

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

"Pilot"

written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

KEIRA FLYNN, 27, in black camo, huddles in the undergrowth of an embankment 75 yards from a dimly lit path. On a tripod is a camera with a huge 500mm infrared lens. Beside her is a pair of high-end binoculars.

She watches the path, one hand on the camera, one on the binoculars. She stiffens slightly and raises the binoculars.

MUSIC UP: "STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT" by Frank Sinatra.

INTERCUT - KEIRA, BINOCULAR POV, INFRARED CAMERA POV

Through the binoculars, Keira sees a runner pass through the infrequent pools of light on the path.

The binoculars swing dizzyingly down the path to a bench. CEZAR, 30, long, dark ponytail reclines casually on it.

Keira picks up the camera and squeezes off a few shots.

*Through the HAZE of the INFRARED she sees the jogger come to the bench, which is now empty.*

Keira picks up the binoculars again.

Through the binoculars, Cezar is once again on the bench. As the runner passes him, he slows down and comes to a stop a few feet beyond the bench.

Keira looks out over the binoculars, excited. She goes back to the camera.

*Again through the INFRARED, Keira sees only the jogger, standing alone on the path. He turns back toward the bench.*

Keira locks down the camera and picks up the binoculars.

Through the binoculars, Keira sees Cezar get up and walk toward the jogger. He discards a toothpick as he goes.

Keira switches the camera to video mode and starts recording.

Still through the binoculars, the two men seem to have a short conversation, the runner completely motionless.

Cezar leans very close to the jogger, and appears to kiss him passionately on the neck.

Suddenly the jogger's knees buckle and he begins to collapse, but with one hand Cezar grabs the front of the jogger's shirt and holds his limp body upright for a few more seconds.

Cezar pulls back. The jogger's lifeless body dangles from his grip like a rag. He stands with his head thrown back, eyes closed for a few seconds.

Cezar drags the jogger along like a doll, to a tree, briefly looks around, takes the jogger in both hands and tosses him up into the lower branches.

When he appears sure the jogger won't fall back down, he turns and walks back up the path.

A CLOSE SHOT of the camera shows the battery indicator FLASH. Suddenly, the camera BEEPS, the sound uncomfortably loud.

Through the binoculars, Keira sees Cezar's head snap toward her at the sound of the BEEP, even though the distance is far too great for him to have heard it.

He turns off the path and starts to walk in her direction.

KEIRA  
(tense; to herself)  
Always the damn battery!

Keira begins hurriedly stuffing things into her gear bag.

She turns to see that Cezar has already covered about half the distance to her as he breaks into a run.

Keira pops the memory card out of the camera and drops the camera. She turns and scrambles the rest of the way up the embankment and over, her equipment left behind.

Seconds after she is gone, Cezar arrives at her hiding place. He looks around quickly at her equipment, sniffs the air, and goes after her.

Keira runs like a stealthy athlete. She zigs through stands of trees and leaps across a pond-sized puddle, leaving no tracks.

Finally, still running at full speed, she steps lightly on the only four pieces of broken concrete protruding from a large expanse of mud, again leaving no tracks.

Abruptly, she cuts toward a wall and is over it in a second.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Keira walks quickly through the late night foot traffic of Manhattan, sure that she has lost her pursuer, but wary.

Cezar exits the park a few yards ahead of Keira. Keira looks about for an avenue of escape, not scared, but alert.

She sees a bus round the corner behind Cezar, and quickly darts into the street as if to cross.

Without looking, he does the same and is immediately HAMMERED by the bus and sent flying through the air. The bus SCREECHES to a stop.

A small crowd forms around Cezar, face down in the street. The BUS DRIVER runs up and kneels beside him.

BUS DRIVER

Oh shit, I think he's dea--

Cezar slowly moves a little.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Yes! Okay buddy, hang in there, help's comin'.

(looks at crowd)

Did somebody call 911?

Every one of them is shooting video and looking at their phones like there's something wrong. Finally, one person makes eye contact and suddenly thinks to make the call.

The Bus Driver turns back to Cezar, who, at that very moment, leaps to his feet.

One of the bus' WINDSHIELD WIPERS PROTRUDES from his forehead, and BLOOD covers his face. The bus driver lands on his ass as they all jump back.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Jesus! Hey buddy, maybe you oughta take it easy.

Cezar looks down at the bus driver.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

(motions vaguely at his own forehead)

You got a...

Cezar goes to reach up to his forehead with his right hand. When he does, the arm just bends sickeningly backwards at the elbow, broken.

Annoyed, he pulls the wiper out of his forehead with his left hand and tosses it away. Then he looks quickly around in every direction. Keira is gone.

Obviously angry, he pushes his way into the crowd and away, leaving them all to stare after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - BULGARIA - NIGHT

A SNIPER RIFLE rests peacefully on its bi-pod atop a vent cover. A black-gloved hand sets an iPhone down beside the rifle.

*THROUGH THE RIFLE'S SCOPE, across the street, five people mill about inside the high-arched windows of a splendid, 5-star hotel. The CROSS-HAIRS of the scope dart surely from one target to another, on a practice run.*

Behind the scope is ELVIS FLYNN, 29, handsome. He peers through the rifle scope as he plugs a headset into his ear.

*Across the street, the movements of the people in the room almost bring them into a perfect single-file line.*

ELVIS  
(quiet, but excited)  
Ooh, ooh, no way...

*Just before they line up, the potential victims separate again.*

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Son of a--

The iPhone BUZZES and VIBRATES on the vent cover. Elvis' non-trigger hand lifts it up to see that the caller is apparently "Screening Is Not An Option." He taps his headset button.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
I've been meaning to ask how--

KEIRA  
(filtered)  
You'll figure it out.

ELVIS

Probably not. I don't care enough  
to work on it. So, what's up?

*The victims nearly align again.*

Elvis' breathing stops as his finger tightens on the trigger.

KEIRA

(filtered)

So, what video game are you playing  
now?

*Once again, the targets drift apart.*

Elvis' finger relaxes and frustration clouds his face.

ELVIS

First-person shooter. This one's a  
little tricky, so once more, with  
feeling - what's up, Keira?

INT. KEIRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

She sits at the kitchen table, looking at an iPad. An  
infrared photo shows the runner from the park hanging limply  
in midair, held by the invisible Cezar.

KEIRA

I've been thinking, do you ever  
wonder what I'm doing?

ELVIS

(filtered)

I wonder what I'm doing all the  
time.

KEIRA

Seriously, E. I mean I always  
wonder what you're doing now.

INTERCUT - ELVIS AND KEIRA

ELVIS

So, why don't you ask?

KEIRA

We don't really have that kind of  
relationship, do we?

ELVIS

And whose fault is that? You're my sister, if you have questions, ask.

KEIRA

I don't. We don't really do questions in our family.

*Through ELVIS' SCOPE, the targets have now dispersed so much that some of them are in another window.*

ELVIS

Well look, it didn't take long for this conversation to devolve--

KEIRA

Seriously, don't you wonder about what I'm doing?

ELVIS

Yes, I wonder what you do, who you're seeing, all that stuff, you're my sister. But I know better than to ask. Therein lies madness. If you want me to know, you'll tell me.

(beat; cautious)

Are you about to tell me?

KEIRA

Sort of. I work for a large unnamed company now.

ELVIS

Must have pretty lame stationery.

Keira flips to another picture of the runner being dragged by an invisible force.

KEIRA

Anyway, my job is to protect them from the depredations of other large unnamed companies.

