

Sonny Days

written by

Marco WestWood Gonzalez and Lauren Ostrander

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 1

The alleyway is encased on either side by rowdy bars. O.S. the sounds of glasses and bottles can be heard, as well as the passing drunken conversations of people as they slur and laugh boisterously.

A MAN and WOMAN kiss. The man's face is obscured by his slicked-back salt & pepper hair as it falls in his face, now lank with sweat. He pulls the woman closer to him and takes a step forward, pushing the woman into the wall. She gasps in surprise and wraps her legs around his waist. Her dark hair falls from the clip it had been secured in as she continues kissing the man. No words, but sounds, are exchanged.

The woman looks into the man's eyes for a beat and then without a word, hikes her short black minidress up. She smiles encouragingly and the man smiles back - eyes glinting. He pushes her further into the wall and kisses her harder this time - so hard she forgets to breathe for a second. He bites her lip as he kisses her and draws blood.

She yelps, a high-pitched squeak almost, and pushes against his shoulders. He continues to pull her dress up. The woman, stunned for a second watches with glassy eyes. As though breaking from a trance, she begins pushing against him even harder.

WOMAN

Stop. Hey, stop!

The man doesn't stop. He moves the hand that was caressing her waist and grips her neck, tightly and abruptly. He stops for a beat and focuses on her carotid artery as it pulses with blood. He can almost hear the rushing of the blood. He kisses her again and tastes the blood from earlier.

Without even looking at her again, he bites down where he tastes the blood. The woman sucks in sharply and digs her nails into his black distressed leather jacket and tries to push and pull herself out of his grip.

The man begins to growl as fangs extend out from his mouth. She goes to scream, but before she can even get a sound out, the man bites into her neck, severing her carotid artery. Blood pours and spurts from her neck wound and the man licks and sucks the blood out of the woman's throat until he feels any semblance of life drain from her thin frame. He uses razor to carve into her neck and draw some kind of symbol around the two punctures.

He smirks and wipes his mouth with the sleeve of his jacket. He buttons his pants, drops the girl to the ground, turns toward the entrance of the alleyway, and walks toward the street, his black Moto jacket taking over the frame.

SONNY (V.O.)  
*Beware; for I am fearless and  
therefore powerful.*

EXT. STREETS

BEGIN OPENING TITLES

as SONNY is revealed, having witnessed this from afar. He walks the alley, his back to the camera. His thin frame fills the screen as the camera pans out to reveal the clear night.

Sonny is 20 years old. He is boyish, with an almost hairless face. His face is framed with shoulder-length brown hair and he wears Red Wayfarer sunglasses even in the dead of night. He wears a loose-fitting khaki colored bomber jacket with *DIAZ* stenciled onto the back in black. On the upper right sleeve is a purple smiling crescent moon patch that says *The Night's All-Right* up the side of it. Right above the left breast pocket, there is a yellow sun symbol embroidered into the fabric; the top of the rays slightly concealed by the jacket's collar. He wears washed out, frayed jeans and tore-up red Converse Chuck Taylor high tops. A well-worn pocket sized book sticks out his back pocket.

Sonny stops at the body of the victim. He squats to be closer to her. He feels her neck, running his fingers against the two holes where a surprisingly small amount of blood seeps from. He doesn't notice the symbol carved into her neck that bares a resemblance to the sun patch on the front of his jacket. He looks up to see the killer's distance growing. He straightens back up and continues to follow until they leave the alleyway completely.

O.S. laughs and giggles are heard as a gaggle of girls, some dark-haired, some light-haired, probably four in total, walk past Sonny going in the opposite direction. He turns and looks at the girls, but continues forward toward the trolley station. No sign of the man.

INT. TROLLEY

Sonny boards the trolley, hoping to catch up to him.

MELANIE (late 20s) sits in one of the side ailes. Her 35mm Nikon N65 hangs from a colored strap around her neck. Her camera bag is slung around her shoulder.

Her long dark hair is unbrushed and is therefore bushy. She is pretty in a natural kind of way. She doesn't need makeup to bring out her features. Her dark eyes are framed with naturally dark lashes. She has nothing on her face but a soft coral-y blush and a tinted chapstick. She wears a cropped black denim jacket, a soft burgundy t-shirt, distressed black jeans with a rip in the knee and a pair of black and white checkered Vans. Her burgundy scarf conceals the colored camera strap around her neck.

She gives him a curious look. Sonny, a little frazzled, takes one last look around as the trolley doors close, realizing he's indeed lost his man. The trolley begins to move as he stands there for a moment longer, dwelling on what's just transpired. Sonny takes his seat near the back. He pulls the book out of his back pocket and settles into his seat.

Melanie looks toward Sonny, who is holding his book close to his face. It's a battered copy of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*.

CLOSE-UP: of the yellowed worn-out page of Sonny's copy of *Frankenstein*. Focused on the highlighted passage: "Beware; for I am fearless, and therefore powerful."

Although more difficult to tell behind those sunglasses, Sonny clearly has a tough time focusing on what he's reading, his mind elsewhere. He brings the book down and sighs heavy.

The sound of a shutter is heard and Sonny looks up.

Melanie tries to bring her camera down quickly but it's obvious that she just snapped a photo of him. She smiles a tight-lipped smile and looks toward the front of the trolley.

Sonny returns her tight-lipped smile but marks his page by folding the corner, returns the book to his back pocket and watches Melanie for the remainder of their ride.

END OPENING TITLES

SUPER WIDE OF DOWNTOWN

SUPERIMPOSE: Sonny Days

EXT. ALLEYWAY

The same alleyway from the Opening Scene. The bars are now quiet as the police have cleared the scene. Melanie walks up to the yellow crime scene tape and surveys the scene.

Two police cruisers block the entrance to the alley; their blue and red lights flashing silently.

Parallel parked in front of one of the bars, whose neon sign is now dark, is a dark colored Crown Vic with darker windows. There is an ambulance blocking off one side of the street while white police sawhorses block off the other side of the street.

Two policemen, OFFICERS WUNISCHE (win-she) and LESTER stand near the crime scene, their hands on their belts. They talk idly as Melanie approaches.

OFFICER WUNISCHE  
(without looking at her)  
This is an ongoing investig-

Melanie cuts him off and pulls her CSI badge from her back pocket.

MELANIE  
I'm one of the photographers.

OFFICER LESTER  
That's Rodriguez' girl, W.

Wunische looks Melanie up and down.

OFFICER WUNISCHE  
Ah yeah. Huh.

MELANIE  
Actually, I don't know what he told you, but it was **one** date.

OFFICER LESTER  
A lot can happen on one date.

MELANIE  
(half-eye roll)  
Can I do my job?

OFFICER WUNISCHE  
(amused)  
I'd be quick getting into it.  
Franco's a real peach tonight.

MELANIE  
Yeah? So am I.

The two cops snicker and lift the tape for Melanie. She passes under.

PHIL FRANCO (O.S.)  
So nice of you to join us.

DETECTIVE PHILLIP FRANCO, early 30s, walks quickly over to Melanie. His dark thick hair is a mess, as though he were roused from a deep sleep, and he appears to still be in his undershirt underneath the rumpled dark blue button down he had thrown overtop.

Melanie looks at him and is struck by, as she always is, the thick scar that runs across the center of his face.

PHIL FRANCO (CONT'D)

Thanks for finally showing up. Some of us have sleep to catch up on.

MELANIE

My car's with a mechanic so I had to take the trolley over here. It wasn't on purpose.

PHIL FRANCO

It's never on purpose. You know I can count the number of times I was ever late on one hand. Get with the program, or you can get a move on. Let's get to work.

He gently pushes her over toward the body, but follows behind her.

PHIL FRANCO (CONT'D)

Gary! Look who finally showed up. Guess you're not solo tonight.

GARY, a tall thin guy with light hair, walks over to Melanie. He brushes his hands together to dust off the fingerprint powder he was dusting through. He snaps his white nitrile gloves against his wrist and smiles.

GARY

Hey.

MELANIE

You okay?

GARY

They think it's the same guy as last time.

Melanie slowly brings up two of her fingers and points at her neck.

GARY (CONT'D)

(nods)

Somebody's really going out of their way to keep with the theme.

Melanie walks over toward the body, where Franco and a couple other CSIs are. She looks at the body. There is a good bit of black powder surrounding the entire scene - fingerprinting powder. Melanie jumps as Franco's voice cuts through the thick air.

FRANCO

Where the hell is the M.E.? Am I  
the only one that values time  
around here?

Franco stalks off toward the two officers guarding the police tape.

Melanie digs into her camera bag and pulls out her digital camera as well as a wide angle lens. She attaches it. She snaps a few wides of the entire crime scene. She hits different angles, making sure to get the entire alleyway and the sides of the two bars.

Franco walks back over. He is no longer yelling, but his neck is flushed. He pulls a micro corder from his pocket as he approaches the body. Melanie almost snaps a photo with Franco in the frame but stops herself.

Franco stops by the head of the body, pulls out his pen light and presses record:

FRANCO (CONT'D)

(shining his penlight down  
on the body)

Victim is female, brunette,  
Caucasian. Appears young, early to  
mid twenties - max. I'm no M.E.

(bitterly, sighs)

But it appears COD is blood loss..  
Although I'm not really sure where  
all the blood has gone. Placement  
of clothing indicates potential  
sexual assault, though no M.E. here  
to confirm by way of SAK.

GARY

(To Melanie)

SAK?

FRANCO

(hits stop record)

Hey, fucko. When I got this out-  
(holds the mini corder up)  
Shut the hell up.

GARY

Yes sir. Sorry sir.

FRANCO  
(hits record)  
A symbol carved into the victim's  
neck.. just like the last one.

Franco sighs and puts the mini corder and his penlight into his pocket. He puts his hands on his hips and stands near the head of the body for a second.

Another officer approaches.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ  
Sir, the M.E. is here.

FRANCO  
Finally. Thanks, Rodriguez.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ  
Yes sir.

Rodriguez looks over at Melanie, catching her attention.

Franco steps around the body and heads toward the tape. On his way, he lightly slaps Gary on his back as a way to say *hey, kid, I didn't mean to be so tough on you.*

Melanie turns her attention back to her work and continues to snap photos of the scene. Each photo she takes appears to be closer and closer to the body.

Melanie stops about 5 feet away and switches to a 50mm lens. She snaps a few more pictures, these photos all close-ups of the body.

FLASHING IMAGES - one of the woman's shoe; one image shows the woman's arm stretched out lifelessly - her fingernails painted with cheap blue glittery paint; one image shows the woman's legs crossed, with the knees pointing toward each other. The final image is a close-up of her face - her eyes are far away and glassy, her bottom lip split.

Melanie stares at the sun symbol carved into the woman's neck. She blinks away the tears she can feel obscuring her vision.

EXT. STREETS

Melanie walks. She is visibly shaken up. Her eyes are puffy and her cheeks are tear-stained and sticky. She walks with her arms crossed, and she snuffles. Her Nikon N65 is still around her neck and her camera bag is slung around her shoulder. She walks toward where her cab was supposed to be, passing under a bridge and homeless encampment.



EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE

As she walks down, THREE JUNKIES emerge from their tents. They watch her, eyes scanning to see what kind of valuables she has on her. She watches back, making sure that they aren't trying to make a move against her.

Melanie stops halfway down the dark street when an animal's dying squeal catches her attention. She looks down to see a dark figure standing dead center in the street. Sonny.

Sonny slurps away, feeding from what appears to either be a rabbit or a squirrel. Blood all over his face. For a moment, his eyes glow through his sunglasses.

Melanie can't stop staring at him. She can feel he's different - something more than human. The image of the woman's face with the shredded neck flashes briefly. It's followed by another image.. a thought, really, of someone's foot sinking through the slushy blood and flesh. The second woman's head, severed from her body and separated by a foot or two, flashes in her mind. She breaks out in a cold sweat.

Sonny looks up from his meal at Melanie. The glow fades, but Melanie feels like she's caught in a tractor beam. She has a mini panic attack, imagining herself to be the next victim tonight..

Distracted, the three junkies approach Melanie, startling her. One grabs at her camera bag.

JUNKIE

What you got in there?

MELANIE

Hey! Stop that.

Another reaches for the camera around her neck, yanking at the strap.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Stop! Leave me alone!

The dirty, grimy hands of the homeless junkies yank and grab at her. They inch themselves closer and closer to her until she can feel their rotten breath on her. It's as if she's being torn apart by the living dead.. They make weird noises, saying things under their breath that sound more like gibberish than real words.

SONNY

Back off.

The sound of a gun being cocked.

The homeless surrounding Melanie break apart and each take a step back, now realizing Sonny, blood all over the bottom of his face, is a mere five feet away gripping a GLOCK 19 9mm PISTOL. He holds it out at full arm's length, at first keeping it aimed at the closest homeless, but switching between targets.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Back off.  
(beat)  
Way off...

Melanie slowly walks backward until she feels courageous enough to turn her back on Sonny and the homeless. She runs. Runs until she turns the next corner and then continues to run until she turns the next corner after that.

She stops to catch her breath, having felt like she's just run a marathon in those mere seconds. She gathers herself, making sure she still has all her belongings.

She looks around to make sure she wasn't followed, still catching her breath a little. She looks up at the moon glowing in the night sky.

INT. FRANCO'S OFFICE - DAY 2

Franco sits at his desk massaging his temples, blue file folders are scattered messily across his desk. A newton's cradle ticks back and forth methodically.

A soft knock and Franco looks up - his eyes red from another sleepless night.

FRANCO

Yeah.

The door opens and Melanie steps through. Her hair is more frazzled than it usually is. She wears a soft gray t-shirt, an oversized thin chambray shirt and the same distressed jeans from the night before. Her under-eyes are puffy, but she appears stoic.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Bright and early, huh?

Her voice comes out as a croak.

MELANIE

Is this an okay time?

Franco holds his hand up to signal to her that it's fine.

FRANCO

I got your message. I thought Gary was handling sketches. Maybe you should be doing that too, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little impressed.

Franco holds up a copy of the sketch Melanie's drawn of Sonny. It looks fairly like him, just scarier.

MELANIE

I think I ran into the killer last night. After I left the scene.

Franco's eyes widen and his jaw clenches tightly.

FRANCO

(pause)  
What?

