

**Darkest Night 2x07**

"Bad Blood"

Written by

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Final Draft (1)

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## DARKEST NIGHT

### SEASON 2

#### EPISODE 7: Bad Blood

##### **Characters:**

Katie: Mid 20s. Impulsive and spontaneous. Quick learner who isn't afraid to speak her mind. Knows she's wrapped up in a larger conspiracy now, but has to keep that from Ricketts.

Dr. Lionel Ricketts: 30s. Younger member of Project Cyclops, working independently from Dr. Kinsler. Extremely cold. Softspoken but menacing. Guarded. Blew up at Katie a few eps ago.

Alana: Assassin. Shrewd individual. Thanks to a mysterious blood ailment, she is now enraged, manic, and lethal as ever.

Dr. Alvarez: Medical professional. Calm, collected, and unflappable... until tonight.

Nurse Montrose: Dr. Alvarez's partner in the surgery theater. A consummate professional with a bubbly side.

Nurse Steve: Young caretaker who recently transferred to the hospital. Soft spoken and kind.

Hospital Security: Keeping the peace, one ward at a time.

Lobby Person: A lobby individual.

##### **Locations:**

1. Lab at Roth-Lobdow Center for Advanced Research
2. Operating room
3. The Hospital

##### **Time of Day:**

Night. Definitely night.

**INTRO BUMPER**

ROTH LOBDOW CENTER FOR ADVANCED RESEARCH

EFX: Recorder button/tone.

KATIE  
(whispering)  
Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced  
Research. Project Cyclops, Day 16,  
about to begin. Entering the  
laboratory now.

EFX: Key card beep. A loud buzz, a metal lock unlatched. Door opens, footsteps.

DR. RICKETTS  
Katie.

KATIE  
Dr. Ricketts. Good morning so far?

DR. RICKETTS  
It's adequate.

KATIE  
Most people just say "fine."

DR. RICKETTS  
Most people have the literacy rate of  
a 3rd grader.

KATIE  
Why yes, Dr. Ricketts, I'm doing well  
this morning, too. Thanks for asking.

A beat.

KATIE (cont'd)  
What are you working on?

EFX: Scribbling on a note pad.

DR. RICKETTS  
The recurring instances of perception  
control in several of our recent case  
studies led me to investigate certain  
pharmaceutical trials performed by  
research laboratories.

KATIE

(Knows about Axiom  
Zero, but keeping it  
"cool")

Like the Saber Formula, which we know  
was manufactured right here at Roth-  
Lobdow. For all we know, that was the  
beta test for what we've been seeing.

DR. RICKETTS

Yes. The Saber Formula was developed  
here, and while I know that nothing  
would please you more than to draw a  
line back to our doorstep with your  
conspiracy theories... what we've  
been seeing looks a lot more like the  
early research of one Dr. Damien  
Igwe.

KATIE

Igwe... Igwe... that name sounds  
familiar...

DR. RICKETTS

He should. Dr. Igwe's a professor  
now. He's also--

KATIE

Effi's father! The kid who took  
control of the pledgemaster from  
Omicron, the Project Cyclops we  
watched a few days ago.

DR. RICKETTS

Correct.

KATIE

What department does Dr. Igwe work  
for?

DR. RICKETTS

See for yourself.

EFX: The sound of Ricketts handing her the papers.

KATIE

Well, this can't be. This isn't Roth-  
Lobdow data.

DR. RICKETTS

Precisely.

KATIE

(acting shocked --  
she already knows  
Axiom Zero began at  
Sigma Corp)

Dr. Igwe works for Sigma Corp?

DR. RICKETTS

Dr. Igwe is inconsequential. He's one of *many* who worked for Sigma Corp. He's not even working there anymore as far as I can tell. But what that data shows is that the beta development of whatever it is we're seeing *actually* began at Sigma. Not here.

KATIE

(feigning shock)

I...just need to mull this over.

(beat)

If there's one thing I've learned about working at Roth-Lobdow, it's that there's always something in the shadows worth chasing... if the shadows aren't already chasing you.

DR. RICKETTS

Well, suit yourself. I was just trying to provide you with some facts. What you do with them is up to you.

KATIE

Hmmm.

EFX: Sheet being removed.

DR. RICKETTS

Shall we get to work?

KATIE

Let's.

DR. RICKETTS

Subject appears to be mid-20s. Face and head more or less in tact...

KATIE

Are those *teeth* marks on the neck?