ELVIS

Nifty. The tradeshows must be a cluster-fu--

KEIRA

It's a little different from my previous job - but not as much as you might think.

ELVIS

I don't think that much if I can help it.

KEIRA

Clearly. You don't shut up and listen that much either. So I've been protecting my unnamed company from a very specific other unnamed company lately. But this other company has grown strangely, um, effective of late, and naturally, we wanted to find out why.

ELVIS

Naturally.

She looks at a third photo of the runner flying up into the tree, unassisted.

KEIRA

Actually, as it turns out, it's not natural at all.

ELVIS

Aaand that's where you lost me.

Elvis peers calmly and steadily through his scope.

KEIRA

Well, we both knew it was going to happen at some point. Look, I'll explain later, but I know you're running late.

ELVIS

I am?

KEIRA

Yes, you're on the 11:40 out of Sofia to Kennedy.

ELVIS

Oh. Is there--

KEIRA

I'm sorry, E, but I need you. I underestimated them, I - I just never imagined...

ELVIS

I've got a guy in the city, let me--



KEIRA

No. Trust me, you don't have a guy  
for this.

(beat)

And E, they need to be stopped.

Elvis glances from the scope to the clock on his phone.

ELVIS

Pick me up at the airport?

KEIRA

Sure. Probably.

(beat)

E, I'm pretty sure tonight is going  
to get a little tricky for me, so  
if I'm not there--

ELVIS

I'll find you.

*Suddenly, everyone in the room reacts to a knock at the door.  
They all rush back into the first window, some drawing guns.*

KEIRA

Okay. Promise?

ELVIS

I promise. Take care, kid, the  
family reunions are getting pretty  
sparse.

*As one of the targets reaches to open the door, they're all  
in perfect alignment.*

KEIRA

I will. You too.

Elvis squeezes the trigger, and the rifle BARKS.

KEIRA (CONT'D)

Was that a--

Elvis keys off his phone. He picks his head up above the  
scope, looking at the windows across the street. A goofy,  
amazed smile spreads across his face.

ELVIS

Hah! There has got to be some kind  
of bonus for that.

He begins to quickly break down his rifle.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Elvis sits in the fairly deserted waiting area of one of the gates, his feet atop a stand-up ashtray, eyes closed.

His eyes open and he looks at his watch. He stands and picks up his carry-on bag.

Elvis walks up to a locker, inserts a key and opens it. Inside is a large bag of coffee.

He looks around, then pulls out the bag, opens it and jams his hand into the ground coffee. A moment later, he pulls out a plastic bag, tightly wrapped around a 9mm pistol and two extra clips.

He drops the plastic bag into his carry-on, puts the coffee back into the locker and locks it. He walks away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Elvis gets out of a cab, walks around the corner and up the street to a parked car as the cab drives off.

He rests his hand on the hood. He shakes the dew from the cold metal off his hand and looks up at a specific window of the building before him, where a light dimly burns.

INT. KEIRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door swings open silently to reveal an empty hallway. The only light comes from a small lamp in a distant corner.

A shadow darts through the door and into the deeper shadows of the room.

After a few silent moments, Elvis goes back to the door, reaches outside, and brings in his bag. He closes the door, sets the bag in front of it, and turns on the lights.

The room is a disaster. Papers, books, furniture lie in disarray. Elvis looks around. The 9mm still in one hand, he begins a slow circuit of the room.

INT. BEDROOM

Elvis enters the bedroom, which is also devastated. Half buried in the drywall is a camera.

Elvis' expression changes from one of intense but detached observation to one of concern. He tucks the 9mm into his jacket as he strides out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN

Elvis walks into the small kitchen and directly to the refrigerator.

He opens the refrigerator and moves some stuff aside on the top shelf. All the way at the back, he grabs the water filter and gives it a half-turn. Taped to the back is a flash drive. Elvis peels off the drive.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Elvis goes to his bag, pulls out a laptop, then goes to the desk. He rights a chair and sits.

Elvis opens the laptop and plugs in the flash drive. He enters a password, then scans the list of files. Finally, he selects them all and double-clicks.

As file after file quickly opens, pictures from the park flash by. Then some text documents open.

Elvis' hand darts out to stop the file opening cascade. His fingers move across the trackpad.

The curser clicks on a particular text file.

CLOSE-UP

The word "vampires" stands out from the page.

Elvis is frozen for a moment, then his eyes begin to dart across the page.

END OF TEASER

ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. KEIRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elvis lies atop the bed covers. His nose twitches.

Suddenly, he sneezes and instantaneously rolls across the bed and onto the floor on the far side. At the same moment, a fist pounds into the space his head had occupied, through the pillow, and into the bed.

Elvis leaps to his feet to see Cezar, fully healed, pull his fist out of the bed. He tosses a bedspring away, looks at Elvis and smiles sinisterly.

Elvis smiles back, winningly.

Then, from below the side of the bed, in one smooth, quick motion, he raises an aluminum baseball bat and TINGS a heavy blow off Cezar's head, which snaps to one side

Cezar turns back to Elvis, still smiling. There is a sizable DENT in the side of his head now.

CEZAR

Really swingin' for the fences on  
that one weren't you?

Elvis nods.

ELVIS

(nasally)  
That had to hurt.

Cezar shrugs noncommittally.

CEZAR

You must be Keira's brother.

ELVIS

(off pillow)  
You didn't know? That's just what  
you do when you meet somebody?

Cezar walks slowly around the bed as he talks.

CEZAR

We thought you might show up.

ELVIS

Did we? Why did we think that?

CEZAR

We just did. So we did some checking up on you. You're not an easy guy to get a make on. In fact, from what I understand, you almost don't exist. It was the "almost" part that irked.

On the last word, Cezar, now on the same side of the bed as Elvis, takes a mighty swing at him. Elvis dodges, lightning quick, lands another swing with the bat on Cezar's ribs, then leaps across the bed to the side by the window.

Cezar recovers from the blow and smiles at Elvis again.

CEZAR (CONT'D)

Not bad, a little quicker than I thought.

ELVIS

Yeah, I'm just a little jitterbug.

CEZAR

I was thinking blowfly, but okay. I'm surprised they'd name you after a dead, bloated King of Rock n' Roll.

Elvis stiffens a little.

ELVIS

Life - or whatever, in your case - is full of surprises. Like who'd have thought you bloodsuckers really exist?

CEZAR

Ohh, you know about that?

ELVIS

Sure, Vice did a thing.

CEZAR

You know, I was here last night looking for some pictures your sister shot for me. You didn't happen to find them did you?

Elvis' gaze darts very briefly toward a flash drive on the night stand nearest him. Cezar catches the look. Elvis looks back to Cezar.

ELVIS

So, where's Keira now?

Cezar begins to circle back around the bed.

CEZAR

Ah, don't worry about her, she hit it off very well with Krieger.

ELVIS

Sure, I can imagine. Probably a real people person, like you.

CEZAR

Krieger'd get a good laugh out of you, King. He likes funny guys.

ELVIS

All the world loves a clown.

CEZAR

Not really, clowns are creepy.

ELVIS

Wow, even you guys.

Cezar is on Elvis' side of the bed now.

CEZAR

So let's wrap this up.

Cezar lunges at Elvis, who dodges aside. Cezar instead grabs for the flash drive on the night stand. As his right arm lands on the night stand, Elvis brings the bat down hard on his elbow which snaps and dangles there limply once again.

CEZAR (CONT'D)

(off broken arm)

What is it with you people?!

Elvis quickly grabs the flash drive and backs away toward the foot of the bed.

Cezar turns toward Elvis, not at all amused now. As he stalks toward him, Elvis looks a little unfocused, and Cezar smiles. Elvis sneezes again.

CEZAR (CONT'D)

Smell something funny, King?  
Feeling just a little more cooperative?

Cezar lunges quickly toward Elvis and with a powerful swing of his good arm sends the bat CRASHING through the window. He then grabs Elvis by the front of the shirt and pulls him close. Below, the bat hits the pavement with a hollow RING.

CEZAR (CONT'D)

Now you're just dying to help me out here, aren't you, King? So be a good little fella and drop the drive.

ELVIS

(struggles to focus)  
I want you to know something.

CEZAR

(smiles)  
Okay, I'm listening.

ELVIS

Keira doesn't remember you, but I do. You and Krieger.

CEZAR

(smile vanishes)  
I can just pick it up downstairs.

He heaves Elvis out what remains of the window.

CEZAR (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, Elvis has left the building.

Cezar goes to the window and looks down.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Elvis hangs by one arm and one leg from a telephone wire one floor down. He holds up the flash drive to show Cezar.

ELVIS

(pleasantly)  
Hey, I never did catch your name.

Cezar stares, amazed for a moment.

CEZAR

Cezar.

ELVIS

(brightly)  
Like the chimp!

Elvis spots an open-topped garbage truck coming down the street below him.

He drops the flash drive, which falls two stories and lands right in the truck, which continues down the street. Cezar smiles wickedly, shakes a finger at him.

CEZAR

Piece of advice King; don't ever go  
to sleep again. We'll be there.

Cezar jumps from the window three stories to the street. He runs off down the street after the truck.

ELVIS

(to himself)

Hope you won't be offended if I  
don't wait here for you.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out another flash drive.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

(with a scoff)

Stupid vampire.

Elvis pockets the drive and begins to slide back along the wire toward the building.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elvis climbs in and sits on the window sill. He looks at his hand, which shakes.

ELVIS

Damn spooky guy though.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. C.I.A. OFFICE - NEW YORK - MORNING

Elvis sits quietly, eyes closed, in the guest chair of a typically bland government office. A portrait of the President hangs upside down behind the desk.

DONALD KOTARSKI, a mid-level C.I.A. supervisor, enters the office briskly.

When he sees Elvis, he slows up, a worried frown on his face. He stops at the upside down picture and takes it down.

ELVIS

I'll trade you my Richard Nixon  
rookie card for that.



Kotarski rights the photo and hangs it back on the wall.  
Elvis opens his eyes as Kotarski sits.

KOTARSKI

Kerry didn't tell me you were in here.

ELVIS

Kerry doesn't know I'm in here, which does not speak well of her grasp of spycraft.

KOTARSKI

She's a secretary, Flynn.

ELVIS

Okay, secretary-craft.

KOTARSKI

What are you doing here?

ELVIS

Wow, the lost art of conversation.

KOTARSKI

I think I remember an email about talking to you.

ELVIS

Maybe. I'll check Wikileaks.  
(beat)  
How was your Father's Day, Donald?

Kotarski fixes Elvis with a steely glare.

KOTARSKI

Don't give me that. You know, when your people first got burned, I felt bad, I really did. I still do, for them. But after that shit you pulled, I'm less sympathetic than I used to be.

ELVIS

They're not--

KOTARSKI

My uncle tells me that's the assumption we're going on now.

ELVIS

Well, no offense, but your uncle used to be my uncle too, and even you ought to be able to tell that what little has come out of there smells over-cooked. If they're dead, why have they been black flagged?

KOTARSKI

How do you know that?

ELVIS

Doesn't matter. You don't black flag terminated assets, it doesn't make sense.

Kotarski looks a little less stern.

KOTARSKI

I wondered about that myself. But let's be clear, your parents operated at a very different level than I - or even you did. There might be a good reason, I'm not in the loop. And you're not in any loop, so why are you here?

ELVIS

It's about my sister.

KOTARSKI

Yeah, the tolerable one. She isn't with the company anymore.

ELVIS

I'm aware of the company's turnover problem. Do you know who she's with?

KOTARSKI

Private sector was all I heard. Is there a problem?

ELVIS

She's missing. I'm trying to find her.

KOTARSKI

Are you sure she's missing? She's been known to go walk-about before.

Elvis looks pretty sure.

KOTARSKI (CONT'D)

Nothing has come across my desk.

(beat)

But I can probably check around a little without completely imploding my career. For your parents.

ELVIS

I would appreciate it. One more thing; I need a tool and die man.

KOTARSKI

You know you can't use ours, right?

ELVIS

Well, your guys are kind of boring anyway. I need somebody a little outside the box.

Kotarski looks at Elvis for a long moment. Then he smiles and pushes a button on his phone.

KOTARSKI

Kerry, get Mr. Flynn Spike's last knowns.

KERRY (V.O.)

Mister who?

KOTARSKI

Yeah, we need to talk about that. He'll be coming out of my office in a minute.

Kotarski pushes the button on the phone again.

ELVIS

Spike?

KOTARSKI

Yeah, he's... not in the box. You two should hit it off.

Elvis gets up.

KOTARSKI (CONT'D)

Do me a favor. Don't ever come in here again.

Elvis smiles innocently and walks out.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Elvis looks up at the sign above a storefront. It reads "Puff 'n Stuff." Based on the windows, it is apparently a head shop. He looks at the piece of paper in his hand, then back to the sign. Finally, he shrugs and walks in.

INT. SPIKE'S SHOP - DAY

Yep, it's a head shop. Lots of studded leather, heavy metal posters, pipes, things that may or may not be bongos (hint: they are).

On a stool behind the counter is TANYA, attractively pale, vaguely purplish-haired, around 20. She is reading The New England Journal of Medicine.

ELVIS

Is that the one with the rVSV ebola vaccine?

TANYA

(looking up)

Yeah. Pretty, huh?

ELVIS

So far. A little too early for ice cream and cake though.

TANYA

Yeah. Whattaya need?

ELVIS

Spike.

TANYA

Look around, we got plenty.

ELVIS

I'm here to see Spike.

TANYA

I'm Spike.

ELVIS

No you're not.

TANYA  
I could be.

ELVIS  
No you couldn't.

TANYA  
C'mon.

ELVIS  
Really, this is kind of important,  
Tanya.

TANYA  
Ooh, you figured out my name. Are  
you like, David Blaine or  
something?

ELVIS  
I hope not. Spike?

TANYA  
Does he know you?

ELVIS  
Not until you introduce us.

Tanya looks suspiciously at Elvis for a few seconds.

TANYA  
What's your name, I'll see if I can  
remember where I put him.

Elvis takes a pen and receipt pad from the counter and writes something down. He tears off the receipt and gives it to Tanya, who reads it. She smiles.

TANYA (CONT'D)  
Serious?

ELVIS  
As a heart attack.

TANYA  
(smiles)  
Yeah, heart attack. Good one.

She continues to smile back at him as she disappears through a curtained doorway behind the counter.

Elvis looks around the shop for a few moments until Tanya's head reappears through the curtain and beckons him through.

INT. SPIKE'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Tanya and Elvis enter through a heavy steel door. Fascinating instruments fill tables and shelves, as well as flak-vested mannequins in various states of catastrophic disrepair. In the corner is a lead radiation shield.

TANYA  
(yelling)  
Spike!

SPIKE (O.S.)  
Be there in a second!

Tanya and Elvis smile at one another for a few moments until SPIKE emerges from behind the lead shield in dark goggles, a lead apron, and heavy gloves. Elvis' look darts around the room, trying to figure out what Spike was hiding from.

As he approaches, he peels all of these off and drops them onto tables, chairs, and the floor. When he finally arrives at Elvis he is about 35, dressed in stylish business attire. He smiles and shakes hands with Elvis.

SPIKE (CONT'D)  
So, the semi-legendary Elvis Flynn.  
This is quite a pleasure.

ELVIS  
And Spike... I know nothing at all  
about you.

TANYA  
I told you word of mouth was not  
gonna cut it with these guys;  
they're trained not to talk. We've  
gotta start advertising.

SPIKE  
And yet, here he is.

TANYA  
I'm still not completely sure who  
he is.

SPIKE  
This is the guy I told you about,  
the guy the Company retired because  
he was screwing with the curve.

TANYA  
(smiles)  
Charm-popped.

SPIKE

Tanya, I don't suppose you could  
leave us alone for a wh--

TANYA

You suppose correctly.

Spike sits on a stool near his work bench. He motions to  
other stools.

SPIKE

Make yourself comfortable and tell  
me what you've been doing with your  
golden years, Elvis.

Tanya

Ooh, have you heard about reverse  
mortgages?

ELVIS

Actually, I'm here on business.

SPIKE

You're not back with the Company.

ELVIS

No, nothing like that. Family  
stuff.

SPIKE

(solemnly)

Ahh, I see.

(lighter again)

Tanya, did I ever tell you the  
gripping tale of the Spy Family  
Flynn?

Tanya shakes her head.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Well, it's a good one. First there  
were the elder Flynns -- Blanche  
and Arthur?

ELVIS

Martin and Carol.

(off Tanya)

But, uhh...

SPIKE

She's all right. Anyway, for years  
they were the Company's top ops in  
Europe. And not sleepers either;  
ass-deep in proper espionage.

(MORE)

SPIKE (CONT'D)

But eventually, they moved into management so they could raise a couple of little tykes.

ELVIS

We had a nanny for a while.  
(to Tanya)  
She didn't take.

Tanya nods knowingly.

SPIKE

So there were these two genetically superior little nippers...

Tanya visually appraises Elvis. Favorably.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

... basically trained from birth by Blanche and Arthur--

ELVIS

Seriously, I just told you --

SPIKE

To be the first born & bred super spies. You were both switched on when you were like fifteen, right?

ELVIS

I was eighteen when I was activated, they tapped Keira when she was nineteen.

SPIKE

So, they had been training and absorbing stuff forever, so by the time they were let loose, they were literally the best trained operatives out there. Of course the company split them up to prevent accidents, but if only half the stories I've heard are only half true, then... I've obviously been listening to the wrong people.

TANYA

So why aren't you a spy anymore?

ELVIS

Uh...



SPIKE

I guess it was about two years ago, right? The Flynns senior turned up missing. Assets go missing though. The Company tried to reacquire them of course, but they're blown, we have limited resources, blah, blah, they gave up. But young master Flynn here was a little more motivated. Apparently - and you didn't hear it from me - he almost succeeded in single-handedly dismantling the intelligence operations of virtually every country on Earth, including this one. All to find his parents.

TANYA

Awww.

ELVIS

It was a busy couple of weeks.

SPIKE

Needless to say, when he was finally brought in for repairs, there was a lot of finger wagging in his direction. In fact, he was apparently given his walking papers?

ELVIS

No, they wanted me to stay. I decommissioned myself.

SPIKE

Really, they let you do that kind of thing?

ELVIS

Underneath it all they still liked me. And I still do a little work for them occasionally.

TANYA

What about your sister?

ELVIS

She was in deep cover when it happened, so she didn't hear about it until her op started to come apart.

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)

She contacted me, I gave her the sit-rep, and since then, we've both been looking for our parents, among other things. Which brings us to the reason I'm here.

(beat)

Keira's gone dark too.

SPIKE

Is it related to your parents?

ELVIS

To be determined. Anyway, I came here looking for some hardware.

SPIKE

If you're looking for a Walther or a Tec-9 or something, that's really not the kind of thing I carry.

TANYA

I know somebody!

ELVIS

No, I'm pretty sure I'm looking for what you do.

SPIKE

Okay, then what do you need?

ELVIS

I need to do some more research, there are conflicting schools of thought about my targets' weak points. But there are one or two things I need now.

SPIKE

Shoot.

(beat)

Ordinance humor.

ELVIS

Yeah. Remember those filter plugs the Company was using a few years back? The really dense ones?

SPIKE

Point oh fours? They got canned because you had to have the lung power of a rhino to breathe through them. Unless you just breathe through your mouth, which sort of defeats the purpose of a nose plug.

ELVIS

I know, but I got used to them.  
They stop just about everything  
though, right?

SPIKE

Sure. Nothing bigger than point oh  
four microns can get through. What  
are you looking to stop?

ELVIS

It's a pheromone I think. Causes  
limited paralysis, loss of  
attention. It works almost  
instantly, and if that wasn't bad  
enough, I think I'm allergic to it.

SPIKE

Pheromone? Who's got that?

ELVIS

The same guys who have Keira.

Spike goes to a steel cabinet. During the following  
exchange, he unlocks the cabinet and takes out a small box.

SPIKE

Take a little advice here?

ELVIS

You're the pro.

SPIKE

That's the spirit. A pheromone is  
going to be a fairly huge molecule.  
Point oh fours are probably  
overkill, and if the pheromone  
doesn't get you, asphyxia probably  
will. Let me set you up with  
something a little less  
constricting. We'll both breathe  
easier.

After the brief conversational crater left by Spike's joke,  
he hands Elvis a pair of tiny plugs. Elvis inserts the plugs  
in his nostrils and breathes deeply.

ELVIS

Hmmph. You sure?

SPIKE

Nope. Here, take some spares.

Spike hands Elvis the box.

ELVIS  
Thanks. I guess.

SPIKE  
Now tell me more about these guys,  
they sound interesting.

ELVIS  
Later. When I get more on them  
I'll let you know. I'm doing a  
little fact finding tonight.

Elvis pulls a wad of cash from a pocket.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
How much for the--

SPIKE  
Generally, you're right, this is a  
cash & carry business, but if  
you're okay with it, I think I'd  
like to work out more of a barter  
arrangement with you.

ELVIS  
(suspicious)  
Why? What do you need?

SPIKE  
Nothing right now, but sometimes  
there are... things.

ELVIS  
Okay, we'll see how that works.  
(to Tanya)  
Run a tab just in case.

Elvis starts toward the steel door. Tanya hops off her stool  
and beats him to it.

TANYA  
A guy could get killed trying to  
get out of here unescorted.

SPIKE  
It was a pleasure meeting you, E.  
Don't be a stranger.

ELVIS  
Some things you can't help.

Tanya does some elaborate sequence of things to the door,  
then opens it.

INT. SPIKE'S SHOP - DAY

Tanya steps through the curtain followed by Elvis. She stops at the counter and motions for Elvis to continue, but he stops right in front of her.

ELVIS

Does Spike know his girl is with  
the Company?

TANYA

No. And neither should you.

ELVIS

But I do. How about that?

Elvis continues past her.

TANYA

By the way, I'm not his girl. How  
about that?

Elvis smiles, then continues out the door.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

FADE IN:

EXT. BODEGA - AFTERNOON

Elvis thumbs quickly through an underground newspaper, then stops at a small ad for a club called "Moroi's Kitchen."

ELVIS  
(to himself)  
Moroi -- Romanian for undead.  
Stupid, stupid little vampires.

EXT. MOROI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elvis leans back against a light pole outside a club with a long line of punks, zombies, and muggles waiting to get in. The club's sign features stylized fangs dripping with blood.

ELVIS  
(to himself)  
C'mon, they're not even trying.

Elvis spots a particularly vacant-eyed girl in a spray-on, spandex minidress leave the club under the arm of a pale young STUD. She almost appears to be in a trance. As they approach, Elvis pulls out one nose plug.

They brush past Elvis and move on toward a darker end of the street. As they go by, Elvis stifles a sneeze. He puts the plug back in and follows them.

Stud pulls a toothpick out of his mouth and drops it on the sidewalk. It TINKLES when it hits.

Elvis notices it gleaming on the sidewalk and stops to pick it up. He sees that it is a small file, which he tucks in his pocket and continues.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Stud eagerly escorts SPANDEX into the alley and all the way to the dark end of it, away from the street.

There he stops, brushes the hair back from her neck, and starts to bend over her.

ELVIS  
(whistles)  
Yo, Vlad.

The vampire's head snaps around to see Elvis standing in the alley only a few feet away.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Pretty sloppy there, Slurpy. A good twenty people saw you leave with her.

STUD

They won't remember. And you won't be around to remind them.

Stud turns away from Spandex, who continues to stare vacantly into the middle distance.

ELVIS

Ahh, Eau de Transylvania. Causes amnesia, too? You guys.

The vampire smiles. He steps toward Elvis.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Good, good, got a couple things I want to get your opinion on.

From somewhere inside his coat, Elvis whips out a crucifix. The vampire cringes, then recognizes the crucifix, smiles, and keeps on coming toward Elvis.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Had you for a second though, huh?

Elvis drops the crucifix into a pocket of the overcoat. He backs up to keep pace with the vampire's advance.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

(looks nervous)

I thought you guys were a little more chatty than this.

STUD

I'm busy, bloodsack. I haven't eaten since I was made.

(glances back at the girl)

This is good, I won't need her.

ELVIS

Krieger isn't gonna like this. I bet he likes his leeches to show a little more polish.

The vampire continues to advance.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Let me try one more thing.

Elvis pulls out his pistol and fires seven quick SHOTS into various parts of the vampire's body, including the head. None of the wounds bleed.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

(looks very nervous)

You're right, you are a little low.

Elvis backs up quicker now, as Stud speeds his advance. Suddenly Elvis backs hard into a fire escape support.

The vampire rushes up, grabs Elvis' neck and pins him to the fire escape. As the vampire bares his fangs, a startled look comes to his face. He quickly looks Elvis up and down, then suddenly doubles over and grabs his stomach.

Elvis senses an opening and knocks Stud's hand away from his neck. This gets Stud's attention and his arm quickly jabs out, slamming Elvis's head back into the fire escape support.

As the vampire staggers a few feet away, doubled over in pain, Elvis slides limply down the support and lands in a heap.

As Elvis' head lolls a bit, and he tries to regain his focus, Stud seems to recover a bit, and he stands upright. He glares malevolently at Elvis and tries to approach him again, but can't seem to get past some invisible barrier.

Elvis' arm comes up in a weak defensive move, but he clearly still can't even see straight.

SPANDEX (O.S.)

Wha- what are you guys doing?

Stud's look darts toward Spandex, then he bolts away.

As Elvis tries to stand or even move in a coordinated way, he can hear and almost see as Spandex starts to scream, but the sound is cut off, replaced by animal yelps of pain and fear, then gurgling whimpers, punctuated by a final CRUNCH.

Stud carelessly drops Spandex's lifeless body to the ground and comes back to Elvis. Face and chest covered with blood, he circles, head craning for an opening, like a predator looking for a way to snatch a well-defended prey.

Suddenly Stud's head snaps up, as if he hears a sound. Then, he turns back to Elvis and sniffs at him.



STUD

(smiling)

Fifty-fifty you die right there after I leave. I don't really like those odds, but Krieger is calling. Do you hear him? Do you hear anything? Too bad, I was just getting chatty for you. I'll play your game. We all will, because we like games and you're gonna lose.

(glances at Spandex)

See, you're losing already.

Elvis's head lolls toward Spandex, but he can barely make out her splayed body.

STUD (CONT'D)

I'm not supposed to do that. I could've just had a taste and moved on like they told me to. But you... you pissed me off.

(shrugs)

And there ya go.

Elvis is able to swing his head back toward Stud and almost glare at him.

STUD (CONT'D)

The good news is, I feel GREAT!

Stud turns to leave, then turns back.

STUD (CONT'D)

I'll say hi to your sister for you.

As Stud walks out of the alley, he wipes blood from his face and closes his jacket.

Elvis manages to get to hands and knees. A wooden stake CLATTERS to the ground from inside his coat. He reaches into a pocket and pulls out a bulb of garlic. He tries to focus on it, then puts it away clumsily.

Laboriously, he crawls toward Spandex. He falls completely over, but manages to get back up and continue crawling.

When he arrives at Spandex, he looks her over, devastated. Her THROAT IS COMPLETELY TORN AWAY.

Elvis clumsily picks her tiny purse out of the SMALL BLOOD PUDDLE and fumbles inside it, pulling out a driver's license and struggles to focus on it. After he looks at it for a few moments, he pockets the license and drops the purse into the last of Spandex's life, spreading across the pavement.

Slowly, laboriously, Elvis stumbles to his feet. He wobbles upright for a few moments, then staggers down the alley in the opposite direction, bouncing from dumpster to wall to anything that will hold him up.

INT. KEEP - BEDROOM

Keira, BRUISED and BLOODIED, lashes out with punches and kicks at Christof and two other vampires as they try to get a grip on her. Another vampire squirms on the bedpost where she has impaled him.

Suddenly, everyone stops, even the impaled vampire, as someone else enters the room. The others back off, and we don't see his face, only his BLONDE HAIR, as he approaches Keira. She looks around for an avenue of escape, then as their eyes meet, her resistance seems to dissolve.

His back to us, the vampire towers over her and gently picks up her chin, tilting her head slightly to expose her neck. He leans in and we see her flinch as his teeth hit home. Her eyes close.

Suddenly her eyes spring open.

KEIRA  
(screams)  
NOOO!

She pushes the vampire away, ripping a GAPING WOUND in her own neck. She backs into a corner again. Her ARTERIAL BLOOD paints the walls and ceiling as it GUSHES from her neck. The new vampire snaps his fingers, and the others close in again.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Elvis, a large bandage on his head, watches the classic 1932 "Dracula" on TV. He is mesmerized.

Elvis, still bandaged, in an occult bookstore.

Elvis watches "Near Dark" on TV. He is completely engrossed.

Elvis stands across the street from Moroi's Kitchen during the day. It looks deserted.

Elvis watches "Twilight." Expressionless, he ejects the disc, walks over to the DVD player, pulls it out, snaps it in half with one hand, drops it on the floor and walks out.

Elvis trains hard in a basement gym. At the end, he rips off the bandage and tosses it.

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Sun pours through the huge windows of the vast library, but not into the small reading room Elvis is in.

He hunches over a large, old book, with several others piled on the table. Their spines reveal that they're all about vampire lore, the occult, and one or two on biology. An open bottle of aspirin sits on the table.

Elvis props up his book, the "Book of The Undead," and yawns as he quickly flips pages. Finally, he closes the book, looks at his watch, and gets up.

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Elvis exits the shop with a long, paper-wrapped object.

INT. SPIKE'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Tanya opens the steel door and leads Elvis in. As he walks past her, he spins, pushes her back outside and slams the door. His hands dart blindly over the locks and buttons. He presses the button on the intercom next to the door.

ELVIS

Tanya, I've changed the code. Whatever happens when somebody tries to break into this door will happen if you try to get in. So just sit tight and I'll let you in in a little while.

TANYA (V.O.)

Dammit! Fine, just make it snappy.

Elvis clicks the intercom off and goes over to the work area.

ELVIS

Spike!

Spike enters through a door that wasn't there moments ago.

SPIKE

E! Good to you see you again. Where's Tanya?

ELVIS

I locked her out. Changed the code. I'll fix it on the way out.

SPIKE

(suspiciously)  
Why did you do that?

ELVIS

I needed to talk to you alone.

SPIKE

I see. Espresso?

Spike wanders over to an espresso maker on a counter.

ELVIS

Sure, but don't put anything in it, okay? I'm really not here to hurt anybody. I need to know I can trust you.

Spike pours a couple cups of espresso.

SPIKE

Any idiot knows he shouldn't trust a stranger in this biz. And you're not an idiot, so you already know if you can trust me or not. So moving on, do you know who these guys are?

Elvis takes a sip of the espresso, winces, and puts it down.

ELVIS

I always knew who, I've known since  
I was twelve. I needed to know  
what.

(pause)

And now I do. But you're not going  
to like any of it.

Spike takes a drink of the espresso.

SPIKE

Oh, don't ever assume what I'm  
going to like. So, who are these  
people?

ELVIS

Well, there's the thing... they're  
not people.

SPIKE

(long pause)

They're...

ELVIS

(sighs)

Vampires.

Elvis looks accusingly at Spike.

SPIKE

What? I didn't say anything.

ELVIS

You thought it.

SPIKE

Well, sure. Tell me about the  
vampires.

ELVIS

Okay. First, let's assume that  
they're not supernatural beings,  
because that's just plain spooky.

SPIKE

Right, no willies. How'd the plugs  
work?

ELVIS

Great.

SPIKE  
(pleasantly surprised)  
Hmmp. Go on.

ELVIS  
I've only ever seen them at night,  
so I think they really can't come  
out during the day.

SPIKE  
So, the coffin business - they  
really do sleep in them?

ELVIS  
I have no idea.

SPIKE  
What about dirt from their native  
land?

ELVIS  
I don't know from dirt. Ditto with  
the stake through the heart thing,  
but I'm thinking a stake through  
the heart doesn't care if you're a  
vampire or not.

SPIKE  
Mirrors?

ELVIS  
That's where it gets weird.

SPIKE  
Oh, that's where. I was wondering.

ELVIS  
I've seen... they just don't  
reflect light very well. They  
don't show up in photos or video.

SPIKE  
Guess that's why you never see them  
on Instagram. Do their clothes  
show up?

ELVIS  
Now that you mention it, no. And  
they don't give off infrared. It's  
probably a hunting mechanism. You  
don't notice them until they're  
right on top of you, and then the  
pheromone kicks in.

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)

(beat)

And they definitely don't sparkle.

SPIKE

Good news. Decapitation? That's always a winner.

ELVIS

Good one! Now you're with me.

SPIKE

Okay, there's not a lot to work with here. You need a weapon that you can carry without attracting undue notice, and that can take off a head pretty cleanly. I don't get too many requests for that.

ELVIS

So, what are you thinking, big, titanium hedge clipper-looking thing?

SPIKE

No, that is not what I'm thinking. Although I probably won't be able to stop thinking about it now.

ELVIS

Garlic!

SPIKE

Garlic?

ELVIS

Freaks them out. Only thing that saved my ass.

SPIKE

Hmmph, that was the one I really thought was crap.

ELVIS

Right?

SPIKE

Okay, the wheels are turning. This could be fun.

(beat)

Where are you staying?

ELVIS

I'm in a Company safe house.

SPIKE

Isn't that a little risky, being that you're not technically with the Company anymore?

ELVIS

This one's buried so deep in the records, it may not even be a Company house anymore. I guess I'll find out when the Lefkowitzes get back from Disney World and Goldilocks me.

SPIKE

Well, you know where we are if you need to crash.

ELVIS

Yeah. Thanks. Well, I've got work to do. You want me to let Tanya in on my way out?

They start walking toward the door.

SPIKE

(winces)

Maybe not right away. She's probably a little p.o.'ed and the Company makes 'em mean.

ELVIS

Oh, you know about that? Is she just not very good, or what?

SPIKE

She's okay. Pretty good, actually. I just have low friends in high places. You know, why don't you just tell me the new code and I'll let you out the back way.

They walk away from the door.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

You know, she's pretty hot for you.

END OF ACT 4



ACT 5

FADE IN:

EXT. MOROI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elvis, in a long, black overcoat, stands beside the lamp post again, looking at the club.

Finally, he pulls up his collar and strides toward the door.

Just as he approaches the end of the line, he sees Cezar come out of the club and talk to the door man. Elvis quickly turns around and walks straight into Tanya, with a group of her punked out friends.

TANYA  
(excitedly)  
Elv--

He claps a hand over her mouth.

ELVIS  
(to the rest of her group)  
Excuse us, we have a lot not to  
talk about.

His hand still over her mouth, he leads her away. Across the street and around a corner, they stop. She is scowling at him over his hand. He takes it away.

TANYA  
What's the matter, Neo, afraid I  
was gonna blow your cover? That  
black trench coat'll sure throw 'em  
off the scent.

ELVIS  
What are you talking about, this is  
the perfect camouflage. Two of  
those ass-hats you showed up with  
are wearing the exact same coat.

He looks back toward the club.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Alright look, I need your help.

Tanya is about to burst into another tirade, but stops to think.

TANYA  
What's it worth to ya?

ELVIS

Well, obviously it's a seller's market here, so what's it worth to you?

She looks him up and down.

TANYA

Oh, I'll think of something, let's not lose the magic of the moment.

ELVIS

What has Spike told you about what I'm working on?

TANYA

Spike tells me everything.

ELVIS

Okay, good, I guess. Some of the vampires are inside the club.

TANYA

(beat)

Are these figurative vampires or...

ELVIS

Yeah. All right, never mind the details, we can discuss it all later. You know the guy at the door with the ponytail?

TANYA

Cezar?

ELVIS

You know him!?

TANYA

Is that not what you just asked me? He's the manager. I've never really talked to him or anything. Just between us girls, he's kinda creepy. More so than the people I actually hang out with.

ELVIS

He's creepy all right. Okay then, this should be easy. I need you to get inside, keep an eye on him, see who he talks to. If you spot one of his friends who strikes you as... creepy, see if you can get him to come outside.

TANYA

Let me guess, you're gonna karate chop him. You watch a lot of TV Land?

ELVIS

No, I'm not gonna karate chop him. Can you do it?

TANYA

You want me to karate chop him?

ELVIS

(slow burn)  
No... I just want you--

TANYA

Oh, just get him out here. Why don't I just get Cezar out here?

ELVIS

No, not Cezar. A little lower in the creep chain.  
(beat)  
Well?

TANYA

Of course I can do it, Neo.

Tanya bends over and pulls a side zipper of her black leather miniskirt most of the way up from the bottom. Then she stands looking seductively at Elvis.

ELVIS

What was that? That made like six percent difference.

She scowls as Elvis looks her over appraisingly. He reaches out and turns down the collar of her leather jacket, then looks satisfied.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Good enough.

TANYA

I'm gonna guess you don't have a steady girlfriend. Can I go now?

He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a pair of nose plugs.

ELVIS

Here, use these.

She takes them.

TANYA  
You didn't have these in your nose,  
did you?

Elvis smiles.

TANYA (CONT'D)  
Better not.

She turns to walk away.

ELVIS  
Tanya.

She stops, but does not turn back.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Try to act a little brain dead when  
you're around them. Look stupid.

She turns back toward him.

TANYA  
Kardashian stupid or Palin stupid?

ELVIS  
(thinks)  
Twilight stupid.

She tries a perfectly bored, but slightly irked look on him.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Nailed it.

She smiles, winks, then turns and walks away. From Elvis' viewpoint, she actually does look unconventionally awesome as she saunters across the street.

EXT. MOROI'S KITCHEN - LATER

Tanya floats out of the club, under the arm of a vampire whose face is hidden. They walk across the street.

When they turn the corner, Elvis is gone and a concerned look flashes briefly across Tanya's face. As they continue down the street, Tanya furtively looks around for Elvis. The vampire guides her into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY

As they come to a stop, Tanya puts her stupid look back on, but her hand creeps toward her purse. Then both of them hear a WHISTLE behind the vampire. As he turns to face the sound, Tanya peers over his shoulder.

Elvis steps from the shadows, hands casually in the pockets of his long coat. Tanya smiles behind the vampire.

Elvis and the vampire recognize each other instantly. It is Stud, from Elvis' previous alley-bashing.

ELVIS  
(hateful)  
You.

STUD  
(smiles)  
Not just me.

Stud nods toward the alley entrance where two more vampires now stand.

ELVIS  
Sneaky little bastards, I'll give you that.

STUD  
And Todd brought his little friend, in case you try that trick of yours again.

One of the vampires pulls out a gun.

ELVIS  
Todd? Todd the vampire?  
(beat)  
Well... Todd... Dick... other guy.  
I brought a friend too, not so little.

In a swirl of dark motion, Elvis' coat hits the ground and he draws a broadsword from between his shoulders. The vampires freeze, wide-eyed at the sight of the sword. Finally, it occurs to TODD to bring up his gun.

But Tanya is quicker. She steps away from Stud pulls out her own gun and pumps THREE QUICK SHOTS into Todd, who staggers back, then looks at her, annoyed.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I was gonna tell you about that.

As Todd brings his gun back up, Tanya sights and squeezes off one more shot that hits Todd's gun and sends it CLATTERING up the alley. Before the other vampires can react, Elvis springs toward them.

As Stud turns to follow, Tanya lashes out with a leg that knocks his feet out from under him. She quickly wraps her own jacket around his head and holds on for dear life.

Elvis wades into the other vampires and instantly hacks one of the THIRD VAMPIRE's arms off. Elvis circles to keep the one-armed vampire between himself and Todd.

With only one arm, Third Vampire is unable to block as Elvis takes his head off with a mighty swing of the sword. As the two pieces of the vampire fall away, his head, torso and severed arm all burst into FLAME and are gone in a moment.

With Tanya momentarily distracted by the FLAME, Stud is able to grab her by the shoulders and heave her to the far end of the alley, where she rolls to a stop. Stud unwraps his head and sizes up the situation.

Elvis and Todd circle each other, Todd snarls menacingly. As Stud joins the fray, Elvis takes a more defensive posture, his sword point darting around to keep them at bay. They quickly back him into a wall.

Stud and Todd nod to each other, and both lunge at Elvis. Elvis dodges toward Todd and swings his sword. He misses, but his swing hits the wall and bounces back. Using this momentum, he takes Todd's head off on the backswing.  
FLAMEOUT.

Stud slams into the wall where Elvis had been. Elvis wheels around and plunges his sword into Stud's belly. Stud is surprised for a moment, but then he smiles at Elvis and begins to push forward along the outstretched sword.

Elvis pulls out the sword and backs into the middle of the alley. With a sinister smile, Stud bends a steel fire escape support and snaps off a sword-sized length of it.

With fire in his eyes, Stud leaps at Elvis, swinging the steel wildly. Elvis parries, but Stud keeps coming. As he beats Elvis back, it becomes clear that Stud's superior strength will win.

Finally, he knocks the sword from Elvis' hands. Stud drops the steel and lunges at Elvis. Suddenly, a cloud of POWDER flies into Stud's face. He backs up, coughing and gasping.

Elvis turns to see Tanya, with his long coat and a canister of garlic powder, standing nearby.

TANYA

You carry this around in your coat pocket?

As Stud starts to recover, Elvis snatches the canister from Tanya, snaps the top off and tosses the rest of the powder in Stud's face.

Stud begins to gag and heave. The vampire's eyes roll back in his head and he falls face first to the pavement.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm that way with Thai food. Is he out?

ELVIS

Yeah.

Tanya immediately pinches first one, then the other nostril shut, blows out the nose plugs and takes a few deep breaths.

Elvis rolls Stud over and looks at him. Then he starts to go through his pockets.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Get a cab.

TANYA

What are we gonna do with him?

ELVIS

We're gonna get him a cab. No wait, you're gonna get him a cab, then I'm gonna take him somewhere to talk to him.

TANYA

No way, Kemosabe, you're not cutting me out now, after I did the tough part. I wanna work him over some more. Maybe whack him around with some breadsticks.

ELVIS

I don't think so. Just get the cab.

END OF ACT 5

ACT 6

FADE IN:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRE-DAWN

The vampire is slumped unconsciously on a kitchen chair facing a large, curtained picture window, wrapped securely in heavy chains. His face is swollen. Elvis looks at him from a doorway. Finally, Elvis turns and walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Tanya sits on the counter, peeling an apple with a paring knife.

TANYA

(looks around)

I know you don't technically own this place, but did you ever think about flipping it? The market on the island right now --

ELVIS

Don't be stupid, I'm not flipping my safe house. Interest rates now--

TANYA

Hey, don't get snippy with me just because Dracula's nephew won't wake up. It's not my fault you Bobby Flayed him into next week.

ELVIS

You seem strangely okay with this whole...

TANYA

What, that the undead walk among us? Doesn't surprise me. Explains a few things, actually.

Elvis goes to the doorway and looks out at the vampire.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Still doesn't account for Daylight Savings Time though, that is never gonna make--



ELVIS

I didn't think it would have this much of an effect. Looks like anaphylaxis. Maybe he's dead.

TANYA

If I understand the theory, he was already dead.

ELVIS

I mean really dead. There's gotta be something...

Suddenly, Tanya cuts herself with the paring knife.

TANYA

Ow!

Elvis sees her BLOOD. Then his look darts to the living room, then back to Tanya.

TANYA (CONT'D)

No. No, no, no!

Elvis rushes over and grabs her by the arm, pulling her off the counter and into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Elvis drags Tanya over to the vampire and waves her bleeding finger under his nose.

Nothing happens for a few seconds, then Stud's head rocks slowly back and forth and he starts to smack his lips. Finally, he lifts his head and looks at Elvis.

STUD

(scornful)

You.

He notices the chains, flexes against them, then when he obviously can't break them, he looks at Tanya.

STUD (CONT'D)

You.

She smiles and finger-waves.

TANYA

Not much of a vocabulary.

ELVIS

Okay, enough chit-chat. I have questions for you, and you're just dying to answer them, trust me.

STUD

Krieger said you would be back.

ELVIS

Hear that, Tanya, they're talking about me around the bat cave.

STUD

We just have a pool on who would kill you.

ELVIS

Ooh, guess who lost.

TANYA

Is the over-enthusiastic sexual partner square still open?

Elvis pulls a chair over near Stud and straddles it.

ELVIS

So where's Krieger?

STUD

Just sit tight and Krieger will find you, believe me.

ELVIS

Well, I'm not that patient.

STUD

Tough break.

ELVIS

It is a tough break, just not for me.

(beat)

Like these curtains? Me and the missus picked them out ourselves. See, for some reason, when the jokers built this place, they gave it an eastern exposure for this window. Well, you can imagine what a drag it is to have the sun beating down on these carpets all morning, every day. We had to do something.

The vampire looks nervously at the window. Elvis stands and goes to the curtain cords.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I mean right from sunrise on, just comes streaming in here. Sure, it's kind of cheery and all that, but you know what the sun does to things.

Elvis slowly begins to open the curtains to reveal a pale light on the horizon. The vampire's eyes open wide.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

But as I always say, when you're given lemons, make limoncello. So I'm going to turn this architectural faux pas into a little home entertainment by having myself, the lady, and you, my guest, sit here and watch the sunrise. It's actually quite beautiful this time of year.

With the curtains completely open, Elvis goes back to his seat, angles it a little toward the window, and sits down.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Can we get you anything? Little OJ maybe? Honey, go get some bread. When this guy goes up we can make some toast for breakfast.

STUD

(nervously)

Hey, this isn't cool, man.

ELVIS

Nope, cool it is not. I bet you would prefer the cellar, huh? Nice and cool down there. Dark too.

TANYA

When is sunrise this time of year?

ELVIS

According to the Old Farmer's Almanac - app - it's at six-oh-two this morning.

Stud looks at a clock conveniently on the windowsill that reads 5:56.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Hey, what's that smell? You're not decomposing there, are you buddy?

The vampire looks very nervously out at the lightening sky.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

You know, I'm not by nature a cruel person. We could probably work a deal here. You tell me what I want to know, and I'll help you out of your little jam.

Tanya goes to the curtain cords and stands ready.

STUD

Wh- what do you want to know?

Elvis stands up and walks around behind the vampire.

ELVIS

Tell me about Krieger.

STUD

He's the King. We do what he says and he takes care of us.

ELVIS

He controls you?

STUD

No, I don't know, he just... he has a power.

TANYA

The power of voodoo?

STUD

Who do?

TANYA

You do.

STUD

Do what?!

(glances at window)

What the hell is wrong with you people?!

TANYA

(to herself)

So close...

ELVIS

Can you break away from his power?

STUD

No - I don't know, I think he just lets us think we can. C'mon man, get me into the basement.

ELVIS

Where is my sister?

STUD

She's with Krieger. All the time. He won't let her out of his sight.

ELVIS

Why?

STUD

How do I know what Krieger thinks? But I don't think Cezar likes her.

ELVIS

Why not?

STUD

Cezar is Krieger's right arm. I think he's afraid of her taking over. And I think he should be afraid... she's spooky.

TANYA

Oh yeah, you're one to--

STUD

C'mon man, I'm tellin' you everything I know, get me downstairs!

ELVIS

Couple more.

Elvis goes behind the couch out of the vampire's sight and picks up his broadsword. He walks back to his place behind the vampire.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Is my sister a vampire?

STUD

It damn near killed her, I guess.

Smoke begins to waft off the vampire as Elvis hangs his head. Tanya, seeing that Elvis is momentarily grief stricken, picks up the questioning.

TANYA  
Where are they?

The vampire begins to squirm frantically, straining against the chains.

STUD  
(in pain)  
In the Keep. Through the club.

TANYA  
How many?

STUD  
Forty-some.

Suddenly, the vampire stares directly at Tanya with glowing red eyes.

Stud (CONT'D)  
Help me bitch, or I'll ride you to hell myself!

One of the vampire's chain links breaks with a loud PING. Elvis' head comes back up and he nods to Tanya. She begins to pull on the strings to close the curtains.

EXT. HOUSE - DAWN

From outside, we see the curtains close just as Elvis starts his backswing.

ELVIS  
This is for Melissa Valerio. She was from the Bronx.

A moment later, there is a FLASH OF LIGHT visible through the curtains.

TANYA (O.S.)  
So, now what?

ELVIS (O.S.)  
Now I get my sister back.

Pause.

TANYA (O.S.)  
I was talking about the carpet.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. KEEP - NIGHT

A bruised, cut and BLEEDING MAN sobs on his knees in a poorly lit stone room. A half-circle of vampires stands behind him.

Apart from them all, huddled on the floor, against a wall is a gray, shaking woman.

Krieger walks up and squats tenderly beside her. He strokes her head. She turns toward him. Keira, her face gaunt, eyes sunken and savage. You can imagine the dust on her dry, flaking skin. She shivers.

KRIEGER  
I know, Love, I know. But this is  
what we do. It's how we live.

Her eyes jerk hatefully in his direction.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)  
Like it or not, it's how you live  
now.

She turns away.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)  
Did Christof do your teeth for you?  
Let me see.  
(she doesn't move)  
Let me see.

For a moment her neck muscles strain and her head actually shakes with the effort of resisting his order. Then her head snaps around to him and she bears her fangs.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)  
Beautiful.

Cezar watches Keira, disgusted. Krieger leans close to her.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)  
Look, it doesn't have to be so bad.  
You don't have to kill him, just  
drink what you want and we'll bring  
you others until you've had your  
fill.

She looks hopefully at Krieger.

The Vampire beside Cezar looks at him, confused. Cezar smiles slightly. The other Vampire smiles his understanding.

Keira looks at the Bleeding Man, who catches her eyes desperately. They lock eyes for a moment.

Suddenly, Keira darts out and is instantly upon the Bleeding Man, who screams in terror. She is about to sink her teeth into his neck, but stops short.

She turns his fear-twisted face toward her.

As she gently strokes his face, the Bleeding Man's breathing slows and his face calms. She smiles at him and he tentatively smiles back. Gently, she turns his face away and sinks her teeth into his neck.

She drinks calmly, gently at first. Then, she seems to bite down harder and clutch the Bleeding Man closer to her.

His eyes flutter and he goes limp in her grasp.

Suddenly, with a small scream, she pulls her fangs from the Bleeding Man's neck, drops him gently to the cold, stone floor and skitters back to her spot by the wall.

She hides her face as Krieger tries to gently console her. Cezar goes to the Bleeding Man, who's breathing is now labored. He whimpers.

CEZAR

He's still alive.

(pause)

But not for long.

The other vampire goes to finish the Bleeding Man, but Cezar pushes him back, his eyes on Krieger and Keira.

KRIEGER

(whispers to Keira)

It's a terrible way to die.

(beat)

You can ease him on his way.

She turns angrily to Krieger. She already looks healthier, but not completely back to normal. She looks sadly toward the Bleeding Man.

The sadness hangs on Keira as she crawls back to the Bleeding Man. Cezar holds him up to her. She gently takes the Bleeding Man, smooths his hair. As he weakly smiles, she leans in and starts to feed again.



Once again, after a few moments, she begins to feed greedily.

Something CRUNCHES in the Bleeding Man's neck.

Suddenly, she pulls back and with her free hand she grabs Cezar by the shirt.

KEIRA

More!

Cezar smiles and nods.

FADE TO BLACK.