

Flappers

written by

Collin Willis

17520 Blessing Dr Clermont, FL 34714  
3162003444  
collinaw@gmail.com

## 1. EXT. DELTA CIRCLE- EVENING

We open on the cul-de-sac of DELTA CIRCLE, suburbia. The lawns are all freshly mowed to a regulated height. The sprinklers are sprinkling, and an assortment of cars sit parked in driveways, none older than three model years.

If you were to keep up with the Jones' you'd end up here. Every house has the blinds wide open enough to let the rest of the world know and be jealous of what they've got going on.

As we truck across one window, we see a man in a serious game of chess with his children. Across the next window we see a woman beaming as her son recites a rousing speech from the scribbles on his single sheet of notebook paper. The next door over, the silhouettes of a man and a woman -JONATHAN and MINA MURNAU- are slithering slippery and snakelike over one another on the couch.

The camera trucks uneasily as we move another house over and see a man- ALEXANDER VOSLANG- voluptuously draining the blood from a woman that lay, clearly dead, on his floor. Volsang is an older, tall man with a long, sharp nose, sunken eyes, and sleek greying hair. He looks like the classic Hammer interpretation of Dracula.

We move to the house at the end of the row and push in through the, also with blinds open, window.

## 2. INT. ISAAC'S HOUSE- EVENING

At the dining room table in the back sits a lone man, ISAAC CRANE. Isaac is in his late twenties. He has brown hair that's neither too long nor cut too short. He looks plain, it'd be difficult to pick him out of a police line-up. He's mouse-like and quiet in both mannerisms and demeanor.

When we first see Isaac, he's cutting his Jell-O with a fork and a knife. This is ritualistic and almost sexual for him, the most revered and exciting thing he's done all day. Like a newlywed couple making love, it starts slowly but becomes quickly intense.

He scarfs the Jell-O down, one finely sliced gelatinous square after the next. Faster and faster, he cuts and shoves the jiggly-loaded fork into his mouth. One square follows another until the bowl is nearly empty. He takes one last scoop onto his fork but grimaces, as it sharply enters his mouth.

Caught up in the moment, he's moved the fork too quickly, he pauses in pain as he impales his tongue. He pulls the fork out gingerly and observes it.

The silver prongs are coated in a translucent red that's running thickly down the handle.

Isaac throws the fork down on the table and gingerly inserts his index finger into his mouth. He draws it out, and sees blood. The same red fluid rolls down his finger as he watches in horror.

He says nothing, but his eyes tell us "oh shit".

### 3. EXT. DELTA CIRCLE- EVENING

We immediately pull back out of the house and across the other windows on Delta Circle. It's a move reminiscent of Sam Raimi's chaotic pushes in the *Evil Dead* except done here in reverse.

The Chess game stops in the first house, and the father and his children sniff the air.

The son in the second house stops mid speech and exchanges a startled, but excited look with his mother.

The love making on the couch comes to a climactic pause. The lovers look each other in the face and smile. They rise and breathe in deeply.

The man on the floor pauses his meal and looks up, blood dripping from his lips as it splashes onto the face of the woman below. He licks his lips and breathes in deeply, erotically as he too turns his attention to the house on the right.

### 4. INT. ISAAC'S HOUSE- EVENING

Isaac's eyes are filled with a primal fear. He has only moments to act.

The blood drenched fork falls from his fingertips and clatters to the floor, splattering little droplets all over the kitchen tiles.

Isaac dives towards a cabinet next to his fridge. He throws its contents to the floor without any concern or hesitation. Cans clank, boxes crumple, and even glass shatters as he disregards everything in the cabinet, except for what sits in the very back.

Isaac retrieves a bottle of BABUSHKA's VODKA from the back of the cabinet and removes the lid with sweaty palms, almost dropping the bottle as he does.

Without slowing down, he gives the bottle one quick glance before throwing it back.

Pain replaces the fear in his eyes as the alcohol sets his nerves alight. He finishes the first long swig and gasps.

It's taking all his energy not to throw up. He takes a deep breath and then another swig.

Tears build in the wells of his eyelids as he swishes this gulp around, letting the alcohol seep into his wound, washing the blood away.

Isaac can't swallow it, he spits BABUSHKA's- now diluted with his blood- out over the sink.

Isaac heaves over the sink for a beat as he catches his breath before moving towards the cabinet once more.

Isaac retrieves the last item in the cabinet, a small wooden box. The lid of the box is marked distinctly with a HAMSA- a Jewish symbol for warding off evil.

Isaac opens the box. Inside it is lined with an indigo, velveteed fabric. Laying atop the fabric are three paper thin crackers. The crackers are almost starch white and look like they could easily fly away in a slight breeze.

Isaac takes one greedily and stuffs it in his mouth. He lets it sit there as it dissolves against his tongue before he swallows it in one forced gulp.

##### 5. EXT. DELTA CIRCLE- EVENING

The Father and daughter who had been playing chess pause as a new smell enters the air. They sniff and both gag before they grumpily return to their game.

The son in the next house gags and starts coughing as his mother rushes over to shut the window.

The lovers atop each other on the couch lose the passion of their moment and unsatisfied, they pull apart.

Alexander Volsang does not react like the others, however. He breathes the new smell in deeply, though it still makes him cough. His gaze is fixed on the house adjacent to his, and a different smile overtakes his face.

## 6. INT. ISAAC'S HOUSE- EVENING

Isaac takes a deep breath and lets out half of a sob. He looks at the box in his hands and then the bottle of vodka on his countertop.

Isaac inserts a thumb gingerly into his mouth. He pulls it out to find it turned pink by faint trickles of blood.

Isaac sighs and takes another swig of Vodka, over exaggerating each swish as he holds it against the wound with his tongue. He swallows, gags, and sets the bottle down.

Isaac takes another cracker out of the box and crunches it greedily. Isaac closes the box but doesn't put it back.

Box in hand, Isaac makes his way towards a closet in the hallway nearest the kitchen.

The closet looks normal and is filled with an assortment of the usual suburban closet odds and ends. However, Isaac pushes past those and reaches deep into a box of leather gloves. Inside he finds a small wooden stake, which he retrieves, and clutches close to his chest.

Isaac walks back into the kitchen and takes a seat facing the front door.

We hear each tick of his watch as Isaac stares at the door, box in one hand and stake in the other.

Tick, tick, tick as Isaac waits for something to come bursting into his humble abode.

## MAIN TITLES

## 7. INT. ISAAC'S HOUSE- MORNING

Isaac awakens with a start, falling off his stool in the process. He quickly reaches for the wooden stake and holds it menacingly, ready to stab.

