

EXT. CHICAGO TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Right before sunrise. Shadows still dominate the landscape. Train tracks stretch beside wary commuters, haunted looks on faces as they file off the L-train.

GEM (27, nonbinary), steps off a train wearing black nursing scrubs, a scowl. Covered in piercings, heavy rings -- all black, none silver.

An ASSHOLE bumps into Gem. Asshole spits on the ground.

ASSHOLE

Watch it, bitch.

Gem pauses, nostrils flare. Just as quickly, the anger dissipates. *Pick your battles*. The asshole disappears into the tired, scattered CTA commuter crowd.

Gem walks along the tracks, disappearing amongst them.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Gem walks beneath the train tracks, beneath the metal steps. There's a homeless encampment, people struggling with cardboard boxes, overturned shopping carts.

A RUNAWAY (16) sits, shivering. Wearing a tank top in cold temps. Track marks on her arms. Around her neck, a vibrant gold butterfly necklace -- gold paint chipping.

Gem hears her HEARTBEAT go slower...slow.

RUNAWAY

Anything would help.

Gem takes a step towards the Runaway. Their eyes travel the length of the Runaway's track marks. Each upraised bruise.

GEM

Those look like they hurt.

The Runaway smiles.

RUNAWAY

I can't feel it.

Gem stares past the Runaway now at a tunnel beneath the tracks. Where everything melts into shadow.

Gem's lip peels back, revealing a set of sharp fangs. Runaway is too dazed to notice.

RUNAWAY (CONT'D)

Anything. I could... if you want, I could...

The strap of the young Runaway's tank slips off her shoulder, revealing her neck.

RUNAWAY (CONT'D)

I could...

GEM

You must have me mistaken for someone else.

RUNAWAY

I've seen your kind before.

GEM

Not me.

A YOWL. A black cat darts out the shadows within the tunnel. It pauses long enough to hiss at Gem. Gem hisses back.

Gem looks between the Runaway and the cat, tense.

A HEARTBEAT. The rush of blood. Gem's nostrils flare. A trail of saliva falls from their lips.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Gem enters the apartment building, trudging up endless flights of iron stairs.

They keep going, going. Each step looks treacherous. The height is dizzying. A drop sharp as a knife.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gem enters their home. An apartment that's covered in band posters (Siouxsie and the Banshees, Black Sabbath, Ziggy Stardust, Joan Jett, Måneskin.)

In the middle of this room, with windows taped over in black, a single armchair. Across the armchair, a TV running the nightly news. Break-ins. Murders. Missing persons. Well worn and lived in. Beside it, a bed in a rusted metal frame with a headboard covered in black roses. Covered in blankets.

An old man sits on the bed (75), NATHANIEL GOULDE. His eyes reflect the glow of the TV.

GEM

I'm home.

NATHANIEL

Bruchim habaim. I was worried.

GEM

And if you weren't worried?

NATHANIEL

Then I'd be dead.

Gem laughs then abruptly stops laughing.

GEM

Don't say that.

A moment of silence.

GEM (CONT'D)

You don't *have* to die, you know.

NATHANIEL

Not this shit again.

Nathaniel turns away, grouchy. A familiar conversation.

GEM

You draw arbitrary lines, old man.
Adopting a vampire is fine, but
becoming one--

(beat)

Perhaps you're ashamed of other
slayers finding out about me.

NATHANIEL

If any slayer has a problem with
how I live my life or who I choose
to call family, I'll kill 'em.

Nathaniel gets to his feet, a fighting stance. His pupils
fall to shadow. Foreboding. Powerful. A true vampire slayer.

Then, just as quickly, he deflates into a pitiful coughing
fit. A soldier far past his prime.

Gem gives up and hugs Nathaniel, cheek to cheek. Sweet.
Familial. Bittersweet.

GEM

Good morning.

NATHANIEL

Good morning.

Gem hides in thick blankets as the barest hint of sun cuts through the heavy black tape on the windows.

Nathaniel looks to Gem, facing them more fully. The old man's eyes have laser focus. Peeking out from the pillow fort is one of Gem's hands. Fingernails encrusted with blood.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Orange sun peering through curtains, curtains drawn on a room that's much softer than the one we've seen prior. A living room. One in which people are actually *living*.

Colors in beige with wood Mataram sofas set next to plastic-wrapped recliners. On the sofa cushions, nestled in batik-print pajamas is YUNI SETIAWAN (23) an Indonesian young woman with glasses slipping off her face. Her laptop falls from her slumbering grip.

Her mother, EKA SETIAWAN (53), in a soft gray sweater and loose black trousers. She pulls the curtains back so the sun shines right on Yuni's face.

Yuni wakes up, hissing in pain, covering her face with her hands.

YUNI

Turn it off! Turn it off!

Eka sighs, closing the curtains shut again.

Yuni groans, hiding beneath the blankets. Eka goes over and massages Yuni's shoulder.

EKA

You missed dinner.

Yuni laughs, startled. Eka is not laughing.

YUNI

No. No, I--.

(beat)

How long was I out?

Eka checks the clock on the opposite wall. Making silent calculations for a few moments.

EKA

Sixteen hours.

Yuni gets up. Eka goes to help her.

YUNI
Ma, I'm fine.

Yuni goes to the table beside the living room sofa. She grabs for a water bottle. Empty.

Eka pauses, watching Yuni warily.

EKA
I had a dream. About you.

Yuni rolls her eyes, facing away from her mother.

YUNI
Sure you did, ma.

EKA
Astag... She never listens.

Yuni stumbles out.

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen. Yuni looks at the shelves yet at nothing. Dazed.

She finally settles on a kettle to make tea.

Vision hazy. Rubbing her wrists, flexing her fingers. Her fingertips are purple.

She goes to a chair beside the kitchen island and takes a seat, watching the tea kettle boiling slowly.

She slowly falls back asleep.

SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

The kettle is boiling over. Her mother's voice, muffled. Panicked. Saying words that swim in Yuni's ears.

Finally, Yuni snaps awake. Coming to.

EKA
YUNI!

Yuni rushes to the kettle, burning herself on the hot water. Turning off the stove. Breathing hard.

Eka, rushing over to examine Yuni's arms for burns.

EKA (CONT'D)
Sayang! Aduh, aduh. Are you hurt?
Where's it hurt?

Yuni strategically hides her reddened, peeling palms.

YUNI
I'm fine, mom. I'm fine.

EKA
What happened?

Yuni stares at the floor. At the kettle. Back into the worried eyes of her mother.

YUNI
I... I don't know. The kettle was taking a while to boil over. And I closed my eyes to rest. And I...I just...

Yuni stares at Eka a moment longer.

YUNI (CONT'D)
I'm fine. I'm... I'm fine.

Yuni says this like she doesn't believe herself.

Eka drags a chair to sit by Yuni. They sit in silence for a few more moments.

YUNI (CONT'D)
(quietly, afraid)
Mama. Tell me about your dream.

Eka holds Yuni in her arms, afraid to let go. Yuni stares at her raw, blistering burns.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Gem still sleeps in their pillow fort. Sunlight barely filters through their tent. They wear a heavy blackout curtain for a blanket.

TEXT MESSAGE NOTIFICATION.

Gem ignores it.

