

WE ARE THE NIGHT

by Jan Berger

Based on the script "The Dawn"
by
Dennis Gansel

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WE ARE THE NIGHT

One night, 18-year-old LENA is bitten by LOUISE, leader of a female vampire trio that are as deadly as they are beautiful. Her newfound vampiric lifestyle is a blessing and a curse at the same time. At first, she enjoys the limitless freedom, the luxury, the parties. But soon the murderous blood lust of her comrades in arms proves too much for her, and she falls dangerously in love with TOM, a young undercover cop. When she resolves to turn her back on the bloodsucking band of sisters, Louise's fury knows no bounds. Lena will have to choose between immortal love and immortal life...

WE ARE THE NIGHT

CAST & CREW

Director: **DENNIS GANSEL**
The Wave
Napola – Before The Fall

Screenplay: **JAN BERGER**
Back to Gaya
FC Venus

Based on the script "The Dawn" by Dennis Gansel

Producers: **CHRISTIAN BECKER**
Wicky The Mighty Wiking
The Wave
Hui Buh

MARTIN MOSZKOWICZ
Pope Joan
Wicky The Mighty Wiking
A Year Ago in Winter
The Wave
Perfume: The Story of a Murderer
Resident Evil

WE ARE THE NIGHT

KAROLINE HERFURTH – Lena



The Reader by Stephen Daldry

A Year Ago In Winter by Caroline Link
(Winner Best Young Actress, Bavarian Film Award 2009)

Perfume: The Story of a Murderer by Tom Tykwer

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NINA HOSS – Louise



Jerichow by Christian Petzold

Yella by Christian Petzold
(Winner Silver Bear Best Actress, Berlin 2007)

The Elementary Particles by Oskar Roehler

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JENNIFER ULRICH – Charlotte



The Wave by Dennis Gansel

The Elementary Particles by Oskar Roehler

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ANNA FISCHER – Nora



**Liebeskind by Jeanette Wagner
(Winner Best Young Actress, Max Ophüls Festival 2006)**

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MAX RIEMELT – Tom



The Wave by Dennis Gansel

**The Red Cockatoo by Dominik Graf
(Winner Best Young Actor, Bavarian Film Award 2006)**

**Before the Fall (Napola) by Dennis Gansel
(Winner Best Actor, Karlovy Vary 2004)**

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A sea of clouds shining in the moonlight beneath the infinite night sky.

In the distance, a Gulfstream G650 sails along at cruising altitude. We can make out the German flag on the tail and the lights in the cabin windows.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

In the cockpit, an invisible hand moves the two control sticks in synch: The Autopilot is engaged. The squawk of tower RADIO TRAFFIC can be heard from the speakers, but no one responds. The CO-PILOT slouches in his seat, one hand dangling on the floor, swaying with the rocking of the plane. The skin around the bite mark on his neck has turned black.

The cockpit door swings back and forth, bumping into a body lying motionlessly on the floor: The PILOT is lying on his stomach in a puddle of blood. He has discolored bite marks as well. Above him, on the front panel of the passenger cabin, an in-flight movie plays silently on a large flatscreen TV.

To the left of him stands a bar: buckets of champagne and tasty desserts wait to be served. The STEWARD sits in the aisle in front of the bar, his back leaning against a seat, his head tipped back, his throat sliced open.

Diagonally across from him, two leather sofas encircle a mahogany table, where BUSINESSMEN in suits seem to be asleep, their heads resting on the table tops. Their blood pools in a puddle, washing around their laptops and Blackberrys, which are still on. On top of the next table lies a portly ARAB MAN, getting on in years, beside his blonde young MISTRESS.

Further down the hall lies the body of an ELDERLY LADY draped in jewelry. Her fingernails clutch the carpeting. Her dead eyes stare at the rear of the plane - where THREE YOUNG WOMEN sit around the last table. Alive.

They look slightly bored, surrounded by shopping bags from the most expensive shops in Paris:

LOUISE looks to be in her mid-20s, but behind those eyes dwells an ancient soul. She's a stunning beauty. Her dress is of a timeless elegance. She downs her champagne glass, sets it down, pulls her hair back into a ponytail.

CHARLOTTE, 26, has the face of a silent-movie star. Her jewelry, dress and hairdo look like something from the Roaring '20s. She absent-mindedly shuts the sumptuous antique book she's reading: Céline, *Journey to the End of the Night*.

NORA, 22. Hardly more than a girl, with innocent, unbridled energy bursting out of her. A forest faerie in raver duds. She peers out of the window impatiently:

The clouds beneath them part to reveal the nighttime cityscape of the capital: Berlin.

NORA
(sings the new wave
anthem by *Ideal*, off key)
*Zoo station, my train pulls in / I
go away, to come back again! / I
feel good, I love Berlin!*

Nora grabs all their shopping bags, gets up - Louise looks at her disapprovingly.

NORA
Well, what did we go to Paris for?

LOUISE
You shouldn't have killed the
pilot.

NORA
I was hungry!

LOUISE
We had caviar.

Disappointed, Nora drops the bags again. Louise gets up and gives Charlotte a let's-go look.

CHARLOTTE
Two more pages. I want to know how
it ends.

NORA
Now!

Charlotte shuts the book in irritation, puts it down on the table and rubs a rueful hand over its leather binding.

Louise leads the other two women to the rear of the plane. Suddenly she stops and turns toward the toilet, puts her ear up to the toilet door, hearing a muffled WHIMPER. She takes a step back, sees the red OCCUPIED sign beneath the knob - winds up her clenched fist and PUNCHES a hole in the door where the bolt was a second ago.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN / TOILET - NIGHT

A young STEWARDESS cowers in the corner of the stall. Her wide, terrified eyes have a fascinating, scintillating color. Louise notices it, approaches her full of curiosity and touches her hand to her cheek. Aghast, the woman averts her face, shutting her eyes tight in terror.

LOUISE
There, there!

With her hand, Louise turns the young woman's head back toward her. The stewardess stares at Louise in terror, shaking all over. Louise leans very near to her, raising her fluttering eyelids with her thumb, inspects her iris, her dilated pupils, before letting go of her in disappointment.

LOUISE
Too bad.

STEWARDESS
What...?

Louise puts her hand on her mouth, the other in the back of her neck...

LOUISE
It's not your fault.

...breaks her neck with one blow, digs her long golden fangs into the dead woman's throat and quickly sucks her dry.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

Charlotte and Nora wait for Louise by the rear exit. Louise's face is bloody. She gives her companions a sad look.

CHARLOTTE
Let me guess: She had pretty eyes,
too good to be true...?

NORA
(comforting)
Don't listen to her, Louise. You'll
get lucky some day...!

Louise gives Nora a grateful smile.

LOUISE
Some day...

Charlotte winces in annoyance, pulls off her earrings and tosses them in her mouth like two aspirin, turns away and

RIPS open the door of the airplane. The plane shakes, the oxygen inside streams out, onboard items fly about, the NOISE is deafening.

Charlotte leaps out first, without the slightest hesitation. Nora follows with a whoop, as if she were bungee-jumping.

Louise is the last to step up to the exit, turns back to us, casts a last look back at the devastated plane and lets herself fall backwards out into the night.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

High schoolers are celebrating their graduation with a lakeside party. Music plays, the beer is flowing, a bonfire crackles.

One of the students is taking a leak off to one side, holding his dick in one hand and a beer in the other. He turns around, hearing three LOUD IMPACTS from the lake: White geysers spurt up in the dark, little waves wash all the way up to his feet. He stares out at the night, at the edge of the lake - from whence three women emerge from the water, heading toward him. They pass by him like something out of a dream:

Charlotte takes her earrings from out of her mouth and puts them back on as she walks.

Louise pops her dislocated shoulder back in with a jolting CRACK.

Nora is the only one to even acknowledge the kid, peering piteously at his open fly, grabs the can of beer from his hand, cocks her head to the side, bites it open with her teeth and sucks out the beer as she walks. The women disappear silently into the woods...

HIGH-SCHOOL KID

Wow.

The kid stares after them, speechless, cringing as the crashing plane EXPLODES on the other side of the lake with a DEAFENING BOOM.

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE:

WE ARE THE NIGHT

EXT. ATM - NIGHT

LENA BACH, 20, dressed like a skate rat, street-smart, sometime carjacker, pops three sticks of gum in her mouth, chews, spits the wad into her hand and sticks it to the roof over the ATM machine.

She pulls out a beat-up cell phone, switches the camera on and glues it to the gum, so it unobtrusively records the keypad of the ATM.

EXT. STREET - DAY

CARS noisily crowd their way up the jammed streets, an elevated train THUNDERS by overhead.

Lena perches on a railing underneath the train tracks, watching - the ATM on the other side of the street. People walk past. No one stops at the ATM for cash.

A squad car roars past, SIREN BLARING. Lena pulls her sweatshirt hood over her head, watches the squad car go by - lights the rest of a joint, waiting, smoking, watching - until finally, a customer steps up to the ATM: A fat RUSSIAN GUY in a cheap, poorly cut suit. He takes his cash from the machine and walks off.

Lena leaps down off her railing, crosses the street at a jog, dodging traffic, reaches the ATM, pockets her cell phone, hurries after her mark, not noticing the UNDERCOVER COPS double parked ahead of her, catches up to the Russian guy, risks a quick sidelong glance: His wallet pokes out of the inside pocket of his blazer.

Lena overtakes him, stops abruptly, turning around, as the Russian guy knocks her over. They both stumble-

LENA
HEY, WATCH IT!

-Lena grabs the wallet in a flash and pockets it, when armed UNDERCOVER COPS come racing at them from all sides.

COPS
FREEZE!

The Russian guy is the first to react, breaking into a run, but is tackled and overpowered by the undercover cops immediately.

Lena turns around and sees - TWO MORE PLAINCLOTHES COPS come racing toward her from the other direction: A portly 40ish guy (LUMMER) and a young athletic type (TOM SERNER).

Lena sprints off - straight into the adjacent supermarket. With her hooded sweatshirt and baggy pants, she looks for all the world like a guy to her pursuers from behind.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

She dodges the other customers, leaps atop the conveyor belt of the nearest checkout, races past the line of shoppers, jumps off it, grabs a big plastic bag, which she sticks under her sweatshirt, races into the nearest aisle.

Tom and Lummer chase after her. Tom leaps onto the checkout counter as well, while Lummer tries to elbow his way past the checkout line, getting stuck between Turkish ladies and German food-stamp customers.

Lena tears past the shelves, hurling them over behind her, hears her pursuer stumble and curse from behind. She keeps going, grabs a red summer dress from a bargain bin, sticking it under her shirt as well, reaching the storeroom door.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Lena storms from the storeroom door, runs across the courtyard, climbs onto a dumpster, pulls herself up a wall, slashing her right hand on the shards of glass embedded in the top of the wall - landing on the other side in another back courtyard, races toward the only exit: A high, narrow driveway.

Tom also vaults the wall, slashing his left hand on the glass shards, lands on the other side, sees the guy with the hoodie race toward the exit ahead.

Just before Lena reaches the driveway, a truck turns in from outside, filling the breadth of the exit so you can't even squeeze past. Lena reacts immediately, races at the truck, uses the bumper as a step and the windshield wipers to hold on to, pulls herself up before the driver's startled eyes, looking into the windshield and seeing the reflection of her pursuer close behind her.

She clambers atop the truck cab, jumping onto the trailer from there, crawling along the narrow gap under the roof. The truck driver slams on the brakes ahead of Tom.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lena lunges off the back of the truck, lands on the sidewalk, runs on breathlessly.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Tom runs back inside, along the conveyor belt, past Lummer wedged in by a mob of angry Aldi customers.

INT./EXT. - OUTSIDE SUPERMARKET / TOM'S UNMARKED CAE - DAY

Tom leaps behind the wheel, by himself, floors it - HONKING at the other undercover cops who toss the Russian guy into the back of their car and race after Tom.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lena runs up a street toward a canal, out of breath, hears the SQUEALING TIRES of a police car behind her. She rounds a corner, shaking the pursuers - as she runs, she takes off her sweatshirt, clenching the stolen dress and plastic bag in her teeth.

EXT. BY CANAL - DAY

Tom comes careening down a dead end leading toward the canal, slams on the brakes, leaps from the car, runs to the edge of the canal, doesn't see anyone, curses, is about to head back to his car - when he spots someone out of the corner of his eye. He wheels around and takes a closer look: A young woman sits on the rocks at the water's edge, dangling her legs into the water, looking magical framed by the sunlight.

Tom stares at her for a moment, out of breath, runs his hand through his hair, approaches - Lena hears his STEPS behind her, quickly removing the ATM card and 200 Euros in cash from the stolen wallet, dropping it into the water of the canal. The plastic bag she has stuffed her pants and sweatshirt into dangles from her right foot.

TOM (O.S.)

Hi there!

Lena feigns surprise, turning around to smile at the handsome young man. Seeing her face and eyes for the first time, Tom is totally lost. From his perspective he can't see the bag of clothes dangling from Lena's foot.

TOM

Um, did you see anyone come by here? A guy about this big, in a sweatshirt and black pants?

Lena shrugs, shaking her head.

LENA

Sorry.

Tom glances around once more, takes his walkie-talkie from his belt.

TOM

(on walkie talkie)

Whatcha got? Find him?

COPS (O.S.)

Negatory!

TOM

Damn!

He stands there, unsure what to do. Catches his breath. Puts his walkie-talkie away. Examines the gash in his left hand. Sucks the blood off. Wipes the sweat off his brow. Peers around once more. Looks at Lena, thinking. Something dawns on him.

TOM

Mind if I catch my breath here for a moment?

LENA

Um, I-

TOM

The son of a bitch was just too damn fast!

Tom goes over to her - Lena lets the plastic bag slide off her foot. It falls into the water and floats away.

Tom sits down beside her, eyeing her from the side, spots the supermarket bag tied shut, floating away, looks up - as Lena meets his gaze. She manages to swallow her anger and frustration at losing her clothes, plays coy and curious.

LENA

What did he do?

TOM

Who?

LENA

The son of a bitch who was too fast for you.

Tom grins at her dig.

TOM

He robbed a Russian pimp we busted.

LENA
Is that so?

TOM
I bet the dummy has no idea whose
wallet he stole. But he almost
bungled our sting.

Smiles at her.

TOM
Tom.

He offers her his uninjured right hand.

LENA
(hesitates)
Hi.

Lena also extends her right hand. Flustered, she forgets the
gash in her palm until it's too late. Blood oozes from the
injury.

TOM
Doesn't that hurt?

She notices Tom's gaze and her cut.

LENA
It's okay... Be careful, there's
broken glass all over here!

TOM
Thanks for the warning!

Tom doesn't take his eyes off her.

TOM
Too late, though, I'm afraid.

Lena doesn't understand. Tom slowly raises his left hand,
which has the same kind of gash from climbing the wall.
Their eyes meet, both dropping the act.

LENA
So, now what?

TOM
Now I have to arrest you.

LENA
If you can.

TOM
If I can.

LENA
Didn't get me just now.

TOM
Well, I didn't know who I'm after,
did I?

LENA
Just for that now I know who I'm
running away from.

TOM
Will that speed you up or slow you
down?

They smile at each other, sizing each other up, challenging
each other. Seconds become unbearably long.

TOM
You look good in that dress.

LENA
Stole it.

TOM
Still.

For a moment, she looks at him with real sympathy - a girl
sitting by the water flirting with a guy -

LENA
You're a weird cop.

Then she stares at him with intense concentration, ready for
fight or flight. All is silent about them, except for the
quiet lap of the waves and the hush of the breeze in the
trees.

TOM
What do you say -

- when Lena leaps up in a flash. He's on his feet instantly
as well, lunging after her, tackling her, pressing her into
the grass.

LENA
Get off of me!

TOM
Hold still! I don't want to hurt
you!

LENA
I do!

He wrenches her arms on to her back, in an armlock -

LENA

AHH!

- yanks her to her feet, wants to cuff her - when Lena leans forward, tossing her upper body back as hard as she can, slamming the back of her head into Tom's nose.

Tom reels backward, clutching his face. Lena wheels around, giving him a pitiful look.

LENA

Sorry, Tom!

- winds up and kicks him hard in the nuts. He keels forward, sinks to his knees, GROANING, immobilized by pain. She turns away and races off - a smile on her face.

Tom gazes after her, impressed, LAUGHS loudly at his plight, but his laughter only makes it hurt more, and he collapses face first into the grass with a defeated GROAN.

EXT. ATM -DAY

The tiny screen of Lena's cell phone shows the Russian enter his four-digit PIN.

Lena is at another ATM, somewhere in Kreuzberg. She watches the recording, pockets the phone, sticks the stolen bank card into the slot, enters the PIN and wants to withdraw the maximum, but she gets an overdraft message: The Russian's account is maxed out. Cursing, Lena slams her hand against the machine.

