

SPECTRUM

by

ROSIE DRABBLE

Rosie Drabble  
rosedrabble@outlook.com

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INT. OFFICE. LATE EVEING

Enter a private detective's office. It's lit up in bright lightning flashes. Rain pelts against a window fiercely.

Sat on the window seat, staring out at the outside gloom, is LILITH GREY. She is dressed in a dark red button-up shirt, a pair of smart work trousers, and a set of well worn boots.

Her expression is vacant as she expertly smokes a cigarette.

EXT. LILITH'S POV - CONTINUOUS

Old, run-down down buildings. Empty factories. A barren street. Her vision has tones of purple, grey, black, and white mixed in.

It's like someone switched mood lighting on in her vision. Zooming out of this image and we see that Lilith's pupils are blown and fully dilated.

INT. OFFICE. - CONTINUOUS

The second person in the room is Miss Joel, news reporter, tall, her hair pinned in a high bun, a pair of round spectacles sitting on the bridge of her nose.

She sits quietly in an armchair, her hand hovering over a notepad, pen poised at the ready.

MISS JOEL

I realise that this is hard for you. I appreciate that you agreed to talk to me.

LILITH

It shouldn't be hard. I should have anticipated this.

MISS JOEL

You obviously cared for her. You've agreed to tell her story.

Lilith turns her attention away from the storming weather outside and makes eye contact with Miss Joel, her stare piercing and unnerving.

INT. LILITH'S POV - CONTINUOUS

The entire room is illuminated in the same colours that she could see the urban street in. For a moment we can't see

Lilith's face, just the room.

When the shot returns to her eyes she winces. Her pupils are black and large.

LILITH  
There's a lot of things that I  
didn't get to say. I want to say  
them now.

MISS JOEL  
Go on, miss Grey.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lilith barely contains a flinch. She turns away from Miss Joel and takes a long drag of her cigarette.

LILITH  
Lilith, please. There was only one  
person in this entire world who I  
felt comfortable with calling me  
Grey.

MISS JOEL  
I'm sorry. I'll use Lilith from now  
on. Now, please can you take me  
back to the start? When did this  
begin?

EXT. LILITH'S POV - CONTINUOUS

A plume of grey smoke rises from one of the buildings on the other side of the street. It fills Lilith's vision completely, like the fumes spiralling from a bonfire.

LILITH (V.O.)  
This particular case pushed me  
harder and closer to the edge than  
I've ever gone...

The plume of smoke turns variants of purple, black, grey and eventually a foggy white, before it begins to clear.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The noise of the nightclub hits fast. Loud, mainstream music plays. A pair of sharp, observing eyes scan over a large

crowd of youths. The crowd are dancing. Drinking. Socialising.

The colours that Lilith is now seeing are no longer tainted with the strange lighting. Everything appears to be normal.

LILITH (V.O)  
I specialise in being objective and aloof. I remain distanced from my clients in order to obtain the complete truth.

Lilith sits at a bar and takes a sip of tapwater. She looks out for a specific person amongst the party goers.

MISS JOEL (V.O)  
This time was different?

LILITH (V.O.)  
Yes. Different type of client, different rules.

Lilith's all-seeing eyes spot who she is looking for. A fond smile breaks out across her face.

MISS JOEL (V.O.)  
Who is it? Who do you see?

A tall confident, blonde haired woman swaggers in Lilith's direction. This woman is SAMAEEL BLACK.

She is dressed in a leather jacket, a chequered red shirt, a pair of skinny jeans, and she wears similar, worn down boots to the one Lilith has.

LILITH (V.O.)  
Just my work partner.

MISS JOEL (V.O)  
Just? That's an interesting choice of vernacular.

LILITH (V.O.)  
She was an interesting sort of person.

Samael takes a seat on a barstool beside Lilith. She leans into the bartender and orders a drink.

She nods towards the glass of water Lilith is taking cool, calculated sips from.

SAMAEEL  
Living life to the full as always,

I see, Grey.

LILITH

Unlike you, I'd rather not rot my brain cells.

SAMAEL

No. You'd rather rot your lungs. How many today?

LILITH

One or two.

SAMAEL

You're lying.

Lilith lets out a long suffering sigh.

LILITH

It hardly matters. You know my ways.

SAMAEL

Unfortunately, yes, I do. Although, I have to say I'm surprised. This isn't your usual type of scene. Something must be different tonight.

Samael reaches out and takes the drink that she ordered. Sips at the beverage gingerly, as her eyes roll over Lilith in a close inspection.

LILITH

I called you because I fear that what happens tonight may prove fatal to me.

SAMAEL

Jesus christ, Grey. Don't just leave me hanging.

LILITH

I am currently seeking a suspect. He is a man of science. He has been running some less than savoury experiments on live test subjects in a research facility. If I have predicted rightly, he shall walk in any moment now.

