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Ultraviolet

By Kurt Wimmer

Hello, my name is Violet...
...and I was born into a world
you may not understand.
Coming up. Holding airspeed.
Echo altitude.
Forward and lateral drift.
Numbers falling fast from here.
On my mark.
Three, two, one, mark.
Time lock engaged.
Valves, primary and secondary--
Compositive pressure reached.
Five--
-Freeze!
-It's a trap.
Stay where you are! Don't move!
The man's down. All clear, sir.
Touch nothing, obviously.
Do not leave the building.
Squadrons...
...initiate Area 1 4 procedures.
-Hemophages.
-No surprise.
Flat-space technology.
Dimension-compressing. Very rare.
It's odd.
What was their exit strategy?
How'd they expect to transport
the blood out of here?
-Unless there was no exit strategy.
-Then what's the point?
What if they didn't come to take blood?
What if they came to infect it?
My God. Cross.
Poor bastard.
Yes, I was born into a world
you might not understand.
The trouble began when
an American weapons lab...
...discovered an obscure virus
in Eastern Europe...
...that had been around
for centuries.
They tried to modify it to create

faster and stronger soldiers.
Instead, they created a more
contagious form of the disease...
...a strain called HGV,
Hemoglophagic Virus.
And what do you know,
the disease got out.
And that's when
everything changed.
As previous ages
were defined by terrorism...
...this one was defined
by a fear of disease.
Because one of the side effects
of the disease was longer teeth...
...the media decided
to call it vampirism.
I guess it sold more papers.
The medical establishment took it
upon itself to protect its public.
At first, requiring victims to wear
identifying armbands.
Then rounding them up
in special camps and facilities.
Until finally, people just
stopped hearing from them.
The day the trouble began for me
was the day I learned I was pregnant.
Violet, my God.
The same day I lost my husband...
...my future, my life.
And I, too, disappeared deep inside
a faceless camp...
...subjected to the indignity of
a forced life of endless examination...
...dissection, experimentation.
Like others, the disease started to
progressively change me physically.
My eyesight was sharper.
My hearing, more acute.
Bones, stronger. Healing faster.
Life span, shorter. A lot shorter.
Twelve years, maximum,
infection to death.

Unlike others, I converted with only
a mild sensitivity to light.
Like others, however,
I required frequent transfusions...
...and it didn't help
that I was pregnant.
And, no, we weren't superhuman.
Though we were a lot faster and
a lot stronger than everyone else...
...we die just like everyone else.
And just like everyone else,
without help, we stayed dead.
And though I was resuscitated back
to life for further experimentation...
...the one I'd carried inside me
for nearly nine months, my baby...
...wasn't so lucky.
Those few still on the outside...
...embraced the slur bestowed
upon them, ''vampires''...
...formed a resistance...
...went underground...
...and began fighting back.
And so began...
...the Blood Wars.
And now, the leader of the militant,
medical establishment...
...running this phobic world...
...is Vice-Cardinal
Ferdinand Daxus.
-Vice-cardinal.
-As you know...
...our campaign against
the Hemophages...
...has been highly effective.
We've managed to eradicate
almost all of them.
But, sir, the few that are left
have proven incredibly determined.
Terrorist attacks are at their
highest level ever.
It's not because they're determined.
It's because they're desperate.
Because they know we're on the verge

of wiping them out completely.
For the last 10 years...
...in partnership with
Laboratories for Latter Day Defense...
...I've overseen the development
a weapon...
...that can locate and kill every
Hemophage on the planet in days.
-Is there an ETA, sir?
-Now.
A courier is retrieving it to bring here
to the Archministry as we speak.
XPD-1 54.
Clearance, classified courier.
I'm expected.
Reverse-engineer DNA
identification in process.
Remove your head-covering.
Remove your eye-covering.
Preliminary verification
substantiated.
Please...
...have a seat.
-Mind if I ask what's on the menu?
-The usual.
Retinal testing to detect
the presence of contacts or dyes.
Metabolic sensing to make
certain your metabolism...
...is within human range.
Pulse, respiration.
Just have to make sure
you're human.
If you were a Hemophage...
...we'd already have detected tissue
repair at a microcellular level.
So, what would happen if one
were to fail any of these tests?
Nothing good.
Please remove all articles of clothing
and proceed into the scanner.
Your clothing and personal items
have been sterilized, XPD-1 54.
-May I ask you a question?

