

ULTRAVIOLET



U L T R A V I O L E T

kurt wimmer

U L T R A V I O L E T

A SHOT of Earth ... half light ... half dark ...
A WOMAN'S VOICE

V'S VOICE-OVER
Hello ... my name is Violet. And I
was born ten years ago ... into a
world you may not understand ...

A HELICOPTER - sleek and black as an eel - wings through the
sky above the city of CHICAGO ...

As it will one day be.

But for few exceptions, the neo-gothic masterpieces are gone,
replaced by architectures of striking simplicity and beauty.

No chrome, no glass - positive and negative values ruling the
aesthetic.

Our future is not technology on display - we're so over it...
But concealed away behind the beauty of pure design.

In the copter's WINDOWLESS COCKPIT the pilot and co-pilot
watch the screens.

PILOT
Coming up ... holding airspeed ...

CO-PILOT
Echo altitude - forward and lateral
drift - numbers falling fast from
here ...

PILOT
On my mark ... 3 ... 2 ... 1 ...

He nods his head ...

PILOT
... mark.

Behind them, with a *CHUNK!* the copter's back ramp opens to
ROARING WIND and ...

7 TWO-METER BLACK-STEEL BALLS drop down one after another
onto a track and ...

ROLL successively out the back of the helicopter ...

EXT. ABOVE CHICAGO - DAY

... dropping into perfect freefall - lined up as they plummet earthward like well-behaved school children.

Peaceful ... silent ... only the wind of their fall until ...

POW! like a cannonball, the first one strikes the side of a HUGE white building - ~~penetrating~~ concussively through its side as ...

The other six spheres successively strike the side of the same building at the same level, blowing through and ...

INT. BUILDING - DAY

HURTLING destructively through the building, crashing through walls like wrecking balls, shattering furniture and work spaces to kindling ...

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Until they have slowed enough in the middle of a HUGE LABORATORY to ...

UNRAVEL. Bursting open like steel seed pods and spilling a BLACK CLAD FIGURE, rolling out at blinding speed and ...

Simultaneously hitting its feet while DRAWING a three foot SWORD from a *scabbard no more than an inch deep* ...

Eviscerating all the SCIENTIFIC PERSONNEL standing within 20 feet before anyone has any idea what is happening.

All six remaining balls burst open as they reach the lab and, in under six seconds, everyone on the entire floor is dead.

The SEVEN FIGURES, clad in black from head to toe, exchange a glance through DAY-VISION GOGGLES that turn daylight to night.

Black Figure #6 lies dead a few feet from his opened pod - KILLED by the impact.

BF-4 has a compound fracture - bone jutting from his arm.

Holding the pain, he quickly twists the bone back inside the arm while BF-5 sprays NON-SPECIFIC TISSUE REPAIR FOAM into the wound, sealing it.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

They converge at a MASSIVE STEEL DOOR at the end of the corridor. BF-1 quickly places an electromagnetic anchoring bolt against the door while BF-3 runs a hi-tensile cable ...

... back to the elevators where BF-4 has already forced open the doors and BF-7 stands atop the elevator two meters down.

BF-3 tosses him the end of the cable and BF-7 hooks it to the frame of the elevator.

Scrambling out as BF-3 raises his MACHINE-PISTOL and BLOWS the elevator cables and the steel box ...

PLUMMETS.

Back at the door, BF-1 and BF-5 take cover as the snaking cable shoots away into the elevator shaft ...

Plummeting elevator HITTING the end of the titanium cable and...

BOOM! the entire door and a good portion of the wall on either side is WRENCHED explosively out and goes tumbling down the corridor where it smashes through the wall and disappears into the gaping maw of the elevator shaft.

BF-1 steps through the hole they have created ...

INT. SECURE CORRIDORS - DAY

The Team goes careening through gleaming white corridors.

INT. BLOOD RESERVOIR - DAY

Bursting into a HUGE INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX.

VAST GLASS TANKS 10 stories tall, containing millions of metric liters of BLOOD.

A refinery for blood.

BF-1 snaps his gloved fingers and they move out.

Flanking as a team, they deploy into the refinery. Abruptly, BF-1 clenches up a raised fist ...

The team instantly freezes in the midst of four towering blood silos.

He is ... listening ...

It hits him only an instant before it happens.

BF-1

Trap!

He goes for his mini-gun but it's too late. From out the shadows rise MORE THAN FIFTY Command Security Marines - laying full automatic crossfire into the group of six.

They are eaten up by bullets, becoming a living storm of lead and fluids ... until they drop together to the floor.

Over.

Gunshots fading echoing amongst the towering silos of blood, air laden with gunsmoke.

The Security Commando Lead calls out.

COMMAND SECURITY MARINE

Clear!

Immediately, a POLICE TEAM, headed by three DETECTIVES comes from around one of the great silos.

The most senior - DETECTIVE EMMANUEL CROSS strides up to the stack of bodies, taking a RE-BREATHER from one of the medical technicians on hand, fixing it over his mouth and nose and a pair of LATEX GLOVES which he snaps onto his hands.

DETECTIVE E. CROSS

Touch nothing obviously...

Stooping by the bullet-riddled corpse of BF-1, he lifts the mask - a peaceful FACE beneath - sleeping the sleep of death.

With gloved thumb, he peels back the dead upper lip.

Revealing CANINE TEETH a half inch longer than those of a normal person. His subordinate nearby mutters ...

DETECTIVE BREEDER

Fucking vampires ...

Cross stands with annoyance, pulling off a glove.

E. CROSS

'Hemophages' please. This is sensitive business. We're doing everything we can to avoid the appearance of a

witchhunt and inflammatory epithets
like that don't help.

Breeder looks appropriately chastened. The third detective
PEDRO ENDERA pulls a KATANA half-way out of one of the
bodies' 1-inch deep scabbards.

Impossible but - there it is ...

P. ENDERA

What the hell ... ?

E. CROSS

Flat-Space technology. Dimension
compressing. Very rare, very pricey.
Defense Ministry's going to shit when
they hear the Vam...

(a glance at Breeder)

... the Hemophages have it.

Endera drops the Katana back into the Flat-Space scabbard.

P. ENDERA

Almost identical to the attempt they
made at the bank in Minneapolis last
week.

E. CROSS

Not to mention the one in Baltimore.

Det. Breeder shakes his head.

BREEDER

Christ ... we're really at war aren't
we ...

Ignoring the remark, Cross surveys the HUGE BLOOD SILOS
surrounding them. Something is bothering him.

E. CROSS

Queer . . .

Breeder and Endera follow their superior's eyes ...

E. CROSS

How did they expect to transport the
blood out of here? What was their
exit strategy?

He turns to the other two.

E. CROSS

Get people on all levels. They must've had a way out - find it.

P. ENDERA

Unless ...

The other two look at him. Above his re-breather, Endera's eyes clear with sudden realization.

P. ENDERA

Unless there was no exit strategy. We couldn't find one in Minneapolis; maybe there's not one here either.

E. CROSS

Then what's the point?

Endera swallows - the weight of the dots connecting in his head, hitting him.

P. ENDERA

What if they didn't come to get the blood out. What if they came to infect it.

The other two stare at him.

BREEDER

Christ ... you mean ... like creating a bomb ... an H.P.V. bomb ...

Detective Pedro Endera nods starkly.

P. ENDERA

That would go off inside our population - creating thousands more just like them.

E. CROSS

Aw Christ!

(spinning to hazard teams)

I want a containment brigade on this facility instantly.

P. ENDERA

But Jesus - what about that Minneapolis blood?? And the others?? That stuff's already out...

BREEDER

Oh my God - Cross ...

Endera and Cross follow his eyes to CROSS'S GLOVED THUMB - the one he used to pull back the Vampire's lip to expose the teeth.

It's BLEEDING.

Cross's stunned eyes snap up.

But it's too late.

BREEDER's gun is out and he POW! shoots his doomed superior officer in the head.

V'S VOICE-OVER

Yes, I was born into a world that you may find hard to understand. But in other ways - it might strike you as very familiar.

EXT. BLOOD RESERVOIR BUILDING - DAY

Aerial. 60 to 70 MILITARY AIRCRAFT form a five-mile wide ring circling above the massive white building.

The CONTAINMENT BRIGADE.

A dull CRACK! and the building shudders - going into liquefaction - suddenly becoming the liquid sum of its molecules in an abrupt instant

A MINI-NUCLEAR blast detonating deep in the heart of the building. It begins a surreal collapse.

Sterilizing the site.

V'S VOICE-OVER

The root of it lay in the fact that the 20th century was the last century of any mystery. In the 21st, all riddles were unraveled. There was no place left that was unexplored. The common cold was cured. String theory was unified. And everything that could be known - was.

V's voice almost smiles.

V'S VOICE-OVER

If you had a question, we now knew the answer. Santa Claus? - nope. Loch Ness Monster? - definitely not. Chupacabra? Actually - yes. Will parsley really kill parakeets? Sometimes. Oh, and the one question people had always had - 'Mommy? Is there really such thing as vampires?'

SHOT: of a TECHNICIAN in a LAB staring at the numbers printing out of a BLOOD SPECTROGRAPH ...

V'S VOICE-OVER

Like the discovery of some previously unknown stink-bug on the Asian sub-continent - the answer turned out to be 'yes'. And strangely, many didn't even know what they really were

A YOUNG WOMAN, pleasantly plump at 5 months PREGNANT and in a nurse's uniform, opens the door - shading her eyes from the sunlight ...

SURPRISED to see a PAIR OF FEDERAL AGENTS accompanied by a very serious looking DOCTOR. They flash badges at her.

V'S VOICE-OVER

Well, maybe the term 'Vampires' is a bit sensationalistic because it was really just a blood disease that had been around for centuries - but that was what the press called it.

THE WOMAN stands looking confused in a LONG QUEUE in a HOSPITAL full of confused looking people who are registering at a desk.

V'S VOICE-OVER

Whatever you care to call them, they were discovered, documented, studied.

THE WOMAN, head now shaved, is cooperative but confused and slightly frightened as she undergoes a dizzying array of TESTS.

V'S VOICE-OVER

Some interesting things came out of it. It turned out to be that while, in some ways some of the legends that had grown up around the disease over

the years were true in various warped ways - most were not ...

A TEAM of ANALYSTS show the plump young woman a CRUCIFIX. She blinks uncomprehendingly back at them.

V'S VOICE-OVER

The primary symptom of Hemophagia, as the disease came to be termed, was that it aggressively accelerated its victim's metabolism.

A Nurse takes a digital thermometer from the WOMAN'S mouth. The digital read-out reads 107 DEGREES.

She smiles back at her - looking fine.

V'S VOICE-OVER

And no - they didn't live forever. In fact, their metabolisms were burning so fast that the average victim survived no more than ten years after infection.

An ELECTRO-CARDIOGRAPH shows the woman's heart-rate - strong and steady at 150 beats per minute - yet she appears calm and restful. The doctors exchange a glance.

V'S VOICE-OVER

And yes, their teeth were a bit longer than normal, but that was because the heightened metabolic rate increased bone and dentin density throughout the body. On a physical level - they were just stronger.

A TEAM OF DOCTORS is examining SKELETAL X-RAYS of the woman, measuring the bones with calipers.

V'S VOICE-OVER

And yes, the increased metabolism, did accelerate healing.

A nurse peels back a bandage off the Woman's arm. Whatever injury had been medically inflicted there - is now just a scar. Her eyes connect with hers - surprised.

V'S VOICE-OVER

And no, they didn't suck blood - though the disease crippled their own body's ability to regenerate blood.

platelets causing them to require frequent transfusions to stay alive.

THE WOMAN, looking sick and ill, is getting a blood transfusion.

V'S VOICE-OVER

This caused a profound anemia which made most victims extremely sensitive to light.

THE WOMAN, now nearly 9 MONTHS PREGNANT, walks with difficulty in the hospital garden, wearing sunglasses and carrying a black umbrella in the heat of the noonday sun.

V'S VOICE-OVER

Oh! And all that stuff about silver and stakes - total fantasy. It turned out that while maybe they were a little faster and a little stronger than everyone else ... they died just like everyone else.

A panel of DOCTORS all scribble notes as the Woman - strapped to a chair - is delivered a LETHAL ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Her head slumps and the myriad monitors connected to her ...

All indicate that the poor young woman is DEAD.

V'S VOICE-OVER

And like everyone else - without help - they stayed dead.

Handcuffed by both wrists and ankles to a hospital bed, the YOUNG WOMAN's body arches as she is REVIVED by a medical team equipped with defibrillators.

V'S VOICE-OVER

Well, during the 2nd trans-national conflict - which took place almost exclusively down religious lines ...

In the streets of a major American city, it's civil war.

V'S VOICE-OVER

... an American weapons lab got hold of the virus

A DOCTOR draws a vial of blood from THE WOMAN's arm. She stares into space - numb, detached ... a zombie.

V'S VOICE-OVER

... thinking they could maybe alter
it to make more efficient soldiers.

A Doctor escorts some high-ranking military men through a
lab, animatedly narrating what the technicians working at the
various stations are doing ...

V'S VOICE-OVER

Naturally, all they succeeded in
doing was creating a more virulent,
highly contagious strain of the
virus.

A Technician lifts his eyes from a MICROSCOPE - looking
deeply concerned by what he has seen.

V'S VOICE-OVER

A strain that was dubbed H.P.V. -
HemoPhagic Virus. And, whaddaya know?

The Technician accidentally CUTS his finger on the glass
slide. Panicked, he looks around to see if anyone has seen.

Concealing his bleeding hand into the pocket of his lab coat.

V'S VOICE-OVER

It got out. And the infection spread.

A BUSINESSMAN exiting a building, stops, blinking rapidly in
the bright sunlight outside - looking confused.

V'S VOICE-OVER

Not out of control - but enough to
freak the populace out.

A NEWSPAPER hits the stands - HEADLINES screaming - VAMPIRISM
EPIDEMIC!!!

V'S VOICE-OVER

At first, victims of the contagion
were just required to register.

A long line of H.P.V. victims waiting in a government office
to register. All of the government workers wear mouth and
nose masks.

V'S VOICE-OVER

Then they were required to wear
identifying armbands.

A FAMILY, wearing BLOOD-RED ARMBANDS and DRAPING BLACK VEILS to shield them from the sunlight ...

... is assiduously avoided by passersby who make a wide berth when passing them on the sidewalk.

V'S VOICE-OVER

Then they were rounded up and
quarantined in special facilities and
camps ...

THE FAMILY is herded with what belongings they can carry into a sterile high-tech camp.

V'S VOICE-OVER

And, finally, people just stopped
hearing from them ...

A loudly protesting RELATIVE is stopped at the gate by guards who shake their heads definitively and indicate that she needs to turn her ass around and leave the premises.

