

FOREVER KNIGHT  
(PILOT)

(NICK KNIGHT)

BY

JAMES D. PARRIOTT

FIRST DRAFT  
January 9, 1989

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

An eerie, AERIAL POV... swooping over the bay... past the Golden Gate Bridge... heading for the glistening skyline of:

THE CITY. Over the buildings, now. Still floating... moving above them like a bird of prey... circling in the dazzling light.

HEAR THE SOUNDS of the metropolis like we've never heard them before. Acutely. All of them. A roar from which we are able to selectively tune in: A baby crying in an apartment building. A drug deal going down. A television commercial. An opera. The moans of a couple making love.

Finally, single out A RADIO playing an easy listening station. That irritatingly non-committal pap. And start to SEEK IT OUT.

Like a hawk homing in on its evening meal. Soaring between the buildings. A guided missile headed for the sound...

ON A RADIO

swinging gently in the hand of a walking, uniformed man. His rhythmic footsteps echo - as does the music - in this dark cavern that is:

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. Closed for the day and lit by dim work lights. This is the MEDIEVAL ROOM. Suits of armor and hanging tapestries. Filled with threatening shadows that don't seem to faze this GUARD at all. He whistles along with the music as he makes his rounds, completely unaware that

Something is following him. The POV that was once airborne, now slides silently across the floor. Paralleling the guard's path through the exhibits... slowly closing the distance as the guard makes his way into:

A "CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC - NEW DISPLAY" AREA.

The artifacts in this room appear to be Mayan. Some lean against the wall, waiting for display stands in which to be mounted.

ONE OF THE COMPLETED DISPLAYS is a glass case housing A JADE CEREMONIAL GOBLET of some kind. The guard rests his radio on top of the case... then crosses to a watch box to mark the time of his round. HOLD on the radio as the song ends, and is replaced by a marshmallow-voiced DJ.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DJ'S VOICE

Another twenty-minutes of uninterrupted music on K-CLEAR... music to soothe the beast within.

A Neil Diamond song starts to ooze out... then A MAN'S HAND suddenly grabs the radio and smashes it through the glass case!

ON THE GUARD. Turning. Reacting as the POV swoops toward him. As he opens his mouth to scream...

CUT HARD TO:

A MAN'S FACE

writhing as he stifles a scream in WHITE-HOT LIGHT. The man wears eye goggles - the little sun protecting kind - and moves his head from side to side in controlled, sweat-filled agony, as his RADIO PILLOW blares U2 at max volume.

IN A ROOM OUTSIDE

TWO ATTENDANTS - beautiful, tan women in their twenties -- register their alarm at the SOUND of the man's agony... and rush down a corridor of doored booths to number 9. One of the women pounds on the door.

ATTENDANT

Mr. Knight? Mr. Knight, are you okay in there?!

A MOAN from within.

ATTENDANT

Get the key.

The other attendant runs back to the front desk.

THE MAN IN THE GOGGLES

can take this torture no more. Suddenly screams and hits a red PANIC BUTTON on the wall.

GO WIDE as the lid of A SUN BED lifts slowly, mechanically, to reveal the heaving, drenched in sweat body of NICK KNIGHT. He swings out of the enclosure, gasping for breath.... grabbing for a towel to cover his gym-trunked, 28-year-old body as

THE ATTENDANTS burst into his tanning booth.

ATTENDANT

Mr. Knight?!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK  
(confused, embarrassed)  
Yeah...?

ATTENDANT  
We... uh, heard you screaming.

NICK  
(beat)  
You did?

ATTENDANT  
Are you.... okay?

NICK  
I don't look okay?

OTHER ATTENDANT  
We heard you screaming.

NICK  
(beat, recovering)  
Oh, that... sure. I guess I just  
got... claustrophobic. Feels like  
a coffin in there, y'know...?

A beat... then they nod with nods that say they haven't got a  
clue.

AT THE TANNING SALON'S FRONT DESK - LATER

The attendants watch as a fully clothed Nick (black jeans, leather  
jacket), emerges from his tanning booth and makes a hasty exit  
out the back door.

OTHER ATTENDANT  
He's cute...

ATTENDANT  
He's weird. Comes in three times a  
week and he never looks like he has  
a tan.

Off their perplexed gazes, go to:

THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - EMBARCADERO

where a 1958 Cadillac Convertible - a two-toned classic with fins  
- mambos topless through the late-night traffic, Jane's Addiction  
blaring from the stereo. Find

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK KNIGHT - AT THE WHEEL. In his element. Drinking in the sights and smells of the night. The man is pale, but his features are as classic as his car. Hawk eyes scan the streets and sidewalks. Eyes that say this young man has been around. He pulls off to the side of the street beside:

A RAGGED MAN AND WOMAN pushing a grocery cart down toward the park. Nick calls to them...

NICK

Topper! Jeanie!

JEANIE, the woman and well into her fifties, turns to him with a smile, and a healthy dose of concern.

JEANIE

You turn that music down, Nickie!  
Gonna lose what ears you have.

Nick grins... obediently lowering the volume of the stereo.

NICK

You guys have a safe place to sleep tonight?

TOPPER answers. He's as old as Jeanie and missing most of his teeth.

TOPPER

We gonna be with Randy and Dr. Dave at the park.

Topper reveals a new bottle of wine in the basket.

TOPPER

Got a little for you, if you wanna drop by.

NICK

Jeanie, don't let him drink too much of that, y'hear?

TOPPER

Don't worry, we'll save you some...

NICK

I'm serious, Topper. I want you folks to keep your wits about you until we catch this guy.

JEANIE

I'll keep him sober, honey, don't worry.

A SCRATCHY POLICE RADIO interrupts...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

DISPATCHER'S VOICE  
81-Kilo... 81-Kilo... we have a Code  
3 at Union and Grant... You got the  
box up loud enough to hear me over  
the music?

Nick smiles as he reaches for the radio mike, hidden beneath the dash. His jacket opens just enough for us to see his 9mm service pistol.

NICK  
(into mike)  
Say what?

DISPATCHER'S VOICE  
Say get your ass over there, white  
boy. We got another body.

Nick's smile disappears, as he wheels the Caddie in a hard u-turn, burning a little rubber as he leaves Jeanie and Topper behind.

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY / MEDIEVAL ROOM - NIGHT

Still dark and cavernous. Nick enters the far end with a uniformed cop named DEDRICK, firing a stream of questions as they move through.

NICK  
Sign of entry?

DEDRICK  
Zip. The doors were all locked, the  
alarm was still on... the guy had  
to fly in.

NICK  
(looks to him - a beat)  
Or be here already...

Nick suddenly pulls up short, surprised by

A MEDIEVAL CRUCIFIX displayed in the center of the floor. It's being held by a knight in armor, posed like he's ready to go off on a crusade.

DEDRICK  
Something wrong?

Nick hides his discomfort, moving around the display quickly.

NICK  
These old museums give me the  
jeebies.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DEDRICK

I hear ya.

NICK

You pulling a search?

DEDRICK

Ten guys on it now.

ON NICK - scanning the room as he moves through. HIS POV is, strangely, brighter and more clear than normal. Almost infra-red in the detail that he can pick out.

WHAT HE HEARS is heightened, too. Particularly, the voices, camera noises, and general hubub coming from the OFF-LIMITS Mayan display area ahead. Nick is more than a hundred feet away from this brightly lit room, yet he's able to SCAN and pick out A GRUFF VOICE as clearly as if the man were standing next to him.

GRUFF VOICE

No, no, no... you guys aren't gettin' the right angles...

Nick turns to Dedrnick with a weary sigh.

NICK

How long's Schanke been here?

DEDRICK

Ten minutes... how'd you know?

NICK

I can smell his cologne.

IN THE MAYAN ROOM

ON THE BODY OF THE GUARD, strangely pale... blueish, as he lies in a puddle of his own red blood. Flashbulbs pop as the forensic team lines off the floor and takes notes, under the direction of a loudish, chain smoking, overweight detective in his 50's who goes by the name of:

DON SCHANKE

Get a shot down here, lookin' up his nose. That's the only way to get a good head angle, see? Down here... lookin' right up his honker.

Schanke turns as Nick enters with Dedrnick.

SCHANKE

Wonderboy. What kept you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Nick scans the scene as he crosses. The broken glass display case.... the shattered radio inside.... We notice that the jade goblet is gone.

NICK

Thought you were workin' the point tonight, Schanke.

SCHANKE

Hey I figure you might need some experienced help...

NICK

And your experience tells you that we should be looking at nasal hairs?

SCHANKE

This is the fourth one in four weeks. You don't seem to be doing too good.

Nick has now crossed to the body.... stopping cold at the sight of the blood... transfixed by it. Is his mouth watering? Or is he going to puke? His eyes never leave the red puddle as he questions a forensics guy.

NICK

Is there any left in the body?

FORENSIC GUY

Not much. Looks like all the others.

NICK

Except all the others were homeless...

Nick turns away... wiping his watering mouth with a handkerchief.

Schanke turns with an aside to the police photographer.

SCHANKE

Can you believe they put a kid like this in homicide? Falls apart when he sees a little hemoglobin.

NICK

(recovering)  
Dedrick? Who found the body?

ON ALYCE HUNTER

An attractive woman of 30 who looks like she could handle herself in a rain forest. Inquisitive, sensitive, tough. And, at the moment, drained. She sits off on one corner, absently sipping coffee, staring at nothing in particular.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK'S VOICE

This doesn't belong with the other  
stellas in the room.

She looks up to see Nick studying a large, stone carving which  
leans against the wall. There's instant chemistry between them.

NICK

Pre-Classic isn't it? From the Tekal  
region?

ALYCE

(skeptically)  
Somebody told you...

NICK

What's really scary is that the first  
four digits up there match my alarm  
code.

ALYCE

You can read it?

NICK

I've done a little grave robbing in  
my time.

ALYCE

That's illegal.

NICK

Only for the last forty years.

ALYCE

As long as you or I've been alive.

NICK

At least, in this incarnation.

ALYCE

(beat, studies him)  
Do I know you?

NICK

(smiles)  
Nick Knight. I'm the detective  
assigned to this mess.

He extends his hand. She takes it.

ALYCE

Alyce Hunter. I'm the assistant  
curator and archaeologist responsible  
for this mess.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

NICK

Excluding the body, of course.

ALYCE

That's a bad joke.

NICK

Depends on your sense of humor.

A moment - a smile between them, acknowledging the something that they both feel. Alyce finds herself staring at his face.

ALYCE

Are you sure I don't know you?

INT. MUSEUM BACK ROOMS - LATER

This is where the cataloging, assembling, and filing is done. Large workrooms connected by hallways and smaller offices. The feeling is dusty and old, like a living library. An archive. Find NICK AND ALYCE winding their way through...

ALYCE

I was working back here when I heard the crash.

NICK

The glass case...

ALYCE

The first thing that occurred to me was that one of the exhibits had fallen. But I called security in case it was... something else...

NICK

Then you went out anyway?

ALYCE

I'm a curious girl. Stupid, maybe, but very curious.

(beat)

Nate was already dead when I got there.

NICK

And the killer...

ALYCE

I don't see how he escaped so quickly. Especially with...

(shivers, repulsed)

What could he want with their blood?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ON NICK, his eyes saying he knows more than he's willing to let on. And then, suddenly, his expression changes to one of amazement. As if he's suddenly transported by

A LARGE ROOM

filled with Mayan artifacts of all kinds. Burial masks, stellas, pots and ceremonial items. A large, cluttered desk sits at the far end of the room; Alyce's workspace.

NICK

These are from Altun Kinal, aren't they?

He starts to wander through the artifacts... Alyce follows confused, stunned by his knowledge.

ALYCE

We were going to announce it. No one's excavated that site for a hundred years...

NICK

The curse...

ALYCE

How do you know?

NICK

I told you. I was a grave robber.

And then a thought thoroughly shakes Nick. He stops... turns to Alyce.

NICK

You said there's an artifact missing from the display case...

ALYCE

A jade goblet.

NICK

From the Kinal dig?

ALYCE

It was used in sacrifice ceremonies...

NICK

Do you have a drawing?

She nods. Crosses to a filing cabinet behind her desk and rifles through. Produces

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

A COLOR PEN AND INK DRAWING of the jade goblet that we saw in the case. Nick studies it, chilled.

ALYCE  
Something wrong?

NICK  
Do you know how this was used? It was a practice unique to that area.

ALYCE  
(realizes)  
Yes... of course. It was used to drink the sacrifice victim's blood.

Off their reactions, go to:

EXT. MONTGOMERY ST. STATION - NIGHT

Photo flashes bring stacatto daylight to the rear of the building, as the PRESS CORPS crowds around NICK and the ambulance attendants, as they deliver the guard's corpse to Pathology.

REPORTER 1  
Is this another "vampire" murder?

NICK  
Aw, c'mon... you're not callin' them that?

REPORTER 2  
We hear there's no blood in the corpse, is that true?

NICK  
Why the sudden interest? Is it because this guy had a job?

REPORTER 1  
This killer's murdering more than just the homeless isn't he?

NICK  
You want weird stories - go home and watch Letterman. I'm a busy man...

REPORTER 2  
Knight, you're stonewalling...

Nick arrives at the door, just as BRUNETTI, his Captain, comes out to run interference.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

REPORTER 2

Brunetti! What're you guys doing about this? Nothing's happening!

BRUNETTI

Our best people...

REPORTER 1

Person - Knight.

BRUNETTI

People - plural - are working on this case. When we've got something to report, we'll tell you.

He ducks back

INSIDE

where Nick stands off to the side as the attendants transfer the corpse to a gurney. He and Brunetti exchange a silent look of frustration...

NICK

One regular guy gets it, and suddenly it's news...

BRUNETTI

Demographics, I guess.

NICK

(disgusted beat)  
I'll be in pathology.

INT. PATHOLOGY - NIGHT

JACK CHEN, sixty, Chinese, and one hell of a forensic pathologist goes over the guard's body with a magnifying glass and a tissue scraper as Nick looks on. The room, itself, has an amiable, ethnic clutter to it. It's scientific without being pristine. Very much like the man who works here.

CHEN

Drink it.

Nick looks at the cup of greenish tea in his hands like it was poison.

NICK

What is it?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHEN  
Grasshopper balls. Eye of newt. What  
the hell do you care? Drink it.

Nick screws up his courage... and gulps it down. Gags as it nearly  
comes back up... hyperventilating to keep it in his stomach.

CHEN  
Did you ever notice how you can take  
a simple little thing like drinking  
tea, and blow it up to this gigantic,  
theatrical production?

NICK  
Very easy for you to say.

CHEN  
How's your tan coming?

NICK  
I'm up to ten minutes, now.

CHEN  
Macho man.

NICK  
I'm working on it.

Chen moves away from the body.

