

FADE IN:

INT. STAGE - WINTER EVENING

A single electric guitar chord rings out. A spotlight illuminates the GUITAR. A crowd cheers. A HAND reaches out to grab the MICROPHONE on stage. The spotlight moves to the drummer as he starts a steady rhythm. The spotlight shines on a woman's mouth close to the microphone.

WOMAN
(regular talking cadence)
Can you feel it?

The crowd yells. The drums pick up as the electric guitar strums faster. The woman's face is not yet illuminated - only her lips can be seen.

WOMAN
(louder)
Feel it in your veins?

Cheers crescendo. The spotlight moves to the man playing the guitar: MILES MILLER (24), handsome, tall and skinny with shoulder-length dark brown hair. He is wearing a black leather jacket with blue jeans.

WOMAN
(louder)
I said, CAN YOU FEEL IT?

The spotlight moves to the lead singer, revealing her to be BLAINE MILLER (24), Miles' twin sister. She has long dark brown wavy hair, is wearing a black leather halter top, fish net stockings, and a black skirt. Her makeup is glittery and running down her eyes. The crowd screams. The tempo picks up and crescendos just as Blaine yells:

BLAINE
AS WE GO UP IN FLAMES!

Blaine jumps as Miles picks up the rhythm: the song begins in earnest. The lights move to show the two on stage performing for a moderately sized group of individuals in an underground club. The energy is electric.

A few people in GOLD CLOTHING can be seen trading things sneakily in the shadows of the venue. Others can be seen drinking, smashing bottles, and acting generally inebriated. Some people in a booth are seen INJECTING something into their arms and thighs.

As the band wraps up the set, the crowd cheers and claps. People yell for an encore.

Blaine and Miles wave to the audience and thank them, though their voices cannot be heard over the cheers. The two look at each other, grinning, before proceeding backstage.

As they are making their way to the back, the pair are approached by three fans draped in GOLDEN CLOTHING.

FAN #1

Blaine, Miles! Your performance was wild.

FAN #3

Seriously! I don't usually come down here, but I'm so glad I did!

Blaine looks at Miles and rolls her eyes discreetly.

BLAINE

Heh. Thanks. I know, we're pretty good. We've gotta get going though.

FAN #2

You should come up to "The Palace of Aurum" to play! People would love you guys up there!

MILES

(trying to leave)

Thank you! We'll look into it!

FAN #1

Listen, my buddy has an agency that would love--

BLAINE

Hey, man, we really have to get going. Thanks for the advice.

FAN #1

Uh okay, but let me know if you chane your mi--

Blaine grabs Miles and the pair continue making their way backstage and away from the group of fans.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Blaine looks around the area and leans in to quietly tell

Miles something.

BLAINE

Ugh! Can't do anything around here without getting ass-kissed by those pi. They want to turn every goddamn artist into their own personal robotic entertainment machine.

MILES

I get what you mean... but, come on, they were just being appreciative of our performance...

BLAINE

Yeah. So we'd buy into their buddy's agency scam and sign our souls away on some contract to become sanitized golden glittery pop stars the Apostles could approve of. Like hell.

MILES

I mean, again, if it helps it helps, right?

Blaine shrugs at her brother's response. The two have had this conversation before, so they don't bother continuing. They collectively gather their belongings, say goodbye to some of their friends and fans, and head outside.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Blaine acts suspiciously, as if she is hiding something.

BLAINE

Hey, I'll catch you later Miles. I have some errands to run real quick. I'll bring some of that mac 'n cheese from the vintage store you like home for dinner.

MILES

Oh, sick! We're eatin' good tonight!

Blaine chuckles. Miles puts his headphones on and walks down the alley, not looking back. Blaine watches him go, tapping her foot impatiently.

Blaine begins creeping toward a crevice in the alleyway leading toward the door of a storage building.

Checking her surroundings one final time, Blaine heartily knocks on the door three times before a woman opens it from the inside.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THEIA KING (43), a strong, tall, brunette woman wearing all gold is sitting behind a table with two brief cases next to her.

THEIA

Well, look who it is. Little miss "too good to speak to my fans."

BLAINE

You and me both know damn well that they are not my fans. Now can we please get on with it?

THEIA

(smirking)

Right...the usual I suppose?

Blaine nods. Theia grabs one brief case, and places it on top of the table. She opens it and grabs a small bag of blue powder. She sniffs it and then removes a vial with lavender liquid and gold specks inside of it. It says "ARIK" in gold lettering.

