

DARKLIN

Written by

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ACT ONE:

EXT. DARK WORLD

ALACIE, 16, an optimistic girl with a kind soul masked with sarcasm from the cruel world, cautiously walks down a ominous darkened main street.

A thick red smog fills the air around her. Shadows zip all around stalking her. She pauses and draws a sword. Vines of white light wrap around the blade like snakes.

A shadow stops just out of her sight. She raises the sword and steadies her footing. The shadow steps slowly closer.

ALACIE

You messed with the wrong sector,  
Darklin!

The shadow bolt towards her and she meets it in the middle. Her sword clashes with the Darklin's weapon sending the smog apart in impact.

She glares into the eyes of DARK DEVIN, 20, an edgy tall dark and devilishly handsome guy with darkness seeping from his eyes.

INT. LOFT - MORNING

Alacie jolts up in bed. Her chest heaves as she frantically looks around the small cluttered room.

ALACIE

(groans)  
Oh man that was crazy.

She glances around her dark room.

ALACIE (CONT'D)

This will be perfect for my next  
project.

Alacie pulls out her phone and types quickly on the small bright screen. She glances at the clock and jumps out of bed.

EXT. CITY - DAY

People emerge from the ground and stroll hastily on the streets. They narrow their sights to the mini screens in front of them.

Shouts from the store owners shoo away the night dwellers. Alacie strolls up the subway stairs. She pauses slightly and looks around hesitantly at the similar street that was in her dream.

The people walk around with their faces slumped avoiding one another. A man with his face stuck inside the digital pixels of his phone smashes into her.

ALACIE  
Hey watch it!

The man throws up his hand and keeps walking.

ALACIE (CONT'D)  
Get off your phone!

(to herself)  
Maybe you'll see something  
extraordinary today.

She glances once down the street and swiftly jaywalks across the road. Cars noise their complaint as she opens the coffee shop door.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Alacie strolls inside, the small cute coffee shop gleams from the sunlight. She scans the display case looking dissatisfied.

DEVIN (O.C.)  
Good morning Alacie.

Alacie smiles kindly at DEVIN, 20, he identically resembles the Dark Devin in her dream, but a bit sexier and wearing glasses to complete the package. Also not a trace of darkness present.

ALACIE  
Morning, hey do you have-

Devin slides a brown bag towards her on the counter. She smiles warming.

DEVIN  
Just outta the oven.

ALACIE  
Awe you're perfect.

DEVIN'S GRANDMOTHER, 65, a frail old woman with nothing, but love in her eyes walks out from the back.

DEVIN'S GRANDMOTHER  
Alacie, good morning. Any news yet?

ALACIE  
I should find out today.

DEVIN'S GRANDMOTHER  
We're going to miss you sweetie.  
But never stop yourself from your  
dreams.

ALACIE  
Never.

She smiles good-bye and walks out. Devin looks after her.

DEVIN'S GRANDMOTHER  
I wasn't just talking to her ya  
know.

He smiles.

DEVIN  
Yeah, but she's moving soon.

Devin's grandmother parts her mouth.

DEVIN (CONT'D)  
And don't you even start that  
sentence. You're my family I'd  
never leave you Grandma.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Alacie walks into the three story building. The ground is  
littered with the trash from the previous days. A bum huddles  
in the corner of the stairs.

Alacie pulls out a plain bagel and slips it underneath his  
callus hand. She jogs up the rest of the stairs.

INT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Alacie walks through a loud grand entrance way. Students  
aimlessly push one way or another. Alacie pushes through the  
crowd towards the elevators. She presses the elevator button.

CLASSMATE1  
If you keep feeding them, they'll  
never go away.

Alacie doesn't look from the numbers on the elevator door.

ALACIE

Just cuz you ignore it, the problem  
doesn't just go away.

CLASSMATE1

If you ask me, you're the problem.  
They will go away if they starve.

Alacie parts her mouth in appalled.

ALACIE

I didn't ask you.

The door opens. Alacie walks past him into the elevator. She  
bats his folders under his arm and steps inside.

CLASSMATE1

What the hell Alacie! I worked all  
night finishing these reports.

ALACIE

If you ignore it your problem will  
just go away right?

She smirks as the doors shut.

INT. SCHOOL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Alacie munches down on her soft pastry. The doors open and  
she walks into chaos.

INT. SCHOOL - HALL - CONTINUOUS

She ducks out of the way of two teachers moving a filing  
cabinet. She slips under the radar as two boys fight down the  
hall. She opens her locker swapping out her books.

She slams her locker shut and watches the girls on the  
sidelines record the fight on their phones. She shakes her  
head and disappears into a classroom.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

She slips into her seat and starts her tablet. GREGORIO, 17,  
a cutie nerd peaks over his phone at her.

GREGORIO

So anything yet?

ALACIE  
(hushed)  
I find out today.

GREGORIO  
Don't worry about it Alacie. You  
have this deal in the bag.

Gregorio winks at her.

ALACIE  
You think so?

Gregorio nods stuffing his face with a donut.

GREGORIO  
I've read your stories your  
imagination is insane.

ALACIE  
Aw thanks, Geo. So what's the scoop  
on the Dean's office?

She nods to the janitor rolling a cart of boxes past the  
door.

GREGORIO  
Honestly, nothing. No one is  
spilling the beans.

ALACIE  
Come on you can find anything out.

Gregorio shrugs.

GREGORIO  
No this.

ALACIE  
So you really don't know who the  
new head honcho is going to be?

Gregorio shrugs. Alacie looks around and checks out the  
competitors. She chuckles.

ALACIE (CONT'D)  
It's probably going to be Mrs.  
Gretchen.

Gregorio looks over at Mrs. GRETCHEN, 35, a stick up the butt  
know it all perfectionist.

GREGORIO

Oh god no. I'll pack myself in your  
suitcase if that's the case.

Alacie giggles.

END OF ACT ONE