

INT. IAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KATE, 32, angry and determined with an oval face and large brown eyes, sits crosslegged on a gray leather couch. IAN, 32, light blue eyes that can see into a soul and a face much younger than his age sits next to her.

KATE

I need your help, Ian. I have to find Kris. He's the only family I have left.

Ian puts his hand on Kate's and his eyes shine blue for a fraction of a second.

IAN

Any idea who it was?

KATE

Ghouls...That's all I know. Damn flesh eating, undead bastards!

Kate squeezes Ian's hand and then stands. She crosses her arms over he chest and paces around the room.

IAN

And?

KATE

Well, you know more about them than I do, but what if we could get ahold of paralytics and other drugs?

Kate looks up at the ceiling.

KATE (CONT'D)

We could capture a ghoul and torture information out of him.

Ian runs a hand through his hair and scratches the base of his neck. He looks up at Kate.

IAN

That could work, but we don't even know what drugs to use. Fresh blood kills 'em. Other than that, it'll be a trial and error type deal.

Kate stops and looks at Ian as she puts her hands on her hips.

KATE

What if we used your blood? Would that kill them?

Ian shakes his head.

IAN

Don't know. Never tried to do anything like this. And their metabolism is so much different than mine or a human's.

Kate readjusts her ponytail.

KATE

But there's got to be a way to restrain them, at least.

IAN

Well, yeah...They can't get out of iron. You could make some iron handcuffs or something.

Ian leans back and shrugs.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'm sure your dad's got something in that garage you could use.

Kate's eye well up with tears, and she looks down at her feet. Ian stands and puts his arms around her.

KATE

They're gone, Ian. My entire family is gone, and I'm so damn pissed. You realize that helping me will put a bullseye on your back too, right?

Ian leans back and looks at Kate. He swiftly nods his head and his eyes glow bright blue.

IAN

I'm not afraid them...Never have been

Ian wipes the tears away from Kate's face. He cocks his head to the side.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'll help you find him. It'll be trial and error, but we'll get it done.

Ian backs up and rolls up his sleeve.

IAN (CONT'D)

Now get a syringe and take some of  
my blood.