CHEN  
This one's different... aside from  
his job and personal hygiene.  
(beat, studies Nick)  
You already knew that.

NICK  
Blood loss is the same.

CHEN  
(nods)  
Like the other three, most of his  
blood has been sucked out. It's the  
blood type that's different.

NICK  
He's not O?

CHEN  
B-negative. I was hoping we had a  
pattern.

Nick sighs... heads for the door...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

NICK  
Take it from the top...

CHEN  
Something more, Nick.

Nick turns. They eye each other silently... then Chen exposes the corpse's neck.

CHEN  
The others were clean, sharp slashes, weren't they?

CHEN'S FINGERS expose TWO PUNCTURE MARKS on the man's neck.

CHEN  
Are you holding out on me?

Off their uncomfortable moment, go to:

THE PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Populated with denizens of the dark. Cabbies, prostitutes, barflies, and drug dealers. A nice assortment of crimes; it's been a busy night. Find

BRUNETTI AND NICK moving quickly through, involved in a heated discussion. Overlapping each other as they make their points...

BRUNETTI  
3 AM and I'm on the line with the Mayor...

NICK  
We have an agreement....

BRUNETTI  
You think he's up watching MTV?!...  
The stakes have gone up here.

NICK  
I only work the night watch and I work alone.

BRUNETTI  
Not this time!

The squad room quiets noticeably. Brunetti pulls Nick off to the side, lowering his voice.

BRUNETTI  
We have four bloodless bodies sitting in the morgue and nothing, nothing to go on.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Three of them were type O and homeless...

BRUNETTI

The guy tonight's B-negative and he had a job. It screws the entire profile. This maniac could be after anyone.

(beat)

What's worse is that Mayan cup that was stolen - do you know what they used it for?

NICK

I know what they used it for...

BRUNETTI

Jesus. How long do you think we can keep a lid on that with this vampire shit?

A beat. Brunetti likes Nick. When he sighs, he sighs like a father. Puts his arm on Nick's shoulder and steers him down a hallway...

BRUNETTI

This can't be yours alone, Nick. You want to work nights - that's fine. You want to work alone at night - that's fine, too. On the Murphy case, on the Hudson killing, even that Presidio thing... you're solo on those and that's fine with me.

(beat)

But this investigation... this investigation is not going to stop when the sun comes up. Am I getting through to you?

NICK

(smells something coming)  
Who's it gonna be, Captain?

BRUNETTI

A day guy...

NICK

Who?

BRUNETTI

I want to give you someone with experience...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

NICK

His name....

BRUNETTI

You only have to deal with him during  
the change of the watch...

NICK

Aw, no.... Captain...

Brunetti opens HIS OFFICE door and herds Nick

INSIDE

Nick's eyes are closed... he knows who he's going to see. Opens  
them slowly to find just who he thought it would be:

SCHANKE

(big smile)

Hey, partner.

Nick hands his gun to Brunetti.

NICK

Shoot me.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAWN

The sky is lightening and the city lights begin to click off.

IN CHINATOWN

A familiar, two-tone Caddie moves through the tight streets just  
beginning to come alive with her vendors and exotic smells. Follow  
the Cadillac to:

A LARGE WAREHOUSE

Chinese writing on the side. An automatic steel door raises...  
admitting the Caddie into the darkness beyond.

INT. NICK'S WAREHOUSE

The Caddie comes to a rumbling stop.... then goes silent. It's  
almost too dark to see. Nick climbs out, crosses to an industrial  
elevator, then takes its whining ride to:

## THE LOFT ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Nick emerges wearily from the elevator... and enters what can only be described as the ultimate artist's loft. It's huge, clean, with magnificent windows overlooking the waterfront to the east. The walls are filled with superb art - most of it modern - and many large canvasses of what appears to be the same artist. These are bold, impressionistic pieces, full of light. Of the sun.

Nick crosses to a work corner, where one of these paintings is only half-done. This is his work - we can tell by the way he studies it. A sunrise over water, perhaps... something that reminds us of

THE VIEW OUT THE WINDOWS as the sun begins to peek up over the horizon. Nick crosses... standing in front the glass, gazing out. A yearning in his eyes. And then, before the sun becomes more than a sliver, hits a switch on the wall.

LARGE, METAL BLINDERS begin to grind down from the ceiling... slowly... powerfully.... completely blocking out any hint of daylight. Sealing the loft in an artificial night.

Nick stands there for a moment. A visible sigh. Then crosses into:

## THE KITCHEN

Equipped with all of the latest devices and post-modern lines, it has an undeniable sterility. As if it's rarely used.

Nick crosses to the industrial refrigerator... and opens it to find essentially barren shelves. There's some raw hamburger... and a few bottles of open, but corked wine. Nick considers the bottles for a long, guilty moment... then pulls out one. Crosses back out into

## A LIVING AREA

at one end of the loft. Clean-lined leather couches. A couple of Eames chairs. And a fireplace with a mantle.

Nick crosses slowly to the fireplace, pulling the wine bottle's cork out with his teeth.

ON HIS FACE as he reaches the mantle and pauses. Stares at something OFF CAMERA that is displayed on the ledge. Slowly reaches up and takes it... turning AWAY FROM CAMERA as he pours from the wine bottle into the object... then lifts it to drink.

MOVE AROUND NICK... move around him as he drinks.... to REVEAL that the the object is A GOBLET. A jade, Mayan goblet, exactly as we saw in the museum. And, as Nick drinks hungrily from it,

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

A SMALL TRICKLE finds its way out of the side of Nick's mouth, tracing a thin, red line as it descends his jawline... down his neck... and onto his white shirt collar.

Here, against the white cotton, it's apparent that this isn't a Napa Cabernet, or even a cheap Beaujolais. This red liquid is blood.

TO BLACK

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - SUNSET

El Sol dips down behind the Bay Bridge, and disappears into the Pacific.

INT. NICK'S LOFT - TWILIGHT

THE WINDOW SHADES rise with a mechanical groan.

A TELEPHONE ANSWERING MACHINE is switched to "Playback":

A MAN'S VOICE

Uh.. Mr.Knight? This is Gordon Bellows from DB&L. I'd like to apologize for my secretary. If daytime hours are inconvenient for you to discuss investment strategies, I'd be more than happy to meet with you at night. Give me a call...

NICK'S FACE appears in the bathroom mirror. Groggy. His eyes searching his features for something. Almost as if he just wants to make sure he's still there.

THE ANSWERING MACHINE PLAYBACK can be heard from the other room:

ALYCE'S VOICE

It's Alyce Hunter. I just... um... Well, I wanted you to know that I usually work nights, just in case you needed to ask me some more questions. Maybe you already knew that... Anyway.... I'm here.

Nick smiles a little as he lathers his face to shave. But there's a sad distance in his eyes.

CHEN'S VOICE

Your favorite forensic pathologist wants you to eat something this evening, understand? You need a Jewish mother.

NICK

I already have one.

ON A FRYING PAN

as a thick hamburger is barely seared on both sides, then flipped onto a plate. For all intents and purposes, this meat is raw.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK sits at the kitchen counter, staring at his strange breakfast with incredible distaste... then picks off a piece with a fork and takes a bite. Slowly, agonizingly, starts to chew... nearly gagging as he swallows.

EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - NIGHT

The final visitors straggle out with the staff, as a guard locks the front doors.

IN THE MAYAN ROOM

Alyce heads through toward the backroom area, carrying a large and dusty volume.

GUARD'S VOICE

You gonna be okay up here, Dr. Hunter?

She turns to see A GUARD in the adjoining Medieval Room.

ALYCE

If I'm not, you'll be the first to know.

He waves and starts off... then

ALYCE

Harry?

The guard turns.

ALYCE

Do you know if anyone from the police department's coming by tonight?

GUARD

Nobody told me.

She waves him off, a little disappointed, then heads into

THE BACK ROOMS

FOLLOW ALYCE as she moves through the artifacts and strange corridors. Through the deep shadows where something could hide. All the way back to:

HER DESK - where Alyce has spread a mound of research books, photographs, and papers. All have to do with Mayan excavations... Mayan ceremonies... and sacrifice.

THE BOOK she has brought back now is titled Early Excavations - Altun Kinal. Alyce opens it and begins to read...

INT. MONTGOMERY ST. STATION / SQUAD ROOM

The change of watch. Twice as many people and four times the activity. Find

NICK moving through on the way to his desk... intercepted by:

SCHANKE

Partner!

Nick winces as Schanke crosses with a couple of cups of coffee, a cigarette dangling from his lower lip.

SCHANKE

I told the Captain that we should ride together tonight to talk and kinda get things set up. Java?

He waves a cup under Nick's nose. Nick is truly repulsed.

NICK

Pass. Look, Schanke...

SCHANKE

It's Don, now, c'mon....

NICK

Don. I thought I made myself clear to the Captain...

SCHANKE

It's one night only - then I go to day shifts. He thought it was a great idea.

NICK

(it's futile to argue)  
It's a great idea.

SCHANKE

That's what I thought. Oh, and Chen wants to see us...

As they start off...

SCHANKE

You sure you don't want some coffee?

INT. PATHOLOGY

ON CHEN, wearing magnifying glasses as he scrapes under the fingernails of a very blue and cold hand. He barely looks up as

NICK AND SCHANKE enter.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHEN

Did you have a good breakfast?

NICK

An entire quarter pounder.

CHEN

Excellent...

They make silent eye contact, as Schanke chimes in...

SCHANKE

Hey, that's what I had, too. Quarter Pounder with cheese, large fries, and a Coke. These night watches... I mean, in my head, I know I just got up. But who can eat bacon and eggs when it's 7:30 at night?

NICK

Don't look at me.

SCHANKE

My point exactly.

CHEN

(to Schanke)

Would you please put out your cigarette?

He nods to a No Smoking sign on the wall. Schanke complies with a sigh. Nick turns to the doctor.

NICK

What'd you find?

Chen crosses to his desk and flips a small plastic packet to Nick. Nick holds it up to the light.

NICK

Anything in here?

CHEN

Silk threads. Black and very old. They were under the guard's fingernails.

Schanke takes the packet from Nick. Studies it as...

CHEN

I also discovered an anomaly in the way the man died. All of the victims were alive when their jugulars were severed - that's how the blood was pumped out.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

SCHANKE

I was wondering about that...

CHEN

The first three victims showed signs of strangulation, and - I believe - we're unconscious when the incision was made.

He crosses to the corpse... opening the eye lids.

CHEN (CONT.)

But this guy... his eyes aren't dilated... his thoracic region is unbruised... I'd bet dollars to donuts that he was fully conscious when he was being emptied.

SCHANKE

Aw, c'mon, Doc... the man was a guard. He had to put up a struggle.

Chen looks to Nick...

CHEN

That's what one would normally think...

Off their moment, go to:

EXT. THE STREETS - NIGHT

The Caddie on the prowl. Nick in the driver's seat, Schanke riding shotgun.

SCHANKE

Maybe he was hypnotized. I mean this whole thing smells like a cult of some kind. Back in the 60's - that's before your time -- we had a lotta cases like this. Strange brew.

Schanke pulls out a cigarette, as he continues....

SCHANKE

And the thing about 'em, see... was that they had one thing that was the common link. Like the type O blood...

NICK

What about the guard?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCHANKE

Maybe he had nothing to do with the other murders.

NICK

You mean we have two maniacs running around sucking blood out of people?

SCHANKE

Think about it. That's all I'm sayin', hotshot. Don't close the door on experience. You aren't gonna solve this thing with a lucky guess.

Schanke puts the cigarette in his mouth.

NICK

Not in my Caddie.

A beat... then Schanke pulls it out of his mouth, irritated.

SCHANKE

Why don't you drive a city car, huh? I mean, I know you're Joe Cool, but...

NICK

Trunk space.

SCHANKE

Trunk space?

NICK

The 1958 Cadillac has more trunk space than any car built in the last 30 years.

SCHANKE

(a nonplussed beat)

Trunk space.

(beat)

I knew that.

Another beat, then Schanke puts his cigarette back into its pack.

SCHANKE

Better for me anyway. My wife's tried fifty times to get me to quit. It's an addiction, y'know?

Nick looks to him like a guy who knows all about addictions.

SCHANKE

Addictions are hard to give up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

NICK

Tell me.

A beat... then Nick turns to

GOLDEN GATE PARK as they pass it. HIS POV is bright and clear... almost as if it's daylight. He scans the shadows... sees a homeless person rummaging through a garbage can... a couple kissing... nothing out of the ordinary.

WHAT HE HEARS is also heightened. The sounds of the park... and beyond. From a distant group of buildings on the other side of the park comes A SCREAM AND GUNSHOTS.

Suddenly, Nick pulls a hard left.... and floors the Caddie through an intersection!

Schanke hangs on for dear life...

SCHANKE

What the hell are you doin'?! I thought we were goin' to the museum!

A CALL comes cracking in over the police radio.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

All units in the vicinity of 28th Avenue and Golden Gate Park... we have a Code 6. Code 6 at 28th and the park.

Schanke fumbles for the mike, astonished.

SCHANKE

(into mike)  
Uh, yeah... this is...

NICK

81-K.

SCHANKE

(into mike)  
81-Kilo. We're on it!

He turns to Nick in amazement as other teams radio their response.

SCHANKE

How the hell did you know?

NICK

Lucky guess.

## INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

People screaming... utter pandemonium, as A GUNMAN sprays the hallway with an Uzi, clutching a twenty-year-old girl in front of him. Two dead men lie in their own blood outside one of the doors, smoke pouring out of the apartment within.

GUNMAN

I want it! Where the hell is it?!

He fires again.

## EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

One of many older buildings adjoining the park. A radio car and an unmarked are arriving as the Caddie pulls up... Nick and Schanke leaping out to join

TWO DETECTIVES, JESSUP AND MOORE, and a couple of uniformed cops at the door. A LATINO WOMAN is crying to them... speaking mile-a-minute Spanish.

LATINO WOMAN

(in Spanish)

He has my daughter! He killed the other men... he's drug crazy...

NICK

(in Spanish)

What floor?

LATINO WOMAN

(Spanish)

Sixth floor... He has a machine gun - he'll kill her!

Nick turns to the others, pulling out his 9mm.

NICK

One man, sixth floor, with an automatic and a hostage. Looks like drugs.

They move

## INSIDE THE BUILDING

Run quickly down the hallway to the elevators, Nick taking charge. Turns to the uniforms.

NICK

Shut down the elevators, and block the exits. Put the backups on crowd control.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Nick takes one of their walkie-talkies, then starts into the stairwell after the other detectives. Pauses when he realizes Schanke is staying behind. Nick turns to him....

SCHANKE

Experience says play the fire escape.

NICK

(pissed)  
So play it.

Nick starts up without him.

