

The Edge Of Forever.

WRITTEN
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FADE IN:

TANGIER. STREETS - PAST MIDNIGHT

A PALLOR DISSECTED COUPLE resting on the stone bench.

DAISY BUCHANAN twirls around herself with blissful mien, eyes closed to the moon.

STEPHEN DEDALUS staring down her with stiff mien.

DAISY BUCHANAN

It's a pity the night spills out
sooner than the pleasure exile us
my love.

Open her shining eyes and step unto Stephen.

DAISY (Cont'd)

I feel you like a sculpture about
to embrace me. Kiss me forever my
love.

Stephen embraces Daisy.

STEPHEN DEDALUS

Imagine if we remember every
moment shared, every victim fed
us. Lovers are wise to forget or
they wouldn't stand each other.

DAISY

You mean, to not electro-shock
their brains. And yet days make
ages, drops of rain floods.

STEPHEN

Daisy, when you see the dead,
what do you see?

Daisy leaves Stephen's arm taking a close look to the dead couple.

DAISY

We live because of them.

STEPHEN

They become our trophies, we're predators in the night. It's curious for me. We have the power to snuff them or to make them immortals. Which one from both is a real bliss? Perhaps, that's my blunder, to look for blissfulness anymore, magic realities through my music.

Daisy ponders his words. Walks around Stephen.

DAISY

I never have felt myself out of this scenario. Nor even when the daylight pushes me to seek underground.

STEPHEN

I saw you as I see you and will see you like my own shadow sailing against the clock.

DAISY

We have to my dear.

Daisy caresses his face with both hands.

STEPHEN

Don't you call it out a curse?

DAISY

(Shrugs)

There's not a creature in the universe without paying tribute to his creator.

STEPHEN

(Pensive)

We didn't birth to the night
honey, to pay pounds of our own
flesh.

Stephen throws his hands to his head looking up.

DAISY

What's up honey?

Daisy holding tight Stephen's elbows.

STEPHEN

Through the ages I've become a
faithless heart inside the
cathedral.

Stephen breaks in cackles.

Daisy doesn't get him, on and on she smiles
either.

She embraces him, the cackles go away echoing
through the narrow-whorl streets.

A NEIGHBOR on the chamber turn on lights. Daisy
noticed it.

Daisy embraces Stephen and drive him to take seat
on the bench.

Stephen cackles. Daisy endeavor to restrain his
unrestrained fit.

DAISY

Shh... They are watching. Stephen...

Stephen end up and anxiously apparently tries to
join the dry couple each other once again.

Kisses the lover's cheeks the skin glued in their
lips baring the line of their teeth.

Daisy frowned and detach Stephen implying huge force, both almost stumbling against the streetlight.

The cadavers smashed on the ground.

NEIGHBOR

Ayyy...

Stephen and Daisy flow away the channeled street scattering an echo their foot thuds and Stephen's laughter.

EXT. STREET - ABOUT TO DAWN

Stephen Dedalus almost carried on by Daisy.

STEPHEN

In Marlows?'

DAISY

In Bilals.'

STEPHEN

Is he still alive?

DAISY

Darling, we mourned him last night.

Dragged Stephen watches the cobblestone floor passes before his eyes. He seems out of senses.

STEPHEN

Last night, last century,
tonight...

Daisy halts and up her look to lead the way.

DAISY

(Close her eyes briefly)
Where the wind flows unpolluted
from the sea.

Re-start the march across the cemented labyrinths.

STEPHEN

Run, run. They all gonna leave us. Run,
mankind is leaving us reared. (Yelling)
Run my love they go, go away... Runnn...

Daisy in tears knocks at the door. BILAL opens.

They made in.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dim hazy LIVING ROOM jammed with FURNITURE, OIL-
LAMP. CARPETS lining the windows.

BILAL beyond his 50's white dusty garment.

DAISY

He need rest Bilal.

BILAL

Way to the cellar.

As they proceed Stephen vision flows in circles
and listens whirled voices.

BILAL

What happen to him?

DAISY

It's time to sleep. Just sleep.

BILAL

I can go to the whore house...

DAISY

Not. We just fed.

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Stephen is placed on the BED where Marlow once slept and died.

At the vision Daisy wraps her arms around herself.

BILAL
You'll be safe here.

DAISY
Thank you Bilal.

Daisy embrace briefly Bilal.

DAISY
Make him sleep will gather his senses. How did you know we were for coming?

BILAL
Someone knocked at the door.

DAISY
Really?

Daisy glance over the door.

BILAL
It's getting warm, better take a rest too Daisy.

Daisy look up the narrow roof embrace herself sobbing her arms.

DAISY
Not. It's getting cold.

Daisy goes and stretches aside Stephen.

INT. AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Dr WATSON collecting a heavy LUGGAGE from the SLIDING CORD.

On the wall a TV send news of the hour in America.

2 TANGIER POLICEMEN and CUSTOM OFFICIAL WOMAN inspecting Watson's PASSPORT.

OFFICIAL

Sir, welcome to our country. May I know what destination do you have, and purpose?

Dr WATSON

Thank you. I'm doctor from Detroit city, send for the community service. Delivering blood supplies to the hospitals.

OFFICIAL

May I see the stuff?

Cops proceed to open the luggage.

They took out FOUR CANISTER. Start to evaluate it with 'INFRARED PROBES'

1 COP

Blood O negative. It seems the rest of the canisters hold the same type of blood.

OFFICIAL

Patients will need all type of blood, why a single one? I don't get it.

Dr WATSON

Don't think it's for a witchcraft practice.

Dr Watson grin to the unresponsive official.

Dr WATSON (Cont'd)
I ain't mocking you. Better some
than have anything.

There is a FUSS from A TRAVELER and COPS behind.

TRAVELER (O.S.)
I'm rotten shit, I'm black like a
diamond coal, everyone open way
I'm the new black tide.

They turn to see and find out a GREEN-EYED, LONG GOLD
HAIR TRAVELER wearing in BLACK VELVET smoking POT IN
A PIPE, HANDCUFFED.

OFFICIAL
(To Watson)
For patients with Leukemia? Or
it's something less harsh?

WATSON
Official, which sick is pretty?

Official Eyeing fixedly WATSON, then turns to the
cops.

OFFICIAL
Gentlemen, scort the doctor to the
exit.

While Watson is driven on the TV flashes Daisy and
Stephen faces from their passports. And then IAN
face.

Watson catch only Ian face.

