

Floating upon a Dream

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Abstract

This study comprises of a screenplay for a feature film entitled *Floating upon a Dream*, a horror story that uses the skeletal structure of the classic slasher and attempts to move away from your typical slasher caricatures, adding an emphasis on rawness and closeness. Regardless of the conflicts in this narrative, all of the characters share the same gravitational pull towards a human connection, however twisted it may appear.

Floating is also mildly satirical, playing on the social commentary in which fame and its repercussions can destroy a person, while simultaneously pointing the blame at the audience.

Logline

Desperate for fame, a washed-up former child-star accepts the leading role in a horror film where she must endure an obsessive, sociopathic director and a vengeful former co-star in order to regain her stardom.

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Declaration

I declare that this thesis is a presentation of original work and I am the sole author. This work has not previously been presented for an award at this, or any other, University. All sources are acknowledged as References.

FLOATING UPON A DREAM

Written by

Joe James

INT. LARGE STUDIO WITH AUDIENCE - DAY

POP MUSIC BOOMS. A spectrum of dazzling colours scatter through an enormous stadium-like area, with a STUDIO STAGE on the left, and a MASSIVE AUDIENCE on the right.

Spotlights are drawn towards the stage.

CLICK. BOOM.

The backdrop of a family living room set is lit up on the studio stage in blue.

ABOVE THE STAGE, a garish flashing logo reads "DARIA KNOWS BEST!". The AUDIENCE start APPLAUDING.

Skipping onto the stage, DARIA JULEE DAY, 19, sparkling, energetic, vibrant, centres herself and takes a bow in-front of the live audience.

DARIA

Thank you all so much! Season Five is officially over, but I hope to see you again next year!

GLITTER and CONFETTI start falling from above, Daria looks ecstatic.

BETH DUBOIS, Angelic and starry-eyed, 18, pounces onto the stage and takes a bow, trying to catch her breath. She looks back at Daria and receives a warming smile, she returns the gesture.

DARIA (cont'd)

My best friend everyone, I don't know what I would do without you Beth! Beth Dubois everyone!

The audience continue to APPLAUSE.

Within the AUDIENCE, A twelve-year old star-struck BOY claps as he stares at Daria longingly.

On the stage, Daria hugs Beth tightly. Daria's face goes dead-pan for a moment.

DARIA (cont'd)

(whisper)

Okay, okay, 1, 2, 3

The CROWD make AFFECTIONATE NOISES.

DARIA (cont'd)
Forever and ever POPWORLD TV, and
thank you for watching!

Beth misses her cue.

BETH
(same time)
...POPWORLD TV, and thank you for
watching!

Beth is blooming with joy as she looks to Daria, then to the live audience ahead of them.

An enormous BOUQUET OF ROSES are thrown onto the stage.

Beth goes to grab them, but Daria beats her to it.

A NOTE is attached to the bouquet. Daria reads it out.

DARIA
Wow! Ok... I hope that one day we
can float up to heaven together
because I know for sure you'll
shine bright forever. Your biggest
fan, Sonny.

The crowd TITTER and CHORTLE amongst themselves. Daria pauses for a moment, a little taken back.

Beth looks at Daria coldly.

Daria giggles and holds the bouquet up high.

DARIA (cont'd)
Aww! thanks so much! Thank you so
much for your gift Sonny! Good
night everyone!

The crowd ERUPT into APPLAUSE again.

The lights go off.

TO BLACK.

INT. AMBER'S HAUNT, DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

In a CROWDED, sweaty space with DRUNKS and DANCERS. Daria drags Beth onto a stage area drunkenly. Both of them could easily pass out right now.

DARIA
What is it?

BETH

I wanna go home, Dee!

DARIA

Celebrate. We have to be here. We
HAVE to be here.

Daria starts dancing aggressively, Beth follows her lead. PEOPLE below them NOTICE THEM and CHEER. Daria clocks someone with a CAMERA and she pulls Beth in for a photo. Both of them look sweaty and doe-eyed. Beth looks very ill. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

A WHILE LATER

Now below the stage, Beth is amongst SWEATY DANCERS on the DANCEFLOOR, almost suffocated by the closeness of people around her.

She goes light-headed, eyes rolling, grabbing DANCERS around her for support. Nearly disappearing amongst the bodies.

INT. TUBE STATION - NIGHT

RUSH HOUR. A narrow, gritty amber-lit and tiled tube station corridor is PACKED with PEOPLE rushing from both ends.

On the wet and muddy floor, Daria is lying against the wall holding her phone to her ear, head rolling around.

DARIA

Mum, no... it's... you're gonna
pick me up though. Yeah? No! no-

TEENAGERS spot her and kneel down. They shove a camera in her face and take a picture with her, Daria smiles for them.

They hurry off, grimacing and LAUGHING back at her but Daria is unaware.

Her phone is knocked out of her hand and disappears amongst the RUSH of COMMUTERS.

Daria cannot move. She throws her head back against the tiled wall.

PASSER-BY (O.S.)

Ugh, bloody hell look at the state
of that.

The twelve year-old BOY from the Daria Knows Best audience looks starstruck as he passes Daria with his partially-hidden MOTHER.

He moves away from his mother amongst the crowd and sheepishly approaches Daria. He kneels down.

The boy rests his head on her lap and hugs her.

Daria puts her hand down on his head and strokes his hair, eyes shut.

He lifts his head up and puts his arms around her waist, trying to help her up.

The boy's mother storms over, grabs his hand and hurries him off into the crowd.

Daria's head falls back against the tiled wall, tears sparkle in her eyes, her joyful drunk expression starts to wear off.

To black.

SUPER: TEN YEARS LATER

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nothing can be seen except the harsh light of a computer screen.

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN, A document is open. A SCRIPT. One line at the top, below is the slow blink of the cursor.

"Page 65...INT. CRUISE SHIP - NIGHT..."

FACING THE SCREEN, A silhouetted MID-THIRTIES MALE stares at the screen longingly.

A terrifying ORGE-LIKE FIGURE (HIDDEN HUNCHBACK) bounces off of the bed behind him and SHOVES his face into the computer screen AGAIN and AGAIN.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Behind the figure, a CRUISE SHIP MAP spans across the wall.

CRASH. SPLAT. SPLAT.

The CRUISE SHIP MAP is splattered with blood.

INT. DARIA'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A rapturous and angelic 16 year old with a bob cut is immortalised on a poster. A tag-line reads "Popworld TV Presents DARIA KNOWS BEST!".

Opposite the TV on a bed; DARIA, now 29, simultaneously iron-willed and fragile, hair shorter, looks enviously at the poster.

Below it, a dusty "TEEN AWARDS" trophy sits on a chunky TV.

ON THE TV; POP MUSIC plays. A doe-eyed 16 year old MALLORY PAGE is being interviewed by a CHIRPY FEMALE REPORTER in the centre of a brightly lit pastel blue studio.

In the room, Daria's face drops even further.

CHIRPY FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)
So how does it feel to be the new
face of Popworld TV, Mallory?

ON THE TV; Mallory stretches her smile, baring a set of braces.

TV MALLORY
So amazing, like, I never thought
in a gazillion years that I would
be, like, doing this, you know?
It's just...yeah.

In the room, Daria mocks and mimics Mallory's grin.

She turns to the mirror and links eyes with her POSTER. Her face sinks at her own ageing appearance.

TV VOICE-OVER (O.S.)
The Mallory Show has now finished
it's final season. Get up to speed
on our POPWORLD TV digital app!

On the bed, Daria's phone lights up.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN: "Dear Daria, I am afraid we cannot go ahead with your audition. We have been advised *not* to involve you in any of our future productions. All the best in the future, Spiral Productions."

Daria grabs the phone and re-reads the text message with an exhausted, defeated expression.

ON THE TV; Bubbles BURST and POP on-screen. Wobbling TEXT reads; "POPWORLD TV REVISITS OLD FAVOURITES!"

In the room, Daria's eyes rise to the TV.

ON THE TV: A POP TRACK booms over as a 16 year old Daria skips into view. Shortly followed by BETH, 15, dancing enthusiastically into view.

TV GROUP SINGING
 If you got troubles, She got it
 covered! If they got you muddled,
 she'll take em' down for you!

In the room, Daria joins in with the song.

TV GROUP SINGING (cont'd)
 Friendship and love, we will
 always be there for one another!
 If you fall down-

The TV GLITCHES over the next line of lyrics...

TV GROUP SINGING (cont'd)
 You won't get back up.
 Don't be afraid, Daria Knows Best!

A 3D foam title falls from above, "DARIA KNOWS BEST".

TV Daria leans on it arrogantly. Beth hops over and joins her.

In the room, Daria turns the TV off, SIGHS and lays on her back.

Daria's phone lights up again. She holds it above her.

ON DARIA'S PHONE:

"Beth DuBois has a LIVE VIDEO right now!"

Daria clicks on it.

ON THE VIDEO: Beth (now 29, abrasive and desperate) and Mallory (now 18, spark-less and bored) together at a bar. They are far from their excitable younger TV personas.

ON VIDEO:

BETH
 Hey lovelies! So me, Beth Dubois,
 and MALLORY PAGE, yeah that one!
 Are crashin' Amber's Haunt
 nightclub tonight to chat about a
 project with an underground HORROR
 director. How cool is that!

Beth turns to Mallory who is off-screen.

BETH
How will we know it's him though?
(back to camera)
Come say hiya! I am currently
lookin' for new opportunities!

Beth pans her camera to Mallory, who looks rather tired and irritable. She waves.

THE VIDEO ENDS.

BING BING.

Daria gets a POP-UP on her phone.

A message appears in Daria's social media messages by a member called "Sonny-jim1995";

"Come to Amber's Haunt tonight, I can't wait to finally meet you! - Your Biggest Fan."

In the room, Daria bolts off the bed.

She grabs MAKE-UP, SHOES and CLOTHES from the floor.

EXT. AMBER'S HAUNT - NIGHT

A fizzing red NEON SIGN reads "Amber's Haunt".

Below the sign, a now-rundown looking basement club with a BOUNCER standing outside.

Daria emerges from an alleyway next to the club. She holds a lit cigarette.

Various industrial buildings populate the area behind her.

A TAXI grabs her attention as it pulls up across the street.

Across the street, Beth, excitable, steps out of the taxi. Mallory, less enthusiastic, steps out too.

Beth treats her like a toddler and guides her across the road. They both enter the club hurriedly.

Daria hurries towards the club.

Stan comes out from the doorway and blocks her path. Daria smiles coyly.

DARIA
Stan, I HAVE to get in.

STAN
Nope.

DARIA
You know me.

STAN
Don't embarrass yourself.

Daria rolls her eyes and scurries around the club towards a narrow side-alley.

DOWN A NARROW SIDE-ALLEY

Daria approaches a rectangular window above some bins, pulls it up, looks both ways, then climbs onto the bins and into the open window.

INT. AMBER'S HAUNT - VIP BOOTHS - NIGHT

THUMPING TECHNO MUSIC rumbles under an upper level reserved for "VIPs"; The red-neon booths are all taken.

On the table dead-centre; BETH and MALLORY are seated.

Beth smiles exaggeratedly at Mallory, pointing to her cheeks.

BETH
You gotta just try, petal.

MALLORY
I'll try.

Beth's smile drops a little.

Mallory starts twiddling her thumbs on the table.

BETH
Nerves?

MALLORY
A little.

BETH
Booze won't help, petal.

Standing at the VIP Bar, Daria watches Beth and Mallory's table like a hawk. She takes a deep breath. Her elbow slides off the table.

Beth grabs Mallory's arm. Mallory turns with fear.

BETH (cont'd)
Mall! Stop ignorin' me. This could
make or break you, I should know.
Listen to me.

Mallory takes a long hard look at Beth.

MALLORY
Sure, sorry.

The CLIP CLOP of heels approach the table.

Daria stands at the booth. Nobody notices her at first. She slides into the booth next to Beth. Mallory recoils in surprise.

DARIA
(to Beth)
Before you say anything I-

Daria turns and notices Mallory, eyes rolling like a slot machine, she points a finger at her in astonishment.

Mallory titters uncomfortably. Beth stands and tries to get the attention of a BARTENDER. No luck.

DARIA (cont'd)
(to Mallory)
Lost for words?

Beth's eyes dart between the two.

MALLORY
I know who you are. I used to
watch the show.

Mallory struggles to smile from fear.

Daria leans in towards Mallory and her eyes droop.

DARIA
Why won't anybody hire me, Mallory
Page?

Beth grabs Mallory and pulls her away. Mallory looks around in desperation.

Beth furiously shakes her head in rage, earrings swinging.

BETH
Are you serious?

Beth bolts up from her seat, snapping her fingers at Daria. The SURROUNDING BOOTHS start watching. Beth lowers her voice.

BETH (cont'd)
Fuck OFF Daria.

Mallory's mouth is gaping, eyes wide, watching Beth, unable to look at Daria.

MALLORY
Calm down. Oh my god, Beth!

Daria takes a deep breath trying to sober up and grabs Beth.

Beth slaps her hand away, Daria keeps trying.

Mallory stands and backs away from the table in horror.

BETH
(to SURROUNDING
BOOTHS)
Can someone get here OUT?

Beth SHOVES Daria and she falls to the floor.

The SURROUNDING BOOTHS GASP in unison.

Beth hides her face in embarrassment.

DARIA
(sobbing)
FUCK YOU!

A tall, lanky FIGURE slinks up to the booth.

Beth spots him and tries to work him out, then it clicks.

BETH
Bruce?

Daria steadies herself with the table and twists her neck round.

Beth grabs and CHUCKS her drink all over Daria.

Daria locks eyes with BRUCE, 23, slim and eccentric, whose face appears to be slowly dropping.

Daria shields her humiliation, dripping, sniggering cruelly.

DARIA
(Towards Mallory)
Don't worry, the sunshine will
radiate out of your arsehole for a
another year or so.

Mallory struggles with her breathing.

Beth takes Mallory's arm and snarls at Daria.