EFX: Scalpel, flesh cutting.

DR. RICKETTS  
Removing optic nerve...

KATIE  
Project Cyclops. Trial 7-zeta-6. Time  
stamp is registering correctly.  
Initiating playback in 3...  
2...  
1...  
  
Initiate.

THE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

EFX: Doors being pushed open with urgency, the sound of a  
gurney.

NURSE STEVE  
(Urgent)  
Look alive people! We have a bleeder!

DR. ALVAREZ  
Details?

NURSE STEVE  
Paramedics just brought her in, adult  
female, looks to be mid-30s.  
Experienced blunt force trauma and  
multiple lacerations. Massive blood  
loss.

DR. ALVAREZ  
Get her on the table.

NURSE STEVE  
You got it.

DR. ALVAREZ  
Montrose!

EFX: Running footsteps

NURSE MONTROSE  
I'm here.

DR. ALVAREZ  
This woman is going to need a  
transfusion. She's running out of  
blood...

(MORE)

DR. ALVAREZ (cont'd)  
and even if we close her up, she's  
not going to live if there's nothing  
left in there.

NURSE MONTROSE  
Yes, Dr. Alvarez.

EFX: The bustle of the operating room. Beeping machines. The  
movement of the body from the stretcher to the table.

THE NARRATOR  
As the nurses struggled to move the  
body from the stretcher to the  
operating table, Doctor Alvarez  
quickly surveyed the situation: Pale  
and beaded with sweat, the woman's  
clothes were drenched in blood. The  
thick, coppery scent of her insides  
filled the surgical theater, and even  
the medical staff, with their steely  
resolves, had to momentarily center  
themselves to stop from gagging.

EFX: The patient's raspy breathing.

NURSE MONTROSE  
She does *not* look good.

DR. ALVAREZ  
Understatement of the year. Vitals?

EFX: Scuffling noises as Montrose circles the patient.

NURSE MONTROSE  
Weak. Fading.

DR. ALVAREZ  
Then you're going to need to think  
about getting those wounds closed  
sooner rather than later. Start  
suturing.

NURSE MONTROSE  
On it.

DR. ALVAREZ  
...and where's my transfusion prep?

NURSE MONTROSE  
I only have two hands, sir.

EFX: Running footsteps.

NURSE STEVE

Dr. Alvarez!

DR. ALVAREZ

I'm busy, nurse.

NURSE STEVE

I understand that, sir. But a woman in the waiting room just started seizing. The admit crew is understaffed and they need someone to check her pronto.

DR. ALVAREZ

(Exasperated, under his breath)

Damn it.

A beat.

DR. ALVAREZ (cont'd)

Fine. Steve. You're with me.

NURSE STEVE

Sir.

DR. ALVAREZ

...and Montrose, get that damn transfusion prepped so I can start it when I get back.

NURSE MONTROSE

On it!

EFX: Alvarez and Steve running, and pushing his way out the door. Running feet down hallway.

THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

EFX: Convulsing lady.

THE NARRATOR

Recently transferred to the hospital after a number of years working in private care, the young nurse...Steve...was finding his new job to be even more stressful than he had initially imagined. He'd already seen an early-onset Alzheimer's patient commit suicide in his first few weeks on the job.

(MORE)



THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 Still, as he worked with Dr. Alvarez  
 in the lobby to quell the convulsing  
 of the elderly woman he was currently  
 cradling in his arms, the young man  
 couldn't help but feel a small sense  
 of pride. Tonight, Steve had done  
 good...and, in his mind, no one could  
 take that feeling from him.

DR. ALVAREZ  
 She's stabilized.

THE NARRATOR  
 But...the night was young.

LOBBY PERSON  
 Thank you, Doctor! Thank you!

DR. ALVAREZ  
 Of course. A staff member will be by  
 momentarily to take your grandmother  
 to a room for further check-up. But  
 in the meantime, both myself and  
 Steve here need to attend to some  
 other patients.

LOBBY PERSON  
 Thank you, again.

NURSE STEVE  
 Just keep her still and calm, and  
 someone will be along shortly.

DR. ALVAREZ  
 Steve.

NURSE STEVE  
 Yes, Doctor.

EFX: Footsteps.

OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

EFX: The door swinging open, the beep of the medical devices,  
 footsteps.

DR. ALVAREZ  
 Now, Montrose...t he patient better  
 be prepped for...

He pauses.