FLASHBACK:

Ian and Stephen talking together in the park zone
of the HOSPITAL while Watson places a BAG with
blood supply on the TRASH BEAN.

Then Ian walks out.

WATSON
Gentlemen, I'm hurry.

END OF FLASHBACK.

EXT. AIRPORT - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Lot parking. Watson goes to the layby and take a TAXI.

Take a look to the traveler escort for the security staff.

BUREAUCRAT
Where is he taken?

OFFICIAL WOMAN
Back to nowhere.

COP 1
Come from Dutch though.

BUREAUCRAT
Luggage and rap sheet?

COP 1
No luggage but his pot pipe, rap sheet clean as his shining face.

OFFICIAL WOMAN
Where do you lead shining face?

TRAVELER
My girl waits me in the shoreline.

BUREAUCRAT
She has to wait. You'll be queried in the headquarters.

OFFICIAL WOMAN
Your passport doesn't match your tall height.

TRAVELER

Two or three inches longer, that's too significant to you.

Official woman narrowly inspecting him.

OFFICIAL WOMAN

Are you graphic designer? Perhaps, dress designer?

TRAVELER

I love a woman who submerges the man's craving.

Traveler ahead his footsteps towards the PATROL.

EXT. ROAD - PAST MIDNIGHT

Taxi across the HIGHWAY lining to the bay a lackluster sea.

Further the quiet hive outline and low lighten core of Tangier.

DRIVER

First time in Tangier?

WATSON

First.

DRIVER

To me this place ancient like a dinosaur. Whatever fossils the beach or the land kept. All litters away the dwellers' footsteps. No one remembers a fresh Tangier.

WATSON

Never was young.

DRIVER

Right.

Briefly both glance at each other over the REAR-VIEW MIRROR.

DRIVER

I do spot every nook in this town. Sensual pleasures low and high. Patisans, smugglers, ladies, cathedrals, hostals, parties. I have the gps in my head.

WATSON

(Looking across the window)
It's like to live with your grand grand nanny.

DRIVER

Ha. A tourist once told me if the hookers here painted their faces with firewood and smell butanol armpits.

WATSON

Some tourists barely read a brain wave.

Driver pump gas pedal careening cars along the road.

WATSON

What was that?

DRIVER

I'm afraid you're following.

WATSON

(Looking around)
Is that so? They want to prove we going to where I told them I'll be.

DRIVER

Sir. That's not my business, you have to drop my car immediately.

WATSON

No, no, that's the procedure. (Taxi slowing speed) Ok. I'll pay you twice the ticket. I owe anything to anybody. Keep on to the closer hospital in town.

DRIVER

You don't know the name of the hospital doc?

WATSON

Why?

DRIVER

For a doctor, it's like forget the name of your parents.

WATSON

Men, don't tell me you are one of those who heck off the hard up children's hand who steals an apple.

DRIVER

Bloodsucker. We're waiting for you since you onboard the fly 003-7 line 7 first class.

Watson looks intently the driver.

Watson removes the WALLET from his pocket and check on it the number of his fly 003-7.

The patrol cross aside them.

Watson look sideways his forehead grazing the window make an idle hand gesture to the Bureaucrat steering. Aside the Official woman.

TWO more passengers in the rear seat.

WATSON

Where do you take us?

DRIVER

Us?

WATSON

The emigrant traveler and me.

Driver take a look to the side rear-view mirror.

DRIVER

I don't smell any emigrant but
you.

Accelerating the taxi speed.

WATSON

(Demanding)

Is he there?

Under the shadow line of a FLYOVER BRIDGE Watson
briefly sighted the patrol passengers in the rear.

Cop 1 utterly motionless sliding his body knocks
with his head the windowpane. An arm withdrawn him
to his early position his head is totally loose.

Watson twirls his neck looking backwards.

The taxi careened to pull over. Suddenly veers
back to the road.

Watson and driver made eye-contact through the
rear-view mirror.

WATSON

What are you looking at me?

DRIVER

(Into the rear-view mirror)
You know what they say. 'Beauty
before age.'

WATSON

(Rear-view mirrored)
I think it's the other way around.

DRIVER

(Ridge eyebrows to him)
For us only.

A powerful MOTORBIKE zooms ahead looming on the
hump road.

Suddenly the motorbike switches the lane and flash
direct against the taxi.

Avoiding collision, the taxi crashes the road-fence.
The luggage spread the canisters.

Patrol burnt tires to not collide the taxi.

Watson in terrible pain duck down his head unto his
knees.

The official woman, and bureaucrat hop off the
cruiser holding arms ready to withdraw their guns.

Cop 1 remains inane on the rear seat.

WATSON

My arm. I think I broke my arm.

OFFICIAL WOMAN (O.S)

Patrick. What are you waiting
for?

WATSON

(Indistinct noises behind)

I need a bandage. Have you first
kit? (Pop) Fucks. Was it a
gunshot? (Gunshot smashing the
rear windshield)

Watson tries to look reared under the rain of SHARD
GLASSES.

WATSON

(Ducked head)

Move. Move...

Something claps and bounce on the rear wheel.

Watson looks there.

Another bounce strikes the door.

The taxi shakes side to side.

Choking gurgles noises. The driver trying to
unbuckle flies inside the cabin hitting his head
with the roof.

WATSON (Cont'd)

They hit us...

A DUCATI MOTORBIKE ZOOMS aside the taxi.

Watson looms his head and reaches to see the
unhelmet rider long gold hair swirling in the wind.
In the very instants the rider looks back the
streetlamps lose power.

The entire highway blackout.

Watson fasts tears a RAG from his luggage and
cinched his BLEEDING AND TWISTED FOREARM.

Watson slowly hops off the taxi.

Looks back and see the patrol with open doors and apparently in the vacuum black no one at sight.

Aside the patrol there is a LUMP of something stretched on the road.

WATSON
Is there someone hurt?

Watson walks in that direction.

Slowly he gets closer and bowed to offer help.

WATSON
Official?

Flashing headlights dazzle Watson view. Screening his hand to the blazes suddenly jumps to one side.

A fast car rams over the BODY throwing it to the other side of the lane.

ANOTHER CAR passes aside fast.

Watson stand up and moves towards the driver's window.

WATSON
Sir we've...

Driver head leaned upward, sliced the ADAM'S APPLE. Watson notices the forward windshield remains intact.

Watson goes to his luggage a lot of it has spread its content.

Take one canister still sealed and walks on and looks very far the NEON SIGNPOST OF THE HOSPITAL.

He walks on towards that direction.