Daria leaves the VIP area, humiliated.

INT. AMBER'S HAUNT, CLUB TOILETS - NIGHT

Inside a cubicle, an intoxicated Daria sits back and tries to relax. Daria flops against the cubicle wall.

A high pitched, croaky voice asks...

HIDDEN HUNCHBACK (O.S.)
Daria?

Daria doesn't respond.

HIDDEN HUNCHBACK
Daria? Can I come in?

Hidden Hunchback leans a long hairy arm over the cubicle wall and strokes her hair with their overly-long fingers.

Daria holds the big arm close to her like a teddy bear, MURMURING drunkenly.

The arm disappears back over the wall. The bathroom door shuts. SILENCE.

Daria staggers upright and bolts out of the door after the hidden admirer.

INT. AMBER'S HAUNT, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Daria heads through the bathroom door and SLAMS it into Beth, knocking her into a table of half-empty glasses that SMASH under her hands. She SQUEALS.

Daria GASPS and holds her arms out in defence.

Beth SHRIEKS at her sodden outfit, then lifts her hand up to see it covered in blood, sparkling with glass fragments.

TWO BYSTANDERS GASP at the blood.

Daria BOLTS off towards the dance-floor and collides with Mallory who is coming in the opposite direction.

Beth clocks her, Mallory halts and Beth grabs her arm. She WINCES.

Mallory pulls her hand back, revealing blood from Beth's cuts.

BETH

Daria! She... Look!

Blood seeps down Beth's arm and she WINCES, clutching herself. Mallory panics and bolts towards the main exit.

BETH (cont'd)

Mal! Don't leave without me!

EXT. AMBER'S HAUNT - NIGHT

A CROWD OF TEENAGERS have congregated outside the club and look like they are waiting for someone to exit.

Mallory exits, slinks past Stan and is immediately met with the crowd of teenagers. They hold their phones in her face and ask for pictures. She shields her face from the flashes and starts to panic.

The crowd start nudging and poking her for their attention, one has a HEADSHOT OF MALLORY from when she was sixteen.

TEENAGER #3

Please sign it!

A PAPARAZZI GUY comes up and GRABS Mallory by the shoulder.

PAPARAZZI GUY

Mallory! What are your plans now that your contract with Popworld TV is soon ending?

Mallory pushes EVERYONE out of the way and her PHONE falls out of her pocket into the crowd.

She makes haste towards the empty street ahead, clutching her chest.

They all stand HECKLING her from confusion.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

Mallory tries to catch her breath as she passes VARIOUS INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS.

She goes to get her phone and realizes she doesn't have it.

She stops under the green glow of a neon sign that reads "RECYCLING CENTRE" and gathers herself.

She looks back and sees the neon sign for Amber's Haunt in the far distance and contemplates returning. She turns back and heads towards a wooded area.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Trees are waltzing in the heavy wind above the narrow pathway, lit only by the dim glow of overhead street lamps.

Mallory is still struggling to breathe as she hurries through. She croaks and stops to catch her breath.

The sound of the DARIA KNOWS BEST THEME TUNE plays behind her.

She swivels around and the theme tune STOPS.

She turns back and heads deeper into the park.

HEFTY FOOTSTEPS approach her from behind.

Mallory turns and starts panicking.

A line of trees flutter, CROAK and TWIST behind her.

The FOOTSTEPS turn into STOMPS, then into a RUN.

They get LOUDER.

Mallory freezes on the spot.

The footsteps STOP.

The Hidden Hunchback bolts through the trees with a LONG-THIN DAGGER in their left-hand, high above their head. Their face is obscured by long, straight white hair. Their body is tall, unnaturally proportioned with nightmarishly long arms. Their right hand is stretched up above, twiddling long fingers in the moonlight as if casting a spell.

Mallory SHRIEKS as she staggers up and bolts down the city path back towards the industrial estate.

MALLORY
SOMEBODY HELP ME! PLEASE!

The ogre-like figure is closing in on her, followed by a FRENZIED, HIGH-PITCHED CACKLE.

The crowds and music can be heard beyond the last stretch.

The hunchback SWIPES the dagger at her and nearly loses balance, missing her by inches.

The Hidden Hunchback POUNCES on her, she PLUMMETS to the ground with a bone-breaking THUD.

Mallory is GRIZZLING, slowly lifting her head up from the gravel. Grit and blood have congealed on her face from the impact.

The Hidden Hunchback drops the dagger, flips her over and thrusts their hands down on her neck and pushes. She struggles. She pulls an arm free and starts hitting them in the face.

They restrain her and climb onto her fully, pushing down. Her face goes red, she shakes profusely.

A few metres ahead, the green glow of the "Recycling centre" neon sign fizzles off, leaving the pin-prick glow of the neon sign for "Amber's Haunt" as the strongest light source further ahead.

Her eyes go bloodshot. Tears stream down her face.

MALLORY (cont'd)
Please stop-

The dagger PLUMMETS down into her stomach. She GASPS and TWITCHES for a moment.

The dagger is pulled out of her, then brought down AGAIN, then AGAIN.

Glassy eyed, Mallory makes one last heavy breath before focusing her eyes on the RECYCLING SIGN ahead.

INT. AMBER'S HAUNT, DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

On an over-crowded dance-floor, TECHNO MUSIC PLAYS to a LARGE CROWD.

DARIA clambers onto the stage area, pushing through others with no remorse.

She starts to dance euphorically.

DJ ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)
We've got a live wire on the stage
right now!

The MUSIC QUICKENS, Daria dances aggressively.

Below the stage, a row of YOUNG ADULTS raise their phones and take pictures and videos of Daria.

LAUGHTER and HECKLING erupts from the crowd. Daria sobers up immediately with embarrassment. She slides ungraciously to the floor, panting. The mass ridicule continues.

Daria staggers off the stage shielding her face, pushing through the crowd. A dozen phones are held up to her face.

EXT. AMBER'S HAUNT - NIGHT

Daria scuttles into the street and RETCHES in front of the queue. The young adults grimace and mock her.

DARIA
What?

Daria staggers over to the taxi rank.

The "RECYCLING CENTRE" SIGN fizzles in the background just a couple yards behind.

Daria slumps herself into a taxi.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Daria is nearly passed out already, tears streaming down her face.

The taxi driver clocks her in the rear-view mirror.

TAXI DRIVER
You alright, love?

Daria lies back and shuts her eyes.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the window.

Daria's eyes flutter open.

Bruce is leaning into the window. The window winds down slightly.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Daria! Are you okay?

DARIA
Let me go home.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Wait, wait.

Daria wipes her eyes.

BRUCE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I want you for my project, what do
you say? You can go home after,
just come with me now, yeah? I
just need you for half an hour at
the most, yes? Yes?

Daria starts sobering up immediately.

INT. CASTING HALL - NIGHT

An enormous, abandoned-looking historical chamber is
adorned with chipped classical artworks on each wall.

In the middle of the room, a dishevelled Daria stands
awkwardly in front of Bruce.

Daria loses her balance briefly, the floorboards CREAK.

BRUCE (O.S.)
I'm trying so, so hard not to
scream right now.

Bruce giggles like a child.

BRUCE (O.S.) (cont'd)
What happened between you and
Beth? Guide me through it. Guide
me.

Fear grows in her face.

BRUCE
Please?

Daria shudders from a chill.

DARIA
I don't know what you mean.

BRUCE (O.S.)
Shout at me. Threaten me. Go on.
Go on.

Daria itches her arm.

DARIA
Beth put you up to this.

BRUCE
No, no. Let's hear it.

Daria's face tightens.

DARIA
Why?

BRUCE
Scream for me, pretty, pretty
please?

DARIA
Okay.

Daria steps back and takes in a deep breath.

Bruce is full of joy.

She lets out a WHIMPER, then coughs.

Daria holds her stomach and SCREAMS. She doesn't look up.

Bruce keeps watching.

Daria SCREAMS again, raspier.

Bruce looks on for more. Daria starts coughing.

BRUCE
One more. For all of the
opportunities you've missed. For
all the love you lost.

Daria tenses her entire body, she lets out an incredible
PIERCING SCREAM, draining her of energy.

She drops to her knees.

DARIA
Wait.

Daria tries to steady her breathing, now going red in the
face.

She leans forwards and braces herself, then SCREAMS once more, ending in a WOEFUL GROAN.

Daria looks up from the floor, wiping dribble from her mouth, eyes wide.

Bruce steps forward, takes Daria's hand and reels her in.

BRUCE

You deserve it once more, I can try and give you that, you were always meant for this role. She's still in there, somewhere. I can, I can see it. I can.

DARIA

You're having me on.

BRUCE

The leading role is yours.

DARIA

The lead? You're not having me on.

BRUCE

Don't. Don't make me say it again.

Daria tenses her fists in order to stop crying tears of joy.

DARIA

I've waited, just for an audition...

Bruce starts crying and gives Daria an enormous hug.

BRUCE

I've waited too, you're not alone any more.

Bruce smothers his face into Daria's shoulder.

EXT. FOREST BY THE SHORE - NIGHT

Moonlight glooms through tall oaks and bushes, it is very dark.

Daria is dragging her suitcase down a dirt path.

She looks at her phone.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN; a MAP APP shows a trail, with a destination pin dropped at the edge of the water.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Daria enters a long, thin-stretched beach, overgrown with shrubbery and over-hanging trees. The sand is littered with plastic and broken glass.

Close to the water, a white van with the logo "BANG! MEDIA RENTALS" across the side is parked. The passenger side and rear doors are open. Lighting equipment is carelessly spilling out the back in heaps.

Daria drops her suitcase and creeps over to the van.

She clocks an INVOICE laying on the passengers seat.

She picks it up.

It lists a crazy amount of video equipment. At the bottom is a written notice; "Paid for by BRUCE. All equipment must be returned on the 14th, any damages will be billed to BRUCE, Thank you for choosing us, BANG! MEDIA RENTALS"

Daria looks deeper into the van, the inside is already riddled with dirt and sand.

A HORN BOOMS, rippling the water. Daria backs up from the van and looks out to the water.

She watches as the fog over the water starts to clear, revealing the monstrous silhouette of a SHIP HANGAR, connected to an overgrown sliver of land.

Dread clouds Daria.

In the water ahead, a dishevelled LIFEBOAT with "FLOATING UPON A DREAM" written across it is floating a few metres from the shore.

Daria grimaces at it, then takes her shoes off.

She clumsily enters the water, squirming at its temperature.

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Within the narrow and rusted shell of the lifeboat, Daria searches the dark interior for the ON SWITCH.

She FLICKS an ON SWITCH, the MOTOR starts, then fizzles out.

She tries it again, it fizzles. She looks around before BANGING her fist on it. The light dims, then goes bright. The MOTOR comes back to life.

She pushes down an ACCELERATOR and moves towards the ship hangar, punching through fog.

Patchy, stencilled text across the building reads "WRATHE OCEAN GROUP".

EXT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Through the fog, Daria approaches a collapsing barbed wire fence that pokes up from the water and encases the hangar and the slither of land attached to it.

The lifeboat passes through a gap in the fence and moves a "DO NOT ENTER" SIGN out of the way.

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Daria creeps the boat around the hangar's corner and into a narrow gap between the hangar-front and the overgrown sliver of land.

Daria recoils as the boat CRUNCHES through some branches.

Daria's route is now clear, she turns to her left and gawps.

INT./EXT. SHIP HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The hangar is open wide, pitch-black, towering above the lifeboat.

DULL METALLIC BREATHEs and ECHOES come from within...

The lifeboat enters the darkness cautiously.

INT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

The darkness inside the hangar cloaks Daria. STRUCTURAL GROANS echo out of the pitch-black space.

Daria stops accelerating and stares into it with dread.

INT. SHIP HANGAR - NIGHT

A search light CLICKS and blasts light onto the bow of a rusting, mid-sized CRUISE SHIP. The ship's name is revealed in bold text just above the anchor; "FLOATING UPON A DREAM".

INT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Daria GASPS as the cruise ship towers over her, she nearly drives into it.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - NIGHT

Another BLAST of light reveals the CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS and NAVIGATION BRIDGE, with a sliver of the PROMENADE DECK.

INT. SHIP HANGER - NIGHT

BING, BING, BING, CLICK

SEVERAL DIM LIGHTS appear and sparkle across each side of the hangar, revealing METAL STAIRWELLS and ELEVATED PASSAGEWAYS.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK

ABOVE, a spectacle of mini LED lights are powered up; FLICK FLICK FLICK FLICK, spread across the ceiling of the ship hangar to replicate the night sky.

FLICK, BOOM... The last studio light to illuminate the ship is a weak blue, replicating fake moonlight.

INT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Daria studies the ship with amazement.

DARIA
Bloody hell.

BANG. Daria knocks into a ROWING BOAT in front of her.

It moves forwards, deeper into the hangar, into the dark.

INT. SHIP HANGAR - NIGHT

Daria clammers out of the lifeboat onto a metal platform, eyes locked on the cruise ship.

MOMENTS LATER

Daria reaches the top of a rickety staircase.

A metal extension underneath her shudders forwards towards an opening in the cruise ship's LIFEBOAT ACCESS, Daria wobbles, clutching her suitcase.

A VOICE ABOVE echoes across the hangar;

BRUCE (O.S.)
Rain test, stand clear!

Water showers over Daria, drenching her.

Daria cautiously shuffles off the metal extension with her suitcase, slipping about. She falls into the railing and looks down as the extension SCREECHES and WOBBLER on impact.

She looks up in a panic, but there is no sign of anybody above.

DARIA
You drenched me! Hello?

INT. CRUISE SHIP, LIFEBOAT ACCESS - NIGHT

Daria steps onto the ship, into the dark rectangular space.

The ship's hull CREAKS around her.

The wall opposite Daria has a row of grotty life-jackets and lifebuoys that are harshly lit by a lone, yellow stage light.

Daria shines her phone light to her right, catching a row of ransacked storage compartments that read "Inflatables", "fire equipment", "First Aid", with three tall storage closets.

