

Blood Doll Script, v1

Episode 4: “Elevate the Blood Doll”

by Alicia E. Goranson

©2025 Alicia E. Goranson / All rights reserved.

Approximate playing time: 1 Hour, 45 minutes

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BLOOD DOLL	30-something trans woman, femme, main character
SAMAEEL (GEORGE GATAKER)	Ventrue, masc, vassal of Seattle prince AARALYN
AARALYN	Tremere, Seattle prince, femme
JOTHAM	Brujah, AARALYN's full time peace negotiator with the Anarchs, masc
ESTHER	Salubri, femme, AARALYN's minister, chosen to replace former minister, appointed as a favor to the Salubri clan to end bloodshed
AMANDA	Graveyard Shift Hecata, member of SAMAEEL's coterie, go-to butch for anything needed, generally depressed, smokes
SIMON	Another member of SAMAEEL's coterie
LOREA	Cult of Set Non-Believer, femme, SODO Anarch community organizer
ARTURO	Malkavian, masc, SODO Anarch community protector, “guard dog,” excellent watcher
SIOBHAN	Gangrel, femme, full time mutual aid provider, SODO Anarch community resource distributor
VANISHING GIRL	Toreador, spy for the Ventrue clan, femme
JUDITH (TOADSTOOL)	Nosferatu, Sheriff, grows mushrooms in her gut, femme
JASON	Kindred fledgling
MILDRED	Kindred, JASON's sire
ZACHERY	Thin Blood
MR. BOSWILL	Transphobic car dealer, male
NEWS ANNOUNCER	News announcer, femme
STEPHANIE	30-something human trans woman, BLOOD DOLL's girlfriend

SCENE 2. — JOTHAM'S HEARING (INT: SUMPTUOUS AUDIENCE CHAMBER, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, SAMUEL, VANISHING GIRL, AARALYN, JUDITH, JOTHAM, ESTHER

/SFX/ QUIET AUDIENCE CHAMBER AMBIANCE

BLOOD DOLL (NA): The trial of VANISHING GIRL was short. She presented the promised evidence. AARALYN ordered her taken away, and then summoned JOTHAM.

/SFX/ WOOD DOOR OPENS, JOTHAM WALKS IN, STOPS

JOTHAM: Your Excellency.

AARALYN: I've known you longer as a foe than as a friend.

JOTHAM: I hope my service has proven my loyalty, Your Excellency.

AARALYN: It has. Yet, some nights, I struggle and wonder why the unchanging Kindred shift their alliances so radically.

JOTHAM: Sometimes it is the world that changes. And we merely adjust to our new place in it. But sometimes we just grow tired of being on the losing side.

AARALYN: Many say the Camarilla are lost under me.

JOTHAM: Then as your advisor, I would make it a point to correct them.

AARALYN: As you say. JUDITH.

JUDITH: Crew!

/SFX/ JUDITH'S CREW SURROUND JOTHAM, STOP

JUDITH: Let's not get stupid, Brujah.

JOTHAM: What idiocy have you been told about me?

JUDITH: Watch.

/SFX/ JUDITH STARTS A VIDEO ON AARALYN'S TABLET

/SFX/ ON THE VIDEO, A WOMAN SCREAMS, GOES SILENT, BLOOD DRIPS

JOTHAM: (ON VIDEO) Feast on me. As I feasted on you.

VANISHING GIRL: (ON VIDEO) Easy, Not too much. Don't want her back too quick.

JOTHAM: (ON VIDEO) She won't wake yet. This is a tube of my blood, which will fit down her soft, limp throat. The seal will erode by the time she reaches the coroner's office. (BEAT, ANGRY) Are you recording this?

/SFX/ VIDEO STOPS

AARALYN: Why? Why did you do it?

JOTHAM: (PAUSE) I miss Chicago.

AARALYN: And for that, you sabotaged my domain?

JOTHAM: Did I do more than push a single block from a very dilapidated tower, Your Excellency?

JUDITH: The fault was ours in assuming a Brujah fledgling was not Camarilla.

AARALYN: No. The fault was mine in believing you grateful for your status. That you looked to me as an opportunity and not your only future.

JOTHAM: (SMOLDERING) Can we get on with this?

AARALYN: Give me your chest.

JOTHAM: You don't trust me to go quietly, Your Excellency?

AARALYN: Trust and you parted long ago. I give you my word that you will awaken before your trial.

JOTHAM: Your word to me is filled with the same cocktail as the drunkard's beer mat. Fuck off.

AARALYN: JUDITH, take him.

/SFX/ CREW SEIZE JOTHAM, WHO STRUGGLES

JOTHAM: (STRUGGLING)

JUDITH: Stop squirming, Brujah, and take your fucking medicine.

/SFX/ JUDITH DRIVES A STAKE INTO JOTHAM'S SQUISHY CHEST AND HEART, HE FALLS SILENT

BLOOD DOLL: (QUIET) Is he dead?

SAMAEL: (QUIET) Hardly. His torpor is that of any Kindred during the day. He just doesn't get to wake up until his chest is free of the wooden stake.

AARALYN: Put him in storage. Bring me the VANISHING GIRL.

JUDITH: As you ask.

/SFX/ JOTHAM'S BODY IS DRAGGED AWAY, VANISHING GIRL AND GUARD APPROACH

JUDITH: You may speak, GIRL.

VANISHING GIRL: I gave you all I have.

AARALYN: Yes. (PAUSE) You may go.

VANISHING GIRL: (RELIEVED) Thank you, Your Excellency.

AARALYN: I hope we will not see each other again, even after the last human passes and the universe is free of blood.

VANISHING GIRL: Of course, Your Excellency.

AARALYN: Take her out front and release her. When you return to your masters, GIRL? Tell them your success is their last. Understand me?

VANISHING GIRL: I do, Your Excellency.

AARALYN: Off you go.

/SFX/ VANISHING GIRL IS ESCORTED OUT

AARALYN: ESTHER.

ESTHER: Your Excellency?

AARALYN: I task you to inform every Kindred in the city and surrounding towns to come to my north side warehouse in three nights. I would speak with them directly. Clearly.

ESTHER: I'll put the message out.

AARALYN: Good. SAMAEAL.

SAMAEAL: (STILL FUMING AFTER CHEWING AARALYN OUT) Yes, Your Excellency?

AARALYN: You will take over JOTHAM's duties as adjudicator to the Anarchs.

SAMAEAL: I doubt they'll like that.

AARALYN: Well, recommend me someone else in my perpetually diminishing court who also doesn't have the time for extra duties. (BEAT) Your first task is to arrange a meeting with the Anarchs in two nights. We'll begin the discussion of this neutral Blood Temple you're all so worked up about. Obviously, your BLOOD DOLL may attend.

SAMAEAL: Naturally. Thank you, Your Excellency. If I may say, you have risen to the hindrances around you and ruled justly. (BEAT) Don't fuck it up now.

AARALYN: My advisor is too kind. I would appreciate if you didn't embarrass me like that in this court again.

SAMAEAL: That depends on you. Your Excellency. BLOOD DOLL, come. We're leaving.

BLOOD DOLL: Yes, Your Honor.

SAMAEEL: Say goodbye to the nice PRINCE who just granted you your wish.

BLOOD DOLL: Your Excellency, my most profound thanks.

AARALYN: Tch,

/SFX/ SAMAEEL AND BLOOD DOLL WALK OUT

SCENE 3. — DAY IN, DAY OUT (INT: SAMAEL'S SITTING ROOM, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, SAMAEL

/SFX/ QUIET APARTMENT AMBIANCE

BLOOD DOLL (NA): We went home after that wild, demoralizing night. The sun was near rising so we went to our beds, exhausted. SAMAEL was near falling over when I kissed them good night. I could tell they would need a very strong drink of me the next evening. (BEAT) We were very much the married couple after we woke and they'd had their drink. We dressed and the two of us were off to work.

SAMAEL: My love, in so much as I can order you to do anything, I delegate to you the task of arranging AARALYN's meeting with the Anarchs tomorrow night. I need to meet with my lawyers and dissolve the Krafthaus as speedily as I can.

BLOOD DOLL: I'll take care of it.

SAMAEL: Splendid. I'll have AMANDA drive you while SIMON takes me downtown.

BLOOD DOLL: You know I have a driver's license.

SAMAEL: And forgive me for saying so, a most rudimentary set of senses. A Kindred can see, hear, and smell a car coming long before you can. I don't know why they allow your people on the road at all.

BLOOD DOLL: (SIGHS) Yes, Your Honor.

SAMAEL: Don't be like that. Love you, dearest.

BLOOD DOLL: Love you.

/SFX/ SAMAEL AND BLOOD DOLL KISS

/SFX/ CAR RIDE AMBIANCE

BLOOD DOLL (NA): The meeting invitation was accepted.

SCENE 4. — AARALYN AND THE ANARCHS (INT: WAREHOUSE INTERIOR, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, SAMAEL, LOREA, SIOBHAN, ARTURO, AARALYN

/SFX/ WAREHOUSE AMBIANCE

BLOOD DOLL (NA): I arrived at the Anarch's warehouse gate in my formal attire, with my official business cards. This time, expected. LOREA, SIOBHAN, and ARTURO heard my request and agreed to spend the night wrangling enough Anarchs to show up the following night. I thanked LOREA, secured a spot on her calendar, and returned home with the hope that something great was about to happen. (BEAT) As I should have expected, the next night, negotiations were not easy.

/SFX/ ANARCHS WALLA, AARALYN, SAMAEL, AND BLOOD DOLL WALK ON CONCRETE. STOP

LOREA: SAMAEL. SAMAEL'S BLOOD DOLL. (BEAT) AARALYN.

AARALYN: LOREA. Anarchs. I appreciate your attendance.

SIOBHAN: Oh yeah? Look who's Queen Shit here.

ARTURO: Is this how we're starting this?

SAMAEL: Distinguished Anarchs, please! We're not here as a fucking power play. This is business.

BLOOD DOLL: May I speak?

LOREA: You can try.

SAMAEL: Please. Go on.

BLOOD DOLL: (LOUD, TO ANARCHS) Are we good? No! Are we trying to fix relations between anyone? Fuck no. But you all came anyway. Thank you. Sincerely, thank you.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL STARTS CLAPPING REPEATEDLY UNTIL ALL ANARCHS SLOWLY JOIN IN

AARALYN: (QUIET) I see how we're playing this.

/SFX/ EVERYONE STOPS CLAPPING

AARALYN: The murder at the Krafthaus two nights ago was the last straw. I will not continue to behave as if I can go on maintaining the Masquerade by threats. Or appeals to our best natures. While we have Beasts within us, we're broken creatures. Ask the Garou. (BEAT) I was wrong to deride your dispersal of power. If I fuck up, the institution I maintain cracks down on more backs than yours'. You seem to have better control of exsanguinated bodies in your territories. But for how much longer, I don't know. The Krafthaus is gone. I propose our new neutral Blood Temple in its place. Revenue split equally between us. Co-owned by us. Managed by us.

SIOBHAN: Why not in our territory?

AARALYN: You're rebuilding the Brisbane. We need the Blood Temple up and running as soon as possible. That means we need a space already zoned to be a club. If you want to cede the Brisbane as the new Blood Temple, that's fine. I'll take half its revenue and all the new Krafthaus' revenue. (BEAT) Now, I don't think I'm being ungenerous when I offer my space to you.

SIOBHAN: And what do you want in return?

AARALYN: My streets safe for the Camarilla again. (BEAT) I know it doesn't make sense. In truth, I'm trying to stay relevant. Who knows? Maybe this will be what breaks me. But what do I want? You, of course. I want you running security with JUDITH. I want you tending the bars. I want you walking the floor with SAMAEL'S BLOOD DOLL. I want you in this venture, thick as thieves, to see if we can keep the bodies down. And then it's back to the usual. Us with our authority and bombs. You with your dispersed power and your nuclear TAM. (BEAT) It's difficult for you to imagine, but there were wars when your enemy's fighters shared the same hospital as you. There was an understanding that those you fought were still people. Call me old fashioned. I'd like to bring that back. One table. Where everyone (BEAT) eats.

SAMAEL: Even Thin Bloods.

LOREA: Even Sabbat?

SAMAEL: If they keep the peace.

SIOBHAN: You'll need a lot of security.

BLOOD DOLL: Less so as the nights proceed. As a BLOOD DOLL, it's my duty to notice when you all are hungry, and you're predictable. When you wake, or after a scuffle. Boom. We staff for the breakfast rush, and staff again for any fights that break out.

SAMAEL: The first month will be the hardest. Kindred don't trust easily. We'll oversecure the Temple at first, and then back it down once we have a better idea what our numbers look like.

ARTURO: What brings the humans in?

BLOOD DOLL: Art!

SAMAEL: We'll feature regularly changing exhibitions in the abattoir. Of course, yours as much as ours, for the more artistically inclined of you.

SIOBHAN: Would we be able to decide what's back there? If we're going to be going in with you, half-and-half, and all that?

BLOOD DOLL: This is just an initial proposal. We didn't want to show up without any ideas.

SIOBHAN: Well, maybe you should have? Maybe it's not a terrible idea to come in with a blank slate and work on an outline collaboratively?

SAMAEL: We have no blueprints yet. We expected you to contribute.

