

Purple Vortex

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. MIRA'S LAIR - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT - Side of Mountain, on a small edge an opening to MIRA'S Lair, black square with a symbol in the middle, on the ground.

INT. MIRA'S LAIR - NIGHT

Laboratory machinery and equipment on right side. GUY, late 20's, burly, wears muscle shirt, strapped to a surgical table. Sweating, breathing unstable, but conscious.

MIRA wears dark purple jacket, black pants, black boots, black hair, bright purple eyes, towers over Guy, holds needle with green liquid.

Guy clenches his eyes shut as a tear flows down his cheek.

MIRA

Remember why you signed up for
this, it'll be easier to withstand
the pain.

Mira injects Guy. He seizes, eyes roll to back of head. Mira gazes at her watch.

MIRA

5...4..3..2..1

Guy GASPS and rises up, breaks restraints. Eyes are bright green. He breathes heavily, eyes scan profusely from one thing to another, they stop on Mira.

GUY

I have to leave.

Mira's eyes and finger tips flare purple. Guy freezes, swivels towards her as she moves her fingers. She tilts her head and smirks, smacks her hands together. Guy's head unconsciously, flops forward.

INT. MIRA'S LAIR - NIGHT - 2 WEEKS LATER

Guy lies, unconscious on surgical table. Station next to him with surgical tools, bloody cloths in sterilization bowl, and empty syringe.

Mira sits, meditates.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. VACANT FACILITY - LABORATORY - NIGHT

Mira restrained to surgical table, cloth in mouth as she wrestles to break free. She cannot.

FLASH TO PRESENT:

She recoils and mutters. Stretches neck, shrugs it off.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. VACANT FACILITY - LABORATORY - NIGHT - CONT'D

A man, wears lab suit, injects Mira with a purple liquid and brands her stomach with Russian symbol (Purple Vortex). She tries to scream but can't.

FLASH TO PRESENT:

Mira flinches, clenches her fists, shakes.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. VACANT FACILITY - LABORATORY - NIGHT - CONT'D

Mira hovers over people, experiments on them, apathetic and unmoved by their pain.

FLASH TO PRESENT:

She jolts, eyes jarr open, breathe shaky, she stands.

Guy wakes up, calm, sternly rises up, twists off surgical table. He bustles to the mirror, checks himself and his eyes. Brown. He happily exclaims.

MIRA

Mutate into Veta.

Guy looks at her from the mirror, strains, closes eyes, they fly open, he smiles.

GUY

I can't.

Mira grins, gathers the bloody cloths, heaves them in the trash can.

(CONTINUED)

MIRA

Go be with your family. Call me if something comes up.

Guy zips towards Mira, shakes her hand enthusiastically.

GUY

Thank you!

Guy fleets for the door. He pauses and looks surreptitiously.

GUY

You should become a real doctor, with real equipment and funds. You could save a lot of people.

MIRA

I do. Go live a normal life.

He rushes out. Mira looks down intently at her purple fingertips.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. SAMARA, RUSSIA - VACANT FACILITY - NIGHT - 1 YEAR AGO

Fierce blizzard. Vacant facility shaped as a trapezoid with the words (Subtitle, in Russian) God's Plan, written on it. Sergeant, 40's, planted near the entrance, military men and women stand by.

VETA JOMES, 30's, wears white fur, pink gloves, and IVAN OLEZHEK, late 30's, wears black trench coat, they scamper from a helicopter towards the Sergeant, with three men in uniform.

IVAN

Where is it?

Sergeant overlooks him.

SERGEANT

I'm sorry, I only report to her.

Veta steps forward, hand out, palm facing down. Sergeant smooches her hand. She smacks him upside the head.

VETA

You refer to me only as Mrs. Jomes.

She yanks him down closer to her.

(CONTINUED)

VETA

Do you understand me?

Sergeant looks down, nervously.

SERGEANT

Yes, ma'am. Uh, Mrs. Jomes. She's inside.

VETA

Wait outside boys, you're not needed.

Veta and Ivan follow Sergeant inside.

INT. VACANT FACILITY - NIGHT

Very long, narrow hallway with doors down the sides. At the end of the hallway a huge metal door with two padlocks, labeled (Subtitle, in Russian) Destroyer.

Ivan points to the door.

IVAN

Destroyer?