She shines her phone light to her left, revealing a set of ornate doors and a lit-up logo of an elevator and stairwell.

A FAKE STORM erupts outside and Daria SHRIEKS.

She hurriedly shuffles through the doors into a poorly-lit, narrow amber corridor.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, LIFEBOAT ACCESS ELEVATOR ROOM - NIGHT

The doors shut behind Daria as she treads carefully down the amber corridor. She shines the light across the wall to see that the wallpaper has been peeling over the years.

Daria comes to an amber-lit elevator.

Beside it, a large map has been scribbled on. Daria shines her light over it.

ON THE MAP; The ship outline. Inside that, room names, services and finally, cabins.

Daria moves her finger across the outline, passing several scribbled out cabins. She lands on "E15", another name that starts with "M" and ends in "Y" is SCRIBBLED OUT inside it, with "DARIA!" written in poor handwriting next to it.

DARIA
E15, room E15. Okay.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The doors violently slide shut.

ON THE BUTTON PANEL; Daria presses "E".

With a flicker of the light, a MOTOR starts up underneath her and the elevator starts to descend.

Daria takes a long deep breath, looks at her wet clothes and laughs to herself.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, DARIA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Compact, dated and dimly lit; E15 leaves a lot to be desired.

Daria shuts the door, opens her suitcase, grabs dry clothes and clocks the STARS glittering the room, and a LETTER on the bedside table next to an ALARM CLOCK.

She sits on the bed and starts reading it.

DARIA
Hi all, Bruce here. Welcome on-board my father's former Princess of the Seas which was ever-so-kindly handed over to me for this very project. After years of service she was put in a coma and left waiting for the best possible offer. To avoid her being towed off to a scrapyard and cannibalised for profit and all, I took responsibility and made her part of my passion project. Five years.

Daria clears her throat.

DARIA (cont'd)
 Your rooms have been cleaned,
 because I cleaned them. Don't
 worry about catching anything, but
 do watch your step if you decide
 to go on a wander.

Daria takes a deep breath and continues reading.

BRUCE (V.O.)
 I will be closing the hangar
 shutters and we won't be seeing
 real daylight for a while. It'll
 be very, very dark in here, day or
 night. Sleep well, appreciate the
 stars, they took me a long while
 to set up.

Daria looks out of the porthole window giddily and
 admires the FAKE STARS with awe.

DARIA
 Wow.

A LITTLE WHILE LATER

On the bed, Daria reaches the final page of a SCRIPT.

An alarm clock is TICKING next to her. the time reads
 "10:00PM".

In the script, a block of text midway through says "WORK
 IN PROGRESS".

She flicks back to the title page that reads "The Child
 Star Slasher (Working Title)".

On the bed, Daria looks a little puzzled. Her eyes start
 to lull. She drops the script on the floor.

INT. SHIP HANGAR - NIGHT

The outer wall of the hangar has been shrouded in fake
 fog, emulating the outside. Fake stars sparkle in the
 sky, and water dances below with mirrored reflections.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, DARIA'S CABIN - NIGHT

TWO SLIM, PALE ARMS reach towards Daria's face as she
 sleeps and they start feeling around her face, lips,
 neck.

Daria comes to. The arms move away.

Daria glares at the doorway, now open.

She gets up and closes the door.

Behind her, The floor CREAKS a little.

Daria gets back into bed in a half-awake daze.

The silhouette of a thin, tall PERSON climbs out from under her bed and slowly opens the door, looming in the lit doorway watching Daria, clutching a SCRIPT, then leaving and closing the door.

INT./EXT. SHIP HANGAR - NIGHT

The front-side shutter reaches the bottom, CLANKING and FLEXING to an abrupt BANG.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, DARIA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Moonlight illuminates a sleeping Daria from the porthole window.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The ship horn ROARS. Daria jolts up in bed from the noise.

Daria's bolts out of bed unsteadily.

She looks at the bedside table; her script is gone and her alarm clock has been turned off.

She rushes over to the door and flings it open. Nobody is there.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR D - NIGHT

Daria stampedes down an abrasively lit, long corridor.

A HANDWRITTEN SIGN on the wall reads "COSTUME DEPARTMENT"

INT. CRUISE SHIP, COSTUME ROOM - NIGHT

Daria CREEPS through the double door like a mouse.

The left-side of the room is bare, with one lone clothing rail and a load of hair and beauty products scattered across a dusty dressing table.

In the dim, cluttered, far right-corner of room is a BODY SUIT, DAGGER and WIG (The same as the Hidden Hunchback) hanging on a stand.

Further in the darkness is a mattress with a sheet over it and an open suitcase.

LANA, cruel-faced and tetchy, 24, emerges from behind the clothes rail, making Daria step back.

DARIA

I'm-

Lana's eyes go wide and she immediately bounces forwards holding a pair of SCISSORS.

LANA

-No, I know who you are.

Lana quickly points towards the dressing table with her scissors. Daria follows her instructions.

Daria sits down.

LANA

Pleasure to meet you. I'm Lana.

Lana glares cruelly at Daria's reflection.

DARIA

Lana, sorry.

LANA

There was a big scandal a few years back. With Bruce, I mean. He terrorized his lead actress to the point where she filed a lawsuit against him. Don't give him a reason to do that again, maybe?

Daria's eyes go wide for a moment.

LANA (cont'd)

After that film flopped he dropped off the face of the earth and nobody, I mean NOBODY has seen him since. Don't you find that crazy?

Lana hands Daria a CLEANSING WIPE for her face.

DARIA

Why take the job if that scares
you?

Lana raises an eyebrow and takes Daria's dirty make-up
wipe. Lana throws it carelessly on the table.

Lana kneels down and starts the make-up process. Her
hands are shaky.

LANA

I got a message come through
online, saw his name, had a little
search. Didn't take long to find
the goss. I don't scare easily,
darling.

DARIA

He set all of this up himself,
it's fucking mind blowing.

LANA

He's desperate to clear his name,
probably.

Lana gives Daria a long hard look before starting Daria's
make-up.

LANA (cont'd)

I saw what you got up to that
night. If you didn't have many
fans before that, you certainly
have new ones now.

Lana cackles and stands, rushes over to the clothing rack
and starts sifting through. She pulls out a red dress and
holds it out.

LANA (cont'd)

Have fun.

Lana strains a smile. Daria takes the dress and goes into
the corner of the room where a large mirror stands.

She turns to see Lana staring at her body. Caught, Lana
looks away.

LANA (cont'd)

I'm leaving this shit show as soon
as I can anyway, he thinks he can
just pay me with fucking peanuts.
You lot will have to sort
yourselves out after this.

DARIA

Oh, is someone else replacing you?

LANA

You better hope so!

Lana grabs a bag from underneath the dressing table and heads towards the door in a rush, SLAMMING it behind her.

On the stand behind Daria, the WIG flops to the floor.

She stands in a puzzled state with her make-up half done.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP, TOP-DECK - NIGHT

Daria clumsily barges through a pair of ornate doors onto deck. Short hair slicked back and her panicked expression is heightened by dark, sooty make-up.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Come over.

She twists her head violently to face the direction of the voice and is blinded by bright lights and FOUR HUMAN SILHOUETTES.

She shields her face, looking above her to see row after row of OVERHEAD WALKWAYS, CREAKING and SWAYING.

Daria edges past the harsh lighting. Daria's jaw drops.

Beth is stood bewildered, glaring back at her by the railings. Beth holds her breath and turns away hurriedly.

Behind a CAMERA is Bruce, sat on a stall.

In-front of the CAMERA is FIONN (lanky and awkward-looking) stood shielding his eyes from a powerful overhead stage light.

Bruce yanks his chair out and storms over to Daria.

Daria shrinks at the ferocity of his FOOTSTEPS. Inches away, his breath brazes Daria's face.

BRUCE

Why? Why?

Daria flinches.

DARIA

I am so, so sorry Bruce I...well my script was gone this morning. My alarm clock just didn't work, I don't know-

BRUCE

-You can't do this to me, Daria. I'm counting on you.

Bruce lifts Daria's face with her chin.

BRUCE (cont'd)

What the fuck is up with your face? Did, did Lana do that?

Daria's mouth shudders.

Bruce waves his hand rudely in Daria's face and stomps back over to the camera.

By the railings, Beth is shivering from the cold, still looking away from Daria.

Back to Daria, Bruce appears with a script in his grasp and shoves it into her chest.

DARIA

Cheers.

Beth storms over to Daria in a fiery rage as Bruce returns to the camera.

BETH

So, you cut Mallory out of her leading role?

Daria SMACKS Beth. Beth recoils as she holds her face.

BETH (cont'd)

You're still fuckin' mental.

Daria is immediately filled with guilt.

DARIA

Just... just back off.

Daria rushes off the set towards the double-doors.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, LEVEL E - NIGHT

Daria moves down the corridor, clutching her script.

She pulls out her cabin key. The door is ajar.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, DARIA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Daria storms in, ready to fight.

SOPHIE, 23, angelic, androgynous, with a likeness to young TV Daria. Twiddling her thumbs by the window, she turns and YELPS, very shrill.

Sophie is star-struck immediately.

Sophie launches at Daria without any hesitation and hugs her tightly, Daria flinches. Sophie lets go and backs up.

SOPHIE
I wasn't breaking in. Someone was
in here, honest-

Daria glares at her. Sophie doesn't budge.

SOPHIE (cont'd)
I'm sorry, I just wanted to meet
you is all. Before we go on set
together tomorrow. That's all.

Daria smiles.

DARIA
You're an actress.

SOPHIE
(stammering)
Not really.

Daria takes the script from the bedside table and scans through to page five.

DARIA
Ok. Who're you playing, in the
script?

SOPHIE
You.

DARIA
Me? Really?

Sophie nods, riddled with nerves.

DARIA (cont'd)
Wow.

SOPHIE
I'm playing you from TV, If that
makes sense.

Daria hides her envy.

DARIA
Where were you discovered?

Daria bolts over to her bag and pulls out a small bottle
of brandy and takes a sip.

Sophie doesn't know what do with her hands. She rushes
through her words.

SOPHIE
I work for Popworld TV as an
intern. They must have got my
details from someone there. He got
in touch and told me I'm exactly
what he was looking for, someone
who...

DARIA
Yeah?

SOPHIE
I'm sorry. I've intruded so I'm
gonna go.

Daria tries to smile.

DARIA
No, don't go.

Sophie leans on the wall awkwardly.

DARIA (cont'd)
So you used to watch the show?

SOPHIE
You and Beth were my idols growing
up.

Daria stands. Sophie twiddles her thumbs.

DARIA
Oh? Have you met her yet?

SOPHIE

Sure. She seems nice, very caring. I met her on the beach and we travelled in together on a rowing boat, couldn't get the lifeboat to work. Thought we weren't gonna make it!

Daria fails to hide her annoyance with a nod.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

Anyway. I'm gonna go. I need to go over my lines for tomorrow and-

Daria grabs her script and waves it at Sophie.

DARIA

-Your name? I didn't catch your name.

SOPHIE

Sophie.

DARIA

Okie dokie.

Sophie opens the door.

DARIA (cont'd)

Yeah. See you later.

Daria tries her best to smile through the tiredness.

Sophie sneaks a glance at Daria before closing the door.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, SOPHIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

The same as Daria's, but coloured with mismatched clothes that have spilled out via an open backpack. The wardrobe is open, and bare.

Sophie hugs her pillow with a lost look as the artificial stars outside sparkle in her eyes.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

She twists her head towards the door.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, DARIA'S CABIN - NIGHT

SCREEEECH. The speaker system bellows.

Daria springs up from the bed, flinging her script.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Daria, promenade. Come to the
promenade when you can.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR E - NIGHT

Daria leaves her room and hears SOPHIE'S VOICE coming from the neighbouring cabin. She listens in.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
I feel like I really pissed her
off.

BETH (O.S.)
You stay away from her. She's
poison, petal.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BETH'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A replica of Daria's cabin. The wardrobe is full of sombre-looking dresses. Skincare products are placed beside a floor-length mirror.

Beth is sat on the bed leaning into Sophie, who looks unbearably anxious.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Sophie bolts up and opens the door to see Daria. She almost swallows her tongue.

Beth gives her a cold look.

DARIA
I heard voices.

Sophie twiddles her thumbs.

DARIA (cont'd)
Promenade stroll? Get some air?

Sophie nods enthusiastically.

SOPHIE
Yeah sure, that's a nice idea.

Beth starts rushing around, grabbing her bag and huffing under her breath.

Sophie leaves first, a little on edge. Daria follows.

Beth pushes past Daria and throws an arm around Sophie.

They head towards the elevator with Daria tagging behind.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Once in the elevator, Daria presses PROMENADE.

She takes one deep breath. Beth crosses her arms and watches the wall. Sophie looks impatient.

CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK. The elevator rises.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, PROMENADE ELEVATOR ROOM - NIGHT

Beth leaves the elevator first. Daria and Sophie follow.

Daria turns to her right and sees the artificial stars beyond a set of ornate doors.

BETH

Let's go on a lil' tour, yeah?

DARIA

I'll catch up. Sorry.

Beth pretends to ignore her.

SOPHIE

Come find us after!

Daria nods. Beth and Sophie continue ahead.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP, PROMENADE DECK - NIGHT

Daria passes through the doors and lights up her cigarette.

Daria stands and watches the stars as she smokes. She holds onto the railings and looks over, shuddering at the height.

A CAMERA CLICKS behind her.

Daria turns to see the shadow of SOMEONE rush off into the dark behind her.

Uneasy, Daria chucks the cigarette over the railings and heads back inside.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, PROMENADE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Daria enters to see the corridor completely empty.

The double-doors leading into a DINING HALL slowly swing shut.

She heads towards them.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, DINING HALL - NIGHT

Daria enters.

An opulent, rectangular hall that makes up a quarter of the ship. Partially lit by three low-hanging brass lamps that slowly drift back and forth. FOG drifts over the floor from a nearby fog machine.

Daria moves into the room uneasily, nobody in sight.

