

VIRUS

Story

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Screenplay

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FADE IN:

EXT. MASSIVE STADIUM - DAY

A roaring crowd fills the bleachers, their voices vibrating through the stadium. Huge banners and posters wave in the wind, adorned with a single name: VIRUS MACNAMARA.

A man, VIRUS MACNAMARA (late 20s), sits atop a gleaming motorcycle. He's dressed head-to-toe in bright yellow leather with "VIRUS MACNAMARA" printed boldly down the front and back of his jumpsuit. His helmet, matching his outfit, conceals his face.

Virus slowly opens his eyes to the sight of the eager crowd. He breathes in the electric atmosphere.

Virus takes a deep breath and flips down the visor of his helmet. He revs the engine-its powerful roar echoes through the arena, cutting through the mounting silence.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(loud and commanding)

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now for the moment you have all been waiting for!

Virus Macnamara will attempt the impossible yet again, setting his sights on breaking the record of jumping not just 2 or 3 buses, but five.

The crowd gasps, spellbound.

Virus focused and unflinching, his grip tightening on the handlebars. He takes one last look at the ramp ahead.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(serious, almost reverent)

This feat has never been done before. So please, let's keep it silent.

The audience grows still, the hum of the engine the only sound in the vast stadium.

Close on Virus's hand he releases the clutch. His foot hits the pedal, and he's off.

Angle on the crowd watching, eyes wide, breaths held.

Virus as he gains speed, roaring toward the ramp at breakneck pace.

The motorcycle hits the ramp, and Virus soars into the air, gliding over the buses lined up beneath him.

The motorcycle spins through the air in slow motion as he fights to control it, inches from disaster.

THE CROWD

Ooooooohs in unison, their gasps
swelling to a crescendo as they watch
Virus sail through the air.

Virus so close to the fifth bus, but he's losing altitude.
CRASH!

The motorcycle COLLIDES with the bus roof, crumpling upon impact, and bursts into flames.

Crowd panicking as screams ring out. The firefighters and medics rush forward, fighting through the blaze.

Smoke and fire obscure everything. For a moment, there's silence as the crowd strains to see through the thick black smoke.

Then, from the flames, two firefighters emerge, dragging a figure in a helmet. The man's hand lifts, weak but unmistakable, waving.

The crowd goes wild with cheers and applause.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(excited, almost
laughing)

Ladies and gentlemen, I do not believe
it! He's done it again. Virus
Macnamara has survived the impossible!

Virus standing, battered and smudged with soot, yet triumphant. He pulls off his helmet, revealing his worn but determined face. He gives a small wave and manages a smile.

The crowd roars in admiration, celebrating the legend who refuses to die.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. MACNAMARA FARM - DAY

A young Yigal (around 10 years old) runs across the sprawling fields of the family farm.

His clothes are worn, patched, and dusty, but his face shines with excitement and curiosity.

He hops over a fence and climbs a tree, overlooking the land, dreaming of the adventures he'll have beyond the farm.

INT. FARM SHED - DAY

Inside the shed, LEON MACNAMARA (50s), Yigal's father, stands hunched over a cluttered workbench filled with nuts, bolts, and strange metal contraptions.

He is a tall and rugged German man with an intense, inventive gaze, wipes sweat from his brow as he works tirelessly on a mechanical device, muttering to himself in German.

YOUNG YIGAL

(darting in, wide-eyed)

What are you working on today, Papa?

Leon turns to him with a proud, yet weary smile, gesturing at the device on the bench.

LEON MACNAMARA

(speaks with a thick accent)

Ah, Yigal! Today, I am building...
(pauses, leans in conspiratorially)
A new way to plow the fields. Faster, stronger than anything we have.

(with passion)

Imagine it-no more back-breaking labor, no more endless hours with the old plow!

He sweeps his arm dramatically, illustrating a world free from toil. Yigal's eyes grow wider, captivated.

YOUNG YIGAL

(amazed)

Really, Papa?

LEON MACNAMARA

(nods, serious)

Faster, ja. (Leans in, voice lowering) And maybe... one day... people will see this machine and remember the name Macnamara. A name that means greatness, just like your grandfather's.

Leon gestures to a worn, black-and-white photograph propped up on a nearby shelf.

It shows an American man, tall and proud, standing beside a curious-looking machine—a contraption of gears and pulleys, captured in a moment of hopeful ambition.

He has the same intense look that Leon carries, but with an edge of American grit and determination in his eyes.

LEON MACNAMARA (CONT'D)

(sighs, almost to
himself)

Your grandfather... he was an inventor too, an unrecognized one. Brilliant ideas, but he never got them across the line. People said he was ahead of his time... or maybe just too stubborn to fit in.

Leon turns back to Yigal, a spark of pride and a hint of resolve in his gaze.

LEON MACNAMARA (CONT'D)

(grinning slightly)

But this time, Yigal... maybe we'll finish what he started.

Yigal beams up at his father, pride swelling in his small chest. Leon places a hand firmly on his shoulder, his gaze intense.

LEON MACNAMARA (CONT'D)

(softly, almost to
himself)

You see, Yigal... sometimes a man has to do more than just live. He has to reach... to create. Only then can he be free.

YOUNG YIGAL

(breathless)

And I can help, too, Papa? I want to build things just like you!

Leon chuckles, the sound both warm and tired. He brushes a bit of dust off Yigal's shoulder.

LEON MACNAMARA

Ah, my boy, you already do.

(pauses, serious)

But it's not just building things. You have to put your whole heart in it-every dream, every failure.

(lean closer)

Always aim for the stars, Yigal. Because one day... you just might reach 'em.

Yigal stares up at his father, his eyes filled with awe, the words sinking in deeply.

He takes a step forward, eyes flicking from the machine to his father's face.

YOUNG YIGAL

(sincere)

I'll make you proud, Papa. I'll
build something... something big.

Leon's smile fades slightly, his expression softening with a hint of sadness as he places both hands on Yigal's shoulders, looking at him earnestly.

LEON MACNAMARA

(somber, heartfelt)

Pride is not enough, Yigal. You
must be happy.

(pauses, searching
his face)

Remember that. Don't let it slip
away, ja?

Yigal nods solemnly, though he's not quite sure what his father means. Leon gives him a reassuring pat on the back and turns back to his workbench, gesturing for Yigal to watch as he assembles a piece.

LEON MACNAMARA (CONT'D)

Now, watch closely. One day, it'll
be you who's doing this.

The two share a moment of silence, Leon absorbed in his work, Yigal standing beside him, eyes bright with ambition.

The faint whirring of the machine fills the air, and a subtle spark of determination lights up Yigal's gaze as he watches his father, absorbing every motion, every word, every dream.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Inside the small farmhouse, KLARA MACNAMARA (40s), Yigal's mother, sits alone at the kitchen table, a bottle of whiskey and a half-smoked cigarette within reach.

She's a petite Polish woman, hardened by years of labor and worry, her face etched with fatigue.

She pours herself a drink, glancing occasionally at the clock. The house is silent.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Young Yigal tiptoes into the room, peeking at his mother from the doorway. Klara notices him and sighs, setting her drink down.

KLARA MACNAMARA

(softly, tired)

Yigal, come here.

Yigal walks over cautiously. She reaches out, placing a hand on his shoulder, her gaze soft but distant.

KLARA MACNAMARA (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Sometimes... life is harder than you can imagine.

(pauses)

Keeping this place together, it takes everything out of a person.

She gives him a weak smile and pats his shoulder, before picking up her cigarette. Yigal looks at her, seeing the shadows of the life she hides from him.

KLARA MACNAMARA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

One day... maybe you'll make something of yourself, huh?

Yigal nods, feeling both inspired and confused by the weight in her words.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The small dining room is dimly lit by a single overhead lamp. Klara sits across from Leon, her face tense and tired. Yigal, excited from the day's events, eagerly devours his meal.

Klara watches Leon, frustration in her gaze, before finally breaking the silence.

KLARA

(sighs)

Leon, we need to talk about the money. Or rather... the lack of it.

LEON

(pauses mid-bite)

Klara, I know things are tight. But I'm close, really close, to something big.

KLARA

(close to snapping)

You've been "close" for years, Leon. I've been carrying this family, working all hours, while you sit in that shed... building things that don't work!

Yigal's eyes widen, and he looks back and forth between his parents, uncertain.

LEON

(defensive)

They do work, Klara! They just... need some fine-tuning. But once I finish this one, you'll see. It's different this time.

KLARA

(leans forward, voice low and firm)

Different? How? I'm exhausted, Leon. I work myself to the bone, scrubbing, cooking, and keeping this farm running... alone! And Yigal-he needs clothes, food, things we can't afford.

LEON

(softens, glancing at Yigal)

I know. I know he deserves more. But this machine... it's the breakthrough I've been waiting for.

KLARA

(exasperated)

Your machine won't put food on the table, Leon! I'm begging you... find a real job. Even something small. Just to help. Please.

Leon grips his fork tightly, his jaw clenched. He doesn't meet her eyes.

LEON

(stubborn)

You think I haven't tried? I've gone to the factories, to the shops... They don't want a man like me. Not one with... ideas.

KLARA

(defeated)

Ideas don't feed a family, Leon. Yigal deserves a father who contributes, not one who hides in a shed all day.

Leon sighs heavily, the weight of her words pressing down on him.

LEON

(quietly)

I'm not hiding, Klara.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)
I'm working toward something. I'm
doing this for us-for Yigal.

KLARA
(shakes her head)
He doesn't need inventions, Leon.
He needs stability, and he needs
you. Not in a shed... here, with us.

Yigal's fork clatters to his plate as he looks at his mother,
confused.

YOUNG YIGAL
(piping up)
Mama... Papa's going to build something
amazing! He told me!

Klara forces a smile, brushing a hand over Yigal's hair.

KLARA
(sighs)
Oh, sweetheart... I hope so.

Leon looks up, a mixture of pride and frustration in his eyes.

LEON
(muttering)
You've always known I wasn't a simple
man, Klara. You knew I dreamed big.
And you loved that about me once.

KLARA
(softly)
I still do, Leon. But I love this
family more. I just... I need you to
show me that we're worth as much to
you as those machines.

Leon stares down at his plate, at a loss for words. The weight
of her plea hangs in the air.

LEON
(whispering)
I promise, Klara. I'm close. When
this works... when I succeed, you'll
see it was all worth it.

KLARA
(shakes her head)
I want to believe you, Leon. But
promises don't keep the lights on.

Leon reaches across the table, his hand covering hers. Klara
hesitates, then lets out a long, tired sigh.

KLARA (CONT'D)

(sighing)

Just... think about what I said.

The room falls silent as they return to their meal, each lost in their own thoughts. Yigal looks between them, sensing the tension but not fully understanding.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is silent. A faint ticking clock echoes in the dimly lit room. Klara sits alone by the small window, a nearly empty bottle of whiskey beside her.

Her eyes are heavy with exhaustion, a distant look in them. She takes another sip, wincing as the burn settles in her chest.

Klara holds a small, framed photograph in her hands, her fingers gently tracing its edge. The image shows two newborn babies—a boy and a girl—swaddled side by side in soft blankets.

Their tiny faces are serene, eyes closed, lost in innocent slumber. The boy has a faint wisp of hair, while the girl's head is crowned with a delicate pink bow, added by Klara herself, immediately after birth.

KLARA (CONT'D)

(whispering, voice
shaky)

Why did it all turn out this way?
So much for dreams... so much for love.

She laughs bitterly, running her fingers along the edge of her glass. Outside, the faint outline of the farm is visible under the moonlight—bare fields stretching into the dark.

KLARA (CONT'D)

(sighing)

What happened to us, Leon? To the
life we wanted...

She pauses, her gaze drifting to the shadows in the room.

KLARA (CONT'D)

(barely audible)

God, I just... I just want the pain to
go. Please. Just... take it away.

She lifts the glass to her lips, emptying it, then slumps back in the chair, staring blankly into the night as if searching for an escape in the darkness.

A tear slips down her cheek, but she doesn't notice.

LEON

Yes, exactly like that. One day,
you'll find your own path, Yigal.
It won't be easy, but you'll know
what to do.

He ruffles Yigal's hair, looking at him with a mixture of hope and determination.

LEON (CONT'D)

Just remember... aim for the stars.

Yigal's eyes sparkle, his young mind already filled with dreams. He hugs his father tightly, feeling safe and certain, if only for this moment.

EXT. FIELD NEAR WATER TOWER - DAY

A large crowd gathers at the base of a tall water tower under a clear, expansive sky.

People murmur with a mixture of excitement and apprehension, craning their necks to see Leon standing proudly atop the tower, his white clothes and outstretched wings gleaming in the morning sun.

Among the crowd, a boy darts through the field.

