

# DAMNED NATION

Pilot

"The Blackheart Pass"

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Route 67 is a two lane highway that snakes from suburban Baltimore into the forest country of southern Pennsylvania.

The winding road is lined with makeshift silver crosses, floral arrangements and candles; grim markers of all the lives lost to the blacktop.

The locals call it, 'The Blackheart Pass.'

RUBY and HARLAN WILLIS have never heard of 'The Pass' and all of it's dangers.

A middle-aged couple from east Baltimore, they're driving home from York, PA, just north of the Maryland state line.

Embroided in a heated argument, they enter The Pass in their primer-grey, 1988 Firebird.

(Remember the beautiful, classic model from *Smokey and The Bandit*? Not that one.)

**INT- '88 PONTIAC FIREBIRD- CONTINUOUS**

RUBY

Goddammit, Harlan! You promised!

HARLAN

Hell I did!

RUBY

You swore you wouldn't drink and that you'd keep your damn mouth shut! I told you, you didn't have to come!

HARLAN

Yeah, right. I'm gonna sit home like an asshole while you go fuck around with your old boyfriend.

RUBY

What the hell are you talking about?

HARLAN

Marty. That fucker with the gappy teeth. You know exactly who I'm talkin' 'bout!

RUBY

I haven't seen my parents in all this time and you pull this shit tonight. Jesus.

HARLAN

See? You don't even deny it!

RUBY

It was my Dad's birthday! My Mom invited Marty 'cause they've known him since we dated - in *high school!*

HARLAN

Oh right, like you never--

RUBY

The only time I've seen him - ever - since we been married, was at that Ravens game last year.

HARLAN

Fuck that guy. He had it coming.

RUBY

He was trying to introduce his family for God's sake! You kicked the poor guy in the balls in front of his wife and kid! What the hell's wrong with you?

HARLAN

Sure. That's the only time. You must think I'm pretty stupid.

RUBY

No, Harlan, I think you're a fuckin' rocket scientist. *Goddamn* you...

As the car screams around the bend, they both see the deer at exactly the same time. Neither have time to even exhale before Ruby swerves at the very last second, missing the animal by inches, but veering right into a pair of oncoming headlights.

Brakes pump, tires screech, but it's too late...

**EXT- COUNTRY CROSSROADS- CONTINUOUS**

They hit the step van, not quite head-on, at 40 miles an hour.

The impact sends both vehicles careening to opposite sides of the crossroads.

The Firebird is torn to ribbons, engine hissing as it bleeds fluids on the road.

Across the intersection, facing away from the Willis' car, white steam billows from the twisted wreckage of the van.

**INT- '88 PONTIAC FIREBIRD- CONTINUOUS**

Ruby wakes to Harlan's muffled sobs. She feels tremors through the front seat, but can't turn her head; a broken neck a distinct possibility.

The air bag mostly spares Ruby's face, but her left side is destroyed. A compound fracture pokes out of her thigh and a malformed, shattered wrist lays in her lap.

With just two lamps at the crossroads, the shadows are heavy and deep. The full moon makes the blood look like wet swatches of glossy black paint.

She tries to call out, but can only mutter a whisper.

RUBY

Harlan...

No response. Just gurgling sobs.

In the rear view, a motionless arm hangs out of the van's driver side door.

Then, flashing lights appear from over the hill. A LONE AMBULANCE squeals to a halt between the Willis' wreck and the van.

Medical bag in hand, an EMT hops out and runs to the van first. In the mirror, Ruby sees him examine the driver's body, checking for a heartbeat.

It's clear from the EMT's reaction that the van's driver is dead.

He crosses the intersection towards the Willis' car. Ruby follows him as long as she can with her eyes, but loses him when he goes to the passenger side first. The EMT speaks to her as he tends to Harlan.

EMT

How you holdin' up over there,  
champ?

His warm, steady voice is filled with reassuring confidence.

EMT (CONT'D)

I know how bad The Pass is, so I'll find a safe place to park and just wait. There's always someone not paying attention. Never understood it myself. (A beat) In any case, Thank God I was there, right?

Ruby musters the faintest of smiles, until she hears a sickening crunch and guttural screams. Harlan's shaking jostles the whole car. A warm splash all over her right side, and then, with a last ugly gasp, Harlan goes completely still.

EMT (CONT'D)

Sorry hun, I don't think hubby's going to make it.

The EMT makes his way around the back of the ruined auto to the driver's side.

EMT (CONT'D)

Let's see how you're holding up.

Long, bloody fingers appear along the edge of the door. He peeks his head around the corner of the window with a malevolent smile.

EMT (CONT'D)

Hi.

His smile bares teeth like a piraña, poking out from hideous black gums. Smearred blood on his face and tendrils of meat between his teeth as he speaks.

He is a vampire.

EMT (CONT'D)

Now, remember sweetie, you've got to hang in there for me...

Ruby tries to scream but can't. He grabs her shattered left wrist.

EMT (CONT'D)

I'm still hungry.

Tightens his grip until there's a loud SNAP.

EMT (CONT'D)

Little young for osteoporosis,  
 dont'cha think? All that smokin'  
 and drinkin'? Stuff'll kill you.

Ruby's frozen as the monster takes a deep, crunching bite.  
 The EMT, face covered in fresh gore, flashes an easy smile.

EMT (CONT'D)

Hey. What'dya know? Tastes like  
 chicken.

She seizes, hyperventilating as the fiend laughs at his own  
 joke.

EMT (CONT'D)

Wow, not even a chuckle? C'mon,  
 this is comedy gold here. Okay, how  
 'bout this one...

He snaps her hand off at the wrist; twisting to free the  
 tendrils of flesh and sinew still attached. He holds the  
 dismembered hand in front of it's former owner and rips off  
 the thumb. He passes the two bloody pieces back and forth,  
 making 'space battle' sounds as a child would.

EMT (CONT'D)

I'm 'playing with my food.' Get it?

Headlights and sirens. From the north, still a few miles  
 away. He drops his gory playthings and turns back to Ruby.

EMT (CONT'D)

Well, sweetie, that's our cue. Time  
 to go.

He tears the driver's side door off it's hinges and pulls her  
 out. Despite the fact that she's almost bled dry, she manages  
 one last scream.

Into black.

2

**EXT- COUNTRY CROSSROADS- AN HOUR LATER**

2

Fire trucks, ambulances and State Police cruisers surround  
 the crash site.

The scene buzzes with activity: emergency workers sweep up  
 glass and state troopers tape off the perimeter, as real  
 EMT's drag the bodies into separate meat wagons. Crash  
 investigators, clipboards in hand, gather at the center of  
 the intersection and swap theories on the accident.

At the far corner of the site, an unmarked, black, CROWN VICTORIA sedan is parked next to the vampire's ambulance. The EMT, whose real name is MOSELY (40s), is being interviewed by a tall and handsome-but-stern looking man in a tailored black suit.

He is SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY (40), of the FBI. He's also a vampire.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
So, you witnessed the whole thing?

MOSELY  
Yeah. Usually park up behind that billboard and just wait. That's how I got here so quick.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
You mentioned a deer.

MOSELY  
It's funny, they actually missed the damn deer, but that van came whippin' around the bend and that was all she wrote.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
The deer usually work for you?