Sergeant reaches for each padlock, presses at the same time. Door rises from the floor.

Dark room, one window up high. Mira sits in the center of the room, meditates and prays. Opens her eyes when Veta steps into the room. Purple iris' flash.

Veta exclaims, stumbles back, places her hand against her chest. Ivan snickers at Veta.

MIRA

(Subtitles, in Russian)
kto oni? (Who are they?)

IVAN

She speaks Russian?

VETA

(Subtitles, in Russian)
my tvoy spasitel'. (We are your savior.)

MIRA

(Subtitles, in Russian)
iz chego? (From what?)

(CONTINUED)

VETA
God's plan.

Mira gawks at them all, vividly, shoots up, choke slams
Sergent against the wall.

MIRA
You promised me you'd help me
contain my powers, now who are
these people?

Sergent strains for breathe. Veta grabs her shoulders and
heaves but Mira won't budge. Mira's eyes and finger tips
flare bright purple, Veta soars across the room onto bed.

Ivan bursts from laughter. Mira snarls at him.

IVAN
I like it.

Mira releases Sergent, he coughs, his neck with strange
markings where Mira's finger tips touched. She grins.

Veta gets up, dusts herself off.

VETA
Let's get started. Tell us
everything you know.

MIRA
Why should I trust you? I don't
even know you.

VETA
We're here to help you, whatever
you are.

Ivan leans, extends his hand out to Mira.

IVAN
I'm Ivan, Ivan Olezhek.

Mira focuses on Ivan's eyes. Shakes hand firmly.

IVAN
(Exclaims)
Strong girl. This is Veta Jones.

Ivan jolts his hand back and forth, moves towards door.

IVAN
(under his breath)
Ow, jeez.

VETA
We're mad scientists.

INT. VACANT FACILITY - MIRA'S ROOM - DAY - 6 MONTHS LATER

Room filled with books. Ivan throws a ball, Mira stops it in mid air. Her finger tips flare purple but eyes don't flare. The ball floats into her hand.

Ivan smirks amazed. Mira's eyes and finger tips gleam purple, ball glides back to Ivan. He grabs it.

IVAN
Your control has improved
drastically. Even the..

Ivan moves his hand and fingers in front of his eyes.

IVAN CONT'D
Eye glare..thing.

MIRA
Thanks to you and Veta, I can
control if my eyes radiate or not.
Adds..mystique.

Ivan smirks, admires Mira, gazes at watch, heavily sighs, emerges up, releases ball, ball slips onto Mira's lap.

IVAN
Keep studying Mira. It'll be awhile
before my next visit.

MIRA
Why? Is Veta mad that you're
visiting me?

IVAN
No. This is my choice. It's better
for the mission.

MIRA
I'm not just a mission!

Mira clenches the ball, ball implodes. Moments of silence.

IVAN (MOMENTS LATER)
Someday you'll understand why I'm
leaving you in the dark. I must go.

Ivan glances at Mira, places his hand on his heart.

(CONTINUED)

IVAN CONT'D
(Subtitles, in Russian)
Proshchay moya lyubov' (Goodbye my
love).

Door rises from the floor, Ivan skedaddles, door slams shut.

MIRA
(Subtitles, in Russian)
Proshchay moya lyubov'. odnazhdy ty
tozhe poymesh' (Goodbye my love.
One day you'll understand too.)

FADE OUT:

EXT. VACANT FACILITY - NIGHT - 4 MONTHS AGO

Mira and Ivan bustle through the woods, Mira looks back at the facility. Muffled gunfire and explosions. Veta and Neuro soars after them.

IVAN
(muffled)
Don't look back.

A cosmic bolt strikes tree near Mira. Neuro and Veta land ahead of them.

VETA
Ivan! Stop this madness.

Veta motions Neuro to kill Mira, Ivan steps in front of her.

IVAN
You'll have to kill me first Veta.

Neuro's eyes and fingertips flare orange. Mira shrieks of agony, bends down, eyes closed. She hears a high pitched ring, her vision blurs.

Mira sees and feels her experiments, experiments she's done herself and people she's killed.

Mira SCREAMS and erupts purple flares and sends Neuro flying into a tree. Veta draws red glowing gun at Mira. She fires.

Ivan shields her, bullet punctures shoulder. Veta frozen by what she's done.

The bullet emits red and his body produces a glass shattering effect with the red glow.

