

"UNDEAD IN PARIS"

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE SKY OVER BOSTON -- MORNING

(OVER) the BATTING of rotor blades, a WBZ-4 News helicopter flies above Interstate 93, jam packed with traffic.

TRAFFIC REPORTER (V.O.)

If you're on your way into Boston  
this morning, be prepared for a slow  
go on 93.

The helicopter banks over the Charles River. Below, on the Longfellow Bridge, a silver minivan changes lanes to exit.

TRAFFIC REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Route 3 is in good shape moving into  
Beacon Hill.

As the minivan continues down Cambridge Street, the SOUND of the helicopter fades away.

The minivan rolls down a shady street of luxury row houses.

INT. MINIVAN

In the back seat, three-year-old ALINA is strapped in her car seat. Up front, her MOM and DAD are looking out the windshield.

MOM

Twelve ... Fourteen ... Sixteen.

She points.

MOM (CONT'D)

Right there. Eighteen. That's the  
one.

Dad steers the car to the curb and parks in front of a stoop with wrought-iron hand rails leading up to the gabled, white doorway of a three-story luxury row house. He shuts off the engine. Exhales. He looks worried.

MOM (CONT'D)

It'll be okay. He's a good lawyer.

EXT. LUXURY ROW HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The couple stands on the porch. Alina, wearing a little summer dress, holds her mother's hand. Her dad BANGS the door-knocker. Mom and Dad share a concerned look. The door opens, revealing an elderly but stately BUTLER. He looks at the young family and smiles.

BUTLER

Mr. & Mrs. Carr?

Dad nods. The butler stoops to Alina.

BUTLER (CONT'D)  
And who is this little cutie pie?

MOM  
Alina.

BUTLER  
Well, hello there, Alina.

She hides behind her mom's legs.

BUTLER (CONT'D)  
(back to business)  
Please, come in. He is expecting  
you.

INT. LUXURY ROW HOUSE FOYER

The butler closes the door. On the marble floor lies a big dog, head up, tongue lolling, mildly interested in the visitors.

Alina tugs at her mother's handhold.

ALINA  
Doggie.

Mom restrains her daughter, asks the butler:

MOM  
Is the dog okay? Does he bite?

BUTLER  
Bones? Nah. He won't hurt a flea.

MOM  
Okay, honey. You can pet the doggie.

Alina scurries over to Bones, puts her face up to his snout and pats his head.

ALINA  
Doggie.

Bones shows teeth. GROWLS.

DAD  
Don't be so rough, honey.

With a sharp YAP, Bones lashes out. A mouthful of fangs. A SCREAM. Then blackness.

EXT. DARK RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT

In the blackness, a faint glow grows bigger and brighter and soon reveals a house on fire. Flames break through the windows and lap the night sky.

(OVER) SIRENS. Flashing lights approach. Fire trucks arrive. Firemen scramble in full suits and masks.

Fire fighters carry out two charred bodies, burned beyond recognition. They are laid side by side on the lawn and covered with yellow tarps.

The roof caves in. Embers fly. Walls collapse into the inferno.

EXT. GRAVE SITE -- DAY

Under a sunny and spring-like sky, a school-aged girl wearing pigtails and a Sunday dress, her face not visible, places flowers in the brass holder on the headstone. The engraving reads: *CARR*

MYSTERIOUS POV, a man dressed in black watches from the trees.

EXT. GRAVE SITE -- DAY

Snow covers the ground and dusts the headstone and the engraving that reads *CARR*. A young woman stands in front of the grave. She's wearing a leather coat and high-heel boots. Long black hair shields her face from view. She removes dead flowers from the holder and replaces them with new.

MYSTERIOUS POV, a man dressed in black watches from the trees.

EXT. BOSTON -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

Skyscrapers tower by the bay. Ships bob in the harbor.

EXT. WBZ-4 TELEVISION STATION -- DAY

Rotor blades *HAMMER* as a WBZ-4 News helicopter settles on the helipad beside the station. As the engine *WHINES* down and the blades *WHAP WHAP* overhead, a woman bails out, ducking the down-wash. Only her left profile is visible. This is *ALINA CARR* now twenty-five years old. She wears dark pants, dark blouse, leather flats. Her short hair is black and spiky. Heavy eyeliner and Celtic cross earrings suggest she's into the Goth culture. The laptop case she carries suggests she's a professional. Her gait is hurried.

Behind her emerges *MEREDITH MULDOWNY*. She's wearing a red skirt, red blazer and shoulder-length blonde hair. High heels. Lots of jewelry. With both hands, she shields her hairdo from the helicopter's down-wash. She doesn't look happy.

MEREDITH

Alina, wait up!

ALINA

Twenty minutes to air time, Meredith.  
I've got to write your script.

Alina charges inside the building.

Meredith stops just outside the rotor blade's circle of wind and jabs her hands on her hips.

MEREDITH

I want to read it first.

The door SLAMS closed.

A cameraman climbs out of the helicopter, lugging equipment. This is BRAD COVINGTON, rugged-looking in sunglasses and a fashionable two-day beard. Long brown hair is pulled back into a pony tail. He catches up with Meredith.

BRAD

Gotta admit, she's a go-getter.

MEREDITH

She'll never make it in this business.

BRAD

Give her a break. It's her birthday.

INT. WBZ-4 NEWS ROOM -- LATER

In left profile, Alina sits at a desk, her laptop open in front of her, a pencil clenched in her teeth. She's typing frantically.

The middle-aged floor director WILLIAM JENKINS is a stub of a man, balding, with a chin beard. He's wearing a headset, black vest over a white t-shirt, tennis shoes.

JENKINS

Two minutes, people.

All around Alina, there's a buzz of activity. News anchors are rigged with microphones. The weatherman checks his maps. Technicians adjust lighting. The TELEPROMPTER OPERATOR sits at her booth. Meredith fusses with her hairdo. Cameras are rolled into place facing the set. The backdrop reads: *WBZ NEWS 4) BOSTON*

Directors take their positions at the main control terminal, where monitors and equipment are stacked to the ceiling.

Jenkins charges toward Alina.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Where's Meredith's script, Alina?

She speaks through the pencil clamped in her teeth.

ALINA

It's coming. Right now.

Punching a key, she looks at her laptop screen.

ALINA (CONT'D)

There.

The teleprompter operator examines her monitor.

TELEPROMPTER OPERATOR

Got it, Alina. Thanks.

MEREDITH

I want to read it first.

JENKINS

Wing it, Meredith. Take your position.

Meredith scrambles into her seat at the news counter.

MEREDITH

It better be perfect.

Alina slumps back in her chair. Jenkins counts down with his fingers held up.

JENKINS

Three, two, one, cue music.

WBZ-4 News MUSIC comes on. Meredith is primed and ready.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

From Boston, Massachusetts, this is  
WBZ 4 News with Meredith Muldowny.

Cameras zoom in on Meredith.

MEREDITH

Good evening, everyone. Thanks for joining us.

The floor director storms to Alina.

JENKINS

My office! Now!

She closes her laptop.

ALINA

Mr. Jenkins, please--

JENKINS

Now!

INT. JENKINS' OFFICE

Dark wood furniture. Book shelves. Baseball and bowling trophies. In left profile, Alina steps through the door.

Jenkins closes the door behind her.

ALINA

Look, Mr. Jenkins ...

Alina turns to face him, revealing horrific scars on her right cheek, from her eye to her lip. A mangled, lumpy mess.

ALINA (CONT'D)

I finished the script. Sorry there wasn't time for Meredith to dawdle over it.

Jenkins inhales, steps toward her.

JENKINS

You don't want this job.

ALINA

Writing script for Miss Priss and taking a bunch of crap for it, would you?

JENKINS

Just say the word, I'll make you the morning news anchor. That simple.

Alina shrinks back, puts her hand on her scars, panic welling in her eyes.

ALINA

I can't, Mr. Jenkins, I just can't.

JENKINS

Alina. Hello-o! Nobody cares about your scars.

ALINA

(adamant)

I do.

Jenkins steps up to her, puts a hand on her shoulder.

JENKINS

You've got talent. You've got drive.

ALINA

But no guts. If I were pretty like Meredith--

JENKINS

She's a trophy blonde. Come on, she can't even write her own script.

ALINA

She's meant to be a star. In front of the camera. I'm just a behind-the-scenes kind of girl.

JENKINS

Is that all you think you're ever going to be? What a shame.

Alina hangs her head, mute.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Think it and you will become it, Alina. Think you're beautiful, you are. Think you're a star, you are. Life is more about attitude than beauty and brains.

ALINA

I just can't.

JENKINS

(exasperated)

Let me know if you change your mind.

She steps around him and exits the office.

INT. WBZ-4 NEWS ROOM

She stops, sees Meredith's beaming, beautiful face on every monitor around the news room.

MEREDITH

(on screen)

The traveling zoo arrived at Franklin Park today.

Alina touches her scars. Her eyes bleed despair.

Brad, leaning on a desk corner, the camera case slung on his shoulder, spots her, smiles, stands.

BRAD

Alina --

She doesn't see him, dashes to the exit, SLAMS the door on her way out.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Happy birthday.

He pulls a cell phone from his shirt pocket, dials and puts the phone to his ear.

BRAD (CONT'D)

She just left.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Follow her.

EXT. BOSTON -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

(OVER) the HOWL of a wolf, lighted skyscrapers reflect off dark bay waters.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO

Trucks and trailers line the roadway, all painted up with *WILDLIFE WANDERS TRAVELING ZOO* and animal art. In one open-sided trailer, a wolf paces behind steel bars. Yellow eyes glow fierce. He lunges forward with a vicious BARK, jaws gnashing, then blackness.

EXT. BLACK JAGUAR SEDAN -- SAME TIME

The blackness morphs into the black fender of a XJR Series Jaguar sedan gliding down a dimly lit street.

Beyond the leaping chrome jaguar on the hood prow, a woman walks along the sidewalk. She's bundled against the cold.

The car slows.

INT. BLACK JAGUAR SEDAN

The driver, MAKEC, addresses his back-seat passenger, SORIN TOROK, via the rear view mirror.

MAKEC

You must feed, sir.

SORIN (O.S.)

Not until I talk to Alina.

Makec watches the woman as the car passes her by.

MAKEC

You're getting pale.

Sorin leans forward, his white handsome face visible only in the flash of passing street lamps. His shiny black hair is combed straight back. He wears a black suit coat and red tie.

SORIN

How much farther?

MAKEC

I wish you'd let her enjoy her  
birthday, Sorin.

SORIN

She's twenty-five, Makec. It's time.

MAKEC

Can it wait until tomorrow?

Sorin settles back into the rear seat, his face a white glow surrounded by shadow.

SORIN

You think I'm making a mistake.

MAKEC

You know my thoughts as if they're  
your own.

SORIN

Then blame her parents where the  
blame is due, not me.

MAKEC

What about Patrice?

SORIN

Don't speak of him. He's a disgrace  
to the Torok name.

MAKEC

But he's still your son.

SORIN

Just drive.

The Jaguar approaches a club lit up in red neon. *The Coven*.

Makec parks the car at the curb.

In the blink of an eye, Sorin is sitting in the front passenger seat. Through the windshield he's watching chicks and punks huddled on the sidewalk in front of the club, smoking. A gothed-up chick approaches the bunch. They cheer, bump knuckles and go in. Sorin glances left and right.

The street is deserted.

SORIN (CONT'D)

Wait here.

He shape-shifts into a mist that seeps out the door seams.

MAKEC

(under his breath)  
I hate it when he does that.

INT. THE COVEN

(OVER) loud MUSIC the punks enter the club and meld into a crowd of pale faces pierced in every imaginable way.

At a table, two chicks nurse drinks in short glasses. One is Alina, dressed in a black lacy camisole. She wears black lipstick, thick mascara and dark eye shadow. The bumpy scar on her face is clearly visible. She shouts at the REDHEAD sitting with her.

ALINA

My boyfriend's late ... as usual.

The redhead swirls ice cubes in a glass.

REDHEAD

Mine, too.

Alina sips her drink.

ALINA

What is it with men, anyway?

REDHEAD

Subspecies.

ALINA

We had a fight.

REDHEAD

Oh?

ALINA

I wouldn't give him any pussy.

(sighs)

Some birthday, huh.

A punk arrives, turns a chair backward and straddles it next to the redhead. TONY wears a ring in his nose and sports a Mohawk.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Tony. You're late.

She reaches out to touch his arm, but the redhead blocks her hand and purrs to Tony.

REDHEAD

Why do you keep me waiting so long?

Alina pulls back, glaring.

ALINA

What the hell's going on?

REDHEAD  
 (sly smile)  
 Seems we have the same boyfriend.

TONY  
 (to Alina)  
 Gotta go with the flow, babe.

ALINA  
 Why you cheating bastard!

TONY  
 You had your chance to bang my bones.

Alina jumps to her feet.

ALINA  
 A quickie in the back seat of your  
 dad's Buick? No way.

TONY  
 With that face, you're just a charity  
 fuck, anyway.  
 (to the redhead)  
 Gave me blue balls, the bitch did.

The redhead grins at Alina.

REDHEAD  
 Happy fuckin' birthday, Alina.

Alina storms off, pushing through the crowd and runs into a man blocking her way. Black suit. Red tie. Black hair swept back.

ALINA  
 Excuse me, mister.

She tries to step around him. He won't let her pass.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
 What's your problem, man?

SORIN  
 May I buy you a birthday drink?

Alina looks back at the table where Tony and the redhead are all lovey-dovey. Her angry expression turns vindictive.

ALINA  
 Sure, why not?

(OVER) loud MUSIC, he leads her to a table occupied by four punks dressed in leather and chains. He gives them a cold stare. They quickly abandon their seats.

Alina looks surprised.

ALINA (CONT'D)

I thought I was the only one who had  
that effect on people.

Sorin holds a chair for her.

SORIN

Allow me.

She's seated. Sorin sits across from her. The barroom din  
fades. A waitress brings drinks.

SORIN (CONT'D)

Scotch and water, right?

Alina looks at the glass, then Sorin, and frowns.

ALINA

How did you know it's my birthday?

Sorin raises his glass.

SORIN

I know everything about you, Alina  
Carr.

She looks uneasy.

ALINA

I'd better go.

Rising, she sees Brad, the cameraman, at the bar. He nods  
to her conspiratorially. She looks down at still-seated  
Sorin.

ALINA (CONT'D)

What do you want?

SORIN

Sit, please. I'll explain.

Slowly, she retakes her seat, eyes riveted on Sorin.

ALINA

Who are you?

SORIN

Forgive me. The name's Sorin Torok,  
ma'am.

He extends his hand. She just glares at him. He retracts  
his offered hand.

SORIN (CONT'D)

I knew your parents.

*FLASH CUT TO the house on fire.*

ALINA (V.O.)

They died in a fire when I was ten.

BACK TO SCENE

SORIN

Unfortunate. Yes.

ALINA

What else do you know about me, Mister Torok?

SORIN

You're a writer.

ALINA

A staff writer ... AKA peon for Meredith Muldowny.

SORIN

But you want to be a news anchor.

ALINA

With this face?

She touches her scars.

He takes a swig from his glass, looks at her hard.

SORIN

What if you didn't have those scars?  
Would you take the news anchor job  
at WBZ?

ALINA

You know about that?

SORIN

I told you, I know everything.

ALINA

Sounds like an invasion of my privacy.

Sorin shifts in his chair.

SORIN

What if I told you I can make your  
scars go away?

ALINA

(huffs)

The best plastic surgeons in the  
country couldn't fix this mess.

She waves at her face.

SORIN  
I'm not talking about surgery.

ALINA  
And I've tried every magic scar  
reduction cream on the market.

SORIN  
I'm not talking about magic.

Alina stands.

ALINA  
And I'm not comfortable talking to  
you about this.

She turns to leave. Brad is standing in her way.

BRAD  
Alina. It's important--

ALINA  
You're in on this, too?

BRAD  
Every day I watch you muddle in  
Meredith's shadow. You should be  
the star, and if those scars are the  
only thing stopping you, he can help.

ALINA  
I don't believe it.

BRAD  
At least hear him out. Don't blow  
this opportunity.

She glances back at Sorin, turns and slowly returns to her  
seat.

ALINA  
What do I have to do, sell my soul?

SORIN  
Not exactly.

Cautious, she picks up her drink.

ALINA  
Well, I'm not sleeping with you.

She takes a swig, watches Sorin grin.

SORIN  
That won't be necessary, either.

Alina sets down her glass.

ALINA

So just how do you plan to work this miracle?

SORIN

By making you my daughter.

Sorin's lips curl back to reveal a flash of vampire fangs.

ALINA

You've got to be shittin' me.

SORIN

I can give you beauty and immortality.

