

THE ACCURSED

by

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"BAVARIA, GERMANY"

"1587"

EXT. VAN STAUFFENBERG ESTATE - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A picturesque Bavarian mansion.

INT. VAN STAUFFENBERG ESTATE - BEDCHAMBERS - DAY

Sprawling and opulent. Upon a massive canopy bed, MARIE VAN STAUFFENBERG (late 20s) SCREAMS her way through the final stages of a difficult and agonizing labor.

At the foot of the bed, WALPURGA HOUSMANNIN (60s), the hunched, greying midwife, struggles to deliver the baby. BLOOD covers her hands and forearms.

WALPURGA
(in German)
Push! Push, damn you!

Marie grinds her teeth and bears down. Straining. Groaning. Giving it everything she's got. And in the next moment--

THE NEWBORN EMERGES.

Marie collapses as Walpurga moves away, holding the child close, frantically trying to coax its WEAK WHIMPERS into healthy cries.

NAN (18), Marie's maid, takes her hand. Wipes her brow.

NAN
*It's a girl, fraulein. A sweet,
sweet girl!*

Relieved, Marie closes her eyes and smiles. But then she realizes--

THE ROOM IS MUCH TOO QUIET.

MARIE
(panicked)
Why isn't she crying?

All eyes turn to Walpurga who leans over the infant. Walpurga shakes her head and makes the SIGN OF THE CROSS.

WALPURGA
*She was born too soon. Her heart
was too weak. I'm sorry.*

MARIE
*No! NO! I heard her! I heard
crying! What have you done?!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!*

Off Marie, fighting against Nan in a blind rage...

INT. COURTHOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

Packed to bursting with BAVARIAN NOBILITY. They're a silent crowd, enthralled by the drama unfolding below.

CLOSE ON -- MARIE. Though still pinched and frail from childbirth, she wears a richly colored front lace gown and a jeweled caul.

Around her neck is an ANTIQUE NECKLACE, a prized family heirloom worth a fortune.

Rapt, she watches the trial conclude beneath her. Her eyes water with mingled pity and exaltation. Divine justice is at hand.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Filled with stern JUDGES and solemn CLERGYMEN.

Flanked by several NOVICES, the BISHOP OF AUGSBURG (late 40s) -- handsome, intimidating, the most powerful person in the room -- regards the ACCUSED with distaste.

And the accused is WALPURGA.

Broken by torture and incomprehensible suffering, she weeps as a stone-faced JUDGE reads her sentence to the hushed onlookers. (*Taken from ARCHIVAL TRANSCRIPTS.*)

JUDGE

The malefic and miserable Walpurga Hausmannin has, upon kindly questioning and torture, confessed her witchcraft! Let it be known that this wretched creature gave her soul and body to The Evil One! It is the will of the Judges and Jury of this court and by virtue of the Bishop of Augsburg on the 20th day of September 1587, that Walpurga Hausmannin be sentenced to death by burning at the stake!

WALPURGA

I'm innocent! I swear it!

JAILER

Quiet, witch!

The JAILER (late 30s) -- handsome but rakish and cruel -- steps forward. A GOLDEN CLOCKWATCH (an early version of a pocketwatch) swings on a chain around his neck.

Without a second thought, he SMASHES HIS FIST INTO WALPURGA'S FACE AND BREAKS HER NOSE. Then he roughly drags her out to the street.

The clergy and cheering crowd follow.

CROWD
Witch! Witch! Witch!

Marie cheers with the rest. Eyes alight with bloodlust.

EXT. STREETS OF DILLINGEN - DAY

Strapped to a stool on wagon, Walpurga wails, weeps, and cowers as she's paraded through the town.

WALPURGA
Mercy!

But the PEOPLE OF DILLINGEN are a furious bunch uninterested in mercy. They JEER, POINT, and SPIT. A devastating, staggeringly brutal assault.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The Jailer drags Walpurga up onto a platform where a hooded EXECUTIONER brandishes a sword. One final humiliation before the *coup de grace*.

The Jailer forces Walpurga's right hand onto an iron block and holds it in place.

Marie pushes her way to the front of the crowd.

MARIE
*Witch! You murdered my daughter!
You killed my child!*

Walpurga's pitiful gaze meets Marie's.

WALPURGA
*The babe's weakness was beyond my
power to heal!*

Beside Marie, JOHANNA (30s), a voluptuous, cold-hearted NOBLEWOMAN sporting a HUGE RUBY PINKY RING, points.

JOHANNA
*Power?! See? See?! She admits
it! Witch!*

And SHE THROWS HORSE DUNG at Walpurga. It HITS HER IN THE FACE. The crowd laughs.

And the Executioner draws back. Sword held high.

KA-WHUNK! The BLADE SLASHES DOWNWARD and the crowd erupts and SURGES. A vicious, orgasmic organism.

But Walpurga doesn't scream as her hand tumbles away. All she can do is stare at the SPURTING STUMP.

Dazed, she allows the Jailer to secure her to the stake.

BUSHELS OF KINDLING are passed over the crowd and stacked high around her.

Slim, solemn, compassionate FATHER NATHANIEL CROWE (30s), steps forward and begins to pray. A PEWTER CRUCIFIX dangles from his belt.

Jailer pushes past him and LIGHTS THE KINDLING. FLAMES catch and spread.

Walpurga begins to TWIST, SQUIRM, and SCREAM. Shrill. Horrible. Marie throws more wood onto the fire.

CLOSE ON -- WALPURGA

She suddenly calms and gazes out at the crowd. Her eyes harden as her flesh CRISPS AND BLACKENS.

Her final moments are filled with hatred, bitterness, all consuming fury...

And power.

Her last words are a hiss, but all who hear it tremble.

WALPURGA
(in Latin)
*Monstra. Omnes maledicunt mihi.
Elige. Et mortuus est tenebrae.
Aut pulvere. (Monsters. I curse
you all. Choose. Become darkness
and death. Or dust.)*

And KA-WHUMP! The BONFIRE EXPLODES OUTWARD, setting several Onlookers aflame. They SCREAM.

WALPURGA (CONT'D)
Et factum est. (It is done.)

And she slumps. Dead.

It's over.

Or is it?

CLOSE ON -- MARIE.

Her NOSE HAS BEGUN TO BLEED. STRANGE BLACKNESS RUNS FROM HER NOSTRILS. She tries to hide it with her handkerchief, but then she realizes--

EVERYONE'S NOSE IS BLEEDING.

THE CURSE ON THE PEOPLE OF DILLINGEN HAS BEGUN.

SMASH BLACK.

"PRESENT DAY"

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

The familiar skyline beckons, gracious and inviting. The streets, filled with cars and PEDESTRIANS, hum and churn. The modern age has arrived.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Cluttered with pricey, antique furniture.

And tied to a chair is a WOMAN.

Though her hair and clothes are hip and current, she still wears the HUGE RUBY RING on her pinky.

THE WOMAN IS JOHANNA. The shit throwing noblewoman from 1587. Clearly--

SOMETHING SUPERNATURAL IS AT WORK HERE.

Johanna drifts in and out of consciousness. In agony. Beaten almost to death. And standing above her, are THREE STONED FACED INDIVIDUALS.

The first is LUCIA ROMANO (30). Her gaze is flat and emotionless. A DEEP SCAR twists her UPPER LIP.

To put it simply, she's five feet four inches of COLD MEAN BITCH. Be afraid. Be very afraid.

Beside her is her younger brother GABRIEL (late 20s). He's softer, but still badass. More ripped than The Rock.

The third is BIG TOM (40s), a giant hulk of a man roughly the size of Texas. He's not the brightest, but he makes up for it with loyalty and brute strength.

Lucia removes a BOTTLE OF LIGHTER FLUID and liberally DOUSES Johanna with it.

LUCIA

Thank you for your cooperation.

JOHANNA

(spits with venom)

Fuck... you!

Gabriel hands Lucia a BOX OF MATCHES. She pulls one and STRIKES IT.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

Wait! Wait!

Bored, Lucia waits.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
If you kill me, he'll come for
you. He'll find you. And he'll
kill you.

LUCIA
Who? One of your friends?

JOHANNA
He's more than that. Much, much
more. If you let me go, he never
has to know about this.

LUCIA
I look forward to meeting him.

JOHANNA
Please, don't do this. Please?!

Lucia smiles and DROPS THE MATCH.

LUCIA
Vos pulvis. (Become dust.)

INSTANT FLAMES. Johanna SCREAMS and THRASHES against her
restraints as her skin CRISPS, BLACKENS, and SLOUGHS OFF.

But Lucia, Gabriel, and Big Tom just look on quietly.
Without pity. Without mercy.

Tom holds a FIRE EXTINGUISHER at the ready.

Within moments, Johanna's SCREAMS CUT OUT. But the FIRE
continues to burn. Charring her corpse.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
That's enough.

Tom blasts the body with the FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Coating
it in whiteness.

A RED GLINT within the foam catches Lucia's attention.
She reaches in and CLAIMS JOHANNA'S RUBY RING. Casually,
she pockets it.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Time to go.

Quietly, and without a hint of remorse, they head to the
door. Lucia notices an ANTIQUE MICKEY MOUSE FIGURINE on
a shelf. She claims it.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
(off Gabriel's look)
For Petie.

And they let themselves out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

WE SKIM OVER -- Our beloved metropolis. A perfect place for secrets to fester and thrive.

INT. RESTAURANT - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Crystal, candlelight, and quarter-sized appetizers. Welcome to the *really* good life.

Seated at a back table with a few FRIENDS is MARIE VAN STAUFFENBERG, but in this era, she's MARIE COLE.

And she's not just beautiful, but *radiant*. In her prime and glowing. Designer everything. Perfectly blownout hair. Delicate brows. Immaculate manicure. *Perfection*.

Around her neck, she still wears her ANTIQUE NECKLACE. It's unusual, but she works it.

Beside her is good-looking, issue free, guy-your-mom-would-LOVE-if-you-brought-him-home, DR. MICHAEL GARCIA (30s). Enamored, he hangs on her every word.

And who could blame him? Marie's confident and easy. Energy contagious. Laughter infectious.

And she's also buzzing on pricey champ which makes her the life of the party.

MARIE

Women remember everything. It's the men who forget the details.

MICHAEL

Common misconception. Not true at all.

MARIE

All right. The day we first met. Tell me all about it.

The gauntlet has been thrown and Michael accepts with gusto.

MICHAEL

It was Thursday.

MARIE

Sunday.

MICHAEL

(undaunted)
In the afternoon.

MARIE

Ten o'clock in the morning.

MICHAEL
You don't know that. How do you
remember that?

MARIE
Because St. Christopher's bells
were ringing for mass. Continue.

MICHAEL
The sun was shining.

MARIE
It was about to rain.

MICHAEL
And you were wearing red. Hawt.

MARIE
Blue.

MICHAEL
Hotter. Your hair was down.

MARIE
Up in a bun.

MICHAEL
And you came up to me...

Exasperated, Marie just shakes her head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(quickly corrects
himself)
I came up to you and said...

Fuck it. He can't remember.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I said something so smooth and
awesome that you fell for me right
then and there. Like, bam.

MARIE
You said hi.

MICHAEL
I said more than hi.

MARIE
No, you didn't. Just hi.

MICHAEL
Just hi? Really?

MARIE
Really. And you were staring at
my girls the whole time. Bad boy.

He checks out her exquisite rack and concedes. She wins.

MICHAEL
But two years later, we're still
together.

MARIE
Two years.

She raises her glass. The others follow.

MICHAEL
Two amazing... Whoa, babe.

Alarmed, he reaches for a napkin and hands it to her.

MARIE
What? What's wrong?

MICHAEL
Your nose, Mi. You're bleeding.

And she is. A SUDDEN STREAM OF BLACKNESS HAS BEGUN TO
FLOW FROM HER NOSTRIL.

Realization hits Marie like a sledgehammer to the gut.
She quickly grabs the napkin and rises.

MARIE
I'll be right back.

She hurries out.

INT. RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marie hastily wipes the blood away.

MARIE
Shit! Shit! *Shit!*

She pulls out her cellphone and dials a number.

EXT. CROWE'S ESTATE - NIGHT

An architectural wonder. Sleek and sophisticated.

But it's also a fortress. Hulked out SECURITY GUARDS
patrol the perimeter and monitor SECURITY STATIONS.

Whoever lives here, is either paranoid or involved in
something highly, *highly* illegal. Likely both.

Deep within the house, the PHONE RINGS.

INT. CROWE'S ESTATE - STUDY - NIGHT

Dim. Minimal. A crisp, lovely VIOLIN SONATA plays.

A MAN sits on a chaise with a highball in hand. Meet CROWE, formerly FATHER NATHANIEL CROWE.

These days, his religious trappings have been replaced with tailored, expensive casual wear.

A PEWTER CRUCIFIX hangs around his neck, an ever present reminder of who and what he once was.

His phone RINGS. He retrieves a high-end REMOTE and, after a few clicks, the music slips into silence and he speaks into his wireless.

CROWE

Crowe.

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A distraught Marie paces.

MARIE

Crowe, it's Marie.

CROWE

(warm)
Marie. Its been years. How are you?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK at the bathroom door.

MARIE

(off)
Just a minute!

Her next words are hesitant. Humiliated.

MARIE (CONT'D)

(to Crowe)
I'm Becoming.

Crowe lets that settle. Not happy to hear it.

CROWE

What?

MARIE

I haven't Fed this year and I'm Becoming.
(off his silence)
I'm sorry.

CROWE

The twentieth of September is less than a week away. How did this happen? How did you let this happen?

MARIE
I lost track of time.

CROWE
We're Cursed, Marie. We can't
afford to lose track of time.

MARIE
Its been four hundred years. One
day blends into the next, I--

CROWE
We Feed once a year, Marie.
There's no way around it. And no
exceptions. Your forgetfulness
puts the entire Flock at risk.

MARIE
I *know*.

CROWE
You're having nosebleeds?

MARIE
They just started. Just now.

CROWE
Nausea? Vomiting?

MARIE
Not yet. When can I come see you?

CROWE
Tomorrow. Eight am. I'll send a
car to the corner of Westlake and
Seventh. Can you be there?

MARIE
Nine's better.

CROWE
Nine, it is.

MARIE
Any heat on you?

CROWE
I've been taking the proper
precautions. It's been a long
time since anyone's been onto us.

MARIE
Why does that make me nervous?

CROWE
It shouldn't. You'll be safe in
my home. I swear it.

MARIE
Tomorrow then?

Crowe's next words are in German. Gentle. Comforting.

CROWE
*Tomorrow. Head up, Marie. This,
 too, shall pass.*

He hangs up, reclaims his remote, and the sonata resumes.

Marie pockets her phone and sighs. Then BRISK KNOCKING at the door. She practically jumps out of her skin.

MARIE
 I said, just a min--

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 Babe, it's me.