IN THE STAIRWELL

The three detectives sprint up the flights. Jessup, a wiry guy in his thirties, negotiates with Nick on the way up. Both gulp air between words.

JESSUP

Knight, your folder's already bulging, right?... I mean you got... seven commendations last year alone....

NICK

Yeah... so...?

MOORE

Sixth floor comin' up.

The men take up positions around the door on the landing.

JESSUP

So... why don't you let one of us take this, huh?

NICK

Guy's crazy with a full automatic.

JESSUP

What... you think you're bullet proof?

NICK

Open it.

Moore flings open the door... revealing

FLAMES SHOOTING out of the apartment into the hallway. The gunman and his hostage are farther down, near the elevators. He fires a spray at

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK... but that's not what has Nick worried. His eyes are on the fire.

NICK

Close it!

He leans back against the wall, suddenly sweating.

NICK

Flames in the hall.... probably a crack fire...

JESSUP

Where's the guy?

NICK

With the girl by the elevators. The fire's in between.

JESSUP

So we run through it.

NICK

You really want this?

JESSUP

Up for promotion next week.

Nick hands him the walkie-talkie and starts down the stairs.

JESSUP

Where you gonna be?

NICK

The fire escape.

WITH NICK - flying down the stairwell, taking several steps at a time. Passes TWO COPS on their way up.

NICK

There's a fire on six! Pull out everyone above it... but bring 'em down this way. Keep the fire escape clear.

He charges through a door into:

THE FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY

Nick runs down the hall to the window at the far end... then opens it and climbs onto

THE FIRE ESCAPE - OUTSIDE

Nick looks down to see:

SCHANKE on his way up, delighted that Nick has come around to his point of view.

SCHANKE

Hey!

NICK

Keep everyone off this thing!

SCHANKE

Did I tell ya?

Nick ignores him and starts up.

ON THE SIXTH FLOOR

The gunman pounds his elbow into the elevator button, as he clutches the girl with one arm, the Uzi with the other.

GUNMAN

Start it up! Now !

JESSUP AND MOORE have moved into doorways on either side of the hall, the fire still between them and the gunman.

JESSUP

We can't. The fire shut the elevators down. Now just calm down.... and let the girl go. There's no need....

The gunman FIRES another burst from his Uzi, effectively ending the conversation. Starts backing away toward

THE WINDOW at the end of the hall, which leads to the fire escape.

GUNMAN

You come near me, I'll blow her head off... I swear to God, man, I will....

He places his gun in the small of the girl's back, pulling her along.

Jessup and Moore trade glances. There's nothing they can do.

JESSUP

(into walkie-talkie)  
He's headed for the fire escape...

CONTINUED

## CONTINUED

The gunman arrives at the window... glances out... then shifts the girl so that she's held by the arm his gun is in, its barrel pointed beneath her chin. With his free arm, he carefully opens the window.... then

A DARK BLUR dives in and tackles the girl away from the gunman. Nick.

The gunman is now exposed to

Jessup and Moore. They try to get shots off... held back by:

ANOTHER SPRAY from the Uzi. It gives the gunman just enough time to leap out onto:

## THE FIRE ESCAPE

Schanke is two flights below. Gets off a shot, before more Uzi fire pins him back... allowing the gunman to head up the stairs toward the rooftop.

IN THE HALLWAY - Nick is instantly on his feet. Turns the terrified girl over to Jessup...

NICK

Take her!

JESSUP

(protesting)

Hey, this is my....

But Nick is already out the window.

## THE ROOF

Dark, with plenty of vents and fan units; it's a good place to hide.

NICK slowly climbs up from the fire escape. The view is spectacular - but he doesn't see it. His eyes are intent on

THE ROOF - HIS POV. Bright. Almost like daylight. WHAT HE HEARS is accentuated, too. The sounds of the city... of the rooftop fans.... of a MAN BREATHING from behind a vent.

Nick starts toward the vent... when suddenly

THE GUNMAN pops up and FIRES. A long, sustained burst straight at Nick.

BULLET HITS erupt on Nick's body... the projectiles passing through him... and slamming into a vent cowl directly behind his back!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The gunman turns, now... runs to:

THE EDGE OF THE ROOF.... and leaps across the ten foot gap, to the roof of the next building.

ON NICK... on his knees... and, amazingly, alive. He raises his head... revealing YELLOW, FURIOUS EYES. His mouth opens in an angry hiss... a hiss that exposes TWO, LONG CANINE TEETH. Sharp teeth. The teeth of a vampire.

WIDE - as Nick stands and runs toward the edge of the roof. Accelerating at an inhuman rate. Coming to the edge and

TAKING OFF.

AN AERIAL POV

of the buildings below. The rooftops. A man running across them. Is this Nick's POV? Suddenly,

A POLICE CHOPPER roars past camera and arcs down toward the buildings. Throws a spotlight across them.

IN THE CHOPPER

The PILOT reports what he sees:

PILOT

Yeah... we make a guy running across the rooftops headed East toward the church. No sign of Knight...

THE GUNMAN LEAPS ONTO A ROOFTOP

then turns back as he runs... looking for the chopper... seeing instead:

A DARK SHAPE flying out of the night sky toward him! Swooping at tremendous speed... Is it human?

The gunman screams as WHUMP, he's knocked to the ground, as helpless as a field mouse being attacked by a hawk. He spins on the ground --- alone for a second -- scanning the sky. Breathless with terror. Panning his gunbarrel, wondering... What the hell was it? Then...

WHUMP! Another attack out of nowhere. This time the gunman spins... and FIRES a burst at the

INCOMING SHADOW. But nothing can stop it... nothing can down the yellow-eyed demon that picks the terrified gunman up by his collar. Smiles with those horrific fangs, and says...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Man, what kind of drugs have you been  
doing?

Nick heaves the guy into a fan housing.

IN THE CHOPPER

The pilot and his spotter are closing in on Nick....

PILOT

(into mike)

Yeah... I think we have Knight and  
the suspect...

(to spotter)

Hit 'em with the light.

ON THE ROOF - NICK

turns to the noise of the approaching chopper...

THE SPOTLIGHT - HIS POV - arcs toward him... a blinding beam of  
bright... illuminating something directly in between Nick and the  
chopper's flight path:

A GIGANTIC CROSS - on a church's steeple.

NICK

Noooo!

He shields his eyes, hissing in rage as the SHADOW OF THE CROSS  
is cast across him. Driving him away.... toward the edge of the  
roof....

IN THE CHOPPER

The spotter sweeps the spotlight across the roof, suddenly  
confused.

SPOTTER

I don't get it, I had him in the  
light...

PILOT

You see Knight?

The spotter scans the roof... finding only the unconscious body  
of the gunman. He turns to the pilot and shakes his head....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SPOTTER

He's gone.

Off their reactions go...

TO BLACK

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. AN AERIAL POV - NIGHT

Banking high and wide over the bay... a predator's view, swooping down toward:

FISHERMAN'S WHARF

The place is humming, even at this late hour. Plenty of restaurants still open. Find

JEANIE AND TOPPER - IN AN ALLEYWAY - checking the dumpsters. They've done pretty well tonight. In addition to the grocery cart filled with their possessions, they have a second cart filled with aluminum cans.

JEANIE

That's it, Topper. Call it a night.

TOPPER

We got enough for Haagen-Dazs bars?

JEANIE

As long as you aren't drinkin'.

TOPPER

Dry as a bone.

JEANIE

And gonna stay that way.

They push their carts out onto:

JEFFERSON STREET

Start wheeling them west toward Aquatic Park. Topper and Jeanie are unaware of

SOMETHING FOLLOWING THEM - POV. Stalking them as they move through the tourists on the sidewalk. HEAR A FAINT JINGLING (keys? pocket change?) as the POV moves... closing the distance. Pausing as

The homeless couple buys ice cream bars from a cart-stand in front of the Cannery.

EXT. AQUATIC PARK

Topper and Jeanie moving through, finishing their ice cream as they head for

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THE BAND SHELL. It's deserted and dark. Something that puzzles Jeanie.

JEANIE

I thought Dr. Dave was gonna meet us.

TOPPER

You know Dave...

They begin to settle in for the night as

THE PREDATORY POV moves toward them. Silent except for the jingling. Quickly. Moving in for the kill.

ON JEANIE, as she pulls bedrolls out of the shopping cart.

JEANIE

Top, you wanna extra blanket? Gonna get cold.

( pause)

Topper?

She turns... her face suddenly filling with shocked and numb recognition.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

AN AMBULANCE whines as it departs the scene of the fire/gunman... revealing

SCHANKE, JESSUP, AND BRUNETTI at the curb.

JESSUP

The perp. said it was a flying monster, or something...

SCHANKE

A vampire. That's what he said... I heard him.

BRUNETTI

I'm tellin' you the press has everybody in the town hallucinating. A vampire? Please. The perp. had been smoking crack for 72 hours. He was incoherent.

(beat)

You saw Knight go up to the roof?

SCHANKE

I saw Knight go up...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRUNETTI

Then it had to be Knight who got him.

JESSUP

Excuse me, sir... but if it had to be Knight, where the hell is he?

EXT. AN AERIAL POV

Floating over the city. A city brighter than it should be. The sounds far more intense than normal. Scanning through them... homing in on CLASSICAL MUSIC coming from a building below...

ON A RADIO

playing the classical tune. A woman's hand reaches over and turns the music down. SLOWLY WIDEN to reveal that the woman is

ALYCE - AT HER DESK IN THE MUSEUM. And that what she's reading is so interesting, that the music had become a distraction.

THE DUSTY BOOK'S PRINT - ECU - reads like a gothic horror story. PAN the words as she reads: "... the bodies of the Indian workers would be found the next morning completely drained of blood."

A shiver runs through Alyce. She turns the page... revealing:

A PHOTOGRAPH of a dozen Western men surrounded by their Indian laborers in a jungle camp. The night's fire burns in the b.g. The caption reads "Altun-Kinal 1889 Excavation Expedition."

Alyce scans THE FACES of the men in the photograph. Reacting as one of them stops her cold:

IN THE FRONT ROW - wearing a floppy brimmed hat, looking like a 19th century version of Indiana Jones, is a dead ringer for... Nick Knight.

EXT. AERIAL POV

Swooping down... a hawk searching for the faint sound of the classical music. Finding it in the direction of

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. The POV arcs toward it smoothly.

IN THE MUSEUM BACK ROOM

Alyce stands... then takes the old book back

THROUGH THE REAR HALLWAYS and their dusty artifacts... to

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

A XEROX MACHINE parked off to one side. This is a large, industrial machine. Alyce places the book open on the Xerox's window... sets the controls to the "ENLARGE" mode... then starts the machine.

AN ENLARGEMENT of the 1889 photo slides out into the delivery tray with a whine.

Alyce places this enlargement onto the window... and starts the machine again.

EXT. MUSEUM ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The POV glides over the museum's large and ornate old skylights. Searching for something... for a way in....

ANOTHER XEROX ENLARGEMENT OF THE PHOTO

rolls out into the tray. This one has been blown up enough so that "Nick" is the only person in the photo. Alyce studies it in amazement. The resemblance is staggering. This man has Nick's cocky smile... the same gleam in the eyes. And she can't help but notice

A SCAR on the man's chest, revealed through the cleave of his unbuttoned shirt. Alyce makes silent note of it... then reacts to:

A SOUND from the museum display area. Like a chair moving across the floor. A squeak.

A beat... then Alyce takes her book and the enlargements and starts toward the noise.

THE MAYAN EXHIBIT ROOM

is lit by long, blue streaks of moonlight coming in through the skylights overhead. A distant worklight creates a weak fill and dark shadows.

Alyce emerges from the back rooms...

ALYCE  
Harry? Is that you?

No answer. She hesitates for a moment, then starts through the exhibit.

A FLOATING POV tracks with her, as she moves past the artifacts... paralleling her movement into:

## THE MEDIEVAL ROOM

The POV moves closer, now.... homing in...

ON ALYCE as she stops... sensing something...

ALYCE

Harry?

An uneasy, breathless pause... then she turns... and SCREAMS!

NICK stands in front of her - only inches away.

NICK

Easy... easy....

ALYCE

You scared the living shit out of me...

NICK

I'm sorry...

ALYCE

Hold me...

She leans into him for a hug. Nick puts his arms around her... suddenly looking very uncomfortable...

NICK

I don't know what got into me.

HER NECK tempts him... just inches away from THE RESIDUAL FANGS that haven't retracted to their normal size yet.

NICK

It was a bad joke. I'm sorry....

And hungry. The sight of her pale neck makes him dizzy. He fights the urge... God, he fights it... and finally pulls away.

NICK

Whoa... hey, guess it was a shock for both our systems, huh?

A guard appears at the end of the hall.

GUARD

Dr. Hunter... You okay?

ALYCE

Fine, Harry. It's just the police department.

GUARD

(puzzled)

I didn't let anyone in.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

I came in through the basement,  
Harry. Found the way the killer got  
in.

GUARD

Oh, that's good... good. You need  
any help?

NICK

Think I've got it covered.

GUARD

Great. Okay. I guess I can leave you  
two up here alone then...

ALYCE

(likes the idea)  
Thank you, Harry.

NICK

Yeah, thank you...

A beat... then they turn back to each other. Liking what they see.  
Alyce drawn to Nick's face... its resemblance to the photo.

NICK

Something wrong?

ALYCE

No... no...

(covering)

What did you do to your jacket? Are  
these bullet holes?

Nick looks down... and sees the holes, front and back, that the  
gunman's Uzi made. He covers quickly...

NICK

Yeah... some drug dealer was wearing  
this last year. Got creamed by a Uzi.  
I wear it as a reminder.

ALYCE

A reminder?

NICK

Of my own mortality.

ALYCE

Right. Maybe we should have you  
fitted with one of these...

She gestures to a suit of armor as they head back through the  
room.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

NICK

You don't know what it's like to walk  
in that stuff.

ALYCE

That's right, you're a knight with  
a k aren't you?

NICK

So I took a course in it at NYU.  
By the way, the tasset on that suit  
doesn't fit the breastplate. The  
guy wouldn't be able to take a leak.

ALYCE

(smiles, amazed)  
I'll tell the curator.

NICK

Don't bother... nobody knows the  
difference.

ALYCE

You do.

NICK

Happens to you once - you don't  
forget.

Nick shrugs off her admiring grin as they move into

## THE MAYAN ROOM

Alyce slows her pace, allowing Nick to wander ahead. Watching  
the way he seems to be absorbed by the artifacts. Loving him for  
it.

ALYCE

They say everything in our future  
can be found in our past.

NICK

"The past is the only dead thing that  
smells sweet." - Edward Thomas.

ALYCE

Do you feel that way, too?

NICK

No.

Nick turns back...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK  
It's too easy a place to hide.

ALYCE  
Is that what you think I'm doing?