-Feel free.
-Do you know what this is about?
-Should I?
No, it's highly classified.
I've been cleared to debrief you...
...because your consciousness...
...of the gravity of this situation may
increase your motivation to complete.
I've never failed to complete.
The Hemophages are a dying species
on the verge of nonexistence.
We've developed a weapon...
...that will push them
past that brink, into extinction.
If this weapon's so important...
...why not have it delivered
by armored convoy?
The convoy you refer
to is departing as we speak.
The Hemophages will do anything in
their power to stop and immobilize it.
It is, of course, a decoy.
XPD-1 54, you'll be receiving
a case containing a weapon.
I don't have to tell you.
Under no circumstances
should you open it.
You're right.
You don't have to tell me.
Identify.
XPD-1 54.
Clearance, classified courier.
Copy, XPD- 1 54.
We've been expecting.
Everything in order, XPD-1 54?
One hundred percent,
comrade doctor.
You're quite certain
everything is in order?
Positively.
Enter your DNA to confirm receipt.
I can only confirm receipt of
the container, not its contents.
That's acceptable.

Opening the case is strictly forbidden.
You understand this?
Perfectly.
The contents are set to self-destruct
in event of non-delivery...
...in exactly nine hours from now.
What is your condition, XPD-1 54?
Are you functional?
XPD-1 54.
Clearance, classified courier.
-Get on the ground!
-On your knees!
-Get down!
-What is going on?
You were entered
and processed 1 5 minutes ago.
Then it wasn't me,
you dumb son of a bitch.
Check my ID. You've got a mite.
I repeat, XPD-1 54,
are you functional?
I don't know what you're talking about.
I'm 1 00 percent functional.
Security breach! Security breach!
Stage yellow alert!
Stage yellow alert!
Intercept, intercept.
Inner defense vault.
Unarmed intruder!
Unarmed intruder!
Facility infiltration.
All security forces at stations.
All security forces at stations.
Facility infiltration.
All security forces at stations.
How did a Hemophage
get past the screens?
Don't know. Maybe meta-suppressants
to subordinate blood characteristics.
All security forces at stations.
Facility infiltration.
All security forces at stations.
All security forces at stations.
-How did she do that?

-She must have...
...some sort
of gravity leveler.
Whatever it is, it's ours now.
She's not going to make it out alive.
Sir, we've ID'd her.
Plague victim.
She was confined to this facility
for experimentation...
...until she escaped...
...after the forced termination
of her pregnancy 1 2 years ago.
Violet Song jat Shariff.
Tell me I'm wrong.
-You're wrong.
-Why are you doing this?
Because I hate humans
with every fiber of my being...
...and I'll kill every
single one of them...
...almost as quickly
as they'll try and kill me.
-You used to be human.
-But not anymore, right?
I got sick, and now
I'm something less than human.
Something worthy of extermination.
It's academic now, isn't it?
You won't make it out of here
with that case.
Watch me.
-She's on the ceiling!
-Shoot! Shoot!
-It's me.
-Did you get it?
Yeah.
But they're serious about
not letting me keep it.
Fine. The objective is
the destruction of the weapon.
If you can't make delivery,
destroy it.
Copy that. Will determine
nature and destroy.

No, V. The attack on
the blood bank failed.
You cannot.
Under no circumstances can you
look inside that case.
If you are compromised,
you must destroy it immediately.
-Read?
-Read.
Oh, shit.
-It's me.
-3-D me.
-Are you clear?
-Negative. They're everywhere.
-I don't know if I can make it.
-You're carrying the bomb?
-Of course.
-Then detonate it. Now.
It'll level the entire block.
May I suggest an alternative?
Open the case and use the weapon.
Negative. Do not open that case, V.
Detonate right now.
Nerva, listen.
You know it doesn't matter to me.
I'll be dead in 36 hours,
no matter what.
But every human for a quarter mile
doesn't have to die with me.
I'm telling you
this is not subject to debate.
The entire fate of our race
is tied up in that case.
Detonate the bomb, destroy the case,
destroy everything. Now.
What about the Archministry?
Goodbye, V.
V, I said goodbye.
Yeah.
Goodbye.
We got her. We got visual.
-Third quadrant.
-She's in the crowd.
Stay on her.

