

DEE DEE

"AWAKENING"

by

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An original screenplay

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BLOOD TIES: AWAKENING

EXT. HUTT VALLEY - NIGHT

From high up the valley the bright lights of the city shine below. Yellow, orange and white lights, car headlights barely moving roll by.

Wellington harbor looms dark in the distance. Point Howard and the Eastern bays. The odd vehicle travels the darkened road headlights stark against the blackness. The odd settlement slides past on the left.

Elizabeth's BMW is racing along the waterfront road at Days Bay. It turns off and starts a climb up a steep side street, its lights hidden by the dense trees either side.

EXT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - CONTINUOUS

The BMW speeds into the driveway and brakes hard in front of the Chisholm house. The house is lit up - most lights are on. The care door opens and ELIZABETH, 19, slides out smoothly. She jingles the keys and flicks it to lock the car.

INT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - NIGHT

The kitchen is huge and spotless - like it has just been installed, never used. The benches are clear, free of the usual toaster, kettle, crockery and odd bits of food or snacks.

The 50 inch television in the lounge is on showing a news channel, the sound crisp and clear but soft.

A figure holding a travel magazine disappears up the hallway and vanishes into a side room -- he is MICHAEL, 21. Another person -- STEPHEN, 21 -- strides across the hall following his brother. A murmured conversation starts up.

INT. LIBRARY, CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael sits in a corner chair holding the magazine, looking at it briefly. Stephen walks toward a bookcase packed with books. He reaches up and pulls out a book but doesn't open it. He holds it as he turns to speak to his brother.

STEPHEN

I don't think 'Liz would want to go.

Michael looks up from the travel magazine questioningly.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

She seems interested in that girl.

MICHAEL

That one we met at the shop?

STEPHEN

Yeah. I noticed. They're spending time together.

Stephen laughs and shakes his head. Michael looks appalled.

MICHAEL

What does she think she is doing?

STEPHEN

I don't know. Still, she did seem different.

MICHAEL

But, it would seriously dent our fun.

STEPHEN

And our plans.

MICHAEL

We can still go without 'Liz.

(beat)

Wouldn't be the same though.

INT. LOUNGE, CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - CONTINUOUS

Without a sound Elizabeth suddenly appears at the top of the internal stairs. She isn't even puffed following her speedy entrance. She walks quickly to the lounge and sits back in the lazboy and puts her legs up. She rapidly dials a number on her mobile and waits for an answer.

Elizabeth seems unaware of a black-clad figure quietly hesitate at the top of the stairs and for moment look at her with a look of concern. HARIANA, 20 -- looks sullen down at the few remaining steps. Then she is gone, up the hallway and into her room.

Elizabeth still waits for a response. She lowers the mobile phone and checks the screen. She ends the call and re-dials.

EXT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness of the orange street-light lit street, nothing moves. But there is a noise - a mobile phone is RINGING.

A body lies on the pavement. It is DEE, 17. Bloody. Still. Dead.

A huge gash has been made in her neck and she has suffered massive blood loss.

Blood has flooded around her splayed hair. The street lights reflect off the dark red liquid as it drips into the gutter. Her skin looks grey under the tinted light.

The phone stops ringing.

The street is deserted still. All is quiet. The moon is bright. A breeze ruffles Dee's hair and blouse bloodied blouse.

The SOUND of the phone RINGING starts up again.

Dee's bloodied eyes open.

Her eyes stay wide open for a couple of seconds. Then they start to move. A look sideways. Back to looking straight-up. A look to the other side. Then Dee blinks. And again. She tries to move her body. But she is unable to get up.

The wound on her neck has stopped bleeding. All her blood seems to be on the pavement or in the gutter. The WOUND seems tidier. It seems to be getting cleaner and SMALLER! Dee's fingers move and she GROANS - a low rumble like a great cat that's angry. Her head moves now from side to side. Then a little attempt to raise her head. Her fingers clench. Her feet move, imperceptible at first then with more purpose. Dee draws her legs up so that her feet are flat on the pavement. She flexes her hands, palms down onto the ground. She waits - gathering strength, resolve.

The neck wound is healing as if melting into thin air. Dee's body is gaining strength by the second.

The phone still rings. Dee's eyes look downwards toward her body. She takes in her predicament with cold staring eyes. Then she blinks. Once. Twice. Three times.

In a flash Dee is half upright. Crouched down on her haunches almost. Squatting, in a low position as if an animal defending herself. But she maintains the posture, looking about her as if searching for something. She GROWLS as she gains greater awareness.

Dee sees her shoulder bag strewn a couple of feet away. She looks at it in fear. The ringing noise comes from the bag.

Realisation dawns on her face. Not moving her stance she reaches for the bag and pulls out the phone.

Dee looks at the phone as if she has forgotten what it is or how to use it. Eventually she pushes the answer button and puts it to her ear.

DEE  
(whisper)  
Help me 'Liz.

INT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth sits bolt upright as the call is answered. She is suddenly focussed and urgent. Her face switches in an instant from passive patience to concern.

ELIZABETH  
What's happened Dee?

DEE (O.C.)  
Something... something... I don't  
know. Something attacked me.

EXT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - NIGHT

Dee drops the phone onto her bag. She is still, and stares at the phone. She sniffs. Her focus goes to her blood all about her. She surveys the congealed ooze on the pavement and in the gutter. She begins to comprehend what happened. She begins to stand-up in a slow smooth movement. Deliberate and without any tottering or lack of balance. She now stands upright. But her body is still.

Dee's eyes look up the road where Elizabeth had vanashie din her BMW. Dee reaches with her hand and feels her neck. She looks at her hand. It has tiny flecks of slightly dried brown blood on it. Looking long and hard at it, as if wandering where it came from Dee puts her hand to her face and smells it. A look of relaxed realisation hits her. She again feels the place where neck wound HAD BEEN.

The wound has gone now, just a pale mark on her otherwise bloodied upper body.

INT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth is puttng her mobile in her pocket as she harries up the hall way. She is almost running.

ELIZABETH  
Stephen? Michael?

A voice comes from the library.

STEPHEN  
In here.

Elizabeth stands in the doorway.

ELIZABETH  
Dee's been attacked. I'm going to  
hers now. Come with me?

The two brothers flash a look at each other.

STEPHEN

Sure.

INT. HARIANA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom curtains are drawn closed. A small desk lamp is on, throwing out a weak yellowish light. Hariana stands in the corner of her room as far as possible from her dresser with still as a stone. Her amber eyes stare, sadly, at the picture of Fatima. A tear runs down her cheek. She wipes it away with her hand.

EXT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - LATER

The BMW decelerates and brakes as it veers across the street and parks the wrong way behind Dee's mum's -- LESLIE, 39 -- car. The BMW's doors fly open and Elizabeth, Michael and Stephen get out. In the blink of an eye they are stood on the pavement beside Leslie's car.

They all look at the still damp blood on the pavement.

STEPHEN

Is that her blood?

Elizabeth steps toward the mess and concentrates for a moment. She looks across at Stephen.

ELIZABETH

Yes. It's the same.