DR. ALVAREZ (cont'd)  
...transfusion? What is this?

THE NARRATOR  
Stopping at the foot of the operating table, Alvarez's eyes were fixed on a tube running from the woman's vein into a thick, plastic bag hovering above her on an IV stand. A dark scarlet liquid traveled the length of the tube into the woman: Blood. The transfusion, it seemed, had occurred without the doctor's steady hand.

NURSE MONTROSE  
It's exactly that: A transfusion. Remember, like the one you ordered? Or did you also suffer a seizure in the lobby?

DR. ALVAREZ  
Yes, I ordered the damn transfusion. But I didn't clear you to do the procedure. Did you even match the blood type?

NURSE MONTROSE  
(incredulous)  
I didn't do the procedure. The other doctor did.

DR. ALVAREZ  
What other doctor?

NURSE MONTROSE  
I don't know. He came in after you left. He was credentialed. I saw the hospital ID. He told me he had it handled. He's a doctor. I'm a nurse. That's how it works. I took it as my cue to go assist another patient.

DR. ALVAREZ  
I don't know of any other doctor on the floor in this ward tonight.

NURSE MONTROSE  
Well, you had to have passed him on your way back in here. He left just seconds before you walked in.

DR. ALVAREZ  
Steve?

NURSE STEVE

I didn't see anybody.

NURSE MONTROSE

Look, I don't know every doctor in this hospital and I know you don't either. The important thing is that she's stable. I can take her vitals and then go find the other doctor to ease your mind... and for paperwork.

Alvarez sighs.

DR. ALVAREZ

(displeased)

Yes. I suppose that's...

Before he can finish, Alvarez is cut off by the sound of...

EFX: The patient (Alana) SCREAMS. It's a sound of pain and rage. Machines start beeping uncontrollably.

DR. ALVAREZ (cont'd)

What?!

THE NARRATOR

The woman on the table's body rocketed upward. The arch of her back convulsing in time with her screams. Small flecks of crimson escaped her mouth in a bloody mist with each renewed shriek.

EFX: Running, a scuffle. Excessive beeping. All throughout, the screaming continues.

NURSE MONTROSE

She's going into cardiac arrest!

DR. ALVAREZ

Since when does cardiac arrest look like *this*?!

NURSE MONTROSE

Sir!

Alvarez snaps out of it.

DR. ALVAREZ

(barking orders)

Steve! Stabilize her! Montrose! Get her sedated... NOW!

## THE NARRATOR

As Steve moved to grab and stabilize the thrashing woman, Nurse Montrose rushed to her side with a syringe loaded with a heavy-grade sedative. However, any designs the Nurse had on sinking the needle into the patient's skin were immediately shattered. With a lightning quick movement, the patient's open hand flashed out toward Montrose's, plucking the syringe from her unexpected fingers. Just as quickly, the hysterical woman reversed the syringe's trajectory... stabbing it directly into Montrose's chest. The Nurse stumbled backwards before crashing to the floor.

EFX: Montrose falling, the smash of medical supplies hitting the ground

## DR. ALVAREZ

(yelling)

Damn it, Steve! I told you to STABILIZE her.

## NURSE STEVE

(Struggling)

I'm *trying!*

## THE NARRATOR

With a backward snap of her head, the patient's skull collided with Steve's.

EFX: Skull crack

## THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

The young nurse stumbled backward. Hitting the floor.

EFX: Screaming.

## NURSE STEVE

(Groaning)

Fuck.

## DR. ALVAREZ

Steve!

## THE NARRATOR

With his assistants dispatched, Alvarez was left staring at the hysterical woman, who, despite claims of a stopped heart... looked very much alive and very, very upset. Surging forward, the woman started pulling herself toward Alvarez. The tube of the IV ripped free... and blood began to spill on the floor. The patient opened her mouth again for what Alvarez presumed was another shriek. Instead, she spoke to him for the first time.

## ALANA

(intense)

It... burns.

## DR. ALVAREZ

(Taken aback)

Wha... what burns?

## ALANA

My insides. My veins. They *burn*. It's in my blood... my blood...

## DR. ALVAREZ

Your blood...

## ALANA

(Screaming)

*Burns!*

EFX: She screams again.

## THE NARRATOR

Lurching toward Alvarez, the woman's open jaw began to emit something more than just a scream. A thick, dark bile began to spew forth from the patient's mouth, splattering the front of the doctor's suit. After a moment, the flow stopped, and the woman... ichor dripping from her chin... locked eyes with the alarmed doctor.

