

LET THE RIGHT ONE IN

"Pilot"

by

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LET THE RIGHT ONE IN
Pilot

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STOCKHOLM/CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rain batters the cobblestone streets of downtown Stockholm. Rushing through the dimly lit alleys, a German man in his early thirties named MATHEUS VOLK peers out from beneath a hood pulled low.

He keeps his distance from other pedestrians and tourists, hurrying past their suspicious glances while heading away from the glow of streetlights. Moving deeper into the city.

Into its darkest corners.

EXT. STOCKHOLM/ALLEY - NIGHT

Matheus slows as he enters a thin alley. He stops under the gaze of a young Swedish man, FELIX. No more than nineteen, he stands in a doorway just outside the rain.

Confidence faltering, Matheus retreats a step back.

FELIX
Where are you going?

MATHEUS
I--I think I took a wrong turn.

FELIX
No, you didn't. You know where you
are. You know what you came for.

Felix steps into the rain and approaches.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Tell me what you like. You like
male? Female? Somewhere in-between?

Unable to find his voice, Matheus responds with a nervous exhale. Amused, Felix studies him a moment longer.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Male. And young.

Finally, Matheus nods.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Felix leads Matheus through dilapidated halls lit by bare bulbs hanging from wires. OMINOUS SOUNDS come from behind closed doors. Shudders of pleasure and pain.

Through one open door, Matheus notices FOUR MEN gathered around a table, stacks of money between them. A large, intimidating bald man, OSBECK, watches Matheus drift past.

FELIX

This way.

Matheus hurries to catch up to Felix.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING/ROOM - NIGHT

LIGHT flickers over Matheus waiting in a small, decrepit room. The door clicks open, startling him. Felix pushes in a dirty and pallid TEENAGE BOY.

FELIX

Smile for the man.

The Boy pulls back his lips. Matheus holds still, breath caught. The Boy has no teeth.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Good, right? Thousand kronor.

Matheus fumbles for the bills and hands them over. The door shuts behind Felix with a sharp CRACK.

Matheus and the Boy stare at each other. Finally, the Boy reaches for the button of Matheus's pants causing him to flinch.

With an impatient sigh, the Boy gestures for Matheus to unbutton himself.

BOY

You want? Show me.

The Boy takes Matheus's hand, drawing it to him. But Matheus pulls free.

MATHEUS

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

He pulls out a few hundred more kronor and hands the bills to the confused Boy.

BOY

Why? Why for nothing?

MATHEUS

For your teeth.

Matheus pushes through the door.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rushing down the dark hall, Matheus's breath tightens, panic taking hold. He stumbles and hits one of the hanging bulbs. It swings toward the room with the four men.

LIGHT falls over the bald man, Osbeck, who turns to watch Matheus hurry past.

EXT. STOCKHOLM/ALLEY - NIGHT

The door to the alley SLAMS open and Matheus staggers into the rain. He pulls back toward the shadows to catch his breath.

The door CLATTERS open again. Osbeck steps out with the three others following. Rain slipping down his forehead, Osbeck speaks with a heavy accent.

OSBECK

Everything all right? Why don't you come back inside?

MATHEUS

I'm leaving. I'm sorry if I bothered you.

OSBECK

No bother. Come back.

MATHEUS

I can't.

OSBECK

Sure you can. You paid your money.

MATHEUS

This was a mistake. I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't have come.

OSBECK

You think we shouldn't be here?

MATHEUS

No. I meant me. Just me.

Matheus glances to the other men, all eerily silent.

OSBECK

You think we don't treat them well?
They get their money. They know
what they're doing.

MATHEUS

I'm sorry. I should go.

OSBECK

It's okay. First time, always
nervous. Come back inside. We make
you feel comfortable. You paid a
lot of money, yes?

MATHEUS

I don't care about the money.

OSBECK

You like the one with no teeth? You
know why he has no teeth?

MATHEUS

Yes.

OSBECK

Tell me. Why no teeth?

MATHEUS

Because... Because it feels better.

OSBECK

That's right. Come back in and
you'll feel better.

Matheus nods. Then spins to run. His feet slip over the wet
cobblestone and the men grab him. They hit him hard. He
SMACKS into the side of the building, blood at his nose.

The men drag him back, fists CRASHING against his cheek.

Matheus drops to his knees and water splashes up around him.
A BOOT kicks him across the head.

RINGING fills his ears as he falls back. The men circle him.
Blinking furiously, Matheus spots something strange above.

A DARK SHAPE drifts down from the sky.

It descends faster and faster, whirling around and around
until--

TWO BARE FEET land in the rain water.

Osbeck glances up in shock. Something too fast to be human attacks the men. Horrific SHRIEKS fill the alley. Blood spatters the cobblestone.

Terrified, Matheus backs away. He flinches at the sound of BONES CRACKING, an INHUMAN SNARL, SKIN TEARING apart.

Matheus covers his face with his hands as bodies drop in front of him.

Finally, all he hears is the soft patter of rain.

Eyes wide between his fingers, he sees a YOUNG WOMAN'S mouth locked onto Osbeck's bald head. Blood runs over the man's slick skin, body still convulsing.

The young woman rises. Sixteen years-old, thin and pale.

As she steps through the rain, however, *her shape changes*. The face alters, features blurring, shifting and adjusting as she creates the illusion of a younger version of herself. Even her clothes become appropriate to her height which diminishes by more than a foot.

When she reaches Matheus, she is an oddly beautiful twelve year-old girl.

ELI
Hello, Matheus.

She has a slight Swedish accent, but sounds older. More like the sixteen year-old glimpsed through the rain.

MATHEUS
I don't know you.

ELI
Not yet. But I've been watching
you. My name's Eli.

She pronounces it *Ee-lay*. Holding out her blood-covered hand, she turns it palm up, a gesture of help.

ELI (CONT'D)
You're going to be with me now. I
can help you.

She nods to her hand, urging him to take it.

ELI (CONT'D)
We can help each other.

No longer frightened, Matheus takes her hand. Together, they leave the alley, stepping past the bodies and disappearing into the rain.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: LET THE RIGHT ONE IN

OVER BLACK: *TEN YEARS LATER*

EXT. VERMONT - NIGHT

Beneath steel cables stretching down the mountainside, empty ski lifts gently sway above pristine white snow.

Ahead lies a quiet resort town, a place where every car has a ski rack and every kid grows up on the slopes. Past a brightly lit town center, a collection of old apartment buildings peer out from between thick pine trees.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

In the courtyard of one rundown complex, THREE TEENAGE BOYS surround a fearful and awkward sixteen year-old named HENRY.

Lips pressed together, Henry holds his breath as LUKAS, the alpha male of the group, pushes down on his chest.

Lukas lets go. Henry's eyes flutter closed and his chin drops. Knees buckling, he sinks to the ground and briefly passes out.

LUKAS

Watch this.

The two other boys, brothers named JACOB and DANTE, look on with morbid curiosity. Henry GASPS and lurches back to consciousness.

DANTE

He doesn't even know what happened.

HENRY

(breathless)

I--I passed out.

JACOB

No shit, Henry. That was the point.