It's not her. Go! Go, go!
-Seal all quadrant.
-Check it out.
-V, what the hell is going on?
-I'm clear.
I told you to destroy the weapon.
I said, I'm clear.
You have the case?
-Affirmative.
-Bring it in.
-What's your status?
-The Needle. In the Chinois Gau.
Ten minutes.
Bravo, V. Bravo.
No one but you
could have pulled this off.
It's not a weapon.
What are you talking about?
It's not a weapon. It's a child.
A human child.
You opened the case.
What difference does it make?
I risked my life for nothing.
I think I had to know
what I was willing to die for.
-You see? Nothing.
-Nothing.
It's not a weapon. It's a child.
It's both.
It's a weapon and a child.
Its blood is swarming with
cultured antigens...
...that would kill all of us on contact.
If they atomize its tissues
into the atmosphere...
...it would be like insecticide
to people like you and me.
It would find us,
and it would kill us.
All of us.
Nerva, wait. If there's an accelerator
for HGV in this child's blood...
....then so is the counter-analog
for decelerating it.

What are you saying, V?
A cure?
Wouldn't it be better than
infecting innocent people?
This child could provide the choice.
If there's a choice, V,
I've already made it.
It's a child.
You can go now. Your work is done.
It was a projection.
Don't over-think it.
Just turns out I was right.
We're getting the hell out of here.
-She went up.
-So go after her.
The Blood Chinois control
the top 10 floors of this building.
Whatever they want, give it to them.
You're not Archministry.
You're not even vampire....
You're Blood Chinois.
Let me pass.
Sorry, Violet. Can't do.
You're going to lose resources, Kar.
Can't be helped.
But I don't think you're
going to make it off this roof.
Watch me.
Hey.
What are you doing up there, huh?
Hey.
It's a nice view, huh?
Why don't you...
...help me up
so I can see it too.
Here. Give me your hand.
Give me your hand.
Help me up. Come on.
It's okay.
Come here.
What do you think you're doing?
You trying to get yourself killed?
Come on.
Stop it. Seal the building.

Any other Phages inside,
I want them hunted down and killed.
Violet Song jat Shariff.
Seal the Needle. Hunt down
and kill any Hemophages inside.
Easy, Violet.
-Do you know who I am?
-How could I not?
Tyrant. Egomaniac.
Narcissist.
That about sums it up,
doesn't it?
Yes, it may be true.
I may have quirks.
But that doesn't mean I'm stupid.
And it certainly doesn't mean
that you make a single move...
...without me knowing about it.
You would've killed me
a long time ago.
Listen, the boy is useless to you.
He's laboratory-bred,
vegetative, practically brain-dead.
Just give him to me,
and you're on your way.
And then you can use him to kill me
and everybody like me.
He's not what you think.
No?
What is he then?
He's my son.
-Hey, Daxus?
-What?
You're full of shit.
Cover your ears.
Cover your ears!
Metro Five is boarding.
Stand clear. Doors closing.
Damaged? Are you damaged?
What am I doing?
Hey!
Park it. Right there.
Don't make me have
to tell you twice. Sit.

Don't get any cute ideas either.
The only reason I saved your life...
...is because whatever is
in your blood can save mine.
If they corner us,
suffer no delusions...
...I will kill you.
-S Squadron entering station.
-Damn it!
Will detain and search train.
Metro Five is boarding.
Just stick close.
I know somebody that can help.
Hello?
Hey, remember me?
Do you have any idea
how serious this is?
These people will kill you
without even thinking.
In fact, they have thought about it, and
that's exactly what they intend to do.
So I suggest you straighten up
before your actions...
...start to impact my ability to survive.
Look...
...I'm just trying to do
what's good for you, okay?
But you gotta stick by me.
Stick by me.
Garth, it's me.
I screwed up.
I screwed up bad.
The case had a kid in it.
-I crossed Nerva.
-I know. He called.
Don't even think about
bringing it here, V.
Damn it, this kid might have
the answer in him.
Now, I'm just gonna be lucky
to get him out of here alive.
-I need your help.
-I'm sorry, V.
My research is too important