V'S VOICE-OVER

And that's when the Vampires, or what
was left of them, saw the writing on
the wall. While they still had a
chance - they went underground.

An H.P.V. victim walking down the street, is looked at with open aversion by an uninfected couple walking past.

For what is probably the thousandth time, hurt flashes through his features ...

But this time, after they are passed, his hand reaches up and TEARS off the BLOOD-RED ARMBAND, dropping it into a trashcan as he passes.

V'S VOICE-OVER

And began fighting back.

A HEMOPHAGE on his knees in the middle of the street - surrounded by police with their guns pointed at him.

Suddenly, reaching inside his jacket, he yanks out a PISTOL and manages to blow a few of them away before he's shot into hamburger by the rest.

V'S VOICE-OVER

And that's when it got really hairy.

It was an age of contagion and the great unwashed uninfected didn't much cotton to this new uncompliant breed of disease-carrier.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOMS - DAY

A RECENT SURGERY patient is in the process of rising from her bed with the aid of a cane ...

When abruptly the doors fly open and four HEAVILY ARMED black clad Special Hazard Teams burst into the room.

V'S VOICE-OVER
Both sides saw it as a fight for survival.

LEAD HAZARD
Are you Elizabeth P. Watkins!?!

The convalescing woman blinks back at them.

WOMAN
I . . .

LEAD HAZARD
Are you Elizabeth P. Watkins!!!

WOMAN
Well . . . yes, but I ...

Bladadadam! they gun her down in her tracks, white clad FUMIGATION TEAMS streaming around to sanitize the spilled blood with huge clouds of poison gas.

V'S VOICE-OVER
And so began the Blood Wars.

CARD: MINNEAPOLIS

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A PATIENT is on the operating table in the midst of open thoractic surgery ...

V'S VOICE-OVER
The Hemophages fought back whatever way they could. As I speak now, with their numbers dwindling dangerously, their tactic is to infect human blood supplies with their own virus.

Suddenly, the doors of the operating room burst open and BLACK CLAD HAZARD TEAMS enter.

The BLOOD-COVERED surgeons look up - shocked - and are GUNNED down in their tracks along with the assisting nurses and anyone else who might have been exposed to the blood.

The HAZMAT Captain steps up to the anesthetized patient on the table and puts a bullet in his brain.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A MAN sits up in bed as the HAZARD TEAMS burst in - machine gunning him where he sits.

One rushes forward and runs a scanner over the stiffening features.

HAZARD TEAM

Got a match!

The Hazard Spec peels back the dead man's lip with a stainless steel tool.

TEAM LEAD

Dentin thickening - he was beginning to convert.

VOICE

Oh my God . . .

They spin to see the dead man's WIFE standing HORRIFIED in the doorway.

Instantly, they OPEN FIRE on her - pointblank. One bullet strikes her in the neck, opening her carotid artery, sending blood spraying all around the room ...

COVERING the hazard team. As she drops, their eyes connect, going wide as Team Lead ...

POW! POW! POW! shoots them all in rapid succession. Then, pulling out an INCENDIARY DEVICE, he puts it to his chest, braces ...

And turns the key.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

KABOOM! the house is consumed in a fireball.

EXT. DEFENSE MINISTRY - DAY

A massive fortified complex.

INT. OFFICE - DEFENSE MINISTRY - DAY

People's Republican Front General RICARD DAXUS, 48, handsome, excellent shape ... sharp as nails in his Republican Front uniform

Absorbs the news he is being given.

CHIEF OF STAFF

There's no definitive test for the virus - for all we know they've infected every blood storage in the country.

AIDE

We have no choice but to destroy all standing blood-supplies and anyone who may have been transfused or came in contact with it.

Daxus ponders this.

DAUXS

How many are we looking at?

AIDE

We don't have a final number yet, but it's in the thousands.

Daxus shakes his head, pouring himself a cup of coffee.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Question is - why now? Why are they escalating this now?

Daxus sighs.

DAXUS

Simple. Population geometrics.

His Chief of Staff and Aide look at him.

DAXUS

(explaining)

There is a minimum critical number that any population must maintain in

order to propagate and survive. Very plainly, we've been so effective in exterminating them that we've reduced them past that number.

He looks up. Nods simply ...

DAXUS

They're on the verge of extinction and they know it.

The Chief of Staff mulls for a moment.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Then we have to capitalize. We have to take this opportunity to deliver a knockout punch and bury them once and for all.

DAXUS

(nods)

For the last ten years in partnership with Defense Labs, I've been overseeing the development of a weapon that can locate and kill every hemophage on the planet in a matter of days.

The Aide and Chief of Staff exchange a surprised glance.

CHIEF OF STAFF

That's fantastic - what's the E.T.A.?

DAXUS

Now. A Courier is in the process of retrieving it to bring here to Defense Ministry as we speak.

EXT. DEFENSE LABS GATE - DAY

A highly secure, negative pressure gate. A Bumble-Bee yellow NINJA MOTORCYCLE skids up, rider removing her helmet ...

Allowing NEON PURPLE HAIR to fall like a flock of butterflies across the shoulders of her plasticene green overcoat.

Like most beautiful young women, her hair is individually coated in a micro-sheen of optical polyurethane, allowing her to change her hair color at will to any one of 7.6 million colors.

Her raincoat itself is really just LCD fabric - capable of displaying any color or image.

The trend now is for the color of the clothes to reflect the mood of the wearer ...

Her coat shimmers to a calm SKY BLUE as she hands the heavily armed, heavily armoured guard her identification.

WOMAN

XPD-154 Clearance Classified Courier.
I'm expected.

The guard plugs the ID into the system. Hands it back.

GUARD

No vehicles past this point - proceed
for identification and sterilization.

INT. DEFENSE LABS ENTRY CHECKPOINT

The elevator doors open and the Woman steps out into a featureless sterile white room where Medical Technicians - all carrying sidearms - are there to greet her.

MEDICAL TECH

Please have a seat ...

He indicates a WHITE CHAIR in the center of the room. The Woman complies - techs moving around her, securing her to the chair with white kevlar bindings.

WOMAN

Mind if I ask what's on the menu?

MEDICAL TECH

(small smile)

Just have to make sure you're human.

Delicate metal INSECT ARMS begin to comb her body.

MEDICAL TECH 2

Retinal testing to detect the
presence of contacts or dyes ...

MEDICAL TECH

Metabolic sensor to make certain your
metabolism is within human range ...

MEDICAL TECH 2

Pulse, respiration ...

MEDICAL TECH
Regenerative capability ...

A NEEDLE abruptly shoots out of the arm of the chair -
piercing the woman's forearm and protruding out the other
side without quite breaking the skin.

She grits her teeth but holds the pain. The needle abruptly
retracts. She breathes again.

The techs inspect her arm on a micro-sonic scan.

MEDICAL TECH
If you were a hemophage we would
already be detecting tissue repair
at a micro-cellular level.

With a series of snaps, the bonds that restrain the Woman
snap open.

MEDICAL TECH
Remove all articles of clothing and
proceed into the U.V. corridor.

INT. U.V. CHAMBER

A PURE WHITE TUNNEL some 100 feet in length. The door sucks
open and the Woman, naked, enters.

THUNK! 50 million candles of UV light burst on with solar
intensity.

As she walks naked through the inferno of light, it can
hardly pass notice that she is a nearly perfect specimen.

The length of each limb in perfect compliment to the other,
her gait and stride in perfect balance, harmony and rhythm.

And if it hadn't been noticed before, her beauty is honed
down to a fine point in her eyes - violet and dense with
single-minded purpose.

Looking into them, there is little doubt but that - the job
will get done.

When she reaches the end of the tunnel a VOICE speaks to her.

VOICE
Identity ...

WOMAN

XPD-154 Clearance Classified Courier.
Here on retrieval for transfer to
Defense Ministry.

On the wall, graphs analyze voice-stress analysis.
The door sucks open and she passes through ...

INT. ANTE-CHAMBER

... into a small steel hexagonal ante-chamber.
The Voice speaks to her again.

VOICE

Your clothing and personal items have
been scanned and sterilized. You will
find them in the tray to your left.

INT. DEFENSE LABS -

The door sucks open and the Woman - sharply dressed once more
- steps out into the Defense Labs ...

An elegantly lined bunker of reflective concrete.
She is greeted by a MAN in a doctor's smock.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

XPD-154 ...

He snaps on a disposable latex glove and shakes her hand,
removing the glove it as soon as he is done and dropping it
into one of the many available wall-incinerators.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

Welcome to Defense Labs - follow me
please.

She does as he starts down the corridor.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

May I ask you a question.

WOMAN

Feel free.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

Do you know what this about.

WOMAN

Should I?

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

No - it's highly classified. But I've been cleared to debrief you because your consciousness of the gravity of this situation may increase your motivation to complete.

WOMAN

I've never failed to complete.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

We understand that - and of course, that's why you've been chosen. But it's of critical importance to every uninfected human on earth that you not fail this time either.

She looks back - trying to read him.

CHIEF OF RESEARCHER

Our statisticians tell us that the Hemophages are on the verge of extinction - ergo these last ditch attacks they've been making to save themselves. Under the supervision of General Daxus at The Ministry, we've developed a weapon that will quickly and efficiently deliver the deathblow to what remains of a dying species.

WOMAN

If this weapon is so important, why not have it delivered by armoured convoy?

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

The armoured convoy you refer to is departing the facility as we speak. The Hemophages will do everything in their power to stop and immobilize it. It is, of course, a decoy. Our statisticians have calculated that our best chance of delivery lies in a single person such as yourself.

She nods.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

May I ask you - what is your opinion of the hemophages?

WOMAN

I'm apolitical.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

Recoiling at the sight of a cockroach
is also apolitical ...

WOMAN

I'm sorry?

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

A cock... nevermind. Extinct insect.
We wiped them out quite some time ago.
Severely damaged the ecosystem but ...

He waves it off as they stop at another door.
He swipes his card along its frame.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

My clearance ends here.

The door opens. The Woman starts to step through but the
Chief of Research SNAPS on a latex glove with practiced speed
and stops her.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

XPD-154 ...

She looks at him.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

You'll be receiving a briefcase
containing the weapon. I don't have
to tell you - under no circumstances
should you open it.

She looks back at him.

WOMAN

You're right ...

A slight smile creases the corners of his mouth.

WOMAN

You don't have to tell me.

The smile disappears and brushing off his gloved hand, she
proceeds in.

INT. DEFENSE VAULT

She stops at a glass wall behind which heavily armed guards and armoured medical techs wait.

As she raises her hand to push her ID in the slot, one might notice that her HAND - is covered in a fine sheen of SWEAT...

... and is subtly SHAKING.

In an act of will, she steadies her hand - and pushes her ID into the slot.

WOMAN

XPD-154 Clearance Classified Courier.

ARMED MEDICAL COMMANDO

We've been expecting.

The glass wall opens and she proceeds through ...

INT. INNER DEFENSE LABS VAULT

Two massive armoured Medical Commandos fall in step on either side as the massive vault door swings open before them.

Around the perimeter of the room stand TEN MORE HEAVILY ARMOURED Medical Commandos.

While in the center - on a simple white podium - encased in glass - rests a single item.

A TITANIUM BRIEFCASE - the size and thickness of a medium pizza box.

The Woman stops before it, STAGGERING slightly. The Combat Reserve Doctor looks curiously at her.

COMBAT RESERVE DOCTOR

Everything in order XPD-154?

The Woman swallows - but manages to match his glance with a steady one of her own.

WOMAN

100% Doctor.

He holds on her an instant - then nods to the Medical Commandos who push keys into receivers on opposite sides of the room ...

The Woman clenches both her fists, hidden at her side.
A BEAD of SWEAT running - unseen - down into her ear.

The GLASS unfolds like leaves of a rose from around the case.

The Combat Reserve Doctor hands an LCD clipboard at her ...

COMBAT RESERVE DOCTOR
Enter your DNA to confirm receipt.

The Woman opens her mouth ... dry as dust ...
But then, finds her voice.

WOMAN
I can only confirm receipt of the
container - not its contents.

COMBAT RESERVE DOCTOR
That's acceptable. Opening the case
is strictly forbidden, you understand
that?

WOMAN
Perfectly.

Subtly, she reaches out and takes hold of the podium to
STEADY herself. But the C.R.D. doesn't seem to notice.

COMBAT RESERVE DOCTOR
The contents are set to self-destruct
in the event of non-delivery in ...

He glances at his watch.

COMBAT RESERVE DOCTOR
Exactly nine hours from now.

He presses a button and there is a click on the case and a
red-light begins flashing.

Then hands her the case. But as her hand closes on the
handle ...

He does not release his end.

Her eyes snap to his - he is STUDYING her.

She is PALE and appears on the VERGE of passing out.

COMBAT RESERVE DOCTOR
What is your situation XPD-154? Are

you functional ...

The Woman looks back at him, fighting off a wave of dizziness as she opens her mouth to find an answer ...

EXT. DEFENSE LABS SECURITY GATE - DAY

A GREEN NINJA MOTORCYCLE pulls to the gate, rider removing her helmet - BLONDE HAIR cascading down across her shoulders.

She hands the guard her identification.

WOMAN

XPD-154 Clearance Classified Courier.

The GUARD blinks at her. Then instantly, his RIFLE falls off his shoulder and ROBOTIC MACHINE GUNS perched on the four corners of the gate RISE into place - zeroing her.

GUARD

On the ground! On the ground!

Eyes going narrow, hands rising, the blonde woman drops to her knees.

WOMAN

What the hell's going on ...

GUARD

You came through this gate 15 minutes ago.

WOMAN

Then it wasn't me, you dumb son of a bitch - check my ID - you've got a Termite!

INT. DEFENSE LABS VAULT - DAY

The Woman and Combat Reserve Doctor regard each other over the titanium briefcase they each grip.

WOMAN

I really don't know what you're talking about, Doctor. I'm 100% functional.

COMBAT RESERVE DOCTOR

Well then - you won't mind if I perform an examination.

WOMAN

I've already submitted to every test required for entry. Now, as you stated, I have a time-table so if you don't mind, I'll just ...

ALARMS begin going off.

The C.R.D.'s eyes snap to hers - blazing back into his own.

TZZITCH! her raincoat turns MIDNIGHT BLACK and ...

CRACK! like a rifle shot, she snaps his arm holding the case.

As he melts screaming, she turns to meet the instantaneous reaction of the ARMoured MEDICAL TECHS - kicking the first one so hard, his chest plate dents with the impact.

As he sinks, tearing at his chest, trying to breathe - she slams her fist through the second armour-guard's faceplate.

And five seconds later, ALL TEN of the armoured medical commandos in the room lie broken on the ground.

And only one person remains standing.

V'S VOICE-OVER

Yes, my name is Violet.
And, yes, I'm a Vampire.

INT. DEFENSE LABS - CORRIDOR

The Chief of Research is met by fast-moving Security forces.

