



Black Screen

**Boston, Massachusetts**

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DELANEY'S BAR -- DAY 1

A fairly nasty-looking Irish bar somewhere Southie. Blaring music comes from within.

2 INT. DELANEY'S BAR -- DAY 2

The inside lives up to the promise of the exterior: peeling paint, ancient furniture falling to bits. The crowd all look suspicious, huddled together and talking in hushed tones.

Music by the Dropkick Murphys blasts from the jukebox.

At the bar we focus on one man: black, shaved head, late twenties. Wearing a brown leather jacket embossed with 'Led Zeppelin' on the back. He's drinking a bottled beer and minding his own business.

This is JACKSON BYERS. And right now, he's looking irritated.

MOVEMENT beside him. Jackson barely reacts as a man slides onto the stool beside him.

JACKSON

You're late.

He glances sideways at the man: TALBOT, 40s, in scrubs and a long overcoat. And he looks nervous as hell.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Beginnin' to think you weren't coming.

TALBOT

Yeah, well for a minute so did I.

Talbot looks scared out of his wits. Jackson clocks the look. His harsh expression softens.

JACKSON

C'mon, let's talk.

3 INT. SAME -- LATER 3

Finding Jackson and Talbot sat in a booth out of the way. Talbot's got his back to the crowd, which isn't helping; he keeps compulsively checking over his shoulder, something that's seriously getting on Jackson's nerves.

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3 CONTINUED:

3

JACKSON

Relax. I got you covered.

Talbot doesn't exactly look reassured by this.

TALBOT

Look, Jackson, you gotta promise me, they can't find out it was me--

JACKSON

I've already told you--

TALBOT

I've got kids, man, a family. I need to hear you say it.

Jackson takes a swig, gives Talbot a frank look.

JACKSON

They'll never know it was you. By the time we get done with them, they'll have other stuff to worry about anyway.

(leans forward)

But only if you tell me everything.

TALBOT

I--

JACKSON

Everything.

Talbot goes from looking reassured right back to nervous again. He licks his lips but says nothing.

Pause.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Talbot--

TALBOT

Tonight.

Jackson stops. Talbot looks up, looks him the eyes.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

Tonight, man, that's what I heard, whatever they're doing, it's going down tonight.

JACKSON

When and where?

TALBOT

Mercy Hospital, the basement, sometime after nine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

TALBOT (CONT'D)  
 (off his look)  
 That's all I know.

Jackson considers for a moment.

JACKSON  
 You wouldn't be the first allegedly  
 reliable rat to tell us--

TALBOT  
 It's the truth, alright, that's  
 why I contacted you guys in the  
 first place. I've had it with  
 all this.  
 (beat)  
 I just want it to be over.

Jackson looks interested at the slightly pathetic tone in  
 Talbot's voice. Finds he believes him.

JACKSON  
 Alright.

TALBOT  
 If Merrick finds out I tipped you  
 off my life won't be worth shit--

JACKSON  
 Don't worry about it.

He downs the last of his beer, gets to his feet.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
 Like I said. Merrick's about to  
 get something a whole lot worse  
 than this to worry about.

And with that he turns and walks out. Talbot looks even  
 more nervous than he did before.

4 EXT. DELANEY'S BAR -- DAY

4

Jackson exits, moves out into the flow of pedestrians.  
 He pulls out his phone and dials a number. After a moment:

JACKSON  
 (into phone)  
 Al, he came through. Mercy  
 Hospital.  
 (beat)  
 Yeah, pretty much what we expected.  
 So we're gonna hit it tonight?

Pause as Jackson listens. Then his face splits into a  
 triumphant grin.

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4 CONTINUED:

4

JACKSON (CONT'D)

My man...

He hangs up and walks off into the street.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. MERCY HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

5

An ambulance screams into frame, lights and sirens going full blast. PULL BACK and TILT UP to reveal the massive bulk of the building.

The sign by the door identifies the place as: MERCY HOSPITAL.

6 INT. MERCY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

6

A NURSE hands a chart to a physician in scrubs and a white lab coat. He takes it with a smile and scans through the paperwork. This is DR. MERRICK: 40s, thin and wiry, authoritative eyes.

He smiles at the nurse.

MERRICK

That'll do, but keep an eye on the patient's potassium levels. Any higher--

NURSE 1

You'll be the first to know.

Merrick smiles and hands the chart back. As the nurse leaves, Merrick's eyes catch the clock on the wall. Ninety. A dark look descends onto his face as he turns and heads off.

7 EXT. MERCY HOSPITAL - SIDE ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

7

Two slightly wired-looking TOUGHS are hanging about outside, glancing around nervously. After a moment the fire door opens and Merrick emerges.

Words are quietly exchanged and the two toughs enter, Merrick closing the door behind him.

JUMP BACK to reveal a car parked in the shadows of a nearby building. Jackson sits behind the wheel, watching everything. He pulls out his phone and dials.

JACKSON

Good to go.

8 INT. MERCY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR -- NIGHT 8

Merrick leads the two toughs down the corridor. Nobody takes any notice of them amidst the usual bustle of the hospital.

They round a corner and enter--

9 INT. MERCY HOSPITAL - BLOOD BANK -- NIGHT 9

The three of them enter and Merrick hits the light. Lights FLICKER ON in sequence, illuminating the whole place. The bottles of blood on the shelves seem to let out a dull red glow in the artificial light.

The two TOUGHS react in amazement.

TOUGH 1

Alright, happy hannukah--

MERRICK

Shut up and get on with it.

They all snap too, grabbing the jars from the shelves and shoving them onto a waiting SUPPLY CART for ease of carrying.

10 EXT. MERCY HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE -- NIGHT 10

Still busy despite the hour, with doctors, patients and relatives streaming in and out of the entrance.

Give it a moment. Then we DROP OFF on the figure of a DARK HAired YOUNG MAN with his back to us as he heads for the entrance. Camera TILTS DOWN across his whole silhouette, his figure on the edge of frame, showing us he's wearing dark clothes and a long black overcoat.

Without a word he makes his way into the hospital, moving as if he owns the place.

11 INT. MERCY HOSPITAL - BLOOD BANK -- NIGHT 11

Merrick and his gang have just about cleared the place out, the cart overflowing with bottles of blood. Merrick checks his watch urgently.

MERRICK

Alright, come on, we ain't got all night--

CLUNK! All the lights suddenly GO OUT, plunging the place into total darkness.

General confusion. Merrick grabs his phone from his pocket, lights up the screen. The three of them look around, worried.

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11 CONTINUED:

11

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Just a power outage, the  
generator'll kick in any minute--

And from OS: WHITE LIGHT suddenly flood's the scene. The  
three of them all look up in surprise--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(cut-glass English  
accent)

Good evening, gentlemen.

And Merrick suddenly looks utterly terrified.

12 EXT. MERCY HOSPITAL - SIDE ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

12

Jackson stands by the fire door, smoking a cigarette. He  
glances up at the side of the building: sees the WHITE  
LIGHT flashing from an upper window.

In the distance we hear BREAKING GLASS and a distant  
SCREAM. Jackson grins, like he never gets tired of this  
stuff.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS from within. Jackson stamps out the  
cigarette just as the fire door opens and Merrick comes  
dashing out, bleeding from a wound in his arm and running  
for his life.

Jackson hefts a SHOTGUN, pumps it. The sound catches  
Merrick's attention and he stops dead.

JACKSON

Don't even think about it, my  
man.

Merrick turns, looks at Jackson. Desperation in his eyes.

Stand-off. Jackson never moves, his aim never wavers.

Give it a moment. Then Merrick's face suddenly goes feral,  
VAMPIRE TEETH extending. He snarls.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Bring it.

Merrick charges forward, lightning fast, teeth bared--

BANG! A single shot rings out, catching Merrick right in  
the head. BLOOD SPLATTERS in all directions as Merrick  
hits the ground. Dead weight.

Jackson lowers his gun. Looks down at the smouldering  
corpse. Then becomes aware of another presence. He turns  
to look: stood in the doorway he sees the DARK FIGURE  
from earlier, his face obscured by the shadow of the door,  
watching everything.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

He raises his hand in salute. Jackson just grins.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. CAPITAL HOTEL -- MORNING 13

A swanky-looking hotel in a smart area. Just to establish.

JACKSON (prelap)  
...yeah, it's done.

14 INT. JACKSON'S HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING 14

A gigantic, plush suite. Jackson pulls on a shirt while talking on his phone at the same time.

JACKSON  
(into phone)  
No, no trouble, Al did his thing  
and--  
(long pause)  
No, he wasn't seen.  
(beat)  
Yeah, man, of course he used, but  
he was careful. No lasting damage.  
(beat)  
Yes, of course I'd know.

A long pause as Jackson listens to what the person on the other end is saying. A dark look creeps into his face.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
What do you mean he ain't  
answering?

And he suddenly looks worried.

15 INT. HOTEL CORRIDORS -- MORNING 15

Jackson knocks on the door of the suite next door to his.

JACKSON  
Al? Al, you in?

No answer. Jackson knocks again, louder.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Al?

Still no answer. Jackson pulls a keycard from his wallet, slots it into the door lock. There's an ELECTRONIC SQUEAL and the lock opens. Jackson pushes the door open and enters.

16 INT. SECOND HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

16

Jackson enters, looks around.

JACKSON  
Al, you up? Al--

He stops dead. The room is completely empty, and in immaculate condition. The bed hasn't been slept in.

ON JACKSON as he reacts to this. Not worried, just ... disappointed. He pulls out his phone and dials. After a moment:

ALEC (O.S.)  
(on phone)  
Hi, you've reached Alec Walker.  
If this is an emergency dial 349  
right now, for anything else,  
leave a message.

Jackson hangs up, looking annoyed.

JACKSON  
Not again.

And off his frustrated expression we

BLACK OUT:

**wALKER**

SEPTEMBER 7<sup>TH</sup>, 2009