EXT. FAR END OF THE FIELD - DAY

Young Yigal, runs as fast as he can, breathless and determined. His small figure cuts through the golden field, his eyes locked on the tower in the distance.

His chest heaves as he races, not fully understanding what he's running toward-just that he has to get there.

EXT. WATER TOWER - BASE - DAY

The crowd shuffles, whispering, anticipation mounting as Leon lifts his arms, adjusting his handcrafted wings.

He surveys the crowd below, his eyes landing on Yigal, pushing through the crowd.

A faint smile appears on Leon's face, a mixture of pride and confidence.

LEON

(loudly)
For years, men tried to conquer the
sky.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)

From the time Icarus attempted to touch the sun and so brought death upon himself, to today, when huge machines carry hundreds of men high above the earth... But still, we remain tethered, unable to fly as freely as the birds. They are creatures of the sky, one with the blue above us. Today, my friends, I, Leon Macnamara, am going to conquer the sky. I am going to fly like a bird, and you are all going to be witnesses to this triumph. You, my friends, are the lucky ones.

EXT. FIELD NEAR WATER TOWER - DAY

Yigal pushes harder, feet pounding the ground, closing the distance. His heart races as he approaches the crowd.

He breaks through the edges, dodging between adults who look down at him, a mixture of pity and sadness in their faces.

He finally reaches the front row. Just as he arrives, a hand reaches out, clutching his shoulder.

Yigal looks up to see his mother, her eyes wet with worry, tears streaming down her face.

She holds him tightly, as if trying to shield him from the scene unfolding above.

KLARA

(whispering, voice
trembling)

Yigal... don't look. Please, don't watch.

Yigal stares up at her, then turns back to the tower, where his father stands poised, ready to jump.

EXT. WATER TOWER - TOP - DAY

Leon stands still for a moment, the breeze rustling the feathers of his homemade wings.

He takes a deep breath, eyes fixed on the horizon, where the sky seems to stretch endlessly, inviting him. For a moment, he looks almost serene—a man who believes he can fly.

Leon glances down and spots Yigal. Their eyes meet, and Leon's face breaks into a warm smile, full of love and certainty, as if silently telling Yigal that this is his destiny.

LEON
(to himself)
Always aim for the stars.

With one last look at his son, Leon leaps from the tower.

EXT. FIELD NEAR WATER TOWER - DAY

The crowd gasps collectively, some covering their mouths as Leon soars through the air, his wings glinting under the sun.

He seems to hover, suspended, looking for an instant like an angel as he floats toward the earth below.

Yigal stares up, captivated, his young mind still grasping for understanding, his eyes wide with hope, admiration, and awe.

In this moment, his father looks ethereal-larger than life.

YOUNG YIGAL
(breathless)
Papa...

EXT. SKY ABOVE FIELD - DAY

Leon descends, his wings struggling to stabilize his flight. He smiles, lifting his arms as if to catch the wind, his face shining with the realization of his dream.

But as he drops further, the wings begin to falter, wobbling under his weight.

His expression shifts, the confidence slipping from his face as he realizes something has gone terribly wrong.

He tries to regain control, flapping the wings, but they buckle, and his descent becomes a plummet.

EXT. FIELD NEAR WATER TOWER - DAY

Yigal watches, his small body frozen in horror. Klara pulls him close, her grip firm, but Yigal doesn't resist.

His eyes stay fixed on the sky as his father's figure crashes down, out of control, wings crumpling.

The crowd gasps, a collective scream piercing the air. Some turn away, others rush forward, but Yigal remains, silent, clutching his mother's hand.

Klara's face is wet with tears as she stares in horror at the spot where Leon has fallen, whispering under her breath.

KLARA

(trembling)

Oh, Leon... why did you have to try?

Yigal's eyes never leave the sky, as if he's still searching for his father up there, wanting to believe he'll rise back up.

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

The crowd has dispersed, leaving the field empty and silent. Yigal stands alone now, staring at the distant horizon where his father vanished.

His young face is solemn, bearing a new weight, a wound that hasn't begun to heal.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. OLD PARK TRAILER - DAWN

The sun peeks over the horizon, casting a soft golden glow across a desolate patch of grass.

A battered trailer sits in the foreground, its faded paint peeling and the wheels sunk slightly into the ground.

A rusty pickup truck, equally worn, is parked nearby. In the back of the truck, a sleek STUNT BIKE is secured, its chrome gleaming faintly in the morning light.

INT. PARK TRAILER - DAWN

Inside the trailer, the light filters through the thin curtains. Yigal now an adult in his early 30s, rugged and determined, is crouched over a small workbench littered with tools.

His hands move deftly as he makes mechanical repairs on his beloved motorbike.

A small DOG, a scruffy mix he found abandoned on the side of the road, lies curled up nearby, eyes half-closed but alert.

YIGAL

(whispering to the
dog)

You know, Max, every time I fix her
up, I can feel the dreams bubbling
inside.

Max lifts his head, ears perked up, sensing the energy in Yigal's voice.

YIGAL (CONT'D)

We've got a big day ahead of us.

EXT. PARK TRAILER - LATER

The sun has fully risen, illuminating the surroundings. Yigal emerges from the trailer, wiping grease from his hands onto a rag. He takes a deep breath, inhaling the fresh morning air.

YIGAL

(to Max)

Time for a little practice before we hit the road.

He leads Max out to a nearby open space, where the grass is long and wild. Yigal sets up a small makeshift area with cones and markers, sketching out a series of stunts in the dirt with a stick.

YIGAL (CONT'D)

(enthusiastic)

Today, we'll work on the jump and the roll! Gotta keep the crowd entertained, right?

Max barks in agreement, running around excitedly.

BEGIN MONTAGE - PRACTICE STUNTS

Yigal practices various stunts on his bike, each time pushing the limits just a little further.

He jumps over the cones, executing a perfect landing, and falls into a roll on the ground, getting back up with a grin.

Max runs alongside, barking and wagging his tail, urging Yigal on.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. PARK TRAILER - EVENING

The sky is painted in shades of orange and purple as the sun begins to set. Yigal sits outside the trailer, sketching in a worn notebook, a focused expression on his face.

YIGAL

(quietly to himself)

Just a few more tweaks...

He looks up as a gentle breeze rustles the grass, and he takes a moment to absorb the tranquility around him.

The only sound is the soft rustling of leaves and the distant chirping of crickets.

YIGAL (CONT'D)

(to Max)

You know, it's moments like this
that make all the craziness worth
it.

Max rests his head on Yigal's lap, his eyes closing as he relaxes. Yigal scratches behind his ears, deep in thought.

YIGAL (CONT'D)

One day, we'll be performing in front
of thousands. They'll all know the
name Yigal Macnamara.

EXT. PARK TRAILER - NIGHT

As darkness envelops the landscape, Yigal sets up a small campfire. The flickering flames illuminate his face, revealing a mixture of determination and vulnerability.

YIGAL

(staring into the
fire)

This is just the beginning, Max.

The dog looks up at him, sensing the gravity of his words. Yigal leans back against the trailer, letting the heat of the fire warm him.

The camera pulls away, revealing the quiet solitude of the park, a small oasis for a dreamer on the move.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - MORNING

A stretch of desolate highway winds through the barren landscape, the sun beating down relentlessly.

The battered trailer rattles as it's towed by the rusty pickup truck, which strains against the weight.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MORNING

Yigal grips the steering wheel, sweat glistening on his brow. He glances at the road ahead, his face a mask of determination.

Next to him, Max lounges in the passenger seat, head resting on the window, tongue lolling out.

YIGAL

(to Max)

Another day, another show. You ready
to impress the crowd, buddy?

Max barks softly, his excitement infectious. Yigal chuckles, turning up the radio, which plays a vintage rock song that fills the truck with energy.

MONTAGE - ROAD TRIP

Yigal sings along to the music, glancing at Max who seems to enjoy the ride. The truck speeds past iconic landmarks of America—a diner, a roadside attraction, a billboard advertising a local circus.

The sun begins to set, casting a golden hue over the highway as Yigal pulls off the road to find a place to set up for the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - EVENING

Yigal parks the trailer in an empty lot near the edge of a small town. The fading light casts long shadows, and the air is filled with the sound of cicadas.

YIGAL
(looking around)
This looks like a good spot. Let's
set up camp, Max.

He unloads the bike from the pickup and rolls it onto the grassy area, performing a few warm-up exercises.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

A few locals gather in the nearby area, their curiosity piqued by the arrival of the strange vehicle. Yigal notices them and flashes a confident smile.

YIGAL
(calling out)
Hey there! You folks want to see
something special?

Some people laugh and nod, while others seem skeptical but intrigued. Yigal revs his motorbike to get their attention, and they slowly approach, gathering around him.

YIGAL (CONT'D)
Come on! Just a little taste of
what you can expect tomorrow.

MONTAGE - IMPROMPTU SHOW

Yigal performs a series of stunts, jumping over makeshift ramps made from crates and cardboard.

The locals cheer and laugh, drawn in by his charisma and skill.

Max runs alongside the bike, barking excitedly, adding to the festive atmosphere.

EXT. TOWN - LATER

As the sun sets and the stars begin to twinkle, the crowd has grown.

Families, children, and even some skeptical adults are captivated by Yigal's fearless performances.

YIGAL

(taking a break)

Alright, folks, I hope you enjoyed that! I'll be back tomorrow for the big show!

The crowd cheers, and Yigal smiles, soaking in the moment. A young boy approaches him, eyes wide with admiration.

YOUNG BOY

That was awesome! Can you teach me how to ride?

YIGAL

(grinning)

Sure thing! It takes practice, but if you're willing, I'll show you a few tricks.

The boy beams, and Yigal pats him on the shoulder.

YIGAL (CONT'D)

Just remember, it's all about having fun and pushing your limits.

EXT. PARK TRAILER - NIGHT

Later, Yigal sits by the fire outside the trailer, reflecting on the day. The warmth of the flames flickers against his face, and he takes a moment to breathe in the stillness of the night.

YIGAL

(to himself)

This is what it's all about.
Connecting with people, making them smile.

Max curls up next to him, eyes closing as he drifts into sleep. Yigal leans back, the stars shining brightly above, feeling a sense of purpose settling in his heart.

EXT. ROADSIDE SERVICE STATION/DINER - NIGHT

Yigal pulls into a quiet, dimly lit service station off a lonely stretch of highway. The faint hum of crickets and the glow of the diner's neon "OPEN" sign are the only signs of life.

A WOMAN (late 20s) stands beside a beat-up car with the hood propped open, her CHILD (5) holding onto her skirt, wide-eyed.

Yigal gets off his bike and approaches the car with quiet confidence, nodding politely to the woman.

YIGAL

Need a hand?

The woman smiles, a mix of gratitude and exhaustion.

WOMAN

Would you? I thought I could make it to the next town, but...

(sighs)

It died on me.

Yigal takes a quick look under the hood, making adjustments as the woman watches. The child tugs on her mother's skirt and whispers loudly.

CHILD

Is he a superhero?

Yigal chuckles, shaking his head as he continues to work on the engine.

YIGAL

Not a superhero, kid. Just passing through.

The woman tilts her head, curious.

WOMAN

You don't look like you're just passing through. What's your name?

Yigal hesitates, the question hanging in the air. He looks down, as if considering the weight of the name.

YIGAL

It's... Yigal.

The woman frowns slightly, sensing his hesitation.

WOMAN

Yigal, huh? That's a unique name. Where's it from?

YIGAL

Gazing out into the dark night)
It's... a name I left behind a while
ago.

The child pipes up, fascinated.

CHILD

What would you call yourself if you
could pick a name?

Yigal's eyes drift, focusing on a sign in the diner window.
He smirks, a glint of fascination sparking in his eyes.

YIGAL

I think... Virus. "VIRUS MACNAMARA"

The woman's face twists in confusion.

WOMAN

Virus? Why that?

YIGAL

It's small. Invisible to most, but
powerful.
(pauses)
Destructive.

The woman's smile fades as she takes in his words. There's a
glimmer of pain in his eyes, barely hidden beneath his calm
demeanor.

YIGAL (VIRUS) (CONT'D)

The more damage it does, the more it
spreads. Like it has something to
prove. Just like me.

The woman looks at him with a hint of sympathy.

WOMAN

Maybe, but viruses don't have to
hurt to exist.

He doesn't respond, returning to work on her car until it
rumbles back to life. He stands, wiping his hands, his face
set.

YIGAL (VIRUS)

Name doesn't change what it is.
Destruction is what it does best.

The woman's car now fixed, she offers him a grateful nod, but
she doesn't argue. Virus walks back to his bike, his mind
made up.

As he rides away, the woman and child watch him, their figures shrinking in his rearview mirror. Yigal fades, and from this moment, VIRUS is BORN!

EXT. TRAVELING CIRCUS - DAY

The sun shines brightly over the colorful tents of the traveling circus, the air alive with excitement and the sounds of laughter.