SIOBHAN: No. No. You don't get it. You don't allow us anything. You meet with us. We work together. We both throw concepts at each other until we figure this shit out.

SAMAEL: You're right. I apologize.

SIOBHAN: Fuck, you want to do everything so Camarilla.

BLOOD DOLL: SIOBHAN. I'm sorry. But you heard AARALYN. If this is going to happen, you have to do some things like a Camarilla. Just as they've got to do some things like an Anarch.

SIOBHAN: I'm just saying, you came to us.

AARALYN: With a particularly generous offer.

LOREA: Then explain how we aren't your hired help. Explain how this process happens with Anarch methods.

SAMAEL: You tell us. That's why we're here.

LOREA: Okay. What will you do to make us welcome at this table?

BLOOD DOLL: No hierarchies at the table. Each Kindred has equal say. It doesn't happen without everyone's agreement.

LOREA: It may take some time for us to come to any kind of agreement with you. You may be used to banging out projects with institutional power, but we take the time needed to address everything properly.

SAMAEL: You have the same pressure to finish this project as we do. Bear in mind, the city inspectors will want fully drawn plans a month before they'll let us build. This is a two month process, minimum.

SIOBHAN: Two fucking months? What are we going to do all that time?

AARALYN: I have a temporary solution. I'll explain it tomorrow, at the gathering I'm hosting which I know you're all going to attend.

SIOBHAN: Great. Love to hear it. So who's name is going to be on the fucking thing?

SAMAEL: A series of shell corporations, distancing us as far from the previous shell corporation as possible.

ARTURO: With you controlling the majority of the stock.

SAMAEL: I'll sell you the other half of the shares at a very reasonable one dollar each. Everything I do will be transparent.

LOREA: That's where I have a problem. You burned down the Brisbane. You slaughtered our clients.

SAMAEL: I offered to make restitution. Which you, by the way, turned down.

SIOBHAN: We don't work with you, SAMAEL. At. All.

LOREA: If we're in, you're out.

SAMAEL: Well, somebody's name will need to be on the damned books for it.

BLOOD DOLL: (BEAT) What about mine?

SIOBHAN: Nothing against you, but you are one hundred percent Camarilla owned.

BLOOD DOLL: What did you tell me, LOREA? About whose I am?

LOREA: (EYE ROLLING) I did say you were mine too.

BLOOD DOLL: I am fifty percent Anarch, SIOBHAN.

SIOBHAN: We don't own people.

BLOOD DOLL: Of anyone here, who wants this thing as badly as I do?

ARTURO: You live in a Camarilla home.

SAMAEL: At your behest, if you remember. You want her in her own place, that's fine. You want to pay half her rent until the club starts earning its keep?

BLOOD DOLL: Please. My job is to listen and facilitate. You can trust me to do that. I don't know as much as you do about your culture. I don't even know who the fucking Sabbat are. I do know that as a human, I can walk outside during government business hours and meet with inspectors, contractors, whoever we need to get this Blood Temple up and running. Which of you can do that? (BEAT) Especially in the summer when we only have eight hours of darkness. (BEAT) We don't need to finalize anything now. It can wait until we officially start plans.

LOREA: (BEAT) SAMAEL, I'll take her over you.

AARALYN: Do we have an arrangement?

LOREA: Let us talk about this without you here. We'll get back to you tomorrow.

AARALYN: We appreciate your time.

SAMAEL: Thank you for seeing us.

SIOBHAN: Later.

BLOOD DOLL: Goodbye. Thank you, LOREA.

LOREA: Be seeing you.

/SFX/ ANARCHS WALLA, AARALYN, SAMAE, AND BLOOD DOLL WALK OUT ON CONCRETE

BLOOD DOLL: (GRUMBLING) First they want me sequestered. Then they say I'm tainted by you.

SAMAE: Do you want to move out?

BLOOD DOLL: No.

SAMAE: Then that settles it.

AARALYN: I thought that went very well.

SAMAE: I'm glad you think so.

SCENE 5. — ORIGINS (INT: SAMAEŁ'S CHAMBERS, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, SAMAEŁ, AMANDA

/SFX/ QUIET APARTMENT AMBIANCE

/SFX/ DOOR OPENS, SAMAEŁ AND BLOOD DOLL WALK IN

AMANDA: Hey! How'd it go?

BLOOD DOLL: They're discussing it.

SAMAEŁ: They want me out and CASSANDRA on the paperwork. If you'll excuse me, I need a drink.

/SFX/ SAMAEŁ WALKS TO THEIR SITTING ROOM DOOR, OPEN IT, WALK THROUGH, LET IT SHUT

AMANDA: He's not taking it well.

BLOOD DOLL: Let me talk to him.

AMANDA: Did he ask for you?

BLOOD DOLL: He didn't say he wanted to be alone.

AMANDA: I'd give him a few. Let him cool a bit first.

BLOOD DOLL: Okay.

/SFX/ PAUSE, SITTING ROOM DOOR OPENS

SAMAEŁ: I invoke the circle.

BLOOD DOLL: All right.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS IN, SAMAEŁ SHUTS DOOR BEHIND HER, FOLLOWS HER

BLOOD DOLL: Do I need to strip?

SAMAEŁ: The circle is invoked. Do what you want.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL STOPS, STRIPS, LAYS DRESS ON CHAIR, SITS

/SFX/ SAMAEŁ POURS HER A DRINK, HANDS IT TO HER

SAMAEŁ: Drink up.

BLOOD DOLL: Thanks.

/SFX/ SAMAEŁ SITS, DRINKS

SAMAEEL: I am proud of the work I do. I've been running businesses since George the Third. You remember him. Your fucking nation seceded during his reign. I had shipping and smuggling enterprises in Norfolk at the time. (BEAT) I never told you how I got to be a Ventrue. They say the Ventrue only sire leaders. Nobility. People on the up and up. I was sired to fill a power vacuum in WILLIAM's lands. I was what you'd consider today "middle management." I worked my way up a successful accounting practice under WILLIAM. He thought me competent. Controllable. That was all. It's all I ever was to him.

/SFX/ SAMAEEL DRINKS AGAIN

SAMAEEL: I did a good job. Not that anyone noticed. WILLIAM took all the credit. "I hear things are going well in Norfolk," someone would say. "Yes, they are," William would reply and that would be the end of it. He didn't want to hear about my dalliances or my pleas to return to a London practice. Just, was I keeping the east coast Kindred in line? And how were our finances? He said I was free to do whatever. I wasn't. And he had very good ears. He despised ELIJIO. He despised us together. He was a miserable old man whose monastic upbringing forbade him to laugh or love. He couldn't die soon enough.

BLOOD DOLL: SAMAEEL. I'm so sorry.

SAMAEEL: It can't be helped. He dragged me to America. He dragged me out here. Away from ELIJIO, chasing international shipping opportunities. Putting me in charge of his businesses. One of the first things I did after his death was to buy the Krafthaus. Finally. A place to fucking play. (BEAT) So, yes. I am taking this a bit personally. At least I have you and ELIJIO. When I get to see him.

BLOOD DOLL: Why isn't he around more?

SAMAEEL: Oh, his coterie is in northern California now. But he also runs tasks for AARALYN and she keeps him busy. I've wanted him to move in but things haven't worked out for him. I'd hoped he'd have the chance after we had WILLIAM killed. So we could be together. I don't know. What is the universe anyway except a shell for two long-time lovers to pine for one another in?

BLOOD DOLL: I hope I'm not holding you back.

SAMAEEL: Oh, no no. You're all right. (BEAT) I should start another club somewhere. Just, ground floor like I've done before. Fuck, I'm tired of it. Can't I have something nice for god damned once?

/SFX/ SAMAEEL AND BLOOD DOLL DRINK FROM THEIR GLASSES

BLOOD DOLL: This is pretty strong.

SAMAEEL: The night calls for it.

BLOOD DOLL: How can I help you?

SAMAEEL: (PAUSE) Distract me.

BLOOD DOLL: Okay. (PAUSE) Would you like me to tell you about a force that even the Kindred fear?

SAMAEL: We do fear many things that I haven't told you about. I'm curious if this is one of them.

BLOOD DOLL: You might call it a spirit. It is not angelic or demonic. It is explicitly barred from Heaven or Hell. I was reminded of it when speaking with the TAM's Beast, who told me the same. It is a desperate, ravenous thing that once rode the cycle of Samsara, or Gilgul. Having performed sufficiently evil deeds though, it was cast out. It hungers for a human body, like it once had. You can let it in as simply as burning yourself on a stove and uttering a curse. Once it's inside you, you share in its wisdom. But make no mistake. It will kill you. It is obsessed with clinging to you. It will demand more than you can give. In Jewish mysticism, it is known as the Dybbuk.

SAMAEL: I have heard of such a creature. Why should Kindred fear it in particular?

BLOOD DOLL: Because, my love, (BEAT) what if the Beast is a Dybbuk?

SAMAEL: You are insinuating that Kindred are easy prey for such creatures.

BLOOD DOLL: The Dybbuk craves a body. And you lack a soul, as you keep saying.

SAMAEL: And the Beast becomes a replacement for a soul.

BLOOD DOLL: Not having a soul is freeing in some ways. Humanity is said to be tasked with repairing the split between the physical world and the divine. But you're free to exist as you will, except you have a gnawing creature inside you that wants to return to the Great Wheel.

SAMAEL: And never can.

BLOOD DOLL: There are ways of freeing oneself from the Dybbuk. The first is exorcism. A person with spiritual power reads Psalm 91, the Qui Habitiat, to you, over and over.

SAMAEL: "He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High / Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. / I will say of the Lord, 'He is my refuge and my fortress; / My God, in Him I will trust.'"

BLOOD DOLL: Moses spoke it while ascending Mount Sinai.

SAMAEL: There's a lot more to it. I don't know. The concept of exorcism is fascinating until you hear what it actually entails.

BLOOD DOLL: There's another way. You can perform good deeds on behalf of the Dybbuk. If you were Jewish, you could say Kaddish for the Dybbuk or study the Torah for it.

SAMAEL: Perhaps that is why we're saddled with our Beasts. We are lousy at doing such deeds in their names. We only drink and kill.

BLOOD DOLL: You have loved in your Beast's name. With me.

SAMAEL: (BEAT) That I have. Is love a good deed? I don't know. I don't think of passion as being particularly good.

BLOOD DOLL: I could do good for your Beast.

SAMAEL: I appreciate the thought. But it occurs to me. What if the Dybbuk is my own soul? When I died, I was cursed. It wouldn't surprise me if my soul was thrown from the Wheel of Samsara.

BLOOD DOLL: Then I'll have to do an extraordinary number of good deeds for you.

SAMAEL: You're a curse too. You give me hope.

BLOOD DOLL: I will be old, fragile, and dead before I lose faith in you.

SAMAEL: That's the drink talking.

BLOOD DOLL: What if it is?

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL STANDS, WALKS TO SAMAEL

BLOOD DOLL: Enjoy it. Through me.

SAMAEL: I've already fed on you today.

BLOOD DOLL: I am the consecration and damnation in my veins.

SAMAEL: You are that.

BLOOD DOLL: Give into temptation. Give into lust. Let your basest needs drive you. I am here beside you, and ready to take all that you have.

SAMAEL: Technically it's my blood that does the purification.

BLOOD DOLL: Drink me, motherfucker.

SAMAEL: When you put it like that.

/SFX/ SAMAEL PIERCES HER SKIN, DRINKS, AND LICKS HER

SAMAEL: Thank you. I needed that.

BLOOD DOLL: Would you consider me a good distraction?

SAMAEL: I would.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WRAPS HER ARMS AROUND SAMAEL

BLOOD DOLL: I've got you.

SAMAEL: You have. (BEAT) But I fear my dread of isolation runs deeper than even you can soothe. (BEAT) I do appreciate all you do for me.

BLOOD DOLL: Do you want to go to bed?

SAMAEL: I do. (BEAT) But I shouldn't. Kiss me. Talk to me instead.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL KISSES SAMAEL

BLOOD DOLL: Of course.

SAMAEL: You've heard all about me. Tell me about yourself.

BLOOD DOLL (NA): We spent the rest of the night talking about my life. From my home town to college to the queer scene in Seattle. From my days bagging groceries to grilling sandwiches to social work to night shift security. My girlfriends and boyfriends and theyfriends and STEPHANIE. SAMAEL was fascinated, often commenting about how that explained something they saw in me. My life was longer than a single night could encompass though. We soon retired to our rooms for our bodies to do what came naturally to them. (BEAT) Part of me wanted to spend my sleeping hours in SAMAEL's bed. But the other part never wanted to see them still, unmoving, lifeless. I wasn't sure I could handle dating a part-time corpse.

SCENE 6. — JOTHAM'S TRIAL (INT: ANOTHER WAREHOUSE INTERIOR, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, SAMAEL, LOREA, AARALYN, JUDITH, JOTHAM

/SFX/ WAREHOUSE AMBIANCE, DOZENS OF KINDRED ENTER, KINDRED WALLA

BLOOD DOLL (NA): The next evening, we dressed up for the potential shitshow of AARALYN's speech to whichever Seattle Kindred bothered to show up. We needn't have worried. When I arrived with SAMAEL, AARALYN's warehouse was nearly empty, but quickly filled with maybe seventy? Eighty Kindred? Anarchs. Camarilla I'd never met. Maybe some unaffiliated. Who knows. It resonated with me how many of them the Blood Temple would have to feed a night. It would need multiple pens. Extra security for each. I understood the logistical nightmare this would become.

