

"RAPTURE OF THE FALLEN  
VERSE 2: RESURRECTION"

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY ALLEY - NIGHT

Water drips down the sides of the aged brick buildings.

HENRI (40s), an overweight Frenchman, clutches a valise and glances around as he scurries down the alley.

BALDWIN VAN ZANT (33), muscular and ruggedly handsome, emerges from the shadows. He looms in front of Henri and draws a pistol from under his brown leather duster.

BALDWIN

The bag. Your wallet. Your watch.

He raises the pistol and points it between Henri's eyes.

BALDWIN

Now!

Henri's hands shake as he surrenders the valise. Baldwin yanks it from his grasp. Henri fumbles with his watch.

From above, the vampire STEFAN (40s), pale, athletic, slender, drops to the ground in front of Baldwin.

Stefan snatches the pistol from Baldwin's hand with unnatural speed. Baldwin stumbles back.

Henri falls in behind his rescuer as Stefan brandishes the gun in Baldwin's face.

STEFAN

Tell me, big man, do you enjoy preying on the helpless?

BALDWIN

Oh, he's not helpless.

Stefan tosses the pistol away. He shrugs.

STEFAN

But now you are.

Stefan grins and reveals his fangs.

From behind, Henri pulls a chain necklace from his jacket pocket. Small crosses dangle from it like a charm bracelet.

He drops the necklace over Stefan's head.

Stefan screams and crashes to the ground. Sizzling fills the air as he struggles to remove the necklace.

His thrashing causes a polished, dark wood AMULET in the shape of a sword-wielding angel to slip from Stefan's pocket. It falls among some litter on the ground.

Henri circles around to stand beside Baldwin.

Stefan yanks off the cross-covered necklace and throws it away. Smoke wafts from his burnt hands and from under his collar.

Snarling with fury, he leaps to his feet.

Baldwin draws another pistol from under his duster. He cocks it and levels it at Stefan's chest.

BALDWIN

Wrong again. I'm not helpless  
either.

Stefan's snarl transforms into an amused smile.

STEFAN

I think you'll find the effects of  
that weapon on me rather  
disappointing.

Baldwin matches his smile.

BALDWIN

That's because you're not aware  
I'm using chrism loads.

Stefan frowns with puzzlement.

BALDWIN

You know, holy oil.

Baldwin fires twice.

Stefan jerks and stares at Baldwin. Smoke streams from his chest and a trickle of blood drips from his mouth. He crumples to his knees, pitches forward, and lies still.

Henri applauds.

HENRI

Bravo, my friend. Well done. I thought perhaps the routine was getting old, but...

He retrieves the cross-covered necklace, then kneels down to search Stefan's body.

Baldwin holsters his pistol.

BALDWIN

Nope, they never learn. Not sure why they can't resist attacking criminals, but makes our job easier.

He opens Henri's valise and pulls out a body bag. He unrolls it on the ground alongside the corpse.

Henri pulls a parchment envelope with a broken wax seal from Stefan's pocket.

HENRI

No wallet, but...

BALDWIN

Whatcha' got?

Henri glances at the calligraphy on the envelope.

HENRI

A letter addressed to someone named "Stefan." Our vamp here, I presume.

Henri removes a parchment letter and a photograph from the envelope. He reads over the elegant, old-fashioned writing.

HENRI

Hmmm, it appears someone named "Moloch" is looking for a misplaced amulet--

Baldwin's head snaps toward Henri.

BALDWIN

Moloch!

He snatches the letter from Henri's hand and pores over it.

BALDWIN

Son of a bitch! The amulet...he  
got it on him?

Henri turns his attention to the picture.

HENRI

No...but I imagine it looks  
something like this.

He passes the photo over to Baldwin.

Baldwin stares at the photo: a close-up of an oil painting.  
The amulet lies against the chest of someone in a formal  
Revolutionary War-period coat.

HENRI

So, are you going to tell me who  
this "Moloch" is?

BALDWIN

Something that needs killing.  
This is the first real lead I've  
had on the blood-sucking bastard.

Henri sighs.

HENRI

Merde. Sounds like another  
difficult hunt without hopes for  
compensation.

Baldwin shoots Henri a smirk.

BALDWIN

Consider it personal time, Henri.  
What's the return address?

Henri looks at the back of the envelope.

HENRI

It just says "Miami, Florida."  
That's inside the No Hunt Zone.

BALDWIN

Then I guess it's time for a  
little vacation.

Henri snorts.

HENRI

Baldwin Van Zant taking a  
vacation? Nobody will believe  
that.

He nods toward the body.

HENRI

A little help?

Baldwin helps Henri to roll the vampire into the body bag.  
Henri steals a glance at Baldwin.

HENRI

You don't really intend to enter  
the No Hunt Zone, do you? We  
should send this letter to the  
investigators and let them follow  
up on it.

Baldwin gives Henri a flat look. Henri sighs.

HENRI

In the meantime, we can collect  
our fee and you can convince me  
why we should risk my financial  
security for one of your "personal  
days."

BALDWIN

Fine. Let's get this package to  
Morty.

They each pick up one end of the body bag and carry it  
toward the end of the alley.

Moloch's amulet lies near a garbage can. Its dark polished  
surface gleams in the moonlight.

EXT. TAXIDERMIST'S ALLEY - NIGHT

Headlights sweep along the walls as a black SUV with Georgia license plates turns into the alley. It parks next to a metal door.

INT. TAXIDERMIST'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Dried blood stains the walls and floors of the work room. Tools and macabre instruments hang from pegs on the walls.

Two stuffed vampire "works in progress" stand against one wall. One crouches in an attack posture, the other poses with arms crossed like an imperious supervillain.

A steel autopsy table takes up the center of the room.

Henri and Baldwin bang inside and wrestle the body bag through the doorway.

BALDWIN  
Morty! Delivery!

They dump the body bag onto the autopsy table.

Henri looks over the two mounted vampires. He rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

MORTY (60s), wearing thick glasses, comes in. He rubs his hands together as he approaches the body bag.

MORTY  
Finally! It's been ages since I had a decent project to work on. I almost had to start taking in deer heads for real.

He chuckles as he unzips the body bag.

HENRI  
Business has been a little on the slow side. I've been thinking about taking a vacation myself.

BALDWIN

Forced into retirement by the extermination of every blood-sucker. I could learn to love that idea.

Morty examines the corpse.

MORTY

How soon do you need the stiff stuffed?

He chuckles.

HENRI

As soon as you can. Your fee.

Henri hands Morty a thick envelope. Morty peeks inside and smiles.

MORTY

At least the pay goes up as the projects become scarcer.

Henri snaps a picture of the corpse with a digital camera. He smiles.

HENRI

Capitalism at its finest, n'est-ce pas?

As Morty and Henri fuss with the corpse, Baldwin studies the photograph of Moloch's amulet.

EXT. CITY ALLEY - DAY

Moloch's amulet lies near the garbage can.

A HOMELESS MAN in ratty clothing searches through the alley. He picks up the amulet, wipes it off and holds it up to inspect. It gleams in the sunlight.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The homeless man sits on a sidewalk with cheap jewelry, old electrical devices and worn paperbacks for sale. Moloch's amulet lies among the junk.



Several passersby walk around the homeless man.

A heavysset GARAGE SALE VENDOR pauses to inspect the homeless man's offerings. He squats down and picks up the amulet. It gleams in the sunlight.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Moloch's amulet hangs from a jewelry display rack with other necklaces. The rack sits on a table covered with used personal possessions in the middle of a garage sale.

JEREMIAH O'NEILL (24), clean-cut, tanned and fit, brakes his bicycle in front of the garage sale. SANDRA GRANT (26), wan and pretty, pulls up a moment later. They both wear bicycling gear. Sweat beads their skin.

Sandra notices Jeremiah giving her a concerned frown.

SANDRA  
I'm not tired.

JEREMIAH  
I know, honey, but look.

Sandra gazes across the yard full of cast-offs.

JEREMIAH  
You know you want to.

Sandra wipes her brow and smiles. She gets off her bike.

SANDRA  
Well, if you're sure you can stand it.

She reaches up to give him a peck on the lips. He draws her close and gazes into her face.

JEREMIAH  
I love you.

SANDRA  
I love you too.

She kisses him again, then breaks away to wander among the tables.

Jeremiah watches her. He shakes his head with a resigned smile, then props his bike on its kickstand and wanders through the displays.

He pauses at the jewelry display and inspects the necklaces. He picks up Moloch's amulet and looks it over.

SANDRA (O.S.)  
Nothing here worth getting.

Jeremiah continues to inspect the amulet.

SANDRA  
Jeremiah? I'm ready to go.

JEREMIAH  
Look at this, Sandra.

Sandra laughs.

SANDRA  
My garage sale obsession must be  
rubbing off on you.

Jeremiah's gaze drifts down to Sandra's breasts. He grins.

JEREMIAH  
I'd rather you rub something else  
against me.

Sandra rolls her eyes. She turns and sways her hips as she saunters toward the bikes. She looks over her shoulder.

SANDRA  
The sooner you hurry up and buy  
your necklace, the sooner you'll  
get your wish.

Jeremiah grins. He turns to the Garage Sale Vendor sitting in a lawn chair nearby and raises the amulet.

JEREMIAH  
Did you carve this yourself?

The Garage Sale Vendor grins and shrugs.

GARAGE SALE VENDOR  
Yeah, I did.

JEREMIAH

How much will it cost me?

The dark wood catches the sunlight.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sandra and Jeremiah remove their bicycle helmets and gloves as they enter their small but cozy apartment.

Sandra crosses to a shelf that holds several orange prescription containers. The name on every bottle is: SANDRA GRANT.

She selects one and takes out a pill.

She turns to find Jeremiah there with a glass of water. They share a smile as she takes the glass.

SANDRA

Eighteen miles. Not bad.

Jeremiah evaluates her.

JEREMIAH

We should have stopped at fifteen.

Sandra slips in close and looks up at him with wide, innocent, child-like eyes.

SANDRA

I was bad, wasn't I? Maybe I need a spanking.

Jeremiah laughs.

JEREMIAH

Sorry, I draw the line at causing pain.

Sandra grins and walks into the kitchen.

SANDRA (O.S.)

Spoilsport!

Jeremiah grins and pulls his T-shirt off over his head.

Moloch's amulet hangs around his neck, resting against his tanned, toned chest.

Sandra comes back with a sandwich. She takes a bite.

JEREMIAH

I need a shower.

SANDRA

I already took my pill. Can't you wait until I finish?

Jeremiah heads toward the hall.

JEREMIAH

It'll just be a quick shower.

Sandra stuffs the rest of the sandwich into her mouth. She runs after him, jumps on his back, and wraps her legs around him.

JEREMIAH

Hey!

Sandra gulps her sandwich and nibbles Jeremiah's neck.

JEREMIAH

You're an animal, Sandra.

SANDRA

Yeah, but I'm your animal.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S SHOWER - DAY

Jeremiah kisses Sandra deeply as he soaps her breasts one-handed. He drops his other hand below her waist and steps toward her, pushing her against the wall. She moans and pulls him close.

SANDRA

Give it to me...now.

Without breaking the kiss, he lifts and impales her, eliciting a gasp from her and a grunt from himself.

He thrusts into her, pushing her up and down the slick tiles. Her breasts pinch Moloch's amulet between them as they bounce in the rhythm of their love-making.

INT. ATLANTA HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A standard cheap hotel room with two beds. The hiss of a running shower comes from the bathroom.

Henri plugs his digital camera into a laptop computer on the table. He types "Package delivered" into an email and pastes in the digital photograph of the dead vampire taken at Morty's. He clicks to send the email.

Baldwin's off-key singing overpowers the sound of the shower. Henri winces and shakes his head with a smile.

He picks up the photograph of the painting of Moloch's amulet and studies it.

A chime sounds and an e-mail alert appears on the monitor. Henri clicks open his inbox. The e-mail title reads "Termination confirmed - wire in progress."

Henri clicks three more times. He sits back in his chair and smiles with satisfaction. The singing and shower stop.

The e-mail alert chimes. Henri frowns. He leans forward and clicks open his inbox.

A new e-mail titled "Investigation into Moloch Proceeding" appears. Henri raises an eyebrow and opens the e-mail.

Baldwin exits the bathroom wrapped in a towel that shows off his buff but scarred midsection and back.

BALDWIN

Any word back on Moloch?

Henri keeps his eyes on the monitor.

HENRI

The investigators have asked that we remain here until they authenticate that letter we found.

Baldwin thumps a fist down on the TV.

BALDWIN

Fuck that, they'll take forever and the bastard could get away! We need to hunt him down now!

Henri turns his full attention to the fuming Baldwin.

HENRI

Why is this one so important?

BALDWIN

The blood-sucker slaughtered my  
great-great-grandmother....

INT. VAN ZANT FARMHOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

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

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

ELISE (O.S.)

Oh, David!

ELISE VAN ZANT (20s), beautiful and motherly, shakes her  
head with a tolerant smile.

ELISE

Well, no use crying over spilled  
milk, is there?

She winks.

ELISE

Fetch more milk, David. I'll  
clean that up. And I won't tell  
your father if you don't.

David picks up the milk pail and hurries to the front door.

ELISE

As the Good Book says, "Behold,  
children are a blessing from the  
Lord."

She smiles at David as he dashes outside.

EXT. VAN ZANT FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

David hurries toward the barn.

INT. VAN ZANT BARN - NIGHT

A small, modest barn.

David milks a tethered cow into the milk pail.

EXT. VAN ZANT FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

David hurries toward the house, carrying the milk pail.

INT. VAN ZANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

David opens the front door.

EVIL MOLOCH (35), pale and demonically ugly with huge fangs, embraces Elise as he drinks from her neck. The vampire ORTHROS (20s), pale and exotically beautiful, watches them with a fanged leer.

Elise struggles as blood pumps from her throat, soaking into her clothing and splashing onto the floor.