Sure enough a well built, bearded gentleman walks through the door. He looks a little older than the usual club clientele. His hair is slicked back with hair product and he

looks well put together.

SAMAEL  
He's...handsome.

LILITH  
Handsome, he may be. Well mannered,  
he is not. Especially since I have  
already angered him about accusing  
him of murdering one of his trial  
patients he tested his product on.

SAMAEL  
Is he guilty?

LILITH  
Most certainly, yes. Now, listen to  
me carefully, Black. I am going to  
approach this gentleman. You will  
remain here and observe.

SAMAEL  
Grey, I-

Before Samael can finish her sentence Lilith begins to make  
her way over to the strange man.

INT. LILITH'S POV - NIGHT

The mans menacing grin is noted in Lilith's POV. His face  
is lit up by the flashing club lights.

We can't see Lilith, just the mysterious man, his  
overshadowing presence looming over her.

MYSTERY MAN  
Miss Lilith Grey. What  
a...pleasurable surprise.

LILITH (O.S)  
Enough of the niceties. I'd like to  
recruit myself.

MYSTERY MAN  
You, the one that accused me of  
killing my drug trial patients,  
want to become a drug trial patient  
yourself?

LILITH (O.S)  
Yes. That pretty much sums it up.

The mans smile widens and he claps his hands together in

glee.

MYSTERY MAN

This is perfect. You're offering me  
a gift. The perfect gift.

He places a hand upon her shoulder and reaches around her  
side with a sharp, jabbing motion.

Lilith's vision begins to swim and the ground jumps at her.

Darkness quickly follows. Then the dull sound of racing  
footsteps coming to her aid.

SAMAEL (O.S)

GREY!

CUT TO :

INT. OFFICE. LATE EVENING

Miss Joel looks up from her note-taking, expression  
concerned. Lilith still has her back to the reporter and  
stares out of the window aimlessly.

MISS JOEL

Who was he? This mystery man?

Lilith stubs out one cigarette on the windowsill outside.  
Then proceeds to light up another.

LILITH

Professor Kinsey. He's a scientist  
running experiments on live human  
subjects. I accused him of  
recklessly killing some of his  
patients. Needless to say, we were  
not on the best of terms.

Lilith jumps from the window-seat and begins to stalk  
towards her office desk.

INT. LILITH'S POV - LATE EVENING

Purple, grey, white, and black tones again. On the office  
desk there is a small container.

She picks it up. On the outside of the container there is a  
dark violet label that says in bold letters "**SPECTRUM**"

The lid pops off and a few tabs scatter across the desk.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Miss Joel watches Lilith, observing her closely.

LILITH

He wanted to make sexualities a physical, tangible thing. Something that could be touched, and seen with the naked eye. He was a sexologist who wanted to take his work to the next level.

MISS JOEL

He sounds like a madman.

LILITH

I thought so too. Which is why I recruited myself. I, however, did not anticipate the fallout from my actions. The...consequences.

Lilith closes her eyes. Behind her eyelids she can still see the colours. Though now they are more pastel based than bright and blinding.

She sucks in a deep breath and the silence of the office is replaced with a tinker of beakers and the sounds of a medical facility.

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

LILITH (V.O)

Professor Kinsey was...is a desperate man. That's the trouble with people who think they are a genius. They are so blinded by their need to be right that they will do anything to prove themselves.

Pan across a laboratory. The room is white and clinical. There are well stocked shelves that contain mechanical pipettes, beakers, clean unpackaged needles, syringes and other common items found in laboratories.

Strapped to a table lies Lilith. With a startled gasp she awakes inside the memory.

Her eyes move around to see the thick, leather straps that bind her.

Lilith tries to crane her neck to one side. She regrets doing this when she sees her work partner, Samael, tied up on a table opposite her.

LILITH  
Samael...

The sound of the laboratory door opening is heard. In walks PROFESSOR KINSEY, carrying a clipboard and a pen.

PROFESSOR KINSEY  
Hello ladies. Sorry about the rough trip over here. I just LOVE dramatics.

Lilith tries to lunge at him in anger but is held back by her restraints.

He tuts at her and taps the pen repeatedly against the clipboard. TAP. TAP. TAP. This quickly irritates Lilith.

LILITH  
You had no right dragging her into this.

PROFESSOR KINSEY  
You made her a part of this the moment you asked her to be your witness. Do you think I'm stupid? I knew that you weren't alone.

LILITH  
So, what's your great plan then?

PROFESSOR KINSEY  
You volunteered yourself for my programme. From what I witnessed at the club, miss Samael Black is an extension of you.

LILITH  
I came to you because I wanted answers. I needed to know if I was right about you. This isn't a game, professor. I'm not playing.

He nods and reaches inside his white lab coat. He pulls out a similar container to the one we saw earlier. He unscrews the lid and pulls a small tab out.

