

The Edge Of Forever.

WRITTEN  
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FADE IN:

TANGIER. STREETS - PAST MIDNIGHT

A PALLOR DESICCATED COUPLE resting on the stone bench.

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

STEPHEN DEDALUS staring down at her with stiff mien.

DAISY BUCHANAN

It's a pity the night spills out  
sooner than the pleasure exiles  
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 down at 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 immortal. 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. Walk 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 curst?

DAISY

(Shrugs)

There's no 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 turns on lights. Daisy  
noticed it.

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

Stephen cackles. Daisy endeavors to restrain his  
unrestrained fit.

DAISY

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

Stephen ends up anxiously and apparently tries to  
join the dry couple with 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 pass 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're 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 needs to rest Bilal.

BILAL

Way to the cellar.

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

BILAL

What happened 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.

In the vision Daisy wraps her arms around herself.

BILAL

You'll be safe here.

DAISY

Thank you Bilal.

Daisy briefly embraces Bilal.

DAISY

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

BILAL

Someone knocked at the door.

DAISY

Really?

Daisy glanced over the door.

BILAL

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

Daisy looks up the narrow roof and embraces herself sobbing her arms.

DAISY

Not. It's getting cold.

Daisy goes and stretches aside Stephen.

INT. AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Dr WATSON collects a heavy LUGGAGE from the SLIDING CORD.

On the wall a TV broadcasts 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 you have, and purpose?

Dr WATSON

Thank you. I'm a doctor from Detroit city, sent for 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 types of blood, why a single one? I don't get it.

Dr WATSON

Don't think it's for witchcraft practice.



Dr Watson grinned at 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 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 is  
it something less harsh?

WATSON  
Officially, which sickness 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 catches 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 in a hurry.

END OF FLASHBACK.

EXT. AIRPORT - AFTER MIDNIGHT

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

Take a look at 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 a shining face?

TRAVELER

My girl waits for 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 inspected him.

OFFICIAL WOMAN

Are you a 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 is 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 spot every nook in this town.  
Sensual pleasures low and high.  
Partisans, smugglers, ladies,  
cathedrals, hostels, parties. I  
have the gps in my head.

WATSON

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

DRIVER

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

WATSON

Some tourists barely read a brain  
wave.

Drivers 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're 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 going to the closest hospital in town.

DRIVER

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

WATSON

Why?

DRIVER

For a doctor, it's like forgetting 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've been waiting  
for you since you onboard the fly  
003-7 line 7 first class.

Watson looks intently at the driver.

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

The patrol crossed aside them.

Watson looks sideways, his forehead grazing the  
window making an idle hand gesture to the  
Bureaucrat steering. Aside from the Official  
woman.

TWO more passengers in the rear seat.

WATSON

Where do you take us?

DRIVER

Us?

WATSON

The emigrant traveler and I.

Driver takes a look at 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 withdrew 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 the 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 flashes directly 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 got your 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 bounces 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's long gold hair swirling in the wind. In the very instant the rider looks back the streetlamps lose power.

The entire highway blackout.

Watson quickly tears a RAG from his luggage and cinches his BLEEDING AND TWISTED FOREARM.

Watson slowly hops off the taxi.

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

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

WATSON

Is there someone hurt?

Watson walks in that direction.

Slowly he got 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 stands 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 walk on and look 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 GREY-DARK PONCHO above the black garment.

Stephen a black velvety CHEMISE WITH SCALLOP 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 does it feel to walk next to David Bowie?

DAISY

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

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

STEPHEN

Look at the tourists with the sun  
in their faces.

DAISY

Dying so soon.

STEPHEN

Living fully.

Passing by some of the girls 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 into a silent mood.

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

Stephen reacts moodily and grumpily.

STEPHEN

Won't you see the nights for me  
have become stagnant lakes? Where  
do we walk through? Someone else  
to meet that we haven't seen or  
listened to 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  
Have 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 felt a hole in the back  
of my neck, dizzy and getting  
cold. An unknown face bowed unto  
me. I think, yes, it's creepy to  
listen to the chimes and glimmers  
from many bubblied around. I  
can't hear their voices because  
the gunshot strum 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 of the  
day.

