

A MOVIE

Written

by

Joss Whedon

September 6, 2005

(NOTE: the first five scenes in this film will all play as "one-ers", static frames with the occasional slow zoom in or out.)

INT. OFFICE COMMON AREA - AFTERNOON

ANGLE: A SMALL PLANT

Being watered in a small plastic vase. The water is coming from a paper cooler-cup; the plant is in an office cubicle. As the frame slowly widens we see behind the plant a few pictures of a cat, a little motivational sign that says: A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS --- with a drawing of a water drop -- MAKE BIG THINGS HAPPEN! -- with a drawing of a wave.

As the woman in the cubicle pulls off a dead leaf and replaces her plant in the corner, we have widened out enough to see a birthday cake come into frame, a few office workers clustered around it, hushing and giggling as they light the last few candles. One of them, a sweet, plump 30ish woman named JOANNE, beckons others to join them.

JOANNE

Come on! Shhh! It's now! We're doing it now!

A few more crowd around and as they do the woman in the cubicle looks shyly out at them. Her name is MIA. She is slight, unremarkable, her eyes always flickering with the bright hope of good things to come, her polite smile already forgiving their absence.

She goes unnoticed. We ourselves don't really get a look at her -- she remains partially obscured, either by the cubicle or the throng.

The group moves to a cubicle nearby, breaking into:

GROUP

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY
BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY
DEAR RYAN, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

RYAN has the bland good looks of a newscaster, and is clearly cock of the walk in this dim, grey place.

RYAN

Aw, man, you guys...

OFFICE GUY
Blow 'em out!

JOANNE
Make a wish first!

RYAN
I got a wish...

He blows out the candles. Cheers all round.

RYAN
(continuing)
Well, Joanne's not naked, so
clearly my wish didn't work...

JOANNE
(delightedly blushing)
Oh, god...

RYAN
I have to cut this thing now,
right?

As all this goes on, Mia hangs at the edge -- joining in the end of the song, but hardly a part of the group. As the talk goes on, she's approached by a FED EX guy, ALEX.

ALEX
Miss, hey excuse me, can you...

MIA
I'm sorry?

ALEX
Can I get a signature?

MIA
Oh, sure.

She signs his pad as he hands her a package.

MIA
(continuing)
Busy week for you, huh?

But he's looking at the party.

ALEX
Somebody's birthday?

MIA
Uh, yes. It's, um... they're
doing a cake.

Joanne comes back to drag Mia into the party, sees Alex.

JOANNE

Hey, Alex! Mia, we're going to
Rollers tonight, a bunch of us for
Ryan's birthday, you have to come.
Alex, grab some cake!

ALEX

There's enough?

JOANNE

Not if you don't hurry...

(as he goes)

Mia, you can come, right?

MIA

I have to pick up Bonkers from the
vet, you know he had a fever and
they said I could get him tonight.

JOANNE

But after! I'm getting you out,
girl, it's a life's mission with
me.

MIA

I'm worried he might have trouble
adjusting --

As she protests, Ryan passes and Joanne grabs him.

MIA

(continuing)

Happy bir --

JOANNE

(over her)

Ryan, tell Mia she has a well-
adjusted cat and she needs to
party with us.

RYAN

Who's Mia?

Awkward moment... but Ryan tries to cover, seeing the girl
right there...

RYAN

(continuing)

I'm kidding! I got a bottle of
1800, we're gonna have a little
toast...

(more)

RYAN (cont'd)
 (to Mia)
 ... you're coming tonight, you're
 gonna get naked and crazy.

OFFICE GUY (O.S.)
 Ryan!

RYAN
 I'm on it!

He scoots off as Joanne turns to Mia, her warmth a good deal more genuine than Ryan's...

JOANNE
 But you'll think about coming? I
 know the girls are all --

The din of the office is cut off suddenly as we cut to:

INT. VET'S RECEPTION AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

We are wide to start. The light here is even bleaker and less flattering than the grey office. And once again, Mia is partially obscured as she sits waiting to be called up. The camera is behind the desk, over the assistant as she does busy work for a while.

The phone rings.

ASSISTANT
 Dr. Shuman's office... yes. Not
 till eleven. Uh huh, no, eleven.
 Yeah. At eleven. Okay.
 (long pause)
 Okay. See you then. No, is it
 the collie? Cute little border
 collie, he's such a dear. Then
 yes. Eleven. Buh-bye.

More busywork.

Finally Mia stands, comes to the desk.

MIA
 Excuse me...

ASSISTANT
 Oh! Sweetie, I forgot you were
 there. What's the name?

MIA
 Mia Sol --

ASSISTANT
(before she can
finish)
Of the pet.

MIA
Oh. Bonkers. He came in with a
fever, they said he could go home,
on my machine...

The assistant is checking the computer.

ASSISTANT
Yes... oh, yes, I'm so sorry...
that's only if you want the body,
we can certainly take care of it
here...

MIA
What?

ASSISTANT
We can dispose of it --

MIA
No, it's Bonkers. The cat. My
name is Mia Solda --

ASSISTANT
Bonkers, yes, he had a fever.

MIA
He wasn't eating, and he felt --

ASSISTANT
No, he was burning up, we tried to
bring it down but it was just no
good, this has been going around
with a lot of local cats, was he
an outdoor cat?

MIA
No. Are you sure that --

ASSISTANT
Bonkers, yeah, came in wednesday,
the message should have been
clearer, or maybe there's
something wrong with your
machine...

Mia is slowly going from shock to a visible effort not to cry.

MIA

He's not an... an outdoor cat...

ASSISTANT

It's terrible how this is happening. You just need to fill this out and you can decide how you want him taken care of... do we have your credit card on file?

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We're looking at a dull, narrow strip of kitchen that announces brownly its bachelorette ownership. Hear keys in the door and see Mia enter, put her purse and the mail on the counter. She is moving very slowly. She goes through what is obviously a ritual -- keys in the little clay ashtray, mail sorted through perfunctorily -- nothing personal in there -- and, still looking over a bill, she goes to the cabinet and pulls out a can of catfood, gets a can-opener and crouches down by the cat's bowl...

She stops, looking at the can, at what she's doing.

INT. ROLLERS - NIGHT

The place is anything but hip -- lotta colored lights and guys with necklaces. Mia sits to one side of frame, trying -- not very hard -- to get the bartender's attention. We are zooming slowly in to a tighter frame as Joanne and a couple of girls from the office come from an off-screen booth to the bar. Joanne notices Mia -- starts talking, all of which has to be done fairly loud over the lame pumping techno:

JOANNE

Hey, you made it!

MIA

Yeah, I didn't feel like staying at home...

JOANNE

We got a booth! And we're two seconds away from hitting the dance floor and Mike in accounting is a slobbering moron, stay away from him, he was so funny...

During this the other girl has successfully procured three drinks from the bartender, hands them round. Joanne takes hers.

JOANNE
(continuing)
You're getting a drink?

MIA
I'm just waiting to get a drink.

JOANNE
You're gonna join us, though,
right?

MIA
It's not too crowded?

But Joanne has been swept away by her friends. Mia looks over at the noise coming from the booth -- it's clear she doesn't really feel up to confronting it. She turns again the bar, and by this time the camera has pushed in to a single --

And a figure enters frame in front of her, starts talking to her -- but the music is so loud we can't really hear. We see it's a man -- in a suede jacket, weathered, and Mia seems to recognize him. She smiles politely at him. He asks something, she nods and as he turns to the bartender and she looks at him, that hope glimmering softly in her eyes for a second as she watches him...

INT. THE RIVER - NIGHT

And there is silence as she stares at us, eyes wide, mouth wide, hair tendrilling around her as she sinks slowly through the water, tied with strong rope, hitting the dirty silt of the bottom, and one last feeble trail of bubbles tells us she is at the moment of death.

We hold on her staring, unseeing face.

GONERS

CREDITS OVER:

A series of smaller scenes, also one-ers, all shot from a very low angle, and all treated (in post) to look sort of like they're being seen from underwater.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Two homicide cops, the world weary RAFFERTY and the younger, well-meaning HIRSH, stand over an unseen body. The CORONER kneels over it, looking carefully.

RAFFERTY

This is a good-looking woman.

HIRSH

This could be the one I've been waiting for...

RAFFERTY

Oh yeah. This woman you take home to your Ma.

HIRSH

She's looking very good. Can't have been under for more'n a few hours. There's no bloat.

CORONER

Look who's detecting.

RAFFERTY

Where'd she go splash?

CORONER

No clue. Tug was trailing its anchor, coulda snagged her anywhere from here to the Bayside docks.

HIRSH

She go in alive?

CORONER

There's bruising around the neck, some head trauma... could go either way. I get a look at her lungs, I'll know all.

HIRSH

(standing)

She got a name?

Rafferty picks up an evidence bag with a wallet in it.

RAFFERTY
Everybody's got a name...

As Hirsh pulls on a glove to pull out the wallet --

INT. MORGUE VAN - DAY

We just see the ceiling of the van as light plays off it, the van moving quickly through traffic.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

But there's no windows to tell us it's day. The lights are garish and greenish, and as we roll under them we see that not all of them are working.

INT. "MESS HALL" - NIGHT

We are moving past bodies on tables, mostly covered in sheets. The attendant wheels Mia's body past them to a corner spot opposite the door.

ATTENDANT
Welcome to the mess hall. No spitting, no cursing, and I don't wanna hear anything about getting no private room.

(locking the wheels)
You just cool your heels till the M.E. comes round to cut you up. You'll like him.

The body in place, the attendant takes a moment, looking around guiltily, then stands at the head of the gurney, pulls the sheet up and looks underneath. A moment, and he replaces it and bows his head in prayer.

ATTENDANT
(continuing)
Another one for you to look out for, Lord. Keep her in a place without pain, without killing and murder and that shit, let her rest, amen.

He goes. The door shuts and the room is thrown into dark green gloom.

END CREDITS.

BLACKNESS

For a while, and silence. Suddenly, a voice, pitched down like slowed tape, but with furious energy:

VOICE (V.O.)
I JUST WANT A LITTLE **KISS!**

INT. "MESS HALL" - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: MIA

As she opens her eyes and draws in a huge, shuddering breath.

A side angle shows she is under the sheet. She looks around for a bit, unsure of her muscles, then pulls it off herself frantically.

She sits up. The room is dark, but it's very clear what kind of room it is. She sees corpses, more than a dozen of them, most covered, but one or two not.

She tumbles off the gurney in terror. Stands, makes for the door -- stops, realizing she's naked, embarrassed in the midst of her terror. She grabs the sheet that covered her, wraps it around her.

Slowly she makes her way through the room, looking about her for movement.

There is a noise.

She stops, trying to identify it. Peering at the corpses.

It's in the ceiling. In the vent. Something moving. Scraping.

For a moment, Mia is too scared to move.

POV: THE GRATING of the vent above the ceiling. Mia cannot take her eyes off it. For a while, there is nothing.

Something dark moves inside it.

Mia bolts.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUING

She tears out of the Mess Hall, calling desperately --

MIA
Help me! Please help me!

The attendant at the desk, CURTIS, spills soup on himself, jumping in terror.

CURTIS
God! Ahhh, what the hell! Jesus!

MIA

Please help me, I don't know where I am, help me...

CURTIS

Okay, ho, ho, slow down. You gave me a heart attack, what are you doing in --

MIA

I don't know what happened, I woke up and I was --

CURTIS

Is this a joke? Is this Deitrich trying to freak me out, 'cause I will put him in that room myself and I'll kick your greyish blue ass all over this --

MIA

Please.

He stops. This clearly isn't a joke.

MIA

(continuing)
I don't understand.

He looks down: her toe has a tag on it.

CURTIS

This **better** be a joke...

MIA

I woke up in that room.

CURTIS

Nobody wakes up in that room. That's what that room is for: for people to not wake up in.

MIA

What do you want from me?

CURTIS

Listen, this is very wrong. I just got on shift, you must have... somebody mixed you up, wrong floor, or... look, you just stay calm, do you remember coming in here?

MIA

I... No... I went out, I was at
Rollers with some people, and I...
(losing it again)
...I don't know what happened to
me...

Curtis moves back around the counter --

CURTIS

Let me call up, get a doctor down
here, you wanna sit?
(picks up the phone)
Oh, come on...

He hits the lines repeatedly. Nothing lights up.

CURTIS

(continuing)

This is --

He puts the phone back, not gently. Looks up at Mia.

CURTIS

(continuing)

Look, I'm gonna go get someone,
can you wait here for a minute?

MIA

Can't I just go up? With you?

CURTIS

I think you should let me get
someone to come down here, okay?
I think it's a better idea.

MIA

Why?

CURTIS

Because, I don't wanna be uncool
but I don't know if you're
carrying something, or if, you
know, what. I don't know why
you're here...

(he points to the
Mess Hall)

...but you look like you should be
in there.

She looks at herself. She is the color of a corpse. Maybe
a little bluer than your average corpse.

MIA

Oh, God...

CURTIS

You're fine, you seem... vigorous
and it's gotta be nothing, but
please let me bring someone down.
I'll be two minutes. I'm gonna
help you out. I'm gonna run.

Which he does, rounding the corner and heading for the
elevator. It's a freight elevator, at the peeling, dingy end
of this corridor. Curtis hits the button and waits.

The light above him flickers out.

CURTIS

(continuing)

Oh give me one solitary break --

The elevator doors open, spilling light on him, he moves
forward -- and something JERKS into frame.

CURTIS

(continuing)

Jesus!

(small beat)

Bowers, you dick...

The bovinely good-natured BOWERS peers at Curtis.

BOWERS

What's up with you?

CURTIS

Listen, man, I'm... uh, I don't
got, uh...

It's fading. Bowers puts on a slightly incredulous grin.

BOWERS

Did you barf?

CURTIS

(looks down)

What? No, yeah, it's soup, this
is a mess, I spilled it I guess.

BOWERS

You guess.

CURTIS

Yeah... I might've dozed, I gotta
change this.

He hops in. The doors start to close.

BOWERS

Kinda smells like barf.

CURTIS

A little bit like barf.

The doors shut on them.

ANGLE: MIA

Waits by the counter, growing increasingly agitated.

HER POV: down the hall and around the corner -- because of the blown bulb, it seems dark around there.

She looks around. Behind her is the doors to the Mess Hall, to the left a corridor even darker than around the corner. Just one bulb working there, and a couple of doors leading who knows where. The corridor ends in a dead end.

The noise comes again.

Mia stops, looking towards the corner where Curtis left.

MIA

Hello?

It's in the ceiling. She instinctively moves away from the dark, past the station -- phone still unlit -- towards the elevator.

There is a huge CLANG as something metal hits the floor around the hallway HARD. She jumps back, sidles up against the wall.

The phone rings.

She jumps a mile, then scrambles to it, picks up the receiver.

MIA

(continuing)

Is somebody there?

The ceiling vent in the hall is suddenly slammed out of its frame and hits the ground with the same noise she heard from around the corner.

Mia cannot take her eyes off it.

VOICE ON PHONE

Hello? Is this the morgue?

MIA

Please help me, there's something
down here --

VOICE ON PHONE

I'm looking for Curtis. Is this
extension 663?

MIA

Send somebody, there's been a....
please can you help me?

VOICE ON PHONE

Tell me where you are. If this is
some kind of emergency --

A noise in the ceiling makes Mia slide away from it, calling
into the phone:

MIA

The morgue! Come now!

She lets it drop and slides, back to the wall, toward the
elevator hall.

Mia is so focussed on the ceiling grate that she doesn't hear
the wet slap of the approaching creature until its hand
reaches around the corner next to her head.

She turns and this time she doesn't scream. She stares. Her
horror a stillness in her.

The hand is long, gnarled and blocky, leaves a stain where it
slaps wall.

The hand is made of clay.

The man is made of clay, and as he pulls himself around the
wall it becomes clear that he is crawling on the wall as
though it were the floor. His cadaverous body is muscular
but rough hewn -- a study unfinished. His face is a rough
job of chiseling as well, cheeks too sharp, chin too long.
Eyes of clay, that look right at Mia and crinkle in a smile.

His smile. His teeth are not clay. They are long, sharp,
white blades, and they unsheathe as his smile becomes a roar
of predatory triumph.

From inside the ceiling vent, a second hand slaps the ceiling
for purchase.