SAMAEL: Fuck. I hope no one starts a brawl in here.

AARALYN: I think the others would hold back anyone who tried.

SAMAEL: Are you as captivating as a Toreador, AARALYN? Can you command a throng such as this?

AARALYN: Watch me.

/SFX/ AARALYN WALKS FORWARD AND CLAPS

AARALYN: My dearest Kindred!

/SFX/ KINDRED WALLA FADES

AARALYN: Thank you all for coming. Now, I know your thoughts. What could your PRINCE possibly have to say to justify gathering you here? (BEAT) I'll let my actions speak for themselves. (BEAT) I do not blame any of you for running from a botched feeding or being unable to hide what you never intended to be a corpse. My house graciously managed these little breaches. Until someone viciously broke some cogs in the machinery.

/SFX/ AARALYN SNAPS HER FINGERS, JUDITH ROLLS OUT A ROLLING TABLE

AARALYN: If you heard on the grapevine that JOTHAM was the traitor (BEAT) you're right. Well done.

JUDITH: For those of you with technology, we are providing USB sticks with the video proving JOTHAM's guilt. View, then destroy please.

AARALYN: But why watch it? Here, on this table that JUDITH has wheeled out, lays JOTHAM himself. Staked for his own preservation. Let's put him on trial, shall we? JUDITH, wake him.

JUDITH: He'll be hungry.

AARALYN: We have a BLOOD DOLL on stage.

BLOOD DOLL: (LOW) I'd rather not.

SAMAE: (INTERRUPTS HER) Hush.

AARALYN: Whenever you are ready, remove his stake.

JUDITH: With pleasure, Your Excellency.

/SFX/ JUDITH PULLS OUT THE STAKE WITH A LITTLE SQUISH

JOTHAM: (GASPING, FILLING LUNGS WITH AIR OUT OF INSTINCT) Fuck.

AARALYN: JOTHAM.

JOTHAM: Your. Your Excellency.

AARALYN: JOTHAM, you are hereby on trial for sabotage, unlawful siring of a... why am I bothering?

/SFX/ AARALYN SLICES JOTHAM'S NECK OPEN

JOTHAM: (GURGLING, GASPING)

AARALYN: Oh, shut it.

/SFX/ AARALYN SLICES JOTHAM'S HEAD OFF, HEAD FALLS, BODY TURNS TO DUST

AARALYN: Let me be clear. I am not fucking around any longer. We are on the edge of exposure. We are handling this two-fold. First, we are in talks with the Anarchs to start a mutual, unaffiliated project. A new Blood Temple built on the ruins of Krafthaus. Open to all. If you are fortunate enough to have an existing blood supply, please continue to enjoy it. If you do not, you will have a place to go and feed.

/SFX/ KINDRED WALLA CONFUSED, STOPS

AARALYN: While we are still in talks, I stand by this unorthodox concept because we need new solutions to ancient problems. I don't want the Second Inquisition stopping by. Or anyone else. Second. Obviously this will take time. So, in the meantime, we are distributing a phone number. I know the Camarilla's stance on technology, which we do not share. But these are dark times and you need to figure out how the fuck you'll access a phone. You will call that number and then you will hang up. Any speech or sound on the line will be dealt with. JUDITH and her squad will arrive to wherever you called from and deal with whatever you've gotten yourself into. There will be no consequences for this. We need to keep the streets clean. Now, anyone reveals the number? We burn it. A new one will be issued. So keep everything to yourself. You understand? (BEAT) Camarilla, you may go. Anarchs, a word if you please.

/SFX/ KINDRED WALLA STARTS

SAMAE: [RETAKE] Lovely. What do you want done with JOTHAM's dust?

AARALYN: [RETAKE] In the dumpster should be fine.

SAMAEL: Fine. JUDITH?

JUDITH: [RETAKE] Get him off-stage, crew. Sweep him up.

/SFX/ WHEELED TABLE IS ROLLED OFFSTAGE, LOREA WALKS UP ON STAGE

AARALYN: Ah! LOREA, my dear.

LOREA: Okay. Here's how it's going to go down. Your crew, however many you want on this project, comes over to our skunkworks tomorrow. Bring nothing but your BLOOD DOLL. We start this project together, or we will drop it. End of story.

SAMAEL: I doubt you want me there.

LOREA: Yeah. He doesn't come.

SAMAEL: Then my BLOOD DOLL will be bearing gifts. Are you familiar with the Seattle building codes?

LOREA: No?

/SFX/ SAMAEL DROPS A PHONE BOOK SIZED TOME ON THE STAGE

SAMAEL: There you are. May I remind you all that you are not architects? My architect, who knows the space very well, will be available later this week. It's your job to make a proposal for him to laugh at. (BEAT) I am completely serious.

LOREA: (FUMES) We'll do what we can.

SAMAEL: Good. It's the last you'll hear from me on the subject. Hopefully. (BEAT, TO BLOOD DOLL) Dear, I'll be waiting in the car.

BLOOD DOLL: (TO SAMAEL) See you there.

LOREA: SAMAEL. One question. (GETS CLOSE TO SAMAEL'S EAR) Do you love her?

SAMAEL: (PAUSE, CLOSE TO LOREA'S EAR) The second I say yes, (BEAT) I have to kill you.

LOREA: (PAUSE) All right.

SAMAEL: Good night.

/SFX/ SAMAEL WALKS OFF-STAGE, BLOOD DOLL PICKS UP THE TOME

BLOOD DOLL: I'll bring the codes tomorrow.

LOREA: If you have to.

AARALYN: I'll send ESTHER if that's agreeable to you.

LOREA: Sure. (PAUSE) Did you need to kill JOTHAM?

AARALYN: My dear, I'd kill you if you did what he did. I don't care if you have WILLIAM's strength inside you. You'd be dead. Tremere magic doesn't give a fuck about your power.

LOREA: You're serious about the Temple.

AARALYN: I'm serious about everything. Are we done?

LOREA: See your crew tomorrow. BLOOD DOLL? Walk me out.

BLOOD DOLL: (CONFUSED) Okay?

/SFX/ LOREA AND BLOOD DOLL WALK OFF-STAGE AND THROUGH THE WAREHOUSE

BLOOD DOLL: What's going on? Is it something about what you asked SAMAEAL?

LOREA: No. I want to tell you who the Sabbat are.

BLOOD DOLL: So why the secrecy?

LOREA: Because nobody likes talking about them. But they're a cause for concern. There's a non-zero chance they'll try to fuck up the Blood Temple.

BLOOD DOLL: Why?

LOREA: The Sabbat are the remnants of a terror state. They didn't just run shadow businesses like organized crime. They ran cities, slaughtered people, and they did not give a fuck. They're religious zealots who've latched onto fascism. You have as much chance of negotiating with them as you do with a school shooter. Fortunately, there are a lot fewer of them. And they've been driven underground because that's what you do with fash.

BLOOD DOLL: Okay.

LOREA: But there are still loners and cells out there. No one'll say anything about them tomorrow. But they'll be on everyone's mind. I thought you should know.

BLOOD DOLL: Fuck.

LOREA: Anyhow, go. Rest. Fuck your boyfriend. And see you tomorrow night.

BLOOD DOLL: Come here.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL KISSES LOREA, WHO ENJOYS IT A SECOND AND THEN BACKS OFF

BLOOD DOLL: What's the matter?

LOREA: Not here. If they know you're playing the sides?

BLOOD DOLL: That's my whole thing. I'm invested. In him. A lot. And also with you.

LOREA: Fucking hell.

/SFX/ LOREA KISSES BLOOD DOLL

LOREA: Don't get killed.

BLOOD DOLL: I'm your plaything. What the fuck do you think I can do to any of you?

SCENE 7. — NOT COMING WITH (INT: SAMAEL'S CAR, INTERIOR, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, SAMAEL

/SFX/ CITY AMBIANCE OUTSIDE, CAR DOOR OPENS

SAMAEL: Love.

BLOOD DOLL: There you are. I've been waiting for you in the car.

SAMAEL: Bad news. AARALYN just directed ESTHER and I to meet up with the local constabulary and reassure them we have everything under control.

BLOOD DOLL: (CONFUSED) You're coming out to them?

SAMAEL: Hardly. They think we're another millionaire sex cult with a penchant for blood.

BLOOD DOLL: Not entirely wrong.

SAMAEL: No. But I have a song and dance I must do. I'll meet you later tonight at home. SIMON can drive you.

BLOOD DOLL: Good luck.

SAMAEL: Fucking hell. Cops.

/SFX/ CAR DOOR SHUTS, CAR STARTS, DRIVES OFF

SCENE 8. — GENDER SHIT (INT: SAMAEL'S SITTING ROOM, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, SAMAEL

/SFX/ QUIET APARTMENT AMBIANCE

BLOOD DOLL (NA): I spent the night poking at the tome of building codes. It felt like coming out of a college course with all the answers and none of the questions. Utterly perplexed, I started a trashy pulp novel I found stuffed in the back of SAMAEL's collection. I'd just finished dinner when SAMAEL returned.

SAMAEL: (BEHIND DOOR) SIMON! Fetch me someone to strangle!

/SFX/ SITTING ROOM DOORS OPEN, SAMAEL WALKS IN, CLOSES DOOR, WALKS TO CHAIR, SLUMPS

BLOOD DOLL: Busy night?

SAMAEL: Sometimes my Beast has the right idea. I should go around killing everyone. Everywhere.

BLOOD DOLL: Want to kill a drink together?

SAMAEL: I'd love one.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS TO BAR, BEGINS MIXING A DRINK IN A METAL MIXER

SAMAEL: What are you mixing?

BLOOD DOLL: Manhattans.

SAMAEL: Extra vermouth in mine. I think I might be out of cherries.

BLOOD DOLL: You can't eat cherries.

SAMAEL: It's flavor. But I don't need it tonight. You know, Seattle's finest make it no secret how you're all they're going to talk about in the bar after you leave. They look at me as though I'm a heterosexual man, and I want to do things to their minds so very much.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL STRAINS THE MANHATTAN, MIXES ANOTHER

BLOOD DOLL: That bad, huh?

SAMAEL: I've never liked the tools of the state. They remind me of my time under WILLIAM. I remember the first time he ordered me beaten up. (BEAT) Anyway, how was your night, love?

BLOOD DOLL: No no no! Keep ranting about cops. I love it.

SAMAEL: What do you want me to say? Everything they thought of me was wrong?

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL STRAINS THE MANHATTAN, HANDS THE FIRST TO SAMAEL,
BRINGS HERS TO HER CHAIR, SITS

SAMAEL: I appreciate you, dearest.

/SFX/ SAMAEL DRINKS

BLOOD DOLL: I'm just surprised. You've never given a shit about what people think of you.

SAMAEL: No. I don't give a shit what ESTHER or AARALYN or the fucking Anarchs think of me. But I'm absolutely terrible at hiding myself. When I have to do my dance in front of the SPD, it's humiliating. AARALYN wants them thinking I'm some man's man. And I'm not really a man, am I?

BLOOD DOLL: (SHOCKED) Okay. Let's unpack that. How do you mean you're not a man?

SAMAEL: Well, I don't feel particularly masculine?

BLOOD DOLL: (SUDDENLY REALIZING) Your Honor!

SAMAEL: What?

BLOOD DOLL: You asked me to call you that so I wouldn't call you "Sir!"

SAMAEL: Yes, that's right.

BLOOD DOLL: You don't like being called "Sir?"

SAMAEL: I abhor it.

BLOOD DOLL: But everyone uses male pronouns for you!

SAMAEL: Look, it's been almost three hundred years. I can only do so much. It gets exhausting. I'd end up draining you if I even tried to change ESTHER.

BLOOD DOLL: Your Honor. What are your pronouns?

SAMAEL: I don't know, oh Transgender Expert. What are my options?

BLOOD DOLL: She/her.

SAMAEL: No. Not female in the least.

BLOOD DOLL: They/them?

SAMAEL: Maybe? I don't like being in the plural. I know it's been around forever. But. I don't know.

BLOOD DOLL: Xe/xer? Shi/hir?

SAMAEL: You're just making up words now.

BLOOD DOLL: I promise you I'm not.

SAMAEL: If you need something for now, they/them will do.

BLOOD DOLL: Okay. Tell me about how you see yourself.

SAMAEL: I don't know. I've thought about it a lot but nothing's come of it, darling.

BLOOD DOLL: How long have you felt like this?

SAMAEL: Sort of, always? It's hard to describe. This perpetual uneasiness with being thought of as a man.

BLOOD DOLL: Dysphoria.

SAMAEL: Gesundheit. (BEAT) Sure. That is an adequate word for it.

BLOOD DOLL: What makes you feel uncomfortable in your own skin?

SAMAEL: Wishing WILLIAM had sired me at twenty-five. Fucking hell. The wrinkles are a bit much. I shave regularly but I'd lose the shadow if I could. I'd prefer to look like some kind of... (BEAT) This is going to sound ridiculous. Something like the fae. Otherworldly.

BLOOD DOLL: Something outside the gender binary.