ALINA

Aren't you a little too old for playing the vampire card?

SORIN

Four hundred years. Is that old enough?

ALINA

Fake fangs and a lame pickup line. Is that the best you got?

A HISS behind her. She turns. Brad shows her his vampire fangs.

ALINA (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Not you, too.

In plain view, his fangs retract to normal size.

ALINA (CONT'D)

(uneasy now)

You guys don't have anything better to do?

SORIN

One bite, that's all it takes.

ALINA

Bite? Like bite my neck? Like in the movies. I knew this bullshit.

She downs her drink, slams the glass on the table and rises.

ALINA (CONT'D)

You guys are a fucking joke.

The two vampires watch her storm off.

EXT. THE COVEN

The club door BANGS open. Alina rushes out, hugs herself against the cold. A bus pulls up to the corner. Brakes SQUEAL. The doors HISS open.

She bolts for the bus but stops short, her eyes fixed and fearful on a mongrel dog stalking toward her, GROWLING. Frozen in place, Alina touches the scar on her face.

The dog lunges at her.

Fast as a blink, Sorin is there to catch the dog in mid leap. He tosses it to the ground and stands in front of Alina protectively. YELPING, the dog runs off.

ALINA  
(shocked)  
How did you do that?

A HISS as the bus doors close. Sorin turns to face her.

SORIN  
I'm a vampire. No fucking joke.

ALINA  
(retreating)  
I've... I've got to go.

She runs toward the bus, waving.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
Hey, wait!

CRACK. The heel of her right shoe breaks off. She stumbles, catches her balance, hops on one foot. The bus ROARS off.

Sorin moves behind her, fast as a flash, speaks into her ear.

SORIN  
One bite, Alina. Those scars are gone forever. You'll be beautiful.

She takes a breath, peers at him over her shoulder.

ALINA  
You think I'm so vain that I'd let you bite me, suck my blood, and kill me--?

SORIN  
We have a history, you and I, a destiny unfulfilled.

She's trembling.

ALINA  
History? What history?

*FLASH BACK to the school girl at the grave, the man watching.*

SORIN (V.O.)  
I promised your parents I'd take  
care of you, and on your twenty-fifth  
birthday, I'd make you beautiful  
again.

BACK TO SCENE

ALINA  
They knew you were a vampire?

SORIN  
Exactly. They gave you to me in  
exchange for the beauty you lost.

ALINA  
Why?

SORIN  
Parents take risks for their children.  
Make sacrifices.

He steps around to face her, holds her by both shoulders.

SORIN (CONT'D)  
After all, guilt is a powerful  
motivator.

His fangs grow.

ALINA  
No!  
(shrinking back)  
I don't want to die. Please.

He pulls her into him, bites her neck. She stiffens. Gasps.  
Moans. Sorin drinks heartily. She falls limp in his embrace.

A wolf HOWLS in the distance.

EXT. OLD GRANARY BURIAL GROUND -- NIGHT

Tombstones standing since the 1600s cast shadows in the  
moonlight. There's a mausoleum surrounded by a wrought-iron  
fence. The name *TOROK* is chiseled in stone above the door.

INT. TOROK CRYPT

Stairs lead down cavernous rock walls three stories deep.  
Torchlight illuminates rich furnishings, a bar, leather  
couches, high-back chairs, and two finely crafted coffins  
placed in the center of the floor. The lids are closed.

Makec enters from a side door. He's carrying a white towel and a crystal chalice of blood. After setting the items on a small table beside one coffin, he opens the lid.

Alina is lying there, dressed in a white satin gown, her eyes closed, the scars on her face clearly visible.

SORIN (O.S.)  
She's beautiful.

Wearing a red cape with a high-back collar, Sorin appears behind Makec.

MAKEC  
She's dead.

Sorin moves to the coffin, peers down at Alina.

SORIN  
Yes. Beautifully dead.

Sorin pulls up his coat sleeve, revealing translucent skin forked by swollen veins.

SORIN (CONT'D)  
Let's begin the transformation.

MAKEC  
Poor girl.

EXT. PARIS -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

A vast span of city lights. The Eiffel tower is aglow. Its pinnacle searchlight rotates across the sky.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ON THE RIVER SEINE

(OVER) heavy metal MUSIC, fireflies flit about hot rods and motorcycles that jam the parking lot of an old two-story brick warehouse. Steel-frame windows radiate harsh strobes of light.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Loud MUSIC pulsates through a debris-strewn area of bare shelving and sagging rafters. Smoke hangs in the air. Tattooed punks and thugs and pierced chicks are sprawled on ragged furniture, all zoned out on drugs. The strobes reveal other dopers snorting lines of cocaine off a toilet tank lid set on a crate. Others smoke pot from a bubbling bong. A clutch of stoned dancers shuck and jive to the loud music.

INT. WAREHOUSE GARAGE -- SAME TIME

The MUSIC sounds muffled in this greasy, dusty section of the warehouse.

A hundred candles set about illuminate a stack of tires, a tool box, a cluttered bench, an opened parts box marked *Carburetor*. There's a Chevy Nova on jack stands, a creeper on the floor. The sudden roar of unmuffled exhaust drowns out the music. A man is leaning over the fender, ducked under the hood. PATRICE TOROK is jabbing the throttle, making all the noise.

Leaning on the opposite fender, two rocker chicks with pierced lips and brows are dressed in leather and showing lots of cleavage. They're holding beer bottles and look half bombed.

ROCKER CHICK #1  
Come on, Patrice. Let's go back to  
the party.

He guns the throttle again. Loud and powerful.

ROCKER CHICK #2  
I wanta dance with you.

ROCKER CHICK #1  
I'm gonna do more than that to him.

She wags a seductive tongue.

He backs out from under the hood, a handsome man with grease on his cheeks, sleeveless shirt, blond pony tail, striking blue eyes glaring at the chicks. Exhaust smoke swirls in the air.

PATRICE  
Get lost.

ROCKER CHICK #2  
What good's a party? You throw a  
party and don't even party.

He reaches in the open car window and kills the explosive lope of the idling engine.

PATRICE  
I've got better things to do than  
kill my brain cells.

ROCKER CHICK #1  
But it's fun.

Wiping greasy hands on a greasy rag, he looks them up and down. A sly smile.

PATRICE  
So you want to have some fun?

He flicks his eyes seductively. The chicks share a naughty look, GIGGLE, and race each other around the car. Rocker Chick #1 tears open his shirt.

Both press him against the fender, rub his chest, kiss his neck, and vie for his lips.

Zippers come unzipped. Leather and lace hit the floor. Lots of skin. Touching and kissing. Heavy breathing.

Candlelight reveals Rocker Chick #1 on the creeper beneath Patrice, her knees up on each side of his bare buttocks, his skin blinding white. Lying on the greasy floor beside them, Rocker Chick #2 strokes Rocker Chick #1's shoulder, gently attentive as Patrice penetrates her.

ROCKER CHICK #1

(gasps)

You're so cold.

(moans)

Like an icicle inside me.

With each lunge, his back muscles flex, his buttocks tightens. She SQUEALS with joy.

His lips brush the side of her neck. His mouth opens, incisors elongating. Her face is enraptured. She GASPS, MOANS, then CRIES out in orgasmic release.

Patrice clamps down on her neck with a solid bite. Pain grips her face. Ecstasy in her eyes turns to horror. She SCREAMS.

Rocker Chick #2's expression is dreamy, her eyes closed as she wets her lips with her tongue.

ROCKER CHICK #2

Yes, oh yes, hurry. I'm next. Please take me next.

Rocker Chick #1 exhales, goes limp.

Patrice jerks his head up, fierce orange eyes now focused on Rocker Chick #2, his teeth dripping blood.

Her eyes widen with fright. She SCREAMS, scrambles back. Patrice leaps on her, bites her neck. Her limbs straighten, tremble, go limp on the greasy floor.

EXT. OLD GRANARY BURIAL GROUND -- NIGHT

INT. TOROK CRYPT

Alina lies in the coffin, eyes closed and body still. Sorin moves in, clenches a fist above her face and cuts his wrist with one of his long fingernails. Blood drips into her mouth. She GASPS. Her eyes pop open. Her back arches as if from an intense pain. She focuses on Sorin's bleeding wrist, grabs it, pulls the bloody gash to her mouth and SUCKS greedily.

Sorin grimaces. His legs weaken. He clings to the coffin.

MAKEC

Sorin! That's enough.

HISSING through clenched teeth, Sorin withstands the pain a beat longer. Strain shows on his face.

MAKEC (CONT'D)

She's taking too much. Stop her!

Sorin wrenches his wrist free from Alina's fierce bite, stumbles back.

She's in a rage, clawing at the air with newly formed long fingernails, HISSING, spattering blood all over herself.

Makec moves in with the white towel.

MAKEC (CONT'D)

Now, now, stop making such a fuss.

His voice calms her. He strokes her forehead.

MAKEC (CONT'D)

There now, see, you're all right.

Alina watches him with wide-open eyes. He dabs blood from her face and neck with the towel. Her scars shrink away, leaving a smooth and beautiful complexion.

MAKEC (CONT'D)

It's working.

Her irises turn to gold.

Sorin, stooped and weakened, struggles to drink blood from the chalice, manages to chug it all down. He inhales and straightens. Color returns to his face. He pulls the coat sleeve over his already-healed wrist then kneels at the coffin.

SORIN

That wasn't so bad, now was it?

Her golden eyes examine the men above her.

ALINA

(breathlessly)

I feel like I'm floating.

SORIN

Daughter of my blood, Alina, I give you everlasting beauty.

Slowly, she moves her hand to her face, strokes her smooth cheek, then smiles at Sorin, her vampire fangs clearly visible.

ALINA

I'm so tired.

Her fangs recede. She closes her eyes. Fast asleep.

Makec steps back.

MAKEC

A daughter in the family will be nice, Sorin. I hope she turns out better than your son.

SORIN

Unlike him, she will be the perfect vampire.

Sorin turns, his cape flaring, and walks away.

Makec tosses the bloody towel aside.

MAKEC

(mumbles)

Happy birthday, Alina.

EXT. PARIS -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

EXT. WAREHOUSE ON THE RIVER SEINE

The parking lot is empty. Steel-framed windows are dark. The night is still.

INT. WAREHOUSE GARAGE

Candles are burned down low. On the creeper, naked Patrice sleeps on his stomach. The dead women lie tits up on the greasy floor beside him, the bloody puncture wounds in their necks clearly visible. Their drained bodies are ghostly white and soiled with greasy hand prints.

Door hinges GROAN. A man enters. He's wearing a t-shirt and blue jeans. This is VASILE, Patrice's human companion. He sees the scattered clothes and grimaces at the sight before him.

VASILE

Patrice?

No response. He checks the women's wrists for a pulse, steps back, his expression grave.

VASILE (CONT'D)

Damn!

Patrice stirs.

PATRICE  
Vasile. That you?

VASILE  
(flatly)  
The police were here...

PATRICE  
How was the party?

Vasile drops a fender cover over dead Rocker Chick #2.

VASILE  
They were looking for these women.

He collects clothes from the floor.

VASILE (CONT'D)  
Two in one night, Patrice? Are you  
crazy?

Vasile scoops up dead Rocker Chick #2, drapes her over his  
shoulder.

VASILE (CONT'D)  
And I'm stuck cleanin' up after you.

Patrice shows no modesty as he rises. His eyes are puffy  
and bloodshot.

PATRICE  
Be a good boy and get me a pint of  
blood from the fridge. I'm thirsty.

Vasile lumbers out with his load, GRUMBLING under his breath.

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT

Vasile carries the chick and her clothes down CREAKY wooden  
steps. A single hanging bulb lights the room. He moves to  
the furnace, swings open the cast-iron door revealing a  
ROARING inferno. The clothes go in first, then the dead  
chick. He closes the door.

EXT. BOSTON -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR DOCKYARDS

(OVER) cranes WHINING, containers are hoisted from a moored  
cargo ship. Under bright lights, dock workers scurry about.  
Nearby stacks of containers create a maze of shadowy  
passageways where Sorin lurks, dressed in black.

VOICES approach. Two men are moving toward him, ERNIE and a  
fellow DOCK WORKER.

They wear white hard hats and blue coveralls.

ERNIE  
My wife will have a fit.

DOCK WORKER  
Grow some balls, Ernie. Game starts  
at noon. No limit.

The dock worker veers off between stacked containers.

DOCK WORKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And don't be late.

Ernie kicks dirt.

ERNIE  
I got two kids to feed, ya know.

Sorin steps out of the shadows, surprising Ernie.

ERNIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, mister! No one's allowed back  
here.

Sorin stares at him.

Ernie draws a radio from his belt.

ERNIE (CONT'D)  
Security to section A-10 right away!

Sorin is gone.

ERNIE (CONT'D)  
What the ...?

(OVER) the SHRIEK of security sirens, he looks around, pans  
containers, dark shadows, deep corridors.

RADIO (V.O.)  
*Ernie! What's up?*

Sorin is standing behind Ernie.

Ernie tenses, turns. Their eyes lock. Ernie is paralyzed  
with fear, drops the radio.

It CLATTERS on the ground.

Sorin lunges, bites Ernie's neck. He stiffens.

RADIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Ernie! Answer me!*

Ernie goes limp in the vampire's arms. (OVER) the WAIL of  
sirens, Sorin feeds.

INSERT - radio on the ground.

RADIO (CONT'D)

*Ernie! Ernie!*

Sorin jerks his head up from Ernie's neck and HISSES. Vampire fangs drip blood. His eyes glow lime green. He looks at the open-mouthed expression on Ernie's face, licks the bloody puncture wounds, healing them over, and waves a hand in front of his blank staring eyes.

SORIN

(softly)

Forget about this. Forget about me.

(OVER) the SCUFFLE of feet, panicked VOICES approach.

VOICES (O.S.)

Ernie! Where are you? Ernie!

Sorin lays Ernie on the ground.

SORIN

Enjoy your poker game with the boys.

He withdraws a bundle of money from his coat, drops it, turns, runs, leaps and shape-shifts into a bat and FLAPS away.

Boots converge around Ernie, kicking up dust.

VOICES (O.S.)

Ernie! Ernie, what happened? Ernie!

The bundle of money flutters on Ernie's chest.

EXT. PARIS -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

EXT. PARIS ALLEY

A contrast of lamplight and shadows. (OVER) the SOUNDS of SCRAMBLING boots and dogs PANTING, dark figures move about, crouch behind trash cans, slink into corners.

A DRUNK staggers down the alley, his trench coat unbuttoned, his hair unkempt. The whisky bottle clenched in his left fist is nearly empty. He's slurring out lyrics to a SONG.

DRUNK

*Camp Town Lady, Sing this song.*

A YOUNG MAN steps from the shadows. He's wearing a t-shirt and jeans, his hair slicked back.

YOUNG MAN

Hey buddy, got a light?

He stabs an unlit cigarette between his lips.

DRUNK

*Do dah, do dah. Go home, kid, before  
you get hurt. Oh, do dah day.*

The young man disappears. A cigarette lies on the ground where he once stood.

The drunk looks around, slyly, carefully.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)

We'll see about that.

The drunk wheels around. The young man is now looming before him, eyes staring into the drunk's eyes in a vampire hypnotic trance.

Straining, GROANING, the drunk tries to break free.

The whiskey bottle falls, strikes the ground, SHATTERS, breaking the spell, and with one smooth move, the drunk pulls a crucifix from under his coat, holds it out to the vampire.

The vampire SCREAMS, shields its eyes with upraised arms.

Dark figures emerge from the shadows, some with leashed dogs, fierce hairless Danes, their jaws jutting fangs. Other men brandish crossbows. They surround the vampire.

The vampire turns to flee, but BAYING dogs block his every move. He begins to shape-shift, his expanding body ripping through the t-shirt and jeans and flashing between human form and a panther with sharp claws and long white fangs.

DRUNK

Not so fast, you ungodly bastard.

The drunk draws a squirt gun from under his coat.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

How about a little holy water?

He squirts the vampire. Acidic vapor SIZZLES from its skin. The shape-shifting stops in mid transformation, leaving the vampire in a half-cat/half-human configuration of grotesque anatomical proportions. SCREAMING, it lashes out with claw-like fingers.

The vampire hunters step back, exchange astonished glances, and then LAUGHTER.

Now the drunk brandishes a wooden stake.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

I do this in the name of God...

The vampire/cat SHRIEKS, slumps, weakening fast.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

And the memory of my grandfather,  
Abraham Von Herrmann.

The drunk lunges forward with the stake, driving it into the vampire's cat-fur gut, then with a SNARL on his lips, gives the stake an extra thrust upward and backs off.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

Rot in hell where you belong!

