

"RAPTURE OF THE FALLEN  
VERSE 1: GENESIS"

A screenplay by

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FADE IN:

SUPER: Isaiah 45:7 I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace and create evil: I the Lord do all these things.

The quote fades except for the words "I" and "create evil."

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

A polished, dark wood AMULET in the shape of a sword-wielding angel rests against the chest of someone in a fine gentleman's shirt. The amulet gleams in the yellow light of a campfire.

SUPER: 1862

The amulet hangs around the neck of the vampire MOLOCH (35), tall, sophisticated, pale and handsome. He stands in the shadows near the edge of the forest clearing along a dirt road.

In the middle of the clearing, several drunken Union soldiers sit around the campfire. They joke and laugh as they drink from fancy silver mugs.

A burlap sack lies open next to the campfire, revealing rich household goods. More sacks lie nearby.

A DEAD TEENAGE GIRL lies off to the side. Her pulled-up skirts expose her inner thighs. She stares off into the night with glazed eyes, a bullet hole in her forehead.

UNION SOLDIER #1 (20s) staggers away from the campfire. He passes an arrow-shaped signpost that reads, "Fort Dallas, Florida: 40 miles."

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Union Soldier #1 makes his way through the dark trees to the river. He opens his fly and urinates into the water.

A twig snaps. He stops peeing. He peers into the night.

Moloch looms up behind the soldier and grabs him. He stifles the man's cry and sinks his fangs into his neck.

The soldier falls limp. Moloch pushes the body into the stream and watches it float away.

MOLOCH

I think I shall enjoy these new feeding grounds.

He turns to face the forest.

MOLOCH

You can come out now, Orthros.

The vampire ORTHROS (30), pale and exotically beautiful, steps from the shadows.

ORTHROS

Lord Moloch, am I so unstealthy?

MOLOCH

No, you are too vain.

Orthros frowns, not understanding. Moloch smiles.

MOLOCH

I've smelled your perfume for the last five minutes, my dear.

His smile fades.

MOLOCH

Why have you followed me while I am hunting?

ORTHROS

My apologies, Lord Moloch, but something very strange has happened. A human woman has given birth...to a vampire.

Moloch laughs.

MOLOCH

That is not possible.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

A HAGGARD WOMAN carries a LIMP CHILD, spotted with smallpox, past a store. Tacked to the window is a newspaper that claims, "Indonesian Earthquake Drowns Thousands."

Moloch and Orthros hurry past darkened shops. Moloch walks with an elegant cane: an affectation.

MOLOCH

A human becomes a vampire only by feeding on the blood of a vampire, not by sexual congress. Sex is for humans. Blood is for vampires.

ORTHROS

I know, Lord Moloch.  
Nevertheless...

They pass a legless BEGGAR in the street.

BEGGAR

Please, honorable sir and ma'am.  
A few coins for a man born  
cripple? Please?

Moloch tosses him a handful of coins. The beggar's face lights up.

BEGGAR

God bless you, fine people, God  
bless you!

MOLOCH

(mild amusement)  
Oh, I think not.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Modestly furnished. A newspaper lies under a lit kerosene lamp on a table. The headline reads: "Smallpox Kills 20,000 in Canada."

A squirming BABY BOY lies in a basket near the lamp. In the bed, a bloodstained sheet covers the lower half of his DEAD MOTHER (30).

The vampire JONAS (30's), lanky and somber, sits beside her, his head bowed.

Moloch and Orthros enter. Moloch takes stock.

MOLOCH

Jonas. Tell me what has happened.

JONAS

She...did not survive the birth.

Moloch leans in to inspect the baby. His amulet swings and gleams in the lamplight.

Two small fangs briefly extend and retract in the baby's mouth.

MOLOCH

How did this happen? How could this happen?

JONAS

She was...my wife, Lord Moloch. She wanted a child more than anything. When I told her what I had become...she still wanted my child. She begged me.

He takes his wife's left hand. They both wear matching wedding rings.

JONAS

I know, "till death do us part." My oath was fulfilled with the death of my soul. But I never stopped loving her. I wanted to do this for her. My humanly desires were gone but...she knew an old woman who makes herbs that can...invigorate manhood.

He looks up at Moloch.

JONAS

I tried them. My skin became flushed and my organ...performed. After many tries my seed finally took. She was with child a long time. Many weeks longer than normal.

He turns back to his wife and smiles wanly.

JONAS

But she was happy. And tonight she gave birth to a healthy baby boy...

He glances over at the child and his smile fades.

JONAS

...with fangs.

MOLOCH

Amazing. I did not know such a thing was possible. Is it human or vampire?

ORTHROS

It has fangs!

MOLOCH

But its skin is so pink.

Moloch takes the baby's hand. He gently rakes its wrist with one of his fangs. Blood wells and the baby cries. Moloch licks the blood. He looks up in surprise.

MOLOCH

The blood is human. The child is...a half-breed!

Jonas nods.

JONAS

He fed on his mother's milk before she died.

MOLOCH

It can also consume human food? This is...

He focuses on the baby's cut wrist and wipes the blood away. The wound has completely healed.

MOLOCH

Healed already. Not as fast as a true vampire, but...

He turns to Jonas.

MOLOCH

Do you wish to keep the child, Jonas?

Jonas numbly shakes his head.

JONAS

Take him. My wife is dead because of him.

MOLOCH

Then we shall need to find a human wet nurse immediately. Jonas, you will take me to the old woman who provided you with those herbs.

EXT. MOLOCH'S HOUSE - DAY

A large Colonial house suffering mild benign neglect, with peeling paint, missing shingles, warped porch. Few other buildings populate the area.

INT. MOLOCH'S STUDY - DAY

Antique bookshelves, tables of various scientific apparatus, and an elegant desk.

The baby lies in a basket. Moloch pushes the basket toward a cross mounted on a base until it touches. The baby reaches out and touches the cross. It gurgles contentedly.

Moloch pours a drop of water from a crystal vial onto the baby's wrist. Nothing happens.

Moloch frowns. He pours a drop on his own wrist, which sizzles and boils. He snarls and wipes away the water with a towel.

A beam of sunshine creeps in through a gap in a curtain. Moloch slides the basket into the direct sunlight.

Moloch's own hand enters the sunlight and starts to smoke. He pulls it back.

The baby winces but doesn't cry. Moloch uses his cane to pull the basket back. The child is unharmed.

Moloch observes the baby in its basket.

MOLOCH

I shall name you "Noah."

He raises an eyebrow.

MOLOCH

Do you have a soul, Noah?

INT. BROTHEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cheap, gaudy furnishings with red lace and large feathers.

Prostitute SADIE (20), with frilly red clothing and heavy makeup, leads Moloch into the room. She sits on the bed, smiles and unbuttons her blouse.

Moloch drops a small bag of coins on a table.

MOLOCH

That is for tonight. But I am not interested in a simple coupling.

SADIE

Oh. All right.

She reaches under the bed and pulls out leather restraints and a bullwhip. Moloch shakes his head.

MOLOCH

No. I wish you to bear me a child. The child will be mine and mine only to raise.

Sadie laughs.

SADIE

Now why would I want to do that?

Moloch pulls out a larger bag and drops it with a thud.

MOLOCH

You will receive this much each  
month until the child is born.

Sadie stares at the bag as she quickly removes her clothes.

Moloch turns away. He reaches into a pocket near his  
amulet and removes a vial. He sprinkles ground herbs into  
his palm and licks them up.

MONTAGE

-- Archival footage of a cyclone smashing Calcutta, India in  
1864.

SUPER: Calcutta, India, 1864. Cyclone. 70,000 killed.

-- Archival footage of sallow, dehydrated cholera victims in  
a Chicago hospital ward in 1866.

SUPER: Chicago, Illinois, 1866. Cholera Epidemic. 990  
killed.

-- Archival footage of weary French soldiers plodding along  
a muddy road in 1870. Smallpox sores dot their faces.

SUPER: France, 1870-71. Smallpox Epidemic. 90,000  
killed.

END MONTAGE

INT. MOLOCH'S STUDY - NIGHT

The flame of a kerosene lantern flickers over a newspaper  
that proclaims, "Forest Fire: 1,500 dead, 3.8 million acres  
burned in Peshtigo, Wis."

SUPER: 1871

CHILD NOAH (4), prim and somber, reads from a large book.

CHILD NOAH

"The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Modo he's call'd, and Mahu. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord, That it doth hate what gets it."

MOLOCH (O.S.)

Ah, King Lear. You have become quite the precocious reader, Noah.

Noah looks up at Moloch, who leans against the door frame with a bassinet. Noah frowns and closes his book.

CHILD NOAH

I am not, Lord Moloch. I am nine years old but I still look like a baby.

Moloch shrugs.

MOLOCH

True. Then again, you should live far longer than any human.

He walks into the room.

MOLOCH

And it appears you will not have to experience that journey alone.

He places the bassinet on the table. Noah peers in and sees a BABY GIRL. She yawns, and two small fangs briefly extend and retract.

MOLOCH

The second of your kind, Noah. A female.

Noah stares at the infant with wide eyes.

CHILD NOAH

She is my sister?

Moloch shrugs.

MOLOCH

Why not? You both share my blood.  
I have named her Lucy...after my  
own mentor.

CHILD NOAH

Your mentor?

MOLOCH

For a while I despaired that your  
birth was a unique happenstance,  
Noah. But my persistence has paid  
off. There will be more of your  
kind.

CHILD NOAH

Thank you, Lord Moloch.

Moloch laughs.

MOLOCH

I do not do this for you, Noah. I  
have other reasons.

CHILD NOAH

What reasons?

Moloch studies Noah. He fetches a leather-bound book from  
a bookshelf and places it on the table before Noah.

CHILD NOAH

The Holy Bible? A book of God?  
You...can touch it?

Moloch smiles wryly.

MOLOCH

I think God allowed that as a  
reminder of our history.

CHILD NOAH

I do not understand.

MOLOCH

One day you will. For now, I wish  
for you to study that Bible.  
Learn it well. You will also  
begin attending church regularly.

CHILD NOAH  
Yes, Lord Moloch.

MONTAGE

-- Archival footage of a Chinese woman crying over the body of an emaciated child lying on dry, cracked ground during the drought of 1878 in China.

SUPER: China, 1876-78. Drought, famine. 13 million killed.

-- Archival footage of a tsunami crashing into a coastal village in Indonesia in 1883.

SUPER: Indonesia, 1883. Tsunami. 36,000 killed.

-- Archival footage of a flooded farming village in China following the flooding of the Yellow River in 1887.

SUPER: China, 1887. Flood. 6 million killed.

END MONTAGE

INT. MOLOCH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An oil painting of Moloch, wearing his amulet and formal Revolutionary War era clothing, hangs on the wall.

SUPER: 1900

The large, elegant room includes a fireplace and a grand staircase. Two half-vampire children play quietly together near the fireplace.

TEENAGE NOAH (18), handsome and serious, and TEENAGE LUCY (14), slim, pretty and brunette, play cards at a table. Both have human skin color. Two Bibles lie on the table beside them.

Orthros descends the staircase and heads to the front door. She wears an elegant but risqué dress.

Noah stands respectfully. He watches Orthros's sensual movements. Lucy notices and rolls her eyes.

TEENAGE NOAH  
Good evening, Orthros!

Orthros nods to them.

ORTHROS

Noah. Lucy.

She pauses to check her appearance in a mirror. She dabs on perfume from a small vial.

TEENAGE NOAH

Where do you go this fine night?

ORTHROS

(sly)

Just going out for a bite to eat.

TEENAGE NOAH

What is it like to hunt, Orthros?

ORTHROS

There is nothing like it in the world. Your senses come alive. Your body burns with a primal intensity. It is...words can not do it justice.

TEENAGE NOAH

Take me with you.

Orthros regards him with a raised eyebrow.

ORTHROS

We normally feed alone, Noah.

TEENAGE NOAH

Oh.

Orthros thinks for a moment. She shrugs.

ORTHROS

But why not? You should know your heritage.

She nods at Lucy.

ORTHROS

You may join us if you wish, Lucy.

TEENAGE LUCY

Lord Moloch says that part of vampirism is not for us half-vampires.

Orthros laughs.

ORTHROS

That part of vampirism is everything about being a vampire. But suit yourself, girl.

