

FALLING STARS

by

Julie Rogers

Based on the fantasy
Falling Stars
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Looks like the TITANIC cruising at 30 knots.

CLOSE ON BOW

It's the QUEEN MARY.

SUPER: September 1, 1939

INT. QUEEN MARY - THROUGH DOORWAY - FIRST CLASS DINING - NIGHT

DEP. SECURITY OFFICER CARLETON GAYE (37, white), patrols, headed toward the doorway. An all-American, A.J. Squared Away.

A hint of the obscene Cunard luxury he's leaving behind. Floor-to-ceiling columns. A crystal inlaid dome. Behind him, BOB HOPE (36) mans the capacitor, a spoof on *The Big Broadcast of 1938*.

BOB HOPE
(singing)
*Thanks for the memory of faults
that you forgave, of rainbows on a
wave, and stockings in the basin
when a fellow...*

Gaye stops at an empty table by the doorway. Tips his hat to PATRONS at the next table. They're nervous. He sees it in their eyes.

The song kicks up a wave of off-key SCAT SINGING, CHITTER before SHIP SWAY takes the room to a startled silence. Gaye sidesteps, goes on.

BOB HOPE
*...some folks slept on the floor, some in
the corridor, but mine was more exclusive.
My room had Gents above the door...*

CHITTER and LAUGHTER once again.

CLOSE ON TABLE: PLACE CARDS

VISCOUNT CLAUDIUS FALLON OF WALES, VISCOUNTESS AGNETHA FALLON OF WALES. Gaye tucks the cards in his uniform. He's got a ways to go.

INT. TOURIST KITCHEN

Gaye strides chop-chop through the doorway. Dodges COOKS and SERVERS. He catches a SERVICE LIFT with SERVER and a covered tea cart.

GAYE
Going up?

Server lifts the drape, revealing three rows of life jackets.

SERVER
Lifeboat stations, sir.

They ride up one level and Gaye's off again, a sharp left portside.

INT. TOURIST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS - CORRIDOR

Gaye drills past DECK HANDS rigging blackout curtains over windows.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A GERMAN U-BOAT with its snub-nosed bow prowls the ocean depths. Its conning with the Running Red Devil emblem glides past.

INT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

Gaye clips by GENTS HAIRDRESSING, packed with PATRONS. Left at a double stairwell, right into a long corridor. Rounds the bulwark, stops short.

EXT. FEMALE ISOLATION WARD - THROUGH THE DOORWAY

A solid glance tells all: VISCOUNT CLAUDIUS FALLON (7, white), sobs in the folds of his sister's Bonnie Jean frock, arms pinned around her.

VISCOUNTESS AGNETHA FALLON (9, white) has surely met with a fatal slip and fall, the raised bruises as black as her hair braids.

DR. DEWEY LANGSTON (36, white), darts past an ATTENDING NURSE to meet Gaye. He's a tense, wiry Brit with greying ginger buzzed to the scalp.

LANGSTON
Let's chat out here.

Langston steps through the doorway. Gaye follows.

RECESS - ROPE STORAGE

Langston fishes out a pack of cigs.

LANGSTON
Smoke?

He tilts the pack toward Gaye, paperboard quivering. Gaye declines.

GAYE
Obliged.

Langston lights up, leans against the bulkhead. Bridges his forehead.

LANGSTON
Feck me, what a cockup.

GAYE
How's that?

LANGSTON
I bodged it.

Langston glances back toward the ward.

LANGSTON
Poor sod, in there blubbing his eyes out.
I thought I could give him a little more
privacy with her up here.

Checks his watch.

LANGSTON
Dear God, it's been three hours already.
We'll a fair bit of pong in there shortly
if I don't get cracking.

Gaye studies Langston. *He doesn't know yet, does he?*

GAYE
Germany invaded the north coast of Poland.

Langston's eyes widen. Drops his gasper.

LANGSTON
You're fibbing me.

Gaye idly regards the smoldering stub on the hull.

GAYE
Before dawn.

Langston fetches the stub and puts it out.

LANGSTON
Bloody Jerries. Are they close by?

GAYE
We diverted course.

LANGSTON
And where have I been? Well, here, I suppose.

He lights up another.

LANGSTON
Ah, well. We're in a wrench either way.
So here's it. We admitted her viscountess
yesterday at fifteen hundred. Fever,
dyspnea, sick as a parrot. She's been
head down the loo since they boarded.

GAYE
I see.

LANGSTON
Gave her scopolamine, three hours' fluids,
pulled her off at twenty-twenty. Temp
normal, good skin turgor, no ecchymosis.
Not like she's looking now, anyway.

Gaye glances through the doorway at the girl's disfigured face.

GAYE
All right.

LANGSTON
She took a late dinner, and I discharged
her to bedrest in her stateroom.

GAYE
Okay.

LANGSTON
Nurse Eddy, first shift, mentioned she
saw the two of 'em taking a cuppa on the
promenade at oh-nine-hundred. Not a parka
or a cap between 'em, mind you. Legging
it around the sundeck.

GAYE
All's wet with the bed rest.

LANGSTON
Hell's to yes, and then they alert crew she's
feeling a bit ropey, and she goes into cardiac
arrest right then and there.

GAYE
On deck?

LANGSTON
Outer deck, in front of God and the rest.

Langston takes a long drag.

LANGSTON
How did he think they would manage all alone?
No carer, no mum.

GAYE
Cardiff is probably locked down.

LANGSTON
I know, I know. Commander Fallon pigeoned a letter my way too. But I'm telling you mate, I'm bugged. Now I have to ring him up and say what, exactly?

GAYE
You reviewed their medicals?

LANGSTON
That I did. Somewise I didn't sort her out, though. They've both got it, and it's rare. We've no setup to deal with such as that.

Langston groans.

LANGSTON
Gor blimey, what if I lose the lad as well? These are *nobs*, mate. Mark my word, I'll get my cards for this.

THROUGH DOORWAY

Gaye watches Claudius gingerly cup his dead sister's discolored face.

O.C. LANGSTON/TOMMY (PRE-LAP)
Did you get a look at those shiners on her?

INT. U-HAUL MOVING VAN - MOVING - PRESENT DAY

TOMMY LUCAS (9, white) reads aloud to his mom, JUNE LUCAS (35, white). Dark stuff. June, driving, glances down at the tablet as he scrolls.

CLOSE ON GRAPHIC

Philly's Argosy. A cityscape over black with pulp fiction mustard yellows, neon greens, and candy-apple reds. Underneath: "Bad Blood: The Case of Claudius Fallon," by Miles Cochran.

JUNE
Gas, snacks, and drive, or would you like to stop and eat in a restaurant?

Tommy raises his nose in thought.

TOMMY
Gas and snacks. There's two more episodes after this.

June's good for it, however a break from this fare may come.

JUNE
Gas and snacks it is.
(beat)
Gateway Arch on your right. Remember it?

Tommy lowers his clip-on sunglasses and raises a cling shade on his window. The van treks past St. Louis's iconic monument.

TOMMY
(smiling)
Way cool.

JUNE
Would you like to ride to the top sometime?

TOMMY
Did you know it's earthquake proof? It can sway up to eighteen inches in either direction and withstand winds up to one hundred fifty miles an hour.

JUNE
(chuckling)
And that makes me feel so much better somehow.

TOMMY
No biggie. I'm not scared of it.

He flips up his clip-ons, blue eyes sparkling. Flashes an all-canines grin--his, extra long. His black shag shimmers in the sunlight.

JUNE
Better drop that shade again.

He does so, back on his tablet.

TOMMY
What do you think was wrong with her?

Traffic ahead. June signals.

JUNE
Hold that thought--

TOMMY
I think she had the same cancer as me.

JUNE
(back on task)
No, Tommy. You have PNH.

TOMMY
(scrolling)
But--I think I saw something in here about paroxysmal nocturnal hemoglobinuria...

How it rolls off his tongue. June smiles. Her little bookworm.

JUNE
Probably not. Not back then.

June mentally props up to answer some difficult questions.

JUNE
This was nineteen thirty-nine, right?

TOMMY
Yuppers.

JUNE
We've come a long way with treating leukemia since.

Tommy swipes up on his tablet.

TOMMY
What's ecchymosis?

JUNE
Bruising.

TOMMY
The shiners.

JUNE
Yes. One of her symptoms.

TOMMY
Like me.

JUNE
If you miss one of your infusions, yes.

TOMMY
(reading)
Gnarly.

JUNE
Who wrote this?

TOMMY
Some old fart named Miles Cochran.

How rude. June cuts her eyes at Tommy.

JUNE
Tommy.

TOMMY
(showing his tablet)
See?

CLOSE ON HEADSHOT

Cochran's a fifty-something blow-hard with jowls doubled into dewlaps.
Not the loveable Pillsbury Doughboy.

JUNE
(wincing)
Maybe not his best angle.

TOMMY
No-duh.

JUNE
She might've had something called mixed
lineage leukemia. Or Li-Fraumeni
syndrome. Her brother, as well.

TOMMY
What's Li-Fraumeni?

JUNE
A mutation that allows cells to divide
abnormally. It causes a wide range of
cancers. With all kinds of weird stuff.

TOMMY
Like the pissed-mortem bruising?

JUNE
Postmortem. Occurring after death.

Tommy checks his tablet.

TOMMY
Oh, right. The doctor was pissed.

JUNE
He was in a tough spot. The way she died
was--well, *off*.

Tommy breaks into a cloak-and-dagger grin.

TOMMY
Like she really had something else all along?

JUNE
Is this a spoiler alert?

TOMMY
Her illness really came from a family curse.
They were sick vampires. Like me.

JUNE
Tommy. We've been over this before.

Tommy's busy on his tablet again.

TOMMY
I know, I know.

EXT. U-HAUL MOVING VAN - MOVING - DAY

The moving van takes the next access road off I-44. It's a *Venture Across America and Canada Supergraphics* fifteen-footer showcasing the Manson impact crater. Iowa plates.

TOMMY (O.C.)
Chillax on the fangs because they're
not a real-deal thingy, I got it.

A pregnant pause.

INT. U-HAUL MOVING VAN - MOVING - DAY

TOMMY
Want me to read to you some more?

June gooses him. He giggles.

JUNE
I'm really at your mercy, aren't I?

TOMMY
Yep, we're just getting started.

EXT. QUEEN MARY FEMALE ISOLATION WARD - NIGHT

LANGSTON
We need to get her to cold storage until
I can sort this out.

GAYE
What about the boy?

LANGSTON
All yours, Gaye. You got a way with the
ankle-biters.

Not what Gaye wants to take on. Langston takes a long drag on his cig.

LANGSTON
Next pint's on me.

Gaye hesitates before stepping through the doorway.

INT. FEMALE ISOLATION WARD - NIGHT

Claudius looks like he hasn't changed his clothes or combed his curly-wild black hair in days. He wears a sailor shirt and tweed trousers.

CLAUDIUS
 (whispering)
 In manus tuas, Domine...in vita sive mors...

Gaye turns back to Langston.

GAYE
 You get what he's saying?

LANGSTON
 Bits and bobs. My first-year Latin's
 pretty dim. *Super, subter, vomito.*
 Something about her hands, I think.

CLAUDIUS
 (sobbing)
 Oh, Anya...

Gaye steps forward.

GAYE
 Viscount Fallon.

A bit too loud. The attending nurse takes a step back.

Claudius turns, snot and tears dribbling over his lips. His red-rimmed lids and black eyes scream pain.

Gaye takes a knee and removes his hat, gaze on the floor.

GAYE
 Lieutenant Commander Carleton Gaye at
 your service.

Without breaking his stare, Claudius slumps against the berth. His shuddering gasp fogs the air between them. Gaye sees *that*. Gaye collects himself, about to speak--when the boy raises his head and soundlessly chitters like a hungry feral cat.

GAYE
 We--need to move her viscountess. You can
 come with her, by all means.

Not what Langston wanted him to say. Gaye, zeroed in on Claudius, ignores Langston. The boy pulls a note from his britches, holds it out.

GAYE
 For me?

More spellbinding observation. Gaye glances at the envelope. *It's addressed to him somehow.* He breaks the seal.

JULES FALLON (V.O.)
 Dear Officer Gaye...by now you are likely
 midway to the States, and aware that
 Claudius cannot be allowed to return. I
 have taken the liberty of posting a sum
 of seventeen hundred US dollars to your
 father's shoe factory in Hoboken in
 exchange for your help.

(beat)
 Your transport is stowed on F Deck
 Forward, and in it you will find a Fisk
 Case for Agnetha's burial. The lad must
 report to Baker Cure-for-Cancer Hospital
 in Eureka Springs at once. I trust you
 will drive him there. He has further
 instructions for his sister's interment
 Stateside, as she also cannot return to
 Cardiff at this time.

(beat)
 When Claudius grows hungry, he must
 consume blue-rare meat.

Considering his illness, this is best.

(beat)

It seems war is upon us once more. If we survive it, I will send for the lad in due time. Would you so kindly visit him when you are nearby? I fear that he will recover only to live alone in this world. I shall remain forever in your debt.

(beat)

Cordially, Commander Jules Fallon.

Gaye looks up at Claudius, still staring a hole through him.

GAYE

Viscount, I have your father's orders to transport you and your sister to Baker Hospital after we dock. I understand he has made special arrangements for both of you on F Deck Forward.

Langston looks like he's about to shit a brick.

LANGSTON

(muttering to himself)

He better be fecking kidding me--

GAYE

It's my duty to take you to F Deck immediately.

EXT. ARCHWAY QUICK MART - PRESENT DAY

A one-off convenience store with a gaudy neon arch, just off the interstate. The U-Haul rolls up to the gas pump.

INT. ARCHWAY QUICK MART

CHELSEA DUMONT (17, black, hair in cornrows), HUMS and stocks a countertop food warmer. June and Tommy approach the door.

Chelsea takes in the moving van and June's height. The starch-white kid tricked out in a big-bucks, satin-lined vampire cape. Under a Chicago Bulls bomber jacket. *Can't see any eyes behind those Ray-B's, either.*

Mom's nondescript by comparison: slim in her skinny jeans, sweatshirt, and a high, black ponytail. Her eyes are blue.

Both wear N-95's. Chelsea straightens. *Ain't no trouble.*

CHELSEA

(brightly)

Welcome to Archway.

June's eyes crinkle into a smile. Tommy runs straight for the candy counter. Chelsea continues her busywork. June gets fountain sodas. Tommy raids the candy aisle.

CHELSEA

Shopping baskets over there.

The boy turns--only his head. Creepy. Chelsea swallows.

CHELSEA

Right behind you.

Mom (mask down) sips her coffee and glances his way. She's pretty.

JUNE

Looks like you're going to need one.

Tommy's stash of candy is kangarooed in his Bulls jacket. He stares at Chelsea a few seconds longer before crab-walking his way toward the stand. Aimlessly dumps his load into the top basket.

Chelsea snickers and turns aside. *Thank my lucky stars for busywork.* A NOISE. June's already at the counter with coffee and a red cherry ICEE.

CHELSEA
What else can I get for you?

June browses the countertop food warming unit.

JUNE
Is the pizza as good as it looks?

CHELSEA
Why I subscribe to every dieting app there is, yes ma'am.

June chuckles. Chelsea's heavy in the hips but not obese.

JUNE
They've got pepperoni, Tommy. See? It's red.

Odd. Chelsea conceals her nerves with an all-business grin.

CHELSEA
Will that be one, or two?

JUNE
Two, please.

Chelsea ladles the slices into takeout boxes while Tommy wags an overstuffed shopping basket toward the counter. June hoists the loot on the countertop. Chelsea grabs a scanner.

CHELSEA
Let's see.
(beat)
You like your candy, don't you?

TOMMY
I eat only red things.

And Mom lets him get away with that?

CHELSEA
Maybe top this off with a red apple?

Tommy groans.

JUNE
That's a great idea. Where are they?

CHELSEA
Just behind you, on Aisle Two.

Chelsea tries to ignore Tommy's glare while she HUMS, scans, and bags enough Red Food Dye #40 to rot out anybody's tongue.

TOMMY
That's from *Dark Shadows*.

Tommy flips up his clip-ons, blue eyes fixed on Chelsea.

CHELSEA
I take it you'll be back here in January to see Jack Darrow, huh?

TOMMY
He's coming to Fan Expo?

CHELSEA
Got the email this morning. How cool is that?

Tommy thumbs on his smartphone.

TOMMY
January seventh. That's a *Friday*, Mom.

June returns to the counter with two Red Delicious apples.

JUNE
Sure, a Friday could work.

June opens her cell phone wallet, fishes out a credit card, and sticks it in the countertop card reader.

CHELSEA
If I can get the day off, I'm at the live Q & A and Rewatch Party for sure. Everybody says he looks a lot like Frid.

TOMMY
He does.
(thumbing on his phone)
Oh, *man*. He's got a CGC Signature Series.

CHELSEA
Spendy. I got a nine-point-six *Dr. Who* last year.

TOMMY
Sweet--but a *D* or *Blade's* better value. Even a low five on those brings a good collector's price.

Impressive, kid's got some brain. Chelsea slides the sack of goods toward June.

CHELSEA
Now I'm wishing he'd been around last year to keep me from wasting all my money--

TOMMY
I can help you out this year.

Chelsea blinks at him.

CHELSEA
You'd do that?
(to June)
He really seems to know his stuff.

JUNE
A walking microprocessor.

CHELSEA
Well--if it's okay with your mom, you could friend me on Wiz's Facebook page. I'm Chelsea Dumont, by the way.

Tommy doesn't look to June for permission, Chelsea notices.

JUNE
It's fine. June and Tommy Lucas.

Tommy's tiny thumbs hover over his smartphone screen.

CHELSEA
Oh. It's Martha underscore whoosis, lowercase.

TOMMY
(thumbing)
Dr. Who, trippy. Got it.

Chelsea's cell phone PINGS on the counter. Tommy turns away, his vampire cape shimmering under the store's LED tube lights.

CHELSEA
See you online, then.

Chelsea watches the pair leave. June hoists the U-Haul's rear hatch up a couple of feet and stows the mega-bag of candy in the rear.

CHELSEA
So that's how she does it.

INT. FAST HORSES - NIGHT

A swank art gallery off the fray. Racehorse portraiture, exquisite paintings. Beasts real enough to charge off the wall. Bob Hope and Dolly Parton's "SILVER BELLS" PIPES from a Bluetooth speaker on the floor.

CALLAN MASTERS (36, white) locks the door with his cell phone and looks out the window at the Christmas decorations across the street.

A solid stock of sinew and bone like the horses he paints, Callan wears his black hair in a flawless fade. Daily attire is dress pants, a button-down shirt, and cap-toe Oxfords. He flips the shop sign CLOSED and takes a broom to the floor.

INT. FAST HORSES - SUPPLY OFFICE DOORWAY - NIGHT

Lights out. Movement. Callan props the broom against the wall and goes to a wall-mounted biometric reader. It illuminates. He looks into the capture camera, and a door BUZZES open.

