

1 INT. UNDERWATER CITY - NIGHT**1**

Eleanora (20's), the girl stuck between this minute and the next, stands in front of a vast window. Outside are fish, whales, and different sea creatures. Eleanora swirls her martini glass casually, an elegant gown hugs her figure.

ELEANORA (V.O.)

Since girlhood it was with me,
leading me to this moment, this
circumstance but the question still
remained...why all the grandeur?
Why this place? Why this version of
myself?

She takes a sip from her drink and sighs, music can be heard faintly in the background from a band. The lighting is warm, serene, and expensive.

The world around her is illustrious, gold halls and a shining city in the background. Other people toast and laugh and talk.

ELEANORA

And what was so bad that it cracked
the whole damned world open?

A figure emerges to her side, leaning against the bar, in his hand is a silver cigarette case that he cracks open.

Eleanora looks over to CHUCK(20's), a playboy scientist with deep pockets and loose morals. He raises his brow to her and hands her a cigarette, lighting it at the end in a swift motion.

CHUCK

This is a dangerous game you are
playing princess.

ELEANORA

This is no game, Mr. Hawthorne.

Eleanora takes a drag from her cigarette, letting the smoke swim out slowly.

CHUCK

I just don't wanna see another
pretty face busted to all hell,
much less one I've grown fond of,
you know?

ELEANORA

How noble.

Eleanora hums and smirks.

CHUCK

Alls I'm saying is you get wrapped up in the wrong crowd around here, ain't no jump in time large enough to keep you safe.

ELEANORA

With all due respect Mr. Hawth--

CHUCK

Chuck.

ELEANORA

Chuck. Just because you fear Jeremiah and his goons doesn't mean I do. I'm here for a far greater purpose than cheap knock-off Gene Enhancements.

Chuck scoffs and puts a hand to his chest.

CHUCK

Knock-off? You're killing me sweetheart.

Eleanora rolls her eyes.

ELEANORA

Do you have what I need or not?

Chuck takes out a MANILA folder. He goes to hand it over but pulls it out of reach last minute.

CHUCK

Not so fast, what exactly have you gotten yourself into here? These aint nothin' but the ramblings of some old kook. Seems a bit tedious.

ELEANORA

My buisness is my buisness, now if you would be so kind.

Eleanora puts her hand out and Chuck shrugs and hands her the folder. She puts it in her purse and turns to leave. Chuck follows.

CHUCK

Wai--

ELEANORA

For the last time Charles--

The world around Eleanora glitches.

When Eleanora turns the world is in shambles. In her hand is a wrench covered in blood, on the floor is someone but their face is busted and a strange fungal substance on their face.

She breathes heavily, face splattered in blood. She turns in circles looking around, an echo cracks down a long hall. Silence. A shadow emerges whistling WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

Something hits her across the head and she falls slowly.

MONEY SHOT.

FADE TO:

2 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

2

Eleanora wakes up in her bed. On the wall beside her is her window, creatures flow around and the glow of the city is dim. We can hear WE'LL MEET AGAIN play from a stereo in the distance.

She sits on the edge of her bed. She is still in her dress from before, and she frowns.

Her eyes go down the hall slowly as she hears singing.

CHUCK

Don't know where, don't know when
but I know we'll meet again some
sunny d--

Eleanora leans back, fear in her eyes as the singing grows louder.

In walks CHUCK, smoking a pipe and reading through ones of Eleanora's notebooks. He looks up to her with a raised brow.

CHUCK

Ah, lovely, you're awake.

Eleanora sighs and rubs her face.

ELEANORA

How long have I been asleep?

Eleanora gets up and puts her robe on.

CHUCK

Well, doll, after your little display in the grand hall, figured it would be best to just take you home. Lest people begin to ask questions.

Eleanora rubs her temples and takes the notebook from him.

She writes down her account in as much detail as she can.

CHUCK

Was he there this time? Your evil twin?

ELEANORA

He's not-- don't call him that. You sound like a child.

Chuck chuckles and looks expectingly and Eleanora rolls her eyes.

ELEANORA

I think I'm getting closer to him and he knows it. Our realities, for whatever reason are crashing into each other and Elijah and I are the catalyst.

CHUCK

And even more so it seems, that's the third time this week I've had to save you from breaking your neck. Which I'm still awaiting my thanks for by the way.

ELEANORA

Sh...

A beeping is heard, quiet at first before growing louder.

CHUCK

Not what I was looking for bu--

ELEANORA

I said shut up...listen...

Eleanora gets up and covers Chuck's mouth and he raises his brow.

ELEANORA

Oh, grow up...listen.

The device blinks on her desk and she approaches it slowly.

Chuck looks at Eleanora as she approaches it. Around it the ground is wet, blood streaks the knobs. She takes her finger across it and gulps.

Her eyes rise to her reflection in the window, it is not her own. ELIJAH, her evil alternate, stares back at her. We'll Meet Again swings back to life on the stereo and Chuck looks at it in alarm.

Eleanora walks towards her reflection, hand extended to her other self.

Her hand goes to meet the glass before GOING THROUGH IT, she stumbles back, frowning as her hand is wet.

Eleanora puts her hand out again, this time moving further forward before stumbling all the way through.

FADE TO:

3 INT. RAVANGED CITY - NIGHT

3

The lights flicker above her, we hear the struggles of a fight off screen. Eleanora tries to grasp her bearings. She looks up, blurry eyed and slowly the world comes into focus.

ELIJAH stares back at her. He is much worse for wear.

He holds in front of him CHUCK, covered in blood before he slumps to the ground.

Eleanora muffles her cries as she gets to her feet.

ELIJAH

Finally...

(a beat, the EYELIGHT
thing)

Now we can talk.

The TWINS stare at one another, parallel.

FADE TO BLACK.