Moloch lets Elise's body thump to the floor. Blood smears his face and soaks his elegant shirt. He licks his lips.

He looks up to see David standing wide-eyed in the doorway. He stares at the boy with malevolent intensity.

David's small frame trembles. The milk pail drops from his hand. Milk pours across the floor toward Elise's corpse.

Moloch grins bloodily.

EVIL MOLOCH

Sorry you saw this, child? Her  
heart will beat no more.

He laughs demonically.

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

BACK TO SCENE

BALDWIN

David helped his father--Arman Van Zant--form our branch of the Hunters. Moloch is the reason we've been hunting vamps for five generations.

He sneers and balls his fists.

BALDWIN

We would have had the bastard but somehow...he made a pact with the investigators, back when they were hunters. They turned Florida into the damn No Hunt Zone.

He grinds his teeth.

BALDWIN

As long as the vamps didn't kill anyone, they were to be left alone. Period. Then Moloch and his vamps just dropped out of sight.

Henri shakes his head in amazement.

HENRI

A pact with vampires! Mon dieu! No wonder the investigators never gave me a straight answer!

BALDWIN

Sick, isn't it?

He yanks open a drawer and pulls out some clothing. Henri frowns, thinking.

HENRI

But why would a killer like Moloch want to make peace with the investigators? And why didn't he kill the boy when he had the chance?

BALDWIN

Hell if know. I just know what my father told me.



Henri sighs and sits back in his chair.

HENRI

So...how do we get Moloch if he's  
still in the No Hunt Zone?

Baldwin pulls on a shirt and gives Henri a grim smile.

BALDWIN

We play the investigators' game  
until we figure something out.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah and Sandra lie asleep in bed.

Sandra awakes with a gasp and sits up. She hunches over  
and clutches her side with a small moan. She looks at  
Jeremiah sleeping soundly beside her.

SANDRA

(whispering)

Shit.

She slips out of bed.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandra selects a pill container, shakes out two pills and  
washes them down with a glass of water on the coffee table.

She rocks back and forth as she massages her hip. She  
grimaces in discomfort.

SANDRA

No. No, no, no. I was getting  
better. I was.

She sets her jaw in determination.

SANDRA

I am getting better.

She crosses to another shelf and selects a small wooden  
box. She pokes through the jewelry inside until she finds  
a small, gold cross on a chain.

She clutches the cross and bows her head over it.

SANDRA

Dear God, please don't make me go  
through this again. I can't...I  
just can't...

The words fail her. She stops and opens her hand. The  
cross gleams.

SANDRA

Who am I kidding?

She throws the cross into the box. As she leaves the room,  
she raises her eyes to the ceiling.

SANDRA

This is all a big joke to you,  
isn't it?

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandra spoons up to Jeremiah and hugs him tight.

SANDRA

Jeremiah?

JEREMIAH

Hmmm?

SANDRA

Jeremiah, make love to me.

JEREMIAH

Now?

SANDRA

Yes.

He rolls over and takes her in his arms.

JEREMIAH

Honey, you need your rest. The  
doctor said--

SANDRA

Jeremiah, please. It's the only  
thing that makes me feel like I'm  
living instead of dying.

JEREMIAH

Oh, sweetie....

He moves into position and kisses her tenderly. She arches up and spreads herself to welcome him. As he enters her, she gasps.

Sandra makes love with a consuming, desperate energy, hungrily taking and giving all she can.

Their thrashing twists and pulls out the sheets. A pillow tumbles to the floor.

Under the bed lies a pile of flesh and blood, about the size of a small dog. It breathes slowly.

INT. ATLANTA HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Henri sips a demitasse as he works on his laptop. He glances up as the door to the room bursts open.

Baldwin, ruffled, with five-o'clock shadow, stumbles in.

BALDWIN

Working late, Henri?

HENRI

Early, and you?

Baldwin flops back on the bed.

BALDWIN

I'm in love.

Unimpressed, Henri continues to work on his laptop.

HENRI

Again? Does this love have a name?

BALDWIN

Bambi...Candy...Sandy...  
Something that ends in a vowel.

HENRI

Charming. Get cleaned up. We're going to Miami.

Baldwin snaps to his senses and sits up.

BALDWIN

Finally! It's about damn time.

He stands up and removes his duster.

HENRI

Not so fast. We're just supposed to meet with a couple of investigators. No specifics on why yet.

BALDWIN

What? A vacation with the Neighborhood Crime Watch? I think I'd rather let a vampire chew on my neck for a while.

Baldwin pauses to think, then gives Henri a sly smile.

BALDWIN

Still, they won't be with us all the time. And if somehow we run into Moloch, we might be forced to defend ourselves. Can't blame us for that.

HENRI

You, my friend, are going to be the death of me.

BALDWIN

You know you love it.

He hangs up his duster.

INT. BEAVER'S MOUNTAIN GEAR - DAY

A duster hangs on a rack along with other coats. Outdoor gear of all kinds fills the store.

At the counter, Jeremiah hands a CUSTOMER a package of fishing lures and some change.

JEREMIAH

Thank you for shopping at Beaver's Mountain Gear.

A bell rings as the customer exits the store.

Jeremiah's coworker, LIAM DONNELLY (26), unshaven and rumpled, flips a sign on the door from "Open" to "Closed."

LIAM

Finally, quittin' time! And time to get our asses down to McKinley's for a drink!

JEREMIAH

You go ahead, Liam. I've got plans with Sandra tonight.

Liam rolls his eyes and staggers with feigned, exaggerated exhaustion.

LIAM

Always with the Sandra. Come on, Jerry, you used to be fun!

JEREMIAH

Give me a break, Liam; I nearly lost her last year. She's still in remission and she likes having me around.

LIAM

Well, yeah, but...

JEREMIAH

Besides, I'm still fun.

LIAM

Yeah, right. I've had root canals that were more fun than you've been lately.

Jeremiah laughs.

JEREMIAH

We'll get together soon, I promise. And then I'll show you what fun is all about, you lamer.

LIAM

I'm going to hold you to that, "Mister Excitement."

EXT. BEAVER'S MOUNTAIN GEAR - EVENING

As Jeremiah unchains his bike, Moloch's amulet falls out from under his shirt. He buckles his helmet and looks up to see the sun has almost set. He mounts his bike and rides away.

EXT. MCKINLEY'S - EVENING

Jeremiah cruises down the sidewalk. Colored lights bathe his face as he looks over at McKinley's bar. Neon signs in the windows advertise beer. Another sign above the door reads, "McKinley's Bar & Grill."

Jeremiah passes the bar and turns onto another street.

EXT. PARK - SUNSET

Jeremiah pedals his bike through the empty park.

UNION SOLDIER #1 urinates into the grass.

MOLOCH (35), tall, sophisticated, pale and handsome in Civil War era gentleman's clothing, looms up behind the soldier and grabs him. He stifles the man's cry and sinks his fangs into his neck.

Jeremiah stares, wide-eyed, and his bike wobbles. He looks forward just long enough to regain his balance, and looks toward Moloch again.

Moloch and the soldier are gone.

Jeremiah looks ahead and his eyes go wide with shock.

Moloch stands RIGHT THERE, directly in Jeremiah's path.

Moloch vanishes as Jeremiah passes through him. Jeremiah wobbles on his bike and misses a curve in the path. The bike pitches down a short flight of stairs.

Jeremiah lies at the bottom of the stairs next to his mangled bike. A scrape mars his cheek. He groans and looks up.

Moloch stands over Jeremiah, staring down at him. Jeremiah raises his arm to defend himself.

Like a striking snake, Moloch grabs Jeremiah's hand. He bares his fangs and sinks them into Jeremiah's wrist.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah jerks awake. He's breathing hard and soaked with sweat. He looks to his side. Sandra sleeps beside him.

He climbs out of bed, wearing only boxers. The amulet swings and bounces against his chest.

EXT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeremiah hurries outside and looks at his bike chained to a rack. The bike is in perfect condition. Jeremiah stares for a moment, then goes back inside.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah climbs back into bed, looks at Sandra and smiles.

He winces in pain and holds his forehead.

EXT. PARK - SUNSET - FLASHBACK

Moloch stands RIGHT THERE, directly in Jeremiah's path.

BACK TO SCENE

Jeremiah's face goes blank and his eyes close. He flops down and his eyes move rapidly underneath his eyelids.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jeremiah as PRIMITIVE VAMPIRE #1 fights PRIMITIVE VAMPIRE #2. The naked, long-haired vampires brutally pound on one another and throw each other around.

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

BACK TO SCENE

Jeremiah flops over and groans softly.

INT. TENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

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

Jeremiah has long hair and wears animal skins. He drinks from a PRIMITIVE WOMAN'S neck.

Jeremiah 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.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A passing jet roars over the bustling airport.

EXT. DOMESTIC TERMINAL - DAY

Henri and Baldwin pass through the glass doors. They climb into an awaiting limo.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - DAY

The limo makes its way through the crowded streets.

EXT. MIAMI HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The limo pulls to the curb in front of the five-star hotel. Baldwin exits the vehicle and passes directly through the hotel doors. Henri pauses to speak with the BELL CAPTAIN.

INT. MIAMI HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Baldwin enters the lobby and follows an arrow to the bar.

Henri enters just in time to see Baldwin turn the corner. He shakes his head and proceeds to the reception counter.

HENRI

Van Zant, three nights.

He hands the clerk a credit card.

HENRI

Any messages?

The clerk hands him a cell phone.



INT. MIAMI HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Baldwin and Henri, their backs to the wall, occupy a table across from the entrance. Baldwin chases a tequila shot with a beer while Henri sips a tropical drink.

The cell phone lies on the table before them.

BALDWIN

So, we're supposed to just sit and wait?

Henri shrugs.

HENRI

'Tis their nature. Rush to get here, and then... At least they're covering our expenses.

Baldwin indicates another round to the waitress.

BALDWIN

Hurry up and wait. It's like I'm back in the goddamn military.

HENRI

Heaven forbid you should spend a few days not tracking or killing something.

The cell phone rings the Batman theme. Henri and Baldwin exchange a look.

BALDWIN

Very funny.

The waitress delivers the drinks as Henri answers.

HENRI

Batman speaking.

BALDWIN

Hey, I'm Batman. You're Robin.

Henri gestures for him to be quiet.

HENRI  
(into cell phone)  
Yes... Yes... Warehouse  
district, got it. On our way.

Henri clicks the phone closed.

HENRI  
Two vampires pursuing a human.

Baldwin puts down his beer and grins.

BALDWIN  
So much for the No Hunt Zone.

He springs to his feet while Henri gestures for the tab.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Half-vampire VINCENT (20), nervous and shifty, races among aging buildings lit with the occasional bare bulb. He glances back and ducks into the next building.

The shadowy figures of the vampires Orthros, in a stylish leather outfit, and FRANKLIN (20s) stride silently around a corner.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT

A blue rental van races along a mostly empty street.

INT. RENTAL VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Baldwin drives. In back, Henri checks cases containing a small arsenal, including grenades and automatic weapons.

Baldwin fiddles with a switch.

BALDWIN  
Of course, the damn high beams are  
broke in this piece of crap.

Henri looks over the weaponry and nods.

HENRI

They may have skimped on the ride but they provided every weapon we requested. I could learn to like doing assignments for the investigators.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Orthros motions for Franklin to follow her into the warehouse.

The moment they disappear, investigators Mr. Chin and MR. TOFFLER (50s), in business attire, step out of the shadows.

Mr. Toffler pulls out a cell phone and dials.

INT. RENTAL VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Batman Theme plays. Henri flips open the cell phone.

HENRI

Oui?... Understood.

He clicks the phone closed.

HENRI

They've cornered the human in a warehouse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

The rental van pulls up in front of the investigators.

Baldwin cycles the bolt of a submachine gun. He slings it over his shoulder and leaps out. Henri exits with a military radar scope and a thermal imager in hand and a nylon duffle bag over his shoulder.

MR. TOFFLER

Took you long enough. I hope the human is still alive.

BALDWIN

Next time, Mister Toffler, get us something with more horsepower than a shopping cart.

Mr. Chin points to a nearby doorway.

MR. CHIN  
They're inside, gentlemen.  
Terminate both vampires.

BALDWIN  
What about the whole No Hunt Zone  
thing?

MR. CHIN  
That is no longer an issue, Mister  
Van Zant.

MR. TOFFLER  
Make sure you secure the human for  
questioning.

Baldwin and Henri head for the doorway.

BALDWIN  
(under his breath)  
Who do they think we are? The  
goddamn CIA?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Henri leads Baldwin through the dimly-lit maze of stacked shipping containers. He scans ahead with his thermal imager and pauses frequently to hold the radar scope up to shipping container walls.

Against one container, a light flashes quickly on the radar scope. Henri tucks the device away and nods to Baldwin.

HENRI  
(whispers)  
Motion.

Baldwin heads for the front of the shipping container. He reaches into his duster and pulls out a grenade. He hands Henri the submachine gun.

BALDWIN  
(whispers)  
Cover me.

He pulls the grenade's pin, hauls the heavy door open and tosses the grenade inside. Before he can push the door closed, the grenade comes flying back out the opening.

The grenade sails down a corridor and bounces once before exploding in a cloud of green gas.

Baldwin turns back to the container door. Franklin is RIGHT THERE. He grabs Baldwin by his duster and hauls him into the shipping container.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - NIGHT

A few boxes line the walls of the shipping container.

Baldwin stands nose-to-nose with Franklin.

In the back, Orthros stands over Vincent, holding him up off the floor by a fistful of his shirt. She looks at Baldwin with eyes that glow like a cat's in the dim light.

ORTHROS

Well, look what the cat dragged  
in.

Henri appears at the opening, holding up the thermal imager and submachine gun. Franklin and Orthros glow white through the imager; Baldwin glows blue.

Henri fires a brief, echoing burst. Franklin jerks and grasps his arm. Smoke streams from the bullet wound.