INT. STAIRWELL - EVENING

The stairs are covered with trash, the walls smeared with graffiti. Lena climbs the stairs, dejected. The sounds of BLARING TVs and ARGUING COUPLES can be heard from the various apartments. She reaches the top floor.

On the top landing ahead of her sits MEHMET, a skinny little 8-year-old Turkish kid in poor clothes, playing chess against himself in the dim light of the stairwell on a plastic chessboard.

MEHMET

Did my wife have a nice day?

LENA

Well...

Lena sits down beside him on the step, exhausted, looks at him.

LENA
And how's my hubby?

Mehmet gives her a thumbs-up with a charming smile.

MEHMET
Only 10 more years until our
wedding, Lena.

LENA
You better buy those rings soon.

MEHMET
My brother shook me down. He needs
new tires.

LENA
Don't worry, I'll take you anyway.

She leans toward him, kisses his cheeks left and right, and gets up-

MEHMET
Wait!

He excitedly stretches out his little hand to her, with all his money in it: 2 Euros 80 in change.

MEHMET
In case you wanna go out and party
tonight. It's all I've got left...

Lena gives him a look, touched, takes the money-

LENA
You're my dream boat!

-and disappears upstairs.

Mehmet looks after her proudly, turns back to the chess board. Only now does he notice - that Lena has deposited three 50-Euro bills between the row of enemy pawns for him.

Touches and overwhelmed, he stares at the money. Then he removes a loose board from the stairs, pulls out an empty Nutella jar, deposits the bills inside, shuts the jar and places it back in the hiding place.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A cramped three-room apartment, in dire need of remodeling. Lena comes into the living room, where her mother runs a nail studio out of her home. Her mom weighs 240 lbs., thrones on the couch by a side table covered with cosmetics utensils. She's giving a customer a manicure, who sits with his back to Lena.

LENA'S MOM
(giggles)
You never told me your Parole
Officer is such a nice man!

The customer looks up, flattered, gives Lena a smug grin.

PAROLE OFFICER
You listen to your mother!

He's in his late 40s, a mix of social worker and sadistic Phys Ed teacher. He has a ponytail, outdoor-style clothes and high tech hiking sandals with socks on. He frees his fingers from his mother's grip, caressing her fat arm.

PAROLE OFFICER
Think I could have a glass of
water, Mrs. Bach? A cold beer would
do the trick, too.

Lena's mom giggles again, gets up with a groan and retreats to the kitchen. The parole officer sticks his hand out to Lena. Lena hesitates, reaches in her pocket and sticks her last remaining 50 Euros in his hand. He leans forward and peers at the bill.

PAROLE OFFICER
(to bill)
Are you all alone, little guy?
Don't you have any friends?

LENA
Slim pickings today.

PAROLE OFFICER
Do you have any idea how many rules
I'm bending for you? How many good
words I put in for you with the
judge, the department? How much I'm
going out on limb for you?

He glares at her.

PAROLE OFFICER
Or don't you feel comfortable on
the outside? Do you miss the
structure and discipline of
juvenile detention?

Lena lowers her gaze, timidly:

LENA
I'll get you the rest tomorrow. I
swear.

He closes his hand around the bill, pockets it with a sigh.

PAROLE OFFICER
I'm just too soft on you girls. I
can't believe the way you take
advantage of my paternal instincts.

Lena's mom returns from the kitchen with two glasses of
beer.

PAROLE OFFICER
Aha! Off duty!

Lena leaves the living room in disgust.

INT. LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Standing before her clothes closet, Lena takes off the
dress, tosses it in the trash, donning her usual street
gear: Hoodie and baggy jeans.

CUT TO:

Lena is sitting on her bed, leaning her back against the
wall, her knees drawn toward her, nursing her gash. She ties
a knot in her makeshift bandage, staring straight ahead out
of her small window, which frames the night over the
adjoining roofs: The moon appears between satellite dishes
and smokestacks, a small white glowing orb, far, far away.
She hears the voices of her mom and the parole officer from
the next room. LAUGHTER turns to loud MOANING. Lena makes a
face, covers her ears-

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lena heads up a street, tries the door handles of cars.
They're all locked.

CUT TO:

She finishes a bottle of beer, hurls it against a building.
Someone COMPLAINS somewhere.

LENA
Oh, shut up!

CUT TO:

Lena wanders about the city at night, aimlessly and listlessly, after a while she has no idea where she is:

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB - NIGHT

A wide, empty lot extends before her. A single old building arises from it in the distance. Colored lights shine from the door, illuminating a throng of people waiting to get in.

Lena feels drawn to the building, avoiding the puddles on the muddy lot, approaching the club and eyeing the people outside: Lena doesn't fit in, being by far the youngest, and looking lost among all the stylish and elegant hipsters. She looks around more carefully - seeing potential victims everywhere: expensive purses and bulging wallets.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Louise is alone at a bank of surveillance monitors in the back office, showing every part of the club. Her gaze slowly scans the throbbing masses on the dance floor, at the bar, in front of the toilets. She zooms in on the faces of young women, scrutinizing their eyes closely, but is disappointed each time.

Finally, her gaze catches on the screen that shows the scene at the door: People outside waiting to get in. The bouncer's broad shoulders block Louise's view. Then he steps aside - and Louise sees Lena. Louise leans forward in excitement, zooms in: Lena's face close on screen: Her eyes look back at the camera. Louise watches her, holding her breath, hastily grabs the walkie talkie.

 LOUISE
Let her in!

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB - NIGHT

The black bouncer wears an earpiece connecting him to Louise in the head office, nods obediently and points a finger at Lena, who's stuck in the crowd. Lena points at herself, can't believe she's being let in a club like this. She hurries inside past the bouncer, unsure of herself.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Lena stands at the edge of the dance floor, watching the beautiful, partying people, looking for a suitable victim. Nora dances atop a speaker stack nearby. A guy is staring up at her, spellbound, elbows past Lena - Lena extracts his wallet from his pocket. No one notices -

CUT TO:

- except Louise. She's standing at a balcony railing at the upper level, peering down at Lena.

In the VIP area behind her, Charlotte has curled up with an old book (*Lampedusa, Il Gattopardo*), completely oblivious to what is going on around her.

CUT TO:

Without knowing why, Louise's gaze gives Lena shivers and goosebumps, her arm hairs stand on end.

CUT TO:

Louise glances at the DJ at his turntables, nodding to him. The DJ segues from bland, unobtrusive music into a tune with hardcore beats.

Louise opens her purse, which is hanging on a chair back, and takes out a silver money clip full of large, folded bills. She affixes the money clip to the halter of her dress, wearing the cash on her naked chest - and heads down the stairs, not taking her eyes off Lena.

The crowd parts ahead of her, the regulars greet her in awe, recognizing her as the owner of the club, but she ignores them all, only seeing - Lena on the dance floor. She's taken off her hooded sweatshirt. She wears a short T-shirt underneath, which exposes her belly and the sun tattooed around her belly button. A guy dances in front of her, his wallet bulging beneath his sports jacket. Lena dances her way through the crowd, reaching him and extending her hand - when Louise suddenly appears in front of her, blocking her way, her back to her. Lena curses to herself, angrily peering at the naked back of the woman in front of her and trying to get past her. Then she spots Louise's money clip. Lena immediately changes plans, having found a new victim. Louise surrenders to the music, sensing Lena standing behind her, inhaling her scent, dances ever more wildly - forcing Lena to follow her movements if she wants to get at the cash. They dance very close, in the same rhythm, their bodies just an inch or two apart. Waiting for just the right moment, Lena's hand darts out and snags the money clip from Louise's dress, softly brushing her skin. Feeling the touch, Louise shuts her eyes in pleasure, relishing the feeling - whirls around energetically once Lena has pocketed the loot in her waistband.

Lena is startled, unsure of whether she's been busted or not.

Louise stares her right in the eyes, seemingly looking for something excitedly, sees the way the spotlight beam breaks in her iris in a certain way -

LOUISE

Oh!

A smile of pure bliss lights up her face, she beams at Lena, hardly able to believe it. Lena is relieved and at the same time confused how anyone could be so happy to see her. The song ends.

LOUISE

I'm dying of thirst!

Both are sweaty and out of breath.

LOUISE

You buying? You've got my money.

Lena is scared, wants to run, but Louise grabs her wrist.

LOUISE

No, don't! Keep it! Think of it as
your pay for letting me look into
your pretty eyes.

Lena gives her a confused look, but can't free her arm from Louise's grasp and lets her drag her along.

INT. CLUB / BAR - NIGHT

The two women sit at the bar. Lena is downing her second drink, eying Louise mistrustfully.

LOUISE

Where are your friends?

LENA

What friends?

LOUISE

Nobody your age goes anywhere
without their friends.

LENA

I'm launching my solo career.

Louise smiles.

LOUISE

You only have two options if you
don't want to be like the rest:

Either you let their world do you
in, or you create you own.

LENA
You'd need money for that.

LOUISE
Courage is enough.

LENA
And you've got both?

LOUISE
Enough for two.

Lena is flattered, downs her cocktail and shoves the stolen
money clip back across the bar toward Louise.

LENA
I think I prefer to work alone.

Louise eyes her, nods.

LOUISE
Good luck!

LENA
Thanks.

Lena gets up shakily, peering around.

LOUISE
Straight ahead and to your left.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Lena steadies herself against the sink in the deserted
Ladies' Room. She sticks her face under water, drinks,
raises her head and gazes at herself in the mirror, dazed.

LOUISE (OS)
You can't see it.

Lena wheels around. Even though she didn't notice Louise
come in in the mirror, she's standing right in front of her
now. Louise reaches out her hand, brushes a lock of hair
away from her eye, examines her pupils, mesmerizing her with
her gaze, her voice.

LOUISE
Your eyes are blind to it, even
though every glance gives you away.

LENA

What are you talking about?

LOUISE
About what's inside you.

LENA
What could that be?

LOUISE
Something very rare. Special.

Louise strokes her lips with her thumb - until it gets too much for Lena. She shoves Louise's hand away -

LENA
You're the first human being to notice...

Lena turns away, tears paper towels from the dispenser, dries herself off, looks up from the sink: the room is empty except for her. Lena trusts the mirror, thinks she's alone again, breathes a sigh of relief - while Louise is still standing right behind her. She bends toward Lena's neck from behind, sees her jugular, and Lena alone in the mirror -

LOUISE
No, I'm not.

Lena starts, sees Louise's open mouth darting toward her throat out of the corner of her eye, SCREAMS - too late. Louise digs her golden fangs into Lena's vein, gets hurled backwards with incredible force, as if she just bit down on a high-voltage line, and is flung backward, crashing through several toilet stalls.

Lena clutches her neck in shock, turns on Louise, stares at her in mortal fear - but Louise beams at Lena, overcome with joy.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Lena stumbles through the club in panic - bumps into Nora, who stares after her in curiosity, storms toward the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB - NIGHT

-runs across the muddy vacant lot, stumbles and falls, gets back to her feet, holding her hand to her throat, runs on...

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Entering the Ladies' Room, Charlotte sees Louise: She's leaning against the rear wall amid the debris, elated.

Charlotte eyes her skeptically.

LOUISE

At least pretend you're happy for me!

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Charlotte sullenly leaves the Ladies' Room, crosses the club.

Nora meets her, full of suspense.

NORA

What happened?

CHARLOTTE

She's in love.

Nora gleams like a little girl at Christmas, clapping her hands excitedly.

NORA

Finally!

INT. LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

In her bed, Lena is sleeping uneasily. She moans in pain, having a nightmare, pushes her blanket away.

In the dim moonlight falling in through the half-open drapes, we can make out the deep bite marks on her neck. They're spreading like a tumor, turning Lena's throat dark. Black veins snake outward in all directions from the inflamed wound, carrying the poison to all parts of her body.

INT. LENA'S ROOM - DAY

Lena SCREAMS and wakes up at noon the next day. Pale, trembling and drenched in sweat. She blinks her eyes and squints, blinded. The black veins have vanished, her eyes are their normal color again.

Daylight blinds her with extreme brightness. It streams through the drapes like searchlights, erecting a wall of light down the middle of her room. Lena recoils from the sun back to the edge of her bed. Eyes tearing up, she stares at the dust dancing in the blinding sunlight.

She gets up with an effort, drags herself over to the window, sticking to the shadows, wants to shut the drapes, grabs the seam of the cloth. The sunlight hits her hand, making her retract it with a SCREAM. She looks at her reddened skin, frightened, rubbing her arm, takes a long ruler and uses it to shut the drapes.

The room gets darker. Only a single, thin ray of light falls in through a moth hole now. Lena carefully sticks her hand out, touching the ray of light with the tip of her finger: Her flesh starts to glow deep orange, small particles peel off, drifting away through the air along the beam of light and out the moth hole in the curtain as if flying home toward the sun. Lena can't take the pain any longer and retracts her finger, blows on it. The orange glow fades again, her finger tip is scalded, skin is missing.

She wipes the sweat from her brow, clutching her cramping stomach, standing in her room wracked in pain, gradually recalling the last night. She carefully feels her throat for the bite-

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

-examines her neck from all sides in the bathroom mirror: There are two scab marks over her jugular. Lena takes three aspirin, eyes her pale face, which looks sick and feverish, somehow translucent, as if the mirror was going dull or her vision were going. She feels her upper lip, which seems somehow swollen. Lifts it up. Feels the upper right canine. Groans in pain. The tooth is loose.

Lena stares at herself in the mirror. Her reflection has grown slightly fainter again. She rubs her eyes, and is seized by another spasm, falls to her knees before the toilet and pukes into it violently. Outside, her mother pounds vehemently on the door.

LENA'S MOM (O.S.)

Go puke in your own room! I've got to go!

INT. LENA'S ROOM - EVENING/NIGHT

Lena cowers on her bed in a crouch, watching - the light fade behind the curtain. She still has stomach cramps, shaking all over. Finally, she gets up with difficulty, and cautiously opens one of the drapes: The last rays of sun vanish behind the rooftops, giving way to night. Lena opens the window in relief, inhaling the fresh night air.

CUT TO:

She crouches in bed, staring at her little TV, the flicker of the screen distracts her from her pain:

The local news reports a plane crash outside of Berlin. Seems all passengers died in the explosion. She switches channels to a wildlife documentary. Lions attacking an antelope, gorging themselves on the bloody cadaver. Lena watches aghast, but her stomach GROWLS loudly and hungrily at the sight of the blood. She turns the TV off, sinks back down on the bed, burying her head in her arms. Her stomach GROWLS again.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lena eyes the contents of the fridge: Yoghurt, coke, sweets - nothing turns her on. She shoves aside a few beer cans and discovers a big, bloody piece of liver in a plastic bag behind them.

Lena impatiently rips open the packaging, greedily stares at the raw, dripping piece of meat in her hand, can't resist any longer, chomps into it and MOANS with pleasure. She chews the raw flesh with a ravenous appetite. Finally she grows too impatient and spits out the bite, sucking the blood directly from the liver, like water from a wet sponge.

By the time she's done, the red color has gone out of the meat, leaving a gray, shriveled lump behind. Lena tosses it away, taking the plastic wrap and drinking the blood that has collected in it, as well. Finally, she feels better. Her withdrawal symptoms, her trembling and cramps are suddenly gone. Something falls out of her mouth and lands on the kitchen floor. Lena bends over, picks it up and stares at it, aghast - she holds a tooth in her hand. With her finger, she feels for the new gap, to the left of her upper incisors, finds the right-hand canine and realizes it's loose, too - when it falls out as well.

Someone starts RINGING the doorbell like crazy, POUNDING on the door:

PAROLE OFFICER (O.S.)
LENA! OPEN UP!

Lena ignores him, gets up -

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

- and runs into the bathroom in shock. She wants to check out the damage in the mirror. Stares in confusion, takes a second to realize that - her reflection is gone.

She leans toward the mirror, taps against it, as it keeps reflecting nothing but the wall behind her, unperturbed. She can't believe it, staring dumbfounded at the nothingness before her, gets swept up by her despair, making a fist - and shatters the medicine cabinet mirror with one blow.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The DOORBELL is still ringing like mad. Lena yanks open the apartment door, grabs the astonished parole officer by the pony tail and yanks his head back - bending him backwards over the railing, dangling seven floors in the air. Lena's eyes are glowing, her mouth is smeared with animal blood. The parole officer SCREAMS like a little girl.

PAROLE OFFICER

HELP!

Lena casts him aside, slamming him into the wall, runs down the steps.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lena's POV: Hurrying down the streets, she experiences the night like never before: Between the buildings, the moon seems ten times normal size, a startlingly close, blinding bright white orb, so close you can make out the individual craters.