(CONTINUED)

MIRA

No! Ivan...

She sobs, bends down and holds him.

MIRA CONT'D

(Subtitles in Russian)

moya lyubov'.. (my love)..ya
proshchayu vas (I forgive you)

Ivan nods. Tear flows down his face.

IVAN

It's okay. Killing is easy, living
is hard.

Ivan's eyes close.

Mira's body infuses with purple glow, releases it, gusts through the woods, Veta and Neuro soar, trees bend. Mira flies away from the vacancy, tears still in her eyes, she never looks back.

INT. VACANT FACILITY - MIRA'S ROOM - HOURS BEFORE

Mira reads NEUROPHYSIOLOGY AND NEUROSURGEONS, eyes scan rapidly.

A man SHRIEKS in the distance, nonchalant, she rolls her eyes and continues to read.

Sergeant shouts right outside her door.

SERGEANT (V.O.)

Sedate that asshole first, you
idiots!

Mira slams her book down, still open, she studies the door and listens. A few moments of silence. She gets comfortable again and raises her book to read.

Car sounds abruptly approach. Mira hears commotion and overlapping chatter. She hurls the book across the room, jolts up towards the window, immediately sees Ivan. Mira exclaims.

Sergeant strolls up to Ivan and Veta, shouting overtop of one another, nearly 30 soldiers with them. Veta slaps Ivan across the face, draws a red glowing gun on Sergeant.

An EXPLOSION hits near the facility. Mira looks around frantically but she can't see where it was from.

(CONTINUED)

ALARM BLARES. Mira's door flies open.

She glances at the window, nobody there, rushes toward the door, creeps her head to look down the dark hallway. Nobody there.

She lingers down the hallway, investigates every door she passes. Each room has a person strapped down to a surgical table. They're all comatose.

As Mira approaches the last door on the left, a woman bursts through the door, almost knocking Mira over.

NEURO

Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry!

Mira brushes herself off.

MIRA

It's fine.

NEURO

Purple Vortex? You're alive!

MIRA

What? I'm Mira. Do I know you?

NEURO

Actually no, I'm Neuro.

MIRA

What kind of name is that?

NEURO

The only name I know.

MIRA

Why are you here?

NEURO

I'm mnemokinetic. Sort of like telekinetic but with memory and some empathetics in there too.

MIRA

Okay? Do you know what's going on?

NEURO

I..uh..I have to go..enhance a patient, you know how it is.

(CONTINUED)

MIRA

Wait, but I..

Neuro rushes to one of the other rooms. Mira examines the room Neuro came out of. She enters.

A desk in the center of the room, behind it a giant window, book shelves and filing cabinets against both walls.

She walks over to a filing cabinet, opens it, brushes her fingers against each file. She sees a file labeled MIRA/PURPLE VORTEX, followed by 10 more labeled PURPLE VORTEX/DESTROYER and different mission numbers.

She opens up the MIRA file, pictures of her experiment procedures. Tears fill her eyes as she scans her report. She gasps. She riffles through the other files.

The alarm stops, lights turn on. Ivan stands in the doorway.

IVAN

What are you doing in here?

Mira turns slowly towards him, file in hand, shaky, breath shaky. Ivan looks down at the file then back at Mira.

IVAN

Shit. We have to go, c'mon.

He bolts to her, grabs her arm, she yanks it away.

MIRA

How could you lie to me? Use me?

Purple array emits her eyes and entire body.

MIRA

I killed innocent people!
Experimented on them! Like you
experimented on me!

An EXPLOSION hits near the vacancy again. Everything rattles, Ivan and Mira shift across the room. GUNSHOTS follow.

Ivan walks up to Mira, hand out to help her up.

IVAN

Look at me Mira, I'll explain
everything later. We need to get
you somewhere safe or they will
kill you.

MIRA

They can't kill me with guns.

IVAN

They're not ordinary guns.

Mira grabs his hand and launches forward. They sprint out.

EXT. VACANT FACILITY - NIGHT - SNOWFALL - CONTINUOUS

Mira follows Ivan out of the vacancy, smoke fills the air. They sprint towards the woods.

FADE OUT:

EXT. MIRA'S LAIR - SNOWING - PRESENT DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT - Side of mountain, pivot all the way around up to Mira on far away edge.