Blaine starts rummaging through her pockets and begins placing a pile of coins on top of the desk. As she struggles, Theia continues to take several more hits of the blue powder.

After an awkwardly long enough time, Blaine stops placing coins.

THEIA

Are you finished?

BLAINE

Obviously I am.

Theia looks at the coins for a moment.

THEIA

I hate to break it to you but, this isn't going to cut it.

BLAINE

What are you talking about? You didn't

even count them! I really don't have time for this Theia.

THEIA

Honey... you are no longer the same client I've had the past few years. Surely, a superstar like you can afford to pay at a higher price?

BLAINE

I don't know what kind of fantasy you think I am living in, but I don't have that kind of money. Miles and I are barely surviving as it is. Stop being so difficult.

THEIA

Claiming to barely survive, yet here you are spending so much on yourself. If only your parents could see you now.

BLAINE

Speak one more time about my parents bitch.

THEIA

Well... I guess there's nothing here for you.

Theia collects her things and leaves the storage room holding her two briefcases. She removes a latch from her hood that erupts into a protective clear dome above her. It is now raining heavily.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Blaine starts stroking her red ring anxiously. She snaps out of rage and runs to catch up to Theia.

BLAINE

Okay! Okay! I am sorry, please just give me what I am here for. Please.

Theia stops and turns around staring at Blaine.

BLAINE

Please...I...I-am...I am sorry. Just please I need it.

THEIA

You do look so much like your mother
don't you?

(she pauses)

The price is five thousand dollars.
Take it or leave it.

BLAINE

Five thousand dollars are you joking!?
It was five hundred before! There is
no way I can get that kind of money.
Please Theia don't do this to me.

Theia starts walking away.

BLAINE

No! Stop come back! Listen..fine
okay..okay I will figure something
out. Just please..I have already gone
three days without it.

(SHE PAUSES)

Listen...that other brief case of blue
powder that you are trying to sell? I
can sell that in one night. I bet I
can make even more profit than you
can. Those Midas Apostles are obsessed
with me, they will go crazy if I offer
to sell to them. You know that is
true. Give me the vial of Arik and I
will bring you a briefcase full of
gold coins by tomorrow night. I
promise.

Theia starts laughing and looks down at her briefcase. After
a brief moment she hands over the briefcase to Blaine. Both
Blaine and Theia have their hands on the briefcase now.

THEIA

You know... you should never be in
debt with me. If you fail, you have to
work for me. That is the deal.

BLAINE

Yes! Yes! Thank you! I will not fail.

THEIA

HAHAA...Yeah...we'll see about that
now, won't we.

Theia lets go of the briefcase and hands over the single vial of Arik. They go opposite ways. Blaine is frantically running through the rain with the briefcase in one hand and the Arik in the other.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blaine rushes into her bedroom, slamming the briefcase down on her bed. She starts pacing and freaking out.

BLAINE

Oh my god--oh my god. Why did I do that?!

She hears a knock on the door. Miles enters.

MILES

Hey, is everything okay?

BLAINE

Yeah, yeah everything is fine. Listen I wasn't able to get the Mac and cheese I am sorry. The store closed by the time I got there.

MILES

Oh its okay, don't worry about it... Are you sure you are okay?

Blaine starts stroking her red ring.

BLAINE

Yes Miles I am fine I just need some rest--

MILES

Because I know its a tough time right now but we'll get through it--

BLAINE

MILES I SAID I AM FINE. PLEASE JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.

Miles gives Blaine a gentle hug and then leaves. Blaine starts to cry and then grabs the vial of Arik. She opens her drawer taking out a syringe and begins filling it with the drug. She wraps her arm with a tourniquet, locates a vein and begins injecting herself. Blaine slowly falls on her bed barely conscious. She then notices a shadow of a man from the corner of her bed.

BLAINE

What the fu--What--Miles?

The man doesn't move, he stands there just watching Blaine

BLAINE

What...Who are you??!

The man walks up closer so that he can be clearly seen now. He appears to be in his mid 20's, handsome, wearing an all black suit, brown hair and brown eyes. Blaine gets up frantically, but stumbles back on her bed failing to keep balance.

BLAINE

(slurred speech)

How did you..how did you get in here?!

THE MAN

Lie down before you hurt yourself. I am here to help you.

BLAINE

With what?

THE MAN

All you need to do is give me something of value in return.

The man looks directly over at the briefcase.

BLAINE

Why...why do you want to help me?

I don't have any money.

THE MAN

I don't want your money.

Blaine starts instinctively stroking her red ring.

THE MAN

How about that ring?