Michael attention wanders toward the house. He stands looking at it - lights ablaze, curtain closed.

MICHAEL

Her mother seems okay.

Elizabeth and Stephen join him standing in front of the picket fence. She cocks and ear toward the house and listens.

ELIZABETH

She is. Dee's probably wandered off.

MICHAEL

We've a bigger problem.

Michael looks at Elizabeth and Stephen as though he is about to explain himself.

STEPHEN

Well?

(beat)

What?

Michael turns back to the house. He steps to the side, toward the empty driveway. He looks toward the darkness of the backyard. Stephen and Elizabeth follow his gaze.

ELIZABETH

Michael?

MICHAEL

(to himself)

Another...one of us. Someone's turned her. Dee's scent is all over this place.

Elizabeth grabs Michael's arm and he turns reluctantly, away from looking at the drive, to face her.

ELIZABETH

"Turned her"? As in...?

A look of realisation and dread comes over each face. There is silence for a moment.

Michael gives his sister a long hard look.

STEPHEN

(whisper)

Who would do that?

Stephen turns away and takes a couple of steps up the driveway. He stops and backtracks to Elizabeth and Stephen.

MICHAEL

She's close.

ELIZABETH

I think we need to split up. You can't sense where she is?

Michael looks back up the driveway.

MICHAEL

Hang-on...

Michael tenses and looks around at the trees overhanging the fence. He seems to search the sky for his bearings.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's a northerly.

With that Michael turns from the property and strides into the middle of the road. He looks up the street, toward Jackson Street.

About a hundred metres north, on the pavement, a dark figure can be seen staggering - as if drunk or seriously injured.

Michael takes a couple of steps toward the person as his eyes realise it is Dee.

Without a word Michael sprints in a flash up the street after her. Elizabeth and Stephen follow in an instant, their movement a dark blur against the orange street light.

EXT. ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - CONTINUOUS

Michael reaches Dee and gets in front of her. Dee is almost shuffling along, a blank look across her bloodied face. Her staring eyes are red looking at the ground. She drags her bag by its shoulder strap trailing behind her. She barely registers that Michael is in front of her, but her path slightly deviates to avoid him.

Michael steps across Dee and hold his hands out to her, fingers-up. Dee hesitates. Elizabeth reaches Michael's side and touches Dee's arm. Dee stops moving. Her face begins to look-up from the pavement.

MICHAEL

(whisper)

Stephen - get the car, now!

Stephen turns from Dee and vanishes back up Oriental Street. In an instant the headlights begin getting closer behind Dee. The car pulls up next to the pavement where Dee is stood in front of Michael and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth still lightly touches Dee's arm. Dee now looks at Elizabeth. Her face is still impassive, showing no emotion - but is exhausted. Dee stands there unsteady. She does not recognise her friends.

Elizabeth looks shocked and fearful. She leans her head forward to get a better look at Dee.

ELIZABETH

Dee? It's Elizabeth. We're here to look after you.

She shakes Dee's arm. There is no discernible response. Stepping to the side of Dee Elizabeth takes her left arm and puts her own right around Dee's back. Dee makes a strange noise - almost inaudible.

DEE

Everything...

The car door opens right next to Dee. Stephen holds his arm out to catch Dee should she fall. Michael runs to get in the driver's seat.

ELIZABETH

I know Dee. Let's get her in.

Elizabeth guides Dee toward the open rear door and turns her so that she can slide in backwards.

She takes Dee's bag from her hand and searches for something. She tips something out. It clatters to the pavement.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Leave her phone here.

Stephen picks her up - one arm around her back, the other under her knees and places her onto the seat. Elizabeth flashes around the vehicle and is almost instantly sat next to Dee, straightening her sitting position. Stephen pushes Dee further across the seat and squeezes into the backseat on the near side, next to her. The back doors close - barely without a sound.

The BMW pulls slowly away from the curb and turns back toward The Esplanade. It vanishes into the distant.

EXT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - NIGHT

Dee's house lights show bright on the edges of the front curtains. As the SOUND of the BMW ACCELERATING away FADES there is a movement at the edge of the curtain.

Dee's mum peeks out the side. Her expression is thoughtful. Seeing nothing she closes the curtain. The street is quiet.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

The BMW is dark, except for the lights from the dashboard. Elizabeth has her arm around Dee and hold her hand with her free hand. Stephen sits at an angle, watching Dee anxiously.

STEPHEN

Who could have done this?

MICHAEL

(whisper)

Bastard!

STEPHEN

Whoever - they did it on purpose.

MICHAEL

We'll get the fucker responsible.

Michael, Stephen and Elizabeth fall silent. The hum of the BMW is the only noise. All watch Dee.

Letting go of hand, Elizabeth pulls Dee closer and brushes her hair away from her neck. Elizabeth looks furious. She clenches her teeth together. Her lips pull back and bare her teeth.

ELIZABETH

We'll fix you up Dee. Whoever did this...

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(beat)

Anyway, we'll sort that out. We're going home.

Michael looks in the rear mirror, back at Dee. His eyes are a bright amber.

MICHAEL

You'll be okay Dee.

Dee's eyes close and she grimaces. Her body tenses. Her hands clench tight. She groans. Dee is in pain. Elizabeth strokes her arm.

ELIZABETH

How far Michael?

STEPHEN

Gotta hurry man.

MICHAEL

Two minutes.

EXT. DAYS BAY - NIGHT

The sea is at high tide. Waves crash, foaming a dull white in the darkness. The road here is wet.

Stephen is on the phone to someone.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Frank? We're coming home now. Found someone who's been bitten...

(beat)

Yeah, Dee.

STEPHEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Can you be ready?

The BMW streaks alone, along leaving a wake of spray behind it.

INT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - NIGHT

On the ground floor of the house a small crowd is standing around a table.

Removing Dee's shoes, Elizabeth is dressed in black pants, dark red Doc Martins and a cream-coloured shirt. Her black hair hangs straight to her shoulders, parted in the middle. Then Elizabeth starts to remove Dee's bloodied blouse.

Michael in stone-washed jeans, and a green surf tee-shirt and sand shoes is at the end of the table staring at Dee.

Stephen enters the large white room. His business-suited appearance, casual - no tie, open necked. He hands another, older man -- FRANK, 44 -- a dark green metal container.

Frank takes the container and places it on the table. Next to Dee. She is almost still - just the slight movement. Dee's face is one of pain. Her body is taut, wracked with pain. Her jaw is tightly shut. A GROAN emits from her.

FRANK

Thank you Stephen.

Frank does not look at anyone but Dee. He opens the box and removes an item wrapped in soft cloth. THEY ARE SYRINGES. Placing them next to Dee Frank takes a small vial containing transparent liquid from the box. The vial reads "MORPHINE" He takes an empty syringe and plunges the needle into the vial. He slowly fills it and stops with the level half way full.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Twenty-five mils should do it.

Frank holds the syringe and nods to Stephen.