SAMAEL: Yes! Thank you.

BLOOD DOLL: Not feminine.

SAMAEL: Not particularly.

BLOOD DOLL: Any masc traits?

SAMAEL: Masquerade?

BLOOD DOLL: Masculine.

SAMAEL: Ah! Of course. I don't hate all my body. I certainly enjoy what ELIJIO and you do to it.

BLOOD DOLL: It sounds like you're demimasc.

SAMAEL: Fucking hell, there's a word for it?

BLOOD DOLL: Yes. (BEAT) I knew it!

SAMAEL: What did you know?

BLOOD DOLL: Why you picked up on me. Why we hit it off.

SAMAEL: I know why. I was there.

BLOOD DOLL: People who think of themselves as outside the gender binary or moving within it, a lot of the time, end up hanging with other people like them. Like, the entire Seattle trans scene.

SAMAE: I hope you're not dragging ELIJIO into this.

BLOOD DOLL: There is a distinct possibility we're together because of our gender shit.

SAMAE: My identity is not shit. And I love ELIJIO.

BLOOD DOLL: I'm not saying you can't love whoever.

SAMAE: You're really into this, aren't you?

BLOOD DOLL: And you're not?

SAMAE: No! You can use "they/them" for me when you think of me. But I don't want to have to go explaining this everywhere.

BLOOD DOLL: What about the cops? How they were looking at you?

SAMAE: They look at you the same. It's that look that I object to. Even if I appeared as my idealized self, I'd still be the topic of their conversations afterward. It's (THINKS) the patriarchy I object to. Not the transphobia. I think I have the terms right.

BLOOD DOLL: May I use "they/them" with you?

SAMAE: It'll take some getting used to.

BLOOD DOLL: May I ask ELIJIO?

SAMAE: I'll tell him. Love. I don't want to make this more than it is.

BLOOD DOLL: AMANDA? SIMON?

SAMAE: Let's start with you and ELIJIO for now. I'm old. Small steps, please.

BLOOD DOLL: All right. Thanks for trusting me, Your Honor.

SAMAE: Cheers.

BLOOD DOLL: Bottoms up.

/SFX/ SAMAE AND BLOOD DOLL FINISH THEIR MANHATTANS

SAMAE: And your Manhattan was certainly (BEAT) tolerable. Fortunately, you'll be working with some spectacular bartenders in a couple months.

BLOOD DOLL: Okay, what did I fuck up?

SAMAE: You didn't fuck anything up. I'm just particular about my drinks.

BLOOD DOLL: I look forward to learning more of your peculiarities.

SAMAEL: Fucking hell. Oh. Don't tell LOREA about this gender business. And anyone who can read your mind better keep it to their damned selves. I mean it. Associate my vengeance with any discussion of my gender identity.

BLOOD DOLL: Can do.

SAMAEL: Excellent. Wonderful. That's what I love about you! Your talents for taking my mind off my problems!

BLOOD DOLL: I feel the same about you.

SAMAEL: I hope your skills serve you well at the planning session tomorrow. They're taking you to the skunkworks, aren't they? You'll love the place.

BLOOD DOLL: What is it?

SAMAEL: It's where the Anarchs "tune" their cars. And build all sorts of incredible weapons to use against us. You'll see.

BLOOD DOLL: I had a talk with LOREA before I got in the car tonight.

SAMAEL: About what?

BLOOD DOLL: The Sabbat.

SAMAEL: Ah. The Kindred bogeymen. Our very own terrorist chaos agents. She's worried about them ruining the Temple?

BLOOD DOLL: Yeah.

SAMAEL: She should be. So should you. Keeping Kindred safe from other Kindred isn't easy. Getting the most desperate of us to queue for a meal will be hard enough without the added paranoia of the Sabbat. I don't envy your task ahead.

BLOOD DOLL: If you were going to figure out a way to deal with the possibility...

SAMAEL: (INTERRUPTS) No. I will not contribute a word about your Temple's design. (BEAT) To protect you. If anyone says "SAMAEL is influencing their own BLOOD DOLL," they'll never take you seriously again.

BLOOD DOLL: Hey. You used "their" to refer to yourself.

SAMAEL: Yes. That was deliberate. I can adjust to change, you know.

BLOOD DOLL: What about "Kindred don't change?"

SAMAEL: Did you change when you transitioned?

BLOOD DOLL: No. I just became myself better.

SAMAEEL: There you are. We do have things in common. (BEAT) Such as our insatiable, carnal lust.

BLOOD DOLL: (GRINS) Your bed or mine?

SAMAEEL: Let's try yours. I want you to wake up smelling like me.

BLOOD DOLL: I would love nothing more.

SAMAEEL: Careful what you wish for. Your flesh will bear my stench. Your cunt will drip my nectar mixed with yours. Your tongue will embrace the ghost of mine after I have left your mouth, hungering for more of me.

BLOOD DOLL: You tease.

SAMAEEL: I do not. Leave your glass for the evening's rise. Get in your room and get the lube. And take care. I intend to leave marks where LOREA can see them.

BLOOD DOLL: Fuck.

SAMAEEL: Yes. That too.

BLOOD DOLL (NA): We spent an intense night together. I almost forgot the job I had ahead of me when we were done, my body throbbing from delightful pain. I hoped that AMANDA and SIMON were out while I was screaming.

SCENE 9. — MARKS (INT: WAREHOUSE INTERIOR, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, LOREA

/SFX/ WAREHOUSE AMBIANCE

BLOOD DOLL (NA): The following evening, I met up with LOREA at her warehouse, in preparation for our first planning session for the Blood Temple.

LOREA: Good evening.

BLOOD DOLL: Heya.

LOREA: What happened to you?

BLOOD DOLL: I didn't do it!

LOREA: Yeah, the marks were clearly done to you.

BLOOD DOLL: They were SAMAEEL's idea!

LOREA: Uh huh.

BLOOD DOLL: Okay. We wanted to see how much I could take.

LOREA: Uh huh.

BLOOD DOLL: (BEAT) Well, it was a lot for me!

LOREA: Okay, soft, squishy, easily marked human. You want to leave me some fresh blood for the TAM?

BLOOD DOLL: Sure. I'm excited to see the skunkworks!

LOREA: It's a real eye-opener. I think you'll love it.

BLOOD DOLL: I used to work on my dad's Toyota growing up.

LOREA: (CHUCKLES) We may be a little advanced for you. You'll see.

BLOOD DOLL (NA): I drew some blood and we took off south of Sodo. The skunkworks was in an old industrial zone near the Boeing facility. From the outside, it looked like an enormous, dilapidated hanger. It had a functioning security gate, though, with a very bored human guard inside. I felt for her, having been there myself. I hoped she had some good videos to watch. We parked out front and LOREA let me in a small entrance alongside the massive sliding front doors.

SCENE 10. — SKUNKWORKS (INT: HANGER INTERIOR, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, LOREA, SIOBHAN

/SFX/ CAR REPAIR AND WELDING AMBIANCE WITH REVERB

BLOOD DOLL (NA): The hanger was filled with cars and trucks in all states of repair. Dozens of Anarchs were working on their pride and joys, hefting massive wrenches, riveting presses, and arc welding equipment. Of course, the gods' workshop held tools beyond those of mortals.

SIOBHAN: Hey, you finally made it here.

BLOOD DOLL: This is unreal.

SIOBHAN: Oh yeah. Little weaksauce, you can't even lift our hammers.

BLOOD DOLL: And I haven't worked on a car in years.

SIOBHAN: Do you have one? Do you want one?

BLOOD DOLL: I'm good.

SIOBHAN: Is this like pizza? Are you allowed your own car?

LOREA: Okay, smartass. Show her the weapons.

BLOOD DOLL: What kind of weapons?

SIOBHAN: Anti-Kindred weapons.

/SFX/ SIOBHAN, BLOOD DOLL, AND LOREA WALK

BLOOD DOLL: So that's why the Camarilla don't want to go to war with you.

LOREA: We're stronger but poorer. It's always how it is.

SIOBHAN: We'd stomp their asses.

BLOOD DOLL: Why haven't you?

LOREA: We don't need the attention.

SIOBHAN: Long term? Blood feuds suck. And weapons only help so much. They're slow. They need training to operate. They fuck up.

/SFX/ SIOBHAN, BLOOD DOLL, AND LOREA STOP WALKING

SIOBHAN: Okay. Stake crossbows. Only good at close range. Rivetguns and saws. They're for chopping your body up. Can't do much without your body.

LOREA: Those canisters are for our equivalent of pepper spray. Those, we can use at range.

BLOOD DOLL: For your sense of smell!

LOREA: Yeah. The disadvantage of having a heightened range of scent is that shit will mess with our fight or flight response. And make us puke our guts out.

SIOBHAN: It's worse for my clan. I'm a Gangrel. Hi.

BLOOD DOLL: I don't know what that means.

SIOBHAN: Arf! Bark bark bark bark bark!

BLOOD DOLL: Puppy girl. Got it.

LOREA: But yeah. Most of our arsenal is for cutting off limbs and driving big hunks of metal into Kindred flesh.

SIOBHAN: Most of it's only good in ambushes. Anyone with celerity can dodge a lot of it. Which is why we hit 'em with the spray first.

LOREA: Saturate the air.

BLOOD DOLL: Every day, I find a new reason to be grateful that you don't kill me.

SIOBHAN: Aw, thanks. It's nice that you notice.

LOREA: Okay. ESTHER just arrived. Let's move it to the meeting room.

BLOOD DOLL: I brought the codes.

LOREA: Did you enjoy reading them?

BLOOD DOLL: I think we'll need the architect for this.

SIOBHAN: Well, fuck.

SCENE 11. — FIRST SESSION (INT: MEETING ROOM, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, LOREA, SIOBHAN, ESTHER

/SFX/ CAR REPAIR AND WELDING AMBIANCE WITH REVERB OUTSIDE, QUIET INSIDE

BLOOD DOLL (NA): We adjourned to the meeting room, with decaying tan carpet and whiteboards crudely nailed to the walls. ESTHER waited there, dressed more elegantly than me.

ESTHER: Thank you for the invitation. Shall we begin?

LOREA: Please. Sit.

/SFX/ FOUR PEOPLE SIT ON OFFICE CHAIRS AROUND A TABLE

LOREA: Let's call the first planning session for the joint venture Blood Temple. Who wants to take notes? (PAUSE, NO ONE VOLUNTEERS) Okay, everybody. Write your name on one of these scraps of paper?

/SFX/ FOUR PEOPLE WRITE THEIR NAMES ON THE PAPER

LOREA: Right. In the box.

/SFX/ FOUR PEOPLE PUT PAPER IN A BOX. BOX IS SHAKEN

LOREA: ESTHER. Could you pull out the note-taker's name?

/SFX/ ESTHER PULLS OUT A PIECE OF PAPER

ESTHER: (HUMILIATED) It says, me.

LOREA: Just this time. Your name won't be in the box next time.

SIOBHAN: Unless you want it to be.

ESTHER: I'm good.

/SFX/ ESTHER SCRIBBLES ON A NOTE PAD

ESTHER: How do we begin?

LOREA: What do we want to discuss in this session?

BLOOD DOLL: The rules for feeding.

SIOBHAN: The design of the abattoir.

ESTHER: Security. How to handle the crowd.

LOREA: Let's take Design first. What does everyone think it should look like?

BLOOD DOLL: Point of order?

SIOBHAN: We don't do that.

LOREA: Go ahead.

BLOOD DOLL: We should do Feeding first. Everything else comes from that. Design and Security should serve the Feeding requirements.

LOREA: Okay. Sounds good?

SIOBHAN: Sure.

ESTHER: I'm fine with it.

BLOOD DOLL: How long does it take to feed?

ESTHER: Realistically, it should be forty-five seconds to a minute. Now, who are we catering the club to?

SIOBHAN: Everybody.

LOREA: Everyone.

ESTHER: Ah. So, not the Krafthaus crowd.

SIOBHAN: Fuck, no. I want to be able to get in.

ESTHER: We're going to lose money on this.

SIOBHAN: Not the point.

LOREA: It is, though. If we're on the hook for it. Okay. No jeans. No athletic wear. We court influencers.

BLOOD DOLL: The abattoir maze would be great for influencers.

SIOBHAN: Cameras where we feed? Uh uh.

LOREA: Put them in the dark. In the feeding chamber. Kill the lights while we eat. Only one guest at a time. Have some art surprise in the next room so the dark space is all build-up.

BLOOD DOLL: I saw how many of you there were at AARALYN's speech. I think we'll need multiple feeding chambers.

ESTHER: Agreed. I think the abattoir should be at the club entrance. I don't trust humans enough to find the abattoir interesting in the numbers we're going to need.

BLOOD DOLL: No, the maze should be in the back. We need the guests to want to go through the maze multiple times a night.

LOREA: Absolutely not.

ESTHER: They'll get woozy and be more likely to notice something is wrong.

BLOOD DOLL: Hmm.

LOREA: What's up?

BLOOD DOLL: I just wanted this to be a way for you to find other BLOOD DOLLS.

ESTHER: Oh, you poor thing. You're lonely. I keep telling people, you need to keep BLOOD DOLLS in pairs.

SIOBHAN: Give it up. Blood Dollicon Seattle isn't going to happen.

