over her quilt.

A faint click echoes—a sound unnoticed by the living.

Her eyes flutter open for a moment, then close forever. The thread has been cut.

INT. TEXTILE COMPANY. NIGHT

The Moirai sit in silence, the weight of their duty pressing against eternity. Their faces are impassive, their work methodical. Life and death continue, unfeeling, precise, unavoidable.

THE END