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Full Circle Media
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FADE IN:

INT NIGHT RESIDENCE

NICOLAI's thumbs move urgently on a video game controller. SOUNDS imply carnage on a grand and exaggerated scale – but with a timbre one expects from headphones.

NICOLAI

God, look at that alpha! And he's got shadow blend, too. Has somebody got him from the east side?

EXT NIGHT STREET

Knocking on the door of her thirties and brightly dressed for a date, SELENE exits the bar onto a sparsely populated sidewalk. She walks away at a nervous clip, occasionally risking a glance over her shoulder.

INT NIGHT RESIDENCE

Patterns of colored light splash Nicolai's focused eyes. Their shifting patterns suggest a video game on a television.

NICOLAI

Who's got holy water? Anybody? No, man, I'm talking *gallons*. There's like 50 of them and the sun is setting.

EXT NIGHT STREET

Selene is perhaps 60 yards away when CODY exits the bar. He looks up the sidewalk in one direction. He looks back in the other. He sees her. Or thinks he does. Maybe he doesn't trust his eyes. He takes a couple of steps in her direction.

CODY

Hey! Selene!

Selene's eyes shift tensely. She doesn't stop or slow. No more backward glances; she *knows* he's behind her now. She resists any temptation to turn around or look back.

CODY

Hey! Selene!

Cody starts after her. His determined stride doesn't *quite* qualify as running. Successful, good-looking men who know they are successful, good-looking men don't chase women who should feel lucky to be chosen.

INT NIGHT RESIDENCE

While one of Nicolai's hands continues with the video game, the other digs beneath the waistband of garish pajama pants for a languid, immodest scratch. His rumpled t-shirt might've been stylish in a previous decade, but who cares? He hasn't been outside in days.

NICOLAI

(into the boom mic
of a gaming
headset)

Dude, c'mon! Are your eyes
painted on!? Get those smoke
bombs to the barricade.

Nicolai listens for a silent beat.

NICOLAI (CONT'D)

No, I *know* that, asswipe. But
maybe we can disorient them.

EXT NIGHT STREET

After briskly walking another uneasy half-block, Selene turns off the sidewalk and into a residential building.

INT NIGHT RESIDENCE

Nicolai sprawls on the couch, lost in the game. Except for the absence of food or drink, he is the very model of a introverted slob. When his front DOOR CLOSES, the man's slovenly posture improves slightly, yet he remains on the sofa, engrossed.

NICOLAI

Uh... hello?

SELENE

Just me. Sorry.

NICOLAI

(to Selene)

I could have been naked or something, you know.

(into the gaming mic)

In your dreams, jailbait! I'm straighter than that pole your mom dances on.

SELENE

Uh, sorry. There wasn't time to warn you.

NICOLAI

(to Selene)

Something wrong with your apartment?

SELENE

There's a guy following me. Kind of a blind date.

NICOLAI

Oh ho ho. Have you been Bumbling at The Velvet Room?

Selene checks a window. Cody's in sight. It's possible he sees her, too.

SELENE

Do you mind? He's pretty close.

NICOLAI

You understand this is a ranked,
online game, right? I can't just
hit 'pause.' These nightwalkers
aren't gonna kill themselves, you
know.

A KNOCK at the door.

SELENE

You don't say.

CODY

(through the door)
Hellllloooo. C'mon. You in there,
babe? C'mon, Selene.

NICOLAI

Ugh. Sorry, guys, I'm out.
Somebody fill for me.

Nicolai tosses his controller and headset on the coffee
table. He stands heroically.

NICOLAI

(playfully
charming)
Ready your breakfast and eat
hearty, for tonight, we dine in
hell.

Selene rolls her eyes.

NICOLAI (CONT'D)

What? C'mon. It never gets old.
Just like you.

SELENE

(a sour deadpan)
Ha. Ha.

A more insistent KNOCK

CODY

(through the door)
C'mon, Selene! You know we had
chemistry, babe.

SELENE

Listen to this guy. Somebody's gonna call the cops.

NICOLAI

Seriously. Wait in the bedroom. I got this.

Selene goes to the bedroom.

CODY

(through the door)

Come on, Selene. We both know what you want. And I'm the guy who's gonna -

Nicolai opens the door suddenly. Cody is startled to silence. Nicolai looks at Cody. Cody looks back at Nicolai, then rubbernecks, hoping to peer deeper into the apartment.

CODY

Uh... is Selene here?

Nicolai maneuvers into Cody's field of vision.

NICOLAI

What is it, exactly, you want with my wife?

CODY

Your... uh...

A disoriented second passes before a sly smile spreads across Cody's face. A smarmy new tactic occurs to him. He leans slightly closer to the door's threshold.

CODY (CONT'D)

Oh. Okay. Do you have any idea... Do you know what your 'wife' was doing? At the bar?

NICOLAI

Obviously.

CODY

Obvi- what?

NICOLAI

She was finding guys. Bringing
them home.

Cody is increasingly bewildered.

In a flash, Nicolai snatches Cody by the throat and drags
him into the room. Whimpering, Cody struggles to no avail,
the tide of panic rising.

NICOLAI (CONT'D)

For me.

Selene returns with a shovel and duct tape. Her eyes are
glowing red.

NICOLAI (CONT'D)

She likes to watch.

Nicolai's sinister smile reveals canine fangs. His eyes
glow red. Nicolai lunges hungrily toward Cody in a
cacophony of LEATHERY FLAPS and BAT-LIKE SCREECHES. Though
the screen

CUTS TO BLACK

before Nicolai finishes moving, the sounds persist for
another pair of seconds. Cody SCREAMS as the

CREDITS ROLL

INDEX

Int Night Residence -----1
Ext Night Street -----1
Int Night Residence -----1
Ext Night Street -----1
Int Night Residence -----2
Ext Night Street -----2
Int Night Residence -----3
Credits Roll -----6