SECURITY COMMANDO

She's a Hemophage Sir!

CHIEF OF RESEARCH

How the did she get past the screens!?

MEDICAL COMMANDO

We don't know, Sir!. Maybe
Meta-Suppressants to subordinate her
blood characteristics and healing
capability. We don't know!

INT. DEFENSE LABS - INNER CORRIDORS

VIOLET skids to cover behind a wall.

She pauses, heart pounding - coat flashing dark, horrible,

oily colors. Sweat pouring down her face, she is grey and ashen and looks awful.

Pulling a button on her overcoat, she extracts a SYRINGE from a FLAT-SPACE receptacle on the coat ...

And jabs the needle into her thigh.

She drops abruptly to one knee and VOMITS.

Panting ... her breathing, heart-rate, stabilizes.

The far doors burst open, spilling Security Forces.

Yanking the syringe out of her thigh, she hits her feet.

Coat blazing a fiery orange, she runs directly at them. But as they open fire, she DIVES ...

UPWARD.

Drawing TWO MACHINE-PISTOLS from Flat-Space holsters as she lands and rolls to a crouch on the ceiling above their astonished heads ...

RAINING fire down on them from above.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Chief Research and the others watch astounded on the surveillance screens.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH
Christ - how did she do that??

TECH
She must have ... some kind of gravity leveler, that keeps gravity under her feet wherever they are ...

CHIEF OF RESEARCH
Well, whatever it is, it's ours now - because she's not going to make it out of this complex alive.

INT. STAIRS

Security Forces come rushing up the stairs like a raging torrent. But one must keep in mind. On the underside of every set of stairs is its own mirror image ...

Another set of stairs ...

And the security forces are astonished to see VIOLET come charging up the Escher-ian negative of the stairs above their heads, both guns blazing as she passes above them.

INT. CORRIDOR

VIOLET is moving at pace down an empty corridor - reloading her guns from magazines loaded into flat-space reservoirs on her coat.

The Chief of Research's VOICE booms out of hidden speakers.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH'S VOICE
You're the one they call V. - tell me
I'm wrong.

VIOLET
(reloading as she goes)
You're wrong.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH'S VOICE
Rabid hemophage revolutionary. How
many of our government buildings have
you blown up?

VIOLET
(as she goes)
Not enough. And I prefer the term
'Vampire'.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH'S VOICE
But why? Why are you doing it?

VIOLET
Because I hate humans with every
fiber of my being - and I'll kill
every one I see almost as quickly as
they'll try to kill me.

CHIEF OF RESEARCH'S VOICE
But you used to be human.

VIOLET
But not anymore - right? I caught a
disease and now I'm something less
than human - something worthy of
extermination?

CHIEF OF RESEARCH'S VOICE

It's all academic - you won't make it
out of here with the case.

VIOLET

Watch me.

Cocking both her weapons and placing acetylene-density
sunglasses over her eyes, she KICKS the door open at the end
of the corridor and steps firing into ...

INT. U.V. TUNNEL

... the blazing UV tunnel - meeting the Security Forces
head-on, running a corkscrew over their heads, blasting them
into the floor as she passes overhead.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

A virtual army of Security Forces are amassed in the lobby
when Violet enters on the ceiling, dodging between the
stylized light fixtures that explode all around her as the
security forces light up the ceiling full-auto.

She makes it to a large CHIMNEY SKYLIGHT and jumps into it,
falling feet-first UPWARD towards the reinforced glass.

Firing her machine-pistols ahead of her at the splintering
security glass ...

CRASH! she hits the weakened glass ...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Exploding through in an upward shower of glass, somersaulting
into an earthward orientation and landing straddling the
skylight ...

BOTH GUNS blazing, flattening the security forces waiting
there for her.

Jumping down onto the roof, she runs to the edge and jumps
unhesitatingly over, landing on the sheer side of the
building and sprinting down its side ...

LEAPING vaulting across the width of a HUGE plate glass
window, firing through it as she flies past ...

At the SECURITY FORCES who blast back at her through it.

And landing on the other side as the glass comes raining out

above her and completes her glass-filled dash for earth.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

She hits the normal-gravity orientation of the alley floor at a run ...

VAULTING onto a METALLIC MIDNIGHT BLUE MOTORCYCLE waiting there, kickstarting it and cranking the throttle ...

Tires screaming white smoke as she power-slides the big bike round and, hammering the fuel, blasts away down the alley as Command Security Vehicles screech in behind her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Breathlessly, she activates the PHONE on the bike's console.

VIOLET

It's me ...

The image of the person she has called appears on the console.

A STYLISH, DARK-EYED HEMOPHAGE - revolutionary in bearing and attitude - the Che Gueverra of Vampires. NERVA ...

NERVA'S IMAGE

Did you get it??

VIOLET

I've got it - but they're serious about not letting me keep it.

NERVA'S IMAGE

The primary objective is the destruction of the weapon. If you can't make delivery, destroy it.

VIOLET

Copy that. Will determine nature of the weapon and then destroy.

NERVA'S IMAGE

Negative, negative V. If you are compromised under no circumstances are you to look inside that case. Destroy it immediately. Zero interaction. Do you read?

Violet frowns. But, an obedient soldier, she nods.

VIOLET
Read.

She terminates the call and, as the Command Security Tankers swing in tight behind her, she ...

JUMPS the curb and, turning the AIRBORNE BIKE on its side, reorienting the gravity beneath her, she ...

LANDS skidding on the side of the building, tires smoking as she takes off on a diagonal up its sheer face.

Racing behind on the street, the ground-bound Security Vehicles follow her as best they can.

Approaching the EDGE of the building, V hits the brakes, laying the bike into a slide, and then expertly re-righting it on the knife-edge of the building's corner ...

And then GUNNING IT, drops down, speeding away down the intersecting side of the building.

With a turbo whine, WASPLIKE WHISPERJET HELICOPTERS swing round the corner of the building after her ...

LIGHTING up the face of the building with 60 round per second coke-cans of lead from 70 mm machineguns as she hot dogs the bike around the obstacle course of on-coming windows.

Heat on, she doesn't slow as she approaches the edge of the building, blasting off its side, sailing across the intersection ...

And landing concussively on the face of the next building, bullets chewing up the mortar in her wake.

Ahead and unavoidable at the speeds she is going ...

A SQUARE ACRE OF GLASS - a huge bay window on the face of a SHOPPING MALL ...

She LAYS the bike down, skidding out onto the lake of glass as machine-gun fire eats it up all around her ...

She goes SHATTERING through the monstrous pane of glass ...

INT. MALL - DAY

Falling - to the astonishment of the mall patrons - through the horizontal pane of glass.

And down the length of the mall over their heads ...

MANAGING to orient the bike into a nose-downward orientation which is - normal gravity - landing perfectly on the mall concourse and GUNNING it away, dodging and ducking through the swarms of astounded mall patrons as the ...

HELICOPTERS hover outside the great jagged hole of glass at the far end of the mall, opening full-auto fire with their 70mm cannons into the mall ...

WITHOUT REGARD for the mall patrons who are wood-chipped into mincemeat in its hail ...

20,000 rounds of ammunition expended, the mini-guns spin to a halt - dry.

At the end of the concourse, VIOLET skids the bike around.

FACING the helicopters hovering out over the street through the gaping hole in the glass at the other end.

And from the look in her eyes ...

They suddenly know.

GUNNER

Oh shit! Reload the magazine!
Reload the magazine!!!

With a screeching of tires, VIOLET takes off - speeding back down the mall towards the hovering helicopters.

In the helicopter the munitions crews scramble to reload.

GUNNER

Come on! Come on!

On the concourse, patrons dive out of the way as Violet's speedometer hits 150.

In the copter *click!* the shaking gunner gets the magazine loaded and *BLADADADAM!!!!* opens a blaze of fire at the on-coming bike ...

Violet ducking behind the bullet-resistant windscreen as she hits sixth gear and ...

Blasts out of the mall, sailing through what remains of the huge shattered window ...

Crossing bullet-laden space ...

LANDING inside the open-sided copter ...

BLOWING the crew out like stuffing with her machine-pistols
as she passes through ...

Sailing out the other side ...

As the helicopter explodes into a fireball ...

That sends off a chain reaction amongst all the copters
floating in proximity ...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Four copter explode into raining debris as
Violet hits the WINDOW of a building on the opposite side of
the street, crashing through ...

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Laying the bike down as she slides across an office ...
Exploding through the sheetrock wall on the other side ...

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

And spinning to her feet in the corridor without as the bike
boomerangs away across the floor, slamming through another
wall.

She grabs up the TITANIUM CASE and takes off down the hall.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Bursting out a utility door, she crosses the alley and ducks
into the adjacent building.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

People stare as she moves briskly past - her beauty, dress
and tense demeanor drawing attention.

Up ahead, Security Teams come streaming into the building.

Snapping out her PHONE, she ducks behind a wall, putting her
back to it - heart pounding.

VIOLET

It's me.

NERVA'S VOICE

3-D me.

She presses a button and a PHOTO-REALISTIC MODELING - nearly indistinguishable from real except for a certain 'out-of-placedness' - of NERVA appears.

He is slickly dressed and sharp as a wasp.

NERVA'S IMAGE

Are you clear?

While appearing to be here, he is clearly not interactive with the environment.

VIOLET

Negative. They're everywhere; I don't know if I can make it.

NERVA'S IMAGE

You're carrying the bomb?

VIOLET

Of course.

NERVA'S IMAGE

Then detonate it now. It'll level the entire block.

Violet purses her lips an instant.

VIOLET

Request permission to open the case and use the weapon.

NERVA'S IMAGE

Negative. We've discussed this - do not open that case, V. Just detonate. Immediately.

VIOLET

But my life-loss and the collateral human loss may not be necessary. A weapon cuts both ways. If it's effective against us, it can be effective against them too.

NERVA'S IMAGE

V - this is not subject to debate. The entire fate of our race is tied up in that case. Detonate the bomb - destroy the case; destroy everything - now.

She is silent.

NERVA'S IMAGE

Do you copy me?

She is still silent, jaw working.

NERVA'S IMAGE

Do you copy?

VIOLET

Copy.

And snapping off the phone ...

She hesitates ...

Waging an internal struggle ...

Then STEPS round the corner BLAZING...

Diving across and taking off down an arterial hallway.

EXT. SIDEWALKS - DAY

Violet runs, pinballing through the dense crowd - Security Forces not a quarter-block behind, bulling through the crowd.

Up ahead, Violet suddenly sees ...

A WOMAN - approximately her height and hairlength, coming towards her - carrying a briefcase.

As they pass, Violet's coat and jumpsuit abruptly change color, mimicking the other woman's.

Her hair - coated in fiber-optical polyurethane - then shimmers to the matching polychromatic hair-color and she swings round, falling into step beside the woman.

Looking nearly like twins, they proceed directly into the pursuing security forces who stream around them - not recognizing or thoroughly assessing Violet in her new guise.

When they are passed, the Woman happens to glance over and notice Violet - and her near identical appearance.

Clothes and hair reverting to their old colors, Violet quickly crosses the street and disappears.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

VIOLET skids to a concrete wall - putting her back to it, heart pounding, panting heavily.

She snaps out the phone and re-dials. NERVA'S photo-realistic 3-D modeling appears before her.

VIOLET

I'm clear.

NERVA'S IMAGE

I told you to detonate.

VIOLET

I said I'm clear.

Nerva chews his lip.

NERVA'S IMAGE

You have the case?

VIOLET

Affirmative.

He equivocates an instant then nods.

NERVA'S IMAGE

Okay - bring it in.

VIOLET

Your status is unchanged?

NERVA'S IMAGE

The Needle. China City.

VIOLET

Ten minutes.

EXT. NEEDLE - DAY

A huge SKY-SCRAPER terminating near the clouds in a sharp point in the Chine-Buddist sector of the city.

VIOLET keeps her head down as she makes her way across the crowded common towards the entrances.

Security Teams are thick everywhere.

INT. NEEDLE - DAY

She jumps into an ELEVATOR with several other people ...

INT. ELEVATOR

She takes a position against the back wall - sweating it behind her jet-black sunglasses.

But in spite of the striking figure she cuts ... no one seems to pay her any notice, each getting off at their respective floors.

Until the last person is off - and she is alone.

She breathes a sigh of relief as the doors shut and the elevator continues upward ...

Watching as floor after floor ticks off ...

BECOMING distinctly CONSCIOUS ...

Of the CASE she holds.

Somehow demanding her attention ...

The floors getting closer and closer ...

Approaching the top ...

The Case ... gnawing at her ...

Abruptly, she PUSHES the EMERGENCY STOP and the elevator grinds to a halt.

She hesitates a heart-pounding instant ...

Then, kneeling, she sets the pizza box sized case on the floor before her ...

Breaks both lock-latches ...

Holds her breath an instant ...

And opens it.

She GASPS, jumping to her feet, hitting the back wall of the elevator.

STARING down into the contents of the briefcase.

Utterly astounded.

For curled up in the FLAT-SPACE contained in the case ...

Is a NINE YEAR-OLD BOY.

A human boy.

Thin, pale ... huge brown eyes that blink back at her,
adjusting to the light.

His mouth opens, voice a dusty whisper ...

CHILD

... please ... don't shut me in
again...

Violet STARES back at him a moment.
Then quickly SLAMS the case shut.

She sits there - rapidly blinking as her brain overloads,
trying to process it.

INT. TOP FLOOR - SPACE NEEDLE - DAY

The elevator doors open and Violet - composed again - strides
out, carrying the case.

INT. SCENIC ROOM - DAY

The windows are all dialed to maximum tint - giving the room
a SUNDOWN QUALITY ...

NERVA - in the flesh - is waiting with a number of other
DEADLY-LOOKING HEMOPHAGES - when Violet enters.

He smiles when he sees the CASE. Embraces her.

NERVA

No one but you could have pulled this
off V..

(steps back)

I believe you have a very valuable
piece of equipment to return to me...

Reaching under her coat, Violet unsnaps the GRAVITY-SHIFTER
and hands it to him.

NERVA

Thank you. And ...

He nods to the case. But Violet doesn't hand it to him.

VIOLET

It's not a weapon.

He blinks at her.

NERVA

What are you talking about?

VIOLET

It's not a weapon. It's a child.
A human child.

Nerva looks at her with disbelief for an instant.

NERVA

You opened the case . . .

VIOLET

What's the difference? It's not a
fucking weapon, it's a child. We
were played. They probably took the
real weapon out in the armoured
convoy.

NERVA

You were under express orders not to
open the case!

She bites her lip.

VIOLET

I . . . had to see what I was willing
to die for.

Nerva holds on her another angry instant. Then yanks the
case out of her grasp and, setting it on a table, clicks it
open.

The other Hemophages move in with fascination to view the
contents. Violet watches tensely.

