

BLOODY SHOW:
PRETEND

Written by

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Based on Original Story by
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CRYSTALLIZING Panel: Panel 1

Panel 1 -

EXT. DISGUSTING APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The building has seen better days. The few working lights reveal walls splotched with mold and peeling paint. Wind whips through the plastic covering a broken window at the end of the passage.

None of this matters to the drunk, but beautiful barfly DARLA (25), who is busy pressing a man against the door of her home, apartment 22.

That man is FICTION.

FICTION (V.O.)

The cold air bites at my skin. But not as hard as her.

(new bubble)

She attacked me out of need. Out of lust. And I obliged.

(new bubble)

She wasn't scared. Not of this neighborhood. Not of the recent disappearances. And certainly not of me.

Panel 2 -

Close as Darla bites on Fiction's lip. She's rough, the blood beading under her teeth.

FICTION (V.O.)

Her breath smells of stale cigarettes and the booze I've been buying her all evening.

(new bubble)

Her teeth are sharp. She draws blood. Fun and games, pretending to be bad.

(new bubble)

Neither of us is pretending.

Panel 3 -

Darla MOUNTS Fiction, nearly eating his face with the intensity of her kisses. She's straddling him, legs wrapped around his waist.

Fiction looks at her intensely. He's here for business, not pleasure.

FICTION (V.O.)
Darla Hess. The fourth victim. The
final victim.

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CRYSTALLIZING Panel: Panel 3

Panel 1 -

Darla pulls away from Fiction and smiles whilst licking her lips. We see she has short blonde hair, blue eyes, and a beautiful pout. The perfect girl.

DARLA
I want your body.

FICTION
I figured as much.

DARLA
Well, if you show me yours and I'll
show you mine.

Panel 2 -

Fiction motions towards the door. Darla seductively runs her fingers down his lips.

FICTION
You mean the body of Darla Hess?

DARLA
Silly. Yes, me. I'm -

FICTION
You're an abomination playing
pretend.

Panel 3 -

INT. DISGUSTING APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Leaning against the inside of the door, we see the rotting corpse of Darla Hess!

She looks identical to the one we've seen outside, only decayed, like the life was forcefully sucked out of her.

It looks like the top right of her head has had something take a HUGE bite out of it, consuming most of her brain.

FICTION

The real Darla is rotting inside the apartment. This place reeks of death. I wasn't born last week.

Panel 4 -

EXT. DISGUSTING APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Darla grabs Fiction tighter. Her skin becomes translucent, exposing the organs within. Her features start to melt together, and her teeth extend into needle-like fangs. Her eyes burn yellow.

She prepares to strike Fiction.

DARLA

I was.

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CRYSTALLIZING Panel: Panel 3

Panel 1 -

Fiction takes his knife and rams it through Darla's neck!

But her head and body have already started to maneuver around it like Mr. Fantastic, reforming all around him.

FICTION (V.O.)

I don't tell her she's under arrest or that the rest of her brood is dead.

Panel 2 -

Darla's face reforms behind Fiction. Her jaw extends like a snake's.

FICTION (V.O.)

I just finish it quickly and hope she appreciates the kindness.

Panel 3 -

Fiction whips around with a gun and BLASTS Darla in the face, blowing her head off. Brain chunks and skull fragments explode out of her translucent skin.

FICTION (V.O.)
Though I doubt she does.

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CRYSTALLIZING Panel: Panel 4

Panel 1 -

Fiction looks down the hallway, wiping off the mess that is her destroyed corpse. The liquid body has gone limp.

FICTION (V.O.)
The gunshot echoes through the
hallway, but no one leaves their
home.

Panel 2 -

Fiction's POV:

One of the DOORS, apartment 23, is opened slightly, but the chain is left on. Peeking from the other side is a WOLFMAN!

FICTION (V.O.)
Not when there's something scary
outside.
(new bubble)
Good. I'm not here for them.

Panel 3 -

Fiction leans against Darla's door. He pulls a PACK OF CIGARETTES out of his pocket.

FICTION (V.O.)
Just for the monster pretending to
be a dead girl.

Panel 4 -

Pull out the camera. Fiction smokes his cigarette with the destroyed corpse of the metamorph in the foreground.

FICTION (V.O.)
She isn't pretending anymore.