MARIE
 (bright, upbeat)
 I'll be out in a sec!

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 You okay?

MARIE
 Fine.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 You sure? I mean, it looked
 really bad. It looked black.

MARIE
 Just the lighting.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 I could run you by emergency, just
 in case. Run a few tests. Show
 you off.

MARIE
 Don't you dare. I'll be right
 out.

He moves away. When his footsteps have faded, Marie takes a deep breath, retouches her lip gloss, and pops a mint. Composure restored.

INT. RESTAURANT - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Poised and easy, Marie rejoins the group and raises her glass.

MARIE
 (to Michael)
 And you were saying?

Michael resumes the toast.

MICHAEL
 Two amazing years.

And they drink. A quick kiss between Marie and Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You sure you're okay?

MARIE
Always.

MICHAEL
Love you.

MARIE
Love you, too.

Off Marie, smiling, but a million mental miles away.

INT. UBER CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The DRIVER spies on Marie and Michael who make out in his backseat. Marie tries to get into it, but she's distant. Distracted. They pull up to a gorgeous HIGH-RISE.

MARIE
What time are you on?

MICHAEL
Ten minutes ago. But before I forget.

He hands her a SET OF KEYS. Incredulous, she takes them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(off her look)
Keys. People use them to open things. Locked things usually. I've heard doors are quite popular. And now, they're your keys.

MARIE
To your place?

MICHAEL
Our place. It's been two years and I'm officially asking you to move in with me.

Marie's floored. No words. Didn't see this coming.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(a little hurt)
Don't look so happy about it.

MARIE
No, I am. It's just--

MICHAEL
Don't tell me you're not tired of me having a drawer at your place and you having a drawer at my
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
place and yadda yadda yadda. Lets
step this up a notch. I want
this.

MARIE
Michael, I--

MICHAEL
Don't say yes. Don't say no. I
wouldn't want you to do it unless
you were one hundred percent.
Just think about it.

This guy. Fucking *perfect*. She gives him a long kiss.

MARIE
Save some lives tonight.

MICHAEL
You know it. Why do you think
they call me The Dark Knight of
the ER?

MARIE
They really call you that?

MICHAEL
(sheepish)
Well, not yet, but I'm workin' on
it. 'Night, Mi.

One last kiss and she hurries across the street to her
building. He waits until she's safely inside (*yeah, he's
a gentleman to boot*) before the car pulls away.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Exquisite. Expensive. Filled with rare antiques and
THOUSANDS OF BOOKS. A perfect extension of Marie.

She sheds her coat and goes straight to the bathroom.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Marie strips down to her underwear and studies her
reflection in the mirror. She turns this way and that,
searching for a flaw.

And then she sees it. A DIME-SIZED BRUISE IN THE CENTER
OF HER BACK. A portent of something dreaded. Something
sinister.

She stares at it for a long, long time.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Carefully selected PHOTOGRAPHS of Marie with FRIENDS crowd the walls. Noticeably absent are PHOTOS OF OLDER PEOPLE, i.e. parents, grandparents. It's odd.

Marie's bed is a heavenly confection of duvets and accent pillows, BUT IT LOOKS A LITTLE TOO PERFECT. Like no one ever sleeps here. Almost like a prop.

Wearing comfy pajamas and sipping a glass of wine, Marie curls up on the windowseat and studies the keys Michael gave her. Their future together looms, a delicious possibility.

She might just do it.

She neatly sets the keys aside, pulls BINOCULARS out of the drawer, and BEGINS HER NIGHTLY RITUAL -- SPYING ON NEIGHBORS IN THE ADJACENT HIGH RISES.

Despite the hour, there's plenty of activity.

-- MARIE'S POV --

-- A PORTLY BALD GUY argues feverishly on his cellphone. And he's NAKED. He's ALWAYS naked.

-- A WOMAN pounds away on a treadmill. Serious. Manic. Sweating with type A zeal.

-- A YOUNG COUPLE humps enthusiastically on their kitchen table. Really getting it in.

-- A MAN and a WOMAN prep for bed. Their CHILD crawls in with them. Marie lingers on them the longest. They're her favorites. Off this...

EXT. PARIS CLUB - LATE NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

The dopest place in town. Only the ridiculously wealthy, the painfully beautiful, and the obnoxiously powerful are allowed entry.

INT. PARIS CLUB - MAIN FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

A DJ spins. The bass pounds. Youthful BODIES writhe and grind. The atmosphere's electric, defiant, alive.

SEBASTIAN (20s) gracefully moves through the crowd. He's a glorious creature. Blonde. Beautiful. Almost cherubic.

But he's cold. Detached.

The world around him doesn't make much of an impression. He's seen it all before. And we've seen him. HE'S ONE OF THE NOVICES FROM 1587.

He nods to PAIR OF BODYGUARDS as he heads upstairs to the main offices.

INT. PARIS CLUB - OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

A den of glass, gilt, and leather overlooking the main floor. Sebastian types a CODE into a KEYPAD behind the desk and *WHUK!* A RECESSED DOOR slides open revealing a hidden INNER ROOM.

INT. PARIS CLUB - INNER ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Suffocating darkness broken by a thin shaft of light. Deep within the shadows, a large indeterminate HUMP SLURPS and CRUNCHES greedily. It's eating something.

SOMETHING STILL ALERT ENOUGH TO MOAN.

SEBASTIAN

Bishop?

The hump rises and creeps towards the door. Its meal slides away with a WET THUMP.

Then the hump begins to SHUDDER AND TWIST. BONES CRACK as IT TRANSFORMS FROM BEAST BACK TO HUMAN.

A moment later, BISHOP steps into the light. He's shamelessly nude and streaked with blood, but just a man. The monster has retreated. Dormant for now.

Sebastian hands Bishop a towel. Calmly, Bishop wipes himself clean. After centuries of living at the top of the food chain, he's icy, self-possessed, intimidating.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

There's a problem.

Off Bishop's brow rising ever so slightly...

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING

Marie runs in and makes it to the toilet just as she begins to VOMIT, SPEWING BLACKNESS FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

The spell is body-wracking and violent. When it passes, she slumps. Agony.

EXT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A stately church in downtown LA. Its BELLS RING for mass.

INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Marie tries to pay attention to the sermon, but she's
DISTRACTED BY THE MINUTIAE OF THE WORLD AROUND HER.

A MAN COUGHS.

A WOMAN SNEEZES.

A MOUSE SKITTERS ALONG A BEAM.

MARIE'S SENSES ARE SHARPENING. An animalistic part of
her, dormant for the past year, has awakened.

SOMETHING AWFUL IS HAPPENING TO HER.

SHE'S BECOMING SOMETHING ELSE.

SOMETHING LESS THAN HUMAN.

A MONSTER.

THE CURSED.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Beneath a wide-brimmed hat, Marie waits on the corner.
The SUN is warm and bright overhead. Rays hit the
EXPOSED SKIN ON HER ARM.

Instantly, her flesh BEGINS TO BURN, CRISP, and SEAR.
She hastily pulls her sleeve back down.

A moment later, CROWE'S TOWNCAR pulls up. Marie looks
around, suspiciously scanning the area, then gets in.

INT. JOHANNA'S FLAT - DAY

Bishop and Sebastian step inside. Bishop studies the
CHARRED CORPSE ON THE CHAIR. Grief, white hot,
immediate, and rare cracks his impervious facade.

BISHOP

Johanna.

And then the grief swiftly morphs into silent, deadly
rage.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(to Sebastian)

Find out who did this.

SEBASTIAN

Right away, sir.

Off Bishop's tangible fury...

INT. CROWE'S ESTATE - SUN ROOM - DAY

Simple sophistication. Filled with orchids. The violin sonata continues to play on loop. The shades are drawn.

Marie sits in one of two chairs. She looks diminished and desperately sad.

WHIK! Automatic doors slide open and Crowe enters. Barefoot. Hipster elegance.

CROWE

Marie.

He takes her hand and kisses it. There's a deep affection between these two. He regards her with paternal patience and empathy.

CROWE (CONT'D)

To ask you how you are would be insulting. So, I'll ask you this, how've you been?

MARIE

(means it)
Good. I've been really really good.

He regards her quietly for a long moment.

CROWE

What's his name?

MARIE

Michael.

CROWE

How long?

MARIE

Two years. He asked me to move in.

CROWE

Sounds serious.

MARIE

It is.

CROWE

(gently)
Then you have to let him go.

MARIE

Not yet.

CROWE

He's not one of us, Marie. He could find out what you are.

MARIE
He won't.

CROWE
He loves you?

MARIE
Yes.

CROWE
Then isn't it cruel to string him
along? To give him false hope?
To promise him all the things you
know you can't give him? If you
truly love him, you'll end it
clean and end it now. Feed and
move on as you've always done.

Marie fiddles with her necklace and looks away. He's
right and she knows it.

CROWE (CONT'D)
Tell me you will. Swear it.

MARIE
(pause)
I swear.

CROWE
Good.

Satisfied, Crowe taps a quick code into his remote. A
moment later, a TABLE rises out of the floor with a
LAPTOP and SMALL CASE atop it.

He opens the case revealing a few sleek AUTO-INJECTORS.

CROWE (CONT'D)
Until you Feed, the
transformation's inevitable. I
can, however, make it less painful
for you. You won't feel great,
but you'll be able to function.

He motions for her to roll up her sleeve as he removes an
AUTO-INJECTOR. Dutifully, she obeys and he injects her
arm.

CROWE (CONT'D)
You'll have to do that every
morning until the 20th. Have you
found your Unworthy yet?

MARIE
No. But it shouldn't be too hard.
They're everywhere these days.

CROWE
To make light of it is beneath
you, Marie.

MARIE
Forgive me, Father.

A slip of the tongue on Marie's part. Amused, Crowe cocks a brow and fingers the crucifix around his neck.

CROWE
Hush now. That time has passed.

MARIE
Who was your last?

CROWE
Ivan Bruckner. A schizophrenic
bum prone to burglary and rape
living under the bridge on Sam
street.

MARIE
Sounds awful.

CROWE
It was. But we do what it takes
to survive. As every creature
must. There's shame in vice and
depravity. There's no shame in
survival.

He hands her the case. Gratefully, she accepts it.

CROWE (CONT'D)
You'll leave after you Feed.
Relocate.

This is a command not a question. Once again, Marie's thrown off balance.

MARIE
Why?

CROWE
Because you waited too long.
You're in pain and you're
desperate. We don't Feed on a
whim. We plan. Meticulously.
You don't have enough time to do
it right or well. You'll make a
mistake.

MARIE
I've never made a mistake.

CROWE
You've also never waited this long
before. If you slip up, you put
the entire Flock at risk. Leave
town. Start over. You'll be
fine.

Marie withers ever so slightly. Crowe opens up his laptop. As far as he's concerned, the matter is closed.

CROWE (CONT'D)
 Now, where would you like to go?
 I can set you up anywhere you
 like.

Off Marie deliberating--

EXT. CROWE'S ESTATE - DAY

Crowe and Marie walk along, headed back to the towncar.

MARIE
 Have you heard from anyone? Hugo?
 Malcolm? Rosalind? Johanna?
 Adrien?

CROWE
 Johanna's in Paris.

MARIE
 (surprised)
 She joined Bishop's Flock?

CROWE
 (pained)
 She did.

MARIE
 Why?

CROWE
 Because, unlike us, she enjoys
 Feeding. Such is the difference
 between Bishop's Flock and ours.
 We still strive to be human. They
 crave their change. The high of
 it. I'm told they can even do it
 at will. They're more beast now
 than human.

Marie considers this.

MARIE
 I'm sorry. I know you were fond
 of her.

CROWE
 I'm fond of everyone in my Flock,
 but Johanna was always the wildest
 and most impulsive. Paris might
 be the best place for her.

MARIE
 Why do you say that?

CROWE
 Because one day she'll slip. She
 won't cover her tracks properly
 and someone will see her. And
 then--

MARIE
Bishop will have to handle it.

CROWE
Yes.
(pause)
I heard from Adrien yesterday.

MARIE
How is he?

CROWE
He's done.

Marie stops in her tracks. Stunned.

MARIE
Really?

CROWE
On the twentieth, he's going to
let the curse take him and step
into the light. *Vos pulvis.*
(*Become dust.*)

MARIE
He won't make it. The pain. The
hunger. He'll Feed. He won't be
able to help himself.

CROWE
Perhaps.

Crowe hands her a card with an address on it.

CROWE (CONT'D)
If you want to see him.

MARIE
How's his mood these days?

CROWE
Slightly worse than rotten. But
better than terrible.

MARIE
He's been a prick for almost four
hundred years.

They come to the towncar.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Thank you. As always.

Crowe kisses her again and gently fingers her necklace.

CROWE
You should've thrown this away a
century ago.

MARIE
Sentimental, I guess.

CROWE
We all are. A rare breed.
Special. Resilient.

MARIE
Cursed.

CROWE
Hush. You've never been one for
self-pity.

He helps her into the towncar and a moment later, the driver pulls out.

EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING CROWE'S ESTATE - DAY

Gabriel and Lucia, dressed in FULL TACTICAL GEAR, crouch in the grass. Hidden by scrub and weed, they spy on Marie and Crowe through TELEPHOTO LENSES.

LUCIA'S POV -- Crowe waves as the towncar pulls away. He has no idea that he's being watched. Targeted.

No idea that his meticulous security protocols are about to be blown straight to shit.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A responsible bachelor's pad. Neat. Unpretentious.

With a gym bag over his shoulder, Michael keys in. Then he stops and gapes when he sees what's waiting for him.

MICHAEL
Hi.

Lounging saucily in his manchair in make-your-boyfriend-feel-like-a-king lingerie, Marie smiles. Naughty and playful in her leather corset and fuck me boots.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
How'd you get in here?

Marie raises her hand. The keys he gave her dangle off her finger.

MARIE
(purrs)
How was your day?

MICHAEL
I think it just got *amazing*.

And she struts towards him. All hips, heels, and gravity defying boobage. He tries not to drool.

MARIE
How do I look?

MICHAEL
Edible.

She takes his hand and leads him into the bedroom.

EXT. CROWE'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Flood lights blast. A GUARD and his DOG patrol the perimeter. Suddenly, the dog begins to BARK at something hidden in the dark treeline.

Guard draws his gun. He doesn't hear or see the HOODED FIGURE creeping up behind him. Then--

CRACK! The Hooded Figure SNAPS the Guard's neck. Swift and painless. The Guard drops.

Growling, the dog turns, but the Hooded Figure pulls a 9mm outfitted with a SILENCER and FIRES.

POP! Fido topples over with a whimper.

And Gabriel removes his hood.

A moment later, Lucia and Big Tom emerge from the bushes and hurry towards the house.

INT. CROWE'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The violin sonata blares. Seated beside the bed, Crowe sips a drink and watches a PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN make out with each other.