BUZZ. BUZZ. BUZZ.

Gem groans, finally answering the phone call.

From the contact-- JANET:

HELA'S CALLING US IN TO COVER ER TONIGHT INSTEAD OF INPATIENT.

Gem groans in frustration.

Text messages continue from Janet:

CROSS MED'S OVERWHELMED BY CASES RECENTLY.

LOTS OF VIOLENT ATTACKS.

Gem closes their eyes...

AN IMAGE APPEARS.

The dark void beneath the Chicago train tracks. The tunnel's mouth yawning wide. The hissing of a cat.

The Runaway, eyes watering.

END IMAGE.

A beat, Gem stares at the phone.

One final text from Janet:

LOTS OF CRAZIES OUT THERE.

GOD BLESS YOU.

Gem smirks at the blessing, sardonic.

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - DAY

A waiting room with a TV on the wall with a scratched screen. It plays a depressing string of news reruns and nature documentaries.

Yuni walks into the waiting room in a big hoodie with college letters on the side. She stares at the TV a moment before gingerly picking up a magazine on overseas travel and "America's Most Haunted Cities".

Yuni reads the magazine. Ignores the TV.

A missing person's report appears on the news on the screen. Runaway's face from before. MISSING HIGH SCHOOL HONORS STUDENT -- SUSPECTED RUNAWAY, IF SEEN, CALL...

The RECEPTIONIST waves at Yuni to get her attention. Yuni shuffles over.

YUNI

My name is Yuni Setiawan. Spelled S-
E-T...

RECEPTIONIST
No. First you check in.

Yuni's confused.

YUNI
My name is...

RECEPTIONIST
Not me. There.

The receptionist points across the desk to an iPad with a small post-it sign reading VIRTUAL CHECK-IN HERE.

YUNI
Oh.

Yuni shyly goes over to the iPad check-in and fills out the form. She scrolls through the list. Her pupils reflect the endless survey questions glowing from the iPad screen.

The first question on the screening: WHAT BRINGS YOU IN TODAY?

Yuni closes her eyes. Turmoil.

She reopens her eyes, deep breath.

She types:

WORRIED ABOUT...

She pauses. Deletes all this.

Yuni finally types:

JUST BURN ON HANDS.

She fills out the form as quickly as her injured hands allow her.

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Yuni sits in the waiting room. Slowly, more and more visitors surrounding her get up, leaving the chairs beside her emptier. Emptier.

MYSTERY NURSE (O.S.)
Ms. Setiawan?

Finally, Yuni gets to her feet.

Yuni shuffles towards the door. A figure silhouetted in black. Yuni stares at the figure's shoes first. Black Doc Martens.

She looks up, a sharp inhale of breath. It's Gem, piercings peeking over the edge of their black hospital mask, piercing eyes.

GEM

Ms. Setiawan. You've been waiting a while, haven't you?

YUNI

Yes.

GEM

Sorry. We had some last-minute personnel changes. Follow me.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Yuni follows Gem down the labyrinthine halls. Gem walks sharply, with purpose.

Arrive at a door.

GEM

This is yours.

Yuni pauses, grimacing a little.

GEM (CONT'D)

Is something the matter?

YUNI

(sheepish)

The bathroom?

Gem gestures with an open palm. Posture too perfect.

GEM

Down this way.

Yuni can't hold eye contact with Gem for too long.

YUNI

Thank you.

GEM

Wait, before you go.

Gem hands Yuni a plastic cup.

GEM (CONT'D)
We'll need a urine sample.

Yuni stares at it, confused.

YUNI
For...?

GEM
Your bloodwork.

YUNI
The receptionist didn't mention
bloodwork.

Gem looks Yuni up and down, carefully. Gem inhales, slowly.
Are they... are they *sniffing* the air right now?

GEM
(ignoring her)
No. You *need* a blood panel.
(beat)
The bathroom's on your left. Can't
miss it.

YUNI
I don't think I need a--.

Gem grabs Yuni's arm, staring deeply into her eyes.

YUNI (CONT'D)
(uncertain)
Okay, I'll get a blood panel.

Finally, Gem lets go, walking quickly down the hall.

Yuni walks towards the bathroom, weirded out. Gem's gaze
doesn't leave Yuni's back, watching her closely.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - LATER

Yuni exits the bathroom, carefully placing the urine sample
on a metal tray outside the door.

She tries to find her way back to her hospital room.

She takes wrong turn. After wrong turn.

Accidentally stumbles upon an older woman in the midst of a
mammogram exam. The older woman and the nurse glare at her.

YUNI
Excuse me.

Yuni turns a corner and bumps into Gem.

YUNI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I--

Gem's mask is down, revealing their shining lip piercings. The barest hint of... very sharp teeth.

Gem hurriedly pulls the mask up. They have a cooler around their shoulders, halfway zipped. Yuni glances down at the cooler, partially open. She sees bags filled with blood.

YUNI (CONT'D)

Is that a cooler full of blood?

GEM

It is.

Gem goes to hurriedly zip the bag. Their sleeve rolls up, revealing puncture marks on their wrist. Old scars.

As Yuni checks Gem out, Gem notices Yuni's wandering eyes. Their gaze ends up at Yuni's lips. At Yuni's throat.

A HEARTBEAT. The heartbeat gets faster. Anxious. Scared. Gem steps closer. Yuni blushes.

GEM (CONT'D)

Are you lost?

Yuni nods.

Gem points in the opposite direction. A smile in their eyes that doesn't quite reach.

GEM (CONT'D)

You're down that way.

Yuni squeezes past Gem in the hallway that suddenly feels far too small.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Yuni sits in a padded, gray chair with flat arms that seem to hold her captive. She stares at a poster of an unnaturally cute dog running through a field of grass. Yuni grimaces at its forced joviality.

Fluorescent lights humming above her. White tile floors, white-speckled walls. A rolling black stool shoved beneath a computer on a desk across from her. To her right, a flat cushion sits atop an examination table. A thin paper cover for a blanket.

Curious and bored, she wanders over to the door, peering out into the hallway.

She just misses a woman walking past in a long black sundress, headphones around her neck. This is ANGELA (33), walking with the grace of a debutante, confidence of an heiress. On her back, clearly visible from the low-cut dress, is an elaborate tattoo of Medusa-- half her face in stone. Half still in flesh.

Angela glances back at the end of the hall and catches Yuni staring.

ANGELA
Hello there.

YUNI
H-hello.

Angela smiles. She winks at Yuni, flirtatious.

ANGELA
Long night?

Yuni panics, scampering back into the room. Angela's TEASING LAUGHTER follows. Yuni presses her hands to her face, trying to cool her heated cheeks.

YUNI
What the fuck is this place?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Yuni lies on the examination table now. She shifts. The paper blanket tears.

YUNI
Shit.

She gets up and walks across the room. The dog's goofy grin on the poster-- its eyes seem to follow her.

YUNI (CONT'D)
(addressing the dog
poster)
What are you looking at?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Yuni looks into the halls. She takes a turn around a corner, leaving her door open. A clock. TICK. TICK. TICK.

She turns around to re-enter her room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Yuni makes her way to the examination table.

The paper blanket is no longer torn. Fixed.

She turns around. SUDDEN REVEAL. Sitting in the rolling stool, soundless as a cat-- is Gem. Yuni screams.

GEM

I'm sorry.

Yuni clasps her hand to her heart.

GEM (CONT'D)

Did I scare you?

YUNI

No, I--.

Yuni stares at Gem's shirt. Their nursing scrubs are slightly askew. Revealing a hickey on their collar. The hickey is... *fading* much faster than is regular on a human.

Yuni openly watches, fascinated. Gem notices, fixing their shirt. Unfazed.

GEM

Please. Sit.

Yuni does so. Gem types something in a computer.

YUNI

The blood panel...

GEM

Yes?

YUNI

Why do I need it?

Gem pauses, looking at Yuni full-on. Yuni struggles to hold their gaze.

GEM

Signs point to you having an autoimmune disease.

YUNI

What signs?

Gem pauses, thinks on it. Shrugs.

YUNI (CONT'D)

Smell?

Gem freezes, on edge.

GEM

Just know.

They reach over for a pair of white elastic gloves. Snap them on. They go for a syringe next...

Yuni stares at the needle. Swallows. Fear in her eyes.

YUNI

I'm... I *really* don't think I'm sick. I'm just tired. That's all.

GEM

Are you afraid? Of needles or... something else?

Yuni considers this, trying to paste on a brave face.

YUNI

Of course not.

Gem hides a sad smile.

GEM

I'll be gentle.
(beat)
Make a fist for me.

YUNI

Okay, I--

Yuni gasps as Gem inserts the syringe into their vein.

GEM

Deep breath.

Yuni inhales. She squeezes her eyes shut.

GEM (CONT'D)

Tell me if it hurts.

YUNI

Okay.

Slowly, curious. Yuni opens her eyes.

She watches the blood enter the tubing on her arm, the bright red slowly going towards a set of six empty vials beside her. A metallic table, also covered over carefully with a paper towel.

Yuni stares at her reflection in the table. Gem notices, moving the paper towel subconsciously to cover their own *lack* of a reflection.

YUNI (CONT'D)

I thought they usually take five tubes of blood max.

GEM

Not always.

Gem switches vials. Yuni blinks, a bit woozy.

GEM (CONT'D)

Your blood tells a story. Your general health. Rate of infections. State of your organs. Even genetic conditions.

Gem picks up a vial, staring into its depths a moment.

They turn the vial upside down, testing consistency. Before replacing the tube with another.

GEM (CONT'D)

I like to be extra careful.

Gem takes the syringe out, pressing a white piece of gauze to Yuni's arm. Yuni watches the blood slowly stain it.

GEM (CONT'D)

Did you drive here alone?

YUNI

Why?

GEM

No reason.

Gem goes toward the door. Before closing it fully, they glance back. Eyes piercing.

GEM (CONT'D)

There's a lot going on out there.

(beat)

Be careful.

The door closes.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An Italian restaurant, not very crowded on a weekday night. Red velvet chairs. Pictures of classic Italian film stars (Sophia Loren, Monica Vitti) on walls. Glowing gold candlelight reflects off black-and-white photographs. A private booth in the back, walled in and surrounded in heavy curtains.

Tucked in this booth is RISA DE LUNA (37), sipping from a glass of red wine. Dressed like an office worker: sensible black shoes and white blazer and slacks. She looks mildly displeased, wiping the tint of red from her mouth with a white napkin.

There's a plate of bread and butter, untouched in front of her. Across her lap is the corpse of a human punk who's dressed exactly like Gem. Exact piercings and jewelry. Their head rests on a round, white plate. Their neck's a bloody mess.

A young man enters. JACK (31) It's like he walked out of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* (a haute couture version of Spike). He speaks with a British accent.

JACK

Fuck me!

Risa raises an eyebrow suggestively at that.

He checks the curtains are closed tight behind him.

JACK (CONT'D)

(whisper)

What if someone saw, Ris?

He peers closer at the body.

JACK (CONT'D)

Is that..?

Risa lifts the punk's head. Though the likeness is good -- it isn't Gem.

RISA

A human. I promised them the Gift.
But they didn't stay alive long
enough to receive it.

JACK
Why'd you dress it up like... like
them?

Risa strokes the dead human's face.

RISA
I miss Gem's eyes...
(beat)
How they looked at me when they
were on their knees.

Jack sniffs, turning away from the scene.

JACK
They weren't *that* great.

Risa smiles at him, patting the open seat next to her. She shoves the corpse onto the floor, hiding beneath the white table cloth. Jack sits.

JACK (CONT'D)
Seriously, Ris. This isn't like it
was a hundred years ago. Hell, even
ten years ago. We can't be making
messes like this.
(beat)
Shit, even the blood dealers have
been getting caught lately.

Risa laughs, running her fingernail along his face.

JACK (CONT'D)
Vampires *can* go to jail, Ris!

RISA
I thought you liked making messes.

Jack whimpers.

JACK
Risa... shit.

Risa leans in closer, almost mouth to mouth.

RISA
I want Gem here. With me.

JACK
You cast them out.

RISA
I've forgiven them.

JACK
I should've killed them when I had
a chance.

RISA
Gem would've slaughtered you easily
if they'd been sober.

Jack scowls.

JACK
You're just jealous Gem doesn't
need you anymore.

RISA
What did you say?

There's a threat in Risa's voice. Her talons elongate,
piercing his skin. Jack cowers.

JACK
I'm sorry... Risa. I'm sorry.

Risa exhales onto Jack's lips.

RISA
Find them for me, Jack.
(beat)
Please.

Jack swallows, shaky.

JACK
...alright.

Risa picks up the rest of her wine, dumping it onto the clean
white tablecloth. She glares at Jack.

Jack obediently picks up a napkin and cleans the stain.
Staring at the body under the table, gritting his teeth.

RISA
Good boy. Cleaning up messes like
you always do.

Risa leans back in the booth, already bored. The photos on
the walls stare down at them with dead eyes.

RISA (CONT'D)
And Jack?

He looks up, like a sinner staring at his saint.

RISA (CONT'D)

Fetch me something warm. I'm still
hungry.

INT. YUNI'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A computer tab. JOURNALISM FELLOWSHIPS AND GRADUATE PROGRAMS.
A sea of applications: Michigan University. Northwestern.
Stanford. Dartmouth.

Yuni starts to type, grimacing. She rubs her stiff joints.
Her hands can hardly move. She holds her fingers to her face.
Her fingertips are turning purple. She examines them beneath
the artificial lights.

INT. YUNI'S KITCHEN - DAY

Yuni goes to the fridge. Opens it. At the back, a case of
energy drinks.

She downs one. Grimacing.

Pops a second tab open. Downs a second one.

INT. YUNI'S LIVING ROOM - 1:30 PM

Yuni, typing furiously on her computer. The clock reads 1:30
PM.

CUT TO:

INT. YUNI'S LIVING ROOM - 2:00 PM

Yuni passed out on the computer keyboard, her face pressed
into the indents of the keys.

The clock reads 2 PM.

Five more energy drinks are in the trash can. Useless.

CELLPHONE RINGING.

Head swimming. Vision too bright. She groans, picks up the
phone to YOUNG NURSE.

YUNI

Hello?

YOUNG NURSE (O.S.)

Hello, Ms. Setiawan?

YUNI

Yes?

YOUNG NURSE (O.S.)

This is Cross Med. The results of your bloodwork came back. Do you have time to drive to the office today?

YUNI

No, but I can grab the car tomorrow...

YOUNG NURSE (O.S.)

Can you get somebody to drive you?

Pause. Yuni's face falls. A flash of uncertainty in her eyes.

YUNI

Wait. Why?

(beat)

What were the results?

INT. YUNI'S BATHROOM - DAY

Yuni presses her fingers to her face. Examining the dark circles beneath her eyes. The rash on her face.

She takes soap and water.

Starts to try to rub the rash away.

Scrubs harder.

Harder.

Water and soap goes down the drain. The butterfly rash on her face doesn't go away. Skin rubbed raw with a trickle of blood.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EVENING

A doctor's office, a cramped corner desk with shades pulled tight. DR. HELA (68), a woman with graying hair and tightly pursed lips. She speaks with a slight Swedish accent.

Yuni sits across from her in a stuffed chair. Eka sits at her shoulder in a similar one-- the chairs sink too low.

DR. HELA

I don't mean to have this conversation so formally--

Dr. Helä notices her brass name tag on her desk is out of place. She moves to readjust it. Once. A little more. Perfect.

DR. HELA (CONT'D)

It's very unusual for a patient to request a slate of blood tests without the doctor's prior knowledge. I don't know how the request even went through--

YUNI

I was attended by a nurse named... named...

DR. HELA

Gem? Night nurse with all the-
(gestures to face)
The facial accessories.

Yuni nods. Yes.

DR. HELA (CONT'D)

(laughs)
Of course. Of course it's them.

YUNI

I'm sorry if this caused you any trouble.

Dr. Helä waves this away.

DR. HELA

Of course not. Gem tends to...
sense these things. In any case,
we're glad they caught this.

YUNI

Caught?

Dr. Helä leans in closer.

DR. HELA

Tests point to lupus. And not just lupus. But lupus in an active flare, one that's been going on untreated for a long time.

EKA

And what is this lupus?

DR. HELA

Lupus is the presence of ANA,
antinuclear antibodies.

(MORE)

DR. HELA (CONT'D)

These antibodies lead to an overactive immune system. Meaning your body is attacking itself.

Eka leans forwards this time, hand on her daughter's.

EKA

Doctor. With all due respect. Nobody on my side of the family has anything like this.

DR. HELA

And her father's?

Eka grows quiet.

EKA

He died when she was young, but this...

Eka trails off. Yuni's concern only grows, trembling slightly.

EKA (CONT'D)

But medicine is better now than it was then, right? It's been years since he... And I have health insurance.

DR. HELA

Good. Very good. We'll have to keep Yuni under observation. Run some more tests...

Dr. Hela frowns, leaning back in her chair. Fingers steepled.

YUNI

So I can go home.

Dr. Hela pauses. A bit too long. Uncomfortable.

DR. HELA

Well...

Eka leans forwards this time, quiet fury.

EKA

Go on, doctor.

Dr. Hela turns to Yuni's mother, eyes placid.

DR. HELA

Normally, if we catch it early enough.

(MORE)

DR. HELA (CONT'D)

We can treat it with medication alone. But it's gone on for so long, untreated...

(beat)

Sometimes, the disease can target your organs. Your heart. Your lungs. Your kidney... And from your urine sample, Yuni...

YUNI

(numb)

Yes?

BLOOD RUSHING in Yuni's ears. She opens her mouth. Closes it. Numb. In shock.

DR. HELA

We found traces of blood in your urine. Which can be a sign of potential organ damage...

The sound of BLOOD RUSHING only increases in Yuni's ears.

She stares at the poster across the wall. A recreated painting of ocean waves crashing on a beach.

The OCEAN WAVES mingle with BLOOD RUSHING that drowns out all other noise.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A hospital room with a brown-covered recliner chair with wide set arms on the sides. A MALE PATIENT (36) with a tight rubber band around his elbow.

Opposite him is NURSE JANET (67) a self-assured woman wearing a crucifix necklace and her nursing scrubs tucked in tight at her waist. She prepares a syringe and vial for a blood draw. Gem cleans up surgical utensils in the background, assisting.

NURSE JANET

Supervisor's got us working a different floor each day.

Gem grunts affirmation.

NURSE JANET (CONT'D)

Lots of crazies out there. Hospital's overwhelmed.

GEM

Yep. You told me already.

Nurse Janet, irritated with Gem, turns back to the Male Patient.

NURSE JANET

It's good of you to donate blood.

(beat)

Do you feel faint after blood draws usually?

MALE PATIENT

Oh, no worries. My boyfriend will pick me up.

Nurse Janet frowns.

NURSE JANET

Our hospital policy has restrictions on blood donations from--

Male Patient narrows his eyes at her. Just then...

INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)

Calling Nurse Janet. Nurse Janet to Dr. Hela's office, please.

Nurse Janet hands the syringe and gloves to Gem.

NURSE JANET

Excuse me.

Gem takes the syringe, staring at the Male Patient as Nurse Janet exits the room.

GEM

Alright, deep breath in.

Gem inserts the syringe. The Male Patient observes them carefully.

MALE PATIENT

I thought the hospital restricted-.

Gem waves his concerns away.

GEM

Janet's a bit old-school. Don't worry about her.

(beat)

We don't waste good blood here.

Gem eases another vial into the tube, gathering bright red blood from the man's arm.

GEM (CONT'D)

Tell me more about your boyfriend.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Gem is alone in the room. They pack away the Male Patient's blood vials into a folding lunch cooler they take from beneath the cupboards.

They stare a moment at a slate of test tubes-- the blood vials labeled YUNI SETIAWAN. They sneak one of these and drop it stealthily into their pocket.

Through the crack in the door, Gem spies bright, glittery nails. Angela. She grins, crooking her finger to Gem with a come-hither stare.

ANGELA

(sultry)

Excuse me, nurse? I seem to have lost my way...

INT. HOSPITAL CLOSET - NIGHT

A closet filled with spare medical supplies: piles of masks, towels, bedsheets, packets of toothbrushes, syringes, and IV bags and drips.

Gem is backed against the doorframe, breaking away from a make-out session with Angela.

GEM

I can't believe we're doing this again.

ANGELA

Oh, you love it.

Gem buttons their scrubs, frowning at the slow-fading hickey on their collarbone. Angela laughs, gnashing her teeth at Gem.

GEM

(warning)

Angela...

Angela moves her shirt collar, her skin noticeably bare of love marks.

ANGELA

If you're so mad about it. You can get your revenge.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Go on. Bite me.

Gem's eyes track the movement, zoning in on Angela's pulse. Her HEARTBEAT.

Gem gently pushes Angela's shirt collar back over her skin.

Angela crosses her arms, pouting.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Where do you go when you get quiet?
Can't you tell me?

Gem grimaces, noticeably silent.

GEM

I'm sorry.

(beat)

You deserve better than me.

Angela softens.

ANGELA

I want to be with you.

Gem presses their forehead to Angela's. They run their hands along Angela's back. Against her Medusa tattoo.

Angela breathes in. Out. Gem remains still.

GEM

We shouldn't meet at work anymore.
It's dangerous.

ANGELA

Why?

Angela sighs, disappointed. Kissing Gem on the cheek before exiting out into the hallway.

Gem settles in the dark. Waits a moment. Their eyes softly glow in the darkness.

They finally open the door into the light.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE:

Yuni undergoes a series of painful hospital tests. Pupil dilation and being forced to stare into blinding lights. Throwing up in the bathroom from stomach-tearing medications.

Endless blood draws where an unsympathetic Nurse Janet stabs (and misses) at Yuni's vein. She never sees where the blood goes.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

In pain, Yuni tosses and turns in her bed, a flat white mattress with off-white sheets. A plastic, moving bed frame with a remote adjustor. A TV embedded into the wall that only gets four channels. A food tray swung over to the side.

Yuni tosses the blankets off. Frustrated. She makes her way toward the door. She catches a glimpse of someone: Gem.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gem walks out the back of the hospital, past the security cameras, past where the ambulances are parked. All in a row, all eerily quiet.

They walk to the end of a parking lot, where there's a well-dressed figure waiting for them. Jack.

JACK

Oh look. The little night nurse.
Aren't you a sight? Clean up
anybody's piss tonight?

GEM

Charming as ever, Jack.

Gem rolls their eyes. They pull out a blood bag and toss one to Jack. Jack sniffs at the blood, eyes rolling back in his head.

JACK

Ah, that's the stuff.

Gem stares at Jack for a long time before holding out their hand. Jack folds a wad of crisp hundred-dollar bills into it.

Gem stares a long moment into Jack's eyes. Jack holds his hand over their palm, crushing the bills. A standoff.

JACK (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I saw your human girl leaving the
hospital tonight. The one with the
tattoo of a gorgon. Unfair hiding
all that from us.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(beat)
She looks delicious.

Gem snarls.

Then their mouth twists upwards into a grin.

GEM

You remember what they used to call
you?

Jack frowns. Gem leans in, close enough to kiss. To kill.

GEM (CONT'D)

(whispers)
The Devil of Whitechapel.
(beat)
Want to fight again, Jack? Didn't
get enough from last time?

They pull in closer to Jack. Their eyes narrow, a dark energy radiating from their gaze.

GEM (CONT'D)

World's changing, Jack. Leaving you
behind. Humans got smarter. We
adapt, or we die.
(beat)
You and Risa never understood that.

JACK

We *know* you, Gem. What you want.
What you *crave*.

Jack steps closer.

JACK (CONT'D)

Like we know you've been scouting
the human junkies beneath the
bridge.

His voice drops to a whisper.

JACK (CONT'D)

Or maybe your latest fix is flesh.
Like me. Like Risa.

His lips against their ear.

JACK (CONT'D)

Belonging in hell with the monsters
that bred you.

Gem growls. Fierce. An old, deep terror.

GEM

Enough.

Jack tries his best to hold eye contact until, finally, he bows out. He breaks their gaze, staring down at his shoes.

GEM (CONT'D)

Thank you for your business.

Gem's cooler is empty, pockets full of bills.

Jack's watches them go, eyes narrowing.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Sun peeking through the blinds. Yuni stares at a blinking cursor on her laptop screen. The digital clock beside her reads 3:00 AM.

JOURNALISM MFA APPLICATION

The rest of the screen is blank.

Yuni sighs. Turns to her bedside table. Beneath a sea of medical release forms. A magazine pokes out.

She frees it from the pile. AMERICA'S MOST HAUNTED CITIES.

She closes her eyes.

Reopens them.

She types:

TITLE: SECRETS OF CROSS MEDICAL HOSPITAL

AS TOLD BY A PATIENT.

Yuni smiles at the screen, satisfied.

Yuni, curious, opens another tab on the internet. Searches for CROSS MED PATIENT STORIES.

The results seem normal enough. Links to appointment bookings. Doctor reviews...

Then, somewhere deep in the search links...

A forum. A real crackpot conspiracy type of site with black screens, glaring white text, and red letters like neon signs.

FANGED MARKINGS IN EXSANGUINATION VICTIMS AT CROSS MED.

A comment on the post:

"Vampires... HA! What is this b*llsh*t??"

And further down, a reply, simply:

"They exist. They're here. They're coming for you."

Yuni stares at the screen with a blank expression. She clicks away from the conspiracy sites, and slowly closes her laptop.

INT. GEM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gem slogs back into the apartment.

Nathaniel pulls out of the blankets. Flexing his hands. On his wrist, a tattoo of numbers. (The mark of a Holocaust survivor).

NATHANIEL

Good morning.

GEM

Good morning.

Gem places a wad of bills on the tray next to a half-eaten TV dinner.

Nathaniel surges forth. Startlingly fast. He grips Gem's hand with unnerving strength.

Gem drops one of the bills onto the floor. With a smirk:

GEM (CONT'D)

Are you finally going to finish the job, slayer?

Nathaniel drops Gem's hand, ashamed.

NATHANIEL

I don't like you dealing with Jack.

GEM

You're not my father.

NATHANIEL

Still. I understand you.

Gem laughs bitterly.

GEM

What do you understand about me?
Half-breed.

Nathaniel erupts into a horrid coughing fit. Gem drops their self-righteousness, rushing to help Nathaniel to a chair as he finally stops wheezing.

GEM (CONT'D)
 (concerned)
 Nathaniel...

NATHANIEL
 I thought I was "half-breed"?

GEM
 I'm... I'm sorry.

Gem sighs.

GEM (CONT'D)
 I took the money from Jack because you needed a new oxygen tank.

NATHANIEL
 I don't need one.

GEM
 You're getting old, Nathaniel. Half-vampires only get longer life, not eternal ones. Here, let me listen.

Gem presses their hand to Nathaniel's chest. Closing their eyes to focus.

His HEARTBEAT is louder now. A rhythm.

NATHANIEL
 In all my life, I've faced horrible monsters, Gem. Auschwitz-Birkenau. They called it the "Final Solution" to the Jewish problem.

His voice drops low. Eyes haunted.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
 I did what I had to do in order to survive. I only pray my memory will be a blessing rather than a curse.

On his shoulder, there's the mark of fangs, old and healed over. Gem fixes his collar, hiding these marks.

BEAT. BEAT. BEAT.

But then, a skip.

AN IRREGULAR HEARTBEAT.

Nathaniel runs his hand along Gem's wrist. The track marks there, heroin scars.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

That's why I took you in, Gem. You do the same. To survive.

Gem removes their hand from Nathaniel's chest. Opening their eyes again.

GEM

(firmer now)

You *need* a new oxygen tank.

Gem staggers back and folds themselves in their blankets.

Nathaniel sighs. He goes to his pillow. Inside it, a long, silver dagger inscribed with Hebrew lettering.

He hides the dagger once more.

EXT. CHICAGO TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Angela dressed in a long black dress in tulle and silk. Gem in a simple black button down and cotton pants. Angela dances, humming a tune. Clutching a musical playbill.

Gem pulls Angela to the side.

GEM

Did you enjoy the show?

Angela kisses Gem slowly.

ANGELA

I enjoy anything with you.

Gem smiles, deepening the kiss. They look over Angela's shoulder. Eyes wide.

Across the train tracks is none other than Jack.

Gem hands Angela a pair of keys.

GEM

Wait for me in the car.

Angela's face, gentle confusion. Gem presses a folding knife into Angela's hand.

ANGELA

What?

GEM

Please. I'll be there in a bit.

Angela waits a moment, then shivering in the cold night air, heads towards the stairs.

Gem, alone, makes their way toward Jack. They leap onto the tracks. Electricity surges upward. Gem twitches, but otherwise, is unaffected by the electrified tracks.

Gem pulls Jack in, gripping him by the shoulders.

GEM (CONT'D)

Why the fuck are you here?

Jack laughs.

JACK

Oh. You should've seen your face!

GEM

Did you follow me?

Jack's smile drops. He lifts a card out of his pocket. A simple black card. Nothing visibly on it.

JACK

Risa sends her regards.

Jack looks across the tracks. At the empty space where Angela stood.

JACK (CONT'D)

How much for the girl?

GEM

I don't play that game.

JACK

Not anymore.

Gem bristles. They turn away.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'd pay triple. For a live one.
Drinking straight from the tap.

(beat)

That old, half-breed hunter of yours. He doesn't have health insurance, does he? I'd bet a sale of that proportion would help you a lot. I doubt playing nurse pays that much.

He whistles, hands in his pockets.

JACK (CONT'D)
Welcome to America, I guess.

Gem pauses, considering this.

They keep walking. Slower this time. More purpose.

JACK (CONT'D)
Get us a girl, Gem.
(beat)
Or we'll take your Angela instead.

He grins.

JACK (CONT'D)
People die in hospitals all the
time! What's one more?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Gem turns a corner in the hospital, cooler around their
shoulders.

They run into Yuni, who stares at Gem's empty cooler. Too-
curious. Too-observant.

GEM
Searching for the bathroom again?

Yuni pauses. Then nods *yes*.

Gem points down the hall.

GEM (CONT'D)
Right this way.

Gem pauses, watching Yuni make her way down the hall.

GEM (CONT'D)
(echoing Jack)
What's one more?

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Gem walks the same length beneath those train tracks. The
same space they found the Runaway.

They go to the same spot the Runaway was. The same void where
the cat yowled.

Now, just an overturned shopping cart. A towel.

There's old bloodstains where the Runaway once stood.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Helga sits back in the desk, cleaning her glasses' lenses. Yuni across.

DR. HELGA

We ran some more tests and it seems
your lupus has progressed faster
than we thought initially.

YUNI

And?

Dr. Helga takes in a deep breath.

DR. HELGA

Potential kidney failure.

YUNI

(echoing the words)
Potential kidney failure.

Dr. Helga gets up, giving Yuni's shoulder a little squeeze before she goes.

Yuni sits, staring at the poster across the wall. The ocean waves. The BLOOD RUSHING goes quiet.

Tears fall. Silent. Down her face.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Yuni wanders over to an unattended cart, starts searching it. Searching beneath the blankets. The pillows.

Finally comes upon a case of orange pill bottles. Jackpot.

FOOTSTEPS. Someone coming down the halls. Yuni picks up one of the pill bottles and pockets it.

Gem stands by the cart, watching Yuni scramble back into her room.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Yuni hurries to her bed, jumping into it. She scatters the pills onto the bed covers. Sifting through.

She takes five of the white pills in her palm.

Pauses, as she brings them to her lips. Her eyes are bloodshot.

GEM (O.S.)
I wouldn't do that.

Yuni turns toward the sound. She stares at Gem's Doc Martens.
She closes her palm around the pills.

YUNI
I couldn't sleep.

Gem walks further into the room. They gingerly reach for the orange pill bottle. Read the label.

They smirk.

GEM
Are you constipated?

YUNI
What?

GEM
Are you constipated?

Numb. Yuni shakes her head *no*.

Gem turns the bottle around, showing Yuni the label.

GEM (CONT'D)
These aren't sleeping pills.
They're laxatives.

Yuni reluctantly hands the hidden pills over to Gem.

Gem drops each pill into the container, one by one. Closing the lid. Pocketing it.

Gem goes to sit in the chair.

YUNI
Do you have sleeping pills?

GEM
(carefully)
Yes.

YUNI
Can I take some?

Gem shakes their head.

GEM
Not without an RX.

Yuni slumps in her bed. Gem examines her. Especially her bloodshot eyes.

GEM (CONT'D)
Let me see what I can do.

Yuni stares at the ceiling. The room goes dark as Gem closes the door on Yuni, taking away the last sliver of hallway light.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Gem sits on the chair, brought within three feet now of the hospital bed. The pull-out tray stands between them, carrying a mug of hot chamomile tea.

Yuni glances into the cup at the piss-yellow liquid.

YUNI
What is it?

GEM
Chamomile tea. No RX necessary.

Yuni blows on the steam to cool it.

She takes a sip. Another.

Her shoulders relax a little.

YUNI
Thank you.

GEM
Hm.

Yuni takes another sip of the tea.

YUNI
You know what it's like? Being so tired that you can't sleep. Almost like you're afraid of it.

Gem considers this, staring at Yuni's hands, shaking as she holds the cup.

GEM
I tried it too.

YUNI
Tried what?

Gem pulls out the prescription bottle, shaking it.

GEM
But it wasn't pills. It was heroin.

YUNI
What happened?

GEM
I came back.

YUNI
Ha. Like Lazarus.

Gem pulls a face. Yuni finishes the last of her chamomile.

GEM
More hot water?

YUNI
No.

Gem takes the cup, goes to leave.

YUNI (CONT'D)
Wait.

Gem pauses.

YUNI (CONT'D)
Can you leave the door open? Just a
bit? I hate being alone.

Gem nods, cracking the door open a bit. They pause, one hand
on the doorframe.

GEM
If you need me. Just press the call
button. I'm here all night.

YUNI
Thank you.

GEM
Of course.

Gem slips out into the hallway. Leaving Yuni to her uneasy
slumber.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Gem walks the streets alone. Other passersby's breaths fog in the cold air. But not Gem. Gem has no breath.

They pass by a storefront quickly. Their reflection is the only one not to show.

They pause, see a glimpse of someone waiting in the shadows. It's Jack.

Gem hands Jack a single blood bag. Jack frowns at it, holding up the measly take.

JACK
What's this?

Gem shrugs.

GEM
Only a few blood donors came in this week.

JACK
Pathetic.

Jack pulls out a full wad of bills, he cuts it in half.

GEM
It's good quality blood.

JACK
Not quantity.

Gem frowns, taking the cut.

Jack pauses, looking behind Gem.

Gem turns around, spying Angela.

Jack grins, a malicious smile spreading across his face.

JACK (CONT'D)
She walks in beauty... I don't believe we've been properly introduced.

Angela smiles, misjudging the situation.

ANGELA
I'm--

GEM
Leaving.

Gem grabs Angela's arm too hard, walking quickly away.

GEM (CONT'D)

How did you find me?

Angela holds up her phone.

ANGELA

I was on my way to surprise you at your apartment, silly. You told me it was date night. Remember?

GEM

You have to go.

ANGELA

Why? Ow. Gem. You're hurting me.

GEM

It's an emergency. At... at home. I'm sorry.

ANGELA

No! Who was that man?

GEM

No one important.

ANGELA

Gem... Gem you're not telling me something.

GEM

He's dangerous, Angie. If you ever see him again, stay away from him.

Angela glares at them from beneath her lashes.

ANGELA

You tell me nothing.

GEM

I...

ANGELA

I know you had a... a difficult past, Gem. With drugs. Violence. But... I understand what it is to be abused. To be *used*. They want you to feel alone, but you don't have to be.

Gem's eyes are desperate, they open their mouth to speak.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
You don't have to be.

Gem glances behind them, but Jack's gone.

GEM
I'm sorry.

ANGELA
I'll give you one more chance. Who
was that man to you, Gem?

Gem pulls Angela into a kiss. Afraid to let go. Angela melts.
They release Angela, ushering her into her car.

GEM
I'll answer everything.

Angela gets into the car, reluctant.

GEM (CONT'D)
...some other time.

Angela's face falls in shattering disappointment.

INT. GEM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gem returns to the room. Nathaniel's still asleep. The shadows beneath his eyes are deeper. The wrinkles set in. He looks much older than he used to.

Gem presses a hand to Nathaniel's chest.

The HEARTBEAT is slower. Almost nonexistent.

Nathaniel's eyes pry open, watching Gem.

Gem digs a talon into their wrist. Blood drips down. They try to hold their wound over Nathaniel's mouth.

He turns his face away, blood spilling.

GEM
Why won't you accept the Gift?

Gem presses their palm to their wrist, waiting as the blood slows to a trickle.

NATHANIEL
I see them in your eyes still.
After all this time.

GEM
Who?

NATHANIEL
Who else? Jack. Ri--.

GEM
Don't say her name.

NATHANIEL
I'm sorry.

GEM
Don't be.

Gem looks to the money on the table, the bills already halved since this morning. They take off one of their rings with a sizable black gemstone, pressing it onto the pile of bills with a scowl.

EXT. APARTMENT - LATER

Angela heads up the apartment steps to a blank set of apartments. Nondescript. Wooden gate.

Angela struggles with the gate a moment, to open it.

A figure steps out from beside her. It's Jack. He helps her open the wooden door. Angela steps inside.

Jack cannot follow. (He hasn't been invited in).

ANGELA
Oh, thank you.

Angela pauses, staring up at Jack. She presses her hair behind her ear. Jack grins. Charming as can be.

Angela blushes slightly. Scared but slightly hypnotized.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Oh, you're...

Jack extends his hand.

JACK
Jack. Gem's friend.

Angela takes his hand.

ANGELA
Angela. Also Gem's... friend. Do you live here?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
No, I'm a few blocks down. On Oak
Street. You know it?

ANGELA
Oh that area's lovely.

JACK
It is, isn't it?

ANGELA
So expensive though.

Jack shrugs.

JACK
We make do. Me and my... my
partner. Risa. And the rest of our
family.

ANGELA
Children?

JACK
Cousins. Sort of.

ANGELA
Oh, of course.

Angela closes the gate then, taking a few steps back.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Well. Have a good night then, Jack.

Jack nods.

JACK
You as well.

ANGELA
Jack. Have you known Gem long?

Jack chuckles.

JACK
Forever.

Angela hesitates.

ANGELA
Do you know anything about Gem's
past?

Jack raises an eyebrow.

JACK
They haven't told you anything.

ANGELA
Maybe now's not the right time...
they're so busy.

JACK
But they're your lover, aren't
they?

Angela remains silent.

JACK (CONT'D)
If you want to know the truth, just
call on me and Risa.

He smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
We'd love to have you over.

Angela frowns, about to follow. She stops at the gate,
raising her hand in a slow wave.

ANGELA
Thank you. Goodbye.

JACK
Au revoir.

He heads down the street, whistling to himself. Angela fixes
her clothing before heading inside to her apartment.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Yuni rolls over in bed, blinks her eyes open blearily. The
world's hazy. Sees someone sitting at her side.

YUNI
Gem?

The sunlight softens. Sitting in the chair beside her bed is
Eka. Yuni sits up to greet her mother.

YUNI (CONT'D)
Mama.

EKA

I know you're grown and probably embarrassed I'm here to fuss over you but--

Yuni pulls her mom into a hug.

EKA (CONT'D)

Oh.

Eka pats Yuni's hair, relaxing into the hug.

EKA (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Did you eat? *Sudah makan?*

YUNI

Not yet, ma.

EKA

Well, let's fix that. Shall we?

Eka goes to press the CALL button on the wall. She goes to tuck Yuni in further, pulling her blankets up.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Yuni has a breakfast of brown bread and tiny butter and jelly packets. Instant oatmeal. A browned banana. Some hot tea in a Styrofoam cup.

Yuni butters the bread. Adding on plops of thick, red jam.

EKA

How's the treatments?

YUNI

I feel like a pincushion.

Eka starts to tear up.

YUNI (CONT'D)

Oh, mama. Please. No.

EKA

I'm sorry.

Eka dabs at her eyes.

EKA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Just, I knew it. In my dream...

Yuni pauses, helping her mom dry her tears.

A moment of silence.

YUNI

Mama. What was the dream you had?

Eka turns to face her daughter. Eka sits closer to Yuni on the bed. Opens her mouth to speak.

DREAM SEQUENCE BEGINS.

Yuni wears a white kebaya dress, elaborate. She walks to an empty altar. A garden wedding.

At the front, she is about to fall. Her cheeks flushed with that horrible lupus rash.

But before she hits the floor, a figure grabs her. Wearing all-black. Eyes flashing red.

Yuni stares at the figure-- her gaze a mix of fear, awe, and recognition.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

Yuni pauses, leaning closer to her mom.

EKA

Your grandmother tells me a white dress means illness.

YUNI

And the figure?

EKA

Someone to catch you in your time of need.

YUNI

Did you see who it was?

EKA

No... But you knew them as soon as you saw them. As if you'd known them forever.

Yuni tilts her head, thinking on this. Confused. She gazes at the empty chair across her bed. The same one Gem sat in the night before.

EKA (CONT'D)

You have it too, child.

YUNI

What?

EKA

The gift. You can see what others
cannot see.

Yuni's eye twitches.

EKA (CONT'D)

The *truth*.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Gem boards a night train, on the way back from yet another
night shift. The train car is almost entirely empty.

The train pulls into the first station. Passengers filter
out.

Another stop. More passengers.

Another.

Suddenly, the train jerks to a stop. Gem nearly falls.
Nearly.

The train doors close, move like normal again. At the end of
the car is Jack. He gestures to the empty seat across.

Gem looks to the empty train car, sitting two chairs away
from the chair Jack pointed to.

Jack holds his hand out.

JACK

May I?

Gem pulls the black calling card out of their pocket. Jack
takes a lighter to it. An old, silver mechanism with dramatic
embossing, fashioned in the 1920s. A watch set into its face.

He holds the lighter to the black card. When the paper burns,
it reveals a name in the fire.

RISA DE LUNA.

GEM

What is this?

JACK

Your reward if you succeed.

GEM

Fuck. You really meant it.

He leans in close, a seductive whisper.

JACK

Don't you want to rejoin the coven?
Have me? Risa?

Gem spits, a gob landing on Jack's cheek. He wipes it away, stony-faced.

JACK (CONT'D)

I would just kill you if I could,
but Risa has other plans.

GEM

I don't *need* your membership. I
don't need you or Risa anymore.

Jack smiles, fangs sharp.

JACK

No. But you do like your little
Angela, don't you? Like her living
and breathing?

(beat)

You want our money, or not?

GEM

Yeah, I want the fucking money.

Jack stares into Gem's eyes, that charming smile.

JACK

Do you have my girl?

GEM

I have someone.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Gem walks toward Yuni's hospital room, carrying a cup of chamomile tea. They stand beside a cart filled with towels. Deep enough to hold a body.

They take out pills from a pill bottle, crushing them before placing them in the cup of tea.

They take a moment before entering Yuni's room.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Yuni types away on her laptop. She stops, closing the laptop suddenly as Gem enters.

Gem hands Yuni a cup of spiked chamomile tea. Yuni drinks quick.

YUNI

Thank you. Perfect temperature.

Gem goes to sit in the chair. They take the laptop from Yuni's hands, setting it gently on the bedside table.

GEM

I didn't know you wrote.

Yuni's eyelid flutter, sleepy.

YUNI

I think I write to remember. To remember the good people like...

Yuni yawns.

YUNI (CONT'D)

Like you.

Gem freezes, bristling.

YUNI (CONT'D)

Thank you, Gem.

Yuni rolls over on her side. Her words trail off into her pillow.

YUNI (CONT'D)

You saved me.

Yuni slumps over, drugged and asleep.

Gem licks their lips. Their eyes travel from Yuni's eyes. To her lips. Her neck. Gem takes a moment. Their nail pressed to her jugular. Wanting to kiss, to kill.

Gem pulls away at the last second, leaving Yuni's door wide open. Leaving her alive.

EXT. BENEATH THE TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

The night is dark. The sun struggling to rise. Chicago isn't quiet here, but it is ignored. Desolate. Grim.

Gem walks the length of the underbelly of the train tracks. Suddenly, they hear a HEARTBEAT coming from the homeless camps in the tunnel. They sniff the air, the scent catching.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Gem follows the noise as it slows. Sluggish.

THUMP.

Gem ventures into the darkness. Finding a figure, an ADDICT, slumped over. Track marks. Used needles. The Addict groans.

GEM

No. Come on.

Gem listens for a HEARTBEAT. Still there, barely. Addict moans.

GEM (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm a medical professional. I can help.

Fangs pierce flesh while Gem suckles. They swish the blood in their mouth. Not swallowing. They spit the poisoned blood out.

Gem listens for the HEARTBEAT. It's stronger now.

The Addict's eyes are open, staring up at Gem.

ADDICT

Who...?

The Addict rolls over. Vomiting violently. Shaking. But alive. Gem wipes the back of their mouth. Blood and dirt crusted beneath their nails.

They stagger out from under the bridge. Their black scrubs hold no stains.

Their vision is a bit hazy, affected by the tainted blood. They see a figure emerge from the darkness.

JACK

Hello, love.

Jack comes close to Gem, who sways unsteadily on their feet. Jack takes in a deep inhale.

JACK (CONT'D)

Feel better being among your own kind, Gem?

The Addict groans, yelps at seeing Jack.

ADDICT
Get away from me!

JACK
I was hoping you were down here to nab a blood bag for me and Ris. But no. You're *saving* them.

Jack laughs, looking between the Addict and Gem.

JACK (CONT'D)
You told me to adapt to their world. That I won't survive the modern human...
(beat)
You're telling me I should be afraid of this thing?

Jack makes his way threateningly toward the Addict. The Addict screams.

GEM
No.

Gem steps between them. They dig their claws into Jack's arm, flesh tears. Blood drips black.

GEM (CONT'D)
Don't.

The Addict screams, running off fast as they can stumble.

Jack swears, pulling his arm away, clutching it.

JACK
Fucking bitch.

He spits. Strolling toward his car, a dark blue 1975 Rolls-Royce Camague, parked further beneath the bridge. He pops the trunk, pulling out a dense, heavy object. A body, unwieldy though he lifts it with relative ease.

He dumps the body at Gem's feet.

It's the lost Runaway, wearing a dirty white dress. She's in the fetal position, knees pulled up to her chest. Stringy hair down to her shoulders.

The gold butterfly pendant hangs around her limp neck.

GEM
Shit.

Gem falls to their knees, pressing their fingers to the Runaway's neck. The Runaway's pulse is... is...

The Runaway coughs, weak. Vision unfocused.

GEM (CONT'D)

She was just a kid, you fucker.

JACK

You were taking too long getting us our meal.

GEM

Shut the hell up!

JACK

Make me.

Gem takes another look at the Runaway. They sink their teeth into their own arm, drawing their blood.

They press their wrist to the Runaway's lips, dribble their wine-dark vampiric blood into the human's mouth. But the Runaway does not swallow the blood.

The Runaway blinks, vision hazy.

RUNAWAY

(hoarse)

Who...?

GEM

I can save you.

JACK

It's cute you're trying.

The Runaway's HEARTBEAT is hardly there anymore.

The Runaway erupts into a sad, desperate sob. Seeing Gem, bloody and grinning. Pressing their wound to human lips.

GEM

Drink! Dammit! DRINK!

A choked scream.

RUNAWAY

No...

GEM

Please.

The Runaway turns her face away from Gem, her breathing shaky. HEARTBEAT ends.

Gem holds the dead body, eyes wide. Lip trembling. Sad.

Fucking angry.

They get to their feet, lashing out at Jack with their claws.

GEM (CONT'D)

You bastard!

Gem wobbles, their adrenaline only takes them so far with poisoned blood in their system. Jack laughs.

JACK

You failed, Gem.

(beat)

Get used to it.

Gem slashes. Jack easily evades it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Consider your invitation revoked.

The coven doesn't want failures.

He turns his back on Gem.

JACK (CONT'D)

And keep an eye on that human girl
of yours. Angela, was it?

He walks toward his car, leaving Gem behind on their knees.

JACK (CONT'D)

I like the pretty ones.

Jack gets into his dark blue Rolls-Royce, turns on the ignition, turning to his side.

The passenger side window rolls down. Risa sits there. She wears a scarf and large sunglasses. She waves to Gem, not saying a word. Not needing to.

Gem, entranced, takes a staggered step forwards. A heretic standing before their god.

GEM

Risa...

Jack steps on the gas, and the car peels out. Left in the dust, Gem stares at the Runaway's golden butterfly pendant, cradled in bloody palms.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Yuni, tossing and turning in her hospital bed. She springs up. Light filters in through shut curtains. Reaches for the CALL button beside her bed.

She presses it multiple times. Eyes wide. Caught in the throes of a nightmare despite waking. Fever. Sweat.

Faceless nurses rush in. Trying to see what's wrong.

Yuni's hyperventilating, eyes wild. Unfocused.

YUNI

Corpses... floating in the dark
beneath the bridge... monsters.
MONSTERS!

A nurse attempts to hold her down.

YUNI (CONT'D)

YOU'RE ALL MONSTERS!

She opens her mouth in a silent scream.

END PILOT