Inside, a medical grade fridge HUMS on a shelf. When Callan opens it, luminous blue light floods the room. A Monster rack holds 30 1 mL Luer glass syringes filled with blue goo.

Callan closes the fridge and leans against the door jamb. He remixes the luminous blue liquid using volumetric inversion and pops the top. The room goes dark again.

HALLWAY RACK

Callan reaches for an Inverness coat. His shoulders briefly and abnormally flare. Reposition. He frowns. Adjusts his neck and licks blue goo from his teeth. KILLS the Bluetooth speaker with a remote.

EXT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - EUREKA SPRINGS - NIGHT

The U-Haul lumbers up a steep gravel drive toward a historic home surrounded by an ostentatious prairie garden.

INT. U-HAUL MOVING VAN - PARKED - NIGHT

Tommy's fast asleep under a sherpa blanket. June wakes him.

JUNE
We're here.

EXT. FAST HORSES - ALLEY - NIGHT

Callan steps out the back door with tablet in hand, coat draped over one arm. His nostrils flare. He turns toward the smell.

CALLAN
(muttering)
A sick one.

He lingers a moment before turning and heading the opposite direction.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - NIGHT

The real deal replete with monumental hearths, hardwood floors, and carved crown moldings. All the frills.

WALT (62, white) and LILLY LUCAS (59, white) fawn over Tommy and June with smiles and hugs.

LILLY
Oh dear, what is this you have on?

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Walt helps Tommy out of his coat and cape.

WALT
Have a seat right there, little man.

Tommy, eyes half-mast, sinks into a claw-footed couch. He's unsure about handing off his stuff but too tired to protest.

WALT
I'll just put these over here on this wicker Wakefield, the one nobody can sit in.

EXT. GROTTO WOOD-FIRED GRILL - NIGHT

A nondescript door off the alley. Callan enters.

INT. GROTTO WOOD-FIRED GRILL - NIGHT

A subterranean dining experience with a cave. It's beyond prime time with fewer PATRONS. Callan takes a table by an indoor aquifer.

He parks his tablet on the table as TOBIAS (38, Caddo) stops by with a menu. A gregarious and busy waiter fighting a paunch, Tobias wears a Yakuza bodysuit inked on both arms and shoulders.

TOBIAS
Callan Masters, as I live and breathe.

CALLAN
Tobias.

TOBIAS
It's been two weeks. Were you at the downs?

Callan shakes his head.

CALLAN
Painting Season.

TOBIAS
I see. Menu, or your usual?

CALLAN
Usual is great.

TOBIAS
Sure thing.

Tobias grins and hustles away.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Walt, Lilly, and June sit at a large dining table, an elaborate loose-leaf tea operation. Tommy's fast asleep on the claw-footed couch. Lilly fusses with a sieve and arranges June's cup just so. Walt methodically blows on his tea to avoid drinking it.

LILLY
Cream?

JUNE
No, thanks.

June dutifully sips hers.

JUNE
The moving van arrives tomorrow at nine.

LILLY
Oh. I didn't know that.

JUNE
Now you do.

LILLY
We'll eat early, then.

June glances over at Tommy, fast asleep.

JUNE
I'm afraid Tommy has first dibs on you,
Mom. Trust me, he won't eat anything
tomorrow that he can't carry in one hand.

LILLY
Well, he has to eat.

WALT
Food truck tacos?

Lilly wrinkles her nose. June grins.

JUNE
Loaded with tomatoes. He's into red foods lately.

LILLY
I could make strawberry pancakes--

June places a hand over her mom's.

JUNE
Maybe tomorrow night?

Lilly doesn't try to hide her disappointment.

WALT
We haven't done breakfast at supper in
a while.

He takes an ever so tiny slurp of tea.

INT. GROTTO WOOD-FIRED GRILL - NIGHT

Callan frowns at his tablet. Tobias tops off his Lambrusco and serves him a blue-rare mignon with the fixings.

TOBIAS
Some light reading?

CALLAN
Anything but.
(glaring at the tablet)
An old friend of mine wrote some of it
from his ship logs. Retired Navy.

TOBIAS
Wartime?

CALLAN
World War Two.

TOBIAS
No kiddin'? D-day?

Callan rolls up his sleeves, exposing a blackwork tattoo on his right forearm. Tobias refills his water.

CALLAN
No. Before that. His shithead nephew got involved though, and ruined it.

TOBIAS
I hate it when that happens.

Callan cuts his steak. It bleeds on the plate.

TOBIAS
Did they get it right for you?

CALLAN
It's lovely.
(beat)
Heading out to the in-laws for the holidays?

TOBIAS
Erm--they would be coming here.

CALLAN
That so?

TOBIAS
Yah, wife's making me spaz with the whole white glove thing. Got me running the kids to the mall in Springdale twice a week.

Callan grins, an old joke.

CALLAN
Gee, what am I missing?

TOBIAS
Man--don't you even start.

Tobias scurries away. Callan chews his mignon slowly and continues reading Part II of "Bad Blood: The Case of Claudius Fallon."

INT. QUEEN MARY - TOURIST CLASS - NIGHT

FOUR STEWARDS transport Agnetha's sheeted body on a litter. One flank is bellboy-sized GUNNER (20, white). Claudius walks behind the litter, head down. Gaye follows.

GAYE (V.O.)
The viscount didn't speak to me directly until our arrival at the motorcar hold, F Deck Forward, nearly an hour later. Timing the body's transport was tricky, for we were approaching dinner, and the eye is very smart. No amount of mental rearrangement can arrest a glance of what one supposes one sees.

They make it past the ironing station where THREE STEWARDESSES in winged white caps work at pressing machines.

A stateroom door opens. A MAN and WOMAN hedge in the doorway before SLAMMING the door shut. Gaye grimaces. The procession makes a hard left at the first corridor.

EXT. PORTSIDE SERVICE LIFT - NIGHT

The body transport exits the lift and makes a hard right into long, grey corridor. Six 13-inch exposed pipes snake along the ceiling. A sea of humanity. STEWARDS. PASSENGERS togged to the bricks.

GAYE (V.O.)
 The home stretch from D Deck amidships was a working alleyway called Burma Road, where our chance encounters were more likely stewards, stewardesses, or crew. Or so I'd hoped.

The CROWD parts like high tide. Hats off, heads lowered, kneeling. Gaye glances down at gilded tops of WOMEN'S FASCINATORS they pass. Blinks rapidly, redirects his gaze.

The procession continues through 50 meters of patrons paying their respects to the dead viscountess.

INT. F DECK - NIGHT

Motorcar and cargo hold. Noisy, humid, isolated. The body transport continues between rows of cars toward an Army green WOODIE.

GAYE (V.O.)
 A 1937 Packard Station Wagon waited for us exactly where Fallon said it would be.

Claudius breaks away, goes to the passenger side. Cracks the door, wriggles inside, and retrieves something. Shimmies out. He hands another note to Gaye, goes to the tailgate, flips it down like a pro. Gaye walks around to the Woodie's wayback.

GAYE (V.O.)
 None of us had seen a Fisk mummy before.

In the wayback, carbon metal glistens like some nine days' wonder. A black coffin adorned with angels, thistles, acorns, and a face window.

Gaye glances down at the note, then back at the Woodie.

JULES FALLON (V.O.)
 Claudius will likely insist his sister is not dead, that he must remain with her. Give him immunity to do what he must.

GAYE
 Okay. We need to place the gurney inside, transfer the Fisk to the bilge, and--

GUNNER (O.C.)
 Crikey! 'e bit me!

Gaye turns. Gunner backs away from the tailgate, his right hand coiled unnaturally. Dark liquid drips from his arm.

A SOFT THUD against the Woodie's rear wheelbase.

Gaye's there on the double. Claudius slumps against the tire.

GAYE
 Viscount, are you all right?

Claudius is *panting*--pale gums exposed, canines flecked with blood.

CLAUDIUS
 (whispering)
 So--sorry.

GAYE
 (whispering)
 I know you're hungry.

INT. GROTTO WOOD-FIRED GRILL - NIGHT

Callan continues reading.

CALLAN
(to himself)
That I was.

Tobias stops to trade Callan's empty plate with a bread pudding.

TOBIAS
Tea with?

CALLAN
That'd be lovely.

TOBIAS
Nice tat, by the way.

Tobias goes on, talking over his shoulder.

TOBIAS
I think I deserve another one just like
it somewhere in here given all my holiday
demands, you know. Just sayin'.

Callan smiles, rotates his tattoo toward Tobias, and continues reading.

CALLAN
Never mind the tea, old friend.

INT. F DECK - NIGHT

Claudius prepares a bedroll in the Woodie's wayback alongside the Fisk. Gaye primes two space heaters near the tailgate.

A SERVER arrives with a domed serving plate. Gaye takes it from him and sets it on the tailgate.

GAYE
Viscount, the hold really isn't sufficient to
accommodate you for more than one night.

The boy's nostrils flare. He slides closer to the food.

CLAUDIUS
I can't leave. She could wake up.

He really believes it, doesn't he? Gaye points.

GAYE
There's a house phone in the mail room.

Claudius lays the dome aside, grabs the blue-rare tenderloin with both hands, and tears into it. Blood runs down his arms.

GAYE
You'll--call me should you need
anything else before morning?

Claudius looks up at him, chewing, his face smeared with gore.

CLAUDIUS
I shall.

GAYE
(observing the mess)
Perhaps we can post a steward to watch her
while you shower in your stateroom tomorrow.

INT. F DECK - MAIL ROOM/INFIRMARY - MORNING - INTERCUT

Gaye's on the horn with Langston.

LANGSTON

Lad was a wee bit *peckish*? Gunner drags in looking like he pulled his arm out of a hasher, and I'm thinking, *what's the stupid bloke gone and done now?* And that's it? *Peckish*? You're joking me.

GAYE

How bad?

LANGSTON

Thirteen stitches.

GAYE

How's he taking it?

LANGSTON

I put him on three weeks' light duty, and his grip-up's bodged for two more. How do you think?

GAYE

I'll check on him, then.

LANGSTON

We really can't afford another row about any of this, right? You've got a tight leash on the little nutter?

Gaye glances over at Claudius, perched on the Woodie's tailgate, a Kennedy tackle box next to him. He wears a clean starched shirt and breeches, hair bound into a tidy pigtail. He's sketching his sister, stopping now and then to peer through the face window. He's a southpaw.

Gaye hangs up and starts switching out heaters with fans.

Claudius works with a variety of pin nibs and charcoal. An emboldened style with whorls and loops emerges. He's equally as skillful with his right hand when he switches.

GAYE

You're quite good at that.

CLAUDIUS

I've swot at it a bit.

Gaye glances into the face window, unprepared for the shocker. Agnetha's skin is as smooth and unblemished as the day she was born. Gaye collects himself and continues talking with Claudius.

GAYE (V.O.)

I made a mental note to ask Langston about that too, and managed to talk the boy into a stroll that night.

EXT. QUEEN MARY - CRUISING - OUTER DECK - NIGHT

Gaye and Claudius walk the deck. They stop and look at the horizon.

GAYE

Is there nothing more we can offer you besides blue steak?

CLAUDIUS

Aye, it is best. It is more...human.

(beat)
Our blood is bad. She and I, we are cursed.

GAYE

A mutation, perhaps?

CLAUDIUS
We crossed bloodlines against God's will.

Elbows on the taffrail, he continues talking while Gaye listens.

GAYE (V.O.)
He explained that his father had roots in Ireland and an ancestry of vampires. His mother, Baroness Claudella Scurlock, was a druid out of Milford Haven. He and his sister were hybrids, and they were dying.

Gaye is flabbergasted.

GAYE
You're not joshing me, are you?

CLAUDIUS
Nay. Father foraged for us. He brought home horses' blood in flasks from Brecon Beacons--

GAYE
Hold on. How did you say he does this?

CLAUDIUS
He mesmerizes them first, then nips them on the hocks and draws some off with a hose.

Claudius continues talking while Gaye listens.

GAYE (V.O.)
Fallon? A vampire? As war loomed in Europe, the boy explained, Fallon sent out his bailiffs to capture wild Welsh ponies and began stocking his farm with them.

GAYE
You never learned to forage for yourself?

CLAUDIUS
We didn't need to.

GAYE
Why did you bite Gunner?

CLAUDIUS
He annoyed me.

INT. GROTTO WOOD-FIRED GRILL - NIGHT

Callan stares grimly at his tablet. Tobias plants the check and a to-go bag on his table.

TOBIAS
Here's some extra, courtesy the chef. He says your pants are looking loose again. Funny, he never tells me that.

Callan sips the remainder of his Lambrusco. Tobias clears the table.

CALLAN
Thank him for me.

TOBIAS
I--forgot your tea.

CALLAN
No harm done.

TOBIAS
Jeez. I'm getting old, man.

CALLAN
I don't think that's it, really.
(beat)
Do you suppose the chef might prepare flan
sometime?

TOBIAS
For you, sure thing.
(onto the next task)
I'll ask.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Late-night tea is done. Walt straightens the chairs around the table. Lilly takes the tea tray into the kitchen. June pulls an old quilt from a hall closet and covers Tommy. Removes his shoes, gathers his regalia.

It's as good a place to sleep as any, even if Lilly didn't plan for it. June raises a finger to her lips as Lilly approaches.

INT. GROTTO WOOD-FIRED GRILL - NIGHT

Tobias gives a thumbs up from the kitchen pass as Callan takes the stairs toward Main Street. Callan nods goodbye.

TOBIAS
(prepping utensils, to CHEF)
He really needs a woman. I've tried
fixing him up, but he--
(beat)
Oh, and he wanted me to ask you...

Tobias falters. For the life of him, he can't remember.

EXT. GROTTO WOOD-FIRED GRILL - NIGHT

Callan window-shops on Main. Quaint one-off shops, a step back in time. Romanesque, Victorian, and Gothic buildings tumble into downtown.

EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Built into the bedrock of nearby Miles Mountain. BARFLIES on last call on a balcony. A LIVE BAND strikes up "Electric Avenue."

EXT. MAIN STREET EUREKA - NIGHT

Callan turns from a window display. Listens. Coat over one arm and doggie bag on the other, he begins a set of full-straddle, syncopated catch steps and paso dobles in the street. The naughty Samba, smooth drops and turns. A few sharp spot Voltas traveling diagonally across the street. Precise Latin cross steps, knees tightly connected.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Getting around the creaks is a twitchy ordeal. With Tommy's regalia in tow, June handles the U-shaped staircase and its wooden risers with the same falter-funk slither she's used since high school.

EXT. MAIN STREET EUREKA - NIGHT

Callan has it all: smooth strides on one level and a solid, tight base. Sharp, quick feet. Full hip rotation and rib cage projection. Fluid shoulder weave. Precise syncopation.

EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Callan's captured the attention of the balcony party.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

June makes it to the top landing when the floorboards GROAN. Freezes. Listens. Tommy SNORES below.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy's eyes flutter. He flips over on the coach, asleep.

EXT. MAIN STREET EUREKA - NIGHT

WHISTLES from the tavern balcony. Callan turns, walking backward, arms outstretched, his tattoo aimed at his audience.

CALLAN
It slips from the mind, heart, and soul.
All of this, hold loosely. What you now
see, you release. So mote it be.

EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Something odd afoot. Zombie stares from the bar crowd for two clicks before everyone takes out their cell phones and checks them.

EXT. MAIN STREET EUREKA - NIGHT

Callan fades into the darkness.

EXT. WOODED RIDGE - NIGHT

Just off dimly lit Crescent Drive, a kerosene camping lamp swings freely as a FIGURE scales the ridge.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

A single jail gate with a deadbolt. Hands pop the lock.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

An abandoned quarantine jail dynamited into existence before 1900.

By the lantern, it's Callan. He sheds his coat and hangs it on a railroad spike in the dolomite wall.

The rearmost jail cell is set up to paint using a 1946 three-legged stool with a tractor seat. A filigreed metal easel. Two racks of custom metal storage cases line the walls.

Callan opens a metal case and pulls out a roughed-in stretched canvas. Unlocks his tackle box.

TIME CUT

Callan's busy painting, tablet and Wi-Fi hotspot nearby. Bob Hope's "Thanks for the Memory" STREAMS from the tablet.

Behind him, on the other side of the bars--stands Agnetha (9), unblemished, wearing the same Bonnie Jean frock she died in.

AGNETHA
Did you bring my da-da?

CALLAN
On top of the case.

Agnetha happily floats through the bars to a storage case where a chocolate-covered cherry truffle minted with a red "C" sits. She can't eat it, but *the smell!* Olfactory heaven. She watches Callan paint.

AGNETHA
You're tense tonight.

Callan switches the paintbrush to his right hand.

CALLAN
I may have a problem, yes.

AGNETHA
That? Did someone unfriend you in there?

Callan smiles.

CALLAN
You're catching on.

Agnetha drifts around the canvas, over and under like the child she is.

CALLAN
What they're writing in there could
expose me, Anya.

Agnetha pops through the canvas, nose-to-nose with Callan.

AGNETHA
What does it say?

CALLAN
So far, it tells about my arrival here.

Agnetha peers intently into Callan's tablet. There's no reflection.

CALLAN
In nineteen thirty-nine.

AGNETHA
So? It is thirty-nine.

Callan continues to paint.

CALLAN
We're a little past that, remember?

Agnetha continues her level best to figure out Callan's tablet.

CALLAN
If anyone finds out the truth about me, I
could lose my shop, my home--

AGNETHA
O, duw duw! You just make them all forget,
brother.

CALLAN
That only goes so far. They could still
come after me, take me away, study me...

His core fear. His hand twitches and he drops his paint brush.

CALLAN
Shit.

Callan stands. Agnetha drifts closer and looks up at him.

AGNETHA
You could come live here with me?

Callan smiles bitterly.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - JUNE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Under a heaped duvet, June awakens to two wide blue eyes.

TOMMY
Where's my cape?

June's barely awake.

JUNE
On the chiffonier...

TOMMY
The what?

JUNE
The dresser. Right over there.

Tommy straightens.

TOMMY
You smell like old flowers.

June chuckles. Tommy's perched on the top step of a chamber stool; the Gettysburg's just *that* high. June reaches for him.

JUNE
Careful stepping down, okay?

TOMMY
I got it, I got it.

He hangs onto her hand briefly, jumps to the floor, and darts across the room. June yawns and raises a finger--

TOMMY
I know, I know.
(cramming into his sneakers)
Teeth, face, hands, armpits. I got it, Mom.

June smiles.

JUNE
I'll get you a clean T-shirt.

June checks the weather on her cell, creeps down the chamber stool, and opens a suitcase. MUSICAL TOOTHBRUSH THEME "Drac's Got Plaque" plays.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - BATHROOM

June tosses a Chicago Bulls Space Jam T-Shirt on the counter, a razor-back T for herself. She leans against the doorjamb.

TOMMY
(still brushing with MUSIC)
I'm going with Grandpa to get
breakfast tacos.

His grin oozes blue toothpaste. June chuckles.

JUNE
Better rinse that again.

He sticks his face under the tap.

EXT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - MORNING

Stately white, on Historic Loop 62-B. A wraparound porch. A turret.

