

"COREEN"
95.
SC 122

"Blood Price", Revised - 2-28-05

~~127 CONTINUED:~~

~~As she hangs up, Vicky stares at the phone another beat, worried. Vicky grabs her coat and heads out of the office--~~

128 EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING -- DAY

128

Coreen walks through the University grounds. As she passes Norman's Porsche, Norman's leaning on it in a demented version of a cool, confident pose.

She tries to pass, but he gets in her way.

NORMAN

You're Coreen, right?

COREEN

What do you want?

NORMAN

I'm Norman. I heard what you said to those people the other day. About how you're looking for the vampire.

COREEN

You know what? I don't need anybody else to make fun of me right now.

As she passes--

NORMAN

I don't want to make fun of you. I believe you.

(she stops)

I know there are supernatural forces at play here.

COREEN

You're serious?

NORMAN

I can prove it to you. You're the only one who'll believe me.

COREEN

You know about Ian's murder? Who did it? What proof do you have?

NORMAN

Hey, I'll answer all your questions. It's just I can't do it here.

He looks around, as if the school grounds are too public.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I've got the proof back at my place.

(CONTINUED)

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START

128 CONTINUED:

128

Coreen still looks doubtful. This guy is hella creepy.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, if you don't want to, it's cool.
I tried the cops, but they won't
listen. I thought you'd understand...

She looks at him another beat, then comes to a decision.

COREEN

Okay. Just give me a minute.

Coreen steps aside and opens her cell phone, dials. After a
beat, Vicky's answering machine comes on.

VICKY (V.O.)

This is Vicky Nelson. Beep's coming.
Leave a message.

At the BEEP--

COREEN

Vicky, it's Coreen. I met a guy
named Norman. He says he knows about
Ian's murder and the vampire. I'm
going to his place. I'll call you
if I get anything.

END

As she hangs up--

129 INT. NORMAN'S CAR -- DAY

129

As Coreen opens the door and gets in.

NORMAN

All set?

His spooky intensity still unsettles her.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I've waited a long time for somebody
like you, Coreen. Somebody I could
really talk to. Somebody who'd care
about the same things I do. Vintage
computers. Learning Klingon...

COREEN

Listen, Norman, can we make this
fast? I have to meet a friend later.

NORMAN

Don't worry.

At that moment, he slaps a hand over her mouth and jabs her
arm with a hypodermic needle.

(CONTINUED)

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