The vampire WAILS, paws at the stake, then drops to his cat knees.

The vampire hunters unleash a barrage of silver-tipped arrows into its body, each shot producing a jolt and a SCREAM. The dogs BARK and BAY like hounds on a coon.

Now the drunk steps up, sword in hand. With a quick SWOOSH, he slices off the vampire's head. It hits the alley with a solid THUNK.

The vampire hunters gather around the corpse, now in human form, its shredded t-shirt soaked red from the neck stub down, its torso a pincushion of arrows.

A dog sniffs the detached head.

VAMPIRE HUNTER

Nice work, general.

The remains turn to dust.

INT. TOROK CRYPT -- NIGHT

Alina sleeps in the coffin. All around her, flickering torchlight illuminates the vast stone room. In a nearby high-backed leather chair, Sorin sits with a drink in his hand. He's wearing his usual black suit and red tie.

Across from him, a woman sits in a similar chair. FELICE is elderly yet trim and beautiful in a lacy dress, low cut, bare shoulders, her hair tied up revealing plenty of smooth white skin. Shivering, she rubs her bare arms.

FELICE

It's always so cold in here.

SORIN

I can't thank you enough for coming,  
Felice.

He raises his glass to her, salutes, takes a sip.

She glances at the open coffin where Alina sleeps.

FELICE

Alina is lovely, Sorin. A beautiful daughter, but what about Patrice? Are you going to forget about him?

SORIN

He's a bad vampire.

FELICE

As you were once.

Sorin examines his glass, his expression hard.

SORIN

I changed. He won't. He's in love with who he is, in love with his power over life and death.

FELICE

(leans forward)

Like vampires from the old world. Imagine that.

Sorin tosses back the rest of his drink.

SORIN

The old ways are dying, Felice.

Sorin stands, moves to the bar, pours another drink, and speaks with his back to Felice.

SORIN (CONT'D)

Not long ago, vampires were feared creatures of the night, lusting for blood and killing humans to sustain themselves. Now we're highly revered crime fighters and teen idols who no longer harm humans. We drink animal blood from cocktail glasses, sleep in plush beds, and wear sun block and dark glasses to move about in daylight.

FELICE

(scoffs)

Hollywood.

He turns to Felice, fresh drink in hand.

SORIN

But Hollywood caught on. The new ways became a movement. Young vampires started living in harmony with humans.

(sigh)

Patrice wants to turn the tide back to the old ways of murder and mayhem.

FELICE

Your ways, Sorin. Don't forget what you did, how you felt back then. That's how Patrice feels now.

Sorin examines the drink he's just poured.

SORIN

I don't care how he feels.

FELICE

Call him. Talk to him.

SORIN

He hangs up on me. Won't return my calls.

FELICE

Then go to Paris--

SORIN

You know I can't do that.

Felice glances at the coffin.

FELICE

So you will keep her brother a secret from her?

Sorin downs the drink in a single gulp.

SORIN

And his sister a secret from him.

FELICE

That should be quite the trick. There are no secrets among vampires.

SORIN

I won't think about him when she's around.

FELICE

But maybe a sister is just what Patrice needs.

SORIN

(loudly)  
He doesn't need anyone.

FELICE

(louder)  
He needs you. None of this would have happened if you'd been a better father--

He SLAMS the empty glass on the bartop.

SORIN

(shouts)  
I'm not his baby-sitter.

FELICE

(shouts back)  
No. You're his legacy--

A MOAN from the coffin.

FELICE (CONT'D)

Now see what you've done?

She springs to her feet and rushes to the coffin.

Alina sits up, squinting.

ALINA

Why all the shouting?

FELICE

(softly)  
It's all right. We didn't mean to  
wake you.

Alina examines Felice, her face, her bare neck, her bare  
shoulders, her exposed cleavage.

ALINA

Who are you?

FELICE

Felice, a friend of your father's.

*FLASH BACK TO the young woman at the grave site.*

ALINA (V.O.)

My father? He's dead. And my mother.

FELICE

Your blood father. Your sire. Sorin  
Torok.

ALINA

Sorin?

In awe, Alina examines her dress, her long fingernails, the  
coffin she's sitting in, then looks up at Felice.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Are you my blood mother?

FELICE

(smiles)  
Technically, no. I'm human.

\*

ALINA  
You're beautiful.

FELICE  
As are you.

ALINA  
I am?

She touches her face where the scars used to be.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
(in awe)  
Just like Sorin said.  
(a beat)  
That means I must be...dead?

Sorin steps up.

SORIN  
Undead.

He hands her a mirror.

SORIN (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

INSERT her reflection in the mirror.

She stares at her smooth face with bewilderment in her eyes.

ALINA  
I'm a vampire?

SORIN  
Yes.

ALINA  
But I can see my reflection.

SORIN (V.O.)  
You're not a spirit, Alina, but undead  
flesh and blood. You can be hurt.  
You can be killed. Silver and wooden  
stakes are NOT your friends. Mirrors  
and cameras are. You'll be a  
beautiful morning news anchor.

ALINA  
That's all there is to it?

SORIN  
Well...  
(a beat)  
Not exactly.

He touches Felice's shoulder.

SORIN (CONT'D)

First, you must feed.

Alina glances at Felice a beat, then back to Sorin.

*A FLASH OF Alina feeding on Felice's neck.*

Alina GASPS. Blinks. She looks confused, frightened. Shakes her head.

ALINA

What was that?

Sorin nudges Felice closer to Alina.

SORIN

Feed.

ALINA

I don't want to.

She stands.

ALINA (CONT'D)

I-I want to go home.

Her wobbly legs fail her, and she falls into Felice's arms.

FELICE

This is your home now.

Alina's eyes lock on Felice's smooth white neck.

ALINA

I can hear your heart beating.

Her irises turn to a golden glow.

FELICE

(fearful)

Oh dear.

ALINA

(moving closer)

I can feel the warmth of your blood,  
like the sun on my face.

FELICE

(breathless)

Sorin?

SORIN

(whispers)

I'm right here.

Alina's lips hover over Felice's jugular, vampire fangs growing long and sharp.

FELICE

Be gentle.

Alina bites Felice's neck. She MOANS. Alina SUCKLES, slurping and gulping down blood.

SORIN

Slowly, Alina. Don't take too much.

Blood dribbles down Felice's neck and over her breasts. Her head falls back. Her eyes are a wide-open stare.

Sorin's expression grows stern.

SORIN (CONT'D)

Alina, that's enough!

The GROWL in her throat is a warning to stay away. Sorin grabs her hair, tries to pull her off Felice.

Alina holds the limp body with one hand, fends off Sorin with the other.

SORIN (CONT'D)

Don't kill her!

Climbing behind Alina, Sorin jams his arm around her throat.

SORIN (CONT'D)

Let go!

He wrenches Alina away from Felice.

Felice collapses to the floor, jugular spewing.

HISSING, Alina lashes out at Sorin, her mouth dripping blood.

ALINA

She's mine!

Sorin hangs on.

SORIN

Your first lesson, Alina. Take only what you need to survive.

Alina scratches him, rips his coat sleeve. He shoves her into the coffin, SLAMS the lid shut. The coffin rocks under the storm of Alina's raging temper.

Sorin turns to Felice on the floor, blood leaking from her torn neck.

SORIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Felice!

He drops to his knees, lifts her, and starts licking the wounds.

EXT. PARIS -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

EXT. LES CAVES

On a narrow cobblestone street edged by old buildings, two rocker punks stalk down the sidewalk to the Les Caves club, inconspicuously marked with a hand-painted sign over the entrance. They KNOCK twice.

An eyeball peers in a peephole. The door opens, revealing a brute of a man, bald and tattooed JACQUE BAPTISTE. He casts a quick glance up and down the street, then ushers the two punks inside.

INT. LES CAVES

(OVER) muffled heavy-metal MUSIC, Jacque frisks the punks, checks their IDs.

PUNK #1

A lot a women here tonight?

PUNK #2

We heard this place has the hottest babes.

Jacque returns their IDs.

JACQUE

Just keep it in your pants, cream puff.

Punk #1 HISSSES, flashes vampire fangs. Jacque slaps him upside the head.

JACQUE (CONT'D)

And don't get smart with me. I'll throw your phony vampire asses outta here. Got that?

Punk #1 puffs up. Punk #2 steps in.

PUNK #2

Forget it. Let's check out the babes.

He directs his buddy down the steps where they push through double doors.

The MUSIC is eardrum-busting loud. Neon glows everywhere amid eyeball-burning strobe lights. The room has curved walls and arched ceilings made of stone blocks. Benches line the walls, tables and chairs occupy the center area, and a bar sits at the far end.

The gothed-up band plays on a platform in front of a dance floor where patrons dressed in black pogo-dance and mosh-pit in a chaotic whirl of bodies.

Patrice, wearing a long black coat with the high collar folded up, sits at a table near the back. He's surrounded by his cohorts. Vasile stands behind him as Patrice shouts at a fellow VAMPIRE.

PATRICE

It's my way or the fly way, dude.

VAMPIRE

But Leonard said--

PATRICE

Leonard's an idiot.

A tall man storms up, thin build, orange hair. This is LEONARD, wearing a black tie and cape.

LEONARD

Who are you calling an idiot?

Trailing Leonard, his human servant, DREW, is dressed in blue jeans and blue jacket, blue baseball cap on backwards.

DREW

Take it easy, you guys.

Patrice stands up so fast his chair flies backward.

PATRICE

Stay out of this, Drew. You jerks are as stupid as my father. The new ways won't work in this world.

LEONARD

You've got to stop killing humans.

PATRICE

That's what vampires do, Leonard. I'm a vampire. I'm proud of it.

LEONARD

You egotistical bastard.

Leonard lunges at Patrice. Drew jumps in.

DREW

Don't do anything stupid, boss.

Vasile pushes Drew back. Patrice's buddies circle around, fists balled. The band stops playing. Leonard puts up his guard. Patrice slugs him with a quick jab. Jacque suddenly steps between them.

JACQUE  
You boys got a beef?

Patrice faces the bouncer, brows furrowed.

PATRICE  
Mind your own business, Jacque.

JACQUE  
Then take it outside.

Patrice stares at him, but Jacque holds his ground. Vasile pats Patrice's shoulder.

VASILE  
Let it go, boss.  
(to Jacque)  
We don't want any trouble.  
(to Leonard)  
What do ya say? Truce?

Leonard shakes a finger at Patrice.

LEONARD  
He's going to get us all killed.

PATRICE  
Pussy.

JACQUE  
(in Patrice's face)  
One more peep outta you and you're  
out on your punk ass. Ya got that?

PATRICE  
You don't know who you're fuckin'  
with.

Patrice SNARLS, revealing vampire fangs.

JACQUE  
Them fake teeth don't scare me, punk.

Patrice locks eyes with Jacque a long beat.

INTERCUT between Patrice's eyes and Jacque's eyes. Something powerful is happening. Fear clouds Jacque's expression. His eyes widen like he's come to a horrific realization.

Vasile notices Patrice's hypnotic spell on Jacque and wedges himself between them.

VASILE  
What the hell are you doing?

PATRICE  
Giving him something to think about.

Jacque backs up, then turns and runs off, pushing his way through the stilled crowd.

VASILE

Are you nuts? Now he knows.

LEONARD

I warned you guys. He's trouble.

PATRICE

Get out of my face, Leonard.

Drew edges Leonard toward the bar. The band starts up again, loud as ever. Patrons start dancing. Everything's back to normal.

Patrice notices a punk dressed in chrome-studded black leather and knee-high boots, squatting on top of a floor speaker by the band, grinning at him.

PATRICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Look at that bastard, will you?

VASILE (V.O.)

Drakon?

PATRICE (V.O.)

He won't take a stand, one side or the other, for the old ways or the new.

VASILE (V.O.)

He's a coward. Don't fret over him. It's Jacque you gotta worry about now.

PATRICE (V.O.)

Fuck 'em both.

Smug Drakon turns his attention to the dancers, head now bobbing to the music's heavy beat.

INT. TOROK CRYPT

Torches light the room. Candles flicker from the bar. Alina sits on the couch, hugging her knees. The skimpy black dress she wears shows a lot of skin.

ALINA

I'm hungry.

MAKEC (O.S.)

(calling out)

There's fresh cow blood in the fridge. Help yourself.

ALINA  
(scrunches her face)  
It's cold.

The kitchen door opens, throwing a wedge of light across the floor. Makec enters, apron around his waist, soup bowl in hand.

MAKEC  
When your father returns, he can  
take you out.

ALINA  
I'm always waiting for him.

Makec sits at a small table, sets his bowl in front of him.

MAKEC  
If you don't mind, I'd like to enjoy  
my soup.

ALINA  
When can I go back to work?

Makec spoons soup, blows, sips.

MAKEC  
When it's safe. There's a lot to  
know about being undead.

ALINA  
I don't like this vampire business  
so much.

MAKEC  
You haven't seen anything yet. He'll  
teach you what you need to know.

ALINA  
In his own sweet time.

Alina gets up from the couch, moves to the bar, pours a drink, downs it.

MAKEC  
Go easy on that stuff.

ALINA  
I miss my job. I miss my friends.

Another drink goes down.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
This place is so depressing. What  
do vampires do for fun in this town?

MAKEC

Not many vampires in Boston.  
(slurps soup)

ALINA

Look at me, Makec. I'm beautiful.  
But what good is it? I can't work.  
I can't party. I'm bored.

Makec sighs.

MAKEC

I suggest you go for a walk.

ALINA

Really?

MAKEC

But stay in the cemetery.

ALINA

Thanks, Makec.

She rushes up the stairs. The crypt door SLAMS high above.  
Makec turns to his soup and stares into the bowl.

MAKEC

(mutters)  
Where the hell is your father when  
you need him?

INT. FELICE'S BEDROOM

Blackout curtains cover the window. Candles illuminate the room. Sorin, dressed in black, looks like a stain on the bed where he sits beside Felice.

Her eyes are closed. There's a nasty bruise on her neck.

Sorin drips blood from a cut finger into her mouth. She licks her lips, opens her eyes, sees Sorin smiling down.

FELICE

(faintly)  
What happened?

SORIN

You had me worried there for a while.

FELICE

(touching her neck)  
Alina? Is she all right?

SORIN

She's fine.

Felice props herself up on a pillow.

FELICE

Be careful of her, Sorin. She's strong and unpredictable.

SORIN

Her vampire instincts are just taking root. She's feral. It'll pass.

FELICE

Only if you teach her right from wrong.

SORIN

Don't start in on me. Not tonight.

Felice looks into his eyes.

FELICE

She needs you, your time, your guidance. Something you didn't give Patrice.

SORIN

Enough about him, already.

Felice huffs, gets out of bed, pulls on a robe.

SORIN (CONT'D)

Don't be like that. Get back in bed. You need to rest.

She sits at her vanity mirror, roughly brushes her hair.

FELICE

You need to work on your parenting skills or you'll lose Alina, too.

Frustration furrows his brows.

FELICE (CONT'D)

Go home, Sorin. Before that girl goes horribly wrong.

EXT./INT. THE COVEN -- SAME TIME

Alina approaches the club, aglow in red neon.

Loud MUSIC explodes through the doorway as she enters. It's not crowded like before, just a few goth patrons watching a beautiful brunette on the dance floor, gyrating to the heavy beat. CHRISTY looks hot and sexy in a black short skirt and lacy bikini top. A jewel sparkles in her navel. Lots of rings on her fingers. Her cat-like eyes watch Alina as she moves to a nearby table. Christy dances closer, hips swaying, breasts heaving, eyes flirting.

Alina looks uneasy as she stares at Christy dancing so near.

Christy puckers her lips. A kiss for Alina.

FLASH CUT TO *a bed plush with pillows. Christy and a woman are passionately engaged, kissing, hands caressing smooth skin. Heavy breathing. Hot and steamy. Christy's lover looks up, smiles at her. It's Alina.*

Alina springs from her chair, stumbles back in shock, turns and flees.

EXT. THE COVEN

Alina quicksteps down the sidewalk, moving away from the club. Misty cones of light beam down from street lamps. No one is around. No cars.

A hand with flashy rings and long fingernails touches Alina's bare shoulder.

She wheels around, grabs the hand, wrenches it behind the woman's back. A YELP. It's Christy. Alina holds her from behind, her mouth close to her ear.

ALINA

Are you crazy?

CHRISTY

I'm sorry. Please. Don't hurt me.

Alina turns Christy to face her.

ALINA

I'm not sleeping with you...Christy?  
Is it christy?

CHRISTY

How did you know my name?

ALINA

I think I read your mind. I saw us  
together. In bed.

CHRISTY

Was I that obvious?

She drives Christy backward, SLAMS her into a wooden fence.

