

BLADE : TRINITY

Over darkness a WOMAN'S VOICE speaks to us.

ABIGAIL (V.0.)

Italo Calvino once said that myth is the hidden part of every story, the buried part, the region that is still unexplored because there are as yet no words to enable us to get there.

(beat)

But I was there for the end. I took part in it. And I think my words can help shed light on what happened. My name is Abigail. This is our story.

FADE IN:

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAWN

Harsh sunlight beats down over a bleak, unforgiving stretch of rocky desert. Amidst this desolation rise the ruins of an ancient Sumerian ziggurat, a massive stepped pyramid of mud brick that was once the center of the city known as Ur.

SUPER TITLE: SOUTHEASTERN IRAQ, DHI QAR PROVINCE

SIX MONTHS AGO

AN EMACIATED SHEEP HERDER

He kneels by the ziggurat, tending to a ragged band of sheep. is conducting the first of his daily prayers, listening to a religious broadcast from Baghdad on a tinny RADIO.

Presently, we hear HELICOPTERS. The shepherd looks up

--

TWO AMERICAN RAH-66 COMANCHE HELICOPTERS

the approach from the East. They touch down near the base of ziggurat, rotors stirring up clouds of dust.

FOUR FIGURES

the disembark, their bodies covered in desert camo-gear. They wear helmets with polarized face-plates and are armed to teeth. To the shepherd they might as well be aliens.

rising hint of He One of the figures turns to the East. We can see the sun reflected in the face-plate of his helmet -- and a skull-like under-mask/respirator beneath the face-plate. He raises a gloved hand, gives the "finger" to the new day.

Another figure (a woman) waves a hand, urging them onward. They mount the central steps of the ziggurat.

INT. ZIGGURAT - SHRINE - DAY

computing The shrine is empty. The woman activates a wearable device, calling up a schematic of the ziggurat.

she hidden She kneels, studying the floor. In the corner of the room identifies a particular brick and presses it. We hear COUNTER-WEIGHTS shifting and the floor opens up -- -- revealing a stone stairway leading down.

INT. ZIGGURAT - STAIRWAY - DAY

Dark. Sepulchral. Spooky. The figures descend into --

INT. ZIGGURAT - BURIAL VAULT - DAY

-- an empty room with an earthen floor. The sunlight from above barely penetrates down here. One of the figures takes out a battery--powered lantern, turning it on, illuminating --

-- walls covered with CUNEIFORM WRITING. The male figure who flipped off the sun speaks via radio headset.

MALE FIGURE

That's great. We've got dick.
(turning to the others)
Is there any reason we had to embark on this cluster-fuck during the day?

The woman removes her helmet. This is DANICA TALOS. A vampire. Intense, appearing to be in her 30s. Possessing a regal air. She wears a silver crucifix around her neck.

DANICA

Night-time's too tricky, Grimwood. You know that.

One by one, the others remove their helmets. All vampires:

GRIMWOOD (30s), a hulking vampire with an imposing physique and an even more imposing set of surgical steel teeth/fangs.

ASHER (40s), a natural-born leader with easygoing charisma.

WOLFE (30s), quiet and deliberative. Right now he's readying

a portable ground-penetrating radar unit.

Grimwood studies the writing on the walls.

GRIMWOOD

What is this chicken-scratch?

DANICA

Cuneiform. Dates back about four thousand years.

GRIMWOOD

So why here?

DANICA

Because this was the cradle of civilization. He would've been comfortable here.

ASHER

I don't know, Dan. Seems like another dead-end.

WOLFE

I'm not so sure --

Wolfe looks at his unit, excited. The others gather round.

WOLFE

There's something beneath us.

ON WOLFE'S RADAR UNIT

We see a cross-section image of the soil and subsurface features beneath them. SOMETHING has been buried down there.

ASHER

Is that a body --?

resolves Wolfe makes a few adjustments on the unit. The image further. It's definitely a BODY. Then, we hear the low RUMBLING of more hidden counter-weights and --

A SLAB OF STONE

slides down from above the stairs, sealing off the vault.

GRIMWOOD

What the fuck --?!

He Grimwood pounds his fist against the stone. It's solid. some tries to find a hand-hold, tries to shoulder it open in way, but the barrier is unmovable. They're trapped.

ASHER

Radio back-up. See if they can open it from the other --

WOLFE (O.S.)

Guys?

Wolfe points at the ground. A tiny depression has formed, with sand funneling into it.

Wolfe sets his radar unit down and kneels before the hole. The grains of sand are falling faster now, the depression gradually widening. Curious, Wolfe leans closer --

A CLAWED, ARMORED HAND

suddenly EXPLODES upward from the ground. It latches onto Wolfe's neck. dragging him down head-first!

He Wolfe THRASHES, his head still buried beneath the sand.

knocks over the lantern, which FLICKERS, shorting out.

Wolfe Asher rushes to Wolfe's side. Then Grimwood. They grab
by the shoulders, SCREAMING, trying to pull him back.

upward, Asher is KICKED by Wolfe's thrashing legs. He flies
hits the ceiling, falls back onto the ground, stunned --

Danica joins Grimwood. Abruptly, they wrest Wolfe free --
headless. BLOOD erupts from the sand. Then --

A HELLISH CREATURE

the unearths itself, ROARING. It's difficult to make out in
Spiked, flickering light. But what we do see is terrifying.
face demonic armor, clutching a sword. An elongated, helmeted
an with a blood-splattered set of hinged fangs -- hinting at
at inhuman physiognomy within. The hinged jaws open, coming
us. And just as the lantern goes out for good we --

SUPER TITLE: BLADE III

TO: CUT

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Danica moves down a modern architectural corridor lined in
glass and steel. VAMPIRE SOLDIERS stand ready nearby,
outfitted in body armor, clutching automatic rifles.

AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR

Asher, Grirnwood, and another vampire, HENDRIX are gathered by a titanium door outfitted with a biometric security system.

Danica joins them, studying a VIDEO MONITOR which offers a darkened view of the interior of the vault. We can just make out a FIGURE sitting there in the shadows.

DANICA

What's he been doing?

ASHER

Nothing. Just sitting there since we brought him here.

HENDRIX

(nervously)

Do you think we've got enough security?

DANICA

Hendrix, if he wanted to out of there - there isn't an army in the world that could keep us safe. We didn't capture him. He allowed us to take him in. You understand?

(nodding to the door)

Now open up.

The others look at her like she's insane. Nevertheless, Danica places her hand on the biometric scanner. Hendrix keys in a series of commands on a nearby computer console. The vault doors open with a HUM, allowing Danica into --

AN AIRLOCK-STYLE VESTIBULE

She steps inside. The vault closes behind her. We hear BLOWERS as the air is cycled. A SECOND SET OF DOORS open

--

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE - CELL - NIGHT

hear Danica steps into a nearly pitch-black "clean room". We
BREATHING. Despite her calm demeanor, she's frightened.

rumbling, From the darkness, SOMEONE SPEAKS -- a voice low and
laced with an ominous gravity.

VOICE (O.S.)

Why have you woken me?

DANICA

Your people need you, Sire.

She kneels, bowing her head.

VOICE (O.S.)

(mocking)

"My people". You think I'm your messiah?
Your Savior?

and We hear MOVEMENT. A pair of RED EYES pierce the gloom --
this God help us, even though he remains partially shadowed,
guy has to be the scariest mother-fucker we've ever seen.

VOICE

What makes you think I wanted to be
brought back?

to A hand emerges from the darkness, armored. Danica wants
as a bolt. Instead, she fights to keep herself from flinching
taloned finger brushes her throat.

DANICA

Times have changed. Science has made
great strides. Your blood, the sacrament
you provide -- it can set us free now.

VOICE

I see. And the one I killed earlier? He was vampire?

(off her nod)

You must forgive me. It had been centuries since I last fed.

DANICA

I understand.

VOICE

Then offer yourself to me, child --

(lifting her chin)

-- and let me quench my thirst again.

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

but WHOOSH! The vault doors open and Danica stumbles out, all falling into Asher's arms. She's bone-white and there are fresh BITE MARKS on her throat, BLOOD staining her shirt.

ASKER

Danica! Are you alright --?!

She nods, shaking, struggling to recompose herself.

DANICA

Let him out -- he wants to see what's become of his world.

TO:

CUT

A VIDEO MONITOR

LARRY KING launching into the intro of his show.

LARRY

Tonight, Dr. Edgar Vance, forensic psychiatrist and author of the New York Times best seller "Human Health: The Whole Being Breakthrough". Also with us is Martin Vreede, Chief of Police. They're here for an hour and they'll take your calls. Next on Larry King Live.

INT. LARRY KING LIVE - STUDIO - NIGHT

(50s,
Taping is underway. Larry King sits at his desk opposite EDGAR VANCE (40s), a smooth-talking pundit with a magnetic demeanor and movie star good looks. CHIEF MARTIN VREEDE (square-jawed), joins via remote feed.

LARRY

Dr. Vance -- you're a psychiatrist and a biochemist, isn't that right?

VANCE

Yes. I've long believed that in order to achieve true health, we have to reconcile the body and the mind. Of course that also requires letting go of a lot of our old notions and superstitions, which is what my work is all about.

LARRY

Let's talk about that. How do you account for the fascination with things that go bump in the night? Movies, books, videogames -- seems like we can't get enough of our boogeymen?

Vance leans forward, skillfully playing to the cameras.

VANCE

Monsters provide a means for us to transfer our more primal and darker urges into something external. In the case of vampires, you're dealing with taboo issues like predatory rage and sexual sadism. These are scary subjects for people to own up to.

LARRY

So we pass the buck to someone else?

VANCE

Exactly. Historically, people suffering from medical conditions have always been our psychological scapegoats. In the Middle Ages schizophrenia was often attributed to demonic possession.

LARRY

And vampires?

VANCE

Well, there's a hereditary blood disease known as porphyria that has symptoms remarkably similar to the classic vampiric traits. People suffering from this disease are anemic, they become sensitive to sunlight, they can't tolerate garlic --

LARRY

Which is too bad, since my doctor tells me that's good for the heart.

(turning to Chief Vreede)

Chief Vreede? What's your take on all the recent rumors we've been hearing about vampires?

VREEDE

The only vampires I'm worried about are the ones passing the bar exam.

(laughing)

Seriously, if vampires existed, don't you think we'd be on to them by now? The truth is, our streets have never been safer. Homicides, assaults -- violent crime is down across the board. If people want to be concerned, they should focus on criminals like Blade.

LARRY

Now who's this? Tell me about him.

VREEDE

He's a sociopath we've been pursuing.

VANCE

Blade is a very disturbed individual. Even the name he's chosen for himself is troubling. According to witnesses, he operates under the belief that a vast conspiracy of vampires live amongst us. You have to look at the psychiatric underpinnings here. What does a person like Blade really want? Odds are, he's really trying to work out some kind of inner trauma. He thinks he's slaying monsters, but he's really trying to murder aspects of himself.

The sound of GUNFIRE pre-laps over from the next scene as
we --

CUT

TO:

EXT. MACHINE SHOP/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

-- a MASSIVE EXPLOSION ripping through an industrial
building.
Banks of windows BLOW OUTWARDS, FIRE ROLLS, brick walls
CRUMBLE, raining debris everywhere.

A SCREAMING, BURNING MAN

goes tumbling into the night air. Buoyed by the
explosion,
his body flies upward, trailing fire like a human comet.

MORE MEN (VAMPIRES) race out, some of them on fire.

CLOSER

flames.
It's Blade, striding towards us in slow-motion, body
bristling with weapons, the exaggerated sounds of his FOOTFALLS
ringing out like drums of doom.

He looks like the God of War. WHOOSH! We ramp back up to
real-time. Then faster as --

-- a TRIO OF VAMPIRE LOW-LIFES (STONE, GEDGE, and
CAMPBELL)
run for their lives towards their vehicles. TWO MODIFIED
STREET RACING CARS are pulling out; a Mustang and an Eagle
Talon. Gedge is climbing into the Talon even as it starts
to
move, pulling the door shut. At the same time --

-- Stone and Campbell climb atop two stretched and lowered
two of
hardtall chopper cycles. Blade starts forward, drawing
his custom MACH pistols, but --

-- the Mustang comes SCREAMING IN REVERSE TOWARDS
him!

Blade makes a SUPER-HUMAN LEAP over the speeding car.
Momentarily upside down, he FIRES through the windshield
and
engine block as he flips. Within the car, the vampires
ASH.
The Mustang EXPLODES. flipping over and --

-- Blade, now facing frontward again, continues to
FIRE as he
lands, aiming at --

THE TALON AND THE CHOPPERS,

which haul ass out of the parking lot, swerving into the
traffic on the street beyond.

Blade KEEPS FIRING until he's out of bullets. Then --

ELLINGSON (O.S.)

No more bullets, Blade? Guess it's time
for you to fall down and go boom.

FOUR STRANDED VAMPIRES,

surround
from the conflagration, their clothes still smoking,
Blade. Call them EMOND, DOH, DENLINGER, and ELLINGSON.

wicked
a
him --
Blade holsters his MACH pistols. Then reaches for a
looking CHAIN-KNIFE strapped to his thigh. The knife has
button on either side of the hilt. As Ellingson RUSHES

blade
razored
as
complete --
-- Blade triggers the first button. ZZZING! The knife-
ejects from the hilt, trailing outward six feet on a
chain. The blade penetrates Ellingson's chest. He GASPS
he starts to ASH. But before his disintegration is

retracts,
Blade
SPINS, triggers the first button again --
-- Blade hits the second button. The knife-blade
the razored chain WHIRRING back into the knife-hilt.

around
through
The knife-blade FLIES OUT, the razored chain whipping
Denlinger's throat. Blade tugs. The razor chain cuts
Denlinoer's neck, decapitates him. As he ASHES --

whirls it
-- Blade triggers the knife again. As it ejects, he
over his head, making a sound like a BULL-ROARER.

slices
rest of

Blade drops low, swinging the razored chain. The chain through Emond's legs. Emond's amputated legs ASH, the him tumbling onto the asphalt. He SCREAMS.

ASHES,

Blade retracts the knife-blade, whirls, THRUSTS it through Doh's abdomen. who was coming up from behind. As Doh Blade returns to Emond, finishing him off --

vampires

-- and Blade is on the move again, RUSHING after the who escaped.

EXT. STREET - OVERPASS - NIGHT

an

The bike-riding vamps cut across traffic, then SCREAM down on-ramp to a busy street below.

BACK TO BLADE,

touches a

sprinting from the parking lot to the sidewalk. He hand to his ear. We SEE a tiny receiver tucked within.

BLADE

Whistler! I'm on the Stonebridge overpass at Clemons --

WHISTLER'S VOICE

Got it! Heading eastbound, I'm just beneath you --

the
--

Blade dodges past a HONKING car, stepping onto and over trunk, then leaps atop the safety rail of the overpass as

A BIG-RIG CAB

sounding hauling a semi-trailer THUNDERS beneath the overpass,
its AIR HORN. It has safety cables running along the
perimeter of the trailer roof, like an aircraft carrier.

WHISTLER'S VOICE

-- GO!!!

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

semi, Blade LAUNCHES HIMSELF into the air. He lands atop the
then tumbles, nearly slipping off the edge as he --

open -- snags one of the safety cables atop the trailer! He
dangles above the asphalt then SWINGS himself into the
back of the trailer. We HOLD for a beat, then hear the
THUNDERCLAP of a high-performance ENGINE turning over as -
-

BLADE'S MATTE-BLACK DODGE CHARGER

a ROCKETS out of the back of the trailer, sailing right over
lanes of car that was tail-gating the semi, heading into three
on-coming traffic at fifty miles an hour!

car Blade hits the brakes, sending the battle-scarred muscle
into a spin, clipping other vehicles in the process.

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

puts As cars continue to brake and COLLIDE around him, Blade
accelerates, the pedal to the metal once again. The Charger
tachometer red-lining as Blade pulls alongside the cab of
the

big-rig, catching a glimpse of --

WHISTLER BEHIND THE WHEEL

Whistler grins, gives Blade a little salute and --

-- Blade reaches between the seats, ACTIVATING the
newly installed nitrous oxide fuel-injection system.

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

Hyper-speed. The Charger jets forward as the NOS nitrous
any system boosts the car's speed by another 300 HP, leaving
to -- and everything in its dust. In seconds, it has caught up

STONE AND CAMPBELL

They draw TEC-9s, FIRING back at Blade. The bullet-proof
the windshield holds as do the kevlar body panels protecting
bodywork. engine -- but the rounds chew the shit out of the

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

Blade gives his car another jolt of nitrous. The Charger
SURGES FORWARD as Stone and Campbell fall back, veering to
brakes -- either side. Now Blade is ahead of them. He checks their
position in his rear-view mirror, then stands on the

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

The Charger drops from a hundred to fifty in a heart beat,
causing Stone and Campbell to rear-end Blade.

like The vamps are ejected over the handle bars of their bikes
crash-test dummies. Stone SMASHES through Blade's back
windshield, continuing into the front seat--

-- while Campbell tumbles over Blade's roof and across his
hood, somehow managing to cling to one of the windshield
wipers at the last minute.

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

the Blade clutches the wheel. He's got a HOWLING vampire in
and front seat, upside down, covered in windshield fragments
another perched on his hood, obscuring his vision.

Stone tries to right himself, clawing at Blade. Blade
struggles, keeping one hand on the wheel while he --

He -- reaches for a shotgun secured between the seats.
dash. FIRES. As the vampire ASHES, Blade hits a button on the
The passenger door opens, spills Stone onto the road --

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

is -- right into the path of an oncoming bus! WHAM! Stone
ground to paste and --

INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

their TOURISTS, mostly elderly. The passengers are jolted in
remains -- seats as the wheels of the bus KA-THUMP over Stone's

OLD WOMAN

I hope that wasn't a dog.