Nick starts back toward her. There's something seductive... something predatory in the way he moves.

NICK  
Aren't you? Burrowing your head into books and artifacts and dusty soil. Working alone in here at night.

ALYCE  
I like the night...

NICK  
No people, no present, no future... just the past.

ALYCE  
I'm comfortable with it.

NICK  
Don't be.  
(beat)  
Dwell on yesterday, and you have no today... no tomorrow.

ALYCE  
Another quote?

NICK  
The voice of experience.

ALYCE  
You haven't lived that long...

NICK  
I'm working on it.

They're now face to face. Moments away from a kiss. Nick removes the book from her hand. The book that was the only thing between them... and

They kiss. Softly, at first.... and then with hunger. Deep kisses, filled with passion... ending in a breathless clutch.

ALYCE  
Hold me.... Just hold me...  
(beat)  
Y'know, I was actually scared tonight before you came. That book...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

NICK

Altun-Kinal...

ALYCE

The first dig was abandoned because the Indian laborers were being killed at night. They said it was vampires... sucked their blood...

ON NICK - His eyes are a strange yellow... His mouth a breath away from her neck... He fights against the urge with all his might...

NICK

No....

ALYCE

(misinterpreting)

It sounds incredible... but apparently they were searching for a pair of goblets, just like the one we had stolen.

Nick's fangs come out of their sheath. He trembles....

ALYCE (CONT.)

They found one, but abandoned the dig before they could find the other. That was ours, don't you see? The murderer may have had one goblet already and stole ours to make the pair...

Nick opens his mouth... closes in on her juggler... when

NICK

No... I can't.....

He pushes away from her... ripping the front of his shirt open... turns his head away so she can't see...

ALYCE

Nick?!...

And then she sees

THE SCAR on his chest. Exactly like the man in the photograph. She's stunned....

NICK

(head turned away)

Alyce... I...

GUARD'S VOICE

Dr. Hunter?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

Alyce turns toward the voice...

ALYCE  
Harry?

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM announces the guard approaching through the Medieval Room.

GUARD  
You two okay in there?

ALYCE  
Uh, I'm not sure... Maybe Nick...

She turns back to him and stops her sentence cold.

Nick is gone. All that remains is the dusty book on the floor, the Xerox pages scattered.

Off Alyce's reaction, go to:

INT. MONTGOMERY ST. STATION / SQUAD ROOM

Schanke moves through with Jack Chen. Chen looks worried.

SCHANKE  
Yeah, I figured he mighta come back here, so I drove the Caddis.

CHEN  
You have the keys?

As Schanke pulls them from his pocket...

SCHANKE  
I'll tell ya, I forgot the way those things used t'drive. I'm talkin' smoooooooooth... a rolling condominium.

Chen takes the keys.

SCHANKE  
You think you can find him?

CHEN  
What time's sunrise?

SCHANKE  
Five forty-five... six A.M. What's that got to do with anything?

But Chen is already out the door.

## EXT. CHINATOWN - EARLY DAWN

The sky is just beginning to lighten. The streets beginning to come alive. Find

THE CADDIE cruising through with Chen at the wheel. Pulling down the side street... and into

NICK'S WAREHOUSE.

## INT. NICK'S LOFT - DAYBREAK

Chen arrives on the elevator... and is relieved to hear the SOUND OF A HORROR MOVIE playing on a distant TV. He's also pissed. Releases an irritated sigh as he crosses to

THE WINDOWS and hits the wall switch. The metal shutters, which have been closed, start to open.

NICK'S VOICE

What are you doing, Jack?

WITH CHEN as he crosses to

A MEDIA AREA with comfortable chairs, a massive stereo, and a giant screen TV playing a Bela Lugosi vampire movie. NICK'S VOICE comes from behind the back of a large Eames chair.

CHEN

You weren't picking up the phone.

NICK'S VOICE

I didn't want to talk to anyone.

CHEN

Y'know, you create a helluva lot of tension when you disappear like this. Brunetti starts twitching.

A streak of sunlight appears on the ceiling.

NICK'S VOICE

Close the blinds, Jack.

Nick's hand appears from behind the chair and places a half-empty "wine" bottle on the coffee table.

CHEN

No.

Chen grabs the bottle.

CHEN

You have got to stop drinking this.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

VAMPIRE NICK suddenly appears from behind the chair, reaching up and HISSING in yellow-eyed, long fanged fury.

Chen quickly backs off.

CHEN

Is this the same guy who came begging to me to help him change, so that he could see a sunrise?

NICK

Screw the sunrise. Give me the bottle.

CHEN

No! Everything I do for you -- everything that can help you regain your mortality - is wasted when you drink this stuff. It's the blood that keeps you from coming over.

NICK

I am what I am, Chen. And I don't think Betty Ford takes vampires.

CHEN

You can be human.

NICK

Human? What's more human? Drinking a little cow blood now and then, or committing cold blooded murder?

CHEN

You've done both.

NICK

I caught a killer tonight... I'm paying my debt.

CHEN

And you couldn't have caught him without the vampire?

NICK

Who cares how I did it?!

CHEN

You do!

NICK

Close the blinds and get outta here!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

CHEN

(beat)

Oh... well... I guess this is a major  
change in attitude, excuse me.

ON CHEN - as he hands Nick the bottle and starts toward the door.

CHEN (CONT)

You don't want help, I'm a dot on  
the horizon.

NICK'S VOICE

Jack...

CHEN

Let me put up the blinds, here...  
and you go back to your Bela Lugosi  
movie. Maybe he can give you a few  
tips...

NICK'S VOICE

Will you stop...

The TELEPHONE RINGS and is picked up by the answering machine.  
HEAR Nick's message - "leave your name and number... etc." in  
the b.g. as

Chen hits the wall switch for the blinds. They start to close.

CHEN

You know, you could go public with  
this and do quite well. "Blood  
Suckers as Public Servants -- Next  
On Geraldo." .... No, excuse me, he's  
probably already done it.

There's a BEEP from the telephone answering machine, then a  
familiar female voice comes on:

ALYCE'S VOICE

(from machine)

Nick, I'm sorry to keep calling.  
But after what happened tonight, I  
think we oughta talk. Will you call  
me? Please?

She hangs up. Chen turns to:

NICK, fangless and normal, standing in the half-light like a  
broken man.

CHEN

Is this the curator from the museum?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

NICK  
I kissed her tonight...

CHEN  
And...?

NICK  
And then I nearly killed her.

He looks at the bottle of blood in his hand... bitter, angry.  
Hefts it in frustration... then heaves it into the wall.

The blood runs slowly down the white plaster.

CHEN  
Nick...  
(beat)  
Don't you think it's time we talked  
about the others?

Nick turns to him, deeply pained. His eyes welling. He sighs  
deeply....

and nods.

TO BLACK

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. AQUATIC PARK - DAWN

The band shell is golden in the soft, morning light. A jogger passes in the f.g., oblivious to what lies in the structure beyond. HEAR:

ALYCE'S VOICE

(reading)  
 "...adding to the problem of keeping the Indians at work, were the mystical properties said to be possessed by the goblets themselves..."

A BLOOD BANK TRUCK pulls up to the edge of the park and stops.

INT. A DINER - DAWN

ALYCE sits in a booth, reading from the Altun-Kinal book as she eats breakfast. We continue to hear her thoughts...

ALYCE'S VOICE

(reading)  
 "Many European occultists believed that the Mayan ceremony, where the blood of the sacrifice victim was poured from goblet to goblet, then swallowed by the high priest, could, in fact, be the cure for vampirism."

ALYCE pauses for a moment, as she reacts to the next few words..

ALYCE'S VOICE

"It was only natural that the Indians believed that there were vampires in their midst..."

She looks to the Xerox enlargement of the picture of "Nick." Could he be...?

INT. NICK'S LOFT

ON THE GOBLET as Chen cradles it in his hands.

CHEN

So it was this Lacroix who was killing the Indians at Altun-Kinal?

The room is in half-light, devoid of any sign of the sun. Nick lies on a nearby couch, exhausted. He nods.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

(nods)  
He didn't want me to have the other goblet. He didn't then - he doesn't now.

(beat)  
Lacroix was my master -- the vampire who brought me over. He'll do anything to keep me this way.

CHEN

Including killing a guard and stealing it from a museum...

NICK

The skylight was the only way in - I did it tonight. It's him.

CHEN

And he believes if you do this ceremony, you can become mortal again?

NICK

(a beat - looks to him)  
We both do.

Nick sighs and stands.

NICK

Lock up when you leave, will ya?  
I gotta sleep...

He starts out... stopped by:

CHEN

But why the street people?

(beat)  
He killed the guard at the museum to get the cup. The Indians - to halt the dig. This still doesn't explain why he'd be killing these homeless people.

NICK

They were always our prey. No one cares. No one notices when they're gone. It never bothered Lacroix. But me....

(beat, a painful memory)  
This is his way of calling me out, Jack. This is his way of getting back at me.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

A moment between them, then Nick heads for the pitch black of the bedroom.

HOLD on Chen... on his thoughts... then go to:

EXT. AQUATIC PARK - LATE DAY

A GROUP OF SCREAMING KIDS, their mothers behind them, run into the park... letting off steam after a school day. They pass:

THE BLOODMOBILE, parked where it was in the morning, and just packing up for the day. DR. DAVE, a white-haired, neatly kept transient, emerges from the vehicle sporting an "I Gave" button and counting his blood money. He crosses to

SEVERAL OTHER HOMELESS folks, lingering on a park bench.

DR. DAVE

Anybody seen Jeanie and Topper?

AT THE BAND SHELL

The kids head toward it, laughing and shouting. Playing a fierce game of tag.

ONE OF THEM suddenly pulls up short. Her eyes go wide as she sees:

A PAIR OF MALE LEGS sticking out awkwardly from the side of the stage... their shoes sitting in a pool of congealed blood.

GO WIDE as her little scream slowly attracts the other kids and parents in the soft, golden light. Then

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME ANGLE OF THE PARK - NIGHT

Now lit by the harsh glare of search lights, the place is swarming with cops. Find

NICK in the midst of it, his eyes clouded by angry tears. He keeps moving, never stopping, driven by a crazy, guilty energy. CHEN AND SCHANKE stay close by, Chen giving his preliminary report, Schanke pulling hard on a smoke.

CHEN

He was hit by a blunt object in the head... probably knocked unconscious prior to the jugular incision...

SCHANKE

Was it two punctures this time?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHEN

An incision. Singular.

NICK

(blurts)  
Where the hell is she?!

CHEN

Nick...

NICK

Jeanie never left Topper alone.

SCHANKE

Maybe she was with him. Somebody had  
to push the other cart.

Nick calls to a search team...

NICK

Dedrick?

DEDRICK

Nothing on the west side.

Nick moves on to:

DR. DAVE AND THE OTHER TRANSIENTS who are gathered around a cop  
giving their version of the events.

NICK

Who was the last person to see them?

DR DAVE

I was -- up by Pier 39 around  
noontime yesterday. Usually find  
something to eat up there at  
McDonalds.

NICK

And they were together?

DR DAVE

Never apart. I knew somethin' was  
wrong when they didn't show up at  
the Bloodmobile.

SCHANKE

Wait a minute wait a minute. There  
was a Bloodmobile here today?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

DR DAVE  
 Every Thursday.  
 (shows his pin)  
 Give a little - get a little. It's  
 our way of making a meaningful  
 contribution to society.

SCHANKE  
 You hear that, Knight?

But Nick is already walking... Chen at his side.

NICK  
 I should've put them up somewhere...

CHEN  
 You gonna put up every person who's  
 out in the street? You have to stop  
 blaming yourself. It's not...

NICK  
 It is my fault! It's my fault, Jack.  
 All of this!

Schanke catches up, excited.

SCHANKE  
 Bloodmobile, homeless... if this guy  
 was type O we got a hat trick!

NICK  
 You work the day shift, right?

SCHANKE  
 (taken aback)  
 Yeah, but....

NICK  
 Do it on your own time.

Nick starts out of the park, toward his car.

SCHANKE  
 What's his problem?

CHEN  
 I don't think you want to know.

ON NICK - A PREDATORY POV

Moving with him... paralleling him from a distance as he crosses  
 to his car.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK - CLOSE - senses something. Comes to a sudden stop... and peers into

THE PARK - HIS POV. There are the trees, the cops searching, nothing more. A pause.... then

Nick crosses to his Caddie and climbs in.

EXT. NORTH BEACH STREETS - NIGHT

The Caddie on the prowl. Stereo grumbling. Nick at the wheel. He's angry. Determined. Unaware that

SOMETHING is following him. A STRANGE POV keeping its distance... keeping the Caddie in its sights.

EXT. RAVEN - NIGHT

A neo-vertigo nightclub with a line of people dressed in black outside the door. Denizens of the night.

THE CADDIE pulls up to the valet and Nick climbs out. Crosses to the door, where he's met by a gangly, Ichabod Craneish hipster with a pudding bowl haircut and those shiny, black vinyl shoes. Pure Melrose.

MELROSE

Name please?

NICK

I'm not on the list.

Nick flashes his badge.

MELROSE

(pure condescension)

I'm afraid that won't get you in.

Nick HISSES. Shows a good inch of fang.

Melrose nearly has a coronary.

MELROSE

That will.

He quickly unhooks the velvet rope gate... allowing Nick to go inside.

## INT. RAVEN

Dark, loud, and smoky. Very hip. Velvet Underground twenty years later. There are the models and their escorts -- healthy, rich types - and then the thin, anorexic-looking regulars with their severe haircuts and alabaster skin that never sees the light of day. Nick actually looks like he has a tan.

WITH HIM as he moves through the traffic... past the bar.... across the dance floor. Searching for something. Someone. Seemingly unaware that

He's being followed. THE PREDATORY POV is, again, tracking his every move. Effortlessly paralleling him as he moves through the club.

Nick finally stops at the edge of the dance floor... his eyes on A WOMAN sitting in the shadows at a corner table. She's thirty... very pale... smokes a cigarette as she sips from a glass of red wine. Her eyes meet his... and lock. Something between them. A beat... then Nick crosses.

Again, a wordless pause. Their eyes holding an uneasy familiarity. Finally...

NICK

Do I still call you Janette?

JANETTE

If you like.

She pulls out the chair beside hers. Nick sits.

THE POV starts to close in....

JANETTE

I'd heard you were in town.

NICK

Three years.

JANETTE

Wasn't it Chicago before?

NICK

It was time.

JANETTE

The Dorian Grey syndrome...

NICK

Although if I'd known they were going to install lights at Wrigley Field...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JANETTE

(smiles)  
I hate baseball.

Nick surveys the club. Then in perfect French...

NICK

(French - subtitled)  
This seems to be doing well for you.

