

Dead Of Night
A Dylan Dog Mystery

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Based on the Comic Book
"Dylan Dog"
By
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VERSION 4

Platinum Studios/Hyde Park

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RYAN MANSION - NIGHT 1

CAM DOLLIES to reveal an old New Orleans mansion though wrought iron gates and bare tree branches. A storm brews on the horizon.

2 INT. RYAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

A remake of WAVE OF MUTILATION by The Pixies blasts from an iPod dock on a marble countertop.

CLOSE ON - A tomato as a razor sharp KNIFE slices down on it. A frenetic assembly of knife swishes and other semi-dangerous kitchen prep chores. All handled with ease by -

ELIZABETH RYAN (21) cooking with rhythm, rocking out to the music playing on an iPod dock.

ELIZABETH

Dad! Dinner's almost ready!

She turns to the commercial-grade Viking stove, upon which she's finishing up a simple meal of pasta.

Elizabeth tastes the bubbling red sauce. Delicious. She ladles the sauce onto the pasta and carries the china plates towards the dining room--

When she slips. Pasta sauce spills on the white tile floor. She sighs in exasperation, grabbing a dish towel to wipe up the spill.

Only when she does, she notices more red stains behind her. She just shakes her head and cleans them up, then picks the plates back up.

And then, something drips again on the floor. Then onto her sleeve. Elizabeth is confused. Then she looks up--

A red liquid of some kind is pooling on the ceiling, seeping through from upstairs and dripping down.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

(CONT'D)

Dad?!

A single drop of the liquid lands upon her cheek. The plates smash to the floor as she tears out of the room.

3 INT. RYAN MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT 3

Elizabeth darts barefoot through a foyer replete with antiques from various times and places, many insulated by protective glass cases.

Elizabeth climbs a staircase. On the hallway landing stand several statues and totems from all over the world.

4 INT. RYAN MANSION - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 4

Elizabeth rushes onto the second floor and down the long hallway. A single sliver of light peeks out from beneath a doorway at the end of the hall.

ELIZABETH

Dad? DAD! Is everything okay?

The door is open a crack. Elizabeth shoves the door open.

5 INT. RYAN MANSION - TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT 5

The room is dark, lit only by a single desk lamp. It reveals the walls of the room filled with hunting trophies. Big game with sharp teeth and dead eyes, some mounted on the wall, some stuffed and displayed standing.

Elizabeth, breathing heavy, scans the room, but she does not see her father.

ELIZABETH

Dad? Dad?

Elizabeth takes a step past the desk. SQUISH. Her bare feet step in something wet. She recoils, knocking into the desk and toppling the lamp.

The lamp falls right at her feet, revealing that the liquid she stepped in was BLOOD.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

Elizabeth picks up the fallen lamp and uses it like a flashlight. Her hands quiver as she aims it around the room; revealing the POOL OF BLOOD dominating the center of the room. Elizabeth's eyes follow the blood trail to the hunting trophy collection. Obscured by shadows, SOMETHING behind the stuffed bear moves.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Who--who's there?

OFF HER LOOK - A HUGE FORM evenly crouched on all fours, it's outline dwarfs the bear. All we can make out clearly in the light are glowing yellow eyes, a hint of fur, a single claw which extends nearly half a foot.

Elizabeth, terrified, slowly turns the light towards it. But as light crests upon a single yellow eye--IT LOOKS STRAIGHT AT HER. She SCREAMS.

Elizabeth turns to run when she sees a GLASS CASE beside her, containing various antiques. She SMASHES the glass with her palm, cutting herself in the process--

BUT ALSO SETTING OFF THE PIERCING SECURITY ALARM.

The Form in the shadows lets out a ROAR so loud and angry it drowns out the alarm.

It LEAPS at Elizabeth, launching itself off amazingly powerful legs. Elizabeth flinches, dropping to her knees.

But the Form leaps right over her head, SMASHING through the bay window behind her. Elizabeth stands up and walks to the window as -

CAM PUSHES - Out window revealing the nighttime skyline of New Orleans in all its glory.

SUPER TITLE: DEAD OF NIGHT

6 EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREETS - NIGHT

6

CREDITS OVER MONTAGE - Shots of New Orleans nightlife. Homeless, fast food workers, club goers, hot dog vendors, dock workers. The slightly skewed residents we'll soon come to know as the Dead of Night...

CUT TO:

7 EXT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

7

A street sign reveals we're at 7 CRAVEN ROAD deep in the heart of the French Quarter.

CLOSE ON ENTRANCE - A directory listing that reads "2nd Floor - PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR - DYLAN DO-" but the rest has been scratched out by time and punk kids.

The furniture is beaten vintage: filing cabinets, steel chairs, desk fan. A horseshoe hangs over the door.

An Italian-release DUCK SOUP poster framed on the wall. Ship in a bottle and a clarinet are thrown on a desk.

DYLAN, a tall, lanky man in his thirties, is curled up in a ball on the dilapidated couch, asleep. His handsome features are hidden beneath crumpled clothes and a two day growth of stubble.

CLOSE ON - A GUN inching closer and closer to Dylan's sleeping face, business end aimed between his eyes. Dylan wakes as the man holding the gun cocks it.

HARKIN (50s) is sweating profusely and has a wild-eyed, all-night-drinking-binge look about him.

HARKIN

You think--you think you can just ruin people's lives and get away with it?

Dylan looks unconcerned. He closes his eyes and rubs his temples in pain.

DYLAN

You cocked the gun too early.

HARKIN

Wha--?

DYLAN

You cocked the gun too early. You shove a gun in somebody's face. That's shock enough. You want to save cocking the gun for later, in case the gun itself doesn't put enough fear into the guy. You've already done that. Now where do you go from here? Shake it at me?

Dylan reaches over to an end table drawer next to the couch. Harkin, unsure of how to respond, shakes the gun in his face.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

See? Hardly effective, right? But if you saved up the gun cocking, boom. Then you've got escalation, and that's the name of the game.

Dylan reaches into the drawer. Harkin shoves the gun up under Dylan's chin.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Now you're getting the hang of it.

Dylan pulls out a bottle of aspirin. He opens it, pops two in his mouth and chews. Harkin backs off a little.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
All right. Now, why is it you're here?

HARKIN
I'm here to put a bullet in your head.

DYLAN
Hmm. Nope. Not ringing bells. You're gonna have to help me with this one, chief. Who are you again?

Harkin's anger grows. He tosses three PHOTOS in Dylan's face. Harkin and a young woman in a hotel room.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Right. You're the one with the screamer.

HARKIN
Those pictures are gonna cost me EVERYTHING! The four bedroom, five bath house with the pool and tennis court, the brand new Mercedes S-class...

DYLAN
It's never pretty when love dies.

HARKIN
Whadda you know about it?!

Harkin's building up enough rage to pull the trigger. Dylan pays attention. As Harkin inches closer, he knocks against a TV tray, upending a salt shaker. Salt spills onto the coffee table. Dylan shakes his head.

DYLAN
That's not good.

HARKIN
(confused)
Wha?

DYLAN (cont'd)

Did you know that in DaVinci's "The Last Supper," the salt in front of Judas is spilled? Not a good sign.

Harkin pulls back the gun's hammer. Dylan switches gears.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. You missed something in these photos.

(beat)

Look for yourself.

He hands Harkin back one of the photos and Harkin stares at it. What Harkin doesn't see is Dylan's FIST, coming through the photo and into Harkin's nose a moment later.

Harkin's gun falls to the floor as he YELLS in pain.

HARKIN

I think you broke my nose!

Dylan puts the gun in his pocket. Confused, Harkin sits on the couch as Dylan carefully sweeps up the spilled salt with his hands.

DYLAN

It's not broken, you big baby. Now I understand you're upset, but I was just doing my job. You were the one power-thrusting your secretary.

HARKIN

Executive assistant.

DYLAN

Whatever. You did the crime, you pay the fine.

Dylan throws the collected salt over his shoulder.

HARKIN

But--she started cheating on me first!

Dylan gets a sparkle in his eye.

DYLAN

You don't need revenge. You need proof. Pictures. Audio. Video if possible. I get two-fifty a day, plus expenses.

(beat)

You wouldn't happen to have a checkbook with you?

Dylan pulls the clip out of Harkin's gun and tosses the weapon back to him. Harkin is surprised.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Here. Bad luck to keep another man's gun.

9 EXT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

9

Harkin exits the office, still confused--but a new client.

On his way out he passes MARCUS (24), just parking his vintage sputtering VW BUG. Marcus is Dylan's assistant. He has a slight build and a vast reserve of energy.

MARCUS
Was that guy carrying a gun?

DYLAN
Was he? I didn't notice.

Dylan holds a newly written check in his hand.

Marcus drops today's mail on Dylan's desk. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small wrapped BOX, placing it on top of the bills.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
What's this?

MARCUS
A little something for us to keep up with the competition.

DYLAN
(heard it before)
...Marcus.

Marcus shakes his head as Dylan unwraps the box.

MARCUS
Dylan. There are three key ingredients of life - learning, earning and yearning. You have to know what you want to get it. Now me, I have a plan. Married by thirty, three kids, two boys and a girl, by thirty-seven, and a funeral packed with family not before I'm...

DYLAN
...eighty two.

MARCUS
...eighty two.

DYLAN

You really gotta stop watching those
informercials.

Dylan pulls a small DIGITAL CAMERA from the box. His face
scrunches.

MARCUS

You DO know that there are parts of the
world that consider film kind of... old,
right?

DYLAN

Sounds like paradise.

MARCUS

(under his breath)
...and that's why I used your credit
card.

DYLAN

What was that?

MARCUS

Nothin' man.

As Dylan examines the tech, Marcus hesitates a moment-

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(carefully)
Remember that conversation we had a few
weeks ago?

Marcus waits for a response. Dylan doesn't give him one.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Now this isn't to say that getting your
mail and developing your antiquated film
stock hasn't been thrilling, but frankly?
You know I can do more. I thought this
was about cases of life and death... not
cheating husbands and exchanging bodily
fluids. I just need the chance. This
business needs the chance. I want to be
your go-to guy, not your go-GET guy.

(beat)

I want to be your partner.

Dylan looks at him in the mirror.

DYLAN
 Marcus, you know I can't have a partner.
 (beat - genuine)
 I'm sorry.

MARCUS - he's hurt. But too much of a friend to dwell on it. He sees a small RING hanging from a leather tether around Dylan's neck as he buttons his shirt.

MARCUS
 Speaking of bodily fluids--here's the Collins photos.

Marcus puts an envelope full of photos in front of Dylan.

DYLAN
 Wow. Is he really--
 (next photo)
 Oh! How is that anatomically possible?!

MARCUS
 (chuckling)
 Looks like whiplash, right?

DYLAN
 More like Chinese acrobats.

Now they're both chuckling, the tension in the room dissipated as quickly as it arrived.

MARCUS
 Oh, uh, you had a call earlier. Some woman. Garden district. Wants to talk.

Dylan's eyebrows raise.

DYLAN
 Ahh. Feel that?

MARCUS
 What?

DYLAN
 That's our fees going up.

10 EXT. RYAN MANSION - DAY

10

Dylan pulls up, driving a beaten Karman Ghia. Marcus looks disapprovingly at the car's thick plume of exhaust.

MARCUS
 Nice first impression.

DYLAN

It's a classic, and you go before the car goes. Understand?

A police cruiser sits out front. As the two COPS inside spot Dylan, they share a comment which causes them to CHUCKLE.

MARCUS

You know those guys?

Dylan just tries to ignore the cops, though he's starting to get an uneasy feeling about this new case.

11 INT. RYAN MANSION - ENTRANCEWAY - DAY 11

Elizabeth answers the door. She examines Dylan, a curious look crossing her face.

ELIZABETH

Can I help you?

DYLAN

That's what I do. I'm Dylan, you called?

ELIZABETH

Oh--I--thought you'd look different.

DYLAN

Different how?

Elizabeth takes him in from head to toe. Unimpressed.

ELIZABETH

Cleaner, for one.

12 INT. RYAN MANSION - FOYER - DAY 12

Marcus eyes up the antique statues on the landing as follow Elizabeth through the first floor.

MARCUS

(quietly, to Dylan)

I guess this is how the other half lives.

DYLAN

More like the other one percent. Watch and learn. I know how this type works.

13

INT. RYAN MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

13

Elizabeth leads Dylan and Marcus into the sun-lit room.

ELIZABETH

I'm not sure how we do this. I've never even met a private investigator before.

DYLAN

Why don't you just tell us why we're here?

Elizabeth hesitates, eyeing Dylan intently.

ELIZABETH

It's my father.

DYLAN

Let me guess. Skipped out on the family.

ELIZABETH

You're looking at 'the family' and he would never do that. He was murdered.

Marcus and Dylan share a surprised glance.

DYLAN

Condolences. What do our friends in blue have to say about it?

ELIZABETH

Our friends--?

DYLAN

The ones in the cruiser parked outside.

ELIZABETH

Them? They don't believe my story. They keep that car out front just to convince my neighbors they're safe. They didn't hear a word I said.

MARCUS

Why don't they believe you? You seem pretty trustworthy to me.

Dylan shoots Marcus a glance. *"Do you mind?"*

DYLAN

The real question is: why do you think we will?

Elizabeth pulls an old, tattered business card out of her jeans.

ELIZABETH

After my father's funeral, one of the workers at the cemetery gave me this.

Marcus, curious, reaches for the card. Dylan grabs it first. He gives it one look and hands it back to her.

DYLAN

I don't do this kind of thing anymore. Now you have a nice day. Marcus?

Dylan starts walking out. Marcus is stunned, while Elizabeth is incredulous.

14

INT. RYAN MANSION - FOYER - DAY

14

Elizabeth follows Dylan, while Marcus trails them both.

ELIZABETH

But--you have to help. My father was killed by some kind of--monster.

Marcus pulls out a notepad and starts writing. Dylan just keeps walking.

DYLAN

Look Miss, in a moment of trauma the mind can play tricks--

ELIZABETH

I don't need to hear that crap again. I saw it with my own eyes. It was huge, with thick fur and massive claws--

DYLAN

Sorry, but an investigator isn't the kind of help you need.

Elizabeth blocks Dylan's path. She seems to sense something in his voice.

ELIZABETH

There's something you're not telling me.

DYLAN

I hear Loxapine works well. A couple side effects though--

ELIZABETH

Everybody I told this to looks at me the same way. But not you. You know something, don't you?

Dylan brushes past her.

DYLAN

Nothing that'll help you.

She tosses Dylan's business card at him.

ELIZABETH

I should have known you were bullshit.

But Dylan's already out the door.

MARCUS

We'll get back to you. Thanks.

Marcus picks up the thrown business card and heads out.

15

EXT. RYAN MANSION - DAY

15

Marcus rushes to catch up with Dylan.

MARCUS

Dylan, that girl is in trouble.

DYLAN

That girl is crazy. It's not our problem.

MARCUS

Her father is dead. She's traumatized. She's all alone.

DYLAN

Drop it, Marcus. End of discussion.

Marcus steps in front of Dylan, blocking his path.

MARCUS

Hold on. That was the first real case we've seen in years, someone who actually needed our help, not some cheater trying to catch his wife cheating first.

(beat)

This is what I'm talking about! Something different! Something better! Don't you want that?

DYLAN

I don't. Because things don't get better in this life. They either stay the same, or they get alot worse. So that's my plan. Five years, ten years, twenty years from now, I want every day the same. I'll see you tomorrow.

Dylan gets in the car and peels out, leaving Marcus standing there, alone.

MARCUS

It's okay! I'll walk.

He pulls out Dylan's old business card, looking at it for the first time:

Investigator of the Supernatural
"No Pulse? No Problem."
(504) 555-DEAD

MARCUS (CONT'D)

"No pulse, no problem"? What does that even mean?

16	EXT. NEW ORLEANS SKYLINE - SUNSET	16
	TIMELAPSE - Sun sets behind a wall of glass and steel. Shadows grow long as the city's lights come to life.	
17	EXT. CORPUS HOUSE - NIGHT	17
	A beautifully remodeled pre-war hotel.	
18	INT. CORPUS HOUSE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS	18
	A DJ spins with a live industrial band behind him. Gothic vaulted ceilings and black marble walls and floors are illuminated by black light.	
	BAR - Off to the side of the bar, we see a black-clad fashionista - JADE, 21 - grab an onyx cigar box.	
	She shares knowing glances with fellow black-clad hipsters. They all have MATCHING TATTOOS... soon to be known as the mark of the TRUEBLOOD VAMPIRE CLAN.	
	A CIVILIAN MAN - RODDY, 23 - beckons her over. Has a twitchy look already. His girl ALLY is next to him.	

RODDY
How much for two?

JADE
Four fifty.

ALLY
You've had enough already Roddy.

RODDY
I'll let you know when I've had enough.
(to Jade)
C'mon, set me up babe.

ON BOX - She opens it, revealing tiny VIALS OF BLOOD. She gives him two, pockets the money. Ally's pissed. Jade winks at him seductively and leaves.

RODDY - Pulls out a custom CHROME INHALER. Inserts the vial and INHALES IT. Ally frowns.

ALLY
Roddy -

RODDY
Shut up!

He loads the other and inhales it as well. His eyes roll back and his head drops. A beat. Then -

- he rears back and SCREAMS. The music changes cues to more AGGRESSIVE.

19

INT. CORPUS HOUSE - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

19

A man, VARGAS, sits on a sofa, staring at a wall of TV security monitors, watching the club below. We don't see his face through the whole scene.

Another black clad hipster walks in - LORCA. He leans in.

LORCA
Werewolf murder last night. Some importer named Alfred Ryan. A civilian.

VARGAS
Lots of people die Lorca. Get over it.

LORCA
Apparently the wolves caught wind of something being brought over from the old country...

(beat)
...the Heart.

VARGAS - His posture stiffens. Turns to Lorca.

VARGAS
That's interesting. Go check it out.

Vargas' attention returns the TV monitors. Roddy is thrashing around the floor.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Goddamn breathers.

20

INT. CORPUS HOUSE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

20

DANCE FLOOR - Roddy thrashes at first, aggressively dancing. SCREAMING at the top of his lungs. He knocks into a few girls, annoyed. Enough to get anyone tossed.

WIDER - TWO PALE BURLY BOUNCERS walk up to him.

BOUNCER
Okay hotshot. Night's over.

RODDY - Looks back. Wild bloodshot-eyes. He laughs.

RODDY
I'm just gettin' started.

- a finger TAPS on his shoulder. He turns around.

OFF HIS LOOK - EMIL VARGAS, 30. Clearly a leader. Dressed in similar trendy black clothes with silver jewelry that spans history. A wall of TRUEBLOODS stand behind him. He smirks at Roddy.

VARGAS
Someone needs a timeout.

Roddy lunges, but Vargas moves even faster. He punches Roddy one or two times. Roddy stands still. THEN COLLAPSES.

CROWD - Silenced. The music died down. Everyone staring.

VARGAS - He slowly grins and raises an eyebrow. Closer, we see he has just one VAMPIRE FANG. Controlled rage.

As if on cue, the DJ ramps up the music again. The place resumes as if nothing happened as Roddy's limp body is dragged out by his hair.

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Goddamn breathers.

21 INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 21

Marcus enters the office, drops a package of fresh film rolls on Dylan's desk. He begins sorting through papers.

CREAK. Marcus hears the front door open in the waiting room outside. He speaks without looking up.

MARCUS
Hey, Dylan? I want to talk to you about this afternoon. I'm sorry if I--

He looks up, suddenly shocked. A massive FORM with blood red eyes towers over him. He screams.

22 EXT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 22

Dylan parks his Karman Ghia out front of his office.

He steps into the recessed doorway when suddenly a wild-eyed MAN jumps out from the darkness SCREAMING. Dylan reacts instantly, slamming him against a wall. The man is a WINO, dressed in dirty, tattered clothes.

WINO
We're all gonna die...gonna die!!!

Dylan releases him and the Wino staggers away.

WINO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
The devil! The devil was here! I saw the beast! I saw death in its eyes!

Dylan eyes the Wino curiously. Dylan enters the building.

23 INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 23

Dylan notices his office door is slightly ajar. Immediately suspicious, he steps inside.

DYLAN
Marcus?

24

INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

24

The room is dark, lit only by moonlight from the window. Dylan takes a step inside, stepping on a roll of film.

Dylan flips on the light. The room is destroyed, desks overturned. In the center of the room lies Marcus's body, in a pool of his blood. His stomach has a gaping wound. Dylan freezes.

FLASHBACK - INT. CORPUS HOUSE - LOBBY

FLASH. POV of a similar murder scene. A WOMAN'S BODY lies upon an ornate inlay of a SERPENT on a marble floor.

BACK TO SCENE

Dylan snaps out of it and rushes to his side.

DYLAN

No. Marcus? Marcus?!!

Dylan feels for a pulse. Nothing. Dylan looks like the wind has been knocked out of him. He falls to his knees.

Dylan lays his jacket over Marcus's body and cradles his head in his hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

Dylan walks to his chair and sits as CORONERS arrive.

One of the Coroners pulls back the sheet covering Marcus's body. He recoils.

CORONER #1

Jesus Christ! Is it just me, or does it look like something took a bite outta this guy?

(sees Dylan)

Oh... Sorry.

The blood drains from Dylan's face as he realizes he might have been able to prevent this.

TIME LAPSE - As Dylan sits in the same position, unmoving, while the business of cleaning up Marcus' body carries on behind. The sun begins to set as the last officers leave the room.

25 INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON 25

OFF DYLAN'S LOOK - staring down at Marcus's chalk outline on the floor, transfixed by the image. Almost angry. A single tear begins to form in his eye.

In a fit of rage he knocks aside his chair, which careens into a mirror, SHATTERING it.

Dylan gazes at a dozen images of himself in the scattered pieces of glass. They all look miserable. He makes a decision -

Dylan pushes his desk aside, revealing a trap door underneath. A cloud of dust fills the air as he heaves open the door. He reaches inside and pulls out a large, weathered, black leather PHYSICIAN'S BAG out of frame.

26 EXT. RYAN MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON 26

Elizabeth opens the door. Dylan stands, bag in hand.

ELIZABETH

What the hell are you doing here?

DYLAN

The thing that attacked your father, it was about seven feet tall, walked on all fours, covered in brown hair, canine snout and incisors, four inch claws. And its eyes...yellow. Sound about right?

Elizabeth nods, stunned. Dylan walks past her into the house.

27 INT. RYAN MANSION - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON 27

Dylan and Elizabeth head down the hall towards her father's study.

ELIZABETH

I thought you said I was crazy. What made you change your mind?

DYLAN

My friend was murdered last night.

ELIZABETH

(shocked)

Oh my god. Who would do that?

DYLAN

Not a who. A what. Whatever killed Marcus wasn't human. Someone was watching your house. Someone that wanted to scare me off your case.

ELIZABETH

So are you taking the case?

DYLAN

Maybe.

They reach the doorway to the trophy room, still crisscrossed by a web of police tape. Dylan pulls the tape aside and steps in. Elizabeth hesitates.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You don't have to come in.

ELIZABETH

I'm a big girl. I can take it.

28

INT. RYAN MANSION - TROPHY ROOM - DAY

28

Dylan examines the blood-stained floor. Elizabeth, lost in thought, stares at the collection of pictures of her and her father on his dresser.

ELIZABETH

So what was that thing that killed my father?

Dylan looks at the shattered window and the appropriate two-story drop below.

DYLAN

A werewolf.

ELIZABETH

Werewolf? You mean, like--in the movies?

It plays out in her eyes. From disbelief, to confusion, to curiosity.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

(CONT'D)

I thought they were just stories--

Dylan examines the rest of room closely, running his hand on surfaces, searching for something.

DYLAN

The stories only got it half right. They're part human, part wolf but never both at the same time. Only they're not living out in the woods near Grandma's cabin. They're here, in the city, living and working among us. Most have learned to control the beast inside, to control the change. To live among humans. But sometimes, the beast gets loose. And then you get... well, this.

29 INT. RYAN MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

29

Dylan searches the hallway, noticing the array of impressive antiques and artwork.

DYLAN

What did your father do for a living?

ELIZABETH

He was an importer. Look...I don't know what you're going to find. The police have been all over the house.

Dylan comes upon a window facing the park. He notices a tree swaying nearby.

DYLAN

Did they check the trees?

ELIZABETH

The trees?

30 EXT. RYAN MANSION - SUNSET

30

Elizabeth watches as Dylan climbs a ladder into the high branches of the elm tree. Above him, the sky is painted crimson by the setting sun.

ELIZABETH

When I was sixteen I broke my arm trying to sneak back into the house from that tree. It's way too far from the window.

DYLAN

Not for a werewolf. Werewolves like to use trees. Most of the earliest European cases of lycanthropy took place near forests.

Dylan climbs further up the tree. Elizabeth starts to walk under the ladder to see what he's doing.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Stop!

ELIZABETH
What?

DYLAN
Around, never under.

She looks at Dylan, what a freak.

Dylan plucks a single ANIMAL HAIR off a branch. He lifts it to the light, inspecting its tawny grey, black-tipped color.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Jackpot.

31 INT. RYAN MANSION - TROPHY ROOM - DAY

31

Elizabeth stands by as Dylan opens his physician's bag, revealing a plethora of average-looking tools, gadgets and medicine bottles. From a variety of time periods.

ELIZABETH
Fascinating. So high tech.

Dylan pulls out a pair of MECHANICAL SPECTACLES, made of copper with dual, adjustable polarized magnifying lenses over each eye.

DYLAN
Undead investigation is old school. This is a female werewolf hair, between her second and third coat. That'd put her...right around eighteen years old.

ELIZABETH
That thing was a woman?

DYLAN
That thing was a girl.

Dylan pulls out several labeled bell jars, each containing a single lock of hair.

ELIZABETH
What are those?

Dylan lifts on of the jars, labeled "Volpe." He places the hair he found next to it, comparing them.

DYLAN

Hair samples. The most common way to become a werewolf is by inheritance. Like a genetic disorder, it's passed down from parent to child.

Dylan picks up another bottle labeled "Gonsalves."

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

These families, like any wolf pack, have identifying colors to their coat. There are four werewolf clans in the city. They're pretty territorial, like the mob, so this girl has to be from one of them.

Dylan lifts another bottle up to the hair. It's a perfect match. Labelled "Cysnos". He frowns as he takes off the spectacles. Elizabeth picks up the Cysnos bottle.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Damnit. They're never this messy.

Dylan, grabs it from her, packs his bag and starts out.

ELIZABETH

Wait! Where are you going?

Dylan just keeps walking.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

(CONT'D)

But--you can't just say all this, and then walk out! He was my father. I need to know who's responsible. I want to be involved.

DYLAN

Trust me, you don't. You survived last time, I wouldn't push that luck twice.

ELIZABETH

I can take care of myself.

DYLAN

Not where I'm going.

Dylan takes out an OLD SERVICE REVOLVER from his bag, tucks it in his belt back and walks out the door.

32 EXT. CYSNOS MEATPACKING PLANT - DUSK 32

Dylan parks near the rear loading dock of a vast steel warehouse. The last vestiges of sun light the horizon.

Dylan transfers something from the physician's bag to his jacket pocket. We catch just a glimpse of metal in it. Dylan looks around, making sure he's not being watched, and jumps onto the dock.

33 INT. CYSNOS MEATPACKING PLANT - DUSK 33

Dylan looks around a corner. The meatpacking floor is expansive, with a handful of MEATPACKERS violently chopping 600 lb. beef carcasses into pieces. All of the men are huge, at least 6'3" and two hundred and fifty pounds. There is something menacing about the men and the violence with which they go about their tasks.

Behind him, Dylan slips up the rear staircase, unseen.

STAIRWELL - As Dylan reaches the top of the stairs, he hears a noise. He looks down below, into the corner of the warehouse. He notices the biggest of the men, WOLFGANG, furiously punching a heavy bag. Each punch lands like a piledriver.

Wolfgang suddenly stops punching, sniffing the air suspiciously. He glances to where Dylan was standing, but Dylan's gone. Wolfgang resumes the bag workout.

34 INT. CYSNOS MEATPACKING PLANT - GABRIEL'S OFFICE - DUSK 34

The room is in stark contrast to the plant below. The office is a traditional, wood-paneled room. A mahogany desk is populated with pictures of a large family.

Dylan leafs through various papers before he finds a clipboard hung low on the wall. The clipboard lists the day's deliveries. All large shipments...except for one. A single package of meat, delivered to **93 Magnolia St.**

GABRIEL (O.S.)

You shouldn't be sneaking around. People could get the wrong idea.

Dylan cracks a small smile, and turns to see GABRIEL CYSNOS (65), the elderly patriarch of the Cysnos clan. Tall, with long silver hair, he is a mellowed, stately version of the men downstairs. A powerful presence.

DYLAN

Well, it's a good thing I'm the only
"people" here. How's the family, Gabriel?

They share a respectful hand shake. Dylan notices blood-soaked sawdust coating his shoes. Annoyed, he wipes them off. Gabriel walks to his desk.

GABRIEL

Strong.

DYLAN

Business?

GABRIEL

Thanks to low-carbing, things are looking up. Even the runway models are eating filet again. It's about time you humans remembered the taste for blood.

Gabriel locks eyes with Dylan. Chooses his words.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Can you even imagine what it means for you to walk through those doors again? After what happened?

(beat)

You have no idea, do you?

Dylan doesn't answer.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

You know my loyalty, Dylan. But I'm one of few. Many believe you turned Interfecti that night. You're either brave or crazy to come back, old friend.

DYLAN

Well, it's neither. I'm on a case.

Gabriel wasn't expecting to hear this. Dylan scans Gabriel's desk. There are several photos of his many children. He picks up one of a teenage girl, glancing at it, then at Gabriel.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Murder. A human named Alfred Ryan.

Dylan pauses, looking for any glimmer of recognition from Gabriel. Gabriel gives him nothing.

GABRIEL

Should this name mean something to me?

DYLAN

Someone in your clan killed him.

Gabriel's face flashes with anger. But he stays composed.

GABRIEL

(terse)

Accuse one of my family, you accuse me.
You know that. Or have you traveled that
far from the man I once knew?

DYLAN

Hey. I stayed away. It's your world that
came knocking. And now someone close to
me is dead.

(glares)

Again.

GABRIEL

(beat)

You know how sorry I am, Dylan.

DYLAN

Yeah. Me too.

Dylan picks up another photo, a beautiful young girl (18) smiling at her high school graduation. Gabriel looks away, an action that draws Dylan's attention.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

That's Little Mara, right? Wow, she's
grown. Sixteen? Seventeen? Where is she
these days?

In a flash of anger, Gabriel LUNGES for him, snatching the picture from Dylan. His eyes have turned bright yellow and his teeth have sharpened and extended, making him look much more wolf-like and fearsome.

GABRIEL

Watch yourself, boy. Out of respect for
our past I won't kill you where you
stand. But don't push me. Even my
patience has its limits.

Dylan doesn't flinch. He's found out what he needed to know. Gabriel's features return to normal as he forces himself to calm down.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

You had better leave. The others won't be
as understanding.

Dylan turns to go.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Cassandra was a beautiful girl, Dylan.
What happened to her was a tragedy. But I
don't think she would have wanted this.

DYLAN

And what exactly is "this"?

GABRIEL

Stirring up old ghosts in her honor.

OFF Dylan's stoic reaction--

35 INT. CYSNOS MEATPACKING PLANT - DUSK 35

Dylan is walking out of the plant when - ROAR - he's
suddenly grabbed from behind and flung through a window
overlooking the meatpacking floor.

36 INT. CYSNOS MEATPACKING PLANT - FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 36

Dylan lands hard. Looks up and recoils. OFF HIS LOOK we
see a severed pig's head staring back at him.

WIDER - Dylan stands. The plant is empty. Hanging
carcasses from chained hooks create a visual maze amidst
the frost and cold air. Dylan cracks his neck.

WOLFGANG (O.S.)

You shouldn't have come back. You're not
welcome here anymore, little pig.

DYLAN

Wolfgang. You still sore about that last
fight we had?

WOLFGANG (O.S.)

Not as sore as you're gonna be...

Dylan turns and sees Wolfgang right behind him. A wall.

DYLAN

Still rockin that overbite, huh?

Wolfgang punches Dylan square on the jaw, lifting his
entire body a full three feet off the ground. Dylan
lands, splayed on the floor, struggling for breath.

WOLFGANG

My father never should have stuck his neck out for you with the Truebloods. You're just another lousy breather.

WOLFGANG - In a flash, he transforms into a WEREWOLF. Long fangs, yellow eyes. He ROARS, leaping through the air, landing square on Dylan's back!

DYLAN

You still hit like a vampire.

WOLFGANG

We're not allowed to feed off-a you fleshbags. Think I might make an exception in your case...

Dylan reaches into his pocket as Wolfgang advances menacingly. Wolfgang leaps forward to attack but Dylan unleashes a roundhouse that comes in lightning quick and surprises Wolfgang. He takes it squarely in the face.

The big man is thrown back YELPING in fury and pain. The side of his face covered with a painful burn mark. In Dylan's right fist: a set of brass knuckles...only they're not brass, they're SILVER.

DYLAN

Oh, that's right. You're not a big fan of silver, are you?

Wolfgang transitions back to human form, face still smoldering and collapses. Dylan finally feels his pain.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Goddamn, you guys have a temper.

37

EXT. ABANDONED TENEMENT - NIGHT

37

The entire block is lined with burned-out shells of abandoned brick tenements. A modern day ghost town.

Dylan pulls up in front of one of the more dilapidated tenements, matches the **93 Magnolia St.** address from Gabriel's office.

Dylan reaches into the car's glove compartment and pulls out his GUN. He cracks open the chamber, unloading the dull grey bullets.

In the glove compartment is a box of bullets separated into three sections: SILVER, WOOD, DUM DUMS. Dylan pulls out bullets marked "Silver" and loads them into his gun.

He closes the chamber and TAPS the butt of the gun twice.

38 INT. ABANDONED TENEMENT - NIGHT 38

The front door CREAKS open. Dylan, gun drawn, slips inside the decimated entrance way.

39 INT. MARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 39

Dylan slowly enters the room. Shock registers on his face. He lowers the gun.

A dead FEMALE BODY lies crumpled in the middle of the room. Dylan carefully turns the body over.

DYLAN

Mara.

Her innocent eyes are wide with fright. A cursory examination reveals numerous broken bones and vicious bruises. Clearly, she was tortured before she died.

He looks around the rest of the room. The place has been ripped apart, suggesting a thorough search. Even floorboards have been ripped open.

CRASH. Dylan spins, spotting a FIGURE darting out of the room. He gives chase.

40 INT. ABANDONED TENEMENT - CONTINUOUS 40

Dylan races after the Figure; an extremely PALE TEEN sporting bleached white hair. Dylan keeps up.

THE CHASE CONTINUES IN STAIRWELLS / CORRIDORS AROUND THE TENEMENT. TEEN MOVES FAST AND LIGHTLY. LIKE A PARCOUR RUNNER. DYLAN STRUGGLES TO KEEP UP, AND LOSES HIM MOMENTARILY.

41 EXT. DEAD END - CONTINUOUS 41

Dylan looks for the teen. Gun still drawn.

Suddenly, he hears a SPLINTERING sound. He runs toward the sound. He discovers the Teen tearing at one of the plywood boards, trying to escape.

Dylan raises his gun.

DYLAN
Nowhere to go, kid. Don't move.

PALE TEEN
(stutters)
St-stay back.

The Pale Teen looks away, revealing a TATTOO inscribed upon the back of his neck.

ON TATTOO - A long serpent with glaring eyes, sharp claws and a body covered in greenish hair.

flashback - CORPUS HOUSE - BOARDROOM - night

FLASH. POV of a murderer. OLD PALE MEN IN SUITS sit around an ebony conference table, surprised.

FLASH. A MAN with on his face raises his hands in surrender just before a gun shoots him in the chest. His head slumps to one side, revealing the same tattoo.

FLASH. The gun continues to FIRE, taking out everyone at the table.

FLASH. We see the man holding the gun. IT'S DYLAN. His expression is one of total, uncontrolled rage.

BACK TO SCENE

PALE TEEN takes the opportunity to escape and MAKE HIS FIRST AND ONLY SUPERHUMAN LEAP UP THE SIDE OF A BUILDING. TEEN LOOKS BACK DOWN, REVEALING THE FANGS IN HIS MOUTH.

42

EXT. RYAN MANSION - ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT

42

Elizabeth comes to the door.

ELIZABETH
Dylan?

Dylan barely keeps his anger in check.

DYLAN
I tracked down the werewolf who killed your father.

She was holed up in some fleatrap, hiding out. She's dead.

(beat)

Now wave to your friends in the car, and let me inside.

Outside we can see the ever-present POLICE CRUISER. Elizabeth gives them a wave as she lets Dylan in.

43

INT. RYAN MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

43

Elizabeth is stunned. She takes a deep breath, finding a chair to sit upon.

ELIZABETH

So--it's over?

DYLAN

Not even close. She was tortured before she was killed.

ELIZABETH

Good.

DYLAN

No. Not good. I want to know why.

Elizabeth looks surprised.

ELIZABETH

What are you talking about?

DYLAN

Lines are being crossed, the kind that end up starting a war. Which is why I need to know--what was your father into?

Elizabeth is obviously scared, but stands her ground.

ELIZABETH

What? I told you everything.

DYLAN

Listen to me. When I talk about a war, I don't mean one happening somewhere out there. It'll be here, in the city, on the streets--and it'll be bloody. Before long, that blood will lead right back here. To you. And when it does? No one'll be able to save you. Not even me.

Elizabeth says nothing.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Fine.

He turns to leave. Elizabeth looks strained, her anger at Dylan battling with her fear. Fear wins out.

ELIZABETH

Wait. Please, wait...

Dylan stops. Elizabeth trembles, a moment of vulnerability.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

(CONT'D)

My dad...I'd better just show you.

44

INT. RYAN MANSION - TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

44

Elizabeth unlocks a floor safe and pulls out a THICK LEATHER BOUND BOOK.

ELIZABETH

My dad told me about this collection, in case anything ever happened to him. He said this was my safety net for when he was gone. After the other night, I checked it.

She looks around the room.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

(CONT'D)

It just doesn't make any sense, tho. There's about two million dollars in treasures here. But none of it was touched.

DYLAN

Well what WAS touched?

Elizabeth stares at him.

ELIZABETH

There...might have been an artifact.

DYLAN

Artifact? What type of artifact?

ELIZABETH

I don't know, exactly. He kept this log.

Elizabeth opens the Book. An album of photos.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)
(CONT'D)

My father took photos of his most valuable pieces. When they were sold, he flipped the photo over.

As Elizabeth flips through the book, until she reaches the final page. In one corner is a single unturned photo.

ELIZABETH (Cont'd)
(CONT'D)

This is the one I can't find.

PHOTO - a small SILVER CROSS with a ruby in the center. The arms of the cross are six inches long and equidistant from the center, ending in sharp points. The face of the cross is carved with ornate symbols and glyphs.

Dylan pulls out the picture.

DYLAN

Why didn't you tell anyone about this?

ELIZABETH

(cautiously)

The things in this book...he brought into the country, but customs never...

DYLAN

Your father was a smuggler.

Elizabeth angrily slams the book shut.

ELIZABETH

He was a good man. You don't understand, someone like you couldn't...

Dylan glares at her. Elizabeth closes the safe.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)
(CONT'D)

He never hurt anybody. But if the police found out...I just don't want him remembered that way. He's my father.

Suddenly, Dylan looks out the window, as though he caught something out of the corner of his eye. The trees behind the mansion sway in the evening moonlight.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)
(CONT'D)

What are you going to do? Are you going to tell the police?

DYLAN
 (muttered, not listening)
 Uh... no.

Dylan walks closer to the window for a better look. All he can see is his own reflection in the well-lit glass.

ELIZABETH
 What is it?

DYLAN
 Kill the light.

Elizabeth clicks off the lamps next to the window so he can see the outside better. Then, outside, its outline identical to Dylan's, A FORM, FLOATING BESIDE THE WINDOW.

SMASH! - The glass shatters as LORCA breaks into the room. Dylan absorbs the tackle, throws the vampire and runs, grabbing Elizabeth and he races out of the study.

45 INT. RYAN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT 45

Shadows at the end of the hall move as several FIGURES run at them. Dylan and Elizabeth race down the stairs and out the front door.

46 EXT. RYAN MANSION - NIGHT 46

Elizabeth and Dylan race down the steps. The police cruiser is there, but both cops are dead, their necks SNAPPED at an obtuse angle.

DYLAN
 GET IN!!

They jump into Dylan's car, as he peels out, high speed.

47 EXT. LEXINGTON AVE - NIGHT 47

Elizabeth looks out the rear of the convertible.

ELIZABETH
 Did we lose them?

DYLAN
 You can't. They attack in hunting formation. My guess is we've got four up high and one on either side of us.

Elizabeth looks up to see SHADOWS leaping between rooftops keeping up with them.

ELIZABETH

Jesus!

Dylan careens around a corner as - WHAM! - a VAMPIRE lands on his hood. He slashes at the window.

DYLAN

That's the thing about vampires. They can land like cats...

-Dylan JAMS on the brakes! The vampire flies off the hood plinko-ing off of two street lamps and parked cars.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

-but they grip like dogs.

Dylan turns the ignition. Nothing. The engine is dead from the vampire landing on the hood. He tries again.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Dammit!

ELIZABETH

This is a piece of junk!

DYLAN

HEY! It's a classic!

(quickly)

Let's go.

Dylan pulls her from the car and they clamor from the quiet side street onto the busy avenue.

48 EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - CONTINUOUS

48

Dylan and Elizabeth see a TROLLEY beginning it's route. Dylan runs for it. Elizabeth hesitates a moment and does so as well.

The sounds of approaching FOOTSTEPS reverberate off the walls.

49 INT. TROLLEY - NIGHT

49

They jump inside. The doors close and the car continues down the road.

The car is empty. Dylan catches his breath, relieved. Elizabeth slumps down into a seat.

Suddenly, the window next to Elizabeth SHATTERS as a hand reaches through and grabs hold of her shirt. Dylan pulls her free as two more windows SHATTER.

DYLAN

Run!

Dylan and Elizabeth race towards the back of the trolley. Several of the Pale Figures, Trueblood tattoos on their necks, leap into the car and give chase.

The Truebloods enter the front of the trolley. The CONDUCTOR's voice comes over the loudspeaker.

CONDUCTOR

Next stop, Dumaine Street.

The Truebloods kill the Conductor, then close in, knowing they have Dylan and Elizabeth cornered. The trolley picks up speed.

Dylan reaches into his jacket pocket as the Truebloods move in on them.

DYLAN

Close your eyes.

The lights in the car FLICKER off. The Truebloods crouch to strike as Dylan snaps open a MAGNESIUM FLARE, blasting the car with bright light. The Truebloods SCREAM in pain, their skin burning. They scramble away.

Dylan tosses the flare down by the back door, bathing it in intense bright light. The Truebloods are trapped.

Dylan stares at them as they cower from the intense light burning their skin.

OUTSIDE - The trolley, with the Truebloods on it, continues down the tracks. The SCREAMS of the vampires echo from inside.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

JUMP!

DYLAN AND ELIZABETH JUMP FROM THE TROLLEY, AS THE VAMPIRES ARE TRAPPED INSIDE WITH THE MAGNESIUM FLARES. THEY LAND ON THE STREET WITH A ROLL, AND THEN KEEP WALKING, TRYING TO BLEND WITH THE CROWD.

50

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET CORNER - NIGHT

50

Elizabeth freezes, shaking violently. Eyes darting.

ELIZABETH

What was that?

DYLAN

Magnesium flare. Burns with the same intensity as sunlight. It burns the hell out of vampires, but they recover quick.

ELIZABETH

Vampires. Right. If there are werewolves, of course there are vampires.

He immediately spots a newspaper stand. Buys a RABBIT'S FOOT, pulls it out of its packaging, gives it a rub and a kiss, then puts it in his right pocket.

Elizabeth turns and bumps into a pale MAN decked out in black leather and multiple nose rings. Elizabeth SCREAMS. The Man is unnerved and skitters away.

DYLAN

Relax. Not a vampire. Just a douchebag.
(pointing him out)
You can see his breath. Vampires don't breathe.

Elizabeth finds herself shivering.

ELIZABETH

I can't take it anymore! I...I know you're trying to protect me from...god knows what...but I can't take not knowing anymore. Just tell me what's going on. Please.

Dylan frowns, deciding she's right. He takes off his jacket and puts it around her. As Dylan speaks, Elizabeth glances at the strangers all around her.

DYLAN

Look around you. Look at them. You think they're all like you, but they're not. Somewhere in that crowd there's an impostor. A living dead. Most of the monsters you read about as a kid, or saw in the movies...they're real, and they're here.

Elizabeth stops shivering, both terrified and fascinated.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Vampires, werewolves...these things aren't fiction. They're everywhere. They say there's one of them for every five hundred of us. Some say more than that.

(beat)

The homeless guy begging for change, the partygirl you only see at night, the cab driver who takes you home, any one of them could be undead. They've existed since time began. But they've been Stateside since Ellis Island opened its port, hiding, surviving. And the key to their survival is making sure none of us know they're there.

ELIZABETH

So...how do you know all this?

DYLAN

There was a treaty in 1777. A pact. Between all the undead. To appoint a single human as impartial inspector. A detective. Only one exists at any time. Someone they can trust to find the truth. To protect them from themselves when needed. When their own crosses the wrong lines.

(beat)

There was a time when they trusted me. I kept their secret.

ELIZABETH

What happened?

DYLAN

(thinks)

I paid a price.

(beat - topic change)

Wait. What time is it?

OFF Elizabeth's curious look--

51

EXT. MORGUE - NIGHT

51

Dylan's car pulls up, rattling the whole way. He turns it off and it spits for another thirty seconds.

ELIZABETH

What's this?

DYLAN

I need to pick someone up. Stay here.

As Dylan leaves, Elizabeth cranks up the hood to the convertible, CAM REVEALING the "Morgue" sign...

52

INT. MORGUE - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

52

Purple-green fluorescents make this already dismal space even creepier. Along one wall are shining steel corpse lockers. Autopsy tables and equipment stations all over.

As Dylan enters, two pale morgue workers with attitude, CECIL and PHIL, hover over a corpse. Cecil is on a portable phone and Phil inspects the body. Neither of them notice Dylan.

CECIL

--yeah he's fresh--three hours in the bag. How big is he?

PHIL

'Bout five nine, one seventy.

CECIL

He's a medium. You needing more extra larges ain't my problem.

Cecil suddenly notices Dylan's shadow in the darkened doorway. He nudges Phil, who quickly covers up the body.

PHIL

Hey, the public ain't allowed back here.

Dylan steps from the darkened doorway into the harsh fluorescent light.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Shit. It's Dylan.

Neither of them are put at ease by recognizing him.

CECIL

Long time, bud. How you been?

DYLAN

I'm here to claim a body. Marcus Deckler.

The two zombies shrug off Dylan's cold demeanor. Cecil opens a drawer and flips through several files before finding the right one.

CECIL

You got a good eye. He really took good care of himself.

PHIL

Yeah, was he a vegetarian or something?

Dylan ignores them. Cecil leads him over to the wall of corpse lockers. He flips the latch on one about waist high and pulls the drawer out. Cold mist escapes from the refrigerated compartment. Lying on a metal slab is a body covered with a white sheet. Dylan pulls back the sheet revealing Marcus, eyes closed, skin pale, almost grey.

Dylan thoughtfully examines his dead partner and the wound in Marcus's midsection. Dylan frowns and turns.

DYLAN

Where's his left arm?

CECIL

What arm?

PHIL

Never saw it before.

Cecil and Phil look like they're guilty as hell. Dylan glances up at the wall clock. One minute to midnight.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

That clock right?

PHIL

You know it is.

Dylan watches the second hand inching towards midnight.

DYLAN

Three--two--one--

Suddenly, Marcus's eyes pop open and he bolts upright.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Dammit.

MARCUS

W-w-what's going on?

Cecil looks pissed as he pulls five bucks out of his pocket and gives it to a grinning Phil.

PHIL

Told you, man. I had a feeling that one was coming back.

Marcus is unnerved by the comment, and by his surroundings.

MARCUS

What's he talking about? Why is it so cold in here? Dylan, what's going on?!

DYLAN

You want the good news or the bad news first?

MARCUS

The bad.

DYLAN

You're dead.

MARCUS

That's real funny. So what's the good news?

DYLAN

The condition is... manageable.

Marcus looks at Dylan, then at Cecil.

CECIL

It's more like an attitude adjustment.

MARCUS

You're hilarious. Seriously--

Dylan takes Marcus' hand and puts it on Marcus' jugular.

DYLAN

Feel much? No. You've got no pulse, because you got no heartbeat.

Marcus finally cracks a smile.

MARCUS

I'm asleep. This is a dream. Some kind of weird, Red Bull-induced nightmare.

Dylan turns the examination light on Marcus's disemboweled midsection. Marcus follows Dylan's stare. The moment he sees the wound, he completely freaks out.

MARCUS (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Whoah! What is that?!

DYLAN

Mostly your large intestine.

MARCUS

What?!?! We're talking major malpractice here! What if this stuff gets infected?!

DYLAN

Infections can't bother you anymore. Neither can cancer, poison, or the common cold. You're the living dead, Marcus.

PHIL

Good thing about being the living dead? No more jogging.

MARCUS

H--how--?

DYLAN

From the looks of it? You got bit by a zombie.

PHIL AND CECIL - Freeze. Heavy news.

PHIL

A flesh eater? You serious?

(to Marcus)

Don't you get any ideas 'neither. Newbies like you eatin' people gives us zombies a bad rep, capice?

CECIL

And a mega attitude problem. Flesh eaters get super huge and totally psycho. Think Barry Bonds, drunk, with his SUV getting towed.

MARCUS POV - Phil speaks. Marcus is getting woozy.

PHIL

That's the only way we could fit in with them breathers. We don't eat 'em, they don't sever our brain stems. Worked out pretty well so far. Hey, you okay, pally?

MARCUS

Where's my ar... my a--

Marcus faints dead away. BLACK.

53 EXT. BIG AL'S BODY SHOP - NIGHT 53

The downtown streets are deserted at this hour. Elizabeth and Dylan approach a run-down garage on a side street. A sign reads: BIG AL'S BODY SHOP.

ELIZABETH

A body shop? What are we doing here?

DYLAN

Seeing an old informant of mine.

54 INT. BIG AL'S BODY SHOP - GARAGE - NIGHT 54

A typical automotive garage. The place is deserted, save several cars raised upon hydraulic jacks. Elizabeth sneaks in behind Dylan.

They're immediately approached by a burly MECHANIC; dark circles under his slighty milky eyes, yellow skin and a case of acne that looks more like smallpox.

MECHANIC

Where do you think you're goin'?
Employees only.

In a flash, Dylan's gun is in the Mechanic's face.

DYLAN

Back off. Or you might need some serious
body work yourself.

Backing away, the Mechanic glares at Dylan. Dylan turns to Elizabeth. Her look says it all - she's coming with.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Fine. Whatever you do, don't scream.

ELIZABETH

Don't... scream?

Dylan pulls her through the door.

55 INT. BIG AL'S BODY SHOP - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 55

The shop has partitioned alcoves on either side, a loading dock at the far end, and absolutely no cars.

WAITING AREA - SIX PASTY ZOMBIES await an appointment. They read magazines.

One GIRL, 10, complete with pigtails and retainer, plays a Nintendo DS with her detached LEG beside her on the sofa. She looks up as they walk past.

Elizabeth watches as a WORKER, oblivious to them, walks into an alcove. Elizabeth gets a brief, horrific glimpse of a MAN inside, his torso severed from his lower half.

Elizabeth goes to scream. Dylan grabs her mouth.

DYLAN

I told you. No screaming.

A refrigerated TRUCK pulls up to the loading dock. Several WORKERS begin pulling out black bags. One of the bags spills open and a half dozen frozen ARMS fall out.

ELIZABETH

(whispering)

What the hell is going on here?

DYLAN

It's a body shop. Zombies come from all over the south-east area looking for replacement parts. Zombies rot fast.

ELIZABETH

These people are--zombies?

Elizabeth looks at the ZOMBIE WORKERS. They look like people...only worse. They all have dark circles under their eyes, a slight yellow tint to their skin, and their eyes have varying degrees of milkiness to them.

DYLAN

Think of it as recycling.

Elizabeth gapes until Dylan drags her through a nearby door labeled "Office".

56

INT. BIG AL'S BODY SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT

56

The small, cluttered office lined with car part pin-ups and clipboards. Behind a small desk, a zombie with bulging eyes, BIG AL, chatters away on the phone, rolling two eyeballs in the palm of his hand like stress balls. His back is to the door.

BIG AL

Screw you, sixty bucks. You're crazy, Cecil. I can get better from Stan out in Lower Ninth.

(beat)

No. He doesn't pick 'em out of the bayou,
they're fresh as yer mother's--

Big Al swings his chair around, facing Dylan and Elizabeth. He's obviously a zombie, but a patchwork of fresh multi-racial parts sewn crudely together. He freezes in terror at the sight of Dylan.

BIG AL (cont'd) (CONT'D)
- gotta call ya back.
(hangs up the phone)
Holy rotting shit. Dylan?

DYLAN
Big Al. How's the parts business?

BIG AL
You know--just trying to give my people a leg up--

DYLAN
Or a hand-out. Still the same jokes, Al?

BIG AL
Listen man--um--I don't know exactly how to say this, but word on the street is you went--well--postal a ways back. I gotta be worried?

DYLAN
Relax. I'm just here to drop off someone off for work. Tell your hunchbacks he's in my car.

Al nods to the hunchback in the door way, trying his best to relax. His attention turns to Elizabeth, eyes running up and down her body.

BIG AL
Who's your friend, Dylan? She's got some nice parts on her.

DYLAN
She's a client.

Elizabeth just stares at the EYEBALLS in his hand.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I had a run in with the Truebloods tonight.

Big Al tries to look as innocent as possible.

BIG AL
Oh, really? Wow. Not a happy reunion, eh?

DYLAN
Who's running their show these days?

BIG AL
Vargas. He runs the Corpus House now.

DYLAN
Emil Vargas? Last I checked, he was peddling vampire blood to civilians.

BIG AL
Yeah, that peddling business seems to be paying off. Got himself a corner office now. 'specially since Trueblood upper management was, uh, sent to greener pastures.

Big Al and Dylan share a look. It's clear Big Al has chosen those words carefully.

BIG AL (cont'd) (CONT'D)
If I had to guess, I'd say he's the one been spreading the word about you being the *Interfecti* out there.

DYLAN
You saying there's an *Interfecti* out there right now?

ELIZABETH
Interfecti? What does that mean?

DYLAN
It's Latin. Short for *monstrum interfecti*. Monster hunters.

BIG AL
Religious nutjobs mostly, running around with silver crosses, wooden stakes, holy water. We thought those times was done, but lately--

DYLAN
Lately what?

BIG AL
A few of the dead missing here and there. Some whispers. Nothing for sure. Man, you HAVE been out of the loop.

DYLAN

And you wouldn't be pulling a profit from any of that now, would ya Al?

Dylan takes one of the eyeballs in his hands--squishing it to a pulp.

BIG AL

I'm offended, Dylan. You know I run a clean operation, this ain't no chop shop.

DYLAN

Right. Keep those big ears open, Al. You call me if you hear of anything I should know about.

BIG AL

All right then--you take it easy Dylan. Hear me? And um--do yourself a favor--stay away from Corpus House.

Big Al waits until they leave, then he picks up the phone and dials. His demeanor is completely calm, totally unlike his interplay with Dylan.

BIG AL (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Yeah. It's Al. He was just here. How did you know?

57

EXT. ST. LUCIEN'S CEMETERY - INTERCUT

57

SCREAMS echo as a TRUEBLOOD gang shovels dirt into a grave. The leader of the Truebloods, EMIL VARGAS, is on his cell phone.

VARGAS

You're not the only one who knows things, Al. Now spill, did he ask about it?

BODY SHOP - We see a new shipment come in. Recognize the RAGING O.D. "RODDY" from Vargas' introduction on a gurney for parts processing.

BIG AL

No. Don't think he knows about it yet, but this is Dylan we're talking about. It's just a matter of time.

VARGAS

Then I guess you'd better move your ass.

BIG AL

There was one other thing tho-

VARGAS

(listening to Big Al)

Really? That's interesting.

Vargas hangs up the phone and motions for his boys to stop shoveling. He looks down in the grave.

At the bottom of the hole lies a bloodied, half-buried vampire, name of LORCA. He's bound in thick chains and is terrified beyond words.

VARGAS (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Bad news, Lorca. Big Al's informant says he saw one of our Truebloods running from where that bitch wolf died. Do you have any clue of the heat you could bring on us? Of what you could destroy? So not only do you tell me that you haven't found the Heart, but now you also exposed us. Is that what you're telling me?

(thinks - then leans closer)

You have the Heart, don't you?

LORCA

It wasn't me! I swear it!

VARGAS

I don't think I need to explain what being buried alive means to a vampire. The crushing weight of the earth, the worms eating their way into your brain, and yet you can never die.

LORCA

It wasn't me! I couldn't find it!

Vargas studies Lorca's face, almost compassionate. Then -

VARGAS

I want to believe you. I do. But how about I give you some time, to think it over. Say, twenty years?

Vargas nods to the Truebloods. They resume shoveling dirt into the hole. One of the Vampires looks more nervous than the rest. We recognize him. He's the **Pale Teen** who ran from Dylan where Mara the werewolf was murdered!

58

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

58

Dylan and Elizabeth walk down a grocery aisle. Look like a regular couple doing some late night shopping.

ELIZABETH

I'm not sure I understand. It almost sounds like you're saying that monster hunters are the bad guys. That doesn't make any sense. Since when are monsters the good guys?

DYLAN

That all depends on who you think the real monsters are.

Elizabeth looks at the shopping cart in disgust.

ON CART - Marcus wakes to find himself scrunched up in the shopping cart.

MARCUS

Oh, man I had the weirdest dream.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

I wish it was a dream.

Marcus turns to see Elizabeth and Dylan pushing the cart.

Dylan grabs a bottle of Tilex from the shelf and throws it in the cart. Marcus looks around him. The cart is filled with household cleaning products.

MARCUS

What's with all the--hey, what's that smell?

ELIZABETH

You.

Elizabeth is clearly unnerved and keeps her distance. Marcus wipes his face... revealing his left arm is now that of an AFRICAN AMERICAN, with a tribal sleeve tattoo.

MARCUS

AAGGH!! THE HELL HAPPENED TO MY ARM?!

DYLAN

It's a loaner. Relax. They were out of caucasian in your size.

MARCUS

Cau-what are you talking about?!

Dylan grabs Marcus by the face.

DYLAN

You. Are. A. Zombie.

(lets him go)

Now pay attention:

(grabs products, all biz)

Lysol is your new deodorant. Hardwood floor cleaner takes the place of soap. Windex will keep your eyes from yellowing up. And Tilex for your teeth. This is your new beauty regimen, and you can never take a day off.

Marcus struggles to make it out of the cart.

MARCUS

Enough with the jokes already. Okay? I'm tired and hungry.

Just then he notices a MINI-QUICHE on a nearby sample display. He reaches out and takes one.

DYLAN

Marcus, I'm trying to help you. You cannot eat that.

MARCUS

Oh really?

Marcus takes a defiant bite of the dog and closes his eyes, savoring the taste. Dylan grabs a paper grocery bag by the register, waiting.

In a moment, Marcus begins convulsing. He VOMITS what he just ate into the waiting bag.

The CASHIER shoots them a dark stare. Dylan peels off some bills and leaves them on the counter, then leads Marcus out the back.

59

EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

59

Marcus is still coughing up bits of mini-quiche as Dylan pushes him out into the alley.

DYLAN

Wake up and smell the rotting flesh.
You're dead.

You got a whole new set of rules to learn. From now on, you eat this.

Dylan kicks the base of a rusted dumpster, breaking a hole. Out falls a disgusting combination of live worms, grubs and fly larvae. Marcus recoils.

MARCUS

I'm just a little under the weather, alright? B-12 shot and I'll be fine.

DYLAN

We don't have time for this. Want me to show you your stomach again? You're a zombie now. It's either this or live human flesh. If you don't eat, that hungry feeling will only get worse, then you'll rot and die.

(Marcus ponders the idea)

Just consider it--a macrobiotic diet.

Marcus does his best to look at the squirming pile as food. He takes a big handful, lifts it towards his mouth.

ELIZABETH

Now I think I'm going to be sick.

Marcus brings the maggots closer--but he can't bring himself to eat them.

MARCUS

I can't.

Dylan looks genuinely concerned. But can't slow down.

DYLAN

You will. Now let's go. We've got work to do.

CUT TO:

60

EXT. CORPUS HOUSE - NIGHT

60

The scene is just as bustling as when we last saw it.

Two huge BELLBOYS in expensive white suits stand sentinel at the entrance. Marcus, Dylan and Elizabeth watch from Dylan's parked car across the street.

DYLAN

Hmm, ghouls.

MARCUS

Hmm, ghouls.
 (confused)
 And these ghouls...they would be...?

Dylan gets a whiff of Marcus' breath and recoils.

DYLAN

Breathe in the other direction, would you?

Marcus turns his head away, but towards Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Could you roll down a window, please?

The Bellboys let in a couple of clubgoers.

DYLAN

Ghouls are humans who take vampire blood. It gives them incredible strength and perpetual youth. Like the vampires.

MARCUS

(not believing a word of it)
 Right. Of course. If you have ghouls, you have to have vampires. Duh.

ELIZABETH

These ghouls, they usually work as bellboys at hotels?

Dylan takes out his gun and replaces his silver bullets with ones marked WOOD. TAPS the gun twice on the wheel.

DYLAN

That's not a hotel. It's the Corpus House. A safe haven for the Trueblood family.

MARCUS

What? Like a bloodsucker's Holiday Inn?

DYLAN

Used to be. Now it seems to be a slaughterhouse.

Dylan gets ready to leave. Reaches into his physician's bag and pockets an CHROME INHALER device like we saw earlier. Also grabs EYEDROPS and administers them. He blinks. Both eyes are completely bloodshot, like a Ghoul's.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 Take her to my office. It isn't safe
 around here.

MARCUS
 What about you?

DYLAN
 I'll be fine. If I'm not back in an hour,
 call in a bomb scare.

MARCUS
 Bomb scare. Sure. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!

But Dylan's already left.

61 EXT. CORPUS HOUSE - NIGHT 61

Dylan approaches the Bellboys, discreetly shows them the
 Inhaler and is granted admittance.

BELLBOY
 Welcome to Corpus House.

62 INT. CORPUS HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT 62

ON DYLAN - his face a mixture of confusion and disgust.

DYLAN
 I have been out of the loop...

OFF HIS LOOK - The place is a nuthouse. The guests fall
 into three types: the VAMPIRES are pale, thin, and
 stately, dressed in the most decadent fashions of the
 day. Most of them sport TRUEBLOOD tatoos.

The second type are GHOULS; addicts dressed as hip street
 kids. The Hotel Staff are also entirely ghouls, waiting
 hand and foot on the vampires.

The third type are the GUESTS, otherwise known as food or
 future-addicts. Mostly young, attractive WOMEN who appear
 to be having the time of their lives.

Dylan seems surprised by the activity, then suddenly
 freezes, his eyes locked on a distinctive marble inlay of
 a serpent on the floor - same as the Trueblood tattoo.

FLASHBACK - CORPUS HOUSE LOBBY

A glimpse of Cassandra lying dead on a dirty marble floor, the same vision from the earlier photo in Dylan's file, her body resting upon the serpent inlay.

BACK TO SCENE

Dylan stands transfixed, lost in the past. Notices a Trueblood eyeing him, he walks to the end of the room.

Dylan steps up to the bar. Uplit countertop. Women checking him out. Gets attention of Female Bartender.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

How's it going? Looks crowded tonight.

BARTENDER

Crowded? Where you been? Doesn't get much slower than this.

(closer)

You want a hit or what, breather boy?

HER HAND - shows Dylan the CASE we saw earlier with vials of consumable vampire blood.

DYLAN

No thanks. Trying to cut back.

(topic change)

I'm looking for my friend, maybe you've seen him. He's a Trueblood. About five-seven, early-twenties-looking, thin, kind of twitchy. Looks kind of like one of those shaved cats?

The Bartender just turns away as two massive BOUNCERS appear on either side of Dylan.

BOUNCER

You've been requested upstairs.

DYLAN

And what if I don't want to go?

BOUNCER

Then we get to play squash with your balls.

DYLAN

And here I thought I wasn't going to get lucky.

63

INT. CORPUS HOUSE - PRIVATE LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

63

Dylan is led into the room we saw in flashback. The room where he killed those older vampires. Only now reworked into a PRIVATE LOUNGE. Vargas sits on a sofa. Beside him stand several other TRUEBLOODS - his inner circle.

VARGAS

Dylan, it's been a dog's age. Welcome to Corpus House. Or, should I say welcome BACK. Please, take a load off.

Dylan sits, letting his hand rest near his gun.

VARGAS (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Easy, shooter. You and this room have a lot of history, I know, but I don't want any trouble.

DYLAN

Really? I heard you were spreading stories about me being a monster hunter.

VARGAS

Are you kidding me? After what you did? Hell, my only regret is that I couldn't send you a fruit basket. If you didn't kill those elders I'd be paying dues another century before I'd have a chance to run things.

DYLAN

So you are running things. Good. Then you can tell me why one of your boys killed a werewolf. And why a few more of your gang tried to kill a client of mine.

VARGAS

C'mon. My guys wouldn't do that.

DYLAN

Right. Good Catholic boys one and all.

VARGAS

Not because of any kind of morality. Because there's no profit in it. We haven't had a turf war since before you retired, and look at us. Look at this place. Not just feeding us blood anymore, but cash as well. We're learning, Dylan. We're learning that money and power smell just as sweet when you're dead.

It's what I tried to tell those old bastards before, well, before you came a' knockin.

DYLAN

Well then, I guess you won't mind if I look around a little, just for old time's sake.

Vargas frowns.

VARGAS

No club owner in the city would agree to that, Dylan. And you have to know that the patrons here require a level of anonymity beyond the usual.

Dylan stares directly into Vargas's cold eyes.

DYLAN

I wasn't asking permission.

Vargas crushes his anger with a cheshire smile. But the tone of his voice is pure malevolence.

VARGAS

Look around you. Things have changed. You're out of your league, slugger. My advice would be to go back to looking for lost cats.

Neither of them blinks. Dylan's anger surfaces.

DYLAN

You're in on this, Vargas. And when I can prove it, you'll be seeing me again. For the last time.

Vargas just grins.

VARGAS

How things change. You'll find that I'm the solid citizen these days, and you, killer? You're the one everyone's worried about.

Vargas nods to the vampires around him. They grab Dylan.

Dylan, pushed out the back door by the vampires, slams into an eager TEEN who's on his way in.

PALE TEEN

W-w-watch it, asshole.

Dylan suddenly freezes, hearing the familiar stutter. He pivots on his heels.

The boy turns, revealing the Pale Teen vampire Dylan chased earlier. His name is SLAKE, and he has the wild-eyed, sweaty look of a drug addict.

Their eyes meet as Dylan jams his gun in the Teen's back.

DYLAN

I'd be very careful. These bullets are wood-tipped. Move.

Dylan leads Slake further into this dark alley and turns him around, his gun barrel pressed into Slake's heart.

With his other hand, Dylan reaches into Slake's jacket. He pulls out a wallet and checks the driver's license.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(reading the license)

Theodore Cuff. One fourteen Avenue C?
What, you live for eternity and you still can't score a decent rent-controlled place?

SLAKE

Bite me, breather.

DYLAN

What's your Trueblood name, Teddy?

SLAKE

S-Slake.

DYLAN

"Slake"? Well, Teddy. Tell me about Mara Cysnos.

SLAKE

I'm n-not telling you a...an-anything.

Slake starts frantically looking around.

DYLAN

How long ago were you bitten? You don't look like you've been eternal even ten years. It would be a shame to die so soon. Why did you kill Mara? And why were the Truebloods after her?

Dylan cocks the gun. Slake's terror rises.

SLAKE

If...y-you kill m-me... you'll n-n-never
f-find it. I-I'm th-th-the only one wh-
who knows w-w-where it is.

Dylan realizes what he's talking about. Dylan reaches into his pocket. He pulls out the photo of the Cross.

DYLAN

Is this what you're talking about? What
is this?

Slake struggles to control himself. He manages, but just for a moment.

SLAKE

I..it's..th..the end of...everything.

Slake suddenly throws his body at Dylan, blindingly fast. He knocks Dylan over and disappears down the alley. Nothing there but MIST.

Dylan gets up, points a gun at the mist. Looking.

DYLAN

Teddy?! That wasn't very cool! Te-

Through the mist ahead, Slake reappears, a look of total horror in his face. A huge hand has him by the neck, lifting him two feet off the ground.

Some of the mist clears to reveal a TATTOOED ZOMBIE, demonic tattoos covering its immense seven foot frame, its eyes blazing a blood red. The Zombie is the same one who killed Marcus. It easily pins Slake high up on the brick alley wall.

Dylan aims his gun right at the Tattooed Zombie's back.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Put him down.

The Tattooed Zombie utters a primordial GROWL as he raises his other hand high above him.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I said put him down! Now!

The Tattooed Zombie's hand balls into a fist. He pays no attention to Dylan.

Dylan FIRES three shots in quick succession into the Tattooed Zombie's back. The bullets simply disappear into the hulking form. The behemoth doesn't even shrug.

From the shadow on the wall, we see the Tattooed Zombie strike. Then tosses Slake's dead body aside.

The Tattooed Zombie turns toward Dylan, his lips parted. His teeth have been altered, shaved into points, not unlike the smile of a shark.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
What the hell are you?

Dylan FIRES three times right into the Tattooed Zombie's chest. Nothing. Dylan's features betray his surprise.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Shiiit!

Dylan turns to run but the Tattooed Zombie grasps his neck, lifting him off the ground. Dylan futilely swings at the beast. The Tattooed Zombie hurls him against the alley wall.

DYLAN - Struggles to free himself. Sees a CIRCUIT BOX on the alley wall. As he fights for his life, he yanks on a CABLE. It sparks violently as Dylan JABS it in the neck of the Tattooed Zombie.

ZOMBIE - Screams in pain. Drops Dylan as the creature runs off into the night.

65 INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

65

Elizabeth looks frustrated. Staring intently.

MARCUS (O.S.)
What?

ELIZABETH
Nothing. Just... maybe some more foundation.

She reaches down to fish through a bewildering amount of makeup and puts more foundation on Marcus's unseen face.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)
(CONT'D)
So--you really don't know what happened between Dylan and those vampires?

MARCUS

He doesn't talk about it. I think it had something to do with his fiancée a few years back. Well, I guess the woman who used to be his fiancée.

ELIZABETH

They broke up?

MARCUS

Not exactly.

The bathroom door opens. Dylan's face looks like shit thanks to his alley scuffle. He stands there as Marcus turns and we get our first look at him.

Marcus looks like he's ready for a stage play.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You look like crap.

DYLAN

You look like a Mary Kay car exploded.

ELIZABETH

Hey, I tried my best. What he needs is an embalmer.

DYLAN

Come on. We've got a lead.

They both get up.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

(to Elizabeth)

Not you. I just about died tonight and I need to know you're somewhere safe.

MARCUS

Why do I have to go?

DYLAN

You're already dead.

Dylan leaves as Marcus finally sees himself in the mirror, recoiling in fear.

SMASH. A door crashes open as Dylan kicks it in. The room is spartan: a COFFIN sits on the floor, the windows are covered with sheets of plywood. Clothes are strewn everywhere, dishes lie in the sink.

MARCUS

Is that a...that's a coffin isn't it?

Dylan ignores him, violently tearing the room apart. Marcus looks surprised by Dylan's violent behavior.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Good idea. Trash the place. It's not like Slake's gonna complain.

(beat - looks at mess)

I thought vampires were supposed to be neat. Remember George Hamilton? Man, he looked good.

Again, Dylan doesn't respond, concentrated entirely upon ripping out drawers and flipping over furniture.

Marcus shrugs and turns to inspect the interior of the coffin. High tech, wired with audio, video and laptop.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Jesus. I didn't know Apple made coffins.

Marcus also finds a photo stuffed in the coffin lining.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I thought vampires don't show up on film?

DYLAN

It's mirrors they've got no reflection in. They photograph fine. Look closely at his neck for two fang marks. The bite that turned them is the one wound on a vampire that never heals.

Marcus squints to examine the picture closely.

MARCUS

That? Looks like acne to me.

DYLAN

Let me see.

He brings Dylan the picture. It's a PHOTOBOOTH PHOTO of Slake and a familiar girl, arm in arm, lip to lip. Dylan suddenly stops his search, intrigued by the picture.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
That girl is Mara. The dead werewolf.

MARCUS
(not believing)
Sure. Werewolf. Of course.

Dylan flips the picture over and notices faint writing on the back. One word: SCLAVI. Dylan puts the picture in his pocket.

MARCUS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Wait. I thought you said he killed her?

Dylan notices a pair of combat boots, caked in a mixture of sawdust and blood...just like at Gabriel's plant.

DYLAN
I'm beginning to think he didn't.

67

EXT. SLAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

67

Dylan and Marcus exit the apartment. Private area.

MARCUS
So--a werewolf killed Elizabeth's father. A zombie killed me. A vampire may or may not have killed the werewolf. The zombie killed a vampire. And you? You've pretty much been attacked by all of them. Where does that leave things?

DYLAN
With a lot of work ahead of us.

MARCUS
Well, I work alot better on a full stomach. How about some Chinese?

Dylan just gives Marcus a look. Marcus realizes he mis-spoke and slumps down despondently on a nearby bench.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I forgot. All those years I took such good care of myself--I could have been eating chili cheeseburgers. I love chili cheeseburgers.

DYLAN

Listen, Marcus--

Marcus just keeps talking, submerged in woe.

MARCUS

This whole things is just so unfair! This was never a part of my job description. And mom--wow, she is NOT gonna like this. You better find a way to fix this, Dylan.

BLAM! - Dylan spins around and puts a bullet right through Marcus' shoulder. Marcus reels back, shocked, as a tiny dribble of black blood oozes out.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

AAAGH! I'm hit! I'm hit! Why Dylan? Why?

He clutches his wound. Dylan SIGHS and waits for Marcus to calm. Marcus stops panicking and checks the wound.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Waitasec. This doesn't hurt.

DYLAN

You're dead, and there's no "fixing it". Now, you can decide to give up right here and let yourself rot away. I've seen plenty of that. Or you can move forward. Become what you want to be. Cowboy up. The choice is yours.

Dylan walks off, leaving behind a very confused Marcus.

INT. ST. BASIL'S CHURCH - DAY

The small church is filled with MOURNERS, dressed in somber attire. The mourners, all werewolves in human form, range from small CHILDREN to the ELDERLY. They're gathered here for Mara's funeral.

Gabriel, supported by Wolfgang (still sporting a burn on his cheek) slowly walks up to his daughter's casket. Gabriel takes a dagger and cuts through a lock of his hair, placing it upon her body. His jaw is locked attempting to control any hint of emotion.

DISSOLVE TO:

69

INT. ST. BASIL'S CHURCH - DAY

69

Gabriel is alone in the church, standing over his daughter's coffin. He doesn't turn as Dylan walks up.

GABRIEL

They say if you live long enough, you live to see everything. This is one sight I wished they'd spared me.

DYLAN

I'm sorry about your daughter, Gabriel. I truly am. But I need answers. More people are dying.

Gabriel SIGHS.

GABRIEL

I'm afraid I may not have any to give.

DYLAN

(cautiously)

I know Mara killed my client's father.

Gabriel remains silent. Dylan carefully presses forward.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You lied to me, Gabriel. You knew exactly where Mara was hiding. And you knew she and Slake were lovers.

GABRIEL

Slake?

DYLAN

Look me in the eye, Gabriel. I deserve that much.

Gabriel slowly turns around, his face solemn.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I know Slake's been to visit you. I found his boots covered with sawdust and blood from your plant. Slake didn't kill Mara, did he?

A long pause. Gabriel stares at Dylan, gauging the man.

GABRIEL

The vampire boy came to me, pleading for his life. He told me everything.

His relationship with Mara. Everything.
He didn't kill her.

DYLAN

Why have you been lying to me, Gabriel?
I've known you a long time. That isn't
your way. What is it you're hiding? What
does it have to do with this....

He pulls out the picture of the CROSS and shows it to
Gabriel. Gabriel takes one look and glares at Dylan.

GABRIEL

It's our matter to deal with, not yours.

DYLAN

Too late. I'm in it now.

Gabriel doesn't answer. Dylan sees through him.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

(passionately)

When I get to the bottom of this,
someone's going to pay. I hope it won't
be you.

GABRIEL

That's the difference between our kind,
Dylan. You seek revenge...while I try to
prevent more from dying.

Gabriel walks away, leaving Dylan alone with the coffin.

INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Elizabeth is in the back room of Dylan's office which
doubles as a studio apartment. She wears a towel around
her, and she works another through her hair, drying it.

She opens a closet door, revealing Dylan's limited
wardrobe, and a small dresser with pictures on it. She
pulls down one of Dylan's signature red shirts, putting
it on, then looks at the pictures.

She picks up a picture of Dylan and Marcus, Dylan's arm
draped over his friend's shoulder.

Next she notices an earlier picture of Dylan in a police
uniform, holding up a silver detective's badge. Suddenly
another photo slips out from underneath the frame.

She picks up the fallen photo, realizing it was hidden behind the picture of a clean-cut Dylan in a police uniform. This one is of Dylan and Cassandra, arm in arm, in Lafayette Park. Elizabeth stares at the picture, curious.

She picks up the picture of Dylan and Marcus and finds a picture behind that one as well, another of Dylan and Cassandra, clearly in love.

DYLAN (O.S.)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

Elizabeth spins around, startled. Dylan stands there.

ELIZABETH

I was just...bored...and I....

Dylan snatches the photos out of Elizabeth's hand.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...she's very beautiful.

Dylan stuffs the photos back into the drawer.

DYLAN

She was.

ELIZABETH

You must have loved her very much.

DYLAN

There was no trick to that. Everyone loved Cassandra.

ELIZABETH

What happened to her?

DYLAN

I knew they were up to something bad. I kept pushing, even when everyone was telling me to back off. Eventually, I pushed hard enough that they decided to push back.

ELIZABETH

The Truebloods?

DYLAN

Yeah. When I found her at Corpus House, I lost it. Nothing was going to stop me until I made them pay.

(beat)
And they did.

Elizabeth reaches out to touch his shoulder.

ELIZABETH
I knew it. I knew there was something
about you, from the first time I saw you.
I thought it was that you were just
so...different from me. But we're not,
are we? We've both lost something
precious to those--things.

Dylan turns to look at Elizabeth, his shirt barely
covering her. His eyes are hopeful. She leans in. Their
lips almost touch. A beat.

DYLAN
I...gotta go.

Dylan throws on his jacket and heads for the door,
leaving Elizabeth standing alone.

71 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT 71

Marcus wanders, lost in thought. He spots a young couple
in love... sharing an ice cream cone. A life no longer
his own.

Marcus stops in front of an all-night CONVENIENCE STORE.

MARCUS
Oh. What the hell.

72 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT 72

A run down corner market. Behind the counter, the CASHIER
sits and reads a "People" magazine.

MARCUS
(to Cashier)
A bottle of Jack Daniels and a pack of
Marlboro lights. No, make it reds. No,
filterless, whatever color that is. Tar
black, I'd guess.

The Cashier simply looks at Marcus dumbly. His eyes have
cataracts and dark circles under them.

MARCUS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Hello? Anyone home?

The Cashier suddenly SNEEZES, a few teeth coming out along with a pile of mucus. Marcus recoils.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Oh great. You're dead too. I should shoot myself right now.

Marcus winces as his stomach elicits a disgusting grumble. He angrily turns to walk away. He runs right into an attractive young woman, ZOE, wearing sunglasses.

ZOE

You shouldn't treat them like that. Someday that could be you.

Marcus flushes, embarrassed.

MARCUS

Wait a minute. It's not how it looks...

Zoe reaches into her purse and hands Marcus a FLYER.

ZOE

I think it is. Here you go.

Marcus reads the flyer. It says:

**C.O.L.D. - Coalition Of the Living Dead
Presents
Dead But Living Large
Finding your Dead Pride**

MARCUS

What's this?
(reading on)
A zombie support group?!?

ZOE

Come on by tomorrow night. It's just a bunch of us getting together and talking. Trust me. It will help.

Marcus gapes.

MARCUS

You're a zombie?

Zoe pulls down her sunglasses and we see just a hint of cataracts forming.

ZOE

I'm Zoe.

She smiles, puts the sunglasses back on and walks away. Marcus watches her go, as he begins to smile back.

73 EXT. NEW ORLEANS CITY STREETS - SUNSET 73

TIMELAPSE - A STORM rolls in, torrents of rain soaking the streets. Looking down Ninth Avenue, a row of streetlights flicker on, extending into the distance.

74 INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 74

Dylan sits at his desk, reading by candlelight, several religious and archeological books. He compares the photograph of the cross to picture after picture.

And then he sees it. An exact match. The caption above it reads "CIRCA: ANCIENT BABYLON". He picks up his phone.

DYLAN
Meet me at the library.

75 EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT 75

Dylan drives up the monolithic structure in his Karman Ghia. Waiting for him out front is Marcus, who nibbles from a Tackle Shop bag of slimy larvae and grubs, while reading THE ZOMBIE SURVIVAL GUIDE book.

Dylan gives Marcus a sheepish grin.

DYLAN
You're feeding. Good for you.

MARCUS
Yeah, it's not so bad and it's free range, right? Just wished they didn't squirm so much.

Marcus slurps down a wriggling earthworm and shivers. Dylan marvels at his friend's resolve.

DYLAN
Marcus, listen, about before--

MARCUS
Forget it. I needed a swift kick in the pants. Or, y'know, a bullet in the chest.
(beat - looks at library)
So what are we doing here?

Dimly lit, narrow aisle after aisle is filled with books and papers of every kind. With Marcus following him, Dylan sees a lone figure in one corner of the seemingly endless archive.

Mopping the floor is BORELLI, an ancient Italian vampire who, as it says on his name plate, is the Head Janitor of the Public Library Archives. He looks old and frail, but nothing like his actual age.

TABLE - Borelli notices a brown paper-wrapped package.

BORELLI

For me, signore? I always like you Dylan.

Dylan walks out of the shadows as Borelli rips open the package, revealing an old book, Dante's Purgatorio. Borelli grins and gently strokes the cover.

BORELLI (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Purgatorio. This really takes me back.

DYLAN

Italy?

BORELLI

Dante. I tell you something, that man could drink.

MARCUS

He's kidding, right? Right?

DYLAN

He's never lied to me before. Borelli's ancient, even for a vampire.

BORELLI

Now, now. Be polite Dylan.

Dylan nods. He shows Borelli the page from his antiquities book. Borelli's smile suddenly drops.

DYLAN

What do you know about this?

BORELLI

It's nothing. Old story.

Dylan is suspicious of Borelli's reaction. He pulls out a picture of the CROSS. Borelli's fear rises exponentially.

BORELLI (CONT'D)

Where did you get this picture?

DYLAN

I need to know.

Borelli hesitates. He eyes up Marcus.

BORELLI

The zombies aren't supposed to know. Eh, *troppo stupido...*

(whispered)

...too stupid.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Thanks. Thanks for that.

DYLAN

Borelli, people are dying because of this. I need to know. What is it?

Borelli thinks it over. He finally nods in assent.

BORELLI

It's been missing for centuries. It's called the Heart of Belial. Maybe the oldest story in the world.

77

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING ROOM - NIGHT

77

A cavernous room. A single desk lamp breaks the darkness, illuminating a table. Borelli takes off his jacket, revealing the two fang marks on his neck. He absently scratches the ancient wound.

BORELLI

You tell nobody I let you see this, okay?

Borelli opens an ANCIENT TOME, Dylan and Marcus sitting beside him.

PICTURE - BELIAL - An illuminated drawing of intricate detail on ancient parchment, done in medieval style. A horrific creature, scaled skin black as night, with huge talons and spikes protruding from its spine. It is BELIAL.

BORELLI (CONT'D)

Five thousand years ago, Belial walked the earth. It was the most powerful of the dead. It was nearly invincible.

DYLAN

Why have I never heard this?

BORELLI

Because its secret has been kept, even from the dead themselves.

Borelli flips through the book, finding another page.

PICTURE - BATTLE WITH BELIAL - An illustration of a huge mob of zombies, werewolves, and vampires attacking Belial en masse. Hundreds of undead bodies lie at Belial's feet.

BORELLI (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Belial's power was too great. He brought darkness and death upon the world. The dead banded together and defeated him. That battle saved mankind, but it almost wiped the dead from the face of the earth.

MARCUS

That's a lot of dead zombies there.

Borelli shoots Marcus a dark look, then turns the page.

PICTURE - THE HEART OF BELIAL - Illuminated.

BORELLI

It is called the Heart of Belial... because inside is Belial's blood. Belial cannot be destroyed, only contained.

(beat)

The myth says that at midnight on the night of the full moon Belial can be created again. The creator only needs the Heart, and a host.

MARCUS

A host?

Borelli again leafs through the large tome, locating the picture he's looking for.

PICTURE - THE CHANGE - A vampire has placed the cross over the heart of a werewolf. The werewolf's eyes look terrified.

Below that drawing is another, of the werewolf transforming into Belial and kneeling before the vampire.

BORELLI

A body. One of the undead. The Heart of Belial will inject the blood into the host. Once that happens, the host is doomed.

(beat)

Belial is only vulnerable during the transformation. Once complete, Belial lives again, answering only to his creator.

MARCUS

Wai-wai-wait. You're saying this Heart thing can bring him back? Now?

BORELLI

The Heart, is it here?

DYLAN

Yes.

BORELLI

Dio mio. Dylan, four hundred years ago the Heart was stolen.

PICTURE - SLAIN VAMPIRES - An illustration of vampire bodies, staked in their hearts. The stakes have an intricately carved handle in the shape of a TWO-HEADED GARGOYLE. Borelli points to the image.

BORELLI (cont'd) (CONT'D)

This symbol is the crest of the last of the great monster hunting families. They found the heart and planned to use it to wipe out all the undead. But the family was massacred before they could, and the wolves got the Heart back.

Dylan looks surprised.

DYLAN

Werewolves?

BORELLI

The legend says a werewolf family was entrusted to hide the Heart over the centuries, and to keep its secret.

MARCUS

Dylan. Is he talking about....

DYLAN
(realization)
Gabriel.

78

INT. CYSNOS MEATPACKING PLANT - NIGHT

78

Dylan and Marcus enter cautiously. On the floor is a thin trail of blood. They follow it into the main stocking area. The trail leads to a slumped figure in the corner.

DYLAN
No.

Gabriel lies in a pool of his blood, near death. Dylan turns to Marcus.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Search the place for others. Hurry.

Marcus heads off. Dylan props up the old man's head.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Who did this?

Gabriel winces in pain. He grimaces, his teeth swimming in blood. He tries to speak, his voice barely a whisper.

GABRIEL
Dylan...don't...let my family...be
destroyed. Please. Find...Sc....

He begins to trail off. Dylan comes closer, placing his ear beside the dying man's mouth.

ON GABRIEL'S MOUTH - Gabriel's blood-stained teeth gnash as he struggles to utter one word.

GABRIEL (cont'd) (CONT'D)
...Sclavi.

Gabriel exhales his last breath. Dylan lays Gabriel's head down. Marcus runs in.

MARCUS
There's nobody... oh no.

Dylan closes Gabriel's eyes, his rage building.

MARCUS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Dylan. What...who did this?
One of the vampires?

Dylan shows Marcus Gabriel's wounds.

DYLAN

No. It was the same thing that got you.

MARCUS

The zombie? I don't understand.

DYLAN

Neither do I, and it's starting to piss me off.

Dylan walks, Marcus begins to follow.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I need to handle this one alone. Call Wolfgang...just make sure you're not here when he arrives.

As Marcus get his cell phone from out of his pocket, he also pulls out the FLYER for the zombie support group. He gets an idea.

79

INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

79

Dylan storms in the front door. Elizabeth sits at a table elaborately set for two.

ELIZABETH

Dylan? You scared me...

DYLAN

What is Sclavi?

Elizabeth is surprised by his tone.

ELIZABETH

What? I don't know what you're...

Dylan takes the photo of the Heart of Belial and slams it down on the table in front of her.

DYLAN

What do you know about this?

Elizabeth is surprised at his tone.

ELIZABETH

I told you. It was stolen from my father.

DYLAN

Wrong. It was never his. He's the one who stole it. It belonged to the werewolves.

ELIZABETH

What?!

Dylan starts advancing on Elizabeth. She doesn't know how to react and starts backing up.

DYLAN

This artifact is eight thousand years old. Your father had to know it wasn't some goddamn trinket for sale.

(beat)

Mara killed him to get it back.

ELIZABETH

But you told me the vampires were behind all this.

DYLAN

Mara gave the Heart to her vampire boyfriend, Slake, who hid it. When she was killed, Slake told the one person he trusted where it was, Gabriel. Now all three of them are dead, and I'm still left with the question: what the hell was your father doing with this thing? Who gave it to him?

ELIZABETH

I have no idea. There's no way my father was involved in all of this.

DYLAN

I never should have taken your case. You've had me pointing the finger at Gabriel, the oldest friend I had. A man of honor. And now he's dead.

Dylan has backed Elizabeth up against the wall. She glares back him, defiant.

ELIZABETH

That 'man of honor' was a monster. It was responsible for my father's death.

DYLAN

Well I hope at least you get some satisfaction from Gabriel's death, because there's going to be a lot more where that came from.

ELIZABETH

You've been living too long in the world
of the dead. Don't you think it's about
time you worried more about the living?

(beat)

About the people who really care about
you?

THEY PAUSE. HER WORDS SINK IN. ELIZABETH LEANS FORWARD,
KISSING DYLAN. HE RETURNS AS THEY SINK ONTO THE SOFA...

80 EXT. LAKEVIEW YMCA - NIGHT 80

The massive brickface building dominates the block.

81 INT. LAKEVIEW YMCA - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 81

About thirty ZOMBIES sit in a circle while another,
ROSENBERG, stands in the middle, addressing the group.
Marcus enters at the back of the room.

ROSENBERG

Hi. I'm Rosenberg...and I'm dead.

EVERYONE

Hi Rosenberg.

ROSENBERG

I have to tell you, lately I find myself
craving human flesh...not that I would
ever partake, but man, sometimes...

Marcus gets a look at the audience of zombies, a motley-
looking bunch in various states of decay and lay-job
uniforms - fast food, postal worker, bus driver etc.

ZOE

Marcus!

Zoe steps out of the circle, leading Marcus forward.

ZOE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Everyone, this is Marcus. He's new.

EVERYONE

Hi Marcus.

OFF MARCUS - He sees PHIL and CECIL from the morgue. They
look strange. Phil has NEW FAKE TEETH, big and shiny.
Fresh toupee.

CLOSER - Marcus sees Cecil's conspicuously lily white LEFT ARM... with a very familiar WATCH on it.

MARCUS
...that's my watch.

Cecil sheepishly smiles and shrugs.

Zoe smiles at Marcus, a smile that's a touch more than just friendly. Marcus smiles back. Rosenberg steps out of the circle, motions Marcus inside.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Nah. No thanks...really.

ZOE
Go on. It'll be good for you.

Reluctantly, Marcus steps into the center of the group.

MARCUS
Um...hi. I don't really know what to say. I guess I'm Marcus and I'm...dead. It's uh, been a hard adjustment. You know... the smell, the diet, the whole things falling off of you thing.

The group MURMURS in agreement.

MARCUS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
But right now I've got a problem...

ROSENBERG
We know Marcus. We all have problems.

MARCUS
No. You don't understand. This one involves a zombie...

ROSENBERG
They all do. That's why we're here.

MARCUS
No. This one's a killer.

ROSENBERG
All problems are serious, Marcus....

MARCUS
Will you let me speak!

A HUSH falls over the group, startled by his outburst.

MARCUS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry about that, but I really need your help. See I'm an investigator. I'm looking for a zombie. He has these red eyes and he's bigger and stronger than anything I've ever seen. And he's a killer.

Another MURMUR moves through the crowd. They know who he's talking about. Zoe stands up.

ZOE
 We've heard about him. They say he lives in the deepest part of the swamps outside of town.

The group nods in assent.

ZOE (CONT'D)
 But Marcus, you have to be careful. Once you're injured as a zombie, you don't heal.

ROSENBERG
 There's no room for heroes in the world of zombies. Believe me. We're very good at being cowards.

PUSH IN ON MARCUS - As he contemplates those words. But he knows he can't do that. He was born to be a hero.

MARCUS
 (put-on cool)
 If I'm not back in an hour, call in a bomb scare.

GROUP - they get the vapors over his tough-guy approach.

Marcus starts to head out. He stops and looks back.

MARCUS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 Meeting next Friday?

They all nod, especially Zoe, her eyes bright.

MARCUS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 See you then.

MARCUS

You're not gonna believe this! Guess who came through - oh.

Marcus finds Dylan and Elizabeth sleeping in bed.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

...or I could just come back.

Marcus shrugs, a smug smile on his face. They wake up.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

That's fine. I'll just tell you where to find that flesh-eater zombie when you're done spooning.

This catches Dylan's attention.

83

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

83

Marcus and Dylan rocket down a road to the outer regions of the city. Long silence. Marcus is itching to talk.

MARCUS

So... you and Elizabeth, huh?

(long pause)

No, y'know, I think it's a good thing.

You should move on. New chapter and all.

(longer pause)

Open up your heart. Good for you, man.

DYLAN

Shut up or I'm gonna shoot you again.

DYLAN - Doesn't smile, but we can see hope in his eyes.

84

EXT. SWAMP WOODS ENTRANCE - DAY

84

Dylan walks in first. Marcus reluctantly follows him as the woods close in around them.

On the trees are heavy proliferations of CARVINGS: faces of demons, unrecognizable symbols, murals of fire, murder, and destruction.

The swamp water Dylan and Marcus walk through comes halfway up their calves. Dylan loads his gun with bullets from a box labeled: DUM DUMS.

CRACK! - Marcus spins around as the sound reverberates off the trees.

He spies an enormous RAT scurrying into the darkness. Out of their sight, a bony hand reaches out and snatches the rat.

MARCUS

This place is a maze. You know your way around here?

DYLAN

A little. Came with the job. The zombies turned this place into a penal colony years ago. Any zombies that become too dangerous or too decayed are banished out here. But only the strongest last long. The others get eaten.

Just then, something leaps out of the trees! A DECAYING ZOMBIE! BLAM! Dylan's blast hurls it back into the dark.

Marcus looks at the huge hole in the zombie.

MARCUS

What kind of bullets you got in there?

DYLAN

Dum dums. Zombie stoppers. Careful not to shoot yourself.

Dylan looks past Marcus. Marcus turns around. Suddenly, out of the darkness, three more decaying ZOMBIES appear. Dylan opens fire. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. They all go down.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Come on. We've got to go.

MARCUS

Where?

Dylan points off in the distance. A rickety WOOD SHACK stands alone. Looks uninhabited for decades.

MARCUS (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Creepy Unabomber cabin?! No thanks.

DYLAN

Fine. Stay here then.

Marcus hears MOANING in the distance behind.

MARCUS

Okay, creepy cabin. Sounds great.

They move toward the cabin. Marcus is thinking.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Listen, Dylan? Those guys back there? If I ever get like that...

Dylan checks his waterlogged gun and quickly nods.

DYLAN

No problem. I'll take care of it.

Marcus is alarmed by the speed of Dylan's response.

MARCUS

Don't be so goddamned fast to agree, Kevorkian.

85 EXT. SWAMP WOODS - DAY

85

They reach the cabin. Everything's still.

A flame occasionally burns from a ruptured gas pipe, illuminating the space in an eerie light.

MARCUS

Well, at least there are no zombies out here. That's good news, right?

DYLAN

Not exactly. The bayou is more overcrowded than Riker's Island. If there are no zombies here...it's because they must be afraid of this place.

(beat)

I'm going in.

MARCUS

I, uh, well, I'm gonna stay out... here.

(beat)

Yep... out here.

86 INT. SWAMP CABIN - DAY

86

DYLAN ENTERS, MARCUS STAYS OUTSIDE, STILL NOT WANTING TO JOIN THE FIGHT. DYLAN FINDS VAMPIRE BLOOD VIALS ON THE FLOOR. REALIZES SOMEONE IS CONTROLLING THE TATTOO ZOMBIE.

The flickering light of the flame illuminates a PILE OF BONES in the far corner, some of them still attached to manacles affixed to the wall. Dylan suddenly realizes he's not alone...

THE TATTOOED ZOMBIE RISES OUT OF THE DARKNESS, ATTACKING DYLAN. THE TWO FIGHT HAND TO HAND, WITH MARCUS TOO SCARED TO COME IN.

Dylan gets slammed through a cabin wall into a half-deconstructed SWAMP RAT (propeller-powered swamp boat) outside. As he is dragged back in, he pulls on the rip cord, bringing the propeller to life!

The fight continues. Dylan about to lose, finds a CHAIN with a HOOK on the ground. He picks it up and spins it. Dylan throws it at the Zombie!

...and misses. Tattooed Zombie laughs. Until -

YANK! Dylan pulls back on the chain, pulling the deadly Swamp Rat into the cabin. We don't see it, but we hear it - the sounds of the propeller meeting the Zombie's head.

Dead.

87 EXT. SWAMP CABIN - CONTINUOUS

87

The door opens, Dylan falls out, beat. Marcus rushes to help him up. Dylan shows Marcus a handful of VIALS.

DYLAN

Someone... someone's controlling it.

88 EXT. RURAL ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

88

The Karman Ghia rockets back to the city. Marcus is driving. Dylan simply reaches into the glove box and loads WOODEN BULLETS into his gun.

MARCUS

What's the wood for?

DYLAN

Who had the all the opportunity in the world to know about the Heart? Who has been following me, probably since I took this case? Who has EVERYTHING to gain from this?

MARCUS

I'm gonna say someone who doesn't like wooden bullets?

DYLAN

Vargas has been in on this since the start.

MARCUS

So what's the plan?

DYLAN

No plans. Just bigger guns.

89 INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - LATER

89

QUICK SHOTS OF DYLAN ENTERING. MOVES THE "DUCK SOUP" FRAMED POSTER OFF THE WALL REVEALING A SAFE DOOR. HE OPENS IT, REVEALING A FULL ARSENAL OF UNDEAD WEAPONS HE HASN'T TOUCHED IN YEARS.

90 INT. CORPUS HOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

90

The front doors CRASH OPEN, spilling sunlight into the blacked-out hotel lobby. A pair of Truebloods, caught in the sunlight, SCREECH in pain as they're REDUCED TO ASHES. The remaining Truebloods leap for cover and arm themselves against their unannounced intruder.

DOORWAY - Dylan stands in the doorway, light streaming in behind him, carrying the multi-round flaregun rifle. At his feet lie two Ghoul Doormen, knocked unconscious.

Marcus, nervously stands behind Dylan, holding a duffel bag of weapons and revolver.

Unfazed by the hail of gunfire, Dylan opens up with the flaregun. One flare goes right into the chest of Trueblood, who's body GOES UP IN FLAMES.

The vampires open FIRE with their guns. Miss Dylan, but Marcus isn't so lucky and takes a bullet to his leg.

MARCUS

Aw, come on! I just bought these jeans!

Two more flares, two more Truebloods go down. Several of the Truebloods beat a hasty retreat, but several more continue the fight, automatic weapons blasting away.

Dylan advances into the room, blasting everything that moves. Marcus hobbles up behind him, tossing him new weapons as fast as Dylan empties them.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I want health benefits. Medical, dental,
limb replacement. Good replacements too.
Size and skin tone matching, the works.

DYLAN

Done. But don't talk to me about a 401K.

Dylan turns and opens fire, taking out the last remaining
Truebloods.

91 INT. CORPUS HOUSE - PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY 91

A darkly luxurious setting. The wall-to-wall windows are
covered with thick velvet tapestries.

Dylan moves over to the tapestries and opens them,
revealing a wall of HIGH TECH BLINDS. He opens them as
the low rays of the setting sun burst into the penthouse.

Dylan kicks in the double doors.

92 INT. CORPUS HOUSE - PENTHOUSE - VARGAS' BEDROOM 92

Nestled between a pair of sucked-dry, near half-dead
WOMEN, Vargas sleeps on a black satin bed...

The sun's rays rocket in and blast the entire bed in
their bright light. Vargas instantly SCREAMS as his skin
smokes and ignites.

Dylan lets him writhe a moment, then steps into the
doorway.

Dylan's shadow covers Vargas, just barely, and keeps the
dangerous sun off his already charred skin.

VARGAS

Dylan? You are dead! I'm looking at a
dead man!

DYLAN

I told you was coming for you, Vargas.

Vargas's eyes narrow, planning his next move. He lunges
for Dylan, but Dylan steps out of the way and the sun
burns Vargas before he can make it that far.

Vargas YELLS in pain and anger, thrashing around on the
bed. Dylan almost smiles watching Vargas burn.

MARCUS

Uh, Dylan? Don't you think you should....

DYLAN

No.

Dylan waits another moment before stepping back into the doorway. Smoke continues to emanate from Vargas's skin even after Dylan's shadow covers him.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I'd love to let you burn, but we've got other business.

VARGAS

What the hell are you talking about?

DYLAN

Wrong answer, bloodsucker.

Dylan turns his body. Slowly, the shadow covering Vargas thins out as Dylan's torso reaches side view. Vargas eyes the approaching line of sunlight in total fear, scrunching his body up as though he were avoiding an advancing pool of acid.

VARGAS

I--I've got no idea what you're talking about!

Dylan steps aside and again Vargas burns, smoke pouring from the layers of skin that flake away.

DYLAN

I'm going to let you in on a little secret, Vargas. I'm hoping you won't tell me what I want to know. I'm hoping to watch you burn to death.

VARGAS

I...don't...know!

MARCUS

Dylan...maybe he doesn't know....

Vargas is overcome with pain. Dylan just stands and watches.

VARGAS

I...DON'T...KNOW!!!!

MARCUS

You're killing him!

DYLAN

I know.

Vargas SCREAMS in abject terror.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What does this have to do with the Heart of Belial?

VARGAS

What?

DYLAN

You must really like burning, Vargas.

Dylan begins to move out of the way again.

VARGAS

Wait!!! I've had my boys looking for the Heart! What do you expect! It's like a nuclear bomb. The man who controls that, commands a whole lot of power. But I never found it.

(screams in pain)

I didn't even hear about it until Gabriel's mutt daughter was killed for it!

DYLAN

Bullshit. You've been after the Heart for a long time.

VARGAS

No. Years ago Sclavi told me about the Heart, but I always thought it was a myth....

Suddenly Dylan's eyes light up.

DYLAN

What did you just say?

VARGAS

W-what?

DYLAN

Sclavi. Who is Sclavi?

Vargas shuts up. Dylan steps away again. As the light hits Vargas, he SCREAMS.

Vargas clenches his jaw shut. Dylan moves to step away.

VARGAS

A vampire! He was a vampire!!!

Dylan steps back in.

VARGAS (cont'd) (CONT'D)

One of the elders. He helped build Corpus House.

DYLAN

Where can I find him?

VARGAS

He took in a sunrise, twenty years ago.

Dylan looks at Vargas, whimpering in pain, cowering from the sunlight inches away. Dylan ponders finishing the job, seriously ponders, but--

DYLAN

Get yourself some vitamin E and we'll be right back.

Dylan slams the door shut, enveloping Vargas in blackness.

93

INT. VARGAS'S PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

93

Dylan looks out at the setting sun.

DYLAN

We've got about a half hour before the sun sets and they make it out of there. Let's move.

MARCUS

Where are we going?

DYLAN

St. Lucien's. Vampire graveyard.

94

EXT. SAINT LUCIEN'S CEMETERY - DUSK

94

The last glow of the sun slowly fades on the horizon as Dylan and Marcus reach this barren cemetery filled with simple stones and twisted barren trees.

95 EXT. SAINT LUCIEN'S CEMETERY - MAUSOLEUM - DUSK

95

A thirty foot high, black stone mausoleum dominates one corner of the cemetery. As they walk around the mausoleum they realize it has no obvious door, just wall after wall of ancient carvings with a single tiny hole in each.

MARCUS

What do those mean?

DYLAN

Blood type. Vampire, actually.

Dylan reaches into his bag. Removes a vial of BLOOD marked "TRUEBLOOD", and drops it on the marker. It recedes into the wall as the side of the Mausoleum opens up!

96 INT. SAINT LUCIEN'S CEMETERY - MAUSOLEUM - DUSK

96

This large chamber is dimly lit by a pin-spot skylight at the center of the chamber. A damp breeze moves through the space causing the tapestry of spiderwebs to sway to and fro.

The walls are lined with casket crypts, each adorned with horrific carvings, mark the resting places of the vampires. Dylan squints to make out the inscriptions. On each stone is a name.

DYLAN

You take the left side. I'll take the right.

Dylan and Marcus rush to examine each and every crypt face. Marcus looks back at the skylight and notices the light filtering down from it dimming.

MARCUS

Dylan? We gotta hurry. Sun's going down.

Dylan checks yet another stone, nothing familiar. He moves to the next. He's quickly nearing the end of the chamber. The light from the stairs is almost gone.

Then Dylan reads another stone: **SCLAVI**.

DYLAN

Found it.

Dylan starts pulling at the edge of the stone, but it's too heavy to move. Marcus moves in to help. They both heave on the heavy stone. Little by little it moves. They free the stone, but it DROPS to the ground with a CRASH.

The inside of the casket crypt is pitch black. Dylan peers into it, unable to make out anything. In the low light one thing is clear--squirming BUGS OF EVERY TYPE fill the coffin.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I don't suppose you'd want to reach in there and get it? I'll spring for a new arm. One with muscles?

MARCUS

No thanks. This pin cushion is taking the day off.

Dylan looks up, seeing the last remnants of daylight fading.

Dylan takes a deep breath and shoves his arm inside, feeling around. Marcus grits his teeth with expectation.

There's the sound of SQUISHING as Dylan squeezes his arm past the wall of worms and bugs inside the coffin. Dylan's face says it all--this is as gross as it gets.

Dylan pulls his hand out. In it is the HEART OF BELIAL. The blood red stone at its center shines, even in the dim light of the crypt. Marcus smiles.

97 EXT. SAINT LUCIEN'S CEMETERY - MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT 97

Dylan and Marcus get to their feet, relieved. But they do so only to come face to face with a wall of TRUEBLOODS.

DYLAN

Aw crap...

A vampire clubs Dylan on the head.

CUT TO BLACK.

98 EXT. SAINT LUCIEN'S CEMETERY - NIGHT 98

Dylan wakes. Inside an open crypt. Looks up.

Several faces appear above him, various VAMPIRES including Vargas, all of them smiling at Dylan's predicament. Vargas' burns are only partially healed from his interrogation at Dylan's hand.

Vargas clasps his hands together like a priest.

VARGAS

We are gathered here tonight to pay our final respects to Dylan, a breather who didn't have enough sense to stick to his own.

Dylan struggles to get up, only to have a vampire kick him in the head, knocking him back down.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Please, don't interrupt the eulogy. I've been crafting it for some time, you should know. But recent events have overshadowed my prepared remarks. I mean, what do I say about a man who not only killed my Corpus House competition back in the day, and gave us the beautiful Cassandra, but also delivered us the Heart of Belial?

Dylan's eyes fill with a rage we've seen once before. He tries to get up again, only to be knocked back down.

DYLAN

You're forgetting the makeover I gave you.

VARGAS

Sure enough, we had some tough moments between us, but time heals most wounds, and if the rest of your life were not so regrettably brief, you'd see I'm a fast healer.

A WOMAN'S SCREAM pierces the night.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Ah, of course. Guess who we found at that shithole office of yours? You DOG, you.

Vargas reaches behind him, pulling Elizabeth into view. She looks incredibly frightened.

VARGAS (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You really do find the best women, Dylan.
If only I didn't need a vessel to become
Belial, she might have been a tasty
addition to the clan.

(beat - smile)

Kinda like Cassandra. Mmm boy. Now SHE
was a fighter. And y'know what?

(closer - whisper)

It made her blood just a little sweeter.

Vargas licks his lips. Dylan is overcome with rage,
fighting back tears at the same time, realizing that
Vargas was the one who killed Cassandra.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Come on D! How else was I suppose to get
rid of those old bastards? I mean YOU did
all the work for me, Quick Draw! And now,
now it ends.

DYLAN

(dead serious)

I'm going to kill you.

VARGAS

(taken back, then-)

You first.

Vargas LAUGHS and nods to his boys. The vampires heave
the heavy crypt cover over the top of Dylan.

DYLAN (O.S.)

This isn't over!!!

VARGAS

In about two minutes it will be. You
know, they say that in every ecstasy is a
little death, and in every death is a
little celebration. Better start the
party, Dylan. The Truebloods are about to
become the most powerful force in the
world of the dead...and the living.

In moments, the dirt fills the hole completely.

There's a flicker of light. A single FLAME erupts,
lighting up the cramped interior of the coffin. Dylan
holds up his lighter. He looks around.

DYLAN
This--is a setback.

He pounds the ceiling of the crypt. Nothing budes.

100 EXT. SAINT LUCIEN'S CEMETERY - NIGHT 100

MARCUS IS INSIDE ANOTHER CRYPT, TRAPPED. TRYING TO CALL ON HIS CELL to no avail.

MARCUS
"More bars guaranteed" my undead ass...

THE LID IS SUDDENLY THROWN OFF. Outside, Marcus' muffled hearing adjusts to something loud. Sounds dangerous. He stands up and comes face to face with a VAMPIRE, a look of murder on its face, ready to attach, when-

- a WEREWOLF leaps OVER MARCUS and into the Vampire!

The Werewolf turns to look at Marcus and we finally get to clearly see the Werewolves in their true form; hulking, with Wolfgang's trademark SCAR from Dylan.

WOLFGANG
We got it from here.

HOWLS fill the night air, and a moment later, the sounds of a vicious battle. A half dozen WEREWOLVES leap down upon the vampires.

Marcus watches the battle, amazed, then realizes -

MARCUS
DYLAN?!

101 INT. CRYPT - NIGHT 101

Dylan smacks his hands on the crypt walls, keeping the beat as he sings.

DYLAN
...got blood on your face--a big disgrace--
-waving your banner all over the place--
we will--we will--rock you--boom, boom--

THUMP. This thump sounds different. Dylan stops singing.

DYLAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Hello?

CRASH. The lid is pushed off. Dylan braces, then MARCUS pops his head over the edge.

MARCUS

Who's your go-to guy now?

102 EXT. SAINT LUCIEN'S CEMETERY - NIGHT 102

Marcus pulls Dylan up out of the crypt.

Dylan spots one of the Werewolves grabbing a Trueblood and THROWING HIM.

The Werewolf turns and gazes at Dylan with deep yellow eyes. On the side of the Werewolf's face is a burn mark, the same place where Dylan hit Wolfgang. They share a look before Wolfgang returns to battle.

Dylan's mind races.

DYLAN

...oh no.

103 EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - NIGHT 103

Dylan and Marcus race down the street in Dylan's car.

DYLAN

We need to get to the Corpus House, fast.

MARCUS

You're worried for Elizabeth?

DYLAN

Not necessarily...

104 INT. CORPUS HOUSE - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 104

Several Truebloods push a terrified Elizabeth into the room where Vargas waits, smiling like the cat who ate the canary. He plays with the Heart of the Belial.

VARGAS

Poor little girl lost. Don't look so glum. I'm not going to kill you. In fact, you're going to live forever. If the myths of Belial are true, you'll outlive even me.

But not before you've brought the elders
of every undead race to their knees
before me. Who knows, maybe the living
too.

Vargas takes a drink from a champagne glass filled with
crimson blood. Elizabeth turns to run but the Truebloods
behind her grab her head and force her to look at Vargas.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Look right here, my dear. Let that fear
just slip away. We're going to make you
one of us, if only for a brief moment.
Only the undead can become Belial. Sorry,
I don't make the rules.

As she stares in his eyes, her fear dissipates. Vargas
draws close.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

But I have to confess, I'm probably going
to enjoy this.

ELIZABETH

I have to confess something too.

VARGAS

Lay it on me, girl.

She tilts her head slightly, as if in a trance, and
whispers in his ear.

ELIZABETH

Mors tua, vita mea.

Vargas stops, fangs poised at Elizabeth's neck.

VARGAS

Sorry?

ELIZABETH

It's an old family saying. It means "your
death is my life."

ON ELIZABETH'S BACK - As her hands pull out two POLISHED
DAGGERS. Engraved on the blades are "Mors tua, vita mea".
The handles look like TWO GARGOYLE HEADS, the family
crest mark of the MONSTER HUNTER. Just as in the Belial
legend.

Vargas turns into vampire form and the two fight, along
with two additional Vampire bodyguards who come rushing
into the room. Elizabeth kills them, leaving Vargas
alive.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You don't get off that easy.

She picks up the HEART.

105 EXT. CORPUS HOUSE - NIGHT 105

Dylan and Marcus approach the hotel. Dylan looks at the entranceway, curious that no Bellboys guard the door.

DYLAN

The ghouls are gone.

They enter.

106 INT. CORPUS HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT 106

The lobby is dead silent and completely empty.

DYLAN

Something's seriously wrong here.

107 INT. CORPUS HOUSE - PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 107

The place is a bloodbath. A dozen slain TRUEBLOODS lie throughout the room.

DYLAN

A monster hunter like her father. None of the dead hired him to bring the Heart into the country. He wanted it for himself.

MARCUS

And she's going to fulfil her legacy.

108 EXT. CORPUS HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT 108

HEROES SPILL ONTO ROOF. THEY FIND VARGAS IN MONSTER HUNTER RESTRAINTS. ON A LIGHTNING CRASH, ELIZABETH IS ILLUMINATED. SHE'S CHANGED. HARDER. MORE INTENSE. SHE HOLDS THE HEART OF BELIAL AGAINST VARGAS LIKE A HOSTAGE.

Dylan trains his gun on her.

DYLAN

It's over, Elizabeth.

She turns around, surprised.

ELIZABETH

Dylan?

DYLAN

I solved your case.

ELIZABETH

It wasn't supposed to turn out like this.

DYLAN

How could I miss the last act of your performance? I can't believe I bought that babe in the woods routine.

ELIZABETH

I am sorry I had to lie to you. I had my father's zombie, but he's only useful for so much. I knew you were the only one who could find the Heart for me. Of all the people, you should understand what I'm doing.

DYLAN

And why is that?

ELIZABETH

Because they took everything from you the way they took everything from me. My father was all I had. My entire family has been murdered by these undead monsters. Despite what you think, we're the good guys, Dylan.

(beat)

I did this for you. For US.

DYLAN

What about everyone your family murdered?

ELIZABETH

You can't murder what's already dead.

Dylan waits. Waits for her to stab Vargas... only she doesn't. She seems to hesitate.

Dylan looks at his watch - 11:59pm! He realizes she has to wait until midnight! He charges at her!

Elizabeth deftly avoids Dylan, lands.

ON WATCH - Beep! It changes to 12:00.

ELIZABETH - Plunges the Heart of the Belial into Vargas' back! He screams in pain.

He falls to the ground and we see Elizabeth standing behind her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Belial needs an undead host, Dylan. He'll become the scourge that wipes the world clean of abomination. And it will destroy the man who killed Cassandra.

In the center of Vargas' back, Elizabeth has stabbed the Heart of Belial. The sharp spikes from its arms bury themselves deep into his flesh. The blood in the crystal empties as it is injected into Vargas.

Elizabeth backs off in awe as Vargas begins to transform. He shakes. The shakes turn more and more violent as he undergoes the change. The Heart remains imbedded in his back.

Dylan opens fire on Vargas, to no avail. Vargas INHALES as his restraints POP OFF.

Dylan and Vargas fight. First it's a hand to hand, with Vargas' hits landing at a superhuman level. Dylan is slammed through a rooftop fixture.

VARGAS

(demonic voice)

I tell ya, if ya gotta go out, go out with a BANG!

Vargas transforms to STAGE 2. Heavier beast-looking makeup. His hands now TALONS. He beats up Dylan some more.

A lightning rod CRASHES nearby, hitting a LIGHTNING ROD. Dylan notices. He gets hit again by Vargas, knocking over the lightning rod and breaking it off its base.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

(demonic voice)

The power! THE POWER!

VARGAS - He doubles over in pain as suddenly 30-foot WINGS grow out of his back! He rears back as another lightning bolt silhouettes him.

He grabs Dylan and flies him into the air... then SLAMS him back down, creating a dent in the rooftop.

OTHER PART OF ROOF - Elizabeth tries to join the fight. A HAND roughly grabs her. She comes face to face with Marcus. She spins around as Marcus GETS HIS ARM CUT OFF.

SCREAMING. STANDS UP AND COLD COCKS HER with his severed arm. ELIZABETH IS DOWN. HE HOLDS UP HIS BLACK SEVERED ARM, LIGHTNING FLASHES BEHIND HIM.

MARCUS

Zombie power, bitch.

BELIAL - Vargas' body is wracked with pain, undergoing the change. The muscles beneath his skin begin to grow and mutate.

He smashes a fist into the roof, pulling up splintered beams of wood, tossing them towards Dylan.

FINAL TRANSFORMATION - He stares into Dylan's eyes, and gives one more cocky grin beneath the monster visage. Suddenly he spasms, the transformation increasing in intensity. His muscles seem to expand beyond all reason. Talons tear out from his fingertips. Sharp, edged ridges poke through his skin, running down his arms and spine.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME!

Vargas moves in for his final attack!

Dylan grabs a LIGHTNING ROD, and jams it into Vargas' heart - the vampire/beast is now 12 feet tall with a 30 foot wing span. As soon as the rod is implanted, a bolt of lightning CRASHES down from the heavens above.

Vargas SCREAMS in utter agony, his screams melding with the ROAR of the beast he was becoming. As he plummets to the rooftop, Marcus dives in and pushes Dylan out of harm's way.

The Heart of Belial begins pulsing on his back. Slowly, the crystal in the center turns red again as it reclaims the blood it injected. It falls off Vargas and the arms of the cross retract, turning it back into a simple cross. Vargas returns to his human form. He lies dead.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

That... was pretty freakin cool.

DYLAN

Where's Elizabeth?

Marcus turns to see that Elizabeth is GONE. He looks back to Dylan, panicked. Run in her direction.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Marcus. Let her go.

MARCUS

What? She's getting away.

DYLAN

She's isn't going to get very far.

109 EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - NIGHT

109

Elizabeth races away from the hotel, when a series of HOWLS emanate from all around her. She spins, and sees a single VAMPIRE standing in front of her. She looks the other way, and sees a single WEREWOLF as well. Standoff.

Then, slowly, dozens and dozens of GLOWING EYES light up behind each creature. She's surrounded. As are they, maybe just for this one night.

Elizabeth struggles to remain defiant as danger nears. She removes her daggers, ready for her final fight.

CAM RISES ABOVE PARK - As she gets one last SCREAM and the fangs and claws fall upon her--

110 EXT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

110

The morning after the big storm. Streets are still wet. The sun wakes up the city.

111 INT. DYLAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

111

Dylan's arm is in a sling. Marcus canoodles with Zoe on the sofa. Clearly in love. She turns to Dylan.

ZOE

...and then he said "if I'm not back in an hour, call in a bomb scare."

(nose rub with Marcus)

My hero.

DYLAN

(false impressed to Marcus)

Wow.

Marcus shrugs.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

How's the new arm?

Marcus holds up his new matching left arm. Finger wiggle.

MARCUS

Pretty good. Smells like Old Spice for some reason, tho.

BOOM - BOOM - They hear HEAVY FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs. They turn, nervous. Boom Boom. Marcus tosses Dylan his service revolver.

DOORWAY - The booming footsteps reveal WOLFGANG. Everyone relaxes. Wolfgang sees the pistol.

WOLFGANG

You ask me to come down to shoot me?

Dylan reaches into his drawer and pulls out the HEART OF THE BELIAL. He hands it to Wolfgang.

DYLAN

A lot of people died for this. I need someone I can trust to hold onto it. I think you're the one.

(beat)

I'm sorry about your Gabriel. He was a good man.

Wolfgang looks at the Heart. Smirks.

WOLFGANG

Come by the plant sometime. I need a new sparring partner.

(beat)

But leave the silver at home.

Dylan smiles. The two men shake hands. Wolfgang leaves.

MARCUS

Is it just me or does that guy scare the crap out of anyone else?

Zoe and Dylan laugh. Dylan back at the doorway. His smile drops -

DYLAN

Can I help you?

ON DOORWAY - Stands a BLONDE BOMBSHELL, mid-20's, Rita Hayworth style. Named KELLY.

KELLY

Mister...?

DYLAN

Just call me Dylan.

MARCUS

What can we do for you, ma'am?

KELLY

I, uh, I don't really know how to say this... I've, never told anyone...

(beat - slowly)

When I was a child, there was a... monster that lived in my nightmares. But one day, he escaped.

(beat - embarrassed)

What would you say if I told you he was back? In the real world?

DYLAN - He studies her. Drawn by her beauty, apprehensive of her story. Does he really need this hassle?

KELLY (CONT'D)

I can pay... cash?

DYLAN

(smiles)

Well have a seat and my partner over here will get you started.

Marcus beams at the word "partner". Then gets to work-

MARCUS

Oh yeah, bring on the night.

As Marcus straightens up the desk, CAM ADJUSTS to see Kelly in the MIRROR walking to Marcus. Unbeknownst to the others in the room, behind her we see...

...THE HORRIBLE MONSTER MAN FROM HER NIGHTMARES! Eyes as dead as shark's with jagged devilish teeth to match. We all jump five feet out of our seats as we-

CUT TO BLACK.