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

to -- and we're back in Blade's Charger as Campbell continues
HAMMER away at the windshield. The windshield spiderwebs.
Campbell manages to get a clawed hand through --

Blade swings his shotgun over, shoving it in Campbell's
snarling mouth. He pulls the trigger --

cleaner - BOOM! Campbell's CINDER-REMAINS blow over the cracked
worse! windshield. Blade hits the wipers, spritzes window
but the mess turns to ashen sludge. making the view

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

The Talor is up ahead, weaving in and out of traffic.
Fighting to see, Blade accelerates, gaining ground --

back The VAMPIRE DRIVER leans out of his own wihdow, looking
at Blade, FIRING an AUTOMATIC PISTOL --

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

SHATTERS, Blade's windshield, already weakened by Campbell,
calmly blowing glass fragments all over him. Undaunted, Blade
reaches for his dash, hitting a button labeled "UV".

EXT. BUSY STREET/BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

and Roof-mounted UV DAYLIGHTS come on, bathing the car ahead

(more importantly) the vampire driver with UV LIGHT!

The vampire at the wheel SHRIEKS, ASHES, leaving the car
driverless. Gedge tries to lean over and take the wheel -
-

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

BURNING REMAINS blow back at us. Then the view clears and
--

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

briefly
his
-- Blade SLAMS his charger into the Talon. The cars
lock, grinding SPARKS. Then they disengage. Blade jerks
steering wheel, gives the Talon ANOTHER SLAM.

sidewalk,
displays
The Talon hits the curb, riding halfway up onto a
PLOWING DOWN newspaper vending machines and table-top
piled with cheap wares, then a phone booth, a food cart.
PEDESTRIANS duck for cover and --

as
-- the Talon gets some serious air, ROLLING onto its side
it comes back to earth.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

streetlight.
BYSTANDERS
--WK-KRUNCH-- the wreck skids to a stop against a
The streetlight CREAKS, CRASHES DOWN on the wreck.
gather, murmuring amongst themselves --

Gedge drags his bleeding body from the wrecked Talon. He
staggers to his feet, clutching a pistol, limps away --

BLADE'S CHARGER

has pulls up. Blade climbs out, shotgun in hand. The shotgun
an under-mounted stake launcher. Blade FIRES at --

-- Gedge. The stake hits him in the back. KNOCKING him
onto the street. Bystanders SCREAM, falling back, taking cover
--

LAUGHING. Blade approaches, puzzled. Gedge is still alive,
He looks at Blade, eyes crazed, flashing his fangs.

BLADE

Staked you with silver. Why aren't you
ash?

Gedge coughs blood, struggles to speak:

GEDGE

Why aren't you smarter? Not a vampire,
dumbshit -- set your sorry ass up --

is Gedge tugs at his fangs. They're fake, PROSTHETIC. Gedge
looking past Blade. Blade turns, looking up --

A ROOFTOP ABOVE

Danica is perched there. She backs into the shadows. But
Blade doesn't have time to investigate because --

his -- POLICE SIRENS are drawing near. Blade retreats to
charger. He GUNS it, speeding away as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. BLADE AND WHISTLER'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Blade's Charger pulls up to a boat house at the water's edge.
Blade climbs out, disappears inside.

WHISTLER (O.S.)

What the fuck happened tonight?

INT. BLADE AND WHISTLER'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

New digs. Built into the decaying boat house, retrofitted for
Blade's combat needs. Blade is taking off his body armor, tossing weapons onto a work table. He's frustrated.

BLADE

How should I know? He was human.

Whistler reaches for a bottle of whiskey, takes a sip.

WHISTLER

You've been getting careless, Blade. You kill a vampire, they ash, don't leave any proof of their existence. But something like this, a human corpse, it's messy --
(shaking his head)
-- you better hope nobody IDed you.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DANICA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a digital video tape being slipped into a player.
PULL BACK to reveal Danica sitting before a monitor.

ON THE MONITOR WE SEE

Footage of Blade confronting Gedge, filmed from a high-angle.

Danica smiles and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Establishing.

SUPER TITLE: FBI REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS

WOMAN'S VOICE

It was horrible. The one car crashed, and then the guy in the coat was shooting the other guy --

INT. FBI REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

Blade
CLOSE ON a TV screen. We are watching a news feed. A REPORTER interviews a WOMAN at the intersection where executed Gedge. Now the reporter turns to the camera.

REPORTER

(on-screen)

That was just a taste of the mayhem that occurred during tonight's brazen shoot-out that left at least four people dead. Now apparently an anonymous citizen captured the whole event on video --

as we
The IMAGE FREEZES. We hear the clatter of KEYBOARD KEYS pan over to an adjacent computer monitor where a series of VIDEO CAPTURES of the event flash by us in slide-show mode.

institutional,
AGENT RAY CUMBLERLAND studies the screen. Ray is a career agent. Dedicated and dogged to the point of annoyance, utterly humorless. His office is cramped and devoid of any personal touches. It's also overflowing with

Whistler. files, photographs, and charts concerning Blade and

A BULLETIN BOARD

Whistler in features numerous surveillance photos of Blade and
action, along with various news clippings and two WANTED
POSTERS ("UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION - MURDER,
AGGRAVATED KIDNAPPING, ARMED VIOLENCE"). Most of the
photos are blurry and indistinct -- akin to snaps taken of
Bigfoot.

HALE (O.S.)

Ray! Heard we've got a lead!

Ray WILSON HALE (20s), Ray's subordinate, rushes in, excited.
stands, ripping down a photo of Blade and Whistler.

CUMBERLAND

Book us a flight, Hale. Time to take
these cowboys down.

CUT TO:

WHISTLER (O.S.)

Pack of Reds and some matches.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Whistler is buying a pack of cigarettes when he notices -

A BLACK AND WHITE TABLOID

PHOTO of on display nearby. The cover story features a BLURRY
Blade's recent melee with the vampires.

photo Whistler picks up the tabloid, studying it. Next to the
is an ARTIST'S SKETCH OF BLADE. The headline reads: "GUN
TOTING PSYCHOPATH CAPTURED ON FILM!"

Whistler nods to the CASHIER, hands over some more cash.

WHISTLER

I'll take this too.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

walks. Whistler exits the store, perusing the tabloid as he
We hear the WHIR of a camera's HIGH-SPEED MOTOR DRIVE and
--

A SERIES OF DIGITAL SHOTS

capture Whistler as he moves down the sidewalk.

ANGLE ON AN FBI AGENT

perched on a nearby roof, taking surveillance photos.

FBI AGENT

Subject is heading West.

within. WHIP-PAN to a parked CAR, Cumberland and Hale seated

CUMBERLAND

Got him.

Cumberland starts the car, starts following Whistler.

WHISTLER (O.S.)

Congratulations. You're famous. Just what we needed.

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON the tabloid as Whistler slaps it down on a workbench.

WIDEN to include Whistler and Blade.

WHISTLER

Somebody screwed us. Your face is all over the papers, the television. Media's eating it up.

BLADE

Like I care?

WHISTLER

You should. Something like this --
(gesturing to the tabloid)
-- taking out a human, even one working for the vampires -- far as the rest of the world's concerned, you're public enemy number one.

BLADE

Didn't realize this was a popularity contest.

Whistler shakes his head, frustrated.

WHISTLER

Damnit, Blade, don't you see what's happening?! The fuckers are finally getting smart. They're waging a goddamn PR campaign. Now it's not just vampires we have to worry about, we're gonna have to take on the rest of the world too.
(beat, adamant)

They've got us on the run. These last few months we've barely been staying ahead of

the curve.

BLADE

You worry too much, old man.

WHISTLER

I've been doing this since before you were born, Blade. The moment you stop worrying, you're dead.

Then Whistler's face softens for a moment.

WHISTLER

Since the day I found you, you've been like a son to me. I taught you everything I know.

(beat)

But I'm tired. You understand?

EXT. INNER CITY STREET - NIGHT

It's rush hour and the streets are choked with traffic. PEOPLE mill past on the crowded sidewalk.

We move from face to face, capturing brief portraits of working-class desperation -- an OVERWEIGHT GUY, a PAIR OF HOMELESS TEENAGERS, an ASIAN VENDOR, a STREETWALKER.

VOICE (O.S.)

How about that one?

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)

No fatties. They taste like Cheetos.

THIRD VOICE (O.S.)

What about that shrunken apple-head beeyatch-a-saurus over there?

VOICE (O.S.)

Fucking blow me, man!

We hear LAUGHTER and we WHIP-PAN over to a grimy office building, ZIPPING UP the face of it to --

A ROOFTOP PARKING STRUCTURE

into A SKATE-PUNK (SQUID) gets some air, flipping his board up a nice Ollie backside grab, then scoots over to --

the -- THREE MORE PUNKS perched on a concrete ledge, watching people below them. They are: PROOF, FLICK and DINGO. All in their teens, sporting copious piercings and tattoos. Flick wears a ratty T-shirt from "The Lost Boys" movie.

DINGO

C'mon, just pick one.

PROOF

Once you buy a prize, it's yours and yours to keep.

They keep looking. Then, Flick suddenly points, excited -

FLICK

Got it, got it! Baby on board!

ANGLE ON A MOUSY WOMAN (ABIGAIL)

BabyBjorn moving below, her figure camouflaged beneath layers of clothing. She's in her 20s, lugging a NEWBORN in a carrier that's strapped to her chest, clutching a bag of groceries in either hand. She looks a little haggard.

entrance. As we watch, she reaches an elevated rail station

BACK TO THE SKATE-PUNKS

Dingo nods and smiles approvingly.

DINGO

Looks like we got ourselves a combo meal.

EXT. ELEVATED RAIL STATION - VARIOUS - NIGHT

A series of shots as Abigail makes her way into the station,

passing a few other PEOPLE here and there.

INT. ELEVATED RAIL PLATFORM - NIGHT

Abigail
A depressing, dimly lit, partially open-air station.
moves out onto the platform, which is now deserted. She
glances around, a bit nervous, and finally sits on a
bench.

Beat. Just the wind MOANING in the tunnels, across the platform. Then we hear a RUSTLING SOUND --

Abigail looks right, sees nothing. We hear ANOTHER SOUND, this time from the left --

Abigail looks up, briefly glimpsing a FIGURE ducking behind a concrete pillar.

Unnerved, she stands, moving a protective hand over her baby.
She backs up a few steps, trying to look around the pillar --

-- but no one is there. Then a SHADOW MOVES behind her.
She
SENSES it, spinning --

frightened -- but again, she seems to be alone. Thoroughly
-- now, Abigail scoops up her grocery bags, turns to exit and
--

-- slams right into Dingo and Proof! She GASPS.

DINGO

Hey, pretty lady.

PROOF

Sophisticated mama.

-- Dingo and Proof reveal their fangs. Abigail SCREAMS, runs
--

back -- right into the arms of Flick and Squid! They grab her,
RIPPING the BabyBjorn carrier from her chest, SHOVING her
at Dingo and Proof.

In seconds, Dingo and Proof have Abigail on the floor.
They're tearing away at her clothing, LAUGHING.

DINGO

Scream if this hurts, chica!

ON FLICK,

- removing the BABY from its carrier. He holds the baby up
YOU!" only it's not a baby. It's a DOLL with the words "FUCK
written on its chest. Flick is briefly confused --

with -- and then the baby doll EXPLODES, covering Flick's face
a cloud of GARLIC GAS!

Flick recoils, retching, wiping at his burning face --

FLICK

--aghhk -- it's fucking garlic!

ON DINGO AND PROOF,

looking back, alarmed. Then Abigail pulls her knee to her chest. A SILVER SPIKE springs out from the toe of her boot.

She KICKS UP, imbedding the spike up through the underside of Proof's chin. Proof ASHES.

Before Dingo has a chance to act, Abigail gets him in a leglock, FLIPPING him back onto his ass.

ABIGAIL

throws her arms around Dingo's neck, jumping to her feet, shedding her coat and hat. Long tresses of hair spill around her shoulders. She's not mousy at all. In fact, she's beautiful. And cut like an Olympic athlete. And equipped with a walking arsenal of weapons.

Dingo SNARLS -- CRUNCH! Abigail plants her heel in his face, SMASHING IN his nose. She does a cartwheel, KICKS him again. Follows that with flurry of PUNCHES. He goes down as --

CHOKE -- Flick and Squid come charging! Squid gets her in a HOLD. She FLIPS him over her shoulder, KICKING him in the nuts as he lands. He curls up, GROANING --

Abigail turns back to Flick, ELBOWING him in the throat --

-- then returns to Squid, ejecting a SILVER THROWING KNIFE from a spring-loaded, automated dispenser strapped to her wrist. She POPS the knife through Squid's chest. He

ASHES --

FOLLOWING ABIGAIL

as she reaches behind her, removing a CRESCENT-SHAPED DEVICE secured to her back. She holds the crescent in the center, the curve pointing away from her, gives it a twist and --

CHINKT! The device extends from either end, telescoping outward into a three-foot long metal arc. Connecting the two ends of the arc is a powerful, BUZZING UV LASER.

Abigail LASHES OUT, lopping off Flick's arm. His arm falls, ASHING. Abigail swings the arc around, pushing it forward through Flick's mid-section like a cheese cutter --

Flick literally falls apart, his upper torso sliding from his trunk, ASHING in the foreground, his burning particles falling away to reveal Abigail in the background --

Dingo scrambles to his feet, running for his life.

Abigail gives her UV arc a twist. It retracts. She secures it behind her back once again, unholsters a strange-looking "bloop" GUN with a large barrel. She FIRES --

A rapidly-expanding spherule of ANTI-PERSONNEL FOAM splatters against Dingo's legs, hardening instantly, tripping him up --

gunk
Dingo goes down again. He panics, trying to scrape the
off his legs, manages to get one of his hands stuck to the
hardening mess in the process -- like a mouse in a glue-
trap.

holsters
Abigail calmly approaches. She stands over Dingo, staring
down at him with a look of cruel indifference. She
her bloop gun, withdraws another SILVER STAKE --

ABIGAIL

Scream if this hurts, chica.

-- and SLAMS the stake into his chest.

WIDEN OUT

the
In
Abigail turns, surveying her work. The ashen remains of
vampires are popping and crackling like campfire embers.
thirty-seven seconds she's managed to eliminate them all.

ashes
slaughter.
A train approaches, pulls into the station. PASSENGERS
disembark, flood the platform. They tramp all over the
of the vampires, completely unaware of the recent

train.
Abigail walks against the stream of traffic, boards the
She is the sole passenger as the train pulls away.

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - WHISTLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

wedding
Whistler sits on a cot, contemplating the tarnished
ring on his hand. He slowly spins it around his finger.

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BLADE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Blade sits before a small Buddhist shrine, meditating.
Incense burns. His sword rests in a ceremonial holder.
Near
silence punctuated by the intermittent ocean swell
outside.

CLOSE ON BLADE'S FACE

We hear the SOUNDS OF VIOLENCE -- ECHOING SCREAMS,
GUNSHOTS.
These are Blade's thoughts. The inner demons he is
constantly
trying to tame. The sounds CRESCENDO and --

-- Blade opens his eyes. He listens. Something is
wrong.

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Blade creeps into the outer room, sword drawn.

NOISE behind him, turns to see --

WHISTLER

standing in the shadows, clutching a handgun.

WHISTLER

What is it?

BLADE

What you've been worrying about.

They listen. Just the sound of the ocean swell. Then --

A WINDOW SHATTERS

TWO ARMORED SWAT AGENTS lower in on rappelling lines.

TWO MORE AGENTS

in.
engage
CRASH through a bank of windows on either side, swinging
They FIRE cannisters of TEAR GAS. As Blade moves to
them, Whistler RUSHES into the heart of the armory --

inside.
A reinforced door EXPLODES inward. MORE AGENTS storm

FROM THE WATER,

wooden
a military Zodiac (inflatable boat) roars up one of the
boat ramps, laden with gun-toting AGENTS. They jump out,
fanning all over the boat house.

He hears a

AGENT

On the floor! ON THE FLOOR!

agents
-
Whistler FIRES at them, then makes a run for it. The
RETURN FIRE, but Whistler ducks behind a concrete pillar -

EXT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

SIRENS
Cop cruisers, unmarked cars, and SWAT trucks sweep in,
blaring, disgorging a small army of POLICE and FBI AGENTS.
POLICE BOATS are pulling up to the dock.

AGENTS CUMBERLAND AND HALE

emerge from an unmarked, wearing bullet-proof vests,

brandishing firearms. Cumberland barks orders into a radio.

CUMBERLAND

Lock it down! Keep them contained!

On the rooftops above, various SWAT SNIPERS take position.

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Blade BRAWLS with a half-dozen agents, sending them flying in all directions. He grabs one agent, HEAD-BUTTS him, THROWS him into the path of two others --

Then he reaches for another, THROWING him THROUGH a window at the rear, out into the river which runs below --

ON WHISTLER

as he moves with increased urgency. The armory is filling up with tear gas. Coughing and half-blind, he hurries to a bank of computers, types in a series of commands --

THE VARIOUS COMPUTER MONITORS

around him synch up, showing the same protocol message:

Data protection routine enabled

-- Server 1 protection enabled...

-- Server 2 protection enabled...

removable In response, a rack of network storage equipment and
hard drives EXPLODES. Then a second rack of equipment
EXPLODES as well.

EXT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

can From their vantage point below, Cumberland and the others
hear the explosions. Cumberland is on his radio, SHOUTING:

CUMBERLAN D

What's going on in there?

AGENT'S VOICE

(over radio)

Some kind of self-destruct program!
They're fragging their hard drives!

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Whistler keeps moving. An agent gets a clear shot at him,
FIRES -- Whistler is hit in the chest.

the Blade SEES Whistler take the hit, but he's cut off from
old man, being swarmed by agents --

BLADE

WHISTLER!

bank Whistler staggers, keeps moving. He makes it to another
of computers, launches the same protocol.

ON MORE MONITORS

Erasing information, purging themselves. We see commands:

-- Workstation 1 protection enabled

-- Workstation 2 protection enabled

With each successive command, the workstations themselves begin self-destructing, EXPLODING one after another.

Another agent gets a bead on Whistler, FIRING a round into Whistler's thigh. Whistler SCREAMS --

ON BLADE,

two in anguish as he sees his mentor being slaughtered. Then agents are RUSHING HIM, tackling Blade. As one they fall backwards, into another bank of windows --

EXT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

CRASH! The three of them come FLYING DOWN in a spray of glass, landing atop one of the police cruisers below. The roof buckles under their weight, windows SHATTERING --

CUMBERLAND

Take him down!

taking An FBI AGENT raises a CODA net gun atop his shoulder, barrel, aim. BA-BANG! Four projectiles expand out from the carrying a STEEL NET which has been strung between them.

his The netting hits Blade, wrapping around him, restricting top of movements. Immediately, a small army of agents DIVE on him, PUMMELING AWAY, trying to beat him into submission --

INT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

himself On the verge of losing consciousness, Whistler props
 against a piece of machinery. He's bleeding, been shot to
 hell. One of his hands is closed, clutching something.

Agents warily close in around him, guns raised.

AGENT

Move a finger and you're dead.

WHISTLER

(flipping them off)
How 'bout this one?

his Whistler lets his other hand uncurl. He's got a REMOTE in
 palm, with a tiny digital timer counting-down.

AGENT #2

He's got something in his--

00:03. 00:02. 00:01. The timer reaches zero.

A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS

rock the workshop, knocking the agents back.

EXT. BLADE'S REFUGE - BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

catching
hurricane CLOUDS OF FIRE and FLAMING DEBRIS MUSHROOM OUTWARD,
 all unawares, sweeping them up off their feet with a
 force. In the midst of the conflagration --

-- Blade briefly manages to tear free of his captors --

BLADE

WHISTLER!!!

sweeping -- but the wall of FIRE and LIGHT is rushing onward,
up everything in its path, turning the world to white.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

face. FADE IN. We are CLOSE ON Blade's perspiration-beaded
His eyelids flutter as he slowly regains consciousness.

CUMBERLAND (O.S.)

Rise and shine, sleepyhead.

window. PULL BACK. We are in a room with a one-way mirrored
Blade sits, hands cuffed behind him, BRIGHT LIGHTS shining
down on him. He looks disoriented, battered. Very weak.

Cumberland and Hale are sitting across from Blade.

BLADE

Who --?

CUMBERLAND

Special Agents Ray Cumberland and Wilson
Hale, FBI. We've been tracking you for a
long time.

BLADE

Whistler --

HALE

Dead. Just like all of your victims.

away. Blade shuts his eyes -- as if he could just wish them

CUMBERLAND

How many people have you killed? Thirty?
Forty? A hundred?

BLADE

Those were familiars -- people who worked for them --

CUMBERLAND

And by "them" you mean vampires, right? I suppose next you'll be telling us that Bigfoot's in on the conspiracy too? So what kills these bloodsuckers, tough guy? Maybe you can give us some pointers.

(counting on his fingers)

You can stake 'em, right? Then there's sunlight -- what about crosses, Wilson? Do those still work?

HALE

I don't know, Ray. What if a vampire's Jewish?

CUMBERLAND

That's a good point. And does garlic work on a Hindu vampire? Or do you need saffron or something?

Hale laughs. Cumberland shakes his head, his smile fading.

CUMBERLAND

You can keep doing your song and dance as long as you want, Blade, but it's not going to play. You're a stone-cold killer. And you're sick as fuck.

VANCE (O.S.)

Let's leave the diagnosis to the professionals.

ANGLE ON DR. EDGAR VANCE,

King. standing in the doorway. He's the man we saw on Larry
He takes a seat by Blade, sets a leather case on a table.

VANCE

Hello, Blade. My name is Doctor Vance.
I'm with the Department of Mental Health.
I've been charged with conducting a
psychiatric evaluation of you.

(to Cumberland and Hale)

Gentleman, would you mind giving us a few
moments alone?

Cumberland nods. They rise, exiting the room. Vance
smiles,
trying to project a sympathetic air.

VANCE

I imagine this must be very frightening
for you. But I want you to know that I'm
here to help. In order to do that,
however, I need to ask you some questions.

(beat)

Now. Can you tell me what day it is?

Blade just stares daggers at Vance.

VANCE

What about the President? Do you know
who's in the White House at the moment?

BLADE

An ass-hole.

VANCE

(sighing)

Alright then, let's talk about vampires --
what can you tell me about that?

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

On the other side of the mirror, Cumberland and Hale have
joined Chief Vreede. We hear Blade and Vance via
speakers:

BLADE

There's nothing to tell. They exist.

VANCE

And are you one of them?

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Vance sits forward, drawing closer.

VANCE

What about blood? When you drink it, do you find yourself sexually aroused?

Blade just glares at Vance.

VANCE

You see, it strikes me that this business of vampirism has strong connotations of sexual confusion. Bodily fluids being exchanged, that sort of thing. You have to ask where that comes from. I'm wondering, for instance, what your relationship was like with your mother. Were the two of you close?

Blade glares. If he escapes, he's going to kill this guy.

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Vance steps into the observation room, joining Chief Vreede, Cumberland, and Hale.

VREEDE

What's your assessment, Doctor?

VANCE

He's psychotic, with paranoid features, possessing dangerous levels of sociopathy. He's exhibiting disorganized behavior. He obviously doesn't have a properly formed

conscience --

(spreading his hands)

For his safety and the public's, I'm recommending that he be transferred to County Psychiatric for further treatment.

CUMBERLAND

That's unacceptable. This man's wanted in connection with a laundry list of federal crimes. I need him on a plane to the Detention Center in Washington tonight.

VANCE

Agent Cumberland, that man is in no condition to undergo prosecution.

Cumberland and Hale look to Vreede with disbelief.

HALE

Chief, we've got a federal arrest warrant here that clearly supersedes --

VREEDE

I don't care about your warrant. We're in my jurisdiction now. You've got an issue with that, you take it up with the local magistrate.

Dr. Vance shrugs as if to say he's sorry.

VANCE

I'm sorry, gentlemen, but the call has already been made. A team from the hospital should be here momentarily to oversee the transfer.

INT. POLICE STATION - ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

Asher, Danica, and Grimwood enter, followed by FOUR
VAMPIRES dressed as orderlies. The orderlies carry a
straightjacket,
various restraints, and a collapsible transport gurney.

ID. Danica approaches the DESK SERGEANT, flashing a hospital

DANICA

Hi. We're here to transfer a patient to County General?

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Vance enters once more. He opens the leather case on the table, removing a syringe and an ampule of fluid.

VANCE

(speaking softly now)
Just a little something to keep you compliant. The normal dose is two, maybe three hundred milligrams. But for a strapping young hybrid like yourself --

Vance pokes the needle of the syringe into the ampule.

VANCE

-- I think we'll kick it up to a couple thousand.

pull Vance reaches for Blade's arm. Blade struggles, tries to back, but Vance manages to inject him nonetheless.

VANCE

There. That wasn't so bad, was it?
(smiling)
You're weak, aren't you? In need of your serum. Who would've guessed a mere human like myself could overpower you?

BLADE

(realizing)
You're with them -- a familiar --

VANCE

Going on five years now.

little to
wrist.
Vance extends his arm, pulling back his shirt cuff a
reveal a VAMPIRE GLYPH tattooed on the underside of his
Then he pulls his cuff back down, smiles at Blade.

VANCE

It's the end-game, Blade. All their plans
are finally coming to fruition. So just
sit back and enjoy the show.

Blade looks to the one-way mirror, SCREAMS.

BLADE

He's one of them! Damn it, he's working
for them!

to
Vance looks to the one-way mirror as well and shrugs as if
say -- "The man's deranged. What can I do?"

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

On the other side of the glass, Blade looks like a raging
lunatic. Vance enters. He extends his hand to Vreede.

They shake. As they do so, we SEE a vampire GLYPH on the
inside of Vreede's wrist as well. Another familiar.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

blinks,
Blade stares at his own reflection in the mirror. He
trying to focus -- but the drug is starting to kick in.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

An elevator door opens. Asher, Danica, and Grimwood exit, followed by the orderlies who are now wheeling the gurney.

As

they move down the corridor, they pass --

-- Cumberland and Hale, who are chasing down Chief Vreede.

CUMBERLAND

Just hold it right there --

Danica shoves Cumberland aside, hard, keeps moving past him.

Cumberland looks to Hale. Something isn't right about this.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Blade struggles, in the full throes of the drug now.

BLADE'S POV

His vision is blurring, various objects in the room leaving trails as he shifts his head from side to side and --

ASHER, DANICA, AND GRIMWOOD

enter, followed by two of the orderlies. Despite his incapacitation, Blade attempts to rise. Danica plants her heel in his chest, shoving him back down.

DANICA

Easy, lover. You're not going anywhere.

She draws closer, enjoying herself.

DANICA

We moved the humans around like, pawns,

Blade. Used them to flush you out.

Blade tries to LUNGE from his chair at her and -- WHACK!
Grimwood punches Blade across the jaw. A brutal blow.

GRIMWOOD

Don't worry, Captain Sunshine. Soon as we
get you out of here, you'll get a chance
to play.

Danica motions to the two vampire orderlies. They step
forward with the straight-jacket, start to put it on

Blade.

Blade THRASHES madly. Asher LAUGHS, enjoying this.

DANICA

Don't make this any harder than it has to
be. You're all alone, Blade. No one can
help you now.

BA-BOOM! The one-way mirror SHATTERS, exploding outward
in a shower of SLOW-MOTION GLASS FRAGMENTS, carrying with it --
-- a BODY, one of the vampire mental health flunkies --

ASHING in mid-air as he sails into the room! Seconds
later --

A MAN

VAULTS through the blown-out window, simultaneously
drawing two high-tech electronic pistols.
Meet HANNIBAL KING (30s), an audacious vampire hunter with
an irrepressible grin. Slapped to his chest is a "Hello, my
name is" sticker with the words "FUCK YOU" written where the
name should be.

KING

Why'd the Polish vampire starve to death?

Danica spins, enraged, recognizing King instantly --

KING

He kept biting his own lip.

DANICA

King!

The lights go out. Immediately, backup lights come on, followed by FIRE ALARMS. In the ensuing confusion ~ both pistols at Asher, who drops, allowing one of the vampire orderlies behind him to take the hit.

THE VAMPIRE ORDERLY ASHES

inside

But unlike Blade's victims, he disintegrates from the out. (The reason is King's signature bullets -- SUN DOGS, explosive rounds that give off concentrated UV light.)

King whips around, FIRING at --

it,

-- Danica, who LEAPS behind the table. She quickly upends using it as a shield, FLINGING it at King.

ON BLADE

He shifts his weight, throwing himself and the chair he's sitting on to the floor. Then he KICKS OUT AND UP --

FLYING

-- connecting with Grimwood's mid-section, sending him BACKWARDS -- straight through the wall into the next room!

the

King holsters one of his pistols and hauls Blade up. At

same time, he FIRES on Asher again, missing him --

KING

Let's FLY, kemosabe!

King drags Blade to the door --

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- into the neighboring corridor. Cumberland and Hale SEE them. They reach for their weapons --

CUMBERLAND

He's getting away!

King FIRES into the room behind him, then pulls a GRENADE secured to a bandolier and tosses it through the doorway -

-

An EXPLOSION rocks the interrogation room, filling the corridor with smoke, knocking Cumberland and Hale back.

King turns his attention to Blade's handcuffs, FIRING
between them, freeing Blade's hands. Blade collapses against the wall. He's shaking, close to passing out.

KING

Don't die on me, you undead motherfucker!

King drags Blade up. They continue down the corridor to -

-

ABIGAIL, THE FEMALE VAMPIRE HUNTER

a we met earlier. She's engaged in hand-to-hand combat with half-dozen UNIFORMED OFFICERS. Three of them are already down. In seconds, she finishes off the other three.

KING

Whistler! We need that serum NOW!

with a Whistler? Abigail spins, dispatching the last officer
at kick to the mid-section while tossing a PNEUMATIC INJECTOR
King. He snatches it, places it in Blade's hands.

Blade injects himself in the neck. Moments later, he's reenergized. He looks to King, clear-eyed.

KING

Hey Blacula, you ready to shake and bake?

Blade responds by PUNCHING King across the jaw.

BLADE

Call me that again and I'll give you
fucking brain damage.

King massages his jaw, tossing Blade a pistol even as --

MORE -- Grimwood rounds the corner, hungry for blood, TWO
VAMPIRE ORDERLIES behind him.

causing Blade FIRES round after round of EXPLOSIVE BULLETS,
move, Grimwood and the others to fall back. Blade and King
joining Abigail. MORE SMOKE, darkness, only the emergency
lights to illuminate the station.

UP AHEAD,

bullet a group of POLICEMEN spill from a stairwell, armed with
proof vests. They OPEN FIRE --

Blade, King, and Abigail retreat into an alcove. They're pinned down between the vampires and a group of policemen.

KING

We're pinned down!
(to Blade)
Can't you do something?!

BLADE

I can't shoot around corners!

ABIGAIL

I can.

As King and Blade lay down COVER FIRE, Abigail reaches behind her, withdrawing a device that's been secured there. She gives it a SNAP and it springs open, taking the shape of a

--

FUTURISTIC COMPOUND BOW

Crafted from aluminum, its limbs imbedded in key positions with vibration-dampening modules, this bow is capable of firing an arrow upwards of 300 feet-per-second.

Abigail withdraws a SILVER ARROW with a time-delay explosive tip from her quiver, nocks it in her bow and takes aim at

--

A FIRE EXTINGUISHER

mounted at the end of the corridor. She lets her arrow fly --

MOVING WITH THE ARROW

as it banks off the side of the fire extinguisher, continuing down the side corridor where it embeds itself in --

SCREAMS, -- the shoulder of one of the vampires! The vampire
grabbing the shaft, ripping it out. Then we --

MACRO-ZOOM ON THE ARROW HEAD

in A tiny "egg-timer" dial on the arrowhead spins. It CLICKS
place, a RED LED comes on, and --

-- the arrowhead EXPLODES, catching all three
vampires with the full force of a UV BLAST. Grimwood ducks away from
the blast as the other two vampires ASH --

BLADE, KING, AND ABIGAIL

Blade come racing out of the alcove. They reach a stairwell.
RIPS a steel door clear off its hinges, tossing it down
the stairwell at a phalanx of COP REINFORCEMENTS who are
charging up the stairs. The cops go down like ten-pins.

Blade and company have an opening. But as they charge
downward --

BLADE

(as King and Abigail
freeze)
My sword. They still have it.

KING

(apoplectic)
Are you insane?! We're practically home
free! We can't go hunting for your
fucking butter-knife now!

But Blade is already heading back the way they came and --

KING

Hey! HEY!!! COME BACK HERE!!! This is supposed to be a rescue!

-- Abigail grabs King's shoulder, pulling him to the stairs.

ABIGAIL

Forget it, King. Let's move.

POLICE STATION - NIGHT

FLASHING
King and Abigail rush outside. The station is gated.
POLICE CARS are surging through the mouth of the gate.
They're trapped. Then --

CRASH!

OUTWARD.
A window on the third floor of the station EXPLODES
Blade drops three stories, landing before King and Abigail
in a cat-like crouch. With his sword in his hand. He looks
at King, grins, flips him off.

BLADE

Now we can go.

KING

(nudging Abigail)
Is he epic or what?

with
The police close in around them, pinning the trio down
FIREPOWER. Yet King and Abigail seem unconcerned because
--

HEADLIGHTS

are washing over them. A beefed-up, 70s Land Cruiser is
sidewalk, SCREAMING up the street. The Cruiser jumps onto the

SMASHES right through the gated wall. SCREECHES to a stop
between our trio and the police cars.

A DRIVER (DEX)

doors leans out his window, gives a little wave as the rear
pop open. Gruff and compact, he looks like a prize-
fighter.

DEX

My name is Dex. And I'll be saving your
ass this evening.

Land Blade, King, and Abigail scramble into the back of the
Cruiser. Dex reverses, backing out the way he came.

The police from the squad cars are FIRING, but the Land
Cruiser is armored and the bullets harmlessly SPARK off.

INT. LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

-- In the backseat, Abigail looks through the rear windshield

ABIGAIL'S POV

Land Grimwood is running after them, actually gaining on the
Cruiser. Chewing up the asphalt like a cheetah.

EXT. LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

in Abigail leans out the rear window, nocking a non-UV arrow

her bow. She takes aim at Grimwood, lets the arrow fly --

down,
background

SHUNKT! The arrow sinks into Grimwood's eye. He goes
his somersaulting figure quickly receding into the
as the Land Cruiser speeds away.

INT. LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

a
Safe for the moment, King basks in the adrenaline rush of
battle well fought. Meanwhile, Dex is on a cell phone.

DEX

We have him. We'll be there soon.

KING

(to Blade)

So my entrance back there -- what do you
think? Too flashy? Right on the money?

proof
King unhuckles his combat harness, revealing a bullet-
vest bereath it that's been riddled with imbedded slugs.

BLADE

Who are you people?

KING

My name's Hannibal King. I'm a hunter,
like you.

(re: Abigail)

And this little hellion is Abigail
Whistler.

him.
Abigail just stares back at Blade, silently appraising

KING

That's right, Blade. You're not hearing
things. She's Whistler's daughter. You

see, Abby, Dex, myself -- we're all part
of Whistler's "contingency plan".

King reaches into an inner pocket, pulls out a pack of
gum.
He selects a stick, offers one to Blade.

KING

Juicyfruit?

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Land Cruiser rockets away, disappearing into the
night.