From the case's Flat-Space, the BOY'S huge eyes blink back at
them. A satisfied smile creases Nerva's lips.

VIOLET

What are you so happy about -- I
risked my life for nothing?

NERVA

Not quite.

VIOLET

We didn't get the weapon!

NERVA

Sure we did.

He looks at her.

NERVA

This child may be human - but he's also a laboratory creation. And in his blood are cultured antigens, a single molecule of which will kill any vampire on contact. If they were to atomize this boy's tissues into the atmosphere, it would be like DDT to vampires - it would find us - wherever we were - and kill us. All of us. He's a living petri dish.

Violet's eyes snap to the boy - trying to reconcile this information with the frightened child she sees before her.

VIOLET

So then ... what are we going to do with him?

NERVA

What are you talking about? Destroy him of course.

She opens her mouth but Nerva, who is accepting a GUN and a PLASTIC HAZARD MATERIALS hood and gown from one of the hemophages, looks at her.

NERVA

You have something to say ... ?

VIOLET

You know how antigens work. If an accelerator for H.P.V. is in this child's blood then so is the counter-analog for decelerating it.

He places the plastic hood on his head and cocks a pistol.

NERVA

What are you saying V? A cure?

She holds a tense instant.

VIOLET

Why not?

NERVA

So you can become like them again?

VIOLET

It's easy for you to say. You have five years left to live - I have less than two weeks.

NERVA

I'd rather die now a vampire than go back to being one of them.

VIOLET

All I'm saying is that this child could provide the choice.

Nerva cocks the gun.

NERVA

The decision's been made V.

She catches his arm.

VIOLET

For fuck's sake - it's a child.

NERVA

It's the seed of our destruction. And what's more, the human seed of our destruction. I thought you hated humans, V.

VIOLET

Yes, but I usually only shoot them when they're shooting at me first.

NERVA

You're not shooting anyone, V - I am.

He starts towards the boy in the case but V's grip tightens on his arm. A tense moment between them.

NERVA

(deadly)

Let go of my arm V ...

She doesn't.

NERVA

Let go of my arm or you'll die before
he does.

A tense beat. Then she releases his arm.

VIOLET

For the record I ...

She looks at the other Hemophages around the room - their
eyes are on her, JUDGING her.

She swallows ...

VIOLET

I don't agree with this.

NERVA

Then leave. Your work is done.

A swallow. Then a tight nod. A last look at the BOY IN THE
BOX. Then, turning, Violet exits the room.

Two Vampires place the plastic hazmat hood over Nerva's head.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Violet feels like she's in slow-motion ...

Walking back towards the elevators ...

MIND racing a million miles an hour.

INT. SCENIC ROOM - DAY

Covered head to toe in the HazMat suit, Nerva steps to the
edge of the case and aims the gun down at the boy's head ...

The others back away to avoid the deadly spray ...

POW! he fires the gun into the child's head.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

VIOLET barely winces at the sound of the shot.

HARDLY PAUSING as she pulls THE BOY out of his hiding place
in the SIDE HALL where he has been seated next to an
Auto-Vend machine, knees pulled up to his chest.

Taking the ACTIVATED PHONE he has been clutching and pulling him stumbling after her.

BOY

Wh what's happening?

VIOLET

Nothing. Just I was right and we're getting out of here.

INT. SCENIC ROOM - DAY

Nerva STARES into the case. Seeing his expression, the other Phages who had been standing well back ...

Move forward to see what he sees ...

That the case is EMPTY.

Nerva reaches into the flat-space inside case and pulls out the BULLET-MANGLED remnants ...

Of V'S PHONE.

That had been projecting a 3-D modeling of the boy inside the Flat-Space.

And he realizes ...

NERVA

V!!!

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Hitting the end of the corridor, Violet pulls her machine-pistol out of its flat-space holster and ...

BLADADADAM!!! blows the controls out of the elevator and WHAM! kicks the door to the fire-escape open ahead of them.

INT. FIRE ESCAPE

Yanking the end of a cable out of a flat-space reel on her coat, she quickly loops the end around the steel bannister and as ...

BAM! the door flies open behind her, Nerva's Hemophages plowing through ...

She grabs up the boy ...

VIOLET

Hold onto me!

And takes a flying leap off the stairs...

EXT. STAIRS

And in an astounding bit of stunt pyrotechnics, she RAPPELS down the stairwell, much like swinging around a pole, releasing cable as she needs, ticking back and forth down each set of stairs like a pendulum, feet never once touching the ground.

Nerva's Hemophages struggle to keep up, streaming down the stairways after them, firing and fighting to find a clean shot as she and the boy continually disappear down each set of stairs ahead of them.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

V hits the bottom of the stairway, blowing off the cable and kicking through the door ...

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Into the Lobby where she is confronted by a HALF DOZEN HEMOPHAGES skidding up to cut her off.

Letting go of the boy - she meets them head-on. And though they are strong, fast, and good ...

She is just that much better.

Tearing through them hand-to-hand, the entire lobby filling with the din and splinter of snapping bones and screams of rage.

The far doors fly open and HUMAN COMMAND SECURITY TEAMS come bursting in. They open fire instantly and ...

Grabbing the boy, Violet DIVES as the rest of Nerva's hemophages burst out of the stairwell behind her.

And they and the Security Forces find themselves in an instant gun-battle. The whole lobby goes to hell - filling with lead and flying debris.

Keeping her head down and the boy protected with her body, V runs, making their way through the chaos ...

Finding her way to the edge of the lobby - BLOWING a doorway into the glass there where there was none before ...

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Spilling with the raining glass onto the common where she immediately takes out two Security Commandos who were running up and, pushing the boy ahead of her, she jumps into their VEHICLE.

INT. COMMAND SECURITY VEHICLE - DAY

But no sooner does her foot touch the gas than does a DEPLOYMENT TANKER screech in in front of her - a half dozen Command Marines jumping out ...

BLOWING out her windscreen full auto. GRABBING the boy, she pushes him down into the front seat as the upholstery blows out all around them until a VOICE ...

VOICE

No! No! Stop! Stop!

The shooting abruptly stops. Violet hazards a look up and sees a MAN IN A CRISP MILITARY UNIFORM - now standing between them and the Command Marines.

The man is DAXUS - People's Republican Front General. He signals to the Command Marines.

DAXUS

Seal the building - any other Hemophages inside; I don't want them getting out.

He turns to Violet through the shattered windshield - hands up.

DAXUS

Easy Violet - do you know who I am?

VIOLET

How could I not? It's your junta; your regime isn't it? Question is, how do you know me?

DAXUS

Come on Violet - give me some credit. I've known who you are for years. You don't make a move without me knowing about it.

VIOLET

Bullshit. You would have killed me long ago if that were true.

DAXUS

Are you quite sure about that Violet?

Her eyes narrow. He raises his hands, changing his tone.

DAXUS

Listen - I just want the boy - then you can go on your way.

VIOLET

So you can use him to kill me - and everyone else like me?

DAXUS

It's not like that. The boy's not what you think.

VIOLET

No? Then what is he?

Daxus hesitates.

DAXUS

He's my son.

Surprised, Violet's eyes shoot to the boy - who looks just as surprised as her.

Subtly, her eyes move to the rearview mirror. DEPLOYMENT COMMANDOS are creeping up on the car from behind ...

And behind them - a SUBWAY entrance.

VIOLET

Hey Daxus - guess what ... ?

DAXUS

What ... ?

VIOLET

You're a liar.

JAMMING the gas, she THROWS the car into reverse and POWERS through the Deployment Commandos diving out of the way ...

CRASHING the car down the subway steps where it jams between both concrete walls and BLOWING out the back window she ...

VIOLET

Go!

Rolls the boy across the seats and out the back window, sliding down the trunk and down onto the stairs where she grabs him and ducks into the crowded station.

INT. SUBWAY

A subway car is just pulling out. Violet dashes for it, SMASHING out a window and hefting the boy in ahead of her before vaulting in after him.

Panting, ignoring the stunned passengers, she turns her eyes from the fading security forces streaming into the station...

To the boy.

VIOLET

Damaged - are you damaged?

The boy looks back at her with a certain disbelief. He has to smile.

BOY

No. Currently, I'm undamaged.

She nods - insensible of his irony. Realizes that everyone in the car is staring at them. Grabbing his arm she ...

BOY

Hey ...

Pulls him into the next car.

INT. EMPTY SUBWAY CAR

Where she slumps into a seat, pushing her face into her hands. The boy blinks at her - uncomfortable for a moment.

BOY

Are you okay?

After a beat, she blinks up at him.

VIOLET

... what ... ?

BOY

Okay. Are you okay? You look upset.

She looks at him with disbelief - then shaking her head, returns to her thoughts.

He sits there for a moment.

BOY

Well ... you saved my life.
So ... thank you.

She looks up again.

VIOLET

Don't get the wrong idea. The only reason I saved your life is because what's in your blood can save mine. If they corner us - have no delusions - I'll kill you.

The boy bites his lip - falling silent.
After a beat, remembering something, she looks up again.

VIOLET

Daxus is your father?

The boy looks confused for a moment.

BOY

I ... I don't know.

She studies him a beat.

VIOLET

How can you not know?

He shakes his head.

BOY

Except through glass I've only ever seen one person in my life and he was always wearing a mask. A white mask ...

He covers everything beneath his eyes with his hand ...

BOY

... like this.

And suddenly, like a punch to the gut, Violet gets it.

VIOLET

... a surgical mask ...

The boy just looks back at her, seeming small. Abruptly, they are interrupted by the hiss of brakes.

INT. SUBWAY

COMMAND SECURITY TEAMS are just streaming down the stairs as they debark. Keeping her head down, Violet pulls the boy up a separate set of stairs.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

They emerge into the camouflage of the mid-day crowd. Violet moving with purpose, pulling him along just behind.

BOY
Where are we going?

VIOLET
To see someone.

BOY
Who?

VIOLET
You'll find out when you get there.
I promise.

Abruptly a SECURITY TEAM breaks searching through the crowd ahead. Grabbing the boy's arm, she immediately redirects them away down another sidewalk.

BOY
Will you at least tell me why they're after you?

VIOLET
(looks at him)
After me?

She yanks him suddenly into an alley, cornering him against a wall. Kneels forcefully down to his level.

VIOLET
Look, how much do you know?

BOY
About what?

VIOLET
About what? Come on, you heard Daxus
- about you.

BOY

I ... what's to know? I'm just ...
me ... a kid ... nine and a half ...

She holds on him intently - trying to process.
Looks out to the bustling sidewalk for a moment. Back.

VIOLET

Okay look - let's start with the
basics - do you have a name?

BOY

(nods)

Six.

VIOLET

Six . . . ? Like ... 'six'?
The number?

BOY

I guess. Because there was a Five
and a Seven but I only saw them
through the glass and ...
(looks down)
... and well I haven't seen them in a
long time anyway.

Imperceptibly, she swallows as she comprehends the implications.

VIOLET

Listen to me - Six - you do know
there's a war don't you? Between
vampires and humans ...

SIX

(eyes rising)

The Blood Wars ...

She hesitates - then nods.

VIOLET

Six - I'm a Vampire.

He hesitates a moment. A furtive glance out towards the
saftey of the sidewalk ...

Then - with a swallow - returns his scared eyes back to her.

SIX

Are you ... ?

Going to kill him?

VIOLET

Just listen to me. Do you remember I said what was in your blood might be able to save my life?

His eyes search hers, confused.

SIX

I don't understand. How can my blood save you ...?

VIOLET

Your father, Six. Daxus. If he is your father - he put something in your blood. He grew it there. But whatever it is - those antigens, while they may hold the key to saving my life, they were first and foremost built to kill me - and every other person like me on the planet.

His blinking eyes begin to glisten ...

SIX

So then all these people, all these soldiers ... they're ... they're ...

VIOLET

Yes Six. They're after you.

She nods.

VIOLET

Right now, you're the most valuable object on the planet.

INT. NEEDLE SKYSCRAPER - DAY

NERVA and his TWO REMAINING PHAGES are on the move on the 25th floor. Trapped by the Human Security Forces converging, searching for them from the floors below.

A THIRD PHAGE bursts through the stairwell door ahead.

PHAGE

They're one floor down and coming up!

Nerva grits his teeth. Looks to the others.

NERVA

We have to stand here.

The Phages immediately lift their guns to the ceiling and ...

As the stairwell door bursts open SPILLING Human Security Forces into the hall, they BLOW the lights out.

NERVA'S EYES just have chance to connect with those of DAXUS, following the Security Teams in ...

Before the light fades ...

PLUNGING the hall into darkness.

DAXUS'S VOICE

Night vision! Go night vision!

A fierce whisper responds.

VOICE

We're not equipped!

A long frozen silence.

ABRUPTLY ERUPTING for an instant as a Security Commando electrifies in momentary gunfire - illuminating the Phages...

Who surround him like wraiths.

Blackness ...

And then another goes off - marionetting in sudden fire.

Followed by blackness. And another.

And another.

Until ...

plink! plink! plink! down the hall, RED emergency lights begin coming serially on ...

Finally lighting DAXUS ... standing alone ...

Then his entire Security Team ... lying dead ...

Then NERVA and his dark-eyed PHAGES - standing, watching him - their gaze full of his impending death.

Daxus swallows. But then, managing a smile, he sidesteps into an adjacent room.

INT. SNACK ROOM

The floor's office snack/coffee room - normally lit. Nerva and the Phages trail Daxus ominously in.

Daxus picks up an empty coffee cup, rinsing it in the sink.

DAXUS

So ... are you going to kill me?

Drying the cup, he looks at them signifigantly.

DAXUS

Think you can?

Nerva and the Phages exchange a glance. The stones on this guy. They note that a pistol still hangs in his left hand.

With his right, Daxus pours himself a cup of coffee from the already-made pot - filling his cup to the very brim.

Setting the pot aside, he carefully picks up the over-filled cup.

Seeing their opportunity, the Phages SWING their guns up...

POW!POW!PAPOW! Daxus guns them down where they stand. One shot apiece. Dead.

His eyes connect with those of Nerva's astonished own.

DOUBLY SO when Daxus raises the coffee cup he holds to his lips and takes a sip. *Not a drop has been spilled.*

DAXUS

Now - I think you and I have some mutual self-interest to discuss.

EXT. BRIDGE - DUSK

Under a bridge, an 18 WHEEL SEMI is parked.

INT. 18 WHEELER/LAB - DAY

A traveling chemistry lab built into the shell of the truck.

GARTH a YOUNG HEMOPHAGE CHEMIST is marching maniacally back and forth as Violet and Six watch.

GARTH

Jesus Christ V! Nerva's been calling non-stop asking if I knew where you were. Of course, I didn't so I couldn't say but you cross him and you come here??

VIOLET

Garth - the humans want me, the phages want me - I didn't have anyone else to turn to.