BLOOD DOLL: My concern is that the current BLOOD DOLL conscription process lacks consent.

SIOBHAN: You've come through it fine.

BLOOD DOLL: (EXHAUSTED) I am not free to leave! You all trust me enough to walk freely around clubs and such but I am tethered to you.

LOREA: Last I checked, you and your subby inclinations were fine with that.

BLOOD DOLL: It's not the same. I live at your pleasure and that's it.

ESTHER: So what were you expecting?

BLOOD DOLL: I was hoping the abattoir would self-select for BLOOD DOLLS. You see who actively wants to go through it. You make them an offer. You don't even have to tell them enough to make it a breach. Just, hey, you want to feel good like that more often?

ESTHER: That makes it sound like a lab experiment. We're making an abattoir here.

LOREA: Agreed.

SIOBHAN: Sorry, BLOOD DOLL. Your project's been hijacked.

BLOOD DOLL: (GRUMBLES) Fine.

BLOOD DOLL (NA): Our talks continued throughout the night with the car work banging outside. We discussed the finer points of helping the Nosferatu sneak in from the underground, and how to feed inebriated Kindred. My hosts graciously fed me as I fed LOREA. SIOBHAN vanished for a snack at one point and I wondered if the security guard out front was the focus of her cravings. I had no idea who or when ESTHER ate, and given SAMAEAL's statements about her, I didn't want to know. Eventually, we filled a fair chunk of ESTHER's notebook and it was time to go home, with plans to meet the following night. I returned to SAMAEAL's, told them of our progress, and collapsed in bed. (BEAT) We continued to meet and refine our ideas over the next few days. The Sword of Damocles hung over me until, three days in, it was my turn to take notes. We were getting close to finalizing our proposal for the rest of the Kindred, and a redacted version for SAMAEAL's architect. The abattoir would be at the entrance with four feeding chambers.

Kindred would gather in the basement and staircases would take them up to the feeding chambers with security accompaniment. ESTHER insisted on the Kindred wearing hoods to obscure their identities and that security should be armed with crossbow stakes in case of, well, she didn't say Sabbat. The Anarchs were vehemently against this, although LOREA relented on the stakes. I didn't add my own thoughts to the debate. I wasn't Kindred. To be honest, given the potential threats and Kindred entering in various states of intoxication, I was siding with ESTHER. (BEAT) After the fourth day, we ended the night early. We had our official proposals to take to the larger communities. We knew what we were and were not going to agree on. We were ready for the architect to laugh at us. LOREA took me out and we had a fabulous night together. She brought me home afterwards, and I thought the night had ended. It hadn't.

SCENE 12. — COME WITH ME (EXT: STREET IN QUEEN ANNE, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, LOREA, JUDITH

/SFX/ NIGHT TIME CITY AMBIANCE, HIGHWAY IN DISTANCE

LOREA: (IN CAR) G'nite!

BLOOD DOLL: You as well! Safe travels!

LOREA: The safest!

/SFX/ LOREA'S TRUCK DRIVES OFF, BLOOD DOLL STARTS WALKING ON SIDEWALK

JUDITH: BLOOD DOLL.

BLOOD DOLL: (SURPRISED) JUDITH? Should you be here? Just on the sidewalk?

JUDITH: Come with me.

BLOOD DOLL: (REMEMBERING AARALYN TRYING TO GHOUL HER) I'm not seeing AARALYN without SAMAE.

JUDITH: We're not going to AARALYN.

BLOOD DOLL: SAMAE doesn't want you putting any more spells on me.

JUDITH: I am aware. Do you want to be treated as one of the Kindred community? Or do you want to be anesthetized with mushrooms and dragged off? Then come with me. I would ask that you hear me out.

BLOOD DOLL: Our proposal is written up.

JUDITH: I know. My car is over here. Let's talk.

BLOOD DOLL: All right.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL AND JUDITH WALK TO THE CAR, CAR DOOR OPENS

BLOOD DOLL: I don't trust you.

JUDITH: Noted.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL AND JUDITH CLIMB INTO CAR, CAR DOOR SHUTS

SCENE 13. — NEVER REALLY TALKED (INT: JUDITH'S CAR, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, JUDITH

/SFX/ CAR STARTS, DRIVES

JUDITH: We've never really had a chance to talk.

BLOOD DOLL: Am I worth talking to now?

JUDITH: You're a convenient ear. That's all. ESTHER says you're doing well at the discussions, keeping your opinions out of fights where they don't belong. She believes you have the Camarilla's values and are advocating for them well. While maintaining a sense of balance. She'd never tell you. But I am.

BLOOD DOLL: We have a lot left to discuss.

JUDITH: Don't undersell your contributions. You wouldn't believe me, but I'm very pleased I spared your life the night I met you. You're a combination of selfish and selfless I find amusing. Who knew you had it in you?

BLOOD DOLL: Are you going to kill me?

JUDITH: No. This is a social call. How was your night?

BLOOD DOLL: Exhausting. (BEAT) How was yours?

JUDITH: You know, no one ever asks that. Also tiring. AARALYN has me visiting the Kindred of Seattle and reminding them of my services. When I am not actively performing my services. Your instincts are correct though. A visit from me is terrifying. I could kill you. I work hard to maintain this facade.

BLOOD DOLL: What are you really like then?

JUDITH: I'm on the clock. Perhaps you'll see me off it someday. I keep my personal life very personal.

BLOOD DOLL: How are RACHEL and PETER doing?

JUDITH: Fine. They're aware of what you're doing. They're not particularly jealous of your freedoms. They're allowed out as well. Supervised. While we're asking about others, how is LOREA?

BLOOD DOLL: Frustrated but accepting the results of our meetings. She fights hard but isn't taking it personally when she backs down. SIOBHAN, I'm worried about. She doesn't think things are going well. I think she's only used to working around anarchists.

JUDITH: Weren't you an anarchist in your former life?

BLOOD DOLL: I still am.

JUDITH: But you've adapted well to your bourgeois status. Like JOTHAM did.

BLOOD DOLL: No surrender in the streets. Surrender in the sheets.

JUDITH: So you're off the streets then. How do you justify your lifestyle to yourself?

BLOOD DOLL: I have a choice?

JUDITH: We've had this talk already. You're growing beyond "pet" status. That makes you dangerous.

BLOOD DOLL: I won't cause a breach.

JUDITH: But you could. How hard would it be to slip out during the day, find a stake, and plunge it into SAMAE? If you'd had a fight. I'm not saying you would. I'm saying that trust is all that keeps you from wrecking us. I know you don't trust me. That's by design. I do trust you and what concerns me is that that too is by design. You're so fucking transparent. The day you cross us will cause devastation.

BLOOD DOLL: Tell me a Kindred you do trust.

JUDITH: (CHUCKLES) I'm the sheriff. I know who has my back better than you do.
(BEAT) Take my hand. No hard feelings?

BLOOD DOLL: (PAUSE) All right.

/SFX/ THEY SHAKE

JUDITH: Good. We're almost there. There's something I want to show you. I've been thinking a lot about your Blood Temple. Just hear me out. And then I'll send you home.

BLOOD DOLL: Fine. (PAUSE) Do you date anyone?

JUDITH: Oh yes. But not you.

SCENE 14. — BLOOD DOLL'S CHOICE (INT: WET BASEMENT, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, JUDITH, JASON, MILDRED

/SFX/ WET DRIPPING ON CONCRETE, BLOOD DOLL AND JUDITH WALK AND THEN STOP

JUDITH: We're almost there. Ah. It's right here.

BLOOD DOLL: Okay.

/SFX/ JUDITH UNLOCKS A DOOR, OPENS IT

JASON: Oh god. Please let us go. Please.

MILDRED: We'll leave the city. I swear. You'll never see us again.

JASON: Please!

MILDRED: Please! We haven't done anything.

JUDITH: Hush. (BEAT) This is JASON, and that's MILDRED. JASON is a fledgling, one of MILDRED's botched kills.

JASON: She didn't mean it! She didn't mean to do anything.

MILDRED: JASON. She said to hush. Stay on your best behavior.

JASON: Okay.

JUDITH: They are lovers, I believe. MILDRED gave him the gift of the Embrace after accidentally killing him.

BLOOD DOLL: I don't understand why I'm here.

JUDITH: Tell me what MILDRED should have done.

BLOOD DOLL: Called you.

JUDITH: Did you call me, MILDRED?

MILDRED: No.

JUDITH: Did you ask AARALYN if you could sire another?

MILDRED: No.

JUDITH: Did you run when I came looking for you?

MILDRED: (BEAT) Yes.

JUDITH: MILDRED went looking for friends she could hide with. Word got back to me.

BLOOD DOLL: What will become of them?

JUDITH: That's why you're here! I'd like you to seal their fate. Tell me. We have two Kindred where we can only have one. Which should I feed to LEVIATHAN?

BLOOD DOLL: That's AARALYN's call.

JUDITH: I am asking you. I brought you here to see their faces. To hear their pleas. To make a god damned choice. I want to see if you have the stones to make the decisions we make. That I make. Every. Single. Day. Which of them dies? And why?

BLOOD DOLL: (THINKS, EXHALES)

JASON: Please.

MILDRED: Don't.

BLOOD DOLL: (BEAT) The fledgling did nothing wrong. MILDRED dies.

JUDITH: Yes, but. (BEAT) Are we to live then in a society of children? Are we to absolve each Kindred's mistake with murder? No. AARALYN has already made her choice. The fledgling dies.

JASON: Please. Mercy. Please.

JUDITH: I'm taking JASON to LEVIATHAN. It won't be a pleasant end. It's one I have to watch repeatedly. And it does not get easier. Do you understand why MILDRED lives?

BLOOD DOLL: She faces the consequences of her actions.

JUDITH: (SLOWLY) As do we all.

JASON: Please don't. The woman is right. I've done nothing wrong.

MILDRED: JUDITH is right. JUDITH is merciful.

JASON: (ANGRY) Fuck you!

MILDRED: JUDITH is right.

JASON: (ANGRY) How fucking dare you!

MILDRED: JUDITH is merciful.

JUDITH: Still your tongues before I rip them out. Now. (TO BLOOD DOLL) BLOOD DOLL. I'm done testing you. You chose poorly and you will remember that every time you face MILDRED in court, or in the street. And she will remember you. You do not have the badge of a sheriff to hide behind, as I do. Will you remember this?

BLOOD DOLL: (PAUSE) Yes.

JUDITH: Will you go with me to watch him die?

BLOOD DOLL: (BEAT) Yes.

JUDITH: (BEAT) There is no need. (BEAT) I've been thinking a lot about your Blood Temple. And about situations like MILDRED's and JASON's. Which I have to deal with. Regularly. Perhaps MILDRED could have taken her daily feeding from the Temple, leaving JASON alive. Perhaps she would have killed him by mistake, anyway. Anyway. I showed you them to ask a favor.

BLOOD DOLL: All right.

JUDITH: The Blood Temple is for feeding only. It is not for sanctuary. I want that distinction made. No one who has fed stays, and no one stays who does not intend to feed. Security excepted, of course. You will take this to your discussions, yes? It would make my job much easier, and your Temple safer.

BLOOD DOLL: (PAUSE) I'll raise it.

JUDITH: Good. The car we drove in will take you home. You remember the way out?

BLOOD DOLL: Yes.

JUDITH: Do you have any final words for MILDRED and JASON?

JASON: (ANGRY) Fuck you. Fuck all of you!

MILDRED: She will rip out more of your tongue and you will feel all of it. Listen!

BLOOD DOLL: (PAUSE) I stand by my decision. (BEAT) But it was made in ignorance. (BEAT) I'm still learning about your culture, JUDITH. Thank you for the education.

JUDITH: I'm glad you are. Go.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS AWAY ON CONCRETE

JUDITH: MILDRED! The BLOOD DOLL you just met is off-limits. (BEAT) For now.

SCENE 15. — LET YOU OUT MORE (INT: SAMAEL'S SITTING ROOM, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, SAMAEL

/SFX/ QUIET APARTMENT AMBIANCE, BLOOD DOLL OPENS THE SITTING ROOM DOOR, ENTERS, AND CLOSSES THE DOOR, AND WALKS TO SAMAEL

BLOOD DOLL: Love.

SAMAEL: What is it?

BLOOD DOLL: JUDITH picked up me outside.

SAMAEL: Did she hurt you?

BLOOD DOLL: She took me to see a sire and (BEAT) an unauthorized fledgling.

SAMAEL: Who was the sire?

BLOOD DOLL: Someone named MILDRED.

SAMAEL: Oh. That's not too surprising, unfortunately.

BLOOD DOLL: She was testing me. She asked me to chose which would die. Obviously, AARALYN had already made her decision.

SAMAEL: Oh.

BLOOD DOLL: I chose wrong.

SAMAEL: We all do. And the world continues.

BLOOD DOLL: JUDITH doesn't want us to allow the Blood Temple as a sanctuary for those who need protection.

SAMAEL: Mmm. Sensible.

BLOOD DOLL: This is a lot.

SAMAEL: Yes. (PAUSE) Sorry if I'm quiet. You have me thinking. I've been so focused on protecting you, I haven't given you many opportunities to grow. (BEAT) I'm feeling rather mad at myself for that.

BLOOD DOLL: Love. I'm in sessions all day that affect the future of every Kindred in Seattle.

