

GRAVES

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE INN - NIGHT

A rickety old thing that stands at the top of a hill. A village glows from the valley below.

TITLE CARD: **The Late 19th Century**

A galloping black horse slows to a stop in front of the inn. Its RIDER (60) hops off. He takes a bag from the saddle and makes for the front door.

INT. INN - OFFICE - NIGHT

MS. GARRETT (28), the innkeeper, takes the Rider in. Her hair is a mess and she's covered in a week's worth of grime.

MS. GARRETT  
Evening, sir. Can I get you a room?

THE RIDER  
My boots haven't touched dirt in two days and I have little patience for games. Where is your husband? No matter how many inns I visit and how many maids work the desks, I always end up trading quotes with the man of the establishment.

MS. GARRETT  
That a fact?

THE RIDER  
It is.

MS. GARRETT  
I'm afraid Polio got the "man of the establishment" six months ago. Rooms run seven dollars -- and though you may be used to those other men letting ya talk 'em down, if you try to haggle me you can take your boots up to the next town.

The Rider drops a few bills in front of her. He takes a moment to peer at the ledger. There's only one name on the list tonight. "A. Wyvern -- Rm. 3."

He smiles, then takes a quill and marks his own name down: "Abraham Van Helsing."

VAN HELSING  
I'll take the room above three.

INT. VAN HELSING'S ROOM - NIGHT

Van Helsing sets his bag down and reaches in with a gloved hand. Pulls out a gleaming crucifix and a wooden stake.

He reaches in again and takes two pieces of an ax split at the center. He locks the pieces together forming the ax.

The pieces' absence reveals a small portrait -- a YOUNG WOMAN, no older than 20, with dark hair. He glances at the woman before closing the bag.

Wielding the ax, Van Helsing takes a breath, then--

He swings the ax, burying it in the floor. One swing, two, ripping chunks free until there's a six-by-six inch hole.

Van Helsing drops the ax, kneels, and stares down the hole. Blackness. The faint outline of a bed.

He takes a match from his pocket and strikes it. Drops the flame--

It catches against the bed sheet and within moments the lower room is aflame. WHOOOOOOOOOSH!!

He calmly stands and takes the bag.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Ms. Garrett takes a whiskey bottle and pours herself a drink. She presses it to her lips and savors the glass--

Stops. She sees smoke billowing through the back window.

She dives and opens the window. Ducks her head out to see--

Smoke. Flames. Fire rapidly sweeping through her establishment.

MS. GARRETT  
No--no--no!

EXT. INN - NIGHT

Van Helsing hurries down the stairs as the fire spreads through the entire inn. He stops in front of room 3.

Waits. Just waits. Stake in hand.

MS. GARRETT (O.S.)  
What are you doing there?!

Ms. Garrett stumbles out of the office, lugging as many belongings as she can carry.

MS. GARRETT (CONT'D)  
He's done for! We need to get out  
of here!

But Van Helsing just stares at the door.

Ms. Garrett drops her things and hurries over. She grabs Van Helsing by the sleeve--

MS. GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Come on!

--but he shoves her away.

Whatever he's waiting for is taking too long. Van Helsing pushes forward and violently kicks the door open--

But there's nothing inside but fire and destruction.

DRAKE (30) appears behind Van Helsing.

DRAKE  
You'd do best to make sure I'm in  
the room before burning it to the  
ground.

Drake bolts forward, grabs Van Helsing by the throat and slams him against the burning wall.

DRAKE (CONT'D)  
Why are you here?

VAN HELSING  
The same question after all this  
time? You know why I'm here--

Van Helsing kicks for his fallen stake.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)  
--why I'll never give you peace...  
Mr. Wyvern... The names fit you  
less and less each time. 'Dracula'  
is much more fitting. That was  
what my daughter called you, yes?

DRAKE  
This is madness, Abraham. I'm  
helping people.

VAN HELSING

Do you think that somehow washes  
your hands of sin?

DRAKE

If you refuse to give me peace--

VAN HELSING

You'll what? End things? Do it if  
you can muster the will. Finish  
what you started in London.

Drake's grip tightens...

He drops him. Drake turns back toward freedom.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

Allow me to finish it, then.

Van Helsing hoists a burning chunk of wood and throws it at  
Drake--

Drake spins and catches the projectile.

CLICK.

Drake turns to find Ms. Garrett with a revolver trained on  
him, hammer pulled back.

His eyes are black, his mouth fanged like a monster. A  
vampire.

MS. GARRETT

Get out of here! Just leave,  
demon!

DRAKE

You don't need to fear me. I'm not  
what you think I am--

VAN HELSING

buries his stake into Drake's back! Drake wretches -- turns,  
the stake still impaled through him--

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Missed... the heart...

He smashes the burning board against Van Helsing's head,  
knocking him to the ground. Van Helsing reels.

Drake rips the stake out and drops it.

DRAKE (CONT'D)  
Don't find me again.

Drake spares one last look at Ms. Garrett, her hands shaking with the revolver, then takes off. He jumps onto Van Helsing's horse and kicks the animal into motion, racing into the night.

Ms. Garrett lowers the gun and hurries to Van Helsing.

MS. GARRETT  
Are you all right?

VAN HELSING  
No, I'm really not. I'm old.

MS. GARRETT  
That man -- he... he was...

VAN HELSING  
Old and weak. I never should have confronted him like this.

MS. GARRETT  
He was a monster!

VAN HELSING  
We're all monsters, my dear. Some, I think...

His eyes go black and his mouth shifts into a wicked configuration of fangs. Just like Drake.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)  
...more than others.

Van Helsing grabs Ms. Garrett and buries his fangs into her throat as the terrified woman SCREAMS--

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Drake rides as Ms. Garrett's SCREAM echoes through the hills. He stops, listens, and then spurs the horse to race on, his coat wiping the screen--

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

--and becoming another coat, this one leather and belonging to someone watching YOUNG PARTYGOERS dance to THUNDERING MUSIC.

TITLE CARD: **The Early 21st Century**

Flat screens strewn about the place all play some black and white horror film or another. PETER CUSHING tries to stake CHRISTOPHER LEE...

...but MARCO (35) isn't paying attention to that. He's grinning like a fool as JENNIFER CHASE (25) smiles at him and squeezes his arm on the way to the bathroom.

Once she's out of sight Marco focuses on her drink. Her unattended drink...

He swiftly digs a small capsule out of his pocket and drops it into the spare drink. It dissolves.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chase's smile drops as she stares at herself in the mirror. She sets her bag on the sink.

She rolls her sleeve up. There's a strap just above her right wrist. She reaches into her bag and pulls out a small knife. Chase tucks the blade inside the strap and then lowers her sleeve.

CHASE  
 (closes her eyes)  
 Lindsay Brubaker, Lindsay Brubaker,  
 Lindsay Brubaker.  
 (opens them)  
 You can do this.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Chase's smile is back as she leaves the bathroom, passing a dark FIGURE wearing the leather coat.

She slides in next to Marco.

CHASE  
 I am mucho sorry for that.  
 Emergency foundation work. Am I  
 driving?

MARCO  
 Nah, I'll drive.

CHASE  
 Then let's go throw ourselves a  
 real party.

She grabs her jacket.

MARCO

Whoawhoa. You gotta finish your  
drink. It's a bad omen otherwise.

Chase picks up the glass and can make out the dissolved  
substance that has settled at the bottom.

She looks at Marco, on to his little game--

And drinks.

Chase slams the glass down and takes Marco's arm.

MARCO (CONT'D)

We're gonna have so much fun  
tonight.

CHASE

You have no idea.

They head for the door, moving right past--

The man in the leather jacket. The man who's been watching  
them all night long.

Drake.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Marco helps Chase to the car. She stumbles, woozy.

He opens the passenger door and almost pushes her in.

Chase's eyes flutter, the world warping around her as her  
head swims--

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dark, sparse apartment loft. The curtains are closed.

Chase's eyes flutter open. She's bound to a chair and her  
mouth is taped shut.

She struggles. Shouts behind the tape. Can't break free.

Marco wipes blood from her forehead.

MARCO

Sorry 'bout that. You took a fall  
on the way up the stairs.

She screams at him again. He points at the tape with a  
knife.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Hey, hey! I'll take this off. I'm not such a bad guy. But if you scream, it'll go badly for you. Do you understand? Blink if you understand.

She blinks. He removes the tape.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Do you know why you're here?

CHASE

Because you're a monster.

MARCO

Ooh, I like that. I like that a lot.

Marco turns back to the window. He peeks through the curtain and watches as CITYGOERS walk past his apartment.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Manson, Dahmer, Bundy -- they were all called monsters. But we remember their names, don't we? Can you name more Presidents or serial killers?

Chase rolls her eyes. It's all an act. Will this guy quit running his mouth?

MARCO (CONT'D)

Now nobody will ever forget my name.

She works her bound wrists.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You'll be my second.

(turns to her)

I know that's not what girls like you want to hear -- girls like you want to be the first -- but you're still special to me. Jennifer.

CHASE

Chase.

MARCO

What?

CHASE

My name is Chase.

The blade drops from her sleeve. She slices into the tape binding her wrists... As she does, he starts toward her -- slowly, menacingly, brandishing the knife.

MARCO

Chase. I won't forget your name like most men do, Chase. You're perfect. Do you know that? So, so perfect...

He reaches the blade out as she cuts... Almost there...

DING-DONG!

The door-bell. Upstairs. Marco stops. Shit.

DING-DONG!

MARCO (CONT'D)

Not a word, you hear me?

Chase furiously shakes her head 'no,' letting the waterworks flow. SNAP, she's free.

DING-DONG-DING-DONG-DING-DONG!!

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'm coming!

Marco pockets the knife and hurries up the stairs.

Chase sets the blade on her lap and waits patiently. She blows the hair out of her eyes.

Marco opens the door--

It's Drake. Gotta say, the 21st century suits him.

DRAKE

Mr. Guerrero?

MARCO

Yeah?

DRAKE

I have a message for you. I think it's from a Lindsay Brubaker?

WHACK!

Marco tumbles down the stairs and stops at Chase's feet. He's out cold.

Drake hurries down to free Chase.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I called the police.  
Sorry it took me this long to come  
in, I had to wait for him to make a  
move--

Chase stands up on her own. Drake stops. Huh?

CHASE

What the hell did you do that for?  
Is he gonna wake up anytime soon?

DRAKE

I... don't think so...

CHASE

Dammit. Do you realize what I've  
gone through for this? You  
couldn't have shown up five minutes  
later?

DRAKE

I think there's been a  
misunderstanding. I'm here to save  
you.

CHASE

There's definitely been a  
misunderstanding because I'm here  
to save myself, thank you very  
much.

(takeabreath...)

I heard about the Brubaker girl and  
I spent two weeks tracking this guy  
down and tonight was finally the  
night he noticed me at the bar  
and...

Marco groans.

DRAKE

Thought I hit him harder than that.

Drake takes a step--

Chase shoos him off. Nuh-uh. She just stares at Marco as he  
stirs. Finally his eyes flutter open--

Chase is leaning down, eyes level with his.

CHASE

Oh, sweetie. You'll be happy to  
know that you are my first.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

And I'm never, ever going to forget  
your name.

