

An anatomical illustration of a human face, rendered in a style reminiscent of a medical textbook or scientific drawing. The face is shown from a frontal perspective, with the eyes closed. The skin is depicted with a dense network of red and blue lines, representing the circulatory system (arteries and veins). The background is a textured, mottled green and purple. The text "FRESH BLOOD" is overlaid in the center of the face in a bold, purple, sans-serif font. The overall image has a vintage, slightly worn appearance with some fraying at the edges.

FRESH BLOOD

"THIS BEDROOM IS DEAD"

A short

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INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

OVER A PAIR OF CHAPPED LIPS

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Sweet lips.

A STEADY HAND applies lipstick.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Smooth skin...

Slathers lotion onto PALE SKIN.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Nice hair...

Tousles DRY HAIR so it falls over round shoulders the right way.

Reveal MARGARET "MAGGIE" WOO (30s), Asian, checking out her reflection over the sink.

She adjusts her baggy bathrobe, makes sure to hide any and all extra weight.

MAGGIE
I'm hot.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

GIDEON WOO (early 40s), athletic, also Asian, surfs through TV channels. With the ease of someone disinterested in everything.

He stops.

ON THE TV SCREEN: A group of rioters in the city center. Tackling people, jumping on them. Others flee in panic.

He doesn't notice Maggie coming out of the bathroom.

GIDEON
You see that? Kids are getting
fucked up.

She crawls into bed, still in her bathrobe. Sidles up to him.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
Taking drugs, thinking they're the
shit --

She strokes his leg with hers.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Maggie.

MAGGIE

You're off tomorrow.

GIDEON

I have golf with James. Is that
make-up?

Maggie musters up her most confident smile.

MAGGIE

Hot?

GIDEON

It's a bit much.

The comment hits Maggie in the gut. But she hides it well.
She leans over the bed and opens her nightstand.

MAGGIE

Guess what I bought.

Pulls out a DILDO.

GIDEON

You went to that shop again.

MAGGIE

Can James do this?

Maggie slips it under her bathrobe. Tries to look lusty.

GIDEON

Maggie. Come on.

She starts kissing Gideon's neck.

MAGGIE

It'll be fast. In-and-out,
literally. I'll do all the work.

She swings around to straddle him. Knocks his phone to the
floor.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oops. Let me get that for you --

She tries to reach for the phone while on top of him. Awkward
and unnecessarily acrobatic.

GIDEON

Stop it! Stop.

Gideon pushes her off him.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
What do you want?

MAGGIE
Five minutes. Please. Just five minutes.

GIDEON
How about tomorrow night? After I play golf, I go for a massage, I'll be in the mood. Is that better?

Maggie controls the disappointment on her face. Nods.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
I really need to sleep now. James has been on a run lately.

Gideon gives her a quick peck on the lips... then wipes away the lipstick.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
Honestly? It is a bit much.

ON THE TV SCREEN

More shots of the rioting crowd. But something's off with them. They're moving strangely. Almost inhumane.

One of them attacks a man and his mouth opens. SOMETHING SLIMY shoots out, but it's unclear what that is.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Maggie lies in the bathtub.

MAGGIE
I'm hot.

She slips the dildo under the water.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I am hot I am hot I am hot.

She starts touching herself. But the more she does it, the worse it feels.

She begins to cry.

MAGGIE (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
So this failed.

INT. SEX SHOP - DAY

Maggie dangles the dildo in front of the store assistant. THERA (mid 20s), non-binary, wild, punk, the absinthe to Maggie's moscato.

THERA
You're kidding.

MAGGIE
Did nothing for him.

THERA
So you want a refund again or...

MAGGIE
No, uh, it's fine.

She puts the dildo back into her bag, sheepish. Thera smirks.

THERA
Freak.

Maggie allows herself a smile.

MAGGIE
Shut up, Thera.

THERA
What is it, five years to the day?

Maggie begins a familiar routine of perusing sex toys.

THERA (CONT'D)
You know how much attention you'd get out there? On Tinder? You don't have to keep doing this to yourself. I'm telling you, your tinder would blow up.

MAGGIE
Is that a euphemism?

THERA
Do you want it to be?