Stephen takes a larger brown bottle out of the box and grabs some cotton wool from a plastic bag. He swabs Dee's forearm leaving a reddish-brown mark. He puts the betadine and the swab next to Dee and takes a small wrapped item from the box. He opens the sterilised needle and without hesitation finds Dee's vein and carefully slides it into her arm. He steps away from the table.

Frank injects the morphine into Dee.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Should do for now.

Frank runs a hand through Dee's hair then looks at Stephen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Set up a saline drip. Twenty five mils every ninety minutes.

Frank steps back from the table. Dee seems to be more relaxed. Quieter. Still. Eyes-closed.

The group all step away from the table slightly. All except Elizabeth look at Frank as if wanting reassurance. Elizabeth drags a stool from the wall and sits close to Dee. She holds her hand whilst watching her face closely.

FRANK (CONT'D)

She'll be okay in twenty for hours.

INT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - NIGHT

The television switches off. The clock hands show it past eleven. The only noise is the TICK-TOCK of the mantelpiece clock.

Leslie tosses the remote onto the couch and holds her chin thoughtfully. She turns toward the kitchen. Picking up the phone she dials a number.

RING. RING. RING. RING. RING. RING. Leslie slowly puts the phone back in its cradle. Worry is etched on her face. She walks back into the lounge.

INT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - MORNING

Grey light is starting to seep through the edges of the curtains. Leslie pulls them open slowly. She is tired. Maybe hasn't slept. She stands staring out into the street for a moment. Then turns and picks-up her mobile from the arm of the couch. She opens it and then closes it. No messages. No calls. She speed dials a number -- CHARLES, 40 -- her separated husband.

INT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - DAY

Charles looks into Dee's bedroom. He sees the made-up bed, her new clothes on the bed, a few cardboard moving boxes in the corner. Dee's desk and chair, empty apart from her laptop - dark and still.

He goes back to the kitchen. Leslie sits at the table. Head in hands. Phone on the table. She looks at Charles with a panicked, pleading look on her face. Her eyes are red - bloodshot with lack of sleep.

Charles stand against the metal counter. He looks like he doesn't comprehend the situation.

CHARLES

She went out with a girl?  
Elizabeth, you said.

LESLIE

They'd been shopping. Came back  
here. Then they went to her place.  
(beat)  
In Days Bay, I think.

CHARLES

At about six?

Leslie tensely runs her fingers through her messed-up hair. She flings her hands forward in exasperation, fingers outstretched, hands still on her scalp. She looks at him as though he is stupid.

LESLIE

Yes. Charles.

CHARLES

What was this... Elizabeth's last name?

LESLIE

(mumbling)

I don't know. She has a BMW. Dark blue.

Charles sits down at the table, next to Leslie.

CHARLES

What about her friends?

LESLIE

Jessica? I don't know. Haven't tried her yet.

Leslie picks up the phone on the table and searches through the dialled numbers. She stops at a number she doesn't recognize. She casts a glance at the clock.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I'll try now. Maybe they'll be up.

INT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - DAY

The Chisholm family is seated around a large table: Frank is at the head of the table. Clock-wise are Elizabeth, Michael, Stephen, HELEN, 36. Hariana sits with her arms crossed, in a chair away from the table. The table is business like - clean and bare - except for a vase of fresh flowers at the centre.

Everyone in the room watches and listens to Frank speak.

FRANK

Dee suffered a bite on her neck. This was done by an immortal... a vampire. The neck wound resulted in massive exsanguination. Venom from the bite began to take effect within thirty minutes. Morbidity declined - Dee entered the initial transition stage of vampirism within one hour of death. Semi-consciousness was established soon after. Judging by what you have told me about her wandering and incoherent, you found her at that stage. She shortly thereafter began to physically transform. Her pain will fade during the day.

Frank pulls his mobile from his suit's breast pocket and checks the screen.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
By seven o'clock Dee will be a vampire.

A silence falls over the family. One by one they look away from Frank.

Helen, reaches over to Frank and takes hold of his hand. She grimaces at him and then looks to the rest of the family.

HELEN  
We will do two things: First we will - we must - take care of Dee. Second we must plan for her transition into our world. We have to start planning - we must protect ourselves and we must protect Dee.  
(beat)  
Each of us knows who did this... we cannot allow Dee to find out. It would destroy us.

HARIANA  
Maybe we deserve it.

HELEN  
No! We all need protection. Even those without the strength.

HARIANA  
Why should we keep covering for her?

FRANK  
She is family Hariana. We need that trust - or we have nothing, no one.

Hariana sits back in her chair, arms crossed still and *huffs* to her self.

MICHAEL  
Why don't we just destroy her?

Everyone stares at Michael as though he has spoken an awful thing. Stephen shakes his head.

ELIZABETH  
Just leave it Michael.

FRANK  
We are not going to do that. She is too important.

EXT. ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - DAY

Nestled in the grass Dee's phone lies where it was dropped in the night. A smudge of blood shows on its front.

It begins ringing... passing feet stop and turn toward the phone. A hand sweeps down and picks it up.

INT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - CONTINUOUS

Leslie stands leaning against the kitchen door. She is in her dressing gown - as she has been since last night. She finishes on the phone.

LESLIE  
You'll ring me if she turns up  
won't you? As soon as...

Leslie listens.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
Yes, I will. Thank you.

Leslie turns to face the kitchen. Breakfast dishes have been left on the counter, uncleaned. Leslie looks totally exhausted.

INT. HUTT VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Mr Fouhy switches the transparency in the overhead projector. Stepping back he walks back behind his desk at the front of the class. The new image on the whiteboard is headed "Physics Revision". He slides the finished transparency into a folder.

MR FOUHY  
I've no need to remind you all that  
exams are coming up...

The class is quiet. Perhaps the realisation that the school year is nearly over. But the student faces are glum.

A girl with suntan -- JESSICA, 17 -- leans on her elbow and runs her spare hand through her short light brown hair. Her eyes are closed and her mouth in a slight smile. She is thinking about something happy. Her eyes open as if she is tired.

A knock-knock is heard from the class door. It edges open and the face of a middle-aged woman -- SCHOOL SECRETARY, 50 -- peeps around.

SCHOOL SECRETARY  
(smiling)  
Ah, excuse me Mr Fouhy.

She comes into the classroom and hands the Mr Fouhy a note. She looks beaming around the class. Her eyes fix on Jessica for a moment. Mr Fouhy reads the note and looks up toward Jessica.

MR FOUHY

Jess, sorry, you're wanted at the office.

INT. HUTT VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL, OFFICE - DAY

Jessica follows the school secretary toward the office. She stops outside the office as the secretary goes into an office and speaks to another woman -- THE PRINCIPAL, 43 -- who sets aside a paper she was reading.

The principal looks out at Jessica. She thanks the secretary.

THE PRINCIPAL

Come in Jessica.

Jessica hesitates for a moment. Her face looks worried.

THE PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Nothing to worry about Jess.

Jessica shuffles into the office and stands in the doorway.

THE PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Jess, I've just had a call from Dee Dee Wood's mother. She didn't come home last night. Mrs Woods was wondering if you've heard from her today?

JESSICA

Um... no. Dee's mum rang mine this morning too. She said Dee went to a friends and hadn't come back.

