



*rain*

SANG FROID

Written by

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"Who, if I cried out, would hear me among the angels' hierarchies? And even if one of them pressed me against his heart: I would be consumed in that overwhelming existence. For beauty is nothing but the beginning of terror, which we still are just able to endure, and we are so awed because it serenely disdains to annihilate us. Every angel is terrifying."

- Rainer Maria Rilke

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND - DETROIT - NIGHT

We open on some CLEAN WHITE SNOW.

It's quiet before...

SPAT!

BLOOD SPRAYS onto it.

The CAMERA PANS to see a TEEN BOY lying beside the blood splatter in an icy snowbank as he grabs onto his face.

BLOODY TEEN

Ah...God...

Some other TEEN BOYS rush over to him and crowd around.

Beside them is a RED AND WHITE PLAYGROUND ROUNDABOUT that some of them jump on to get a better look.

One of the boys SHAKES OUT his hand, giving us the impression that he just threw a punch.

BLOODY TEEN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

CLOSE on a pair of PALE BLUE EYES that watch intently.

They belong to a man who sits across the playground.

This is PAUL (30's).

Despite his young age, he seems to be drained of all vitality.

His eyes are sunken and dark, revealing a tiredness that no amount of sleep could fix.

He sits buried beneath a heavy RED WINTER JACKET.

The bloody teen's mouth pours like a faucet.

BLOODY TEEN (CONT'D)

(muffled by his hands)

I think its broken...

He grabs some SNOW with his hand and presses it against his mouth, first to wipe the blood away, but then to get something cold on his nose.

The other teens just stand around him gawking.

One of them has his phone open and is recording a video.

The bloody teen SPITS OUT MORE BLOOD onto the snow beside him as it fills his mouth.

Paul's eyes hone in on the blood.

However, something about it seems to REPULSE HIM.

After a moment, he TURNS AWAY.

The bloody teen's friends try to help him up, but he shoves them off of him and starts to walk off on his own.

Eventually, the other boys follow.

BAG MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What was that all about?

Paul looks up to see the BAG MAN standing near him at the bench watching the teens walk off.

He wears a GREEN JACKET and has a BACKPACK slung across his back. On a leash in his hand is a SMALL WHITE DOG.

Paul shrugs as the man sits down next to him at the bench.

As he does, he slides the backpack off of his back and puts it between them before picking up his dog into his lap.

Paul grabs the backpack and rummages around, but we can't see what's inside.

Zippering it back up, Paul sets it down beside him on the ground and reaches inside his coat pocket.

He pulls out a CRUMPLED BROWN PAPER BAG and hands it over to the man who takes it and puts it in his own coat pocket.

Paul reaches for the backpack like he's about to leave.

BAG MAN  
This is gonna be my last time.

PAUL  
What?

BAG MAN  
This is the last time I can do this.

PAUL  
Was there an problem today?

BAG MAN  
No. No problems.

PAUL  
Then what?

The bag man sighs.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You want more money?

BAG MAN  
No. The money's good. It's great  
actually. I just...I got enough.

PAUL  
No one has enough.

Paul sighs.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Well, what am I supposed to do?

BAG MAN  
Don't worry, don't worry. I've  
already got someone else from my  
work all lined up for you. They  
sort of shadowed me today, watched  
me do it. So, its all good.

PAUL  
He ask any questions?

BAG MAN  
No, she didn't.

PAUL  
She?

BAG MAN  
Yeah. It's a girl. Well, she's just  
young is all I mean.

PAUL  
She good for this?

BAG MAN  
Yeah. She *really* needs the money.

PAUL  
What the hell does that mean?

BAG MAN  
It means I don't think she can  
afford to fuck it up.

Paul sighs as he takes this in.

BAG MAN (CONT'D)

She knows when and where to be for next week. She knows what you look like. And she knows not to be late. She's good, okay? She's cool.

PAUL

Alright. Just...Just make sure she's got my number.

BAG MAN

Already does.

Paul doesn't like it, but he doesn't have a choice.

He grabs the backpack and stands to leave.

As he does, Paul begins to COUGH quite violently.

BAG MAN (CONT'D)

You alright, man?

Paul gathers himself and nods his head.

The bag man, however, looks sympathetic to Paul's condition.

BAG MAN (CONT'D)

Look, I got a similar job all lined up in Florida. If you want, you could come down and we could keep this thing going.

PAUL

I can't.

BAG MAN

Why not? We could literally do this anywhere.

PAUL

I couldn't.

The bag man sighs. He sees Paul's as serious about staying as he is about leaving.

MAN

Alright. Well, good luck, man.

With that, Paul nods and turns to leave.

The bag man watches him as he disappears into the night.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - OUTSKIRTS OF CITY - LATER

Paul stops his car in front of a seemingly abandoned old church named Our Lady of Sorrows.

There are only a few Victorian-style houses out here.

They look like they fell out of care long ago as their windows have since been replaced with two-by-fours.

Paul's car is also quite old: a 1970's CHEVELLE.

It's painted black with two WHITE RACING STRIPES down the middle of the car.

The car, though, is quite rusted and poorly cared for.

Paul exits his car and slings the backpack over his shoulder as makes his way into the church.

INT. OUR LADY OF SORROWS - SACNTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the church is significantly worn down.

All of the windows are shattered while the walls have been bust open and stripped for copper.

Painted on the crumbling wall behind it is a large ICON of the Virgin Mary with Baby Jesus in her arms.

She sits in the middle of a tree with branches extending out to icons of the disciples.

As Paul makes his way down the aisle towards the altar, he hears some rumbling from above.

Looking up, he sees a LARGE WOODEN STAKE falling from the ceiling.

He quickly steps aside as it CRASHES to the ground. Paul looks up again to see that even the ceiling has holes in it.

He then makes his way up the altar and pushes his way into a hidden door.

INT. OUR LADY OF SORROWS - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Paul descends some stairs and walks down a long, dark hallway which opens up into...



INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

...a decent sized basement.

It's much nicer than what's above.

It's filled with PLANTS and FLOWERS that climb up the walls to the ceiling

Paul approaches the altar which is simply a LARGE BLACK CUBE.

Behind it, on the wall, is a light fixture which seems to be a continuation of the tree painting above.

Soft, recessed lights run down from the ceiling like jagged ROOTS.

He walks past the altar and into a door.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - BASEMENT - SACRISTY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on the soft, alabaster HANDS of a woman as they delicately brush some lush CURLY RED HAIR with a comb.

Sitting at a BUDOIR is SAMY.

In her other hand is a small, personal mirror which she holds up to her face, gazing deeply into it as she combs through her hair.

There is something *strange* about her features though.

While the long hair and soft skin give the appearance of a feminine figure, some aspects of her seem distinctly masculine.

Her chest is completely flat and her jaw is strong.

Her room is filled with nature.

Loose flowers lay upon her boudoir while a RED AND WHITE ROSEBUSH billows out from behind her.

She turns to look at Paul.

SAMY

Come in.

Paul reluctantly walks into the room as Samy finishes with her hair.

She extends her open palm as she smiles up at Paul who hands her the backpack quickly.

Samy sets the backpack on the floor and reaches for a small cupboard below the boudoir.

Opening it, she reveals that its a sort of fridge which contains a GLASS CRUET that she now places on top of her boudoir.

SAMY (CONT'D)  
You look terrible.

PAUL  
(half-smiling)  
I'm fine.

Samy opens up the backpack at her feet and pulls out a small medical bag of red liquid:

BLOOD.

SAMY  
You're hungry.

Samy opens the bag and pours it into the cruet, emptying it.

As Paul watches her, his eyes hone in on the blood.

PAUL  
I'll eat when I need to.

The bag of blood is empty, all of it now in the cruet.

Samy sticks her finger inside the empty bag and scrapes the remaining blood out with her finger as she turns to face the mirror of her boudoir.

She begins to paint her lips with the blood, staining them a deeper shade of red as she speaks.

SAMY  
(shaking her head)  
You shouldn't punish yourself like this, Paul.

PAUL  
I'm fine. Really.

Samy smiles, revealing two elongated lateral incisors.

She's a VAMPIRE.

SAMY  
I just don't want to lose you,  
Paul. I can't...

Samy stands up from her boudoir revealing herself to be significantly taller than Paul.

She walks over to him and puts her hand lovingly around his neck.

SAMY (CONT'D)  
Kiss me. You'll feel better.

Samy goes to plant a kiss on Paul's lips, but he turns away.

PAUL  
I told you I'm not hungry.

She looks slightly hurt by his rejection.

SAMY  
You're so cold to me, Paul. But I love you. I love you because you are one of my own. But please don't forget that.

Samy returns to her stool, gazing at herself in the mirror.

She focuses in on a few LINES on her face.

She's *aging*.

SAMY (CONT'D)  
I'm growing tired of all this cold blood. Aren't you?

Samy sighs.

She sees something is still troubling the lingering Paul.

PAUL  
I'm sorry.

Samy turns to look at the dejected Paul.

SAMY  
(opening her arms)  
Come.

Slowly, Paul makes his way over before dropping to his knees.

He places his head in her lap as she wraps her arms around him.

SAMY (CONT'D)  
Will you stay tonight? The others and I have missed you so...

PAUL

I can't.

Samy is saddened and slightly disappointed by this.

But she tries to understand.

Leaning down, Samy whispers into Paul's ear.

SAMY

My dear, where you came from is gone, where you thought you were going to was never there. There is no better place for you to be then right here.

Samy drops her blouse off her shoulder revealing her flat chest.

Using her long, red fingernails, she CUTS into her skin near her nipple, causing some BLOOD to flow out of it.

This time, he's unable to resist.

Paul latches on to Samy's chest and begins to suckle.

She runs her fingers through his hair as he does.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

CLOSE as Paul inserts TWO FINGERS into his mouth.

He presses them deep inside, reaching until...

He VOMITS.

BLOOD comes spilling out of his mouth and splashes all over the white porcelain sink.

He SPITS any remainder out.

Paul gathers himself for a moment before turning on the faucet and washing it all out with his hands.

He makes sure its completely clean.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Paul exits his bathroom and steps into his small studio apartment.

It has almost no personal effects.

It seems more like a transient space or a hotel room despite the signs that he's lived there for years.

In the corner of the room is a DUFFLE BAG that's FILLED WITH MONEY; money that looks like its largely untouched.

He slinks his way over to his MATTRESS which is haphazardly placed on the floor next to a small LAMP.

Paul lies down onto the bed with his arms out to the side.

He stares up blankly at the ceiling.

OVER BLACK:

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

INT. PARK - PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

We see the red and white roundabout again.

It's empty this time though as only the occasional pedestrian passes by.

Paul sits on the bench alone, coughing again.

He looks like he's been waiting there for some time as he scans the park looking for this girl.

She's nowhere to be seen.