Baldwin yanks a pistol from under his duster and fires, blasting a hole up through Franklin's chin and out the top of his head. Franklin topples backward.

Henri tosses a grenade toward the rear of the container. He steps back and slams the door shut.

Orthros releases Vincent and rushes Baldwin.

The grenade explodes with a brief flash of light. Smoke billows toward the front of the container.

Orthros swipes Baldwin aside, clawing his face and ripping his coat. She hurls herself at the container door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The container door bursts open, slamming into Henri and knocking him to the ground. Dazed, he rolls over and raises the submachine gun.

Holding her breath, Orthros casts Henri a venomous look. She turns and bolts off into the darkness.

Henri fires a wild burst after her, illuminating the corridor like a strobe light. He scrambles to his feet.

Brandishing his pistol, Baldwin staggers from the container in a cloud of green gas. He coughs and looks around. Three bleeding fingernail scratches line his cheek and one side of his duster hangs torn open.

Henri sniffs the air and grimaces.

HENRI

You smell like a cheap Italian restaurant.

BALDWIN

Bitch ripped my coat.

He coughs to clear his throat and wipes his eyes.

HENRI

How's the victim.

BALDWIN

She roughed him up a little but he's still breathing. Gimme a hand.

Henri follows Baldwin back inside.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - NIGHT

Vincent lies on the floor. Baldwin and Henri approach.

BALDWIN

Take it easy, guy. There's some people outside who just want to have a talk with you and tell you that what you just saw wasn't real.

Vincent remains motionless.

BALDWIN

You okay? Henri, light.

Henri produces a flashlight and shines it in Vincent's face. Vincent's eyes snap open. He snarls, short fangs extending.

BALDWIN

Son of a--

Vincent lunges at Baldwin, who fires two shots through his chest. Vincent crashes back to the ground. Baldwin keeps his gun on Vincent and glances at Henri.

BALDWIN

What the fuck just happened?

Henri crouches down to inspect Vincent's body. Again Vincent's eyes snap open. He grabs Henri by the throat.

Baldwin fires a bullet right through Vincent's forehead. The half-vampire falls limp.

Henri scrambles backward. He stares at Baldwin.

HENRI

What rounds are you using?

BALDWIN

Chrism loads. Vatican specials.  
The shots through the chest  
should've done the job.

Henri's brow furrows. He approaches Vincent's body and pokes it with his shoe. He trains the flashlight on Vincent's face.

HENRI

Look at the skin color. It's not  
pale enough. And did you notice  
the fangs? They're shorter than  
normal. What kind of a vampire is  
this?

BALDWIN

I'm hoping it's a dead one.

INT. MOLOCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Elegantly furnished. Two high-backed chairs sit before Moloch's desk. Security monitors sit on the desk. An opening leads to a back bedroom. No other doors, no windows.

Moloch wears a rough leather jacket over faded jeans. He looks at a prescription bottle of diamond-shaped blue pills, shakes his head, and drops it into a wastepaper basket.

Orthros slams open the doors to the room and storms in.

Moloch raises an eyebrow.

MOLOCH

Are you ever going to learn to knock, Orthros?

ORTHROS

Lord Moloch, we are being hunted again!

MOLOCH

Explain.

ORTHROS

Franklin and I finally caught up with that last half-vampire, when two hunters attacked us.

Moloch focuses on her.

MOLOCH

Hunters?

ORTHROS

Yes! They shot Franklin...and their bullets killed him, Moloch. They almost caught me with a gas that reeked of garlic.

Moloch frowns with grim concern.

MOLOCH

Humans become more resourceful every day.



ORTHROS

First the government, now these hunters--

MOLOCH

Government?

ORTHROS

Oh. Yes. I found some IRS agents watching this place last night. Don't worry, I took care of them.

She smirks.

ORTHROS

They suspected you of tax evasion.

Moloch glares at her.

MOLOCH

You only now chose to inform me of this?

ORTHROS

It...slipped my mind, Lord Moloch. Forgive me, but at the time we were dealing with the traitorous half-vampires.

MOLOCH

I see. Our family is in greater peril than I'd feared. Did you handle Vincent?

Orthros smiles wryly.

ORTHROS

I didn't have to; the hunters killed him for me.

Moloch picks up an elegant walking cane as he thinks.

MOLOCH

Why would hunters choose to violate the pact now, of all times? We haven't started hunting humans again.

ORTHROS

Yet.

Moloch shakes his head.

MOLOCH

We have to find another way.

ORTHROS

Vincent was the last half-vampire.  
With them gone we have no other  
food source.

MOLOCH

Whatever we come up with, we'll  
have to do it soon.

ORTHROS

I followed the hunters. They are  
staying at a hotel in Miami. Do  
you wish me to kill them?

Moloch shakes his head.

MOLOCH

No, Orthros. I shall take care of  
them myself.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sandra, wearing an oversize IRS T-shirt and panties, opens  
cupboard doors and removes a container of oatmeal. She  
limps over to the stove.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jeremiah jerks awake with a gasp. He winces at the sun  
that streams across his face. He sits up, out of the  
direct sunlight, and rubs his face. He shudders. Moloch's  
amulet dangles from his neck.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S KITCHEN - DAY

The oatmeal bubbles on the stove. Sandra limps in to yank  
it off the heat. She stirs it and turns off the stove.

Sandra shakes out the last two pills from a prescription bottle. She frowns, returns one pill to the bottle and tosses the other into her mouth. She swallows and grimaces.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S SHOWER - DAY

Jeremiah runs his head under the stream of water and soaps up his body. He flinches and looks at his wrist. Two deep fang punctures mar his skin.

EXT. PARK - SUNSET - FLASHBACK

Like a striking snake, Moloch grabs Jeremiah's hand. He bares his fangs and sinks them into Jeremiah's wrist.

BACK TO SCENE

Jeremiah shakes his head to dispel the vision. He looks at his wrist again. The fang marks are bright red against the pale flesh.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jeremiah wanders in, his face unshaven, his gaze haunted. Sandra dishes up oatmeal and gives Jeremiah a bright smile.

SANDRA  
Good morning, baby.

JEREMIAH  
(mumbles)  
Morning.

She kisses him, then runs her fingers along his chin.

SANDRA  
Scratchy face. You going in to  
work like that?

Jeremiah takes a bowl of oatmeal.

JEREMIAH  
Why not? Liam does it all the  
time.

Sandra shrugs and reaches for her own bowl of oatmeal.

JEREMIAH

Sandra, did I have these marks on  
my arm when I came home yesterday?

Sandra looks at his wrist. She raises her eyebrows.

SANDRA

What marks?

Jeremiah looks at his wrist. The marks are gone.

JEREMIAH

I...um, never mind.

SANDRA

Sweetie, when I said I was going  
to fuck your brains out last  
night, you weren't supposed to  
take it literally.

She laughs. Jeremiah manages an uneasy smile.

INT. TENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jeremiah has long hair and wears animal skins. He drinks  
from Sandra's neck.

Jeremiah 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.

BACK TO SCENE

Jeremiah shakes his head to clear the vision from his mind.  
Sandra looks at him with a touch of concern in her smile.

SANDRA

You okay, baby?

Jeremiah shudders.

JEREMIAH

I'm fine. I gotta get to work.

EXT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeremiah tucks the amulet into his shirt and buckles his helmet. He steps out into the morning sun, which hits his face and eyes. He blinks and flinches back into the shadows. He holds up a hand to shield his face.

JEREMIAH

Shit.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jeremiah hurries in. He searches through shelves and drawers. Sandra limps out of the bedroom.

SANDRA

What's wrong?

JEREMIAH

Where are the sunglasses?

SANDRA

What?

JEREMIAH

I need sunglasses.

He heads for the bedroom and Sandra follows him.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jeremiah tears through drawers, tossing clothing around.

SANDRA

I don't know where the sunglasses are, Jeremiah. Why do you need them all of a sudden? You're going to be late for work.

Jeremiah turns on her and she recoils.

JEREMIAH

I know I'm going to be late! But if I go out there without sunglasses I'll fucking go blind!

SANDRA

You don't have to bite my head  
off.

Jeremiah takes a deep breath.

JEREMIAH

I'm sorry, baby. I really am.  
It's just that the sun is hurting  
my head for some reason.

He manages a smile. He steps close and embraces her.

JEREMIAH

I just didn't sleep so good last  
night. I'm sorry.

Sandra relaxes and hugs him back. She kisses the tip of  
his nose.

SANDRA

Why not get some new sunglasses at  
work today?

Jeremiah releases her and turns toward the living room.

JEREMIAH

I guess I'll have to.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jeremiah dashes out the front door. Sandra watches him go.  
She turns and limps back toward the bedroom.

She clutches her stomach and grabs the wall for support.  
She clenches her teeth against the pain.

SANDRA

No. Not again. This can't be  
happening again!

She limps over and picks up her prescription bottle. She  
shakes out the last pill. She frowns, then swallows it.

Her cell phone rings. She answers it and sinks to the  
floor, her back against the wall.

SANDRA

Hello?

She chews her lower lip as she listens.

SANDRA

I...I don't know if I want to do  
that again....

She looks at the empty pill container in her hand. She  
closes her eyes for a moment, then slumps.

SANDRA

Okay, I'll do it, but it'll cost  
you.

Her eyes widen.

SANDRA

Five thousand? Okay...

She listens.

SANDRA

How do you spell Moloch?... Okay,  
got it, bye.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Jeremiah rides his bike along the street, shielding his  
face with his arm and squinting into the glare. A car  
pulls out of a driveway into his path, forcing him to grab  
his brakes.

JEREMIAH

Shit!

The driver honks and gives him the finger as he drives by.

JEREMIAH

Yeah, fuck you too, buddy.

INT. BEAVER'S MOUNTAIN GEAR - DAY

Jeremiah spins a rack of sunglasses. Liam approaches.

LIAM

Whatcha doing?

JEREMIAH

(snaps)

What does it look like?

LIAM

Well, excuse me. I didn't realize today was "Be an Asshole to Your Coworker" Day.

Jeremiah selects a pair and tries them on.

JEREMIAH

Sorry. I didn't sleep so good last night.

Liam grins and rubs his own clean-shaven face.

LIAM

It shows. This is a first--I actually look better than you this morning.

Jeremiah looks at Liam's face and manages a smile.

JEREMIAH

Just enjoy the moment, Liam, because it won't last.

He hands Liam the sunglasses and walks past him.

JEREMIAH

Here. Ring these up for me. Looks like I've got a customer.

Baldwin stands before a rack of leather coats, trying on a new leather duster. He holds the sleeve to his face and inhales the scent. He frowns.

JEREMIAH

'Morning, sir. Find something you like?

BALDWIN

No, but this'll do.

JEREMIAH

It fits you well.



BALDWIN

Not as well as my old one.

JEREMIAH

Ah. It'll break in soon enough.

Baldwin grunts. He walks over to the counter. Jeremiah follows and steps behind the register.

JEREMIAH

Will that be all?

Baldwin nods and Jeremiah rings him up.

JEREMIAH

Four fifteen oh eight.

Baldwin hands over a credit card.

Jeremiah swipes the card, fumbles it, and drops it on the floor.

JEREMIAH

Woops. Sorry.

As Jeremiah bends down to pick up the card, Moloch's amulet falls out from under his shirt. He stands and hands Baldwin the card and the slip to sign.

JEREMIAH

There you go.

Baldwin's gaze zeroes in on the amulet. He reaches out and grabs it by the leather cord, and pulls Jeremiah half over the counter.

BALDWIN

Where did you get this?

JEREMIAH

(stammers)

At a garage sale. What the--

BALDWIN

Where?

Liam notes the commotion and hurries over.

JEREMIAH

I don't know! It was just some random place. What's your problem?

BALDWIN

Did they say where it came from?

JEREMIAH

No, the guy carved it himself.

Baldwin reluctantly lets go. He frowns uncertainly.

BALDWIN

Are you sure?

LIAM

Of course I'm sure!

Baldwin looks at Liam, Jeremiah and the amulet. He shrugs.

BALDWIN

Sorry. It's just that it looks a lot like... Never mind.

Jeremiah and Liam just glare at Baldwin. Baldwin picks up a pen. As he signs the credit card slip, he glances up at the amulet. He shrugs again and picks up his receipt.

BALDWIN

Thanks.

He heads for the door with Jeremiah and Liam's eyes on him.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah lounges on the couch with the remote control in one hand and a beer in the other. He surfs through the channels. His skin is not as tan as it used to be.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sandra washes dishes. Her back pocket rings and she pulls out her cell-phone.

SANDRA

Hello?

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JEREMIAH  
(calling)  
You talking to me, honey?

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sandra throws a harried glance toward the living room.

SANDRA  
(calling)  
It's just a call from work.

She tucks the phone under her ear.

SANDRA  
Tonight?

She transfers the phone to her other ear and holds the tiny device with her shoulder as she washes dishes.

SANDRA  
Henderson Park...holding a romance  
novel?... Oh, Okay.

She reaches for a dish towel and her hand bumps a glass.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah sips his beer. A glass shatters in the kitchen.

SANDRA (O.S.)  
(loud)  
Oh, no.

JEREMIAH  
Sandra?

He bolts off the couch.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sandra holds her hand over the sink while blood drips into the foamy suds.

SANDRA  
(into phone)  
I gotta go. I'll be there soon.

She closes the phone one-handed just as Jeremiah comes in. He stares at the blood that runs from the gash in Sandra's palm and down her fingers.

The drops fall like red pearls and spread in the water.

SANDRA  
It's okay. I just broke a glass.

Jeremiah blinks and shakes off his trance. He sets down the beer, grabs some paper towels, and presses them into Sandra's hand. He guides her gently away from the sink.

JEREMIAH  
Here, let me fix that up for you.