EXT. LUNA PARK - NIGHT

The Land Cruiser moves across an abandoned lot towards the
weed-choked ruins of an old amusement park. We pass by
the
skeletal remains of a roller-coaster, a tilt-a-whirl, the
vandalized and wood-rotted remnants of a carousel.

Finally, the Land Cruiser turns towards a motorized
loading
door in the side of a large warehouse and disappears
inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT

As the door grinds closed, the Land Cruiser stops. King
and
Abigail lead Blade through the darkness. In the gloom we
see
a half-dozen vehicles in various stages of being
retrofitted
with armored panels and weaponry, etc. SURVEILLANCE
CAMERAS
mounted above track their progress.

BLADE

I thought the vampires murdered

Whistler's family.

ABIGAIL

They did. I'm the product of an earlier fling of my Dad's, born out of wedlock. After the murders happened, he kept me hidden. He wanted me safe. Away from all of this --

(gesturing around them)

-- but I guess hunting just runs in our blood.

As King and Abigail lead Blade towards a stairway, Blade catches sight of --

A LITTLE GIRL (5)

as peering down at him from atop one of the rafters. As soon he spots her, she ducks into the shadows.

They reach the stairway. AUTOMATED GUNS mounted on swivel arms lock on them with infra-red targeting beams.

ABIGAIL

When I came of age, I tracked my Dad down, told him I wanted in.

(beat, shrugging)

Been doing it ever since.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

parts We enter a sprawling industrial facility that is equal a mechanics shop, firing range, and laboratory. We glimpse a virtual arsenal of new weaponry and medical equipment, including DNA sequencers, microfuges, and electroporators.

thrill The new equipment fights for space alongside the old - mountains of mothballed parts from the park's broken

head of

rides. Here and there we see the oversized fiberglass
a grinning fun-house creature or the mildewed torso of a
fortune-telling mannequin, frozen in its upended booth.

KING

Welcome to the honeycomb hideout.

BLADE

(looking around)
How do you bankroll this place?

KING

Internet porn. See, we're using cock
suckers to pay for the blood-suckers.
(off Blade's look)
Joke. Come on, man. This isn't some
piddly little hopty-ass operation, Blade.
We take our jobs very seriously.

UP AHEAD,

falls

TWO OTHERS pause in their work as King approaches. Dex
in behind them.

HEDGES (20s) is an engineer, always lost in his own world.

also
program

SOMMERFIELD (30s) is a frail-looking geneticist. She's
blind, operating her computers via a voice-synthesis
and Braille keyboard.

KING

You met Dex. This is Hedges, Sommerfield--

one

King gestures to them in turn. They're all refugees in
way or another, sharing a common guardedness, their lives
having been shattered by the vampires.

KING

(nodding back)

The runt you saw earlier is Sommerfield's daughter, Zoe. We call ourselves the Nightstalkers.

BLADE

You sound like rejects from a Saturday morning cartoon.

KING

We were gonna call ourselves the Super Friends, but that was taken.

Abigail rids herself of her weapons -- bow, arrows, silver stakes and knives. She hands her compound bow to Hedges.

ABIGAIL

Tiller needs adjustment.

HEDGES

I'll run it through the bow press.

Blade examines some of the equipment being developed.

BLADE

How many of you are there total?

KING

Enough. We operate in sleeper cells. When one goes down, a new cell activates to pick up the slack. Consider us your reinforcements.

BLADE

Sorry. Never been much of a team player.

SOMMERFIELD

I don't think you understand, Blade. Whistler meant for us to help you. When he died, he activated an emergency protocol. All his knowledge --

She gestures to the computer equipment around her.

SOMMERFIELD

--was transferred to our servers here.

BLADE

And what makes you think you know so much about killing vampires?

King reaches for his collar, pulling it down to reveal a telltale mass of scar tissue in the shape of a BITE MARK.

KING

Well for starters, I used to be one.
(in a sinister tone)
Do I pass the audition?

CUT

TO:

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - NIGHT

We soar through the night sky, diving down towards a cluster of gleaming, high-tech spires. As we isolate a penthouse apartment atop one of them we hear an ANGRY SCREAM.

DANICA (O.S.)

Fucking Hannibal King!

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

An impressively decorated loft bespeaking of money, power, and a certain perverse esthetic. Danica slams her fist straight through the wall, then spins around, enraged.

treated
they're

Asher and Grimwood are there too, their wounds being
by Hendrix and a VAMPIRE TECHNICIAN. At the moment,
trying to remove the arrow protruding from Grimwood's eye.

A
is

An enormous ROTTWEILER sits nearby, attentively watching.
TRIO OF GUARDS flinch with every act of violence. Danica
strong. Clearly, no one wants to get in her way.

DANICA

I should've ripped his ripped his
bleeding heart out when I had the chance!
(pointing at Asher)
And don't you dare tell me "I told you
so"!

a

Asher raises his hands as if to say "no harm, no foul".
Danica continues her tantrum, SMASHING a statue apart,
SHATTERING a heavy glass tabletop. Finally, she gives it
rest, collapsing into a chair, shoulders sagging.

ASHER

You through remodeling?

DANICA

Blow me.

ASHER

Face it, Dan. We got caught with our
pants down. We underestimated the
Nightstalkers.

GRIMWOOD

Pants down?! They practically fucking
ass-raped us!

Grimwood GRUNTS in pain as the arrow is removed. Asher
broaches a more serious subject.

ASHER

Has he been told yet?

VOICE (O.S.)

About your failure?

A MAN (30s) enters the room. The same being we glimpsed in the vault. He has a haunting gaze and a commanding presence. We will learn who he is momentarily. But for now, it's enough to know that everyone in the room pays him deference.

MAN

Yes, I've been told.

He places a hand on Danica's shoulder. She tenses.

MAN

Perhaps it's time I entered the fray.

TO:

CUT

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON King buttoning his collar back up. Blade, Abigail, and Sommerfield are gathered around him.

KING

You know the kind of woman that just screams trouble? You see her and every warning bell in your brain starts going off but you still ask for her number? Well that's all I ever hook up with. But this betty blew 'em all away in the shitstorm sweepstakes.

King reaches out to a keyboard, calling up a piece of surveillance footage on a nearby monitor. The footage

features Asher and Danica and Grimwood. It's been slowed
to a near standstill and now advances frame by frame.

KING

Her name's Danica Talos. You met her
earlier. The man on her left is Asher,
her brother.

King types a command. The image ZOOMS IN, tracking
Grimwood.

KING

The neanderthal behind them is Jarko
Grimwood.

King freezes the footage on Danica's grainy, pixelated
face.

KING

I picked Danica up in a bar, had a one
night stand with her -- then spent the
next five years playing step-and-fetch-it
as her little vampire cabana boy.

(beat)

Eventually Abigail found me. Sommerfield
here managed to treat me with a cure. Now
I kill them.

(beat)

That's called turning a frown upside
down.

ABIGAIL

We need to pool our resources, Blade.

BLADE

Why?

ABIGAIL

Because He's come back.

King tosses a TOMB OF DRACULA comic book over to Blade.
Blade

glances at the cover, then looks at them, incredulous.

BLADE

You gotta be kidding me.

KING

He's real, Blade. Dig beneath all the movies and myths. All the layers of bullshit that've cluttered our culture for the last five hundred years and eventually you'll strike the truth.

BLADE

(incredulous)

So the movies are true?

KING

(shaking his head)

The movies are just a comforting fairytale compared to the real deal. There's no happy ending with this guy. Peter Cushing isn't going to run in at the last second and save the day with a cross and some holy water.

(re: the comicbook)

See, good old Brain Stoker, he wrote a nice yarn. But the events he described in 1897 were only a tiny piece of the mosaic. The real Dracula's origin goes back much earlier than that.

BLADE

How early?

ABIGAIL

Try six or seven thousand years.

Off Blade's astonished look we --

CUT

TO:

EXT. MESOPOTAMIA - NIGHT

the
in
same

FLASH! We see the man we met earlier (DRACULA/DRAKE) on banks of the river Euphrates, striding towards us, engaged fierce battle with UBAIDIAN SOLDIERS. He's clutching the sword we saw in the ziggurat, clad in the same armor.

KING (V.O.)

Dracula's only one of the names he's gone by. Now they call him Drake. If you believe the legends, he was born in ancient Sumeria.

As Drake SLASHES his sword downward we CUT BACK TO --

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- King continuing his story. As the hunter's monologue progresses we will INTERCUT with Drake's own progression through history. Brief, violent FLASHBACKS.

(NOTE: The backgrounds surrounding Drake will be expressionistic, digital composites, constantly shifting.

The

focus of the flashes is Drake himself, fighting a shadowy horde, his attire continually evolving through time.)

KING

Nobody really knows the specifics of his origin. But we do know this: he was the first of his kind. The patriarch of the hominus nocturna.

EXT. EGYPTIAN DESERT - NIGHT

war

FLASH! We are in Egypt now, circa 1650 BC. Drake wages against the HYKSOS. He is closer to the camera. And will continue to move closer with each successive flashback.

KING (V.O.)

Every single vampire -- every single monster that's walked the earth since then -- owes their existence to Him.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Back to King, holding court before Blade and Abigail.

KING

He's like the Patient Zero of evil. The original Serpent in the Garden of Eden. And just like the Great White shark, he's never had to evolve. This guy was born perfect. Scour the history books --

EXT. THRACE - NIGHT

BC.
face
FLASH! The Peloponnesian War, Southern Thrace, circa 405
We see Dracula battling ATHENIANS. Even closer now, his
spattered with blood. At the same time, the SOUNDTRACK is
gradually swelling, expanding in complexity and volume.

KING (V.O.)

-- read between the lines --

EXT. HUNGARIA - NIGHT

swipe
FLASH! 5th century AD, battling the GOTHS. With every
of his sword, we WIPE FORWARD into the future.

KING (V.O.)

-- you'll find countless references to Him. Always mentioned, never named.

EXT. EUROPE - NIGHT

Battling
us
FLASH! 8th century AD, the reign of Charlemagne.
the VIKINGS. The FLASHBACKS come faster now, assaulting
with ever-increasing rapidity.

world
Drake continues striding forward while the rest of the
evolves around him, centuries whizzing by via computer
generated time-lapse photography.

KING (V.0.)

He's been there --

EXT. VARIOUS - NIGHT

FLASH! 12th century AD, the time of the Crusades. The
violence intensifies.

KING (V.0.)

-- moving behind the scenes --

The
pace becomes breathless.
FLASH! 17th century France, the time of Louis the XIV.

KING (V.0.)

-- cutting a bloody path through the Ages
until suddenly --

The
of
FLASH! 18th century Russia, the time of Peter the Great.
soundtrack is THUNDEROUS. Drake has become a bloody blur
bestial rage and unfettered horror and --

KING (V.0.)

-- just like that --

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- King SNAPS his fingers. We are back in the present.

KING

-- he up and disappeared. About a century ago the trail went cold. Then we heard a rumor. The vampires were searching for him -- trying to find the place where he'd retreated. According to our information, they found him in Iraq about six months ago.

(beat)

And he was pissed.

EXT. DOWNTOWN COMMERCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Grime. Neon. Near-silence as the cacophonous soundtrack recedes into the background, replaced by the steady drone of inner-city TRAFFIC.

ON DRAKE,

viewed through a long-lens, clad in modern, casual attire, striding in SLOW-MOTION down a PEDESTRIAN-CHOKED sidewalk.

Slower. A HEARTBEAT. The pulse of the people. And over this, intruding, the Doppler effect WAILING of an approaching car as it rushes past us in a SCREEN WIPE until we are --

OUTSIDE A GOTH STORE

Drake studies a window display. Halloween merchandise. Costumes and monster masks and -- VAMPIRE NOVELTIES. We see vampire lunchboxes, Dracula plush dolls, plastic fangs, key chains. Even Dracula bobbleheads.

Drake stands in stark contrast to the mass-marketed caricature on display before him.

INT. GOTH STORE - NIGHT

goods
Boulevard.
Drake enters. The store is crowded with low-end junky
that might appeal to tourists visiting Hollywood

from
A pallid, Goth-guy CASHIER sits behind a counter, eating
a takeout container. He's wafer thin, with a detached
attitude. A snot. Further back is a sultry GOTH VIXEN.

from
Behind them, on a TV, a cartoon is playing. An animated
vampire cavorts -- "LITTLE BIT" (like the Hot Stuff devil
Ritchie Rich comicbooks)

DRAKE

In the window -- you sell vampire
merchandise?

Doesn't
Goth Guy looks up, wiping his mouth with a napkin.
want to engage with Drake at all.

GOTH GUY

Uh, yeah -- look around, we might have a
few things.

Then
He and the Goth Vixen have a snicker at Drake's expense.
she tries to be a little more helpful.

GOTH VIXEN

We've got Dracula lunchboxes. Did you
see those? And there're bobbleheads, Pez
dispensers. We've got just about
anything --
(selecting a vampire-
shaped vibrator, playful)
-- even vampire vibrators.

As Drake looks around, what he sees matches his ascending
rage. Costumes, candles, vampire Christmas ornaments.
Posters from different films -- Nosferatu, Lugosi, Lee --
then Love at First Bite and The Little Vampire.

GOTH VIXEN

Here, check this out --

She reaches into a case, pulling out a soft-drink. The
label reads: "DRA-COLA" and has a stylized vampire on it.

GOTH VIXEN

"Dracula". Makes you want to cry,
doesn't it?

Drake just stares at the can. His mind seems to have
retreated elsewhere. Back through the ages.

GOTH VIXEN

Was there something special you needed?

Drake doesn't respond. A kind of melancholy has settled
over him. He's an outsider now. The world has moved on.

GOTH-GUY

Hey, guy, she's talking to you.

Drake looks up as Goth Guy pours a bowl of Count Chocula.

EXT. GOTH STORE - NIGHT

CRASH! Goth Guy comes flying through the display window,
his trajectory taking his body clear across the street and
into the display window of the store opposite us.

INT. GOTH STORE - NIGHT

the
his
Goth Vixen SCREAMS. Drake LASHES out. hauling her over
counter. He sinks his teeth into her throat, drinking her
blood with wild abandon. He consumes it so quickly that
skin flushes BRIGHT RED.

he
And
once
Then Drake tears his head away, lifting his face upward as
flings the girl aside, unleashing an ear-splitting ROAR.
for a brief moment, the bones of his face seem to shift,
again hinting at another shape Drake might take.

EXT. THE CITY - VARIOUS

DRAKE's ROAR echoes through the canyons of downtown.

TO: CUT

EXT. LUNA PARK - NIGHT/DAY

park.
Time-lapse. The sun rises over the decrepit amusement

King,
them.
INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - ARMORY - DAWN
Sunlight slices down through skylights, bathing Blade,
Abigail, and Sommerfield in its warmth. Zoe has joined
She's still cautious and shy, but she's also curious.

BLADE

Why wake up Drake now?

ABIGAIL

That's what we've been trying to figure
out.

KING

When I was under the fang there used to be talk about some kind of vampire 'Final Solution'. But I could never figure out why they'd want to destroy their food source. I mean, seems stupid, right? They've always had plans for the human race. Seems likely that whatever they're cooking up, Drake's return is a part of it.

Blade nods, pensive.

KING (CONT'D)

Let's face it, Blade -- we're fighting a losing battle. So we kill a few hundred of them a year. Big deal. There are thousands of them out there. Maybe tens of th'usands. We need a new tactic.

BLADE

Like what?

SOMMERFIELD

A biological weapon.

Sommerfield moves to her Braille keyboard, types.

ON A NEARBY MONITOR

we SEE a real-time magnified view of a virus replicating.

SOMMERFIELD (CONT' D)

For the last year I've been~working with synthesized DNA in order to create an artificial virus targeted specifically at vampires. We're calling it DayStar.

KING

Think about it, Blade. We could wipe them all out in a single move.

BLADE

So what's been holding you back?

SOMMERFIELD

(sighing)

We've tried it on a number of captive subjects. We've got the disease vector worked out fine -- it's easily transmittable. But the lethality in vampires is still spotty.

ABIGAIL

Bottom line is, we need a better DNA sample to work with.

(beat)

We need Dracula's blood.

SOMMERFIELD

Vampire DNA is a hodge-podge of different genes, mixed in with all sorts of useless junk DNA. Because Dracula's the progenitor of the vampire race, his DNA is still pure. It hasn't been diluted by a hundred generations of selective mutation. It still has all the necessary cellular compounds for the virus to code to. We get his blood, we can boost Daystar's viral efficacy to a hundred percent.

KING

So. You want to join our club? Can we sign you up for a Nightstalkers secret decoder ring?

CUT

TO:

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DAY

Establishing. The Sun at it's zenith

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DRAKE'S QUARTERS - DAY

light
above.
A darkened room, relatively austere. The only source of
are a series of small, slitted skylights in the ceiling
From these skylights, narrow, blinding white shafts of
sunlight knife downward to penetrate the gloom.

DRAKE

the
brilliance.
sits in a chair, his body partially illuminated by one of
sunlight shafts, his face turned upward into its

the
darkness, just on the edge of a shaft of light.
FOOTSTEPS. Drake opens his eyes, SEES Danica hovering in

DRAKE

This world sickens me. The humans have
soiled it with their filth.

DANICA

We can raze their cities to the ground.
We can bring the old world back.

Drake just stares at her, not convinced.

DRAKE

Come closer.

DANICA

(re: light)
I can't.

DRAKE

And do you know why?
(off Danica's silence)
Once, all of my kind could brave the day.
We were true predators. The world was
ours. And then, somewhere along the way,

the purity of our bloodline became
diluted. Polluted with human DNA.

DANICA

That's impossible --

DRAKE

Is it?

Drake stands, drawing close to Danica. He grips her wrist

--

DRAKE

You are bastard children. No longer as
pure as you pride yourselves on being.

