INT. FARAH’S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Two girls pile in, a tall blonde, SOFIE, and shorter FARAH: bronze skin, black hair, arms fully made of metal prosthetics. Sofie, normally, is exemplary of the All-American beauty type, but is looking more like a Barbie doll that got put in the garbage disposal. She is smeared with what looks like a mix of blood and black tar and looks entirely disheveled, mangled, and barely conscious. Farah struggles under her weight as she tries to support her and… finally manages to (unceremoniously) sit Sofie down on the closed toilet. They detangle from each other.

Farah leans against the door, tense as can be, one hand practically reaching for the handle. Sofie looks more or less slumped over, but then there’s a little stir, a groan, and she weakly picks her head up.

Sofie’s eyes lock on Farah, but when we see them, they are so pale that you can hardly tell where she’s looking. They glimmer unnaturally. Dark liquid drips from her nose and one eye. She is ever-vicious and angry (not at Farah in particular), but tremulous from injury.

SOFIE

I didn't need your fucking help. I don’t need your fucking help. Out of all the people on God’s green freakin’ Earth, you are–

She gags but tries to play it off.

SOFIE (CONT’D)

The LAST person whose help I need.

Farah looks at her in disbelief (and maybe mild amusement), but understands she’s more bark than bite.

FARAH

I’m the only person whose help you have.

SOFIE

And? I don’t know what you think but *you* are not my

(pause, like she’s searching for the word)

friend. We! Are not! Friends. Anything! Capeesh? The only–

Sofie practically dry heaves this time and it snaps her back to reality. There’s a pitiful, pure terror in her face for a moment, like she’s remembering her body.

Farah reaches forward, trying to offer her any kind of help. Sofie uses the last bit of energy she has to lean away, raising a hand to cover her mouth.

SOFIE

Just... Just get out.

FARAH

Come on, Sof–

SOFIE

(distraught, pleading, increasingly garbled)

What part of ‘get out’ does your Robocop fucking brain not understand?! Get the fuck OUT! Get out!

Farah hesitates but does exit.

Sofie tries to collect herself. When she pulls her hand away from her face, half of her jaw hangs impossibly loose, like it popped out when she was yelling. Some of her teeth appear to be missing, others are growing in or have grown in as gnarly points. Her hair has never looked worse. She can feel this and tries to get on her feet to look in the mirror, but this is easier said than done. When she manages to, all her weight leans on the bathroom counter. Her breath trembles.

She examines herself intensely in the mirror, and hardly recognizes what she sees. They blended into the hair and gore before, but there are scabby, bloody horns breaking through the skin of her scalp. It’s only a few seconds before she jerks down to vomit in the sink.

It’s dark like the liquid we saw before, but not quite black. It sets in: this is fully blood.

Her face in the mirror now is even more distorted, with added confusion. Both sides of her jaw hang loose but she is too fraught to snap it back into place. It’s blood dripping from her nose and the corner of her eyes now, and she’s just staring at it. Tiny red beads of it start to appear on her face like it’s coming out of every pore in her body, and it is. She frantically tries to wipe some away from her face, but it is quickly replaced; she tries again and again before giving up.

PAN TO:

Overhead POV shot: blood, drip-dripping into the sink. The line of sight returns to the mirror.

Sofie watches with silent fear and resignation as blood covers her skin, drips from her ears, her mouth, her nose, her eyes. There’s a look of wry humor on her face for a second when she reaches between her legs, and, sure enough, the fingers she holds up to herself are red. A tiny shake of her head, *of fucking course.*

She stares at herself hard in the mirror, all of her skin now slick and red with blood. Her clothes stick to her body with it. *Yup, this sure is happening.*

[make transition better, maybe include bleeding out in shower/graphic transformation into monster] CUT TO:

Outside the bathroom door, first it sounds like a very drunk person is trying to get in the shower.

A significant period of silence before sounds of cracking and scratching, and another while yet before we hear something much less human.

[lazy ending because past me had to go to class, fix it]