GARTH

Perfect - I'm the one person who doesn't want you.

VIOLET

Garth ... please ...

He stops pacing, chewing his lip. Nods to Six.

GARTH

I assume this is him ...

Violet nods.

Snapping on a pair of latex gloves, Garth kneels to examine Six. He peels back a gum - an eyelid.

He unzips Six's pockmarked polyurethane jumper. As he tries to pull it away from the skin they see that each of the pocks on the outside of the suit ...

Is associated with a NEEDLE that pierces the boy's skin. For ease of injecting or extracting blood at any point in the boy's system.

It's a disturbing sight. Garth and Violet exchange a silent glance.

VIOLET

(pushing past it)

Can you make an assessment?

Snapping off the gloves, Garth stands.

GARTH

I'll need to take some blood and it'll take a few hours.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Violet sits behind the wheel, staring up at the moon.

The curtain opens and SIX slides up in front - nursing a cotton swab on his neck where the blood was drawn.

SIX

Mind?

She shakes her head. They are silent a beat.

SIX

He told me ...

She looks at him.

SIX

About how long you have.

Deep breath. She just nods.

SIX

He said that even if an anti-antigen
could be synthesized from my blood...

(shakes head)

... that ten days ...

He trails off. It isn't long enough.
She shrugs ...

VIOLET

Hey - I'm here now aren't I?

He nods, silent a moment. Looks up.

SIX

Do you have children?

She glances at him. He shrugs ...

SIX

It's its own kind of immortality ...

She holds the look a moment. Then looks out the window.

VIOLET

When I was human - a decade ago, I
had this done ...

She holds out her hand. In the moonlight he can see that

three FINGERS of her left hand have been TATTOOED. Starting with the pinkie, each finger having a word ...

WOMAN ... LOVER ... WIFE ...

VIOLET

The fourth finger was going to be 'Mother'. But I never got that far...

She draws a deep breath.

VIOLET

Now I'm a Phage. We can't have children. We're ...

She hesitates ...

VIOLET

We're sterile.

Bitterness? She shakes her head.

VIOLET

We can only "create life" through the transmission of fluids.

She finds a dark smile in the moonlight.

VIOLET

So now instead of giving it - I've settled for taking it.

Six is silent for a moment - respectful ...

SIX

What's it like Violet ... ?

She meets his eyes through the half-light. Shrugs.

VIOLET

You contract - then you convert. Death-like paralysis for several hours then ... you wake up and ...

Almost has to smile.

VIOLET

... you never felt so good ...

SIX

Why aren't you sensitive to light

like the others?

VIOLET

Because I'm like you ...

(smiles)

An anomaly. I converted with only mild photokemia - kind of a reverse albino. And the other things can be suppressed chemically if necessary.

There is a silence - then, hearing a pop, she looks over to see Six putting a LATEX glove on one of his hands.

A hesitation - then he tentatively reaches out ...

And touches her arm.

She is tense - but allows his hand to stay.

VIOLET

(quietly)

Growing up in a lab - I'll bet that didn't not suck.

He nods quietly ...

SIX

Lot of needles. Lost my hair a bunch of times.

(shrugs)

I didn't know any different ...

Trying to imagine ...

VIOLET

It sounds ... so lonely ...

He holds on her a moment. Then reaches into the pocket of his blue coat

Withdrawing something the size of a potato ...

A WHITE LAB RAT.

He gazes on it for a moment as a parent would gaze on a child.

Then extends it forward for her to touch.

She does. Feeling its fur.
Feeling its life ...

VIOLET
(quietly)

I'm sorry Six.

A silent beat. Then he takes the rat back.

SIX

Why?

She looks at him.

VIOLET
I lost everything too, but ...
(shakes head)
... you never even got a chance to
have it.

A beat. Then he shakes his head.

SIX
No ... I never had a family or got to
ride merry-go-rounds or do things
like real kids but ...
(finds a smile)
Hey - I'm here now aren't I?

She smiles back - liking him. A lot.

VIOLET
We both are.

And leaning her head back, she gazes up at the full moon.

And as we PUSH in on her . . .

She closes her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Looking SMART in a nurse's uniform, THE PLUMP, PLAIN WOMAN
from the beginning of the film comes around a corner.

Hair in a bun and smile on her lips, she is a real contrast
to our Violet.

She rounds another corner and enters ...

INT. LAB - DAY

A HOSPITAL LAB where a HANDSOME YOUNG DOCTOR is working at a
light-desk. He smiles - really smiles - when he sees her.

And why not? He's in love with her.

WOMAN
(approaching)

I've decided ...

He comes to his feet, meeting her.

WOMAN
I'm getting a new tattoo ...

She raises her hand and, for the first time we notice that,
TATTOOED on the first three fingers of her left hand ...

Are the words WOMAN ... LOVER ... WIFE ...

She wags the un-tattooed index finger ...

WOMAN
Right here.

And as we realize for the first time that this is the plump,
plain, almost unrecognizably different pre-hemophagia
version of our heroine ...

Her husband is realizing ...

HER HUSBAND
... oh my God ... Violet ...

She's pregnant. She smiles and he pulls her into his arms.
A motion in the doorway interrupts their embrace.

Their smiles fade. A WILD-EYED man stands there.

He is ANEMIC and looks amped up, riding fast on a wave of
adrenaline - his movements, too sharp, too fast, too focused.

He looks like a hemophage.

But in this, the early days of the disease, the symptoms are
not recognized yet. Even by medical professionals.

HEMOPHAGE
One suggestion - stay the fuck out of
my way.

He starts towards the huge stainless steel REFRIGERATOR
marked CAUTION: BLOOD PRODUCTS ...

But V's husband blocks his path.

V'S HUSBAND

Hey - what the hell do you think
you're doing?!

Wham! the Phage slams him against the freezer, one hand
crushing his windpipe. V's husband struggles to loosen the
choking grip - eyes bulging.

With a cry, Violet THROWS herself on her husband's attacker,
trying in vain to pull him off.

VIOLET

Help! Help!

VOICE

What the hell . . . ?

A SECURITY GUARD stands in the doorway, coffee cup in hand.

Dropping Violet's husband, the Phage whirls towards him with
a hiss. Dropping the cup of coffee, the guard ...

SECURITY GUARD

Holy ...

Pulls out his pistol in a panic and FIRES on the Phage,
hitting him three times in the chest.

The Phage lingers there for an instant - making eye-contact
with each of the three astonished people in the room ...

Before he drops to the floor - dead.

Violet who was standing closest, stares stunned ...

She looks at her hands ...

Spattered with blood ...

Feels her face ...

Spattered with the Phage's blood ...

Her eyes connect with those of her husband - who is staring
at her.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Violet's EYES blink open. She'd fallen asleep.
She sees SIX asleep on the seat beside her.

And realizes that GARTH has been gently shaking her.
He glances at the sleeping boy.

Looks at her.

GARTH

Can I talk to you?

INT. TRUCK/LAB

Violet sits in a stainless chair as Garth puts the final touches on the INTRAVENOUS TRANSFUSION of fresh blood she is receiving.

When he is done, he stands, crossing his arms and looking at her. She sees the look in his eye.

VIOLET

Tell me.

GARTH

Okay - first off, the kid's hot. He's got a tracking device in him accurate to about 100 yards. I couldn't remove it.

She starts, alarmed, but he shakes his head.

GARTH

We're semi-shielded in here though it's still only a matter of time.

VIOLET

What about his blood?

He equivocates a moment - then meets her eyes.

GARTH

Daxus was telling the truth ...

She looks back at him. He shakes his head.

GARTH

I'm sorry V. There's not a single molecule of vampiral antigen in that child's blood. He's no good to us.

She looks at him - astonished.

VIOLET

What ... ??

He shrugs - sorry.

VIOLET

But then ... why did Nerva want me to
get him so badly? Why were the humans
guarding him so closely??

Garth folds his arms.

GARTH

I don't know but ...

He looks at his feet a moment.

GARTH

Whatever they did put in the kid, V -
it's killing him.

She looks at him.

GARTH

Some kind of aggressive antagonistic
protein - very predictable decay. I
put a reader strip on him that'll
track his ... decline.

(shakes head)
He's got a shelf-life of about
another four hours.

She blinks - he nods.

GARTH

Kid's toast, V.

She sits there a second. Then, rising, she hurls a rack of
test tubes SHATTERING against the wall.

Garth sighs.

GARTH

It's inhuman V - but what can I tell
you ... ?

(shrugs)
... they're humans. And anyway ...

He gets her eyes.

GARTH

It's not our deal, V.

She looks back at him.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

When he awakens, SIX sees VIOLET hovering over him in the splintered moonlight.

But he is not frightened.

SIX

Violet . . . ?

VIOLET

(quietly)

Come on - we have to go.

INT. TRUCK

VIOLET finishes loading fresh weapons into her flat-space holsters from a small foot-locker.

Garth glances over at the boy, waiting by the door.
Lowering his voice ...

GARTH

I told him it was just a bio-meter
but the reader-strip's on his right
temple. Green to red. We're still
in the green - but when it hits red ...

He trails off. She straightens, looking at him. She gets it.
They regard one another.

Garth hesitates - as though there is something he wants to
say. But ultimately, he loses the struggle and just nods.

GARTH

Please stay safe V ...

He embraces her hard. Then separates, but doesn't let go.
Catching her eyes.

GARTH

The second you step out of here
they'll be tracking him.

She looks back at him - moved by his concern.

VIOLET

Don't worry about me Garth ...

She hesitates ... then nods ...

VIOLET

... I've got it all worked out.

And stepping out his grasp, she takes Six's hand.

VIOLET

See you in Vampire Heaven ...

She pushes open the door. Garth's eyes glisten as he watches them go. Leaving him alone in his lab.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Though it's very late the sidewalks are still crowded with people going to and from the 3rd - 11 to 7 - shift.

V and 6 move briskly through the crowd - Violet keeping her eyes peeled for security forces.

SIX

Not that you'll tell me, but now where are we going?

VIOLET

You have a tracking device in you. We have to get it removed. I know someone.

Abruptly, her PHONE rings - she glances at the screen. DAXUS. She hurriedly disconnects the call. Swallows.

Then nods to the SUBWAY entrance they are approaching.

VIOLET

The subway tunnels'll make it harder for them to track us.

He follows her as she briskly descends into the tunnel.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

They hit the subway floor - bright, crowded and busy. She starts purposefully forward, but he grabs her.

SIX

V . . . ?

She turns to look at him. He hesitates.

SIX

Listen, I ... I wasn't exactly asleep
before ...

She looks cautiously back at him. He nods.

SIX

Most people - once they found out I
wasn't any use to them - they would
have just abandoned me ...

He swallows.

SIX

You're risking your life to help me
and ... well ... thank you.

Her lower lip trembles slightly. She notes that the
READER-STRIP on the boy's temple reads a YELLOWISH-GREEN.

With a swallow, she straightens. A SECURITY TEAM is scanning
the crowd ahead.

She looks back to the boy.

VIOLET

Don't be stupid. Anyone else would
do the same thing.

She nods.

VIOLET

Now it's probably a few minutes before
the train - you must be starving ...

The boy bobs his head vigorously.

VIOLET

Ever had ice-cream before?

SIX

(cautious)

Well . . . no . . .

She produces a CARD.

VIOLET

This is a debit card - used for the
purchase of goods, conveniences ...

She smiles.

VIOLET
... and ice-cream.

She hands it to him - nodding to the AUTOMATIC ICE CREAM
VENDOR a few yards away.

VIOLET
I favor chocolate myself.

He numbly accepts the card with widening eyes.

SIX
Are you serious ... ??

VIOLET
As a heart attack.

SIX
(lighting)
Hold Trina for me!

And handing her his BLUE JACKET containing his PET RAT, he
bounds off towards the Auto-Vend.

And as Violet watches him go ...

Her smile fades.

Eyes turning back to the approaching Security Teams.

She looks back to the boy at the machine - eagerly
considering the choices ...

And, drawing everything up inside of her ...

She places his COAT on top of the waste receptacle there ...

And starts making her way

Away through the crowd.

Forcing herself to walk, feet moving faster and faster ...

WHILE BACK NEAR the Auto-Vend ...

SIX now stops in the river of people where he last saw
Violet.

Two ice-cream cones in his hands ...

He turns in every direction ...

Looking for her.

Confused.

Violet, now far away, puts her eyes down as SECURITY TEAMS go pushing through the crowd back towards where she left Six.

Radio chatter clear as they pass ...

SECURITY RADIO CHATTER
... picked up signal on the package
and are in rapid response ...

She closes her eyes tight, repeating to herself ...

VIOLET
He's dead V ...
He's dead anyway ...

Forcing herself to go on.

Realizing she is passing ...

Platform 6 ...

Painted huge on the wall ...

HEARS the distant shout of voices.

And, against her will ...

Her feet moving beneath her ...

Slow.

Until finally ...

She stops.

Floating there - internal war waging.

Then, she finds herself ...

Turning back.

Beginning to push back through the crowd.

Against the tide.

Faster and faster, shoving people out of her way until she is all but RUNNING back.

There is a tremendous hubub up ahead and she reaches the stairs just in time to see SIX dashing up in his blue coat.

FLEEING half a dozen SECURITY TEAMS who are pursuing him.

They drop to a knee at the bottom of the stair just as she skids up.

SECURITY TEAM

Halt!

Six, halfway up the stairs, keeps running and the Security Teams...

VIOLET

No!!!

OPEN FIRE, cutting Six down near the top of the stairs.

Violet watches - trapped in a nightmare - as he lingers there for half a second ...

And then wilts ... rolling limply back down the stairs to the bottom ...

She stares - frozen, stunned, at the backs of the Commandos clustered around the body.

SOMETHING scampers out between their boots.

Blinking, as if in a dream, she bends to pick it up.

TRINA. Six's white lab rat.

A COMMAND SECURITY TEAM running a scanner over the boy's face looks sharply up.

SECURITY TEAM

Not him.

Violet blinks up. And as the soldiers quickly disperse she SEES that the body ...

Is not that of Six's at all.

But some unfortunate URCHIN who stole his Blue Jacket from where she left it.

She moves into action - PUSHING back through the crowd toward where she left the boy.

INT. SUBWAY - ICE CREAM AUTO-VENDOR

She skids up to the Auto-Vend. The boy is nowhere in sight.

VIOLET

Six ... ? Six!

Her eyes catch something on the floor several yards away ...

A PAIR OF MELTING ICE CREAM CONES lying face down.

NEAR the entrance to the tunnel.

She MOVES.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

Violet dashes onto the concrete catwalk that lines both sides of the tracks, sprinting down it ...

Until, she sees ahead ...

The small figure of SIX ...

Running scared for everything he's worth.

VIOLET

Six!

Up ahead, the boy hears and stops in a shaft of hard light beaming down from a service manhole above.