-- and pulls her hand towards one of the sunlight shafts.
her credit, Danica keeps staring at Drake. She'll be
if she will give him the satisfaction of seeing her break.

To
damned

Drake pulls her hand closer to the light -- to the very
edge.
And the tips of Danica's fingers begin to burn. She
winces,
clearly in agony --

her
eyes.
-- and Drake releases her hand. She cradles it against
chest, blinking away tears that have welled up in her

DRAKE

My people. How far you have fallen.

then
Drake reaches out, brushes a tear from Danica's cheek,
turns and walks away -- through the alternating shafts of
sunlight and darkness.

CUT

TO:

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - ARMORY - DAY

Blade, King, and Abigail stand before a table where an assortment of weaponry and ammunition has been laid out on display. Hedges is there too, assisting them. Zoe watches.

HEDGES

We've got a wide assortment of ass-kickery for your viewing pleasure --
(hefting a pistol)
Electronic pistol. Comes with a built-in fingerprint security system. Fires a three-shot burst in 1/500th of a second. Bullets can also be triggered remotely.

King tosses Blade a bullet. He studies it -- it's more complex than a standard round.

BLADE

Explosive rounds?

KING

But with a concentrated burst of UV light instead of your standard hollow-points. I call 'em sun dogs.
(to Hedges)
Hedges -- super-size me, baby!

Hedges tosses King one of the four-barreled firearms. On the stock is an irreverent decal of the mud-flap girl silhouette.

KING

This little mamacita -- a modified version of the Army's Objective Individual Combat Weapon. Pick your poison -- stakes, sun dogs, heat-seeking mini-rockets. Whatever gets you hard, this puppy will pump out.

(gesturing to Blade's
sword, sarcastic)
Of course it doesn't have the range of a
sword but --

Next, Hedges shows Blade the CRESCENT-SHAPED DEVICE that
Abigail used. He gives the device a twist and --

HEDGES

We call this the UV arc --

CHINKT! The device extends from either end, telescoping
outward. Connecting the tips is a concentrated UV LASER.

HEDGES

You hold the arc in the center, curved
away from you. Connecting the tips is a
powerful UV laser beam. Because of its
high focus, the laser cuts through vampire
flesh like a knife through butter.

KING

We're still trying to sort out fact from
fiction when it comes to Dracula. Turning
into mist? Kinda doubt it. But general
shape-shifting? Maybe.

HEDGES

(off Blade's look)
Not into a bat or a wolf or anything like
that. But another human, someone with the
same approximate body mass -- given enough
practice it might be possible.

BLADE

How?

HEDGES

He wouldn't have a traditional skeletal
structure. Probably something more like a
snake, with thousands of tiny bones in the
place of a normal array. Commensurate
with this would be an exquisite control of
electrical potential across his tissues,

resulting in an ability to effectively
change shape at will --

KING

(raising his hand)
Question. Have you ever been laid,
Hedges?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE/GARAGE - DAY

Blade, King, and Abigail, newly suited up for war, moving
towards the Land Cruiser.

BLADE

Time to apply some pressure. The weak
link in the vampire chain of command has
always been their familiars. Vampires
can't go out in the day, so they get
humans to do their dirty work for them
Blood-running, safe house maintenance,
whatever --

(climbing in the Cruiser)
We bleed the wanna-be vampires, they'll
lead us to the real thing.

Blade starts the ENGINE.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY

Blade looks to Abigail, who sits in the back. She has a
laptop on her knees and is assembling an MP3 playlist.

KING

She's making playlists. Likes to listen
to MP3s when she hunts. Her own internal
soundtrack, you know? Dark-core, trip
hop, whatever kids these days are
listening to. Me? I'm more of a Kenny G
fan.

on
of
Finished, Abigail slips her earbuds into her ears, turns
her portable MP3 player. MUSIC CUE. The smoking bassline
Jurassic 5's 'A Day At The Races' kicks in as --

EXT. CITY STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY

-- Blade, King, and Abigail cruise the streets in a jagged
fast-forward montage.

EXT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

front
The Land Cruiser jumps the curb, SCREECHING to a stop in
of a scuzzy bar. Amidst a wall covered with graffiti and
flyers we see a vampire glyph.

INT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

take
refrigerator -
BANG! Blade KICKS open the door. A couple of LOW-LIFES
notice. Blade moves around the bar, opening a
we see packs of REFRIGERATED BLOOD inside.

One of the low-lifes takes off running, back past the
bathroom, shouldering a door at the rear --

EXT. SEEDY BAR - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

him up,
the
-- STUMBLING right into Abigail's arms. She trips
swinging him around, pinning an arm behind him. She pulls
back of his collar down, sees a VAMPIRE GLYPH --

squealing,
manner.
We can't hear what the familiar is saying, but he's
raising his hands in a "please don't hit me anymore"

EXT. CITY STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY

The Land Cruiser rockets down the streets.

EXT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSES - VARIOUS - DAY

In quick succession we see a half-dozen underworld dives -

-- a pool hall --

-- an internet cafe --

-- an electronics repair shop --

rooms
where
All are fronts for vampire operations, featuring back
with refrigerated blood and high-tech coffin-like beds
the vampires can safely sleep through the day unmolested.

In each new location, Blade, King, and Abigail resort to
oldfashioned strong-arm tactics:

-- Blade HEAD-BUTTS a familiar.

-- King PUNCHES a familiar across the jaw.

-- Abigail KICKS a familiar in the stomach.

being
another --
Cut to a flurry of EXTREME CLOSE-UPS of VAMPIRE GLYPHS
exposed on the backs of familiar's necks, one after

THEN A MONTAGE OF FACES

as familiars have their heads cainfully SMASHED against --

-- walls --

-- car hoods --

-- pool tables --

-- into windows and doors and garbage cans.

The bullying moves come faster, the shots becoming more
and

more abstract until --

EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - DAY

-- WHAM! Blade tosses HOOP, a skinny familiar, off a
roof.

It's a four story drop. Hoop falls, SCREAMING -- but then
jerks to a stop about twenty feet down, dangling upside
down.

We see now that Hoop has rope tied around one of Hoop's
ankles. And Blade is clutching the other end of the rope.

Blade hauls Hoop back up -- but still keeps him dangling
upside down. King and Abigail look on.

BLADE

Want another spin, ass-hole? Eventually,
your head's gonna pop off.

HOOP

Shit! Oh Jesus, please, please --

BLADE

Who's your handler?

HOOP

I don't know his name, I swear I --

Blade prepares to drop Hoop again --

it -- but a CELL PHONE in Hoop's jacket RINGS. Blade fishes
out. The screen reads: EDGAR VANCE, 555-5631.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Dr. Vance, the psychiatrist who gave Blade the mental
convertible evaluation, is cruising in his Pacific Blue XKB
phone. Jaguar. He's wearing sunglasses, talking on his cell

VANCE

This is Dr. Vance. Did someone page me?

EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - DAY

Blade ends the call, then looks to Hoop, smiling cruelly.

Blade lets Hoop drop. The familiar PLUNGES four stories,
SCREAMING. Lands dead-center in a Goodwill box below.

CUT

TO:

EXT. VANCE INSTITUTE FOR WHOLE BEING - DAY

groomed A high-tech office complex surrounded by meticulously-
zooms. grounds. A sign with a swanky "VANCE INSTITUTE" logo

Blade, King, and Abigail approach, taking note of Vance's
Jaguar (complete with vanity plate), parked in front.

KING

Hey, Blade -- why didn't the vampire bite
Mick Jagger?

(off Blade's look)

Cause you can't get blood from a Stone.

As Blade walks off --

KING (CONT'D)

Hey, they can't all be gems!

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE FOR WHOLE BEING - LOBBY - DAY

The trio enter, drawing stares from a number of PATIENTS
gathered in a reception area. Nearby is a large display

with

Vance's grinning face. Beneath it, text reads:

EDGAR VANCE, M.D.

PRESIDENT, VANCE INSTITUTE FOR WHOLE BEING

featuring

Nearby is a bank of monitors showing a snazzy video
a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG COUPLE marvelling at a sunrise.

NARRATOR

(on monitors)

Regain control of your life. Wake to a
new dawn. At the Vance Institute for
Whole Being we believe in an integrated
approach to human health.

The image cuts to Vance himself, poised on the edge of his
desk, smiling. As Blade and company move through the
institute, the video plays counterpoint to their progress.

VANCE

I'm Dr. Vance. Welcome to our facility.
As a member of the medical profession I

want to assure you that I will do
everything in my power to provide you with
the care and compassion that you deserve.

monitors

Past the RECEPTION DESK are the elevators with more
showing the video greeting. As Blade, King, and Abigail
approach, TWO SECURITY GUARDS move to intercept them.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me, can I help y--

sending

CRACK! Blade effortlessly tosses the guards aside,
them CRASHING into the nearest monitors.

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The trio continue. A DOCTOR steps out of a doorway. King
PUNCHES him in the face. We see another video monitor.

VANCE

What does it mean to be human? Since the
dawn of creation our ancestors have asked
ourselves that question.

They round the corner --

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE - SECOND HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- nearly colliding with TWO MORE SECURITY GUARDS. Blade
takes them both out. There's another video monitor.

VANCE

The modern world today is filled with
countless challenges. In every direction
we look, toxic stressors are impacting
upon our happiness. We think we're
healthy, but the truth is, our immune
systems are engaged in a life or death
struggle to maintain our well being.

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE - OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blade, King, and Abigail storm in. An EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
is moving to stop them.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

I'm sorry but you can't --

Abigail KICKS out the man's knee, then slices her hand
into his windpipe, silencing him.

VANCE

Now, I'd like to take a moment to explain
how a series of remarkable new
breakthroughs can immeasurably improve the
quality of your life

Blade aims his shotgun at the door leading to Vance's
office. He FIRES at the keycard lock, KICKS down the door --

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE - VANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

-- startling Dr. Vance himself, who is rising up from
behind his desk. Vance is wiping his mouth, not dressed like a
doctor would normally be. But we hardly notice this as --

VANCE

What --?

BLADE

Payback, Vance.

-- Blade aims his shotgun at Vance's head. Vance
just smiles, seemingly unconcerned as --

view -- Abigail circles around the other side, getting a
behind Vance's desk where --

VANCE'S BODY

this lies on the floor. His throat has been ripped out. And
body is dressed like a doctor.

even King puts it together first, reaching for a silver stake
beneath as we hear the sound of POPPING CARTILAGE coming from
the Vance double's flesh --

KING

Jesus, it's him! It's Drake!

of The Vance double jumps atop the desk and swats the muzzle
SHATTERS Blade's shotgun aside, re-directing the BLAST, which
KNOCKING a glass window. Then he KICKS Blade in the chest,
him clear across the office as --

bones -- King advances. The Vance double's face WARPS, the
him in his head shifting around. He reaches for King, SLAMS
brutally onto the desk, TWISTS the stake from King's hand and
top. SHOVING it into King's rib cage, pinning him to the desk

only Then the Vance double whirls around to engage Abigail --
we see that it's Drake now, having taken Vance's shape.

DRAKE

BACK-HANDS Abigail across the face, a teeth-jarring blow.

She spins, falling --

the -- and Drake is moving like a hurricane, LEAPING through window that was shattered by Blade's shotgun blast.

BLADE

on gives chase. He looks out the window, SEES Drake landing the ground, some three stories below.

EXT. VANCE INSTITUTE - REAR ENTRANCE - ALLEY - DAY

chain Drake runs with inhuman speed. He effortlessly scales a link fence, then BARRELS straight through a wooden barricade, sailing over a trash dumpster. Seconds later, Blade follows, catching sight of Drake rushing out into --

EXT. STREET MARKET - VARIOUS - DAY

at -- a crowded urban market. What unfolds is a foot-chase super-human velocity. Vampire and hunter are moving at least twenty miles an hour, BATTERING ASIDE various pedestrians, SMASHING through and over stalls of merchandise.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

lanes Drake emerges onto the sidewalk of a busy street, four of rush-hour traffic WHIZZING PAST.

hood Abruptly, Drake cuts into the traffic, LEAPING atop the hood of an oncoming car. The car's HORN sounds, brakes SQUEAL.

BLADE FOLLOWS,

jumping onto the hood of another car. More
HORNS sound.

In this manner. Drake and Blade race across the flowing
traffic itself. using the hoods and roofs of the cars like
moving stepping stones.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

Drake mounts the steps of an older apartment building,
THUNDERS his way through the main entrance --

INT. OLDER BUILDING - STAIRWELL/CORRIDOR - DAY

Blade is on Drake like a shadow. We're internal now, the
sound of Blade's LABORED BREATH moving to the foreground
of
the soundscape.

Chaos. A BARKING DOG darting from a doorway. Up ahead,
an
flights
OLD MAN has been knocked over. An insane dash up two
of stairs, then down a corridor, passing MORE TENANTS.
Somewhere, a WOMAN SCREAMS. We hear GLASS BREAKING and --

WOMAN

My baby

-- there's another open door --

INT. OLDER BUILDING - APARTMENT - DAY

-- Blade tears into an apartment, passing a HYSTERICAL
WOMAN,
an upended crib. He SEES a broken window by a fire escape
--

EXT. OLDER BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Cut onto the fire escape. A glimpse of Drake overhead.

One Blade clambers up the fire escape, moving in a near-blur.
story of steps up the rickety metal ladder --

striking SMASH! A LARGE PLANTER comes down from above, nearly
Blade. He lets go with one hand, swings outward --

wing, -- then he's climbing again. A CLOUD OF PIGEONS take
flapping frenetically about him, momentarily blinding him.

Another story, a third, a fourth. As he reaches the top,
Blade jumps, catching the edge of the roof above him --

EXT. OLDER BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

cat -- FLIPPING himself over and onto the roof. He lands in a
stance, drawing his sword, quickly scanning the area.

DRAKE (O.S.)

So you're the hunter they all fear.

Blade spins --

DRAKE

stands on the ledge of the roof, cradling an INFANT in his
arms. In the full glare of the afternoon sun.

DRAKE

(re: infant)

Just so we understand each other,
Daywalker.

more

With his free hand, he massages his jaw. We hear a few

Pieces of POPPING CARTKAGE as the very last of Drake's permanent features seem to settle into place.

BLADE

Why did you kill Vance?

DRAKE

He'd outlived his purpose. He'd become a liability.

Drake nods at Blade's sword --

DRAKE

Your sword -- I've seen that hilt before. Eight or nine centuries ago. The hunter who carried it was an accomplished fighter.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DAY (THE PAST)

VAMPIRE

sword

Drake in his armor, head to head with a 14th century

HUNTER. The hunter has BLADE'S SWORD. Drake tears the

from the hunter's grasp, turns it around, thrusts it back through the man's chest. And as the man GASPS we are --

EXT. OLDER BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY (THE PRESENT)

-- back to here and now.

DRAKE

He was honorable, in his own way. He died a good death.

BLADE

I wouldn't know about that.

DRAKE

You lie. You're part of a grand tradition, Blade. You hunters have plagued my people since the day we first walked the earth. And I have vanquished them. One by one.

Blade pauses, looking for some kind of opening.

BLADE

How can you exist in the daylight?

DRAKE

I've always been able to. Haven't you read Mr. Stoker's fable? I was the first of the vampires. I am unique.

BLADE

(realizing)

That's why they brought you back.

DRAKE

Yes. My children seek to isolate the properties in my blood that make me immune to sunlight. Through me, they believe they can all become Daywalkers.

PEOPLE

Drake glances down at the street people. Throngs of are massing there, pointing up at him.

DRAKE

The world's changed much since I went to sleep. How crowded it's become. Look at them down there. Lives brief as fireflies. Do you think they can ever grasp what it means to be immortal like us?

BLADE

You're not immortal. I must've heard a hundred of you people make the same claim. And every one of them's seen the end of my sword.

Drake smiles, intrigued by an obviously worthy opponent.

DRAKE

Perhaps I will as well, then. But I think it's more likely that you will fall before mine.

(beat)

Catch.

Drake tosses the infant at Blade. Blade twists around to catch it, scooping it safely up. But when he looks back -

-- Drake is gone.

KING (O.S.)

Shit!

INT. VANCE INSTITUTE - VANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Abigail.
CLOSE ON King being propped up against the wall by
Blade has joined them. King is in terrible pain.

KING

Jesus, it hurts. I wanna be a vampire again -- fuck! Did you see that guy?! We're gonna lose, man. We're gonna fucking lose.

Abigail ignores King, cuts open his shirt. She removes a small aerosol cannister from her belt.

BLADE

What's that?

ABIGAIL

Fibrin sealant foam, it's an elastic protein. Help me spread the wound open. The foam should seal the hemorrhaging in

his body cavity from within --

hurting,
Together they spread the wound apart. King is really
breathing hard as he tries to fight back the pain.

KING

Hey, hey -- what'd the one lesbian
vampire say to the other?

ABIGAIL

Shut up, King.

KING

-- see you in twenty-eight days --

triggers
The
King's voice trails off as he passes out. Abigail
the dispenser, spraying a jet of compressed foam into it.
foam condenses, sealing the wound up.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Blade and Abigail enter the HQ, hauling King between them.
Dex and Hedges rush to meet them, relieving them of King.

Exhausted and covered in blood, Abigail retires to her
quarters, stripping off her clothes.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS' HEADQUARTERS - SHOWERS - DAY

Abigail stands beneath (he showerhead, turning her face up
into the scalding spray, rinsing the blood from her body.

CLOSE ON the drain by her feet, BLOOD swirling down it.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - INFIRMARY - DAY

King drowns on a cot. His shirt is off and his chest has been bandaged. He opens his eyes, SEES Blade above him.

KING

Hey, Blade -- say we're successful. Say we wipe the vampires out. What happens then? You ever ask yourself that?

(weakly)

Somehow I don't picture you parked on a porch with a jigsaw puzzle.