MOSELY  
Like a charm. Nine times outta ten, average human response time is so fucking pathetic, it almost takes the fun out of it...

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Almost.

MOSELY (CONT'D)  
Almost.

The two share a chuckle as The Agent returns to his clipboard.

MOSELY (CONT'D)  
Fun tonight, though. The van was like a bonus. Good stuff.

He gestures to the ambulance.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
That the driver in there? The woman?

MOSELY  
Sure is.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
How's she?

MOSELY  
Oh, she's a mess.

Mosely slaps the side of the ambulance.

MOSELY (CONT'D)  
Aren't you, honey? Think I'm gonna  
keep her alive a little bit, have  
some laughs. You hungry?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
No. Thank you. I had something  
earlier. Should probably get going.  
They'll be wrapping up here pretty  
soon.

MOSELY  
Yeah. Looks like.

Mosely extends his hand to the agent.

MOSELY (CONT'D)  
Anything else you need.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Appreciate it.

As the EMT makes his way toward the driver's side of the  
ambulance, he stops and turns back to Halsey.

MOSELY  
I've gotta ask--

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
What is it?

MOSELY  
Why these two? I mean, don't get me  
wrong, tonight was a lot of fun,  
it's just that--

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
*It's just that, what?*

MOSELY  
They just seem like unlikely  
candidates for this sort of  
attention.

Halsey leans in close.



SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
That sack of shit in there...

Gestures to the ambulance.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY (CONT'D)  
Asking all the wrong questions  
since her niece went missing.

MOSELY  
Niece?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
The Holliday case. The reporter.

MOSELY  
The one from Baltimore.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
The very same.

MOSELY  
Fuck. Close call, huh?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
It's all about vigilance, my  
friend.

Halsey pats Mosely on the shoulder as he heads back to the  
cruiser.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY (CONT'D)  
Vigilance.

MOSELY  
That reporter...

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Holliday.

MOSELY  
Right. Holliday. She married,  
right? Thought I saw the husband  
crying for the cameras not too long  
ago.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Yeah. Let's just say he's at the  
top of my own, personal, 'Most  
Wanted' list. Just a matter of  
time.

MOSELY  
Let me know.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Will do.

Mosely waves from the meat wagon as he pulls away. Halsey watches it roll up and over the hill, back the way it came.

He climbs into his cruiser and heads out in the opposite direction.

The black sedan disappears into the darkness.

Fade to black.

FADE IN:

**EXT- BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART- DAY**

Establishing: a beautiful summer day.

**INT- BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART- A MOMENT LATER**

As a too-cheery guide leads a tour group through the museum's portrait gallery, one tourist stays behind, planted in front of a specific piece. She is author and historian ABIGAIL RANSOM; whose youthful features read late-20's/ early 30's- but there's something dark and powerful behind her eyes that betrays her 250 years as a vampire.

An older woman appears behind, but before the stranger can introduce herself...

ABIGAIL

Dr. Truman.

DR. TRUMAN

Hello, Miss Ransom.

Caught off guard by the shout out, DR. EMILY TRUMAN, an elegant authority figure, perhaps 70, extends her hand.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you so much for accepting my invitation.

Abigail does not turn or respond in kind.

ABIGAIL

Not sure I had much of a choice.

DR. TRUMAN  
Of course you did, and you chose to  
be here. And for that, I am very  
grateful.

Dr. Truman draws back her hand. Anxious to connect, she turns  
to the portrait.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
That's Virginia Clemm.

ABIGAIL  
Yes.

DR. TRUMAN  
Wife of Edgar Allan Poe.

ABIGAIL  
Yes.

Dr. Truman, off of Abigail's expression.

DR. TRUMAN  
You *knew* her.

ABIGAIL  
It's the only picture of her that  
exists. (a beat) Right after she  
died, Edgar realized he didn't have  
any images of Virginia at all. He  
commissioned this piece that day,  
before they took her body away.

DR. TRUMAN  
So, it's a portrait of her corpse.

ABIGAIL  
(A beat) Something like that.

Abigail turns to face the older woman.

DR. TRUMAN  
It's a beautiful day. Let's take a  
walk.

ABIGAIL  
Where to?

DR. TRUMAN  
To where I know we aren't being  
followed.

Abigail sizes up the Doctor, then extends her arm towards the  
exit.

ABIGAIL

After you.

The pair head to the museum's exit doors.

**EXT- WYMAN PARK DELL- A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Dr. Truman and Abigail walk through Wyman Park Dell: a beautiful, 16-acre, public park directly across the street from the Museum.

ABIGAIL

This city's changed so much.

DR. TRUMAN

How long's it been?

ABIGAIL

I was here for the gala opening of The Senator Theater in '39, so about 80 years, give or take.

DR. TRUMAN

1939. Jesus.

ABIGAIL

Went to see *Stanley and Livingstone* with Spencer Tracy. My escort for the evening was the great H.L. Mencken.

DR. TRUMAN

The writer? Wow. What was he like?

ABIGAIL

Brilliant. Funny. Handsome... kind of an asshole.

In spite of herself, the Doctor cracks up.

DR. TRUMAN

I'm so sorry. I don't mean to--

Full on belly laughs in the middle of the walking path. It breaks the ice. Abigail laughs out loud herself.

ABIGAIL

It's alright. (A beat) God, I haven't thought about that in a long time.

Dr. Truman gestures to a bench on the path.

DR. TRUMAN  
Let's have a seat.

Truman sits, Abigail does not. Truman taps the empty spot.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
Please.

Abigail joins her on the bench.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about all the secrecy.  
Occupational hazard.

ABIGAIL  
And what occupation would that be,  
exactly?

DR. TRUMAN  
I know you have a ton of questions,  
but that's not the most important  
one right now...

ABIGAIL  
Fair enough. What am I doing here?

DR. TRUMAN  
Bingo. You're here because I need  
your help...

Doctor Truman hands Abigail a folded newspaper.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
And so does she.

Abigail opens the paper: the headline reads, "What Happened  
to Michelle Holliday?"

ABIGAIL  
Ok, I'll bite. Who's Michelle  
Holliday?

DR. TRUMAN  
A reporter. A good one. She was  
working on a story for The Sun. An  
exposé. A few days before the story  
was to go public, she vanished. No  
trace. No forensic evidence. Like  
she was never there.

Abby nods slightly as she scans the article.

ABIGAIL  
I saw something about this...

She refolds the paper and hands it back to Dr. Truman.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

And it's not any more interesting to me now than it was then. I still don't see what any of this has to do with--

DR. TRUMAN

A lot of different theories about what she was working on; some sort of corruption scandal, organized crime, maybe. The cartels. Usual suspects I suppose, but no one really knows. Well, except for me of course.

ABIGAIL

Why you?

DR. TRUMAN

Because she was going to expose The Vampire Nation.

Mind blown.

ABIGAIL

What did you say?

DR. TRUMAN

She secured a decade's worth of transaction records from their Eastern European banking networks; all the data streams to The U.K., Russia and many of their U.S. hubs. Names. Dates. Amounts. Account numbers. Everything.