ALINA

You've got a dirty mind.

CHRISTY

There's something about you. You're  
so beautiful. So enticing. I have  
to be near you.

Alina moves her mouth close to Christy's lips.

ALINA

You have no idea what you're saying.

(OVER) the sound of a quick HEARTBEAT, Alina's lips brush Christy's lips.

CHRISTY

I want you.

The HEARTBEAT speeds up as Alina plants butterfly kisses on Christy's cheek, moving lower and lower, down to her neck.

The HEARTBEAT is going faster. Christy closes her eyes and throws her head back.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Kiss me. Please kiss me.

As the HEARTBEAT grows frantic, Alina's lips part revealing vampire fangs.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I love you.

The HEARTBEAT is racing. With passionate force, Alina bites down. Christy stiffens. Alina draws her in close. SUCKLES.

The HEARTBEAT begins to slow. Christy goes limp. Alina feeds. GUZZLING.

The HEARTBEAT beats slower, fades off. Alina stops feeding. She drags the body into the shadows and drops it with a THUD.

Christy lies motionless, bare legs askew. Alina's dark form glides away down the alley.

A wolf HOWLS in the distance.

EXT. BOSTON STREET

(OVER) the distant HOWL of the wolf, Alina stops, listens intently. She changes direction, following the sound.

She crosses empty streets.

She makes her way between towering buildings.

She pauses at a bus stop. Hears the HOWL, louder now, and dashes off at inhuman speed.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO

Reaching the zoo entrance, she scans the closed gates and high fences, then leaps over with ease.

FLASH CUT TO the wolf pacing in his cage, nervous, GROWLING.

FLASH CUT TO Alina as she runs down the well-lit roadway to a parked caravan of trucks with animal-cage trailers. Signs read: *WILDLIFE WANDERS TRAVELING ZOO*.

Her presence disturbs a caged panther she passes. It *SHRIEKS* at her. She flinches and moves on.

Monkeys *CHATTER* in alarm, scurry and jump around in their cages.

Alina continues down the line of trailers, comes to a glass enclosure. Inside, an eight-foot Black Mamba coils, head raised, mouth open, *HISSING*, agitated by the vampire so near.

She's mesmerized. Stares at the snake a beat, backs off, then turns to the next trailer. She stops, eyes brimming with fear. In the cage, a black wolf stares out at her with piercing yellow eyes.

A low cement barrier stands between her and the cage bars. The sign reads: *KEEP BACK!* The wolf bares his fangs. *GROWLS*.

She steps forward, one hand on her heart, the other touching the right side of her face.

ALINA  
(mutters)  
What am I doing here?

The wolf *BARKS*, lunges toward her, teeth gnashing. Alina holds her ground. Her eyes glow gold. The wolf's eyes are yellow and fierce.

INTERCUT between the wolf's *EYES* and Alina's *EYES*.

There's something mental going on between them. The wolf eases out of his aggressive stance and *WHINES*.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
You were calling me. What do you want...

INSERT sign on the cage: *SEDAR*.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
Sedar?

He moves toward the bars, tail wagging. *PANTING*. His eyes are fixed on Alina.

She takes another step toward the barrier. He *YAPS*.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
You're trying to tell me something,  
I know, I just don't understand.

She climbs the barrier, now eye-to-eye with the wolf.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Am I in danger?

There's a sudden bright light. A WATCHMAN'S voice.

WATCHMAN (O.S.)

Hey!

Alina turns.

The watchman shines his flashlight beam on her. She raises her arm to block the blinding light from her eyes.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

How did you get in here?

Alina vaults to the sidewalk and lands crouched on all fours.

The watchman staggers back, startled.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

Lady, are you nuts?

Alina runs, leaping tall fences with ease.

The watchman's eyes grow big around. With fumbling fingers, he opens his coat, removes a flask, and takes a long pull.

The wolf gazes into the darkness, ears perked, and WHIMPERS.

INT. LES CAVES -- NIGHT

Two KNOCKS. Jacque approaches the door, looks out the peephole.

INSERT the view through the peephole, a voluptuous blonde wrapped in white fur.

Jacque opens the door.

JACQUE

Melanie.

She slinks inside, her curious gaze directed down the steps.

JACQUE (CONT'D)

It's good to see you.

He's looking at her with puppy dog eyes.

MELANIE

A wild crowd tonight?

She removes the fur coat, revealing bare shoulders, ample cleavage, and a diamond necklace. Her white sequined dress hugs every curve down to her ankles.

Jacque takes her coat like he's a common butler.

JACQUE  
I've missed you.

Her chin juts out as she adjusts her white gloves. Diamonds glitter from both wrists.

MELANIE  
It's over, Jacque. Get used to it.

She moves toward the steps. He grabs her arm, pulls her back into him, face-to-face.

JACQUE  
Don't go down there tonight.

MELANIE  
Why Jacque, I believe you're jealous.

JACQUE  
I worry when you get like this, like you're better than anyone else, but this is NOT the place for it.

Pushing off, she levels a sassy look on him.

MELANIE  
I can take care of myself.

She turns for the stairs. Jacque watches her sultry form strut down the steps.

JACQUE (O.S.)  
I still love you.

She fluffs him off. The double doors open, and she steps inside.

INT. TOROK CRYPT -- NIGHT

Alina sits on the couch, hugs her knees and glares at Sorin pacing before her. Makec stands to the side, arms crossed over his chest.

SORIN  
What were you thinking, letting her go out like that?

MAKEC  
I told her to walk in the cemetery.

ALINA  
You can't keep me locked up here...  
(glancing around)  
In this dungeon. I have a life, you know.

FLASH CUT TO *Christy dancing for Alina.*

SORIN  
(puzzled)  
Who is Christy?

ALINA  
(shrinks back)  
Nobody.

FLASH CUT TO *Alina's lips close to Christy's neck, and then the bite.*

Sorin's face scrunches in anger.

SORIN  
You fed!

ALINA  
I was hungry.

FLASH CUT TO *Christy lying in the alley, bare legs askew.*

SORIN  
Makec. Ready the car.

Makec rushes off.

ALINA  
Where are you going?

SORIN  
To clean up your mess. We don't  
leave evidence of our existence for  
the authorities to find.

He dons his long black coat.

SORIN (CONT'D)  
I swear you'll not turn out like  
him.

FLASH CUT TO *the Eiffel Tower. Patrice revving his car.*

Alina's eyes widen with wonder.

ALINA  
I have a brother in Paris?

SORIN  
(amazed)  
So...You've already learned to read  
minds.

She leaps up from the couch.

ALINA

Why didn't you tell me about Patrice?

Sorin turns for the stairs, but Alina moves as fast as a wink and blocks his way.

ALINA (CONT'D)

You're afraid of him.

SORIN

I am not.

*FLASH CUT TO the drunk decapitating the vampire.*

ALINA

(aghast)

Who was that?

Sorin escapes to the bar. His back is to Alina.

SORIN

Nobody.

She approaches him from behind.

ALINA

General Von Herrmann. A vampire hunter. He's the one you're afraid of. What did you do?

Sorin pours a quick drink, downs it.

SORIN

I killed his grandfather. He put a bounty on my head.

ALINA

So that's why Patrice thinks you're a coward.

Sorin turns.

SORIN

I don't care what he thinks.

Makec calls down from the stairs.

MAKEC

The car is out front, sir.

Sorin moves for the stairs. Alina grabs his arm, stops him.

ALINA

You left Paris because Makec and Felice could be caught in a cross fire between you and Von Herrmann.

Sorin glares at Alina's hand clamped on his arm, the way she's crumpling his coat sleeve.

ALINA (CONT'D)

You left to protect the ones you loved.

SORIN

Let go of me.

ALINA

But Patrice wouldn't go with you.

MAKEC (O.S.)

Sorin. There's no time to lose.

ALINA

My brother would rather fight than run.

Sorin wrenches his arm free of Alina's grasp.

SORIN

You don't know anything about him.

ALINA

I want to meet him. Take me to Paris.

SORIN

I won't go back to Paris.

ALINA

Then I'll go by myself.

SORIN

Oh no you won't.

He rushes up the stairs.

ALINA

Watch me!

He's gone.

INT. LES CAVES -- NIGHT

(OVER) loud MUSIC, Melanie dances draft punk among the crazed pogo dancers. She's got the moves, looks bright white in a writhing sea of black-costumed rockers.

Across the barroom, Patrice watches her, sets down his drink, and pushes to the dance floor. Adjusting his high-back collar, he steps into the thrashing crowd.

FLASH CUT TO Jacque standing at the double doors, his attention on Melanie, his eyes filled with dread. He sees Patrice approaching her.

Whirling, jumping bodies keep obstructing Jacque's view. He starts moving forward.

FLASH CUT TO Patrice as he reaches Melanie. She throws her head back, swings her hair around. Patrice starts dancing with her, frighteningly close.

FLASH CUT TO Jacque pushing through the crowd, straining to see what's going on, his head bobbing side to side, a terrified look in his eyes.

FLASH CUT TO Patrice and Melanie dancing in choreographed precision, black and white moving as one.

FLASH CUT TO Jacque pushing punks out of his way. The MUSIC is brain-pounding loud. Strobe lights flash. The dancers move in stop motion.

FLASH CUT TO Patrice. His mouth moves to Melanie's lips. Strobe lights reveal her smile, her eyes meeting his, her sudden trance-like stare.

FLASH CUT TO Jacque shoving his way through a mosh pit of twirling punks. He sees only flashing glimpses of Melanie under the heavy strobes.

JACQUE

Melanie!

FLASH CUT TO Patrice's mouth close to Melanie's neck. His lips part, revealing vampire fangs.

FLASH CUT TO Jacque in slow motion knocking dancers aside as he bulls forward.

FLASH CUT TO Patrice. His fangs bite into Melanie's white flesh. She stiffens. No one notices the vampire feeding.

FLASH CUT TO Jacque seeing Patrice bent over Melanie, her back arched and arms hanging limp in his embrace.

JACQUE (CONT'D)

Melanie! ... Melanie, no!

FLASH CUT TO Patrice looking up from Melanie's punctured neck. He HISSES, showing bloody teeth and gums.

In slow motion, her body hits the dance floor. Bounces. Diamonds scatter in every direction.

A SCREAM stops nearby dancers. They gather around Melanie, sprawled on the floor.

Jacque wedges his way in, drops to his knees, gathers her up in his arms. Tears stream down his face. He looks up.

JACQUE (CONT'D)

I'll kill you for this, Patrice!

But Patrice is gone.

INT. TOROK CRYPT -- NIGHT

Sorin and Makec look over Christy lying on the couch. Her face is ghostly white, eyes closed, lips blue. The men's expressions look doubtful. Alina steps up.

ALINA

She needs a doctor.

On his knees, Sorin cuts his wrist with a fingernail and drips blood into Christy's mouth. Nothing happens. He stands and shares a worried look with Makec.

SORIN

I've done all I can.

MAKEC

I should put her in my bed, sir.

Christy's face is smeared with vampire blood. Alina turns away, head down, then looks up at Sorin, her eyes glaring mad.

ALINA

She loves me, and I nearly killed her for it. What have you done to me?

SORIN

You need to learn to control your instincts, Alina.

ALINA

Who's going to teach me? You? No not you. You're never around.

SORIN

What's the rush? We've got eternity together.

ALINA

This is your fault.

She indicates Christy, her body folded in Makec's arms as he carries her off.

ALINA (CONT'D)

You're a lousy father.

SORIN

(exhales)

So I've been told.

INT. TOROK CRYPT -- MAKEC'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A night-light reveals a dresser, an end table, a brass lamp and dark wood-panelled walls. Tucked in bed, Christy sleeps. There's a RATTLE of pots and pans.

INT. TOROK CRYPT -- KITCHEN

Water boils in a steaming pot on the stove.

At the counter, Makec slices carrots. Vegetables are laid out before him, cheese wedges, a bottle of wine, loaf of bread. He's whistling a tune.

Alina enters. She's dressed for dinner, cocktail dress, lipstick, and fingernail polish, all black.

ALINA

How's Christy?

MAKEC

She'll be hungry when she wakes.

ALINA

I want to see her.

MAKEC

Oh no, we mustn't disturb her. But I'll say, it's nice having another human around here.

Alina moves to the counter, leans on her elbows, stares at the food.

ALINA

I miss my human life, Makec.

She picks up a carrot, sniffs it, grimaces and drops it on the counter.

MAKEC

That'll pass.

He's slicing a tomato.

ALINA

But mostly the food, real food. Now all I get is blood.

Makec stops cutting.

MAKEC

How thoughtless of me.

He turns to the fridge behind him, opens the door, revealing IV bags marked: *COW*, *GOAT*, *PIG*.

MAKEC (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Perhaps I can fix you a cocktail.

Alina shakes her head.

ALINA  
It'll spoil my dinner.

MAKEC  
Of course.

He closes the fridge. Another tomato goes under the knife. She watches him, silent, one beat, two beats, then SIGHS. Makec looks up.

MAKEC (CONT'D)  
What's on your mind, Alina?

ALINA  
I'm wondering. Do you know Patrice?

Makec arranges sliced tomatoes on a plate.

MAKEC  
Yes, I'm sorry to say.

ALINA  
What's he like?

MAKEC  
Angry.

ALINA  
(a beat)  
I want to meet him.

MAKEC  
I'd rethink that if I were you.

ALINA  
Sorin won't allow me to see my own brother.

MAKEC  
He's dangerous.

ALINA  
He wouldn't harm his own sister.

Makec sets down the knife, gives Alina his full attention.

MAKEC  
Don't be so sure of that.

ALINA  
I'll be all right.

MAKEC  
Famous last words.

SORIN (O.S.)  
You're not going to Paris.

She jumps. He's standing behind her, dressed in his black suit and red tie.

SORIN (CONT'D)  
But you are going to dine out with me tonight. Are you ready?

ALINA  
I'm famished.

Makec dumps vegetables into the boiling water. STEAM rises.

EXT./INT. BLACK JAGUAR SEDAN -- NIGHT

STEAM rises from a sewer grate. A car is approaching fast, headlights on, and it SCREECHES to a halt over the sewer grate. The leaping chrome jaguar on the hood prow glistens under street lights.

Sorin is driving. Alina sits in the passenger seat. Their gaze through the windshield is on a bus stop bench where a passed-out drunk, dirty and unshaven, lies with a whiskey bottle tucked under his arm.

ALINA (O.S.)  
You've got to be kidding.

EXT. BUS STOP BENCH

Car doors SLAM. The drunk stirs, SNORTS. Sorin and Alina are sitting on either side of him. Sorin glances up and down the street.

SORIN  
Always be sure you're alone.

Alina inspects the drunk's grimy, stubbly neck. She grimaces.

ALINA  
Do I have to? I mean, this guy is filthy. And he stinks.

SORIN  
We are opportunistic feeders. Can't be picky.

She GROANS, positions herself over the drunk.

SORIN (CONT'D)  
Remember, don't take it all. Don't kill him.

Alina bites down. The man lurches. His eyes pop open. The whiskey bottle falls, SHATTERS. A feeble CRY escapes his lips. The more he struggles, the tighter Alina holds him. As she feeds, her eyes turn to a golden glow.

Sorin watches closely over her shoulder.

The drunk stops fighting. Alina continues to SLURP and GULP.

Sorin's smile shows his approval.

SORIN (CONT'D)

When you feel the pressure drop and the throbbing subside, stop feeding and lick the wound.

She GULPS.

SORIN (CONT'D)

Never leave any marks.

She stops feeding, licks the man's neck. Puncture wounds heal like magic.

ALINA

Wow!

SORIN

Now you erase his memory.

He shows her the palm of his hand, makes a small swipe with it, then nods to the drunk.

SORIN (CONT'D)

Forget about this. Forget about me.

She passes her palm in front of the drunk's blank stare.

ALINA

Forget about this. Forget about me.

SORIN

Tomorrow he'll awaken with a bad hangover and won't be telling any tall vampire tales.

ALINA

Who would believe him?

SORIN

This isn't a game, Alina. Our anonymity depends on you doing these things correctly. In the end, humans lose a little blood and we all survive.

ALINA

(sighs)

I really messed up with Christy.

They disappear from the bus stop, leaving the unconscious drunk sprawled on the bench.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- LATER

The elegant lobby is abandoned. A black form sprawled on the plush divan looks out of place. Sorin rises, revealing a busty woman in a maid's uniform, lying limp beneath him.

Alina sits in a chair across from the divan. She watches Sorin pass his palm in front of the maid's closed eyes.

SORIN

Forget about this. Forget about me.

ALINA

Do you feed here often?

SORIN

Sometimes she falls asleep waiting for a ride after her shift ends.

ALINA

Do you like her as much as Felice?

