

LET US TOUCH THE SUN

Written by

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Selected dialogue from:
J. Sheridan Le Fanu's CARMILLA (1872)

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FADE IN:

EXT. HACIENDA — PÔRTO SANTO ISLAND DAY

Modernist architecture beneath blue Atlantic sky.

SUPER: APRIL, 1978

INT. HACIENDA — LOUNGE DAY

Gauzy fabric sways at a half-drawn picture window.

Spider plants here and there.

Walls fashionably wood-panelled.

Offset by a mounted DAGUERROTYPE portraying a dark-haired young girl beside a woman of sensuality.

A pyramid-like ORNAMENT glimmers with lustrous stones on the sideboard below.

Paperweight for a First Class travel document headed:
CASA ANGOLA INTERNACIONAL SHIPPING COMPANY

Nearby, an open SCRAPBOOK—

Filled with sun-faded Polaroids: terraces, sailboats, a white-haired Charlie Chaplin...

... and a POSTCARD on which we linger: an imperious female in the Cossack style, a black crucifix above her tunic.

Suddenly, at the window, a FIGURE softly silhouetted.

Waving aside the fabric with practiced nonchalance...

And stepping into the room—

COUNTESS VALERIE KRISTEVA.

To all intents and purposes a glamorous 26-year-old woman:

Carrying off a chic white blazer, matching flared trousers and tortoiseshell Foster Grants—

Blood-red lip gloss...

... adorning glacial, ancient lineage.

A chiffon scarf catches the light as Valerie aligns the tonearm of her record player—

Its stylus tracking an LP record.

VU needles flickering to life.

So that we hear the harpsichord intro of Esther Ofarim's PORT SUNLIGHT. Her vocal haunted, crystalline:

VINYL RECORD (V.O.)

Through the years

I've sailed my ship to you...

Valerie removes her sunglasses...

The song a conduit for an extrasensory perception she will channel in the following sequence and throughout.

EXT. OFFINGTON COURT (VALERIE'S ESP) DAY

An elderly, white-gloved GARDENER tends a summer lawn in front of a well-appointed 1930s residence.

The English South Coast at its most appealing.

INT. LOUNGE — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Valerie selects a SCRABBLE tile from a velvet pouch and sets its **M3** upon her glass coffee table—

Alongside the postcard of the imperious female.

VINYL RECORD (V.O. CONT.)

Far far, I've left the friends

that were dear to me...

INT. SITTING ROOM (VALERIE'S ESP CONT.) DAY

An ADOLESCENT GIRL contemplates a now autumnal garden—

Beautiful only daughter of white witches, perhaps? Or a distant relative of the Countess?

Pale fingers manipulating the lid of a silver compact...

... to reveal its soft, talcum-like powder.

INT. LOUNGE — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Valerie sips from a wine glass filled with iced water.
Making such a thing seem decadent.

VINYL RECORD (V.O. CONT.)

Mmm Mmm Mmm Mmm...

EXT. ENGLISH CHURCHYARD (VALERIE'S ESP CONT.) DAY

The girl walks through brown leaves...

... to rest magnolias against a freshly marbled headstone:

~ IN LOVING MEMORY OF MADELEINE ANDRESSON ~

INT. LOUNGE — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Valerie selects a final Scrabble tile...

And finds the word: **M A L I K A**

VINYL RECORD (V.O. CONT.)

*La la la la... Port Sunlight
Soon I'll sail through to you.*

INT. EUROPEAN AIRPORT TERMINAL DAY

Destinations WHIRR rapidly across the departure board.

FEMALE TANNOY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Last call for Lufthansa flight
7609 to Mahon.

MOVING WALKWAY

Departure lounges, passengers and electronic luggage-cars
float towards us...

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

DAVID CHANG (26) races against the tide. A Pan Am flight
bag at his side.

Shoulder-length hair sways in his wake. Like some rich-kid
L.A. record producer.

FEMALE TANNOY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Any remaining passengers should
 proceed immediately to gate
 thirty-one where this flight is
 now boarding.

FROM DEPARTURE LOUNGE WINDOW

Suitcases glide towards the aircraft.

MAGAZINE STAND

A melange of international news headlines:

- FEDERAL REPUBLIC DENY MEINHOFF LAWYER CLAIM
- FOURTH GIRL MISSING: INTERPOL IMPOUND PASSENGER LINER

The latter accompanied by a grainy photograph.

BOARDING GATE 31

Chang relieved to make the cut. Perspiring a little as a
 pretty AIR HOSTESS returns his ID.

AIR HOSTESS
 Have a pleasant flight—
 (and whispers)
 Special Agent Chang.

We'll get there ahead of him, but he'll catch us up later.

EXT. RUNWAY DAY

A Lufthansa 737 takes off...

DISSOLVE TO:

A mellow disc of SETTING SUN above the Mediterranean.

EXT. FROM THE SEA MAGIC HOUR

A headland glimmers with beaded light as boats rest in the
 harbour below.

SUPER: CIUTADELLA DE MENORCA, BALEARIC ISLANDS

EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT TERRACE SAME TIME

Lithe WAITERS glide between tables set with glass candles and artificial flowers.

ELDERLY ENGLISH LADY

They say she was a student...
from West Germany.

ANOTHER TABLE

AMERICAN WIFE

Why detain us all like this—?

ANOTHER TABLE

FRENCHMAN

... there have been others. A
case in Belgium.

TABLE OVERLOOKING THE SEA

Crimson fingernails wrapped around a tall wine glass—

Emanating from NATALIA LIECHTENSTEIN (allegedly 27): all
safari jacket and otherworldly cosmetics.

Allowing us view of the glossy object on her tongue.

For the benefit of a fabulous companion: Yes, none other
than Countess Valerie Kristeva—

VALERIE

Valium...?

Natalia brings the wine glass to glistening lips... Mixes
narcotics with alcohol.

NATALIA

They help me forget how much I
love you.

Natalia gazes at Valerie as if into the residue of some
hopeless fascination.

Valerie elsewhere—

WELL-SPOKEN FEMALE (V.O.)

My Mother suffered from a rare
blood disorder...

MALIKA'S TABLE

The voice belongs to MALIKA ANDRESSON (19), the girl from Valerie's ESP sequence:

Laura Ashley cardigan, summer dress—

MALIKA (V.O. CONT.)
... but she never should have
died.

And close up, we sense something supernatural... Like the rustle of leaves in a Nordic forest.

MALIKA (V.O.)
Father had been in Africa at
the time. Pursuing real estate.

Malika sits opposite her father, HELMUT ANDRESSON (47) — clearly at ease in the role of handsome widower.

MALIKA (V.O.)
The continent contained untold
possibilities, he said.
(beat)
Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast,
the Cape Verde Islands—

TERRACE

Several MUSICIANS tune their instruments and set levels on the amplifiers.

MALIKA (V.O.)
While I took driving lessons,
worked at my Aunt's bistro...
(beat)
and wondered from time to time
as to a strange white powder—

Andresson suddenly notices two women looking his way...

MALIKA (V.O.)
Until one day my father said we
should go on a trip together.

A seasoned CRUISE SHIP SINGER drinks Cinzano and laughs along with the musicians.

MALIKA (V.O. CONT.)
A cruise perhaps...?

Malika sweeps imaginary hair from her eyes...

MALIKA (V.O.)

We flew to Athens and sailed on
the Ischia Princess. A passage
aligned towards the sun...

VALERIE

Bewitched by Malika, by the failing light—

MALIKA (V.O.)

Until a girl from West Germany
vanished into its unimaginable
darkness.

CUT TO:

PASSPORT PHOTO

Long hair falls over wide lapels: airline hijacker chic
par excellence.

NAME / NOM: KRISTEVA, COUNTESS VALERIE

CUT TO:

TERRACE

INSPECTOR ROLLIN (56) studies the passport.

A worn PIPE glued to his lips. His dry, Flemish manner in
keeping with a faded V-neck and *Columbo*-style raincoat.

INSPECTOR ROLLIN

(returns passport)

Countess Kristeva—

A recollection from some classified Interpol file beneath
the forensic lustre of his green eyes.

VALERIE

Thank you, Inspector—

(utterly charming)

... Rollin.

Rollin steps aside for the WINE WAITER... who sets down a
dusty bottle and fresh glasses.

WINE WAITER

Compliments of Senor Andresson.

Natalia smiles across at Andresson—

Clearly satisfied by his own generosity. And watching—

Valerie and Natalia indulge in the gentle collision of cut crystal... their classic 70s moment.

Rollin thoughtful as a tobacco cloud drifts skyward from his pipe...

... She's barely changed.

EXT. RUNWAY — MAHON AIRPORT TWILIGHT

The Lufthansa 737 touches down in view of a fluorescent terminal building.

EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT TERRACE — MALIKA'S TABLE SAME TIME

Malika and her father talking... albeit inaudibly.

Soon we will see only Malika.

And the silver CRUCIFIX at her throat—

NATALIA (O.S.)

An exquisite selection,
Countess.

VALERIE'S TABLE

Natalia's lighter flares softly... as the musicians strike up a romantic Francis Lai number.

Valerie reclines with a slimline Dunhill.

And remembers...

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — COCKTAIL LOUNGE (FLASHBACK) NIGHT

An AFRICAN MAGICIAN sweeps white-gloved fingers across the polished black surface of an open COFFIN.

His dazzling smile alights upon a girl in the front row...

... the dark-haired KATERINA ENGELMANN (19)—

Encouraged by bourgeois PARENTS, she stands. In all her secretarial mystique.

The Magician indicates for Katerina to feel the coffin's red satin lining... and reassure the audience that it is indeed unoccupied.

She does so, shyly sweeping long hair over one shoulder.

Revealing her gazelle-like throat and its lustrous piece of lapis lazuli...

... to the watchful eyes of Valerie.

As the Magician seals the coffin and plays to the crowd's polite fascination.

Yet we too are held only by Valerie—

Suddenly, a glamorous BLONDE (a top hat above silky black underwear) emerges theatrically from inside the coffin!

... to appreciative APPLAUSE fading us back to...

EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT TERRACE TWILIGHT

The singer works the terrace—

Passes by the glowing tip of Valerie's cigarette...

... by her water with ice and lime.

As a moth flutters about a glass candle.

A boat pushes out to sea.

And Valerie gazes into space...

COCKTAIL LOUNGE (FLASHBACK CONT.)

Valerie hands Katerina a glass of Champagne.

KATERINA
(softly)
Danke Schön.

EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT TERRACE TWILIGHT

The singer gesturing as the number gains momentum.

Diners enjoying its already nostalgic tones.

Malika's delicate profile.

Natalia fascinated by Valerie's passport. Its likeness from another time, another place.

Valerie lost to the coming of night... Oblivious to the guest at her table.

ANDRESSON

I trust the '59 Chassagne wasn't too presumptuous? I just thought it odd we hadn't been introduced before now.

Andresson's clipped enunciation and tendency to measure sentences à la 40s character actor, Tom Conway, renders him the epitome of debonair.

NATALIA

Not at all... It is a pleasure to indulge one's thirst.

Natalia at her most beguiling... drawing Andresson into Valerie's orbit.

Valerie holds the stem of her glass and gazes into the mellow burgundy — presuming it dates from 1859.

VALERIE

An unforgettable vintage... before the phylloxera.

ANDRESSON

Ah, if only— but evidently you are a connoisseur?

Malika apprehensive as her father ingratiates himself to these glimmering females—

His suave exterior now that of the collector offering up his rarest specimen.

ANDRESSON

You must meet my daughter, Malika Andresson.

Malika emerges from twilight—

Valerie removes her sunglasses...

... to discover the object of her clairvoyance.

Beneath an exchange of shy glances.

And the polite rearrangement of chairs...

... during which Valerie knocks over a glass of red wine—

Across white linen...

As strings swirl off into the night.

FROM THE SEA

The headland lit only by the candles and coloured lights of the restaurant terrace.

EXT. INLAND ROAD NIGHT

The glare of car headlights across dark landscape.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS DUSK

A fire on the horizon as a HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE makes its way across sparsely populated upland.

SUPER: TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS, 1865

INT. CARRIAGE SAME TIME

A wide-eyed YOUNG GIRL (12) sits opposite—

COUNTESS IMELDA KRISTEVA (mid-30s).

Complexions pale by night, yet both recognisable from the daguerrotype in Valerie's lounge.

Countess Imelda wearing an oversize BLACK CRUCIFIX.

And the girl a delicately jewelled headband.