ABIGAIL

That's just not possible. There's no way a 'civilian' reporter could ever access that data. Their tech is at least twenty years ahead of the curve...

DR. TRUMAN

You're absolutely right. It is.

ABIGAIL

Then how could she get that kind of data on The Nation?

DR. TRUMAN  
I gave it to her.

CUT TO:

**EXT- U-SERV POSTAGE SHOP- DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE- DAY**

An SUV pulls into a metered spot across the street from the 'U-Serv Postage Shop' storefront.

**INT- SUV- A MOMENT LATER**

The driver, VINCENT PENN (30s), shuts off the car as the passenger, DANNY HOLLIDAY (35), husband of missing reporter Michelle, pulls a crumpled letter from his pocket.

PENN  
You sure this is the place?

Danny checks the letter.

DANNY  
Yeah, this is it. You sure we weren't followed?

Penn cranes his neck to double check.

PENN  
Sure as I can be. (a beat) Listen man, I really think we should call the cops, show them the letter...

DANNY  
No fuckin' way.

PENN  
Hear me out.

DANNY  
Shelly's gone. No trace. And this, (holds up the letter), is the only shred of hope I have of figuring out what the hell's happened to her; so no, I'm not going to fucking *hear you out*.

PENN  
OK, I understand, I just--

DANNY

Look man, you know I love you, but the longest relationship you've ever had was with a cat, so don't tell me you understand.

A beat.

PENN

Fair enough.

The pair steel themselves up.

PENN (CONT'D)

You good?

DANNY

No. Absolutely not. Not even a little bit. You?

PENN

Fuck no.

DANNY

Great. Let's do this.

They exit the car and cross the street to the shop.

PENN

Why'd you have to bring Biscuit into it? She was a great fuckin' cat.

DANNY

Please just shut the fuck up.

**EXT- U-SERV POSTAGE SHOP- A MOMENT LATER**

A bell chimes as they enter the shop.

**INT- U-SERV POSTAGE SHOP- CONTINUOUS**

Dusty and run down, the shop is more bodega than copy store; filled with old ad signage and ancient beige copy machines that have yellowed with age. Self-serve mailboxes line the walls. The place looks like it hasn't had a customer in years.

As the pair walk to the counter, a tall, thin man, OMALU ADEYAMI (late 30s), appears from the back.



OMALU  
Mr. Holliday. My name is Omalu.

DANNY  
How do you know--

OMALU  
Do you have the letter?

DANNY  
I do, but...

OMALU  
May I see it please?

Danny glances at Penn, who gives a wide-eyed shrug. He hands over the letter. Omalu gives it, and the two men, a once-over.

OMALU (CONT'D)  
Good.

Omalu hands the letter back as he pushes through to the front door and locks it.

DANNY  
You sent it, didn't you?

OMALU  
Come. We don't have much time.

PENN  
'Much time' for what?

He turns and leads the two men towards the back of the shop.

OMALU  
Please. Follow me.

They stop at a large, metal door in the hallway. Omalu takes off the padlock and slides it open.

OMALU (CONT'D)  
Down here. Please.

DANNY  
Not until you tell me what the hell is--

OMALU  
Years ago, I helped Michelle with a story. Human trafficking. I had family taken from Libya and South Africa.

(MORE)

OMALU (CONT'D)

Last year, she helped me get my wife and daughters over from Nigeria. They are safe now, thanks to her.

DANNY

(stunned)

She never told me about anything like that.

OMALU

She is *aboki nagari* - my friend. I owe her everything. A few weeks ago, she shows up here with a package. Tells me to hide it, to guard it with my life until you show up to get it. And here you are.

Omalu leads the men down the stairs.

OMALU (CONT'D)

Now hurry.

PENN

Why the rush?

Omalu doesn't answer. He heads right to a metal shelf against the wall.

DANNY

Omalu! Why the rush?

OMALU

Help me move the shelf! Please! We must move quickly!

They slide the heavy metal shelf away from the wall to reveal a panel. Omalu pries open the hatch with a screwdriver, pops the panel off, reaches in and pulls out a box wrapped in plain brown paper. He hands it to Danny.

OMALU (CONT'D)

Here. This belongs to you...

Omalu shoves Danny and Penn back towards the stairs.

OMALU (CONT'D)

Now, you must go!

DANNY

Wait goddammit! Just wait!

Box in hand, Danny plants himself.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 Please, Omalu. Shelly's gone. She  
 must've... please. Is there  
 anything else you can--

All the emotion hits him at once. Omalu is sympathetic, but insistent.

OMALU  
 I know, and I am very sorry, but  
 she knew something was coming. The  
 same thing that comes for us now. I  
 have seen them...

DANNY  
 What? What have you seen?

OMALU  
*Aljannu.*

PENN  
 Aljannu? What is aljannu?

OMALU  
 Demons.

Just then, a loud, violent crash from upstairs, like something pounding on the back door.

OMALU (CONT'D)  
 Go! Now!

Omalu shoves the two up the stairs, then towards the front door. He opens a drawer by the register and pulls out a handgun. Penn and Danny stand frozen as the pounding continues.

DANNY  
 The fuck is that?

PENN  
 Why do you have a...

Omalu takes aim at the darkness in the back hallway as the ugly sounds get louder.

OMALU  
 GOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

The bell chimes as the two men scramble out the front door. Gun at the ready, Omalu pulls out a flip phone and dials with his free hand, eyes never leaving the back of the shop.

OMALU (CONT'D)  
 The package has been delivered.  
 Goodbye old friend.

Sparks burst from the phone when Omalu ends the call. He drops the smoking device and stands his ground; gun raised to the dark, eyes scanning for the unseen threat in the shadows.

OMALU (CONT'D)  
 Come devil. I am not afraid.

The violent sounds stop suddenly, except for a deep, rasping growl. Omalu can just make out something as the shadows seem to turn and move in on him. He screams as he unloads the clip into nothing.

OMALU (CONT'D)  
*Mutu aljannu!!*

**EXT- U-SERV POSTAGE SHOP- CONTINUOUS**

Almost to their car, the shots stop Danny and Penn dead in their tracks.

DANNY  
 What. The. Fuck.

PENN  
 No. No. No...

DANNY  
 We need to go back...

PENN  
 No! You heard him. We need to get the fuck out of here. Right. Now.

Danny's still frozen in place. Penn bangs on the hood.

PENN (CONT'D)  
 Danny! Now!

Danny snaps out of it. They hop in the SUV and floor it, tires screeching as they speed away. As the smoke clears, a pale hand flips the OPEN sign on the front door to CLOSED.

JUMP TO:

**EXT- SUV- DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE CITY- MINUTES LATER**

The SUV weaves in and out of downtown traffic as they speed away from the scene.

**INT- SUV- CONTINUOUS**

PENN

Jesus Christ! Are we being followed?!

No response. Danny's shut down.

PENN (CONT'D)

Danny! Hey!

He shakes his despondent pal with his free hand.

PENN (CONT'D)

C'mon man, talk to me!

Danny snaps out of it enough to check the rear view.

DANNY

Don't think so. (A beat) How the hell could anyone know we were going to be there?

PENN

I don't know, but someone's definitely tracking you. Us. I don't fucking know, but we've gotta get off the road. Now.