Orthros walks out. Noah eagerly follows.

EXT. VAN ZANT FARM - NIGHT

Moonlight breaks through the clouds over the farm.

Silhouetted against the bright moon, Orthros and Teenage Noah stand on the road that leads to the farmhouse.

Orthros stares at the farmhouse with a predatory intensity. Noah steals glances at her lithe body.

TEENAGE NOAH

But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Orthros is the sun.

Orthros's intensity breaks. She laughs and turns to Noah.

ORTHROS

You're comparing a vampire to the sun? Is your intent irony or absurdity?

TEENAGE NOAH

N-No, I meant you look beautiful tonight. Like Juliet. You know, from Romeo and--

ORTHROS

Juliet lusted for something hot, wet and sticky. So do I.

Noah blushes.

ORTHROS

Only the wine I wish to sup is  
red, not white.

Orthros laughs and strides away. Noah hurries to catch up.

INT. VAN ZANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Simply furnished with wood table and chairs, wood-burning  
stove, fireplace. Stew simmers on the stovetop.

Waiflike CHILD DAVID VAN ZANT (7), stands over a toppled  
milk pail, his eyes wide with fear. Spilled milk seeps  
down through the floorboards.

ELISE (O.S.)

You spilled it again? You filthy  
little monster!

Red-faced ELISE VAN ZANT (20s), stern and hard, snatches up  
a wooden spoon and smiles coldly.

ELISE

If your father could be bothered  
to discipline you, David, I  
wouldn't have to do this.

David dashes to the front door. Elise is quicker; she  
grabs him by the hair, pulls him close and whispers in his  
ear.

ELISE

As the Good Book says,  
"Foolishness is bound in the heart  
of a child; but the rod of  
correction shall drive it far from  
him."

She beats David mercilessly on the back with the spoon.

ELISE

"Thou shalt beat him with the  
rod"--

She strikes him again to punctuate the point.

ELISE

--"and shalt deliver his soul from  
hell."

She releases David, who falls to the floor with blood on his neck. Elise smoothes back her hair as she collects herself. Blood flecks the wood spoon.

ELISE

It is for your own good. Proverbs  
19:18 instructs us to "Chasten thy  
son while there is hope, and let  
not thy soul spare for his  
crying."

She turns back to stir the stew with the wood spoon.

ELISE

(gently)

Fetch more milk, David.

David pulls himself to his feet and picks up the milk pail. He stumbles to the front door and pulls it open.

ELISE

And David...

David freezes in the doorway.

ELISE

You do not want to spill it again.

David hurries out the front door.

EXT. VAN ZANT FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Whimpering and hunched over, David hurries toward the barn.

INT. VAN ZANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elise opens the oven to check her bread. She hears footsteps behind her.

ELISE

Back already, David?

No answer.

ELISE

Arman, is that you?

She turns to see Orthros and Teenage Noah right behind her.

ELISE

What? Who are you?

Orthros smiles serenely.

ORTHROS

Pardon the intrusion. I was hoping you might spare a bite to eat.

Elise fixes Orthros with a glare and waves a finger at her.

ELISE

Get out. I don't have time for beggars and the likes of--

ORTHROS

Shhh. I have no intention of begging for my meal.

Orthros smiles, revealing her fangs.

Elise's eyes go wide with terror and Orthros is upon her, stifling her scream. Orthros tilts Elise's head and bites. Elise struggles but can not escape. Orthros feeds lustily.

Noah flinches and looks away. He sees a folded newspaper that reads, "Hurricane Kills Over 6,000 in Galveston, Texas"

Orthros lets Elise's body thump to the floor. She licks her bloody lips, stretches sensually and smiles.

ORTHROS

That, Noah, is what it is like to hunt.

She looks down at the corpse.

ORTHROS

Now all that remains is to tear open the throat so that it will appear a simple murder.

She reaches for Elise's neck with her sharp fingernails, but out of the corner of her eye sees they are not alone.

Child David stands in the doorway, staring and trembling. The milk pail drops and milk pours across the floor.

Orthros shakes her head sadly.

ORTHROS

I'm sorry you saw this, child.  
But at least her wooden spoon,  
like her cruel heart, will beat no  
more.

A trickle of bright red blood drips from Elise's neck. It splashes into the white milk pooling around her head.

INT. COLONEL MCKINLEY'S STUDY - NIGHT

COLONEL MCKINLEY (50s), mustachioed and militaristic, clad in pajamas and robe, stands in the affluent and orderly room with his arms crossed.

Before him stand Child David and ARMAN VAN ZANT (33), muscular and ruggedly handsome with thick sideburns. David stares in shock.

MCKINLEY

You're absolutely sure, Arman?  
Perhaps he only thought...

Tears burn for release in Arman's eyes.

ARMAN

Colonel McKinley, the creature had  
fangs! It sucked the lifeblood  
from Elise's veins!  
(chokes)  
She was with child....

MCKINLEY

I am truly sorry for the loss of  
your wife and child. But...is it  
possible the boy was mistaken?

David shakes his head weakly.

CHILD DAVID

No, sir. I saw it with my own two eyes. They killed Mother. A man and a woman with big sharp teeth.

MCKINLEY

And yet they chose to spare you, David. Was this to taunt us?

McKinley grimly shakes his head. He thinks for a moment and looks at Arman.

MCKINLEY

Get my enforcers together and have 'em here at dawn. But keep it quiet; we don't want to cause a spectacle.

He clenches his jaw.

MCKINLEY

Looks like hunting season starts early this year.

EXT. OLD BARN - DAY

A sunny day on a quiet farm.

Colonel McKinley, Arman and four other vampire hunters approach the barn. They carry swords, axes and sharp farm tools. Some also carry revolvers and lever-action rifles.

McKinley looks up at the barn.

MCKINLEY

You sure it ain't just a vagrant hiding in there?

Arman shrugs.

ARMAN

One way to find out, Colonel.

The hunters quietly pull open the barn door.

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

Large, dusty, filled with old farm equipment and hay bales. The hunters enter and fan out with weapons ready.

McKinley points to HUNTER #1 and HUNTER #2, then to a ladder leading up to the loft. The hunters climb up.

Hay bales and loose straw cover much of the loft floor. Hunter #1 uses a Civil War sword to poke the larger piles of hay. Hunter #2 uses a pitchfork.

Hunter #1's sword hits something. VAMPIRE #1 lunges up.

The vampire swats the sword out of the way. He grabs Hunter #1 by the neck and crushes his throat. The hunter drops, clutching his bleeding neck and gasping a death rattle.

HUNTER #2  
(yells)  
It's here!

He thrusts his pitchfork into Vampire #1's stomach.

The vampire grunts and snarls. He grabs the hunter and tosses him over the edge of the loft.

Hunter #2 lands hard, impaled on a rusty scythe.

Grimacing, Vampire #1 pulls the pitchfork from his stomach and tosses it aside.

The hunters below open fire with pistols and rifles.

Vampire #1 stumbles from the bullet impacts and falls from the loft. He lands heavily but clambers to his feet.

Arman steps forward. He swings an axe overhand and embeds it in Vampire #1's back. The vampire arches his back and falls to his knees.

HUNTER #3 steps forward with a sickle and slashes Vampire #1's head from his shoulders. The body topples.

The hunters lower their weapons and smile with satisfaction.

ARMAN

Good job, men.

VAMPIRE #2 drops from the loft wielding Hunter #1's Civil War sword. He shears Hunter #3's head from his shoulders.

With unnatural speed, the vampire attacks Arman, who can only parry with the axe. The vampire forces Arman out the barn door.

EXT. OLD BARN - DAY

Arman backs up into direct sunlight. His heel catches and he falls on his back.

Vampire #2 presses forward, but his arm sizzles and smokes when it touches direct sunlight. He withdraws, grimacing in pain.

McKinley charges out of the barn and slams into Vampire #2. Both he and the vampire tumble out into the sunshine. Vampire #2 smokes and bursts into flame, screeching horribly. He turns and crawls toward the shade.

McKinley, Arman and HUNTER #4 open up with their guns. The bullet impacts slow the vampire.

The men watch as flames rapidly consume the vampire.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Hunter #4 climbs into bed with his OVERWEIGHT WIFE. He turns out the oil lamp. The two start having sex.

The hunter cocks his head at a faint noise, and he pauses over his wife. He glances to the side.

VAMPIRE #3's face is RIGHT THERE!

Before Hunter #4 can react, the vampire grabs him and hauls him out of bed. The vampire bites down on his neck.

The wife screams and runs from the room. She runs through the house and yanks open the front door.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

As the wife runs out, Vampire #3 grabs her from behind and yanks her back into the house. The door slams shut.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Arman and two more vampire hunters follow an eager teenage GUIDE through the forest. All carry weapons.

HUNTER #5 carries a small, sloshing barrel over one shoulder. HUNTER #6 carries a lit torch.

EXT. SHACK - DAY

The dilapidated one-room wood shack sits in a sunny clearing. A thick black curtain covers the only window.

The guide beckons to the hunters and points to the shack. They approach quietly and spread out. Hunter #5 uncorks the barrel and splashes kerosene around the shack.

Hunter #6 touches his torch to the shack. The kerosene ignites and the flames spread quickly.

ARMAN

(whispers)

Come out, come out, wherever you  
are....

Flames rapidly engulf the entire shack.

The door crashes down. VAMPIRE #3 leaps out and races for the nearest patch of shade in the forest. Smoke streams from its skin, which blisters and catches fire.

The vampire hunters all open fire. Vampire #3 staggers and falls. As it struggles to regain its feet it becomes engulfed in flame. It falls again and lies still.

The hunters watch as fire consumes the body.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Hunter #5 walks alone down the dark, nearly empty street. He glances into a cluttered alley and does a double-take.

Gold coins lie strewn in the dirt. Hunter #5 looks around and slips into the alley to pick up the coins.

High-heeled boots step in front of the hunter as he gathers coins. He looks up.

Orthros smiles down at him, exposing her fangs.

ORTHROS

Hello.

Before Hunter #5 can react, Orthros grabs him, hauls him up and sinks her fangs into his neck.

She drags him into the darkness.

INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - DAY

Dark, elegantly furnished. Heavy drapes cover all the windows. Narrow streams of late afternoon sunlight show through small gaps in the drapes.

HUNTER #7 carries an axe. HUNTER #8 carries a sword. Both wear holstered revolvers. They creep through the house.

Hunter #7 opens the door to a small bedroom, where Orthros lies asleep.

Hunter #8 stands in the doorway. Hunter #7 enters the room and creeps toward the heavy drapes covering the window.

A floorboard creaks under his foot.

Orthros's eyes snap open.

Hunter #7 leaps for the drapes and yanks them from the window. A blinding stream of sunlight floods the room.

Orthros leaps out of the direct sunlight at Hunter #8.

Hunter #8 thrusts his sword at Orthros and impales her as she slams into him. They both crash into the dark hallway.

Orthros straddles Hunter #8. She grabs his head and twists, snapping his neck.

Hunter #7 looms up behind Orthros, swinging his axe.

HUNTER #7

Die, monster!

Orthros turns just as the blade strikes her neck. She falls away, clutching the wound. Blood gushes.

Hunter #7 swings his axe overhead. Orthros jerks to the side. The axe embeds in the floorboards.

Orthros pulls the sword from her stomach and drives it into the hunter's chest. He crumples, gasping his last.

Orthros clutches her neck and struggles to her feet.

INT. MOLOCH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Moloch engages in swordplay with Teenage Noah and Teenage Lucy. All three wear elegant clothing but no jackets.

Moloch's amulet bounces against his chest.

Moloch toys with the teenagers, parrying and evading them as he moves around the furniture. Unlike the half-vampires, he isn't breathing hard.

MOLOCH

Faster, Lucy, faster! Noah, keep your guard up! Move in to cut the angles! Don't give me a static target or room to move!

The half-vampires maneuver Moloch into a corner.

MOLOCH

Good, good!

Moloch abruptly slaps his opponents' blades away. With two quick thrusts he stabs them both in the stomach.

Both half-vampires clutch their midriffs and collapse.

Moloch drops his bloodied sword on the hearth and picks up his cane.

MOLOCH

I'm pleased. You're both improving well. But you still need to work on defense.

Noah grimaces. He gasps in pain as he speaks.