JANETTE

(French - subtitled)  
Yes... I guess it does remind one  
a little of Paris. The young men...  
the music...

NICK

(French - subtitled)  
Depends upon which century.

JANETTE

(French)  
No... they were all good in Paris.  
Every one of them...

A sad, distant moment between them... then she takes a sip from  
her glass. Off Nick's look to her...

JANETTE

The light's dark, I'm the owner, and  
I find I'm able to mix it with a  
little wine. My bartender thinks I'm  
a lush.

(smiles)  
Would you like some?

NICK

No...

JANETTE

(with an edge)  
That's right... you're probably on  
duty.

Nick feels the chill. Hardens his demeanor.

THE POV continues to close....

NICK

He's here.

JANETTE

I know so many people... what's your  
name this time? Nicky something...?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

NICK

I want to know where, Janette.

JANETTE

(a pause)

He hasn't been making these kills,  
if that's what you think. Nowadays,  
nobody's that stupid.

Nick grasps her forearm, applying pressure...

NICK

Where.

TWO HANDS suddenly come clamping down hard on his neck. Nick spins to see:

A HUGE BOUNCER at the other end of the hands, waiting to do Janette's bidding. She waves him away.

JANETTE

Always the gentleman, aren't you?

She takes a drag from her cigarette, then stubs it out.

JANETTE

Filthy habit. At least I know it  
can't kill me.

(beat... then sincerely)  
I'd be careful, if I were you.

She scrawls an address on her cocktail napkin. Hands it to Nick.

JANETTE

He's very disappointed.

Nick stands... heads for the door, with

THE POV - CONTINUOUS SHOT

following behind him... through the dancers... past the bar...  
all the way

OUTSIDE - where Nick's car is parked at the curb. He hands the valet a tip, climbs into the front seat... and THE POV climbs into the backseat behind him.

ON NICK

sensing something. His hand reaches inside his jacket... pulls out his gun... and he spins!

ALYCE shrieks at the sight of the gun in her face.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALYCE  
Jesus, Knight!

NICK  
What the hell are you doing here?!

ALYCE  
We have to talk.

NICK  
We have to talk, yes. But what are you doing here?

Alyce climbs over into the front seat. She's carrying the book on Altun-Kinal.

ALYCE  
I followed you.

NICK  
What?

ALYCE  
From the park. I heard about the murder on the radio... I figured you'd be there so...

NICK  
Get out of the car.

ALYCE  
No.

NICK  
I'm on police business.

ALYCE  
I'll ride along.

NICK  
No you won't. It's dangerous.

ALYCE  
It has something to do with vampires doesn't it?

Nick blinks at this...

NICK  
Do you do all your reading in supermarket checkout lines?

Alyce pulls the Xerox enlargement of Nick out of the book. Shows it to him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

Nick looks at it for a moment... then reacts to A CAR HONKING behind him for him to move. Nick reluctantly pulls the Caddie into the traffic. He consults the napkin that Janette gave him, then turns on THE RADIO and tunes it in to a heavy metal station.

Well?  
ALYCE

Well what?  
NICK

Is this you?  
ALYCE

It looks like me.  
NICK

Even the scar on your chest is the same.  
ALYCE

Then it must be me.  
NICK

It was taken in 1889.  
ALYCE

Nick looks to her. A beat.

Then it was someone who looks like me.  
NICK

Who knows about the jade goblet, who can read glyphs, who can disappear in the middle of the museum in ten seconds flat?  
ALYCE

Yes.  
NICK  
(beat - take offensive)  
Are you crazy? Everybody in the world has a double. My uncle's a dead ringer for Morton Downey Jr. And, while that may make him miserable at times, it does not make him a vampire!

A sobering pause.

Am I making a fool of myself?  
ALYCE

Nick gives her a long look.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

NICK

I got out of the museum the same way  
the murderer did - through the  
backrooms and into the basement. The  
glyphs - the goblet... pure NYU.

Alyce deflates with a sigh.

ALYCE

God... and I call myself a scientist.

NICK

Legends are seductive... like good  
gossip. You want to believe them,  
but when it comes down to cold, hard  
facts....

A pause. Alyce studies him...

ALYCE

I did want to believe it, Nick.

NICK

That I was a vampire?

ALYCE

Think about it. How wonderful to be  
an archaeologist - a historian - and  
have a living, first hand connection  
to the past.

NICK

There you go... living in the past,  
again.

ALYCE

I guess...

NICK

Isn't there anything you like in the  
present?

This is a leading question - they both know it. A beat, then...

ALYCE

Look... last night...

NICK

The chemistry just went a little...

ALYCE

I was talking too much...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (4)

NICK

It's over. In the past already, okay?  
It's just you and me, now, in the  
Caddie.

ALYCE

You're going to let me stay?

NICK

(realizes)  
Where's your car?

ALYCE

Back at the club.

Nick sighs... giving in.

ALYCE

And do we have to listen to this  
music?

She goes to change the station... and Nick stops her. A DEEP  
VOICED D.J. comes on between the songs.

DJ'S VOICE

The Nightcrawler bringin' you a  
little lead on K-MET, metal for the  
ages.

Nick's face tells us that he recognizes the voice.

ALYCE

I hate this guy...

DJ'S VOICE

This next set's dedicated to  
Jean-Pierre...

Nick reacts to the name. A name from a long time ago...

INT. RADIO STATION - ON THE D.J.

He's around forty, peck-faced, with long black hair drawn into  
a ponytail. Many years ago, he went by another name... LACROIX.

LACROIX

(continues - into mike)  
... The Nightcrawler's waiting for  
you.

He hits a button, and a large, reel-to-reel tape machine starts  
playing in the b.g. Heavy metal over the monitor speakers.

Lacroix stands, self-satisfied, and puts on a long, black coat  
that appears to be from another century. He then throws on a black  
silk scarf and exits the booth.

EXT. SOUTH PARK INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Foggy. Deserted. Industrial buildings of all kinds.

The Caddie emerges from the mist, and parks in front of the converted warehouse that is now K-MET RADIO.

NICK turns to Alyce.

NICK

Keep it tuned to this station. If you hear anything weird, or if I'm not out in twenty minutes, pick up this radio...

He shows her the police radio under the dash...

NICK

(continuing)

...and say that 81-Kilo needs back-up at this address.

ALYCE

Wouldn't it be better if we just called them now? Or, at least, introduce me to the person I'll be talking to....

But Nick is already out of the car and on his way to

THE FRONT DOOR. Nick peers inside - there's an empty reception area leading to a long, dark hallway. He rings the nightbell. A beat.... then the door buzzes open.

INT. RADIO STATION / RECEPTION

Nick enters... then stops and listens. HEARS the sounds of the building... the fans... the distant monitors playing music... and FOOTSTEPS. Nick focuses down

THE HALLWAY - HIS POV - Brighter than human eyesight would make it appear. Bright enough to see

THE DARK FIGURE of a man in an overcoat standing at the far end. Lacroix. He turns and heads toward a rear exit.

Nick follows... never turning back to see:

ALYCE watching through the glass of the front door.

EXT. RADIO STATION

Alyce quickly heads around the building... in just enough time to see:

LACROIX emerge from A REAR DOOR and head up the alley. Nick comes out moments later and follows.

## WITH NICK

following Lacroix through a series of NARROW PASSAGES to:

## ANOTHER LARGE WAREHOUSE

of some kind. Lacroix stops at the side of this structure, then turns and looks back at Nick with a smile. Suddenly,

LACROIX goes ballistic. Shoots like a rocket into the air... whooshing up to the roof of the warehouse.

NICK hesitates for a moment... then LAUNCHES HIMSELF skyward, after his old master.

## ON ALYCE

as she rounds the corner... amazed to find

THE TWO MEN - HER POV - ON THE ROOF. Nick appears to follow Lacroix through a door into the building.

Alyce quickly crosses to the warehouse's FIRE ESCAPE and starts climbing.

## INT. WAREHOUSE

Dark. Open architecture. Metal catwalks and stairways leading to the ground floor.

Lacroix descends... followed by Nick at a safe distance. Not a word passing between them. And then,

ON THE GROUND FLOOR - Lacroix turns and snaps on A LIGHT... revealing the warehouse to be:

A SLAUGHTERHOUSE. Long aluminum troughs, killing chutes, vats for blood and entrails, and an overhead track system with huge carcass hooks. Several fresh carcasses hang in the frigid air behind Lacroix; a fitting background.

## LACROIX

I thought we could talk over a midnight snack.

He dips a stainless steel ladle into a nearby vat. Pulls out a dipper of blood and sips.

## ALYCE - ON THE CATWALK OVERHEAD

is repulsed. Has to hold it down as she watches the vampires below.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK  
Where is it, Lacroix?

LACROIX  
Such a long time. Is that any kind  
of hello?

Nick doesn't respond.

LACROIX  
I guess it would be more  
appetizing...

He produces THE JADE GOBLET from the inside pocket of his coat.  
Ladies in a little blood, and drinks from it. Nick watches  
longingly... hungrily.

LACROIX  
You look pale... sure you're not  
hungry?

NICK  
All I want is the goblet.

LACROIX  
I don't think you know what you want.  
You never have...

Lacroix starts moving through the hanging carcasses as he speaks.

LACROIX  
Immortality. Wasn't that your big  
wish? To live forever... to never  
have to wind up like this.

He slaps a side of beef.

LACROIX  
I gave that to you, and what did I  
get? Contempt. Hatred. Desertion.

NICK  
I couldn't kill anymore...

LACROIX  
Who has to kill?

He takes another sip of blood.

NICK  
You do.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

LACROIX  
The guard? Yes. But the others...  
This is the 20th century. That's not  
the way things are done.

NICK  
Shine it on...

LACROIX  
It's the truth.

NICK  
They were my friends.

LACROIX  
And what are we? We need to trust  
each other. We should trust each  
other. How long is the longest  
friendship?

NICK  
I want the goblet.

A beat.... then, suddenly, WHOOSH --

LACROIX is airborne. Yellow eyed. Fangs extended in contempt.

LACROIX  
Then come and get it.

ON ALYCE. Astonished. Wide-eyed. Barely able to hold back a  
scream.

Nick resists the urge to vamp. Remains on the ground.

LACROIX  
Feeling a little weak? Maybe you need  
some Geritol.

He SWOOPS IN, splashing Nick with blood as he knocks him to the  
floor!

Nick rolls over, wiping the blood from his face... determined to  
hold his anger.

LACROIX hovers overhead, taunting.

LACROIX  
Is this what you want to be? A  
pathetic mortal cowering on the  
ground?

Nick tries to stand... again

LACROIX swoops in and knocks him to the ground.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

LACROIX

Taste the blood on your face! Taste it! You can't deny what you are!

Nick's tongue reflexively traces the side of his mouth, sampling the salty red liquid. He fights the urge... Once again stands... and again

LACROIX dives down and knocks him off his feet.

LACROIX

You're never going to get this cup. You haven't the courage. No balls, man.... No fuckin' balls...

ON NICK - his face turned away from Lacroix... revealing that his eyes have gone yellow. His fangs are extending.

LACROIX

(cont.)

What's it going to take to get a rise out of you?

WHOOSH... NICK turns and is suddenly airborne. HISSES at Lacroix like an angry animal.

ALYCE - ON THE CATWALK - gasps. Turning

LACROIX AND NICK'S attention toward her.

NICK

Alyce, get out of here!

Lacroix smiles... gaining in altitude to a distance halfway between the catwalk and the floor. Nick follows...

LACROIX

Is this someone I should meet?

NICK

You bastard...

LACROIX

Maybe this is a good way to find out just how much you want to be mortal...

NICK

Alyce, run!

But she's frozen... watching as

Lacroix holds out the jade goblet, as if to drop it the thirty feet to the hard, concrete floor.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (4)

LACROIX

It's a simple choice - a classic.  
Which one do you want to save? The  
goblet... or the girl?

ON NICK... his dilemma... watching as

THE GOBLET slips from between Lacroix's fingers... and falls.

TO BLACK

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

ON THE FALLING JADE GOBLET (SLOW MOTION)

tumbling, over and over, as it agonizingly covers the distance to the floor. This is Nick's link to mortality. Any second, he could swoop in and pluck it out of the air with his hands. To save the goblet is to save himself. But then...

The goblet hits the floor.

Shatters into a thousand pieces.

Gone.

ALYCE - ON THE CATWALK

ALYCE

Nick!?

LACROIX - HER POV - comes up toward her like a missile. Fangs bared. Looking for blood. Suddenly

A BLUR intercepts him from the side. Tackles Lacroix in mid-air, like a flying linebacker. Nick.

Alyce watches, stunned as

NICK pins Lacroix to the side of the wall. Lacroix smiles at Nick's decision.

LACROIX

Either way... I won.

Lacroix suddenly explodes with power. Shoving Nick off... sending

NICK careening through the air into THE BEEF CARCASSES below.

Now Lacroix turns his attention back to

ALYCE - who finds herself scrambling across the catwalk toward the door.

ALYCE

No... please....

CLANK! Alyce looks down to see

LACROIX - hanging from the metal catwalk beneath her feet. He smiles... then RIPS the metal away, peeling the catwalk away from her feet.

Alyce screams. Hangs onto the railing for her life.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALYCE

Nick!

Her feet dangle in the air as

LACROIX closes in. Then turns to see:

NICK coming at him with a long handled meat gaff. Swings it, catching Lacroix in the side.

Lacroix screams in agony... falling away to the floor.

Nick pushes Alyce back up to where she can gain footing.

NICK

Get out of here!

ALYCE

Nick...

NICK

Run! And tell no one.

She looks at him for a horrified moment - what he is, what he can do - then turns and runs for the door. Makes it out onto

EXT. THE ROOF - DAWN

The sky is just beginning to grey. Alyce barely notices, as she races for the fire escape and starts to climb down.

IN THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - THE FIGHT (TO BE STAGED)

Nick and Lacroix fence with gaffs and meat hooks near the floor. This isn't a street fight - it's far more refined. These are old warriors who know how to use a sword, a staff, and a length of chain. These are knights. Knights of darkness. At war.

NICK is the more skilled of the two. But he's also the weaker. His fatigue is apparent, as he dodges and parries Lacroix's powerful blows.

LACROIX

You're weak... You need blood...

Lacroix lunges with a meat hook... catching Nick painfully in the side.

NICK

Ahhhhh....

Then LACROIX tackles him backward... pinning Nick on the table of

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

A BAND SAW. This is a large, industrial machine used to split carcasses apart. Lacroix is able to hit the switch on the side, and the machine comes to life with a WHINE.

ON NICK - struggling as Lacroix pushes his head toward the blade. Gasping for air... for strength...

LACROIX

You want mortality? I'll give it to you. By fire... a stake through the heart... by the sun -- all those will do it, my friend. And one more...

Nick's head is just inches from the blade...

