

Nostrum
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FADE IN:

INT. LUCKY'S LOUNGE - PRESENT DAY, AFTER MIDNIGHT

BELLS CLANG above a bar door. A HIPSTER MAN (30) and WOMAN (35) stagger into a smoky dive where BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS prefer to drink with their own. Room for the two is reluctantly made at the far end of the crowded bar.

HIPSTER MAN

What are you having?

She's already had plenty but smiles gamely.

HIPSTER WOMAN

Well I probably shouldn't but I guess another vodka might do the trick.

HIPSTER MAN

You're a regular pillar of virtue.

She gives him a sloppy kiss and goes a little green in the process.

HIPSTER WOMAN

I have to go to the lady's room.

Wiping her chin she gives a sad look out the window.

HIPSTER WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, is your dog okay out there?
He looks so sad.

Hipster Man casually regards the obviously miserable DOG sitting outside on the sidewalk under a street lamp.

HIPSTER MAN

He's fine...
(calling)
Hey buddy- two chilled Stolis when you get a chance!

The BARTENDER is in no hurry. The Hipster Man smirks and leans in towards a GUY IN DENIM beside him.

HIPSTER MAN (CONT'D)

What do you have to do to get a drink around here?

Unwilling to engage, the Guy in Denim picks up the TV remote off the bar and TURNS UP THE VOLUME ON THE TV.

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ON THE TV: Flanked by STAFF, a young MAYOR on the TV is giving a news conference.

MAYOR

The voters have spoken clearly and as your newly-elected mayor I am pledged to take any and all steps necessary to rid our city of vampires once and for all.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Yeah right...

The Hipster Man chuckles and looks for the fellow doubter.

He finds instead a BLONDE BEAUTY near the other end of the bar watching him with a fire in her eyes.

He in turn looks ready to ditch his date. But before he can approach her, the Blonde Beauty is joined by a BIG MAN. Kissing the Big Man, she continues to watch the Hipster Man.

LIGHTNING FLASHES OUTSIDE. Along with the rest of the customers, the Hipster Man turns towards the window. Outside his dog strains on the leash, barking. We can't hear him through the glass.

HIPSTER MAN

(quietly disgusted)

I told you we weren't going to the park...

(calling, agitated)

Hey, any time bartender!

He checks on the Blonde Beauty by way of the large mirror over the bar and finds the Big Man now watching him, too. They both have hate in their eyes.

MAYOR (O.C.)

...I have full faith in our police leadership but right now nothing is off the table...

With growing unease, Hipster Man scans the mirror for an explanation: HAPPY DRINKERS, BROODING DRINKERS, the Guy in Denim and lastly, his own image, A BLUR.

Hipster Man moves with urgency towards the door. Tracking him, the Bartender holds up the two vodkas.

BARTENDER

Hey, you want these or not?
Dickhead...

EXT. LUCKY'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

CLANGING BELLS ECHO in the otherwise quiet city street. Hipster Man rushes to untie the WHIMPERING dog.

Nervously glancing up through the bar window he sees the Big Man and Blonde Beauty talking to the Bartender. Others gather around to listen.

Undoing the leash knot, Hipster Man shrinks back from the window and into the street. He looks ready to run when he sees the Hipster Woman.

Hipster Woman steps to their place at the bar and nervously looks around for the Hipster Man. She casts no reflection at all in the mirror above the bar.

The Hipster Man GASPS. He gestures madly for her to get out.

Too late, she sees him outside and understands. Starting for the door, she breaks into a run but the crowd inside is quickly up and on her. The Man in Denim rushes by the window with a raised stake.

HIPSTER MAN

Oh no!

Terrorized, the Hipster Man runs away.

The Hipster Woman, now a SCREAMING FIREBALL, explodes through the bar door. The crowd from inside is on her flaming heels as she spins and falls into the street.

Searching the night for the fleeing Hipster Man, the Bartender shoves a BLUE WHISTLE into his mouth and BLOWS with conviction. HOOOOO!

EXT. DOCKYARD STREET - SAME TIME

The distant WHISTLE SOUNDS. HOOO! HOOO! Hipster Man and dog race straight away until they are met by oncoming headlights.

EXT. CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

The PASSENGER in the fast-approaching car climbs half out of his window and BLOWS A BLUE WHISTLE. HOOOO! HOOOO!

EXT. ALLEY - SAME TIME

Hipster Man hurdles into a dark alley to SOUNDS OF FLYING OIL DRUMS AND SHATTERING GLASS. The car SKIDS behind him and A HALF DOZEN MEN give chase.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

This way! Watch the glass!

Hipster Man and the dog fly through the maze of back alleys.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Go left! Go left!

...until they reach a dead end.

HIPSTER MAN

Oh shit!

Hipster Man struggles to push the dog up a wall.

HIPSTER MAN (CONT'D)

Come on boy!

But it is no use.

HIPSTER MAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

And so he scrambles up alone as a flashlight beam rounds the corner. The spot-lit dog cowers and WHINES.

MAN (O.C.)

There's his dog!

Tucked away high in a dark corner, Hipster Man watches.

SECOND MAN (O.C.)

Somebody give me a leg up!

THIRD MAN (O.C.)

Forget it. He's blocks away by now. Text in our position and let someone else chase him. No point in just us breaking our necks...

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

What about the dog?

THIRD MAN (O.C.)

Fuck him. Use him for practice.

Hipster Man recoils. The dog YELPS.

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In the alley, the Big Man and the Man in Denim shake the dog's blood from their stakes. The Bartender steps up, texting on his Blackberry.

BARTENDER

Hey, if your wife thinks you're at work, say so and I'll leave your name outta the report...

Hipster Man drops in behind the Bartender and eats his throat. The Blackberry falls to the pavement on a wave of blood. Big Man and the Man in Denim shrink towards the wall, terrified. Hipster Man drops the lifeless Bartender and, gnashing his big vampire teeth, steps towards the cornered pair. Whimpering like dogs, they point their trembling stakes.

A sadness settles over Hipster Man as he looks down: the first raindrops fall around his dog's lifeless eyes. Lightning flashes. THUNDER CLAPS. Hipster Man's eyes redden with hate. He looks up. HISS!

INT. THE LEVI FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS, JESSICA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

JESSICA LEVI, a 16-year-old beauty with a short, boyish haircut, wakes to the MUFFLED SOUND OF THUNDER. Rising, she crosses her dimly lit room and leans on one of the heavy metal shutters that cover the windows.

A QUICK THUNDER CLAP startles her. Outside, a dark industrial neighborhood pops and crackles under a HEAVY RAIN. She lingers at the window until a MURMUR OF VOICES draws her attentions back inside.

INT. THE LEVI FAMILY'S LIVING QUARTERS, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tying on a robe, Jessica pads along a short, carpeted hall. She finds the windowless bedroom beside her own empty but registers no concern. The open metal door at the end of the hall is obviously another matter. She moves through this door with waking caution.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - CONTINUOUS

Cold tiles chill Jessica's bare feet. Carefully looking both ways, she moves right towards the VOICES and one lit door near the end of the hall.

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CALM MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Wait, there's more here. Go ahead
and give him another unit...

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
The artery is cut clean through.

CALM MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
I suppose you're lucky in one way,
Malcolm...

Jessica steps into the doorway as a long bloody shard of
glass is held up in a pair of forceps.

CALM MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
...had you been alive this would
have killed you...

The CLINK of glass in a metal dish. It is the two
assistants, COLBY and STEVE (a Mutt and Jeff pair, both
35) who first see Jessica. They straighten, prompting DR.
PAUL LEVI to turn from the operating table. Bookishly
handsome and 45, he looks like the product of many long
and sleepless nights. He steps towards her...

DR. PAUL
Did we wake you, Princess?

...giving her a clean look at the patient. She recoils.

Hipster Man, bathed in blood, sips some more from an IV.
Recognizing her, he gives a dreamy red smile.

HIPSTER MAN/MALCOLM
Is that Jessica? Wow, you got so
big.

She shudders. Dr. Paul gently backs her into the hall.

JESSICA
What is he doing here? Dad! You
didn't even lock the door!

Dr. Paul pulls this door closed behind him.

DR. PAUL
It's all right. I know how he
looks, but he came in perfectly
calm. He was attacked...

JESSICA
What, you think that's his blood?

DR. PAUL
Princess...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSICA

No! Stop calling me that! Why would you let him in?

DR. PAUL

Because he needs us. He does. And if we turned him away...

JESSICA

...how could it ever be safe? Dad, give me a break. He's not just anyone!

DR. PAUL

I know that...I know that...

Colby, the smaller assistant, pokes his head out.

COLBY

You want me to close, Paul?

DR. PAUL

No, Colby, I'll be right there...

Dr. Paul rests his hands on Jessica's shoulders.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Get some sleep. For both of us, please. Lock yourself in if you feel you have to, but don't worry. Everything's going to be fine.

He kisses her forehead and goes back in. She stares after him until a HISSING SOUND causes her to turn.

Agitated but unafraid, she steps into the darkened doorway at the very end of the hall.

POV JESSICA: A WARD ROOM with 20 neat beds filled with sleeping VAMPIRES traveling the hard road to recovery. Some still have their fangs, others have already lost theirs. Peaceful SNORES mix with the odd HISSSS!

Jessica shakes her head. How is this her life?

INT. THE LEVI FAMILY'S LIVING QUARTERS, HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Dressed for school, Jessica exits her room. Something catches her attention as she passes her father's room.

A photo lies on the dresser above an open drawer. She enters and picks it up.

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CLOSE ON: Jessica at 5 years old between her father and JESSICA'S MOM (35), also a beauty with short, boyish hair.

Eying the unslept-in bed, she places the photo in the drawer and closes it tight.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - MOMENTS LATER

SOUNDS OF FRIENDLY CHATTER. Entering the hall, Jessica turns left and walks towards a GROUP OF RECOVERING VAMPIRES lined up to enter the dining hall at the end of the hall. Nearing them, she slows to linger in the doorway of an office.

POV JESSICA: CHARLES, a tough-looking 55-year-old black man with a buttoned-up military bearing, sits in the office interviewing a VAMPIRE IN RESTRAINTS. Charles holds up a mounted photo in a gloved hand...

CHARLES

(gently)

What about this one?

VAMPIRE IN RESTRAINTS

I like buses. Public transportation is good for everyone if people use it.

Charles leans a photo of a bus against his chair leg.

CHARLES

I agree. And this one...

HISSS! The Vampire tries to twist away. Charles quickly puts aside a photo of a smiling bus driver.

Jessica shakes her head and moves on, pushing through a kitchen door just short of the breakfast line.

INT. THE CLINIC, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TWO FANGED KITCHEN VOLUNTEERS and Steve (large assistant from the previous night) dish vile-looking porridge onto plates and pass them through the pick-up window.

FANGED KITCHEN VOLUNTEERS 1 & 2

There you go! Good morning! Enjoy!

Seeing Jessica, Steve excuses himself and steps away.

JESSICA

Draw the short straw?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

(Southern twang)

Oh, I volunteered, sugar, but for good reason. You know Colby when he doesn't get his sleep-bitcheeee.

He's a linebacker with a drag queen's mannerisms but his novelty has clearly worn out for Jessica.

JESSICA

You're too good to him, Steve. Do you know where my dad is?

STEVE

He's doing a final session with Mr. and Mrs. Glam. They're going home today! Lord, we are going to miss having those two beauties around. Speaking of which...

He extracts a fruit smoothie from the kitchen's one normal sized fridge. It's marked "family food - keep out"

STEVE (CONT'D)

...I saw this in a magazine! It's full of everything a girl needs PLUS the promise to reverse cellulite on thighs and buttocks... Not that you need it, sugar, but it also tastes de-vine!

He presents it with a sassy smile. She takes it with a smirk, sips, shrugs and exits to the dining hall.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Not even a thank you? Girl, in 20 years you'll be beggin' for that recipe!

INT. THE CLINIC, DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

BREAKFAST CONVERSATIONS DIP when Jessica enters. Offering a few weak nods, she moves to the one empty table. The morning patter resumes and she glances around at the diverse group of 18 Recovering Vampires: OLD, YOUNG, TATTOOED, TAX-COLLECTOR-SQUARE. The few fangs showing seem almost comical as the assembled Recovering Vampires laugh, talk and spoon in porridge. Still, Jessica can't help but find the real horror show in the room: a BADLY BURNED VAMPIRE smiling shyly as she passes a table-mate the salt.

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MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 (dark-edged)
 If you ask me I say it proves this
 whole thing is a fucking sham!

Gripped by the sudden silence, Jessica turns in her seat. DAK, a 25-year-old, heavily-pierced punk seated behind her, has everyone's attention.

DAK
 This food. The "treatment"...

He picks up and DROPS HIS TRAY.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 Shut up, Dak.

DAK
 No, you shut up, WALTER! How long
 have you been here? Huh?

WALTER (50) looks ashamed to answer.

DAK (CONT'D)
 Years. And for what? So you can
 talk it out? Take part in another
 group meeting? If they couldn't
 cure Malcolm of vampiring, what
 hope have you got? Any of us? I'm
 telling you, this place is no
 better than prison! For all we
 know this is a prison, but with
 shittier food!

Beside Dak, an elf-faced admirer, SISSY (20), nods in agreement.

SISSY
 Fucking A...

DAK
 Shut up, SISSY. I'm serious here.
 (Dak leans in)
 Jessica- How does it feel to have
 Malcolm back, huh? What do you
 think your mom would say if she
 knew he was here right now?

CHARLES (O.C.)
 (booming)
 Dak!

Charles (just in from the office and now getting his breakfast) looks like a panther ready to pounce. You could hear a pin drop as he walks to Dak's table.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You sound scared. Is that it?

Dak swallows hard and shakes his head no.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I don't blame you if you are.
It's tough having to rely so much
on others. Tougher still to have
so many also relying on you to be
strong and do your part to make
this place work. But when you
consider the alternative-

Charles' ungloved hand grips a chair back opposite Dak.
It is a patchwork of brands, scars and bare bone.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Anyone here?

Dak shakes his head. Charles sits across from him.
Rolling up his sleeves to dig in, he shows more evidence
of horrific tortures from long ago. Both arms are
honeycombed with missing hunks of flesh.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

No one said it would be easy, but
believe me, this is no prison. Now
say you're sorry to Jessica.

DAK

(very small)

Sorry, Jessica...

Jessica sips her drink, embarrassed by the attention.

CHARLES

Good. Now pass the salt, please.

CONVERSATIONS RESUME. Steve appears and makes a face at
Jessica on his way to Charles. Jessica eavesdrops.

STEVE

Malcolm needs his wake-up dose...

CHARLES

When?

STEVE

Five minutes ago...

CHARLES

Lemme get something in my stomach.

Jessica turns to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JESSICA

I can give it to him.

Steve and Charles exchange unsure looks.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What? I've done it before...

INT. THE CLINIC, WARD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica walks between two rows of neatly made beds toting a plastic bellows filled with brown liquid. Nearing the back, she unlocks the door in a wire dividing wall and enters the area of the ward dedicated to HARD CASES- Vampires kept on a brown drip and comatose 24/7. Three Hard Cases occupy the six beds:

HARD CASE 1, an athletic-looking man

HARD CASE 2, a pretty, college-age woman and

HARD CASE 3, a boy toddler.

Jessica stands over the angel-faced boy until HISSSS! A nightmare twitch has him snapping his nasty little chompers. The other two join in, HISSING AND CHOMPING. Jessica keeps an eye on all three as she opens the heavy metal door at the very back of the ward.

INT. THE CLINIC, CELL BLOCK HALL - CONTINUOUS

Entering, Jessica looks inside the first cell.

POV JESSICA: Beyond security glass, CELL 1 looks like a child's nursery with a crib, a rocking chair, toys, books and even a rainbow mural on the wall. In the middle of it all is a strange piece of furniture resembling a vertical stretcher with tiny restraints and a picture of a smiling turtle where a child's head would go. Beneath it lies an old stuffed bear with glassy eyes.

JESSICA'S MOM (V.O.)

It's okay, honey. It's okay...

FLASHBACK:

INT. THE CLINIC, CELL 1 - 10 YEARS EARLIER

Jessica's Mom smiles as she pulls on surgical gloves. A WORRIED FATHER comforts a WORRIED MOTHER as their VAMPIRE DAUGHTER (5) twists in the tiny vertical stretcher.

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CONTINUED:

JESSICA'S MOM

This won't be that bad, I promise.

Jessica's Mom loads a small bellows with brown liquid. YOUNG JESSICA, here age 5, enters the cell and approaches showing cautious interest. Her mom sees her.

JESSICA'S MOM (CONT'D)

Well hi, my princess...

(to Vampire Daughter)

This is Jessica, my little girl.

Jessica- this is KATE.

(beat)

You know what? You two are about the same age...

Jessica holds up the stuffed bear for Kate.

JESSICA'S MOM (CONT'D)

Oh, that is nice. Maybe you can stay and talk to Kate while I give her this yucky stuff...

Kate HISSSES and SHAKES. Young Jessica's eyes widen...

END FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT

Jessica wide-eyed, still staring into empty Cell 1. The HISSING CONTINUES. Swallowing hard, she moves on.

POV JESSICA: CELL 2 is like a dungeon room. An iron maiden-like device is in one corner and, in the middle of the room, Malcolm the Hipster Man stands buckled into a man-sized stretcher. His vampire teeth glisten as he HISSSES FITFULLY in his sleep.

INT. THE CLINIC, CELL 2 - CONTINUOUS

Jessica tries not to wake him but when she steps up right beside Malcolm, his eyes shoot open.

MALCOLM

Jessica! You little slut. Give me some blood!

Jessica plays it calm, turning away from him. She takes the stopper out of the bellows. Malcolm LAUGHS.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Oh, so you're the doctor now? Going to take care good care of Malcolm? HISSS! Turn me back around?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Getting no rise from her, he turns pitiful.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Wait! Just give me one more little
taste of blood to dull the pain,
please! I'm begging you!

He shakes in his restraints. She lifts the bellows, steps
towards him and regards him evenly.

JESSICA

This won't be that bad, I promise.

MALCOLM

Bitch! I ate your mother's liver!
I'll do the same to...

She jams the nozzle deep into his mouth and squeezes in
the brown liquid. He CHOKES out a SCREAM as his eyes,
ears, mouth and nose start smoking.

POV JESSICA: Malcolm's fingernails shred his pants leg.
His feet shake so much he throws a shoe.

Squeezing out the last, Jessica allows herself a small
smile but soon regrets it when she turns around. Charles
stands in the doorway behind her.

CHARLES

Everything okay?

She nods and puts the bellows on a tray without looking
him in the eye. He decides to let it go.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Go on. You don't want to be late
for school...

Jessica exits past Charles who steps to Malcolm and
loosens the smoking vampire's head restraint.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Easy, easy. The worst is over.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Carrying her backpack, Jessica exits the clinic hall and
trots down a stairway. Nearing the bottom she finds A
DOZEN RECOVERING VAMPIRES crowding a doorway to listen.

DR. PAUL (O.C.)

...and of course, your greatest
asset will always be your love for
each other...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pushes through the gathered crowd...

INT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

...and enters the dusty TV repair shop that serves as the clinic's front. Old TVs floor to ceiling. Dr. Paul is addressing LIV and TONY. The stylish, 20-something couple hold hands.

DR. PAUL

...take care of one another better
than anything else and everything
else will take care of itself.
Remember that. I know you will.

Dr. Paul offers his hand but Tony bear hugs him instead. Liv cries and kisses Dr. Paul as others CLAP.

POV JESSICA: In the grey television screens, only Tony, Liv, Jessica and her dad cast reflections.

WALTER (O.C.)

Stand back everybody!

Walter stands on a step ladder beside the front door. The well-wishers laugh, wave and retreat up the stairs.

DR. PAUL

Now be careful Walter...

Expertly working a broom handle, Walter opens the front door, ushering in a column of sunlight. Laughing, he quick-dips his hand in sunlight, causing a SIZZLE. Dr. Paul shakes his head and gives Tony and Liv one last embrace. Nervous but happy, the two walk into the light and out the door. Jessica follows...

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Jess, my princess- I want to talk
to you.

JESSICA

I'm late, dad. And don't call me
that...

DR. PAUL

You're right. I'm sorry. Old
habits... We'll talk tonight?

She leaves without committing.

EXT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The neighborhood looks no better under a clear sky. Old warehouses flank empty streets pocked with puddles. But Liv looks to be stepping into Eden. She smiles at the sun. Tony gently lifts her up and spins her around. Jessica waves goodbye and trudges in the other direction. The SOUND OF AN APPROACHING BUS gets her running.

INT. SCHOOL BUS (MOVING) - SECONDS LATER

This bus is not stopping. Jessica chases the open door and leaps aboard like a practiced hobo. The BUS DRIVER, a tiny-eyed scumbag, jerks the door closed. Jessica shakes her wet shoes.

JESSICA

You might slow up a little when the pavement's wet.

BUS DRIVER

Why you live here- that's your business. How I pick you up- that's my business...

BANG BANG BANG. A YOUNG MAN runs beside the bus door.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

What the...

The Bus Driver guns it. The Young Man fades behind. Jessica sees him slow to a stop in their wake. But seeing her seems to charge the Young Man up and when the bus turns right, he darts the same way.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Little Five Points! Five points on a pentagram! Don't tell me it ain't! This area is accursed!

Up alleys, through buildings and across vacant lots, Jessica tracks the Young Man as he shadows the bus.

BUS DRIVER (O.C.)(CONT'D)

You's all I pick up. You! You!

Startled, he slams on the brakes. Just ahead the Young Man blocks the road. He marches to the bus door holding up a piece of paper. The stunned Bus Driver opens up.

YOUNG MAN

Woo. Gets the blood going...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

About Jessica's age, the handsome young man flings the piece of paper on to the Bus Driver's lap.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

That says I'm GEORGE PRICE and this bus is to pick me up school days at the corner of Reade and Grant at 7:00A.M. If that is not something you want to do, you can speak to the Mayor- his number's right there, at the bottom...

George smiles at Jessica. She gives him nothing, but when he sits behind her you can tell she's impressed.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - LATER THAT MORNING

A THIN GIRL does the flexed-arm hang until her trembling body drops into the GYM TEACHER'S waiting hands.

GYM TEACHER

Twenty seconds. You need to eat more protein, Judy. Next!

Jessica steps forward in a LINE OF 16-YEAR-OLD GIRLS in gym clothes. Around them TEENAGERS engage in old-style gym activities: sit-ups, the vault, the rings, sprints. Jessica spots George nearing the top of a rope that stretches to the high ceiling...

GIRL BEHIND JESSICA (O.C.)

...my dad says his dad's some kind of genius real estate developer...

SECOND GIRL BEHIND JESSICA (O.C.)

...I wouldn't believe it. Have you heard where they live?

LAUGHTER.

THIRD GIRL BEHIND JESSICA (O.C.)

Who cares. Look at those muscles.

Reaching the top, George RINGS A BELL. Girls OOO!
Jessica advances blankly; nothing worth thinking about.

GYM TEACHER

Jessica!

Stepping forward to take her turn, Jessica stops.

POV JESSICA: Standing by the now grim-faced Gym Teacher, a MATRONLY WOMAN in black.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica exits the gym with the Matronly Woman, who pats her arm and walks away. Moving in the other direction, Jessica meets a GOTH GIRL (16) heading the same way.

GOTH GIRL

Hey fart face...

JESSICA

Turd monkey...

GOTH GIRL

Know who got it this time?

JESSICA

Nope.

GOTH GIRL

Jimmy O'Neal said that Dan Blitt's father never made it home last night. I remember the night my own pop didn't make it home...

Jessica mouths along; she's heard it a dozen times.

GOTH GIRL (CONT'D)

Best damn night of my life.

(beat)

Tell me something, snake tits, you loved your mother- did it help any to have other kids around who'd been through the same thing when you got the news?

Goth Girl opens the door of an administrative waiting room where a DOZEN VAMPIRE SURVIVOR TEENS solemnly wait.

JESSICA

I don't really remember...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, ADMINISTRATIVE WAITING ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

A JOCK steps forward and hands them each a black arm band. Goth Girl adds hers to the dozen others on her garter. Jessica puts hers on properly but moves away from the other Teens huddled quietly together.

She browses a glass-cased bulletin board.

POV JESSICA: A pretty flier for a school dance.

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CONTINUED:

Her expression, reflected in the glass, reveals a dreamy wanting, but seeing something else she frowns and turns.

POV JESSICA: A Hard-faced DETECTIVE (40) stares at her from across the room. He's so transfixed, he doesn't look away when she looks at him. Nor does he see the ANGRY BOY coming to get in his face.

ANGRY BOY

When are you guys going to do something to stop this!

A UNIFORMED COP intercedes, gently steering the Angry Boy away from the Detective with the help of the Jock.

DETECTIVE

We're going to do everything we can, son.
 (to the larger group
 and specifically
 Jessica)
 All of you have my word on that.

ANGRY BOY

(crying now)
 Bullshit!
 (to the Jock)
 They say that, but never do anything!

The ruckus ceases when a DOOR OPENS. All stand. THE PRINCIPAL, a PRIEST and a SHOCKED TEEN (who is the spitting image of the Big Man killed by Malcolm) enter. Seeing the gathered group, the Shocked Teen starts to cry. Others move to comfort him. Jessica stands alone.

INT. SCHOOL BUS (MOVING) - THAT AFTERNOON

Jessica stares at her reflection in the window of the bus as it stops to let someone off.

WIDER: Only Jessica and George, seated behind her, remain on the bus. He CLEARS HIS THROAT and she turns.

GEORGE

I already have my drivers license.
 It's only 16 in Michigan, you know...

JESSICA

Maybe you should have stayed in Michigan.

He smiles, taking it in stride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Couldn't do that- I missed riding
the school buses too much...

This warms her a bit. He leans forward.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

To tell you the truth, I begged my
parents to pick this neighborhood
so I could get extra time on the
bus every day. Would you believe
I'm in heaven?

BOOM! The bus hits a pothole.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey, watch it you!

The Bus Driver nods a nervous apology in the mirror.

JESSICA

Now he's more afraid of you than
he is of the neighborhood...

GEORGE

That's because by now he's
probably heard that my family's
going to fix the neighborhood.

The bus stops.

JESSICA

Good luck with that...

She gets up, not waiting for him. He follows her off but
makes a point of giving it once more to the Bus Driver.

GEORGE

Here tomorrow, understood?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE

Wait!

She turns.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I hope I didn't come off too
arrogant. I'm sure there are lots
of things about this neighborhood
that are great the way they are...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not watching the street, he steps in a deep puddle. She laughs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 We can leave this puddle right
 here if you like.
 (beat)
 What's your name?

JESSICA
 Jessica Levi.

GEORGE
 I'm George Price...

JESSICA
 I know. Friend of the Mayor...

Ouch. George chuckles and nods at her door.

GEORGE
 Is that your place?

She nods reluctantly in response.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 I've seen the sign at night. I
 guess its the only light in a
 window I've seen around here.
 Beside our own, I mean.

He turns and points towards his place while...

INT. THE CLINIC, DR. PAUL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

...Dr. Paul spies on them from his office window.
 Someone KNOCKS at his door. He pulls the cracked metal
 shutter tight to seal out the light, sits down at his
 desk and clicks on a desk lamp.

DR. PAUL
 Yes, come in.

A DOOR OPENS.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)
 Tom, thanks for coming. I wanted
 to ask you about the lunch shift-
 how is it working out for you?

Dr. Paul listens like he'd rather be spying on Jessica.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Walking towards the kitchen with a text book, Jessica meets a Group of Recovering Vampires carrying chairs.

JESSICA

What's going on?

The OLD LADY VAMPIRE talking to the TATTOOED VAMPIRE turns and smiles with excitement.

OLD LADY VAMPIRE

Movie night!

Jessica pushes through the kitchen door...

INT. THE CLINIC, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...and finds Dr. Paul by the stove, trying to manage a HOT COOKING SHEET. CRASH! It hits the floor.

DR. PAUL

Shoot...

Jessica observes the mess, crossing to her fridge.

JESSICA

English muffin pizzas? Really?

DR. PAUL

Why not? They're your favorites aren't they?

JESSICA

When I was 7...

DR. PAUL

Well now you're old enough to help make them. Come on.

JESSICA

I've got a lot of homework, dad.

She pours a smoothie and makes for the door.

DR. PAUL

Homework? When we practically have the place to ourselves? Come on. It'll be a good chance to catch up and talk a little. I think we should. Besides, you have got to try this sauce...

She detours to him and he serves her a spoonful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Not bad.

DR. PAUL

Not bad- give me a break- It's the best you ever tasted...

She picks up a muffin and a spoon.

JESSICA

Maybe I'll make one just so you'll know how it's done for next time.

DR. PAUL

By all means...

Charles enters from the hall.

CHARLES

Paul, we have a problem.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Paul, Charles and Steve are on a search. They meet Colby who shakes his head as he exits the dining hall.

COLBY

No sign of them...

Walter pokes his head out of the movie room. (Recovering Vampires inside ARE ENJOYING A CLASSIC HORROR MOVIE.)

WALTER

What's going on, Doc?

DR. PAUL

Did Dak and Sissy say anything about going out?

WALTER

No. You want me to help you look for them?

DR. PAUL

No, Walter. Enjoy yourself. I'm sure they are around somewhere.

He gives Walter a reassuring pat and leads Colby, Steve and Charles towards the stairs. Spotting Jessica on her way back to the living quarters...

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Jessica?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...he gestures for her to follow and she does.

INT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Charles, Colby, Steve and Jessica circle around Dr. Paul.

DR. PAUL

All right- Charles, Steve- they're going to get restless upstairs. I want them all down for the night ASAP. Go ahead and give everyone a double dose just to be on the safe side. Colby- how are you feeling?

Colby finds his own reflection in a dusty TV monitor.

COLBY

Solid...

DR. PAUL

Good. I'm going to cover the ground between here and the public dock. I want you to do the same between here and Lucky's Lounge. Don't go in. If you find them along the way, try to talk them back but no matter what, let's meet here at 10:15 to check in.

He turns to Jessica.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Jessica- I need you to mind the door. If anyone knocks you call Steve and he'll come right down to help you. Do you think you can handle that?

JESSICA

Um, yeah...

DR. PAUL

Good. Let's get to it then.

Charles starts up. Steve and Colby part tenderly.

COLBY

Back in a flash...

STEVE

You better be...

Dr. Paul pauses at the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PAUL
 (to Jessica)
 Stay out of sight and, remember,
 buzz Steve...

JESSICA
 I got it, Dad.

She locks the door behind him and looks up.

POV JESSICA: The clock above the door reads 9:35.

She's already bored. Now what?

BY A WALL OF OLD TELEVISIONS - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica turns old channel knobs CLICKITY-CLICK and drags a finger across a dusty row of screens. 9:50. She SIGHS.

BEHIND THE COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

CA-CHING; the cash register opens. Empty. Jessica rolls her eyes in disgust and SLAMS THE DRAWER.

AT THE FRONT WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica lifts the shade beside the front door.

POV JESSICA: The lights from George's building a distant block away.

Her mind is wandering when a flashlight shines through the window. Startled, she steps back. VOICES OUTSIDE. She rushes to the intercom box and presses the button.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 Steve!... Steve!

STEVE (O.C.)
 On my way...

JESSICA
 No! Don't come down! Do you hear me? Don't let anyone come down!

She SWITCHES THE INTERCOM OFF and pulls closed the door to the stairs. Shut, the door looks like just another old rack of televisions. BANG, BANG at the front door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 Police, open up...

Jessica crosses to the door, takes a breath and opens up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Detective from the school holds up a badge while the young BEAT COP beside him nervously watches the street.

JESSICA

Yes?

Surprised to see her, the Detective struggles to get the words out.

DETECTIVE / GANNON

Good evening, Miss. I'm Detective
GANNON. May I come in?

Jessica nods and stands aside.

GANNON

Keep an eye out...

The jumpy Beat Cop gets the door closed in his face.
Detective Gannon looks around.

GANNON (CONT'D)

I saw you at your school today.
(turning to her)
I didn't get your name though.

JESSICA

Jessica Levi. What's this about,
Detective?

GANNON

Last night's attacks, Ms. Levi.
We have some new information
and... You know, maybe I should
be talking to your mom or dad- are
they around?

JESSICA

My dad will be back soon. He just
went to get something to eat.

GANNON

This time of night? And he left
you here alone?

He looks concerned. She gets confident.

JESSICA

It's no big deal, Detective.
Believe me, I like the quiet. In
fact, I should probably be taking
advantage of this time...

GANNON

Don't let me stop you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He starts looking around again.

GANNON (CONT'D)

You know, to be honest, I didn't think people still bothered fixing these things. The new ones cost practically nothing...

He follows her finger lines on the dusty screens...

GANNON (CONT'D)

Low overhead, I guess.

...wandering dangerously close to the secret door.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Still, I'd think it'd get kind of lonesome around here, a kid your age...

Jessica reflexively steps towards him in order to distract his attentions from the secret door. Reading her move as a come on, Detective Gannon swallows nervously and stares at her until...

BEAT COP (O.C.)

(from outside)

Freeze! Put your hands up!

Gannon pulls a stake from his suit jacket, waves Jessica behind him and approaches the front door. It opens. Dr. Paul is prodded inside by the pistol-wielding Beat Cop.

JESSICA

That's my dad!

GANNON

MICHAELS! Put that thing away before you hurt somebody.

Jessica runs to her father's side. He quickly adopts the mannerisms of a humble shop keeper.

DR. PAUL

What's this about? What's this guy doing hiding out there in front of my shop?

GANNON

Take it easy, Mr. Levi. I'm Detective Gannon from the Second Precinct. We just stopped in because...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Dr. Paul smiles and throws up his hands as if to say, "of course."

DR. PAUL

I know, I know- you heard about our prices...

He steals a quick look at the clock. 10:05.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

We're closed, of course, but since you're here lemme give you a quick peek at what we have today.

Detective Gannon and Michaels the Beat Cop trade a confused look while Dr. Paul scurries to the nearest shelf and starts TURNING ON SETS. All are pretty bad.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

The three on the top shelf are in fair condition and come with two months parts and labor...

He hands them flyers detailing "OUR POLICE DISCOUNTS." Michaels is interested. Gannon is incredulous.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

...the 40 inch RCA is already sold to your very own precinct Captain there, Captain O'Malley. If you want to score some major points, I'll let you carry it back to him.

He BANGS the side of a set with a skipping picture. The picture straightens and the VOLUME COMES WAY UP. On-screen, the Mayor, flanked by numerous POLICE OFFICIALS, is giving another press conference. They all tune in.

MAYOR

As last night's tragedy further demonstrates, we need to stop these attacks before they happen. That's why I've asked top administrators within the police department to rapidly develop a data-driven system capable of tracking all suspected vampire activity throughout the city.

Dr. Paul lets out a nervous laugh that startles everyone.

DR. PAUL

Ha! Look at them all!

He gleefully points at Police Officials on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Customer, customer, customer,
customer, customer...

(to Gannon)

That's why we're the most trusted
source of televisions for fellows
on the job. You want some more
time to think about it? You can
always call to make an
appointment.

Gannon looks like he has a bad taste in his mouth.

GANNON

Mr. Levi, we're here as police on
official duty, not as customers.

From his pocket he produces a piece of paper that he
hands to Dr. Paul.

GANNON (CONT'D)

This vampire was seen entering the
neighborhood last night around 1.

CLOSE ON: It's a police sketch of Malcolm.

GANNON (O.C.) (CONT'D)

We're pretty sure he's the one
responsible for the earlier
killings...

Dr. Paul shakes his head and hands the sketch back.

DR. PAUL

Haven't seen him. Of course I
usually turn in early so my
daughter can do her homework in
peace...

Detective Gannon shoots a quick look at Jessica. Dr. Paul
starts leading them towards the front door.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

But if I had to offer a hunch,
Detective, I'd say that if he was
around here he's long gone by now.

GANNON

And what makes you say that, Mr.
Levi?

Detective Gannon looks intently at Dr. Paul who answers
with the same look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DR. PAUL

I guess they know we're protected down here. By you and your fellow officers. In fact, the Chief has gone so far as to say that we're the safest neighborhoods in the whole city.

He opens the door and knocks on it.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Knock on wood, it stays that way.

A DISTANT BLUE WHISTLE SOUNDS. Gannon looks at Michaels.

MICHAELS

Sounds like some of those guys from the Vampire Hunters League.

GANNON

Goddamn vigilantes...
(beat)
Better check it out.

Michaels nods and starts them out.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Thank you for your time Mr. Levi. Sounds like you know how to get a hold of us but here's my card just in case.

(beat)
Very nice talking with you,
Jessica...

He leaves and Dr. Paul closes the door.

DR. PAUL

(whispering)
Did Colby come back?

She shakes her head no. Dr. Paul turns out the light and chances a look through the shade.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Come on Colby...

EXT. DARK STREET - SAME TIME

Creeping along, Colby hears something and ducks into a burned-out building. THREE VIGILANTES' shadows approach.

VIGILANTE 1

Go over there and check that car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIGILANTE 2

Me? Why don't you check it?

VIGILANTE 3

Quit jabbering, you two. It's time we rendezvous up with them others.

VIGILANTE 2

Rendezvous! Just listen to him!

VIGILANTE 3

Fuck you, you fuckin' coward.

Their shadows drift cross the abandoned sedan. A LOW GROWL emanates from the back seat. The back door slowly opens. Dak (carrying a six-pack of beer) and Sissy (carrying a big, boxy purse) ease out ahead of a GROWLING MOTHER PITBULL.

DAK

Easy now, mommy...

She's guarding THREE NEW PUPPIES and stays in the sedan. Dak and Sissy turn and run. They've gone half a block when Dak pulls Sissy hard against a wall and covers her mouth with his hand.

VIGILANTE 4 (O.C.)

Did you hear something?

VIGILANTE 5 (O.C.)

It came from over there.

VIGILANTE 4 (O.C.)

Get some lights on that building. Go floor by floor if we have to.

Dak runs off alone in another direction.

SISSY

(whispering after
him)

Dak!

He's not going to wait. Cradling her purse, she follows.

INT. BURNED-OUT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

SOUNDS OF FEET RUNNING BY. Colby is ready to get going himself when a flashlight beam finds him.

VIGILANTE 6 (O.C.)

You! Don't move!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He runs for it.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Colby is sprinting. BLUE WHISTLES SOUND all around. The television repair shop's neon sign can be seen just up ahead, but flashlight beams find him as he nears the door, so he keeps on running.

INT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - SAME TIME

Dr. Paul watches in horror through a crack in the shade. SOUNDS OF A MOB pass by. He moves grimly to the door.

JESSICA

Dad, please. Don't go out there.

DR. PAUL

Lock this behind me and don't let anyone out.

He opens the door and slips out.

EXT. DARK STREET - MOMENTS LATER

LOUD WHISTLES. Colby runs to the middle of an empty five-way intersection. A YOUNG FRIGHTENED VIGILANTE charges him but drops his stake. Colby picks it up to hold him off.

COLBY

I'm not a vampire!

YOUNG FRIGHTENED VIGILANTE

Please! Take it easy!

COLBY

Tell them!

Dropping the stake, Colby turns and runs right into Detective Gannon's drawn stake. His face goes white. Gannon backs away. Impaled, Colby falls to his knees. The MOB circles.

YOUNG FRIGHTENED VIGILANTE

He said he wasn't a vampire!

VIGILANTE 1

Let's get a look at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A big hand pushes Colby. He falls and rolls onto his back. Gannon's stake sticks out of his stomach. He tries to breathe through the agony.

VIGILANTE 3

Ain't he gonna burn up or something?

VIGILANTE 1

They don't all do that, you fool.

VIGILANTE 6

Maybe we should stick another stake in him? In his heart...

YOUNG FRIGHTENED VIGILANTE

He said we wasn't a vampire!

VIGILANTE 1

What the hell do you expect he'd say?

YOUNG FRIGHTENED VIGILANTE

You can't just stake him again without knowing!

VIGILANTE 5

Look in his mouth.

Hands swarm over Colby trying to force open his jaws.

VIGILANTE 1

Watch your fingers...

Dr. Paul pushes up through the crowd. He and Colby make eye contact. BEAT. A tearful Dr. Paul readies a protest but Colby stops him with a brave shake of his head and then HISSSS! He bucks wildly, SNAPPING at his tormentors. A panic ensues and the Vigilantes lay into Colby with a dozen stakes. Dr. Paul turns away as the Mob surges. Gannon watches Dr. Paul stagger away. Vigilante 1 steps to him and raises the Detective's arm.

VIGILANTE 1 (CONT'D)

Let's hear it for the new guy!
What's your name, mister?

GANNON

Gannon. Detective Bob Gannon...

VIGILANTE 1

Well, what do you know! The cops are finally on the case!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHOOPS from the Vigilantes. Gannon gives a nervous smile and again watches after Dr. Paul.

INT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica opens the door for her father. His knees start to fail him when he enters and she holds him up as they walk to the back and through the secret door.

A CHORUS OF WAILS drifts down from upstairs. Steve waits in the doorway at the top. Already sobbing, he crumbles when they reach him. Dr. Paul hugs Steve. Jessica looks tearfully towards the ward.

POV JESSICA: The Recovering Vampires writhe in their beds. Charles circulates frantically among them, checking IV's. The MOANS and WAILS GROW LOUDER.

INT. THE CLINIC, WARD ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The ward is dark, save for a few low lamps. Most of the Recovering Vampires now sleep deeply, but one will not go down. The Badly Burned Vampire makes a QUIET, RASPY WHIMPER as her tearful eyes dart this way and that. Seated at her bedside, Charles holds her hand.

CHARLES

(to the BBV)

There, there. There, there.

(to Jessica)

How's Steve?

Jessica steps out from the shadows behind him.

JESSICA

Dad's trying to get him to sleep.

Charles keeps his attention on the Badly Burned Vampire.

CHARLES

(to Jessica)

Mmm. That's going to be a tall order. I'll tell you, this one here loved Colby.

(to BBV)

Yes you did. And he loved you.

(to Jessica)

They also had a strong connection. He rescued her from burning up in her own backyard after her step mother threw her out. Old Colby knew how tough it was out there. Dude had a big heart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 (to BBV)
 There, there...there, there...

The Badly Burned Vampire's teary eyes finally close. Charles gently places her hand over her heart. Leaving her, he and Jessica find Dr. Paul putting items into a black bag at the desk by the hall door.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Paul?

Dr. Paul stops and stares at them. He's exhausted.

DR. PAUL
 Charles, I've got to go on a call.
 Jessica can help you if you need anything.

Back to work, he pulls out bags of blood from a wall safe.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)
 We're getting low on O positive.
 The requisition forms should be in Colby's locker...

He again stares blankly. Charles approaches gingerly.

CHARLES
 Don't you think you should get some rest?

Dr. Paul shakes off the temptation and relocks the safe.

DR. PAUL
 No, I'm fine. I'll be back soon.

JESSICA
 Dad...

He turns as he's leaving...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 I want to come with you.

INT. POLICE CHIEF SEAN O'MALLEY'S HOUSE, DEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

CHIEF O'MALLEY (O.C.)
 (froggy Irish voice)
 I'm telling you, Paul, it's a goddamn, utter fluke...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOUNDS of ICE DROPPING INTO GLASSES. Jessica browses a wood paneled wall covered in photographs and awards. Nearby CHIEF SEAN O'MALLEY, a 50-year-old fiery redhead chewing on his cigar, fills two glasses with whiskey at a bar. His soft Irish neck is heavily scarred.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

The one investigator we can't trust and he ends up with a lead that puts him right on your doorstep! Now the Boy-Mayor's wanting a word with him like he's some kind of hero!

He walks to where Dr. Paul is seated and hands him a drink before planting himself heavily on the couch.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

What the hell happened to chain of command?

Jessica steps closer to study the pictures on the wall.

DR. PAUL (O.C.)

What are you going do about it, Sean?

POV JESSICA: Stories and pictures of Chief O'Malley and his younger but equally Irish-looking brother CAPTAIN PATRICK O'MALLEY (40) in framed newspaper articles. Awards for "Officer of the Year" beside old headlines heralding their heroics in the long struggle against vampires. One declares: "Chief O'Malley Will Survive Mysterious Near-Fatal Attack."

CHIEF O'MALLEY(O.C.)

Bust him! Dummy his paperwork if we have to but you have my word- this time tomorrow he'll be back on the beat! I won't tolerate free spirits on the detective squad- "heros" or otherwise!

DR. PAUL

All right, but what's to keep the next Bob Gannon from coming around? We only have the resources to help the vampires that can come to us now. If it's not safe, they won't come.

CHIEF O'MALLEY

We've got enough guys we know and trust to make it right again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

You have my word, the police will
not impede access to the clinic.

DR. PAUL (O.C.)

And the vigilantes?

Browsing pictures atop a piano, Jessica picks one up.

CHIEF O'MALLEY

Going after them now would raise
too many questions. I think the
best we can do for now is wait and
watch...

Dr. Paul and the Chief look up. Jessica stands over them
holding a framed photo.

JESSICA

We're in this picture.

Smiling warmly, the Chief stands.

CHIEF O'MALLEY

Let's have a look...

CLOSE ON: A beach picture of Dr. Paul, Jessica's Mom,
Chief O'Malley and A PRETTY WOMAN (45) holding Jessica,
here a toddler.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, that was a good trip. Look at
you- you were just 2...

JESSICA

Who's holding me?

Tears fill the Chief's eyes. Up with his bag, Dr. Paul
lovingly pats his old friend on the shoulder.

CHIEF O'MALLEY

That's my Vera...

INT. POLICE CHIEF SEAN O'MALLEY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM HALLWAY -
MOMENTS LATER

Jessica follows Dr. Paul up a dimly lit hall...

DROWSY WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Sean? Is that you honey?

Chief O'Malley turns to Dr. Paul and Jessica and gestures
"go slow" before cautiously entering...

INT. POLICE CHIEF SEAN O'MALLEY'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -
CONTINUOUS

CHIEF O'MALLEY

Hi, Lovey...

In the otherwise ordinary suburban bedroom, VERA O'MALLEY lies in an iron cage that covers half the king sized bed. Seeing Dr. Paul she bears her big teeth and goes crazy.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

Now, Vera...

With an even demeanor, the Chief approaches the bed and lies down beside Vera's RATTLING cage.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

...sweetheart, it's Paul. He's just here to check on you. Calm down, calm down...

She WHIMPERS and MOANS, comforted to be by her man.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

That's my angel. There, there. Look- he brought Jessica. Little baby Jessica all grown up...

Vera glares at Jessica with red eyes. HISSSS! Dr. Paul loads a bellows with brown liquid.

DR. PAUL

Any noticeable changes since my last visit?

Watching Vera, the Chief sadly shakes his head no.

INT. DR. PAUL'S SEDAN (MOVING) - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dr. Paul nods to Chief O'Malley, now puffing his cigar in the driveway. The sedan pulls away and onto the street.

JESSICA

Did it ever work for Vera?

DR. PAUL

Never for very long.

INT. THE CLINIC, DINING HALL - THE NEXT DAY

A make-shift memorial for Colby is wrapping up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PAUL (V.O.)
 ...We're very lucky Sean, his
 brother and many of the top men in
 the department believe in what
 we're trying to do. Even though it
 doesn't work for everyone...

Sitting beside a large framed picture of Colby, Steve is numb to the comforting pats he receives from Recovering Vampires as they pass from the room.

INT. THE CLINIC, WARD ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Jessica is changing a pillow case on a ward bed.

JESSICA (V.O.)
 But if they believe in us so much
 why don't they tell people instead
 of just pretending we don't exist?

She glances through the open cage door at Malcolm. His big teeth grind. She just keeps on working.

INT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - LATER THAT DAY

Jessica wiping the dust off TV screens with a rag.

DR. PAUL (O.C.)
 It would be too dangerous. Until
 we can cure all cases, people are
 going to oppose what we're doing.
 We will show them, though,
 someday.

Jessica looks long and hard at her reflection. There is a KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR. She lifts a shade to see who it is before opening. It's George.

GEORGE
 Hi...

JESSICA
 Hi.

GEORGE
 I've missed you on the bus...

JESSICA
 Yeah, I've been helping out here.

She eases out of the shop and closes the door behind her before he can get a good look inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Do you want to hang out?

JESSICA

Sure.

She locks the door and glances up at her shuttered building.

INT. THE CLINIC, DR. PAUL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

POV DR. PAUL: Through the cracked shutter, Jessica and George are seen walking up the street.

EXT. OLD BRICK WAREHOUSE UNDER RENOVATION - MOMENTS LATER

TALKING ENTHUSIASTICALLY, George leads Jessica into a construction yard. Seeing TWO WORKERS packing up by the building's front door, he excuses himself. Waiting, Jessica looks up.

POV JESSICA: The five-story facade with big cutouts for windows.

The two workers eye her as they pass by and exit the gate. Shaking his head at them, George beckons Jessica to come with him through the front door.

INT. OLD BRICK WAREHOUSE UNDER RENOVATION, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE

...it's still very rough, of course...

Jessica looks around. The interior has great potential. Brick, steel, towering ceiling with skylight, wood beams.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Finding reliable people has been our biggest challenge.

He leads her up a sleek new metal staircase.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That's why dad's gone downtown- to see about getting more police patrols so the workers will feel safe coming down here. Do you smell that?

They pause and she sniffs curiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's cinnamon. This was a spice warehouse. We sold out one just like it in Detroit before the first units we were even finished. Turns out guys in particular love the smell of cinnamon. They say it reminds them of home.

On the second floor landing he folds back a piece of plastic sheeting covering a doorway. They enter.

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The loft is sparsely done up in urban cool. Chef's kitchen, some artwork, lots of material samples...

GEORGE

For now, it's just us but our apartment is really the model for what we plan to do in the other ten units.

(calling)

Mom? I'm home...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Over here...

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

George leads them into a large living area where KAREN PRICE, a willowy blond of 45, stands studying a large picture window.

KAREN

Oh, hello.

(to George)

Is this Jessica?

He nods, embarrassed.

GEORGE

This is my mom, Karen.

JESSICA

Nice to meet you...

KAREN

Delighted to meet you! I can't tell you how glad I am that George already has a friend his own age in the neighborhood...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Mom, give me a break...

KAREN

Well I am. Even if it's for selfish reasons.

(to Jessica)

My two guys can be so practical in their opinions- come over and tell me what you think.

She directs their attention to the picture window.

GEORGE

I thought we were doing glass blocks for security.

Karen smiles and rolls her eyes at Jessica.

KAREN

Glass blocks would make the whole thing feel like some kind of fortress. People can't live that way- this space wants to feel light and open. What do you think, Jessica?

JESSICA

I like it.

KAREN

Good. Then it stays. Now- who wants some ice tea?

Karen leads them towards the kitchen. Jessica and George exchange a smile.

INT. THE CLINIC - LATER

Jessica climbs the stairs, enters the clinic hall and heads for the kitchen. A CLASSIC MOVIE PLAYS LOUDLY in the movie room. Consulting with Walter in an office, Dr. Paul excuses himself when he sees Jessica passing.

DR. PAUL

Jessica?

She turns back to him.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Where have you been, sweetheart?

She rolls her eyes. None of his business, he knows, and smilingly shrugs it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Thanks for all your help earlier.

He steps to her and kisses her on the head.

JESSICA

Sure thing...

She starts again for the kitchen.

DR. PAUL

There's soup on the stove.

Returning to Walter, Dr. Paul shuts the door.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

(muted by the glass)

Sorry, Walter, where were we?

INT. THE CLINIC, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica enters the dark kitchen, turns on the light. Dak and Sissy, caught in the act of ransacking a fridge, HISS. Terrified, Jessica tries to back away but a LEATHER-CLAD VAMPIRE now blocks the door. HISS!

DAK

REMY, be cool. Jessica- we don't want any trouble...

Remy the leather-clad vampire snaps his big, smiling teeth and herds Jessica towards Dak. His bloody shirt front and the red twinkle in his eye suggest being bad can also feel so good. Dak, on the other hand, looks like a junky in need of a fix.

DAK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

...we're just looking for some blood, now, so tell us where it is. We don't want to hurt you.

Jessica scrambles to put some distance and the table between her and Remy.

JESSICA

(screaming)

Daddy!

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - SAME TIME

The hall is empty. BING CROSBY SINGS LOUDLY on the movie screen. Dr. Paul and Walter keep chatting away.

INT. THE CLINIC, KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Dak frantically gestures for calm.

DAK

Do not do that, okay? Just give us
the blood and we'll go.

Jessica picks up a frying pan and clubs Dak in the face. Sissy catches her as she tries to make a dash for the dining hall. Dak holds his bleeding forehead.

DAK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Remy tries to lick at Dak's wound. Dak pushes him off.

DAK (CONT'D)

Get the fuck away from me! Ahh!
Jessica. That wasn't nice...

Dak's vampire teeth are popping out but not fast enough for Remy.

REMY

Enough of this...

He moves towards Jessica and Sissy. Both are terrified.

REMY (CONT'D)

...I'm starving.

The door to the dining hall opens behind Sissy and Jessica. Steve enters from the shadows in a dark stupor. Seeing Dak shocks him awake. Snatching up a nearby mop, Steve breaks off the handle and charges. Remy intercepts him on his way to Dak and the two CRASH around the room in a fit of flying fists and SNAPPING TEETH.

STEVE

Kill you mother fucker...

Bracing Remy's face against the tile, Steve finds the errant broom handle on the floor and slow-pushes it into Remy's chest. WHOOSH! Remy catches fire.

Steve's clothes smoulder but killing Dak is his only concern. He's herding him into a corner when Charles and Dr. Paul rush in from the hall. Charles catches Steve in a half nelson.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Get offa me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Paul steps towards Sissy, who is still clutching Jessica.

DR. PAUL

Sissy! Let her go. Don't do this.

DAK

No! Not until we're out of here!

Unsure of who to listen to, Sissy seems most concerned with reaching her big, boxy purse on the counter.

DR. PAUL

You don't have to go back out there. Just take it easy and listen to me...

Steve breaks free from Charles and again goes after Dak. Sissy releases Jessica in a bid to collect her purse but is blocked by the melee. When Dr. Paul tries to grab her, she flees into the dining hall.

INT. THE CLINIC, DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

With unnatural speed, Sissy laps the dark room, leaping over chairs and tables, trying to find a way out. The gathering crowd of Recovering Vampires block the door to the hall. Gesturing for calm, Dr. Paul steps into Sissy's path. She dodges him and runs full speed through a metal-shuttered window. BANG!

Dr. Paul rushes to the window. Sissy runs like a wounded deer down back-alleys and off into the night.

Dr. Paul quickly pulls the metal shutter closed.

INT. THE CLINIC, KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Walter pours a pail of water on Remy's remains. Two Recovering Vampires hold Dak down on the floor. Three others help Charles pin Steve to a wall.

STEVE

Why! Why! He killed my Colby!

Dr. Paul enters, grabs Dak and hustles him to the hall.

DR. PAUL

(to Charles)
Keep him in here...

INT. THE CLINIC, CELL 2 - MOMENTS LATER

Walter and the Tattooed Vampire assist Dr. Paul in shoving Dak into the iron maiden-like device.

DAK

No! I don't want to be here! No!

Dr. Paul locks the device and attaches a funnel that feeds right into Dak's mouth.

DAK (CONT'D)

You can't do this to me!

DR. PAUL

Stand back...

Dr. Paul pours brown liquid from a large container into the funnel. Dak chokes and SHRIEKS. Smoke rises from his head. The iron maiden-like device shakes violently.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

We'll need another unit... Where's Jessica?

EXT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - SAME TIME

Jessica runs out and into the middle of the street. Crying, she doesn't know where to go. George's lights are off. No direction looks welcoming. Hearing a DISTANT WHISTLE HOOOO, she kicks the curb...

JESSICA

Damn it!

...and stalks back inside.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Doctor Paul comes out of the ward room relieved to see his daughter...

DR. PAUL

Jessica!

...but she has no interest in talking to him now and rushes into the living quarters, pulling the heavy door closed before he can get there. CREAK!

INT. THE LEVI FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS, HALL - CONTINUOUS

Locking him out, she glares at her dad through the glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PAUL
 (muted by the door)
 Jessica, please. I want to talk to
 you.

She walks away from the door. He hangs his head for a second and then resignedly goes back to his business.

INT. THE LEVI FAMILY'S LIVING QUARTERS, JESSICA'S BEDROOM
 - THE NEXT MORNING

Sleeping with the lights on, Jessica wakes to a LOW GROWL. She leaps from her bed to throw open a shutter window. Morning sunlight floods the room but the GROWLS CONTINUE. Cautiously, she kneels and lifts the comforter at the end of the bed. AHH! She jumps back in fear but then LAUGHS as she drags a PITBULL PUPPY from under the bed.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Cradling the puppy, Jessica exits the living quarters.

TATTOOED VAMPIRE
 Look at the puppy!

The puppy GROWLS AND YIPS at the Tattooed Vampire.

TATTOOED VAMPIRE (CONT'D)
 Dogs have never liked me.

Dr. Paul approaches and gives the puppy a pat.

JESSICA
 Kind of corny, dad.

DR. PAUL
 She was in Sissy's bag. I thought
 the two of you might look after
 each other.

JESSICA
 I can keep her?

DR. PAUL
 Sure. I mean, hopefully Sissy will
 come back but until then...

Screw it. He's going to be a father this time.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)
 You know what? She's yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Smiling, they both give the puppy pats.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)
What are you going to name her?

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT DAY

JESSICA
Sunny! Come on Sunny!

Jessica runs from the television repair shop with the pup trailing on a rope. She's happy until the black and white police car pulls up alongside her. It's Gannon.

GANNON
Hello Jessica...

Now in a patrolman's uniform, he flashes a creepy smile.

JESSICA
Hello, Detective.

She picks up Sunny steals a quick look back towards the clinic and then looks to lead Gannon away.

GANNON
Just "officer" now... But you can call me Bob if you like. Is that a new puppy?

JESSICA
Yes. We were just getting some air.

GANNON
That's important. She's going to be a big one someday. Going to need lots of exercise...

Jessica turns the corner. So does he. Up ahead Vigilante 1, now dressed in a khaki uniform with an armband reading VHL (Vampire Hunters League), posts handbills with the help of TWO YOUNG VIGILANTES. The handbills simply say "JOIN!" Jessica starts back in the other direction.

JESSICA
Excuse me. I just remembered I have to be someplace.

Gannon stops the car and gets out.

GANNON
Jessica, wait...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Five yards away, she feels obliged to stop.

GANNON (CONT'D)

...I just want to make sure you're okay. I know how scary all that must have been for you the other night- what with losing your mom the way you did.

Jessica can't help but feel somewhat touched.

GANNON (CONT'D)

I read her obituary. She was impressive, your mother. Your father, too. What was he, some kind of scientist?

She nods.

GANNON (CONT'D)

I don't think we ever had even one doctor in my whole family.

He chuckles but she gives him nothing. He steps to her and speaks from the heart.

GANNON (CONT'D)

I did lose my cousin to a vampire. Killed right next to me on a family camping trip. She was your age.

He looks at her intensely and his eyes well with tears.

GANNON (CONT'D)

We were best friends, her and me. For a long time I tried not to ever think about it. Maybe you know what that's like?

Her response is cool.

JESSICA

I'm sorry to hear of your loss.

He's stung...

GANNON

Yeah, well, not like losing a mother, I know.

...but then angry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GANNON (CONT'D)

Still, when I think about the wreck those blood suckers have caused people like us, it just gets me...

Seemingly unaware, he violently twists his policeman's hat in his hands. Afraid of him again, she backs away.

JESSICA

Thank you for your concern but we're doing just fine, Detective.

GANNON

Please, call me Bob...

Gannon starts to follow her but before he can Vigilante 1 steps up, pumps his hand and proudly introduces the Two Young Vigilantes. Half engaged, Gannon sees Jessica as she turns at the corner.

EXT. OLD BRICK WAREHOUSE UNDER RENOVATION - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica climbs through a hole in the plywood construction fence and carries Sunny across the site to the front door. No one is around. She KNOCKS. NO RESPONSE. Turning to leave, she hears the SLOW APPROACH OF A CAR.

POV JESSICA: Gannon's black and white prowls along the street beyond the construction wall. She hustles inside the building and closes the door.

INT. OLD BRICK WAREHOUSE UNDER RENOVATION, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jessica peeks out the door's window.

POV JESSICA: Gannon is out of his car and looking through the hole in the fence. When Sunny BARKS, he looks right at Jessica.

Shushing Sunny, she runs up the stairs.

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica slips under the plastic sheeting...

JESSICA

(quietly)
Hello..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pausing in the kitchen, she hears an ECHOING BANG that starts her scrambling for a place to hide. She finds an interior stairway and, hearing another BANG, runs up.

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica enters the big bedroom and runs straight into a closet. Crouching, she pulls the doors closed.

INT. DARK CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Watch your step...

Shushing Sunny, Jessica peers through the cracked door.

POV JESSICA: SCOTT PRICE, 50 and ruggedly handsome, enters leading THREE MEN IN SUITS.

SCOTT

As you can see, this room is further along. This, of course, is the master...

MAN IN SUIT 1

Mr. Price...

SCOTT

Please, JERRY, call me Scott.

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Jerry looks embarrassed.

JERRY/MAN IN SUIT 1

Scott, forgive me, it's all very nice, but where are your workers? Our terms for the financing run out in less than six weeks...

INT. DARK CLOSET - SAME TIME

Jessica adjusts to keep them in her sight line.

SCOTT (O.C.)

Of course, Jerry, but listen-SHELLY here will tell you- you can rest easy. We always beat the clock, am I right Shelly?

Sunny WHINES. Shhh.

INT. PRICE FAMILY LOFT, MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Shelly gives a wan smile and shrugs.

SHELLY / MAN IN SUIT 2

You have before...

Not the ringing endorsement he'd hoped for. Scott swallows hard and goes to the third OLDER MAN IN SUIT, now looking out the window.

SCOTT

...you are doggone right we have. And let me tell you, even if we are off by a few days this time, we have something much more important going in our favor here. There is a buzz building for Little Five Points. This neighborhood is going to be hot, and when it is, this project will have put us in the driver's seat.

OLDER MAN IN SUIT

I've been hearing some buzz myself-most not very good.

He holds up a hand to cut Scott off.

OLDER MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

Mr. Price, I'm sure you've managed admirably but this neighborhood may simply not be ready. I'd say the inability to hire illegals for what elsewhere would be called "a union wage" is a pretty good indication. People are scared. Perhaps we should be, too.

He steps by Scott.

SCOTT

MR. BRIDGES, with all due respect, we are taking steps...

He looks out the window and, pleased by what he sees, points.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

There. Police right out in front. I'm telling you this development has the Mayor's full backing...

Shelly comes to look just as Gannon's black and white is pulling away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scott grimaces but sees the other two are no longer paying attention to him. Instead, they're watching a pool of liquid spread from under the closet door. Scott silently warns them off, picks up a broken 2x4 and goes to the door. BEAT. He throws it open. Jessica cowers. The peeing Sunny WHINES.

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, KITCHEN - LATER

Jessica and a guilty-looking Sunny sit on a bench.

SCOTT

Three weeks. That's more than fair. Thank you...

Beyond the plastic sheeting, Scott shakes hands with his departing investors. He then enters alone and eyes Jessica as he fills and downs a glass of water. The BUILDING'S FRONT DOOR ECHOES SHUT.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Tell me why I shouldn't call the police? Breaking and entering?

He gestures wildly at Sunny.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Vandalism?

JESSICA

I'm really sorry, Mr. Price. I only came in because I was scared.

SCOTT

Yeah, you said that. In front of my investors...
(exasperated)
Fuck!

ECHO OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING.

GEORGE (O.C.)

(calling)
Dad? We're home!

FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. George and Karen enter carrying bags of groceries. George smiles when he sees Jessica...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey!

...and rushes over to pet the dog. Scott quietly shares his upsetting tale with Karen across the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

I should go...

GEORGE

Why?

JESSICA

I sort of let myself in and messed something up for your dad.

GEORGE

I doubt it. Dad's always figuring out a way. Anyhow, don't worry. Mom'll cool him off.

Across the room Scott nods and Karen turns to Jessica.

KAREN

Jessica. Would you join us for dinner?

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, LIVING AREA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Karen pours a Margarita into a tall glass...

SCOTT (O.C.)

Mmm. Muchos gracias senora...

...which Scott happily takes. They're dining with George and Jessica at a table set beneath the big window.

KAREN

Sure you don't want to try one, Jessica?

JESSICA

No, thank you.

KAREN

Your generation... If a parent had ever offered me a margarita at 16 I would have said, "What took you so long and bring on the sangria while you're at it."

SCOTT

Ooo! Sangria! No, por favor! I've got to be up at dawn hunting new construction workers. Dios mio!

Both Scott and Karen are really tipsy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

Oh, you'll find them, baby.

(beat)

Maybe Jessica knows where to look?

JESSICA

I wouldn't have any idea...

KAREN

Really? With all the property your dad owns? I think she's holding out on us...

JESSICA

My dad?

KAREN

Paul Edwin Levi. He's your father, isn't he?

Jessica nods and shrugs.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(to Scott)

I don't think she even knows...

(to Jessica)

Honey, your dad owns half the neighborhood! No, I swear- I was at the building department this morning looking at plans and his name was on every other document.

She licks some salt off her thumb and smiles.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Which got me thinking, of course- and I don't want to get too far ahead of ourselves here but once we get this project further along...

SCOTT

...if...

KAREN

...When! We should really talk to your dad about what could be done together with some of his old buildings. From what I saw he is sitting on some prime corners.

SCOTT

We could have him up for a drink...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN

A friendly drink...

GEORGE

Sorry. They get this way when they've had too much real estate.

He tips an invisible glass.

KAREN

Oh Georgie...

All LAUGH until...

POV Jessica: Charles appears floating in the frame of the big picture window.

CRASH. Jessica's chair falls as she jumps to her feet. Sunny starts BARKING.

JESSICA

I'm sorry. I have to go...

She rights the chair. George stands to help her. Looking again, Jessica sees Charles has gone.

KAREN

Are you all right?

JESSICA

Yes. I just remembered I never told my dad where I was going.

SCOTT

Can't we call him?

JESSICA

No, I should go. Thanks very much for dinner. It was very good.

She scoops up Sunny and heads for the door. Karen and Scott share a look. Peculiar girl.

INT. OLD BRICK WAREHOUSE UNDER RENOVATION, LOBBY - SAME TIME

George follows Jessica down the stairs.

GEORGE

I hope my parents didn't say anything they shouldn't have...

JESSICA

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Do you want me to walk you home?

JESSICA

I can manage, thank you. Sorry to cause all the fuss...

He turns her around and kisses her. She is surprised but pleasantly so. She's just starting to kiss him back when George gets a start...

GEORGE

Ahh!

He stares open-mouthed at the front door window.

JESSICA

What is it?

GEORGE

I saw someone.

JESSICA

It was probably just your reflection.

He picks up the crowbar leaning in the corner.

GEORGE

I'm walking you home.

She gamely takes the crowbar from him.

JESSICA

No, you're not. I'll be fine.

She smiles and walks out alone into the dark.

EXT. OLD BRICK WAREHOUSE UNDER RENOVATION - CONTINUOUS

Trotting to the gate Jessica turns and sees George watching after her. She tosses aside the crowbar. CLANG!

JESSICA

(calling)

Nobody messes with me. Haven't you heard- my dad owns half the neighborhood.

She smiles and walks out of the gate...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Charles walks up right beside her.

JESSICA
Jeez, Charles, I was coming. You didn't have to spy on me...

CHARLES
I'm sorry...

JESSICA
Is everything okay?

CHARLES
Fine. There's a going away party for Helen tonight. Your dad thought you'd want to be there...

JESSICA
A party for Helen? You know what?

She stops and plops down Sunny.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I don't want to be there, okay. I mean, how strange is it that one night I'd just rather be with some normal people eating at a normal table? Is that so much to ask? Oh, right, I guess it must be. Otherwise, you wouldn't be here dragging me back to the clinic!

CHARLES
I'm not dragging you anywhere.

JESSICA
Good.

She heads off in another direction. He shakes his head.

EXT. DARK BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Pulling Sunny along, Jessica looks back to see if Charles is following her. He's not, and she runs right into him.

CHARLES
Normal people! Let me tell you something young lady...

He points towards the lights of George's building.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Those are not normal people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Like you'd know...

Sunny GROWLS as Jessica walks around Charles, who follows.

CHARLES

I'll tell you what, I got the scars that say I do know and you should listen to me good! They might not be looking to take us on themselves- your friends- but you can bet, given the chance, those three would welcome the crew of cops and vampire hunters that showed up to clean us out, and for what? So they could renovate some old factory into a millionaire party pad? Build up a block of high-mother-fucking-priced condos. Ha! You think that's normal?

JESSICA

Yeah, I do. I bet most people would too, which pretty much, by definition, makes it- what's the word I'm looking for? Normal!

CHARLES

Well it doesn't make it right.

She turns on him.

JESSICA

What's right, Charles?

(choking up)

That my dad works himself to death? That Colby, who wasn't even a vampire anymore, gets slaughtered in the street because Malcolm couldn't keep his shit together? That I should grow up without a mom? You always talk about what's right. Let me tell you something- its only right if it works and as far as I can tell its not working too well!

She loses it, crying big tears. He hugs her close.

CHARLES

It still can, Jess. It still can.

INT. THE CLINIC, DINING HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Recovering Vampires smile warmly over dessert plates.

OLD LADY VAMPIRE (O.C.)
I don't really know what else to
say... I like the idea of having a
boyfriend...

LAUGHTER. HELEN/Old Lady Vampire sits in the place of
honor beside the smiling Tattooed Vampire.

HELEN/OLD LADY VAMPIRE
...so if any of you have a single
grandfather, I'd like to meet him.

MORE LAUGHTER.

HELEN
I would. Really.
(beat)
I think what scares me most is the
thought of not seeing all of you
every day. You've been like family
to me and...after what
happened...what I did...I never
thought I'd have another family.
So thank you, thank you and keep
getting better so you can come and
stay with me when you get out.

CLAPPING. Moist eyes all around. But standing in the
doorway to the hall, Jessica looks simply wrung out.

DR. PAUL (O.C.)
Who's ready for some cake?

Jessica manages a small smile for her dad but shakes her
head. She alone hears the DISTANT RINGING PHONE.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - CONTINUOUS

Moving up the hall to answer the phone, Jessica doesn't
see Steve hiding in the shadows of an office. When her
FOOTFALLS FADE, he checks the hall right and left before
squeezing what he can from an old blood bag. He licks at
his chin so as not to miss a drop.

INT. LEVI FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS, DR. PAUL'S ROOM -
MOMENTS LATER

Jessica switches on a lamp, sits on the bed and answers
the phone on the bedside table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Hello.

GEORGE (O.C.)

Hi. It's George...

JESSICA

How did you get this number?

GEORGE (O.C.)

My mom saw it on some document
this morning. GROAN. It was all I
could do to keep her from calling
your dad...

On cue, Dr. Paul appears in the bedroom doorway. Jessica
takes the phone and walks right by him...

INT. THE LEVI FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS, HALL - CONTINUOUS

JESSICA

So... is that why you called?

...and into her own room, SHUTTING THE DOOR.

INT. LEVI FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS, JESSICA'S BEDROOM -
CONTINUOUS

GEORGE (O.C.)

No. I actually wanted to make sure
you got home all right and, um...

(beat)

...to invite you to the school
dance?

She smiles gleefully but then tries to play it cool.

JESSICA

The dance, huh...

GEORGE (O.C.)

Is that really dorky?

She looks inside her closet. It's concerning.

JESSICA

...No.

GEORGE

So...will you go with me?

JESSICA

Sure. I'd love to.

INT. BIG DISCOUNT DEPARTMENT STORE - A FEW DAYS LATER

MUZAK PLAYS. Jessica browses along under fluorescent lights. Cheesy posters show models in formal dresses, but everything here looks picked over. Jessica observes A MOTHER helping a SHOPPING TEEN pick out a dress. The one Jessica considers falls off its hanger.

LIV (O.C.)

Jessica?

Jessica straightens to see Liv and Tony (a.k.a Mr. and Mrs. Glam) approaching. He's carrying a boxed appliance.

LIV (CONT'D)

Well hey there, Daddy's Princess.
What are you doing here?

They both hug and kiss Jessica.

JESSICA

You know...shopping.

When it registers, Liv shakes her head, takes the dress Jessica is trying to rehang and tosses it aside.

LIV

Uhh-uh. No. No, no, no.

She takes Jessica's arm and turns to Tony.

LIV (CONT'D)

Love of my life, could you be
persuaded to drive us to a few
places on your way to golf?

He bows.

TONY

With pleasure...

Liv leads Jessica away. Tony happily follows.

INT. FANCY DRESS SHOP - LATER THAT DAY

A BEAUTIFUL SHOP GIRL stands by the closed curtain of a fancy dressing room holding a red satin dress.

LIV (O.C.)

Is everything all right in there?

Liv sits in a chair, very much at home in the posh shop. Behind her Tony practices his putts before a mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA (O.C.)

Yes...

LIV

Well come on out so we can see you. Don't worry if it's not perfect- we've got loads more to try on...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME TIME

Jessica stares into the mirror. Absolutely beautiful in a white dress, she seems unable to believe her eyes. Checking the price tag, she frowns.

JESSICA

Are they all this expensive?

LIV (O.C.)

Forget about the price, sweetheart. It's all on us. Just come on out, I'm dying to see how it looks...

Bursting with joy, Jessica takes one more look at herself and turns to make her grand entrance.

INT. LEVI FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS, HALL - A FEW DAYS LATER

In the dress and still smiling that dreamy smile, Jessica exits her bedroom. Dr. Paul waits for her in the clinic hall. He takes her in and smiles tenderly. Puppy WHINE. Sunny, at Jessica's heels, tries to tag along...

JESSICA

No, Sunny. You stay here tonight.

She gently pushes Sunny back into her room before walking to her dad who kisses her forehead.

DR. PAUL

You look... beautiful.

She takes his arm and he leads her out.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - CONTINUOUS

Recovering Vampires stop and smile when they see Dr. Paul walking Jessica up the hall.

DR. PAUL

Wait right here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Paul enters an office where Charles is seated. Clearly waiting for this moment, Charles grabs his camera and follows Dr. Paul back into the hall.

CHARLES
Hey, hey! Jessica!

He lifts the camera. Father smiles beside daughter. SNAP/FLASH. Walter WOLF CALLS. Everybody LAUGHS.

DR. PAUL
Thank you, Charles. I'll be back
in a minute.

Jessica and Dr. Paul continue on towards the stairs. Smiling after them, Charles returns to his office...

INT. THE CLINIC, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...and sits back down to his notes. The happy moment quickly fades to the sound of a WEAK, SPOOKY WOLF CALL.

Strapped in a chair in the corner of the room, Malcolm is dead-eyed and drooling but trying to do his own WOLF CALL. Unable to get it right, he laughs a crazy little LAUGH. Charles regards him with deep concern.

INT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - SAME TIME.

A haggard-looking Steve wrenches a bolt on a TV set. SOUNDS OF FEET ON THE STAIRS.

DR. PAUL (O.C.)
Come on, it won't hurt to have a
few bucks. Use it for cab fare if
you're not having fun...

Steve's wrench slips and he pounds the set angrily just as Jessica and Dr. Paul enter, smiling.

JESSICA
Yeah, right...

Dr. Paul's smile fades and he steps towards Steve nervously.

DR. PAUL
You need help with that, Steve?

Managing an instant mood swing, Steve smiles and turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

Help? Gosh, no! I shouldn't be messing with it, really.

DR. PAUL

You cut your hand.

STEVE

Did I? Oh! Let's see, there is a Band-aid in the tool box...

He walks around them and rummages through a toolbox.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Last thing we need is another bloody mess around here. Ha, ha.

Dr. Paul seems suddenly reluctant to go.

DR. PAUL

I was just going to walk Jessica around the corner but maybe I could lend you a hand before I go?

STEVE

Oh, no. Go ahead. This can wait, believe me.

(beat)

That's a nice dress, Jessica. All the boys are sure to be hot for you tonight. Don't do anything I wouldn't do!

Awkward. Steve LAUGHS and waves them on.

DR. PAUL

Okay. So, be right back...

Jessica and Dr. Paul exit. Alone again, Steve chews off his Band-aid and sucks at his wound. Noticing that he makes no reflection in the TV beside him, he picks up a hammer and SMASHES the screen. Not completely satisfied, he rolls the TV off the shelf SMASHING IT on the floor.

STEVE

Whoops...

He GIGGLES WILDLY and again sucks at his wound.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Walking Jessica, Dr. Paul looks back towards the shop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

You don't have to do this, Dad...

He shakes it off and smiles at her.

DR. PAUL

I wouldn't miss it.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Still walking together, Dr. Paul gazes at Jessica.

JESSICA

What?

DR. PAUL

You look just like your mother.

She blushes.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm really glad. She would have been so proud of you. You are a kind and special person, just like she was. Don't ever forget that.

JESSICA

I wish I had known her more.

DR. PAUL

Me, too.

(beat)

Wait...

Stopping outside the Price's, he fishes into his jacket pocket and pulls out a necklace with a dangling amulet. It's ugly but Jessica is completely touched.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

I've been saving it for you. I don't know why. I guess I forgot about it. Here, let me help you.

JESSICA

Thank you.

He wipes away her tears and they walk through the gate.

EXT. OLD BRICK WAREHOUSE UNDER RENOVATION - CONTINUOUS

Smiling and holding each other, they step through the construction yard. Dr. Paul looks up, sniffs and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PAUL

Mmm. Smells like cinnamon...

The FRONT DOOR OPENS. Dressed in a white dinner jacket, George steps out, smiling at Jessica. He's nearly run over by Karen and Scott, fast on his heels.

KAREN

Oh my, Jessica, you look fabulous!

George smiles apologetically while his parents swarm.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You must be Paul! I'm Karen Price and this is my husband Scott and we are just crazy about Jessica, aren't we honey. Oh and it is so nice to meet you. Please, come inside and have a drink.

(suddenly yelling)

Scott...Scott!

With all his jockeying and smiling, Scott has edged Jessica into a puddle that soaks her new shoe and the hem of her dress. He still doesn't see it.

SCOTT

What?

But when he does, he joins the scramble to help Jessica inside.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Oh Jessica, honey, I'm so sorry...

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, MASTER BATH - LATER

Jessica sits on the toilet seat in her underwear. A busy Karen walks by wiping down one of Jessica's shoes.

KAREN

These are very nice. You have good taste.

JESSICA

A friend helped pick them out. And the dress...

...which Karen inspects and holds up approvingly.

KAREN

There. You can hardly notice.

She hands it to Jessica.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN (CONT'D)
You and I should go shopping
together some time.

She smooths Jessica's hair judgmentally.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Or maybe get our hair done. Wait
right there a second...

Jessica hustles into her dress. Karen returns with a pair
of glamorous earrings.

KAREN (CONT'D)
We might add ear piercing to the
list, but for now I want you to
try these clip-ons...

She marches Jessica to the mirror and holds the earrings
up to her ears to show her how they'd look. Good.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Right?

Smiling, Karen hands them over and watches Jessica put
them on. She frowns at the amulet.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Jess, honey, that necklace is
lovely but it is all wrong for
that dress.

Karen unclasps the necklace, but Jessica presses the
amulet to her chest.

JESSICA
It was my mother's...

KAREN
She would have wanted you to wear
it with something less formal...

Jessica's hand slowly drops from the amulet.

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica smiles politely at Karen as they descend the
stairs that lead into the kitchen. She's wearing the
earrings. The necklace is gone.

DR. PAUL (O.C.)
I'm sorry, I just don't think the
timing is right...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

I hope you'll at least consider.
Tour me around so we can see
what's possible.

DR. PAUL

It wouldn't be worth your while,
I'm afraid.

Dr. Paul and Scott talk by the apartment's front doorway.
Dr. Paul looks particularly relieved to see Jessica.

KAREN

Good as new!

George closes the refrigerator door and approaches with a
corsage. The young couple swim in each other's eyes as
he puts it on her wrist.

JESSICA

It's cold.

DR. PAUL

How will you be getting to the
dance?

SCOTT

George is driving. He's very
responsible.

DR. PAUL

I'm sure you'll be careful.

George looks up dreamily and nods.

SCOTT

Come on Paul- sooner or later, you
gotta let go.

Dr. Paul steps in and kisses Jessica. He notices the
necklace is gone but backs away without a word of it.

DR. PAUL

Have a good time.

She watches him sadly as he steps away.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you all.

SCOTT

Let's be in touch, Paul.

Jessica looks to George and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE

Shall we go?

She nods.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

SOUNDS of a DISTANT DANCE BAND. George opens Jessica's door and helps her down from the pickup truck. They walk arm in arm towards the high school which stands at the far side of the lamp-lit parking lot. All around them OTHER TEENS, decked out in formal wear, pile out of cars.

BOY TEEN (O.C.)

Hey, George!

A handsome BOY TEEN and HIS DATE approach. He and George shake hands and push each other as boys will do.

BOY TEEN (CONT'D)

Not bad for a rental, right? Hi, Jess. Wow, you look great. Hey, do you know LINDA?

JESSICA

Hi...

LINDA/HIS DATE

I like your dress.

JESSICA

Thank you. I like yours too...

BOY TEEN

Well, let's not keep them waiting.
(calling)
Hey, Chuck!

A PACK OF DATES join them as they head for the school. Jessica seems uneasy in the throng but smiles when George takes her hand.

BOY TEEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Hey, check out those guys...

POV Jessica: On the edge of the parking lot, A DOZEN YOUNG VIGILANTES patrol. All wear the same khaki shirts, and blue whistles hang around their necks.

ANOTHER BOY TEEN

Whoa! Who knew it was so hard to find a date?

His BLONDE DATE buddy punches him. LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOY TEEN

(to a Vigilante)

Hey, Jimmy- you guys might want to try over at Fillmore! I hear their football team sucks this year!

Everyone is still laughing when a BLUR rips Linda away from the pack. Jessica turns in horror.

POV JESSICA: Linda's eyes register only shock. Blood splatters her pretty young face. The crouching fiend above her turns. It's Sissy and she's a rabid vampire.

BOY TEEN (CONT'D)

Nooo!

He leads the charge. Sissy springs away. The Young Vigilantes quickly join the chase. George rushes to try and save Linda.

BLONDE DATE

Linda! Oh my god, Linda!

George presses his white dinner jacket to her gushing throat. But she's already a goner.

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

A despondent Jessica tries to walk away from it all. She throws her corsage on the ground.

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Sissy runs over a TEEN VIGILANTE leaving him split up the middle on the ground. He SCREAMS.

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Hearing the SCREAM, George stands and looks for...

GEORGE

Jessica?

...only to find her walking away. But George also sees that the race to kill Sissy is rolling in Jessica's direction. Ripping an antenna off a car, he runs to the rescue.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Jessica!

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Jessica is weaving between cars when Sissy drops in front of her, blocking her path. HISS! Both freeze. Teen Vigilantes start to circle.

JESSICA
(sobbing)
Sissy... Sissy, stop...

For a brief moment, some ruined part of Sissy seems to hear Jessica. But when the mob closes in further, she SNARLS and pounces.

George leaps over a car and meets Sissy in mid air.

Sissy falls flat on her back kicking and SCREAMING in a fit. The antenna protrudes from the center of her chest.

INT. THE CLINIC, CELL 2 - SAME TIME

Shaking in his restraints, Dak feels Sissy's pain. Sweat pours off him. His eyes shoot open in terror.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Sissy bursts into flames. George tries to hold Jessica.

JESSICA
Let me go!

She pushes him away and walks off as teens around Sissy crowd in for a closer look.

Jessica walks alone across the lot. As the tears start to come we hear a MURDEROUS YELL...

INT. THE CLINIC, WARD ROOM - SAME TIME

...that emanates from the cell block. The sleeping Hard Cases HISS and twitch. Malcolm SNAPS his teeth.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Seated, Jessica stares blankly. Through the window behind her, many Teens from the parking lot can be seen around a squad room. Blood-spattered Dates comfort each other while the Teen Vigilantes excitedly compare notes. In the middle of them all, George gives his account to a UNIFORMED OFFICER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All the while, he's looking towards Jessica with concern. A POLICE SERGEANT approaches, shakes George's hand and leads him away. He's gone when Jessica comes out of her daze and turns to look for him, but...

POV JESSICA: Gannon enters the squad room. Clearly out of the loop, he's pulled aside by the Teen Vigilantes and a group of VIGILANTE PARENTS who fill him in. One Parent points towards the interrogation room. Gannon fast approaches.

Jessica sinks in her chair. The door behind her OPENS AND CLOSES.

GANNON

Jessica?

He takes a knee at her side and looks her over with unwelcome familiarity.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Thank god you're all right...

She looks out the window for a rescuer. Gannon scurries over and lowers the blinds on the door and window.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm not going to let anyone bother you...

He rolls her chair back and kneels down right in front of her.

GANNON (CONT'D)

You just gotta tell me, please, how did you know that vampire?

JESSICA

I don't know what you're talking about...

He grabs her arms.

GANNON

Come on Jessica, trust me. There are three witnesses out there who say they heard you call her Sissy. Now I know something is going on.

JESSICA

They're lying.

He smacks her. It shocks them both. Unhinged by his violent outburst, he pets her hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GANNON

I'm sorry, but I can't help you if you won't let me in. Now listen, I know you knew her. I can tell by looking in your eyes. Look at me. Look at me!

He forces her chin up.

GANNON (CONT'D)

You know what else I know? That your dad was well acquainted with the one killed in front of your place not two weeks ago.

She shakes her head no. He releases her chin and angrily fishes in his pocket.

GANNON (CONT'D)

No? Colby Grant? That was his name. They worked together at Burton Biomedical for 4 years. Both worked in the blood lab.

He starts wiping the lipstick off her mouth.

GANNON (CONT'D)

What were they up to, huh? Why won't you talk to me?

The door opens. Captain Patrick O'Malley and TWO DETECTIVES barge in with Dr. Paul close behind.

CAPTAIN O'MALLEY

Gannon!

DETECTIVE 1 shoves Gannon into the window blinds.

CAPTAIN O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing in here?

GANNON

My job, Captain! Our job!

He points at Dr. Paul, now examining Jessica's cheek.

GANNON (CONT'D)

That guy is doing something with vampires. She can tell us. We just need to protect her...

CAPTAIN O'MALLEY

Get him out of here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Detectives shove Gannon out. Dr. Paul helps Jessica to her feet. He and Captain O'Malley escort her out...

INT. POLICE STATION, SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...but Gannon is not yet finished.

GANNON

I'm going to help you, Jessica!
You've just got to trust me!

CAPTAIN O'MALLEY

Put him in my office!

Vigilantes, bloody Dates and Parents; all eye Jessica as she's walked out of the squad room.

EXT. DR. PAUL'S SEDAN (NOT MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

The car door is closed behind Jessica. She looks very sad. Dr. Paul talks to Captain O'Malley just outside the car. Nearby, George exits the police station with Karen and Scott. He looks towards Jessica as the rain starts to fall on the car window.

She looks away. More alone than ever.

INT. POLICE STATION, CAPTAIN PATRICK O'MALLEY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Shoved into the Captain's office, Gannon turns to plead.

GANNON

I'm telling you, that guy
shouldn't be allowed to walk out
of here...

DETECTIVE 1

You know what your problem is,
Gannon. You never know when to lay
off.

DETECTIVE 2

Funny you should mention it. I
hear they got some lay offs
coming. Budget cuts.

DETECTIVE 1

Hmm, it will be interesting to see
how that goes.

(to Gannon)

See you later, you fucking loser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stung, Gannon watches the two go and then overturns a chair in frustration. Pacing, he spies a binder on the Captain's desk. Checking the door, he turns the binder around.

CLOSE ON: Monthly Statistical Analysis: City-Wide Vampire Report.

Gannon nervously pages through the binder.

CLOSE ON: The page layout is uniform. Each includes a detailed map of the city's neighborhoods, A NUMBER associated with ATTACKS and A NUMBER associated with NUMBER OF PATROLS.

Gannon licks his fingers and starts searching....

CLOSE ON: A page for KINGSBRIDGE is followed by a page for MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS.

Gannon flips back and forth curiously.

CLOSE ON: He puts his finger on the area of the map titled LITTLE FIVE POINTS. It is on the map but without a page.

He scowls a little, checks the door and gets determined.

CLOSE ON: Neighborhood names fly by as Gannon lets the pages fall rapidly off his thumb.

His eyes pop.

CLOSE ON: Starting at the beginning, flipping through the pages like a flip book, the neighborhoods on the map darken and lighten to grey to reflect the police activity. Only one stays white: Little Five Points.

Gannon licks his lips. It gets him BREATHING HARD.

INT. THE CLINIC, STEVE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

SOMEONE ELSE IS BREATHING HARD: Fully dressed and drenched in sweat, Steve sits up in bed.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Steve creeps up the dark hall to the top of the stairs.

POV STEVE: The secret door at the foot of the stairs is open. SOUNDS OF A TELEVISED BALL GAME drift up from the repair shop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Satisfied, Steve turns and bumps right into Charles.

STEVE

Shit! Charles, you scared the crap out of me!

Struggling for his breath, Steve turns away.

CHARLES

I'm sorry. Hey, take it easy.

Charles gently puts a hand on Steve's shoulder.

REVERSE ANGLE: Steve's Vampire teeth are coming out.

STEVE

Get your fucking hands off of me!

Charles takes a step back. Steve straightens and steps farther away. His teeth are normal again.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Ahh, I just need some room.

CHARLES

Okay, sorry.

(beat)

You want to come down and talk?

STEVE

No, I just want to relax. Jessica promised to leave me a movie on her way out. Are they back yet?

CHARLES

No. Any minute, I should think.

Steve rubs his mouth and moves towards the ward.

STEVE

Yeah, well. I should just go ahead and get it so I don't disturb them later, right?

Charles watches after him. Steve gets his hand on the door to the living quarters...

CHARLES (O.C.)

Steve...

Steve turns.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Don't let that puppy out, now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Steve nods. Charles goes back downstairs. Hearing FOOTFALLS FADE, Steve moves on towards the ward room.

INT. THE CLINIC, WARD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Recovering Vampires sleep in their beds. Steve turns on the desk lamp and spins the dial on the safe.

STEVE

38...52.

But he cannot open it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(whimpering)

Fuck!

He's beginning to try again when...

DAK (O.C.)

Steve.

Shooting to his feet, Steve looks around in a panic.

STEVE

Who's there?

The brief quiet is too much for Steve. Rubbing his arms like a crazed junkie, he makes for the hall.

DAK (O.C.)

Ste-eve...

Steve whips around and looks deeper into the dark room.

DAK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Come on, Stevie Boy, you know who it is. Why don't you come visit?

Shivering, Steve walks slowly towards the cell block door. Passing through the Hard Cases, he walks by Malcolm who looks to be caught in his own nightmare.

INT. THE CLINIC, CELL BLOCK HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Steve walks by Cell 1.

DAK (O.C.)

Ha, ha, ha. How's it going, Steve?
I was beginning to think you'd forgotten all about me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He enters the second cell where Dak stands strapped onto the stretcher. His teeth are big and nasty.

DAK (CONT'D)

Well. Here I am big boy. You still wanna fight?

Steve suddenly looks too sick to stand.

STEVE

I just want blood.

DAK

So do I. Know where we can get some?

STEVE

The safe. But fucking Dr. Paul must have changed the combination!

DAK

What about Charles?

STEVE

You think he has the combination?

Dak smiles like the devil.

DAK

It couldn't hurt to ask.

INT. DR. PAUL'S SEDAN (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Jessica stares at the rainy windshield.

DR. PAUL

Here, drink some tea.

JESSICA

I'm not thirsty.

DR. PAUL

Drink it anyway. You'll feel better. I'll make you some dinner as soon as we're home.

She sips from the foam cup and makes a bitter face.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Sorry. I know. It's all they had. I'm going to suggest it's the second thing they lose after that creep Gannon.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Jessica, sweetheart? Can you tell me what happened tonight?

She shakes her head, not sure where to start.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Could you have saved Sissy? Would she have listened to you if your friend hadn't attacked her?

JESSICA

I can't believe you're asking me that, dad. She tried to kill me. A girl I'd just met- Linda was her name. She was just going to the dance- to have a fun night and now she's dead. Why don't you care about her?

Dr. Paul pulls over and turns off the car in front of the neon sign for the TV repair shop.

DR. PAUL

I do care about her. I care and I'm sorry. But once upon a time Sissy was also just a girl and she almost was again. So I care about both of them and so should you. I know you know that...

He cracks open his car door and the rain comes in.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Wait here. I'll get Charles to open the door.

He climbs out and beats on the front door of the shop.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Charles!

She wipes the fog off her window.

POV JESSICA: The lights of George's building.

DR. PAUL (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Charles! Come on, it's pouring!

EXT. DR. PAUL'S SEDAN (NOT MOVING) - SAME TIME

Jessica gets out of the car and starts walking through the rain towards George's. Her dad sees her going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PAUL
(calling)
Jessica? Where are you going?

He's just unlocking the door and when he opens it, Sunny runs out BARKING and goes right under the sedan.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)
Jessica!

Soaked, she turns. Sunny keeps BARKING.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)
She's under the car!

Dr. Paul enters the darkened building.

Jessica looks for Sunny beneath the sedan.

JESSICA
Sunny! Come here! Sunny...

Still YIPPING, the little puppy comes to her. Jessica stands with Sunny in her arms.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Crazy dog. How did you get out?

BOOM! A body smashes through a metal shutter above and comes CRASHING through the windshield of the sedan. Sunny leaps from Jessica's arms. Unable to process what's happening, Jessica looks first after the puppy as it runs into the night. Then she looks at the car.

POV JESSICA: Dr. Paul is headfirst through the windshield. Half his body is sprawled out across the dented hood.

INT. DR. PAUL'S SEDAN (NOT MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Jessica ducks inside to see his face.

JESSICA
Daddy?

It's a bloody mess but he's still alive.

DR. PAUL
(glass-choked)
Drive...

Freaking out, she tries instead to treat his wounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Drive away now...

BOOM! Something heavy lands on the back of the car.

EXT. DR. PAUL'S SEDAN (NOT MOVING) - SAME TIME

Jessica stands and turns. Steve, now a full-on vampire, is crouched on the trunk. She jumps back in the car...

INT. DR. PAUL'S SEDAN (NOT MOVING)

...STARTS IT UP and DRIVES.

JESSICA

Oh, daddy, daddy, daddy!

She starts out slow because she's upset, unable to see much out the windshield and completely inexperienced behind the wheel, but when Steve's fanged face peers over the top of the windshield, Jessica SCREAMS and guns it.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Dr. Paul's sedan rockets out of a side street and crosses four lanes of active road with Steve crouched atop the roof. Cars coming from both directions SKID to AVOID COLLISION. A passing black and white turns on its SIREN and follows.

INT. DR. PAUL'S SEDAN (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Steve bites into Dr. Paul's back. Dr. Paul GROANS. Jessica lets go of the steering wheel and tries to drag her dad inside. He's in to his waist when she looks up.

POV JESSICA: The car is flying towards the end of the road.

Jessica brakes hard but the sedan still ploughs into the curb and launches into the air. Steve disappears.

EXT. DR. PAUL'S SEDAN (NOT MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

The rain stops as the black and white SKIDS in behind Dr. Paul's sedan, now sitting in a war memorial park. TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS run forward with flashlights. Looking in the passenger-side window, OFFICER 1 gets on his radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER 1

Dispatch 2, this is Unit 12. We
have a single car accident...

Officer 2 is Michaels. He puts his head in Jessica's
window, turns off the sedan and tries to comfort her.

MICHAELS

It's okay. Try not to move...

But nothing can comfort her when she opens her eyes.
Jerking fitfully, she points towards the passenger side.
Oblivious to her true concerns, Michaels straightens.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Better tell them to hurry. This
one's having a fit...

His mouth falls open. On the passenger side Steve is
eating the throat out of Officer 1. Michaels draws his
revolver and fires madly. POW POW POW POW POW...

When the smoke clears, Steve smiles and lets a bullet-
ridden Officer 1 fall. Licking his chops, Steve starts
around the front of the car. Michaels is too scared to
move. Jessica TRIES TO START the ENGINE but IT WON'T
CATCH. Steve smiles at her through the windshield and
leans on the hood.

STEVE

I never liked making you
breakfast, Jessica, but I think
making you dinner will be
something else...

The car STARTS. Jessica floors it into Steve, driving him
back into a war monument. A soldier's bayonet pierces him
through and he bursts into flames.

Still frozen by fear, Michaels watches as Dr. Paul's
sedan backs out and drives away.

INT. DR. PAUL'S SEDAN (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Jessica touches her father. He barely opens his eyes.

DR. PAUL

Take me to the Chief's.

EXT. POLICE CHIEF SEAN O'MALLEY'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY -
MOMENTS LATER

Jessica runs from the driver's side of the sedan.
Rushing from the house, Chief O'Malley meets her at the
passenger door. They extract Dr. Paul and carry him
through the open front door...

INT. POLICE CHIEF SEAN O'MALLEY'S HOUSE, FRONT HALL -
CONTINUOUS

...but get no farther than the front hall floor. Dr.
Paul's bitten back pains him. The Chief eases Dr. Paul
onto a cushion while Jessica cries and tries to comfort
her dad.

CHIEF O'MALLEY

Paul! Paul! Who did this to you?

Dr. Paul grabs them both and tries to speak clearly.

DR. PAUL

Don't let them destroy
everything...

CHIEF O'MALLEY

Save your strength. I'm calling an
ambulance...

Dr. Paul jerks the Chief back down.

DR. PAUL

No!
(to Jessica)
My pocket...

Jessica searches his pockets and finds an old notebook.

CLOSE ON: Pages of notations; initials matched with
numbers. Dr. Paul looks at her.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Match the doses. Make sure
everyone gets theirs. Soon!

He coughs blood. The Chief loosens his collar.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)

Help her. Help her...

CHIEF O'MALLEY

I will, Paul.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PAUL
(to Jessica)
I'm counting on you...

She tearfully nods.

DR. PAUL (CONT'D)
That's my princess...

The light goes out of Dr. Paul's eyes. Jessica collapses on him, WAILING.

INT. POLICE CHIEF SEAN O'MALLEY HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER
THAT NIGHT

Jessica and Chief O'Malley sit across from one another at a kitchen table. Her hand rests on the old leather notebook between them. She numbly regards her father's covered body in the nearby hall. Downing a whiskey, the Chief pours another.

CHIEF O'MALLEY
Jessica. You're going to stay with me, sweetheart. I'm going to take care of you.

JESSICA
What about the clinic?

CHIEF O'MALLEY
It's over.

JESSICA
They'll all become vampires again.

CHIEF O'MALLEY
For all we know they already have.

He takes her hand.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)
Your father was a hero for trying what he did, but now I have to think about you and my responsibilities to the rest of the community.

JESSICA
What about Vera?

He downs another whiskey and puts down the glass.

INT. POLICE CHIEF SEAN O'MALLEY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM HALL -
LATER

Jessica and the Chief carry four buckets of water that slosh onto the rug when they stop at the bedroom door. He quietly opens the door.

INT. POLICE CHIEF SEAN O'MALLEY'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -
CONTINUOUS

The room is dark. Jessica follows Chief O'Malley to the foot of the bed. Vera sleeps silently in her cage. Jessica puts her two pails down beside the Chief's and backs away. He rounds the bed to Vera's side and looks down at her with tears in his eyes.

Vera's nose twitches as she dreamily wakes.

VERA

Sean? What are you doing?

She's got the teeth but otherwise seems almost normal.

CHIEF O'MALLEY

Sorry, Lovey, I didn't mean to wake you.

He sits down on the bed beside her.

VERA

Mmmmm, honey, what's wrong?

CHIEF O'MALLEY

Nothing, baby. I just need to give you a little medicine. Doctors orders. Be a good girl and give me your back...

She GROANS and rolls over onto her stomach.

VERA

I was just having the strangest dream about Paul. Some of the patients were after him and they ran him right out of the clinic. All of the others just sat there screaming like... lost children. Isn't that horrible?

He stands over her and raises a stake.

CHIEF O'MALLEY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERA

I can't remember being so
frightened of a dream. Wooo. Oh,
Sean, I'm sure glad you are home.

Ready to drive the trembling stake, Chief O'Malley is
soaked with a pail of water. Vera goes nuts in her cage,
SHAKING AND SCREAMING.

Pail in hand, Jessica stands at the foot of the bed.

JESSICA

We're not giving up yet.

She looks ready for battle.

INT. CHIEF O'MALLEY'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR (MOVING) -
LATER THAT NIGHT

Chief O'Malley drives and scowls. His hair is still wet.
Beside him, Jessica is a picture of determination.

CHIEF O'MALLEY

You'll stay outside, young lady.
I don't want any arguments now...

SLAM. Up from the shadows of the backseat comes Vera.
Her caged head slams the wire safety partition.

VERA

I'm coming with you!

CHIEF O'MALLEY

Get down, Vera...

He and Jessica straighten. They see the same thing
through the window: an active crime scene where Steve and
Officer 1 were killed.

EXT. MEMORIAL PARK - SAME TIME

Michaels BABBLES in shock. FIREFIGHTERS shovel up Steve's
scorched remains. Captain O'Malley talks to a FIRE
CAPTAIN while A DOZEN khaki-shirted VIGILANTES JEER AT
HIM from outside the crime scene tape.

VIGILANTE 1

When are you going to start
playing offense, Captain?

VIGILANTE 2

Yeah! Where's Detective Gannon!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the mention of Gannon, Captain O'Malley looks up with concern.

POV CAPTAIN O'MALLEY: The Chief's car slowly passing.

He swallows hard like he knows something is up but stays grimly focused on the job at hand.

EXT. CHIEF O'MALLEY'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR (MOVING) -
MOMENTS LATER

The unmarked police car turns onto the darkened street. The television repair shop sign is just up ahead.

INT. CHIEF O'MALLEY'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR (MOVING) -
MOMENTS LATER

They pull up in front of the shop. Chief O'Malley and Jessica peer into the darkened front door. Vera PANTS.

INT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Chief O'Malley's silhouette is framed by the doorway. He sweeps the room with a flashlight.

EXT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jessica waits by the hood of the car. Chief O'Malley lowers the back window from the driver's side door.

CHIEF O'MALLEY

(to Jessica)

Vera and I will check it out. If it is safe, I'll come get you and we'll look after anyone still up there, together.

He sticks his hands inside the back window of the car.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

(to Vera)

Okay, Lovey, give me your head. A little closer. That's a girl.

He opens the door. Vera (in her head cage) bounds out, ready to run. Chief O'Malley holds fast to the leash around her neck.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

Easy there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When she settles, he unlocks the cage on her head. Vera immediately jumps at Jessica, snapping her teeth and clawing marks in the hood of the car.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

No, Vera! No! Inside! Inside!

Vera flips around and charges the door. Chief O'Malley is dragged inside before he can get his flashlight on. Jessica steps to the doorway, squinting to see inside.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Slow down, Lovey! I can't see...

POV JESSICA: The darkened repair shop EXPLODES in a FIREBALL. Vera's flaming body ricochets around the room before flying towards the door.

Jessica sidesteps VERA who piledrives herself into the car door. Her burning remains fall dead on the ground.

Chief O'Malley staggers to the door and grips the frame. A stake protrudes from his chest. He falls to his knees. Detective Gannon exits the shop, looks around and then down at the Chief, still trying to get a breath.

CHIEF O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

Gannon, you fool. You don't know what you've done...

Gannon pulls out a revolver and SHOOTS Chief O'Malley dead, execution-style.