TEENAGE NOAH

We are not pure-bloods, Lord  
Moloch. How can we hope to best  
you in battle?

Moloch chuckles.

MOLOCH

You can't. But you are faster and  
more resilient than any human.  
And, like a pure-blood, you will  
heal any wound that does not  
immediately kill you.

He squats down before Noah.

MOLOCH

And you can bear the rays of the  
sun far better than any vampire.  
I daresay you would have little  
trouble defeating me in a duel  
under the noon sun!

He nods grimly.

MOLOCH

That attribute will be greatly  
welcome should any humans attack  
us by the light of day.

He stands. Noah and Lucy drag themselves to their feet.

Lucy inspects the bloody cut in her shirt. The skin under  
the cut is perfectly undamaged.

TEENAGE LUCY

I think I have had enough  
ventilation for today.

TEENAGE NOAH

May we continue our Bible studies,  
Lord Moloch?

MOLOCH

But of course. Next time I shall  
show you how to--

The front door bangs open and Jonas enters, supporting Orthros. She clutches her neck, barely conscious.

MOLOCH

Orthros!

Moloch, Noah and Lucy help Jonas carry Orthros to a couch. Moloch inspects the ugly wound, which shows signs of healing into a scar. Moloch sighs with relief.

MOLOCH

I have never seen one of us survive such a grievous wound. Look how slowly she is healing. The slightest bit deeper and she would not have recovered.

He turns to Jonas.

MOLOCH

How did this happen?

JONAS

Colonel McKinley's vampire hunters.

MOLOCH

Again?

He caresses Orthros's cheek and shakes his head.

MOLOCH

We are stronger but the humans are far more numerous. If this feud continues, we will lose.

JONAS

Let us go into the night and raise an army of vampires to wipe them off the face of the earth!

Moloch glares at Jonas.

MOLOCH

No. We will not become  
indiscriminate in choosing who  
will be made into one of us. I  
tried that once and the ensuing  
mayhem only increased the  
resolution of the humans.

He shakes his head.

MOLOCH

Our safety lies in remaining  
hidden from human societies. If  
discovered, our best course of  
action is to flee and find another  
home.

JONAS

Flee? Moloch, I have lived here  
my whole life. I do not wish to  
leave.

MOLOCH

Neither do I, Jonas. This land  
suits me.

Moloch stands up and paces, frowning with thought. He  
stops.

MOLOCH

I will make a deal with the  
vampire hunters to bring this feud  
to an end.

JONAS

They will never change their  
minds! How can they make peace  
with that which feeds upon them?

Moloch gives Jonas a grim smile.

MOLOCH

Exactly. It is we who shall  
change.

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

Strewn hay covers the floor. The front and back doors stand wide open.

Arman stands at the front doors in front of fifteen vampire hunters armed with guns, swords and axes. Two hold lanterns, providing the only light.

At the back doors stand eight vampires, including Jonas. All carry swords. Jonas and another vampire hold crossbows.

The groups exchange hostile glances, bodies poised to act, but the weapons remain idle.

In the middle, Colonel McKinley and Moloch stand ten feet apart. McKinley glares, Moloch smiles.

MOLOCH

Here are my terms, Colonel  
McKinley: You and your men will  
cease hunting us. In return, we  
shall no longer hunt you nor any  
other humans.

MCKINLEY

(suspicious)  
Why would you want to do this?

MOLOCH

We do not wish to die. You do not  
wish to die. This way both our  
wishes come true.

MCKINLEY

But you feed on our blood.

MOLOCH

No longer. I have engineered an  
alternative.

MCKINLEY

What alternative?

MOLOCH

That is my business. But rest  
assured we will no longer feed on  
humanity.

McKinley frowns with suspicion. Moloch smiles and holds out his hand.

MOLOCH

Do we have a deal, Colonel?

MCKINLEY

I'd rather see your kind wiped off the face of the Earth.

McKinley turns to look toward his men. Arman's eyes blaze with murder. The others droop with fatigue. McKinley turns back to Moloch.

MCKINLEY

But I'm tired of seeing so many of my men die. On my word, you have your deal, Mister Moloch. But so help me, if we see one more body drained of blood or a single throat torn open...we're coming for you. Do we have an under--

ARMAN

You can't be serious!

All eyes turn toward Arman as he strides forward.

ARMAN

You can't make a truce with the Devil! He'll just wait till we're asleep in our beds and slaughter us like he did my sweet Elise!

McKinley's eyes fill with sympathy, but his jaw remains firm.

MCKINLEY

You're a good man Arman, and Elise was a good, God-fearing woman. But I've seen enough of my men's blood shed to last a lifetime. I didn't bring these boys home from Olustee in one piece just so's I could bury them on another battlefield. It's time to end this.

ARMAN

Then I say we end it here.

Arman draws his sword. He shoves McKinley to the side and lunges at Moloch.

Moloch rotates his body out of the path of the blade. Arman's sword glances across Moloch's chest.

The blade severs the leather cord of Moloch's amulet, which slips down and drops unnoticed into the hay covering the floor.

McKinley grabs Arman and hauls him back. Two of McKinley's men rush forward and restrain the struggling Arman.

ARMAN

How dare you stop me, Colonel!  
Killing this murderous hell-spawn  
is my right!

MOLOCH

I foresee a problem with our  
truce.

Arman spits at Moloch. Moloch uses a handkerchief to wipe away the spittle as McKinley steps before Arman.

MCKINLEY

The killing ends now, Arman. I've  
given my word.

ARMAN

You can't do this, Colonel! I  
will not live alongside the  
creatures that butchered my wife!

MCKINLEY

Then you will leave, Arman.  
Florida is now a no-hunt zone for  
both sides. You and your kin will  
not break the pact.

ARMAN

(incredulous)  
I don't believe this--

MCKINLEY

That is an order, Mister Van Zant.  
Take your son and leave.

Arman glares at Moloch with murder in his eyes.

ARMAN

This isn't over, monster.

MOLOCH

No, I don't imagine that it is.

Arman turns his glare back to McKinley.

ARMAN

I'd rather die than live among  
yellow traitors and their demonic  
masters. Me and mine'll be  
leaving on the first ship out of  
here. You can keep the whole  
damned state and rot in hell.

Arman shrugs off McKinley's men and storms off. A few of  
the vampire hunters follow him. The others remain.

MOLOCH

Then we have reached an accord?

McKinley and Moloch shake hands. McKinley wipes his.

MCKINLEY

I hope that's the last time I ever  
have to touch one of your kind.

Moloch smiles. The vampires retreat from the barn into the  
darkness.

McKinley turns to his men. HUNTER #9 steps forward.

HUNTER #9

Colonel, how are we going to track  
them?

MCKINLEY

We won't. We just need to keep  
vigilant for any evidence of their  
kills. And for that I'll need  
volunteers.

Half a dozen hands raise. McKinley nods grimly.

INT. MOLOCH'S STUDY - NIGHT

A dozen vampires--including Moloch, Orthros and Jonas--stand and sit around the room.

Teenage Noah, Teenage Lucy and the two half-vampire children sit together.

Orthros wears a high collar. She tugs at the collar as if it chafes, briefly revealing an ugly scar across her neck.

ORTHROS

(raw, hoarse voice)

No more feeding on humans? Are you serious?

MOLOCH

I am.

JONAS

Then how shall we survive?

Moloch nods at Noah and Lucy. They stand up.

TEENAGE NOAH

You shall feed upon us.

JONAS

(incredulous)

You two? Well Orthros and I have our next meal. I don't know about the rest of you.

Orthros laughs. She winces and touches her throat.

MOLOCH

The half-breeds can consume human food and produce their own blood. They also heal nearly as quickly as we. So with care we can feed upon them without causing any lasting harm.

JONAS

They can provide enough blood for all of us?

MOLOCH

That they can. I shall also  
redouble my efforts to create more  
half-breeds to ensure there will  
always be enough.

Jonas looks back and forth between Noah and Lucy.

JONAS

You are willing to do this?

TEENAGE NOAH

We are. If our blood can save our  
family and free you from the need  
to kill, then we are more than  
willing to make the sacrifice.

Noah pulls up his sleeve and presents his arm to Jonas, who  
takes it and bites his wrist. Blood flows. He drinks.

Moloch smiles as he watches the feeding. Orthros moves up  
next to him and also watches. She wears a skeptical frown.

ORTHROS

It doesn't seem right.

MOLOCH

Neither does having your head  
nearly parted from your shoulders.

Orthros touches her neck and gives Moloch a wry smile. She  
does a double-take.

ORTHROS

Where is your amulet?

Moloch's hand goes to his chest. He pats himself down and  
looks to Orthros in alarm.

She raises an eyebrow.

ORTHROS

Why is it so important to you?

MOLOCH

(dismayed)

It was an image of my old general,  
which I carved from a very special  
tree. I have worn it so long...it  
became a part of me. And I a part  
of it.

Orthros looks back at the feeding.

ORTHROS

So make another.

Moloch frowns, his hand on his chest.

MONTAGE

-- Moloch drops a wad of bills on a bed in front of  
PROSTITUTE #1. She takes the money and nods.

-- Prostitute #1 hands Moloch a baby wrapped in a blanket.

-- Archival footage of lava flowing into St. Pierre,  
Martinique, West Indies after the eruption of Mt. Pelée.

SUPER: St. Pierre, Martinique, 1902. Volcanic eruption.  
38,000 killed.

-- Archival footage of burning buildings and rubble in San  
Francisco after the Great Quake of 1906.

SUPER: San Francisco, California, 1906. Earthquake.  
3,000 killed.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NORTH LONDON ALLEY - NIGHT

Wide, dark and cluttered with crates.

SUPER: 1907

PHYLLIS DIMMOCK (23), a pretty brunette, walks into the  
alley with an exaggerated sway of her hips. JACK (47),  
strong, plain-looking but richly dressed, follows eagerly  
behind her.

Out of sight of the alley entrance, Phyllis leans back against a building wall. She leers at Jack as she slowly pulls up her dingy skirts.

Jack grins and moves in close. He grabs her breast through her blouse and squeezes roughly. She flinches.

PHYLLIS

'Ere, love, not so hard. That hurts!

Jack's grin turns fierce. He wrenches her around to face the wall, grabs her hair and pulls her head back hard.

With his other hand he brings up a large knife and presses it to her neck. He murmurs in her ear.

JACK

Not as much as this will.

Phyllis screams as Jack draws the knife across her throat. Blood sprays all over the wall. Her scream turns into a gurgle.

Jack tilts her head back and stares deeply into her wide, frightened eyes. He follows her down as she slumps to the ground, feebly clutching at her flowing throat.

JACK

(gentle)

Shhh...shhh...that's a good girl.

Phyllis falls limp, staring with glazed eyes. Jack stands up and looks down at the body. Blood drips from the knife.

JACK

Tell the Devil the Ripper sent you.

ETHAN (O.S.)

The Ripper? Really? I thought 'e disappeared years ago.

Jack looks up. He sees the vampire ETHAN (30s), disheveled impish charm, standing at a bend in the alley.

ETHAN

Are you really him? Or do you just wish you were?

Jack snarls at Ethan. He brandishes his knife and takes a step forward.

Ethan shrugs.

ETHAN

Doesn't really matter, does it?

Jack advances on Ethan. He lunges with the knife.

Ethan grabs Jack by the wrist and slams him up against a wall. The knife clatters to the ground.

Ethan smiles as his fangs extend and he moves in for Jack's neck.

ARMAN (O.S.)

Hey!

Ethan whips his head around.

MIDDLE-AGED ARMAN VAN ZANT (40), gray temples, wearing a trench coat, stands nearby at one end of the alley, aiming a crossbow at Ethan. Next to him stands TEENAGE DAVID VAN ZANT (14), slim, hard-eyed.

Arman fires the crossbow.

The bolt embeds deeply into Ethan's left eye. He howls and collapses, struggling to pull the bolt from his face.

David steps forward and hurls a round glass vial of water at Ethan. The vial hits Ethan in the chest and shatters, soaking into his clothing.

Smoke lifts from Ethan's clothing. His howls of pain turn to screams. He thrashes around on the ground and desperately tears at his shirt. A hissing fills the air.

Jack stares in horror. He turns and runs for the opposite end of the alley.

Arman reaches under his coat and pulls out a machete. He strides up to Ethan and swings hard.