Danny pulls the crumpled letter out of his pocket.

DANNY

What else did she not tell me about?

PENN

She loves you. She was trying to protect you.

DANNY

How the fuck do you know that?

PENN

Because I know Shelly. Look, I can't imagine what you're going through--

Penn reaches over, takes the letter from Danny and shoves it in his own pocket.

PENN (CONT'D)

--but right now, we have to get somewhere safe if we're gonna figure out what the hell is going on.

DANNY

I can't go back home. Not now. I don't know where --

PENN

Fuck. Lemme think.

A light goes off.

PENN (CONT'D)

I got it.

He swerves to make a hard left at the intersection. Tires screech as he cuts off oncoming traffic and blows through the light.

DANNY

What the hell man?!

The SUV fishtails around the corner, Penn evens it out and slows to the speed limit.

PENN

Got a buddy in rehab. Gave me a key so I can feed his cats. That'll at least buy us some time.

He puts a hand on Danny's shoulder.

PENN (CONT'D)

Hang in there. We'll figure it out.

They speed away towards their new hideout.

CUT TO:

**EXT- THE RAMPART- COLUMBIA, MD- DAY**

Halsey enters the front doors of a large, featureless office building known as 'THE RAMPART.' It is the base of operations for The Vampire Nation's vast U.S. Intelligence apparatus.

**INT- THE RAMPART- MAIN LOBBY- CONTINUOUS**

The guard scans Halsey's ID and nods toward the elevators. The panels slide open as he approaches and close as he enters.

**INT- THE RAMPART- MAIN CONCOURSE- CONTINUOUS**

The elevator doors open to reveal workers navigating a huge labyrinth of walled, glass offices.

An escort, DEPUTY VICAR RENARD, (whose formal posture and demeanor suggest an unusual intensity for one in their late 20s), is waiting for him as the doors open.

RENARD

Special Agent Halsey. I am Deputy Vicar Renard. Chairman McDonnell is expecting you. Please, follow me.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Of course.

Renard leads Halsey through the bustle of the complex. They pass through multiple security doors that seem to open in sync with Renard's brisk pace and perfectly-timed key card swipes. All the workers they pass nod to her, she never once returns the gesture.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY (CONT'D)

Seems busier than usual in here.

RENARD

Yes. We've been preparing for Chancellor Dragomir's upcoming visit.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

I wasn't aware that The Chancellor...

RENARD

The Chairman has been limiting knowledge of The Chancellor's visit to a 'need to know' basis. I suspect that, as of today, you 'need to know.'

**INT- CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL'S OFFICE- OUTER ROOM- CONTINUOUS**

They arrive at a pair of ornate doors that open on their own.

RENARD

And here we are.

Renard pushes her thumb on a sensor, a safe appears from the wall. A panel slides open to reveal a number of small, numbered cubbyholes.

RENARD (CONT'D)

Please.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Of course.

Halsey smiles and nods. He's done this before. His service weapon and extra clips into one; phone, badge and taser in another.

RENARD

Quick scan and we're all set.

As the safe disappears back into the wall, his retina is approved with a flash of green.

RENARD (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Another set of doors open to reveal CHAIRMAN RICHARD MCDONNELL (50s), a tall, barrel-chested man in a perfectly tailored suit, standing in the doorway with his greeting hand extended.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL

Well, well, well! If it isn't my favorite morally-flexible G-Man!

The two men shake.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Good to see you sir. It's been a minute.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL

It has indeed.

**INT- CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL'S OFFICE- INNER ROOM- CONTINUOUS**

The Chairman glances at Renard.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL

Can we get these doors closed dear?  
I'd hate you to overhear something  
I'd have to kill you for.



Renard rolls her eyes, nods and closes the doors behind Halsey as he enters The Chairman's office. McDonnell grabs a bottle from his desk, cracks the seal and pours two glasses.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
Y'know what's funny? (nods to Renard outside) She thinks I'm kidding.

He raises one glass and hands the other to Halsey.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
Cheers.

Both men tip their glasses at once; Halsey sips, but McDonnell downs the whole shot in one gulp. He grabs the bottle and pours himself another.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
Goddamn, I love this stuff!

He inspects the label and passes the bottle to Halsey.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
Karuizawa 'Thousand Arrows.' Single malt. Japanese. Didn't even know they *made* whiskey.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Delicious sir.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
It should be, bottle was 40 grand.

McDonnell motions for Halsey to take a seat.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
Fuck it. You only live once right?

The Chairman chuckles as he sits and downs another shot.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
Renard informed you of Chancellor Dragomir's impending visit?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
She did.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
Did she tell you why he's coming?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
No sir, but I think I have an idea.

The Chairman pours himself another.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
Let's just say that he's more than  
a little concerned over those data  
breaches in Europe.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Yeah. I imagine he would be.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
As are most of the High Council.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Are any of them joining Dragomir on  
his visit?

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
No. Thank Christ, but to say that  
this little episode's put everyone  
on edge would be a real  
understatement.

McDonnell slams the shot and pours another one. Halsey politely refuses a refill. The Chairman shrugs and puts the bottle down.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
So, give me some good news.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Took care of the aunt. 'Car  
accident.'

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
Who'd you use?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Mosely.

McDonnell raises his glass with a smirk.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
Well, he sure turned out to be  
quite the ruthless bastard, didn't  
he?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Indeed. He's been very effective.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
Recover the drives? The laptop?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Unfortunately no, but we do have  
some leads.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
What about the husband?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
On a tight leash, but there's a lot  
of light on him since that teary-  
eyed press conference. We're only  
going to get one shot, so I want to  
make sure the timing's right.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
What's your time frame?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
I would say we should have him, one  
way or another, within a few days.  
Week tops.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
That's great news. I need some real  
progress before Dragomir gets here.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Understood.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
Well then...

The Chairman downs the rest of the glass and stands. Halsey  
stands with him.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
Sounds like we're in good shape.  
You'll keep me in the loop?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Of course sir. You'll be the first  
to know. I'll see to it myself.

The two shake on it.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
Hey, have one more drink with me  
before you go.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Thank you Sir, but I really do need  
to get back. Great whiskey though.

The Chairman puts his arm around Halsey's shoulder and leads him toward the back of the office.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
Not talking about whiskey.

McDonnell hits a button on his phone. The back wall of his office slides open to reveal what looks like a vertical MRI machine: an elaborate network of tubes, hoses and valves are hooked up to a shackled, naked man locked in the glass cylinder.

On the side of the machine is small control panel, and a tap. A small table sits beside with a number of whiskey tumblers.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
Talking about the good stuff.

The Chairman grabs a glass, pulls the lever and pours. Fresh blood, on tap, from a living host. He hands the first glass to Halsey.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
Try that.

Halsey takes the glass and sips, savoring every nuance like a fine wine, almost shaken by how good it is.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Jesus. That's just...

McDonnell smiles as he pours himself a glass.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
Sublime. I know.

He tips his glass to Halsey.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
Keeping them alive makes all the  
difference doesn't it?

The eyes of the human donor reflect sheer, primal terror as The Chairman savors the bouquet.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
An indulgence to be sure, but the  
'corner office' does have it's  
privileges.