VIOLET

Six - it's me!

The boy, panting, looking back at her.

SIX

(shouts)

You left me!

It hits Violet like an arrow into her heart.

VIOLET

N.. no Six. No ... I ... I would never leave you.

The boy's gaze softens ...

Abruptly NERVA, GRAVITY SHIFTER on, runs sideways down the

wall out of the service shaft above and - like a spider - grabs the boy, dashing back up the wall into the shaft.

VIOLET

No!

She runs, reaching the shaft in time to see NERVA with the boy in his clutches about to disappear at street-level.

NERVA

Sorry V.

She ducks away as *BLADADADAM!* he leaves her with a spray of machine-gun fire as he vanishes with the boy.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

When Violet makes it out of the service shaft to street level she sees one of the SEMI'S Vampires typically use as rolling armories or labs, speeding away.

A MAN, heading towards his car, keys in hand. Violet strips the keys, jumping into the car ahead of him and, engine roaring to life, she skids off after the semi.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

She catches up, pulling in behind the semi. Without hesitation, she STEPS on the accelerator and RAMS the car during 70 into the semi sideways ...

She ducks as the ROOF ...

SHEERS catastrophically off above her as the car shoots under the semi ...

Grabbing one of the CHAINS dangling from the semi as the car passes out the other side ...

SWINGING to the top of the semi as the car goes slamming into a building.

INT. TRUCK

Inside, NERVA and the other phages look sharply up at the sound of V's boots hitting the top of the truck.

His eyes immediately connect with the others.

Instantly, they all raise their automatic weapons and UNLEASH into the ceiling.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

V RUNS as the truck behind her peels open like a sardine can, fire and lead erupting at her heels ...

As she REACHES the head of the truck just ahead of the firestorm, DIVING off the truck, over the top of the cab ...

GRABBING the lip of the cab as she passes over and swinging SMASHING feetfirst through the windshield ...

Her momentum carrying her skidding back into the body of the truck where she stops directly in Nerva and the other astonished Phages' midst.

A stunned beat ...

And then it's ON.

She tears into them with the ferocity of a mother tiger and they are little match for either her fury or her skill as the narrow sheet-metal walls reverberate with the cracking of bones and screams of Hemophages.

V spins from the latest compound fracture to face Nerva, PUSHING a straight-leg into his sternum ...

But he is not there when it arrives and REELING backward from a palm-strike directly into her face ...

Violet realizes that Nerva is wearing the GRAVITY SHIFTER and NOW stands firmly planted on the shredded metal ceiling, raining blows directly into her face.

Recovering her guard, she fights back. They trade titanic blows that only Vampires could deliver and only Vampires could withstand ...

Him fighting from the ceiling and her fighting from the floor.

Until he jumps down to the floor behind her - GUN snapping out.

Spinning, she kicks it aside - SHOT going wild, blowing through the front wall ...

Killing the rig's Hemophage driver ...

And the whole thing ...

Goes into a slide.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The rig tips, hitting its side and going sliding down the street in a roaring fountain of sparks.

INT. RIG - DAY

Everything goes to hell as the world goes topsy turvy.

But, gravity always at his feet - Nerva stays upright, kicking out the bullet-shredded ceiling and grabbing ...

VIOLET

Six!

... the BOY before jumping out into the storm of sparks ...

Violet dives for cover as several other surviving Phages let loose volleys of automated fire before they too jump out after Nerva ...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As the grinding juggernaut comes to a halt and Violet jumps out through the shredded ceiling.

She is assaulted by the SCREAM of sirens as HUMAN COMMAND SECURITY TEAMS come screeching up.

She takes off in the direction Nerva and the Phages fled.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Violet stops stock-still in an old central-city GRAVEYARD. The shouts of the security teams can be heard closing in.

Her eyes fall on the SMALL CHAPEL in the center of the cemetery.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

When she enters the dark chapel, it is full of dark statues.

She knows instantly, it is the PHAGES - seeking refuge in here from Violet.

The Chapel has been built around an OLD WELL with a plaque on it - evidently some kind of HISTORICAL LANDMARK.

Violet instantly sees that the well's bucket has been cut away and SIX has been tied hanging by the torso from the rope - with NERVA holding the free end in his powerful hand.

Violet takes an instinctive step forward.

NERVA

Ah-ah!

He lets the rope slip slightly - droppping Six six inches. Violet freezes.

If Nerva releases the rope, the boy will fall to his death in the well.

The Phages all draw SWORDS from flat-space. Violet's hand falls to her own sword ...

NERVA

V wait - don't you realize what this child has in him?

VIOLET

Tell me.

NERVA

Not a vampire antigen - but a human antigen. Lethal enough to kill every human on the planet.

VIOLET

I don't believe it. Why would humans create a human antigen?

NERVA

(smiles)

Sweetheart, humans have been busily devising more effective ways to kill each other since the beginning of time. What do I care why? I just intend to help them finish the job.

VIOLET

Why didn't you tell me then?

NERVA

Because I knew you'd go to save a race - but not to wipe one out.

He shakes his head.

NERVA

In the form of Daxus, the humans have
offered us a most tempting proposal.
One that would even the odds for us.

(nods)

So just walk away, V. Walk away.

A HUGE OLD CLOCK is set high on the wall.

Violet's eyes move from it to find Six's.

SIX, dangling over the well, swallows - looking back at her.

With his FOOT, he quietly pushes off his left SHOE.
It DROPS into the dark maw of the well ...

Violet's eyes shift to the clock ...

SECOND HAND ticking by ...

1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . . 5 . . .

A faint *smack* as Six's shoe hits the water far below.

Eight armed Phages between Violet and the well ...

The writing is on the wall.

Taking a step back she ZCHING!!! draws her own sword from
flat-space.

Nerva looks back at her incredulously.

NERVA

Are you crazy? For him?

VIOLET

Try me.

Nerva shrugs ...

And LETS the rope go. There is a cry as Six disappears -
shooting downward into the black depths of the well.

And Violet goes. SLASHING into the Phages like a shark in a
school of squid.

And the CLOCK - ruling over it all - ticks ...

5 ...

She eviscerates the first phage, ducking under his blade and opening him up like a fish onto the chapel floor.

4 ...

She cuts the next phage in half, dodging under the cartwheeling torso as she plunges her sword to the hilt into the oncoming chest of the next ...

3 ...

Making a lightning withdraw to slice through the hamstrings of the next phage ...

2 ...

Plunging into a tangle of three more phages, emerging an instant later unscathed having carved them to pieces ...

1 ...

REACHING NERVA, the first to actually even connect steel, but she's just too goddam fast ...

CUTTING him to astounded ribbons in a blinding instant and before he even has a chance to hit the ground ...

Dropping her sword and ...

GRABBING the ROPE bullwhipping down into the well ...

BURNING smoking through her hands ...

0 ...

Until ... mercifully ... it stops.

Violet closes here eyes - deep breath - then, hand over hand, begins hauling the rope back up.

Moments later, Six is back. He throws his arms around her neck - holding her as tight as he can.

It is an awkward beat for her - but then ...

...she just sinks into it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

They move quickly down the sidewalks, Six breathlessly striving to keep up.

SIX

V ... ? V ... ?

She looks at him.

SIX

I don't understand. If there's
something in me that kills humans,
why am I still alive?

She holds on him a beat ...

Then abruptly turns and *kicks* open the door of an empty
tenement - pulling him in.

INT. ABANDONED TENEMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

Out of the bustle of the sidewalk, Violet faces the boy.
He blinks back at her.

SIX

V ... what?

She hardly knows where to begin.

VIOLET

That's just it, don't you see ... ?

She struggles.

VIOLET

That mechanism Daxus ... your father
put in you? It's an antagonistic
protein - very precise ...

She swallows.

VIOLET

And it's going to shut you down, Six.
(struggling)
... very soon ...

He blinks back at her.

SIX

... shut me ... down ... ?

She looks back at him, fighting it hard. The READER-STRIP on
his temple is BRIGHT YELLOW now.

VIOLET

It's going to kill you Six ... it's
going to kill you unless I ...

(cracking)

... unless I can figure some way ...

Abruptly, she breaks away ...

VIOLET

I just need time dammit ... some time
... a little more time ...

Suddenly ...

VIOLET

Wait here.

She strides into ...

INT. TENEMENT ROOM

The adjoining room where she snaps out her phone and REVERSE
DIALS.

A moment later DAXUS appears on the screen as if he'd been
expecting her.

DAXUS

Hello Violet.

VIOLET

3-D me.

He considers her with mild amusement for a moment. Then does
so - simultaneously appearing himself in the room before her
in photo-realistic 3-D modeling.

Though there is no desk visible, he appears to be sitting at
one.

DAXUS

This is surprise.

VIOLET

I doubt it. I want you turn off what
you had put in the kid.

DAXUS

I wish that were possible, V, but
there is no cure for the antigen.

VIOLET
I don't believe you.

DAXUS
Just bring him to me Violet. The antigen will die with him and neither one of them will be any good to anybody then.

VIOLET
You said he was your son.

DAXUS
I raised him, yes - in a controlled environment - but more precisely, he's my clone.

VIOLET
What the fuck difference does it make! He's a child, you monster!

DAXUS
(laughs)
Monster? That's the pot calling the kettle black.
(sobering)
Just bring him to me Violet. I'll make you another just like him. You won't even be able to tell the difference, I promise.

Violet looks at him with real hate.

DAXUS
Why do you care so much? What is he to you? Some kind of bizarre maternal surrogate?

Off her reaction, he knows he's hit a nerve - chuckles.

DAXUS
A Vampire and a broken human child - what a pathetic picture.

Click! Violet kills the connection. Seethes for a moment. SENSING a presence behind her, she spins.

SIX stands in the doorway. How long has he been there? How much did he hear?

From the look on his face - everything.

Violet doesn't know what to say.

SIX

It's okay, V - it's not like I had
much of a life anyway.

It's like an arrow to her heart. But her jaw sets.

VIOLET

Well Kid, it may not be much, but I'm
gonna save it anyway.

Snapping the phone back out, she activates.

VIOLET

(phone)

Replay last call - 3-D.

The PHONE CALL begins to replay, FAST-REWINDING through
Daxus's image-modeling to the beginning where he says.

DAXUS' RECORDED IMAGE

What a surprise ...

VIOLET

Kill audio.

The sound goes out of his talking mouth.

VIOLET

Enhance eye.

The image zooms into an enlargement of DAXUS' EYE. Violet
carefully searches the reflections found on its surface.

VIOLET

Save. Enhance teeth.

As Daxus opens his mouth, the image is frozen and the surface
of his TEETH is magnified 50 times, revealing the highlights
reflected off his dentin.

VIOLET

Interpolate.

The phone filters the contrasty reflections - resolving them.
Violet studies.

VIOLET

Save. Enhance ring.

The phone does - zooming on the surface of the DIAMOND in Daxus' Westpoint ring. A HUNDRED FACETS - each one a mirror of the room he's in.

VIOLET

Compile and save. Enhance
fingernails.

All ten of Daxus' polished and manicured nails are enhanced and their reflections interpolated.

VIOLET

That should be enough - construct and
project ...

She looks at Six who is impressed.

VIOLET

Vampire Tech. We're way ahead of you
in some things.

Abruptly, the phone PROJECTS the compiled interpolation, holographically PAINTING the room they are in with the details of the room that Daxus was in.

VIOLET

Good ...

It's fragmented where there were significant gaps in information - like the area directly behind Daxus - but it's a pretty good shattered universe.

She glances at the information on the Daxus' computer screens. Military awards on the walls ...

Reaches out to 'touch' the FRAMED PHOTO on the desk - Daxus stiffly posed with an unhappy WIFE and TWO MALE CHILDREN.

Six plainly absent from among them ...

Her eyes shift to Six - he's seen it too.
She'd turn it over if she could.

Going to the 'window', she looks out. The view to the world outside the window is even more incomplete than the room ...

A fragment of a HUGE OBELISK is visible. And it's enough.

VIOLET

Got it - let's go.

SIX

Where?

VIOLET

To meet your maker.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

On the sidewalk, Violet is moving fast and Six has to struggle to keep up.

SIX

But V - if there's no cure, what's the point?

VIOLET

You'd stake your life on anything that creep said?

SIX

But even if you could get to him - he'll never stop coming after me.

VIOLET

(suddenly snaps)

And that's reason not to try?

From the look on the boy's face, she immediately feels bad.

VIOLET

Look, I'm ... I ...

She hesitates a moment. Then abruptly reaches into her pocket ...

VIOLET

I meant to give you this ...

... pulling out something which she hands him.

TRINA. His RAT. The boy's looks back at her - surprised. She just shakes her head.

VIOLET

I didn't go back just to watch you die, Six. You may have a choice in this matter - I don't.

EXT. OBELISK SQUARE - PRE-DAWN

The MOON moving off the proscenium of the dawn stands high above a familiar OBELISK in the center of a square resembling the Piazza di Popolo.

It is the SAME OBELISK whose fragment was visible out the reconstructed virtual window in Daxus' office.

Violet exchanges a glance with Six.

VIOLET

They may be expecting us ...

EXT. FRONT STEPS - PRE-DAWN

Pulling Six behind her, Violet moves quickly up the broad marble steps of the MONTICELLO-LIKE bunker/mansion that is Daxus's home.

An ALARM shrieks - shattering the silence.

She stows Six behind a column and pulls two machine-pistols from their flat-space holsters ...

TWO MORE - tcha-click! - locking into place from flat-space behind those. Like bullets in a spring-loaded magazine ...

She UNLOADS full-auto directly into the splintering door.

INT. HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

Security Forces just rushing up, sprawling backward in the spray of wood and lead erupting through the door.

EXT. DOOR - PRE-DAWN

Violet SIDESTEPS as the door counter-erupts with return-fire. Discarding her empty machine-pistols, she withdraws two more from flat-space holsters ...

And stepping back she kicks open the door ...

INT. HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

Entering full auto-fire, churning the charging security crews into human confetti ...

Pausing as she realizes down the long corridor ahead - a BAZOOKA TEAM is focusing their weapon on her.

TSCHEOW! the projectile streaks down the corridor at her, on an explosive path for either her head or the door behind her.

No time to duck, only time to ...

LEAN back as it brushes past her cheek ...

KICKING open the door so that the projectile, instead of detonating on it and shrapneling her into oblivion ...

Passes right through, exploding instead on impact with another SECURITY TEAM rushing up the steps outside.

RAINING armour and equipment down onto the steps.

She looks back to the astonished bazooka team.

That worked out well.

But before they can totally process that it was not *them* who it worked out well for she guns them down in their tracks and, discarding her empty guns for a new set out of flat-space ...

She proceeds down the corridor.

#

INT. BALLROOM - PRE-DAWN

Entering into a huge ballroom surrounded by balustraded staircase and - if it wasn't entirely on before ...