Isaac looks around the room and sees no one. His palms are sweaty, as is his forehead. His eyes reflect that of a mouse that's just heard the screech of an owl.

Something catches the corner of his eye- he stumbles backwards- it's daylight.

Isaac gets his bearings back and breathes a sigh of relief. He flips open the lid to the manna box and takes a peak inside. One cracker remaining.

Isaac slides the cracker from the box gingerly and sets it in his mouth. He holds it there and lets it dissolve before exhaling deeply and picking himself up.

Isaac looks around at the mess from the night before and elects to ignore it.

Isaac returns to the hall closet and wraps his wooden stake neatly in the towel it came from.

Taking the wooden box in tow, Isaac promptly leaves his house and walks through the neighborhood outside.

#### 8. EXT. DELTA CIRCLE- MORNING

The neighborhood is quiet. Cars are still parked in driveways, but the sprinklers have stopped sprinkling. The whole of Delta Circle feels like a ghost town, save for the lone figure of Isaac walking down its pristine sidewalks.

Isaac makes his way down the drive leading into the neighborhood of Solis and down a long hill towards his destination.

As Isaac makes his journey, a figure watches from the house next door to his own.

#### 9. INT. VOLSANG RESIDENCE- MORNING

From behind a thin gap in his bedroom window curtains on the second floor, Alexander Volsang watches Isaac with a steely gaze.

Volsang stares at him grimly, his tongue massaging his fangs behind closed lips. He utters a slight growl before closing his curtains forcefully.

#### 10. EXT. DELTA CIRCLE- MORNING

The curtains shut on Volsang's bedroom window.

#### 11. EXT. SYNAGOGUE- DAY

Isaac makes his way down the final slopes of the hill and approaches (הבטחת לוט) Promise of Lot synagogue.

RABBI GIDEON HIRSCH is outside tending to the hedges when Isaac approaches. The Rabbi is a barrel-chested man of his mid-forties. He's got ringed, oily black hair tucked under a kippah.

The Rabbi is trimming each hedge to exactly four and a half feet tall. He stops to admire his work, patting it like one might pat a toddler on the head.

When the Rabbi sees Isaac, he sets down his sheers, smiles, and envelops Isaac in a large, bearlike hug.

RABBI HIRSCH

Isaac. Kiddo, good to see ya.

Isaac embraces the hug, though he looks somewhat uncomfortable in it.

ISAAC CRANE

Rabbi, greetings to you to.

The Rabbi pushes Isaac away playfully and looks him in the eyes.

RABBI HIRSCH

Glad to see you in one piece.

Isaac cracks a smile.

ISAAC CRANE

At least for now.

The Rabbi loses his smile. His joyful demeanor is squashed.

RABBI HIRSCH

Not out here.

The Rabbi ushers Isaac inside.

## 12. INT. SYNAGOGUE- DAY

The Rabbi and Isaac are seated in a pew located at the back of the main worship chamber in the Promise of Lot.

The pair are chewing on some snacks. The Rabbi is feasting on a bag of garlic and herb peanuts, while Isaac is chomping down on an assortment of mini-sized candy bars.

RABBI HIRSCH

You're lucky you weren't torn apart.

ISAAC CRANE

It would've been fine.

The Rabbi shares a disapproving look.

RABBI HIRSCH  
How exactly is a horde of demons  
breaking into your house fine?

ISAAC CRANE  
I had the crackers, and they  
didn't. So, it doesn't matter.

The Rabbi's frustration is showing, he's starting to lose his cool.

RABBI HIRSCH  
Maybe not to you, because if you  
die it's over for you, right? But  
it wouldn't be for me.

The Rabbi's punch lands, Isaac lets out a remorseful sigh.

RABBI HIRSCH (CONT'D)  
Contrary to your opinion, there are  
people that care about what happens  
to you.

ISAAC CRANE  
I'm sorry, I should have been more  
careful.

The Rabbi decides to press. Isaac is surprised that he hasn't let off.

RABBI HIRSCH  
What if I received that phone call?  
What if I had to make that phone  
call? Imagine your mother-

The remorse leaves Isaac's face. He's interrupts angrily.

ISAAC CRANE  
Don't bring her into this.

RABBI HIRSCH  
I'm not trying to start anything-

ISAAC CRANE  
Then don't start anything.

The two look at each other for a beat, each trying to put together their next retort.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)  
I didn't come here to fight.

The Rabbi places a hand on Isaac's shoulder.

RABBI HIRSCH  
You're right. You're already  
startled, I shouldn't push- but I  
need you to be careful.

Isaac looks at the Rabbi and nods.

ISAAC CRANE  
And I need you not to worry.

RABBI HIRSCH  
I'll ease up on the worrying when  
you start.

The pair share a beat of silence before the Rabbi stands.

RABBI HIRSCH (CONT'D)  
So, you need more crackers I take  
it?

Isaac snaps and points to him in approval.

RABBI HIRSCH (CONT'D)  
You're lucky, I just harvested this  
morning.

ISAAC CRANE  
Fresh scraps of paper, I love it.

The Rabbis starts making his way towards the back of the  
sanctuary and Isaac follows suit.

RABBI HIRSCH  
You should show them a little more  
reverence, they are quite possibly  
the only reason you're here right  
now.

The pair makes their way to a behind the sanctuary and down a  
hallway to the Rabbi's office.

### 13. INT. RABBI'S OFFICE- DAY

The Rabbi's office is cluttered to say the least. His desk is  
shoved far up against the back wall, with only enough room  
for about half a man of his size to sit. There are papers  
littered all over the desk and across several chairs that  
line the wall.

Isaac glimpses at a few of the papers as he shuffles them  
away from his seat. They appear to be old, and some of them  
don't even seem to be made of paper at all.

The oldest of the stack appears, written in faded brown ink features both Yiddish and Hebrew letters. In fresh black ink are some scribbles in English. *LUCIFER- MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE ANGELS*

The Rabbi sits down at his desk and retrieves a dreidel from the top drawer. He takes it and walks over to a small in-table that's shoved into the farthest corner of his office. He pushes the handle of the dreidel into a small gap in the back of the table.

Gears slowly start to grind, but nothing visibly changes.

ISAAC CRANE

I don't remember it taking this long.

RABBI HIRSCH

It's an old dreidel.

ISAAC CRANE

It's an old user.

The Rabbi twists the dreidel slightly, a click is heard, and the middle section of the table rises.

The Rabbi takes the dreidel and wipes it against his cuff like a lucky penny.

RABBI HIRSCH

Never underestimate the power of an old dreidel.

The Rabbi then reaches for the risen section and lifts it out.