## ALANA

(weak)

It's inside me.

EFX: Thud.

THE NARRATOR

The woman fell forward, unconscious.  
Cautiously, Alvarez stepped forward  
and checked her vitals.

DR. ALVAREZ

Stable.

EFX: The beeping of the machines normalizes.

DR. ALVAREZ (cont'd)

What the fuck just happened?

EFX: Steve groaning.

NURSE STEVE

(Groggy)

That's what I'd like to know.

DR. ALVAREZ

Steve!

EFX: Footsteps of the doctor rushing to Steve's side.

DR. ALVAREZ (cont'd)

Let me help you up.

EFX: Steve setting up straight.

NURSE STEVE

Thanks.

A beat.

NURSE STEVE (cont'd)

What about Montrose?

EFX: Alvarez crossing to the other nurse.

DR. ALVAREZ

Out cold. She got a tit full of  
sedative. I imagine she's going to be  
out for a while. And judging by the  
way she hit the floor, she's going to  
be very sore when she wakes up. We  
should get her to a bed.

NURSE STEVE

And what about... *her*?

## THE NARRATOR

The two men turned to look at the unconscious body of the woman on the operating table, framed by the pooled blood of the leaking IV bag.

## DR. ALVAREZ

That, my friend, is the million dollar question.

AUDIO FADE OUT

FADE IN:

THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

## THE NARRATOR

With the patient incapacitated and whatever brought on her hysterical episode having since passed, the woman had been moved from the operating theater to a small hospital room for observation. Unfortunately for Steve, he happened to be the nurse in the room when the woman finally decided to rejoin the waking world.

EFX: Groaning.

## ALANA

Unnnn...

## NURSE STEVE

You're awake!

## ALANA

My head...

A beat as Alana comes to.

## ALANA (cont'd)

Where am I... why... why are you all the way over there?

## NURSE STEVE

Uh, well... the last time you woke up it wasn't exactly a safe space. So, I'm keeping a respectable distance until I'm sure you're not going to Hulk out again.

ALANA

What are you talking about? You...  
you're a nurse?

NURSE STEVE

Yes. This is a hospital. You don't  
remember?

ALANA

Hospital?

THE NARRATOR

The woman stared into space for a  
moment. The flicker of recognition  
crossed her face.

ALANA

Yes. I remember. The blood. Oh god.  
The blood...

NURSE STEVE

Can you tell me your name?

ALANA

My name...

NURSE STEVE

Yes.

ALANA

Alana. My name is Alana.

NURSE STEVE

Alana?

ALANA

Yes. That is my name. But... that...  
that's not who I am anymore. Because  
my blood... my blood...

NURSE STEVE

I... I don't understand.

ALANA

My blood...

THE NARRATOR

Whatever lucidity the woman known as  
Alana had briefly displayed was gone  
in that instant. With mounting fear,  
Steve watched the shift happen with  
paralyzed dismay.



ALANA  
(chilling)  
My blood is *bad*.

EFX: She screams.

THE NARRATOR  
Bolting up in bed, Alana launched herself from the edge of the mattress onto the floor. She approached Steve with a crazed look in her eye.

ALANA  
I need it out of me. I can feel it in my veins. The *badness*. I have to get it out. I need fresh blood. Clean. It's gotta be clean.

EFX: Steve backing up.

NURSE STEVE  
(nervously shouting  
toward the door)  
Hey... some help in here would be great!

ALANA  
It's gotta be clean.

NURSE STEVE  
(with more urgency)  
Help!

EFX: Footsteps running.

DR. ALVAREZ  
Steve? What's...?

He spots her.

THE NARRATOR  
Dr. Alvarez's interruption was enough to pull Alana's attention from the young nurse to the older man in the doorway. Staring at the doctor with a look of contemptuous desire, Alana surged forward so quickly that neither Alvarez or Steve were prepared.

EFX: Alvarez's body hitting the wall.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 Propelling her body into Alvarez,  
 Alana slammed the doctor into the  
 door jam. With a nearly imperceptible  
 strength, the woman used her bare  
 hand to punch hard into Alvarez's  
 throat. Finger nails digging in,  
 Alana yanked backward... ripping a  
 good chunk of Alvarez's neck with it.  
 Hot blood splattered the surrounding  
 wall.

EFX: Blood splat.

