

blood rush

by

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EXT. OVERTOWN - MIAMI - DUSK

Dusk has fallen and night has risen, as the last suggestions of daylight vanish behind an imperial cityscape. Neon lights reflect off wet asphalt still slicked from afternoon showers. Arteries of heat lightning pulse across cumulous cloud cover.

The streets are quiet yet ominous. A malevolent breeze blows refuse down the avenue. Mostly dormant during the day, it is the darkness that invites predation, violence and chaos here.

Then VROOM! We are on the move, coasting through red lighted intersections en route to a dark decaying **APARTMENT BUILDING**...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - OVERTOWN - DUSK

As THREE BLACK SUBURBANS descend on the property, SPLITTING its chainlink barrier like wet paper maché and sliding to an abrupt stop outside the entrance. Twelve car doors bang open...

And TWELVE FBI AGENTS hustle outside, suited and booted with camouflaged kevlar and M4 carbines, and further supported by the SECOND TACTICAL SWAT TEAM arriving in an ARMORED BEARCAT.

Everyone falls behind **SPECIAL AGENT VICTORIA "VICK" LAKE**, 35, as she approaches, languid and elegant, her assured demeanor betraying wisdom far beyond her age. Her hand grazes for the Glock 17M tucked in her drop leg holster. Ready for anything.

INT. STAIRWELL - APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

We are right there, ascending with Vick, nimble and frenetic, leapfrogging stairs two at a time. Her FBI HRT SQUAD follows, their boots CRUNCHING used coke vials and hypodermic needles.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Crude fluorescent lighting. Drywall tattooed with gangbanger graffiti. Feral, battle bred cujos BARKING from nearby units. VAGRANTS in corners. NEIGHBORS peeking through cracked doors.

VICK

Stack up!

The assault force summits the fifth floor, assuming tactical positions, clearing room for AN OFFICER hefting the breacher.

Vick nods at the officer, then mimes counting down from four...

INT. APARTMENT - DUSK

Dark, dank, and decrepit, every window boarded with wood and draped with duvetyne fabric for good measure. An utter abyss.

VICK (O.S.)
Breach! Breach! Breach!

BAM! The door CRASHES wide open. FBI OFFICERS thunder inside, beams from their mounted rifle lights splitting the darkness.

These men are seasoned soldiers, surgical, strike formation, branching out shoulder to shoulder and clearing every room, adlibbing COMMANDS like "DON'T MOVE" or "DOWN ON THE GROUND".

OFFICER ONE
Kitchen clear!

OFFICER TWO
Living room clear!

OFFICER THREE
Bathroom clear!

Vick catches MOVEMENT in her peripheral vision. She follows, burying frayed nerves behind the business end of her firearm...

INT. CORRIDOR - APARTMENT - DUSK

Vick continues, index finger tucked inside the trigger guard. She spotchecks room after room after room. No stone unturned.

WHOOSH! A SHADOW suddenly flashes across the corridor. Vick whirls around, sensing the presence but too slow to clock it.

VICK
FBI! Freeze!

She looks left. Nothing. Then right. Nothing. Tension brutal...

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - DUSK

As Vick tiptoes inside the only room left to be cleared, its darkness impenetrable. No sound except for BUZZING blowflies. A squalid stench demolishes her senses like two closed fists.

Vick sweeps her pistol-rigged flashlight, searching the room and illuminating a SNARLING, BALD PERPETRATOR bumrushing her...

Their bodies CLASH, trunks tangling, spilling across the wet floor. Vick loses her pistol in the melee. Perpetrator is up onto his feet, moving like quicksilver, already charging her.

Vick reacts, reaches into a hidden ankle holster, grasps the **SNUBNOSED SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL** strapped there, and **UNLOADS...**

BANG! BANG! BANG! Vick stops his hard charge cold with three shots center mass, **BLOWING** straight through his solar plexus.

He **STARFISHES** onto his back, extremities sprawling out, dead.

VICK
Shots fired! Shots fired!

Vick shines her light onto Perpetrator, caresses his carotid artery. *No pulse.* She stops, distracted by his **ICY BLUE EYES**.

Then notices the elaborate **CLIMBING ROSES** tattoo on his neck.

Her trance is interrupted when another FBI agent, **EDDIE**, 35, and her closest colleague, rushes inside, rifle at the ready.

EDDIE
Vick, you okay?!

VICK
Yeah, yeah, I'm solid. Suspect down.

Eddie flits his flashlight from Vick to the dead Perpetrator.

EDDIE
Nice shooting, partner.

VICK
Can we get some light in here? Can't see a foot in front of me.

EDDIE
Christ, it's fucking putrid.

Eddie swallows back rising nausea, hand clasping mouth as he brushes past Vick, dryheaving on his already digested dinner.

They begin **REMOVING** duvetyne and wood beams from the windows.

Ambient streetlight floods inside, irradiating the stygian space for the first time. Vick and Eddie turn ashen, stunned...

As we reveal they are looking at **TEN HUMAN BODIES** chained to the ceiling, hanging upside down over fifty gallon **OIL DRUMS**. The staging is near ritualistic, like some infernal abattoir.

Each of the bodies appear exsanguinated, their veins slashed, capillaries ruptured, and skin flayed to maximize blood loss.

Peek closer and we can discern conspicuous **WHITE SUPREMACIST PRISON INK** on the skin fragments that had not been pared off.

EDDIE

Good God.

Vick and Eddie can only stare, speechless, slackjawed, until...

Perpetrator suddenly REANIMATES, leaps to his feet and DIVES through an open window! Eddie has a shot but doesn't take it.

EDDIE

HOLY CHRIST!

Vick and Eddie bound to the window and peer outside, finding nothing but empty streets. Perpetrator is gone with the wind.

EDDIE

Thought you said he was dead, Vick!

She glances back to where he lay slain and motionless on the floor. No blood, despite planting three slugs in his sternum.

VICK

He was.

Off the two of them, gauging the scene, shellshocked. Bodies massacred beyond recognition. Walls drenched with crude oil colored blood. *A total, unmitigated disregard for human life.*

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

An hour later and the cavalry has arrived. FBI AGENTS confer with MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT OFFICERS. FORENSIC TECHNICIANS photograph the crime scene and collect evidence. CORONERS in hazmat suits wheel bloodied, amputated remains on stretchers.

Vick converses with another FBI AGENT, providing a statement, rattled, but hiding her unease beneath a veil of acerbic wit.

VICK

And that's when I discharged my weapon.

FBI AGENT

Your service weapon.

VICK

No. Personal, carried for emergencies.

FBI AGENT

And this firearm passed our pistol qualification course?

VICK

No, but it passed my stopping scumbags on sight field test.

Vick stares in defiance. FBI Agent rolls his eyes, irritated.

FBI AGENT
How many rounds were fired?

VICK
Three. All contact.

FBI AGENT
After which you declared the suspect
dead on the scene.

VICK
Yes.

FBI AGENT
Why?

VICK
He had no pulse, and in my experience,
that's been characteristic of someone
who's no longer living.

FBI AGENT
Until he managed to jump out the
window...

VICK
He must have been wearing kevlar, but
I can throw you out the same window
if it'd help show --

MOONEY (O.S.)
Agent Lake?

Vick pivots to see her superior, **FBI SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE SEAN MOONEY**, 55, exiting the apartment, seemingly impervious to the emetic stenches inside. The consummate government man, Mooney is as proficient in door kicking as he is politicking.

VICK
Sir.

MOONEY
Walk me out?

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - OVERTOWN - NIGHT

Vick and Mooney exit the apartment building, cordoned off by crime scene tape and teeming with more FEDERAL AGENTS. LOCAL POLICE hold the sealed perimeter, spurning CURIOUS CIVILIANS and VULTUROUS REPORTERS at the boundary like pestilent gnats.

The surrounding block is filthy. DERELICTS urinate on cement. DOPEFIENDS spew invective. Trash barrels smolder with flames.

MOONEY

Low riders hit away from their home field.

VICK

Looks that way.

MOONEY

Buy gone bad?

VICK

Unlikely. We got no narcotics, no weapons, nothing but ten 'davers strung up like swine at the slaughterhouse.

MOONEY

I noticed. Seemed rather excessive. Even for Neo Nazis.

VICK

M.O.'s consistent with the thumps on MS-13 and LK. Figure it's another territory play by the new kids on the block.

MOONEY

Same mystery crew?

VICK

Best guess. Probably using this place as a safe house.

MOONEY

Why the blood fetish?

VICK

Same reason the Romans staked enemy skulls after battle. They're pounding their chest, getting everyone's attention.

MOONEY

Well, it worked. D.C. called me on the way here.

VICK

About a local turf dispute?

MOONEY

That's becoming an all out war. MPD's already on the ropes, and it's only the first round. Can't risk this kind of gang violence going mainstream.

VICK
Assuming it hasn't already.

MOONEY
God forbid.
(then)
Stay by the phone. This may just be
the beginning.

Mooney continues inside an idling Suburban and drives into the night. Eddie sidles up beside Vick, skin still sheathed in nervous sweat. Their dynamic evinces an allied friendship...

EDDIE
Can't remember the last time he
showed face in the field.

VICK
First I've seen. Got any heaters?

EDDIE
Since when do you smoke?

VICK
Since I found ten skinless skinheads
hanging from a ceiling.

EDDIE
Fair enough.

Eddie slips Vick a cigarette. She lights it, hands quivering faintly, her big brown eyes carrying the weight of the world.

EDDIE
Think serious shit's about to go down?

VICK
Think it already has.

Vick notices TWO MEN watching her across the street, leaning against the hood of their bespoke, silver-plated RANGE ROVER.

The first man is **ATTICUS**, looks around 55, with a linen suit accentuating his flawless pallid complexion. An intimidating disposition that verges on imperious, Atticus peers into the night sky, his regal bearing somehow detached yet hyperaware.

The second man, **MACK BISHOP**, 30s, is the diametric opposite, with slicked back, bleached blonde hair and an emerald terry cloth shirt, the top undone buttons of which boast suntanned, sinewed pectorals under multiple 3mm gold chains. As we will eventually realize, every one of his swaggering declarations is punctuated by powerpulls from a blood red cherry vape pen.

K-9 unit GERMAN SHEPHERDS BARK in Atticus' general direction.

Bishop waves at Vick, smiling like a lunatic. She averts her gaze, instead watching CORPSES get hoisted into a van, as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

The same bloated, ground pork corpses being autopsied by the MEDICAL EXAMINER. Vick watches, wearing nitrile gloves and a filtered mask to smother the rancid odor of decomposed flesh.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Catastrophic tissue loss makes it hard to determine when they died.

VICK

What about CoD?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

We can rule out suicide.

VICK

So, no working theories...

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Honest opinion? Death by a thousand cuts. Or at least four of them. See these subtle lacerations here, here, here, and here?

Medical Examiner motions to FOUR INCISIONS along one cadaver.

VICK

Both common carotids, brachial, and femoral.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Know your stuff. Most agents can't tell their ass from their elbow.

VICK

I don't have a tattoo on my elbow. Any of those wounds defensive?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No. They're clean. Surgical even. Which means your perp's as skilled as they are sadistic.

VICK

How so?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

They knew veins are lower pressure and would coagulate if perforated.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

So they just nicked those primary arteries. Kept the vics alive for hours, not minutes.

VICK

Slowly bleed them dry.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

In the strictest sense. This was a complete exsanguination.

VICK

Why not kill them first?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Focused only on the physiological, not the psychological, when someone dies, the heart stops beating, circulation ceases, and blood settles to the lowest part of the body. Otherwise known as livor mortis.

VICK

Explains why they were upside down.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

And also why they were kept alive for so long. Whoever did this was quite literally out for blood.

Vick processes the implications, something still nagging her...

VICK

Is it possible, medically speaking, for someone to be dead, like no-pulse-dead, and then revive on their own?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Is it possible? Sure. Is it likely? Not quite. There is a phenomenon known as Lazarus Syndrome, in which normal cardiac rhythms spontaneously return after a patient has been declared dead. But that's only been documented a hundred or so times.

On Vick, considering. Her phone suddenly CHIRPS. She answers...

VICK

Lake... Yeah, of course... ASAP...

Vick hangs up, about to leave until Medical Examiner falters...

MEDICAL EXAMINER

One last thing, Agent Lake. Tonight put ten bodies in the fridge, and I got another thirty plus in the past few months. Never seen anything like it. So, I have to ask, are we at war?

VICK

I don't know.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

Mooney and more suited, stolid FBI SUPERVISORS sit opposite Bishop and Atticus inside an expansive conference room. The contrast between these two factions becomes patently obvious.

BISHOP

Next up's the agent banging out all these busts?

MOONEY

Victoria Lake. Ten year vet. Go to girl in our gang unit outta New York before stepping foot in the sunshine state.

BISHOP

What brought her talents to South Beach?

MOONEY

Not sure. Put in for transfer six months back and been swinging a big stick since. Already knows the game better than anyone. Sees the whole board. Works all the players.

BISHOP

She run ops or just hook collars?

MOONEY

Both. Made some impressive arrests, but can boot and shoot with the best of them when things get messy.

BISHOP

Brains and brawn, huh. Promising.

MOONEY

Listen, I don't know the details of your enterprise, but you wanna put a dent in Dade County crime? She's the best card in our deck. Bar none.

VICK (O.S.)

Sir?

The men turn to find Vick standing at the room entrance. She recognizes Atticus and Bishop from the opening scene. Bishop smirks, lupine and playful, appraising her between vape rips.

VICK

You wanted to see me?

MOONEY

Agent Lake. Have a seat.

BISHOP

Your ears burning?

Vick cocks an eyebrow. Bishop enjoys tipping her off balance.

MOONEY

Vick, this is Mack Bishop and his colleague...

Mooney glances at Atticus for help. Atticus speaks with soft certainty, his dulcet prosody devoid of spirit or conscience.

ATTICUS

Atticus is fine.

BISHOP

He's mononymous. Like Bono or Oprah. Except talented.

Vick and Atticus make eye contact. She notes his FRIGID BLUE IRISES, exactly like the perpetrator in the opening sequence.

VICK

Okay...

Bishop puts his feet up, insouciant, not looking at her file.

BISHOP

Heard you swept a gnarly score tonight, Vickie.

VICK

"Vick" is better.

BISHOP

Half ton of grade A nazi prime, cut and cooked medium rare. Don't see that on an average street beat.

VICK

Sorry, are you guys from Quantico or...

BISHOP

Little bit north of that.

VICK

And that means?

BISHOP

Same team, just different jerseys. We were hoping to get your read on the recent spike in gang violence.

VICK

My read? My read is that in the last six months alone, we have forty open homicides on our roster, fifty missing persons, enough dead gangbangers to field a professional football team, and few legitimate leads as to who is responsible or why. I would say we're at war, but war is rarely this one sided. This new syndicate in town, whoever they are, has planted their flag. So the question isn't whether we start playing offense, it's whether we start fighting back.

Bishop smirks. *Good answer.* He looks at Atticus, seeking his approval. Atticus nods. Bishop then seamlessly changes gears...

BISHOP

So no spouse, no kids, no family.

VICK

Um, no.

BISHOP

Wasn't a question.

VICK

Kind of sounded like one.

BISHOP

No judgment here, bro. Solitude's a virtue on this ticket. We prefer locals who fly solo.

VICK

Locals...

Mooney clears his throat, wanting to elucidate the situation...

MOONEY

It is the current administration's belief that gang violence in Dade County has reached untenable levels.

FBI ASAC
Levels that now pose a direct threat
to homeland security.

MOONEY
Bishop and his team of tactical
consultants have been sent to help
eliminate that threat.

Bishop winks. Atticus continues staring at Vick, inscrutable.

VICK
You know who's behind all of this?

BISHOP
We have a hunch, but need some help
getting our feet wet. Can't go on a
safari without a guide, you know?

MOONEY
They requested that one of our agents
assist in the investigation. Someone
with intimate knowledge of the
criminal landscape here in Miami.

VICK
(realizing)
This is a job interview.

BISHOP
Only if you want it to be.

VICK
Does it include dental?

Bishop chuckles, amused by her impudence. He turns to Mooney.

BISHOP
Fellas, a minute?

Mooney and his suits exit. Bishop pulled rank, asserting his
dominance. Vick reacts. *This kind of authority is remarkable.*

VICK
Should Eddie join? He's worked Dade
HRT for almost fifteen years.

Bishop can see Eddie staring from his cubicle, watching them.

BISHOP
Eddie will be useful at some point.

ATTICUS
Just not yet.

Vick studies them, deducing there is more than meets the eye.

VICK

Alright. You two waltz in here, put me under the lamp, and start making job offers, some questions are gonna come to mind.

BISHOP

Such as?

VICK

What's the fine print of this op?

BISHOP

We'll be coloring outside the lines. Our work will be lean, mean, and the gloves come off. We don't want boy scouts reading the rulebook. We want precision minded pros committed to their craft. Feel me? Soldiers who won't bat an eye when they blast through the gates of hell. If that's not something you can stomach, now's the time to tap out, and we can go our separate ways. No hard feelings.

If that soliloquy was meant to dissuade Vick, it failed, her fidelity to justice prevailing over any reservations she had...

VICK

When do I start?

BISHOP

Tomorrow night.

ATTICUS

After dark.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT

A searing hot shower running over Vick, cleansing her of the night's impurities. She stares, hollow, like she is reliving some buried trauma. As the steam spirals, enveloping her, we...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

HARD CUT to Vick stepping inside the dark living room, fresh change of clothes, hair still wet. Her apartment is spacious but spartan, bereft of furnishings and therefore personality.

This is lone wolf living, ready to bolt at the drop of a hat.

A coffee table sits buried under case files and crime photos. Vick thumbs through the documents, information blurring past.

She finally finds PHOTOS of the bruised and bloodsoaked NAZI LOW RIDERS. She pins them to the wall. We then slowly reveal...

An entire wall has been dedicated to tracking gang violence in Miami. Convoluting networks of interconnected photographs, thumbtacked urban maps, and detailed reports. She creates a new branch for "NLR" between others labeled "LK" and "MS-13".

The opposite side displays hundreds of MISSING PERSONS CASES.

Vick steps back and appraises the murder map, eyes absorbing, tabulating, analyzing, dismissing. Frustrated, she whips out a **FLASK** and rips two swigs, mouthing its content as medicine.

Vick shakes her head, sleep eluding her. She glides onto her balcony, hair rippling from the ocean breeze. She looks into the night, the bejeweled skyline glittering back, as we then...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - MIAMI - NIGHT

The same glistening landscape backdropping Biscayne Bay. In the distance, palatial yachts float tethered to sun-scarred docks, the lure of luxury and excess just beyond the horizon.

The night is a deafening racket of hedonistic sound and fury.