King drifts back into unconsciousness again, leaving Blade left to ponder his words.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - LABORATORY AREA - DAY

Later, Sommerfield and Hedges consult with Blade and Abigail.

HEDGES

So basically we're in an arms race. They're using Drake's DNA to build themselves a better vampire --

BLADE

(noddin)

-- and we need his blood to kill them.

(to Sommerfield)

How's this weapon of yours coming along?

SODDERFIELD

We're almost there --

(We'll see the completed version of this device later on.)

SOMMERFIELD

The virus is harmless to humans. So we decided to go after the vampires' food source. The one thing we know for sure about vampires is that they have to drink blood.

If we manage to pull this off, we'll be able to contaminate every blood source on the planet. They won't have anyone left to feed on.

ABIGAIL

Doesn't do us any good if we don't have time to finish it. We can't just sit here. We need to take the battle to them.

Sommerfield lowers her head, thinking.

SOMMERFIELD

If the vampires are trying to isolate the hereditary factor in Drake that makes him immune to sunlight, they'll require certain kinds of laboratory equipment and provisions. For instance, there's an enzyme called Taq Polymerase. And there are only a limited number of suppliers.

(beat)

Give me a few hours. I'll see if I can't hunt us up some leads.

CUT

TO:

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Moving towards the mirrored windows we hear LABORED BREATHING.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DRAKE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON hands clasped together -- a man and a woman's.

CLOSE ON Danica's face, covered in sweat, in the throes of passion. She looks up, eyes glazed --

PULL BACK to reveal Drake, propped above her, thrusting away.

dear

Danica has her limbs wrapped around Drake, holding on for life. Both are awash in moonlight.

around

The two of them climax. Drake withdraws, studying Danica. She's naked but for the tiny silver crucifix she wears her neck. Drake nudges the crucifix with his finger.

DRAKE

Why do you wear that -- symbol?

DANICA

(defensive)

Old habits --

She sits up, draping a sheet over her.

DANICA

I was a good Catholic school girl Once.

Drake nods, his thoughts distant.

DRAKE

I was there when they crucified him. He died -- for their sins, not mine.

DANICA

(playfully)

And what are your sins? Would you care to confess them?

DRAKE

(shaking his head)

Too numerous to remember.

(nodding at the crucifix)

Take it off.

DANICA

Why?

DRAKE

I'll make you a better one.

his
rivulets
Drake draws her in, biting her gently on the neck, sinking
fangs into her flesh. He pulls his head back. Two
of BLOOD trickle from the fresh wounds.

DRAKE

There's an old saying --

-
Drake reaches for the sheet, pulling it away from Danica's
chest. Then he dips his fingertips into her flowing blood

PAINTING a long streak of it down between her breasts.

DRAKE

Kill one man, you're a murderer. Kill a
million, a king.

(smiling)

Kill them all, a God.

CUT

TO:

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

spasms
CLOSE ON a pneumatic injector. PULL BACK to reveal Blade
injecting himself with his serum. No pain. No violent
like before. Blade's body now accepts the serum.

ANGLE ON ZOE,

crouched on an old piece of carny equipment, watching him.

ZOE

Why do you do that?

BLADE

There's something bad inside of me. This keeps it from getting out.

Zee considers this.

ZOE

Why can't you just be nice?

BLADE

Good question.

SOMMERFIELD (O.S.)

I think I've got a lead.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - LABORATORY AREA - NIGHT

Braille Sommerfield stands at her computers, reading a tactile display. Blade and Abigail are nearby.

SOMMERFIELD

Biomedica Enterprises. They've been buying up all sorts of supplies -- Taq polymerase, bone marrow growth supplement, genetic sequencing enzymes.

BLADE

We'll check it out.

CUT

TO:

EXT. BIOMEDICA ENTERPRISES - NIGHT

A high-tech research park.

INT. BIOMEDICA ENTERPRISES - LAB - NIGHT

computer
KNOCK
weren't
Hendrix, the vampire doctor we saw earlier, sits at a
workstation. Chief Vreede confers with him. We hear a
at the door. Hendrix looks to Vreede. They obviously
expecting anyone.

monitor.
and --
Hendrix moves to the door, checking a surveillance
He can't see anyone outside. He shrugs, turns to leave

door
CRUNCH! The door is SMASHED inward, taking much of the
frame with it, flattening Hendrix.

from
Blade and Abigail step inside. As Blade hauls Hendrix up
the ground, Abigail points her already drawn gun at --

CHIEF VREEDE

thinks
He was reaching into his jacket for his own piece, now
better of it.

BLADE

Doing a little moonlighting, Chief?

to
Blade nods to Abigail. She reaches onto Vreede's jacket
disarm him. Blade grips Hendrix by the shirt collar.

BLADE

C'mere. We need to talk.

moment,
Blade PUNCHES Hendrix in the face. Hendrix sags for a
stunned.

BLADE

Now spill it, bite-boy.

HENDRIX

(wiping a bloody nose)
You know what we're doing. Drake has come back to us. Soon we'll all be Daywalkers. And when that day comes, the world will truly be ours.

-- a Blade nods towards the back of the lab where another door very secure one -- is located.

BLADE

What's back there?

Hendrix shoots a quick look to Vreede. Then he turns on Blade, all fangs and claws, trying to tear Blade's eyes out --

Abigail FIRES her UV gun with blinding speed and --

-- Hendrix is dead before he knows it. ASHING all over Blade.

Blade brushes Hendrix's remains from coat collar, shoots Abigail a look: "Did you really have to do that?"

BLADE

(dryly)
Thanks.

Abigail cringes. Mea culpa.

that Blade looks to the floor. Aside from some cinders, all remains of Hendrix are his glasses and a singed keycard. Blade picks up the keycard, looks to Vreede.

BLADE

What's behind Door Number One?

VREEDE

They'll kill me --

BLADE

(an evil grin)

So will I. But I'll enjoy it more.

the Vreede nods. They move towards the door. Blade slides
security card. An inset light changes from RED to GREEN.
Vreede punches in a numeric code. The doors slide open --

INT. BLOOD FARMING FACILITY - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Blade, Abigail, and Vreede emerge into a cavernous room.

ABIGAIL

God in Heaven --

HUNDREDS OF HUMAN CADAVERS

suspended hang from gantries, preserved in fluid-filled pods,
hooked by wires like nightmarish marionettes. The bodies are
are up to an elaborate system of biosensor feeds and IVs which
designed to replenish vital nutrients.

BLADE

What was this place?

Vreede pauses before answering, looking uncomfortable.

VREEDE

It's a blood farming facility.

(elaborating)

They decided that hunting humans on a
piece-meal basis was too inefficient.

Why kill your prey when you can keep them

alive? Productive. Under optimal conditions a donor can generate anywhere from fifty to a hundred pints of blood a year.

ABIGAIL

(sickened)
But where did you get all these people?

VREEDE

The streets. In any given year you've got two to three million homeless people wandering around America --
(shrugging)
No one cares about them. We're doing the country a service, really.

Blade shakes his head, admiring the horrible efficiency.

BLADE

The vampire Final Solution.

to Abigail moves towards one of the pods, touching her hand
the glass, studying the comatose person within.

ABIGAIL

Are they aware? Do they feel anything?

VREEDE

(shaking his head)
They're in a chemical-induced coma.
They're brain-dead, vegetables.

Blade angrily SLAMS Vreede's face against one of the pods.

BLADE

Look at this! Is this the future you want? You think there's a place for you in their world?

Vreede starts crying, blubbering.

VREEDE

We don't have a choice! They're going to win, don't you see that?! He's come back! There's nothing stopping them now!

Blade pulls Vreede back so they're nose to nose --

BLADE

There's me.

-- and Blade releases Vreede.

BLADE

Go. You've got thirty seconds.

Despite
in
Vreede turns and runs, stumbling towards the door.
his promise, Blade lifts his MACH. Without even looking
Vreede's direction, Blade FIRES. We hear Vreede drop.

pistol
Blade turns to Abigail. She can hardly contain herself.
Nearby is a control console. Blade UNLOADS his MACH
into it, damaging the interlinked life support systems.

line,
WAIL.
One by one, the vital signs and EKGs on the pods flat-
their warning tones rising into a collective, PIERCING

BLADE (CONT'D)

(feeling a heavy weight)
Let's go.

go.
Blade and Abigail leave, turning the lights out as they

TO:

CUT

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

and
A basketball hoop has been set up in the back area and Dex
Hedges are engaged in a wicked game of one-on-one.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - LABORATORY AREA - NIGHT

blind,
Sommerfield works, refining the virus. Because she is
she doesn't need light.
and
Her computer's voice synthesis program has been activated
it's currently reading the various statistics that appear
on
her main monitor.

COMPUTER

**CYTOGENETICS AUDIT DATA FROM -- AUGUST
FIFTEENTH, TWO-THOUSAND AND FOUR.**

(beat)

**AMNIOTIC FLUIDS -- INPUT DELAY/ZERO.
ABNORMAL SAMPLES/TWO. BANDING
QUALITY/SEVEN-POINT-TWO --**

in
At the same time, Sommerfield is reading aloud to Zoe, who
sits nearby. The book is The Emerald City of Oz and it's
Braille. Sommerfield scans with her fingers.

SOMMERFIELD

'The reason most people are bad is because
they do not try to be good. Now, the Nome
King had never tried to be good, so he was
very bad indeed. Having decided to
conquer the Land of Oz and to destroy the
Emerald City and enslave all its people,
King Roquat the Red kept planning ways to
do this dreadful thing, and the more he
planned the more he believed he would be
able to accomplish it --'

COMPUTER

CYTOGENETICS AUDIT DATA FROM -- AUGUST
FIFTEENTH, TWO-THOUSAND AND FOUR.

ANGLE ON A BANK OF SURVEILLANCE MONITORS

We see Whistler approaching through the garage.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The steel door slides open and Whistler enters.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - INFIRMARY AREA - NIGHT

King drowzes on a cot. He hears a NOISE, opens his eyes.
Whistler stands in the doorway.

KING

You get me those Fruit Roll-ups like I
asked --
(surprised)
Dude. Aren't you dead?

Whistler doesn't respond. King tries to sit up -- but
Whistler places his hand on King's mouth, shoving him
down,
starting to smother him. King struggles, confused.

INT. NGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

Dex manages to steal the ball from Hedges, makes a shot.
Behind them, Whistler enters the makeshift court.

**130
NIGHT130**

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - LABORATORY AREA -

Abruptly, the sounds of the one-on-one game stop. We hear
a
THUD from the back of the warehouse -- like someone
falling.

COMPUTER
BLOODS -- INPUT DELAY/ZERO. ABNORMAL
SAMPLES/SEVEN. BANDING QUALITY/EIGHT-
POINT-ONE --

Then
Sommerfield looks to the storage area. The silence is
unnerving. She turns off her voice-synthesis program.
closes the book.

SOMMERFIELD
Guys? You okay --?

ON THE DOORWAY

rest
ball.
The basketball comes bouncing out. It rolls, coming to
against a workbench. There are BLOOD SPATTERS on the

the
Sommerfield reaches for her cane. She TAP-TAPS her way to
ball, feels the blood. Knows what it is.

SOMMERFIELD
Zoe, go find some place to hide, sweetie.

her
Zoe hesitates. Sommerfield senses it and lashes out with
cane, BANGING a rack of equipment, startling the girl.

SOMMERFIELD
Damn it, go! Get out of here, Zoe!

cane,
The girl scurries away. Sommerfield TAP-TAPS with her
moving towards the storage area. She finds a gun cabinet,
feels around with her hands, locates an electronic pistol.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

floor Sommerfield enters. Dex and Hedges are sprawled on the
before her, having been slaughtered. Blood is everywhere.
She doesn't see them, of course. But we do.

THE CAMERA SHIFTS AROUND,

revealing Whistler crouched right behind her!

facial She's unaware of his presence. And as we watch, his
features shift. We hear the sickening sounds of CARTILAGE
POPPING and we realize that it's Drake, not Whistler.

And With mounting dread, Sommerfield turns towards the sound.
then Drake is upon her, rushing forward with a GROWL.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - NIGHT

warehouse, As Sommerfield's AGONIZED SCREAMS echo through the
She Zoe rushes into the bathroom, looking for a place to hide.
considers the lockers, discounts them. Then settles on --

A HEATING GRATE

near the floor. It's about fourteen inches wide -- just
barely big enough for her to squeeze into.

upward. Zoe kneels, prying the grate off. Inside, a heating duct
extends four feet before making a ninety-degree turn

back Zoe climbs into the duct feet first, scooting her body
backwards. Then she reaches for the grate, securing it
on, sealing herself inside.

INT. HEATING DUCT - NIGHT

duct.
ninety

Zoe waits. It's cramped and claustrophobic inside the
She's managed to force herself all the way back to the
degree turn by curling up into a near fetal position.

ZOE'S POV (THROUGH GRATE)

Mostly tile floor and a small portion of the open doorway
leading to the hallway outside.

She listens, trying to hear past the sound of her own
BREATHING which has been magnified because of the ducting.

The screams from the outer rooms have stopped. Then --

ZOE'S POV (THROUGH GRATE)

A pair of boots appear in the doorway -- Drake.

bathroom,
Zoe holds her breath. We HEAR Drake searching the
opening the lockers and bathroom stalls.

ZOE'S POV (THROUGH GRATE)

Drake's boot-clad feet pass by the grate
again, closer, tñs time. They pause for
an interminable moment --

Zoe shuts her eyes. She can't stand it. Finally, we hear
Drake's FOOTSTEPS receding away. Relieved, Zoe takes in a
breath and opens her eyes --

ZOE'S POV (THROUGH GRATE)

Drake's face is right there. pressed up against the other
side of the grate, staring at her!

tries
to
Zoe SCREAMS. With a ROAR, Drake rips the grate off. He
to climb inside, but the width of the duct is too narrow
to accommodate the size of his upper body.

Instead, he reaches his right arm in, extending his clawed
hand as far as he possibly can. Zoe WHIMPERS, trying to
compress her mass into an even tighter ball --

ON DRAKE'S HAND,

fingertips
having reached the limits of its extension -- his

only a few scant inches from Zoe's face.

her!
Zoe's been allowed a moment's reprieve. He can't reach

But then we hear the sound of POPPING CARTILAGE. Of TINY
BONES shifting beneath Drake's flesh. Drake's fingers are
elongating, snake-like Reaching for Zoe's face, rapidly
closing the space which separates them --

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNA PARK/GARAGE - NIGHT

garage
The real Blade and Abigail are returning. The sliding
door opens and the Land Cruiser glides inside.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Blade and Abigail enter. The place is dark. They know
instinctively that something is wrong.

draw
onto
Blade tries a nearby light. The power is out. They both
their weapons. Blade turns on a FLASHLIGHT. They move
the darkness --

been
SHADOWS loom everywhere. It's like a tornado touched down
inside. Equipment lies smashed, tables and chairs have
overturned. Sommerfield's lab area has been destroyed.

ABIGAIL

King --

gone
Blade and Abigail rush to the infirmary area, but King is
and the place has been trashed. They move into --

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

-- the back area. They find Dex and Hedges on the floor,
their bodies bled, desecrated.

ABIGAIL

(realizing)

Zoe -- where's Zoe?

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - VARIOUS - NIGHT

With increased urgency, Blade and Abigail search the
headquarters -- the bathroom, the garage, every nook and
cranny. With each moment, Abigail becomes more panicked.

ABIGAIL

Where is she?!

They can't find her anywhere.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - SHOWER AREA - NIGHT

its
--

Blade and Abigail enter. A thin stream of BLOOD snakes
way across the shower tiles. Tthey follow it, discovering

SOMMERFIELD,

her body propped up mock-crucifixion style in the showers.
On the wall nearby, someone has written a message in blood:

"IMMORTALITY WILL COME TO SUCH AS ARE FIT FOR IT"

ON BLADE

He knows damn well who left him the message.

As tears streak down Abigail's cheeks, she rushes to
Sommerfield's body. Together, she and Blade get her
down.

Abigail clutches Sommerfield, slowly rocking the body in
her arms. Blade puts a hand on her shoulder.

BLADE

Use it.

Abigail doesn't respond. Her whole body is shaking.

BLADE (CONT'D)

(more firmly)

Use it.

Blade
her
Abigail raises her head, her eyes filled with hatred.
doesn't let up. He's like a drill instructor, galvanizing
with his words.

BLADE (CONT'D)

USE IT!!!

Abigail lifts her head toward the heavens, letting loose a TORTURED SCREAM that erupts from the very pit of her soul.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - NIGHT

Abigail's SCREAM ECHOES over the moonlit cityscape.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON King's bloody face. A dog is licking it. King stirs, his eyes fluttering open --

KING'S POV

The rottweiler we saw earlier is slobbering all over him.

wrists
PULL BACK to reveal King on his knees, shirtless, both wrists secured behind him in a high-tech pillory. King tries to twist his head away from the dog. The rottweiler GROWLS.

KING

Back off, pooch --

dog
The rottweiler's jaws open, revealing more teeth than any dog should probably have.

a
ready
Its muzzle splits in two as both sides of the rottweiler mandible fold back on either side of its head, disgorging a hellish and barbed tongue stalk! The mutant dog ROARS, ready to bite King's face off and --

KING

Jesus Christ!

-- Grimwood appears from off-screen, LAUGHING, pulling the animal back. We see Danica and Asher now as well.

KING

What the fuck?! WHAT THE FUCK?!?

ASHER

His name's Beau. We've been experimenting with porting the vampire gene over into other species.

As Asher pets the rottweiler, its muzzle closes back up again.
It looks up at him, panting happily, tongue lolling.

KING

You made a goddamn vampire dog?!

GRIMWOOD

Yeah. Cool, huh?

DANICA

Poor little King. You look so distraught.

Danica wipes a little blood from the corner of King's mouth.
She touches her fingertips to her tongue, tasting his blood.