June directs the U-Haul from the curb. It backs in fits and starts across the yard--and uncomfortably close to the porch. Big gestures.

JUNE
Kill it!

The truck heaves to a stop. June hesitates before unlatching the roll-up door and hoisting it upward. The driver's door opens. Walt climbs out.

Lilly scowls from her vantage point on the porch. FOUR MOVERS trailing after her stop to observe.

Chocked between boxes and piles of packing blankets in the center of the van is a standard adult metal casket.

WALT
(looking inside)
What's this?

JUNE
That is where Tommy has Zoomed with you
and Mom for the past two years.

Tommy bounds across the front porch. No cape today, but he folds down his clip-ons. The sun's just that bright.

TOMMY
My room's dope!

JUNE
(to movers)
I need all of you over here.

TOMMY
Tell them it's fragile.

JUNE
This piece has some sensitive technology.
No hand trucks. You'll need to carry this
inside the conventional way.
(to Walt)
Let's lower the ramps, okay Dad?

EXT. PURPLE PASSION B&B - MORNING

A four-bedroom, electric lavender Victorian across the street. Three hooded hair drying stations sit on the porch.

INT. PURPLE PASSION B&B - DAWN'S HAIR GLAM - MORNING

A single room dedicated to a hair salon.

MOLLY WENNER (11, white), a blend-in kid with a mousy face and brown hair, sits on the windowsill. She watches the activity at 22 Fairmount. Next to her, a cell phone call is on hold with FIDDLE MUZAK.

DAWN WENNER (35, white), a buxom blonde in a salon apron, kvetches over a crapped-out hot water heater. She's armed with a crescent wrench.

MOLLY
Er, Mom? What kind of doctor did you
say it was?

The cell phone CRACKLES. Dawn frowns at it. More MUZAK.

DAWN
I'm sorry, what?

Dawn grabs a broom and starts sweeping.

MOLLY
The people moving in next door.

DAWN
Oh. Pearl didn't say. She didn't know
much at all, really.

Dawn straightens, looking for something.

MOLLY
 (still looking outside)
 It's over by the nail station.

Dawn spies the dust pan.

DAWN
 Of course.

Dawn walks across the room to retrieve the dust pan.

MOLLY
 I think it's an undertaker.

DAWN
 Get outta here.

MOLLY
 I'm serious. I just saw them take a coffin inside.

Dawn joins her at the window.

DAWN
 For real?

MOLLY
 Uh-huh.

DAWN
 I do wish Pearl had known more.
 (snatches up cell phone)
 I'll text Katie. She'll find out.

Dawn glares at her phone, the logistics defying her.

DAWN
 (muttering)
 Damn plumber. Where is he?

MOLLY
 I got it.

Dawn surrenders the phone to Molly and stares out the window.

DAWN
 Maybe while you're on there, Google how much morticians make?

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - FRONT TURRET (LATER)

Tommy's Rube Goldberg device is a half-couch, tungsten steel casket with a split lid for funeral viewing. A high-gloss, factory-painted image of the Andromeda and Milky Way galaxies merging on the sides. The casket sits on a movable bier, scaffolding that allows it to pitch, sway, and heave. A full 4DX cinematic experience.

It's also smack in the middle of the room. Walt, standing beside Tommy, takes it all in.

WALT
 Are we going for the Capitol Rotunda here, little man?

TOMMY
 Right there in the center, yes.

Lilly shakes her head.

LILLY
 (aside to June)
 Not the place for his room or that, dear.

JUNE
All we need to do is close those beautiful
French doors when we have company.

Walt inspects the room outlets along the walls.

WALT
I guess we can run a power source--

TOMMY
Nope, look here, Grandpa.

Tommy taps a floor plug underneath the casket with his toe. Walt squats by the outlet.

WALT
How many amps you need?

TOMMY
Thirty, I think.

WALT
Yeppers. We're going to need a new floor box.

INT. TWO DUMB DAMES CHOCOLATE SHOP - DAY

June pays at the counter and hands Tommy a paper bag. He plucks out a chocolate-covered cherry truffle (like the one in Callan's cave) and pops it into his mouth.

Walt and Lilly are knee-deep in animated conversation with a COUPLE in the store, old friends.

Tommy--*he's outta here*--heads for the red double doors. June squeezes past the neighborly conversation after him.

JUNE
Wait up, Tommy.
(to Walt)
We'll be outside.

WALT
Good enough. We need to get over to the hardware store by three, though.

June checks her watch.

JUNE
Okay.

LILLY
(aside to the couple)
He's a regular handful these days.

EXT. BASIN PARK HOTEL - DAY

Tommy, clip-ons up, studies FLATIRON FLATS across the street.

TOMMY
That one's *lit*.

JUNE
Let's wait up for Mom and Dad, alright?

June can just make out her parents among window shoppers along the stretch toward BASIN PARK.

TOMMY
We need to go that way.

Clip-ons down, he steps out into the street. June lunges for his hand. Tommy leads the charge past quirky, one-off shops dedicated to kites, kaleidoscopes, coffee, tinctures, handcrafted furniture, and yard art.

He's homing toward something else. June follows. Tommy pauses at an alley staircase, two flights of weathered cedar going down to Center Street. He hops from one foot to the next. June catches up, Walt and Lilly a few yards behind.

WALT
Where we headed, June bug?

JUNE
Just one more stop, I think.

Tommy takes off down the stairs.

EXT. FAST HORSES - DAY

An art gallery near a couple of defunct sawmills off the beaten path. Tommy heads straight for the entrance.

JUNE
(to Walt and Lilly)
What's this?

LILLY
That's Callan Masters's art gallery.

JUNE
Tommy, stop right there.

He does. June walks over to him. He's sucking wind.

JUNE
Slow down, catch your breath, and
give me the candy.

Tommy groans but does as told. June pulls a bottle of hand-sanitizer from her wristlet.

JUNE
Hands out, palms up.
(sprays his hands)
Two minutes, no touchy.

He stumps off. Yes, he's worn himself out just getting there.

JUNE
How long has this been here?

WALT
Well, ah--

LILLY
Five or six years, I think.

WALT
Lilly wants a *Knicks Go*.

LILLY
He won the Pegasus World Cup.

Walt rubs his thumb and fingers together. *Spenny*. June laughs.

JUNE
The print, or the real deal?

LILLY
Why, I have the perfect place for either one.

Walt mutters something inaudible. June follows Tommy inside.

INT. FAST HORSES - DAY

Callan is in the middle of a lively discussion with two CUSTOMERS by a *Zippy Chippy* painting at one end of his studio.

CALLAN
The infamous *Zippy Chippy*. New York bred
with a record number of one hundred losses.

They laugh. Callan's nostrils flare. He leans out to watch the boy in horn-rimmed glasses and a Chicago Bull's T trotting across his studio...

CUSTOMER ONE
I heard his owner traded a pickup
to buy him.

CALLAN
That's right.

...and the boy's mom on his heels, well-cut shoulders enhanced by a racer-back tank. Legs going on forever in skinny jeans. He's hooked.

CUSTOMER TWO
Did you say he was banned from
every racetrack in North America?

Now he really doesn't want to go back to the conversation--

CALLAN
All except Northampton Fair, yes.

The boy fidgets but keeps a respectful distance from the merchandise. His mom leans in and speaks gently to him.

CUSTOMER ONE
Because of his losses?

The boy turns and pops up his clip-ons, ice-blue eyes trained on Callan. Callan ducks back inside the huddle.

CALLAN
Ah--no. He had a bad habit of biting.

Callan wants to see more of her, but all too soon she takes the boy's hand and they walk out.

EXT. FAST HORSES - DAY

Tommy drops June's hand and runs ahead to catch up with Walt and Lilly. June glances over her shoulder. *Wow, was that him? Masters isn't some back-of-the-hillsides yahoo at all.*

INT. SERIES II LAND ROVER - MOVING - DAY

Walt wheels his antiquated SUV next to an AUDI E-TRON parked in the drive at 22 Fairmount. The SUV alights with one last lurch.

WALT
Looks like your hoss made it okay,
June bug.

June smiles from the jump seat. Tommy's fast asleep in her lap. Lilly, one hand braced on the dash, looks over the seat at Tommy.

LILLY
Bless his little heart. He wore
himself out already today, didn't he?

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - FRONT TURRET (LATER)

Tommy's casket goes full tilt, bank, and whirl as June and Lilly enter his room. Walt stands a few feet away, watching.

WALT
Something, ain't it?

LILLY
It does all that?

WALT
(rapping the lid with his knuckles)
My turn, buddy.

LILLY
Oh, Walt.

WALT
Huh? I can fit in there.

As the casket levels out, the DOORBELL RINGS.

JUNE
So that's how it sounds.

LILLY
I'll get that.

Lilly yanks one of the double doors closed with an all-hands-on-deck directive for June to get the other one.

WALT
Go on, see what they're selling. We're hotter than a TSA checkpoint in here.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Lilly peers around the casing and through the stained glass panel. She opens the door with a flourish.

LILLY
Dawn, hello! What a nice surprise!

Dawn Wenner stands on the porch in her salon apron beside Molly, who's embracing the warmer weather in shorts and a T-shirt. Molly bears a wicker basket covered in red gingham.

DAWN
Lilly?
(hugging her wildly)
Well of course it's you!
(eyeing her hands)
We haven't seen those in a while.

LILLY
Oh, fall gardening, you know. My nails are a mess. I'll be in soon, I promise.

DAWN
You better, hon. We can't have you going around town looking like that.

LILLY
(to June)
You remember Dawn, don't you dear? I think you two were in the same class.
(to Dawn)
My daughter, June?

A faint spark of recognition from Dawn with far less warmth.

DAWN
Oh, sure! You went off to--

LILLY
Medical School.

JUNE
Chicago.

MOLLY
You're the doctor?

LILLY
(proudly)
She is. An oncologist.

Molly takes out her cell phone.

MOLLY
Could you say that again?

DAWN
Sweetheart, wherever did those
manners of yours go?

MOLLY
But I thought you want me to--

DAWN
(firmly)
Molly.

LILLY
It means she helps people who have
cancer, honey.

DAWN
(to June)
Well, you're just as slim and
gorgeous as ever!

Dawn smiles daggers. June's concocting a civil reply when Tommy opens one of the doors and pokes out his head.

Molly's on it quick as a cat's sneeze, craning to see around him. Lilly's eyes flash an all-points bulletin to June.

LILLY
We're still a bit of a mess in here, I'm
afraid, or we'd invite you inside.
(to June)
I don't suppose Walt needs any help?

TOMMY
Nope.

JUNE
I'll check.
(beat)
Nice to see you again, Dawn, and to
meet you, Molly.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - FRONT TURRET - DAY

The casket goes full-tilt. June shuts the doors behind her.

TOMMY
Who's that?

JUNE
The neighbors. Maybe go out there in a
minute and say hi?

TOMMY
Not today. I need to monitor him.

The casket levels out, and the split lid opens a crack.

WALT (O.C.)
Man, this is awesome.

The lid drops again for all systems go. June overhears the conversation at the front door.

LILLY (O.C.)
Tommy's about your age, I think.

MOLLY (O.C.)
I'm eleven.

LILLY (O.C.)
Well, Tommy just turned nine. June adopted him as a baby, and unfortunately, he developed cancer a couple years ago.

Oversharing, anyone? June white-knuckles the door handle.

DAWN (O.C.)
My stars, Lilly! That's awful. I'm so sorry.

LILLY (O.C.)
Yes, yes. We take it one day at a time.

JUNE
(to Tommy)
Will you keep these doors shut a couple more minutes, please?

TOMMY
Is that your idea, or Grandma's?

June gives him a don't-mess-with-me look.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

June crosses the foyer as the conversation continues.

LILLY
June believes he'll improve in a warmer climate and--with our help, of course.

DAWN
Does Tommy attend school?

LILLY
St. Elizabeth's, when he feels up to it.

DAWN
Why, that's right around the corner. Molly catches the school bus downtown. She'd be happy to walk with him, won't you, sugar?

Molly suppresses a full-on glower.

LILLY
Oh, I imagine Walt will drive him most of the time since June will be commuting to her clinic in Rogers--

JUNE
You know, weather permitting, I think Tommy would enjoy walking to school with Molly now and then.

LILLY
Honey, are you sure about that?

JUNE
I don't see why not.

DAWN
Well, then. It's a date!
(through her teeth to Molly)
Give them the muffins, dear.
(nodding toward the B&B yard sign)
Feel free to text me at the number
anytime, June.

EXT. PURPLE PASSION B&B - STOOP - DAY

Molly's pissed, but Dawn has passed that mark already.

MOLLY
Mom.

DAWN
Oh, don't you *Mom* me. Sometimes, Molly,
you really don't know when to shut it.

MOLLY
But you said--

DAWN
No. No ma'am. I said...well, good night,
the stuff that goes on between these
walls stays between these walls.

Molly fishes out her cell phone and thumbs the screen.

MOLLY
Well, in case you wanted to know, the stuff
going on between those walls comes with
four hundred big ones a year.

DAWN
You're serious?

MOLLY
You could change your sexual orientation and
give it a go if you want. I don't mind.

Yep, that pissed her off for real.

DAWN
Molly Marie. How can you even think
that way?

Dawn's most disapproving look.

MOLLY
Just sayin'.

DAWN
News flash, young lady. Your mother is
eternally straight, even if the majority
of men are assholes.
(turns to go inside)
And you didn't hear me say that last
word, either.

INT. TOMMY'S CASKET - MOVING - NIGHT

UNDEAD LUCAS (Tommy) flies a big-ass FRIGATE in a dogfight inside the
asteroid belt Kuiper, MARTHA_WHOOSIS circling him in an INTERCEPTOR.

EXT. TOMMY'S CASKET - MOVING - NIGHT

Pitch dark except for a thin beam from a Tiffany floor lamp. Sheets
over the windows. The casket pitches and rolls.

INT. TOMMY'S CASKET - MOVING - INTERCUT

Shrapnel fills the screen. Incoming ZOOM pops up in a sidebar.

TOMMY
Shit.

INT. DUMONT HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Chelsea, wearing an oat mask and earbuds, plays on a large TV screen. Someone HAILS her from another room. She pulls out one of her earbuds.

CHELSEA
Hey, Undead. I gotta help with the turkey in a sec.

INT. CASKET - PARKED - NIGHT

Tommy's frigate hovers in space for a moment.

TOMMY
Damn. Okay.

He joins the ZOOM call and squints at her.

TOMMY
What's that on your face?

CHELSEA
Colloidal oatmeal.

TOMMY
Not your best look.

CHELSEA
(chuckles)
How's the new digs?

TOMMY
Killer. I'll send you a video of my room. It's all old and creepy like Collinsport.

CHELSEA
Moved in already, huh?

TOMMY
Yeah, take a look at this.

Tommy shares a video, a CGI holographic collation and teaser for Fan Expo. Actor Jonathan Frid (holograph) is in interactive live chat with Jack Darrow, *Dark Shadows'* new lead as Barnabas Collins (TV remake).

ON SCREEN

FRID
I thought the bite as directed was terribly exaggerated, you know. There was even time in there to call the police and arrest me.

DARROW
(laughs)
Right there with you, mate. Gauche.
(quickly bares fangs)
Not anymore, though.

CHELSEA
See, I told you.

TOMMY
Yup. You still gonna meet us there?

CHELSEA
 Oh, yeah. I'm *in*.
 (beat)
 Hey, I'm reading that story you
 told me about.

TOMMY
 Yeah?

CHELSEA
 Yuh-huh, it's creepy as hell. Are
 all those places real?

TOMMY
 Yuppers.

CHELSEA
 Holy Mother.
 (looking on her phone)
 I see *Philly's* will be at Fan Expo too.

TOMMY
 Really?

CHELSEA
 (showing phone)
 Right there. Q&A panel. Miles Cochran.

TOMMY
Flippin' yeah?

CHELSEA
 You can ask him anything you want.

O.C. Someone HAILS Chelsea again.

CHELSEA
 Gotta go, Undead.

TOMMY
 Out, then.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

June's work station is a triple-bay black desk outfitted with multiple USB ports and gadgets. A virtual keyboard projects onto three monitors: one for EHR, one for labs, one for emails.

She shuttles between them using a lab stool. Signs out of two, moving to her emails. A search brings up the *LA Times*.

The headline: "Knicks Go extends winning streak with victory in Pegasus World Cup." She studies a photo of Knicks Go with jockey Joël Rosario.

JUNE
 So he *did* win it.

She studies the photo of Knicks Go a moment longer before opening a new tab to Part II of "Bad Blood: The Case of Claudius Fallon."

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - MORNING

June, dressed for work in turquoise scrubs and her hair in a high ponytail, KNOCKS on Tommy's door.

JUNE
 Tommy? You ready?

She zips up a Baggie filled with medicine bottles and pulls out her cell phone. The door cracks open, and June does the rest.

Tommy, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, wags a duffle bag stuffed with electronics toward the door.

JUNE
(texting on cell phone)
Temps dropped. You'll need your jacket.

June crosses the foyer and opens the front door as Walt's Land Rover lurches to a stop in the drive. She waves.

Tommy drags the duffle bag across the foyer and shrugs on his bomber jacket. June finishes her text and glances down.

JUNE
Are you sure you need all this?

TOMMY
I'm there all day, aren't I?

June squats.

JUNE
Yes.
(holding up baggie)
I texted Mom with instructions, but you know the drill. Folate and prednisone again at dinner.

Tommy takes the Baggie and tosses it in the duffle bag.

TOMMY
Roger dodger.

JUNE
Don't forget. Those will keep you on track until your next infusion in December, okay?

Tommy sighs. *How well does he know it.* June gives him an acceptable side hug and zips up the duffle.

JUNE
Let me help you with that.

EXT. SERIES II LAND ROVER - MOVING - MORNING

Yo-yoing down Kingshighway.

INT. SERIES II LAND ROVER - MOVING - MORNING

Walt wheels the SUV into a California stop, then yaws right by the Crescent Hotel, down Prospect. Tommy leans out the window and looks at the sky through his clip-ons. Ducks back inside.

TOMMY
Can we pull over?

EXT. SERIES II LAND ROVER - MOVING - MORNING

Wheels into St. Elizabeth of Hungary's parking lot and stops.

INT. SERIES II LAND ROVER - PARKED - MORNING

Walt KILLS the engine. From this vantage point they can see the historic church's rotunda and the Stations of the Cross. Construction nearby: the priest's carport is newly enclosed.

WALT
Looks like they got your schoolhouse done.

TOMMY
(confused)
But the website shows pink ceilings, marble floors, red candles, and a ginormous chandelier.

WALT
(pointing)
In that rotunda, right over there.

Walt hugs the steering wheel and looks around.

WALT
There's a magic here you won't find many other places, Tommy. Do you understand?

Tommy looks down. He could use some magic about now.

WALT
If you respect these things, this will be a peaceful place.
(making a fist)
Knuckle bump?

Tommy grins and leans across the console for a solid one--and spies a chrome-plated Goddess of Speed hood ornament. There's a green 1937 Packard Six in the parking lot next to them, *just two cars away*.