As Watson walks on the dawn lit on the offing.

EXT. BALIL'S HOUSE - FULL NIGHT

THE DOOR is open. Stephen and Daisy both don in stylish black. Daisy a sort of GREY-DARK PONCHO above the black garment.

Stephen a black velvety CHEMISE WITH SCOLLOP PATTERNS. TIGHT SLEEVES cut to the line of the elbows.

Both walk out smiling, placing their SUNGLASSES.

STEPHEN

(Inhale deeply)

Not too fresh indeed, I wonder if fiction writers think that we sweat either.

Take a glance over Daisy.

DAISY

Please darling, don't make me miss your voice having you closer.

STEPHEN

How feels like walk on next to David Bowie?

DAISY

Ohh, I wouldn't change that even for a walk in the red carpet.

4 GIRLS and 3 BOYS with suntanned complexions, laughing and jesting comes through.

STEPHEN

Look the tourists with the sun in their faces.

DAISY

Dying so soon.

STEPHEN
Living fully.

Passing by some of the girl shovel Stephen's shoulder.

BOY 1
(To the girl 1)
What does smell sex?

GIRL 1
(Daredevil look of a gypsy)
A flower in the swamp.

Stephen and Daisy share a fess up look in between.

Stephen falls in a silence mood.

Daisy sling her arm around Stephen's shoulder sort of shake him.

Stephen reacts moodily and grumpy.

STEPHEN
Won't you see the nights for me
had become stagnant lakes? Where
we walk through? Someone else to
meet that we haven't seen or
listen before? You feel the same
as I do, but you pretend it's
right.

Cackles of the young trails away.

Stephen looks back.

DAISY
(Snappy)
What do you think of that man in
the balcony, the hooded?

Pointing someone very far from them.

STEPHEN

He behaves like the size of his
brain.

DAISY

Had you got that nightmare again?

STEPHEN

Not really. On my turn I was
lying with the back of my head
above the edge of a skyscraper
roof; I feel holed the back of my
neck, dizzy and getting cold. And
unknown face bowed unto me I
think, yes, its creepy listens to
the chimes and glimmers from many
bubblies around. I can't hear
their voices because the strum of
a gunshot still whizzes in my
ears, and that character pulsing
the fingers in my jugular vein.
Afterwards everything is night.

DAISY

You see every night like one.
Here we were two centuries ago
still citizens seep out looking
for the fresh sigh of the sea;
yet the houses façade hued this
yellowish hazel that I loved.

STEPHEN

Reminds you the day.

DAISY

A virtual sunset by the desert.

Daisy caresses Stephen's hair while walk on.

DAISY(Cont'd)

Though I'm bold imagining that.

STEPHEN

Thousand books wouldn't bring him
back, nor movies. Somewhat he is
with us right now. Look how warm
the earth has become.

DAISY

Maybe a poet;

Daisy wink an eye to Stephen.

STEPHEN

'Glorious orb ! the idol of early
nature, and the vigorous race of
undiseased mankind, the giant
sons of the embrace of angels,
with a sex more beautiful than
they, which did draw down the
erring spirits who can ne'er
return. - most glorious orb !
that wert a worship, ere the
mystery of thy making was
reveal'd !'

As Stephens declaims his voice flows across the
channeled streets.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

'...Thou material God ! and
representative of the unknown
who chose thee for his shadow !
Thou chief star ! Centre of many
star !

The embraced couple walk on close to the plaza with
few pedestrians.

They sneak back into the alleys afar from them.

STEPHEN (Cont'd)

'... For near or far, our inborn spirits have a tint of thee, even as our outward aspects; thou dost rise, and shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well ! Of love and wonder was for thee, then take my latest look: thou wilt not beam on one to whom the gifts of life and warmth have been of a more fatal nature.'

DAISY

(In tears)

He is gone.

Leaning her face on Stephen's shoulder.

STEPHEN

I think its electromagnetic measure, because we still have the sun in the moon. Too feebly to harm us.

DAISY

Or we adapted to it. (They eye each other) Somewhat.

STEPHEN

I'll whisper a secret to you my dear. The monster was conceived by him: alas, Frankenstein is a projection of his nightmares. "I swear to you. If you would get close to me to assassinate me, I wouldn't have opposed." Listen to Victor's voice: "Save me. Save me -I imagined that monster seized me, I struggled furiously and fell down in a fit." As we see the monster kill strangling with his own hands. There is more...

They leave a pedestrian aside, looking for the lonely alley.

STEPHEN (Cont'd)

After witnessed Elizabeth body Victor Frankenstein tells us: "I hired men to row and took an oar myself, for I had always experienced relief from mental torment in bodily exercise." So many times I saw Byron Rowing or swimming. On and on the identity from one and other, Victor and his monstrous creation become indivisible: The awe fear Byron has for the wedding day, victor has too. The thirst he looks for slake in the night: "Nearly in the twilight of my own vampire, my own spirit let loose from the grave and forced to destroy all that was dear to me" Later in prison next to Justine Victor says. "All was work of my thrice-hands accursed." Like a somatic visualization the creature as his creator stare at each other in a dimensional mirror. 'At first I started back, unable to believe that it was indeed I who was reflected in the mirror and when I become fully convinced that I was in reality the monster that I'm I was filled with the bitterest sensations of dependency and mortification.' Daisy, the idea was preconceived in his drama 'The deformed transformed.' Arnold says: "They are right; and nature's mirror show me. What she hath made me. I will not look on it again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch that I'm ! the very waters mock me with my horrid shadow - like a demon placed deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle from drinking therein."

DAISY

I thought the novel was written
with Mary Shelley's handwriting?

STEPHEN

It is. Dictated for the lamed
poet. Didn't you get suspicions
when he set the entire scenario
of Frankenstein in the Alps:
Byron kept his journal: "Since
the promontory of Belrive
another storm enlightened to the
village of Capet... The valley of
Chamounix, I plunged yet deeper
in the ravine of Arve... I passed
the bridge of Pelissier where
the ravine, which the river
forms, opened before me... the
supreme and magnificent Mont
Blanc..." Places with he knew by
heart, Mary Shelley ever stepped
such summits. Also there is an
event which printed the
brainstorm idea and figure out
the immortal character: -"On
sudden I beheld a stream of fire
issued from an old and beautiful
oak which stood about twenty
yards from our house and soon as
the dazzling light vanished, the
oak had disappeared and nothing
remained but a blasted stump... it
was not splintered by the shack
but entirely reduced thin
ribbons of wood. I never beheld
anything so utterly destroyed."
What a vision Daisy, in the
electricity got birth the life.
Why not bring back life with it
too.