With a SWISH, Sorin moves to a chair beside Alina.

SORIN

I don't feed on Felice.

ALINA

But you let me feed on her.

SORIN

Let that be a testament to how much she loves me.

ALINA

You've been together a long time.

SORIN

Seventy years.

ALINA

She looks so young.

SORIN

A drop of vampire blood now and then keeps her that way.

ALINA

But you don't turn her? Why?

SORIN  
Vampires don't love vampires.

ALINA  
You love me.

SORIN  
That's different.

ALINA  
Different for me but not Patrice?

SORIN  
He's a big disappointment, didn't  
turn out the way I expected.

ALINA  
Maybe he's a work in progress. If I  
could meet him. Talk to him. Make  
him understand why you left Paris.

SORIN  
That won't change him.

ALINA  
Let me try. Brad can go with me.  
He'll keep me out of trouble. And  
Felice, she can show me around.

SORIN  
She'd like to go home for a while.

Alina gets up, holds her hand out for Sorin.

ALINA  
Then it's settled.

SORIN  
Not so fast, young lady. Sit down.

She sits on the edge of the chair, elbows on her knees.

SORIN (CONT'D)  
There's something you don't know.

ALINA  
Now what?

SORIN  
Patrice is stirring up trouble in  
Paris. He's going to start a war.

ALINA  
A war?

SORIN

Between vampire factions, the new ways against the old, coexistence with humans or their extermination. He's for all out human bloodletting.

ALINA

Why?

SORIN

Because I'm against it.

ALINA

He must really hate you.

SORIN

If he gets his way, every human will take up arms against us. Vampire hunters will patrol the night. Silver bullets and wooden stakes against tooth and nail, we won't stand a chance.

ALINA

We'll be wiped out. All of us.

SORIN

The end of our 500 year vampire family legacy.

ALINA

(stands)

We can't let him do that.

SORIN

I'm telling you this because I want you to promise me you'll stay out of it.

ALINA

He's my brother.

SORIN

You can't do anything about it.

ALINA

I've got to stop him.

She's out the door.

INT. TOROK CRYPT -- MAKEC'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Alina enters. Makec is sitting on a stool next to the bed where Christy is propped up on pillows. Long hair spills over bare shoulders. The nightgown does little to hide her breasts. Her eyes meet Alina's and gush with excitement.

ALINA  
 (rushing to her)  
 Are you all right?

Makec gets up from the stool, steps aside. Alina quickly takes his place, holds Christy's hands.

CHRISTY  
 Makec told me what happened. It's not your fault.

ALINA  
 You should've let me walk away.

CHRISTY  
 Duh! If I'd known you were a vampire.

ALINA  
 Now that you know about me, I'm not safe.

CHRISTY  
 I won't tell anyone.

MAKEC  
 She has a proposition for you, Alina. I think you should listen to her.

With eyes eager and full of hope, Christy leans forward.

CHRISTY  
 Let me be your human companion, like Makec is to Sorin. I'll take care of you, guard you when you're sleeping, if you'll have me.

*FLASH CUT TO Christy and Alina in a lover's embrace, hot and passionate.*

ALINA  
 (shaking it off)  
 I don't know. I'm going to Paris.

CHRISTY  
 (excited)  
 I'll go with you.

MAKEC  
 You're not well enough to travel, Christy. Stay here with me. Get your strength back. You can talk about this again when she comes back.

Rising from the stool, Alina releases Christy's hands.

ALINA  
 I'll see you then.

She whirls about and exits.

Makec and Christy share a conspiratorial smile.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO -- LATER

A full moon shines down on the traveling zoo. The black wolf paces his cage.

Alina appears at the bars. She sits on the barrier. Sedar YAPS.

ALINA

Yes. Paris. How did you know?

He wags his tail and WHINES.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Don't be sad. I won't be gone long.

Sedar BARKS.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Beware? Beware of what?

A GROWL in Sedar's throat.

ALINA (CONT'D)

The spirit of the wolf?

Sedar WHIMPERS.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Appearances are deceiving?

She looks up to the full moon. Sedar HOWELS.

EXT. PARIS -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

EXT. LE OPERA BASTILLE

The full moon shines over the Le Opera Bastille.

A buzz of excitement as the doors open and people begin to move into the theater. Among the ritzy opera-goers are Patrice and Vasile. They look out of place.

INT. LE OPERA BASTILLE LOBBY

Folks dressed in Paris finery mingle, converse, and share libations before the show. It's crowded and NOISY.

The NOISE fades and now the lobby is empty. (OVER) muffled APPLAUSE from the theater, the orchestra begins to play.

Patrice crosses the lobby to a stairwell and scampers up to a balcony overlooking the stage.

There is one elderly woman up here, overdressed, overfed, her attention on the stage via jeweled opera glasses.

INSERT - round view through glasses of a fat man on stage.

Patrice stands behind her, vampire fangs exposed. (OVER) the baritone VOICE of the fat man SINGING, Patrice bites her neck.

The opera glasses fall over the edge and STRIKE the floor below, drawing attention.

A MAN in the audience looks up, sees the woman in all her fluff bent backwards over the banister, a sprawling black form on top of her.

MAN

Vampire!

(OVER) SCREAMING, patrons panic, scramble over one another toward the exits. The orchestra stops playing. The fat man stops singing. It's pandemonium.

Patrice looks up from his victim, blood dripping from his teeth. A HISS, and he casts her off, her dress billowing as she falls to the floor below with a CRASH.

Patrice spreads his cape, leaps into the air, glides down to the stage where he grabs the fat man and bites his neck. They topple to the floor.

FLASH CUT TO the lobby where Von Herrmann and his vampire hunters are pushing through the panicked crowd. Leashed BARKING hairless Danes help clear a path.

FLASH CUT TO Patrice draining the fat man. Performers flee toward the back, a mad scramble around props, dangling ropes, moving platforms. A straggling actress trips and falls.

Patrice drops the fat man and charges toward the fallen actress. Vasile leaps from behind a curtain, stands between the SCREAMING downed woman and Patrice, pointing behind him.

VASILE

Look!

Patrice turns, cape twirling.

Vampire hunters pour into the theater.

VON HERRMANN

There he is!

The dogs are let loose. Crossbows rise. Rifles aim. (OVER) the BANG of gunfire and the SWISH of arrows and the BAY of dogs, Vasile grabs a dangling rope, swings it to Patrice. He grabs the rope and climbs.

Arrows and bullets pummel the background scenery.

Vasile runs. Dogs chase after him.

Patrice is up in the rafters, a black form leaping from platform to platform.

The vampire hunters climb on stage, fire wildly at the ceiling. With hateful eyes, Von Herrmann looks up, scans the superstructure.

Patrice is gone.

EXT./INT. LES CAVES

Patrice and Vasile approach Les Caves at a full run, their FOOTFALLS echoing down the narrow street. Vasile BANGS on the door. The peephole SQUEAKS open.

VASILE

Let me in.

Vasile glances back and forth, fearfully. The door opens. Vasile rushes in. Patrice presses in behind him. Jacque stops Patrice.

JACQUE

You're not welcome here.

Patrice shoves Jacque aside.

PATRICE

Try and stop me.

VASILE

(to Jacque)

It's been a rough night. Give him a break.

Patrice is already bounding down the stairs. Jacque calls after him.

JACQUE

I know what you are.

PATRICE

(over his shoulder)

Then you better not fuck with me.

He's gone through the double doors.

Jacque SLAMS Vasile against the wall.

JACQUE

He killed Melanie.

VASILE

Nobody saw him.

JACQUE

He's a real vampire, not like the other punks who hang out here with their gothic costumes and fake fangs.

VASILE

You're crazy, man. There's no such thing as real vampires.

Jacque shoves Vasile toward the stairs.

JACQUE

Tell him I'm going to kill him.

Vasile adjusts his jacket.

VASILE

You better bring plenty of help.

Vasile dashes down the stairs and BANGS through the double doors. The MUSIC is skull-fracturing loud. He's moving toward Patrice's favorite area near the back with his friends.

Leonard and Drew converge on Patrice.

LEONARD

What the hell do you think you're doing?

He shoves Patrice. Patrice shoves him back.

DREW

You screwed up, dude, big time.

LEONARD

You've got every vampire hunter in Paris on your ass, and you have the nerve to come here?

PATRICE

Take your balls out of your purse, Leonard.

Vasile wedges himself between the combatants.

VASILE

Back off, you guys.

LEONARD

The opera house, of all places. When are you going to stop terrorizing the city?

PATRICE

That's what vampires do, you idiot.

LEONARD

We're all doomed.

PATRICE

Don't you get it? There's no such thing as kinder, gentler vampires.

Jacque watches from nearby. This time he does nothing to keep the peace.

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- NIGHT

An Air France jet lands.

EXT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN -- NIGHT

Five stories, fifty-two rooms of luxury. *HOTEL* reads the sign in stacked block letters aglow above the narrow sidewalk.

INT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN LOBBY

The lobby is furnished with round cushion chairs and coffee tables. A HAGGARD MAN occupies one of the chairs. He watches Felice at the registration counter as she signs in for the CLERK. Alina and Brad stand by.

CLERK

Enjoy your stay, madam.

He hands her keys for the room.

FELICE

Remember, no visitors.

CLERK

As you wish.

A BELLHOP gathers their bags.

BELLHOP

This way, please.

They move to the elevator, step inside, and the door closes.

The haggard man shuts his eyes.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ON THE RIVER SEINE -- NIGHT

Fireflies dance over the water, flutter above a high wall, dart through the trees. At the main warehouse door stand Brad, Felice and Alina. The door opens. Vasile appears.

VASILE

Welcome to the Torok lair.

INT. WAREHOUSE

It's a dark and depressing place. Dilapidated shelving and sagging rafters. Steel steps climb to the second tier of catwalks and more shelving. Alina gazes up, a sour look on her face.

VASILE

Patrice will be right down.

Vasile moves off into the darkness.

ALINA

(mutters)

And I thought living in a hole was the pits.

FELICE

Patrice can afford better, the business he's in.

PATRICE

Gambling, extortion. All hard work just the same.

Patrice descends the creaky steel steps. He's dressed in black leather, a red scarf around his neck. Blonde hair flows to his shoulders, combed perfectly.

He has Alina's full attention. When he reaches the floor, she walks straight up to him, offers her hand.

ALINA

I'm Alina, your sister.

He takes her hand, holds it palm down, and brings it up to his lips.

PATRICE

Who'd ever thought Sorin would try parenting again? He's really not very good at it.

He kisses the back of Alina's hand.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

You're more beautiful than I expected.

ALINA

Is there somewhere we can talk?

PATRICE

Want some brotherly advice? Don't talk.

Patrice drops her hand, shifts his gaze to Brad.

PATRICE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Covington.

Brad nods wearily.

PATRICE (CONT'D)  
And Felice, welcome back to Paris.

FELICE  
You're looking well, Patrice.

PATRICE  
Now that the niceties are over, go  
back to Boston.

He turns for the stairs.

ALINA  
Come on, Patrice, we just got here.  
Lighten up. Let's have some fun.

PATRICE  
(stops)  
Fun?  
(storms to Alina)  
Paris isn't fun. It's a war zone.  
Survival of the fittest.

ALINA  
Only because you're terrorizing the  
city.

Patrice glances at Brad. Brief but powerful eye contact.

PATRICE  
So Sorin told you about Paris. The  
vampire hunters. And still you came.

ALINA  
He told me about you stirring up  
trouble.

PATRICE  
What I do is none of your business.

ALINA  
You're my brother. It's my business.

PATRICE  
You naive little girl. Did Sorin  
send you to talk some sense into me?

ALINA  
He didn't even want me to meet you.

PATRICE

He's afraid things are going to change, go back to the old ways. The way things should be.

ALINA

Even if it gets us killed? Is it worth that much to you?

PATRICE

I'm trying to keep our heritage alive. Sorin's the one who copped out, turned chicken-shit and ran.

ALINA

He was protecting Makec and Felice.

PATRICE

And you believe him? He's a coward, a has-been.

ALINA

Just because he believes vampires and humans can coexist in peace?

PATRICE

Do you believe it?

ALINA

I want to.

PATRICE

You've got a lot to learn, sis.

ALINA

I can say the same for you.

He grabs her arm.

PATRICE

Great! We'll see who teaches who what.

Alina frowns, pulls back.

ALINA

Where are you taking me?

PATRICE

Out on the town. You want to see Paris, right?

ALINA

(relaxes)

Oh. Of course.

PATRICE

Vasile. Come on.

They exit, Vasile right behind them. The door closes.

Brad and Felice share a look of concern.

EXT. CONCORDE SQUARE -- NIGHT

With a roar of exhaust, a hotrod Chevy Nova pulls up to the curb. Traffic slogs by.

Alina jumps out, admires the obelisk, bathed in blue light.

ALINA

It's beautiful.

Horns HONK. Patrice gets out, stands with Vasile, looking unimpressed with her touristy behavior.

PATRICE

Yeah. Yeah. Come on. Let's eat.

Alina joins them, her beautiful face aglow in the lights of Paris.

ALINA

I can't wait to taste the local fare.  
Parisians. Germans. Italians.  
Where are we going to dine? The  
opera? The Louvre?

The three walk off. With a CHIRP, the Nova locks.

VASILE

Just wait 'til you see our club.

EXT. PARIS ALLEY -- LATER

Two dark figures enter an alley lit by porch lights and strewn with litter. A tomcat bolts, upsets a trash can lid that CRASHES to the ground. Alina grabs Patrice's arm.

ALINA

What are we doing in this awful place?

She looks back to the alley entrance where Vasile is standing guard.

PATRICE

You wanted authentic French cuisine.

They've come to an area where bums are passed out, a ragged, disgusting bunch. Patrice picks out an especially plump one and lifts him from the ground as easily as a stuffed toy.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Well, here it is.

He offers the unconscious body to Alina. She winces.

ALINA

He smells like an outhouse. I  
couldn't possibly feed on that.

PATRICE

It's all there is.

Reluctantly, Alina positions her mouth over the man's scruffy neck, bites down. She gulps blood, stops feeding and nearly retches.

ALINA

It's sour.

She wipes blood from her mouth with the back of her hand. Patrice looks over the bum, frowns.

PATRICE

He's still alive. Finish him.

He shoves the body toward her. Alina shakes her head.

ALINA

I take only what I need.

That earns a scowl from Patrice.

PATRICE

Take all you want.

He thrusts the body at her with more force.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Drain him.

ALINA

(adamant)  
I don't kill humans.

She steps back. Patrice shoots her a disdainful glare.

PATRICE

You're a vampire, the top of the  
food chain. Humans are to us as  
cattle are to them. Vampires kill  
humans. That's what we do.

He shoves the man's neck at Alina.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Now do what you're supposed to do!

Alina shakes her head, defiant and fearless.

ALINA

It's better to coexist than to exterminate.

PATRICE

You sound like our father.

Patrice bites the bum's neck and drains him properly, then tosses the body into the trash, scattering rats.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Sorin shouldn't be teaching you this crap, the fuckin' hypocrite.

ALINA

He wants me to turn out better than you ... and I can see why. You're a bully.

PATRICE

I'm a vampire!

ALINA

That's no excuse.

He looks at her hard and long. Then his eyebrows arch.

PATRICE

I wonder what else Sorin hasn't told you about being a vampire.

She turns her back on him.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER -- LATER

Under great steel arches, tourists take pictures, cameras flashing, stand in line for the elevator. The Nova roars up to the curb. Alina jumps out, looks up in awe.

ALINA

Wow. It's a long way to the top.

Lights climb the tower: reds and greens and blues, and at the top, a searchlight sweeps the sky.

ALINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's get in line for the elevator.

Patrice and Vasile get out of the car, share a mischievous look.

PATRICE

Sorin hasn't told her a damn thing.

VASILE

This should be interesting.

Patrice takes Alina's arm and escorts her to the nearby grassy area under a stand of trees.

ALINA

(struggling)

The line is that way.

They're face to face. He grabs her by both upper arms.

PATRICE

You don't need the elevator. We can fly up there.

ALINA

(stunned)

Fly?

PATRICE

Sorin thinks he's protecting you from your vampire heritage by not telling you about the powers that make you who you are.

ALINA

Powers?

Patrice has her full attention.

PATRICE

Think it and you will become it, Alina. Shape-shift...into a bat.

ALINA

A bat?

Patrice extends his arms out to his sides, flaps them like wings.

PATRICE

Watch me.

Right before her eyes, his body sucks in on itself, his clothes shrink to fur and leathery wings sprout. He shape-shifts into a bat fluttering in front of her face. Alina steps back, aghast. His words come to her in thought.

PATRICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Think it and you will become it.

ALINA

Why a bat? That's disgusting.