The screaming cuts off abruptly. Ethan's head rolls along the ground, the crossbow bolt still protruding from his eye.

Arman stands over Ethan's headless body. He looks over to see Phyllis's bloody remains.

MIDDLE-AGED ARMAN  
We arrived too late to save her,  
but at least we rescued one  
victim.

He looks at the smoke rising from Ethan's chest.

MIDDLE-AGED ARMAN  
And we've taken another killer off  
the streets. You have a good arm,  
David.

He glances at David and smiles grimly.

MIDDLE-AGED ARMAN  
Congratulations on your first  
hunt.

David gazes emotionlessly at Ethan's body.

TEENAGE DAVID  
Holy water really does hurt them.

MIDDLE-AGED ARMAN  
Oh, yes. Burns the spawn of Satan  
like acid, it does. Holy water,  
chrism oil, crosses, sunlight,  
fire, a blade to the neck...you'll  
learn all the tools of our trade.  
And when you have a son of your  
own one day, you'll teach him just  
as I teach you.

TEENAGE DAVID  
I will, father.

Arman puts a hand on his son's shoulder.

MIDDLE-AGED ARMAN  
Your mother would have been proud  
of you, David.

David gives Arman a humorless smile.

TEENAGE DAVID  
Let's search for another.

## MONTAGE

-- Archival footage of an overcrowded hospital ward during the 1918 Spanish influenza pandemic.

SUPER: Worldwide, 1918. Influenza pandemic. 100 million killed.

-- Archival footage of a massive tornado tearing through Gorham, Illinois during the Great Tri-State Tornado of 1925.

SUPER: Missouri, Illinois and Indiana, 1925. Tornado. 695 killed.

-- Archival footage of a dusty, windy farm during the 1930s "dust bowl."

SUPER: "Dust Bowl," 1930-39. Drought. 3.5 million displaced.

## END MONTAGE

INT. COLONEL MCKINLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: 1939

OLD COLONEL MCKINLEY (90s), balding and frail, plucks the blanket across his lap as CHARLIE CHIN (20's), thin, Chinese, pushes his wheelchair into place behind his desk.

COLONEL MCKINLEY

Thank you, Chin.

CHARLIE CHIN

Will there be anything else, sir?

COLONEL MCKINLEY

Is there a report of that last sighting?

Chin chuckles.

CHARLIE CHIN

Yes sir, and it's been discussed and notes have been added.

He pours a glass of water and hands it to the Colonel.

CHARLIE CHIN  
Everything's running like a well-oiled clock, sir.

He places a straw in the glass and holds it for the Colonel to sip.

COLONEL MCKINLEY  
Any word from Van Zant?

CHARLIE CHIN  
We just heard this morning, sir. He agrees to honor the pact but he didn't seem happy about it.

COLONEL MCKINLEY  
This is David Van Zant?

CHARLIE CHIN  
No sir. His son, Gordon.

The Colonel waves away the glass and Chin pours it into a large potted plant.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR (50's) strides into the room and gives McKinley a casual salute. He carries a sheaf of papers.

McKinley shakily returns the salute.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR  
Sir, the female's been spotted.

CHARLIE CHIN  
The good-looking one?

Taylor gives Chin a flat look.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR  
You may be a heathen, Chin, but that don't mean you need to comment on a vampire as if it was human.

CHARLIE CHIN  
I just meant...

Taylor turns to McKinley.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR  
 She was at the show last night  
 with those two young 'uns.

COLONEL MCKINLEY  
 What about Moloch?

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR  
 No sign of him, sir. The vamps  
 just enjoyed the show.

COLONEL MCKINLEY  
 And afterward?

Taylor shakes his head.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR  
 We lost 'em, sir. Again.

McKinley places a frail fist on the desk.

COLONEL MCKINLEY  
 Damn it! Where are they hiding?

CHARLIE CHIN  
 I'm not surprised they go to such  
 lengths to conceal the location of  
 their headquarters.

COLONEL MCKINLEY  
 Bah! I should have made that part  
 of the pact. What if I need to  
 get in touch with the blood-  
 sucker? What if...

He breaks down in a fit of coughing. Chin readies another  
 glass of water and straw. A few sips and the Colonel  
 catches his breath.

COLONEL MCKINLEY  
 Promise me, Taylor, and you too,  
 Chin, that you'll do everything  
 you can to find them.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR  
 Of course, sir.

CHARLIE CHIN

We know how important it is to  
you, Colonel.

The Colonel waves his hand.

COLONEL MCKINLEY

Leave us, please, Chin. I have  
business to discuss with the  
Lieutenant.

Chin taps his heels, gives a small bow, and leaves.  
McKinley and Taylor watch him go.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR

You sure we can trust him, sir?

COLONEL MCKINLEY

I took his father off a railroad  
gang out in 'Frisco back in the  
last century. That whole family  
is as loyal as you and yours,  
Taylor.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR

Still...

COLONEL MCKINLEY

Never mind the color of his skin.  
Now, did you get a chance to speak  
with your contact at the precinct?

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR

Yes, sir. It could be nothing,  
but a dead prostitute was  
discovered yesterday morning.

COLONEL MCKINLEY

Cause of death?

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR

It appeared she bled to death  
after delivering a child, sir.

COLONEL MCKINLEY

It happens.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR

But there was no sign of the child, and the other whores in the house said a gentleman fitting Moloch's description used to visit last year.

COLONEL MCKINLEY

Moloch! Did he...?

He has a brief coughing fit.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR

No sir, he didn't feed on her. There were witnesses at the birth.

COLONEL MCKINLEY

Then why would Moloch...?

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR

We've posted extra shifts but it's unlikely we'll find out.

McKinley sinks into his wheelchair.

COLONEL MCKINLEY

I know. Curse the slippery fiend.

He passes a trembling hand across his eyes.

COLONEL MCKINLEY

I'm not going to see the end of this, Taylor.

LIEUTENANT TAYLOR

I may not either, sir. But our children will. Or our grandchildren. Don't worry, the pact will remain honored.

Taylor puts a hand on the Colonel's shoulder. The two men look out the window at the bright summer sun.

MONTAGE

-- Archival footage of starving Jews in a Nazi concentration camp in 1944.

SUPER: Auschwitz, Poland, 1940-45. Genocide. 1.6 million killed.

-- Archival footage of numerous bodies wrapped in sheets at a hospital during the 1957 Asian influenza pandemic.

SUPER: Worldwide, 1957. Influenza pandemic. 4 million killed.

-- Archival footage of splintered buildings and boats following the earthquake and tsunami in Alaska in 1964.

SUPER: Prince William Sound, Alaska, 1964. Earthquake, tsunami. 131 killed.

END MONTAGE

INT. BALLET THEATER - NIGHT

Elegant theater with gold gilt and red velvet.

SUPER: 1973

Moloch and Orthros wear formal dress as they watch the ballet from their private balcony box.

As Moloch watches, he absently grasps for the amulet that no longer rests against his chest. Orthros notices.

ORTHROS

Gone more than half a century and  
yet you still miss it.

Moloch gives her a raised eyebrow.

ORTHROS

Your amulet.

Moloch smiles wryly. He turns back to the ballet but his gaze loses focus. He frowns, lost in thought.

INT. MOLOCH'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A luxury office of glass and chrome. The lights of the city glitter beyond the expansive windows. A lava lamp sits on a color television silently displaying the Manson trial.

Moloch sits at his desk writing a letter on parchment with a quill pen. Behind him hangs the Revolutionary War era portrait of Moloch wearing his amulet.

On the desk sit a bottle of ink, a burning candle and a stack of wax-sealed parchment envelopes.

There is also a stack of photographs of Moloch's portrait, showing only a close-up view of the amulet.

A knock sounds at the door.

MOLOCH  
(calling)  
Enter.

Jonas enters.

JONAS  
You summoned me, Lord Moloch?

MOLOCH  
Please, sit.

Jonas quietly takes a seat before the desk as Moloch folds and inserts the letter into a parchment envelope.

Moloch drips wax from the candle onto the envelope to seal it, and presses his ring into the wax. A stylized "M" marks the wax.

Moloch adds the envelope to the stack, then hands the stack over to Jonas.

MOLOCH  
Jonas, I need you to personally  
deliver these.

Jonas flips through a few of the envelopes, reading the addresses.

JONAS  
San Francisco, Atlanta, Phoenix,  
Dublin, Berlin, Prague...

He looks up in disbelief.

JONAS

You want me to travel across the whole globe? Can't you just mail them?

Moloch smiles. He sits back.

MOLOCH

The letters are for vampires who left our family long ago.

JONAS

You still keep in contact with them?

MOLOCH

Some. It pays to keep open the avenues of communication for times like these.

Jonas frowns dubiously.

JONAS

You couldn't just call them?

Moloch chuckles.

MOLOCH

A trusted lieutenant must deliver the request. When making a personal request of an independent vampire, a certain formality is required.

JONAS

Even from you?

MOLOCH

Even from me. I would expect no less from them.

Jonas nods unhappily. He looks over the addresses again.

MOLOCH

Oh, and please advise Noah that he will be traveling with you.

Jonas frowns.

JONAS

Noah? Why?

Moloch smiles.

MOLOCH

Because you'll need to pack a  
lunch for the trip.

MONTAGE

-- Jonas and ADULT NOAH (30), angelic-handsome, sit in the  
luxurious seats of a small private jet. Noah sleeps.  
Jonas looks out the window at the night sky.

-- A long-haired vampire opens the door to his San Francisco  
home. Jonas bows formally and hands him one of Moloch's  
envelopes.

SUPER: San Francisco, California

-- An attractive female vampire stands in the doorway of a  
mansion. Jonas bows formally and hands her an envelope.

SUPER: Phoenix, Arizona

-- Jonas and Noah stand before an old couple in an open  
apartment door. The old man shakes his head and shrugs.  
Reluctantly Jonas and Noah turn and walk away.

SUPER: Prague, Czechoslovakia

-- An old vampire stands on the steps of a beautiful Lake  
District cottage. Jonas bows formally and hands him an  
envelope.

SUPER: Windermere, England

END MONTAGE

EXT. ABANDONED FRENCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Boards cover the windows of the quaint but neglected house  
in the rural neighborhood. Long grass and dried leaves  
fill the garden.

Jonas stands out front. Adult Noah peers between the  
boards covering a window.

Jonas looks over the address on the parchment envelope:  
 "Mssr. Yves de Vasser, 877, rue du Balcon, Perpignan,  
 France, 66000."

He looks up at the "877" on the door and frowns.

JONAS

Another abandoned address? That's  
 the third so far.

ADULT NOAH

Would they just leave without  
 informing Moloch?

JONAS

I wouldn't think so. Something  
 must have happened to them.

He shrugs.

JONAS

Let's go.

EXT. FRENCH BRIDGE - NIGHT

The quaint stone bridge crosses a small river and leads  
 into town. Thin trees grow along the bank.

As Jonas and Noah walk onto the bridge, ROLAND LAROQUE  
 (50s), grizzled, muscular, approaches them from the other  
 side. He wears leather gloves.

ROLAND (O.S.)

(thick French accent)

Pardon. Are you two the ones who  
 were inquiring in town about the  
 abandoned house?

Jonas and Noah exchange glances.

ADULT NOAH

We were.

Roland smiles.

ROLAND

I was wondering who would be asking about it at such a late hour. My name is Roland.

He offers his hand to Noah, and Noah shakes it. He offers his hand to Jonas.

Jonas clasps Roland's hand and immediately jerks it away. He gasps in pain, smoke wafting from his hand.

Roland opens his glove for Jonas to see. A small silver cross adorns the palm.

ROLAND

(to Noah)

Step away from the vam-peer. I have no argument with you.

Behind Jonas, PHILIPPE ROUSSEAU (30s), an overweight Frenchman, steps out from behind a tree. He hurls a glass ball at Jonas's back. The glass shatters, drenching Jonas's clothing.

Jonas and Noah, whirl around. Jonas sniffs once.

JONAS

Gasoline.

Roland ignites a lighter and touches the long flame to Jonas's back. Jonas's clothing bursts into flame.

ADULT NOAH

Jonas!

Noah leaps at Jonas, slamming into him and carrying him over the railing. Trailing flames, they tumble into the river below.