Eyes closed, hands clasped together, she meditates. Releases hands, fingertips gleam purple. Boulders soar through air. Her hands and arms release outward.

Boulders warp and break apart. Snow and rock particles swirl all around, purple aura builds around her entire body.

Everything STOPS. Mira's eyes open. Exults, she laughs.

EDGAR FIENDES, early 20's, wears jeans, boots, and a T-shirt, scar on his forehead. Creeps behind Mira. She withdraws her hands, particles dissipate, snow flurries.

EDGAR

Are you the Purple Vortex?

Mira faces Edgar. Inspects him, looks down.

MIRA

I used to be.

Mira looks back up at Edgar and walks beside him.

MIRA

How'd you find me?

EDGAR

Guy referred me. We worked on a special ops mission together a few months back. I don't remember much.

(CONTINUED)

MIRA
Come inside. It's cold.

Mira struts past Edgar, towards the entrance.

EDGAR
That's the thing, I can't feel
anything.

Mira halts before the door, stares down at the mat.

MIRA
Huh. That's new.

INT. MIRA'S LAIR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mira and Edgar enter lair. Surgical table and equipment against the walls, meditation mat in the center. Mira heaves table from the wall, shoves it beside the mat.

Edgar looks around the lair, his eyebrows raise.

EDGAR
Quite the sanctuary you got here.

MIRA
What do you mean by you can't feel
anything?

Edgar draws a stiletto switchblade from his pocket, severs his skin. Edgar indifferent, dark red blood spews from his opened wound. He flips the blade shut, puts it back in his pocket. He shrugs and grins.

Mira gathers a syringe, swabs, scalpel, and slides. Edgar hops on the surgical table, lies down.

MIRA
I'll need a blood and skin sample.

Mira grabs a file labeled EDGAR FIENDS, hands it to Edgar.

MIRA (MOMENTS LATER)
Your name is Edgar Fiends. I have
your file but there are missing
pages. Wasn't sure whether you were
alive or not. Now I know why.

EDGAR
Well, I'm alive. I think.

Mira approaches surgical table, lays equipment into basin.

(CONTINUED)

Mira wipes his skin, draws blood. She sets syringe in basin, swabs a different patch of skin, snatches scalpel and slide.

MIRA

It might take awhile to create a serum. Read your file, maybe it'll help piece some things together.

She tears through his skin, snags some flesh, applies it to the slide.

EDGAR

"Side effects of subject 54 include Congenital insensitivity to pain with anhidrosis (CIPA)...high sensitivity to certain pitches creates disruptions in the brain."

Edgar reads silently, moves his lips. Mira exits through a door that slides right, syringe and slide in hand. Door closes. Edgar smirks.

EDGAR

Should've strapped me down, honey.

Edgar rises up, off the table. Edgar reaches in his pocket, pulls out intercom earpiece, inserts in his ear.

EDGAR

I'm in. Now what?

Veta's voice emits from earpiece.

VETA (V.O.)

Collect all the files and burn them. Along with everything else.

EDGAR

And Mira?

VETA (V.O.)

She can't be contained. Kill her.

PENETRATING HIGH-PITCHED SCREECH secretes from the earpiece.

EDGAR

Ahh!

Edgar hunches forward, rips earpiece out, hits the floor and shatters, his ear bleeds.

Door shoots open, Mira's fists clenched, purple radiates over her entire body. Edgar darts after Mira. Her hand rises, hoists Edgar up, purple array surrounds him.

(CONTINUED)

EDGAR

Stop! I'm on your side.

MIRA

You are not my ally.

EDGAR

No, I want to kill her, not you. I was having her think I'm here to kill you but really-

MIRA

Enough! I don't kill people. Not even Veta.

Edgar laughs hysterically, eyes widen.

EDGAR

Why not? She kills, uses people, experiments on people. She even killed Ivan!

MIRA

No one deserves to die!

EDGAR

I will kill her myself.

MIRA

Then you're no better than her.

INT. MIRA'S LAIR - DUNGEON - EVENING

Mira levitates Edgar into a cell. Door collapses shut, Mira walks down the hallway to another door.

EDGAR

(Muffled shouting)

You know I'm right! You can't keep me in here forever, I will kill her on my last dying brea-

Door SLAMS shut, Mira glances down at the broken earpiece. She smirks.

FADE OUT: