

LAST DAYS OF THE MEDIUM

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EXT. HIGHWAY ROADSIDE - DAWN

COLE lies face down in a ditch next to a rural highway. The air blasts past his unconscious body as cars pass. The last of the crickets chirps in the distance. A roar belonging to a semi-truck quickly creeps up on Cole. The roar intensifies until, just as the truck passes, a loud horn breaks into the air. Cole lifts his head, suddenly awake. The truck goes down the road, the roar dissipating quickly.

His head a cloud of confusion, Cole stands up in the ditch and surveys the road. Trees dot the landscape all around except for a few hundred yards down the road where a truck stop sits. Cole brushes off some of the loose dirt, scowls at his disshelved looks, and heads down the road towards the truck stop.

INT. TRUCK STOP - MOMENTS LATER

After a short walk thru the gas pumps, Cole steps into the truck stop, taking in all the gawked glances from the other patrons. He closes his jacket and walks to the counter.

COLE
Where's the bathroom?

CLERK
(pointing to screen left)
Second door on the right
sweetcheeks.

Cole gives the clerk a confused glance and turns towards the back corner of the store. A clothes rack catches his eye. Cole glances down at his damp, dirty clothes and heaves a deep sigh. A total of five steps take him right to the rack and after some perusing, he finds a t-shirt, pullover, and a pair of jeans. Taking them back up the counter, Cole pulls out his wallet. The clerk rings up all of the items quickly.

CLERK
That's 27.50.

Cole takes out 30 dollars and puts it on the counter like a wet rag.

COLE

Keep it.

Clothes in hand, Cole heads for the bathroom.

INT. TRUCK STOP BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cole looks at himself in the mirror and shudders from the cold. He strips off his jacket and notices a red hole in his shirt. Pain grabs him like a vice when he pushes his finger into the hole. When he regains his composure, Cole slowly takes off his shirts and finally sees a small bullet wound on his stomach. The blood has dried and there are two circles drawn in blood around the wound: one circle inside the other like a bullseye. He realizes he can feel the pain like a distant sting in the back of his mind. Closing his eyes, he runs his fingers around the two circles. The act triggers a psychic flashback.

CUT TO

I/E. BLACK SUV PARKED ON ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Three figures stand next to a black SUV on the same roadside that Cole woke up on, their faces hidden from view by the darkness and the car's lights. The middle figure raises his right hand and points at Cole, who stands with one hand on his head and one hand blocking the light from the car. A GUNSHOT rings out and the bullet strikes Cole directly in his lower abdomen. Cole drops to the ground like a bag of rocks, clutching his stomach. The two other figures walk over to Cole. One kneels behind Cole's head and the other kneels by Cole's right side.

The figure behind Cole's head begins to chant something at a low volume, making recognition impossible. The other figure opens Cole's shirt, the blood barely pooling around the wound. The figure dips one finger in the blood that has pooled and draws two circles, one inside the other, around the wound then kisses his finger and presses it into the bullet hole. Cole feels an ungodly burning sensation in the wound.

COLE

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!

The first figure, gun still in hand, walks over to Cole and stands over him.

FIGURE 1

I know that had to hurt. The circles are gonna slow the bleeding. It's gonna kill you. But it's gonna take a while. In other words, you ain't got a lotta time left. So lets see how much fun we can have. Ever heard of a memory spell?

INT. TRUCK STOP BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cole opens his eyes and takes his hands away from his stomach.

COLE

Son of a bitch...

INT. TRUCK STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Cole emerges fully dressed from the bathroom and walks straight to the clerk with a purpose. The clerk sits behind the counter, reading a newspaper.

COLE

Did you see me last night?

The clerk keeps reading his newspaper. Cole snatches the newspaper and throws it on the ground.

CLERK

Jesus! Alright, what?

COLE

Did you see me last night?

CLERK

I don't know. Maybe.

Cole drops his head in frustration then looks back up.

COLE

Maybe?

CLERK

You look a little familiar but I see a lot of people. So...

Impatient with the clerk's fallible memory, Cole reaches out with both hands and clasps them around the clerks head, his thumbs on the clerk's eyes.

Cole sees a collection of images from the night.

INT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

The view from inside the truck stop shows several cars coming and going from the truck stop. After a few moments of the vcr like rewind, a black suv pulls into the station.

INT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS

Cole pulls his hands away from the truck driver, who stumbles back into the shelves behind the counter. The pump that the black suv stopped at is unoccupied so Cole walks towards the door.

CLERK

Don't be touching me! Get out ya
freak!

Cole opens the door and steps out.

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

His dirty shoes mark the pavement of the sidewalk as Cole steps out of the truck stop and into the parking lot. He walks across the concrete pad and comes up next to the pump from his flashback. Apprehensively, his hand goes out and touches the gas pump.

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - DAWN

A woman is yelling at 2 rowdy girls as she gasses up her minivan.

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cole recoils from the pump, assaulted by the wrong impression.

COLE

Jesus. Definitely too recent. Ok,
focus...

He takes deep breath and places his hand on the pump again.

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

One of the figures stands a few yards from the suv, talking into a cellphone.

FIGURE 1

Yeah. It's been taken care of. I know what we...

The focus shifts back to the figures still near or in the car. One figure stands next to the pump, refilling the tank on the suv. The other sits in the passenger seat, reading a book. A muffled yell can be heard coming from the back of the suv. The first figure, cellphone freshly closed, walks to the back of the car, opens the hatchback, and flips up a blanket to reveal a girl, CATHERINE (THE SIMRAN), in her early 20's, tied up and gagged.

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cole's eyes flip open with worry and revelation.

COLE

Catherine...

Cole begins to run back into the truck stop but sees a trucker climbing into his truck. He breaks for the truck. The driver, DAVE, sees him coming and halts his entry into his truck.

DAVE

Something I can help you with?

Cole stops as quick as he can.

COLE

(out of breath)

I need a ride. Into the city.

DAVE

Sorry friend, no passengers.

COLE

Please. A girl's life is in danger. I need to get back to the city.

Dave looks at Cole for a moment and lets out a heavy sigh. He motions for Cole to jump in the passenger side of the cab.

COLE

Thank you. Thank you.

Cole runs around to the other side of the cab and climbs in. The truck shimmies as it starts up. Beginning with a slow crawl, the truck makes it's way out of the parking lot and turns onto the highway.

COLE

I need to use your cellphone.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

FADE IN

The semi truck carrying Cole back to Atlanta careens thru wooded two lane highways, to suburban 4 lane highways, then finally to the 7 lane super-highways of the core of Atlanta. The opening credits and title rolls as the sun gleams off of the truck.

INT. LANDRY'S APARTMENT - LATER

LANDRY, a tall black man with an average build, hears a knock at his door. Putting book down on a coffee table, he walks over to the door and opens it to reveal Cole waiting in the doorway.

LANDRY

Cole?! I heard you were de...

Cole smiles a little and grabs Landry, tossing him back into the apartment. Cole and Landry struggle for a minute with Cole ending up in control.

COLE

They killed me you fuck! Your fucking contacts!

LANDRY

I didn't know those guys man! I swear!

COLE

Really?! Well allow me to refresh your memory!

Cole places his right hand on Landry's forehead and Landry arches his back slightly, as if hit by an intense wave of sensation.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cole and Landry are standing in an empty parking lot with three men in the background.

LANDRY
These guys are perfect to help you
find that samrun girl.

COLE
The Simran.

LANDRY
Whatever. Wanna meet 'em?

COLE
Might as well. You already dragged
me out here.

CUT TO

INT. LANDRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cole takes his hand off of Landry's head and stands up in front of him. Landry points an outstretched hand at Cole and begins to whisper something.

COLE
(swatting Landry's hand)
What the hell kind of spell is
that?

Cole rolls up his sleeve to reveal an intricate tattoo on his forearm.

LANDRY
(putting his arm down)
Damn mark.

Landry gets up off the floor and fixes his shirt. Cole grabs his stomach in pain and leans against the wall, mumbling something under his breath. A small amount of blood soaks thru Cole's shirt.

LANDRY (CONT'D)
What's up with your stomach?

Cole lifts his shirt, gently pulling it away from the magic bullet wound. Landry leans down and looks at the spell.

LANDRY (CONT'D)

Damn. Blood magic. Heavy stuff man. Those three guys do that?

Cole walks over to the couch and sits down.

COLE

Yeah. Left me for dead on the side of 316 about 50 miles from the city. Get me some water.

LANDRY

Yeah.

Landry walks into the kitchen, pulls down a glass and starts filling it up.

COLE

Blood magic. You've seen this kind of thing before?

LANDRY

(talking loudly)

Seen? Nah. Just heard of.

Landry takes the glass of water over to Cole and sits across from him on the coffee table.

LANDRY (CONT'D)

It's old magic. Like cradle of civilization old. I read about it when I was an apprentice. No one practices it anymore. Not many people left who know shit about it you know?

COLE

(finishing the glass of water)

Except them. What do you know about them?

Landry stands up and faces the window.

LANDRY

Not much. They came to me, man. Said they heard thru the underground I was the man for expanding business. So when you

(MORE)

LANDRY (Cont'd)
called about the girl, I figured I
would give 'em shot.

COLE
You put me on with unknowns. You
stupid son of a bitch. I should
burn that magic out of you.

LANDRY
(turning around)
That why you came here? Start some
shit? Cause you may be all bad
news and shit but I ain't no
pushover.

Cole stands up and faces Landry.

COLE
I'm not here to fight. Well, not
right now anyway. Now, you're
gonna help me. Cause we're going
to see the VISIGOTH.

LANDRY
Awe shit...

CUT TO

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - LATER

Landry and Cole walk down the street toward the Visigoth.

LANDRY
I can't believe I let you talk me
into this shit.

COLE
Look at it this way: I'm not
kicking your ass.

LANDRY
Damn right you're not.

Cole and Landry walk up to the entrance of a bar. Two
large men dressed in black stand guard next to the doors.
Cole walks right up to the man on the right.

GUARD 1
ID's gentlemen.

COLE
I want to see the Visigoth.

GUARD 1
I'm sorry sir but I don't know
who...

COLE
I don't have time for your game.
Tell her the medium is here.

Cole rolls up his sleeve again and shows the guard his
tattoo. The guard glances down then back to Cole.

GUARD 1
I need proof.

Cole nods.

COLE
Stick out your hand.

The guard sticks out his hand and Cole grabs it. Cole
closes his eyes then opens them after a few seconds.

COLE (CONT'D)
Tuelle mionas.

The guards seem to freeze in position. Cole looks at the
other guard.

COLE (CONT'D)
Tell the Visigoth the medium is
here to see her.

GUARD 2
(into walkie)
The medium is here to see the
Visigoth.

A light amount of static can be heard in the walkie.

GUARD 2 (CONT'D)
You can go in.

COLE
Tuelle pois.

The guards unfreeze and Cole walks into the bar, Landry two
steps behind.

INT. VISIGOTH BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cole and Landry enter into a sports bar that is sparsely
populated.

Televisions attached to every wall show games from a multitude of sports. A bald man stands behind the bar polishing a glass while three women sit at the bar, cloistered together in conference. As Cole and Landry walk past, all four figures turn their heads, as do every other patron of the bar. The scenery stops.

LANDRY

Where'd you learn that shit with the guard?

COLE

He learned it. I just borrowed it.

As the two approach the back of the bar, another large man in black ushers them to an outdoor patio in the back of the bar. Sitting at a table, with her back to the wall, is the Visigoth. Dressed all in black, with light eyes, her black hair seems to cover just enough of her face to be myterious, and leaves just enough open to make her recognizable. She's is flanked on both sides by associates: KAI, BOOK, and the TISTER TWINS. Cole walks directly up to the table, hands in his pockets. Landry stays a step behind and to the left, hands out.

COLE (CONT'D)

If I'd have known you were out here, I wouldn't have bothered with the guards.

VISIGOTH

While your particular brand of persuasion is cute, it was unnecessary. They believed you dead. I'm pleased to see they were wrong.

LANDRY

She's a vampire?!

Everyone at the table looks at Landry except the Visigoth, who keeps her eyes on Cole. Cole glares at Landry.

COLE

You'll have to forgive him. He's new.

VISIGOTH

(to Landry suggestively)
Perhaps you would like to have a drink inside my establishment?

TISTER TWINS
 (together)
 He's too dark for this table.

LANDRY
 The fuck you say?

Landry steps toward the table but Cole puts an arm out, blocking his forward momentum. The Tister Twins smile a shit eating grin.

COLE
 He stays. I don't trust your
 sycophants.

Kai and Book show their teeth to Cole but stay seated.

VISIGOTH
 Fine. Why are you here?

COLE
 You know god damn well why I'm
 here.

VISIGOTH
 The Three. I know them by name
 only. Sorry to disappoint.

COLE
 You're guard wasted my time too.
 Maybe you should ask him how that
 worked out before you start playing
 games with me.

The Visigoth leans forward in her seat.

VISIGOTH
 Is that a threat medium?

Cole smiles at the Visigoth, who leans back in her seat.

LANDRY
 Now?

COLE
 Now.

Landry raises his hand into the air, clutching a lightbulb.

LANDRY
 El Sol Ardiente.

The light bulb erupts with brilliant light, illuminating the entire area.

The Visigoth's associates fall out of their chairs, smoke pouring off their bodies, writhing in the throws of intense pain. The Visigoth gets up from her seat and begins to run beside a concrete wall, away from Cole and Landry. Cole reaches up and grabs the bulb from Landry's hand.

COLE
(throwing)
Burn.

Flying thru the air, the bulb quickly strikes the ground in front of the Visigoth. As the bulb shatters, an intense burst of light and force erupt outward, knocking the Visigoth to the floor.

LANDRY
Nice.

COLE
Dacula High School. State
championships.

Cole walks over to the Visigoth, who is slowly getting up, clutching the wall. He grabs her by the shoulder and presses her against the wall, his forearm against her throat.

LANDRY
She's a tough bitch.

COLE
Oh yeah she is. One of the oldest
living vampires. Last one left
from before the purge.

VISIGOTH
(French)
Débile!

COLE
(to Landry)
Yeah, the council got together in
the 1700's and decided to wipe 'em
out. Too many of the nightstalkers
here running around. But the
council wasn't into genocide. No,
they let a few live. They're
information brokers now, the ones
that are left. They give
themselves fancy names, dress in
black, turn high school kids for a
saturday night kick. Bookies
(MORE)

COLE (Cont'd)
 mostly. Hence the sports bar. We
 don't let 'em be anything else, do
 we Marie?

The Visigoth shows her fangs. Landry laughs.

COLE (CONT'D)
 Now, the Three. Everything you
 know, right now. Or I pull up my
 sleeve and burn you down; stomp
 your ashes out like a cigarette.

The Visigoth stares at Cole for a moment, a look of utter
 contempt on her face. Cole reaches for his sleeve.

VISIGOTH
 Alright! Alright!! Get your arm
 off of me and I will tell you
 everything you want to know.

COLE
 I don't think so sister.

LANDRY
 Might wanna do as he says. Unless
 you like the torched look.

VISIGOTH
 Fine. The Three are Baath. Living
 Baath.

A near frightened look comes over Cole, but he steels
 himself and presses into the Visigoth again.

LANDRY
 That explains the blood magic.
 They damn near invented it.

VISIGOTH
 They are power, warlock. They were
 the first fear.

COLE
 That is not possible! The last
 Baath died 10 years ago!

VISIGOTH
 Whatever you believe, they are
 Baath. And you wear their brand,
 their mark.

COLE
Where are they?

VISIGOTH
The citadel. They are in the
citadel.

Cole lets go of the Visigoth, who rubs her throat. He stands back a foot and shakes his head. Landry keeps his eyes on the Visigoth.

VISIGOTH (CONT'D)
You see warlock? Even he fears
them. As well he should. The
great medium, the seer, stands in
fe...

Cole grabs the Visigoth by the throat and pulls back his sleeve. The Visigoth powderizes immediately, leaving a pile of dust on the ground.

LANDRY
Damn. Was she on the level? Is
that a Baath mark?

COLE
(wiping his hands)
Yeah. She was on the level. Let's
go.

LANDRY
The Citadel?

COLE
The Citadel.

TO BE CONTINUED

FADE TO BLACK