DAISY

(Mesmerized)
Vampires and mortals.

Both nod and kiss.

Out of nothing a MERCHANDISER IN BIKE steers in the BOWL a BABY with SUNGLASSES.

MERCHANDISER

Do you want something? Quest que ce? Necesitan algo? Tu as besoin de quelque chose? Du brauchst etwas? Je hebt iets nodig? Du behover nagot? Hai bisogno di qualcosa?

Merchandiser spits to the floor, the baby cry and they riding away.

EXT. BORDER THE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Lovers bordering the brim of the plaza.

On the corner there is a FRUIT STAND. A CUSTOMER wearing DUSTCOAT try some FRUITS.

DAISY

To those sunny boys, what do they know about love? Love is borrowed words everywhere you meet him.

STEPHEN

Not only love my dear.

DAISY

What had kept us bounded for so long Adam?

STEPHEN

Holydays;

Daisy cackles. Stephen grins.

DAISY

'In the deep silence of a
beautiful moonlight night.'
Remember my love, even the
ambitious heart treading on this
earth once got his heart too.

STEPHEN

Strange heart, pitying the sad
howls of a dog licking the dead
face of his master than the loss
of so many soldiers mangled under
the cannon-balls and the
artillery.

DAISY

Napoleon was born to demolishes
thrones as the dark ages.

They walk on closer the fruit stand.

DAISY (Con't)

No matter what history says. The
emperor doesn't let me down.

STEPHEN

Nobody's broke anybody's heart.
The only one who can break your
heart is your own self. Just like
it's up to you take the true or
deceive yourself.

DAISY

I ever look for a measure of
love. Love embrace the extent of
your full self. As deep or
shallow your soul is so love's
sailing away.

STEPHEN

You don't think a scoundrel man
or a slattern woman ever will
love? Or could possible meet love
as it really is?

DAISY

If they do. They have any virtue
to recognize him. They spit the
love's face, Stephen.

STEPHEN

Don't you see through centuries
we've witnessed men become
scoundrels and women sluts for
had met love once.

Daisy stops staring into his lover's eyes.

At that point a rolling APPLE taps her ankle.

She bent down to pick it up.

An apple rotten where the bite has been printed.

They stare at each other.

They look around, then to the fruit stand.

They move to that spot.

STEPHEN

Mom, please, who was here before
us?

Seller long blackish hair, nuance of a veneer CREAM
blotchily anointed her face.

SELLER

I couldn't tell you. I need time
to remember.

Stephen offers some bucks.

STEPHEN

Its hypnotic.

Staring at her eyes.

STEPHEN (Cont'd)
Sharp eyesight faithful memory.

DAISY
Looks like?

SELLER
Windblown face, hair like your
boyfriend but handsomest.

STEPHEN
Oh thanks.

SELLER
However, stole what was eating.

DAISY
A woman or a man?

SELLER
Both.

STEPHEN
She wants more money.

Stephen delivers five hundred dollars.

SELLER
Stylish and indifferent.

STEPHEN
Tall or short?

SELLER
Closer he will look tall. Afar
she will look short.

STEPHEN
Opera actress you could have
earned more.

SELLER
His company is priceless as her
farewells.

The lovers desist. They walk off.

In the distance they heard of.

SELLER (O.S.)

With a rope twirled in the
forearms. Playful a minute
seductive the next.

DAISY

What's up my love? Let's go. She
looks like a seller in pandemic
times.

STEPHEN

In the inquisition executioners
twirl ropes in the arms to hang-
up witches.

DAISY

(Pensive)

And to loom up vampires to the
sunlight...

Both look back to the fruit stand.

INT. L A. JAIL - NIGHT

AVA immured. There is a PUNK PRISONER aside both
secluded by the bars.

DETECTIVE MARK (30)s, light brown complexion
facing the bars towards Ava.

A SOLID DESK cluttered with BOOKS, MATCHES,
CIGARETTE PACKS, A PINE NEEDLE, BELT, CUP OF
COFFEE, and some other items.

OFFICIAL RAMIREZ holding KEYS in the belt and a
GUN behind the desk.

OFFICIAL RAMIREZ

We just caught her next to that punk way to a secret room. What we've found here it's the interesting stuff. Ian's belt.

Holding for a sec the BELT put it back on the desk.

AVA

(Yelling)

What do you do? Assholes ! It wasn't me. If the serviceable Ian is missed ask for White hills; who else does he served eh? I just spent the night next to a handsome rock groupie, in fact, Ian bootlicked too much the gifted ones like me.

MARK

(To the punk prisoner)

Did you share all night long?

PUNK PRISONER

I got not even room to zipper off. To start the foreplay. It looks like the entire SWAT team cornering my dungeon. I think she lost most than I.

Ava move a bit restless aside.

MARK

(To Ava)

Several eyewitnesses watched you and your sister, your sister's husband stepped out the club around three o'clock. Get into a vintage sport car. Have you trip before to Detroit?

AVA

And to the Hudson bay. What a
look you have there.

PUNK

Better yield lass, otherwise they
going to insert a spoon inside
your vagina, take the semen
samples and you pay death
sentence next day.

The punk holding the bars with his hands.

MARK

Have you lovers tonight?

PUNK

Oh, I see your legs trembling
honey.

MARK

This your sister's husband.

A PIC of Stephen singing.

Mark pore over Ava's slight gesture.

MARK

Fame its priceless.

AVA

Well, all of you don't have a
clue where are them. Either I.
Ha, ha, ha. Those eggheads never
give me a line to cling on to.
Who knows what are they doing
now? We should do something at
best for those zombies.

MARK

Zombies?

AVA

Worthless than that, my sister calls you up 'Zombies.' Look around detective. Puppets of the society lingos.

Ava quick taps the Punk's head.

AVA (Cont'd)

Whatever, sometimes in an underground pub you can get a spark of the flesh.

RAMIREZ

Flesh, nothing like flesh in the morning. Lukewarm and tasty. Maybe we're relatives in the distance Ava.

MARK

(To Ramirez)

What else did you find in their belongings?

RAMIREZ

Look on my desk. Pretty normal stuff except for some ancient books editions, scissors, and stethoscope. She must had stolen them from the vintage songster Adam. Doesn't match with the rest of the items a syringe with blood traces.

Mark make a closer survey.

AVA (O.S.)

I just know who are they looking for, I'll tell you but let me go.