YOUNG GIRL

Mother, what will we do at the castle?

COUNTESS IMELDA

I told you, Valerie. We must pay our respects to Count Kristeva.

E/I. PLATEAU NIGHT

Tired horses spooked by the presence of WOLVES off in the dark forest...

The carriage judders violently.

Firewood crackles as they approach—

A NAKED GIRL manacled between two wooden stakes.

Valerie's face pressed to the window, witnessing—

Hessian-shrouded FIGURES emerge from the drift of bonfire smoke...

And a choreograph of fan-tail brushes against the girl's bare white ass.

Countess Imelda abruptly pulls down the blind.

OVER BLACK:

COUNTESS IMELDA
(whispers)
Castle Kristeva.

INT. CASTLE KRISTEVA — LIBRARY NIGHT

Valerie stands before an oak table lighted by candelabra. Apprehensive as her mother leaves the room.

Waxen features look up from a manuscript illustrated by some Dark Age phantasmagoria.

COUNT KRISTEVA
(unutterably frail)
Please, Valerie... Sit down.

COUNT KRISTEVA's blood-lined eyes peer through foundation touched with mascara and lipstick.

Perfect match for an extravagant hairpiece, polka-dot silk scarf and black leather gloves.

A clock chimes the late hour.

Valerie sits spellbound by her strangely aged relative.

Hears rain against mysterious windows.

COUNT KRISTEVA

The villagers speak of witches
and demons, their lives guided
by tales... by superstition. We
are different, Valerie. Our
blood flows from one century to
the next.

12-YEAR-OLD VALERIE

I don't understand?

COUNT KRISTEVA

I was born near Târgoviste on a
small tributary of the Danube.
Upon the feast day of Saint
Nicholas... In the year 1365.

12-YEAR-OLD VALERIE

It cannot be! Then you are—

Count Kristeva brings a gloved finger to his lips.
Clouded eyes twinkle.

WHOOSH...!

A black PARASOL mushrooms across the screen—

The Count tilts it above his head...

Rises from his chair.

COUNT KRISTEVA

Even the feeblest light hurts
my eyes.

Valerie's headband sparkles as she watches Count Kristeva
reach gingerly into his decrepit shelves...

Folding the parasol, he sits back down and places a dusty
volume on the table before painstakingly leafing through.

COUNT KRISTEVA

Mmm, here we are...

(reads aloud)

Families of noble lineage
endured the years of pestilence
by desperate means: the blood
of virgins seasoned with wine
and cinnamon on nights of a
crescent moon became their

(MORE)

COUNT KRISTEVA (CONT.)
 elixir... imparting immunity
 not only from bubonic plague,
 but from death itself.

Count Kristeva glances at Valerie... Reads her more:

COUNT KRISTEVA
 Such rituals continued in the
 densely forested regions long
 after the plague had receded.

A moth flutters about the candelabra.

Rain gusts against the windows.

Valerie's pupils loom large in the flickering gloom.

COUNT KRISTEVA
 (looks up)
 We sacrificed these innocent
 girls to preserve our souls.
 You, Valerie, must preserve
 your beauty.

Tweezers extract a COLOUR PLATE from an envelope forming
 part of the volume's endpapers.

Its subject a NOBLEWOMAN cast in the same luminous hues as
 a medieval book of hours.

COUNT KRISTEVA (CONT.)
 Your blood is that of Nadja the
 Infamous—
 (beat)
 And imbued with eternal life!

And pushing closer on the colour plate...

... Only now do we recognise the imperious woman from the
 postcard in Valerie's lounge.

Her gaze both holy and terrible—

EXT. CIUTADELLA HARBOUR NIGHT

Lamplighted windows all across the impounded vessel...

... as dark water buoys the eerie sway of smaller boats.

INT. NATALIA'S CABIN — ISCHIA PRINCESS SAME TIME

Elegant fingers remove themselves from Valerie's eyeline—

So that she sees a PENCIL SKETCH: a likeness of Malika executed in a modernist style.

Natalia awaits Valerie's approval...

VALERIE

You've not lost your technique.

(then)

The resemblance is striking!

And for the first time we also discern Malika's similarity to Nadja.

EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT TERRACE / BAR CLOSING TIME

Wicker chairs propped against plastic tables. Even the musicians have called it a night.

Fairy lights frame a fiftyish BARMAN... Cashing-up while Rollin sips black coffee and Chang a bottled Pepsi—

Studying four glossy 10x8s laid out across the bar (and we'll come to each of these in this sequence):

The first PHOTOGRAPH is of a girl with dusky flesh tones and starry black eyes.

ROLLIN (O.S.)

(rapidly)

Sabine Caraccio, nineteen-year-old au pair from Naples.

EXT. PAVEMENT CAFE — NAPLES (FLASHBACK) DAY

SABINE CARACCIO sets down her espresso glass and returns to her glitzy paperback.

Just as the swirl of dead leaves bring Venus wrapped in furs—

VALERIE

May I join you? The streets are so lonely this time of year.

Sabine touches the obsidian gemstone at her throat.

EXT. BAR CLOSING TIME

The photograph of Sabine Caraccio holds us for a moment... imploring that we remember her a while longer.

ROLLIN (O.S.)
Vanished sixteenth of November,
last year.

The second PHOTOGRAPH is of a fresh-faced girl with a wavy salon cut.

ROLLIN (O.S.)
Violette Decaux, twenty-two-
year-old music student from
Anderlecht.

EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS — PARIS (FLASHBACK) DAY

Valerie posed in a purple corduroy jacket and open-necked shirt. A boho-chic bag slung over her shoulder.

Frozen by the sub-second mechanism of a SHUTTER RELEASE.

VIOLETTE DECAUX steps into the frame... Returns Valerie's SLR. A blood-red slither of imitation coral at her throat.

VALERIE
Thank you...
(then)
Allow me to buy you a coffee.

EXT. BAR CLOSING TIME

The Barman eavesdrops Rollin's overview of the case:

ROLLIN
Expected Paris Conservatoire,
January sixth. Never arrived.

The third PHOTOGRAPH all prairie-girl cheekbones...

ROLLIN (O.S.)
Marianne Gilbert, twenty-three-
year-old researcher from Utah—
(realises)
You know about Marianne...

INT. CAFÉ DEL TORREADOR — IBIZA (FLASHBACK) DAY

Sunlight falls across the flock wallpaper with its photos of old bullfighters.

MARIANNE GILBERT smiles beneath a green velvet beret as she sets down a coffee...

... so that we notice the agate ring on her finger.

Valerie looks up from a slim volume of feminine erotica.

VALERIE

I like your beret—

EXT. BAR CLOSING TIME

Chang picks up the photograph of Marianne Gilbert. An American citizen. The reason he's here.

ROLLIN

Last seen on Ibiza, sixteenth
of March.

The dark-haired fourth PHOTOGRAPH seems familiar...

ROLLIN (O.S.)

Katerina Engelmann, nineteen-
year-old anthropology student
at the University of Bonn.

EXT. ISCHIA PRINCESS (EARLIER FLASHBACKS CONT.) NIGHT

The nighttime shadows of engines, funnels, lifeboats.

Not quite concealing Valerie and Katerina—

Sparkles of Champagne, the gentle Santé of cut glass and the gleam of lapis lazuli...

... as their silhouettes meet in a tentative kiss.

EXT. BAR CLOSING TIME

Chang's sensitivity somewhat concealed by a metallic Seiko wristwatch, aloha shirt and fur-trimmed jacket.

ROLLIN

(comes into shot)

Vanished from passenger liner
sailing ninety to one hundred
and fifty kilometres due west
of Sardinia—

Pools of coloured light play for a moment across the four
portraits.

BARMAN

(to Rollin)

Please Senor, I go home now.

Chang downs the last of his Pepsi as the Barman shuts off
the electricity.

INT. MALIKA'S CABIN — CIUTADELLA HARBOUR NIGHT

The girl in a pale nightdress...

... hears the swell of salt water out beyond the porthole.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FISHING BOAT / MEDITERRANEAN SEA DAWN

An OLD FISHERMAN contemplating the sea.

Cataract-glazed eyes perceiving—

Slimy undulations of seaweed below the gentle motion of
deep water...

... gradually revealed as strands of long dark hair—

Emanating from a pallid CORPSE...

... that of a young female.

OLD FISHERMAN

Santo Dios! The phantoms of
night.

The old fisherman makes the sign of the cross.

A segment of orange quivers upon the horizon.

EXT. CIUTADELLA PLAZA DAY

A paramedic VEHICLE swerves to a halt in front of an old colonial building.

Lamps glow feebly along its arcade, just about making visible a blue and white POLICIA emblem.

INT. POLICE OFFICES — MORGUE DAY

Rollin pulls aside hospital-weight linen... uncovering the sea-matted hair of Katerina Engelmann.

The fluorescent overhead revealing a tracery of bloodless arteries.

ROLLIN

Miss Engelmann appears to have
lost an excess of blood?

Rollin made uncomfortable by the proximity of the CORONER. And the man's precise, almost rhapsodic elocution.

CORONER

An exquisite example. Note the
clavicular prominence. Oh yes,
exsanguination can be...

Rollin meets the Coroner's faraway expression.

CORONER (CONT.)

Most affecting.

ROLLIN

And tiny puncture marks—?

CORONER

More than likely caused by stray
metallic fibres. Fishing nets
are a common problem, Inspector.

INT. VALERIE'S CABIN — ISCHIA PRINCESS DAY

Valerie naked by curtained half-light... Covers herself with a Chinese gown before opening the door.

ROLLIN

I'm sorry it's so early,
Countess, but—

VALERIE

Oh, Inspector... Please excuse me. I sleep very deeply.

ROLLIN

(steps inside)

I thought you should know—

Rollin disturbed by Valerie's dishevelled allure...

ROLLIN (CONT.)

Katerina Engelmann's body was found at sea early this morning.

VALERIE

Oh...

(feigning shock)

That's terrible.

ROLLIN

We also found splinters of glass on the upper deck—

(then)

You were seen together on the night she disappeared?

VALERIE

I didn't think to mention it—

(then)

I remember now: the stage show had ended and as it was warm in the lounge we took our drinks on deck.

Valerie picks up a familiar ornament... glimmering with precious stones — one from each of her paramours.

VALERIE

We chatted for ten or fifteen minutes before saying goodnight.

ROLLIN

You were the last person to see Miss Engelmann alive, it seems?

Valerie puts down the ornament.
Folds herself into the silk of her gown.

VALERIE

I hadn't thought of it like that.

ROLLIN

Might there be anything else
you hadn't thought of...?

EXT. ISCHIA PRINCESS (EARLIER FLASHBACKS CONT.) NIGHT

Crystals of glass glitter in darkness.

... and muffled SOBBING close by.

As strands of sea-blown hair invade the edge of the frame.

VALERIE'S CABIN

VALERIE

I don't think so, Inspector.

Natalia emerges from the bathroom. Slyly suggests she has
overheard everything. Obviously naked beneath her gown.

ROLLIN

Thank you, Countess. Forgive me
for disturbing your sleep.

VALERIE

I am sorry about Katerina. She
seemed so full of life.

Rollin makes to leave... yet feels himself mesmerised by
Natalia's androgynous sensuality.

ROLLIN

Miss Liechtenstein—

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Valerie sits on the bed. Acknowledges possible capture...
as Natalia settles beside her.

NATALIA

He suspects you. We must leave.

VALERIE

You know it is impossible. I
caress the blood of strangers
so they might love me...

Natalia places both arms around Valerie and positions her
head in Valerie's neck.

VALERIE (CONT.)

Yet I must abandon them... in
favour of my ancestor.

(then)

The Infamous Nadja.

Their figures exude melancholia in the dim cabin...

... the dark of the curtain fading.

VALERIE

(lifts her hand)

Light hurts my eyes as I am
lured by the sun...

EXT. CIUTADELLA (MONTAGE) DAY

An OLD WOMAN mops a balcony—

An orange lightbulb comes on in the smart boutique below—

A windmill motionless above sun-faded billboards—

Rollin walks across a cheerful playpark...

VALERIE (V.O.)

Its musky softness infiltrating
these warm islands.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — BREAKFAST LOUNGE DAY

Several GUESTS help themselves from a sideboard laden with
croissants, cold meats and cheese.

ANDRESSON (O.S.)

Seeing as we're all stuck here,
I asked Miss Liechtenstein if
she and the Countess would care
to see something of the island.

BREAKFAST TABLE

Malika sits opposite her father as he pours coffee.