SAMAEL: Yes. And I hope you're learning a lot that I failed to teach you. We, Kindred, make a lot of difficult, rubbish choices every day. And when you live forever, they become uncountable. They blend. They make you feel like all you've ever done is choose poorly. And the only good that's come of them is that you are still (BEAT) here. (BEAT) When we were first starting our salons, you wondered why I was so insistent we Kindred were cursed. This is why. The frailties of the human mind persist after the Embrace. I'm sorry I didn't teach you sooner.

BLOOD DOLL: It's all right.

SAMAE: No, it's not all right, You are not a doll. You are not a pet. I promise to stop shielding you from the realities of our existence. In return, I want to see you grow.

BLOOD DOLL: I only have sixty, seventy more years in me.

SAMAE: They will have to do.

/SFX/ THEY KISS

SAMAE: And they will be amazing.

SCENE 16. — HARBINGER BEGINNINGS (INT: CLUB UNDER CONSTRUCTION, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, ESTHER, SIOBHAN, LOREA, NEWS ANNOUNCER

/SFX/ CAR REPAIR AND WELDING AMBIANCE WITH REVERB OUTSIDE, QUIET INSIDE

BLOOD DOLL (NA): Night after night, our sessions continued.

SIOBHAN: The hoods are a terrible idea. They're demeaning. And security needs to see who they're dealing with.

ESTHER: And some drunk Thin Blood shows up and then what?

SIOBHAN: We let them feed.

ESTHER: Then some Camarilla looking for status kills them. In our club. And suddenly no one is safe there. Not even the humans.

LOREA: People. Please. Focus.

SIOBHAN: You can't be serious about the stakes.

ESTHER: Stakes don't kill.

SIOBHAN: Kindred deserve to defend themselves. It's open season on you if you're staked!

BLOOD DOLL: SIOBHAN, how fast can a drunk Kindred drain a human to death?

SIOBHAN: (BEAT) They deserve to be treated better than hoods and stakes, that's all. It should be a pleasure to feast at the Temple. Not some fascist welfare.

LOREA: I'm with you on the hoods.

ESTHER: Oh, certainly. Night after night of Kindred queuing, everyone knowing who everyone else is. Surely no one has any blood feuds or assassination contracts against anyone else.

LOREA: We can keep things civil.

ESTHER: Can you? Truly? All it takes is one death. Kindred, or human. And this all goes down.

BLOOD DOLL (NA): As I said, our meetings continued. (BEAT) The team agreed on the "No Sanctuary" policy. The architect sent us a few potential designs. We went over the best aspects and sent back our revisions. The result was solid. Not fantastic. I had long since understood we were never going to get "fantastic." But the design would do for our purposes. We sent the plans to the city. (BEAT) A month later, we started construction of the new Blood Temple "The Harbinger." We had come up with a lot of names. This one was the least objectionable to most of the Kindred.

/SFX/ PEOPLE WALKING AROUND IN EMPTY CLUB

LOREA: All right, kiddos. You want to see what our millions of dollars have gone into?

SIOBHAN: This doesn't look like a maze.

LOREA: It's an open space for now. But we'll have walls we can roll around to adjust the room depending on what artwork we're trying to showcase. Also, on the walls on either side of us, there's our emergency exits. No one gets stuck in here.

BLOOD DOLL: And we don't have to run each maze configuration by the inspectors, do we?

LOREA: No, as long as we don't restrict access to the exits. Now, after the maze, there's a single corridor. We'll set a bouncer at the start who'll tell each guest which feeding chamber to go into. One through four.

ESTHER: And if they go in the wrong chamber while we're feeding?

LOREA: Chambers are dark when we're feeding. The guests shouldn't get confused. If they do, whoever's feeding can back off and fill up on the next guest. Anyhow, each feeding chamber has Dolby audio. We can play whatever we want to psych the guest up for entry. As you can see, there's a staircase on the left of the chamber where the Kindred will come up. A gossamer cloth will separate the guest and the Kindred until the lights go out. Feeding should be easy here. Downstairs will be as relaxing as we can make it. We'll have chairs, tables, even a bar.

SIOBHAN: A fucking bar?

LOREA: Gives our Kindred guests something to do while they wait their turn. When the feeding's done, each guest can walk through this beaded curtain and bam! They're in the club. Exits are to the right. Bars and tables are to the left. Ahead, dance floor. Stairs to the VIP rooms. Ceiling? We're working on some abstract sculptures at the skunkworks that'll look great when we run the lights over them.

BLOOD DOLL: And for folks we want to skip the line?

LOREA: Door in the back of the maze leads directly in. Now, to our left, we also have the stairs that take you over the maze. And it goes, Miss Club Owner, into your brand new office.

BLOOD DOLL: Nice.

LOREA: You can look over the whole club from the second floor. We can put a couch there if you want to invite anyone up.

BLOOD DOLL: You're spoiling me.

ESTHER: (WITH DISDAIN) They are.

LOREA: And in the back, we have the employees' lockers, break room, bathrooms, and the door to the actual basement where we keep the liquor, the CO2 canisters,

and the breaker box. We keep that locked. Only people who need access get keys. Questions?

BLOOD DOLL: I can't wait to see it finished.

SIOBHAN: It's solid, I guess.

ESTHER: It'll be different than the club I knew. Our coffers will miss the twenty dollar rum and cokes though.

LOREA: Miss Club Owner, you have a lot to do. During the day, even.

BLOOD DOLL: Not too early. The contractors won't expect me until two in the afternoon.

SIOBHAN: I've still got reservations.

ESTHER: Don't we all.

BLOOD DOLL (NA): Within a few days, I had an office. With rudimentary chairs and tables, but it was a space to hide from all the ruckus of the construction. I had staff to hire, suppliers to contract, and inspectors to meet and greet. And I was going to have to do it all by hand. Several days into the job, I convinced AARALYN to let me break Camarilla policy and get a laptop. It took me a couple more days to load it up and copy over all the spreadsheets, but it was worth it. (BEAT) Then I checked Wi-Fi and saw the coffee shop nearby had an access port. I knew going on-line would lead to nothing good, but I wanted to check on one particular person.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL TYPES ON A LAPTOP

BLOOD DOLL: Oh, shit.

NEWS ANNOUNCER: Police responded to a Capitol Hill assault last night, in which three men attacked a group of LGBT residents on East Madison Street. Among the victims was thirty-three year old STEPHANIE Hauser. Local residents are calling this a hate crime. Harborview says the victims have been treated and been released.

BLOOD DOLL: (FURIOUS) Fuck.

BLOOD DOLL (NA): The video was three weeks old. It also contained footage from the assault, posted on Instagram from someone's camera, and the feed from a nearby traffic light. I checked STEPHANIE's socials and found a GoFundMe for her medical expenses. It had already met its goal, but I sent her a few thousand of the Camarilla's money anyway. (BEAT) I made a judgment call to visit her. I couldn't let this slide.

SCENE 17. — NOT ALL RIGHT (INT: STEPHANIE'S HALLWAY, AFTERNOON)

• BLOOD DOLL, STEPHANIE

/SFX/ QUIET NIGHT HALLWAY INTERIOR, MUFFLED NEIGHBORS LISTENING TO TV

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL KNOCKS ON HER DOOR

STEPHANIE: (INSIDE) Just a minute!

/SFX/ STEPHANIE OPENS THE DOOR

BLOOD DOLL: Hey.

STEPHANIE: Hi.

BLOOD DOLL: I just found out.

STEPHANIE: About what?

BLOOD DOLL: You. The assault.

STEPHANIE: (PAUSE) Come in.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS IN, STEPHANIE CLOSES THE DOOR

BLOOD DOLL: Are you okay?

STEPHANIE: What happened to you? You break up with me, vanish for weeks, and now (BEAT) what are you wearing?

BLOOD DOLL: It's my professional outfit.

STEPHANIE: How much did it go for?

BLOOD DOLL: I don't know. STEPH, I'm here to check on you. They said you were in the hospital.

STEPHANIE: I'm fine.

BLOOD DOLL: What happened?

STEPHANIE: What is going on with you? Where did your sugar momma take you? Are you okay?

BLOOD DOLL: I am fine.

STEPHANIE: You're still (BEAT) doing whatever with her.

BLOOD DOLL: There's a lot more going on right now.

STEPHANIE: (DISBELIEVING) Like what?

BLOOD DOLL: You know that new club going in where the Krafthaus used to be?

STEPHANIE: Yeah?

BLOOD DOLL: I'm running it.

STEPHANIE: You can't run a club.

BLOOD DOLL: I promise you, I am.

STEPHANIE: How?

BLOOD DOLL: With a lot of help.

STEPHANIE: Fuck you.

BLOOD DOLL: I didn't come to rub this in, STEPH. I've been (BEAT) so busy. I've been out of the loop.

STEPHANIE: Out of the country, more like.

BLOOD DOLL: I was worried about you.

STEPHANIE: You told me I should pretend I didn't know you. Does your mommy know you're here?

BLOOD DOLL: (SIGHS) Things have changed. I can hang out with you now.

STEPHANIE: Oh, great.

BLOOD DOLL: I'm not asking to. But I've been wrapped up in my new (BEAT) world. I don't get a chance to check my socials often.

STEPHANIE: Why are you here?

BLOOD DOLL: I'm fucking mad at what happened to you! Was this on Q Patrol?

STEPHANIE: Yeah. Three of them jumped this kid so we booked it at them. They weren't expecting us so they rolled us until they got away. I got a concussion. Harborview held me overnight, but I'm fine.

BLOOD DOLL: I watched the footage. The car didn't have a plate.

STEPHANIE: Yeah. They were looking for trouble.

BLOOD DOLL: Have they been picked up yet?

STEPHANIE: Cops aren't doing shit. They almost arrested my crew but there were folks recording nearby.

BLOOD DOLL: Can I get a description of them?

STEPHANIE: Why? What are you going to do?

BLOOD DOLL: I can't tell you.

STEPHANIE: You are into some mob shit, aren't you?

BLOOD DOLL: I just want to know.

STEPHANIE: You keep saying you're fine. But you don't look fine. You look pale.

BLOOD DOLL: STEPH, I am working myself to the bone on this club. I have people to meet, schedules to organize, interviews to do. I've barely had more than a few hours to myself every day.

STEPHANIE: How's your sugar momma?

BLOOD DOLL: It's been more incredible than I've ever dreamed. And I will not tell you more than that.

STEPHANIE: She's isolating you.

BLOOD DOLL: I'm right here.

STEPHANIE: Can you leave her?

BLOOD DOLL: I don't have to do anything I don't want to.

STEPHANIE: You can't, can you?

BLOOD DOLL: I don't want to. I want to be with her as long as this relationship goes. I will not tell you more than that. I don't ask who you're dating righting now because it's none of my fucking business.

STEPHANIE: (SIGHS) You're messed up.

BLOOD DOLL: Please. Please tell me what happened. In detail. (BEAT) If you don't want to, I'll leave. But I care about you. That's never changed. That's why I'm here. What do you need?

STEPHANIE: I'm set. (PAUSE) Okay. I'll tell you what I remember.

BLOOD DOLL (NA): She gave me a brief description of the men who attacked her. There wasn't much more than what was in the footage. But she added a few extra details. Patches and things.

BLOOD DOLL: Thanks. I do appreciate it.

STEPHANIE: You let me in on whatever's going to happen, okay?

BLOOD DOLL: We'll see. (BEAT) Hey. My club's opening in a couple weeks. I'd be honored if you came.

STEPHANIE: It anything like Krafthaus?

BLOOD DOLL: Nope. Anyone comes in.

STEPHANIE: Sure. I'll check it out.

BLOOD DOLL: Bring whoever.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL HANDS STEPHANIE A BUSINESS CARD

BLOOD DOLL: Show this to whoever's running the door. I'll get you past the line.

STEPHANIE: Damn. Your name and everything. This is really you? Running the place?

BLOOD DOLL: You knew me before I was cool.

STEPHANIE: Jury's still out on your cool factor.

BLOOD DOLL: (SMILES) Fuck you.

STEPHANIE: Fuck you too. Hey. Hug?

BLOOD DOLL: Sure!

/SFX/ THEY HUG

STEPHANIE: Look at you. Business bitch.

BLOOD DOLL: Gotta tell you. Management sucks.

STEPHANIE: Buy yourself some better help then.

BLOOD DOLL: Hiring you would make things extra weird.

STEPHANIE: Fair. (BEAT) Hey. Why don't you have a contact number on your card? Or email?

BLOOD DOLL: You'll know where to find me. Later nerd.

STEPHANIE: Later. Stay safe, okay?

BLOOD DOLL: I'll try.

SCENE 18. — LICENSE TO NOT MURDER (INT: SAMAEŁ'S SITTING ROOM, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, SAMAEŁ, AMANDA, SIMON

/SFX/ QUIET APARTMENT AMBIANCE

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL OPENS DOOR, WALKS IN, CLOSES DOOR

BLOOD DOLL: Love?

SAMAEŁ: Darling!

BLOOD DOLL: I want to borrow AMANDA and SIMON.

SAMAEŁ: What for?

BLOOD DOLL: Revenge.

SAMAEŁ: I'm intrigued.

BLOOD DOLL: Three men assaulted my ex, STEPHANIE. Because she and her squad were defending a queer kid. I want to know who they are.