It is now.

There must 60 men in here, armed to the teeth and dialed for blood.

Hers.

Violet goes instantly into action, diving ahead of their fire and returning it with startling accuracy and quickness.

She fires everywhere with amazing rapidity, cycling through guns out of her flat-space holsters at a rate of 1 every 2 to 3 seconds.

A Security Commando rushes her and, out of ammo and too close, she drops the weapon, snatching a SWORD out of a flat-space scabbard, she eviscerates him and dives ...

Into the heart of the action - the thick of two dozen men - simultaneously gunning them down with one hand while mincing

them into cubes with the sword in the other.

She weaves a blinding simultaneous mesh of steel and gunfire.

A moment later only one person stands alive in the room of 60.

And he is a she.

She turns to SIX who stands in the doorway behind her. Astonished.

The READER-STRIP on his temple is now ORANGE - heading towards red.

VIOLET
(grabbing his hand)

Come on.

INT. DAXUS' OFFICE - PRE-DAWN

Cautiously, Violet edges into the room that is recognizable from the previous super-fracture reconstruction as Daxus' home office.

DAXUS is nowhere to be seen. But on the desk, a PHONE is ringing.

The phone stops ringing.

Violet clocks that no one else is in the room. She waves Six in with her.

Abruptly, the PHONE starts ringing again.

Tentatively, she picks it up. Activates the line.

A photo-modeling of DAXUS appears before her.

DAXUS' IMAGE
Hello Violet. I suppose if you're answering this then that means you're better than anyone ever imagined.

VIOLET
Goddamit Daxus - I want that fucking antidote.

DAXUS' IMAGE
And I want the boy.

(steadily)
Violet, what if I told you - what if
I told you I could fix the problem
you have ... ?

Quick as a snake, V grabs the phone and snaps it onto her
own.

VIOLET

Track!

DAXUS' IMAGE

(laughs)

Why track the call, V? I'll tell you
where I am. I want you to bring me
the boy.

VIOLET

Clone or not, you're his father, you
bastard.

SIX

(stepping forward)

No V - I don't have a father.

DAXUS' IMAGE

No?

He slowly covers the lower part of his face with his hand -
like a SURGICAL MASK.

Six reflexively recoils - fear in his eye.

Daxus takes the hand away. Smiling.

DAXUS

I'm warning you V. If I can't have
him, no one will.

Violet KILLS the transmission.

A CITY SCHEMATIC appearing on her screen. She looks at him -
on the STRIP-READER orange is turning to RED.

A hesitation ... then she grabs his hand.

VIOLET

He's at Defense Ministry Eight
blocks - let's go.

EXT. MANOR - PRE-DAWN

They burst out the front door, running down the steps.

EXT. SQUARE - PRE-DAWN

But as they skid into the square, there is a RUMBLING of engines.

Violet realizes that there are SIX CARS - surrounding them like the points of a star - waiting for them.

Hi-level Mercedes Benz security vehicles.

Pulling Six behind her, Violet DRAWS HER SWORD.

And prepares to do battle.

VARROOOM! with a smoking of tires, the first car vaults off the line, charging at her like a bull.

And like a bull - just as it reaches her, she *sidesteps*, slashing both tires exploding out as it passes, sending the car veering out of control and going into a revolving flip that leaves it a smoldering pile of wreckage.

VAROOOM! the second car is already on its way and she *sidesteps*, swinging her impossibly sharp blade ...

CUTTING through the windshield, the frame, the driver, the seat and the back windshield as it passes.

TWIRLING like a bullfighter and STEPPING up onto the bumper of the third car as it reaches her a quarter second later - laying out into a gainer as the car sails under her ...

SWORD slicing through the top of the car, opening it like a can-opener and painting the interior windows red.

Landing behind the crashing vehicle, she whips her sword round and turns to face the last two cars.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

A slightly damaged BENZ is RACING through the streets at 80 mph.

INT. CAR - DAY

VIOLET and SIX are inside the car. The windshield is sliced open, and the driver's seat is cut in half and there is blood

everywhere, but the occupants have been ejected.

Violet's PHONE is plugged into the dash - PILOTING the car according to the GPS tracking grid it did on Daxus' call.

Six is watching as Violet is grimly cycling through her flat-space weapons inventory.

The STRIP-READER on his temple is RED.

SIX

V - please - don't to do this ...

VIOLET

I have to.

SIX

V, from everything I know the Defense Ministry is the most heavily defended building in the world. You can't do it. Even you.

VIOLET

(checking a weapon)

Maybe not - but after I'm done, they're going to rethink their security - I can tell you that.

SIX

V - listen to me. If you're doing this for me - if you're really doing this for me - I don't want to spend the last hour of my life watching you die.

She looks at him.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

A MASSIVE almost Soviet-style square. On one side, a MONSTROUS BUNKER-LIKE PALACE.

The Defense Ministry.

Arrayed out in front of it must be as many as A THOUSAND armed soldiers. At their head, stands DAXUS, in full uniform, machine-pistol in his hand.

Waiting ...

The BENZ comes flying into the square from the other side,

going into a controlled sideways power-slide ...

Screeching to a halt some 20 yards before the army, door flying open and VIOLET catapulting out, a MACHINE-PISTOL in one hand, SAMURAI SWORD in the other.

One woman against a thousand men.

Ready to get it on.

DAXUS

Are you out of your mind, V?

VIOLET

The antidote.

DAXUS

I told you - there is no cure.

VIOLET

Bullshit. You wouldn't create a human-lethal antigen that didn't have an antidote you could administer to yourself and your cronies.

A beat - then Daxus' lips stretch into a smile.

DAXUS

Very nice, Violet. Yes, there is an antidote. And yes, when I get the boy, isolate the antigen and release it into the atmosphere - yes - anyone who wants to live, will queue up on a weekly basis to get it. Yes, everyone on our list, that is.

VIOLET

And everyone else will die.

DAXUS

Or conform.

VIOLET

I thought we were the ones you hated. I thought we were the ones you wanted to wipe out.

DAXUS

Don't be naive, Violet. That's shallow political thinking suitable for smaller minds like, say, my

generals. Your daily little
terrorist acts were the best tool I
had for keeping the people in line.

He shakes his head.

DAXUS

Never is a society quite so united
and controllable as when there's a
visible threat you can sell them.

(nods)

Why do you think I called it a
Vampiral antigen in the first place?
Because I knew that would inspire
people to lay their lives on the line
to get it to me.

Violet's jaw grinds.

VIOLET

You disgust me.

DAXUS

Just give me what I want, Violet.

VIOLET

Come and get it.

With a sneer, Daxus raises his arm and the ENTIRE army of a
thousand OPENS FIRE ...

A blistering storm of tens of thousands of bullets that
strike Violet and the shredding car behind her.

She drops down onto a knee, bracing against the sword to stay
up ...

Until, a few moments later, all guns fall silent. There is
hardly anything left of the car.

But when Violet's head comes up ...

She is smiling.

DAXUS

What ... ?

He raises his own gun, UNLEASHING on her as he runs towards
her. But ... she seems unaffected.

When he gets to the car, she looks in his general direction.

VIOLET

You won't have him Daxus.

And he SEES his PHONE, lying in the front seat - projecting her.

DAXUS

You bitch!

He BLASTS it with his machine-pistol and Violet dematerializes.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

From a concealed place some distance away, Violet hangs up her own phone and turns sadly to Six. They have watched the whole thing from afar.

VIOLET

I'm willing to go down fighting ...

SIX

I know. But that's what would happen.
There's just too many of them, V.

Sadly, she nods - knowing its true.
This is one battle she can't win.

SIX

Besides - I can think of much better
ways to go down.

With a smile, he gently takes her hand.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAWN

SIX IS LAUGHING. As he and Violet, who is laughing too, spin deliriously fast on the MERRY-GO-ROUND ...

SUN rising red on the horizon.

Weak from laughter, Six slips off into the sand.

Violet rolls off next to him.

They lie there laughing for a moment.

Then Six sobers.

SIX

I ... I don't feel so good ...

Violet sits suddenly up next to him - alarmed.
The Reader-Strip is bright RED.

VIOLET

Six . . . ?

SIX

I think all that spinning got me
sick.

She relaxes, smiling. Putting his hands behind his head, he
watches the sun coming up.

SIX

I've never seen a sunrise before ...
it's beautiful ...

She runs her fingers through his hair - feeling tremendous
feelings of maternal connection.

He blinks.

SIX

It's getting ... so dark . . .

Her features sober ...

VIOLET

Six . . .

SIX

So ... dark ...

VIOLET

Six . . . ?

She gathers him into her arms.

VIOLET

Six??

He stares up at her, eyes growing more and more distant.

SIX

... smaller ...

VIOLET

Six!

His eyes are blind now - no longer seeing.

SIX

Violet ... ? Are you there Violet?
I can't see you ...

And now, even the Vampire/Warriorress cannot stop the TEARS
that come.

VIOLET

Yes Six .. yes Six, I'm here. I
won't leave. I'll never leave you.

Up above, the TREES begin to WHIP ferociously as HELICOPTERS
drop down to a hover - dozens of SECURITY ENFORCERS roping
down onto the playground all around.

SIX

V ... ? What's that sound V ... ?

She strokes his cheek - ignoring the Security Teams
approaching them.

VIOLET

Nothing. Nothing my dear - just the
wind ...

The Security Enforcers - weapons drawn - begin surrounding
them - edging in.

Six's hand closes over hers on his cheek.

SIX

.... it's okay V

His eyes flutter closed. Violet stifles a sob ...

SIX

(fading)

... it's okay

And he is gone. A single TEAR falls from Violet's nose onto
his cheek - silent and peaceful now.

The Security Enforcers stop in a tight ring around the woman
and the dead child.

Abruptly the ring parts and DAXUS enters with HAZMATTED
PARAMEDICS.

They immediately rush to the boy in Violet's lap. She makes
no move to stop them - silent and still - a kind of
shellshocked zombie.

PARAMEDIC

Too late. Boy's gone.

Daxus' face flushes with anger.

DAXUS

Dammit! Quarantine the corpse and
get it to the Defense Ministry ASAP.
Maybe we can salvage something out of
it.

SECURITY ENFORCER

And her Sir?

Daxus turns his infuriated gaze on the emotionally gutted
Violet.

Drawing the SIDEARM of the nearest Security Enforcer, he
steps forward and kicks Violet slumping over in the sand.

She crumples limply - fight gone out of her.

He points the gun down at her head.

But she doesn't care. She just turns her head and gazes at
the rising sun - framed above the dark horizon ...

DAXUS

You've outlived your usefulness.

POW! he shoots her in the head.

Turning to the HazMat and Security Teams.

DAXUS

Have an Incendiary Team sanitize the
area immediately.

Turning on his heel, he strides away towards the waiting
vehicles.

Paramedics spray Six's body with foam and, thrusting handles
into its hardening form, hustle the corpse off ...

While HazMat-suited INCENDIARY TEAMS, rush in and everyone
clears the area.

EXT. CARS - DAWN

Daxus faces his medical staff.

DAXUS

Get the body on ice and prepped for
disassembly. We'll go in for salvage
tonight.

In the background a huge WHOOSH of flame rises from the
playground as the incendiary teams incinerate Violet's body.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

VIOLET'S HUSBAND is in the midst of a fierce argument with a
FEMALE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN.

VIOLET'S HUSBAND

But she's my wife!

FEMALE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN

Dr. Keery - you need to restrain
yourself.

VIOLET'S HUSBAND

I'm a fucking medical professional; I
don't need to restrain myself - you
haven't let me see my wife in 4 months!

FEMALE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN

Dr. Keery, we are at the early stages
of what appears to be an epidemic of
potentially staggering proportions.

And we realize ... we are again in the past.

FEMALE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN

As one of the ground zero victims
your wife needs to be studied.
Seeing you could cause an emotional
reaction that could adversely effect
her condition.

Violet's husband looks with desperate eyes past the woman's
shoulder through the glass ...

Where, in a room with several other comatose victims, VIOLET
- her plump, plain, earlier self - eyes staring glassily
upward, is restrained via handcuffs to a hospital gurney.

VIOLET'S HUSBAND

What about the baby then?

The Attending Physician hesitates ...

FEMALE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN
I'm sorry Dr. Keery. Your son was
lost due to complications shortly
after birth.

He looks at her - frustrated and desperate. Abruptly, he
snatches the MEDICAL CHART she had been hugging protectively
to her chest.

FEMALE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN
Dr. Keery! That is confidential
information!

Years of experience in reading charts tell Violet's husband
everything in a single instant's scan of the chart.

VIOLET'S HUSBAND
Fentanyl ...?

He looks at her - astounded.

VIOLET'S HUSBAND
(dawning)
Fentanyl . . .

FEMALE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN
Security!

VIOLET'S HUSBAND
(growing rage)
You euthanized my son with fentanyl!

FEMALE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN
It's not our policy - it's Federal.
Defense Ministry. He was born with
the disease! What kind of life would
that have been?
(calling out)
Security!

VIOLET'S HUSBAND
Violet!

Shoving her aside, he runs to the glass window and begins
pounding on it.

VIOLET'S HUSBAND
Violet! Violet!

As burly, ARMED HOSPITAL SECURITY rush up and haul him away.

VIOLET'S HUSBAND
Violet! Violet!

While inside the room, Violet stares up into the camera from her gurney prison with glassy, unblinking eyes.

Is anybody in there - inside that emptiness?

VOICE
V ... ! V ... !

INT. TRUCK- LAB - DAY

Slowly, Violet's eyes blink open, struggling to focus ...
A hazy figure before her ...

HAZY FIGURE
Violet? Violet?

She shuts them tight and opens them again, trying to focus.
The figure resolves into GARTH ...

And she realizes that she is BACK in the mobile truck lab.

VIOLET
Garth ...
(blinks)
Is this ...

He smiles - relieved.

GARTH
Vampire heaven? No - I'm glad to say.
Welcome back to the land of the
living. Or living-dead, I should say.

VIOLET
But ... I thought ...

GARTH
(shakes head)
Sorry. Almost - but not quite.

He picks a mirror off a counter and shows her. Her JAW is bandaged.

GARTH
Bullet entered just below your cheek,
exited behind your jaw. Brain pan
was just missed. It's already
beginning to heal.

She blinks at him - trying to assimilate it.

GARTH
(slightly embarrassed)
I'd been tracking you through the kid
since you left.

He nods to his assistant.

GARTH
We took over the duties of the
incendiary sanitation team.

A pair of HUMANS lie bound and gagged at the other end of the
truck. The REAL incendiary team.

Violet realizes - it was GARTH and his assistant inside the
Incendiary HazMat suits.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Garth stands with Violet - who is preparing to depart.

GARTH
What do you figure you've got? 5? 10
days?

Though alive - she nods - seeming beaten.