This section of the table acts as a lid for a small tray of the same crackers Isaac had in his box. There are forty, with five lines of eight crackers organized neatly.

The Rabbi gingerly plucks a row out and places them just as neatly into Isaac's box. He then grabs four more from another row and places those into Isaac's box as well.

The Rabbi then plucks one of Isaac's twelve and eats it.

ISAAC CRANE

You know you don't have to do that every time.

RABBI HIRSCH

I do and I will.

ISAAC CRANE  
Eleven's not even a significant  
number. And twelve is only  
significant if you're a Christian.

RABBI HIRSCH  
But the Disciples were Jews.

ISAAC CRANE  
Following a false man.

RABBI HIRSCH  
A real man, a false teacher. And  
they were still Jews. And you  
forget about the twelve tribes,  
minus Judah. Eleven.

Isaac gives up and closes the lid to his box.

RABBI HIRSCH (CONT'D)  
Think you can make those last the  
week this time?

Isaac gives a cocky nod in reply.

The Rabbi doesn't buy it, he shows concern.

RABBI HIRSCH (CONT'D)  
Isaac. I mean it, I don't wanna see  
you get killed or worse...

ISAAC CRANE  
Worse than being killed?

RABBI HIRSCH  
Being one of them?

ISAAC CRANE  
What's so bad about that?

The Rabbi scolds Isaac like a child.

RABBI HIRSCH  
You know very well. If you turned,  
you know exactly well what that  
would mean for me.

Isaac is both stunned and angered.

ISAAC CRANE  
You'd kill me?

RABBI HIRSCH

You'd have already done that; I'd  
only be responsible for the burial.

Isaac is again stunned by the bluntness of his friend.

ISAAC CRANE

I can handle myself.

Isaac tries to lighten the mood and jingles the crackers,  
reminding the Rabbi of his intentions.

The Rabbi forces a smile.

Isaac starts to say something but decides not to. He exits  
the room, jingling the box one last time as he steps out of  
view.

The Rabbi watches the door for a beat. He sits at his desk  
contemplating, drumming his fingers across its dusty surface  
for a moment before he decides to act.

The Rabbi reaches for a dusty old rotary phone on his desk.  
He lifts the handle before realizing he doesn't know the  
number.

The Rabbi fumbles across the papers on his desk before  
finding a sticky note hidden under an address book. We don't  
see what it says, but he watches it as he dials the number,  
his gaze becoming ever more serious with each chime of the  
rotary phone spinning back.

The number dialed, the Rabbi holds the phone to his ear and  
waits.

A beat.

We hear the muffled sound of someone answering. The Rabbi  
changes his mood on a dime when he hears the voice. He knows  
what he's doing is okay.

RABBI HIRSCH

Yes, it has been, I know.

Another muffled response.

RABBI HIRSCH (CONT'D)

No, he doesn't know I'm calling,  
but we just spoke, and I think he  
really needs you.

Another response.

RABBI HIRSCH (CONT'D)  
 No, no I really mean it. He's at  
 quite the-uh- impasse.

Another response, more excited.

RABBI HIRSCH (CONT'D)  
 I agree, Mother's intuition would  
 really help him out.

Another response.

RABBI HIRSCH (CONT'D)  
 Perfect, you just double check and  
 I'll- I'll even help with the  
 arrangements. Sounds great Miss  
 Crane.

The Rabbi hangs up the phone and lets out a deep breath.

#### 14. EXT. SYNAGOGUE- DAY

Isaac is exiting the synagogue in a huff, the Rabbi's words  
 still ringing in his ears.

He shuts the front doors forcefully.

Isaac walks around the corner of the building and leans  
 himself into a crevice between the wall and the Rabbi's  
 prized hedges.

Isaac lets himself slide down the wall until he's sitting.  
 From here he lets himself collapse, his head in his hands.

ISAAC CRANE  
 What am I doing here?

Isaac looks up the hill towards the neighborhood of Solis.

A few tears break free of his restraint and trickle down his  
 face. He sniffles in retaliation.

Isaac catches his breath.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)  
 I'm here because it's here. I need  
 to be here.

Isaac stares down at the box in his hands and brushes his  
 thumb across the symbol on top.

Isaac takes a few deep breaths and stands. He dusts himself  
 off, dries his eyes, and gets moving.

Isaac makes his way up the hill.

15. EXT. SOLIS GATE- DAY

At the base of Solis are two dense clumps of bushes that liven up the community's gates.

As Isaac walks through, he hears rustling in the clump on his left.

As he turns, a shadowy figure comes at him from the right. We don't see his face yet, but it's Alexander Volsang.

The pair fly into the bushes on the left, Isaac letting out a sharp scream as Volsang's fingers tighten around his neck.

Volsang grunts as Isaac sends a knee into his stomach. They land atop the bushes.

The kick knocks Volsang's grip loose and Isaac crabwalks backwards in a frenzy to escape.

Volsang snarls at Isaac and prepares to lunge again when he witnesses the symbol on Isaac's box. The sight of it makes him freeze. His mind moving quickly, Volsang backs off before offering peace with a deep bow.

Isaac is frozen, confused. He's hyperventilating as he locks eyes with Volsang.

A beat passes as neither of them move.

Isaac is immobile, unable to choose either flight or fight.

Volsang is taking the situation in, calculating his next move.

His plan formulated, Volsang stands and offers a thin, gnarly hand to Isaac.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

I beg you to hear my apologies.

Isaac doesn't take the hand; he only stares at Volsang's full height.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)

There were foul beings at work in the night air, I thought you to be one of them.

Isaac relaxes, realizing that Volsang no longer poses a threat.

ISAAC CRANE  
Then why did you stop?

Volsang motions to the hamsa on Isaac's box.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
I was not aware you were in service  
to the Queen.

Isaac relaxes fully. He gingerly accepts Volsang's hand.

Volsang draws Isaac up and the two stand facing each other,  
Isaac dwarfed under Alexander.

Volsang shakes Isaac's hand instead of releasing it. His grip  
tense against Isaac's frail fingers.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)  
Alexander Volsang, I reside next to  
you.

Isaac attempts to tighten his own grip in a failed show of  
strength.

ISAAC CRANE  
Isaac Crane, the man you just  
attempted to strangle.

Alexander Volsang smiles and releases his grip.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Perhaps I can make amends.  
Introduce you to our locale?

ISAAC CRANE  
No thanks, I've been on the tour.

Volsang motions towards the SOLIS sign at the community's  
gate.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
You have drunk in the sight of  
Solis, but you have not tasted of  
her people.

Isaac considers the offer.

ISAAC CRANE  
How many of them will meet me like  
you did?