TOMMY
How long has that been here?

He's out of the SUV in a flash.

EXT. SERIES II LAND ROVER - PARKED - MORNING

Tommy's several yards away before Walt unhinges himself.

WALT
Hold up there, Tommy.

EXT. WOODIE - PARKED - MORNING

Tommy walks around the wagon in awe. Army green. *Check*. Wood-grain dash. *Check*. He stands on tip-toe and peers inside.

TOMMY
It's a thirty-seven, isn't it?

WALT
Correctomundo, little man. I didn't know you were into gears.

TOMMY
This one, yeah. It's not a kit, is it?

WALT
Nope. This is the real done-deal. A one fifteen C.

TOMMY
Have you seen it around here before?

WALT
I...have. But I don't recall who owns it at the moment.

TOMMY
Somebody does. Somebody who lives around here, right?

WALT
 I would think so.
 (beat)
 You know, Lilly's cooking you some red
 pancakes. We probably ought to head on over.

Tommy scans the parking lot. *It's Fallon's and he knows it.*

EXT. FAST HORSES - EVENING

Callan hangs the last of four oversized Christmas ornaments in front of his shop. The wind kicks up, batting them about. He climbs down and lugs the step ladder back inside.

INT. FAST HORSES - EVENING

He flips the shop sign CLOSED and glances up at the track lights. *Off again.* He sets up the ladder and climbs up. The door sensor CHIMES open. Callan sighs. It's past dinner, and these lights are really pissing him off. He doesn't look to see who's there.

CALLAN
 Welcome in. Feel free to look around.
 I'll be done here in a minute.

A CELL PHONE RINGTONE, not his. He keeps working.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
 Hi, there. Doctor Lucas.

Callan turns a tick too suddenly, and the ladder twitches. He rights it using a flamenco stomp, but *she's there sure enough* in two quick strides. A firm grip on the ladder's side rail.

JUNE
 (big blue eyes on him)
 I got you.
 (on her cell)
 He has a PICC line? Okay. Let's stay with
 IV Raltitrexed, take it down to two-point-
 four mL on this cycle.

Perky banter on the other end. Callan's lost in admiration.

JUNE
 (on her cell)
 Yes, fifteen minutes. Thank you.
 (to Callan)
 Hi, I'm June. I know it's late--um, I didn't
 see the sign posted that you were closed until
 after I came in. I-I'd like to see *Knicks Go*,
 I'm thinking a Christmas gift for my mother?

CALLAN
 Surely.
 (he points)
Knicks is right over there.

He watches her walk across the studio. Scrubs, duffle coat, ponytail.

CALLAN
 Yes, there. Third from the end.
 (stepping off ladder)
 I'll put this up, back in a minute.

INT. SUPPLY OFFICE - EVENING

He props the ladder against the wall. Takes a breath. As he walks back out into the studio, he rolls up his sleeves.

June's admiring the painting.

JUNE
This is lovely. You're a lefty.

CALLAN
(impressed)
Yes, I am.

JUNE
How much?

CALLAN
This one's twelve-five.

A flicker of disappointment in those blues.

CALLAN
I have a new *Knicks* off site, slightly smaller but equally nice, for ten.

JUNE
I'd like to see it.

His stomach growls.

JUNE
Hungry?

CALLAN
You?

JUNE
Starved.

CALLAN
Would you--?

JUNE
I-I can't tonight. My parents have had my son since breakfast, and I need to go rescue them.

Callan grins. *Imagine that.* She pulls out a business card.

JUNE
I'm on call this weekend. Free next Friday, though.

CALLAN
Next Friday it is, then. Pick you up?

JUNE
Let's meet here and walk. You can text me when you're ready.

CALLAN
Fair enough.
(tucks card in his shirt pocket)
I'll have the painting here for you.

JUNE
May I look at that?

His tattoo. June pops out a pair of red reading glasses and takes his right forearm in both hands to study it.

JUNE
Did you design this?

CALLAN
I did.

JUNE
I'm normally not a fan, and I usually
advise patients to remove them, but this
one's really nice.
(takes off cheaters)
So--next Friday?

CALLAN
Until then.

JUNE
It'll be nice to hang with someone
my own age for a change, you know?

Callan locks the door behind June and watches her walk toward her car.
Switches off the lights, stands in darkness.

CALLAN
Dammit.

EXT. QUEEN MARY - DOCKED - HUDSON PIER 90 - DAY

Tickertape, a big Welcome Home. Heavy pedestrian and MOTOR traffic.

INT. WOODIE - MOVING - DAY

Gaye, still in uniform, steers the car through SHORESIDE HOOPLA.
Claudius watches quietly from the passenger's side.

GAYE (V.O.)
I felt for the lad even more then, with
no one to greet him.

EXT. WOODIE - MOVING - DAY

Turns on Canal Street toward Holland Tunnel.

EXT. HOLLAND TUNNEL - DAY

The Woodie picks up speed as it starts through the tunnel.

INT. WOODIE - MOVING THROUGH TUNNEL - DAY

Claudius turns in the seat to follow gleaming tiles as they clip by.
Gaye tunes the RADIO to WMCA 570 AM, Hoboken's Knickerbocker
Broadcasting. They continue onto Jersey City's 12th Street.

RADIO AD
Now playing, *The Wizard of Oz* comes to
the screen in a magnificent presentation
of Technicolor, songs and dances, camera
wizardry, and spectacle.

GAYE
I hear it's a good picture show.

RADIO AD
A whiz of a wiz he is, and yet
with all his magic,

CLAUDIUS
Fancy I'll see it, yes.

RADIO AD
Even old Oz himself couldn't work
the wonders of this season's
rainbow lollipop of entertainment--

EXT. WOODIE - MOVING - DAY

The wagon continues down US Route 1. In the rear window is the dark
outline of the Fisk coffin.

GAYE (V.O.)
 I could not help but think that
 should he survive, I hoped perhaps
 he would see it one day.

RADIO AD
 (fading out)
 A super-super that's worth every
 penny. You'd have to be pretty old
 and crotchety not to like it...

BEGIN MONTAGE

SEIP CAFE, upscale Manhattan-style dining. Waitstaff in tux aprons. Claudius dives into a blue-rare steak with his bare hands, earning whispers and stares from UPPER CRUST PATRONS.

GAYE
 (sliding over the plate)
 Let me cut that for you, Viscount.

A vicious glance from Claudius.

Gaye and Claudius walk out of Seip Cafe toward the parked Woodie.

CLAUDIUS
 I can drive her if you like.

Claudius gets a bolster. Gaye slides the bench seat forward.

Route 22, a two-laner winding through the Appalachians. The Woodie's headlamp beams bounce in the darkness as they go.

GAYE (V.O.)
 To pass the time and to calm my own
 nerves, I told the viscount about
 exhibits I'd seen while on furlough at
 the New York World's Fair, including
 Electro the Westinghouse Moto-Man.

Gaye mimics Moto-Man while Claudius, driving, howls with laughter.

Claudius drives into the night while Gaye dozes.

GAYE (V.O.)
 But what got to me was how we blew past the
 Appalachian trail, Pittsburgh, and the
 southern part of Illinois while I slept.

END MONTAGE

INT. WOODIE - MOVING - NIGHT

The wagon banks a hard left off the highway. In the wayback, a DULL THUD. Gaye jerks upright out of his catnap. The headlamps bob over a gravel lot. A roadside diner with a few cars and trucks parked about.

GAYE
 Where are we?

CLAUDIUS
 Morrellton, it seems.

Gaye checks his watch.

GAYE
 Missouri? Already?

CLAUDIUS
 Aye.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

A clapboard shack, STEAK DINNERS emblazoned across the front. Hyped-up barn ads also selling ROOMS 15¢, HAMBURGERS 10¢, GASOLINE 9¢ GAL.

GAYE
Well, look at that.

Claudius grins at him.

INT. DINER - NIGHT - LATER

Gaye pays their tab at the counter. Glances out the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

THREE SAUCED HOODLUMS loiter around the Woodie, one dangling a bottle of giggle water. They point and laugh. Claudius is halfway across the lot already, headed straight toward them.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The single arc lamp needs new rods. It HISSES on and off.

Gaye hits the front door reaching for the convincer under his coat. Ahead of him, Claudius stops. A curious readjustment of his shoulders. *He's--taller somehow.*

The goggle-eyed hoodlums back away. They stumble toward an old pickup parked on the far side of the lot.

GAYE
Viscount!

The goons pile into the pickup and lead-foot it out of there. Gaye catches up with Claudius, who turns. By the lamp's weak beam, the boy's head *does* look larger somehow, veins knotted along his arms. Gaye can't make out his face, though.

INT. TOMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The casket is closed and motionless.

JUNE (O.C.)
Lights out, Tommy!

The routine. The rules.

EXT. TOMMY'S CASKET - PARKED - NIGHT

The half-lid raises. Tommy dangles a remote that kills the Tiffany lamp. The casket is silhouetted against moonlight streaming through sheet-draped windows. The half-lid stays up.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

June reads *Philly's Argosy* at her computer.

EXT. WOODIE - MOVING - NIGHT

The wagon pulls out of the parking lot onto a rural highway.

GAYE (O.C.)
You're aware it's my duty to deliver you safely?

CLAUDIUS (O.C.)
I am.

GAYE (O.C.)
And you've seen I carry a firearm?

CLAUDIUS (O.C.)
I have.

INT. WOODIE - MOVING - NIGHT

Gaye drives. Claudius dials the radio through two stops of STATIC. By ambient light, he looks normal.

GAYE
You must realize, son, that some people, in their ignorance, may try to kill you.

CLAUDIUS
They can try.

A sweet waltz. Claudius smiles at Gaye. TURNS UP THE VOLUME.

EXT. WOODIE - MOVING - NIGHT

Continues down the two-lane highway.

CLAUDIUS (O.C.)
Anya liked this one. Opus thirty-nine, number fifteen.

GAYE (O.C.)
Haydn?

CLAUDIUS (O.C.)
Brahms.

EXT. WOODIE - MOVING - MORNING

Rumbles over unpaved Main Street in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Victorian and Romanesque architecture with plenty of limestone. Several frontline businesses are boarded up. The Woodie turns up a steep mountain road and pours on the THROTTLE.

GAYE (V.O.)
Baker Hospital was located on the north crest of West Mountain, categorically the lofty side of town, and a true test of one's carburetor.

EXT. BAKER HOSPITAL - MORNING

The "castle in the sky," an elegant four-story monstrosity constructed from massive stones. Formerly the Crescent Hotel. Roman arches. A red mansard roof. A grand entry porch.

EXT. WOODIE - MOVING - MORNING

The wagon pulls past the portico to park. Claudius gets out.

Chipper PATIENTS on loungers. Gaye nods as they walk up the steps.

PATIENT #1
G' mornin'.

PATIENT #2
Howdy-do.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - MORNING

A grand lobby decked out in velveteen, tapestry, and carved wood framed with Baker's paint choices: salamander orange and lavender. A NURSE in a white-aproned uniform greets them.

NURSE
You must be Claudius.
(stooping)
Welcome to the Ozarks, Viscount. Come, have a seat. I'll tell Doctor Tassemon you are here.

Claudius wanders over to a posh waiting area. Gaye pulls the nurse aside to talk. She looks down respectfully.

NURSE
I'll let the doctor know. He'll probably want to see her too.

EXT. WOODIE - PARKED - MORNING

DR. EARL J. TASSEMON (37, white, portly with a cue ball) walks with a cane and leads the charge toward the wagon, Oxfords SCRITCHING as he goes. Gaye and Claudius follow.

GAYE (V.O.)
Earl J. Tassemon is one of several osteopathic physicians on Baker's payroll. He uses a cane--an old sawmill injury from his teens, he says.

Gaye opens the wayback. Tassemon stiffens. Fishes out a pair of cheaters and peers into the Fisk's face window. After a moment, he straightens.

DR. TASSEMON
Viscount Fallon, come.
(taking Claudius by the arm)
Look at her now. If I open this, her viscountess will no longer remain as unblemished an beauteous as she now is.

Claudius peers into the face window with him.

DR. TASSEMON
A nicer way to recall her, don't you think?

A single tear rolls down Claudius's face.

GAYE (V.O.)/TOMMY (PRELAP)
I think I realized the boy's greatest ordeal even then: the chance he'd outlive everyone he loved.

INT. 22 FAIRMONT QUEEN ANNE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Tommy sits on the counter reading aloud on his tablet. June decorates turnovers with red icing. The story's certainly not getting any easier.

JUNE
(pensively)
I would imagine he did.

She pops a dollop of icing in her mouth.

TOMMY
I saw the Woodie.

JUNE
(checking the oven)
The what?

TOMMY
The Packard. In the story.

JUNE
You mean, the one that Gaye--

TOMMY
Drove across the country. That one.

JUNE
Where?

TOMMY
The parking lot at school. Grandpa saw it too.
But he couldn't remember who owns it.

JUNE
Someone probably has it here for a car show.

TOMMY
On Thanksgiving?

The turnovers are decorated. June adds them to a food bag.

TOMMY
Do you think he got well?

JUNE
I haven't gotten that far.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - DAY

A house dominated by Lilly's pumpkin collection: Caspers, Cinderellas, Tiger-Striped, Warty Goblins. Ceramic, glass, metal, velveteen.

June and Tommy let themselves in. Tommy is dressed in full garb today. He raises his clip-ons, takes it all in. Walt's stoking fireplace logs.

JUNE
Look, don't touch.

TOMMY
I have to count them.

He pulls out his tablet. Walt turns from the fireplace.

WALT
Take your coats and capes?

TOMMY
Only my coat.

Tommy drops his bomber jacket on the floor and trots off. June frowns, picks up the jacket, and heads into the dining room with her food bag.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Lilly's outdone herself. The table's loaded: sweet potato casserole, bacon-wrapped asparagus, hot water cornbread, black-eyes, pumpkin soup. June can't find room for the turnovers. On the sideboard they go.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lilly checks the turkey. Walt pulls out a countertop grill.

LILLY
What's that for?

WALT
A little something for Tommy.

June pulls a top sirloin steak out of her food bag.

JUNE
It won't take long.
(aside to Walt)
He likes it medium.

LILLY
But I need you to finish carving the turkey and say grace.

JUNE
 (to Walt)
 You go ahead. I'll watch the grill.

Walt waves off them both.

WALT
 I got it, I got it. Turkey's as ready as
 it'll ever be. Take it away, June bug?

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

June sets a twenty-four-inch platter of deep-fried turducken on the spot reserved for it. Studies the spread. None of this food is red. She sets a plate with turnovers at Tommy's spot while he continues going from room to room. Walt and Lilly take their seats.

LILLY
 Why don't you sit across from me, Tommy?

June usually sits across from Lilly. She quickly switches the plates. Lilly frowns. Tommy plops down, busy with his tablet.

LILLY
 You'll need to put that away while
 we say grace.

TOMMY
 Did you know you have two hundred seventy-
 three pumpkins in this house?

WALT
 That sounds about right.

LILLY
 My lands. That many, really?

TOMMY
 Thirty-one in the foyer. Sixty-six in the
 drawing room. Eighty-nine in the living
 room. Forty-two in the dining room.
 Twenty-seven in the kitchen, and eighteen
 on the stairwell.

WALT
 From thirty-nine boxes in the attic.

Lilly's speechless.

TOMMY
 Arithmomania. It comes with my condition.
 (shows Lilly his tablet)
 See? I must count everything first and--

LILLY
 You need to remove all that, young man.

TOMMY
 No can do. I got a bad sunburn yesterday.

JUNE
 That's the first I've heard about this, Tommy.

TOMMY
 Even my eyeballs hurt.

WALT
 Nothing grace and a good meal won't fix.

JUNE
 Show me.

TOMMY
 (looking down)
 Well, I'm pretty sure it was there
 this morning.

LILLY
 I thought he overdid it yesterday,
 myself. But nobody's asking me.

WALT
 No, we're not.

JUNE
 Just hang your cape over the back of your
 chair like we do in restaurants.

Tommy understands. *Do it now, wear it later.* Off they come.

LILLY
 You mean, you let him wear that out in public?

JUNE
 It keeps him from getting sunburned.

WALT
 And there's that. Shall we pray?

TIME CUT

Food goes around and Tommy keeps passing. Walt goes to tend the steak. Lilly can't help herself. She's up, whisking away Tommy's plate, shoveling servings from each dish.

LILLY
 (picking up Tommy's fork)
 You need to try a bite of each thing.

June looks on with worry. Tommy scowls at his plate. When Lilly squeezes his arm, Tommy bares his teeth. Growls.

JUNE
 That's quite enough, Tommy. Go sit
 down, Mother.

Lilly's frozen, her face screwed into a flabbergasted pout. Tommy bolts out of his chair and runs out of the room. Walt returns with the steak.

WALT
 I think that might be a good idea, Lilly.

Walt sets the not-red plate aside. Replaces it with the steak. Lilly punctuates how hurt she is by replacing the fork just so.

JUNE
 Tommy, steak's ready.

Tommy wanders back into the dining room. Sits. Looks down at the steak, then the plate of not-red with his turnovers.

TOMMY
 Can I have a new plate of turnovers that
 haven't received any cross-contamination?

June gets a plate from the sideboard, adds two new turnovers, and passes it across to Tommy. He pops one in his mouth.

JUNE
 Would it be okay--if Tommy spends the
 night with you all next Friday?

The diversion wins Lilly's full curiosity.

LILLY
Is someone going out?

Tommy stops chewing. June groans.

WALT
I don't think it's any of our business.

Lilly cuts her eyes at Walt.

JUNE
It's not a date. Just someone from the office. A working dinner, you know.

TOMMY
What's a working dinner?

WALT
One that works.

LILLY
Oh, you quit that.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

June and Lilly wash and dry dishes. Walt puts them away.

LILLY
You really shouldn't coddle him so much.

Walt shares an uncomfortable glance with June.

JUNE
It's more important that we don't derail his confidence at this time, Mother.

LILLY
While he runs ramshackle over everyone around him? That kind of behavior won't fly five minutes at St. Elizabeth's, and you know it. He needs to learn some manners or he's in for a world of hurt.

SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

TOMMY (6), stands in front of the commode in pajamas.

TOMMY
Uh--Mom?

He opens the door. June, robed, enters and sees a toilet-full of blood. She flushes the commode and takes a knee for a heart-to-heart.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY

A Jamshidi needle, a brutal bone-marrow biopsy from the hip. Tommy (7), lies on his side and clutches June's arm. He squirms and sobs.

INT. INFUSION CENTER - DAY

Tommy (8), sits on pillows raising him to infusion height in a medical recliner. PIVC tubing runs from his arm to an IV bag hanging overhead. Black circles under his eyes. Tommy's on oxygen, gaze half-mast.

June sits beside him, monitoring.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

JUNE
He's already in a world of hurt, Mother.

LILLY
Oh, I realize he has special problems, honey.

JUNE
You have no idea.

Lilly makes a sweeping gesture toward Tommy's chair in the dining room, where his cape and clip-ons remain.