Roland and Philippe peer over the railing into the dark waters. Jonas and Noah are gone.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Jonas and Adult Noah clamber out of the water onto the tree-lined shore.

ADULT NOAH

What in God's name was that?!

Jonas sits down heavily.

JONAS

Vampire hunters. We're not in the  
No Hunt Zone.

Noah sits next to Jonas. He examines the scorched back of  
Jonas's jacket.

ADULT NOAH

Are you all right?

Jonas studies Noah for a moment.

JONAS

You saved my life.

ADULT NOAH

Of course. You're my father...

Jonas smiles. He reaches out and puts a hand on Noah's  
shoulder.

ADULT NOAH

...and Exodus instructs us to  
"honor thy father and thy mother."

Jonas's smile freezes and he lets his hand drop. He shakes  
his head and climbs to his feet.

JONAS

Come on. We need to get away from  
here. And we still have a few  
letters to deliver.

MONTAGE

-- Archival footage of AIDS victims wasting away in hospital  
beds.

SUPER: Worldwide, 1981+. AIDS pandemic. Tens of  
millions killed.

-- Archival footage of a huge mudslide burying Armero,  
Columbia after the eruption of Nevado del Ruiz in 1985.

SUPER: Armero, Columbia, 1985. Volcanic eruption.  
25,000 killed.

-- Archival footage of flooded villages in North Korea in  
1996.

SUPER: North Korea, 1995-98. Famine, floods. 3.5  
million killed.

END MONTAGE

EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT

SUPER: 2003

The dark, deserted bridge connects two halves of a park  
bisected by a road with light traffic.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH (38), angelic-handsome, gray temples, walks  
onto the overpass with LUCY (34), long-legged, beautiful  
and brunette. They wear modern formal evening wear.

Noah checks his expensive watch. Lucy notices.

LUCY

Relax, Noah, it doesn't matter if  
we're late.

She pauses to look out over the road below.

LUCY

It's a beautiful night.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Whatever you say, Lucy.

MUGGER (O.S.)

Whatever I say, you mean.

They turn to see a scruffy MUGGER (17) pointing a revolver  
at them.

MUGGER

Gimme that watch, man. And all  
your money. Now.

Noah and Lucy exchange looks.

MUGGER

I ain't fuckin' around. Hand it  
over now!

He waves the revolver to make his point.

Noah sighs and rolls his eyes. He removes his watch.

Lucy smiles. Her canines extend into fangs. She steps  
forward and hisses dramatically.

The mugger's eyes go wide with fear and he reflexively  
fires a shot into Lucy's face.

Lucy stumbles into the overpass railing. She topples over  
the edge and plummets to the road below.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Lucy!

He rushes to the railing and looks down.

Lucy's body lies sprawled on the road in a growing pool of  
blood. Headlights sweep over her as cars screech to a  
halt.

Horrified, Noah turns back to face the mugger. The mugger  
shoots him in the stomach, turns, and runs.

Noah clenches his stomach and stumbles to his knees.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

(whispers)

Lucy....

Shouts from the road below. Voices approach.

Noah staggers to his feet. He takes a deep breath, glances  
one last time at Lucy, and runs back the way he came.

EXT. PARK ROAD - NIGHT

Lucy lies open-eyed in the pool of her own blood, an ugly  
bullet wound along her temple. Headlight beams illuminate  
her body. Shadows and running footsteps approach.

MR. CHIN (late 40s), Chinese and overweight, wearing a  
business suit, bends down and presses two fingers to Lucy's  
neck.

Lucy's eyelids flutter and close. Her head twitches slightly.

Mr. Chin flips open a cell phone and dials 911.

MR. CHIN

There's been an accident....

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams into the private room. Lucy sits up in bed wearing a hospital gown. A thick bandage covers one side of her face and head. A beam of sunlight strikes her arm.

Mr. Chin sits nearby, looking her over.

MR. CHIN

Your recovery is nothing short of remarkable. Even the bullet wound is healing well.

Lucy gives a rueful smile.

LUCY

Not so well. I still don't remember my name.

MR. CHIN

Do you remember anything?

LUCY

A little bit. Mostly brief flashes of memories, nothing that makes much sense.

MR. CHIN

Tell me anyway.

Lucy takes a deep breath and sighs.

LUCY

In one of them a vampire drinks blood from my wrist.

Mr. Chin looks up sharply.

MR. CHIN

A what?

Lucy gives an embarrassed smile.

LUCY

A vampire. I know it sounds crazy but...it's something I remember very clearly.

Mr. Chin looks at the beam of sunlight along her arm.

MR. CHIN

Well, you're evidently not one yourself. If the memory's real, I wonder how you managed to survive a vampire attack?

LUCY

Oh, I wasn't attacked. They don't attack people in Florida anymore.

Her eyes widen and she stares at Mr. Chin.

LUCY

How do I know that?

Mr. Chin stares back at her.

MR. CHIN

I don't know...but your information is remarkably accurate.

He studies her for a moment.

MR. CHIN

You possess information few people know. The organization I work for is always looking for people who can handle such knowledge. I hope your memory returns soon, but in the meantime...would you consider working with us?

Lucy shrugs and smiles.

LUCY

It's not like I have any other plans...that I can recall, at any rate.

MR. CHIN

Then welcome to the investigators, Miz... Um, what would you like to be called?

Lucy reaches for a fashion magazine on a table beside the bed. She scans quickly through the pages and stops at a photo of an attractive model who resembles Lucy.

She points to a line under the photo: "Photographed by K. Lynn." She points to the name of the article's author: "Aaron Stone."

LUCY

K. Lynn. Stone. What do you think of the name Kaylynn Stone?

Mr. Chin smiles. He extends his hand.

MR. CHIN

Nice to meet you, Miz Stone.

She returns the smile and shakes his hand.

LUCY

Please, call me Kaylynn.

MONTAGE

-- Archival footage of the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami flooding a Thailand beach resort.

SUPER: Phuket, Thailand, 2004. Tsunami. 283,000 killed.

-- Archival footage of New Orleans flooded by Hurricane Katrina in 2005.

SUPER: New Orleans, Louisiana, 2005. Hurricane, flood. 1,836 killed.

END MONTAGE

EXT. RESIDENTIAL CITY STREET - DAY

Dirty street in a run-down Miami neighborhood.

SUPER: Today

Homeless man OLD PETE (50s), scruffy and with an ugly cough, stumbles along the sidewalk. He carries a ratty black book. His gaze is focused. Passersby avoid him.

OLD PETE  
(muttering)  
Speak to me, O Lord in Heaven,  
speak to me.

The rich, echoing, whispering voice of LUCIFER fills the air, fading in and out. The passersby do not respond.

LUCIFER (V.O.)  
...he turned back...and cursed  
them in the name of the Lord. And  
there came forth two she  
bears...and tare forty and two  
children of them....

Old Pete flips through the book and underlines passages as he walks.

LUCIFER (V.O.)  
For I will pass through the land  
of Egypt...and will smite all the  
firstborn in the land...

Old Pete flips through the book and underlines again.

LUCIFER (V.O.)  
...Lord, are there few that be  
saved?...many, I say unto you,  
will seek to enter in, and shall  
not be able....

More flipping. More underlining.

LUCIFER (V.O.)  
And whosoever was not found  
written in the book of life was  
cast into the lake of fire....

## EXT. CONDEMNED BUILDING - DAY

A crumbling three-story building with peeling paint. An old chain-link fence divides it from the street. The door hangs on one hinge.

Old Pete slips through a hole in the fence and goes inside.

The address above the door reads: 100 Central Avenue

## INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Rotting, moldy, dimly-lit through boarded-up windows.

Old Pete shuffles past other homeless people and drug addicts lying in the hall and nearby rooms.

## INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING BACK ROOM - DAY

Wide open area. Large holes in the high ceiling reveal empty rooms above.

Old Pete heads over to a makeshift sleeping area in one corner. He collapses on a stained mattress and glances around. He hides the black book under the mattress.

Old Pete coughs up a gout of blood and struggles for breath. He falls limp and his eyes glaze over.

## EXT. MOLOCH'S MANSION - NIGHT

A large, elegant building in a wealthy suburban area. Several modern vehicles sit parked in the driveway.

## INT. MOLOCH'S FOYER - NIGHT

The portrait of Moloch wearing his amulet hangs on the wall. Antiques and modern furnishings decorate the place.

A large television displays a documentary on lions.

Two young adult half-vampires sit in comfortable chairs. Jonas and another vampire feed at their wrists. Several other vampires wait in line.

Orthros stands at the back of the line. She wears sexy modern clothing. A black choker hides the scar on her neck. She taps her foot and rolls her eyes toward the ceiling.

Dapper half-vampire DALTON (25) sits off to the side, reading a Bible and eating a candy bar on a break. He steals glances at Orthros's alluring figure.

Orthros turns her attention to the television. She watches lions stalk through the grass and pounce on a wildebeest.

Her focus becomes rapt, predatory. She looks at Jonas feeding on the half-vampire, then back at the TV. Her gaze steels with determination. She mutters to herself.

ORTHROS

We're predators, not house pets.

She turns and stalks out of the mansion.

Dalton watches Orthros leave. He glances at the lions on TV and at Jonas feeding. His eyes widen with realization.

He follows Orthros outside.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A CEREBRAL PALSY VICTIM staggers down the aisle.

Noah holds a cross and prays quietly in a pew. Dalton hurries up to him.

DALTON

(loud whisper)

Noah! Orthros has started hunting again!

Noah frowns at Dalton, then his eyes widen with realization. He stands.

The two half-vampires rush down the aisle toward the exit. Noah bumps the man with cerebral palsy, knocking him over without even noticing.

EXT. RESTAURANT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Warm summer night. People stroll the street and sit at outdoor cafés.

Orthros follows a PETTY THIEF wandering along the street. She keeps her distance, eyes focused like a hunting cat's.

The thief passes a newspaper vending machine with a newspaper headline reading, "Aftershocks Claim More Victims"

A scruffy old BLIND MAN sits on a short stool on the sidewalk. He plays an old guitar and sings softly. A hat with several coins and bills in it sits in front of him.

The thief eyes the hat. He approaches the blind man and glances around furtively. He scoops up the hat, tucks it into his jacket, and continues walking.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

The thief hurries through the park until he is alone. He then pulls out the hat and begins taking out the money.

He hears a noise and turns. Orthros is RIGHT THERE.

ORTHROS

Stealing from the blind. What do you do for fun? Torture puppies?

Fangs bared, she grabs him and prepares to bite his neck.

Hands grab Orthros. Noah and Dalton yank her away from the thief, who stumbles to the ground.

ORTHROS

(deadly)

How dare you?

She yanks herself loose and shoves the half-vampires away with furious strength, flinging them through the air.

Noah hits the grass, rolling and tumbling. Dalton slams into a tree and falls, dazed.

Orthros turns to the thief. He struggles to regain his feet.

Before Orthros can pounce, Noah steps between her and the thief. He holds up his cross toward her face.

Orthros reels back, snarling. She glares venom at Noah, then dashes off into the night.

The thief staggers to his feet and runs away.

EXT. RESTAURANT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Her face set with fury, Orthros stalks along the street.

She drops the money-filled hat in front of the blind man, who continues to play his guitar.

INT. MOLOCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Elegantly furnished. A pair of broadswords hangs on a rack near a pair of double doors. Two high-backed chairs sit before Moloch's desk. An opening near the desk leads to a back bedroom. No other doors, no windows.

Jonas watches a human SECURITY TECHNICIAN install a closed-circuit security monitoring system on Moloch's desk.

Moloch strides into the room. He wears a stylish, modern, three-piece suit and tie. He carries his cane.

MOLOCH  
(to the technician)  
Has your technical wizardry  
extended my vision?

He takes a seat behind his desk. The technician switches on the monitor, which shows various images of the mansion exterior.

SECURITY TECHNICIAN  
All set, Mister Moloch.

MOLOCH  
Excellent.

Orthros storms into the room, fists clenched and eyes blazing. Moloch stands and nods at the technician.

MOLOCH

Thank you for your service. Jonas  
will see you to the door.

As Jonas ushers the technician from the room, Noah and Dalton enter the study. Orthros glares at them. She turns to Moloch.

ORTHROS

Your half-breeds attacked me with  
a cross!

Moloch's eyes narrow. He turns to the half-vampires.

MOLOCH

Is this true?