THE PRINCIPAL

Do you know who that friend was. Mrs Woods really needs to know.

(beat)

You've checked your messages?

Jessica pulls her mobile phone from her bag pocket. She switches it on.

JESSICA

No messages. No calls.

THE PRINCIPAL

You know Dee? You play - hang out - together, don't you?

Jessica nods glumly.

THE PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)  
Has she had any problems?

JESSICA  
Well, she was upset... a boy... a friend. He like really did the nasty on her. She was upset.

THE PRINCIPAL  
Who Jess? If that has anything to do with her to going home we have to know.

Jessica freezes and drops her head to look at the ground. She quickly thinks her words.

JESSICA  
Not sure who he is.

The Principal stands up and steps from behind the desk. She faces Jessica, standing by the door. The Principal looks at Jessica long and hard.

Jessica's eyes stay on the floor. They are wide with panic - not tears.

THE PRINCIPAL  
Jess? Jessica... you're probably as worried as anyone. Let me know if you remember anything, alright?

Jessica sniffs and then wipes her cheeks. She covers her face with her hand. She again nods at the floor.

JESSICA  
I will.

THE PRINCIPAL  
Take five minutes Jess to clean yourself up - sit out front there - and then go back to class. Okay?

Jessica doesn't answer but turns and makes her way to the foyer seat.

INT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - DAY

The bright white light from the fluorescent tubes shines brightly on Dee's white feet. Her red painted toe-nails a contrast to the clinical room - and her white legs sticking out from a surgical blanket. The toes are tense though - they are stretched and taut. But they do not move. Dee is still. Eyes closed. She seems dead.

Michael enters the room with Stephen close behind him. They stand watching over Dee's body.

MICHAEL

(whisper)

I think we should do it anyway.

Stephen walks around to the other side of Dee. He looks at his brother.

STEPHEN

We can't go against Frank... the family. Even if it is the right think to do.

MICHAEL

If she wasn't one of us you'd all be saying "kill the fucking bitch"!

This gets Stephen's attention.

STEPHEN

Yeah? And you'd be the first to get a bite in?

Michael thinks for a moment. He smiles at Stephen.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I would.

Stephen takes a pace back around the gurney.

STEPHEN

She's one of us. Anyway, she'd see us coming. So shut up.

Michael straightens up and confronts his brother. Chest to chest. Finger jabbing.

MICHAEL

You tell me to shut up? You fucking cunt! You explain to Dee why her life is over!

The room door opens and the two men turn to look. Elizabeth saunters into the room with a bundle of towels and clothes.

ELIZABETH

Come, come boys. No need to wake the dead.

Elizabeth puts the clothes and towels on a bench along the wall. She turns fluorescent lights off and switches a lower power light on. She adjusts the light so that is much dimmer.

The two brothers look sheepish and quietly takes a few steps apart from each other.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Make sure the hot water is warm.  
I'm going to need both of you when  
she wakes up. Frank stopped the  
morphine an hour ago. She should  
twitch for a while.

Elizabeth leans close to Dee's body taking in every aspect of her change: Pale skin. Refined cheek, jaw and chin structure. Blemish-free skin.

Elizabeth slides up both Dee's eyelids and gasps. She smiles as she sees the staring bright amber eyes.

STEPHEN

Jeez... never get used to *that*.

Stephen has joined Elizabeth in looking at Dee.

Elizabeth closes the eyes. She walks back and sits on the bench. She looks at Michael.

ELIZABETH

Enough crap Michael. Let's just get  
Dee taken care of. Then we can  
debate things. And not around her.

INT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - DAY

The afternoon sun streams through the net curtains. A police radio echoes around the quiet house. The volume becomes less.

In the lounge a POLICE OFFICER adjusts the volume from his radio. His partner holds a notepad and pen. From the hallway comes a voice...

LESLIE

I've only got some school pictures  
from last summer. All the others  
are of her as a kid.

Leslie enters the lounge and hands the photo to the male officer. She is close to tears and has her hand to her face. She looks as though she has just been crying.

The policeman gives the photo a cursory look.

POLICE OFFICER

They should do fine. We'll copy  
them and drop them back for you,  
okay.

The cop gives the pictures to the other police officer.

LESLIE

What do you think the chances...

POLICE OFFICER

We can't really say. But the fact is, in almost all cases of missing children they turn up safe and well.

The cop takes a card out of his pocket. He hand it to Leslie.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Ring this number if you need to talk to someone. I'll keep you informed if anything happens. Don't worry Mrs Waters. We will find her.

The policeman looks to his colleague who is finishing off writing something on a pad. He tears a page off the pad and hands to the one standing. He relays it to Leslie.

She looks at it blankly.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Case report. We take our copy and that stays with the case until it's closed. If you ring the number on the card, quote the case number. Top right, okay?

Leslie nods and puts the page on the coffee table as the seated cop gets to his feet and closes his thick note pad. The two policemen head toward the front door.

EXT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - DAY

The two police officers leave the house. Leslie tearfully watches them depart. The police reach the pavement and turn toward their marked vehicle.

The first police officer sees something out the corner of his eyes on the pavement. He stops in his tracks. A pool of dark red blood lies on the ground. He crouches to get a closer look.

POLICE OFFICER

We've got blood, Bill.

EXT. PARK ROAD, BELMONT - DAY

The view of the Hutt Valley is panoramic from the sloping suburban road high above the city. Away in the distance to the right, the blue of Wellington Harbor and the eastern bays can be seen.

A pale-skinned, lone figure with short cropped white hair, black leather jacket, blue jeans and black boots, turns away from the view and checks the scrap of paper he holds.

Through his eyes hidden by *Roy Orbison* type sunglasses he reads the address: 6 BERMER ROAD.

The man -- K-DON, 24 -- hesitates and looks around for a street name. He pulls a printed-out map and checks it. Tucking the page in his back pocket of his jeans he jogs off up the hill, crossing the street diagonally.

EXT. 6 BERMER ROAD, BELMONT - DAY

K-don slows as he nears the property half hidden by trees and shrubs. He runs a hand through his white hair. And heads up the pathway to the house. It is quiet, except for the sound birds.

On reaching the front door K-don looks about the area. He notices a pot plat and lifts it by the rim. Underneath is a key. He snatches it and opens the front door. Bending down he replaces the key in it's hiding place. He steps in and closes the door - eyes alert for prying eyes.

INT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - DAY

From the stairs leading down to the ground floor, the SOUNDS of HUMMING can be heard. Black boots and black pants step heavily down. Something like glasses CLINK together.

Hariana balances the tray as if she is a seasoned waitress and opens the door. The tray has two glasses and two jugs.

Dee is half sat-up on the table, leaning on her elbow. She looks dazed as her head watches the door swing open. Her eyes, a deep amber. Hair tied-back into a pony-tail. The blanket covering her now lying on the floor.

As Hariana enters the room Elizabeth swoops to pick-up the blanket, throwing it onto an empty shelf. She clears a spot on the corner table for the tray.

HARIANA

Look who's awake.

ELIZABETH

Dee, how do you feel? Thirsty?