Techno BLARES as MEN and WOMEN party on the beach, realizing their wildest champagne and cocaine fantasies, the indulgent, sweatstained celebration ascending to an intense fever pitch...

As we find Vick removed from the bedlam, strolling across a beachside pathway, anesthetized to the debauchery on display.

She takes one last pull from her flask, then enters a **MARINA**...

EXT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Vick threads between oceanfront warehouses, stopping outside a spacious, dockside building that looks to be deserted. She double checks the address on her phone, then proceeds inside...

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

One multistoried, abandoned warehouse bustling with activity and renovated to serve as mission headquarters. INTELLIGENCE SPECIALISTS work behind sophisticated surveillance equipment.

Vick stands there, mouth hanging open, startled by the scale of the operation, wondering what she has gotten herself into.

BISHOP (O.S.)
Bagel bite?

Vick swivels around to find Bishop standing there holding a plate of bagel bites. She declines the offer, too distracted...

VICK
This is unbelievable.

BISHOP
Feds don't get these kinda perks?

VICK
Not quite.

BISHOP
Gotta write your local congressman.
Follow me.

Vick trails Bishop deeper inside, absorbing her surroundings.

VICK
Who are all these people?

BISHOP
Some friends were in the neighborhood
and decided to drop in.

VICK
Where'd you find so many of them?

BISHOP
Low places mostly.

VICK
Be straight with me. Are you JSOC?
Agency?

BISHOP
Little bit of everything. In here.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MARINA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Vick follows Bishop inside a marine mechanic room repurposed to be their command center, furnished with more intelligence equipment, wide screens, sleek computers, and satellite maps.

Atticus is already there, patiently waiting for them. Bishop sits beside him, popping bites, talking with his gullet full.

BISHOP
Alright. Shall we?

Bishop and Atticus look like kids waiting for class to begin.

BISHOP

Well, go on now. Give us the skinny.

Vick begins pinning PHOTOS, many of which we recognize from her apartment, to an evidence board. The images show maimed, mutilated CADAVERS covered in grumous gore. Across each one of their throats is garish penitentiary ink spelling "MS-13".

VICK

Couple months ago, MPD snags fourteen stiffs in an abandoned Opa-locka warehouse. Vics were jefes for Mara Salvatrucha, aka "MS-13", and killed in a manner similar to the NLRs discovered last night.

BISHOP

Sliced, diced, and left for dead.

VICK

Correct. This established a very sadistic, and very specific, modus operandi. Because a few months after MS-13 takes it on the chin, local calls in twenty dead males at a car wash in Wynwood.

Vick pins PHOTOGRAPHS of TUMID, BLOODY BODIES with prominent CROWN TATTOOS visible over partially flayed, tendinous flesh.

VICK

Only this time, the deceased were KAs of the Latin Kings, the biggest and baddest outfit in Dade County.

BISHOP

Took a swing at the kings.

VICK

And did not miss. LKs have been radio silent since.

Vick pins up more graphic PICTURES from the opening sequence.

VICK

Then, another month after LKs get wiped off the map, last night happens, and, well, you both know how that story ended.

BISHOP

(feigning arithmetic)
Carry the one dead dirtbag, then add the remainder, okay, so, if my math's solid, we got three burned crews and forty flatlined felons, give or take.

VICK

Give or take.

BISHOP

Then explain why we aren't handing our perps a key to the city, or at least a comped suite at Fontainebleau?

VICK

Because, Miami has experienced a 500% uptick in missing persons during the same period. Think it's a coincidence?

Bishop and Atticus exchange knowing looks. Vick notices this.

ATTICUS

Any similarities between the victims?

VICK

Vulnerable populations mostly. Junkies, streetwalkers, runaways, et cetera.

BISHOP

To try and traffic under the radar.

VICK

That's how I'd do it.

ATTICUS

Are there any major criminal organizations that have not been attacked yet?

VICK

One.

Vick produces CASE REPORTS from her bag and distributes them.

VICK

ZPs. Zoe Pounders. Haitian crew out of Little Haiti. Started as a Crip offshoot around Y2K. Hobbies include homicide, armed robbery, and cocaine distribution. Rumored to control major trafficking routes throughout the city, but we've never found them. Probably don't have the stones to try something like this.

BISHOP
Who's their shotcaller?

VICK
World class lowlife named Jean Pierre
Toussaint. Colleagues tried squeezing
him on an accessory charge a few
years back, but it didn't stick.

Bishop dusts bagel bite crumbs from both his hands and CLAPS.

BISHOP
Whaddya say we pay Toussaint a visit?

VICK
Tonight?

BISHOP
No time like the present.

INT. GARAGE - MARINA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Bishop, Atticus, and Vick step into a garage housing federal
issue BLACK SUBURBANS and the SILVER RANGE ROVER from before,
tricked out with armored plates and twin turbodiesel engines
packing enough combustion power to launch the Space-X Saturn.

Bishop drapes kevlar over his Hawaiian Shirt, strapped with
two desert eagles, stainless steel with the sandalwood grips,
tucked inside a shoulder holster like a Wild West gunslinger.
Atticus still sports a designer suit, unarmed and unassuming.

Bishop pops open the passenger door for Atticus, then struts
around and climbs behind the wheel. Vick studies the vehicle...

VICK
What's this plated with?

BISHOP
Modified silver composite. Patent
pending. Get in.

VICK
Sure you don't want to take something
a little more inconspicuous?

BISHOP
We're in Miami, bro. This is
inconspicuous.

Bishop keys the IGNITION. Off the engine EXPLODING awake, we...

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI - NIGHT

Their Range Rover cruising through downtown Miami, slaloming between exotic car rentals and sweatstained VENDORS slinging day worn fruit. Oppressive, equatorial heat undulates across frame, sizzling palm trees wilting from extreme temperatures.

NIGHTLIFE spills in the streets, neon danceclubs raging with tornadic abandon. A city that never sleeps and rarely sobers.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - MIAMI - NIGHT

Bishop hotboxes the vehicle with fruit fragranced vape smoke. Atticus looks out the window, watching plush skyscrapers and steakhouses slide past his window. On Vick, intrigued by him...

BISHOP

So, Lake, what's your origin story?
How'd you end up running down gangs?

Vick hesitates, staring out the window, expression darkening.

VICK

Organized crime left me in a one parent household. Tore my family apart. Guess I've been trying to even the score ever since.

BISHOP

Sounds personal.

VICK

It is.
(pointing to Atticus)
Now that my kimono's open, how about returning the favor. Who's the monk riding shotgun? He hooked into the CIA? NSA? PMCs? All the above?

Atticus stares at Vick, gimlet eyes glowing in the moonlight.

ATTICUS

I am a tactical consultant.

BISHOP

Bro's a bloodhound. Knows how this syndicate works better than anyone. Assuming it's them.

VICK

Assuming it's who?

BISHOP

Who we think it is. ZPs got any safehouses in that file of yours?

VICK

Thought we wanted Toussaint's last known address.

BISHOP

You said the Zoe Pounders have been quiet recently. In my experience, if a banger's laying low, it's not 'cause they got nothing to say, but 'cause they don't want anyone to hear 'em.

VICK

You think he's hiding.

BISHOP

Feels like the right place to start.

Vick hands the address to Bishop. He punches it into the GPS.

VICK

Start what?

BISHOP

Community outreach.

Bishop smiles at Vick in the rearview mirror and ACCELERATES...

EXT. LITTLE HAITI - MIAMI - DAY

Last gasps of gilded society vanish into the horizon, as the Range Rover crosses into the cruel confines of Little Haiti, gliding through this godforsaken Gomorrah like an apparition.

This is the rough and tumble of all Miami ghettos. Sprawling camptowns with Francophone influence assembled between power lines. Condemned buildings tagged with calligraphic graffiti.

Meanmugging HUSTLERS stand their ground on the corner. These are hard-hitting street soldiers, born and bred to this life, cut from different cloths. They posture, throwing gang signs.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - MIAMI - NIGHT

Our trio slow-rolls along, inured to the squalor and neglect.

VICK

What exactly is the plan? We got no warrant, no cause --

BISHOP

You worry too much.

VICK

Okay, fine. We'll just knock on his door and ask if he wants to chat.

BISHOP

Works for me.

VICK

This is ridiculous.

The Range Rover crawls to a stoplight. The only car in sight.

BISHOP

What kinda nickel you rocking, Lake?

VICK

Glock 17. Service issue. Why?

BISHOP

These clowns are about to jack us.

VICK

What? Where?

BISHOP

Four o'clock.

Vick swivels to see TWO MASKED GANGBANGERS emerging from the dark, approaching the vehicle, swift and silent, guns raised.

VICK

No way.

Vick fumbles for her service pistol. Bishop grins, unworried.

BISHOP

Watch this.

Atticus rolls down his window just as Gangbanger One reaches to open the passenger door, catching the miscreant off guard.

GANGBANGER ONE

Out of the fucking car! Now!

Gangbanger One trains his pistol on Atticus, the weapon mere inches from his face. Atticus does not blink, looking at the would be criminal, his expression neutral, his stare subzero.

GANGBANGER ONE

Let's go! Get the fuck out!

Gangbanger Two has circled around near Bishop, weapon raised.

GANGBANGER TWO

I'll kill you motherfucker!

Atticus still does not flinch. Gangbanger One's arm trembles, confidence plummeting by the second, beginning to fold under this unnervingly flat glare, feeling like he is experiencing evil incarnate, or meeting Lucifer outside the Gates of Hell.

GANGBANGER ONE

You -- you -- you --

ATTICUS

Me, me, me.

His glance stirs revulsion. Gangbanger One PROJECTILE VOMITS.

GANGBANGER ONE

You not right man!

Gangbanger One untucks rosary beads around his neck, thrusts them toward Atticus. Then crosses himself and hauls ass away.

GANGBANGER TWO

Ay, yo! What the fuck?!

Abandoned, Gangbanger Two has no choice but to turn tail too.

Atticus rolls the window up. Bishop CACKLES in the aftermath.

BISHOP

Riveting stuff, huh?

On Vick, floored, struggling to understand what she just saw...

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - LITTLE HAITI - NIGHT

As we SLAM TO the Range Rover SCREECHING to the curb outside dilapidated public housing projects, circumscribed by liquor stores, car washes, dollar markets, and check cashing joints.

HOODLUMS congregate in the central courtyard, smoking blunts, shooting dice, and blasting MUSIC. LOWLIFES hug the shadows, slapping palms, hawking bunk narcotics to vulnerable JUNKIES.

Vick, Atticus, and Bishop parade through the scourged slums, causing residents to scatter. Bishop loves this, laughs with laddish confidence, strides deeper inside the project bowels...

EXT. BUILDING - HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

Arriving outside the battered traphouse. Quiet. No lights on. Atticus takes in his surroundings, eyes narrowing, analyzing.

BISHOP

Yikes. Talk about a teardown.

VICK
 This is hostile gang territory,
 Bishop. We should have HRT or SWAT at
 our six.

Bishop ignores Vick and KNUCKLES the front door. Rat-tat-tat.

BISHOP
 Housekeeping.

VICK
 We don't know if he's here, and
 there's no reasonable suspicion --

KABOOM! Shotgun pellet spread OBLITERATES the entrance, lock
 splintering, the door BLASTED aslant, dangling by its hinges.

VICK
 HOLY SHIT!

Vick recoils, sizzling bullet fragments NICKING her shoulder.
 Atticus and Bishop do not blink, still flanking the entrance.

BISHOP
 You're right, let's head out. Nothing
 to see here.

Vick presses flush against the building, draws a bead, sends
 salvos of RETURN FIRE through the scorched hole in the front.

KABOOM! Another buckshot DECIMATES the door once and for all.

POP-POP-POP! Vick lays down COVER FIRE long enough to crane
 inside. Visibility is limited. She sees nothing but darkness.

VICK
 A little help?!

Bishop yawns, checking his watch, undisturbed. Until finally...

BISHOP
 Atticus.

Atticus nods, understanding the one word instruction. By the
 time Vick turns around, Atticus has evaporated into thin air.

VICK
 Cover me!

BISHOP
 Let Atticus handle it.

VICK
 Handle what?! This is a goddamn
 gunfight!

BISHOP
Trust me, Lake.

Vick reloads, then slips inside, maverick spirit guiding her...

BISHOP
Look at that, she went in anyways.

INT. BUILDING - HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

She takes point, primed to smoke someone on sight. But hears the signature BOLTING of a pump action shotgun and ducks, as...

KABOOM! Spreadshot CRATERS drywall behind her. Oriented, she responds in kind, BLASTS illuminating **JEAN-PIERRE TOUSSAINT**, 35, Haitian, sawed off in hand as he flees into another room.

VICK
FBI, let me see your hands!

Vick trails him, prowling panther quiet, rounding the corner...

INT. UNIT - HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

Into one unit, trashed and neglected, wall insulation rotted.

TOUSSAINT (O.S.)
You're one of them!

Toussaint blitzes Vick, PILEDIVING her through a partition, their bodies tumbling into clouds of roiling dust and debris.

They lose their weapons, blanketed with fragmented sheetrock.

Vick gulps for oxygen, lungs voided of breath. She fishflops onto her stomach and starts searching for her missing pistol.

Toussaint pounces. Vick spins around and parries his atomic THUNDERPUNCH. Then counters, PALMSTRIKING his nose, crushing the cartilage, rendering his nasal cavity an airless balloon.

VICK
One of who?!

Toussaint recovers with feline agility, his sawed off coming up, finger tensing the trigger, Vick staring down the barrel...

Until she DEFLECTS the shotgun up with a forearm shiver. The weapon DISCHARGES into the dropped ceiling, shredding tiles to confetti, dust and debris raining down in granulated mist...

Trailed by **THREE DECAPITATED HEADS** belonging to Zoe Pounders, dropping out of plenum space one by one like a pez dispenser.

VICK
Oh, what the fuck!

Vick crabcrawls, panic-scrambling from the putrescent skulls.

His ammo drained, Toussaint ditches the sawed off and bolts, hotfooting to another **ROOM**. WHAM! A shadow explodes from the dark, Atticus flashing past the frame with stunning celerity.

Vick cannot make out finer details of their melee, only hear its COMMOTION. Seconds later, Toussaint is CATAPULTED like a ragdoll, sailing through the backdoor with astonishing force.

Vick grabs her Glock and searches for Atticus, but he's gone.

VICK
Jesus fucking --

Bishop strolls inside, vape between lips, noticing the heads.

BISHOP
Whoa. Jackpot.

VICK
Get backup here ASAP!

Outside the **WINDOW**, Vick sees Toussaint recover and take off.

VICK
Shit, suspect fleeing again!

Vick pursues, indomitable, energizer bunny, CRASHING outside...

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - LITTLE HAITI - NIGHT

Now this is a goddamned footchase, Toussaint stumble-running through the development, adrenaline-fueled, stark raving mad.

With Vick, closing the distance, bounding across playgrounds, tearing through wet laundry pinned to suspended clotheslines.

Toussaint has no quit, never looking over his shoulder as he parkours across this concrete gauntlet with the finesse of a professional athlete. He disappears in-between two buildings.

Vick calculates his route on the move. Split second decision time, she hooks left, cutting him off from a different angle...

EXT. LITTLE HAITI - NIGHT

Toussaint leaves the projects, streaking into the open field, when Vick suddenly appears at his flank and TRUCK STICKS him...

INT. LIQUOR STORE - LITTLE HAITI - NIGHT

STRAIGHT THROUGH the plate glass window of the local liquor store, skidding across linoleum, showered in fractured glass.

No hesitation, they BRAWL buckwild, swapping close quartered BLOWS. Vick PLANTS two stinging HAYMAKERS onto his lower jaw.

Toussaint reels, on the ropes, vulnerable. Vick capitalizes, scrabbling back onto her feet and pointing her weapon at him.

VICK
You're under arrest!

KABLAM! Bottles of rail liquor suddenly DETONATE behind Vick, booze geysering in her face. WHIP PAN to reveal the trigger happy CASHIER training his bolt action hunting rifle on Vick.

CASHIER
Get out of my store!

VICK
Are you serious right now?!

Cashier fists the slide action back, indicating he is indeed serious right now. Vick chests the deck in response, just as...

KABLAM! Cashier unloads another ROUND. Vick looks up to see Toussaint plowing through an emergency exit. She bearcrawls through the aisles, staying low to avoid Cashier's FUSILLADE...

EXT. ALLEYS - LITTLE HAITI - NIGHT

Breaking into an all out sprint through the alley. Toussaint hears the FOOTSTEPS, Vick staying on his heels, as they dash into a dead end obstructed by a six foot, wrought-iron fence.

VICK
Don't do it!

Toussaint vaults this barrier, flinging himself over, CRASH LANDING in an awkward somersault. Vick parlays her momentum and HURDLES the fence, feet gracefully greeting the pavement...

And resuming the hunt. Toussaint dips left, then cuts right. Vick shadows him through one final alley, turning the corner...

Where Atticus has somehow MANIFESTED. In one fell swoop, he SNATCHES Toussaint by the throat and casually HURLS him into the adobe facade of an adjacent building. *Down for the count.*

On Vick, baffled, chest heaving, adrenaline slowly subsiding.

VICK
I had him myself.

INT. UNIT - HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

TIGHT ON the severed heads, opened mouths ossified in terror.

BISHOP (O.S.)
Quite the headcount, bro.

Reveal Toussaint, bloodied, beaten, and pinioned to a chair, seated opposite Bishop. Atticus skirts the shadows, combing the scene for clues. Vick probes the heads with gloved hands.

TOUSSAINT
Y'all got me fucked up! I didn't do shit.

BISHOP
"Didn't do shit"? I'm staring at three Haitian heads hold the bodies, and you fired on a federal agent five minutes ago. That meets the definition of "shit", don't you think?

TOUSSAINT
"Federal agent"? I didn't see no badges.

BISHOP
Lake.

Vick is preoccupied, fingers digging inside one of the heads' obstructed windpipe, eventually extracting a **CLOVE OF GARLIC**. She studies the strange object, searching for an explanation.

BISHOP
Lake.
(off her trance breaking)
Badge the man.

Vick stands and flashes her badge, joining the interrogation.

TOUSSAINT
Man, fuck the feds. This is bullshit.

BISHOP
Turn that frown upside down, bro. We don't actually care about any of this.

VICK
We don't?

BISHOP
No. In fact, we're willing to forget both the twelve gauge greeting and the three dead heads with your DNA on 'em if our questions get answered.

Toussaint senses his opening. Light at the end of the tunnel.

BISHOP

But remember, truth is what sets you free here. 'Cause my generosity is the only thing standing between you and 2,500 volts courtesy of the great state of Florida.

TOUSSAINT

What you wanna know?