LACROIX

(cont.)  
...by decapitation....

Just as Nick's hair begins to feel the steel...

NICK

Noooo!

Nick pushes with a tremendous explosion... sending

LACROIX flying back through the air... into

A WALLBOARD OF MEAT HOOKS. Lacroix has been impaled many times over. Some of the steel pikes protrude bloodlessly from his chest. He struggles briefly.... then stops, his eyes staring sightlessly across the room as

NICK climbs up off the table. His yellow eyes and fangs are gone. He shuts the machine down... then crosses to the lifeless body of his old master. Stares at him in victory... and with a strange sadness.

This dead vampire was once a friend. An important part of his past - of what he is - is gone.

Nick notices that THE WINDOWS of the slaughterhouse are lightening. Dawn. He heads for the stairway... pausing briefly over

THE SHATTERED REMAINS OF THE GOBLET - his shattered dream. A beat.... then Nick starts climbing the stairs, unaware that

LACROIX'S EYES follow him on the way up.

EXT. THE ROOF - DAWN

Nick emerges from the building and looks across the bay toward the horizon. Golden hues signal the imminent arrival of the sun.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK  
 (calls)  
 Alyce?!

No answer. Nick has no time to waste. He hurries down the fire escape to:

THE STREETS - WITH NICK

running to beat the sunlight. Calling as he makes his way back through the alleys toward the radio station and his car.

NICK  
 Alyce?!

A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT suddenly breaks from between the gaps of two buildings. Hits Nick on the side...

He shouts in pain... and goes down. Struggles to regain his feet... and find the relative darkness of

AN ALLEY

Nick's hand - his exposed skin - looks burned. He has to find shelter.

Exhausted, he makes his way up the alley to:

THE FRONT OF THE RADIO STATION

The Caddie is still parked outside... shaded from the sunlight, but not for long. A shaft inches its way toward the car.

WITH NICK as he races the light. Struggles across the street to the Caddie, and flings open the driver side door.

Alyce's book is still on the car seat. More importantly, the keys are still in the ignition. Nick's relief lasts only a moment. The light is seconds away from hitting the car.

Nick slams the door closed... here comes the shaft... opens the trunk... the tires catch a few rays of light... then Nick climbs into the trunk.

Slams the lid closed on himself, as the Caddie's paint job comes alive in the brilliance of the sun.

INT. MONTGOMERY ST. STATION - DAY

The morning watch is just going out. Find

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALYCE talking to the DESK SERGEANT near the front door. She looks tired. Worn.

DESK SERGEANT  
Knight? I dunno... lemme check...

IN BRUNETTI'S OFFICE

The Captain is tired and pissed. Venting his frustration on Chen and Schanke.

BRUNETTI  
No one's seen him or talked to him since he walked out of the park?

SCHANKE  
I was asleep, sir.

Off Brunetti's wilting look...

SCHANKE  
I'm on the day shift, now.

CHEN  
He was pretty upset when he left. Knew the victim... was blaming himself. But I think he was working on a lead.

BRUNETTI  
I am praying that I can make it sound better than that to the mayor.  
(a beat, a sigh)  
Got a blood type?

CHEN  
O.

SCHANKE  
I'm tellin' you... that's the key.

DESK SARGEANT'S VOICE  
Schanke?!...

SCHANKE  
And you should be glad that I'm the guy you got on it.  
(calls out)  
Yo!

Chen and Brunetti trade a look as Schanke walks out the door.

## IN THE SQUAD ROOM

Schanke fires up a cigarette as he crosses to the front desk.

DESK SERGEANT

You see Knight this morning?

Schanke smiles when he sees Alyce.

SCHANKE

He's pulled another disappearing act.

(beat, looks her over)

I can probably help you... Dr. Hunter, right? Don Schanke. Knight and I are partners on the case, now. Coffee?

He leads her toward his desk.

ALYCE

No... thanks. I've been up all night - like to get some sleep, now.

SCHANKE

You got something for us?

ALYCE

Actually, no. I... uh.... just wanted to talk to Nick.

SCHANKE

"Nick"...

A beat... then Schanke's desk phone rings. He answers.

SCHANKE

(into phone)

Schanke.

(beat)

Yeah, yeah... that's his. Where'd you find it?

(looks to Alyce, listening)

Naw... don't know what he was doin'. I'll come down and pick it up. We got a set of keys...

He hangs up. Studies Alyce for a moment.

SCHANKE

The city towed his car this morning - industrial loading zone in South Park. You know what he was doin' down there?

A beat... then

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALYCE  
I haven't seen him since the other  
night.

SCHANKE  
(beat)  
And you don't know something I don't?

ALYCE  
Of course not.

A beat... then Schanke nods.

SCHANKE  
Well...I gotta lot to do. You got  
anything you want to talk about...

Schanke stubs out his cigarette, then turns and starts off.

Alyce suddenly has a disturbing thought...

ALYCE  
Detective Schanke?  
(he turns)  
Do you think you could give me a  
ride?

SCHANKE  
(pleased)  
Call me Don.

EXT. CITY IMPOUND - DAY

ON THE CADDIE, her trunk shielding a secret from the light of day.  
WIDEN to reveal

SCHANKE AND ALYCE approaching with a city employee, in this large,  
open parking lot of delinquent vehicles.

SCHANKE  
...I mean, Nick's a nice guy. Don't  
get me wrong - I like the kid. But  
between you and me, he's in the dark  
about a few things.

IN THE CAR TRUNK - Nick is in the dark. Sleeping the sleep of the  
dead. He's jostled slightly as

ALYCE - OUTSIDE - opens the passenger side door... and is relieved  
to find HER BOOK still on the car seat. She quickly slides it into  
her shoulder bag as

SCHANKE signs out the car with the city man.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCHANKE

(to city guy)  
 Where? Here and here, right?  
 (as he signs forms)  
 You take this case, for instance.  
 He's ignoring some very basic  
 facts...

Schanke hands the form clipboard back to the city guy, and climbs into the driver's seat.

SCHANKE

Type O blood. I will stake my name  
 and reputation that this entire case  
 hinges on type O blood.

He starts the car. Enjoys its purr. Lights another cigarette as...

SCHANKE

Ohhh, I love the sound of that. One  
 of my friends - this is at Bronx  
 College '57 - his brother owned one  
 o'these. Guy was in the rackets -  
 had the cash. We used to tool up the  
 Henry Hudson in it on Saturdays with  
 our girls.

Alyce YAWNS.

SCHANKE

Long night, huh? So where's your car?

ALYCE

Couple of blocks up Stockton.

SCHANKE

Stockton? We could've dropped you  
 off on the way over here.

He puts the Caddie in gear... picking up the police radio mike as he backs out.

SCHANKE

(into Mike)  
 Dispatch... 81-Kilo. I'm gonna be  
 tooling around in Knight's Caddie  
 today. You let me know if he turns  
 up...

EXT. ST. FRANCIS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A Bloodmobile winds its way through the entrance lanes, pulling to a halt at a service entrance.

## INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS

A FLOATING, PREDATORY POV moves through the hallways behind a large, steel cart of some kind. Accompanied by the faint, rhythmic SOUND OF KEYS on a belt. Past patients and doctors and staff members.... no one reacts strangely. Everything is in order.

THE POV PUSHES THROUGH a set of doors labeled "BLOOD BANK," then comes to a halt beside an entrance counter. THE NURSE behind the counter smiles.

NURSE

You're early this morning. I don't think the test lab's ready for it.... but I can start cataloging.

She accepts a clipboard from the man behind the POV, and starts entering the data in a computer terminal.

THE TELEPHONE rings and she answers.

NURSE

Blood bank...  
(beat)  
The police?

COLD BLUE EYES snap around and focus on the nurse. Masculine eyes. The eyes of a predator.

NURSE

(continuing)  
Well, of course... whatever they want.

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - LATER

Scrolling through names of donors, dates, and bloodtypes.

SCHANKE'S VOICE

Connections is what we're looking for...

SCHANKE AND THE NURSE - PREDATOR'S POV - They huddle over the computer behind the counter.

NURSE

Cross references?

SCHANKE

That's it. We already got a connection between them being homeless and type O. Now, we're looking for something more. Like maybe, did they all donate blood? And where?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THE POV moves in to the counter... focusing on NICK'S CAR KEYS.

PREDATOR'S VOICE  
These old Cadillac keys?

Schanke smiles. Proud of them.

SCHANKE  
Yeah... '58 ragtop.

PREDATOR'S VOICE  
Nice car.

SCHANKE  
Nice car? It's a classic. And the trunk space... Did you know that the '58 Caddie has more trunk space than any car made in the last thirty years?

PREDATOR'S VOICE  
How's the mileage?

SCHANKE  
With a ride like that, who's counting?  
(back to screen)  
You got something?

NURSE  
(smiles)  
I'm afraid it's going to take quite a while...

THE POV heads out the door.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

THE POV moves smoothly through the lot... homing in on NICK'S CADDIE parked safely by itself off to the side.

ON THE GLOVE BOX - as the predator's hands open it and sift through the contents: some tapes, a tube of sunscreen, a pair of very dark sunglasses - the usual vampire stuff. Also Nick's car registration. The predator pulls this out.

IN THE CADDIE'S TRUNK

Nick is still sleeping in the darkness. Deaf to the SOUND OF THE HOOD OPENING. There's a long pause... some metallic scratching sounds.. then THE SOUND OF THE HOOD CLOSING with a car-shaking THUMP.

NICK'S EYES open. His ears listen. HEARING THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS walking away. And the jingling sound of KEYS ON A BELT.

## EXT. SOUTH PARK STREETS - DAY

An old Jeep CJ tools slowly through with

ALYCE - AT THE WHEEL. Searching for a sign of Nick. Cruising past:  
THE RADIO STATION... then

DOWN THE ALLEY where she followed the two men last night.  
Continuing on the route to:

## THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE

A squad car is parked in front of the building, with one of the  
cops taking a statement from a butcher in a bloodied apron.

Alyce's heart skips a beat when she sees them... then she recovers  
and pulls up alongside. Addresses THE COP still in the car.

ALYCE

Any trouble, officer?

COP

Just some vandalism, ma'am. Nothing  
to be concerned about -- keep  
moving...

Alyce reluctantly pulls away...

## EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Schanke crosses the parking lot to the Caddie - a spring in his  
step, a thick stack of computer printouts under his arm.

He climbs in, starts the engine... then turns on the radio,  
getting K-MET hard rock. Schanke makes a face and quickly changes  
the channel to AN OLDIES STATION. Something by Bobby Vinton.  
Schanke smiles... lights up a smoke... and sings along.

SCHANKE

(singing)

Blue on blue... heartache on  
heartache. Blue on blue... now that  
we are through...

## IN THE TRUNK - NICK

groans as Vinton's vintage smarm washes over him through the  
Caddie's powerful speakers. He tries to pull his jacket up over  
his head and ears.

NICK

Schanke... I'm gonna kill you...

GO WIDE

as Schanke backs out the Caddie, revealing A LARGE, WET PUDDLE of fluid that was under the car.

Schanke is oblivious to it. He's too into the song. Just continues driving out of the lot... past a now familiar bloodmobile.

EXT. HYDE STREET / RUSSIAN HILL - DAY

The Caddie heads north, past a trolley, up this huge hill that overlooks the Bay. Lombard street falls off hard to the right, Fisherman's Wharf and Aquatic Park are straight ahead, a thousand feet below, backed by blue water and Alcatraz Island. This is a postcard view... and

SCHANKE - AT THE CADDIE'S WHEEL - is in his own little heaven. Flicks an ash from his cigarette into the air, as he sings along to a different song....

SCHANKE

Papa oo mow-mow, apapa ooo mow-  
mow.... Papa ooo mow-mow, apapa ooo  
mow-mow....

The Caddie tops the crest at Lombard Street and starts down the long, steep decline.

SCHANKE

(still singing)  
The bird... the bird... the bird's  
the word...

Suddenly, Schanke's expression changes. His singing stops. His attention turns immediately to:

THE BRAKE PEDAL - which his right foot is pumping furiously to no effect.

SCHANKE

No, no, no.....

HIS HAND yanks on the emergency brake. Nothing.

SCHANKE

No....

HIS EYES look at the upcoming drop like a three-year-old on a roller coaster ride.

SCHANKE

Ohhhh noooo.....

THE RIDE DOWN HYDE STREET - VARIOUS ANGLES

Cadillacs of this vintage aren't known for their handling. But they're heavy. And low riding. And made out of two tons of steel.

This is a ballistic bobsled ride to hell.

THE CADDIE blows through intersections.... sparks flying as it repeatedly bottoms out.

IN THE TRUNK - Whump... a particularly hard bottom-out jolts Nick from his slumber.

NICK

Schanke...

Whump, another hit sends Nick slamming into the top of the trunk! He braces himself, terrified of what's going on with:

SCHANKE - AT THE WHEEL. White-knuckled as he steers this two-tone topless cruise missile through the ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

SCHANKE

Shiiiiiiiit...

He swerves to avoid a truck.... sending

NICK - caroming off the trunk walls and into the lid... WHUMP another bottom-out slams him into the lid... and it springs open!

Nick screams as the light hits him... then desperately reaches up and pulls the lid closed. Holds it down with all his strength as

THE CADDIE - WIDE

approaches the bottom of the hill, headed straight for Fisherman's Wharf and the Bay. The only thing standing in its way is AN INTERSECTION FULL OF CARS.

SCHANKE knows there's no way through this. All he can do is head for the largest opening, lean on the horn, and close his eyes.

THE ACCIDENT

is a ballet of metal and wheels. Twisting pirouettes. Breathtaking aerials. A confetti-like spray of auto parts. What's left is:

SCHANKE - AT THE WHEEL OF A VERY CRUMPLED CADDIE

He's stunned. Dust and smoke all around. Slowly climbs out and surveys the damage...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

It's a total. Demolition Derby. Paint from twelve different cars on the sides. Quarterpanels that looked like they've been worked over with sledgehammers. Schanke moans... and moves around to

THE TRUNK. The largest trunk of any car made in the last thirty years, has now been reduced to the volume of a Honda's. A CRX. One small suitcase and weekend bag. This is not a trunk of comfort.

SCHANKE

Oh, man-o-man.... Aw.... no.... He's gonna kill me.

NICK - IN THE TRUNK

Slowly pan across his impossibly squished and contorted figure... finally arriving at his face, alive and angry.

NICK

(sotto)  
If only you knew, Schanke. If only you knew....

TO BLACK

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - LATE DAY

Soft light, ocean breezes, and a massive, noisy traffic jam. Schanke supervises as the Caddie is towed out of the middle of the intersection. He's unaware of:

A MAN WATCHING from behind the windshield of a truck. The glare off the glass prevents us from seeing much of his face. His eyes are obscured by sunglasses. This is the predator.

He pulls the bloodmobile out into the traffic, and heads away from the wharf.

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY / BACK ROOM

The soft beeping from a table clock rouses a groggy Alyce, who has been sleeping at her desk. She checks the time... 5:00 P.M.... then places a call on her telephone.

ALYCE

(into phone)

Yes... Detective Knight, please.

(beat)

No... I'll call back.

She hangs up. A beat... then she places another call.

INT. NICK'S LOFT

His answering machine picks up....

NICK'S VOICE

I'm either in bed, or incommunicado.  
So if you want to leave your name  
and number...

RESUME ALYCE

She hangs up, frustrated... and then gets an idea. Pulls out a large San Francisco phone book and goes through the K's.

Nick's listed. His address is in Chinatown.

Alyce writes the street number down, then stands and crosses out into:

## THE MAYAN EXHIBIT

A few of the daytime workers are still there arranging the displays. Alyce is interested only in a particular stone stelia. Pre-classic, from the Tekal Region.

She pulls out her sheet of paper and jots down her deciphering of the stone's first numerical sequence: 3, 7, 9, 2, 2. Alyce smiles... she has Nick's alarm code.

### INT. CITY GARAGE - SUNSET

Golden sunlight bathes the back wall as Nick's car is lowered into a line of various city vehicles - all in some state of disrepair. Schanke is already chain smoking as he lobbies with the clip-board toting CHIEF MECHANIC.

MECHANIC

Where am I gonna get the parts? Tell me, and I'll do it.

SCHANKE

You can fix what you got.

MECHANIC

Whaddayou use for brains?

He crosses to the car, rapping on its various parts with a crowbar to illustrate:

MECHANIC (CONT)

Right-front fender - total.  
Quarterpanel - total. Door -- total.  
Rear panel - total. Fender, bumper,  
and this trunk? Look at this...

He jams the crowbar underneath the trunk's lid. Starts to pry it. Hard.

MECHANIC (CONT)

This thing's mushed so tight, we'll hafta torch it open.

He strains against the crowbar... while

### NICK - IN THE TRUNK

strains like hell to keep the lid shut. His fingers are slipping... losing the battle.. when

THE MECHANIC gives up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MECHANIC

See? Impossible.

(starts away)

You find me another Caddie -- maybe  
in some junk yard - then I might be  
able t'do somethin'. Otherwise, you  
got two tons of scrap metal.

Schanke follows the guy... stunned...

SCHANKE

Oh, Jesus... He's gonna kill me.

(beat, horrifying thought)

Worse. He'll make me pay for it.

Schanke and the mechanic head for the office... when we HEAR A  
LOUD CREAK from behind them. They barely react - there are plenty  
of noises in an auto-body garage - until...

NICK'S VOICE

Schanke?

Schanke freezes. Turns back slowly to see

A BATTERED NICK standing beside his battered car.

Schanke goes slack.

SCHANKE

I'm a dead man.

EXT. CHINATOWN / NICK'S LOFT - SUNSET

The last of the daylight slipping into the ocean. Find

ALYCE as she pulls up beside Nick's warehouse and climbs out of  
her car.

INT. CITY GARAGE

Schanke tails Nick as he crosses around to the front of the Caddie  
and pries open the hood.

SCHANKE

Honest to God, I was only gonna drive  
it back to the station, but the  
hospital was on the way, so I said,  
"Why not?" This kills me -- you know  
that. This kills me more than you.

NICK

The brakes failed?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Nick peers into the hood.

SCHANKE

On their own, I swear it. I've had four police driving courses -- I know how to stop a car.

NICK

They were cut.

SCHANKE

See? They were cut.

(beat, confused)

By who?

NICK

(beat, a confession)

By the guy who we're looking for. You were right, Schanke.

SCHANKE

(still confused)

I knew I was right.

NICK

The museum murder was a different killer.

SCHANKE

He was?

NICK

Type O was the key all along.

SCHANKE

I knew that.

NICK

I know.

SCHANKE

So you're not mad about the car?

NICK

I'm mad about the car. But I owe you an apology about the case.

SCHANKE

(pleased)

I accept it.

NICK

Good.

Nick hesitates for a beat... exhaustion setting in.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

SCHANKE

You okay? You look awful.

NICK

Just a little weak... hungry...

SCHANKE

They got some jerky in the office.

NICK

I'll wait for something I can sink  
my teeth into.

(beat)

Now, where were you before the  
accident?

SCHANKE

I told you... the hospital.

EXT. NICK'S WAREHOUSE - TWILIGHT

ON THE CODE PAD outside the warehouse door. A remote video camera, mounted next to the pad, watches with its blinkless eye as five numbers are carefully punched in... 3, 7, 9, 2, 2.

ALYCE waits for a nervous beat... then is relieved as THE WAREHOUSE DOOR opens. She cautiously enters... unaware of

A POV rounding the corner of the warehouse... and following her...

INSIDE

The POV keeps its distance. Watches from the shadows as

ALYCE surveys the garage, then crosses cautiously to the freight elevator. She climbs in... hits the switch... and starts up toward the second floor.

EXT. / INT. A CITY CAR - TWILIGHT

Moving through the streets. Schanke drives as Nick goes over the hospital computer printouts.

SCHANKE

Every one of 'em was a regular blood donor, and gave it at those drive around bloodmobiles.

NICK

Have they found Jeanie?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCHANKE

(beat, looks to him)

Nothing yet.

(a thought)

Hey, what were you doin' in South  
Park last night?

NICK

Anybody report anything... unusual  
up there this morning?

SCHANKE

No, why?

This disturbs Nick. He tunes in the car's radio as he comes up  
with a cover story.

NICK

Alyce Hunter and I had a lead on the  
museum's goblet...

SCHANKE

So you were with "Alyce?"

NICK

That's what I just said.

SCHANKE

She said this morning that she hadn't  
seen you in a couple of days.

NICK

You saw her?

SCHANKE

She was at the station looking for  
you. For "Nick."

Nick finds the station... KMET.

DJ'S VOICE

This is the Beamer sittin' in for  
Night Crawler, tonight. Crawler,  
you listenin', man, call in. We're  
worried about you...

Nick turns off the radio, feeling a slight sense of relief.

SCHANKE

Is there something goin' on between  
you and her?

NICK

Dr. Hunter and me?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

SCHANKE

Yeah.

NICK

(beat)  
It's none of your business.

INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

The lights come on... Alyce.

ALYCE

Nick?

No answer. A beat... then Alyce starts slowly through the loft. Marvels at its size and quality. Can this be the lair of a vampire?

THE HUGE WINDOWS with their blinds answer her question. And

THE PAINTINGS, with their beautiful sun-colors, speak to the sad desires of a nocturnal creature. She feels their poignancy, their pain. Then moves on to:

THE LIVING AREA. Alyce is captivated by the various artifacts displayed in the room. An old flintlock gun -- was this Nick's weapon in another century? A Pre-Columbian piece of pottery -- intact, genuine. A broom that looks straight out of a Grimm fairy tale.

These are treasures for an archaeologist... and we can't help sensing a little envy from Alyce. For where Nick's been... and for what he's seen.

And then her eyes lift to:

THE MANTLE - where Alyce is transfixed by an object in its center: THE JADE GOBLET. The other goblet in the pair. She crosses to it... picks it up, and hefts it in her hands. Alyce knows what this and its partner meant to Nick. What a sacrifice he made to save her from Lacroix. And, at this moment, she loves Nick deeply.

THE SOUND OF THE ELEVATOR breaks the moment. Is it going down on its own... or did somebody call it?

ALYCE

Nick?

WITH ALYCE

as she moves across the room toward it. It's probably Nick... It has to be... She watches tensely as:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The elevator reaches the bottom floor... pauses... then starts back up.

Alyce is moving more slowly now. Her eyes on the elevator's cables as they pull the car toward the loft... and stop.

There's a breathless pause. The elevator's doors don't open.

ALYCE

If you're trying to scare me again,  
you're doing a pretty good job.

No answer. Now go:

CLOSE ON HER FACE, as she swallows... and starts toward the doors. Something behind them. She doesn't know what.

HER HAND reaches out for the door's opening lever. Grasps it.

ALYCE

Nick?

A beat... then she pulls the doors open.

ALYCE - CLOSE - gasps. Reacting to:

A CRUMPLED OLD WOMAN lying on the elevator floor. It's JEANIE. She's bloodied. Beaten. All she can get out is:

JEANIE

Where is he....?

INT. ST. FRANCIS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL / CORRIDOR - NIGHT

WITH NICK AND SCHANKE as they move quickly down the hall with the bloodbank nurse.

NICK

Who has access to the donor records?

NURSE

The blood bank staff, the physicians,  
hospital administrators...

SCHANKE

(factitiously)

That narrows the field...

NICK

Anyone come in and out of here this  
afternoon when Detective Schanke was  
here?

They push through the doors to

THE BLOOD BANK RECEPTION AREA (CONTINUOUS)

NURSE

Well, there were several nurses.  
Dr. Edelman popped through...

Nick suddenly finds himself face to face with:

A CART OF FRESHLY DONATED BLOOD. Plastic bags filled with temptation. He backs away dizzily... catching his breath.

NURSE

Are you all right?

SCHANKE

He's just hungry.

Schanke has no idea how close to the truth he is. Nick averts his eyes from the blood.

NICK

I'll be fine.

(beat, composes)

I think the person we're looking for  
is more like an orderly, or a  
janitor... someone who wears their  
keys on their belt.

Off Schanke's and the nurse's reactions, go to:

EXT. NICK'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

KEYS dangle from the belt of a man in a white lab coat, as he steps out of his truck and surveys the empty street in front of the warehouse. Pulls NICK'S CAR REGISTRATION out of his pocket to check the address.

This is the predator.

INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

Alyce on the telephone...

ALYCE

101 Sacramento... it's a warehouse.  
Have them ring the bell... Yes...  
Please hurry.

She hangs up and crosses back to:

THE LIVING AREA - where Jeanie is lying shivering on the couch. Alyce has wrapped her in a blanket, and now, upon returning, stokes a newspaper fire in the fireplace.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALYCE

I'm sorry... this is all I could find to burn. The ambulance should be here any minute.

JEANIE

No... no hospitals...

Alyce turns to see true fear in Jeanie's eyes.

ALYCE

You need help...

JEANIE

He'll be there.

ALYCE

Who?

INT. ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL / BLOOD BANK - NIGHT

Schanke's hot on the trail, but as confused as ever, as Nick goes through the personnel files with the nurse.

SCHANKE

Yeah... the guy was askin' all kinds'a questions about the Caddie --- but how'd you know about the keys?

The nurse pulls out a file - hands it to Nick.

NURSE

Jack Fenner. He's a little... strange, but...

NICK

(scanning file)  
Anything happen to him this year?  
Maybe something that could've pushed him over?

NURSE

Well, he lost his mother.

Nick and Schanke trade a glance.

SCHANKE

How?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NURSE

A car accident.

(hesitates)

Well, not really... She lost a lot of blood. What killed her, I guess, was the hepatitis she contracted from the transfusion.

Nick is already dialing the phone.

SCHANKE

Dollars to donuts she was type O.

NURSE

What would that have to do with...

NICK

O is the universal donor... but can only receive type O blood.

Schanke picks up on the explanation, as Nick talks into the phone.

SCHANKE

(to nurse)

So, if you knew that some of the blood used came from street people, maybe you'd blame them. Maybe you'd see to it that they couldn't ever donate again...

NICK

(into phone)

This is Knight. Put out an APB on a Jack Fenner. Address - 2104 Eddy Street, apartment 9. Consider A and D - this could be the guy.

EXT. NICK'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A MAN'S HAND presses the doorbell next to the key pad...

INT. NICK'S LOFT

Alyce and Jeanie react to the bell. Jeanie is clearly frightened.

JEANIE

No....

ALYCE

I'll be with you. I won't leave you until Nick gets there.

She stands and crosses to

THE REMOTE INTERCOM on the wall. Alyce turns on the miniature TV monitor, as she speaks into the box.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALYCE  
Ambulance?

THE TV shows a man in a white lab coat standing by the door. Who else could it be? Alyce doesn't wait for a response.

ALYCE  
Take the elevator up. We're on the second floor.

She hits the release buzzer, and...

THE PREDATOR - HIS POV

moves into the warehouse, crossing to the elevator.

INT. HOSPITAL BLOOD BANK / RECEPTION

Schanke and the nurse head out into the hallway. Nick remains by the phone.

NICK  
I'll be out in a second. Just let me check my machine...

He dials the phone, allowing the weakness he feels to show itself, now that he's alone. His gaze slowly gravitates to:

THE BLOOD CART nearby. Nick resists with all the willpower he can muster.

INT. NICK'S LOFT

Alyce gets Jeanie ready to go.

ALYCE  
They're coming right up. Don't try to stand...

She reacts to A TELEPHONE RING. The machine picks up...

NICK'S VOICE  
(on machine)  
I'm either in bed or incommunicado...

Suddenly, the voice is cut off and the machine begins to rewind and playback.

CHEN'S VOICE  
(on machine)  
Where are you? Will you please check in with me, I'm getting nervous.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Alyce realizes that this has to be...

ALYCE  
It's him.  
(picks up phone)  
Nick?

INTERCUT WITH:

NICK - AT THE HOSPITAL.

NICK  
Alyce? What are you doing there?

ALYCE  
Looking for you. Where are you? Are  
you okay?

NICK  
How the hell'd you get in?

ALYCE  
The Mayan numbers on the stella.

NICK  
Very clever.

ALYCE  
Someone named Jeanie's here...

Alyce reacts to the ELEVATOR CABLES - now pulling the car toward  
the second floor.

NICK  
She's alive?

ALYCE  
Barely. The guy who beat her left  
her for dead. She knows who's doing  
the murders, Nick...

NICK  
Have you called an ambulance?

ALYCE  
They're on their way up now.

NICK  
Look, if the paramedic thinks she's  
stable don't move her.

THE ELEVATOR arrives...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALYCE

Hang on. The guy's here now.

Alyce starts toward the elevator as...

WHAM! The doors fly open.

THE PREDATOR'S POV starts moving into the loft. Toward Alyce, who's suddenly uneasy.

ALYCE

Wait a minute, where's your stuff?  
Don't you have a medic bag?

The POV keeps coming. THE PREDATOR'S HAND pulls out an ax handle from behind his back. Alyce starts to back away...

ALYCE

Who the hell are you...?

Suddenly, WHUMP, he sends Alyce careening sideways with a blow to her head...

ALYCE

Nick?!

She stumbles into a table of paints and thinners, sending them flying. Washes of red and turpentine on the floor.

WHUMP! Another brutal blow sends her slumping into the corner near the paintings, unconscious.