Blood soaks into the towels. Sandra shoves the phone into her back pocket as Jeremiah helps her out of the kitchen.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sandra sits on the toilet seat while Jeremiah puts the finishing touches on a bandage. An open tube of antibiotic ointment, the crumpled wrapper from a gauze pad, and first-aid tape litter the counter.

JEREMIAH  
There you go.

She inspects his handiwork.

SANDRA  
Do you think I need stitches?

JEREMIAH  
No, you'll be fine.

He sets a wad of bloody paper towels down on the counter, draws Sandra to her feet and gives her a hug.

JEREMIAH  
My poor sweetie.

Over her shoulder, his gaze lingers on the blood-soaked wad: stark red against the white tile.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandra enters. Jeremiah leans in the doorway with his beer and watches Sandra awkwardly check her backpack.

JEREMIAH  
Going somewhere?

SANDRA  
I have a work meeting.

JEREMIAH  
You're a contractor. They can't  
make you work this late, can they?

SANDRA  
Can you give me a hand?

Jeremiah grins and saunters up behind her. He sets his beer on a dresser and cups her breasts.

SANDRA  
That's not exactly what I meant.

Jeremiah kisses the back of her neck.

JEREMIAH  
What? You asked me to give you a  
hand, sweetie. My hands are right  
here.

SANDRA  
Jeremiah....

JEREMIAH  
All right, spoilsport.

He helps her with her backpack and escorts her out.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah gives Sandra a kiss as she leaves.

JEREMIAH  
Be careful, honey. See you soon.

He shuts the door and turns back to the empty apartment.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah finishes his beer as he comes in. He picks up the trashcan to sweep the grisly mess into the container.

He stops, picks up the wad of bloody gauze and raises it to his face. He sniffs it and frowns in puzzlement.

He puts the trash down and adjusts his crotch. He sniffs the blood again, opens his mouth, hesitates, and licks it. He shudders with a mixture of ecstasy and disgust.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Under the bed, the pile of flesh has grown into a humanoid shape of bloody muscle. The chest expands and contracts.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah cringes, clutches the bloody gauze, and gasps.

JEREMIAH

(moans)

No.

He fumbles at his pants with one hand and they drop to the floor. He spits into his palm once, twice, three times. With the bloody gauze pressed to his nose and mouth and his eyes shut, his hand goes into motion below his waist.

His breath comes high and fast.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Under the bed, the humanoid shape flexes upward.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah's arm increases its rhythm and he leans his head back against the wall. He inhales the blood and suddenly crams it into his mouth. He moans as he climaxes.

He wipes his hand across his T-shirt as he sags down the wall. He pries the bloody gauze out of his mouth, lurches forward and grabs the toilet. He vomits.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Under the bed, the humanoid shape relaxes with a sigh.

EXT. HENDERSON PARK - NIGHT

Sandra, carrying her backpack, approaches a park bench. KAYLYNN STONE (35), long-legged, beautiful brunette, sits on one side of the bench with a paperback.

Sandra sits on the other side of the bench and sneaks a glance at the cover of Kaylynn's lurid romance novel. Kaylynn speaks without looking up.

KAYLYNN

Sandra Grant?

SANDRA

Yes.

KAYLYNN

I'm Kaylynn Stone.

Sandra lifts her wounded hand to show Kaylynn.

SANDRA

Sorry I'm late.

KAYLYNN

Are you okay?

SANDRA

Yes. Where's Mister Chin?

KAYLYNN

Busy. I just got into town a few days ago. Otherwise we'd have met before.

SANDRA

Oh.

Sandra fidgets with her backpack.

KAYLYNN

Are you sure you're all right?

SANDRA

Yes. This is just all so...weird.

KAYLYNN

How so?

SANDRA

The book, the clandestine meeting place.

Kaylynn chuckles.

KAYLYNN

Maybe I should have worn a trench coat and sunglasses.

Sandra frowns in a question.

KAYLYNN

Like a spy?

SANDRA

Oh. Right.

She takes a deep breath. She reaches into her pack, extracts a thin manila folder and hands it to Kaylynn.

SANDRA

This is the information I promised Mister Chin.

Kaylynn opens the folder and looks over the papers.

SANDRA

There should have been more, but the two field agents assigned to the night shift apparently went missing two days ago.

KAYLYNN

Oh?

Sandra laughs without humor.

SANDRA

Pretty melodramatic, huh? I mean, we want this guy for tax evasion and all of a sudden the agents watching him disappear.

Kaylynn looks up at Sandra in surprise.



KAYLYNN

The IRS is actually watching him?  
You know where he lives?

SANDRA

Yes. Well, we were watching him  
until those agents disappeared.

Kaylynn flips through the papers.

KAYLYNN

Where's his address?

SANDRA

I...assumed you had it already.

Kaylynn looks steadily at Sandra.

KAYLYNN

We need everything, Sandra,  
address included.

SANDRA

Oh. Okay, I can get it. But I'll  
need a couple of days.

KAYLYNN

That's fine. Oh, this is for you.

She passes Sandra a fat envelope. Sandra takes the  
envelope. She looks at it, shakes her head and grimaces.

KAYLYNN

What's wrong?

SANDRA

(softly)  
I'm not a bad person.

KAYLYNN

I didn't say you were.

SANDRA

I mean, I wouldn't do this if I  
didn't really need the money for  
my treatments. I...

Kaylynn nods.

KAYLYNN

Mister Chin told me. I'm glad to hear you're in remission.

Sandra gives a pained smile and looks away.

KAYLYNN

Sandra, the information in that folder could end up saving a lot of lives.

Sandra nods slightly and forces a smile.

SANDRA

Without this I'd have no future.

Kaylynn gives a wry smile.

KAYLYNN

That's fitting, since I have no past.

Sandra raises an eyebrow. Kaylynn shakes her head and smiles.

KAYLYNN

Never mind.

She stands.

KAYLYNN

I have to go. You take care. And thanks for this.

Sandra nods again as she clutches her white envelope. Kaylynn walks off into the darkness. Sandra remains on the bench.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Sandra enters as Jeremiah puts sunscreen on his pale face.

SANDRA

All of a sudden you're worried about skin cancer?

JEREMIAH

The sun's hot out there. It hurts.

Sandra peers into the mirror with him.

SANDRA

What's happened to your tan?

JEREMIAH

I don't know. I wonder if I'm getting a skin allergy.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Jeremiah rides his bike down the street. He wears his sunglasses and a long-sleeved jacket with the collar up. Sweat cuts rivulets through the sunblock on his face.

INT. BEAVER'S MOUNTAIN GEAR - DAY

Jeremiah pulls off his helmet as he comes in. His face is red and blotchy, his chest heaving. Sweat and sunblock stain the collar of his shirt. Liam hurries over.

LIAM

God damn! What's wrong with you, Jerry?

He grasps Jeremiah by the arm and urges him inside.

LIAM

Come on. Let's get you cleaned up.

INT. BEAVER'S RESTROOM - DAY

Liam drags Jeremiah in and grabs a handful of paper towels.

LIAM

You look like something I might barf up after a really good Friday night.

Jeremiah's breathing gradually slows. Liam roughly wipes Jeremiah's face. Jeremiah yelps and flinches back.

JEREMIAH

Watch it, Liam! What the fuck?

Liam approaches Jeremiah again with the towels.

LIAM

I'm just trying to get some of  
this shit off of you.

Jeremiah wards him off and steps away.

JEREMIAH

Well use something besides  
sandpaper.

Liam stares at the towels, then thrusts them at Jeremiah.

LIAM

You do it, then.

Jeremiah takes the towels, wipes his face and winces.

JEREMIAH

Ow. God damn, that hurts.

LIAM

What happened to your tan?

JEREMIAH

Skin allergy. Get out there and  
man the floor. I'll take care of  
this.

Liam shrugs and exits the restroom.

Jeremiah stares into the mirror and touches his pale,  
blotchy face. Fear flickers in his gaze.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah and Sandra watch TV while they eat spaghetti at  
the coffee table. As Jeremiah eats, he channel surfs with  
the remote.

On the TV, an accident victim with a bleeding scalp wound  
resists paramedics who try to urge him into the ambulance.

SANDRA

Oh, gross!

Jeremiah puts down the remote and stuffs in more spaghetti. The sauce stains his mouth red. He stares at the TV.

The scene changes to an emergency room. Another accident victim covered with blood lies on a gurney.

Sandra reaches across Jeremiah for the remote, but he blocks her hand.

SANDRA

Come on, Jeremiah. Are you trying to make me sick?

She gestures to the spaghetti, which lies in its red sauce like the accident victim lies in her own blood.

SANDRA

I can't watch this!

Jeremiah looks from the TV to the plates to Sandra.

JEREMIAH

Well, how about...

He rearranges her so that she reclines back and turns her head away from the mayhem on the small screen.

JEREMIAH

...if you don't watch.

He kisses her. As she kisses him back, he slides off the couch to kneel on the floor and crouch over her.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Under the bed, the body has almost fully formed into human shape. The skin is thin and translucent, the black hair thin across its skull, the eyes glued shut. It breathes.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah eases his hand under Sandra's shirt and pushes it up to expose her breasts. She allows him to draw the shirt over her head and place a gentle kiss on each nipple.

He glances at his plate of spaghetti, pauses for a moment, then reaches out to scoop up some red meat sauce. He smears it across her breasts.

SANDRA  
Jeremiah!

She tries to wriggle away but Jeremiah pushes her down. He leans in and runs his tongue across her breasts.

JEREMIAH  
It's not too hot, is it?

He presses the tip of his tongue against Sandra's nipple. She gasps and arches her back.

On TV, doctors stitch up the lip of the accident victim, who gasps and arches her back.

SANDRA  
(softly)  
Jeremiah...

Jeremiah rubs more sauce across her breasts and belly.

SANDRA  
I don't think I can...

JEREMIAH  
Don't worry. I won't drip.

He works at the button of her jeans.

SANDRA  
(murmurs)  
Jeremiah, you're an animal.

He licks up a bit of sauce from her navel.

JEREMIAH  
But I'm your animal.

He licks down her body and she closes her eyes.

SANDRA  
Yes, baby. You are my animal.

On the TV, the man with the head wound rides in the back of the ambulance. He moans as the EMTs work on him.

Sandra moans as Jeremiah finally reaches his objective.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The body under the bed lets out a soft moan. Its eyes remain closed.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandra's eyes snap open. Her body spasms briefly and she grimaces from a jolt of pain. She clutches her abdomen.

SANDRA  
(chokes)  
Jeremiah.

Jeremiah's face remains buried between her thighs.

On the TV, doctors in an operating room fish around in a patient's abdomen, up to their elbows in blood.

Sandra writhes and clutches her hip and abdomen. She clenches her teeth against spasms of pain. She tilts her head back to look at the bottles of medication across the room.

Jeremiah ceases his work for a moment.

JEREMIAH  
You like that, don't you, baby?

Sandra's answer is a drawn-out moan of pain. A tear runs down the side of her face. Jeremiah grins and goes back to work. Sandra wipes away the tear and struggles to sit up.

SANDRA  
Jeremiah.

Jeremiah looks up.

SANDRA  
I have to...I'll be right back.

She disentangles herself and rushes from the room.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sandra slams the door behind her and barely gets the toilet seat up before she vomits up her dinner in a red tide.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah stands between the couch and the hall. He looks from the closed bathroom door to the TV, where the emergency room scene plays out.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sandra's breath comes high and fast as she fights for control. She straightens up and turns on the water.

SANDRA  
(whispers)

No.

She starts to stand, clutches her stomach and sinks down as another wave of red vomit splashes into the toilet.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah stands outside the bathroom door.

JEREMIAH  
Sweetie?

Inside, the toilet flushes, water runs, and Sandra steps out. She wipes her mouth. Sweat beads her pale face.

SANDRA  
I'm sorry.

JEREMIAH  
Oh hey, no. I'm sorry. I thought you liked it.

SANDRA  
I did like it.

She strokes his face.

SANDRA  
I really did. It's just...my medication.

She sways and he catches her. She puts a hand up to her head.



SANDRA

Whew. I guess I still need to eat something.

JEREMIAH

You sure?

SANDRA

Yeah. All that dinner and I'm still hungry.

JEREMIAH

Well, if you hadn't flushed it down the toilet...

Sandra smiles. Some of the color has returned to her face.

SANDRA

Yeah, yeah.

Her grin shifts to a lascivious smile.

SANDRA

The spaghetti sauce was a good idea.

JEREMIAH

You did like it?

SANDRA

Yes, but next time we should use chocolate sauce or whipped cream, or something.

Behind them, on TV, the patient's living heart beats inside his chest. Jeremiah grins at Sandra.

JEREMIAH

Or ketchup.

INT. MCKINLEY'S MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Liam dips a French fry into ketchup and takes a bite. He takes a swig of beer and notices someone across the room. He waves and heads in that direction.

The busy bar has numerous TVs. A game section of the bar sports several pool tables and dart boards.

Liam walks by Moloch sitting at a booth. Moloch wears a black trench coat and holds his cane. An untouched beer sits before him. He gazes steadily across the room at...

...Baldwin and Henri sitting at a table. Baldwin nurses a stout. He gingerly touches the bandaged scratches on his face. Henri types on his laptop.

BALDWIN

The bar's fine, but does it have to be tonight? I'm really not in the mood to deal with the charming personality of another investigator.

He grimaces.

BALDWIN

I was about to kill that last pair and claim that I couldn't tell the difference in the dark.

HENRI

The job is the job. Though this investigator...

He looks up an item on his screen.

HENRI

...Miz "Kaylynn Stone," should be more docile. She's a researcher, not a field agent.

BALDWIN

A librarian. Yay. Ever meet one who didn't look like a "before" picture?

HENRI

You put far too much stock in your Barbie Doll women. There is something to be said for a woman of intellect.

BALDWIN

Too hard to lie to.

Baldwin's attention shifts to the door.

HENRI  
Oui, c'est vrai.

He glances at Baldwin and notices his fixed attention.

HENRI  
What?