LILLY
And none of this has anything to do with helping him get better.

JUNE
Don't you ever let him hear you say that.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SPICE GIRLS CRANKING. June pumps those guns: a post-Thanksgiving, de-stress workout at her Tonal station.

INT. TOMMY'S CASKET - MOVING - NIGHT

Rockin' A Thrilltown Donkey Rodeo, gamers riding revenant donkeys side-saddle, the strategy to stay strapped in and dodge sanguineous bites. Tommy's racking up some real points against player BLUE GUMMY.

EXT. TOMMY'S CASKET - MOVING - NIGHT

Going full tilt-a-whirl.

INT. TOMMY'S CASKET - MOVING - NIGHT

Tommy lays aside the controller and cracks open the half-lid. With the casket in full motion, he's trying to shimmy out!

EXT. TOMMY'S CASKET - MOVING - NIGHT

Tommy's ribs ram the flange, and he sprawls headlong on the floor. He gasps in pain and grabs his side.

TOMMY
Donkey balls.

Tommy listens. SPICE GIRLS CRANKING. He smiles through his pain--for the casket's still going full tilt. *Flippin' yeah, it worked!*

INT. TOMMY'S CASKET - MOVING - NIGHT

A pillowcase belching candy and a pile of shoes trick the sensors.

EXT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - NIGHT

Tommy shoots out the front door and bounds down the porch steps. His breath steams the air. He's minus a jacket, but he has his cell phone. He darts across the front yard.

INT. PURPLE PASSION B&B - MOLLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Molly aka BLUE GUMMY continues playing *Rockin' A* against UNDEAD LUCAS on the gaming console on her bed.

ON SCREEN

UNDEAD LUCAS isn't moving anymore, though. Molly frowns.

MOLLY
(on headset)
Where'd you go?

She goes to her window to check up on Tommy just as he ape walks around a pothole on Fairmount. He takes off running again.

MOLLY
What a dork.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tommy HUFFS down the hill and stops. Scans the parking lot using his cell phone's flashlight. The Woodie's no longer there, and he's nonstop shivering now. He crosses his arms.

TOMMY
I'll find you, revenant.

He turns to go home.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

June powers down her Tonal, drapes a towel around her neck. Listens. Odd. She looks down the hall toward Tommy's room. One door's open.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

June stops at Tommy's bedroom door. She watches the casket go tilt-a-whirl in the dark for a few seconds before she closes the double doors.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

At her workstation, June opens *Philly's Argosy* and starts reading.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Institutionally sparse, tidy white. A bed and a dressing screen.

EXT. BAKER HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - BALCONY - MORNING

Gaye sits on a patio chair while Claudius, barefoot, dangles his legs between the porch rails. Claudius eats a steak.

GAYE (V.O.)
Under Tassemon's purview, we were permitted to have room service. The boy was scheduled to receive his first treatment after breakfast.

CLAUDIUS
(chewing)
You'll stay with me?

GAYE (V.O.)
Treatment for the various and sundry types of ailments that checked into Baker's ward was primarily injectables, delivered five and six times a day.

GAYE
Of course.

CLAUDIUS
Is that a conch of thunder I hear?

Gaye doesn't hear it. Not a cloud in the sky, either.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Claudius sits on the hospital bed. Gaye paces. Checks his watch.

The door opens and Tassemon enters, followed by TWO ATTENDING NURSES. One pushes a medical cart toward the dressing screen. The other lays out a mess kit on the bed. Outside, the sky has grown black.

DR. TASSEMON
 Pop-up thundershowers. We get them regular
 around here in autumn.
 (to attending nurse)
 No need to gown him for the first one.
 We'll start with two cc's subscapularis.
 (to Claudius)
 Come, step behind the dressing screen here
 with me if you will, Viscount.

Gaye watches the nurses go in behind Tassemon. Shadow movements behind the screen, figures lurking on the walls. An efficient flop-drape of the boy's shirt over the screen.

DR. TASSEMON (O.C.)
 I need more light.

One nurse steps out, switches on a lamp. Gaye shifts his weight.

GAYE (V.O.)
 Injectable Formula Four, we all would
 later find out, contained traces of
 hydrochloric acid, salt, potassium
 phosphate, and water--all guaranteed to
 burn on entry in a very nasty way.

The screen begins to RATTLE and yaw. Tassemon stumbles out. The screen SLAMS to the floor. The medical cart tips and hurls scores of ampules.

Gaye freezes. Tassemon's flat on his ass. One nurse blacks out. The other (NURSE VICKERS), flattens against the wall in terror. Gaye looks up. SOMETHING large and black flushes down from the ceiling.

The CREATURE that drops in front of them is well over six feet upright. Breeches coiled up to its calves. Gaye can just make out the face, the pigtail. It's--*Claudius?*

But his masseters are more pronounced. Sharp cranial ridges, skull bossing. Distended veins bore out of his skin. And he's changing still.

Nurse Vickers VOMITS. Rain SLAMS against the windows like wadcutters. Tassemon grips a hospital bedpost and tries to stand. Gaye edges backward. The small of his back rams the doorknob. He sees fifty or more ampules levitating up, up...

Gaye looks overhead. *The ceiling's on fire.*

Tassemon follows his gaze. *The ceiling's infested with pit vipers.*

Nurse Vickers looks up. *The ceiling's teeming with weeping patients.*

Gaye falls to his knees and shields his face. When he looks again, Claudius has changed even more. He's coming toward Gaye. Proboscises on each shoulder, his hands are attached to the tops of his acromion processes. Cockled membranes--*bat wings*--unfold.

Gaye looks down at the feet--*rearward-facing now*. Gnarled toes hook the floorboards behind him. When his talons come in, it's not pleasant. His face twists in pain and he SCREECHES.

Tassemon, Gaye, and Nurse Vickers vise their heads in agony. Claudius springs toward Gaye and sails overhead. The downdraft knocks Gaye over. The ampules suspended mid-air BLAST downward like gunfire.

Gaye watches Claudius crawl through flames overhead. He blacks out.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Gaye wakes on a hospital bed, evening sunshine in his eyes. Tassemon is standing over him. Gaye tries to sit.

DR. TASSEMON
There now. Take it slow, sailor. You took quite a blow to the noddle.

Gaye looks around for Claudius. He's sitting outside on the balcony looking no worse for wear. *Unbelievable.*

DR. TASSEMON
The boy's at himself again, or verily what he wasn't when that squall came through.

GAYE
You saw it, as well?

DR. TASSEMON
Let's just say I'll recommend we suspend his treatment and review. He doesn't like needles.

The room around Gaye is all tidied up, not a trace of what went on before. Gaye cautiously looks up at the ceiling.

DR. TASSEMON
I saw snakes up there, myself, and Nurse Vickers, all the faces of patients who've ever wept in front of her. Enough to tip anyone's teakettle.

Tassemon hands Gaye a note.

DR. TASSEMON
Meet me there after seven. I think we need to run this one up the flagpole.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

June frowns as she reads. Reaches for a pad and pen. Makes a note.

INT. TOMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy, shivering, comes inside his room. Closes the door. Thumbs the outer KILL switch on the casket as he walks past. Gasps in pain as he carefully lowers himself to the floor and sits in the dark.

The casket gleams in the moonlight as it levels out.

TOMMY
(shuddering)
Donkey balls.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

June, writing, she hears the casket POWER OFF. She can't stop yet.

JUNE
(calling out)
Lights out, Tommy!

She continues reading.

EXT. MAIN STREET EUREKA - NIGHT

Gaye walks past boarded-up storefronts. He stops at a nondescript building with a door grill. Fishes out the note.

GAYE (V.O.)
The address Tassemon slipped me was one
of the surviving speakeasies in town.

EXT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

Tassemon comes chop-chop around the corner. They shake hands.

DR. TASSEMON
Officer Gaye. How fare you this evening?

GAYE
Better, thank you.

Tassemon raps on the door with his cane. The grill opens.

HUSKY VOICE
Jax.

DR. TASSEMON
We're thirsty.

INT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

A bar, billiards, nickel-in-the slot. Reserved nods from a BARKEEP and PATRONS. Tassemon gimps ahead of Gaye toward a booth in back. Tassemon sets down his ginger ale, props his cane on the wall, and sits stiffly. Gaye sets down his hooch and takes a seat.

DR. TASSEMON
About the boy. He won't survive a week in
the lopsided lap of this power-of-mind-
over-body nonsense, you know.

A shocker right off.

GAYE
Is that what this is?

Tassemon weighs Gaye's reaction. Sips his ginger ale.

DR. TASSEMON
I met his father and mother at the hospital
briefly last spring. I think the endeavor is
more about getting the viscount out of the
country than curing him. Europe's going up in
smoke, wouldn't you agree?

Gaye knocks back his beer.

GAYE
It looks that way, yes.

DR. TASSEMON
Baker's formulas--they don't work.

GAYE
You mean, for the boy's exceptional condition--

DR. TASSEMON
For anyone.
(sips his drink)
We'll get back around to that. Let's go
over what happened in the room.
(beat)
I think the boy has leukemia, but that
obviously doesn't justify the rest.

GAYE
No, it doesn't.

DR. TASSEMON
My evaluation is, he and his sister are dhampyres. By the medical record, he's seventeen years of age.

GAYE
Well, that explains some things.

DR. TASSEMON
(nodding)
In spite of his illness, it appears he's experiencing some arrested cellular aging. Has he told you anything about this?

GAYE
Some, yes.

DR. TASSEMON
He's never turned on you?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. FEMALE ISOLATION WARD - NIGHT

Claudius, slumped against the berth, soundlessly chitters.

EXT. MORRELLTON DINER - NIGHT

The curious readjustment of the boy's shoulders. His height.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

GAYE
Not entirely. Not like this morning.
(beat)
He bit one of our stewards, though.

DR. TASSEMON
Did he feed on him?

Not on Gaye's watch, by golly. He stops drinking.

GAYE
No, of course not, I--

DR. TASSEMON
He doesn't have the compulsion to feed on human blood, I'd wager. Did the steward turn?

GAYE
Well--no.

DR. TASSEMON
I suspected as much. It harms the boy when he turns, though. If anything, that's what will kill him.

Gaye's mug quivers as he sets it down.

GAYE
What causes him to turn?

DR. TASSEMON
Terror. Passion. Rage.
(beat)
If I were flying solo, I'd have referred him somewhere else from the start.

GAYE
But you're not.

The bitter pill. Tassemon stares at his drink.

DR. TASSEMON
There's the bald horror and unbounded
gall of it all.

Tassemon continues talking while Gaye listens.

GAYE (V.O.)
In kinder times, the doctor married a Georgia
debutante and had a highfalutin practice in
Alpharetta, until drinking became a problem. A
divorce and eight months later, he'd joined
Baker's staff and managed to stay sober.

GAYE
What's in the formula?

DR. TASSEMON
We signed confidentiality agreements. Nobody knows.

GAYE
Could you test it?

Tassemon leans forward and lowers his voice.

DR. TASSEMON
Oh, I can, and I will. Snaking it out, there's
the trouble.

Tassemon continues conversing.

GAYE (V.O.)
Tassemon explained that he'd planned on leaving
the hospital since Baker's summons for mail
fraud. He said the radio doctor discovered the
cancer-cure profession while stamping through
rural Indiana, declared he could diagnose
cancer from handwriting, and slurred doctors in
general as *belly-and-throat-cutting medicos*.

Gaye sits back.

GAYE
Good Lord.

DR. TASSEMON
If they arrest him, they'll go after the hospital.

GAYE
What'll you do?

DR. TASSEMON
I'll agree to testify and pray to the high
heavens I don't land in the big house with him.

GAYE
There's nothing here to cure the boy, then?

DR. TASSEMON
Baker doesn't have it. But I do.

GAYE
What about his treatment at the hospital?

DR. TASSEMON
I'll switch the formulas out with oral
sugar water and decline nurse assistance
for a couple weeks.

After this morning, I seriously doubt any of the staff will want to rotate with me in there, anyway.

GAYE

There's no way to keep a lid on this?

DR. TASSEMON

Not to worry. We've all seen enough already to shake the aplomb out of our tree. I'll remind the staff that his viscount is a client of privilege and his affairs, confidential.

GAYE

Much obliged.

DR. TASSEMON

It goes both ways. The boy's survival could be a real feather in Baker's cap.

GAYE

You'll need funding for that.

Gaye continues talking while Dr. Tassemon listens.

GAYE (V.O.)

And at the risk of showing my hand too early, I mentioned that Fallon had released ample funds for the boy's care, enough to get him started.

DR. TASSEMON

Good. I might have to relocate him sooner than later, you know. You've seen the crawl.

(beat)

This isn't an old sawmill injury, either. Swamp rattler. I saw pit vipers on the ceiling.

GAYE

Battle Stations twenty-one. Ship fires.

(beat)

How does he do that?

Tassemon slides his glass from hand to hand, studying it.

DR. TASSEMON

The amygdala.

GAYE

Pardon?

DR. TASSEMON

Primal responses. His illness prevents his bite from siring anyone, but his abilities to mesmerize are fully intact.

(leaning forward)

On the level here, while we're worried sick about the little baboon, what he does with human memory is exceedingly powerful.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - TOMMY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Tommy groans as he shrugs on a long sleeve T over a line of nasty bruises spreading across his ribcage.

JUNE (O.C.)

Time to go, Tommy!

INT. E-TRON - MOVING - MORNING

June pulls into the same parking spot where the Woodie was yesterday.

JUNE
 (checking her phone)
 With five minutes to spare.

She gets out. Tommy, more slowly. He leaves his jacket in the footwell.

JUNE
 (texting on phone)
 Don't forget your jacket.

June leads the way by the Stations of the Cross. Tommy complies, dragging the bomber jacket along the sidewalk behind him.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY ROTUNDA - MORNING

SISTER OF MERCY MADELINE NYGARD (37, white) waits at the door. A grey habit, navy veil, white stockings, huge silver cross, fuchsia sneakers.

Tommy squints at her cross. Flips down his clip-ons.

JUNE
 (aside to Tommy)
 What are you doing?
 (to Sister Madeline)
 Sister Madeline, I'm June, and this is Tommy.

Tommy looks down at Sister Madeline's feet.

TOMMY
 (mumbling)
 Hullo.

SISTER MADELINE
 How about those kicks, Tommy?
 (giggles, to June)
 One tradition I disregard. Too many ankle injuries in the digs.

JUNE
 I can imagine.

TOMMY
 Do you dig up bones for a living?

SISTER MADELINE
 Only now and then, by accident.
 (stoops to his height)
 I'm really into plants.

Tommy studies her eyes and the smile lines around them.

SISTER MADELINE
 Come, come inside.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY - ROTUNDA - MORNING

A night ceiling with gold, pointy stars. Pink intrados and arches. Life-size statues of holy people in the vestibules. Super-slick marble for sock skating. A jumbo-jet portrait of Jesus praying or maybe stargazing. Yes-way too many crosses.

SISTER MADELINE
 We assemble here daily before class, mass on Fridays. The classroom's this way.

Tommy flinches in pain as June pulls him along.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY CLASSROOM - MORNING

A windowless building with six armchair desks set out in two rows. Tommy eyes a thick orientation packet. *Mom stuff.*

TOMMY
May I go outside?

JUNE
(considering)
Put on your jacket.

Tommy turns. He winces as he shrugs it halfway on.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY CLASSROOM - MORNING

Tommy hightails it to the parking lot. No Woodie. Tosses his jacket on top of the E-tron's frunk. Heads down the hill. Sucking wind, he scales the embankment. Stops. Braces his side before ducking under creepers.

A POSTED sign. A few feet behind it, a cave. A deadbolt. *Cool beans.*

EXT. E-TRON - MORNING

June and Sister Madeline are already by the car. *Ruh-roh.* Tommy's sweating, and he needs to come up with something smart.

TOMMY
Does the church have a catacomb nearby?

SISTER MADELINE
Good question, Tommy. Did you find a cemetery?

TOMMY
No. A catacomb.

SISTER MADELINE
You mean a tunnel?

TOMMY
A burial vault.

SISTER MADELINE
Really?

TOMMY
(pointing)
Right over there.

SISTER MADELINE
Eureka does have a number of grottos--

JUNE
That's private property, Tommy.

SISTER MADELINE
I think your mom's right.

INT. PURPLE PASSION B&B - MOLLY'S ROOM - SUNRISE

Molly, dressed for school, shrugs on her backpack and heavy-steps it down the stairs. Glances out the front window.

THROUGH WINDOW

A freakin' shitshow, the kid tripping across their yard under a golf umbrella. A vampire cape pinned to his school jacket, a Samsonite briefcase as big as he is. Granny clip-ons too.

Molly leans back quicklike. Peers around the casing.

THROUGH WINDOW

A motion-sensor light snaps on. Tommy jumps back. Molly opens the door.

MOLLY
What's with the cape?

EXT. PURPLE PASSION B&B - SUNRISE

Tommy goes on. Molly SLAMS the door, catches up. Dodges the broolly.

TOMMY
Part of my uniform.

MOLLY
Halloween's over, you know. Your teacher
will make you take it off.

Tommy doesn't answer.

MOLLY
(tugging one of his safety-pins)
And send you home with a bill for
destruction of school property.

Tommy stops and looks at her.

TOMMY
Don't touch those.

He takes off again, right on Prospect.

MOLLY
Okay, okay. Just sayin'.
(catching up)
What's up with the granny shades?

TOMMY
I have sun sensitivity.

MOLLY
You mean, like a vampire?

TOMMY
I am.

He bares his teeth at her. Molly gives him a dirty look.

MOLLY
That's creepy, you know. Maybe you should
keep those inside on your first day.

TOMMY
Maybe you shouldn't tell me what to do.

Tommy jumps over a groove in the sidewalk. Molly lags behind. He takes a
right on Crescent Drive.

MOLLY
Don't you have a backpack?

TOMMY
(over his shoulder)
This has a combination lock.

Molly shrugs off her backpack.

MOLLY
You don't need that.

Tommy stops. Turns.

MOLLY
See? Zipper clips.

Tommy pops up his clip-ons to look. Molly dodges the broly again.

MOLLY
Hey, watch the Mary Poppins.

TOMMY
(tilting the hilt away)
My bad.

Clip-ons down, he's off again, flea-hopping over the sidewalk grooves.

MAGNOLIA FOOT PATH

Hidden in the underbrush, three TEEN HOODS dressed in thrift shop Gangsta on stripped-out mountain bikes smoke and eavesdrop. BIGGER HOOD zeroes in on Tommy and the cape. Smirks. Flicks away his cigarette.

BIGGER HOOD
Punk.

PROSPECT STREET

Molly stumps after Tommy.

MOLLY
Who's going to steal from you at a church school, anyway?

TOMMY
I'm not worried about that. It's for keeping things out.

MOLLY
You mean like silver or garlic or, hang on a minute, a mirror or a crucifix, maybe?

TOMMY
All that. Or a communion wafer.

MOLLY
Well, excuse me but, good luck. It *is* a Catholic church, you know. What's wrong with a communion wafer?

TOMMY
It's not red. I eat only red things.

MOLLY
Of course.
(beat)
I saw you sneaking out on Thanksgiving, by the way.

TOMMY
What's it to you?

MOLLY
You ghosted me, remember? Where'd you go?

TOMMY
Just looking for a shortcut.

MOLLY
Believe me, around here--you don't ever want to do that.

TOMMY
Why not?

MOLLY
 Ticks. They're everywhere.
 (her best Dracul imitation)
 And they drink your blood.

Tommy grins at her.

TOMMY
 Would they be red?

MOLLY
 Ew--now you're just being gross.

They continue walking down Crescent Drive.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY CLASSROOM - LATER

Tommy finishes his cape demo for the class with a flourish.

His classmates are TRENT "BUMBLEBEE" BUSBY (white, 12, in a tricked-out yellow wheelchair), STACEE RAINS (white, 10, wears a beanie, tic disorder), GERARD MIRAVAL (Latino, 11, very fidgety), and DELIA COOK (white, 9, flaming red hair and a cochlear implant).

They APPLAUD politely.

SISTER MADELINE
 Thank you, Tommy.

She starts unpinning the cape from Tommy's jacket. He recoils but doesn't resist. He's got an audience, after all.

Delia signs something.

SISTER MADELINE
 Delia. Use your voice.

DELIA
 (haltingly)
 That's rad. But he needs red eyes.

Stacee twitches but doesn't say anything.

TRENT
 I've got some red contacts for when I'm
 Bumblebee.

Gerard grins at Trent.

<p>GERARD (chanting) Bumblebee, bumblebee...</p>	<p>TRENT (joining in) Bumblebee...</p>
--	--

SISTER MADELINE
 Lid on it.

Gerard and Trent grow quiet.

SISTER MADELINE
 Your turn's tomorrow, Trent. Gerard, assist me.

Gerard launches out of his chair and goes up front. She hands him the safety pins as she takes them out of Tommy's jacket.

SISTER MADELINE
 Capes, like jackets and habits, must be
 folded and stowed in a certain manner.
 We'll go over how to do this before we
 identify what Stacee brought today.

Stacee has a brown box on her desk, a few holes in the top.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY - LATER

The church's freestanding bell tower DIGITALLY CHIMES THREE. Trent, Gerard, Stacey, and Delia file out to the parking deck where FOUR VEHICLES, their rides, wait.

INT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY CLASSROOM - DAY

Tommy hangs his school jacket beside the others. He pops down his clip-ons, heaves his Samsonite off his desk, drags his umbrella as he goes.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY PARKING LOT - DAY

No Woodie. Tommy's bummed. He leans into another PARKED CAR for a moment before heading out. Sister Madeline walks outside after him.

SISTER MADELINE
Hold up, Tommy. Are you walking?

Tommy nods.

SISTER MADELINE
I have an errand. I'll walk with.

TOMMY
Okay.

She closes the classroom door behind her. They walk.

SISTER MADELINE
I checked out that cave you found.

TOMMY
You went down there?

SISTER MADELINE
No, title records. It was once a county quarantine jail during a smallpox epidemic.

TOMMY
Is it haunted?

SISTER MADELINE
Like most things around here, I'm sure.

TOMMY
Can we go in and see it?

SISTER MADELINE
I'm afraid not. Someone bought it in 1945.

TOMMY
Bummer.

SISTER MADELINE
Yes. And you're talking to someone who really digs caves.
(giggles)
Cornny, I know.

All kinds of disappointing. Tommy trudges on.

SISTER MADELINE
Well, I'm headed that way.
(toward Crescent Hotel)
You'll make it home okay?

TOMMY
Left and left.

SISTER MADELINE
See you tomorrow.

As she turns to go, Tommy spies the Woodie pulling into the church parking lot! He waits until Sister Madeline is a safe distance away before he runs *hubba-hubba* back down the hill.

EXT. WOODIE - PARKED - DAY

Tommy's sucking wind, and no one's in the wagon when he arrives. He sets down the Samsonite and his umbrella. Holds his side. Scans the parking lot. Where did the driver go? Leans over to catch his breath.

MALE VOICE
Hey! Bloodsucker!

Tommy spins. The TEEN HOODS on mountain bikes ride circles around him.

TRAILHEAD

Callan's nostrils flare. *The kid*. He hears the commotion. Backtracks and stands behind a tree. Watches. Unbuttons his Inverness coat. The BIGGER HOOD skids to a stop. Picks up Tommy's umbrella.

BIGGER HOOD
What's this?

Breaks it over his knee. Tommy lunges at him. The hood shoves him down. Tommy doubles up on the pavement. The two SMALLER HOODS drop their bikes and amble over as the bigger one kicks him.

MAGNOLIA FOOT PATH

Molly walks home. She sees the fight and ducks behind a tree.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY PARKING LOT - DAY

Tommy passes out. Callan hurdles the hedge and runs straight for the fight. His shoulders reposition and his jaws extend. The two smaller hoods scramble for their bikes after one look.

The Bigger Hood stands his ground until Callan leaps on the roof of the Woodie and GROWLS. The three hoods vamoose.

CALLAN
(spellcasting)
This memory, what haunts your sleep, bind
it here, this be its keep. And so it is.

DOWN THE STREET

The hoods are freaked, standing pedaling, riding neck and neck. The bigger hood abruptly shifts from terrified to zombified. He rides his bike in circles and mutters.

BIGGER HOOD
Whatcha gonna do, whatcha gonna do...

The other hoods lapse into the same behavior, riding in circles.

MAGNOLIA FOOT PATH

Molly's outta there too. She tears down the trail for a few yards before lapsing into a crawler walk.

MOLLY
Whatcha gonna do, whatcha gonna do...

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY PARKING LOT - DAY

Callan jumps down from the Woodie's roof. Tommy's shirt is torn, revealing some gnarly welts already. Callan's features reset as he yanks off his Inverness coat and drapes it over Tommy.

Tommy comes to. Straightens his glasses.

TOMMY
(raising up)
Did they take my--

CALLAN
Easy does it. Go slow.
(glances at the
Samsonite)
No. No, they didn't. It's still over there.

He helps Tommy sit.

TOMMY
(grimacing)
I'm good.
(flips up his clip-ons)
Who are you?

CALLAN
I'm Callan.

TOMMY
You're Callan Masters?

CALLAN
Guilty.

TOMMY
My grandma thinks you're hot. She wants one of your paintings.

CALLAN
(grinning)
She should come by the studio sometime.

TOMMY
We were in there last week, but we couldn't stay very long, and I need to ask you, do you paint Welsh ponies?

A rather pointed question Callan must avoid for now.

CALLAN
Just racehorses.

TOMMY
Oh, well. I guess I better go home.

CALLAN
Is home close by?

TOMMY
Just over there, four-point-two minutes if you Google.

Callan helps Tommy to his feet. He drapes his Inverness over his arm and picks up the Samsonite.

CALLAN
Shall I carry this? It's pretty heavy. I'll walk with you, okay?

TOMMY
 (brushing off his jeans)
 Uh. Okay.

Callan scoops up the mangled umbrella.

CALLAN
 Toss this?

TOMMY
 Guess so.

Callan tucks it under his arm.

TOMMY
 Do you know who owns this car?

CALLAN
 She's a beauty, isn't she?

TOMMY
 I really need to find the owner.

They start walking.

CALLAN
 Perhaps someone who goes to the church?

TOMMY
 That's what Grandpa said.
 (folds down clip-ons)
 Don't you need to get back to your studio?

CALLAN
 Lunch break.

TOMMY
 Really? It's sorta late for that.

CALLAN
 Busy day.

They walk in silence for a few steps.

CALLAN
 What's your name?

TOMMY
 Tommy Lucas. Me and my mom just moved here from Chicago. She's an oncologist, and I go to school at the church.

CALLAN
 Really? I didn't know they had a school.

TOMMY
 It's new, for kids in special situations like me. I have a blood disorder they say is cancer, but it's really an anomaly, a curse on my bloodline.

Hmpf, familiar.

CALLAN
 That so?

TOMMY
 Yes, I come from a line of vampires.

CALLAN
 You don't say?

TOMMY
Nobody believes me, but it's true.

He bares his teeth.

CALLAN
Those are some biters, all right.

TOMMY
I have a cape, and a casket in my room too. It's a 4-D console when I'm not using it for a bed or streaming TV. Standard adult model, serial number zero-nine-seven-B-two-M-six-D. It's way cool.

CALLAN
You're really not messing with me, are you?

TOMMY
Nope.

He hops over a groove in the sidewalk.

CALLAN
What grade are you in, Tommy?

TOMMY
Third, supposed to be in fourth, but Mom and Sister Madeline didn't want me to stress out because it makes my red blood cells explode.

CALLAN
Really? That sounds painful.

TOMMY
Not so much. I just have to aim straight when I take a leak at Grandma's.

Callan's unsure how to respond to that one.

TOMMY
Well, this is me.

EXT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - DAY

Callan regards the house fondly.

CALLAN
(murmuring)
The old Brighton place.

TOMMY
I'd invite you in for a rare steak or something, but Mom's not home yet, and I don't know how to cook.

Another aside a bit too close for comfort. Is this just chatter, or does the boy really know something?

CALLAN
That's--very generous of you. Much obliged.

TOMMY
What's obliged?

CALLAN
M-mm--another way of saying thank you.

He hands over the Samsonite to Tommy, who tries very hard not to flinch under its weight.

TOMMY
Do you think those creepoids live around here?

CALLAN
No. They won't be bothering you again.
(beat)
Promise me something? Let your mom know
you got hurt after school?

A lead balloon.

TOMMY
(muttering)
Whatevs.

He turns away and stumps toward the house.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - GARAGE - DAY

Tommy tosses his ripped, long sleeve T into the bottom of a garbage bin. Raises his clip-ons. Yep, she'll never see it.

INT. TOMMY'S CASKET - PARKED - DAY

Tommy shudders as he settles in. He has on an identical fresh T, but he's sweating bullets. Tommy pulls his blanket up to his chin, POWERS ON the screen, and reads *Philly's Argosy*.

EXT. ODD FELLOWS CEMETERY - DAY

A variety of crypts, an old one. Crest and dips with thick foliage.

The Woodie and TWO FORD MODEL AA work trucks are parked near a fresh-hewn plot, a companion crypt inscribed SCURLOCK.

Gaye (in his Cunard issue) walks with Claudius (in black court dress) toward the crypt, a plot where a GRAVE DIGGER and TWO CEMETERY HANDS are lowering the Fisk. A PRIEST meets them at the crypt.

NORMAN G. BAKER (white, 57), wearing a dark pin-striped suit and a lavender necktie, ducks out from behind one of the work trucks and comes forward to greet them. They shake hands.

GAYE (V.O.)
I hadn't expected to meet Norman Baker
this trip, as Tassemon didn't anticipate
his return before the end of the week.

EXT. FORD MODEL AA WORK TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

In the truck bed, a contraption: a maroon, air-powered pipe organ with glimmering flues. Baker takes a seat on a bench, cracks his knuckles, and launches into EAR-SPLITTING CARNY WHEEZE, Brahms's Opus 39, No. 15.

GAYE (V.O.)
He'd invented the Calliaphone, an organ
designed to mechanically play a handful of
vaudeville tunes from paper rolls. It could
be played manually as well, as he was doing
with some degree of skill.

The grave digger and cemetery hands remove their hats and line up alongside Gaye and Claudius as the MUSIC continues.

EXT. BAKER HOSPITAL - DAY

Gaye, in civvies, walks out to the Woodie with Claudius.

EXT. WOODIE - PARKED - DAY

Gaye extends his hand toward Claudius to shake goodbye.

GAYE (V.O.)
My orders were to store the Woodie in our shoe
factory in Hoboken until the boy summoned me.

Claudius sidesteps the handshake and throws his arms around Gaye.

EXT. BAKER HOSPITAL - FOURTH FLOOR WINDOW - DAY

Dr. Tassemon, standing in the window, looks down on their farewell.

EXT. WOODIE - PARKED - DAY

GAYE (V.O.)
I couldn't shake the pit in my innards,
though, as I farewelled him.

Gaye takes a knee and gives the boy a bear hug.

GAYE
Promise me, Claudius, that you will draw
a little every day.

Claudius tearfully nods.

INT. TOMMY'S CASKET - PARKED - EVENING

Tommy's vision blurs. He magnifies the page, now shivering nonstop.

The lid opens, and June's smile drops the minute she sees him. Straight from work in her scrubs and lab coat, June lifts Tommy out of the casket and carries him out of the room.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

Callan pulls a vintage-style black umbrella with a brass parasol handle from a display stand, perfect for any old-world vampire. MANAGER watches from the front counter.

MANAGER
I'm trying 'em out.

Callan pulls out a second one just like it.

CALLAN
I'll take two.

INT. HOSPITAL ER ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy's on a gurney and hooked up to an IV. June sits beside him. MALE ER DOCTOR walks in.

ER DOCTOR
(to June)
The good news is, no broken ribs. We
ought to get out ahead of this with
antibiotics and repeat the protime if he
experiences more pain or bruising. I'll
send you home with prn filgrastim
injections if you agree.

June nods.

JUNE
That should take care of us until we can get
his next infusion rescheduled.

ER DOCTOR
Good enough.
(to Tommy)
You'll need to take it easy for a few days,
okay, buddy?

TOMMY
(crestfallen)
I-I have to miss school?

ER DOCTOR
(to June)
Well, that's an uncommon complaint.
(to Tommy)
This week, yes. It's important to stay
warm, okay?
(to June)
I'll get these orders in.

The ER doctor walks out. Tommy's crying. June takes his hand.

JUNE
Are you ready to tell me how this happened?
Maybe. Maybe not.

TOMMY
I-I tried to jump out of my bed.

JUNE
What? When? Why?

TOMMY
Thanksgiving. To see if I could do it.

INT. FAST HORSES - EVENING

A *Knicks Go* framed Alma-Tadema style sits against a wall. Callan paces in front of it, looking at his cell phone. Finally, he texts:

Your painting, ready at six.

CALLAN
Maybe she'll forget.

Paces some more. His phone PINGS. He looks at it.

See you then.

CALLAN
Well, damn.

EXT. FAST HORSES - EVENING

Global warming and a hot date. June wears a nautical pullover sundress and strappy sandals, hair back in a narrow headband. She walks clip-clip down the sidewalk and hesitates at the door.

CALLAN
(through window)
It's unlocked.

He's dressed in his usual business casual, windbreaker and broly just in case. She's stunning--and equally nervous.

INT. FAST HORSES - EVENING

JUNE
Can you believe this weather?

CALLAN
Only in Eureka. Come in, I have it over here. I can bring up the track lights if--

She walks past him.

JUNE
 No need.
 (admiring)
 It's perfect. And this amazing vintage frame.

CALLAN
 I don't normally frame before appraisal,
 but that one seemed to fit.

JUNE
 Mom's going to love this.

EXT. E-TRON - MOMENTS LATER

Callan places the wrapped *Knicks* in the car's boot. June taps the button to lower the hatch.

JUNE
 Thank you for accommodating my budget.

CALLAN
 Doctors have budgets?

JUNE
 Don't get me started.
 (beat)
 Where are we off to?

CALLAN
 Rogue's Manor? I got a table there.

A flicker of disappointment in those eyes again.

CALLAN
 I hope that's all right.

JUNE
 It's an elegant place. I haven't been
 there in years.

INT. ROGUE'S MANOR - NIGHT

A historic craftsman sprawl for fine dining. They sit in a box window facing the courtyard with leather-bound menus and place their orders.

JUNE
 Um--are you sure you wouldn't rather go
 with medium?

WAITER
 He orders it that way every time.

Callan nods. They hand off the menus, and the waiter leaves.

JUNE
 (leaning forward)
 Food-borne illness can be fatal, you know.

CALLAN
 (leaning in)
 I'm aware, yes.

JUNE
 You've been sick before?

CALLAN
 At least five or six times. Listeriosis,
 I believe? Not from here, though.

JUNE
 And yet you--

CALLAN
I like to eat it that way.

JUNE
My son's going through a rare meat phase.
At first I thought it was like eating
dirt, you know, but at least he agrees to
have his steaks cooked medium.

CALLAN
I've never much hankered for dirt, myself.

June claps her hand over her mouth to stifle a snort. She giggles.

JUNE
Oh, time out. It's really not any of my
business what you choose to sink your
teeth into, is it?

Callan shifts in his seat. *One way to say it.*

CALLAN
Tell me more about your son.

EXT. ROGUE'S MANOR - NIGHT - THROUGH WINDOW

June and Callan sip their wine and talk.

INT. ROGUE'S MANOR - NIGHT

Dinner is served. They continue talking and eating.

CALLAN
He really thinks he's a vampire?

JUNE
With a disease much like Claudius Fallon.

Callan fumbles his fork.

CALLAN
I think my steak just moved.

JUNE
Serves you right.

CALLAN
This is from the story?

JUNE
Yes. Fallon's the vampire in the story
with Li-Fraumeni.

Callan stifles a cough. *What the hey?*

JUNE
My opinion, the disease he and his sister
inherited. In the story. It's a genetic
mutation that makes children susceptible
to a variety of cancers like leukemia.

CALLAN
I see. So, was this vampire cured?

JUNE
It seems he was. If you want, I can share
it with you. Supposedly he was a street
artist right here in Eureka for a while.

CALLAN
Written by a tourist.

JUNE
Oh, don't you know it.

CALLAN
Your son, he can't go outside much?

JUNE
When he does, he usually wears sleeves and carries an umbrella. Which, by the way, he'd love yours.

CALLAN
I just happen to have another one like it with his name on it.

JUNE
Really? I can pay you for it.

CALLAN
No can do.
(looking out window)
Sweat or snow, it's almost Christmas. My gift.

JUNE
You're very kind. And this meal, better than before.

CALLAN
My pleasure. But what happened here, really?

JUNE
You mean--

CALLAN
In this restaurant.

JUNE
I-it's really off limits.

CALLAN
Like how I order my steak?

JUNE
Yes. Like that.

CALLAN
We could've gone somewhere else. Anywhere.

JUNE
Yes, we could have. That would've been easy.

CALLAN
You prefer difficult?

JUNE
I prefer...remaking memories.

CALLAN
Is that what we're doing?

JUNE
(beat)
He proposed to me at this very table and died in a boating accident a month later.

Callan takes it in.

CALLAN
You outlived him.

An oddly obvious conclusion. June's not sure what to say.

CALLAN
You found Tommy instead.

As if he already knew.

JUNE
I--adopted him as a baby, yes. And I will probably outlive him too, but I'm glad for every single day I've been his mom.

EXT. MAIN STREET EUREKA - NIGHT

The shops are closed, windows bright with Christmas spangles. Callan and June window-shop. She steps out into the street with him and points out a constellation before clouds cover it.

EXT. STORE WINDOW - NIGHT

JUNE
What do you think about these?

CALLAN
Some ferlies, some havers.

JUNE
British?

CALLAN
Scottish.

JUNE
Wonders and nonsense, right?

CALLAN
You got it.

JUNE
Show me.

He puts his arm around her and points out the differences. A nearby TAVERN BAND strikes up something Latin.

CALLAN
Mariachi next door.

He steps into the street and executes a spot Volta into a double step.

JUNE
Did you train professionally?

CALLAN
Amateur. New York City.

June walks along, watching him dance in the street.

JUNE
You are full of surprises. Salsa?

CALLAN
Samba.

JUNE
You're very good.

CALLAN
I give it a trio now and then.

JUNE
Scottish?

He spins to a stop.

CALLAN
Welsh.

He offers his hand.

CALLAN
Come here, I'll teach you.

JUNE
My hips do not move that way.

CALLAN
Says you.

JUNE
Don't say I didn't warn you.

SERIES OF SHOTS

They start with a basic whisk and move on to harder steps.

A sudden DOWNPOUR has them running for the nearest awning.

Callan gives June his jacket and opens the umbrella.

Rain hurls down the streets, an onslaught untamed by culverts, underdrains, and levees.

They dodge their way through the rain, hugging the sidewalks.

He gives her the umbrella and scoops her up in his arms, a couple of flawless spot Voltas as he goes.

June is laughing when he sets her down in front of his store.

EXT. FAST HORSES - NIGHT

CALLAN
I have some towels inside.

She strips off her sandals and shakes out the umbrella.

Callan returns to the porch with towels. June's gone.

He looks around. She's wading back from the street with something.

CALLAN
I thought the general idea was staying dry.

JUNE
It was, up to a point.

CALLAN
What did you find?

JUNE
Christmas. Floating down the street.

Callan looks up. One of his outdoor ornaments is missing. June laughs and hands him the ornament. She's soaked.

JUNE
I haven't had this much fun in a while.

CALLAN
Clearly you haven't.

Callan lays aside the ornament. He whisks one of the towels under and over, a figure-eight flourish, a veronica. Cooons her with the towel and kisses her. She pulls away briefly.

JUNE
That was sneaky.

She doesn't stop kissing him, though. Nor is she aware of his shoulders coiling outward, the tips of his acromion processes protruding. To his dismay, he's turning. He pulls her tighter.

CALLAN
I want to show you something, but I must carry you one more time.

June's still caught up in kissing him.

JUNE
Sure, let's go.

CALLAN
Somnum.

He scoops her up as she falls asleep.

A creature looking less and less like Callan springs along the vacant hillside carrying June and flies into the woods.

EXT. FOOTHILLS ROCK FORMATION - NIGHT

Basins trenched out by running water, polished as smooth as the an abalone shell. Callan lands nearby with June, asleep on his shoulder. He waits until his shoulders reset before he sets her down.

CALLAN
Expergiscimini.

June rubs her eyes.

JUNE
Did I--?

CALLAN
You did.

JUNE
How rude of me.

CALLAN
You have a lot on your plate.

JUNE
(yawning)
That moves.

CALLAN
Look behind you.

June admires the rock formation with her fingers.

JUNE
It's stunning.

She releases the towel that covers her.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Clothes cast aside, floating and turning with the eddies.

Callan and June lay coiled together on a rain-washed basin, hijacked leaves joining their dance.

He memorizes every tilt and whorl of her, following droplets where they stipple and weep along June's alabaster skin.

She follows his touch with those bright blues as the air grows blonde between their breaths.

Skin on skin they glisten as rainfall combs their backs, rise and fall, shadows lurking in pursuit.

INT. E-TRON - NIGHT

Callan gets in behind the wheel and shuts the door. June sleeps soundly in the back seat, wrapped in his Inverness. He takes in the gauges, the bells and whistles. *Not* the Woodie.

CALLAN
Well, shit.

EXT. E-TRON - MOVING

Slowly turns into the drive at 22 Fairmount. The garage door opens.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - NIGHT

Callan carries June, still asleep, past Tommy's room. Takes a step back. The casket gleams in the moonlight. He looks at it curiously.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANN HOME - JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He lays June on her Jenny Lind bed and removes his Inverness. She's wrapped in a dry towel. He lingers, watching her sleep.

TIME CUT

June opens her eyes, puzzled by the amount of sunlight pouring into her room. Reaches for her cell phone bedside. It's not there. She sits up quickly. She's wearing--a towel?

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - JUNE'S BATHROOM - MORNING

The mirror proves she's a muddy mess. June twists a leaf out of her hair. Turns her back to the mirror and looks. *Wow.*

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - GARAGE - MORNING

June opens her car's passenger door. On the seat: her clothes, shoes, purse, cell phone, and Tommy's new umbrella in a neat row. She walks around to the hatch and opens it. Painting's there too. Except--*how?*

JUNE
Oh, crap. I'm on deep call today.

She runs back to retrieve her cell phone.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - DAY

The time of year when Lilly trades out pumpkins for Teddy bears. In the foyer, in the living room, on the stairwell.

INT. WALT'S STUDY - DAY

Tommy squares up a stack of notebook paper on Walt's rolltop desk beside a couple of broken bears. He fiddles with his pencil and starts writing.

TOMMY (V.O.)
A yea verily long time ago, a mysterious force of attraction called gravity drew celestial bodies toward each other in space. Some didn't end well. They wiped each other out, for real. Others did a disco bump and spun off in opposite directions.

Tommy's cell phone (FaceTime) RINGS. He picks up. It's Chelsea. She sits on a couch in her den with a stack of books.

INTERCUT

CHELSEA
Undead, are you okay? I missed you online last week.

TOMMY
I ran into some complications. But I'm better now.

CHELSEA
Good to know. Where are you?

TOMMY
(showing her)
In Grandpa's study, with some busted bears and a shitload of homework.

CHELSEA
Oh yeah. Me too.
(beat)
Hey, do you think Fallon actually lives there?

TOMMY
Yep.

CHELSEA
For real? You've met him?

TOMMY
Not sure yet. But I think I have a way to find out.

CHELSEA
Well, I gotta go. Catch you online later?

TOMMY
Sure thing.

INT. CHELSEA'S DEN - NIGHT

Chelsea thumbs to "Bad Blood" on her tablet and continues reading.

EXT. BAKER HOSPITAL - DAY

GAYE (V.O.)
The third week the boy went radio-silent, and I fretted until I received a post a few days later.

Norman Baker drives away in his WHITE CORD CONVERTIBLE.

GAYE (V.O.)
When Baker headed out for his court appearance, Dr. Tassemon put his plan in action.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dr. Tassemon sits bedside with Claudius.

GAYE (V.O.)
After some discussion, the Viscount said he thought he could induce his own tonic immobility, or at the very least mesmerize those attending him into believing he was dead.

INT. BASIN PARK HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

Tassemon's home and laboratory. He works over some foamy flasks.

GAYE (V.O.)
 And while we were years away from reversal
 agents, Tassemon apparently concocted his own,
 should they need it.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An Art Deco HALLWAY WALL CLOCK reads 7:30 P.M.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Claudius vomits into an emesis bucket by his bed. Tassemon draws up an injection. An ATTENDING NURSE stands nearby.

DR. TASSEMON
 (to nurse)
 Go on, I'll stay with him for a while.

As soon as the attending nurse closes the door, Tassemon pockets the injection. He and Claudius exchange glances.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Art Deco HALLWAY WALL CLOCK reads 11:30 P.M.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Tassemon listens to Claudius's chest with a stethoscope. The boy lays very still. His lips and nailbeds are blue.

GAYE (V.O.)
 A right good show of it by half past
 eleven, Tassemon said. The viscount
 appeared, for all intents and purposes,
 dead as a doornail.

A NURSE comes in as Tassemon covers his face with a sheet.

DR. TASSEMON
 Bring me a gurney, please.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tassemon pushes a gurney, his cane hooked over the handles.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Tassemon rolls the gurney into an elevator, and the door shuts behind them. By the dial sweep, they are going DOWN.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - MORGUE - NIGHT

Claudius isn't the only body, however. DR. W.D. DULL (white, 47), wears a dinner jacket and a name tag. He's also arrived to pronounce another sheeted PATIENT on a gurney.

DR. DULL
 (writing his report)
 A fine evening to you, sir.

Tassemon nods, takes a clipboard, and begins his report.

GAYE (V.O.)
 He was a nasty chump, every bit as bull-
 headed as his name implied, Tassemon said. He
 had a hankering Dull was onto them.

DR. DULL
 (opening a drawer)
 Help you put him in here?

Tassemon flashes his clipboard, a note attached to it.

DR. TASSEMON
No. I have orders from the family for his
immediate burial.

Tassemon can see beads of perspiration soaking through the sheet covering Claudius. Dull narrows his eyes.

DR. DULL
I see your letter, yes. But you know
Baker has to sign off on all transfers.

Dull keeps talking.

GAYE (V.O.)
Housekeeping rules, he said.

Dull turns away to his cadaver. Tassemon lifts the sheet, then lowers it. He straightens, removes his cane from the gurney.

DR. TASSEMON
I suppose you're also aware that Baker
could be gone for weeks this time.

Tassemon pounds his cane on the floor and continues talking.

GAYE (V.O.)
At that point, Tassemon knew they were on
the clock. He announced that he would under
no uncertain terms defy the wishes of the
Queen's Commander at Arms, that he'd go get
Baker on the horn at once.

EXT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Tassemon storms out and slips into an alcove off the hallway. He studies his watch's second hand, waiting.

GAYE (V.O.)
After a fitting amount of time required to
gimp to the nearest house phone and back...

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Tassemon pokes his head in the doorway. Dull is gone, clipboard on the floor. Dull's patient and Claudius remain undisturbed. Tassemon smiles.

EXT. BAKER HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A HAULING TRUCK idles with a casket in back at the loading dock. The door flies open and Tassemon rolls out the gurney.

INT. HAULING TRUCK - PARKED - NIGHT

A SEXTON helps Tassemon roll the boy's dead weight into the passenger's side and SLAMS the door.

EXT. HAULING TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Speeds down a dark country road, BUMPING and SPUTTERING.

INT. HAULING TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Around the jolts, Tassemon produces a syringe of his revival agent from his lab coat. Uncaps it with his teeth.

He aims to inject the boy's thigh when Claudius stutters awake, all teeth and cuspids in Tassemon's face.

DR. TASSEMON
Viscount!

EXT. HAULING TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Sexton (O.C.) YELLING.

The truck swerves toward a ditch and rights its course.

GAYE (V.O.)
The boy's mesmeric ability had fooled even him, Tassemon said. For as he'd mentioned beforehand, the boy really didn't care for needles.

INT. BASIN PARK HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

Claudius sits by a window and sketches what he sees outside while Tassemon works at his lab.

GAYE (V.O.)
With an empty casket placed in the crypt by his sister, the boy stayed in hiding while the Tassemon developed a blood serum he would take for the rest of his life.

INT. BAKER HOSPITAL - DAY

Tassemon stands in front of Baker's six-sided desk for a tongue-lashing. Baker yells at him from the other side.

GAYE (V.O.)
And while certain levels of indiscretion weren't beyond Baker, exhuming the boy's body wasn't one of them. The only remaining power that silver-tongued grifter had was to fire Tassemon on the spot.

EXT. MAIN STREET EUREKA - DAY

Several CUSTOMERS mingle around Claudius's art display on the sidewalk.

GAYE (V.O.)
After the hospital closed its doors, Claudius began hawking his artwork on the street.

EXT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - DAY

Walt opens the front door to a carefully manicured June.

WALT
Y'all get wet?

June walks inside.

JUNE
Look who's fishing.

WALT
Lilly asked first. I got tacos with tomatoes.

JUNE
Thanks. We'll have to head out soon to beat the cold front.

WALT
You think he's up for it?

JUNE
He said he wants to see where his mother is buried.

EXT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - DAY

June and Tommy, coats on, get into the E-tron.

TOMMY
Did you ask him if he drives a Woodie?

INT. E-TRON - PARKED - DAY

June's answering a text.

JUNE
Who?

TOMMY
Your not-a-date. The painter guy.

JUNE
How--?

TOMMY
He's like the only single dude around here, right?

June finishes her text.

JUNE
I have to go get some hanging hardware from him next week for Grandma's painting. I could ask him then.

TOMMY
You really got it?

JUNE
Yes.

How to ask, how to ask.

TOMMY
Do you think he could go to Fan Expo with us?

JUNE
Oh, I don't know, Tommy. That's a big ask.

TOMMY
Yup.

JUNE
I'll need to think about it.

EXT. E-TRON - MOVING - DAY

Pulls into the same cemetery Claudius is recorded to be buried in, now EUREKA SPRINGS CEMETERY. The car winds toward the rear of the property.

EXT. E-TRON - PARKED - DAY

Tommy's out in a flash, headed straight toward a flat marker.

TOMMY
Is this it?

JUNE
That one, yes.

Tommy studies the headstone.

TOMMY
Sylvia Milford?

June bends down to brush away leaves covering it.

JUNE
Yes. She was your birth mother.

TOMMY
She was younger than you are.

JUNE
Yes, she was.

Tommy gazes in another direction.

TOMMY
I need to go over there.

He takes off. Steam curls off his bomber jacket. June checks the temperature on her cell phone.

JUNE
Just a few more minutes, Tommy.

Tommy runs toward an older section. June follows. He stops at an above-ground companion crypt, white marble with faded Tristram-style letters.

TOMMY
Come look at this!

June can't read them yet. Tommy pulls out his cell phone.

TOMMY
Don't you get it? From the story?

SCURLOCK. June stops.

TOMMY
Did you get to that part yet?

JUNE
Yes. Yes, I did.

She walks around the crypt while Tommy snaps photos.

JUNE
Let's get a few more pictures and talk about this in the car.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Sun flicks through an air hole in the ceiling. Callan is on an exhausting painting jag. Shoes off, shirttail out.

Agnetha looks on, worried. The canvas he paints spans the entire cell.

AGNETHA'S POV

She can't go around it, so she walks through it. Now she can't see Callan. She comes back through the canvas and stands near him.

AGNETHA
It's time to go home, isn't it?

CALLAN
(switching hands)
I can't. I have to go open the shop.

Callan loses his grip, and the brush falls to the floor.

AGNETHA
You see? This is not good for you.

CALLAN
(bending to retrieve it)
This is fine. She's the problem.

AGNETHA
How so?

CALLAN
She's gorgeous.

AGNETHA
Really? Like Milja?

SERIES OF SHOTS

MILJA DUMONT (16, black) a spitting image of Chelsea, scrubs windows at BASIN PARK HOTEL. A television ANNOUNCES Hawaii has just annexed to US.

Callan (appearing 15) walks past and tucks money into her work apron.

Callan and Milja run hand-in-hand along the West Mountain foothills in the rain, laughing. He picks her up and spins.

They share a bed, but not just for sex. Books piled in one corner mean school's in session. He's teaching her to read.

Milja (appearing 23) runs to greet Callan (appearing 16) at the front stone arches of HARDING UNIVERSITY. Across the mall, picketing. BANNERS with MARTIN LUTHER KING JR on them.

Callan and Milja eat in a local (white) soda fountain and try to ignore insidious overtones from other PATRONS.

Callan sits and sketches in the foyer of a boarding house. Milja rushes inside. She's crying. He reaches for her.

MILJA
They killed him, Callan!
(falls to her knees)
Oh--they shot him in Memphis!

Milja (appearing 28), dressed as a secretary, sits on a bench outside a courthouse and eats a sack lunch with Callan (appearing 17). A tense exchange that swells into an argument.

We see Callan get up from the bench and walk away. Milja sits in a stupor. Her sandwich drops from her hand onto the sidewalk.

Callan (appearing 20) pulls the Woodie in front of a quaint parsonage. Milja (appearing 65) lugs a sack of groceries inside. Comes back outside. She doesn't recognize him.

MILJA
We already own a Kirby, sir.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Callan looks down.

CALLAN
More than Milja. I'm falling for her, I think.

AGNETHA
Will you make her forget, as well?

CALLAN
I have to.

INT. E-TRON - PARKED - DAY

The cemetery talk. June gets inside, adjusts the heat, and blows on her hands. Tommy gets inside and thumbs through his photos.

TOMMY
The Scurlock crypt is where Fallon's
sister is buried.

JUNE
Right. Hear me out?

Tommy shivers. His fingers are pale.

JUNE
Here, warm them up like this. I'll
start the seat heaters.

He holds them over the vents as instructed.

JUNE
People who write pulp fiction like--
what's his name again?

TOMMY
Miles Cochran.

JUNE
Yes, well--sometimes they visit the places
they write about and select real buildings
and locations to use in their stories.

TOMMY
Is that all you think he did?

JUNE
Scurlock might one of his relatives. He
just added it to the story.

TOMMY
You absotively don't think Fallon is real?

JUNE
What's that?

TOMMY
Absolutely and positively.

JUNE
It's just a story, sweetie.

The sad truth. June takes his hand and squeezes it.

JUNE
It was incredible, Tommy, really. And yes,
I'd like to know what ultimately happened to
Dr. Tassemon and Claudius Fallon.

TOMMY
Then why won't you help me?

Tommy pulls his hand away. His lip trembles, and he starts to cry.

JUNE
We've been over this before. When you reach
a certain stage, a bone marrow transplant
will put your cancer in remission.

TOMMY
Are we sure about that?

JUNE

Yes. Yes, we are. The disease Claudius had in the story was untreatable. He didn't conjure some spell or, or take a magic potion to cure himself. Those things just don't exist, honey.

June reaches for his hand again. He turns away and looks outside.

JUNE

Tommy. Tommy, look at me.

He finally does. He's crying blood.

JUNE

(reaching for a tissue)
Oh, dear. Let me--
(dabs his face)
Tommy, you are going to get over this. It doesn't make any difference how you got it. The treatment and the outcome remain the same.

TOMMY

But I like being a sick vampire.

JUNE

That's just it, don't you see? You don't have to be sick to be a vampire. And you don't have to be a vampire because you're sick.

TOMMY

I can be a well vampire?

JUNE

You certainly can.

Tommy looks down.

TOMMY

But he was just like me.

JUNE

That's what good stories do.

EXT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - DAY

The E-tron pulls into the drive. Tommy heads straight to the porch and picks up a vase with red roses. June follows.

TOMMY

They're for you.

June studies the card. Unlocks the front door. Tommy follows her into the kitchen as she reads the card.

INT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

TOMMY

Looks like it was a success.
(beat)
Your working dinner.

June tucks the card back inside the envelope. Pulls it out again.

JUNE

I imagine it's just a standard thank you. For making such a large purchase. For Grandma.

Nope, not it. Tommy crosses his arms.

TOMMY
I think what he really wants is to go out
and suck face with you again.

JUNE
(reading card)
Huh?
(beat)
Tommy Lucas.

TOMMY
(grinning)
At Fan Expo.

He takes off for his room.

INT. TOMMY'S CASKET - PARKED - DAY

Molly peers over the edge at Tommy, who's inside.

MOLLY
Holy crud, it does all that?

TOMMY
More. Come on in, I'll show you.