Patrice flits about.

PATRICE (V.O.)

You can't shape-shift into another person, or a chair, but animals are okay, even snakes and bats and anything that moves like smoke and fog. Just remember, you can shape-shift only once between each moon rise. So use this power wisely.

He does a little tuck and roll in midair.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Think bat.

ALINA

(concentrating)

Bat. Think it and you will become it. Bat. Be a bat!

She spreads her arms, moves them up and down. The transformation begins, a choppy affair flashing between her human form and a bat. Her clothes morph to a furry body.

ALINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Think it and you will become it.

And her arms are outstretched wings. Then she's flying, her brother beside her and Vasile cheering from the ground below.

ALINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is wonderful.

She circles a tree, swoops low over a pond, darts up again, and flitters in the lamppost light.

ALINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I can fly!

PATRICE (V.O.)

Be careful.

She dive-bombs Vasile, swift and graceful.

VASILE

Yea! Alina.

Patrice flies alongside her.

PATRICE (V.O.)

Up. Up. Up.

They soar higher. The lighted tower is on her left as she flies around it, rising up. Patrice flies along with her, leathery wings WHOOSHING. She reaches the top and chases the searchlight beam around and around.

ALINA (V.O.)  
 This is so much fun. Why didn't  
 Sorin tell me I could do this?

PATRICE (V.O.)  
 Sorin doesn't want you to be a real  
 vampire.

She hovers in midair, the city lights of Paris behind her.

ALINA (V.O.)  
 I don't want to be a real vampire,  
 not if it means being like you.

Patrice buzzes her like a stealth fighter.

PATRICE (V.O.)  
 You have to be tough to survive.

She pirouettes and dives.

ALINA (V.O.)  
 Tough, yes, but cruel and hateful,  
 no. I don't want that.

Patrice swoops down after her.

PATRICE (V.O.)  
 We are what we are, Alina.

Now they're flapping in front of Vasile.

VASILE  
 You guys are awesome.

They shape-shift back into their human forms, their clothes  
 magically reappearing.

Alina collapses. Tries to get up. Falls.

ALINA  
 What's the matter with me?

Patrice is on his knees.

PATRICE  
 I forgot to tell you, your legs will  
 be like rubber for the first few  
 minutes, so don't expect to run any  
 marathons.

Vasile helps her to her feet. She stumbles, staggers. Starts  
 LAUGHING.

ALINA  
 I feel drunk.

VASILE

Speaking of which, come on. Les  
Caves awaits.

Patrice is up on his feet now. They walk toward the car.  
Alina is propped on her brother's arm, her voice pumped with  
excitement.

ALINA

That was great. What else can  
vampires do?

EXT./INT. LES CAVES -- LATER

Three huddled figures stand at the Les Caves entrance door.  
It opens. (OVER) muffled Hard Rock MUSIC from downstairs,  
Alina enters first, then Vasile, followed by Patrice. Jacque  
stops Patrice with a hairy-knuckled hand on his chest.

JACQUE

I told you not to come back here.

Patrice gestures to Alina.

PATRICE

My sister's in from out of town.  
I'm showing her a good time.

Jacque drills her with a hateful look.

JACQUE

I suppose you're one of them, too.

ALINA

What's he talking about?

JACQUE

You're a fuckin' vampire, too, aren't  
you!

Patrice shoves Jacque against the wall, grabs his coat lapels,  
goes nose-to-nose with him.

PATRICE

(his voice a growl)  
Leave her out of this.

JACQUE

(equally gruff)  
You killed Melanie.

PATRICE

She was a whore.

JACQUE

I loved her.

PATRICE  
She didn't love you.

JACQUE  
You're going to pay, bloodsucker.

Jacque reaches behind his back, produces a big knife, and stabs Patrice in the ribs.

Alina jumps back and SCREAMS.

Patrice doesn't flinch. Just smiles. Jacque's mean expression turns to fear. He stabs Patrice again and again. Patrice grabs the knife, and with one hand, wads it into a ball.

PATRICE  
Are you starting to get the picture?

He shoves Jacque aside.

PATRICE (CONT'D)  
Come on, sis. Let's get a drink.

Vasile leads the way downstairs. Jacque calls out behind them.

JACQUE  
This isn't over, Patrice.

(OVER) brain-damaging loud MUSIC, Patrice glides through the crowd, crosses the barroom to his usual seat. His cohorts gather around him. Alina follows Vasile to the bar. The BARTENDER looks up from cleaning glasses at the sink.

VASILE  
(shouting)  
A Bloody Mary, a whiskey straight up, and ...

He looks at Alina.

ALINA  
Scotch on the rocks.

She sits on the only available barstool, next to a wire-haired punk, and scans the club. Gothed-up patrons are moshing on the dance floor. The band pounds on their instruments. A lone vampire squats on a floor speaker.

ALINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Who is he?

VASILE (O.S.)  
Drakon, the loner.

ALINA (O.S.)

He's cute.

VASILE

He's a useless excuse for a vampire.  
Sits on that speaker in his own little  
world. Never gets involved. He's a  
coward.

The bartender delivers the drinks. Alina drags the glass of  
scotch toward her. Vasile pays, picks up the Bloody Mary  
and whiskey.

VASILE (CONT'D)

I gotta take the boss his drink.

ALINA

Sure.

She watches Vasile retreat, then crosses her legs, settling  
in. Her short dress reveals a lot of thigh. The bartender  
offers her a cigarette, lights it for her, sets down an  
ashtray. She fiddles with the straw in her glass.

Her glass is almost empty. The cigarette in the ashtray is  
half smoked. Drew steps up behind her.

DREW

Buy a poor boy a drink, pretty lady?

She turns, looks him up and down.

ALINA

Why should I?

DREW

I think you're the most beautiful  
woman in this bar.

A beat. A smile. She touches her smooth cheek.

ALINA

Nobody's ever said that to me before.

DREW

That's hard to believe.

ALINA

Compliments will get you everywhere.

She summons the bartender.

ALINA (CONT'D)

One for my admirer.

DREW  
 (to the bartender)  
 Johnny Walker Red.

ALINA  
 Expensive taste for a beggar.

Alina drags on her cigarette.

Drew nudges the wire-haired punk on the next stool.

DREW  
 Scram.

The punk gives up his seat. Drew sits facing Alina, elbow on the bar.

DREW (CONT'D)  
 They call me Drew.

ALINA  
 I'm Alina, Alina Torok.

DREW  
 Ah, Patrice's little sister.

ALINA  
 So you've heard?

DREW  
 News travels fast around here.

She sips through her straw. The bartender delivers Drew's drink in a tall glass. He picks it up, looks at Alina.

DREW (CONT'D)  
 You want to go out sometime?

Alina gives him a doubtful glance.

ALINA  
 I already have a girlfriend.

Drew frowns, takes a long pull on his drink. She crushes out her cigarette.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
 Guess it's not your lucky night.

DREW  
 It's early.

A dark figure pushes between them. DRAKON.

DRAKON  
 (to Drew)  
 Buzz off, you leech.

ALINA

How rude!

Drakon grabs her arm, her drink, and yanks her off the barstool.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Let go of me.

He forces her to a nearby table.

ALINA (CONT'D)

You fuckin' prick ...

And forcibly sits her down and speaks with a heavy French accent.

DRAKON

Shut up.

He puts her drink on the table next to his and sits across from her.

ALINA

My brother's going to kill you for this.

DRAKON

Listen!

He leans toward her.

DRAKON (CONT'D)

You must be careful who you talk to in here. That pretty face of yours will get you into trouble.

ALINA

He complimented me, that's all.

DRAKON

Drew, he is Leonard's boy. Leonard and Patrice are enemies. Drew plays you like a video game, tells you what you want to hear, all so he can have information--

ALINA

He was being nice to me.

Drakon sits back and gestures toward the bar.

DRAKON

See for yourself, mademoiselle.

Drew is whispering in Leonard's ear, glancing at her conspiratorially.

DRAKON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He will be back with more questions.

ALINA (V.O.)  
Fine by me. I'm on their side.

DRAKON  
(straightens)  
You go against Patrice? Your brother.  
Your blood? If I were you, I'd stay  
out of it.

That earns him a sharp glare from Alina.

ALINA  
Maybe I'll sit on a speaker, watch  
the world go by. Like you.

DRAKON  
You know nothing about me.

ALINA  
So far I'm not impressed.

Drakon reaches out for his drink glass. His coat sleeve  
creeps up his forearm, revealing a tattoo, the muzzle of a  
black wolf, fierce yellow eyes, fangs bared.

She shrinks back.

DRAKON  
What is it?

ALINA  
That tattoo.

DRAKON  
The wolf spirit. Awesome huh.

ALINA  
You...I've been warned about you.

A CRASH from across the barroom. Someone SCREAMS. A table  
is upended. Patrice and Leonard are fist-fighting. The  
band stops playing. She leaps to her feet.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
Stop it!

In an instant, she's at her brother's side.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
Patrice!

PATRICE  
(dukes up)  
He's begging me to kick his ass.

LEONARD

We're all going to die if you don't  
stop playing the bad ass.

PATRICE

Who's playing?

Patrice lunges at Leonard, grabs him in a headlock, slugs  
his face with an uppercut. Leonard bulls him into the wall.

Drew tugs on Leonard's arm.

DREW

Not here, boss.

LEONARD

Tell it to this bloodsucking traitor.

Leonard pushes Drew out of the way, gets in a good right  
hook on Patrice, popping his head back. Blood runs in  
rivulets from Patrice's nose.

Drew's cheeks puff out like he's going to puke. He slaps a  
hand over his mouth, turns tail and runs for the door.

Vasile grabs Patrice, tries to keep him from retaliating  
against Leonard.

VASILE

Settle this later, boss.

PATRICE

I'll kill him right now.

VASILE

He's already dead.

Patrice HISSES.

PATRICE

Then I'll make him wish he was alive.

ALINA

Stop it!

Jacque runs up behind her, shoves her aside, and from under  
his coat he draws a crucifix, fumbles with it, and finally  
holds it out upright to the vampires.

JACQUE

Take this, you devils.

Alina GASPS, cowers back, her face flushed with fear. Leonard  
and Patrice back away from Jacque, wide-eyed. Leonard raises  
his hands.

LEONARD

We don't want any trouble.

Jacque presses forward with the crucifix held out. His hand is shaking.

JACQUE

You evil bastards, get back!

PATRICE

(smiles)

Jacque, you're such a fool!

Patrice thrusts out his right hand. The crucifix bursts into flames. Somebody SCREAMS. Jacque drops the burning cross, stomps on the fire.

JACQUE

Bloodsucker!

Patrice LAUGHS.

Alina looks back to the table where she'd left Drakon sitting. He's gone.

VASILE

Damn it, Patrice. Now everybody knows you're a vampire.

Patrice wipes blood from his face with his sleeve.

PATRICE

Shut the fuck up!

ALINA

Let's get out of here.

They flee, pushing by shocked patrons. Vasile leads the way. They burst through the double doors, bound up the steps, and BANG out into narrow street where they pause to catch their breath.

VASILE

That was fuckin' stupid!

PATRICE

(laughing)

Jacque pissed his pants. What do ya bet?

A MOAN silences them.

ALINA

What was that?

Again, the MOAN.

They look around. On the ground, a pair of blue-jean-clad legs lay askew behind a parked car. Alina moves closer. A blood-stained blue jacket, a slit throat gushing blood. It's Drew, sliced ear to ear, GAGGING.

Stunned, they look up and down the street. There's no one.

PATRICE

(delighted)

Well, well, Leonard's boy. What an unexpected treat.

Patrice lifts Drew, easy as a stuffed toy, sinks his teeth into the throat wound, SUCKS him dry.

Alina and Vasile watch in shock.

Patrice drops the body. It hits the cobblestones with a solid THWACK.

LEONARD (O.S.)

You bastards!

They whirl around. It's Leonard and his cohorts. He rushes to Drew, falls to his knees, then glares up at Patrice.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

You killed him!

PATRICE

(incredulous)

I did not.

ALINA

We found him that way.

LEONARD

(standing)

Liar. I know what I saw.

VASILE

She's telling the truth.

PATRICE

Your boy was bleeding out. What do you expect me to do, let good blood go to waste?

Leonard turns to Patrice, coat flaring.

LEONARD

This means war!

ALINA

Leonard, don't--

LEONARD

The city of the dead, Saturday night.  
Me against you. My people against  
yours. To the winner, the fate of  
all vampires. The old ways or the  
new ways will be decided, once and  
for all.

PATRICE

(in Leonard's face)  
I'll drain your fuckin' ass.

LEONARD

Not with a wooden stake in your heart!

Alina jams herself between Patrice and Leonard.

ALINA

You guys don't want to do this.

LEONARD

Oh yes we do!

He turns, summons his cohorts. They storm down the street  
and fade into the shadows.

ALINA

(to Patrice)  
Now look what you've done.

PATRICE

Come on.  
(spits)  
I've got a bad taste in my mouth.

He stalks off down the street, Alina and Vasile close behind.

The Les Caves door opens a crack. Jacque peers out and grins  
wickedly.

EXT. PARIS STREET -- LATER

Lampposts light the sidewalk where Alina and Patrice walk.

ALINA

You just started a war.

PATRICE

It's been coming for a long time.

ALINA

I can't believe it. I came here to  
get to know you, and now this. I'm  
smack dab in the middle of your mess.  
Why do you guys hate each other?

PATRICE

We have different ideas how things should be done. I feed on humans, he likes to kiss their asses.

She yanks him to a stop under a lamppost.

ALINA

What's wrong with vampires and humans living in peace?

PATRICE

We never have and never will.

ALINA

So you're going to exterminate them?

PATRICE

Of course not. We'd have to suck rats.

ALINA

So why do you terrorize the city, leave drained bodies lying around?

PATRICE

That's what vampires do.

Alina looks exasperated.

ALINA

Sorin was right. You're going to get us all killed.

Patrice's eyes turn vampire-fierce, an orange glow. Uncertainty creases Alina's brow. He steps toward her.

ALINA (CONT'D)

(steps back)

What are you doing?

He moves uncomfortably close to her.

PATRICE

I've had enough of your stupidity.

Vampire fangs shoot out of his gums.

ALINA

No!

Patrice bites her neck, drains her to unconsciousness.

EXT. BOSTON -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

INT. TOROK CRYPT

Sorin sits in his chair, drink in hand. Christy and Makec occupy the long couch, Christy knitting, Makec reading. A cell phone CHIRPS. Sorin sets down his drink, examines the display, frowns, and answers the call with a hesitant voice.

SORIN

Brad?

BRAD

(over the phone)

She's missing. We can't find Alina anywhere.

Shock wrenches Sorin's face. He closes the phone.

MAKEC

What is it?

SORIN

I have to go to Paris.

MAKEC

But sir, you can't go to Paris.

SORIN

For my daughter I must.

(stands)

Ready the car.

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

A passenger jet lands.

INT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN LOBBY -- DAY

Felice paces the lobby. The haggard man appears to be sleeping in a lobby chair. He cracks an eyelid, watches her pace.

EXT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN -- MOMENTS LATER

A taxi pulls up. Sorin emerges wearing sunglasses.

INT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN LOBBY

Sorin walks in, removes his sunglasses. Felice rushes to him. They embrace. Both look deeply concerned. She ushers him to the elevator.

The haggard man holds an unfolded paper in gloved hands. It's old and wrinkled.

INSERT paper: *WANTED DEAD OR UNDEAD* reads in block letters above a photo of Sorin Torok. *REWARD F5000*

Sorin gets on the elevator.

INTERCUT between the photo and Sorin's face. It's a match.

The elevator door closes.

Fumbling, excited fingers refold the paper. The haggard man stands and hustles out.

EXT. CHEZ GEORGES BISTRO -- DAY

A plain wood facade under the marque: *Restaurant Chez Georges*. Sheer curtains cover windows on either side of the entrance where the haggard man is peering in. He hurries inside.

INT. CHEZ GEORGES BISTRO

The haggard man tries to pass by the maitre d', but he's quick to stop him.

MAITRE D'

(in French - subtitled)

*Sir, do you have a reservation?*

HAGGARD MAN

(in French - subtitled)

*I am looking for the general.*

The haggard man is trying to see around the maitre d', sees General Von Herrmann at a table, sitting alone.

MAITRE D'

(in French - subtitled)

*He is not to be disturbed.*

HAGGARD MAN

(in French - subtitled)

*I'll be only a minute.*

He brushes past the maitre d' and into the restaurant, a narrow room of mirrored walls, and heads straight across the mosaic floor toward General Von Herrmann.

He's dressed in combat fatigues and a green beret. In front of him, a bottle of wine, a glass, a plate of duck filet and potatoes. As he cuts bread with a hunting knife, a disturbed look forms on his face when he sees the approaching haggard man.