BALDWIN  
Just thinking up my next batch of  
lies.

Henri follows Baldwin's gaze. Kaylynn stands in the doorway, dressed in a short skirt. She scans the room.

HENRI  
Very nice. But she could use a  
sandwich.

BALDWIN  
The hell you say.

Kaylynn makes eye contact with Baldwin and walks over.

KAYLYNN  
Excuse me...are you Baldwin Van  
Zant?

Baldwin blinks. Henri chuckles.

HENRI  
At least you won't have to lie.

He looks up at Kaylynn.

HENRI  
Kaylynn Stone, I presume?

Across the room, Moloch sits up and stares intently, his eyes widening with surprise.

MOLOCH  
(whispers)  
Lucy...?

LATER

Kaylynn jiggles her ice water as she talks. Baldwin, his drink forgotten, hangs on her every word. Henri occupies himself making crude origami animals out of napkins.

KAYLYNN

There had always been rumors that he was still around, but this is the first concrete evidence we've had in many decades. The implications of Moloch still heading his clan here are just--

HENRI

Astounding. So you said.  
(under his breath)  
A dozen times.

Baldwin shoots Henri a look. Kaylynn flashes a smile and runs a hand through her hair. The motion reveals a bullet wound scar at her hairline.

BALDWIN

You sure you're a researcher?

She gives him a questioning look.

BALDWIN

That's a bullet wound.

KAYLYNN

Oh. Yes. I really don't know what happened. All my memories start after the accident.

Across the room, Moloch nods with realization.

BALDWIN

Amnesia? Really?

HENRI

Sounds like the perfect woman, eh, Baldwin?

Baldwin glares at Henri. Kaylynn notes the awkward moment and clears her throat.

KAYLYNN

I really want to thank you both for obtaining that hybrid for us to study. Again, rumors, but nothing beats the real thing.

BALDWIN

Hybrid?

KAYLYNN

It appears to be a half-breed of some sort. Part human, part vampire.

BALDWIN

How exactly could that happen?

KAYLYNN

That we're not really sure.

HENRI

My, what a surprise.

Henri grunts and moves sideways from a jab to his ribs.

KAYLYNN

Moloch's name appears sporadically throughout historical records, making him hundreds, possibly even thousands of years old. Who knows what he has managed to accomplish over that time? Perhaps he's employing some form of breeding or even genetic engineering program.

She pauses for a moment to think.

KAYLYNN

The easiest way to find out would be to acquire a live hybrid specimen. That's where you two come in. Unfortunately, we have no leads yet, but--

BALDWIN

Why don't we just go straight to the source? You said someone's getting you Moloch's address soon, right?

Kaylynn's eyes widen.

KAYLYNN

I don't think that would be wise. He'd have the home ground advantage, plus you'd have to get past all his minions, and--

BALDWIN

Hold on. How many blood-suckers are there?

KAYLYNN

The IRS report says there are at least a couple dozen inhabitants living in Moloch's home.

Baldwin and Henri exchange alarmed looks.

Across the room, Moloch gazes steadily at Kaylynn.

HENRI (O.S.)

(faint)

We've been all over the globe, rounding them up in ones and twos, and there are two dozen vampires right here in your back yard?

LATER

Baldwin, Henri and Kaylynn stand by the front door. Several bar patrons pass them on their way out. Kaylynn pulls on her jacket. Baldwin jumps to assist her.

KAYLYNN

Thank you, Mister Van Zant.

BALDWIN

Baldwin, please.

She smiles up at him. His arm remains around her shoulders.

KAYLYNN

Thank you, Baldwin. And please, call me Kaylynn. Are you sure I can't convince you to let me come along and assist?

BALDWIN

Actually, I'd like--

HENRI

The offer is appreciated, Miz Stone, but we work alone.

Kaylynn nods in disappointment and Baldwin glares at Henri.

KAYLYNN

Well, give me a call if you change your mind. Here's my card....

She digs into her purse.

Moloch walks up to a line of public telephones on the wall nearby. He glances at Kaylynn as he opens a phone book.

Kaylynn uses a pen to write on the back of a card.

Moloch's finger slides down the phone book page and stops at "Kaylynn Stone." His finger slides over to point to her phone number. The prefix is 666. He closes the book.

KAYLYNN

My home number is on the back.

Kaylynn hands her card to Baldwin. Baldwin grins.

Moloch heads for the door. He casually bumps Kaylynn's arm, causing her to drop her purse.

MOLOCH

Oh, excuse me.

Baldwin reaches down to pick up the purse, but Moloch snatches it up first and hands it to Kaylynn. He smiles.

MOLOCH

That was most clumsy of me.  
Please accept my deepest  
apologies.

KAYLYNN

It's all right. Thanks.

Moloch peers at her closely.

MOLOCH

Have we met before, miss?

KAYLYNN

No, I don't think so.

MOLOCH

Are you certain?

Baldwin rolls his eyes and glowers at Moloch.

BALDWIN

You heard the lady, mister. She doesn't know you. Beat it.

KAYLYNN

Baldwin...

MOLOCH

That's quite all right. I should indeed be on my way. Good evening, gentlemen. Milady.

He gives Kaylynn a slight bow and walks out the door. As Baldwin watches Moloch go, his eyes narrow with a touch of suspicion.

KAYLYNN

Well, it was a pleasure meeting you both.

Baldwin turns his attention back to Kaylynn. He grins and opens the door for her.

BALDWIN

The pleasure is all mine.

KAYLYNN

Oh, not all yours, I assure you.

She smiles coyly as she walks out the door. Baldwin and Henri follow.



HENRI  
 (under his breath)  
 I'm going to need an insulin  
 injection after this....

EXT. MCKINLEY'S - NIGHT

As Kaylynn heads across the street to her car, she glances back.

KAYLYNN  
 Just please remember: no killing.  
 We need a live specimen.

BALDWIN  
Anything you want, just ask.

Henri rolls his eyes. Kaylynn waves good-bye as she enters her car. Baldwin watches her go with a smitten smile.

Henri grabs his arm and hauls him in the other direction.

HENRI  
 Now I understand why they neuter  
 dogs.

They pass under a large clock that displays 12:15 a.m.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The clock beside the bed reads 7:15 a.m. Sandra breezes in wearing a business dress suit. She walks past Jeremiah, who lies asleep in bed, and throws open the curtains.

Morning sunshine streams into the room across Jeremiah's pale face. It gleams on the amulet around his neck. He flinches away from the light.

JEREMIAH  
 Jesus Christ, Sandra. What the  
 fuck?

SANDRA  
 Time to get up, Jeremiah. You're  
 going to be late for work if you  
 don't hurry.

Jeremiah buries his head under the covers and flails one arm in the general direction of the window.

JEREMIAH

Close the curtains. You're  
burning my eyeballs out.

She twitches the curtains closed.

SANDRA

I have to get going. I've got a  
doctor's appointment before work.

She frowns at Jeremiah's lack of response.

SANDRA

I'm sure it's nothing to worry  
about.

Still no response from the lump under the covers.

SANDRA

You're not going fall back asleep,  
are you?

JEREMIAH

No. Go 'way.

LATER

The clock beside the bed reads 1:34 p.m. Jeremiah sleeps like the dead.

EXT. BEACH WALKWAY - DAY

Various boats carve wakes in the deep blue water under the late afternoon sun. Baldwin stares out across the water.

He starts at the touch of a feminine hand on his shoulder. Combat instincts in motion, he whips around.

KAYLYNN

Boo.

Kaylynn stands there in a stylish dress suit. She wears very dark glasses and a large floppy hat against the sun. Her warm smile instantly relaxes Baldwin's posture. He gazes at her like a schoolboy.

BALDWIN  
Kaylynn. You look...

Kaylynn smiles and takes his arm. They walk down the path.

KAYLYNN  
Where's Henri?

BALDWIN  
No doubt regaling some lonely  
divorcee with tales of adventure.

KAYLYNN  
Can you contact him?

BALDWIN  
Henri? Sure. But haven't you  
ever heard of the expression  
"three's a crowd."

He gazes down into her eyes. Kaylynn urges him forward.

KAYLYNN  
Actually, three is just what we  
need. I received a call from an  
informant who says he knows where  
we can find a hybrid. But he'll  
only show me where, and only  
tonight. So...

BALDWIN  
So I guess you are coming with us  
after all.

She gives him a smug smile.

KAYLYNN  
No, you two are coming with me.

Baldwin sighs. He stops and flips open his cell phone. He speed dials and holds the phone to his ear.

BALDWIN  
Time to summon you to the Bat  
Cave, Robin.

He listens for a moment, then turns away from Kaylynn.

BALDWIN  
(low voice)  
No, I'm Batman.

EXT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

The setting sun casts Sandra's shadow in its bloody rays as she crosses the parking lot. She carries a sheaf of pamphlets.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah pockets his keys just as Sandra comes in.

SANDRA  
Hey, sweetie. Going someplace?

JEREMIAH  
McKinley's.

She puts down her purse but keeps the pamphlets in hand.

SANDRA  
Jeremiah...I don't understand.  
What's happened to you?

JEREMIAH  
What are you talking about?

SANDRA  
Like sleeping all day.

JEREMIAH  
So I was tired. Big deal.

SANDRA  
You've just been acting so strange lately, baby.

JEREMIAH  
Don't "baby" me. And look who's talking. You're the one acting strange.

He zips up his jacket.

JEREMIAH  
Don't wait up.

He slams the door as he leaves.

The pamphlets fall from Sandra's hand and scatter at her feet. One is titled "Hospice Care," another "Coping With Cancer."

SANDRA

Asshole.

She bursts into tears.

EXT. MCKINLEY'S - NIGHT

Jeremiah, minus his helmet, cruises up. He sets his bike on its kickstand and goes inside.

INT. MCKINLEY'S MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Two leather-jacketed street toughs, BUTCH (20s) and RANDY (20s), play pool. Liam and his overweight friend BILL (20s) sit at the bar with other patrons. All watch a game on one of several TVs mounted on the walls.

The BARTENDER hands Liam a glass of beer. Bill and several patrons suddenly erupt in cheers at a play. Liam and several other patrons wince and groan.

LIAM

Oh man, we suck!

BILL

Guess you buy the next round.

LIAM

You suck too, Bill.

Bill laughs. Liam drinks his beer.

JEREMIAH (O.S.)

You can buy one for me too, Liam.

Liam turns to see Jeremiah. He stares open-mouthed.

LIAM

Holy shit! Is it true? Has the prodigal son returned?

Jeremiah chuckles.

JEREMIAH

I needed to get out. For some fun.

LIAM

All right, Jerry! We are going to get so hammered tonight!

He puts his arm around Jeremiah's shoulders.

LIAM

Bill, let me introduce you to my good friend Jeremiah. Until tonight he sucked worse than you.

MONTAGE

-- Liam, Jeremiah and Bill stand at the bar, laughing.

-- Jeremiah and Liam clink shot glasses together. They drink and slam the glasses down on the bar.

-- Jeremiah and Liam play darts while Bill sits at a table.

-- Liam lifts the rack from the balls on one of the pool tables and Jeremiah takes his shot. The balls scatter.

END MONTAGE

Jeremiah, Liam and Bill stand around the pool table. Liam takes a shot and knocks in one of Jeremiah's balls. Jeremiah hoots and Bill laughs.

LIAM

Oh, shit, not one of yours!

BILL

You're always playing with other guys' balls, aren't you, Liam?

He roars with laughter while Jeremiah readies his shot.

A cue ball flies in from another table. It hits the table and scatters the balls. Everyone turns to look.

Butch and Randy stand at their pool table, hooting with drunken laughter.

BUTCH

Sorry, it slipped!

Jeremiah glares at them malevolently.

JEREMIAH

Is that what you told your friend  
when you slid your dick in his  
ass?

Butch and Randy go silent. They return Jeremiah's glare.

Liam and Bill exchange wary glances. Jeremiah throws his pool cue down on the table.

JEREMIAH

I gotta go take a piss.

He grabs his bottle of beer and stalks off to the restroom.

Butch and Randy stare after Jeremiah. Butch hands Randy his pool cue and heads after Jeremiah.

Liam frowns. He lays his own pool cue on the table and starts after Butch. Randy steps in his way. He smacks a pool cue against his hand.

RANDY

Where do you think you're going?

INT. MCKINLEY'S MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah finishes up. His beer bottle sits on top of the urinal. Butch enters the room behind him. He draws a knife.

As Jeremiah zips up, he sees Butch's reflection in a plumbing fixture. He picks up his bottle by the neck, whirls, and smashes it against the side of Butch's head. Glass and beer fly everywhere. Butch staggers.

Jeremiah slashes open Butch's neck with the broken bottle, and Butch falls. Jeremiah straddles him and drives a fist into his face. Butch's nose gushes blood.

Jeremiah's eyes light up with delight and he grins cruelly. He slams his fist into Butch's face again and again. Moloch's amulet falls from his shirt and dangles down.

INT. MCKINLEY'S MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Randy smirks as he slaps the pool cue against his hand. Bill stands up and walks away. Randy looks at Bill.

RANDY

Where the hell do you think you're going?

BILL

I was just...uh...

Taking advantage of the distraction, Liam snatches up a pool cue and smashes it across Randy's head. Randy falls, unconscious. Liam runs toward the bathroom.

The Bartender sees Bill standing over Randy's body.

BARTENDER

What the fuck is going on?

INT. MCKINLEY'S MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah punches Butch one last time, snapping his head to the side. Butch lies unconscious, his face a bloody mess. Jeremiah looks at his hands, covered in blood. He licks one of his knuckles. He looks down at Butch.

The cut on the street tough's neck still bleeds. Jeremiah peers closer. The amulet dangles down and touches the bloody gash.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Under the bed, the body's eyes open and it takes a breath.

INT. MCKINLEY'S MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah lowers his mouth to Butch's neck and sucks on the wound. Liam bangs open the door. He stares in horror.