MELANIE

I think I know who the killer is.

Melanie opens her mouth to speak but Franco interrupts.

FRANCO

Sit down. Shut the door.

Melanie shuts the door then pulls out a hard plastic chair and sits down.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

What are you talking about?

MELANIE

I don't know, I don't know. I was walking.. I was walking to meet my cab and I saw this thing in the road.. I thought it was just a stray dog or something..

Franco watches Melanie, listening intently.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(far away and quietly)  
But then I saw the sunglasses, the bomber jacket.. then some kind of animal.. I couldn't even tell what it was.

(beat)

I think it was a rabbit.. He was eating it or.. I saw blood all over his face so he had to be eating it. And his eyes..

FRANCO

I thought he was wearing sunglasses? If you're going to make up stories, stick to one.

MELANIE

He was, but.. for a moment I thought I saw his eyes.. glow.

Melanie makes a face like she realizes what she just said sounds ridiculous.

Franco leans back in his chair. He steeples his fingers in front of his face and looks at Melanie with intense concentration, brows furrowed.

Melanie stands back up and begins pacing absently.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

And then these homeless people started trying to steal my camera..

FRANCO

(bothered)

The camera filled with crime scene photos?

MELANIE

They didn't get it. And they didn't get me either because.. the.. bunny killer.. saved me. He scared them off with a gun and then I ran as fast as I could.. Never looked back..

FRANCO

And that was it?

Melanie drops her gaze and crosses her arms across her chest.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

(doubtful)

You saw some crazy asshole wearing sunglasses at night and eating a rabbit and you think.. he's the guy?

MELANIE

He had a gun.

FRANCO

We didn't pull any rounds out those bodies.

(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Why didn't he use the gun on them?  
Why didn't he use it on you?

MELANIE

But the bite marks.. the blood..

FRANCO

You telling me you bumped into  
Nosferatu himself?

MELANIE

I felt something.  
(places hand on chest)  
Here.

FRANCO

Hey, maybe it's love.

MELANIE

I know what I saw and I know what I  
felt.

FRANCO

Yeah, I get that, it's called a  
"hunch." But nonetheless,  
correlation does not equal  
causation here. And if what you say  
is true, this crazy bastard helped  
you. Doesn't make any sense.

MELANIE

You won't even look into it? I'm  
telling you-

Franco straightens and his neck has a pink tint.

FRANCO

And I'm telling you- listen.. You  
ran up on some crazy bum chewing up  
a rabbit. We have a massive  
homeless problem around here, you  
know that. As for the gun, it's  
unfortunate that it ends up in the  
hands of people like that, but  
there are guns all over the  
streets. They're everywhere. This  
is America, honey.

(shakes head)

Sorry you had that happen to you,  
but there's not enough here. It's  
not real evidence.

MELANIE

(eyes blazing, angry now)  
 You weren't there. You didn't see  
 it. It wasn't some starving bum,  
 there was something off about him.  
 For a second I thought I saw.. his  
 eyes were glowing..

Franco leans forward and re-starts his newton's cradle.

FRANCO

Alright, I've heard enough. Maybe  
 you ought to take some time off. Go  
 see a few friends, family, I don't  
 care. Spend some time away from  
 this case.

MELANIE

What are you-?  
 (beat)  
 You.. you're not my boss. I don't  
 work for you.

FRANCO

No, you don't. So quit acting like  
 it. You're not a Detective..

A husky bark of a laugh escapes Melanie's throat. Her eyes  
 are glassy.

MELANIE

(offended)  
 My work is an important part of  
 this investigation.

FRANCO

I never said it wasn't. You, me,  
 we're all cogs in the machine. Each  
 of us has a job to do, but yours  
 doesn't require you to go snooping  
 around in the middle of the night.  
 You think that's smart? You know  
 you look like the last two victims?

Melanie stares back at Franco, the fear returning in her  
 eyes.

MELANIE

Wow, I suddenly feel a lot safer.

FRANCO

Maybe you know this about me, maybe  
 you don't. I don't like beating  
 around the bush.

(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

This guy isn't done and you're out there, what, dancing under the moonlight? For all you know you end up like that rabbit. But believe you me, our guy is no "bunny killer." Consider yourself warned.

Melanie scoffs then walks quickly across the small room and throws open the door. She walks out the door, down the hall, and disappears around the corner.

Franco leans forward at his desk and scratches an itch at the back of his head that seemingly can't be satisfied.

EXT. SHOP - NIGHT

Melanie sits in her car, watching the storefront when Sonny pops out, sporting brand new shoes.

Melanie quickly exits her car, locking it behind her, and follows after him.

MELANIE

Hey! Hey!

The SHOP OWNER steps out, looking around at the passerbys, when he notices Melanie coming red hot for Sonny. Sonny turns to see the commotion, recognizing Melanie and then seeing the shop owner. Sonny catches the shop owner's eye and he realizes it's Sonny he too is after.

SHOP OWNER

Hey! You come back with those shoes, you little son of a bitch!

The shop owner begins to take chase, following after Sonny, but behind Melanie in the line of pursuit. Melanie picks up her pace, but Sonny is naturally fast. This goes on for another couple blocks. Melanie almost loses him in a crowd of people, but catches a glimpse of him running into the alley behind them. Melanie follows. The shop owner, a heavy set man, stops to catch his breath.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

Damned street rats.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Melanie enters the alleyway, but Sonny is nowhere in sight. She removes two things from her pocket: a pocket flashlight and mace. She walks a little further before stopping to look around.

MELANIE

Shit.

SONNY (O.S.)

Why are you following me?

Melanie jumps, her heart in her throat.

Melanie slowly turns as if to face her death head on. Her hand trembles as she brings the mace up to spray Sonny. She moves in slow motion, knowing she's as good as dead. Her light starts at Sonny's stomach and travels up to his face. Even through his sunglasses, the flash of light is too bright for him. He squints his eyes behind those wayfarers.

SONNY (CONT'D)

That's really bright, you know.

Melanie, confused by Sonny's calm, naïve temperament, finally brings up the mace.

SONNY (CONT'D)

What is that?

Sonny snatches the mace out of Melanie's hand before she can utter a word. He's quicker than her thoughts. Her bottom lip quivers. She can feel the hole she's dug for herself only getting deeper.

MELANIE

Uh, that's.. um-

Sonny brings the mace in for a closer look, unknowingly aiming it at his face.

SONNY

It's one of those minty breath things, right?

Melanie stares back at him, realizing he's completely serious. Melanie, too nice a person, stops him before he ends up spraying himself in the face.

MELANIE

Wa-wait.

She takes it back and pockets it. They're both silent for a moment, studying each other. Melanie breaks the silence.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(beat, afraid)

Did you kill those people?



Sonny stares back at Melanie, still a little bothered by the flashlight. At first strangely quiet, Sonny breaks the tension with a nervous laugh.

SONNY

Lady, I never killed a single person my whole life.

MELANIE

(as if she's just been called old)

"Lady?"

SONNY

What else am I supposed to call you?

Melanie doesn't respond, still unsure who the hell this kid is.. and that's when she realizes it. He's just a kid. She almost gives a half chuckle in relief.

MELANIE

I'm.. I'm Melanie.

Sonny puts out his hand, startling Melanie. He smiles.

SONNY

Sonny.

Melanie looks down at his hand. She decides not to shake it.

MELANIE

I saw you yesterday.

Sonny puts his hand back at his side.

SONNY

(embarrassed)

I know.

MELANIE

You remember me?

SONNY

Of course. As soon as I smelled you I could see your face again in here.

Sonny points at his head.

MELANIE

(taken aback)

What?

Sonny turns and starts to walk away.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, you can't just say that and walk away. Who were those guys yesterday?

SONNY

Junkies just looking for something to pawn. I don't know those assholes.

Melanie follows after Sonny, shining the light in front of her. The light lands on Sonny's back, highlighting "DIAZ".

MELANIE

Diaz? Is that you? And what's with the glasses? What about that animal you killed? What the hell was that about? Are you homeless? Where do you--?

Sonny stops very sudden and turns back around. Melanie almost walks into him.

SONNY

You ask a lot of questions, lady.

MELANIE

(almost offended)  
Melanie.

SONNY

(beat, frustrated)  
This is my jacket, yeah. I wear glasses cause bright lights hurt my eyes. The sun hurts **everything**. I feed when I'm hungry or else I'll starve and then die. Homeless? I have a home, you're looking at it.  
(throws hands up as if to mean the streets)  
Is that all - **Melanie**?

MELANIE

(processes his response then shakes head)  
No!

Sonny sighs then forces open a door that leads into an abandoned old theatre.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Can we get back to the feeding thing? The gun? Hey, where are you going?

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE

The theatre is falling apart. Melanie follows Sonny down the middle aisle, passing the seats and looking around in wonderment.

MELANIE

I didn't know this was here.

SONNY

There's a lot of places like this no one knows about. Forgotten and thrown away. Just like people.

Melanie is taken aback by what he said, but changes the subject back.

MELANIE

So you didn't kill those women.. but you know who did?

SONNY

(shrugs)  
Somebody like me.

They near the stage. On it is a set of couches and on one of them passed out is one of Sonny's junkie friends, DAVID. A small speaker beside it playing a podcast discussing supernatural entities (low volume).

MELANIE

Like you? Some punk rock kid who's hurt by sunlight and slurps blood out of small rodents. What? Like you, how?

Sonny jumps onto the stage. Melanie is surprised by how high he jumps and with how much ease.

SONNY

Just in some ways.. I told you, I don't kill people.

Melanie climbs up next.

MELANIE

I don't know that.

SONNY

I haven't killed you yet. Isn't that proof?

MELANIE

The night's still young.

Sonny looks back at Melanie, amused. He plops down into the empty couch.

SONNY

What do you want from me?

MELANIE

I need help finding out who this guy is before any more die. I don't know who.. or what you are, but for some bizarre reason I feel like you can help me.

Sonny sits quiet for a moment before laughing then becoming serious again.

SONNY

.. I'm not some kind of superhero, okay? I just want answers.

MELANIE

What kind of answers?

SONNY

You wouldn't understand.

MELANIE

I've been seeing some pretty strange shit. I think I might. Try me.

Sonny stares back at Melanie. He's about to open his mouth then stops. Melanie feels a vibration in her pocket. She removes her cell phone and answers it.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

(listens, her face drops)

.. Gary has the van, but I'll be right over.

Melanie hangs up, solemn.

She looks down at Sonny who doesn't even seem to have her attention anymore.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Fine. Stay here and get high with your friends while people continue to die.

(beat)

If you know something, anything..

Melanie gives up and gets down from the stage. She walks off back into the cold night. Sonny sits there, contemplating.

DAVID (O.S.)

She seemed nice.

Sonny turns to David.

SONNY

What do you know..

DAVID

Maybe you guys can help each other.

Sonny thinks it over.

SONNY

.. Maybe.

EXT. ONE-WAY STREET

Melanie pulls up in her car and street parks a couple hundred feet from the one-way street. There are two or three cars ahead of them that are unrelated to the crime scene.

Ahead of that, there are two cop cars blocking half the street, both with their lights flashing though the sirens are off. One of the cops stands in the middle of the street in a yellow vest and waves oncoming traffic, though the road is relatively deserted. Franco's Crown Vic can be seen on the other side of the road, parked to the left of the curb and slightly crooked.

Melanie exits her car and walks over to the scene just at the entrance of an alleyway. Officers Wunische and Lester, more serious and aware of their surroundings this time around, lift the tape and nod without a word. Gary and Melanie duck through. The scene is dark, but Melanie spots two other CSIs walking from the other side of the one-way carrying lights and their kits.

Melanie sees Franco speaking to a supposed WITNESS. The witness shakes slightly and does not look well. Franco makes eye contact with Melanie but continues speaking with the man.

The witness nods, probably more times than necessary but says nothing. Melanie sees his hands shaking.

FRANCO

We'll want to get a sketch in before you forget any details that might be important.

The man wipes absently at his mouth, as though he still has a bad taste from earlier.

Franco turns toward the crime scene tape.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Rodriguez!  
(beat)  
Hey, Rodriguez!

Melanie jumps and sees Rodriguez rush over after hearing Franco's call.

RODRIGUEZ

Sir.

FRANCO

Give Mr. Jackson a ride back to the station, get him with a sketch artist. Have another officer follow with his vehicle. Make sure he has anything he needs.

RODRIGUEZ

Yes sir.  
(looks toward Mr. Jackson)  
Mr. Jackson?

Mr. Jackson stands still by his car - as though his nervous system is lagging. After a second, the synapses connect, and recognition flashes in his eyes.

FRANCO

If you need anything, Officer Rodriguez will be your go-to.

He reaches into his blazer's inside pocket and produces a card with his name, badge number, and office phone number.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

And if you remember anything else, anything at all, don't hesitate to reach out to me.

Mr. Jackson nods wordlessly. He walks shoulder to shoulder with Officer Rodriguez who walks slowly beside him back toward the crime scene tape.

Melanie watches the two men walk away and jumps again as Franco's frame appears silently before her.

FRANCO (CONT'D)  
Are you always this jumpy?

MELANIE  
You're an intimidating guy.

FRANCO  
It's the scar.

MELANIE  
(sarcastic)  
I hadn't noticed.

FRANCO  
(amused, moves convo  
forward)  
It's the same guy. Our Zodiac..  
our..

Franco pulls at his collar.

Melanie nods wordlessly and wipes her sweating hands on her jeans.

MELANIE  
(clears her throat)  
So.. he saw it happen..?

Franco stuffs his hands into his pockets and surveys the scene in front of him.

FRANCO  
Don't worry about that. Worry about  
what's in front of you.

Melanie opens her mouth to say something, perhaps to argue but she closes it. Instead she says:

MELANIE  
You got it.

She pulls her camera bag from around her hip to the front then pulls her camera out and walks toward the scene slowly. As she nears the body she realizes the woman's head is gone. She has to stop and turn away for a moment. Her eyes swell up. She almost pukes.

She turns away to see Franco looking back at her (a good distance away), talking to Officer Wunische. He gives her a thumbs up in the form of a question. She gives one back as an answer.

Melanie slowly turns back to the body. The headless body is propped up slightly against a building wall. Above the neck is the same sun symbol painted in blood. She slowly brings up her camera and snaps a picture of it.