He winks at Halsey and the two finish their shots in unison.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Thank you for the hospitality sir.  
Always a pleasure.

McDonnell pats the agent on the back as he walks him out.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
Pleasure's all mine. Y'know we  
could really use someone like you  
around here if you ever get tired  
of the Feds.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Thanks for that, but I'm much  
happier doing field work. I like  
getting my hands dirty.

As they approach, Renard is already there.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL  
So I've heard.

They shake again as Halsey leaves the office and joins  
Renard.

CHAIRMAN MCDONNELL (CONT'D)  
If you ever change your mind...

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
You'll be the first to know.

The office doors close and Renard leads Halsey back to the  
elevators.

RENARD  
The Chairman seemed pleased. I  
trust the meeting was a success?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
It was.

At the elevator, Halsey steps in, and as the doors close...

RENARD  
Well then, happy hunting.

FADE TO:

**EXT- BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART- LATE AFTERNOON**

Dr. Truman and Abigail arrive back at the front entrance of  
the museum.

ABIGAIL  
 Doctor, it's been a pleasure.  
 Truly, it has, but I can't help  
 you.

DR. TRUMAN  
 Yes, Abigail. You can.

ABIGAIL  
 I don't know how you've come to  
 learn so much about me, about The  
 Nation...

Abigail extends her hand.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
 ...but I wish you all the luck in  
 the world. With everything.

DR. TRUMAN  
 Let me show you.

ABIGAIL  
 Show me what?

DR. TRUMAN  
 You said, "you don't know how I've  
 come to learn so much about you."

ABIGAIL  
 So?

DR. TRUMAN  
 So, let me show you exactly how  
 I've come to know so much about you  
 and your kind.

ABIGAIL  
 They are not 'my kind.'

DR. TRUMAN  
 'Every poodle is a dog, but not  
 every dog is a poodle...'

A beat.

ABIGAIL  
 Doctor, I have to be honest, that's  
 one of the lamest 'pearls of  
 wisdom' I've heard in a very long  
 time--

A reluctant smile creeps across her face.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
 --but I see your point.

Truman takes Abigail's hand.

DR. TRUMAN  
 Please. If you still want to leave  
 afterward, I swear on my life you  
 will never hear from me again.

Abigail's smile fades.

ABIGAIL  
 I would be very careful about  
 making those kinds of bargains  
 Doctor.

DR. TRUMAN  
 My dear Miss Ransom, I'm almost 70  
 years old. I have dedicated my  
 entire life to my work, and I'm  
 satisfied that I've done right...  
 If that's how I'm to meet my end,  
 then so be it.

A beat.

ABIGAIL  
 Then so be it.

FADE TO:

**EXT- U-SERV POSTAGE SHOP- SUNDOWN**

Same exterior shot of the store from earlier, but it's now a crime scene. Police officers tape off the entrance, keep curious locals and news crews away as an ambulance crew navigate an empty stretcher through the doorway.

**INT- U-SERV POSTAGE SHOP- CONTINUOUS**

Omalu's body lays prone on the floor of the hallway, by the entrance to the basement. A policeman outlines his corpse with tape.

**EXT- U-SERV POSTAGE SHOP- BACK ALLEY- CONTINUOUS**

DETECTIVE NIXON (30s), a sad-sack with bad taste in suits, sulks out the back door as they load the body onto a gurney. He double checks to make sure he's alone, pulls out a flip phone and dials.

**INT- HALSEY'S UNMARKED CROWN VICTORIA- NIGHT**

Driving back from The Rampart, Halsey's humming along to Waylon Jennings' *Luckenbach Texas*, when he gets a call.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Yeah.

Intercut as necessary with Nixon at the crime scene

NIXON

Agent Halsey?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Yeah.

NIXON

It's Nixon. Uh, Detective Nixon, Baltimore P.D.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

You got something for me?

NIXON

Yes sir, I think so. I'm working a homicide; single male, 35. ID'd as Omalu Adeyemi. Nigerian.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Why does that name ring a bell?

NIXON

Uh, he was on your 'list' sir.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

List?

NIXON

(under his breath)

Um, the reporter. Known associates. Loose ends...

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Oh right, right. (a beat) So I'm guessing we can cross good ol' Mr. Adeyemi off said list then?

Back to humming along with Waylon Jennings.

NIXON

Yes sir, I suppose, but that's not why I'm calling.



SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Well come on Detective, don't keep me in suspense.

NIXON

Daniel Holliday. The husband. I think he was here.

Halsey slams on his brakes, makes a hard, lane-crossing u-turn and burns rubber in the opposite direction.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Shut it down; cops, coroner, forensics. All of it. Now. You understand me?

NIXON

Sir, I'm not sure I have the authority to--

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

As of right now, the FBI's taking over, grounds of national security. I'll be there in 20. And listen to me, you sad little ape; you fuck this up and the only thing I'm ever going to turn you into is a dead body that some junkie's gonna piss on in the basement of a fucking crack den. Do we understand each other?

NIXON

(voice breaking)

Yes sir. Of course. Sorry sir.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Atta boy. Don't apologize. Just get it fucking done.

Halsey hits the siren and floors it onto the 95N onramp.

CUT TO:

**EXT- DR. TRUMAN'S HQ/HIDEOUT- SOUTHWEST BALTIMORE- EVENING**

Establishing shot of a nondescript warehouse in a rundown industrial park. A rusted, corrugated metal garage door opens as Dr. Truman's SUV approaches.

**INT- DR. TRUMAN'S HQ/HIDEOUT- CONTINUOUS**

The door closes as Dr. Truman shuts off the SUV.

DR. TRUMAN  
Here we are.

ABIGAIL  
Wow. You were right. This really is something.

DR. TRUMAN  
Y'know, no one likes a smart ass.  
C'mon.

They exit the vehicle. Dr. Truman scans her eye over a spot on the wall. Bursts of steam hiss as industrial elevator doors slide open. They enter and descend.

**INT- DR. TRUMAN'S HQ/HIDEOUT- MAIN ANNEX- CONTINUOUS**

The doors open to the main annex of Dr. Truman's headquarters; an impressive facility filled with a hodge-podge of computer banks, keyboards, servers and monitors from all different eras.

ABIGAIL  
Wow. It does not look this roomy from the outside.

She turns to Dr. Truman.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Doctor?

The Doctor reappears on her opposite side.

DR. TRUMAN  
Here.

She hands Abigail a cup, filled with fresh blood.

ABIGAIL  
What's this?

DR. TRUMAN  
I keep a stash of pure samples for research. You look a little peckish. We've been together all day and I know you haven't had anything.

Abigail is reluctant.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
Go on. It's alright.

The vampire nods, takes the cup and chugs the whole thing. She closes her eyes and savors the rejuvenating rush.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
Better?

ABIGAIL  
Much. Thank you.

GRACIE  
What. The. Actual. Fuck?

With that, they notice that Dr. Truman's assistant, GRACIE (19), has been standing close by, watching the exchange.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Doc, please, can I get a heads up next time a vampire's gonna be drinking blood from a sippy cup in the living room? (shudders) I almost just barfed in my hands.

ABIGAIL  
Well then, I'm glad for all our sakes that cooler heads prevailed.