BLAINE

What? No... I can't give this to you. I can't do that...

THE MAN

Seems like its just the right price.

Hand it over unless you are willing to
work for a Midas Apostle.

Blaine removes the ring hesitantly and hands it over to the man. He snaps his fingers above the briefcase from which smoke appears. The smoke evaporates revealing a briefcase overflowing with gold coins. The man disappears with the smoke.

Blaine lies in disbelief until she lets the effects of Arik consume her. She falls asleep crying instinctively stroking the same finger that previously held the ring she gave away.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Groggy, Blaine opens her eyes, her blanket on the floor and her hand wrapped around her ring finger. She rubs her eyes, crusty from all the tears she cried as she fell asleep the night before.

After staring at the ceiling for a brief moment, she sits up and her eyes immediately gaze over at the briefcase sitting on the floor in front of her bed, overflowing with gold coins.

Still not fully awake, she attempts to crawl over closer to her bedside to get a closer look, but she stops abruptly and grabs her arm, still in pain from the injection.

BLAINE

(wincing)

Ow, shit!

Blaine decides to get out of bed and put all the coins neatly back inside the briefcase in case Miles wanders in.

After cleaning up, she opens the door of her bedroom, ready to start her day. However, after opening it, she quickly notices a trail of golden dust on the ground. It is now that she also remembers the mysterious man in her bedroom the previous night, her expression immediately turning anxious and confused again. She decides to follow the trail.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BLAINE

What is this shit... has Miles seen this?

She continues following it, very aware of her surroundings even in her own home. She follows it to the front door and heads outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE BLAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The trail leads around the house, from the front door all the way to the backyard. Blaine is very on edge this point and her walking turns into jogging.

BLAINE

(panting)

Finally... who the hell was so bored
they decided to make... such a mess...

Blaine catches her breath for a few moments, hunching over,
before realizing that where the trail culminates lies an
envelope, complete with a wax seal.

BLAINE

Huh...?

Perplexed, Blaine picks up the envelope and studies it before
unsealing it, revealing a beautifully handwritten note in all
cursive, on unwrinkled golden paper. She reads it in her
head.

BLAINE

(inner monologue)

If the need arises again, meet me at
midnight in that back alley you love
hanging around. Signed... who?

(audible)

Someone's been stalking me huh? As if
I needed one more thing to worry
about...!

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Blaine frantically runs back inside her house and hides the
note somewhere Miles wouldn't notice in her room. Her
breathing is heavy and her movements are shaky, reflecting
her feelings of high anxiety and all of the worries plaguing
her at once.

After hiding it, she takes a seat at her desk and puts her
head in her hands, trying to plot her next moves. She decides
she will return the briefcase of gold coins to Theia before
midnight.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Blaine makes her way to her usual back alley meetup spot,
briefcase in hand. She is visibly sweating due to the sheer
weight of the briefcase, filled to the brim with gold
unbeknownst to any passerby.

She locates the door to the storage room and knocks on the
door heartily three times before it opens from the inside.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blaine is greeted by Theia, who has a smug grin on her face.

THEIA

So, Blaine, did you win the lottery or what? Rob some Midas Apostles? Or were you such a good girl this year that Santa came...Early? (chuckling)

BLAINE

I'll let you believe whatever you want to, but I told you so.

Blaine carefully sets the briefcase down on a table and opens it up, revealing the sheer multitude of golden coins inside. Theia's smug grin quickly morphs into an expression of shock and bewilderment.

THEIA

What- What the hell?! How in god's name did you- where did all of this-

BLAINE

Let's just say I know a guy. So now what? You gonna fulfill your end of the deal or what?

THEIA

I...

Theia can't help but remain immobilized by shock for some moments while Blaine simply stares right back at her with the same smug grin Theia had on her face when she walked in.

Eventually, Theia shakes her head and pulls out a new briefcase from underneath the table containing numerous full vials of arik. As she hands it to Blaine, she leans in close.

THEIA

Your addiction is getting worse you know. I can tell. It's plastered all over your face, the look of an addict that's almost too far gone. Reminds me of the look on your mom's face... Miles ought to notice soon at this rate.

BLAINE

(scoffs)
Bitch, what?

Blaine gives Theia a perplexed look, wondering why she felt the need to make such a rude comment, and also wondering how she knew anything about her dead parents.

Theia gives her a smug grin before leaning back in.

THEIA

Tell you what. If you can fill *this* new briefcase with just as many golden coins as you did this one, I can hook you up with a supply of this stuff that'll last you like, forever. Whaddya say?