PROFESSOR KINSEY

You're wrong. This is a game, Miss Grey. And it's time for you to make your move. Here is your choice : one tab to be taken. Two test subjects. Who will take it. You or your...friend?

Lilith looks over to the unconscious woman beside her.

LILITH

I'll do...whatever you deem necessary.

Professor Kinsey grabs hold of Lilith's jaw and forces it wide open.

He takes one of the tabs and places it on Lilith's tongue. The drug starts to dissolve. Then he clamps her jaw shut and holds her in that position so she can't spit it back out.

When it is dissolved, he allows her to open her mouth once more.

LILITH

Your move, Professor.

PROFESSOR KINSEY

Yes, it would appear so, wouldn't it?

Lilith watches as the professor silently walks over to Samael. The back of his knuckles stroke her cheek.

LILITH

Don't touch her.

PROFESSOR KINSEY

Oooh. So protective our your sweet little pet. Adorable.

He presses his knuckles a little deeper against her cheeks. She gives a little gasp for breath and wakes with a start, straining at her restraints.

SAMAEL

What the-who-you're the man from the club.

PROFESSOR KINSEY

Hello. So delightful that you're awake. I wanted you conscious for this.

He grabs hold of Samael's head and turns it so that she can see Lilith.

PROFESSOR KINSEY (CONT'D)

She swallowed a tab under the impression that she was going to be able to save you. She succumbed to her emotions because she values your life above her own.

SAMAEL

Grey? What the hell did you do?

LILITH

I wouldn't worry. It's not as though the drug has any unsavoury side effects. Isn't that right, professor?

PROFESSOR KINSEY

You think that I am a murderer. That is why you dragged me out into the open. You wanted to oust me as a failure, a liar...a

LILITH

A madman. Your theories, even if proven, are not longed for this world. You have no right altering people's perceptions...

Lilith starts to look worse for wear. She is pale and a thin layer of sweat forms on her brow. Her eyes are now hazy and her pupils begin to dilate.

INT. LILITH'S POV - DAY

Lilith's vision starts to become tainted with faint tones of purples, whites, greys, and blacks.

The sight of Professor Kinsey hovering over Samael fades in and out of focus.

The professor pops another tab out onto the palm of his hand.

LILITH

No..no...no. Don't. Please.

His twisted grin becomes even more warped and manic. He wrenches Samael's jaw open and presses the tab onto her tongue.

Samael tries to cough and struggle but he's too strong for her to fight, and she's forced to swallow down.

He leaves Samael's side and moves over so that he is directly in Lilith's vision.

PROFESSOR KINSEY (CONT'D)

Miss Grey? I believe this is what they call a checkmate. Sleep now, sleep...

Slowly the laboratory setting fades and Lilith's vision turns black.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - LATE EVENING

MISS JOEL

What happened after that?

Miss Joel gets up and walks over to Lilith, who currently stands with her back to Miss Joel, leaning against her desk.

LILITH

I passed out. When I awoke... Samael was no longer there. I was told that the drug sent her into cardiac arrest. She was an unsuitable candidate.

MISS JOEL

It's not your fault. Blaming yourself will not help you move forwards.

She tries to place a comforting hand on Lilith's shoulder but this only causes the P.D to flinch and step further away.

LILITH

She would not have been there had it not been for my foolishness. And had I not taken the drug myself, I could have ensured that nothing bad happened to her.

MISS JOEL

You were a suitable candidate.

LILITH

Apparently so. Professor Kinsey was not so far away from the truth.

Even now, it's like there's something inside me that is completely exposed.

MISS JOEL

You were in love with her, weren't you?

LILITH

I would not have been able to give her what she wanted. The way I felt intimacy, love, would have been too different for her to accept. Our bodies could never have been one. I realised then, when I saw the empty table, that I felt more deeply than I ever thought possible and I never got to tell her. Sexual desire was not a part of what I felt for her. But emotionally, romantically...perhaps. But that's not our story. It isn't where we ended up.

MISS JOEL

And this Samael. Would you forgive her if she had done something quite terrible?

LILITH

She was everything I did not know I was looking for. So yes, of course I would forgive her.

MISS JOEL

Can you turn around please? I'd like to see you?

Lilith sucks in a deep breath and begins to spin around to face Miss Joel.

INT. LILITH'S POV - LATE EVENING

Hues of purples, greys, whites, blacks. Miss Joel lit up in all of those colours. Her whole body seems to glow, like she's on fire.

She undoes her hair from its bun, takes off her glasses, and drops her notepad to the ground.

LILITH

No, no, no. Not you. It can't be you.

And just like that her appearance changes and she holds a remarkable resemblance to Samael Black.

SAMAEL

Hi, Grey. It's been a while.

FADE TO BLACK