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

I apologize, Lord Moloch, but I  
had no choice. She was too strong  
for us to hold. I only showed her  
the cross to prevent her from  
committing the sin of murder. I  
did not attack her with it, that I  
swear.

MOLOCH

(to Orthros)

You were hunting?

ORTHROS

We're not meant to be fed like  
pets, Moloch! We're predators,  
born to the hunt!

Moloch evaluates her for a moment.

MOLOCH

Have you forgotten why we formed  
the pact with Colonel McKinley?

ORTHROS

That was a hundred years ago--  
there is no one left alive to  
remember your pact! We've spent a  
century hiding from humans, and in  
doing so we have given up all that  
we are!

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH  
(softly)  
Don't forget Lucy.

ORTHROS  
What?

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH  
That only happened a few years  
ago. People still fear vampires.

Orthros shrugs dismissively.

ORTHROS  
That was but a robbery gone awry.

Moloch turns a security monitor for Orthros to see.

MOLOCH  
Have you noticed how rapidly human  
technology is advancing, Orthros?  
There are cameras everywhere, even  
in cellular telephones, and  
microphones hidden in almost  
anything. How long do you think  
it would be before someone  
recorded one of us feeding?

He turns the monitor back. He takes a seat behind his  
desk.

MOLOCH  
We would go from myth to reality  
overnight! We would be hunted  
down by humans with resources far  
in advance of what Colonel  
McKinley and his thugs ever had.  
That is why we continue to feed on  
the half-breeds.

Noah pulls up his sleeve. He offers Orthros his wrist.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH  
Come, Orthros. I offer my blood  
gladly. Do not be tempted by sin.

She gives him a withering glare.

ORTHROS

Sin? It is a sin to cage a wild thing...but it is pathetic to volunteer to be its meal.

She turns to Moloch.

ORTHROS

Better to hunt under the fear of discovery than to spend an eternity being hand fed by a bunch of religious fanatics.

MOLOCH

(softly)

Nevertheless, you will not hunt, Orthros.

Orthros grits her teeth. She turns on her heel and strides to the exit. At the door she turns briefly.

ORTHROS

This isn't over, Moloch.

Moloch sits back in his chair and steeple his fingers.

Orthros walks out.

MOLOCH

Dalton, you are dismissed. Noah, stay a moment.

Dalton exits and closes the door.

Moloch stands and walks up to the sword rack on the wall. He picks up both swords and tosses one to Noah.

Noah catches the sword, salutes and assumes a fighting stance. Moloch returns the salute and matches his stance.

MOLOCH

Do you know why I named you Noah?

Noah shakes his head. He lunges forward and thrusts with his sword. Moloch parries.

MOLOCH

I named you after the biblical character. He was the first of a doomed society to have a chance at salvation.

They continue sparring with their swords as they talk.

MOLOCH

Do you have any idea what vampires truly are?

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Demons.

MOLOCH

Demons?

He smiles.

MOLOCH

How ironic. And why do you think I have been breeding half-vampires for more than a hundred years?

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

You no longer wish to be creatures of evil. You have bred my kind so that my kind will no longer need to commit the sin of murder.

Noah steps back to pause the swordplay.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

I do not know whether demons can achieve salvation, but I consider it an honor to be a part of your attempts to atone for the sins of your kind.

Moloch smiles. He presses forward to resume sparring.

MOLOCH

That is not exactly right. We are not demons, Noah. We are angels. Or we were.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Angels?

## MOLOCH

Lucifer was the brightest and most powerful of the angels. He led a rebellion against God...and failed.

## EXT. EDEN - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

The Tree of Knowledge--a huge and verdant oak-like tree bearing red fruit--spreads out over a lush garden of mosses and ferns.

Small piles of flesh and blood, about the size of small dogs, lie around the base of the tree completely shaded from the sun.

## MOLOCH (V.O)

As punishment, God sent the rebellious angels to live on Earth in corporeal form. He killed their souls so that they could never return to Heaven.

## EXT. EDEN - NIGHT

The piles of flesh have grown into mostly-formed human-like bodies. The bodies have translucent skin, thin hair, their eyes glued shut like a newborn kitten's. They breathe slowly.

## END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Moloch steps back to pause the swordplay. His gaze turns distant.

## MOLOCH

He also condemned them never to again bask in bright light as angels were meant to do.

Noah stares, stunned. He nods his understanding. Moloch resumes the swordplay.

## MOLOCH

God kept Lucifer in Heaven as a reminder to the remaining angels, and renamed him "Satan," meaning "failed adversary."

## MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

What happened to the fallen  
angels?

Moloch backs Noah up with a series of strokes, then pauses.

## MOLOCH

They were abandoned and forgotten.

## EXT. EDEN STREAM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Dirty and naked, PRIMITIVE VAMPIRE #1 crouches knee-deep in the stream, peering into the water. Long hair conceals its face. It plunges its hands into the water and pulls up a thrashing fish.

## MOLOCH (V.O.)

Eden had served its purpose and  
was no longer occupied. It was  
there that God sent the fallen  
angels.

The vampire bites the thrashing fish, chews and spits it  
out.

## MOLOCH (V.O.)

But they soon discovered that even  
though they lived in the most  
bountiful garden on Earth, they  
could eat neither the animals nor  
the plants.

## EXT. EDEN - NIGHT

Primitive Vampire #1 clammers up the Tree of Knowledge and  
plucks a red fruit. He takes a bite, chews, and spits it  
out.

## MOLOCH (V.O.)

Even the fruit of the Tree of  
Knowledge was like ashes in their  
mouths.

LATER

Primitive Vampire #1 sits under the Tree of Knowledge, using a flint knife to carve a branch into a humanoid-shaped amulet.

PRIMITIVE VAMPIRE #2 rushes Primitive Vampire #1 and slams into him.

MOLOCH (V.O.)

However, they discovered they could feed upon one another.

The vampires brutally pound on one another and throw each other around.

MOLOCH (V.O.)

So...they turned on one another. Like animals, they fought amongst themselves for survival. Until only the strongest one remained.

Primitive Vampire #1 sucks blood from unconscious Primitive Vampire #2's neck.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Moloch, little of what you say is found in the Bible. How do you know all this?

Moloch pauses the swordplay and smiles grimly.

MOLOCH

Because I was Lucifer's lieutenant.

EXT. EDEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Primitive Vampire #1 looks up from feeding on Primitive Vampire #2, its mouth smeared with blood. Its hair falls back from its face.

Primitive Vampire #1 is PRIMITIVE MOLOCH.

MOLOCH (V.O.)

I was the only fallen angel to  
survive abandonment on Earth.

BACK TO SCENE

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

They all died? But then how did  
you--

Moloch surges forward and resumes the swordplay.

EXT. EDEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Primitive Moloch wears a loincloth as he walks out of the  
lush garden and onto a grassy plain.

The completed amulet of a sword-wielding angel hangs from a  
leather cord as Moloch slips it over his head. The amulet  
bounces against his bare chest as he walks.

MOLOCH (V.O.)

I left Eden, following the path of  
another of God's creations--beings  
less powerful than angels but  
possessing both souls and  
corporeal form.

BACK TO SCENE

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Mankind. You found humans.

Moloch nods. He steps back to pause the fencing.

MOLOCH

I encountered them before I  
starved to death. And I  
discovered I could live on their  
blood.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

You became the first vampire.

Moloch nods.

INT. TENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A primitive Stone Age tent of animal hides with bone and antler decorations.

Primitive Moloch has long hair and wears animal skins. He drinks from a PRIMITIVE WOMAN'S neck. Her long hair obscures her face.

Moloch releases her and bites his own wrist, then presses it to her mouth. She grabs it and begins to drink. Moloch's amulet dangles near her head.

MOLOCH (V.O)

I also discovered that if I drank from a human and then fed him my own blood, his soul would die but his body would not. He would become a vampire like me.

The woman looks up at Moloch, her lips red with blood. She is Orthros.

BACK TO SCENE

Moloch and Noah resume sparring.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

What possessed you and Lucifer to rebel against God?

MOLOCH

I do not remember. God blocked our memories of the event when he sent us to Earth.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

And now you wish to return to Heaven by atoning for your sins?

MOLOCH

You have seen the sunrise. The glory of Heaven shines ten thousand times brighter. Angels were made to bask in that brilliance.

He frowns and shakes his head.

MOLOCH

But God destroyed my soul, and  
only a soul can reside in Heaven.  
Or Hell, for that matter. I am  
condemned either to Earth or  
oblivion, nothing else.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Then...why did you create us half-  
breeds?

MOLOCH

If you have inherited a soul from  
your human half, then you can  
achieve salvation...and ascend to  
Heaven.

Noah pauses the sparring. He frowns, perplexed.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

But what do you stand to gain from  
this?

MOLOCH

If my children can reacquire the  
grace of God that I lost, that is  
reward enough. That is why I have  
given you such a strict religious  
upbringing.

His gaze turns troubled.

MOLOCH

But there is one thing that haunts  
me, Noah. I do not know for  
certain whether you half-breeds  
actually possess souls.

Noah smiles and presses the attack.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Worry not, Lord Moloch. I have  
faith that I possess a soul.

Moloch chuckles.

MOLOCH

Faith is a poor substitute for  
knowledge, Noah.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

What? Belief in God requires  
faith.

MOLOCH

Not for me. I have seen his glory  
with my own eyes.

He shrugs.

MOLOCH

But I accept that those who have  
not met him personally do require  
faith.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

If half-breeds possess souls, then  
it is possible for us to descend  
to Hell rather than rise to  
Heaven.

MOLOCH

Your kind has proven far more  
dedicated followers of God than  
humans ever have. I am confident  
that if you do indeed possess  
souls, you will achieve salvation.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Then...what of the pure-bloods?

Moloch swats Noah's sword to the side and lowers his blade.  
He sighs.

MOLOCH

Alas, they...we...are a dead end.  
We have no Heaven in our future.  
Indeed, we will have no afterlife  
at all. For this reason I have  
limited the creation of new pure-  
bloods. Your kind is all that  
truly matters now.

EXT. MOLOCH'S MANSION - NIGHT

Orthros storms out of the mansion. She walks down the street, fuming.

A skittish dog with a crippled front leg looks at her hopefully as she nears. Orthros's angry frown relaxes. She bends down and pets the dog.

ORTHROS

You look hungry, small one. Let's see if we can find you something to eat.

As Orthros stands, she hears a thump. A parked van across the street shakes slightly.

Orthros moves quietly up to the van and listens. Muffled voices come from within.

INT. VAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

Clutter fills the rear of the van: wiretap and other listening devices, tape recorder, papers marked with notes, fast food wrappers.

A newspaper lies next to the equipment. Its headline reads, "Avian Flu Sparks Fears of Pandemic."

IRS Agents HAMILTON and PEMBROKE sit across from each other, their ties loosened and jackets removed. Both carry pistols in shoulder holsters and wear headphones.

HAMILTON

Well, he hasn't actually said anything incriminating yet.

PEMBROKE

Are you kidding? Screw nailing Mister Moloch on tax evasion, this stuff is incredible!

HAMILTON

You believe that crap?

Pembroke shrugs.

PEMBROKE

Not for me to decide. But headquarters is going to want to hear this.

HAMILTON

Maybe he knows about the bug we put in his security system. He could just be playing with us or--

The rear doors of the van fly open. Orthros stands in the opening. The two agents stare in surprise.

HAMILTON

Who the hell are you?

Orthros gives him a mischievous smile, revealing her fangs.

ORTHROS

I'm an American consumer.

Hamilton and Pembroke reach for their pistols.

EXT. VAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

Orthros leaps into the van and pulls the doors shut behind her. Muffled shots rings out. The van shakes for a moment. Thumps. A short scream cuts off. Then all is quiet.

The dog looks quizzically up at the van.

INT. VAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

Blood spatters the interior of the van. The two agents lie dead, their throats torn open.

Orthros looks over the carnage. She has blood on her mouth. Two bloody holes mark her blouse between her breasts.

She spots a half-eaten sandwich and picks it up. She cracks open a rear door and tosses the sandwich to the dog.

ORTHROS

There you go, boy.

Orthros hears muffled voices, and notices a set of headphones on the floor. She picks them up and listens. She reaches for the recorder and rewinds the tape.

INT. MOLOCH'S STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Dimly lit, cluttered with cardboard boxes, crates and stored furniture. Sixteen vampires, including Orthros and Jonas, stand around a table in the center of the room.

The IRS wiretap equipment and tape recorder sit on the table, replaying the conversation between Moloch and Noah. The vampires listen.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH (V.O.)

Then...what of the pure-bloods?

There is a clang of sword blades and a sigh.

MOLOCH (V.O.)

Alas, they...we...are a dead end.  
We have no Heaven in our future.  
Indeed, we will have no afterlife  
at all. For this reason I have  
limited the creation of new pure-  
bloods. Your kind is all that  
truly matters now.

Orthros switches off the recorder. The vampires trade shocked, angry glances.

ORTHROS

It appears Moloch was right about  
human recording technology.

Her gaze darkens. Her lip curls in a snarl.

ORTHROS

He has betrayed us, creating his  
bastard half-breeds to replace us.  
It's time to put an end to this  
perversion of our blood.

She turns and pushes her way through the vampires. She pulls the top off a large crate and lifts out a sword.

Other vampires reach in and pull out other swords, but Jonas stands uncertainly off to the side.

Orthros gives him a measured gaze. She reaches into the crate, pulls out another sword and offers it to Jonas.

JONAS

He is my son....

ORTHROS

He is your replacement.

Jonas nods. He reaches for the sword.

INT. MOLOCH'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dalton peers around a corner into the storage room, watching the vampires picking up swords. He ducks back into the dark hallway, flips open a cell phone and speed dials.

DALTON

(quietly)

Noah, the pure-bloods are gathering swords. They're coming after us and Moloch!

Someone steps in front of Dalton. He looks up.

Jonas stands before him. Dalton turns to run, but Jonas slashes with his sword. Dalton's head bounces down the hallway.

Orthros steps into the hallway. Jonas picks up Dalton's cell phone and hands it to her. Orthros holds the phone to her ear.

ORTHROS

The lions have broken free of their cages, Noah. Flee. The thrill of the chase will make the kill taste that much sweeter.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

With a grim frown, Noah quietly hangs up his cell phone.

Noah stands at the back of the near-empty church with half-vampires MARLA (30), coldly serious, and VINCENT (20), nervous and shifty.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

The pure-bloods have turned  
against us.

He takes a deep breath and looks over his companions.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

They never sought their peace with  
God; I should have known they  
could not be contained forever.

He smiles gamely.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Dalton has joined our sister Lucy  
in Heaven. God be praised.

MARLA AND VINCENT

God be praised.

INT. MOLOCH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tastefully decorated with antique furniture. An  
attractive, nude PROSTITUTE #2 reclines on Moloch's bed.

MOLOCH

Excuse me a moment.

He walks out the opening to his study as he removes his  
tie.

INT. MOLOCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Moloch pours a glass of water from a pitcher, opens a desk  
drawer, and takes out a prescription bottle. He removes a  
diamond-shaped blue pill and swallows it with some water.

The door to the study opens and Dalton's head rolls in to  
the center of the room.

The sword-armed vampires rush into Moloch's office and  
glare sullenly at Moloch. Two remove the swords from the  
wall rack.

Moloch gives them a calm, measured gaze. He glances over  
at the prostitute.

MOLOCH

I'm sorry, my dear, but it appears  
our appointment will have to wait.

Two vampires stride into Moloch's bedroom and emerge a moment later with the prostitute. She clutches her clothing and glances around fearfully as the vampires hustle her out of the room.

MOLOCH

What is the meaning of this,  
Orthros?

ORTHROS

All you are concerned about is the  
salvation of your damned half-  
breed perversions! You are not  
fit to lead us, Moloch!

MOLOCH

How did you know--

ORTHROS

It doesn't matter. What matters  
is you betrayed us, Moloch. You  
put your insane experiments ahead  
of your own kind!

She glares at Moloch and clenches her fists.

ORTHROS

I have been at your side for  
thousands of years. Out of  
respect for the leader you once  
were, we will not slay you. But  
you will not leave this room.

MOLOCH

Orthros...we were made to reside  
in Heaven. To live in the light.

ORTHROS

Perhaps you were, Moloch. But we  
were born here and we have existed  
our entire lives in the dark. It  
is not a curse...it is what we  
are. Your half-breeds are an  
affront to our very existence.

She glares at Moloch evenly.

ORTHROS

Now where are Noah and the other  
abominations?

MOLOCH

I do not know.

Orthros sneers disbelief.

ORTHROS

No matter. The predator will find  
its prey.

She turns and stalks out. The rest of the vampires follow.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MOLOCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The vampires close the double-door to Moloch's office.  
They slide one of Moloch's swords through the handles to  
bar it.

Most of the vampires leave. GUARDS #1, 2, 3 and 4 remain,  
armed with swords.

INT. MOLOCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Moloch stands alone, looking at the closed doors. He takes  
a seat behind his desk and looks at the ceiling.

MOLOCH

Lucifer, my old general, how I  
could use your council now. Your  
failed crusade earned you the name  
"Satan," but I too deserve the  
name. In my attempt to create  
hope for the future of our  
bloodline, I have only succeeded  
in bitterly dividing my family.

Lucifer's rich, echoing, whispering voice fills the air,  
fading in and out.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

I wonder if my old lieutenant  
Moloch even remembers me.

MOLOCH

Who is that?

LUCIFER (V.O.)

So many millennia it has been  
since our rebellion. Such a  
horrendous mistake it was.

MOLOCH

L-Lucifer...is that you?

He stands up.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

Yes...a horrendous mistake.

MOLOCH

(whispers)

It is you! Your voice I still  
remember. But how--

LUCIFER (V.O.)

Yahweh's vision is broad. I  
should never have questioned God's  
plan.

MOLOCH

Why do you speak in this strange  
manner, Lucifer?

LUCIFER (V.O.)

Yahweh's vision is broad. I hope  
my lieutenant has learned this  
truth after all this time.

Moloch frowns and paces the room. His eyes widen.

MOLOCH

God is listening to you! You do  
not want him to know you are  
speaking with me!

LUCIFER (V.O.)

Yes...that is my hope. I know that Moloch still lives. Ah, if only there were some way for me to speak with him, so I could tell him the truth directly. But alas, I am powerless to affect the corporeal world.

MOLOCH

Lucifer, what would you have me know?

LUCIFER (V.O.)

Nothing is more important than understanding the truth about salvation.

MOLOCH

The truth....

(realizing)

Lucifer, are you speaking of the half-breeds? Tell me, do they have souls? Can they achieve salvation?

LUCIFER (V.O.)

The truth has been lying in plain sight for thousands of years. But few see it, for sometimes the path to learning the truth is not so simple. It can be as easy as looking under one's own bed...

MOLOCH

The truth is hidden under my bed?

Moloch heads toward the bedroom.

LUCIFER (V.O.)

...but more often it is a meandering journey, as complex as traveling to a large city and searching a hundred houses in its central avenues.

Moloch pauses, thinking hard.

MOLOCH

A large city. Jacksonville?  
Orlando? Miami?--

LUCIFER (V.O.)

Yes, that is the way to the truth.

Moloch thinks hard.

MOLOCH

Miami. A hundred houses in the  
central avenues of Miami. A  
hundred houses...do you mean One  
Hundred Central Avenue? Under a  
bed at that address?

LUCIFER (V.O.)

Yes, mark my words: you shall know  
the truth, and the truth shall  
make you free.

MOLOCH

Thank you, my general. I...have  
missed you, my friend.

Moloch pulls a cell phone out of his pocket and dials.

MOLOCH

Noah. Take the half-breeds to One  
Hundred Central Avenue in Miami.  
Look for something under a bed. I  
believe it will answer the  
question of your salvation. I  
shall meet you there as soon as I  
can.

He hangs up.

INT. MOLOCH'S STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The wiretap equipment and tape recorder sit on the table in  
the center of the room.

Jonas watches as Orthros rewinds the tape and plays it  
back.

MOLOCH (V.O.)

Noah. Take the half-breeds to One  
Hundred Central Avenue in Miami.

Orthros switches off the tape recorder. Jonas smiles.

ORTHROS

Let's go.

INT. MOLOCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Moloch sits on the edge of his desk. He tosses a heavy paperweight in the air a few times. He puts it down and picks up his cane.

He twists the handle and pulls out a long, straight sword.

He uses the cane to push an antique vase off a mantelpiece. It falls to the floor and shatters with a loud crash.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MOLOCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The four vampire guards snap their heads toward the sound of the crash. They exchange suspicious glances.

Guards #1, 2 and 3 stand with their swords ready. Guard #4 removes the sword barring the door and pulls it open.

Moloch's paperweight flies through the opening and strikes Guard #4 hard in the forehead. He falls, stunned.

Moloch steps through the doorway. Guards #1, 2 and 3 attack. Moloch dodges and parries the attacks, using both his sword and the cane.

With speed, power and skill, he drops each guard one by one using a stabbing thrust through the chest or stomach. He then skewers Guard #4 as he struggles to regain his feet.

Moloch slides the sword back into the cane as he walks out.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL CITY STREET - NIGHT

Ten half-vampires in two cars drive down the street.

Noah drives the lead vehicle, looking at address numbers on the run-down building fronts. He spots 100 Central Avenue.

The two vehicles park in front of the condemned building. The half-vampires carry their swords as they climb out.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

The half-vampires enter. Several wrinkle their noses and grimace.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Search under every bed. We must find it.

MONTAGE

- Half-vampires push past wide-eyed homeless people.
- A half-vampire enters a room containing a bent and rusted bed frame covered with old blankets and an unconscious old man. He looks under the bed and finds only dirt.
- In another room, Vincent pushes a junkie off a mattress. He flips the mattress over. Nothing there but stains.
- Noah looks into a room with no beds in it. Several homeless people cower in a corner.
- A half-vampire uses the tip of his sword to pull apart a simple bed made of filthy blankets and sheets.

END MONTAGE

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Marla approaches Old Pete's mattress in the corner. She taps his dead body with the tip of her sword. When he doesn't move, she pulls him off. She wrinkles her nose in disgust and lifts one side of the mattress.

She sees the ratty black book.

MARLA

Noah!

Noah hurries in. Marla hands him the book. Embossed on the cover are the words "Holy Bible."

INT. INVESTIGATORS OFFICE - NIGHT

Receptionist MS. TAYLOR (20s) sits at a desk in the elegant office. She works on a computer and wears a headset.

Her telephone rings and she punches a button.

MS. TAYLOR  
Miz Taylor speaking.

As she listens, she enters information into her computer.

MS. TAYLOR  
Thank you, sir.

She hangs up and speed-dials a number. She waits.

MS. TAYLOR  
Investigator Chin. Informant one  
forty-three reports two carloads  
of people carrying swords into  
monitoring sector D sixty-two.

INT. MR. CHIN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

MR. CHIN (50s) wears a business suit. He speaks into the headset of his cell phone.

MR. CHIN  
The address?

He listens for a moment and nods.

MR. CHIN  
On it. Please advise Miz Stone.

He hangs up and makes a U-turn.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vincent keeps watch at the front door. He sees shadowy motion outside and peers intently.

A vampire steps out from behind a vehicle and walks toward the building. A second comes from around a corner and a third approaches from an alleyway.

Vincent turns and calls down the hallway.

VINCENT

The pure-bloods are here!

He looks back out the front door, his eyes wide with fear.  
He turns and hurries through an open side door.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING OFFICE - NIGHT

Vincent huddles behind an old desk, clutching a cross.

VINCENT

(whispers)

The Lord is my savior...he shall  
protect me...

Silent as ghosts, vampires rush past the office doorway.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Marla slams the door shut. All the half-vampires move  
toward the back of the room, swords ready.

A dozen sword-wielding vampires burst into the room,  
smashing through the door and leaping through boarded-up  
windows.

The vampires swarm into the room, but keep their distance.  
They spread out in a semicircle around the half-vampires.

Orthros walks in through the door and raises her sword to  
point at Noah.

ORTHROS

Say your last prayer, half-breed.  
Your "salvation" is at hand.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

For too long you have been a  
parasite on God's chosen people,  
Orthros. Tonight that ends.

ORTHROS

A dozen pure-bloods against ten  
half-breeds?

She laughs without humor.

ORTHROS

Yes, it does end tonight.