EXT. 22 FAIRMOUNT QUEEN ANNE HOME - PORCH - DAY

June and Dawn lay on patio loungers with frozen margaritas. Dawn pulls out a vape pen.

DAWN
You mind? It's been a week.

June shakes her head. Dawn takes a slow drag and holds the vapor a moment before exhaling. Bridges her forehead.

JUNE
Is Molly all right?

DAWN
Now she would be. Little shit.
(sniggers)
Four--no, five sets of guests, the holiday
rush, and she just--freaks.

JUNE
Really?

DAWN
She comes home with F's and picks fights at
school, then open sesame, she's back. I don't
know what to think.

JUNE
An FSH panel might be helpful.

Dawn regards her blankly.

JUNE
Hormone levels. With her doctor.

DAWN
Of course. I had female problems when I
was her age. You think that's it?

JUNE
Certainly worth checking.

DAWN
Well, yeah--that makes total sense.
(beat)

She's still weirded out about walking Tommy to school now, though. That one's beyond me.

JUNE
No worries. She's a good kid.

DAWN
Pisses me off. She'll be the rest of the year getting her grades up.

JUNE
I'm glad you let her come over to play video games with Tommy today.

DAWN
Does he really have a coffin in his room?

JUNE
It's his video game console.

DAWN
Aside from being god-awful bizarre, I bet that cost you a chunk of change, huh?

JUNE
Worth every single penny.

DAWN
You're a good mom, you know that?

JUNE
That's--very kind.

DAWN
I really mean it.
(beat)
Then again, before things get too chummy, I need to tell you something.

June sips her margarita and waits.

DAWN
I think Molly is Tommy's half sister.

June fumbles her drink and grabs her right calf.

DAWN
Cramps?

JUNE
(standing)
Didn't see that coming.

DAWN
Tommy's mother was Sylvia Milford, right?

JUNE
(walking it out)
Yes.

DAWN
She's the one my ex was still married to while he was banging me.

JUNE
You're sure about that?

DAWN
Garrison?

JUNE
Any idea where he might be?

DAWN
Nope. I don't want to know.

JUNE
You're certain--Molly--you and Garrison...

DAWN
I was exclusive with the sumbitch, if that's what you're implying.

JUNE
Pretty much, yeah.
(she sits)
If Molly really is his half-sibling, there's a good chance she could be a donor.

It doesn't compute with Dawn.

JUNE
Tommy's going to need a bone marrow transplant in a few months. The closest genetic match is usually a parent, sibling, or half-sibling.

DAWN
You mean, she can donate this--

JUNE
Bone marrow. It's similar to donating blood platelets.

DAWN
Can she get money for that?

JUNE
She can if she's a match.
(beat)
It's a bit of a process. She'll have to agree to it.

DAWN
Does it involve needles? Molly hates needles.

JUNE
It does, unfortunately. One in each arm.

Dawn's eyes narrow.

DAWN
How much money?

JUNE
Last I checked, the going donor rate was fifteen thousand.

Dawn stiffens.

DAWN
Oh, I think I can definitely talk her into that.

INT. PURPLE PASSION B&B - MOLLY'S ROOM - DAY

Molly storms into her room, Dawn on her heels.

MOLLY
Mom.

DAWN
Oh, don't you *Mom* me. We need a new roof and four new commodes. Good night, where do you think that kind of money comes from?

MOLLY
Not from my arms!

DAWN
No. No ma'am. She said...well, it was one
in each arm, that's right.

MOLLY
I am *not* related to him.

DAWN
Well...you could be.

MOLLY
See? See there? You really don't know, do you?
(plops on bed)
I'm grounded, anyway.

Dawn's cooking up something. A smize.

DAWN
We could amend that.

Molly groans and covers her head with a pillow.

EXT. AUDI E-TRON - MOVING - DAY

On I-44, a four-lane divided highway.

INT. AUDI E-TRON - MOVING - DAY

June drives. Callan rides shotgun, scrolling on his tablet. Tommy's stretched out asleep in back. He's looking pale today, more than usual.

JUNE
How far along are you?

Further than Callan wants anyone to know.

CALLAN
It seems rather complex for his age. Do
you think he understands it?

JUNE
He read most of it to me.

CALLAN
Wow. Smart kid.

JUNE
Who also thinks those things in the story
actually happened.

CALLAN
I can see why you're concerned.

JUNE
I guess we'll find out at the *Philly's*
Argosy autograph party, won't we?

Callan's counting on it.

CALLAN
Do you think he's good for this?

JUNE
We'll need to take breaks. I'm glad
you're here to help.

EXT. AMERICA'S CENTER PLAZA ENTRANCE - MORNING

A solid line of cosplay outside the security checkpoint. St. Louis, come on down! Geek out. Callan and June (plainclothes) and Tommy (in vampire drag) wear matching fang masks.

Tommy breaks out of line and runs toward Dr. Who's MARTHA JONES (Chelsea). A knuckle-bump handshake.

Callan takes in Chelsea, looking way too much like Milja. Awkward. He looks away and steels himself to step through this. The doors open, and the line moves forward.

INT. AMERICA'S CENTER - MORNING

Miles Cochran hulks over a small table, a sweaty mess signing free trading cards or "Bad Blood" comics. Callan and Tommy wait in line.

A FEW LINES OVER

June and Chelsea chat while they wait for Jack Darrow's autograph.

COCHRAN
(twirling a card, to Tommy)
A card or a book?

Callan steps forward and lays money on the table.

CALLAN
Let's get you a copy.

COCHRAN
Smart man.
(handing over comic book)
This one's already signed.
(to Tommy)
Love the mask. It works. Next!

TOMMY
But I have a question.

Cochran pops on a kitchen timer.

COCHRAN
Make it quick, we're on the clock.

TOMMY
Does Fallon still live in Eureka Springs?

COCHRAN
(pursing lips)
I get some version of that one all the time.

Tommy shifts his weight impatiently. Cochran leans in.

COCHRAN
Let's just say I had a whole lot more
about Claudius Fallon that ended up on
Philly's cutting floor.

TOMMY
So--you're saying it's possible?

Cochran sits back.

COCHRAN
Anything's possible.

The timer goes off.

TOMMY
That was a fast thirty.

COCHRAN
As time can fly.

Tommy scowls at him.

CALLAN
I'd like an autographed card, if I may.

All sorts of trouble. Cochran fumbles for his pen.

COCHRAN
Name?

Callan leans in--so terribly, terribly close.

CALLAN
An old friend.

Vurp with nowhere to run. Cochran stumbles out of his chair, puking, staggering through the display banner. He makes a cowboy trot toward the nearest fart-and-hurl.

TOMMY
What did you do to him?

CALLAN
He did it to himself.

TOMMY
Really? Just like that?

Callan's watching Cochran very calmly. A little too calmly.

TOMMY
Hello! Maybe you can tell me why we're still standing here? After all that waiting, he didn't even answer my question.

CALLAN
He couldn't.

TOMMY
Why not?

CALLAN
He didn't write the story.

TOMMY
Really? How do you know?

CALLAN
He couldn't answer your question.

TOMMY
Well--who wrote it, then?

CALLAN
I think I know already.

TOMMY
You better, because this is serious stuff.

Tommy takes off, disappearing into the crowd. June and Chelsea walk up.

JUNE
What gives?

CALLAN
Cochran was a bust.

June follows Callan's concerned gaze.

CHELSEA
I'll catch up with him.

She takes off toward the stadium entrance.

JUNE
He'll calm down.
(unrolls a banner, Darrow baring fangs)
A shame. We had better luck than you two
all the way around. Tommy will love this.

Callan's nostrils flare. He's distracted by something else.

CALLAN
Oh, no.

STADIUM ENTRANCE - MORNING

Tommy's staggering. He collapses on the floor. June pushes through the crowd ahead of Callan.

EXT. GATEWAY ARCH - NIGHT

TOMMY'S POV

For an art guy, he's *yes-way* ripped while he scales the glammed-out stainless steel arch, Tommy on his back. Tommy looks down. *Ruh-roh*. That's a long way down, and they're swaying left...and right...

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - DAY

TOMMY'S POV

Mom's over him, all serious-like.

JUNE
Tommy...Tommy. I have to step outside for a minute, sweetie. But Callan's here, okay?

Tommy blinks at her. *No, he's not.*

CALLAN (O.C. TO TOMMY)
Go ahead, I've got you covered.

Tommy drifts off again. June examines the PICC line in his right arm. The left one's blown, and this site isn't looking much better.

JUNE
We may have to switch to a central line tomorrow.

CALLAN
For the transplant?

JUNE
We might be--too late for that.

CALLAN
What? I thought you said--

JUNE
I'm going to find out.

Callan pulls up a chair as June leaves. When the door CLICKS shut, Tommy's eyes pop open. Callan's on it.

CALLAN
Are you uncomfortable?

TOMMY
(trying to sit)
Nope.

CALLAN
Go easy there. I think they want you
to rest.

TOMMY
I'm not sleepy.

Callan starts to speak.

TOMMY
Nope. Faking it.

CALLAN
The whole time?

Tommy raises his nose.

TOMMY
Didn't we just climb the Gateway Arch?

Callan smiles knowingly.

TOMMY
Yeah? That was trippin'.
(taking stock of his situation)
You didn't drop me, did you?

CALLAN
No, we got down okay.

TOMMY
Yeah. You flew.

Callan nods.

TOMMY
You're *him*. I knew it.

Which means he's slipping somehow, dammit. Callan studies Tommy.

CALLAN
You did?

TOMMY
From the first day we found your studio.

Tommy looks at the bag on his IV pole.

TOMMY
Are they giving me the same stuff you got?

CALLAN
No, unfortunately, it only works for
me. You need a bone marrow transplant.

TOMMY
No, I don't. I just thought of another way,
and we only have one chance to get this right.

Tommy begins peeling the dressing off his left arm. Callan stands,
unsure what to do.

TOMMY
You've got to turn me.

CALLAN
Pardon?

TOMMY
You heard me. You need to bite me. Your vampire subclass lives longer than mine, obviously.

CALLAN
It won't help you, Tommy. You'll just run more of a risk for infection.

Tommy hyperextends his discolored arm, the perfect plateau for biting.

TOMMY
No one will see it here, and there's a good artery too.

CALLAN
It won't work.

TOMMY
What if it does?

CALLAN
I have no idea what you'll become.

Tommy stretches his arm out farther.

CALLAN
This won't be pretty, you know. I'll need to put you to sleep.

TOMMY
No, you don't. Just do it.

Callan glances over at the ICU's observation window.

CALLAN
First things first.

Callan crosses the room and rotates the miniblinds shut. Turning, he grows--his head grazing the ceiling as he stoops and coils into a snafu across the room. His fangs tear in and out of Tommy's arm before the boy's face registers pain.

CALLAN
Somnum.

Tommy drifts off while Callan catches the blood drips in his hand. He goes to the sink to wash out his mouth. He just finishes replacing the bandage on Tommy's arm as June returns.

JUNE
Good news.
(smiling)
Chelsea talked Molly off the fence.
She's coming tomorrow.

Well, shit. Biter's remorse already.

CALLAN
Really?

JUNE
For a Martha Jones jacket and a year's shipment of super gummy worms from Archway.

CALLAN
Molly's a match?

June quickly turns away and checks Tommy's PICC line again.

JUNE
 We don't know yet.
 (suddenly sobs)
 We don't know much of anything anymore.

Callan crosses the room and holds her. He kisses the top of her head.

CALLAN
 Are you spending the night here?

JUNE
 Yes. I have to.

CALLAN
 I'll set this up for you.

Callan pulls out a sleeping cot. June checks on Tommy. She straightens, notes the miniblinds, and adjusts them before crossing the room to help Callan stretch sheets over the cot. They both sit.

JUNE
 I can drive you back to the hotel.

CALLAN
 No worries. I'll catch the metro.

June looks down.

JUNE
 This didn't exactly turn out the way--

Callan clasps her hands.

CALLAN
 Don't even go there.

JUNE
 Well...I--

CALLAN
 Somnum.

June goes limp. Callan lowers her to the cot and holds her hand. Tears come, sloppy ones he doesn't try to stanch.

CALLAN
 No longer in your heart and head, be gone
 after all is said. I decree it best. I have
 loved you, and I release you. So be it.

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Callan springs along the parking lot and flies away.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE BOARDWALK - EUREKA SPRINGS - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

HAMMERING nearby. Callan, drenched in sweat and soiled from running, hangs under the deck in hiding.

EXT. BASIN PARK HOTEL - BASIN PARK - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A gallows is going up, BUILDERS HAMMERING (PRE-LAP).

INT. CALLAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Callan's sprawled on an Empire sofa in the front room of his cottage. A heap of liquor bottles are under the coffee table, enough to tank and elephant. He's hallucinating, yes--but the HAMMERING continues.

Callan opens one eye. Sunlight streams through cracks around the door facing, *so bright*. The brass door fitting jounces, SOMEONE working it. He regards it dully.

CALLAN
Enough already!

He strains to sit. Cradles his head in his hands and groans. His sight's piss-poor in broad daylight. A dark, skinny figure looms in the doorway.

JUNE (O.C.)
Where do you keep the garbage bags?

Callan slumps on the couch in a stupor. *June, really?*

FROM KITCHEN

Drawers, cabinet doors OPENING and SHUTTING. Callan dozes.

A TING on the coffee table. Callan stirs, and his eyes adjust. His high-octane stash is gone. A pitcher of water and a mug of something highly acerbic. He counts the tea bags.

CALLAN
I--don't drink it that way.

JUNE
You do now.

He looks up at her. Yep, she's pissed. Picks up the mug.

CALLAN
This could really punch it the other way.

She crosses her arms and waits. He strangles down a sip.

JUNE
It's freezing in here. Where's the thermostat?

CALLAN
Down the hallway.

While she's gone, he pours the tea into a barf bucket by the couch. She returns with his cell phone and sets a glass of water in front of him.

JUNE
Where's your charger?

CALLAN
The kitchen, I ken.

JUNE
You didn't get any of my texts or calls?

More RUMMAGING in the kitchen. He sets the water aside.

CALLAN
I think it needs a new battery.

She pops her head around the corner.

JUNE
Really? It seems to be charging just fine.

Callan closes his eyes.

KITCHEN

June notices a stack of Moleskine ledgers on the counter. She opens one and starts reading.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Gaye is on his deathbed. Callan (appearing 26) sits and talks to him.

GAYE (V.O.)
 As years rolled by, I watched the viscount outlive virtually everyone he'd known. A five-hour bombing raid on Cardiff in 1941 claimed his parents. I'd reupped to serve by then--alongside Dewey Langston, who passed away in Norfolk shortly after the war. And Tassemon, the doctor who all but cured the boy and set his course for life, lost his own to heart failure in 1978. Now the viscount is losing me. Because of his experience at Baker Hospital, I suppose he believes it's safer to walk this world alone.

On the bed is a stack of Moleskine journals.

GAYE
 One's...missing.

CALLAN
 I will find it, old friend. Do not worry.

GAYE
 Promise me, Claudius...that you will draw...a little every day.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CALLAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

June's back, looking Callan over.

JUNE
 You need a shower. Come on.

Callan makes two attempts to stand before he flounders after her.

INT. CALLAN'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

June only turns the RIGHT knob. Callan begins looking for the buttons on his shirt. She stops him.

JUNE
 In you go, all of you. When we have more tonic alertness, we'll talk.

She shoves him inside, shuts the shower door behind him. *Fuck, it's freezing.* He reaches for the left knob.

JUNE
 Oh, no, you don't. Sit down and take it like a big boy.

Callan sits on a corner bench as told. She puts her cell phone on the counter where he can see a TIMER running.

JUNE
 One minute.

She pulls up a stool and sits.

JUNE
 I'm going to ask you a question. And you are going to tell me the truth.

Callan's shivering nonstop.

JUNE
When did you move into this house?

CALLAN
Nineteen forty.

JUNE
The truth, please.

CALLAN
I just told you.

June stands.

JUNE
No, you didn't.

She begins pacing, head down.

JUNE
You didn't tell me how you could occupy
a house before you were born. You
didn't tell me why you drive a 1937
Packard. You didn't tell me how it is
that no one can seem to remember when
your gallery opened. You didn't--

The PHONE TIMER goes OFF. June glances at it, then the shower. *The thing in the shower isn't human.* It ROARS at her. Only one thing to do. June raises a finger.

JUNE
You--put those up.

Callan collapses against the wall and slides down to the seat. June pulls a towel from the towel rack. Opens the shower door, turns off the shower, and drapes the towel around him. She kneels.

JUNE
You haven't heard yet, have you?

Guess not. Callan blinks at her. June begins to cry.

JUNE
For all you have suffered, you saved my son.

CALLAN
Tommy's alive?

JUNE
When he showed me his infusion site, I didn't
believe him. Then all his labs came back
normal. No one knows what to make of it.

Callan's wondering just how that happened too.

CALLAN
He didn't get the transplant?

JUNE
No need. He's fine. Molly made out like a
bandit and baked enough gummy muffins to
rot out all our teeth.

CALLAN
He's really okay? Nothing's--off?

JUNE
Just a happy and healthy nine-year-old kid.

How he hopes so. Callan touches her cheek.

CALLAN
You were supposed to forget me.

June's eyes narrow.

JUNE
So that's how you do it.
(tucking the towel around him)
It didn't work.

CALLAN
I didn't want it to.

JUNE
I'm glad. I never want to forget you.
(helping him stand)
So, this thing you do. It'll be our
secret, okay?

CALLAN
You won't--study me?

JUNE
Oh, I'll be scoping you out regularly.
Just not in that way.

He steps out of the shower after her.

CALLAN
I'll outlive you.

JUNE
At the rate you're going, I wouldn't be so sure.

CALLAN
How do we do this?

JUNE
We'll start with something bland.

CALLAN
That's not what I meant.

JUNE
If there's one thing you should realize
by now, Viscount--I can deal with you.

CALLAN
I never doubted it for a minute.

She turns and goes. CABINETS, POTS & PANS shaking and baking. Callan turns to the mirror. Yep, he looks like shit. Better brush the biters.

June sticks her head back through the doorway.

JUNE
How old did you say you were again?

CALLAN
I didn't.
(spits in the sink)
One Hundred One.

JUNE
Wow. Dental work?

CALLAN
Nope.

JUNE
Amazing. Yearly exam? Prostate check?

CALLAN
No.

INT. LUCAS QUEEN ANNE HOME - JUNE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Tommy rocks out to the MUSICAL TOOTHBRUSH THEME "Drac's Got Plaque."
Feelin' good. Lilly looks around the door facing.

LILLY
Food truck burgers?

TOMMY
(around the toothbrush)
Medium rare?

Lilly smiles.

LILLY
We leave in five.

She goes. Tommy continues brushing.

Tommy continues brushing, good day to be alive and all that, when--
holy Godzilla--for one-coconut, two-coconut, he's staring down a
piranha-jaw remodel, like something streaming on Marvel. In the
bathroom mirror. Then brain freeze, he's back.

Tommy turns off his toothbrush. Lowers it. Reaches across his body and
touches his shoulder.

TOMMY
Donkey balls.

THE END