ANDRESSON

I telephoned Avis and—

(checks watch)

A car should be on the quayside
in twenty-five minutes.

MALIKA

I'll stay here, if you don't
mind.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE LATER

Insidious light permeates the foliage overhanging tabletops
and soft furnishings.

An old GERMAN COUPLE calmly divide the broadsheet pages of
Die Welt; now displaying a grainy image of Miss Engelmann.

Malika sits opposite them, bored with her tired paperback.

VALERIE (O.S.)

May I invite you to lunch?

Malika turns to find Valerie removing her sunglasses—

And posed for imaginary cameras in a wide-brimmed PANAMA
and red chiffon scarf.

MALIKA

Countess—?

VALERIE

I thought we could get to know
each other.

I/E. MINIBUS / MOVING LANDSCAPE DAY

Sunlight through dusty windows as Valerie, Malika and
several middle-aged TOURISTS hold their hats.

DRIVER

(shouting)

A bumpy ride, no!

An arid brown landscape dotted with low stone walls, cacti
and dilapidated farm buildings.

VALERIE

I didn't realise it would be so
rough.

MALIKA

(smiles)

That's okay, I'm having fun.

Malika sweeps a strand of hair from her face... allowing
Valerie clear view of her mother's brooch-like ring—

Fashioned in exquisite rose quartz.

EXT. CAFÉ — ALAIOR DAY

Bottled mineral water. Tall glasses sparkling with ice.

And Valerie's languid courting of Malika amid the quiet of
an off-season inland town—

Where tiny CATS play under tables.

Where wooden guitars buzz softly from cheap transistors.

And where a young PRIEST passes the time of day.

VALERIE

... and my being a Countess?
Oh, it's not as glamorous as
you might suppose.

MALIKA

You must meet fabulous people?

VALERIE

They are long since faded. I
inhabit a lonelier aeon.

MALIKA

You speak as if you were a
hundred years old?

VALERIE

Perhaps I am...?
(then)
Life is mysterious, unknowable.
Suspended in infinity.

Malika betrays a glimmer of unease—

A cat leaps onto the table between them. Its paws padding
between glass and porcelain.

Feline eyes meet Valerie in some ancient communion.

A NYLON-STRINGED melody picks its way across the airwaves.

Valerie strokes the cat's tabby fur.

VALERIE

Oh, on occasion I have to sign something from the real estate agency or meet my accountant, but I have very few friends.

MALIKA

And Natalia?

VALERIE

Would you be surprised to learn Natalia and I were once lovers?

Red chiffon flutters in the breeze...

... as a FRENCHMAN (last overheard on the terrace at Ciutadella) approaches their table.

EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT TERRACE — BAR DAY

Rollin waits... A pipe affixed to the corner of his mouth.

The barman gawps at a computerised passenger list. His facial expression suddenly that of a stroke victim.

BARMAN

They were here previously—

Rollin prises the list from the man's outstretched hand. Folds and returns to his coat pocket.

The barman pours a Scotch. Steadies himself.

BARMAN (CONT.)

... When my father was head waiter.

He indicates a b&w photo on the shelf behind him — that of a benign gentleman from the General Franco era.

BARMAN

I was still a boy: clearing tables, fetching things from the kitchen.

Rollin relights his pipe... Senses he may have found an expert witness.

BARMAN

In the summer of 1937—

(downs Scotch)

Each night there was cabaret...
where we play host to the wives
and mistresses of writers,
financiers, revolutionaries.

(beat)

And the Countess... fabulous in
fur and ostrich feathers. Pale,
transfixed by the stage.

(then)

You see, Miss Liechtenstein was
our resident artiste.

The barman leans in close—

BARMAN

My father is long dead, Senor.
Yet those two women do not age
a day!

EXT. CARRER DE SANTA EULÀLIA — ALAIOR DAY

Sun above a dusty, oppressive mountain.

And the drone of flies as Valerie and Malika (shaded by a
white PARASOL) trail behind the Frenchman—

The thirty-something ANDRE-CLAUDE RENAN... linen flannels
accentuating a slender, academic frame.

MONSIEUR RENAN

Alaior began to assume the shape
of a town during the fourteenth
century... Later, we know there
was a small Jewish community.

The threesome step into deep afternoon shadow—

EXT. OPEN GROUND LATER

Having strayed from the tourist trail, Malika indulges
Renan's enthusiasm for a boat-like arrangement of stones.

MONSIEUR RENAN

... the remains of a megalithic
navetta.

Valerie clearly disturbed—

MONSIEUR RENAN (O.S.)
Or ancient burial chamber...

EXT. FOREST — TRANSYLVANIA (DEEP FLASHBACK) TWILIGHT

A trail of white stones...

... encircle FLAMES—

Consuming a crude WOODEN CROSS—

Driven through the heart of a purple-cloaked NADJA—

Defiant in the face of death.

Exuding unearthly beauty.

EXT. OPEN GROUND — ALAIOR DAY

Valerie closes her eyes.

Presses fingertips to her forehead—

MONSIEUR RENAN (O.S.)
Their significance is perhaps
astrological. Or even magical...

EXT. ABANDONED RUNWAY (VALERIE'S ESP) NIGHT

... and this time sees Malika engulfed by FLAMES!!

EXT. OPEN GROUND — ALAIOR DAY

Valerie consumed with grief.

Faints—

In hexagons of sunlight.

Malika and Monsieur Renan rush to her assistance...

DISSOLVE TO:

VALERIE

Prostrate on a nearby bench.

Malika pours bottled water over a handkerchief. Places its cooled cotton across Valerie's brow.

Monsieur Renan shades them with Malika's parasol.

MALIKA

Looks like sunstroke.

MONSIEUR RENAN

It is really quite fierce.

Valerie's eyelashes flicker.

MALIKA

Countess—?

VALERIE

We will sail from the darkest point... entombed in love and death.

Malika exchanges a glance with Monsieur Renan.

MONSIEUR RENAN

A mild delirium, I would say.

Valerie reaches for Malika's hand—

EXT. ROAD A LITTLE LATER

A black trot-race HORSE peers over a stone wall. Sees the green-shuttered buildings in the quiet of siesta.

Malika's parasol shading Valerie while they wait for the return bus alongside Monsieur Renan.

And an OLD WOMAN... Clad all in black, scuffing the ground with her weathered shoes.

Pausing before Valerie... yet pointing a dirty, sun-dried finger at her own rheumy eye.

OLD WOMAN

Neg-ro. Neg-ro...

(insistent)

Neg-ro...

Words that evapourate within warm, dusty air.

Malika bewildered...

... as Valerie assumes a mystic authority. Intoning now in some strange dialect:

VALERIE

(subtitled)

One hundred days from now I
will rise... In the port of
sunlight. As beneath a black
shroud your breath expires.

The old woman makes the sign of the cross.

Malika and Monsieur Renan apprehensive.

Superstitious muttering as the old woman walks away.

And Valerie returning as if from a trance—

VALERIE

Malika...? Monsieur—

I/E. HOTEL LOBBY / CIUTADELLA PLAZA DAY

Rollin and a jetlagged Chang move through a carpeted lobby into the bright plaza—

With its postcard carousels and POLICE OFFICERS drinking espresso at café tables.

The two investigators now distant figures at a sandstone wall overlooking the harbour.

Languid vehicles curve towards the cool colonial arcade.

ROLLIN

They were here previously.

(then)

More than forty years ago.

ZOOM TO:

... beads of perspiration that mottle Chinese and European alike.

CHANG

I guess you still have phantoms
in Europe?

ROLLIN

I discount phantoms, Senor
Chang... but Vampires—

EXT. CIUTADELLA HARBOUR MAGIC HOUR

... beads of light all about the harbour.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — COCKTAIL LOUNGE SAME TIME

Rollin takes the stage to muted hubbub... Adjusts the mic.

ROLLIN

(amplified)

Death by misadventure has been
ruled in the case of Katerina
Engelmann. The Ischia Princess
is now at liberty to resume its
passage.

Murmurs of relief among the PASSENGERS as Rollin makes way
for CAPTAIN CALTASEÑA — a short, seedily unshaven Spaniard
with a Mexican moustache.

CAPTAIN CALTASEÑA

(amplified)

We set sail at eleven hundred
hours. Accept my sincere—

E/I. SIDE-STREET CAFE NIGHT

Rollin and Chang only patrons within a glowing, excavated
interior.

Rollin closes the case DOSSIER—

ROLLIN

We simply have no case against
the Countess Kristeva.

Rollin reaches for his coffee.

Chang drinks his Pepsi. Allows Rollin the moment.

ROLLIN

... but I fly to Bucharest in the morning.

(off Chang's curiosity)

For evidential purposes.

CHANG

And I'll keep looking for Marianne Gil—

ROLLIN

No— Observe the Countess. At night, especially at night.

CHANG

You really believe she's a vampire, don't you?

ROLLIN

Perhaps...

EXT. QUAYSIDE — CIUTADELLA DAY

Seagulls and boats beneath steep, moss-saturated walls.

A red and yellow Menorcan flag flutters in the breeze.

As a local GIRL with a fringed bag walks across the frame.

... to the solemn clank of CATHEDRAL BELLS—

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — VALERIE'S CABIN DAY

A familiar refrain. Humming from a tabletop TAPE RECORDER.

PORT SUNLIGHT (V.O.)

Mmm Mmm Mmm Mmm...

... as we find Valerie asleep within curtained half-light.

INT. ANOTHER CABIN (VALERIE'S ESP) DAY

Seeing the black gloss of a semi-automatic PISTOL.

Alongside photographs of Sabine Caraccio, Violette Decaux, Marianne Gilbert and Katerina Engelmann—

Fanned out across a chenille bedspread.

Over which a masculine hand reaches... distinguished by a metallic wristwatch.

INT. VALERIE'S CABIN DAY

Images fade... and Valerie a mask of sleep as the tape reaches its end. The machine clicks—

INT. CHANG'S CABIN DAY

Chang sits on the bed with his back against the wall. The contents of the dossier spread out like puzzle pieces:

CHANG (V.O.)

How did I imagine Europe in its
wisdom? A refuge for werewolves
and witches in the hours after
twilight?

Chang alights upon a police report pertaining to Marianne Gilbert...

... and circles: CAFE DEL TORREADOR, IBIZA

CHANG (V.O.)

Once upon a time, maybe... but
I'd already caught the tail of
that phoney Countess routine in
the First Class corridor. And I
didn't buy it.

(beat)

Or Rollin's vampire theory.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS DAY

Sunshine funnels onto a large unfolded map of the Balearic Islands.

Caltaseña dismisses it with an odd gesture.

CAPTAIN CALTASEÑA

I lose five hours—

CHANG
 (comes into shot)
 We already lost Miss Engelmann.

The Captain retreats into shadow and pours from a depleted brandy bottle.

CAPTAIN CALTASEÑA
 Okay, after dark when no-one
 see you.

Caltaseña moves back into the light and RAPS a pointer against the map's blue expanse.

CAPTAIN CALTASEÑA
 I drop you four miles from
 northern peninsula.
 (smirking)
 From there, Senor Chang, it's
 up to you.

Caltaseña voraciously drains his glass.

EXT. EASTERN EUROPE — RUNWAY DAY

PASSENGERS file onto the tarmac beneath a gleaming 747.
 Rollin's frayed raincoat blends in easily.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — VALERIE'S CABIN DAY

Chilled Champagne and a lavish volume open to a glistening *Still Life with Grapefruit*.

Late afternoon luxuries on the high sea—

For Malika in a plush swivel chair as Valerie stands to one side of her — caressing the chair's curvature...

MALIKA
 The newspaper said the German
 girl's corpse was drained of
 all its blood.

Valerie sidles to a position behind Malika.

VALERIE
 Newspapers can be so vulgar.

Pale fingers invade Malika's hair... teasing it upwards to reveal the nape of her neck.

VALERIE

Think only of these nights of wonders... In which I'll draw near to you.

Valerie's breath upon Malika as she whispers—

VALERIE

So that you in turn will draw near to others.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE — RUMANIA DUSK

Pipe smoke, faded leatherette and the RATTLE of rails as Rollin contemplates dark, forested landscape.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — COCKTAIL LOUNGE NIGHT

The Singer's *Opportunity Knocks*-winning voice works its magic upon an appreciative crowd.

... beneath soft-tone pendant lamps.

Andresson regales Natalia with tales of men and beasts:

ANDRESSON

In West Africa they can slice Guava fruit as if it were the world—

Malika wears her hair in a Spanish style. Won over by Monsieur Renan's gallic charm.