NURSE STEVE  
 Oh my god.

EFX: Steve running, electronic call button noise.

NURSE STEVE (cont'd)  
 (into call button)  
 I need security! Nurses! Doctors!  
 Whoever you can send!

THE NARRATOR  
 Realizing a little late that his plea  
 would draw Alana's attention back to  
 him, the young nurse turned slowly to  
 look in the direction of the enraged  
 woman. Steve was dismayed to find she  
 still had the bloody Alvarez pinned  
 to the wall... but was staring  
 directly at *him*.

ALANA  
 I wish you hadn't done that, *Steve*.

EFX: Running footsteps in the distance.

THE NARRATOR  
 Throwing a glance back toward the  
 sound of the approaching footsteps,  
 Alana looked back to Steve... caught  
 in a moment of indecision. As the  
 sound in the hall drew nearer, Alana  
 wrinkled her nose in frustration.

ALANA  
 Damn it.

THE NARRATOR  
 Pulling her bloody hand free of  
 Alvarez...

EFX: Body thumping to the floor.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 ...Alana turned to give Steve one last, hard look. Slowly, she licked a string of wet, red liquid from her finger tips. Giving Steve a cold wink, she turned from the room... and ran.

EFX: Running.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 Moments later, hospital security burst into the room. But they were too late to catch the fleeing woman...

EFX: Security chatter, footsteps.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 ...or to save dear, Dr. Alvarez.

HOSPITAL SECURITY  
 What the hell happened here?

NURSE STEVE  
 The patient... she went crazy... she literally ripped out his throat.

HOSPITAL SECURITY  
 A woman did this with her bare hands?

NURSE STEVE  
 Yes.

HOSPITAL SECURITY  
 Is she on drugs? Is this bath salts?

NURSE STEVE  
 No. No, I don't think so.

HOSPITAL SECURITY  
 That must be one pissed chick.

NURSE STEVE  
 (To himself)  
 Bad blood.

HOSPITAL SECURITY  
 What?

Steve snaps out of it.

NURSE STEVE

Just... just find her okay?

THE NARRATOR

Leaving the scene of Dr. Alvarez's demise, Steve walked down the hall in a daze. The cacophony of hospital security becoming background noise the farther he walked down the hall.

NURSE STEVE

(emotional)

What is happening? What is even...

EFX: A scream in the distance.

NURSE STEVE (cont'd)

(trailing off)

...happening?

EFX: Another scream. Footsteps as Steve begins running.

THE NARRATOR

Running toward the screams, Steve's stomach began to sink as he followed the sound. Already expecting the worst, his dread only increased as he realized the path he was traveling through the hospital's cold corridors would lead him straight to the children's ward.

EFX: Steve skidding to a halt.

NURSE STEVE

Oh god, no. Please no.

THE NARRATOR

Rounding the corner into the ward, Steve felt the cold grip of nausea seize him. Streaked at odd intervals across the wallpaper... once upon a time colorful to cheer the children... was spatters of blood. Red hand prints and splotches now staining it throughout.

EFX: Sobbing

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Slumped on the floor in the middle of the hall, a nurse... the source of the screams... lay in shock.

(MORE)

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 Heaving with sobs, the woman was  
 alive, but very much incapable of  
 expressing herself with speech as  
 Steve approached.

NURSE STEVE  
 What...

EFX: Steve's steps slowing.

THE NARRATOR  
 Turning from the hall into a nearby  
 room, Steve finally laid eyes on what  
 had stricken the woman in her tracks:  
 The remains of at least three  
 patients... children... lay savaged  
 across the floor. Throats slashed  
 with precision, the blood around each  
 of their necks had light tracks...  
 swirl marks... similar to how ice  
 cream looks when someone drags their  
 tongue across its surface. Steve felt  
 his stomach drop.

EFX: Wretching noise.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)  
 Glancing up the hall toward the row  
 of other open doors... Steve couldn't  
 bear to walk further and confirm what  
 he already suspected.

NURSE STEVE  
 (complete dread)  
 Fuck.

From behind Steve:

ALANA  
 Most of them were sleeping. They  
 never knew.

THE NARRATOR  
 Turning, Steve saw Alana standing  
 behind him. Drenched from head to toe  
 in the blood of children, she was a  
 red specter illuminated by the  
 hospital's harsh fluorescent  
 lighting. Clutched in her fist was a  
 surgical scalpel.