Mia breaks and runs -- is heading back into the Mess Hall when a gurney comes slamming out the doors and into her -- she can just see the Clay Man that knocked it at her as he rises, nothing easily visible save his toothsome grin.

She hits the floor, pushing the gurney away from her and scrambling back up, heading into the dark side hall. Tries a door -- locked. She can hear them now -- they are all three moaning their muffled roars as they approach.

The last door opens.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - CONTINUING

She nearly falls in, slamming the door behind her and fumbling to lock it. She looks around: it's a dismal place, one work-light armed out over a stained table that has seen the opening of countless bodies. The floor is unwashed tile, sloping imperceptibly toward a drain under the table. Counters and cabinets surround the small room.

There is nowhere to hide. There is no phone.

Desperately, Mia rushes to a workstation, pulls the rolling chair out and crams herself into the leg space, pulling the chair in just as she hears the door CRASH open, lock splintering.

We hold on her, waiting, as the the wet footsteps of the Clay Men fill the room.

The chair is yanked away and a Clay Man's hand grabs her hair, pulling her out as his face comes into frame, mouth impossibly wide, she **screams** -- and **DISSOLVES INSTANTLY INTO WATER** that splashes to the floor.

BLACKOUT.

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

It's a tunnel, dark and seemingly endless. If the morgue was the entrance to Hell, surely this is it.

Foul water runs thigh-deep along the tunnel, a narrow concrete embankment on either side. There is, far down, a ladder leading to a vertical tunnel that must lead somewhere better...

For a while, nothing happens.

Mia rears back, out of the water, gasping for air, thrashing until she gets her bearings. The Clay Men are gone.

But she's in a sewer, naked again, and has no idea how she got there. She doesn't exactly cheer.

In fact, she doesn't even move. She stares down at the rushing water and cries -- really cries for the first time. Heaving, hitching sobs that only gradually subside as she manages to sputter out to herself:

MIA

Why is this happening to --

It **BURSTS** out of the water in her face, roaring, teeth out --

She pushes out instinctively -- strong enough to push it back as she moves in the other direction, toward the ladder, slogging slowly against the fetid current. She clambers up the embankment, grabs the ladder --

Its hand grabs her ankle and yanks her back into the water. Holds her under.

There is a pause and it stumbles forward, losing its grip. It looks about --

Mia comes up out of the water some ten feet away, as confused as the Clay Man. She moves up onto the embankment and makes a dash for the ladder -- but he's between her and it -- he jumps out and slams her against the wall, arm against her throat, pushing the air out her as his other hand reaches for her mouth --

There is the FWIP of something rushing through the air -- and the arm that holds her is severed before the elbow. It's clay through and through.

The Clay Man looks up -- we hear that FWIP again.

He looks back at Mia, confused, and his face gently slips off his head. Again, nothing inside but clay.

He falls backwards into the water, his arm loosening its grip and bouncing in after him.

Mia looks up -- someone is perched above her, one leg on the ladder, one on the wall opposite. Two long, thin knives in her hands. She is bad-ass, and dresses accordingly. There's some leather involved, but she's more punk than sleek -- a little raggedy. Hair dyed, not inappropriately, VIOLET. Which is her name.

VIOLET

(unimpressed)

Well, aren't you a magnificent sight.

MIA
How did I get here --

VIOLET
Don't freak. I'll get very bored
if you freak.

She takes both knives by the blade in one hand and hurls them
down -- Mia flinches --

ANGLE: THE CLAY MAN

Has risen again, faceless -- and the blades sink into his
head, sending him stumbling back under.

VIOLET
(continuing)
He's not gonna give up. Here.

She reaches above her and pulls out a small pile of clothes,
drops it at Mia's feet.

VIOLET
(continuing)
Didn't know what you were gonna
look like, so: one size fits all.
I'll be seeing you.

She starts up the ladder.

MIA
(gathers the clothes)
Wait! Please... I don't
understand...

VIOLET
Yeah, **that** ain't about to change.

She disappears, Mia craning up to see the basement or
whatever she's disappeared into. Violet's head pops back
after a moment. Her look is genuinely sympathetic.

VIOLET
(continuing)
I'll give you this one for free.
You're not crazy.

MIA
I'm... not...?

VIOLET
You're not crazy. You're just
dead.

Violet disappears again, leaving Mia not particularly comforted.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mia walks alone. She has on draw-string pants and a sweatshirt, no shoes. The clothes are dirty from her climb out of the sewers, but not a terrible fit. The street she's on is mostly dark, a few people passing. She wanders, dazed, not knowing what to do.

She crosses to a cab idling by an open all night grocer. She looks in at the driver.

MIA

Can you take me to Barnard lane?

CABBIE

No problem, friend --

He looks her over. No shoes, no pockets, stringy, dirty hair -- and she don't look too healthy.

CABBIE

(continuing)

Oh. No, yeah, the dealers are on K street, sweetie.

MIA

(leaning in)

It's my apartment, I have money there --

CABBIE

Hands off the car! Fucking junkie...

She steps back, looks around her. He has gone back to his paper and she tries one more time:

MIA

I'm sorry...

CABBIE

Yeah? Can I help you?

He clearly has no idea he's seen her before. She offers, slowly:

MIA

I just need to get home...

He looks her over, again dismissing her.

CABBIE

Oh, honey...

MIA

I'm not a junkie...

CABBIE

Yeah, let me guess -- you're an actress -- you just shoot heroin to pay the bills.

Seriously, he cracks himself up.

CABBIE

(continuing)

Take a walk, lady. No free rides.

She steps back, confused by his reaction. Moves out of his line of sight. Waits a bit. Then steps back up to him.

MIA

Excuse me.

CABBIE

Finally, a fare! I been sittin' here --

And again, the closer look.

CABBIE

(continuing; looking
her over)

Fuck. Nice outfit. The crack dealers are on K street, it's off my route.

She backs away from the cab before he gets three words out. Turns and walks.

EXT. DARKER STREET - NIGHT

This neighborhood is dingy and desolate.

She walks, small and lonely in the frame. Very much alone.

EXT. MIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She comes down Barnard Lane, which is low rent but not unpleasant. Lotta people like Mia, singles and families struggling to make warm homes in a cold city.

She stops half a block from her house. There are cars pulled up outside her lobby: a detective's unmarked and two cruisers.

One uniformed cop loiters outside while Rafferty and Hirsh step out, in midtalk.

RAFFERTY
There's nothing there!

HIRSH
Not even a cat. Where's the cat?

RAFFERTY
She was at the bar, co-workers
don't know when she left; it's the
bar, she picked up a guy.

ANGLE: MIA as she swings out of sight behind a stoop, her
head booming with a voice:

VOICE
I JUST WANT A LITTLE **KISS!**

Nobody sees her. Shakily, she looks back out at them.

HIRSH
This is not the kind of girl that
picks up a guy in a bar.

He looks around, almost as if he can sense she's near.

RAFFERTY
Until the day she does! One night
she says "Hey, I'm a pathetic
spinster with a nothing job and no
friends and I'm gonna get crazy
for a change." She rolls the
dice, comes up snake eyes.

HIRSH
(comes out of it)
Did you just say "Spinster"?

RAFFERTY
The woman clearly had no real
life at --

HIRSH
You're a very old man.

RAFFERTY
Old enough to pin you down and
take a crap on your head, you give
me grief, Hirsh, you punk --

ANGLE: MIA

As she focuses on the two of them, hearing:

HIRSH (V.O.)

She's looking very good. Can't
have been under for more'n a few
hours.

She really looks at him now, trying to remember. Upset that
she can't.

HIRSH

I'm saying she knows the guy. He
comes in here and pulls her out,
or maybe at the bar but... where's
the damn cat?

RAFFERTY

He probably took the cat. He
killed her for her cat.

They start for their car.

HIRSH

This is a fresh kill. He's not
far away. I'm leaving a car here.

RAFFERTY

Yeah, he might come back for the
kibbles.

(to the cop)

Stay alert, officer. The motive
was cat.

They drive off.

Mia watches them go, still upset. She looks at her
apartment, at the cop outside her door...

She heads in the other direction.

There is a puddle of water where she sat.

EXT. STREETS - DAWN

A song plays. Sweet and mournful, over the following:

We see various angles of Mia wandering the city, unable to
comprehend her situation. The light gradually softens from
black to the rich blue of early dawn, and finally to the
warmer tones of morning. The streets gradually fill with
people as well, but Mia makes no attempt to talk to any of
them. Truly, she barely looks at them.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

We move with her now as she walks slowly forward, brow furrowing with intense contemplation. She stops, and the camera pulls back even further to reveal that she is at the edge of the river that runs through the city.

She stares at the sun-dappled surface of the water, hearing nothing but its gentle lapping.

She looks out around her, with some resolve. The observant eye might notice that she is slightly less blue than she was.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Hirsh enters with a female detective, talking.

DETECTIVE

Way you tell it, sounds like a suicide.

(laughing)

Justifiable, if she was really so pathetic --

HIRSH

I told you her arms were roped behind her. You didn't make detective by mail, did you?

MIA (O.S.)

Excuse me...

DETECTIVE

I got a lot on my plate, all right?

HIRSH

So all the time I'm talking you're nodding and thinking about something else.

DETECTIVE

Yeah, it works great.

MIA

Detective Hirsh?

He stops and turns, the other detective moving on.

HIRSH

I'll catch up.

(to Mia)

What can I do you for?

She becomes uncomfortable. He takes in her appearance -- particularly her color.

MIA

I, um... you have a case...

HIRSH

Yeah, you got something for me?
I can't give you money unless
it's... do I know you?

She slightly, and to her enormous shock, giggles.

HIRSH

(continuing)

Okay... look, you wanna blanket or
something? You look like death.
You gotta be... freezing...

His face goes slack. He tries to speak, can't phrase it.

HIRSH

(continuing)

Are you --

MIA

Yes.

His eyes fill with purpose.

HIRSH

Excuse me.

MIA

(as he pushes by her)

No, wait, don't --

But he moves to the desk sergeant --

HIRSH

Saul, is Rafferty in the building?

DESK SERGEANT

What am I, his nanny?

HIRSH

Find out! If he's not here page
his ass **now**.

DESK SERGEANT

(no more 'tude)

I should tell him anything?

HIRSH

(forgetting)

Yeah, tell him, that, ah... you know... we're working this. He should be... forget it.

DESK SERGEANT

Okay. Great.

('tude back)

You need anything else you let me know.

Mia waits glumly for Hirsh to walk the ten feet back to her. He nearly bumps into her.

HIRSH

Sorry, lady.

MIA

Detective.

HIRSH

Yeah, what can I...

He looks closely at her and it hits him. As though it never had before, his face goes slack.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

He ushers her in hastily, closing the door behind them. She sits, he paces. Looks at her.

HIRSH

Show me your wrists.

She holds them out on the table. The bruising of the ropes is still visible.

HIRSH

(continuing)

God... okay.

(he sits)

This isn't some sick... twin thing... I call the morgue they're gonna tell me they're one shy, am I right?

She nods.

HIRSH

(continuing)

Because I saw you hauled out of the river and you were drowned and they took you to the morgue.

MIA
That's where I woke up.

HIRSH
That's impossible.

MIA
I don't disagree.
(she stops, thinking)
I drowned?

HIRSH
We need to get you to a doctor.

MIA
No.

HIRSH
I'm not asking. We're talking
about someone coming to life after
hours, after many many hours of
being dead.

MIA
No we're not.

She holds out her wrist again. For a moment he doesn't get it, then he puts his finger on it, looking for a pulse.

After a moment, he slowly pulls his hand back. He looks a little afraid of her now.

MIA
(continuing)
I'm dead. And apparently, when
you're dead, nobody who sees you
can remember that they did, and
men made of clay come through the
walls to eat you and you black out
and wake up in different places
and people with knives give you
clothes and I... I need some help
but I don't know what to... I
don't know how to help me...

She started strong, but it gets harder the more she speaks and by the end she can't anymore. He waits in bewildered sympathy. Finally:

HIRSH
Do you know who killed you?

She shakes her head.

HIRSH

(continuing)

How's your... your memory, I mean, you're blood isn't circulating, so your brain could be... did you really mean that there were men made of clay?

MIA

I'm not crazy. Anyway that's what they tell me.

He gets up, starts pacing.

MIA

(continuing)

Please don't -- you have to stay with me, keep looking at me. If you leave even for a second --

HIRSH

(smiles kindly)

Just try and shake me. I just -- I don't know what to do. I don't know where to start thinking about figuring out what to do. I'm talking to a corpse. Sorry.

MIA

No, it's okay.

HIRSH

Maybe you're here to lead me to your murderer. It sounds a little gothic, but maybe you have unfinished business in, I don't know... this earthly plane. I'm spitballing here --

(sitting)

-- you gotta understand it's a detective's job to investigate every possibility no matter how remote until he has the truth so please don't take this the wrong way but have you at all, since you woke up in the morgue, have you wanted to... eat brains?

MIA

Not a lot.

He looks at her a moment.

HIRSH
We will figure this out. Listen,
I know you're scared, but you're
not alone.

The door opens, a cop sticking his head in.

COP
Detective Hirsh.

Hirsh gets up. Mia tenses but he doesn't look away.

HIRSH
I've got a thing, just hold on --

COP
It's Rafferty, he called in, says
you have to get down to the --

HIRSH
(turns angrily)
Are you deaf? Tell Rafferty I'll
deal with him in a minute!

INT. HALLWAY/INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUING

Hirsh is standing in the doorway, but more out than in.

The captain passes --

CAPTAIN
Problem here?

HIRSH
(by rote)
We don't have problems here, sir,
just --

CAPTAIN
-- Just murder, good.

ANGLE: MIA.

She tried to stop him. Rose in alarm, calling out his
name... now she stands there, the weight of what's about to
happen settling grimly on her whole posture.

COP
I'll tell Rafferty, I'm sorry for
interrupting.

HIRSH
What?

He looks back in the room, unsure of why he's standing in the doorway at all. Sees Mia.

HIRSH
(continuing)
I'm sorry. Someone looking after
you?

MIA
(softly)
No.

Hirsh turns back to the cop.

HIRSH
Is this a perp? 'cause if
someone's sweating her they should
tell us -- I walked right in --

COP
Isn't she -- I thought she was
yours --

Mia rushes past them, upset.

HIRSH
Hey, lady, you can't...

It happens again, the realization. Not complete, but his brow furrows -- he rushes after her.

HIRSH
(continuing)
Are you looking for me? Hey wait
up!

He runs -- and slips right onto his back, even slides a bit, in the huge puddled trail of water she has left behind.

He looks at the puddle, confused, as a few cops and suspects titter.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CLOTHING STORE - DAY

It's a bustling avenue, full of high class stores and famous chains. Shoppers and pedestrians throng, none of them particularly noticing Mia.

She walks along, not really noticing where she is till she steps in a puddle. Looks down at her bare feet.

Turning, she looks at the stores.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - MOMENTS LATER

It's decently chic, but with a bohemian edge. A SALESWOMAN warmly tells us:

SALESWOMAN

Hi, welcome. Let me know if you need anything.

MIA

Okay. Thank you.

She moves around a display, hiding her bare, dirty feet.

INT. CHANGING ROOMS - LATER

Mia holds up a summer dress. Looks at the pricetag.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - LATER

Mia emerges into the main area. She has on jeans, a little peasant top that is maybe a bit sexier and cooler than she would have normally worn, and very green keds. She looks about her, walking with forced casualness to the exit.

ANGLE: THE SALESWOMAN is talking to another by the counter when she sees:

POV: the price tag from the shirt is still swinging from the sleeve.

SALESWOMAN

Excuse me... miss --
(to the other)

Call 911 --
(to Mia)

MISS!

Mia quickens her pace and a GUARD she hadn't seen grabs her arm.

GUARD

Let's be cool here...

MIA

Let go...

SALESWOMAN

She's stealing those clothes!

MIA

Let go!

She yanks her arm away and it goes right through his grasp. He looks down as she stumbles away and his hand is wet.

She looks at them both and bolts.

SALESWOMAN

Stop her!

The guard gives chase.

WE STAY WITH MIA for one continuous shot as the store dwindles in the distance, others go by, the guard moving fast through the crowd but Mia surprisingly nimble...

...as she ducks behind a pillar, wanders among outdoor tables at a cafe, the guard losing sight of her for a moment, she gets her bearings, calming down and pulling the tag off her sleeve...