She has to turn away again. She wipes her eyes. Franco walks towards her. He gently places a hand on her shoulder. She tenses up more momentarily before beginning to relax a little.

FRANCO

You okay?

Melanie goes to speak, but decides not to.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

You heard the story of Rod Ferrell?

Melanie shakes her head.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Sixteen year-old kid who beat two adults to death with a crowbar. One of his friends' parents. They were part of a "clan" of teenagers who were a little too obsessed with the Bram Stoker legend. They used to hold blood rituals, you know, cut into each other, drink each other's blood, probably fuck each other--

MELANIE

Franco.. I don't think this is the appropriate time for this.

FRANCO

(pause)

When, if not now?

Melanie doesn't respond.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

After he plead guilty and was sentenced to die, the judge says to the kid and I quote, "I think you are a disturbed young man. I think your family failed you. I think society failed you."



MELANIE

(pause)

And you don't believe that?

FRANCO

Do you know where I come from?

MELANIE

(shrugs)

New York?

FRANCO

New York, yeah. My family is..

(pause)

.. let's just say it's not a family of cops. So tell me, how come I'm not running around, kicking down doors, spraying people with my tommy gun? Sure, some people are just messed up in the head, but you know what I think it really is?

Melanie stares back at Franco, waiting for him to finish.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

It's two things wrapped into one. Like the uh.. what's that called..

(snaps twice)

Ouroboros. You know, the snake eating it's tail. A vicious, endless cycle.

(holds up one finger and then a second)

Desperation and loneliness. So many people in this world are just desperate to stop being lonely. I think, maybe, that can drive a person insane.. So they look in the wrong places, hoping to fix that "broken" part of them.

MELANIE

.. So you think he's trying to fix something broken? Like his family?

Franco stares back at Melanie, processing his thoughts. He shrugs.

FRANCO

I don't know.

(beat)

And that's what makes him dangerous.

Melanie notes the vulnerability in Franco in this moment. They stand silent for a moment before Franco walks off, leaving Melanie to ponder.

INT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - EXT. APARTMENT

Melanie stops at her door. She inserts her key into the lock then stops when she hears noises from inside. Music. At a snail's pace, her gaze moves up from the door knob and straight ahead as if she can see through the door and into her apartment. She carefully turns the key the rest of the way, her breathing still steady, but becoming more frequent.

INT. MELANIE'S APARTMENT

Melanie softly pushes the door. It creaks as it opens wide. From inside the completely dark apartment, Melanie becomes silhouetted standing in the hallway.

Melanie reaches, inching little by little, for the light switch when the flick of a lighter sounds from the middle of her apartment (as well as the small flame becoming visible).

Melanie almost shrieks, but stops herself. She flips on the lights, revealing Sonny standing over her little dining table, lighting candles. On the table is a single plate, a napkin beside it. On the counter in grabbing distance is a box of New York style pizza. Beside it a small speaker.

MELANIE

(places hand to chest)  
Jesus!

SONNY

No, it's Sonny.

MELANIE

(ignores his joke)  
What the fuck are you doing here?

SONNY

Sorry, I didn't mean to. I just thought..

MELANIE

You thought what?

SONNY

Look, how about a do-over.

Melanie notes the open sliding door leading to her balcony. She isn't quite sure how to respond.

She has a strong urge to kick him out right here and now. Sonny walks over and shuts the door then gently grabs the camera bag around Melanie as she's processing all of this.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Please, allow me, miss.

MELANIE  
"Miss" is certainly an upgrade from  
"lady." I guess it's progress.

She watches Sonny set her camera bag down onto the couch and then slide out a chair for her to sit at the dining table.

MELANIE (CONT'D)  
.. Why did you get candles? And is  
that the Ramones' rendition of  
"baby, I love you?"

SONNY  
(clears throat)  
.. You know your Ramones..

Melanie's eyes travel to the lone plate.

MELANIE  
Were you planning to watch me eat?

SONNY  
Oh, I can't eat that.

MELANIE  
Because you drink the blood of  
small innocent creatures?

SONNY  
(raises hands in the air)  
.. Well, when you put it that way..

CUT TO:

Melanie sits across from Sonny, putting down a greasy slice of pizza. She has a half finished beer beside it. Sonny watches her in fascination. The sliding door leading to the balcony is now closed.

MELANIE  
Sonny Diaz.

Sonny shifts in his seat a little.

MELANIE (CONT'D)  
Sonny Days.

SONNY

Sonny Days?

MELANIE

Yeah, it's ironic.

SONNY

Why?

MELANIE

Because.. you're a..

(pause)

.. you don't like the sun.

SONNY

I don't not like it.. It just hurts me.

Sonny rubs his head.

MELANIE

Where are you from, Sonny?

SONNY

I don't know.

MELANIE

How old are you?

SONNY

I don't know.

MELANIE

Where did you get the jacket?

SONNY

I don't know!

(beat)

I don't remember.. I just know it's always been with me.. so it must be mine.

Melanie studies Sonny as he looks away.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(shy)

I can't remember much from before.. but I lived at one of those orphan homes for a while. They didn't understand me though so I just..

(shrugs)

.. started living on the streets.

MELANIE

That's where you met your friends  
at the theatre?

SONNY

(nods)

They don't judge me when I have rat  
blood running down my face and I  
don't judge them when they stick  
brown shit in their arms.

Melanie pauses mid-chew, it's as if the air has been let out  
the room.

MELANIE

You ever done that?

SONNY

(pause)

My body rejects it. Which is good..  
I guess. They give me a place to  
stay, I test their poisons and make  
sure they're not too deadly.

MELANIE

Interesting company you keep.

Melanie takes another bite from the slice.

SONNY

It's not a perfect friendship. They  
give good advice though..

Melanie finishes chewing her big bite then wipes her mouth  
with a napkin.

MELANIE

Sonny, let's talk shop.

SONNY

What?

MELANIE

.. Let's talk business.. You know  
that one, right?

SONNY

Yeah, I get it.

MELANIE

So you're like Daredevil?

SONNY

I'm not fucking blind.

MELANIE

Well I don't know that.

SONNY

(a little snarky)

My hearing's not **that** good, okay,  
but yes, I have **excellent** vision  
and I **can** smell pretty good. You  
overdid it on the perfume today.

MELANIE

Wha--I'm not counting that.

SONNY

You're asking if I can smell him  
like the way I smell you?

(Melanie nods)

If I were close enough, yeah.

Melanie looks away, disappointed. Sonny speaks up.

SONNY (CONT'D)

.. Which I was.

Melanie's eyes make their way back to Sonny.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I saw him in the alleyway last  
night.. I thought.. I didn't know  
what he was doing at first..

Flashes of the killer with the woman in the alleyway (victim  
#2 from the opening scene).

SONNY (CONT'D)

Then he left in a hurry. I went  
over, I touched her neck--

MELANIE

-What, why? Why would you touch  
her?

SONNY

I wanted to hh.. I didn't know she  
was dead.

(beat)

I followed after him for a while,  
but I lost him on the trolley.  
That's where I saw you for the  
first time.

MELANIE

.. That's right.

Melanie sits up in her chair.

MELANIE (CONT'D)  
He was there..

SONNY  
Death.

MELANIE  
He smells like "death?"

Sonny nods.

MELANIE (CONT'D)  
Maybe it was the woman.  
(Sonny shakes his head)  
He's around sickness? Bodies?.. Is  
he dying?

SONNY  
I don't know.

MELANIE  
Hospitals? Hospice? Cemetery?

SONNY  
Chemicals.. And I think.. ash?

MELANIE  
Chemicals and ash..

SONNY  
It's weird.. when I think of your  
smell.. I think of his too. They're  
connected.

MELANIE  
(beat)  
So what's my smell?

Sonny stares back at Melanie. He starts to laugh. Melanie  
can't help but to too.

MELANIE (CONT'D)  
(sighs)  
I must be out of my fucking mind...

INT. CRIME LAB - DAY 3

Melanie sits alone in the lab, hunched over her keyboard. On  
her computer screen is a Google listing of all the mortuaries  
and crematoriums in the city. There are several pages of  
each, including the ones that combine the two.

## EXT. STREETS

Sonny, in a white button up and black tie with black slacks (with his bomber jacket over the button up), turns the corner onto the street of the first mortuary. He wears a baseball cap that says *Daywalker* and carries an oversized black umbrella though the day is bright and sunny.

He stops on the sidewalk and pulls out a slightly crumpled piece of paper. On it are the names of three mortuaries written in a clear scrawl in blue pen. He turns the paper over and on it is Melanie's phone number.

He folds the paper and stuffs it back into his pants pocket.

Several people pass by him. Some stare, but most just lean around the large umbrella without a word. He walks toward the first mortuary.

## INT. CRIME LAB

Melanie scrolls through the computer and looks at the Google listings. Her phone buzzes and it's an unknown number.

MELANIE

Hello?

SONNY (V.O.)

Hello?

MELANIE

Sonny? What's up? What did you find?

SONNY

Your voice sounds different.

MELANIE

Did you find anything?

SONNY

Nothing really out of the ordinary. Similar smells but not the one.

MELANIE

Okay, so that means we're on the right track. Did you at least get names? We can't rule anyone out at this point.

SONNY

(slight rustling)

Yeah, they all gave me their cards.



MELANIE

Did you go with our sick-mom story?

SONNY

Yeah. They bought it. They all seemed really nice about it actually.

(beat)

Okay, their names are..

CUT TO:

MELANIE

..Morris Baker, Alexander Garcia,  
and Elena Fentress.

Melanie types on her computer as she holds the phone up to her ear.

RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)

And why am I wasting tax dollars to run these names through the system?

MELANIE

Franco would call it a hunch, but I don't really care. I'm just trying to help.

RODRIGUEZ

It can't hurt I guess. Not like you don't already know everything we do. Franco thinks he has the guy because of a witness statement. Got a sketch and everything, but I'm not so sure.

MELANIE

You have him in custody?

RODRIGUEZ

Warrant should be in by the afternoon. Just waiting on a signature. I don't know, just..

(beat)

Based off the sketch, I can't imagine this guy would be capable of.. that.

MELANIE

So you'll run the names then?

RODRIGUEZ

I'll run them, but if this comes  
back on me, I'm throwing you under  
the bus.

MELANIE

Understood.

EXT. MORTUARY

Sonny looks at the piece of paper and compares the name,  
written in his childish scrawl, to the one on the sign of the  
building in front of him.

He folds the piece of paper, returns it to his pocket and  
walks up the steps.

INT. MORTUARY - RECEIVING ROOM

He opens the door and a bell tinkles. A WOMAN walks around  
the corner and greets him. She gives his outfit a once over.

WOMAN

Hi there. How can I help you today?

SONNY

(sudden)  
My mom's dying.

WOMAN

(caught off guard a  
little)  
Oh-  
(tilts head  
sympathetically)  
Oh honey, I'm so sorry. Well, we  
can certainly help you. We have  
several options.

SONNY

Thanks. Can I use your bathroom  
first?

WOMAN

.. Of course, it's down the hall  
and to the left.

Sonny nods and walks in the direction the woman points.

## INT. RESTROOM

Sonny enters the bathroom and looks in the mirror, his face with sunglasses reflects back at him. His nose itches and can smell something faintly but does nothing. His skin is slightly red - nothing bad, but different than his normally pale complexion.

Someone watches through the crack of the stall. Sonny makes faces in the mirror, mostly sadness. He even pretends to cry and then his face returns to neutral.

Sonny goes into the stall next to the peeper's. He stops in his tracks for a moment, the familiar smell is stronger now. He turns his head towards the peeper then slowly moves his ear closer to the stall. He backs away then swiftly, but quietly, quickdraws his gun hidden under his jacket. He inches it towards the stall wall.

The man in the stall next to him breaks the awkward silence and loudly clears his throat. Sonny is slightly startled, pulling himself back. He flushes the toilet with his foot, hides his gun in his pants then walks back to the sink. He turns the water on, waits 10 seconds then turns it off. He stares at the occupied stall through the mirror, hoping to catch a glimpse of the peeper. He exits the bathroom and continues back to the main hallway.

The occupied stall opens, but the peeper does not step out.

## EXT. PAY PHONE

Sonny dials Melanie's phone number, barely glancing at the number written on the piece of paper.

MELANIE (V.O.)

Sonny.

SONNY

Last name of the night.

MELANIE

Whatcha got?

SONNY

Martin Gomez.

MELANIE

What was your vibe of him?

SONNY

Never saw him - I talked with some lady the whole time. She was nice. Offered me candy.

MELANIE

Anything off about the place?

SONNY

I don't know. No, not really.  
(hesitant)  
I thought I smelled him for a second, but.. I don't know, they were all pretty similar.

MELANIE

I guess we'll just have to wait and see if anything comes up on these names.. Okay, come on back.

Sonny hangs up the phone.

The man in the black moto jacket with slicked back salt and pepper hair comes into frame. The killer. He watches Sonny walk away then leaves frame.

INT. BAR

A regular appearing MAN (50s) dressed in a nice button up and pair of slacks enters the somewhat lively bar. For a moment the dark bar is bathed in bright sunlight until the door closes behind him. He looks around for the person he came to see until finally recognizing him from the back.

The man walks over and takes a seat across from the stocky man in the black moto jacket with slicked back salt and pepper hair. He opens his mouth and speaks with a smooth, chilling, booming voice.

KILLER

You look like you could use a drink, Bill.

BILL

(hushed)  
Don't call me that. I shouldn't even be here.

KILLER

Do they really think that low of me?

BILL

In a word, yes. You're reckless. You're messy. Frankly, in their eyes, you're out of control... There's no conceivable reason for them to take you back.

KILLER

Of course they will. They always do.

BILL

When it benefits them. Right now, it doesn't.

KILLER

The "family" needs their champion. They lack vision. They need someone to come and shake the tree every once in a century.

BILL

And you really think you can prove to be all that?

KILLER

I will show them.  
(takes a drink)  
Wasn't that long ago.

BILL

People lose faith.

KILLER

Have you?

BILL

No.

KILLER

How many will join us?

BILL

Including myself, three of us.

KILLER

Good, with Father Jason on board that'll be enough.

Bill shakes his head hesitantly.

KILLER (CONT'D)

We need him for the ritual to be comple-

BILL

I know. Don't worry, he'll be there. And you were right, the church will work just fine.