Volsang lets forth an earnest chuckle as he places his arm  
around Isaac's shoulder. Isaac shivers at his touch, a shiver  
that Volsang notes.

Volsang steers Isaac out of the bushes and up the path away from the Gate.

The two march their way towards the interior of the community.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
We Solis-ians do not receive newcomers very often, you will have to excuse us for our natural distrust. We cannot help it.

ISAAC CRANE  
Cannot or will not?

Volsang smiles, he appears to be warming up to Isaac.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
We are creatures of habit, and habit is no easy thing to break.

ISAAC CRANE  
Perhaps for Nosferatu as old as yourself.

Volsang is impressed.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
It is not often I hear that designation.

ISAAC CRANE  
It's not often one earns it.

Volsang smiles.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)  
So, I'm correct in this assumption?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Yes, I am not like the other vampires here in Solis.

ISAAC CRANE  
Tenth Century, Russian?

Volsang gives an honest laugh.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
I am Nosferatu, but I am not that ancient.

ISAAC CRANE  
To me, all Nosferatu are ancient.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Your youth will only help but to  
fit in. Most are Pherlee, turned in  
the last century or so.

16. EXT. SOLIS STREET- DAY

The pair are approaching Delta Circle.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
I, however, was born I do not know  
when, but I was created Vampire the  
year that Vlad Tepes returned to  
Wallachia.

ISAAC CRANE  
You fought in his army?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
I was trampled by it. The beast  
feasted on me himself.

Isaac stops. Volsang turns to face him.

ISAAC CRANE  
You mean Dracula was-is real?

Volsang smiles wide. He looks Isaac dead in the eye as he  
answers. Volsang nonchalantly rubs his neck.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
No, but the beast that inspired  
those stories is something far more  
sinister than the imagination could  
conjure.

Isaac is silent, and slightly scared.

Alexander puts his arm around Isaac's shoulder again as they  
walk into Delta Circle.

17. EXT. MURNAU HOUSE- DAY

Mina Murnau is shadow bathing beneath a long shade. Wearing a  
bikini, but careful not to be touched by the sun. Mina is  
smoking a cigarette as she watches her neighbors' approach.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
But that Beast is no threat to you,  
Solis has much more fearsome  
creatures amidst its residents.

Miss Mina exhales as she takes in the sight of Isaac and Alexander Volsang.

Volsang smiles hello at her, Isaac is taken by her nearly naked beauty.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)

I shall take leave of you in her  
care, but I much desire to  
reconvene at the festival later.

Isaac doesn't take his eyes off Mina. She is flirting with him from a distance.

ISAAC CRANE

Yeah, sure.

Volsang pats Isaac on the shoulder and makes his way to his own house.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

Careful with this one.

It's unclear who his comment is directed to.

Mina, biting her lip, smiles. She beckons Isaac over with a wave of her hand.

Isaac looks quickly towards Volsang and then back at Mina, unsure if she's really speaking to him.

Isaac stumbles over his feet as he makes his way towards his neighbor as if in a trance.

MINA MURNAU

Come, I promise not to bite more  
than once.

She bites her lip again as she says this.

Isaac approaches cautiously.

ISAAC CRANE

How do you do?

Mina laughs playfully.

MINA MURNAU

You are Mr. Crane?

Isaac nods rapidly.

Mina offers another playful smile.

MINA MURNAU (CONT'D)  
It is not often we welcome another  
into our community. You must be  
quite the someone.

Isaac thinks of something to impress her.

ISAAC CRANE  
Whoever you'd like me to be.

Mina giggles.

Isaac turns red and stammers.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)  
Erm, I'msaac.

He catches himself.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)  
I'm Isaac.

Mina stands from her tanning bed. She looks deeply into  
Isaac's face as if taking him in.

MINA MURNAU  
I could use another day walker in  
my life.

ISAAC CRANE  
Oh yeah?

MINA MURNAU  
But for now...

She turns away and Isaac is visibly saddened.

ISAAC CRANE  
Will I see you at the festival  
tonight?

Mina smiles and without warning pulls herself to Isaac by the  
collar of his shirt. She plants a deep kiss upon his lips.

Isaac stands there, frozen and elated, but mostly confused.

Mina pulls away and whispers seductively into his ear.

MINA MURNAU  
You won't see anything else.

Sliding off the tanning bed, Mina walks away and into her  
house.

Isaac can't take his eyes off her as her hips sway tantalizingly from side to side. He watches until the door is shut, but not before Mina throws him a wink.

Smiling, Isaac makes his way into his own house.

18. INT. ISAAC'S HOUSE- MORNING

Isaac shuts the door and smiles. He's feeling good.

Isaac marches up the stairs and makes his way to his bedroom window.

19. INT. ISAAC'S BEDROOM- EVENING

Isaac stares at the patio and awning where moments ago he met Miss Mina. He stares at the chair she lay on, and the table beside it. The patio is empty, but he fills it with his pubescent fantasies.

Isaac's breathing grows heavy as the chair becomes even larger in focus and Mina even larger in his mind. He can hazily imagine her lying there on top of it.

We hear the zipper of his pants slide down and the squirt of lotion as Mina grows larger in his mind.

Isaac's breathing grows intense and the view of the outdoors hazy as he fixates on the image of his bikini clad next-door neighbor.

Isaac tastes the lingering imprint of her lipstick on his lips as his hand moves faster and his breathing grows heavier.

Isaac is getting there. He licks his lips and the outside world fades away to nothing but the sight of Mina.

Isaac sees her hips swaying in his mind, his hand pumping against himself with each sway of her hips.

Mina then enters his vision for real. He can spy her in the window, still bikini clad, her true actions unknown to him. All that matters is she is in his line of sight.

He's reaching climax now, his pumps becoming more erratic and his passions for Mina wild. He's tracing her with his eyes as sweat traces his forehead and down his cheek.

Isaac can't contain it anymore; the load is about to be blown.

Suddenly, the front door to Mina's house opens and a man exits. It's Jonathan Murnau, her husband and the man we saw with her the night before. He looks up to Isaac's window, making direct eye contact, and laughs.

Isaac inhales in disgust but releases at the same time. Isaac gags as the wind is knocked out of him. He stares in disgust at the man exiting the house and making his way down the street.

From the exposed window in her own house, Mina turns to Isaac and makes direct, but distant, eye contact.

Isaac stares in horror as she witnesses his exposed body and mind. Cum slowly drips down the window, obscuring her from view as Mina blows him a long, exaggerated kiss.

Isaac stumbles backwards onto his bed, horrified.

Isaac sits there breathing heavily, trying to process what just happened to him. The elation that should be there is entirely absent.