...and she comes around the pillar, passes the guard -- who is looking around, wondering why he's on the street so far from the store, to the saleswoman, who smiles at her warmly as she re-enters the store.

SALESWOMAN

(continuing)

Hi!- Let me know if you need anything.

MIA

(also smiles)

Do you have jackets?

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Mia has a little swede jacket on that really completes the outfit. The waiter passes her, stops --

WAITER

I'm sorry, I didn't see you. Do you know what you want to eat?

MIA

(to herself)

Braaaaaainnsss....

WAITER

Sorry?

MIA

(looking up at him)

I'd like a club sandwich, please, but without the bacon.

(more)

MIA (cont'd)

An ice tea, some of the zucchini sticks with uh, with both sauces... you better take this down.

WAITER

(smiling)

I don't need to write it down.

MIA

You really do.

EXT. EASTBRIDGE PARK - NIGHT

It's a family place, with a few small toddler-rides, booths and food. Bright colored lights spill out onto the bridge itself, which has a pretty nice view of the city.

Mia wanders into frame eating an ice-cream cone, blithely blasé about her strange un-life. Again, her skin is, though still pale, less dead, and her hair more tousled than matted, (though it never does seem entirely dry.)

She passes the lights and settles at the center of the bridge, in the darker area. Looks out at the city for a moment, then down at the water. Once again, the sound of it makes everything else disappear.

Until another sound, a scraping sound followed by a wet slap.

She looks up. Around.

The lights of the park area look awfully far away all of a sudden. She is alone out here.

She looks the other way.

On the other side of the bridge is darkness, a dead, industrial-feeling area. No families there.

She looks back to the safety of the park -- and someone is standing on the bridge between her and it. Silhouetted.

Misshapen.

She moves, slowly at first, then running into the darkness of the last place she'd wanna be. A familiar roar following her.

EXT. DESERTED AREA/ALLEY - CONTINUING

The area has open spaces, but it may as well be one big dark alley for all the comfort it provides.

Mia looks for the best way to get through to somewhere else. She comes down an alley -- and a figure steps out of the shadows.

She stops -- and another grabs her from behind.

It's not one of **them**; it's a guy, early twenties, black, very muscular. The other guy is white, skinny but with ropy muscles of his own, way strung out. The black guy is TOE, the white guy is LEMMY.

TOE

Bitch, whatchyou doing on our property?

Mia struggles but she's too freaked to focus.

LEMMY

This is...

(he's too fucked-up
to focus)

... unexpected. She didn't call.

Toe hurls her against the wall, hard. She hits and sinks to the ground, looking up at them.

TOE

You looking to score, bitch? You don't just walk in here looking to score, you talk to the little people, this is the inner circle.

LEMMY

Little people. Indentured servitude. Serfs. They toil, and we're the... this is the fortress.
(can't make it clear)
Cut the bitch up.

TOE

You got nothing to say? You way too high class be looking for rock, be trippin' out on Xanax with your housewife bitch friends.

She stands, still against the wall, but a bit calmer.

MIA

I don't have any friends.

TOE

I got a **lot** of friends, they
everywhere I'm a call them down
here help me make an example out
of your bitch ass.

Mia blinks at him, almost bemused. And damned if she doesn't
grin when she says:

MIA

What are you gonna do? Kill me?

This stops them for a second. Toe, recovering:

TOE

My friends come down here we gonna
taste all the pleasures your
narrow ass got to provide, gonna
be hours of you **begging** to be
killed, you like that? We go
three to your one, three at a
time, I'm a charge admission.

LEMMY

(covering his face
with his hands)

Just **cut** her, okay? Just do it,
cut her **up**!

TOE

Lemmy, you got to chill, I need to
work this up, you got to prime the
pump, man --

She bolts to one side -- surprisingly, it's Lemmy who's
quickest, his blade flashes suddenly and he cuts her face as
she moves past him --

She stops, hand to her face, as liquid pours through her
fingers.

It's water.

Lemmy looks down at his knife. There is just water on the
blade. He looks back at Mia, and his eyes widen.

She takes her hand from her face. In plain view, the cut is
healing. Is healed. Is gone.

She takes a moment to ponder this fact. Looks up at Lemmy
without a trace of fear. Only dry curiosity.

MIA

Do that again.

Lemmy looks like there might be poo.

From behind him, Toe pulls a .38 out of his pants and fires directly at camera.

Mia takes one in the clavicle, hits the wall hard. Is up again in a second, the wound healed before she's straight.

Toe just fires and fires.

ANGLE: UP ON THE ROOFTOP

We see Violet watching Mia take the hits, not even falling this time. Violet is not alone, and we hear a guy's voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Or, we could just stay up here and watch... I'm cool with that, she just getting, you know, **shot** a bunch of times...

ANGLE: MIA

As the last wound heals, she looks at her hand. Makes a fist, and we hear once again the running river, but it's rushing now, it's crashing through the rocks...

Mia looks up at the two -- Lemmy is nearest -- and she thrusts her palm into his chest --

ANGLE: HER ARM in extreme slo mo as it approaches him and we hear a TIDAL WAVE rushing up from her elbow --

-- and she hits his chest and he SLAMS backwards into Toe and both of them hit the wall behind them with enough force to knock them out.

Mia collapses to the ground, exhausted by the effort.

There are shouts and crashes as several (about six) young men -- the 'serfs' of whom Lemmy spoke -- rush up to the alley, shouting and wielding guns, knives, chains...

ANGLE: VIOLET

Still on the roof.

VOICE (O.S.)

(continuing)

See, this is about -- and you **never** get this -- it's not just right and wrong, it's about the **entrance**.

(more)

VOICE (cont'd; O.S.)
The act itself, and I don't mean
theater -- well I sort of do --

She jumps gracefully off the roof.

VOICE (O.S.)
(continuing)
Oh, balls.

His dark figure jogs into frame as he runs the roofline,
heading to the edge behind the gangbangers.

ANGLE: THE END OF THE ALLEY

As Violet lands on a fire escape and flips over the railing,
landing again on the ground. This is a superhuman act, and
does qualify as an entrance.

Violet walks slinkily toward the confused thugs.

VIOLET
You boys are a little far from
home.

THUG
(pointing at the wall)
We live right here.

VIOLET
And if you'd stayed in your rooms
just on the other side of that
wall you would have lived through
the night.

She stops over the still panting Mia.

VIOLET
(continuing; to Mia)
One punch and you're a paraplegic.
That's useful.

THUG #2
(brandishing a knife)
Bitch, I'm a put this blade all
the way through your heart.

VIOLET
(big smile)
Well now. That's gonna be a
problem.

As she says it, still walking forward, she reaches between the folds of her partially unbuttoned shirt -- her hand going further in than seems possible for a moment -- and extracts a long thin knife, exactly like the ones she had in the tunnel. There is no blood on it.

VIOLET
(continuing)
'cause you see...

She takes her other hand and does the same, producing another blade from in her chest.

VIOLET
(continuing)
... it's just a little bit crowded
in there.

She stands before them and in one deft movement, flips both blades so she's holding them by the points.

VIOLET
(continuing)
Wanna watch me win a prize?

There is the sound of somebody wiping out next to the alley, knocking over a number of trashcans and junk. Some of the guys turn.

The figure from the roof tumbles into view, getting up with a singular lack of aplomb. He's cute, unassuming, skinny. A sheepish grin that he tries hard to make a rakish smile. He wears cargo pants and a tee shirt with the sleeves ripped off. He's called PUNCH.

PUNCH
So -- whoah -- hey.

VIOLET
And that's an entrance.

PUNCH
(laughs)
Yeah, I totally wiped out there.

THUG
(waving his gun
toward the alley)
Get over there with those two.

PUNCH
Okay, listen, before we start
this --

VIOLET
(rolls her eyes)
Ah, Christ...

PUNCH
Does anybody here want to reassess
their lives, maybe think about
walking away, turning over a new
leaf, getting religion -- any
religion, we're not saying one's
better than another.... Maybe
getting involved in the community,
Meals on Wheels, Bookmobile...
lemonade stand...

THUG
(smiles)
You're **much** too high!

THUG #3
(by Lemmy and Toe)
Man, I think Toe's hurt bad...

THUG
Yeah well that's **his** problem.
(to Punch)
You gonna get in here and die
quiet or you wanna make me laugh
some more?

VIOLET
I don't think they're reassessing
their lives, Punch.

Mia looks up at Violet, still too tired to rise.

MIA
What are you gonna do?

VIOLET
Shut up and learn, squishy.

One of the thugs opens fire on Violet -- who moves out of the way with perfect grace, into a roll and comes up hurling the first knife. It goes into his side right under his arm, causing him to scream and his gun arm to go limp.

Then there are three guns firing at Violet, she's moving, throwing knives, pulling out more, she gets inside the guys and starts slicing -- efficient, elegant. And ugly.

ANGLE: PUNCH

Watching.

PUNCH

And they completely forget me...
it's junior high all over again.

One of the thugs, armed with a chain, turns to him, is stopped in surprise.

PUNCH

(continuing; pouty)
Man, she's kicking our asses!
This is the worst rape-murder we
ever threw.

The guy swings his chain at Punch. The reason this is not a good idea is that Punch's arms, starting just below the shoulder, turn to craggy grey stone, growing larger as the change moves down them, till they end in extremely large stone hands.

One of those stone hands grabs the chain and pulls the thug off his feet right into the second stone hand, which punches him in the jaw, sending him to the ground with cannonball force.

Another fleeing thug Punch grabs, wheeling him around and throwing him the length of the alley face-first into the wall.

As the fight continues:

EXT. WALL SOMEWHERE NEARBY - CONTINUING

We see a brief angle of a Clay Man, crouched on the wall, slapping his hands against it and chattering his teeth in a frenzy of exultation. WIDEN to see three others doing the same, one of them on the ground.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUING

Between Punch and Violet, it's very short order before every gang member is unconscious, whimpering, or gone.

ANGLE: LEMMY

Still prone, he grabs a dropped shotgun, tries to take aim -- and a rocky fist slams the gun into the ground, leaving a crushed barrel and a dent in the concrete.

ANGLE: VIOLET

As we hear one pair of feet running off in the far distance.

Mia looks at Violet. Violet's expression is playful. Mia's is not.

MIA

Don't...

VIOLET

Stop me.

Before Mia can speak, Violet whips her blade out of the alley. Very distantly, we hear it connect, the feet stumbling, a fall.

PUNCH

No trophies tonight.

VIOLET

(turning on him)

People should think hard about
telling me what to do.

PUNCH

Ain't no people **here**, Violet.
Just us.

(softer)

Come on, the new guy...

Violet looks back at Mia and takes off, makes an impossible leap to the fire escape and climbs up and over the wall.

ANGLE: THE ROOF

As Violet crests it, runs off, a figure comes into frame, watching her. It's a Clay Man, and it turns to look back down in the alley.

Punch comes up to Mia, helps her up. His arms are normal.

PUNCH

(continuing)

First time with the power, it
really knocks you silly. Violet
couldn't sit up for an hour.

MIA

You're... like me.

PUNCH

Sorta kinda. We're all, you
know... unique. Like a perfect
special snowflake.

MIA

All?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

There's the pit of dug earth, the structural beams, and low walls of concrete with rebars sticking out of them. A work in progress, and well shielded from the eyes of the city. In the center, a garbage can fire burns. We are high above it as Mia enters, slowly, Punch nearby, fanning out a bit.

Violet is there, sitting sourly on the high perch of a protruding I-beam. As Mia looks around, she sees others waiting or entering themselves. We'll know them soon.

SHIVA is Indian, very beautiful, glowering. She wears a revealing Sari and is heavily tattooed in traditional patterns. She comes from the darkness, looking across at Mia with ill-concealed contempt.

BLACK PETER is old, bearded, longish hair -- straight-up homeless guy; he looks like the cover of Aqualung. Or Fagin: even has the gloves with the fingers ripped off. He sits nearest the fire, gazing into it.

THE TWINS are Japanese, ten years old, boy and a girl in Japanese school clothes. They stand in the shadows and whisper to each other, occasionally giggling.

Mia looks at all of them, unsure of what to say. Peter is the first to talk, still looking into the fire as he says:

BLACK PETER

Are you mourned at all?

MIA

(looking around)

Me? What?

BLACK PETER

Is anyone grieving for you?

She doesn't have to think very long. Shakes her head.

VIOLET

No family, no bestest buddies?
Obviously no boyfriend...

MIA

Not even a cat.

PUNCH

Don't sweat it. It's part of why
you're here.

VIOLET

Nobody could give a rat's ass
about any one of us, not our whole
lives, not after. That's what
separates us from the mortal mass.

BLACK PETER

Not just dead. Dead and gone.

MIA

You were all murdered.

SHIVA

(not that impressed)
She's smarter than the last one...

PUNCH

Yeah, and you should've seen --
Hey! I was the last one!

Mia moves down nearer the center of the group, towards Violet.

MIA

You were stabbed.

VIOLET

In the heart.

She turns to Punch.

MIA

You were... crushed?

PUNCH

Close. In the way of I like to
think kicking it old school, I was
stoned to death. Walking out of
the only gay bar within fifty
miles of Nershall City College,
bunch of guys piled me in their
truck and took me out to the
quarry. Looked like skinheads --
turned out it was members of the
swim team, one of whom I had slept
with freshman year, oh the
hilarious irony.

He moves down to the old man, claps him on the back.

PUNCH

(continuing)

Now, Black Peter here, also stoned
to death, but --

VIOLET
(sarcastic)
That joke never gets old...

PUNCH
It ages like a fine wine, bitch.

He says "Bitch" so disarmingly, it's clearly not a word he uses much. Their dynamic is very brother/sister.

PUNCH
(continuing; to Peter)
You wanna jump in?

BLACK PETER
You tell it just fine.

PUNCH
(to Mia)
Santa Cruz, back in '72, Black
Peter was out on the street --

BLACK PETER
Temporarily --

PUNCH
-- worked his whole life, things
just slipped out from under him.
So he reached out to his fellow
man for help. Two of his fellow
men involved in chemical endeavors
gave him a cup of coffee with
enough blotter to make his brain
disintegrate.

MIA
"Blotter"?

VIOLET
LSD. Brain candy? You have **heard**
of drugs, right?

PUNCH
Black Peter puts his hand to you,
you'll see things in a very
different light.

Peter holds up his hands, waving his finger mischievously.

PUNCH
(continuing)
Now Shiva --

SHIVA
This is a waste of my time.
(to Mia)
What's your trick?

MIA
My trick?

SHIVA
How were you killed?

MIA
I, um... they said I was drowned.

VIOLET
They?

MIA
The police.

VIOLET
You went... So you started
already. That's good.

MIA
Started what?

SHIVA
(eyeing Mia)
Water?

BLACK PETER
(to Shiva)
That sit poorly with you, dear?

SHIVA
Why should I care?

PUNCH
(to Mia)
Shiva's fire. Thrown on her
husband's funeral pyre by her
mother-in-law back in India. So
you two are kind of -- personally
I think you'd make wacky room-
mates.

But Mia is still focussed on Violet, puzzling.

MIA
What did you mean, I've started?

VIOLET

Why do you think you're here,
squishy? You're not At Peace,
you're not In A Better Place,
you're definitely not With The
Angels... you gotta have a theory
about all this...

MIA

I... I figure maybe I'm being
punished.

VIOLET

(laughs)

For **what**? What have you ever done
in your life that... I'll bet my
head you never even chewed gum in
school unless you had enough for
the whole class.

MIA

Well punishment is what it feels
like.

There's a hint of tears in her voice, but her teeth are
gritted. Violet jumps down from the I-beam with gymnastic
aplomb, comes to Mia.

VIOLET

This **is** about punishment, but it's
not about yours.

Her tone is tough but also not unkind. She not pushing Mia
here.

VIOLET

(continuing)

You don't remember what happened
yet. You will; it'll come. And
you'll know what we all know.
What it feels like to be murdered.
How terrifying, how agonizing, how
unbearably sad it is. To be
helpless. To be nothing.

The Twins finally weigh in, but in Japanese. The boy shouts
something, the girl repeating it more softly. Mia looks at
them and they smile eerily at her.

VIOLET

(continuing)

And you'll know the other thing we
all know.

(more)

VIOLET (cont'd)

That the person who killed you is going to get away with it. No one will catch him, no account will be held. Which feels worse than anything else.

MIA

The detective seems very... he's trying hard to --

VIOLET

He won't. They're gonna drop the case anyway.

PUNCH

(approaching)

They gotta habeas some kind of corpus, and you didn't leave 'em one.

MIA

I'm supposed to find the person who killed me?

VIOLET

You will. It'll happen, it'll be bad. You can get through it. Or you can fold.

MIA

What about those things?

VIOLET

The Clay Men.

MIA

What are they? Why did they --

VIOLET

We don't know.

PUNCH

We've heard a few theories... just crazy old lady talk.

Black Peter shoots him a look.

VIOLET

All we know is they show up every now and then and they do not like us.

SHIVA

One always comes when we're born.
Violet says she took care of yours
for you.

MIA

There were three.

This stops everyone.

The girl twin says something quietly, that only her brother
understands.

VIOLET

I only saw one.

MIA

In the morgue. Before I was in
the sewer, there were... well I
only saw three, but it sounded
like there may have been more.

The twins take off on brightly colored banana-seat bikes.
They ride into the shadows, out of there.

BLACK PETER

The twins have a point. Let us
adjourn for the time. We'll meet
again 'ere long, sorry to say.

Shiva goes without a word as Peter does the same. Punch
looks at them all, back at Mia. His face shows resolve, but
he too turns and deserts her.

She turns to face Violet.

VIOLET

I'm sorry. This is how it is. We
each of us go alone.

MIA

What do I do? Where do I... sleep?

VIOLET

You don't. You can eat, drink and
have all the inevitably casual sex
you want, but sleep we're denied.

She starts to leave.

MIA

You're just gonna... I don't even
know what part of the city this is.

VIOLET

Learn. You're gonna be here for
a while.

MIA

(calls out)

Violet.

Violet stops in the half darkness.

MIA

(continuing)

How did you know to come for me?

VIOLET

(shrugging)

Same way I know it's time to go.

She leaves Mia by herself, standing in the middle of the
construction site.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A cab pulls up and Mia steps out, ostensibly going through
her pockets.

MIA

How much?

CABBIE #2

It's eighteen fifty.

MIA

Hold on --

She pretends to drop something, then hunches down awkwardly,
out of sight, looking around like a guilty schoolkid.
Waits... stands back up.

CABBIE #2

Jesus! Didn't see you.

MIA

I didn't mean to scare you.

CABBIE #2

You, uh, you want a ride somewhere?

MIA

Oh, no, thanks.

He's still looking confused as she crosses the street and we
can see where she's come to: the neon sign reads ROLLERS,
and a few decidedly unhip patrons wait outside by the bouncer.

INT. ROLLERS - NIGHT

We are on Mia as she makes her way to the bar. She looks about her, apprehensive, trying to remember.

MIA'S POV: A BOOTH

As we hear Joanne's voice:

JOANNE (V.O.)
You're gonna join us, though,
right? We got a booth!

She looks back at the bar, moving to the place she sat the night she was killed. The seat is unoccupied and she sits in it. She concentrates, trying to remember...

INT. ROLLERS - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

We are close on Mia as she was, the figure of the man coming into frame, his back to us, and we hear, distorted:

THE MAN
It's like you're not even there...

INT. ROLLERS - NIGHT

Back in the present, Mia jerks out of the seat. But the memory comes again, another flash:

INT. ROLLERS - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

We see his hand as he snaps and waves to the resolutely oblivious bartender.

THE MAN
Hey, if I can get his attention...

We pan over to his face, which is out of focus and in complete silhouette.

THE MAN
(continuing)
Can I buy you a drink?

INT. ROLLERS - NIGHT

Mia actually keens, bumping into a couple of people as she stumbles against a wall in the hall to the restrooms --

EXT. DOCKS - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

Again, a flash, of Mia lying face down, crying, terrified, as her wrists are bound behind her --

INT. RIVER - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

Her body plunges into the cold water.

INT. ROLLERS - NIGHT

Mia rears back, inchoate with terror, and she is **grabbed** from behind. With a wet sound, she slides out of the grip of the person, turning, still freaking, and it's Violet, who reaches for her again, holds her, first against her will, then gently, as Mia's shaking terror drains away.

MIA

I don't wanna know... I don't...
I can't...

VIOLET

Ease up, squishy. Let it go for now.

MIA

(through angry tears)
What kind of a person would kill
me?

VIOLET

(smiles)
The bad kind.

Mia sits on the floor, Violet crouched by her.

MIA

I thought you were supposed to
leave me alone.

VIOLET

So did I. Now I'm here.

Violet looks down, then back up, sincerely.

VIOLET

(continuing)
This is Hell, you know.

MIA

I thought it might be.

VIOLET

No, I mean this bar. This is a
eurotrash mall-bar, they're
playing "Wham", I'm hearing
"Wham", we can't be here.

MIA
Where can we be?

INT. SHAME - NIGHT

SHAME is a true punk dive, packed and sweaty, with a local thrash band on stage, distortion roaring from stacked speakers. Violet leads Mia through the throng to the bar.

MIA
(loud, to be heard)
How is this better?

VIOLET
(also loud)
More fights!

MIA
Oh. Fights. Yay.

Violet moves to the waitresses' station, where the bartender has just loaded a big tray with a variety of drinks. Without hesitating she takes the tray, holding it above her like a pro as she weaves through the crowd, grinning back at Mia.

EXT. ROOF - LATER

Mia is eyeing a blue drink as Violet finishes a red wine. They are halfway through the tray, which is a bit of a feat. Mia's a little gestury but still pretty together.

MIA
So you found yours? The guy that killed you. Was it a guy?

VIOLET
(nodding)
At first I thought it was my pimp. He used to beat me down pretty heavily. But he'd skipped town. Left his cousin in charge. His cousin was the one that liked knives. Actually in the end he didn't like 'em so much...

MIA
Wow.

VIOLET
Killed by the substitute pimp, how weak is that?
(off Mia's stare)
You probably haven't hung out with a lot of 'hoors', have you?

MIA
What do you do now?

VIOLET
Not **that**. Mostly this. Party,
mix it up...

MIA
How many years have you been like
this?

VIOLET
(brushing it off)
I stopped counting.

MIA
What about the others? What are
they about?

VIOLET
Mischief.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

We see Shiva walking slinkily up the steps of a church, the
day almost TOO bright, as Violet lays it out:

VIOLET (V.O.)
There's Shiva. Shiva has a thing
about marriage.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Shiva stands silhouetted in the doorway.

A rehearsal is going on, the handsome young groom beaming at
his intended.

CLOSE ON SHIVA, smiling grimly.

VIOLET (V.O.)
She was forced to marry someone
she hated, and then forced to
follow him into the afterlife.
You might say she has trust issues.

INT. ROOM IN THE CHURCH - DAY

Shiva talks alone with the groom, intensely seductive.

VIOLET

She likes to test men, right
before they're about to get
married. Tells them she's their
fantasy, the freebie, the one last
shot. If they, you know, accept...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Of the wedding, everyone being seated -- the camera rushes
weirdly fast to a dark, secluded apse, where the groom and
Shiva are going at it, standing against a staring stone saint.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

On Mia, tentative but fascinated.

MIA

She... burns them?

VIOLET

(smiling)

Kind of.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

During the ceremony, the couple find photos wafting down from
above. At first they are surprised and charmed, then the
bride catches one and looks at it.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO of Shiva and the groom in the act.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

VIOLET

And of course they can't even
remember her...

MIA

Oh my goodness. Well that doesn't
exactly seem fair...

VIOLET

You were murdered two nights ago.
You're talking about 'fair'.
You're weird.

MIA

(pleased)

Really? You think I'm weird?

VIOLET

Maybe even a lot.

MIA

What about the men who refuse her?

VIOLET

She walked away. Both times.

MIA

Ooh. So tell me about the rest
of...

(word feels weird)

...us.

VIOLET

Well, Punch thinks he's a
superhero.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A classic canted comic-book frame -- the dark alley, the
muggers, the helpless woman -- and the dark figure jumping
down into frame, arms already rocky --

VIOLET (V.O.)

He believes we're here to fight
evildoers wherever they may lurk,
I swear he uses the word
'evildoers'. It's very sad.

-- flashes of muggers being punched or tossed about --

INT./EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Bunch of skinheads are checking their weapons, shot low
angle -- and the hard top of the car is ripped right up off
the car.

Freaking, they turn, a couple shooting at the top -- we see
Punch holding it, looking a little freaked at the dents and
holes appearing by his head -- and the top is slammed right
back down on them.

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY

A mom is shuffling a bunch of soccer-uniformed kids out of a
minivan when a homeless man accidentally brushes past her.
She glowers, disgusted and moves on.

Black Peter turns and smiles as she goes.

VIOLET (V.O.)

Black Peter's got a gentler
mission. He just likes to make
people see beyond themselves.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The kids are all looking at each other as the soccer mom is sitting in the middle of the field, holding the ball, looking at it and crying at its wondrous soccer-ball beauty.

VIOLET (V.O.)

He tends to target the white collar crowd, people he says have lost the taste of the earth.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

An exec, clearly the boss, climbs up onto the long conference table, crawling, moving his head predatorially and occasionally barking at his underlings.

VIOLET (V.O.)

Most of the time, he's doing 'em a favor.

INT. COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

Just for a flash we see a man screaming, fingers ripping his bloody face --

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

MIA

Most of the time?

VIOLET

Some people shouldn't look too deep inside themselves. Never can tell who. I hosey the blue thing if you're not drinking it.

MIA

I'm getting to it. I'm... approaching it. The Twins.

VIOLET

(dismissive)

The twins are ten.

INT. EXPENSIVE GADGET STORE - DAY

We see the two of them tearing about the store on motorized go-carts, crashing through displays with utter calm. She has a hat and boa and he is eating a caramel apple. Chaos and salespeople follow them.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

MIA
(drinking)

How did they... what's their power?

VIOLET

No idea.

(off her look)

Seriously. None of us speaks Japanese. Actually, we're all a little afraid of the Twins.

MIA

I get that.

She finishes the blue drink.

MIA
(continuing)

And is that everybody?

VIOLET

There's...

(stops herself)

Yeah. That's the bunch. Welcome to it.

MIA

I never been in a bunch before.

VIOLET

Well don't start embroidering team jackets, squishy; it's not like we hang.

MIA

Why not?

VIOLET

We're Goners. Anybody in the world was meant to be alone, it's us. It's just the same as when we were alive.

(looking off)

Same as everybody, really.

MIA

I don't think that. I think there's people that... connect... This girl at work, Joanne, she always says you just have to let people in.

VIOLET

Yeah I let people in for a **living**, remember? There's exactly two things a guy wants to stick in you and the second one is a knife.

MIA

I don't think she was being literal... she just... she can touch people. Or connect... She tries to get me out sometimes. Tried.

VIOLET

It ever work?

ANGLE: FROM IN ROLLERS -- the faceless man at the bar --

MIA

(flinching slightly)

Once.

VIOLET

Well your friend Joanne is busy forgetting you ever existed, so maybe we can lay her self-help bullshit aside for the night. I'll arm wrestle you for the mai tai.

MIA

It's yours. Doesn't go with that... fluoride I just drank.

VIOLET

That's the point. If we're gonna get truly shitty, we gotta mix it up.

MIA

I don't wanna get...
(new word for her)
shitty...

VIOLET

Why the hell not? You're dead! Nothing you do matters, and even if it did, no one'll remember it anyway.

MIA

It matters to me.

Mia picks out a beer, looks at Violet disapprovingly.

MIA

(continuing)

I'm not a party fiend, okay? I'm sorry. I never drank much and I don't feel like making a spectacle of myself tonight.

(takes a sip)

I prefer death with dignity.

INT. SHAME - LATER

Mia is actually standing on stage, drunkenly yelling at the guitarist, who eyes her uncomfortably as he plays on.

MIA

You **suck!** You suck! You're not even good! It's no good that... your music.

ANGLE: VIOLET

Dancing near the stage, keeping a highly amused eye on Mia.

MIA

(continuing; to the guitarist)

Once my cousin showed me how to do a G chord one time.

VIOLET

(sidling up to stage)

Hey, squishy!

MIA

(to Violet, pleasantly)

We're over here talking...

VIOLET

Well you're supposed to be **dancing** --

-- and she hauls Mia by her shirtfront onto the floor. Mia starts dancing, with a great deal more abandon than she ever has before. It looks like it might be disastrous, but she's not without style. She and Violet exchange grins as they're buffeted by the thrashing crowd.

Violet starts a fair mosh, throwing elbows -- the line between dancing and fighting is thin with her.

Mia rides with it for a while -- then is knocked to the floor near the stage. She tries to avoid the feet tromping about her, kicking her...

Violet is at the other end of the floor, distracted... a strobe starts, making everything even more disoriented...

Mia makes it to the stage, which is just a platform with black curtain stapled to the edge. She tries to get up and a couple of guys fall right on her -- they get up again and Mia is catching her breath --

-- two clay arms **shoot out** from under the curtain, drag her under the stage.

INT. UNDER THE STAGE - CONTINUING

It's near black, cramped -- the strobe stabbing shards of light through the cracks as Mia struggles, on her back, the Clay Man forcing himself on top of her -- it's too loud to call out; she looks around wildly for some leverage, some help --

ANGLE: MIA'S POV: on the bottom of the platform, **four more** Clay Men crawl towards her.

The one on top pulls his hand back, bunching his fingers as if to strike -- Mia SCREAMS --

-- and he plunges his hand in her mouth, forcing it deep, impossibly deep, clay running into her throat, brimming over her stretched lips, running into her nostrils, towards her ears...

She thrashes more wildly as two more reach her and hold her and the first one reaches under her waistband...

INT. SHAME - CONTINUING

ANGLE: THE STAGE

As water gushes out from underneath like a tiny tidal wave, knocking over dancers, spreading out over the whole floor.

ANGLE: ELECTRICAL OUTLETS -- as the water hits them, sparking --

ANGLE: THE BAND running and cowering as their equipment showers with sparks, a bracing jolt of feedback ending their set.

There's a good deal of panicked leaving, but also some hilarity and anarchy from this crowd. Violet pushes her way towards the stage, worried.

She reaches the curtained off edge, pulls a knife from her bosom, is about to look under it...

Mia stands up behind her, soaking wet (but still dressed), her clammy hand on Violet's shoulder causing Violet to spin in startlement.

Mia's face is drained, upset, but firm.

MIA
There's too many.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE 'SHAME' - MOMENTS LATER

Mia and Violet move quickly from the entrance, Mia totally focussed on walking straight ahead -- until she falls to her knees, dry heaving.

Violet crouches by her, hand on her back.

VIOLET
Just gotta ride it...

Then Mia vomits out a huge glob of clay.

Violet starts back, staring, as --

ANGLE: THE CLAY

Slips along the sidewalk as if pulled by gravity and pours down into a storm drain.

VIOLET
(continuing)
Christ on a swizzle stick...

MIA
(out of breath)
It got inside me...

VIOLET
(eyes on the drain)
Your friend Joanne would be so proud.

MIA
That's what they do. That's how they kill us. Or take us, or... am I right?

VIOLET
I never let 'em get that close. The Old Lady always said...
(catches herself)
They get in me you **end** me, comprende?

MIA

I don't...

Violet pulls up the blade she's been palming. Mia holds up a hand, 'get that thing out of my face', and Violet slices Mia's hand. Mia pulls back, wincing, and looks at it.

Blood trickles out of it.

VIOLET

We seem to have an effect on each other that nobody else has. Don't ask me why; just keep it in mind next time you decide to piss me off, squishy.

MIA

Oh, I should be scared. Maybe you're the one in trouble, I get cranky go all into a puddle near your ass.

VIOLET

Least you got clear of the clays. Was there more than one?

MIA

Five or six.

This stops Violet.

VIOLET

I don't get it. They never... okay, Mia, you **have** to find out who killed you.

MIA

I can't go through --

VIOLET

They're trying to stop you. And they've never tried this hard before. Whoever did it must be someone special.

(in her face)

This is why you're here.

MIA

I don't know how!

VIOLET

Go to the places you don't wanna be. Go to your life, you'll find a trail.

MIA
(drained)
What am I looking for?

VIOLET
The last thing you ever saw.

BLACK OUT

FADE UP ON:

INT. RIVER - NIGHT

The shot of Mia floating gently to the bottom. CLOSE ON her eyes, wide, one last glimmer of surprise as the life goes out of them.

FADE OUT.

INT. OFFICE COMMON AREA - MORNING

The lights aren't on in here yet; the light comes from the few windows to one side of the room.

Mia wends her way through the relative dark, looking around. She comes to her cubicle and looks in it.

The cubicle has already been emptied completely. No trace of Mia's personal effects, just the company-issue computer, sitting blank.

The fluorescents come on overhead and Mia ducks into a corner, trying to keep out of sight.

Joanne has entered with an EMPLOYEE, Mia's replacement, who carries a box of personal stuff. Mia watches them with a little resentment.

JOANNE
First ones in, can you believe it?
Well, we'll make up for it by
being the first ones out. Ryan --
You'll meet Ryan, he's so funny --
he says he likes to be out by
"Fi". If he hears "ive", he's
working too hard.

They reach the cubicle.

JOANNE
(continuing)
This is you.
(to an arriving
worker)
Morning Bobby...
(to the new guy)
Just set your stuff up how you
like, I'll check back in two
minutes.

She moves to her own cubicle. Mia keeps pace behind her, in the relative shadow of the windowless side of the room.

MIA'S POV: JOANNE enters her cubicle looking down and gently saying:

JOANNE
(continuing)
Oh, you poor dear, look how droopy
you are. I'll bet you're thirsty,
is that it?

As we approach, we see that she is speaking to Mia's little plant, which she has taken in to her own cubicle. As she goes on, she opens a bottle of water and pours some in the little pot.

JOANNE
(continuing)
I know you miss her. But we're
gonna make you big and tall, as
big as a tree.

Joanne actually strokes the leaves affectionately as she speaks.

All the resentment washes out of Mia's expression. She smiles a little, her eyes welling up at the last warm connection she has to this world.

JOANNE
(continuing)
You just need someone to look
after you.

Mia still stands just a few feet away, watching. Joanne stops, as though she senses something, slowly begins to turn --

ALEX
Good morning.

It's the FED EX guy with another package. Mia whips her head around to him as Joanne also turns --

ALEX
(continuing; to
Joanne)
Got a couple for you here.

INT. ROLLERS - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

We see his hand as he snaps and waves to the resolutely oblivious bartender.

THE MAN
Hey, if I can get his attention...

We pan over to his face, and this time we see clearly that it's Alex.

ALEX
Can I buy you a drink? Maya,
right?

MIA
It's, uh, Mia.

ALEX
Oh, - okay now you **have** to let me
buy you a drink. I'm --

MIA
Alex, I know.

ALEX
Didn't think you'd recognize me
without a bunch of pack --

EXT. DOCKS - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

He is suddenly furious, in our faces, an animal:

ALEX
Fucking tease, you all think I'm
nothing, I'm a **man**, I'm the only
real man, stop crying, I just want
a little kiss!

On that last word we hard cut to:

INT. OFFICE COMMON AREA - DAY

As Mia stumbles back, breathing shallow, and backs into

INT. COPY ROOM - CONTINUING

Where she turns, clutching an old metal desk. She grips the edges of it tightly, body convulsing as though she's going to heave again.

INT. OFFICE COMMON AREA - CONTINUING

ALEX

I know, I heard. It's just --

JOANNE

It's too much. You know, too big to fit inside my head --

ALEX

That's it exactly.

EXT. DOCKS - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

Mia slams onto the dock, arms grabbed and pulled behind her --

MIA

Please, please don't --

EXT. DOCKS - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

Mia and Alex approach the docks, close but not touching.

ALEX

I like to come here and just look at the river, listen to it... no one ever comes around here so it's like my own little haven, the water...

MIA

I guess I never really stopped to look at it. You see it every day, but you don't bother to --

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

She's pulling from his forced embrace -- he **punches** her --

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Mia cries out --

ANGLE: HER HANDS grip the desk with such force --

-- that the whole desk suddenly **dissolves**, Mia falling through the wet onto her hands and knees.

She looks up, around, panic in her --

MIA (V.O.)
What am I looking for?

VIOLET (V.O.)
The last thing you ever saw.

FLASH CUT OF:

INT. RIVER/EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

We are in Mia's POV of a furious, sweating Alex pushing her under from the dockside. He fades away as the water engulfs us.

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

She scrambles off the ground and heads out the stairwell exit.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUING

She is hyperventilating, in mortal terror, barely able to stay on her feet. She starts stumbling down the stairs, to get away from him.

CLOSE ON: her feet, splashing with every step.

Her face, taut with terror, trying not to let the memory take hold --

FLASH CUT OF:

INT. RIVER - NIGHT

Her wide eyes.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

She takes another step and her foot hits the stair (they are open, grated metal) and dissolves up to the ankle -- she pitches forward and hits the stairs face first, bursting into liquid as she falls through to the next level, reforming in the air and hitting the next flight, crashing through it as well, reforming -- and she hits ground level solid, a hard crack sending pain shooting through her -- she cries out --

CLOSE ON HER EYES --

INT. RIVER - NIGHT

And we see her POV one last time.

We are floating down to the riverbed. The light is dim, but clear. Junk, cans and wrappers float by.

And as we hit the bottom, we see the bodies of **four more women**.

All weighted and tied, all drowned. In various stages of decomposition.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Mia's eye's narrow. Her breathing becomes steady.

WIDEN TO SEE:

She is lying on the ground. A moment, and she begins to rise -- not get up, but **form**, rise out of her prone self already standing, shooting up like a plant from the soil of her pain.

A moment, and she palms the door open, the sunlight hitting her, blowing out her image.

EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY

She walks with a purpose. We are high above her, and the car she doesn't notice swerves to avoid her -- clips her with a splash, but she re-forms without breaking stride.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

We are still high above as she stalks up the bridge, looking over at the water below.

CLOSE ON MIA as she stares down into it.

CLOSE ON THE WATER as it rushes underneath us.

A moment, and Mia climbs onto the side of the bridge. Another moment and she dives, gracefully, and we ramp to EXTREME SLO MO as she nears the water, about to touch the surface --

BLACK OUT.

EXT. THE CITY - DAY

But the day rushes from us as we see the city in extreme fast motion, the sun retreating in cowardly haste...

EXT. DOCKS - JUST AFTER SUNSET

We watch the gentle lap of the water against the bank of the river. A few moments, and voices make the camera rise in interest...

ALEX

It's kind of like my own little haven...

He appears, talking to the woman following, who is revealed to be Joanne.

JOANNE

It's so peaceful...

ALEX

I know. Well these warehouses are all shut down... nobody bothers me here.

There is that moment, when man and woman each tries to suss out the intentions of the other, without revealing their own -- will this be sweet or awkward?

JOANNE

You were right. I needed to get away.

ALEX

I have that. It all gets too much, I gotta get away from it all. Let go.

JOANNE

I can imagine, all that running around with packages, back and forth...

ALEX

(a little cold)
People always think that's all I am. A delivery machine. I have more on my mind than just a job, I'm more than that.

JOANNE

Well of course.

Another pause. Awkward has won the day.

ALEX

Come here.

JOANNE

Oh, Alex, it's been a nice evening...

ALEX

I just wanna show you something.

Something in his tone makes Joanne aware how alone they are.

JOANNE

I think, it's been a rough week and I'm gonna go home --

ALEX

I just wanna show you one thing.

JOANNE

(sweet smile)

Rain check?

ALEX

Get your fat ass over here!

She starts, shocked, and tries to bolt. He grabs her, pulls her to him.

ALEX

(continuing; oddly pleading)

It's romantic, isn't it? Moonlight --

JOANNE

You're hurting me --

ALEX

Moonlight and music and love and romance --

He punches her, sends her to the ground. She looks up, petrified.

ALEX

(continuing)

Isn't that sweet? Kiss me, bitch. Get up and kiss my heart.

She's crying, too scared to get up.

ALEX

(continuing)

Just want a little kiss but you're too good for that, you'd spread for anyone upstairs you thoughtless whore but not me, the delivery machine... you think you're better than me?

JOANNE

No...

ALEX

You think you're better than me!

JOANNE

No!

MIA (O.S.)

(amused)

Well she **should**...

She is as startled as he by the voice. He looks around...

MIA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Alex, you're a serial killer.
Everybody in the world is better than you.

He's starting to freak. He looks to Joanne.

ALEX

What are you doing?

JOANNE

I'm not --

ALEX

Who are you?

MIA (O.S.)

Well that's the question, isn't it. Who is she?

ANGLE: FROM THE WATER LEVEL we see Alex looking around -- when a body **heaves** up out of the water and flops onto the dock.

MIA (O.S.)

(continuing)

And who is **she**?

It's the last girl before Mia, the least decomposed. Joanne sees her and screams briefly. Alex is too freaked to do anything wise.

A second body is vaulted from the water, in worse shape.

MIA (O.S.)
(continuing)
What about her?

Two more, the last, come up and fall in a heap.

MIA (O.S.)
(continuing)
All these girls in your private haven, your little getaway. Who are they. Can you remember their names? Can you remember why they all made you angry? Why you keep pushing them under? Do you know?

Finally, he breaks and bolts. He shoots past a wall, out of Joanne's sight -- then flies back, hit by a mega-powerful force.

ANGLE: MIA steps out of the dark, striding slowly toward the prone and gasping man. She is dressed now in something different, dark... organic. Tight and shiny like a seal's skin. She must have created it herself.

In her eyes, there is murder.

MIA
And do you think I actually care?

JOANNE
Mia...

ALEX
Oh God...

JOANNE
Mia what's happening? Please...

MIA
(closing on Alex)
What's happening is that Alex is getting sloppy. Two girls from the same office in the same week? Are you **trying** to get caught? Is this a cry for help?

She stops, standing over him.

MIA

(continuing)

No wait. I remember what a cry
for help sounds like.

She slams a foot down into his elbow, breaking it easily and grinding it with her heel. He SCREAMS.

MIA

(continuing)

A lot like that.

ANGLE: JOANNE is wincing at the sound, despite everything, and we see something moving in the shadows behind her, up against a receding wall. A Clay Man.

Mia pulls Alex up easily. His face is contorted with rage -- he swings at her with his good arm and it goes right through her with a splash. She punches him in the side, sends him stumbling -- he trips and finds himself face to face with the most decomposed of his conquests.

He bolts back up and Mia grabs his head in both her hands. Brings their faces close.

MIA

(continuing)

Come on Alex, don't be shy...

He is near tears with terror and impotent fury. She brings him closer, says even softer:

MIA

(continuing)

I just want a little kiss.

She brings their heads together, puts her lips to his... and then **pushes his head into hers**, through the liquid of her face, holding him, his arms flailing, drowning him in herself.

ANGLE: HER EYES, staring out mercilessly above the back of his head.

ANGLE: HIS FACE, trapped in dark water, his mouth convulsing like a landed fish.

ANGLE: THE CLAY MAN, beating the wall and shrieking with joy.

We see the two of them, Alex's arms beating more and more weakly, tracking around them low, seeing two more Clay Men high up on walls, both also chattering and convulsing like primates in heat.

Mia doesn't see them. But after a time the noise of water in her ears lowers and she hears them... feels them. Her expression changes, softens... then hardens with true disgust.

She lets go of him. He falls right through her, face down, gasping for air as she steps out of his body.

She looks around her, breathing pretty hard herself.

The Clay Men retreat into the shadows.

Mia moves toward Joanne, who jerks away reflexively. Tenderly, Mia crouches before her.

MIA

(continuing)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry about all of this.

JOANNE

What... are you?

MIA

I wish I could answer that. I mean to find out.

JOANNE

(crying)

I thought I was gonna die...

MIA

You had someone to look after you.

She touches Joanne's hair briefly. Joanne doesn't flinch this time.

MIA

(continuing)

Go. Get the cops. He'll still be here.

JOANNE

What about you?

MIA

You won't remember you ever saw me. You won't remember what I'm saying right now, but I'm gonna say it anyway. You have a lot of faith in people. You believe that they're decent.

She looks at Alex, then back at Joanne.

MIA
(continuing)
Don't let him change that.

Joanne nods, and Mia smiles, helps her up.

JOANNE
He killed you.

MIA
Yes.

JOANNE
Why didn't you kill him?

MIA
(thinks a bit)
Because that's not why I'm here.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Hirsh steps out of the building and towards his unmarked sedan, parked in the relative dark nearby.

MIA
Did he confess?

He stops, turning to the woman in half-shadow behind him.

HIRSH
I'm sorry?

MIA
The man who put those women in the river. Did he confess?

HIRSH
You a reporter?

MIA
(stepping out)
I just need to know.

A moment to assess her, then he nods.

HIRSH
He's singing.

MIA
(looking away)
Good.

HIRSH
I'm sorry... have we met before?

MIA
(a beat)

No.

HIRSH
You look familiar to me.

MIA
Well I get that a lot.

HIRSH
What's your name?

MIA
Mia.

HIRSH
Just "Mia"?

MIA
These days. He told you
everything you need?

HIRSH
Well he didn't tell me **why**, but I
guess I don't really need that...

MIA
You want it, though.

HIRSH
There's always somebody in the
shadows, some old... the one they
don't talk about. The thing
unsaid.

This is registering with Mia in a way he couldn't have
expected. She thinks. Brow furrowed.

HIRSH
(continuing)
Sorry. My life is about evil. I
go on.

MIA
No, I understand what --

Rafferty comes trundling out of the building --

RAFFERTY
Hirsh, where the hell are you
going? We gotta put this report
to bed or the Loo's gonna eat my
ass with a side of the rest of me!

HIRSH
 (to Mia, smiling)
 All the partners in the city, I
 get this old lady.

Something crosses Mia's face. A memory.

MIA
 What did you say?

HIRSH
 (not getting it)
 "Old lady". I meant him, not --

RAFFERTY
 Tick tock!

HIRSH
 Right!

As she thinks, she sees Hirsh turn to Rafferty. She moves to
 stop him, then gives up.

HIRSH
 (continuing; to
 Rafferty)
 What do you need me for, stapling?
 You got it covered.

RAFFERTY
 No, no, you leave now I'll bust a
 cap, I'm not kidding.

HIRSH
 Did you just say "bust a cap"?

RAFFERTY
 Get your ass in here, punk.

Mia has turned and started away during this little exchange.
 She stops, shocked to hear:

Mia. HIRSH (O.S.)

She turns back. Rafferty is heading back inside and Hirsh is
 facing her.

Right? HIRSH

MIA
 That's right...

HIRSH
(feels weird to ask)
Will I see you again?

MIA
(wide-eyed)
You just did.

HIRSH
Um, huh?

MIA
Maybe.

She smiles at him, a new kind of hope opening in her..

MIA
(continuing)
Maybe you will.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Shiva steps into the light, quietly angry.

SHIVA
There is something wrong.

VIOLET
There's something **very** wrong.

We see the entire group has gathered again.

PUNCH
Who exactly called this meeting?

MIA
I did.

It's her turn to step into the light, and everyone notes the change in her.

PUNCH
Okay, but how exactly?

BLACK PETER
How do we ever decide to meet? We know.

PUNCH
Every couple months, sure, but I had plans and I don't get how any **one** of us could just make me come here and where exactly are you shopping now?

The twins whisper to each other, unhappy.

VIOLET
She didn't kill him.
(to Mia)
Did you?

MIA
I'm not a murderer.

VIOLET
You're a **corpse**!

MIA
Why do you care? Why do you need
me to kill someone?

VIOLET
I'll do it myself, no sweat --

MIA
Are you afraid?

Not one of them likes to hear that. She comes around to face Violet...

MIA
(continuing)
Are you afraid that if one of us
doesn't get revenge... you can't
be sure you should've?

VIOLET
Man I killed had it coming. If I
could wake him up and kill him
again, I would.

MIA
But you can't. People who get
killed stay killed. Except us.
We're still here and I know in my
heart it's not just so we can get
a little payback!

(to Black Peter)
How long has it been since you got
your revenge? And you're still
here. All the laws of reality
have been bent and pummelled so
you can what -- dose a bunch of
soccer moms?

PUNCH
Hey, I help people --

MIA
You beat people up.

PUNCH
Yeah, but... helpfully. I mean I
got a purpose.

VIOLET
If you encourage his comic book
crap I will puke all over you.
For hours.