MONSIEUR RENAN

You know, these Mediterranean islands are fascinating—

Valerie languid across the furniture. At a remove from the others, alone in these moments.

The singer now wrapping a Carpenters number in velvet and smiles...

Valerie inhabits its Quaalude-drenched longing... Wonders if her own beauty has faded.

As Malika and Renan's intimacy assails her with something amounting to jealousy.

MONSIEUR RENAN

I've been given a grant to make comparative studies of several ancient cities.

Her dark eyes track Renan as he leans across to remove the harpooned cherry from his Dubonnet...

... before settling upon the delicacy of Malika's throat.

Protected by its silver crucifix.

MONSIEUR RENAN (O.S.)

Architectural patterns, that kind of thing.

Elsewhere, Natalia whispers to Andresson:

NATALIA

Do you believe in the supernatural...?

EXT. FROM UPPER DECK NIGHT

Coastal lights sparkle as the song drifts out to sea.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE NIGHT

Fading to APPLAUSE while the Singer takes a bow.

Renan asks Malika if she would like another drink.

Natalia and Andresson ever more intimate.

Valerie's place on the curved settee unoccupied.

EXT. UPPER DECK NIGHT

Easy footsteps from Valerie...

Now and then peering over the rail to observe—

THE LOWER DECK

Where shadowy FIGURES disengage a gloomy object...

... that plunges suddenly into the void—

Its occupant vaguely discernible: David Chang...

EXT. OCEAN / DINGHY NIGHT

His almost futile figure aligns a pocket compass.

Pushes oars through a swell of black water as the lights of the Ischia Princess recede from view.

EXT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — UPPER DECK NIGHT

Valerie's silhouette merges with the night as she follows the dinghy's progress...

... until it becomes a mere speck.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE NIGHT

Malika and Renan more playful...

MALIKA

Just for the day during a school trip. When I was thirteen.

MONSIEUR RENAN

Ah, if you come to Paris again then you must allow me—

CUT TO:

DUBONNET GLASS

A TABLET freefalls through depths of ice and alcohol...

... leaving a trail of effervescence.

CUT TO:

VALERIE

Smiling at Malika and Renan from the other side of the settee. Her arms stretched sensuously along its edge—

INT. POLICE OFFICES — CIUTADELLA NIGHT

An elderly NIGHTWATCHMAN sips coffee from a thermos flask while flicking through a local newspaper—

Comes across the grainy image of Katerina Engelmann.

MORGUE

Muffled, indistinct SOUNDS... in a glimmering darkness.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR EARLY HOURS

The Nightwatchman makes a routine check.

MORGUE

Glances at one or two nameplates. Oblivious to the drawer sliding noiselessly open behind him—

Revealing the dark, tangled hair of a spectral FEMALE—

Rising from her palette...

... to press bloodless fingers into his throat.

So that confusion becomes sheer terror!

... while an icy, vampire mouth draws blood.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR LATER

A woman in white... barefoot over cool flagstones.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — RENAN'S CABIN DAWN

A waxen figure shivers and wraps the blankets around his pyjamas — soaked by a night sweat.

Stupefied before a beam of sunlight at the porthole.

EXT. IBIZAN COASTAL TOWN DAY

Sunlight on a yellow wall
Local VOICES beneath the shade of trees.

And a torn billboard advertising a grocery item.

I/E. TAXI SAME TIME

A crumpled Chang dozes in the back seat alongside his flight bag.

An arid landscape dotted with farm buildings here and there drifts past his open window.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — VALERIE'S CABIN DAY

The charcoal sweep of a 4B pencil...

... reimagines a subject posed languidly upon her bed.

VALERIE

These veins so secretly aged.

NATALIA

(sketching)

The American jumped ship. You can move as you please.

VALERIE

I cannot endanger our voyage.
We must reach Madeira.

Natalia looks up from her portrait.

Valerie falls into her strange, daytime sleep.

... and somewhere the whirr of ROTOR BLADES—

EXT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — UPPER DECK DAY

A Sea Rescue HELICOPTER hangs suspended thirty-five metres above a swell of onlookers—

Where Monsieur Renan is being secured into a stretcher by a swarthy MEDIC and the ship's grey-bearded DOCTOR.

MALIKA (V.O.)

Poor Monsieur Renan came down
with a typhoid-like fever and
was airlifted to the hospital
at Cartagena.

Malika among those following Renan's precarious climb.

Allows herself a fleeting wave...

... before Valerie drapes an arm across her shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

The elderly German couple playing QUOITS...

... and the infinite blue of the sea.

MALIKA (V.O. CONT.)

As all the while Valerie and I
became friends.

(beat)

Sailing in sunlight between
Spain and North Africa.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — UNISEX BOUTIQUE DAY

Valerie adorns a semicircle of easy chairs. In tune with
the tranquilised elevator MUZAK.

A bearded MEDALLION MAN glides across the frame...

... as Malika emerges from the changing room—

In a swirl of chiffon and gardenias.

Valerie purrs!

FROM ARCADE / THROUGH GLASS FRONTAGE

Valerie pays the Medallion Man while Malika waits in her
new dress.

MALIKA (V.O.)

I was forgetting... Feeling
freer, even a little bohemian
whenever I was with Valerie.

EXT. HIPPY COMMUNE — IBIZA DAY

Windmill sails and the lazy strum of an acoustic GUITAR
beyond a distressed stone wall.

Chang wanders into shot and on through an archway—

Into a piazza enclosed by derelict buildings.

CHANG (V.O.)

The Cafe del Torreador was like a mausoleum. Maybe that's why Marianne split — or maybe she'd lost all track of time with the hippies at a commune known as the Brokedown Palace.

Several HIPPIES sit cross-legged around the GUITARIST — smoking marijuana, oblivious to Chang's presence.

A pretty ENGLISH GIRL (20) approaches Chang. Her flowery dress teamed with a pleasant Home Counties elocution.

ENGLISH GIRL

A nice windmill, wouldn't you agree? I'm Suzy, by the way.

CHANG

(shows ID)

You live here, Suzy?

SUZY

For the last six months.

CHANG

So you knew Marianne Gilbert?

AMERICAN GIRL

Not for long.

A tall AMERICAN GIRL (23) has joined them. Her manner on the sullen side of blitzed.

SUZY

Marianne was here about ten days, I'd say. And then she just wasn't.

CHANG

Did she leave the island?

SENOR KEITH

(coming into shot)

Hey man, if you're looking for something to take home and put on your wall.

Insinuations courtesy of SENOR KEITH, an unshaven American (30s) wearing a spaghetti western poncho and mirror shades — his straggly hair issuing from a green bandana.

SENOR KEITH (CONT.)

But I'll need some bread for my
hassle.

His wingman an equally wired MALE HIPPIY whose threads are
covered in "Peace" slogans.

PEACE-SLOGAN HIPPIY

Hey come on, man. He just wants
to help Marianne.

Senor Keith removes his shades and raps with the glazed
intensity of a Vietnam veteran:

SENOR KEITH

Never trust authority, man!
They're wiretapping every
inconsequential thought on this
goddamn planet... Make no
mistake, you're persona non
grata. So help me CIA, FBI and
the memory of J. Edgar Hoover.

Senor Keith has drawn a crowd of spaced out onlookers.

AMERICAN GIRL

(to Chang)

He can't tell you any more than
the rest of us.

Senor Keith glares at the American girl... and assumes a
transcendental calm.

SENOR KEITH

I can tell him the earth isn't
flat. And I can tell him about
the Spring equinox—

Sunlight catches the dull lustre of the beads and coppery
bangles adorning the hippies.

SENOR KEITH

Marianne was there... hanging
out with that expensive chick.

SUZY

(claps her hands)

He's right.

Suzy really trying to remember...

SUZY

I only spoke to her the once...
She seemed kind of spooky. Like
someone you'd meet in a fairy
tale.

CHANG

Did she arrive with Marianne?

SUZY

I don't think so.

SENROR KEITH

She knew Marianne was here,
alright.

CHANG

You remember her name?

SUZY

Crystal, maybe. Yes, Crystal.

PEACE-SLOGAN HIPPY

Crystal....! Bejewelled female
of the cosmos!

SENROR KEITH

No man, just some trust-fund
lesbian who got her girl.

Chang's mind suddenly adrift... Inside the old windmill—

INT. WINDMILL (FLASHBACK) DUSK

An EYE blinks softly...

A pale throat oozes blood.

As the angle widens in the grainy light...

... to knee-high boots, lightly tanned legs, orange hot
pants and a knitted poncho.

EXT. BROKEDOWN PALACE DAY

Chang falls back to earth: too much marijuana in the air.

CHANG

You said you knew something?

SENOR KEITH

Look man, have you got any
bread?

CHANG

There's fifty American dollars
in my wallet, although—
(indicates group)
It'd be for all of you.

Senor Keith accepts the hippies' strung-out gratitude.
Puts his shades back on.

SENOR KEITH

I was taking pictures by the
ocean. The jet trails were so
far out...
(gesturing)
Like children painted the sky.

EXT. BEACH (FLASHBACK) MAGIC HOUR

Female figures at the water's edge... One wearing green
corduroy, the other tailored in white.

Talking perhaps as they merge into the calm of evening.

CUT TO:

MIRROR SHADES

And a doubled afterimage of the two figures...

EXT. BROKEDOWN PALACE DAY

Senor Keith mellowed by his recollection.

SENOR KEITH

They weren't doing much, but
they looked sorta peaceful
beneath the sun and airplanes.

CHANG

Can I see these pictures?

Senor Keith holds up his right hand and motions his thumb
across his fingertips.

Chang takes out his wallet and hands over fifty dollars.

Senor Keith holds the banknotes above his head... their watermarks fantastic in the Ibiza light.

SENOR KEITH
(phasing back in)
Sure, soon as they're
processed.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — VALERIE'S CABIN DAY

Soft, FLASHGUN phosphorescence—!

Valerie brandishes an SLR. Circles her subject. Each FLASH reproducing an essence of female sensuality.

VALERIE
In three hundred years I will
remember... this hazy sunshine
and your curious, Nazi smile.

Natalia silent. Falls naked onto the bed. Surrenders...

... as Valerie kneels upon the cotton-white sheet.

And places the black crucifix between Natalia's breasts.

VALERIE
You are my Christ.

Valerie blindfolding her with Chinese silk.

Blindfolding her with caresses.

Atavistic memory opening the carotid artery.

Blood flowing over Natalia's magnesium-white body.

Valerie lost to a warm, ancient pleasure.

As Natalia fades.

EXT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE GARDEN — BUCHAREST DAY

A cobweb veils a classical female STATUE.

Midges invade the foliage-heavy atmosphere. Rain spots dark, mathematical windows...

While we hear—

MALE LECTURER (O.S)
 (Carpathian accented)
 The *Magia Posthuma* also reports
 a disposition particular to the
 female vampire—

INT. RESEARCH INSTITUTE — SEMINAR ROOM DAY

The audience semicircular in rows of functional chairs as
 PROFESSOR CLUJ (late 50s) clings to his lectern.

Above him a faded map entitled EUROPA 1815.

PROFESSOR CLUJ (CONT.)
 A female vampire will become
 fascinated by certain persons
 with an ardour resembling the
 passion of love.
 (turns page)
 And in pursuit of them she will
 exercise inexhaustable patience
 and stratagem.

Professor Cluj peers into his spellbound audience—

Rollin among them. Making notes.

PROFESSOR CLUJ
 By the gradual approaches of an
 artful courtship... Protracting
 her liaison with the refinement
 of an epicure.

CUT TO:

EXERCISE BOOK

And a pencilled likeness of Valerie...

Alluring as always, yet this time instilled with Rollin's
 old-school craftsmanship.

PROFESSOR CLUJ (O.S.)
 In such cases she would seem to
 yearn for...
 (pin-drop
 silence)
 Sympathy and consent.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY SHOP — IBIZA DAY

Golden 5:00 pm light falls upon the cheerful SHOPBOY (14) as he guides a negative strip through his machine.

Senor Keith strikes a David Hemmings in BLOW-UP pose while trying out a telephoto lense.

Chang sits on a wooden bench alongside Suzy.

SHOPBOY

(to Chang and Suzy)

Senor Keith very good
photographer.

SENOR KEITH

(interjects)

Just I don't have the bread to
get all my films processed.

A bell tinkles as a customer enters the shop.