Maggie pulls a pair of GREEN HANDCUFFS from a rack.

MAGGIE
How much?

THERA
There's not enough toys in this shop for you.

Maggie pulls a long, dangerous-looking SPIKED WHIP from another shelf.

MAGGIE

This?

Thera shrugs.

Maggie sighs. Puts the whip and handcuffs down.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

He's got a lower libido while I have a higher --

THERA

(completes her sentence)
-- while you have a higher libido.
Yeah, yeah.

(before Maggie can)

"These things happen all the time to married couples."

MAGGIE

They do, I read it online. The attraction tends to die...

THERA

No, no! Stop saying that. The entirety of your marriage you haven't had sex. No. You are hot. Tell yourself. "I'm hot".

A beat. Some sexual tension here.

MAGGIE

I got it.

THERA

You know Maggie, I wasn't going to talk about this.

Thera comes around the counter.

THERA (CONT'D)

You remember Lisa? She cheated.

MAGGIE

No! What?

THERA

It's fine. It was bound to happen.

Thera shows Maggie an app on her screen. On it, a blinking blue dot and a blinking red dot. Two blocks separate the two.

THERA (CONT'D)

I found out because I put like this microchip thing in her phone. It's at my place now. If you want, I can get it for you.

Maggie looks aghast.

MAGGIE

Did she know about this?

THERA

Of course.

MAGGIE

Thera.

THERA

Define "know".

MAGGIE

That's crazy.

THERA

How much of him do you know? His tech habits? The sites he visits? The real places he visits? This app made me open my eyes.

MAGGIE

It's an invasion of privacy.

THERA

He needs to invade your privacy.

MAGGIE

It's not healthy.

THERA

What you have now, that's not healthy. You got nothing to lose.

ON MAGGIE'S FACE as she considers.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maggie and Gideon eat dinner, both silent.

MAGGIE

How was golf?

GIDEON

Didn't play. James was sick.

Maggie looks up, surprised.

MAGGIE
So when are you playing?

GIDEON
Tomorrow.

MAGGIE
You're waking up early again?

GIDEON
Is there a problem?

MAGGIE
(there's a problem)
No.

GIDEON
Maggie, you already did it last
night.

Maggie looks up.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
Your bath took forever.

MAGGIE
(defensive)
So?

GIDEON
You do it everyday. It's sick.

MAGGIE
It's not, Thera says --

A beat. She holds her tongue.

GIDEON
You're still talking to that
weirdo. Stop. Okay? She wants to
break us up. She wants to fuck you.

MAGGIE
She's a friend. I respect her and I
buy her well-made quality products.

GIDEON
She's taking advantage of you.

MAGGIE
It's not about her.

GIDEON

It is about her! This came out of nowhere!

MAGGIE

Maybe I've finally had enough --

And they're off.

GIDEON

You didn't complain about sex before. You've changed. It's not my fault that... you won't even touch yourself, you should see a therapist.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We were having sex so what was there to complain about? Of course I've changed, do you know how I feel... you don't want to touch me... Is there someone else?

A beat. Gideon looks stunned.

GIDEON

Fuck, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I wish.

Gideon storms off into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Maggie lies on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

An iPhone ALARM sounds. Maggie shuts her eyes, pretends to sleep.

The bed shifts as Gideon gets up.

He stumbles past Maggie. Into the bathroom, where the bathroom light clicks on. The tap begins to run.

Maggie gets up, reaches for Gideon's phone on his nightstand.

Opens on a LOCK SCREEN. Fingerprint access only.

From her own purse, she removes a TINY CHIP.

Removes Gideon's iPhone from its case, sticks the chip flat against the back of the phone before replacing the case.

Maggie sets the phone back on Gideon's nightstand.

Lies back down in bed, watches Gideon's silhouette move around in the bathroom light.

THERA (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)
You did it.

INT. SEX SHOP - DAY

Maggie nods, nervous.

THERA
Did you check it?

Maggie shakes her head.

THERA (CONT'D)
Gimme.

Thera sticks her hand out for Maggie's phone. She hesitates, then hands it over.

Thera looks through the app. Her expression changes.

MAGGIE
What?

Maggie snatches back her phone.