LUKAS

Let's do it again.

Lukas helps him back up, but Henry shakes his head.

HENRY

I gotta get home. I've got a ton of homework. My Mom's gonna be pissed if I'm not back--

LUKAS

Your Mom barely knows where she is. Don't be a pussy, Henry. One more time.

HENRY

I can't. Come on, Lukas, I did what you wanted--

LUKAS

That wasn't for me. I wanted *you* to feel that. It felt good, didn't it?

HENRY

Kind of.

LUKAS

You know what it's called? There's a word for it. *Syncope*. Temporary loss of consciousness and euphoria.

HENRY

Lukas, I can't. Really, I gotta go.

He tries to step away, but Jacob shoves him against the building. Hard enough to make him wince.

LUKAS

Hold your breath, Henry. Do it.

Finally, Henry pulls in a breath and once more, Lukas pushes down on his chest.

JACOB

It's not gonna happen, dude.

LUKAS

Just watch.

Henry's eyes flutter closed. He lolls forward, but almost immediately snaps back to consciousness.

JACOB

Told you.

Henry reaches for the side of the building, trying to stay steady.

LUKAS
One more time.

HENRY
No, Lukas--it didn't feel good.

Henry looks to Dante and Jacob, neither of whom can hide their mounting trepidation. Jacob throws nervous glances about the courtyard, searching for potential witnesses.

LUKAS
Hold your breath, Henry.

HENRY
Lukas, come on...

Rage trembles through Lukas's voice when he speaks again.

LUKAS
Hold your breath.

Frightened, Henry complies. This time, however, Lukas doesn't press on his chest. He wraps his hands around Henry's throat and chokes him.

Henry grasps at Lukas's wrists, stunned by the sudden attack. He struggles to pull free as his eyes lose focus and Lukas's frighteningly calm expression BLURS.

THE WORLD TILTS around Henry. Knees buckling, he SMACKS down to the pavement. His body begins to shake.

LUKAS (CONT'D)
Look.

VIOLENT SPASMS shudder through Henry, a SEIZURE taking hold.

DANTE
Dude, he's pissing himself.

A WET SPOT spreads over Henry's crotch. Lukas watches with cold-blooded curiosity.

The shaking stops. Confused, Henry blinks up at the boys, trembling fingers reaching for his wet pants.

Lukas props him against the wall.

LUKAS
You okay? Look at me. You all right?

Saliva dripping from his lip and still shaky, Henry nods.

LUKAS (CONT'D)
What's it called? *Henry*. What's it called?

HENRY
Syncope.

Lukas lets go of him. With Dante and Jacob following, he leaves Henry slumped against the wall, a trembling mess.

INT. APARTMENT/LOBBY - NIGHT

Clutching his backpack in front of him to cover his wet pants, Henry rushes into the lobby of his building and heads for the elevator.

He barely notices the Apartment Manager, MRS. OKURA, stepping out of her leasing office.

MRS. OKURA
Henry, hold the elevator, would you? *Henry*.

Slipping inside, he hits the DOORS CLOSE button instead, desperate to keep his embarrassment hidden.

Mrs. Okura catches the doors just before they connect. She steps in with an exasperated breath as--

Matheus walks in behind her. Older and grayer, but with the same nervous eyes and quiet demeanor.

Other TENANTS push in, crowding the elevator. Henry retreats to a corner, trying to stay unnoticed.

MRS. OKURA (CONT'D)
As I was saying, since you're paying up front, month-to-month won't be a problem, but we require an extra deposit for pets.

MATHEUS
No pets.

MRS. OKURA
Just you and your daughter then?

MATHEUS
That's right.

MRS. OKURA
She's lovely, by the way. What is she? Twelve? Thirteen?

MATHEUS

Teenager.

MRS. OKURA

My wife and I manage six properties
together. Always wanted children.
Never had the time.

She watches him closely, waiting for his implacable
expression to change.

MATHEUS

Everything is fine to bring in
later this evening?

MRS. OKURA

So long as it's through the freight
elevator and--good God, what is
that smell?

(glancing about)

One of Mr. Rollins's cats must have
gotten in here.

Henry sees Matheus looking at him, watching him awkwardly
clutch his bag closer to his body.

The elevator stops, BELL RINGING. Sixth floor.

Henry pushes to the front and bolts as soon as the doors
open. He doesn't notice Matheus and Mrs. Okura stepping out
as well.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Henry shuts the door, back in the safety of a miserably small
two-bedroom apartment he shares with his mother, LENA.

Asleep on the couch, Lena wears the black and white uniform
of a hotel housekeeping staff member.

Henry approaches and gently picks up an ice-filled glass from
the coffee table. He takes a sniff at the clear liquid
inside.

Satisfied, he sets the glass down and retreats to his room.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry's urine-stained pants lie on the floor under a cloud of
steam drifting out the open door of the bathroom.

Standing in front of the mirror with a towel wrapped around
his waist, Henry stares at his reflection.

Skinny and weak. Not a hint of muscle on him. Bruises darken his neck where Lukas strangled him.

Henry places his hand against the glass. Fingers splayed out, he covers the reflection of his face.

He SLAPS his palm against the mirror as if hitting his own face. Then hits the glass again. Harder. Then again.

Fingers curling into a fist, Henry SMASHES his hand into his reflection.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lena snaps awake at the CRASH of SHATTERING GLASS.

 LENA
Henry? *Henry!*

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Slamming through the door, Lena finds Henry holding his bloodied hand over the bathroom sink.

 LENA
What the hell did you do?

 HENRY
Nothing.

 LENA
Oh God, Henry, this better not need stitches.

She pushes his hand under the sink to wash away the blood.

 LENA (CONT'D)
You can't pull shit like this. You want the D-C-F to find out? You want a social worker over here questioning me? Blaming me?

 HENRY
No.

 LENA
Then don't be stupid. I'm not losing you again. You have no idea what I went through to get you back.

Henry keeps his head down. Lena pushes his chin up to reveal the bruises on his neck.

LENA (CONT'D)

Now what the hell is this? Are those little pricks bothering you again?

HENRY

Mom, stop.

LENA

Is it that kid Lukas?

HENRY

It wasn't his fault.

LENA

They're not your friends. You get that?

HENRY

You don't know anything about me.

LENA

What's that supposed to mean?

HENRY

You don't know what I do. You don't know who I talk to. You don't know anything.

Lena stays quiet for a moment, taking it in.

LENA

Well, I know one thing. You can throw a punch. Most people hit with the pinky and end up breaking their hand. Somebody teach you?

HENRY

(with a hint of pride)
I looked it up.

LENA

Smart.

She offers a brief smile as she gently wraps his hand in a towel to staunch the bleeding.

LENA (CONT'D)

Let me get some bandages or something, okay? I'll be right back.

While she steps out, Henry watches the blood saturate the towel. A DARK DROP falls from the edge of the cloth to the porcelain sink.

A SOUND comes from the wall. From the apartment next door. A strange, guttural MOAN.

Blood drips from Henry's towel-wrapped hand. The moment another small RED BLOT appears on the sink--

A HARSH GASP comes from the other side of the wall. A low, feral SNARL. Then sudden MOVEMENT, FEET POUNDING across the floor as--

Lena pushes open the door.