SAMAEŁ: Hmm. You can speak with them. I'm sure they can find your trio. But. Vengeance is a costly thing. And I don't advise paying the price. Unless you're sure you never want to come back from it.

BLOOD DOLL: I'm sure.

SAMAEŁ: I promised to let you grow. AMANDA! SIMON! I have a job for you!

/SFX/ AMANDA OPENS DOOR, SHE AND SIMON WALK IN, CLOSE DOOR

AMANDA: What's up?

SIMON: What's the job?

SAMAEŁ: They're all yours. Convince them.

BLOOD DOLL: Queer hate crime in Cap Hill. Three assaulters in a car with no plates. I have multiple video sources. I have testimony from a victim. I want them found.

AMANDA: Holy fuck.

SIMON: How'd you find out about this?

BLOOD DOLL: On my work laptop. I checked up on my ex, STEPHANIE.

AMANDA: They attacked her?

BLOOD DOLL: Gave her a concussion.

SAMAEŁ: You did what with your computer?

BLOOD DOLL: I did a search for STEPHANIE.

SAMAEL: On the web.

BLOOD DOLL: And then disabled the Wi-Fi. I won't be going back on it.

SAMAEL: We've been over the rules.

BLOOD DOLL: I am aware. I took the risk. You don't command me.

SAMAEL: Oh, but I do.

BLOOD DOLL: Not in this. (BEAT) Fine. Tell me to drop it. I submit to whatever punishment you want.

AMANDA: (PAUSE) SAMAEL?

SAMAEL: (THINKS) Go ahead. Find her these assholes. And that's all.

BLOOD DOLL: Thank you, Your Honor.

SAMAEL: We can discuss what to do when we find them. But love? You are in no position to order a hit.

AMANDA: Or a counter assault. As an old dyke, I have to tell you. You need a light touch in these matters. Only give them a warning. And leave it.

SIMON: Yeah. I know you're mad. But don't escalate this.

BLOOD DOLL: (COLLECTS SELF) I promise I won't. Thank you for your help.

AMANDA: Oh, you owe us now.

SIMON: Yeah, it's boon time, baby!

BLOOD DOLL: Whatever you want.

AMANDA: What, sex and blood?

SIMON: Naw, we're going to make you work for us.

AMANDA: I've got shit I need doing.

SAMAEL: See, I did warn you, darling.

BLOOD DOLL: Happy to pay. Honored to do the work.

SIMON: You won't be if I make you clean the toilet. It's getting some grime in there, girl.

BLOOD DOLL: I am glad to clean my own toilet.

SAMAEL: Then that's settled. Drinks all around! Help yourselves to the bar. Darling. I trust you understand what you're doing.

BLOOD DOLL: (SMILES) Forgive me. It's my first time.

SAMAEL: (SMILES) That it is.

BLOOD DOLL (NA): Kindred know people. People who are very good at locating things. A few days later, they found the car. A custom job from a Snoqualmie dealership. Whose owner, they also learned, was the father of one of the attackers. I would have given him the benefit of the doubt, if the report hadn't also included a Facebook screed against trans people on his account.

SIMON: The other two men were best buds with the son.

BLOOD DOLL: A car dealer, huh.

AMANDA: What are you thinking about doing?

BLOOD DOLL: Can't you read my mind?

SIMON: Just spit it out.

BLOOD DOLL: (PAUSE) I don't want any of them hurt.

AMANDA: But?

BLOOD DOLL: I want to send them a message. Would it be possible for me to increase my boons to you?

AMANDA: Oh, I'm interested now.

SIMON: What do you got?

BLOOD DOLL (NA): So I told them.

BLOOD DOLL: You'll miss the press night at the Harbinger's.

AMANDA: Oh, come on. We're not welcome anywhere SAMAEL's not welcome.

SIMON: Yeah. We've hitched our wagons to his star. Where he goes, we go.

BLOOD DOLL: I'm theirs... his. And I'm independent of that.

AMANDA: Are you? Or do you just have your hands in a lot of pots?

BLOOD DOLL: (BEAT) I don't know.

SAMAEL: Love? Could you come over a moment?

BLOOD DOLL: Yes, Your Honor.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS OVER TO SAMAEL, STOPS

SAMAEL: (LOW) Tell me if you've heard this language before. Ix-nay on the onouns-pray.

BLOOD DOLL: Yes, Your Honor.

SAMAEL: You are trying. I know you are.

BLOOD DOLL: I don't think it'd be so difficult for you to come out, Your Honor.

SAMAEL: It's not your decision. It's mine. (BEAT) I'm getting used to you saying "they" for me. That's where I am.

BLOOD DOLL: I understand, Your Honor.

SAMAEL: No. I don't think you do. And you can't. I'm far older than you. If I am going to adjust to something, it's going to take years. Surely, we have that together.

BLOOD DOLL: I'd like to think so.

SAMAEL: Good. I'll teach you patience. It's one thing we Kindred are exquisitely good at.

BLOOD DOLL: I apologize for going on-line the other day, Your Honor.

SAMAEL: I think you'll learn more in breaking the rules than if you'd been extraordinarily good and followed them to the letter. We learn by fucking up. And fortunately, it was a very small break and no damage was done. Yet, anyway.

BLOOD DOLL: Thank you for indulging me, Your Honor.

SAMAEL: Of course. We are nothing, if not indulgent creatures, you and I. Now, you have your press night to prepare for next week. I'm hoping it goes swimmingly for you. And it pains me that I'll miss out. (BEAT) But not too much. ELIJIO's free that night and we're going to be positively apocalyptic.

BLOOD DOLL: I hope you have a lovely time, Your Honor.

SAMAEL: Would you like a preview?

BLOOD DOLL: Always, Your Honor.

SAMAEL: Excellent. Bedroom's that way. I'll join you in five.

BLOOD DOLL: Thank you, five!

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS AWAY

SCENE 19. — PRESS NIGHT, PART 1 (EXT: OUTSIDE HARBINGER, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, STEPHANIE, MR. BOSWILL

/SFX/ NIGHT CITY AMBIANCE, TRAFFIC IN DISTANCE

/SFX/ PEOPLE WALLA IN LINE, MUSIC PUMPS INSIDE

BLOOD DOLL (NA): It was the Harbinger's press night. The night before it's official opening. We spared no expense, personally inviting a host of journalists and influencers. We had personalized gift bags for the guests. We hired a prominent band to play later in the night. I'd discussed how much we could afford to sweeten the drinks with the bar staff. Everyone was on pins and needles. Including the downstairs staff. The word was out among the Seattle Kindred that tonight was our official test run. Not everyone might get served. The upstairs guests were priority. (BEAT) Kindred entered from the underground or a back door taking them immediately downstairs. They were greeted by Anarchs and Camarilla, unfortunately armed. They could put their belongings in a locker and join the line when ready. A bar was available if they wanted to chill while waiting their turn. When they were called, they walked upstairs and stood behind a gossamer curtain until the room went dark. They were given time to feed, and then whisked back downstairs. If they were in a group, they could wait for their friends. But then they would be asked to leave. Nicely. At first. They were Kindred in Kindred's domain, after all.

/SFX/ STEPHANIE PACES ON SIDEWALK

STEPHANIE: (TO BOUNCER) Hey? It's been like five minutes? Where is she?

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS OUT

BLOOD DOLL: Here I am! Sorry I was busy. Welcome!

STEPHANIE: Hey! (FLABBERGASTED) You look amazing!

BLOOD DOLL: Thank you, STEPH! You look incredible too. Did you come with anyone?

STEPHANIE: I was supposed to. (BEAT) I think they're intimidated.

BLOOD DOLL: By me? They know me.

STEPHANIE: Yeah, but you're a big shot now. Club runner. Fuck. Take me inside.

MR. BOSWILL: Excuse me. Miss Davril?

BLOOD DOLL: Just a moment, STEPH. (TO MR. BOSWILL) Yes, hello! MR. BOSWILL, I believe?

MR. BOSWILL: You recognized me!

BLOOD DOLL: You leave your face on a lot of signs in Snoqualmie! How's the dealership going?

MR. BOSWILL: Aw, you know. Look, I wasn't sure what to make of the (BEAT) business proposal your folks left me.

BLOOD DOLL: It's a cross-promotional opportunity. You help us advertise out of the city? We'll provide free passes to your clients.

MR. BOSWILL: Yes, I know the arrangement. I just wouldn't mind a few minutes to chew your ear off.

BLOOD DOLL: Of course! I'll meet you inside. I have a guest to escort in first. An old friend. You understand.

MR. BOSWILL: Oh. Sure. See you inside. Any way I, uh, can skip the line?

BLOOD DOLL: The line is part of the experience! The whole area is designed by Rufio. You will love it when you see it. Take lots of pictures for the wife and kids!

MR. BOSWILL: We'll see if it lives up to all that!

BLOOD DOLL: Excellent. See you soon! (TO STEPHANIE) Come on, STEPH. This way.

STEPHANIE: Gayly forward we go.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL AND STEPHANIE WALK INSIDE, OPEN A DOOR

SCENE 20. — PRESS NIGHT, PART 2 (INT: HARBINGER MAIN ROOM, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, STEPHANIE, ARTURO

/SFX/ CROWD WALLA, MUSIC PUMPING

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL AND STEPHANIE WALK INSIDE, DOOR SHUTS BEHIND THEM

BLOOD DOLL: Welcome to the Harbinger! Look up!

STEPHANIE: (LAUGHS) Oh my god! That's gorgeous! That's (BEAT) a dragon coming in and out of the ceiling!

BLOOD DOLL: The lights make it look like it has shifting scales.

STEPHANIE: Fuck. This must have cost so much to make.

BLOOD DOLL: It's more than I am comfortable telling you. We are in the pit and we'll be there for some time.

STEPHANIE: That's unfortunate.

BLOOD DOLL: That's why everyone doesn't open a club.

STEPHANIE: Hey. This is really amazing.

BLOOD DOLL: Take a lot of pictures. Tell people!

STEPHANIE: I will! (BEAT) I really want to ask you how you landed this gig.

BLOOD DOLL: Apparently slept my way to the top.

STEPHANIE: You didn't!

BLOOD DOLL: Kidding!

STEPHANIE: Are you? Have you ever?

/SFX/ ARTURO HURRIES OVER

ARTURO: Hey? Ms. Davril?

BLOOD DOLL: ARTURO? Are you all right?

ARTURO: Not really. Can you come back with me?

BLOOD DOLL: Sure. (TO STEPHANIE) STEPH, I have to take this.

STEPHANIE: Okay. Good luck!

BLOOD DOLL: Drinks are on me!

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL AND ARTURO HURRY TO A FEEDING CHAMBER FAST

SCENE 21. — PRESS NIGHT, PART 3 (INT: HARBINGER KINDRED BASEMENT, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, JUDITH, ARTURO, MILDRED, ZACHERY

/SFX/ CROWD WALLA, MUSIC PUMPING MUFFLED

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL AND ARTURO HURRY DOWN STAIRS, KINDREDS HISSING

JUDITH: Hey! Knock it off! Who wants to be the first staked on the first night of the club?

BLOOD DOLL: Something going on here?

ZACHERY: Fucking hell. I just heard there was free blood here!

MILDRED: That fucker has no right to be here. (SEES BLOOD DOLL) Oh. It's you.

BLOOD DOLL: Yes. I'm the owner. What's the problem?

JUDITH: Some of the guests take issue with us serving Thin Bloods.

MILDRED: Yeah. We're supposed to throw these assholes to LEVIATHAN.

BLOOD DOLL: No one throws anyone to LEVIATHAN in here.

MILDRED: That's funny, coming from you.

ZACHERY: I'll fucking leave. I see how it is.

BLOOD DOLL: That is not how it is. JUDITH, MILDRED drinks next. Then when she's out, him. What's your name?

ZACHERY: ZACHERY.

BLOOD DOLL: Bartender? ZACHERY drinks whatever he wants. (BEAT) ZACHERY, I'm very sorry about this. We will work to make sure this doesn't happen again.

JUDITH: It's going to happen again. That's why my crew is here.

BLOOD DOLL: JUDITH, we're not bringing back the hoods.

JUDITH: Why not? Why not a nice, orderly line? In and out?

BLOOD DOLL: Would you feed in a place like that? (BEAT) Of course you would.

MILDRED: I wouldn't.

ARTURO: Next!

BLOOD DOLL: MILDRED. You're up.

MILDRED: Yeah, nice digs. You let all the shit in here. Given who's running the place.

/SFX/ MILDRED WALKS AWAY, UP THE STAIRS

JUDITH: Good call, BLOOD DOLL. You're learning.

BLOOD DOLL: Just trying to keep this place together.

JUDITH: We all are. It's already tiring.

/SFX/ A GLASS FULL OF LIQUID AND GLASS IS KNOCKED TO THE FLOOR

ZACHERY: My fucking drink!

BLOOD DOLL: Hey! Make ZACHERY another drink. More of whatever he wants. (TO EVERYONE) Kindred! It's fucking free blood upstairs! Pouring in! And you don't want it? Fuck you! Fuck all of you! You want to fucking starve so the Thin Bloods starve? Do it on your own time. Not here, Here, everybody feeds. And your alcohol is deeply discounted. (BEAT) Yeah, you can look at me like you're going to kill me. Sure. I don't fucking care. This ground is holy to all Kindred. You just don't see it yet. And I get it. You learn slowly. Let's give it a few days before you start tearing each other's throats out?