NICK - AT THE HOSPITAL is trying to make sense of what he's hearing.

NICK

Alyce?

She can't hear him.

THE POV moves in toward her for the kill... whipping around suddenly as

JEANIE stands up from the couch. Sees who it is...

JEANIE

No... Please...

THE POV moves toward her. See

THE PREDATOR'S EYES. Murder written all over them.

JEANIE

Noooo!

## INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Nick bangs through the blood bank doors and starts running down the hall. Schanke does his best to catch up.

SCHANKE

Where the hell are you goin'?

NICK

He's at my place! Put out a call and meet me there...

Nick blows through a nurses station leaving Schanke behind. Schanke yells after him...

SCHANKE

Wanna tell me how you're gonna get there?!

## AT THE LOFT

Jeanie backs toward the fireplace as the predator advances. She grabs THE DECORATIVE ANTIQUE BROOM from the side of the fireplace, then sets the end on fire. A flaming torch, which she brandishes at the oncoming man - he still advances - then throws it at him.

THE BROOM barely causes the man to duck, missing wide and coming clattering to the floor near the spilled table of paint and turpentine. It takes only an eyblink for the turpentine to IGNITE.

## IN A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Nick runs past a confused orderly, then slams out of an emergency exit at the end of the hall.

ORDERLY

Hey!

The orderly runs after Nick... out the door... onto

THE LANDING - OUTSIDE. It's at least four stories above the ground, and Nick is gone.

## EXT. AERIAL POV - NIGHT

As Nick soars over the city. St. Francis is exactly seven blocks from Chinatown, so it doesn't take long for him to focus WHAT HE SEES AND HEARS on

HIS WAREHOUSE - AERIAL POV - ahead. The sounds of a woman screaming. Fighting. Jeanie.

JEANIE'S VOICE

Keep away, basta'd! I'll kill you!

## INT. NICK'S LOFT

But the predator continues to close. Jeanie throws anything and everything that she can lay her hands on at him.

THE FIRE on the floor behind them is spreading rapidly. Plenty of combustibles. Paintings going up like bonfires, surrounding Alyce as she lies unconscious in the corner.

And now, Jeanie is cornered as well.

The predator closes in... She lunges, trying to get past... and he grabs her!

JEANIE

Noooo... please...

He raises his ax handle. Readies to bring it down... when

CRASH - NEW ANGLE

Something comes bursting in through the skylight/windows! Raining glass onto the floor below. Landing squarely onto the back of

THE PREDATOR like a falcon! It's NICK. Yellow-eyed. Fanged. A picture of animal fury.

SLOW MOTION as he picks the predator up off the ground... whirls... and heaves the man

Across the room... into the mantelpiece... where he comes down in a broken heap.

A pause... then

NICK collapses to the floor. Lies there heaving for air. The fangs gone, the yellow eyes now blue. He turns to a wide-eyed JEANIE.

NICK

Where's... Alyce...?

Jeanie nods toward Alyce in the corner - the wall of flames between.

NICK - CLOSE. Fear in his eyes. Exhaustion. Yet knowing what he has to do. He turns to Jeanie.

NICK

Can you make it to the elevator?

JEANIE

I think so...

NICK

Go... now...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

A moment of hesitation... then Jeanie hobbles across the loft, past the flames, to the elevator in the corner. As she starts down...

Nick pulls himself to his feet.

Staggers across the floor... every step an effort... then

steels himself to the thing that he fears most in the world. Fire. The flames that can destroy him. He hesitates... sees

ALYCE - THROUGH THE FLAMES. Starting to move. She turns... sees him... mouths his name...

And Nick goes

INTO THE FLAMES. Searing his flesh. Causing him to moan in agony as he reaches

Alyce. She turns to him, seeing his pain, his fatigue... and they embrace.

ON NICK, his mouth inches away from her neck. From a rivulet of blood that runs down from a wound on her scalp. He fights the incredible urge to feed... but he's so weak... so hungry...

He backs off, still holding her in his arms.

NICK

Can you walk?

ALYCE

I'm not sure...

A MAN'S SCREAM suddenly turns their attention to:

THE MANTLE - THROUGH THE FLAMES

where they are met by a chilling sight. The predator is being held in the arms of a tall dark figure. A figure with his head bent over the predator's throat. A figure that raises his head to reveal

THE YELLOW EYES, AND BLOODY FANGS OF LACROIX.

He lets the predator's limp body fall crashing to the floor.

LACROIX

I believe he got what was coming to him.

(more)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LACROIX (Cont'd)

(beat)

Now it's your turn.

Off Nick's and Alyce's reaction, go:

TO BLACK

END ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

EXT. ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Schanke pulls out in the city loaner, a magnetic cherry-top flashing from the roof.

INSIDE THE CAR - Schanke's already on the radio.

SCHANKE

(into radio)

Meet him at his warehouse -- that's all I got. The guy just flew outta here.

INT. MONTGOMERY STREET STATION / SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Chen intercepts Brunetti as he heads out.

CHEN

Can I hitch a ride with you?

BRUNETTI

You know anything about this?

CHEN

Just what I heard on the radio.

WATCH SERGEANT

Captain?

They turn, still walking toward the exit.

WATCH SERGEANT

Just got a fire report for the same address.

Off Chen's reaction, go to:

EXT. NICK'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Flames lick up through the skylights at the night sky.

INT. NICK'S LOFT

Lacroix advances slowly, hypnotically as Nick and Alyce watch him through the flames.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LACROIX

You know, steel spikes can't kill a vampire.... but fire can. Isn't it time you came out?

Nick looks down at Alyce. His eyes have trouble focusing...

NICK

Stay here... I don't think he'll come through the fire.

ALYCE

Nick...

NICK

When I get him to the other side, run for the stairs.

He nods to a stairwell near the elevator shaft.

LACROIX

You look weak, Jean-Pierre. When was the last time you fed?

Nick is weak. Alyce sees it in his face. Feels it in his arms.

LACROIX

I don't think you have enough strength to change.

(beat)

Do you?

Nick is frozen... completely drained. Everything Lacroix is saying is true. He knows it... and

Alyce knows it. She comes to a decision.

ALYCE

Nick...

He looks down at her in his arms. Alyce exposes her throat to him. Gazes into his eyes.

ALYCE

Take me.

Nick is stunned by the offer. And so tempted. Every molecule in his body aches for her. Aches for her blood.

NICK

No...

LACROIX

It's a wonderful offer, Jean-Pierre. Take her. Make her one of us.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

NICK  
 (fighting to resist)  
 I can't...

But his head begins to lower toward her neck...

ALYCE  
 It's the only way you can fight him.

NICK  
 It could kill you.

ALYCE  
 (beat, chillingly)  
 Or make me immortal.

NICK  
 You don't know what you're saying...

His FANGS begin to come out...

ALYCE  
 I do...

NICK  
 Alyce...

ALYCE  
 The chance to live through entire  
 civilizations...

LACROIX  
 Yes.

ALYCE  
 To study future cultures first  
 hand...

LACROIX  
 Listen to her.

ALYCE  
 Take me...

LACROIX  
 Do it.

ALYCE  
 Feed on my blood...

Nick opens his mouth wide... his eyes are blurry, dazed... his  
 fangs just a breath away from her throbbing neck... when

NICK  
No.

## NEW ANGLE

as Nick suddenly throws Alyce down... and charges through the flames at Lacroix.

Tackles him to the ground, where Lacroix - face to face with his old pupil - grins a fanged smile. Nick's fangs are gone.

LACROIX

Do you really think you can beat me as a mortal?

NICK

Go to hell.

LACROIX

Not before you do.

Suddenly, he

LAUNCHES NICK (SLOW MOTION) - Across the room... into the FLAMES.

Nick shouts in pain, as the fire singes him... catches his clothes...

NICK

Run, Alyce!

ALYCIA

You need me!

NICK

No!

NICK grabs the nearest weapon he can find: AN EASEL LEG, flaming at one end. He stands... wielding it like a giant, two-handed sword, and runs back out of the flames at

LACROIX... but WHOOSH... Lacroix is suddenly gone.

Nick looks desperately around the room... then WHUMP, something swoops down from the ceiling and knocks him to the ground.

The SOUND OF LAUGHING turns Nick to

THE CEILING GIRDERS. Lacroix hanging from one... mocking Nick.

LACROIX

Getting a little warm down there?

Lacroix swoops down off the beam. A BLUR of black.

Nick wheels around, swinging his flaming weapon from the ground... and

KNOCKS Lacroix out of the air, in mid flight! Sends him careening into a corner.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Nick stands...

NICK  
Alyce, get out!

Then charges Lacroix with the fire stick. Lacroix spins, parries, then screams as Nick makes contact with his face. Brands his cheek with the fiery end.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Firemen smash a battering ram into the warehouse door, as a ladder truck prepares to start pumping water.

SCHANKE watches from the sidelines... turning as

BRUNETTI'S CAR arrives. The Captain and Chen leap out.

SCHANKE  
We can't get in.

CHEN  
I know the code...

Chen crosses to the code pad... punches in a set of numbers... and

THE DOOR rises with a groan. Clouds of smoke pour out... along with a coughing, battered old woman. JEANIE.

Chen catches her... helps her into clear air.

CHEN  
Is Nick in there?

JEANIE  
(nods)  
Upstairs...

INT. LOFT

Nick "fences" with his torch, using all of his strength to drive Lacroix back... back toward the flames.

ALYCE watches horrified... motionless...

Nick screams at her.

NICK  
Run, dammit! Get out of here!

It's just the distraction Lacroix needs.

## NEW ANGLE

as he lunges at Nick, grabbing the flaming 2x2 beneath the fire... then using it as a lever to fling

NICK (SLOW MOTION) across the room. Nick lands with a hard finality. He doesn't move.

ALYCE

Nick!

Lacroix heaves the wooden stake across the room like a javelin, imbedding its flaming end in the wall above Nick's head. The flames start to spread.

And now, Lacroix turns to

ALYCE. Frozen. Captive. Seeing the horrible predatory gleam in Lacroix's eyes. He smiles at her... and

She bolts for the stairway door.

Lacroix moves after her in a blindly fast blur of black.

ON NICK

slowly coming around, as the flames above his head continue to spread. He hears a MUFFLED WHIMPER... then turns to see:

ALYCE IN LACROIX'S ARMS. They're in front of the elevator. The flames between. A hellish sight. Because Lacroix has her neck exposed... and is feeding.

Nick rises. Driven by his hate, his revulsion, his sheer will. He yanks the fiery stake out of the wall...

And charges.

NICK

(in French)

Damn you... Burn in hell!

LACROIX lifts his head, his eyes widen, he drops Alyce to the floor just seconds before

NICK drives the flaming stake through his heart! Pins Lacroix to the wall, his chest burning, his mouth spurting fresh blood.

LACROIX looks at Nick with an odd, questioning gaze... then HIS FACE MELTS as it's consumed by fire. Literally burns off the bones... which powder... dissolving from age...

Nick steps back, horrified at what could be his own fate. Amazed at the totality of the disintegration:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

All that's left of his old master is some burning clothing attached to the stake.

And now Nick looks down to

ALYCE at his feet. Motionless. Lifeless. Gone.

He slowly picks her up, cradling her in his arms. Tenderly. With more love than he thought he could feel. Overcome by grief and exhaustion. Nick looks up as

FIREMEN begin to rush in through the stairway door.

He starts toward them... and collapses.

TO BLACK

FADE IN:

ON THE JADE GOBLET

Nick's goblet. Now mounted in a display case. SLOWLY WIDEN to reveal a dedication plate on the glass: IN MEMORY OF ALYCE HUNTER.... and hear:

NICK'S VOICE

She wanted to live forever.

CHEN'S VOICE

So did you.

NICK AND CHEN stand over the case in the center of the MAYAN EXHIBIT in the museum.

CHEN

It's very seductive... the idea of never dying.

A moment between them.

NICK

She and Lacroix... they're the lucky ones.

CHEN

You don't mean that.

NICK

You could've let me go. If you hadn't given me the transfusion...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHEN

You would've starved to death. Is that why you want to become mortal? To die?

(beat)

Or to live like a human being?

Another moment... then Nick sighs... nods. Gazes one last time at the goblet.

NICK

Do you ever think I'll be able to come back over?

CHEN

I don't know, Nick... All we can do is keep trying.

SCHANKE'S VOICE

Hey...

They turn to see

SCHANKE - IN THE MEDIEVAL ROOM

SCHANKE

You guys ready? I gotta get home for some shut-eye.

Nick and Chen trade a smile and cross.

SCHANKE

Man, I'm tellin' ya... ever since I gave you that blood, I been whipped, partner.

CHEN

(to Nick)

Partner?

Nick sighs... resigned.

SCHANKE

A day man - a night man. Brunetti thinks it's a great idea.

NICK

It's a great idea.

SCHANKE

I mean, I really saved Nick's bacon on this one - am I right?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CHEN

One way to look at it....

WITH THEM as they start out.

SCHANKE

Put the hospital lead together...  
the blood bank stuff.... major  
contributions.

NICK

Major.

SCHANKE

So why do I feel somebody's holdin'  
out on me?

A look between Nick and Chen.

NICK

What do mean?

SCHANKE

I mean, I understand this story from  
Jeanie. She's AB negative -so the  
guy thinks he kills her, but he  
doesn't drain her blood. I got that.  
But what about Fenner, himself?

CHEN

What about him?

SCHANKE

If he was the guy who was taking the  
blood, why was his body missing two  
pints when we found him?

Nick and Chen trade a look... then

NICK

Evaporation.

SCHANKE

No.

He looks to Chen.

CHEN

Absolutely. From the heat of the  
fire.

SCHANKE

(pause)  
Y'know... I was thinkin' that. Sure.  
Evaporation.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

He pulls out a cigarette. Lights it. Coughs when he inhales.

CHEN

Fastest way into a coffin.

NICK

One of them, anyway.

SCHANKE

You sound like my wife. I'm tryin'  
to quit, all right? I'm tryin'...

(beat)

Will ya guys stop lookin' at me that  
way? You got no idea what it's like  
to live with an addiction.

Off Nick and Chen's reaction, go:

HIGH AND WIDE

A ceiling POV as they exit the massive room. Three men walking  
through artifacts of the past toward their future.

SLOWLY PULL BACK to reveal that this POV is from THE OUTSIDE  
looking in. Through the skylight in the ceiling.

THE CAMERA COUNTERS to show us to whom this POV belongs:

A WOMAN - Pale, gaunt, half-lit in the moonlight. ALYCE.

She pushes off the roof.

EXT. AERIAL POV OF SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The city bathed in the glow of a million lights. The sounds  
amplified, running together, a roar of humanity.

The shot banks and circles .. moving like a bird of prey.  
Searching for something... someone...

Hungry for blood.

TO BLACK

THE END