SUZY

(discreetly)

Mr Chang, what do you suppose
happened to Marianne?

CHANG

If you look at the case files
on missing persons—

SUZY

What do you think, Mr. Chang?

CHANG

That two months is not such a
long time. That she'll show up
sooner or later.

(glances over at
Senor Keith)

People search for themselves,
you know. Just they have to
lose themselves first. Could be
in a jungle, a desert, or some
kind of Red Army. Just as long
as they feel removed. Like you,
Suzy... Only, Marianne made
sure she covered her tracks.

SHOPBOY

Pictures ready now, Senor.

GLASS COUNTER / PHOTOGRAPHS

Hippies gathered around a magic-hour beach fire – vividly realised in FUJICOLOUR.

SUZY
(pointing her out)
That's Marianne!

A girl in green corduroy alongside a woman in white: dark, luxurious hair falling from her Panama.

SENOR KEITH
These have turned out real
good. Thanks man.

Chang hands one of the prints to the Shopboy.

CHANG
Can I get this one enlarged?

SHOPBOY
Sure. Senor Keith very good
photographer.

Chang looks warmly across at Senor Keith before smiling back at the boy.

CHANG
Senor Keith very good
photographer.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS – VALERIE'S CABIN DUSK

Natalia's blanched visage floats above a linen pillow.
Chiffon concealing her throat wound.

Valerie perched at the side of the bed. Watching over her.

VALERIE
(whispered)
You shall rise.

Natalia's eyelashes flicker...

... as she rises from the bed.

Pupils luminous in the gloomy cabin.

Skeletal fingers reaching for a glass receptacle—

Warm with RED LIQUID.

Offered by a chalk-white Helmut Andresson...

NATALIA

I have rested among the dead!

Natalia brings the glass to her lips—

INT. WINDMILL — BROKEDOWN PALACE DUSK

Chang crouched beside a dented creosote can... brushing straw from a green velvet BERET.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN NIGHT

The Ischia Princess under stars: so that we view its assemblage of decks, railings and funnels as a magic lantern theatre.

Palm Court STRINGS drift up from the passenger lounge...

... to the upper deck where a silhouette moves toward the stern. Intent upon a second figure—

MALIKA

Countess—?

ISCHIA PRINCESS — UPPER DECK

Valerie floats upon the night. Like a glimmering Noh mask. Her figure shrouded by a hand-knitted poncho.

Pale fingers contrast with its deep black as she pulls the garment closer to her.

VALERIE

The hour grows chill.

MALIKA

I needed some air—

Malika looks toward a red beacon blinking somewhere out on the sea.

MALIKA

When I was a little girl my father told me about Africa. About the witch doctors—

Outmoded strings fade into the night as Malika turns to face Valerie.

MALIKA

He said that certain substances transformed them into snakes or scorpions.

(beat)

I believed him...

Malika troubled... turns away from Valerie.

MALIKA

... but I can't bring myself to believe he poisoned my mother.

Valerie's eyes glisten. Within touching distance—

Her fingertips caress Malika's neck, loosening the silver crucifix.

VALERIE

Your heart is wounded. But you shall know everything.

Malika overwhelmed by a mysterious RUSHING of water...

... as the crucifix gleams on the wooden deck.

And Valerie opens her poncho to its widest extent—

Enfolding Malika. Completely...

ATLANTIC OCEAN

The Ischia Princess once again a fantastic silhouette.

INT. POLICE OFFICE MORGUE — CIUTADELLA DAY

A white-coated assistant, MADAME SINTES, slides out one of the drawers—

Immediately intakes breath. Averting her eyes—

From a cadaver contorted and drained of all blood. And not gender-matching the drawer's nameplate:

ENGELMANN, KATERINA HELENE

... because it is that of the missing Nightwatchman.

INT. POST OFFICE — BUCHAREST DAY

Formica and shadow before a glass screen...

... where an ASSISTANT hands Rollin a yellow telegram:

FROM: Police Offices, Ciutadella

MESSAGE: Katerina Engelmann's body vanished STOP

EXT. WIDE AVENUE — BUCHAREST DAY

Rollin merges into the faded tableau of Volkswagens and imposing office buildings.

Like a photograph from an old encyclopaedia.

INT. ARCHIVE BUILDING — FOYER DAY

A military-coated OFFICIAL presides over a hushed domain of space-age armchairs and artificial flowers.

CUT TO:

A PERMIT

... being vigorously stamped with library-green ink:

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|  AKADEMI OF SOCIALIST REPUBLIK  |
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CUT TO:

CORRIDOR

Austere, Kafkaesque...

Pulling Rollin deeper into the mystery.

ARCHIVE

A hum of fluorescent lights above wooden bookshelves and desks. Plastic SILENCE triangles here and there.

A female ARCHIVIST (20s) brings Rollin a drab file—

Containing title deeds and charters relating to Castle Kristeva and its principal incumbant, the Count Kristeva.

ROLLIN (V.O.)
 Why did I suspect the Countess
 Kristeva of being a vampire?

The Archivist shelves a book and sashays back to the main desk... where she puts on a pair of reading glasses.

ROLLIN (V.O.)
 Because, like that barman, I'd
 seen her before... In Ostende,
 Antwerp, Eindhoven.
 (then)
 Haunting that cool, bloodless
 autumn of sixty-six.

Rollin notices the girl's curious resemblance to Valerie as he sifts through the file—

ILLUSTRATION

Simply entitled NADJA... her Cossack style and crucifix reminiscent of the postcard in Valerie's lounge.

DAGUERROTYPE

The portrait we first saw on the wall in Valerie's lounge.

ROLLIN (V.O.)
 Yes, these were the subjects of
 Ottoman... Records of birth and
 death a quiet subterfuge.

Rollin turns the image over—

THROUGH MAGNIFYING GLASS

A faded studio crest above a spidery trail of India ink.

ROLLIN (O.S.)
 (reads softly)
 Countess Imelda Kristeva and
 daughter, Valerie. Tîrnăveni,
 1865.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — VALERIE'S CABIN DAY

Valerie draws the curtain.

Unbuttons her white blazer.

Reveals a glimpse of black bra as she pours from a carafe of iced water.

Picks up an AGFA C60 CASSETTE...

... slots it into her tape recorder.

Places her glass of water on the bedside table—

So she can recline on the bed with a thin microphone: One leg stretched out, the other drawn in at an angle.

VALERIE

This impossible longing...
Century over century.

Valerie sinks into the headboard's plush fabric. Closes her eyes a moment. Squeezes the microphone—

VALERIE

Concealing the terrible nature
of all things... beneath stone,
beneath terracotta.

The HISS of the tape transport mechanism fills the spaces between—

VALERIE

As I am carried by desire... by
the impossibility of love as it
vanishes into vast oceans.

Reaches for her glass of water on the bedside table.

VALERIE

Oozing away from time I can
never expend.

INT. MALIKA'S CABIN DAY

Malika's hair sprayed across the pillowcase... as dazzling sunlight prises apart her eyelids.

MALIKA (V.O.)

I had slept profoundly... and
deep into the afternoon.

Malika pushes away the bedcovers to find herself assailed by a room-swimming sensation...

... that disperses by the time she reaches the washbasin and splashes her face with cold water.

Before looking up into—

A MIRROR

Where fingertips trace the faint red blemish between her throat and collarbone.

INT. ANDRESSON'S CABIN NIGHT

Muffled music drifts down from the lounge as silk gloves remove a NOTEBOOK from the bedside drawer—

Monogrammed cuff links rattle against the wooden inlay...

... before a glove smothers them quiet.

INT. GUEST HOUSE — BUCHAREST NIGHT

A pipe-absorbed Rollin occupies a moth-eaten armchair.

Lulled by the byzantium glow of a mosaic and the somnolent frequency of Eastern bloc RADIO...

FEMALE NEWSREADER (V.O.)

(filtered)

World chess champion Anatoly
Karpov will defend his title in
the Philippines against a
former Soviet grandmaster—

Reaching conclusions beneath the 30-watts of a standard lamp. At a desk cluttered by—

A coffee pot, tobacco tin, the Ciutadella telegram, his lecture notes, the sketch of Valerie, Xeroxed documents from the Archive—

FEMALE NEWSREADER (V.O.)

(filtered)

... Viktor Korchnoi defected to
the United States in 1976.

And the daguerrotype: Mother and daughter...

... ether-soft half-tones lingering within a warm cloud of pipe smoke.

INT. ISCHIA PRINCESS — MALIKA'S CABIN NIGHT

A moth at the tasselled lampshade.

— 02:43 — on the alarm clock.

Malika holds the notebook with silk gloves: absorbed by its melange of business diary and esoteric memos.

Much of it pencilled in the tiniest handwriting...

EXT. AFRICAN BEACH (FLASHBACK) DAY

Orange marker buoys and fishing boats on a blue horizon.

MALIKA (V.O.)

You resented Mother's illness...
and the house being in her name.

Andresson stands alongside TWO AFRICAN BUSINESSMEN.

Their figures dazzling white under a blazing equatorial sun: the Africans traditionally outfitted and Andresson cooled by a linen suit.

MALIKA (V.O.)

Africa offered you not just
real estate—

The three men walk to the shoreline. Pausing as Andresson opens his wallet.

ZOOM TO:

The transit of DOLLAR BILLS from white hands to black.

LATER

Waves foam across footprints imprinted in the sand...

MALIKA (V.O. CONT.)

But a pure white alkaloid that
destroys the nervous system...
(beat)
... without trace.

AND LATER

Seawater like glass over fine white sand and shells...

... as if the footprints were never there.

EXT. FUNCHAL HARBOUR — MADEIRA DAWN

The Ischia Princess edges past rusted container ships.

EXT. PAVEMENT CAFÉ — NAPLES DAY

Chang blends into the clamour of Neapolitan traffic.

ZOOM TO:

Sabine Caraccio's portrait. The one we saw earlier—

Now being studied by a cute WAITRESS.

INT. HOTEL FIGURINES D'OR FOYER — MADEIRA DAY

The epitome of soft-porn Art Deco with its rattan chairs, Persian rugs, potted palms and golden mirrors—

And its faux STATUETTE of a golden huntress.

Where we find Valerie reclining with a languor suited to such places:

Twirling a complimentary matchbook.

And following the path of the gift concession girl...

... tweed-smart ANA GONCALO (20).

MAIN LOUNGE

Somnolent revolutions of a ceiling fan—

And a plaintive PIANO melody...

... as Natalia languishes upon the cracked leather settee.

And discards a glossy magazine in favour of the youthfully androgynous hotel pianist—

HARRIET sometimes, but mostly HARRY.

Slender fingers emanating from her high-collared tunic.
Caressing the daytime hour.

Now and then glancing shyly across at Natalia.

FOYER — GIFT CONCESSION

Ana Goncalo stands among gift boxes of luxury porcelain and Paco Rabanne.

Valerie feigns mild interest: toys with a tabletop REPLICA of the statuette—

ANA

May I help you, Madame?

VALERIE

Mmm, well maybe you can.

Valerie intrigued by the jade SALAMANDER pinned to Ana's blazer.

ANA

We're offering our guests from the Ischia Princess a discount.

VALERIE

That's most kind.

Valerie begins to describe a circle about the girl—

VALERIE

The Salamander: a fascinating creature... Dark, amphibious, regenerative.

Silk-gloved fingers come to rest upon the brooch—

Ana's eyes glazed... Plunging to serious depths!

VALERIE

Active at night, hidden from the sun.

Glossed lips approach Ana's slender throat...

ELDERLY ENGLISH LADY (O.S.)

I'm terribly sorry, but I think I left my reading glasses—

Ana snaps to... Steps away from the precipice.

Sees the ELDERLY ENGLISH LADY (last heard talking about Katerina on the restaurant terrace).

ELDERLY ENGLISH LADY
 I do beg your pardon. Oh yes,
 they're still on the counter.

Ana smiles warmly at her.

ANA
 (back to Valerie)
 Shall I gift-wrap the figurine?

INT. DISCOTHEQUE NIGHT

The upscale clientele dance to a light as air DISCO DUET.

Valerie sensational in a black polo-neck, orange hot pants
 and knee-high boots.

Malika's gardenia-print dress floating through planes of
 light.

ALCOVE

Gauzy fabric flows about Natalia's throat.

Harry beside her. Kohl-rimmed eyes and freshly feathered
 salon cuts rendering them eerily alike.

A pale Andresson brings over cocktails—

Stares vacantly at the dancefloor.