HAGGARD MAN (CONT'D)

(breathless)

I have found him.

With a trembling hand, he offers the flyer to Von Herrmann.

HAGGARD MAN (CONT'D)

It's him, I swear, Sorin Torok.

There's a sharpening in Von Herrmann's eyes. He snatches the flyer from the haggard man's hand.

VON HERRMANN

Torok? Here? In Paris?

HAGGARD MAN

I saw him with my own eyes.

Von Herrmann sets the flyer on the table, face up.

VON HERRMANN

Where?

HAGGARD MAN

The Hotel De L'Ocean.

Von Herrmann waves the knife.

VON HERRMANN

And you want the reward?

HAGGARD MAN

I only want to help get the killer  
... you know, for what he did.

VON HERRMANN

He killed my grandfather.

INSERT wanted poster on the table.

VON HERRMANN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And now I will kill him.

HAGGARD MAN (V.O.)

No mercy, general.

VON HERRMANN (V.O.)

Finally, Sorin Torok will pay!

With a THUNK, the hunting knife stabs Sorin's picture between the eyes.

INT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN ROOM -- DAY

Blackout curtains cover the window. A flickering candle flame is one of dozens placed about the room. There's a champagne bottle protruding from an ice bucket, two glasses of bubbly, untouched. In the bed, Sorin and Felice lie next to each other and stare at the ceiling.

FELICE  
She's probably out clubbing.

SORIN  
We'll start at dusk, hit all the hot spots. I shouldn't have let her come here.

FELICE  
No one's seen Patrice, either.

SORIN  
The vampire hunters might have killed them both.

FELICE  
Don't say that. Don't even think it.

SORIN  
Jet lag is making me talk crazy.

FELICE  
Get some sleep. I'll wake you if there's any news.

EXT. VON HERRMANN'S HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Hairy knuckles RAP on a wooden door. The brass placard reads: *General Von Herrmann, Vampires Beware*. The knuckles belong to Jacque Baptiste. The door CREAKS open. A BUTLER appears, allows Jacque to enter.

INT. VON HERRMANN'S HEADQUARTERS

A workshop, tools scattered about a bench, the SOUNDS of machinery in motion. BANGING. CLANGING. Von Herrmann wears leather gloves, a sheathed saber, and goggles. He presses a wooden stake against a noisy belt sander. Dust swirls in the air. The butler appears.

BUTLER  
You've a visitor, sir.

VON HERRMANN  
I'm busy.

BUTLER  
He comes with news of a vampire war.

Von Herrmann stops sanding, looks up.

VON HERRMANN  
War?

BUTLER  
That's what he said, sir.

VON HERRMANN

Show him in.

Jacque steps into the room.

BUTLER

Monsieur Jacque Baptiste, general.

Jacque scans the piles of wooden stakes, the sawdust littered scene.

JACQUE

I work at Les Caves.

Von Herrmann parks his goggles on his forehead.

VON HERRMANN

That underground Goth bar on rue  
Saint Sabin? I've heard of it.  
Punk rich kids, right?

Jacque moves to the general.

JACQUE

Perfect cover for real vampires.  
The bloodsuckers!

Von Herrmann arches his brows.

VON HERRMANN

And you've seen these REAL vampires?

JACQUE

One of them killed my girlfriend.

Von Herrmann examines the stake in his hand.

VON HERRMANN

I see. So what about this war?

JACQUE

Every vampire in the city will be at  
Pere Lachaise Cemetery Saturday night  
to settle a score. If I could, I'd  
kill them all myself. But I'm only  
interested in one bat bastard, Patrice  
Torok.

VON HERRMANN

Ah, yes. Patrice. He's been a pain  
in my ass, as well.

JACQUE

I want to be the one to kill him.

VON HERRMANN

(chuckles)

My men are highly trained. How could you possibly think you can kill a vampire?

Jacque SLAMS his fist on the work bench.

JACQUE

Train me!

They share a look of vampire disdain. Von Herrmann turns off the noisy machine, caresses the stake he's been sanding as if it were fine artwork.

VON HERRMANN

You realize vampires are undead. Unburied. Their bodies unclaimed by the earth ... you know, unrotted.

He waves the wooden stake.

VON HERRMANN (CONT'D)

This wood is from a hundred-year-old oak tree. When you drive it into a vampire's heart, the connection between the unburied undead and the earth is completed. The body rots quickly, turns to dust.

Von Herrmann draws a saber from the sheath on his belt.

VON HERRMANN (CONT'D)

Or you can cut off a vampire's head.

He strikes the bench with a mighty WHAM! Jacque jumps.

VON HERRMANN (CONT'D)

Can't walk around without a head, you know. Undead or otherwise.

Von Herrmann sheaths the sword and hands Jacque the wooden stake.

VON HERRMANN (CONT'D)

Are you up for such morbid work?

Jacque runs his hands over the smooth wood.

JACQUE

Without hesitating, I would drive a stake through Patrice's foul heart, and his little sister's too.

Grinning, Von Herrmann snatches the stake from Jacque.

VON HERRMANN

Yes. I believe you would.

He sets the stake on the bench and turns to the door.

VON HERRMANN (CONT'D)

Come. I will show you around.

They move down a cavernous hallway. At an open doorway, they pause and look inside. (OVER) GRUNTING and SCUFFLING, men practice hand-to-hand combat, each dressed in long coats and brandishing wooden stakes.

VON HERRMANN (CONT'D)

Being a good fighter can mean the difference between life and death.

JACQUE

I can hold my own.

They move to the next room where men wearing heavy aprons and thick gloves dip arrowheads and bullets into molten silver. A hot, sweaty operation.

VON HERRMANN

Silver also comes from the earth. To vampires, it's toxic as rat poison. Slow to kill. Slow to turn the undead to dust, but an agonizing end, I assure you.

JACQUE

A good way for Patrice to die.

The next room is adorned with crucifixes of every imaginable design. A man in robes stands at an altar, blessing bottles of water.

JACQUE (CONT'D)

Holy water, right?

VON HERRMANN

The most pure against the most evil. Burns vampire skin on contact. The crucifix represents the other undead existence, everlasting life, holy and bright, very frightening to a vampire, but not lethal.

JACQUE

I learned that the hard way.

They come to a framed portrait on the wall, a man wearing a long coat, leather hat, and holding a crossbow, the nocked, silver-tipped arrow plainly visible.

Von Herrmann pauses, looks up with great reverence.

VON HERRMANN

My grandfather, Abraham, murdered at  
the hands of Sorin Torok. And  
tomorrow I will get my revenge.

Abraham Von Herrmann's stern eyes stare down on them.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ON THE RIVER SEINE -- NIGHT

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT

(OVER) spooky organ MUSIC the scene is familiar: wooden steps, a single hanging bulb, the furnace/chick incinerator, and on down a tunnel where torch fire dapples light on ancient stone walls that empty into a windowless stone room. Illuminated by candlelight, gargoyles stare down on a pair of high-heel shoes on the floor. An empty IV bag is suspended over an open coffin. The tube leads into the coffin to a needle in an arm. Alina's arm. She's lying on her back, dress hiked up to her panties and barefoot. She MOANS, awakens with a start, sits up, groggy.

Patrice is watching her from his position behind the electronic keyboard he is playing, the source of the spooky MUSIC.

ALINA

Where am I?

She yanks the needle from her arm and struggles out of the coffin. Tipsy, she finds it hard to stand.

ALINA (CONT'D)

What have you done to me?

Patrice pounds the organ keys with more passion, increasing the volume.

PATRICE

Prepare for a lesson in your vampire  
heritage.

High tones, low tones, loud and frightful.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

You will see why the new ways will  
never serve us in this world.

Alina grabs up her shoes and rushes to the organ.

ALINA

Take me back to my hotel.

He BANGS the keyboard with his fist, producing an awful BLARE.

PATRICE

Not until you know the truth.

Alina leans on the keyboard for support.

Patrice begins to play again. The stone wall behind him reveals a ghostly scene.

*It's dusk in a small village, old by the thatched roof construction and heavy clothing the inhabitants wear.*

PATRICE (CONT'D)

This battle for our survival goes  
back five hundred years ...

Alina watches the scene playing out before her.

*The sun sets. Moonlight beams down. Bats descend upon the villagers, who swing torches at them, SCREAM and run. Vampires lurk in the shadows, jump out, snag the helpless, drag them down. Fangs penetrate flesh in an orgy of blood.*

PATRICE (CONT'D)

... when the villagers learned to  
fight back ...

*Daylight. Men scale castle walls, break into stone rooms, pry lids off coffins, exposing vulnerable sleeping vampires.*

PATRICE (CONT'D)

... by invading our lairs. They  
drove wooden stakes into our hearts,  
and cut off our heads ... while we  
slept.

Alina's jaw drops as scenes of slaughter play out behind Patrice on the stone wall, and then fade away.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

(still pounding keys)  
Kill or be killed. The way we lived.  
The way we died. No matter how much  
you want to change it, our fate is  
forever sealed.

ALINA

It doesn't have to be. We can blend  
in with human society, work, play,  
exist in peace.

PATRICE

That thinking will get you a wooden  
stake in your heart.

ALINA

And terrorizing the city won't?  
Hell, Patrice, you're attracting the  
attention of vampire hunters, the  
very people who want to kill you the  
most.

PATRICE

We are born of the fears of men.  
 What goes bump in the night. The  
 boogiemer. We spawn terror and horror  
 and give mankind a reason to seek  
 salvation in a God of good.

(shouts)

Without hell there can be no heaven.  
 Don't you get it?

ALINA

(clearly frustrated)

Sorin was right. You like being who  
 you are.

Patrice stops playing and stands.

PATRICE

I am who I am, Alina. You are who  
 you are. We can't change unless  
 humans change, and they never will.  
 They always kill what they don't  
 understand. Even your beauty cannot  
 change the ugly truth.

ALINA

You make the truth ugly.

She looks around.

ALINA (CONT'D)

I'm getting out of this dungeon.

She turns for the nearby arched doorway and exits. Behind  
 her the organ BLARES out a blast of sour notes.

All around her, on massive stone walls, centuries-old  
 portraits stare down, narrow faces, sharp fangs.

ALINA (CONT'D)

(mutters)

What a morbid family.

(OVER) dogs GROWLING and the CLATTER of claws scrambling  
 across marble floors, she stops, turns.

Two Dobermans are charging toward her. She runs down the  
 hallway, ducks into an open room and SLAMS shut the door.

GROWLING and BARKING, the dogs SCRATCH on the closed door.

She scans the room of floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, brass  
 sconces alight, and two high-back chairs set in front of a  
 CRACKLING hearth. One chair is occupied by a woman. Only  
 her dress hem and slippers are visible, right leg crossed  
 over left.

Cautious, Alina moves into the room, nearing the two chairs.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Hello?

No response. She steps around the first chair, sees the woman and staggers back.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Mom?

Alina's mother is knitting. She looks pale and frazzled. In the other chair sits her dad, magazine in his lap.

DAD

Hello, Alina.

*FLASH BACK to the house on fire, two bodies covered with yellow tarp.*

ALINA (V.O.)

Dad? You're...you're not...dead!  
But I thought...the fire. You didn't  
die in the fire?

Mom smiles, her vampire fangs clearly visible.

MOM

We're fine, really, honey.

*FLASH BACK TO the grave site, the flowers in the holder on the headstone reading CARR.*

ALINA

(shocked)

I put flowers on your graves and  
you're not even in them?

DAD

(to Mom)

I told you she'd be pissed.

MOM

(to Dad)

She's beautiful, just like Sorin  
promised.

Alina rushes to her mother, kneels at the chair.

ALINA

All this time I thought you were  
dead. How could you do that to me?

MOM

(knitting)

It was the only way.

DAD

We wanted what was best for you.

Alina gets up, backs off, a sudden realization in her eyes.

ALINA

The blood. Your blood. Sorin had to have it. To mix with his own blood, to mix with mine, to erase my scars.

DAD

Beautiful and bright, that's our daughter.

ALINA

You gave me to a fuckin' vampire.

DAD

(accusingly)

We wouldn't have had to if your mother hadn't let you pet that dog.

Mom stops knitting, glares at Dad.

MOM

(snaps back)

It's your fault we went there in the first place.

Dad slams shut the magazine.

DAD

(shouting)

You shouldn't let her pet strange dogs.

*FLASH BACK TO the young woman standing at the grave site.*

ALINA

Whose bodies are in your graves?

DAD

What bodies?

ALINA

Somebody died in that fire.

MOM

Sorin took care of the details, dear.

ALINA

Why'd you do it?

MOM

You needed a face to face the world, honey.

Dad stands and opens his arms to her.

DAD

Don't judge us too harshly.

MOM

The main thing is we're together again.

Alina shrinks back.

ALINA

No. I've got a new family now. You people are crazy!

She rushes to the door, throws it open. The Dobermans are still there, GROWLING, lips curled and teeth showing.

Angry as hell, she thrusts out her right palm.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Sit!

The Dobermans sit, tongues lolling.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Stay!

They WHINE while watching her run down the long stone hall of family portraits looking on.

EXT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN -- SAME TIME

A step van SCREECHES to a stop in front of the hotel. Vampire hunters dressed in SWAT gear pour out and charge toward the entrance, their leashed hairless Danes BAYING.

INT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN LOBBY

Vampire hunters storm in. General Von Herrmann leads the way. They secure the elevator and charge up the stairs.

INT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN ROOM -- SAME TIME

Sorin and Felice sleep side-by-side.

FLASH CUT TO vampire hunters stalking the hallway. They stop at a door, check their weapons.

FLASH CUT TO the hotel room. A CRASH startles Sorin and Felice awake. The door bursts open. A flash-bang grenade rolls across the carpet. Explodes. Knocks over candles, starting a fire. Vampire hunters storm in, guns level.

VON HERRMANN (O.S.)

Move! Move! Move!

Felice throws herself on top of Sorin. Gunfire RATTLES. Bullets strike her back with a WHAP! WHAP, WHAP! Her face is racked with pain as she lies nose-to-nose with Sorin, his eyes wide open in terror.

SORIN

Felice!

FELICE

I love you.

The breath leaks out of her.

The encroaching vampire hunters keep firing their weapons. Smoke fills the room. A wall of fire grows intense. Von Herrmann appears from the smoke.

VON HERRMANN

Cease fire, men.

He rushes to the bedside, turns over Felice's bullet-riddled body. All that lies beneath her are bloody sheets. The vampire hunters share confused glances.

VON HERRMANN (CONT'D)

Damn it!

EXT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN

Flames shoot from the windows.

A step van peels off down the street. Black smoke scars a clear blue sky. In the distance, sirens WAIL.

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

The terminal is crowded with travelers. Alina speaks into a pay phone.

ALINA

I'm going home, Brad.

FLASH CUT TO Brad on his cell phone, the hotel smoldering behind him.

BRAD

You've gotta come back to the hotel.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BRAD AND ALINA.

ALINA

I can't change Patrice. He is what he is. And my parents gave me to Sorin, they gave me away, Brad, to be a vampire for Christ's sake.

BRAD

Listen, Alina, meet me at the hotel.  
It's important.

ALINA

No, Brad. You're not talking me  
into staying. I don't belong here.  
I'm leaving.

She hangs up.

Alina sits in a chair at the gate, bare legs crossed, tapping  
the boarding pass on her knee. Black mascara tears streak  
her face.

A figure steps in. She looks up. Surprised.

ALINA (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

DRAKON

Leaving so soon, mademoiselle?

ALINA

You guys are impossible.

Drakon sits next to Alina, folds his arms, the wolf tattoo  
clearly visible.

DRAKON

Well. Here we are again.

Alina glances at the tattoo, frowns.

ALINA

What do you want?

DRAKON

The war, it starts tonight, you know.

She looks at her boarding pass.

ALINA

What's it to you?

DRAKON

Do you remember Drew?

*FLASH CUT TO Drew, a knife slicing his throat. He drops,  
revealing Drakon holding the bloody knife.*

Alina GASPS.

ALINA

You! You killed Drew!

DRAKON

Patrice and Leonard, they must go.  
Their beef, it has screwed up our  
safe-haven at Les Caves for the last  
time.

ALINA

So you started a war?

DRAKON

Hey, I'm not sitting on a speaker  
forever. After tonight, I'll be at  
Patrice's table, you know, as they  
say, running the show.

ALINA

My brother's going to beat the crap  
out of Leonard. And then he's going  
to beat the crap out of you.

DRAKON

Americans, always so sure, but you  
are mistaken.

(smile)

Jacque, you remember him, the bouncer,  
well, he ratted them out to the  
vampire hunters.