MIA
You people are living in a fog.
And maybe in a few months time
I'll be in it too but I'm not yet;
I can see so... I can't see,
it's... like I'm underwater. I
can feel things a mile off,
vibrations... I started to kill
him, I did. And I could feel the
Clay Men... all of them. They
wanted it. They loved it.

BLACK PETER
That don't follow...

MIA
Nothing does, that's my point.
You all come to this city, this
same city, but you act like you're
all alone.

(to Violet)
You felt you were supposed to stay
away from me. But you came last
night.

PUNCH
You did what now?

VIOLET
She looked pathetic. I didn't say
anything to set this off.

SHIVA
(to Mia)
What do you want?

Mia thinks a moment before replying.

MIA
I wanna see the Old Lady.
Everybody looks at Violet.

VIOLET
Uh, I don't didn't never
mentioned -- who?

BLACK PETER
She's gone.

MIA
Where.

PUNCH
No, sweetie, she's **gone**, she's
zoozah, blah bloo blah, ahwahkahey
ahwahkahey invisible friend. Not
sane.

BLACK PETER
She was the first. Been here long
before me, before the twins...
Time's not been kind.

MIA
I need to see her. I need to see
her now.

SHIVA
(sneering)
Go-find her.

MIA
We're going together.

Shiva, fed up, thrusts out her arm and lashes a firestream
right at Mia. Without thinking Violet pushes Mia out of the
way and the fire catches her arm instead.

She waves it, furious, and Mia, still startled, lurches back
and grabs it. The fire goes out in a hiss of steam almost
immediately. Mia tries to look at the arm but Violet jerks
it away, moving from Mia, glaring at both her and Shiva.

Mia looks at Shiva as well.

MIA
(continuing)
We're going together.

BLACK PETER
Why?

MIA

(standing)

I told you I could feel them. The Clay Men. They're excited. Something is coming. They **have** a purpose, purpose you've **never** had so maybe you'll think this is good news... but you're running out of time.

EXT. ABOVE THE CITY - NIGHT

We pass over a huge, old-fashioned building. The Public Library.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

We see a thin, precise man behind a desk stamping books.

He looks up, calling out:

LIBRARIAN

Excuse me, you can't -- the lower levels are off limits without...

Whoever he's talking to is gone. He fumes, gathering steam for a moment, then goes back to stamping books nonchalantly.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY: LOWER LEVELS - MOMENTS LATER

We are moving through cramped and crowded stacks, down to the rare books collection, a small open space of must and warm brown wood. Beautiful old volumes line shelves and fill cases.

Sitting on a table, legs crossed and her back to us, is a **girl of about 13** in a woolen skirt and knit cardigan. She has an old book in her lap, is poring over it. Her hair, dark like her eyes, is braided in pleats. Her accent is slight, but distinctly European. She does not look up right away.

THE OLD LADY

Hello, children.

REVERSE to see the group fanning out, surrounding her. Nobody seems wicked pleased to be there. Mia looks at the Old Lady with quiet surprise. The Old Lady turns to look at her, closing the book as she does. She smiles, calmly.

THE OLD LADY

(continuing)

Just look at your wonderful outfit.

She looks around at the others.

THE OLD LADY
(continuing; to Mia)
Did they tell you that I'm insane?

MIA
Are you?

THE OLD LADY
(smiles again)
Sometimes.

She gets off the table, comes to Mia.

THE OLD LADY
(continuing)
It goes in cycles. I've been here
for a long while, you know. I
think today I am pretty good.
Seeing you is... things become
clear.

MIA
Can you tell me why I'm here?

THE OLD LADY
To kill. To take bloody vengeance
on your murderer, didn't they tell
you?

(off Mia's look)
I've waited so long for someone
who understands.

MIA
Um, you should probably keep
waiting.

THE OLD LADY
No. Because you're here, it can
begin. Or you're here because
it's already begun. Or your
presence will set it off; cause
and effect are not separate in
this.

PUNCH
Okay I think I understand less
than I did when I got here.

SHIVA
This is a waste of time, I told
you.

THE OLD LADY

I'm sorry, Shiva. I gave you the worst time of it.

(to Mia)

I thought it might be her... the fire is so strong, at the core of creation... but in the end all it does is burn. She wasn't ready, you know.

SHIVA

Ready for what?

THE OLD LADY

No no, the Earth. The Earth wasn't ready. For man's grand invention.

MIA

Invention?

She looks at the others, still befuddled. Punch makes crazy person finger circles next to his I-told-you-so expression.

The Old Lady moves to an old record player, changes the album as she continues.

THE OLD LADY

What do you know about evil, dear?

MIA

More than I did **last** week...

THE OLD LADY

But what do you know? In specific.

As Mia shrugs, the Old Lady comes to her.

THE OLD LADY

(continuing)

What does evil taste like?

Mia's furrowed stare seems to indicate she still doesn't get it. But after a moment:

MIA

It tastes like clay.

The Old Lady smiles.

THE OLD LADY

There is nothing in this world that is not real, do you see?

(more)

THE OLD LADY (cont'd)
 Every action affects another,
 every thought is an electrical
 occurrence. Nothing exists only
 in theory. Including evil.

MIA
 The Clay Men are... they're pure
 evil?

THE OLD LADY
 Enemies of the Earth.
 (addresses them all)
 The first time a human raised his
 hand against another without need,
 something was born. Was....
 secreted. Something the Earth
 could not contain. As small as
 the tiniest thought, but... new.
 And growing, for millennia,
 until... sometime around the
 middle of the twentieth century it
 became so concentrated, so
 consuming, it became sentient.
 Like its master, man, it evolved.
 It thought. It wanted.

MIA
 Wanted what?

THE OLD LADY
 Sweetie, it's Evil. What do you
think it wants?

VIOLET
 You still haven't told us where we
 come in.

The Old Lady turns on her, suddenly seething.

THE OLD LADY
 I have told you **all** this very
 thing. Three times, Violet since
 you've come and you stare at me
 with the same vapid cow eyes as
 this rest.

PUNCH
 (aside)
 Sudden shift in vibe there...

THE OLD LADY

Does anyone remember? Every time
one of you is born you come here,
I tell you the truth and you run.
You hide, you forget everything
because you...

(the storm abates)

I'm sorry, children. It's not
your fault. It's... trial and
error.

PUNCH

And we're the errors?

THE OLD LADY

More or less. The earth has been
responding... trying to create a
defense. The murdered. The
purest act of evil, against the
purest souls.

Violet laughs.

VIOLET

Well, that definitely puts me in
the error column...

THE OLD LADY

You know not a thing of yourself,
Violet.

MIA

What makes me different? I'm not
exactly special, not... I'm not
anyone.

The old lady approaches her, takes her hand.

THE OLD LADY

Everyone is someone, Mia.

The Old Lady turns Mia's hand palm up, as though to read it.

THE OLD LADY

(continuing)

Each one of you has terrible
strength to come through to this
level. And now, ach, such powers.
But you, Mia...

She dips her finger into Mia's palm, creating little ripples.

THE OLD LADY
(continuing)
You're water.

Mia looks up at her.

THE OLD LADY
(continuing)
You circle the earth.

SHIVA
So she's the mighty Christ and the
rest of us can piss off and not
listen to this shit anymore.

VIOLET
Someone's jealous...

MIA
What am I supposed to do?

THE OLD LADY
Stop them.

MIA
The Clay Men.

THE OLD LADY
The Clay Men are not the latest
stage in its evolution. Soon you
will face the Half Men. They are
very near to human. They look
like us. Walk among us, work
among us... they are the ones
putting it all in place. They
will fool you. Human on the
outside, but inside...

PUNCH
I'm gonna call them 'clayborgs'.
You can all jump in on that...

He looks around for approval...

VIOLET
We're supposed to find these Half
Men?

THE OLD LADY
They'll find you. They've placed
themselves where they can find
you. And they won't be like
other people.

MIA
How?

THE OLD LADY
They will remember you.

Mia's face drains.

INT. LIBRARY STACKS - CONTINUING

We see HIRSH step into frame. All of a sudden, he doesn't look so sweet.

He is suddenly passed by two columns of Clay Men, moving quickly and quietly.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY: LOWER LEVELS - CONTINUING

Mia is striding across the space, looking around her.

MIA
We have to leave.

VIOLET
What are you talking about?

MIA
I'm not what they're after.

She turns to the Old Lady.

MIA
(continuing)
You are. And I just led them to you.

The Goners all stand or step in, looking around them.

VIOLET
Are you sure you --

BLACK PETER
Shh.

They all listen.

ANGLE: FROM HIGH ABOVE

We see the lower area with the table and rare books where they all stand. All around them, fifteen feet up, are the stacks. Every inch of them is crawling, literally, with Clay Men. None visible to the Goners.

But they can feel them... ANGLE on everyone looking around, tensing up.

VIOLET

No no no...

SHIVA

(to Mia)

You stupid little --

MIA

(to the Old Lady)

Is there another way out of here?

The Old Lady points at the floor.

THE OLD LADY

Two feet of stone.

MIA

(turning)

Punch?

His arms change as he cracks his knuckles.

PUNCH

I'll give it the old college...

MIA

(to Violet)

Can we hurt them?

VIOLET

(trying to hide fear)

Take 'em apart, they don't come back for a while... you led them here?

MIA

(quietly intense)

You stay by me. I'll get us through.

(pulling the Old lady behind her)

She's the target, so we need a circle --

SHIVA

You think you're giving orders to anyone here?

She's starting to heat up, flames licking from her hand as she gestures -- Peter puts a hand to her shoulder --

BLACK PETER
You set this place alight, you'll
be the one to kill us.

Mia whips her head around, confused --

MIA
Where are the twins?

But they've gone. We follow Mia's POV around and up toward the exit -- and there is Hirsh, looking right at her.

He smiles at her.

PUNCH
Stand back...

He rears back, cocking his huge fist to punch the floor --

-- and the Clay Men ALL leap over the balcony, at least twenty of them and another wave right behind -- it's war, it's muddy, frenetic chaos, in the midst of which we can pick out certain actions:

ANGLE: PUNCH

As he hits the floor and cracks but does not dent the stone. A Clay Man comes up behind him and he backhands it all the way back up to the balcony, still concentrating on hitting the floor...

ANGLE: SHIVA

A Clay Man comes at her and tries to shove his fist in her face -- she dodges and does the same to him, breaking his pointy teeth with her red hot fist and then just turning it up in there till he literally bakes -- then pulling her arm out as Peter home-runs a chair leg into his head, which shatters like wedgewood.

ANGLE: VIOLET

She pulls two blades from her heart and is a whirlwind, slicing limbs and heads off Clay Men with intensity fueled more by fear than rowdiness...

ANGLE: MIA

Clay Men swipe at her and rush her, but only stumble through as she palms them with powerful force, clearly tired out by the effort, though not nearly as much as her first time.

Mia and Violet take a few out together, working in surprisingly fluid harmony.

All the while the Old Lady stays by Punch, who is making progress... he looks at her --

PUNCH

(continuing)

Do you actually **have** a power?

THE OLD LADY

It would not work here. Hit the floor more times.

Punch cocks his fist -- and is knocked away from his hole, struggles with a few Clay Men -- Mia looks around to see the floor isn't breached --

MIA

Cover me!

VIOLET

The fuck you **think** I'm doing?

Mia tosses a Clay Man aside and slides to the hole, Violet behind. Mia gathers all the force in her and slams her palm -- that tidal rush filling the room -- into the floor.

The stone breaks, a hole appearing, cracks webbing out.

MIA

Everybody! We're a go here --

She looks over at Violet --

And Violet is **grabbed** from behind by Hirsh, a chokehold that gives the clay men their in. They overwhelm her --

VIOLET

MIA!

Mia rushes to her, but is tackled by a Clay Man and goes down right by the crumbling stone --

Mia and Violet lock eyes. Violets' pleading with terror.

Mia collapses into the hole, reaching futilely for Violet.

INT. LIBRARY BASEMENT - CONTINUING

She falls twelve feet and lands, inevitably, badly. Before she can so much as sit up, four of the Clay Men have poured down the hole on top of her. She starts thrashing, scrambling backwards as she fends them off --

MIA

VIOLET!

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY: LOWER LEVELS - CONTINUING

Shiva freaks and shoots an arc of flame from her hand, sweeping the room like she's a flamethrower.

BLACK PETER

Punch!

(indicating Shiva)

Pull her out!

She's starting to get consumed, the fire eating its way back up her arm --

Punch grabs her and drags her into the hole right after Peter dives in, the fire whipping out.

ANGLE: VIOLET is sinking under a mass of Clay Men. She thrashes but they overwhelm her, holding her down while one shoves his fist into her screaming mouth. The clay spreads out and covers her face.

INT. LIBRARY BASEMENT - CONTINUING

Punch tosses Clay Men aside as Black Peter pulls a freight elevator open, calling out:

BLACK PETER

Over here! Get in!

Shiva sets up a rear barrier of flame as Punch tosses aside a Clay Man and drags the exhausted Mia along the floor.

MIA

Violet...

Punch tosses Mia in without much finesse as Shiva steps in backwards and Peter slams the gate shut -- Mia lurches toward it, grabbing it as they start up --

MIA

(continuing)

Violet!

SHIVA

(furious)

You wanna stay with her?

BLACK PETER

Shiva --

SHIVA
(to Mia)
You got her killed! You! I
should throw you back to those
fucking things!

Mia has no answer. Shiva is near tears, leaning heavily back
against a wall and half mumbling:

SHIVA
(continuing)
I should throw you back.

Off Mia's miserable incomprehension --

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY: LOWER LEVELS - CONTINUING

We cut to the Old Lady, looking down with as much sadness as
Mia. She looks up after a long time.

Hirsh smiles at her. He reaches out and touches her hair,
gently, with affection.

They are surrounded by Clay Men, who wait.

EXT. LIBRARY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The weary group tumbles out of the elevator, starts across
the roof, Peter taking point.

Mia is being led by Punch. She pulls away, stumbling to her
knees and calling out:

MIA
Wait. Violet... Violet said --

PUNCH
We need to be gone, Mia.

BLACK PETER
Very much. Best now we split up
and hide a while.

MIA
We gotta stay together...

She's having trouble catching her breath, but she struggles
to stand.

SHIVA
I'm not going anywhere with you.

MIA

Don't you get it? It's all changing! There isn't gonna be anywhere to hide much longer.

PUNCH

It's funny: I died one time. Didn't love it.

MIA

If we find out what they're doing... this may be why we're here.

She does stand, and faces Punch, almost pleading.

MIA

(continuing)

Don't you wanna be a superhero?

A beat, as he appears to waver, sadness on his face.

PUNCH

I'm sorry.

Black Peter grabs Mia's head from behind, fingertips to her temple. Squeezes and releases, stepping back as she gasps.

BLACK PETER

We can't follow where you're going.

Mia staggers back, shakes her head. Looks at the others and strains to see:

ANGLE: MIA'S POV (which we will be in a lot for the next few minutes) is of the group, as they look at her one last time before taking off. They are distorting, coming apart, taffy people not so much jumping to the next roof as being pulled there in sections.

MIA (V.O.)

Well, punishment is what it feels like.

It's an echo of what she said before, and she tries to say it again, but she has a world of trouble talking right now.

MIA

Welllllll... punishment is, what, what is it... you... float.

She heaves a bit, overwhelmed, looking around her.

MIA'S POV: THE ROOF is not to be trusted. Bendy.

MIA
(continuing)
Uhhhh, oh, capital.

There is a noise of the elevator that is unconscionably loud --

--a sudden flash of Clay Men about her head like frantic birds --

-- and she bats the nothing away, trying to see the elevator.

She does, and it opens. There is darkness within.

A moment, and two very large skinny DOBERMANS walk out, stand side by side, staring at her.

She backs up a step, unnerved...

MIA
(continuing)
There's a daisy; I would give you
some Violets, but they withered
all...

The dogs stare at her.

She realizes something is different. She looks slowly up and the camera tilts up to see that she is a few feet under the surface of the water.

Drop back wide to see her, the dogs, the whole roof and beyond, though perfectly dry, is covered by the rippling undersurface of a huge lake.

ANGLE: ABOVE THE SURFACE it is day, and the water goes on as far as the eye can see.. Right in front of camera Mia's fingers break the surface, then as they pull back down the camera goes with them, to the rooftop, to the dry and airless night.

Mia is increasingly upset, starting to cry.

MIA
(continuing)
I don't wanna see it... I don't
wanna know...