BISHOP

(to Vick)

Lay out the situation for him broad strokes, and we'll go from there.

VICK

Ten low riders got hit earlier this week. Latin Kings a month before that and MS-13 three before that --

TOUSSAINT

Fuck that, bro. Wasn't us. On God.

VICK

-- for a grand total of forty-three, now forty-six, gang-related homicides in Dade County.

TOUSSAINT

Can't put that on me. Talking 'bout forty-six homicides. Quit capping.

VICK

ZPs are the only game left in town, Toussaint.

TOUSSAINT

Only game left?! Bitch, look around! They hit us too!

VICK

Who is "they"?

This question causes Toussaint to look at Atticus, terrified.

BISHOP

Hey, eyes up front. Walk us through what happened.

On Toussaint, reticent to share, but having no choice, as we...

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - NIGHT

Harbor spotlights slash through diaphanous seafog. Toussaint supervises ZOE POUNDERS as they transport bundles of cocaine from go-fast DRUG RUNNING BOATS to unmarked white CARGO VANS.

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)

A couple keys came in from my plug in Cartagena. No El Chapo weight or nothin', just enough snow white to freshen the cheddar for a month...

Toussaint nods. He and his soldiers hop into vans and depart...

EXT. ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Trail behind the vans, accelerating across a secluded artery abutting the Miami River. Highbeams the only source of light...

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)

It was business as usual, 'til about two miles out, our spot got tore up and shit spun out...

They coast full throttle, coming around the bend to discover an UNOCCUPIED, BURNING CAR obstructing the highway. The vans brake. Toussaint and Zoe Pounders climb outside, eyes peeled...

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)

Figgered the route got grapevined to one of our opps, y'know?. Low riders getting wise to our game, swiping for the throne...

Toussaint squints, searching the nighttime, flanked by river drainage canals on one side and sawgrass fields on the other.

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)

'Cept these weren't no nickel and dime goons. These were cold stone, pipe hitting killers...

Suddenly, disembodied ICY BLUE EYES manifest all around them.

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)

They came out the shadows, moving so fast they could see the future...

Silhouettes EXPLODE from the darkness, like spectres through crushed velvet, RIPPING across frame, MASSACRING Zoe Pounder after Zoe Pounder before they can perceive what is happening.

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)

It was a motherfuckin' ambush...

We catch tantalizing glimpses of sinewy shadows and ice cold irises, but everything's too ephemeral to register in detail.

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)
We slanged our sticks and started
clicking. Squeezing on 'em heavy...

Toussaint and his surviving squad retrieve AK-47s and UNLOAD an enfilade, muzzle flashes flickering like hot firecrackers.

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)
But they were speed demons. Dropped
us in thirty seconds flat...

One by one, Zoe Pounders disappear from view, ANNIHILATED by shadows flashing through the night, the CACOPHONY of gunfire succumbing to the distinctive, wet sound of HUMAN MUTILATION.

BACK TO:

INT. UNIT - HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

Vick processing this, brow furrowed. Bishop seems untroubled.

VICK
When did this happen?

TOUSSAINT
Five, maybe six months back.

VICK
(to Bishop)
Timeline makes them the first hit.
(to Toussaint)
This gang, they lift your narcs?

TOUSSAINT
Not. One. Ounce.

BISHOP
Only boosted your route.

TOUSSAINT
And capped most my crew. But real
talk, that ain't even the half of it.

VICK
What do you mean?

TOUSSAINT
They didn't just waste my shooters...

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

The remainder of the flashback transpires in pitch dark, lit only by intermittently blinking car headlights, rendering it impossible to be certain that what we are witnessing is real.

The bloodsodden aftermath looks like Sodom and Gomorrah came to south Florida; warm asphalt carpeted with slaughtered Zoe Pounders, amputated extremities, and disemboweled intestines.

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)
They made 'em into a motherfuckin'
happy meal...

Toussaint and THREE REMAINING ZOE POUNDERS hide, camouflaged in the sawgrass, watching what appears to be vague, nebulous SILHOUETTES gobbling their fallen associates, slurping blood from eviscerated jugular veins like predators on downed prey.

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)
One of my dogs danced with the devil
and made it through. But I ain't seen
him since...

ONE ZOE POUNDER fends off an aggressor, flees into the night, bleeding from bullets in his gut and lacerations in his neck.

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)
The rest of us took our pulses and
little piggied, legged it out all the
way home...

Toussaint and his three comrades bolt the opposite direction.

BACK TO:

INT. UNIT - HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

Vick looking confused, none of the details adding up for her.

TOUSSAINT
Been layin' low here since.

VICK
(re: decapitated heads)
Let me get this straight, those were
the men who made it out alive?

TOUSSAINT
Other than my homie who Houdini'd.

VICK
Okay then, um, what changed?

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - LITTLE HAITI - NIGHT

Toussaint and three Zoe Pounders regroup at their safehouse, bloodstained and speechless. The three survivors double over, claspng their necks, bilious. Toussaint offers to help, but stops when they SNAP at him, irises now turned cerulean blue.

TOUSSAINT (V.O.)

Wasn't the clean getaway I thought it was. By the time we came back, they were clapped up, became something else entirely. Fiending. Ran up on me 'til I had no choice...

The three Zoe Pounders slowly encroach, cornering Toussaint. He blanches, leveling his sawed off. Off the PUMP ACTION, we...

BACK TO:

INT. UNIT - HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

Vick listening, doubtful, still separating fact from fiction.

VICK

You killed your own crew?

TOUSSAINT

Bitch, you ain't listening! It was self defense! They turned!

VICK

"Turned"? Turned into what?

TOUSSAINT

Him.

Toussaint points at Atticus, who stares back at him deadeyed.

VICK

I -- I don't understand.

TOUSSAINT

That's why I sprayed on y'all! Thought they circled back to put the nail in my coffin! I had no choice!

VICK

Suppose you had "no choice" but to decapitate your men and stuff garlic down their throats too?

TOUSSAINT

Yes, motherfucker! It was the only way!

VICK

Only way what?

TOUSSAINT

They would stay dead!

VICK

Alright. This guy's wasting our time.
Let's get the bracelets and book him.

TOUSSAINT

I'm telling you!

VICK

Telling me what? That this new crew
in town hit your shipment, left the
drugs, then polished off your men for
the final course? You really expect us
to buy that bullshit?

TOUSSAINT

I saw it, man! Ask him! Ask him!

VICK

I'm not asking anybody anything.
We're done.

ATTICUS (O.S.)

This was her.

Vick jumps, startled. Atticus is now no longer behind her in
the shadows, but inspecting the heads. *We never saw him move.*

ATTICUS

Her scent still lingers on these men.

Bishop nods, understanding, then offers Toussaint an IPHONE
with MAPS of metropolitan Miami. Vick watches with disbelief.

BISHOP

Mark the coordinates of your route,
start to finish.

VICK

You're not serious.

BISHOP

As a heart attack.

Toussaint drops multiple pins on the map, painting THE ROUTE.

BISHOP

Thank you for your service.
(to Vick and Atticus)
Alright, let's hit the dusty trail.

VICK

This is a joke. We have to arrest him, process him, get forensics here --

BISHOP

My team will take care of it.

VICK

You're asking me to look the other way on this?

BISHOP

Yeah, but Lake?

VICK

What?

BISHOP

I'm not asking.

The tacit threat hangs there, heavy, despite his genial grin.

TOUSSAINT

Wait -- wait -- get these cuffs off -- c'mon, you said you'd let me slide!

Atticus crouches next to Toussaint, who thrashes, bucking in his chair, reeling back, muttering Francophonic imprecations, petrified. Atticus holds his chin, speaking to him in French...

ATTICUS

You looked the devil in the eye and did not blink. Rest knowing this is more than most men can say.

TOUSSAINT

What -- what are you?

Atticus looks at him with his terrifying, enigmatic stare, a stare that seems to hold the wonders and horrors of humanity.

ATTICUS

If you are fortunate, you will never know.

With that, Atticus glides outside, Bishop and Vick following, leaving Toussaint tied down to his chair, alone and helpless.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - LITTLE HAITI - NIGHT

The trio approaches the Range Rover. Bishop is on his phone, tugging the passenger door open for Atticus like a chauffeur.

BISHOP

Need the chalkboard wiped at 500 NW
75th street. Building four. Yeah,
mean but clean. Cheers.

(hanging up, to Atticus)

Didn't tell me you spoke French.

ATTICUS

Pick up a few tricks when you have
been around as long as I have.

BISHOP

Right on. Lake, you need medical
attention? Got some quikclots in the
trunk.

VICK

I'm fine.

BISHOP

Sure? Saw you eat a shrapnel sandwich.

VICK

I'm resilient. Can I ask you a question?

BISHOP

Think you just did.

VICK

What the fuck are we doing?

BISHOP

Gonna have to be more specific.

VICK

Toussaint just confessed to narcotics
trafficking and three homicides, plus
the ADW we can pin no problem. That's
a life ride, minimum, and yet, we
didn't even cut him loose to local.

BISHOP

Because Toussaint's not why we're here.

VICK

Then why are we here?

BISHOP

(impish, evasive)

Get some shuteye. This is just the
beginning.

Vick does not get inside the car, standing her ground, upset.

BISHOP

Oh c'mon. Stop pouting and get in.

VICK
I'm gonna walk.

Vick is already walking off, vanishing into the dark horizon.

BISHOP
Keep your head on a swivel, Lake! Lot
of dangerous people out there!

Bishop laughs, then hops into the Range Rover and pulls away.

INT. FBI OFFICE - MIAMI - NIGHT

Vick burns the midnight oil, sifting through case files. She looks around, coast clear, then sneaks a pull from her flask.

EDDIE (O.S.)
Taking the edge off?

Vick jolts from fright. She turns and sees Eddie approaching.

EDDIE
Relax, Vick. I'm kidding. We're off
the clock.

VICK
Thanks for meeting me so late.

EDDIE
Sure thing, what's going on?

VICK
Was hoping you could do me a solid.
Two, actually.

EDDIE
Depends on how solid. Are we talking
watering plants or burying bodies?

Vick brandishes THREE SWAB TUBES with blood samples that she swiped at Toussaint's. Eddie lifts an eyebrow, not following...

VICK
First is a toxicology report. Full
labwork, drug panel, the works, on
all three samples. But it has to stay
off the books.

Eddie accepts the tubes, reluctant, like they're radioactive.

EDDIE
Whose blood is this?

VICK
Belongs to some deceased Zoe Pounders.

EDDIE

Terrific. Now I really don't want to hear the second ask.

VICK

I need you to do some digging, pull background on a name. Mack Bishop. Guessing he's agency, SAD, or another affiliate. Maybe ranger or delta before that.

EDDIE

This is the Malibu GI Joe that was in here yesterday?

VICK

Yeah. And make sure to cover your tracks. VPNs, dummy IDs, no footprints.

EDDIE

Alright, I'll start making calls.

VICK

Appreciate you running this down.

EDDIE

You'd do the same for me. Catch you tomorrow.

Eddie leaves. Vick looks down at Toussaint's mugshot, and we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The same photograph being pinned onto Vick's homemade murder map, placed beside new PICTURES of the deceased ZOE POUNDERS.

They are the fourth spoke on the wheel, joining the Nazi Low Riders, Latin Kings and MS-13, all victim to an unknown crew, defined only by the one word that Atticus uttered previously...

"HER"

Reveal Vick staring at her evidence board, nocturnal, faint, violet bags developing under her eyes from sleep deprivation.

Vick rips another swig from her flask, glances at her watch, only now noticing the sun beginning to appear on the horizon.

She shakes her head and trots off to bed, done for the night.

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - DAY

HARD CUT to a cellphone RINGING, shrill and persistent. Vick rouses from her slumber, exhausted. She checks the time: 4pm.

Vick hops from her bed, composes herself, and answers, as we...

INTERCUT:

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - DAY

Bishop swaggering through headquarters, barking instructions...

BISHOP

Sun sets in two hours, Lake. Where ya been?

VICK

Waiting for your call.

BISHOP

Aw, you're making me blush.

VICK

What's going on?

BISHOP

Toussaint was telling the truth. Our surveillance picked up some unusual activity on his route.

VICK

On my way.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - MIAMI - NIGHT

Final vestiges of daylight recede behind an obsidian horizon. We follow behind one of the more modest vehicles on the road...

INT./EXT. SUV - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

As Vick navigates fitful traffic lost in thought, ruminative. Suddenly, her phone VIBRATES. She picks up on the first ring...

VICK

Talk to me.

INTERCUT:

INT. FBI OFFICE - MIAMI - NIGHT

With Eddie huddled inside an empty conference room, isolated.

EDDIE

Tox will be a minute, but I had an agency contact slip me what he could.

VICK

Topline it for me.

EDDIE

Your new friend is Macmillan Bishop III. 38. Paid his dues in DEVGRU for a decade before graduating to special activities, running tier one cowboy tours in just about every war-torn, third world hellhole known to man. San Salvador, Mogadishu, Fallujah, Caracas, Karachi. Take your pick.

VICK

Details of which, we don't have.

EDDIE

Nope. Every file's either classified or redacted. Think the work was wet?

VICK

Soaking. He still a company man?

EDDIE

Not on paper. A few years back, he suddenly falls off the map, no listed affiliations with SAD, CAG, JSOC, nothing. Guy's a fucking ninja. Maybe he's roguing?

VICK

No, this thing's fully resourced.

EDDIE

Could be an independent contractor sheep dipped under Title 50.

VICK

Keeping us attached for plausible deniability.

EDDIE

No doubt. Question is, what's he doing stateside?

VICK

That's what I'm trying to find out.

EDDIE

Take care of yourself, Vick.

EXT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Vick pulls into the garage, the warehouse looking unoccupied...

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Revealed to be window dressing. The interior teems with more ACTIVITY than before. More bodies, more equipment, and more conversations. Vick ambles in, sees Bishop directing traffic.

BISHOP

Howdy, partner.

TWELVE DELTA OPERATORS, all yoked and stoked with blistered trigger fingers, strut through, shouldering HK 416 carbines, plate carriers and tactical night vision goggles. They adlib casual, familiar GREETINGS to Bishop, paying no mind to Vick.

VICK

Those guys are Delta.

BISHOP

Used to be.

VICK

Is this a criminal investigation or a military operation?

BISHOP

There a difference?

VICK

I can think of a few.

BISHOP

Tell me 'em later. We're about to make a bust.

VICK

Right now?

BISHOP

No, tomorrow, next week, whenever's good for you. Yes, right now.

Bishop walks off, an invitation for her to follow him inside...

INT. STAGING AREA - MARINA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A staging area with chairs facing eight surveillance screens and surrounded by enough high powered hardware to start some wars: ASSAULT RIFLES, SMOKE GRENADES, and STRANGE AMMUNITION containing hollow point bullets with **CLEAR FLUID** inside them.

Strangely, a PRIEST is present, muttering Latin benedictions and swinging his thurible, spreading incense over the armory. Vick furrows her brow, unable to rationalize what's going on.

The Delta Operators occupy half the chairs, facing the front. Atticus lingers in the back. Vick sheepishly sits beside him.

BISHOP

Alright, fellas. Listen up.

Murmurs quickly EBB. The operators are deferential to Bishop. He clicks through SATELLITE IMAGING of the Zoe Pounder route.

BISHOP

Sources confirmed that the Queen of Spades is using big rigs to traffic contraband along the route seen over my left shoulder here. The eighteen wheelers have been running laps from the south every two hours on the hour since we've had eyes up.

Bishop thumbs to thermal IMAGES of an EIGHTEEN WHEELER truck flanked by SIX MOTORCYCLE ESCORTS, two in the front and rear, one on each side, their thermal signatures registering **FIFTY DEGREES FAHRENHEIT**, half the standard human body temperature.

Vick notices this discrepancy and squints, not understanding.

BISHOP

We tried tracking the cars to their end destination, but they've been running figure eights, shaking our tails, mostly due to the fact that DirectTV has better satellite feeds than the ones on loan from the NSA. In the meantime, we're gonna hit their shipment at these coordinates and make it look like garden variety gang retaliation. Road's a single lane with no intersections, no cameras, no escape routes, and only one egress.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE

What kind of muscle they rolling with?

BISHOP

Freights so far have had six escorts on bikes. Two in the front. Two in the back. And one at each flank. We engage them in that order.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE

And the driver?

BISHOP
Leave him.

DELTA OPERATOR TWO
Why?

BISHOP
Six figures says you don't ask
questions like "why".

DELTA OPERATOR TWO
Your world, Bishop.

DELTA OPERATOR THREE
How about ROE? Weapons free?

BISHOP
As a bird.

Vick blanches, unnerved. *Could this really be a kill mission?*

BISHOP
Now, the man standing to your right
is our first line of defense.

Vick swivels to see Atticus somehow migrated across the room
without her realizing it. He leans against the wall and nods.

BISHOP
He gives an order? That is the voice
of God whispering in your ear.
Disobey and risk spending eternity in
perdition. Got it?

Met with GRUMBLES of assent. Bishop rips his vape and smirks.

BISHOP
Jock up, boys. It's time to get rowdy.

Delta Operators stand and start preparing for the operation.
Vick signals Bishop, pulling him into a private conversation.

VICK
This is the first I'm hearing about
any "Queen of Spades".

BISHOP
Oh. Right. She's just a HVT we're
smoking out.
(motioning to weapons)
Now, grab some toys and get ready.

VICK
But I'm not approved for this.

BISHOP

You wanna end all the violence that
has suddenly arrived on your doorstep
or not?

On Vick, torn and distressed by the gravity of the operation.

BISHOP

'Cause guess what, Dorothy? This is
the end of the yellow brick road, and
the decision is yours.

VICK

I would just like to understand
what's going on here.

BISHOP

Only one way to do that.

Bishop brushes past. Vick notices Atticus watching from afar.
After a beat, he moves into the next room. Vick stands there,
hesitant. Finally, she makes her decision and follows, as we...

EXT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

SLAM TO the Range Rover pulling from the warehouse, followed
by TWO BLACK SUBURBANS falling into a single file procession.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Delta Operator One drives. Bishop sits shotgun with Vick and
Atticus in the back. Vick looks out the window, nerves fried,
fingers nervously massaging the grip of her holstered weapon.

ATTICUS

You are scared.

VICK

Not yet.

ATTICUS

You will be.

EXT. ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

The caravan slips through the desolate streets of Allapattah,
its vibrant cultural colors clashing against ruinous poverty.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Atticus absorbs the scene. Bishop communicates with his team
through bone induction microphones pinned to his flak jacket.

BISHOP
 (into radio)
 Camelot, this is Alpha. Any movement?

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST (RADIO)
 Negative, Alpha. Silk road is still
 dark. No contact.