DANICA

You're tasting a little bland, lover. Not getting enough fatty acids in your diet? Have you tried mackerel? Lake trout?

KING

How about you take a sugar-frosted fuck off the end of my dick?

DANICA

Oh, there'll be time to play doctor later, believe me. But for now, we need to have a little talk.

(beat)

Tell us about this bio-weapon you've been building.

KING

I can tell you two things. Diddly. And shit. And diddly just left the building.

Grimwood steps forward, throttling King for a moment.

GRINWOOD

Spit it out, you fucking fruitcake!

KING

Okay, here's the deal with the weapon -
(coughing)
It's a new flavor crystal formula. Twice the chocolaty-goodness, half the calories. Plus, it helps prevent tooth decay --

Grimwood moves in to choke him again, but Danica intervenes.

DANICA

You're brave, King, I'll give you that. But underneath all your swagger --

She leans closer, caressing his face.

DANICA

-- I know what you really fear. What would hurt you more than anything else.

King's smile falters for a moment. Maybe she does know.
She rubs her cheek against his.

DANICA

You don't want to go back to being one of us --

(her lips grazing his)

-- do you?

King tries to turn his head away, but Danica grips his chin, turning his head back. He's sweating now. Worried.

DANICA

I'm going to bite you again, King. And then I'm going to leave you here while you turn. I'm going to watch you, day after day, while the Thirst keeps building and building. And then, when you can't stand it anymore --

She nods. Drake appears, holding Zoe. She's alive. Terrified. Held firm in Drake's arms.

DANICA

-- I'm going to bring the little girl for you to feed on. Would you like that, King? Would you enjoy taking her life?

King shuts his eyes, sickened at the thought. Danica smiles.

DANICA

Now we're getting somewhere, my pet.

CUT

TO:

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS' HEADQUARTERS - SHOOTING RANGE - NIGHT

Abigail sits in her workshop area, restringing one of her bows. Nearby is a table with an assortment of equipment - a bow press, vise stand, string jig, bow scales and wrench sets.

targets
arrows.
computer

Across the way is a shooting range with a variety of set up, a wall of netting behind them to catch stray arrows. There's also a chronograph outfitted with a ballistic computer to measure arrow speed.

precision,

CLOSE ON Abigail's hands as she works with a quiet re-setting the arrow rest, making minor adjustments to the center-shot position and wheel timing, etc.

BLADE

appears in the doorway, watching her.

BLADE

You alright?

ABIGAIL

(brusque)
I'll be fine.

Blade nods. He's going to leave her alone -- but then he hesitates, wrestling to say something.

BLADE

Don't let it turn inward.

Abigail takes a deep breath, pausing in her work.

ABIGAIL

It already has. Since I can remember I've had this knife of sadness in my heart. As long as it stays there, I'm strong. I'm untouchable. But the moment I pull it out --
(turning back to him)
-- I'll die.

Blade nods. He understands all too well. He leaves.

ON ABIGAIL

She stands, moving to the shooting range. She straps on a quiver, takes aim at

A 3-D HUMAN-SHAPED TARGET

the
posts.
about a hundred feet away. Just in front of the target is
chronograph, which looks like a miniature set of goal

arms of
clocked
WHOOSH! Abigail FIRES an arrow. It flies through the
the chronograph, sinking into the target's chest. On the
screen of the ballistic computer, the arrow's speed is
at 240 feet per second. We move CLOSER to her now as--

--
WHOOSH! Abigail FIRES again. The speed is 242 fps. CLOSER

WHOOSH! Now the speed is 269 fps. EVEN CLOSER --

arrow
Abigail
until we --
WHOOSH!WHOOSH!WHOOSH! 285 fps. 302 fps. 315 fps! The
speed creeps up and up as we move CLOSER AND CLOSER to

quiver.
-- PULL BACK. Abigail has fired every arrow in her

ON THE TARGET

The arrows have formed a cross in the target's chest. One vertical grouping running up, another horizontal grouping bisecting it.

INT. NIGHTSTALKERS HEADQUARTERS - GARAGE - NIGHT

Looks

Blade stands at the open entrance. Abigail steps out.
like she's made peace with herself for the moment.

ABIGAIL

I'm ready to go.

to a
down.

HEADLIGHTS appear in the distance. Another Land Cruiser
approaches, weaving through the amusement park. It pulls
stop in front of them. The driver's side window rolls
down.

A MAN (CAULDER)

sits behind the wheel. He raises a hand in greeting.

CAULDER

My name is Caulder. And I'll be your
driver this evening.

INT. CAULDER'S LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

Caulder's Land Cruiser glides through the streets.

BLADE

Where are you taking us?

CAULDER

Another safehouse.

ABIGAIL

We told you, Blade. We operate in sleeper
cells. When one goes down, a new cell
activates to pick up the slack.

EXT. DEEP-SIX AQUARIUM STOCK - NIGHT

Caulder pulls up in front of a fish supply store.

INT. DEEP-SIX AQUARIUM STOCK - NIGHT

door.
There
Caulder unlocks an accordion security gate, opens the
He leads Blade and Abigail through the darkened aisles.
are fish tanks on either side, aerators BUBBLING, aquatic
animals of every kind swimming about.

IN THE BACK

player
is another arsenal/lab area. This one is smaller than the
Nightstalkers' main headquarters. Caulder moves to a
computer, calls up a file. A dialogue box for a media
player
opens. Caulder activates a video file.

CAULDER

Sommerfield left a video message for you.

ON THE MONITOR

The video plays. We see Sommerfield's face on the screen.
She looks grave, as if she might have been crying.

SOMMERFIELD

(on video)

If you're watching this, I'm already dead.
If Zoe's still alive, I want you to
promise you'll take care of her. I've
been reading her The Oz books every night.
We just started The Emerald City of Oz,
the one with the Nome King --

Her voice cracks and she pauses, wiping away a tear.

SOMMERFIELD

I think I've managed to cultivate a workable strain of the Daystar virus. As a precaution, I transmitted the genetic sequence to Caulder, in case our main stock was destroyed. In order for it to achieve maximum lethality, you'll need to interfuse it with Drake's blood. If it works, any vampires in the immediate vicinity should die almost instantly. After that, it should take only a few weeks for the virus to spread throughout the rest of the world.

Zoe hesitates, deciding how to broach the next subject.

SOMMERFIELD

There's one other thing, Blade. You need to know that there's a chance the virus could destroy you too. Because you're a hybrid, I'm not sure whether your immune system will be able to tolerate it.

(beat)

I'm sorry. We didn't have enough time to properly test it.

The video cuts to STATIC. Abigail turns off the monitor, looking to Blade. God only knows what he's thinking.

CAULDER

Take a look at the plague arrow.

Caulder reaches for a refrigerated aluminum case, snapping it open. Inside, resting on a bed of form-fitting foam, is a glass ampule that's been fitted into a stake-like contraption. It looks like the head of a high-tech harpoon.

CAULDER

I only had time to fabricate a small batch of Daystar. I outfitted it with a compressed gas projectile, so you should be able to fire it from one of the fourbarrel rifles or a bow.

(beat)

Just make sure the shot counts, cause we

don't have enough for a second try.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

Abigail sits before a laptop, creating another custom MP3 playlist. We watch as she hi-lights songs with her mouse, moves them over to her portable device with a few CLICKS.

headphones
up,
Abigail unhooks her MP3 device, slips her earbud into her ears. The SOUNDS of Fluke's track Atom Bomb fade gradually shifting from tinny source music to SOUNDTRACK.

MORE DISSOLVES

Blade and Abigail suit up, arming themselves. We SEE:

Blade loading rounds into his pistols.

Abigail selecting arrows, checking the range-dials.

Blade sliding silver stakes into his bandoliers.

to
Abigail working with Caulder, affixing the plague capsule one of her arrowheads.

length
Blade polishes his sword. Finished, he sights down the of it, takes a practice swing, then secures it in his back scabbard with a flourish.

EXT. DEEP-SIX AQUARIUM STOCK - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

the
Abigail
We hear the RUMBLE of two motorcycles. Blade emerges from alley astride his signature Ducati ST2 crotch-rocket. appears a moment later on her own customized bike.

Blade revs his engine. Then the two bikes take off.

CUT

TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DRAKE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Drake sits before Zoe, who has been shackled to the wall,
his

right arm encased in one of the armored gauntlets from his
burial armor. The rest of the armor has been propped up
on a
stand nearby.

DRAKE

Do you know who I am?

ZOE

You're the Nome King.

Drake smiles at this.

DRAKE

The Nome King. I like that.
(leaning closer)
Tell me, child. Do you want to die?

Zoe is terrified but tries to remain defiant.

ZOE

I'm not afraid -- I'll go to Heaven.

DRAKE

There is no Heaven. No God. No angels.
No happy ending for good little girls.
The only thing you have to look forward to
is nothingness.

darkness
him.
As Drake talks his pupils seem to widen -- until the
nearly occludes the whites of his eyes. Zoe stares at
Can't tear her gaze away. His eyes are hypnotic.

DRAKE

But what if you could change that? What
if you could remain a child forever?

He reaches out, running a sharp fingernail over her cheek.

DRAKE

What if you could keep this little doll-
like face of yours until the sun itself
cooled to a cold, hard rock?

(beat)

Wouldn't you like that? Wouldn't you
accept that gift?

Zoe reaches out, calmly touches Drake's cheek.

ZOE

My friends are coming to kill you.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

from
WHACK! Grimwood PUNCHES King, whose body sags, weakened
the beatings he has undergone. Asher and Danica look on.

KING

-- gonna be sorry you did that --

ASHER

Nobody's coming for you, King.

KING

Sure they are. Left a trail of digital
bread crumbs --

DANICA

Excuse me?

KING

One thing you need to know about us Nightstalkers. When you join our club, you get this nifty little tracking node surgically implanted in your body --

GRIMWOOD

Bullshit.

KING

Scout's honor. One of us gets lost, the others just dial up the satellite and presto, instant cavalry.

Grimwood looks to Asher and Danica, unsure.

AS HER

He's bluffing.

DANICA

(smiling, playing along)
Okay, King, where did they put this tracking node of yours?

He motions for her to draw closer, whispering.

KING

It's in my left ass-cheek --

WHACK! Danica slaps King's face, making him see stars.

KING

Alright. alright, it's in my right ass-cheek --

WHACK! Danica slaps King again, this time knocking his

head

the other way. He spits out blood --

KING

No, seriously --
(gasping)
-- it's in the meat of my butt, right
below my Bart Simpson tattoo --

his Danica PUNCHES King's mid-section. He sucks air. Despite
attempts at humor, he's hurting now. His body sags --

KING

-- pull down my tighty-whities -- see for
yourself.

DANICA

ENOUGH! It's not funny anymore!

Behind Danica, Grimwood and Asher both COUGH.

of King lifts his bruised face, staring up at Danica through
blood-shrouded eyes. For the first time, we get a sense
his true hatred for her.

KING

No, it's not, you horse-humping bitch --
(wincing as he breathes)
-- but it will be a few seconds from now.

DANICA

(coughing)
And what happens then, lover?

KING

Hammer time.
(beat)
See, that tickle in your throat you're
feeling right now?

were Danica COUGHS again, blinks repeatedly, as if her eyes
irritated. She rubs them, looks to the others. They're
feeling the effects too. And Grimwood's face is smoking!

KING

That's atomized colloidal silver.

and Danica keys into the RUMBLE of the air-conditioning system
a HISSING SOUND beneath that. She looks up --

KING

It's being pumped into the building's air
conditioning system.

ANGLE ON THE HEATING REGISTER ABOVE

and -- We GO MACRO, shrinking down until we see a CLOUD OF TINY
SILVER PARTICLES blowing into the room. The particles are
dusting the vampires, being unwittingly inhaled by them

WE'RE BACK TO NORMAL

throats as the vampires react en mass, suddenly gagging, their
and faces on fire.

KING

Which means that the fat lady should be
singing right about --

GRIMWOOD

SHRIEKS as has caught the worst of it. A whole lung-full. He
He coughs up blue-tinged FLAMES, the flesh on his face
simultaneously burning away and --

KING

-- NOW

THE SKYLIGHT ABOVE THEM

SHATTERS as Blade crashes down. He lands in a cat-like stance, then flips over into a cartwheel, KICKING Grimwood in the face. As Grimwood goes down, Asher and Danica scatter

--

Blade tackles Grimwood, sending both of them over the railing into the lower level of the penthouse.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

ALARMS are ringing. Asher and Danica rush down the hall, trying not to breathe the silver-contaminated air. We SEE other vampires staggering from doorways, COUGHING, GAGGING.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DRAKE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Drake hears the ALARMS. He reaches for his sword, which rests in a nearby stand. As he heads out, he strides past Zoe, still chained to the wall.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

On the lower level, Blade and Grimwood are going at it.

REINFORCENENTS

flood in from multiple entry ways. It's an all-out melee. Blade is seriously overwhelmed, but the sheer number of vampires and humans is actually slowing them down.

Blade takes on a half-dozen of them at once, stunning one of

aside the familiars, using him as a human shield, TOSSING him
to trip up another on-rushing pair.

Then he pauses, instantly calculating the geography of the
room, the relative positions of the other combatants,
His assessing decorations and furniture as possible weapons.
battle plan ready, Blade engages his enemies once again.

MEANWHILE, ON THE UPPER LEVEL

Abigail appears at the lip of the smashed-in skylight.
She lowers herself down on a rope, rushes to King's side --

ABIGAIL

You alright?

KING

Nothing a hot tub full of Bactine won't
fix.

Abigail hits the release switch on the high-tech pillory
and the cuffs around his wrists open. As Abigail helps King
out:

ABIGAIL

Zoe --

KING

Drake's got her.

Abigail nods, handing King her pistol. Then she's out the
door. Seconds later, King follows --

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - HALLWAYS - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Abigail pauses, slipping her earbuds in, turning on her
MP3

in. player. The bumping-straains of Fluke's Absurd track kick
Abigail uncilps her UV arc, telescopes it outward and --
video -- suddenly it's like we're in a first-person shooter
game. She moves through the corridors with mathematical
precision, feeling the MUSIC in her bones, slicing through
every vampire she encounters with deadly efficiency.

VAMPIRES AND HUMAN FAMILIARS

are coming out from every doorway.
Abigail PUNCHES one in the solar plexus, DECAPITATES
another,
a finishes off the first. Then she's moving on, taking down
a third, fourth, and fifth vampire with her rapid-fire stake
dispenser. Throwing stakes with blinding speed.
Without a half-dozen stakes, her dispenser is empty.
the missing a beat, she presses a tab on the dispenser, ejects
and clip, then reaches to her belt where a back-up is secured
slaps it in place. The mayhem continues.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

with Blade unsheathes his sword. He parries two combatants
third clubs, then whirls around, DEFLECTING a GUNSHOT from a
with the flat of his sword.

to Grimwood is furious. His men are tripping all over
themselves. He grabs an antique battle axe that's secured
the wall. He sees an opening, SWINGS at Blade's head --

Grimwood's -- Blade drops and the axe slices through one of
own men.

down In an eye-blink, Blade is up again, advancing. He cuts
another familiar, pushes forward, cuts oown a second --

his Now Blade and Grimwood are face to face. Grimwood swings
axe again. Blade hooks his sword beneath it, FLIPPING it
from Grimwood's hands.

straight Blade sweeps his sword around in a wide arc, CUTTING
Grimwood's through Grimwood's mid-section. The upper half of
body topples away --

alive, -- then he rights himself. A half-vampire. He's still
SPRINGS UP running forward on his hands, trailing viscera. He
at Blade, all claws and gnashing teeth.

thing Blade catches Grimwood by the throat, whirls him around --
-- and manages to IMPALE what's left of Grimwood with his
sword-point. Grimwood ASHES in Blade's arms. The only
left are his steel teeth, which CLATTER to the floor at
Blade's feet.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - DRAKE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

nearby. Abigail enters, SEES Zoe. TWO VAMPIRES GUARDS stand
Both In a flash, Abigail flings TWO SILVER STAKES at them.
stakes hit their mark and the vamps crumple to ASH.

shackle.
Abigail

Abigail hurries over, SHOOTs apart the lock on Zoe's
Zoe wraps her arms around Abigail, hugging her tight.
takes Zoe by the hand, pulling her towards the door.

ABIGAIL

Come on, hon. Let's get you out of here.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

King stumbles out into the hallway, pulling his shirt back
on.
As he limps down the corridor, a GROWL makes him pause --

KING'S POV

Then --
Beau, the vampire rottweiler, lopes around the corner.

TWO MORE ROTTWEILERS

emerge behind Beau. They're all GROWLING now.

KING

(under his breath)
Fuck. Me. Sideways.

splitting
The three of them break, BARKING like crazy, snouts
open as their jaws flower apart.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - UPPER GALLERY - NIGHT

Blade moves into the upper gallery of a vast atrium.

DRAKE

stands before him, waiting, sword in hand. He extends it, touching the tip to the floor. A challenge.

DRAKE

Are you ready to die, Blade?

BLADE

Been ready since the day I was born, mother-fucker.

DRAKE

(with a smile)

Then allow me to accommodate you.

Drake does a back-flip over the balcony. Forty feet down.

Blade follows, drawing his sword as he LEAPS --

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

swords -- and lands. Now the two warriors face each other, raised, eyes locked, their stances frozen. Like classic samurai. Whoever moves first, loses.

the Beat. MOVING IN on both men, CIRCLING around them. Slow heart. Slow the breath. Find the opening.