## 20. INT. DARK CHAMBER- AFTERNOON

Alexander Volsang is walking down a steep set of stone stairs. The click of his heels hitting the steps echoes through a void of absolute silence.

At the bottom of the staircase, Volsang finds himself in a long, dark room.

A figure sits at the end of the room meditating. Her face is concealed, but we see the glowing green eyes of QUEEN VIAGORA.

Volsang approaches. Viagora holds out a palm motioning Volsang to stop.

The Queen speaks to him calmly, but sternly.

QUEEN VIAGORA

For what reason do you disturb me here?

Volsang bows his head.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

For the same reason you've come here to meditate. There is something... foul in the air of Solis.

The Queen takes a beat to breathe. She blinks and her eyes flick towards Volsang for the first time.

QUEEN VIAGORA

Crane.

Volsang nods solemnly in approval.

The Queen smiles.

QUEEN VIAGORA (CONT'D)

What of him troubles you?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

I believe he is dangerous.

QUEEN VIAGORA

What makes you sure of it?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

The scent of a fresh bleeding was in the air last night, but something foul concealed it. Something ancient.

QUEEN VIAGORA

It is the start of Pesach; many foul spirits linger on the wind.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

Not just spirits, this morning I saw-

The Queen closes her eyes and reads Volsang's mind. The Hamsa symbol grows brightly.

QUEEN VIAGORA

Hamsa.

Volsang nods.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

I haven't witnessed a real one in centuries.

QUEEN VIAGORA

Not many have.

Volsang nods and bows.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

A hamsa could lead to a much larger threat than one man.

QUEEN VIAGORA  
I am counting on it.

A beat as Viagora weighs her options.

QUEEN VIAGORA (CONT'D)  
Stay with him. Make no movements  
against without my say so. He may  
be a pawn, he may be a King. We  
need to know which.

Volsang nods and exits the chamber.

The Queen returns to her meditating. She closes her eyes and  
seeks out the Hamsa in her mind.

She sees a vision of the Rabbi handing Isaac the box that  
morning.

QUEEN VIAGORA (CONT'D)  
Rabbi, Rabbi, what game do you  
play?

21. INT. ISAAC'S SHOWER- AFTERNOON

Isaac is showering, getting ready for the big event this  
evening. He's taking his time and letting the water fully  
wash over him.

22. INT. ISAAC'S BATHROOM- AFTERNOON

Isaac is shaving in front of the mirror, paying careful  
attention to detail as he does, though there's hardly  
anything for him to shave.

Isaac slaps himself on the cheeks as he admires his  
handiwork. There are no cuts.

He smiles at himself.

ISAAC CRANE  
They're gonna love you...

He stares at himself for a beat.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)  
They have to, right?

Isaac departs the bathroom.

## 23. INT. ISAAC'S HOUSE- EVENING

Isaac, dressed in his best going out attire, is leaning against his kitchen counter. There is a shot glass in his right hand, and the bottle of Babushka's in his left.

Isaac stares at the shot glass for a beat before filling it to the brim.

He throws it back, gagging as he swallows.

Isaac breathes for a moment, slapping himself on the cheeks.

ISAAC CRANE

Whew!

Isaac pours another and downs it same as the last.

A cough and a snuffle.

Isaac pours another. It goes down.

This one burns. Isaac pauses over the sink for a second. He takes a beat to catch his breath.

Isaac decides to take one more. He pours it and down it goes.

There are tears in Isaac's eyes, but he's clearly feeling very buzzed.

## 24. INT. ISAAC'S BATHROOM- EVENING

Isaac is in front of the mirror once more. He smoothes his hair with a series of hurried pats and presses.

Isaac lets out a deep, drunken breath and wags his head like a dog.

He adjusts his shirt collar several times, but it ends up being just as crooked as it was at the start.

Isaac giggles between two loud belches.

Isaac checks his smile. Using his tongue, he clears a bit of food out from between his front teeth.

Isaac gives his best James Bond style finger gun at his reflection.

There comes the loud ring of a doorbell, Isaac's finger gun drops.

Isaac musters a sober breath to exhale. He exits the bathroom.

25. INT. ISAAC'S ENTRYWAY- EVENING

Isaac opens the front door.

Alexander Volsang, dressed in his most dapper 18th Century Gentlemen's wear, stands on the porch.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Comrade, you compose yourself  
nicely.

Isaac takes pride in Volsang's words.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)  
You are a fine exemplary of your  
generation.

Isaac snaps back to it.

ISAAC CRANE  
Well, my degeneration and I never  
had much in common.

Volsang notices the slurred word.

He hesitates but guards his thoughts with a smile.

Isaac doesn't notice any of it.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
With your quick wit and that  
cologne, many a vampiress will be  
drawn to you this night.

Isaac giggles and his face turns red.

He tries his best to mimic Alexander Volsang's voice.

ISAAC CRANE  
One might hope.

Volsang offers a genuine laugh. He wraps his spindly arm around Isaac's shoulder.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Come. A much larger audience awaits  
your mimicry.

Volsang laughs. Isaac bandwagons.

Isaac steps forward, forgetting to shut the door. Volsang shuts it for him and the pair march down the street.

## 26. EXT. MURNAU HOUSE- EVENING

Mina Murnau stands before an open window, watching as Alexander Volsang walks Isaac down his own driveway and across the sidewalk before her front yard.

She breathes in deeply, sensing the aroma emanating from her new neighbor.

She traces her lips with her tongue as she imagines the taste of Isaac.

MINA MURNAU  
Oh... My darling.

## 27. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- EVENING

The room is large, dark, and mostly empty of furniture.

A few tables line the wall closest to the door. They are laden with a variety of snacks and finger foods, but most of the tables are occupied by large bowls of blood. This includes a chocolate fountain that has been converted to dispense the crimson liquid.

The opposite end of the room opens into a narrow hallway that branches off towards a men's and women's restroom. Though it lacks furniture, the room is nearly filled to the brim with vampires. The crowd feels anachronistic, as if each person were plucked out of a different time period.

There is music bumping throughout. Some vampires dance, others stand and chat, but most are drinking from a crimson cup or two.

Isaac and Volsang enter through the main doors. Several vampires smile and wave at Volsang.

ISAAC CRANE  
Holy shit there are a lot of  
vampires here.

Beads of sweat form on Isaac's brow. Volsang reads his new friend for a moment before replying.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
You disdain competition? I give you  
my deepest assurances there will be  
plenty of blood to go around.

Isaac plays it cool.

ISAAC CRANE

Good.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

Have you celebrated before?

ISAAC CRANE

With vampires?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

The Pesach.