VIOLET
At the outside.

He nods. Sympathetic. Maybe more than sympathetic.
Hesitates ...

GARTH
Look - I didn't want to say anything
before but ... you know I'm working
on a cure. I think I'm close. I
can't promise anything but maybe if
you stick around ...
(hesitates)
I mean ... it would mean a lot to me
if you did ...

She looks at him. Realizing for the first time the obvious.
He's in love with her.

She finds a smile. And just nods.

VIOLET

Best of luck on that cure, Garth.

She touches his arm - then turns, and walks away.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A MAN stops at his mailbox outside the door of his building to check his mail.

As he leafs through it, he has no idea that A WOMAN is standing across the street watching him.

Ten years older, it is VIOLET'S HUSBAND.

He has aged well, like a comfortable pair of jeans.

VIOLET just stands watching this man that was her entire life - in another life - a lifetime ago.

Almost unconsciously, she finds herself moving across the street - gravitating towards him.

And, heart pounding, as she approaches, she almost unconsciously opens her mouth to speak ...

BUT ABRUPTLY the door opens and her husband is suddenly joined by a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN and TWO YOUNG GIRLS.

He smiles as his family clusters around him.

V stops dead.

Saddened - though in her heart she already knew it.

One of the girls turns her eyes and SEES V standing there. Her ex-husband's eyes are drawn over too.

He blinks for an instant - astonished.

Though she now looks completely different - V has not aged a day since last he saw her ...

VIOLET'S EX-HUSBAND

... my God . . . Vai . . . ?

Instantly, she turns and starts walking hurriedly away.

VIOLET'S EX-HUSBAND

Violet!

Breaking into a run as ...

VIOLET'S EX-HUSBAND

Violet!

She ducks around the corner, disappearing.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

V sits in a cruddy hotel room on the bed. The PHONE on the bed is ringing persistently. But she doesn't seem to hear it.

Her eyes are bleary. Hair tangled.

A GUN rests in her lap.

The phone rings again. She seems to become aware of it for the first time. Stares at it. Eventually, it stops ringing.

Numbly, her fingers find a single BULLET on the bedspread. She holds it up - considering its simplicity.

Then CHAMBERS IT into the machine-pistol in her lap.

The PHONE rings again. After three rings, her eyes finally turn to it. She picks it up.

GARTH'S voice immediately assaults her ear.

GARTH'S VOICE

Christ, where've you been - I've been calling and calling ...

She says nothing.

GARTH'S VOICE

Anyway - did you know you were famous? Check the box.

It takes her a moment to process. Then, dully picking up the remote, she flicks on the television.

Instantly the screen is full of a newscast.

NEWSCASTER

... this footage taken earlier of a hemophage with what is reportedly a human child ...

The image cuts to high-power enhanced telephoto footage taken from a helicopter ...

Of her IN THE PLAYGROUND with SIX dying in her lap.

She can even see her tears, sparkling in the morning sun, as they fall onto his face ...

The Security Forces surround them and DAXUS can be seen breaking into the circle. He takes a gun from one of the Security Forces. The footage abruptly CUTS away.

GARTH'S VOICE

Whaddya think? Poster-girl for a new era in human/vampire relations?

But she hardly hears him as she is STARING at the television screen.

GARTH'S VOICE

Violot, listen ... listen ... I can't bear the thought of you alone. I want you to come back ...

VIOLET

(suddenly)

Where are you?

GARTH'S VOICE

(surprised/that was easy)
N..Northbound on 150th ...

VIOLET

Stay on course - I'll converge in 15.

And grabbing the gun, she heads out.

#

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Garth watches as Violet loads up from the truck's ARSENAL, shoving gun after gun into the bottomless magazine of her flat-space holsters.

GARTH

Gee V - and I thought you were coming back to see me ...

Garth's Assistant/Driver calls back.

ASSISTANT

Defense Ministry coming up . . .

GARTH

V - you can't get in there. It's

impossible. Why do you think we went through so much trouble to have you intercept the case before it got back to Defense Ministry.

VIOLET
He's got Six in there.

GARTH
But for God's sake - the boy is dead. What's the point? Retribution? Live your week. Live it with me. Don't throw it away for nothing.

VIOLET
He's not dead.

Garth blinks at her.

GARTH
What do you mean ... ?

The truck grinds to a halt - V pushes open the door.
Faces him.

VIOLET
Six is alive.

EXT. DEFENSE MINISTRY SQUARE - DAY

As she heads round the truck towards the massive totalitarian edifice of the Defense Ministry.

GARTH
How can he be alive??

She just keeps going. Garth catches her arm.

GARTH
V wait!

She pauses to look at him - a look of pure determination in her eyes.

GARTH
Look V - I ... I ...

He nods ...

GARTH
I'm so close to that cure.

Violet just looks back at him.

VIOLET

Are you done?

All Garth can do is swallow and nod.

Turning, Violet leaves him there - striding away across the square towards the dark edifice of the Defense Ministry.

INT. DEFENSE MINISTRY COLD SCIENCES LAB - DAY

COLD LAB - DAXUS, in a liquid-thermal hazard suit, approaches the BODY OF SIX lying on a granite slab under a bank of high-power lamps.

The body is covered with a thin, sparkling sheen of ICE CRYSTALS.

Through his mask, Daxus regards the doctors and medical technicians around the table.

DAXUS

Unfortunately the antigen cannot survive without a living host but we may still be able to salvage some basic protein analogs that will save us time in re-culturing the antigen in another clone.

INT. ENTRANCE - DEFENSE MINISTRY - DAY

The heavily armed phalanx of guards glances up as a FIGURE stops at the SECURITY SCANNERS opposite them.

VIOLET.

VIOLET

I'm here to see the Director.

SECURITY TECHNICIAN

Step into the scanners please ...

Violet steps into a semi-circle of scanning panels.

The Security Tech at the first monitoring station BLINKS at the image on his screen.

It is an X-RAY of Violet showing literally dozens of black specks hovering around her skeleton like a swarm of bees.

Perplexed, he ENHANCES, zooming into a handful of the specks.

And is confronted by the radiography of BULLETS floating in space around her skeletal image.

ALL THE BULLETS that Violet has absorbed and healed over the past decade.

His EYES snap to his partner's monitor - also bug-eyed - because that monitor scans for HIDDEN FLAT-SPACE ...

And his monitor shows that this beautiful woman carries with her ... literally ROOMS FULL OF HEAVY WEAPONS AND MUNITIONS.

INT. MORTAL SCIENCES LAB - DAY

DAXUS stands by as the lead surgeon fires up a steel BONESAW and lowers it to Six's forehead ...

ABRUPTLY ALARMS BEGIN CLANGING.

INT. DEFENSE MINISTRY ENTRANCE - DAY

VIOLET is blasting - both hands spitting full auto-fire - cutting on-coming Security Commandos in half.

INT. MORTAL SCIENCES LAB - DAY

Daxus rips off his Hazard Hood as a Security Tech skids breathlessly up.

SECURITY TECH
It's the Hemophage!

He stares at the man.

DAXUS
But ... she's dead!

In answer, the Security Tech shoves a FLEX-SCREEN his direction showing what's happening in real time in the Defense Ministry security portal ...

VIOLET, rolling like a juggernaut through the security forces - blowing the living shit out of anyone and anything that gets in her way.

DAXUS
The boy's dead! This is pure suicide!

SECURITY TECH

Maybe Sir - but tell her that.

INT. DEFENSE MINISTRY - DAY

Violet comes storming through a pair of doors and into a wall of dozens of densely packed Security Forces.

There is an instant's pause between the two sides ...

Violet presses a button on the two guns she carries and TCHING!TCHING! two wicked wakizashi blades spring from the flat-space in the bottom of her pistol grips ...

And it's ON.

She dives into them with the fury of a she-wolf. Slashing through armoured torsos while simultaneously firing full-auto into on-coming attackers.

With both hands, she is spitting fire and flashing steel as she cuts a swath through them that they are not likely to soon forget.

INT. DEFENSE MINISTRY - DAY

DAXUS skids into the Armoury - a square mile of weaponry.

DAXUS

I want the gravity-levelers released!

ARMORER

But Sir - they're still experi...

DAXUS

Now goddamit!

INT. DEFENSE MINISTRY

A spiral ramp like the interior of the Guggenheim. Violet runs upside down up the underside of the ramp ...

Exchanging gutting auto-fire the security forces running down the opposite side of the spiral to intercept her.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

Daxus skids into a massive room packed with computers. All of the action is playing out on screens here.

DAXUS

How much weaponry does she have left!?

TECHNICIAN

Based on the scans taken at the Security Portal - plenty - and we're throwing everything we've got at her.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Violet enters a narrow corridor - finding her way blocked by a half dozen sword-carrying Elite Guard.

They fan out, positioning on the walls and ceiling ahead of her.

With a sigh, she draws her own sword.

And it's on.

INT. MORTAL SCIENCE'S ANTE-CHAMBER - DAY

The doors burst open and Violet comes running into this grand, multi-chandeliered room pursued by her surviving opponents.

She backs up the high wall, cautiously followed by her opponents.

Flips backward onto the ceiling.

They follow.

Then ENGAGE.

A flurry of flashing blades amongst a forest of brilliant chandeliers.

Seperate. Violet panting. Exhausted. Bleeding in several places.

They engage again - Chandeliers begin falling - sliced through - crashing to the floor beneath them.

Seperate. Both sides panting now.

Then all at once - the Security Forces converge with sudden fury as if to overwhelm her in one sudden rush...

And in a blinding second of movement, she counter-attacks.

Everyone goes still ...

They stand frozen for an instant - astonished by the quickness and ferocity of her sudden counter-attack ...

Almost as if waiting - as are we - for some of their appendages to fall off.

But none do.

One of them looks up with a look of pure triumph.

SECURITY ELITE TROOP

You missed.

She doesn't even blink. Suddenly, as if on cue, their GRAVITY SHIFTERS - all sliced through - abruptly fall to the ceiling.

ASTOUNDED looks all around.

And then, with screeching screams, all six remaining Elite Corps PLUMMET headfirst from the ceiling to their deaths smacking into the marble floor below.

INT. MORTAL SCIENCE'S LAB - DAY

When Violet steps into the Mortal Science's Lab, Daxus stands alone beside SIX'S BODY. All his forces having been defeated.

She pauses to lean on her sword.

VIOLET

That all you got?

DAXUS

Are you fucking insane? He's dead!

With the faintest smile, she starts toward him.

VIOLET

You obviously don't have a clear idea what 'dead' is ...

She stops in front of him - sword at her side.

VIOLET

Allow me to demonstrate.

Daxus holds a SHEATHED SWORD in his hand. He flicks it and the sheath goes flying off.

Violet raises her own sword ...

Abruptly, from behind his back, Daxus snaps out a TANK-ASSISTED PISTOL.

V sees instantly that it is a hand-held MINI FLAME-THROWER.

It is only by a sheer instant's grace that she draws and whips a wakizashi at Daxus. He leans back as it flies past and fires the flame-thrower.

A concentrated stream of petroleum jelly comes streaming out, Violet snapping the broad-side of her sword flat in front of her as it strikes, spraying away on either side of her.

Daxus realizes that she PUT OUT the pilot light on the thrower with the wakizashi. She stands there, her blade dripping petroleum jelly ...

He throws the now-useless gun aside and ATTACKS with his own sword.

An instant's flurry, then they part.

Having met and measured.

They attack again.

Part.

Circling.

Violet's eyes move to something on his sleeve. He sees it too. BLOOD. She got him in the last exchange.

Daxus cocks his head.

DAXUS

Sorry Violet, I didn't get where I am today by playing even odds ...

Reaching under the slab Six lies on, Daxus presses a switch and abruptly the room is PLUNGED INTO TOTAL BLACKNESS.

There is a whirring sound - clearly that of the irises of a pair of STARLIGHT GOGGLES adjusting.

DAXUS' VOICE

I see you Violet. Can you see me?

Only silence.

Abruptly, the sound of running feet and a SLICING SOUND and V CRIES out.

DAXUS' VOICE
I'll bet that hurt ...

Silence ...

Then again the sound of charging FEET, the slashing of a sword through the air - Violet cries out in pain.

DAXUS' VOICE
Don't worry - nothing vital yet.
We're saving that ...

Another SLASH. Another SCREAM.

Then the sound of METAL striking stone and a SPRAY of sparks.

Violet has struck her sword against the floor. TCHING! she does it again and suddenly FLAME travels up her petroleum jelly-soaked blade.

Creating a TORCH. She is COVERED in blood.

Daxus charges out of the darkness and she meets him steel for steel.

And his own sword, contaminated with the petroleum jelly from her own, lights too.

They stand there in the pitch black - illuminated only by their flaming swords.

Circle.

Attack and part.

There is now a burning slice down Violet's side. She ignores it continuing to circle.

They engage. Part.

Violet has three more burning gashes on her suit. Blood cauterizing sizzling in the fire.

She ignores the pain.

Daxus charges, they mix, and, suddenly disarmed, Violet's burning sword goes flying and she dives into darkness.

Daxus smiles. Hunting her with the burning torch of his sword.

DAXUS

Had your heart set on killing me, did you Violet? Now why would you want to do something like that?

Abruptly, his burning sword finds her, standing in the darkness in front of him. She half smiles.

VIOLET

To make myself feel better.

From behind her back she raises the FLAME-PISTOL and Daxus has half an instant to register ...

His own death.

Before she BLASTS him with petroleum jelly - igniting as it sprays past his burning sword.

And sets him ABLAZE.

Dropping the gun, she locates the light controls by the light of his burning body and the room becomes transparent to daylight again ...

It's nearing sunset outside.

She goes to the GRANITE SLAB that holds SIX'S BODY - bathed in the golden light of dusk.

Picking the boy up, she carries his body up a spiral staircase ...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DUSK

To the rooftop that looks out over the city, gold in the setting sun's glow.

There she kneels with Six's body - looking down into his face as she did when he died - that same deep gold sunlight turning the ice on his face to droplets of water that flow away.

She smiles to see his peaceful features.

VIOLET

Six . . .

She brushes his cheek with her fingertips.

VIOLET

Six . . . wake up Six . . .

And . . . the boy's eyes blink. Opening up to see . . .

The last thing he saw - Violet looking down at him.

SIX

V... Violet ... ?

He blinks up at her.

SIX

I thought I was dead . . .

She smiles and shakes her head.

VIOLET

No. No my dear . . .

And we FLASH back for an instant . . . to her TEAR striking his face, sliding down his nose into his EYE.

Transferring the H.P.V. virus to him.

VIOLET

. . . you've just been reborn . . .

He looks back at her for a moment - then smiles. They stand together - looking out at the setting sun.

SIX

I feel good . . .

She looks at him. Smiles.

VIOLET

So do I.

They both smile. And, hand in hand, head down the stairs.

END