RAMIREZ

Give us the killers or you get
down the dungeon with them.

Ava walk side to side grinning with a tremor roll
of eyes.

AVA

You better let me off or you
gonna see something heinous.

EXT. TANGIER - NIGHT

Daisy and Stephen walk into the SMALL PLAZA.

A SHADOW crosses the place where YASMINE HAMDAN
uncase a LUTE.

Stephen stops, look around.

STEPHEN

Somebody is following us.

Daisy stops look up and close her eyes briefly.

DAISY

Trips in the wind Stephen. A
shadow... but where...

Stephen's eyes riveted to the corner.

STEPHEN

I'd like to hear her singing
again; for a last time.

DAISY

She'll have a lot of road to hit
on Stephen.

STEPHEN

It'll evanescence fast honey.

DAISY

Time passes fast or we didn't
take advantage of it darling?

Daisy hold and caress Stephen's face.

Stephen narrow his eyes as if would ache tell what
he has to say.

STEPHEN

Gift or curse. To be entrapped
in the same body for thousand
years.

DAISY

So, do you still keep that wood
bullet?

STEPHEN

(Walk on)

Let's take a look to our prowler.

LOUD SCREAMS come around the corner.

Daisy and Stephen look around.

Yasmine Hamdan stretches up and look for it.

Screams piercing the air.

Stephen move forward, rises his head. It seems the
last dying lament issued from a second floor.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Stephen get into a BUILDING across stairs like a
snail.

Daisy follows Stephen.

INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Stephen stopped in front of a DOOR OPEN.

Daisy arrives behind looking above his shoulder what its inside.

DRIPPING BLOOD to the granite floor it's been written: 'We made bleed children now the Devil's cock ripped apart our asses.'

Driven the sight to the dripping blood there is a HANGING COUPLE, following the floating bleeding feet TWO NAKED MEN: BALD ONE THE OTHER HAIRY. Hang out by a ROPE across the BEAM on the CEILING.

FOOTFALLS coming from BELOW the stairs.

Both lovers run passing below the hanging bodies.

They squeezes inside the WINDOW.

They jump. Into the air-dive listened voices behind.

EYEWITNESS (O.S.)

The faggot couple...

EXT. PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

First Stephen then Daisy stomp on the plaza. Bricks splatter at their hit.

They look each other. Get straight and walk away.

STEPHEN

They were too pale and no so much blood spilt. Uses to happen when sliced their throats. Nay, they were strangled slowly. Something tell me they are relatives.

DAISY

Here in Tangier, everybody must
have known them. Hurry;

INT. L.A. - SAME TIME

Jail. Ava walking anxiously into the cell.

She bites her nails, move back and forth clenching
the bars, sometimes hitting her forehead with it.

PUNK PRISONER

Do something official. That
stoned lass give me the creeps
with her feverish pussy.

Ramirez with his feet prop on the desk, reading
the NEWSPAPER sip a CUP OF COFFEE.

RAMIREZ

I think he is right lady. Don't
start to yell me out. You have the
sink there. Pee and get quiet.

Turn the newspaper page.

AVA

(Angry)

I can't. Not with all of you
staring at me. Pervert, let me go
to the privy.

PUNK

Pleases her official. Or we ain't
gonna sleep all night long.

AVA

Turn off that sunny light. You
gonna roost me here.

Ava's eyes brittles and shake her head towards
Ramirez.

AVA (Cont'd)

At least give me back my sunglasses...

RAMIREZ

Ok, I'll turn it off.

Ramirez way to the wall. Turn off the light.

The jail remains feeble lightened for the bulb and lamps coming across the hallway.

AVA

Fucking asshole... Open that damn door.

Ava peeps the KEY on the desk.

Fast ava tear apart the upper part of her SHIRT. Coil it and try to hook the keys, at the very first try draws the key way to her.

Ramirez snatches them.

Ava remains bare breast.

AVA

Give it to me fucker. I need the privy. That's all. Give it to me.

Ava falls on her knees begging.

AVA (Cont'd)

Give it to me please, you'll be my daddy, (Snickers) Just give it to me before he is coming down.

Ava gasp and broke in tears.

RAMIREZ

Tell me where are Eva and Adam, and I let you got to your privy.

AVA

They were looking for Christopher Marlowe in Tangier. Find him and you'll get your killers.

Ava standing up. Walk three steps backwards.

In the dim jail is listening a DRIPPING.

Punk prisoner take a look Ava has unzipped and down her pants, hunkered across her underwear she is peeing across her legs.

Ava toddling towards Ramirez.

AVA

Come' on warrior. Waiting for my ride.

Ramirez befuddled finally grasp tight the keys and walk back to the desk.

Hold the radio speaker.

RAMIREZ

We have a situation here. I need medic assistance, be sure to send a psychiatrist. Over.

PUNK PRISONER

The party start.

As the punk prisoner approaches to the bars Ava take a look aside. DAYBREAK paled the lamplights across the hallway.

AVA

It's a joke right? All has been a lie...

The punk prisoner length his hand across the bars.

Slowly he gets his hand into Ava's crotch.

RAMIREZ

Hey, get away from her.

The punk prisoner shakes. Trapped with his hand down crashes his face against the bars.

Ava's hands pull Punk's chin into the bars. She bites his low jaw.

The punk screams with his hand immured into Ava's legs.

Clearance encircles the dim spot barely touching ava's hairs getting oddly radiant.

RAMIREZ

Loose him. Do it or I shot you down wacko.

Ramirez aims Ava with the gun.

Ramirez shot a warning SLUG to the floor.

Ava keeps sucking the punk.

A second shot in Ava's legs. She loose him momentarily.

The punk bowed down, soon he is GRABBED by the ANKLE.

Ava pull inside the leg and furiously bite on it.

Another shot on Ava's legs. She sucks BLOOD.

The clearance scratches SMOKE TENDRILS on Ava's back shoulder.

PUNK

(Pallor as weak)

Help... help...

Under a huge vortex he is been shaken up and down across the bars.

The punk cannot grip the bars with his twisted hand.

RAMIREZ

Leave him bitch...

The Dawn BLISTERING Ava's back and legs. Soon her face marbles CINDERS underneath the skin.

Through the ordeal Ava's skins folds charred, her eyes red ripped and wide open mouth at the crucible pain, screaming out.

Ava's bite the punk's thigh, the punk face gets EMACIATED, in his agony look reared to sighted Ava's face charred and hair getting burnt.

PUNK

Oh bitch...

Blood jets Ava's face and neck. As the blood pours out gets darken.

Ramirez steps for awestruck.

Flames encircles Ava. Releases the punk.

Up Ava's charred body to the bars punch Ramirez, flailing along the roof rip off her burnt pants.

Ramirez stumble back dropping his back against the desk.

AVA'S FISTED HAND cut off flaring in Ramire'z belly.

RAMIREZ

Help me...

EXT. TANGIER - SAME TIME.

Stephen and Daisy cornered in a narrow passage.

By the curb SEVERAL ONLOOKERS asking for the murders.

DAISY

Whisper soft my love. I sense
they want nook a guilty in one
way or another.

STEPHEN

Look what your phone gleams.
'Lovers found dead after been
lovmaking three following
nights.' What've become the
world. No respect for the dead as
the sex addicted don't care the
love at all.

DAISY

That's good news. It will happen
when it needs to happen.

Daisy spot the cellphone getty images of the murder.

DAISY

Look. They were father and son.
Hairdressers.

STEPHEN

Have you sensed that shadow again?

Daisy shook.

STEPHEN

Hanging bodies up does not belong
to us. Yet, they will point on
us.

DAISY

(Singsong)
'Times are a changing.'

STEPHEN

Never before I felt so stretched.
Lack of resources. I used to
share the night with the ocean.
Look at us. Breathing each other
breathe, wince to be discovered
for a 'zombie.'

DAISY

It's just passing by. We'll roll
in the aisles about this the next
century.

Stephen opt to take a second peep to the iPhone.

STEPHEN

They had been into heartrending
as stomped roses out of thorns.

DAISY

Who darling?

STEPHEN

(Peeking the cellphone)
Her eyes were miles away, wipe a
tear from her cheek; her first
broken love I thought. Guess
what? She just had step inside
the porn.

DAISY

(Reading)

'A pinky promise is just as much
as keeping your word.'

STEPHEN

She bartered her princess dreams
for 'I want to suck your cock. I
want to lick your clit.' The same
day.

DAISY

Even before the fanatic Christ
was rightly punished we women had
survived selling our bodies,
wiping a tear or two.

STEPHEN

Yes. The hussie character
performed the child missing her
parents. Feeling deeply
disappointed them.

DAISY

For many of these girls wants to
get notoriety but not be scar.
Not everybody can comeback from
that; she was one of those girls
who know not what was getting
into. And yet, you are right,
sometimes it is 'too much ado
about nothing.'

Stephen stare into Daisy's eyes too sad.

DAISY

What is it?

Stephen look at the ground in blues.

DAISY (Cont'd)

What is it honey?

Kiss Stephen's cheek and the corner of his lips.

STEPHEN

(Look up the sky)

I used to think they were
forever. Look up them. Frozen
fireflies defying the darkness as
the death. Immense as endless.
Wife, how many suns goth birth
since we walk together?

DAISY

Many.

STEPHEN

But we cannot gaze on one single.

Daisy reminds at the expectation.

STEPHEN (Cont'd)

Half of the creation won't belong
to us anymore. We're mutilated
souls.

DAISY

It must be a purpose to the infinity.

STEPHEN

(Sharply)

What about if not. The almighty
creator forlorn us, because he
never was.

DAISY

Marlowe believed on him. Byron too.
Perhaps, even Napoleon.

Stephen turns aside his face.

STEPHEN

We met them, a proof of mortal
coil full of moral privations
they really were.

DAISY

The mortal footpath.

STEPHEN

We can walk through another
millennium still prisoners of
these bodies.

DAISY

But we've minds to fly beyond
them.

STEPHEN

I'm afraid, not farther than the moonlight.

Daisy walk around him as if in an ambush.

DAISY

You once told me they cannot dawn their spread disgraces vanishes in a heartbeat.

STEPHEN

Science cannot rid of a virus or quench out the wildfire. Religion a bunch of faggots fumbling children with any notion and sense to reality.

DAISY

You may think fanaticism is madness, but its imagination, and imagination rules the world.

STEPHEN

The fabric of imagination only comes through rational brains.

Stephen point finger towards the plaza.

STEPHEN (Cont'd)

Medicine comes.

DAISY

The woman with the folded umbrella? Or the podgy tuxedo guy? Oh; the little black midget with harlot Jewish features.

STEPHEN

(Grins)

Just say with the Inca mochila.

DAISY

Clever. Who'd suspect of him?

Daisy whistles melodic like a robin.

The MIDGET take note and advance unto her.

Daisy squats before his arrival.

DAISY

Come to mami, come my precious
blood.

Daisy tweak the midget's cheeks, hugs him, the
midget smile and adopt a child gesture.

Daisy open the mochila.

MIDGET

(Undone his belt)

I'll be your kinky son my Viking
mother.

Inside a lot of DILDOS and BEE FLASKS.

Daisy react growling her tusks.

Stephen cackles.

DAISY

(Riveted eyes on the midget)

You knew and you made me command
him.

STEPHEN

(To the midget)

Hush, hush. Go away. What a jinx
have a crush with a pederast
midget.

MIDGET

You should be jealousy.

Doctor Watson wearing duster coat is approaching to
them. He carries his arm on a sling.

WATSON
Gentleman.

MIDGET
Gentleman my ass.

The midget jump to bite his ass.

WATSON
Hey, hey...

After the midget goes they gather all in the dim corner.

WATSON
What haps?

STEPHEN
Murder Twice. The neighborhood surveys the victims. Onlookers keep coming to find out the bloody news.

WATSON
Hi. This your wife or your sister?

DAISY
Nice to meet you doc. I'm his wife.
Daisy.

Watson with certain astonishment staring at Daisy shakes her hand.

WATSON
We have seen your ma dancing with a hippy costume in the eighties.

Stephen and Daisy look each other realizing.

While Stephen and Watson share the CANISTER delivered Daisy turns about and have a peek on her iPhone.

Daisy looks surprised and concerned at what she sees there.

Daisy hold back the iPhone walk unto Stephen.

STEPHEN

(Anguish tone)

Just one canister. One single
Watson. Want you kill me?

WATSON

I have to handle the coppers.
Five grands to release me with
this only. Then they tried to
busted me. (Holding the canister)
Come off the frost by the hour.
Tangier has desert weather.

STEPHEN

The entire earth has the desert
weather. And what happened to
you?

WATSON

It wasn't for be in a spree.
Tangier was waiting for me. Maybe
they spotted both of you too.

Stephen deliver MONEY to Watson.

STEPHEN

Doctor please. Go away.