He opens the WhatsApp on his phone.

We see a few messages between him and an unnamed number.

The most recent one says that they're 'on their way'.

Paul sighs. *She's late.*

He stands and begins to pace before focusing his attention on the roundabout and walking over to it.

He spins it a bit and it creaks loudly.

Paul gives it a bigger spin and watches it go around and around for a moment before jumping on.

He takes a moment to gather his balance, but when he does he stands tall and rides around with it.

Paul cranes his head upwards and closes his eyes, riding the roundabout in a sort of swirling ecstatic bliss.

Eventually, it slows and Paul opens his eyes.

Looking out into the park, he spots a woman.

She heads his way, looking in every direction for someone.

On her is a LARGE PUFFY WHITE COAT and a backpack.

This is CAMILLE.

She is quite young, maybe 21 or 22 at most.

Her full, round face is adorned with some rosy cheeks.

Finally, her eyes find Paul's.

They look at each other for a moment before she begins walking directly towards him.

Paul steps down off the roundabout and walks back over to the bench, his eyes firmly locked on Camille approaching him.

All of a sudden, she STOPS.

Paul sees that her attention has shifted focus to something else beside him.

He turns to see TWO POLICEMEN headed towards him as they walk their beat.

They are KOWALESKI (30's) and MCCALLEN (20's).

Paul looks over to Camille and quietly gestures with his hand for her to stay put.

Camille puts her head down and backs a little bit off of the park path near some bushes.

The policemen make their way up to Paul.

KOWALESKI

Hello, sir, how are you tonight?

PAUL

I'm fine.

MCCALLEN

We, uh, saw you from across the park and it looked like you were looking for someone or something. Anything we can help you with?

PAUL

No, I'm just waiting for my girlfriend.

KOWALESKI

Looks like you've been waiting for her for a while.

MCCALLEN

Yeah, can we help you find her or...?

PAUL

No, that's alright officers, I just think she's running a little bit late is all.

MCCALLEN

You sure?

PAUL

Yeah, I'm sure.

The officers sense something may be up.

Paul glances over their shoulders at Camille.

She's watching from afar, looking more and more nervous.

MCCALLEN

Do you mind if we see your ID, sir?

PAUL

Why?

MCCALLEN

We just wanna know if we can see your ID real quick, that's all.

PAUL

Why the hell would you need to see my ID?

MCCALLEN

We're just trying to help, sir.

PAUL

No, I don't think you are.

MCCALLEN

I assure you we're just-

PAUL  
I mean what the hell do you think  
I'm doing out here? Honestly?

From Camille's position, she can hear the voices start to raise and their body languages changing.

She BACKS AWAY.

KOWALESKI  
We don't think you're doing  
anything, we're only trying to  
help.

PAUL  
Help? How is this helping?

MCCALLEN  
Can we see your ID or not?

PAUL  
Can I see yours?

The officer steps up to Paul.

MCCALLEN  
You got some fucking attitude.

PAUL  
Oh, I got some attitude?

KOWALESKI  
(to his partner)  
Hey, hey. C'mon...  
(to Paul)  
Have a nice night, sir.

PAUL  
Oh, now I should have a nice night?

The first officer starts to pull the other away from Paul as he senses the situation is getting pointless.

KOWALESKI  
(more sternly)  
Have a nice night, sir.

PAUL  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, you too.

The cops begin to walk away and as they do Paul quickly glances over in the direction of Camille.



She's GONE.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
Fuck...

Paul glances over at the cops who are still arguing with each other as they walk away.

One of them look back Paul.

Paul gives him a big cheesy grin before returning over to the bench to sit down and pretend to be cool.

He watches the cops, waiting for them to disappear out of his line of sight.

The moment they do, Paul takes off.

INT. PARK - PUBLIC RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Camille quickly ducks inside and locks the door behind her.

She slings the backpack off her back and quickly opens it on the floor, pulling out multiple BAGS OF BLOOD.

The bathroom is dingy and small with a pallid green tone.

It's lit by only a small fluorescent light above the sink which has hundreds of dead bugs in it.

Camille tears open the bag of blood and begins to pour it down into the sink.

It splashes all over the white porcelain. She cleans out the bag as well, intent on leaving no trace.

Camille turns the rusted faucet on and begins to wash the splattered blood off of the porcelain.

She then digs to the bottom of the trash and places the empty bag at the bottom before covering it up.

The sink looks clean.

Camille looks up into the mirror and checks her face.

Some blood has splashed up around her mouth and nose.

She wets her hand and quickly wipes it off.

CAMILLE  
Okay...okay...

Camille does one more quick check around the room before grabbing the backpack and turning to unlock the door.

She pushes it open, but the moment she does, she's PUSHED BACK INSIDE very quickly by someone.

Camille retreats back into the bathroom as the person shuts the door quickly behind them and locks it.

Camille SCREAMS and SWINGS her backpack at the man who shields himself with his arm.

PAUL

Stop! What the fuck!

She SWINGS again and this time he catches it and easily snatches it from her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Stop! It's me! Jesus...

Paul holds his free hand up, signaling the cornered Camille to calm down.

He opens up the backpack and reaches inside only to find ICE PACKS.

There's no blood.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where is it?

Camille is still too stunned to answer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is the blood?!

CAMILLE

I-I got rid of it.

PAUL

What? Where? Where did you get rid of it?

Paul begins to dig through trash only to find the emptied and cleaned back up blood which he holds up.

He then looks over at the sink which is still WET.

He glares at Camille.

CAMILLE

I'm sorry...

PAUL  
Why did you do that?

CAMILLE  
I thought those cops were onto you.

PAUL  
Oh, God...

CAMILLE  
I heard you guys shouting and I-I  
just thought they were gonna do  
something.

Paul sits down on the toilet and gathers himself.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry...

PAUL  
You should have just stayed cool.  
Why didn't you stay cool?

CAMILLE  
I-I can get you more. I can get it  
tomorrow and I can bring it here or  
to wherever you want it. I promise-

PAUL  
I don't need it tomorrow, I need it  
now.

Paul tries to think as Camille looks him over.  
She takes in his very pale appearance.

CAMILLE  
Are you sick?

PAUL  
What?

CAMILLE  
Is that why you need the it?  
Because I can take you to the  
hospital or something. I'm a nurse,  
you know? I can make sure you get  
good care. I promise-

PAUL  
No, I don't need to go to the  
hospital. What I needed was that  
fucking blood!

There's a LOUD KNOCK at the door.

Paul sighs as Camille retreats into herself.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(scrambling)

Look, I'm not sick. But-but someone else is and I needed to get them that blood.

CAMILLE

I told you I can take you to the-

PAUL

No, *listen*. Someone is going to die *tonight* if I don't get it for them. I'm paying you to get it for me, not ask questions. Do you understand?

Camille nods.

PAU

Okay. Here's what we're gonna do: we're gonna go back to your work and you're gonna go in there and you're gonna get me some more. You got that?

CAMILLE

I-I can't.

PAUL

Why not?

Camille bites her lip.

PAUL (CONT'D)

*Why not?*

CAMILLE

Because I do the last shift. It's-it's closed now. We can't get in.

PAUL

You don't have a key?

CAMILLE

No. I-I don't.

PAUL

There's no one there right now? No one cleaning or...

CAMILLE

No. No...

Another LOUD KNOCK at the door.

VOICE

Hurry up in there!

PAUL

(to the voice)

Hold on!

(to Camille)

Okay. Then you're just gonna have to show me the best place to get in.

CAMILLE

What? You mean like break in?

PAUL

If I have to.

CAMILLE

No, no, no. You can't. There's a- There's a security guard there at night.

PAUL

What? You just told me no one was there.

CAMILLE

I-I know, but...

PAUL

Are you lying to me? Why are you lying to me?

CAMILLE

No! I just-

A LOUDER KNOCK at the door.

VOICE

C'mon!

CAMILLE

Ugh...

Camille grabs her stomach, grimacing.

PAUL

What's happening?

Paul looks down at her stomach to see it protruding out slightly from her large, puffy coat.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Are you pregnant?!

CAMILLE  
What?

Paul stands and reaches for Camille's coat.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Don't touch me!

But before she can stop him, Paul opens the jacket to reveal Camille's PREGNANT BELLY.

It looks like she's significantly along too, maybe between 4 and 6 months.

PAUL  
Oh, fuck...

Paul's eyes widen as he puts his hand on his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
No fucking way, man. No, no, no,  
no, no. I'm-I'm outta here. I can't  
waste any more time with this  
bullshit. This is insane.

Paul goes to leave, but Camille blocks him.

CAMILLE  
Please, don't go! Please. Please,  
I'm sorry. Please, please, please,  
please, please...

Paul tries to move her out of the way, but she won't budge.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry I lied. This  
is just-it's-it's a lot. But I  
really, *really* need that money. I  
do, I really do. I'll do whatever  
you want me to do. Please, just  
tell me what to do to make this  
right. Please, please...

Paul takes this in as he looks at her pleading.

PAUL  
(sighing)  
I can't believe this.

CAMILLE  
Please...

PAUL  
Okay, okay. Uh, do you-do you know  
this guy?

CAMILLE  
Who?

PAUL  
The security guard. Do you know  
him?

CAMILLE  
Yeah, yeah. He's there before we  
leave. He's the one who locks up.

PAUL  
(nodding)  
Okay...

An even LOUDER KNOCK.

VOICE  
Get the fuck outta there! C'mon!

PAUL  
(to the voice)  
Shut the fuck up!

The knocking now turns into a CONSTANT POUNDING.

THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD!

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Okay. We're gonna go to your work  
now and we're gonna get that blood.  
But you gotta do everything I say,  
okay?

Camille nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
And you gotta be cool, yeah?

Camille nods again.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Okay, when we walk out there we're  
together, a couple, got that?

Camille nods a third time.

Paul motions for her to step away from the door and she does.  
He unlocks it and opens it into...

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

...where an ANGRY MAN awaits them.

He's got a backwards cap and a DETROIT RED WINGS hockey jersey on.

ANGRY MAN

What the fuck were you two doin' in there?

Paul tries to just quickly usher Camille away.

ANGRY MAN (CONT'D)

Yo, the bathroom ain't a place for you to take your whores so you can fuck 'em.

Paul turns back and PUNCHES the angry man across the face.

He then GRABS the stunned man by the jersey and TOSSES him in the bathroom, kicking the door closed behind him.

PAUL

Enjoy!

Paul returns to Camille and puts his arm over her shoulder as he leads her away.

She looks scared of him.

CAMILLE

I-I parked over there.

PAUL

We're taking my car.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - LATER

The two enter Paul's car and take their seats.

PAUL

Where are we going?

CAMILLE

The donation center on 6th and Livernois.



Paul nods and puts the keys in the ignition.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
I'm Camille.

PAUL  
What?