She looks down and her self-made costume is starting to run off her naked body. She looks back up, seems to be addressing the dobermans...

MIA
(continuing)
Please?

And she collapses, splashing down into a great puddle on the roof. Dissolved.

ANGLE: A STREAM OF WATER heads for the side of the roof, toward a little gutter --

And we're WATERCAM, rushing into that gutter and towards a drain pipe, down the pipe, into another gutter, another pipe, moving fast, the roar of water, of ourselves in our ears as we descend again, pouring into an alley and then racing for a stormdrain and down into blackness --

Liquid moves, arcs through uneven shallow light, forming not a shape but a tableau: Mia huddled in a corner, wet and dead in the outfit Violet gave her. The light playing over her is like a flashlight beam through water; sometimes diffuse, sometimes piercingly bright.

Mia is breathing hard, trying to get her bearings. She looks over and the camera pans to reveal that we're in:

INT. YOUNG MIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

What we see is a six year old girl in the doorway of her darkened room, looking out into the living room, where her MOTHER and FATHER argue...

MOTHER
And this is something other than
you getting exactly what you want?

FATHER
None of this is what I want --

MOTHER
-- and yet it works out perfectly
for you, isn't that funny?

FATHER
I'm supposed to pull Mia out of
school? What about her friends?

MOTHER
Her friends? Wow, you really did
check out a long time ago, didn't
you. You have to open your mouth
to make friends.

FATHER
What do you want?

MOTHER

A little freedom! A little something for myself while you're off sport-fucking in Chicago.

FATHER

And you don't want Mia around.

MOTHER

Don't put this on me. You know you've got room for her --

FATHER

I'm gonna be travelling --

MOTHER

And I'm gonna be stuck here on house arrest with the kid. I have already sacrificed enough --

Young Mia closes the door, shutting them out, her back still to us, as the camera pulls back in the dim blue light of her dark bedroom, revealing her little bed behind her -- and the dobermans jump onto it from right next to camera, snarling.

The little Mia turns slowly, fear on her face, and MORPHS into college age Mia, the same fear, but she's lying in bed in her

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Where the back of a YOUNG GUY's head comes into frame above hers, clearly positioning himself for entry.

YOUNG GUY

Relax, okay? It's not gonna be any fun if you don't relax.

His back tenses and pushes and she winces in pain and **everything speeds up superfast**, perfunctory movement on the bed, then him rolling off and the camera is moving so we end up with her in profile and his back still to us (and her now) as he sits on the edge of the bed pulling on his sad, saggy BVDs.

YOUNG GUY

(continuing)

See, I told you you were ready... it was nice it was really special. I'm definitely gonna give you a call or something...

CLOSE ON: THE BACK OF HIS HEAD as he suddenly starts talking more slowly, his voice becoming oddly muffled...

YOUNG GUY .

(continuing)

You're okay, you just gotta
relax... you gotta learn to...

And it's **Violet**, turning to look down at Mia sadly -- as mud
begins pouring from her mouth and eyes --

VIOLET

You gotta learn to let people in...

Mia sinks, terrified, into the liquid of her bed --

MIA

(helplessly)

But why me? I'm not anyone...

-- and is gone again...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

We rise again out of the water to see Mia's back and a man
leaning on a desk looking over a file. His whole, small
office is thigh deep in water, though neither of them notices.

THE MAN IN THE OFFICE

Creative? Nahh... There's nothing
in here that tells me I need you
on my creative team. We're
looking in accounts payable, but
upstairs we're about personality.

During all of this we move through the water, passing him and
turning suddenly to find we're in that same

INT. YOUNG MIA'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Living room we saw before, we're slowly approaching a
barcalounger from behind in which sits the Mother, a glass of
white wine in her hand.

MOTHER

There's no way I'm driving you
across town twice a week. You
wanna dance, do it in the
basement. You're gonna give it up
in a month anyway.

Keep moving, always just above the water, past the chair, and
turn again --

INT. THE MORGUE - NIGHT

There is Alex the killer, standing alone in the dark room, calmly looping a bloody length of rope.

ALEX

It can be rough, this city; it's
hard to connect with people --

A doberman breaks surface right in front of us, barking furiously.

REVERSE on Mia stumbling and falling, her head just above water, as the doberman growls at her. There is fear in her voice when she speaks, but also a kind of understanding.

MIA

I'm doing it wrong, aren't I?
This isn't where I should be
looking. It's just hard to find
the... flow.

She closes her eyes and arches slowly backwards, into the water --

INT. THE RIVER - NIGHT

And her arc continues as she swims, quickly, gracefully down to the bottom of the river -- CLOSE ON the bottom as her fingers reach out and, very slowly, touch it --

Wide above her as we see a force, like a wave within the water, like a corporal sonar, shoots out in all directions, a giant jagged ring that builds in sound like an approaching wave --

VARIOUS ANGLES: THE CITY

The camera starts rocketing around the city, always low and seemingly underwater (like the opening credits) through crowds, in alleys, past apartments. And everywhere voices come in from all sides, all reflecting one basic human idea: separation. Cruelty, fear, casual abuse -- we hear it and see it everywhere.

In the alley, a man being mugged -- a woman in a taxi fending off a drunken sexual predator -- a child being yelled at in a crowd -- dozens of voices in the apartment fighting, berating, deriding -- Mia hears everything, is everywhere --

CLOSE ON MIA as she stands in the water taking it all in, eyes shut, trying not to become overwhelmed --

WE see MORE ANGLES OF THE CITY; moving faster and faster, the acts of violence and cruelty becoming more frenzied and intense until we come to:

EXT. A FACTORY - NIGHT

It's almost alive, a menacing stone monster hunkered down and glaring at us with coal-glow eyes, its back bristling with steaming pipes and cranes -- and then it IS alive; it actually rises and pads across the moonscape coal mounds at us, opening its jaws and roaring --

Mia's eyes snap open. The camera pulls swiftly away from her as she panics, suddenly drowning, and the darkness of the bottom of the river takes her.

THE HALF MAN (V.O.)

She made all this possible.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

We are no longer in Mia's trippy dream state, but this interior should be easily recognizable as the factory Mia saw. It is dark, concrete, full of broken, rusted machinery -- there is nothing natural about the place. Huge, floor-length windows frame the scene, though so dusty nothing can be seen beyond.

The Old Lady sits on the floor, cross-legged, watching as The Half Man we knew as Hirsh moves around her, full of serene energy. His manner is still Hirshlike, even charming, but there is a layer of humanity missing in his actions and phrases, like an imperfect android.

In the shadows are the Clay Men, surrounding them -- and a few other Half Men as well. They are as normal-looking as 'Hirsh', but eerily silent...

THE HALF MAN

All this...

He thinks a moment. Throughout his speaking, we can see he's just working things out for himself, and the joy of revelation is palpable.

THE HALF MAN

(continuing)

She didn't kill her murderer. Did not kill him. First time. Evolution. You're proud of her.

He begins removing his clothes, methodically, moving about the room as he discards a tie, a shirt...

THE HALF MAN

(continuing)

We evolve too. We **wake up!**
Because of her. All that time
trying to find you but not trying,
not **understanding**. Why. You.

He places his shoes neatly side by side.

THE HALF MAN

(continuing)

They never understood your power.
You didn't die alone, you died
with millions. Not by gas, or
guns, or fire. In the end...

(he chuckles)

...there was the word. You died
by command, by the speaking of
hate, by the wildfire of righteous
blather. The Word, God, the **power**
of it.

He pulls off his pants. She does not look at him.

THE HALF MAN

(continuing)

With you, I control the word.
With you, I become whole. No more
Half Man. The **New** Man. The Last
Man.

He cranes his neck in an alien, birdlike fashion, and smiles.
Moves to her, crouching before her as he continues... it's
unseemly, this naked man and this seeming adolescent. She
still does not meet his gaze.

THE HALF MAN

(continuing)

We were never enemies, we were
created to merge, to make me.
With the Word, we take mankind to
its ultimate evolution.
Separation. Madness. Rage.
Death. Evil is not the enemy of
the earth. It is what will save
the earth. From Man. Do you see
the beauty of it?

THE OLD LADY

I believe that Mia will stop you.

THE HALF MAN

Don't you understand? She's not
even **supposed** to.

THE OLD LADY
What I understand, you never will.

THE HALF MAN
(affectionate smile)
There is so much in that head of
yours...

He grabs it in both hands and his mouth opens, jaw
stretching, teeth razor sharp like the Clay Men, and he **bites
down on her face --**

EXT. LIBRARY ROOFTOP - DAWN

Mia coughs, lying facedown on the roof in a puddle, soaking
wet herself and still unclad. The sky is bruise blue,
daylight about to push through the night.

Weakly, she looks up.

The dobermans are standing before her. She looks at them
without any fear now. There is a world of weariness in her
voice...

MIA
God... I saw...

She sits up, hugging her knees to her chest, eyes wet.

MIA
(continuing)
The New Man. He's the carrier.
He's gonna... we're gonna tear
ourselves apart. God... I think
I'm too late.
(gathering herself)
I will try, though. I will try.

She closes her eyes, letting strength come back into her --
which we can see as her costume builds itself once more on
her body.

She opens her eyes again and we can see the difference in her
as well.

MIA
(continuing)
Thank you for staying with me.

REVERSE to see the dobermans are in fact, **the twins.**

GIRL TWIN
(in English)
It was interesting.

BOY TWIN
You got naked.

Mia stands, gracefully, no longer hesitant or weak.

MIA
Go to the others. Tell them about
the New Man. Tell them they can
hide if they like, but come day's
end, one way or another...

She turns and steps up onto the edge of the roof, looking out.

MIA
(continuing)
None of us will be needed any more.

She jumps off, arms out, just exactly like a perfect dive,
down to the pavement, she hits and SPLASHES, the water of her
shooting over camera --

EXT. FACTORY - DAWN

-- and over from behind to reform as her feet on a hill of
ugly black sand. She climbs it as the camera arms up behind
her to show the exterior of the factory, much like her vision
but inanimate.

She walks forward, looking around her, tense. Much of this
area is still in shadow and from within those shadows come
the Clay Men, six of them, and two Half Men as well, all
growling low.

Mia stands confidently, takes a loose battle-ready pose.

MIA
All right, boys...

Camera pushes in low...

MIA
(continuing)
Let's get wet.

They come at her fast and as one, but this Mia fights unlike
anything we've seen yet. Fists arc harmlessly through her
liquid body, answered by bone crushing tidal-wave blows. The
Half Men crack where they can crack, the Clay Men pull apart
or turn back with faces mashed completely to one side.

Mia kicks one in the chest and he sails a good long way,
smashing into a girder, black dust raining down on him as the
whole building shakes --

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUING

And we push in on the back of the Half Man, hunched over and shuddering as we hear a horrible chewing sound. A second ringing shake, and he turns slightly.

EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUING

Mia is still whirling, but a Half Man catches her unexpectedly in the back of the head with a lead pipe, staggering her. She turns, pissed, and knocks him on his ass. Steps back as a Clay Man comes at her and unexpectedly digs her fingers into his chest. He stops, shaking, the others hesitating --

He starts to sink into himself, to dry up and crack... she pulls her hand slowly out and we can see the moisture running from his chest cavity into her palm -- she's sucking the water out of him.

A look of hard glee on her face at this new power, she suddenly thrusts her other hand forward and does the same thing to everyone there, without even touching them, moisture streaming out of their bodies, all of them frozen in silent screams, the Half Men's human faces drying like draped leather on their clay frames.

Ten seconds and it's over. Mia is surrounded by statues.

She takes a few step back, overwhelmed by her power and by the grossness of the liquid.

MIA

God. You guys are foul.

She is interrupted by a powerful, low **scream** coming from up in the factory. She looks up, worried.

INT. FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

The Half Man is still hunched over with his back to us, in midscream, shaking, something happening within him. He quiets just as Mia's foot steps into frame across the room from him.

The remaining Clay Men at the edge of frame see her -- and are instantly shuddering, the moisture in them pulled out towards Mia's hand above frame, and within seconds they're an art installation.

Nothing like that happens to the Half Man. He rises, unsteadily, and we see perhaps for the first time just how perfectly muscular his back is.

It will be clear now that he has in fact become the New Man.

THE NEW MAN

Ahh... ghnahh... forgive me.

He turns with a glistening smile of pure, joyous evil.

THE NEW MAN

(continuing)

I ate something that disagreed
with me.

MIA

(disgusted)

Jokes.

THE NEW MAN

(looking about him)

Tricks.

MIA

Doesn't look like they work on
you, though.

THE NEW MAN

I'm not made of clay, Mia. I have
something real and beautiful
inside me. I'm a new man.

He starts getting dressed again. Mia starts circling him,
uncertain of her next move.

MIA

I'm not letting you out of this
building.

THE NEW MAN

Why not?

The question is almost plaintive, and entirely human. As he
continues we see again the man we met earlier, reasonable and
kind.

THE NEW MAN

(continuing)

I seriously don't mean to be rude
but why would you give a fiddler's
fuck about the human race? What'd
they ever do but beat you down
and, oh yeah, kill you?

MIA

They need work, I'm not gonna lie.

THE NEW MAN

You think that work's ever gonna be done?

MIA

Not for me to say.

THE NEW MAN

Of course it is. You could have power enough to shut them down one day.

MIA

And save the earth from the evil of mankind, I get it. Don't bullshit me, clayboy. You mean to rip this world in half.

THE NEW MAN

I mean for man to become what he was meant to be. To fulfill his evolution. I don't expect it to be pretty...

MIA

Any fire you start, I will put out.

THE NEW MAN

You're not strong enough, Mia.

MIA

You have no idea how strong I am.

THE NEW MAN

Tell that to Violet.

He hit home with that one. Mia looks at him fiercely, fist clenching...

Violet appears behind Mia and **stabs her in the back**. Mia pitches forward, screaming, and drops to all fours. She turns, pain wrenching her as she feels her back, looking up.

Violet's like a zombie: eyes clayed over, mouth likewise filled with clay, whole body filthy and bedraggled. But her stance is powerful and her knives gleam.

THE NEW MAN

(continuing)

The world is ours, Mia. I think it always was.

He simply walks out. Mia feels her back, pulls away a bloody hand. She tries to concentrate --

-- CLOSE ON HER WOUND as it ripples, liquid, but does not successfully close.

Violet starts toward Mia --

MIA
Violet --

-- and stops, cocks her head. When she speaks, her voice is an obscene croak.

VIOLET
Why didn't you save me, Mia?

MIA
Don't pretend to be her --

VIOLET
"Stay by me. I'll get us through..."

MIA
(quietly)
Violet never asked me to save her.

The wound closes as she stands.

MIA
(continuing)
She asked me to end her.

She thrusts her arm out, fingers spread, and we see moisture build all over clay Violet like beads of sweat being drawn from her --

She shrieks, inhumanly, and hurls a knife that whips into Mia's shoulder.

Mia staggers back, pulls out the knife and Violet is on her, knife flashing as she pulls another one from her heart with a horrible sucking noise -- Mia dissolves under a swipe and buries her own blade in Violet's thigh -- Violet cuts, swiping Mia's face and leaving a red streak there, plunging but Mia moves back with inhuman speed and just as fast Violet comes forward with a kick to the face that sends Mia back, literally flipping her so she lands on her stomach, hard, looking up at the grinning corpse advancing on her...

EXT. FACTORY - DAWN

The New Man crests the pile of black sand, the camera craning up behind him in the opposite direction that it did for Mia -- and we see the city spread before him. The factory is clearly just on the city's edge.

ANGLE: THE FENCE enclosing the factory is being opened by a security guard as another prepares to relieve him, steaming coffee in hand.

The see the New Man approaching, walking calmly in his dark, slightly rumpled suit.

MORNING SHIFT GUY

What's this guy's story?

NIGHT SHIFT GUY

I never saw any --

(calls out)

Hey buddy! You got some authorization, you know, this place is closed --

THE NEW MAN

Begin.

The night shift turns to the morning shift, not getting it -- and the morning shift throws his steaming coffee into the night shift's face.

He screams, stumbling back, and the morning shift is tackling him, hitting him, grabbing for something big and hard to hit him with as the night shift blindly grabs his face and digs his thumbs into morning shift's eyes...

The New Man continues toward the city. On the street, far from him, we can see a few more early morning workers start to go about their day.