DAISY

A virtual sunset by the desert.

Daisy caresses Stephen's hair while walking 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  
radiation, 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.

More

STEPHEN (Cont'd)

'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 despondency 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

If was so, 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..."

More



STEPHEN (Cont'd)

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 the dead  
 alive 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 sympathies 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 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 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 cares Stephen's face.

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

STEPHEN

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

DAISY

So, do you still keep that wood bullet?

STEPHEN

(Walk on)

Let's take a look at our prowler.

LOUD SCREAMS come around the corner.

Daisy and Stephen look around.

Yasmine Hamdan stretches up and looks for it.

Screams piercing the air.

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

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Stephen gets 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 at 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.'

Driving 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 past the hanging bodies.

They squeeze inside the WINDOW.

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

EYEWITNESS (O.S.)  
The faggot couple...

EXT. PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

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

They look at each other. Get straight and walk  
away.

STEPHEN

They were too pale and not so  
much blood spilt. Uses to happen  
when sliced their throats. Nay,  
they were strangled slowly.  
Something tells me they are  
relatives.

DAISY

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

INT. L.A. - SAME TIME

Jail. Ava walked anxiously into the cell.

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

PUNK PRISONER

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

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

RAMIREZ

I think he is the right lady.  
Don't start to yell at 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

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

AVA

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

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

AVA(Cont'd)

At least give me back my sunglasses...

RAMIREZ

Ok, I'll turn it off.

Ramirez went 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 tears 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 comes down.

Ava gasped and broke into tears.

RAMIREZ

Tell me where Eva and Adam are, and I'll let you get 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 to DRIPPING.

Punk prisoner takes 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 grasped the keys and walked 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 started.

As the punk prisoner approaches the bars Ava takes  
a look aside.

DAYBREAK paled the lamplights across the hallway.

AVA

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

The punk prisoner stretched 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 lower 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 will shoot  
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 loses him momentarily.

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

Ava pulls 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 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 skin 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 it gets darker.

Ramirez steps for awestruck.

Flames encircle Ava. Releases the punk.

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

Ramirez stumbled back, dropping his back against the desk.

AVA'S FISTED HAND cut off flaring in Ramirez's 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 to nook a guilty person in one way or another.

STEPHEN

Look what your phone gleams. 'Lovers found dead after being in love making three following nights.' What's become of 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 at  
us.

DAISY

(Singsong)  
'Times are a changin.'

STEPHEN

Never before have I felt so  
stretched. Lack of resources. I  
used to share the night with the  
ocean. Look at us. Breathing each  
other, breathing, 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 opted to take a second peep at the iPhone.

STEPHEN

They had been 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 a 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 in them.

DAISY

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

Stephen stares into Daisy's eyes too sad.

DAISY

What is it?

Stephen looks at the ground in blues.

DAISY (Cont'd)

What is 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 darkness as death. Immense as endless. Wife, how many suns have we had since we walked together?

DAISY

Many.

STEPHEN

But we cannot gaze at 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 in 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 mind to fly beyond  
them.

STEPHEN

I'm afraid, not farther than the  
moonlight.

Daisy walks 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 him?

Daisy whistles melodic like a robin.

The MIDGET takes note and advances unto her.

Daisy squats before his arrival.

DAISY

Come to mami, come my precious blood.

Daisy tweaks the midget's cheeks, hugs him, the midget smiles and adopts 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 reacts baring 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  
 has a crush on a pederast midget.

MIDGET  
 You should be jealous.

Doctor Watson, wearing a duster coat, approaches  
 them. He carries his arm on a sling.

WATSON  
 Gentleman.

MIDGET  
 Gentleman my ass.

The midget jumps 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 at each other realizing.

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

Daisy looks surprised and concerned at what she sees there.

Daisy holds back the iPhone and walks unto Stephen.