BLAINE

Well... How can I refuse that good of an offer? You've got yourself a deal, and don't you doubt me for a second.

THEIA

We'll see about that. Heh...

Blaine snatches the new briefcase from Theia's hands and runs out of the storage room back home. Theia scoffs as the door closes, certain that Blaine ought to fail this time around.

Theia turns around and looks at her reflection in a cracked mirror, dusty and covered in cobwebs.

THEIA

What am I doing...?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blaine lies on her bed with the new briefcase wide open in front of her. Sitting up straight, she tosses a syringe onto the floor that she just used to inject herself with.

BLAINE

Ugh, it's been so long...

Sitting with her eyes closed in pure bliss for a few seconds, her eyes suddenly jolt open and she checks the time on her phone. It reads "23:29."

BLAINE

THE NOTE! I'm gonna be late, damnit!

Blaine jumps out of bed, still in her pyjamas, and rushes to the same alleyway she was just at earlier that day.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - 23:58

BLAINE

(panting)

I'm... just in time... now where the hell...

As Blaine catches her breath, she hears the sound of a branch snapping beneath someone's steps. She jolts around to look behind her.

BLAINE

Hello? Mystery man?

THE MAN

Hello friend.

BLAINE

AH! There you are... I wanted to ask... I got another-

THE MAN

I'm well aware that you've acquired another briefcase that you wish for me to fill with gold.

BLAINE

How did you- are you stalking me?

THE MAN

Not quite. I'd be happy to change it into gold for you again, but as I'm sure you remember from our last encounter, you gave me a lovely ring that I oh-so cherish. I would be happy to help you again in exchange for another lovely trinket of yours. Say... that pendant you're wearing on your neck is simply bedazzling.

BLAINE

This? This was my mom's... I don't know...

THE MAN

If you insist, you can keep the pendant... But I don't imagine that Theia will be very impressed with you. What if she cuts you off? Outs you for breaking a promise?

BLAINE

I-

THE MAN

Well?

BLAINE

I- Fine!

Blaine rips the pendant off her neck aggressively and hands it to the man. He grins, and almost instantly disappears once again in a cloud of dark smoke. Where the briefcase was on the ground was now a wide open briefcase filled with golden coins.

BLAINE

Oh my god, what am I doing? Mom's pendant... but all this gold... an endless supply...

INT. BEDROOM - PAST MIDNIGHT

Laying on her bed thinking about what just transpired, Blaine suddenly bursts into tears, acknowledging her worsening addiction. She reaches for her neck where her precious pendant once was, but there is nothing to grab.

Suddenly, she gets a flashback of what Theia said to her in the storage room about her parents - her mom. Her breathing gets heavier.

She gets up to start pacing around in circles in her room. After three laps, she comes to a sudden stop in front of her mirror hanging behind her door.

As she stares into the mirror, dizzy, she sees a figure resembling her mother.

BLAINE

(breathing heavily and sniffing)
Mom...? Mom, is that you?

BLAINE'S MOM

Honey, I'm so disappointed in you. My pendant that I gave you... That was a gift from my mother to me, and you hand it over just like that? I thought you were better than that. I thought you'd grow up to be better than me and your father.

BLAINE
(hysterically crying)
MOM! I'M SO SORRY! I don't know what
got into me!

BLAINE'S MOM
There's nothing you can do now. Just
don't make the mistakes we made...

BLAINE
Mom...!

Blaine continues crying hysterically and her vision starts becoming blurry. She falls to the ground, hitting her head and continues crying.

She crawls over to her bed and reaches for another vial of arik. Without even cleaning her arm, she simply grabs a needle and fills it with the liquid and jabs herself without hesitation.

As the sobs continue and a few drops of blood run down her arm, she climbs off the floor into bed and lays flat on her stomach, sniffing, eventually falling asleep, with a now-empty vial of arik still clutched in her hand.

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Blaine opens her eyes the next morning, curled up in her bed in the fetal position and still clutching onto the empty vial of arik from the night before.

Suddenly, she hears a knock on her bedroom door, followed by her brother's voice.

MILES
Blaine? Blaine, wake up...!

BLAINE
Huh? Ugh... one moment...

MILES
Can I come i-

BLAINE
NO! Just a minute!

Caught off guard and still half asleep, Blaine scrambles to hide the empty vial of arik and the briefcase wide open on the floor beside her bed.

BLAINE

Okay, you can come in now.

MILES

Look who decided to get up!

BLAINE

...

MILES

Is everything ok? You look like something's bothering you.

BLAINE

Of course I'm fine.