It's an engrossing show, so engrossing that he doesn't notice THE SUDDEN RUSH OF ACTIVITY ON THE SECURITY SCREENS AT THE FOOT OF HIS BED.

INSERT - SECURITY SCREENS

-- SECURITY GUARD #2 takes a silent SHOT TO THE HEAD, curtesy of Lucia, and collapses.

-- SECURITY GUARD #3 is TACKLED and KNOCKED OUT by Big Tom. Then...

The LIVE CAMERA FEEDS GO DARK.

THUMP! From deep inside the house.

Abruptly, Crowe snaps to attention. His gaze immediately goes to the BLANK SCREENS.

CROWE
Shit.

In a flash, he REACHES BENEATH THE BED and PULLS OUT A SLEEK GLOCK. The Women see this and draw in quick breaths, ready to scream, but--

CROWE (CONT'D)
Quiet! On the floor. Now!

And in the next instant--

BAM! THE BEDROOM DOOR IS KICKED IN.

KA-BLAM! Crowe manages to get off a SINGLE SHOT, before--

BAM! BAM! GABRIEL FIRES TWICE AND BLOWS CROWE BACKWARD. Crowe lands hard, coughing up blood.

Lucia strides over to him.

LUCIA
Nathaniel Crowe?

CROWE
Never heard of him.

Lucia smiles and fingers his cross.

LUCIA
We know who you are, Father. And we're going to have a long talk about you and your friends.

CROWE
I won't say a word.

LUCIA
Yes, you will.

A whimper behind her. Annoyed, she glances at the women cowering in the corner.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Get. Out.

Gabriel tosses them some clothes and they scramble out, nearly colliding with Big Tom as he enters.

BIG TOM
House is secure.

LUCIA
Good. Nathaniel doesn't want to talk. Why don't you bring Rosie in?
(to Crowe)
Rosie's good at making people to talk.

Off the horrifying implications of what that might mean--

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marie rolls out of bed. Worn out but in a great mood, Michael studies her as she gets dressed.

MICHAEL
Where are you going?

MARIE
I sleep better at my place.

MICHAEL
Have I ever even seen you sleep?

MARIE
Of course, you have.

He hasn't, but the lie rolls easily off her tongue. Michael notices the bruise on her back. Its grown since the night before.

MICHAEL
What happened there?

MARIE
Just dinged it.

MICHAEL
Move in with me.

A moment. She sighs. Hates the fact that she's going to have to end this.

MARIE
Ten years from now, where do you see us?

MICHAEL
(thinks, then)
We'll be married. You'll be fat.

MARIE
What?

MICHAEL
Not fat fat. But soft. You know how women get after they've had a few kids.

Marie lets that settle. *This guy.*

MARIE
A few?

MICHAEL
A boy and a girl.

MARIE
Sounds nice.

MICHAEL

It won't be nice all the time.
You'll be moody in the mornings.
We'll probably have neighbors that
we hate. But I'll have my kids,
my wife, and a nice happy life.
And on our tenth anniversary--

MARIE

Don't say it.

MICHAEL

Oh, I'm sayin' it.
(with pride)
Threesome.
(pause)
So move in with me.

MARIE

I'm thinking about it.

MICHAEL

What's to think about? Babe, I'm
a *doctor*. I can cook.

MARIE

You can't cook.

MICHAEL

But I can learn. I'm a great guy!

MARIE

You are a great guy.

MICHAEL

Then what's the problem? You're
killing me, Mi. You know that,
don't you?

MARIE

You did good tonight.

MICHAEL

I could do even better in the
morning. Once I get my second
wind. And a sandwich. Stay.

MARIE

Can't.
(she kisses him)
Good night.

And she's out the door. He falls back with a sigh.

INT. PARIS CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Sebastian presents a tablet to Bishop. ON SCREEN is a
MUG SHOT OF LUCIA.

SEBASTIAN

We pulled prints off a bottle of lighter fluid found in a dumpster down the street from Johanna's flat. I ran them through criminal databases both here and abroad and found her. Lucia Romano.

Bishop studies the image and commits it to memory.

BISHOP

Italian?

SEBASTIAN

American.

BISHOP

I detest Americans.

SEBASTIAN

She's thirty. Mother died when she was five. Father ran off when she was seven. She has a younger brother, Gabriel. Both were in and out of foster homes and juvenile detention facilities until their eighteenth birthdays. Since then, they've been arrested and imprisoned for various felonies -- multiple thefts, assault, forgery. This photo was taken four years ago.

BISHOP

Address?

SEBASTIAN

A PO Box in Spokane. Another in Miami. She's a ghost.

Deep in thought, Bishop looks down onto the churning dance floor.

BISHOP

Why Johanna?

SEBASTIAN

I don't know, sir.

(pause)

But Crowe might.

Off Bishop considering this...

INT. CROWE'S ESTATE - SUN ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Tied to a chair and bleeding copiously, Crowe studies his captors. He's calm. Calculating. Searching for an angle. A way out.

Fire extinguisher in hand, Gabriel stands over him, regarding him with an icy expression.

Big Tom struggles to wrangle ROSIE, a pitbull gone fucking psychotic.

BIG TOM

Sit, Rosie!

Rosie GROWLS and SNAPS at him. Yeah, this bitch crazy.

Lucia wanders the room. She finds a cute little TRINKET, something a child would like, and pockets it. Off Gabriel's questioning look, she shrugs.

LUCIA

For Petie.
(then, re: Rosie)
Shut her up, Tom!

Tom drags Rosie into a quiet corner and Lucia turns her attentions to Crowe.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

I don't want to hurt you. I don't like hurting you. Let's just get this over with, monster.

CROWE

I'm no monster. I'm a... A good person.

LUCIA

Do good people need security guards? Do good people hide behind sixteen foot concrete walls? You're a monster who does very, very bad things.

CROWE

No. I survive and I don't take anything that hasn't already been thrown away.

LUCIA

I'm looking for one of your friends and you're going to tell me how to find him. His name is Adrien Copper.

She shows him a PHOTOGRAPH of ADRIEN COPPER (30s). Though his hair and clothes are current, his face is unmistakable. HE'S THE JAILER FROM 1587.

Crowe looks at the photo and hesitates. Deliberates.

CROWE

My Flock is my family. I won't betray any one of them.

LUCIA
But one of them betrayed you. How
do you think we found you?

Lucia reaches into her shirt and pulls out the massive
RUBY RING she now wears on a chain around her neck.

Crowe immediately recognizes it.

CROWE
Johanna.

LUCIA
She's been terrorizing the streets
of Paris for months and becoming a
bit of an urban legend. She was
surprisingly easy to find and it
didn't take much for her to give
you up. She said you'd know where
Adrien is and I expect you to tell
me. Right. Now.

CROWE
You killed her?

LUCIA
Pulvis. (Dust.)

CROWE
Then I feel sorry for you.

LUCIA
Why?

CROWE
Because Johanna was one of
Bishop's Flock. He'll come after
you. And there's nowhere you can
run. Nowhere you can hide.

LUCIA
Running and hiding don't suit me
anyway.

Lucia smiles and absently fingers his cross.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Make this easy on yourself,
Nathaniel. You don't owe Adrien
anything.

Crowe still refuses to talk. Lucia pulls out her knife.
The end glints. Wicked sharp.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Should I show you how I got
Johanna to talk? It's messy, but
effective.

CROWE
 (pause, then)
 The remote beside you.

Lucia picks it up.

CROWE (CONT'D)
 Press the third button from the
 right. Press, press, press.

Once again, the VIOLIN SONATA begins to blast through the room. Lovely. Soothing.

CROWE (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

And with that, Crowe closes his eyes and tilts his head back. Ignoring Lucia and floating on the melody.

A temporary peace.

Patience gone, Lucia steps back and nods to Big Tom.

He LETS ROSIE OFF HER LEASH.

Snarling, Rosie LAUNCHES HERSELF AT CROWE and SINKS HER TEETH IN.

Off Crowe's AGONIZED SCREAMS--

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Marie opens up the case Crowe gave her, pulls out an auto-syringe, and INJECTS HER THIGH. She's not healthy, but she's functional. For now.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wearing dark sunglasses, Marie walks along. Surveying the area. Taking her time.

But this isn't just a leisurely stroll. She's searching... Searching... Searching for prey.

-- MARIE'S POV --

-- A WOMAN jogs while pushing TWINS in a stroller.

-- A BUSINESSMAN eats his lunch.

-- A STREET MAGICIAN amuses a CROWD.

Marie moves on. Too many average people here. And she doesn't Feed on the average. She's looking for the bottom-feeders. Searching for an Unworthy.

INT. PARK - DAY

The bad side of town. Nothing good ever happens here.

Marie sits on a bench, distinctly out of place, surveying the area. A GROUP OF GUYS pass by and eye her up. They WHISTLE and CATCALL.

GUY #1
Hey, baby. I gotta place you can
sit! Right here on this big fat d-

Marie turns and glares. Her message is clear. *Don't fuck with me.* The guys back off laughing.

GUY #1 (CONT'D)
All right, all right. If you
change your mind, I'll pimp that
ass for you. Make you one of my
head hos, if you know what I'm
sayin'?
(distracted)
Aw shit!

The guys hustle off to join a FIGHT breaking out by the basketball courts.

Marie continues to canvass the area and her gaze falls onto--

KIKI AUGUST.

A nervous rail in a BLACK BOBBED WIG pacing on the far side of the street. She's strung out and meth-faced. Most of her teeth are gone and she scratches uncontrollably.

Meet a woman at the bottom of the barrel. A degenerate long past saving. She's busted, broken, and beat down.

And she appears to be waiting for someone.

Finally, a SKETCHY MALE approaches. He and Kiki exchange a few words and he SLIPS SOMETHING INTO HER PURSE. She hands him a wad of cash and skitters off.

A drug deal has just gone down.

After a moment, Marie follows after Kiki.

SHE'S FOUND HER PREY.

AN UNWORTHY.

INT. I-HOP - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Big Tom, Gabriel, and Lucia sit at a booth. Big Tom and Gabriel chow down on pancake combos.

Lucia chugs black coffee and clicks her way through the files on Crowe's laptop.

BIG TOM
Too crowded in here. Been starin'
at an empty cup for ten minutes.

LUCIA
Sorry, Tom. I didn't think Crowe
would hold out for as long as he
did.

GABRIEL
Tough little bastard.

BIG TOM
You find anything yet?

LUCIA
Almost.

She focuses, typing fast, busting through encrypted
firewalls like Lisbeth Salander on speed. Finally...

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Bingo.

BIG TOM
Whatcha got?

LUCIA
(bewildered)
Everything.

GABRIEL
What do you mean, everything?

LUCIA
All of them. His entire Flock.
Right here. Names. Addresses.
Everything.

GABRIEL
How many is all? How many are
there?

LUCIA
Fifty. Sixty. Maybe seventy.

BIG TOM
Holy *shit*.

GABRIEL
Well, we just came for the one.

Lucia gives him a look; she came for a lot more than
that.

LUCIA
Let's move.

BIG TOM
After I get a refill on my coffee.

GABRIEL
(pointed to Lucia)
And after you wash your hands.

Lucia glances down at her fingers and sees BLOOD EMBEDDED UNDER THE NAILS. It's not enough to be noticed by a casual observer, but present all the same.

INT. I-HOP - BATHROOM - DAY

Lucia grimly scrubs her hands with cheap liquid soap. A HINT OF REDNESS SPIRALS down the drain. Lucia stares at it, affected, but fighting through it.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

The car rumbles peacefully along.

Marie sits beside Kiki who nods off. High as a damn kite. Her purse is half open in her lap.

The car stops. PASSENGERS exit and board. Amidst the flurry of activity, Marie makes her move.

In a flash, she deliberately KNOCKS KIKI'S PURSE OFF THE SEAT and miscellaneous crap flies everywhere.

KIKI
(rouses, slurred)
Wha' happened?

MARIE
Sorry. Sorry. My fault.

Marie hurriedly picks up Kiki's things. Kiki tries to help, but her movements are slow. Out of it.

This gives Marie ample opportunity to eyeball KIKI'S DRIVER'S LICENSE, thus getting her full name, before handing it back.

With all of her junk returned safely to her purse, Kiki closes her eyes and goes back to sleep.

Marie watches with poorly concealed contempt. Utter disgust.

UNWORTHY.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Kiki stumbles through this quiet, upper class neighborhood. Marie follows at a distance.

EXT. AUGUST HOME - DAY

A two story house at the end of the street. Overgrown trees and shrubbery add to its seclusion.

Marie watches Kiki trot up the narrow path to the front door and key her way inside. After a moment, Kiki appears in an upstairs bedroom window.

Marie smiles to herself as she moves away. This is so easy, it's almost child's play.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

A modest home in a residential neighborhood. As average as average gets. With a heavy bag slung over her shoulder, Marie KNOCKS. A moment later--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

FUCK OFF!

Marie grins. *Ahh, memories.* She KNOCKS again.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

ARE YOU DEAF OR FUCKING DUMB? I
SAID FUCK--

MARIE

(in flawless German)
*It's Marie, Adrien. I came to say
good-bye.*

A long silence follows.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Key's under the mat!

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marie grimaces as she glances around this cluttered space. Like her own condo, it's jam packed with the ODDITIES AND TRINKETS ACQUIRED OVER CENTURIES OF LIVING.

Nestled on the sofa beneath a heavy blanket, is ADRIEN COPPER (30s). He's still rakishly handsome, but visibly ill.

Marie leans against the doorjamb and regards him with a smile. Their familiarity is raucous. Easy.

MARIE

You old boar. Now I know why you
never invited me over. You live
like a pig.

ADRIEN

If it offends you, grab a broom.
And while you're at it, turn
(MORE)

ADRIEN (CONT'D)
around, wench. Let me get a good
look at you.

Shaking her head, Marie turns around, giving him a
pleasant view of her backside. Adrien eyes her up
appreciatively.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)
You know, you always were my
favorite.

MARIE
I thought Johanna was your
favorite.

ADRIEN
She was, but only because she had
the best tits. Plump. Bouncy.
Every man in Dillingen wanted to
lay their heads on her lap, and
suckle like a baby. It's a shame.
I almost married her for those
tits.

Marie brushes off a chair and takes a seat beside him.

MARIE
And I recall Eliza being one of
your favorites as well.

ADRIEN
She studied in France, you know.

MARIE
Oh, everyone knew.

ADRIEN
And she used to wrap her naughty
little fingers around my--

MARIE
Adrien.

ADRIEN
But you had the best ass.
Probably should have married you,
but Hans beat me to it.

MARIE
I would have bored you. I never
studied in France.

ADRIEN
And you loved Hans. Fat, silly
Hans.

MARIE
Kind, gentle Hans.

ADRIEN
Rich son of a bitch Hans.