STEPHEN

(Anguish tone)

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



WATSON

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

STEPHEN

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

WATSON

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

Stephen delivers 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 hard 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 be enough. Drink it.

DAISY

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

They stare at each other.

Daisy closes her mouth up to Stephen's ear.

DAISY

(Whisper)

You are a better hunter than me.  
Drink and bring me a prey.

Stephen drinks from the canister.

Afterwards Stephen smiles and kisses Daisy deeply, pouring blood on her mouth, Daisy's throat swallows it.

Watson stands up watching them with opprobrium.

Suddenly Stephen and Daisy look at 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 into the corner.

STEPHEN

I don't get it. it was 0  
negative.

DAISY

He told us... someone was following  
us... must have 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 flabbergasted, looking at Daisy open her  
BLOODY MOUTH in ecstasy.

The HOODED SHADOW stealthily looks at the couple  
whilst filming them with a CAMCORDER under a  
corner.

The hooded shadow withdrew.

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 steps 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 have finished.

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

EXT. PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Daisy and Stephen walk into the plaza.

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

STEPHEN/DAISY

(Holding each other)

Better?

Stephen looks around and then fixes 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)  
Reminds me of a stroll on Venetia  
at the lost hour of the carnival.  
Come, come. I even would have  
tried a bottle of wine to listen  
to 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 at the fountain, the rusty oldness  
mark it was extracted from somewhere: There is a  
sculpted life-size CYCLOPE with gorgoyle 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 MEDUSA'S HEAD. Wrapped her hair with  
COPPERHEAD SNAKES biting his thick forearm.

STEPHEN

(Elated)

From yesterday tonight, we  
streamflow ages.

They walk on. Stephen glanced over Yasmine.

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

Behind some MUSICIANS arrange their instruments.

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

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

The curtains in the walls drop down. A big cloudy heaven is 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 and 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 needs protection.

The sounds and voice melt a VIOLIN and a TAMBOURINE, as it gets 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 STREET LAMPS turn off.

Within the tossed atmosphere, the immortal lovers detach each other's 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 rolls  
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 notice 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 screeched out a lament.

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

Daisy grasps Stephen's shoulder. Stephen holds  
back her hand.

DAISY

(Mesmerized)

Did you see her, him?

STEPHEN

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 such a deep impression on me."

Stephen and Daisy seem 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 glistening faces. Shimmers befuddle 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 snake twirls around.

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

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

Thundering flashes. The vampires get lost of sight. Daisy bent down stricken with commotion.

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

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

Daisy reels about, trying to not lose balance.

Stephen screams endlessly.

Vampires crawling on the staircases to hold Daisy up. They are gone. Come. Rivers of blood splashes against the walls threaten 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 looking  
backwards) Take me away from  
here... they are 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 it is still  
night.

Above the lovers' head reflected a 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 vanish into the dim atmosphere. Only Yasmine's crying remains in the air.

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

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

DAISY

(Anxious as hurt voice)

Come my love it's 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.

Bilal has 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 faces and male-female genitals.

SHADOW

Curst her blood with our blood.  
 You still think you 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 kicks and pummels some thugs clubbing  
 her.

The first chasers had been thrown down the  
 plateau.

BALIL

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

The musicians look at each other. Withdraw the  
 adamant and go 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 gives momentary shelter to the lovers.

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

Stephen turns back.

STEPHEN  
(Looking at the  
window)

More beautiful than Euphorion...

Daisy looks at the shadow in the room. Indeed, cadaverous semblance.

Daisy holds tight to Stephen.

DAISY  
Get in.

Stephen threw his fist to his forehead with tight eyelids.

Yasmine's voice makes her blues a carousel.

YASMINE  
Soon all darkness in the universe  
will vanish 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)

It's foggy outside. I have a shot.

Stephen coyote howling.

Daisy bare tusks sending him back against the wall.

On the grapple Daisy searches for Stephen grabbing the IRONWOOD BULLET.

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

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

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

Daisy screams and collapses 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 doorway firing her feet.

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

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

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

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