to jeopardize for a single child.
Goodbye, V.
What part of those bullets whizzing
by your head didn't you get?
Do you understand anything
I'm saying to you?
Okay, let's start simple.
They had to call you something, right?
You have a name?
I'm Violet.
Hi, pleased to meet you.
Your turn. Go.
Six?
You?
We gotta go.
Damn it.
Give me your arm.
Give me your arm.
Now, you listen to me, Six,
or whatever your name is...
...I might not be able to get you
where I want to go...
...but I'll get your blood there.
Give me your arm before
I take the whole thing.
You think those people are bad?
Well, let me tell you something.
The real monster you don't want
knocking down your door is me.
If I scream...
...we'll both be dead.
Daxus doesn't know
you can speak, does he?
What do you know
about what's going on?
There's a war going on
to the death...
...between humans
and Hemophages.
And, Six, you're a human.
And I'm a Hemophage.
Wait.
Listen, do you remember I said...
...there was something in

your blood that could save my life?
Well, Daxus, he put something
into your blood.
He grew something there.
And whatever that is,
those antigens...
...they may hold the key
to saving my life...
...but they were put there
first and foremost to kill me.
To kill me and everyone like me.
So these men...?
Yeah, Six.
They're after you.
Right now, you're the most
valuable object on this planet.
Unbelievable, V.
You jeopardize
everything by coming here.
The humans want me.
Nerva wants me.
I don't have any place
left to go, Garth.
Besides...
...you have all my guns.
So, what's his story?
You tell me.
Can you make an assessment?
I'll need to draw some blood.
It'll take a few hours.
Sweeper Team A,
inform Archminister Daxus...
...we have the remaining Hemophages
cornered on the 21st floor.
-They're right behind me.
-The lights.
Go night-vision. Take them apart.
Switching to emergency
backup lighting system.
So...
...are you going to kill me?
Think you can?
I think you and I have matters
of mutual self-interest to discuss.

Sit down.
Humans are celebrating something.
Where is this?
When I was a kid...
...when I was just a little girl...
...I used to dream
about this old, dusty road.
And this road would go on
as far as the eye could see.
There was all these little white flowers
growing around the edges.
And it was such a peaceful place.
It was a happy place.
But then you realize...
...when life settles in around you...
...places like this don't exist.
You're dying.
Yeah.
I am.
I'm sorry.
Do you read Thaihindi?
All right. Look.
'Comrade.'
'Lover.'
'Wife.'
And this one....
This one was
gonna say 'mother'...
...but I got sick...
...and all that
became impossible.
You're not looking so good.
I need to transfuse you.
Just be thankful you didn't convert
with light sensitivity too.
You do this?
-What is it?
-I'm not sure.
It looks chemical...
...but it seems to be done in the
pre-collapse form of Western notation.
It was probably him.
What is he?
I know what he's not.

He's not someone who has
a single molecule...
...of vampiral antigen in his blood.
That's what he's not.
He's not someone
who's any good to us.
We can't reverse-engineer
a cure out of his blood.
-What?
-If that's not bad enough, the kid's hot.
Practically radioactive.
He's got a tracking device in him
that's accurate to about 1 00 meters.
We're shielded in here.
I don't understand.
Why would Nerva
want me to get him so badly?
And why were the humans
guarding him so closely?
I don't know.
But whatever they did put in the kid,
Violet, it's killing him.
Some kind of aggressive,
antagonistic protein.
Very predictable decay.
He's got a shelf life
of about eight hours.
The kid's toast, V.
Why are you doing this?
He's just a child.
It's a human child, Garth.
And besides, what you're doing here
is too valuable to jeopardize.
Goodbye, Garth.
You've got a tracking device in you.
We've got to get moving
before it locks on. Come on.
Daxus. My phone number changes
every 60 seconds.
Disposable phone printing.
Thank you.
Garth, it's me.
They've been tracking my phone.
You better get moving.