CAMILLE  
That's my-that's my name...

Paul sighs.

PAUL  
Look, the less we know about each other the better, okay? No names. It just makes it easier if something happens. It's nothing personal, just business.

CAMILLE  
Okay. Sorry...

Paul starts up the car as an awkward silence befalls them.

EXT. BLOOD DONATION CENTER - PARKING LOT - LATER

Paul pulls his car into the lot and parks it behind a large snow embankment which shields the car from the building.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul peers out of the window, his eyes locked on the small, single story medical facility.

Looking inside, he sees that there's a few small lights on. One of them shines over a SECURITY GUARD who sits behind a desk.

As Paul checks it out, Camille nervously chews on her fingernails as she looks at nothing out her window.

PAUL  
That the guy?

CAMILLE  
Yeah.

PAUL  
What are you gonna tell him?

CAMILLE  
What do you mean?

PAUL  
I mean, how are you gonna get  
inside?

CAMILLE  
Oh, uh, I-I don't know. I guess I  
was just gonna knock and see what  
he says.

PAUL  
See what he says?

CAMILLE  
Yeah...

Paul sees Camille biting her nails, almost shaking.

PAUL  
Do you have like a work ID?

CAMILLE  
Yeah.

PAUL  
Is it on you?

CAMILLE  
No, I left it at home.

PAUL  
Good. Tell him-tell him you lost  
it. Tell him you got home and  
realized you didn't have it and  
that you looked everywhere, but you  
couldn't find it. You think you  
left it here and you want to go in  
real quick and look for it. Got  
that?

CAMILLE  
Yeah, yeah. Okay...

PAUL  
He likes you, right? He'll believe  
you?

CAMILLE  
Yeah, yeah. I-I think so.

Something distracts Camille.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out her phone.

It's RINGING.

PAUL

Who's that?

Camille silences it.

CAMILLE

It's nobody.

PAUL

Nobody?

CAMILLE

It's just work. They call me  
sometimes if there's an emergency.

Camille quickly stuffs the phone back in her pocket.

PAUL

You ready?

CAMILLE

Yeah, yeah...

PAUL

Look, you already did it once, you  
can do it again. Just like earlier,  
okay?

CAMILLE

But its not like earlier. I mean,  
what if there's a problem?

PAUL

There's not gonna be a problem.

CAMILLE

But what if there is?

PAUL

There isn't gonna be a problem,  
okay? But you gotta be cool, yeah?  
No freaking out. Just be cool.

CAMILLE

I don't know...I don't know...this  
is...this is a lot.

PAUL

Look at me...

But she just keeps staring out her window.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(stern)  
Look at me.

Camille turns to Paul.

CAMILLE  
Look at you? I don't even know you.

PAUL  
You don't need to know me. You just need to get in there and get that blood, alright? Then we're done and the money's all yours, okay?

Camille looks scared.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Alright?

CAMILLE  
(nodding)  
Okay.

Paul looks Camille over once more before nodding for her to go.

Camille grabs the backpack and exits.

EXT. BLOOD DONATION CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Camille makes her way towards the donation center.

The walk across the lot feels immense to her, like a dark chasm.

She turns back to look at Paul and sees him watching her from behind the wheel.

Finally, she gets up to the glass doors of the center and quickly looks through them.

She sees the security guard behind a desk, his face buried in his phone.

Camille composes herself, then KNOCKS.

The security guard inside perks up, startled by the knocking.

Camille waves to him from outside.

CAMILLE  
Ernie. Ernie!

ERNIE (20's) tries to make out who it is.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Hey! It's Camille!

Recognizing her now, Ernie walks out from behind the desk, fumbling for the keys as he approaches the door.

In his other hand is his phone which he holds up, using its light as a flashlight.

He unlocks the door.

Ernie is a slight man, his cheap, grey security uniform much too large for his spindly body; not a very imposing figure.

ERNIE  
Camille? Are you okay?

CAMILLE  
(nervous)  
Yeah, yeah. I'm fine. I'm sorry to bother you like this, Ernie, but I- I think I left my ID here.

ERNIE  
Your driver's license?

CAMILLE  
No, no, my work ID. I got home and realized I didn't have it. I looked everywhere and I think it might've have slipped off or something during my shift. It's really bugging me. Do you think I could come in and look for it real quick?

Camille puts on a sympathetic face.

ERNIE  
Yeah, yeah, of course. Come in.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul watches as Camille makes her way inside the clinic.

INT. BLOOD DONATION CENTER - LOBBY

Camille looks around the empty lobby.

ERNIE

Where do you think you left it?

CAMILLE

I don't know. I was all over the place today, so I was just gonna check everywhere.

ERNIE

Alright. Where do you wanna start?

CAMILLE

Oh, that's okay. I don't wanna bother you or anything like that. Just pretend like I'm not here and do whatever you gotta do.

ERNIE

(smiling)

I got *nothing* to do. I've just been sitting on my ass since y'all left. I really don't mind.

Ernie is almost begging Camille to help her, but she's too nervous to send him away.

CAMILLE

O-okay...

ERNIE

(excited)

Well, where should we start?

CAMILLE

Uh, maybe the, uh, break room? There's a lost and found bin in there.

ERNIE

Alright.

Ernie begins to lead her down a hallway.

Camille looks back out behind her towards where Paul is parked.

INT. BLOOD DONATION CENTER - BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ernie flips a light on, illuminating the break room with a harsh, fluorescent glow.

The room is obviously empty, but also quite messy as is most of the donation center.

The whole building is relatively run down and not well kept.

ERNIE

I told Mark to give you guys my number in case of any emergencies, but I guess he didn't.

Camille beelines for a small LOST AND FOUND BIN in the corner and squats down to check it out.

She glances back at Ernie who is intently searching under desks and chairs.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

I actually like to look for things, you know? When I was a kid I used to only ever read those iSpy books, the ones with all that junk on the page. I was the best at it. No one could find things faster than me. I even told people my favorite movie was The Searchers just because I liked the name. I didn't even know what it was about.

As he talks, Camille discretely pulls out her phone.

CLOSE on her screen as she pulls up a text between her and Paul.

TEXT

Help

ERNIE

Now, I listen to true crime podcasts. That's what I was listening to when you came in. You ever listen to those? Camille?

Camille whips around, hiding her phone away from Ernie.

CAMILLE

Uh, no, I-I don't.

ERNIE

Oh, man, they're great. You gotta listen to them. I can send you some of my favorites.

Ernie goes back to looking as does Camille.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

There's some real villains out there.

(MORE)

ERNIE (CONT'D)

You know, I used to think that evil didn't exist, that it was just something made up by people to scare you, that the explanation was just bad parenting or bad circumstances or whatever. But no. Its real. Evil is real. People wanna pretend like it isn't, but it is.

Camille checks her phone again: NO RESPONSE.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

I don't think its in here, Camille.

CAMILLE

Yeah...

ERNIE

Should we try someplace else?

CAMILLE

Sure...

Camille doesn't want to move on as she doesn't know what to do next.

She follows Ernie out as he turns off the lights.

INT. BLOOD DONATION CENTER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As Camille exits, she looks towards the front door.

There's nothing, not even Paul's car behind the snow bank anymore.

ERNIE

Where to next?

CAMILLE

Uh, I don't know. Um...

Camille looks around.

She's running out of options and starting to panic as she gets fidgety.

Ernie notices.

ERNIE

Are you feeling okay?



CAMILLE

Yeah, yeah...

Camille takes a deep breath, trying to calm herself down.

ERNIE

It's okay. It's okay. We'll find it. I'll stay with you until we do. Don't stress. Really. You shouldn't stress in your condition. It's not good for the baby.

CAMILLE

No, I, uh, I think I should go. I don't feel well. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I bothered you.

Camille turns to go to the door, but stops almost immediately when she see's someone stepping inside:

It's PAUL.

PAUL

Hey! Where's your guys' bathroom?

ERNIE

(under his breath)

Ah, shit. I forgot to lock that.

(to Paul)

We're closed, sir.

PAUL

What do you mean you're closed? The door's open. I just walked in here.

ERNIE

I'm sorry. But the place is closed.

PAUL

I just saw some lights on. There's people in here. How can you be closed?

Ernie sighs as turns to Camille.

ERNIE

One second. Just...we'll find it. I promise. Just one second. Sorry.

Ernie begins to approach Paul at the door.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Please, sir, I need you to leave.

PAUL  
(motioning to Camille)  
Well, why is she here?

ERNIE  
She works here.

PAUL  
Oh, okay, so then you're open.

Ernie sighs and shakes his head.

Paul glances quickly up at Camille, motioning slightly with his head for her to go and get the blood.

ERNIE  
No, no. She's not-she's not working now. That's not what I meant. She just works *here*.

Camille nods and quietly turns to walk off down the hall before ducking into another room.

PAUL  
Look, I just need two seconds, man. It's just the bathroom. C'mon. I'm already in here.

INT. BLOOD DONATION CENTER - LAB - CONTINUOUS

Camille walks into the lab and quietly makes her way across the room.

Outside, we can still hear Paul and Ernie arguing.

She makes her way up to a LARGE INDUSTRIAL SIZED REFRIGERATOR and drops her backpack to the floor, quickly unzipping it.

Opening up the fridge, her eyes widen.

It's EMPTY.

There's nothing.

Not a single bag of blood is anywhere to be seen.

Camille opens another fridge right next to it and sees that it's completely empty as well.

Panicking, she begins looking around the room for anything.

INT. BLOOD DONATION CENTER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

ERNIE

If you don't leave, sir, I'm gonna have to call the police.

PAUL

And tell them what? That I walked through an open door?

ERNIE

No. I'm gonna tell them that you're trespassing.

PAUL

(incredulous)  
Trespassing? Are you serious?

ERNIE

Yes. Now *leave*.

PAUL

Un-fucking-believable-

Paul stops. Looking over Ernie, he sees Camille approaching them.

Ernie turns to see her too.

ERNIE

(sighing)  
Alright, its-its down the hall there. You got sixty seconds or I'm calling the cops. I'm serious.

Paul puts his hands up in surrender.

PAUL

Okay, okay...

Paul begins to walk down the hall towards the bathroom, but does so slowly in order to hear what's about to be said.

ERNIE

(under his breath)  
Jerk...  
(to Camille)  
Did you find it?

CAMILLE

Uh, no. I don't think its here.

ERNIE

You sure? When this guy leaves I can help you go look some more.

CAMILLE

No, no. I checked everywhere it could've been.

Camille glances over at Paul.

She speaks loud enough so that he can hear for a little ways away.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Um, when I was looking, I noticed that there wasn't any blood or supplies or anything. What's up with that?

Hearing this, Paul stops.

ERNIE

Oh, yeah. It was crazy. You just missed them. Some guys in an ambulance came by from the hospital and said there was an emergency and that they needed blood. I think there was a pile up on 696 or something. It must be bad because I think they took everything.