KILLER

(nods)

It's all coming together then. I saw it, in my dreams. It's fated.

BILL

.. I'm with you. I agree on everything, the changing of the guard and all that other hullabaloo, you know that.. but how are **you** doing?.. I've never seen you like this.. Martin.

The killer, MARTIN, is revealed in full. Although still handsome, his skin is leathery. Weathered. His face is serious with an air of intimidation. He looks weary with dark bags under his eyes. His hair falls over his face just a bit. The ends of a tattoo (long points) shoot up his neck, creeping out from under his black t-shirt.

MARTIN

Time has taken it's toll.. but, this old bull's still got fight in him.

BILL

I don't doubt that.. It's just..  
(beat)  
.. you've been noisier than usual. Like I said, messy. It's drawing a lot of attention.

Martin finally looks up, staring back at Bill with bright blue eyes. He stares into him. His eyes are filled with two things: focus and desperation.

MARTIN

Who's the kid, Bill?

BILL

(confused)

What kid?

Martin's eyes haven't left Bill's. He searches for the truth in them.

BILL (CONT'D)

From your dreams?

MARTIN

A vision, perhaps..

BILL

Old men dream dreams. Young men see visions.

MARTIN

.. All old men were once young..

Martin looks away from Bill and looks inward instead. Bill watches his friend closely.

INT. CRIME LAB

Melanie walks into the lab, and Sonny, in the same ball cap and outfit, follows. The pneumatic hinge of the door hisses as it closes behind them. There is no one in the lab but them.

Melanie walks to her computer without a word and Sonny stays by the door and takes in the lab. He looks up toward the lights and squints his eyes behind his sunglasses. Bright. He flicks off the set close to him and eases into the darkness.

Melanie doesn't even notice. She sits at her computer, lit by a row of bright white florescent lights above her. Her brow is furrowed as she hunches over her keyboard.

Sonny looks to his left and stiffens. On a short counter next to a microscope are three Petri dishes - all containing blood. He lingers on the dishes but doesn't move.

MELANIE

Sonny, come look at these.

Sonny hesitates and Melanie looks up at him, standing in the darkness.

SONNY

Too bright.

Sonny automatically squints his eyes as he walks quickly over to Melanie's computer. He leans over her shoulder, his hands in his pockets. She is already focused on her screen again.

Sonny looks down at the desk and notices the sketch Melanie was working on half covered by another sheet of paper. He slides the blank piece over to reveal the sketch of himself. It looks fairly like him, but scarier. He gives an amused look.

MELANIE

These are from the first night.

Sonny looks up from the sketch. Melanie appears more relaxed looking at these pictures. As though her new mission has placed a divider between her emotions and her sense of duty, allowing her to look at these pictures in a new light.

She drags her curser over the woman's face from the first crime scene and her neck. She has the same sun symbol as the 2nd victim (carved into her neck around the two holes).

MELANIE (CONT'D)

The second one.. the one you saw.

Melanie right arrows through the pictures of the second woman. Sonny recognizes her. His eyes widen behind his sunglasses as he notices the reoccurring symbol across each of the victims. Without looking, his hand slowly moves towards the sun patch on his jacket. He rubs it.

Melanie pulls up the third crime scene photos and skips straight ahead to the woman's body and severed head. She reflexively puts her hand on her stomach and clenches her jaw. This one confirms it, as painted in the victim's blood above the headless torso is the same sun symbol on Sonny's jacket.

SONNY

(realization)

It's the same.

Melanie looks up at Sonny.

SONNY (CONT'D)

You knew the whole time.

MELANIE

I wasn't sure.. until last night.

SONNY

So I am like him.

MELANIE

I don't know.. I have someone looking into it though.

Sonny points at the sun patch on his jacket.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(nods)

Yesterday, I hired a private detective.

(MORE)



MELANIE (CONT'D)

That was before I ran into you again. I'm meeting up with him tomorrow for lunch.

SONNY

Don't you work with the police?

MELANIE

.. I was frustrated because no one would listen to me.

Sonny's eyes travel back from Melanie to the computer.

SONNY

(beat)

Where's her head?.. Never mind.

Melanie goes to arrow key right, but Sonny steps away from her computer, stopping her. He takes a seat on a nearby stool back in the darkness.

SONNY (CONT'D)

They're getting worse.

MELANIE

I noticed. Why do you think that is?

SONNY

You ever been so hungry that your mind goes blank? That it's not your brain telling you to eat but the other way around?

Melanie doesn't say anything, but shrugs.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I can't really describe it but that's what I see..

(beat)

It's like he can't control himself.

Melanie's cell phone vibrates. She checks it to see a message from Rodriguez.

MELANIE

Got something.

Melanie opens up a new email sent by Rodriguez then the attached file: a wrap sheet on Martin complete with mugshot. His tattoo is a little more visible under his tank top. There are other prison and gang tattoos all over his arms and chest.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Martin Gomez.

Sonny can't help but come down from the stool, as if the picture is drawing him. He comes half out of the dark.

SONNY

It's him.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Sonny stands on a rooftop, sans dress shirt, slacks and cap, looking out over the street and the intersecting alley below him. Across the street is the morgue where Martin works. He grips a walkie talkie in one hand and a cheap burner phone in the other. He has it on speaker.

PODCASTER (V.O.)

Howdy, caller, you have just turned onto the *Highway to the Stranger Zone*.

Note: same podcast heard earlier in the theatre...

SONNY

What's up, Adrian.

ADRIAN (V.O.)

Wait a minute, I think I know that voice. Come on, give me a little more to work off.

SONNY

(best Bill Paxton  
impression)

"I hate 'em when they ain't been shaved."

ADRIAN (V.O.)

Just as I thought, folks, we're being joined on this road trip by none other than our very own Dark Visitor. Hello and welcome to the show.

SONNY

Thanks for having me, Adrian. There's been some interesting new developments and I just thought I should share them with you.

ADRIAN (V.O.)

Developments?

SONNY

Yeah. Remember when I said that the metamorphosis was taking place soon?

(Dracula voice,  
methodical)

It has begun.

ADRIAN (V.O.)

(invested)

Please, tell us more.

SONNY

(spooky voice)

It happens in parts, don't ask me why. At about 8'0 clock Pacific time, every Wednesday, I go back into what I can only describe as a cocoon. I fall into a sorta uh-hibernation for 24 hours. Each time I awaken I notice a change.

ADRIAN (V.O.)

A change? What type of change?

SONNY

The first time, I almost didn't notice that my arms grew longer. Then my fingers.. Last time, my shoulders broadened as if.. to make room.. for wings.. I fear after the next time I'll be completely changed.

ADRIAN (V.O.)

This is unbelievable.

SONNY

You better believe it.

(pause)

Wait.. what's today?

ADRIAN (V.O.)

It's.. it's Wednesday!

SONNY

Oh no! It's happening!

Sonny throws himself backward onto his back, emitting a comically bizarre creature sound while trying not to laugh.

ADRIAN (V.O.)  
 (genuine)  
 Oh my lord, it's happening, people!  
 This is really going down!

Sonny laughs his ass off.

MELANIE (V.O.)  
 Can you take your thumb off the  
 walkie if you're gonna be doing  
 that?

SONNY  
 Oh, oops. Over.

Sonny removes his thumb from the walkie talkie.

Adrian continues to be in hysterics.

MELANIE (V.O.)  
 On second thought, how about you  
 hang that up.

SONNY  
 (annoyed)  
 Mm.  
 (presses button)  
 Roger roger, over.  
 (to Adrian)  
 Okay, good talk.

Sonny hangs up. He stares up at the moon in the night sky.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
 Melanie?

MELANIE  
 Yeah? You see something?

SONNY  
 No.. I just wanted to ask you  
 something.

MELANIE  
 Is it serious?

SONNY  
 Yeah, of course.

MELANIE  
 .. Okay.

SONNY

If I ever turn into a man eating  
 undead monster can you shoot me  
 with a silver bullet?

MELANIE

That is not serious.

SONNY

It's serious to me!

MELANIE

Aren't silver bullets for  
 werewolves? You got you monsters  
 mixed up, son.

SONNY

I don't know about you, but I'd  
 rather be shot by a silver bullet  
 over a regular bullet. Fuck that.  
 Over.

MELANIE

.. Yeah, a silver bullet would be  
 cooler.

Sonny continues to stare at the night sky when suddenly..

.. Martin appears, standing over him. His blue eyes cut  
 through the darkness, a strange recognition in them. Sonny  
 gasps.

MARTIN

(confused)

Where'd you get this jacket?

SONNY

Wh-what?

Sonny crawls out away from underneath Martin. He props  
 himself up against the edge of the rooftop.

MARTIN

(slower, softer)

Where did you get this jacket?

SONNY

I don't..

MARTIN

You don't have to be afraid. I'm  
 not gonna hurt you.. Sonny.

SONNY  
You know my name.

MARTIN  
I know more about you than you  
could possibly imagine.

SONNY  
(pause)  
You know who I am?

Martin looks Sonny up and down, but takes a long moment before responding.

MARTIN  
Follow me.

Sonny doesn't get up at first.

MARTIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come on.

Sonny stands up. He follows after Martin, leaving his walkie talkie behind.

MELANIE (V.O.)  
(walkie talkie)  
You see anything?

EXT. MARTIN'S OLDSMOBILE

Martin climbs into his car, a 1973 Oldsmobile Delta 88 Royale. Sonny approaches. Martin watches Sonny, waiting for him to get in. Sonny can feel himself being drawn in by his blue eyes. He opens the passenger door, noting it's faultiness. He climbs into the passenger seat, his eyes never leaving Martin. He tries to shut the door, but it remains partially open.

INT. MARTIN'S OLDSMOBILE - MOVING

Sonny stares at Martin as he drives. They sit in silence for a moment.

SONNY  
Are you gonna kill me?

Martin turns to Sonny, chuckles then looks forward again.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
.. Not your type?

MARTIN  
You remind me of myself.

SONNY  
I'm not like you.

MARTIN  
"I'm not like you".. In more ways  
than you know, kid.

They return to silence for a few moments longer.

SONNY  
Who is Diaz?

MARTIN  
His name was Joel.. He was my  
friend.

Note: Spanish pronunciation (Ho-el)

SONNY  
Joel. What happened to him?

Martin doesn't respond. They return to silence a third time.  
This time neither breaks it.

Martin pulls up outside a church. He puts the car in park.

EXT. CHURCH

Muffled sounds come from the trunk, but Martin gets Sonny's  
attention back.

MARTIN  
This is where the magic's gonna  
happen.

SONNY  
What?

MARTIN  
You see that sun on your chest? I  
belong to a very prestigious, a  
very.. ancient order. You  
understand?

SONNY  
They made you what you are.  
(Martin nods)  
They made me what I am.

MARTIN  
Only partially.

SONNY  
Why did he do it?

MARTIN  
Who?

SONNY  
Jo--uhm.. Diaz.. my.. sperm donor.

MARTIN  
You're not Joel's son.  
(beat)  
You're mine.

Sonny stares back at Martin. Martin's eyes hold the truth. He exits the truck. Sonny slowly follows. He looks up at the church as he walks behind, but he mostly just watches Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
This is where they'll restore my  
power.

SONNY  
By killing?

MARTIN  
By blessing the blood that I drink.

Martin pushes open the church door and enters. Sonny hesitates then enters.

INT. CHURCH

MARTIN  
The members recite a passageway and  
the Father makes it holy. I let it  
pass through me and then I'll have  
my full strength back.

SONNY  
But why?

MARTIN  
Old traditions and beliefs.. It  
gets the job done.

SONNY  
No.. why do **you** want that?



Martin gently grabs Sonny by the shoulders. Sonny tenses up. Martin stares into Sonny's eyes. Sonny feels the tractor beams starting up in them like before.

MARTIN

Sonny..

Martin's voice digs further into Sonny's skull. Together, the voice and eyes compel Sonny.. He suddenly feels relaxed, after first accepting the feeling.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I need your help.

"Help" echoes through Sonny's head.

SONNY

Help?

MARTIN

To take back what I'm owed.

SONNY

To take.. back?

Sonny starts to realize the influence Martin is holding over him. He shakes it away.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(pause, shakes head)

What? What the fuck--?!

Sonny pulls away from Martin, shaking. He straightens up as if to act tough.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I don't want to join your cult of psycho killing assholes.

MARTIN

(thinks)

That's fair. They're assholes.

(chuckles then shrugs)

But it's the closest thing I've known to be family.. The next closest thing.

SONNY

What about me?

MARTIN

I walked away from you and your mom because I had to. I don't expect you to understand.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Twenty years ago I made a decision  
that separated us.. and yet.. here  
we are. Father and son reunited.

Martin smiles. He places a hand on Sonny's face..

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's a second chance for both of  
us.

.. but Sonny pushes it away.

SONNY

What if I don't want a second  
chance?

A flash of disappointment in Martin's eyes.

MARTIN

(annoyed)

You're too young to know what  
you're saying. You haven't truly  
suffered in your life.

SONNY

You don't know anything about me or  
my suffering.

MARTIN

(shakes head)

You haven't hit rock bottom yet.

SONNY

Is this yours?

MARTIN

.. Nobody has just one.

Martin walks back out of the church and to his car.

EXT. CHURCH

Sonny slowly comes out. He watches Martin nearing the trunk  
of the oldsmobile.

SONNY

What's in the trunk?

MARTIN

You have some growing up to do,  
kid.

(sighs)

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to bring you up to speed.

Martin pops open the trunk to reveal a YOUNG dark-haired WOMAN tied up and mouth taped. Her eyes are wide with fear and panic. Sonny stiffens up, but doesn't take another step.

SONNY

Let her go.

Martin looks up from the young lady he's only partially pulled out of the trunk.

MARTIN

I feel your hesitance, but I need you to know that it's okay.

SONNY

How is this okay?!

MARTIN

Relax.

SONNY

Fuck you, "relax." Let her go. You don't have to kill her.

Martin uses a razor blade to slice into the young woman's neck. Just enough to draw blood. He holds up his finger as blood runs down it. Sonny stares at it, feeling drawn to it. His mouth turns dry, his stomach growls.

MARTIN

Come.

Sonny starts to walk over to Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's time we build your strength up. You're gonna need it.