DAISY

Hark him.

Daisy and Stephen almost in pain holding sight of
the canister.

WATSON

I think, they know what we're
dealing...

STEPHEN
(Yelling madly)
We know it.

Daisy pushes harder Watson's shoulder, leaning him
aside rising momentarily his feet from the floor.

Watson reels back, stumbles and falls.

Watson lies there staring back at Daisy and Stephen.

Daisy and Stephen each one on knees open the
canister.

STEPHEN
(Whispers)
It wouldn't have enough. Drink it.

DAISY
No. Never my love. I stand longer
than you. Drink it.

They stare at each other.

Daisy close her mouth up to Stephen's ear.

DAISY
(Whisper)
You are better hunter than me.
Drink and bring me a prey.

Stephen drink from the canister.

Afterwards Stephen smiles and kiss deeply Daisy,
pouring blood on her mouth, Daisy throats swallow
it.

Watson stands up watching them with opprobrium.

Suddenly Stephen and Daisy look each other
terrified. They throw out blood. A lot of blood
pooled in between.

While they are in the seizure Watson cringe and walk out looking over his shoulder.

STEPHEN

It was poisoned, poison...

Daisy barely can crawl unto the corner.

STEPHEN

I don't get it. it was O negative.

DAISY

He told us... someone was following us... must had met him... before...

A clawing hand grips Watson's ankle.

Watson hit the forehead with the ground.

The lovers convulse grasping each other above Watson's back.

Daisy gasping, holding tight Stephen her body seized with shivers.

Both drag Watson half aware of his situation unto their arms.

STEPHEN

Dr Watson you meet your phantom.

They embrace him to cover up his head in between their faces.

Watson wails at a firing prick scrap in his neck.

Watson flabbergast looking at Daisy open her BLOODY MOUTH in ecstasy.

The HOODED SHADOW stealthily looking at the couple whilst film them with a CAMCORDER under a corner.

The hooded shadow withdrawn.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MIDNIGHT

SOMEONE fixed a CINEMA PROJECTOR. Unfold a CINEMA SCREEN.

YASMINE HANDAM SONGSTRESS, arrange the mic and some MUSICIANS set the scenario.

The hooded shadow from the plaza step into the hall and play on the screen A DARK HEAVEN FILMED.

HOODED SHADOW

Soon as the lovers step into the plaza.

YASMINE

I think they had finished.

Looking outside the stone-framed window: TWO GUYS nailed BLACK CURTAINS on the walls around the Plaza.

EXT. PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Daisy and Stephen walks into the plaza.

TWO OPERATORS at the distance walking back unto the LIVING ROOM.

STEPHEN/DAISY

(Holding each other)

Better?

Stephen look around and then fix his eyes forward.

STEPHEN

What a look. Love, they had in mind to perform.

Stephen grasp Daisy's hand and paced.

STEPHEN (Cont'd)

We've changed names as clothes
with the ages. (Hugging her)
Remind me a stroll on Venetia at
the lost hour of the carnival.
Come, come. I even would have
tried a bottle of wine to listen
her again.

On the walk Daisy curbs Stephen's motion from the
arm.

DAISY

Look Adam, that fountain. It
wasn't there before, really? Ha...

Take a look to the fountain, the rusty oldness mark
it was extracted from somewhere: There is a
sculpted life-size CYCLOPE with gargoyle features
spilling water across the mouth, ears, nose, and
forehead eye. A ROPE around his neck. A SWORD
aiming the edge to his chest. On the other hand,
grasp the MEDUSE'S HEAD. Wrapped her hair with
COPPER HEAD SNAKES biting his thick forearm.

STEPHEN

(Elated)

From yesterday as tonight, we
streamflow ages.

They walk on. Stephen glance over Yasmine.

Yasmine seated in the living room with her
forehead propped in her fist. A teardrop crashes
in the stony ground.

Reared some MUSICIANS arranging their instruments.

As the immortal lovers cross towards the narrow
passage step out the STREET STAIRS. Looking for
the raising PLATEAU.

Yasmine sweetest lament rises. Joint for a
feeble FLUTE at bottom.

The curtains in the walls drop down. A big cloudy heaven its imbibed in ANGLED MIRRORS. It shades the entire plaza, the musicians as the lovers.

Some THUGS, and PEDESTRIANS walk here and there, suddenly stop and take a look all around the lovers holding each other.

Stephen proposes a dance. Lift Daisy's arm making her twirl around him. Daisy ravishes to embrace Stephen and kiss him almost in tears.

As the dance pursues the hooded shadow steps below the raising plateau.

They stop their dance take a look below the plateau to meet the hooded shadow.

Daisy and Stephen watch under the umbrage hood a lank face, very thin and glaring hatred eyes.

DAISY
(To Stephen's ear)
I see the shadow...

Slowly but still dancing.

STEPHEN
So, my swan need protection.

The sounds and voice melt a VIOLIN and a TAMBOURINE, as it getting up-tempo the fountain splashing for a strong wind.

Daisy's hair fleeces its tips on Stephen's cheeks.

Rolling clouds on the large glasses streaming azure to bluish gloss edged the murk background.

The STREETLAMPS turn off.

Within the tossed atmosphere, the immortal lovers detach each other arms.

Daisy looks like alone rubbing her arms with cold.
She doesn't notice the hooded shadow behind her.

On and on the hooded lift up from the ground
floating at the back of Daisy dropping the cassock.
Daisy turns up her view at the reach of her hand
stares above the shadow slowly roll over and flows
its coalescence hair in the air.

SHADOW

When we laugh...

With a smile to fade the light, song for bleeding
hearts.

The shadow leaving a rawboned figure in the murk.

Daisy turns around utterly misgiving.

In the bluish-azure glimmers the nude shadow
appears next to Yasmine. The songstress seems to
not noticed or hear her presence.

SHADOW

(Skittish)

Ready or not here I come. Where
are my boys?

Craned his neck back towards the fountain and
into Yasmine's voice screech out a lament.

Shadow reveals briefly a creamy streaked face
transiently veiled for a golden-blackish hair.

Daisy grasps tightly Stephen's shoulder. Stephen
hold back her hand.

DAISY

(Mesmerized)

Did you see her, him?

STEPHEN

The heaven is changing.

SUNRISES on the cinema screen. It's getting reflected on each convex mirror all around the corners; azure incandescence whirls boiling spirals into the black air.

YASMINE

(In French language)

"A dog, leaping suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's face, and again flew at us; thus, at once soliciting aid and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my own particular turn of mind at the moment, the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not; but certainly no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me."