Removed from Natalia and Harry's flirtatious laughter.

Artificial light exposing the deterioration of once
 handsome features. Now debauched, drained of all vitality.

DANCEFLOOR

Malika's delirious forgetting—

Valerie exchanging glances with Natalia—

... before her soft breath falls upon Malika's earlobe:

VALERIE
 You must visit my hacienda—

The song segues into an easy listening interlude as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COASTLINE DAY

A blue sky streaked with jet trails.

Hexagons of chilled sunlight.

Hotels and construction sites.

... as the track fades into the DRONE of a helicopter.

I/E. HELICOPTER DAY

A tiny island comes into view against a turquoise sea.

The PILOT wonders as to his attractive female cargo...

... as they bank toward grassland, drought-faded earth and miniature windmills.

EXT. PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Wind chimes above a low stone wall.

Brightly glazed ceramics with cacti and flowers.

A profusion of esoteric foliage inside a nearby HOTHOUSE.

And black ANTS—

Swarming over a crude papier-mâché figurine of Our Lady.

MALIKA

(suddenly)

Aargh! Valerie...!

The closeness of JESUS—

A roughly clothed, fifty-something man. His sickly pallor framed by stubble and lank, greasy hair.

An ANT QUEEN perfectly preserved in amber hangs like the most precious gemstone around his neck.

Valerie's fingers icy about Malika's wrist.

VALERIE

Ah, it's only my caretaker.
He's quite harmless.

Jesus takes their bags and lurches off across the dusty ground.

VALERIE

His parents were Roman Catholic and christened him Jesus... For a long time he believed himself a reincarnation of your Christ. Now he devotes himself to these ant colonies.

Valerie indicates a maze of glass jars, bottles and wooden constructions.

MALIKA (O.S.)

Oh, Valerie, it's beautiful—

THE HACIENDA

Its elevated curvature in the style of Le Corbusier. (Yes, we're back where we were on Page 1.)

INT. POLICE OFFICE CORRIDOR — CIUTADELLA DAY

Mellow sun falls through dusty windows as Rollin follows his Balearic counterpart, CHIEF INSPECTOR GOMILA (50s).

MORGUE

Both men reappear within chill, refrigerated air as Madame Sintes slides out the Nightwatchman's blanched corpse.

GOMILA

You see the body exactly as it was found.

Rollin examines the throat. Its puncture marks serrated, deep.

ROLLIN

May I...?

Gomila and Madame Sintes steady the drawer as Rollin pulls it out to its furthest extent.

The Nightwatchman's terrible gaze frozen in their midst.

GOMILA

A most perplexing case. Even the Coroner seems at a loss.

Rollin inspects several scratches across the locking mechanism and feels around for—

A sliver of dull metal lodged just beneath the body—

Katerina Engelmann's ID tag.

INT. HACIENDA LOUNGE — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

The daguerrotype solemn, romantic.

Amid the noontide WHIRR of a metal fan...

... ruffling the pages of a luxury catalogue.

And the leaves of a spider plant drooping towards—

A disintegrated old volume on the sideboard. Its cracked vellum removed from an ancient library—

Waiting perhaps for delicate hands that turn to the page bookmarked by a postcard from Capri.

MALIKA

(reads aloud)

In the overgrown tower of the castle there existed a velvet chamber.

Unaware of a FIGURE behind the gauzy picture window.

Sliding back the glass...

MALIKA (CONT.)

Where Nadja's unnatural desires could be indulged.

Not seeing Valerie step into the room—

VALERIE

(from memory)

And where acts of love extended to her devouring the warm blood of beautiful girls.

Malika turns to find Valerie removing her Foster Grants.

And laughing...

... that sensuous, mischievous laugh.

INT. POLICE OFFICES — CIUTADELLA DAY

A transistor RADIO hums with chatter among a heap of sun-faded files and typewritten reports.

Chief Inspector Gomila returns with two plastic cups of vending machine coffee. Rollin thoughtful.

ROLLIN

You're quite sure there are no flights to Madeira?

GOMILA

Is impossible today, Senor.
(indicates radio)
Our air traffic controllers
are, how you say, on strike.

INT. HACIENDA BEDROOM — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Valerie lulled into her mysterious sleep.

TAPE RECORDER (V.O.)

Mmm Mmm Mmm Mmm...

Sunlight at the window softened by a veil of fine gauze.

Imprinted with the shadow of a CROSS.

EXT. HACIENDA ENVIRONS DAY

Windmill sails motionless beneath blue Atlantic sky.

Above an aged oak door. Sealed for centuries, perhaps?

INT. WINDMILL DAY

A grainy, cobwebbed interior with timber, oil cans and metal handsaws here and there.

And on the workbench an open COFFIN — its brittle, soil-aged wood exhibiting the patina of recent exhumation.

INT. HACIENDA — MALIKA'S BEDROOM DAY

Sunlight through an open window finds Malika enshrouded by a mosquito net.

MALIKA (V.O.)

A warm, volcanic residue came in
on the breeze... lingering as we
became drugged by our sleep.

EXT. HACIENDA ENVIRONS DAY

A hot-air balloon drifts into the blue of the sky.

INT. HACIENDA — VALERIE'S BEDROOM DAY

Valerie's sleeping profile... and the tremor of her lips.

VALERIE

Let us touch the sun—

EXT. HACIENDA ENVIRONS DAY

An ornamental feature flashes intermittently.

A light aircraft drones overhead...

INT. HACIENDA LOUNGE DAY

... becoming the whirr of the metal fan.

EXT. PÔRTO SANTO LANDSCAPE MAGIC HOUR

Miniature windmills strange silos against the sky.

EXT. HACIENDA ENVIRONS NIGHT

A shadowy FIGURE absorbed in nocturnal activity beyond the
windmill's open door... by the soft glow of kerosene.

INT. HACIENDA — VALERIE'S BEDROOM EARLY HOURS

Only inanimate objects held by the dressing-table mirror.
And yet...

Valerie seated before its smoky glow. Studying Natalia's
pencil sketch of Malika—

Removing the image of Nadja from its mylar preserve—

Seeing their resemblance from across the centuries...

... as we are transported by an old world WALTZ.

INT. BURIAL VAULT (DEEP FLASHBACK) NIGHT

Flagstones powdery with relics. Pathway to a gothically inscribed tomb:

~ NADJA THE INFAMOUS ~

Watched over by Countess Imelda and 14-YEAR-OLD VALERIE.
The formal occasion denoted by their purple cloaks:

Imelda's adorned by the black crucifix.

Valerie jailbait-pretty beneath her jewelled headband.

INT. HACIENDA — VALERIE'S BEDROOM EARLY HOURS

Valerie recovers a glittery object from a lacquered MUSIC BOX... Just as its waltz expires.

MALIKA'S BEDROOM

The depths of sleep.

Stolen upon by a figure in translucent chiffon—

With a tread unutterably soft...

Valerie reaches the bed.

Gazes at Malika.

VALERIE

I live in you so that you would
die for me.

(then)

Our blood flows from Nadja...
to my mother, Countess Imelda.

Valerie sets the jewelled band on Malika's pale brow.

VALERIE

And to you... my love.

Valerie kisses the sleeping figure. Softly, on the lips.
So that long, dark hair caresses her cheek...

... and slowly overwhelms the frame.

EXT. HACIENDA BALCONY DAY

Breakfast things laid out immaculately. Albeit for one.

Malika unconcerned by the jewelled headband: worn with one of Valerie's imported silk gowns – its sleeve brushing the tablecloth as she pours coffee.

Rather, she spies Jesus bolting shut the windmill.

MALIKA (V.O.)

A melancholy had stolen over
me... Vague thoughts of death.

(beat)

Alighting as a sweetness I
would not have interrupted.

Malika halves a grapefruit—

Reveals its blood-red cross-section.

INT. VALERIE'S BEDROOM LATER

The curtain sluggish in a warm breeze above the likenesses of Malika and Nadja left on the dressing-table.

The bedsheet thrown askew uncovers the deathless climate of Valerie's sleep – and the dusky contour of her breasts.

Malika arrives quietly... Sits at the edge of the bed.

Fascinated by her mysterious host.

MALIKA

Perhaps you are one hundred
years old, after all?

(then)

Perhaps I am, too.

EXT. ANT COLONIES DAY

Black ants invade the discarded grapefruit's pink cavity.

EXT. HACIENDA ENVIRONS – WINDMILL DAY

Malika wanders into a pool of dark shadow. Like the girl with a hoop in the De Chirico painting.

INT. WINDMILL DAY

Her silhouette clear in the open doorway.

Drawn to a freshly painted black coffin—

And the presence of Jesus.

His insect queen lustrous for all eternity.

Malika's desire to scream silenced. In open-eyed terror.
Her BREATHING painful, audible...

... as the bejewelled headband sparkles with daylight.

And Jesus retreats. Obediently.

EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS — PARIS DAY

Model boats serene across the lake.

Watched by a Japanese TOURIST.

Oblivious to an ARTIST slouched across a metal chair...

... tapping the photograph of Violette Decaux while
mouthing "Oui, Monsieur" to an unshaven David Chang.

EXT. HACIENDA BALCONY — PÔRTO SANTO DUSK

Spots of rain. Warm lightning flashes in the distance.

Romantic candles. And a decanter of red wine between—

VALERIE

A purple velvet CHOKER at her throat from which the black
crucifix dangles.

AND MALIKA

Her demeanour transformed by the jewelled band: a golden
princess entertained by tales of old Transylvania—

VALERIE

You cannot imagine how afraid
the villagers were of Nadja.

Valerie gets up from the table. Her figure sleek beneath
the opaque finish of a floor-length dress...

... as she sashays over to the railing and leans against it seductively.

Dark clouds shift above the landscape.

VALERIE

In the forest, children laid
out an oval of white stones.

(then)

Inside of which they burned her
alive.

Malika's pupils dilate.

The balcony flickers with moths and candlelight.

INT. HIRE CAR — MADEIRA DUSK

Headlights sweep the deserted road ahead.

A gaunt Andresson drives furiously.

INT. HACIENDA LOUNGE — PÔRTO SANTO NIGHT

Valerie and Malika draped over velvet cushions... bathed in the RED LIGHT of a paper lantern.

Playing Scrabble at the glass coffee table.

MALIKA

I must have been five or six
years old at the time.

Valerie's fingers deftly separate vowels and consonants.

A silky Madeiran Verdelho takes effect upon Malika.

MALIKA

Mother and Father would drive
into the Sussex countryside on
a Sunday afternoon.

(then)

I remember a beautiful Norman
tower trailed with ivy... and
its grassy churchyard.

Valerie glances at her letter tiles: **V R M X I E A**

... and at the Scrabble board replete with possibility.

MALIKA (CONT.)

Naturally, I asked my mother
about the gravestones.

Malika looks directly at Valerie.

MALIKA

She said everyone would die one
day... Even the two of them.

Valerie's heart chilled.

Eyes alighting upon the word **PYRE**

MALIKA

She imparted this with such
kindness, yet I found myself
overwhelmed by tears.

Valerie sets down the letters **V A M**

... before gazing up at Malika.

VALERIE

Not necessarily—

EXT. ABANDONED RUNWAY — MADEIRA NIGHT

Natalia's otherworldly lip gloss glistens with desire...

... beneath a column of rusted OIL DRUMS where Andresson
unbuttons her safari jacket.

ANDRESSON

I have confessed—

Natalia settles her chin upon Andresson's shoulder. Senses
his fever — somewhere between plague and possession.

Her gaze now luminous... as it finesses the camera.

EXT. ATLANTIC COAST NIGHT

Palm trees in the ocean breeze.

And salt-drenched WAVES across sand.

INT. HACIENDA LOUNGE — PÔRTO SANTO NIGHT

Valerie alive to the warm charge of THUNDER. And a ribbon of LIGHTNING beyond the balcony.

... that extinguishes the red lantern!

ALMOST DARKNESS

In which a mysterious ornament glistens with fragments of quartz, tourmaline, topaz, amethyst...

VALERIE

It is the night's soft
electricity—

MALIKA

My head is swimming.

Malika's fingertips reach through a mild delirium to the suddenly ominous outline before her...

SEVERAL QUIET SECONDS

Illuminated only by jewels.

As profiles meet...

In the frisson of a vampire's touch.

EXT. ISLAND LANDSCAPE / HACIENDA ENVIRONS NIGHT

Heavy cloud and lighting all across the dry countryside. Torrential rain buffetting windmill sails.