Dee looks blank for a moment. She thinks - as if concentrating on her state of being. Dee nods once to Elizabeth.

HARIANA

You can try out for yourself what you'd prefer...but we think we know what you'll prefer.

ELIZABETH

Try sitting up Dee.

Dee cautiously straightens her body and swings her legs off the table.

Hariana has poured the contents of one of the jugs into a tall glass. It looks like water.

Dee looks questioningly at Hariana.

DEE  
Vodka?

Elizabeth shakes her head with a smile.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Water?

Elizabeth keeps grinning and waltzes to Dee's side.

HARIANA  
Try this one first. It's just plain water.

Dee takes the glass from Hariana's hand and smells it. She raises an eyebrow toward Hariana suspiciously. She sips the water. Dee frowns and coughs at the liquid.

DEE  
Not good!

Elizabeth laughs. She takes the almost full glass from Dee. Hariana keeps a stoic face and turns toward the tray. She pours from the jug. A red liquid fills up the glass. Her face looks like she is holding her breath. She unconsciously tilts her head away from the tray.

HARIANA  
Now this one...

ELIZABETH  
Is what you will love!

Dee looks aghast at the red glass as Hariana brings it to her. Dee looks sideways at Hariana and then looks questioningly at Elizabeth. Elizabeth nods with a huge smile.

DEE  
Strawberry?

Dee takes the red drink from Hariana. She sniffs it.

ELIZABETH  
We're not going to tell you what it is. If we do you will probably not drink it. We were all the same.

Dee doesn't show any negative response to the smell. She smells it again. Dee doesn't look convinced anyway.

HARIANA  
Lessons learned so to speak.

ELIZABETH  
Go on.

Dee raises the glass and takes a sip. She thinks about the taste for a brief moment. She licks her lips. She smiles. Dee takes a gulp of the red liquid.

HARIANA  
(to Elizabeth)  
Told you so.

DEE  
What?

ELIZABETH  
We were wondering whether you would drink it.

HARIANA  
It's blood.

Dee looks blankly at Hariana.

HARIANA (CONT'D)  
O-negative to be precise.

Dee thinks about it. She nods to herself as if comprehending the information. Dee takes another mouthful of the blood.

Elizabeth and Hariana watch her closely.

DEE  
Tastes good.  
(beat)  
You thought I'd not drink it?

INT. 6 BERMER ROAD, BELMONT - DAY

K-don looks at his image in the mirror. He studies his face. White skinned. No creases. Black eyes. Blonde eyebrows. White military cropped hair. He adjusts a few wayward hairs and rechecks his appearance. He straightens his black leather jacket and straightens his shirt collar. He looks like a albino businessman in casual attire.

K-don turns from the mirror and examines the room. It is empty, except for the necessities of human life - a couple of chairs, little round kitchen table, coffee machine, stove, microwave, floor lamp, clock, a stack of old records, and an eighties era stereo complete with turntable and cassette player. The room looks run-down and in need of repair. The curtains are brown with nicotine. The carpet bare-thread.

He wanders over to the records and squatting down rifles rapidly through them He pulls a record out.

INT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - EVENING

The whole family is there. Helen and Frank are sat on the twin seater. Hariana and Elizabeth opposite on the big settee with Dee sat between them. Stephen half sits against a display case. Michael leans against the wall, looking out of the window at the bay below.

FRANK

Now you have recovered Dee, we need to explain what is going on. You may recall that you were attacked.

Frank looks around the room as if getting the courage to say more. Michael leaves the window and stands at the end of the settee where Dee sits. He watches Frank go on.

Dee doesn't show any emotions as she too watches Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The person who attacked you...

MICHAEL

(whisper)  
The *thing!*

Frank's eyes shoot left but he looks all the time at Dee.

FRANK

The person was a vampire.

Dee crosses her legs and folds her arms. She looks interested - but not shocked. Her eyes widen, questioningly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We don't know for sure who killed you. But they made you one of... us.

Dee looks concerned now. Her mouth is agape. Elizabeth takes Dee's hand in hers.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We are all vampires. And you are now one of us.

(beat)  
A vampire.

Dee smiles wide-eyed in disbelief. There is a long SILENCE.

DEE

You're telling me that I died, and you brought me back as a flippin' vampire?

FRANK

No... yes. Not really. We found you  
and saw you through the transition -  
from human to immortal.

Dee stands up from the settee. She paces to the other end of  
the room. Everyone is tense. All eyes watch her. Dee is  
thoughtful as she paces back toward the family. She stops and  
looks at Frank.

DEE

Immortal... Who did it?

Frank hesitates. He searches the faces of his family for an  
answer. No one moves or speaks.

FRANK

We don't know.

MICHAEL

Yes we do!

FRANK

Michael! We don't know it for sure.

(beat)

There is a... theory. A possibility  
that another vampire did this to  
you. In fact it has to be. No other  
being can do it.

(beat)

We may know the one who attacked  
you.

HELEN

But we aren't certain.

FRANK

It could have been anyone.

INT. 6 BERMER ROAD, BELMONT - EVENING

The house is dark now. In the kitchen, mouldy crockery and  
utensils lie in the sink unwashed. MUSIC can be HEARD. An old  
ballad by some country crooner.

In the front room K-don dances with himself, his arms wrapped  
around his own body as if in a pair. He whispers the words of  
the song as he moves.

Suddenly there is someone standing in the doorway to the  
lounge. K-don stops his dance and turns toward the new  
arrival.

Jessica stands there smiling at him.

K-DON

Hey babe.

Jessica drops her school bag on the floor. She takes a step into the lounge.

JESSICA  
K-don. About time.

K-don takes Jessica in his arms and they kiss passionately, long and hard.

Looking into each other's eyes they are beaming at each other. They each grip the other's white hair.

K-DON  
It's done?

JESSICA  
Of course..

K-DON  
Never fail...

Jessica pulls K-don's face closer to hers.

JESSICA  
Never!

They start to kiss again.

K-DON  
They'll be here soon.

K-don and Jessica collapse down to the floor, still embracing.

JESSICA  
Then you can't take too long.

INT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - NIGHT

Elizabeth and Dee sit talking on a king-size bed. The room is light and painted a pale shade of lavender. Fresh flowers decorate the dresser. A huge mirror lines one wall.

DEE  
What happens to me?

ELIZABETH  
It's best you stay with us. It's not safe for you outside.

Dee frowns at Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Yet.  
(beat)  
You have to stay with us.  
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You know you like blood, right?  
Well if you are around humans right  
now...

DEE

You're saying I'll attack them.

Elizabeth nods. She purses her lips as if not saying what she should say. Dee watches her and takes her cue.

Dee realises.

DEE (CONT'D)

My mother...

ELIZABETH

You can't risk putting her in  
danger.

DEE

She'll be worried sick.

ELIZABETH

She is. But Dee, you can not go  
home. She will instantly know you  
have changed. And you will not be  
able to control your thirst.

Dee stands up and faces Elizabeth.

DEE

I have to go home!

ELIZABETH

(whisper)

Dee, please, you can't!

Elizabeth takes Dee's hand and standing turns Dee to look into the mirror. For the first time Dee sees the creature she has become. White skinned. Perfect face and body. Blemish free. Crimson eyes. Her eyes get wider and more frightening as Dee realises.

Dee stares at herself. She stands still. Slowly she takes a step toward the mirror. Elizabeth lets go of Dee and stands between her and the door.

Dee is face to face with herself at the mirror. She puts her face close to her reflection. She looks at herself - examining her face, lips, cheek bones, eyebrows, crimson eyes. Her fingers touch her face.

DEE

My eyes...

ELIZABETH

It's normal Dee. It will wear off  
over a week or two.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Depending on the type of blood you  
drink your eyes will be different  
colors.

Dee turns to Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Humans will give you red eyes -  
like yours. Animals - amber eyes  
Then there's fish...

Elizabeth screws up her face - aghast at the thought.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

A dark amber. Brown almost. But  
take it from me. You will *not* like  
cold blood.

Dee sits on the bed. She leans forward and puts her head in  
her hands.

DEE

My mum. Will I ever...?

Elizabeth doesn't know what to say. For a moment or two she  
is silent. Then she crouches in front of Dee and takes each  
of her hands. Dee looks longingly at Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

No Dee. Never.

DEE

So what happens?

ELIZABETH

As far as you mum knows you  
vanished. She rang here early this  
morning looking for you. By now the  
police are involved. They will find  
your phone. You are missing Dee.

DEE

Mum...

ELIZABETH

Plus, there is all your blood. They  
can't miss it.. They'll know that  
something bad happened to you.

(beta)

But not this...

DEE

She thinks I'm dead?

ELIZABETH

Not yet. You're missing. They'll  
never find you. We'll get you a new  
identity. We may move too.

DEE

Where?

ELIZABETH

Dunno. Maybe Canada. Australia. The States. You absolutely cannot see your mum.

DEE

Why not? No one knows you are... what you are.

ELIZABETH

You'd have to wait a while. There's a lot you need to learn.

DEE

Like what?

ELIZABETH

Seeing what you can do. Hunting, running. Other things.

Dee gets up again and casually looks at her self in the mirror.

DEE

So I could just pretend to be away somewhere?

ELIZABETH

It's a possibility.

(beat)

But risky. We'll have to see how you adjust.

INT. 6 BERMER ROAD, BELMONT - NIGHT

From the front room, another white haired man be seen walking up the overgrown path toward the house -- he is MR QUE, 23. He's dressed in an old grey suit and his tie is pulled loose. Despite his business-like appearance he has the appearance of a muscular, big chested man. His walk is like that of a body-builder.

A KNOCK comes from the front door.

Another white haired man -- C-LAR, 25 -- walks across the room and vanishes up the hallway.

C-LAR (O.S.)

Good evening Mr Que.

MR QUE (O.S.)

C-lar. Where is every one?

C-LAR (O.S.)

This way.

Jessica and K-don stand together in the front room. They wait for Mr Que to appear. He rounds the corner and smiles as he sees them both.

He hesitates as he notices Jessica. A slight smile comes across his face. He seems interested in her. He flicks his eyes at K-don and takes a step toward Jessica. He stops in front of her, looking her up and down. His smile is now a smirk.

MR QUE

Well, well. A bloodsucker.

He looks sideways at K-don. He looks back smirking at Jessica.

MR QUE (CONT'D)

(to K-don)

You've been naughty K-don.

Mr Que turns around so that his back is facing Jessica. He silently looks at C-lar. Mr Que is thinking. He spins around and lunges at K-don. He stops right in his face. K-don doesn't move a muscle.

MR QUE (CONT'D)

What the hell is this? You bring a vampire into our midst?

Now Mr Que becomes furious. As he speaks spittle flies out of his mouth - into K-don's impassive face.

MR QUE (CONT'D)

You crazy bastard! We're supposed to kill them. Not sleep with them!

Mr Que grabs K-don around the neck with one hand and pushes him backwards against the wall. K-don still doesn't fight back as he stares at Mr Que.

MR QUE (CONT'D)

I should fucken rip your head off here and now. Set an example you know.

Mr Que stares at K-don for a second. Then he lets go of his neck. K-don relaxes. A little.

MR QUE (CONT'D)

(whisper)

We *Lesser Undeads* have to stick together. I'd rip your heart out - if you had one.

Mr Que steps backwards and turns to examine Jessica who stands like a stone. Her eyes though track him as he enters her vision.

MR QUE (CONT'D)  
Why are you here?

JESSICA  
We have mutual interests.

Mr Que circles Jessica. He smiles. Thoughtful.

MR QUE  
Mutual? What, aside from the obvious, is mutual?

JESSICA  
You need something. I want something.

MR QUE  
Something... what would that be?

JESSICA  
You need intel about my kind. I want revenge.

Mr Que's smile transforms into a broad grin. He laughs at the ceiling. Tilting his head back. Joyous. His laugh is the only sound.

MR QUE  
Why should I give you what you want?

He sniffs. Then he shoots K-don a glare.

MR QUE (CONT'D)  
Apart from fucking my lieutenant, of course.

Mr Que leers down at Jessica's body.

JESSICA  
It's not like that.

MR QUE  
Oh, I see. Your stench clings to him.

JESSICA  
It was a trade. Information for reward. My reward. Your information.

INT. MANNERS MALL, WELLINGTON - NIGHT

Twilight has almost faded. A few people walk through the pedestrian mall. Business people in suits. Students. Bright lights shine advertising shows, clubs and products. A man -- PAUL, 18 -- and a woman -- KATRINA, 19 -- arm-in-arm slowly dawdle up the mall.

Paul looks sad with his head down. His arm is around Katrina. She has hers around his waist and holds his belt with her other hand.

PAUL  
First my brother gets killed. Now  
Dee.

KATRINA  
She will show up.

PAUL  
Something's wrong. Going on. I can  
feel it.

KATRINA  
You want me to come to the funeral?

Paul gives her a questioning look.

PAUL  
Of course. You're a family friend.

They keep walking a little to the end of the mall. They turn to each other. Arms still around each other.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I need you to be there.  
(beat)  
Then I'm gonna find out what  
happened to them. Both.

Katrina thinks about this. Then she seems to make her mind up. She nods with a grimace.

KATRINA  
Good. Come-on. Let's go back to  
yours.

INT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - NIGHT

Dee's new clothes still lie across her bed. Slung over her chair. Shopping bags are strewn on the floor.

Leslie stands in the door way looking the silent room. She turns from the room, closing the door behind her.

LESLIE  
What can we do Charles?

Charles sits at the kitchen table. The newspaper open before him. He looks up from it. Leslie comes and sits with him.

CHARLES

We've got to keep strong.

Leslie just stares at him. In disbelief. Charles notices her anger.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Ask her friends. Check if any one in the street saw anything. Keep the pressure on the police. Go the papers. Put up posters.

LESLIE

It's the same. Again.

CHARLES

We will get Dee back.

LESLIE

Why us?

The doorbell rings. Leslie and Charles ignore it for a moment. Then they realise it's rang. They both hurry from the table and open the front door.

Elizabeth and Stephen are standing there.

INT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - NIGHT

Dee leaves the lounge room and wonders slowly, silently, up the hallway. She notices an open door up toward the end of the hall. It is Hariana's room. Dee stops a few feet short of the door. She seems to be thinking - or listening.

Dee backs up a step and turns around.

Hariana stands at the top of the stairs, with her hand resting on the balustrade. She is watching Dee closely. As Dee focuses on her Hariana strides forward. She smiles at Dee, holding her hands out to her. She takes Dee's hands in hers.

HARIANA

Come Dee. Let's show you a few things.

They both glide down the stairs.

EXT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - NIGHT

Hariana and Dee leave the house on the ground floor still holding hands. Hariana looks serious. Thoughtful. Dee looks excited - a tiny bit questioning.

They stop outside the front door as it closes. Dee gapes at the night environment. Her face lights up with amazement. Hariana watches her - a smile beginning to form on her face too.

DEE  
(whisper)  
Wow!

Dee's attention seems to flit from place to place. The SOUNDS of CREATURES - insects, animals, distant vehicles, a ship in the harbour, voices down below, the breeze rustling leaves and moving branches, faint pop MUSIC. Dee gapes in awe. She looks at Hariana who is now fully smiling with her.

DEE (CONT'D)  
So loud. The colours...

HARIANA  
Crystal clear.

Dee hears something flying near her. It attracts her attention. Her eyes follow something invisible. She carefully raises her free hand, tracing something. In a blur of sudden movement she swipes the air and pinches her fingers together.

She has caught a tiny midge and crushed it between her fingers. She examines it closely. Then Dee looks at Hariana. She flicks the midge away.

DEE  
How?

Hariana smiles at Dee and leads her further away from the house.

HARIANA  
You'll get used to it.

INT. DEE'S HOUSE, ORIENTAL STREET, PETONE - NIGHT

Leslie turns from the kitchen counter with a mug in each hand. She walks briskly into the lounge. The curtains are closed. The television off. Elizabeth and Stephen sit on the couch. Stephen stands-up to take the coffees off Leslie. She grimaces at them both. Leslie places her mug on a side table next to the single lounge chair.

LESLIE  
Your tea's coming 'Liz.

Elizabeth smiles weakly up at her. Leslie turns back to the kitchen. Stephen re-sits, placing the mug on the coffee table. Elizabeth looks at Stephen intently. His eyes flicker briefly.

ELIZABETH

You said that Dee's mobile is missing.

(beat)

I tried to ring her when I got home last night.

Leslie looks up from the kitchen. She's busy putting crockery and jars in the cupboards. Trying to keep her mind busy.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

No answer.

LESLIE

Somebody must have been waiting.

ELIZABETH

I didn't notice anyone. It was dark...

Leslie brings out another mug, placing it in front of Elizabeth. Leslie sits on the edge of the single chair. Now she visibly shrinks as she relaxes. Her head falls and her shoulders hunch.

A quietness falls over the room.

Leslie stares at the floor. Her face tightens. Her eyes become teary. She struggles to keep from crying. She fails. Her face becomes a ball of emotion as she breaks down. Sniffing, she tries to regain control.

Leslie looks upward through her tears at her guests. Loosing the strength, she shakes her head and moans.

Elizabeth and Stephen continue to sit the on the couch. They keep silent, averting their eyes.

EXT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - NIGHT

Dee is still excited by her new senses. She inhales a deep breath as she takes-in her surroundings. Her face picks up a smell she doesn't recognise. She tries to think what it is.

HARIANA

You're gonna be getting used to what you can do.

DEE

What's that smell?

Hariana frowns and looks sideways toward where Dee is looking.

HARIANA

Describe it.

DEE

Sort of sweaty... blood - maybe.

HARIANA

That's you...traces of you - before  
you transitioned.

Dee looks at Hariana and laughs.

DEE

Me?

Hariana smiles and nods. Dee is amused.

DEE (CONT'D)

*That* is what humans smell like to  
you?

HARIANA

Basically humans smells of two - no  
- three things. Sweat. Perfume. And  
blood.

(beat)

You'll learn that every human has a  
different combination. Their own  
unique scent.

DEE

Scent? I'm a dog?

HARIANA

Wanna go for a run?

Dee is unsure. She frowns at the suggestion.

HARIANA (CONT'D)

Best we do it at night. The daytime  
will hurt your eyes. For now.

Dee thinks about that.

HARIANA (CONT'D)

Along the ridge. Up there.

Hariana looks up beyond the roof of the house. Dee looks  
doubtful.

DEE

Run?

Hariana smiles at Dee's lack of confidence.

HARIANA

Yeah. You'll love it. Just follow  
me. Okay?

Dee smirks at Hariana.

HARIANA (CONT'D)

I'll keep an eye on you. Just run.  
However you feel like.

Dee stands at Hariana's side. Flexing her fingers. She nods to Hariana. But she still seems unconvinced.

HARIANA (CONT'D)

On three...

INT. 6 BERMER ROAD, BELMONT - NIGHT

Mr Que stands in a grimy, grey bedroom barely lit by a low-wattage bulb. The tattered moldy curtains are drawn. He looks down at a portable table along one wall. It is laden with weapons: Combat knives. Throwing stars. Sword. Pistol. Dagger. Mr Que shifts his gaze from the weapons. He picks-up a jar containing a transparent liquid. He smirks to himself.

A figure approaches Mr Que from behind. C-lar stops directly behind him. He holds his chin up.

C-LAR

Mr Que?

Mr Que stays looking at the jar. He doesn't turn around.

MR QUE

She cannot be part of this.

C-lar tries to stare ahead. His eyes betray him though and shift toward Mr Que for a moment.

C-LAR

Yes sir.

MR QUE

It was wrong of you to bring her here.

(beat)

She is not one of us.

C-LAR

Sir, she has told us what we have been seeking for years.

MR QUE

So what?

(whisper)

You betray everything about us! We cannot allow this to happen. Ever!

Now C-lar watches Mr Que closely. As he does Mr Que slowly turns to face him. The jar is still in his hand, clutched to his chest. He holds it up and gently unscrews the cap - careful not to spill the contents. C-lar glances at it. His face gets worried.

Mr Que sniffs the jar. He looks impassively up at C-lar.

MR QUE (CONT'D)  
Go and get her. Will you C-lar?

For a fraction of a second C-lar seems unsure. He steps backward and tries to speak. But he says nothing. He turns on his heels and leaves the room.

EXT. BUSH, EASTERN BAYS - NIGHT

Her feet are a blur - barely touching the dirt, the ferns, the fallen obstacles. Her jeans' clad legs pound effortlessly. Her hands and arms move slower than her legs - but still a blur. Her black blouse blows against her body. Her face - pale and crimson-eyed - smiles as she flies through the darkness of the trees.

Behind Dee a similarly dressed figure races after her. Chasing Dee. Hariana isn't smiling she looks thoughtful - a scowl as she follows Dee.

HARIANA  
I'll tell you when to stop Dee.  
We'll have to cross the Hill Road.

DEE  
I can hear the traffic already.

Dee and Hariana cross an open patch of the bush. Dee looks round to Hariana. In that movement Dee sees the Hutt Valley spread out below her. She begins to slow, pulling up shortly after. Hariana watches her stop and hesitates by the opening.

HARIANA  
Stunning, isn't it?

Dee flashes back to Hariana. She looks at the lights of Petone, the motorway lights and Wellington. Everything is clear to her.

Dee hears a noise from below. Shouting. A coupe arguing. Her eyes look toward the sound. Dee focuses on the house far below. A man storms from the house and starting his car, takes off. A SCREECHING WOMAN'S voice wafts up into the hills.

SCREECHING WOMAN  
Don't come back!

The sound of a slamming door reaches Dee a few seconds later. She looks at Hariana in surprise.

It doesn't register with Hariana. She is in another world.

HARIANA  
Can you hear them? Smell them?

DEE  
Ah, shouting like that anyone would  
hear.

HARIANA  
Not that.  
(beat)  
Their hearts?

DEE  
Um...

Dee looks at the house far below again. She hears the insects. A bus. Cars. A train. She pushes them from her mind and again concentrates on the house.

Gradually, noises come to her. Banging of a plate on a counter. Running water. A sniff. The light tapping of feet - a pet?

Dee tries even harder. She squints toward her focus and pushes her head forward a fraction. She is perfectly still.

Dee's eyes register shock. Her mouth falls open and her red eyes flick wide. She turns to a smiling Hariana.

DEE (CONT'D)  
I hear a... a thumping. A heart?

Dee is astounded. Lost for words.

HARIANA  
Yep. The human's heart. And a  
dog's.

INT. GROUND FLOOR ROOM, CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - NIGHT

The door to the ground floor room opens. Elizabeth's head peeps around. She flicks on the light. Stands in the doorway surveying the room.

ELIZABETH  
Where's Dee?

Stephen walks into the room after Elizabeth. She turns around.

STEPHEN  
Upstairs?

INT. OFFICE, CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - NIGHT

Frank Chisholm sits in his desk chair, relaxed leaning back, looking at a computer screen. He twirls a pen in his fingers. Elizabeth is in the office taking to him. Stephen hovers in the doorway.

FRANK

Hariana took her out. Running.  
North.

Frank swivels his chair around to face the desk

Elizabeth's expression changes to concern, puzzled maybe.

ELIZABETH

Why? How long ago Frank?

FRANK

To introduce Dee to her new life, I  
suppose.

ELIZABETH

She should have waited!

Frank looks at Elizabeth. He gives her a concerned look.

FRANK

Elizabeth, let her have some  
pleasure. He deserves it.

ELIZABETH

No! Dee can't replace her.

FRANK

You know that's wrong. Think about  
it. She's yours - Hariana knows  
that. She's not going to steal her.

Elizabeth is angry. She shoots Stephen a withering look. He's  
still standing in the doorway. Watching. Listening.

She slams the door shut in his face and turns back to Frank.

ELIZABETH

(whisper)

Dee cannot replace Fatima!

Frank shrugs his shoulders. Impassive.

FRANK

You're reading too much into it  
Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

You don't know what she is like.  
(beat)  
Her secrets.

FRANK

No I don't. But she hurts. Put  
yourself in her place. If you saw  
Dee - wouldn't you think of *her*?

Frank turns back to the computer. Elizabeth drops her eyes and relaxes. She knows Frank is right.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Of course you would. So let Dee get used to what she is. She'll be yours. I'm sure.

Elizabeth scowls at the back of Frank's head.

ELIZABETH

I'll rip her to pieces if something happens.

Elizabeth makes to leave and opens the door. Stephen has vanished. Frank looks round at her.

FRANK

Oh 'Liz, Helen and I think you'd be best taking Dee out of town for a while.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE, JACKSON STREET, PETONE - NIGHT

A woman -- PAUL'S MOTHER, 40/45 -- carries a plate of nachos across the hallway, from the kitchen and into the lounge. She looks tired and unkempt.

The front door opens. Paul and Katrina enter. Letting her past Paul closes the door and slings off his bag.

Paul's mother steps into the hallway to see who it is.

PAUL'S MOTHER

Hi Kat'. Long time.

KATRINA

Yeah. Real sorry about Johnny.

Paul's mother looks blank. She turns back to the lounge.

PAUL'S DAD (O.C.)

Hey boy.

Paul and Katrina look into the lounge. Paul's dad is sitting on the couch. He leans forward grimacing. Looking at nothing dazed.

KATRINA

Hi Mr Awhetu.

Paul's dad looks round at her and gives a weak smile. Paul's mother sits next to him. She places her hand on his thigh.

PAUL'S DAD

Kat.

PAUL  
No word on Dee?

Paul's mother shakes her head without looking at Paul.

PAUL'S MOTHER  
Melissa rang.

PAUL  
Thanks. I'll call her.

Katrina takes her jacket off and sits in a spare lounge seat. The room is quiet. The television off. She drops her jacket beside the chair.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Kat...

Paul tilts his head. Katrina gets up and follows Paul out the room.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Drink?

Paul picks-up the old phone from the kitchen counter. He dials a number. Katrina fills the kettle.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE, JACKSON STREET, PETONE - LATER

The plate of nachos, mince and cheese has almost gone. The family and Katrina sit in the lounge. Soft MUSIC comes from the stereo beside the television. Paul's mother is curled-up on the couch. She snores very lightly. Paul's dad lies back with his eyes closed.

Katrina fiddles with her shirt buttons.

PAUL  
Melissa said that Jessica Brown was called out of class. Came back looking really freaked out.

KATRINA  
The weird lezzie? Short blond hair?

PAUL  
Yeah, her. Melissa reckons that she and Dee were friends, or something.

KATRINA  
Nah. She's too... I dunno. Maybe. Seems a bit strange. Her and Dee?

Katrina stifles a laugh. She doesn't want to disturb Paul's parents. Paul shrugs.

PAUL

It's just what she said.

KATRINA

(to herself)

You never know people.

PAUL

Maybe her mum will know. I'll go  
round tomorrow.

KATRINA

How'd Melissa know about her?

Paul pulls a "haven't got a clue" face.

EXT. CHISHOLM HOUSE, DAYS BAY - NIGHT

Michael and Stephen leave the front door of the house.  
Michael has combat pants and black sweater with heavy boots.  
Stephen has his usual jeans, sneakers and tee-shirt with  
jacket. Hair tied back.

MICHAEL

They've gone north. Maybe half an  
hour ago.

Stephen re-opens the front door and calls up.

STEPHEN

'Liz. We're going to follow their  
trail. Catch-up.

Elizabeth's head appears at the top of the stairs

ELIZABETH

Okay, get Dee and make sure she  
comes back - right away.

Stephen lets the door close and heads off into the bush with  
Michael. They are just a blur of movement.

INT. 6 BERMER ROAD, BELMONT - NIGHT

Jessica stops in the doorway. She sees Mr Que holding the  
jar.