Stephen and Daisy seems to be into the scenario the voice leads.

STEPHEN

(Looking up the torrid heaven)
The emperor embraces the world.

DAISY

(Shivers)
Will he come?

YASMINE (Cont'd)

"I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, perhaps has friends in the camp or in his company; and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog! What a lesson Nature here presents through the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man! and how mysterious are his impressions; I had, without emotion, ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army; I had beheld, with tearless eyes, the execution of those operations, by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were roused by the mournful howling of a dog!"

And inner effect of magenta strip-light glowing on convex surfaces, clearing intermittently the plaza.

Gusts tossing papers, stir clothes, hairs of few pedestrians.

The immortal lovers split feeling the very warm of a timeless dawn.

Flushes of fuchsia and orange seamlessly rode in the murk air.

YASMINE (Cont'd)

(Vocals hollow and dooming)

"Certainly at that moment I should have been easily moved by a suppliant enemy; I could very well imagine Achilles yielding up the body of Hector at the sight of Priam's tears."

The lovers caught in between the eerie radiance.

Their glisten faces. Shimmers befuddled their eyes beaming like bleeding, trying to find each other while the strong wind flog them apart.

The fountain spread bloody waters around the circlet.

The Cyclope's sword pierced its heart, the snakes twirls around.

Through the fuchsia diffraction Stephen growling his tusks, pushes himself to reach Daisy without find her.

Daisy open widely her eyes; under the staircases several vampires gathered lengthening the arms to her.

Thundering flashes the vampire gets lost of sight. Daisy bend down stricken with commotion.

The vampires reappear closer to her, at their feet rivulets of blood streamflow. Daisy length hands and step down the staircase to help them.

Vampires with manifold attires getting older as dissolute at the next minute all gone.

Daisy reels about, trying to not lose balance.

Stephen screams endlessly.

Vampires crawling on the staircases to hold Daisy up. They gone. Come. Rivers of blood splashes against the walls threat to drown them. HEADLESS CROWS flying and diving around.

The drifter shadow is whispering to Stephen's ears while he is flailing arms to find out the exit.

Daisy knows not what's going on.

Vampires' scratch Daisy's hair, arms to hop out of the river of blood.

Daisy met face to face with Ava kissing her knees.

Inside the wavy gale and fits of daylight lightning
into the umbrage.

AVA

(Barely heard in the strong wind)
Sister; you captain is dead.
(Daisy terrified look backwards)
Take me away from here... they
coming, coming..

Thunder strums in the smothering air.

Vampires rapping fiercely at Daisy's knees and
arms.

VAMPIRES

(Crying)
He is coming..

Vanishing of view daisy's forearms TWIRLED VIOLET
WALES on it.

Torrid wails of Yasmine mixed with the band like a
wild gallop of horses.

Diffracted sun is lava blaze around the plaza,
shimmering all around musicians and lovers.

Outside the perimeter of the plaza still is night.

Above the lovers' head reflected saraband of a
diluted sun ripping the air with the far thunder
shock.

Tiny fissures slit on Stephen's forehead.

Despairingly Daisy strip-searched Stephen, the
sunny reflex sparkle and flare up tips of her hair.

STONED the mirrors crashed one by one.

Bilal is hurling the coals.

The wind subsides, glaring streamers vanishes into the dim atmosphere. Only Yasmynes' crying remain in the air.

Daisy stains of blood in her face stands holding up Stephen. They stumble back.

Daisy look up to the sky. It's getting unshadow.

DAISY

(Anxious as hurt voice)

Come my love its almost here...
fast, get up. We have to leave...

STEPHEN

(Flabbergast)

I saw you dead. Dead I saw you my love.

DAISY

I'm not...

Almost crawling the lovers see themselves surrounded for the mob.

Balil its been secured for two musicians.

The nude shadow creeps tentatively towards Yasmine's neck.

STEPHEN

(Breathing heavily, speak
to the shadow)

Make her one of us... She has what I
haven't got in centuries.

In the crackle dimness the shadow exposes lurid face and male-female genitals.

SHADOW

Curst her blood with our blood.
You still think have a chance of
hell to get out of this prison?

Yasmine pivots and her face is patted for the golden-blackish hair.

Shadow shins up the wall and getting the window of the hairdressers' murder squeezes into.

THUGS WITH CLUBS start to surround the lovers.

DAISY
Move my love.

Daisy kick and pummel some thugs clubbing her.

The first chasers had been throw down the plateau.

BALIL
(To the musicians)
I've an adamant in my pocket. Take
it and leave me.

The musicians look each other. Withdraw the adamant and goes away.

BALIL
(Running)
Here...

Daisy and Stephen jump from the plateau to the plaza.

Above the very first clearance breaks the feeble dimness.

Holding each other almost dragging, they are about to reach the open door where Balil waits.

Some thugs launch stones against them.

By the DOORFRAME a retraced somber give momentary shelter to the lovers.

As the lovers crawl over Yasmine's cry glides feebly on the air.

Stephen turns back.

STEPHEN
(Looking at the
window)

Most beautiful than Euphorion...

Daisy look at the shadow into the room. Indeed,
cadaverous semblance.

Daisy hold tight Stephen.

DAISY
Get in.

Stephen throwing his fist to his forehead with tight
eyelids.

Yasmine voice making her blues a carousal.

YASMINE
Soon all darkness in the universe
will vanishes away..

STEPHEN
(Exhilarated)
She is calling me, Eva, I'll make
her one of us..

DAISY
Not. You can't. It's late.

STEPHEN
(Yelling)
Its foggy outside I have a shot.

Stephen coyote howling.

Daisy bare tusks sending him back against the wall.

On the grapple Daisy search Stephen grabbing the
IRONWOOD BULLET.

Daisy Incredible fast throws the bullet piercing
Yasmine's heart.

As Stephen mad laughter is heard way to the fountain. Shocked Daisy turns around.

Daisy runs as Stephen burnt flashing in Daisy's eyes. Firing ashes splattered her face.

Daisy screams and collapse on her knees, mad scrapping the cobblestones her forehead grazes the slates.

As Stephen flaming up Balil holds Daisy. Balil is pushed away through her pain.

Balil rises and drags Daisy back inside the doorframe firing her feet.

At the burnt pain Daisy barely moves her head up and down.

Crossing the threshold astounded as desolated three thousand years gone in ashes with him.

Daylight set in at the sound of the COPS' SIREN WAILS everybody vamooses towards inside their dwells.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.