As a drenched Jesus glances up at—

THE BALCONY

Female figures flow in chiffon and velvet...

Pale, trance-like, hand in hand.

MALIKA

I am far away.

VALERIE

Sailing on the calmest of all
seas: the ocean of death.

Malika faints... falling with indescribable languor.

EXT. ABANDONED RUNWAY — MADEIRA NIGHT

Natalia forensic at Andresson's throat.

Oil leaks onto the tarmac.

EXT. HACIENDA BALCONY — PÔRTO SANTO NIGHT

The sparkler-like FLARE of a safety match...

Valerie's sleeve retreating from a glass candle.

Warm rain beyond the railing. Accompanied by a gentle flash of lightning and—

JESUS

Shirt drenched, hair plastered to his forehead... and ominous above the limp female at his rough-shod feet.

VALERIE

My companion wishes to retire.

(beat)

... but don't get any ideas.

DISSOLVE TO:

VALERIE

Gazing out across the island... Smoking a cigarette. Exquisite in her solitude.

INT. MALIKA'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Malika asleep beneath the glimmer of mosquito netting.

EXT. BALCONY NIGHT

A wisp of smoke lingers above a metallic ashtray stand.

INT. LOUNGE NIGHT

Lightning illuminates the Scrabble board... and the word—

V A M P Y R E

As Valerie sweeps through the gloomy interior.

EXT. ABANDONED RUNWAY — MADEIRA NIGHT

Natalia slips away between glowing white Cessnas.

INT. HACIENDA BEDROOM — PÔRTO SANTO NIGHT

A glass-beaded curtain RATTLES. Softly... as Valerie looms in the doorway.

VALERIE

You will walk imperiously... As
did Nadja—

MALIKA

The Sleeping Beauty veiled by mosquito netting.

Opens her eyes to this strange night.

VALERIE (CONT.)

Among merchants, thieves and
sailors. Reduced to silence by
mere rumour of her beauty—
(beat)
Their veins liquid with opiates.

MALIKA

Rises. A somnambulist...

VALERIE

Spellbound. Steps aside.

MALIKA

Glides past Valerie... and on through the beaded curtain—

CORRIDOR

Her barefoot tread. Soft, assured...

LOUNGE

Following a predetermined pathway.

EXT. BALCONY NIGHT

Across colder tiles. Wet with rain.

STEPS

Descending into the night...

Beyond the sway of pampas grass.

HACIENDA ENVIRONS

A pale heroine. Like Nadja, Imelda, Valerie.

Dust and stones beneath her feet...

Drawn to windmill sails groaning with the breeze.

And the dim glow behind an aged door.

Mysteriously unpadlocked—

INT. WINDMILL NIGHT

So she will stand before an opened coffin...

... and glisten with jewels by the glow of kerosene.

So she will ascend this wooden stepladder...

... and lay enshrouded by cold satin.

INT. MALIKA'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Valerie kneels by the empty bed. Long, dark hair falling across its sheet.

And somewhere the hiss of a revolving cassette mechanism as rain pitter-patters against the roof.

VALERIE

You will travel with me: loving
me in rapture... until death.

INT. WINDMILL / COFFIN NIGHT

A FLASH of lightning beyond the open door.

Renders the sleeping Malika eerily chalk-like.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR (DREAM FLASHBACK) DAY

A curtain drawn aside to reveal—

MADELEINE ANDRESSON (46) at rest. The casket pearlescent. Complementing the magnolias on a side table.

A pale hand glacial to Malika's touch.

And to that of DOCTOR STEVENS (64), an old-school Oxbridge type sporting a tweed jacket with leather elbow patches.

EXT. CLIFFTOP PATH (DREAM FLASHBACK CONT.) LATER

Malika and Doctor Stevens take the air on a blustery Seven Sisters: grass and limestone against a blue horizon.

DR. STEVENS

You should know, my dear, that
I signed the death certificate
under great duress—

Malika's hair blows across her eyes while Doctor Stevens assumes the mantle of family confidant.

DR. STEVENS

Let me be quite clear on this
point:
(looks out to sea)
Madeleine's blood disorder was
not the cause of her death.

INT. HOTHOUSE — HACIENDA ENVIRONS DAWN

The insistent BUZZ of a fly as insipid light filters onto rows of miniature fruit trees...

AND MALIKA

Perhaps still sleepwalking—

Mesmerised by the fine cilia of a Venus Flytrap.

And several halved GRAPEFRUITS left on a table covered in yellowed newspaper.

Tiny insects entombed by the sticky, desiccating flesh.

Suddenly, she hurtles past these ominous symbols—

Catches herself upon a cactus needle...

... fresh blood following the contours of her fingertip.

EXT. ABANDONED RUNWAY — MADEIRA DAWN

... dried blood trailing the contours of a linen shirt.

Andresson dead upon the tarmac.

INT. HACIENDA BEDROOM — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Gauzy fabric at the open window.

A rectangle of sunlight across tiles.

And dark embroidery overlaying Valerie's sleep...

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL (VALERIE'S ESP) DAY

Where a JANITOR guides an oversize broom and automated doors converge in the b.g.

... as Chang races through the antiseptic space—

INT. HACIENDA BEDROOM — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Valerie awakes to find Malika in the doorway.

MALIKA

I must get back—

Valerie pushes away the bed linen. Her figure alluring as ever beneath black chiffon.

Barefoot across cool tiles. Trying to avert her eyes from the bloodstained material bandaging Malika's finger.

MALIKA

Oh, I cut myself. It's nothing.

VALERIE

But cheri, something is wrong?

MALIKA

My father. I know something awful has happened to him.

Valerie puts her arm around Malika as they recede into the morning light of the corridor.

VALERIE

Must it be sayonara? So soon?

INT. MADEIRA AIRPORT — MOVING WALKWAY DAY

A TANNOY issues various final calls above—

The reassuring figure of Inspector Rollin. A pipe glued to his lips. Unruffled by all the delay.

INT. HOTEL FIGURINES D'OR — CORRIDOR DAY

Chang paces after SENOR ALVARO — the stubby hotel manager already sweating into his linen suit.

Blustering past rooms 503, 504, 505, 506—

He locates the master key among those attached to a golden miniature of the statuette.

ROOM 506

Natalia behind a slither of open door.

Sees them enter—

ROOM 507

Chang picks up a Panama hat from the fringed bedspread.

Alvaro makes a show of opening the wardrobe — indicating that (obviously) it contains only a white trouser-suit.

SENOR ALVARO

The Countess may be at her
hacienda on Pôrto Santo—?

Chang stares at one or two bottles on the dressing table before wandering out onto the balcony.

A mesh of curtain billows...

... and falls lazily behind him.

EXT. BALCONY — ROOM 507 CONTINUOUS

An African breeze intimates something like mimosa as Chang puts the Panama on his head and looks out to sea.

SENOR ALVARO
(comes into shot)
You find anything, Senor Chang?

CHANG (V.O.)
No, there was nothing—
(then)
Suddenly I felt for Marianne.
And her folks back in Utah.

INT. HOTEL FIGURINES D'OR — PAYPHONE DAY

Static electricity as lines connect...

... and fabulous turquoise lips within millimetres of the receiver:

NATALIA
Valerie—

INT. HACIENDA BEDROOM — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Valerie steps into frame... her hands alighting upon a WOODEN BOX stained with linseed oil.

Solemnly presented by blackened fingers that slide open its lid to reveal—

A metal HYPODERMIC: Museum piece. An ominous 60cc.

VALERIE
You know what to do.

JESUS
(comes into shot)
Mistress.

The flicker of a smile animates his incongruous figure.

Jesus closes the box.
Bows before shuffling away.

Leaves Valerie alone with her open valise on the bed. The AGFA cassette tape among its cool fabrics.

INT. HOTEL FIGURINES D'OR — CORRIDOR DAY

Malika waits for the elevator. Tracks the painful progress of its floor indicator...

... before impatience hurries her along the corridor and down the wide staircase—

FOYER

Malika dashes to the reception desk.

MALIKA
Inspector—!?

Rollin turns around, taken by surprise.

Malika relieved, expectant, breathless—

MALIKA
It's Malika Andresson.

ROLLIN
From the Ischia Princess?

MALIKA
Yes, forgive me, but I'm sure something awful has happened to my father.

ROLLIN
When did you last see him?

MALIKA
Three days ago. I've been—

Malika intuitively suppresses any allusion to Valerie.

ROLLIN
You believe him missing?

MALIKA
I believe him to be dead.

I/E. HIRE CAR / ROAD MINUTES LATER

Rollin drives. Malika in the passenger seat.

ROLLIN
How can you be so sure?

The sea glitters off in the distance as they ROAR along a deserted stretch.

MALIKA (V.O.)
It came as a terrible
foreboding.

EXT. PÔRTO SANTO FERRY DAY

The summery linen of TOURISTS blown by an Atlantic breeze.

Chang concealed by dark glasses and Valerie's Panama.

Watches white foam trail in their wake...

... Soon crossing with the FERRY returning to Madeira.

EXT. ABANDONED RUNWAY — MADEIRA DAY

The aluminium fuselages of mothballed propellor aircraft.

The distant figures of Rollin and Malika.

Rusty oil drums scattered here and there.

The warm paintwork of a solitary Audi 100.

In the quiet mirage of early afternoon—

Andresson's pale corpse.

A shocked Malika turns away...

... buries her head against Rollin's raincoat.

The postcard-blue sea off in the distance... terrible
volumes of water concealed by its placid surface.

Heatwaves above the tarmac.

As Rollin identifies the glittery lip gloss on Andresson's
bloodstained shirt.

ROLLIN
(whispered)
Vampires—

EXT. MADEIRA FERRY DAY

Valerie stands shaded by a BLACK PARASOL.

The near-deserted vessel within sight of the mainland.

INT. FROM HIRE CAR DAY

Rollin lifts a payphone receiver—

A tearful Malika numbly observes the movement of his lips.
Reporting her father's death, no doubt...

CUT TO:

FUJICOLOUR PHOTOGRAPH

Valerie and Marianne Gilbert by a languid Ibizan shore.

EXT. FIELD — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

An old FRUIT PICKER in a cheesecloth shirt, floppy hat and cochineal-stained trousers peers at the enlargement.

Chang feels time ebbing away in the heat of afternoon.

CHANG

Valerie Kristeva. I look for
her hacienda?

Sunlight flashes across lustrous colour emulsion.

FRUIT PICKER

Ah, la Condessa—

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION — MADEIRA DAY

Valerie behind a black veil. As if she were anticipating some tragic event.

A gaudily painted receptionist, MADAME DA SILVA (50s),
glances at the wooden pigeonholes.

MADAME DA SILVA

Oh yes, Miss Andresson went out
with Inspector Rollin.

Valerie's smile betrays a flicker of anxiety...

... before being tempted once again by—

ANA GONCALO

Unable to avert her gaze—

From Garbo-like eyes bathed in silver nitrate.

Compelling her to succumb to their strange hypnosis...

... yet blinking all of a sudden!

And recognising the safety of a door marked PRIVADO.

EXT. HACIENDA ENVIRONS — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

The hacienda shuttered against the heat and silence as if it were off-season.

Chang's long hair flows in the breeze beneath his Panama.

INT. HOTEL FIGURINES D'OR — ROOM 507 DAY

Sunlight filters through a veil of curtain material...

Not quite reaching Valerie at the writing desk where she addresses an envelope:

Malika Andresson

INT. WINDMILL — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Sunlight at the open doorway displaced by a figure in a wide-brimmed hat—

CHANG

Assailed by wood and kerosene... and a recollection of finding Marianne Gilbert's beret.

As he approaches a now gleaming black coffin and runs his hand along its smooth surface.

JESUS

Concealed by thick, dusty half-light.

The ant queen awaiting its prey.

CHANG

Lured by the rose-strewn melancholy of a catholic calendar
nailed to a wooden upright.

Oblivious to the flash of a dull implement!

Crumpling him to the straw-covered ground.

The Panama lost among shadow.

JESUS

Looms above him—

The syringe silvery in the gloom.

INT. HOTEL FIGURINES D'OR — ROOM 507 DAY

The hotel manager finds Valerie at her most charming:

VALERIE

There's no need to apologise,
Senor Alvaro.

(then)

Several girls are missing and
it was my misfortune to have
had a drink with one of them.

SENOR ALVARO

A most unfortunate coincidence,
I am sure.

EXT. HACIENDA ENVIRONS — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

A DONKEY watches his master drag a body over the volcanic
dust towards their dilapidated cart.