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS UPSTAIRS AS MILDRED WALKS DOWNSTAIRS

BLOOD DOLL: Good feeding?

MILDRED: Fuck off.

SCENE 22. — PRESS NIGHT, PART 4 (INT: HARBINGER MAIN ROOM, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, MR. BOSWILL

/SFX/ CROWD WALLA, MUSIC PUMPING

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS UPSTAIRS INTO CLUB

MR. BOSWILL: Miss Davril?

BLOOD DOLL: MR. BOSWILL! They taking care of you here?

MR. BOSWILL: They are! You have some fine drinks.

BLOOD DOLL: Please. Bring yours upstairs!

MR. BOSWILL: I appreciate your time!

SFX/ BLOOD DOLL AND MR. BOSWILL WALK UPSTAIRS TO OFFICE

BLOOD DOLL: How'd you like the Rufio?

MR. BOSWILL: It was swell. I didn't quite get all of it. But my family liked the pictures. And you know, right at the end when the lights went out, I had the strangest feeling. Like I was back on the powder, you know.

BLOOD DOLL: That's what the line does!

MR. BOSWILL: How'd you do that?

BLOOD DOLL: Company secret. But I assure you. It's perfectly safe.

MR. BOSWILL: Glad to hear. I could get to liking that! (LAUGHS)

SFX/ BLOOD DOLL AND MR. BOSWILL STOP, OPEN DOOR TO OFFICE, MR. BOSWILL WALKS INSIDE

SCENE 23. — PRESS NIGHT, PART 5 (INT: HARBINGER OFFICE, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, MR. BOSWILL

/SFX/ CROWD WALLA, MUSIC PUMPING, MUFFLED

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS IN AND CLOSSES DOOR, WALKS TO HER OFFICE CHAIR
BEHIND THE DESK AND SITS, MR. BOSWILL SITS ON CHAIR

MR. BOSWILL: So this is your office, huh? Nicer'n mine!

BLOOD DOLL: Well, it's new. Give me a year and we'll see what sort of trash heap it becomes.

MR. BOSWILL: (LAUGHS) Now, tell me. Seriously. Let me speak to whoever really runs the place.

BLOOD DOLL: My name is on the public record.

MR. BOSWILL: Yeah, yeah. Don't bullshit me. You're not club owner material. Now, if you could pick up that phone and call your daddy or your boyfriend or whoever put you in that seat. I'd love to speak to them.

BLOOD DOLL: They aren't here. But I am. I sent you that proposal. The idea for a cross-promotion was all mine.

MR. BOSWILL: Humph. So why me?

BLOOD DOLL: You know territory I don't.

MR. BOSWILL: Yeah, I get that. But I haven't heard you call anyone else in my neighborhood. Or any of my friends the next county over.

BLOOD DOLL: MR. BOSWILL, you're the test. We need to see if this'll work with you.

MR. BOSWILL: Uh huh. I see. All your idea.

BLOOD DOLL: Yup.

MR. BOSWILL: Tell me then. What're you scared of?

BLOOD DOLL: I wouldn't be in this chair if I was scared of anything, MR. BOSWILL.

MR. BOSWILL: (SMILING) Uh huh. Uh huh. Now, I'm tired of playing whatever game you've got going. You're going to answer me straight. Or are we making this a very short meeting so I can get back to your drinks?

BLOOD DOLL: I'm scared of bullies. I'm scared of torches and pitchforks and protest placards lining up outside my club. Because you know who are the biggest bullies of all? (PAUSE) The left.

MR. BOSWILL: Hot damn! Fucking hell, you're right. Years ago, they wouldn't let you say "faggot" or "retard." Thank God those pussies got what's coming to them!

BLOOD DOLL: Amen. We finally brought back straight talking!

MR. BOSWILL: Hell yes!

BLOOD DOLL: I had you worried there!

MR. BOSWILL: Damn right you did! I saw you and thought, what's this god damned tranny doing running a club? It's good to know you get it.

BLOOD DOLL: Oh Christ. Fuck the trannies.

MR. BOSWILL: I'll drink to that. (LAUGHS)

BLOOD DOLL: You know what's better than straight talking?

MR. BOSWILL: What's that?

BLOOD DOLL: Saying what you want without saying much at all. Like the Corleones.

MR. BOSWILL: Damn right! You raise an eyebrow. Your boys know what's up. They get it done. That is understanding.

BLOOD DOLL: Love it. I'll teach it to my staff.

MR. BOSWILL: I wish they'd learn. Help these days. (LAUGHS)

/SFX/ MR. BOSWILL'S PHONE RINGS

MR. BOSWILL: I have to take this.

/SFX/ MR. BOSWILL TAKES THE CALL

MR. BOSWILL: Uh huh? (PAUSE) What?! (PAUSE) Jesus Christ. How many? (PAUSE) Fuck. (PAUSE) How much? (PAUSE) Oh no no no. What about the night watchman? (PAUSE) He's okay though? (PAUSE) The cameras. What about the cameras? (PAUSE) Fuck! Fuck!

/SFX/ MR. BOSWILL HANGS UP

BLOOD DOLL: (PAUSE) Are all the cars in your lot okay?

MR. BOSWILL: (PAUSE) The hell'd you do?

BLOOD DOLL: I didn't do anything. You must be frazzled. Please. Enjoy your free drinks downstairs.

MR. BOSWILL: Don't tell me, enjoy my free drinks. You god damned motherfucker piece of shit.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL PRESSES A BUTTON ON HER DESK, WHICH BUZZES

BLOOD DOLL: Security.

MR. BOSWILL: Oh. I hope you don't have plans to leave the city.

BLOOD DOLL: Is that a threat, MR. BOSWILL? Or do we have an understanding?

MR. BOSWILL: (PAUSE, FRUSTRATED) What's to understand? Fine. Stay out of my business. I stay out of yours.

/SFX/ DOOR OPENS

BLOOD DOLL: Security, sorry about calling you. We had a misunderstanding. That's all. He's welcome to stay the rest of the night.

MR. BOSWILL: Keep your fucking hands off me.

/SFX/ MR. BOSWILL STANDS

BLOOD DOLL: Enjoy your night. But don't stay too late. We're not a sanctuary here.

/SFX/ CLUB MUSIC OUTSIDE CUTS OFF, LIGHTS SWITCH OFF

MR. BOSWILL: What the fuck? Where's your lights?

BLOOD DOLL: Shit. Excuse me.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL STANDS, HURRIES OUT

SCENE 24. — PRESS NIGHT, PART 6 (INT: HARBINGER MAIN ROOM, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, STEPHANIE

/SFX/ CROWD CONCERNED WALLA, PEOPLE WALKING

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL HURRIES DOWN STAIRS

BLOOD DOLL: Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL HURRIES ACROSS CLUB, STOPS

STEPHANIE: What's going on?

BLOOD DOLL: Get out. Get out now. Someone cut the power. Emergency exits are open.

STEPHANIE: What's wrong?

BLOOD DOLL: Anywhere you smell something like pepper spray, only fouler, you stay away from there, okay? They should be cut off from coming up here, but. Fuck.

STEPHANIE: What's coming up here?

BLOOD DOLL: Just get out. Please! I have to go and try to get the lights back on.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL HURRIES ACROSS CLUB, INTO THE BACK ROOM, STOPS

BLOOD DOLL: Fuck. Emergency lights. Why didn't they come on?

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL GRABS A FLASHLIGHT, FLICKS IT ON, JINGLES KEYS

BLOOD DOLL: Which one? Which one? Fuck.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL RATTLES KEY IN LOCK, DOOR UNLOCKS

BLOOD DOLL: Oh. Thank fuck. It stinks.

SCENE 25. — PRESS NIGHT, PART 7 (INT: HARBINGER LIQUOR BASEMENT, NIGHT)

• BLOOD DOLL, SIOBHAN

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL HURRIES DOWN STAIRS

BLOOD DOLL: It stinks worse for them. They don't breathe. But they can't stop smelling. It's worse for them.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL STOPS

BLOOD DOLL: Oh fuck. My security.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL HURRIES TO BODY, STOPS

BLOOD DOLL: He's still breathing. Oh good. Oh good.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL WALKS FURTHER IN ON CONCRETE, BREATHS THROUGH A GAS MASK IN DISTANCE

BLOOD DOLL: Hey! Hey! Whoever's there? Why'd you kill the power? (BEAT) Don't fucking come at me! I have a knife!

/SFX/ BREATHS THROUGH A GAS MASK COME CLOSER, STOP

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) What's up?

BLOOD DOLL: SIOBHAN? I thought you didn't need to breathe.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) I was fucking with you.

BLOOD DOLL: I need to get to the breaker box.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Uh uh.

BLOOD DOLL: Your gas won't last forever. We're evacuating the guests but some asshole Kindred's going to cause a breach.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) I know.

BLOOD DOLL: Let me by.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) No. I knocked out your security guard. I'll do the same to you. (BEAT) Relax. I won't cause the breach.

BLOOD DOLL: Where'd you get the key to the basement?

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) LOREA lent me hers. She trusts me.

BLOOD DOLL: That's going to change. Let me by.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Don't try it, weaksauce.

BLOOD DOLL: You're dooming the club.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Yeah. I am.

BLOOD DOLL: My ex is in there.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Not my problem.

BLOOD DOLL: Fuck you! Why?

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) The stakes. The fucking gestapo security. Selling fucking drinks. I don't care who you're dating or how you're trying to stay neutral. You are Camarilla through and through. This is a Camarilla club. And you don't see it.

BLOOD DOLL: SIOBHAN.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) You're so paranoid about someone like the Sabbat ruining your project, you've reduced every Kindred to a monster. Not only that, charging for alcohol like you're pretending you're making a little speakeasy downstairs? Kindred can't even stay here. You're just making this place easier on your conscience. This is a mockery of a Blood Temple and I won't have you treating Kindred like a fucking underclass here!

BLOOD DOLL: SIOBHAN. I know we can do better.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) I don't think you can! I think we had to drag you kicking and screaming just to nix the hoods!

BLOOD DOLL: LOREA was good with the stakes.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Fuck LOREA! She was capitulating! It's what she does because she runs a fucking business! She can't stand up for shit!

BLOOD DOLL: But you can.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) I'm wrecking this place. One breach. You're done. Someone already died in your last place. A second death? You'll never run a club again. We will be rid of you. You'll be back in SAMAEAL's rooms and I hope you never come out again! Just wait until he gets tired of you. Find out what happens to useless BLOOD DOLLS.

BLOOD DOLL: Get out of my way. I banish you from this place. I banish you from this world.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL FLICKS OPEN A KNIFE

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Oh, a knife? Against a Kindred? You trying to scare me?

BLOOD DOLL: It's not for you.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL SLICES ACROSS HER PALM

BLOOD DOLL (NA): I sliced open my palm, letting the dark red blood slither down my wrist and arm. I took my hand and smeared it across my face, cheek to cheek, over my eyes, my nose, my lips. My face wracked with blood.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) What the fuck?

BLOOD DOLL: He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High / Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. / I will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress; / My God, in Him I will trust."

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) The fuck is wrong with you?

BLOOD DOLL: Surely He shall deliver you from the snare of the fowler / And from the perilous pestilence. / He shall cover you with His feathers, / And under His wings you shall take refuge; / His truth shall be your shield and buckler.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Fucking hell.

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL CAREFULLY, SLOWLY STEPS TOWARD SIOBHAN

BLOOD DOLL: You shall not be afraid of the terror by night, / Nor of the arrow that flies by day, / Nor of the pestilence that walks in darkness, / Nor of the destruction that lays waste at noonday. / A thousand may fall at your side, / And ten thousand at your right hand; / But it shall not come near you.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Stay fucking back!

BLOOD DOLL: Only with your eyes shall you look, / And see the reward of the wicked. / Because you have made the Lord, who is my refuge, / Even the Most High, your dwelling place, / No evil shall befall you, / Nor shall any plague come near your dwelling;

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Fuck off!

BLOOD DOLL: For He shall give His angels charge over you, / To keep you in all your ways. / In their hands they shall bear you up, / Lest you dash your foot against a stone. / You shall tread upon the lion and the cobra, / The young lion and the serpent you shall trample underfoot.

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) I'm fucking warning you!

BLOOD DOLL: "Because he has set his love upon Me, therefore I will deliver him; / I will set him on high, because he has known My name. / He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him;"

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL SMEARS HER BLEEDING HAND ON SIOBHAN'S GAS MASK, SQUEAKS

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Don't touch me!

BLOOD DOLL: "I will be with him in trouble; / I will deliver him and honor him. / With long life I will satisfy him, / And show him My salvation." (BEAT) Motherfucker. Get the fuck OUT!

/SFX/ BLOOD DOLL SMACKS HER BLEEDING HAND ON SIOBHAN'S GAS MASK AGAIN

SIOBHAN: (THROUGH MASK) Jesus fuck!

/SFX/ SIOBHAN PANICS AND RUNS AWAY

BLOOD DOLL: (PANTING) And stay the fuck away! (BEAT) Nobody fucks with my club!

-END-