Brightly painted signs advertise the show, enticing onlookers to come inside. Yigal stands outside, watching the bustling crowd, his eyes wandering over the vibrant chaos.

VIRUS

(to himself)

I could use a little circus magic today.

He steps inside the tent, where the atmosphere transforms. The aroma of popcorn and cotton candy fills the air. In the center, the ringmaster's booming voice echoes as he announces the next act.

RINGMASTER

Ladies and gentlemen, prepare to be amazed by our dazzling trapeze artist, Sherry!

Virus's eyes widen as he looks up. SHERRY, a graceful figure in a shimmering costume, swings effortlessly through the air, twisting and twirling. The crowd gasps and cheers, captivated by her performance.

VIRUS

(whispers to himself)

Now that's a real showstopper.

As the act concludes, Virus finds himself drawn to the front of the crowd. The audience erupts into applause, and Sherry gracefully lands on the mat below, breathless but glowing.

VIRUS (CONT'D)

(clapping enthusiastically)

That was incredible!

Sherry looks up, catching his eye, and grins, a playful spark igniting between them.

SHERRY

(tauntingly)

You liked that? You should see my morning stretches. They're even more thrilling!

VIRUS

(laughs)

I'd love to see that! But I doubt you can do anything as daring as jumping over ten buses.

SHERRY

(raising an eyebrow)

Ten buses? You must be out of your mind. What's next, jumping over a train?

Virus smirks, enjoying their banter.

VIRUS

Why not? I'm always looking for a new challenge. Besides, I can't let a little trapeze artist outdo me.

SHERRY

(challenging)

A little trapeze artist? Honey, I'm the best in the business. You wouldn't last five minutes on my trapeze!

VIRUS

(smirking)

You think so? How about a little wager? You teach me to fly, and I'll show you how to jump.

Sherry steps closer, intrigued.

SHERRY

A wager, huh? You sure you can keep up, motorcycle boy?

VIRUS

(smirking)

You're underestimating me. I'm all about speed and adrenaline. I can handle a little height.

Sherry laughs, clearly entertained.

SHERRY

Alright, let's see what you've got! But don't blame me when you're screaming for your life up there.

VIRUS

(leaning in)

I won't scream. I'll just make you proud.

The two share a moment, and the atmosphere shifts slightly, the air thick with unspoken possibilities.

SHERRY

What's your name, by the way?

VIRUS

Virus. And you're quite the showstopper, Sherry.

SHERRY

(grinning)

Nice to meet you, Virus. You know, I was just thinking-jumping over buses isn't nearly as impressive as flying through the air.

VIRUS

Oh, I don't know about that. You try landing a motorcycle safely after a jump. It takes a bit more skill than hanging from a rope.

SHERRY

(matching his tone)

And it takes a lot of guts to soar through the air, holding on to nothing but your own strength.

They exchange playful glares, the tension rising in an exhilarating way.

VIRUS

(challenging)

How about this? We both perform our tricks, and whoever gets the biggest applause wins.

SHERRY

(devious smile)

You're on! But remember, I've got the crowd on my side.

VIRUS

We'll see about that. Just don't cry when I steal your thunder.

SHERRY

(leaning closer)

Just be careful up there, Virus. If you fall, I might just let out a little scream.

Virus chuckles, enjoying the lightheartedness of their competition.

VIRUS

Only if I land on my head. But if I do, I'll just use it as an excuse to get closer to you.

Sherry rolls her eyes playfully but can't hide her smile.

SHERRY

You think you're so clever, don't you?

VIRUS

(pretending to think)
I might be. But you have to admit, it's working.

The circus backdrop buzzes with activity, and the two wander deeper into the grounds, exchanging stories of their experiences on the road.

SHERRY

So what's a stuntman like you doing in a place like this? Looking for your next big break?

VIRUS

Yeah, something like that. Just trying to keep the dream alive. What about you?

SHERRY

Just chasing the thrill. There's nothing quite like the feeling of flying. It's freedom.

VIRUS

(focused)
I get that. I'm all about that freedom too.

Their conversation flows easily, banter intertwining with shared stories.

YIGAL

(challenging)
You know, maybe after I show you a few stunts, you can take me up in the air. I'm ready to fly.

SHERRY

(smiling)
Only if you promise not to scream!

VIRUS
(devious grin)
We'll see about that!

They laugh, both feeling the spark of an unexpected connection amidst the circus chaos, excited for the challenges ahead.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CIRCUS TENT - LATE NIGHT

The empty circus tent is dimly lit, casting shadows around the ring.

Virus and Sherry sit on the edge of the ring, with Sherry swinging her legs as she gazes up at the trapeze wires overhead.

Virus fiddles with a stray rope, his gaze fixed on the ground.

SHERRY
(smiling slightly,
looking up)
Funny... I always thought I'd be
terrified of heights. But now... I
feel like I live in the air.

VIRUS
(grins)
Yeah? You make it look easy up there.
Like flying.

SHERRY
(wistful, voice quieter)
Well, it was either fly... or run
from something a lot worse.
(pauses)
I joined the circus when I was ten.
Ran away from home. Mom... she never
quite had it together. And Dad...
he was the kind of guy people hide
from.

Virus looks at her, a flash of understanding in his eyes.

VIRUS
(softly)
I get that. My folks weren't much
for... peace and quiet either. But
running away at ten? That's gutsy.

SHERRY

(smiles sadly)

Guts... or maybe just desperation.
Guess I figured anywhere had to be
better than home.

(looks at him)

What about you? What keeps you going?

Virus leans back, staring up at the dark ceiling.

VIRUS

The road, I guess. And... maybe
this idea that if I keep going, I'll
be someone worth remembering. My
dad had these big ideas-machines,
inventions. The kinda dreams people
thought were crazy.

SHERRY

(furrows her brows)

But you're not just following in his
footsteps, are you?

VIRUS

(shrugs, thoughtful)

Maybe I am. Maybe I'm just trying
to finish something he started. Or
at least prove that one of us could
make it big. Make the world notice.

SHERRY

(sighs)

Funny, isn't it? The things we put
ourselves through... just to feel
like we're more than what we came
from.

VIRUS

(nods)

Maybe that's why I do these stunts.
I don't just want to survive-I want
to fly. Like you up there. And not
for anyone else. Just to know that...
I could do it.

SHERRY

(smiles, touching his
shoulder)

You're already flying, Virus. Even
if you don't see it. The crowd does.
And I think maybe I do too.

VIRUS

(quietly)

Thanks, Sherry. I... I haven't had anyone believe in me like that in a long time.

They sit in silence, the sounds of the circus camp in the distance.

SHERRY

(whispers)

You know, I think we're both a little broken... but maybe that's why we're strong enough to do what we do.

They exchange a look of deep understanding—a silent acknowledgment of shared struggle and resilience.

The lights around them dim as they sit side by side, finding comfort in the quiet.

EXT. TRAVELING CIRCUS - NIGHT

The vibrant lights of the circus glow against the night sky. Laughter and music fill the air as Sherry and Virus stand near the edge of the circus grounds, their hearts heavy with the weight of their imminent parting.

The colorful tents sway gently in the breeze, but the atmosphere between them is charged with unspoken words.

SHERRY

(slightly hesitant)

I guess this is it, huh?

Virus looks at her, his expression a mix of sadness and determination. They both know the circus will be leaving town in the morning.

VIRUS

(trying to lighten
the mood)

Hey, it's not goodbye forever, right?

SHERRY

(half-smiling)

Yeah, just until we meet again... when you're a big star.

Virus chuckles, but there's a bittersweet edge to it. He glances around, taking in the sights of the bustling circus, then back at her.

VIRUS

(sincerely)

I'll make sure to put on a show worth watching. You'll hear about me.

She reaches for his hand, their fingers brushing before they pull away. The connection is electric, but the moment passes as the circus announces the next act.

A trumpet blares, and the calliope plays a lively tune.

SHERRY

(softly)

Stay safe, Virus.

VIRUS

I will. And you... stay wild.

They share one last lingering look before Sherry turns to walk away, her heart aching. As she disappears into the crowd, Virus watches her go, feeling an emptiness settle in.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. STUNT ARENA - DAYS LATER

Days pass, and the atmosphere around Virus shifts dramatically. He sets up at a small outdoor arena, drawing larger crowds with each stunt he performs.

The thrill of the jump, the roar of the engine, and the cheer of the crowd fuel his determination. He pushes himself harder, constantly thinking about Sherry and the promise of their reunion.

As the crowd begins to grow, whispers spread through the audience about a particular stunt. Among them is an OLD MAN, leaning against a fence, speaking to a YOUNG WOMAN next to him.

OLD MAN

(grinning)

You heard about that kid, Virus Macnamara? He's jumping over five buses next week!

The YOUNG WOMAN nods, intrigued, glancing toward the arena where Virus practices.

YOUNG WOMAN

I heard he's been drawing huge crowds. They say he's like his father—unstoppable!

Sherry, who happens to be passing by, stops in her tracks, her heart racing at the mention of Virus's name.

She hadn't forgotten him, but hearing about his upcoming stunt reignites a spark of hope.

SHERRY
(turning to the crowd)
Did you say five buses?

The Old man looks at her, surprised by her interest.

OLD MAN
Aye! Can you believe it? Never
been done before.

Sherry's eyes light up with excitement. She knows she has to see this. The memories of Virus flood her mind-his smile, their laughter, and the way he always believed in his dreams.

SHERRY
(firmly)
I have to go see him.

She heads off, determination setting in as she navigates through the streets, fueled by the thought of witnessing his triumph firsthand.

It's not just about the stunt; it's about reconnecting with the person who made her feel alive.

EXT. MASSIVE STADIUM - DAY

A roaring crowd fills the bleachers, their voices vibrating through the stadium. Huge banners and posters wave in the wind, adorned with a single name: VIRUS MACNAMARA.

Virus sits atop a gleaming motorcycle. He's dressed head-to-toe in bright yellow leather with "VIRUS MACNAMARA" printed boldly down the front and back of his jumpsuit. His helmet, matching his outfit, conceals his face.

Virus slowly opens his eyes to the sight of the eager crowd. He breathes in the electric atmosphere.

Virus takes a deep breath and flips down the visor of his helmet. He revs the engine-its powerful roar echoes through the arena, cutting through the mounting silence.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(loud and commanding)
"Ladies and gentlemen! Now for the
moment you have all been waiting
for!"

Virus Macnamara will attempt the impossible yet again, setting his sights on breaking the record of jumping not just 2 or 3 buses, but five.

The crowd gasps, spellbound.

Virus focused and unflinching, his grip tightening on the handlebars. He takes one last look at the ramp ahead.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(serious, almost
reverent)

This feat has NEVER been done before.
So please, let's keep it silent.

The audience grows still, the hum of the engine the only sound in the vast stadium.

Close on Virus's hand he releases the clutch. His foot hits the pedal, and he's off.

Angle on the crowd watching, eyes wide, breaths held.

Virus as he gains speed, roaring toward the ramp at breakneck pace.

The motorcycle hits the ramp, and Virus soars into the air, gliding over the buses lined up beneath him.

The motorcycle spins through the air in slow motion as he fights to control it, inches from disaster.

THE CROWD

Ooooooohs in unison, their gasps
swelling to a crescendo as they watch
Virus sail through the air.

Virus so close to the fifth bus, but he's losing altitude.
CRASH!

The motorcycle COLLIDES with the bus roof, crumpling upon impact, and bursts into flames.

Crowd panicking as screams ring out. The firefighters and medics rush forward, fighting through the blaze.

Smoke and fire obscure everything. For a moment, there's silence as the crowd strains to see through the thick black smoke.

Then, from the flames, two firefighters emerge, dragging a figure in a helmet. The man's hand lifts, weak but unmistakable, waving.

The crowd goes wild with cheers and applause.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(excited, almost
laughing)
Ladies and gentlemen, I do not believe
it! He's done it again. Virus
Macnamara has survived the impossible!

Virus standing, battered and smudged with soot, yet triumphant.
He pulls off his helmet, revealing his worn but determined
face. He gives a small wave and manages a smile.

The crowd roars in admiration, celebrating the legend who
refuses to die.

EXT. STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

As the smoke clears and the cheers of the crowd echo throughout
the stadium, Virus, bruised and exhausted, stands amidst the
wreckage of his stunt.

Sherry pushes through the throng of people, her face a mixture
of relief and frustration. She reaches him, breathless.

SHERRY
You absolute fool! What were you
thinking?

Virus looks up, surprised to see her. He flashes a tired
smile.

VIRUS
(coughs slightly,
surprised)
Sherry... I didn't expect you to be
here.

SHERRY
(scoffs, hands on her
hips)
Well, someone has to be around to
drag you out of the fire, right?

Virus chuckles, wincing at the pain in his side.

VIRUS
(grins)
Didn't think my crazy stunts were
still worth watching.

Sherry shakes her head, her expression softening.

SHERRY

(whispering)

Of course I'll always come watch you
silly, I heard from some people
talking about your next stunts and I
decide to come see for myself, and I
am glad I did.

They shared a knowing smile, happy to see each other again

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Virus's mother, Klara, sits alone in her dimly lit living
room, a newspaper spread on the table before her.

The headline screams, "Daredevil Stuntman VIRUS MACNAMARA
Defies Death!" She stares at the photo of Virus mid-jump,
his face obscured by his helmet, his stance defiant and
fearless.

Her eyes cloud with worry as she studies the image.

KLARA

(whispering to herself)

You're not doing this for fame... are
you?

Her hand trembles as she reaches for a small, faded photo
nearby—a snapshot of a young Virus, full of life, playing
beside his twin sister.

She sighs, lost in thought, beginning to understand her son's
true intentions.

EXT. CIRCUS CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Virus and Sherry sit around a crackling campfire
in a quiet field near the traveling circus grounds. The orange
glow of the flames dances on their faces.

Virus pokes at the fire with a stick, lost in thought, while
Sherry glances at him from across the flames. Silence lingers
between them, comfortable yet charged.

SHERRY

(smiling softly)

You know, I don't think I've ever
met anyone who treats danger like
it's a best friend.

Virus looks up, a faint smirk crossing his face.

VIRUS

(chuckling)

Guess I'm just a thrill-seeker.

He trails off, eyes shifting to the fire, his expression turning somber. Sherry picks up on it, her own smile fading as she leans in slightly.

SHERRY

I get the feeling it's more than that. Like... you're running from something. Or maybe toward something?

Virus remains silent, staring into the flames. He fidgets with a chain around his neck, revealing a small locket. Sherry notices it and gestures toward it.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

(tentative)

Is that... someone special?

Virus nods, but his expression hardens slightly, his gaze fixed as he thinks back.

VIRUS

No, it's... it's not about anyone like that. I just... I just want to surpass my father's legacy of failure.

The weight of his words settles between them, and Sherry nods, a look of understanding dawning on her face.

She realizes she's glimpsed a part of him he rarely shares with others, his determination fueled by something much deeper than thrill-seeking.

SHERRY

(sincerely)

You know... I think you're already doing that, Virus. More than you might realize.

He looks up at her, surprised by the quiet reassurance in her voice.

The moment lingers, and they share a silent understanding, both feeling the unspoken connection between them as the fire crackles, casting shadows around their faces.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

You know... I think you've got a lot of people out here who want you alive. More than you think.

They share a lingering look, each searching the other's eyes for something they're both afraid to name.

It's a look that speaks of a growing connection, a warmth that goes deeper than friendship, yet remains unspoken.

VIRUS
(smirking, trying to
lighten the mood)
I didn't take you for a fan.

SHERRY
(laughing)
Maybe I am. Just don't let it go to
your head, stuntman.

They both laugh, the tension breaking, yet the feelings between them linger, unacknowledged but undeniable.

Virus tosses another branch into the fire, watching it crackle.

VIRUS
(murmuring, almost to
himself)
I'm glad you're here.

Sherry catches his words, and for a moment, the walls around their emotions seem to lower.

She scoots a little closer, the firelight casting shadows, making them feel like they're in a world all their own.

SHERRY
Me too, Virus.

They sit in silence, both feeling the pull between them but neither willing to take that leap just yet.

The flames dance between them, illuminating the first steps of something deeper, fragile, and precious, waiting to be realized.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Virus is adjusting his bike, inspecting each part with intense focus. Sherry stands nearby, arms crossed, watching him with a mix of curiosity and concern.

SHERRY
You sure this one's going to work?
A globe cage sounds... intense.

VIRUS
(grinning)
That's the whole point. It's all
about control, momentum, keeping the
speed right so I don't lose balance
or slip.

Sherry moves closer, grabbing a wrench and handing it to him.

SHERRY

Just don't expect me to patch you up
if it doesn't go as planned.

They share a small laugh, but Virus's eyes are already back on his bike, his mind absorbed by the thrill of his next stunt.

INT. ARENA - DREAM SEQUENCE

The crowd roars around him as Virus climbs onto his bike inside the massive steel globe. The metal structure looms over him, a towering symbol of risk and skill.

He takes a deep breath, his hands tightening on the handlebars. The world outside the cage blurs; it's just him and the task ahead.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the fearless
Virus Macnamara will now attempt the
Globe of Death! Watch as he defies
gravity itself!

Virus kicks off, the roar of his bike echoing inside the metal cage. He accelerates, his body tilting as he rides up the wall of the globe.

The centrifugal force keeps him steady, spinning him higher and faster.

But suddenly, the bike clips the edge of the cage. Sparks fly, and flames burst out along the bike's body.

VIRUS

(panicking, shouting)
No... no, no!

The fire spreads quickly, licking up the frame of the bike and scorching the air around him.

Virus struggles to maintain control, his vision clouded by smoke and fear as the flames roar louder.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Virus jolts awake, his eyes wide and breathing heavy. He's back in the garage, sweat glistening on his forehead. Sherry, who'd been working beside him, notices his sudden movement.

SHERRY

(concerned)
Hey, you okay? You zoned out there
for a second.

VIRUS

Yeah... yeah, I'm fine. Just a dream.

She raises an eyebrow, sensing more than he's letting on.

SHERRY

Another one of those fire stunts,
huh?

Virus chuckles, though there's a hint of tension in his voice.

VIRUS

Something like that. Maybe I should
just go ahead and do it-beat it head-
on.

SHERRY

(skeptical)

You're not actually considering a
stunt with fire, are you?

Virus pauses, considering her words.

VIRUS

What if I am? What if I push it
even further-do something they've
never seen before? The crowd... they
want bigger, more dangerous. And
maybe... so do I.

Sherry studies him for a moment, the faintest trace of worry
in her eyes.

SHERRY

You know, Virus, the crowd loves you
already. Every time you perform,
they're there, cheering you on.
Maybe it's not about making things
bigger. Maybe it's about showing
them who you really are.

VIRUS

And who's that, huh?

SHERRY

(challenging)

Someone who doesn't need flames and
cages to prove himself.

Virus looks at her, her words hitting him harder than he
expected. But he's not quite ready to let go of his ambition,
his need to surpass everything that came before.

INT. STADIUM - DAY OF THE STUNT

Virus stands beside his bike, staring at the setup for his second stunt--the tunnel of fire. The crowd's energy is electric, buzzing with anticipation. Sherry stands by his side, giving him a silent nod of support.

SHERRY

Just... try not to burn yourself this time, okay?

Virus laughs, the dream lingering in the back of his mind, but he shakes it off.

VIRUS

I've got this, Sherry. Don't worry.

She watches him walk toward the bike, a mix of admiration and apprehension in her eyes. Despite her worries, Sherry is slowly coming to terms with the spectacle that is Virus Macnamara.

She knows now that this isn't just a thrill for him; it's his way of life. And, against her better judgment, she finds herself drawn to it, to him.

Virus mounts his bike, revving the engine. He looks back at Sherry one last time before putting on his helmet, giving her a small nod that says everything he can't.

Sherry clenches her hands together, rooting for him silently.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, Virus Macnamara is about to enter the Tunnel of Fire! Hold your breath and prepare to witness history!

Virus speeds toward the tunnel, flames bursting from each side as he rides through.

Sherry watches with a pounding heart, momentarily holding her breath.

Emerging from the flames unscathed, Virus raises a triumphant fist to the crowd, who erupts in wild applause.

The adoration is palpable. Virus soaks it in, feeling more alive than ever.

And amidst the cheers, Sherry smiles, accepting that maybe this daring, fire-driven spectacle is the closest he'll ever come to true freedom.

INT. SHERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The dimly lit room is filled with the soft crackling of a vinyl record playing an old jazz tune.

Virus and Sherry sit on a worn couch, the faint glow of a single lamp casting shadows around them. The war may have ended, but its echoes still linger in their lives.

VIRUS

(slowly, choosing his words)

You know, Sherry, being here, with you... it feels different. Like something I never thought I'd find in all this chaos.

Sherry shifts, placing her hand on Virus's arm, her expression softening.

SHERRY

(smiling gently)

It's strange, isn't it? How two people, running from so much, can find a bit of peace with each other.

They share a small, bittersweet smile. There's a moment of quiet, with the music playing faintly in the background, the room heavy with unspoken feelings.

VIRUS

(clearing his throat)

I didn't think I'd ever have this. Thought I'd be just another face in a crowd, someone no one remembered. But with you... I feel like there's more.

SHERRY

(nodding slowly)

Maybe there's a reason we met. Maybe you were meant to do more than just... survive, Virus.

Virus leans forward, elbows resting on his knees, clearly wrestling with his emotions. After a beat, he glances over at her.

VIRUS

(shaky, vulnerable)

Sherry... would you... would you give this thing between us a real chance?

(MORE)

VIRUS (CONT'D)

I know it sounds crazy, and I'm not the best man out there, but-Sherry reaches out, placing a finger to his lips to stop him.

SHERRY

(whispering)

Yes. I want to give this a chance too.

EXT. PARK - DAY - A FEW MONTHS LATER

A peaceful autumn afternoon in a quiet park. Virus and Sherry walks hand in hand, both bundled up in wool coats.

The world feels quieter now, but the weight of their shared past still lingers in the air.

Virus stops, glancing around as if making sure they're alone. He takes her hands in his, his expression suddenly serious.

VIRUS

(smiling nervously)

Sherry... there's something I've been meaning to ask you.

Sherry tilts her head, her smile playful.

SHERRY

Here we go-another one of Virus Macnamara's "big ideas," I bet.

He chuckles, shaking his head before his expression grows serious. Virus reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a small, velvet ring box.

Virus drops to one knee, gazing up at her, and opens the box to reveal a modest, simple ring. The glint of the stone catches the fading sunlight.

VIRUS

(tentatively)

Sherry, I don't have much to give, and I'm not sure what the future holds... but I know I want you in it. Will you marry me?

Sherry's hand covers her mouth, tears shining in her eyes. The war-torn years, the struggles, the doubts-all fade away as she nods, her voice barely a whisper.

SHERRY

Yes. Yes, Virus.

He slides the ring onto her finger, then stands, pulling her into a tight embrace. They hold each other for a long moment, breathing in the peace they've both been searching for.

INT. MACNAMARA FARMHOUSE - EVENING

The farmhouse is rustic but warm, with walls lined with faded family photos and old furniture that's seen years of use.

Virus and Sherry step inside, carrying their bags. Virus's MOTHER, a reserved woman in her late 60s with a strong but weary gaze, watches them from the doorway of the kitchen.

VIRUS

(grinning)

Ma, this is Sherry. I wanted you two to meet properly.

Virus's mother gives Sherry a once-over, nodding slowly. She approaches, extending a hand, her gaze cautious but polite.

MOTHER

(small smile)

Welcome, Sherry.

Sherry shakes her hand, smiling warmly.

SHERRY

Thank you. It's wonderful to be here, Mrs Macnamara. Virus has told me so much about this place.

The mother's eyes shift to Virus, a hint of concern clouding her face. She takes a breath, choosing her words carefully.

MOTHER

(quietly, to Sherry)

Sherry... can I speak to you alone for a moment?

Sherry looks to Virus, who nods encouragingly. She follows Virus's mother into the small kitchen, where the light is dimmer, casting a shadowed, intimate atmosphere.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Virus's mother gestures for Sherry to sit at the small, wooden kitchen table. She hesitates, fidgeting with a worn cloth napkin in her hands, looking lost in thought.

MOTHER

(sighing)

Sherry, I can see you care deeply for my son. And he's been through so much... just like his father.

Sherry shifts in her seat, glancing down but listening intently.

SHERRY

I know. Virus... he's told me about his father, about some of the hardships.

MOTHER

(nods, voice heavy)
Hardships, yes. He never recovered from them. His father... he was a good man, but the world wore him down. Took everything he had... until there was nothing left.

Sherry watches her carefully, her brow furrowing as she processes the weight of her words.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(sighing, deeply concerned)

I'm telling you this, Sherry, because I want you to know what this life can do to a person. Loving someone like Virus... with all his fire, his need to prove himself... it can take a toll. You could lose yourself trying to keep up with him, trying to save him from himself.

There's a pause as Sherry takes in her words, her expression solemn but unwavering.

SHERRY

(smiling softly)

I understand your concerns, Mrs. Macnamara. But Virus and I... we're both running from things, in our own ways. And I'm not afraid of what that might mean. He's worth it to me.

The mother looks down, a hint of sadness in her eyes. She reaches out, covering Sherry's hand with her own.

MOTHER

Just... be careful, dear. Sometimes love isn't enough to pull someone back from the edge.

Sherry gives her hand a gentle squeeze, a quiet determination in her gaze.

SHERRY

I'll take my chances. Virus is worth every risk.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Virus stands near the window, looking out at the quiet farmland under the moonlight.

Sherry returns from the kitchen, her expression thoughtful. She walks over to him, slipping her hand into his.

Virus turns, sensing her calm strength, and they share a small smile.

They stand there in silence, watching the peaceful night outside—a hint of unease in the air, but their connection undeniable.

INT. SMALL COUNTRY CHAPEL - DAY

The chapel is humble, with wooden pews and simple white flowers tied to each row.

Sunlight streams through a single stained-glass window, casting soft colors across the room.

Virus stands at the altar, wearing a modest suit, his face a mixture of joy and nerves.

Sherry enters, dressed in a plain but elegant white dress, a small bouquet in her hands.

Her smile is bright and warm, meeting Virus's gaze as she walks down the aisle.

There are only a few close friends and family members present, their faces beaming with quiet joy.

MINISTER

(softly)

We gather here today to witness the union of Virus and Sherry in marriage. Though today is simple, love makes it profound.

Virus takes Sherry's hands, his eyes filled with a tender vulnerability as he looks at her. She squeezes his hands back, reassuring him.

VIRUS

(whispering, a bit choked up)

I never thought I'd be here... with someone like you.

Sherry smiles, brushing a stray tear from his cheek.

SHERRY

And I never thought I'd find someone
who makes me feel like home.

The MINISTER nods, gesturing for them to speak their vows.

VIRUS

(clears throat)

Sherry, I promise to love you, protect
you, and never give up on what we
have. No matter where life takes
us.

SHERRY

(softly)

And I promise to stand by you, through
every high and every low. You're my
heart, Virus.

The Minister blesses their union, then with a gentle smile,
speaks.

MINISTER

I now pronounce you husband and wife.
You may kiss.

Virus leans in, pressing a soft, lingering kiss to Sherry's
lips. The room fills with quiet applause as they hold each
other, savoring the moment.

They pull back, smiling as they look around at the few loved
ones sharing this intimate day with them.

EXT. SMALL TOWN MAIN STREET - DAY

Virus and Sherry pull up on his motorcycle in a small, bustling
town square. A crowd has already gathered, murmuring excitedly
as they recognize Virus.

His motorcycle gleams under the sun, polished and customized
with a slick design.

Sherry, now dressed in a leather jacket and bandana, hops off
the back of the bike with a graceful flourish, capturing
everyone's attention.

Virus revs the engine, the powerful sound reverberating through
the square, and Sherry steps into the crowd, engaging the
audience with playful, confident smiles.

Virus takes off, performing a wheelie down the center of the
street as the crowd cheers.

EXT. MIDWEST STATE FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

At a dusty fairground, Virus gears up for his next stunt as Sherry stands at the microphone, addressing the crowd.

SHERRY

Ladies and gentlemen, hold onto your hats! Virus Macnamara is about to do something you won't believe until you see it!

Virus circles the fairgrounds, riding faster and faster before launching off a ramp and flipping in mid-air.

The crowd, particularly the women, gasp and cheer as he lands smoothly. Sherry grins, giving a triumphant wave.

The crowd applauds as Virus rides back, playfully bowing from his bike while Sherry stands beside him, her hand raised as if introducing a superstar.

EXT. BEACH BOARDWALK - EVENING

The sun is setting over the beach as Virus performs a series of jumps along a sandy path, weaving between obstacles and kicking up clouds of sand.

Sherry stands on a small platform, calling out to the spectators.

SHERRY

And he's not done yet! Virus is just getting started!

The crowd, made up of beachgoers in swimsuits and sundresses, watches eagerly. Some of the younger women move closer to get a better view, clearly entranced by Virus's daring moves.

Sherry notices their fascination and flashes a knowing smile as Virus finishes his stunts with a dramatic skid, sand flying in all directions.

EXT. VINTAGE DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT

A large crowd has gathered in front of an outdoor drive-in screen, all eyes on Virus as he prepares for a high-speed trick. Sherry stands beside him, holding his helmet.

SHERRY

(whispering, with a grin)

Give them something to remember.

Virus nods, slipping on his helmet, then takes off. The crowd, mostly young couples and families, watches as he speeds toward a flaming ring suspended in the air.

He flies through it, the flames casting an orange glow across the crowd's faces.

The women cheer wildly as Virus completes the jump and skids to a dramatic stop in front of the crowd.

Sherry joins him, lifting his hand in victory, the two basking in the applause.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Virus and Sherry ride through a crowded city block, weaving through traffic to reach a makeshift stage where they'll perform their next act.

They stop at a traffic light, and a group of young women waiting to cross the street notice them, their eyes lighting up with excitement.

YOUNG WOMAN

That's him! Virus Macnamara!

Sherry smirks, leaning into Virus as he looks over, the two exchanging a playful, conspiratorial glance.

When the light changes, they take off, leaving a roar of cheers and clapping behind them as they speed down the street to the applause of their adoring fans.

EXT. CARNIVAL GROUNDS - DAY

Virus performs a final, daring stunt as he launches his motorcycle off a high ramp, soaring through the air over a series of colorful tents. The crowd, filled with excited faces, watches in awe.

As Virus lands, Sherry runs to him, raising his arm triumphantly.

The women in the crowd cheer wildly, and Virus flashes a charming grin, throwing a wink to his female fans as Sherry shakes her head, clearly amused.

The montage ends with Sherry and Virus riding off into the sunset together, the audience's cheers fading into the distance.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

A vast expanse of countryside stretches out in every direction, flat and endless.

The sun hangs low in the sky, casting a golden light over two sets of parallel train tracks.

Virus stands next to his bike, dressed in his signature yellow jumpsuit, looking across the tracks at the approaching steam trains, now faint specks on the horizon.

Sherry stands a few feet behind him, her expression a mix of excitement and anxiety as she watches Virus prepare.

A small crowd of spectators has gathered behind a roped-off area, murmuring with anticipation. They hold their breaths, sensing the danger and thrill of what's about to unfold.

SHERRY

(slightly nervous)

Virus... are you sure about this one?
Racing through two trains... it's
different.

VIRUS

(smiling)

Different's the whole point, isn't
it? Besides, the crowd loves a
thrill. And so do I.

He glances back at her with a grin, but there's an intensity in his eyes—a hint of something more than just the thrill of the stunt. Sherry sees it, her expression softening as she steps closer.

SHERRY

(jokingly)

Yeah, well, they also like seeing
you alive at the end of these stunts.

VIRUS

(pulling on his gloves)

Relax, Sherry. I've got it under
control.

Sherry lets out a small sigh, but there's no turning him away from this. She's learned that by now.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(booming)

Ladies and gentlemen! Virus Macnamara
is about to attempt a death-defying
stunt that has NEVER been attempted
before! He will race his motorcycle
between two speeding steam trains,
hurtling towards each other from
opposite directions!

The crowd gasps and cheers, their voices a mixture of excitement and worry.

Virus mounts his bike, gripping the handlebars as he stares down the tracks.

The steam trains are drawing closer, the ground vibrating as they pick up speed.

SHERRY

(calling out to him)

Just... be careful, okay?

VIRUS

(nods, a hint of a smile)

Always.

He revs the engine, the powerful roar cutting through the din of the crowd.

Virus fixes his gaze on the narrow path between the tracks, mentally mapping his route as the trains barrel closer.

The steam trains, massive and thunderous, approaching each other on separate tracks with plumes of steam billowing into the sky.

Virus, steady and focused, his gloved hands gripping the handlebars tightly.

He takes a deep breath, watching the gap between the trains narrow with every passing second.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(excited)

This is it, folks! Virus Macnamara is moments away from racing through one of the most dangerous stunts known to man!

The crowd grows silent, the tension palpable. Virus leans forward, his entire body coiled like a spring, ready to release.

The trains now close enough that their ground-shaking rumble is deafening.

Steam hisses from their engines as they thunder forward, unstoppable, on a collision course with each other.

Virus's fingers tighten around the throttle. He takes one last look at the approaching trains and hits the gas, his bike lurching forward with a roar.

VIRUS

(murmuring to himself)

Alright. Let's do this.

He races down the track at breakneck speed, the trains bearing down on him from either side. The crowd gasps, some covering their eyes, while others stare wide-eyed, unable to look away.

Virus's face, determined and focused as he rockets forward, the gap between him and the trains shrinking with every second.

As he approaches the midpoint, the trains are almost upon him.

He leans forward, urging the bike to go faster, his heart pounding in sync with the roaring engines beside him.

Sherry watching anxiously, her hands clenched together, her eyes never leaving Virus.

SHERRY

(whispering)

Come on, Virus... you can do this...

The crowd, hushed and tense, collectively holding their breath. Virus as he reaches the narrowest point between the two trains.

The steel behemoths are now close enough that the hot steam from their engines blows past him, and the deafening noise makes the air itself feel heavy.

With one final burst of speed, Virus twists the throttle, zooming through the gap as the trains close in on him from both sides.

In slow motion, he flies between them, inches away from the massive, rumbling machines on either side.

The crowd, wide-eyed, as they watch the impossible feat unfold.

Virus, his expression focused and intense, guiding his bike through the narrowest of spaces with precision and nerves of steel.

Just as he clears the gap, one of his tires skids on the gravel, causing the bike to swerve.

Virus fights to keep control, his body tense as he leans, narrowly avoiding the wheels of one of the trains.

The crowd gasping in horror as the bike wobbles dangerously.

Virus grits his teeth, pulling the bike upright just in time, and speeds out from between the trains with only inches to spare.

The trains finally pass each other, their combined momentum shaking the ground as they continue down the tracks, leaving a trail of steam and dust in their wake.

Virus races away from the tracks, coming to a skidding halt as he clears the danger zone.

He pulls off his helmet, his face flushed and his breathing heavy.

The crowd erupts into cheers, their voices filled with awe and relief.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(ecstatic)

He did it! Virus Macnamara has once again achieved the impossible!

Sherry rushes to him, her face a mix of elation and frustration as she throws her arms around him.

SHERRY

(half-laughing, half-scolding)

You crazy, reckless... incredible man!
Do you have any idea what you just did?

VIRUS

(smiling, catching his breath)

Guess I'll have to watch the replay to see for myself.

He looks out at the cheering crowd, his eyes lighting up as he takes in the applause.

For a moment, there's a glimmer of something deeper in his gaze—a sense of purpose, or perhaps, defiance.

VIRUS (CONT'D)

(slightly more serious)

As long as they keep cheering, I'll keep pushing.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - DAY

The camera pans over a desolate industrial site, capturing every grimy, weathered structure casting long shadows under the afternoon sun.

The silence is pierced only by the distant hum of engines and the murmur of a crowd gathering in anticipation.

Virus stands at the edge of the massive concrete conduit, a daunting tunnel stretching deep into the earth.

Its walls are scorched from years of exposure, and the final touches are being made to the "Tunnel of Fire" - a test that will push Virus to his limits.

The tunnel's interior is lined with steel barrels filled with fuel, giving the air a sharp scent of gasoline that mixes with smoky haze.

Flames flicker from both ends of the conduit, and the heat is nearly palpable. Virus surveys the setup, his gaze intense and unflinching, dressed in his iconic black leather and helmet.

Beside him stands Sherry, the one person who has been with him through every high-stakes risk, every brush with danger.

Her eyes follow the tunnel's flames with both concern and awe. She knows this stunt is unlike any other Virus has faced.

SHERRY

(tentatively)

You sure about this? That tunnel looks like it's ready to eat you alive.

VIRUS

(giving a small smirk)

It's just another tunnel. Seen one fire, seen 'em all.

SHERRY

(slightly exasperated)

It's more than just fire, Virus. This is pushing it, even for you.

Virus pauses, his steely confidence softening for a moment. He meets her eyes, sensing her worry.

VIRUS

It'll be over in seconds. You know I have to do this.

SHERRY
(whispering)
Yeah, but you don't have to do it
alone.

She reaches out, giving his hand a brief squeeze.

SHERRY (CONT'D)
Just... come back to me, okay?

Virus nods, his focus sharpened but softened by her words.
He takes a deep breath, settling into his determination.

Sherry steps back, her face tight with concern as Virus mounts
his motorcycle, gripping the handlebars.

The engine purrs beneath him, the vibrations syncing with his
racing pulse.

VIRUS (V.O.)
(whispering to himself)
Focus. Just like before. It's no
different.

He revs the engine, the roar sending a signal to the crowd.
They stir with excitement as Virus inches closer to the tunnel
entrance.

Sherry watches from the sidelines, her gaze fixed, as flames
begin to erupt from the barrels, lining the conduit with
flickering walls of fire.

VIRUS (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Here we go.

With a sudden surge, the bike accelerates toward the entrance.
The flames leap higher, creating a blistering wall of fire.
Sherry holds her breath, the anticipation building.

SHERRY
(softly, almost to
herself)
Come on, Virus... you've got this.

The camera captures Virus's trajectory toward the fiery
opening.

There's no turning back. The crowd's cheers intensify, but
Virus hears none of it.

His only focus is the narrow, treacherous gap between the
flames.

VIRUS
(under his breath)
One shot. One chance.

With a final, powerful rev, he yanks the throttle, and the motorcycle launches forward.

He rockets into the tunnel, engulfed by flames on all sides.

The heat is searing, and Virus leans in, his body instinctively following the bike as it barrels through the inferno.

The flames twist and stretch around him, casting wild shadows. Virus's focus is unbreakable, his eyes locked on the faint glimpse of light at the end of the tunnel.

The heat is intense, licking at his skin, but he doesn't flinch.

VIRUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You've come this far. There's no
turning back.

The tunnel seems endless, but finally, the end opens before him. With a last, powerful burst, Virus shoots out of the flames like a bullet.

The crowd erupts in deafening applause, but Virus barely registers it.

His expression remains stoic as he rides on, the adrenaline still coursing through him.

Sherry's face is a mix of relief and pride as she watches him slow down and pull to a stop near her.

Virus removes his helmet, his eyes meeting Sherry's. For a moment, there's an unspoken understanding between them.

SHERRY
That was... insane. And a little
terrifying.

VIRUS
(smiling slightly)
Just another day.

Sherry shakes her head, smiling despite herself. She reaches up, brushing a smudge of soot from his cheek.

SHERRY
Maybe for you. But for the rest of
us, it's a heart attack waiting to
happen.

VIRUS
 (slightly playful)
 Keeps things interesting, doesn't
 it?

They share a moment, the crowd's cheers fading into the background.

Virus knows there will always be another stunt, another risk to chase, but having Sherry there makes it all worth it.

As they turn to leave, the camera captures the fading embers of the tunnel behind them, the smoke slowly dissipating into the sky.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The phone rings in the quiet farmhouse kitchen. Virus sits at the table, his helmet resting in front of him. He picks up the phone.

VIRUS
 (into the phone, tense)
 Hello?

DOCTOR (V.O.)
 Is this Mr. Virus Macnamara?

VIRUS
 Yes, this is him.

Sherry sits up, sensing the tension in his voice.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
 Your mother, Klara Macnamara... she's
 been admitted to County General.
 It's serious.

VIRUS
 (voice dropping, tight)
 What happened?

DOCTOR (V.O.)
 We believe it's alcohol poisoning.
 You should come quickly.

Virus clenches his jaw, staring at the floor, his knuckles turning white as he grips the phone.

VIRUS
 I'm on my way.

He hangs up, sitting motionless for a moment. Sherry watches him closely, recognizing the storm brewing beneath his calm exterior.

SHERRY
(speaking softly)
It's your mom, isn't it?

VIRUS
(nods, his voice barely
above a whisper)
Yeah. She's... it's bad this time.
Alcohol poisoning.

SHERRY
(getting up, resolute)
You should go now. I'll grab some
supplies for you both and join you
there immediately.

He looks at her, momentarily surprised, and nods, grateful.
He grabs his jacket and heads out the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Virus bursts through the doors of the hospital and approaches
the front desk, a determined look on his face.

VIRUS
Where's Klara Macnamara? She was
admitted earlier.

The RECEPTIONIST glances at her records and nods.

RECEPTIONIST
Room 204. She's in stable condition,
but the doctor will need to speak
with you.

Virus rushes down the hallway, his footsteps echoing as he
makes his way to his mother's room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Klara lies in the bed, looking frail and pale, tubes hooked
up to her arms. Virus enters quietly, his face softening as
he approaches her bedside.

VIRUS
(whispering)
Mom...

Klara's eyes flicker open, a small smile forming as she sees
Virus.

KLARA
(in a weak voice)
You came...

VIRUS
Of course, I did. Why didn't you
call me sooner?

Klara glances away, ashamed.

KLARA
Didn't want you to see me like this.

Virus shakes his head, pulling a chair next to the bed and
sitting down.

VIRUS
Mom, I don't care about that. I
just... I just want you to be okay.

They sit in silence for a moment, the tension thick.

KLARA
(sighing)
There's... something I should have
told you.

Virus frowns, sensing something heavy.

VIRUS
What is it?

KLARA
It's about our...
(pauses)
Family. There's more to it than you
know.

Virus leans in, his eyes wide with curiosity and unease.

VIRUS
What do you mean?

KLARA
When you were born... you weren't alone.

Virus stares, stunned.

VIRUS
Not alone?

Klara looks at him with a sorrowful gaze, then looks toward a
small, faded PHOTO tucked beside her on the hospital table.

Virus picks it up, his hands trembling.

INSERT - PHOTO

A faded picture of two babies lying side by side in a crib, one of them wrapped in a blue blanket, the other in pink.

BACK TO SCENE

Virus holds the photo, speechless.

KLARA

You had a twin sister. Her name was Lily. She... she was taken from us, Virus. I didn't... I couldn't...
(trails off)

VIRUS

(whispering, in shock)
A twin sister...

KLARA

I wanted to protect you. She was... fragile. I lost her to sickness, but... losing her was the beginning of everything going wrong.

Virus clenches the photo, grappling with the revelation.

VIRUS

Why didn't you tell me?

Klara's eyes fill with regret.

KLARA

I was afraid. Afraid you'd feel the weight of it, that somehow... somehow you'd blame yourself.

Virus looks at the photo of the two infants, a sense of loss washing over him.

VIRUS

All this time... I thought I was alone.

He stares at the picture, as if seeing a part of himself he never knew existed.

KLARA

You're not alone, Virus. You never were.

Virus breathes deeply, his mind racing.

VIRUS

(softly)
Maybe that's why I...
(MORE)

VIRUS (CONT'D)

(pauses)

Why I've felt this need to chase
after something bigger than myself.
Like I was missing something... someone.

Klara reaches out, her hand covering his.

KLARA

Promise me you'll be careful, Virus.
Promise me you won't go after these
stunts like they're the only thing
left.

Virus nods slowly, though a hint of conflict remains in his eyes.

VIRUS

I'll try, Mom. But I don't know if
I can stop. Not until I feel whole.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Virus leaves the room, his mind heavy with the weight of his mother's words. He stops at a window overlooking the empty parking lot, staring out into the darkness.

He reaches into his pocket, pulling out the photo of him and Lily as infants. He gazes at the image, his fingers tracing the faded outlines.

VIRUS

(whispering to himself)

Lily... I'll make sure your name isn't
forgotten.

He stares into the night, determined but conflicted.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATE MORNING

The sun streams through the hospital windows, casting a warm glow across the sterile hallways.

Virus sits slouched in a chair outside his mother's room, running his hands through his hair, visibly exhausted from the long night.

Suddenly, Sherry's voice rings out, breaking his solitary moment.

SHERRY

(smiling warmly)

Virus!

Virus looks up to see Sherry walking toward him, carrying a large bag. She's holding a covered dish in one hand and a neatly folded shirt and pair of pants draped over her other arm.

VIRUS
(relieved, with a
hint of gratitude)
Sherry, right on time.

SHERRY
(smiling warmly)
I brought some supplies-something
decent to eat and a change of clothes
for you.

Virus's expression softens as Sherry sets a dish down on a nearby table, carefully unpacking containers of homemade food.

VIRUS
You didn't have to go through all
this.

SHERRY
(teasing)
Of course I did. You'd survive on
vending machine coffee if I didn't.
And I thought Klara might appreciate
something better than hospital food.

She hands Virus the clothes she brought—a clean shirt and a pair of jeans.

SHERRY (CONT'D)
Here. Thought you could use these,
too.

Virus glances down at his wrinkled, oil-stained shirt and chuckles, shaking his head.

VIRUS
You've got a point... I look like I've
been fixing tractors all night.

SHERRY
(grinning)
Or wrestling with one. Go on, clean
yourself up. I'll sit with Klara
while you get changed.

Virus hesitates for a moment, glancing at her with quiet appreciation before nodding.

VIRUS
Thanks, Sherry. For everything.

She smiles, waving him off, as he grabs the clothes and heads down the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Virus steps into the small bathroom to change as Sherry quietly enters Klara's room.

Klara is lying back against her pillows, looking tired but alert. Her eyes brighten when she sees Sherry.

Sherry sets the food container on the bedside table and sits next to her, reaching out to hold Klara's hand.

SHERRY

I thought you might appreciate something homemade. And I couldn't let Virus live off vending machine snacks, could I?

KLARA

(laughs softly)

He's lucky to have someone looking out for him. It's been... a rough night for him.

Sherry nods, glancing toward the door where Virus is changing.

SHERRY

I can tell. But he's strong, Klara. And he cares about you more than he lets on.

Klara's gaze softens as she looks toward the door as well, then back at Sherry.

KLARA

I know he's strong. But strength isn't enough to carry him through everything. Sometimes, he needs a reason to hold on.

Sherry's expression grows thoughtful as she realizes Klara's underlying meaning.

SHERRY

I'll be here for him. I think... I think he's starting to realize he doesn't have to carry everything on his own.

The two women share a quiet, understanding look as Virus returns, now wearing the fresh clothes Sherry brought.

VIRUS

(awkwardly)

You two plotting something while I was gone?

Sherry smirks, handing him a plate of food.

SHERRY

Maybe. Eat up; you'll need your strength.

The three of them share a warm meal together, a rare moment of comfort and laughter amidst the tension.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Virus sits alone in the dimly lit farmhouse, the once vibrant home now filled with silence.

He glances around, his gaze landing on remnants of his childhood scattered across the room: a well-worn baseball glove, a small, handmade wooden toy, and a family photo with his father, mother, and a tiny, blanketed infant in his father's arms.

The sight of the picture pulls him back, the memories flooding in.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (YEARS AGO)

Young Virus (around 8 years old) sits at the kitchen table with his father, Leon, who laughs heartily as they share a modest meal.

His mother, Klara, sits across from them, a forced smile on her face as she absently stirs her coffee.

LEON

(squeezing Virus's shoulder)

This boy here, Klara, he's going to be something someday. I can feel it.

Virus beams, looking up at his father, who gives him a wink.

KLARA

(sighing, trying to keep her tone light)

You think he'll end up like you, Leon? Chasing dreams that only break you?

The words land heavily. Leon's smile fades slightly, but he shakes it off.

LEON

(gently)

Not every dream breaks you, Klara.
Some lift you higher than you ever
thought possible.

She looks away, her face tightening with a mixture of sadness and bitterness.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Virus returns from the memory, his gaze shifting from the photo to the faint reflection of his father's tools on the wall.

He walks over, his fingers trailing along the worn handles, recalling the countless hours he and his father spent working on projects together.

Each tool, each scratch, tells a story of shared moments.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - WORKSHOP - DAY (YEARS AGO)

Virus, now a teenager, stands by Leon as they repair an old tractor. Leon is focused, explaining each step, his voice steady and patient.

LEON

(handing Virus a wrench)

Here, boy, try this. Remember,
everything's got a rhythm. Once you
find it, things just... fall into place.

Virus nods, taking the wrench and following his father's instructions. They work in silence for a moment.

LEON (CONT'D)

(pausing, his tone
somber)

It's important to hold on to family,
son. Sometimes, they're all you've
got.

Virus glances at him, sensing something unspoken in his father's words.

Leon's gaze drifts toward the house, where Klara stands in the doorway, looking out with a distant expression.

VIRUS

(quietly)

Mom doesn't look happy, does she?

Leon hesitates, as if searching for the right words.

LEON

(sighing)

Your mother... she went through a lot.

Virus's eyes widen, a flicker of pain crossing his face.

VIRUS

(barely a whisper)

What happened to her?

Leon places a hand on his shoulder, squeezing it gently.

LEON

We would talk about it someday son,
not now.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Back in the present, Virus clenches his fists, the echoes of his father's words resonating deep within him.

He stares at his mother's empty chair, understanding now the fractured love and grief that hung over his family all these years.

VIRUS

(speaking softly to
himself)

Maybe... maybe I never understood.

He runs a hand over his face, weariness evident as his mind replays years of memories--moments when he'd found his mother passed out, when he'd argued with her, accused her of hiding behind the bottle instead of facing her pain.

But now, having seen her fragility in the hospital, her deep sadness feels like something he's never truly understood.

VIRUS (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I always thought it was just weakness.
Thought you should've been stronger,
Ma.

He glances around the room, the ghosts of old arguments almost visible in the shadows.

For so long, he'd held resentment, unable to see past his own anger and disappointment.

But now, he feels the guilt settling in, heavy and inescapable.

Virus stands up, walking to the counter, staring down at the bottle. He picks it up, weighing it in his hands, his jaw tightening.

VIRUS (CONT'D)

(murmuring)

I just never stopped to think what
it cost you to stay... after everything.

Slowly, he sets the bottle down, as if making a vow, his eyes distant and troubled.

VIRUS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Ma. For never seeing it
before.

He takes a deep breath, looking over at his mother's favorite spot in the living room

INT. HOSPITAL - DISCHARGE ROOM - DAY

The sterile hospital room is bathed in soft daylight filtering through the blinds.

Virus stands beside Klara, who is now awake and alert, though visibly weakened. A doctor, a middle-aged man with kind eyes, sits at a small desk, reviewing Klara's chart.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Macnamara, here are your
discharge instructions. Please read
over them carefully when you get
home. And remember, it's crucial
that you stay away from alcohol.
It's a tough journey, but with your
family by your side, I'm sure you'll
do well.

Klara glances at the sheet, her expression both resigned and determined. Virus watches her closely, noticing the flicker of discomfort in her eyes.

As the nurse steps away, Klara sighs and folds the paper into her purse without looking at it.

VIRUS

(gently)

You heard her, Ma. No more drinking.
It's time to start fresh, yeah?

Klara gives him a small nod, a flicker of guilt crossing her face.

KLARA

I know, Virus. I know. It's just...
 (pauses)
 It's been a part of my life for so long. Letting go isn't as easy as it sounds.

Virus puts an arm around her, offering a reassuring squeeze.

VIRUS

You're not alone in this, Ma. I'll be here every step of the way. You'll have me and Sherry, and... who knows, maybe we'll even get you out there, back on your feet, doing things you enjoy.

Klara's eyes soften, and she smiles at him, though there's a shadow of doubt still lingering.

KLARA

I appreciate that, Virus. I really do. But... it's hard. The drinking... it was the only thing that numbed the memories, kept the pain at bay.

Virus nods, understanding but firm.

VIRUS

Maybe, but it's done more harm than good. You deserve better, Ma. And maybe it's time you tried to heal without it.

Klara looks down, her fingers tracing the strap of her purse.

VIRUS (CONT'D)

Thank you Doctor, I'll make sure she follows all your instructions.

DOCTOR

(nodding)
 Please do. It's crucial for her recovery that she refrains from alcohol. We've started her on a regimen to help manage withdrawal symptoms and support her sobriety.

Klara reaches out, placing a weak hand on Virus's shoulder.

KLARA

(softly)
 I... I can do this, Virus. I need to try.

VIRUS
 (sincerely)
 I know you can, Ma. We all do.

The Doctor hands Klara a discharge packet filled with instructions and information.

DOCTOR
 Here are your medications and the schedule for follow-up appointments. I'd also recommend joining a support group. It can make a significant difference.

Klara nods, taking the packet from the Doctor.

KLARA
 Thank you, Doctor. I appreciate everything you've done.

DOCTOR
 (smiling)
 Take care, both of you. And remember, support is key.

The Doctor exits the room, leaving Virus and Klara alone.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Virus helps Klara into a wheelchair, adjusting her blanket and ensuring she's comfortable.

VIRUS
 We're going home, Ma. I'll handle everything here. You just focus on getting better.

KLARA
 (teary-eyed)
 I'm sorry, Virus. For everything. For judging you, for pushing you so hard...

VIRUS
 (softly)
 Don't apologize. We've both been through a lot. It's time to heal.

Klara squeezes his shoulder, a gesture of gratitude and lingering pain.

KLARA
 I thought if I kept it from you, you could avoid the pain.
 (MORE)

KLARA (CONT'D)

But seeing you today, pushing yourself to the limit, I realize now that you were dealing with more than I knew.

VIRUS

It's fine Ma, I am sorry for the way I treated you in the past for not seeing through your pain and recognizing that you were hurting, I am sorry Ma, please forgive me

KLARA

It's fine son, you should not bear the burden of guilt of what you had no idea about.

They embraced each other, each strengthening the other.

EXT. MACNAMARA FARM - EVENING

Virus helps Klara out of the truck and walks her toward the farmhouse. She pauses in front of the door, looking around the property as if seeing it for the first time.

KLARA

(sighing)
It's good to be home.

Virus watches her, sensing both relief and fear in her expression. The weight of the memories here seems to hang in the air.

VIRUS

(supportive)
Take your time. It's gonna be a little strange, I know. But this is a new chapter, Ma. No more ghosts, alright?

Klara manages a weak smile and nods, steeling herself before stepping inside. Virus follows, closing the door behind them.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Klara settles onto the worn couch, looking around the familiar room. Virus brings her a blanket and a cup of tea, settling down beside her.

KLARA

(sipping the tea,
reflecting)
This place... holds so many memories.
Some good, some... harder to bear.

Virus looks at her, his tone gentle.

VIRUS

Then let's make some new ones, Ma.
Memories you can look back on and
feel proud of.

Klara nods, a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

KLARA

That sounds nice. I don't know how,
but... maybe it's time I tried.

They sit in comfortable silence, the faint hum of crickets filling the room. For the first time in a long time, there's a sense of peace between them.

EXT. MACNAMARA FARM - DAY

The sun is setting on the rural farm, casting a warm, golden glow over the fields. The farmhouse stands quiet, peaceful, yet a hint of sadness lingers in the air.

Inside, Virus is sitting by the window, looking out over the land. The silence is deafening, and the once vibrant, larger-than-life energy that fueled his every move seems distant now.

Klara walks through the door, taking a cautious glance at her son. Her concern is evident, though her words are few. She stops by the door, observing him quietly for a moment before speaking.

KLARA

(softly)

You've been like this for days, Virus.
You're wasting away here.

Virus doesn't respond immediately, his focus on something far beyond the window. He seems lost in thought, a man trapped in his own past. He doesn't even acknowledge his mother's presence at first.

KLARA (CONT'D)

(sighing)

You know, your father...

(pause thinking)

He'd never have allowed this.

He would have told you to get back out there, to do what you were born to do.

Her words sting a bit, but they also hold a strange truth. Klara takes a deep breath and finally adds:

KLARA (CONT'D)

I know it's not easy, but the crowd...
they're waiting for you. It's not
just the thrill, it's the connection,
the way you make them feel alive.
You need to feel that again, Virus.
I don't know what else to say.

Her voice fades, and she slowly walks away, leaving Virus alone with his thoughts. He watches her go, but there's no immediate change in his posture or demeanor. The weight of her words lingers in the air, unanswered.

Later that afternoon, a car rolls up to the farmhouse, its tires crunching on the gravel driveway.

Virus glances up from his spot near the window, seeing a familiar car pull up. His heart skips a beat as the car comes to a stop, and out steps none other than Sherry.

She walks up to the front door with purpose, the same confident stride that initially caught Virus's attention.

She's not the same woman who first met him—there's a maturity about her now, a confidence that's grounded in real life experiences.

She's been through the same tumult, seen the same struggles, but she's managed to hold onto hope. And for her, that hope now rests in Virus.

SHERRY

(gently)
You're still here?

Virus stands up from the window, walking towards her but remaining distant.

VIRUS

(slowly)
Yeah, I'm still here.

SHERRY

(softly)
I thought you'd be out there. Giving
them the show they love.

Her words carry a weight, but it's not judgment. It's understanding, mixed with concern.

Sherry steps closer to him, her eyes searching his face for any trace of the man she once knew—the man who was larger than life, untouchable in his reckless pursuit of thrills.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

You've been hiding out here for too long, Virus. You've shut everything down... even yourself. And I get it, I do. But that's not you. You're not meant to hide. You're meant to fly.

Virus looks away, guilt washing over him as he feels the intensity of Sherry's words. He takes a deep breath, running his hands through his hair as he shakes his head.

VIRUS

I don't know what I'm doing anymore. It's all just... a blur. I've been chasing a ghost for so long, Sherry. I don't even know what it feels like to really live anymore.

Sherry reaches out, placing a hand on his arm, grounding him in the moment. Her touch is soft but firm, reassuring.

SHERRY

Virus, I know you're hurting, and I know you've been through hell, but you can't give up on this. You can't give up on yourself. You're not just a stuntman. You're a showman. You make people believe in something bigger, in the impossible. The world needs that right now. You need that.

She takes a step closer to him, her gaze unwavering, filled with a mix of concern and admiration.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

You don't have to carry the world's weight alone. You have people who love you. People who believe in you. I believe in you. But you've got to believe in yourself again, Virus.

Virus feels the weight of her words hit him like a punch to the chest. For the first time in a long time, he allows himself to look directly at her, his eyes filled with a quiet intensity.

VIRUS

(softly)

I don't know if I can go back out there. The fear, the adrenaline... it's not the same anymore.

SHERRY

But it could be. You don't have to make it perfect. Just... go out there and feel it again. Feel the crowd. Feel the rush. It's like you told me once. You're not just doing this for them. You're doing it for yourself. You need to give yourself the freedom to live again, Virus.

Virus stares at her for a long moment, unsure of what to say. His mind races with doubts, memories, and fears.

But in the quiet, with Sherry standing there before him, he begins to feel something—maybe not the certainty he longs for, but a flicker of something that's been missing for so long.

He reaches out and takes her hand, squeezing it gently. His voice is quieter now, more vulnerable than before.

VIRUS

Maybe I can try. Maybe I'll go back out there... just to see if it's still the same.

Sherry smiles softly, her eyes filling with quiet pride.

SHERRY

That's all I'm asking, Virus. Just take the first step.

As the evening draws near, the air is thick with the promise of change.

Virus and Sherry stand together on the farm's porch, the fading light reflecting their uncertain yet hopeful expressions.

Neither of them says much more, but there's a quiet understanding between them now.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I'm here. Whatever happens, I'm here.

Virus looks at her, his heart a little lighter, his mind starting to shift toward the possibilities ahead.

And for the first time in a long time, he feels the tiniest spark of hope.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The stars begin to fill the night sky as Virus and Sherry share a quiet moment outside.

The world seems to have slowed down, the stillness of the night offering a chance for introspection.

Sherry looks at Virus with a sense of purpose in her eyes.

SHERRY

(softly)

You know, you don't have to do it all at once. Just take it slow.

Virus turns to her, his expression serious but soft.

VIRUS

You really think I can go back out there, huh?

SHERRY

I know you can. I've seen what you can do when you're at your best. You can be your best again, Virus. Just remember what made you want to start doing this in the first place.

The two of them stand in the quiet, sharing a moment of reflection.

Then, Sherry steps closer, resting her head gently against his shoulder.

Virus, at first stiff, relaxes, feeling the weight of her words and the comfort of her presence.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

(slowly)

We'll figure it out. Together.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The night grows quiet and intimate as Virus and Sherry share a peaceful moment in the warm glow of the farmhouse.

The weight of the world has begun to lift, and in the stillness, they find themselves drawn closer to each other.

Virus, once distant and lost in his own struggles, now feels the warmth of Sherry's presence beside him.

As the moonlight filters through the window, casting soft shadows on the walls, there's a shift in the air between them-

an undeniable tension, not of despair, but of something new, something hopeful.

They share a look, words unspoken but their eyes saying everything. It's a moment suspended in time, where the possibility of a new beginning feels tangible.

SHERRY

(softly)

Virus...

Her voice is a whisper, but it holds a world of meaning. She reaches for his hand, pulling him closer, and he doesn't resist. The space between them closes, and the intimacy of the moment envelops them.

Their kiss is slow, tender, filled with a mix of desire and hope. It's not just passion-it's a moment of connection, of vulnerability, of two people choosing to take a chance on each other.

And in that quiet night, in the warmth of each other's arms, a new life begins to grow.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The sun casts a golden glow through the small windows, illuminating the dust motes dancing in the air.

Virus Macnamara, rugged and lean from years of motorcycle stunts, sits at a worn wooden table, scribbling notes in a notepad.

His mind is focused, his eyes narrowed in concentration as he plans his next big stunt. The room is littered with blueprints, maps, and old photographs from past performances.

His bike, the one he has used for countless stunts, sits in the corner of the room, resting like a coiled spring, ready for action.

Virus stares at it for a moment before returning his gaze to the papers in front of him. The sound of his pen scratching against the paper fills the otherwise quiet room.

VIRUS

(quietly, to himself)

It's got to be perfect. Everything has to be perfect.

He flips through a few pages of the map, his finger tracing the distance between the village and the massive dam he plans to jump.

His pulse quickens at the thought, but there's something deeper beneath the surface—a nagging voice, a whisper of doubt, but Virus brushes it aside.

He's done this a hundred times before. It's just another stunt. It's just another challenge to conquer.

Klara her presence looming despite her absence from the room, calls from the next room. Her voice is muffled, but still carries a sense of worry.

KLARA (O.S.)