Isaac pauses, he plans his answer carefully.

ISAAC CRANE

I celebrated the Passover as a Jew,  
but this is...

He trails off.

Volsang pats him on the shoulder.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

I forget you are a but a cur. You  
celebrated the same Pesach then  
that we celebrate here.

ISAAC CRANE

Are all vampires Jewish?

Volsang chuckles.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

We celebrate the festival, but for  
different reasons.

ISAAC CRANE

You celebrate the Jews escaping  
from Egypt?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

While the sons and daughters of  
Abraham found salvation that night,  
we found a feast of promise.

ISAAC CRANE

I don't track.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

Why do you think the Israelites put  
blood across their doors?

ISAAC CRANE

It was an offering, the command of  
God.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

God could have commanded animal  
fat, furs, or oil but he did not.  
He ordered blood be spattered  
across the posts.

ISAAC CRANE

Are you saying that vampires-?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

Dined heartily upon all the first  
born of Egypt.

ISAAC CRANE

You're telling me you were at the  
first Passover?

Volsang chuckles.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

No, I didn't walk this Earth until  
the middle ages. But, if fortune  
favors you this night, you may meet  
one of the Vampires who was.

ISAAC CRANE

Someone in Solis?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

Mahl-KAH

Isaac appears confused.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)

The Queen.

Something about her name brings new life into Isaac's eyes.

Volsang steers him towards a drink table.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)

Come let us drink.

ISAAC CRANE

Yeah.

The pair makes their way over to the drink table where  
several blood fountains bubble lazily.

Volsang reaches for a goblet and dips it into the fountain.  
He presents it to Isaac kindly.

Isaac's eyes panic.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)  
I'm good for now.

Volsang stares at Isaac like an owl might stare at a mouse as  
it dashes across an open field.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
There are few vampires I know of  
who would think to refuse blood  
given so freely.

ISAAC CRANE  
I drank before I came.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
So, I can smell.

A bead of sweat drips down Isaac's face.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)  
My senses have been trained by six  
hundred years on the hunt. You  
cannot hide your affliction from  
me.

ISAAC CRANE  
Affliction??

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Drunkenness is a sin, dear Isaac.

Isaac breathes a sigh of relief.

ISAAC CRANE  
Hopefully one that can be forgiven.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
No need for forgiveness, there are  
none but sinners here.

Volsang takes a long drink from the goblet. He smiles at  
Isaac as he dabs a stray line of blood that trickles down  
from the corner of his mouth.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)  
The eve is young, and there are  
plenty more for you to meet. And I  
have mingling to undertake as well.

ISAAC CRANE

Yeah, I think I'm actually going to  
hit the restroom first.

Isaac turns quickly and bumps into a vampire standing behind him.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

VAMPIRE

My bad.

Unbeknownst to Isaac, a manna cracker has fallen from his coat pocket during the accident. Volsang notices it immediately as Isaac makes his way through the crowd.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

Dear Isaac

Isaac doesn't hear.

Volsang stoops down to collect the fallen cracker, curious as to what it is.

He picks it up and clenches his fist immediately as the manna burns into his antiquated skin.

Straining, Volsang opens his palm and the shattered cracker trickles out. There is a burn mark etched into his skin.

Volsang's eyes turn black. His carefully structured smile turns into a snarl. He huffs.

Volsang's eyes track Isaac through the crowd.

28. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- HALLWAY- EVENING

Isaac makes his way to the hallway where the bathrooms are located.

He jiggles the handle on the men's room door, but it doesn't budge.

A voice on Isaac's left startles him.

MINA MURNAU

It's locked.

Isaac jumps, but turns and looks towards the voice. Mina emerges from the women's room.

ISAAC CRANE

Yeah, I uh.

MINA MURNAU

That was quite a display you provided earlier.

Isaac laughs nervously. He jiggles the handle furiously; it appears to wobble flaccidly in his hand.

ISAAC CRANE

I'm not sure, what, what where you.

Mina puts a finger to Isaac's lips.

MINA MURNAU

You have nothing to be ashamed of, but perhaps next time I shall not have to watch from such a distance.

Isaac opens his mouth to retort but the bathroom door opens suddenly, startling him further.

Jonathan Murnau exits, a grim expression on his face.

JONATHAN MURNAU

Occupied.

Jonathan stares down at Isaac, his nostrils flared.

Isaac darts quickly into the bathroom and slams the door behind him.

Jonathan turns his gaze towards Mina.

JONATHAN MURNAU (CONT'D)

Pathetic.

MINA MURNAU

We shall see.

JONATHAN MURNAU

Can I get you a drink, darling?

Mina folds her arms, exhausted by her husband's presence.

MINA MURNAU

No.

Jonathan snarls and walks off. Mina walks towards the drink table in the other direction.

She grabs two glasses from the table and fills one to the brim from a blood fountain. The other twirls in her fingers as she searches the crowd for her husband.

Jonathan is watching her from across the room, she meets his gaze and bites her thumb at him. Crimson blood with a purplish tinge trickles from the wound. She squeezes it into the empty cup before filling that too from the fountain.

Jonathan watches this with pained expressions.

29. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- BATHROOM

Isaac is repeatedly slapping his cheeks in the bathroom mirror, trying to knock some sense into him.

The room spins before him.

He tries to hold himself steady but can't.

ISAAC CRANE

I can't- I can't. They both saw and  
now I'm-

He vomits.

Isaac runs the water in the sink, letting it clean out his vomit slowly but effectively.

Isaac looks at himself in the mirror sternly.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)

They'll know. They have to know.

Isaac starts to hyperventilate.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)

They'll come after me and Emile and  
- oh God.

The hyperventilating intensifies.

Isaac strikes himself across the cheek.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)

No. I'm smart, I can-

Isaac voraciously searches his pocket. He turns it out.

He pulls out a manna cracker, not noticing that it's broken, and shoves it into his mouth.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)  
They don't know, I'm better than  
that.

Isaac pats himself down and smiles as he finds something in his left pants pocket.

He retrieves a shooter of Babushka's Vodka. He downs it without a second thought.

Isaac fixes his hair in the mirror and pats himself down. He giggles.

Finger guns and Isaac clicks his cheek before walking out.

30. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- HALLWAY- EVENING

Isaac exits the bathroom but finds his path once more blocked by Mina. This time Isaac barely has room to stand, let alone enough to exit the party and return to the hallway.

Mina is holding two champagne glasses in her hands, both filled nearly to the brim with dark red liquid.

MINA MURNAU  
You wouldn't refuse me a drink,  
would you?

Isaac giggles. Mina's eyes seem to pulse, enlarging and shrinking in an array of different colors.

ISAAC CRANE  
Not much I'd care to refuse you.

Mina bites her lip playfully as she hands Isaac his glass.

Mina lifts her own glass and clinks it against Isaac's before tipping it into her waiting mouth and draining it.

Isaac hesitates, but Mina pushes his hand towards his mouth where he relents and begins to drink it.

Isaac is scared at first, but that fear quickly transforms into excitement. Mina's hand leaves his as he drains the glass into his own mouth, blood trickling down his chin.

This time it is Mina who giggles.

MINA MURNAU  
It appears you have concealed great  
thirst.

Dazed, Isaac smiles.

ISAAC CRANE  
I didn't know I had it.

MINA MURNAU  
There aren't many men who don't.

Mina lifts up her thumb and giggles. A small stream of blood drips from a wound down the middle.

MINA MURNAU (CONT'D)  
Do you like the taste?

Isaac freezes, his glass drops from his hand. It shatters against the floor. Blood from his chin drips down onto the shards.

Isaac's face is filled with horror. He begins to quaver and feel sick.

Mina doesn't understand what's going on.

MINA MURNAU (CONT'D)  
Darling.

Isaac throws himself back into the bathroom, leaving Mina outside standing stunned.

### 31. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- BATHROOM

Isaac locks the door quickly and turns back towards the mirror and the sink.

Without hesitation, he plunges two fingers into his throat and gags.

He heaves but nothing comes out.

He tries again to the same affect.

Tears begin to well in his eyes as he attempts to perform the Heimlich on himself.

Nothing.

Isaac's eyes begin to turn black as his pupils expand.

Isaac forces his fingers down his throat once more, this time he releases a hiss instead of a gag.

He pulls his fingers out and notices two incisors come out with them. They fall, bloodless, into the sink.

The holes in his mouth are being filled by two sharp fangs that are slowly extending beyond his gums.

Isaac's face begins to contort. His head shifts this way and that as his neck sharply turns right and left.

He grabs his face in an attempt to control himself.

His eyes are completely black, his reflection staring at him, unmoving in the mirror.

That reflection rapidly pulses in and out.

His black eyes also begin to pulse with an array of vibrant colors extending from the pupil to his corneas.

His fangs sink into his bottom lip. Isaac shutters as he slowly lowers his lip out of the wound.

Isaac begins to cry, his tears splashing the few remaining flecks of vomit in the basin.

Isaac closes his eyes and cries into his hands.

A beat.

Isaac opens his eyes, wiping away the stream of tears. His reflection becomes clear in the mirror.

It's normal.

Isaac breathes a sigh of relief.

He sheds a tear in happiness as he pats his face down.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

Opening his eyes again, he is confronted by the Vampiric version of himself, eyes black and fangs extended.

This version grabs Isaac by his shirt collar and pulls him in close to the mirror.

ISAAC CRANE (VAMPIRIC)

Boo.

Vampiric Isaac shoves Isaac back into the wall behind him, where Isaac collapses, limp.

## 32. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- EVENING

Alexander Volsang stands in the corner of the room, oblivious to the crowd of partying vampires around him.

He flexes his fist, open and closed, watching the reddened imprint of the broken cracker against his pale skin.

He looks up, we see Jonathan Murnau exit the bathroom as Isaac darts in.

Jonathan and Mina share a brief, terse exchange. Agitated, Jonathan makes his way towards the drink table.

Alexander looks down at his hand, the mark has faded slightly.

Volsang makes his way to the drink table and stands next to Jonathan, who is downing several shots of O-.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

What do you know of our new arrival?

Jonathan doesn't answer, choosing instead to swallow a shot.

Volsang begins to ladle himself a glass of blood punch.

Jonathan holds out a cup, to which Volsang gladly complies.

JONATHAN MURNAU

Mina already has a hold on him...

Jonathan sips from his glass. His eyes wander to Mina, who is making her way to the other drink table.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

And apparently, she for him.

JONATHAN MURNAU

It's a game to her.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

I fear it may also be game for him.

The pair sip from their glasses.

Volsang extends his hand. Jonathan brushes it aside.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)

Look at it, don't take it.

Volsang raises his hand again and Jonathan does a double take, fixating on it the second time.

JONATHAN MURNAU

What is it?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
The sign of a sacrament. One that  
fell from Mr. Crane's pocket.

Jonathan looks at Volsang for the first time.

JONATHAN MURNAU  
It is Pesach, he is new to us, he  
may not-

Volsang waves him off.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
This is not from the Passover; it  
is too old. The kind of Sacrament  
that may come from only God  
himself.

JONATHAN MURNAU  
Then God himself has moved in next  
door?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Not God, but I fear he may be a  
Yeshuan.

Jonathan sets his drink down as he watches Mina bite her  
thumb across the room. She makes her way back to the bathroom  
and meets Isaac at the door. Jonathan steps towards her.

JONATHAN MURNAU  
Not for much longer.

Volsang puts his hand across Jonathan's chest, holding him  
back.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Interesting.

Isaac and Mina share their drinks, Mina tipping Isaac's  
towards his chin.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)  
I know few Yeshuans who would drink  
blood, perhaps our fears are just  
fears.

JONATHAN MURNAU  
Then why address them?

Volsang turns towards Jonathan.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Because if they are not, there will  
be no more solace for our kind.

Jonathan looks back, Isaac is gone, and Mina is laughing to herself.

JONATHAN MURNAU  
He didn't take to Mina's blend.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Inform the Queen that I must move.

Jonathan looks at Volsang sternly and then departs.

Volsang finishes his drink and begins to make his way through the crowd.

33. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- HALLWAY- EVENING

ALEXANDER VOLSANG (CONT'D)  
Good evening, Miss Mina.

MINA MURNAU  
Not yet it isn't.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Then soon it shall be.

MINA MURNAU  
I do expect it to.

Mina sips playfully from her drink.

Volsang reaches for the handle but Mina grabs his hand.

MINA MURNAU (CONT'D)  
Occupied.

Volsang's hand tightens against the handle.

34. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- BATHROOM

Isaac, pale, leans unconscious against the wall.

He wakes with a heavy, slow, scratchy breath.

He falls to his side, and claws at the floor trying to stand up. He is too weak.

Isaac claws his way to the toilet at the edge of the room and manages to prop himself over the edge.

Isaac vomits profusely into the bowl.

His hand manages to swipe the handle and the toilet flushes.

Isaac's hand slips and he grabs onto the bowl, but to his surprise the bowl cracks and a shard breaks off under the pressure of his fist.

He jumps back with renewed strength.

He takes a deep, healthy breath, surprising himself.

Slowly, he creeps towards the toilet and looks into the bowl.

His reflection stares handsomely back at him. His eyes are now black, but strength has returned to his face.

He lets out a gasp. Then a tear strikes the toilet bowl, but not scared tears like the ones by the mirror, tears of elation.

Isaac begins to laugh playfully as he examines his new fangs.

Isaac gets so caught up in the moment that he doesn't hear Alexander Volsang enter the bathroom behind him.

Suddenly the door slams open and Volsang towers over Isaac with fangs and claws extended, his eyes black as well.

With reflexes faster than Isaac can control he matches Volsang's height and meets him face to face, with an inch between their noses and fangs extended.

Isaac surprises himself and Volsang, both retreat a step.

ISAAC CRANE

I'm sorry- I

Volsang's eyes recede from black to their normal color. His fangs shrink back.

Volsang forces a smile.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

You are feeling unwell?

ISAAC CRANE

No I- I was but...

Isaac laughs nervously.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
 Mina's blood can send a man to  
 insanity just from the smell, let  
 alone the taste.

ISAAC CRANE  
 (Aimlessly)  
 Yeah, the taste.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
 I shall intrude no further, good  
 evening Isaac Crane.

Volsang turns quickly and the smile instantly leaves his face. He exits the bathroom.

Isaac stands still, breathing slowly.

He looks at his hands, power surging through them.

Isaac turns around and faces the stall door behind him. He rips it off its hinges with ease. He sets it aside, laughing to himself.

He takes a deep breath, the heightened senses almost bringing him to orgasm.

Isaac looks into the mirror and smiles.

### 35. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- EVENING

As Volsang approaches the exit door, he is stopped by Jonathan Murnau.

JONATHAN MURNAU  
 Volsang.

Volsang hardly notices Jonathan until Jonathan places a hand firmly on his shoulder.

JONATHAN MURNAU (CONT'D)  
 Alexander!

Volsang looks up at him.

JONATHAN MURNAU (CONT'D)  
 What has he done to you?

Volsang hesitates.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
 Nothing. Did you send word?

JONATHAN MURNAU  
She wants to see you.

Volsang moves towards the door, Jonathan stops him.

JONATHAN MURNAU (CONT'D)  
What happened in there?

Volsang looks him dead in the eye.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Everything changed.

Volsang exits, leaving Jonathan there to wonder over the meaning of his words.

Jonathan looks towards the bathroom to see Isaac exiting, looking radiant.

36. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- HALLWAY- EVENING

Isaac enters from the bathroom.

Mina isn't looking at him.

MINA MURNAU  
Darling-

Mina looks up and is taken by his newfound stature and glow.

MINA MURNAU (CONT'D)  
Isaac-

Isaac freezes, his mouth hangs agape as he searches for something to say.

ISAAC CRANE  
My vampiric queen, my parasite

MINA MURNAU  
Parasite?

Jonathan enters the hallway and encroaches on Isaac.

MINA MURNAU (CONT'D)  
Stay out of this Jonathan.

Jonathan pushes Mina into the wall. He grabs Isaac's shirt collar. Isaac lets Jonathan pull him in close.

JONATHAN MURNAU  
We know what you are, Yeshuan.

The name means nothing to Isaac, Mina's eyes light up when she hears it.

ISAAC CRANE

You don't know a thing about me.

Isaac grabs Jonathan's wrist and crushes it easily. Jonathan is startled.

Isaac shows his fangs and his blackened eyes briefly before grabbing Jonathan and lifting him into the air. He holds him there for only a moment before driving him into the ground.

Isaac lets out a demonic screech that captures the attention of every vampire in the building. They turn to see the commotion.

Eyes black, muscles pulsing, Isaac sticks out a forked tongue, tasting the fear in the air.

ISAAC CRANE (CONT'D)

You all are welcome.

The crowd slowly turns away, apathetic to what just happened.

Mina is staring up at Isaac, her eyes entranced.

MINA MURNAU

Isaac.

Isaac lifts her up with ease. The pair stand inches apart.

MINA MURNAU (CONT'D)

Isaac.

Mina's eyes return to their normal fiery state. She pushes Isaac into the bathroom, startling him.

### 37. INT. PESACH FESTIVAL- BATHROOM

Startled, Isaac's eyes return to their normal shade of blue.

He doesn't fight as Mina slams him into the wall. He freezes as she begins to kiss him, unsure of what to do.

As Mina tears his pants open, the pair become animalistic in the throws of their passion. Mina shoves him further into the wall and the room is flooded with the sounds of their collective moaning.

Isaac smiles as she thrusts against him.

## 38. INT. DUNGEON

Unlike the town of Solis, Queen Viagora's Dungeon isn't modern in the broadest sense. It's dark, damp, and the walls and floors are both comprised of ancient gray bricks that provide a deep echo with each footstep.

Alexander Volsang makes his way down a spiral staircase, just barely visible against the gray backdrop of the room around him.

Exiting the staircase, he enters a perfectly square room. The room is empty save for chains hanging from the middle of the ceiling.

A Silhouetted figure sits beneath the chains. Her head is bowed, and she sits cross-legged in meditation. She pays no attention to Volsang as he enters the room.

Volsang doesn't speak. He stands formally at attention across from the figure.

Her eyes open, their glow adding light into the almost lightless room. She looks up slowly.

QUEEN VIAGORA

I was told you would be accompanied  
by the head of a Yeshuan.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

And so you were to be told.

QUEEN VIAGORA

Then why come empty-handed.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

Because you were misinformed.

QUEEN VIAGORA

So, you come to apologize?

The Queen looks up at Volsang playfully.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG

I come to seek advice.

The Queen stands up gracefully, towering over Volsang at her full height. She walks towards the staircase.

QUEEN VIAGORA

It is not often you require such  
from me.

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
It is not often I encounter magicks  
older than even myself.

Viagora stops. She turns towards Volsang.

QUEEN VIAGORA  
How old?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
As old as yourself, give or take 13  
months.

Alexander Volsang extends his hand, displaying the mark of  
the Manna cracker. Viagora walks towards him, examining his  
hand. She closes his fist after a beat.

QUEEN VIAGORA  
The Yeshuan?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
Something older, more powerful.

QUEEN VIAGORA  
Elohai?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
But there was a greater  
complication.

Viagora pauses, afraid.

QUEEN VIAGORA  
Greater than the return of the  
Elohai?

ALEXANDER VOLSANG  
He is one of us. I saw his fangs,  
felt his strengths. He must have  
many gifts.

This captures Viagora's interest.

QUEEN VIAGORA  
Go. Feast and heal yourself. I will  
have answers when you return.

Fade to Black.