ALINA

(shocked)

You've got it all figured out.  
They'll both get killed.

DRAKON

Oui-oui, mademoiselle. Then we have  
peace in Paris. Problem is solved.

The intercom announces: *Air France flight 332 nonstop to  
Boston welcomes passengers to begin boarding at gate three.*

She looks at her boarding pass, then at the line forming to  
board the plane. Her eyes overflow with anger.

ALINA

Not if I can help it.

She jumps out of her seat. Drakon is right behind her.

DRAKON

Peace? Is it not what you wanted?

ALINA

Not if it'll cost my brother his  
life.

DRAKON

Please reconsider. Get on the plane.

She takes off running down the concourse. Her boarding pass flutters to the floor.

EXT. HOTEL DE L'OCEAN -- LATER

A cab pulls up to barricades on the narrow, smoky street. A fire truck is parked on the corner, emergency lights flashing. Hoses run every which way. The burned-out hotel still smolders.

Alina steps out of the cab, her mouth agape, and scans the scene. She sees Brad standing nearby, the WBZ-TV camera propped on his shoulder. He's filming the destruction.

ALINA

Brad!

He turns, lowers the camera and runs toward her.

BRAD

Alina, you changed your mind.

ALINA

What happened?

Brad reaches her.

BRAD

It's Felice. I'm sorry. She's dead.

ALINA

How?

BRAD

Vampire hunters. And Sorin is missing.

Alina holds Brad's arm for support.

ALINA

Sorin? He was here?

BRAD

He came to find you. Risked his life...risked everything. He's probably dust by now. Where were you.

ALINA

With Patrice. We had a fight.

BRAD

So why aren't you on a plane to Boston?

ALINA

We have to find Patrice and Leonard.

They climb into the cab. The door closes. The cab roars off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ON THE RIVER SEINE -- LATER

The cab pulls into the parking lot. Alina gets out, runs to the door, pulls on the handle. Locked. She pounds the door.

ALINA  
Patrice! Open up!

From the cab, Brad calls out.

BRAD  
He's not here. Come on.

She dashes back to the cab and jumps in.

ALINA  
Try the club.

EXT. LES CAVES -- LATER

Alina and Brad knock on the front door, look into the window.

BRAD  
They're closed.

Tires SQUEAL behind them. They turn. The cab speeds away.

ALINA  
Hey!

To their left, a step van careens around the corner, speeding toward them down the narrow street.

BRAD  
Oh shit!

They start running the other way, only to be confronted by another step van ROARING in. They stop, look back. The step van is closing the gap quickly. They're trapped.

A vampire hunter leans out the passenger side of a van. He's shouldering a World War II bazooka.

ALINA  
Bats.

They shape-shift into bats, start flying up. Brad's dropped camera CLATTERS on the sidewalk.

(OVER) a BOOM, a mist net SWISHES by, shot from the bazooka, snaring both bats in midair and taking them to the ground, flopping and flapping.

Step vans SKID to a stop. Vampire hunters bail out, storm the net, their leashed hairless Danes BARKING and YAPPING.

Von Herrmann steps up, glowers down at his captives.

Alina and Brad are in human form, clawing at the net in a desperate attempt to escape.

Von Herrmann raises a wooden stake in both hands and SLAMS it down.

Brad SHRIEKS. The stake is buried in his chest. His skin flakes off, his muscles shrivel down to the skeleton, and his bones turn to dust.

Alina SCREAMS in horror.

EXT. PARIS -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

A full moon rises over sprawling city lights.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY

From the shadows on Avenue Gambetta, a dark horde of fifty or more vampires scrambles up the grassy embankment, leap the towering brick wall, and spill into the cemetery like marauding ants. Leonard's orange hair reflects moonlight as he leads his men forward. They carry wooden clubs and wooden stakes and fierce faces.

A smaller pack of similarly armed vampires scales the iron gate at Rue des Rondeaux. Patrice surveys the wide brick avenue and motions his followers to dog the tombs on either side.

INTERCUT between both bands of vampires as they creep down cobblestone paths lined with tombs and sepulchers of every imaginable design.

Patrice, with Vasile at his side, comes upon Drakon, squatting on a marble tomb, examining his fingernails.

PATRICE

What are you doing here?

DRAKON

War, such a foolish endeavor, however entertaining.

PATRICE

Grab a club, take a stand.

Drakon flashes him the peace sign and grins.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Coward!

He spits and motions his fighters forward.

FLASH CUT TO a narrow street in the cemetery where dark step vans are parked under the trees.

FLASH CUT TO the vacant parking area of the Colombarium with its domed crematorium surrounded by walls of entombed ashes, row after row. The combatants come face to face.

LEONARD

You're outnumbered, Patrice. Quit while you're ahead.

PATRICE

And miss this party? Not a chance.

FLASH CUT TO a cluster of tombs where Alina stands gagged and bound in chains. Von Herrmann has hold of her by the back of the neck. In the shadows behind him, armed vampire hunters lie in wait.

FLASH CUT TO the Colombarium where battle lines are drawn, each side glaring at the other, cursing, clubs raised, stakes poised to strike, a vampire rumble set to begin.

FLASH CUT TO Von Herrmann whispering into a Nextel.

VON HERRMANN

Get ready, men.

FLASH CUT TO the vampires facing off. A SCREAM. The two factions collide, start beating each other with clubs. Leonard and Patrice are duking it out with fists.

FLASH CUT TO Von Herrmann as he shouts into the Nextel.

VON HERRMANN (CONT'D)

Now!

Vampire hunters appear on the Colombarium rooftops, crossbows loaded and aimed at the vampires battling below. The air swarms with the SWISH of arrows.

FLASH CUT TO Alina, screaming behind her gag.

ALINA

No!

Her wide open eyes are intense with rage.

FLASH CUT TO the arrows raining down on the vampires. They scramble every which direction, SCREAM as arrows find their marks. Bodies fall and tumble.

Patrice and Leonard stop fighting, look around in complete surprise. Jacque appears behind Leonard, bow raised.

Patrice shoves Leonard aside, charges Jacque who lets loose the arrow. Patrice takes it deep in the chest, stiffens and collapses.

FLASH CUT TO Von Herrmann standing on a tomb with struggling Alina in his grasp.

VON HERRMANN

(shouts)

Where are you, Sorin Torok? I've got your fuckin' daughter.

FLASH CUT TO Jacque standing over Patrice, a wooden stake held high in both hands, ready to ram him through.

JACQUE

This is for Melanie, you bloodsucking devil.

Patrice is gasping and shaking, defenseless.

Leonard YELLS and plows into Jacque, bowling him over. He drops the stake.

Leonard falls to his knees beside Patrice.

LEONARD

Patrice. Patrice!

He's CHOKING, GAGGING, COUGHING up blood.

Vasile joins Leonard on the ground with Patrice.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

He saved my life.

VASILE

I'm sure it was an accident. We've got to get him out of here.

BARKING and BAYING, hairless Danes join the battle, leaping on vampires, lunging for their throats.

FLASH CUT TO Von Herrmann struggling to hold Alina still as he looks over his battlefield with pride. Her curses are muffled under the gag.

ALINA

Bastard!

She's kicking and squirming. Her eyes begin to glow.

PATRICE (V.O.)

*Think it and you will become it.*

Her eyes glow bright gold.

PATRICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Think it and you will become it.*

Alina shape-shifts into an eight-foot Black Mamba, instantly shedding the gag and chains.

Von Herrmann is now holding the big snake, writhing in his grasp, HISSING. He YELPS, drops the snake and jumps back, falling down between the tombs.

Slithering on the ground, the snake shape-shifts into Alina. She struggles to her feet, falls, gets up, stumbles forward. Falls.

Von Herrmann is crawling on his belly Marine-style between two tombs. He freezes, eyes round with fright.

A mist is creeping in along the ground, swirling between tombs, gaining in density as it nears Von Herrmann.

He scrambles backward, but the mist rises up and forms Sorin's face, mouth open and vampire fangs bared.

Von Herrmann SCREAMS. The mist covers him.

FLASH CUT TO Alina hobbling toward Patrice. All around her, vampire hunters press their attack, stabbing and shooting every vampire they encounter.

ALINA

Patrice!

Leonard and Vasile are with Patrice.

PATRICE

Leonard,  
 (gasp)  
 Rally your men. And mine. Join  
 forces.  
 (gasp)  
 Fight together or we'll all die  
 together.

LEONARD

Too bad we couldn't all live together.

Patrice HACKS.

Leonard gives the signal, a high-pitched whistle. Vampires unite, shape-shift into swift panthers and cheetahs and mount a counterattack against the vampire hunters. The night is filled with cat SHRIEKS and human SCREAMS.

Alina has almost reached Patrice.

Jacque is on his feet. He draws an arrow from his quiver and nocks it in his bow.

He pulls the bowstring back, aims at Leonard.

Alina sees him.

ALINA  
Leonard! Look out!

A black wolf charges in, leaps on Jacque, knocking him down. He drops the bow. The arrow flies wild.

Alina is mesmerized by the black wolf now staring at her with fierce yellow eyes.

ALINA (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Sedar?

Jacque struggles to his feet. He's got the wooden stake he'd dropped earlier.

The wolf turns, and head low, GROWLS at Jacque, SNAPS fangs.

JACQUE  
Devil!

He charges the wolf. The wolf charges Jacque. Leaps! A YIPE! The wolf goes down with a THUD, the wooden stake buried deep in its chest.

Jacque stands triumphant over the downed wolf. It transforms back into its human form. Drakon.

Alina SCREAMS.

Jacque looks up at her and grins.

Leonard jumps in front of Alina.

LEONARD  
Leave her alone, Jacque.

Jacque reaches back, pulls an arrow from the quiver.

JACQUE  
Sweet justice.

LEONARD  
You'll have to kill me first.

Jacque smiles. Dog-whistles.

A hairless Dane jumps Leonard, knocks him down, starts ripping him apart.

Jacque steps toward Alina, poking the arrow at her like it was a spear.

JACQUE

You're a goner, bat bitch.

Patrice is HACKING on the ground, the arrow still protruding from his chest.

Alina moves to him, yanks the arrow out of his chest, steps back, crouched, arrow poised to fight.

Jacque lunges at her. Arrows CLACK together. She pushes him back. With a SNARL, he attacks again. She parries, spins on one heel. He's off balance. She leaps on his back, drives her arrow into the side of his neck. Blood spurts. He stiffens, throws her off his back, whips around and slashes out with his arrow, catching her across the face as she goes down. She lands next to Patrice.

Jacque staggers. With his hand folded around the arrow, he falls on his back, convulsing.

Alina writhes on the ground, holding her face in her hands.

ALINA

It's burning! It's burning!

Patrice turns to Alina.

PATRICE

Now do you...understand what I've been...telling you?

(gasp)

Vampires live and die...like this, Alina.

(wheeze)

That's what...vampires do.

His head drops.

ALINA

Patrice!

She falls on Patrice's chest and SOBS. A deep bloody gouge runs from her chin to her right eye socket.

As the SOUNDS of battle subside, a creeping mist approaches Alina, swirls up and transforms into Sorin. He looks haggard, old and drained of energy. Kneeling to Alina, he lifts her from Patrice's chest and turns her over to examine the wound on her face. It's swollen and lumpy.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Am I going to die?

SORIN

Silver poisoning. It'll leave a nasty scar, but you'll live.

*FLASH CUT TO the foyer of the luxury row house. Three-year-old Alina is on the floor, SCREAMING. A man rolls her over. Her face is gashed and bloody. The man holds her in his arms. It's Sorin Torok.*

ALINA

You were there.

SORIN

And I've been with you ever since,  
in the shadows, to see you were okay.

ALINA

It was your dog.

SORIN

I felt bad. That pretty face ruined.  
Reminded me of what it was like to  
feel human, how painful life can be.  
The way you cried broke my heart.

Tears well up in the old vampire's eyes.

SORIN (CONT'D)

I promised your parents I'd take  
care of you, I'd do anything I could  
to get rid of the scars. Little did  
I know that promise would change me.  
I became a better vampire. Thanks  
to you.

ALINA

You don't have to feel guilty anymore.

She touches her face.

ALINA (CONT'D)

And I don't have to let this scar  
get me down.

They share a moment.

Vasile drops to his knees and WAILS over Patrice.

Behind them, vampires gather up the dead and wounded, lugging  
them away on bent backs.

Sorin releases Alina, nudges Vasile aside, then scoops up  
Patrice in his arms and walks away, a black silhouette of  
father and son receding into the vast plane of tombs.

EXT. BOSTON -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

INT. TOROK CRYPT

Three short glasses lined up on the bar, empty until liquor  
pours into one, then another. Makec is bartending.

Alina and Christy stand close to each other.

CHRISTY  
Does your scar hurt?

She touches an index finger on the lumpy mass.

ALINA  
Beautiful, isn't it?

CHRISTY  
I think it's kinda sexy.

ALINA  
(smirks)  
You would.

Makec caps the whiskey bottle.

MAKEC  
What makes this scar different from  
the other one, Alina?

ALINA  
The old one reminded me that I was a  
victim. This one I got fighting for  
my brother.

CHRISTY  
I'd be proud.

ALINA  
(hugging her)  
I'm glad you're here.

CHRISTY  
Me too.

They high-five. Makec passes around the filled glasses.

MAKEC  
Congratulations, ladies. You'll  
have the place to yourselves. I'm  
joining Sorin in Paris.

ALINA  
Felice is buried in the City of the  
Dead, along with Patrice's dust.  
Sorin won't leave them.

MAKEC  
I'm surprised you didn't stay with  
your parents.

ALINA  
They gave me to a vampire, Makec.  
(MORE)

ALINA (CONT'D)

I don't know that I'll ever forgive them. Besides, Boston is my home. My job is here. My future.

MAKEC

(raises his glass)  
A toast to your future.

All three touch glasses.

CHRISTY

And your new career.

MAKEC

Boston's one and only vampire news anchor.

Alina downs her drink.

ALINA

Now if you'll excuse me, I'm off to visit someone.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO -- LATER

Alina is standing in the roadway, a forlorn look on her face.

The trucks and trailers are gone. A few barriers remain, and overflowing trash cans. Withered traveling zoo posters and litter lie in the gutter.

ALINA

(mutters)  
I never got to say goodbye.

She starts to walk away when the watchman hits her with the beam of his flashlight.

WATCHMAN

Don't move, lady.

She shape-shifts into a bat and flies off.

The watchman stands shocked a beat, then with a shaky hand he removes the flask from under his coat, tosses it into a trash can and walks away shaking his head.

EXT. BOSTON -- ESTABLISHING -- MORNING

EXT. WBZ-4 TELEVISION STATION

(OVER) the SLAP of rotor blades and the turbocharged WHINE of the engine, the WBZ-4 News helicopter lifts off from the helipad.

INT. WBZ-4 -- NEWSROOM

A buzz of activity, people rushing back and forth, bright lights coming on, cameras rolling into position. Jenkins spurs the crew with his usual exuberance.

JENKINS

Come on, people. Two minutes. Let's go.

Meredith is busy fitting a microphone to Alina's blouse while makeup artists touch up her eyeliner. Her scar is clearly visible. Jenkins steps up.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Are you about ready?

Shoulders back, Alina takes a deep breath, smiles at Jenkins.

ALINA

I think I'm a star.

JENKINS

(smiles)

And you are.

He turns back to his duties.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Somebody give me a sound check.  
Testing. Testing.

Alina is ushered to the set and settles into her chair at the news counter, the *WBZ NEWS 4) BOSTON* banner behind her.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

(fingers pointing)

Three, two, one, cue music.

WBZ-4 News MUSIC comes up. Cameras swing into position.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

From Boston, Massachusetts, this is  
WBZ-4 News with Alina Carr.

Jenkins points to Alina. She looks into the camera. Smiles. The teleprompter script begins to scroll.

ALINA

Good morning, everyone. Welcome to  
Boston's early-bird local news and  
traffic at six a.m. I'm Alina Carr.

Her beaming face is shown on every monitor around the newsroom. Her smile outshines her scar. She radiates professionalism and pride.

ALINA (CONT'D)

Let's go right to our eye in the sky  
and our traffic reporter. How's the  
morning commute going so far?

EXT. THE SKIES ABOVE BOSTON -- CONTINUOUS

(OVER) the SLAP of rotor blades, the WBZ-4 News helicopter  
banks away and recedes into the distance.

TRAFFIC REPORTER (V.O.)

Let me be the first to welcome Alina  
to the WBZ News anchor team. It's  
good to have you aboard.

(fading)

We've got construction on 93, down  
to one lane. You'll have to merge  
left, folks. Emergency equipment is  
blocking Route One. We're in for  
another doozy of a rush hour...

FADE OUT: