

RIED SCARLETT



RED SCARLETT

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Screenplay by

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SOUND OF A TIRED HORSE GALLOPING...

SUPER - OVER BLACKNESS:

"We're born where grave nails grow...
...we'll die where blood trails flow.

--1865//1895: CAST.IRON.BLOOD - John Haughm

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN PLAINS - SUNSET

A cloud of dust follows a GALLOPING HORSE. It races across the open plain. Atop, ERYLIS (40's), last of the female vampires. Her hair flows with the wind.

SUPER - "1805"

Erylis slows the horse. She approaches a small cabin, ties the horse to the fence surrounding it.

INT. CABIN - SUNSET

Erylis barges in, a small satchel draped over her shoulder. She takes a quick, panicked look out of the main window. Sees only empty landscape.

IN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She rushes into the bedroom. On the bed, a MAN (40's), pale, sick, withered. He is her sick lover, GANNON.

She removes the satchel, opens it. She takes out a heart-shaped flask, semi-transparent with a hammered steel skin. Inside, a red liquid...BLOOD.

Gannon awakens, knocks the flask to the floor. The blood oozes out...

GANNON

No!

ERYLIS

We need to get out of here! Raiders are coming and they ain't far.

EXT. OPEN PLAINS - SUNSET

RAIDERS, vampire killers, a vigilante band of cowboys with painted white faces. TWENTY of them race horseback across the landscape...

INT. CABIN - SUNSET

GANNON

We talked about this. I'm done,
it's over. The Raiders have won.
It's time for our kind to
sleep...for us to sleep.

ERYLIS

But we need to...

GANNON

We do nothing! It's over...my dear!

He caresses her face.

ERYLIS

We can do this, Gannon! We can
hide.

GANNON

Hide? We've been hiding our whole
lives. I'm tired of hiding. I'm
ready to go...together.

Erylis wraps her body around his. They hug. She moves her hair around, exposing her neck. She grabs Gannon's head and forces it close to her neck.

ERYLIS

Drink, my love...

He resists.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)

...drink for us!

He pushes her to the floor.

GANNON

I will not drink. Ever.

The door flies open. A RAIDER, barges in. Guns trained on Erylis and Gannon.

Erylis closes her eyes, clenches her teeth.

EXT. CABIN - SUNSET

Four GUN SHOTS can be heard O.S...Gannon's death.

FROM ABOVE, the circle of Raiders remains fixed. We see the cabin Raider pulling Erylis out of the cabin by her hair. Drops her in the dirt.

TWO RAIDERS tie her hands, force Erylis onto a horse.

The circle of Raiders begin tossing torches onto the cabin.

The cabin soon becomes engulfed. Erylis watches helplessly. Tears rolling down her face.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Raiders and their horses file into the woods, weaving slowly between trees and rock.

Erylis remains on the horse, hands bound, eyes scanning for opportunities.

She sees a dense tree line and large rocks interspersed between.

She swings a leg over and jumps off the horse. She stumbles, loses her balance, then jumps into the umbrage.

Raiders give chase...

Erylis sprints and hops as fast as she can. Wobbling and staggering, the bindings hampering her efforts...

...until it just ends. Woods no more, replaced now with a massive drop and a small stream/waterfall.

Erylis stops in her tracks, looks over the edge.

Raiders approach, horses stomping to a halt.

Erylis turns, stands defeated.

LEAD RAIDER dismounts, approaches Erylis who has now moved closer to the stream/waterfall.

LEAD RAIDER
Get your ass...

Erylis springs, lunging into the lead Raider. Without flinching, he FIRES.

Erylis hits the ground.

Lead Raider kneels before her. He lifts her lips to expose her teeth. Pure canines.

Erylis lunges again, sending lead Raider backwards. Lead Raider fires three more times, brings Erylis down for good.

Lead Raider drags her body into the water. The stream sweeps her away...over...and...

...INTO A RAVINE, her body bobs and twists and sinks...into DARKNESS...

...FOLLOWING her eyes as we move...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - EXHIBIT ROOM - NIGHT

...out of the eyes of a FEMALE. A portrait. The pose, a semi-nude, ambiguously dirty portrayal of a girl trapped between reality and hell. The portrait, massive, 10 feet high, hangs amidst others in this underground gallery warehouse.

SUPER - "PRESENT DAY"

CONTINUE PULLING BACK to reveal SCARLETT JONES, brunette (30's), admiring the piece. She takes a sip from her wine.

Around her, a massive underground art party. High-class PEOPLE mill about.

The young millionaire curator and brains behind the gallery, HARLAN GLASS (40's), walks amongst the crowd with one of the sexy art models, BELLA, on his left arm. On his right arm, ROBBIE, also one of the models. Scarlett catches his eye.

Harlan approaches Scarlett, stands next to her. They all admire the photo.

HARLAN

You can almost hear her determination.

SCARLETT

Cries for help are frequently inaudible. More like pain.

HARLAN

You see woman trapped then. Ah, interesting. I see a rebirth. A heroine, ready to take on new beginnings.

SCARLETT

I guess that's where men and women differ...when it comes to art.

Harlan turns to Scarlett, holds out his hand. Smiles.

HARLAN

Harlan Glass. Welcome to my gallery. This is Bella, the very model you see in that piece. And this is Robbie. She is on that piece across the gallery.

The women nod as they connect quietly.

SCARLETT

It's a wonderful piece. The artist did a wonderful job of capturing your pain.

HARLAN

Still you see pain.

SCARLETT

I do. But why don't we ask the model? Bella, what do you see?

Bella looks for approval from Harlan. He nods.

BELLA

Well, I...I see...myself. I don't really look at art the same way as you, I guess.

HARLAN

Indeed, it is subjective.

Scarlett's boss, BARNEY BRANDT (60'S), walks into the gathering. Balding, plump, and always overdoing "cool". On his arm, IVY DESPOSITO (30's), high heels, red skirt, and a sexy hairdo like no other. She is Scarlett's close friend and colleague at the firm.

IVY

Putting us to shame as usual...love the dress.

SCARLETT

Look who is putting who to shame. You're on fire, Ivy.

Ivy and Scarlett admire each other, cheek kiss.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Barney.

Scarlett smiles, accepts a small cheek kiss from Barney.

BARNEY

Looking as beautiful as ever,
Scarlett. I see you met Harlan.

SCARLETT

Yes...finally.

BARNEY

Harlan, this is absolutely your
best work. I really mean that.

HARLAN

One never really knows if you mean
it, Barney.

(chuckles sarcastically)

Just fooling with you, my friend.
Each showing is meant to be better
than that last. And the models seem
to be enjoying the scenery as well.
Right, girls?

Bella and Robbie smile shyly.

CRUZ (O.S.)

If not for my models, you'd all be
washing cars at the local splash
and go.

CRUZ AND LARA BOTELHO (30's), glide into the group. Cruz,
dapper, structured and cocky, with his wife on his arm. Lara
upstages Cruz a bit with her exotic beauty.

HARLAN

Ah, yes, the provider of beauty and
elegance of which you see displayed
on these walls. Your models are to
die for, my friend.

CRUZ

They may indeed be the death of
you, Harlan.

Cruz smiles cockily at barney, extends a hand.

BARNEY

Good to see you again, Cruz. Lara.

They shake hands. Cruz takes a fancy to Scarlett, stares her
up and down, as does Lara.

CRUZ
And you are?

SCARLETT
Scarlett.

She holds out her hand. Cruz gently grabs it, kisses it softly.

CRUZ
Mother's milk.

SCARLETT
Excuse me?

CRUZ
Supple and refined...gentle yet brutal. A calico cat for sure.

HARLAN
You'll have to excuse him.

BARNEY
Scarlett, can I have a word with you? Looks like you need a refill anyway.

SCARLETT
Sure.

They walk over to the porter station and grab another champagne.

BARNEY
Look, you've only been with the firm for a few months, but I see your talent...as does the rest of the executive team. You're a real force to be reckoned with, my dear. You've pretty much jumped over everyone else in your department and I think we're ready to discuss an early promotion.

SCARLETT
Come on, Barney. I'm just doing what you hired me to do.

BARNEY
And you do it in spades.
(points to his head)
You've got something up here that the others don't and we need that kind of talent topside.

SCARLETT

Well, I'm flattered...uh...

BARNEY

I have a promotional package I'd like you to look at. Think you'll like what we've put together for you. Let's go over it later, okay?

SCARLETT

Like, tonight?

BARNEY

I'm a night owl, I work best in the dark. Go on and schmooze a bit first. Come get me in an hour?

Unsure, she sips her drink and eyes Barney. He taps her glass and walks back into the group.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

An opulent living room appointed in white. On the sofa...

...two BODIES struggle. One is Scarlett, clothes half-removed from her body. The other, a tipsy Barney Brandt. He has taken his power to another level.

SCARLETT

No! I said no, Barney. No means NO!

Scarlett forces Barney off of her. He falls to the floor.

BARNEY

What the...

SCARLETT

This isn't why I came here, you disgusting fuck!

BARNEY

Oh, come on. Did you think that we were gonna go over contracts...stargaze?

Scarlett quickly gathers her clothes, purse, and coat...tries to compose.

SCARLETT

I must have been stupid to think otherwise.

She rushes out of the bedroom. Barney follows.

HALLWAY - FRONT DOOR

She reaches the front door. Barney approaches first, holds the door with his hand.

BARNEY

You don't want to do this.

SCARLETT

I am doing this. Move!

BARNEY

Let's back up a bit, sugar
britches. It was you who wanted
to...

SCARLETT

...I wanted to what!? Move!

She forcibly nudges Barney out of the way, yanks the door open, and marches out.

Barney reaches out as she moves, grabs a handful of hair, pulls her back into the room. She hits the floor.

Barney slams the door shut, approaches Scarlett, looms over her as she tries to crawl away. He begins unzipping...

BARNEY

You can't climb the corporate
ladder without first climbing the
pole, young lady.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. SACRAMENTO - CORPORATE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Brandt Tower, not the largest building, but somewhat elegant for the area. Home of Brandt Industries, Scarlett's employer.

INT. BRANDT TOWER - SCARLETT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Scarlett packs her office into a single cardboard box.

A quiet KNOCK on the door. Ivy ENTERS, normally a bright and cheery soul, looks anything but.

IVY

Nearly packed?

SCARLETT

Yeah.

A BEAT through silent tears, followed by a friendly embrace.

IVY

Not gonna be the same without ya'.
Can't you stay?

SCARLETT

No! And neither should you!

Scarlett scoffs and resumes her packing.

IVY

I really need this job.

SCARLETT

You don't need it. None of us *need* it. It's a shit hole run buy a shithead who continues to shit on everyone here. Leave now, Ivy. Get the hell out while you still have your head. Come with me.

IVY

I...

Barney pokes his head in Scarlett's office.

BARNEY

(to Scarlett)

You still here?

(to Ivy)

Not paying you to say goodbye. Get back to work, Ivy.

Barney winks at Ivy then leaves. Ivy begins to sob.

SCARLETT

Yep. Shithead.

Scarlett walks over to Ivy, gives her a big hug.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

It won't stop, the attacks, the harassment. It's rape, Ivy. Rape.

IVY

I wish I could be strong like you.
How can you just let go and move on?

SCARLETT
I'm not letting go.

IVY
What's your plan then? You gonna
sue Barney?

SCARLETT
I don't know yet. Road trippin' it
first. I'll figure out a way to
settle scores later.

IVY
Scores?

SCARLETT
Barney isn't the first, you know
this. I need time to clear my
head...to think of a plan.

IVY
Okay. Stay in touch?

SCARLETT
Of course. You're the only real
friend I've got.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CALIFORNIA - DONNER PASS - DAY

A bright red 1965 Ford Mustang convertible cruises down the mountainous highway. Scarlett's hair and neck scarf dance in the wind.

INSIDE CAR

Scarlett's mobile phone RINGS. She checks the number, ignores it.

It RINGS again. She picks up, hears STATIC. Annoyed, she tosses her phone out of the car.

SCARLETT
Me time, bitches.

EXT. LAKE TAHOE - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Radio BLARING and asleep at the wheel, Scarlett loses control of the car. It launches over a flimsy rail, flies over an embankment. We see only the taillights as it disappears into the unknown, and the MUSIC with it...

EXT. LAKE TAHOE OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Scarlett's Mustang lies destroyed, upside down in a smoldering heap. A single headlight illuminates a tree above. Scarlett's hair dangles from within.

INSIDE CAR

Unconscious and strapped in, blood drips from Scarlett's head. She slowly awakens, confused.

She struggles with the seat belt, unlatches, falls to ground.

OUTSIDE CAR

Crawling away from the car, she tries to pull herself up. A bolt of pain forces her back to the dirt. She SCREAMS, holding her right leg.

Scarlett rolls over on her back, MOANING, breathing heavily, and in intense pain.

Filthy, and exhausted, she peers up at the full moon. She gathers her thoughts. The SOUND of RUSHING WATER O.S. steals her attention.

EXT. LAKE TAHOE - CREEKSIDE - NIGHT

A small creek snakes through the woods, feeds Lake Tahoe.

Scarlett crawls, approaches the stream, pulls herself onto a rock at water's edge. She peers in.

Blood continues to pour from her head. She stares at her reflection in the water. Blood and water mix, swirl, and distort her face. It becomes unrecognizable.

She stares at her distorted reflection, shakes it off, then begins washing the blood away.

Her blood trails down the stream, slowly meandering to a small eddy near a rock outcropping.

DOWNSTREAM

ON BLOOD as it swirls, mixes, sinks into the depths. A FACE appears under the water. An old FEMALE, rotting, withered and wrinkled. She sleeps, until...

...the blood makes contact, kisses her lips, sparks a reaction. The decrepit, rotted corpse rages violently, as the streams of red flow into her mouth.

Her eyelids pop open, exposing two white hot marble-like orbs.

CREEKSIDE - BACK ON SCARLETT

Scarlett continues to wash her face in the water then stops. She senses a change in the moonlight...her space...

Something or someone behind her? She turns. A small critter hops into the desert shrub...then...

...all goes QUIET, except for a HEARTBEAT, hers. Scarlett holds her breath, listens again. The unseen presence grows...

She listens for a moment then returns to washing, and she...

...freezes in horror as the half-rotted corpse stands before her knee deep in the creek. A semi-supernatural statue of intense corporeal ugliness towers above.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. MIDDLE CLASS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A typical bachelor pad living room, lit only by the moon through designer blinds.

SUPER - "ONE YEAR LATER"

A key enters the front door lock, the bolt unlatches.

The door opens. In walks a MAN wearing a business suit. He is JASON VOGEL, middle management executive at a local talent agency. Well groomed and single. He's a sexual predator in the workforce. His mobile phone is wedged between his shoulder and ear.

JASON

No, no, no, no. We are not a charity, we're a fucking talent agency! And you know what? That waif had only one talent, Jim. One!

He switches the living room light on and stows his jacket and brief case.

JASON (CONT'D)

No, she ain't getting the gig. I know she was...charitable, really charitable. Doesn't make her a candidate, Jim.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

I'm losing confidence in you, pal.
Bring the goods, someone with
fucking talent, you hear me? I need
an a-lister this time. Call me when
you have her!

He cuts off the conversation, places his phone in his pocket.

IN KITCHEN

Already in pajamas, he grabs a beer from the fridge. He senses something, and looks around.

He leaves the kitchen, searches the house...still uneasy.

INTERCUT - LIVING ROOM, BEDROOMS, BATHROOM, STUDY

Jason poking his head in various rooms, finding nothing. Dismissing it once again.

IN STUDY

He takes a seat at his desk, opens his notebook computer, turns it on. He logs into the streaming camera in his office at the agency.

A previous recording of the day begins.

CLOSE IN on screen and...

DISSOLVE TO:

JASON'S OFFICE - FILTERED VIDEO

Jason welcomes a late teens FEMALE MODEL into his office. She's tall brunette, attractive, wearing a short skirt and a leather jacket. Her name is Emily.

Emily sits before Jason, there is INDISTINCT DIALOGUE between the two.

A mouse CLICK. The camera moves to Emily's face. Another CLICK, a CLOSE UP view of her chest. The CLICKS continue between different views of her body before stopping on her legs at skirt level.

BACK ON JASON

He smiles at the screen, clicks once more to fast forward. The footage shows Emily standing before Jason, jacket and shirt off. Jason grabs his beer, leans back in his chair.

Looming above him, a FEMALE, eyes fierce, her face hidden in shadow.

In one move, she grabs him by the head, shoves him forward into the computer, DESTROYING the screen.

His body hits the floor. His legs tremble, urine soaks his pants. A frenzied FEEDING and SLURPING can be heard O.S.. The trembling slowly subsides.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

TWO ARMED GUARDS, A MARSHAL, and a JAPANESE CHEF, pushing a Yakitori grill on a cart, approach a jail cell.

Inside the cell, RONALD JUSTICE, a tall black man (30's).

GUARD ONE

Turn around, hands behind your head.

They unlock, walk in, and cuff Ronald. Ronald turns to face the Marshal as the Marshal approaches.

MARSHAL

This is it, big guy.

Ronald can smell BBQ in the air. Takes a sniff.

RONALD

Ahh...worth every false conviction.

Marshal gets close, whispers loudly in Ronald's ear.

MARSHAL

You know, dying on an empty stomach is bad luck, right? That was my choice for you because you're one sick son of a bitch and you deserve to die on an empty fucking stomach. But you must be suckin' major dick for the power's that be...am I lyin'? Nobody, I mean nobody, gets this kind of special treatment, son. Japanese steak...what is it called? Wagoo? That even real meat?

RONALD

Wagyu. As real as it gets.

MARSHAL

I don't care if it's filet-fucking-mignon, son...

Ronald starts to giggle.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
What the fuck is so funny?

RONALD
Filet mignon is dog shit compared
to this. Not too bright, are you,
marshal?

The marshal knees Ronald in the groin. Ronald winces...a
little...

MARSHAL
If'n the state ain't killin' ya',
I'd be happy to throw the switch.
Now sit your ass down at the table!

Ronald pulls himself up to a small, one-person table in his
cell.

The chef places a few pieces of perfectly marbled Wagyu on
the charcoal grate. The meat SIZZLES and smokes beautifully.

The chef plates up and holds the plate out to the marshal.

The marshal takes the plate from the chef. He carries it back
into the cell, putting his nose to the plate.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
Ain't enough here to fill up a
cockroach. What makes this stuff so
special anyway?

He tosses the plate on the table.

RONALD
Well, since you too stupid and poor
and ain't never sat yo' ass on
death row...you'll never know. Now
uncuff my innocent ass so I can
give the people their money's
worth.

MARSHAL
Innocent, my ass.

Ronald holds his cuffed hands out. The marshal orders one of
the guards to take the cuffs off.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
Secure his ankles first.

Guard one moves in and complies. Ronald stretches.

RONALD
Ahhh, 'bout damn time...

The marshal orders the guard out of the cell, shuts the door.

In a deliberate and savoring manor, Ronald stabs one of the slices of meat. He holds it up to his face, admires it, smells it.

He opens his mouth, brings the fork to his lips and...

...out go the lights...

COMOTION, chaos, SCREAMS...brutality and destruction ensue...

...the lights come on. Everyone is out cold, except Ronald.

The guards begin to move, holding their heads. The marshal remains motionless, a tiny spot of blood near his head.

Ronald looks around, shrugs, then continues with his Wagyu.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - MORNING

BLACKNESS, followed by a loud CLICK, the gym illuminates.

Coach TOSSER (40's), pale and doughy, acquitted child molester, stands before the gym and its equipment.

He organizes mats, refills chalk powder, adjusts rope tension on the rings, safety checks bars and beams, etc.

AT GYM ENTRANCE

A hand, Scarlett's, switches off the gym lights. DARKNESS.

ON TOSSER - He approaches the gym light switch near the office.

He reaches for the switch. A boot heel squares him in the chest, knocking him back into the gymnasium.

He slides to a stop, a single beam of light shining through a skylight and onto his face.

INSIDE GYM

Scarlett glides in and approaches Tosser. She now has bright red flowy hair and is dressed in black.

TOSSER
No, please!

SCARLETT
Coach Tosser?

TOSSER
N-n-no, I'm coach L-Lane.

SCARLETT
Coach Lane.

TOSSER
Yeah, who are you? Why are you
doing this?

Scarlett holds up a newspaper, throws it at Tosser.

SCARLETT
Read it!

Tosser holds up the paper. ON HEADLINE: Coach Tosser's mug
and an acquittal ruling over a student molestation
charge..."Darla Quinn", "Tosser acquitted..."

Tosser squints at the article.

TOSSER
Not me, no. Besides, that's in
Pennsylvania. Not even close.

SCARLETT
It's you. Say it...Tosser.

Tosser crawls back, Scarlett digs in, picks up the newspaper.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Say it!

TOSSER
Wr-wr-wrong coach.

Tosser backs into the balance beam. He can go no further.
Scarlett gets within two feet of Tosser. She stares at his
face, analyzes each line and flaw. Compares to the paper.

SCARLETT
Looks like you. Mole on the
neck...brown eyes, scarred eyebrow,
shitty teeth. Hmm? Now you're at a
new school...ready to do it all
over again.

TOSSER
You don't know me.

Scarlett holds up the headline.

SCARLETT
I do know you. Darla Quinn knew
you...TRUSTED you!

TOSSER
Get out of my gym!

Scarlett steps closer, grabs Tosser by the balls, squeezes.

Tosser resists, seemingly unfazed.

TOSSER (CONT'D)
That all you got?

She squeezes harder. He pushes her away and escapes past.

Scarlett grabs a bag of chalk and throws it at Tosser. It hits the back of his head, explodes in a massive white cloud. Tosser falls to the floor, belly down.

Scarlett approaches Tosser, lifts his head by the hair. His face and body covered in chalk, he looks ghost-like.

TOSSER (CONT'D)
Wh-wh-who are...you?

Her eyes become black onyx orbs. Teeth extend.

SCARLETT
Today...I am Darla Quinn.

Scarlett marches out of the gym, drinks from a flask. Tosser's body hangs motionless from the gym rings. On his chest written in blood over the chalk powder, "FILTH".

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

DETECTIVE ANTHONY JAMES (40's), African American, widower, sits at his desk, looks at a photo of his deceased wife, TAMYAH.

Sergeant ADOM GAMAL (50's), Anthony's boss, Egyptian born, best arrest record in the force. Has a commanding presence beyond his post. He approaches Anthony, looks concerned.

ADOM
Hey, Tony, you okay?

ANTHONY
I'm fine, boss. Just missin' her.

ADOM
You need a moment? I can come back.

ANTHONY
No, it's cool. What'cha got?

Anthony returns the photo to the desk.

ADOM
Right. Well, this one might just be
the distraction you need.

Adom slaps down photos of all three of Scarlett's kills.
Anthony picks up the pile and sifts through the photos. Takes
a moment to analyze each.

ANTHONY
Brutal. When?

ADOM
Last night.

ANTHONY
Not ours or we would have gotten
the call.

ADOM
Chief on the east side asked us for
some help. They're resource poor.

ANTHONY
We've all been defunded, boss.

ADOM
Yeah, well, not all departments
have a hot shot detective like you.

Anthony looks closer at one of the photos. He notices the
bite marks on a victim's neck.

ANTHONY
What's this?

ADOM
Yeah, that's the weird part. Appear
to be bite marks. Might want to
start with the coroner and walk it
backwards.

ANTHONY
Roger that.

INT. CORONER'S LAB - DAY

Anthony stands at one of several tables in the lab. A sheet covers a BODY.

The coroner, doctor BOUDREAUX (40's), looking a lot like a twin of Clint Howard, pulls the sheet back.

BOUDREAUX
Jason Vogel. Broken neck, facial lacerations...and massive blood loss.

ANTHONY
Blood loss...

He pulls a photo out of the case folder, stares at it.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Scene looks clean to me. Not much blood.

BOUDREAUX
That's right. Perp drained him pretty good.

Boudreaux turns the head to reveal the bite marks.

BOUDREAUX (CONT'D)
Look here.

Anthony gets in close.

ANTHONY
Yeah, saw those marks in the photos. Look like bite marks.

BOUDREAUX
They are. It's also where the victim's blood left his body.

ANTHONY
Animal of some kind?

BOUDREAUX
Incisors. Extended depth. Same radius of that found in humans.

Boudreaux walks over to each of the victims and pulls the sheets back.

BOUDREAUX (CONT'D)
This one, too.

Anthony walks over, sees the marshal. Bite marks on his neck.

ANTHONY
Bite marks. And the blood?

BOUDREAUX
Same as Mr. Vogel over there.

Anthony looks at the last table, coach Tosser exposed.

ANTHONY
Same?

BOUDREAUX
Same.

ANTHONY
Bite marks. Blood loss. Human-
like...

BOUDREAUX
If you say vampire, you're no
longer allowed in my lab.

ANTHONY
You said it, not me.

BOUDREAUX
Right. So, if this was even
remotely possible, these guys would
have turned into vampires, too. So,
that's bullshit fairy tale stuff.

ANTHONY
Doesn't work that way. They would
have to actually drink the blood of
a vampire to be turned.

BOUDREAUX
And you know this because...

ANTHONY
Saw it in a movie once.

BOUDREAUX
Oh, goin' all Wesley Snipes on us
now. Ha!
(catches himself)
Oops, sorry. Got carried away.

Anthony pats Boudreaux on the shoulder, walks towards the door.

BOUDREAUX (CONT'D)
Hey, vampire hunter. You ever meet
one?

ANTHONY
Nope, not yet.

INT. SCARLETT'S YOGA STUDIO - NIGHT

A backlit wall of glowing red panels silhouettes Scarlett's figure. Stretched and contorted, she finishes and stands. Her shadow approaches us, disappearing into the front office.

YOGA STUDIO - FRONT OFFICE

Scarlett pulls out the daily newspaper, scans through it. A headline catches her attention.

ON HEADLINE - "Trafficking Victim Mother Cries For Help"

Two photos in the article, a MOTHER and DAUGHTER. Scarlett focuses on the daughter, Bella. She ponders.

Suddenly, Scarlett buckles over, intense pain takes over, she grits her teeth, clenches her belly.

FLASHES of the past, scrambled images, her transformation, her abuse, the kills, the crash...all come back in one streaming tide.

A glass flask, heart-shaped with hammered steel bands, sits on her desk. Scarlett holds it up, only a few drops remain.

She drinks. Semi-satiated, she takes one more glance at the newspaper.

She squints at the photos, tries to place the face of the young girl. She tosses the paper aside, ponders.

She turns the flask upside down, shakes, gives up.

SCARLETT
Shit.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Late night downtown crowd, the dregs, the pimps, homeless.

Scarlett saunters by dressed in black, red mane floating behind, unfazed by their presence.

INT. CLUB YOU F.O. - EVENING

Stomping, LOUD, packed full of ravers and ragers. A massive **Club You F.O.** sign hangs above the dance floor. Music, smoke, and haze fill the arena.

Scarlett, face semi-hidden in shadow and glasses, threads her way through the crowd. Inconspicuous, determined, she finds a remote area of the bar. Observes.

Across the massive room, Scarlett spots trouble. A YOUNG WOMAN pulls away from a YOUNG MAN. Scarlett pursues.

In the middle of the floor, a hand reaches out, grabs her by the arm. She spins around.

She is pulled in close. A tall MAN (20's) forces a dance.

She nuts him, he buckles over. The crowd tightens up, the space closes in. She tries to maintain focus on the struggling couple...

...reestablishes contact, sees them disappear into the back.

Scarlett picks up the pace, pushing people out of her way.

BACK ROOM

Many velvet seats, plush yet stained. PATRONS making out, drinking, relaxing.

Scarlett hides in the corner. She looks for the couple. They are gone.

She sees a staircase. Climbs it.

EXT. CLUB YOU F.O. - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

She enters the roof. It's empty.

Scarlett peers into the alley below. She sees the couple arguing.

EXT. CLUB YOU F.O. - ALLEY - NIGHT

The woman pushes the man away. He rebounds, trapping her against a dumpster.

Choking her, she begins to weaken. He turns her around, pushes her against the wall, lifts her skirt.

He struggles with his zipper.

A shadow forms on the brick wall before him. Ignoring it, he continues, one hand on his zipper, one hand holding the girl. His head suddenly whips back. He releases the zipper and the girl.

MAN

What the...

The girl falls to the ground, SCREAMS.

Scarlett binds his hands, SLAMS him against the wall.

The girl SCREAMS again.

SCARLETT

Shut up and beat it!

In shock, she stares at Scarlett. Scarlett's eyes are pools of black.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of here! Now!

Crying, the girl runs down the alley. Disappears.

MAN

Wha-who...

Scarlett slams the man into the dumpster head first.

She kneels next to his limp body. Pulls out her flask.

TEETH, all hers...against his bare neck. She brings the flask to his neck. Blood fills the flask.

She pulls his wallet, stashes it.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - NIGHT

Scarlett pulls a tub out of the shelf. It's full of wallets and purses. She dumps it on the counter. Adds the latest collection to the pile.

Opening each, she pulls cash out, piles it up on the counter.

MOMENTS LATER - counting the money...then putting the wad into her own satchel.

She picks up an AUTO TRADER magazine, circles one of the cars on the page with a sharpie. A red Mustang.

EXT. CLUB YOU F.O. - ALLEY - NIGHT

Three FORENSIC agents collect evidence around the scene.

Anthony kneels before the dead man. He takes notice of the punctures on the neck. Face is void of color, bleach white.

Adom stands over his shoulder.

ADOM

More bite marks. I bet you're loving this.

ANTHONY

Hey, there's a dead man here.

ADOM

A dead man with a rap sheet longer than Al Capone's.

ANTHONY

Lipstick on his mouth and chin. I'd say he was trying too hard to get someone to kiss back.

ADOM

Looks like he messed with the wrong lady.

ANTHONY

Killer wasn't wearing the lipstick. No lipstick around the bite marks.

Rookie police officer, TERENCE, walks up to Adom and Anthony holding his note pad.

TERENCE

Sergeant?

ADOM

What'ya got, son?

TERENCE

He's a regular, Tom Jones. Goes by Tommy.

ADOM

How original.

TERENCE

The bartender says he was with a Stacey Bingham. She's a regular as well.

Adom's phone RINGS. He answers. Indistinct CHATTER from the other end.

ADOM
We'll be right there.

He hangs up.

ANTHONY
Stacey Bingham?

ADOM
Stacey Bingham.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Stacey Bingham sits in a chair in front of Adom and Anthony. She's agitated, uneasy...freaked out.

STACEY
...and then she came down the walls like a spider and practically jumped on top of me. Pushed Tommy into the trash can...told me to leave.

ANTHONY
She.

STACEY
Yeah. She.

ADOM
Can you describe...her?

STACEY
Long red hair. Umm...

ANTHONY
It's okay, take your time.

STACEY
Her clothes...they were like part of her. I don't know how to describe it. They clung to her so perfectly. The cape...

ADOM
Cape?

STACEY

Yeah, she had this red cape. Like a vampire or something. It was a cape, then it was a jacket...

Adom turns his head, to hold back a laugh. Bites his tongue.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Hey, look, Tommy was no picnic, but I don't think he deserved to die. I didn't do it! I ain't makin' this shit up!

ANTHONY

Hey, hey, Stacey...you're not a suspect. We know it wasn't you.

STACEY

You mean I'm not in trouble?

Anthony hands her a bottle of water. She takes it. Drinks.

ANTHONY

No trouble. No. Anything else you can tell us about the red headed lady? Did she say anything?

STACEY

Just told me to get the fuck out.

ANTHONY

Okay, Ms. Bingham. You can go. If we have any other questions...

STACEY

...her eyes. They were different. They looked through me. No whites...all black. She reminded me of an animal...the way they guard their food when hungry. Creepy shit. Yeah...so that's about it.

EXT. CLASSIC CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Scarlett stands before a beautifully restored 67 convertible Mustang. Her skin well covered and in sun glasses. She runs a gloved hand over the glossy red paint.

Gung-ho salesman, BOB (40's), stands by. Dangles the keys.

BOB

Go for a ride?

SCARLETT
No. I'll take it.

BOB
But you haven't driven it.

Scarlett reaches into her satchel. Pulls out the wad of money. Hands it to Bob.

SCARLETT
That should about cover it.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Scarlett sits at the bar, the tv plays above it. GRACE, the bartender (40's), slides a bourbon over to Scarlett.

Scarlett takes her flask out, pours a few drops into the bourbon. The drops float and mix with the bourbon, a dance of liquids. She drinks.

ON TV - The news covers a rape case with dismissal.

ANCHOR (FILTERED AUDIO)
"...Carlos Sanchez will be released today when charges were dropped because of a technicality...the D.A. has indicated that this mistrial is an example of..."

Grace watches in disbelief.

GRACE
Fucking disgrace. My daddy always said that our legal system may not always be right...but it is the best on the planet.

SCARLETT
Was your daddy always full of shit, Grace?

GRACE
Pretty much. Look at me. Ha ha! If it were up to me, I'd just shoot the bastard. Everyone knows what he did...now he's gonna walk.

Scarlett pulls out some money. Slides it over to Grace.

SCARLETT
Here, let me buy you one.

Grace accepts, pours herself a shot. Toasts with Scarlett.

GRACE
To justice.

SCARLETT
To justice.

Scarlett stares at the tv, the image of Carlos Sanchez burning into her brain.

INT. ANTHONY JAMES - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anthony pours through web pages on his laptop. Looks for anything and everything vampire.

ON WEB PAGE - Raiders Vanquish Vamps. The End Of A Species?

Anthony reads through, scrolls more, sees photos, movie listings, history. The web is rife with vampires. He rubs his eyes, looks at the clock. 2:30 a.m...

His phone RINGS. He picks up.

ANTHONY
Yeah. Where?
(beat)
Be right there.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

An older apartment. Dirty, run-down, unkempt.

A MALE BODY sits slumped over at a small kitchen table. Dead.

Anthony and Adom look around the room. A FORENSICS person leaves the room with samples.

Anthony gets close to the body. Takes a gloved hand and lifts the head back. Bite marks.

ADOM
Carlos Sanchez. You know of him. We helped put this idiot away. After that court room shit show, he was released and came straight home. Neighbors heard some noise, shouting, a scuffle. Found him like this. Wham, bam, thank you ma'am. Clean and quick.

ANTHONY
Neighbors didn't see anyone?

ADOM
Nothing. Like a ghost was here.

Anthony becomes silent, stares at the neck of Carlos.
Scratches his chin.

ADOM (CONT'D)
Chasing vampires in that head of
yours?

ANTHONY
I know you don't believe in that
shit. So how do you explain this,
huh?

ADOM
Black market. Blood goes for three
hundred bucks a pint. Probably some
crazy engineer who figured out a
way to drain a body like this. I'm
goin' with black market blood for
one hundred, Alex.

ANTHONY
Okay, then, why him? Why not some
random person in the street?
Someone smaller and easier to
handle.

ADOM
Beats me. That's why I bring you
along to these gigs.

Terence walks into the kitchen.

ADOM (CONT'D)
Talk to me "T".

TERENCE
Forensics is coming up empty. No
signs of an intruder. No prints, no
saliva, nothing.

ADOM
Gotta be some spit around those
bite marks.

ANTHONY
Doubt it.

ADOM

Why do you say that?

ANTHONY

Tommy Jones and the victims I looked at previously, all came clean. No DNA to test.

ADOM

I told you! Black market blood. Some wacko engineer type with their crazy device. And he or she wore gloves, so there's your fingerprints, Sherlock.

Anthony can only chuckle and shake his head.

ANTHONY

This is why I bring you along to these gigs.

Terence has largely ignored their banter. He is focused on a hair instead. A red hair. It protrudes from the clenched fist of Carlos.

Anthony and Adom see him focus in, get close, put on his glasses. They all join in.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I'll be damned. Your engineer just might be a redhead.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Anthony has his feet kicked up on the desk. He's reading a book about vampires.

Adom walks in. He tosses a plastic baggy with the red hair sample in it.

ADOM

You were right. Nothing from the bite wound, nothing from the hair.

ANTHONY

Not surprised. But, hey, did you know that vampires were eliminated in the 1800's?

ADOM

You're asking me? You know I don't--

ANTHONY

--Raiders. Lots of 'em. It says here that for more than sixty years, these Raiders scoured the land. Now, they were people like you and me...just trying to live their lives, raise families, etc. But these dudes were the baddest of the bad. And they figured out how to hunt and kill the vampires. It was all underground.

ADOM

Fiction. Wasn't in any of my history books.

ANTHONY

So, if they were all eliminated, how is one of them still in the streets today?

Adom shrugs.

ADOM

Got anything else?

ANTHONY

Why, yes I do, sir Adom Gamal. All of these victims were sexual predators...in one form or another. Except this guy.

He slides a file across the desk. Adom picks it up. Reads.

ADOM

Marshal Tompkins. Prison was raided, he was the only one who got whacked. Shit, why didn't they take out the death row scum?

ANTHONY

That's exactly what I wanted to know. So I went there this morning...

FLASHBACK:

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - RONALD'S CELL

Anthony is escorted the cell door by two SECURITY GUARDS.

ANTHONY (V.O. CONT'D)
Met the scum myself...only he
wasn't the scum we thought.

The cell window, a small slit in the door, opens.

SECURITY GUARD ONE
Turn around, hands on head, walk to
the back of the cell.

Ronald abides.

The cell opens. The guards walk in and put Ronald in cuffs.
He then turns to face Anthony.

RONALD
Who the fuck are you?

The guards push him to the bunk. Force him to sit.

ANTHONY
Detective Anthony James. I was
wondering if I could have a word
with you.

Anthony slowly, carefully walks into the cell. Ronald's face
is uncertain.

RONALD
Unless you're here to get me out of
this shithole, you can just fuck
off.

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Adom tosses the Marshal's file on the desk.

ADOM
Cut to the chase, I'm a busy man.

ANTHONY
Turns out the Marshal was more of a
criminal than poor Ronald. Ronald
told me the marshal was feeding
child porn to the inmates for a
fee. All of the inmates knew it.
Ronald, being the good boy that he
is, didn't partake.

Adom nods his head and turns to leave. He then turns again,
confused.

ADOM

So, our illustrious killer knew this. But how?

ANTHONY

I don't know. Not important right now. What's important is that we now have motive.

ADOM

Revenge.

ANTHONY

Bingo. Our lady, and I'm still convinced it's a lady, is a victim herself. Bringin' the hammer down!

ADOM

Okay, smarty pants. Now what?

ANTHONY

She knew about Carlos Sanchez. Waited for him to get out of prison.

Anthony tosses a paper to Adom. ON THE PAGE, JACOB HORN, a convicted sex offender, to be released from the penitentiary. Anthony taps his finger on the headline.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I'll bet he's next.

EXT. STATE PENITENTIARY - EVENING

Scarlett sits in her car across the street from the penitentiary.

She holds a newspaper in her hand. Jacob Horn on the page.

Scarlett's POV - The penitentiary doors open. Out walks a man in his mid 30's. He is convicted rapist, JACOB HORN. He stands at the sidewalk, lights a cigarette and waits.

A car pulls up. Jacob gets inside. The car pulls away.

Scarlett starts her car and follows as...

EXT. STREET - EVENING

...A third car follows behind Scarlett's. Anthony James in tow.

INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - NIGHT

Following Scarlett, he tries to get a good look at the Mustang.

ANTHONY
No plates. Shit.

Her convertible top is up and he can see through the back window...just barely. Her bright red hair stands out.

Anthony maintains his distance.

INT. SCARLETT'S CAR - NIGHT

Scarlett follows Jacob's car through the city. At a red light, she pulls up next to Jacob's car. Gets a good look at Jacob in the passenger seat. He smirks at her unknowingly.

Green light, both cars pull away. She lets Jacob's car get in front, and follows.

Scarlett looks in the rearview mirror. She squints.

The pursuit CONTINUES...

...until Jacob's car stops at a 7-Eleven. Scarlett pulls into the lot, parks right next to Jacob's car.

INT. ANTHONY'S CAR

He pulls in, parks as far away as he can. Notices how close Scarlett is to Jacob's car.

ANTHONY
Ballsy.

Scarlett remains in her car. Anthony gets glimpses of her eyes in her rearview mirror. Their eyes meet.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Shit.

INT. SCARLETT'S CAR

SCARLETT
Shit.

Scarlett starts the car, slowly puts it in reverse.

She pulls back onto the main road, careful to keep her eyes on the rearview mirror.

INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - NIGHT

Anthony follows, tries to distance himself.

Scarlett leads him on a wild goose chase, turning down roads, driving in circles, returning to the main roads...repeat.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Scarlett finds the darkest, emptiest area. She stops. Gets out of the car, waits for Anthony to pull up.

Anthony's car pulls in behind. He steps out.

He walks towards her car. She remains put.

She leans confidently against the Mustang. He gets a good look at her natural beauty.

SCARLETT

Far enough.

Anthony stops, holds up his hands and his badge.

ANTHONY

No problem. I'm a cop.

SCARLETT

Uh, huh. Then why did *I* have to pull you over?

ANTHONY

Funny...yeah. You have no plates on your car.

SCARLETT

I just bought it. Plates aren't in yet.

ANTHONY

No temporary plates?

SCARLETT

You know, I had the top down and the temporary plates flew out.

ANTHONY

Uh, huh. Kind of late to be out cruising around, don't you think?

SCARLETT

Fewer assholes on the road...at least I thought, until now.

ANTHONY

Ooh, ouch, clever girl. Nice car, by the way. I used to have--

SCARLETT

--you gonna write me a ticket or arrest me?

ANTHONY

No, nothing like that, you're free to go, actually. One question, though.

(beat)

Are you a vampire?

Scarlett loses patience, opens the door.

SCARLETT

Goodbye...officer.

Scarlett gets in her car, pulls away.

Anthony watches her leave, a little smitten, a little upset at himself.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - FRONT OFFICE - NIGHT

Scarlett barges in. Tosses her satchel, removes her jacket.

SCARLETT

Shit! Shit!...Shit!

She kicks the trash can, pushes papers off the counter. Newspaper flies into the air.

She POUNDS a fist into the counter, ending the tantrum. A page of the newspaper floats onto her hand. She sees the article on Bella.

INT. ANTHONY JAMES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anthony barges in, frustrated, ticked.

ANTHONY

Shit! Shit!...Shit!

He tosses his jacket onto the chair, it hits the floor. He heads to the fridge, removes a beer and cracks it open.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
 Idiot! "Are you a vampire?" Lord
 have mercy.

He chugs the beer then moves to his desk, turns the computer monitor on.

ON COMPUTER - He searches for local classic car dealerships. Two business show up.

He continues with his beer, takes a picture of the screen with his phone. There are several pictures of his wife on the desk. He grabs one, tosses the phone on the desk, sits back.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
 I know you're up there laughing
 your ass off right about now.

He kisses the picture.

TAMYAH (O.S.)
 ...best pickup line I ever heard.

Anthony spins his chair around, sees an imaginary version of his wife, TAMYAH. She stands before him, dressed in the police uniform she last wore.

ANTHONY
 You always seem to catch me at my
 best.

She walks slowly towards him.

TAMYAH
 Five years of cryin'. Still hangin'
 on.

ANTHONY
 I'm tryin'. I really am.

TAMYAH
 Yeah, I see how you're tryin'.
 Chasin' vampires now...shit.

Anthony stands. Tamyah stops before him. They are close enough to touch.

He reaches out, tries to touch her cheek. His hand goes straight through.

TAMYAH (CONT'D)
 ...you watch your back now...

Tamyah slowly dissolves into the ether.

INT. PATEL HOUSE - NIGHT

A house once cared for, now a victim of neglect.

MRS. PATEL (50'S), widow, cries into her hands. Scarlett sits across from her, face hidden by shadow.

MRS. PATEL
C-c-caroline is my only. Her father
passed away...and...and left us
with...oh, Lord, I can't...

SCARLETT
How old is your daughter, Mrs.
Patel?

MRS. PATEL
Sixteen.

SCARLETT
Any friends?

MRS. PATEL
I-I-don't know...

SCARLETT
So she never mentioned friends or--

MRS. PATEL
--No. I don't know!
(beat)
She didn't want friends. *I* was her
only friend.

SCARLETT
Where was she when you last saw
her?

MRS. PATEL
I'm so sorry, the police have
already been here. They've asked me
all these questions. Who are you,
anyway? I mean, why are you so
interested in my daughter?

Scarlett moves next to Mrs. Patel.

SCARLETT
You love her very much.

MRS. PATEL
Well, of course I do. What kind of
question is that?

Scarlett directs her focus into Mrs. Patel's eyes. They lock stares.

SCARLETT

Help me, help you. Tell me what happened.

Mrs. Patel nods, sobs some more, takes a deep breath.

MRS. PATEL

She answered a modeling ad. Thought she could get some work and help bring in some money, seeing how we're so broke. She was more than happy to help and did it to surprise me.

SCARLETT

Do you have photos of Caroline?

Mrs. Patel points to a hallway leading to the back bedrooms.

MRS. PATEL

There's some photos in the hallway.

Scarlett gets up, walk into the hallway. The photo wall shows Caroline in different years of her life. One stands out, a modeling shot.

FLASHES of images -- of a gathering, introductions, models, photo art, in an old warehouse, overcome Scarlett.

She pulls the photo, brings it into the living room.

SCARLETT

You said you daughter's name was Caroline?

MRS. PATEL

Yes.

SCARLETT

Does she go by any other name?

MRS. PATEL

Baby B. That's what I call her.

SCARLETT

Baby B...

MRS. PATEL

Bella. Her middle name.

INT. BOTELHO MODELING STUDIO - DAY

Bella stands against a white photo backdrop. Looking nervous, uneasy, she tries to pose.

A photographer, LANNY (30's), fires off several shots.

LANNY

If you can just pull one side of
the blouse over your shoulder...

Bella complies.

LANNY (CONT'D)

That's it. A few more shots...and
if you could lower it a little
more...

The Botelho's stand in the back, watch the action. Cruz
shouts out.

CRUZ

Have her just remove the top! It's
ridiculous anyway!

Bella shy's away from the request, covers her chest.

Cruz, frustrated, marches over with Lara.

CRUZ (CONT'D)

Okay, hold it, just stop for a
minute. Lanny, take a break.

Bella looks as if she's about to cry. Lanny walks out.

Lara comforts, pulls the straps of the blouse back up.

LARA

Little shy, I get it. First time is
always the hardest. Was for me,
too.

Cruz is standing too close. Lara shoos him away.

LARA (CONT'D)

Please, I need to speak to Bella.

Cruz backs off, stands near a window looking out.

LARA (CONT'D)

We know this means a lot to you and
we know you want to help your mom.
Modeling is a great way to earn a
living.

(MORE)

LARA (CONT'D)

We'll make that happen, we will!
You have to trust us, we've done
this a million times. All models go
through this and once you see your
face on that huge billboard next to
the highway, it all begins to make
sense. The sky's the limit,
sweetie, and I can honestly say
that you are the most naturally
beautiful model we've had in our
studio.

BELLA

I am?

LARA

Look at the other photos in this
room. Isn't it obvious? We have big
plans for you, my dear. Huge!

BELLA

Sounds okay, I guess, but if my
momma knew I was taking my clothes
off...

LARA

Oh, she won't know, nobody will.
The photos don't go public...we
don't share any of it. They are
mainly for garment sizing and
fitment. For the next round, we get
you all dressed up...makeup and
all. You'll blossom like a rose.
So, what do you say? Are you ready
to be top model?

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

We see Anthony talking to a SALESMAN. The salesman shakes his
head no.

Anthony walks away from the lot, unsatisfied.

He gets in his car and drives away.

EXT. CLASSIC CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Another dealership. Anthony pulls in, parks.

INT. CLASSIC CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Anthony is approached by Bob, the sales lead.

BOB
Hi, friend, looking for...

Anthony holds up his badge. Stops Bob in his tracks.

ANTHONY
Sorry, friend, not shopping today.

BOB
'Can I do for you, officer?

ANTHONY
Red 67 Mustang convertible. You
sell one recently?

BOB
A couple of days ago. Why? Did that
redhead total it?

ANTHONY
Nothing wrong with it. A real
beauty.

BOB
The redhead or the car?

Bob laughs, loves his own joke. Anthony pretends to laugh.

ANTHONY
Ha! Yeah, right. You wouldn't
happen to remember her name, would
ya'?

Bob looks over his shoulder for his boss. He then speaks
LOUDLY.

BOB
No sir, we can't share customer
information without the proper
warrants. So sorry!

Anthony looks surprised.

Bob then turns Anthony towards the door with his hand on his
shoulder. Leans in to speak to Anthony as they walk.

BOB (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Scarlett Jones.
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Never forget a face or a name. Paid cash and sped out of here like Mario Andretti.

Anthony nods, takes it in.

Bob gives him one last pat on the shoulder, sending him off.

BOB (CONT'D)

Thank you, officer. Hey, if you need a car, make sure you call Bob!

EXT. CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

Anthony pulls into the cemetery gardens. He parks. Gets out of his car, walks up the slope, flowers in hand. He approaches Tamyah's headstone.

Anthony kneels. He prays to himself, then kisses the headstone. He places the flowers in a holder.

ANTHONY

Happy anniversary...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Anthony passes by a row of bars and hangouts.

A red Mustang catches his attention. Too much traffic to hit the brakes, so he rounds the corner.

He returns to the driveway, parks near Scarlett's Mustang.

INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - NIGHT

He looks over at Scarlett's car. Takes a deep breath.

ANTHONY

No vampire talk this time, Tony.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Scarlett watches the tv behind the bar, Gracie takes an empty away, replaces it with a new drink.

Scarlett takes out her flask, pours a few drops into the clear drink. It becomes red as the drops slowly mix.

GRACIE

It's no longer a Mezcal Negroni.
Wanna re-name it?

SCARLETT

Never thought about it. It's mine
and mine only.

GRACIE

Good enough. But I like names. How
about Scarlettini?

SCARLETT

Scarlettini. Yeah, I like that!

She stirs her drink with her finger. Out of corner of her eye
she sees...

...Anthony walk in. He looks around at the uncrowded bar.

MUSIC plays, PATRONS chat, it's mellow...controlled...

...but the red hair hanging off of Scarlett at the bar
catches his attention immediately.

Scarlett takes a breath, cocks her head a bit to one side.

He takes a seat next to her. She knows he's there, but won't
make eye contact. She sips her Scarlettini.

Gracie sees Anthony, wipes the counter.

GRACIE

'Can I get 'cha?

ANTHONY

Uh, I'll have what she's--

SCARLETT

--no, he won't. Choose something
else.

Anthony raises a brow...

ANTHONY

Okay...bourbon seven tall. Please.

Gracie chuckles and turns away. Within seconds, she has his
drink ready. He nods to thank.

SCARLETT

How is it I keep pulling you over?

ANTHONY
Love your car.

SCARLETT
Bullshit. What's my name?

ANTHONY
Huh?

SCARLETT
What's my name...detective?

Anthony takes a drink.

ANTHONY
Scarlett...um, Jones.

She sips her Scarlettini and stares up at the tv. Anthony waits for her to speak, but she is silent...stoic.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Hey, look, I'm sorry about the whole vamp--

SCARLETT
--shh!

Anthony bites his tongue.

A news brief on human trafficking has her attention. NEWS ANCHOR covers a story of a modeling gig gone wrong.

ANCHOR
"...that makes four young women who have disappeared in the past 48 hours after answering bogus ads for modeling jobs..."

Scarlett becomes annoyed. Finally looks at Anthony.

SCARLETT
You and your buddies are doing a fine job out there.

ANTHONY
Beyond our ability to prosecute, I'm afraid.

SCARLETT
No balls.

ANTHONY

Nailed it...I mean, I got balls,
but the various jurisdictions have
their hands tied. I'd go after'em
if I could.

SCARLETT

What's stopping you?

ANTHONY

Rules, protocol, procedures...jail
time if you fuck it all up.

Scarlett reaches over, grabs his balls. Gets in his face.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Whoa there! Hey!

SCARLETT

What's stopping you?

He grimaces, fights the pain and her steady grip. She
releases. He exhales, tries to hide it.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Never mind. I think I got it now.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Scarlett walks towards her Mustang. Anthony races out of the
bar, catches up with her.

ANTHONY

Hey! Scar--

She turns in an instant, grabs him, brings his face to hers,
kisses him.

He's surprised, caught off guard, unable to resist.

They release. Scarlett pushes him away.

SCARLETT

Let her go...

Scarlett gets in her car. Anthony is left rubbing his chin.

INT. DUPLEX - NIGHT - ANTHONY JAMES DREAM

A druggie's lair...a gun pointed at her head. Tamyah James
with her back to her killer. An unseen MAN (20's), shaking
from the drugs, catches her off-guard.

Tamyah turns to face the man. His gun FIRES...a phone RINGS...

END DREAM

INT. ANTHONY JAMES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anthony bolts upright. Breathing heavy, his phone RINGING on his night stand.

He fumbles, then answers.

ANTHONY
Yeah, boss.

ADOM (V.O.)
Sorry, Tony, I know it's
late...killer's workin' overtime...

INT. CORONER'S LAB - DAY

Adom, Anthony, and Boudreaux stand over a CORPSE. A male in his thirties. Bite marks on the neck. Body drained of blood.

ADOM
Same marks as before.

BOUDREAUX
Steady flow bodies now. I'd say
your perp is getting pretty bold.
You on to anyone yet?

ANTHONY
No.

BOUDREAUX
Strange that they only target men.

Anthony looks over at another table, sees brunette hair hanging out of a sheet.

ANTHONY
What about her?

They walk over, pull the sheet back. A FEMALE (20'S), no bite marks, but blunt trauma, bruises.

BOUDREAUX
Trafficked and killed. Probably
tried running away from that life.

Anthony shakes his head, looks at Adom.

ANTHONY

Why aren't we going after the
people who did this, boss?

Adom chuckles.

ADOM

Don't even go there.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - OFFICE - NIGHT

Scarlett sits in front of her laptop. She stares briefly at the screen. She takes a deep breath.

ON SCREEN - She types her name into the search field, hits enter. Random search results reveal everything from Jessica Jones, to Scarlett Johansson, to the Scarlett Pumpernickel.

Scarlett scrolls and scrolls. She becomes frustrated, SLAMS the laptop shut. She rests her head in her hands.

A flood of visions pour into her head. The pain from each memory intensifies over and over again. FLASH...a drop of blood mixes with alcohol, FLASH...the accident, FLASH...an old lady in a cabin, FLASH...people at the art gallery, FLASH...Barney on top of her...FLASH...her STEPFATHER abusing her when she was young...

VOICE ENSEMBLE (V.O.)

*...you see a woman trapped then...
...welcome to my gallery...
...you're on fire, Ivy...
...I wish I could be strong like
you...
...I'll figure out a way to settle
scores later...*

Scarlett drinks from her flask. Only a drop left.

SCARLETT

Shit!

She grabs the newspaper, looks for a headline, convict to be released. Nothing.

She gets back on the computer, types in crimes in the area, convicts to be released. Nothing.

INT. CLUB YOU F.O. - NIGHT

Scarlett scopes out the club. Looking for more crazies by which to feed. The club is dead, no action.

INT. SCARLETT'S CAR - NIGHT

Scarlett motors through town. She notices a huge billboard with a smiling cow head. An advertisement for milk. She ponders, then takes an exit out of town.

EXT. DAIRY FARM - FIELD - NIGHT

Scarlett carries two one-gallon milk jugs into the field. A COW stands before her, unfazed. Scarlett drops the milk jugs, takes a deep breath and moves in.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - NIGHT

Scarlett walks into the studio with the two jugs full of cow's blood.

YOGA STUDIO - BACK ROOM

Inside sits an old refrigerator. A small unit, empty and unplugged. She plugs it in. It comes to life. She places one jug inside.

She uncaps the other jug, takes a huge gulp. She recoils from the taste, barely able to choke it down.

SCARLETT

Ah, nasty shit!

The sensation starts to hit her. She drinks again, choking down most of the gallon in an animalistic fashion, spilling blood all over the floor.

She drops the jug to the floor. Feels completely satisfied.

YOGA STUDIO - BACK OFFICE - LATER

A cleaned-up Scarlett opens the laptop back up. Types in Bella's name. Nothing comes up.

She types in "Bella Model". Many photos come up, but not of Bella Patel.

She types in "Nude Indian Model". Images of various Indian models fill the page. None are recognizable.

O.S., the front door OPENS.

Scarlett gets up, walks into the front of the studio.

YOGA STUDIO - LOBBY

The lobby area is empty. She walks over to the door. Looks around, senses something...someone.

She locks the front door. Looks through the window, into the parking lot. Empty.

She turns and re-enters the BACK OFFICE...

YOGA STUDIO - BACK OFFICE

...and sees Erylis sitting at the desk. She looks at the computer screen.

ERYLIS

You're not gonna be able to Google your way into this, you know.

SCARLETT

Erylis, I should have known.

ERYLIS

Aren't you happy to see me?

SCARLETT

No, I am...yes, I am happy to see you. But, I thought we had a deal. No more contact.

Erylis stands, approaches Scarlett.

ERYLIS

Yeah, well, as a former pupil to me, you still have a lot to learn.

SCARLETT

Learn? I've been doing all right for myself, fuck you very much.

ERYLIS

All right ain't good enough. You're gettin' a bit sloppy, kiddo. I can't have that on my conscience.

SCARLETT

Sloppy...

ERYLIS

Feeding in front of others. Having the cops on your ass. Feeding on cattle now...of which you packed out two gallons of blood reserves and stuffed them in your fridge.

(MORE)

ERYLIS (CONT'D)

What did I tell you about feeding
on animals?

SCARLETT

Less is more. Stick to humans.

(beat)

So, why'd you come back? Why are
you stalking me?

ERYLIS

I know what you want, but you're
struggling with your memory right
now. It will take some time to get
much of it back--it's just part of
the transition. I want to give you
a nudge and be on my way for good,
I suppose.

SCARLETT

On your way...

ERYLIS

You do remember the cabin. Our
agreement...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. FOREST - CABIN - NIGHT

A small cabin hidden in the dry forest. A wispy trail of
smoke drifts up from its chimney.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Fire CRACKLES in a stone fireplace.

Scarlett sits in a chair, head on the table, out cold.

Erylis, sits before her, restored, devoid of rot and old age.
Back to her 40's self. She has a fresh set of clothes on. She
HUMS a tune to herself over a jigger of bourbon.

Erylis pulls out a heart-shaped glass flask with a hammered
metal wrap. Between the metallic wrap, a window to its red
contents (blood) inside.

She pours a few drops of the blood into her bourbon. The red
ooze inside swirls and cascades and marries with the bourbon.

Scarlett slowly comes to. Opening her eyes, sees a drop of blood mixing with the bourbon in the glass. Startled and afraid, she pushes away from the table, crawls into a corner.

Erylis approaches Scarlett carrying a cup of coffee. She kneels down in front of her. Holds the cup out.

ERYLIS
Here, drink...

Scarlett bats the cup away. Hot coffee flies everywhere, covers the Erylis' face.

SCARLETT
Get away from me!

Blisters form on the Erylis' face, then quickly heal. She wipes her face with her sleeve.

She grabs Scarlett by the neck, lifts her off her feet and gently sets her back in the chair at the table. Erylis sits across from her.

ERYLIS
I hope you don't mind if I have my dinner while we talk...

Erylis pops the cap and pours the rest of the flask contents into her bourbon. Erylis sets the now empty flask on the table. She drinks. Scarlett sits motionless, shocked...

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
You'll learn to love it as I have.
Thank you for your contribution,
Miss Scarlett.

Erylis smiles, exposing two extended canines. She taps her neck.

Scarlett places her fingers on her neck, feels two bite marks. Bewildered, she looks at the small amount of blood on her fingers.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
You'll heal soon enough. I didn't take much anyway.

Scarlett closes her eyes, takes a deep breath.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
Ahhh...you believe you're dreaming.
Your sentience is real, however.

Scarlett opens her eyes, remaining calm is not in the cards.

SCARLETT

How do you know my name? What is this place, and who the fuck are you?

Erylis tosses Scarlett's wallet across the table.

ERYLIS

Your things...from the wreckage.

Erylis picks up the flask, holds it upside down, coaxes one last drop of blood onto her finger. She licks it.

SCARLETT

You're sick. You want me to believe you're drinking my blood like some sort of vampire?

ERYLIS

'Some sort?'

SCARLETT

Bullshit! People don't do that!

ERYLIS

Correct, *people* don't.

SCARLETT

I don't like you, or your place. I want out now!

ERYLIS

Oh, it's not mine. I borrowed it from a friend...

Erylis peers over at a wooden framed futon near the wall. Two legs attached to cowboy boots stick out from behind in a pool of blood. Scarlett notices, cups her mouth.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)

He didn't feel a thing. Nearly polished off an entire bottle of bourbon before we arrived.

Scarlett panics, shakes her head in disbelief.

SCARLETT

You gonna kill me, too?

ERYLIS

I'm going to help you.

SCARLETT

Help me? Help me, what?

ERYLIS

Before I answer that, we need to build a trust between us. Can you stand up from your chair, please?

SCARLETT

What? Why?

ERYLIS

Stand up, please.

Slowly, Scarlett stands, pushes the chair back. She realizes she can stand and there is no pain in her leg. Fully healed.

SCARLETT

What did you do to me? My leg was broken.

ERYLIS

Trust is a beautiful thing, isn't it? Are you ready to trust me now that you have your leg back?

Scarlett sits back in the chair, puts her head in her hands.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)

I know this all seems strange to you, but let's get one thing straight...I have no intention of harming you. I know everything about you, miss Scarlett...your dreams, your desires, your pain...

SCARLETT

Just let me go.

ERYLIS

I want to help you...

SCARLETT

...let me go.

ERYLIS

In fact, I want to leave this world knowing you got your wish...

SCARLETT

...let me go.

Erylis stands, approaches the fireplace. She kneels down, grabs a hot coal from the fire, returns to the table.

ERYLIS

You're a firecracker...

She begins rolling the glowing hot coal through her fingers, unfazed, unhurt.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
...tough as nails...on paper. You like to run away from your problems, like you are now. And, while I can certainly appreciate a lady with balls and a fiery collar, I think you need to look at things with a certain amount of...humility.

SCARLETT
Let...me...go.

Erylis stares deeply at Scarlett, pops the coal into her mouth, swallows. Steam trails out of her nostrils.

ERYLIS
Humility. That shit never really worked for me, so here it is. Eternal life, strength, and healing power beyond your wildest dreams.

Erylis walks to the cabin door. Opens it.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
But you may go. I won't hold you. It's your wonderful life, now go live it.

Scarlett stands and walks towards the door.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
The Barney's of the world...all gone...

Scarlett is listening, albeit cautiously.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
A new life, on your terms...

She continues to shuffle, but slower...

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
You get to be in charge...

...and slower...

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
At the top, all the time.

...and slower...

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
 Untouchable. But, and this is the
 most important part...

Scarlett approaches Erylis, stops before her.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
 You get to have the life you
 deserve...and settle scores.

Scarlett takes a deep breath, exhales. Looks Erylis in the
 eyes.

SCARLETT
 I'm listening.

Erylis smiles.

ERYLIS
 Quite simple, really. There are
 three things you'll need to promise
 me. One: you have to become. The
 transition is irreversible and can
 be traumatic at first. Two: You
 have to accept your becoming. Who
 you are after the transition is not
 who you were before. Three: You
 have to let me go. We part ways
 after I show you the ropes. You are
 not to look for me or ask me for
 help.

Scarlett thinks. Finds clarity, reason, then nods yes.

CABIN - BEDROOM

Erylis sits next to Scarlett, uses her fangs to dig into her
 own arm. Blood flows. She puts her forearm into Scarlett's
 mouth...Scarlett accepts.

Scarlett's POV - A shapeless construct devoid of light. Dark
 matter, shadows and onyx spill from the VOID to reveal...

...Amber nectar...ichor...oozing and trailing down an oaken
 wall...

...meandering, snaking across distressed floor boards,
 reaching Scarlett's pale, nude body atop a roughly hewn bed
 frame. Her long, silky black hair fanned out in full display.

Her dark hair turns red and gathers length as it summits the
 bed frame, seeking the purulent ooze.

Contact is made, her hair glows...BRIGHTER RED, fusing, finger-like strands merge with the nectar.

The room ERUPTS in light. Scarlett awakens, her back arches, she digs into the bed with her razor-like fingernails...

...her crimson eyes rage, canines extend slightly as we CLOSE IN on her eyes...becoming brighter, hotter...LOUDER WAILS...more white...then...

END FLASHBACK:

BACK TO SCENE - YOGA STUDIO - PRESENT

SCARLETT

I kept my promises.

ERYLIS

Indeed. And I'm prepared to make good on helping you finish your transition. In order to survive, you'll need to continue to feed...but not on animal blood. You'll need to up your game and satisfy that inner need.

SCARLETT

Inner need...

ERYLIS

Vengeance. For the pain you hold onto from your abusive childhood...for the pain you hold onto as it followed you into adulthood. Correction. Justification. Justice...Vengeance.

Erylis walks to the computer desk. Has a seat. She begins typing on the laptop.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)

There are enough donors in your past who will keep you more than busy...and fed. Come over here.

Scarlett turns, approaches the desk. Erylis turns the laptop to show her the screen.

Scarlett leans down to get close.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)

And you can start with this fucker right here.

Scarlett's eyes widen...

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Robbie sits uncomfortably close to Barney Brandt.

Bella brings out a drink tray and sets it on the small table. Harlan, Barney, Lanny, Cruz and Lara, all take a drink from the tray.

BARNEY
Cheers, everyone.

They raise glasses. Simultaneously cheer.

CRUZ
Robbie, show Barney your ahgao face.

BARNEY
Ah-he...what?

LARA
Ah-he-gow. Don't you read manga, Barney?

HARLAN
What she's trying to say is, haven't you come across it online...your most recent porn searches? Surely you know what ahgao is.

BARNEY
Speak English for cryin' out loud. Never seen or heard of that shit.

LANNY
O-face, Barney. Same thing but Japanese.

CRUZ
Go on, show him, Robbie.

Robbie looks at the group then up to Bella. Apprehensive, she turns her head away.

LARA
Go on, don't be shy. You do the best ahgao.

Robbie pulls her bangs down, crosses her eyes, and sticks her tongue out. Two fingers in the air Asian style, then the orgasmic CHOKE and GAG with full ecstasy.

Lanny clicks off a few photos with his camera.

BARNEY

Yeah, cute.

CRUZ

Barney, when we arrive, Harlan will likely want to speak with you about expanding the gallery location.

BARNEY

If it's money he's worried about, got it covered.

CRUZ

Might need more than money. There are some zoning issues with the city on the expansion.

BARNEY

Me and the mayor...
(crosses fingers)
...like this.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - NIGHT

Erylis and Scarlett part ways.

ERYLIS

You know what you need to do from here on out. The third part of our deal officially kicks in again. Starting now.

SCARLETT

But why? You feeling too old for this shit?

Erylis approaches Scarlett, grabs her head in her hands, kisses her forehead.

ERYLIS

I'm not old. I've just outlived the warranty.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Anthony accesses the police database. Types in Scarlett's name. Her history appears. The car accident, her job, her disappearance, everything.

Adom approaches, coffee in hand.

ADOM

Any luck?

Anthony exits the screen, sits back in his chair.

ANTHONY

Nothing.

ADOM

What's your plan?

ANTHONY

Gonna have to tail her. Wish it were more grandiose, boss.

ADOM

The simplest solution is sometimes the best solution.

EXT. BRANDT TOWER - EVENING

Scarlett parks her Mustang around the back of Brandt tower.

She walks to the front of the building, sees EMPLOYEES leaving.

INT. BRANDT TOWER - LOBBY - EVENING

Scarlett walks through the lobby, blending in, not being seen.

INT. BRANDT TOWER - ELEVATOR

The numbers on the elevator stop at 20. The elevator door opens. Scarlett quietly walks out.

INT. BRANDT TOWER - OFFICE - EVENING

The office is semi-dark. Only a few lights remain on.

Scarlett peruses the aisle, cubicles, looks at the door to her old office.

She opens it. Looks inside. She feels uneasy. Closes her eyes.

She shuts the door and moves down the hall to Barney's office.

She tries to open the door, but it's locked. She senses a PERSON behind her and pauses.

IVY (O.S.)
You'll need a key for that one.

Scarlett turns, sees Ivy. Ivy is one step away from beating Scarlett with an umbrella.

Shocked, Ivy lowers the umbrella, drops it on the floor.

EXT. BRANDT TOWER - EVENING

Anthony pulls up to the building. Scopes it out. He then moves to the back of the building. Sees Scarlett's car.

INT. BRANDT TOWER - OFFICE - EVENING

Ivy and Scarlett pull away from a hug. Ivy is in tears.

IVY
Oh my god, look at you. You're not dead!

Irony, Scarlett begins to speak, then Ivy holds up a finger.

IVY (CONT'D)
Okay, before we do the catch up thing, let's get out of here. You have a car?

SCARLETT
Parked out back.

IVY
Great, you can drive me home. Just need to grab my things first.

Ivy frantically runs into her office. Grabs her purse and coat.

IVY (CONT'D)
Oh my god, oh my god!

Ivy grabs Scarlett's arm, takes her to the elevator.

IVY (CONT'D)
Why are you dressed like a pirate?

INT. CAR - EVENING

Top down, hair blowing. Ivy and Scarlett reconnect.

IVY
Nice car.

SCARLETT
Thanks.

IVY
But I liked the other one better.

SCARLETT
Why's that?

IVY
65 had better lines.

Scarlett snickers.

IVY (CONT'D)
Wow, I don't know where to begin.
We spent a long time looking for
you. Found your car, some blood,
nothing else. Poof, gone. Thought
you may have gone into the lake and
drowned...I don't know. It was hard
to think about you being gone, and
giving up was the hardest.
(beat)
Why did you leave me?

SCARLETT
After the accident, some things
changed for me. In a profound
way...

IVY
So, just walk away. Fuck your
friends.

SCARLETT
Ivy...

IVY
You look...different. Did you have
plastic surgery?

SCARLETT
 Changed my diet a bit, that's all.

IVY
 Uh, huh. What else?

SCARLETT
 What else...what?

IVY
 Quit being so goddamned cryptic,
 okay? I know you wanna tell me
 something. I ain't stupid!

Scarlett, deep breath, exhales...

SCARLETT
 Okay, look...I don't pee, I don't
 eat, I don't sleep, I don't shit.
 I'm a shell...a body with no life.
 I exist only to feed an uncaring
 hunger. I don't expect you to
 understand that, Ivy. Really, it's
 more than you can comprehend.

IVY
 I think that accident boggled your
 noggin', sweetheart. You hear
 yourself right now? That's some
 pretty crazy shit right there!

SCARLETT
 You have no idea.

IVY
 Why'd you come back? Why now?

SCARLETT
 The accident...it...memory is a bit
 off. Trying to catch up.

IVY
 You remember me?

Scarlett remains silent.

IVY (CONT'D)
 You do remember me...

SCARLETT
 ...pieces and bits...I'm trying to
 get it all back. I keep seeing...

IVY
...seeing what? Who?

SCARLETT
You...Barney.

IVY
We were besties...you and I.

SCARLETT
I know.

IVY
You and Barney, not so much.

Scarlett goes quiet. A slight look of disgust on her face.

IVY (CONT'D)
Yeah, that.

SCARLETT
You know Barney is mixed up in some bad shit, right?

IVY
Barney has been good to me.

SCARLETT
He's a trafficker, along with his trafficking friends, Ivy.

IVY
I told you he treats me well. I really don't care what he does.

Scarlett can only shake her head in disbelief.

IVY (CONT'D)
Oh, this is the turn. My place is on the right.

Scarlett pulls the car up to the curb in front of Ivy's apartment.

An emotional PAUSE, then a brief hug.

IVY (CONT'D)
Welcome back. Don't be a stranger.

SCARLETT
Of course.

Ivy gets out of the car. Shuts the door. Turns to talk to Scarlett.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Where can I find him?

IVY
Find who?

SCARLETT
Barney.

IVY
Why would you want to find him?

SCARLETT
Just trying to connect the dots.
Appreciate the help.

IVY
He'll be at the gallery tonight for
the art exhibit and fashion gala.
That's if they get back in time.

SCARLETT
Back...

IVY
From Harlan's retreat in Mexico.
They'll head straight over from the
airport.

SCARLETT
You going?

IVY
Of course. But I could use a date.

Ivy smiles.

SCARLETT
Me? Not much of a partier these
days.

IVY
Oh, come on! I even have some
clothes for you. Can't go looking
like that!

SCARLETT
Can I meet you there if I change my
mind? I really need to ease back
into things.

IVY
Suit yourself. Warehouse building
three on 5th and Waterston.

(MORE)

IVY (CONT'D)
Just tell security "Ivy Blossom"
and you're in.

Ivy blows Scarlett a kiss and heads inside.

Scarlett pulls away...

...and Anthony James pulls in. He gets out of his car, walks up to Ivy's front door, knocks.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Adom sits at Anthony's desk, switches the computer monitor on.

He grabs the mouse, navigates through the police software history. Sees Scarlett's information, her past, her records, etc.

ADOM
Nothing, my ass...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Scarlett drives, top down. The road is empty, dark. On the radio, an entrancing SONG. She stares over the wheel, tunnel vision turns into VISIONS of abuse and...

...FLASHES of her past take over. Childhood, physical and emotional PAIN! Her teen years...PAIN! Adulthood and workplace harassments...PAIN!

...she floors it, SMASHING the pedal to the floor. Her canines protrude, eyes become fire, she RAGES...

EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A secluded industrial area. The warehouse appears to be abandoned.

Scarlett pulls up to the building. She sees another car ahead. It disappears around the corner. She follows.

She rounds the building, the car is gone, but a tall, heavily built MAN stands with his hand up to stop her.

He walks over to her car. Stands next to the driver door.

SCARLETT
Ivy Blossom.

He presses a button on a hand-held fob. A gate OPENS.

Scarlett drives through.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A parking lot for the rich and powerful. Scarlett sees rows of expensive cars. Some domestic, most European.

She parks next to a Mercedes. She gets out of her car. Looks around. Sees nobody. In the distance, a light glow surrounds a door. A BOUNCER stands by.

Scarlett approaches the bouncer.

SCARLETT

Ivy Blossom.

BOUNCER

Nope.

SCARLETT

What do you mean, "Nope"?

BOUNCER

Try again.

SCARLETT

Ivy Blossom.

BOUNCER

Leave.

SCARLETT

That's the password I was given.

BOUNCER

That's for the parking lot. Club is a different one. Leave.

A staredown ensues.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - ELEVATOR

Scarlett stands in the elevator. She drinks from her flask. As the door closes, we see the bouncer dead on the concrete, puncture wounds on his neck.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - EXHIBIT ROOM - NIGHT

A fashion runway show in progress, featuring live MUSIC and lots of PARTIERS. MODELS take to the runway and show of the latest fashions. Place is hopping.

Scattered about the walls and interior, Harlan's photographic artwork hangs majestically, displaying various models.

The slime ball city mayor, ED HARDESTY (50's), admires one of the pieces featuring Bella. He chats with Harlan and Barney.

HARDESTY

A must have. Do we have a deal?

HARLAN

Keep us afloat, out of the mire, so to speak. Your city zoning people could use a little talking to.

HARDESTY

I got it covered. Your gallery is safe. When can you wrap her up and deliver?

HARLAN

Thank you, mayor! Step into my office?

(winks at Barney)

Thanks, pal!

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - HARLAN'S OFFICE

Harlan escorts the mayor into the office. It's elaborate, well-appointed, with art adorning the walls and strategically placed ambient light.

Ivy stands behind a raised counter which also glows, lighting up her face from below.

HARLAN

Ivy, darling. Please set Mayor Hardesty up with item 1270 please?

IVY

Absolutely.

HARLAN

Oh, and would fifty percent off the advertised price work for you, Mr. Mayor?

HARDESTY

Works for me. Oh, hey, please call me Ed.

HARLAN

Good. Ivy has you covered, Ed. Thanks for your support, and when you're finished, the party awaits.

Harlan EXITS the room.

Ivy picks up an iPad. She swipes through.

IVY

Your information is still on file with us. Just need you to sign here.

She hands him the iPad. He accepts.

HARDESTY

Why aren't you on one of those pieces in the gallery, my dear?

IVY

Me? I'm not...

HARDESTY

Priceless. You'd have them lining up to get a piece of you. I know I would.

He grins. Ivy is put-off. Disgusted. He signs the iPad and hands it back to Ivy.

IVY

Yeah, no thanks. I like what I do.

She swipes the screen and places it on the counter.

IVY (CONT'D)

Wait here a moment, please.

Ivy walks away from the counter, opens a door at the other side of the room. Disappears.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - BARRACKS

Ivy walks into a massive barracks with bunks, mirrors, and clothing--a Harlan hideaway for captive models. Fifteen to twenty MODELS mill about the room, tending to various tasks, sleeping, snacking, mostly stoned and out of it, etc...

At a vanity desk, Robbie helps Bella with her hair. Both girls stare into the mirror, blank, lost, regretful. Robbie spots Ivy.

ROBBIE

Oh, great. Here comes queen
sasshole of the universe.

BELLA

Shakin' that fucking bottle again.
I hate it.

Ivy approaches the desk, shaking a pill bottle. Opens it.

IVY

Hold out your hands.

Robbie obliges. Bella keeps her hands folded.

IVY (CONT'D)

Hold out your hand, Bella. Come on!

Robbie takes her pill. Bella remains defiant.

Ivy gets her head next to Bella's. Talks to Bella through the mirror's reflection.

IVY (CONT'D)

Last time you did this, it was a
night in the hole. How would you
like to make it two?

Ivy reaches down, picks up Bella's hand.

IVY (CONT'D)

Open it!

Bella opens. Ivy pours two pills.

IVY (CONT'D)

Don't make me force feed you.

Reluctant, Bella complies. She takes the pills. Swallows.

IVY (CONT'D)

Good. You're up, Bella. Get your
butt in the lobby. Robbie, meet
Barney on the floor. Move it, you
two!

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - HARLAN'S OFFICE

They mayor peruses the room, hands locked behind his back. Waits patiently.

The door opens, in walks Bella.

Bella is not well-composed, but rather a bit timid. Apprehensive.

HARDESTY

There she is...

Bella shyly approaches Hardesty. He holds out his arm and she takes it.

HARDESTY (CONT'D)

And so much more beautiful in person.

They EXIT the office.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - EXHIBIT ROOM

The gala remains in full swing, a crowded floor, more runway action, drinking, food, and NOISY chaos.

Scarlett appears out of the shadows. Blends in well with the over-dressed and self-absorbed.

She scans the room, sees the massive photo murals adorning the walls, hanging from the ceiling, standing upright throughout the floor.

Across the room, near the runway, she sees a giant mural of Bella situated on a giant easel.

She begins walking towards the mural and is stopped in her tracks. She sees Hardesty and Bella near the mural.

ON HARDESTY AND BELLA

HARDESTY

Okay, I just want to get one shot of us next to your masterpiece.

He takes out his cell phone, holds it up.

HARDESTY (CONT'D)

Come on, get in the shot. Closer!

Bella slowly moves closer, blank look on her face.

HARDESTY (CONT'D)
Come on, big smile!

He takes the shot.

BACK ON SCARLETT

Scarlett moves towards Bella and Hardesty and is once again stopped in her tracks. This time it's Barney with Robbie by his side.

BARNEY
Well, well. I don't believe my
eyes.

Scarlett has no words. Can only shake her head.

BARNEY (CONT'D)
Look who's back from the dead.

Scarlett tries to keep one eye on Hardesty and Bella while facing Barney head on.

SCARLETT
Yeah, lucky me.

BARNEY
I'm assuming you had an invite from
Ivy?

SCARLETT
Sharp as a tack, like always.

BARNEY
Invites go through me. You weren't
officially invited, I'm afraid.

She sees Hardesty and Bella leave the floor, head into a double door leading out of the gallery.

SCARLETT
Yeah, well, I'm sure it was just an
oversight.

BARNEY
Indeed. So we'll just take care of
that right now.

Barney raises his hand, makes eye contact with a buff SECURITY GUARD nearby.

The guard approaches.

SCARLETT

Oh, you're gonna do this.

BARNEY

Please escort Miss Jones out of the gala. See to it that she doesn't return.

Scarlett pushes the guard with full force. He flies across the floor. She bolts. She heads for the door that Hardesty and Bella went through. The guard is slow to give chase while calling others on his shoulder mic.

As Scarlett reaches the door, it swings open and Ivy pops out. Scarlett and Ivy collide.

IVY

Holy shit! Are you okay?

SCARLETT

Are you?

IVY

Yeah.

Scarlett grabs Ivy from the floor and yanks her through the door.

SCARLETT

You're coming with me!

IVY

Hey, what the hell!

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY

Scarlett has a death grip on Ivy, practically dragging her along the hallway.

It seems to go on forever...

...then turns a corner.

Scarlett stops. Pushes Ivy against the wall.

SCARLETT

Where's Bella?

IVY

Huh?

SCARLETT

Bella! I just saw her leave with
some guy.

O.S., we can hear security pouring into the hallway.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Where, Ivy?!

IVY

(freaked out)

T-two corners down...red door, gold
trim!

Scarlett cups Ivy's face. Ivy cries.

SCARLETT

You need to get out, and get out
now.

Scarlett runs off, shouting behind her.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

I mean it, Ivy!

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - LEISURE ROOM

Velvety padded furniture and LED lights cover every inch of
the room. In the center. A massive bed, silken linen and
velvety comforter.

Hardesty lies comfortably atop, switching channels on the
television.

Bella comes out of the bathroom. Hiding her body in a thick
bathrobe.

HARDESTY

Could really use a neck rub. Come
here.

He pats the bed.

HARDESTY (CONT'D)

I don't bite.

Scarlett barges in.

She sees Hardesty on the bed and Bella near the bathroom.

HARDESTY (CONT'D)

Two for one. All right, Harlan!

SCARLETT
I don't think so.

Scarlett walks over to Bella.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Bella? Gonna get you out of here,
okay?

HARDESTY
Hey, fuck that. Who the hell are
you?

Hardesty stands, approaches Scarlett.

SCARLETT
Grab your shoes, Bella. Hurry!

HARDESTY
Uh, uh. She's not going anywhere.

He grabs Bella, pulls her away. Scarlett pounces. He hardly sees it coming. She pins him up against the wall, holding his hands behind his back.

SCARLETT
Bella! Shoes! Now!

Bella scrambles, finds her slip-ons.

HARDESTY
You're in deep shit--

She slams his head against the wall. He falls unconscious.

Scarlett grabs Bella and yanks her out of the room.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY

Scarlett and Bella high-tail it. The hall comes to a "T".

Anthony James appears from around the corner. Time stands still, Scarlett puts the brakes on.

Anthony has his gun pointed straight at Scarlett and Bella. He squeezes the trigger...CRACK!

Scarlett pulls Bella to the floor, shields her. The bullet WHIZZES over their heads.

In the hallway, THREE SECURITY GUARDS. Anthony's bullet takes out one of them. The other two take cover, return fire.

Anthony takes a bullet. Hits the ground. Holds his shoulder as the gun slides away.

Scarlett stands, faces the guards, they have stopped firing. Distracted by a presence O.S.

Their bodies suddenly get YANKED out of view.

ANTHONY

Take her and go. There will be more of them!

Scarlett slowly approaches the corner. Both guard bodies suddenly slide limp and bloody across the floor, into VIEW.

Erylis struts out. Wiping her hands confidently.

ERYLIS

He's right. Get the hell out, now.

SCARLETT

But...

ERYLIS

Go!

Scarlett returns to Bella. Helps her up.

SCARLETT

You okay?

BELLA

Yeah, I'm okay.

SCARLETT

You know how to get us out of here?

BELLA

Down this hall. It's not far.

They approach Anthony and help him up. He winces.

Scarlett puts his hand up to the wound.

SCARLETT

Keep pressure on it.

ANTHONY

Who the hell is she?

SCARLETT

A friend.

ERYLIS

You guys need to move it!

Scarlett picks up his gun, hands it to Anthony. The three walk out of the hallway. Erylis stands fast.

INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - NIGHT

Scarlett at the wheel. Anthony in the back and Bella in the passenger seat. Anthony presses his wound.

SCARLETT

This thing drives like a boat.

ANTHONY

It's no Mustang, I'll give ya' that. We'll get your car back.

SCARLETT

How did you get into the gala?

ANTHONY

I followed you to Ivy's. After you dropped her off, she told me all about it. Gave me the passwords to get in. Why?

SCARLETT

Nevermind. Guess it don't matter now. You gonna be okay while we take Bella home?

ANTHONY

Yeah, do it.

Bella sheds quiet tears.

SCARLETT

How about you, kiddo?

BELLA

Thank you for helping me.

SCARLETT

It's the least we could do. We aren't done with them, though. How many are locked up there?

BELLA

About fifteen of us total. Including Robbie.

SCARLETT

Robbie...

BELLA

My best friend.

EXT. PATEL HOME - EVENING

Scarlett parks the car. She gets out, opens the door for Bella. Walks her up to the front door.

Scarlett knocks. A BEAT, and the door opens. Bella's mom is in shock.

BELLA

Baba...

MRS. PATEL

My Baby B!

A tearful embrace. Mrs. Patel holds a hand out while hugging Bella. Scarlett takes it, smiles. Mrs. Patel mouths the words, "Thank you."

Scarlett returns to the car.

INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - EVENING

Scarlett closes the door. Takes a deep breath.

ANTHONY

Feels good, don't it?

She nods, puts the car in drive, steps on the gas.

EXT. ANTHONY JAMES APARTMENT - EVENING

Scarlett helps Anthony to the front door.

SCARLETT

You sure about this? Hospital would be better.

ANTHONY

Bullet went clean through. They'll just stitch me up, so I don't see why you can't do that for me. I really hate hospitals.

INT. ANTHONY JAMES APARTMENT - EVENING

Anthony sits at the table, a bottle of bourbon in one hand and a whiskey tumbler in the other.

Scarlett works on the hole below his shoulder. With each puncture of the needle, Anthony takes a gulp and pours another.

SCARLETT

A little lower and you wouldn't be so lucky.

ANTHONY

So, this is what it feels like.

SCARLETT

What.

ANTHONY

Luck.

SCARLETT

Yeah, well, I guess we were both a little lucky tonight.

ANTHONY

How's that?

SCARLETT

You didn't arrest me.

ANTHONY

Not yet.

She pokes him with the needle, he jumps.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Owe!

Scarlett snickers.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I can't arrest you. Not after what you did with Bella.

SCARLETT

It doesn't end with Bella.

ANTHONY

I know.

Scarlett continues, senses a bit of uneasiness.

SCARLETT
 Something on your mind?

ANTHONY
 What's it like being...you?

SCARLETT
 I'm still trying to figure that out
 myself.

ANTHONY
 Must be liberating, in a way. Free
 from the bonds of
 humanity...society. For the most
 part, anyway.

Scarlett finishes up. Dodges a reply.

SCARLETT
 Like new.

She cleans the table, tosses bloody gauze and thread into the
 trash can.

Anthony starts to get up, she shoves him back down.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
 Not done with you yet.

She uses a cloth, wipes the wound area gently. Anthony is
 taken by her beauty. She knows it.

Their eyes meet. They get close. Lips touch. A fully
 impassioned kiss plays out. They part, taking a breath.

ANTHONY
 Luck.

The embrace and kiss again. Anthony's hand reaches over to a
 picture of his wife on the table, he turns it face down.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - EVENING

Barney, Harlan, Ivy, the Botelho's, stand in the office,
 perturbed and silent. On the floor in front of them, three
 dead security guards.

Harlan breaks the silence. Stares directly at Ivy and Barney.

HARLAN
 Someone got invited to the party
 that shouldn't have been.
 (MORE)

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Someone came in and fucked with me and my gallery and my security staff and made off with one of the models!

(to Cruz's)

One of *your* models!

Ivy, nervous, comes forward.

IVY

It was my fault. I invited her. She...

HARLAN

Shut up!

Ivy recoils.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Barney, your most trusted. Surprised?

BARNEY

I am.

IVY

Look, I didn't know, okay? She came back in my life and I thought everything would be cool.

HARLAN

Cool. It was cool, alright. Not sure what this lady had up her sleeve, but these guards look as if they were attacked by wolves. What in the holy fuck of all fucks is up with that? Let's put her on the payroll for crying out loud!

BARNEY

Won't happen again, Harlan. Right Ivy?

Harlan walks up to Barney.

HARLAN

We've been friends for a long time. I'd like to keep it that way. I love your money and I know you love our little business arrangements.

Harlan backs off, looks directly at Ivy.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
It won't happen again, right, Ivy?

Ivy, nearly in tears, nods her head. Then a SHOT rings out. Barney jumps. Ivy goes down.

Lara Cruz stands with the smoking gun in her hand.

Barney pretends to hide his disapproval.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
Make sure you know who's on your payroll, my friend.

CRUZ
Enough chit chat. What's the next move, Harlan?

HARLAN
Next move is, we make sure we're ready next time.

CRUZ
Ready for what?

HARLAN
Oh, this is far from over. Our little party is a secret no more.

INT. ANTHONY JAMES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scarlett and Anthony lie in bed. She squeezes a pimple on his arm.

ANTHONY
You like doing that?

SCARLETT
Yeah, I do.

ANTHONY
Who was that lady who showed up tonight and saved our necks?

SCARLETT
A friend.

ANTHONY
One bad ass friend you got there.

Scarlett finishes the pimple squeeze. Wraps an arm across Anthony.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

That day you kissed me and said,
"Let her go." How did you know...

SCARLETT

I just knew. I could feel it. Pain
and emotion are amplified feelings
that project outward...and I'm
super sensitive to that. I'm sorry
she's gone, it sounds like you were
perfect for each other.

ANTHONY

She had the upper hand. A much
better detective than I was.

SCARLETT

Why's that?

ANTHONY

She was a natural. Fearless, smart,
determined...stubborn. Wouldn't
drop a case to save her soul. In
the end, that tenacity is
what...well...

Anthony trails off, slightly emotional.

SCARLETT

It's okay. Get some rest.

ANTHONY

Yeah.

LATER

Anthony is out. Scarlett gets up and puts her clothes on.

EXT. ANTHONY JAMES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scarlett walks away from the apartment and into the dark of
night.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - NIGHT

Scarlett unlocks the door, walks inside. She senses...

...Erylis. Sees her sitting cross-legged in the middle of the
yoga studio.

Scarlett joins her on the floor.

SCARLETT

I thought...

ERYLIS

Yeah, well...I'm having trouble moving on myself. What was that Doc Holliday line? "*My hypocrisy knows no bounds?*"

SCARLETT

Thank you for the help tonight. Guess I'm still a bit rough around the edges.

ERYLIS

Worry not. It took me fifty years of training to figure this shit out.

Scarlett removes her flask, opens it. Offers it to Erylis. Erylis accepts, takes a drink.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)

Thank you. I was running low. Looks like you are, too.

SCARLETT

You gonna stick around for a while?

ERYLIS

I don't know, maybe. I think you probably won't need fifty years like I did. More like thirty...

They share a smile.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)

What else is on your mind?

SCARLETT

I really want my fucking car back.

INT. POLICE STATION - ADOM'S OFFICE - MORNING

Anthony walks in, hand in jacket pocket, nursing his sore shoulder.

Adom awaits. Coffee mug in hand. Frustration on his face.

ANTHONY

I guess you heard.

ADOM
No shit, I heard.

ANTHONY
Sorry, boss. Shit got out of hand.

ADOM
Tell me something I don't know,
Dick Tracy! Why didn't you tell me
you were casing that building?

Anthony searches for an answer. Opens his mouth...

ADOM (CONT'D)
Don't answer that! I've been doing
this shit a lot longer than you
have, so I'm pretty sure I got it
figured out. It's her, isn't it?
She has you wrapped around her fuck-
me finger.

ANTHONY
She's the least of our worries.

ADOM
And how is that?

ANTHONY
Taking on these traffickers like we
should be doing.

ADOM
There is no higher crime than one
human taking the life of another. I
don't care who it is. Vigilante
justice don't fly around here, and
you know that.

ANTHONY
Key word...human. That doesn't
really apply here.

Adom scratches his chin. Scoffs.

ADOM
Sticking with the vampire story, I
see. We can argue about this all
day long. She needs to be stopped.

ANTHONY
She's cleaning the streets out
there! I know how this works,
believe me. Hands tied, can't
prosecute, yada, yada, yada.

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

City officials won't help because they're in on it, too! The fucking mayor, Adom. Caught with his pants down in that place.

ADOM

Yeah, let me tell you about the mayor. He has the D.A. crawling up my ass this morning. You know why?

ANTHONY

Yeah, I know why! He was there, and so was I! Why are you covering for their bullshit?!

Adom gets up, marches into Anthony's face.

ADOM

It was this attitude and insubordinate behavior that killed your wife!

Anthony fumes. Pushes Adom away from him. There is slight regret on Adom's face.

ANTHONY

No! It was zero fucks given from the top down! You are just as complicit as they are! You have blood on your hands and all you can do is *turn the other way! Fuck this!*

Anthony marches out of the office. Slams the door. The glass pane SHATTERS.

EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Scarlett stands before the darkened building, bolt cutters in hand. Erylis stands beside her. A locked cyclone fence stands between them and the building.

ERYLIS

What if your car's not here?

SCARLETT

Oh, it's here.

Scarlett cuts the fence and they walk in.

FROM ABOVE, we see them stealthily circumnavigate the building, looking for a decent entry.

A ladder leads to a fire escape platform up high. There are windows along the platform.

ON PLATFORM

Scarlett arrives first, followed by Erylis. They look into the warehouse through one of the windows.

SCARLETT'S POV - It's empty, save for one red Mustang with the top down and an immobile PERSON in the driver's seat.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Shit!

ERYLIS

Bait. They knew you'd come.

SCARLETT

Yep, not cool at all.

ERYLIS

Got another idea?

SCARLETT

No, I think...

ERYLIS

Hold on, look!

Smoke starts streaming out of the hood/fender seams.

SCARLETT

No, no, no, no, no!

Scarlett sees an extinguisher on one of the walls. Without hesitation, she breaks the glass and hops inside the warehouse.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Scarlett scales the rafters, finds footing, hand-holds, support beams, and hops below to the floor level. Erylis follows, but a bit slower.

Scarlett races for the extinguisher, rips it off the wall...

...approaches the car, pulls the hose and safety pin.

The bloody body in the car is Ivy. She notices and immediately drops the extinguisher. Ivy is chained and cuffed to the steering wheel and is barely coherent.

SCARLETT

Ivy! Ivy! Oh, no. Shit, what do we do? Erylis, help!

Scarlett tries to get Ivy's hands free, but the chain is wrapped tight and connected with a huge lock.

ERYLIS

She's in there good. You work on her, I'll work on keeping the fire down!

Erylis grabs the extinguisher, starts spraying under the car. It's not working. Flames rip through every crack and seam.

SCARLETT

Ivy! Ivy, wake up...we need to get you out of here. Help me get you loose, sweetie!

Ivy is too far out of it, barely coherent.

ERYLIS

It's not working! You need to hurry!

SCARLETT

I can't! They've got her in here too tight!

The extinguisher dies. Erylis tosses it and moves in to help Scarlett. She pulls on the steering column frantically.

IVY

(barely audible)
B-bah...bah...b..b..bah

Flames have engulfed the entire front end of the car.

ERYLIS

What'd she say?

SCARLETT

Ivy, Ivy! What, Ivy?!

IVY

(last gasp)
Bah-hem...bomb...

SCARLETT

Oh, sh--

BOOM! The car explodes, sending Scarlett and Erylis flying through the air.

They slide to a stop many yards away, broken and unconscious.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - EMPTY ROOM - LATER

Scarlett's POV - A crack of light. Her eyes see shadows...figures. She looks up, room spinning, fogginess and disorientation subsiding, and hears a VOICE...

HARLAN

(somewhat garbled)

If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes...I wouldn't have believed it.

Harlan is in her face, checking out every inch of her recovering body.

Scarlett and Erylis chained to chairs. Scarlett slowly comes out of unconsciousness. Erylis still out cold. Both are charred and disheveled.

Wounds on Scarlett's face and hands begin to heal.

Harlan, Barney, Robbie, and the Botelho's stand before them, amazed at the rapid healing taking place. Two GUARDS stand in the corners.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Once thought to be fictional, your kind has unexpectedly proven itself to be a fact of our twisted reality. I can't believe you actually made your presence known in *my* house. I'm flattered.

Erylis slowly comes to. Her cuts and bruises heal rapidly as well. She assesses the chains and their situation.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Oh, glad you could join us. Just how many of you are out there roaming this godforsaken planet?

ERYLIS

More than you can handle, young man.

A chuckle from the group.

HARLAN

Is that so?

ERYLIS

On their way right now, in fact. A swarm of 'em. Hungry feeders waiting to drain your veins.

Harlan laughs uncontrollably.

HARLAN

And the last time I saw you, miss Scarlett, you were admiring my works. Welcome back.

SCARLETT

Ivy didn't deserve to die.

BARNEY

Ivy broke code.

SCARLETT

Oh, fuck your code, Barney. You wanna know what my code is?

Barney chortles.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

I kill you first.

HARLAN

Now, I wouldn't mind seeing that myself, but there's just one problem. Unless you possess the strength of Kong, your bonds will prevent any showtime with Mr. Barney over there.

EXT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Anthony marches out of the station. Adom follows behind, stops him before he can get in his car.

ADOM

Tony. Tony!

He grabs him by the arm to stop him.

ADOM (CONT'D)

Tony, look, I'm sorry. Okay? I...

ANTHONY

Funny shit, man. Really. Coming from the guy who was the epitome of breaking rules and solving cases outside the constraints of the system. What happened to you, my friend?

ADOM

Look, what I said back there...that wasn't me, and I'm sorry. I really am. I had no business bringing up your wife. I was taking the ass-chewing out on you, and I was out of line.

Adom holds out a hand.

ADOM (CONT'D)

We good?

Anthony takes a breath, looks Adom in the eye, shakes his hand. Nods.

ANTHONY

Could really use you right now.

ADOM

Yeah?

ANTHONY

Yeah. And don't you ever do that shit again. Got it?

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - EMPTY ROOM

Scarlett and Erylis sit before a chatty Harlan, ignoring his rants for the most part.

Scarlett works on freeing her hands from the chains. She contorts, tugs, pulls...then SNAPS her wrist to break one hand free. She snakes her hands through the chains unnoticed.

Erylis knows what Scarlett is up to and replicates. She, too, snaps a wrist to break herself free.

Scarlett now resorts to keeping the conversation running as a distraction...so the break can heal.

SCARLETT

I love your gallery, by the way. Seriously. You certainly have an eye for beauty.

(MORE)

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

If it were up to me, you're a bit bloated at the top and I'd trim some of that fat. Overhead's probably killing your bottom line as well.

HARLAN

Excuse me?

SCARLETT

Barney, tell him. I was your best agent. Was I not? Identifying talent, brokering deals, raising the stakes...come on. I up'd your game and doubled your revenue in just over a year. Hell, you were ready to promote me on the spot, but that little rapey thingy got in the way...remember? So, here we are.

Harlan looks for confirmation from Barney.

Barney nods.

BARNEY

Yeah...so what?

SCARLETT

I want in. That's all I'm saying.

Harlan smiles, the Botelho's look a bit confused. Barney snickers.

HARLAN

See, the reason your in chains at the moment is because you already got in...and you ran off with one of my models.

CRUZ

Our model!

HARLAN

Yeah, see? Nice try, sweetheart. I'm not that stupid.

Harlan pulls a knife from his beltline, and a tiny brandy snifter from his pocket.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

No, what you can do for me, is to let me in...your world.

He approaches Erylis. Drunk on his own power and desire.

ERYLIS
Careful, I bite.

HARLAN
I'm sure you do, but that won't be necessary. I shall be the one doing the biting...
(holds up knife)
...or slicing, as it were.

CRUZ
What are you doing, Harlan?

HARLAN
Preparing for our future. And may it be a long and prosperous one! Have you ever thought about immortality, my friend? Life beyond your years? Strength, intelligence, and clarity beyond your wildest dreams?

Erylis and Scarlett try to move their limbs, but they're not completely healed and ready for movement.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
One drink...that's all it takes...

Harlan brings the knife to Erylis' temple.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
...and you get to watch the world evolve around you. Taika Waititi said, *"As mortals, our lives on this planet are about wasting time, and how humans don't live their lives to the fullest."* I intend to, and I hope you can join me. Let's not waste our time.

The uneasiness in the room escalates. Barney and the Botelho's are not on board.

Erylis holds her composure as Harlan cuts. Their eyes meet. Blood oozes. He places the snifter up to her head and captures red.

ERYLIS
You're wasting your time. You know that if I choose to have my blood neutralized, I can do that, right?
(MORE)

ERYLIS (CONT'D)

Turn it to poison, even. You willing to take a chance?

Harlan snickers, doesn't believe it but his face shows otherwise...uncertainty.

HARLAN

Masters of deception, you vampires. No reason why we should listen to you.

ERYLIS

Don't expect you to. Just drink it and see what happens. I'm sure they all want to know.

Harlan averts his attention to Robbie. Approaches her.

HARLAN

Take the cup.

A timid Robbie accepts. Pauses.

CRUZ

Harlan, you're wasting your time.

HARLAN

Drink!

A SECURITY GUARD walks in, disturbs Harlan's group session.

GUARD

Hey, boss.

HARLAN

What is it? I'm busy here!

The guard approaches, whispers in his ear.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Wasn't expecting visitors. Let them in.

GUARD

Boss?

HARLAN

I said let them in. Be gentle, be kind. Put out the welcome mat.

The guard nods and leaves. Harlan's attention is back on Robbie.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Now, drink.

Erylis shakes her head no. Robbie agrees.

Robbie tosses the cup at Harlan. He's covered in blood.

Calm and collected, but angered, he snaps his fingers at one of the guards. The guard restrains Robbie.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Get her out of here. Your modeling career is officially over, young lady.

The guard shuffles with Robbie. She manages to spit on Harlan before they leave the room.

BARNEY

What's the plan, Harlan? What are we doing with them?

HARLAN

(wiping his face)

Stay here and watch them closely. I have to take care of our guests.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - PARKING LEVEL - NIGHT

Harlan walks out of the elevator and into the empty warehouse. He uses a towel to wipe the remaining blood from his neck and hands. An automatic rifle is slung over his shoulder.

Harlan approaches TWO GUARDS.

GUARD ONE

We let them through the gate like you said. They're just outside the building now.

EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Adom and Anthony sit behind a massive transformer. Guns drawn.

ADOM

They let us through the gate.

ANTHONY

Kind of figured they would.

ADOM
Risk getting shot for a car, my
friend?

Anthony stares at Adom, shakes his head.

ADOM (CONT'D)
It was never about the car.

ANTHONY
Lots of ladies in there who need
our help.

ADOM
I'm sure there are. But you can't
take on a trafficking kingpin by
yourself.

ANTHONY
No, we are. You and me.

ADOM
Ah, fuck it.

Adom stands, walks over to the warehouse, bangs on the
massive roll-up door three times.

ANTHONY
What in the...get back here or
you'll be shot!

The door opens, Harlan and his guards stand with guns pointed
at Adom and Anthony.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - EMPTY ROOM

Scarlett and Erylis have healed and are free from the chains.
They both look at each other, nod, and POUNCE on the guard,
quickly dispatching him with the chains and chairs.

Barney and the Botelho's scramble for the door.

SCARLETT
Not so fast, fatso!

Scarlett grabs Barney by the back of the neck, pulls him back
in. The Botelho's have squeezed by.

ERYLIS
You good here?

SCARLETT
Yeah, don't lose them!

Erylis chases the Botelho's.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Ready for that promotion now, you
piece of shit.

BARNEY
Good luck with this. They'll eat
you alive out there.

She slams him up against the wall face first, breaks his
nose.

She pulls him back and tosses him into an adjacent wall. The
second hit nearly knocks him out.

She shoves him into one of the chairs, he sits bobble-headed,
groggy.

Scarlett straddles his lap, grabs his head, pries his eyes
open with her thumbs.

SCARLETT
Hey, big guy. Wakey, wakey.

Scarlett brings her lips to Barney's neck...

...and is stopped by the sudden thrust of a knife into her
stomach.

Barney begins laughing hysterically. He pulls the knife out,
and stabs her again.

Scarlett looks down and sees the handle of the knife sticking
out. Barney continues laughing.

She reaches down, pulls it out. Taps her upper chest.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Heart's up here, you dumb fuck!

Enraged, Scarlett sinks her fangs into Barney's neck,
draining him in no time. He fights, his body trembles,
becomes pale, falls limp.

Scarlett is reinvigorated, wounds heal, she SCREAMS, pushes
herself away from Barney. His body hits the floor.

She walks towards the door, Cruz and Lara are shoved into the
room by Erylis, nearly hitting Scarlett.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Whoa! Good work!

ERYLIS
Help me chain'em up!

Erylis begins tying the Botelho's up. Scarlett takes the padlock keys from the unconscious guard. She unlocks the padlock attached to the chains.

Erylis looks at Barney's dead body, then the blood on Scarlett.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
I see you re-fueled. You okay?

SCARLETT
Yeah. I'm fine.

CRUZ
You will never make it out of here.
Harlan will see to that. Crazy
bitches.

SCARLETT
How about you? Re-fuel?

Erylis gets close to Cruz' face, her fangs extend.

ERYLIS
Come to think of it, I could use a
little energy boost. What did you
say, tough guy?

Lara SQUEALS. Erylis directs her attention to Lara. She touches Lara's neck with her fangs, teasing, breathing, brushing her lips across smooth skin...

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
Little miss, you might be just what
the doctor ordered.

Lara begins to cry.

CRUZ
Hey, no! No! Don't touch her!
Please!

Erylis smiles, chomps, retracts.

Erylis and Scarlett finish chaining up the Botelho's. Scarlett resets the padlock and stows the keys.

SCARLETT
Come on, let's clean this place
out.

EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ANTHONY

Put'em down. I'm pretty good with this thing.

HARLAN

You're a bit outnumbered. Drop it or we drop you.

ADOM

Listen to him, Tony.

ANTHONY

Three against one ain't bad.

Adom reaches down, picks up his gun. Points it at Anthony.

HARLAN

Looks like your odds just changed again.

ANTHONY

What the fuck? Adom? What are you doing, man? What--

ADOM

--best to do as he says, Tony.

ANTHONY

You in on their game? Seriously?
(steps closer with gun)
Seriously?!

ADOM

The pay is soooo much better.

Anthony's breathing intensifies, he locks stares with Adom. Emotionally broken and in shock, he looks for a way out.

HARLAN

Put, it, down.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - PARKING LEVEL - NIGHT

Scarlett and Erylis slowly open the door to the parking area. Across the massive room, they see Harlan and his men outside, guns pointed at Anthony.

SCARLETT

Shit! They're gonna kill him.

ERYLIS
Need to distract them.

SCARLETT
Find something to throw.

They look around the area. Find nothing.

ERYLIS
Place is cleaner than monkey's ass.
Not so much as a cigarette butt!
Can you whistle?

SCARLETT
Not with the new grill.

ERYLIS
Well, fuck it. Time to go full on
vampire. Hand me your flask.

Scarlett removes the flask. Hands it to Erylis. She opens it, takes a drink. Passes it back to Scarlett.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
Take a drink, then toss it when I
tell you.

Scarlett takes a drink. Looks at it with sad eyes.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
We'll have another one made, for
crying out loud.

Erylis takes a deep breath. Eyes become onyx orbs, teeth extend.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)
Ready to put that vampire shit to
use?

Scarlett's eyes transform to black, teeth extend.

SCARLETT
Ready.

EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Adom can see something glistening, floating, spinning in the air. The flask flies towards the group and slowly drops to the concrete, SHATTERING into many pieces.

With the group suddenly distracted, Anthony ducks away, running around the other side of the warehouse.

HARLAN

Bats in the fucking belfry!

(to Adom)

Mr. Police man, go leash your dog.

Adom darts off, follows Anthony's direction. Harlan addresses his guards.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

You two, disperse. When you find

them, aim for the head or heart.

They'll be out long enough for us

to drive a stake into their chests.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Scarlett and Erylis move upwards, quickly and quietly scaling beams and rafters.

They watch as Harlan and his group disperse. Harlan heads for the elevator, the two guards disappear into and around the building.

EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Anthony makes his way to the back of the building. He approaches a door, locked. He looks around for something heavy. Finds a pipe, BASHES the door knob off.

He opens it, pops his head inside. All clear, then quietly enters.

TWO FEET pop into view. Guard two follows Anthony into the building.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Guard two keeps his distance, maintains a quiet step, a good distance behind Anthony...

...and is immediately taken down and incapacitated by Scarlett in one, quick, shadowy move.

Anthony hears the SCUFFLE, looks back in the dimly lit hallway and sees nothing. He continues on...

EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Adom sees the broken door behind the building. He approaches and walks in.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adom slowly makes his way through the hallway. Comes up on the dead guard. Kneels, checks pulse. Moves on.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Guard one walks down the darkened hallway, looks and listens. He hears LAUGHING up ahead, proceeds cautiously.

The SOUNDS now appear all around him. He becomes confused. The LAUGHING intensifies. The guard begins to panic...

...and is immediately pounced on by the shadowy figure of Erylis. We hear BONES CRACK. Breath escapes.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Scarlett and Erylis meet in the hallway.

ERYLIS

One down.

SCARLETT

Two down.

ERYLIS

One to go. Top is clear so it's all down from here...

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - STAIRWELL

Anthony quietly scopes out the bottom of the stairwell. All clear, he makes his way down another long hallway.

He comes to a "T" and takes the left spur.

HALLWAY - BARRACKS DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Several yards down, Anthony comes to a door unlike the other doors in the warehouse. This one is black, with gold trim and a huge handle.

He places his hand on the handle, gives it a turn. It's unlocked.

Anthony opens the door, gun held outward.

Harlan stands tall, a gun pointed at Anthony's chest. He FIRES three times. Anthony unloads his clip as he falls to the floor.

The models SCREAM and huddle together in the back of the barracks.

Adom rounds the corner and sees Anthony on the ground.

Scarlett and Erylis also ENTER the hallway. See Anthony's life slipping away as he lay in a pool of his own blood.

ADOM
Stop right there!

SCARLETT
Fuck you. Shoot me.

Scarlett kneels down next to Anthony.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, hang on. Erylis, help me here, okay?

Adom approaches.

ERYLIS
You! Stay away from them!

ADOM
I didn't shoot Tony. You gotta believe me. Just look in the room, they shot each other.

Erylis sees Harlan's body on the floor, motionless. She rushes into the room and check's Harlan's pulse.

ERYLIS
He's dead.

Adom approaches the door, hands in the air.

ADOM
I'm Tony's boss. I've been working this case undercover for years.

ERYLIS
Undercover, my ass.

ADOM
I know how this must look, but you have to believe me.

SCARLETT

We're losing him. I can't stop the bleeding!

ERYLIS

Let's get him in the barracks.
(to Adom)
Either shoot us or get the hell out of the way!

Adom backs away, watches Erylis and Scarlett drag Anthony into the room.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - BARRACKS

They place Anthony on one of the bunks. Scarlett presses on the wounds. Anthony is out.

The models are huddled in the back end of the barracks.

Erylis places a hand on Scarlett's shoulder.

ERYLIS

He ain't gonna make it, so it's decision time for you, miss Scarlett.

Scarlett's teeth extend. She bites into her own arm.

ERYLIS (CONT'D)

With this, you carry the responsibility of his becoming.

SCARLETT

I know. It's what he'd want.

Scarlett brings her arm to Anthony's mouth...BLOOD DRIPS...

DISSOLVE TO:

DREAMSCAPE - ANTHONY/TAMYAH

The wind WHISPERS, A BLACK VOID becomes an empty, open plain. Anthony stands before Tamyah. He smiles, approaches her.

TAMYAH

Well, well, well. I didn't expect to see you here so soon.

They embrace, a long, impassioned hug.

ANTHONY

I wasn't trying, believe me. But here isn't so bad...I get to see you.

They release.

TAMYAH

I hate to burst your bubble, my dear. But you can't stay.

ANTHONY

Huh?

TAMYAH

It ain't your time yet, my love. Won't be for a long, long time.

ANTHONY

But I don't under...

She puts a finger to his mouth.

TAMYAH

You have more work to do, more souls to save, and you're good at it. Too good. You also have someone back there who cares for you...like I care for you. She's gonna need your help, and your love.

He nods, accepts her words.

Tamyah puts her lips to Anthony's one last time. The open plains slowly fade away, a WHITE HOT LIGHT drowns out their embrace and we...

BACK TO SCENE - PRESENT

...see Scarlett planting a kiss on Anthony's lips. She finishes, sits back. Looks for a sign of life...

Anthony begins to tremble, he curls up into a ball and gives out a series of GRUNTS and MOANS.

ANTHONY'S POV - Dark matter, shadows, FLASHES OF LIGHT, hands groping, reaching for him...then a calm, out-of-focus FIGURE appears before him. He breathes, shakes off the visions...

...and opens his eyes. Scarlett sits before him. Their eyes meet, he smiles.

ANTHONY

I'm not dead.

SCARLETT
Your not, not dead...actually.

ANTHONY
Well, I feel like shit. What the
hell happened? Where am I?

Adom walks into the room. Is shocked to see Anthony in one piece.

ADOM
I'll be...

Adom proceeds cautiously.

ERYLIS
Careful there, cowboy. He's just
comin' out of it.

ADOM
I don't believe it. How did you...?

ANTHONY
Who's this clown?

Adom looks confused.

SCARLETT
Memory will be off for a bit. He'll
slowly get it back then you two can
play catch up.

ADOM
Okay, right. Whatever you did,
though, thank you for helping him.

Adom pulls out his mobile phone, starts to dial.

ERYLIS
(to Adom)
Look, before you call your goon
squad and have them clean this
place up, there's something we need
to do first.

Erylis sees a lighter on the stand next to the bunk. She grabs it, walks to the back of the barracks. Approaches the huddled models.

INT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - EXHIBIT ROOM - NIGHT

Scarlett, Erylis, Anthony, and Adom, stand before the gallery.

The MODELS peruse the room, tearing down their respective art pieces. They bring them to the center of the room, drop them in a pile. The mood is somber but satisfying.

They finish and stand around the pile.

Robbie approaches Scarlett.

ROBBIE
That's all of 'em.

Erylis reaches into her pocket, pulls out a lighter. Hands it to Robbie.

Robbie tears up.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
We can't thank you enough.

She carries the lighter back to the group, kneels, lights a piece of paper, tosses it on the pile.

There is a shared moment of silence as the fire slowly flares up.

EXT. GALLERY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse smolders. Firetrucks surround the entrance, FIRE CREWS finish, pull their hoses, clean up.

Police cars and a police bus sit safely across the street.

The MODELS slowly board the small police bus.

Adom escorts the Botelho's, who are handcuffed and upset. He places them inside one of the cruisers, shuts the door.

Scarlett, Anthony, and Erylis approach Adom.

ANTHONY
Hey, man. You are my boss, right? I mean, we work together...as cops?

Adom nods.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I'm officially putting in my notice, boss.

ADOM
Is that so?

ANTHONY

Yeah, I'm really looking forward to finding out what my part in all of this was.

ADOM

Oh, this was all you.

SCARLETT

Totally. We wouldn't be here if it weren't for you.

ANTHONY

No shit. Ah, come on now...

ERYLIS

No, really. All you.

Anthony falls for it. The group shares a laugh.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN PLAINS - EVENING

A full moon illuminates the high plains. A RANGE ROVER drives across, kicking up dust.

The Range Rover stops in a seemingly random spot.

Erylis opens the door, steps out.

She walks behind the vehicle, opens the back hatch. Pulls out a shovel.

She walks several yards away, looking, sensing, kicking dirt, sage brush and rock.

Looking up at the moon, she takes a deep breath, closes her eyes. She then steps a few more yards away and plants the shovel.

She digs...

...and digs, until THUD.

She kneels. Removes remaining dirt and struggles with a wooden cover. It breaks free and she opens to reveal...

FLASHBACK:

INT. CABIN - EVENING - 1805

Cabin Raider fires FOUR SHOTS into Gannon's chest. He falls back, limp.

Erylis is dragged out of the cabin.

Torches enter the cabin, fire ensues. Gannon opens his eyes, removes a chest plate and crawls into a hidden hatch in the floor. He shuts the hatch, disappearing into/under the fire.

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

...Gannon lying in the hole with his arms across his chest. Looking exactly like he did in 1805.

The moonlight casts a ray into the hole as Erylis incises her arm. She drips her blood onto his mouth...it covers his lips, seeps into his mouth...

...and it brings him lifeforce.

His eyes open.

CUT TO BLACK:

The end