PAUL

Everything?

Ernie, startled, turns to see Paul now approaching him.

ERNIE

What?

PAUL

(enunciating as he raises his voice)

They took everything?

No response still.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to Camille)

There was nothing?

CAMILLE

(ashamed)

No...

Ernie looks between Camille and Paul, confused.

ERNIE  
You know this guy?!

Camille bites her tongue.

PAUL  
Hey! Look, man, I'm just here for  
some blood.

ERNIE  
What's going on, Camille?

PAUL  
I just need a little bit and then I  
can get outta here.

ERNIE  
Camille?

PAUL  
I'll pay you for it. I'll pay you a  
lot for it.

ERNIE  
Alright, I'm calling the cops.

Ernie takes his phone out.

However, before he can bring it to his ear, Paul quickly BATS  
it out his hand.

The phone CLANGS against the floor and slides over past  
Camille as she jumps back.

Ernie, stunned, looks up at Paul who's approaching him now.

He starts to back away from him, but Paul follows slowly.

PAUL  
Just tell me where I can find some  
and I'm gone.

ERNIE  
(terrified)  
Back up! Back the fuck up!

PAUL  
I don't want anything else. Just  
the blood. They won't even know its  
gone.

ERNIE  
I said: BACK UP!

Ernie reaches onto his utility belt and pulls out a KNIFE.

CLOSE as he REVEALS THE SHINING BLADE.

Paul EYES it.

PAUL  
C'mon. Put that thing away. You  
don't need that. I'm not gonna hurt  
you.

CAMILLE  
Hey, man, let's just go. There's  
nothing here. I promise you. I  
looked. Please!

ERNIE  
Listen to the girl, man. Just get  
outta here.

Paul continues to back Ernie towards the wall.

PAUL  
Put the knife away. Don't be  
stupid.

CAMILLE  
Please! Just listen to me! Let's  
go! Let's just go!

Ernie grips the knife down at his side tighter.

PAUL  
C'mon, just-

Ernie's back HITS the wall, startling him.

Scared, he THRUSTS THE KNIFE into Paul's stomach.

Camille YELPS, turning away.

Ernie, wide-eyed, lets go of the blade which is now stuck in  
Paul's side.

Paul steps back, looking down at the wound.

He reaches for the blade, gripping it.

Camille turns back to see Paul about to pull it out.

CAMILLE

No!

Paul YANKS it out.

BLOOD immediately begins to pour out of the wound.

The blood, however, is THIN AND WATERY.

Camille DASHES OVER and immediately PRESSES her hands into the wound, trying to stop the blood.

However, just as soon as she touches it, she GASPS and quickly pulls her hands away.

*It's freezing cold.*

Backing away, she looks at Paul who glares at her briefly before turning his attention back to Ernie.

Slowly, Ernie begins to slide to the floor, his back pressed into the wall.

He looks up at Paul as if he's some sort of ghost.

Paul squats down in front of the terrified Ernie.

PAUL

Okay. If there's none here, then where did they take it to?

But Ernie is too scared to answer, but Paul's had enough.

He STABS THE KNIFE INTO THE WALL just beside Ernie's head.

Ernie closes his eyes and turns away, cowering.

PAUL (CONT'D)

*Which hospital did they take it to?*

Ernie tries to get out words, but he's frozen stiff.

Paul RIPS the knife out of the wall and STABS it again on the other side near Ernie's face.

Paul leans in closer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where the fuck did they take it, man?

ERNIE

Henry Ford. They-they took it to Henry Ford Hospital.

PAUL  
Gimme your wallet.

Ernie looks at him confused.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
C'mon! Give it to me!

Ernie produces his wallet.

Paul quickly snatches it and opens it up, pulling out the man's DRIVER'S LICENSE.

He then grabs his own phone and snaps a picture of it.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Alright, Ernie. Now I know your  
name and I know where you live.

Paul PUNCHES Ernie across the face, KNOCKING HIM OUT.

He tosses the ID aside and REMOVES the knife from the wall before standing and making his way back over to Camille.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
C'mon.

Paul walks past her before noticing that she's frozen in place.

He turns back grabs her arm, pulling her.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
*Let's go.*

Camille snaps out of her trance and begins to follow Paul.

He reaches down and picks Ernie's PHONE off the floor before he pushes his way out of the lobby.

EXT. BLOOD DONATION CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As Paul leads them through the parking lot towards the giant ice bank, Camille struggles to keep up with his quick pace.

CAMILLE  
What the hell just happened in  
there?

Ernie's phone in hand, Paul CHUCKS it into the street where it SMASHES against the ground.



CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Hey, man?

PAUL  
Can you get me into that hospital?

Camille stops.

CAMILLE  
No. I'm not taking another step  
until you tell me what the hell is  
going on.

Paul opens the passenger's side door of the car.

PAUL  
I'll explain it to you once we get  
in the car. So, can you please-

Camille lunges forward and reaches for Paul's bloody shirt.

Lifting it up, she reveals that the blood has DRIED and the  
knife wound is already HEALED.

CAMILLE  
What the fuck?

Camille drops his shirt and backs away from Paul.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
What...what is that? What is-what's  
going on?

PAUL  
We need to go now.

CAMILLE  
How are you...

PAUL  
Please, get in the car. We don't  
have time-

CAMILLE  
Why? Why don't we have time?

Paul looks at Camille, unable to answer.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
When I touched your body...your  
blood, it was...

PAUL  
Cold.

Camille puts her hand on her head, troubled.  
She quickly reaches into her pocket and pulls out her phone.  
Navigating it, she opens the CAMERA APP and points it at Paul.

CAMILLE  
Oh, my God...

When we see the screen: HE IS NOT THERE.

Paul circles her as Camille follows him with her camera.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
You're...you're a ghost.

PAUL  
No. Ghosts are dead.

CAMILLE  
Then, how are you alive?

PAUL  
I'm not.

CAMILLE  
Then what are you?

Paul approaches Camille, getting right up into her camera.  
He pushes her phone down from the front of her face.

PAUL  
*I'm late.*

Camille looks him in the eyes.

He seems alive.

He seems real.

All of a sudden, Paul begins to COUGH VIOLENTLY, worse than before.

He catches himself on the car and lowers himself into the passengers seat to gather himself.

Paul catches his breath as Camille approaches him.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Look, I'll pay you whatever you want. Double, triple, you name it. I don't care.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

I just need your help. So, please, just name your price. Whatever it is. You'll get it. Just please, help me.

Sofia squats down before Paul.

CAMILLE

If you want my help, then you have to tell me something.

PAUL

What?

CAMILLE

Your name.

Paul considers this for a moment.

PAUL

Paul.

CAMILLE

Well, Paul, I want a million dollars.

PAUL

Done.

Paul extends his hand for her to shake, but Camille is taken aback by his agreement to it.

CAMILLE

Are you serious?

PAUL

Yes. I'll give you what you were supposed to get tonight.

Paul reaches into his coat pocket and produces the CRUMPLED BROWN BAG of money and hands it to Camille.

PAUL (CONT'D)

And I'll give you the rest of what you want when we're done. I'm good for it. I swear.

Camille slowly takes the bag of money and looks inside of it to see a FAT STACK OF CASH.

Her eyes go WIDE.

Paul then extends his hands to shake on a deal.

She shakes it back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Now, can you get me into that hospital?

Camille thinks to herself for a moment.

CAMILLE

That call I got earlier in your car was probably about that accident. I'm on a list if they need extra hands. I can say I'm coming in for that, but its gonna be a zoo.

PAUL

That's good. We can blend in.

CAMILLE

There'll be people everywhere. Probably cops too.

PAUL

Okay. We'll figure it out. What do you need to make it work?

CAMILLE

My scrubs and some other things. But they're at my place.

PAUL

Okay. But we gotta stop somewhere first.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - OUTSKIRTS OF CITY - LATER

Paul pulls to a stop outside of the abandoned church.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

PAUL

I gotta run inside real quick. Wait here.

Camille looks out the window to see the abandoned church.

CAMILLE

How can you go in there?

PAUL

What?

CAMILLE

How can you go into a church like that?

PAUL

It's doesn't look like much of a church anymore, now does it?

Camille considers this.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Wait here. I'll be back in a minute.

Paul goes to exit, but Camille interjects.

CAMILLE

I want to come.

PAUL

No. I need you to stay.

Camille looks around, clearly nervous and scared.

CAMILLE

I don't want to.

PAUL

You have to.

He opens his door and exits, leaving Camille to watch the door slam in her face.

She watches through the window as Paul approaches the abandoned church and heads for the door.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - OUTSKIRTS OF CITY - CONTINUOUS

As Paul approaches the door, he looks over the mess of blood that's on his shirt.

He ZIPS UP his jacket to hide it.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Camille watches as Paul disappears into the church.

It's quiet and the area around Camille is overgrown and wild.

She checks to make sure the doors are locked, but this car's old and falling apart.

Finally, Camille's had enough.

She opens the door and jumps out of the car for the church.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Paul enters the basement, making his way towards the back for Samy.

She emerges, wearing a flowing LIGHT BLUE ROBE.

SAMY

Paul. I was beginning to get worried.

The smile drains off of Samy's face as she sees Paul's disheveled and notices there's no backpack on his shoulder.

SAMY (CONT'D)

Where is it?

PAUL

There was problem.

SAMY

This problem wouldn't have to do with her, would it?

Paul turns to see Camille standing near the entrance.

He quickly runs to her.

PAUL

You need to leave.

CAMILLE

(looking around)  
What is this place?

PAUL

Just turn around and go. Wait for me in-

SAMY

Hello!

Camille looks up see Samy looking at her.

SAMY (CONT'D)

What's your name?

Camille looks to Paul for some sort of cue, but he just looks away, biting his tongue.

CAMILLE  
Uh, C-Camille.

SAMY  
(smiling)  
Camille. Welcome.

Samy descends, approaching the two.

SAMY (CONT'D)  
Are you a friend of Paul's?

CAMILLE  
Um, yeah I-I guess so.

SAMY  
(looking her over)  
She's quite beautiful, Paul. Don't  
you think?

No answer.

CAMILLE  
I'm sorry. W-who are you?

SAMY  
You know me. Your kind has always  
known me. You once called me 'god'.  
Today, you call me 'demon'. And  
tomorrow you will call me something  
else.

CAMILLE  
You're like Paul.

SAMY  
No, Paul is like me.

Samy smiles.

SAMY (CONT'D)  
Now, tell me Camille, what  
happened?

PAUL  
(stepping forward)  
It's my fault. I messed up. But we-  
I can get some. I just came to ask  
for a little more time. Just a  
couple hours, that's all.

Samy doesn't like the sound of this.

But before she can respond, the door behind the altar opens and someone emerges.

It has the body shape of a man wearing a BIG BLACK LEATHER JACKET and a BLACK, CLOTH MASK which covers his face entirely.

He also wears some HEAVY BOOTS.

This is SETH.

A look of fear comes over Paul's face.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
What's he doing here?

SAMY  
The others and I, we needed a guarantee.

PAUL  
I said I'll get it and I'm gonna get it. You'll have it before the end of the night. I promise.

SAMY  
I know you do. But you don't look like you'll last until then, Paul. Besides, we've already got some right here.

Samy turns her attention to Camille who begins to be overtaken by fear.

PAUL  
We're leaving.

Paul begins to drag Camille out of the room.

Samy looks after them, smiling as they exit.

She then turns and walks over to the altar where Seth is.

SAMY  
(in Aramaic)  
Follow them. Make sure they come back to us.

Seth brings a VAPE PEN to his mouth and takes a big hit.

Exhaling, the vapor emanates from his mask, creating a smoke cloud which envelops his whole head.



INT. PAUL'S CAR - LATER

Paul coughs loudly as he drives down the road.

The car moves much faster than before.

He's in a hurry.

Camille looks like she's in a daze as she stares blankly out the window.

PAUL

I told you to stay in the car.

CAMILLE

I didn't wanna stay out there by myself.

PAUL

It doesn't matter. I need you to do what I tell you to do. If you don't you're gonna fuck this thing up more than you already have.

Camille retreats into herself.

CAMILLE

What the hell did you get me into? What is this, huh? What are you her little errand boy?

PAUL

No.

Paul bites his tongue, not wanting to blow up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Look, after we get this blood, you're out, you're done. You'll be safe. I'll find someone new and you'll have your money.

Camille shakes her head and turns to look out the window.

INT. CAMILLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Camille leads Paul up some stairs to her apartment.

As they do, Paul stumbles a bit before catching himself.

Camille looks back to make sure he's okay and Paul motions for her to keep going.

She makes her way to her door and unlocks it.

INT. CAMILLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Entering, we see that the apartment is a tremendously small studio.

Most curious is the complete lack of baby things.

There is no crib, no decorations, and certainly no indication that Camille is just months from giving birth.

CAMILLE

I'll be quick.

Camille makes her way over to her sleeping space and a mountain of clothes on the floor and bed.

Paul watches as she rifles through her clothes pile and grabs what could either be clean or dirty NURSE'S SCRUBS.

She turns back again and Paul takes this his cue to look away.

He turns his attention to a wall nearby which is the only one that has anything on it.

It is adorned with lots of RELIGIOUS ARTWORK.

At the top sits a CRUCIFIX while many prints of Jesus and the Virgin Mary are tacked below it.

PAUL

Are you a believer?

CAMILLE

What?

PAUL

Your wall.

Paul turns to look at Camille out of instinct.

She's topless with her back turned to him, wearing only some underwear.

Her stomach just barely pokes out from around her back which has a small TATTOO of a DOVE on it.

CAMILLE

Oh, uh, not really.

PAUL

But you have these things.

CAMILLE

My mother put all that stuff there.  
She says it works whether you  
believe in it or not.

Camille turns to see that Paul was watching her.

He quickly and embarrassingly turns back to face the wall,  
his face red.

PAUL

I don't know how He does it.

Camille finishes getting dressed and turns to Paul.

CAMILLE

Who?

PAUL

God. I don't know how He does it  
everyday, how he doesn't get tired  
of it all over and over and over  
again.

Camille considers this.

CAMILLE

So, why do you stick around then if  
you're so miserable?

PAUL

Because I know something much worse  
is waiting for me on the other  
side.

CAMILLE

How do you know that?

PAUL

We haven't always gotten what we  
needed from blood banks or  
hospitals.

Camille considers this as she feels the pangs of fear.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I just...need a little more time to  
get right.

CAMILLE

How long you been saying that?

Paul answers only with a smile.

He begins to look around her room some more.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

When I first found out I was pregnant I was really scared. I thought for sure I would get rid of it, but I was even more scared of that. So, I started babysitting my nephew to, I don't know, I guess I needed some money, but to try and learn, see if I could do it. Every day, I would take him to park and every day he would ask me to push him on the same swing. At first, it was cute, but I started to get annoyed. I got sick of the stupid swing. It was every day. And every day I asked him if he wanted to do something else, even just a different swing, and he still said 'No'. He would laugh and scream as much the hundredth time as he did the first. It was like it was brand new every single time. I couldn't believe it. It made me feel so...old.

PAUL

Yeah...

Just then, Camille grabs at her belly.

CAMILLE

Oh...

PAUL

What's the matter?

CAMILLE

Nothing. She's just moving.

PAUL

It's a girl?

CAMILLE

Oh, I don't know. I guess its just what I've been telling myself.

PAUL

Can I?

CAMILLE

What?

PAUL

Can I feel it?

Camille is taken aback by this question.

She considers it for a moment, looking at Paul.

He really wants to.

CAMILLE

O-okay. Sit here.

Camille motions to her unmade bed.

Paul walks over and sits down on it as Camille lifts her shirt to reveal her stomach.

Paul looks up at her and she nods.

He extends his hand slowly as if he's afraid of what he's going to feel.

Paul places it on her belly, but quickly pulls it away.

PAUL

Woah...

Camille smiles as she looks at her belly.

Small mounds move around it as the baby kicks.

Paul smiles as he watches it.

Slowly, he places his hand back on Camille's belly again.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Do you have a name for her?

CAMILLE

No. After she's born I'm gonna give her up, I think.

PAUL

Why?

CAMILLE

I mean, look at me. Look at this place. What kind of life could I give her?

PAUL  
Well, what about the father?

CAMILLE  
There is no father.

Paul turns his attention back to her belly.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
You never had a kid in all your  
years.

Paul pulls his hand away, something about this saddens him.

PAUL  
I can't.

Camille pulls her shirt back down as Paul stands.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
We should get going. You got  
everything?

CAMILLE  
Yeah. I think so.

Camille grabs the backpack and opens it up, looking inside.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Ah, shit...

PAUL  
What?

Camille pulls out the ICE PACKS from the backpack.

CAMILLE  
The ice packs. They're warm.

Paul turns to the fridge and opens the freezer.

It's empty.

No ice machine.

No ice.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Again...

PAUL  
No. It's-it's okay. We'll just get  
some on the way.

Something stops Paul again.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Oh, uh, let's grab some extra  
clothes for us. Just in case.

CAMILLE  
Okay.

PAUL  
You got any guy's stuff?

CAMILLE  
A few things...

Camille and Paul begin to sift through her mountain of dirty or displaced clothes.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - LATER

Paul pulls into a spot in the empty parking lot of an all night grocery store that's bursting with light.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Camille hurriedly make their way inside and walk up to a CASHIER behind one of the cash registers.

He has scruffy hair and wears his store's uniform, a white T-shirt with a red apron.

He's also shuffling a DECK OF TAROT CARDS in his hand.

PAUL  
Where's your ice?

The teen fans out the cards in front of him and smiles.

CASHIER  
Pick a card.

PAUL  
What?

CASHIER  
*Pick a card.*

PAUL  
We don't have time for this. Just  
tell me where the ice is.

CASHIER  
(urging with his hands  
again)  
Please, pick a card.

PAUL  
Jesus...

Paul's had enough and starts to walk off into the store.

CASHIER  
You'll never find it.

PAUL  
Yeah? Why not?

CASHIER  
Because its not there.

PAUL  
(turning back)  
So, you're out of ice?

CASHIER  
We're out until you pick a card.

Paul just stares incredulously at the teen.

CAMILLE  
I think we should pick a card.

PAUL  
We don't have time for this.

CAMILLE  
I think we should make time.

PAUL  
Why?

CAMILLE  
I just feel like we should.

Paul realizes Camille is dead serious.

PAUL  
Alright. Whatever.

CASHIER  
There are some decisions that must  
be made before they can be fully  
understood.



PAUL  
Just do the fucking trick, dude.

The teen smiles and turns his attention to Camille.

CASHIER  
Alright. Pick a card.

Camille carefully makes a selection.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
Show it to your friend.

Camille shows Paul the card who looks at it reluctantly and clearly annoyed.

We, however, do not see it.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
Okay. Now, put it back.

Camille slides it back into the fan and the teen begins to shuffle the cards.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
Abra-ca-dabra.

He pulls out one of the cards: THE SEVEN OF CUPS

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
Is this your card?

CAMILLE  
(smiling)  
Yeah.

But Paul is unimpressed.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Whaat does it mean?

CASHIER  
It means the ice is in aisle 7.

Paul shakes his head.

*What a joke...*

CAMILLE  
Thank you.

Paul looks down to see aisle 1 all the way at the opposite end.

He puts his hand on Camille's back, urging her on.

They walk off down towards the aisle, disappearing down it.

After they do, a dark, imposing figure enters the grocery store.

He turns in the direction of the aisle Paul and Camille went down.

The teen pays him no mind.

INT. GROCERY STORE - AISLE 1 - CONTINUOUS

Paul opens a FREEZER DOOR for Camille as she grabs a bunch of ice packs out of it and stuff them into her arms.

He hears the sound of some boots clanging against the linoleum floor and quickly turns to the top of the aisle.

It's SETH.

He's a hugely imposing figure, standing at what looks like 7 feet tall and full of muscle.

We see the back of his black leather jacket which reads 'MADE IN HEAVEN'.

Paul's eyes grow wide as Seth begins to walk towards them, causing Camille to look up now too.

PAUL

Put the ice in the bag quickly.

Camille drops the backpack off her shoulders and unzips it, tossing the ice packs in as quickly as she can.

Paul approaches Seth putting his hands up in a faux surrender.

In his back, tucked against his belt, is the knife he took earlier.

SETH

(in Aramaic)

Time's up.

PAUL

The night isn't over.

SETH

(in Aramaic)

It is for you.

PAUL

Look, we're going to get it right after this. I promise you won't go hungry tonight.

SETH

(in Aramaic)

I'm *always* hungry.

Seth brings his vape pen to his mouth as he takes a long drag.

The vapor begins to billow out of the cloth mask over his face.

Paul CHARGES at Seth, quickly drawing his knife.

He takes a few quick SLASHES, but Seth easily DODGES them before counter-attacking with a strong PUNCH.

Paul's attacks are frantic and desperate, while Seth moves smoothly and confidently.

Paul takes a HEAVY SWING with the knife, but Seth GRABS his arm, stopping him, and TWISTS IT.

The knife FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

Seth then easily TOSSES Paul to into the glass freezer which SHATTERS into a million pieces.

Camille YELPS.

As Paul tries to get up, Seth GRABS him again and THROWS him into the other row of freezers on the other side.

Paul tries to pick himself up again, but is too hurt.

Seth turns his attention to Camille who quickly gathers up the backpack and begins to BACK AWAY.

Camille quickly runs out of room.

She bumps back into the back row filled with MILK cartons colored RED AND WHITE.

Scared, and with Seth approaching, Camille reaches behind her and grabs one of the cardboard gallons of milk.

She CHUCKS IT at Seth's head and it EXPLODES, covering him and the floor in milk.

Camille desperately grabs another and THROWS IT AT HIM, but he blocks it with his hand and it explodes onto the floor.

He's getting CLOSER.

Camille slides the ice-filled backpack off and SWINGS it at him wildly.

She HITS him a few times, but he tries to SNATCH it out of the air.

Seth grabs ahold of it, but Camille's wild pulling, along with the milk covering the linoleum floor, causes Seth to LOSE BALANCE.

He SLIPS on and hits the ground with a loud THUD coming from the BACK OF HIS HEAD.

As Seth squirms on the floor in a daze, Paul picks himself up and makes his way over to the KNIFE, grabbing it.

He rushes over Seth on the floor and puts one of his KNEES on Seth's arm.

Paul begins to STAB Seth all over his TORSO.

PAUL  
Hold his other arm!

CAMILLE  
What?

PAUL  
Hold it!

Camille DROPS to the floor, grabbing Seth's other arm and PINNING IT DOWN with her body as well.

Seth RAGES VIOLENTLY like a corned WILD ANIMAL.

Paul then HOISTS THE KNIFE and PLUNGES it into Seth's neck.

Blood SPRAYS up into Paul's face as he begins to drag it across the throat, SEVERING Seth's head from his body.

Camille turns away, closing her eyes from the gory mess.

CLOSE as Seth's arms go still under their bodies.

Feeling this, Camille slowly opens her eyes to see Seth decapitated.

He's DEAD.

Paul sits back onto the floor, letting out a sigh.

He's covered in blood as he pants heavily.

Paul's face and body are cut and beat up.

His eyes look heavy as if he were extremely tired.

Camille looks down to see Seth's blood beginning to mix with the milk, swirling like a peppermint candy.

She watches as the mixture flows to the knife that's nearby on the ground.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Grab the backpack.

Camille snatches up the backpack and grabs the bloody knife nearby, pocketing it before going over to Paul.

Paul tries to stand again, but falls back to the ground.

He's badly hurt and very weak, getting worse by the second.

Camille helps him up, putting his arm over her shoulder as she carefully guides him back down the aisle.

As they make their way towards the front, they walk by the register where the teen is still standing.

He seems indifferent, almost bored, as if nothing just happened.

TEEN  
Find what you were looking for?

CAMILLE  
Yes. Thank you.

Camille just keeps Paul moving as fast as she can.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - LATER

Camille's behind the steering wheel now as she drives down the road.

Looking beside her, she sees Paul crumpled up in the passenger's seat.

He looks terrible.

A look of worry comes over Camille's face.

She steps on the gas, lurching the car forward into the night.

EXT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - LATER

Some fresh white snow.

We hear a car door opening before Paul VOMITS BLOOD into the snow, staining it violently.

Camille quickly exits and rushes over to the passenger's side to see what's happening to Paul.

He drags himself out of the car and down onto the snow near his mess.

Camille helps him up and leans him back against the car.

He can barely keep himself up on his own.

CAMILLE  
You're not healing...

PAUL  
I just...need to eat.

Camille looks over to the ER across the lot: outside are a couple POLICE CARS and AMBULANCES.

She sighs.

CAMILLE  
Oh, man...

Paul turns to look for himself before turning back to watch Camille.

The longer she looks, the more tense she gets.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Take some of mine.

PAUL  
No.

CAMILLE  
Yes. I can run in and just grab a few supplies-

PAUL  
No. They need too much. It's too dangerous for you and your girl.

CAMILLE  
I don't care. Just take it.  
Please...

PAUL  
Listen to yourself. Listen to what  
you're saying.

Camille reaches in her pocket and pulls out the KNIFE.

Flipping out the blade, she rolls her sleeve up and holds it  
against her skin.

CAMILLE  
Then just take a little of mine  
then. Just enough so that you're  
better.

PAUL  
No.

CAMILLE  
Please! Please. I just...I need  
you...I-I can't do this alone...

Paul walks over to Camille.

He reaches and grabs the knife from her.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Please...

PAUL  
I don't trust myself.

CAMILLE  
I trust you.

PAUL  
It's not enough.

Camille shakes her head.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You can do this.

CAMILLE  
How can you know that?

PAUL  
Because you have to.

Camille nods slightly as she composes herself.

Paul looks at the knife in his hand and tosses it off into  
some snowbank.

CAMILLE  
What if we need that?

PAUL  
We won't.

Paul slings his arm over her shoulder.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - WAITING ROOM -  
MOMENTS LATER

The electronic doors pull apart as Paul and Camille enter.

They are hit with a WALL OF SOUND.

Camille's eyes widen as she takes the scene in.

PATIENTS scream and wail in pain.

DOCTORS and NURSES shuffle some patients back into the ER or  
try and triage right there in the waiting room.

COPS take statements and try to calm others down.

Camille keeps her head down as she makes her way up to the  
nurse's station where a few nurses work furiously behind it.

CAMILLE  
(nervously)  
Excuse me...

No one hears her.

The sound of everything SWELLS, like she's inside a rattling  
cage.

She looks down at Paul who desperately looks up at her.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
(more forceful)  
Excuse me.

A nurse half looks up.

NURSE  
He with the accident?

CAMILLE  
Yeah.

NURSE  
Okay. Find a seat.



CAMILLE

I need to get him back there now.

NURSE

There's no beds back there now. So, please take a seat out here and someone will be with you as soon as-

CAMILLE

He's got lacerations all over his body and he's lost a lot of blood.

NURSE

I understand-

CAMILLE

(frustrated)

No. You don't understand. This man is fucking dying! Look at him!

The nurse, surprised by Camille's outburst, finally looks up.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I'm a nurse. You called me to come down here in the middle of the night and help. Now, do you need it or not?! Because I can go and I'll just fucking drop him right here and he can be your problem.

The nurse looks over at Paul who's hanging off of Camille like a rag doll.

He's covered in blood and cuts.

She also finally notices that Camille is in nurse's scrubs.

NURSE

Sorry. I-Yeah, go-go ahead.

CAMILLE

Can I get a badge?

NURSE

Sure.

The nurse quickly scrambles in some drawers.

As she does, Camille feels Paul pull at her shirt.

She looks down to see him motioning to something with his head.

Looking up to the corner of the room, Camille sees a TELEVISION that's playing a late run of the news.

On it, Camille sees some grainy SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE of the encounter her and Paul had with Ernie at the blood bank.

The tag says 'ATTEMPTED ROBBERY AT BLOOD BANK'.

The sound is too loud in the ER to hear what the news reporters are saying.

The TV then flashes an employee ID photo of Camille as well as a rough sketch of Paul.

Camille quickly puts her head down and looks around the room.

No one's really look at the TV with all the craziness going on, or so she hopes.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Here's your badge.

The nurse slides a PROVISIONARY BADGE across the desk to Camille who quickly snatches it up.

She starts to shuffle Paul towards the doors leading deeper into the ER and presses her way through them.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Whatever insanity was in the waiting room is now even greater as they cross the threshold of these doors.

It's pure PANDAEMONIUM.

Camille takes Paul further inside, keeping her head down, as people brush past them and pay them no real mind.

She looks all around for a bed for Paul.

Each is taken by a patient who is being tended to.

Camille goes from bed to bed before she finally spots a patient being transferred from one and rushed out of the room on a gurney by some nurses and doctors.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - BED - CONTINUOUS

Camille helps Paul up onto the bed and lays him down before shutting the privacy curtain behind them.

For a moment, this bed feels like a tiny enclave of quiet.

PAUL  
What are you doing?

Paul tries to get back up, but Camille pushes him back down.

CAMILLE  
You gotta stay here.

PAUL  
What? Why?

CAMILLE  
I can't take you in there with me.

Paul grabs at her arm. *He's* scared.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
I'm not gonna leave you. I'm coming back. I promise. I got this. Just-just two minutes, okay? Okay?

Camille pulls Paul's hand off of her arm.

He doesn't want to let go.

She backs out, her eyes on Paul before slipping back through the curtain and onto the main floor.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Camille looks around.

A CART BURSTS through some doors with some BLOOD on it.

However, it heads straight for a trauma patient; impossible to intercept.

Camille eyes the doors it just emerged from and pushes her way through them into...

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is somewhat quiet, but lined on either side with a few patients on beds.

They lie quietly, somewhere between conscious and not.

She makes her way down the hall until something stops her:

A POLICE OFFICER.

He strolls casually with a coffee in one hand and his phone in the other.

Camille quickly looks to her side and spots a female patient in a bed.

She sidles up next to her and begins to pretend to care for her with her head down.

The cop walks past, looking up from his phone to glance over at Camille.

She can't help herself and looks up at the cop.

He doesn't seem to recognize her.

They make brief eye contact before she flashes a quick smile and turns her attention back to the patient.

The cop disappears out the doors and back onto the main floor of the emergency room.

Camille moves off the patient and gets to the end of the hall before turning the corner.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Looking through the windows, Camille watches as a couple of TECHNICIANS frantically try to prepare the orders for blood.

Camille uses the PASS she got from the nurse to enter.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - BLOOD BANK - CONTINUOUS

The techs don't pay Camille much mind as she slips inside.

She stands a bit awkwardly at the door, watching as the technicians are fast at work, before quickly glancing up at a SECURITY CAMERA in the room.

TECH  
(distracted)  
Can I help you find anything?

CAMILLE  
Yeah, I need some blood for a patient of mine in the ER.

TECH  
Know what type you're looking for?

CAMILLE

Yeah.

TECH

Do you mind getting it yourself?  
We're kinda busy...

CAMILLE

Sure.

TECH

Thanks.

The techs never even look up from their work.

Camille makes her way over to the large fridge and opens it up.

It's PACKED with blood.

Camille reaches for some packs of O-Negative blood and begins to transfer them discreetly into her backpack as she hides behind the door of the fridge.

She puts a bunch in and quickly zips the bag back up before standing and shutting the fridge.

TECH (CONT'D)

Good luck out there.

Camille stops and smiles before heading out.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Camille walks quickly down the hall back towards the ER.

She smiles to herself as she walks back; *that was easy.*

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pushing her way back onto the chaotic main floor, Camille heads back to the corner and reaches for the privacy curtain.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - BED - CONTINUOUS

Camille enters to find:

A POLICE OFFICER.

It's the same one who passed her in the hallway earlier.

He stands next to the bed.

COP  
Come on inside, ma'am.

The cop motions to where he is but Camille is too stunned to move.

She looks to see Paul who is barely alive.

Camille also sees that he is HANDCUFFED to the bed railing.

COP (CONT'D)  
Ma'am. I need you to step inside.

CAMILLE  
That's my patient. He's very sick and he needs some blood. I just came to give it-

COP  
Ma'am, I'm not gonna ask you again. Step inside and hand me that backpack.

CAMILLE  
He's going to die if he doesn't get that blood.

COP  
Don't do this. I don't wanna have to make a scene here. There's lots of good doctors and sick people out there who don't need something like that. Now, please, step inside and *slowly* hand me that backpack.

Camille starts to slide the backpack off of her shoulder, but then quickly unzips it and retrieves the blood for Paul.

However, the cop LURCHES at Camille and grabs her firmly by the arm, stopping her.

CAMILLE  
No! Let me go!

The cop wrestles the backpack out of her hand and it DROPS to the floor.

He then starts to wrangle Camille's arms behind her back, trying to handcuff her.

She fights him hard, but he's too strong.

Camille looks at Paul who weakly tries to mouth something.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
He needs it! He's going to die!

Camille THROWS her head back and hits the cop in the eye.

COP  
Fuck!

The cop grabs at his face with one hand while desperately holding on to her with the other.

He then SWEEPS his leg under hers and KICKS her off balance, knocking her to the ground.

Camille FALLS HARD onto her back.

It knocks the wind out of her as she GASPS for air.

COP (CONT'D)  
Fucking bitch!

The cop checks his hand over his eye. No blood.

He leans down, pressing Camille into the cold linoleum floor, as he finally handcuffs her.

Just then, a NURSE opens the curtains, checking in to see what's going on inside.

NURSE  
Is everything-

The cop WHIPS TO HER before she can get another word out.

COP  
I've got it under control.  
This is a police matter. Leave!

The nurse looks down at Camille on the floor.

COP (CONT'D)  
I need you to leave. Now!

The nurse backs out and quickly shuts the curtains.

On the floor, Camille sees the backpack is not too far away.

She can even see the blood inside.

However, the cop scoops it up and leans into his radio.

COP (CONT'D)  
Central, 508 here, I got the  
suspects from that blood bank  
robbery in custody. I'm gonna bring  
'em in now.

RADIO  
Copy that, 508. See you soon.

The cop puts his attention back on Camille on the ground.

COP  
Alright, let's go.

Camille doesn't budge.

Her eyes are panicked as she tries to think of what to do next.

COP (CONT'D)  
C'mon. Get up.

The cop tries to pull her up by her arms, but Camille pushes her full weight back down to the floor and he drops her.

COP (CONT'D)  
(sighing)  
Don't do this. I'll make sure you  
end up having that fucking kid in  
prison and that Daddy up there  
never sees it.

But Camille doesn't seem to hear him or care.

She RATCHETS her head back and SLAMS it into the ground.

COP (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?!

Camille does it again, slamming her nose down HARD.

COP (CONT'D)  
Oh, no way. You're not gonna pin  
some shit on me. Get up!

The cop PULLS HER UP aggressively to her feet.

Camille now has BLOOD pouring out of her nose and down into her mouth.

COP (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

Camille throws her shoulder back, pushing the cop off her.



She then LUNGES forward and MASHES her bloody mouth into Paul's, KISSING HIM HARD.

As she kisses him, she SPITS her blood into his mouth.

The cop regains his balance and YANKS her off of Paul.

COP (CONT'D)

Enough!

CAMILLE

Paul!

Camille tries to fight her way back to Paul, but the cop is too strong for her.

Just then, Paul starts to COME ALIVE.

It's small at first, but he begins to PULL at his wrist which is still handcuffed to the bed.

COP

(to Paul)

Hey!

Paul begins to pull harder and harder.

The cop pulls out his TASER and aims it at Paul's chest.

COP (CONT'D)

Stay down, man!

Paul comes to and sits up out of his bed.

The cop SHOOTS the taser into his chest, but it doesn't affect Paul in any way.

COP (CONT'D)

(scared and confused)

What the fuck?

Instead, Paul RIPS the railing off of the bed and SWINGS it into the cops face.

The cop falls to the ground, KNOCKED OUT COLD.

Camille looks up at Paul in the bed, her blood smeared all over his face.

PAUL

You okay?

Camille smiles and nods.

Paul jumps out of the bed.

He's like a new man, no longer looking pale and sickly.

Paul reaches down for the cop and searches for the keys to the handcuffs before freeing himself.

He then walks over to un-cuff Camille.

CAMILLE

No. Wait.

PAUL

What?

CAMILLE

Take me outta here like this.

PAUL

Why?

CAMILLE

Look at us. We're not just gonna be able to walk outta here like this. There's cops everywhere out there. Take his uniform and walk me out like you're taking me in.

PAUL

Okay.

Paul reaches down and lifts the cop up, placing him onto the bed before going to strip his uniform off of him.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - BED - MOMENTS LATER

Paul tightens the belt around his waist.

PAUL

How do I look?

Camille turns from looking out of a crack in the curtain to see Paul as she walks up to him.

The uniform is a little big on him, but not too bad.

CAMILLE

You still got some of my blood on your face.

Paul licks his hand and quickly wipes it off.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Do I?

Paul nods.

He takes his hand and gently wipes the blood off of Camille's face before LICKING it out of the palm of his hand.

PAUL

Ready?

Camille nods, slinging the backpack up over his shoulder and grabbing Camille by the shoulder.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul and Camille exit.

They walk slowly, Camille keeping her head down as Paul surveys the room.

However, things are still too crazy in the ER for anyone to really notice aside from a few cursory glances.

Paul keeps the officer's cap down low over his eyes to hide his face.

Camille lightly wrestles him a bit, hamming it up.

They push out the doors into...

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

However, there are still a few cops lingering around the waiting room speaking to people and taking statements.

One looks up at Paul as they pass by.

Paul looks at him and sees that he's familiar.

It's the same cop who harassed him at the park earlier:  
MCCALLEN

McCallen's expression changes as he recognizes Paul as well.

PAUL

(quietly to Camille)  
Do you trust me?

CAMILLE

What?

PAUL  
Do you trust me?

CAMILLE  
Yes.

McCallen tugs at Kowaleski next to him which is the same partner he had earlier in the night.

He points to Paul.

PAUL  
I need you to say it.

CAMILLE  
I trust you.

PAUL  
Okay.

With that, Paul pulls the GUN from the holster on his belt and hoists it up into the air.

BANG!

He fires a shot into the ceiling.

People scream and the cops duck, drawing their weapons.

Paul then points the gun at the cops as he wraps his other arm around her chest and neck and pulls her in close as a HOSTAGE.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Put it down!

Both cops keep their guns trained on Paul and Camille.

Camille's eyes WIDEN in total fear.

MCCALLEN  
I knew something was up with you!

PAUL  
I don't wanna hurt anyone. Just put your guns down.

KOWALESKI  
Let the lady go.

PAUL  
No! Put your guns down! Put them down now!

KOWALESKI

Okay! Okay...

Kowaleski throws his hands up in surrender, but McCallen keeps his pointed at Paul, his finger on the trigger.

Paul reasserts the gun in his hand towards McCallen.

PAUL

(to Kowaleski)

Tell him to put it down!

KOWALESKI

Put it down, McCallen!

MCCALLEN

I can hit him.

KOWALESKI

Put it down!

MCCALLEN

I can do it! I got a shot!

CAMILLE

Please! Please just do what he says! Please!

Camille's voice seems to pacify McCallen.

Slowly, he lowers his gun.

But he's not happy about it.

PAUL

Put them on the floor and kick them over here.

The cops do so, sliding their guns across the linoleum floor.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Now handcuff yourselves to that rail.

The cops hesitate.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Do it!

The cops produce their handcuffs and bind themselves to a handicap railing on the nearby wall.

The other people are all cowering behind desks or chairs.

Paul scans the room and spots a HIDING WOMAN who has phone up to her ear making a call.

She's saying something softly into it.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Hey! You!

The woman nearly jumps at Paul's voice as she lowers the phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Slide your phone over here.

The woman SLIDES it across the floor and Paul stops it with his feet.

Looking down at the screen, he sees the call has been placed to '911'.

There's not much time.

Paul turns his attention back to the cops.

The cops finish, adequately bound to the rail.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Toss the keys over here.

The cops toss them near the guns.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(to Camille)  
Grab that stuff.

Camille drops down and quickly grabs the guns and keys.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Now, we're leaving. If anyone  
moves, I'll shoot them.

Slowly, Paul pulls Camille with him as they back out of the emergency room, his eyes scanning the room.

Paul and Camille walk out the front door.

EXT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Paul and Camille continue to back out as the doors close.

PAUL  
Put that stuff in the trash.

Camille dumps the two guns and keys into a nearby TRASHCAN.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Go to the car.

Camille picks up her pace and heads towards Paul's car as he follows her with the gun pointed back towards the hospital.

They make their way into the car.

INT./EXT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul starts the car up and starts to pull out of the parking space.

As he makes his way out of the lot, the sound of a POLICE SIREN can be heard closing in.

As Paul exits the lot, a POLICE CRUISER passes him on the way in.

Camille turns and watches as it makes its way into the lot.

However, it SLAMS on the breaks and starts to turn around.

CAMILLE

Oh, shit...

PAUL

What?

CAMILLE

They're turning around.

PAUL

Put your seatbelt on.

Camille quickly complies and fastens herself in.

Paul steps on the gas.

The chase is on.

Paul picks up speed quickly, making his way down the straightaway road.

He runs red lights, but given the time of night, traffic is fairly scarce and swerves only between a few cars.

Camille looks back to see the police car gaining on them.

INT./EXT. ABANDONED NEIGHBORHOOD - DETROIT - CONTINUOUS

Paul quickly CUTS down a road, wheels squealing, and starts driving towards an ABANDONED part of the city.

The roads are quiet here and the houses are few or in serious disrepair.

The lots are overgrown with nature.

Either way, no people live out here.

The cop follows them down this road, lights and sirens blaring.

Camille keeps turning back to watch.

PAUL

Don't worry about them. Tell me if  
you see any helicopters.

Camille switches her attention to the sky, scanning it for any floodlights.

It's quiet.

Paul TURNS THE WHEEL, taking them into an abandoned lot.

The car pummels through the tall grass, weaving in and out of abandoned houses.

Paul narrowly DODGES a tree.

However, the cop is not so skilled.

The cruiser CLIPS the tree and FLIPS OVER, CAREENING into a burnt out Victorian-style home.

Paul navigates out of the overgrown lot and onto another quiet street.

CAMILLE

I see one!

Paul looks up to see a HELICOPTER in the distant sky.

He quickly makes ANOTHER TURN down a road.

INT./EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL ZONE - DETROIT - CONTINUOUS

Paul has navigated to the OLD PACKARD PLANT, a massive factory that looks like its been through a war.



He pulls the car into an open area and quickly puts it in park before turning it off.

PAUL

Let's go.

Paul gets out along with Camille.

He opens the back seat and takes out the CLOTHES Camille grabbed for them earlier.

Both begin to quickly strip and CHANGE.

They put on large clothes, things that are easy to hide in, although some of the stuff doesn't quite fit Paul.

Paul then grabs the GUN and stuffs it in the pocket of this new jacket.

He then gathers up all their old clothes and closes up the car.

Paul then finds a HOLE IN THE GROUND and DROPS the clothes into them.

PAUL (CONT'D)

C'mon.

Camille follows Paul as she leads him out of the Packard plant and into the overgrown lot that surrounds it.

EXT. OVERGROWN LOT - OLD PACKARD PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Paul and Camille step out into what could be a literal JUNGLE.

From the cover of the densely overgrown trees and grasses, Paul looks out and spots the helicopter a few blocks away searching in an area nearby where they lost the cop car.

PAUL

Okay. We're not too far. We'll walk the rest of the way.

Paul grabs Camille by the hand and begins to lead her in the other direction.

The backpack hangs over her shoulder.

EXT. STREET - DETROIT - LATER

Paul and Camille are walking down a busier, well-lit main road on the side walk.

They are still hand in hand.

They try and keep their heads down as they make their way to the abandoned church.

All of a sudden, A BRIGHT LIGHT flashes on them from behind.

Paul tries to keep them moving, but he notices that the car is targeting them and has slowed down beside them.

He looks over to see that its a COP CAR.

PAUL  
(quietly to Camille)  
Keep your head down.

Paul looks back at the cop, his hands up over his eyes to shield him from the bright light pointed on him.

The cop has parked his car and stepped out of it, leaning on the open driver's door.

COP  
Hello!

PAUL  
Hi...

COP  
What are you two doing out here so late?

PAUL  
(smiling)  
Oh, we're just coming back from the bar?

COP  
Which bar?

PAUL  
It's just the one down the road.

COP  
What's the name?

Paul has no answer.

COP (CONT'D)  
Who's that with you?

PAUL  
It's my girlfriend.

COP  
Can she look over here please?

PAUL  
She's feeling pretty sick. She had too much to drink. We're on our way home now.

COP  
Where do you live?

PAUL  
Just up there.

The cop nods.

It's another 'non-answer'.

COP  
I'm gonna need her to look over here so I can see her face.

PAUL  
She's really not feeling well. If you don't mind, I'd like to get her home so she don't puke all over the sidewalk.

COP  
I need her to look over here.

There's no more use arguing.

Paul nods and grabs Camille by the arm to turn her.

As he does, he reaches his hand behind him to the gun that's wedged back there under his coat.

But before he can, a BEAT UP SEDAN pulls up next to the cop car.

A WOMAN leans out of the window.

WOMAN  
Officer! Officer!

The policeman turns to face her, confused.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Officer, I just seen someone get shot!

COP

Where?!

The cop instantly PERKS UP.

The woman leans out her window and points in the direction from where she came, opposite of where Paul and Camille are headed.

WOMAN

Just a couple blocks back that way. I was at the light and I saw them shoot the clerk at the convenience store. The one of 6th and Livernois.

The beat up sedan quickly DRIVES OFF.

COP

Shit...

(turning to Paul and Camille)

You two go right home!

The cop jumps back in his cruiser and PEELS OFF, his sirens blaring.

Paul, a little bewildered, grabs Camille by the hand and starts to lead her off again.

PAUL

Let's go.

They walk no more than about thirty feet before that same beat up old sedan appears out of nowhere and pulls up next to them slowly, window down.

WOMAN

How you babies doing?

PAUL

(apprehensive)

Good...

WOMAN

There ain't no shooting. I lied. Fuck them cops.

Camille SMILES at Paul as she finally looks up to see the woman.

CAMILLE

Thank you.

WOMAN

That's just Detroit love, baby!

The woman starts laughing MANIACALLY.

She drives off into the night, her laugh heard all the way down the road for miles.

Paul smiles at Camille before they turn off to head down a street.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Paul and Camille arrive at a well-lit BUS STOP.

CAMILLE

Are we taking the bus?

PAUL

No. You are.

Camille looks confused as Paul begins to remove the backpack off of her and put it on himself.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You're gonna take it to the police station and turn yourself in. You'll tell them that you escaped from me after the chase and that I was your hostage the whole time and that if you didn't do what I said then I was gonna kill you.

Paul fishes into his pocket and produces a KEY.

PAUL (CONT'D)

When everything blows over, you're gonna take this key and you're gonna go to my place. There's money there. I want you to take all of it and leave. Take your daughter to a nice city, one that isn't so goddamn cold, and give her a good life. It's at 1256 Leighton. Apartment 5. You got that?

Paul is talking a hundred miles an hour.

Camille can hardly keep up.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Say it back to me: 1256 Leighton.  
Apartment 5. Say it.

CAMILLE  
Uh, 1256 Leighton. Apartment 5.

Paul puts the key in Camille's hand.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
Will I see you again?

PAUL  
No.

CAMILLE  
But I want to.

PAUL  
I don't.

The words sting Camille.

CAMILLE  
Why?

Tears begin welling up in her eyes.

Her face is a mixture of sadness and anger.

Just then, the BUS pulls up to the stop and OPENS ITS DOORS.

She turns and gets on the bus, taking a seat near the window.

The bus closes its doors and drives off.

Camille doesn't even look back.

Paul turns and heads off down the street.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - OUTSKIRTS OF CITY - NEAR DAWN

Paul steps out of some tall grass across the street from the abandoned church.

It's quiet again.

He makes his way across the street and inside the church.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Paul enters to find Samy standing near below the cracked mural and staring up at it.

She's wearing a YELLOW ROBE now.

Turning, she sees Paul approaching her, backpack in hand.

He sets it up on top of the busted altar as he looks around.

PAUL

Where are the others?

SAMY

They went out to get their own.  
They didn't think you'd make it  
back, but I knew you would. You  
always do.

PAUL

Yeah...

Paul puts his head down, disappointed.

SAMY

Where's the girl?

PAUL

She's gone.

SAMY

Where?

PAUL

I don't know.

They stare at each other for a moment.

Samy knows he's lying and Paul knows that she knows.

He turns to leave, walking back down the aisle.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'll see you next week.

SAMY

Do you think that there's anywhere  
she can go that I won't be able  
find her?

Paul stops and turns around to see Samy following him down the aisle.

PAUL  
You wouldn't have your blood if it  
wasn't for her.

SAMY  
Yes. She was useful. But now, she  
knows.

Paul considers this.

SAMY (CONT'D)  
Besides, she has something else I'd  
like more.

PAUL  
No.

Samy looks up through the hole in the ceiling.

She sees that the sun is about to rise.

SAMY  
I don't think you'll have enough  
time to make it back home, Paul.

PAUL  
I'll take my chances.

SAMY  
You'll be hungry when you wake up.

Samy pulls down her robe to reveal her breast again.

She touches and caresses at it with her sharp nails as she  
approaches him.

SAMY (CONT'D)  
Come down and spend the day with  
me. I can make you feel warm again.

Paul looks up at the sky now too.

The sun is rising FAST.

Paul looks like he may give into temptation as Samy closes in  
on him.

SAMY (CONT'D)  
Please, Paul. Don't break my heart.

But before he can decide, she JABS her NAILS into his HEART.

Paul freezes, shocked by the pain.



Slowly, he CRUMPLES to the floor, bleeding like a stuck pig.  
Samy stands over him.

SAMY (CONT'D)

I am like a prisoner in this world.  
I smell nothing but the stench of  
their offices, their clubs, their  
*homes*. That I do not turn away in  
disgust is my only gesture of  
affection towards their kind. You  
seem unable to understand that for  
me to feed on them is itself a form  
of affection.

Paul tries to gather his strength and compose himself.

SAMY (CONT'D)

Do you not wish for life  
everlasting?

Samy leans down beside Paul and uses her fingers to cut at  
her breast once more, beckoning Paul to suckle.

PAUL

No.

Paul instead pulls the gun from behind him and points it at  
Samy's head.

She smiles and stands and backs away, unfazed but  
disappointed.

SAMY

You think you can kill me? You  
think anything you can do will kill  
me?

Paul looks up at Samy who looms over him.

SAMY (CONT'D)

Only a God can kill me.

PAUL

So be it.

Paul then points the gun away from Samy and aims directly  
above him up at the ceiling.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Paul empties the clip into the destroyed roof.

The bullets hit it, dislodging a LARGE, SHARP PIECE OF WOOD.

Samy looks up to see it falling towards her, eyes wide.

It IMPALES her through the heart.

The piece is so large it passes all the way through her and sticks into the floor like a skewer.

Slowly, Paul stands and holds himself against one of the pews.

Samy weakly struggles against the stake, trying to pry it out.

PAUL (CONT'D)

When you get to Hell, be sure to  
tell the Devil I'm right behind  
you.

SAMY

(smiling)

When God sings with His creations,  
will we not be a part of the choir?

PAUL

Not you, bitch.

The smile evaporates off Samy's face.

Paul looks up to see the first RAYS OF SUNLIGHT poking through the ceiling.

He backs away to allow them to shine upon Samy.

She struggles hard against the stake.

But once the rays hit her she BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Parts of her disintegrate, while others fall to the ground and catch some of the church debris on fire.

Paul begins to make his way back up towards the altar.

Each step is a monumental struggle.

Once there, he grabs the BACKPACK off of it and immediately falls to the floor.

Paul opens the backpack and pulls out one of the BAGS OF BLOOD inside.

He looks at it in his hand.

If he drinks it now and heads downstairs, he can survive the day.

But he's not gonna do that.

Paul tosses the bag back into the backpack.

He then FLINGS the backpack towards the GROWING FIRE in the middle of the church.

It quickly lights AFLAME.

He's weak, unable to get himself back up.

But he wouldn't want to if he could.

The SUN IS BEGINNING TO RISE more now. BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT punch their way through various holes in the church.

One of the beams is slowly creeping its way towards Paul.

More parts of the church are beginning to catch fire now too.

The whole church will be consumed.

Paul reclines back onto the altar.

He relaxes, content with what's about to happen.

The BEAM OF LIGHT finally reaches Paul, fully enclosing him in its light.

At first, *fear* overtakes him.

But, he does not burst into flames.

Instead, the light envelops him in a warmth that he has not known in a long time.

He becomes content.

Eventually, his body goes LIMP as if something is being REMOVED from him, as if something is being FREED.

The church is fully burning now.

The sound of FIRE AND WOOD CRACKLING is overtaken by the sound of FIRE SIRENS in the distance.

They won't make it in time to save the church.