DRAKE

breaks first, bringing his sword over in less time than it takes to blink an eye. No one could possibly deflect the blow. And yet --

BLADE

advances, manages a COUNTER-STROKE with super-human grace. He
blacksmith's parries, his sword CLANGING and SINGING like a
hammer on sheet metal.

come Cut, thrust, block, diagonal downward slashes. The moves
faster. Drake DUCKS, barely avoiding being decapitated.
Blade's sword cuts right through a column instead.

moment, Drake retaliates. Blade locks swords with him. For a
the two warriors are nose to nose. Then Blade twists his
sword free, cutting open Drake's cheek --

his Drake GROWLS, back-flipping up onto a ledge. He touches
the fingertips to the cut, tastes his own blood. Then we hear
his telltale sounds of CARTILAGE POPPING. For a brief moment,
his facial features shift, giving us yet another glimpse of
devolve. true form. As his anger increases, Drake begins to

face. He DIVES at Blade, HOWLING, raking his CLAWS at Blade's
SPRINGS He strikes out, KNOCKING Blade across the atrium. He
fangs forward, dragging Blade up by his throat, sinking his
into Blade's shoulder. Blade SCREAMS and we --

CUT

TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

dogs -- as King runs. He hazards a look back. The vampire
are quickly gaining on him.

UP AHEAD

of
It's a dead-end. Just plate glass windows and a whole lot
nothing beyond.

The dogs are almost on King when suddenly, King JUMPS,
snagging an overhead pipe. As he swings his body upward -
-

THE DOGS

CRASH
skid on the floor, unable to stop their momentum, and
straight through the plate glass window.

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

tumble
down
An EXPLOSION OF GLASS as two of the vampire rottweilers
into the night. They fall like stones -- twenty stories
into the traffic-clogged intersection below.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

himself.
King drops back to the floor, cackling, pleased with
It takes him a second to realize that --

ONE OF THE ROTTWEILERS (BEAU)

behind
-- didn't take a swan dive out the window. He's right
King. And now he's SPRINGING FORWARD --

dog
WHAM! King is hit in the chest by the SNARLING beast. He
drops the pistol as he's knocked back onto the floor. The
LUNGES again --

bit
King
With one arm, King struggles to keep his face from being
off, while searching blindly for the discarded pistol.
locates it, FIRING into the beast's chest --

THE ROTTWEILER

ASHES, disintegrating all over King's face. King gets a
mouthful of the charcoal remains, tries to SPIT them out.

KING
(making a face)
Bad dog.

CUT
TO:

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - UPPER GALLERY - NIGHT

Abigail emerges onto the gallery with Zoe. She spots an
alcove, indicates that Zoe should hide. Then she slips a
silver stake into Zoe's hand. Just in case.

Abigail rushes to the handrail, looking down at Blade and
Drake. Her view is obscured. She can't get a good shot.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Drake digs his fangs into Blade's shoulder. Blade
struggles,
manages to slip a stake from his bandolier --

WHAM! Blade SLAMS the stake into Drake's ear canal. The
beast SHRIEKS in pain, dropping Blade. But all the gambit
has
done is drive Drake into a berserker rage.

Drake swings his fist. Blade ducks. Drake's fist goes
through the wall, PUNCTURING a steam pipe. Steam vents --

Drake reaches in, RIPS an eight-foot section of the pipe
from the wall, bringing a SPARKING nest of electrical cables
along with it. He swings the pipe section around, WHACKING
Blade.

KRUNCH! Drake swings the makeshift club again. He's a
one man demolition crew, decimating everything in his path.
He's SMASHING holes in the floor, the walls, plowing through
partitions of glass and steel.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - UPPER GALLERY - NIGHT

Abigail moves down the gallery, looks up --

A SERIES OF LIGHTING GANTRIES

span the length of the atrium ceiling.

Abigail balances on the handrail, then jumps out into
space --

-- catching hold of one of the crosspieces. Like an
acrobat, she monkey-swings her way beneath the gantry. If she
loses her grip, she'll fall more than fifty feet.

BA-BANG! A bullet strikes just in front of Abigail,
showering her with SPARKS. MORE BULLETS follow.

ANGLE ON PAIR OF VAMPIRES

FIRING from below, trying to pick her off. Suddenly, UV
BULLETS strike each of the vampires. As they ASH we --

WHIP-PAN BACK TO KING,

gallery.
fire
having dragged his battered body out onto the upper
He's playing guardian angel to Abigail, laying down cover
so she can continue. But then --

DANICA

KING!!!

DANICA

the
appears behind King. She TACKLES him, wrestling him to
floor, pummeling his face with her fist.

outmatched.
King tries to ward off the blows, but he's sorely
He swings his electronic pistol up --

floor.
Danica twists it from his grip, ejecting the clip from the
stock. King's sun dog bullets spill out all over the
She tosses the gun aside, reaches for King again --

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - LIGHTING GANTRY - NIGHT

up
Back to Abigail. She's breathing heavily, trying to call
new reserves of strength. She glances down --

Big mistake.

She forces herself to look back up. She swings herself
pendulum-style, manages to snag yet another crosspiece. A
SHOT RINGS OUT --

ANGLE ON ASHER,

down below, armed with a rifle. He FIRES again --

CRIES -- grazing Abigail's shoulder with the bullet. Abigail
OUT, nearly losing her grip.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - UPPER GALLERY - NIGHT

King rolls on his side, spits out a bloody tooth.

KING

No offense, Danica --
(gasping in pain)
-- but I've wanted to kill you since the
moment we slept together.

DANICA

I was that bad, huh?

points King reaches a palsied hand for his discarded pistol,
it vaguely in Danica's direction. She LAUGHS.

DANICA

No bullets in your gun, King.

KING

Yeah, but here's the beauty --
(wiping his bloody mouth)
-- these babies can be triggered remotely.

ERUPT King pulls the trigger. The scattered sun dog bullets
already with UV LIGHT. Danica SHRIEKS, trying to shield her
burning face from the glare. She runs, horribly wounded.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

ragdoll.
thirty

Drake pummels Blade, flinging his body about like a
He grabs Blade by his ankle, swings him upwards some
feet --

hanging

SMASH! Blade collides with the underside of a massive
glass chandelier/lighting fixture.

sword.
blows

Blade FALLS back to the ground, stunned, dropping his
Drake pounces on him. Blade can barely fend off Drake's
anymore. In desperation he digs his fingers into Drake's
eyes.

an

Drake swings both fists downward, Hulk-style, SHATTERING
entire section of the limestone flooring.

A SHOCK-WAVE ripples out from the point of impact, sending
waves of two-foot stone tiles flipping up into the air,
knocking Blade off his feet.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - UPPER GALLERY - NIGHT

the

King loads a sun dog into his pistol, steadies his aim on
railing, and FIRES at Asher --

THE SUN DOG

screams across the atrium, striking dead-center in Asher's
open mouth. The bullet EXPLODES. UV LIGHT causes Asher's
skull to burn up from the inside out. His headless corpse
falls forward over the gallery railing. Then it too
carbonizes and BURNS UP.

Relieved, King sinks to his knees.

BEHIND KING,

we SEE Zoe slip from the alcove. She makes for the stairs.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - LIGHTING GANTRY - NIGHT

King has bought Abigail more time. She swings her body forward, hooking her legs over the next crosspiece. Then she lets go with her hands. Now she is hanging upside down, secured only by the tension in her calves.

Abigail reaches behind her, removes her bow. BLOOD from her wounded shoulder drips down over her collar bone, reaching her cheek, briefly obscuring her vision. She wipes it away. Then she reaches back once more and --

-- because her quiver is pointed downward, a number of arrows slide out. Abigail panics, twisting her body --

-- managing to just barely snag the ~la~ue arrow as it tumbles Past her!

Beat. Abigail shuts her eyes, trying to find her center. With her eyes closed, she nocks the arrow and draws the bow back. Then she opens her eyes.

She's only going to get one shot -- and she's going to have to take it while hanging upside down.

168 a

ABIGAIL'S POV

168 a

On Drake and Blade below, locked in combat. She tracks their

progress, waits for Drake to move into a better position -

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Drake shoulders a support column, SNAPPING it in two. An entire section of the gallery walkway above comes CRASHING DOWN, burying Blade in debris --

fishing -- but it's not enough for Drake. He LEAPS forward, Blade out, hauling him up --

to Drake head-butts Blade -- once, twice. Blade's eyes roll whites. Drake looks down, SEES Blade's discarded sword. Drake scoops it up, STRIKES at Blade --

Blade manages to roll to the side, avoiding the blow.

Drake STRIKES again, dealing Blade a glancing blow --

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - LIGHTING GANTRY - NIGHT

neck, ON ABIGAIL. Waiting. More blood has trickled down her into her eyes. But she can't wipe them anymore. She's already got her bow drawn. She's committed to the shot.

a We can hear ABIGAIL'S HEARTBEAT as she settles. She takes final breath, holds it -- and lets the plague arrow fly.

ON THE PLAGUE ARROW

than as it streaks downward, hurtling towards Drake at more 300 feet per second. Then, at the last possible instant -

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

CHINGG! Drake deflects the arrow with his sword. It harmlessly falls to the floor, rolling a few yards away.

ON ABIGAIL,

stunned, her expression melting into despair.

BACK TO DRAKE

side. swinging Blade's sword around. PLUNGING it into Blade's
As he pulls it back out again --

BLADE

GASPS, sinking downward. He's on his knees now, in shock.

of Drake ROARS again shifting, conjuring up seventy centuries
only violence and predation. And the nightmare shape that was
hinted at before, finally takes center-stage.

His BLOOD suffuses Drake's flesh, turning his skin crimson.
growing canines elongate, his lower jaw distends.
Jagged bone spurs erupt all over his body -- like he's
Now he a suit of razor-sharp thorns. He doesn't need a sword
anymore. He's become a living weapon. Drake is gone.
is --

THE BEAST

Drake swings the sword overhead. He's going to decapitate
Blade. And just as the sword reaches the top of its arc -

ZOE

emerges from the shadows behind Drake, clutching a silver stake. She SHOVES it into Drake's back, pushing with all the strength her little body can muster.

Drake staggers. The blow wasn't lethal, but it hurt all the same. He turns on Zoe, enraged, his attention distracted for one crucial second --

ON BLADE,

summoning the last of his reserves. He pitches his body forward, managing to snag the end of the plague arrow. And before Drake even realizes what is happening --

WHAM! Blade sinks the plague arrow deep into Drake's chest. Drake drops the sword, turning back to face Blade --

Exhausted beyond measure, Blade sags.

INSIDE DRAKE'S CHEST - MACRO SHOT

as the arrowhead dispense the bio-weapon. We SEE the virus flooding Drake's internal organs, causing them to blacken as his circulatory system carries it throughout his body.

ON DRAKE'S FACE,

letting loose an INHUMAN SCREAM, vomiting up a spray of blood into mist. His monstrous features begin to melt, reshaping into his more familiar face. At the same time we --

GO MACRO ONCE MORE

Shrinking until we are amidst the spray of blood Drake expelled. We continue shrinking until we are moving with the individual molecules of Drake's breath as the plague virions latch onto them, causing them to blacken and become necrotic. Moving with the twirling molecules until they are inhaled by --

DANICA,

having retreated from her defeat by King. She clutches her throat. We can see the virus infiltrating her system as tiny BLACK THREADS expand across her face. She sways, falling onto the floor. She reaches a beseeching hand towards King -- -- then dies, a final still-born curse on her lips.

MORE VAMPIRES

are feeling the effects now too. One by one they drop, choking, going into convulsions. As they writhe on the floor, we watch the Daystar virus ravaging their bodies.

BACK TO BLADE AND DRAKE

Drake slumps against the wall. Hero and villain are now separated by only a few feet. Both at death's door.

DRAKE

Well done, hunter. Well done.

remain
Blade stares back. At this point, he's just trying to
conscious. He's lost a ton of blood.

DRAKE

You fought with honor --

shallow.
Drake shudders, his breathing becoming increasingly

DRAKE

-- as I knew you would. The humans are
coming for you, you know. In their eyes,
you and I are the same.
Allow me one last indulgence, then --
(gasping)
-- a parting gift --

Drake grows still, his eyes locked on Blade's.

ABIGAIL AND KING

fading
rush to Blade's side. Zoe joins them. Blade is dying,
fast. Abigail shakes Blade --

ABIGAIL

Blade!

own
Her voice sounds distant and muted, overridden by Blade's
HEARTBEAT which is fading up, dominating the soundtrack.

ABIGAIL

BLADE!!!

Blade's eyes can't focus anymore. They're clouding over.

BLADE'S POV

We drop away from Abigail and King -- like

we're falling down

a dark tunnel. Then the world FADES TO WHITE.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAWN

the
dawn,
FADE IN FROM WHITE. We see the sky, the burning orb of
rising sun. A trio of FBI helicopters ride out from the
swooping down over the stirring city.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)

It didn't take long for the authorities
to arrive.

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER - DAWN

him.
Cumberland sits in the front passenger seat, Hale behind

EXT. PHOENIX TOWERS - PLAZA - DAWN

As the helicopters touch down in the plaza we see a small
convoy of POLICE and FBI VEHICLES converging around them.

Cumberland and Hale are among the first out. They rush
towards the Phoenix Towers entrance, guns drawn, DOZENS OF
AGENTS and OFFICERS behind them.

INT. PHOENIX TOWERS - ATRIUM - DAWN

Asher,
The first rays of sun penetrate through the atrium windows
setting the scattered vampire corpses ablaze. Danica,
and the others all ignite.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)

When they got there, all of Drake's
people were dead.

out By the time Cumberland and his men have entered, fanning
through the atrium, all they find are a series of corpse
shaped piles of ash and singe marks.

ABIGAIL (V.0.)

In the weeks that followed, the rest of
the world's vampires also perished.

(beat)

We'd finally won.

ON CUMBERLAND,

we surveying the scene, frustrated by what he's found. Then
hear SHOUTS coming from the back of the atrium.

AT THE BACK OF THE ATRIUM

There's they find Blade. He's dead, slumped against a wall.
no sign of Drake. The vampire king is gone.

INT. FBI MORGUE - DAY

autopsy CLOSE ON Blade's face, his body being wheeled on an
gurney. PULL BACK to reveal that we are in an FBI morgue.
Cumberland and Hale stand nearby, overseeing everything as

--

A TRIO OF MEDICAL EXAMINERS

bank lift Blade's body onto an autopsy table. They turn on a
of overhead UV lights. The lead examiner reaches for a
scalpel. But as he touches the scalpel to Blade's chest -

-

ABIGAIL (V.0.)

And Blade? Cumberland and Hale finally
got their body --

BLADE'S FACE

changes. We hear a series of POPS and CRACKS as subdermal
the cartilage begins to loosen and shift. At the same time,
away. skin begins to lighten as melanin is gradually leached

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

-- but it wasn't the one they were banking
on.

ON CUMBERLAND AND THE OTHERS

as they react with varying degrees of shock.

BACK TO THE BODY

We realize that it's not Blade lying before them. It's
Drake.

Somehow, even in death, the vampire king managed to take
Blade's shape and temporarily retain it.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)

The virus didn't kill Blade. But the
authorities very well could have. So in
the end, realizing that own his people
were doomed, Drake decided to give Blade a
gift.

(beat)

ABIGAIL (CONT' Æfâ€D)

By taking Blade's shape, he bought Blade
enough time to escape. Offering Blade a
second chance at life - -

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DAY

A bright summer day. Blade stands at the edge of a cliff, looking out over a sun-struck ocean. For the first time since we've seen him, he's not wearing armor or sunglasses or handguns or rifles. And were it not for the sword he holds, we might even mistake him for an ordinary man.

ABIGAIL (V.0.)

And so Blade took it.

Blade flings his sword over the cliff, into the ocean below.

ABIGAIL (V.0.)

We never saw him again.

UNDERWATER

We see the sword sinking, reflecting the refracted sunlight from above as it twirls end over end.

BACK TO BLADE

At peace with himself at last. After a moment's reflection, he turns and walks away.

ABIGAIL (V.0.)

He disappeared completely.

(beat)

But that's what heroes do. They simply fade out. And in this way --

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

as Blade moves further and further away from us, dwindling into the horizon until he disappears entirely.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)

-- they become legends.

FADE TO

BLACK.

Over darkness we hear the sound of TRAFFIC.

EXT. THE SLAUGHTERED LAMB - NIGHT

FADE IN. We are moving towards a local punk dive wedged into a crowded block in the meat packing district.

A DOORMAN (LUCIUS) stands outside, checking CUSTOMERS' IDs. We hear HILLBILLY THRASH MUSIC coming from within.

ANGLE ON KING AND ABIGAIL

approaching. King holds his four-barreled rifle. Abigail peels away, disappearing into an alley as King nears the front door. The doorman recognizes King, knows he's trouble.

KING

Evening Lucius.

LUCIUS

King, what the hell are you doing here?

KING

Just a little sport hunting.

INT. CLUB CROWBAR - NIGHT

King
alongside.

A BAND belts out a cover of Sam and the Shams' Little Red Riding Hood. The band members look a little lupine. As weaves his way through the crowd, Lucius hurries

LUCIUS

Ain't no vampires left, King. So who do you have to hunt?

KING

That's an interesting question, my friend. And I've got a question for you in return.

INT. CLUB CROWBAR - BACK AREA - NIGHT

an

As King pushes his way through to the bathrooms, we hear UNEARTHLY ROAR coming from the men's room.

KING

What do you get when you cross a vampire with a werewolf?

to
--

The door to the men's room EXPLODES OPEN. Abigail comes flying out. She hits the far wall of the hallway, slides th floor. But she's up in an instant, pulling a knife on

KING

(raising his four-barrel)
A fur coat that sticks to your neck.

A HILL-BILLY HIPSTER WERE-CREATURE,

ephedrine
snout

wearing a blood-soaked Stray Cats-style suit. The nightmare creature looks at King, opening his elongated to flash a set of razor-sharp canid teeth.

KING

Don't you know fur is murder?

As King FIRES point-blank into the were-creature we --

BLACK.

CUT TO

CUE MUSIC.

END CREDITS ROLL