BISHOP
 (into radio)
 Good copy, Camelot. Bravo team,
 continue to primary engagement point.

DELTA OPERATOR TWO (RADIO)
 Bravo One One copies.

DELTA OPERATOR THREE (RADIO)
 Bravo One Two copies.

The Suburbans ACCELERATE past Vick's window, cruising north,
 synchronized. Meanwhile, the Range Rover turns, skating left...

EXT. ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Onto a forbidding thoroughfare, threading between sprawling
 stretches of deteriorated scrapyards and corroded warehouses
 sitting behind concertina wire, not one street lamp in sight.
 Late afternoon rainwater cascades from graffitied overpasses.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Vick shakes her head, apprehension escalating beyond measure.

BISHOP
 (into radio)
 Camelot, confirming silk road ahead.

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST (RADIO)
 Confirmed, Alpha. Entrance behind the
 scrapyard at northwest corner.

BISHOP
 (into radio)
 We'll be at insert in one mike.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE
 Direction.

BISHOP
 Scrapyard. Northwest corner. There.

Bishop gestures through the window. Delta Operator One obeys,
 slashing left across an intersection. Vick clutches the grab
 handles for ballast. Atticus does not move with the momentum...

EXT. SCRAPYARD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Even as the Range Rover CAREENS through cyclone fencing into an empty salvage yard, BOUNCING across its potholed terrain, weaving between stripped down junkers and torch cut clunkers.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Bishop signals to the dismantled SITE OFFICE in the distance.

BISHOP
Access point, 200 meters, behind the
office.

EXT. SCRAPYARD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

The Range Rover skids behind the office building, FLATTENING its protective chainlink fence, curving around the structure, coasting down a slight declivity, and debouching straight on...

EXT. ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

The trafficking routes we saw in the sequence with Toussaint.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Bishop leans back with satisfaction and rackslides his rifle.

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST (RADIO)
Be advised, tango spotted half mile
from your location. Heading north on
silk road.

BISHOP
Whoowee! We got a live one, folks!

ATTICUS
You are using the ammunition provided.

VICK
Yeah. Why?

Vick ejects the magazine and plucks one of the hollow points.

VICK
What's inside this?

BISHOP
Water.

VICK
Water?

BISHOP
Of the blessed variety.

Vick furrows her brow with confusion. Before she can inquire...

DELTA OPERATOR TWO (RADIO)
Bravo One One is set.

DELTA OPERATOR THREE (RADIO)
Bravo One Two is set. Go on your call.

BISHOP
(into radio)
Righteous. Going dark.
(to the car)
Masks down, NVGs up.

Everyone slides black balaclavas on, obscuring their faces, then secures NIGHT VISION GOGGLES into place. Delta Operator One kills the headlights, navigating in total darkness as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Blinding headlights wiping frame as TWO BLACK KAWASAKI NINJA SPORTBIKES SHRIEK across the pavement, topping triple digits, the identity of their drivers anonymous behind tinted visors.

Behind them, an EIGHTEEN WHEELER roars down the thoroughfare, supported by FOUR MORE ESCORT SPORTBIKES, one flanking each side and two shadowing its six, like on the satellite images.

We sweep past their caravan, racing a half mile south, where...

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Our Range Rover trails, quiet and covert, sliding across the street like a wraith in the night. Bishop looks at his watch...

BISHOP
Showtime.

EXT. ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

The crotchrockets SCREAM across asphalt, hot engines whining...

When TWO FLOODLIGHTS suddenly snap awake, illuminating thin, braided RAZOR WIRE stretched across the street. Too late for evasive maneuvering, the wire MEETS the two bikers at 100mph.

The damp impact SEPARATES their heads from their bodies like torrid irons through silk. The bikes SKID sideways, SPARKING off concrete, FLINGING the headless horseman over handlebars.

The guillotined heads bounce away, rolling into the sawgrass.

Suddenly, SPIKE STRIPS skid across the asphalt. The eighteen wheeler BRAKES in an impetuous maneuver, torque and momentum too intense to manage, as its semitrailer JACKKNIFES forward, coasting across steel teeth, its tires EXPLODING from impact.

The remaining BIKERS rip their own handle brakes, SCREECHING, narrowly evading certain death from the big rig SPINNING out.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Vick reacts, stunned. Bishop smiles as wide as his shoulders.

BISHOP
(into radio)
Bravo team, you are cleared hot.

EXT. ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

DELTA OPERATORS suddenly appear, guns leveled, flooding from the sawgrass and canals abutting the road, now revealing the razor wire is collared to the Suburbans parked on both sides.

Bikers quick draw MIAMI STREETSWEEPERS, Uzi submachine guns, from holsters, their chalkwhite hands ready to pull triggers.

The standoff lasts mere seconds before all hell breaks loose. Operators SQUEEZING on Bikers. Bikers SQUEEZING on Operators.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

The radiant FIREFIGHT becomes visible through the windshield.

BISHOP
Ramming speed.

Delta Operator One GUNS the gas pedal, slingshotting forward.

EXT. ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

BIKER THREE takes the offensive, moving at superhuman speed, eluding the BARRAGE and SPEARING Delta Operator Four against asphalt. He rears back to deliver his finishing strike, when...

The Range Rover SCORCHES into view, STEAMROLLING Biker Three.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - ROAD - NIGHT

Atticus, Bishop, and Delta Operator One have already exited the Range Rover before it can stop moving. Vick can only sit there equivocating, head spinning, no idea what is happening.

EXT. ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

Bishop is FIRING, picking Bikers off with precision, assault weapon CLATTERING, delivering a biblical reckoning. The clip empties. No problem, he defers to a Desert Eagle, adroit and smooth, fanning the hammer while SHOOTING like Billy The Kid.

Biker Four gets STRUCK, his chest cavity eating three rounds. He collapses, then convulses, BLEATING like butchered cattle, as the dum dum slugs buried in his flesh DETONATE from impact, releasing their water, IGNITING an adverse chemical reaction...

His skin starts to BLISTER, smoke pluming from entry wounds, until his body INCINERATES into swirling clouds of black ash!

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - ROAD - NIGHT

On Vick, watching, attempting to grasp the chemistry of what just happened. She grabs her Glock and slams home a magazine.

VICK
WHAT THE FUCK?!

No more time to dither, only react, as Biker Three clambers from underneath the Range Rover chassis, somehow still alive!

He rolls both shoulders, REALIGNING snapped bones into place. Then flings his helmet off and faces Vick through the window.

His physiognomy mutates, baring whetted, bloodsoaked CANINES.

Establishing once and for all, that this new "syndicate" in Dade County is not actually human, but bloodthirsty vampires.

[Author's Note: They are now called "vampires" not "bikers".]

Vampire Three reaches for the handle. His hand HISSES smoke upon contact with its silver composite material. He BELLOWS with frustration, regrouping. Then BASHES through the window and MANHANDLES Vick from the Range Rover with clawed fingers...

EXT. ROAD - ALLAPATTAH - NIGHT

LAUNCHING her to the street, ass over teakettle, pistol lost.

Vick scrabbles onto her feet, but Vampire Three grabs her by the collar and PROPELS her fifteen feet into the semitrailer.

She crumbles from the COLLISION, disoriented, lungs rattling.

Vick senses motion, lifts her gaze to discover Vampire Three has closed the distance, tonguing his fangs, leering like a predator preparing its prey, about to dine on her for dinner...

When knuckles BURST through his chest, DRILLING a fist sized orifice through his sternum and spattering viscera over Vick.

Reveal Atticus behind Vampire Three. The latter caves like a cutstring marionette. Then, for the coup de grace before the creature can convalesce, Atticus HURLS him at the razor wire...

The spectacular precision and velocity GUILLOTINING him upon wet impact. The decapitation causes Vampire Three to COMBUST.

Atticus offers his hand to Vick. She stares at it, terrified.

BISHOP

'Pire, right! 'Pire, right!

Atticus whips back, sees TWO DELTA OPERATORS falling victim to VAMPIRE FIVE, whose jaws SNAP like a rattlesnake, RIPPING throats out. Bishop is occupied, opening FIRE on VAMPIRE SIX.

Atticus steals one last look at Vick, then leaps into action.

He moves like lightning, blazing through the street, HACKING Vampire Six to shreds en route to confront Vampire Five, who has the Operators pinned down, bleeding out from their necks.

Atticus grabs Vampire Five and POWERSLAMs him into the truck, their concussive IMPACT folding steel and SHATTERING windows.

With the upper hand secured, Atticus GRINDS his boot against Vampire Five's throat and lifts his mask up. His eyes widen, Atticus putting the fear of god into the godless bloodsucker...

VAMPIRE FIVE

Atticus?!

They converse in classical Latin, indicated in Italics below.

VAMPIRE FIVE

You're supposed to be --

ATTICUS

Dead?

VAMPIRE FIVE

Yes.

ATTICUS

But I already am.

Vampire Five hardens, realizing his seconds are numbered. He flashes his fangs, sneering with malice, defiant until death.

VAMPIRE FIVE

You will never find her.

ATTICUS

I found you, didn't I?

VAMPIRE FIVE

You cannot stop what is coming. She has become more powerful than you could ever --

Before Vampire Five can even finish, Atticus unceremoniously TEARS his throat out, like shucking an orange slice from the rind. Vampire Five spasms, flesh blackening, then VAPORIZING.

Vick scrambles for her pistol on all fours, head on a swivel, watching as hardcore, heavy hitting operators BATTLE against nocturnal brutes, their eyes twinkling in anemic nightvision.

The big rig passenger door bangs open. VAMPIRE SEVEN emerges from the cabin swinging his Uzi around, SPRAYING and praying.

Vick ducks behind the Range Rover, bullets BLAZING overhead. An errant round SLAPS Delta Operator Four's kevlar. He drops.

Bishop appears from behind Vampire Seven, unsheathing an OAK STAKE from his camouflaged scabbard, and in one fluid motion, IMPALES him, SKEWERING his vital organs like a chicken kabob.

Bishop watches Vampire Seven DECOMPOSE with perverse delight.

Finally, there is a CESSATION of violence. Bishop approaches the two Delta Operators bleeding out, holding their jugulars.

BISHOP

Whaddya think, Atticus?

Atticus APPEARS on command. He rotates their heads, sees TWO FANGED PUNCTURE MARKS on both men. He shakes his head, grave.

BISHOP

Goddamn! These are two of my best.
Worked downrange with 'em for years.

ATTICUS

They will turn in minutes.

BISHOP

Oh well.

Bishop no look EXECUTES his own guys without breaking stride.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE
Ice cold, Bishop.

BISHOP
They knew the risks.

Behind them, Delta Operator Two and Three hoist THE DRIVER from the truck cabin, already chained and black-bagged so he cannot identify them. They bind him down to the front grille.

Atticus joins, mask on. He addresses Vampire Eight in French...

ATTICUS
This is Zoe Pounder territory.

At the opposite end of the truck, Bishop finds Vick standing with the semitrailer opened, looking at the cargo, catatonic.

Slowly reveal what she is staring at -- **TWENTY MEN AND WOMEN** hanging from crude gantries like swine at the slaughterhouse, alive but comatose, with intravenous systems siphoning blood like parasites from their hosts. Vick cannot comprehend this...

BISHOP
Shouldn't have looked behind door number one, Lake. But at least now you know what we're dealing with.

Vick emerges from the deep dark depths of a fugue state, her grasp on reality tenuous, still clinging to prior, obsolete conceptions of truth, only able to stammer out monosyllables...

VICK
I -- don't -- I don't understand.

Delta Operators spread out, cold and clinical as they UNHOOK individual life support systems, flatlining each body inside.

VICK
What are they doing?! We have to help these people!

BISHOP
They're already braindead. Farmed for blood. This is a show of mercy.

Across the street, Operators fireman-carry their TWO FALLEN BRETHREN to a Suburban and load their corpses into the trunk. Then reel in the razor wire and spike strips with efficiency.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE
Margin's almost blown, Bishop.

BISHOP
Yup. Lake, c'mon. It's time to go.

VICK

We need to get ambulances here and --
paramedics and -- and -- we need to
call somebody!

BISHOP

Keep your voice down. That's not part
of the plan.

VICK

Not part of what plan?! This is human
trafficking! Homicide!

Vick tries to enter the trailer but Bishop wrangles her into
submission, rifle inches from her forehead, meaning business.

BISHOP

I'll explain everything, but you first
have to shut up and get in the car, or
we're gonna have a serious problem.

Vick glances at Atticus, his expression suggesting she agree.

BISHOP

Deal?

Vick reluctantly nods. Bishop offers a hand, but she refuses
the conciliatory gesture, getting back onto two feet herself.

She staggers toward the Range Rover, takes one last look at
the road. Most evidence of the vampires has evaporated, the
soft breeze blowing their ashen vestiges into the sky, as we...

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

SMASH TO Vick VOMITING in an industrial sink back at mission
headquarters. She scoops running faucet water into her mouth,
snapping out of her anguished torpor, slowly coming to grips...

BISHOP

That's it. Get it all out.

VICK

Those were -- they were --

BISHOP

Go on. You can say it.

VICK

Vampires.

BISHOP

There it is.

VICK

And so is he.

Vick points across the room, where Atticus stands, observing.

BISHOP

Vampire. Aka vampir. Aka homo sanguinarius. Correct. They're real, and they're everywhere.

VICK

This isn't possible.

BISHOP

Of course it's possible! You just witnessed first fucking hand how possible it is, Lake. Check the blood test you ran behind our backs if you're still skeptical.

(off her surprise)

Yeah. We know everything.

VICK

Alright, that's it. I want answers, and I want them now.

BISHOP

Hit me.

VICK

The government... They know about them...

BISHOP

Think I got the scratch to bankroll something like this?

VICK

That means they've been living among us...

BISHOP

Going bump in the night for thousands of years, correct. But they're pretty damn hard to kill, so we've looked the other way on some missing persons as long as they stay in line.

VICK

You've been letting this happen?!

BISHOP

What's the alternative? Declare war on deadbeats and risk millions of lives? Don't be naive.

BISHOP

This is the best way to preserve order, keep the monsters under the bed.

VICK

Which makes you some kind of vampire hunter...

BISHOP

Eh, more like referee. Tracking them from one city to the next, making sure their eyes don't get bigger than their stomachs.

Vick absorbs this information, too outlandish to be believed.

VICK

If there's some mutual peace agreement, why are you suddenly hunting them down like dogs?

Bishop smiles like a professor who's proud of his star pupil.

BISHOP

Does the name "Subrosa" mean anything to you?

VICK

Is that a moniker or something?

ATTICUS (O.S.)

Under the rose...

Vick tenses, surprised. Atticus suddenly APPEARED beside her.

ATTICUS

Is the direct Latin translation. But really, it just means "in secret".

VICK

Okay, great, got my dead language lesson for the day. What is Subrosa?

BISHOP

She is the head of the biggest, baddest bloodsucker syndicate in the continental U.S.

Bishop WHISTLES at two nearby INTELLIGENCE SPECIALISTS. They nod, swivel around an easel sitting beside them, revealing a baroque OIL PORTRAIT of **SUBROSA**. An exterminating angel, she looks composed yet enfeebling, with blazing russet hair that can grace your wildest dreams or haunt your worst nightmares.

BISHOP

This one's called "Night Virago",
1656. Little derivative if you ask
me.

VICK

(realizing)

The Queen of Spades. She's your high
value target.

BISHOP

Nearly nine hundred years young, and
the most powerful known 'pire in
existence. Ironically, never caused
too much trouble until recently.

VICK

She crossed your line in the sand
down here...

BISHOP

On multiple occasions. Racking up
body counts that make Dracula look
like Count Chocula. We had no choice
but to intervene.

VICK

How are you going to stop her once
you find her?

BISHOP

I'm not.
(indicating Atticus)
He is.

VICK

But he's one of them.

BISHOP

In species only.
(elaborating)
Few months back, Atticus approached
us with an offer we couldn't refuse:
he lends us his unique skillset to
help find Subrosa. In return, we give
him resources and opportunity.

VICK

Opportunity for what?

ATTICUS

Retribution.

VICK

I'm not following.

Atticus drifts to the window, tired eyes searching the night.

ATTICUS

For many years, there was coexistence between vampires and humans. But now, Subrosa lusts for power, killing with impunity and upsetting the delicate balance that came before. She is an evil without equal. Omnipotent and unrelenting. For mortals, to be near her is to become her prey. There is no bullet she cannot defy, no human she cannot control, no heart she will not consume. She is armageddon incarnate, and she must be stopped.

(turning around)

Fortunately for us, she does not realize just how vulnerable this bloodlust has made her.

VICK

Which is why you're striking now.

BISHOP

But our margin's thin. One false move, and we risk blowing the entire operation.

ATTICUS

Simply put, to end Subrosa would be to end a genocide.

Atticus stops by the door, his vacant stare penetrating Vick.

ATTICUS

Surely, that is a cause deserving of your cooperation.

Atticus departs as Vick reels, coming to terms, reluctant to state the following out loud because of its patent absurdity...

VICK

We're using a vampire as an assassin...

BISHOP

You say that like it's a bad thing. He's saving lives, not taking them, and we need him just as much as he needs us.

VICK

For now.

BISHOP

(reading her concerns)

Atticus is a bullet looking for a target, okay? He won't try anything against us because if he does, he'll be the 'pire in our crosshairs, and dying would surely interfere with his objective.

VICK

Why? What happened to him?

BISHOP

Details are few and far between, but awhile back, Atticus made the fatal mistake of consorting with a human. Had a half breed kid and everything. Subrosa wasn't exactly thrilled for him. Thought reproducing with humans was the ultimate betrayal of their kind. A deliberate subversion of their supremacy or some shit. So, she turned his wife into her own personal blood bag, just to make a point.

Vick chews on this, softening, sympathetic to Atticus' cause.

VICK

What happened to the kid?

BISHOP

Been too afraid to ask, but you can use your imagination.

Bishop exhales vape smoke through his nostrils and stands up.

BISHOP

C'mon. Let's see how our search is coming.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MARINA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Vick follows Bishop inside. Intelligence Specialists monitor screens with satellite imaging and geolocation data offering live surveillance of the trafficking road. **ONSCREEN**, Vampire Eight is still pinioned to the truck, phone in his free hand.

BISHOP

Talk to me.

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST ONE

Surviving tango is still on location. Put his first call in five minutes ago.

BISHOP

We're tracing the recipient?

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST TWO

Affirmative. Signal's already inbound.

VICK

They use cellphones?

BISHOP

Vampires, they're just like us!
Except for, you know, the insatiable
blood thirst, soulless blue eyes,
heightened perceptory senses, and
superior physical abilities.

VICK

Jesus. How can you tell a good
vampire from a bad vampire?

BISHOP

You can't. Until they try to kill you.

VICK

Comforting.

BISHOP

That's why we gotta kill 'em first.

VICK

With what, a stake and cross?

BISHOP

Among other things. Those hollow-
points you just squeezed off? Dumdums
with holy water. Twice as lethal as
garlic, which only sends 'em into
sepsis. Silver's a decent repellent,
though hella expensive. And UV's
always an option, but it works too
slowly for live combat. Better as an
enhanced interrogation technique.

VICK

Decapitation seemed to do the trick
too.

BISHOP

Always. Oh, and that "can only enter
with invitation from owner" rule?
Total bullshit wives' tale. These
suckers come and go as they please.

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST TWO

We have activity on the scene, sir.

On the **SATELLITE FEED**, a luxury SUV arrives at the incident site. FOUR VAMPIRES exit the vehicle and inspect the spoiled shipment. One then approaches Vampire Eight and EXECUTES him.

VICK

They whacked their own guy?

BISHOP

Mercy killing. He fucked up Subrosa's food supply. His future was bleak.

The vampire who murdered Vampire Eight removes his cellphone.

BISHOP

Second call's going out. Stay on it.

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST ONE

Number's secured. Now tracing inbound and outbound calls.

VICK

We're just going to tap phones until we find Subrosa?

BISHOP

'Pires aren't that stupid. They move like any sophisticated crime syndicate or drug cartel. Keep their kingpin as insulated as possible. Only Subrosa's most trusted confidants will know her whereabouts.

VICK

Start with the footsoldiers and work our way up the chain of command.

BISHOP

You catch on fast, Lake.

One screen illustrates **MAPS OF MIAMI**, a blue cursor blinking in Allapattah where the call originated. Suddenly, a slender, contoured line arcs to another cellphone located in Downtown.

Vick leans forward, eyes narrowing, invigorated by the chase.

VICK

That our primary?

BISHOP

Nah. Initial's usually to another minion. Just sit tight and enjoy the fireworks.

Another call sprouts from Downtown, landing in Wynwood. Then, another from Wynwood to Coral Cables.

Followed by another to Pinecrest. The calls increasing in both volume and frequency, until all of Miami is covered by a latticework of blue lines.

Vick reacts, now realizing how besieged Miami is by vampires.

BISHOP

Crazy, right? She forged an entire legion of shadows, and you had no idea.

Eventually, the calls consolidate, merging toward one phone number located in LITTLE HAVANA. Bishop points at the source.

BISHOP

This is our subject. Run the number through every database on file.

Intelligence Specialist One nods. He begins blitzing through cellphone data, social security numbers, and GPS coordinates.

BISHOP

You. See if we can get eyes on the phone's owner.

Intelligence Specialist Two guides the grainy satellite feed toward LITTLE HAVANA, pinpointing a MAN exiting an anonymous building, phone to ear, eyes bouncing around. This is DORIAN.

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST ONE

No hits on the number. Must be using a burner.

BISHOP

Means we're on the right track.

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST TWO

Confirmed visual on subject.

BISHOP

Zero in. Grab some stills.

Intelligence Specialist Two captures PICTURES of Dorian. But the photos are infrared, obscuring his finer facial features.

VICK

Thought vampires couldn't be photographed.

BISHOP

By digital cameras with mirrors. This feed's hyperspectral, bro.

Vick examines Dorian's hyperspectral signature. She notices the distinctive outline of a ROSE TATTOO swirling around his throat, realizing he's the vampire from the opening sequence...

VICK

Wait... I recognize him.

BISHOP

How? That could be any Tom, Dick, or Vlad the Impaler.

VICK

The neck tattoo. He's the suspect who engaged me at their safehouse.

ATTICUS (O.S.)

His name is Dorian.

Vick leaps, startled. Atticus quietly manifested behind them.

ON SCREEN, Dorian looks left, then right, then VANISHES from satellite imaging. Seconds later, and his phone goes OFFLINE.

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST ONE

Lost visual on subject.

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST TWO

Cellphone's offline too.

BISHOP

Dude went dark. Smarter than he looks.

VICK

Who is he?

ATTICUS

Subrosa's second in command and an unmitigated loyalist to her cause. If he is in Miami, she is not far behind.

BISHOP

We'll follow the trail where it went cold. Set up surveillance in Little Havana. There'll be nowhere to hide.

VICK

What can I do?

BISHOP

Head home, recharge your batteries.

VICK

"Head home"? Seriously? Then why am I still here?

BISHOP

Don't ask questions you don't want the answers to.

VICK
Please, enlighten me.

BISHOP
Two reasons. One, deniability. My bosses prefer textbook investigations on paper in the event of shit hitting the fan. However unlikely.

VICK
Great. And two?

BISHOP
For some reason that still eludes me, Atticus thinks you can be useful. He clearly sees something in you that I don't.

Vick looks over at Atticus. He offers no reaction, impassive.

BISHOP
But if letting you tag along keeps my ringer happy, then so be it.

VICK
Unbelievable. I don't need this shit.

Vick stands up and brushes past Bishop, mumbling obscenities.

BISHOP
Step away from the investigation, and then you're really of no use to us. With all the repercussions that brings.

Vick stops, whips around, head cocked, measuring Bishop and the severity of that threat. He stares back at her, devilish.

VICK
Is that a threat?

BISHOP
No, Lake. It's a fact. You're part of this now, whether you like it or not.

A pregnant staredown ensues. Then, Vick turns and stomps out.

EXT. FBI OFFICE - MIAMI - DAY

A nondescript building coruscating under the red morning sun.

MOONEY (PRE-LAP)
I don't understand, Agent Lake...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI OFFICE - DAY

Vick sits opposite Special Agent in Charge Mooney, unsettled.

MOONEY

What are you asking for?

VICK

For starters, I'd like some reassurances --

MOONEY

Reassurances.

VICK

Yes! That the bureau's got my back and won't hang me out at the first sign of trouble.

MOONEY

You may benefit from a reminder that this task force was not my idea. I have neither the jurisdiction, nor the resources for something this extreme, and this kind of unorthodox operation was conceived in a large, white house and five sided building. So, I'm not exactly in a position to be making promises.

VICK

You don't even know the details of the operation, do you?

MOONEY

And I don't want to know them either!

Vick reacts, surprised by his tone. Mooney appears unsettled.

MOONEY

The program's classified. You're read in, I'm not. Any breach of that TS clearance is prosecutable under the espionage act, so let's toe the line.

Vick shakes her head. Mooney is insulating himself from this.

VICK

Must be nice watching this war from the bleachers.

MOONEY

What's that supposed to mean?

VICK

That it feels like I got thrown into the deep end without a lifejacket.

Mooney leans forward, his eyes lowered, no more equivocating.

MOONEY

Miami has seen 72 unsolved homicides and 84 missing persons in the past twelve months. That's a 500% increase over the year prior and doesn't even account for undocumented.

VICK

I know the numbers.

MOONEY

Then you should also know too much blood has spilled into the streets for too long. The powers that be have decided now is the time for drastic measures to be taken against the gang responsible.

VICK

It's not a gang, and you know it.

Mooney changes tact, smiling with his mouth but not his eyes.

MOONEY

Dig deep and stay the course. Never know, you may come out the other side a hero to humanity.

INT. FBI OFFICE - MIAMI - DAY

With Vick, alone at her desk, sifting through old case files, defeated and questioning her sanity. She searches around the bullpen, ensuring nobody is here. Then types "VAMPIRES" into a search engine and scrolls the results, only finding drivel.

Vick clocks Eddie waltz inside and closes the browser window. She steels herself, trying to assume an illusion of normalcy.

EDDIE

Whoa, Vick. You look like the walking dead. When was the last time you slept?

VICK

Few years ago. That bloodwork back yet?

EDDIE

Yes and no. The initial screens were abnormal, so my guy's re-running the tox.

VICK

Abnormal how?

EDDIE

All three samples pinged a positive for some rare disease that didn't make any logical sense.

VICK

What disease?

EDDIE

Something called Porphyria. S'posedly affects less than one in a million, so the chances of three unrelated perps having it are virtually impossible.

Vick searches "Porphyria" on her computer, scans the results.

EDDIE

But it gets wackier. Six months back, a different Zoe Pounder staggers into Jackson Memorial with fatal neck trauma and a belly full of bullets.

On Vick, remembering Toussaint mentioning his crony who fled.

EDDIE

Dude eventually bites it later that night, but the hospital has to report his GSWs, so it's been in our system since. Guess what his blood panel shows?

VICK

Porphyria.

EDDIE

Bingo.

VICK

(re: monitor)

Says here it's a blood disorder.

EDDIE

Must be why they call it the "vampire disease".

VICK

Come again?

EDDIE

That's what my ME called it: "the vampire disease". Symptoms include acute anemia, sunlight sensitivity, garlic intolerance, etc.

Vick chuckles morbidly. *This nightmare is actually happening.*

EDDIE
You alright, Vick?

VICK
Yeah, yeah. Sorry. I'm good. I'm fine.

EDDIE
Sure about that? Seems like you could
use a beer. Or ten.
(off her hesitation)
C'mon. One drink won't kill ya.

INT. DIVE BAR - COCONUT GROVE - DUSK

Vick sits in the corner booth of a barren dive bar. Her eyes bounce around, scanning the few PATRONS obscured in shadows, wondering if they are vampires, world now turned upside down.

She sighs and privately swigs from her flask, seconds before Eddie appears with two draft beers in hand and sits opposite.

Vick produces some cash from her wallet. Eddie waves her off.

EDDIE
Put that away. This round's on me.

VICK
Thanks, Eddie.

They cheers one another and drink, Vick taking healthy swigs.

EDDIE
Where was I again?

VICK
The Seals.

EDDIE
Oh, right. Can't believe I never told
you that. All I ever wanted to be
growing up was on team six, but my
eyesight was never gonna pass muster.
Well that, and I could barely swim.

VICK
G-men were the next best thing.

EDDIE
When the alternative is chewing dirt
downrange as a jarhead or less? Damn
right.

Eddie shakes his head, smirking to himself, sipping his beer.

EDDIE

Not as noble as your cause, but shit,
it's better than nothing.

VICK

What do you mean?

EDDIE

Just that you channeled all your rage
and grief into something productive.
You know, kicking ass, taking names.

VICK

Saving the world.

EDDIE

Exactly. Speaking of, what's the
ghost op been like since we spoke?

VICK

Like being strapped to an atom bomb.

EDDIE

No shit. What's the bottom line?

VICK

You wouldn't believe me even if I
told you.

EDDIE

Try me.

Inhibitions dulled from the alcohol, Vick glances around the
bar. Complete ghost town. She leans over the table, raising
the tension, her voice plummeting to a conspiratorial murmur...

VICK

The target of the operation isn't a
gang.

EDDIE

Drug cartel? Trafficking ring?

VICK

No. Something else entirely.

EDDIE

Vick, please, end the suspense.
Who're you guys after?

VICK

Vampires.

The admission sits there, laid bare and suspended in silence.
Eddie stares at Vick, inscrutable, then BURSTS into laughter.

EDDIE

Who else is on the task force? Buffy?
Van Helsing?

VICK

No, Eddie --

EDDIE

Just wait until our werewolf unit
hears about this.

VICK

You're not listening --

EDDIE

Man, this case has really done a
number on you.

VICK

I'm telling the truth! But you can't
say a word. These guys -- Bishop --
he could kill me if this gets out.

Vick scours the bar, eyes glassing over, vision lagging, now realizing that she and Eddie are the only two people present.

EDDIE

Relax, Vick. They're not going to
kill you.

Soused, Vick studies her drink, confused by her intoxication.

EDDIE

I am.

His expression morphs, lightning fast, fluidly transforming from affable colleague to vicious psychopath in seconds flat.

VICK

Wha... What?

Vick falters, trailing off, her words stroke victim slurring...

EDDIE

But first, you're going to tell me
everything about this operation.

Vick stumbles from her seat, loses her equilibrium, BUCKLING. Eddie is there to support her poleaxed body, shouldering her through the exits like an overserved barfly who had too many...

EXT. ALLEY - COCONUT GROVE - NIGHT

Into an empty alley behind the bar, where his car is waiting. Vick struggles, summoning what motor skills remain to resist.

BISHOP (O.S.)

Bad move, bro.

Eddie whirls around, sees Bishop leaning against the stained brick wall, obfuscated by vape smoke. He is only rocking a wifebeater, so his kevlar vest looks like a sleeveless shirt.

EDDIE

What the --

Eddie turns to flee, when his feet suddenly take FLIGHT. He releases Vick, who HITS the pavement like a crash test dummy.

She slowly recovers, and through her narcotized stupor, sees Atticus hoisting Eddie off of the ground like an infant, his vampiric hands death-gripped around the dirty agent's throat.

Eddie, now suffocating, panic-cycles his legs, searching for purchase, feet finding nothing but air as his oxygen withers.

BISHOP

Sorry, Lake, but there was a third reason we kept you around.

VICK

He's -- he's one of them?!

BISHOP

Nah, he's just a familiar.

VICK

A what?

BISHOP

A human who works for vampires. Your good pal Eddie here has been simping for Subrosa.

Bishop approaches Eddie, smiling, examining his asphyxiated, florid face, finding deep and gainful pleasure in his demise.

BISHOP

Isn't that right, Edward?

Eddie struggles to respond, BRAYING nonsense, spittle flying, his ballooning bloodshot eyes bereft of all intelligent life.

EDDIE

Fu -- fuck you.

BISHOP

Fuck me?

EDDIE

I'm -- a -- a -- federal agent.

BISHOP

Not anymore you're not.

Vick tries staggering onto her feet, bandylegged, unbalanced, leaning against the wall for ballast. Her knees FAIL, and we...

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

SMASH TO Vick seated with her arm hooked into an intravenous drip solution, hydrating, flushing narcotics from her system.

Vick awakens, coming back to consciousness, alert. She hears the chilling, glottal SOUNDS OF TORTURE reverberating nearby. After one long last, sustained DEATH RATTLE, the noise STOPS.

Atticus steps outside one of the warehouse side rooms, faint remnants of blood smeared across his wet mouth. He makes eye contact with Vick, demure, then heads the opposite direction.

Seconds later, Bishop exits the same room and strides toward Vick, pep in his swaggered step. She glares at him, seething.

BISHOP

Oh, c'mon. Don't give me that look.

VICK

This was a fishing expedition. You knew he was dirty the entire time.

BISHOP

We said he'd be useful at some point. Well, this is that point.

VICK

Next time you dangle me out as chum, a heads up would be nice.

BISHOP

Duly noted.

On Vick, outrage slowly superseded by professional curiosity.

VICK

What blew Eddie's cover?

BISHOP

Elder vampires leave distinctive scents on humans. Atticus could smell Subrosa on him from day one.

VICK

Did he give her up?

BISHOP

Woulda if he coulda. But she only contacts her familiars in the shadows, away from home base.

VICK

Which means we still don't know where she's hiding out.

BISHOP

No, but we got the next best thing.

VICK

Dorian.

BISHOP

Where he sleeps, where he eats, where he's been, and most importantly, where he's going to be.

Across the warehouse, Vick sees Delta Operators transport an industrial strength **TANNING BED** augmented with high UV bulbs, welded chains, and silver fetters into an interrogation room.

VICK

What's the plan? We pulling his card?

BISHOP

Sure you want in? Now's your last chance to walk out the door and pretend none of this ever happened.

Vick clenches her jaw, an unfamiliar darkness overcoming her.

VICK

Fuck that. They just tried to brush me off. I'm done sitting on the sidelines. I want to see this through.

BISHOP

Well look who finally decided to grow a backbone.

VICK

You said it yourself, Bishop. I'm part of this now. Whether you like it or not.

Bishop mulls this over, morbidly amused by her determination.

BISHOP

Shit, Lake. Welcome to SVU.

VICK

SVU...

BISHOP

Special vampires unit. Goddamn, none of my material lands down here.

(turning to leave)

Whatever, just gear up and gird your loins. If familiars are making moves, it's only a matter of time before Subrosa catches wind and splits.

Vick slips the needle from the vein in her arm and stands up, following behind Bishop, sealegs returning after a few steps.

VICK

Sounds like you have a play.

BISHOP

Always. Get your dancing shoes. We're going clubbing.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA - MIAMI - NIGHT

SLAM TO the cloistered, colorful enclave of Latin provenance, its streets teeming with Cuban restaurants, contemporary art galleries, and roistering nightclubs. The profuse neon light refracts through humidity, illuminating the congested bazaar.

Slender streets swarm with sybaritic REVELERS and RAINMAKERS. Vintage convertibles choke the block, BLASTING salsa ballads. OLD TIMERS sit ossified on stone benches, finessing dominoes.

Tucked at this end of one boisterous avenue is the condemned warehouse art gallery turned nightclub, called **THE LAST DROP**. From our current vantage point, the building looks abandoned.

VICK (PRE-LAP)

Doesn't look like much.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

WHIP PAN to reveal Vick, Bishop, and Atticus surveilling The Last Drop from the rooftop of an adjacent, unoccupied museum.

BISHOP

That's the point.

Bishop packs serious chrome. A blazing, badass M32 multishot grenade launcher slung across his chest in case of emergency.

VICK

We really doing this in public?

BISHOP

No choice. We're on a clock. Extraction has to happen tonight.

VICK

Except this isn't an extraction, it's an abduction.

BISHOP

You having moral qualms again?

VICK

No, practical ones. Like collateral damage.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE (RADIO)

She's right, Bish. We're improvising a weapons free grab and bag in the heart of Miami.

Reveal TWO SUBURBANS parked in opposite alleys below, filled with Operators all armed to the teeth, packing hardcore heat.

BISHOP

Okay, fine. We can paint him with an IR beacon. Track his exact location and scalpel him out to slash our footprint. Better?

DELTA OPERATOR TWO (RADIO)

What if they call MPD?

BISHOP

They're vampires. And vampires don't call the police.

VICK

Local heat won't be a problem. Cops don't patrol this area code after happy hour. Only hitch is the stoplight traffic cameras there, there, and there. All closed circuit.

BISHOP

If we want to blow power?

VICK

Transformer's on the opposite intersection, southeast corner, there.

BISHOP

Fellas copy that?

DELTA OPERATOR ONE (RADIO)

Loud and clear. We're on it.

VICK

Guessing Dorian doesn't travel light?

ATTICUS

Multiple bodyguards. All armed, all elder.

BISHOP

Harder to kill.

ATTICUS

Especially because I cannot engage.
(off their surprise)

Some vampires in there have known me for centuries. I would be made on sight.

BISHOP

Only one other person here has seen Dorian in the flesh.

Atticus and Bishop look at Vick, implications slowly landing.

VICK

Thought I was done being bait.

BISHOP

Only without prior knowledge. Consider this that heads up you wanted.

Bishop proffers an INFRARED BEACON. Off Vick's hesitancy, we...

EXT. LOADING ENTRANCE - THE LAST DROP - NIGHT

HARD CUT TO Vick approaching a loading entrance in the alley.

Body armor and tactical equipment stripped off, she now only dons the dark foundations of her operation outfit, doing her best to look incognito and blend with the alternative CROWDS.

Vick caresses the service weapon hidden in the small of her back, comforted by its presence. She steels herself, then trails some CLUBRATS, most likely nefarious vampires, inside...

INT. CORRIDOR - THE LAST DROP - NIGHT

Continuing through the bowels of this abandoned art gallery, traipsing toward clear BILCO DOORS at the end of the hallway.

Epileptic strobe lights pulse through stained glass windows, their cadence dictated by the rhythms of VIBRATING basslines.

Vick merges with the THRONG, bypassing the BEHEMOTH BOUNCERS...

INT. THE LAST DROP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

Proceeding down stairs into a subterranean trance dance club appointed with tasteless flourishes of sexual liberation and sadomasochism. The crushing, syncopated MELODIES spun by the PALE DISC JOCKEY immediately decimate our tympanic membranes.

The dance floor is one sweatslicked sanctum of vampire flesh, their forms tangling, tongues locking, and genitals grinding.

Many boast tribal tattoos, vulgar piercings, and few clothes, whispering lascivious intimacies in between THUNDEROUS notes. Others imbibe literal bloody Marys and guzzle shots of blood.

Follow Vick slaloming through a turgid crowd, camouflaged in the blood-tinged haze spewed by stage-suspended fog machines.

She lowers her chin, surreptitiously speaking into her radio.

VICK

You guys still painting me?

INTERCUT:

EXT. ROOFTOP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

Bishop tracks the IR beacon on his weapon's MINI SAT MONITOR.

BISHOP

Like one of my French girls.

(low, to Atticus)

How come these 'pires aren't smelling the human on her?

ATTICUS

They're blood drunk. Overindulgence dulls the senses.

BISHOP

The more you know.

INT. THE LAST DROP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

Vick continues, sifting through the turmoil, searching for a sign of Dorian. Fiendish, lupine faces flash past her, their terrifying visages further distorted by strobing neon lights.

She clocks AN IMPOSING MAN drifting through the bodies, bald, borderline hairless and flanked by SHE-VAMPIRES on all sides.

VICK

Target is on site. Repeat, target is on site.

Vick composes herself, soldiers onward, closing the distance between her and Dorian, struggling to sidestep sticky bodies.

The music ascends to a DEAFENING pitch. The dancing thickens, the ambience quickly becoming more inebriated, more hypnotic.

Blood-buzzed vampires strip off their clothes, sweating like fiends, the floor devolving into one bacchanalian blood orgy.

Vick advances, three dancers away, now two dancers, tension growing, panic rising, until she's one vampire away from him.

Vick slides into position behind Dorian. Under the cover of a climactic BASS DROP, she TAGS him with the infrared beacon.

VICK
Target's tagged.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

Bishop registers her update, leaning into his own microphone.

BISHOP
Good, now get out of there.
(into radio, to Operators)
Grab team, target shaded by IR
strobes. Engage him on exit.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE (RADIO)
Good copy. We're in position.

INT. THE LAST DROP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

Vick muscles away, stealing a glance over her shoulder. Then stops on a dime, realizing the man she branded is not Dorian.

VICK
Shit.

INTERCUT:

EXT. ROOFTOP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

With Atticus and Bishop, unsure whether they heard correctly.

BISHOP
That sounds bad.

VICK
It's not him.

BISHOP
That sounds really bad. What do you
mean it's "not him"?

VICK
I mean the person I tagged -- it's
not Dorian!

Bishop and Atticus trade concerned glances, speaking offline.

BISHOP
Now what?

ATTICUS
We need to get her out of there.

BISHOP
No, we need to get the target out of
there. Who cares if Lake gets dumped
the process?

Atticus glares at Bishop, flashing an inscrutable expression.

When another HAIRLESS HEAD negotiates the horde, flanked by
FOUR BODYGUARDS with steroidal constitutions and translucent
complexions. Vick flings herself after them on pure instinct.

VICK
Wait -- wait. I might have visual.

BISHOP
Yeah, you said that before.

Vick elbows parallel with the man. She sees his face. *Dorian.*

VICK
Confirmed visual on target. It's
actually him this time.

BISHOP
Standby, Lake. We need to backtrack
and reassess.

VICK
No Dorian, no Subrosa.

Bishop glances back at Atticus and shrugs. *Vick is not wrong.*

ATTICUS
It is too dangerous.

BISHOP
We're out of options.

Vick loses Dorian in the throng. She spins around, frenzied,
eyes roving, skimming the crowd for her target, unaware that...

Dorian stands inches behind her, fangs bared, head lowered, smelling her neck, intoxicated by the scent, about to strike...

When Vick senses the presence and turns. Dorian is no longer behind her but across the club, disappearing down a corridor.

VICK

Target heading south. I'm pursuing.

ATTICUS

She needs backup.

Bishop nods and tosses a HALF-FACE GAS RESPIRATOR to Atticus.

BISHOP

(into radio)

New plan. We're going in strong.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE (RADIO)

That's not a plan. That's a suicide mission.

DELTA OPERATOR TWO (RADIO)

We're not getting paid enough to work this hot.

BISHOP

(into radio)

Washington's cutting the checks. Run through the tape, and you'll jump three tax brackets in as many hours.

Bishop turns, sees Atticus has vanished, and shakes his head.

BISHOP

Fantastic.

INT. THE LAST DROP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

Vick treads down the long, ominous corridor, descending into the heart of darkness. Some of the doors lining this hallway are open, offering her fleeting glimpses of a phantasmagoric funhouse. Blood orgies with undulating flesh and lavish gore.

Vick swallows back her terror, focusing on the task at hand, staying on Dorian's heels as he glides around another corner...

But finds nothing except ONE DOOR at the hall terminus. Her radio suddenly WAILS with feedback. She winces, turns it OFF...

And tiptoes closer, finger tensing the trigger as she draws flush against the wall. Then rears back, BOOTS clean through the door, ready to send these vampires straight back to hell...

INT. BLOOD CHAMBER - THE LAST DROP - NIGHT

But gasps when she discovers the torture chamber inside, its walls bloodsoaked and replete with corroded steel implements designed to be deployed in the most inhumane manner possible.

The door suddenly SHUTS behind her. Dorian emerges from the shadows, smiling wide, surrounded by BLOODTHIRSTY BODYGUARDS.

DORIAN

Thought I wouldn't recognize you?

Vick tries to fire on the vampires, but her pistol VANISHES from her hand, Bodyguard One having appeared from behind and seized the firearm before she could comprehend what happened.

DORIAN

Tie her down.

Bodyguards Two and Three TETHER Vick to the flat, gangrenous surface in the center of the room. Dorian slowly TRACES his rotting, serrated fingernails along her cheek, DRAWING blood.

This faint contact is hair-raising. Vick THRASHES, resisting.

VICK

Go to hell.

DORIAN

Oh, honey. We're already there.

Bodyguard One EJECTS the magazine from Vick's gun and sniffs the ammunition. Then recoils, pinching the round like poison.

Just as Dorian moves to drain Vick, Bodyguard One interrupts...

BODYGUARD ONE

Dorian, check it out.

Dorian turns. Bodyguard One tosses him one of Vick's bullets.

BODYGUARD ONE

Holy water hollow points.

Dorian examines the round, concern spreading across his face.

BODYGUARD ONE

Know what that means?

DORIAN

Atticus has help this time.

As if on cue, the POWER shuts down, entire club turning dark.

INT. THE LAST DROP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

THUNK, THUNK, THUNK. Strobing lights flicker OFF in sequence. The techno beats FIZZLE out. Vampires stop gyrating, baffled.

EXT. LOADING ENTRANCE - THE LAST DROP - NIGHT

Flaming sparks PLUME from the transformer near the nightclub.

WHIP PAN to show Bishop and Delta Operators approaching The Last Drop from an alley, nightvision goggles on, weapons hot...

Bishop unslings the M32 multishot grenade launcher from his chest and starts RAPID FIRING smoke grenades through windows, not even bothering to peer through the infrared reflex sight.

INT. THE LAST DROP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

The 40mm warheads DETONATE, emitting GASEOUS FORMS OF GARLIC.

CLUBBING VAMPIRE

GARLIC!

Anarchy ensues, vampires HOWLING like banshees, afflicted by chemical warfare. They split for the exits, pushing, shoving.

Other vampires try more unorthodox means of escape, crawling along the walls, negotiating fixtures like threatened vermin.

INT. BLOOD CHAMBER - THE LAST DROP - NIGHT

Vick capitalizes on the diversion, contorting, wrenching all the available slack in her manacles to retrieve the SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL from her ankle holster! She swivels and SHELLS Bodyguard One. Then FIRES into her fetters and frees herself.

The sudden BARRAGE causes Dorian and the other Bodyguards to retreat. Vick leaps off the torture table, HIP-FIRING as she scours the dark for her pistol with holy water hollow points.

INT. THE LAST DROP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

CHAOS reigns, disorder rampant, vampires absconding from the dance floor that has been blanketed by garlic smoke canopies.

Concentrated BURSTS of sanctified ordnance pick vampires off with precision as Delta Operators surge across the nightclub, impervious to the smog, DRILLING anything that dares to move.

INT. BLOOD CHAMBER - THE LAST DROP - NIGHT

Bodyguards Two, Three and Four have bounced back. They blitz Vick, navigating the darkness like humans would the daylight.

But Vick is one step ahead, having found her service weapon. She spins on her back, SLAMS in the stock, and takes her aim...

BAM! BAM! BAM! Vick DRAINS her magazine into every Bodyguard, ending their hard charges, muzzle flashes irradiating wicked features in the dark. They quickly DEGENERATE into black ash.

Vick flicks the pistol flashlight ON. She swings the weapon, looking for Dorian, but he flees, VANISHING into the hallway.

Vick tries to pursue, but taloned hands TRIP her from behind.

She twists, sees Bodyguard One regaining balance. He strains, EXPELLING the Saturday night special rounds from his sternum.

She rises onto one knee, assumes the textbook academy stance, yanks the trigger. But nothing happens, her magazine DRAINED.

Bodyguard One rushes Vick, their bodies COLLIDING. He grasps her collar and SWINGS her into the wall with such staggering centrifugal force that the plaster CRATERS, drizzling debris.

Vick somehow perseveres, pain tolerance off the charts. She hops upright, staving off his snapping fangs until his white hands slip around her windpipe, STRANGLING the life from her.

While suffocating, Vick looks over, noticing the single holy water hollow point Dorian held feet away. She swipes for the bullet, arm extended, fingers crawling. *So close, yet so far.*

Then, moments before she runs out of oxygen, Vick taps into final reserves of flight or fight strength, SWIPES the round, and SLAMS the slug into his eyeball with prodigious velocity.

The hollow point BURSTS on impact, causing a retinal RUPTURE.

Bodyguard One drops Vick, SCREECHING like slaughtered sheep, trying to remedy the black void where his eye previously was.

Too late. Holy water is already spreading through his system. Bodyguard One DECOMPOSES into soot, BLEATING the entire time.

Vick catches her breath, then dashes out the door in pursuit...

INT. THE LAST DROP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

Bishop and squad have developed an indomitable death rhythm, DRUMMING hot lead into vampires like it's going out of style.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE
'Pire on your six, Bish!

ONE BLOODSUCKER ambushes Bishop from behind. He aikidos the vampire, redirecting his energy, PANCAKING him onto his back.

Bishop stands over the vampire and smiles. He unsheathes the oak stake from his back scabbard and delivers the death blow...

PLUNGING its blade clean through its ribcage, deriving sick, vulgar gratification from the intimate execution of vampires.

BISHOP
Talk about low stakes.

An imperious figure resolves out of the swirling smoke. It's Atticus, striding through the crowd with his half respirator on, eyes fixed ahead, focused on exacting systematic revenge.

INT. STAIRWELL - THE LAST DROP - NIGHT

Vick navigates the CRUSH OF VAMPIRES running for their lives, all too frightened to notice this interloper passing them by.

VICK
(into radio)
Bishop, you reading me?

INTERCUT:

INT. THE LAST DROP - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

Bishop and company STITCH the remaining vampires with divine bullets, slugs SIZZLING through flesh, MASSACRING the undead, sweeping across the dance floor like the hit squad from hell.

BISHOP
Welcome back to the party, Lake. Still have eyes on target?

Vick sees the BALD VAMPIRE she errantly planted the infrared beacon on heading her direction. She sidesteps, deliberately BUMPING right into him, retrieving the beacon in the process.

VICK
Just make sure you switch to nonlethal and wait for my signal.

BISHOP
What's the signal?

VICK
You'll know.

Bishop addresses his advancing squad, HOWLING over the havoc...

BISHOP
Switch to nonlethal! NATOs only, no
blessed bullets!

INT. CORRIDOR - THE LAST DROP - NIGHT

With Dorian as he bolts, COUGHING, plowing through the crowd and spilling around corners. When he looks up, he stops cold...

Atticus waits at the opposite end of the corridor, eyes dark as midnight. Time screeches to an unceremonious halt as the men glare at one another, their silence loaded and deafening.

DORIAN
*I see you've made some new friends,
Atticus.*

ATTICUS
Only because we have the same enemy.

DORIAN
This won't bring her back.

ATTICUS
Maybe not, but it will bring me peace.

Atticus UNLATCHES his respirator and inhales the garlic smog.

DORIAN
What are you doing?

ATTICUS
Making it a fair fight.

Atticus tosses the mask away. Dorian chuckles, darkly amused.

DORIAN
Alright, then.

The men advance on one another, meeting in the middle of the hallway. The ensuing brawl is heightened hand-to-hand combat between two consummate, centenarian maestros of martial arts.

They exchange headsplitting BLOWS. High, low, left, right, clawed nails searching for jugulars. Atticus evades Dorian's attack with precision, eyes following every strike and smite.

They DEATHGRIP one another, locked in fatal embrace, BASHING the other into drywall with extraordinary speed and strength.

Both begin RASPING, garlic gas choking out all lung capacity.

Dorian finds an opening and counters, hurling haymakers, his thunderous punches PUMMELING Atticus, putting him on his ass.

Dorian closes in on Atticus, preparing his conclusive strike.

DORIAN

Shame Subrosa cannot see this.

Just as Dorian rears back, Vick comes BARRELING into him at the last possible second, spearing him out of frame, sending them somersaulting head over heels to the end of the hallway.

Dorian slowly recovers, looming over Vick, berserk with rage.

DORIAN

Now, you're really going to suffer.

VICK

Funny, I was going to say the same thing.

Dorian looks down, realizing Vick pinned him with the beacon.

On the **OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE WALL**, Bishop and Delta Operators track the lit beacon with their weapons, chomping at the bit.

VICK

(into radio)

Go live, Bishop!

Vick rolls away, shielding her head in self defense, just as...

BBRRRTT! Bishop and team unload through the wall, automatic guns SPITTING staccato blasts, BOMBARDING Dorian with normal bullets and SPRAYING granulated plaster through the corridor.

Dorian eats hundreds of bullets, SPASMING with every impact, pirouetting on his back. Still alive, but down for the count.

Atticus nods at Vick, his appreciation unspoken, but obvious.

Bishop and Delta Operators flood inside. They slip a silver mesh hood over Dorian and chain him down. Then, with perfect choreography, lift and carry him like a battlefield casualty.

Vick and Atticus follow their lead, leaving the wrecked club...

EXT. LOADING ENTRANCE - THE LAST DROP - NIGHT

Where Delta Operators shoulder Dorian into the trunk of an idling Suburban. Bishop, Vick, and Atticus clamber into the backseat of another getaway vehicle and BANG the door closed.

Both Suburbans ACCELERATE, burning rubber away from The Last Drop. Aside from garlic smoke pluming through broken windows, it appears relatively unscathed. We hold on this scene, then...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MARINA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SMASH TO ultraviolet lights wiping frame. Pull out to reveal Bishop and team INITIATING the tanning bed we glimpsed prior.

Behind them, Atticus and Vick secure Dorian against a silver gurney. With his swiss cheese torso still healing, he bucks up and down, agonized, straining his shackles to their limit.

BISHOP
We're ready for him.

Atticus and Vick, with help from Delta Operators, transition Dorian from stretcher to tanning bed. Then, hydraulic chains BUCKLE into place, restraining Dorian with a pneumatic WHIRR.

Bishop invades Dorian's personal space, dripping with danger.

BISHOP
I'm gonna be straight with you, bro.
The end is nigh. But how quickly that
end arrives is entirely up to you.

Bishop rips his vape, letting the threats land. Vick watches this interrogation, detached, a haunted glimmer in her stare.

BISHOP
Oh, and before I forget, this puppy's
rigged with fifty times the UVA and
UVB of the sun. So the longer you hold
out, the longer we dig in, and your
death becomes a marathon of misery.
Days, weeks, shit, maybe even months.
Though, on the bright side, you'd get
one helluva tan.

(beat)
Get it, "bright side"? No? Geez.
Tough crowd.

DORIAN
Fuck you.

BISHOP
Now Dorian, that kind of language
hurts my feelings. And when someone
hurts my feelings, it's my feeling
that I have to hurt that someone.

Bishop turns the intensity dial. Ultraviolet lamps HUM awake, enveloping Dorian. His muscles contract in PAROXYSMS of pain.

BISHOP

This is what happens when you misbehave. When you smoke every gangbanger in sight. When you kill humans with impunity.

DORIAN

(through clenched teeth)

We -- we only hit the Haitians -- for their route.

BISHOP

Oh, right! Musta been the other vampire cartel who clipped every other crew in town.

DORIAN

Someone -- someone set us up -- tailed me -- planted those Nazis in our safehouse, then told the authorities...

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DUSK

The opening scene, but this time from Dorian's perspective. He enters the apartment to find dead Nazi Low Riders hanging from the ceiling. He looks stunned. Just before he can react...

DORIAN (V.O.)

Feds raided the place a minute after I walked inside...

Vick and her FBI SWAT TEAM bang inside. Dorian takes refuge in the dark, more prey than predator from this vantage point.

BACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MARINA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Bishop POWERS OFF the bulbs. Dorian GROWLS, baring his fangs, seething with rage. Smoke wisps from his mutilated epidermis. The top layer festers, ulcerating, boiling with red blisters.

VICK

None of that changes the fact you were killing civilians too.

Dorian SNAPS at Vick, swift and violent. She does not flinch.

DORIAN

And we will kill more. Drink their blood as we were meant to. You may stop me, but you will never stop Subrosa --

BISHOP

Yeah, yeah, yeah, we heard it already.
Atticus, come talk to your boy.

Atticus squats beside Dorian, stern, addressing him in Latin.

ATTICUS

*Tell us where Subrosa is, and they
will let you die with dignity.*

DORIAN

*Dignity? Humans cannot offer
something they do not possess.*

ATTICUS

*We know she is in Miami. Just give us
her exact location.*

DORIAN

Never.

Atticus nods at Bishop. So, he doubles the intensity. Dorian SCREECHES, skin sizzling away, revealing bleached white bone.

Vick watches him suffer, her eyes as dark as a lunar eclipse.

Dorian CONVULSES in the aftermath, body braised medium well, scorched layers of skin beginning to flake off and dissipate.

ATTICUS

Where is she?!

Dorian flounders, hyperventilating, still refusing to answer.

BISHOP

Suit yourself. I prefer my 'pires
extra crispy anyway.

Before Bishop turns the bed back on, Dorian begins CACKLING between labored breaths. He stares down Atticus, whites of his eyes pronounced against the backdrop of his charred skin.

DORIAN

*They will kill you the moment you are
no longer of use.*

ATTICUS

I am counting on it.

VICK

Enough. He's stalling. Hit him again.

Bishop chuckles, admiring Vick with newfound respect. *Didn't think she had it in her.* He pivots back to Dorian and shrugs.

BISHOP
 Sorry, champ, but I gotta agree with
 her on that.

Bishop dials the bed to its full intensity, UV lamps FLARING.

As Dorian's CRIES climb to a spinechilling octave, we slowly
 PUSH IN on Vick, her stare unblinking and pitiless, and then...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

The South Beach cityscape reflecting off the tranquil ocean
 surface, occasionally broken by flashes of distant lightning.
 Soft waves skim the shore, gleaming under diffused moonlight.

Vick stands outside the warehouse, swigging from her flask,
 admiring the breathtaking tableau, overcome by an unfamiliar
 darkness, adapting to the ethical gray area she now inhabits.

Atticus drifts outside and joins her. A silence hangs, until...

VICK
 Did he talk?

Atticus nods, expression inscrutable. Vick pockets her flask.

ATTICUS
 It's time.

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

INTELLIGENCE SPECIALISTS and other OPERATIVES are packing up
 and shipping out, erasing all evidence of their presence in
 South Beach. Vick and Atticus walk past them on their way to...

INT. STAGING AREA - MARINA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The staging area, where Bishop stands before the FIVE DELTA
 OPERATORS remaining. Screens project satellite surveillance
 images of an ORNATE ESTATE. Real deal mission gear is spread
 across the table: augmented HK416 assault rifles, respirator
 masks, garlic gas grenades, and of course, divine ammunition.

BISHOP
 Alright, the good news first: after
 demonstrating our trademark persuasive
 charm, Dorian gave up El Dorado,
 pictured on the screens behind me here.

VICK
 And the bad news.

BISHOP

The last few days made more noise than expected. Which means tonight's our only window to strike. Which also means the cavalry ain't coming, and this skeleton crew's all we got.

The Delta Operators murmur, not loving this operation so far.

DELTA OPERATOR TWO

Our tasking the same?

BISHOP

Kill mission, plain and simple. We cowboy up, infil the estate, scatter her ashes, then Nagasaki the place on the way out.

VICK

Make it sound so easy.

BISHOP

If everybody plays their role, it will be.

(indicating on maps)

The visual profile identified a covert ingress point at the north end of the El Dorado. That's where we will insert our asset. From there, we secure the perimeter on foot, provide overwatch. Assume double digit 'pire resistance throughout. Time on target is thirty minutes or less. We do it clean, we do it fast, everybody gets to go home with deeper pockets.

VICK

We're hanging back once we plant him?

BISHOP

The Queen of Spades is the oldest, most powerful vampire in the nation, Lake. Stakes, garlic, UV, or holy water hollows will only slow her down, not kill her. Decapitation's the bottom line and that requires a certain proximity only one of us here's equipped to handle.

Vick instinctively glances at Atticus, who looks unperturbed.

BISHOP

(continuing)

Like everything else so far, our presence is not approved, and this op is black as midnight. No windmill support, no emergency exfil, no QRF.

BISHOP

We are on our own. Any hiccups,
splinter up and RV back here. Everybody
good?

Everyone mutters the affirmative, then starts preparing gear.

BISHOP

Good. Stay frosty, fellas.

Vick approaches the table of anti-vampire weaponry and grabs one of the HK 416 rifles. As she SLAMS the magazine home, we...

HARD CUT TO:

A placid, crimson surface. Faint bubbles shatter the veneer, followed by a FIGURE rising from the depths, the red liquid spilling down its mass, manifesting into what we now realize is a young woman. Ladies and gentleman, this is **SUBROSA**, 897.

She slowly ascends the steps of her BLOOD INFINITY POOL with sinuous, feline grace. More breathtaking than one could have ever imagined, her celestial bearing is both devastating and intoxicating in equal measure, rendering all widely accepted definitions of the word, "beautiful", primitive and obsolete...

EXT. COMPOUND - STAR ISLAND - NIGHT

As we slowly pull back to reveal Subrosa dwarfed against the background of her sprawling, baronial estate. Scarface meets Nosferatu meets Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous, with vast, panoramic views overlooking the gilded coasts of South Beach.

One edge of the perimeter sits adjacent to a dense, forested area. The rest remains obscured behind manicured rose hedges and multi-acre, serpentine driveways host to exotic vehicles, her nearest neighbor no less than half a mile each direction.

EIGHT VAMPIRE SERVANTS, obsequious with ornate rose tattoos, stand there, waiting with towels and clothes. Subrosa dries off, deft, then slips into a red whisper of a cover up tunic.

She starts walking up a stone path littered with rose petals.

EXT. STAR ISLAND - NIGHT

CUT TO miles away outside an UTILITY TUNNEL entrance blocked by wrought iron bars. Vick, Bishop, Atticus, and Five Delta Operators move into frame, clad in full battle rattle: black fatigues, tactical kevlar vests, NVGs, and assault artillery.

Two Delta Operators slap incendiary charges onto the lattice, take refuge, then BLOW the bars apart, sculpting an ENTRANCE.

They trek inside single file. Vick looks battle tested tough, now virtually indistinguishable from the hardnosed Operators...

INT. UTILITY TUNNEL - STAR ISLAND - NIGHT

The unit creeps through the tunnel in assault formation. No sounds, except for their boots SPLASHING puddles of drainage.

EXT. PAVILION - COMPOUND - NIGHT

Subrosa glides over to a carrara marble dining table beneath **THE PAVILION**. Sits at the head by herself. A SERVANT VAMPIRE delivers a BOTTLE OF AB-NEGATIVE, brandishing the label like it was an Argentinian red, before pouring her an ample glass.

Seconds later, ANOTHER SERVANT settles into the seven figure BÖSENDORFER GRAND CONCERT PIANO perched on the opposite side.

Pianist Vampire PLAYS with impressive skill. Subrosa lounges back and sips her glass of blood, enjoying the entertainment.

INT. UTILITY TUNNEL - STAR ISLAND - NIGHT

Vick looks down, sees the runoff turning into CRIMSON SLUDGE. Bishop consults his handheld navigation, turning to the team...

BISHOP
We are officially in El Dorado.
(pointing)
Gas main should be right there.

Two Delta Operators plant more INCENDIARY CHARGES on the GAS MAIN, dialing timers for **THIRTY MINUTES**. Everyone here sets their watches to match. Then, the seconds start TICKING down...

DELTA OPERATOR ONE
Charges set.

BISHOP
Good. We gotta push. Access point,
one hundred meters north.

The team tiptoes past the black heart of the sewer, entering...

INT. OSSUARY - UTILITY TUNNEL - NIGHT

A pitch dark, ovoid culvert at the tunnel terminus. Hints of moonlight are visible through the rusted iron grate overhead.

SNAP! Vick jolts, glances down, sees that she has stepped on a massive human bone. It is bleached, brittle and granulated.

She sweeps her rifle-rigged flashlight, realizing that human remains have been imbricated into the surrounding structures. Moldered skulls, femurs, tibias, ribs and spinal columns are seamlessly stitched into the sewer's architectural integrity.

Death is, without a doubt, the most prevalent attribute here.

VICK
Are these all her victims?

ATTICUS
The price of immortality.

Vick turns ashen, wondering if Atticus has something similar.

EXT. FOREST - COMPOUND - NIGHT

FOUR VAMPIRES patrol the woods adjoining the compound, Miami streetsweepers at their hips, guarding the estate as though Subrosa was some cartel warlord. The vampires stop, sniffing...

TWHIP-THWIP, four holy water hollow points SPLIT their heads open with cruel precision. They crumble as though unplugged, devolving into ash. An ocean breeze blows their remains away.

Vick, Bishop, Atticus, and company EXPLODE from the compound sewer grate, feet behind where the vampire guards just stood.

Bishop silently signals everyone forward, spreading out into a tactical leapfrog formation, navigating the tropical trees, reminiscent of Seal Team Six raiding Bin Laden in Abbottabad.

Compound lights become visible in the distance. Bishop stops.

BISHOP
Hold position. Atticus, you're up.

Atticus nods at Bishop, then in a flash, DISAPPEARS down the declivity overlooking the estate, like a heatseeking missile.

BISHOP
Secure the perimeter, watch your angles, and smoke anything that approaches the asset.

The squad splinters both directions, encircling the compound. Vick dithers, stare lingering where Atticus just disappeared...

EXT. PAVILION - COMPOUND - NIGHT

Subrosa snaps, and ANOTHER SERVANT arrives carrying lidded dinner plates. He sets her meal down and removes the covers, revealing GRILLED HUMAN HEART with a side of PAN FRIED LIVER.

Subrosa dismisses the Servants with a terse wave and digs in, savoring the flavor, allowing the gore to drip down her chin. From afar, pearl moonlight adumbrates her elegant silhouette.

EXT. PERIMETER - COMPOUND - NIGHT

EIGHT VAMPIRE GUARDS monitor the estate perimeter. Suddenly, THWIP-THWIP, bullets punch straight through their heads and chests, ATOMIZING them on contact. Bishop and Two Operators manifest where they just stood, assuming overwatch positions.

BISHOP
(into radio)
Alpha team is set. Eyes on Queen of Spades.

Posted up on the **OPPOSITE SIDE**, Delta Operators One, Two and Three are sprawled on their stomachs, rifles scoping Subrosa.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE
(into radio)
Bravo team copies, overwatch up, sightline clean. Wait, hold on...

Delta Operator One unsticks his eye from the scope. He takes inventory of their perch, cursing. Bishop only hears silence...

DELTA OPERATOR ONE
(into radio)
We got a problem, Bish. Feeb's MIA.

BISHOP
Fucking A. Where'd she go now?

EXT. COMPOUND - STAR ISLAND - NIGHT

Vick approaches the primary mansion from the opposite flank, performing an unsanctioned pincer movement. She skirts the perimeter, weaving through the shadows, a woman on a mission...

And raises her weapon, THWIP-THWIP, gunning down TWO VAMPIRE GUARDS standing sentinel at the entrance. She tiptoes inside...

INT. MANSION - COMPOUND - NIGHT

The house of Subrosa. The interior is modern yet antiquated, like a minimalist cathedral, wrought from polished alabaster and marble and furnished with an unholy, foreboding grandeur.

Vick fluently reloads and sneaks deeper inside, on a warpath.

EXT. PERIMETER - COMPOUND - NIGHT

Bishop clenches his jaw, boiling, trademark composure eroded.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE
You wanna audible?

Bishop consults his watch, the timer reading **FIFTEEN MINUTES**.

BISHOP
No. Op's still green. Margin's
fifteen and closing.

Bishop returns to his scope, ready to provide cover fire for...

EXT. PAVILION - COMPOUND - NIGHT

Atticus, who descends on the pavilion like an apparition in the night. Silent MUZZLE FLASHES from Bishop and squad cover him, eliminating EIGHT VAMPIRE GUARDS waylaying his approach, soundlessly ANNIHILATING them before they know what happened.

Subrosa does not look away from her dinner, oblivious to the oncoming insurgency. Atticus now within thirty feet of her, then twenty, then ten, the revenge so close, he can taste it.

Atticus stops within striking distance, steels himself. Then...

ATTICUS
It has been a long time.

The woman at the table faces Atticus, revealing not Subrosa, but the prior SOMMELIER SERVANT disguised as her body double!

SUBROSA (O.S.)
Yes, Atticus. It has.

Atticus turns ashen, no time to process as Subrosa MANIFESTS behind him, SLASHING her fingernail across his midsection in one fell swoop, SHEARING his abdomen. Black blood spills out.

SUBROSA
And you can cut the Latin. It's very
first millennium.

EXT. PERIMETER - COMPOUND - NIGHT

On Bishop, eyes widening, realizing how exposed his asset is...

BISHOP
She doubled us.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE
When the fuck did they switch?!

EXT. PAVILION - COMPOUND - NIGHT

Atticus looks for his overwatch. Subrosa grins, voice silken...

SUBROSA

Oh, Atticus. Your friends can't save you. I smelled the stench of humanity the second they stepped on the island.

EXT. PERIMETER - COMPOUND - NIGHT

On both sides of the perimeter, Bishop and team spin to find themselves surrounded by VAMPIRE GUARDS who snuck up on them.

BISHOP

Wait --

EXT. PAVILION - COMPOUND - NIGHT

First, we see quiet MUZZLE FLASHES sparkle through the trees, then hear the sharp CRIES of Delta Operators being MASSACRED.

Atticus scowls, on his own now. Subrosa advances, deliberate.

SUBROSA

That was clever, really. Using the government to do your dirty work...

Subrosa seizes Atticus and FLINGS him, AIRMAILING him into a marble pillar, SHATTERING its facade, leaving an indentation.

SUBROSA

The tragic part? It almost worked...

Atticus staggers, injured, using the dining table as defense, keeping his distance long enough for his wound to convalesce.

SUBROSA

You were so close...

Subrosa closes the distance, then LAUNCHES Atticus headfirst into another column, vertebrae COMPRESSING like an accordion.

SUBROSA

And yet so far.

INT. MANSION - COMPOUND - NIGHT

Vick hears vampires TEEMING nearby. She follows these sounds...

THREE VAMPIRE GUARDS passing through the foyer stop, staring at this interloper with disbelief. No hesitation, Vick FIRES three accurate killshots. They COMBUST, burning into hot ash.

MORE VAMPIRE GUARDS hear the commotion and scamper into view, growling like infernal hellions, beelining straight for Vick...

Vick brings her gun to bear, SMOKING the bloodsuckers before they can engage, leftover momentum blowing ash into her face. Still, she continues, steadfast, pistol covering every angle...

INT. GREAT ROOM - MANSION - NIGHT

As she pads through the cavernous great room. It's candlelit and predictably lavish, with limestone walls like a catacomb.

Vick chamber checks, distracted enough to miss the ONE FINAL VAMPIRE GUARD SHRIEK through frame, FORM TACKLING her to the ground, the brute force sending her skidding across hardwood.

Her pistol skitters off, leaving her unarmed and defenseless as Vampire Guard pounces, fangs bared, snapping for her neck...

EXT. PAVILION - COMPOUND - NIGHT

Atticus slowly stands. He flexes, stretching, restacking his vertebrae, POPPING his spinal column into place disk by disk, disregarding his open stomach wound and its visible entrails.

Subrosa lingers at the opposite end of the pavilion, smiling.

Atticus glares, eyes burning. They appraise one another like old western gunslingers, centuries of bad blood between them.

Atticus summons resolve as Subrosa advances. He clenches his fanged incisors, then surges straight for her! Their pallid white bodies COLLIDE midair, swiping, blocking, and gnashing.

A clash of the titans ensues. The vampiric equivalent of Ali versus Frazier. Except these demons operate on inconceivable, inhuman frequencies, combat skills bordering on precognition.

Every strike gets countered, every blow parried, every slash or stroke receives its rejoinder. Blood spatters and viscera geysers, but these superficial wounds regenerate in realtime, flesh restored, allowing their skirmish to continue unabated...

INT. GREAT ROOM - MANSION - NIGHT

As Vick SCRAPs with the final Vampire Guard, barely blocking his fangs from puncturing her jugular. He readjusts, hooking Vick, leveraging her tactical kevlar into a lethal chokehold.

Vick struggles, feet SCRAPING hardwood, face turning crimson...

EXT. PAVILION - COMPOUND - NIGHT

As Atticus has similar luck, his battle royale with Subrosa still going strong. They exchange vicious SMITES, savage and unrelenting, PUMMELING one another with breakneck efficiency.

But Subrosa cannot be stopped, her presence indomitable, her victory inevitable. Atticus slowly loses ground, missing one blow here, whiffing another one there, windmilling aimlessly.

Until Subrosa capitalizes, literally taking matters into her own hands, as she COBRASNATCHES organs from his still opened stomach wound. Atticus GASPS, incredulous, legs turning weak.

Subrosa PALMSTRIKES him, clawed hand greeting his breastbone like a THUNDERCLAP, catapulting him across the yard. Atticus crash lands onto the stone staircase, consciousness slipping.

Subrosa looks down, studies Atticus' blackened intestines in her palm. Then DEVOURS them, gorging herself, mainlining his organs and muscle tissue like motherfucking hamburger helper.

She pauses her feeding frenzy and smiles, dopesick from gore.

SUBROSA

Oh, wow. Oh. Wow. Your wife didn't even taste this good.

Atticus has never appeared more weak, more infirm. He WAILS with rage, but his screams are drowned by Subrosa's CACKLING.

INT. GREAT ROOM - MANSION - NIGHT

Back with Vick, suffocating. No other options, she UNLATCHES her kevlar vest and slips out from his stranglehold, gasping for air. Final Vampire Guard stands, still grasping her vest.

Vick raises her right hand, flaunting FOUR PULLED RINGS from the concomitant garlic smoke grenades tucked inside her vest.

On Final Vampire Guard, awful realization slowly dawning, as...

WOOSH! Garlic grenades DISCHARGE, and he VAPORIZES into gray ash, vanishing from sight like Houdini behind a smoke screen.

Vick checks her watch, its readout showing **FIVE MINUTES** left before the compound blows. She grits her teeth and continues...

EXT. PAVILION - COMPOUND - NIGHT

Atticus stirs, slowly standing up, drenched in his own blood.

Subrosa sees him backpedaling. She polishes off his entrails, retrieves her wine glass, and ascends the stone staircase in a slow, calculated pursuit, dress brushing against each step.

SUBROSA

You know, Atticus... Even if tonight had been a success, they would have just come for you next...

Subrosa closes the distance between them. Atticus is on his last legs, impotent and defenseless. She casually SLICES and DICES, shredding him, too adept even with only one hand free.