The stars, the lights of cars and houses, the darkness itself seems brighter, shining in a magical new light. She picks up snippets of passer-bys' CONVERSATION, a hundred yards away, hears a RAT SCURRYING through the park on the other side of the street. Everything somehow seems crisper, closer, clearer, closer, brighter, louder, more colorful.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB - NIGHT

Lena reaches the club she was at the night before. All is quiet and dark. The door is shut. The effects of the raw liver have worn off by now. Sweat beads on her damp forehead. As she presses the buzzer beside the door, her hand trembles again.

No sound from inside. She rings the doorbell again, hammers on the door. Nothing. She tries the door handle, finds it is open, opening on a dark hall behind it. Lena hesitates, goes inside-

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

-takes a few careful steps, her eyes grow used to the darkness only gradually-

-when suddenly, Nora comes shooting out of nowhere, hugging her tight and LAUGHING at her warmly.

NORA

I'm so happy you're here! I was so excited I couldn't sleep a wink all day!

LOUISE (OS)

-NORA!

Nora cringes, takes Lena by the hand, drags her through the darkened hall behind her-

NORA

Hurry! The quicker you get it over with, the better!

-into the dimly lit, deserted main room of the club. Louise sits at a table, smiling at Lena. Charlotte sits in the background, looks up from the antique book she's reading (Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*). Lena comes closer. The warm welcome has her confused.

Louise gives her a kind and gentle smile.

LOUISE

Good evening.

LENA

What did you do to me?

Louise gets up, points to the chair in front of her.

LOUISE

Sit down.

She wants to take Lena's hand. Lena retracts it, screaming at Louise.

LENA

WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?

She lunges at Louise, stumbles, and collapses in exhaustion. Louise catches her.

LOUISE

Don't.

She carefully guides Lena to a chair, sits her down-

LOUISE

I know what you need.

Louise goes behind the bar, gets something out of the freezer and sets an iced shot glass full of a frozen red liquid down on the table in front of Lena.

Lena's gaze is magnetically attracted to the glass: At room temperature, the ice starts to melt, crackling quietly. Beads of condensation form on the glass. Louise sits down across from her, watching her full of anticipation. Nora smiles at Lena, indicates for her to drink.

LOUISE

You're confused and angry and want an explanation. But you already know the truth. You may not have a name for it, but you can feel it in you. You have for a long time. In your veins. In your blood.

Lena is on the verge of passing out. With an effort, she lifts her head and stares at Louise incredulously.

LOUISE

I didn't 'do' anything to you. What we have can't be passed on like a contagious disease, even if that's what everybody thinks. Our existence is a gift, a hidden talent, which has been dwelling in you since you were born. It is part of you - all I did was discover it!

Lena isn't following her, barely able to stay on her seat. Involuntarily, her gaze keeps wandering from Louise to the shot glass.

LOUISE

Some say a very rare blood group makes us what we are. Others say it's a genetic defect, an anomaly, a quirk of nature. But I'm a little old-fashioned: I prefer metaphysics to science. I think we're chosen! We are the true noble race!

Louise slides the shot glass over toward her. The frozen crimson liquid is melting.

LENA

What's in there?

LOUISE

Your new life!

She looks at Lena, holding the glass out to her and urging her to take it.

LOUISE
To immortality!

Lena can smell the fresh blood, struggling with herself, knocks the glass out of Louise's hand, shattering it against the wall and leaps up.

LENA
YOU'RE ALL FULL OF SHIT! YOU'RE
TOTALLY INSANE!

Louise lowers her head, disappointed. Charlotte approaches from behind with the book in hand.

CHARLOTTE
Your latest conquest is a little
thick, I'm afraid. You're going to
have to show her...

Louise gazes after Lena, who stumbles to the other end of the room and rattles at a locked door.

LENA
LET ME OUT OF HERE!

Lena steadies herself weakly against the door, turns to Louise, exhausted, on the verge of losing consciousness.

LENA
Take me to the hospital. I need a
doctor!

Louise eyes her full of pity.

LOUISE
Of course.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB - NIGHT

Louise props up Lena as they walk, leads her to a black Porsche, parked at the club outside - helps her into the passenger seat, slams the door, goes around to the driver's seat and looks at - Nora and Charlotte, going to an old Jaguar. Charlotte opens the trunk. Nora is carrying two canisters of gasoline, loads them into the Jag. Then both get in the car.

EXT. AUTOBAHN - NIGHT

The two cars scream down the Autobahn.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Louise gives Lena a look - who is writhing in pain on her seat, only half conscious.

INT. SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Louise lays Lena down on a dirty mattress in a claustrophobically small storage room, brushing her hair out of her face. Lena stares at her feverishly, taking in her surroundings.

LENA

This isn't the hospital! What are you doing with me?

LOUISE

Teaching you a lesson you refuse to learn.

Louise gets up-

LOUISE

Forgive me!

-and shuts the door from the outside. Lena hears her footsteps retreating. She struggles up with an effort, looking around in fright: A bare light bulb dangles on a wire above her, illuminating a cramped, filthy hole in the wall with a soiled mattress on the bare concrete floor. Lena struggles to her feet, hears heavy STEPS approaching from outside.

The door is opened, a big fat RUSSIAN comes in, bare-chested and tattooed. He takes a step toward Lena and SMACKS HER in the face with his fist. Lena hits the floor. The half-naked fatso grabs her by the hair, yanks her up, forces her against the wall with his tubby belly.

Lena manages to raise a hand, scratching her assailant over his eye and down his cheek. The Russian CURSES, HITS her again, pressing her into a corner of the room and undoing his pants with the other hand. Lena can't escape from his grasp, stares up at him, seeing the scratch on his face slowly well up with blood. He wants to kick her legs apart with one foot.

Lena struggles in vain, SCREAMING, as a drop of blood falls from the Russian's chin on to her upper lip. She senses the blood on her skin, smells it, right beneath her nose, hesitates, repulsed - before sticking out her tongue and licking the stranger's blood off her lip: Its taste is like a shock, the strange blood courses through her body, recharging it for a moment. She shuts her eyes and swallows.

Lena opens her eyes again, unfathomable fury glaring from them. She gets a foot up, presses it against the wall, pushing herself out of the corner with all her might, pushing the fat guy back inch by inch. He winds up, wants to hit her again - Lena ducks the blow - the Russian's fist smashes into the flimsy wall.

Lena ducks out from under him, heads for the door - the Russian whirls around in a flash, kicks her in the back - hurling Lena against the door - the Russian spins her around, grabs her throat in a stranglehold with both hands, lifts her up off her feet, their faces only inches apart. Lena kicks with her legs, can't breathe, flails around helplessly with her arms - and finds the wire of the light bulb hanging from the ceiling above her with her hands: Clutching the hot socket, she rams the light bulb into her assailant's eyeball as hard as she can. The bulb BREAKS and 220 Volts jolt the Russian's skull, throwing sparks.

EXT. OUTSIDE BROTHEL - NIGHT

Louise, Charlotte and Nora lean against their parked cars. You can hear the Russian's SCREAM all the way outside on the street.

CHARLOTTE

She learns fast.

Louise wants to rush to Lena's aid, but she holds herself back.

NORA

We've haven't had a pimp for a long time...

LOUISE

Wait for it!

Nora impatiently stretches herself, cracks her joints, discovers a new white Ferrari parked in the driveway outside the brothel. She stares at Louise, pleadingly.

NORA

Please, please, pleeeeeease?

LOUISE

You already have two red ones you never drive.

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lena rushes out of the room, reeling down the long narrow hallway. The fat guy's SCREAMS echo through the whorehouse -

alerting his buddies. A door is hurled open, another PIMP rushes into the hallway in front of Lena. He sees her, runs at her, cursing and loading the pump gun in his hands. Lena has no way to avoid him, doesn't know what to do, and sees - Louise appear out of the darkness behind the armed man. The pimp raises his gun, points it at Lena at close range, curls his finger around the trigger - Lena stares at him, aghast, then looks past him at Louise -

LENA

Help me!

-who shadows the guy, who still hasn't noticed her, but doesn't intervene, instead giving Lena an apologetic look - when the pimp FIRES: The shotgun blast strikes Lena's body, hurling her backwards, sending her flying into the wall of the hallway in a cloud of blood. She stays lying there, gurgling, in shock, a fist-sized hole in her chest. The surrounding sounds grow quieter, the movements around her grow slower and shadowy.

She sees Louise smash the shooter into the wall in passing, hurling him to the ground. The pimp wants to raise his gun, but Louise lifts her leg and rams her stiletto heel into his heart, taking the shotgun from his grasp, removes her heel from his body, wiping it on his clothes as if she stepped in something, keeps going, turns a corner and SHOOTS the fat Russian in the broom closet.

INT. BROTHEL / ROOM - NIGHT

In one of the many rooms that open onto the hall, a THIRD PIMP observes the scene through the crack in the door. Trembling and terrified, he closes the door, tries in vain to fight his panic, crossing himself several times and praying to all his saints soundlessly. His hands and forearms are full of Russian prison tattoos, and he's missing his left ear.

INT. BROTHEL / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lena sees Nora entering the hallway carrying a canister of gas and pouring gasoline over the body of the gunman after taking his car keys with Ferrari logo from him.

Looking up, Lena is sure she's in a nightmare for good: Charlotte approaches as well - walking on the ceiling head down. She does a half flip forwards and lands in front of the dead Russian, tossing her cigarette on him and setting him on fire.

Getting weaker, Lena's vision blurs as she sees Louise kneeling down beside her and looking at her with a loving

expression, as the flames blaze up behind her. Lena gasps for breath, coughs bloods, sure she's going to die now, stares at Louise in despair and reproach.

LOUISE

Let go!

Horrified and paralyzed, Lena sees Louise carefully reach out her hand to her, shutting her eyelids with a brush. Everything goes BLACK.

EXT. CITY - DAWN

A gargantuan red ball of fire emerges from the horizon, flooding the city with sunlight.

EXT. OUTSIDE BROTHEL - MORNING

Flashing blue lights outside the brothel. Tom follows his older partner, Lummer, to the police line. They flash their badges -

LUMMER

Where's the stiff?

COP

Upstairs!

The beat cop lets them in, sees Tom's black eye and can't help but gloat. Tom notices.

CUT TO:

Lummer and Tom climb the narrow staircase to the upper floor.

TOM

Did you go drinking with the guys again?

LUMMER

What makes you think that?

INT. BROTHEL STAIRS / HALL - MORNING

Lummer and Tom turn into the hallway from which the girls' rooms lead off. One of the forensics inspectors, a young woman, comes toward them with a grin. She raises her fists and punches Tom's funny bone.

FORENSICS CHICK

If you ever catch whoever did that,
tell her: Good going!

Tom gives Lummer a reproachful look, who has to LAUGH.

LUMMER

We all meet our match one day.

Tom turns away and eyes the carnage:

Smoke is in the air, a charred corpse lies in a puddle of firehose water on the floor. Lummer checks out the girls' rooms, while Tom heads down the hall past the corpse to the storage room.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - MORNING

Tom is standing alone in the middle of the room, in front of the fat Russian's corpse. He looks around, eyes the charred walls, the shattered bulb, thinking -

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

- out in the hall, he looks around some more, his gaze travels up to the ceiling: Three spotlights hang where the flames didn't reach them.

Tom looks around and finds the light switch, flips it on - and only the two outer spotlights go on, the middle one stays dark. Tom approaches, stands beneath them, reaches up, can't reach it, draws his service automatic and jumps up, smashing the dead bulb with the barrel, shakes the broken glass from his hair, peers up and sees a small video camera hidden in the spotlight and still ON.

Lummer joins him and peers up with a look of satisfaction.

LUMMER

That's a start!

INT. LENA'S HOTEL SUITE - AFTERNOON

The large hotel suite is completely darkened. The distant SOUNDS of day can be heard from outside, but no light penetrates the drapes. The light from an opened minibar illuminates the spacious, luxurious living room. Louise squats before the little fridge in a silk dressing gown, takes something out, opens it, pours a glass, places it on a serving platter - and sits down on the edge of the double bed, hits the dimmer of the lamp on the nightstand and turns on soft light. Lena lies in bed before her, eyes shut. Her

old clothes lie on the floor. Louise picks up her pants, takes out her ID card, reads the name on it quietly.

LOUISE

Lena Bach. Lena...

She smiles, effortlessly tears the plastic ID into tiny shreds, letting them flutter to the floor - turns back to Lena, slides the sheet back, looking at her pale and fragile form. Louise leans forward, rubs her cheek against the fabric of her silky white nightgown, reaches Lena's lap and inhales her scent with deep breaths. Lena's sleep becomes restless, she GROANS in pain. Louise looks up at her, sees she's waking up and sits up properly again. Lena's eyelids flutter, it takes a moment before she can keep her eyes open. She trembles and shakes like a junkie going cold turkey.

LENA

Am I dead?

Louise smiles at her.

LENA

But I'm not really alive, either, right?

Louise looks back at her without contradicting. Lena looks around the fancy hotel room. Finally sees the serving platter on the nightstand beside her: On it stands a single small glass filled to the brim with blood again. Lena can smell it, feel it, taste it. Her whole body yearns for it.

LOUISE

There's no quenching this thirst with abstinence.

Louise caresses her cheek. Lena removes her hand.

LOUISE

Was your old life really so precious?

LENA

You could've asked!

LOUISE

You were born this way! Now you finally know who you are!

Lena lowers her head, stares at the glass hungrily, struggles, gives up, can't help herself: she takes it in her shaking hand, shuts her eyes and downs the blood in one swig. Louise breathes a sigh of relief. The blood spreads through Lena's system, taking effect in an instant: A kick

hits her. She clutches the bedspread, groans, buckles, tenses her entire body spasmodically for a few seconds before falling back into the pillows - totally high.

LOUISE
How does it feel?

Lena can't put it in words.

LOUISE
Yes... I know.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Louise draws a bath for Lena, who stands paralyzed in the middle of the bathroom, staring at Louise. We can guess at the bandaged wound under her nightshirt.

Louise goes to her back, wants to help her get the nightgown off and slide the halter top off her shoulders. Lena clutches the bra, without turning. Louise lets go of her, downplaying her disappointment, retreats away from Lena.

Lena gives the water a desperate look. Steam rises from it, bubbles burst. She CRIES. A blood-red tear rolls down her cheek. Louise extends her hand without daring to touch her. Her voice is soft and comforting.

LOUISE
You have no idea what miracles
await you...

Lena barely listens to her, lowering her head, wiping the tear away - as Louise leaves the room and pulls the door shut behind her.

CUT TO:

Lena lies in the bathtub. She stretches and carefully touches the shotgun wound on her chest, fearfully looking at the big bandage, carefully peels it off with her fingers, bracing herself for the hideous sight: The shotgun wound is a deep, bloody, moving and changing crater. Veins, bones and ligaments that were just shattered regrow before Lena's incredulous eyes. The open wound closes in a matter of seconds, the scar heals, restoring her skin to a pristine state as if she hadn't been perforated by gunshot. Lena can't believe her eyes: She holds her cut hand up, unwrapping the bandage around the gash on her palm. It's gone. She feels her ear, where the earring piercings are vanishing as if they'd never been there. She feels the bite marks on her throat. The scabs have disappeared, the wound is healed. Looking down at her body, she notices the sun tattoo around her navel come off. The pores of her skin

reject the ink. Swaths of colored ink rise up through the bath water, rendering her stomach immaculate again.

In the bath water, her hair unravels as well, each strand unwinding, the blonde dye is repulsed, her natural dark hair floats like a halo around her head in the tub.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Lena enters the living room from the bathroom, naked: Her skin is radiant white and immaculate. Her eyes shine brighter than ever, her long hair gleams.

A gift box lies on one of the chairs. Lena opens the box, folds the paper back, and takes out an elegant dress.

INT. HOTEL HALL/LOBBY - NIGHT

Lena's bare feet traverse the hallway carpet, descend the stairs to the lobby, her toes touching the stone floor.

Louise senses Lena's presence. She is sitting by the fireplace with Nora and Charlotte, cradling a drink in her hand, at the other end of the lobby. She turns her head and sees - Lena approaching. A breathtaking sight: Her tight-fitting dress and tied-back hair.

Nora and Charlotte are dressed up just like Louise, Charlotte in 1920s style, Nora 90s style.

CHARLOTTE

You should have given her a wedding dress.

Lena approaches the three women barefoot, warily, reserved.

While Charlotte stays seated, nonplussed, Louise and Nora get up from their chairs and put their glasses down. All the men in the hotel lobby look around at them, immediately turned on. Nora beams, lunges toward Lena, hugging her and kissing her cheeks-

NORA

Welcome to the family!

Louise gently pushes her aside, stops before Lena, looking down at her, enchanted.

LOUISE

Shall we?

LENA

I don't have any shoes!

LOUISE
My poor little Cinderella!

EXT. BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Hotel valets drive their cars up from the garage.