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUING

Mia is crabbing backwards on all fours -- but not helplessly, she's moving fast and agilely, like a cat, waiting for an in -- she comes up hard at Violet, blocks two knives and double palms Violet into the wall.

Violet hits hard but lands on her feet, throwing her blades as she jumps up to grab a rafter and swing herself at Mia --

-- Mia catches both blades, holding them till they dissolve into water -- then Violet drops on her, legs in a chokehold and pulling out two more blades as Mia simply dissolves, Violet crashing to the ground as the water runs a short way and Mia reforms behind Violet, punching her face with neck-cracking intensity --

-- but Violet spins into it and shoves another blade up through Mia's forearm, a spurt of blood showing she got in before Mia could hydrate...

A spinning head kick sends Mia flying, hitting the ground, unable to concentrate from the pain of pulling the knife from her arm.

VIOLET

You're still too weak, too new for this. You cannot stop us alone. And you have always been alone.

EXT. STREET NEAR FACTORY - CONTINUING

A woman swings a crowbar almost right at camera, bashing in the head of the man below her. Pull out to see he's in the back of a pick-up, leg twitching as she keeps bashing and there's a man on the ground on top of a young maid whose uniform he's pulling off, foaming with lust, she struggles almost as animalistically as he does, neither of them noticing the crying young garbage man who is pouring gasoline from a can over both of them...

A couple of other tableaux are brewing behind the New Man as he turns off this little street to see:

EXT. ALLEY/SQUARE - CONTINUING

A short **alley** at the end of which is a much more crowded **square**, hundreds of people starting their day here, cars nudging along in the beginnings of morning traffic.

He smiles like an extremely serene kid in a candy store.

He walks slowly to the other end and in his POV the mass of humanity opens up with a wave of noise and bustle.

And in his POV Punch comes from around the corner and nails him so fucking hard that he literally flies all the way back into the far wall, denting it and landing in a heap of rubble.

Punch steps heroically into the alley as the two dobermans trot out, flanking him.

PUNCH

Please tell me that was the right guy.

They growl, as if to answer.

The New Man stands up, unfazed. Still smiling.

THE NEW MAN

Of course it would be you. The 'hero'. The only one dim enough to think he --

A column of fire the size of a small tornado blasts down at him, unstoppable and unbelievably hot.

ARM UP to reveal Shiva, standing on the ledge of the building two stories above, arms out and the fire swirling relentlessly from them.

Another moment and she pulls up, momentarily tapped out.

In the smoke that surrounds the New Man, a figure moves slowly, getting up from having been driven to his knees.

He turns and we see the New Man has been burnt to a crisp but his skin is bubbling, repairing itself at an impossible rate. His mouth is burnt away, showing his teeth like a skull, but he ain't grinning. He looks around in the smoke --

-- and Black Peter's hands grab his bubbling temples.

He knocks Peter away, staggering a bit as he does, swaying...

HIS POV becomes blurry and bendy -- and as it scans the alley it finds Punch throwing a fist in his (our) face in bizarre slo mo --

-- that speeds up to normal as the New Man slams back into the wall, this time going straight through brick and concrete.

ANGLE ON: the two dobermans as they zig-zag down the alley, suddenly splitting into two more, then again -- then all six dive into the hole in the wall after the New Man, barking and snapping.

Peter moves next to Punch as we hear a struggle in there -- and the squeal of injured dogs.

BLACK PETER
This isn't gonna stop him.

PUNCH
We just gotta buy some time.

BLACK PETER
For what?

Beat.

PUNCH
Something awesome?

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUING

Violet stabs at Mia, who is cut up and on the defensive. Finally she dissolves and reforms behind Violet, kicking her in the back. Violet goes forwards and slides on her knees but has a look of triumph as she does -- the kick was weak, and Mia is dizzy with effort.

Violet looks around as she pulls two more blades out of her heart. She's got three now, and she leaps up suddenly and holds a blade high, coming at Mia in slow motion as Mia starts to dissolve again --

-- and in even in mid-leap Violet hurls the other two blades behind her back --

-- Mia reforms and both blades nail her in the chest. It's she who drops to her knees now, eyes wide. She pulls them out just in time for Violet appear in frame and shove her last one in, in the belly this time.

She brings her face close to Mia's ear as she reaches into her chest one more time...

VIOLET

Weak. You could never have
stopped all this, Mia.

MIA

(barely audible)

No.

ANGLE: VIOLET'S CHEST

As she pulls out one more gleaming blade -- and Mia shoves her hand into the wound.

MIA

(continuing)

But I know someone who can.

There is a thundercrack of energy as Mia shoots water into Violet with all the power in her. Mia is tensed, Violet is pinned, arms out, blade flying off to the side, we hear what sounds like a firehose as water starts building up inside Violet, streaming from her hair, her eyes, her fingernails, muddy water that becomes clearer, she's being cleansed from the inside...

Mia is starting to look blue again, corpselike, but she keeps the pressure on...

Violet's mouth opens, filled with clay -- and the water bursts through it, coming out in an uncontrollable jet, Violet shaking now, her eyes clearing but terror in them --

Mia is literally disappearing, becoming translucent, liquid -- she looks up at Violet

who looks down at her and for one second their eyes meet, everything unsaid between them --

-- and then Mia is gone, the very last of her falling, spilling against Violet's legs and Violet drops to her hands and knees coughing, soaking, remembering...

VIOLET

Mia...

She sits back on her heels, weak, hitching with the occasional sob.

She looks down at the floor. Naught but a puddle and two bloody knives. She reaches slowly for them and picks them up. Looks at them, looks up.

She rises, the look in her eyes not unlike Mia's when she had a purpose. She starts walking, running, the blades twirling and she holds them blades-in, against her forearms as she takes a running leap right at the huge, iron-latticed window --

EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUING

And comes bursting through, glass and metal flying everywhere as she soars a good thirty feet and lands right in the remains of one of the dried-up clay men, shattering him as she hits the ground running, running with speed and determination that will never falter.

INT. ALLEY/SQUARE - CONTINUING

Two dogs come bounding out of the rubble of the hole in the wall, whimpering. It's still pretty smoky in there, so Punch and Black Peter back up a step, unsure.

ANGLE: SHIVA looks down from the roof with the same trepidation.

Finally, from the smoke, a figure emerges. It is the New Man, burnt and bit and broken but reforming and actually BIGGER, more muscular, more angular -- he's becoming a subtle caricature of himself.

He reaches back and rips an even bigger section of the wall out -- causing the building to sag, and Shiva to fall two stories and land at his feet. She rolls, painfully, to the others, where the twins stand as well.

THE NEW MAN

I am the living embodiment of evil. And you think the best way to get rid of me is with **violence**?

PUNCH

(nervous)

Well, when you say it like that...

THE NEW MAN

Look. Look at my glory.

They turn and look.

At the end of the alley are a few cops, other people looking in, maybe ten close enough to get what's happening.

THE NEW MAN

(continuing; calls out calmly)

Begin.

The cops draw their guns and start shooting at the Goners, others race towards them -- but also at each other, as all ten people are suddenly monsters of rage.

The Goners easily put down the few who reach them, bewildered. They look uneasily at the New Man...

THE NEW MAN

(continuing)

BEGIN.

His voice really carries this time, and suddenly there is madness spreading throughout the closer half of the square. People attacking, screaming, running their cars into people --

The Goners look completely at sea as the New Man smiles and draws a deep deep breath.

THE NEW MAN

(continuing)

B --

The blade slices clean across his throat. No sound comes out of his mouth, and his hand shoots to his bleeding throat as he turns and swings, but Violet is too quick, she's NEVER been this quick, she moves around him, slicing vitals then stepping gracefully back between him and the Goners.

VIOLET
Mia says "hi".

BLACK PETER
Violet..

She doesn't take her eyes off the New Man.

PUNCH
Where **is** Mia?

VIOLET
(quietly)
Not far off.
(turning to them)
Save as many of those people as
you can.

SHIVA
His vocal cords will grow back in
a few minutes.

VIOLET
Well.

The others take off.

VIOLET
(continuing)
That gives us a few minutes, then.

They both move, but Violet lands the first blow with strength
rivalling Punch's.

ANGLE: THE SQUARE

-- is a madhouse, a madhouse. Everyone is beating on each
other, racing around, tearing their own eyes out in horror --
there are crashes and fires -- more than a hundred people
gone raving, the dozens of the sane unable to flee hiding
terrified in cars or under wreckage --

And in come the Goners, moving wordlessly and efficiently.

Punch literally tosses aside combatants, pinning one
screaming man down by bending a metal signpost around him.

Black Peter grabs the temples of a man and woman, making one
go very woozy and confused and the other just pass out. As
he does it a man comes up behind him with a crow bar, pulls
back for the swing -- and Peter twists and punches the guy
into unconsciousness with unexpected strength.

Shiva heads for the fires, also ably fending off someone running at her -- none of the Goners is exactly a wuss -- and when she gets to a fire, she sucks it into herself, putting it out.

A man is pulling the window of an upturned car apart with his bare, bleeding hands, trying to get to a terrified twelve year old girl -- and two dobermans are pulling him by the legs, slamming his face to the ground and dragging him off as we see more dobermans running by in the background.

The Goners continue to work their magic, but it's still a battlefield out here.

ANGLE: IN THE ALLEY

The New Man has ahold of Violet's leg -- he swings her into a wall, then throws her into another. She bounces back, rolls and kicks him in the knee, the chest, the face -- the last sends him flying --

He rises facing away from her, a sly smile on his face as he feels his throat --

CLOSE ON: THE WOUND as it is almost completely healed -- and then the end of one of Violet's blades shoots out of it.

She's still ten yards away, but she nailed him from behind with perfect precision. He reaches behind his neck and grabs the hilt, pulls it out, no longer grinning.

He's on her with blurred speed, her own knife in her gut, then a two-hand underswing that sends her flying, literally, into the middle of the square.

She lands on top of a camper with all attendant crunching. He runs at her, dives -- she flips over him and lands on his back, smashing him into the car as well. They stand, facing off, chaos all around them... and go at it. He is clearly dominating, but she is oblivious to the pain she's in --

-- until he knocks away both blades and gets her in a deadly chokehold, their faces close, her eyes widening, the cut on his neck healing, and he calls out:

THE NEW MAN

BEGIN!!!

ANGLE: THE TWELVE YEAR OLD GIRL in the upturned car suddenly fights to get out of it as madly as the man who tried to get in -- people who cowered turn on each other, more people rush in from nearby streets to join in -- the whole square has turned into Hell.

We move suddenly high above the city, see the square in the middle of it, see for blocks and blocks, the millions of people yet to be called out to --

ANGLE: THE NEW MAN

As his jaw literally unhinges for the biggest, loudest command --

REVERSE ON: VIOLET

As a giant shadow falls across her face and she looks up in terror and wonder. A noise, a deep rush, is starting to fill our ears.

We pull back to include the New Man, turning to look as well just as Violet begins to smile...

VIOLET
Mia's back.

The camera moves back in on her as her grin widens giddily.

VIOLET
(continuing)
... and she's PISSED...

Even as she calls out that last word, we cut to their POV:

A WAVE. Tall enough to dwarf the buildings, but not a normal wave -- only fifty feet across, and weaving like a snake, a sentient thing.

All the Goners pause to look up --

And the wave directs itself right at the square and CRASHES down millions of gallons of water --

The Goners watch in astonishment as the massive funnel of water shoots by them all, missing everybody as it targets the camper and the two on top of it --

CAMERA rushes toward the top of the camper, toward Violet and the New Man, as he takes a step back --

The funnel hits him **hard**, sends him back and we go with him through the square, smashing against cars, through the sides of buildings, through the streets, the New Man straining against the two watery **arms** that cling to him--

-- ANGLE: VIOLET is standing on top of the camper, amazed: the water has parted exactly where she is, rushing by on either side more than ten feet above her -- but not so much as spraying her.

She stands in her waterfall cocoon, watching the water rush by her joyfully. A moment, and she sticks out her fingers, lets the water run over them, smiling softly at the feeling of her friend.

ANGLE: THE NEW MAN:

-- as the sentient stream blasts through a maze of alleys and finally plunges him into the river.

We see a trail under the water heading out towards the sea, as the wave feeds into the river still.

ANGLE: THE SQUARE is quiet as the last of the water snakes out. The Goners look about them to see the bewildered crowd, who all look about them in mercifully sane confusion.

The Goners move to the center of the square, looking at the people, at each other. For a moment, nobody says anything.

A manhole cover bursts out behind Punch -- he spins and a geyser of water shoots up, one that is cut off almost instantly, a twelve-foot stream of water arcing toward them, changing, landing on one knee with a resounding boom: Mia, human-shaped, costumed, and actually dripping with power.

She takes a moment to collect herself, then stands, looks at the group around her.

VIOLET

(continuing; softly)

Well. Aren't you a magnificent sight.

Mia smiles at her. They're locked on each other as everyone else speaks.

PUNCH

That giant wave thing... I could totally do that.

SHIVA

You... you are an extraordinary woman, Mia.

GIRL TWIN

(in english)

We knew that right away!

BOY TWIN

(in english)

The rest of you are all morons!

They laugh. They're ten.

BLACK PETER
Where's the New Man then?

MIA
There's a fissure at the deepest
part of the Atlantic that runs six
miles straight down from the
bottom. I'm putting him inside it
right now.

A beat, as she cocks her head.

MIA
(continuing)
And now I'm closing it.

BLACK PETER
Not destroyed, though.

MIA
No. I honestly wouldn't know how.
But we'll have a couple hundred
years to work that problem before
he can crawl back out.

VIOLET
So, years.

MIA
Yeah.

PUNCH
Kinda thought once this was over..
we'd be, you know... gone.

VIOLET
No such luck.

SHIVA
I somehow doubt all the evil in
the world has vanished.

PUNCH
And as long as evil walks the
earth, there will always be a need
for, get with me now 'cause I was
clearly right all along, superhe --

All of them stop, something passing through them. Mia is the
first to crane her head behind her, and the others look in
that direction as well.

VIOLET

Well, if ever we needed a sign
that it ain't over...

PUNCH

So who goes?

Mia smiles.

EXT. A DUSTY ALLEY - DAY

With a shuddering jerk, a young man's corpse awakens. He's half-buried in a pile of garbage, at the corner of a dusty alley at the city's edge. For a moment he thrashes, freaked, then quiets, looking up with still a decent amount of confusion.

ANGLE: THE YOUNG MAN'S POV

It's the team, all of them standing over him or nearby, Mia the closest, smiling at him quietly.

YOUNG MAN

What do you... what's going on?

MIA

Take it easy. You're gonna be
okay.

VIOLET

Well, relatively.

YOUNG MAN

I don't know where I am...

MIA

(reaches out)

Here.

She helps him up, along with Peter, and dusts him off a bit.

VIOLET

You musta been here for a couple
of days, I'm guessing.

YOUNG MAN

I don't --

BLACK PETER

We'll fill you in on the details
in time. For now, just know
you're among friends.

He coughs, batting dust off himself...

YOUNG MAN
God...

VIOLET
How you feelin'?

YOUNG MAN
I don't know.
(touches his throat)
Kinda dry...

Violet looks at Mia, smiling.

Mia smiles back, (and we hear a song beginning, a cover of the Who's "Love, Reign O'er Me") and steps into the light, looking up at a cloudless sky.

She turns on her heel, slowly, bending herself back to look one last time at Violet, then whips back and spins, stretches, becomes a funnel of water that shoots into the sky, spreading into dark cloud, breaking apart into a giant, citywide rainstorm.

The young man stands, amazed, looking at the others.

Everyone is soaked -- this rain is intense -- and loving it. Peter takes Shiva into an impromptu waltz, making her laugh. The twins jump in puddles, making a splash. Punch grows out his rock-arm and hits another puddle, soaking them. The young man smiles, uncomprehending but not unhappy.

CLOSE ON: VIOLET. She simply turns her face to the rain, basking in it, never closing her eyes.

ANGLE: THE CITY as we helicopter through the dense rain, seeing the entire city blanketed by it.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUING

We're in the office we started in, people rushing to the windows to look out at the sudden downpour.

Joanne rushes back to her cubicle, grabs the little plant of Mia's that she's been nursing. She opens a window and places the plant out on the balcony to give it some rain.

CLOSE ON: THE PLANT

It sits on the balcony, the city behind it, as drops of rain pepper its little leaves.

THE END.