Jessica SCREAMS and runs but Gannon grabs her by the arm.

GANNON

Oh, no!

He drags her back inside.

INT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Fires left in Vera's wake light the shop. Gannon steers Jessica through fallen televisions towards the back.

GANNON

You had your chance to be my friend but wouldn't take it. Now you're going down with the rest of them. Where's your father?

JESSICA

He's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gannon shoves her hard against the secret door and pushes her through.

GANNON

I'm sick of your lies! You think I'm going to feel sorry for you again? You got the wrong sucker.

He marches her up the dark stairs.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Why were the O'Malley brothers behind this? Why were cops sworn to uphold the law helping you hide vampires?

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - CONTINUOUS

Gannon turns Jessica towards the ward room. They pass a BURNING BODY on the floor. Jessica starts to cry.

JESSICA

We were trying to cure them. We were trying to keep them from killing again...

A glow lights their faces as they approach the ward room.

GANNON

Well, you should've asked for my help sooner. I've known the cure all along.

INT. THE CLINIC, WARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He shoves her through the ward room door. Her face twists in agony.

POV JESSICA: Recovering Vampires, staked through their hearts, killed in their sleep. Some are on fire. Others, like Walter, look strangely peaceful.

GANNON (O.C.)

People are going to know what was happening here. Then we'll see who the real losers are.

POV JESSICA: In the back of the ward, the wire door is open. Four empty IV bags hang over four empty beds.

JESSICA

What did you do with the ones in back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANNON

What ones in the back?

A BLUR smashes into them. Gannon is bounced all the way across the room and into the wire cage wall.

HISSS! Balancing on the footboard of a bed, Hard Case 1 (male athlete) looks down at Gannon and Jessica as if deciding who to eat first.

Jessica is out cold on the floor.

Presenting a more lively option, Gannon SCREAMS and scurries through the cage door. Just the challenge Hard Case 1 was after: he bounds after Gannon and chases him like a fox after a chicken. Gannon SCREAMS.

Jessica's eyelids flutter.

Gannon shoulders through the door to the cell block...

INT. THE CLINIC, CELL BLOCK HALL - CONTINUOUS

...but not before Hard Case 1 is also half way inside. Heaving himself against the door, Gannon fumbles for his stake. It CLATTERS to the floor at someone's feet.

It's Charles. Barely alive, he sits propped up against Cell 1. His throat is gone but somehow he manages to open his eyes. Behind him, Hard Case 3 (the boy toddler) busies himself with toys on the floor of the cell.

Inching in, Hard Case 1 snaps and claws at Gannon's face.

GANNON

(to Charles)

Help me! I'm a police officer!

Charles smiles weakly. Hard Case 3 toddles out beside him ready to answer Gannon's call for help. Hard Case 3 picks up the stake and innocently tries handing it up to the struggling police officer. But before Gannon can reach it, Hard Case 1 bites off a piece of his cheek. Gannon SHRIEKS.

Splattered by blood, Hard Case 3 licks his tiny lips, steps forward and chomps into Gannon's thigh. Gannon lets go a SCREAM.

INT. THE CLINIC, WARD ROOM - SAME TIME

Jessica comes to as Hard Case 1 crashes through the cell block door. SCREAMS give way to sounds of TEARING FLESH. Climbing to her feet, Jessica stumbles towards the hall.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - CONTINUOUS

She uses the wall to steady herself up the hall. DISTANT BLUE WHISTLES can be heard as she nears the top of the stairs. Starting down, she gets a shock that bowls her over backwards.

POV JESSICA: A dark figure leans drunkenly against the wall in the middle of the stairs. When it takes a step up, with effort, Dak's bloody maw emerges from the shadows.

DAK

My oh my! This town is a veritable smorgasbord...

He trudges up another step and BURPS.

DAK (CONT'D)

I may have overdone it some with the type O's. Nothing to special out there tonight. Then again something about it felt so right.

Jessica gets to her feet and staggers towards the living quarters. Dak slowly gains on her.

DAK (CONT'D)

Of course you don't know what I'm talking about, do you Jessica? Just be still for a second. I'll show you.

INT. LEVI FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS, HALL - CONTINUOUS

CREAK! Jessica closes and locks the heavy metal door ahead of Dak's slow approach. He smiles at her through the window and then HAMMERS THE DOOR with his fist. BOOM!

INT. LEVI FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS, JESSICA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica runs into her room, throws open the metal shutter and desperately scans the empty street below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA
(screaming)
Help me!

BOOM! Dak bangs again on the locked hall door.

Jessica throws a leg over the sill, preparing to jump for it, but Hard Case 2 (college-age female) bursts from the closet and snatches her back. They fall backwards onto Jessica's bed but come up separated and on either side. Hard Case 2 leers at her.

HARD CASE 2
HISSSS! I want that dress!

She's wearing some of Jessica's clothes. Everything else from the closet, including the clothes hanger rod, is piled on the bed between them. Jessica grabs the rod, clocks Hard Case 2 in the head and runs for the hall.

INT. THE LEVI FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS, HALL - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! Dak rams the door. Steps ahead of Hard Case 2, Jessica runs into her father's room...

INT. THE LEVI FAMILY LIVING QUARTERS, DR. PAUL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and braces herself against the door. Hard Case 2 SCRATCHES at the door and SCREAMS. Jessica looks wildly around the windowless room for a way out.

POV JESSICA: There is none. And to make it all the more dispiriting, there on the bed is her mother's picture.

Jessica sobs. Hard Case 2 goes quiet on the other side of the door.

BEAT

The heavy hall door outside CREAKS open. FOOTSTEPS.

DAK (O.C.)
Very sensible of you, my dear.
This will all go much better if we
can somehow work together. I had
another girlfriend not so long
ago...

BAM! Hard Case 2's head comes busting through the door inches from Jessica's face. They look at one another in terror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hard Case 2's mouth opens wide in agony as a bloody clothes rod is pushed through the door just below her face.

BEAT

WOOSH! Her head bursts into flames. Jessica ducks away from the heat as she continues to brace the door.

DAK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I don't think I'm ready for a new relationship!

On the far side of the bed, Malcolm rises straight as a board from a supine position on the floor. Jessica never sees his slow approach. He walks up behind her as Hard Case 2's flaming head falls into the room. Dak's smiling face fills the smoking hole in the door.

DAK (CONT'D)

Have I worked up an appetite!

But he shakes with rage when he sees Malcolm.

Turning, Jessica finds Malcolm right behind her. She falls SCREAMING to the floor. Malcolm reaches over her, grabs Dak by the hair, rips him through the hole in the door and lifts him high above his head.

Jessica scurries to a corner.

POV JESSICA: Dak claws at Malcolm but their struggle ends quickly. Malcolm opens his mouth wide and bites Dak's screaming head clean off.

Dak's head bounces on the floor and rolls to Jessica's feet. She cries and looks resigned to a similar fate. Looming above her now, Malcolm HISSES.

MALCOLM

Help me. Please.

INT. CLINIC HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Trembling, Jessica backs into the hall. HISS. Malcolm follows, giving her room. She moves towards the stairs.

MALCOLM

I must have medicine.

JESSICA

We don't have time.

He stands still and bares his teeth. HISS!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

We have no choice.

She circles around him and starts towards the ward room.
A BLUE WHISTLE SOUNDS JUST OUTSIDE. HOOO!

JESSICA

Hurry.

INT. THE CLINIC, WARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica goes to the safe, pulls out Dr. Paul's book and frantically flips pages. The sight of all the dead Recovering Vampires gets Malcolm breathing hard.

MALCOLM

Who? Who did this to us?

His building rage rattles her as she tries to unlock the safe.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Why are you taking so long!

JESSICA

I'm sorry, I've never done this before...

Failing to open it, she goes back into Dr. Paul's book.

Flipping pages again, she finds something in it that stops her dead. Her mouth goes slack.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS. Malcolm turns to the clinic hall to face the invaders.

MALCOLM

(to Jessica)

Don't give up.

He boldly steps into the hall. HISSS!

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

There's one.

RUSHING FOOTSTEPS. MANY COME AS ONE, YELLING ALL THE WAY. A fireball EXPLODES outside the ward room door. Jessica does not move a muscle.

VIGILANTES flood into the ward room. Hard Case 1 bounds up from the back of the cell block hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He rips the chest out of Vigilante 1 and is setting on another when he catches a stake in the back and then a dozen more from all directions. He bursts into flames. Still Jessica does not move.

A stake is raised high above her head. A BALD VIGILANTE takes careful aim above her. POW, a punch lays him out. George steps in. He helps Jessica to her feet and then lifts her up.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - CONTINUOUS

VIGILANTES just arriving stand aside and stare.

GEORGE

Get back! This is my girl!

George carries Jessica in his arms. They pass Malcolm's flaming corpse. It's the last thing she seems to see before her eyes go completely blank...

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, BEDROOM - THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW

...and they remain blank. Lying on a single bed in an unfinished room (plywood floors, unpainted drywall), she stays perfectly still as the sun in the window rises and sets and rises and sets again.

DAYS LATER

George enters, sits Jessica up and tries to get her to have some soup.

GEORGE

Please try. You have to eat something...

She tries. Karen and Scott can be heard STOMPING AROUND outside in the hall.

KAREN (O.C.)

You sound like a loser!

SCOTT (O.C.)

Be realistic! We'd be lucky to get five cents for this place now!

Jessica chokes and turns away to face the wall.

GEORGE

Don't listen to them. They're under a lot of stress is all, but it'll be all right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(beat)

We never heard back from Liv and Tony. Their landlord said they'd gone west without leaving a forwarding address. Is there anyone else we should call?

Jessica closes her eyes. Clearly there is not.

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The shade is down. Jessica remains in bed. She barely moves when Karen enters...

KAREN (O.C.)

Ooo. It smells in here.

...but cringes when the shade is raised.

Karen comes to the bedside.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Did I wake you? So sorry. But we need to get something straight—you can't stay here any longer. My son is big hearted but we've all been more than generous with you, particularly considering the trouble your family has caused. So I won't have you taking advantage of us any more. When George gets home tonight, I want you to tell him you've found someplace else to go. You'll be out of here first thing tomorrow, understood? Hey! I'm talking to you.

Karen shakes Jessica.

JESSICA

(hissing)

Get your fucking hands off of me.

Karen steps back, aghast. She raises a an angry finger.

KAREN

You don't talk to me that way.

She marches out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Scott! Scott! You come here right
now!

Jessica starts to get up but is enervated by the glare
from the window.

KAREN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(returning)
...I don't care, I want her out of
here this instant, do you hear me?

Scott bursts into the room with Karen on his heels.

SCOTT
All right, you. Get up. Come on.
On your feet.

Karen goes to Jessica's dance dress in a pile on the
floor and starts shaking it.

KAREN
She never gave me back my
earrings.

Scott gives Jessica a lecherous once-over as she sits up
in her underwear.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You return my earrings, young
lady, or I'll see you prosecuted
for theft!

Jessica slumps sideways.

JESSICA
Where's my necklace?

Karen can't believe the nerve and glares at Scott.

KAREN
Did you hear how she talks to me?

SCOTT
You want that necklace? You better
make those earrings reappear and I
mean quick.

He pokes at her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You hear me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Up quickly, Jessica sinks her teeth into Scott's neck. Splattered in her husband's blood, Karen SCREAMS and runs out the door. Jessica slowly lowers Scott to the floor and SLURPS a little extra blood before launching after Karen.

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

SCREAMING, Karen tumbles to the bottom of the stairs. Up but limping, she struggles to make it out the front doorway but stops in wide-eyed terror.

Already on the second floor landing, Jessica slowly reenters the apartment under the plastic sheet. Scott's blood trails from her face. Karen backs away, GASPING for breath. The sheet falls and Jessica SNAPS her huge vampire teeth.

SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS, Karen runs back through the kitchen.

EXT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, LIVING AREA - SAME TIME

Through the big picture window we see Jessica chase Karen once around the room before tackling her to the floor. A popped artery sprays the glass with blood.

INT. OLD BRICK WAREHOUSE UNDER RENOVATION, LOBBY - DUSK

George enters, letting in the day's last sunlight.

GEORGE

I'm home!

He trots up the stairs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hello?

He sees the blood on the plastic sheet covering the door.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Mom? Dad?

He grabs a crowbar. Stepping closer to the sheet he sees a the shadow of a seated figure in the kitchen.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Jessica?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lifts the plastic sheet. Jessica sits in a chair facing the door. She's covered in blood and her belly is swollen from what she has greedily ingested.

JESSICA

I'm sorry George. I swear I didn't know. I didn't know.

INT. PRICE FAMILY'S LOFT, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Keeping his distance, George enters and moves around behind her. Jessica sits still, facing the door.

GEORGE

Where are my parents?

JESSICA

They were going to throw me out.

George gets a clear view of the living area. Karen's blood-splattered legs stick out from behind a couch.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You must believe me. I never meant to hurt them or you. I need help.

She starts to cry. He holds up the crowbar in one trembling hand and with the other reaches in his shirt pocket. From it he slowly removes a blue whistle that he moves to his mouth as he comes up behind her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Will you help me? Please? Will you?

She turns to find him about to attack and is on him before his whistle can make a sound.

INT. THE CLINIC, HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jessica enters in her soiled dance dress. She makes her way towards the ward room beneath pro-vigilante/anti-vampire slogans spray painted on the wall.

INT. THE CLINIC, WARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The desk by the door is overturned, but Jessica rights it with surprising ease. Beneath it she finds Dr. Paul's book.

CLOSE ON: She flips singed pages until she finds the one headed "MY PRINCESS."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She runs her tongue across her sharp teeth and mournfully looks away.

INT. THE CLINIC, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica surveys the kitchen from the door.

POV JESSICA: It's destroyed, with appliances and counters turned this way and that.

But the light still goes on in the family fridge. Jessica sniffs a pitcher of smoothie, gags and then bravely downs as much as she can. AHHHHH! She grabs her head as the smoke pours from her eyes and ears. AHHHHH!

CLANG! She turns towards a sound of metal on metal. Shaking off the pain, she puffs a cloud of smoke and staggers over to a metal pot cabinet. BANG! Putting down the smoothie pitcher, she opens the cabinet door.

POV JESSICA: Hard Case 3 cowers and SNAPS his little teeth at her.

Looking more irked than anything, she snatches him by the collar and drags him out.

Holding Hard Case 3 across her lap, Jessica pours the smoothie into his mouth as he kicks, SCREAMS, squirms and smokes. When he's had enough she takes some more herself and enjoys it no better.

INT. TELEVISION REPAIR SHOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Holding Hard Case 3's little hand and toting a big bag of supplies, Jessica walks through the room of broken televisions. Nearing the open front door, they meet Sunny the pitbull puppy wandering in from the street. Seeing them, Sunny GROWLS and runs away. Jessica takes it in stride. She and Hard Case 3 pause in the front doorway.

POV JESSICA: The lights in George's building are out, but the old neon TV repair sign in the window of the shop still appears intact.

Jessica dusts off the sign and hands it to Hard Case 3 to carry. Then she marches them out into the night.

END