Virus? Are you sure about this?

Virus doesn't respond immediately. He continues to map out the details of the stunt, calculating the angle, speed, and timing needed for the jump.

His thoughts are interrupted when Sherry, his constant companion and confidante, enters the room.

She stands by the doorway, her expression a mix of concern and gentle resolve.

SHERRY

(softly)

You've been at this for hours. Are you sure you don't need a break?

Virus looks up, his eyes meeting hers, but only for a second before his gaze drifts back to the papers in front of him.

VIRUS

(grimly)

I can't afford a break. This has to be perfect, Sherry. It's the only way to prove that I'm more than just some daredevil stuntman. This will be the one that people remember.

SHERRY

(stepping closer,
concerned)

You don't need to prove anything. You've already done more than anyone could ever expect. What's this really about, Virus? You've been chasing something for so long, but I don't think it's about fame anymore.

Virus pauses, his hands resting on the map, the quiet hum of his motorcycle engine in the background.

He doesn't answer at first, but the tension in the room is palpable.

VIRUS

(barely above a whisper)
It's the only thing that makes me
feel alive. Every stunt, every jump..
it's the only way to escape what's
inside.

Sherry studies him, seeing the cracks in his hard exterior.
She knows he's not just running toward the crowd or the thrill.

There's something deeper, darker, something from his past he
can't shake off.

She sits down at the table across from him, her gaze never
leaving his face.

SHERRY

(softly)
Virus... you can't keep running forever.
You've got to face what you're hiding
from.

Virus remains silent, his eyes downcast. He knows she's right,
but the thought of slowing down, of facing his past, terrifies
him.

VIRUS

(steely)
I can't stop now. Not until I prove
to myself that I'm more than the
person everyone thinks I am.

There's a long pause, the weight of his words hanging in the
air. Sherry's hand reaches across the table, resting on his,
offering a quiet form of comfort.

SHERRY

I'm here for you, Virus. But I can't
watch you destroy yourself.

Virus doesn't pull away. Instead, he looks at her, the
vulnerability in his eyes belying his hard, reckless exterior.

VIRUS

(softly)
I don't know how to stop, Sherry. I
don't know what comes after this.

The room is quiet for a moment, the tension between them thick.
It's clear that Virus is caught between his need for
validation, his desire for escape, and the love and support
Sherry offers him.

SHERRY

You don't have to do this alone,
Virus. You never have to prove
anything to anyone.

Virus closes his eyes for a brief moment, as if trying to block out the rising emotions inside him. He takes a deep breath, trying to clear his mind.

VIRUS

I just need to get this right, Sherry.
I need to jump that dam. After that,
I'll know if I've really made it.

Sherry looks at him, her heart heavy with worry. She knows how dangerous this stunt is.

The jump is unprecedented, and the risk is immense. But she also knows that Virus won't stop until he's done it.

She stands up, looking around the room, her eyes scanning the plans Virus has made. She knows he's set on doing this, but she can't just sit by and watch.

SHERRY

(softly)

Okay. But promise me that you'll
think about what happens after the
jump. What happens when the applause
fades?

Virus's gaze drifts back to the papers in front of him, the weight of her words sinking in. But he doesn't reply. He can't. There's no time for thinking about the aftermath.

The preparation continues.

EXT. DAM SITE - DAY

The sun blazes overhead, casting harsh shadows across the landscape.

The dam stands like a silent giant in the distance, its towering concrete walls rising high above the water.

Virus pulls up on his motorcycle, the roar of the engine fading as he slows to a stop at the edge of the site.

He dismounts, his boots crunching on the gravel as he approaches the ramp, his gaze locked on the impressive structure.

The wooden ramp stretches far ahead, leading to the precipice where he will launch himself into the unknown.

VIRUS

(softly, to himself)

This is it... This is where it all happens.

Virus steps closer to the ramp, running his hand along the smooth wood.

The sound of rushing water from below adds to the tension in the air.

He inhales deeply, trying to steady himself, picturing the jump in his mind-the speed, the height, the landing.

VIRUS (CONT'D)

I've trained for this my whole life.
I'll stick the landing. I'll show
everyone that I can do this. This
is mine.

He glances over the edge, visualizing the jump, imagining the moment when he'll fly through the air.

The thought excites him, but as he takes it all in, something pulls at him-an ache, a memory.

After a final look at the dam, Virus mounts his bike and drives away, heading back down the road, the weight of the stunt still heavy on his mind.

EXT. OLD BUILDING SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

The scene shifts as Virus rides through the city, the familiar sights passing by as he heads toward home.

He takes the route that brings him past the old building-an abandoned site he's passed countless times before.

It's here that his father, the man who left him with more scars than memories, fell to his death.

Virus slows his bike, his eyes fixed on the spot where it happened. The scar on the skyline, the building long since torn down, but the pain remains.

Virus parks the bike, standing still for a moment. The air is thick with memories, and he can almost hear the echo of his father's voice, harsh and cold, criticizing him, pushing him to be more than he was.

VIRUS

(softly, speaking
into the silence)

I know I'm not perfect, but damn it,
I'm going to succeed.

He looks down at his hands, remembering the pain of trying to live up to the impossible expectations his father set. He takes a deep breath, his chest tightening.

VIRUS (CONT'D)

I'm going to make that jump. I'm going to prove it—prove to myself, to everyone, that I'm not like you. I'm not going to crash. I'm going to stick the landing, make you proud. I'll show you that I can be better, that I'm better than your ghosts.

His voice cracks as he speaks to the air, to the memory of his father, the one who never believed in him. There's no response, just the wind rustling through the empty streets.

VIRUS (CONT'D)

I'm going to make it. I'll succeed. You'll see.

For a moment, the world feels smaller, and he's not just a daredevil trying to make a name for himself. He's a son, haunted by the memory of a father who never saw him for who he truly was.

Virus starts his bike, the engine revving to life once more. He glances back at the spot one last time, the weight of his words lingering in the air.

VIRUS (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

I'm doing this for me. I'm doing it for you.

With that, he takes off, the sound of the motorcycle engine echoing as he speeds down the road, determined to face the dam, the jump, and whatever comes next.

EXT. FARM - LATER

Virus stands next to his motorcycle, checking the engine. Sherry watches from a distance, her concern etched across her face.

The sun is beginning to set, casting long shadows over the farm. The air is thick with anticipation, but Virus remains calm, methodical.

Every movement is precise, every adjustment made with care.

He's done this a hundred times before, but this stunt is different.

It's not just about the leap; it's about what it represents—freedom, validation, escape.

Sherry steps forward, watching him, her heart heavy with the realization that she may not be able to stop him.

SHERRY
(softly, to herself)
Please don't do this.

The wind picks up, rustling the grass around them. Virus looks at her one last time, a silent acknowledgment of her concerns, but the decision has already been made.

VIRUS
This is it.

With a final glance at Sherry, he climbs onto the bike, revving the engine one last time.

The sound echoes across the quiet village, signaling that the countdown has begun.

Sherry watches him, knowing the path he's chosen, but still hoping that somehow, things will be different this time.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Virus speeds down the dirt road, leaving the farm behind, heading toward the dam and the biggest stunt of his life.

Sherry stands in the doorway, watching him go, her heart torn between fear and love.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

The atmosphere is electric as thousands of spectators line the surrounding cliffs and vantage points around the massive dam.

The clear blue sky casts a bright light over the scene, making the sheer scale of the dam even more imposing.

Cameras are set up everywhere, capturing every moment for millions of viewers around the world.

In the foreground, a long wooden ramp rises steeply, stretching across the terrain towards the dam. Virus sits atop his motorcycle, the engine rumbling beneath him.

The sleek bike glistens in the sunlight, ready for the most daring stunt of his career: leaping over the immense chasm of the dam.

Virus adjusts his helmet and grips the handlebars, his eyes fixed on the ramp ahead. His pulse quickens, and the buzz of excitement from the crowd only heightens the moment.

He exhales deeply, bracing for the imminent jump.

VIRUS

(whispering to himself)

This is it. This is where everything changes.

He revs the engine, synchronizing his heartbeat with the rhythm of the bike, ready to push the limits and prove that he's unstoppable.

Just as he's about to release the clutch and launch himself toward the edge, a movement on the far end catches his eye.

It's Sherry.

Virus's heart skips a beat. There she is, running toward him with urgency. As their eyes lock across the stadium, the intensity in her gaze cuts through his focus.

It's as if the rest of the world falls away, leaving just the two of them, frozen in time on this grand stage.

Sherry's face is a mixture of fear and determination. She's not here to cheer him on—she's here to stop him. Her expression says it all.

She's desperate, her every step filled with purpose, driven by love and a plea for him to reconsider.

SHERRY (V.O.)

(Soft, but fierce)

You don't have to do this, Virus.
There's more to life than stunts.

Virus stares at her, momentarily paralyzed. His foot hovers over the clutch, but he can't bring himself to release it.

The crowd chants, oblivious to the charged moment between him and Sherry.

Finally, she reaches him, breathless and unwavering. She stands before him, catching her breath as Virus watches, every muscle in his body tense.

There's a pause—a brief moment of silence, charged with the weight of unspoken words.

Sherry takes a deep breath, the intensity in her eyes speaking louder than words. Slowly, she reaches out, resting her hand on the bike's handlebars.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

(barely above a
whisper, resolute)

Please. There's nothing worth proving here, Virus. Just... come back with me.

Virus looks down, wrestling with the decision. The roar of the crowd fades into the background as he stares into Sherry's eyes.

He realizes that she's offering him something more than the thrill of a stunt-something real, something that doesn't require risking everything.

After a beat, Virus lets go of the clutch, his hands falling to his sides.

The crowd's cheers swell in confusion, but Virus doesn't care.

His gaze remains locked on Sherry's, knowing that, for once, he's making the right choice.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Virus, please... stop.

He says nothing, but the tremor in his hands betrays him. Virus's gaze flickers between her and the bike, torn between the thrill of the stunt and the force of the love in her eyes.

Sherry reaches out and gently places her hand on his arm, guiding it down to her stomach. She doesn't speak at first, but Virus feels the weight of her gesture.

The intensity of the moment swells around them.

Her other hand rests gently over his, guiding it until it settles against her abdomen.

His fingers splay across the fabric of her clothes, and he can feel the subtle rise and fall of her body, the rhythm of her breath.

And then, she lets him feel it. The soft, steady rhythm of a heartbeat.

Her hand presses his more firmly against her stomach, and in that instant, the world shifts for Virus.

VIRUS
(whispering, in shock)
Is that...?

Sherry nods, a faint but loving smile crossing her lips.

SHERRY
(softly)
It's our baby, Virus. Our child.

Virus stands frozen, his world crashing down around him. The noise of the crowd, the hum of the motorcycle, the weight of his past—all of it fades into the background.

All he can hear is the steady, reassuring beat of life growing inside her. It's a sound that pulls him from the edge of destruction and reminds him of everything he stands to lose.

His fingers tremble against her skin as the reality sets in. The stunt, the jump, the desperate need for validation—none of it matters now.

What matters is the life they've created together. What matters is the love they've shared and the future they can build.

VIRUS
(voice shaking)
I... I didn't know. I didn't know it
was real.

Sherry smiles softly, a tear slipping down her cheek. She's never been more certain of anything in her life.

SHERRY
(softly)
It's real. It's always been real,
Virus.

A long silence hangs in the air between them, both of them standing on the precipice of an uncertain future.

Virus's heart races—not from the excitement of the stunt, but from the weight of the truth she's just shared with him.

For the first time, he feels the pull of something bigger than himself, something that could change everything. The need for the rush of the stunt seems trivial now.

The validation he's been chasing his entire life pales in comparison to what's standing before him.

Virus slowly removes his hand from her stomach, his fingers still trembling.

He looks at her, and for the first time in a long while, there's a glimmer of hope in his eyes—a hope that he didn't even know he was capable of.

VIRUS

(quietly)

I'm sorry.

Sherry gently touches his cheek, offering him a comforting smile. She doesn't need him to say more.

She understands him in a way no one else ever has. She knows the struggles he's been through, the pain he's tried to outrun, and the depth of his inner turmoil.

SHERRY

(softly)

You don't have to apologize. Just come back to us. You have so much more waiting for you.

The roar of the crowd grows louder, but Virus doesn't hear it. He looks at the motorcycle one last time, the tool of his destruction, and something inside him shifts.

The life he's been chasing, the thrill, the chaos—it all starts to seem so small.

Virus finally takes a step back from the bike. The sound of the engine sputters, falling silent as his grip loosens.

VIRUS

(quietly, to himself)

It's time for something new.

Sherry smiles, and they stand together, in that fleeting moment, as the world around them continues to spin.

The cameras are still rolling, but in this quiet exchange between the two of them, the world seems to stand still.

FADE OUT.

THE END