MARIE

Who had enough sense not to go to the execution that day. He took our boy sailing. And I still love him for it.

A moment of reflection from both of them. Then--

ADRIEN

What'd you bring me?

Marie pulls out a MASSIVE SIDE OF MEAT. Fresh. Red. Dripping. Adrien eyes it hungrily.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)

Put it away, Marie.

MARIE

It'll help with the cravings. At least for a little while.

Adrien closes his eyes and turns his head away, but we CATCH A GLIMPSE OF JAGGED FANGS SPROUTING IN HIS MOUTH.

They're not elegant or vampiric, but cruel. Beastly. Ideal for RENDING FLESH. For CRACKING AND CRUSHING BONE.

ADRIEN

PUT IT AWAY!!!

Hurriedly, Marie obeys and ADRIEN'S TEETH RETURN TO NORMAL.

MARIE

Are you in pain, Adrien?

ADRIEN

Aren't you?

MARIE

Crowe has a treatment. It helps.

ADRIEN

Not interested.

MARIE

You're giving up.

A moment. Then gently--

ADRIEN

There's a box behind you. Under that blanket. Open it.

Marie moves the blanket aside, revealing an ORNATE SILVER BOX. She opens it. It's filled with FOREIGN CURRENCY, PASSPORTS, and PHOTOGRAPHS SPANNING A CENTURY.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)

Go on. Take a look.

Marie flips through the PHOTOGRAPHS. Each DROPS STEADILY BACK IN TIME AND FEATURES ADRIEN IN THE DISTINCTIVE GARB OF THE ERA and he always CARRIES THE GOLDEN CLOCKWATCH.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)
Four hundred and twenty five years, Marie. *Four hundred and twenty five years.* Four hundred and twenty-five Unworthy. I'm tired. Aren't you?

MARIE
If you die, the witch wins.

ADRIEN
She already won. She won the moment she Cursed us.

MARIE
Are you afraid?

ADRIEN
Of?

MARIE
Whatever comes next.

He considers this. A rare moment of depth from an admitted prickstick.

ADRIEN
I think that at the end of our days, we'll be judged by the sum of what we did wrong versus what we did right. We're killers, Marie. We're Cursed. Hellfire awaits. It's time to accept it.

MARIE
Crowe says it's no sin to take what has already been thrown away. The Unworthy are nothing. They're whores and junkies. Thieves and pimps and--

ADRIEN
Don't be an idiot, Marie.

MARIE
Father wouldn't lie to us.

ADRIEN
He lies to himself every day. Who are we to pass judgement on who's worthy of this life and who isn't?

Marie has no answer. She hasn't thought about this in a century.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)
Let go. There's such peace in letting go. The anniversary of
(MORE)

ADRIEN (CONT'D)
the witch bitch's barbecue is four
days away. We could Become and
step into the light together.

MARIE
Can't.

ADRIEN
Why not?

MARIE
Because the bad far outweighs the
good. There are no great deeds or
tender mercies in my journey. I
fear the darkness. And so the
journey must continue.

ADRIEN
Until when?

MARIE
Until the good outweighs the bad.

ADRIEN
Then you'll never let go. You'll
never be at peace because your
conscience will never be clear.

He dabs at a sudden nosebleed. A rueful laugh.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)
The old witch knew what she was
doing.

MARIE
She Cursed us.

ADRIEN
No. She gave us a choice. We
chose wrong and Cursed ourselves.

Marie just sighs and takes his hand.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wrapped in a silk robe, Marie prints out KIKI'S DRIVER'S
LICENSE PHOTO sets it on her desk. She regards it for a
moment without an ounce of compassion.

Then her stomach GRUMBLES and CLENCHES. She stifles a
groan and hurries out.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marie rips the paper off the CHUNK OF MEAT she offered
Adrien and RAVENOUSLY DIGS IN.

Her TEETH TRANSFORM AS SHE FALLS ON THE FLOOR, HUNCHED
OVER THE MEAT, GROWLING AS SHE DEVOURS IT.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

A NONDESCRIPT WHITE VAN cruises past Adrien's bungalow.

INT. VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Big Tom drives. Lucia and Gabriel sit in the back.

GABRIEL
You ready to do this?

She gives him a look. Fuck yeah, she's ready.

LUCIA
(to Big Tom)
Park around the corner.

She shoulders a SHOTGUN.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adrien VOMITS BLACKNESS violently onto the floor.

KNOCKING at the door.

ADRIEN
FUCK OFF, WHOEVER IT IS! DO YOU
HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT GODDAMN TIME IT-

KA-WHAM! The front door is kicked in.

Adrien scrambles to his feet just as Big Tom and Gabriel charge in with their GUNS BRANDISHED.

Adrian HISSES and crouches low, prepares to spring, but-
A TRIGGER COCKS BEHIND HIS HEAD.

It's Lucia. She snuck in through the back.

LUCIA
Don't. Move. Monster.

And Adrien goes still.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

With her knees to her chest, Marie just sits in the bathtub. Disgusted with herself. On the tail end of an EPIC WEEPFEST.

BLOOD STAINS HER LIPS AND MOUTH.

Beneath the fading bubbles, her BATHWATER IS TINTED RED.

Her CELLPHONE RINGS. It's Michael. She hesitates before picking up.

MARIE
(trying to keep it
light)
Hi.

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bright and bustling with PATIENTS, NURSES, and DOCTORS.

Looking downright dashing in his scrubs, Michael moves through. Cell to his ear. Confident and feeling fine.

MICHAEL
Hey, babe. How's it?
(off her silence)
You all right?

MARIE
I'm good.

MICHAEL
You don't sound good. You sound
like something's up.

MARIE
Nothing's up.

MICHAEL
Marie, come on. It's me.

MARIE
Just have a lot on my mind.

MICHAEL
Have you decided about the whole
moving in with me thing? No
pressure. Just asking.

A long pause. Marie deliberates.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Marie? You there? Hello?

MARIE
Can I drop by and see you
tomorrow?

MICHAEL
Sure. Course. I'm on till noon
so we can go grab something in the
caf. My treat.

A sudden flurry of activity in the hall.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Babe, I gotta run. Love you.

She'd love to say the same, but she can't. Pained, she hangs up. Too distracted to notice, he hurries off. The Dark Knight of the ER has some lives to save.

And Marie turns her attention back to the pinkish water and her own miserable Curse.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

A lonely place on the outskirts of town. Welcome to JEFFERS & MOONEY INTERNATIONAL SHIPPING AND SUPPLY.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SHIPPING ROOM - NIGHT

A vast space dotted with TOWERING, MOLDY WOODEN SHIPPING CRATES. Dust on the floor. High blacked out windows. A DVCAM is mounted on a tripod in the corner.

Lucia paces around Adrien who is tied up in a chair. He glares at her. Furious. Big Tom and Gabriel look on.

LUCIA

You don't remember me, do you, monster?

ADRIEN

No, bitch. I don't.

Hell, if he's going down, he's going down fighting.

LUCIA

(nods to Gabriel)
What about him? Do you remember my brother?

ADRIEN

There was a time when boys suited me just fine.

(to Gabriel)
But you're too pretty for my tastes.

Lucia pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH OF A MAN -- burly, handsome, tattooed. His face lined and unsmiling from decades of hard living.

LUCIA

How about him?

ADRIEN

No.

LUCIA

No? Look again.

ADRIEN
If I said yes, could we move this
farce along?

Lucia smiles without humor.

LUCIA
On the 20th, I'm going to enjoy
watching you Become and turn to
dust. But before that happens,
you will remember.

She DRAWS BACK and PUNCHES ADRIEN HARD ACROSS THE JAW.
He spews blood. Then she HITS HIM AGAIN.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Do you remember now?

ADRIEN
No, bitch. I don't.

CRACK! She hits him in the nose and breaks it.

LUCIA
How about now?

He laughs and she pops him again. Gabriel and Big Tom
shift uncomfortably. This is going a bit too far.

GABRIEL
Lucia, stop. Stop!

But she doesn't stop. Can't. She rains BLOW AFTER BLOW
down on Adrien in a blind rage.

BLOOD SPLATTERS and FLOWS. Her FISTS ache. And yet she
continues while Adrien laughs and gargles in her face.

Big Tom and Gabriel back out and leave her to her
destruction.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ROOF - LATE NIGHT

With the CLOCKWATCH clanking against Johanna's ring and
Crowe's cross around her neck, Lucia leans against the
railing. Smoking and watching the moon.

Her KNUCKLES are bruised and bloody.

Gabriel comes up behind her.

GABRIEL
You could've just killed him.

LUCIA
Not until he remembers.

GABRIEL
And then?

LUCIA
Vos pulvis. (Become dust.)

Gabriel sighs.

GABRIEL
 After the 20th, we should head out.

LUCIA
 I'm not going anywhere.

GABRIEL
 What are you talking about? We're done here.

LUCIA
 Not yet.

She holds up the PHOTO OF MARIE taken earlier.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
 Marie Cole. She's one of them. She's weak and needs to Feed. She should be easy.

GABRIEL
 Why her?

Lucia shrugs.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
 You're getting off on this shit, Luce. You *like* it.

LUCIA
 You don't have to come if you don't want to.

GABRIEL
 I wouldn't leave you.

LUCIA
 Then get some sleep. We go after her first thing in the morning.

GABRIEL
 Can you give me a reason why?

LUCIA
 I'll give you two. One. Because it's the right thing to do.

GABRIEL
 And two?

LUCIA
 I get off on this shit.

Gabriel just shakes his head.

GABRIEL
And before you get all senti-
fucking-mental, remember they're
not people, Gabriel. They haven't
been for almost four hundred
years.

Resolve unshaken, Lucia resumes watching the night.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING

Freshly out of the shower, Marie pulls out one of Crowe's
AUTO-INJECTORS, places it against her thigh, and
depresses the trigger.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - REC ROOM - DAY

Lucia, Gabriel, and Big Tom gear up - GUNS, KNIVES, and
MORE GUNS. Rosie grumbles in her kennel.

EXT. L.A.X. - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A hubbub of domestic and international comings and
goings.

INT. L.A.X. - DAY

With Sebastian by his side, Bishop moves through followed
by SEVERAL GOONS. They're ruthless. Emotionless. An
impressive, intimidating crew.

EXT. L.A.X. - DAY

Bishop's crew gets into a black SUV and pulls out.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

KA-WHAM! THE FRONT DOOR IS KICKED IN and Big Tom,
Gabriel, Lucia, and Rosie stream inside. They quickly
search the place.

GABRIEL
She's not here.

Off Lucia's tangible disappointment--

INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Bustling with MEDICAL STAFF grabbing breakfast.

Drawn and miserable, Marie sits across from a scrub clad
Michael. Pissed, Michael just blinks at her.

MICHAEL
What are you talking about?
What's wrong with you?

MARIE
There's nothing wrong with me.

MICHAEL
We're in a good place, we're
happy, and all of a sudden, you
want to shit on what we have?
That's not right. It's not
normal. So it means there's
something wrong with you.

MARIE
I just need some space.

MICHAEL
Bullshit!

MARIE
Keep your voice down.

MICHAEL
Are you in trouble or something?

MARIE
No.

MICHAEL
Then what is it that I don't know?
Let me help.

MARIE
You can't help.

MICHAEL
Let me try.

MARIE
You can't!

A few PEOPLE look her way and frown.

MICHAEL
(quiet)
Mi, whatever you did, whatever's
going on with you, we can get
through it. Don't just walk away.
Talk to me.

MARIE
(firm)
I can't. I'm sorry.

MICHAEL
You're sorry?

MARIE
You're a great guy. You'll find
someone.

He looks at her. Studying her long and hard. She can't
meet the intensity of his gaze. *God, this kills her.*

MICHAEL
You never really gave a damn, did
you?

MARIE
Good-bye, Michael.

She hands him his keys and departs.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Marie walks along. Head up. Resolute.

But then she stops. Breaking inside. She leans against
a building to steady herself against a crushing wave of
emotion. She bites back a sob.

It takes a moment for the spell to pass. When it does,
she straightens her shoulders and walks on.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucia pulls a SECRET BOX from underneath Marie's couch.
She BREAKS THE LOCK, opens it, and peers inside. Within
are contents similar to the contents in Adrien's Box.

FOREIGN CURRENCY, PASSPORTS, and PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARIE
SPANNING A CENTURY. In every single picture, she wears
her antique necklace.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - BATHROOM - DAY

Lucia fingers Marie's Auto-Injectors.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Lucia goes to the windowseat, retrieves Marie's
binoculars and settles in. Trying to get a feel for her
life. She looks into a few apartments.

-- LUCIA'S POV --

-- PORTLY BALD GUY *still* argues on his cellphone. And
yeah, he's *still* naked.

-- TREADMILL WOMAN binges on Hagen Daas on the sofa.

-- THE YOUNG COUPLE is breaking up. The girl holds the
front door open as the boy storms out with his things.

-- Marie's favorite family (MOM, DAD, KID) enjoy a pleasant lunch together.

Like Marie, Lucia stares at them the longest. Charmed. She likes them, too.

EXT. MARIE'S HIGH-RISE - DAY

Wiping at her wet eyes, Marie nods politely to the DOORMAN as he holds the door open for her.

INT. MARIE'S HIGH-RISE - HALLWAY - DAY

Marie emerges from the elevator, rounds the corner, and stops abruptly. Something's off. Not quite right.

She approaches her condo with cautious steps.

Her HEART THUDS IN HER EARS as she places her hand on the doorknob. It turns easily. It's unlocked.

She slowly PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN and sees--

Lucia, Gabriel, and Big Tom sorting through her things.

Shit!

She turns to run just as Big Tom lets Rosie off her leash.

Marie sprints back towards the elevator with Rosie SNAPPING AND GROWLING at her heels.

Marie moves swiftly. Her breathing disciplined. Her pace certain. Graceful. Completely in tune with every fiber of her being.

Once she reaches the elevators, the doors close, so she veers towards the stairwell.

A few steps from the door, ROSIE CATCHES UP WITH HER AND SINKS HER TEETH INTO MARIE'S LOWER LEG.

INT. MARIE'S HIGH-RISE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Marie YELLS and falls inside with Rosie clamped to her ankle, SHAKING HER VICIOUSLY.

Marie grabs the door and SLAMS IT AGAINST ROSIE'S HEAD. Once. Twice. Three times.

YOWLING, Rosie releases Marie.

Marie gets to her feet and takes off down the stairs. Taking two at a time.

Then three.

Then four. Then--

PING! She winces as a GUNSHOT RICOCHETS OFF THE RAILING.

She looks up to see Big Tom FIRING AT HER from above with a SILENCED GLOCK.

PING! PING! Two more shots narrowly miss her. But she keeps running.

EXT. HIGH-RISE - DAY

Limping, Marie tumbles out of the Emergency Exit.

Ignoring the stares of passing PEDESTRIANS, she darts through traffic and across the street.