ALANA

I didn't want to, you understand. But I *had* to. Their blood was fresh. Innocent. Untainted.

NURSE STEVE

(in shock)

Where... where did you get that?

THE NARRATOR

Steve motioned toward the scalpel in her hand.

ALANA

It's a hospital, Steve. You guess where I got it. You guys really should lock doors.

A beat.

ALANA (cont'd)

Not that it matters. I would have cut them open with a rusty thumbtack if I had to. You don't understand how bad it hurts, Steve. Their blood calmed it... but it's still there... inside of me.

EFX: She takes a few steps forward.

ALANA (cont'd)

I want it out. No more bad blood.

NURSE STEVE

(coughing out the words)

They were children.

You can almost hear her shrug.

ALANA

They were *there*.

Steve sobs.

ALANA (cont'd)

...and now, so are *you*.

EFX: Screaming, Alana surges forward.

THE NARRATOR

Alana's speed was almost inhuman. As she ran toward Steve, the young nurse barely had time to move. Alana's body collided with his.

EFX: Slamming into a wall.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Slamming Steve backward into the wall, Alana raised the scalpel with intent to kill.

NURSE STEVE

No!

EFX: Metal piercing flesh.

THE NARRATOR

As the scalpel came crashing down, Steve shoved his hand, palm open, upward to block it. Rather than burying itself into his face, the scalpel made it halfway through the bone of his hand before coming to a stop.

EFX: Steve screams in pain.

NURSE STEVE

Fuck!

THE NARRATOR

Surprised by the development... Alana backed up to survey what had just happened. Steve used the hesitation to his advantage.

EFX: Steve grunting, Alana yelping in surprise.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Catching Alana off guard, Steve's shove sent her tumbling. As she fell away, the nurse began to run.

NURSE STEVE

(screaming)

Help! She's here! HELP!

EFX: Alana scrambling to get up.

ALANA

Don't you fucking leave... Steve!

THE NARRATOR

Turning at the sound of her voice, Steve was surprised to discover Alana was almost on him. Wincing, he knew what he had to do.

EFX: The sound of metal ripping from flesh.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Using his free hand to pull the embedded scalpel out of his palm...

NURSE STEVE

(in pain)

Fuck!

THE NARRATOR

Steve rotated the medical blade in his hand just as Alana closed the distance. With a strong thrust outward... he connected.

EFX: Stabbing noise. Alana screams.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

With the scalpel buried deep in her breast, Alana clutched at the hilt of the medical tool. Blood spurting around it.

ALANA

(wincing)

You... son of a bitch.

EFX: A few footsteps. The thud of her body hitting the floor.

THE NARRATOR

Watching her body hit the floor, Steve let out a slow exhale of relief.

NURSE STEVE

That's "*Nurse Son of a Bitch*" to you.

THE NARRATOR

Wearily, Steve wandered toward the end of the hall, turning into the first open room. Careful to not look at the mutilated children within, Steve walked to the room's emergency call button and stabbed it with his thumb.



EFX: Electronic call noise.

NURSE STEVE  
Get security. Children's ward. She's  
here. She's dead.

EFX: End of the call.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Steve begins to cry.

EFX: Steve's sobs.

A few beats.

EFX: Footsteps.

NURSE STEVE (cont'd)  
(wearily)  
Finally... we need to call the  
police...

THE NARRATOR  
Turning to the sound of the entering  
footsteps, Steve froze. Standing in  
front of him was Alana... scalpel  
still sticking out of her chest.  
Despite the foreign intrusion, the  
woman looked relatively unfazed. She  
gave Steve a big, blood-stained  
smile.

ALANA  
Thank you, Steve.

THE NARRATOR  
She nodded toward the scalpel.

ALANA  
Thank you for helping me get some of  
the bad blood out.

NURSE STEVE  
What the hell...

ALANA  
...and thank you for helping me let  
some good blood *in*.

THE NARRATOR  
Grabbing Steve by the collar, Alana  
yanked the young nurse toward her  
forcefully.

(MORE)

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Fatigued by shock, the sense of defeat that washed over him was almost comforting in a way. As her teeth tore into the small of his neck and his own hot blood began to spill down both of their torsos, he couldn't help but think... he had done good... and no one could take that feeling from him.

EFX: The tearing of flesh in Steve's neck, the gurgling of his blood, the sound of Alana suckling on it, and the wet smack of her lips when she's done.

ALANA

Well, Steve... you've been a real treat...