SONNY

I don't want it.

MARTIN

Yet it calls to you.

Sonny takes another step.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's survival and it's natural. I promise you this isn't as big a deal as you think. You'll move past it.

Sonny quick-draws his Glock 19 and aims it at Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

That's disappointing.

SONNY

You'll move past it.

Martin sighs then shoves the woman by the face back into the trunk. He shuts it. He licks his finger clean then takes a few steps towards Sonny. Sonny walks backward.

MARTIN

We don't have a lot of time.

Sonny.. Please don't fight me.

Martin takes another step forward, making Sonny take another step backward.

SONNY

Come one step closer and I'll  
shoot. I'll-I'll do it!

(beat)

I mean it.

Martin seems to change gears. His eyes change from understanding to acceptance.

MARTIN

(chillingly)

So do it.

A bead of sweat rolls down Sonny's forehead. He slowly goes to squeeze down on the trigger (even though he knows what's going to happen next). Martin watches him, waiting. Sonny squeezes the trigger the rest of the way.

CLICK

Martin, moving with incredible speed for his size and age, lunges at Sonny. He rips the gun away and throws it against the ground. It explodes into pieces. With his other hand, Martin grabs Sonny by the throat and forces him backward until he's against the wall of the church a few feet behind him. He places his other hand on Sonny, using both now to choke the life out of him. Sonny struggles, flailing his arms at Martin and trying to pull his hands away. Martin squeezes harder.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Take it off.

Tears slowly, one by one, stream down Sonny's face, under his sunglasses. Martin notices this and this only angers him further. He rips away Sonny's red wayfarers. Sonny very quickly shuts his eyes.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(booming)

Open them. Look at me. Look at me!

Sonny slowly opens his eyes. His eyes are yellow (like you'd see in fire) save for the tiny black pupils at the center. The outer layer of his irises are bloodshot, almost all red. His eyes are stuff of nightmares.. but behind them, fear. A child's fear. Afraid, betrayed, unloved. More tears fill his eyes as he stares up into Martin's. Martin's eyes change colors, going from his normal blue to something similar to Sonny's and then back. Back and forth, alternating.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Take it off.

Martin pulls at the bomber jacket as he continues to choke Sonny with his other hand. Sonny, as if forgetting he's being choked out, changes priorities and attempts to keep Martin from removing the jacket.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You don't deserve to wear that.  
You're nothing like him. You're  
nothing like me. You're..

Sonny's eyes slowly begin to close. Martin finishes removing the bomber jacket off of Sonny. Sonny slides down against the wall and slumps to the ground. He mouths something that might be "dad," but it's unclear.

Martin stares down at Sonny as he passes out, pity in his eyes. As Sonny loses consciousness:

FADE TO BLACK:

FLASHES of images and sounds of a moving car, of Martin's blue eyes, his mumblings to Sonny, then the sudden stop of the car.. then something being stretched and ripped apart, blood splashing everywhere.

BLACK SCREEN

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what is the nature of your  
emergency?

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. STREET

Sonny regains consciousness on the sidewalk. He looks around, confused. He sees figures approaching and he struggles to get up. He slips in blood then realizes.. he's covered in it. The figures grow louder. Sirens. His eyes come back to him and he stares back at the passerbys and homeless circling him.

DISTORTED VOICE  
(from afar)  
Hey, stay down. Stay. Down.

DISTORTED VOICE #2  
Back away! Get back, people!

Panic sets in as he appears like a caged animal as he continues to slip and slide. He can taste her blood.

FLASHING BLACK AND WHITE IMAGES of the young woman. For a moment Sonny can see the life that was, her smiling face, but then just as quickly as he can feel her, he can't, and her and the feeling are gone.

OFFICER WUNISCHE  
(closer)  
I said stay down.

Officers Wunische and Lester keep their guns on Sonny. He slowly puts his hands in the air, keeping his face down. He shakes from the cold wind and cold blood and from the shock of everything.

EXT. STREET

Melanie pulls over. A few police cruisers block off traffic, their sirens flashing and blaring in the night.

A police officer directs traffic around the cruisers, while another just finishes putting up police tape. He proceeds to keep guard. Franco's Crown Vic is nowhere in sight. Melanie exits her car as Rodriguez approaches her in civilian clothes.

MELANIE  
(solemn)  
Hey. The same as the others?

RODRIGUEZ  
Not exactly..

Melanie studies Rodriguez.

MELANIE

That bad?

RODRIGUEZ

That bad.. but hey, at least it's over now.

MELANIE

What do you mean?

RODRIGUEZ

You didn't hear the news yet?

MELANIE

(shakes head)

What news?

RODRIGUEZ

We got him.

Melanie sighs in relief.

MELANIE

Really?

RODRIGUEZ

Really. It's finally over.

MELANIE

Martin Gomez?

RODRIGUEZ

(shakes head)

No idea, I just know it was W and Lester took him in.

Melanie wants to cry in sweet sweet relief, but holds back her tears. Rodriguez goes in for the hug. Melanie accepts it. She lets a few tears fall down her cheek. She quickly wipes them away.

MELANIE

Fucking finally. God, this week has been Hell. It's been a nightmare I didn't think I'd ever wake up from.

RODRIGUEZ

You don't have to make this about you.

Melanie laughs then pulls away from the hug.

MELANIE

Where's your uniform?

RODRIGUEZ

Franco found out I was running names for you. Suspended with pay.

MELANIE

Shit.. I'm sorry, Tony.

RODRIGUEZ

That's alright. "With pay."

(laughs)

I could use a vacation after this shit.

MELANIE

You and me both.

RODRIGUEZ

I know you were just trying to help. I think you did the right thing.

MELANIE

I hope so.

RODRIGUEZ

I don't do this job expecting to be showered in the many thanks and gifts of the people.

MELANIE

Uh huh..

RODRIGUEZ

You need a vacation, I need a vacation. I don't know, kind of sounds like a date to me.

MELANIE

Unlike you I still have a job to do, mister "suspended with pay."

RODRIGUEZ

After then.

MELANIE

(thinks)

.. Tomorrow.. maybe.

Melanie walks towards the crime scene, preparing herself. She stops to turn back to Rodriguez.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Maybe!



She continues towards the crime scene again, smiling a little to herself. Her smile fades as she nears the bloody mess that's left.

INT. POLICE STATION

Officers Wunische and Lester drag a handcuffed Sonny towards the interrogation room. His hair covers his face. He struggles a little but is ultimately too weak or too in shock still to really fight back.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Sonny sits at a small table, alone. His cuffed hands in his lap. He keeps his head down.

Franco enters and stops when he sees Sonny. He rights himself and slams the door shut behind him. He sits down in the chair across from Sonny.

FRANCO

Where's the rest of that girl?

Sonny keeps silent.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Taking a vow of silence? I bet you're not usually this quiet when you're whispering sweet nothings into the ears of your victims.

Franco shifts in his seat. He continues to watch Sonny, waiting for him to speak. He studies him closer, realizing he's just a kid.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

How old are you?

Sonny slowly looks up at Franco. His eyes, which have a very subtle glow to them, unsettle Franco. He can feel them looking into him. He tries to pay it no mind and bring his guard back up, but he's already shown a moment of weakness.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Pretty. You coming from a Halloween party? That where you met her?

SONNY

I don't know who you're talking about.

FRANCO

You're still covered in her blood.  
I'd wager to bet you have a better  
idea of who she is than I do.

Sonny looks down at himself. He can still taste her blood. Just a little. His stomach growls. It's as if he's had the appetizer and wants more. He looks back up at Franco slow-like. His eyes travel from Franco's down to his neck. He can see the outline of his carotid artery as if with x-ray vision.

SONNY

He killed her.

FRANCO

Who? Not you?

SONNY

He was trying to show me something.

Sonny continues to talk as if Franco isn't there. His eyes are still locked on Franco's throat, watching the artery pulsating and the blood flowing into his neck, face and finally, his brain.

Sonny's body tingles, just enough for him to realize that he feels high. At least, the closest thing he can imagine to what that might feel like. For someone like him.

SONNY (CONT'D)

It's not just hunger.. it's  
literally.. their life force.

FRANCO

Who is "he?"

SONNY

He.. he can feel their thoughts,  
their.. life.. their pain...

A chill runs up Sonny that causes his body to shake momentarily. He eyes swell up. Even his emotions feel heightened.

SONNY (CONT'D)

It takes something from him too.  
Every time he does it.  
(thinks)  
His humanity?

FRANCO  
 (impatient)  
 Who is "he?" The devil? Is that who  
 you think you work for?

SONNY  
 He does it to survive. To be  
 strong.. but he's not strong enough  
 anymore.. and it's not just about  
 survival.  
 (beat)  
 What does he want?

FRANCO  
 (frustrated)  
 What is this, Def Jam poetry hour?  
 Is "he" you? Is this some kind of..  
 You high? Those psychedelics have  
 you talking in the third person, is  
 that it?

Sonny's eyes move from Franco's neck to his eyes, again  
 making him feel uncomfortable.

FRANCO (CONT'D)  
 (nods)  
 Alright.

Franco sighs then gets up and exits the interrogation room.  
 Sonny continues to speak to himself.

SONNY  
 What are you trying to show me?

Franco reenters the room, this time with a stack of manila  
 folders. Franco sits back down, resting the stack on the  
 table.

FRANCO  
 I thought maybe, to bring you back  
 to reality, you needed a reminder  
 that these.. whatever you refer to  
 them as, were once people.

Franco opens the folder on top, turning it as he does, then  
 slaps it down onto the table in front of Sonny. Pictures of  
 the first victim.

FRANCO (CONT'D)  
 Andrea Romero. Two holes in the  
 neck. Fancy little sun carved  
 around it. You remember her?

Franco grabs the next folder, doing the same thing. He drops it on top of the first folder.

FRANCO (CONT'D)  
Pamela Basurto. Same thing. Two holes in the neck.

Sonny stares down at the crime scene photos he's already seen before (through Melanie). He remembers touching her neck where the holes were.

Franco drops the third folder (open) down. The headless victim.

FRANCO (CONT'D)  
It took longer than the others, but we managed to identify her as Hayley Aguilar. We never found her head. You know anything about that?

Sonny shakes his head.

FRANCO (CONT'D)  
Of course not.  
(beat)  
You've already been well acquainted with.. whoever you're wearing tonight. So fill me in. You know her name? Who was she?

SONNY  
I don't know.

Franco points at the sun symbol drawn in the third victim's blood.

FRANCO  
What about this? You know what that means?

Sonny stares back at Franco, tight-lipped. Franco slams his fist down onto the table, startling Sonny.

FRANCO (CONT'D)  
I need answers!

SONNY  
I can't give them to you.

FRANCO  
Because you don't know or because you don't want to?

Sonny doesn't respond, only frustrating Franco even more. He leans in

FRANCO (CONT'D)  
 Their blood is on your hands.  
 (yells)  
 HER blood is on **your** hands! I want  
 answers!

then shoots up out of his seat, knocking his chair over. Sonny says nothing.

Franco stops himself from getting angrier. He regains his composure, brushing back his hair with his hand. He reaches into his jacket pocket and removes a folded up piece of paper. He unfolds it and sets it down on the table, in front of Sonny.

It's a copy of the sketch that Melanie drew of Sonny. Sonny stares down at it.

FRANCO (CONT'D)  
 One of my CSI's drew this. Claims  
 she ran into you the other night.  
 (pause)  
 I guess the only real question I  
 have is why you didn't kill her..  
 and then I wonder if I should thank  
 you.. but then I remember all of  
 the girls you've killed already and  
 that reminds me there might be more  
 we don't even know about.

For a second, it comes to life in his mind. The drawing appears scarier in that moment, Sonny can see himself this way. As a monster. It's almost as if it's a vision of what's to come...

Franco steps out, barking out commands.

FRANCO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Put him in holding for now, keep  
 him cuffed. We'll figure out what  
 to do with him in the morning.

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE

Melanie enters into the abandoned theatre, walking down the long aisle between the many rows of seats.

On stage are two more of Sonny's junkie friends by the name of KATHLEEN (20s) and JESUS (20s, pronounced "hay-SOOS").

Jesus sits on one of the couches with his hands up holding invisible jail cell bars. Kathleen stands over him.

KATHLEEN

(mock English accent)

*But you are ill; even now you  
tremble: you are unfit for  
agitation of any kind.*

JESUS

(dramatic)

*This suspense is a thousand times  
worse than the most horrible event:  
tell me what new scene of death has  
been acted, and whose murder I am  
now to lament?*

Melanie stops to watch momentarily when she notices David watching from one of the aisle seats. Melanie goes and takes a seat next to him. Kathleen and Jesus continue to act out their scene. David looks up from the small worn book in his hands. He tends to drag out his thoughts as he speaks (a side effect of whatever drug he's currently on).

DAVID

I remember you.

MELANIE

You were sleeping last time.

DAVID

Nah, I was just out of it. I'm David.

MELANIE

Melanie. What are they doing?

JESUS (O.S.)

*Oh! take him away! I cannot see  
him; for God's sake, do not let him  
enter!*

(they continue with the scene mostly in the background)

DAVID

That's Kathleen and Jesus. They're aspiring actors so sometimes we just run rando scenes.

MELANIE

What's the scene from?

DAVID

Sonny's book.

David flashes the cover of it to Melanie. It's Sonny's beat up copy of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. Melanie laughs in disbelief.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What?

MELANIE

It's just.. He reminds me of someone else.

DAVID

Yeah, I know what you mean. You lookin' for him?

MELANIE

(nods)

He disappeared on me. I had some good news I wanted to tell him.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

(deep voice)

*What a place is this that you inhabit, my son! You travelled to seek happiness, but a fatality seems to pursue you. And poor Cluh-cler-what the fuck is homeboy's name again?*

DAVID

Clerval.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

What the fuck kind of name is Clerval?

DAVID

(back to Melanie)

I haven't seen Sonny since yesterday.

MELANIE

You think he'll be back tonight?

DAVID

I dunno. Sometimes he comes back, sometimes he doesn't. He's a bit of a wanderer. He says you're a detective?

MELANIE

(slight smile)

Not exactly.

(MORE)

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Just someone who doesn't have much of a life, I guess.

DAVID

Do what makes you happy. Sonny said that to me once.

Melanie looks down at the Frankenstein book again.

MELANIE

I've never met anyone like him before.

DAVID

In what way?

MELANIE

All the ways that make him.. him...

David hands the book over to Melanie. She accepts it.

DAVID

Maybe that'll help you understand him better.

Melanie looks down and reads a highlighted passage aloud:

MELANIE

*As my sickness quitted me, I was absorbed by a gloomy and black melancholy, that nothing could dissipate.*

INT. POLICE STATION - INT. HOLDING CELL

Sonny sits in the corner of the drunk tank, his head down, his hands cuffed behind his back. His yellow eyes shift back and forth slowly behind the hair over his face (to conceal his eyes some).

A homeless high DRUNK sits in the opposite corner.

A HOMIE, all tatted up, sits on the side with the drunk. He's got a dried up bloody nose and a cut above his eye. Sonny, without looking up, can smell the dry blood. His nostrils flare subtly. The homie appears tired and worn down. He's also had a long night.

HOMIE

You fucking stink, man.

The drunk mumbles incoherently.



HOMIE (CONT'D)

Ay, you hear what I said? You stinkin' up this whole fuckin' cell.

SONNY

(low)

Why don't you leave him alone.

The homie looks up and over at Sonny.

HOMIE

The fuck you say?

SONNY

I said the only thing that stinks is the shit coming out of your mouth.

The homie stands up, ready to fight when the door leading to the holding cell area opens. In comes OFFICER SHAW behind another Mexican gang banger (HOMIE 2). Homie 1 watches him as he approaches the fairly large holding cell.

OFFICER SHAW

Hey, sit down.

Homie 1 does as he's told, slowly taking a seat, his eyes never leaving Homie 2's and vice versa. The tension, it's getting hotter.

Officer Shaw opens the holding cell then uncuffs Homie 2. He closes the cell door. Homie 2 takes a seat across from Homie 1 and near Sonny who is still watching through his hair.

OFFICER SHAW (CONT'D)

You two behave.

Shaw gives a stern look at the homies who are already locked in an intense staring battle, neither willing to back down. He leaves the holding cell area.

HOMIE 2

How long you been here?

HOMIE

I dunno. Hard to keep track of time in here.

Homie 2 nods then goes quiet. His eyes never leave Homie 1 though.

HOMIE (CONT'D)

What are you lookin' at, puto?

HOMIE 2

Ya se que fue tu puta Hermana who called the fucking pigs.

("I know it was your bitch sister..")

HOMIE

Ay, you better watch your fucking words, homie. Don't call my sister no puta.

Homie 2 spits on the ground. Homie 1 stands up.

HOMIE 2

You gonna do something? Do something!

Homie 2 stands up to meet him. They get close, cursing at each other to back down.

HOMIE 2 (CONT'D)

(escalates)

I'm gonna do you a favor and soften you up before the rest of my vatos run a train on you and your bitch sister!

The drunk starts to laugh maniacally, whatever he's high on clearly reaching it's peak. Humiliation fills Homie 1's face as he looks towards the drunk than back at Homie 2. His manhood threatened, he yells then takes the first swing.

HOMIE

Fuck you!

Homie 2 takes a hit to the body then retaliates almost instantly, clocking Homie 1 across the face. He comes in again before Homie 1 can get his bearings back and punches him in the head again, this time splitting open the cut above his eye wider. Blood spills. Sonny is a captive audience.

Homie 1 comes back at Homie 2 in the face then body, but Homie 2 has the size and reach. He hits Homie 1 in the nose and cut again and again until Homie 2 stumbles over, blood in his face like a boxer.

SONNY

I think he's had enough, man.

Homie 2 turns towards Sonny, flipping him the middle finger.

HOMIE 2

Shut the fuck up.

SONNY

I'm just saying, I think he's good.  
You're going a little far.

Homie 2 paces over to Sonny.

HOMIE 2

I'll go as far as I want, mother  
fucker.

SONNY

You gonna swing on me with my hands  
behind my back, tough guy?

Homie 2 punches Sonny in the head. He doubles over on the  
bench.

HOMIE 2

Does that answer your question? You  
got another one?

Sonny doesn't respond, licking the blood from his lip. He  
clenches his jaw, all of his muscles tightening. Homie 2  
turns his attention back to Homie 1 who's trying to stand  
back up.

An eerie-sounding, distant voice can be heard in Sonny's  
head. He can't quite make sense of it. The voice is  
surrounded by static, similar to some sort of broadcast. Only  
three words come through clear enough for Sonny to understand  
them. It's as if they're first hitting his subconscious then  
his actual consciousness, the words coming from inside him.

DISCOMBOBULATED VOICE (V.O.)

Hissssss... Fight.. hissss..  
survive.. hissss.. kill.

These words echo in Sonny's head on loop. He furrows his  
brow, a splitting headache making him agitated.. angry.

The drunk continues to laugh. It sounds like he's in pain,  
but he can't stop.

HOMIE 2

Shut the fuck up or you're next!

The agitation from the surrounding commotion and the  
disconnected voice rattling around in Sonny's head almost  
reaches it's boiling point. A loud snap and rattle sounds  
behind Sonny's back. He pushes through the pain in his head,  
a feeling of physical exertion. He slowly rises up, his hands  
still behind his back.

SONNY

I have another question.

Homie 2 turns his attention back to Sonny again, a scowl on his face. He takes a swing at Sonny. Sonny brings his hands up in front of him, using one to catch Homie 2's punch. He starts to overpower him, standing up as he does. Homie 2 swings his free hand. This one gets much closer to Sonny's face. He also catches it.

He stares back into Homie 2's eyes, unafraid. His eyes fierce with a rage that's been building for years. Homie 2 realizes that Sonny is stronger than him, but now he can't pull away. He can't look away.

The drunk isn't laughing anymore. His trip has gone bad.

In that instant, Sonny revels in his strength then loses control.. His canine teeth appear larger and pointier (truly fangs in appearance). He bites Homie 2's middle finger clean off (on the hand closest to his face).

HOMIE 2

What the fuck!? What the fuck,  
man?!

Homie 2 attempts to pull away, but Sonny won't let go. Blood shoots out from Homie 2's hand, spraying Sonny on the face and mouth. Sonny sucks the blood from his lip. His eyes glow slightly. He feels the high again, but this time it's stronger than before. The connection to the victim is more direct. His eyes dart back and forth like a wild animal's. The three words continue to be broadcasted into Sonny's head. They drive him (but mostly the bloodlust, the hunger, the addiction).

HOMIE 2 (CONT'D)

Let me go, man! Ay, guard!

Sonny releases Homie 2. He trips over himself, falling near where Homie 1 is sitting (resting against the bench).

HOMIE 2 (CONT'D)

(backing away)

Guard!

Sonny has the taste now. He follows after Homie 2. He inches closer and closer, lowering himself closer to the ground. His headache continues to pain him.

HOMIE 2 (CONT'D)

GUAAAARD!!

Sonny suddenly springs forward, biting into Homie 2's throat. Blood gushes from it as Sonny slurps and sucks away. His eyes glow. The high is intense. Sonny can feel it surging through him. He shakes as if by orgasm. The blood spills over Homie 1. He cries out, partially caught under Homie 2.

Officer Shaw runs into the holding cell area to witness Sonny destroying Homie 2's neck.

OFFICER SHAW

Hey, I need some help in here!

Officer Shaw opens the holding cell door and runs in to pull Sonny off of Homie 2. The drunk is frozen, in shock, his bad trip having turned into a complete nightmare.

POV (through the drunk's eyes): Sonny as a frightening monster (not so dissimilar from Melanie's sketch come to life)

Officers Wunische, Lester and one other COP come running in to help him. It takes three of them to pull Sonny off of Homie 2. His strength has seemingly doubled.

BLACK AND WHITE IMAGES flash through Sonny's head: of Homie 2's face. His face is covered in blood. First angry, then sad, smiling third and lastly, total fear. He shakes as a tear rolls down his cheek.

A tear rolls down Sonny's cheek as he starts to reclaim control over his hunger, his desire to get higher. He snaps out of his blood frenzy in almost instant regret for his actions. Homie 2 is dead.. and Sonny felt him die.

SONNY

No. No! I didn't mean to. I didn't.. I.. did--

EXT. PARK

Lit by the moonlight and headlights from his '73 Oldsmobile, Martin is completely naked. His body is littered with tattoos (gang and prison related) and he is covered in blood. The blood appears black under the moonlight. A giant tattoo of the cult sun symbol rests on his chest. The rays shoot outward all across, long and pointed. Down his stomach. Up his neck.

Splayed out on the hood of the Oldsmobile is the young lady from the trunk. Her body has been almost totally drained of blood. Her neck is almost gone (her head barely hanging on) and she's been split down the middle.

Martin uses the blood on his hands to slick his hair back from it's fallen position on his forehead. He closes his eyes and begins to chant quietly.

MARTIN  
(whispers)  
Sonny. Hear me. Sonny.

INTERCUT

INT. POLICE STATION - INT. HOLDING CELL

Sonny, beaten and exhausted, has cried himself to sleep through his grief. Some of his hair covers his face, he's drenched in dry sweat.

He's chained up in a dark corner, alone. Something covers the majority of his face (particularly the bottom half), but it isn't totally visible under the cover of darkness. His eyes shift under his eyelids as if in REM sleep. The same static-surrounded voice penetrates his skull and brain. Another broadcast.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
Son.. hisss.. son.. hisss.. Sonny..  
hisss.. this is not a dream... I  
repeat, this is not a dream.. Can  
you..?

Sonny's breathing becomes heavier.

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
.. Do you read.. hisss.. hear me?..  
Can you.. hisss.. see?..

FLASHING IMAGES in Sonny's head: the images, instead of black and white like Homie 2, are black and red, drenched in different shades and tones of red. A dark haired woman, young, gives birth in a dark scary place (like a basement). Her face isn't totally visible. Martin is there, younger seeming, but his face not clear either. The baby is wrapped in the Diaz bomber jacket as Martin brings him closer to look at him. Sonny can feel Martin's younger blue eyes staring at him, into him.

Sonny's breathing intensifies.

INTERCUT

MARTIN  
Calm. Calm. Calm.

Martin's eyes tear up. The muscles around his jaw tighten for a moment before relaxing.

INTERCUT

MARTIN (V.O.)  
Calm.. hisss.. calm.. hisss..  
cálmate hijo..

Sonny's eyes shift a little slower. His breathing starts to slow back down.

The FLASHING IMAGES continue: An old house, huge, sits surrounded by snow. Footprints in the snow. Two sets of tracks that become one. The baby wrapped in the jacket. Chanting, whispering. Blood. Blood boiling. Blood spilling in the snow.

Sonny's breathing starts to pick up again. His heavy breathing then becomes hyperventilating. His eyes dart back and forth. He can feel Martin's pain.

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This is not a dream.. hisssssssss..  
Sonny..

His eyes suddenly open. For a fleeting moment his eyes are filled with blood before returning to their normal yellow selves. He catches his breath as if having held it this entire time. Fresh sweat trickles down his face. He regains control of his breathing, keeping it slow and steady.

SONNY  
(quiet)  
I see you.

Understanding in Sonny's eyes as they slowly close again.

INT. DINER - DAY 4 (LATE AFTERNOON)

Melanie sits at a booth, alone. A plate of half eaten pancakes and another plate of unfinished scrambled eggs and bacon sits in front of her. An empty glass of orange juice and half-filled cup of coffee.

The man she's been waiting for finally arrives.

JR (JAY-ARGH) (early 30s), dressed in an off white half-buttoned button up and a cream colored (more casual) suit jacket and matching slacks, enters the diner. He carries a few manila folders under his arm.

He looks around for Melanie, seemingly a bit dazed. It takes him a moment to find her. It's not until he's close that she can see just how bad he looks.

His hair sits towards the back, but messy. Dark bags hang under his eyes. His face a little pale. A bandage on his nose to cover a cut. Another small bandage above his left eye. Some bruising around both cuts. He looks like he's worn these same clothes two days straight (and that's a rough two days at that).

JR  
(motions)  
Mind if I?--

JR takes a seat without finishing his question. He sets the manila folders down on the table then quickly removes a cigarette and match from inside his suit jacket as if without thinking. He strikes the match on the table then lights his cigarette. Melanie watches him the entire time, confused and concerned by his appearance.

MELANIE  
I don't think you can smoke in here.

JR's voice sounds like he's hungover, there's a gravelly tone to it.

Note: A lot of what comes out of JR's mouth tends to come out with sarcastic undertones (he's the type of guy to make light of something dark/heavier).

JR  
(takes a fat drag)  
What has the world come to? It's alright, they know me here.

MELANIE  
You're late.

JR  
My specialty.

Melanie watches JR smoke and look around as if to make sure he hasn't been followed.

MELANIE  
Are you okay?

JR  
As opposed to being not okay?  
(beat, clears throat)  
(MORE)



JR (CONT'D)

Never been better. You gonna finish that?

JR points at Melanie's coffee with his cigarette. Some of the cigarette ash crumbles away just near it. Melanie shrugs, still concerned. JR takes the coffee with his free hand and drinks it down like he's in a frat house, gulping and gulping away. He gets a few looks from people (which Melanie notices).

MELANIE

What happened to you?

JR

It's been an interesting couple of days.

MELANIE

Are you sure "interesting" is the word you're looking for?

JR

You want to know about my day or what I learned?

MELANIE

Dude, you look fucked up and you smell like cigarettes, booze, and self pity.

JR

(sighs)  
Yeah..

MELANIE

.. Sorry. That was rude.

JR

(shrugs)  
The truth often is.

JR takes another drag of his cigarette then pushes aside Melanie's plates followed by the folders towards Melanie. She opens the first one. There are pictures of close-ups of the sun symbol plastered over different walls and structures. One, being a house that appears to be weathering snow.

JR (CONT'D)

The symbol dates back some time. Could be a couple hundred years, going back to the origins of this here "great" country, could be thousands of years, might be ancient.

(MORE)

JR (CONT'D)

Victorian London, Romania, fucking Transylvania. I've seen and heard a number of different accounts, all of which sound like bullshit. I honestly don't know how old they really are.. just that they've been around the block more than a few times.

MELANIE

Who are they?

JR

What's your first guess?

MELANIE

I don't know.

JR

I said your "first guess." It's a cult. Because of course it is. A bunch of overzealous pedophilic money bags who've all taken a blood vow to Satan or Cthulhu or some other "evil" thing that lurks in the shadows. There's a lot about demons and mystical shit that I just can't seem to give a fuck about.. so..

JR throws up his hands in defeat.

MELANIE

Why not?

JR

(pause)

You believe in Hell?

MELANIE

(really thinks over her answer)

I didn't before this week.

JR

What changed?

MELANIE

.. I guess I've had a pretty "interesting" last two days like you.

JR

Well, what's Hell but this place  
we've built for ourselves?

JR's words affect Melanie. She thinks them over for a moment before returning to the task at hand.

MELANIE

What do they want?

JR

Power, money, more power, kids to  
diddle and of course, more power.  
They want their influence over the  
world.. but it's fading. Sound like  
anyone to you?

MELANIE

The Catholic church?

JR

(chuckles)

Any radical organized group in  
history, ever.. but yeah, them too.

JR, amused, takes another fat drag from his cigarette. It's practically gone. He holds out Melanie's coffee cup as a SERVER approaches. The server pours some hot coffee into the cup.

SERVER

(awkward)

I'm sorry, sir, but you're not  
really allowed to smoke here..  
plus, some of the other customers  
are complaining.

JR

What has the world come to?

JR gives a false smile and puts out the cigarette butt into Melanie's pancakes. It blends with the melted butter into an ashy yellow mess. The server walks away.

MELANIE

(low)

I was going to take those home.

Melanie's cell phone vibrates in her pocket. She checks it to find a text from Rodriguez that reads *Is this Martin Gomez?*

A new text is received as a picture loads under his first text. A screenshot taken from a News livestream.

The picture is slightly blurry and distant, but clear enough for Melanie to make out the person in question.. Sonny. His hair and frame unmistakable. His yellow eyes are visible and even though Melanie has never actually had a clean look at them before, she knows they have to be his.

Another image loads. Another screenshot. This one is of a sketch put up next to Sonny's image. Melanie's sketch of Sonny. Her heart drops. She places a hand to her mouth.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck.

JR

(sipping the coffee)

What's the matter?

MELANIE

(panicked)

I have to go.

Melanie grabs the folders and her things and takes off in a hurry. She calls Rodriguez as she runs past JR.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Are you there right now? Okay, I'm on my way.

JR watches her through the large window as she runs off.

JR

That's okay, I like working for free.

JR slumps into the booth and sighs.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Melanie arrives as Sonny is being walked out of the station by TWO ARMED GUARDS. The parking lot is filled up with media outlets (reporters and camera crews) and nosy passerbys. Police officers hold up a perimeter to keep them all from getting too close.

Melanie attempts to shove and push her way past all of them, not able to quite see over them and get a good enough look at Sonny. Rodriguez spots her and tries to create a path for her.

RODRIGUEZ

I don't understand. What's the big deal?

MELANIE

It's not him. It's not him!

Rodriguez acts as a guide for Melanie as she pushes past the reporters and to the perimeter line where officers Wunische, Lester and Shaw are, ready to keep the peace.

Melanie finally gets a clear look at Sonny. Sonny, wearing a white jumpsuit and a muzzle over his mouth like Hannibal Lector, is marched in chains towards a small armored van. The back doors are wide open, ready to take him.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

No, Sonny.

RODRIGUEZ

Who is he, W?

OFFICER WUNISCHE

I dunno, some homeless junkie kid.  
I picked him up covered in blood  
yesterday, bring him back and then  
he kills an inmate.

MELANIE

What?? That doesn't make any sense!

OFFICER LESTER

We can't hold him here. Kid's a  
fucking maniac.

OFFICER WUNISCHE

Hence the move.

Melanie pulls a fast one and slips between Wunische and Lester.

OFFICER WUNISCHE (CONT'D)

Hey!

RODRIGUEZ

Oh, goddammit! Melanie!

Melanie rushes over to Franco.

MELANIE

It's not him! He's not the killer!

FRANCO

What the Hell?

MELANIE

It's not him, Franco.

FRANCO

I suppose you can prove that?

Melanie rolls her eyes and tries to get closer to Sonny just as one of the armed guards is about to guide him into the back of the van.

MELANIE

Sonny! I'm gonna get you out of here! I promise!

Sonny turns to see Melanie in front of the crowd, Franco moving in to pull her away. He locks eyes with Melanie. For a moment, his eyes instill fear into hers.. Sonny notices this and turns away, embarrassed and betrayed. He steps into the van and takes a seat.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Sonny!

Sonny finally turns towards Melanie again.

SONNY

You got that silver bullet?

Melanie's breath is taken away. Her chest tightens. She can't help but feel at fault for what's happened, even if it's not really her fault. Franco grabs her arm and pulls her away from the van.

FRANCO

What do you think you're doing?  
Have you lost your fucking mind?

MELANIE

Have you? Clearly he's just a kid.

FRANCO

With the strength to kill a man?

MELANIE

(tries to ignore what he  
said)

It's Martin Gomez. He's the killer and he's still out there! Instead of finding and stopping him, you and your goons are parading **him** around like some kind of monster for the whole world to see!

FRANCO

(beat)

As far as I'm concerned we have our man.

(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Now get the fuck out of here before  
I have you arrested with him.

Melanie stares back at Franco, unflinchingly.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Back. Down.

Melanie fumes, turning away from Franco. Rodriguez comes over to grab Melanie. Wunische and the other officers make a hole for him.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Rodriguez!

RODRIGUEZ

Wait for me.

Melanie notices somebody staring at her from behind the crowd. Bill.

One of the armed guards finishes chaining Sonny down into the van. He sits across from Sonny.

Melanie catches part of this before returning her sights on Bill. He continues to stare at her. She slowly pushes past the perimeter and crowd to make her way to him.

MELANIE

Did you come to watch the show or  
watch me?

BILL

I have something to show you.

MELANIE

What?

BILL

There's something I have to show  
you. I think it's what you've been  
searching for.

MELANIE

I'm not a screamer, but you better  
start saying things that make sense  
before I have all of these cops all  
over you.

Bill removes his hand from his pocket and opens his palm, revealing a pin of the cult sun symbol.

BILL

Like I said, I have something to show you.

Melanie thinks it over.

MELANIE

Show me.

Bill motions for her to follow him then walks away from the crowd. Melanie turns to take one last look at Franco chewing out Rodriguez, then Sonny. He doesn't give her another look. The van doors are shut, concealing him from her sight. Melanie follows after Bill.

FRANCO

Take her home.

(beat)

And you know what, why don't you stay there, keep her from getting into anymore trouble.

RODRIGUEZ

Franco--

FRANCO

(explosive)

Get the fuck out of here!

Rodriguez turns to see Melanie walking away with Bill. He watches, giving a peculiar eye. He follows after them. Melanie and Bill get into Bill's car. Rodriguez into his.

INT. ARMORED VAN (BACK) - MOVING

Sonny recites *Frankenstein* to himself. There's a sadness in his voice. He doesn't take his eyes off a speck on the floor of the van.

SONNY

(quietly)

*Hateful day when I received life!  
Accursed creator! Why did you form  
a monster so hideous that even you  
turned from me in disgust?..*

The armed guard sitting across from Sonny watches him, no idea of what he's talking about.



SONNY (CONT'D)

*.. God, in pity, made man beautiful  
and alluring, after his own image;  
but my form is a filthy type of  
yours, more horrid even from the  
very resemblance..*

(voice trembles)

*.. **Satan** had his companions,  
fellow-devils, to admire and  
encourage him; but I am solitary  
and abhorred.*

CRASH

Suddenly, the van is hit with such force it starts to spin. The driver attempts to regain control, but fails as the van flips over on it's side (Sonny's back to the ground now).

The hit knocks the wind out of Sonny for a moment. He starts to come to. Being chained down has mostly kept Sonny in the same place, his hair all over his face, some feeling of whiplash. The armed guard on the other hand has been thrown around and knocked unconscious.

Sonny sits there for a moment, wondering what might have happened when he hears the van back doors straining and being pulled. They're ripped open one at a time, revealing Martin with a revolver extended out, ready to put down anyone in his path. He and Sonny stare at one another for a second then

Martin shoves the revolver in his pants then proceeds to rip Sonny's chains out of their roots. He strains, but manages to rip the cuffs apart (Sonny still has the cuffs on his wrists, they're just not connected anymore).

MARTIN

Let's go.

Martin extends his hand out to Sonny. Sonny looks down at it, unsure, but accepts it. Martin pulls him out of the van and now he can see the accident. The big truck Martin demolished, crashing it into the van. Commotion from the accident from other cars involved or simply passerbys.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

This way.

Martin slips into an alleyway behind the wreckage, Sonny follows, keeping his head down from the sun.

INT. BILL'S CAR - MOVING

Melanie sits in the passenger seat, watching Bill and their surroundings as they drive.

MELANIE

Where are you taking me?

BILL

A church.

MELANIE

A church?

BILL

It's where it happens.

MELANIE

Stop being vague.

BILL

It's where they plan to perform their ritual, but if we hurry, we can stop them.

MELANIE

Why grab me and not the cops?

BILL

(beat)

It's beyond their understanding. But you and I, we know what's at stake here. I met your private detective the other day. That's how I learned about you. And if I know about you.. they surely do.

MELANIE

.. What's at stake?

BILL

Your life.

Melanie watches Bill curiously.

INT. MARTIN'S OLDSMOBILE - MOVING

SUNSET - as it is late in the year, the days get darker earlier and now the sun begins to set..

Martin drives. Sonny sits in the passenger seat picking and pulling at the muzzle over his face. He gets it off, letting out a big breath, finally free of it.

He looks down at Martin's revolver resting on the dash then slowly looks over at Martin. Martin reaches behind his seat and pulls out the Diaz bomber jacket. He drops it on Sonny's lap. Sonny stares down at it.

Wind comes in from the crack of the faulty passenger door, closed but not entirely.

Martin breaks the silence.

MARTIN

That belongs to you. Wasn't mine to take back in the first place.

Sonny looks up at Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I did something unforgivable.. but I am sorry, Sonny.

(pause)

I lost myself. I lost control. I just..

Martin looks back at Sonny then at the road.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

When I connected with you, it wasn't just to remind you.. but to remind myself. It's been 20 years since that night and.. shit, 20 years is a long time.

SONNY

You helped us escape.

MARTIN

(nods)

I was supposed to give you over to the "family".. All it took was one look from those yellow eyes. Those eyes just staring up at me. Those eyes that I couldn't mistake for anyone else's but my own flesh and blood. I couldn't do it.. and I realized that I couldn't hurt her either. I loved her.

(beat)

I put the two of you on the first train out of there. Finding you here was just coincidence.. I never expected to meet you again.

SONNY

I understand now.. why you did all the things you did.. doesn't make it right.

MARTIN

I've done a lot of horrible things in my life. Some of them I regret. Some.. didn't give me the option to. I shot somebody dead in the street before I was your age. I killed at war.. and then there's everything after. Everything I did for them. Those cocksuckers. I know it's my own fault for getting wrapped up with them.. I've done so much for them.

(beat)

I can't apologize for the life that I lived.. and now it's almost over.

Sonny keeps his eyes on Martin. Martin struggles to muster up his next two words.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm dying.

SONNY

I know. I could feel it.

Martin turns to look at Sonny.

MARTIN

Then you know why I'm doing what I'm doing?

SONNY

I think so.

MARTIN

They have their uses and they owe me. So now I'm here to collect on that. Once they've blessed her blood.. I should be better.

SONNY

(bothered)

Her?

MARTIN

There can't be a sacrifice without a sacrificial lamb.

SONNY

Who is she?

MARTIN

It's better not to ask those kinds of questions. The answers will never make you feel better about yourself.

SONNY

(adamant)

Who is she?

MARTIN

A reporter or something. She knows too much about us. It's better this way. To protect us.

SONNY

Who is she?

MARTIN

(frustrated)

Sonny, I thought you understood what I have to do.

SONNY

I do, but **who** is she?

Martin doesn't respond, instead giving Sonny a look, saying it without saying it. Sonny knows it's Melanie.

SONNY (CONT'D)

You can't have her.

MARTIN

It's too late. It's already in motion.

Sonny hesitates before quickly grabbing Martin's revolver off the dash. He pushes himself backward to where his back is against the door and he can extend out his arm to aim at Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I thought we were past this.

SONNY

I'm sorry you're not well. I'm sorry that you've had to do so much bad shit in your life. I'm sorry that you couldn't be normal.. I'm sorry.. but she's my friend and I can't let you kill her.

MARTIN

I don't want to go through this with you again.. but my life is literally on the line here. Mi vida. Mi muerte.

SONNY

Then die with dignity.  
(beat)  
I won't leave your side.

MARTIN

(accepting)  
.. Death comes for us all eventually..

Martin uses all his strength and speed to quickly lunge at Sonny, pushing him against the faulty passenger door, knowing between his immense strength, Sonny's weight and the faulty door that he can get it open. His calculation is right. Sonny practically falls out of the car, but catches himself. His hand slips from the seat and grabs the jacket. Martin quickly grabs the other end, as if not sure he should go through with this. Sonny tries to pull himself back in.

SONNY

Stop the car! Stop the car!

Sonny brings the revolver up to shoot Martin. Martin gives him one last look. One of betrayal. Sonny can see the hurt. Martin looks down at the jacket as if to say goodbye to his old friend once again.

Martin whips the car and releases his grip on the jacket, turning fast enough to throw Sonny out of the moving car. Sonny rolls in the street. He quickly gets back up, watching Martin continue to drive away. He pulls himself together, putting his bomber jacket back on then starts to run after the car.

EXT. CHURCH

Bill pulls up to the church. He puts the car in park, turns it off then exits. Melanie watches Bill through the windshield for a moment. Bill motions to her to follow him. Melanie looks over at the street signs then quickly shoots a text to Rodriguez. She exits the car and follows after Bill, her head on a swivel. Bill opens the heavy church door for Melanie. She enters

INT. CHURCH

to find THREE ROBED MEN (CULTISTS). One has more of an appearance of a priest (the previously mentioned FATHER JASON), his robe more elaborate than the other two. The two cultists' robes are burgundy red with the cult sun symbol (in gold) at the center. Father Jason's is black and red and has more folds and golden lining.

Melanie stiffens up when Bill presses a gun against the back of her head.

BILL

No sudden movements. Do exactly as I tell you. Nod if you understand.

Melanie nods.

BILL (CONT'D)

You're not as smart as I thought you were.

MELANIE

I never claimed to be a genius.

BILL

You have to be more than a little bit of an idiot to walk into this trap.

MELANIE

From one idiot to another, maybe I knew exactly what I was walking into.

BILL

I highly doubt that. Alright, smartass. Move.

Bill walks Melanie down the aisle of the church.

BILL (CONT'D)

Jeez, the last time I walked down a church aisle I was giving my daughter away.

MELANIE

She must be real proud of the work that you do.

BILL

There's a "Number 1 Dad" mug sitting in my kitchen right now. Who are you to say otherwise?

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)  
(to the cultists)  
Tie her up.

The two cultists move to start tying her down to one of the benches by the stage (where the podium is).

INTERCUT

EXT. STREETS

Sonny continues to run towards the church, Martin's revolver in hand, dodging and jumping over obstacles, passing cars and homeless. Sonny's skin has reddened and there's a slight transparency to it. It looks like there's a fire burning inside of him, under his skin. He pushes through the pain.

EXT. CHURCH

Rodriguez arrives at the church. He removes his off duty gun from the glove compartment of his car and exits. He slowly approaches the church, trying to get a decent look inside, but unable. He creeps open the church door, his gun up and ready to clear the room.

INT. CHURCH

Bill looks over at Rodriguez who has now trained his aim on him.

RODRIGUEZ  
Put the gun down.

Bill, annoyed, slowly sets his gun down on the floor and throws his hands up. The other two cultists follow suit, putting their hands in the air. Father Jason, a black book in his hands, doesn't. Rodriguez moves in closer, his aim shifting between Bill and the other three.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
Untie her.

The two cultists look at Bill.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
Don't look at him. I said, untie her.

They move to do as they're told.

INTERCUT



Sonny, closer, continues to run under the setting sun. Sweat pours down his even redder face. Parts of it appearing to have first degree burns.

INT. CHURCH

The cultists finish untying Melanie. The ropes dropping to the ground. Bill looks past Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ

How about you all take a seat right here on the stage.

(to Melanie)

Call Franco then grab that gun.

Rodriguez extends his cell phone to Melanie. She accepts it.

The two cultists and Father Jason sit on the stage. Bill remains in front of Rodriguez.

BILL

Your timing couldn't be worse.

RODRIGUEZ

I don't know, doesn't seem half bad to me.

Rodriguez gives Melanie a slight smirk. She smiles a little then searches for Franco in Rodriguez' contacts.

SLAM

Everybody turns to look at the big heavy church doors. Nothing. Rodriguez quickly turns his attention back to Bill and the cultists as to not have his back to them for too long. He shifts his body to keep more of the church in his sight and still watch Bill and them.

He hears another sound from behind him, turning to it..

.. Martin lunges up from behind one of the pillars, running and jumping at Rodriguez. He fires into the ceiling. Bill takes this opportunity to grab his gun before Melanie can. He sets it back in her direction. He snatches the phone from Melanie and tosses it far. Father Jason and the cultists move away from the commotion.

Martin pins Rodriguez to the ground. He almost gets a shot in on Martin but misses when Martin squeezes his arm, shattering his bones. He bends his arm in a way that shouldn't be bent. His bone protrudes, blood starting to spill from him. He screams. Melanie screams silent. She cries, unable to help.

Bill forces her onto her knees as she watches a helpless Rodriguez. Martin looks up at her, his eyes shifting colors.

MARTIN

This is your fault.

Martin's fangs lower and protrude from his mouth. He turns his attention back to Rodriguez. He digs in. His fangs rip into Rodriguez' throat. A literal blood curdling scream leaves his lungs. Blood leaves his body as Martin feeds voraciously, messily. Rodriguez is dead.

BILL

Martin, we have to go. Someone could have heard those shots.

MARTIN

(his face covered in  
blood)

We do it here! NOW!!

Bill and the other two cultists move into a circle, leaving an opening for Martin. Father Jason gets up on the stage and behind the podium. He sets his black book down (the sun symbol on the cover) and opens it up to whatever page he left off on.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Read the rites!

Father Jason proceeds to read something in an ancient tongue. Martin stands up and takes his place in the circle, towering over a crying, in shock, Melanie. She looks up at him, into his eyes, falling into the tractor beams. Martin's eyes glow and alternate colors more as he stares into her eyes. Blood all over his face, neck and chest.

INTERCUT

Sonny runs. He yells at the pain. His first degree burns have become second. The sun has almost set.

INT. CHURCH

Father Jason finishes reading the rites than switches into a chant.

FATHER JASON

Klaatu barada nikto. Klaatu barada  
nikto..

BILL

Klaatu barada nikto..

They continue in unison. Bill aims his gun at the other two cultists as he chants. They join in reluctantly.

CULTISTS (BOTH)

Klaatu barada nikto. Klaatu barada  
nikto..

ALL

.. Klaatu barada nikto. Klaatu  
barada nikto..

Melanie can hear their words echo in her head. They bind her, keep her frozen.

The words also echo in Martin's skull. Pain shoots across his face. His muscles strain. He clenches his jaw. His bones crack and twist inside him. His shoulders begin to broaden, his frame growing slightly larger.

Melanie's eyes have a look in them of sheer terror, but she can't look away. She's stuck.

Martin screams as the pain becomes immeasurable. In his body. In his head. He can feel his mind fading in and out. He's losing himself. Losing control.

FATHER JASON

Bill, we must stop this.

Martin looks up at Father Jason, confused as to why he's stopped chanting. The other two cultists continue.

BILL

Martin.. Maybe he's right. You're  
not a young man anymore. Your body,  
your mind, what if they break?

Martin grabs Bill by the throat, pulling him closer. He's completely taken by surprise.

The cultists stop chanting. Martin gives them the evil eye. They resume. Martin's shifts his look to Father Jason. He resumes with much hesitance.

BILL (CONT'D)

Martin.  
(shakes head)  
Martin, you have to stop.

MARTIN

(pain in his eyes)  
I need more.

Martin yelps. His jaw begins to rip apart and open up, the bone structure of his mouth changing before their very eyes. His mouth extends out, his fangs many and large, like that of a shark.

BILL  
(one last gasp)  
No...

Martin eats Bill's face in one chomp. Father Jason and the other cultists are frozen in terror, but continue to chant for fear of being next. Bill's gun drops to the ground beside Melanie. She's still partially in the daze. While her body doesn't show any real physical change like Martin's, she can feel the change inside her. It's as if her blood is boiling. She feels faint and hot. She's burning up with a fever.

Martin drops Bill's lifeless body. He pulls at his hair, heaving and gagging.

CRASH

Sonny comes crashing through the nearest stained glass window (the side of the church), revealing the night sky. He falls over into the bench and tries to roll and find his footing. Martin turns his attention to Sonny (as does Father Jason and the two cultists who all stop chanting). Melanie fights through her own pains, pushing Martin out of her head. Her eyes finally leave Martin, slowly working their way down to Bill's gun.

The two cultists run behind some of the benches and Father Jason takes cover behind the podium.

Sirens in the distance.

Melanie snaps out of the daze and grabs Bill's gun. She raises it and unloads the entire clip into Martin as he inches his way towards Sonny.

Each shot hits him in the back, in the legs, weakening him further, making it more and more difficult for him to walk until he's basically stumbling down onto his knees. As he drops in front of Sonny, Sonny straightens up, now standing over him, and raises the revolver to his face.

Martin looks up into Sonny's eyes, a mix of confusion, sadness and fear. His eyes swell up then so does Sonny's as he finds himself moved in a way he wasn't expecting. As if he's always known Martin.. then Martin is gone and only an animal remains. Martin attempts to bite down on Sonny's hand, forcing him to squeeze the trigger.

BANG

Sonny shoots Martin in the mouth, blowing out the back of his skull. Martin collapses to the ground, dead.

The sirens grow near. Melanie looks up at Sonny. They share a moment of silence then

MELANIE

You have to go.

He gives her a knowing look then runs out the back of the church. Melanie takes Rodriguez' gun and keeps it on Father Jason and the cultists so they can't run away.

EXT. CHURCH

Several police cruisers roll up on the church, blue and red lights flashing, sirens blaring. Franco pulls up in his black Crown Vic. Him and the other officers make their way towards the church, guns drawn. The officers move to surround the church.

Franco looks off in the distance and sees what looks like Sonny running off. He brings his gun up as if he can hit him from this distance. He slowly lowers his gun.

INT. CHURCH

Franco enters into the church as Officers Lester, Shaw and another officer walk out Father Jason and the two cultists in handcuffs. He gets closer to find Officer Wunische crying over Rodriguez' remains. Franco, wide eyed and in disbelief, turns his attention to Melanie who is sitting on the stage. Bill's gun beside her.

MELANIE

(sorrowful)

What took you so long?

FRANCO

.. I saw your friend, Daniel Dracula, leaving the scene.. I had a clear shot at him.

MELANIE

So why didn't you take it?

FRANCO

(pause)

I don't know. Call it a hunch.

Franco doesn't quite smile, but Melanie gets what he's putting down. He takes a seat next to Melanie and they sit in silence for a moment.

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE

Sonny walks down the long aisle until he reaches the stage. He climbs up on it and looks around for his junkie friends. Their belongings are gone. The couches are gone.

He stares out at the empty seats. His face covered in third degree burns. He slowly lowers himself onto his knees. He continues to look around at the empty theatre. He cries.

EXT. PARK - DAYTIME

Days later...

Melanie sits on a park bench, flipping through the pages of Sonny's copy of *Frankenstein*. Her personal camera (Nikon N65) is slung around her neck. She turns when she feels something on her shoulder. A gloved hand. She follows it up to find it's Sonny.

Sonny wears his bomber jacket like always with gloves and his *Daywalker* cap. He rocks new shoes, but more importantly new sunglasses. He still has light burns on his face. In his free hand he carries a manila folder.

He removes his hand as Melanie stands up from the bench. Sonny looks over her skin, it appears perfect to him. Glowing. Her face is flush with blood. For a moment, he feels drawn to her. Her words snap him out of the daze.

MELANIE

You look good.

SONNY

Healing a little more every day.

MELANIE

I like the new shades. New shoes, too?

SONNY

Yeah, well.. I got blood on the other ones.

Both are silent for a moment. Melanie brings up his book into view.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Hey. I thought those fucking  
assholes stole it. They used to  
like running scenes from it.

MELANIE

(smiles)

I kept it safe for you.

Melanie offers it up.

SONNY

(thinks)

That's okay. I don't need it  
anymore.

Melanie brings the book back down.

MELANIE

You doing ok?

SONNY

(pause)

Yeah, I guess so.

MELANIE

You didn't have to come find me  
during the day. I know that's not  
exactly easy for you.

SONNY

I wanted to see you before I go.

MELANIE

Go where?

SONNY

Somewhere cold, I think.

(beat)

I have a lot of questions I need  
answering.

Melanie nods, knowing what Sonny is referring to. She eyes  
the folder in his hand.

MELANIE

When I left it for you, I knew  
there was a chance you wouldn't go  
back there. That you wouldn't find  
that waiting for you. I'm glad you  
did.

She gives a gentle, but pained smile. The kind that says *I  
hate to see you go.*

SONNY

Me too.

(beat)

Melanie.. I wanted to thank you.

MELANIE

Thank me? If there's anyone who deserves to know the truth it's you.

Melanie shakes her head, her eyes a little wet.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I.. I really fucked up, Sonny. I'm so sorry for what happened to you. I'm sorry for everything. More than you could ever know.. and I realize that doesn't really mean shit. Your da--

Melanie drops her head. Sonny uses his index finger to raise Melanie's chin back up. He wipes away a tear.

SONNY

It's okay. I know who I am.. and I know what I'm not.. Really, I wanted to thank you.. for..

(scratches head)

.. being my friend.

Melanie smiles again, this time bigger. She doesn't say anything. She just stares at Sonny.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(jokes)

You're kind of creeping me out, lady.

Melanie kisses Sonny on the cheek. At first he grins, but his smile slowly spreads.

MELANIE

That's for being my hero. You don't have to thank me for being your friend.

Melanie hugs Sonny. Like the kiss, he doesn't expect it, his arms at first awkwardly at his side. He gets with the program and brings his arms up around Melanie and squeezes. They hug for a few seconds. Melanie's eyes swell up just a little. They break away from their hug and Melanie finds Sonny's eyes, knowing exactly where they are behind his big sunglasses.



MELANIE (CONT'D)

Please take care of yourself,  
Sonny.

SONNY

I always have.

Sonny gives another grin. Melanie chuckles. Sonny's grin fades as he realizes it may be a long time until he sees his friend again.

EXT. TROLLEY - NIGHT

Melanie rides the trolley as if hoping she'll bump into Sonny again. She keeps her camera around her neck and Sonny's copy of *Frankenstein* at her side.

INTERCUT

Sonny sits on a train, his destination unknown. He stares out the window, watching everything pass him by. Snow begins to fall.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Melanie takes pictures with her personal camera. Mostly of people on the street. For a moment she thinks she sees Sonny. She brings her camera down to see some random long haired teen walking past with a group of friends.

INT. CRIME LAB

Melanie develops the pictures she took. She looks up at one already hung up. The original picture she took of Sonny on the trolley. Everything in the picture is clear except for Sonny. He looks like a shadow. Like a ghost hidden in the image.

She looks over at the hanged framed sketch she drew of scary Sonny. She smiles.

INTERCUT

Sonny steps off the train, arriving at his destination. He shivers as he does.

Sonny looks around to find himself in a winter wonderland. Snow everywhere. Snow falling. He opens his mouth and lets a snowflake hit his tongue. He chuckles then jumps around in the snow for a bit.

He throws himself backward into the snow, momentarily doing a snow angel. He stops to look up at the night sky. His eyes find the moon. He stares at it.

SUPER WIDE OF THE MOON

SONNY (V.O.)

*Life, although it may only be an  
accumulation of anguish, is dear to  
me, and I will defend it.*

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER WIDE OF THE SUN RISING

FADE OUT:

END