A few seconds later, Lucia, Big Tom, and Gabriel emerge from the exit door with their weapons drawn.

They hide them from the public as they watch Marie flee. Within moments, she's completely disappeared from view.

LUCIA

Shit!

GABRIEL

I thought you said this would be easy.

Lucia glares at him and storms back inside. Now, it's fucking personal.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A ratty establishment on the outskirts of town.

Out of breath, dirty, sweaty, and favoring her bitten leg, Marie crawls through a weak spot in the SECURITY FENCE and makes her way to an OLD STORAGE UNIT.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Marie keys open the rusty lock and slips inside.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Empty except for a heavy duty PLASTIC CONTAINER. Marie throws it open revealing emergency essentials including a FIRST AID KIT, WATER, BURNER, MONEY, etc...

She pulls out the phone. Dials a number.

MARIE

Crowe, it's me! If you get this,
call me back! Someone's on to me.
(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)
I don't know how or why, but they
are! Call me!

She hangs up. Shaken, she curls up on the floor and
closes her eyes.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Deep in thought, Lucia wanders the room. Big Tom tends
to Rosie. Agitated, Gabriel paces.

GABRIEL
This was a bad idea. It was such
a bad idea!

LUCIA
(calm)
We'll find her.

GABRIEL
How? We have no idea where the
hell she went. We don't even know
where to look!

Lucia picks up a photo of MICHAEL AND MARIE.

LUCIA
I bet he does.

Off her certainty...

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - LATE NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD, overweight and not terribly interested
in his job, wanders by Marie's unit WHISTLING.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - LATE NIGHT

Marie lays on the floor. Trembling from pain. Hunger.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAWN

The sun rises in the distance.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Pained, Marie struggles to her feet. Her eyes are
STARTLINGLY BLOODSHOT. She tries to bite back a wave of
nausea, but... No good. She VOMITS BLACKNESS.

EXT. HILLTOP NEAR CROWE'S ESTATE - DAY

Wearing a LONG-SLEEVED SHIRT, PANTS, SUNGLASSES, GLOVES, and a HEADSCARF, Marie studies Crowe's estate below.

It's as silent as a tomb. Though she already knows what she's probably going to find, she picks her way down the grassy embankment anyway. She has to know for sure.

INT. CROWE'S ESTATE - SUN ROOM - DAY

Marie just stares at what's left of Nathaniel Crowe...

And there's not much.

Just a charred CORPSE upon a half-melted chair.

INT. CROWE'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shaken, Marie wanders through. The television is on and turned to a local NEWSCAST. Marie reaches for a remote and turns it up.

INSERT - TELEVISION

A NEWSWOMAN seriously regards us. In the upper left corner, ADRIEN'S BUNGALOW SMOLDERS.

NEWSWOMAN
-- officials are reaching out to
the local community. If you have
any information, please call the
Crime Stoppers number at the
bottom of your screen.

MARIE
(sotto)
Adrien.

And then a stunning realization.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Michael.

She quickly hurries out.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Marie uses a DELIVERY VAN as cover as she slips into the building through a side entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Marie tries to smile at the flustered NURSE behind the check in desk.

NURSE
 (impatient)
 Dr. Garcia is a very busy man. If
 you're not a patient of his and
 you don't have an appointment then
 I'm afraid you're going to have to-

MARIE
 Michael!

Marie spies him in the back and pushes her way through
 the EMERGENCY PERSONNEL ONLY doors.

NURSE
 (after her)
 Ma'am?! Ma'am, wait! You can't
 go back there!

Marie ignores her and Michael waves Nurse off -- *It's fine.* He takes a good look at Marie as she approaches. She's startlingly pale. Visibly sick.

MICHAEL
 Christ. What the hell happened to
 you?!

MARIE
 I tried calling you. Why didn't
 you answer?

MICHAEL
 Because I didn't want to talk to
 you. Are you sick? You look
 terrible.

She pulls him into a quiet stairwell.

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - DAY

Michael and Marie square off. Any anger he may have felt
 towards her is trumped by naked concern.

MICHAEL
 Did you get hit by a bus or
 something?

MARIE
 Michael, please.

MICHAEL
 Why are your eyes so red? What
 the hell is going--

MARIE
 Michael, shut up!

A moment. He searches her face for answers. Then--

MICHAEL
 Mi? Your nose.

Once again, HER NOSE HAS BEGUN TO GUSH BLACKNESS. Embarrassed, she fumbles for a Kleenex. But Michael tenderly tilts her head back and clamps her nostrils shut, as he would any patient.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Try to relax. Are you on drugs?
Is that what this is?

MARIE
No. I'm in trouble.

MICHAEL
With who?

MARIE
I can't tell you, but two of my friends are dead. The people who killed them are looking for me. Which means they might be looking for you, too.

MICHAEL
Did you call the police?

MARIE
I can't. They can't help me.

MICHAEL
What do you mean they can't help you? They're the cops for chrissakes! Are you a spy or something? Is this some sort of CIA, FBI shit?

MARIE
Michael, please.

MICHAEL
Is it the mob?

MARIE
No!

MICHAEL
Then what?

Marie searches for a good lie.

MARIE
It's not the mob, okay? But it's like the mob. And there's a woman. Two men. They might want to talk to you.

MICHAEL
I'll tell them I don't know you.

MARIE
They'll know you're lying.

MICHAEL
Then I'll tell them that we broke
up, which is the truth by the way.

MARIE
They still might hurt you.

MICHAEL
What do you want me to do?

MARIE
Can you go stay with your sister
for a few days?

MICHAEL
I have patients.

MARIE
(a gentle chide)
The Dark Knight of the ER can't
get a migraine or the flu? I'm
trying to protect you.

MICHAEL
And what are you going to do?

MARIE
Take care of it.

A moment. They're still madly in love with each other.

MICHAEL
Come here.

He pulls her close and in the next moment, they're
KISSING DEEPLY. PASSIONATELY. HUNGRILY. Then--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Dammit!

Michael pushes Marie away and touches HIS BLOODY LIP.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You bit me! What the fuck, Mi?

MARIE
(near tears)
I'm sorry! Look, if I could tell
you everything I would, but I
can't. Get out of town for a few
days. This is the last thing I'll
ever ask of you. After today, you
never have to see me again. Will
you do it? Please?

Off Michael, pissed as hell, but deliberating--

EXT. ROOFTOP NEAR HOSPITAL - DAY

Carrying a walkie, Lucia scans the area.

LUCIA
 (into her walkie)
 Anything?

EXT. PARK ACROSS FROM HOSPITAL - DAY

Seated on a bench, Gabriel surreptitiously speaks into his own walkie.

GABRIEL
 Nothing.

LUCIA (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Big Tom?

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The White Van is parked in a prime vantage point.

INT. VAN (PARKED) - DAY

Chillin' in the front seat, Big Tom grabs his walkie as he munches on a hamburger.

BIG TOM
 All clear.

He clicks off, turns to feed the remainder of his burger to Rosie who pants in a kennel behind him, AND NEVER SEES-

MARIE

Glaring at him from the street. When he turns back, SHE'S GONE.

EXT. PARK ACROSS FROM HOSPITAL - DAY

GABRIEL'S POV -- Still rubbing his lip, Michael books it to his car. Gabriel clicks his walkie.

GABRIEL
 The boyfriend's heading out.

LUCIA (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 He was only on shift for a few hours. Follow him.

GABRIEL
 (rises)
 Roger that.

EXT. ROOFTOP NEAR HOSPITAL - DAY

Lucia packs up.

LUCIA
(into walkie)
Big Tom, we're headed your way.
Come back.

INT/EXT. VAN (PARKED) - DAY

Big Tom grabs his walkie, about to respond when ROSIE
BEGINS TO BARK. Rabid and vicious. Then--

WHISSH! The van rocks as a TIRE DEFLATES.

Big Tom tenses and reaches for his weapon.

BIG TOM
(into walkie)
Hurry. I might have something.

Gun brandished, he gets out of the van and moves around
to the back.

CLOSE ON -- MARIE. She creeps around the side and
silently SWINGS HERSELF UP TO THE TOP OF THE VEHICLE.

LUCIA (O.S.)
(filtered)
Tom, what have you got? Talk to
me.

Big Tom crouches by the deflated tire. His alarm fades
as he looks around. Though ROSIE STILL BARKS within the
van, the coast appears to be clear.

BIG TOM
(into walkie)
It's nothing.

LUCIA (O.S.)
(filtered)
You're sure?

BIG TOM
Just a flat.

LUCIA (O.S.)
Then why is Rosie still barking?

Behind him, Marie stands up on top of the van and quietly
removes her belt. Big Tom holsters his gun.

BIG TOM
(unconcerned)
I guess she doesn't like--

And MARIE DESCENDS. She jumps from the roof, SLIPS HER BELT AROUND TOM'S NECK, and BRINGS HIM DOWN WITH HER. HARD.

She SMASHES HIS HEAD AGAINST CONCRETE, KNOCKING HIM OUT.

Rosie continues her FURIOUS BARKING within. Marie grabs Tom's gun from his waistband and shoots THROUGH THE DOOR.

POP! Rosie goes silent.

LUCIA (O.S.)
(filtered)
Tom! Tom, are you there?

Marie picks the walkie up.

LUCIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(filtered)
Dammit, Tom! Talk to me!

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Lucia stops running and realizes--

LUCIA
It's you, isn't it?

MARIE
Yes.

LUCIA
Did you kill Tom?

MARIE
No. He's lucky. Rosie not so much.

LUCIA
If you run, I'll find you.

MARIE
And if you come for me, or anyone I care about, I'll kill you.

LUCIA
I'll see you soon, Marie.

And she clicks off. More determined than ever.

INT. CROWE'S ESTATE - SUN ROOM - DAY

Sebastian and Bishop study Crowe's remains while listening to Marie's message via his cellphone.

MARIE
(filtered, recording)
Crowe, it's me. If you get this,
call me back. Someone's on to me.
I don't know how or why, but they
are. Call me!

BISHOP
Do you recognize the voice?

SEBASTIAN
It could be anyone. Eliza.
Katherine. Amelia. Ruth. I have
no idea.

Bishop nods and returns his attentions to Crowe.

BISHOP
Rest in peace, old friend.

INT. CROWE'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Sebastian has cued up stored SECURITY CAMERA IMAGES. He and Bishop study the footage of Lucia, Gabriel, and Big Tom storming the estate.

Bishop squints at something.

BISHOP
What's that?

SEBASTIAN
What? Where?

BISHOP
What's that young man carrying?

Sebastian rewinds the footage and we see --

GABRIEL entering the estate and holding a FIRE
EXTINGUISHER over one shoulder. The lettering on the
side reads J&M ISS.

They study this vital clue.

EXT. BUSY STREET - EVENING

Fighting through the pain, Marie walks briskly along.
She passes a BUTCHER SHOP and can't help but look in.
A long moment.

She licks her lips. Salivating. Her hunger is all
consuming. She desperately needs to Feed.

INT. MARIE'S CONDO - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

Tom lays on the bed, head bandaged, half asleep. Gabriel paces. Lucia turns the place upside down, searching every corner for something she might have missed.

GABRIEL
We shouldn't be doing this! It's
not too late to walk away.

LUCIA
Shut up, Gabriel.

GABRIEL
Godammit, Luce! You're not
thinking straight!

LUCIA
I always think straight.

GABRIEL
Then what's the plan? Tom's a
mess. It's just the two of us!
You tell me what the plan is?

Lucia goes to the trashcan and pulls out the balled up
PRINTOUT OF KIKI AUGUST'S DRIVER'S LICENSE PHOTO.
Hmmmmmm.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

As Marie walks, STREETLAMPS SPARK TO LIFE AROUND HER.

She notes this and slips into the shadows. She continues
on until she reaches--

THE AUGUST HOME

In the upstairs bedroom window, Kiki can be seen in her
black bobbed wig dancing drunkenly to some music.

It's almost too easy.

Marie quietly moves around to the back of the house.

EXT. AUGUST HOME - NIGHT

Marie climbs over the fence and drops down into the
backyard.

As silent as the night, she picks her way through the
overgrowth to the back-door and peers into the house.

It's dark. Still. A heavy BASS BEAT RATTLES THE WALLS.

She tries the doorknob. LOCKED.

CRACK! She throws her elbow into a glass pane. It SHATTERS. She sticks an arm through, unlocks the door, and creeps in.

INT. AUGUST HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Awash in clutter. Beer bottles and cigarette butts are strewn about. The GARBAGE HASN'T BEEN DUMPED IN A MONTH.

And it smells terrible. Marie covers her nose as she makes her way over to the stairs.

As she goes, she passes a coffeetable. The detritus of long term drug use -- FOIL TWISTS, BENT SPOONS, COTTON BALLS, and USED NEEDLES -- is scattered atop it.

Marie shakes her head. Pathetic. Unworthy.

INT. AUGUST HOME - STAIRS - NIGHT

Marie moves up. CREAK! A stair shudders beneath her.

She hesitates. *Did the noise give her away?*

Not a chance. Nothing can be heard over the music. She continues on.

INT. AUGUST HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Staying close to the wall, Marie steadily approaches the bedroom at the end of the hall.

The door is half-closed revealing--

KIKI.

Dancing. Lost in the beat.

Just outside the door, Marie stops and takes a moment to steady herself.

Her MONSTER TEETH APPEAR unbidden.

She's a PREDATOR now and Kiki's her unfortunate prey.

Marie crouches low and prepares to pounce.

As soon as Kiki passes in front of the door--

Marie SPRINGS!

INT. AUGUST HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marie bursts in with her FANGS BARED. She HISSES at Kiki. But Kiki turns revealing--

IT'S LUCIA!

She smiles at Marie beneath Kiki's wig.

LUCIA
Monster.

And before Marie can react, Lucia pulls her gun and FIRES.

KA-BLAM! Marie takes a SHOT TO THE SHOULDER, FALLS BACKWARD, and finds herself staring up at--

GABRIEL

His shotgun aimed at her head.

GABRIEL
Hands up.

Marie tries, but can't quite manage it. The GUNSHOT WOUND TO HER SHOULDER gushes and makes raising her arms an impossibility.

MARIE
Can't.

GABRIEL
Then just be--

Marie KICKS HIS SHOTGUN AWAY.

KA-BLAM! His SHOT GOES WILD AND HITS THE CEILING.

Plaster rains down as Marie bolts. She tries to run out the door she entered through, but Lucia FIRES REPEATEDLY AT HER.

Marie changes course and KNOCKS OVER A LIGHT WHICH PLUNGES THE ROOM INTO BLACKNESS.

KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM! Lucia's shotgun blasts briefly illuminate Marie's frantic flight into the BATHROOM.

INT. AUGUST HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marie falls inside and KICKS THE DOOR CLOSED.

In the moment of stillness that follows, she limps over to the window and tries to open it. But it's locked. Sealed shut.