The app shows Gideon's RED DOT: On a grey block that represents one-storey buildings.

A location marker reads: "MOTEL 60".

Maggie can't believe what she's seeing.

EXT. MOTEL 60 - DAY

Rundown inner city. The buildings are old and abandoned.

Maggie and Thera get out of a car. Thera is carrying a BACKPACK.

They stare at a inner-city inn. The seedy kind only good for one-night trysts and runaway murderers.

THERA
This isn't a golf course.

She looks around. Not a single being in sight. But each shadow looks like it could be hiding someone.

MAGGIE
The riots were here.

Thera nods, pulls her backpack closer to her body.

INT. MOTEL 60 RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

A bell above the door jingles, old-school style.

Maggie and Thera step into an empty reception area.

MAGGIE

Hello?

Maggie hits the reception bell on the counter.

No reply. She moves to hit again, but Thera stops her.

THERA

Come on.

She strains to see the logbook.

THERA (CONT'D)

Room Twelve. Checked in today.

MAGGIE

This is wrong.

THERA

What he's doing is wrong. Room
Twelve.

MAGGIE

Shh. Listen.

A beat. They both listen. A steady SCRATCHING.

THERA

An animal.

MAGGIE

It doesn't sound like an animal.

THERA

Room Twelve. You need support?

MAGGIE

(hesitant)

No.

THERA

Atta girl. Raise hell.

Maggie takes a deep breath, heads up the stairs.

Thera is alone now. And the scratching sound is getting louder. She looks toward the OFFICE behind the counter.

INT. MOTEL 60 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Maggie climbs up the stairs into a dim, long hallway.

Rooms One to Twelve alternate on either side of the hall.
Room Twelve the very last one on the left.

She starts toward it. Takes her a few seconds to realize she
is tracking in a dark, viscous fluid on the carpet.

Maggie frowns. Pulls up the app.

Her blue dot is nearing Gideon's red dot.

MAGGIE
(to herself)
You can do this.

She's almost at the room. She pulls up Gideon's number.
Calls.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Hello?

GIDEON (ON PHONE)
Hey, honey. What's up?

He sounds breathless. Voice quavering.

She presses her ear against the door. No sound from inside.

MAGGIE
How's golf?

GIDEON (ON PHONE)
Cut it short. Someone stole my
phone. I just replaced it.

Maggie pushes too hard -- and the door OPENS.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
Where are you?

She enters, tentative.

MAGGIE
I'm with a friend.

GIDEON
Come home now. The riots are
getting worse.

INT. MOTEL 60 OFFICE - SAME TIME

Thera climbs over the reception counter. Enters the office.

Now the scratching sound gets louder.

SCRTZH. SCRTZH. SCRTZH.

Coming from the back of the room, where a row of tall shelves hides in darkness.

Thera edges closer.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

The room is empty, and dark. The only light coming from a standing lamp in the corner.

Maggie clocks the carpet. Used condoms, lube, cloth whips. The smell of sex in the air.

Maggie scans the mess. Gideon's phone on the floor.

She goes over to it, picks it up. The screen is cracked.

Clicks open into the lock screen. No messages, no missed calls.

Behind Maggie, a FIGURE moves into the doorway.

INT. MOTEL 60 OFFICE - SAME TIME

Thera turns into the aisle of shelves. SCREAMS.

The MOTEL RECEPTIONIST (40s, when alive) lies on the ground, twitching. His body mangled. His eyes milky. Strange bruises mark where his body was torn apart.

SCRTZH. SCRTZH. SCRTZH.

But his fingers still scratch the floor. Clawing desperately.

His milky eyes dilate, focus on Thera.

She begins to back away. As she does, he starts to CHOKE. As though there was something inside his mouth.

His cheeks bulge.

Something wriggles inside, trying to escape.

Thera unzips her backpack as she bolts from the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Maggie turns.

The figure in the doorway is a BUCK-NAKED MUSCULAR MAN.

MAGGIE

Sorry. I'm uh, housekeeping --

He lumbers toward her. Movements unnatural and janky.

Maggie shines her phone screen at the man. Milky white eyes, skin blotchy with strange suction marks all over once-admirable muscles.

Maggie SCREAMS. Runs around the bed.

The man reaches for her, but she climbs over the bed, squishing used condoms in her path.

The man's mouth opens wide.

Like the jaw of a reticulated python unhinging.

And a long APPENDAGE that was once his tongue begins to UNFURL from within.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

No!

Maggie throws Gideon's phone right at The Man's mouth.

It connects, he stumbles back.

Maggie tumbles off the bed, hits the floor running.

INT. MOTEL 60 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Maggie bursts out into the hallway.

Just as Thera comes in on the other end.

THERA

Maggie!

MAGGIE

Thera! Oh my God!

Behind her, The Man comes into view.

THERA

Fuck.

The Man's mouth unhinges again.

The Tongue plops to the floor. Stiff and turgid.

THERA (CONT'D)

Run!

Maggie sprints -- and slips on the fluid on the carpet.

Now it becomes clear to her that it's blood.

MAGGIE

Ahh!

The Man strides toward her, his Tongue slithering in front of him, soaking up all the blood.

It rises into the air --

THERA

No!

Thera pulls the spiked whip from the sex shop out of her backpack.

Lashes it at The Tongue where it wraps around like a coil.

In perfect sync, just as Thera pulls the Man forward, Maggie kicks outward at his hips.

A sickening CRACK as torso and lower body fold in the middle.

THERA (CONT'D)

Get up!

Thera drags Maggie to her feet.

But Maggie can't stop staring at The Man's collapsed body.

Like the motel receptionist, his fingers still scrabble at the carpet. His eyes firmly locked on Maggie's face. His Tongue, still solid, lashes out at her throat --

But Thera pulls her backward, beyond the reach of the appendage.

THERA (CONT'D)

Fuck off!

They make a run for it.

INT. SEX SHOP - EVENING

Maggie sits behind the counter, freshly clean and wrapped in a towel. She looks shocked.

THERA
It's not natural.

Thera paces in front of her.

THERA (CONT'D)
You know that's not natural.

MAGGIE
(soft)
Gideon wasn't there.

Thera pulls out her phone, scrolls through.

THERA
Look.

She turns to show Maggie the screen.

ON SCREEN:

Hordes attacking people. The tongues CONNECTING right into the mouths of other people.

Like a tubular CPR, only as the tongue transmits, the victim's eyes turn milky white.

THERA (CONT'D)
You should ask your husband what the fuck is going on.

MAGGIE
(louder)
He wasn't there.

THERA
His phone was.

MAGGIE
It was stolen.

Thera gives Maggie a pointed look.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
He wasn't there!

THERA
It's not like he hasn't done it before.

A flash of anger across Maggie's face.

MAGGIE

It's crazy, your distrust for everything and everybody.

THERA

He could have gone to the motel first. The app doesn't lie.

MAGGIE

The app? Your easy way out for when things are going bad?

THERA

I'm not the one in denial.

MAGGIE

I try to fix my problems. I don't play games, go around looking for someone else to toy with, to...

Maggie stops. Thera stares at her, incredulous.

THERA

You're kidding. You think I want YOU?

Thera bursts into mocking, exaggerated laughter.

THERA (CONT'D)

Did your dearest husband tell you that too? Darling, I don't get involved with some married woman who believes everything her husband tells her. I'm not a fucking idiot.

A beat. Maggie snatches up her purse and leaves the shop.

Thera watches her go. As soon as the door closes, she kicks the counter.

THERA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is dark. Reminiscent of the motel room.

Maggie enters, angry. She dumps her purse on the counter.

MAGGIE

Babe, you were right.

The vibe of the room hits her hard. It all feels wrong.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Gideon?

She sees the open bedroom door. A crack of light seeps through.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie pushes the door open.

The room is lit only by the bedside lamps.

She looks to the bathroom. The tap at full blast, causing the sink to overflow.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie comes in.

MAGGIE

Gideon?

She shuts off the tap. Clocks diluted stains around the sink of what looks like BLOOD.

In the reflection of the mirror, he comes up behind her.

She gasps, turns.

Gideon looks like a shadow of his former self. Clad in long-sleeved, thick layers. Perspiring heavily.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What happened? You okay?

GIDEON

I'm good.

MAGGIE

Why are you wearing that?

GIDEON

You weren't home.

MAGGIE

I was... with a friend. What's going on?

GIDEON

I was washing up.

Gideon stares at Maggie. A beat too long.

MAGGIE

Maybe you're running a fever --

Maggie reaches to touch his forehead but Gideon grips her wrist, hard.

GIDEON

You look nice.

MAGGIE

Let me go, Gideon.

GIDEON

I promised you.

MAGGIE

What?

Gideon KISSES her. Full smack on the lips.

Maggie pulls away, stunned.

GIDEON

I promised you.

Gideon smiles.

Hair sweat-soaked and floppy. Eyes burning with desire. There's a hunger she's never seen before.

MAGGIE

You sure?

GIDEON

I want you.

He guides her hand onto his crotch. Her eyes widen as she feels his hardness.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie and Gideon fall onto the bed.

She kisses Gideon's clammy neck. Tries to remove his sweater but he resists.

MAGGIE

Take it off.

Gideon pulls her close. Kisses her hard, hungry.

GIDEON

Sure.

He pulls off his pants.

MAGGIE

Woah.

GIDEON

Get on.

MAGGIE

I think we should --

GIDEON

GET ON!

It's said with a strange gurgle. As though something was growing inside his mouth.

Maggie looks down. She's about to comply. Then --

MAGGIE

Wouldn't it be more fun with this?

Maggie reaches into her nightstand.

Pulls out two pairs of the green handcuffs from the sex shop.

GIDEON

Maggie.

It comes out as a low growl. He starts to sit up...

With surprising speed, she clicks them around Gideon's wrists and the bedframe.

MAGGIE

There.

GIDEON

I want to be inside you.

Maggie hesitates.

Then she reaches into the bag, pulls out a condom. Slips it over Gideon.

Maggie climbs on. He closes his eyes.

She begins to ride.

ON HER FACE: This is absolute bliss.

A few beats as she goes at it.

He closes his eyes. A low gurgle escapes his lips. He starts drooling. His skin gets paler and clammy.

As Maggie rides, she reaches over to his arm, rolls the sweater sleeve back.

On his forearm: a SUCTION MARK, leaking green and white pus.

Maggie's eyes widen in recognition... but she continues her movements.

Gideon now looks caught between bliss and anguish. He's straining against the handcuffs. All sense of language gone.

Maggie clocks the look of suffering on Gideon's face and it emboldens her.

She rides harder, punching Gideon's chest, digging her nails into his clammy and soaking wet skin --

And she COMES, makes a loud sound of her own.

A beat. Maggie's eyes widen.

She feels something in her crotch. She gets off, stumbles off the bed.

Looks down at Gideon's genitals.

MAGGIE

Fuck!

A beat. She RETCHES.

She stumbles for her iPhone on the nightstand. Punches in a call.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Thera --

THERA

Go away.

MAGGIE

Gideon -- his penis, it just, it --

THERA

Wait, what?

MAGGIE

We had sex.

Maggie RETCHES again.

THERA
I'm coming over.

MAGGIE
Please. Please.

She hangs up. Turns to look at Gideon --

But he's GONE.

To her horror BOTH OF HIS HANDS are hanging from the handcuffs. Tendons and congealed blood dripping from their open ends.

A flash of motion catches her eye.

Maggie ducks just as Gideon rushes her. They hit the floor hard.

He scrabbles to recover, but that's hard to do when missing both hands.

Maggie grabs the bedside lamp, the kind with a solid wooden base.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(crying now)
Please, Gideon...

As Gideon recovers, she cracks the lamp across his head. He stumbles back. But he's not done yet.

His cheeks start to bulge. A guttural GURGLE rises from within.

In one swift move, Maggie rolls to the other side of the bed. She grabs up the other lamp just as Gideon's Tongue erupts from his mouth.

She blocks her face with the lamp. Gideon's Tongue suction to it instead.

The entire tongue FLARES OPEN. Revealing ROWS OF TEETH all along its length.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Oh my God!

She pulls. Gideon falls forward, SLAMS his head into the footboard of the bed. His Tongue disengages from the lamp.

She brings the lamp down onto Gideon's head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck you!

And again. And again.

She smashes the lamp onto Gideon's head and his Tongue many times over. All the bottled rage and frustration of those many years in physical manifestation.

Until the lamp is nothing more than a stub of wood, and she tosses it to one side.

Maggie realizes she's in tears. She wipes them away.

Kicks Gideon with her foot.

But he doesn't move. Maggie steps over him to her phone.

THERA'S TEXT MESSAGE: "Was he there?"

Maggie stares at the body of her former husband. Then at his iPhone, sitting on his nightstand.

She crosses over the bed, picks it up.

Lock screen again.

She reaches for Gideon's hand, dangling from the handcuff. Fighting every urge to throw up.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fuck, fuck.

She presses his loose finger to the screen.

It unlocks. Opens right on iPhotos -- and a CLIP.

Maggie clicks play on the

VIDEO

The Muscular Man from the motel. Only his upper body is shown, as he does bodybuilding poses on the bed.

GIDEON (O.S.)

Yeah. That's it.

The camera moves.

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

Great. Great.

Gideon, holding the phone, moving around the guy.

INTERCUT with Maggie's face.

Her expression of horror and pain.

MUSCULAR MAN
You're hot.

Muscular Man leans in to kiss Gideon --

But he pulls back.

GIDEON
No no. No touching.

A LOUD YELL from outside.

MUSCULAR MAN
What was that?

The camera turns to the door.

Someone is yelling outside. Then the yells become screams...
Which get louder.

GIDEON
Stay here.

Still semi-filming, Gideon walks out into the

HALLWAY (ON VIDEO)

Where a group of RIOTERS are coming up the stairs, into the
end of the hallway. A mix of looks from all walks of life...
when they were alive.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
Hello?

They turn as one to him.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
Shit.

The rioters charge.

The iPhone tilts as Gideon runs back into the room. Notably,
he is FULLY-CLOTHED.

MUSCULAR MAN
What's happening?

He tries to slam the door but one of the rioters' tongues
suctions to his FOREARM, the one holding the iPhone.

Gideon screams. The Muscular Man screams.

The video clatters to the ground but keeps filming upward.

The tongue's teeth flare open and sink into Gideon's skin.

Gideon howls, rips it off him, along with his own blood and muscle.

Just as the rioters force the door open, Gideon lowers his head and like a quarterback, barrels his way through them.

MUSCULAR MAN (CONT'D)

No! Come back!

The rioters all turn to the Muscular Man.

They stare a beat, with their milky eyes and profusely-sweating skin.

MUSCULAR MAN (CONT'D)

No. No, no, no.

They OPEN THEIR MOUTHS AS ONE.

And their tongues all emerge, flaring with sharp, drooling teeth.

MUSCULAR MAN (CONT'D)

No!

One of them steps on the iPhone and with a CRUNCH the

VIDEO ENDS

Maggie's face is filled with sadness... and rage.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens.

Thera stands in the doorway, decked out in head-to-toe leather. She's armed with a variety of weapons ranging from products in the sex shop (spiked whip included) to a GUN.

THERA

Oh, thank God. Did he do anything?
Did he get you?

Maggie shakes her head. Thera checks Maggie's skin for marks.

THERA (CONT'D)

You're okay? Where is he?

Thera clocks Maggie's dazed look.

THERA (CONT'D)
Is he...

Maggie gestures at the spiked whip.

MAGGIE
Give me.

THERA
Something's burning.

MAGGIE
Give me!

Thera hands Maggie the spiked whip.

She cracks it in the air. Not as skilful as Thera, but there's talent.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Let's go.

THERA
Where is he?

Thera pushes to go into the apartment but Maggie stops her.

MAGGIE
Thank you. For everything.

Maggie meets Thera's eyes fully.

For the first time there is gratitude and acceptance.

A beat. Thera nods.

THERA
Keep your distance from them.

She cocks her gun.

Maggie nods back. Firm. She closes the door behind them.

Pull back to reveal the bedroom... with smoke and flame pouring out.

A wretched gargling, choking sound emerges from the crackling fire.

FADE TO:

END TITLE: "THIS BEDROOM IS DEAD".