

**DEAD BULLET**

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Sitting at the edge of a bed in a cheap hotel is a beautiful yet tough woman who wears a sexy black nightie. Meet JULIE (late 20's), she's a dark soul with dark hair and eyes that shine a beautiful green gleam.

She loads a clip into a police issued handgun.

Julie stands up, puts the gun under the mattress. She messes with an earpiece already in her ear.

JULIE

Okay. Test.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Two cops with headsets stare at a couple of monitors showing Julie in the room.

The two vice squad cops are, MITCH, late 40's, black, fat, and balding. Sitting next to him is BERT, early 40's, white, has a donut in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other.

They both wear plain clothes with their badges on chains around their necks.

FOUR WELL ARMED MEN sit quietly behind them. They each put on their protective vests. They too have their badges hanging around their necks.

BERT

We're hearin' you loud and clear.

Mitch scratches his big belly and checks his watch.

MITCH

Listen, beautiful, once he says those magical words, we move in and bust this fucker.

JULIE (O.S.)

10-4.

BERT

We'll be there faster than you can say Bert, I love you.

JULIE (O.S.)

Don't count on it.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #1 - LATER

Julie paces around the room. She holds the earpiece to her ear.

JULIE  
Make sure if this guy pulls  
something, you'll be on him.

MITCH (O.S.)  
Like black on my dick.

She laughs.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Bert spins around in his chair, takes his headset off, hits Mitch on the arm.

BERT  
Ten bucks we see nipple.

MITCH  
I'll take that bet.

They shake hands.

The Four Armed Men behind them smirk.

ARMED MAN #1  
Why not.

ARMED MAN #2  
I'm in.

ARMED MAN #3  
Me too.

Bert turns his attention to the only one that hasn't laid out a bet.

BERT  
(to Armed Man #4)  
What about you?

The Armed Man #4 loads a clip into his machine gun.

ARMED MAN #4  
Fifty bucks.

MITCH  
Too steep for me, padre.

ARMED MAN #4

Anyone?

BERT

I'll take it.

MITCH

(to Bert)

You even got fifty bucks?

Bert goes through his wallet. He searches around and pulls out a twenty.

BERT

(to Mitch)

Your wife came up short this week.  
Spot me?

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #1 - NIGHT

A knock is at the door.

JULIE

(whispers)

He's here, guys. Showtime.

Julie walks over to the door, looks herself over in the mirror first, messes with her hair.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

This wig is killing me.

Another knock is at the door. She walks over to the door, takes a deep breath, and opens it.

She smiles and shows the stranger in.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You're right on time.

ABRAM walks in. He's attractive but pale. A pitch black fedora covers his eyes. He wears a long black peacoat over a black business suit and tie.

He takes his hat off, lies it on a table by the door.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Would you like something to drink?

ABRAM

Later.

Julie walks over to the bed.

JULIE  
Down to business?

Abram closes the blinds for the windows.

Julie looks into one of the cleverly placed cameras.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Bert looks over at Mitch.

MITCH  
What's goin' on?

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Abram looks over at her.

ABRAM  
What?

JULIE  
Let me introduce myself. I'm-

ABRAM  
Your name doesn't matter to me.

He locks the front door.

ABRAM (CONT'D)  
Lock that one.

He signals with his eyes what he's talking about. She turns around and points to the door connecting to the room next door. It's right next to the bed.

JULIE  
That one?

ABRAM  
Yes.

She walks over to the door and pretends to lock it. He walks over to the TV and flips it on. The movie, "The Hunger" plays on the screen.

He turns up the volume.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Bert and Mitch tear off their headphones and throw them on the floor.

MITCH

Jesus!

The Four Armed Men run for the door. Mitch stops them with his hand.

BERT

Easy, firecrackers.

MITCH

I can't hear a fuckin' thing.

(beat)

Holy shit, did you see that?

Bert takes a sip of coffee, takes a look at the monitors.

We get a glance at what they're seeing. There's nothing there, only one in the room is Julie.

BERT

Nip slip?

MITCH

I'm fuckin' serious. The blinds, it looked like they were shutting by themselves.

BERT

Ghosts.

He smiles and takes a sip of coffee.

MITCH

I'm fuckin' serious, Bert.

ARMED MAN #1

Hold on. I think I hear somebody talking.

He presses his ear against the door.

BERT

There's no one in there. It's only the TV. Bang on the door, tell her to turn it down.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Abram continues to close the rest of the blinds.

A banging on the door gets their attention.

ARMED MAN #1 (O.C.)  
Turn the TV down.

JULIE  
(whispers)  
What the fuck are you guys doing?  
(to Abram)  
Would you like that drink now?

ABRAM  
How old are you?

JULIE  
How old do you want me to be?

ABRAM  
Do you have any diseases?

JULIE  
Not that I know of.

ABRAM  
HIV? AIDS? STD of any kind?

JULIE  
No. Nothing like that.

ABRAM  
Are you on any drugs? Heroin? Coke?

JULIE  
No. Nothing. Birth control, that's  
it.

ABRAM  
Let me see your arms.

She shows him her arms.

JULIE  
See? No track marks.

ABRAM  
Most of Madam's girls are clean.  
But I still have to check.

JULIE  
I understand. Can never be too  
careful.

Abram walks over to her, grabs her shoulders and places her  
down on the bed.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
You ready to start, baby?

Abram sits down on the bed behind her and wraps his arms  
around her.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Armed Man #2 presses his ear against the door too.

ARMED MAN #1  
Well?

ARMED MAN #2  
He's right. There's somebody else  
in there with her.

BERT  
See for your fuckin' self, guys.  
There's no one in that room but  
Julie.

MITCH  
What is she doing?

Mitch stands up and grabs his pistol.

BERT  
What the hell are you doing?

MITCH  
Something is wrong.

BERT  
She's fuckin' with us. She heard  
the bet we made and she's fuckin'  
with us back here.

MITCH  
You comin'?

BERT  
Jesus Christ.

Bert gets on a bulletproof vest. The Four Armed Men recheck  
their guns.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Abram rubs her shoulders. He slips a strap to her nightie off. She closes her eyes and giggles.

JULIE

We need to talk about payment  
before we go any further.

Abram brushes her hair off her shoulder. He runs his hands through her hair.

He smells it.

ABRAM

You're very beautiful.

He kisses her neck.

JULIE

Thank you, but we should really  
talk payment first.

ABRAM

The Madam and I have a deal. I get  
you for free.

JULIE

What kind of deal is that?

ABRAM

A very good one.

Abram pulls her head to the side. Her wig comes off to reveal that she has blonde hair instead. It's tied back tight into a knot.

Abram's eyes glow red, his canines extend to the length of a wild animal's.

He bites down on her neck.

Blood shoots out everywhere.

The white fluffy sheets get covered in her thick, dark blood. Her screams are smothered by the sounds of his teeth ripping into her flesh, hitting bone. He covers her mouth with his hand.

The Four Armed Men STORM IN through the door connecting the other room.

They aim their guns at him as he continues to suck from her.

Mitch and Bert run in.

MITCH  
Jesus Christ!

She buries her teeth deep and hard into his hand, making him uncover her mouth.

JULIE  
Help!

BERT  
Where the fuck did he come from?!

MITCH  
Let her go, motherfucker!

JULIE  
Shoot him!

BERT  
LAPD, let her go!

Abram smiles a sinister grin. He throws Julie to the ground. She hits the floor hard with her neck gushing blood everywhere.

Abram wipes the blood from his mouth.

The Four Armed Men fire at him. He's shot hundreds of times. A pillow is hit and feathers fly into the air.

Abram kneels on the bed. Blood drips from his mouth and gushes from his bullet wounds.

He shuts his eyes.

MITCH  
Julie!

Blood drips from her mouth. She coughs out some of Abram's blood and takes cover under the bed.

Abram opens his eyes. He quickly jumps off the bed and right for Mitch.

He grabs Mitch by the throat.

Bert puts a gun to Abram's head.

Their eyes meet.

HE FIRES-

The bullet flies through Abram's head and into the wall.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

The bullet flies through the wall, hits the monitors.

They explode.

Metal and glass debris fly everywhere.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Abram quickly grabs the gun away from Bert and shoots him right back. Bert falls to the floor with half a head.

Mitch yells out in anguish.

Abram shoves his hand into Mitch's mouth and pulls off his jaw. His tongue hangs down.

The Four Armed Men look at each other in horror. They fire rapidly at him.

Like a wild animal, Abram runs for them, ripping their throats out with his hands and fangs, blood shoots out everywhere.

Blood paints the walls and ceiling.

Abram takes a moment to bask in the glory of his accomplishment.

He walks over to the door, unlocks it, stops, turns around...

He grabs his fedora off the table and slips it on.

And with a smile he walks out.

INT. HOSPITAL E.R. - NIGHT

Julie lays laid out on the operating table. Blood leaks out everywhere.

She thrashes around violently. A nurse holds her down.

They inject her with an anesthesia. Slowly she closes her eyes.

INT. BENZ(MOVING) - MORNING

Michael, a well dressed white man in his 30's, searches in a panic for something. He drives a black Benz, sweat pours down his face.

He drives at a slow pace.

MICHAEL

Come on.

Michael panics, presses down on the brakes.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MORNING

Michael runs out of the still running car. He runs over to JAMEEL, a young black man sitting on a stoop to his apartment building.

MICHAEL

You.

Jameel's listening to some loud gansta rap music. He wears a blue baseball cap and a wife beater. His gold chains reflect off the morning sunlight.

Michael points to him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You. You're in a gang. Blue means gang. The Creeps, right?

JAMEEL

What the fuck you want?

MICHAEL

Don't worry. I'm no cop. I only want to talk.

JAMEEL

What you want, white boy?

MICHAEL

See that car?

Jameel stands up and walks over.

JAMEEL

I see it.

MICHAEL

I want you to steal it from me.

JAMEEL

What?

MICHAEL

I want you to punch me in the face.  
Then I want you to steal my car.

JAMEEL

Shit, nigga. You're fuckin' crazy.

He shoos Michael away and turns his back to him.

MICHAEL

Please! I need you to do this for  
me!

JAMEEL

I said no, muthafucker.

MICHAEL

Drugs!

This grabs his attention. Jameel turns back around with an  
interested look on his face.

JAMEEL

What kind?

MICHAEL

In the back. Maybe 15 bricks of  
heroin.

JAMEEL

And you're gonna give it to me?  
Just like that?

MICHAEL

No. You're gonna steal it from me.  
I don't care what you do with the  
drugs. I want you to steal the car  
from me and beat me up.

JAMEEL

Is this some hidden camera shit?  
You a cop?

MICHAEL

No, I'm not a fuckin' cop. I need  
your help.

Jameel rubs his chin as he thinks it over.

JAMEEL

Let me see the drugs.

Michael runs over to the car and pops the trunk from the driver's seat.

EXT. BENZ (TRUNK) - CONTINUOUS

Jameel walks over to the trunk and lifts it up.

Michael comes around to see.

JAMEEL  
Holy shit.

MICHAEL  
Is it a deal?

In the trunk lies 15 bricks of heroin and a shotgun.

JAMEEL  
This shit is fuckin' unreal.

MICHAEL  
So it's a deal?

JAMEEL  
Yeah, okay. Deal.

Michael holds his hand out for him to shake it. Jameel shakes it with a stupefied look on his face.

MICHAEL  
Okay. I guess you should hit me in the face a couple of times.

JAMEEL  
Okay.

MICHAEL  
Wait.

He hands him the keys to the car.

JAMEEL  
Now?

MICHAEL  
Begin.

Jameel punches Michael in the face.

Michael falls back. He holds his nose as it bleeds onto the pavement.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Good. I think you broke my nose.

JAMEEL

Again?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

Jameel grabs him by the shirt, punches him to the ground. Michael lies there covered in his own blood.

JAMEEL

Is that enough?

MICHAEL

Kick me.

JAMEEL

How many times?

MICHAEL

Three. No! Four times. But really hard on the last one.

Jameel kicks him in the stomach repeatedly. He stops to see if he should stop.

JAMEEL

That enough?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Now get out of here.

Michael gets himself off the ground and walks over to the stoop.

Jameel shuts the trunk and runs over to the driver's seat. He gets in and takes off.

EXT. STOOP - CONTINUOUS

Michael turns the music off on the jukebox and pulls out his cell-phone. He wipes away some blood and shakes his head.

He dials a couple of numbers and waits...

MICHAEL

We got a problem.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MORNING

Two detectives walk side-by-side down the long busy hallway.

BOB, a skinny, well groomed man with his jacket hanging off his shoulders. He holds a change of clothing under his arm.

DICK, a dark skinned man with sweat stains under his armpits.

They stop and knock on a door. A nurse opens it and smiles.

NURSE

She's awake.

They enter...

INT. JULIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julie lies in her uncomfortable hospital bed. She has a huge bandage on the side of her neck and shoulder.

She isn't hooked up to any machines.

She seems fine.

Wide awake and aware.

She smiles as the two detectives walk in.

JULIE

Bob. Dick. It's good to see some friendly faces.

The two detectives smile back. They each take a turn kissing her on the forehead.

Bob sits the change of clothing on the chair next to her.

BOB

You look good in that hospital outfit.

JULIE

Yeah, real sexy. I must look like shit.

DICK

Actually, you look pretty hot.

She laughs.

JULIE

That my spare clothes?

BOB

Was in your car trunk, like you said. Along with a bunch of candy wrappers and some other clothes that looked like they've never been washed.

JULIE

Clean-shmean, as long as it fits.

DICK

I don't wanna sound like a prick but we need to ask you a few questions about last night.

JULIE

It's fine, ask away.

DICK

Tell us what the hell happened in there, Julie.

JULIE

It was so fast. He seemed harmless at first.

BOB

Who did?

JULIE

He never gave his name. On the list we got, he goes by Mr. Doe.

DICK

John Doe.

Dick writes something down on a note pad.

BOB

Can you describe him for us?

JULIE

I don't know. Tall. White. Dark hair. Dark eyes. All black clothes. Should all be on the tape.

They look at each other.

DICK

Can you tell us what happened to Bert and Mitch?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Julie crawls her way out from under the bed. She gasps for air. Her face is cold and dead. Quickly blood comes rushing back to her.

JULIE

Mitch?

She crawls over to Mitch. She turns him over. His tongue falls out of his jaw less mouth.

He makes a disgusting gurgling sound.

BACK TO JULIE

Julie's eyes widen. She sits up and tries to get out of bed.

Dick stops her.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Mitch! He was alive when I saw him.  
How is he?

BOB

Not good, Julie. They say he might  
not make it.

Tears form in her eyes. She covers her mouth.

DICK

Are you okay?

JULIE

I have to go to the bathroom. I'm  
gonna be sick.

Julie jumps out of her bed and runs over to the bathroom.

INT. JULIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julie runs into the bathroom and throws up in the sink. She looks at herself in the mirror, touches her face and hair. It's blonde but dyed a little red from all the blood.

She looks over at her bandage, touches it, peels off the tape, slowly removes the bandage.

She splashes some water over the area, washes the blood away. Nothing is there, her wound is gone.

A knock is at the door.

BOB (O.C.)  
You okay in there?

She quickly puts the bandage back, splashes her face with some water.

DICK (O.C.)  
Julie.  
(beat)  
We really need to know what happened in there.

She holds her bandaged shoulder as tears run down her face.

JULIE  
(crying)  
It was a standard prostitution sting. Nothing out of the unusual.

Bob opens the door and walks in.

BOB  
Are you okay?

She wipes away her tears.

JULIE  
I'm fine, Bob.

She pushes him away and walks out.

INT. JULIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julie walks past Dick and grabs the clothes they brought her.

DICK  
What are you doing?

JULIE  
They say I can leave the hospital today, so that's what I'm doing.

The two detectives look at each other.

DICK  
Maybe you should stay. You look a little pale.

JULIE  
No. I gotta get the hell out of here, I hate hospitals.

DICK

You understand why we're asking you all these questions, right?

JULIE

I understand, you're only doing your job, but I really wanna go home.

BOB

We can't find the surveillance video from last night.

Julie puts on her jeans, turns around and looks at Bob.

JULIE

What do you mean? It's gone?

BOB

You were filming last night, right?

JULIE

Of course we were.

BOB

What about this Doe guy? He take it?

JULIE

I don't think so. I watched him leave, unless he came back for it.

DICK

Are you sure you wanna leave the hospital now?

BOB

You're kinda a celebrity out there.

JULIE

Celebrity? Why?

BOB

You lived.

DICK

It was a bloodbath back there. The sickest thing I've ever seen.

JULIE

I know. I was there.

She turns back around and takes off her hospital gown. The two detectives quickly turn a shoulder to her.

BOB

Do you have to do that now?

She puts on a blue t-shirt, turns around and sees them looking the other way.

JULIE

You guys look like you've never seen a pair of tits before.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK - MORNING

Workers lift and load shipments of coffee crates onto trucks.

Two men all dressed up in business suits look over the workers.

SCAGLIONE, nicknamed "THE SCAG" wears a skull ring for every finger. His hair is long, bleached, slicked back into a ponytail.

He walks up behind the two men.

To the right is an anonymous business partner.

The left is MR. SCHAUFELBERGE, a slicked back gangster type.

SCAGLIONE

Mr. Schaufelberge. He's here.

Scaglione speaks with a thick Italian accent.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

Bring him up to my office.

INT. MR. SCHAUFELBERGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Schaufelberge smokes a huge cigar in his leather office chair, sitting behind his huge desk. It's cluttered with important papers and such.

Scaglione opens the door to his office.

He shows Michael in. His face is beaten and swollen up like a balloon.

MICHAEL

I first wanna say-

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

Why don't you have a seat. Then you can tell me what happened.

Michael takes a seat in front of Mr. Schaufelberge's desk.  
Scaglione closes the door behind him.

MICHAEL

--Mr. Schaufelberge. It wasn't my fault. The situation was out of my hands.

A knife is pressed against his throat.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

Now I want you to know that if I don't believe your story, Mr. Scaglione here is gonna slit your throat.

Scaglione presses the knife tighter against his jugular.

MICHAEL

Okay! Please. It wasn't my fuckin' fault!

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

I'll be the one who determines if it wasn't your fault or not. Tell me everything that happened.

MICHAEL

I was delivering the stuff like you said for me to do. And out of fuckin' nowhere this fucker pulls a gun on me while I'm waiting at a fuckin' traffic light. He beat the living shit out of me and stole my car. The fuckin' drugs were in the back.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

That's your story?

MICHAEL

Look at my face! I'm not fuckin' lying to you!

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

I see your fuckin' face! What I don't see is the money I was supposed to get from the 15 bricks of fuckin' heroin you were supposed to sell!

MICHAEL

It's not my fuckin' fault, Mr  
Schaufelberge.

Scaglione pets Michael's hair.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

That's what you keep telling me. Do  
you think I wanna have your blood  
all over my office?

MICHAEL

No, please, Jesus Christ, I beg of  
you.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

Blood all over my desk and all over  
these important papers that I  
haven't even gotten around to  
signing yet because I'm too busy  
dealing with fuckups like you! I'm  
a fuckin' busy man, Michael. I  
shouldn't have to deal with shit  
like this. But here we are.

MICHAEL

I swear to god, I didn't fuck you.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

This isn't something I take  
pleasure in doing.

(points to Scaglione)

But he does.

SCAGLIONE

(whispers into Michael's  
ear)

He's right. I'd love to see your  
blood spill out onto the floor.  
It's the reason I get up in the  
morning.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

(to Michael)

If it's not your fault, I  
understand. There was nothing you  
could do.

MICHAEL

It wasn't. I swear, it wasn't my  
fault.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

Fine. I believe you.

Scaglione takes the knife off his throat.

MICHAEL  
You believe me?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
Sure I believe you. You are telling  
the truth aren't you?

MICHAEL  
You have my fuckin' word, sir. My  
fuckin' word.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
Good.

MICHAEL  
What happens now?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
Now we find out how good your word  
is.

MICHAEL  
I can leave?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
This office? Sure, you're free to  
go. But stay in town. You know,  
incase we got a few more questions  
to ask you.

Michael gets up and runs out.

SCAGLIONE  
Well?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
You saw his face. He's fuckin' us.

SCAGLIONE  
What should I do?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
Follow him. Find out what happened  
to my heroin. Then slit his  
stealin' fuckin' throat.

Scaglione smiles.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK - MORNING

Michael pulls out his cell-phone. He paces around the loading docks as he dials.

MICHAEL  
(to the phone)  
Hello? I need your services.

INT. GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - UPSTAIRS BOOTH - DAY

Michael enters an isolated booth of an empty nightclub. Two giant men in black walk in with him.

ANGEL D'ANGOULÊME, a very andromous man with black nail polish and eye makeup, drinks from a glass of champagne while overlooking the empty nightclub. He could be both a man or a woman.

ANGEL  
Welcome. Make yourself at home.  
Have a drink.

MICHAEL  
Are you Mr. D'Angoulême?

ANGEL  
Please, call me Angel.

MICHAEL  
This isn't exactly what I was expecting.

ANGEL  
And what were you expecting?

MICHAEL  
I'm not sure. I mean, I've heard stories about you and the business you run. I thought it was bullshit.

Angel laughs.

ANGEL  
People can be so mean. If they can't say anything nice, they shouldn't say anything at all, don't you think?

MICHAEL  
Sure.

Michael walks over to make himself a whiskey drink by the bar.

ANGEL

So? What can I help you with? You sounded so nervous over the phone.

MICHAEL

I really fucked up. I'm not so sure if you can even help me.

ANGEL

Can I first ask you a question? Please, have a seat.

Angel takes a seat on a black leather couch.

Michael walks over to the couch and sits down in a chair across from him.

MICHAEL

Okay.

ANGEL

You aren't a member.

MICHAEL

A member?

ANGEL

Only members have this card. How did you come into possession of it?

Angel pulls out a black card with a symbol on it.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. RICH GUY'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Scaglione sits on top of a man while stabbing him repeatedly in the chest and head.

The TV blasts the news.

TV

Spontaneous combustion? That's what some are claiming after last night's gruesome events.

INT. RICH GUY'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

In the kitchen Michael tosses drawer after drawer in a panic looking for something.

A MASKED MAN walks into the kitchen holding a sawed off shotgun.

MASKED MAN

The Scag has lost it again. What are you doing?

MICHAEL

Looking for something.

MASKED MAN

Money is in the safe, the guys are already cracking it open.

MICHAEL

Not that.

He stops searching and pulls out a little black card.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Found it.

He smiles and shows his friend.

BACK TO MICHAEL

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I wasn't even sure if the number was real or not. I kept the damn thing to show off to my friends.

ANGEL

Understandable.

MICHAEL

Funny thing is, my friends are now the ones out to kill me. I figured what else do I have to lose, you know? So I called.

ANGEL

Situations may seem impossible in your hands. But in another's, the situation changes and the outlook seems different, bringing on a different outcome once headed your way.

The card in Angel's hands sets ablaze. He puts it in a glass bowl that sits on the table between them.

MICHAEL

Okay, what does that mean?

ANGEL

It means I can help you. For a price.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I have some rainy day money, I can pay you whatever you want.

ANGEL

Good. So, tell me what happened.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #3 - NIGHT

Michael sits on the edge of the cheap hotel bed, flipping channels to the TV with no pants on.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I was staying at this cheap ass hotel room. In the morning I was supposed to make a deal with some people.

SARA jumps up and down on the bed behind him. She wears his tie. Her hair is dyed red, cut short, she has a lip ring and a tattoo of a gold fish on her thigh.

SARA

Look at me.

MICHAEL

I wanna watch the news.

SARA

I think I'm funner than the news.

Michael turns around and looks at her.

MICHAEL

Funner isn't a word.

SARA

Yeah, it is.

MICHAEL

It's a good thing you know how to suck cock. Because you may be the stupidest fuckin' bitch I've ever met.

She jumps off the bed and gives him the finger.

SARA

Fuck you.

MICHAEL

Where are you going?

SARA

I have to shit.

She angrily walks to the bathroom and shuts the door.

Michael shakes his head. He goes back to channel surfing. Yelling can be heard next door.

JULIE (O.C.)

Help!

MITCH (O.C.)

Let her go!

JULIE (O.C.)

Shoot him!

MICHAEL

Shut the fuck up in there!

BERT (O.C.)

LAPD, let her go!

Machine-gun fire can be heard next door. Michael ducks for the floor. He reaches under the bed, pulls out a suitcase, runs for the bathroom.

He tries the door knob.

It's locked.

MICHAEL

Open up!

SARA (O.C.)

Someone is in here.

MICHAEL

Open the fuck up!

He tries kicking in the door.

It doesn't work.

SARA (O.C.)  
What are you doing?!

MICHAEL  
The cops!

She unlocks the door.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #3 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara's on the toilet taking a shit. She looks up at him as he busts in. He throws her off the pot and unzips the suitcase.

SARA  
The cops?

MICHAEL  
Jesus Christ! Smells like fuckin'  
shit in here!

SARA  
Fuck you!

Inside the suitcase are 15 bricks of heroin. He looks into the toilet, disgusted at what he sees.

SARA (CONT'D)  
I had Taco Bell.

MICHAEL  
Fuckin' sick!

He pushes her out of the bathroom, whips out a switchblade from the suitcase.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Lock the front fuckin' door!

SARA (O.C.)  
Stop fuckin' yelling at me!

Michael quickly cuts each brick and dumps them into the toilet.

MICHAEL  
Are they comin'?!

SARA (O.C.)  
I don't see shit! What are you  
doing in there?

MICHAEL  
Mind your fuckin' business!

SARA  
Stop yelling at me!!

He empties the last brick with a smile. He stands up and flushes.

BACK TO MICHAEL

Michael paces around. Angel takes a sip from his glass.

MICHAEL  
I fuckin' panicked. And then I  
panicked again. I came up with an  
idea to get some black guy to steal  
my car. Make it look like I was  
robbed. I filled some bags up with  
baking powder and I told him it was  
heroin.

ANGEL  
I have to say, Michael, that was a  
good move. That might actually keep  
you alive til this matter is  
handled.

MICHAEL  
The people I work for have guys  
everywhere. If they find out that  
there's a guy on the street trying  
to sell 15 bricks of smack, they'll  
come after him. He'll tell them  
where he got it. Then my ass is  
fried. I'm fucked!

ANGEL  
You're thinking clearly now. You  
did the right thing by coming here.

MICHAEL  
So what are you gonna do?

ANGEL  
I'll send someone very special to  
take care of your problem. Leave  
everything up to me. But first,  
let's talk about the girl.

EXT. GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Michael walks out of the night club. He throws a pair of shades over his eyes to protect him from the sun.

He looks around.

Across the street, Scaglione leans against a tree. He whips out his phone and takes a picture with it.

Michael runs over to a brand new car. He gets in and takes off.

Scaglione smiles a sinister grin.

INT. MR. SCHAUFELBERGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Schaufelberge sits at his desk smoking his cigar and looking at pictures on a cell-phone.

Scaglione chirps in.

SCAGLIONE (O.S.)

Now what?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

Keep your eye on him, see where he goes. Maybe he'll lead you to my merch.

SCAGLIONE (O.S.)

Got it.

Mr. Schaufelberge hangs up the cell-phone.

INT. CLUB MILK - DAY

Abram walks into an empty nightclub. Bar stools are up on the bar.

People sweep the floor.

A tough lookin' GOON guards the stairs. He's white, huge, hair in a ponytail. He wears a dark blue suit and tie.

Abram walks up to him. The Goon stops him.

GOON

Sorry. The girls aren't seeing anyone today.

ABRAM  
I'm here to see the Madam.

GOON  
She's not seeing anyone today  
either.

ABRAM  
She'll see me.

GOON  
Fuck off.

He gives Abram the finger.

Abram grabs it and bends it back. The guard falls to his knees. He holds his hand as he screams out in pain.

Abram doesn't let go. He twists off the finger.

Abram pushes him out of the way and walks upstairs. He squeezes the finger to drain all the blood into his mouth, when it's tapped out, he tosses the finger over his shoulder.

INT. THE MADAM'S ROOM - DAY

The Madam's room is all in red. A red light is what gives the effect. On her bed is a suitcase. Throwing things into it is...

THE MADAM, an older woman(50's), wears a very revealing outfit. Her hair is done up in a beehive type of doo.

She zips up the suitcase and throws two plane tickets on top.

Abram silently walks in behind her. She quickly turns around into him.

She backs away.

THE MADAM  
Abram.

ABRAM  
I had a really fun time last night.

THE MADAM  
Please. It wasn't my fault.

She backs herself into a corner.

ABRAM  
Sit.

She sits on the bed. Abram grabs the plane tickets. He smells them and throws them at her.

ABRAM (CONT'D)  
Going somewhere?

THE MADAM  
I can explain everything.

ABRAM  
It doesn't matter.

THE MADAM  
They had me. I made a deal to give up my clients.

ABRAM  
You gave them me.

THE MADAM  
No! I didn't know.

ABRAM  
You set me up.

THE MADAM  
No! It wasn't like that at all.

ABRAM  
You got caught and you gave up everyone that trusted you.

THE MADAM  
I have nothing left.

ABRAM  
We had a deal. Remember the deal we made all those years ago?

Abram grabs her by the throat.

THE MADAM  
I didn't fuck you.

ABRAM  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
You did.

INT. CLUB MILK - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Abram lifts her up by her neck. She tries to scream out but can't. Her feet dangle in the air. A slipper falls off.

ABRAM

You're not worth the snack.

Abram throws her off the balcony. She falls to the soundstage below with a SPLATTER. She hits a set of drums. Her blood sprays out and rushes off stage.

The people sweeping the floor and helping the Goon up, run over to help the Madam.

Abram looks down at his mess. His pocket rings. He pulls out a cell-phone and answers it.

ANGEL (O.S.)

I have a job for you.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #1 - DAY

The cheap hotel room from last night has been taped off. Flags are sticking out around the blood stains.

NESLAND carefully steps around the blood stained room sucking on a sucker. He's in his late 30's, wears a trenchcoat and a cheap suit.

He stops by the bed.

NESLAND

(to himself)

Found ya.

He kneels down, reaches under the mattress and pulls out Julie's gun.

JULIE (O.C.)

Who are you?

Nesland swings around and aims the gun at Julie.

NESLAND

Who are you?

JULIE

A reporter. Mind pointing that gun elsewhere?

Nesland smiles and stands. He lowers the gun.

NESLAND

Sorry about that. This place is spooky. Someone should really put a bell on you.

He walks over to her. She quickly grabs the gun away from him and puts it to his head.

JULIE  
And who are you?

NESLAND  
I'm here to check up on something.  
See if there's anything I missed  
last night.

JULIE  
You were here last night?

NESLAND  
Yup.

JULIE  
You a reporter?

NESLAND  
About as much as you are.

JULIE  
What do you mean?

He continues his investigation of the room. She follows him, still aiming the gun at him.

NESLAND  
C'mon, you're no reporter, where's  
your camera?

JULIE  
This isn't 1944, we all don't go  
around carrying giant cameras.

NESLAND  
Okay, if you want to stick to your  
story, that's fine.

JULIE  
You can't be in here.

NESLAND  
What are you doing here?

JULIE  
Investigating.

NESLAND  
That's what I'm doing.  
Investigating.

He smiles.

JULIE  
You a cop?

NESLAND  
Nope. You a cop?

JULIE  
What if I am?

NESLAND  
I knew it!

He rips the yellow tape off the door to the other room.

JULIE  
You can't do that! You can't go in there.

NESLAND  
Why not?

JULIE  
The yellow tape means this is an investigation. No civilians allowed.

NESLAND  
Good thing I'm not a civilian.

JULIE  
What does that mean?

He enters the room. She runs after him. He pops back out with a VHS tape.

NESLAND  
You wanna see somethin' cool?

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM #2 - DAY

Nesland sits down in front of the monitors. Julie hovers behind him aiming the gun at his head. All the monitors are smashed.

All but one.

JULIE  
You stole the surveillance tape from last night?

NESLAND  
 Watch this, sugar lips. I'm about  
 to blow your mind.

JULIE  
 I'm about to blow your mind if you  
 don't-

Nesland puts the VHS tape into a VCR and hits PLAY.

MONITOR:

On the VHS tape is the video of the other night. It's grainy  
 and the tracking is off. What seems to be Julie is shown on  
 the monitor. She's in the hotel room. She stares into the  
 lipstick cam that was on the night stand.

MITCH (O.S.)  
 We are hearing you loud and clear.

BERT (O.S.)  
 Show us something.

Nesland hits PAUSE.

NESLAND  
 She look familiar?

JULIE  
 Not really.

NESLAND  
 Really? Let's keep watching, shall  
 we?

He fast-forwards the tape, hits PLAY again.

On the monitor, Julie pacing around the room. She walks over  
 to the door, looks at herself in the mirror first. She messes  
 with her wig. She shows the stranger in.

JULIE (O.S.)  
 You're right on time.

Nothing's there.

Abram is nowhere to be seen. It's like she's talking to  
 herself.

Julie gets closer to the monitor.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 What's going on?

MONITOR:

Julie walks over to the bed, looks into one of the cleverly placed cameras.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
There's nothing there.

NESLAND  
We're getting to the good part.

In the monitor, Julie's head pulls to the side. Her wig comes off to reveal her blonde hair. Blood shoots out everywhere from her neck. The Four Armed Men storm in. They aim their guns at the bed. Mitch and Bert run in.

Nesland freezes the screen, points to it.

NESLAND (CONT'D)  
They're all seeing something we aren't.

Nesland unfreezes the tape.

She turns away from the monitor.

JULIE  
I can't watch this.

On the monitor, blood spraying out from Julie's neck. The sheets are covered in it. The Four Armed Men wave their guns around. Mitch and Bert have their guns aimed and ready. Julie falls to the ground. The Four Armed Men fire into the bed. A pillow is hit and feathers fly into the air. She crawls under the bed. Something grabs Mitch by the throat. Bert aims his gun at the wall.

The tape goes dead.

NESLAND  
Did I blow your mind?

The tape ejects out of the VCR. She grabs the tape and walks out.

NESLAND (CONT'D)  
Hey!

INT. CHEAP HOTEL - ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Julie looks at the bullet hole in the wall.

Nesland comes running out after her.

NESLAND

Hey! Wait up!

She quickly aims the gun at him.

JULIE

Why couldn't we see what was happening?

NESLAND

That was you, wasn't it? The one in the video?

JULIE

What do you know about him?

NESLAND

I know a lot.

JULIE

Who was he?

NESLAND

What is he.

INT. BJ'S DINER - DAY

Julie and Nesland sit at a booth in a nice breakfast diner. The place is pretty packed. The people eat their food with happy faces on.

The sun beams down on Julie. She turns her head away from it. They both have cups of coffee in front of them. The steam rises to Nesland's nose.

NESLAND

God, they make some great coffee here. Love this place. Discovered it the day I arrived.

He takes a sip, makes a yucky face. He puts the mug back down and reaches for the sugar.

Julie grabs it before he can. She pours it in her drink.

JULIE

What's your name?

NESLAND

Nesland. Take it your name is Julie?

She pauses.

JULIE

Yeah.

NESLAND

You know you should be dead, right?

JULIE

As you can see, I'm fine.

She slides the sugar over his direction.

NESLAND

You're a lot of things now.

JULIE

What does that mean?

He takes the sugar and pours it into his coffee.

NESLAND

I'm a sucker for sweet things. I used to add sugar to my Coke as a kid.

She stirs her coffee.

JULIE

Why don't you finish what you were telling me.

NESLAND

Where to start?

JULIE

Why don't you start with why we can't see the guy in the video.

He smiles.

NESLAND

Okay, I'll tell you. He isn't real.

JULIE

He's more than real, I was there, I saw what he did. He's a monster.

NESLAND

Exactly right.

She scuffs.

NESLAND (CONT'D)

I've been hunting him for eight long years now. Each time it's the same pattern.

JULIE

Hunting him?

NESLAND

He never stays in a place longer than six months.

JULIE

So he's some kind of serial killer?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NESLAND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nesland holds a knife in his hand as he slowly walks through the halls of his apartment. At the end of the hall, whispers behind a closed door.

Nesland slowly opens it to reveal his wife BARBRA laying on a bed, blood dripping from her mouth, Abram standing over her.

BACK TO NESLAND

NESLAND

No. A predator. He feeds from them then kills them. Sometimes though, he risks making another. That's how I find him.

JULIE

What are we talking about here? Vampires?

NESLAND

Bingo was his motherfuckin' name-o, babycakes.

JULIE

Listen. I'm not sure what kind of game you're playing here. But it's not gonna work.

NESLAND

Forget everything you think you know about vampires. It's all bullshit.

(MORE)

NESLAND (CONT'D)

The sunlight does nothing. Wooden stakes, silver stakes also complete bullshit.

JULIE

Isn't silver used for werewolves?

NESLAND

Don't be ridiculous. Everyone knows werewolves don't exist.

JULIE

Okay, Anne Rice. So garlic, crosses, holy water, decapitation anything and everything? Nothing can stop this thing?

NESLAND

He's immortal. Would be kind of pointless calling someone immortal if fuckin' garlic could hurt you.

JULIE

Then why hunt something you can't kill?

NESLAND

Everything has a weakness. Everything. It took years to figure it out. But I did.

Nesland pulls out a mason jar full of blood from his trenchcoat and plops it down on the table between them.

JULIE

And what this monstrosity?

NESLAND

My secret weapon. Do something to the blood and you do something to him.

JULIE

You keep a jar of blood on you?

NESLAND

This isn't any kinda blood. It's a very rare blood type. The champagne of blood.

JULIE

Can I look at it?

NESLAND

Go right ahead.

She takes the jar and examines it closely. Some metal objects rest at the bottom.

JULIE

What's this?

NESLAND

Them's bullets.

He smiles and takes a sip of coffee.

JULIE

Why do you have this?

NESLAND

It's a blood mixture I made of every virus and disease you could think of. One bullet to the head or heart with one of them bad boys and you got yourself a dead fuckin' vampire. Call'em my Dead Bullets.

She smirks.

JULIE

Dead Bullets? Isn't that kind of redundant? Like saying ATM machine?

NESLAND

Not when it involves vampires.

JULIE

Vampires. Sure.

NESLAND

Don't mock, one of these bad boys might save your life one day. Or end it.

JULIE

There you go again.

He takes another sip of coffee, wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

NESLAND

What?

JULIE

You keep making these comments towards me, I don't like it.

NESLAND

I don't mean to offend. Remember when I said he sometimes risks making another?

JULIE

Might recall something like that.

NESLAND

Okay, some of the vampire stories are true. The blood thing of course and then there's one more.

JULIE

That being?

NESLAND

If a vampire bites you and you take in some of his blood, you might become like him.

JULIE

I see, you're saying I'm a vampire.

NESLAND

Gold star.

He leans back in his seat, finishes off his cup of coffee, smiles.

JULIE

So I'm a vampire now?

NESLAND

I don't know, are you?

JULIE

You seriously want me to answer that?

NESLAND

For all I could find, this thing is the only one of his kind. His blood has a violent reaction to us normals.

JULIE

How do you know that?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NESLAND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nesland gathers Barbra in his arms. She looks at her hand, it's slowly turning to ash.

BACK TO NESLAND

NESLAND

I've seen it with my own eyes. It's different for everybody mind you.

JULIE

What is?

NESLAND

The change. Sometimes you'll hear about spontaneous combustion in the news or in the paper, that's him trying to make another but it not sticking. Until last night, he's never found anyone able to except his blood.

She slides the jar back over to him. He takes the mason jar and holds it up to the light.

JULIE

That's your conclusion? I'm a vampire?

NESLAND

Afraid so.

JULIE

So you're going to start hunting me, too?

NESLAND

I am a vampire hunter. Kind of in the job description.

She laughs.

JULIE

I can't believe I actually took you seriously for a few minutes.

NESLAND

I'm dead serious.

JULIE

Oh, I know you are. That's why I'm getting the fuck out of here. You're obviously deranged.

NESLAND

Hold on, I'm not going to hurt you.

JULIE

Does he know you're hunting him?

NESLAND

He knows, it's a game to him.

Nesland lowers the jar and puts it back in his trenchcoat.

NESLAND (CONT'D)

He's been in this city for a while now, from what I can tell.

JULIE

Why come here? Why Los Angeles?

NESLAND

Must like it here I guess, blends in better here than say in Utah.

She looks at her watch.

JULIE

Yeah, look at the time, it's past crazy o'clock. I should get going.

Julie gets up and tosses a buck down on the table for her coffee.

NESLAND

Eventually he'll find you.

Nesland gets up with her, grabs her arm.

JULIE

Let go of me.

NESLAND

But I know how you can find him first.

JULIE

How?

NESLAND

Chances are he'll try and finish off anyone that survived last night.

JULIE

Mitch? That would be crazy. The hospital is full of cops right now.

NESLAND

Don't underestimate this thing. I did and lost my wife because of it.

He lets go of her arm and hands her a card with his number written on it.

NESLAND (CONT'D)

Take the card, incase you become a convert.

She looks at him.

JULIE

Fine.

She takes the card and walks away.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone rings in a dark apartment until the machine picks up. The number 5 flashes red on the machine.

SARA (O.S.)

Sorry I can't answer the phone, leave a message.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Sara, listen to me, you need to get out of there. Go and wait for me at a hotel somewhere. Use a different name, pay with cash. I wish you really had a fuckin' cell-phone, baby. Please, if you get this, don't call me back, get the hell out of there. It's-

The machine cuts him off.

Abram steps out from the shadows and hits delete on the machine.

A white cat walks over to his feet and meows.

Abram bends down and pets the cat's head.

ABRAM

Hungry?

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sara comes stumbling in with a bag of groceries. She drops her keys and a box of tampons on the floor.

SARA

Shit.

She shuts the door with her foot and kicks her keys into the hallways.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sara flips on a light in the kitchen and puts down the brown paper bag of newly bought groceries.

Her white cat startles her by jumping up on the kitchen counter.

SARA

Jesus! You scared the crap out of me.

The cat meows and walks over to a fresh bowl of cat food. Sara kicks off her shoes and hurries out of the kitchen.

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

I'm sure you must be hungry, I'll get you some food in a minute. But first I gotta pee really bad.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sara leaves the light in the hallway on. She runs back and forth from her bedroom to the bathroom, each trip coming back with fewer clothes on.

Abram switches off the hallway light.

Sara comes out of the bathroom and into the hallway.

SARA

Damn it, not another light. You guys are expensive.

Abram watches her in the dark. She's looking right at him but can't see him in the shadows.

A knock is at her door.

She quickly flips on the hallway light from her end. Abram is nowhere to be seen.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Who's there?!

MICHAEL (O.C.)  
Sara?!

SARA  
Mitchie?

MICHAEL (O.C.)  
Thank god! Let me in.

SARA  
It isn't locked.

Michael storm into her apartment. He runs out into the hallway.

MICHAEL  
Are you okay?

SARA  
You almost gave me a heart attack,  
dummy. Plus, I gotta pee really  
bad.

Michael runs over and hugs her.

MICHAEL  
Thank god.

SARA  
You're weird.

MICHAEL  
Didn't you check your messages?  
I've been callin' you all fuckin'  
day.

SARA  
I just got home. Don't squeeze too  
tight, I'll pee all over you.

He grabs her by the shoulders and looks her in the eyes.

MICHAEL  
You're in danger. I need to get you  
out of here.

SARA  
Hold on, Superman. I gotta go pee  
before I start to do anything.

MITCH  
Hurry up. I'll grab some clothes.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR(MOVING) - NIGHT

Michael sits behind the wheel of his new car. Sara sits in  
the back trying to get the rest of her clothes on.

MICHAEL  
You tell anyone about last night?

She jumps in the front seat.

SARA  
Fuck no.

MICHAEL  
Good.

SARA  
Where are we going?

MICHAEL  
I don't know yet.

SARA  
Fuck.

MICHAEL  
What?

SARA  
I forgot my damn cat.

EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR(MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Michael speeds down a busy highway moving in and out of  
traffic.

Other cars honk their horns at him as he passes them by.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR(MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Michael wipes some sweat away from his brow.

MICHAEL

They gave me a little responsibility and I managed to completely fuck it up. I'm not cut out for this gangster bullshit.

SARA

Baby, calm down.

MICHAEL

Christ. I am so fucked.

She reaches over and touches his cheek.

SARA

Jesus, what did you do to your face?

MICHAEL

Had it remodeled. You like it?

He looks over at her and smiles.

EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR(MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Michael speeds down the busy highway like a madman, he grazes a Benz next to him.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR(MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Sara leans back in the seat and puts her hands over her eyes.

SARA

You're driving like a damn crazy person!

MICHAEL

I am a crazy person!

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abram sits on the couch alone in the dark, petting Sara's white cat.

He reaches into his peacoat and pulls out a cell-phone. He dials and waits for them to answer...

ABRAM  
What's our policy again on killing  
our clients?

ANGEL (O.S.)  
What's wrong?

ABRAM  
He's protecting the girl.

ANGEL (O.S.)  
Oh my.  
(sighs)  
We'll deal with it later.  
(beat)  
There's somewhere else I need you  
to be.

Abram looks down at the cat.

She meows.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR(MOVING) - NIGHT

Sara rolls down her window to let in some fresh air. The wind  
blows her hair around, she pulls it back into a ponytail.

MICHAEL  
He didn't buy my story.

SARA  
Who?

MICHAEL  
My boss. Least I don't think he  
bought it. So I called some people  
that might be able to help me.

SARA  
And that includes killing me?

MICHAEL  
No plan is perfect.

She hits him on the arm.

SARA  
You bastard!

He rubs his shoulder.

MICHAEL  
Ow, that fuckin' hurt.

SARA  
You hired some sick fuckers to kill  
me?!

She keeps punching his arm.

MICHAEL  
Cut it out! I didn't know they'd  
come after you!

SARA  
You suck. I'm, so not fucking you  
tonight.

She crosses her arms and pouts.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Julie steps out of an elevator. She looks kind of sick. Her skin is pale, her eyes are bloodshot.

She stumbles out into the hallway, uses the wall to hold her up.

A little dog barking down the hall, the door opens and a little poodle runs out. Its nails are painted pink, a pink bow is in its hair.

MRS. JACKOWSKI steps out with a broom. She's old(80's). She wears a bathrobe and curlers in her hair. A cigarette dangles from her mouth.

MRS. JACKOWSKI  
Who's there?!

JULIE  
It's me, Mrs. Jackowski.

MRS. JACKOWSKI  
Julie? Is that you?

Julie holds her shoulder where Abram bit her. She walks closer to the old bag.

MRS. JACKOWSKI (CONT'D)  
My God, it is you. Come inside,  
child. I'll make you some tea.

Julie eyes the dog. The dog barks at her.

MRS. JACKOWSKI (CONT'D)  
Don't mind Littles. Come in.

INT. MRS. JACKOWSKI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Jackowski's apartment is like every other old widow's place. Old pictures of long time dead relatives hang on the wall, furniture covered in plastic, the lights dim.

A huge walnut sits next to the lamp by the wall. Julie walks over to it and opens it. It's filled with walnuts.

Littles keeps barking at her. She ignores the dog and sits down on the couch.

Mrs. Jackowski walks into the kitchen.

Julie stares at the dog.

MRS. JACKOWSKI (O.C.)  
She'll stop when she exhausts  
herself.

Julie holds her stomach in pain. She hungrily licks her lips while eyeing the dog.

The dog stands in front of her, barking nonstop.

Julie reaches over and grabs the dog, takes a huge bite out of it like a Heart Attack Grill hamburger. Blood shoots out all over the old pictures and plastic covered furniture.

MRS. JACKOWSKI (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
See. She's old like me, but she  
still has a lot of bark left in  
her.

Mrs. Jackowski walks out with a tray of tea and cookies.

MRS. JACKOWSKI (CONT'D)  
Like me.

She sees Julie eating her dog. Automatically she drops the tray of tea and cookies. She covers her mouth in horror. Her mouth wide open to scream but nothing comes out.

Slowly she backs away, into the kitchen.

Julie throws the dead dog against the wall and runs after Mrs. Jackowski.

INT. MRS. JACKOWSKI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Jackowski grabs a kitchen knife and stabs Julie in the chest with it.

Julie pulls it out and grabs her by the neck. Long sharp fangs extrude from her mouth.

MRS. JACKOWSKI  
What's wrong with you?!

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Four black men stand around looking cold on the fourth floor of a fire damaged building.

Their only light source comes from the street lights outside.

The four men's names are...

MARTAY, leader of the bunch, wears an LA Lakers hat over his blue headband.

KARON, looks out the windowless window. He's small, has a gun sticking out in the back of his pants.

DEWAND, stands by MarTay with his arms crossed. He's tall, looks mean and very, very cold.

And ORANGE, who stands there looking at the floor and ceiling.

ORANGE  
This place doesn't seem all that safe, man.

MARTAY  
(to Orange)  
Could you stop being a little punk ass bitch?  
(to KaRon)  
KaRon, anything?

KARON  
Not yet.

MARTAY  
Gonna kill this nigga for makin' us wait around like this.

ORANGE  
Fuck, I'm freezin' mah ass off, MarTay.

DEWAND  
Suck it up, bitch.

ORANGE  
Fuck you, Dewand!

Dewand jumps at Orange.

Orange comes at him.

MarTay comes between them.

MARTAY  
Both of yous, shut da fuck up.  
Actin' like ah bunch of children.

ORANGE  
He started it.

DEWAND  
Fuck you, Orange.

ORANGE  
Fuck you, Dewand!

MARTAY  
Hey! You niggas five years old? Are ya? I gotta start treating you all like mah five year old at home? I gotta put your two stupid asses in time out?

ORANGE  
Fuck him, man.

MARTAY  
(snaps his finger at Orange)  
Hey! Get in that corner.

ORANGE  
What?

MARTAY  
You fuckin' heard me. Get in the corner and wait there til I say you can come out.

ORANGE  
MarTay.

MARTAY  
You fuckin' heard me, Orange. Don't make me haveta repeat myself to you, nigga. Get in that fuckin' corner.

He points to a dark corner of the room.

KARON (O.C.)  
He's here.

MarTay snaps his fingers and points to the corner.

ORANGE  
Shit, man.

DEWAND  
See ya, Orange.

ORANGE  
Fuck you.

MARTAY  
You too, Dewand.

DEWAND  
What?!

MARTAY  
You heard me, muthafucka. Pick a corner.

DEWAND  
Shit, man.

Dewand walks over to another corner of the room and faces it.

Footsteps coming up the stairs...

KaRon pulls out his gun and cocks it.

Jameel comes around the corner and enters with a black duffel bag.

He walks into the room, sees Orange and Dewand both facing the corner.

JAMEEL  
What's wiff dem?

MARTAY  
They's in time-out. You bring da shit?

JAMEEL  
Yeah, man. I got it.

Jameel tosses over the duffel bag.

KaRon walks over and picks up the bag.

KARON

It's heavy.

MARTAY

Nigga, if you say what's in dis bag is really what's in this here bag, we're all about to be some rich motherfuckers.

JAMEEL

That's what I like to hear.

He rubs his hands together.

KaRon drops the duffel bag down on a termite ingested desk.

MARTAY

Let's have a look-see.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT

Two goons stand around on the roof looking down. They both carry pistols. They're dressed like the other four.

A white cat scurries across the ledge in front of them.

The cat looks up at them and meows.

Abram drops down behind them without a sound. The white cat scurries away as the two goons look behind them...

Abram quickly grabs them both by the face and SLAMS their heads together.

Their heads cave-in and gush blood everywhere.

Abram grabs their arms holding the guns and rips them off.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

MarTay stands over a desk with a brick of the heroin cut open in front of him.

He samples some and coughs.

JAMEEL

We in business or what?

MARTAY

Sure we is. When we get into da bakin' cookies bidness.

Jameel laughs.

JAMEEL  
You funny, man.

MARTAY  
Do I look like a baker?

JAMEEL  
A baker? Shit no. A playa, yes.

MARTAY  
I don't need you to kiss mah black  
ass right now. Answer the question,  
do I look like a baker?

JAMEEL  
No, man.

MARTAY  
Then why you tryin' to sell me some  
fuckin' bakin' powder?

Jameel bites his lip.

JAMEEL  
I don't know. It ain't real?

MARTAY  
Nah, man. Shit's good for keepin'  
cakes fluffy but won't do shit for  
no junkie lookin' for a fix.

JAMEEL  
He fucked me?

MARTAY  
You really that surprised?

JAMEEL  
I guess not. Only hoped-

MARTAY  
That's your first mistake.  
Motherfuckers aren't gonna fall  
from da fuckin' sky and give you  
things.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Two more goons stand guard outside the entrance to the  
abandoned building.

They keep their guns in hand, hidden under their jackets.

There's a whistle, the two below look up. The two bodies of the goons from the roof come falling down on top of them.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Martay drops the duffel bag on the floor.

MARTAY

Let's get out of here, I'm freezin'  
mah ass off.

(beat)

Time out's over, you two juvenile  
motherfuckers can come out from  
your corners.

A light pole flickers then CRASHES to the street.

ORANGE

What da fuck was that?!

They all reach for their guns.

Another light pole flickers.

KaRon walks over to the window and looks out.

KARON

What da-

A loud CRACK echoes throughout the empty neighborhood. The pole bends and tips over. It hits the pavement with a loud THUD.

The room they're in goes dark.

ORANGE (O.C.)

Fuck, man!

DEWAND (O.C.)

What da fuck is goin' on?!

MARTAY (O.C.)

Chill! You got lighters?

DEWAND (O.C.)

Yeah.

ORANGE (O.C.)

Yeah.

MARTAY (CONT'D)

Then use them.

Deward and Orange walk over to the middle of the room and light their zippos.

Abram stands between them with his head down, arms crossboned across his chest.

They hold the lighters up to him.

ORANGE  
Jesus Christ!

Abram lifts his head, smiles and swipes their faces off with his hand.

Orange and Deward die instantly.

The lighters go out.

KARON  
Orange? Deward?

ABRAM  
Dead.

MarTay and KaRon fire into the darkness.

MARTAY  
Die, you motherfucker!

The muzzle flashes from their guns light up enough of the room to see they're hitting Abram with every shot.

KARON  
Die!

Their clips run out and once again they're left in darkness.

KARON (CONT'D)  
We get that fuck?

MARTAY  
Motherfucker's gotta be dead.

JAMEEL  
What da fuck is goin' on, MarTay?!

MARTAY  
Shut da fuck up, Jameel!

JAMEEL  
Fuck dis! I'm outta here!

Jameel runs off out of the room.

MARTAY

KaRon?

KARON

Still here.

MARTAY

Get me some fuckin' light in here!

KaRon pulls out his cell-phone. The light from the phone brightens up the situation.

He slowly walks around aiming the cell-phone in front of him. They can't find Abram anywhere.

MARTAY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

You see that motherfucker? He still in here?

Abram stands behind KaRon.

KARON

Nothin'.

Abram shoves his hand through KaRon's throat. Blood gushes out everywhere.

He falls to the floor with the cell-phone light aimed at MarTay.

MARTAY

Who are you?

Abram pulls his hand out of KaRon's throat and slowly walks over to MarTay.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING EXIT - NIGHT

Jameel struggles with the front door.

JAMEEL

C'mon! Let me out!

He pushes and bangs but something is preventing the doors from swinging open.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING EXIT - NIGHT

Outside the exit doors are the two goon's arm shoved in between the handles. That is what's keeping the doors from opening.

MarTay's body flies out the window and lands on the street below with a SPLAT.

BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING EXIT - NIGHT

Jameel gives up on the door and looks around. The building has trash everywhere.

The staircase is all burnt and along with the rest of the wood in the building, it's rotted away.

Jameel lifts up his jacket and pulls out a pistol tucked in front of his pants.

He makes a break for the stairs.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT

Jameel quickly makes his way up to the roof with his gun aimed and ready to fire.

He SLAMS shut the door to the roof behind him.

Jameel breathes heavily while looking around his new surroundings.

Abram's cat stands there on the ledge looking at Jameel.

A meow draws Jameel's attention.

He aims the gun at the cat.

JAMEEL  
(to himself)  
Fuck.

He runs over to the ledge and looks down.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Abram quietly drops down behind him. He walks over to his cat and pets its head.

ABRAM  
No way out but down.

Jameel quickly turns around and before he can pull the trigger, Abram grabs the gun away from him.

JAMEEL  
What do you want?!

Abram walks around petting his cat.

ABRAM  
You need money?

JAMEEL  
What? Yeah.

ABRAM  
I was hired to break your neck.

JAMEEL  
Then do it, motherfucker! I fuckin'  
dare you!

Abram smirks.

ABRAM  
Cute, I like that tough guy act.  
I'm sure it's very intimidating to  
others. But not to me.

JAMEEL  
You gonna fuckin' kill me?

ABRAM  
If I was, you'd be dead already.

JAMEEL  
You gonna let me go?

ABRAM  
No.

JAMEEL  
Then what? Those are your two  
fuckin' options, man! Kill me or  
let me go.

ABRAM  
There is the third option. You  
could work for me.

JAMEEL  
Work for you?

ABRAM  
You need money and I need someone  
to help me.

JAMEEL  
My help?

ABRAM  
I take it from all the question  
marks you're throwing at me, you're  
confused?

JAMEEL  
Yeah.

ABRAM  
I've had my fun with this city. But  
it's time for me to leave. But I  
have some unfinished business to  
take care of first. And I'll need  
your help.

JAMEEL  
Help? So you'll let me go?

ABRAM  
Of course.

JAMEEL  
You said you'd pay me.

ABRAM  
Whatever you want.

JAMEEL  
Yeah?

ABRAM  
You have my word.

JAMEEL  
Fine. I'm in. Don't kill me.

Abram smiles.

ABRAM  
I'll try not to.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

Nurses in white outfits walk around with clipboards. Several  
people sit in the lobby waiting their turn.

Jameel walks in alone. He looks around and takes out his cell-phone.

JAMEEL  
I'm in. Why da hell can't you do  
this yourself?

ABRAM (O.S.)  
Head to the elevators.

Jameel heads to the elevators.

INT. ELEVATOR(MOVING) - NIGHT

Jameel hangs up the cell-phone and paces around the small elevator.

JAMEEL  
(to himself)  
This is fucked up, man. What da  
fuck am I doin'?

The elevator stops and the doors slide open.

Julie steps in.

JULIE  
Hey.

JAMEEL  
Hey.

She wears a change of clothes, different pair of jeans, red shirt, short brown leather jacket.

She pushes the same floor number that Jameel has already pushed in. Number 8.

JULIE  
Oh, seems we're headed in the same  
direction.

JAMEEL  
Yeah, looks like.

Beat.

JULIE  
You smoke?

JAMEEL  
Yeah.

JULIE  
Can I have one?

JAMEEL  
Um. Yeah.

Jameel takes out a pack of smokes. He hands her the pack. She takes it with a smile.

JULIE  
I'm having one really bad day.

JAMEEL  
Not nearly as bad as mine, lady.

She takes out a cigarette and lights it with her own lighter.

JULIE  
You too?

She hands him the pack of cigarettes back. He takes them and has one himself.

JAMEEL  
You here to see someone?

JULIE  
Yeah. My friend. He isn't doing so well. You?

She lights his cigarette for him.

JAMEEL  
I'm fine.

She laughs.

JULIE  
No. I mean, are you here seeing someone?

JAMEEL  
Oh. Yeah. Mah pops.

JULIE  
He okay?

JAMEEL  
Not sure. Doubt it.

JULIE  
What's his name?

JAMEEL

Mitch.

JULIE

Oh my god, are you Mitch's son?

JAMEEL

Yeah. You know him?

JULIE

It's me. Julie.

JAMEEL

Oh. Julie. Hey.

JULIE

You don't remember me? I guess you wouldn't. Been awhile since we last met.

JAMEEL

Yeah. It's been awhile.

Julie smiles.

JULIE

Rudy, you're what now? 19?

JAMEEL

Yeah, about that.

The elevator stops and the doors open.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE - CONTINUOUS

Julie and Jameel step out into the intensive care section of the hospital.

Up here nothing is new. There are still nurses and doctors running around in a hurry. But the new addition includes a bunch of cops on duty in uniform.

Jameel looks around nervously. The two walk together past the on duty police officers.

A nurse stops them and points to a "NO SMOKING" sign.

They spot the public bathroom and walk over. There's a garbage can with an ashtray on top.

JULIE

He must be doing better if they're letting us see him.

JAMEEL

Yeah.

They put out their cigarettes.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

I gotta go to da bathroom. You go ahead.

JULIE

I could wait if you like.

JAMEEL

Nah. That's okay, man. I'll be there in a few minutes, I need to prepare myself.

JULIE

I understand.

She smiles and walks on down the hall.

Jameel takes out his cell-phone and enters the men's bathroom.

INT. HOSPITAL MEN'S PUBLIC BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jameel dials in a number and quickly searches underneath the stalls for feet.

He sees none.

JAMEEL

I ran into some white chick that knows the guy.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NURSERY - NIGHT

Abram stands on the side of the hospital building. He's upside down, looking through the windows, down into the hospital nursery.

He watches a nurse care for a new born infant.

ABRAM

What woman?

INT. HOSPITAL MEN'S PUBLIC BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jameel paces around looking at himself in the mirrors as he passes them.

JAMEEL

Fuck if I know. She thinks all us brothers look alike.

ABRAM (O.S.)

I never said this would be easy.

JAMEEL

Yeah you did, nigga! You said it was easy fuckin' money. This place is fuckin' crawlin' with cops, man. You never mentioned no cops.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Abram walks down the building, peeking through the windows as he passes them.

ABRAM

You're starting to annoy me, Jameel. All you need to do is unlock the window by his bed. I'll do the rest.

JAMEEL (O.S.)

What about that white bitch?

ABRAM

You'll figure something out.

He stops at a window and crouches by it.

INT. HOSPITAL MEN'S PUBLIC BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jameel stops pacing around and stares at himself in the mirror.

JAMEEL

Okay, yeah, I can do this.

He hangs up.

INT. MITCH'S INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - NIGHT

Mitch has a blue plastic curtain around his bed. He's hooked up to several machines as tubes and wires hang off of him.

Bandages have been wrapped around his mouth.

Julie walks over to him and touches his hand.

In the small isolated room, there's a lamp next to his bed, a rattling heater next to the window.

In the corner, there's a small table with some magazines and a red comfy chair.

JULIE  
(whispers)  
Hey.

Mitch opens his eyes and makes a strange gargle sound.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Christ, Mitch. I'm sorry.  
(tears form in her eyes)  
I need to talk to you. There's  
something happening to me.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT

Jameel stands outside Mitch's room. Two police standing guard keep him from entering.

JAMEEL  
Let me through, dog.

COP #1  
Who are you?

JAMEEL  
His son, let me through.

COP #1  
Let's see some identification.

JAMEEL  
Forgot it in mah other pants.

COP #1  
Get lost.

JAMEEL  
Fuck you!

Julie opens the door and sticks her head out.

JULIE  
What's going on?

JAMEEL  
These motherfuckers won't let me  
in.

JULIE  
(to the cops)  
Let him through, guys. That's his  
son.

The cops look at each other and step aside. Jameel steps  
inside the small room with Julie.

INT. MITCH'S INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - NIGHT

Julie walks back over to Mitch and takes his hand into hers.

JULIE  
(whispers)  
Hey, Rudy is here to see you.

Jameel walks over to the window.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Rudy.

Jameel looks over.

JAMEEL  
Yeah?

JULIE  
Want me to give you two a few  
minutes alone?

JAMEEL  
Yeah, sure. That would be perfect.

Jameel walks over to Mitch's bedside. Mitch's eyes grow wide  
when he sees that Jameel isn't his son.

Mitch makes several attempts to let Julie know but everything  
comes out as nasty gargling sounds.

JULIE  
I was thinking about getting some  
coffee. You want some?

JAMEEL  
That would be great.

Jameel stares at his pretend dad.

Julie exits the room.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)  
What kinda black man names his son  
Rudy?

Jameel walks over to the window and lifts it up.

EXT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bob bangs on Julie's apartment door.

BOB  
Julie, you in there? There was a  
horror show over at Club Milk.  
Seems someone threw our dear Madam  
off a balcony.

He bangs on the door.

BOB (CONT'D)  
You there? We need to talk.

MRS. JACKOWSKI (O.C.)  
She isn't in there.

Bob turns around and finds Mrs. Jackowski holding up her dead dog.

BOB  
Jesus.

MRS. JACKOWSKI  
She ate him.

BOB  
What the hell is wrong with you,  
old lady?

MRS. JACKOWSKI  
She ran off.

BOB  
Who?

MRS. JACKOWSKI  
Julie.

BOB  
You know Julie?

MRS. JACKOWSKI  
She was gonna eat me. Her teeth  
grew long and her eyes red. Poor  
Littles Puppens didn't stand a  
chance.

BOB  
Julie killed your dog?

MRS. JACKOWSKI  
Kill him? She tore his fuckin'  
throat out!

INT. INTENSIVE CARE SNACK STATION - NIGHT

Julie walks over to a vending machine and dumps a few quarters in. She pushes a few buttons and a candy bar plops out.

She stuffs it in the back pocket of her jeans and walks over to a vending machine for coffee.

She fills up a cup and walks away.

INT. MITCH'S INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - NIGHT

Julie walks in holding up the candy bar.

JULIE  
Hope you have a sweet tooth.

All she finds is the window open and no one there.

She turns back around and opens the door.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(to the cops on guard)  
Did he leave?

COP #1  
Who?

JULIE  
The guy that was in here. Did he  
leave?

COP #1  
Just you.

Julie runs over to the open window. She looks down, they're too high up for anyone to have jumped out and survived.

There's a sound coming from behind Mitch's curtain. She quickly runs over and draws back the plastic sheet.

Abram's white cat stands on Mitch's chest licking the bandages around his jawless mouth.

JULIE  
Shoo!

She swats the cat away.

It stares up at her.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
How did you get in here?

She grabs the cat and pets its head.

ABRAM (O.C.)  
Look at you. You're gorgeous.

Julie swings around and finds Abram standing by the window.

JULIE  
You.

A look of horror fills her face. She drops the cat and backs away.

Julie reaches for her gun, but it's missing from its holster.

Abram holds up her gun.

ABRAM  
Looking for this? I'm not here to hurt you.

JULIE  
Stay away from me, you m-

ABRAM  
Monster?

Abram points a gun at Mitch.

She stops.

JULIE  
--Don't.

ABRAM  
You're beautiful. I've waited so long for this day.

He holds out a hand.

ABRAM (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

JULIE  
Fuck you.

ABRAM  
You haven't fed yet. Let him be  
your first.

They turn their attention to Mitch in his hospital bed,  
unable to scream.

JULIE  
You're fuckin' sick.

ABRAM  
You aren't there yet I see. You  
need a push.

Abram shoots Mitch in the chest.

All the machines he's hooked up to go off.

JULIE  
No!

Julie runs to Mitch's side.

Abram moves some hair away from her face. She slaps his hand  
away.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Stay away from me!

Struggling with the door, the cops outside bang on it, trying  
to get it open.

Abram tosses the gun on Mitch's chest. Julie quickly grabs it  
and points it at Abram.

ABRAM  
I'll find you again.

He smiles and jumps backwards out of the window, shattering  
it into a million little pieces.

Julie runs over and looks down.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Abram SMASHES to the concrete floor. People scream and run  
away.

Abram stands up and shakes it off.

A Benz pulls up and Jameel steps out.

JAMEEL  
Christ, fool! That was fuckin'  
crazy!

Abram looks up at Julie who is looking down at him.

Police sirens can be heard in the background.

A group of uniformed police officers rush out of the hospital to see what's the matter.

ABRAM  
Let's go.

Abram and Jameel get in the Benz and take off in a hurry. An officer quickly writes down the plate number.

INT. MITCH'S INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - NIGHT

Julie stumbles around in a daze. She looks over at Mitch, eyes the blood leaking out of him. Slowly, she walks away from him.

She looks down, sees Abram's white cat and the gun in her hand.

JULIE  
(to herself)  
You set me up.

Julie grabs the cat and hides in a closet.

The door flies open.

The cops storm in with their guns ready to fire. They spot Mitch shot dead and radio in.

COP #1  
We need fuckin' assistance in here!

They walk over to the smashed out window and look out. Julie quietly steps out of the closet and sneaks out of the room.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT

Julie makes a break for the elevators.

A group of uniformed police officers spot her holding a gun and reach for theirs.

COPS  
Stop right there!

She fires the gun at the ceiling, making everyone scatter.

The cops open fire at her.

She ducks and takes the emergency exit stairs.

INT. JULIE'S CAR(MOVING) - NIGHT

Julie speeds in and out of traffic. She honks her horn as she speeds by.

She reaches under the passenger seat, feels around...

Julie tries to keep her eyes on the road as she searches. Abram's cat jumps up on the front seat and meows.

JULIE

Found ya!

She pulls out the card Nesland gave her. Quickly, she takes out her cell-phone, dials and waits...

JULIE (CONT'D)

Where are you?!

INT. NIGHT CLUB GOTHIC - NIGHT

Nesland pushes his way through a crowd of goths. Loud industrial music beats and vibrates the busy club.

NESLAND

At a club. Anything wrong?

JULIE (O.S.)

I need to see you.

NESLAND

Yeah?

JULIE (O.S.)

You were right. He isn't human. Can I trust you?

NESLAND

Julie, I'm the good guy here. Of course you can trust me.

Nesland puts his phone away and looks up at the room Michael had his meeting with Angel in.

INT. GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - UPSTAIRS BOOTH - NIGHT

Angel D'Angoulême sips from a martini glass while looking down at all the people dancing.

The entrance door to the booth flies open with one of Angel's guards comes crashing in. His nose broken, bleeding down his chin.

Nesland walks in with a two barreled sawed-off shotgun, with a plastic milk carton duct taped to the end of it, a kind of makeshift silencer.

NESLAND

Hi there.

ANGEL

Rude boy.

NESLAND

That's not very nice.

Nesland smiles and kicks the guard in the face. The guard passes out.

Angel walks over to the bar.

Nesland walks around the room with the shotgun propped up on his shoulder.

NESLAND (CONT'D)

Weirdo place you got here, Mr...

ANGEL

D'Angoulême.

NESLAND

D'Angoulême.

ANGEL

You can call me Angel if you like.

NESLAND

All right, Angel.

ANGEL

So, what is it that I can help you with?

NESLAND

A vampire.

Angel laughs.

ANGEL  
Oh-my, that's funny.

NESLAND  
Listen, fruitcake, I'm here lookin'  
for Abram. I know he works for you.

ANGEL  
Lots of people work for me,  
mister...

NESLAND  
Nesland.

ANGEL  
Mister Nesland.

NESLAND  
But how many are vampires?

ANGEL  
None I suppose.

NESLAND  
Suppose different.

Nesland aims the shotgun at Angel's head.

ANGEL  
Easy, now.

NESLAND  
I know what you do. You're fixers.  
Except the man you got workin' for  
you is a fuckin' monster.

ANGEL  
You're out of your mind. There are  
no such things as vampires.

Nesland puts the milk carton shotgun to Angel's head.

NESLAND  
Tell me.

ANGEL  
Smells like spoiled milk.

NESLAND  
Tell me where he is.

ANGEL  
Abram isn't here.

NESLAND  
Where is he?

ANGEL  
Out.

NESLAND  
Out where, fruitcake?

ANGEL  
On assignment.

NESLAND  
Call him and get him back here.

Nesland shows him his cell-phone.

INT. BENZ (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jameel drives as Abram looks at the number calling him on his cell-phone.

He answers.

NESLAND (O.S.)  
Hello again, Abram.

ABRAM  
Nesland.

NESLAND (O.S.)  
I know a lot about you, Abram. I even know how you can't use banks to store your money. My sixth sense tells me your money is kept safe with your employer. And I know for sure that this little fruitcake will hand it all over to me if I asked him nicely.

ABRAM  
If you know so much about me, you must also know how little money means to me.

NESLAND (O.S.)  
We both know that's bullshit. Even vampires need to make money.

Abram hangs up the phone.

JAMEEL  
What was that?

ABRAM

Seems you're gonna haveta stick with me for awhile if you want your money.

JAMEEL

Yeah? No sweat. Not every fuckin' day you get tah hang out with albino Count Chocula.

ABRAM

I'm going to need to make a stop first.

INT. GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - UPSTAIRS BOOTH - NIGHT

Nesland smashes the phone on the ground.

ANGEL

Well?

NESLAND

He hung up.

ANGEL

Now what?

Nesland shoots Angel in the face. His head explodes all over the room. Blood mixes with milk.

Nesland walks around the bar, bends down to pick up his phone when he sees a black duffel bag stuffed under the bar, along with a revolver taped underneath a stool.

NESLAND

You sneaky fuck, fruitcake.

Nesland takes the gun and duffel bag.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Julie sneaks out into the hallway to her apartment building floor with Abram's cat tucked under her shirt.

She carefully takes out her keys and unlocks the door.

EXT. JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dick and Bob sit in their car on stakeout duty. They take turns drinking from the same cup of coffee.

BOB  
This ain't healthy.

DICK  
Next time buy two cups of coffee.

BOB  
I only had enough for one. I didn't  
think I'd haveta share it with you.

DICK  
That's because you're  
inconsiderate.

BOB  
I only got one cock, you wanna  
share that too?

Dick dumps the cup of coffee out the car window.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Asshole. Now no one gets coffee.

DICK  
Can you believe what they're saying  
about Julie?

BOB  
Why would she kill him like that?

DICK  
She probably saw the state he was  
in and snapped.

BOB  
If I ever end up like that, do me a  
favor and kill me too.

DICK  
We still have to arrest her.

Abram jumps in the backseat.

Dick and Bob turn around.

BOB  
Who-

Abram shoves his hands through the car seats, into the back  
of their heads. Blood sprays out all over the windshield.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Julie leaves the lights off. She hurries around grabbing clothes from her bedroom and dumping them out on to her couch.

She runs over to a broom closet and pulls out a suitcase.

Julie isn't looking so great. She's really sweaty and tired looking.

She wipes away some sweat from her brow and takes a seat on the couch.

Julie closes her eyes and lies down on the couch.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Julie awakes to find Abram sitting on her back with his legs crossed.

Abram's cat jumps up and licks Julie's face.

She tries to move.

Abram quickly presses her gun to the back of her head.

ABRAM

Easy.

JULIE

What do you want?

ABRAM

I told you I'd find you again. My name is Abram by the way.

JULIE

Fuck you.

ABRAM

I told you mine, aren't you gonna tell me yours?

He taps her on the head with the gun.

JULIE

Julie.

ABRAM

Lovely name, Julie.

Julie shoos the cat away. The cat walks over to Abram and sits on his lap.

He pets the cat as it purrs.

ABRAM (CONT'D)

You have no idea how special you are, Julie.

JULIE

Why are you doing this to me?

ABRAM

I didn't plan on any of this. You're a beautiful accident.

(beat)

I know you must feel it. The thirst. It gets stronger the more you go without.

Abram sniffs the air.

ABRAM (CONT'D)

You've fed.

(beat)

A dog?

JULIE

I was hungry.

ABRAM

My point exactly.

JULIE

I won't be like you. I can control it.

ABRAM

You can't. You have no choice.

JULIE

I can fuckin' try!

ABRAM

I know what you must think of me.

JULIE

You're a goddamn parasite.

ABRAM

Okay, it's pretty clear what you think of me. But we need to stick together.

JULIE  
I'm not going anywhere with you.

ABRAM  
If you haven't been paying attention, you're wanted by the police.

JULIE  
Thanks to you.

ABRAM  
You're welcome.

JULIE  
Fuck you. Get off me.

Abram puts the gun in her hand and gets off her. She quickly turns around, aims the gun at him.

ABRAM  
You're so breathtaking, Julie.

She shoots him in the head.

He smiles and shoves a finger in the bullet hole. He pulls out the bullet and shows it to her. The hole quickly closes up.

JULIE  
Jesus.

He gets close to her, drops the bullet on the carpet, with his finger, smears blood on her lips.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

He kisses her. At first she fights it, then embraces it until coming to her senses and pushes him away.

He grabs her by the neck and kisses her again. Her eyes glow red and she pushes him away.

She gets off the couch and jumps at him, he catches her, getting her fist planted into his face.

They kiss again, pulling their clothes off. Abram tosses her into a bookshelf.

Wood splinters and books fly everywhere. Abram grabs her, bites her neck, she tosses her head back, enjoying it.

She grabs a splinter of wood and shoves it into his bare chest.

He pulls it out and tosses it aside.

ABRAM  
That won't work.

They kiss again.

Julie pushes him towards the kitchen refrigerator. They slam against it, mouths and tongues intertwining.

They take off even more clothes, Abram licking her breasts.

She grabs him and tosses him over to the sink. She feels around for a silver butter knife and plunges it into his chest.

ABRAM (CONT'D)  
That won't work either.

He picks her up and tosses her across the room. She hits the wall, knocking down a cheap painting.

Julie clings to the wall like a cat.

Abram pulls out the butter knife and jumps over to her.

They share another kiss. Slowly she climbs up the wall, to the ceiling. Abram kisses her body as she moves up.

They have sex on her ceiling. The white cat below watches them.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Julie lies naked on her couch, the rest of her apartment destroyed by their animalistic and abusive lovemaking.

Abram stands by the window, getting the rest of his clothes back on.

She looks over at him.

ABRAM  
Like it or not, we're linked  
forever.

Julie sits up.

ABRAM (CONT'D)

You know the church down town? One next to the park? I'll wait for you there.

He jumps out the window before she can answer.

INT. MR. SCHAUFELBERGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Schaufelberge pats an officer on the back and shows him and his partner to the door.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE

Much appreciated, officers. If you hear anything about my car, please let me know.

He shows them out and shuts the door behind them.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (CONT'D)

Fuckin' cops.

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - MORNING

Scaglione walks up to a giant hotel building. His pocket rings, he stops to answer it.

SCAGLIONE

Yeah.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (O.S.)

I had a visit from the cops.

SCAGLIONE

And?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (O.S.)

Seems our stolen car has turned up at the scene of a very serious crime.

SCAGLIONE

How serious?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (O.S.)

Very fuckin' serious.

Scaglione walks around back.

SCAGLIONE

What do you want me to do?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (O.S.)  
Where are you?

SCAGLIONE  
I followed him to some fancy hotel.  
He's with a girl.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (O.S.)  
A girl? What about the stuff?

SCAGLIONE  
Not sure. The girl might have it.  
She's the only one with baggage.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (O.S.)  
Aren't they all? Listen, keep an  
eye on 'em. If they look like  
they're about to hitch a plane ride  
outta here, kill'em both.

SCAGLIONE  
I understand, sir.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - MORNING

Abram pulls a sheet off an old vintage black 1955 Ford  
Mainline.

JAMEEL  
Cool car.

Abram walks over to an old gas can. He hands it to Jameel.

ABRAM  
For the benz.

JAMEEL  
I ain't your fuckin' nigger, man.  
You fill it.

ABRAM  
To put on it, not inside it.

JAMEEL  
Huh?

ABRAM  
We need to get rid of it.

JAMEEL  
So set it on fire?

ABRAM

Everyone has a little pyromaniac inside them. Now is the time to embrace it.

Jameel takes the gas can and smiles.

JAMEEL

I've been thinkin'. After you get your money an shit, I'd like ta come along. You know, beats gang bangin'.

Abram smiles.

ABRAM

You wanna tag along?

JAMEEL

Yeah. You know, if it's okay.

ABRAM

You sure?

JAMEEL

Yeah. This shit's been fuckin' crazy.

ABRAM

Welcome to the team.

Abram smiles and gets in the old car.

ABRAM (CONT'D)

Never know when I might need a snack.

JAMEEL

Not funny, man.

ABRAM

I found it pretty amusing.

JAMEEL

Where you goin', anyway?

ABRAM

One more loose end to tie up before I get my money back. There's a pond not that far from here, after you burn the car, dump it. I'll meet you at the church.

JAMEEL

What if she shows up an you ain't there, man?

ABRAM

Stall her.

Abram starts the car. It sounds like a tractor starting up.

JAMEEL

Have fun or whatever crazy ass fuckin' vampires do.

INT. FANCY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Michael lays naked in a giant messy bed. He flips channels on the television, he stops at one talking about the killing at the hospital.

TV (O.C.)

Last night's horror show took place not in a movie theatre, but at a hospital.

SARA (O.C.)

The soap looks like candy!

MICHAEL

Don't eat it!

We hear Sara stepping out of the shower and turning off the water.

She steps out wrapped in a towel.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Damn, was hoping you'd be naked.

She takes off the towel.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That's more like it.

She runs over and jumps up and down on the bed.

SARA

For having a bunch of killers after me, my spirits are pretty high.

Michael watches as she jumps around on the bed.

MICHAEL

You're a little Mexican jumping bean.

SARA

I could never jump on my bed at home. My mom would always yell at me. So whenever I'm at hotels or whatever, I always take time to jump.

Michael turns off the television.

MICHAEL

We check out in a couple of hours.

SARA

I'm horny.

MICHAEL

You took a shower.

SARA

So? I'll just take another.

MICHAEL

You're such a slut.

SARA

It could be our last time together, I wanna spend it doing what we do best.

MICHAEL

Fucking.

SARA

Fucking.

She stops jumping and looks down at him.

MICHAEL

Nothing will happen to you.

SARA

You can't promise me that.

MICHAEL

No. I can't. But I promise I'll do anything and everything in my power to protect you.

SARA

Mean it?

MICHAEL

Better fuckin' believe it.

Michael gets up and jumps up and down on the bed with her.

SARA  
See, it's fun!

INT. MR. SCHAUFELBERGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Schaufelberge taps a pen impatiently on his desk. He reaches for the phone and dials.

INT. FANCY HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Scaglione walks around the lobby of the high-priced hotel building. He takes his time breathing in the extravagant art and high-brow culture.

His phone rings.

The people checking in stare at him. He smiles at them and walks upstairs.

INT. FANCY HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Scaglione reaches into his pocket and runs in to a SECURITY GUARD.

SCAGLIONE  
Sorry.

Scaglione tries to walk around but the Security Guard puts his hand on Scaglione's chest, stopping him.

SECURITY GUARD  
You stayin' here, sir?

SCAGLIONE  
Yes.

SECURITY GUARD  
You got some identification I can see?

SCAGLIONE  
Sure.

Scaglione grabs the Security Guard's hand and breaks it. He shoves the cell-phone in his mouth to keep him from screaming.

An elevator door dings.

Quickly, Scaglione stabs the Security Guard in the neck and shoves him in a broom closet.

The elevator door opens and some women ready to play tennis step out. Scaglione hides the knife behind his back.

They all whisper and giggle when they see Scaglione.

He fixes his white, spotless jacket and tie, smiles at them politely.

We can hear his phone ringing from the closet.

When the girls exit through the stairs, he opens the closet door and takes back his phone.

The Security Guard gasps for air, Scaglione stabs him in the chest.

He answers his phone...

SCAGLIONE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Schaufelberge.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (O.S.)  
What took you?

SCAGLIONE  
Sorry, sir. Was occupied.

Scaglione pulls the knife out and walks into the elevator. He pushes a button and the doors close.

INT. FANCY HOTEL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Scaglione takes his hair out of a ponytail, runs a comb through his hair, slicking it back.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (O.S.)  
Are you still at the hotel?

SCAGLIONE  
Yes, sir. They haven't left yet.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (O.S.)  
Good. I'm tired of waiting. Take the girl.

Scaglione hangs up.

He smiles a sinister smile as the elevator comes to a stop.

INT. MR. SCHAUFELBERGE'S OFFICE - DAY

A knock is at his door.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
Yeah, what is it?!

ABRAM (O.C.)  
Can I come in?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
Who is it?!

ABRAM (O.C.)  
Police.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
Um. Yeah, come in.

Mr. Schaufelberge covers up some papers with other less important papers.

Abram walks in and locks the door behind him.

ABRAM  
Mr. Schaufelberge?

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
What are you doing?

Mr. Schaufelberge gets out of his chair and grabs a gun out from a drawer.

Abram walks over to his desk and grabs a pair of red scissors.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE (CONT'D)  
Who are you? You ain't no cop.

ABRAM  
Did you know dandelions are edible?

Mr. Schaufelberge sneaks his gun into his hand without Abram noticing.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
Well, isn't that just great.

ABRAM  
Elephants are great, but not all great things are elephants.

Mr. Schaufelberge walks over with the gun hidden behind his back.

MR. SCHAUFELBERGE  
You're one fucked up crazy  
individual who ever you are.

Mr. Schaufelberge quickly draws his gun...

At the same time, Abram breaks the scissors in half, shoves one piece in his belly and the other in his neck.

Mr. Schaufelberge drops his gun and stumbles around holding his throat.

He falls back onto a couch and pulls out the piece of scissor stuck in his neck.

Blood gushes out like a water fountain.

Abram takes the "World's Greatest Dad" coffee cup off his desk and walks over.

Mr. Schaufelberge tries to say something.

ABRAM  
Don't bother. You can't talk  
anymore.

Abram fills the coffee cup with the blood shooting out of Mr. Schaufelberge's neck.

ABRAM (CONT'D)  
I was serious about dandelions. You  
really can eat them.

Mr. Schaufelberge coughs up some blood.

Abram takes a sip from his cup.

ABRAM (CONT'D)  
Yum. Italian.

Abram takes another sip from the coffee cup and sits it down on the desk. He pulls out his cell-phone and dials...

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR(MOVING) - DAY

Michael speeds down the highway in his car going a hundred miles an hour.

He's half dressed, with a cut above his eye.

His phone rings.

He looks down and answers it.

ABRAM (O.S.)  
Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL  
Who is this?!

INT. MR. SCHAUFELBERGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Abram smiles and with his cell-phone takes a picture of Mr. Schaufelberge bleeding to death.

ABRAM  
I'm the one you hired. I thought you'd like to know I've gone out of my way to make things right for you and your girl. You see, I'm in need of some money. So let's talk about payment.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR(MOVING) - DAY

Michael looks at the picture Abram sent him.

MICHAEL  
Jesus!

ABRAM (O.S.)  
Like I was saying. My fee.

MICHAEL  
I didn't want him dead!

ABRAM (O.S.)  
He isn't dead. Not yet anyway. I'm going to need the money in cash. Can you do that for me?

INT. MR. SCHAUFELBERGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Abram takes another sip from his coffee mug of blood.

ABRAM  
(to Mr. Schaufelberge)  
You really shoulda left them in.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Listen, I still need your help.

ABRAM  
My help? I just got done helping you, Michael. Money. Now.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
It's Sara. That fuckin' cocksucker  
has her!

ABRAM  
Which fucking cocksucker would that  
be?

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
That greaseball! The one who works  
for that piece of shit you have  
bleeding to death in front of you.

ABRAM  
Then we have a problem.

Abram looks at Mr. Schaufelberge.

ABRAM (CONT'D)  
Mr. Schaufelberge is in no  
condition to talk.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Can he live?

ABRAM  
Live? Maybe. If he gets to a  
hospital quick enough.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR(MOVING) - DAY

Michael swerves around a corner.

MICHAEL  
Tell him this...

INT. MR. SCHAUFELBERGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Abram walks over to Mr. Schaufelberge.

ABRAM  
(to Mr. Schaufelberge)  
Your life for her life.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
He's the only one who knows where  
she is. I can't let that sick fuck  
kill her. I can't!

Mr. Schaufelberge points a bloody finger to his desk. Abram  
walks over to the computer.

Mr. Schaufelberge wiggles his finger.

ABRAM

No?

Abram grabs a stack of papers.

Mr. Schaufelberge snaps his fingers.

Abram walks over and hands the papers over to Mr. Schaufelberge.

He throws them to the ground except one. He points to a street address.

ABRAM (CONT'D)

Congregates, Mr. Schaufelberge, you can die knowing you've done at least one good deed in your lifetime.

Abram smiles and shoves his hand in Mr. Schaufelberge's chest. He gags and coughs up blood.

Abram pulls out his heart, it beats in his hand.

ABRAM (CONT'D)

(Mr. Schaufelberge)  
See, you do have a heart.

Mr. Schaufelberge smiles and slowly closes his eyes.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Michael slowly walks around back to an old abandoned warehouse.

He reaches a window and peeks in.

A hand reaches around and covers his mouth.

MICHAEL

(muffled)  
Help!

ABRAM (O.C.)

(whispers)  
Calm down.

Abram takes his hand away.

MICHAEL

You the guy?

ABRAM  
Something like that.

MICHAEL  
She's in there.

ABRAM  
Do you have a gun?

MICHAEL  
No.

He tosses Michael Mr. Schaufelberge's gun.

ABRAM  
A gift from your last employer.

Michael checks the chamber.

MICHAEL  
I'll go in first, you cover me.

ABRAM  
First the money.

MICHAEL  
It's in my fuckin' car.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Michael walks in with his gun aimed.

Taped to a wooden chair in the middle of the room is Sara.  
She has a strip of duct tape around her mouth.

Michael quickly runs over to her. He easily pulls the tape  
off her mouth but struggles trying to get the tape off her  
wrists.

The entrance door shuts.

Michael looks over...

SCAGLIONE  
I've been trying to reach il capo  
for a couple of hours now.

He has a shotgun aimed right at Michael's head.

MICHAEL  
Scag, listen.

Scaglione takes notice of the gun in Michael's hand.

SCAGLIONE  
Where'd you get that gun?

MICHAEL  
It's not what you think.

Scaglione scoffs.

SCAGLIONE  
That's il capo's gun. You're a  
fuckin' dead man.

Abram drops down behind Scaglione.

Scaglione turns around.

Abram swipes Scaglione across the face. He falls to the floor  
with blood pouring from his cheek.

ABRAM  
(to Michael)  
C'mon.

MICHAEL  
Her hands are tied.

Abram pulls off one of his nails and throws it across the  
room. It lands between Sara's legs, stuck in the wooden  
chair.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is this?

ABRAM  
Cut her loose.

MICHAEL  
With a fuckin' fingernail?!

ABRAM  
If you no longer need my services,  
I'll be taking my money and  
leaving.

Abram turns to leave. A shotgun blast throws Abram across the  
room.

Scaglione picks himself up with the help of his boomstick. He  
holds his cheek as it gushes blood.

SCAGLIONE  
You cocksucker. Always make sure  
they're dead before turning your  
fuckin' back on them!

Scaglione spits blood at him and turns his attention back to Michael and Sara.

Scaglione pumps the shotgun and aims it at them.

Behind him, Abram rise.

ABRAM  
You should really listen to your  
own advice.

Scaglione quickly turns around, shoots Abram again, this time in the chest.

Abram stumbles back.

ABRAM (CONT'D)  
You can do better than that.

SCAGLIONE  
What the fuck...

ABRAM  
What's your name?

SCAGLIONE  
You can call me The Scag.

Abram smiles.

ABRAM  
The Scag. I like that.

SCAGLIONE  
And you?

ABRAM  
The Abram.

SCAGLIONE  
Now I'm gonna gut you, like a  
fuckin' whore!

Scaglione pumps the shotgun again.

ABRAM  
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

SCAGLIONE  
You're not me.

Scaglione fires again.

Abram quickly moves out of the way, and grabs the barrel of the shotgun.

Abram yanks the shotgun away, throwing it across the room.

Scaglione is quick to react. He punches Abram in the face, reaches around and grabs his knife.

Abram smiles.

Scaglione stabs Abram repeatedly in the chest.

SCAGLIONE (CONT'D)  
Take that, motherfucker!

ABRAM  
If two shotgun blasts didn't work,  
what makes you think a knife will?

Abram pushes Scaglione away.

SCAGLIONE  
Guess I'll haveta keep at it until  
it does the trick.

ABRAM  
I like your determination.

Scaglione slowly steps around him with the bloody knife ready for another attack.

Michael uses Abram's nail to cut the duct tap around Sara's wrists.

He grabs her by the arm and they both make a break for the exit door.

SCAGLIONE  
Where the fuck are you two going?!

They stop at the door, they bang and try to get it open.

ABRAM  
What's wrong?

MICHAEL  
It won't open!

ABRAM  
Wait there, I'll be done in a  
second.

SCAGLIONE

You really think so fuckin' highly  
of yourself, don't you!

Scaglione runs for Abram, takes a swipe, cuts Abram on the  
face.

Abram touches his cheek as blood drips down his chin.

Scaglione smiles and licks Abram's blood off his blade.

ABRAM

You really shouldn't have done  
that.

Scaglione runs after Abram, swipes, misses, Abram swipes his  
hand across Scaglione's chest, blood gushes out everywhere.

He jumps back, holds his new wound.

SCAGLIONE

How did you do that?

Abram holds up his hand, licks the blood off his fingers.

Scaglione smiles and runs for him, attacks, slices Abram up,  
blood splatters on the concrete floor.

Abram grabs Scaglione by the arm, pulls it off.

He screams out in pain as blood sloshes out like a broken  
fire hydrant.

Blood has soaked Scaglione's once spotless white suit.

Abram takes the knife from the severed arm and tosses it back  
to Scaglione.

He catches the knife and smiles.

ABRAM

There's no winning this fight.

SCAGLIONE

Would you prefer I lie down and let  
you kill me? Where's the fun in  
that?!

Abram drops the arm.

Scaglione runs after Abram while yelling a battle cry.

His eyes widen, blood shoots out of his mouth, nose, ears and  
eyes.

He stops and drops the knife, it falls to the floor, piercing his foot.

SCAGLIONE (CONT'D)  
What's happening?

ABRAM  
You shouldn't have tasted my blood,  
it's destroying you from the  
inside.

Scaglione vomits up blood.

SCAGLIONE  
This isn't how I should die.

SARA (O.C.)  
Then let me help you.

Sara stands behind Scaglione with a gun pointed to his head. He smiles and she puts a bullet in the back of his head.

Michael runs up to her and grabs the gun away.

MICHAEL  
Jesus Christ, Sara!

SARA  
Can we leave now?

Abram walks over to Scaglione's body, takes a bite out of his neck. He lets Scaglione's body drop to the floor.

MICHAEL  
What the fuck, man?

ABRAM  
It's the least I can do.

MICHAEL  
What the fuck are you?

ABRAM  
You really wanna know?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Jameel lies on the floor with his head cracked open. He slowly tries to get back to his feet but is stomped on by Nesland.

JAMEEL  
Fuck you, muthafucka.

Nesland kicks him in the face and Jameel passes out.

Julie walks over to Nesland.

JULIE  
Was that necessary?

NESLAND  
Not really.

She turns Jameel over and checks his wounds.

JULIE  
Christ, you really hurt him.

NESLAND  
He works for that monster, no way  
I'm going easy on this punk.

The church they're in is completely vacant. The building looks new from the inside, like it has been recently remodeled.

Nesland takes a seat in one of the alters.

Julie leaves Jameel alone and pulls out his cell-phone.

JULIE  
You sure this will work?

NESLAND  
About as sure as I can be with  
something like this.

JULIE  
That isn't very reassuring.

NESLAND  
Get him here, I'll take care of the  
rest.

Nesland takes out his mason jar of blood and bullets.

Julie dials...

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Michael helps Sara into his car. Abram looks at the number on his cell-phone.

He answers.

ABRAM  
Did she show up yet?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Nesland loads bullet after bullet into the chamber of the revolver he stole from Angel, before he blew his head off.

JULIE  
I'm at the church now. We should talk.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Abram looks over at Michael and Sara.

ABRAM  
Okay. I'll be there in a few minutes.

He hangs up.

MICHAEL  
I don't know how to thank you.

ABRAM  
The money.

Michael walks over to Abram with a duffel bag full of money.

MICHAEL  
Here.

Abram reaches into his coat, pulls out The Madam's plane tickets.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
What's this?

ABRAM  
A friend of mine had these. She won't be needing them anymore.

Michael takes the tickets.

Abram gets into his car with his money and drives off.

Michael stands there waving dust out of his face.

SARA (O.C.)  
C'mon! Let's get the fuck out of here!

Michael smiles and walks back to his car.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Julie hangs up the phone and takes a seat across from Nesland.

He pours the blood over the cylinder of the revolver.

JULIE  
He's on his way.

He stands up.

NESLAND  
Then I guess we should start.

Julie stands up and walks over to the alter.

JULIE  
This isn't how I saw my life going.

NESLAND  
Things hardly ever work out the way  
you plan.

Blood drips from his revolver.

He walks over to her, she gets down on her knees and looks up at the plastic Jesus hanging from a cross.

JULIE  
Do it.

Nesland slowly aims the gun to the back of her head.

NESLAND  
If you're lucky, this will be  
goodbye.

She closes her eyes.

JULIE  
Now.

Nesland pulls the trigger-

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Nesland stands outside the church waiting for Abram to show.

Outside is a park, beautiful white flowers grow wild. The church bell rings and echoes.

Abram walks through the path leading to the church. A gust of wind blows flowers around him.

Nesland smiles and spins the cylinder of his gun. Blood drips from the barrel.

The two meet halfway.

ABRAM

Nesland.

NESLAND

Abram.

ABRAM

Where's Julie?

NESLAND

Killed her.

Abram smiles.

NESLAND (CONT'D)

I wouldn't smile like that, I know how to kill you now.

Abram looks at the blood dripping from his gun.

ABRAM

Is that so?

NESLAND

You're way too fuckin' confident.

ABRAM

I used to think of you as my own Van Helsing, now you're more like Captain Ahab.

NESLAND

You will pay for everything you ever did to me!

Nesland pulls back the hammer of his gun.

NESLAND (CONT'D)

You took her away from me!

ABRAM

Barbra didn't love you.

NESLAND

Don't ever say her name! She was my wife! Mine! And you took her away from me!

He aims the gun at Abram.

Abram slowly walks over to him.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NESLAND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nesland grabs his wife Barbbra by the neck and chokes her.

ABRAM (V.O.)

You beat her every day.

BARBRA

Please, stop.

NESLAND

Shut up, bitch.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Nesland slaps her, she falls over on the floor. Barbbra holds her face in pain as Nesland unbuckles his belt.

ABRAM (V.O.)

You forced yourself on her every night when she couldn't stand the reek of alcohol on you.

BACK TO NESLAND

NESLAND

Shut up!

ABRAM

You stabbed her to death in your own bed.

NESLAND

Shut the fuck up! It was because of you! You killed her!

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NESLAND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Abram jumps out of the window.

Barbra lies on the bed, blood spilling from her mouth. She turns her head to look at her husband. She has bite marks on her neck.

Nesland runs over to look at her. He picks her up into his arms.

NESLAND  
What did you do?

BARBRA  
Leaving you, you bastard.

Nesland holds up the knife in his hand and stabs her in the chest with it.

BACK TO ABRAM

Abram gets closer, Nesland steps back.

ABRAM  
I loved her more than anything in  
this sad lonely world.

Abram's eyes glow red.

NESLAND  
She was a fuckin' whore!

Nesland FIRES.

Abram dodges it, runs off into the field of white flowers.

Nesland follows.

He fires again, but misses.

NESLAND (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Nesland reaches into his trench coat and pulls out a machine gun.

Abram runs as Nesland shoots up the field, flowers fly into the air, Abram finally gets shot in the chest. The white flowers turn to red as they're stained with his blood.

Nesland tosses the machine gun away, walks over to Abram.

Abram falls to his knees. He looks up at Nesland, who has the revolver's barrel pointed at his head.

ABRAM

You finally caught your white whale.

Nesland shoots Abram in the head with a Dead Bullet. Abram falls to the ground.

Nesland stands over him, emptying every last Dead Bullet he has in the chamber of his gun.

Nesland smiles, drops the gun and laughs an insane person's laugh.

He walks away, enters the church.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Nesland looks up at the church ceiling with a crazy look on his face, deranged and smiling. He gets to the alter with the plastic Jesus on the cross.

He looks down...

Julie's body is missing.

NESLAND

Fuck me.

Abram grabs Nesland by the head and tosses him across the room.

Nesland hits the wooden benches with a THUD, they SHATTER on impact.

Abram sees Jameel lying on the floor unconscious. He bends down and checks to see if he's still breathing.

Jameel comes to.

Abram spots Julie hiding in a corner.

Nesland takes out his mason jar of blood and bullets. He downs the whole concoction. Bullets and all.

He tries to stand up, wipes blood from his mouth, smashes the mason jar on the floor.

He's bleeding everywhere. His right arm is broken, a bone protrudes out of the sleeve of his trenchcoat. Splinter pieces of wood cover his face.

NESLAND (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill every motherfucker  
in here!

ABRAM

Your misery has yet to subside.

NESLAND

You can't do anything to me! You  
can't hurt me anymore!

Nesland laughs and coughs up blood.

Abram walks over to him, grabs him by the throat and tosses  
him over to Jesus.

ABRAM

Look at him, Julie. This is dinner.

She stands up and looks at him.

NESLAND

Fuck you! You're breakfast!

They walk over to him.

JULIE

(to Nesland)

You said it would kill me, kill  
him.

NESLAND

Nothing in life is a sure fuckin'  
thing, beautiful.

Abram grabs Nesland by the neck and presents him to Julie.

JULIE

Stop.

NESLAND

Don't do this!

ABRAM

Drink.

She gets closer to him, her fangs show themselves.

NESLAND

You wanna be a fuckin' monster like  
him?

JULIE

I can't help it. I already am.

Her eyes glow red.

NESLAND  
I don't wanna die like this.

ABRAM  
Feed.

She plunges her teeth into Nesland's throat, blood gushes out everywhere, spraying Jesus on the cross.

Abram steps back and enjoys the sight.

Jameel picks himself up and walks over to Abram.

JAMEEL  
(to Nesland)  
That's what you get, muthafucker.

Jameel spits some blood at him.

Nesland reaches out for someone to help him.

Julie breaks free from Nesland's throat and inhales. Nesland falls to the floor with a THUD.

She stands up and looks over at Abram and Jameel.

ABRAM  
You with us or not?

She wipes her mouth.

JULIE  
Yeah.

Abram smiles.

JAMEEL  
Good, then let's bounce.

JULIE  
Wait. Over there.

She points to a duffel bag by the altar.

Jameel runs over to it, unzips it.

JAMEEL  
Fuck me. It's money. A fuckload of it.

He pulls out a wad of hundreds, shows it to Abram.

Julie holds her stomach in pain.

ABRAM  
What's wrong?

JULIE  
It hurts.

She vomits up blood.

JAMEEL  
What the fuck?

She falls to her knees, holding her stomach in pain.

Abram looks at Nesland, he's smiling.

Julie falls to the floor convulsing.

JULIE  
Help me.

Jameel runs over to her.

JAMEEL  
What happened, man?

Abram grabs her and shoves his finger into her neck. Blood gushes out onto the floor of the holy church.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)  
Why the fuck you do that, man?

ABRAM  
He poisoned his blood. We need to get it out of her.

JAMEEL  
Is she going to die?

ABRAM  
She needs fresh blood.

JAMEEL  
How we gonna get that?

Abram looks over at Jameel.

ABRAM  
Sorry, Jameel.

JAMEEL  
Fuck that!

Jameel makes a run for the exit, Abram quickly grabs him by the neck and drags him over to Julie.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)  
Don't do this, man!

Abram slices Jameel's throat open with a fingernail. Blood gushes out everywhere. He lowers Jameel over Julie so she can get his blood into her mouth.

Blood stops shooting from her neck, her convolutions subside. The hole in her neck slowly closes.

She opens her eyes, grabs Jameel by the face, drinks the blood directly from his slit throat.

Nesland laughs as he spits up blood.

NESLAND  
Fuck all you!

Abram quickly runs over to Nesland, grabs him by the collar of his jacket, looks him in the eyes.

NESLAND (CONT'D)  
What you gonna do, freak?

ABRAM  
Bleeding to death is too good for you.

NESLAND  
Huh?

Abram slices his wrist and shoves his fingers down Nesland's throat.

He gags and tries to get away.

Abram lets gravity take effect, blood drips down his hand, down his fingers, into Nesland's mouth.

Abram pushes Nesland away and helps Julie up.

NESLAND (CONT'D)  
What did you do to me?!

They ignore him and walk out of the church.

Nesland looks at his hands, the skin slips off the bone. He gets to his feet, looks up at the plastic Jesus.

NESLAND (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you looking at?!

Nesland EXPLODES, chunks of him fly everywhere.

FADE OUT.

FADE TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Scaglione lies dead in his own pool of blood. A pigeon drops down on him, picks at his face.

Scaglione grabs the bird and crushes it. He sits up and looks around.

SCAGLIONE  
Where the fuck's my arm?

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END