Shit!

INT. AUGUST HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Annoyed, but undaunted Lucia reaches underneath the bed and pulls out her most favoritest thing in the world.

An AK-47. *Yes, a fucking AK.* She's not playing around anymore. Even Gabriel's a little intimidated.

GABRIEL
Seriously, Luce? Where the hell
did you get that?

LUCIA
Move.

She aims at the bathroom door and PRESSES THE TRIGGER.

INT. AUGUST HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A deafening *RAT-A-TAT-TAT* demolishes the interior,
reducing it to shreds.

PLASTER ERUPTS.

TILES IMplode.

PORCELAIN SHARDS SLICE and FLY.

Marie cowers in the tub.

She curls up tight. Fetal position. As small as she can
make herself. But there's no respite to be had.

She's fucked.

And she knows it.

KA-BLAM!

A SHOTGUN BLAST rips a hole in the wall.

KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM!

Two more BLASTS follow in rapid, giddy, short succession.

One NICKS A WATERPIPE and sends a JAGGED FOUNTAIN RAINING
DOWN.

A moment. BLESSED SILENCE.

INT. AUGUST HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucia and Gabriel turn to each other. *Did they get her?*
They listen intently.

INT. AUGUST HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Drenched and choking on the noxious dust cloud that clogs
the room, Marie raises her head.

She looks like boiled shit. Bleeding from SEVERAL GUNSHOTS to her extremities.

It's a wonder she's still alive.

Frantically, she searches the floor for a weapon. Fight's not out of her yet.

Her gaze falls onto a GLASS SHARD. Long and potentially lethal. She lunges for it.

INT. AUGUST HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucia hears Marie moving around inside the bathroom. Lucia nods to Gabriel. The FIRING RESUMES.

KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM!

INT. AUGUST HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Three more DEAFENING SHOTGUN BLASTS OBLITERATE THE WALL and SLAM MARIE BACK AGAINST THE TILES.

She's hit.

Hurt bad.

Half paralyzed by the pain, she slumps.

Tears threaten, but she fights them off with stubborn resolve. This big girl don't cry.

APPROACHING SIRENS CAN BE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

LUCIA (O.S.)
Still alive in there?

Marie closes her eyes and topples over.

INT. AUGUST HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucia and Gabriel exchange a look. Gabriel rises. Handgun held at the ready, he cautiously moves towards the bathroom door.

INT. AUGUST HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Quietly, Gabriel steps inside and finds Marie on the floor. She's face down and bleeding from a dozen different wounds.

He studies her for a moment, then nudges her with his boot. She doesn't move. He kneels down beside her. Still nothing.

GABRIEL
(soft)
Good riddance, monster.

And in the next instant, Marie SPRINGS TO LIFE AND LUNGES.

INT. AUGUST HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucia aims her gun at the bathroom door as Gabriel and Marie emerge. Weak and bleeding, Marie holds the GLASS SHARD TO GABRIEL'S THROAT. Fight's not out of her yet.

MARIE
Let me walk out of here, or I'll
cut his throat!

LUCIA
That's not gonna happen.

MARIE
Drop the gun. Do it!

Lucia tosses her weapon on the bed, but remains eerily calm.

GABRIEL
(to Lucia)
Call him.

MARIE
(suddenly alarmed)
Call who?

Lucia smiles victoriously and pulls out her cellphone. She quickly dials a number. On edge, Marie observes. She has a pretty good idea who Lucia's calling.

Lucia places the phone on speaker. Big Tom picks up.

BIG TOM (O.S.)
(filtered)
Luce?

LUCIA
Put him on, Tom.

And in the next moment--

MICHAEL (O.S.)
(filtered)
Marie?! Marie, are you there?!

MARIE
Michael?

Marie wilts. Trumped.

LUCIA
 (to Marie)
 Right now, Big Tom, who is very upset with you, I might add, is holding a gun to your boyfriend's head. If anything happens to us, you can probably guess what happens to him.

A moment. Beaten, Marie tosses the glass shard aside and Gabriel moves away from her.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Thanks, Tom.

She hangs up and casually regards Marie who just stands there, uncertain on her feet and swaying.

MARIE
 Don't hurt him, please.

LUCIA
 Wouldn't dream of it. Gabriel?

CRACK! THE BUTT OF HIS SHOTGUN CONNECTS WITH MARIE'S HEAD. KNOCKING HER OUT COLD.

She falls with a graceless thump.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
 Time to go.

Gabriel bends down and hoists Marie over his shoulder.

INT. AUGUST HOME - COAT CLOSET - NIGHT

Lucia throws upon the door revealing--

KIKI AUGUST

She's bound. Gagged. Eyes wide and wet with terror. Lucia kneels down and cuts Kiki's bindings away. Kiki cringes.

LUCIA
 You almost died tonight, Kiki. Do you know why?

Kiki shakes her head.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
 Because someone thought you had given up on yourself. That you were undeserving and unworthy of your life.

The SIRENS grow louder -- they're only a few blocks away -
 - but Lucia doesn't appear to notice.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
 Your death would have been slow
 and painful and horrible. No one
 would have found your body,
 because there'd be no body left to
 find. Remember that, the next
 time you do this.

She grabs Kiki's arms, revealing A LONG ROW OF TRACK
 MARKS.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
 You got a second chance tonight.
 Don't waste it.

And with that, Lucia departs.

INT. VAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

Gabriel waits behind the wheel. After a moment, Lucia
 hops into the passenger seat.

LUCIA
 Let's go. Let's go!

The van pulls out. Through the rearview mirror, Lucia
 watches EMERGENCY VEHICLES pull up to the August Home.
 Satisfied, she turns to her brother.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
 We did it.

She just smiles at him and he drives on.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SHIPPING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Still tied to a chair and beaten half to hell, Adrien
 rouses when Gabriel enters, water bottle in hand. He
 smirks. Still feisty.

ADRIEN
 Busy busy busy little bees.
 What's going on out there, little
 bee?

GABRIEL
 Nothing.

ADRIEN
 Liar. I can smell her.

GABRIEL
 Who?

ADRIEN
 The best ass in Dillingen.

GABRIEL
 Friend of yours?

ADRIEN
Maybe.

GABRIEL
Either way, you'll meet the sun
and burn together.

ADRIEN
(shrugs)
Vos pulvis. (Become dust.)

GABRIEL
In the meantime, I brought you
some water.

ADRIEN
Mercy for a dying man? How kind.

Gabriel and tips the bottle over Adrien's lips. Adrien
slurps greedily. A moment.

Then he VOMITS BLACKNESS everywhere and winces. Agony.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)
What time's the sunrise?

GABRIEL
6:37.

ADRIEN
What time is it now?

GABRIEL
Almost midnight.

Adrien just let that settle.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
You're not afraid?

ADRIEN
Not anymore.

Lucia appears in the doorway, brandishing the photo.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)
Back to jog my memory?

LUCIA
Story first.

ADRIEN
And if I die of boredom before you
finish?

KA-WHAP! Gabriel CLOCKS HIM. A solid right hook to the
jaw.

GABRIEL
Quiet.

Unruffled, Lucia takes a seat.

LUCIA
Once upon a time, there was a
little girl.

ADRIEN
Who grew up to be a titless cunt!
The end! Are we done?!

Lucia smiles and taps her knife against his cheek.

LUCIA
One more word and I'm going to cut
out your eyes and make you eat
them. Do we understand each
other?

Adrien looks away. A thread of fear creeps onto his
face. She might be crazy enough to do it.

ADRIEN
Yes.

LUCIA
Good.
(she starts again)
Once upon a time, there was a
little girl. After her mother
died, she lived with her father
and brother and she loved them
very much. But one night, she saw
something terrible happen to her
father.

QUICK FLASHBACK - ROMANO GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

The garage door is cracked open about a foot. YOUNG LUCIA (7), who already has the scar on her lip, crouches down, peers in, and sees the SHADOWPLAY OF--

PETER ROMANO desperately trying to dislodge a HUNCHED MALFORMED CREATURE that CLINGS TO HIM, VICIOUSLY ATTACKING.

Meet THE CURSED. It's mutilated. Mutated. An unholy silhouette. Toothed and clawed. Horrible and HISSING.

Peter and the Cursed fight, destroying the room. Then there's a loud THUMP.

PETER TOPPLES OVER WITH THE CURSED ON TOP OF HIM.

A BONE WRENCHING CRACK is followed by GRUESOME CRUNCHES, WET SLOSHES and pleasurable SLURPS. The Cursed is EATING PETER ROMANO.

And all Young Lucia can do is stare.

BACK TO SCENE

Adrien smirks at Lucia. He knows this story well. Hell, he was there.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
And in the morning, she saw the
monster made flesh wearing her
father's clothes.

QUICK FLASHBACK - ROMANO GARAGE - MORNING

Crouched on the ground just outside the garage, Young Lucia looks up to see ADRIEN wearing Peter Romano's bloodstained clothes. He's reinvigorated and as handsome as ever. The CLOCKWATCH around his neck catches the sunlight.

A SMALL CRY escapes Young Lucia's lips.

Adrien glances down. Surprised to see her, he winks and places a finger to his lips. Shhhhh. He strides away.

Lucia looks back, studying her father's remains. And there's not much left. Just some hair, a few bone shards, and some teeth in a POOL OF BLOOD.

BACK TO SCENE.

Lucia grins winningly at Adrien and brandishes the photo.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
That day she swore that she'd kill
the monster who killed her father.
This was my father. Peter Romano.
You killed him. And now, here we
are.

ADRIEN
Yes. Here we fucking are.

LUCIA
You remember now?

ADRIEN
I never forgot.

LUCIA
Why my father?

ADRIEN
Because I needed to Feed.

LUCIA
Why *him*?

ADRIEN
He was Unworthy.

LUCIA
Because he drank?

ADRIEN
Drank? He had a liver the size of
a fucking cantaloupe!

LUCIA
He was mourning our mother.

ADRIEN
(a sneer)
Of course, he was. And tell me,
titless, how did your mother die?

LUCIA
She fell.

ADRIEN
Or was pushed--

LUCIA
Shut your mouth!

ADRIEN
--by a drunk who couldn't control
his temper.

Lucia hesitates. Shaken. Off balanced. *How the hell
does he know that?*

GABRIEL
You're lying!

ADRIEN
Killer, yes. Liar, no. Tell him,
little Lucia. You know I'm
telling the truth.

GABRIEL
Luce? What's he talking about?

LUCIA
(soft)
He's just talking.

ADRIEN
I may be Cursed, but I'm no
monster. In my Flock, not even
the worst among us has fed on the
righteous. Only the scum. The
garbage. The Peter Romanos of
this world.

LUCIA
I said, shut your mouth!

KA-WHAP! She hits him hard with the butt of her KNIFE.
Blood flows. Adrien casually spits it away.

ADRIEN
And only when we have to. I did
you a favor, cunt. You're lucky I
got rid of him when I did. I
(MORE)

ADRIEN (CONT'D)
killed him before he could beat
you half to death or fuck you.
You should be thanking me! So,
what do you want? An apology? Is
that it?

LUCIA
No.

ADRIEN
Then what?

LUCIA
Revenge.

ADRIEN
Then take it. But before you do,
why don't you tell your brother
how you got that scar on your lip.

Then WHIP-QUICK, Lucia whips out her side-arm and shoots
at him.

KA-BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Adrien jerks as BULLETS RIP INTO HIM.

GABRIEL
Lucia, stop!

But Lucia doesn't stop.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! She empties the clip and Adrien goes
still. But he's not dead. Not yet.

Lucia whips out her lighter, sparks it, and--

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Luce? Don't.

She ignores him and LIGHTS ADRIEN'S CLOTHES. Adrien
twitches as his clothes catch.

Within moments, he's ON FIRE. BURNING TO DEATH. Gabriel
can't watch. He flees the room.

But Lucia remains. Hard-hearted, she stares as Adrien
body heaves up and finally goes still.

After a moment, she removes a FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the
wall and blasts his remains with it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE NIGHT

Bishop's SUV speeds down the near empty Interstate.

INT. SUV (MOVING) - LATE NIGHT

Sebastian's at the wheel. Deep in thought, Bishop sits shotgun. He spies something out the window.

BISHOP'S POV -- A YOUNG COUPLE changes a tire on the shoulder.

Something predatory sparks in Bishop's eyes.

BISHOP

Pull over.

Sebastian obeys.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE NIGHT

With a warm smile and open arms, Bishop approaches the couple. Sebastian and the goons follow.

BISHOP

Good evening. I'd say this was an inconvenient location for a blow out.

MAN (late 20s) looks up with a grin.

MAN

You ain't kiddin'.

BISHOP

Could my men and I be of any assistance?

Something in Bishop's voice (a bit too friendly perhaps?) puts the man on edge. He rises and stands protectively in front of his FLASHLIGHT wielding GIRLFRIEND.

MAN

I think I got it, thanks.

BISHOP

Are you sure? We'd be happy to take a look.

Sensing this could go south in a hurry, Girlfriend shines her light into GOON #1's face revealing -- A JAGGED CLUSTER OF MONSTROUS FANGS PROTRUDING FROM HIS MOUTH.

She SCREAMS and takes off running. Bishop smiles apologetically revealing his own FANGS.

MAN

What the fuck?!

And he takes off after his girlfriend. Bishop and his Goons stride after them, casually removing their clothes not hurrying in the slightest.

As they go, THEIR BODIES BEGIN TO TWIST, HUMP, CHANGE. A gruesome, bloody Feeding is about to commence.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Resigned and exhausted, Lucia returns her father's photo to an ancient bulletin board on the wall.

PAN DOWN TO REVEAL -- A series of TRINKETS neatly lined up beneath it. Among them is the ANTIQUE MICKEY MOUSE from Johanna's flat.

And curled up in a sleeping bag, is PETIE (4), Lucia's son. Precious. Adorable.

She kisses his forehead and regards his sleeping form for a long, long while.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ROOF - LATE NIGHT

Lucia watches the night and smokes a cigarette. Gabriel approaches.

GABRIEL
After tomorrow, I'm done with this.

LUCIA
I'm not.

GABRIEL
Lucia--

LUCIA
We know their names, their addresses, and how to kill them. I can't walk away. Can you?

GABRIEL
Yes.

LUCIA
And do what? Get a nine to five at burger joint somewhere? Buy a house in suburbia? You'd be bored to tears.

GABRIEL
Maybe. But the upside is that no one's trying to kill me.

LUCIA
If we don't hunt them down, who will?

GABRIEL
Someone else. Not us.

LUCIA
Who? When? All of our lives we
were told we wouldn't amount to
anything. Maybe this is how we
move on. Maybe this is how we
make something of ourselves.
Maybe this who we are.

GABRIEL
What about Petie? You have a son,
Lucia.