SUBROSA

That's your fatal flaw. Always has been...

He staggers about, sinking to his knees, hemorrhaging, veins withering to dry coils, blood being vacuumed from his system.

SUBROSA

You trust humans. Believe in them. Breed with them...

Subrosa holds her glass under his open wounds like a faucet.

SUBROSA

They are a foul and vulgar species. Euphoric in their ignorance, swinging their legs over the abyss of complete annihilation, raping the world with their inefficiency and avarice, unfit for any purpose beyond feeding our own...

Subrosa circles around, swirling her wine glass, toying with her final course. She takes her index finger, PUSHES Atticus down the staircase. He SOMERSAULTS down the steps one by one.

SUBROSA

Speaking of, it is about that time...

She smears his blood across her face like an ancient warrior before battle, then slips a finger across her lips, whetting her appetite, eyes slowly sliding back with orgasmic ecstasy, scleras flushed red and veins engorged from nourishment. She looks grotesque, a visage borne from the depths of purgatory.

SUBROSA

Play something special, will you? Tonight calls for a toast...

Subrosa turns toward Pianist Vampire, raising her wine glass...

SUBROSA

To death.

But Subrosa freezes in the middle of her toast, staring with confusion. Because Pianist Vampire is now just a PYRAMID OF BLACK ASH on top of the piano bench. Even more confusing, is that MULTIPLE STRINGS have been uprooted from the soundboard.

Subrosa whirls back to Atticus, eyes widening, now realizing that PIANO WIRE has been hooked around her neck like a noose.

VICK

Only yours.

Vick JERKS her hands across, using the hitch pins as handles.

SNIKT! The piano wire SLIDES through Subrosa like a sizzling knife through butter, DECAPITATING her with neat proficiency, turning her headless form into an ugly, ash-scattered memory.

Vick stands there in the aftermath, imperious and primordial, blanketed in hot embers, goresoaked piano wire still in hand.

She brushes Subrosa's remains off her shoulder, then exhales.

Splayed out, Atticus reaches for Vick, his complexion sallow and breathing shallow. He shudders, like an alcoholic in the throes of withdrawal, knocking on death's door for the first time in a thousand years. He can only spout out one syllable...

ATTICUS

Blood.

Vick looks around, sees the blood infinity pool, and gets an idea. She hefts him around her shoulder and carries him over...

BISHOP (O.S.)

Ah, ah, ah. Not so fast there, Lake.

WHIP PAN to reveal Bishop and Delta Operator One staggering from the perimeter, still alive, guns raised and sodden with the gore of others, looking like revenants right out of hell.

BISHOP

Keep him compromised.

VICK

What are you talking about?

BISHOP

Really thought we'd just let him walk?
With Subrosa eighty sixed, he's the
eldest vampire in the country. Which
means...

Bishop and Delta Operator One slap SILVER CUFFS over Atticus. He crumbles to one knee, wrists smoking, too spent to resist.

BISHOP

He's property of Uncle Sam now.

VICK

He did everything you asked.

BISHOP

And he will continue to do so. Think about how valuable he is under our thumb.

VICK

I can't let you do that.

BISHOP

"Can't let me do that". You saying I need permission?

VICK

I'm sorry, Bishop.

Bishop just chuckles, incredulous that Vick has the temerity to challenge him of all people. She starts to uncuff Atticus.

BISHOP

So am I.

VICK

Why?

BISHOP

'Cause you're the fifth person killed in action tonight.

VICK

What --

BANG! BANG! Bishop no look FIRES his Desert Eagle, PEPPERING Vick with hot lead! She staggers, fingers the wounds, brain short circuiting, straining to comprehend what just happened...

Then COLLAPSES, knees giving out, dropping like a bag of wet sand. Bishop stands over her, seething, sardonic personality now entirely absent. And in its place, a merciless sociopath.

BISHOP

Do I have your permission now?

Bishop FIRES two more rounds into her heart for good measure.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE

Ninety seconds to boom, Bish.

BISHOP

Okay, let's scoot.

Bishop and Delta Operator One wrangle Atticus, propping his dead weight and lumbering away before the gas line detonates...

INT. UTILITY TUNNEL - STAR ISLAND - NIGHT

TIGHT ON the incendiary device as seconds tick down to zero, and the gas main IGNITES, flames BLAZING across the pipeline...

EXT. COMPOUND - STAR ISLAND - NIGHT

Slow push into Vick, lying there, unmoving and unequivocally dead. KABOOM! The primary mansion suddenly DETONATES, flames RIPCURLING through windows, showering the estate in detritus.

As the conflagration spreads through the entire compound, we...

EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - MIAMI - NIGHT

SLAM TO sweeping AERIAL VIEWS of the MacArthur Causeway, the main thoroughfare connecting mainland Florida to Star Island.

We see a familiar Range Rover burning rubber through traffic...

INT. RANGE ROVER - MIAMI - NIGHT

Bishop drives. Delta Operator One sits shotgun. Atticus lies restrained by silver manacles the back compartment, wheezing...

BISHOP

Hey, Atticus. You ever hear the one about what the lesbian vampire said to the other lesbian vampire?

No response from Atticus, who cannot speak, eyes half lidded.

DELTA OPERATOR ONE

No, what'd she say?

BISHOP

See you next month.

Bishop accelerates, exploding into nicotine-scarred LAUGHTER...

INT. GARAGE - MARINA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Range Rover slides inside the warehouse garage and parks beside one remaining, reinforced Suburban. Bishop and Delta Operator One disembark, then heave Atticus from the backseat.

BISHOP
Transfer him to the Suburban and load
out, we're gone in ten.

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Bishop swaggers through the warehouse, which is now deserted, his operation packed and left without a trace. WHISTLING, he disassembles his rifle, disengages his garlic smoke grenades, and removes his kevlar, breaking down gear into a duffel bag.

An unidentifiable NOISE reverberates from the garage. Bishop turns, eyes narrowed. He sighs, follows the noise, muttering...

INT. GARAGE - MARINA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

But stops on a dime when he finds Delta Operator One dead as a doornail, slashed throat gaping open. Bishop instinctively paws for his Desert Eagle, but realizes it is already packed.

He swipes a pistol off Delta Operator One and returns inside...

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

The broader warehouse where FIVE COMPRESSED AND BLOODSTAINED .50 ACTION EXPRESS BULLETS, which are custom made cartridges for Desert Eagles, are now lined up beside his bag. He looks at them with incredulity, mind not making sense of it, until...

VICK (O.S.)
What's the matter, Bishop?

Bishop pivots, pistol raised to discover Vick sitting on a warehouse crate, still alive! All the gunshot wounds in her chest and abdomen are partially HEALED. Beside her, Atticus braces against a pallet for support, barely able to stand up.

VICK
Are your eyes deceiving you?

All of the timidity we have come to know from Vick has been replaced with swashbuckling bravado. Bishop is the opposite, looking shellshocked and terrified. *Like he has seen a ghost.*

BISHOP
How -- how are you --

VICK
Alive?

BISHOP
Yeah.

VICK
Who said I am?

Bishop processes the implication, shaking his head, refusing...

BISHOP
You can't be one of them... I've seen
you... In the daylight.

VICK
Maybe I'm something a little more...
singular.

(in Latin)
Isn't that right, father?

Vick glances at Atticus with filial affection. His lips curl through the agony, forming his first smile this movie, as we...

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - FLASHBACK

Bishop with Vick, providing context for Atticus' motivations.

BISHOP
Atticus made the fatal mistake of
consorting with a human. Had a half
breed kid and everything.

JUMP CUT to the end of this conversation, when Vick inquires...

VICK
What happened to the kid?

BISHOP
Been too afraid to ask, but you can
use your imagination.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - MIAMI - FLASHBACK

Vick responding to Bishop's questions about her origin story...

VICK
Organized crime left me in a one
parent household. Tore my family
apart. Guess I've been trying to even
the score ever since.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LITTLE HAVANA - FLASHBACK

Bishop confused as to why vampires cannot tell Vick is human...

BISHOP
How come these 'pires aren't smelling
the human on her?

BACK TO:

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Vick popping out brown contact lenses, flaunting BLUE IRISES.

VICK
Man, that feels so much better.

Bishop stands his ground, rationalizes, beyond comprehension.

BISHOP
But we found you, we found you --
pulled your background -- checked you
out -- saw everything first.

VICK
You saw only what we wanted you to
see. This retribution has been
centuries in the making.

Vick approaches Bishop, slow and wolfish. He subtly retreats.

VICK
For the longest time, we had neither
the means nor the muscle for our own
revenge. So we had to get creative.

BISHOP
(slowly realizing)
And get us to do it for you.

VICK
(dry, quoting him)
You catch on fast, Bishop.

On Bishop, floored, still attempting to reconcile everything.

BISHOP
You've been undercover as a fed for
ten years...

VICK
What is ten years but one grain of
sand in the hourglass of forever?

We begin STACCATO CUTTING across scenes we have seen already...

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Mooney meeting with Bishop and Atticus, discussing Vick's CV.

VICK (V.O.)

At first, it was just infiltrating the bureau, using their resources to track Subrosa...

MOONEY

Victoria Lake. Ten year vet. Go to girl in our gang unit outta New York before stepping foot in the sunshine state.

BISHOP

What brought her talents to South Beach?

MOONEY

Not sure. Put in for transfer six months back.

INT. FBI OFFICE - MIAMI - FLASHBACK

Eddie telling Vick about the Zoe Pounder with gunshot wounds and porphyria. Only this time, Vick looks bored hearing this information. Like she already knows the specific facts. *Like it's what motivated her transfer to Miami in the first place.*

VICK (V.O.)

Following her around the country...

EDDIE

Six months back, a different Zoe Pounder staggers into Jackson Memorial... Dude eventually bites it later that night, but the hospital has to report his GSWs, so it's been in our system since.

VICK (V.O.)

Biding our time, waiting for the perfect moment to strike...

BACK TO:

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Vick continuing, smiling, enjoying the tables getting turned.

VICK

Only problem was, Subrosa was careful. A hundred missing drifters and some slain Haitians didn't get the state department's attention. They were asleep at the wheel.

BISHOP

What -- what did you do?

VICK

Woke them up.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MARINA WAREHOUSE - FLASHBACK

Vick elaborating on the rise in gang violence for Bishop and Atticus. QUICK FLASHES across the graphic crime scene photos show deceased MS-13, Latin King, and Nazi Low Rider hoodlums.

VICK (V.O.)

Made it look like Subrosa was more reckless than she really was...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Vick being interviewed by Bishop, Atticus, and FBI Directors.

VICK (V.O.)

Until they had no choice but to send in the cavalry...

MOONEY

It is the current administration's belief that gang violence in Dade County has reached untenable levels...

BACK TO:

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Bishop taking a measured step back, scrambled, gears turning...

BISHOP

Dorian was telling the truth -- you set them up...

Vick smiles, takes a small bow, begins encroaching on Bishop.

VICK
All it took, was another few dozen
dead gangbangers...

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI OFFICE - FLASHBACK

The conference room when Bishop and Atticus are interviewing Vick. Bishop looks to Atticus for approval, and Atticus nods.

VICK (V.O.)
A little nudge here...

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MARINA WAREHOUSE - FLASHBACK

Bishop berating Vick about why she's part of their operation.

VICK (V.O.)
And a little nudge there...

BISHOP
For some reason that still eludes me,
Atticus thinks you can be useful. He
clearly sees something in you that I
don't.

INT. STAGING AREA - MARINA WAREHOUSE - FLASHBACK

Bishop briefing Delta Operators on the Subrosa compound raid. In the audience, Vick and Atticus trade sly, seditious looks.

VICK (V.O.)
And pretty soon you were taking out
our enemy for us...

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - FLASHBACK

Bishop debriefing Vick after the trafficking route firefight.

VICK (V.O.)
Never realizing that you weren't
using us...

BISHOP
Few months back, Atticus approached
us with an offer we couldn't refuse.

VICK (V.O.)
We were using you.

BACK TO:

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - SOUTH BEACH - NIGHT

Bishop so stunned by their devious plan he has to respect it.

BISHOP

This is so fucking hardcore.

VICK

Thanks. We thought so too.

BISHOP

Okay... So... What happens now?

VICK

Now? Now, I'm going to take your job, Bishop. Keep tabs on the competition, make sure the bullseye never gets put on our back. Which leaves us with one small problem.

BISHOP

And what's that?

VICK

You're no longer of any use.

Bishop knows a fight bell when he hears one. He fires Delta Operator One's pistol, but nothing happens, ammunition DRIED.

VICK

(quoting from earlier)

How can you tell a good vampire from a bad vampire?

Vick tosses the LOADED MAGAZINE to his feet, challenging him.

BISHOP

You can't...

VICK

Until they try to kill you.

Bishop dives for the pistol and duffel bag, spinning into a barrel roll, taking cover behind crates. Vick chuckles, face mutating for a split second, flashing a fanged, vulpine grin...

Then pursues with lithe elegance, sleek and agile, revealing a preternatural athleticism she had kept concealed until now.

Bishop threads between crates, back against surfaces, pistol leveled, antenna raised. Lights flickering overhead generate shifting shadows, causing him to overreact and FIRE errantly.

Vick slips behind, a transient spectre, KICKING out his legs from underneath him. Bishop recovers, aims, but she vanishes.

He follows in the same direction, but stops, feeling lighter. He paws for THE STAKE in his scabbard. *It is no longer there.*

Before Bishop can react, Vick flashes past, SLASHING his leg from one direction, then LACERATING his abdomen from another.

Bishop grunts, pirouetting like a whirling dervish. He spins around, BANG BANG, fires at random. Mortar ERUPTS everywhere.

Vick appears at the opposite end of where he just fired. She makes eye contact with Bishop and licks the bloodcaked stake.

Bishop goes full berserker mode, wrath deeper than the ocean, wider than the universe. He swings his pistol up and charges in an unhinged lather of feral ferocity. But Vick disappears...

Then EXPLODES across frame, wielding the stake like a dagger, cutting even deeper, SHEARING cartilage and CLEAVING tendons.

Bishop FOLDS onto all fours. He ROARS with raw anger, FIRING to slidelock, aiming at nothing in particular, too exhausted.

Battered, beaten, and bleeding out, Bishop staggers onto his feet, hobbling into the main warehouse area, stride lopsided.

He sifts through his duffel bag for more guns and ammunition.

SLIKT! Bishop stops, confused. He glances down and discovers the bloodsodden stake SPROUTING from his chest. He COLLAPSES, the morbid irony of this final blow not entirely lost on him.

He drags himself away, army crawling on his stomach, frantic.

Vick paces beside Bishop, watching, darkly amused. She grabs her flask, rattles it around, frowns, realizing it is tapped.

With his coordination canceled and nervous system nullified, Bishop finally gives up, moaning, slumping over to face Vick.

He produces his vape pen, savoring one last hit before death.

BISHOP

Just... Fucking... Do it... Already.

Vick empties last drops of the flask, revealing its contents not to be alcohol, but **BLOOD**. She crouches beside Bishop and tugs the vape pen from his mouth, smirking with satisfaction.

VICK

You know, Bishop. I take back what I said. You're still of some use to us.

(then, turning)

Hey, Father...

Vick glances back at Atticus. He starts limping over to them.

VICK
Dinner's ready.

Bishop tries to scream, but emits nothing but prelinguistic, gargled GRUNTS. Vick and Atticus approach, fangs out, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FBI OFFICE - MIAMI - DAY

Establishing shot of the FBI office roasting in the noon sun.

VICK (PRE-LAP)
By the time we realized it was an ambush, Officer Bishop and the rest of the team had been killed in action. That's when the asset intervened and successfully engaged the Queen of Spades...

INT. FBI OFFICE - MIAMI - DAY

Her arm in a sling, Vick sits opposite Mooney, FBI BRASS and more, unfamiliar CIA LIAISONS in a joint agency meeting. One of these men is the **CIA DEPUTY DIRECTOR**. He sits at the head of the table, examining Vick with quiet, analytical scrutiny.

She finishes debriefing the operation, projecting confidence.

VICK
At which point, I attempted to render aid to the fallen team members, but my efforts were unsuccessful.

CIA LIAISON ONE
So, you were the only operative who made it out alive?

CIA LIAISON TWO
Other than our asset. Who is either dead or missing in action.

VICK
That is my understanding, yes.

Deputy Director stares, neutral, something still on his mind.

CIA DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Bishop had a locator beacon on his person that emitted a signal twenty minutes after the purported time of death.

VICK

Okay.

CIA DEPUTY DIRECTOR

The final broadcast also originated three miles west of location, codenamed El Dorado. Any idea why?

The question lands like an anvil, though it is impossible to interpret whether his examination is accusatory or curiosity.

Before Vick responds, Mooney intervenes, innately protective...

MOONEY

You've already put Agent Lake through the ringer. We can worry about tying up loose ends later.

CIA DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Loose ends are not the only reason we're here.

(elaborating)

This ordeal has left some permanent openings that need to be filled.

VICK

Sounds like a job offer.

CIA DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Your performance over the course of the operation warranted recognition, and we thought you might consider picking up where Bishop left off.

VICK

I'm not in the CIA.

CIA DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Neither was Bishop.

Deputy Director smiles, cryptic, and slides over a CASE FILE.

CIA DEPUTY DIRECTOR

There have been reports of increasing gang activity in New Orleans that we would like addressed.

VICK

Gang activity.

CIA DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Yes, just like one you investigated here in Dade County.

Vick finally accepts the file, peruses its content, and nods.

CIA DEPUTY DIRECTOR

However, we would ask that you first try to locate our asset and confirm whether he is dead or alive. As I'm sure you realize, his value to our efforts cannot be overstated.

VICK

I'll see what I can do.

EXT. FBI OFFICE - MIAMI - DAY

Vick exits the office, looks up at the blazing afternoon sun, and smiles. She crosses the street, swagger in her stride as she ditches her sling into a garbage can en route to her SUV with polarized tint, parked at the corner of an intersection.

INT. SUV - MIAMI - DAY

Vick clambers into the driver's seat and checks the rearview mirror, ensuring nobody is in the back. She turns, revealing Atticus sitting there, shades on and legs crossed, healthier than we last saw him, now revitalized by the blood of Bishop.

ATTICUS

How did it go?

VICK

As expected, but they want me to find you first.

ATTICUS

Mission accomplished.

(then)

Where to now?

VICK

Wanna grab a bite?

ATTICUS

Thought you would never ask.

Atticus and Vick smile at one another. She keys the ignition...

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

As father and daughter merge into traffic, gliding toward an arced horizon, reduced to nothing but an imperceptible speck amidst the glamorous, pointillist panorama of downtown Miami.

FADE TO BLACK.