

CAROL

14.

THEODORE TOLK

She didn't hurt anybody, that's what matters.

(sighs)

And I don't want you repeating that story any more. That's your Den Mother in there. Even if you're not full-blooded yet, that tradition, that legacy is all of ours to carry.

He looks earnestly at Shannon until she nods.

GHITA ISEDAL, Shannon's mother, approaches. She's a frumpy version of business casual, late-40's. She puts a motherly arm around Shannon.

GHITA

Hey, baby. Hello, Theodore. Have you talked to her yet?

Theodore looks in at Vilhelmiina, barely conscious.

THEODORE TOLK

Just a bit. I'm hoping... I guess Mom's still pretty confused, and Carol hasn't left her side all morning...

1/6

Vilhelmiina MOANS off-screen and they all look over--

INT. TOLK HOUSE, VILHELMIINA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vilhelmiina, eyes closed, MOANS louder, squeezing Mina's hand. The young girl winces and tries to pull back.

MINA

Grammy.

VILHELMIINA

...stained. Bury you.

(whispers)

Voluspa hin skamma.

Carol leans in over her daughter, trying to hear.

CAROL

What's she saying? Grandma?

Vilhelmiina's eyes open, wild for a moment, lost in dementia. She zeroes in on the 9-year-old with scary focus.

START



VILHELMIINA
You pay a raped whore. You. It's...

CAROL
(frightened tears)
Grandma, stop.

VILHELMIINA
You aren't ready, Lina. And
stained...

Carol, with effort, pries Vilhelmiina's fingers from Mina's hand. She pulls her crying daughter close.

CAROL
She doesn't know what she's saying.
Mina, do you understand? It's not
Grammy saying that.
(Mina nods)
Find uncle Bill. It'll be okay.

VILHELMIINA
Carol!

Mina runs from the room. Carol takes Vilhelmiina's hand.
They're alone in the room.

VILHELMIINA (cont'd)
Blood and shit. You're teeth are too
clean. Blood is, but you need...

CAROL
Shhh, grandma. There you go. Rest.

Vilhelmiina pulls Carol close, whispers, intense--

VILHELMIINA
*Get your hands dirty. Carol. You're
the only one I trust. You have to
take control of the families.*

CAROL
I will.

VILHELMIINA
You're the only one.

Vilhelmiina stares at her with feverish eyes, imploring,
until Carol NODS. Vilhelmiina exhales and relaxes.

VILHELMIINA (cont'd)
Good. Good....

2/6

END

CAROL

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FINN

But it's yours?

MARTIN LEVY

Legally it's mine. My ex-wife has it. If I get into it with lawyers and courts and shit, I'm out thousands of dollars and weeks of my life and not even sure I'll get the car. You know?

FINN

You for real, man?

Martin pulls an envelope from his back pocket and lifts the flap so Finn can see the pile of CASH inside.

MARTIN LEVY

Thousand bucks up front. A thousand more when the car's in my drive. That Mercedes means a lot to me.

Finn looks at the cash, near-salivating.

EXT. QUEEN RESTAURANT, COURT STREET - NIGHT

Establishing. 1960's Italian, all the shutters drawn.

INT. QUEEN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dinner's just over. Carol, seated at a table between Mina and William. The restaurant is filled with about fifty KVELD-ULF, the heads of the families.

START →

CAROL

Vilhelmiina should be here. They have to know she supports me.

WILLIAM

She's not well enough. That's why you're taking control. This is your night.

He squeezes her hand and she nods, gets in character, then stands up. William TAPS his glass with a knife.

The Kveld-Ulf stop their conversations and look up from their ports and espressos. Carol stands.

CAROL

Thank you all for coming tonight. I wish it was under better circumstances.

3/6

Various Kveld-Ulf nod. Among them-- THEODORE.

CAROL (cont'd)

I spent the morning with Vilhelmiina. She's had such a life, has such a large spirit. But she's no longer the woman I've known for... since the day she delivered me. For five years now I've handled Union relations for the families. Five of the most successful years we've ever had. We may be in a rough patch now, but I've never been shy about reminding the City how much it owes the Kveld-Ulf, the Charter our forefathers drew with this nation's founders. As of...

THEODORE TOLK

Here, here.

He raises a glass and toasts Carol. A kind gesture, but it throws her off rhythm. She waits while everybody drinks.

CAROL

As of tonight, I'll be handling all family decisions. At the new moon we'll gather and make official the transfer to Den Mother. Brooklyn has been our home for three centuries. We laid its foundation with our teeth and blood, we made the city across the river great. There are indignities of The Charter we suffer because of our strength. Because we are feared by the weak. But change is at the heart of what we are. And we are at the heart of this city. It's time we start acting like it.

4/6

She raises her glass for another toast, but Theodore stands.

THEODORE TOLK

I agree.

CAROL

Excuse me?

THEODORE TOLK

This afternoon, your daughter brought me to Vilhelmiina's bedside.

Carol looks at Mina, confused, on the edge of betrayed.

THEODORE TOLK (cont'd)
Vilhelmiina told me to take control
of the families.

A bomb. Shocked silence.

CAROL
...That's ridiculous. I mean *you're*
not a woman. Our entire tradition--

THEODORE TOLK
I know, we've never had a Den Father
before. But Vilhelmiina gave me her
blessing.

CAROL
She told *me* I was to be Den Mother.
This morning.

Theodore looks at her like it's a little sad.

CAROL (cont'd)
She did.

THEODORE TOLK
All I'm asking for is a vote. This is
America. We murdered ourselves a
place in this country, we might as
well act like we live here.

CAROL
This isn't up for discussion.

THEODORE TOLK
I remember somebody saying something
about *change*.

CAROL
No. Absolutely not....

Carol starts stalking towards him, pissed. Theodore stands
his ground. Other Kveld-Ulf start getting to their feet.

THEODORE TOLK
I'm blood. I've as much a hand in the
community as you, and been twice as
involved in business.

CAROL
You... Having money doesn't give you
the right to piss on our history.

5/6

THEODORE TOLK
You're losing the bridge contract. If
you can't handle even that, how can
we expect...

Carol gets in Theodore's face, shoves him.

CAROL
There's not going to be a vote.

A woman, CINDY TOLK, puts a hand on Carol's arm.

CINDY TOLK
Easy, Carol. All he's saying...

Carol LASHES OUT at her.

CAROL
No! He's...

THEODORE TOLK
Hey!

Theodore comes to Cindy's aid, grabbing Carol's arms.

Carol SNARLS and throws Theodore off, her eyes going wolf,
skin SPLITTING, blood running down her cheeks.

Theodore GROWLS and bones CRACK and stretch in his face,
muzzle stretching over his teeth.

And two beasts lunge at each other, fanged and clawed,
transforming further as they tear and snap at each other.

Everybody jumps up, knocking aside chairs and tables,
grabbing at Carol and Theodore, trying to hold them back.

EXT. THE QUEEN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant's vertical blinds are closed, and against the
noise of the city street, there's no sign of the ruckus.

Jill Wilson, parked in her car with the window open, drinks
a canned diet milk shake. Motion catches her eye-- a blind
brushed aside, a glimpse of furious motion behind the glass.

Jill gets out of the car and moves towards the window. She
peers between the blinds, sees just enough--

JILL WILSON
Oh boy.

6/6

END