LUCIA
And a world without these
creatures in it is the best gift I
could give him.

GABRIEL
What if something happens to you?
God knows where his father is.
You want him to grow up like us?

LUCIA
Nothing's going to happen to me.

GABRIEL
You don't know that. If we go
after them, it's just a matter of
time before they start coming
after us. And then what?

LUCIA
I'm doing it, Gabriel. Whether
you help me or not. I'm doing it
for our father. And for Petie.

GABRIEL
And yourself.

LUCIA
(shrugs)
You don't have to help me if you
don't want to.

Gabriel deliberates for a long moment. Torn. Then he
sighs. There's no way he's leaving his sister on her
own.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Are you with me?

GABRIEL
I'm with you.

He turns to go, but curiosity brings him back.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Is it true?

LUCIA
Is what true?

GABRIEL
What that bastard said about our
father?

LUCIA
(too quick)
Course not. He was trying to buy
himself some time. Coward.

Gabriel hesitates. Not sure he believes her.

GABRIEL
How did you get that scar on your
lip?

QUICK FLASHBACK -- THE ROMANO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Peter Romano, in a drunken rage, BACKHANDS Young Lucia hard, opening up her lip. A copious amount of blood flows.

LUCIA'S MOTHER charges her husband and he savagely PUSHES HER. She LOSES HER BALANCE and FALLS BACKWARD, KNOCKING HER HEAD against the coffeetable. CRACK. She doesn't move again.

Young Lucia crouches down beside her and tries to shake her awake, but her MOTHER'S EYES REMAIN OPEN, GLAZED, UNSEEING.

BACK TO SCENE.

Lucia quickly shrugs off the memory.

LUCIA
(light)
Don't remember.

Gabriel studies her for a long moment.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
And even if everything he said was
true, it doesn't change anything.

He nods and retreats inside.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - FREEZER - LATE NIGHT

Contained and claustrophobic. The cooling vents sit dormant. Welcome to a perfect makeshift cell. A DVCAM is mounted on a tripod in the corner.

CLOSE ON -- MARIE. She's tied to a chair in the center of the room, fighting for consciousness.

Michael is tied up beside her.

MICHAEL
Marie, can you hear me? If you
can hear me, open your eyes!

Slowly, but surely, Marie does. Nausea hits and SHE SPEWS BLACKNESS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We need to get you to a hospital.

MARIE
I'm sorry. You weren't supposed to see me like this. I can't stop it.

MICHAEL
What are you talking about? Who are these people and what's--

He breaks off as Lucia enters the room. Furious, he fights against his bindings.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Who are you?! What do you want?! What did you do to her?!

MARIE
Michael, please. It's all right.

MICHAEL
(bewildered)
All right?! None of this is all right! She fucking *shot* you!

LUCIA
I'm not the bad guy here, doc.

MICHAEL
No? Then take her to a hospital if you're so--

LUCIA
A hospital can't help her. Listen. Learn. I think you'll find this very interesting.

Michael quiets. Lucia pulls up a stool and settles down in front of Marie. She regards her for a long moment.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
This isn't personal, you know.

MARIE
Feels personal. Feels personal as hell.

LUCIA
Between you and Tom maybe. I mean, you did kill his dog. But between us, this isn't personal at all. Who knows? Under different circumstances, we might have been friends.

MARIE

I doubt it.

Lucia fiddles with her necklace that sports Crowe's cross, Adrien's clockwatch, and Johanna's ring.

LUCIA

Speaking of friends, I've enjoyed meeting some of yours.

MARIE

(recognizes the ring)
You killed Johanna?

LUCIA

(nods)
And Crowe and Adrien. *Vos pulvis.*

MARIE

Why?

LUCIA

Because when I was a girl, a monster killed my father. And that monster was Adrien Copper. I've been looking for him my entire life. Johanna and Crowe helped me find him.

MARIE

Crowe's Flock doesn't Feed on the Righteous. If Adrien killed your father then your father was a bad man. Unworthy.

LUCIA

He was still my father. And your kind had no right to judge him. No right to touch him.

MICHAEL

(struggles to understand)
Mi? What are you talking about?

LUCIA

Crowe had the names and addresses of his Flock on his computer. Along with their histories, living relatives. Fascinating stuff.

MARIE

He was always very thorough.

LUCIA

In 1580, you married Hans Van Stauffenberg and had one son. Klaus. What happened to them?

Marie's lower lip trembles.

MARIE

Fever. Fever took them both a few years after the witch burned.

Lucia fingers Marie's necklace and slips it around her own neck.

LUCIA

I think I know why your kind keeps these little trinkets. They remind you of the days when you used to be human, don't they?

Marie shrugs.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

Do you know how many men and women are in Crowe's Flock?

MARIE

No. We live our own lives.

LUCIA

Seventy-three. Soon to be seventy-two. And I plan to pick you all off, one by one by one.

MARIE

You'll be busy.

LUCIA

When I was a girl, no one believed me when I told them what I saw that night. They told me I was crazy. But if I had proof that your kind existed, not only would people believe me, but some might even help me.

Lucia glances at her watch.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

The witch died at eight am on September 20th, 1587. You have five hours before the Curse takes you and I'm going to get it all on tape. And then...

MARIE

And then what?

LUCIA

Dust.

MARIE

(re: Michael)
What about him?

LUCIA

He needs to see what you are.

MARIE
No, he doesn't. Please.

LUCIA
(pause)
Something tells me that if you
were in my shoes, you'd do exactly
what I'm doing.

MARIE
And if you were in mine--

LUCIA
I'd step into the light.

MARIE
No, you'd survive. You'd live.

LUCIA
This isn't living. It's
lingering. Why not just let go?

Marie takes a deep breath. She's breaking. Emotional.

MARIE
Because there's no great kindness
in my journey... No tender
mercy... And so the journey must
continue.

LUCIA
You're Cursed and a killer.
Letting go is kindness enough.

And with that, Lucia exits.

EXT. SUV (PARKED) - LATE NIGHT

Bishop, Sebastian, and the Goons return to the car,
adjusting their clothing and smoothing down their hair.

Bishop removes a HANDKERCHIEF from his pocket and
casually WIPES THE BLOOD OFF HIS MOUTH.

Calmly and quietly, they all get in and pull out.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - FREEZER - LATE NIGHT

Silence. Michael's gaze upon Marie is uneasy.

MICHAEL
Marie? I'm a rational man, I am.
But what the hell is she talking
about?

MARIE
I can't tell you.

MICHAEL

You can. Who are you? What are you? What are you turning into? If you ever loved me, make this make sense. Please.

MARIE

(after a long, long moment)

My name is Marie Von Stauffenberg. I was born in Bavaria to Berthold and Wendelin Brandt in 1559.

Michael doesn't say a word. He can't believe what he's hearing. She, however, continues her pained catharsis.

MARIE (CONT'D)

In 1582, I had my first child. In 1586, I had my second. She died a few minutes after she was born. It was a different time then and I... I thought the midwife had killed her. I blamed her. And others joined in, accusing her of things she couldn't have done - a blight on the crops, the death of cattle, a councilman's madness, miscarriages and stillbirths. The accusations led to charges and a year later, she was tried and convicted of witchcraft. She was burned at the stake on September 20th, 1587. And then...

She breaks off, traumatized by the memory.

MICHAEL

And then what, Marie?

MARIE

My transformation began.

QUICK FLASHBACK -- VAN STAUFFENBERG ESTATE - BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT

Clad in a simple linen chemise, Marie hunches over a chamberpot PUKING HER GUTS OUT. And the stuff coming out of her is BLACK. ROTTEN.

BACK TO SCENE.

Marie shakes with emotion. The memories are still fresh. Agonizing.

MARIE

My husband took my son and left. I never saw them again. I knew. I knew that we were wrong. That the midwife was a goodly woman, a goodly witch, but we wronged her and she Cursed us. We became

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)
 monsters burdened with unholy
 cravings. Some stepped into the
 light and died rather than do the
 unthinkable. They saved their
 souls. But I wanted to live. And
 I tried to fight it. Tried to
 resist the cravings, but...

MICHAEL
 (horrified)
 But what Marie?

MARIE
 (ashamed)
 I gave in. I Became and I fed.

QUICK FLASHBACK - VAN STAUFFENBERG ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

A FULLY TRANSFORMED MARIE, HUNCHED, BLACK, and MONSTROUS,
 TEARS OPEN HER MAID'S ABDOMINAL CAVITY WITH A WET GLURT
 and RAVENOUSLY BEGINS TO FEED.

BACK TO SCENE.

Unable to wipe her eyes, Marie just allows her tears to
 flow freely.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 And in the morning, I was me
 again. Fully human. But forever
 changed. And I wasn't the only
 one. Crowe found us all and
 gathered us together.

QUICK FLASHBACK - FOREST OUTSIDE DILLINGEN - EVENING

Crowded with hastily packed wagons, stamping horses, and
 DOZENS OF VILLAGERS, all victims of Walpurga's curse.
 Adrien, Johanna, Marie, Bishop, and Sebastian all listen
 to Crowe's impassioned sermon.

MARIE (O.S.)
 We made a pact. Though we were
 Cursed, we'd live piously,
 righteously. We'd look after each
 other and never, ever Feed on
 anyone who had not already been
 lost to vice and depravity. We'd
 only feed on the Unworthy. And
 perhaps we'd be granted peace one
 day.

CROWE
 (bows head)
 Let us pray.

He's interrupted by Bishop who steps forward.

BISHOP
 Fools! If we are truly Cursed, if
 peace in the hereafter is denied
 (MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)
*to us, let us make the earth our
 dominion! Let us become gods
 among the many! If you're with
 me, ride with me!*

*Bishop takes off in one direction followed by his Novices
 and a dozen others. Marie, Adrien, Johanna, and the
 majority are left with Crowe. They bow their heads and
 pray.*

BACK TO SCENE.

A miserable Marie concludes her story. All color has
 drained from Michael's face.

MARIE
 That day, the Cursed split. Some
 went with Bishop, but most stayed
 with Crowe. And we've been living
 ever since.

MICHAEL
 And... Feeding?

MARIE
 Once a year. Every year. If we
 don't, a week before the
 anniversary of the witch's death,
 we start to... change. It's slow.
 It hurts. It's torture. And on
 the twentieth of September, we
 become monsters who crave not
 just blood, but flesh and bone.
 We become powerful. Invincible to
 everything but the sunlight. But
 most of the time, I'm just like
 you.

MICHAEL
 Not just like me. I've never seen
 you sleep, have I?

MARIE
 No. We don't sleep. The witch's
 ashes were dumped into the river
 to deny her rest and we, too, are
 denied rest.

MICHAEL
 Can you die?

MARIE
 Yes.

MICHAEL
 How?

MARIE
 Fire. Only through fire. And if
 we've transformed the sun can kill
 us. That's the only way.

MICHAEL
You're hurt pretty bad.

MARIE
I'll heal. It takes time and it hurts, but we heal.

MICHAEL
Can you change, transform, Become, if you wanted to?

MARIE
If I was getting ready to Feed, yes.

Michael's next words are careful.

MICHAEL
And have you... Have you Fed since you've been with me?

MARIE
(humiliated)
Yes.

MICHAEL
Jesus, Mi.

MARIE
But only on bad people.

MICHAEL
(incredulous)
Who are you to judge them?

MARIE
I'm sorry. I don't know... I've never known what else to do.

Michael nods. Then he bends over, gags, and DRY HEAVES. Marie just closes her eyes.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ROOF - LATE NIGHT

Lucia smokes and savors the nightbreeze. In the distance, hints of a purple dawn brighten the horizon.

THE 20TH OF SEPTEMBER HAS ARRIVED.

INT. SUV (MOVING) - LATE NIGHT

Sebastian drives. Bishop studies the sign above the Factory as they pass by.

BISHOP'S POV -- J&M INTERNATIONAL SHIPPING AND SUPPLY. The logo matches the initials on the Fire Extinguisher.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - REC ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Gabriel sits at a table, studying the contents of CROWE'S LAPTOP.

Suddenly, THE LIGHTS SMASH INTO BLACKNESS.

A moment later, EMERGENCY LIGHTS bathe the room in MACABRE RED LIGHT.

Gabriel reaches for his gun.

GABRIEL

Lucia?!

No answer.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - FREEZER - LATE NIGHT

Marie and Michael sit in darkness.

MICHAEL

What the hell?

Marie's alert. Senses keen.

MARIE

Quiet!

MICHAEL

What's wrong?

MARIE

(filled with dread)
He's here.

Just outside the freezer, Big Tom peers in. One side of his head is bandaged.

MICHAEL

Who? Him?

MARIE

(a whisper)
No.

Abruptly, Big Tom is lifted off his feet by SOMEONE UNSEEN and HIS HEAD IS RAMMED THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW.

BREAKING HIS NECK. KILLING HIM ON IMPACT.

The body slides away with a muffled *THUMP*. Then the freezer door slowly begins to open.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - REC ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Whistling, Goon #1 enters to find the room empty. He doesn't see GABRIEL hiding behind a VENDING MACHINE, holding a handgun at the ready.

Goon #1 bends over to study Crowe's computer and in the next instant, Gabriel emerges FIRING. His shots are disciplined and true.

Goon #1 drops from a MULTITUDE OF GUNSHOTS WOUNDS before he even knew what hit him.

Gabriel then grabs the laptop and runs out.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ROOF - LATE NIGHT

Startled, Lucia drops her cigarette, grabs her gun, and runs back inside.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - FREEZER - LATE NIGHT

Bishop enters with a wide smile. He takes a moment to look around the room, then switches off the DVCAM.

Ignoring Michael, he quickly unties Marie, helps her up, and kisses her hand.

BISHOP
Fraulein Van Stauffenberg.

MARIE
Excellency.

Still weak and extremely uneasy around him, she tries not to stagger as he looks her over.

BISHOP
You need to Feed.

MARIE
I'll be fine.

Bishop then turns his attentions to Michael and menacingly moves towards him.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Don't! He's mine.

Bishop stops.

BISHOP
How quaint. You have a pet. Tell me. Do you know where she is? This Lucia?

MARIE
She's here.

BISHOP
I'm going to tear her apart.
Very, very very slowly. Would you
like to watch?

MARIE
No.

BISHOP
(sniffs)
Crowe's Flock. You're all so...
Sensitive.

An uncomfortable moment passes.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Then I suppose we must say
farewell. Down the hall. Three
flights down. The exit is the
last door on the left.

MARIE
Thank you.

Bishop turns and departs. Clumsily, Marie unties
Michael. He cringes away from her.

MICHAEL
Don't. Just don't.

Marie nods and together, they exit cautiously.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Lucia moves stealthily along. She's quiet, quick. Ready
for anything.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - REC ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Sebastian peers in and sees Goon #1 on the ground. He
breathes deep. Catching Gabriel's scent and follows it
out.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Limping, Marie and Michael head for the exit. Marie is
visibly ravenous. She eyes Michael's skin hungrily and
then looks away. Ashamed of herself.