LENA (CONT'D)
Okay, I think we'll be good with these.

She tears the bandages open while Henry watches the bathroom wall. Listening, but no longer hearing anything.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hand now bandaged in gauze, Henry sits on the floor of his bedroom, working on a dinged up SNOWBOARD.

MUSIC pumps through his headphones while he uses a file to carefully tune the edge of the board, his focus absolute.

A KNOCKING grabs his attention. Henry pulls out his headphones. The KNOCK comes from his own apartment. Someone at the door.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lena peers out at a war veteran in his sixties named ROLLINS. A CAT slips in-between his ankles.

LENA
You want salt? Like regular table salt?

ROLLINS
Strange request at this time of night, I know, but yes. Whatever you've got.

LENA
Sure.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Uninterested, Henry starts to put his headphones back in.

ROLLINS (O.S.)

By the way, you have new neighbors.

Henry sits up.

ROLLINS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I saw them moving in earlier. A man
and his daughter. Did you see them?

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lena hands Rollins a package of salt while TWO CATS drift
about his feet.

LENA

Yeah, the daughter was hard not to
notice. Beautiful, huh?

ROLLINS

Very. A very pretty little girl.

LENA

Well, I wouldn't really call her a
little girl.

ROLLINS

Why's that?

LENA

She had to be at least sixteen.

ROLLINS

No. No, the girl I saw couldn't
have been more than eleven or
twelve.

LENA

Huh. Maybe there's two of them.
Sisters?

ROLLINS

Maybe.

Curious, Henry gazes back to the wall where he heard the
strange sounds only a few hours ago.

INT. ELI'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matheus pulls a roller from a tray of dark gray paint and presses it to the white wall.

Behind him, the window opens and BARE FEET hit the floor.

MATHEUS

Where did you go?

He doesn't look back to the now sixteen year-old Eli standing by the window.

ELI

I smelled blood. I couldn't stay.

MATHEUS

Did you do something?

ELI

No. But I'll have to eventually.

MATHEUS

What happened to the car's heater, to the containers--it wasn't my fault. Please, don't go out again. Let me handle it.

ELI

When?

MATHEUS

You want to stay in this place? It has to look right. It has to be done far from here. Out of state if possible. Let me handle it.

He pushes the roller back into the paint and she starts for her room.

MATHEUS (CONT'D)

Why are we here?

ELI

Why not?

MATHEUS

Why this place? This town? You never choose where we stay, but you specifically wanted to come here. And you know I hate the cold.

ELI
What does it matter?

MATHEUS
It matters because you won't tell
me why.

ELI
Why don't you tell me what you
want.

MATHEUS
I want it to be like when we first
met.

ELI
You want *me* to be like when we
first met.

Slowly, Matheus turns back to face his Eli, the twelve year-old with wide, innocent eyes.

She gently takes his cheek in her hand. The brief touch has an immediate effect on him. He closes his eyes, savoring the moment of affection.

MATHEUS
Stay like this. You don't have to
change.

ELI
I need to be older here.

MATHEUS
Why? What's so important about this
place?

Eli begins to draw away from him. His fingers grasp hers, trying to keep her close.

MATHEUS (CONT'D)
Lie with me tonight.

ELI
No.

MATHEUS
I'll get more blood--

ELI
No.

Eli finally pulls free.

MATHEUS

Tomorrow. I'll get it tomorrow, I
promise.

A silent moment. Eli heads for her room and Matheus turns his
attention back to the painting. But his eyes linger on her
shadow receding from the wall.

MATHEUS (CONT'D)

I hate the cold. You know I hate
it.

Finally, he glances back to the sixteen year-old Eli just
inside her room. The light clicks off.

EXT. CANADA/BORDER CHECKPOINT - DAY

Gray clouds and falling snow blot out the morning sunlight
over a tiny Border Checkpoint.

DARK FIGURES emerge from SUV's. They join a group convened
outside the small building. FBI badges hang from their necks.

Gloved fingers flip one badge around. The name reads: SPECIAL
AGENT SARAH CHURCH. She breaks from the group with another
Fed named DESAI following behind.

AGENT CHURCH

Inspector?

The others part to allow a foreign agent named INSPECTOR
ERIKSSON through.

AGENT CHURCH (CONT'D)

I'm Special Agent Church. We spoke
on the phone. This is Special Agent
Desai.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

Where are the bodies?

AGENT CHURCH

No one's touched them if that's
what you're worried about.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

I'm worried about the snow.

AGENT DESAI

(to Church)

Isn't he the one who asked for no
one to touch them?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
It wasn't snowing when I asked.

AGENT CHURCH
Right. Follow us.

Church leads Eriksson and the other agents into the woods.
They pass an ominous sight in the road behind them...

THE BORDER GATE. Smashed to pieces.

EXT. CANADA/WOODS - DAY

The snow thickens, a flurry that makes it more and more
difficult to see as Church leads the group into the woods.

AGENT CHURCH
There were three working in the
station at the time.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
And how many bodies?

AGENT CHURCH
Three.

The group stops. Eriksson's expression barely changes as he
gazes ahead of him.

AGENT CHURCH (CONT'D)
The snow fall hasn't covered
anything. There's no blood.

Eriksson approaches for a better look.

AGENT CHURCH (CONT'D)
Is it like the others? Inspector?

Before them, the BODIES of THREE BORDER PATROL AGENTS hang
from the trees, ankles bound by rope. Their throats have been
torn out, ragged flesh stripped from muscle and tendons.

Somehow, not a drop of blood touches the earth beneath them.

AGENT CHURCH (CONT'D)
You should probably take a look at
this.

Church lowers down next to the first body and reaches to
point to the bloodied throat.

AGENT CHURCH (CONT'D)
There's a pattern here--

A HAND GRABS HER WRIST.

Church flinches back as the Border Patrol Agent's EYES SNAP OPEN. He stares directly at her. Despite his slashed throat, he starts SCREAMING.

Desai and Eriksson rush to help pry Church free of the man's grasp. But the Agent holds tight, still SHRIEKING.

A CRY of terror echoing through the woods.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT/CORRIDOR - DAY

School backpack over his shoulder, Henry locks his apartment door with his bandaged hand. A HISSING turns him around.

Down the hall, one of Mr. Rollins's CATS digs its claws into the carpet, hackles raised. But its focus isn't Henry. The cat looks past him.

The door of APARTMENT 605 lies ajar.

Eli stands behind it, no more than a silhouette. She peers out, the curve of her slender body just visible. Her eyes seem to REFLECT the light.

Like the eyes of an animal.

The cat SCREECHES from the other end of the hall, fangs snapping as--

The door SLAMS closed.

The cat bolts, racing past Henry and disappearing around the hall. Alone, Henry stares at the door to 605, strangely breathless.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS roars down the street, tires kicking up muddy slush.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Henry peers out the window as the bus stops at a RED LIGHT. Below, an old car idles in the next lane. Sitting behind the wheel, Lukas glances up.

Henry darts back from the window. He slinks low in his seat, trying to keep from being seen by Lukas.

In the seat opposite Henry, an older teenager named KYLE watches him.

KYLE

Hey, Henry. What happened to your hand? You punch someone?

HENRY

No.

KYLE

Maybe you should try some time.

The bus jolts forward under the GREEN LIGHT. Henry glances back to the window to see Lukas soaring ahead of them.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM - DAY

THE BELL RINGS and students settle into their desks for the start of class. Henry opens his notebook, unaware of the teacher, MRS. SERRANO, speaking to him. She taps the desk.

MRS. SERRANO

Take the headphones out of your ears, Henry. Join us in the real world for a few.

He pulls the headphones out. Serrano stays paused at his desk, her worried gaze moving from his bandaged hand to the marks on his neck.

MRS. SERRANO (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

He nods. Serrano glances to Lukas seated in the back by Dante and Jacob.

HENRY

It's from snowboarding.

Still suspicious, Serrano gives Henry a reluctant nod and returns to the front of the classroom.

MRS. SERRANO

All right, everyone. Open to chapter three. Let's get back to the Middle Ages...

(glaring at Lukas)

And see just how far our civilized world has come.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

SIRENS BLARING, an AMBULANCE takes a turn, wheels slipping across the road. DARK SUV'S race after it.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Eyes wide and frightened, the Border Patrol Agent lies strapped to a stretcher in the back of the ambulance while TWO EMT'S work to keep him alive.

EMT

I'm telling you I can't get a
pulse. There's nothing.

Switching out the SALINE IV bag, the 2ND EMT shouts over the
sirens to the AMBULANCE DRIVER.

2ND EMT

How far are we?

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Fifteen minutes!

INT. SUV - DAY

Behind the wheel, Desai keeps the pedal to the floor. Church
looks back from the passenger seat to confer with Eriksson.

AGENT CHURCH

You have any idea how that guy's
still alive?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

I'm not a coroner.

AGENT DESAI

It's got to be the cold, right?
Hypothermic conditions?

AGENT CHURCH

Not with that kind of blood loss.
(to Eriksson)
Does this fit your guy's M-O? Is
this him?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

Maybe.

AGENT CHURCH

You're the one who called us. You
want interdepartmental cooperation?
Start with a little interpersonal
communication.

AGENT DESAI

She's used that before. It's not as
clever as it sounds.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

I'll know more after inspecting the
bodies.

AGENT CHURCH

How come?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

You were about to show me a pattern
on one of them. What was it?

AGENT CHURCH

Punctures. There were two small
punctures just under the chin...

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The Border Patrol Agent pulls in a tight GASP, head lifting
to reveal TWO BLOODY PUNCTURES beneath his chin.

AGENT CHURCH (V.O.)

And two identical ones between the
clavicle at the suprasternal notch.

TWO PUNCTURES lie just near the Agent's collar bone.

SUNLIGHT flashes in through the windows. The EMT passes
through the beam. Another FLASH of LIGHT--

INT. SUV - DAY

Spinning the wheel, Desai squints in the BRIGHT SUN coming
through the parting clouds.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

You'll find the same marks on the
other two bodies. It's the one
detail we keep from the press.

AGENT CHURCH

What is it? A brand?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

I'm not at liberty to say.

AGENT CHURCH

But he is a serial killer?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

A very proficient one.

AGENT DESAI

What's the body count?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

Officially, twenty-three. Actual is
believed to be much higher.

AGENT DESAI
How high? Like dozens?

Desai glances back to Eriksson and doesn't notice the ambulance SWERVE ahead of them.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Our estimate is at least once a month.

AGENT CHURCH
Is he on a lunar cycle?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Not that we've been able to discern.

AGENT CHURCH
You think he's still on the move?

Now noticing something ahead, Desai leans over the steering wheel to squint through the sunlight.

Strangely, the ambulance drifts into the next lane.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
He'll settle eventually. Maybe a few hundred kilometers south of the Canadian border. Close enough to quickly cross over again.

AGENT CHURCH
How long have you been trying to catch him?

The ambulance VEERS suddenly. Alarmed, Desai pushes down on the gas to follow.

AGENT DESAI
Church, look at this--

AGENT CHURCH
How long?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
The first body was found ten years ago in Sweden. Two more in Norway. Since then, he's moved across Europe. His methods have evolved, but the detail of exsanguination is always the same.

Desai spots SMOKE drifting from the ambulance's rear doors.

AGENT DESAI

Church--

AGENT CHURCH

Once a month for ten years? You
said proficient. Did you mean
prolific?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

Both.

AGENT DESAI

Church.

TIRES SQUEAL as Desai hits the brakes. Ahead, the AMBULANCE spins out-of-control, whirling about in a three-sixty.

Church SNAPS against her seat belt. When she looks up again, she sees--

THE AMBULANCE SLAM onto its side.

It hurtles across the road, SPARKS FLYING from underneath as it SCRAPES the pavement.

THE WINDOWS EXPLODE, FLAMES BURSTING THROUGH.

Desai wrestles with the wheel of the SUV. It finally skids to a stop and Church jumps out. She rushes toward the ambulance, but stops when the REAR DOORS CLANG open.

A BODY ENGULFED IN FLAMES lurches out and staggers into the middle of the road.

Church moves to help, but Eriksson grabs her, pulling her back.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

They're dead. All of them.

Under the still falling snow, the burning body of the Border Patrol Agent slumps down and collapses.

EXT. SKI RESORT - NIGHT

Snow bursts into the air from a steel chute. Headphones in his ears, Henry pushes a SNOW BLOWER down a walkway outside a small but posh SKI RESORT.

A SNOW PLOW roars past, frighteningly close. The Driver gives him an irritated look as if to tell him to stay out of the way.

Henry pushes on, continuing to clear a path. He pauses when he sees THREE FIGURES walking from the ski lifts to the parking lot.

Lukas, Jacob and Dante carry SNOWBOARDS under their arms, finished with an afternoon on the slopes and heading for their cars in the lot.

As if sensing eyes on him, Lukas glances back to find Henry watching.

Henry lets go of the snow blower's handle, allowing the engine to die.

Lukas slows, a threatening look in his eyes as he glares back at Henry. But then Jacob and Dante pull his attention away.

Heart beating fast, Henry breathes in relief and moves to start the snow blower again. He steps around the machine and stops at an odd sight in the snow.

FOOTPRINTS.

Strangely, the prints are from bare feet. They disappear between the trees ahead.

Henry glances to the snow blower, a moment of indecision. He hears the ROAR of ENGINES, cars leaving the parking lot.

Henry starts off to follow the trail of prints.

EXT. WOODS/CLEARING - NIGHT

BREATH PLUMING from between his lips, Henry moves deeper and deeper into the woods.

Tall pine trees loom above him. An oppressive quiet hangs over the woods. No sound or even a flutter of wind.

Just his own nervous BREATH.

Moving faster, his boots press into the snow beneath him. But then he comes to a halt.

The prints stop in the middle of the clearing. They simply end. As if the person walking had vanished into thin air.

Henry looks all about the snow, absolutely perplexed. And unaware of someone nearby.

PERCHED IN A TREE ABOVE, a curious Eli watches him.

Finally, Henry turns to head back. Before he can take more than a step, however, SOMETHING DRAGS HIM to the ground.

SLAMMING onto his back, Henry blinks up at Eli. She holds him pinned down in the snow.

ELI
Why are you following me?

HENRY
I'm not. I was just--I was trying
to see who was out here.

ELI
Why?

HENRY
I saw footprints. You're not
wearing any shoes.

Eli glances to her feet buried in the snow as if noticing for the first time.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Aren't you freezing?

ELI
No.

HENRY
You're not cold? At all?

Eli leans closer to look at him, inspecting every inch of his face. Henry lies still, barely breathing. He can't help the quick glances over the girl's thinly-clothed body so close to his.

Noticing his wandering eyes, she stands.

HENRY (CONT'D)
What are you doing out here?

ELI
Looking for something. But I think
it's gone.

HENRY
What is it?

ELI
A conservatory.

HENRY

You mean the greenhouse? It's still there.

ELI

You know where it is?

HENRY

Yeah. I can show you. If you want.

Eli steps closer. Uncomfortably close.

ELI

Why?

HENRY

What do you mean *why*?

ELI

Why do you want to help me?

HENRY

Your feet.

He glances to her bare feet in the snow.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I don't want you to get frostbite.

Still suspicious, she gives a tentative nod. Henry takes a step forward, waiting for her to follow. Eventually, she does.

Together, they disappear into the thick of the woods.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. AUTO SHOP - NIGHT

An SUV rises up on a hydraulic lift in a small auto shop. Watching from a window in the main office, Matheus rushes through an explanation to the shop OWNER.

MATHEUS

The heater broke two days ago. It's been a nightmare. I can't drive it when it's this cold. I'm literally freezing in my own car.

OWNER

You need a heavier jacket.

MATHEUS

Or a car with a working heater.

OWNER

Kyle! Get your ass over here.

Clipboard in hand, Kyle hurries over to take down Matheus's information.

KYLE

Sorry for the wait. You want to go with your warranty, Mr. Volk?

He glances up to notice Matheus's lingering stare.

MATHEUS

No. I'll pay cash. How long will it take?

KYLE

If it's something as simple as the thermostat, maybe only twenty minutes.

Giving a reluctant nod, Matheus takes a seat to wait. His eyes wander to the TELEVISION SET hanging from the wall.

With the volume turned off, a NEWS REPORT plays silently. The video shows the still BURNING AMBULANCE WRECK. Black smoke billows into the air.

Matheus rises and approaches the TV. Light from the screen FLICKERS across his face, and over his look of growing dread.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Cell phone in hand, Agent Church hurries from a crowd of POLICE, FEDS and witnesses to find Eriksson and Desai waiting by the SUV.

AGENT CHURCH

They're saying it was probably an oxygen tank.

AGENT DESAI

And I'm going to say after a horrifying incident like this we need a drink. Who's up for it?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON

We should examine the other bodies.

Church's PHONE VIBRATES. She puts it to her ear.

AGENT CHURCH

(into the phone)

Where?

AGENT DESAI

Please be a bar nearby.

AGENT CHURCH

We're on our way.

AGENT DESAI

Doesn't sound like a bar.

Church grabs the car keys from Desai and Eriksson takes the passenger seat this time. Doors slam shut and Church hits the gas.

The SUV soars back onto the road, BLUE AND RED LIGHTS cutting a path through the darkness.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Under the moonlight, Henry leads Eli through the woods, heading further and further from the resort.

HENRY

So... You just moved in?

ELI

Yes.

HENRY

Do you have a sister?

ELI

No.

HENRY

Someone said they saw a little girl
with your father.

ELI

He's not my father.

Eli walks on, seemingly uninterested in talking.

HENRY

If you just moved here, how do you
know about the greenhouse?

ELI

Someone I knew died there.

HENRY

Who?

ELI

A boy.

HENRY

You mean like a boyfriend?

Eli allows herself a smile, but doesn't answer.

HENRY (CONT'D)

How did he die?

ELI

He was burned alive.

Henry waits for more, but she doesn't look inclined to
provide any other details.

As they continue on, Eli begins to notice his stolen glances.
Henry can't stop looking at her.

EXT. WOODS/CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

Coming through the edge of another clearing, Henry and Eli
approach the abandoned CONSERVATORY.

A large structure, it lies buried under snow and dormant
vine. Tree branches grow through the smashed windows.

Eli cocks her head slightly as the sound of Henry's RAPID
HEARTBEAT finds its way to her ears.

She sees perspiration at his temple. Then notices a SPOT of BLOOD seeping through the bandage over his hand.

ELI
Are you scared?

HENRY
No.

Eli takes his good hand, startling him. Practically paralyzing him.

ELI
Come on.

She pulls him toward the entrance.

INT. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

Hand-in-hand, Henry and Eli step through the snow-covered ground inside.

HENRY
Watch your feet. There's still glass around.

Eli looks about the greenhouse, searching its remains.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You've been here before, haven't you?

ELI
A long time ago.

HENRY
What happened to him? The guy you knew.

ELI
People said he burned himself alive. They call it *self-immolation*. But *immolation* actually means sacrifice. It doesn't have to mean burning yourself.

HENRY
Did he pour gas on himself or something?

ELI
Nobody knows. They just know when it happened.

HENRY

When?

Eli peers up at the broken ceiling above them.

ELI

Dawn. When the sun was coming up.

Her eyes fall on a STONE FOUNTAIN close to the rear of the conservatory. She pulls free of Henry and heads for it. When she reaches it, she glances back to him.

He stands there, shivering, but waiting patiently for her.

ELI (CONT'D)

I need your help. Right now, I'm
not as strong as I usually am.

HENRY

What do you want to do?

ELI

There's something underneath the
fountain. It belongs to me. Can you
help me?

Henry nods. Then places his hands underneath the stone lip of the fountain. Together they strain to move it.

HENRY

Careful.

But the fountain tips and falls over. THE STONE CRACKS,
pieces crumbling about the snow.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Sorry.

He glances up to Eli. Then notices the strange look on her. A moment of fear and confusion.

Beneath the fountain lies an open space. But the only thing visible is a MESSAGE carved into its stone surface. It reads:

Välkommen tillbaka.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What's it mean?

Eli ignores him, pushing the dirt away to reveal a SECOND
LINE of the message:

Jag kommer efter dig.

She stares at it as her fingers curl against the stone, a visible anger falling over her.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I guess that's not what you wanted
to find, is it?

Henry pulls out his phone.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Want me to look it up? I can
probably translate it...

He trails off as he gets a look at the MESSAGES waiting for him on the phone's display.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Oh shit, I'm dead. My boss found
the snow blower.

He starts tapping away with his thumbs, but then stops and looks up from the phone.

Eli is gone.

EXT. WOODS/CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

Henry charges out through the door of the conservatory and glances about the quiet woods.

He looks down to the snow and spots both of their original footprints going into the greenhouse.

Nearby, one pair of FOOTPRINTS heads out. But just like in the clearing, Eli's footprints eventually come to an impossible halt.

They simply stop.

Approaching, Henry examines the last print in the snow, utterly confused. Slowly, he turns his eyes to a possibility he hadn't yet considered...

Henry gazes up to the sky. To the starless night above.

INT. ABANDONED YOUTH CENTER/SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS bounce off the walls of an old building, once a Youth Center. Leaves and dirt litter the floor. Paint peels from every surface.

Church and Eriksson approach the edge of an empty and dilapidated swimming pool.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Flashlight, please.

Church throws Desai a nod. He clicks on a small flashlight and hands it to Eriksson.

AGENT DESAI
I thought you guys called it a torch?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
I'm Swedish. We call it a flashlight.

He points the light into the pool. HUNDREDS OF RATS SWARM about the middle.

AGENT DESAI
Damn. They said there were rats. They didn't say there was a whole pack of them.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
A Mischief.

AGENT DESAI
What?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
A group of rats is a *Mischief*.

Church hits the butt of her gun against the pool railing to try to scatter them. But the METALLIC CLANG barely has an effect.

Agent Desai draws his own gun. Church sees his finger wrapping around the trigger.

AGENT CHURCH
Desai, don't even think about it.
Desai--

A FLARE IGNITES. Church and Desai glance back to Eriksson who tosses the flare toward the swarming rats. They scatter instantly.

Eriksson takes another from a bag and lights it. Then a third and a fourth. He drops the SPARKING FLARES about the broken tile floor of the pool.

With the rats scurrying to the edges, Church grabs the rails of the ladder and lowers herself down into the pool.

Eriksson drops down next to her. They cautiously approach the deep end to examine a bizarre discovery.

Several large PLASTIC CONTAINERS of BLOOD.

AGENT CHURCH (CONT'D)
Were they trying to eat it?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
(nodding)
Rats love human blood. They can develop a craving for it.

Church kneels at the containers.

AGENT CHURCH
It'll match to our Border Patrol Agents, won't it?

Eriksson nods.

AGENT CHURCH (CONT'D)
Why would he leave it?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Why do you think?

AGENT CHURCH
Well, I know he's not exactly the first killer in history to do this.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Done your research?

AGENT CHURCH
Some.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Fritz Haarman?

AGENT CHURCH
The Butcher of Hanover. Bit through his victims' throats in a sexual frenzy.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Marcelo de Andrade?

AGENT CHURCH
Drank the blood of fourteen boys thinking it would make him "as beautiful as them."

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Then tell me why our killer
abandoned the blood.

Church moves closer, lowering her eyes to examine the
containers, peering into the dark liquid. Thinking.

AGENT CHURCH
It was too cold. He left the blood
because it froze.

INT. AUTO SHOP - NIGHT

Matheus sits in the waiting room, his breath noticeably heavy
while he gazes through the window into the garage.

Watching Kyle work on the car. Noticing the grease all over
his fingertips. Black smudges across the skin on his bare,
pale arms.

Matheus watches. Eyes barely moving. Barely blinking. While
his heart beats faster.

And *faster*.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT/LOBBY/ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Lena hurries into the elevator carrying a grocery bag. The steel doors close. She jumps when she sees Eli in the reflective surface.

LENA

Christ, you scared me.

She notices Eli examining her black and white uniform.

LENA (CONT'D)

I work at the resort. A lot of people here do. If you need an after school job they might have something.

Strangely, Eli offers no response. No hint of an attempt at conversation.

LENA (CONT'D)

You just moved in, right?

Eli hears the CLINK of glass bottles from inside the grocery bag. Lena tightens her arms around the bag.

The elevator stops and the doors open on the third floor. Mr. Rollins stares in at Lena.

Eli stands to the side, keeping her face just out of his view.

Rollins makes no move to step in, but he grabs the door to hold it open. While he can just catch of a glimpse of Eli, he keeps his attention focused on Lena.

ROLLINS

I was looking for Tamora.

LENA

Oh. I think I saw the one with orange stripes. Is that her?

ROLLINS

That's Shylock. Tamora is gray.

LENA

I have to admit, I'm amazed you can keep all of them straight.

ROLLINS
Of course, I can.

His eyes flick to the side. Eli still just out of his sight.

ROLLINS (CONT'D)
You know, the Chinese believe that cats can ward off evil? The ancient Egyptians believed they were the keepers of the underworld.

LENA
Well, if I see him--

ROLLINS
Her. Tamora.

LENA
If I see *Tamora*, I'll let you know.

Rollins nods and steps back, letting the doors close.

INT. ABANDONED YOUTH CENTER/SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

As other Agents and Lab Technicians descend on the pool around Eriksson, Church steps aside with Desai.

AGENT DESAI
He left the blood because it froze?
Why's that make a difference?

AGENT CHURCH
It was damaged. Blood is part water and cells. The water freezes and turns into crystals that damage the blood cells. It's the same thing that happens when you get frostbite.

AGENT DESAI
Blood can get frostbite?

AGENT CHURCH
Yeah. So if it was no longer any good to him, he's going to want more.

AGENT DESAI
We're a hundred miles from the border. This guy's been on the move. He could be anywhere by now.

AGENT CHURCH
(glancing to Eriksson)
Then I guess we're going to do what
he's been doing for the last ten
years.
(off Desai's look)
Wait for another body to show up.

INT. APARTMENT/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Breathless, Henry hammers on the door of Eli's apartment. He waits. No response. He pounds on it again. Finally, the door opens and Eli looks at him, bewildered by his anger.

ELI
What's wrong with you?

HENRY
Me? Where'd you go?

ELI
I came here.

HENRY
You left me out there.

ELI
You knew how to get back.

HENRY
Yeah, but--I brought you there and
you just left. Why did you leave?

ELI
Because I wanted to come here.

Henry stares at her. She stares back, completely oblivious.

ELI (CONT'D)
What do you want from me?

HENRY
Nothing.

ELI
Good.

She starts to close the door, but Henry stops it.

HENRY
You could at least tell me your
name.

ELI

Why?

HENRY

What do you mean *why*? I live right next to you.

ELI

Eli.

HENRY

What?

ELI

Ee-lay. My name is Eli.

HENRY

I'm Henry.

They stare at each other across the threshold of her apartment.

ELI

Do you want to come in?

HENRY

Yeah, okay.

He starts forward, but she stops him, the tips of her fingers pressed against his chest.

ELI

If I let you come into my apartment, *Henry*, you have to let me in yours next time.

HENRY

Sure.

ELI

You promise? You'll let me in?

Henry nods.

ELI (CONT'D)

Then, come in.

But now he hesitates. A strange moment of fear taking hold of him. Finally, he steps across the threshold.

The door closes gently behind him.

INT. ELI'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry follows Eli past moving boxes and through the sparsely furnished apartment toward her room.

HENRY

How come you're repainting?

ELI

It was too bright for me.

HENRY

The walls were too bright?

ELI

I have a skin condition. Do you know what XP is?

HENRY

Sounds kind of familiar.

ELI

Xeroderma pigmentosum. It means I can't go out into the daylight.

HENRY

What happens if you do?

ELI

My body can't repair the damage from the sun's light. You can get a sunburn from being out for a few hours. I can get skin cancer after a few minutes.

HENRY

Would it kill you?

ELI

Eventually.

HENRY

Are you okay?

ELI

What do you mean?

HENRY

I mean are you okay like *now*?

ELI

Do I look okay?

She watches Henry take a nervous glance about her body.

HENRY

Yeah. You look good. Where's the
guy you live with?

ELI

He's out taking care of something.
I'm waiting for him to text me.

She sets her cell phone down on her dresser, placing it right
next to a RUBIK'S CUBE. Henry approaches, looking at the
puzzle. The colors uneven.

ELI (CONT'D)

Don't pick it up unless you're
going to solve it.

HENRY

Right now?

ELI

How long do you think it would take
you?

HENRY

I don't know. A day.

Henry eyes the Rubik's Cube. He reaches for it, but pauses
just before his fingers touch it. He lowers his hand.

Eli steps closer. Henry holds still as she pulls the collar
of his jacket down to reveal the bruises on his neck.

ELI

Why did you let them do this to
you?

HENRY

It was from snowboarding.

ELI

I saw what happened. You knew they
were going to hurt you. Because
they've done it before. They do it
all the time, don't they?

HENRY

No.

ELI

Yes, they do. And you let them. Do
you think they're your friends?

HENRY

No. I'm not stupid.

ELI

I don't think you're stupid. But maybe you think if you show them you can take a punch, they'll respect you. Then you get to be part of their little group.

HENRY

Why would I care about that?

ELI

You think they'll protect you.

HENRY

I don't need anyone to protect me.

ELI

We all need someone to protect us.

Eli takes the Rubik's Cube from the dresser.

ELI (CONT'D)

Will you do me a favor?

HENRY

Sure.

ELI

Someone is going to come back to the conservatory to see that I read their message. Maybe not today. Or even tomorrow. But they'll come back. I want you to find out who.

HENRY

Why?

ELI

Because if you do, I'll help you. I'll help with the boys who did that to you.

She hands him the Rubik's Cube and gently places his hands over it.

ELI (CONT'D)

We can help each other.

INT. APARTMENT/LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Lena slams the door shut on one of the laundry machines and starts it up. She places the empty basket on top and turns for the stairs.

A low HISS stops her.

She looks down a darkened corridor further into the apartment basement and sees TWO EYES reflecting back at her.

LENA

Tamora? Hey you. Come here little guy. Or girl. Whatever you are.

Lena approaches to coax the frightened cat out of the shadows. She reaches a hand forward. But Tamora LASHES OUT with her claws.

Lena YELPS and grabs at her scratched arm.

LENA (CONT'D)

You little bitch.

Tamora HISSES back at her. The cat paws the floor, claws pulling across the cement. Its body lurches up.

Lena takes a frightened step back as Tamora whips about, caught in a panic. Hackles raised, fangs SNAPPING.

Lena watches as a bizarre frenzy grips the animal.

Tamora snaps her head around, back and forth. Again and again with shocking force until, finally--

A VIOLENT CRACK fills the corridor. Tamora slumps down, body limp.

Barely able to breathe, Lena stares in horror at the dead animal. Its wide and profoundly terrified eyes gaze up at nothing.

EXT. SNOW PLOW DEPOT - NIGHT

A SNOW PLOW pulls into a depot, finished for the night. The same plow and same driver that drove past Henry at the resort. The name tag on his coat reads BRUNNER.

He parks the plow among several others and gets out with his keys in hand.

Walking through the quiet depot, Brunner heads to the small office trailer. The door lies open.

BRUNNER

Palmer, you around? Palmer?

Brunner turns back to the plows, glancing about the still and dark machines.

He doesn't see Matheus standing behind one of the trucks, holding absolutely still in the shadows.

Finally, Brunner steps back, retreating to his parked car. He quickly pulls out of the depot and roars off down the tree-lined road.

Breathing in relief, Matheus eases away from the shadows and turns his attention to the Office Manager, PALMER.

The man stands tied between two snow plows, a gag stuffed into his mouth. He stares back in terror as Matheus carefully unfolds a piece of cloth covering a strange tool.

MATHEUS

Do you know what this is?

He raises an old TORTURE DEVICE into the light. It bears two sharp prongs on both ends, a leather strap buckled in the middle.

MATHEUS (CONT'D)

It's called a Heretic's Fork. It was used mainly during the Spanish Inquisition. You place it between the chin and the base of the neck between the clavicle bones. The person wearing it was kept from lowering their head.

Matheus ties the strap behind Palmer's neck. His movements precise and gentle.

MATHEUS (CONT'D)

Sometimes the victims would die of sleep deprivation. For us, it works to keep the neck exposed. Like this...

Matheus pushes the device between Palmer's chin and neck, causing him to SHRIEK through his gag.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lena yanks open the door to the hallway and gestures to a bewildered Henry.

LENA

Please, just go get the damned laundry. I'll tell Mr. Rollins about his cat. And don't look at me like that. I'm not drinking.

HENRY

I didn't say that.

LENA

I just watched a cat break its own neck.

HENRY

Mom, how's that even possible?

LENA

I swear to holy God I'm not drinking again. I wouldn't do that to you.

HENRY

I know.

LENA

Can you just get the laundry?
Please.

INT. APARTMENT/LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Henry steps down into the basement and looks about. He spots the empty laundry basket on one of the dryers. He reaches for it, but pauses.

Lukas stands by the washing machines.

HENRY

What are you doing here?

LUKAS

Did you say anything?

HENRY

No.

LUKAS

It's not because you passed out.
That's not going to worry them.
It's the seizure. Did you tell
anyone about the seizure?

HENRY

No, I swear to God. I didn't say
anything. I don't care what
happened...

Henry trails off, attention caught by something else. He sees
BRUISES on Lukas's neck, just visible above his collar.
Henry's next words tumble from lips.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Your neck. You have the same
bruises.

Before he can speak again, Lukas's fist swings up. Henry's
head SNAPS BACK.

The punch comes so hard it sends him staggering into one of
the laundry machines. He stumbles over his own feet and trips
to the floor.

Lukas comes at him, FISTS CRASHING DOWN. He pummels the
helpless boy, hammering his nose, eyes, ribs.

Henry brings his hands up to protect himself, but fails
miserably.

Breathless and with blood seeping from his own split
knuckles, Lukas finally stops.

LUKAS

You don't talk, Henry. You don't
say anything to anyone. You got it.
Look at me, Henry. *Look at me.*

Pinned down by Lukas, Henry fixes his eyes on the older boy.
Calming, Lukas notices Henry's fist clenched, his furious
glare, unwavering.

LUKAS (CONT'D)

Now we're getting somewhere.

Cautious, Lukas gets up and backs away. Leaving Henry on the
floor, bloodied and trembling with hate.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

A LIGHT clicks on in the bathroom, illuminating the cracked mirror. A FIGURE slowly appears in one of still-hanging shards.

Henry's face comes into focus. He stares at himself in the shattered mirror, bruised and beaten.

Still bleeding, he grabs a towel and places it against the side of his head.

Henry steps out of the bathroom and eases back onto his bed while a DARK RED STAIN seeps into the towel.

INT. ELI'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eli's cheek presses to the wall. Her fingers push against its surface. And her toes.

Several feet off the floor, Eli CLINGS TO THE WALL like a spider, drawn to the scent of blood.

Her teeth clench. Lips pulled back, she tries to turn her cheek away but can't. Almost like her face is magnetically drawn to the wall.

Her cell phone VIBRATES. A TEXT from Matheus.

Eli lurches off the wall, bare feet hitting the floor. She grabs the phone, turns to the window and yanks the covering down, blinds falling to the floor with it.

She throws open the window and barrels out into the night.

EXT. SNOW PLOW DEPOT - NIGHT

Matheus pulls the rag from Palmer's mouth. The man speaks quickly, trying not to move his chin against the prongs of the Heretic's Fork.

PALMER

Money--there's money in the safe.
Two grand. I'll give you the
combination. Please.

Matheus retreats back, letting the shadows overtake him again.

Palmer stops talking, eyes locked on something past Matheus.

A TEENAGE GIRL stands on top of one of the snow plows. She moves quickly, stepping off and--

Her feet land on the roof of another plow, closer now.

Matheus continues retreating until he's shrouded completely in darkness.

Eli lands on another snow plow, bare feet on the steel roof.

She drops to the ground, a few yards in front of Palmer. But now she appears as a twelve year-old girl, innocent and harmless.

Palmer breathes in relief. Until Eli LEAPS ONTO HIM and RIPS into his exposed neck.

INT. ROLLINS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cats dart about the furniture in Rollins's apartment. A dozen of them, CLAWS BARED and HISSING. Spooked by something they can't see.

Rollins pours salt along the edge of the wall. It lines the entire apartment.

He lets a last few grains drop from his palm and then locks the two dead bolts on the front door. Stepping back, Rollins sets his gaze on the door. Almost as if challenging someone to try entering without his permission.

Someone. Or some *thing*.

INT. LUKAS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brunner pushes through his apartment door and tosses his jacket to his ten year-old daughter, ASHLEY.

BRUNNER

Hang it up.

On his way to the refrigerator, he glares at his son, Lukas. He stands at the sink, washing blood from his knuckles.

BRUNNER (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here?

LUKAS

I live here.

BRUNNER

I meant why aren't you hanging out with your shithead friends? Get out of here. I'm not kidding, Lukas. Piss off.

Lukas steps between his father and his sister. Brunner grabs him by the head and turns his chin up to look at the bruises on his neck.

BRUNNER (CONT'D)
Didn't I tell you to ice this?

Lukas snaps his head away.

BRUNNER (CONT'D)
I like that look in your eyes. I like it a lot. You ever hear the word *patricide*? You know what that means? It's when you kill your own father. That's how you're looking at me right now. You going to kill me, Lukas? No, you're not going to do shit.

He leaves his children alone in the kitchen. They listen to him kick his bedroom door closed.

ASHLEY
(to Lukas)
You're not going to do anything, right?

LUKAS
I don't have to.

ASHLEY
What do you mean?

LUKAS
Someone else is gonna do it for me.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

At his desk, Henry taps the trackpad of his laptop. He holds a wad of tissues to his nose to staunch the bleeding while clicking through the browser.

His PHONE sits next to the laptop. The display shows a picture taken of the words carved into the space beneath the stone fountain.

Henry finishes typing in the first sentence on a translation page: *Välkommen tillbaka*.

In the text box the words appear in English: *Welcome back*.

Henry types in the second sentence: *Jag kommer efter dig*.

He hits RETURN and stares at the oddly threatening words left for Eli:

I'm coming for you.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Down a dark alley, Matheus drags Palmer's blood-drained and plastic-wrapped body toward his SUV.

He hears FOOTSTEPS and pauses. Breath held, he listens. Then carefully reaches for the rear hatch, hand just about to pull it open.

KYLE (O.S.)
Hey. Mr. Volk?

Matheus glances up as Kyle steps into the moonlight.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I thought that was you. How's it running now? Everything okay?

The rear hatch opens with a CLICK, startling Matheus. The LIGHT flickers on inside and illuminates the BODY wrapped in plastic just at Matheus's feet.

Kyle stares down at the unmistakable shape in the snow. A moment of unbearable quiet. And then--

Matheus SLAMS the hatch shut and charges toward Kyle.

INT. FBI SATELLITE OFFICE - NIGHT

Moving past cubicles, Church guides Eriksson through the satellite field office. A staid, governmental building.

AGENT CHURCH
We're only a satellite office, but we can provide you with something temporary. You okay with the hotel we found?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Perfectly fine.

AGENT CHURCH
I'd offer you my office but it's kind of a disaster.

She gestures to her office. Behind the glass, a desk sits barely visible under mountains of files, boxes and paperwork.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Anything is fine.

He follows her to an empty office.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry pulls the snowboarding posters from his wall, tearing through them.

With the surface laid bare, he presses his bandaged hand against the wall. Moving closer, he turns his ear and waits for a sound. Listening...

INT. ELI'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the other side, a SHADOW looms over the newly painted gray wall. A hand rises, covered in dark blood.

Eli reaches to touch the wall, but her fingers stop short of its surface. She lowers her hand and retreats back until her shadow slips completely from the wall.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Kyle stumbles through a snow-covered alley, racing to get away from Matheus.

The Heretic's Fork glints in the moonlight. Gripping the torture device, Matheus closes in.

INT. FBI SATELLITE OFFICE/ERIKSSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

In the temporary office, Eriksson opens his bag to unpack a laptop, charger and files. Church places a set of keys on the desk.

AGENT CHURCH
Strange day, huh?

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Stranger days to come.

Church lingers. Eriksson pauses, waiting for her to speak.

AGENT CHURCH
There's one thing I'm having trouble with.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
One thing?

AGENT CHURCH
Well, one *more* thing.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Which is?

AGENT CHURCH
The presentation. It feels fake.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Presentation?

AGENT CHURCH
The display we saw at the Border
Station this morning. The tying up
of the bodies. The whole tableau.
It all felt weirdly false to me.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Why do you think he goes to the
trouble to hang the bodies? Why the
pretense?

AGENT CHURCH
Because it is pretense. It's like
he's pretending to be a serial
killer.

Eriksson gives a slight smile, impressed by her leap.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
Church is an unusual last name. I
don't remember hearing your first.

AGENT CHURCH
Sarah.

Eriksson removes a final item from his bag, an odd memento. A
weathered and old Rubik's Cube.

INSPECTOR ERIKSSON
My name is Oskar.

He gently sets the Rubik's Cube on the desk.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Grasping at Kyle, Matheus drags him to the ground. He raises
the Heretic's Fork but--

With a defiant CRY, Kyle yanks Matheus around and SLAMS him
down, bone CRACKING against pavement.

Kyle scrambles to his feet and runs for it.

The Heretic's Fork sticks out of Matheus's stomach, steel prongs glinting in the moonlight.

Once again lying in an alley and covered with blood, Matheus peers up at the night sky. He whispers to it, calling for his protector, for the girl who promised to help him.

MATHEUS
Eli... Eli...

FADE OUT:

END OF PILOT