Charlotte gets into her Jaguar. Nora smiles at the handsome young hotel page, gives him a very generous tip and gets into her Mercedes coupé. They both drive off. Lena wants to follow Louise to her Porsche, but Louise stops her.

LOUISE
Take your own car.

Louise tosses her a set of car keys. Lena catches them, stares at Louise in confusion.

LOUISE
Press it!

Lena presses the button on the key, and the doors of the white Ferrari open on command, which the women stole from the Russian pimps. Lena gapes at the car, incredulous, then gets a grip again.

LENA
Do you think you can buy me?

LOUISE
I can try.

Lena angrily tosses the keys at her feet.

LOUISE
Walk, then.

She leaves Lena standing there, gets in her Porsche and peels out. Lena stays behind alone. She watches Louise's car go, looks back at the Ferrari, and at the keys on the pavement. Finally, she picks them up, goes over to the car, etching a long scratch in the paint, gets in and follows the others.

EXT. DELIVERY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The four women get out and go up to a small door, leading into a huge building. Nora gives a grating, shrill WHISTLE through her teeth. The door is unlocked from the inside, a security guard holds the door open for them. Louise tosses him a roll of bills-

INT. KADEWE / GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

-and the four of them march through a large, dark room.

Nora knows what she's doing, disappears for a moment - and then finally, the ceiling lighting goes on, illuminating the place in its full glory. Loud TANGO MUSIC blares from the speakers. Lena gapes around at the deserted ground floor of the Kaufhaus des Westens (KaDeWe), Europe's largest department store, stretching out before them. She's impressed.

Louise smiles at Lena, bows to her invitingly. Lena resists.

LOUISE
Just let me lead!

She pulls Lena to her, sweeping her away and the two of them whirl gracefully through the cosmetics department.

Lena wants to free herself, but she's no match for Louise. Everything around Lena starts to spin and blur, all she can see is Louise's smile. Finally, Louise lets go of her with a twirl - sending Lena whirling right into the Chanel Store. Nora leaps atop the counter ahead of her, taking several purses from the top shelf, tossing them to Lena with a laugh.

NORA
Take as many as you want!

Lena awkwardly opens one of the expensive purses. Nora laughs, loads a dozen handbags in her arms and leaps from the counter.

NORA
Weird to rule the world suddenly,
huh?

INT. JEWELRY DEPT. / KADEWE

Louise drapes a pricey necklace around Lena's neck, puts a diamond-encrusted ladies' Rolex on her wrist and shuts the clasp.

LOUISE
So you always know when the night
is over.

Lena eyes the showy watch askance, looks at Nora - who is helping herself at the ring counter, three wedding rings on every finger.

NORA

You may now kiss the bride!

She hugs herself, making kissy noises, sticking her tongue out. She's the only one laughing at her joke.

LOUISE
Where's Charlotte?

Lena looks around. No sign of Charlotte. Nora and Louise exchange a worried look.

INT. CHILDREN'S BOOK DEPT. / KADEWE - NIGHT

Lena and Nora ascend an escalator that isn't working. Nora takes a left, signalling for Lena to search in the other direction. Lena traverses the deserted storeroom floor all by herself, through the book department. Hearing a distant noise, she discovers: Fifty feet away, Charlotte is standing at a display of children's clothes, all in pink, for little girls, with a melancholy look. Lost in her reverie, she weighs the tiny shoes in her hand, caresses the dresses, feels each finger of the little winter gloves.

Lena ducks behind the bookshelf, secretly observing Charlotte full of curiosity, accidentally knocks a book over - Charlotte wheels around, staring in her direction. Lena ducks, holding her breath, hears Charlotte's footsteps coming closer-

LOUISE (O.S.)
Charlotte!

Lena breathes out, surreptitiously peeks around the corner and sees - Louise leading Charlotte out of the children's department.

CUT TO:

The four women head toward the exit, Louise and Nora carrying loads of bags.

Lena wearing a brand new pair of shoes, still looking a little wobbly on the high-heeled stilettos.

NORA
Whoever has the least bags has to pay!

Louise and Nora grin at Charlotte, who hasn't found anything. Charlotte grimaces and tosses two fat wads of bills on the cash register counter - ten grand at least.

LOUISE

Got a favorite restaurant?

LENA
The McDonald's at Herrmannplatz?

CHARLOTTE
Oh, a gourmet!

LENA
Do we even eat?

LOUISE
Only for fun.

NORA
We can eat and drink and do blow
and get laid as much as we want! We
never get fat, pregnant or
addicted!

Nora stops in front of Lena and pushes the corners of Lena's mouth up with her thumbs.

NORA
Let's see some smiles! Billions of
chicks would kill for this!

A brief tentative smile passes over Lena's face - the first for a long time.

NORA
Hey! Didja see that?

LOUISE
It can smile.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The four of them sit at the best table by the bay window of a fancy restaurant. Each of them has an ice bucket with an open champagne bottle sitting beside them.

Two handsome young waiters bring plates and bowls, assembling a royal banquet in front of their eyes. Nora is devouring the more handsome waiter with her eyes.

LOUISE
The waiter's not on the menu, Nora!

One of the waiters goes beet red, both disappear again.

NORA
So much for dessert.

LOUISE
Bon appetit!

While Charlotte lights a cigarette, bored, Nora and Louise dig in heartily, cracking lobster shells with their fingers, slurping up oysters, feasting on roast quail.

NORA
They don't fill you up, but they
still taste rad!

Leans watches them, carefully tries the caviar, likes it, takes a bigger spoonful.

LENA
So, how old are you?

Nora gags, spits lobster shell.

NORA
Really!

LOUISE
That's not a question you ask a
lady!

GUEST (O.S.)
Hey! No smoking in here!

Charlotte turns to look at the puffy, red-faced man who's acting up for his fat wife, giving him a look that is enough to freeze the blood in your veins.

Then, she takes the cigarette out of her mouth, blows on the tip until it's all red-hot cherry - and extinguishes the cigarette in her wide-open right eyeball with a sickening SIZZLE. Then she flicks the butt at the guy's suit. Where her iris and pupil were, there is only a black piece of charcoal left. The guy gapes at her. Charlotte slowly winks at him, and when she opens her eye again, it's completely whole again. The pudgy guy is about to go into cardiac arrest. He meekly turns back to his wife, hastily gets up, tosses bills on the table and drags his wife toward the exit. Lena stares at Charlotte, impressed. Louise watches Lena.

LOUISE
Is that all you want to know?

LENA
Hm? No.

LOUISE
Then quench your thirst for
knowledge!

Lena looks at her, thinks.

LENA
How many of you are there?

LOUISE
You mean, of us.

LENA
Right.

LOUISE
40 women in Europe. Maybe 100 in
the world.

LENA
And the men?

NORA
Died out.

Lena doesn't understand.

LOUISE
They were too loud, too greedy, too
stupid! Some of them died by the
hands of the humans, we finished
off the rest ourselves and swore
never to bite another one that has
the gift.

NORA
Let's hear it for women's lib!

LOUISE
For over 200 years, no man, mortal
or otherwise, had told me what to
do anymore! No king, no husband, no
boss!
(smiles)
How many women can say that?

She smiles at Lena, who no longer avoids her hypnotic gaze.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Amid the jealous looks of the other guests, the four women ascend the stairs to the first floor, leaving the normal mortals behind. AN EMPLOYEE undoes the velvet rope to the V.I.P. Section for them. Lena is the last to follow, clutching the banister. She's dizzy with thirst.

INT. CLUB / V.I.P. SECTION - NIGHT

The V.I.P. section is off limits to men, except for several STRIPPERS dancing with veiled faces and bare bodies on raised platforms for the amusement of the all-female crowd. Those women that aren't thronging the platforms sticking bills into tight briefs, are lounging on sofas in dark corners, laughing, drinking, doing drugs, making out with like-minded women.

Lena stands amid the general revelry, looking a little lost. She sees Charlotte smoking crack from a glass pipe and sinking back into the pillows dreamily. Nora tugs one of the male dancers from his podium and drags him toward the ladies' room amid laughter and jeers of protest. Louise thrones on an easy chair, observing Lena through the crowd.

Lena averts her eyes, spots a young guy in front of her, suddenly nervous: He looks like Tom from behind, same T-shirt, build, haircut. Lena makes her way through the crowd, dazed, reaches him, doesn't dare speak to him - when the YOUNG DYKE who resembles Tom turns and smiles at Lena, invitingly. Lena is startled, avoids her stare in embarrassment, her gaze catches on the girl's vein: The swollen jugular pulsates aquamarine beneath the girl's skin. Lena can hear the RUSH of her blood, underscored by the BEAT of her heart, deafeningly loud.

Lena's knees go weak, she leans toward her thirstily-

-when Louise's hand grasps her shoulder and her mouth whispers to her, right by her ear:

LOUISE
Not here!

INT. CLUB / BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Clutching her stomach, Lena greedily watches Louise - who opens a white freezer door. The top half is full of vodka bottles, the bottom is full of blood bags. Louise takes out a bottle and a full baggie and turns to a white table with bartender's utensils on it.

She pours plasma and liquor into a shaker, adds ice cubes, squeezes half a lemon into it, then a dash of Tabasco, puts the top on, shakes it, pours out four glasses and serves.

The women sit by themselves on white leather chairs in the spotlessly white room. Lena can't stand it any longer, wants to down the glass right away.

LOUISE
Patience, Mademoiselle!

Lena stops herself, peers around, embarrassed. Louise, Charlotte and Nora raise their glasses, look at Lena.

LOUISE
Here's to you!

Lena raises her glass to them, chugs it. The buzz is a rush.

NORA
That's more like it!

Nora chugs her glass as well, flings the glass against the wall, burps loudly and grins.

NORA
Today we party! And tomorrow! And
the next day! And the next!

LOUISE
Ergo bibamus!

CHARLOTTE
Usque ad finem.

LOUISE
Non confundar in aeternam.

NORA
Yeah! Whatever.

CUT TO:

Later. All four are tipsy now, glassy-eyed, slurring, weaving, being silly, even Charlotte stops sulking for a bit.

The four women sprawl on the the chairs or the floor, GIGGLE and SHRIEK at some joke, tossing empty baggies at each other, guzzling more full ones. Their clothes, the floor and the walls of the white room are full of red splotches. Nora jumps up, pulling Lena with her, gives Louise an excited look.

NORA
Can I show her the trick?

Louise nods.

Nora pushes a confused Lena to the wall and stands beside her.

NORA
Do what I do!

Nora and Lena put their feet on the wall, then follow with the other, standing horizontally on the wall. Lena can't believe it, SQUEALING with amazement. Louise CHEERS and eggs her on from where she's sitting.

LOUISE
Keep going!

Nora take Lena's hand, walking up the wall with her. Lena holds on to her dress, looks at Nora, places her foot on the ceiling like Nora does, and now finds herself standing upside down on the ceiling next to her.

LOUISE
Bravo!

Nora pushes off with her feet and does a neat somersault back down to the floor. Lena stays on the ceiling, helpless, not knowing what to do.

CHARLOTTE
All she has to do now is get down.

Louise and Nora CRACK UP at Lena's baffled expression. Lena stares into the grinning, upside-down faces of the other three, lifts her head, looks at the floor, reaches out her hands, lifting a leg and SLAMS head first into the floor. The other three BURST OUT LAUGHING. Lena struggles to her feet, clutching her head, finally has to laugh as well. They all clutch their sides, laughing till they cry. Nora gives Lena a hug, snuggling with her. Charlotte pours another drink for her. Louise smiles at her.

LOUISE
Are we happy, by any chance, Madam?

Lena stops laughing and looks at her, not knowing how to answer anymore.

EXT. / INT. AUTOBAHN / FERRARI - NIGHT

Louise's Porsche, Charlotte's Jaguar, and Nora's Mercedes coupé barrel down the Autobahn. A ROAR approaches them from behind - and the white Ferrari shoots past them.

CUT TO:

Lena looks into her rear-view mirror, sees the other women accelerate and catch up to her.

CUT TO:

Louise catches up, following Lena's car close behind - and watches Lena through the windshield, satisfied.

CUT TO:

Nora and Charlotte catch up in Lena's rear-view as well, passing her to the left and right. So does Louise.

CUT TO:

Charlotte's Jag takes the lead, tearing toward a construction site - plowing over the warning signs - veering to the left - Nora and Louise follow.

CUT TO:

Holding her breath, Lena yanks the wheel to the side, tearing after them. Nora and Louise drive side by side ahead of her, so close they're touching, blocking Lena's view - then, suddenly, they swerve off to each side, Louise to the left against the guard rail, Nora to right onto the emergency lane: Lena is instantly blinded by oncoming headlights. A truck appears ahead of her - she realizes she's in the wrong lane, heading into oncoming traffic. She dodges the truck at the very last moment, sees the other oncoming vehicles in horror, grasps the wheel tight, staring straight ahead -

LENA

I'm immortal!

- and floors it.

CUT TO:

Lena's Ferrari shoots past the oncoming traffic, which swerves and skids out of the way, as she passes Nora, Charlotte and finally Louise.

CUT TO:

Lena lowers the window beside her, sticks her head out into the wind, shuts her eyes as she drives and SCREAMS out the tension of the last few days.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT / VIDEO ROOM - NIGHT

The digital indicator of a DVD player jumps from STOP to PLAY.

Tom plops down on a couch and puts the remote aside, leans over to offer a bag of chips to Lummer, who sits beside him dead tired, fiddling with his wedding ring. They're snacking and watching the brothel surveillance video - but there's no sign of the perpetrators on the grainy black & white images. Cameras don't register the women. All we see is the Russian shooting the pump gun, suddenly dropping to the floor with

his neck snapped, and then going up in flames seconds later. The fire spreads in the hallway, slowly climbing up the walls. That's all we see. Lummer rewinds, watches it again, hits STOP in frustration, looks at Tom incredulously.

TOM

There's no way to manipulate the tapes that quickly.

Tom reaches out his hand, has his partner pass him the remote, presses PLAY and watches the rest of the tape: All we see are flames spreading throughout the hallway. Lummer grabs the chips, YAWNS, falling asleep as he chews -

TOM

Look!

He freezes the image, points at the TV, they both lean forward. The THIRD RUSSIAN comes sneaking out of the girls' room. We can't make out his face very well, but you can see he's missing his left ear.

LUMMER

Looks like we've got a witness.

Tom wipes the potato chip crumbs from his pants, gets up.

TOM

Let's put out an APB on Van Gogh!

Tom reaches his hand out to Lummer and helps him get up off the couch.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The women turn their cars over to the hotel valets, who drive them into the underground garage. Charlotte and Louise go ahead toward the entrance, into the lobby - followed by Nora and Lena a few paces behind, straight at the young and extremely attractive BELLBOY we saw earlier - who holds the door open for them with a bow and can't take his eyes off of Nora.

Lena notices it and smiles to Nora, before staring: Nora, who can usually wrap anyone around her finger, looks down at the floor, avoids his gaze. Lena observes Nora from the side, amazed, as they walk past the boy into the hotel.

BELLBOY (O.S.)

...Excuse me!

They both stop and turn. Excited and flushed, the bellhop takes a step toward Nora and extends his hand, holding a red rose.

BELLBOY
I think you dropped this.

Nora gives him an enamoured look - before suddenly turning to ice.

NORA
If you harass me again, I'll have
you fired!

She abruptly whirls around and turns her back on the startled bellboy. Confused, Lena follows her into the vacant lobby.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Lena and Nora head upwards in the elevator. They're alone, Louise and Charlotte already went ahead.

Nora senses Lena's gaze, feeling caught.

NORA
He's way cute, isn't he?

Lena doesn't follow her.

NORA
'Cause I sleep around? You think a
girl like me can't ever really fall
in love?

LENA
Well, it doesn't really suit you.

NORA
But I just love the way it tingles
in my tummy! I can smell his musk
all the way up here, Lena! He's
driving me nuts!

LENA
So why do you treat him like that?

NORA
I don't wanna hurt him.

LENA
But you just did!

NORA
I mean really hurt him!

She becomes serious, with a sad look at Lena.

NORA
Humans are so damn fragile.

Finally, Lena understands, gapes at her aghast.

EXT. HOTEL / PATIO - DAWN

C-U: the women's faces, one beside the next, lit by the looming dawn: Nora, Charlotte, Louise and Lena stand on the long patio which connects their hotel suites.

The city stretches out before them. The horizon begins turning crimson, as night fades to electric blue. They stare at the spot in the distance, where the sun will appear any second now. Sweat beads on their skin. Lena notices she feels hot, sees wisps of smoke rising from her skin, and looks to the side - where Nora grins at her, challenging her.

It grows lighter, the first sliver of the sun appears, its rays reach the patio. Nora can stand it for a second, then runs inside her suite, shrieking and laughing. Louise grabs Lena by the hand and hurriedly drags her to her room-

INT. LENA'S HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

-wants to shut the door, sees - Charlotte, still standing outside.

LOUISE
CHARLOTTE!

Charlotte turns to look at her. Her face is already glowing. She gives Louise a distant, despondent look, and then vanishes into her room unhurriedly. Louise shuts the door, quickly lowering the blinds. The room becomes dark. Lena switches on the lamp on the nightstand. She is amped and exhausted at the same time, staggers over to her bed, and sees Louise's shadow on the sheet, standing close behind her.

Lena turns around - Louise stares at her full of desire. Her hands caress Lena's face, cradle her head, hold it tight - Lena retreats, bumps into the frame of the bed, trapped - Louise leans toward her and kisses her on the mouth. Lena is surprised, permits it for a moment - Louise misunderstands, growing more passionate, greedily forces her tongue down Lena's throat - Lena's had enough, wants to free herself, struggles, can't escape Louise's grasp - and bites down hard.

Louise YELLS in pain, reels backward, clutching her mouth, sees the blood on her fingers, looks at Lena in amazement, swallowing her fury - and forces herself to smile.

LOUISE
Forgive me! I don't want to rush
you.

Lena glares at her, full of rejection. Louise averts her gaze, and leaves the room.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MORNING

Louise stomps up the hall to her own suite, furious at herself for blowing it, scrapes the wallpaper with her fingernails, scoring the wall with deep gashes.

LOUISE
Damn you, Louise! Stupid, stupid,
stupid!

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Lena sits down on the bed, exhausted. The silence of the room catches up with her. She reaches beside the bed where her old clothes lie, lifts up her sweatjacket and puts it on over her gown, pulling the hood over her head - sinks back onto the bed that way. She pulls her legs up, rolling into a ball and shutting her eyes, exhausted. SUPER over her face, we see -

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

- pictures of young women on a computer screen, along with their names and criminal records.

Tom is in his office, drinking Red Bull and clicking his way through his files of known female perps between 18 and 24. Finally, he finds Lena's mug shot and file. He smiles at her pic, enlarges it, wipes the dust off the screen and hits Print.

LUMMER (O.S.)
You're early.

Tom quickly switches on the screen saver and turns around: Lummer is reporting for work, wearing a freshly pressed suit under his coat, clean-shaven and rested. He eyes Tom - who's still wearing the same clothes he had on yesterday, stubbly and with bags under his eyes.

LUMMER

Did you even go home?

TOM
I can't sleep.

LUMMER
Why not?

TOM
Sleep is boring.

Lummer gives him a fatherly look of concern.

LUMMER
Listen, if you wanna see your 30th anniversary on the force, take my advice and find something to distract you from all this!

TOM
You mean, like a hobby?

LUMMER
I mean like a life.

The printer spits out Lena's mug shot. Tom quickly grabs it before Lummer can see it and folds it up with a smile.

TOM
Working on it.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

The alarm clock reads 7:12 p.m.

Louise watches Lena's back, listening to her regular breathing. She gently pulls down her hood, wants to touch her neck - when Lena turns around, her eyes open, half awake but with a massive hangover. She peers over at the drawn curtains.

LENA
Is it dark again already?

Lena sits up in disappointment, grabs her throbbing skull.

LOUISE
What do you want to do today?

LENA
I have to get my things from home.
Alone.

Louise swallows her rejection.

LOUISE
Of course.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Lena parks the car in her old street, gets out of the white Ferrari in her new clothes and disappears inside the building.

INT. APARTMENT / LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lena stands in her old teen room, feeling like a stranger. She hurriedly stuffs the bare necessities into a sports bag, tosses it over her shoulder and-

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

-goes into the living room.

Her mother is giving a customer a manicure, doesn't even look up.

LENA'S MOM
Going someplace?

LENA
I wasn't here the last two nights,
mom! Did you even notice?

LENA'S MOM
(spitefully)
So? You're grown up.

She looks up briefly, noticing Lena's new clothes.

LENA'S MOM
You could get me a dress like that
too some day!
(smiles)
If they have 'em in my size.

LENA
I'll keep an eye out, Mom.

Lena smiles back at her mother, sadly, turns away and heads for the door.

Then she stops, turns around, drops her bag, runs back and hugs her mom one last time.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Lena goes down the stairs - past Mehmet's favorite spot, kneels down by the step, removing the loose board covering Mehmet's hiding place, pushes the chess board aside, taking out the Nutella jar. He hasn't taken any of the 150 Euros yet.

Lena takes off the expensive necklace and the Rolex, puts both into the jar, screws the lid back on. She puts the board back over the hiding place, gets up - crosses the dirty hall, pushes open the front door-

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT BLDG. - NIGHT

-steps outside into the night, turns left toward the Ferrari-

TOM

Lena!

- she turns around: Tom is standing before her, grinning.

TOM

Hi.

She stares at him, ready to make a break for it.

LENA

How did you find me?

TOM

Your address was on file.

LENA

So you gonna bust me now?

TOM

I'm much too intimidated by you.

He smiles, shakes his head.

TOM

You took some chump change from a son of a bitch who trades in girls. If I bust you for that, you'll have to do your 18 months probation for Grand Theft Auto. Just doesn't seem fair to me.

Okay, she's impressed. Tom takes out a package from behind his back, holds it out to her. It's done up in wrapping paper, clumsily wrapped by a man's hands.

TOM

Here!

LENA
What's in it?

TOM
Open it!

She opens it and finds herself holding the plastic shopping bag with her old clothes.

TOM
I was gonna wash it, but my washer's broken.

Lena is speechless.

TOM
I fished 'em out of the water when you were gone - as soon as I could stand up again.

LENA
Thanks.

TOM
Sure.

He eyes her.

TOM
You've changed your style a bit, huh? I almost didn't recognize you.

LENA
It's just a dress.

He shakes his head, scrutinizes her.

TOM
No. It's more.

LENA
You've only seen me once!

TOM
My job, you learn to look at people. See, like your hair, it's all different, not dyed - now it reflects the light more, surrounding you with that dark glow.

Lena is flattered. Tom points to the ground.

TOM

And you've never worn shoes like that before, or you wouldn't be so shaky.

LENA
Huh! Anything else?

TOM
Yeah. Last time we met, you never would've gone for coffee with me.

She gives him an amused look, growing serious.

LENA
Is that what I have to do to get rid of you?

TOM
We're just getting started!

LENA
For good.

Tom tries to conceal his disappointment, nods.

TOM
Deal.

INT./EXT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Louise is double-parked a little way off, observing the two of them. She sees them head for a little diner at the corner. Louise is furiously jealous. First drops of rain hit the windshield. It's starting to rain.

EXT. OUTSIDE DINER - NIGHT

Tom emerges from the diner, two cups of coffee in his hands.

Lena accepts the left-hand cup from Tom, noticing the freshly sewn gash in his palm and the dried blood. Her stomach starts to growl, she sips her coffee.

TOM
How's your cut?

He takes her right hand, looks for the wound - but it's gone.

LENA
All better.

TOM

Wow!

She pulls her hand away.

LENA

I've got good genes.

They hug the side of the building. The rain beats down on the pavement in front of them. Lena eyes Tom askance.

LENA

So what makes a guy like you decide to be a -

(biting her tongue)

-Police officer?

TOM

A guy like me?

LENA

You know. A nice, normal guy.

TOM

What other job do they pay you for an adrenaline rush? You know, chasing crooks, stomping down doors, racing through the streets with sirens blaring - I love it!

LENA

Did you tell them that at your interview?

Tom LAUGHS.

TOM

What about you? Is pickpocket your first career choice?

LENA

That's over.

TOM

Good. The Lena in our files can't hold a candle to you.

She lowers her gaze.

TOM

Did I say the wrong thing?

LENA

Too many right things.

She sounds so sad saying it Tom can hardly rejoice at the confession.

EXT. DINER / WALL - NIGHT

On the third floor over the diner, Louise stands on the wall at a right angle, staring down at Lena and Tom - who don't realize she's there. The words of their conversation are drowned out by the RAIN striking Louise from behind. Raindrops run down her cheeks and brow, pooling under her eyes.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Louise drinks the rest of her coffee, chucks the cup in the trash. As she does, she notices a dry spot on the pavement, shielded from the rain - roughly in the shape of a standing person.

Lena can sense Louise's presence, not daring to look up, turns to Tom.

LENA
I have to go.

TOM
Too bad.

LENA
Yeah.

Tom also empties his coffee, tosses it in the trash as well.

TOM
Can I give you a ride?

LENA
I've got my own car.

Tom pulls his jacket up over their heads, offering her shelter from the rain. Lena hesitates, crawls under the jacket, right up close to him. They both hurry back the way they came, jumping puddles, dodging other pedestrians. Tom's cheek touches her hair, he inhales her scent. Feeling the breathing of his chest, Lena is lost in his presence for a moment.

CUT TO:

POV Louise: She sees the two of them hurry through the downpour.

CUT TO:

Lena stops at a row of parked cars. Tom assumes one of the rustbuckets is hers. He sticks his hand into his jacket pocket and fishes out one of his business cards.

LENA
What about our deal?

TOM
Then tear it up as soon as I'm gone!

Tom flashes her a disarming smile.

TOM
Come on, Lena! Why should we see each other again? It doesn't make sense! You -

Lena can tell she's not getting rid of him that easily.

LENA
You better get out of here. My boyfriend's gonna kill you.

TOM
Your what?

LENA
You think I bought these clothes?

He doesn't believe a word of it.

TOM
You suck as a liar.

Lena pulls out the car keys, pushes the button and a few feet away, the doors of the white Ferrari swing open with a BEEP. Tom can't believe his eyes, stares at her incredulously. Lena avoids his gaze, goes to the car and gets in, shutting the door and starting the engine. She drives off. Tom watches her go in disappointment, turns and leaves.

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT

Lena stops at the next corner. Looks after Tom in the rear-view. We can tell how much it costs her. Then she peers around in all directions, worried, looking for Louise. Can't see her. She looks at Tom's business card, pushes in the cigarette lighter, reads the address, stares at the phone number, repeating it silently until the lighter POPS out again. She presses it to the business card and watches it burn.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

Lena parks her Ferrari in the Adlon Hotel's underground garage, switches the engine off and remains seated, thinking.

LOUISE (O.S.)

BOO!

Louise hops into the seat beside her. Lena cringes, gives her passenger a startled look.

LOUISE

Everything go alright?

LENA

Yeah.

They exchange looks, each knowing more than they admit, neither saying anything. Louise notices the necklace is missing from around Lena's neck. Behind Lena's car, Nora slams on the brakes and hits the HORN. Charlotte screeches to a halt very close to her, REVVING the Engine.

LOUISE

What are you waiting for? Let's go!

Lena starts the engine, places her hands on the wheel. Offended, Louise sees she's not wearing the watch she gave her.

INT. TECHNO CLUB - NIGHT

A dimly-lit dance club, illuminated only by pulsating strobe light. Nora is mashing up the dance floor, Louise dances nearby, waves Lena over - who declines, annoyed by the noise. She works her way through the crowd -.

EXT. TECHNO CLUB - NIGHT

- and steps out on to the club's large patio. People lounge on pillows beneath space heaters, projectors shine silent films on the wall. Lena keeps going, spots Charlotte - watching one of the silent films, lost in thought. Lena approaches Charlotte deferentially, follows her gaze: it's a scene from Fritz Lang's "Dr. Mabuse, the Gambler". While the title character is playing roulette, the camera pans the faces of the onlookers. A young woman appears on screen whom we recognize - Charlotte hasn't changed a bit in 90 years.

CHARLOTTE

I was a frightfully untalented actress. I never would have survived the talkies.

Charlotte gazes at her picture pensively.

CHARLOTTE
Louise and I met at the premiere.
(sad)
My husband and my little daughter
had gone home early.

LOUISE (O.S.)
You were beautiful.

Louise has come up from behind.

CHARLOTTE
(reproachfully)
Would you have bit me otherwise? Or
Nora? Or Lena?

LOUISE
Don't ruin the evening!

CHARLOTTE
Oh no - not when we're all having
such a good time!

Louise starts getting angry.

LOUISE
My, my, aren't we moody today!

LENA
You just spoil us.

LOUISE
Well, we don't want any complaints,
do we?

Lena glares at her, provocatively.

LENA
I miss the sun.

LOUISE
(with a smile)
And I was almost worried you'd ask
for something impossible.

Lena avoids her glare, without answering-

INT. TROPICAL ISLAND SPA - NIGHT

The four women pose on a sandy beach like statues, sitting, standing and lying down. Shallow water plays around their feet, a dark surface stretching into the distant blue night horizon.

Dawn comes in an instant. Their faces and bodies emerge from the darkness. They blink and shade their eyes.

The sun erupts around them like a nearby explosion. But this time, the women neither flee nor burn. They stay standing there on the beach, shutting their eyes and bathing in the warmth of the sunlight on their skin.

Nora, Louise and Lena are wearing bikinis, only Charlotte wears a very old-fashioned but very elegant one-piece bathing suit.

Slowly, Lena's eyes get used to the light, gazing out at the sparkling sea before her, impressed.

NORA

Not bad for a fake, eh?

WIDE TO REVEAL the four women are standing in a huge dome converted to an exotic spa environment. The 'ocean' before them stretches about fifty feet to a screen like a tropical summer sky. Spotlights fill in for the sun.

INT. TROPICAL ISLAND SPA / WATERFALLS - NIGHT

Lena dives through the clear blue water, scoping out the artificial underwater world, wants to surface-

-when Louise grabs her by her ankle, dragging her down to the sandy bottom with her. Lena is afraid she won't be able to breathe - but Louise clutches her relentlessly tight.

Lena struggles, breathes her last breath, swallows water - before realizing to her surprise that she doesn't need to breathe. When you're immortal, you can't drown. She stares at Louise in astonishment - who nods to her with a smile and releases her. Lena wants to try out her newfound freedom, swimming around by herself under water, still can't believe it.

CUT TO:

Lena finally resurfaces - beside Louise and Nora, already lounging atop giant, see-through air mattresses and slurping bubbly from the bottle.

Lena pulls up her own air mattress, turns over onto her back - and peers up at the roof of the dome. She turns her head

aside to where the pool is surrounded by palm trees, and a waterfall plunges from an artificial rock.

Suddenly two faces appear beside the rock - startled, Lena sits bolt upright and sees: Two RENT-A-COPS staring down at them, baffled. The other women follow her gaze, staying calm.

1ST WATCHMAN
How'd you get in here?

NORA
Well, hello there, boys!

The second night watchman is older and heavier than the first, and less gullible.

2ND WATCHMAN
Okay, party's over! I'm gonna call the cops, you're busted!

NORA
Spare us!

2ND WATCHMAN
I'm not gonna say it again!

Nora takes off her bikini top and lets herself down into the water.

NORA
Why don't you slip out of those silly uniforms and come have a little swim with us?

Up on the rock, the younger watchman leans over to the older and whispers into his ear. Down in the pool, Lena watches in concern, looks at Louise.

LOUISE
(quietly)
She just wants to have some fun.

NORA
I bet they don't pay you enough to miss out on a good time.

The men stare at the women, arguing with each other, then take their clothes off and leap off the rock in their undies. In BG, Nora swims up to the older of the pair, puts her arms around him. Louise waves the bottle of champagne at the younger one. He swims over to her and climbs on to the air mattress with a shy smile. She passes him the bottle - and he takes a wary swig. Grins a nervous and horny grin at Louise and Lena.

1ST WATCHMAN
Do you break in places a lot?

LOUISE
Every night.

1ST WATCHMAN
Crazy!

Looking past them, Lena sees - Nora lip-locked with the portly older guy.

1ST WATCHMAN
What if someone catches you?

LOUISE
We kill 'em.

The rent-a-cop gapes at Louise - who looks back at him quite seriously. Lena holds her breath - until Louise finally breaks into a smile. The young watchman smiles in relief.

1ST WATCHMAN
For a second I thought you were serious.

LOUISE
Shouldn't we be scared of you, Mr. Big Strong Night Watchman?

1ST WATCHMAN
(tickled)
Awww...

Lena exhales in relief, sees - Nora go under water, making out with the other watchman.

1ST WATCHMAN
Will you tell me your name?

LOUISE
Guess!

Louise leans forward and takes the champagne bottle back from him.

1ST WATCHMAN
Chantal? Mandy? Yvette? Cindy...?

As the dense hunk obediently recites all the names he can think of, Lena looks over at the beach - where Charlotte is resting on a deck chair, listening to her iPod and reading an antique book (*Hemingway, For Whom the Bell Tolls*).

1ST WATCHMAN (O.S.)

Where's my partner?

Torn from her reverie, Lena stares - at the spot where Nora disappeared with the other watchman.

She looks down at the water, can't spot Nora and the guy anywhere. She stretches her hand out and freezes: Cloudy wisps of red liquid waft through the water.

Just then, Nora surfaces alone, heaving herself onto the air mattress, emitting a satisfied BELCH.

1ST WATCHMAN

(to Nora)

Um, have you seen my-

A soft, dull thud makes the watchman lower his gaze and YELP: Below the air mattress, his immobile partner floats face up, drained of blood. The watchman stares at Louise, then at Nora, looks at Lena and jumps into the water, scared shitless. He capsizes the mattress on the way, tipping Louise into the water, who wants to grab him, but the corpse is in her way.

Charlotte, looks up from her book, removes the earphones and and observes the distant spectacle: The watchman swims freestyle in her direction in a panic, stumbles on to the beach. She flips to a page she's already read, carefully tears it from the book and gets up. The watchman whirls around in panic, keeps on running, stumbles and lands in the sand, struggles to his feet again - and sees Charlotte in front of him. Holding the page of the book with her thumb and forefinger, she raises her arm in a flash - and slits the watchman's jugular with the sharp edge of the page. His blood spurts in a huge arc - which Charlotte catches with her mouth open, drinks, wants to plunge her fangs into his throat-

LENA (O.S.)

NO!

Lena comes racing up and tackles her like a football player. But she doesn't stand a chance against Charlotte. She chucks Lena off her, punches her in the breadbasket, wants to pounce on her, SNARLING - but now Louise intervenes, holds Charlotte back. Lena crawls off on all fours, gasping for air, sees - the watchman stumbling in circles, whimpering and bleeding profusely.

LENA

Why did you do that?

CHARLOTTE

Why not?

Behind Louise's back, Nora wants to finish off the young guy.

LOUISE

Nora!

NORA

The fool's wasting all of it!

Louise senses they've gone too far in front of Lena, gives her an apologetic look.

LOUISE

I didn't want this, Lena!

CHARLOTTE

(annoyed)

Oh, puh-lease!

LENA

We have to call an ambulance!

The watchman falls to his knees, holding his neck, wheezing. Lena rushes up to him, supports him-

WATCHMAN

Help me! HELP ME!

But it's too late. He keels over to the side, Lena can no longer support his slippery body. The young man dies in her arms. Lena stares at him in horror, glares at the women in disgust-

EXT. OUTSIDE "TROPICAL ISLAND" - NIGHT

-and flees outside.

Wet and barefoot, she races off, leaves the Tropical Island dome behind her, until she gets a sideache and slows down, stops, out of breath and SOBBING - and SCREAMS her despair into the night.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Lena is a shivering wreck, wrapped in a dirty blanket she found somewhere. The handsome young bellboy holds the door to the lobby open for her, screening her from the curious looks of the other guests on the way to the elevator, and doesn't ask any stupid questions. Lena gets on the elevator.

LENA

Thanks.

BELLBOY
Would you say Hi to your friend
Nora for me?

Lena looks at him: No.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Lena enters the room, leaning on the table in exhaustion.

LOUISE (O.S.)
Please forgive me!

Lena whirls around - Louise stands in a dark corner of the room.

LENA
You slaughtered them both! Just for
fun, for yuks and giggles!

LOUISE
It won't happen again! I swore
myself I'd spare you ugly scenes
like that!

Lena isn't having any of it, glaring at her beside herself.

LOUISE
If you'd rather be alone-

LENA
-YES!

Louise nods disarmingly, slowly goes around her to the door.

LOUISE
One word from you, Lena, and I'd
give it all up! The parties, the
luxury, the hunt, Nora, Charlotte!
We could spend the next millennium
on a lonely estate by ourselves in
the middle of nowhere - just you
and me!

LENA
Doing what?

Louise doesn't like her sarcastic tone.

LOUISE
You could learn to show a little
appreciation, you know that?

LENA

A thousand years won't be enough!

They lock eyes, a battle of wills.

CUT TO:

Later. Lena is on the bed, clutching her aching, growling stomach - sticking her foot out almost inadvertently, opening the minibar beside her with her toe. Inside, the blood baggies gleam, illuminated from behind. Fighting her thirst, she averts her gaze, looks over at the phone, gets up and dials Tom's cell phone number from memory. She gets his voice mail.

LENA

It's me, Lena. I, I, didn't have
any one else to talk to, and...

Words and courage fail her. She hangs up again, clutching the plastic receiver so hard - that it SHATTERS in a million pieces, exploding through the room. She stares at her hand, shocked, stands in the middle of the room, in despair, then the minibar catches her eye. The blood baggies gleam like rubies.

EXT. RUSSIAN SHOP - NIGHT

The RUSSIAN OWNER stands outside a shop for religious paraphernalia, breathing a sigh of relief - as Tom approaches. The owner points into his store excitedly - Tom nods, draws his gun and slips through the glass door to the shop which someone has broken open: Inside is everything the Russian orthodox heart desires: Crucifixes, St. Mary images, icons. The air is thick with incense, candelabra with electric bulbs illuminate the shop. Choral music wafts from a stereo.

Tom gets his bearings, guardedly creeps past the shelves - turns a corner, clutching his gun: Among empty vodka bottles, the one-eared Russian they call Van Gogh huddles beneath a wooden shelf with holy icons on it. Empty packages of communion bread lie around him. The tough pimp is a nervous wreck by now. It looks like he's been holing up here for days: He's trembling, drunk, and has draped himself with all manner of crucifixes and Christian amulets on necklaces and bracelets, clutching an icon of Jesus. He slowly lifts his head and peers at Tom with red eyes.

VAN GOGH

You cop?

Tom nods. The man holds his wrists out to him, awaiting the handcuffs.

VAN GOGH
Please! Take me to safest cell in
best prison!

INT. POLICE STATION / INTERROGATION ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Tom and Lummer sit across from Van Gogh. He cringes at the slightest sound, keeps looking at the door.

VAN GOGH
She has eyes like devil and teeth
of gold!
(showing with his hands)
This long!

TOM
No wings?

VAN GOGH
Huh?

TOM
(irritated)
I thought she may have wings, too.

VAN GOGH
Then why they steal my boss's
Ferrari?

Tom and Lummer listen up, lean forward in suspense.

TOM
What color?

VAN GOGH
White as snow.

Tom gapes at him. He doesn't like the sound of this.

INT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

Tom and Lummer hurry down the hallway to the parking lot.
Lummer is talking on the radio -

LUMMER
B-IG 6969! That's the license
number!

- then looks at Tom, agitated:

LUMMER
A watchman found the car! It's in
the Adlon garage. Says it belongs

to four chicks who rent the
penthouse floor!

INT./EXT. CAR / STREETS - EARLY MORNING

The unmarked car ROARS through the still-slumbering city. The lights are flashing, no siren. Tom takes a hard right at the next intersection, stomps on the gas pedal, racing through red lights.

Lummer is giving instructions on the radio.

LUMMER

Tell the SWAT team to wait for us!

TOM

SWAT?

LUMMER

Wasn't my idea.

He points a finger upwards. Tom's cell phone gives a muffled BEEP. He opens the glove compartment, digs around and pulls it out, checks the display: VOICE MAIL. He checks it.

VOICE MAIL (O.S.)

You have 1 new message. Received:
Today at 4.46 a.m.

LENA (O.S.)

It's me, Lena. I, I, didn't have
any one else to talk to, and...

The message cuts off.

VOICE MAIL

For automatic call back, please
press 1.

Tom glances warily at Lummer - who's busy locking and loading his automatic. Tom presses 1, holds his breath.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Adlon Hotel, how may I help you?

Tom goes pale, can't believe it, bangs the cell phone against the wheel.

LUMMER

What's wrong?

At his wit's end, Tom stares straight ahead, tearing through town at 70 mph in Lena's direction.

INT. ADLON HOTEL / LOBBY - MORNING

Tom and Lummer hurry through the revolving door and race into the hotel lobby, where a plainclothes cop greets them.

TOM
Where's the SWAT team?

The cop points. Tom breaks into a run, leaving Lummer behind.

INT. NORA'S SUITE - MORNING

Nora opens her eyes and gazes at the handsome young bellboy, overjoyed, who is resting beside her with mussed hair and eyes shut. They're in the hotel bed, intertwined and naked, her clothes and his uniform are spread all over the floor. Smiling, she brushes a lock of hair out of his pale face-

NORA
Wake up, Romeo!

-just then she notices the bite mark on his throat.

NORA
No!

She recoils, aghast.

NORA
Please, no!

She feels for his pulse.

NORA
NOOO!

She tries to shake him awake, beating herself.

NORA
What have you done? You stupid
bitch! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

Nora gets out of bed, reeling backwards - into Louise's arms, who grabs her and presses a hand over her mouth.

LOUISE
Shh.

Charlotte stands behind both of them, looking down at the corpse.

Louise leads Nora to the drapes, carefully cracks them open with a long comb, so as not to be burned by the morning sun, and points out into the blinding glare of day.

Nora squints her eyes. Slowly, she can make out COPS, SQUAD CARS and ROAD BLOCKS outside of the hotel. Lena enters the rooms and freezes, seeing the dead bellhop - stares at Nora, shocked.

LENA
You said you didn't want to hurt him.

LOUISE
Let's save the sermon for later!

Lena looks at Louise.

LOUISE
THE COPS ARE STORMING THE HOTEL!
ARE YOU AWAKE NOW?

Louise drags Lena along, Nora follows. Charlotte remains behind.

CHARLOTTE
I'll hold them up.

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Tom's the only one in civilian clothes, standing amid a good dozen up-armored commandos. You can barely make out their faces under their masks and goggles, they all stand head and shoulders above him. Wedged between their assault rifles and shoulder pads, he barely has room to move. He clears his throat, trying to sound in charge.

TOM
We're here to APPREHEND the suspects, not perforate them. Got that?

The SWAT men turn to look at the little man standing between them, and eye him silently. They don't look very impressed. Instead, they lock and load their submachine guns. The elevator doors open, Tom pushes his way through the crowd-

INT. TOP FLOOR - MORNING

-and gets out first. Behind him, the men spread out quietly in the hall. Tom points them toward the suites down the hall on the right side. While the cops tiptoe toward the suites, focused on the four doors-

-Louise, Nora, and Lena creep along the ceiling overhead, in the opposite direction. Crawling on their bellies like lizards, they make their way across the ceiling without a sound, deftly using the chandeliers and stucco for cover.

Lena holds her breath, looks back and sees - Tom. He passes beneath her, barely five feet away.

She turns away again, follows Louise and the others. Making it past the cops, they reach the elevators, soundlessly leap from the ceiling to the floor - hitting the button for the Basement Level. The doors close silently, the elevator descends.

LOUISE
How the hell did they find us?

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - MORNING

Nora rushes toward her sports car. Louise calls her back.

LOUISE
We'll take the other ones.

They hurry through the parking garage, reaching two SUVs covered in black plastic tarps. Louise and Nora pull off the tarps. The SUV windows are made of thick black glass that doesn't let in a ray of sunlight. Louise drags Lena with her into the first one, Nora gets in the second.

They slowly cruise toward the exit, stopping at the gate. Louise lowers the window automatically, takes the parking ticket from the dash and sticks it in the slot. The gate opens. Louise doesn't react, looks at the end of the exit ramp, where bright sunlight streams in.

LENA
What are we waiting for?

Louise grins at her.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Watching tensely, Tom stands five feet away from the SWAT team leader, who is preparing to storm Nora's suite with several men, attaching an explosive charge to the door - when the door swings open by itself ahead of them.

INT. NORA'S SUITE - MORNING

The team leader storms the room with his men, stares at - Charlotte, standing before closed drapes in her silk bath robe, eyeing the armed men coolly.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Tom wants to enter the room behind the SWAT team, takes a step, when - ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE inside. SHOTS are fired, SCREAMS ring out, bullets ricochet into the hallway. Tom takes cover in the hall, drawing his gun.

EXT. HOTEL COURTYARD - MORNING

The two SUVs race through the courtyard of the hotel, one after the other.

INT./EXT. NORA'S SUV - MORNING

Nora clutches the steering wheel, staring at Louise's bumper, not noticing - a police van come racing up from the side, cutting off her escape.

She smashes into the side of the van at full speed, slams into the airbag as it pops out. The windshield shatters with the impact, letting the sunlight in. Nora writhes in the heat, SCREAMING, struggling to get out of the airbag.

INT. NORA'S HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Tom takes a deep breath, leaps up and storms into the suite: Charlotte is still standing where she was, only now she has her back to Tom. Four dead SWAT men lie around her, including the team leader.

TOM

FREEZE!

Charlotte turns toward him, completely unfazed, aims at Tom, a police Heckler & Koch MP5 in each hand - Tom FIRES first - the bullets tear into Charlotte's body, shattering the windows, knocking Charlotte backwards.

EXT. PATIO - MORNING

She's knocked out onto the patio by the gunshots, stumbles over the balustrade, keeling over the edge of the roof -

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL - MORNING

- hitting the pavement outside the garage ramp in the front of the hotel.

INT./EXT. LOUISE'S SUV - MORNING

Lena SCREAMS, stares at Charlotte's body striking the pavement ahead of them - but Louise isn't about to slow down -

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL - MORNING

- the SUV barrels out of the garage, rolls over Charlotte, slams on the brakes and swerves around to face down the main boulevard outside the hotel. The entire avenue is full of COPS.

LOUISE

Damn it!

The cops take a moment to react - before OPENING FIRE at the SUV. Bullets rain down on windows and body. Beams of sunlight slice through the interior like lasers, burning the women inside. Charlotte gets up and leaps inside. Then the SUV guns it, shooting off with smoking tires -

INT./EXT. LOUISE'S SUV - MORNING

- straight at the road block ahead of them.

CHARLOTTE

Where's Nora?

They're under fire from all sides. The bullets hail down on the car, perforating it, letting in more and more sunlight. Charlotte looks back in despair -

CHARLOTTE

There she is!

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL - MORNING

- Nora comes running out of the exit, stumbling after the SUV. Barely 100 feet separate her from her friends. Her body starts to glow and smoke, giving off sparks and cinders.

INT./EXT. LOUISE'S SUV - MORNING

CHARLOTTE

Stop the car!

Even though they're under fire, Louise stomps on the brakes. The car skids to a halt, the three of them stare backward, seeing - Nora running after them, under fire from the police as well.

LENA
We've got to help her!

LOUISE
She's not going to make it!

Charlotte wants to leap out - but Louise locks the doors.

LOUISE
CHARLOTTE! DON'T BE A FOOL!

Charlotte gives Louise a disappointed look, with a sidelong glance at Lena.

CHARLOTTE
Would you leave her behind, too?

Louise turns to face forward again. She has to decide. She floors it.

CHARLOTTE
NOO!

Charlotte and Lena watch helplessly as -

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL - MORNING

- the distance to Nora grows and she is increasingly destroyed by the sun. Flames and sparks shoot from her body - she knocks over a horrified cop - stumbles and falls, struggles up again, staggers after the SUV, which pulls further and further away.

NORA
DON'T LEAVE ME, LOUISE! TAKE ME
WITH YOU!

Then her legs give out, she keels over on the pavement, enveloped in flames, SCREAMING and writhing in pain.

INT./EXT. LOUISE'S SUV - MORNING

The three surviving women drive off. Lena looks back in terror, seeing Nora is no more than a burning clump on the street, sending sparks flying away on the wind toward the sun.

Charlotte collapses in tears on the back seat. Lena looks at Louise - who barrels at the police road block full speed.

The IMPACT shatters the front windshield. Bright white light floods the inside of the car.

Louise is blinded, raises her hands to shield her eyes. The car swerves. Despite the pain, Lena forces herself to peer into the blinding light - can barely make out a dark entryway to her right - reaches over to the wheel and yanks it to the side.

The car veers to the right - careening down the stairs to a subway station, crashing down the stairs and smashing into a concrete wall in the dark passage below.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL - MORNING

All is quiet for a moment. The street outside the hotel looks like a war zone.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ADLON - MORNING

Tom and Lummer stop their car outside the subway stop, leap out.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Louise, Charlotte and Lena rush down the subway station corridors. Their burns and injuries heal with each step. Charlotte is completely devastated. Louise shouts at her:

LOUISE
Get a grip on yourself!

Two subways in opposite directions arrive simultaneously at the station. The three of them get in the lefthand train.

CUT TO:

Tom and his gasping colleague arrive on the platform, and have to pick one train. They decide to split up - Lummock gets aboard the righthand train, Tom boards the lefthand one.

INT. SUBWAY - MORNING

A subway with interconnected cars, so that you can walk all the way from one end to the other.

Lena and Charlotte push their way past the PASSENGERS, haven't spotted Tom yet. Tom follows the two women, shouldering people out of the way. Lena and Charlotte elbow their way through, bumping people aside.

CUT TO:

Tom runs by a kissing FEMALE COUPLE. The kissing woman - LOUISE - lets Tom go by before taking her lips off a totally baffled YOUNG WOMAN - gets up and follows Tom:

CUT TO:

Lena runs after Charlotte, turns around - and finds herself looking straight at Tom. They're only one car apart now. But now Lena and Charlotte have reached the end of the train.

Tom is catching up, draws his gun. Charlotte whirls around and sees Tom as well - who only has eyes for Lena.

TOM

Stop where you are! It's over!

Louise appears behind him - Lena sees her coming, aghast-

TOM

Give up, Lena!

Louise flinches, when she hears him say Lena's name. She glares at Lena, approaches Tom from behind, opens her mouth wide, baring her teeth, reaching for him-

LENA

TOM!

He turns around, forewarned, raising his gun. Louise knocks it from his hand, grabs him, wants to plunge her teeth into his neck, SNARLING. Tom struggles, but he's no match for Louise's strength, staring at her in horror-

LENA (O.S.)

DON'T HURT HIM!

Louise stares into his wide eyes. For a moment, she's taken aback:

LOUISE

Whoa!

She hesitates for a beat, not letting go of him. Lena watches helplessly, then suddenly notices a change - the subway is going uphill. Lena turns around, looks out the window and sees - the train emerging from the tunnel at the end of a long curve into the sunlight.

LENA
We're going up!

Following her gaze, Charlotte sees the tunnel ending-

CHARLOTTE
LOUISE!

Without taking her eyes off of Tom, Louise can feel the train slanting under them, hesitates, finally lets go of him, looks at Lena and sees her relief - draws her straight razor, whirls around and wants to slit Tom's throat with one swipe - but Lena grabs her wrist and pulls her arm back with all her might.

Tom stares at the blade, at Louise, looks Lena in the eyes, retreats to pick up his gun, out of Louie's reach now. Lena can't bear his horrified expression, BREAKS the ceiling lamps of the train car with her fist.

Tom can only make out silhouettes now, indistinctly sees - Charlotte kick out the side window of the train.

CHARLOTTE
LOUISE!

Louise frees herself from Lena's grip, grabs her and follows Charlotte, leaping from the moving train with her, into the subway tunnel roaring past outside.

TOM
LENA!

Then they're gone - the train emerges into the daylight, and all goes quiet except for the rattle of wheels and the breeze blowing in the shattered window now.

Tom peers out at the tunnel behind him quickly receding, sits down on a seat and stares at the missing window in amazement...

INT. TUNNEL - AFTERNOON

A long vertical manhole shaft. Louise, Charlotte, and Lena perch silently and unmovingly on the rungs of the metal ladder, leaning against the damp, narrow walls, waiting for the light barely discernible through the crack of the manhole cover to fade and night to fall.

INT. ADLON HOTEL - EVENING

Outside the windows of Lena's suite, the sun is setting, dusk descends over the city.

The forensics department has finished examining the suite. Tom strolls alone through the luxurious suite, looking around.

He peers into an open closet, looks at the expensive clothes and shoes she left behind.

Sits down on the bed, where he can see the imprint of her head on the pillow, gingerly picking up one of her long, dark hairs. He hears a noise, whirls around -

- to where Lummer stands in the door of the suite.

Tom's taken aback, unsure how long Lummer has been watching him. He gets up and heads to the door.

TOM

What a day, huh?

Lummer nods, eyes him, lets him past, peering after him pensively.

INT. TEUFELSBERG / MESS HALL - NIGHT

A deserted old mess hall in the former NSA listening post atop Teufelsberg hill in Berlin's Grunewald Park. You can see planes landing and taking off in BG out the dirty window.

Louise hurls the door open, Charlotte and Lena follow her into the large, dark room, which is equipped as a bunker in case of nuclear war. There are a few beds, a bathroom - Louise drags three suitcases from a hideout, shoves them toward Charlotte, turns to Lena.

LOUISE

Who was the cop?

Lena remains silent.

LOUISE

I saw you before. You were running through the rain together.

LENA

You mean when you were spying on me?

Louie approaches her, dangerously calm.

LOUISE

I advise you not to provoke me right now!

LENA
Or what? Will you bite me again?

Louise leans close to her, almost touching Lena's face with her lips.

LOUISE
You don't even want to know what I
can do you you - or the people you
love.

Lena sees murder in Louise's eyes.

LOUISE
What's his name?

LENA
I have no idea!

LOUISE
YOU LIE! WHERE DOES HE KNOW YOU
FROM?

LENA
(defiantly)
He busted me once! For no good
reason. And-

LOUISE
Oh, for 'no good reason'?
(ranting)
NORA BURNED UP TO DAY FOR NO GOOD
REASON! WE'RE ON THE RUN NOW, FOR
NO GOOD REASON!
(close, threatening)
YOU LED THEM ON OUR TRAIL!

In BG, Charlotte unpacks her suitcase she had stashed,
choosing a dress, absorbed.

LENA
That's not true! I didn't say
anything!

LOUISE
How did they find us then?

LENA
You kill people every night! What,
you think nobody notices?

Louise glares at her, hostile.

CHARLOTTE

She's right, Louise. Covering our tracks was never our strength.

LOUISE

Since when are you on her side?

Charlotte puts on a 20s-style dress, slips on elegant shoes and dons a hat.

CHARLOTTE

I'm on nobody's side. You need to calm down.

Louise looks at the other two.

LOUISE

Sure.

She shoves Lena ahead of her toward the stairs.

LOUISE

We need money and new passports.
...Charlotte?

Charlotte has put on an elegant black fur coat, tastefully applies lipstick without the help of a mirror, giving Louise a look which brooks no discussion.

CHARLOTTE

Before we skip town, I'd like to say goodbye.

Louise eyes her, not answering, then drags Lena out of the room with her.

INT. TEUFELSBERG / BASEMENT - NIGHT

An old vault in the basement of the listening post. A map on the wall still shows the world divided between the West and the Warsaw Pact.

Louise unlocks a drawer, takes it out and pours out the contents into an opened travel bag lying on a small table. Lena stands behind her, keeping her distance from Louise and seeing the contents of the deposit box in horror: Expensive men's and women's watches, all kinds of jewelry, full wallets, rolls and bundles of various currencies, passports, credit cards - the collected loot of countless victims, from countless years. Louise turns to Lena, sees her expression and quickly zips up the bag.

INT. TEUFELSBERG / CELLAR - NIGHT

Louise pulls a dusty tarp off a car parked in the vaulted cellar of the station.

Louise gets in, starts the engine impatiently. Lena looks at Charlotte, touched by her melancholy sadness, doesn't want her to stain her elegant dress on the dirty car, holding the door open for her.

Charlotte gives her a faint trace of a sad smile.

INT. OLD AGE HOME - NIGHT

An old age home which is expensive, but still depressing. Lena and Louise wait on a bench. Louise looks irritated, the place disgusts her.

Pensioners slowly move down the halls on crutches and wheelchairs, a couple of them are playing cards. POLKA MUSIC can be heard from the TV room.

LOUISE
It reeks of death here!

A nurse passing by her stares at her, taken aback. Louise's gaze is devastating.

LENA
How long has it been since she saw
her daughter?

LOUISE
1922.

Louise can't stand it any longer, shooing Lena ahead of her.

INT. OLD AGE HOME / APARTMENT - NIGHT

Louise and Lena quietly enter one of the rooms: At the other end of the room, Charlotte sits at a hospital bed, holding the bony hand of a 92-year-old woman, who is hooked up to several life-support machines.

CHARLOTTE
She's asleep... Maybe it's better
that way.

Louise and Lena carefully come closer, stopping behind Charlotte. Lena looks at the old woman: Her lips are wrinkled and curled into her toothless mouth. She sleeps on her back, breathing with an effort. Charlotte gently caresses her brow. Louise places a hand on Charlotte's shoulder: time to go. Struggling for composure, Charlotte wants to go-

OLD WOMAN
Who's there?

Charlotte turns to her, fearfully, braving her milky, dim gaze. The old woman looks at Charlotte, confused and disturbed at first. Then, the veil of the many years seems to fall from her gaze and she recognizes her, smiling at her like a happy little girl.

OLD WOMAN
Mommy?

Tears run down Charlotte's face, she caresses her daughter's wizened hair, kisses her brow. But the excitement is too much for the old lady. The life support sounds the alarm, she lets herself sink back onto the pillows, MOANING, shutting her eyes in pain.

Steps approach out in the hall.

LOUISE
Time to go!

Charlotte gives her daughter one last look, finally tears herself away and hurries out of the room. Louise and Lena follow her.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lena sits on the back seat, secretly watching Charlotte and suffering with her-

-as she sits slouched apathetically in the passenger seat, staring blankly out of the passenger-side window.

No one says anything. The mood couldn't be worse.

EXT. TEUFELSBERG LISTENING STATION / PLATEAU - DAWN

The three ladies await the dawn on the flat plateau of the listening station. Behind them, a steel door stands open, leading back inside to the stairwell. The sunrise is a minute away, night still envelopes a small part of the sky. In front of them, planes are landing and taking off on illuminated runways.

LOUISE
Our next sunrise will be in Moscow.

Neither Lena nor Charlotte look very excited by this. They stare into the distance, silently and thoughtfully: The sky grows lighter ahead of them, the edge of the sun appears.

They recoil from the waves of light and heat, can't stand it any longer, turn away and run to the open door.

INT. TEUFELSBERG / STAIRWELL - DAWN

Lena and Louise reach the safe darkness of the stairwell - Charlotte follows them, suddenly stops at the doorstep, takes a step back on to the roof. Louise notices it, turns around, immediately realizes what's going on and stares at Charlotte, aghast - who SLAMS the heavy steel door shut in Louise's face-

EXT. TEUFELSBERG / ROOF - DAWN

-and blocks it from the outside with a heavy steel pole. Charlotte turns and runs toward the edge of the plateau and the rising sun. Her skin turns red and starts to burn, smoke rising from her clothes. Charlotte pulls out her iPod, plugs in the headphones and presses Play: MUSIC from Grieg's 'Peer Gynt' ("Aase's Death") plays again at full volume, accompanying the majestic sunrise.

INT. TEUFELSBERG / STAIRWELL - DAWN

LOUISE
CHARLOTTE!

Louise hammers against the heavy steel door. Lena recoils a step, watching as if paralyzed. Louise can't stand it, starts going crazy - POUNDING the door with her fist. Her blows manage to dent the massive steel. SCREAMING and pounding the door beside herself, she bludgeons and bends the metal even more - making the hinges GROAN - beating her knuckles to a bloody pulp, BREAKING her hand with a sickening CRUNCH-

LOUISE
OPEN UP!

-keeps pummeling-

EXT. TEUFELSBERG / PLATEAU - DAWN

-making the bar on the door CREAK - but not give.

Charlotte doesn't pay any more attention to the ruckus behind her. Turns her glowing face toward the sun, skin particles peel off her cheeks, dancing in the wind in the direction of the sun, the headphone wires melt, her hair and clothes erupt into a burst of flame.

She shuts her eyes, listening to the MUSIC. Her eyelids peel and flake off, revealing her eyes, which turn to black dust that floats away. A final, relieved smile on her cracking, disintegrating lips-

INT. TEUFELSBERG / STAIRWELL - DAWN

Louise presses her head to the door, sobbing.

LOUISE
NO, NO, NO!

Lena is touched by Charlotte's death, watches Louise from behind and almost feels sorry for her.

INT. TEUFELSBERG / MESS HALL - DAY

The rising sun can be sensed behind the barricaded window. Louise sits before the three open suitcases: hers is a designer case, Charlotte's is an antique leather suitcase, Nora's is a DJ album case full of stickers.

Louise examines Nora's clothes stuffed into the case, pulls out an old T-shirt and smooths it out with her hand, it bears the 1994 Love Parade logo.

She turns to Charlotte's case, takes out one of Charlotte's old books (*Stefan Zweig, World of Yesterday*), opens its pages. Beneath the title is the handwritten dedication she once wrote in it, decades ago: "Forever, Louise. California, Dec. 24th, 1943". Louise struggles against the tears, gets angry, tears the page out, crumples it in her hand. Leaning against the wall by the window, Lena watches her.

LOUISE
She betrayed us! She doesn't
deserve our pity.

LENA
It had nothing to do with us.

Louise whirls around, SCREAMING:

LOUISE
WE'RE HER FAMILY! THE ONLY FAMILY
SHE EVER HAD! THE ONLY FAMILY WE
HAVE!

LENA
Guess Charlotte saw it differently.

Louise advances on her threateningly.

LOUISE
How about you? How do you see it?

Lena defies her stare, showing no fear.

LENA
So my options are burning up or
staying with you?

Louise glares at Lena, beside herself with rage. She winds up and SMACKS her hard. Lena reels to the side, stumbles, falls to the ground. Louise drags her up by her hair, clutching her throat from behind with the other hand.

LOUISE
Come here!

-and sticks her other hand between Lena's thighs.

LENA
Don't you touch me!

-but Louise is stronger, her hand moves up, between Lena's legs.

LOUISE
You're been holding out long
enough!

Louise enjoys the feel of her. Lena bears it as best she can, summons all her strength and manages to push Louise away. Louise hates herself for it, smiles at her sadly.

LOUISE
You won't leave me.

Lena stares at her, hurt, avoids her and goes into the bathroom, slams the door behind her. Louise stares after her, her anger giving way to the overwhelming fear of losing Lena.

LOUISE
YOU WON'T LEAVE ME, LENA!

INT. TEUFELSBERG / BATHROOM - MORNING

LOUISE (O.S.)
YOU WON'T LEAVE ME!

Lena sits down on the side of the dirty bathtub, holding her ears shut.

INT. TEUFELSBERG / MESS HALL - EVENING

Louise is sleeping in bed alone, her face distorted, haunted by nightmares. Lena lies curled up on the couch. Her eyes are open, she watches Louise tensely.

An alarm clock reads 6:56 p.m. It seems to be getting dark slowly outside the windows. Dusk is falling. The SOUND OF PLANES taking off and landing can be heard from the nearby airport.

Lena carefully straightens up - then sneaks to the door of the mess hall on tip-toe - casts a last glance at Louise, then she's gone. As soon as Lena leaves the room, Louise opens her eyes, sad, angry, disappointed. She's been awake the whole time. She hears Lena's footsteps on the hall, on the stairs - gets up, goes to the boarded-up window, tears a board off and avoids the last light of day.

She stands in the shadows, a dim rectangle of light on the carpet before her. The heat is hard for her to bear, but she doesn't retreat from it. She stretches her neck, gets on tiptoe and peers out - at the entrance to the bunker. No one can be seen leaving.

INT./EXT. TEUFELSBERG / ENTRANCE - EVENING

Lena waits impatiently at the entrance for the sun to disappear. She's perspiring, her skin chafing.

She turns around nervously and listens whether anyone's following her. But the hotel is deserted, no one there.

The dark shadows grow from the walls - as Lena hugs the front of the building, keeping in the strip of shade protecting her from the sun. Hugging the wall so close that Louise can't see her from above.

INT. TEUFELSBERG / MESS HALL - EVENING

Louise sees - the evening reclaiming the hall. She can go closer to the window now, peering down at - the deserted entrance to the listening post.

She expects Lena to appear at any moment, growing nervous when she doesn't show up. She starts to realize something's wrong, then understands, whirls around and races to the door-

EXT. TEUFELSBERG - EVENING

-and comes charging out of the building. But there's no one in sight except a broad-shouldered redneck taking his pitbull for a walk: Lena has fooled her! The dog spots

Louise, charges her, BARKING, wants to attack her. Louise snaps the dog's neck with an offhand motion.

The redneck sees what happened to his dog, stares at Louise aghast - who heads toward him, raising her hands, offering her wrists.

LOUISE
Better call the cops, can't you see
I'm losing my mind?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom is returning home from work, climbs the stairs to his apartment, pulls out his keys and freezes - the door to his apartment is open, the lock kicked in. He draws his gun-

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

-goes inside and switches the lights on. There's nobody in the hallway or the living room.

The walls are decorated with large-format vacation photos of Thailand, above and below water.

EXT. OUTSIDE TOM'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Lummer sits in a different unmarked car, with a different colleague, both looking up at Tom's apartment - seeing the illuminated windows.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tom hears a SLURPING SOUND from the kitchen, follows it, and sees:

Lena, squatting on the floor in front of the open fridge, and sucking the blood from a piece of raw meat. She notices Tom, retracts her teeth and gets up. Thin and fragile, her face stained with blood, she stands before him, looking lost.

LENA
I just wanted to see you before I
go.
(Imploring)
You mustn't follow Louise, you
hear? She'll kill you!

Tom stares at her, speechless.

TOM
What are you? ...Who are you?

She attempts a smile.

LENA
Lena?

He shakes his head, keeps pointing his gun at her.

LENA
It's hard to explain. In words.

She takes a step toward him, grabs the gun in his hand in a flash. He wants to wrench the gun away from her, but Lena's too strong. She comes even closer, pressing the barrel of his gun to her chest.

TOM
What-?

LENA
Watch carefully!

She slides her right thumb over his trigger finger.

TOM
CUT IT OUT!

He's still trying to escape Lena's grip, but can't free the gun or his hand.

LENA
Shhh!

She presses against his index finger, pushing it against the trigger.

TOM
DON'T!

A SHOT goes off, hitting Lena square in the chest, catapulting her backward against the wall, where she collapses to the floor with a gaping hole in her chest. Tom comes running over to her, holding her in his arms in shock.

TOM
Oh my God, no!

She looks up and smiles at him weakly and pulls back the fabric of her top: A hand's width below her pale neckline, blood pulses from a yawning gunshot wound.

TOM
I'll call an ambulance!

He wants to jump up, but she clutches him tight, staring at her wound-

LENA

Watch!

-against his will, Tom follows her gaze: The blood stops pumping. Suddenly, the wound heals within seconds. The rejuvenating flesh expels the deformed bullet, the edges of the hole close, the blood is absorbed - and not so much as a scratch is left on Lena's pale bosom. Tom watches the miracle occur in wonderment, picking up the bullet with trembling fingers from her skin - then looks at Lena, speechless, recoils, pushing away from her. She lets him, staring at him sadly, on the verge of tears.

LENA

Should I go?

Tom looks at her, shakes his head.

TOM

No!

-She hugs him tight. He hugs back, not letting go.

EXT. TEUFELSBERG / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A deserted parking lot at the foot of the Teufelsberg hill. A VW bus squad car is parked beneath a street lamp. Inside you can glimpse Louise and two cops at the little camper table. A big puddle pools beneath the camper. Blood oozes out the crack between chassis and sliding door.

INT. VW BUS - NIGHT

Louise draws her razor blade from her mouth, having licked the blood off and stares at the beat cop across from her. The man trembles in mortal fear, peering back and forth between Louise - and his dead partner, who lies hunched over on the back seat, bleeding from his slit throat. Louise takes the radio mike from the dead man, switches it on and places it on the table in front of the live cop.

LOUISE

I just need an address. It's a young colleague of yours...

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT / ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

Just then, the door to Tom's apartment SHATTERS - armed SWAT MEN come bursting in through the door...

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - NIGHT

-and storm the kitchen, YELLING.

Tom leaps up, wants to protect Lena but is KNOCKED to the floor with batons. Lena YELLS in fury - as a half dozen men charge at her - Lena knocks the first one down, catches the second's truncheon with her bare hand and yanks it away from him, floors him, grabs the third guy and flings him across the room, knocks the fourth off his feet with a kick, winds up with the baton to knock him out-

TOM

LENA! NO!

-she glances at Tom, who is staring at her aghast.

She pauses, breathlessly, lowers her arm, dropping the truncheon and lets the SWAT team overpower her. They tackle her, wrench her arms on her back and cuff her.

Lena turns her head to the side, looks into Tom's eyes.

EXT. OUTSIDE BUILDING - NIGHT

Spotlights blind the two of them as they are dragged from the building. Curious onlookers have gathered outside. Lummer awaits them by the police vans, gives Tom a look and waves for them to be taken away.

INT. PADDY WAGON - NIGHT

Lena is shoved into a paddy wagon all alone and chained down. The doors slam shut. She peers through the barred window, sees in despair - Tom being loaded into another paddy wagon.

INT. SECOND PADDY WAGON - NIGHT

Lummer sits in the back of the second police van. Lummer gives him a look of pity, this isn't easy for him.

LUMMER

I didn't have any choice.

Tom looks at him without reproach.

TOM

Same here.

EXT. OUTSIDE TOM'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Louise elbows her way through the onlookers, staring after the police vans pulling away with Tom and Lena inside. She goes over to a beat cop holding the reporters at bay, gives him a sultry smile.

LOUISE

Excuse me! Would you tell me where
to find the next police station? I
need some one to help me find my
sweet little pussy - cat.

INT. POLICE STATION / CELL - NIGHT

Lena is dragged down a row of cells - and shoved inside one. The heavy steel door SLAMS shut behind her, the latch falls shut. There's no furniture in the bare cell, which is lit by neon tubes behind a grate. On one wall is a high, barred window. Lena notices it with a worried look, paces up and down aimlessly. Stops and listens: Quick STEPS approach down the hall. She hears Tom's voice, muffled and very quiet like all other sounds.

TOM (O.S.)

(almost inaudibly)

Lena!

She hurries to the door.

LENA

TOM!

The sounds grow fainter, then disappear entirely when Tom's cell door SLAMS as well.

LENA

TOM! TOM?

No answer. Silence. She retreats from the door and sits down on the floor, leaning her back against the wall, hugging her knees to her. Her belt and shoelaces have been confiscated.

INT. POLICE STATION / LOBBY - NIGHT

A few of the policemen who were involved in the raid leave the station and get into their vehicles outside. The lobby of the station slowly empties, quiet returns.

INT. POLICE STATION / INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Lummer is discussing interrogation strategy with his colleagues. The suspects are not there yet. An assistant

puts a freshly brewed pot of coffee, cookies and paper cups on the table.

INT. POLICE STATION / CELL - NIGHT

Lena has stretched herself out on the hard stone floor, stares up at the detox cell, where a sign is affixed for drunks waking up from a stupor:

"Welcome to Precinct 38, Berlin, Germany, Europe, Earth, Solar System, Milky Way."

Lena restlessly stalks back and forth, looking at the window with a worried expression - where the early dawn can be seen. Night goes from pitch black to dark blue.

INT. POLICE STATION / LOBBY - NIGHT

The DESK OFFICER at the reception counter looks up from his sports mag when a shadow falls across his face.

DESK OFFICER

What can I do you for, pretty lady?

Louise's razor blade slices his throat. He keels over in his chair in a spurt of blood.

INT. POLICE STATION / CELL - NIGHT

Lena jumps up, hears panicked SCREAMS and GUNSHOTS in the distance - when suddenly, the neon lamp in her cell goes out. She stands there in the semi-dark. We HEAR her rapid BREATHING.

LENA

Louise!

INT. POLICE STATION / LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The officers just getting off duty are showering, loudly and boisterously joking at the blackout, calling for more light. One of their buddies emerges from the locker room with a towel around his waist, lighting his Zippo - and sees Louise, horrified. Covered in blood and fangs protruding, she stands amid the naked men in the shower in the flickering light of the Zippo. She sticks out her dripping wet hand and puts out the lighter.

INT. POLICE STATION / CELL - NIGHT

Lena hears the SHOTS and SHOUTS coming closer.

She KICKS the door as hard as she can, but only manages to make a small dent in the reinforced steel.

LENA
Stop it, Louise!

She bellows as loud as she can:

INT. POLICE STATION / ANOTHER CELL - NIGHT

LENA (O.S.)
I'M THE ONE YOU WANT!

Tom hears Lena's calls, rattles the cell door, can't help herself.

INT. POLICE STATION / INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

LENA (O.S.)
HERE I AM!

Louise listens up - her teeth sunk into a dead policeman's throat. With a horrible, slurping sound, she sucks the last of his blood out of his body and drops him. In front of her stands Lummer - pressed against the wall of the interrogation room. Shaking, he aims at Louise. Louise smiles at him, steps closer. Lummer is paralyzed, hypnotized - lets Louise peel the pistol from his fingers without resisting.

LENA (O.S.)
LOUISE!

Louise hears the distant call, turns back to Lummer-

LOUISE
You owe me six liters of blood.

- knocking him out with his own gun, she hurries in Lena's direction.

INT. POLICE STATION / CELL

Leaning her head against the door, Lena holds her breath, notices her neck hairs standing on end - flinching back as the intercom speaker WHISTLES with loud feedback.

INT. POLICE STATION / HALL - NIGHT

On the other side of the door to Lena's cell, Louise's finger presses the intercom button, dripping blood. Her full ruby red lips lean toward the intercom.

INT. POLICE STATION / CELL - NIGHT

Lena hears the CRACKLE and STATIC from the small speaker, followed by Louise's voice.

LOUISE (O.S.)
So, what are your plans for your future, Lena? Without a full refrigerator, or a safe place to sleep? Even if he stays with you, which I doubt, he's got no more than 60 years left in him. Then you'll be all alone, and your solitude will eat you up bit by bit. Trust me, I know!

Lena shuts her eyes, pressing her forehead against the steel door, not wanting to hear any more, beseeches her:

LENA
Shut up!

Sure enough: The loudspeaker CRACKLE falls silent again. Silence returns. Lena holds her breath. Seconds pass without a sound. She turns away from the door, sees - that day is dawning outside the barred window. Just then, the locks on her cell door OPEN. Lena hesitates, steps closer, opens it-

INT. POLICE STATION / HALL - NIGHT

-and steps out into the dimly-lit hall. It's deserted except for the bodies of dead police officers. Lena looks around, and sees - an open cell door at the end of the hall. She suspects the worst, runs over to it-

INT. POLICE STATION / ANOTHER CELL - NIGHT

-rushes in - but the room is deserted. Only Tom's sneaker lies on the ground, with no laces in it.

LENA
No!

She turns to go - and sees Lummer outside the cell, who shuts the door a bit, could easily slam it shut. Lena reads his mind, raises her arms defensively.

LENA

I'm the only one who can save him!

Their gazes meet. Lummer hesitates when he sees Lena's determination.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Lena races through the silent precinct - sees the many corpses in horror - finally reaching the lobby -

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

-and rushes out into the fading night. She scans the cars parked outside, hurries over to the oldest model, smashes the window with her fist - rips the dash on the steering column open, crosses the wires, hot-wires the engine and roars off.

INT. TEUFELSBERG - MORNING

Lena climbs the stairs. Burning candles light the way.

INT. TEUFELSBERG / HALL - MORNING

She turns a corner into a long hallway, at the end of which a filthy, covered window lets in a little light. Louise awaits her at the end of the hall. She has Tom with her, his hands bound with electrical wire, only one shoe on. Lena doesn't return her gaze, but only has eyes for Tom, slowly approaching.

About 50 feet separate the two women.

Tom takes advantage of Louise's distraction and tries to jerk himself free-

TOM
GET OUT OF HERE, LENA!

-Louise draws Lummer's gun in a flash and pistol-whips him with it - Lena cringes - Tom slams into the wall, sinks to the floor, dazed. Louise steps up to him and aims the gun at his heart at point-blank range.

LENA
Please, I beg you! Leave him out of this!

Louise looks up - now Lena is looking at her.

LOUISE

Then what are you doing here?

Lena stares at Louise. Full of hate and anger at Louise, full of worry and tenderness for Tom. The look hurts Louise. Beneath her anger and jealousy, you can still sense her boundless love for Lena.

LOUISE

I'll spare his life - on one condition...

Lena doesn't take her eyes off her, clenches her hands into fists.

LOUISE

Tell me you love me!

Lena can't believe her ears, after all that's happened.

LOUISE

And make me believe it!

She cocks the gun.

Lena stares at her, dumbstruck, but doesn't have any choice. She gathers her strength, swallows hard and tries to put all her conviction into it:

LENA

I, I love you.

It sounds fake, forced, empty. Louise gives Lena a look of infinite disappointment, her eyes fill with tears. Her finger curls around the trigger.

LENA

I love you!

That sounds better, at least. Louise hesitates. Lena forces herself not to look at Tom. Puts everything she's got into it.

LENA

I love you!

Louise looks at Lena, wants to hear more.

LENA

I love you! I love you! I love you!

Louise almost believes it herself, touched. Lena can tell she's almost got Louise, makes it heart-wrenchingly convincing.

LENA

I love you, Louise!

Louise smiles at Lena overjoyed, wipes a tear away.

LOUISE

That's the most beautiful lie I've
ever heard.

Lena stares at her, appalled.

LENA

NO!

A SHOT rings out in the hallway. The bullet hits Tom's shoulder. Lena SCREAMS, runs toward him - Louise sees - Lena storm toward her, full of hatred - SHOOTS Tom two more times, hitting his arm and leg as he tries to crawl away -

Lena is five steps away from her - Louise aims at the back of Tom's head, wants to pull the trigger - when Lena reaches her and yanks her over backwards. They go crashing out through the sheet covering the window-

EXT. TEUFELSBERG - MORNING

-as she does, Louise grabs the top of the window frame, swings herself upward like on a gymnastic bar and lands on the face of the building with both feet.

Lena falls forward out of the window, doing a forward somersault, and also winds up standing horizontally on the front of the old building. They both start feeling the heat, their skin turns color, even though the sun is just coming up. Lena takes another run-up, sprints up the façade, leaping over the open window to the hall - Louise retreats a step, coming to a halt on the sheet covering the still-intact window of the next floor. The sheet gives under her, tearing from the wall, CREAKING beneath her boots. She gives Lena a bring-it-on look.

Lena leaps toward her, tackling her - the sheet on the window beneath Louise's feet gives way, tears -

INT. TEUFELSBERG / TOWER - MORNING

-both of them plunge into a large round tower room in the listening post. But instead of hitting the floor, they crash onto the ceiling, tumbling and struggling - Louise is the first to her feet again, grabs Lena by the throat, whirls her around - and in a violent ballet of punches and kicks, throws and holds, the two of them move across the ceiling - until Louise whirls Lena around and flings her up through a hatch -

INT. TEUFELSBERG / DOME - MORNING

- into the dome at the top of the tower. They stand beneath the large half-dome of the spy station, the sunlight creeps in through the cracks. They both prowl around each other breathlessly, stalking.

LOUISE

So much anger and hate!

Lena grabs her by the throat, presses Louise against the membrane of the dome with all her might. Paint cracks around Louise's back, the dome CREAKS, slowly gives...

LENA

What would you do if you were me?

Louise smiles at her, sympathetically. Something inside Louise gives in.

LOUISE

The same thing.

Lena keeps pushing her into the dome relentlessly, the first rays of sunlight creep in through the cracks. Louise realizes what Lena's planning and stops resisting-

LOUISE

Come on, do it!

Lena summons the last of her strength, pushes Louise right through the bursting wall:

In a cloud of plaster and dust -

EXT. TEUFELSBERG - MORNING

-they both BURST out of the dome - falling outside into the rays of the sun, into blinding brightness.

Louise, pushed by Lena, plunges into the light, starts to glow deep orange and dissolve while her hair and clothes go up in flames. She grows lighter and lighter, black dust rains from her, wafts into the air, floating toward the sun, lifting Louise's body aloft -

-slowing both their falls, holding Lena and herself in the air. Lena hangs on to her, clutches Louise's neck. Her hands start to glow, but she ignores them. Louise turns toward the sun in mid-air, so that the rest of her body shades Lena from the sunlight. She disintegrates more and more, glowing almost golden, as sparks and cinders ascend toward the sun from her.

Louise looks into Lena's face, full of love. Peace comes over Louise's expression. She embraces Lena, hugging her close one last time. Softly, almost whispering, she speaks her last words with crumbling lips.

LOUISE
You're not alone.

Before these words register with Lena - Louise summons the last of her strength -

LOUISE
He's one of us!

- thrusts Lena away from her with both hands. Lena is flung back towards the building - hurling her through the window -

INT. TEUFELSBERG / HALLWAY - MORNING

-into the hallway where their showdown began.

Lena looks at Louise, shaken - who finally disintegrates completely, blowing away toward the sun in a cloud of cinders.

Finally, Lena struggles to her feet, stumbles down the hall to Tom - carefully drags him to the darkest spot in the hallway - he GROANS in pain, relieved to have her back. She drops to her knees beside him, examines his wounds in worry. He smiles bravely at her - don't worry about it. She studies his face, looks into his eyes, thinks of Louise's last words - bends toward him, sees the dim light of the hallway break in his iris, scintillating and shimmering.

Tom looks up at her, giving himself up to her. Lena struggles with herself, hesitates, leans toward him, her open lips are close to his throat, her sharp fangs hover over his jugular. Lena shuts her eyes - and kisses his lips instead. He kisses her back, long and tenderly, gently pushes her away then, looks at her indicating it's getting time for her to go.

The SIRENS of police cars and ambulances can be heard approaching in the distance.

They smile at each other one last time - Tom straightens up a bit, leans his head against the wall, watches her - as she gets up and retreats from him, step by step. Finally, Lena tears herself away from him, turns away and leaves...

INT. SUBWAY - EARLY MORNING

...fleeing through the dark tunnels of the subway. She runs as fast as she can, her steps on the tracks echoing off the walls and ceiling. As she runs she wipes the tears from her face, leaving everything behind her as she goes: Nora, Charlotte, Louise, Tom.

It grows lighter around her, noise envelopes her. She keeps running, staring ahead in determination, into the approaching headlights - jumps aside off the tracks at the very last moment - a subway train ROARS past her, hiding her from view, rattles by and, when the train is finally gone - so is Lena.

THE END