Just outside a door, she stops and sniffs.

MARIE
Michael, wait!

MICHAEL
Christ, Mi! What now?

HER POV -- In an office window, sit several little trinkets.

Curiosity piqued, she opens the door and looks in.

Petie blinks sleepily at her. Adorable beyond words.

PETIE
Where's my mommy?

Marie and Michael exchange a stunned look.

MICHAEL
Hey, big guy.

He crouches down to tend to the boy. Marie, however, is galvanized by unshakable emotion.

SHE CAN'T LEAVE.

She pushes Michael into the room with Petie.

MARIE
Wait here.

MICHAEL
What are you going to do?

MARIE
I don't know. Watch him. Don't let him out of your sight.

Marie closes the door leaving Michael and Petie in the darkness together.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Gabriel hurries along, rounds the corner and runs into Sebastian who seems to be waiting for him.

SEBASTIAN
Hello.

GABRIEL
Fuck off.

SEBASTIAN
I'll take that computer if you don't mind.

GABRIEL
Come and get it.

SEBASTIAN
With pleasure.

Gabriel pulls his gun and tries to shoot, but SEBASTIAN CHARGES HIM instead. They fight. Hand to hand. Blow for blow.

Gabriel's strong, but Sebastian is stronger. Faster. Repeatedly drawing blood from Gabriel's nose. Eye. He crushes a cheekbone.

Crowe's LAPTOP IS KNOCKED AWAY and kicked aside.

Then Sebastian unceremoniously picks up Gabriel and TOSSES HIM OUT THE WINDOW.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - LATE NIGHT

Gabriel PLUMMETS SEVERAL FLOORS and HITS THE GROUND.

LIMBS TANGLED.

BLOOD POOLING BENEATH HIS HEAD.

Dead.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Marie allows the Curse to take her.

She seizes up.

Her muscles TWITCH and JERK involuntarily.

BONES CRACK as her body TRANSFORMS.

Blackness creeps up her neck to her face.

She opens her mouth to SCREAM, but TEETH BLOSSOM instead.

Meet THE ACCURSED.

She's HUNCHED, BLACK AS MIDNIGHT, CLAWED, and TWISTED. Abnormally nimble and strong.

She's not a vampire, but something far more terrifying. More primal. Beastly.

A GARGOYLE CROSSED WITH A DEMON. A waking nightmare.

She leaps up and races along the ceiling...

Through scarlet tinged darkness...

A PREDATOR ON THE HUNT.

A beast searching for prey.

Ruthless and uncompromising.

And very, very hungry.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Lucia peers down and sees Gabriel splayed out on the pavement. Stunned, she falls to her knees and clamps her hands over mouth, MUFFLING A WAIL OF INCONSOLABLE GRIEF.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Michael and Petie crouch on the floor, out of sight of the windows. The doors are barred with a chair.

WHISTLING pierces the silence followed by FOOTSTEPS. Deliberate. Ominous.

Frantically, Michael shushes Petie and looks around for a weapon. His gaze lands on an ancient FIRST AID under a desk.

He dives for it and rifles through it as the FOOTSTEPS stop just outside the door. The DOORKNOB rattles.

Goon #2 is trying to get in.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

A pair of Goons walk along. Pretty much done for the evening. They never see MARIE IN HER CURSED FORM crouched above them in the shadows.

She pounces.

Before they even know she's there, she descends and SMASHES THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

CRACK! The force SHATTERS THEIR SKULLS.

They drop like stones. Incapacitated.

And she moves on.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SHIPPING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The room appears deserted, but then WE SEE--

A TWISTED HUMP HUNCHED ON THE GROUND.

It's BISHOP in his CURSED FORM.

And he's waiting...

Waiting...

Waiting for Lucia.

After a moment, Lucia appears in the doorway, with both knives drawn, glaring.

LUCIA
Did you kill my brother, monster?

A voice behind her, in the depths of the hallway.

SEBASTIAN
No, I did.

Lucia whirls and attacks him with her blades. He BLOCKS THEM WITH HIS HANDS, meeting her BLOW FOR BLOW.

And the battle begins.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Michael holds a crying Petie close as Goon #2 repeatedly KICKS THE DOOR.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door shudders under his weight.

Michael shoves a balled up ACE BANDAGE into a BOTTLE OF RUBBING ALCOHOL and LIGHTS IT. An impromptu Molotov cocktail.

BLAM! The door is kicked open and Goon #2 enters with his gun drawn. Michael hurls his firebomb.

KA-WHUMPH! Michael's aim is true. Goon #2 goes up in a BALL OF FLAMES. He SCREAMS and reels out as his shots go wild.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Lucia and Sebastian battle it out. Sebastian may have a few hundred years on her, but she's focused. Furious. Lethal. And a damn whirl-wind with her knives.

Sebastian sweats and bleeds. Lucia continues to attack, slicing him open. Eager to get to her next target.

Sebastian PUNCHES HER HARD IN THE MOUTH. Hurt, she goes down onto a knee, but in a flash, she rises and RAMS HER BLADE UPWARD.

Sebastian coughs and spews blood. Uncertain of exactly what happened until he topples over backward.

Lucia's BLADE IS WEDGED BENEATH HIS CHIN, RAMMED THROUGH HIS MOUTH, NASAL CAVITY and INTO HIS BRAIN.

Lucia calmly steps over him and enters the Shipping Room.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SHIPPING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Lucia steps inside.

There are no words. Neither she nor Bishop needs to speak.

The goal is simple. Kill or be killed.

They circle each other.

Bishop HISSES and bares his teeth.

Lucia pulls a handgun and points it at him.

Bishop stills, but then--

Lucia turns the gun to the WINDOWS -- an ingenious trick up her sleeve -- AND EMPTIES THE CLIP.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

SHATTERED GLASS RAINS DOWN AROUND THEM AS THIN RIBBONS OF EARLY MORNING SUN STREAM IN.

The room is now peppered with alternating PATCHES OF BLACKNESS AND LIGHT.

This is Lucia's advantage.

Her only advantage.

She's got this.

BISHOP HISSES AND RECOILS AS LIGHT HITS HIS SKIN.

It SEARS. SMOKES. DUST RISES.

Smiling, Lucia brandishes her blade.

LUCIA
*Et in pulverem, monstrum. (Into
dust, monster.)*

And she charges.

Bishop dodges out of the way and POUNCES ON LUCIA'S BACK.

Lucia sidesteps into a PATCH OF SUNLIGHT.

Bishop HOWLS.

Seeing him distracted, Lucia raises her blade and SLASHES REPEATEDLY.

Across his chest. His arm.

A particularly cruel BLOW OPENS UP HIS SCALP and BLACK ICHOR SPLASHES HER FACE.

Pissed, he attacks.

He THROWS HER AGAINST THE WALL and she cries out as her ARM SNAPS. Brutally fractured.

Then Bishop bears down on her and, panicked, Lucia flees.

She ducks behind a storage container and vanishes from sight. A moment.

Bishop looks around, searching for his adversary.

He moves cautiously through the maze of containers. Then he CRAWLS UP THE SIDE.

ON LUCIA

She crouches on the ground. Grinding her teeth, she tries to tie up her arm, but the pain is a living thing. Momentous. Excruciating.

CRREEEAAAAAK! above her. Lucia looks up just as--

CONTAINERS BEGIN TO TOPPLE.

She ducks and dodges as one after the other TUMBLES TO THE GROUND, SPRAYING SPLINTERS AND DUST EVERYWHERE.

Nimbly, Bishop bounds from container to container above Lucia, KNOCKING OVER WOODEN TOWERS, trying to CRUSH HER.

Panting, Lucia emerges from the jungle of toppling containers, but before she can catch her breath--

BISHOP TACKLES HER.

Lucia FALLS HARD and her knife is knocked out of her hand.

She lunges for it, but BISHOP SINKS HIS TEETH DEEP INTO HER LEG.

Lucia SCREAMS and fumbles for her knife - it's just out of reach.

With her forearms, she heaves herself forward and PULLS BISHOP INTO THE LIGHT.

Bishop recoils hissing. SMOKE AND DUST POUR OFF OF HIM.

With her last bit of energy, Lucia grabs her knife and PLUNGES THE BLADE INTO BISHOP'S CHEST.

She then uses all her weight to pin him down beneath a PATCH OF LIGHT.

Bishop flails. But Lucia holds firm. Aided by the sunlight, she's in the dominant position. All she has to do is wait.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
(straining)
Just... die... monster.

Bishop is DISINTEGRATING. Layers of mutated flesh turning to dust before our eyes.

Lucia grins and bears down harder. Her necklaces dangle over Bishop's face.

And Bishop reaches up, grabs the necklaces, twists, and BEGINS TO CHOKE LUCIA.

Lucia's eyes widen. She made a mistake. A terrible mistake.

With her free hand, she beats at Bishop's claw, but it's a vise. It won't be moved.

And Lucia can't breathe. Her face is turning red.

And in the next instant, a BLUR OF BLACKNESS CHARGES INTO THE ROOM and KNOCKS BISHOP ASIDE and OFF LUCIA.

THE BLUR IS ACCURSED MARIE!

Lucia rolls away and tries to catch her breath while Marie and Bishop, both in their Cursed form, square off.

They hiss at each other. Circling in the darkness.

Finally, Marie CHARGES.

Bishop meets her and they wrestle. Slashing and twisting. Each using the SUNLIGHT as a weapon to sear the other.

ON LUCIA

Getting to her feet with effort. Clutching her knife in her one good hand.

ON MICHAEL

He appears in the doorway with Petie held close. He doubletakes when he sees Marie.

MICHAEL
Mi?

He covers Petie's eyes with his hand.

ON BISHOP AND MARIE

Bishop savagely pins Marie to the ground. SUNLIGHT eats away at her. SHE SCREAMS as she begins to turn to dust.

But the distraction is all Lucia needs.

She runs up behind Bishop and PLUNGES HER KNIFE INTO HIS BACK, JUST ABOVE HIS SPINE.

It's the KILLING BLOW.

Bishop REARS BACKWARD AND HOWLS.

Twitching and trying to dislodge the blade, he blindly rolls himself into a WIDE PATCH OF LIGHT that he can't escape.

His SCREAMS grow louder, almost deafening as sun pierces his dermal layer, reducing it to ASH.

Muscle and bone follow.

Within moments, his SCREAMS cut out and he stills.

Lucia watches in wide eyed fascination as his BODY DISINTEGRATES.

LUCIA
Vos pulvis. (Into dust.)

AND HE WITHERS AWAY INTO DUST.

Exhausted, Lucia falls to her knees. But then she remembers -- *Marie!*

She turns back to see Marie convulsing beneath a weak patch of light.

Lucia considers this, then SHE GRABS MARIE AND HEAVES HER INTO THE SHADOWS.

For a moment, the two just stare at each other. A monstrous Marie and a badly wounded Lucia.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
(panting)
Why did you help me?

In her Cursed form, Marie can't speak. Instead, she glances at the doorway where Michael stands, stunned by the entire affair, with Petie in his arms.

Lucia nods. She understands.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Thank you.
(then)
You're hurt. You should Feed.
Just don't touch my brother.
Please.

Marie seems to nod and then skitters off, through an exit door on the far side of the room.

A moment.

Lucia turns to Michael. He releases Petie who runs to his mother.

PETIE

Mama!

Lucia embraces him.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - FREEZER - DAY

Still in her Cursed form, Marie crawls in, pounces on what's left of Big Tom, RIPS HIM OPEN, and BEGINS TO FEED. Shamelessly salivating. RAVENOUS.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - OFFICE - DAY

Michael patiently stitches up Lucia with the contents of the First Aid kit. Crowe's laptop sits safely in her lap. Petie sleeps nearby.

MICHAEL

What're you going to do now?

LUCIA

What I've been doing.

(pained)

I owe it... I owe it to my brother.

(pause)

Now that you've seen her, what she really is, what are you gonna do?

Michael has no idea.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - BATHROOM - DAY

A ratty shower. Filthy crumbling tiles.

Marie stands beneath a cold shower. A spiritless spray.

SHE'S COMPLETELY RESTORED. Back to our old Marie.

Her body is clear. Uninjured. Unblemished.

But this victory is bittersweet. She snivels, breath hitching as she weeps. The last bit of redness SWIRLS DOWN THE DRAIN.

Noise outside the shower. Alarmed, Marie looks up, but then she realizes that it's just Michael.

Respectful of her privacy, he takes a seat on the floor right outside. His next words are thoughtful. Kind.

MICHAEL

I didn't forget the details,
Marie. The day we first met. It
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 was Sunday. Right before mass.
 And I could smell the rain. Taste
 in the back of my throat. I could
 even hear the thunder a little
 ways off. And you were standing
 there. Third step. Blue dress.
 It was short and had red flowers
 on the bottom. Your hair was up,
 but some of it had come loose.
 I came up to you and I was going
 to ask you where the nearest
 coffeeshop was and see if I could
 trick you into getting a drink
 with me, but then you looked up
 and you smiled and all I could say
 was hi. That's when I knew. I
 just knew.

A moment. Marie's touched. Emotional.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Mi?

MARIE
 I'm here.

MICHAEL
 I know what you are. I know what
 you can do and what you've done
 and, call me crazy, but I'm not
 leaving unless you send me away.
 Okay?

Naked and vulnerable, she approaches him and he gently
 embraces her.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - OFFICE - DAY

Marie, Michael, and Lucia study each other from across a
 table. Both Lucia and Marie are cleaned up, looking more
 or less restored.

LUCIA
 I need your help.

No answer from Marie or Michael so Lucia continues.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
 (to Marie)
 You said there was no great
 kindness in your journey. And no
 mercy. So help me.

MARIE
 Do what?

LUCIA
 Bishop's Flock and Crowe's Flock.
 Combined there's over a hundred of
 them left and I can't do this
 alone. Help me find them. Kill
 (MORE)

LUCIA (CONT'D)
them. Let that be your great
kindness. Your tender mercy. And
maybe you can end your lingering
and step into the light with a
clean conscience.

Lucia hands Marie back her ANTIQUE NECKLACE and Marie
takes it, considering...

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SHIPPING ROOM - DAY

Lucia splashes lighter fluid on the unconscious goons and
Sebastian. She lights a match. INSTANT FLAMES.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

The Van pulls away from the factory that's now consumed
by a raging fire.

INT. VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Lucia dozes in the backseat with Petie asleep in her
arms. Michael drives. Fingering her necklace, Marie
rides shotgun and gazes out the window.

A long stretch of empty highway rolls away before them,
but she smiles to herself.

Michael takes her hand.

The future's uncertain, but hopeful.

Perhaps this is her one great kindness. Her one tender
mercy. But who's to say?

This is just the beginning.

SMASH BLACK