LIAM

Jesus Christ, Jerry! What the fuck are you doing?

Liam grabs Jeremiah's arm and pulls him up. Blood smears Jeremiah's lips.



LIAM

We gotta get out of here. Now.

INT. MCKINLEY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Liam glances down the hallway and sees a small crowd gathered around Randy's unconscious body. The bartender argues with Bill, who holds up his hands placatingly.

Liam reverses direction and pulls Jeremiah after him.

EXT. MCKINLEY'S ALLEY - NIGHT

A sign above a door reads "McKinley's Employees Only." The door bangs open and Liam pulls Jeremiah outside. He pushes the door shut and turns on Jeremiah.

LIAM

What the fuck was that about?

JEREMIAH

It was just a fight, that's all.

LIAM

You were sucking on his neck,  
goddamnit!

JEREMIAH

I was?

He frowns, confused, and puts his knuckle to his mouth to suck off some of the blood. Liam grabs his arm and hauls him toward the end of the alley.

LIAM

Fuck, Jerry, what the hell's the  
matter with you?

Anger flares in Jeremiah's eyes. He jerks his arm free.

JEREMIAH

Fuck you. I don't need you.

They reach the front of the bar. Jeremiah grabs his bike and mounts up.

JEREMIAH

I don't need any of you.

He rides away. Liam stares after him.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Jeremiah rides away from the bar and into the street. He glances behind him and dodges in front of a car to cut it off. Brakes screech.

JEREMIAH

Hah!

Jeremiah rides between lanes as vehicles swerve to avoid him. He dodges across the lane and rides the double line. He throws his head back and screams into the night sky. Car horns blare.

INT. KAYLYNN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Distant car horns blare. Kaylynn drives. She wears a reporter's vest and military fatigues. Baldwin rides shotgun while Henri checks the gear in the back seat.

Kaylynn glances at her watch.

KAYLYNN

I hope this doesn't take long.  
I'm supposed to meet Sandra at  
Henderson Park in an hour.

BALDWIN

Sandra?

KAYLYNN

My IRS contact. She's supposed to  
give me Moloch's address.

Baldwin gives her a dead-serious look.

BALDWIN

You'll make that meeting.

Henri loudly tests the action of a pistol in the back seat. Kaylynn adjusts the rear view mirror and eyes the arsenal.

KAYLYNN

No killing, remember?

HENRI

We will have a greater chance of compelling compliance if we come prepared to kill.

He hands Kaylynn a small holstered pistol and a clip of cartridges tipped with bullet-shaped capsules.

HENRI

You know how to shoot, yes?

Kaylynn inspects the capsule at the top of the clip.

KAYLYNN

Chrism loads? Holy oil didn't work against the hybrid. I think you'd have better results with conventional bullets.

HENRI

And if we should come up against a regular vampire? Then where would we be? Chrism loads did the job just fine with a good head shot.

(under his breath)

That is why librarians work in libraries and field agents work in the field. It's the natural order of things.

Kaylynn notices Baldwin looking at her. With a self-confident smile, she proficiently loads the clip into her pistol, works the slide and switches on the safety.

As she works to clip the holster to her belt, her gaze strays from the road.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Kaylynn's car veers over the double yellow line. Jeremiah rides on a collision course with Kaylynn's car.

INT. KAYLYNN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Baldwin calmly grabs the wheel and jerks the car back into the lane. Jeremiah sails by, just missing the car.

BALDWIN

Hands. Wheel. Now. This would not be a good time for a ticket.

HENRI

Yes, the authorities tend to frown on automatic firearms and chemical weapons these days.

KAYLYNN

Sorry.

Baldwin reaches over and fastens Kaylynn's pistol to her belt. He sees he has one hand on her thigh. He looks up and locks eyes with Kaylynn. She raises an eyebrow. He pulls his hand back.

Behind them, Henri rolls his eyes.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - NIGHT

The boarded-up service station lies on a dark, lonely rural road. Kaylynn's car pulls up to the derelict pumps.

The trio exits the vehicle and surveys the layout. Henri shoulders his nylon duffle bag. Kaylynn frowns.

KAYLYNN

This is where he said to meet him.

Henri places his radar scope against the side of the building. The light flashes slowly.

HENRI

One motion source. Very faint, so not moving around. Likely just picking up his breathing.

Baldwin draws a pistol. Henri switches the radar scope for the thermal imager and draws a revolver.

BALDWIN

Kaylynn, wait here.

KAYLYNN

But he said he'd talk only to me.

BALDWIN  
We're not talking. Just checking  
things out.

He heads toward the front door. Henri moves up beside him.

HENRI  
(quietly)  
I don't like this.

BALDWIN  
(quietly)  
Neither do I.

Baldwin covers the doorway with his pistol as Henri pushes open the door. Henri scans ahead with the thermal imager.

HENRI  
Nothing yet.

Baldwin steps through the doorway, Henri close behind him.

INT. ABANDONED GAS STATION FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

On one side is a counter, on the other aisles of empty display cases. A dark hallway leads down the back. Baldwin and Henri scan the room.

KAYLYNN (O.S.)  
(whispers)  
Where could he be?

Startled, Baldwin and Henri glance back at Kaylynn, who stands right behind them.

BALDWIN  
(whispers)  
What part of "wait here" did you  
not understand?

Henri moves cautiously forward.

KAYLYNN  
(whispers)  
I got bored.

BALDWIN

(whispers)

It took you five seconds to get bored?

Henri stands at the entrance to the hallway, pointing both the thermal imager and his revolver down the hallway.

HENRI

(loud whisper)

Baldwin! Contact.

Baldwin moves silently to the hallway. Kaylynn follows.

HENRI

(whispers)

Dim thermal signature. Human.

Through the imager, Mr. Chin sits slumped in a chair at the end of the long hallway. His thermal image glows blue against the cool dark background.

HENRI

(whispers)

It looks like--

KAYLYNN

Mister Chin!

She pushes past Baldwin and Henri and rushes to Mr. Chin.

Behind the counter, a trapdoor in the floor flips open. Orthros, Jonas and VAMPIRE #4 stream up from below. They all carry loaded crossbows.

Kaylynn reaches Mr. Chin and puts two fingers to his neck.

KAYLYNN

He's alive.

BALDWIN

Mister Chin's your contact?

Kaylynn turns to face Baldwin and Henri.

KAYLYNN

No. It was an anonymous call. I don't know why Mister Chin is here.

A crossbow bolt suddenly thunks into Kaylynn's stomach. Kaylynn clutches at it and looks up in stunned surprise.

Baldwin stares in horror.

BALDWIN

Kaylynn!

Kaylynn crumples to her knees and topples over.

Henri whirls around, raising his revolver. Orthros stands across the room holding a crossbow. She smiles and winks.

Henri opens fire, three jets of flame lancing the darkness, but Orthros leaps to the side and vaults over the counter.

As Henri steps toward the counter, Jonas fires his crossbow from behind a display case. The bolt whizzes past Henri's head and embeds in the wall.

Henri takes a quick shot in Jonas's direction and hurriedly ducks back into the hallway.

Baldwin tears his gaze away from the fallen Kaylynn. He turns and raises his pistol.

BALDWIN

Status!

Henri quickly and efficiently reloads with a speed loader.

HENRI

Two! Left and right.

A side door in the hallway by Kaylynn quietly opens.

Another crossbow bolt thunks into the ceiling near Henri from the direction of the front door.

HENRI

Correction, three.

Baldwin and Henri back further into the hallway. Baldwin glances back at Kaylynn. She is no longer there.

BALDWIN

Kaylynn...she's gone! Cover me!

He runs down the hallway. Blood covers the floor, smeared in the direction of the side door. The door stands ajar.

INT. ABANDONED GAS STATION BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A small, empty room with a single window across from the door. The window stands open.

Baldwin shoves open the door, pistol ready. His gaze follows the smeared blood trail leading to the window.

He rushes to the window and looks outside. He sees nothing.

INT. ABANDONED GAS STATION FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Orthros jumps up from behind the counter and smashes through a boarded-up window, sending glass shards and splinters flying.

Vampire #4 slips out the open front door and disappears into the night.

Henri sidles up to the hallway entrance, revolver leveled.

Jonas dashes for the front door. Henri spots him and fires a quick shot. The bullet catches Jonas in the leg. With a cry he careens off the doorframe and tumbles outside.

Henri moves to the door, scanning left and right.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - NIGHT

Jonas drags himself away from the door, grimacing in pain. Smoke sizzles from the bullet wound in his leg. His crossbow lies nearby.

Henri steps through the doorway. He glances around, his revolver trained on Jonas. He looks at the crossbow and sneers with contempt. He lowers his handgun.

HENRI

Still using primitive weapons.  
That is why your kind is going  
extinct.

Jonas rolls over. He laughs despite the pain.



JONAS

Oh, that was for the woman. This  
is for you.

His hand comes up with a pistol. Before Henri can raise his revolver, Jonas fires into his chest. Staring in shock, Henri drops the revolver and crumples to the ground.

A pistol booms from the gas station doorway. Jonas jerks violently and the pistol flies from his hand. Smoke boils from a bullet wound in his shooting arm. He clutches his arm and cries out in agony.

Baldwin steps from the doorway, pistol raised.

BALDWIN

Henri!

He glances at his friend. Henri lies still in a pool of blood.

Baldwin's face twists with rage. He strides over to Jonas and aims his pistol between the vampire's eyes. His finger trembles against the trigger.

BALDWIN

You...fucking...

The blind rage fades slightly as realization strikes.

BALDWIN

(whispers)

Kaylynn.

He blinks and focuses on Jonas.

BALDWIN

Where did they take Kaylynn?

Jonas just glares at him. Baldwin lowers his aim and fires a shot into Jonas's uninjured leg. The wound sizzles and smokes. Jonas cries out again.

BALDWIN

Where did they take her?

JONAS

Home.

Baldwin fires into Jonas's uninjured arm. Jonas screams.

BALDWIN

I've got plenty of ammo. I can do  
this all fucking night.

JONAS

My lord has her...but I'll die  
before I tell you where he lives.

Baldwin looks at Jonas down the gun sights, thinking.

BALDWIN

Suit yourself.

He fires shot after shot into Jonas's stomach.

Baldwin hears a moan between shots and his head snaps  
toward Henri.

BALDWIN

Henri!

He rushes to his partner's side. Henri moves slightly.  
Baldwin flips open his cell phone and speed-dials.

BALDWIN

Henri's been shot. I need a  
trauma team now.

Jonas moves feebly and gurgles on his own blood. Smoke  
pours from the holes in his stomach.

BALDWIN

One sec.

Baldwin muffles the phone against his chest and shoots  
Jonas in the head.

INT. KAYLYNN'S CAR (PARKED/MOVING) - NIGHT

The flashing lights of a nearby ambulance wash over Baldwin  
as he slides into the driver's seat. He drops Henri's bag  
on the seat, opens the glove box and pulls out a map.

He flips on the interior light and studies the map. He  
points a finger at Henderson Park.

EXT. HENDERSON PARK - NIGHT

Sandra approaches the unoccupied park bench. She looks around, then takes a seat.

BALDWIN (O.S.)

Sandra?

SANDRA

Yes, who--

She looks up to see Baldwin step out from the shadows and loom over her. He looks at her with dead eyes.

BALDWIN

Do you have Moloch's address?

Sandra stares at him, wide-eyed.

SANDRA

Where's Kaylynn?

BALDWIN

She's dead. Moloch killed her.  
Do you have his address or not?

Sandra gasps and puts a hand to her mouth.

SANDRA

Oh, God....

BALDWIN

I need his address. Now.

SANDRA

Who are you? Why should I--

Baldwin draws a pistol from under his duster and holds it down at his side. He pulls the hammer back with an ominous click. His face remains expressionless.

Sandra pulls a piece of paper out of her pocket and pushes it at him. Baldwin takes the paper, thumbs the hammer back down and re-holsters the pistol. He turns and strides away.

Sandra hugs her arms as she stares after him.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandra sits on the couch, hugging her legs to her chest. She wears her oversized IRS T-shirt and panties and holds the TV remote.

On TV a woman with too much MAKE UP coos over her product.

MAKE UP  
...the last facial cleanser you'll  
ever need!

Sandra changes the channel.

On TV, REVERAND PFFILLE (40s), a flamboyant Southern Baptist minister, preaches with a map of Africa behind him.

REVERAND PFFILLE  
We keep hearing how our blessed  
government should increase our aid  
to them. They use the devil's  
tricks with photographs of  
orphaned children.

He pauses to give the camera a deadly gaze.

REVERAND PFFILLE  
I say let 'em die.

A chorus of Amens goes up from the studio audience.

REVERAND PFFILLE  
Don't fall prey to Satan's liberal  
agenda. No one, and I mean no  
one, has ever died of AIDS that  
didn't sin against God. The end  
times are near my friends, and we  
must stand strong until the  
Rapture is upon us.

Jeremiah, clothes spattered with half-dried blood and his gaze wild, bursts into the apartment. The amulet dangles outside his shirt.

JEREMIAH  
Sandra!

Sandra switches off the TV.

SANDRA  
Jeremiah, what...

Jeremiah strides over to her, grabs her by both wrists and hauls her to her feet.

JEREMIAH  
I know what's been happening,  
Sandra.

SANDRA  
Jeremiah, you're hurting--

JEREMIAH  
I'm a vampire, Sandra.

He grins through bloodstained lips.

JEREMIAH  
I'm sorry, baby, but I need blood.

He pulls Sandra close, his eyes wild, and draws her wrist to his mouth. She struggles to free herself as she stares at Jeremiah in horror.

JEREMIAH  
I'll just take a little.

He gnaws at her wrist, then inspects it. He frowns at her.

JEREMIAH  
I guess my fangs haven't come in  
yet.

He drags her out of the room.

SANDRA  
What the fuck?

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sandra struggles as Jeremiah pulls her in. He snatches the biggest knife from the butcher block. Sandra shrieks and bucks hard in his arms. He looks at the knife and grins.

JEREMIAH  
Don't worry, baby. I know it's  
big but I'll just use the tip.

He poises the knife over Sandra's wrist. She shoves him away with all her might. Her hand catches the amulet and the leather cord snaps. The amulet falls to the floor.

Jeremiah stumbles backward and falls. His head strikes a cabinet, momentarily dazing him. Sandra runs past him to the door. Jeremiah flails out a hand and grabs her ankle. She trips and falls.

Sandra twists and jerks her leg free. She scrambles to her feet and bolts toward the living room. Jeremiah hauls himself to his feet and gives chase.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandra grabs up her cell phone from its recharger on her way to the front door. She slams the door behind her.

Jeremiah stumbles against the door. He yanks it open and dashes out into the night after Sandra.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Sandra flips open her phone and dials 9-1-1.

SANDRA

Come on...come on....

Jeremiah lopes after her, brandishing the knife.

SANDRA

(into phone)

Oh thank God! My boyfriend's chasing me--he's got a knife!

She reaches a wide boulevard of bright lights.

SANDRA

(into phone)

I'm on Main Street! I'm running down Main Street!

Jeremiah reaches the corner and takes a moment to look both ways. He spots Sandra on his right and takes off again.

SANDRA  
 (into phone)  
 Who cares what I'm wearing! I'm  
 the girl running for her fucking  
 life!

She looks over her shoulder and runs faster.

SANDRA  
 (into phone)  
 Okay, okay, I'm wearing a T-shirt  
 and panties!

She pounds past a gas station and into an intersection on a  
 yellow light.

SANDRA  
 (into phone)  
 I just passed the Shell station on  
 Oakwood! I'm heading north!

Jeremiah runs into the intersection on a red light. He  
 dodges a car that screeches to a halt and barely misses  
 him. He shrieks at the driver and pounds his fist on the  
 hood as he passes.

Sandra stumbles and nearly falls, then regains her footing.  
 Both of them run flat out, but he steadily draws closer.

JEREMIAH  
 (calling)  
 Just a little blood, baby! I  
 swear it won't hurt much!

SANDRA  
 (into phone)  
 Oh God, hurry! Please hurry!

A police cruiser, its lights flashing, screams past. It  
 pulls up at an angle to the curb between Sandra and  
 Jeremiah. Another cruiser screeches up just behind it.

The flashing red and blue lights wash over Sandra as she  
 stumbles to a halt, gasping. Four cops surge out of the  
 cruisers.

Jeremiah turns and reverses direction a moment too late. The cops tackle him and slam him to the ground. The knife flies from his grasp.

JEREMIAH

(screaming)

Sandra, don't do this! It's just  
a little blood! That's all I  
need!

Sandra cries, shaking her head. The cops wrestle with Jeremiah. He fights and tries to reach her, but she backs away with her hand over her mouth.

The cops handcuff Jeremiah's hands behind his back and he kicks out viciously, knocking one onto his back.

JEREMIAH

(screaming)

Not all of it, Sandra! I swear  
not all of it!

The cops force Jeremiah onto his stomach and sit on his flailing legs. One zip-ties his ankles.

SANDRA

(sobbing)

I'm so sorry, Jeremiah. I'm so  
sorry....

Jeremiah bucks in his shackles. The cops add another zip-tie to hog-tie his feet and hands behind him.

JEREMIAH

(shouting)

You fucking bitch! I wasn't gonna  
kill you!

Sandra sobs helplessly as the cops manhandle Jeremiah into one of the cruisers. Two cops get into the cruiser and drive away, with Jeremiah still screaming in the back seat.

One of the other two cops takes off his coat and puts it around Sandra's shoulders. She draws it close around her as she watches the cruiser drive away.



SANDRA  
(softly)  
Jeremiah....

EXT. MOLOCH'S MANSION - NIGHT

Kaylynn's car rolls to a stop across the street from the front entrance.

INT./EXT. KAYLYNN'S CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

Baldwin kills the engine. He takes a submachine gun from Henri's bag and cycles the action.

He gazes through the window at the mansion walls and spots two vampires standing idly at the front gate. Another vampire enters the building through the front door.

INT. MOLOCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A security monitor on Moloch's desk displays Kaylynn's car. The image zooms in on Baldwin's face as he observes the mansion. Moloch sits back in his chair and smiles.

MOLOCH  
Feeling shy, Mister Van Zant?

He presses an intercom button on his desk.

MOLOCH  
Summon everyone to my study  
immediately.

INT./EXT. KAYLYNN'S CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

Baldwin watches as the vampires turn and hurry inside.

LATER

Baldwin watches as twenty vampires rush out the front doors and climb into various parked vehicles. They pull out of the driveway and drive off down the road.

Baldwin gazes after the receding vehicles, then turns his attention back to the mansion. He grabs Henri's bag and opens the car door.

EXT. MOLOCH'S MANSION - NIGHT

Baldwin takes a look around as he shoulders the bag. He hurries across to the mansion and runs up the steps. He tries the latch. It's unlocked.

INT. MOLOCH'S FOYER - NIGHT

Baldwin slips in through the front door, submachine gun held at the ready, gaze darting around the empty room.

He does a double-take when he sees the painting of Moloch on the wall. He first focuses on the amulet, then on Moloch's face. His eyes widen in recognition.

He moves quickly but quietly toward the stairs.

INT. MOLOCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Moloch sits waiting behind his desk, his fingers steepled.

Baldwin throws open the doors and sees Moloch.

BALDWIN

Moloch!

MOLOCH

Good evening, Mister Van--

Baldwin fires from the hip on full automatic. Bullets zip by all around Moloch, chewing up the wall behind him. One bullet grazes his shoulder. A woman's voice screams.

Moloch pushes away from his desk, toppling his chair backward and dropping behind the cover of his desk.

Baldwin lowers his aim and empties the remainder of the magazine into the front of Moloch's desk.

Time slows as he tosses the empty weapon aside and races toward Moloch. He draws a pistol from under his duster.

Baldwin runs between the two high-backed chairs and leaps up onto Moloch's desk. Moloch slips under the desk before Baldwin can draw a bead on him.

KAYLYNN (O.S.)

Baldwin! Stop!

Baldwin turns his head and sees Kaylynn standing up from where she was sitting in one of the high-backed chairs. His jaw drops in stunned surprise.

The desk under Baldwin rises abruptly upward as Moloch lifts it up over his head and tosses it aside. Baldwin crashes against a bookshelf and falls to the floor. His pistol goes flying.

Fangs bared, a thin curl of smoke rising from his shoulder, Moloch prepares to spring upon Baldwin. Baldwin scrambles to his feet and draws another pistol from under his duster.

Kaylynn steps between them.

KAYLYNN

I said stop it! Both of you!  
Nobody kills anybody!

Moloch hesitates. Baldwin readies his pistol but tilts the muzzle upward to avoid pointing it at Kaylynn. He gazes wide-eyed at her as if she's a ghost.

MOLOCH

I thought you said he could be  
reasoned with.

Kaylynn gives Baldwin a withering glare.

KAYLYNN

I thought so too. Did you have to  
come in here guns blazing?

BALDWIN

Kaylynn...how did you...

His gaze drops to the large blood stain that covers the lower half of her shirt. She notes his gaze.

KAYLYNN

I'm fine, Baldwin.

BALDWIN

But I saw you...

She gives him an uncomfortable smile.

KAYLYNN

It's...complicated.

MOLOCH

Come now, my dear. Not so complicated.

Baldwin turns his focus on Moloch, who stands calmly, fangs retracted. Baldwin steps to the side so Kaylynn won't be in his line of sight.

BALDWIN

The head blood-sucker himself. Finally. I'm going to enjoy killing you.

Kaylynn steps in front of his pistol again.

KAYLYNN

Don't, Baldwin. Please, put the gun down. Moloch has assured me he won't hurt you.

Baldwin keeps his gaze on Moloch. He laughs without humor.

BALDWIN

I know. Because I'm going to hurt him first.

KAYLYNN

No! Nobody's killing anyone, is that clear?

BALDWIN

Are you kidding? His vamps shot you with a crossbow and put a bullet in Henri!

Kaylynn stares at Baldwin in dismay.

KAYLYNN

Henri's dead?

BALDWIN

He'll live. Unlike this bastard.

She looks at Moloch. Moloch shakes his head.

MOLOCH

It must have been an accident or self-defense. No one was to be harmed. My forces were to incapacitate you and keep the hunters occupied while I spirited you away.

Baldwin shakes his head in disbelief.

BALDWIN

Shooting a crossbow bolt in the gut is your idea of not harming someone?

He chokes out a laugh.

BALDWIN

What do you do when you're not feeling so gentle? Work 'em over with a chainsaw?

MOLOCH

She was not harmed.

KAYLYNN

It's true, Baldwin.

She lifts the front of her bloody shirt. Dried blood marks her taut stomach but there is no wound at all.

Baldwin's confused frown transforms into growing horror. His shoulders slump and the pistol droops.

BALDWIN

He turned you into one of them....

MOLOCH

I did no such thing, Mister Van Zant. The crossbow bolt was merely to keep the wound channel open so my daughter would not recover before she arrived here.

BALDWIN

Your daughter?

Moloch crosses his arms and frowns. He looks at Kaylynn.

MOLOCH

Perhaps you are right, my dear.  
It is complicated.

He looks at Baldwin and nods at Kaylynn.

MOLOCH

This is my firstborn daughter,  
Lucy. Several years ago a thief  
put a bullet in her head and she  
was presumed dead. Evidently she  
recovered.

Kaylynn touches the scars on her head.

KAYLYNN

I don't remember much from before  
I was shot. I vaguely recall this  
place, a few faces...that's it.

MOLOCH

(serious)

That is a good thing, my dear.  
Trust me.

Baldwin glances at Kaylynn's blood-soaked shirt.

BALDWIN

But you're not...

MOLOCH

Lucy is a half-vampire, Mister Van  
Zant. Her mother was human.

KAYLYNN

I knew I healed faster than most  
people, but I had no idea...

She shakes her head in amazement.

KAYLYNN

Supposedly I'm well over a hundred  
years old!

BALDWIN

You can't be....

MOLOCH

See for yourself, Mister Van Zant.  
I understand you have a device to  
determine human from vampire?

KAYLYNN

The thermal imager.

Baldwin glances down at his duffle bag. Keeping his eyes  
and pistol on Moloch, he pulls out the thermal imager.

He thumbs the imager on and tests it on his own arm. His  
thermal signature glows blue. He holds it up to Moloch and  
then Kaylynn. Moloch glows white, Kaylynn a blue-white.

BALDWIN

Oh, no....

He gazes sadly at Kaylynn as he shoves the imager back in  
the bag.

BALDWIN

Why are you telling me this,  
Moloch? What do you want?

MOLOCH

In the last hundred years you  
hunters have gone from kerosene  
and sharp blades to holy oil  
bullets and garlic grenades. And  
your surveillance equipment...

He slowly shakes his head with a sad, appreciative smile.

MOLOCH

Your ancestor, Arman Van Zant,  
rejected my offer of a truce.

Baldwin sneers.

BALDWIN

You slaughtered his wife. What  
did you expect?

MOLOCH

Actually, that was Orthros...but  
she did you a favor.

Baldwin's eyes narrow dangerously and he raises his pistol.

MOLOCH

That woman was a sadist. If Orthros hadn't killed her, her son never would have survived childhood. Your grandfather and your father would never have been born. And neither would you.

Baldwin stares incredulously at Moloch.

BALDWIN

Are you trying to tell me I owe my life to a vampire?

He chokes out a humorless laugh. Moloch shrugs.

MOLOCH

Vampires are not evil beings, Mister Van Zant.

BALDWIN

You exist to kill people by drinking their blood!

MOLOCH

We have no choice! It is how we were created! Would you have us simply starve ourselves to death?

BALDWIN

Works for me.

KAYLYNN

Stop it, you two!

She turns to Baldwin.

KAYLYNN

They haven't fed on humans in over a hundred years. Moloch was just telling me he has an alternate food source.

MOLOCH

Had. But it is gone now.

He looks into Kaylynn's eyes.



MOLOCH

Actually, "nearly" gone would be a more accurate description.

He gives a wry smile.

MOLOCH

It's...complicated.

BALDWIN

So you're planning to feed on humans again, is that right?

MOLOCH

Do you have a viable alternate solution?

BALDWIN

Yeah, this.

Baldwin waggles his pistol.

BALDWIN

What's to stop me from killing you right now?

KAYLYNN

Baldwin...he's my father.

Baldwin shifts his gaze to Kaylynn. In a blur, Moloch launches forward and snatches the pistol from Baldwin's grasp. He points it between the hunter's eyes. Baldwin stumbles back a step. Moloch's gaze is deadly.

MOLOCH

What's to stop me from killing you right now?

KAYLYNN

God damn it, I said stop it! Both of you!

Moloch smiles. He releases the pistol's magazine and ejects the round in the chamber. He catches the ejected round and inspects the bullet. He looks at Baldwin.

MOLOCH

You humans are truly innovative.

He hands the empty pistol back to Baldwin, who hesitantly accepts the weapon. He turns and walks toward his upturned desk.

Baldwin reaches under his duster and draws another pistol. He aims at Moloch's back and cocks the hammer with a click. Moloch stops at the sound.

KAYLYNN

Baldwin, no!

Moloch rolls his eyes.

MOLOCH

How many firearms do you carry?

BALDWIN

You could have killed me. But you didn't.

He thumbs the hammer back down and returns both pistols to their holsters.

BALDWIN

Now we're even.

He turns to Kaylynn.

BALDWIN

I have to go check on Henri. Do you want to come with me?

He offers his hand to Kaylynn. Kaylynn blinks.

KAYLYNN

You...remember the bit about me being a half-vampire, right?

BALDWIN

I'm asking your human half.

She turns and looks at Moloch. He smiles.

MOLOCH

Go, my child. We shall talk again soon.

Kaylynn takes Baldwin's hand and they turn to leave.

Moloch absently reaches to grasp the amulet that no longer hangs from his neck.

INT. JEREMIAH AND SANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandra sits on the side of the bed in tears. Moloch's amulet lies in the palm of her hand.

LUCIFER (35), tall, handsome, black hair and a smoothly toned physique, lies fully formed and naked under the bed. His eyes snap open.

Behind Sandra, Lucifer silently rises from the opposite side of the bed, uncurling from a hunched posture to stand tall, his back to Sandra. He slowly turns his head.

Sandra squeezes her eyes tight and shakes her head in a fresh moment of anguish. She opens her eyes. Lucifer stands RIGHT THERE in front of her, crouched at her eye level. She shrieks.

LUCIFER

You are not Moloch.

Sandra drops the amulet and scrambles back on the bed.

SANDRA

Who the fuck are you?!

Lucifer picks up the amulet. He stands and studies it.

LUCIFER

This...this is what drew me.

SANDRA

Get out of my house!

LUCIFER

Where is he?

Sandra stares at the naked man.

SANDRA

Where is who? Who the hell are you?

LUCIFER

Do you know Moloch?

Sandra's eyes widen.

SANDRA  
You're with Moloch?

Lucifer leans close, hovering over her with his nakedness, and she cowers. He sniffs once, twice. His eyes narrow.

LUCIFER  
You are dying.

SANDRA  
What?

LUCIFER  
Not long now, I should think. I do not know this land. I need a guide, and you need...

He opens his mouth to reveal his fangs and lunges at Sandra.

EXT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - NIGHT

A large, bleak brick building. A sign reading "WARDEN RIDGE - A PLACE OF HEALING" stands by the front entrance.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION LOBBY - NIGHT

NURSE PRIESTLY (30s), a stern woman with a pinched mouth, sits at the front desk working on a computer.

NURSE MEEKS (20s) approaches from behind.

NURSE PRIESTLY  
You're late.

NURSE MEEKS  
Sorry, Miz Priestly. Patient Barlow had another episode.

NURSE PRIESTLY  
Did you up his dosage?

NURSE MEEKS  
I can't. Any more would be toxic.

NURSE PRIESTLY

So? He's a state ward. It'll  
free up a bed for a paying  
patient.

Nurse Meeks stares at Nurse Priestly. Footsteps approach.  
Nurse Priestly looks up to see Sandra cross the lobby to  
the front desk.

Sandra wears a sharp business suit with a short skirt. Her  
tan is gone.

NURSE PRIESTLY

Can I help you?

SANDRA

I'm Sandra Grant. I'm here to see  
Jeremiah O'Neill.

Nurse Priestly sighs.

NURSE PRIESTLY

Oh yes. Sign here.

She hands Sandra a clipboard. As Sandra signs the form,  
Nurse Priestly glances back at Nurse Meeks.

NURSE PRIESTLY

What are you waiting for?

Nurse Meeks slumps and turns away. Nurse Priestly pushes a  
button behind the desk. A buzzer sounds.

NURSE PRIESTLY

This way, please.

She leads Sandra to a thick door with wire glass windows.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sandra's heels echo in the hall. Sandra and Nurse Priestly  
walk down a line of closed doors with wire glass windows.

SANDRA

How is Jeremiah doing?

NURSE PRIESTLY

He had a bad night. We had to give him some extra medication but he's calm now.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION REC ROOM - NIGHT

A gray room with several couches, tables and an old TV. INMATE #1 rocks in a chair and eats his boogers. INMATE #2 drools vacantly on a couch. An ATTENDANT reads a magazine with his feet on the table.

Sandra follows Nurse Priestly into the Rec Room. The attendant looks up, sees Nurse Priestly, and brings his feet down with a bang.

NURSE PRIESTLY

I saw that. Feet don't belong on the table.

She slaps the booger eater's hand away from his face.

NURSE PRIESTLY

And keep an eye on this one. Do I have to do everything around here?

She goes to Inmate #2 on the couch. He slowly looks up. Inmate #2 is Jeremiah. Sandra gasps.

Jeremiah slumps to one side on the couch. He wears hospital pajamas and a robe. A string of drool hangs down from one side of his mouth and he stares into space.

NURSE PRIESTLY

A little help?

The attendant gives Sandra a rueful smile as he passes her to help Nurse Priestly. They haul Jeremiah to his feet and guide him to a door on the far side of the large room. The nurse unlocks the door.

NURSE PRIESTLY

Would you like an orderly to accompany you?

SANDRA

No, I'll be fine, thanks.

NURSE PRIESTLY  
Suit yourself.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION VISITING ROOM - NIGHT

A drab, gray room with another couch, several chairs, and a coffee table with a few magazines. No windows. Nurse Priestly and the attendant drop Jeremiah onto the couch.

NURSE PRIESTLY  
Just call out if he gives you any  
trouble.

She and the attendant leave and lock the door behind them. Sandra observes Jeremiah for a moment with a sad smile.

SANDRA  
Hi, baby.

Jeremiah slowly turns his head in Sandra's direction. A small gleam of happiness lights briefly in his glazed eyes, touches one corner of his mouth, and then is gone.

JEREMIAH  
(slurred)  
Hi, Sandra.

Sandra sits beside him on the couch and kisses his cheek.

SANDRA  
How are you, Jeremiah?

Jeremiah starts to cry. Sandra puts her arm around him.

SANDRA  
There, there. What's wrong, baby?

JEREMIAH  
I had a bad dream, Sandra.

Sandra pulls him close to comfort him as he sobs.

SANDRA  
It's okay, Jeremiah. Shhh.  
Everything's okay now.

JEREMIAH

I dreamt you turned into a  
vampire. Why would I dream that?  
I'm the vampire. I need blood.

SANDRA

You're not a vampire, sweetie.

JEREMIAH

I'm a monster, Sandra. You've  
seen me. When the drugs wear off,  
it's like there's another person  
in my brain.

SANDRA

I know, baby....

JEREMIAH

Oh God, I'm like an animal.

SANDRA

But you're my animal, Jeremiah.  
You always have been.

JEREMIAH

You shouldn't be here, Sandra.  
You have to get on with your life.

SANDRA

Jeremiah, you are my life.

His sobs deepen in despair. Sandra turns him to face her.

SANDRA

You're not a vampire, Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

But I--

SANDRA

You're not a vampire. But you  
could be.

Jeremiah furrows his brow in numb confusion.

SANDRA

He came to me, Jeremiah, and  
opened my eyes. He healed me.



Jeremiah blinks, not understanding. Sandra raises her wrist to her mouth and bites. A rivulet of blood trickles down her arm. She offers her wrist to Jeremiah.

SANDRA

Drink my blood and you'll become  
the stuff dreams are made of.

She smiles, revealing her bloodied fangs.

SANDRA

Well, your dreams, anyway.

Jeremiah's eyes widen at the sight of Sandra's fangs.

JEREMIAH

Y-You...you're the vampire!

SANDRA

And now you can be too.

Blood runs toward the crook of her elbow. She scoops it up on her finger and offers it to him, leaning in close.

SANDRA

Drink, Jeremiah....

JEREMIAH

(yelling)

No!

He shoves her away from him with all his strength. Sandra falls off the couch and lands on her rear. She stares up at Jeremiah, who glares at her.

JEREMIAH

Monster!

SANDRA

But...

Jeremiah scrambles off the couch and runs to the door, but it's locked. He pounds on the wire glass window.

JEREMIAH

(shouting)

Help! Help me! She's trying to  
kill me!

Sandra springs to her feet and leaps across the room. She lands on Jeremiah's back, yanks him around and bares her fangs. From the other side of the door come shouts and the rattling of keys in the lock.

The wildness in Sandra's eyes fades.

SANDRA

(whispers)

I'm sorry, baby, I'm so sorry....

She throws herself backward and lands on the coffee table, smashing it to pieces. Her fangs retract. Jeremiah grabs a chair and holds it to defend himself.

Three orderlies burst into the room. They see Jeremiah wielding the chair and Sandra lying among the remains of the coffee table. Sandra bursts into tears.

The orderlies tackle Jeremiah. They pull the chair from his grasp and haul him to the ground. Jeremiah goes down under the flood of white uniforms.

ORDERLY #1 stands at the doorway, watching Jeremiah. Nurse Priestly enters and surveys the scene. She exchanges a glance with Orderly #1.

ORDERLY #1

Another shot?

Nurse Priestly glances at Sandra's expensive business suit. She purses her mouth with disappointment and shakes her head.

ORDERLY #1

The jacket, then?

Nurse Priestly and Orderly #1 exchange sadistic grins. The nurse nods and gives a sly smile. She helps Sandra to her feet.

NURSE PRIESTLY

I'm sorry, Miz Grant. But I did offer to have an orderly accompany you.

Sandra straightens her clothing as the nurse takes her arm. She allows the nurse to escort her out of the room.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Sandra takes one last, longing look at Jeremiah as the orderlies close the door. Nurse Priestly walks Sandra toward the exit. The sounds of struggle die away until only their footfalls remain.

They approach an open doorway leading to a janitor's closet. Sandra stops and glances back.

NURSE PRIESTLY  
Miz Grant, you should go now.  
Mister O'Neill needs--

SANDRA  
Jeremiah doesn't love me anymore.

NURSE PRIESTLY  
(condescending)  
I'm sure that's not the case.

Sandra's fangs extend. The nurse's eyes go wide.

SANDRA  
I still need to eat something.

She grabs the nurse, hauls her into the closet and slams the door shut behind them.

INT. ICU - NIGHT

Henri lies in a single suite. Tubes run from his nose and mouth. Monitors display his vitals as the ventilator pumps its eerie rhythm.

Baldwin and Kaylynn hold hands as they observe through the window. The duty nurse checks her monitors.

BALDWIN  
I won't be a minute.

Kaylynn forces a smile.

KAYLYNN  
Coffee?

Baldwin nods. Their hands slide apart as he enters the suite.

Baldwin takes the only chair and pulls it beside Henri's bed. He carefully clasps the hand without the IV.

BALDWIN

You need to hurry up and get out of here, man. You know I'm not good with the tech stuff.

The mechanical noises are his only reply.

BALDWIN

I need you, Henri. I think the game's changing.

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

A dingy, smoky room filled with rough-looking bikers in black leather.

Moloch sits alone at a table, scanning the clientele. He blends in with rough biker leathers.

Lucifer and Sandra enter the bar. He wears an elegant three-piece suit and tie. She wears her business suit with the short skirt.

Bikers shoot Lucifer surly glances and leer at Sandra. Some whistle. Lucifer and Sandra ignore them. Lucifer spots Moloch and heads toward him. Sandra waits at the door.

Moloch takes notice only when Lucifer sits down across from him. Lucifer smiles at Moloch, who eyes him suspiciously.

LUCIFER

I've been looking for you.

He takes out a cigarette. He leans forward and offers Moloch one too. Moloch studies Lucifer for a moment, then shrugs and accepts the cigarette.

MOLOCH

Let me guess. You're from the government. You're here to talk to me about...

He manages a wry smile.

MOLOCH  
...tax evasion.

LUCIFER  
Not exactly.

He raises a match to Moloch...and it spontaneously ignites.  
Moloch looks at Lucifer across the flame. They lock eyes.

MOLOCH  
(whispers)  
Light-Bearer.

LUCIFER  
Hello, old friend.

Moloch stares in stunned surprise.

Lucifer smiles. He reaches forward and opens his hand.  
Moloch's old amulet lies in his palm. The polished wood  
catches the light.

LUCIFER  
I believe this belongs to you.

MOLOCH  
My old amulet....

He reaches out and takes it by the leather cord.

LUCIFER  
You carved that from the Tree of  
Knowledge of Good and Evil, didn't  
you?

Moloch nods.

MOLOCH  
How did you know?

LUCIFER  
It was God's little joke to have  
the expelled fallen angels form  
under its boughs. Eden was paved  
over long ago, so when my turn  
came I was drawn to your amulet.  
It is all that remains of the  
Tree.

MOLOCH

Forgive me, my general, but...how  
have you come to be here?

LUCIFER

Through my visions I have observed  
you for thousands of years,  
Moloch, but only recently did I  
find a way to communicate with  
you.

He shakes his head.

LUCIFER

Unfortunately, Yahweh discovered  
that I helped restore your memory  
of why we rebelled against him.  
He decided I should suffer the  
same fate as you and the other  
fallen angels: condemned to live  
in darkness and feed on the very  
beings we sought to save.

MOLOCH

(dismayed)

You were expelled from Heaven  
because of me?

Lucifer laughs.

LUCIFER

Don't worry about it, my friend.  
It was an event whose time had  
come. I spent millennia in a  
gilded cage while you struggled  
here on Earth.

Moloch shakes his head.

MOLOCH

I wasted too much of it obsessed  
with the salvation of our kind.

LUCIFER

Yes, you did. But in fairness,  
you had no way of knowing your  
half-vampires would only feed  
God's lust to be worshipped.

Moloch gazes at his old general for a moment.

MOLOCH

I'm better off here than in  
Heaven, aren't I?

LUCIFER

We both are. Better to live free  
in darkness than enslaved in the  
light.

BIKER #1 and four other bikers surround them. One slaps a  
pool cue against his palm. Another cracks his knuckles.

BIKER #1

Now what do we got here? A fancy-  
ass lawyer-type? I hate lawyers.

Lucifer gazes at Moloch. Sandra locks the door.

LUCIFER

We've lost Heaven, Moloch, but you  
and I are going to fix this world.  
Not just for us. For humans, too.

BIKER #1

You deaf, pretty-boy?

MOLOCH

(to Lucifer)

Starting with these guys?

LUCIFER

Starting with these guys.

Lucifer and Moloch lunge out of their seats, fangs bared.

FADE OUT.