DR. TRUMAN  
This is my charming assistant, Gracie.

Abigail extends her hand.

ABIGAIL  
Hello charming assistant Gracie. I'm Abigail.

Gracie just stares, until a stern look from Dr. Truman prompts her to shake hands with the vampire.

GRACIE  
Hey. Gracie. Sorry, didn't know we were having company. Just caught me a lil' bit off guard, you're not like the others I've... 'met.'

ABIGAIL  
Thank you.

GRACIE  
Not a compliment.

CUT TO:

**INT- U-SERV POSTAGE SHOP- NIGHT**

Badge in hand, Halsey enters the shop, and makes a bee-line for Detective Nixon. He is intercepted by LIEUTENANT FARINO (40s), the lead on the case, a grizzled BCPD detective.

LT. FARINO  
You with the Feds?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Halsey. FBI.

LT. FARINO  
Of course. Always the Feds. Where the fuck do you get off shutti--

Halsey is in no mood for the local cops. Not tonight.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY  
Let me stop you right there. I'm here on behalf of the Federal Government of the United States of America. That's where I 'get off.' The victim is not only directly linked to a ongoing Federal case, but also has ties to multiple ongoing, worldwide terrorist investigations. That means one call and I'll have the ATF, the NSA and the Department of fucking Homeland Security crawling up your fat ass with a flashlight in less time than it'll take you to burp up that Panda Express you had for dinner. That sound good to you?

No reply.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY (CONT'D)  
Yeah. That's what I thought.  
Now get the fuck out of my way.

A long, hard stare from Lt. Farino.

LT. FARINO  
Fine. You're welcome to it, asshole. Have fun.

The lieutenant rallies his people to exit the shop.

LT. FARINO (CONT'D)

Alright everyone, you heard the man: Jack Bauer's here to take over and save all us dumb yokels from ourselves. Let's pack it up.

He ushers his crew out the front door. As he leaves, Farino gives Halsey the finger.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Whatever, half-wit. (to Nixon) Are you all that fucking stupid?

NIXON

Cops?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

No, not... (exasperated facepalm)  
Mortals. Humans. All you sad,  
hairless apes.

NIXON

Um, I don't really know how to--

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Just shut the fuck up. Where's the footage?

**INT- DR. TRUMAN'S HQ/HIDEOUT- TRUMAN'S OFFICE- LATER THAT NIGHT**

Dr. Truman and Abigail are in the Doctor's private office. Rich, wood furniture, beautiful art, hanging plants and warm lighting make the space feel much homier than the rest of the facility. The Doctor lays it all out for her vampire guest.

DR. TRUMAN

A little less than forever ago, I got my PhD from MIT in molecular biology--

ABIGAIL

Impressive.

Dr. Truman takes a quick bow.

DR. TRUMAN

Which led me to a career in genetics.

(MORE)

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)

I've always been fascinated with the idea that the human body was every bit as vast and mysterious a universe as the one we see when we look up at the sky. A glorious and confounding frontier filled with infinite possibilities.

ABIGAIL

That's a beautiful way to put it.

DR. TRUMAN

Yeah, I suppose it is, huh?

The doctor takes the seat next to Abigail.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Not long after I got my doctorate, I was approached by a large pharmaceutical firm about doing research, R&D. My dream job, or so I thought.

A beat.

ABIGAIL

But you were wrong.

DR. TRUMAN

Yes. Very.

Before Abigail can ask...

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)

For my doctorate, I wrote my dissertation on a rare genetic disorder called *xeroderma pigmentosum*.

ABIGAIL

What's that?

DR. TRUMAN

In layman's terms, a deadly allergy to ultraviolet light...

ABIGAIL

You mean the sun.

DR. TRUMAN

Yes. The mutation prohibits DNA from repairing itself after exposure to anything in the UV spectrum.

Abigail shifts in her chair, uneasy with the topic.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Some time later, a colleague told me his little boy was diagnosed with XP. There is no cure and the long road to the end is... cruel.

The Doctor fights the emotion welling up.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)

I spoke to the board about allocating some resources to try and fight the problem; research, clinical trials, something.

ABIGAIL

What did they say?

DR. TRUMAN

Gave me whatever I wanted. Spared no expense. We made real progress and eventually, we unlocked the secret to a cure... or at least, the beginnings of one.

Abigail reaches over and squeezes the Doctor's hand.

ABIGAIL

Why do you seem so sad, Doctor?

DR. TRUMAN

My colleague. The child. Both of them...

ABIGAIL

What?

DR. TRUMAN

They were vampires.

The Doctor pulls her hand away.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)

The pharmaceutical company itself was a front. They saw me coming a mile away and they played it perfectly. My intellect. My vanity. My ambition. They used it all against me, to help cure their only real weakness.

ABIGAIL

The sun.

Abigail rises from her chair. The Doctor holds back tears with fierce eyes.

DR. TRUMAN

I've been studying your kind for almost 40 years. Established a global counter-intelligence network, been recruiting from both sides for decades. Shed a lot of blood. Lost a lot of good people.

A tense, silent beat. Finally, Abigail breaks the ice.

ABIGAIL

So, essentially you're the closest thing to a 'real life' Van Helsing: *intrepid vampire hunter, slayer of the undead*, that sort of thing?

The Doctor cracks a smirk in spite of herself.

DR. TRUMAN

When you put it that way, sure. Although, these days I'm more the brains of the operation, not so much with the 'slaying' anymore.

She stands and dries her eyes.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Okay then. Think that's enough harrowing revelations for one day. I'll have Gracie give you the tour. She's a hoot.

**INT- BCPD HEADQUARTERS- DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE- NIGHT**

At a borrowed workstation, Halsey reviews the assortment of surveillance footage from around the 'U- Serv Postage Shop'. One camera finally captures Danny, Penn and their license plate clearly as they leave the scene of Omalu's murder.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Gotcha.

He smiles and reaches for the in-house phone.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY (CONT'D)

This is Halsey. I want an APB on one Daniel Holliday, 35 and one Vincent Penn, 32.

(MORE)



## SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY (CONT'D)

Last seen in a 2003 Nissan  
Pathfinder, MD plate #5AC3081,  
heading south on Patterson Park  
Ave. Both are suspects in the  
homicide at the U-Serv copy store  
this afternoon and are considered  
armed and extremely dangerous. I  
want that out statewide. Stat.

As he ends the call, he sees Omalu's charred burner phone in a sealed evidence bag among the items collected from the scene. He palms the bag and slides it into his jacket pocket as he leaves the office.

**INT- DR. TRUMAN'S HQ/HIDEOUT- SERVER FARM- LATER THAT EVENING**

As Gracie and Abigail tour the facility, Metallica's *Disposable Heroes* can be heard echoing through the halls. Abigail winces as the music gets louder. A young woman is repairing one of the server towers, banging her head as she works.

(They almost have to shout over the music.)

ABIGAIL

Who's that?

GRACIE

Full Metal Jackie.

ABIGAIL

'Full Metal Jackie?'

GRACIE

Well, she's a diehard metal fan,  
(holds her arms out wide), as is  
evidenced by the glorious strains  
of Metallica. She's one of the best  
I.T. techs on the planet. She's  
also stone deaf and doesn't give  
even a little bit of a fuck.

Gracies waves Jackie over.

ABIGAIL

A deaf metal fan, huh? How's that  
work?

GRACIE

You seem too smart to say something  
that stupid.

A 'what?' shrug from Abigail.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Vibrations. Big ass speakers,  
cranked to eleven: she *feels* it.  
I've actually used ear plugs and  
tried it. Pretty badass. More of a  
hip-hop fan myself, but I do loves  
me some Maiden now and then...

Rocking a vintage Slayer shirt and Doc Marten boots, Jackie approaches and signs to Gracie.

(Note: All of Jackie's dialogue/Gracie's responses are ASL/  
American Sign Language with subtitles)

JACKIE

Hey.

GRACIE

Hey.

JACKIE

So, this the one Doc was telling us  
about?

GRACIE

Yeah. The vampire-vampire-hunter.

Gracie introduces Abigail to Jackie.

ABIGAIL

Hi. I'm Abigail.

Jackie silently holds up a hand for *hi*, shakes and then goes back to signing with Gracie.

JACKIE

This chick's gonna help us fight  
The Nation? I don't know, doesn't  
look like much to me.

GRACIE

I know, right?

Abigail, for all her centuries of experience, doesn't sign.

ABIGAIL

What's she saying?

GRACIE

Oh, just that she's glad to meet  
you.

Abigail nods to Jackie, who flashes a too-broad smile.

ABIGAIL  
(over-pronouncing)  
Thank you. I'm glad to meet you  
too.

Jackie returns the nod and goes back to signing with Gracie.

JACKIE  
Wow. Seems like kind of a dunce.

GRACIE  
I know, but if the Doc thinks she  
can help, I'll give her the benefit  
of the doubt- but yeah, not too  
impressed so far.

JACKIE  
Guess I was hoping for, I dunno,  
more of a Kate-Beckinsale-from-  
*Underworld* vibe.

GRACIE  
I know, right? Gonna show her  
around. Let you know how it goes.

JACKIE  
You sure she's cool?

GRACIE  
Doc says so, but if she steps out,  
I'll turn her ass into a pile of  
dead leaves with the UV blaster.

JACKIE  
Nice. (motions to the servers) I've  
got one more to fix. Network should  
be back online in no time.

GRACIE  
Cool.

Abigail interrupts as politely as she can.

ABIGAIL  
Uh, you guys OK?

GRACIE  
Yeah. Sorry, just getting a  
progress report on a fried server  
hub. Jackie needs to get back to  
it, so...

Abigail extends her hand to Jackie.

ABIGAIL  
 (over-pronouncing again)  
 It was nice to meet you Jackie.

Jackie shakes her hand and signs to Gracie.

JACKIE  
 Have fun, tour guide.

GRACIE  
 Blow me.

Jackie turns and flashes the 'metal rules/ devil horns' hand sign as she walks back the server room, just as Iron Maiden's *2 Minutes to Midnight* blasts through the speakers.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
 Oh hell yeah! This is my jam!

Gracie bangs her head a bit as she leads Abigail to the armory.

FADE TO:

**INT- DR. TRUMAN'S HQ/HIDEOUT- SUB-LEVEL- CONTINUOUS**

The loud music fades as the pair get closer to the stairwell.

ABIGAIL  
 Is it just the three of you here?

GRACIE  
 There's more, always people in and out; doing field work, recon, that kinda stuff.

ABIGAIL  
 So how about you?

GRACIE  
 'How about me,' what?

ABIGAIL  
 How did you come to be--

GRACIE  
 One of you fuckers killed my parents in front of me. Would've gotten me too, if The Doc hadn't shown up when she did.

Abigail stops dead in her tracks.

ABIGAIL

I am so sorry.

GRACIE

Yeah. Me too.

Gracie stops as well.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Look, Doc says you're alright, and I'll admit you creep me out a bit less than the others like you that I've--

ABIGAIL

I'm not like them.

GRACIE

Yeah, so I've heard. Bullshit. I saw what that cup of blood did to you. You were like a stoned supermodel with a bag full of In-N-Out burgers, so don't you fucking dare tell me that you're not like them, 'cause you are like them.

Gracie steps in towards Abigail.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I don't care how eloquent you are, or how many anecdotes you've got from the good ol' days or whatever; you're still a fucking vampire. Far as I'm concerned, you're just a monster cosplaying as Emma Watson.

A blank look from Abigail.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Emma Watson?

Still nothing.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Hermione? From *Harry Potter*?

Abigail gives a polite, almost apologetic, shrug.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

(exasperated)

Ok fine. Then just plug in whatever non-monstrous, pop culture, nice girl you wanna use.

ABIGAIL

OK...

GRACIE

Oh, fuck off.

A wry smile across Abigail's face as Gracie storms off, holding up a middle finger salute.

ABIGAIL

(to herself)

So, the cool kid with the vampire-murdered parents thinks I'm evil Hermione Grainger. Great.

All at once, alarms flash and klaxons sound all over the facility. Gracie rushes back to Abigail.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What's that?

GRACIE

9-1-1. We gotta get back upstairs!

The pair rush back towards the stairs to the annex.

**INT- HALSEY'S UNMARKED CROWN VICTORIA- NIGHT**

On the car's laptop, Halsey reviews more surveillance footage from the city's camera network. He flips through multiple feeds until he finds one that shows Penn's SUV pulling into the underground parking garage of an apartment building.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Gotta love the Patriot Act.

Halsey calls Mosely.

Intercut as necessary with Mosely in his custom ambulance.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY (CONT'D)

The husband and his dipshit buddy are now officially suspects. I had Baltimore PD put out a statewide APB.

MOSELY

Anything on the 'dipshit buddy'?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Name's Vincent Penn. They work together. Another fucking reporter.

MOSELY

Of course.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Gave BCPD enough info for the APB,  
but not enough to find them. I've  
got an address. They're in Canton.

MOSELY

What's the time frame?

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

It's tight; 'bout a 45 minute  
window before local PD fills in the  
blanks.

MOSELY

I'm by the harbor. Can be there in  
20.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Cameras are down in the alley  
behind the building.

MOSELY

Consider it done.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

My man.

MOSELY

Check in after.

SPECIAL AGENT HALSEY

Go get 'em, killer.

Mosely hits the sirens on his ambulance and speeds to the  
location.

**INT- DR. TRUMAN'S HQ/HIDEOUT- MAIN ANNEX**

As the alarms sound through the annex: Security cam footage  
of Penn's SUV leaving the scene at the copy shop fills the  
monitor.

DR. TRUMAN

Dammit.

Abigail, Gracie and Jackie all read the data streams over the  
Doctor's shoulder

GRACIE

Who's Vincent Penn?

DR. TRUMAN  
Reporter. He works at The Sun.  
Danny's best friend.

GRACIE  
Oh man. They're fucked.

DR. TRUMAN  
Not if we get to them first.

The Doctor rushes to another console with a larger monitor. She calls up a variety of video feeds from all over the city. Gracie and Jackie join her.

GRACIE  
And how the hell are we gonna do that?

The Doctor deftly juggles the feeds as she responds.