She moves through the fog and knocks into a MANNEQUIN.

She SHRIEKS. A POSTER CUT-OUT of Mallory's face has been stuck onto the mannequin.

LAUGHTER erupts from behind the stage area, followed by RUNNING.

Daria rushes over to the stage area and throws the curtains back.

Behind the stage, Bruce is standing with a CAMERA.

Daria GASPS.

Bruce starts walking towards her.

She backs up, inches from falling off the stage.

He holds his arm out and waves her out of the way.

BRUCE

Don't panic, don't panic. It's all set up for a later scene I'm conjuring up in my head. Mallory is just a prop so I can get the... you know... lighting right. So,so, I thought it would be funny to get some payback on you. Give you a boo.

DARIA

Okay. Well, it worked!

Daria laughs nervously.

DARIA (cont'd)
I was wondering if I could ask
about the script?

Bruce doesn't remove the camera from his shoulder.

BRUCE
Yeah?

DARIA
Well. Most of the scenes seem to
be missing.

BRUCE
It's all part of it. Part of the
magic.

Daria scratches her arm.

BRUCE (cont'd)
The moments will be that much more
impactful if the actors don't know
what's going to happen to them.
You get the general idea though,
right?

DARIA
The story.

BRUCE
The story, sure. A revenge story.

Bruce removes the camera from his shoulder.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Uh huh. Mallory would've been
great for her breaking out thing,
I understand that. But maybe her,
you know, not showing up to her
audition was the best thing that
happened.

Bruce smiles reassuringly at Daria.

DARIA
I guess you'll be finishing the
script soon, it's really cool.

BRUCE
I'm kinda enjoying just seeing
what happens, is that okay with
you Daria? Or shall I write it
more precise for you? You're the
actress, right?

Daria isn't sure how to respond.

BRUCE (cont'd)
I'm the director.

THUD.

Daria turns back to the room and sees the mannequin on the floor.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Sophie's getting cold outside. See you tomorrow, Daria Julee-Day.

Daria turns back and smiles.

She steps down from the stage and turns back.

Bruce is still pointing the camera at her.

Daria titters, then leaves the dining hall sheepishly.

INT. PROMENADE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Daria leaves the double-doors and sees Sophie leaning over the railings, looking up at something.

DARIA
Where's Beth?

SOPHIE
She got bored. Went back to her cabin. I thought I'd wait for you?

The FLASH of a CAMERA further down the corridor takes Daria and Sophie by surprise,

LANA (O.S.)
Fuck!

LANA bolts into the elevator at the end of the corridor.

ELEVATOR WOMAN (V.O.)
LIFEBOAT ACCESS

Daria and Sophie head for the elevator in pursuit.

DARIA
The hell is she playing at?

INT. CRUISE SHIP, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Daria and Sophie slink into the elevator. Daria presses the LIFEBOAT ACCESS button.

ELEVATOR WOMAN (V.O.)
LIFEBOAT ACCESS.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, LIFEBOAT ACCESS ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Daria and Sophie exit the elevator and creep down the corridor. LANA'S FOOTSTEPS are just up ahead.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP, LIFEBOAT ACCESS - NIGHT

Daria and Sophie edge out of the doors and stand behind Lana in the dark.

By the metal stairwell, Lana is standing looking suspicious. Lana shudders and hugs herself tightly.

CLANK CLANK CLANK. The stairwell extends to her feet.

She looks around, then gets her phone out.

Over Lana's shoulder, she clicks on her PICTURES FOLDER.

By the doors, the shadow of a MAN creeps over Sophie and she grabs Daria.

They creep along the wall. They bump into a storage locker. Sophie gets in, Daria follows with haste.

Bruce moves out of the doors and past the storage locker towards Lana.

In the locker, Sophie holds her breath.

BRUCE (O.S.)
What're you doing? Off for a swim?

By the metal stairwell, Lana shoves the phone back into her pocket.

Bruce is behind her. She doesn't turn around.

LANA
Family emergency.

Bruce adjusts his voice to sound like Lana's.

BRUCE

Oh. Sorry to hear that, I don't have any means of contacting a replacement.

Lana looks down the stairwell.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Don't make me beg.

Lana maintains a professional tone.

LANA

Home emergency. My hands are tied.

Bruce doesn't respond for a moment.

BRUCE

Lana. Look at me. Please.

Lana doesn't turn around.

BRUCE (cont'd)

There's just something not quite right, you know? Taking pictures of the cast, and me, without permission, or am I just being an idiot and presuming?

Lana titters, remaining stern.

LANA

Believe me, I would get nothing out of exploiting unstable has-beens.

Bruce's face lights up considerably.

BRUCE

Is that so?

LANA

Can I go now.

BRUCE

Do what you want. You did a shit job on everyone today anyway. I won't be hiring you for anything else. You have my word.

Lana mumbles.

LANA

Fine.

In the storage cupboard, Daria bumps into something. CLANK. She holds her mouth. Sophie GASPS.

Bruce turns towards the storage cupboard.

Lana stumbles over to a portable CONTROL PANEL a little further down the railings and PRESSES a GREEN BUTTON.

CLANK CLANK CLANK.

Alerted, Bruce turns back to see Lana hurrying down the metal stairwell.

INT. SHIP HANGAR - NIGHT

The shutter rises, SHRIEKING. It stops halfway.

Lana's lifeboat accelerates under it, into the real moonlight, and disappears.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, LIFEBOAT ACCESS - NIGHT

Bruce leans over the rail and checks she's gone.

He hurries over to the CONTROL PANEL and SLAMS his fist down on the GREEN BUTTON.

INT. SHIP HANGAR - NIGHT

The shutter SHRIEKS again as it lowers. It becomes stuck, leaving a minor gap between the water and the shutter.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, LIFEBOAT ACCESS - NIGHT

Bruce hurries into the corridor towards the elevator.

IN THE STORAGE LOCKER

Daria and Sophie step out and take deep breaths before peeking OVER THE RAILINGS to see the moonlight peeking through the shutter, along with some fog.

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Lana drifts away from the hangar into the moonlight. She takes a DEEP breath before getting her phone out.

ON LANA'S PHONE, Lana scrolls through her PHOTO LIBRARY to see...

IMAGES;

Mallory and Beth at Amber's Haunt.

Mallory leaving Amber's Haunt hurriedly, surrounded by fans.

Daria intoxicated on-stage, crying.

Another of Daria drunk in the street.

Daria on the floor, screaming for Bruce in the old hall.

Singles of Daria, Beth and Sophie on the boat.

Beth hugging Sophie while looking at Daria. Bruce longingly watching them from afar on the top-deck.

Bruce looking perplexed by the camera and equipment on the Quarter-Deck.

Daria looking at Mallory's face on a mannequin in the Promenade Dining Hall.

She CLICKS and SELECTS these images and emails them to; "SUBMISSIONS@DAYZDMAG.COM"

She includes a MESSAGE with the images:

"Take a look at these. This will be the biggest flop of the year. I'll write the article when I get back and then we can release it tomorrow, Lana."

A few minor SPLASHES are heard beside the boat but Lana doesn't take any notice.

Lana hits SEND, but she is has no signal.

KNOCK KNOCK.

She looks up at the windows for a moment.

Beyond the window, the FOREST past the beach is now visible below a cloudy moon.

She looks back at her phone.

ON LANA'S PHONE: She has ONE bar of signal. She hits SEND and waits.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Lana becomes a little anxious.

She looks back to her phone.

ON LANA'S PHONE: Her "MESSAGE FAILED TO SEND".

She looks out towards the approaching land and sees the BEACH and FOREST not too far away. She takes a deep breath.

LANA

Nearly there. Nearly there,
darling.

She puts her phone away.

A moment passes. The rippling WATER and ENGINE is heard below her as the water becomes shallower.

DRIP DRIP DRIP.

Water forms a puddle next to Lana, she takes a while to notice.

DRIP DRIP DRIP.

She looks up to see water dripping through a small crack.

More water comes through. She starts to get wet.

She stands and puts her hand over the small crack.

Something tickles her hand and she FREAKS OUT, backing up against the windows.

The water stops dripping through.

She catches her breath and sits back down.

CRASH. SHRIEK. Lana falls off the seat as the lifeboat submerges itself on the beach beneath.

Lana stands, laughing nervously to herself. She looks out of the window and sees the BANG! MEDIA RENTALS VAN and the FOREST in the distance.

She searches her pockets for her phone and finds it.

ON LANA'S PHONE, she goes to hit send on that message when...

The HIDDEN HUNCHBACK appears at the exit, soaking wet, casting a shadow into the lifeboat.

Lana lowers her phone.

BANG. The Hidden Hunchback opens the door abruptly, making her wince.

Lana stands quietly, tittering.

They POUNCE onto her from a great length, she SHRIEKS.

The Hunchback digs into her bag with her restrained and pulls out a MAGAZINE with "DAYZD" written on it.

Lana's image is displayed on the front with the tagline; "DAYZD Editor goes undercover again with this weeks feature!"

The Hunchback FORCES it into Lana's mouth, choking her for a moment.

The magazine is thrown to the side.

The Hunchback POUNDS into her face with their weighty fists. Her SCREAMS are muffled by each blow. She GARGLES.

Lana's phone lays just beneath the seat. Blood slowly forms around it.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Daria and Sophie stand in the elevator ogling over which floor to pick.

DARIA
Any floor. Press one.

Sophie presses B.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR B - NIGHT

Daria and Sophie move down the hallway, which appears almost identical to floor E except for the lack of multiple rooms.

One door is at the very end of the corridor, ajar.

They approach it cautiously.

The ROOM NUMBER has been scratched out and replaced with "BRUCE".

SOPHIE
Oh. I'm not going in there.

Moving colours emanate and brush past the door frame.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BRUCE'S CABIN - NIGHT

CREEEEEK, Daria opens the door. Sophie follows.

The room is empty and quiet except for the sound of a MUFFLED MOTOR from a rotating disco light. Empty beer bottles are on a desk in the corner.

On the far right, a large wardrobe stands.

Daria creeps towards Bruce's desk and picks up a slightly dirty document entitled "CAST LIST - FLOATING UPON A DREAM".

She turns the first page and reads the "CAST LIST"...

It reads; "Beth, Sophie, Fionn, Tom, Mallory."

Daria drifts her finger over Tom's name, then Mallory's name.

Daria's face drops a little.

She turns the page and reads "CREW";

A full list of crew are noted.

At the bottom of the page, "Cancel all - not enough budget" is written in poor handwriting.

DARIA

He cancelled all of the crew.

Sophie is staring up at the ceiling.

SOPHIE

He cancelled Lana too. What was up with her anyway?

DARIA

Weren't you listening? He was fumin'.

Daria spots a LAPTOP on the table and opens it.

ON THE SCREEN;

"PASSWORD REQUIRED"

DARIA (O.S.)

Sophie, think of a password. First thing. What comes to you?

In the room, Sophie walks over to Daria and goes sheepish.

SOPHIE
 What are you hoping to find on
 there?

DARIA
 Script stuff. Shoots. Emails?
 Anything. Porn?

Daria looks up to see her DARIA KNOWS BEST poster across
 the wall.

Something CREAKS in the room. Daria and Sophie look
 around.

CREAK CREAK CREAK. It comes from the wardrobe.

On the left-door a large A4 piece of paper reads "WIGS".

Daria slowly approaches the wardrobe.

Sophie is staring at DARIA'S POSTER.

Sophie scrunches her nose.

SOPHIE
 What is that smell?

DARIA (O.S.)
 Damp?

Daria looks down to see hair sticking out the bottom of
 the wardrobe.

Daria approaches and kneels down.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
 Daria!

Daria FREAKS and falls into the wardrobe. The left-door
 SLAMS shut. The wardrobe WOBBLES for a moment.

BRUCE (O.S.)
 Lost?

Daria turns around to see Bruce leaning on the wall with
 a beer in his hand. Sophie is in the corner twiddling her
 thumbs.

Bruce closes the door. Daria and Sophie look scared. He
 opens the door. Closes the door. Opens the door.

BRUCE
 Are you not gonna go?

Daria and Sophie hurry out of the room.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR B - NIGHT

Daria shuts Bruce's cabin door delicately with Sophie in the hallway. They turn to each other and start laughing.

SOPHIE

I'm not going on any more tours with you.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, DARIA'S CABIN - NIGHT

Daria is laying on her bed reading her script.

Sophie is looking out the window. She moves her gaze onto the bedside table and appears rather rattled.

Sophie walks over to the table to see a picture of a LATE-FORTIES, stern and consuming WOMAN. (Daria's Mother) sitting on the bedside table, she picks it up.

SOPHIE

Who's this?

Daria looks up from her script.

DARIA

Mum.

She resumes her script.

SOPHIE

You look like her. Is she an actress too?

DARIA

God no. Her worst nightmare.

SOPHIE

Really?

DARIA

Popworld consumed our lives completely. Her own fault. She wanted it, I didn't.

SOPHIE

Did she watch the show a lot?

DARIA

She did. At first. Once I started forcing it, she developed an understandable hatred for it. Yeah.

Abruptly, Sophie walks over to the window.

SOPHIE

I grew up with you, you know, on TV. With all the friends, the drama, your 'TV mum'. You seemed to have everything worked out. I know it's all engineered by Popworld to make you feel that way but, I was bewitched. I believed it would all become clearer.

Daria puts her script down.

Sophie scrunches her arms against the window.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

I would recite the same lines, try them out at school, try them out with my family, and it worked for a while.

Sophie twiddles her thumbs.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

When I turned twenty-one I left home. I'd had enough, I told them nothing, I came to the city. My first adult decision was to become Sophie.

Daria's eyes widen.

DARIA

Do they know?

Sophie fidgets on the spot for a moment.

SOPHIE

I rang them up one night when things were dire, they called me David, I corrected them. They haven't even called me once since.

Sophie starts tearing up. Daria springs up and embraces her.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

I came to your last live show you know? I was only about twelve. But, it wasn't that exactly that stuck. It was what happened on the way home.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (cont'd)

You must've been on your way home
and you lost your way and I found
you, I came over, I helped you up,
I remember you smelled distinctly
sour, like alcohol.

Sophie laughs to herself. Daria laughs uncomfortably.

DARIA

I'm almost glad I don't remember
that.

Sophie recoils from the embrace, clutching herself.

SOPHIE

You've lived this crazy fame-
filled life already, I get it now.
You have this guard up and I get
it. I do. I mean, I've already
seen you at your worst.

Sophie titters. Daria stands defensively.

DARIA

What life do you think I've had?
Not only did I ruin my career for
good. Friendships or
relationships.

Daria looks over at her MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

DARIA (cont'd)

I'm responsible for the way Beth
turned out.

Sophie is speechless. Daria sits on the bed and looks out
the porthole.

DARIA (cont'd)

Nobody gets it... how long I have
waited for this. Nobody is going
to get in the way of that, not
even Beth. I won't let her.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Is it really worth it?

Daria holds back tears.

Sophie clears her throat and tries changing the subject.

SOPHIE

Who am I kidding? I don't even
want to act! I thought this would
be fun!

(MORE)

SOPHIE (cont'd)
Bruce is just playing around, this
isn't a real role.

Daria wipes her eyes, still avoiding Sophie.

DARIA
You should be so much more
grateful than what you're being
right now. Thousands of girls want
to be here.

Sophie chortles, taken back.

SOPHIE
God, is this how you talk to
everybody?

A moment passes. Daria smirks.

DARIA
You're the purest one out of all
of us.

Sophie pulls away and looks out the window again.

SOPHIE
Interesting choice of words, but,
thank you?

Daria goes up to Sophie and watches the fake stars with
her.

SOPHIE (cont'd)
You're all nut-jobs.

Daria laughs.

DARIA
Lovely.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BETH'S CABIN - NIGHT

On the other side of the wall, Beth, face blotchy with
red marks all over, has a glass up against the wall.

Fionn is huddled on a chair in the corner of the room,
grimacing at her.

Beth puts the glass down and kneels in-front of the floor
mirror.

BETH
The blood is curdlin' to fuck.

Beth starts rubbing the blood into her face like moisturiser. She catches Fionn grimacing at her in the mirror before looking away.

BETH (cont'd)
As a boy, would you ever try this out? It's supposed to get rid of stress lines, brighten the skin, make ya' cheeks pink, petal.

Fionn stares at the wall like a corpse.

FIONN
Is it safe?

BETH
It's my own blood, though. Nothing wrong with it.

Beth turns and catches him grimacing at her again.

BETH (cont'd)
What?

Fionn looks alert, unable to stop glaring.

She picks up the empty glass and throws it at Fionn's feet.

BANG. SMASH. SCREAM.

Fionn leaps out of the seat in a state of delirium.

Beth's eyes widen.

Fionn looks wild and unsteady.

FIONN
Calm down.

Beth puts her hands up.

BETH
You were just sat there staring, do you do that all the time?

FIONN
I'm going to bed.

Fionn storms out the door and slams it behind him.

BETH
Mate. Sort yourself out, mate.

She enters the BATHROOM and stares in the mirror.

She SCRUBS the blood off her face vigorously.

She picks up a tougher-looking sponge and starts SCRUBBING harder, and harder. She bares her teeth, her eyes water.

MOMENTS LATER

Beth exits the BATHROOM and scurries onto her bed with a contorted expression, hair rose-tainted and dripping, face swollen and sore. She FLINCHES as she touches her face.

ON BETH'S PHONE; She looks at PICTURES of her and Daria from years back.

She starts crying.

Beth throws her phone across the room and starts biting her long fingernails, ripping off chunks, making them jagged and sharp.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, DINING HALL - NIGHT

The stage area dances with candlelight.

Beth and Daria stand in the middle of the stage.

Bruce is stood below, CAMERA next to him, staring up at them calculatingly.

Beth's face looks red and sore.

Bruce walks into the dark corner of the room and drags out the mannequin with Mallory's cut-out and places it next to him.

Beth stares at it longingly, Daria has her arms crossed.

Bruce watches Beth intensely, then grins.

BRUCE

This scene in particular, will turn out a lot differently if, if it was Mallory, or Mal, as you called her, was stood there. Instead of Daria. I want to take advantage of that.

Daria and Beth look nervous.

Bruce starts recording.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Action.

Daria looks at Beth, whose fists are clenched.

BETH

What do you want me to do though?

BRUCE

You've read the action line. So
action it.

Bruce's eyes dart to Daria, who scratches her arm and
looks at Mallory's cut-out face.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Action.

Daria's eyes lock onto Beth, who refuses to face her.

Silence for a moment.

DARIA

ACTION!

Daria's voice reverberates across the room. Beth flinches
and turns to her.

BETH

I... I...

Beth HUFFS and rolls her eyes.

BETH (cont'd)

What the fuck is the line? I swear
to God there ain't a fuckin' line?

BRUCE

ACTION!

Beth STORMS across the stage with wide eyes and GRABS
Daria, brings her in, and struggles to calm her terrified
expression. Daria's face is brooding, stone-like.

Daria smirks nervously.

Daria THROWS her down onto the floor. SLAM. Beth is
shaking.

Daria looks to Bruce, who is watching intensely.

Bruce gives Beth a dirty look. Beth BOLTS upright and
goes for Daria. They struggle for a moment. Daria now
looks scared. Beth HEAD-BUTTS Daria hard.

Bruce GASPS. Knocking over the mannequin.

Daria falls onto her back. SLAM.

Beth bubbles with anguish. She JUMPS on Daria and starts CLAWING at her face with her fingernails. Daria GRUNTS and tries pushing her off but it is no use.

DARIA
STOP! WHAT'RE YOU DOING! BRUCE!

Bruce appears behind Beth, seething. He GRABS her and CHUCKS her across the stage in anger.

Beth lays there trembling, staring at the blood on her fingers.

Daria is petrified, her face is cut to shreds.

Bruce's face is hysterical. He storms off the stage. He flees through the double-doors onto the promenade. SLAM.

Beth and Daria lay shaking on the stage, dancing in the candlelight.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BRUCE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Coloured light bounces around from the disco ball.

Bruce is laying on his bed amongst the light, wearing nothing.

CLASSICAL CHOIR CHAMBER MUSIC blares from a STEREO PLAYER in the corner of the room.

Bruce looks up to a wet patch on the ceiling.

Light dances over the entire room.

Bruce reaches his arms out in a strange, hypnotic state.

He squeezes his eyes shut, arms waving like he's trying to reach something. He strains his voice with desperation.

BRUCE
Be beautiful again. Be beautiful.
Beautiful. Shine. Come back. Come
back. Come back. Come back. Come
back to me. Please. Shine. Shine.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, COSTUME ROOM - NIGHT

Daria, face bandaged, glum, spins the make-up chair around and invites a rather sceptical Sophie to sit down.

Sophie scuttles over and sits down in-front of the mirror. Daria gently presses her face against Sophie's.

DARIA

Ready?

Sophie nods, avoiding Daria's face.

Daria releases Sophie's hair out of a tight ponytail.

She grabs a pair of scissors from a drawer.

DARIA (cont'd)

I trained as a hairdresser in college.

SOPHIE

How did you have time?

DARIA

It didn't last, but I learned enough.

Sophie strains a smile.

Daria CHOPS and SNIPS rhythmically through Sophie's hair. Sophie shuts her eyes. SNIP SNIP SNIP SNIP.

MOMENTS LATER

Daria blows hair off the tip of her nose.

She backs up from the mirror. Sophie opens her eyes. She GASPS over the TIGHT BOB-CUT.

SOPHIE

Oh my god.

DARIA

Now you really do look like me.

Daria clears her throat.

DARIA (cont'd)

Bruce will be second-guessing.

Sophie nods.

MOMENTS LATER

Daria admires her handy work inches away from Sophie's face, who doesn't know where to look.

SOPHIE
Your face, does it hurt?

Daria freezes for a moment.

DARIA
No.

Daria applies glittery make-up, mimicking TV Daria.

MOMENTS LATER

Sophie holds her breath as Daria slips contact lenses in her eyes.

MOMENTS LATER

Daria backs up again and they both look into the mirror for a long moment.

Sophie is dumbfounded at the resemblance to YOUNG TV DARIA.

She SQUEALS with excitement and spins in the chair.

Daria takes a long look at her, struggling not to frown.

SOPHIE
Thank you.

Daria ambles towards the door.

DARIA
You've got to get into character.

Sophie can't remove her eyes from the mirror.

SOPHIE
Yeah, right.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP, SHIP'S STERN - NIGHT

The steady breeze animates Daria's short hair as she smokes a cigarette on the deck.

The double-doors behind Daria open and close.

Further along the stern, Beth lights a cigarette.

Daria takes one glance and goes cold, her arms grip the handrail.

Beth takes a moment before approaching Daria.

BETH

Daria.

Daria doesn't budge.

Beth moves closer, puffing on her cigarette.

She flicks her cigarette over Daria's shoulder.

Daria retains her composure, face like stone.

Beth struts heatedly towards the double doors leading inside, she turns back with a look of desperation.

At the railings, Daria stares at a dark corner of the ship hangar where a ladder appears to be leading up to something.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Boo!

Daria GASPS and turns.

Sophie stands there, uncannily like Daria's younger self. She is covered in blood, grinning with glee.

SOPHIE

That was intense. Is this what it feels like to act?

Daria keeps her eyes fixed on the artificial stars.

DARIA

What happened?

Sophie becomes animated.

SOPHIE

I was laying on this big double-bed with Fionn above me, holding the dagger, like, above my head. I was scared already, but I had to scream, and scream, like ten times, I can barely talk right now.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (cont'd)

Then, Fionn thrust the dagger down into my chest, and this blood pack just BLEW UP everywhere, I totally forgot and thought it was my blood, I freaked out, Bruce came over after and gave me the biggest hug, he didn't say a word, it was just...

Daria takes a long puff of her cigarette, eyes tighten. She flinches from her face stinging.

DARIA

Wow. Well. It'll get harder.

Sophie leans over the railings and locks eyes with Daria.

SOPHIE

I'm not as naive as you think I am, Daria. I know what you're thinking.

They lock eyes.

DARIA

Never said that.

Daria tries to smile.

Sophie heads for the double-doors sheepishly.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BRUCE'S CABIN - NIGHT

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

The door is opened. Sophie stands there sheepishly.

Bruce's eyes go wide, his mouth drops a little.

He rubs his eyes, then laughs.

SOPHIE

Sorry, bad time?

Bruce shakes his head, then looks at the floor.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

Can I talk to you about something?

BRUCE

Sure Daria. AH. Sophie. You had me there.

Bruce doesn't look up at all. Sophie titters.

SOPHIE
Why did you put the old Popworld
TV cast together?

Bruce looks up and grins.

BRUCE
I guess I don't want a stagnant
cast.

SOPHIE
What about Daria? Her face is...
Beth-

Bruce starts shutting the door.

BRUCE
Sorry I... I was taking a nap. I'm
not ready. I'm on set in twenty
minutes.

He shuts the door delicately. Sophie backs up.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR B - CONTINUOUS

Sophie stands in-front of Bruce's door, bewildered.

BRUCE (O.S.)
You're gonna be a star. You
deserve everything that comes your
way.

Bruce forces a chortle, then joyful SOBBING is heard.

Sophie titters nervously.

SOPHIE
What is it? Bruce?

Bruce goes quiet.

Sophie stands in the corridor, bewildered.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BOILER ROOM ON-SET - NIGHT

Down a loud, dingy corridor smothered with pipes and low
lights. The CAST loiter while Bruce fiddles with video
equipment.

Daria is stood studying Bruce, holding her script.

Bruce clocks her, wiping sweat from his forehead.

Daria smiles.

Bruce doesn't seem too interested.

DARIA

We need to talk about Beth.

Daria points to her face and laughs. Bruce doesn't look.

Daria tenses up.

DARIA (cont'd)

How are we supposed to prepare for each scene if we don't know anything?

Bruce continues to fiddle with the camera.

DARIA (cont'd)

I don't know what I'm supposed to do!

Bruce stops fiddling with the camera and looks at her bandaged face.

DARIA (cont'd)

You have to help me.

Daria waits a while for a response.

BRUCE

I hope it doesn't hurt, Daria.

Daria scrunches her face and starts walking away.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, QUARTER DECK - NIGHT

Beth is leaning over the railings looking sorry for herself.

BELOW, she watches the water ripple from the outside waves.

The ROWING BOAT is slowly carried by the ripples, out of the ship hangar, disappearing into the dark.

BETH

(to self)

Oh shit. Come back!

A STORM ERUPTS outside the hangar, water is heard hitting the entirety of the metal roof. LIGHTNING STRIKES.

BANG....BANG....BANG....

Beth shudders and nearly slips. She looks at the shutters to the far right. Something seems to be banging against them.

She puts a leg up on the railings.

IN THE HANGAR

A small gap in the shutters is letting moonlight in.

BANG....BANG....BANG....

Every time the object hits the shutters, a large shadow stretches across the water.

The waves outside become LOUDER.

ON THE SHIP

Beth strains her eyes, trying to work it out.

IN THE HANGAR

BANG...BANG...BANG...

The shadow resembles a LIFEBOAT.

ON THE SHIP

Beth puts another leg up on the railings, nearly half of her body off the ship.

IN THE HANGAR

The waves are at their LOUDEST. ONE BIG WOOSH.

SCREEEEEEEECH.

The LIFEBOAT lodges itself into the GAP under the shutter, causing it to flood the inside.

In the water drifting in, it looks a little bit dark, like blood.

ON THE SHIP, NEAR THE ELEVATOR

Daria enters the quarter-deck and sees Beth dangerously leaning over, gawping at something.

She stands and calculates, still as a mouse.

BELOW, the LIFEBOAT SHRIEKS as it is ripped out of the shutter, revealing a small gap again.

Beth GASPS and loses her footing.

Beth clocks Daria staring.

Daria launches forwards.

Beth panics and slips further. Her head BASHES against the metal and bounces off.

Daria is too late. She backs up against the wall, shell-shocked.

Beth's expression is dazed, blood starts to ooze from her nose.

Daria kneels down to help, Beth gives her a deathly look.

Daria backs off and shimmies away towards the end of the corridor.

Sophie comes through the doorway on the other side and clocks Beth immediately.

SOPHIE

What the hell happened?

Sophie helps Beth up.

Daria is mid-way through a set of doors down the corridor when Sophie looks up and spots her fleeing.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BOILER ROOM ON-SET - NIGHT

Daria hurries onto the set, the area is completely SILENT and empty.

Above her, three or four floors of wiring, pipes and narrow access bridges and ladders.

Fionn glides out of the dark wearing a bodysuit, wig and make-up (the same as the Hidden Hunchback).

He approaches Daria, inches away from her.

FIONN

Man, it stinks in this suit!

ABOVE THEM, A pair of pliers are sabotaging a stage light.

The stage light FIZZLES a little.

SNIP, SNIP, SNIP. FIZZ.

BELOW, Fionn moves backwards, underneath the stage light.

FIONN (cont'd)
Are you all good?

Daria flinches.

DARIA
Yeah!

The surrounding stage lights FLICKER on, creating a strobe effect for a half minute.

Beth appears out of the dark and STORMS towards Daria and Fionn.

Sophie, Bruce and the rest of the CAST and CREW also emerge.

BETH
YOU STUPID BITCH!

DARIA
What?

Sophie comes over and restrains Beth.

SOPHIE
ENOUGH!

Bruce walks over to the camera and hits RECORD.

Beth exasperatedly waves her fists in the air, avoiding eye contact with Daria.

BETH
She...she tried to kill me!

Daria approaches Beth gingerly.

Fionn edges away from Beth and Daria. He is now close to the FAULTY STAGE LIGHT.

SOPHIE
Bruce?

Bruce doesn't step in.

BETH
Talk to me! Fuckin' speak!

Daria stares Beth down, puzzled.

BETH (cont'd)
Daria! I know you've got a fuckin'
voice, stop pretendin' I don't
exist!

DARIA
Ok. You are unbelievable.

Daria looks over at the camera and makes eye-contact with Bruce.

Beth follows her eyes. She tightens her fists.

BETH
It's all for the fucking camera,
isn't it? It's always been the
same with you hasn't it?

Daria GRUNTS, not making eye contact.

DARIA
Shut up Beth, you'll give yourself
another nose-bleed.

Beth's mouth is agape, her eyes are rimming with tears.

BETH
Do you want to know the real
reason you're so alone? Why no-one
gives you a chance?

Beth wipes her eyes.

BETH
I told everyone what you did to
me. How our friendship meant
nothing at all. YOU RUINED MY
FUCKING CAREER.

Daria bites her lip hard. Her eyes go glassy.

BETH
Everybody falls victim to your
self-destructive, selfish,
suicidal downfalls eventually.

Beth turns to Sophie briefly, then takes a moment to control herself.

BETH (cont'd)
You're a shit actress, anyway.

Daria STORMS UP to Beth and GRABS her throat.

Bruce BOLTS over with the camera and gets close, waving a fist in the air.

Daria SMACKS her so hard in the face that she parades backwards, nose starting to bleed profusely from the previous incident.

Sophie is in complete shock.

Beth SCREAMS at Daria and starts HAMMERING into her face, she catches Daria's eye and blood appears across Daria's nose.

BRUCE
HIT EACH OTHER! GET IT OVER WITH!
FUCKING, FUCKING GO FOR IT! KILL
EACH OTHER!

Fionn storms into the scene and shoves Bruce back.

FIONN
Mate! Chill out!

Daria rips a chunk of Beth's hair out. Beth is hysterical, tears streaming down her face.

BETH
STOP! STOP!

Sophie bubbles with exasperation and launches at both of them. She grabs Daria's arm. Daria elbows her, sending her FLYING backwards into the FAULTY STAGE LIGHT. BASH. CLANK. She grabs the cord connected to it to steady herself.

The cord zips upwards, slicing Sophie's hand as she clutches it. She SHRIEKS and staggers back clutching her bleeding hand.

ABOVE FIONN; CLANK, CLANK, CLANK

Fionn looks up. The FAULTY STAGE LIGHT plunges down.

Fionn's head rolls across the floor. The wig detaches in the blood. The head stops near Daria.

BLOOD SPLATTERS over everybody.

Sophie CHOKES on the blood. Daria stands dripping, flabbergasted. Beth is sodden, sliding her hands through her hair, WINCING. Sophie vomits.

Fionn's headless body is mushed at the neck by the stage light. The wig stretches across the floor in the direction of the head.

Everybody is riddled with shock, unable to move.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, DINING HALL - NIGHT

Sophie, Beth and Daria are sat in silence beside a small BAR AREA at the very end of the hall.

Bruce is pouring alcoholic beverages behind the bar with his back turned away from the others.

Daria watches him from behind, then she clocks a noise.

PLOP. FIZZ. PLOP. FIZZ. PLOP. FIZZ.

BRUCE (O.S.)
Emergency services are on their way. I put ginger in them to calm the nausea.

Bruce turns around with tall glasses of dark red, fizzy liquid with umbrellas and slices of lemon.

Daria eyes up her drink and decides to fake a gag.

DARIA
I can't.

Bruce leans on the counter and looks into her eyes.

BRUCE
I understand. Don't worry.

Daria turns to see Beth and Sophie drinking theirs savagely.

Sophie gets up from the seat and looks over at the stage area.

Bruce exits the bar area and stands behind Sophie.

BRUCE (cont'd)
I know. I want to get out of here too. They told me they need us all here, you see. See?

Beth glares at Sophie from behind, a little off.

BETH
Soph.

Sophie looks at the floor and barely nods.

BETH (cont'd)

Can we go?

Daria tries to make eye contact with Sophie but she completely ignores her.

Sophie and Beth head off out of the dining room.

Daria gets up. Bruce takes her arm.

BRUCE

Are you alright?

DARIA

Yeah, I just need to go get some air... Will you be here when I get back? I don't want to go far.

Bruce gives her a long look.

BRUCE

Go get some air. I could probably throw up, vomit, right now but I'll try not to.

DARIA

Will you stay? Here?

BRUCE

Do you want me to?

DARIA

I'd feel safer knowing you'll be here when I get back.

Bruce makes a compassionate noise.

BRUCE

Shall I go cook you something? Or shall I pour you another drink? What do you need?

Daria starts walking off towards the double-doors.

BRUCE (cont'd)

(to self)

I'll drink the fucking drink, shall I? It can all go to fucking hell. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. FUCK.

Daria bolts out of the double-doors.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, PROMENADE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Daria hurries down the corridor towards the elevator, looking back every so often to check that nobody is following her.

She jumps into the elevator.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Daria presses the close button repeatedly, then hits floor "B". She WRETCHES, riddled with terror, then steadies herself on the wall.

DARIA

Come on. Come on. Come on.

CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK. The elevator rises slowly.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR B - NIGHT

Daria bombs it out of the elevator and hurries towards Bruce's ominous cabin door.

Daria can barely breathe.

She tries the handle. Locked.

Suddenly, she holds her nose in disgust.

DARIA

Oh, god.

She tries the handle again. Then, she shoves the door - it CREAKS a little from being weakened wood.

She looks around on the corridor to find it empty.

She backs up from the door, takes a deep breath, then RUNS into it. BANG. CREAK.

She leaves a dent in the door.

She turns back and sees a SERVICE TROLLEY hidden beside the elevator.

MOMENTS LATER

Daria backs up with the service trolley, then LAUNCHES into the door again.

BANG, CRASH. The trolley creates a hole in the door.

Daria sticks her arm in and winces as it catches on some sharp wood.

She turns the lock and opens the door, holding her nose.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BRUCE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Daria tries the light switch. Nothing.

She gets her phone out and turns the light on.

Light beams from one end of the room to the other.

Daria approaches the desk and opens up Bruce's laptop.

The screen creates a powerful light.

ON THE SCREEN;

"PASSWORD REQUIRED".

Opposite the screen, Daria bites her quivering lip.

She types.

ON THE SCREEN, Daria types "daria knows best".

Incorrect.

In the room, Daria hurriedly shuffles papers on the table looking for something.

ON THE SCREEN; Daria types "Sophie".

Nothing.

ON THE SCREEN; Daria types "MalloryPage"

Incorrect.

Daria types "Daria Julee Day".

Incorrect.

Opposite the screen, Daria gags from the smell.

Something CREAKS above her.

Opposite the screen, Daria takes a moment.

Daria opens up her phone.

ON HER PHONE SCREEN;

Daria clicks on the last message to her social media account from the member called "Sonny-Jim1995"

"Come to Amber's Haunt tonight, I can't wait to finally meet you! - Your Biggest Fan."

Opposite the screen, Daria puts her phone down.

ON THE SCREEN; Daria types "Sonny-Jim1995".

Incorrect. Daria GRUNTS.

Daria types "Shine Bright Forever".

DARIA (O.S.)
Shine bright. Forever.

It works. Daria clicks on the HARD DRIVE ICON and opens it up to see a FOOTAGE folder. She clicks it. It's empty.

She clicks on a folder called SCRIPT NOTES. It's empty.

She clicks on a folder called IMAGES. It contains HEADSHOTS of everybody, then, further down, a MID-THIRTIES MALE is seen standing in-front of the CRUISE SHIP.

Daria clicks on the DETAILS of the image.

The image date is "23/04/2017".

DARIA
Who the fuck are you?

CREAK. Daria stands and slams the laptop down.

She clocks the disco light in the corner and creaks over to it, she RETCHES at the smell.

She turns the disco light on.

The wardrobe lights up. The left-side door CREAKS open. The hair poking out of it loosens a little.

She approaches it cautiously.

CREEEAAKKKK.

She opens it up. A WIG falls out. She SHRIEKS.

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP.

Water drops onto Daria's face. She winces.

Another LONG CREAK emanates from above.

She looks up to see a HATCH DOOR with a large yellowish, damp stain forming across it, moving along the entire ceiling.

She pulls the chair out from the desk and stands on it, wobbling a little.

She opens up the hatch. CREEEAAK.

IN THE HATCH

Daria looks around the space, but it is too dark to see anything. She puts her phone light on.

Steel beams and pipes stretch across the walls. Water drips slowly from a pipe to her far left.

A FLUSH of water travels along the pipe, Daria follows the pipe towards the top middle with her phone light.

Mallory's body is suspended directly above her, tied with electrical cords. A cut-out of DARIA'S POSTER image is unevenly stuck onto her mashed-up face.

Daria GAGS and holds her mouth. She moves the phone light ninety degrees down.

DRIP DRIP DRIP.

Lana's wet, seaweed ridden body is glaring directly at Daria. A long centipede-like bug crawls out of her mouth.

Daria SCREAMS. She BANGS into the corner of the hatch and Lana's body SLIDES towards her.

Daria FLIES off the chair SCREAMING. The chair HITS the disco light and with a BUZZ and FLASH, the room is pitch-black except for Daria's phone light.

Lana's body topples out of the hatch half-way, wetting the floor beneath. Daria holds her phone light up and nearly vomits.

Daria stands and backs up towards the bed, knocking over a JAPANESE SCREEN. Various insects BUZZ and FLY around her. She COLLAPSES onto the bed and waves the bugs away in panic.

She clammers off of the bed onto floor.

Daria's phone light reveals the DEAD BODY of the MID-THIRTIES MAN from the PHOTO, face a bloody pulp of thick, dark glass shards and twisted facial features.

Daria SHRIEKS and backs up from the bed.

BRUCE (SONNY) JUMPS out from the hatch above her and GRABS Daria.

Daria is FRENZIED. He SHUSHES her.

Daria starts struggling with all her might.

--Sonny grabs her mouth and squeezes her from behind.

Sonny's eyes are completely blood-shot.

SONNY

It's okay. It's okay. It's me. Me. Sonny. Remember? Bruce doesn't even know who you are! Bruce was going to give Mallory a chance, I couldn't let that happen. He didn't know you like I know you. Maybe, maybe I know you a little too well now. Now. Now that your face is. Your face is... your face. Look what she did to your fucking face!

Daria weakens herself and submits. Sonny buries his face into her shoulder.

SONNY (cont'd)

what the hell did I put in those drinks?

Sonny pulls on her body and face.

SONNY (cont'd)

The more I touch you, the less you feel real to me. You're not Daria any more. You and Beth should've fucking ended each other when you had the chance.

Daria SLAMS her heel into his foot. He GROANS and lurches back. She then KNEES him in the groin and runs for the door.

She struggles with the lock. Sonny lurches forwards, towering over the room.

He GRABS Daria and THROWS her against the door then presses his face into hers, squashing it.

SONNY (cont'd)
 YOU BITCH! NO! FUCK YOU! THIS WAS ALL FOR YOU! THIS WAS GOING TO BE THE NEW BEGINNING FOR BOTH OF US. YOU FUCKED IT UP! YOU LOST EVERYTHING I LOVED ABOUT YOU. IT FUCKING HURTS.

He grabs Daria by the shoulders and throttles her, she SPITS in his face. Sonny's eyes roll around.

He SHAKES HER ABOUT even more, SCREAMING into her face.

DARIA
 I won't say a fucking word, please, I'LL SIGN YOU A FUCKING AUTOGRAPH!

SONNY
 You'll sign an autograph for me? Really? Really? Really? Really?

Daria calculates. She leans into Sonny and kisses him, shuddering profusely. He glides his hands up to her face and holds it, then he digs his fingers into her mouth and PULLS.

He CACKLES manically.

He moves her backwards onto the bed, squashing her.

She BITES his lip and REELS it back with her teeth, spurting blood across her face. He SHRIEKS with pain as he pulls his mouth back, ripping it further.

Daria spits the flesh out onto him, grimacing.

She grabs the CD PLAYER from the floor and SMASHES his face with it before BOLTING up to the door, unlocking it and disappearing down the corridor.

Sonny grabs the CD PLAYER and throws it into the wall. SMASH.

He starts SOBBING like a child.

SONNY (cont'd)
 DARIA! WHAT ARE YOU? DARIA! NO! PLEASE! IT HURTS! IT HURTS!

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR D - NIGHT

Moving quickly down the corridor, Beth is huddled against Brook with her arm around her. Her eyes are rolling like dice.

Beth is laughing so hard she starts grunting.

They BURST into the COSTUME ROOM, passing the sign; "Hair & Make-up"

INT. CRUISE SHIP, COSTUME ROOM - NIGHT

Sophie collapses onto the mattress in the far corner. The room starts to distort.

Beth pulls over a chair and sits down, towering over Sophie.

Beth just stares at her, swaying in and out. Sophie becomes fearful.

From Sophie's perspective, Beth's form becomes manipulated; distorting as if looking in a fun-house mirror.

Sophie shields her eyes.

SOPHIE

Please stop doing that.

Beth distorts grotesquely in-front of her.

BETH

Look at me. Look at me.

Sophie looks at her again, distorting and morphing.

BETH (cont'd)

Oh my god. Sophie. Your skin. It's glowing.

Beth leans back and tries to get into her own pockets.

Beth pulls out a syringe of blood from her coat pocket and SPRAYS the blood out, hitting the mirror.

Sophie grimaces at it.

BETH (cont'd)

I just want a little pin-prick. Just some of the glow. I want the glow. I wanna put your body where my head is! Please Sophie, I'm begging!

Sophie recoils from Beth, trying to kick her away.

Beth falls forward off the chair and crushes her, crawling up to Sophie's face. She holds the syringe up high, trying to aim.

SOPHIE
BETH! GET OFF ME! WHAT'RE YOU
DOING!

Beth looks like a cartoon character.

Sophie KICKS Beth in the stomach and she lurches back.

Beth is a shivery mess on the floor, staring at the syringe in her hand. She looks up with horror, eyes blurry.

Sophie staggers out of the room.

Beth throws herself back against the floor, tensing her body, SCREAMING.

She staggers upright, shaking, trying to steady her breathing.

She staggers up and grabs a PAIR OF SCISSORS on the table.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR D, STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Sophie shuts herself in a dark room piled with boxes and one large closet-space.

She starts hyperventilating, pressing against the wall.

FOOTSTEPS approach the room.

SONNY (O.S.)
(mimicking female
voice)
Sophie! Bruce has gone crazy!
Let's go home!

Sophie backs up and clambers into the closet.

BANG BANG BANG.

SONNY (O.S.) (cont'd)
(Normal voice)
Sophie, let me in now! Please?
Please let me in?

In the closet, Sophie relaxes immediately.

SOPHIE

Bruce?

BANG BANG BANG. Sonny bangs on the door violently.

SONNY

(mimicking female
voice)

Guess again! Is it Beth or Daria
or someone else? Who is it?

Sophie clumsily dismantles a coat hanger into a lethal object. She knocks into several clothes hangers surrounding her and they CLANK and FALL. She GASPS.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR D - NIGHT

Sonny starts KNOCKING LOUDLY, tiring himself out.

He backs up, then BASHES the door with all his weight.

He backs up again... repeats the process...

BANG. BANG. BANG. SWING.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR D, STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sonny flies in, unable to stop his feet. He grabs the wardrobe door. It SWINGS open and Sophie YELPS.

She STABS Sonny in the face with the coat hanger repeatedly.

He staggers back SHRIEKING with pain. Sophie bolts out of the door and SLAMS it shut.

SONNY

You mad bitch!

Sonny falls into the closet.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR E - NIGHT

Daria rushes down the corridor in a panic.

She notices Beth's door is ajar. SPLASHING is heard inside.

DARIA

BETH!

She rushes in.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, BETH'S CABIN - NIGHT

Light emanates from within the bathroom.

Daria creeps in.

Inside the bathroom, Beth is in the bathtub shaking, clearly in a world of her own. Blood drips from two gashes on either side of her arms.

The scissors are on the floor beside the bathroom covered in blood.

Daria halts and stares at her. Beth looks up, eyes streaming with tears.

BETH

I didn't know what I was doing.
I'm begging you. I... Daria... I
didn't know. I swear.

Daria watches Beth begin to lose consciousness, blood still streaming out from her wounds.

Daria bolts forward and helps her out of the tub.

DARIA

Come on Bee, let's get you out.

Daria rushes into the BEDROOM and grabs a t-shirt. She RIPS IT in half and returns to Beth.

IN THE BATHROOM, She wraps Beth's wounds. Beth is trembling heavily, unable to help herself.

DARIA

I need cotton pads or something,
where are they?

BETH

There's a... there are cleansing
pads in there somewhere...
sorry...

Daria rushes into the BEDROOM and starts searching.

Beth staggers past behind her and out of the door.

Daria grabs a pack of cotton pads on the side and turns to find Beth gone.

DARIA

Beth?

Daria rushes out of Beth's room.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, FLOOR E - CONTINUOUS

Daria heads down the corridor towards Sophie's room.

The lights CRACKLE and POP, leaving the corridor in darkness.

Daria stops.

DARIA

Oh god.

She takes out her phone and uses her light to guide her down the corridor.

She arrives at Sophie's door.

DARIA (cont'd)

Sophie! Soph? It's me! Let me in.
Please let me the fuck in!

Daria presses her ear against the door. Nothing.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

DARIA!

Sophie appears in the light, making Daria JUMP.

Sophie rushes up to her and hugs her.

SOPHIE

They tried to fucking kill me!

DARIA

That isn't Bruce. We need to get
off this boat NOW.

SOPHIE

What?!

Daria takes Sophie's hand and takes her towards the stairwell.

As they approach the elevator, it BINGS and starts to open.

They BOLT into the dark and Daria turns her light off.

Sonny lurches out of the elevator with the dagger covered with blood. Three slashes down his face, a bloody, pulpy eye and a gash from his head.

Sophie GASPS, Daria holds her mouth shut.

DARIA
(whispers in her
ear)
Left. Go.

They ease past Sonny in the dark and into the stairwell.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Daria and Sophie PELT it down the stairs. Sonny doesn't follow.

DARIA
Hurry!

They arrive at the "LIFEBOAT ACCESS" SIGN and rush through the doors.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, LIFEBOAT ACCESS - NIGHT

Daria and Sophie run towards the stairwell.

Sophie looks over the railings.

SOPHIE
The shutter is down!

Sophie hesitates. She looks down at the stairwell and her vision goes blurry.

SOPHIE (cont'd)
Oh fucking hell.

She JUMPS onto the wobbling, metallic stairwell.

Daria follows her. The stairwell wobbles further, they clutch each other along with the railings.

Daria looks up at the ship, then clocks a SET OF OVER-HEAD MAINTENANCE BRIDGES that connect to each-other along the ship hangar ceiling.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, LIFEBOAT ACCESS - CONTINUOUS

Sonny appears from the corridor and SLAMS his fist down REPEATEDLY on the STAIRWELL CONTROL button on the CONTROL PANEL until it FIZZES.

SONNY

NO! NO! NO!

The artificial stars dim and pulse from the electrical surge.

Sonny is electrocuted and flies back into the dark.

INT. SHIP HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

On the stairwell, Daria and Sophie continue down.

On the ship, the EXTENDED PLATFORM FIZZES then starts to glide out from under the deck floor and COLLIDE with the stairwell.

DARIA

SOPHIE! GO!

The stairwell BENDS and TWISTS to one side.

Above Daria and Sophie, the wires holding the stairwell in place SNAP one by one from the tension.

SOPHIE

DARIA!

Sophie clambers back up the stairwell and tries to reach for the quarter-deck railing.

Sophie looks down at Daria.

DARIA

TOP DECK! GO TO THE TOP! GO!

INT. CRUISE SHIP, QUARTER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Sophie panics before clambering onto the deck and disappearing down the corridor.

INT. SHIP HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Daria struggles up the stairwell.

The FINAL WIRE snaps on the stairwell.

Daria FLIES into the side of the ship.

She clocks a MAINTENANCE PLATFORM ahead and swings towards it.

She grabs it and starts forcing herself upwards.

MOMENTS LATER

She clambers onto the top-deck.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP, STARBOARD TOP-DECK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Daria lays on the deck for a moment, regaining her strength.

Ahead of her, a darkened corridor with an open deck on the right and a boarded-up utility room on the left. The service lights FUZZ above, dimming and brightening erratically.

Daria stands and hurries herself across the top-deck with her phone light guiding her.

The ship hangar AMBIENCE emanates around her.

She passes discarded deck chairs, thick cables and various stage gear.

Daria looks up to see a long, narrow maintenance bridge that stretches across the ceiling of the ship hangar.

She follows it over towards the NAVIGATIONAL BRIDGE at the front of the ship.

She guides herself towards the front of the ship using her phone-light.

She arrives at a very narrow passage.

She shimmies through, watching her footing as wires, rods, umbrellas and more deckchairs block her path.

Behind her, Sonny GIGGLES far away.

Daria TWISTS round and looks for Sonny. Nothing.

Daria motions towards the NAVIGATIONAL BRIDGE STAIRS up ahead.

Behind her, UMBRELLAS and RODS are heard CLATTERING.

She SHINES her light behind to see Sonny BURST through the shallow passage.

Daria SHRIEKS, picks up an UMBRELLA ROD and SHOVES it into Sonny's stomach.

He GROANS. She SHOVES it harder, KNOCKING him back into the various obstacles.

Daria rushes over to an ALCOVE and hides.

Sonny FLIES out of the shallow passage and BOLTS it down the corridor towards her, dagger high in the air.

In the alcove, Daria holds her breath.

Sonny passes and disappears down the other end into the dark.

SILENCE.

Daria clambers up the set of narrow stairs onto the NAVIGATIONAL BRIDGE.

Sophie's HAND grabs hold of the stairs and she lurches out of the dark. Daria GASPS.

SOPHIE

I'm small, I make less noise.

Daria points up at the maintenance bridge.

DARIA

I'll give you a leg up.

Daria helps Sophie up onto the maintenance bridge.

INT. SHIP HANGAR - OVERHEAD WALKWAYS - CONTINUOUS

The rickety, half-lit maze of narrow walkways SCREECH and CHURN around them. Many sections are pitch-black.

Daria and Sophie huddle against each other as they look around.

Sophie leans over the railings, causing their current bridge section to SCREECH. She backs up immediately.

SOPHIE

Whatever we do, we need to be quiet.

DARIA

Yeah, don't do that again.

Sophie points towards the far-end.

SOPHIE

That way.

DARIA

Huh?

SOPHIE

We don't know what's down there.

Sophie gets on her hands and knees.

Daria mimics Sophie.

Sophie looks down and gawks at the height.

DARIA

Keep going.

They delicately crawl over to the next junction.

MOMENTS LATER

They reach the LAST WALKWAY.

Sophie looks down and spots something.

BELOW THEM, a back-door is hidden behind some old boxes and piles of rusting metal.

A load of hanging wires are drooping down onto an enormous stack of pallets, boxes, sheets of metal and sharp rods just a few metres across.

ABOVE, Daria and Sophie gawp at it all.

DARIA (cont'd)

Please be careful. Don't fall.

They tip toe over to the end of the walkway and look down.

Sophie kneels down and stretches her foot out to see if she can reach the top box. She then stretches a hand out and tugs on the wires that hang from above.

SOPHIE

Just grab me if I fall.

DARIA

Yeah. Easy.

A couple of WALKWAY RATTLES are heard behind them.

Daria turns around. One of the walkways is wobbling in and out of the light.

BELOW DARIA, Sophie makes it onto the second row of boxes, huffing. She looks up at Daria for comfort.

SOPHIE
 (towards Daria)
 What are you waiting for?

Daria starts edging off of the walkway, shaking profusely.

A hideous SCREECHING sound REVERBS along the walkway.

Sophie stumbles into a pallet and falls a couple of metres.

Daria wobbles on the halfway box, going too quickly.

Daria grabs onto the wires and starts rushing downwards, feet slipping all over the place.

Sonny CACKLES above her, unseen.

Daria's foot slips and she grapples onto the wires. Her feet dangle.

With several clumsy attempts, the wires are CUT by Sonny's dagger.

Daria lets go, SCREAMING.

BELOW HER, Sophie holds her arms out in a panic.

SOPHIE (cont'd)
 DARIA!

Daria topples over a set of pallets.

BANG. Daria lands on her leg.

Sophie rushes over and looks up to see Sonny gone.

DARIA
 It's fine, it just fucking hurts.

Sophie helps Daria up and they make haste towards the door with Daria limping.

Sophie tries the door.

SOPHIE
 I think it's warped.

Sophie lets go of Daria and BASHES her body against it a couple of times.

Daria looks over to the shutters and notices a MINOR GAP above the water. She grabs Sophie and points.

DARIA

LOOK!

They rush across the hangar and dive into the water.

Inches away from getting out. SLAM. SPLASH. Daria SCREAMS and grabs Sophie, thrusting her backwards.

The shutter closes beneath the water.

SONNY GIGGLES on the ship, above them somewhere.

Daria and Sophie clamber out of the water in exhaustion.

DARIA (cont'd)

What the fuck now?!

Sophie looks up.

ABOVE THEM TO THE LEFT, A compact box-like room is nestled in the corner of the ship hangar, a ladder leads up to it.

SOPHIE

What does this ship sit on?

DARIA

What?

SOPHIE

What's holding it in? Look.

Sophie points AHEAD to a slight downward tilt in the platform around the ship.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

Something must be holding it in place.

Sophie looks up to the box-like room.

DARIA

Okay? It's been sat here for years Sophie...

Sophie leaps over to the ladder and climbs up into the box-like room, disappearing.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

DARIA! UP HERE!

Daria looks around her before creeping up the ladder.

INT. SHIP HANGAR, CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Inside, a dark, murky space is packed with rusting CONTROL PANELS, LEVERS and dusty DOCUMENTS pinned to the wall with "WRATHE INDUSTRIES" stencilled onto them.

Daria turns her phone light on and meets Sophie's grinning face.

Sophie has her hand clutching onto a large lever with "DANGER: RELEASE CHAIN" stated above it.

Sophie grabs Daria's hand and rests it on the same lever.

They both watch each other.

DARIA

Beth. Sophie, she's still in there.

SOPHIE

-We will die here.

Daria takes one large breath.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

1. 2. 3. NOW.

They both yank it down, it gets stuck.

They try again.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

1. 2...

DARIA

3.

CLICK CLICK CLICK.

Something metallic SCREECHES, echoing around the hangar.

CLANK CLANK CLANK SPLASH.

They look at each other wide-eyed.

DARIA (cont'd)

What the hell is that?

A rhythmic SPLASHING sound is heard inside the hangar, coming from the ship's stern.

Sophie leans out of the window and looks.

INT. SHIP HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

At the ship's stern, a CHAIN continues to drop into the water.

INT. SHIP HANGAR, CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ground starts to SHAKE and CRUNCH.

Daria and Sophie both SCREAM and topple around the room.

Sophie and Daria look out of the window.

IN THE HANGAR, The ship starts to move FORWARDS.

SOPHIE

GO!

INT. SHIP HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Daria and Sophie SCURRY down the rusty ladder.

SOPHIE

WAIT!

They watch as the ship CRASHES through the shutters.

Daria pulls Sophie backwards, they both fall onto the floor.

SCREEECH. The ship's top deck starts peeling away as the ship slides under the top of the shutters.

PIECES of METAL, WOOD, UMBRELLAS, DECKCHAIRS all thunder down hitting the floor around Daria and Sophie.

They SCREAM, covering their heads.

CRASH. SPLASH. The ceiling of the hangar CRUMBLES on top of the ship as the pressure builds.

SCREEECH. The bottom corner of the hull is torn from the side of the mangled shutter as the ship pelts through.

SWOOSH. The Ship BOMBS into the outside water with a ferocious SPLASH.

The ship CRUSHES through the ROWING BOAT drifting outside, scattering the pieces.

INT. CRUISE SHIP, RANDOM STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CRUNCH, CREAK, WOBBLE.

Beth is huddled in a dark space amongst a load of staff uniforms and storage boxes. Everything shakes violently. Beth SHRIEKS as the uniforms and boxes topple into her, MUFFLING her cries.

INT./EXT. - SHIP HANGAR - NIGHT

Daria and Sophie stand, then walk over to the gaping hole where the shutter used to be.

OUTSIDE, The ship bobs and tilts to a halt, about thirty metres ahead.

Ungodly CREAKS and GROANS ripple the water from within. The ship's rear end starts to rise in the water ever so gradually.

A discarded lifeboat bobs a few metres ahead, closer to the shore.

INSIDE THE HANGAR

Daria and Sophie look at each other and jump into the water.

EXT. SHIP HANGAR - NIGHT

Daria and Sophie power through the water, trying to stay close.

Daria falls behind a little.

DARIA
Sophie! Wait! My leg. My leg.

Sophie falls back and helps Daria swim towards the LIFEBOAT.

Eventually, they both climb into the lifeboat.

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Inside, blood is smeared all over. Sophie gasps, holding her mouth.

Daria slides over the blood towards the steering wheel and turns the ENGINE CHUG to a halt immediately.

RING RING RING... RING RING RING....

Sophie and Daria look around the floor.

A phone is hidden underneath the chair.

Sophie grabs it and answers.

FEMALE CALLER (V.O.)

Lana? For god's sake! I have been trying to get a hold of you-

SOPHIE

-Shut up! Listen for a sec, there's-

FEMALE CALLER (V.O.)

-What? Who is this? Where's Lana?-

SOPHIE

-Doesn't matter! Send fucking sea rescue! Please! Hurry!

FEMALE CALLER (V.O.)

Put me onto Lana NOW, this is her boss from the magazine.

Daria grabs the phone from Sophie.

DARIA

LANA IS DEAD! EVERYONE IS DEAD!
SEND THE POLICE! SEND YOUR
MAGAZINE! NOW!

Daria hangs up.

They both look out to the beach with calculating looks.

BEHIND THE LIFEBOAT, an enormous SPLASH takes their attention.

They look over to the slightly up-ended ship.

Sophie rushes over to the water, Daria stops her.

DARIA (cont'd)

Wait.

EXT. SHIP HANGAR, NEAR BEACH - NIGHT

Someone emerges from the water about ten metres from the ship, swimming quickly towards them.

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Sophie and Daria brace themselves.

Beth LAUNCHES out of the water in a fit of desperation and clambers onto the boat.

Both Daria and Sophie stand at the other end watching her hyperventilate and cough up salt water.

Beth staggers upright. Sophie gives her a cold look.

Daria approaches Beth and hugs her tightly, Beth is relieved, but not stable.

DARIA

I'm so sorry about everything Bee.
I'm so sorry. I wasn't going to
leave you.

The ship ROARS in the background, slowly tilting.

SOPHIE

Come on. We need to go.

Sophie jumps into the water and starts swimming towards shore.

Beth pulls away from the hug and gives Daria a dead-pan look.

DARIA

We can go home.

Daria jumps into the water after Sophie.

Beth stands bewildered for a moment before jumping in herself.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Daria bobs up from the water, a CROWD start to form on the BEACH.

Daria pushes herself, swimming frantically, leg hurting.

Beth is slowly catching up with her.

Sophie turns back and sees Daria, she slows and assists Daria towards the beach. Daria grabs her hand.

Crowds of PAPARAZZI, NEWS REPORTERS and YOUNG FANS have gathered on the beach. Some are holding up phones.

Daria starts hobbling towards them all. Sophie tries to hold her back.

SOPHIE

Daria! Wait for the police! Daria!

Daria doesn't stop hobbling over, she tries to pull Sophie with her but she won't give up.

BEHIND THEM, Beth pelts out of the water and BOMBS past Sophie towards the crowd.

Daria nearly falls to the floor, clutching her leg.

Beth is exhausted, still rather drugged, completely ignoring Daria on the floor and approaching the SHOUTING and phone lights.

Beth reaches a NEWS REPORTER and grabs onto her.

BETH

We made it! We made it!

A DOZEN CAMERAS now surround her.

Daria watches Beth getting all the attention.

She stands and hobbles towards her.

She REELS Beth away from the reporter, Beth topples into a CAMERA MAN. The camera man shoves her off.

Beth staggers through the crowd into SONNY'S grasp.

Watching from afar, Sophie GASPS.

Daria turns with wide eyes.

Sonny throws her down onto the floor, grabs the CAMERA from the camera man and PULVERISES Beth's face with it.

SMASH. SMASH. SMASH.

SONNY

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET YOU BITCH!
YOU'RE NOTHING! YOU'RE WHINY!
YOU'RE WEAK! YOU'RE FINISHED!

Daria backs up and huddles behind the crowd.

The crowd erupt into a FRENZY on the beach.

Daria is knocked down, stepped on, tripped on and trampled.

Beth's body is a mangled, bloody mess on the floor.

Across the beach, the crowd scatters.

Sophie loses sight of Beth, Daria and Sonny amongst the panicked crowd.

DARIA (O.S.)
SOPHIE! HELP ME! PLEASE!

Sophie rushes over and starts SHOVING through the crowd.

SOPHIE
DARIA!

Sonny parts the crowd, covered in blood. He approaches Sophie with his arms spread wide and starts HUMMING the DARIA KNOWS BEST THEME TUNE.

The crowds SCREAMS turn into APPLAUSE and CLAPPING. Sonny imagines Sophie with a headset, glittering in the light, surrounded by paparazzi and fans.

Back to reality, the CROWD SCREAMS. Sophie backs off and falls to the floor, trying to scurry away from him.

She starts throwing pebbles and rocks at him.

He goes in for a bear hug and carries her over into the water.

The crowd gradually diminish into the FOREST.

Daria is covered in cuts and bruises. She tries to stand, but it's no use. In the distance, SOPHIE'S SCREAMS are heard.

Daria tries one more time to get up, shaking profusely.

She sees Beth, several metres ahead. She's red all the way down to the stomach, laying on her back with her head facing Daria's direction.

She shuts her eyes and emotion floods over her. She tries to get up again, but everything hurts. She GRIZZLES and SQUIRMS with pain. She deteriorates into lots of little breaths.

DARIA

Friendship and love, we will
always be there for one another.
If you fall down, I'll help you
back up, don't be afraid. Don't be
afraid. I'll help you back up.

Daria COMES TO, shuffling across the beach, GRIZZLING
from pain.

EXT. IN THE WATER - NIGHT

Sonny struggles to hold Sophie in the water so he KNOCKS
her a little. He smothers her with cuddles.

Sonny holsters her up onto another LIFEBOAT.

INT. LIFEBOAT #2 - NIGHT

He gathers himself, breathing heavily.

She just lays on the boat and watches him, choosing not
to react or escape.

She shuts her eyes again. Sonny starts tying a rope to
her leg, then he moves onto his leg.

Her eyes blink, watching the stars above.

Sonny leans over and kisses her on the forehead.

SONNY

Everything I've done, I have
waited and waited for this. You're
exactly how you should be.

He cuts the rope with the dagger and then ties the end to
a LARGE ROCK on the boat, then puts the knife down beside
him.

SONNY (cont'd)

Time to go home, Daria.

Sophie lifts herself up and follows Sonny's lead. They
submerge themselves into the water. Sonny drags the large
rock towards the edge of the boat.

He leans in and kisses Sophie, she doesn't react.

The rock PLUMMETS down into the water.

Sophie's hand RISES with the KNIFE in it.

Sonny's eyes go WIDE.

The rock continues to plummet underwater, taking a long line of rope with it, not too much left to go before they are pulled under.

Sonny LEAPS onto her, Sophie SHOVES the knife into his neck, again and again.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The rock reaches the bottom. Both Sonny and Sophie are PLUNGED under water.

In a state of near-death, Sonny reaches his arms out to Sophie with a frenzied grin. She holds onto him as she cuts herself free. He BOLTS towards her, his grin has turned sour. She STRUGGLES, stabbing him repeatedly.

He stops moving.

She swims up. Sonny's eyes glaze over, blood surrounds him, bubbles are released from his throat.

INT. LIFEBOAT #2 - NIGHT

Sophie clambers onto the boat and catches her breath. She holds her mouth and stops herself crying.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Sonny's eyes open. He see's TV Daria in-front of him, glittering, glistening, beckoning him over into the dark.

She takes his arm and guides him into the dark, a spectrum of coloured glitter comes off of her as she glides further.

Daria gives Sonny a reassuring smile, Sonny's face is full of wonder.

They disappear into black.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

In the distance, the SHIP has partially sunk with one end sticking up a little.

INT. LIFEBOAT #2 - NIGHT

SIRENS and FLASHING LIGHTS are seen on the beach.

Sophie falls into the water and starts swimming towards the shore.

EXT. IN THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

Sophie swims hurriedly, getting closer and closer to shore.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Sophie approaches the beach, COUGHING and SPLUTTERING.

She reaches the sand and falls back onto it, facing the water.

She can see the SHIP in the distance, the DESTROYED SHIP HANGAR and the TWO LIFEBOATS drifting apart.

Sophie smiles and TITTERS profusely, still unable to make much noise.

She rolls over onto her back and looks up at the BLUE LIGHTS bouncing through the trees.

DISTANT POLICE (O.S.)

Through there! That way!

Sophie rolls her body over towards the forest and she meets the eyes of Daria.

Daria is just laying there, contorted. Black and blue.

Sophie starts to realise.

Sophie rolls back towards the stars and shuts her eyes tightly.

A POLICE OFFICER approaches Sophie and kneels down next to her. He puts a hand on her shoulder.

POLICE OFFICER

You okay love? You there? You're gonna be fine now.

Sophie doesn't open her eyes.

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)
(towards the trees)
OVER HERE! Two dead and one laying
here! Quickly!

Sophie unleashes a yelp.

TO BLACK.

EXT. POLICE BOAT - DAY

A lone INVESTIGATOR in a white suit is leaning over the edge of the boat, tugging on something.

INVESTIGATOR
(towards the
inside of the
boat)
Something here.

He becomes a little frightened as he starts pulling rope up.

He struggles.

INVESTIGATOR (cont'd)
You're gonna have to help me!

A POLICEMAN comes over and kneels down, grabs the rope and they both pull as hard as they can.

Sonny's body bobs up from the water. The POLICEMAN falls back in horror. The Investigator grimaces.

INVESTIGATOR (cont'd)
Oh, god.

Sonny's face is bloated and white, with various sea-critters scurrying out of his mouth, nose and ears. He is grinning manically, eyes nearly popping out of his skull.

TO BLACK.

INT. LARGE STUDIO WITH AUDIENCE - DAY

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

In a large audience, the CROWD watch on with dazed grins.

On the stage, Sophie, wearing a mic around her ear, heavy pop make-up, is standing on stage, looking out in a frightened daze.

HUSHING and CHORTLES are heard ahead of her.

Sophie blinks repeatedly.

In the audience, Beth, Daria and Mallory sit grinning at her, their eyes glistening from the stage lights. Their mouths open wide.

Sea water RUSHES through the audience and forms into a wave, heading towards Sophie.

MIC WOMAN (V.O.)
Sophie, you're on now. Go.

Sophie comes to.

In the audience, the bodies are gone.

A backdrop of a living room is lit on a stage area. Above, a garish flashing logo reads "THE SOPHIE SHOW!".

A CROWD start APPLAUDING. POP MUSIC THUMPS.

Sophie's face lifts immediately on-cue, forced exuberance. A stage light PULSES a spectrum of colours onto her. She SHOUTS and SCREAMS but her voice is UNHEARD over the CROWD NOISES and THUMPING BASS DRUM.

End.