-Okay.
-Violet.
Maybe it's me.
Come on.
Violet, wait.
What are we doing?
I would be neglecting my duties...
...if I didn't get a growing boy fed,
wouldn't I?
Credit card. All right,
so you take this over there...
...and see if you can't find us
something to eat.
Go on.
Six.
You should really...
...put your mask up.
Goodbye, Violet.
-It's urgent.
-Response team moving out.
Alpha Squad, Alpha Squad.
Alpha Squad, we have visual.
What am I doing?
It's not him.
-Secure lockdown.
-Initiate area-quarantine procedures.
Six.
Wait.
Six!
Sorry, V.
Violet Song jat Shariff.
What are you thinking?
We're not Blood Chinois.
We're as fast as you.
We're as strong as you.
Yeah.
But...
...are you one-tenth
as pissed off as I am?
Careful, V.
Gunfire will attract
the human security teams.
You might win the battle,
but you'd lose the war, V.

V, wait.
Don't you realize
what this child has in him?
I don't care
what this child has in him.
It's not a vampiral antigen,
but a human antigen.
Lethal enough to kill
every human on the planet.
Why would humans create
a human antigen?
What do I, or even you, care why?
Daxus has offered us
a most tempting proposal.
One that would finally
even the odds for us.
So just walk away, V.
Walk away.
Are you insane?
You won't drop him.
You need him more than I do.
End her.
What did they put in me, Violet?
Don't you see?
That mechanism Daxus,
your father, put inside you...
...it's an antagonistic protein.
It's very precise.
And it's gonna shut you down, Six.
It's gonna kill you, Six.
If I don't find some way....
If I don't find some....
I just need some time.
I just need....
-Hello, Violet.
-3-D me.
This is a surprise.
I want you to take out
whatever you put in the kid.
Oh, I wish that was possible,
but there is no cure for the antigen.
-I don't believe you.
-Just bring him to me.
The antigen dies with the boy...

...and neither of them are
any good to anybody.
You said you were his father,
for God's sake.
No, Violet.
I don't have a father.
No, more precisely...
...he's my clone.
Number six in a series of eight.
What the hell difference does it make?
He's a child, you monster.
Monster?
And what are you?
And more importantly,
what does that make him to you?
Some sort of bizarre,
maternal surrogate?
A vampire and a dying human child.
What a pathetic picture.
I'll make you another, Violet.
One that's not broken.
You won't even be able
to tell the difference. I promise.
And I may even be able to help you
with that problem in your own blood.
-Trace.
-Why track the call?
I'll tell you where I am.
I want you to bring me the boy.
I'll bring you a lot more than that,
you prick.
I have 700 soldiers here with me.
What do you really think
you could do against that many men?
I can kill them.
Archministry.
Let's go meet your maker.
Auto-guide on.
You can't make it in.
Thanks for the vote of confidence.
Haven't you been paying attention?
Killing is what I do.
It's what I'm good at.
I am a titan.

A monolith.
Nothing can stop me.
I can see it.
What the hell choice do I have?
A very clear one.
To watch me die.
Or make me...
...watch you do the same.
-Are you mental?
-The antidote.
I told you, there is no cure.
You wouldn't create an antigen
without an antidote...
...you could administer to yourself
and your manciples.
Very nice, Violet.
Well, yes, there is an antidote.
And, yes, when I get the boy...
...I isolate the antigen
and release it into the atmosphere.
Anyone who wants to live will
queue up daily at this door to get it.
I thought we were
the ones you hated.
I thought we were the ones
you were trying to wipe out.
That's the problem.
You were. Past tense.
But now that you and those like you
are all but extinct...
...what's someone like me--
Someone with a job to do.
--going to use
to keep order in a society...
...that, left to itself, would sprint
toward chaos like an Olympic event?
We did our job too well.
Now, must we make amends.
You disgust me.
It's a relative term, Violet.
Give me what I want.
Come and get it.
You won't have him.
Projection disruption.

There's just too many, V.

Just too many.

Six.

-Violet.

-I'm here. I'm here.

What's that sound, V?

V, what's that sound?

It's just the wind.

It's just the wind.

Too late. He's gone.

Quarantine the corpse.

Get it to the Archministry.

Maybe we can salvage

something out of it.

And her, sir?

Have an incendiary team sanitize

the area immediately.

-All personnel, clear the area.

-Get the body on ice.

Prepare it for disassembly.

-We'll go in for salvage at daybreak.

-Yes, doctor.

All personnel,

clear the area immediately.

Violet.

Violet.

Violet.

Violet.

Garth?

We very thoughtfully subbed in

for the incendiary team.

Your heart stopped three times...

...but after four hours of surgery

and a lot of prayer...

...we managed to save your life.

You what?

Careful.

I was there, Garth. I was there.

You brought me back?

For what?

So I could do it all over again?

Why? Why?

Isn't it...?

Isn't it obvious?

Why won't you ever let anyone in?
Because...
...these moments...
...as beautiful as they are...
...they're evil when they're gone.
Has the third act begun yet?
It's just about to.
It's just about to.
Violet. It's me, Garth.
Listen, turn on the TV.
You're all over the place.
Every channel.
-Just minutes ago--
-Listen to me.
I know you're in a bad place.
But what the boy wrote down
on that piece of paper...
...it has something to do
with the HGV virus.
I know it. I can feel it.
Violet, if you could just give me
a little more time.
V, are you listening?
A number of helicopters
were also spotted at the scene--
-Where are you?
-Outer 1 0th Artery. Westbound.
Stay on course. I'll converge in 1 5.
Archministry on approach.
You can't get in there.
It's impossible.
Why do you think we had you
intercept the case...
-...before it got back to Archministry?
-I'm aware of that.
What's the point? Retribution?
-The boy is dead.
-He's not dead.
-What do you mean?
-Weapons capacity reached.
I mean Six is alive.
Violet, how can he be alive?
Look, what the boy
wrote down on the paper...

...it's the chemical foundation
of what I'm certain...
...is a cure for hemoglophagia.
Daxus' researchers probably
developed it...
...in the same lab
that he was bred in.
Just give me a little time.
I can cure you.
I know it.
The antigen can't survive
without a living host.
However, we may be able to salvage
some viable basic protein analogs...
...that will save us time in re-culturing
the antigen in another clone.
Searching for concealed weapons.
Number of weapons found: many.
I'm here to see the vice-cardinal.
Yellow alert! Yellow alert!
Yellow alert! Yellow alert!
Yellow alert! Yellow alert!
Yellow alert!
-It's-- It's her.
-She's dead.
Oh, my God.
Single female intruder identified
at Security Portal One.
Please remain calm.
Pacification and neutralization
is underway.
The boy's dead.
This is pure suicide.
Yellow alert upgraded.
Orange alert.
One woman against 14 men?
It's ridiculous.
Have the Gas Guard waiting
for her in the library.
-I'm going to level her.
-Orange alert.
How much weaponry
does she have left?
Based on the scans taken

from the security portal...

...plenty.

Okay.

Red alert. Red alert.

Red alert. Red alert.

You are all gonna die.

Is that all you've got?

Violet, the boy is dead.

You obviously don't have
a clear grasp of what dead really is.

Allow me to demonstrate.

For God's sakes.

Violet, I'm unarmed.

Not yet, you're not.

No.

You got Hemo blood on me.

It is on.

Yeah, it is.

Yes, no doubt, in a fair fight
you would beat me.

But that's not how I got
where I am today.

Can you see me, Violet?

No?

Too bad you converted with
only mild light sensitivity.

Unlike me.

-What?

-That's right, Violet.

How do you think

a lowly lab technician...

...made that meteoric rise
through the ranks?

What accident of providence...

...do you think gave him
those additional qualities?

Yes, Violet...

...I'm like you.

My God.

With the minor exception that
I'm going to walk out of here alive.

Violet?

Violet.

Do you believe in God, Violet?

Do you hope he's merciful?
Do you think he'll welcome you
into his arms...
...like the so very many you've
sent his way?
Hey, Daxus.
You know, after this,
I think he will.
Six.
Six, wake up.
Violet?
But...
...I thought I was dead.
No.
You've just been reborn.
Violet?
Violet.
Violet.
-It's okay.
-No, it's not.
Violet, listen to me.
There's a cure.
I know.
I've found it.
Come on.
Yes, I was born into a world
you might not understand...
...but a world, as it turns out...
...where hope still lives.
And my body?
Would Garth be able to fix it...
...the way another
had cured my soul?
Maybe, maybe not.
But this I do know:
All those still out there
who spread oppression...
...injustice and hatred...
...they better hope not.