She digs her nails into his ear and tears. Marco shrieks--

Chase slams his head into the floor hard enough that teeth  
pop out. He's not waking up from that.

Red and blue lights flash through the window. The cops have  
arrived.

CHASE (CONT'D)

So you don't look like a cop. Who  
are you exactly?

DRAKE

I was about to ask you the same  
thing.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - LATER

CHASE

Jennifer Chase. Two Ns in  
Jennifer. But I prefer Chase.

COPS flood the place. Chase sits as an EMT bandages her  
forehead.

LT. NORRIS (44) sits across from her.

NORRIS

And how did you end up in Marco  
Guerrero's apartment?

CHASE

Luck.

NORRIS

You sure that's the word you wanna  
run with? We're laying serious  
odds this screw-job is responsible  
for the Brubaker murder.

CHASE

This is a city with eight million  
people in it yet I found the guy  
and got him to take me someplace no  
one else could get hurt -- and I  
did that while managing to sneak a  
knife past the twisted prick. So  
yeah, luck.

NORRIS

But why?

CHASE

To catch him of course. I thought that much was obvious.

NORRIS

Yes, but why didn't you do the common sense thing and call us when you found him?

Chase lowers her head, embarrassed.

CHASE

We're in a recession.

(looks at him)

I'm a Criminal Justice major, class of way-more-than-a-year-ago. I couldn't find a job. So I thought I'd find this guy myself, get my name out there, and... Look, I'm not proud of it, okay? But I needed a leg up.

EXT. MARCO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Chase pushes out of the building. Halfway down the block lights flood a podium where the MAYOR prepares to make a statement. REPORTERS swarm around him like ants to something sweet.

Chase eyes the street for her car, but...

CHASE

He drove. Dammit.

Chase starts away from the chaos--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Jennifer! Jennifer! Jennifer Chase!

ELIZABETH AVION (28) rushes to catch up with her. Her hair is all highlights and her skirt is ridiculously short. Chase notices.

CHASE

Yeah? And it's just Chase.

ELIZABETH

Elizabeth Avion, *Online Times*.  
I've been waiting forever for you to come outta there.

CHASE

I'm not supposed to talk to anybody.

Chase walks. Elizabeth keeps pace.

ELIZABETH

About him? Marco Guerrero? Good, 'cause I don't wanna talk about him. Petty wannabe, even Google won't remember him in two weeks. I was--

Elizabeth steps in front of Chase and cuts her off.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

--curious about the other guy. The one who got there first.

CHASE

How do you know he was there? Even the cops didn't--

ELIZABETH

Oh come on, of course they did -- he works for them. You're a sweet thing, so how about no more lies. What's your relationship like with Drake?

(Chase just stares)

Tall, handsome, secretive... fancies himself a P.I. You know, that guy. Alexander Drake.

CHASE

His name sounds like a *Die Hard* villain. That's my relationship with him.

Chase brushes past her.

ELIZABETH

If you say so. Can I at least give you a lift?

CHASE

I'm fine.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A cramped studio with all manner of things crammed into it. One bed, one sofa.

ALLISON CHASE (26) fiddles with her laptop on the bed.

The door opens and Chase shuffles in.

ALLISON  
You're back early. No action?

CHASE  
What, from a guy? Not the kind you  
were hoping for.

Then Allison sees -- the cuts on Chase's face.

ALLISON  
Jesus Christ, did you get in a  
fight? Are you okay?

CHASE  
You should see the other guy.

Chase gingerly lowers herself to the sofa. Finally showing  
some real wear and tear.

She digs out her cell phone. It's been smashed to bits.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Prick.

ALLISON  
Mom called. I -- guess you won't  
be calling her back.

CHASE  
At least I have an excuse this  
time. Thank God my contract was up  
anyway.

Chase grabs the remote and fires the TV to life.

ALLISON  
I'm trying to study over here.

CHASE  
Just give me a second.

ON SCREEN

it's the nightly news.

ANCHOR  
Police aren't revealing specifics,  
saying only that an anonymous tip  
led them to the apartment of Marco  
Guerrero, the man who is now  
believed to be responsible for the  
murder of L--

Click. The television dies.

Chase just lies back to sleep. Let this day be over with.

INT. DMH PROCESSING - DAY

The computer monitor burns into Chase's eyes. She pulls out her brand new smartphone and checks the time. 3:15 p.m.

She sits in one of two dozen cubicles. A pile of insurance claims are laid out in front of her, each to be entered into the system.

One claim. Another. Typing, typing, typing.

Jesus, Chase is bored.

NANCY (O.S.)  
Mr. Ellison.

NANCY (40), the boss, leans over MR. ELLISON (65) in the next cubicle over.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
There were seventeen errors in your last batch.

MR. ELLISON  
I'm sorry, I didn't realize I was doing anything wrong--

NANCY  
Don't think of it as being wrong -- more like you just need to do better. Because another batch like this and you'll have to look elsewhere for work.

Nancy smiles coldly and disappears into an office.

Mr. Ellison looks over a claim and is clearly lost. Chase rolls her chair over to him.

CHASE  
Here, I'll help.

Chase takes the first claim off his pile. It's a mass of lines and numbers.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
ICNs are a real pain in the butt. They jump around depending on who sent the claim.  
(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

But it's always twelve digits and  
it always ends with two letters.

She points one out that's just as she described.

CHASE (CONT'D)

See? Just make sure it's like that  
and you'll be fine.

MR. ELLISON

Thanks, Chase. You're a life-  
saver.

She smiles and rolls back to her desk. Looks at the time --  
3:16 p.m. Oh. My. God.

Screw it. Chase hops online and fires a search into Google:  
"Alexander Drake, Private Investigator."

A mapped location appears. "DRAKE & ASSOCIATES."

Chase considers...

EXT. DRAKE'S BUILDING - DAY

It's an industrial building with a garage kept safe with an  
industrial shutter. Chase looks at a scribbled note and  
double-checks the address.

A FedEx truck is parked on the curb. The COURIER grabs a box  
and knocks on Drake's door -- a very specific rhythm. It  
opens. Chase ducks around the side of the building and  
eavesdrops:

COURIER

Mr. Drake. Hope I'm on time. My  
boss said we're dealing with time-  
sensitive stuff.

DRAKE

(signs)  
We certainly are. Thank you.

Drake takes his package and the Courier leaves. His truck  
rolls off to parts unknown.

Chase steps out and knocks on the door. Nothing.

CHASE

Come on, Mr. Drake, I know you're  
in there. I saw you with the FedEx  
guy. It's Jennifer Chase from last  
night.

Drake opens the door and looks her over.

DRAKE  
Did Norris give you my name?

CHASE  
I guess she was telling the truth.

DRAKE  
I'm sorry you came out here but I  
simply don't have time--

He closes the door but she catches it.

CHASE  
Oh, no you don't. I've worked way  
too hard to be ignored again.  
Yeah, Lieutenant Norris referred me  
to you and you are at least going  
to give me the time of day--

Chase slides right past him into--

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Small, dank, and the windows are completely blacked out.

CHASE  
Which you clearly don't see much  
of.

DRAKE  
Norris sent you?

CHASE  
Yes. He did. With a big glowing,  
"You want a job? Go get 'im,  
kiddo."

DRAKE  
I'm not hiring. It's a one-man  
operation.

CHASE  
Your website says "Drake &  
Associates."

DRAKE  
Looks more professional that way.

CHASE

Well, you're in luck -- you can still be a one-man operation, seeing as how I'm lacking in boy parts.

DRAKE

What is it that you think I do, exactly?

CHASE

You're a PI. You investigate but, you know, privately.

DRAKE

And what are your credentials?

CHASE

B.A. from Iowa State, a year at Duke, and the small fact that I found last night's whack job before you did.

She eyes the corner of the room. A wooden box, shaped like a cross between a coffin and a pentagram, sits there.

DRAKE

That you did. You have to be pretty sharp -- nothing gets by you, am I right?

CHASE

Something like that.

Drake smiles and waits. Just waits. It's awkward enough that Chase lets her gaze wander. To the box in the corner, to his FedEx package with the word "bank" visible. But he still doesn't say anything...

BZZZ!

Drake's cell phone. He takes it and reads his latest text.

DRAKE

I have to go, and I'm afraid that Drake & Associates must remain associate free. Have a good night, Miss Chase.

He opens the door and she reluctantly moves through it.

CHASE

You're making a mistake.

DRAKE

Good luck with your search.

EXT. DRAKE'S BUILDING - DAY

Chase has to stop for a moment to compose herself. Ugh. Finally she digs her hands into her pockets and pushes on.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

COPS. Dozens of them strewn about the place. Many form a perimeter around Norris and... something.

Drake enters. A few of the cops register him -- a little creeped out -- before he finds Norris.

NORRIS

What was with the quick exit last night?

DRAKE

Girl had it covered.

NORRIS

She's an interesting cookie, that one.

Norris stands over the corpse of a YOUNG BRIDE. Dressed in a white wedding gown, she could almost be sleeping.

DRAKE

Any witnesses?

NORRIS

No. The place doesn't have a booking for another couple of days. Manager says it's Mackenzie Long, a girl who works here.

DRAKE

Not anymore.

Drake kneels and looks her over. There are two puncture marks in her neck. Drake runs a finger over her throat.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

No blood.

NORRIS

Yeah, I already sent the splatter boys home.

DRAKE

There's no blood at all. She's been completely drained.

NORRIS

I knew this was your area of expertise.

A LIGHT

is visible behind the glass front doors. It's ELIZABETH, recording Drake's actions with her iPhone. Nobody sees her.

There's a tear in Mackenzie's wedding dress. Drake pulls a flap of cloth aside -- she's been cut.

DRAKE

Did you remove anything?

Norris takes an evidence bag off one of the cops and shows it to Drake. A small knife is inside.

NORRIS

Blade's totally clean.

DRAKE

She was drained before they stabbed her.

NORRIS

There's one more thing.

Norris reveals a wrinkled piece of paper.

NORRIS (CONT'D)

This was stabbed into her chest.

It's a simple hand-written note. Drake reads. "MR. ALEXANDER DRAKE."

NORRIS (CONT'D)

Like I said, your area of expertise. Is there something I should know?

Drake stares at the puncture marks on Mackenzie's neck--

VISION

A vicious pair of fangs bury themselves into Mackenzie's throat. So fast she can't even scream.

Blood trickles out. A single drop spills...

Falls, falls, falling against BLACK. The blood splashes hard against the floor--

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chase snaps awake and launches into a sitting position.

COURIER (V.O.)  
My boss said we're dealing with  
time-sensitive stuff.

FLASH TO:

RAPID IMAGES: DRAKE'S APARTMENT

-- The FedEx box, the word "bank" clearly marked. But now the word before it is visible: "*Blood bank.*"

-- The windows, which are completely blacked out.

CHASE  
You are at least going to give me  
the time of day... which you  
clearly don't see much of.

-- The coffin-like box in the corner.

DRAKE  
Nothing gets by you, am I right?

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chase's eyes are on fire, alight with revelation and shock. She knows.

Allison stirs and sees her sister.

ALLISON  
Jenn? You okay?

Chase looks at her, a huge 'ol grin on her face.

CHASE  
No. Way.

EXT. DRAKE'S BUILDING - DAY

Chase rapid-fire knocks on the door.

CHASE  
Mr. Drake!

The door opens. Drake glares.

DRAKE

Thought I made myself clear, Miss--

CHASE

You're a vampire.

DRAKE

What? Wait, what? That's ridiculous.

CHASE

Don't screw with me right now. You've got blacked-out windows and you receive special shipments of blood. Hell, you have a damn coffin thingy in there. You're either a vampire or -- something even creepier...

DRAKE

Consider the words coming out of your mouth right now, then take a breath and realize how insane they are.

CHASE

So I'm crazy? Okay.

Chase takes Drake's hand.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Let's take a couple steps back into the sun. I wanna see if the harsh light of day makes you sparkle.

He snaps his hand back.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Come on. You wanted me to put it together. That's what you were waiting for before you got that text.

DRAKE

So let's say it's true. Assume for the moment I'm what you say I am. Having discovered my secret, why would I not rip your throat out right here?

CHASE

Oh, I'm definitely succulent.

She indicates her neck.

CHASE (CONT'D)

There's some high-quality AB-negative in here, lemme tell ya. But if you wanted to kill me you easily could've done it at Guerrero's or when we were alone yesterday.

DRAKE

What do you want?

CHASE

What are you working on? I want to help. Think of it as an internship.

Drake considers... then he opens the door enough to invite her in.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chase indicates the coffin-like box. It's only two feet long.

CHASE

You sleep in there? Seems kind of small.

DRAKE

I sleep on the bed.

CHASE

So why have this thing? Can you crunch yourself down into nothing? Or do you like turn into a bat for naps?

Drake's face goes dark.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Ah, moody. I should've known.

DRAKE

Excuse me?

CHASE

A vampire private detective? I've seen every episode of *Angel*. Brood, brood, brood.

DRAKE

All right, hotshot.

Drake takes a few photos from the desk -- snapshots of Mackenzie's body from the reception hall.

DRAKE (CONT'D)  
What do you make of these?

Chase flips through the photos.

CHASE  
That dress is ugly as sin. Is this another test? Did you solve this already and I'm supposed to deduce it from a couple pictures?

DRAKE  
Afraid not. It's frustrating; I usually crack murders like this within an hour.

CHASE  
Within an hour? How?

DRAKE  
The blood. If there's fresh blood it leaves a trail.

CHASE  
That's gross.

DRAKE  
Vampire.

CHASE  
So you're admitting it now?

He shrugs.

Chase locks onto one particular photo -- a close-up of the puncture marks to the girl's neck.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Vampire attack?  
(he nods)  
Guess I'm diving head-first into the deep end.

She flips photos.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
It hurts me physically to say this but I got nothing. The dress is an awful fit and probably doesn't belong to her.

DRAKE

It doesn't. She had a boyfriend she'd tolerate for a few months at a time but that's as far as it went. Norris already talked to him.

CHASE

We got a name on this guy?

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chase knocks. Rapid-fire. Drake waits next to her.

DRAKE

Norris already--

CHASE

Norris ain't me.

Finally the door opens to reveal a rotund MOTHER (50).

MOTHER

Yes?

CHASE

Hi there, I'm sorry to bother you. Is Jake home?

MOTHER

I'm -- I'm afraid he isn't.

She makes to close the door but Chase kicks a foot in the way.

CHASE

God, weird. We went to school together. I just flew in and Jake was supposed to meet me for coffee. I guess... I guess he stood me up.

Mother eyes Drake.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Charlie went to school with us too. We were in... band together...

MOTHER

Is that right?

Chase nods. Gulp. Finally:

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Jake's girlfriend just passed away.

CHASE  
Oh God. Oh my God. That's  
terrible. Charlie...

She nudges Drake.

DRAKE  
I'm sorry to hear that, ma'am.

MOTHER  
It's hit him so hard. He's been  
spending most of his time with one  
of his friends.

CHASE  
That is just so unbelievable. I  
knew her -- I mean, I didn't know  
her, but I saw pictures of her, you  
know? Hey, do you know which  
friend?

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chase and Drake move up the sidewalk. She works a Facebook  
knock-off called SOCIABLE on her phone.

A massive house looms ahead. Really stands out against the  
rest of the block.

DRAKE  
There it is.

CHASE  
Hey, what should I call you?

DRAKE  
I'm not particular.

CHASE  
Come on. 'Boss,' 'Alex,' what?

DRAKE  
Most people just call me Drake.  
It's... fitting.

CHASE  
Yeah, but most people try to call  
me Jennifer and I hate it.

They've reached the house. Chase knocks. She brings up a  
Sociable profile on her phone. It's a shot of Jake.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Here's our guy. He's cute.

Nothin'.

Chase knocks again--

The door opens. BEN (31) looms on the other side. He's the human embodiment of *Hulk Smash*.

Ben looks at Drake--

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Oh wow. Is Jake here? His mom  
told us--

--and slams the door.

Chase looks at Drake. He shrugs.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
This a normal thing with you?

Chase slams her fists into the door, but whatever they're selling, Ben isn't buying.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Shit.  
(beat)  
I've got an idea. I need something  
cute -- take this.

She tosses the phone to Drake.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Take a pic.

Chase strikes a pose -- a little sexy, a little inviting, more than a little creepy given the circumstances.

DRAKE  
You... realize we're investigating  
a girl's murder, right? And that  
she was... murdered?

CHASE  
Shut up and take it.

He does. She grabs the phone back and works the touch screen.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
I need a new profile picture for  
Jake.

DRAKE  
Why?

CHASE  
So he accepts my friend request.

DRAKE  
And why exactly are you adding the  
murder suspect?

She clicks "SEND."

DRAKE (CONT'D)  
Right. So at least tell me this --  
what's wrong with Jennifer?

CHASE  
What's wrong with Chase?

BING. Chase's phone alerts. She grabs it.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Your girlfriend just died but you  
add the first medium hot chick to  
wink at you in a pic. Not a good  
sign for you, dude.

She looks at Drake. Very lost.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
You still haven't caught up yet?  
Sociable has a constant-cloud  
feature that updates friends'  
locations in real-time. And...

...she works her thumbs...

CHASE (CONT'D)  
I know where he is.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

JAKE walks. He's a good-lookin' 20-something. Dark  
complexion but a smile that makes girls melt.

Chase watches him from across the street. She's sort of  
melting.

CHASE  
He's really cute.

Drake walks with her. They keep an eye on Jake through  
masses of weekend partiers.

DRAKE  
It might not be him.

CHASE  
 89% of the time it's the boyfriend.  
 Look, I know this is pretty much my  
 job interview. Trust me, 'kay?  
 I've got a sixth sense.

Jake turns down another street.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
 I need a better read on dark and  
 dreamy.

EXT. THE NEXT STREET - NIGHT

Jake pushes through more people. His hands are in his  
 pockets and he's moving with purpose. Quickly. Not looking--

CRASH.

He knocks Chase over.

JAKE  
 Jesus. I'm sorry.

Drake helps her up. Chase is awfully giggly.

CHASE  
 It's okay. I'll happily take a-  
 knockin' from hotties like you. Hi  
 there, I'm Lisa.

JAKE  
 I'm... Jake.

Drake's frozen. What the...?

CHASE  
 Well, Jake. Jake. Those abs must  
 make washboards jealous. Do you --  
 well, I don't wanna go too far or  
 anything, but -- you wanna hit a  
 bar or something?

Jake looks at Drake.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry about Billy. He's gay.

DRAKE  
 I totally am.

CHASE  
Come on. You're hot, I'm four  
times over the legal limit. What  
could possibly go wrong?

JAKE  
(to Drake)  
I think your friend needs an  
intervention. Later, Lisa.

Jake moves past them and turns down another street.

CHASE  
Ouch.

DRAKE  
Surprised he didn't recognize you  
from the site.

CHASE  
Yeah, well I wasn't making my  
"insert here" face.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jake turns into an alley. Chase and Drake keep their  
distance.

CHASE  
Drew Alley.

DRAKE  
What?

CHASE  
Last guy to reject me before him.  
Drew Alley. Now Jake-dark-and-  
dreamy makes two.

DRAKE  
Afraid you're losing your touch?

Chase presses a finger to his lips.

CHASE  
Dreamy's meeting someone.

Sure enough, Jake has ducked into a corner with a DARK  
FIGURE.

They're too far away for Chase to make them out.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
What are they saying?

DRAKE

Huh?

CHASE

You're a vampire. What are they saying?

DRAKE

I don't have super-hearing.

CHASE

Then what is the point of you?

Chase starts down the alley. Jake has disappeared into the corner.

She takes a few more steps and turns the corner. The dark figure cradles Jake, burying teeth into his neck.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Oh, crap. No no no no no. Alex!!

The Figure looks up -- sees Chase and Drake approaching fast. The Figure buries a blade into Jake's chest--

Then leaps into the air, catapulting over the wall and out of sight.

Drake kneels over Jake's body. The knife drives a sheet of paper into his chest. Drake rips the blade free and examines the paper, then stuffs it into his pocket.

DRAKE

He was dead before the knife went in. Like the girl.

CHASE

They were... she was biting... I think it was a she...

Drake places two fingers to Jake's neck.

DRAKE

Warm. He wasn't completely drained. Chase, I need you to look away.

CHASE

Why?

DRAKE

If I feed on someone I can follow their blood trail afterward.

(MORE)

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I guess it's evolution in case our prey escape. She fed on him, she carries fresh blood, and that means I can follow her.

CHASE

Alex...

DRAKE

Please.

Drake's face shifts into the monster visage of the teaser. He sinks his teeth into Jake. There's a SQUISH.

CHASE

That sounds even worse than I thought it would.

She turns back. Drake is gone.

Chase looks again at Jake, eyes wide open in terror.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Drake sprints across the rooftop. He reaches the edge and leaps, hitting the next building.

DRAKE'S POV

Red wisps float in the air showing a clear path. They lead off the building and through traffic.

ACROSS THE STREET

The Figure runs.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Chase bolts through mobs of people and makes it to her car. She flies into the driver's seat and buries the key.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Drake is closing fast on the Figure. She sees him. Then she leaps for a pipe twenty feet up. Catches it and pulls.

Drake leaps and catches her foot. The Figure tries to shake him off. One kick, two... finally Drake falls.

He crashes hard but is up quickly. He grabs a rock and aims it--

Launches the rock. It crashes into the pipe and SPLITS it from the building. The Figure falls back to the pavement--

Drake dives and wraps his hands around the Figure's throat.

DRAKE  
You asked for me, here I am. Why  
are you doing this?

Drake spins her to face him. It's Elizabeth Avion.

ELIZABETH  
It's been a long time, Mr. Wyvern.

DRAKE  
That isn't my name.

ELIZABETH  
Neither's the one you're currently  
carrying. Do you remember me?

FLASH TO:

The Teaser. The Inn in Virginia. Different hair, some work  
done. But it's clear Elizabeth Avion is Ms. Garrett.

DRAKE (V.O.)  
The last I saw you...

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

DRAKE  
...you were screaming for me to  
leave.

ELIZABETH  
And last I saw you, you were  
running to the hills and leaving me  
at the mercy of a monster.

DRAKE  
Van Helsing turned you?

ELIZABETH  
He saved me. Brought me up. I was  
there with him in '45 when you did  
what you did. Was that any way to  
treat family?

A FLASH OF SILVER--

Elizabeth buries a blade into Drake's stomach. He wretches.  
She flips him around so that she's on top.

She presses the tip of the blade to his neck and draws blood--

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Think of all this as a trip down  
memory lane.

An ENGINE SOUNDS. Elizabeth looks up--

CRASH!!

Chase's car smashes into Elizabeth and carries her down the  
alley. It rolls another fifteen feet--

And PLOWS into a building. Elizabeth goes rigid.

Drake looks up as Chase spills out of the car toward him.

CHASE  
Are you okay?!

She helps him to his feet.

DRAKE  
How did you find us?

CHASE  
You can do all the fancy leaping in  
the world but you still pretty much  
just went in a straight line.

They move to the car. Elizabeth is out cold.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, that's--

DRAKE  
You know her?

Chase nods. Sees something on Drake's face.

CHASE  
Wait. Do you?

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Drake raises the gate. Inside is a desk and a variety of  
anti-vampire measures. Silver is strewn about the place.

CHASE  
Vampire Guantanamo. Wow.

DRAKE  
She's not the first one I've come  
across here.

Drake drags Elizabeth into the unit and raises her arms to the desk.

DRAKE (CONT'D)  
Open that drawer for me.

She opens it to find a few pairs of handcuffs.

CHASE  
Handcuffs?

DRAKE  
Silver. Lock her to the desk.

Chase does as she's told.

CHASE  
So what now?

DRAKE  
Leave her until morning. She won't be able to move with the silver, and sunlight will give us an -- advantage when it comes to questioning.

CHASE  
God Bless America, I guess.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chase sets a supply bag onto the desk. Drake holds a cloth to his bloody neck.

CHASE  
Sit down and I'll get that patched up.

Drake digs a piece of paper out of his pocket and tosses it onto the desk. It says "MR. ALEXANDER WYVERN."

DRAKE  
Ms. Garrett left this on Jake.

CHASE  
Who's Alexander Wyvern? And how many times do I have to tell you to sit down?

Drake sits. He opens a desk drawer and retrieves the note from the first killing. "MR. ALEXANDER DRAKE."

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Ah. You're Mr. Wyvern?

DRAKE

I was a century ago.

Chase pulls supplies to clean and bandage his wound.

CHASE

Please tell me you're not the one who turned her, Alex.

DRAKE

No. She ran an inn once upon a time. I stayed there for a few nights.

CHASE

And? If you didn't turn her why's she all vindictive towards you?

DRAKE

I didn't turn her but I brought the monster who did. It was chaos. Van Helsing arrived and burned the place to the ground. She--

Chase's face. Oh. My. God.

CHASE

Van Helsing?  
(Drake nods)  
Abraham Van Helsing?

DRAKE

Yes?

CHASE

So if I'm following this and tenth grade English isn't too hazy because I was high -- are you Dracula?

DRAKE

I'm... not overly fond of that name.

CHASE

Count. Fucking. Dracula.

DRAKE

I was never a Count. It's complicated, Chase. It certainly isn't as cut and dry as Stoker or Hammer would have you think.

CHASE

Stoker put you on the map. How far off was he? Were you really that awful?

DRAKE

Things were confusing at first. After being turned. The world was different.

Chase thinks. Oh boy.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Miss AB-negative. If I was still so terrible I would have eaten you, yeah? Trust me.

She resumes work on his neck.

CHASE

Why are you even bleeding? Don't you need a heartbeat to pump blood?

He takes her hand and places it to his chest. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Oh.

DRAKE

Don't believe everything you see on TV.

CHASE

(smiles)

I think I'm gonna need you to write this stuff down. You're sort of ruining everything cool about being a vampire.

She's finished. Chase wipes away the dried blood and tosses the cloth.

DRAKE

Thanks.

CHASE

I'm serious, y'know. I need to know what the rules of your -- condition are.

Drake looks at the clock. 5:47 a.m.

DRAKE

Perfect time, then. Follow me.

EXT. DRAKE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Drake leads Chase to the end of the sidewalk. The sky is alight in the purples of pre-dawn.

DRAKE

I heal like you do. My heart beats like yours does. In a lot of ways I'm the same as I ever was before being turned.

CHASE

And in other ways?

DRAKE

Vampire blood has a current running through it. It's not electric, but that's the closest thing I can compare it to. I think it's the reason I don't age the same way you do. It's also--

Drake raises his hand into the air. The sunlight peaks over a rooftop and bathes his palm.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

--highly sensitive to sunlight.

Smoke billows from his hand. Then it catches FIRE.

He dives back into the shadows of the building, furiously shaking his hand to kill the fire.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

And if I'm out in it for more than a few seconds, the blood ignites.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Drake and Chase raise the gate. Elizabeth reels from the visible light, but--

DRAKE

It's your lucky day -- the sun's blocked by that tree. At least it will be for the next ten minutes or so.

ELIZABETH

If I burn in eleven minutes, so do you.

Drake shifts into the corner of the room. Covered in shadow and safe from the sunlight.

DRAKE

The wonder of angles.

ELIZABETH

And what do you expect from me for the courtesy of lowering the shutter?

CHASE

Why did you kill those kids?

Drake looks at the desk. Scratch marks all over the place from Elizabeth trying to claw her way out.

DRAKE

Answer her.

ELIZABETH

Some folks just have the bad luck of making the wrong friends. Or they're just in the right place at the right time to catch your eye. Like you and Arabella, if I'm not mistaken.

Drake is thrown completely off-guard.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(to Chase)

He tell you about Arabella, girl? She was a pretty little thing like you. Though I imagine she had hips.

DRAKE

He told you about her?

ELIZABETH

I was with him all the way till the end. Not that it matters -- I learned a whole hell of a lot as he was tearing into me that first night. Saw a large number of unsightly things. You know what happens when the bloods mix.

DRAKE

Is this because of him? Some last thing he wants you to do?

CHASE  
Wait, time out. Who's him?

DRAKE  
Van Helsing.

ELIZABETH  
I don't work for anyone, least of all a man you sent to the depths chained in silver half a century ago. I often catch myself thinking about how things would've been if he hadn't been after you at the inn that night. Mighta been able to give my son an actual mother.

CHASE  
You had a son?

ELIZABETH  
I did.  
(to Drake)  
Weren't terribly concerned about the mess you left behind, were you?

DRAKE  
You know we have to end this.

ELIZABETH  
Why?

DRAKE  
Because you're a killer.

ELIZABETH  
So are you. Why do you get to live and I don't?

Chase studies Drake.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
You'd best decide quickly. It doesn't matter if the hat you're keen on is black or white -- in six minutes that sun'll make as much charcoal out of you as it will me.

EXT. YARD OUTSIDE STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Drake closes the shutter. The shadows still protect him from the sunlight. He and Chase start across the lawn.

CHASE

Did you hear anything useful in there?

(nothing)

You can think out loud, you know. I won't make fun of you.

DRAKE

Let's just head back.

CHASE

Actually--

He stops.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I kind of have a thing. I have another job and I have to be there in an hour. So I guess I'll just come by later?

DRAKE

Fine.

He hurries off, not even giving her a second look.

INT. DMH PROCESSING - DAY

Chase spills into her chair to find a massive pile of insurance claims.

Mr. Ellison smiles at her. She manages to smile back.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Drake peers over the coffin-like box and opens it. He takes a small portrait from inside.

It's the same young dark-haired girl from Van Helsing's portrait.

In fact, it's the same portrait.

INT. DMH PROCESSING - DAY

Chase types. Then she stops and listens as--

LOUD CHATTER spills from one of the offices. Nancy's voice. Angry.

NANCY (O.S.)

We just can't deal with this anymore. You'll have to find something else.

MR. ELLISON (O.S.)  
 I'm just a little slow sometimes.  
 That's all. Please.

Chase stares at Mr. Ellison's chair. Empty.

She can't take it anymore. Finally Chase launches up and  
 rips open the door into

NANCY'S OFFICE.

CHASE  
 What are you doing? Yesterday he  
 didn't have an idea what a claim  
 number is. That's on you, not him.

NANCY  
 There are standards that have to be  
 followed.

CHASE  
 And maybe one of 'em should be to  
 train your employees. It's not his  
 fault that you're terrible at your  
 job.

Mr. Ellison just stares, a little amazed. Nancy huffs n'  
 puffs.

NANCY  
 You wanna take a seat in here next?

EXT. DMH PROCESSING - DAY

Chase leads Mr. Ellison out.

CHASE  
 One day I'll learn not to run my  
 mouth.

MR. ELLISON  
 That didn't have to happen. You  
 should head in there and apologize.  
 You're good enough that they'll  
 take you back.

CHASE  
 Nah. One way or another this was  
 gonna happen. I don't think claims  
 processing is for me.

ACROSS THE STREET

SOMEONE in the shadows watches them walk.

CHASE

continues on.

MR. ELLISON  
Something else you want to do?

CHASE  
Oh yeah. I've only ever been good  
at one thing. Guess it's now or  
never, right? Have to take a  
chance and make it happ--

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chase crashes head-first onto the sofa. She's out before she  
hits the pillow.

Allison peers over her laptop screen.

ALLISON  
Toldja working graves will kill ya.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!!

The alarm. 9 o'clock. Chase kills it.

CHASE  
Really? Already?

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Chase throws on a jacket. Allison looks over from her  
reading.

ALLISON  
You gonna be able to manage another  
sixteen hour run?

CHASE  
I -- I'm not gonna have to. I quit  
at DMN.

Allison closes the MacBook lid.

ALLISON  
What. Why?

CHASE  
I couldn't take it.

ALLISON

You mean you didn't like it.

Chase sinks into her own skin. This is not a new type of argument.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

It's a job, Jenn. It doesn't matter whether you like it or not-- you just have to do it. For once in your life -- just once -- please act like a goddamn grown-up.

CHASE

What's that supposed to mean?

ALLISON

You think I like burying my face in this thing all the time to get through school while I'm also working double shifts?

Chase forces herself to take the lashing.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

How much do you have left from your student loans?

CHASE

Enough.

ALLISON

Oh yeah? Enough for rent? Because I am fucking sick of covering yours. I know you wanna play Sherlock Holmes with this Drake guy, but you have obligations.

CHASE

I'm playing?

ALLISON

You're goddamn right you are. That's what it's called when you don't work.

(seethes)

So go on, go have fun being a detective like Dad. But then get your ass down to a Kohl's to fill out an application.

Chase rips her keys off the desk and leaves.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Chase sets coffee and a credit card on the counter. The CASHIER rings her out.

A display in front of her shows the local newspaper. She grabs it.

CHASE

This too.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drake is asleep in his arm chair. Chase nudges him awake.

CHASE

Morning, sunshine. You must've conked out before you locked your door.

DRAKE

What are you doing here?

CHASE

The sun's down. It's office hours.

She sets her coffee and newspaper down. Chase sees the portrait in Drake's lap. She takes it.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Who's this?

DRAKE

No one.

She raises an eyebrow. Yeah, right.

Drake takes the portrait back and locks it in its box.

CHASE

Uh-huh, so that's how it's gonna be. Whatever, I need sugar. Do you have anything to drink? Coke, Pepsi, maybe Mellow Y--

DRAKE

Wait.

Too late. She opens the fridge door. Lines of blood bags are strung up inside in orderly rows.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Chase...

CHASE

Did I mention I'm anemic? Sight of blood doesn't do me any favors.

She closes the door.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I'm going to pretend I didn't just see that. Anyway, we need to talk about something important.

DRAKE

What's that?

CHASE

My salary.

Chase grabs the newspaper and flips it open to the classifieds.

DRAKE

Whatever happened to thinking of this as an internship?

She points out a small ad for DRAKE & ASSOCIATES. "OPEN NIGHTS ONLY" features prominently.

CHASE

You want nine-to-fivers to wait till you crawl out of the coffin before they can come in?

DRAKE

I don't. Sleep. In a coffin.

CHASE

Did I just, um, racially profile you?

(he glares)

Point is -- I'm around now. I can handle the lunch rush.

DRAKE

You're sure?

CHASE

When in our relationship have I ever struck you as someone who lacks assurance?

Drake towers over her.

DRAKE

You're all glowy and happy, but what about the bad days? What about today?

CHASE

Today?

DRAKE

Elizabeth Garrett needs to be dealt with. If you want to be a part of this business, you need to be able to handle days like today.

EXT. YARD OUTSIDE STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Drake hoists a bag over his shoulder as he and Chase approach the unit.

Finally he drops the bag and pulls out a wooden stake.

DRAKE

It's everything you've ever heard before. Drive the stake into the heart. It will -- it'll be quick. She won't suffer.

He hands her the stake, then he reaches for the shutter--

CHASE

This doesn't bother you?

DRAKE

(stops)  
Doesn't matter. It has to be done.

CHASE

Marco Guerrero roofied me and tied me to a chair. He beat me -- he was working his way up to cutting on me, and that was before the probable rape and murder.

DRAKE

You were in control.

CHASE

And that makes it okay? We're doing the same thing to her, Alex.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

The gate raises. Elizabeth sees the stake in Chase's hand.

Drake looks at Chase. Her face is an emphatic 'no.'

ELIZABETH  
Trouble in paradise?

DRAKE  
Give me the stake.

She doesn't budge. He reaches his hand out to hers--

DRAKE (CONT'D)  
Chase. Give it to me.

--and gently takes it.

ELIZABETH  
So now you're finally able to kill  
monsters.

Drake raises the stake and starts toward her. One step.  
Two. In striking range--

BZZZZZZZZ!

Drake stops.

BZZZZZZZZ!

CHASE  
Is that your cell phone?

ELIZABETH  
It's okay, I'll wait.

Drake answers his cell.

DRAKE  
This is Drake. You're sure? Fine.  
Fifteen minutes.

He pockets the phone.

ELIZABETH  
Uh-oh. I guess you might still  
need me alive after all.

CHASE  
Who was it?

Drake drops the shutter--

And doesn't see that Elizabeth has torn into her wrist,  
spilling blood.

INT. AUTO GARAGE - NIGHT

Cops swarm the place. The body of an old man lies dead on the hood of a car that's eight feet up on a lift.

Norris sees Drake enter -- with Chase.

NORRIS  
What's she doing here?

DRAKE  
Don't blame me. You're the one who set her after me.

NORRIS  
Huh? I did--

Chase dives in, eager to change the subject.

CHASE  
So what's the deal?

Norris gives her a hard once-over.

NORRIS  
Another murder, looks like the same perp as the bride.

CHASE  
That can't be right, we--

Norris hands Drake a crumpled note. He opens it.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
(reads)  
"Mr. Arjen Hendriks." Is that Dutch?

DRAKE  
Good call.

CHASE  
And how is Holland, Mr. Hendriks?

Drake pockets the note as Chase finally gets a good luck at the body--

And her face falls.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Oh my God.

DRAKE  
What is it?

CHASE  
That's... Mr. Ellison! I just saw  
him this morning.

NORRIS  
Who is he?

CHASE  
I worked with him.

DRAKE  
Worked?

CHASE  
This is literally the worst time to  
discuss it.

Drake checks Mr. Ellison's body.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
He was so nice. How... he didn't  
deserve this.

DRAKE  
He's been drained like the others.

Sure enough, there are two puncture wounds in Mr. Ellison's  
neck.

NORRIS  
Thanks for leaving that kid in the  
alley, by the way. Real  
charitable.

CHASE  
We were a little busy catching the  
vampire that killed him. So --  
you're welcome?

NORRIS  
You might wanna get that smug look  
off your face.

CHASE  
I'm not smug. Just don't be a dick  
about it when we're actually  
helping. But if Elizabeth has been  
locked up all day--

DRAKE  
She's working with someone else.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Very dark. Elizabeth is chained in place but her blood continues to spill. DRIP-DRIP-DRIP.

EXT. YARD OUTSIDE STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

VAMPIRE'S POV

Sweeping closer to the storage unit. Elizabeth's blood is visible through the gate -- a FLUORESCENT sort of X-RAY glow that's identical to what Drake followed when he chased Elizabeth over the rooftops.

The POV reaches the shutter control--

EXT. AUTO GARAGE - NIGHT

Chase and Drake make for her car. Norris follows.

NORRIS

You're telling me you've had this chick chained up all night? No more of this *Zero Dark Thirty* bullshit, Drake. You find who she's working with and then you put her down.

CHASE

Whatever happened to due process?

NORRIS

Only applies to people with a heartbeat.

Norris turns back to the crime scene.

CHASE

(sotto)  
She has a fucking heartbeat.

INT. CHASE'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Drake sifts through his bag as Chase drives.

DRAKE

What do you want me to do? Just let her go?

CHASE

You left her, right? From the way she was talking -- you had a chance to stop what happened to her but you ran.

She looks at him. Not answering is answer enough.

CHASE (CONT'D)

My dad was a cop, on the streets pretty much all of his life. You know what this town is like -- there are some pretty awful people doing some pretty awful shit, and they don't have the excuse of being turned into monsters. And these are the guys my dad dealt with all the time, but he was always -- he was always so adamant that they deserved a chance. That sometimes life just gives you a shit hand, and everyone has the right to fold and try again.

Chase rolls into the parking lot outside of the storage unit.

CHASE (CONT'D)

If this Van Helsing guy was everything the stories told us, you left her at the mercy of a real son-of-a-bitch. I think that's the definition of a shit hand.

DRAKE

She made her own choices.

CHASE

And you're making yours.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Drake raises the shutter. CLINKCLINKCLINKCLINKCLINK--

Elizabeth is gone, her handcuffs scattered and opened, a puddle of blood under her chair.

Beat.

Chase takes a breath.

DRAKE

Did you know this was going to happen?

CHASE

Thought it might. You?

DRAKE

Had a bad feeling.

He runs his hand over the blood. It's dry.

CHASE  
Can you track it? You said the  
blood leaves a trail.

DRAKE  
That's only if I feed on it.

CHASE  
So why are you wasting time? Get  
slurping.

DRAKE  
It has to be fresh. Also, I'm not  
a dog.

CHASE  
So she's gone.

DRAKE  
You wanted her to have another  
chance.

Drake brushes past her.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Allison flips through a medical textbook. She scribbles some  
notes--

CRRRRRREEEEEEEEKKKKKK.

ALLISON  
Back before dawn? I'm impressed.

She looks up -- the door is open but nobody stands there.

Allison rises and closes the door. Takes a beat, then  
fastens the dead-bolt.

She crosses back to her seat and flips the page. Starts on  
another set of notes--

A SCREAM rings out. Horrifying. Outside the room.

Allison jumps. Listens. Another SCREAM.

She rips the dead-bolt free and flies into the

APARTMENT HALLWAY

where it's eerily quiet.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
 Sarah? Todd? Talk to me. Is  
 everything alright?

She creeps down the hall. One of the doors is open an inch.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
 Guys, I'm begging you to say  
 something.

Nothing.

Allison inches the door forward. She builds up her courage  
 and then steps into

THE OTHER APARTMENT

and works herself up to see--

BEN. The brute who slammed the door in Drake's face.

The bodies of TODD and SARAH are a broken mess before him.

Oh shit.

Allison wheels back, turning back for the door and hurrying  
 through it--

Ben gives chase--

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Allison enters and quickly closes the door. Locks it. She  
 struggles to breath--

BOOM! The door. BOOM! Ben wants in like a madman.

Allison throws her weight against it--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 That's hardly being a gracious  
 host.

Allison turns...

VAN HELSING

sits on the couch, studying a picture of Chase through  
 reading glasses. His face is pale, his skin pulled tight to  
 his bones. Not so far off from a living skeleton.

VAN HELSING  
 I apologize for the intrusion. Do  
 you know when Jennifer might be in?

INT. CHASE'S CAR - NIGHT

Chase parks outside Drake's building. He opens the door.

DRAKE

We'll meet tomorrow just after sunset and decide what to do next.

CHASE

Yeah.

He makes to get out, then stops himself.

DRAKE

You may be right. I -- I've done horrible things.

CHASE

You wanna talk about them?

DRAKE

I think they sometimes cloud my judgment. I see what I've done and I imagine others doing the same. If you're going to do this with me-- if we're going to work together -- maybe it's best that you're there to balance me out.

She smiles a bit. Appreciates him opening up.

CHASE

Plus I'm prettier. We'll get more clients that way.

DRAKE

And I really could use more money for being open during the day.

He finally hops out. Leans back in--

DRAKE (CONT'D)

We'll figure it out. Good night, Chase.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chase moves down the hall and finds her door. She digs for her keys. Seems to take longer than usual to find them.

Finally she does.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chase enters--

And sees.

Allison, Sarah, and Todd are strung up against the wall. A bloody word is written above each of them, forming:

**MISS JENNIFER CHASE**

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chase sits against one wall, lost in her thoughts. A few cops are on the scene already, horrified.

Norris enters. Sees. Collects himself.

He finds Chase.

NORRIS

Kid. Jennifer -- Chase.

She looks at him.

NORRIS (CONT'D)

Take my hand, okay? You shouldn't be here.

CHASE

Where else would I be?

He gently takes her hand and helps her to her feet.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Norris helps Chase into a cruiser.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Elizabeth watches as the cruiser takes off into the night. She turns back to Van Helsing.

ELIZABETH

Why her? Why not just go after him?

VAN HELSING

Why ask questions when you already know the answer? If Drake cares about her at all then this is tantamount to going after him. Why else would we give him someone to care about?

ELIZABETH

Is there an endgame here? You always talked of finishing this -- of going after Drake. Then it became about turning Benjamin and using his friends as a vile message. And now you fixate on the girl.

Van Helsing gives her a hard once-over.

VAN HELSING

Are you losing your nerve, Ms. Garrett?

ELIZABETH

Have you lost sight of your purpose, Mr. Van Helsing?

Van Helsing turns to see the cruiser's lights disappear around a corner.

VAN HELSING

We evolve or we die. We will wring every tear from her until there is nothing left but a hollow shell, then -- and only then -- shall we talk of endgames for Alexander Drake.

He turns to leave.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

I worry you're not thinking clearly. Go and eat something.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Chase on one end of the table, Norris on the other. Her make-up is a dry paste at this point.

CHASE

I walked in and they were there. Allison was on the left. She didn't even know... God, she must have been so scared...

NORRIS

Do you know who would have wanted to do this to your sister?

CHASE

It wasn't her. It was me.

She looks at him, realization in her eyes.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
They wanted me. I did this.

NORRIS  
Who did this?

DRAKE (O.S.)  
Van Helsing.

Drake appears behind Chase.

NORRIS  
Christ, Drake. Learn to knock  
before pulling that crap.

DRAKE  
He's back. She mentioned Arabella  
and I should have known it then. I  
am so sorry.

Drake kneels and cups Chase's hand. She takes it back.

CHASE  
Who's Arabella?

DRAKE  
Chase--

CHASE  
Don't you back off. I know she's  
important. Who is she?

DRAKE  
She was my wife. A long time ago.  
(stands)  
Consider the victims. A young girl  
made up as a bride. The boy she  
was with. An old man.

NORRIS  
Who has no connection whatsoever  
with the other two.

DRAKE  
My name at the scene -- it means  
I'm responsible. Van Helsing's way  
of saying that I killed them.

NORRIS

But what do some kids you've never met and a guy who's collecting social security have to do with you, Drake?

DRAKE

It's what they represent. The old man is Van Helsing. I'm the boy. And the girl is Arabella.

CHASE

Why would Van Helsing be connected to--

DRAKE

Arabella Van Helsing.

Chase's face darkens. Oh.

CHASE

That's why he's after you, isn't it? You did something. To her.  
(Drake shies)  
He's never going to stop.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Chase backs against the wall. Drake moves in next to her.

DRAKE

What can I do?

CHASE

My dad was killed in a robbery. We went to a movie and then I wanted to stop at a gas station. I just wanted something to drink. While we were there a guy held up the attendant. Dad got in the way and the robber shot him.  
(looks at Drake)  
You think using your different names meant that you were responsible for their deaths. I know that's right.

DRAKE

How?

CHASE

Because they wrote my name over my sister's body. I killed her, Alex.

Chase's facade shatters. Tears.

DRAKE

If I hadn't fought so hard against staking Garrett, it wouldn't have happened.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

No. Chase -- no.

He takes her hand.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

You were right. We all make our own choices. Don't blame yourself for being the only one who didn't want to hurt anybody.

She fights off her tears.

CHASE

They made their decisions.

DRAKE

That's right.

CHASE

Now they have to answer for them.

DRAKE

Yes. They do.

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Again Elizabeth watches Chase. Sees as the girl wipes away tears and steels herself for the future.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drake lets Chase in.

DRAKE

Get some sleep. You can take the bed.

Chase lies back.

CHASE

Don't get any ideas. I'm not one of those girls.

DRAKE

I'll try to contain myself.

Chase allows herself to smile, then she's off to sleep.

Drake takes a deep breath, then walks to the refrigerator. He opens it--

Blood everywhere. Drying.

Packets are open and spread about. Already used.

What?

Drake grabs a trash bin and tosses the wasted packets.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Drake sleeps in the chair. His wallet is sitting on the desk...

...which Chase flips open. She slides a credit card out.

She sits in front of a laptop and punches Drake's Visa information into a website.

DRAKE

(yawns)

Identity theft is a serious crime.

CHASE

I'm broke and I need it for us.  
How does a vampire with no social  
security number get a credit card?

Drake pulls himself up so that he can see the laptop.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Elizabeth didn't mean for us to  
grab her. She ran off, you managed  
to catch up, and I ruined my bumper  
against her face.

DRAKE

So?

CHASE

You know how in *Silence of the  
Lambs* Hannibal Lecter gets himself  
moved, and the cops think they have  
the advantage, but it was all part  
of his master plan?

DRAKE

Yes.

CHASE

And you know how in *The Dark Knight*, the Joker gets locked up, but it was all part of his master plan? And how in *Star--*

DRAKE

I already said yes, Chase.

CHASE

Yeah, well, this isn't either of those things. She really didn't want us to know who was behind this yet.

Chase works the keyboard. It's an ancestry website.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I figured we could check out her family tree and see if there's anyone around that could be holding them up.

DRAKE

That's... brilliant.

CHASE

I know.

DRAKE

And? Did you find anything?

CHASE

These sites take forever.

A TV show is playing on Drake's iPad. *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*.

DRAKE

Really? In my house?

CHASE

Shut up, it makes me feel better. Ah, we got a hit.

Chase scrolls down, reading as she goes.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Elizabeth Bullock married Robert Garrett in 1894. They had one child who went to spawn a few of his own, blah blah blah, all the way down the line.

DRAKE  
So we'll never know.

CHASE  
Or the opposite of that.

She shows him the website.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
There's one surviving member of the  
family and he's here in the city.

Drake looks. Can't believe his luck.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
You're totally gonna have to pay me  
now.

DRAKE  
We'll discuss it on the way. Let's  
have a look at--

CHASE  
Wait. This address.

DRAKE  
What is it?

CHASE  
It's... nothing. Do you trust me,  
Alex?

DRAKE  
Of course.

CHASE  
Really?

DRAKE  
Have I ever struck you as someone  
who lacks assurance?

CHASE  
I, uh -- well, I have an idea.

INT. NORRIS' CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Chase rides shotgun as Norris drives.

CHASE  
Take a right up here.

NORRIS

(he does)

These guys are vampires. Why am I doing this and not Drake?

CHASE

They'll never see you coming.

NORRIS

The whole block will see my fat ass coming.

CHASE

This is it. This is it -- stop!

He parks. The house looms up on the right. It's the same house Chase and Drake stopped at looking for Jake.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I knew it.

NORRIS

Knew what?

CHASE

When we were tracking down Jake Westin -- his mother said he'd been spending a lot of time with a friend. This was the house she pointed us to.

NORRIS

So what's the next move?

CHASE

You are going to go up and knock on the front door.

NORRIS

That's your genius plan?

CHASE

That is part of my genius plan.

NORRIS

It's daytime. Even if they're in there, nobody's coming out.

CHASE

I know they won't come out. I have to know if someone else is in there besides the blood-sucking brigade.

NORRIS

I don't think--

CHASE

Norris, my sister just died and I am grieving. Do not screw with me right now, 'kay? Pretty please, with sugar on top, knock on the goddamn door.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Norris strolls up to the house. He double-checks that his gun is holstered to his side.

He gets to the door, raises a hand to knock--

Stops. Looks back at his car.

Chase shoos him on.

Screw it. Norris knocks.

And knocks. But nobody answers.

He knocks again--

INT. BEN'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

No sunlight makes it in here. Ben stares at Norris through the peep-hole.

He watches as Norris wheels back. Chase is visible sitting in the car.

Ben turns to find Van Helsing hiding in shadow.

VAN HELSING

She's too clever by half. Ben, be a good lad and wake your grandmother. It's time we set the table for a guest.

INT. NORRIS'S CAR - DAY

Norris slides into the driver's seat and shuts the door. Chase is on her cell phone:

CHASE

Alex. Alex... Allllleeeexxxxxx.  
Trust me. I got this.

She hangs up.

NORRIS

I guess there's nobody inside.

CHASE

What? Oh, you knocked? Sorry, I didn't see. Go do it again.

Hell. No.

She grins.

CHASE (CONT'D)

All right, we need to make another stop.

NORRIS

More monster hideouts?

CHASE

No, something much worse for you. Shopping. Oh, don't make that face. I just need you to drop me off.

INT. CLOTHING OUTLET - NIGHT

Chase wades through various bits of clothing. She scoops up a few choice items but tosses anything that doesn't strike her fancy.

Finally satisfied. She finds the CUSTOMER SERVICE REP at the cash register.

CHASE

Hi. I'd like to try these on.

THE CSR

Of course. The dressing rooms are right this way.

BEN

watches her.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Chase locks herself in. She tosses the clothes onto a bench.

She takes a few sudden deep breaths. Her cheerful demeanor is gone. She's steeling herself for something.

She grabs the turtle-neck off the pile...

INT. CLOTHING OUTLET - NIGHT

...and is wearing it as she leaves the dressing rooms. The CSR waits for her.

THE CSR  
That looks amazing on you. Ready  
to go?

CHASE  
Yep.

She sets the clothes down.

THE CSR  
Just the turtle-neck, or the rest  
as well?

CHASE  
Just -- ah, what the hell. I'll  
take 'em all. I'm not buying.

She hands the CSR a credit card. Drake's credit card.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
This guy's totally in love with me.  
Really not my type, but if he's  
gonna buy me stuff, who am I to  
complain?

The CSR smiles and rings her up. Chase takes her things and heads for the back door.

She grabs the handle--

VAN HELSING (O.S.)  
Miss Chase.

Chase freezes. Turns.

Van Helsing slowly approaches until he's inches from her face.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)  
I'm honored to meet you.

CHASE  
So you're Van Helsing.

VAN HELSING  
I am.

CHASE

I was picturing Hugh Jackman.

VAN HELSING

You'll have to forgive -- I've been away and most pop culture references are lost on me.

CHASE

I noticed the creepy guy who's been stalking me for the last half hour.

She nods toward Ben, who stares at her from behind a clothes rack.

CHASE (CONT'D)

He the one who's put you and Liz up for the past however-long?

VAN HELSING

His name is Benjamin. You'll become well acquainted with him-- your sister was in the end.

Chase has to work really hard to keep her cool.

CHASE

And you? Did Allison have the pleasure of meeting you as well?

VAN HELSING

I believe she enjoyed the pleasure of my company most of all.

CHASE

So what now? You're just gonna kill me here?

VAN HELSING

No. Of course not. That would be far too sudden.

Van Helsing reveals a rag--

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

Sodium Pentothal, on the other hand...

--and smothers Chase with it. She's out within seconds.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

...suits my purposes nicely.

Ben lifts Chase and pushes through the door. Van Helsing follows.

INT. POLICE STATION - NORRIS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Drake sits across from Norris. They're tense.

Drake takes out his cell and dials. It RINGS a few times, then--

CHASE (V.O.)

Hey, it's me. You know who 'me' is or you're a telemarketer. Do your thing. Not you, telemarketer.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Chase stirs.

She lifts her head and tries to move her arms -- but she's bound to a chair.

CHASE

God. Dammit. Really?

She twists, turns, fights her bonds. Nothing works.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Shit!

FOOTSTEPS.

They echo. It's a dark room. Who's coming? More footsteps, inching closer--

It's Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

You're awake. I brought you some water.

CHASE

How long have I been here?

ELIZABETH

A few hours.

She brings the glass of water up to Chase's face.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Open your mouth.

Chase does. She guzzles as much water as she can before Elizabeth pulls the glass back.

CHASE

Why are you giving me water?

ELIZABETH

Abraham wants you alert.

CHASE

So you are just taking orders after all. Part of me hoped you would have caught up to the women's lib thing.

ELIZABETH

Don't presume to know me.

CHASE

I know you raided my boss' blood supply.

ELIZABETH

Did I?

CHASE

As if Van Helsing or He-Haw could have done it without trashing the entire apartment. What was the point, though? To make him blood-crazy?

Elizabeth shies and sets the glass down at Chase's feet.

CHASE (CONT'D)

You stole it for yourself? There's still time, you know. You don't have to go along with them.

ELIZABETH

Another word and I will relieve your mouth of its tongue.

VAN HELSING (O.S.)

There's no need for that.

Van Helsing steps into the light. Ben follows him, fingering a straight razor.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

Miss Chase is a guest here. Guests are allowed to speak freely.

(leans in)

How do you find your present accommodations--

Chase grabs the glass and shatters it to pieces in her hand. She manages to swing herself around to lunge at Van Helsing with a shard--

But he catches her at the wrist and rips the sharp thing away.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)  
A feeble attempt. I expected better.

Van Helsing sees his hand. Blood cakes it.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)  
And look, you're bleeding.

He's right. Chase is bleeding furiously from the palm.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)  
Such an interesting thing, blood. Our species are identical in almost every way -- except for the blood. Ours is a bit more... proactive than yours.

Chase rolls her eyes.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)  
But perhaps you were aware of this already. I know that young girls of your generation seem to be drawn to vampires. You can't resist throwing yourselves at them.

CHASE  
Did you just compare me to Bella Swan?

VAN HELSING  
A vampire's whole history is in their blood. Somehow the current reflects our memories. Simple contact will shape your thoughts for a few moments, but ingestion makes the effects far more potent.

Ben opens the straight razor. Van Helsing reveals his palm -- which Ben digs into with the blade. Blood spills.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)  
Elizabeth.

Elizabeth pulls Chase's head back. She forces her mouth open.

Van Helsing raises his bleeding palm over Chase's face. Droplets of blood spill into her mouth.

Elizabeth forces Chase's mouth closed until she gags. Chase spasms and scrapes blood against Elizabeth's stomach.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

That's enough.

(Elizabeth releases.)

I think it's time we left Miss Chase to her thoughts.

Van Helsing, Elizabeth, and Ben disappear into the dark, followed by the loud THUMP of a slamming door.

Chase struggles, her head swimming.

She looks up--

A young girl stands there. The girl from the portraits. ARABELLA (20).

CHASE

What the hell?

Arabella smiles. A hand reaches out of the shadows and takes her's -- Van Helsing. He grins, reaches out, and takes another hand -- and now Drake is there.

VAN HELSING

With this act, you will be united.  
You'll be whole as family.

EXT. VALLEY - NIGHT

*FLASHBACK*

Van Helsing, Arabella, Drake, and two dozen FRIENDS watching.

Van Helsing sets a ring in place. Drake takes a hammer from the table.

VAN HELSING

This ring is both of you. Two halves of one whole.

Drake smashes the hammer down, splitting the ring in two. Van Helsing takes both pieces and gives one to each.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

You are now man and wife.

Arabella and Drake kiss. The crowd cheers.

Van Helsing takes Drake by the neck and gently pulls him to the side.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

And now, Arjen, I would like grandchildren before I become too old.

DRAKE

Come, Abraham. Everyone knows that you don't age.

Van Helsing smiles.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

*FLASHBACK*

Van Helsing sets quill to paper. He stops and takes a moment to look at a portrait of Arabella on his desk.

KNOCKKNOCKKNOCKKNOCK!!

Arabella rushes in. Two YOUNG MEN follow her.

ARABELLA

Papa! Papa! You must hurry!

VAN HELSING

What is it?

ARABELLA

Arjen. He was hurt while out in the woods.

YOUNG MAN #1

It was a bear, sir. It tore him up like I've never seen.

VAN HELSING

Is he alive?

ARABELLA

There's so much blood.

Van Helsing hurries out of his chair.

VAN HELSING

Take me to him.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

*FLASHBACK*

Drake is laid out on a hay bail. His stomach is a bloody mess, with his insides threatening to spill out.

Van Helsing rushes in with Arabella.

VAN HELSING

Arjen!

He dives to Drake's level. Drake's breathing is shallow and forced.

Van Helsing presses his head to Drake's chest.

THUMP...THUMP.....Thump.....thump....

He rests a palm across Drake's sweaty forehead. Van Helsing's face falls.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

Arabella... this is beyond my skill to heal.

ARABELLA

But you must!

VAN HELSING

He has very little time left. Even if we found a real doctor--

ARABELLA

But you can do it! I know you can! I've seen what you are!

VAN HELSING

What do you mean?

ARABELLA

Your skin so pale as a ghost. That you refuse to be seen in daylight and hunt only at night. Word of animals butchered in the countryside. I've known what you are since I was a child. And I know that you can fix him!

Van Helsing takes a deep breath. He studies his daughter.

VAN HELSING

Think about what you are asking. This is truly what you wish for him? For yourself?

She nods.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

Leave us. I must be alone with  
him.

Arabella leaves, taking both young men with her.

Van Helsing leans over Drake. He mouths a silent prayer, and  
then his face shifts into the horrible mask of a vampire.

He digs his teeth into Drake's neck--

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

*FLASHBACK*

Arabella waits as Van Helsing exits the barn. He closes the  
door behind him.

VAN HELSING

It's done.

Arabella grins and makes to enter--

He grabs her.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

No. Tomorrow night. And even  
then, with me. Do you understand?

ARABELLA

Yes, papa.

She throws her arms around him.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

Thank you!

EXT. BARN - DUSK

*FLASHBACK*

The sun sets. RUSTLING from the barn.

Arabella hears it. She stops to listen...

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

*FLASHBACK*

Van Helsing is asleep in his arm chair.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

*FLASHBACK*

Arabella enters. She takes a few tentative steps, but it's very dark.

The hint of Drake is seen in the shadows. He breathes deeply.

ARABELLA  
Arjen, my love? Have you returned  
to me?

She approaches. Drake's face becomes visible.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)  
Arjen?

DRAKE  
I had left on some journey. I  
traveled somewhere. I saw the hint  
of a beacon in the night, and then  
I was returned here. Where am I?

ARABELLA  
Papa saved you.

DRAKE  
Saved me?

She takes his hand. He looks at her.

But something catches his attention. THUMP... THUMP...

Arabella's heartbeat. Pulsing in her neck. THUMP! THUMP!  
She speaks but he cannot hear her.

THUMP!! THUMP!!

Then--

ARABELLA  
My love?

Drake lunges, his face shifting rapidly -- he buries his  
fangs into Arabella's neck before her eyes can even go wide--

She jerks--

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

*FLASHBACK*

The SCREAM wakes Van Helsing and he lunges out of his arm  
chair--

INT. BARN - NIGHT

*FLASHBACK*

Arabella. Bloody. Mangled. Eyes open but unseeing.

Van Helsing walks to her. He collapses to his knees and takes his hand in hers.

And as tears begin to fall--

AN EXPLOSION OF IMAGES.

Bursting through Van Helsing's life at light-speed. Bits of Drake and Elizabeth, and all manner of pain inflicted on others--

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Chase snaps awake as though she was bursting from the ocean for air.

Van Helsing sits in front of her.

VAN HELSING

So now you understand the monster  
you give solace to.

CHASE

I'm sorry. I really am. But that  
changes nothing.

VAN HELSING

How does it not?

CHASE

He's not the same as he was then.

VAN HELSING

Of course he is.

CHASE

You sure as shit aren't.

VAN HELSING

When you've lived as long as I  
have, faces stop belonging to  
people and are simply blurs that  
pass you by. Day by day, year by  
year. A person is nothing more  
than a point of light in a shadow,  
soon to be overtaken by nightfall.

He leans in close.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

I'm not even sure Arabella was different from all those other brief flickering souls. Had she not faded then she would have soon after. I often find myself struggling to even recall her face.

CHASE

Then why? Why do you still do this?

VAN HELSING

Because I am still so very compelled to make him hurt. Which, my dear, returns me to you.

CHASE

You know he's gonna find me. He'll find the house again.

VAN HELSING

Of course he will. But since we're not at that particular house, I don't see his presence as much of a problem.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Big and deserted, and certainly not a house in the middle of suburbia. It's boarded up.

INT. FACTORY - HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth and Ben appear. Van Helsing nods for them to stand behind Chase.

Chase fingers Ben's pants leg but he doesn't notice.

CHASE

Is this where the cutting starts? It seems every one of you whack-jobs has a fetish for blades.

VAN HELSING

Now, now. This is a special moment, Jennifer. You're about to become family.

Chase looks at Elizabeth. She shies away.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

You have already drank of my blood.  
A bite from a vampire whose blood  
still courses through your veins  
will turn you. And I can think of  
nothing that would grieve him more.

CHASE

I'd rather not. Alex has sort of  
ruined everything cool about being  
a vampire to me. You guys can't  
fly, you're not overly strong...  
you can't even see in the dark.

Van Helsing smiles. His face shifts into demonic form.

He leans in toward her neck, slowly, relishing the moment.  
He pulls back on her turtle-neck collar--

CHASE (CONT'D)

About the only thing you morons can  
do is track the blood of someone  
you've already fed on.

He stops. Fuck.

She has two holes in her neck.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I mean, when could that ever turn  
out to be useful?

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

*FLASHBACK*

Drake and Chase earlier.

DRAKE

Have I ever struck you as someone  
who lacks assurance?

CHASE

I, uh -- well, I have an idea.

Drake is really close. Their eyes meet, a real connection--

Drake's face shifts into that of the monster--

His fangs sink into Chase's neck--

INT. FACTORY - HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Van Helsing locks eyes with her. Realization. Rage.

CHASE

Unless, say, a certain damsel  
needed to know where back-births  
like yourselves were holding up --  
and how many people were inside.

*QUICK FLASHES--*

*-- Chase shatters the glass and cuts her palm. The blood bathes Van Helsing's hand.*

*-- Elizabeth holds Chase's head back. Chase spasms and bleeds over Elizabeth.*

*-- Ben approaches. Chase's hand grazes his pant leg and leaves a blood trail.*

CHASE

holds Van Helsing's gaze. She's got him.

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

DRAKE'S POV

Sweeping through the factory. Through a wall--

An X-RAY view of FLUORESCENT BLOOD staining four distinct figures. It could almost glow in the dark.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Van Helsing hovers over Chase with murder in his eyes.

VAN HELSING

Clever, girl. But it's still three  
against one.

CHASE

You've got me there. Hey -- you  
guys really can't see in the dark?

The lights go out.

CHASE (CONT'D)

That just sucks, huh?

VAN HELSING

He's here somewhere. Ms. Garrett,  
find him. Benjamin, stay with the  
girl.

Ben flips open his straight razor.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Elizabeth and Van Helsing move into the main area, which is rather barren. The windows are all boarded up.

The entire place is dark.

VAN HELSING

He's never been eager to engage me before. Even the silver was a mistake on my part.

ELIZABETH

I remember.

VAN HELSING

Something feels different. Be cautious.

They split up to check the vast room.

Elizabeth trails along the outer wall.

Van Helsing moves to the opposite end.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Ben stares at Chase.

CHASE

Do you ever talk? I mean, do you even know how?

(nothing)

For the love of Christ, man. Can you or can't you?

BEN

Of course I--

WHACK!

He drops.

CHASE

Guess not anymore.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Van Helsing spots large shapes in the corner of the room. He moves closer--

Drums. Oil drums.

ELIZABETH

runs her hand along the wall.

Hits something. Stops. It's the circuit box.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Drake takes Ben's razor and slices into Chase's bonds.

CHASE

Toldja I had this.

DRAKE

Ten dollars an hour. I'll offer ten.

CHASE

What? That's insulting.

Chase is free. She spins and throws her arms around him.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming.

DRAKE

Thanks for giving me good directions.

She looks at Ben.

CHASE

What do we do about him?

Drake digs into his bag and pulls out a stake. He hands it to her.

DRAKE

You have to do this.

She freezes.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Chase, you need to. He was threatening you with a razor--

CHASE

I know! I'm not having a moral crisis, I was just trying to remember which side the heart is on, jack-ass.

She raises the stake--

The lights fire back on.

Shit. They both look at the door--

Ben's eyes open--

He springs at Chase--

And she buries the stake into his chest! Then a second time!  
He convulses--

Finally his body breaks down, aging rapidly, 'till there's  
nothing left but a hollow shell.

VAN HELSING (O.S.)

Well.

They look up. Van Helsing and Elizabeth stand in the  
doorway.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

It seems your grandson has left us,  
Ms. Garrett.

(to Drake)

So here we are at last. Alexander  
Drake. Somehow this name fits you  
even less than the last.

CHASE

I kinda like it.

His eyes cut at her.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Was I interrupting, Abe?

VAN HELSING

You are a vile girl, to show me  
such contempt after what I've lost.

CHASE

And that totally makes it okay for  
you to make everyone else suffer so  
that you can feel -- what, content?

Chase stands.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Or is it joyful? You might have  
OD'd the blood you gave me, 'cause  
it's still running around in my  
head. I'm getting impressions of  
things you probably didn't want me  
to.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

(to Elizabeth)

Like you. He threatened your son,  
said he'd murder the boy at your  
breast if you didn't help him.  
Funny thing is, he didn't have to.  
After what you saw from the blood,  
you hated Alex enough already.

Elizabeth isn't terribly keen on arguing the point.

CHASE (CONT'D)

That's called female intuition,  
Abe.

(to Elizabeth)

Of course, what Van Helsing didn't  
say is that when he made that  
threat, he hoped you'd refuse.

Elizabeth looks at Van Helsing. Sizing him up.

VAN HELSING

A lie. Like everything that comes  
out of the mouths of her worthless  
generation.

CHASE

(whispers to Drake)

"Get off my lawn."

Drake snorts.

VAN HELSING

You always have to be clever, don't  
you?

(beat)

Do you know what this place is,  
Drake? No, but of course you  
don't, seeing as you followed bread  
crumbs to get here.

Van Helsing reveals a book of matches.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

We are standing in what used to be  
an automobile factory. And they  
were kind enough to leave a few  
dozen barrels of gasoline. The  
contents of which Ms. Garrett  
deposited all across the factory.

He strikes a match.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

We finally come to it, Arjen. I hope the first face you see in the afterlife is that of Arabella, looking just as she did after you butchered her.

Van Helsing tosses the match--

FIRE catches along the wall, bathing the room.

Van Helsing takes Elizabeth by the arm and backs out of the room, slamming the door shut behind him.

FACTORY FLOOR

Van Helsing locks the door.

HOLDING ROOM

Chase grabs Drake's bag. She rips everything out -- wooden stakes and only wooden stakes.

CHASE

You didn't grab anything sharp?!  
How do we get out of here?

The fire spreads to the door. Drake thinks...

He grabs the straight razor out of Ben's hand.

DRAKE

Get behind me.

FACTORY FLOOR

Van Helsing and Elizabeth just watch. The fire is contained to the holding room.

ELIZABETH

This is how it all started.

VAN HELSING

Fitting, isn't it? That the wicked  
are burned by their deceits?

HOLDING ROOM

Drake swipes the blade into the door. It's slow work and he has to recoil from the flames.

He tears into the wood again. The fire has weakened it enough to create--

A hole. Small enough to fit the blade.

Then a finger.

Then his hand.

FACTORY FLOOR

Drake's hand finds the lock on the door and twists--

The door opens and Drake and Chase spill out. She coughs up a storm.

DRAKE

At least I was in the room that time. Should we finish this?

The fire sweeps out of the holding room and along the factory wall.

VAN HELSING

No. This does not end in a petty brawl. We'll meet again when you've taken yet another ridiculous name.

Van Helsing turns to leave. Elizabeth hesitates, then follows.

CHASE

So you're running away when it's two-on-two?

Van Helsing opens the door and steps

OUTSIDE

to find forty COPS armed to the teeth. Shotguns, rifles, police cruisers for cover.

FACTORY FLOOR

CHASE

You must be piss-terrified now.

OUTSIDE THE FACTORY

Norris leads his men.

NORRIS

No arrests, people. You know what they are. Fire!!

The cops unload, a blizzard of bullets--

Van Helsing wheels around back inside the factory.

Elizabeth turns to follow--

BAM! A shot to the shoulder. She drops.

Elizabeth crawls through the door as Van Helsing slams it shut.

FACTORY FLOOR

Drake and Chase stare at Van Helsing. They both hold wooden stakes.

The fire burns around them but hasn't yet caught the floor.

VAN HELSING

Ms. Garrett?

She's passed out.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

I didn't expect it to end like this.

DRAKE

Life is full of bitter disappointments.

VAN HELSING

Still, if plans must change...

Van Helsing pulls a revolver from his belt and unloads six shots into Drake's chest.

Drake drops, unconscious.

CHASE

No!

Van Helsing aims at Chase -- fires. CLICK.

She bursts at him with the stake held high, but he rips it from her hand.

His hands wrap around her neck and lift her off the floor.

VAN HELSING

Stupid girl.

Chase reaches out in desperation. Her hands are burned by the fire as she grasps one of the window boards.

Elizabeth stirs. Chase sees.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

As though I would let a bitch like you stand in the way of my vengeance. You forget that I have lived four hundred years for this moment.

CHASE

(smiles)

And you forget one thing...

Her hand grasps the board--

CHASE (CONT'D)

Sunrise!

--Chase rips the board free. Light spills through. Van Helsing doubles back and drops her, protecting himself--

But it's only the light of a cop's floodlight.

CHASE (CONT'D)

It's in about five hours, moron!

Chase backs away as Van Helsing slowly approaches. He digs shells out of his pocket and loads them into the revolver.

Van Helsing raises the gun--

Chase looks, shit, there's nowhere to run--

He pulls back on the hammer--

ELIZABETH

buries a stake into Van Helsing's back!

He arches and drops the revolver. Smashes his arm against Elizabeth's head and sends her reeling.

Van Helsing pulls the stake free.

VAN HELSING

Your aim is more pathetic than your will. The heart is to the left. So, two useless women. What else do you have?

DRAKE (O.S.)

Me.

DRAKE

holds a gasoline barrel. He showers Van Helsing in dark fluid--

As Chase picks up the flaming plank--

Van Helsing lunges for Drake--

Chase runs the board against Van Helsing's chest and he CATCHES FLAME.

He's an inferno on two feet. Van Helsing screams. On pure instinct he dives through the window--

Chase and Drake look at each other. Is it over?

But Elizabeth isn't done yet. She picks up the stake.

OUTSIDE THE FACTORY

Van Helsing runs--

And the cops unload, pumping shots into him. The burning man drops.

Elizabeth marches out with the stake.

The cops take aim--

CHASE  
(hurries out)  
Wait!

NORRIS  
Hold your fire!

Van Helsing rolls onto his back, his flesh now charred black. Paralyzed.

Elizabeth kneels over him. She meets his gaze and holds it, then--

ELIZABETH  
Were you telling the truth?

She looks at Chase.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
About him not wanting me to agree.  
About him wanting to hurt my son.  
Were you?

CHASE

You know him better than I do.  
What do you think?

Elizabeth buries the stake into Van Helsing's chest.

He spasms as centuries are added in a heartbeat. Then he's nothing but bones.

Drake stares. The day he never expected to see.

Chase takes his hand.

INT. POLICE STATION - NORRIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Norris sits across Chase and Drake.

NORRIS

So let's address the elephant in the room.

(to Drake)

She said I told her to find you?

DRAKE

She did.

They stare at her like parents after a bad report card.

CHASE

Oh, fine! Yes, I lied! It was Elizabeth when she was still trashy reporter gal. But she was just trying to find something to hurt you with so I don't think this should count against me.

NORRIS

I'm just worried you're slowing him down. It took a week to close this thing off. Be honest with me, Drake -- you distracted by her good looks and she's holding you back?

CHASE

I think the first part of that's probably true.

They all take a breath. It's been a tough couple of days.

NORRIS

You're sure about letting this Garrett woman go? She wasn't a victim here?

CHASE

It's not like you could throw her in jail, and I wouldn't have felt right killing her after she staked that scumbag.

(shrugs)

I don't know. Curiosity killed the car and all that but I really wanna see what she'll do now. On her own.

Norris looks to Drake.

NORRIS

You're okay with this?

DRAKE

The one thing I learned from all this -- just don't argue with her.

NORRIS

So you're a team now, then. For real.

CHASE

Eh, we're negotiating.

EXT. POLICE STATION / STREET - NIGHT

Chase and Drake exit. They walk.

CHASE

Soooo. How's it feel? To be free of all this?

DRAKE

That's a pretty big jump. Van Helsing may be gone but it doesn't change anything that I've done.

CHASE

Gives you a chance to do a whole lotta better things, though. Like, say, paying your cute intern fifteen an hour. To start.

DRAKE

Just as soon as we triple business.

They pass a newspaper vending machine. Chase drops a few coins in and takes one.

CHASE

I had a small notion about that.

INT. DRAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drake lets Chase in. She sets the newspaper onto the desk and flops into the arm chair.

CHASE

So there's something that's been bugging me. For, like, ever.

DRAKE

What?

CHASE

Dracula. How in the name of God did Arjen Hendriks become Count Dracula?

DRAKE

Arabella.

Drake opens the 'coffin box.' He shows Chase the portrait of Arabella.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

It was her name for me. My father was a foreman in town. Not a particularly understanding man, and he treated her as badly as he did anyone else.

He sets the portrait back in its place.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Dracula means 'son of the dragon.' It was her little joke.

CHASE

And how did Mr. Stoker get in on this profitable tale?

DRAKE

Your guess is as good as mine. I like to think Van Helsing got drunk in a bar somewhere and wouldn't shut up.

Chase hands him the newspaper.

CHASE

Anyway, about business.

He looks at the page she's indicated. Smiles.

DRAKE

Fine -- thirteen and not a penny more.

CHASE

I guess... that's a start. Now let's discuss my name on the door.

DRAKE

Don't get cocky -- it's conditional. I can rescind the offer at anytime. You have to hold your own.

CHASE

Hold my own? I carried your ass this time.

BZZZZZZZZZ.

Chase's phone. She answers.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Hey there, handsome. Really? But we were just -- oh, fine. Give me thirty.

She hangs up.

DRAKE

Who was that?

CHASE

Norris.

DRAKE

What?

CHASE

There was another friggin' murder in this city. Ten minutes ago, can you believe it?

(off his look)

Is there a problem?

DRAKE

He calls me. Norris calls my phone.

CHASE

Well, not anymore.

She opens the door.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
You coming or not?

Drake blinks it off, then takes his jacket and heads after her, closing the door behind him.

Chase's newspaper is laid out on the desk. The classifieds.

It's the DRAKE & ASSOCIATES ad Chase pointed out before. Beneath it now, in giant letters:

**OPEN DAY AND NIGHT**

FADE OUT.

THE END