MILES

Okay... well I just wanted to ask if you wanted to come to the arcade with me and some buddies tonight! It's been a while since we did anything fun together!

BLAINE

I dunno-

MILES

Please?!

Blaine pauses blankly as Miles pleads her to come.

BLAINE

Okay. I'll come... It has been a while since we hung out I guess.

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

Time skip to the following night, Blaine and Miles are at the arcade together. They, along with Miles' friend, are sitting at a small table together next to a car simulator.

Blaine is visibly uncomfortable, having a quick flashback to the events of the night before. Although blurry, she remembers the hallucination of her mother and winces, and Miles glances over at this.

MILES

I dunno what's bothering you but... thanks for coming.

BLAINE

Its nothing, I promise... I'm glad I came.

MILES' FRIEND

Aww, look at you two!

BLAINE

(scoffs)

Miles, I'm hungry. Want anything?

MILES

I could go for some mac and cheese that someone forgot the other day...

BLAINE

H-hey! I didn't forget it, it was sold out!

MILES

Haha I'm just playing sis! Mac n cheese sounds fan-TASTIC right now!

BLAINE

Mac and cheese it is, coming right up! I'll be right back!

Blaine makes her way over from the table to the takeout kiosk. She stands in line waiting to order, still feeling awful about the previous night.

BLAINE

(whispering to herself)

I have to stay strong for Miles...

EMPLOYEE

I can help the next guest in line!

BLAINE

Oh, coming!

EMPLOYEE

Hello, welcome to Rave n' Busters! What can I get for you?

BLAINE

I'll just take 3 medium mac and cheese's...please.

EMPLOYEE

Sounds good. Those will be added to

your tab and the food will just be over at the pickup station to your left.

BLAINE

...Thanks.

Blaine walks over to wait at the pickup station. While waiting, she feels a tap on her shoulder and turns around expecting to see Miles.

When she turns around, she gasps in shock as none other than the mysterious man stands before her.

BLAINE

Y-YOU-

THE MAN

Shhhh.

BLAINE

What do you want?! I don't have another briefcase, and you've already taken away something precious from me. And my morals.

THE MAN

I see the state of your addiction, and how its affecting you physically, and mentally. I see how it's straining your relationship with your brother, despite how strong you're trying to remain... You're a very resilient girl, you know.

BLAINE

Ugh. Did Theia put you up to this? She said the same shit a few days ago. I don't want to hear it. I- I know what I'm doing...

THE MAN

Simply an observation... Anyway. I'm here to offer you a solution. And you don't need to give me anything in return this time but your word.

BLAINE

A solution?

THE MAN

I can help you mend your relationship
with Miles before its too late.

BLAINE

How in the hell are you going to do
that?

THE MAN

I changed two empty briefcases into
gold, did I not?

BLAINE

I-

Blaine stutters. She recognizes that this man is no ordinary
man. Maybe he can help her?

BLAINE

...It's a deal then.

Blaine reaches out to firmly shake the mysterious man's hand.
This time, unlike the others, he doesn't disappear. He smiles
at her, before gesturing to an empty corner away from all the
noise. They walk over.

THE MAN

There's no magic involved in the
solution to you two's relationship.
Honesty and trust is the antidote
here.

BLAINE

Trust? Honesty? What are you talking
about?

THE MAN

You have three days, from the strike
of midnight tonight to the strike of
midnight three days from now, to
figure out what my name is.

BLAINE

Three days- Your name- Oh shit I don't
even know your name- What?

THE MAN

If you fail to uncover my identity
within this time period, I will reveal
to your brother what has been plaguing
you. He's noticed, you know. Your

addiction. What will he do if you end up like your parents, found dead from an overdose? He'll be without a sister, wondering what he did wrong. You need to tell him the truth. So, I'll be taking matters into my own hands unless you can uncover the impossible.

BLAINE

WHAT?! NO- YOU CAN'T JUST TELL HIM SOMETHING LIKE THAT! HE'LL HATE ME, HE HATES DRUGS, ALCOHOL-

THE MAN

He deserves to know. The clock is ticking, my friend.

As the clock strikes midnight as soon as Blaine glances at the silver watch she's wearing, her look turns into one of despair.

It is at this moment Blaine realizes what is at stake here. Her biggest fear could become reality if she fails to uncover the man's identity. But where does she even begin to search for an answer?

EMPLOYEE

Three mac and cheeses? Anyone?

But Blaine has forgotten all about the food she ordered at this point. All she can focus on is the deal she just made and how she was tricked.

INT. BLAINES BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Blaine is seated at her computer. Her screen shows her on Twitter and Reddit, scrolling to see if anyone else has seen the man. She groans when she hits the end of the page and hasn't found a single clue of his name.

BLAINE

How the hell am I supposed to do this?!

She scrubs her hands over her face. She eyes her bag - the one containing her arik supply, and decides to shoot up to give her the motivation to go out and look for clues in person. The needle enters her skin and she shivers from the feeling. The next moment, she's up and out of the door, ready to do some investigating.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Blaine searches in various areas around the city that she frequents and asks locals if they have seen a tall man wearing all black. She repeatedly gets confused stares and head shakes from the people she asks.

Every night, Blaine goes to bed, wakes up, and immediately goes back to the search. This happens for 3 days straight.

One time, she asks the arcade owners if she can see the security camera footage of her talking to the man. They eventually agree to letting her see it, but when she watches it, the footage just shows her talking to herself. She is perplexed by this but ignores the strange feeling in her gut and continues with the search.

She goes home and demands Miles sketch a drawing of the man, since he had seen him at the arcade, to maybe help people recognize him. Miles looks at her like she's crazy but she ignores it and points at the paper expectantly.

She takes the drawing with her to the arcade, the club, alleyways she's seen other arik users in, and even resorts to asking Midas Apostles she's gotten offers to work for. She visits almost every corner of the city in her desperation.

Yet, despite her relentless searching, she cannot find a single clue of the man's name.

END MONTAGE.

INT. ARCADE LOUNGE - EVENING

It is the last few hours before the deal expires. Blaine frantically searches the lounge in the club she plays in regularly for any sort of clue she may have missed previously. Theia, who is also there regularly, notices and strolls up to her curiously.

THEIA

What's going on, Blaine?

BLAINE

No time to explain.

Blaine then suddenly realizes that Theia could help her and turns around to face her.

BLAINE

Okay, wait, listen. Have you seen a

man in all black, tall, pretty
handsome, lurking around this area?

Theia scoffs. Blaine sighs and rolls her eyes, defeated, and goes back to her search. Suddenly, Theia's expression changes as she realizes that Blaine is likely having some sort of hallucination.

THEIA

Why do you need to know?

BLAINE

He's... (sigh) been helping me...I
guess. I just -- I need to know his
name, okay?

THEIA

Ahh.. I supposed he was the one aiding
in your quest for gold coins?

Blaine nods yes.

THEIA

Yes, I know the man you're speaking
of. He does this quite often.

Theia doesn't say his name so Blaine gets frustrated.

BLAINE

Well? What's his name?!

THEIA

Ah-ah-ah... What kind of business
woman gives away information for free?
Deliver another package for me, and
the name is all yours.

Blaine reluctantly nods. Theia gives her a sharp grin and pats her shoulder before turning on her heel and walking into her office, gesturing for Blaine to follow her. Blaine follows her a moment later.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - EVENING, CONTINUOUS

The same night, Blaine stands in an alley with a package of arik. She wears a mask so no one recognizes her. A child walks up to her.

The child waves the money in her face. Blaine notices that the kid is wearing her band's shirt. She makes eye contact with her own face on the shirt. Then she sees Miles' face.

She reluctantly hands over the arik to the kid.

Blaine's hands shake as she takes the cash from the kid.

INT. CLUB BACKROOM - NIGHT

Blaine returns to Theia, running a shaking hand through her hair. It is almost 12am - when the deal with the man expires.

Theia pats her shoulder.

THEIA
You did good.

Blaine shakes her head, clearly caught up in her own head.

BLAINE
Whatever.

THEIA
Strohmann.

Blaine is confused for a moment. Theia smiles sharply at her.

BLAINE
Th-Thanks-

Blaine hurries out of the club frantically.

BLAINE
(muttering to herself)
Strohmann, Strohmann, Strohmann..

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Blaine is running home when the man appears in an alley way in front of her, causing her to almost bump into him. He looks at her with a calm but eerie smile.

THE MAN
Hello, darling. Time is running out.

Blaine swallows nervously.

BLAINE
Strohmann.

The man's face does not budge.

Blaine's palms sweat as she awaits anxiously for an answer.

The sounds of the club a few blocks behind is the only noise apart from the blood rushing in Blaine's ears.

A clock strikes twelve.

The man shakes his head no.

BLAINE

(pleading, teary-eyed)

No, no, no--you can't do this to me,
no, you bastard--this isn't fair, you
tricked me--please, don't do this,
I'll do anything you want, *anything*!

THE MAN

A deal is a deal.

Blaine begins to wail. Her hands clutch at her scalp and she sinks to the ground, hyperventilating faster by the second.

BLAINE

*FUCK YOU! YOU RUINED MY LIFE! I CAN'T--
I CAN'T DO THIS, PLEASE, WE CAN MAKE
THIS RIGHT, ANYTHING! PLEASE!!!*

The man does not give Blaine a reaction. He clears his throat and turns on his heel, leaving Blaine in a rumpled mess on the ground, completely alone.

Blaine screams. She scratches mercilessly at the injection scars on her thighs covered by thick pant fabric. She can't stand the feeling and tugs her pant legs up, almost ripping them in her haste. Her mind is close to exploding and the only thing she can think of to help is the tiny bottle of arik in her bag. She desperately pulls her supplies out, dropping some with her trembling fingers.

Blaine doesn't take any precautions while shooting up this time: her hands shake as she punctures her skin, poking around clumsily and being far too careless, drawing concerning amounts of blood as the overfull needle slides the drug into her body. Despite the messy insertion, the arik calms her almost immediately.

Blaine heaves a sigh, panting from overexertion. She stays on the ground for a while, surrounded by trash and drugs and needles.

The arik gives her a renewed sense of motivation and helps her to rise from the ground, with just enough strength to make it home. She stumbles, barely able to take a step, but

manages to steady herself. She pulls the empty needle from her thigh and pushes her pant leg down, wipes her tears, and fixes her hair.

Blaine removes any physical evidence of her breakdown so her only care in the world - Miles - doesn't notice.

And with the thought of her brother keeping her upright, she exits the alley and makes her way home.

ACT 3

INT. BLAINES BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blaine stumbles into her bedroom, still high from the arik she clumsily shot up in the alley way. Without thinking about it she lets her door slam. She winces with the realisation that it could wake up Miles.

She waits for a second for a potential reaction from Miles. With none, she lets out a sigh of both relief and exhaustion and flops down on her bed.

She tries to hold back her hardest to hold back her tears, but she finds her attempts are useless. She lets out a quiet sob, which quickly turns into wailing. It's clear sleep is futile in her state, crying into the early hours of the morning.

INT. BLAINES BEDROOM - MORNING, CONTINUOUS

An alarm sounds, but Blaine is already awake. Or rather, she never slept in the first place. Her high from the night before finally worn off, all she finds herself able to do is lie on her back and listen to the sound of her alarm.

Eventually, the alarm shuts off on it's own, and Blaine finally swings her legs off the side of her bed.

Her leg begins to bounce up and down involuntarily, and she puts her head in her hands. Her breathing becomes erratic and she begins to cry once more.

Once her breathing calms down and she's able to collect herself, she picks herself up and leaves her room. As she walks out it's visible how much her situation is weighing on her. It's obvious how much her stress and addiction has taken out of her.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING, CONTINUED

Blaine wanders towards her kitchen, deciding water is the answer to the raging headache caused by her constant crying and lack of sleep.

When she enters she's met with a note. Assuming it's from Miles she picks it up and begins to read.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN (READING NOTE)
Good morning Darling, you might have
noticed that your house is

uncharacteristically empty. I've taken the liberty of inviting your brother for a chat and coffee at the Last Leg Cafe down the street. I believe we have many pressing matters to discuss. Yours always, Rumpelstiltskin.

Blaine is thrown into a panic. Rumpelstiltskin is going to tell Miles about her addiction.

BLAINE
NO, NO, NO. IT'S NOT FAIR. HE CAN'T DO THIS -- HE CAN'T.

She braces herself on the kitchen counter as her panic attack takes hold of her body. She shakes and cries as the realisation of the situation settles in her head.

BLAINE
Shit. Shit, shit, shit.

Still shaking and crying she runs out the door without so much as grabbing a coat, heading to the Last Leg Cafe.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Blaine runs to the cafe with a million thoughts running through her head. What if Miles hates her? What if he kicks her out? What if he never forgives her?

People look at her as she passes by them, obviously concerned and weirded out by her erratic behaviour, but she fails to notice them.

With no awareness of the world around her, she bumps into a couple people looking at the news in front of the cafe. Without noticing the news story they're looking at she mutters a sorry as she passes them, and finds herself in front of the cafe; she can see her brother with Rumpelstiltskin inside.

She takes a deep breath and turns the handle of the door to the cafe with a shaky hand.