Suddenly, the crackle of an overhead P.A. system sparks to life.

HOSPITAL P.A. SYSTEM

Attention all Roth-Lobdow Health Center security personnel, report to the Pediatric ICU immediately!

ALANA

...but, that's my cue.

EFX: Body thud as Steve drops to the ground.

THE NARRATOR

Letting go of Steve's lifeless body, Alana used the back of her hand to wipe remnants of the young man from her lips. Temporarily satiated, the blood-drenched woman began to take stock of her surroundings.

EFX: Echoes of running feet in the distance.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

As the footfall of approaching security grew ever nearer, Alana's eyes laid at last upon a window in the room's corner.

ALANA

Bingo.

A beat.

ALANA (cont'd)

Come on, Steve. Looks like I need you just a little bit longer after all.

THE NARRATOR

As the security staff made their entrance to the ward, they were barely able to take full stock of the vision of carnage in the hallway before a loud noise... the shattering of glass... pulled their focus.

EFX: Glass breaking.

HOSPITAL SECURITY

It came from down there!

EFX: Footsteps running.

THE NARRATOR

Entering the hospital room that Alana had occupied only moments before, the security team instead found it vacant. It only took the briefest of moments to ascertain the source of the sound they had heard in the hall: the room's window, now a gaping maw, was broken outward.

EFX: Boots on glass.

HOSPITAL SECURITY

What the...

THE NARRATOR

Crossing the room, a member of the security detail peered through the shattered frame, careful to avoid the few jagged shards that remained. There, on the ground below, he saw the shredded, mangled body of Steve... the fleshy, but inanimate object that had been used to push the glass outward. Next to him, several bloody footprints strayed away from the corpse before fading, like the creature that made them... into the night.

**OUTRO BUMPER**

EFX: Distinctive Noise

KATIE

Did we just see what I *think* we saw?

DR. RICKETTS

What do you think we saw?

KATIE

Don't make me say it.

DR. RICKETTS

Say what?

KATIE

...vampire...

DR. RICKETTS

A ward full of children was murdered, and you want to talk about vampires?

KATIE

...don't think I'm not horrified by what she did. I'm just trying to wrap my mind around it. She killed those kids for their *blood*, Dr. Ricketts.

A beat.

KATIE (cont'd)

...and she bit today's subject to drink his. I know it seems scientifically unsound. But the increased strength...

DR. RICKETTS

Adrenaline.

KATIE

The ability to survive being stabbed...

DR. RICKETTS

He may not have hit anything vital.

KATIE

...and the thirst for blood *all* seem to suggest something beyond the norm.

DR. RICKETTS

And it *could* just be madness. I'm not disputing that we saw a monster today, Katie... but monsters can be very much human.

KATIE

Well, what about the fact that the woman from today's projection is the same assassin lady that we saw yesterday? I'm sure noticed.

DR. RICKETTS

I did.

KATIE

In my time on Project Cyclops, I have never seen an individual two days in a row figure centrally into the playbacks. This isn't a coincidence. Someone wanted us to see what happened to her... and how she was transformed by... the tainted blood, I guess? And what about the fact that Steve was the same nurse that used to care for Vivian's mother? There's no such thing as random happenstance at Roth-Lobdow.

DR. RICKETTS

Maybe not, but right now you're just grasping at straws.

(losing his temper)

What happened to our agreement, Ms. Reed? You can't go upstairs and proclaim that the dead have risen and they're hungry for blood. Even in a place where crazy things happen... there's a limit of what's considered acceptable insanity.

KATIE

You're right. But if this person is out there... and if there's a potential for this to happen to others... we have to find out. We have to stop it.

DR. RICKETTS

No. We have to file this lab report so that we can keep our jobs.

KATIE

Dr. Ricketts.

DR. RICKETTS

Small steps, Katie. Small steps. You can't slay vampires if you're unemployed.

Katie sighs.

KATIE

You're right. Fine.

DR. RICKETTS

Now, grab a pen... and let's get to work.

KATIE

Okay. But if I smell like garlic tomorrow, you'll know why.

DR. RICKETTS

There's no scientific basis that that would be effective.

Again, Katie sighs.

KATIE

I need to get some fresh air...

EFX: Footsteps. Keycard. Opening door. Door closing.

KATIE (cont'd)

(into recorder)

Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced Research. Project Cyclops, Day 16, completed.

EFX: Record button press/tone.

**END OF EPISODE**