DR. TRUMAN  
Baltimore's surveillance network has 744 cameras. As of today, 59 of are offline. Omalu's shop is right off Baltimore Street...

She points to the spot on the screen.

Penn and Danny were going south on Patterson Park Avenue and pulled a hard left turn at Eastern--

She shuffles through more assorted feeds onscreen.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
The APB wasn't specific about where they went, which means the cops don't know yet...

She types furiously.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
...but I have better access than they do.

GRACIE  
Yeah, and The Nation does too.

DR. TRUMAN  
Listen! All the cameras are out at that intersection, but I'm pretty sure...

She calls up another set of video feeds.



DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, see? Cameras in the next  
 block pick him up heading south on  
 Linwood Avenue...

She focuses on one specific feed and blows it up.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
 And then east on Boston, where he  
 pulls into the parking lot of an  
 apartment building at 2515 Boston  
 Street. Canton.

She gets rid of all other feeds and fills the screen with the  
 shot of Penn's SUV entering the lot at 2515 Boston St.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
 Don't know which unit, but that's  
 where they are.

She turns to face the troops, but Abigail's not there. She's  
 still at the first monitor, staring at Penn's picture.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
 Abigail?

No response.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
 Abigail.

She snaps out of it, and steps away from the console.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
 You weren't even paying attention.  
 Totally missed my Agatha Christie  
 moment.

ABIGAIL  
 (distracted)  
 I'm sorry. It's just--

A beat.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
 He reminds me of someone I that I--

Gracie rolls her eyes.

GRACIE  
 (overdramatic)  
 Let me guess; "It's like you've  
 seen a ghost..."

DR. TRUMAN  
 Gracie, give it a rest. (to  
 Abigail) I know where they went.

She steps to Abigail, Jackie and Gracie both watching like  
 hawks.

DR. TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
 We're officially out of time. No  
 more speeches. No more campaigning.  
 Are you going to help us or not?

A beat as Abigail returns to the monitor for another glance  
 at the photo.

ABIGAIL  
 I'm going to need some supplies.  
 Weapons.

The Doctor nods and flashes a warm smile.

DR. TRUMAN  
 Whatever you need. Gracie, would  
 you kindly escort Miss Ransom to  
 the armory?

Before Gracie can respond, Abigail heads towards the  
 stairwell.

ABIGAIL  
 Don't bother. I'll find it.

As the vampire heads for the stairs, Gracie signs to Jackie.

GRACIE  
 I don't buy it.

JACKIE  
 What?

GRACIE  
 This misty-eyed nostalgia bullshit.  
 It's an act.

Jackie watches Abigail for a beat before she replies.

JACKIE  
 No. It's not. Be nice.

GRACIE  
 Aw, c'mon dude--

JACKIE  
 Be. Nice.

With a stern look, Jackie waves her friend off to catch up to Abigail. Dr. Truman joins her. Jackie signs.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

DR. TRUMAN  
I think we might have a war on our hands.

**EXT- HIDEOUT FLAT- DOWNTOWN- NIGHT**

Establishing of Penn's buddy's apartment building at 2515 Boston Street, Canton.

**INT- HIDEOUT FLAT- LIVING ROOM- A MOMENT LATER**

Penn and Danny throw open the door, slam it shut and turn all the locks once they're inside. Box in hand, Danny collapses on the couch. Penn heads to the kitchen. He returns with a bottle of whiskey; pours out two shots and hands one to Danny.

PENN  
Here.

Danny just stares ahead.

DANNY  
I don't want it.

PENN  
I'm not asking.

Danny takes the glass from Penn. They both knock back the shots in silence. Penn pours himself another.

PENN (CONT'D)  
Whew. Needed that.

He slams the second one.

PENN (CONT'D)  
Another one?

No response from Danny.

PENN (CONT'D)  
Alright.

Penn puts the bottle down on the coffee table.

(MORE)

PENN (CONT'D)  
 Just in case. (a beat)  
 Guess I should feed the critters  
 while I'm here.

He whistles for the cats as he raids the kitchen cabinets,  
 looking for cat food.

PENN (CONT'D)  
 C'mere guys. Cooooome on. I know  
 you've gotta be hungry...

He finds a box of kibble and shakes in into the two bowls on  
 the counter. A pair of house cats leap up for fresh chow.  
 Penn pets them as they eat.

PENN (CONT'D)  
 Sorry I've been such a lousy cat  
 sitter you guys, been a rough  
 couple'a days.

CUT TO:

**EXT- HIDEOUT FLAT- BACK ALLEY- A MOMENT LATER**

Mosely kills the headlights as he pulls the ambulance into  
 the alley behind 2515 Boston St.

**INT- MOSELY'S AMBULANCE- CONTINUOUS**

Mosely shuts off the engine, slips out of the vehicle and  
 looks up at the fire escape.

**INT- HIDEOUT FLAT- KITCHEN- A MOMENT LATER**

Danny joins Penn in the kitchen and scratches one of the cats  
 as they eat.

DANNY  
 What are their names?

PENN  
 This one's Johnny Ringo. And that  
 lil' guy...

Motions to the one Danny's petting.

PENN (CONT'D)  
 ...is Peanut.

DANNY  
 Hi Peanut.

Danny scoops up the cat, rubs it's head and holds it close.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I don't what I'm going to do if  
something's happened to Shelly...

His attention turns to the box on the coffee table.

DANNY (CONT'D)

...but I have to know.

Danny puts Peanut down, heads back to the living room, and flops onto the couch. He pours a shot and downs it as Penn joins him.

PENN

Danny, listen to me. We may very well have left a murder scene today. *A murder scene*. Do you understand that? There are cameras everywhere and they're going to review that footage. The clock's already ticking. This box might be our only chance to get out in front of all that. You hear me?

Penn puts his hand on the top of the package.

PENN (CONT'D)

If you do this, we're on our own,  
and there's no going back.

DANNY

We're already on our own.

Danny pulls a knife from his pocket, snaps the blade open and stares Penn down until he moves his hand.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And there is no going back.

Danny runs the blade down the box's taped seams. He puts the knife down and opens the flaps. On top, is an envelope with his name, in his wife's handwriting.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

He takes the letter with trembling hands and wanders off. Penn unseals the bubble-wrapped parcel to reveal Michelle's 'missing' laptop, a hard drive and a stack of file folders, stuffed with documents and photographs.

PENN  
Holy. Shit.

CUT TO:

**EXT- ROOFTOP- CONTINUOUS**

From a rooftop across the street, Abigail peers through the hi-tech scope of a sniper rifle, scanning across the windows of the apartment building at 2515 Boston Street.

On the top floor, she spies Danny and Penn in the living room of the hideout flat. In her crosshairs, she finds Danny reading Michelle's letter and then Penn, unwinding the bubble wrap off the laptop. She hovers the scope on Penn, zooms in for a beat and then lowers the weapon.

ABIGAIL  
C'mon Abby, snap out of it.

She shakes it off and brings the weapon back up to her eye-line; she sees Mosely, fangs bared, smashing through the front door and attacking the two men.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

She throws down the rifle, plants herself and takes a running leap off the rooftop, right towards the window of the hideout apartment across the street.

FADE TO BLACK.