INT. CAFE - MORNING, CONTINUOUS

Walking into the cafe almost feels like a dream to Blaine. Her eyes are trained only on Miles and Rumpelstiltskin, but his eyes are focused only on the tv screen in the corner of the cafe.

A news report has captured everyone's attention. The face of a young child's face is on the screen, with a date and time of death underneath it, along with a suspected cause of death: arik overdose.

She recognizes the kid on the screen, it's the one she sold arik to. The one who was wearing her bands t-shirt.

MILES

Oh my god, that's horrible. What kind of monster would sell that to a child?

A loud sob from behind him grabs Miles' attention. His sister is stood in the entrance of the cafe, beginning to heavily sob. He immediately leaves his seat to go to her. Rumpelstiltskin stays put but keeps his eyes trained on Miles.

MILES

Blaine? What's going on? Why are you crying?

BLAINE

(crying)

It's -- It's all my fault Miles...

MILES

What do you mean it's your fault?
What's your fault Blaine?

Blaine tries to speak but her sobbing is too strong.

MILES

You've got to breathe Blaine... Come on breath with me.

Miles takes a couple deep breaths with Blaine until she's able to speak again.

BLAINE

It's my fault... that the kid on the news died.

MILES

Blaine, he died of an arik overdose. How could you be responsible for that?

BLAINE

He -- he... I...

She looks to Rumpelstiltskin.

BLAINE
 (pleading)
 Please... I can't do it.

Miles looks to Rumpelstiltskin, confused.

MILES
 What? Do you two know each other?

Rumpelstiltskin nods.

MILES
 Okay, can someone please tell me
 what's going on here?

RUMPELSILTSKIN
 Blaine?

BLAINE
 I -- I...

Blaine takes a deep breath with her eyes squeezed shut. She opens them and looks into Miles' eyes.

BLAINE
 I'm... I'm addicted to arik. And I
 sold some to that kid, Miles, 'cause I
 was caught up in a stupid deal 'cause
 I couldn't handle you finding out
 'cause I didn't want you to hate me
 for being so weak and so---so---and--
 and now he's *dead*--

Blaine begins to cry again. A million thoughts are going through Miles' head. Feelings of betrayal for lying to him for so long, for peddling the thing that killed their parents. But when looking at Blaine crumble in the middle of a cafe, uncontrollably sobbing, the only feeling that Miles can focus is his love for his sister.

He wraps his arms around her and holds her tight. She cries harder into his shoulder as she realises that instead of yelling at her or leaving, he's staying by her side.

BLAINE
 I'm sorry Miles... I'm so, so sorry.

MILES
 Shh...

Miles lets Blaine cry for a while in his arms.

MILES

Why didn't tell me sooner? I thought we could tell each other everything.

BLAINE

I was scared... I thought you'd be so angry at me, I thought you would never want to talk to me again.

MILES

Blaine, I would never do that to you. I wish you would've told me sooner, I wish I could've been there for you.

BLAINE

I want to quit Miles. I don't want to be a part of this anymore. That... that kid - I could've stopped him.

MILES

It's not your fault Blaine... I love you, you know that? We'll get through this. Together. Like always.

BLAINE

I love you too. (BEAT) Thank you Miles.

All Blaine and Miles can do at this point is hold each other. They're so wrapped up in their own world they don't notice Rumpelstiltskin pick himself and sneak out the cafe without a sound. His job here is finished.

INT. CLUB BACKSTAGE - EVENING

Miles straps on his guitar. He steps up to the entrance to the stage, but notices Blaine isn't with him. He looks behind and spots her sitting on the couch, scratching incessantly at her thigh and staring at the TV. His eyes move to the TV and he realizes what's playing: a news report covering Theia King and her recently fallen arik business empire. Miles sighs and strolls up to Blaine.

MILES

Hey.

Blaine snaps out of her trance. She looks guiltily up at Miles from the couch.

MILES

Don't worry about her. Focus on

tonight, okay?

Miles holds out a hand for Blaine to grab onto. She takes it and nods, hyping herself up to get on stage.

The announcer introduces their band and Blaine and Miles walk onto stage in the dim lighting as the crowd cheers. As they set up, Blaine notices a familiar figure in the crowd. It's Rumplestiltskin. She pauses briefly, but the sight of him brings her the confidence she needs to start the performance to prove to him that she's doing better than ever and her brother still loves her. She grins sharply and the rush of adrenaline replaces the arik withdrawal.

A guitar strums. The crowd cheers. A tall man in all black smiles proudly. Blaine steps up to the microphone.

BLAINE
(into the mic)
Can you feel it?

CUT TO BLACK.