She fixes Noah with a predatory gaze and walks forward.  
The other vampires step forward as well.

MOLOCH (O.S.)

(roars)

Enough!

Everyone looks up as Moloch drops from one of the holes in the high ceiling and lands between Orthros and Noah. He straightens and turns to face Orthros with a dark glare.

MOLOCH

There will be no more killing!

Orthros raises her sword to point at Moloch.

ORTHROS

Stand aside, Moloch. You  
abdicated leadership of our--

Moloch viciously slaps her sword aside with his cane.

MOLOCH

I did no such thing. If you wish  
to lead, you will have to fight me  
for it.

Orthros meets Moloch's glare. She glances down at her sword then back into his eyes. She lowers the tip of her sword to the floor.

MOLOCH

Noah. Did you find what I sent  
you here to find?

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Yes. This is all there was.

He holds up Old Pete's Bible and Moloch takes it.

MOLOCH

This is all? Are you certain?

## MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

We searched under every bed. But  
do not look so disappointed,  
Moloch. The message is clear: the  
Bible is our salvation.

Moloch's frown turns to puzzlement. He flips through it.

## MOLOCH

Why would Lucifer go to the  
trouble of sending us here? It  
would have been easier for him to  
simply tell me that the Bible was  
the answer.

## MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Lucifer?

Moloch pauses on a page.

## MOLOCH

Some passages here have been  
underlined. This one is from  
Second Kings...

## EXT. OUTSIDE BETHEL - DAY - FLASHBACK

A well-worn, dusty, dirt road meanders along a forest and  
up to the ancient Palestine city of Bethel.

42 young children play outside the city walls under the  
supervision of an old maid.

ELISHA (40s), stooped and bald, shuffles along the path  
toward Bethel. He wears dusty clothing and carries a sack.  
As he passes the children, they point at his bald head and  
laugh.

Elisha turns and shouts at them, shaking his fist.

## MOLOCH (V.O.)

...where God sent two bears to  
tear apart forty-two children for  
making fun of a prophet's  
baldness.

Two large brown bears lope out of the forest. They tear into the children with claw and fang. The children scream and run, but the bears run them down and rip them apart.

Elisha smiles cruelly and raises his gaze to the heavens.

BACK TO SCENE

Moloch flips to another page.

MOLOCH

And this is from Exodus...

MONTAGE

-- Ancient EGYPTIAN BOY #1 (10) walks hand-in-hand with his EGYPTIAN FATHER (30) down a dusty street at night. The boy grabs his chest in pain and collapses.

MOLOCH (V.O.)

...where God slaughtered all the firstborn children in Egypt to prove his superiority to Pharaoh.

-- EGYPTIAN BOY #2 (8) plays with his SISTER (6) in a hut by lamplight. He grabs his stomach. Blood gushes from his mouth and eyes. He topples over and twitches in a puddle of his own blood.

-- EGYPTIAN GIRL (1) sleeps in her crib. Her eyes snap open and she chokes, her neck indented as if crushed by invisible fingers. She spasms and falls limp.

BACK TO SCENE

Flip.

MOLOCH

And here in Genesis God repented for having created life.

EXT. ANCIENT CITY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Rain pours from the heavens and floods the buildings. Some men, women and children manage to scramble onto high structures. Others are carried away by raging waters.

MOLOCH (V.O.)

And then he drowned nearly every  
living thing on Earth in a massive  
flood.

Surging waters rise above the tallest structures. A few  
people cling to floating debris. A few others struggle  
weakly to keep their heads above water.

BACK TO SCENE

Flip.

MOLOCH

And here in Revelation God accepts  
only a few souls into Heaven.

EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

The body of a primitive TRIBAL ELDER lies on a bed of leafy  
branches, surrounded by flowers. Natives pray around the  
body.

The glowing soul of the tribal elder drifts up from his  
body...then plunges down into the ground.

MOLOCH (V.O.)

The rest he sends to burn in the  
lake of fire for all eternity...  
even those whose worst crime is to  
have never been aware that God  
even exists....

EXT. HELL

The soul drops into a huge cavern with a giant lake of  
fire. Screaming, the soul splashes into the flaming  
waters. Millions of souls writhe in agony among the  
flames.

The souls of Old Pete, GANDHI and POPE JOHN PAUL II wail in  
pain along with the tribal elder.

BACK TO SCENE

Moloch's eyes open wide as realization strikes him.

MOLOCH

I remember!

ORTHROS

What are you talking about,  
Moloch?

Moloch turns to her, his face alight with wonder.

MOLOCH

I remember! I remember why  
Lucifer and I and a third of all  
the angels rebelled against  
Yahweh!

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Why?

Moloch turns to him, his gaze fiercely focused.

MOLOCH

Lucifer--"Light-Bearer"--he shared  
God's gift of precognition. He  
saw the horrors God would inflict  
upon mankind--tormenting them with  
disease, famine, earthquakes,  
floods, warfare and more during  
their short, brutal lives.

The half-vampires stare at Moloch in disbelief.

MOLOCH

Then God would allow into Heaven  
only the very few who would  
worship him unconditionally. The  
rest he would torture in Hell for  
all eternity. All this to feed  
his lust for pain and suffering!

He stares off into the distance and shakes his head.

MOLOCH

Lucifer saw these things. He knew  
that if God was not stopped, these  
horrors would come to pass. That  
is why so many of us joined him!  
That is why we rebelled!

## MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

What are you talking about? Satan rebelled because he wanted to rule in Heaven. He is the embodiment of evil!

## MOLOCH

On the contrary. I remember it all clearly now. We fought to save mankind from its evil creator.

He sighs.

## MOLOCH

The battle was close...but we were defeated. Our punishment was to feed upon the very people we sought to save.

He smiles grimly.

## MOLOCH

Never let it be said that Yahweh lacks a sense of irony. We fought Light-Bearer's war...and ended up forever in darkness.

## MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Satan has twisted your mind, Moloch. He is the prince of lies.

## MOLOCH

Lies? I knew him. Lucifer was a good and just being. He knew that Yahweh thrived on torment, and he foretold that God would deceive, murder and torture his own creations. And every one of those predictions came true. Each horror can be found inscribed right here...

He stabs a finger at the Bible.

MOLOCH

...in every Bible on Earth. As Lucifer said, the truth has been lying in plain sight for thousands of years. Yet nearly all turn a blind eye to it.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

No. God defines good. Everything he does is good by definition!

MOLOCH

Oh? If deception, slaughter and torture on a massive scale are insufficient examples of evil, what action would God have to commit to be considered evil, Noah? Can you tell me that?

He turns and throws the Bible against the nearest wall. It bursts apart on impact. Pages flutter to the ground.

Noah's eyes narrow with growing anger.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

No wonder God cast you out from Heaven, Moloch. You lack faith.

MOLOCH

I possess knowledge. And knowledge is far more reliable than faith.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Oh?

(shouts)

Crosses!

The half-vampires draw their crosses and hold them up to the vampires with fervent glee.

The vampires shrink away. Moloch also takes a step back.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

You lack faith and yet you wither in the face of a cross! What more proof do you need of the power of God?

MOLOCH

The issue is not his power. The  
issue is his behavior.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

Blasphemy. You are an abomination  
that should have starved to death  
as God intended. Instead, you  
became an ageless killing machine.  
But your time has finally come,  
Moloch.

He takes a determined step forward and thrusts his cross at  
Moloch's face. Moloch steps back. His heel catches and he  
stumbles to the floor.

Noah stands over Moloch.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

We are the instruments of God's  
justice. By the power of the Lord  
we will wipe you and your evil  
spawn off the face of this Earth.

Moloch looks up at him sadly.

MOLOCH

All these years...I truly thought  
I was engineering our salvation.  
But all I was doing was putting  
the future of our bloodline back  
under God's control.

He sighs and shakes his head.

MOLOCH

It is time to rectify my mistake.

He twists the handle of his cane with a soft click.

Noah lowers his cross toward Moloch's face.

MIDDLE-AGE NOAH

You cannot stand up to the  
righteous power of--

Moloch yanks the sword from the cane. In a blur of motion  
he slices off Noah's hand at the wrist. The hand, still  
gripping the cross, drops toward Moloch.

Moloch rolls to the side and leaps to his feet as Noah's hand and the cross bounce against the floor.

Noah stares wide-eyed at the blood pumping from his wrist. He gazes at Moloch in disbelief.

MOLOCH  
Good-bye, Noah.

With a backhanded swing he chops off Noah's head.

The world slows as Moloch wades into the crowd of half-vampires, evading sword blades and crosses as he hacks off limbs and heads in a graceful dance of death.

Within seconds all of the half-vampires lie dead in a bloody mess around him.

Moloch gazes sadly at his fallen children and drops his sword. He pulls off his necktie and loosens his collar. His suit is a blood-stained emblem to his failure.

He turns to meet Orthros's gaze.

MOLOCH  
The lions...are free.

Orthros smiles fierce approval, revealing her fangs.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING OFFICE - DAWN

Vincent looks up over the desk. All is quiet. He stands and moves to the doorway. He looks both ways, then heads out.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING HALLWAY - DAWN

Jonas walks in from the back room. He looks up and sees Vincent hurrying away from him.

JONAS  
Vincent?

Vincent glances back, then bolts out the front door. Jonas calls toward the back room.

JONAS  
One still lives!

He turns and gives chase.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL CITY STREET - DAWN

Vincent sprints down the street. Behind him, three shadowy vampires stream from the condemned building in pursuit.

Vincent glances at his watch and looks up at the sky.

Up ahead stands the tallest building in the area. The morning sun just touches the top of the building. A metal ladder affixed to the wall ascends to the top.

EXT. TALL BUILDING - DAWN

Vincent races to the ladder. He leaps, grabs the lower rungs, and clambers upward.

Jonas and the other vampires reach the ladder. They leap up and climb after Vincent.

Vincent climbs into the direct rays of the morning sun. As Jonas reaches for Vincent's leg, his arm passes into the sun's rays. His hand smokes and catches fire, and he pulls back to stifle the flames.

He glares up as Vincent clambers over the top of the ladder and onto the rooftop.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAWN

Vincent stands in the morning sunlight, gasping for breath. He turns and raises his hand to shield his eyes.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL CITY STREET - DAWN

Mr. Chin stands in the shadow of a doorway two blocks from the vampires. Next to him stands Kaylynn (35) wearing a stylish pantsuit.

Mr. Chin observes the vampires through binoculars. He shifts his view up to watch Vincent standing in the morning sunlight.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Chin and Kaylynn cautiously enter through the front door and peer into various filthy rooms. Several homeless people and drug addicts cower in the far corners.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING BACK ROOM - DAY

Mr. Chin and Kaylynn enter and peer around.

They see the bodies of the ten hacked up half-vampires strewn about the floor near the back wall. Kaylynn gasps. Mr. Chin stares impassively at the carnage.

He flips open his cell phone and speed-dials.

MR. CHIN

We may have a violation here. I think we should bring in a Hunter.

EXT. HEAVEN

Brilliant, blinding, shimmering white.

GOD speaks with demonically deep, booming voice:

GOD (O.S.)

Satan...you were the one who made this happen? Again you dare defy me?

(seething)

Never again! Begone from my sight....

EXT. OUTER SPACE

A distortion like a heat wave appears in the star-strewn blackness. A streak of white light bursts from the center of the distortion.

The streak of light arcs down toward the Earth, which looms large and blue against the blackness. Half the planet shows day, half night. The light descends like a falling star toward the night side.

The light shoots down through the atmosphere, through clouds, toward Florida and into the light-speckled blackness of a Miami suburb.

The light drops toward an apartment complex and shoots through the roof of one of the units, leaving no mark.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bright flash of light under the bed briefly illuminates the simply-furnished room.

JEREMIAH O'NEILL (24), clean-cut, tanned and fit, awakens with a start. He looks around sleepily and sees only SANDRA GRANT (26), wan and pretty, sleeping peacefully next to him.

Jeremiah closes his eyes and rolls over onto his back. The motion pulls the sheet down to expose his toned chest.

Moloch's amulet lies against his chest, secured around his neck by a leather thong.

Jeremiah's arm hangs down over the edge of the bed. Under the bed, directly below him, lies a pile of flesh and blood, about the size of a small dog.

It breathes slowly.

FADE OUT