EXT. BALCONY — ROOM 507 SAME TIME

Valerie shaded from the heat by her black parasol.

VALERIE

Would you see Miss Andresson
gets this when she returns.

Valerie's gloved hand proffers the handwritten envelope.
Drawing Alvaro onto the balcony.

SENOR ALVARO

It will be my personal pleasure.

VALERIE

I believe Inspector Rollin—

SENOR ALVARO

The Inspector shall not trouble
you, Countess.

A play of glances... Acknowledging their collusion.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROOM 507 DAY

Eyelashes. Fluttering—

TAPE RECORDER (V.O.)

Mmm Mmm Mmm Mmm...

Valerie glazed, cadaver-like across the bed. In the sun-ravaged silence of afternoon.

EXT. PORT SUNLIGHT (VALERIE'S ESP) MAGIC HOUR

A feminine silhouette made romantic by the boardwalk, the flow of her chiffon dress... and peaceful sailboats.

INT. HOTEL FIGURINES D'OR — CORRIDOR DAY

Malika escorted by a sympathetic Rollin.

ROLLIN

The local police will wish to
examine the room, but—

Malika opens the door of 514, her father's room.

MALIKA

(turns, grateful)
Thank you, Inspector.

INT. RECEPTION DESK MOMENTS LATER

Fine cracks appear in Madame da Silva's heavily applied foundation.

MADAME DA SILVA
Countess Kristeva—?

SENOR ALVARO
(comes into shot)
It's alright, Madame da Silva,
I'll deal with the Inspector.
(obsequious)
The Countess checked out two
days ago.

Madame da Silva glances at Alvaro.

Rollin removes his pipe and taps it against the counter.

ROLLIN
And Miss Liechtenstein?

Alvaro imperious as he consults the hotel register.

SENOR ALVARO
Si, Miss Liechtenstein—

INT. ROOM 514 (ANDRESSON'S ROOM) DAY

An ENVELOPE leans against a bottle of eau de cologne on
the glass-topped dressing table.

Malika moves quietly before the half-drawn curtains.

ANDRESSON (V.O.)
I am responsible for your
mother's death.

EXT. OFFINGTON COURT (FLASHBACK) TWILIGHT

Dark WINGS explode from surrounding treetops...

... high above the glow of a filtered cigarette.

INT. ROOM 514 DAY

Malika perched at the edge of the bed reading the letter.

And somewhere the sound of WAVES...

EXT. SECLUDED COVE — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Chang drugged and bound on the sand.

INT. HOTEL FIGURINES D'OR — ROOM 506 DAY

An atmosphere of ambiguous sensuality as Natalia pulls the sash on her Chinese gown.

NATALIA

You believe I go around biting
throats? Well, sometimes I do...

Rollin uncomfortable within the subdued light yet needing only to find the incriminating cosmetic.

NATALIA (CONT.)

... but they must be delicate,
slender. My bites are caresses.
Soft, lingering kisses.

Natalia eyes the double-bed where a dishevelled Harry (the hotel pianist) wakes up.

NATALIA

I enjoy beautiful objects,
Inspector.

She reaches for a replica of the golden statuette and aligns it coquettishly with her own profile.

NATALIA

You may dismiss such objet
d'art purchased from hotels;
but Valerie perceived—
(enunciating)
*... the image of Natalia, the
huntress bearing eternal arrows
of seduction. It will always
remind me of you, she said.*

ROLLIN

You are Countess Kristeva's
companion?

NATALIA

The Countess is all things:
Mistress, Lover, Companion.

ROLLIN
And Herr Andresson?

NATALIA
Herr Andresson?
(laughs)
Really, Inspector, he wasn't my
type at all. And besides...

Natalia looks over at Harry now sitting up in her striped pyjama jacket — the open collar revealing claw-like marks across her throat. Harry smiles pleasantly at Rollin.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR MINUTES LATER

An electric bulb emits a feeble glow as Rollin transfers Natalia to the custody of a uniformed OFFICER.

INT. FOYER DAY

Knee-high boots sweep across the frame—

GIFT CONCESSION

Rollin toys with a golden figurine.

ROLLIN (V.O)
Ana told me she was also a
student of criminology—
(then)
And described the woman who
purchased one of these just a
few days earlier.

RECEPTION DESK

Ana Goncalo a businesslike conspirator: eluding Madame da Silva to read the hotel register—

• QUARTO • 507 • CONDESSA VALERIE KRISTEVA •

GIFT CONCESSION

Rollin replaces the figurine and glances across at Ana.

RECEPTION DESK

She smiles. Pleased with her work.

EXT. ROAD DAY

A POLICE CAR glides at a steady 30 mph.

ROLLIN (V.O.)

The Countess Valerie Kristeva
was charged with the murder of
Katerina Engelmann.

A black-veiled Valerie glances out of her near window.

ROLLIN (V.O.)

And suspected involvement in
the disappearances of Sabine
Caraccio, Violette Decaux and
Marianne Gilbert.

(beat)

I believed these cases to be
vampiric in nature.

EXT. DESERTED BEACH — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

A doe-eyed RAGAMUFFIN BOY minds the donkey-cart as Jesus
hauls the black coffin onto an old wooden boat.

ROLLIN (V.O. CONT.)

A belief only solidified by the
Countess inferring they could
all be found alive.

INT. POLICE OFFICE CORRIDOR — MADEIRA DAY

Valerie also escorted by the uniformed Officer... beneath
the hum of overhead light panels.

ROLLIN (V.O. CONT.)

A charter plane would transfer
the Countess to the judicial
authority in Ciutadella the
following morning, June third.

EXT. HOTEL ENVIRONS / PLAZA DAY

Malika on the wide steps with a plain-clothes DETECTIVE—

DETECTIVE

I'll be in touch as soon as I
receive the Coroner's report.

Senor Alvaro appears beside Malika as the Detective heads back down the steps to his car.

SENOR ALVARO

I am so sorry for all your troubles, Senora.

Graceful, fragile, and bereft.
Malika revealing all these things.

SENOR ALVARO

The Countess asked that I give you this.

Malika accepts the envelope.

SENOR ALVARO

And, please, stay with us as long as necessary.

A sparkling Audi 100 glides through the dusty afternoon.

Its cheerful DRIVER shouting from the open window:

DRIVER

Madame Andresson?

Malika indicates as such and watches the man bound up the steps...

DRIVER

(out of breath)

Senor Cardoso, Avis automobile rental... We promise Senor Andresson latest model and—

Cardoso gestures towards his vehicle.

MALIKA

I'm sorry, but my father—

CARDOSO

Eez alright, Madame Andresson.
I allow you... Please—

Cardoso unfolds a sheet of paper which Malika signs in return for a set of keys.

CARDOSO

I collect old car tomorrow.

Cardoso gives a little bow before hurrying down the steps and across the plaza...

Vanishing into one of its drowsy doorways.

MALIKA (V.O.)

Perhaps my acceptance of those
keys had been preordained?

The Audi's fresh paintwork gleams in the sunshine.

EXT. SECLUDED COVE — PÔRTO SANTO DAY

Chang unconscious.

Oblivious to the gentle approach of WAVES...

BECOMING DUSK

... as darker waves reach his frozen figure.

Still drowsy. Still constrained by oily fibres.

Yet manoeuvring through an inch of salt water—

And reaching an outcrop of rock—

Where he can work the rope against serrated stone...

... between the CRASHING of night waves.

INT. POLICE OFFICE CORRIDOR / CELL — MADEIRA NIGHT

Valerie and Natalia play backgammon under the watch of an unshaven POLICE OFFICER.

A moth flutters at the fluorescent panel above him.

NATALIA

(whispery)

You are...

Valerie contemplates her doubled dice and counters across the faded old board.

NATALIA

The melancholy girl of a winter
city.

Valerie taps out a hypnotic play...

NATALIA

The languid fahrenheit of
harbour and minaret.

The Police Officer becomes drowsy...

Valerie and Natalia rise with perfect synchronicity.

NATALIA

The narcolepsy of drugged wine
and southern islands.

The Police Officer slumps against the bars.

Natalia reaches for his keys...

... before removing a HANDGUN from its leather holster.

NATALIA

You are—

Natalia unlocks the cell.

Valerie's tread assumes that of a sleepwalker...

NATALIA

The sailboat and the crucifix.

EXT. SECLUDED COVE — PÔRTO SANTO NIGHT

Chang barely discernible as frayed fibres give way!

EXT. BACKSTREETS — MADEIRA NIGHT

The staccato of HEELS beneath streetlamps.

EXT. BEACH — PÔRTO SANTO NIGHT

Only the recurring sound of WAVES as an ocean-soaked Chang
emerges from darkness...

... and removes a sealed packet from his inside pocket.

CUT TO:

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

... that finds Valerie and Natalia as they—

E/I. STREET / TAXI — MADEIRA NIGHT

Converge on a parked car and slam the rear doors behind them... waking a drowsy DRIVER.

VALERIE

Please, to the darkest point.

DRIVER

Madam would like...?

NATALIA

The northernmost peninsula!

Valerie leans back. Closes her eyes with the warm surge of the ignition...

Natalia reaches for Valerie's hand—

EXT. BEACH — PÔRTO SANTO NIGHT

A pink DISTRESS FLARE lights up the starry sky with its decaying, firework SSSH...

... fading to a familiar PIANO melody.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE — MADEIRA NIGHT

Harry plays the plaintive melody from a few days earlier.

Middlebrow guests sip drinks by lamplight.

Malika among them... Not wishing to be alone.

Reading Valerie's note:

VALERIE (V.O.)

I am fearful as to the
unfolding of things—

Words that propel Malika between leather easy chairs and marbled pillars—

FOYER

Past Ana Goncalo.

Past the golden statuette—

EXT. HOTEL ENVIRONS NIGHT

So that piano and chatter recede by the time she reaches a deserted plaza, fumbles for keys...

... and climbs into the new Audi 100.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN NIGHT

An oil lamp glows through vast blackness—

INT. HOTEL FIGURINES D'OR — ROOM 312 NIGHT

And dissolves to an indoor twilight: the scene where a TELEPHONE always rings...

... before its receiver is clumsily lifted.

ROLLIN
(half asleep)
Inspector Rollin—

INT. AUDI 100 NIGHT

Windscreen rush of stone walls and backroads.
The dashboard glowing 63 mph.

And an unlicensed Malika at the wheel.

EXT. COAST ROAD / TAXI NIGHT

Headlights emerge from darkness...

... to a murmur of Portugese RADIO VOICES. A conspiracy concealed within their static.

Now merging with something mechanised, airborne—

EXT. BEACH — PÔRTO SANTO NIGHT

Chang sways perilously on a rope ladder suspended from a sea rescue HELICOPTER.

EXT. HOTEL FIGURINES D'OR NIGHT

Rollin buttons his raincoat as he stumbles down the steps.

INT. TAXI NIGHT

Radio silence—

And the driver apprehensive as behind him...

Valerie and Natalia glimmer like nocturnal zoo animals.

I/E. HELICOPTER NIGHT

Chang intent on a voice zoning into his headset. His lips repeating its coordinates—

Inaudible beneath the JetRanger's furious noise as it cuts across the ocean. Oblivious to—

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN / BOAT NIGHT

The heart-stopping outline of a coffin.

And the murky figure of Jesus within the lamp's radiance.

INT. AUDI 100 — MADEIRA NIGHT

The dashboard glows...

--- 71 mph ---

Malika hypnotised by the road... as if this were some kind of out-of-body experience.

EXT. ROAD NIGHT

The taxi curves inland...

Ghostly fuselages overlook the sea.

INT. TAXI CONTINUOUS

Ominous WHIRRING somewhere above them—

Valerie senses something wrong—

Natalia's hand upon the driver's shoulder.

DRIVER

I'm sorry, Madam, but my car—

E/I. HELICOPTER NIGHT

Vertical descent.

Dry dust spraying upwards.

Chang poised within the machine's metal-dark interior.
Realising now why he took all those classes.

In the Saigon-like ROAR of blades.

INT. TAXI NIGHT

The driver perspires as his vehicle grinds to a halt.

NATALIA

He's faking!

EXT. ABANDONED RUNWAY NIGHT

Chang runs across the tarmac.

Glides between motionless airplanes.

Feels the chill of the semi-automatic inside his jacket.

TAXI

Natalia's stolen firearm at the driver's head.

NATALIA

Keep driving!

(then)

All the way to the peninsula.

RUNWAY

The taxi careens across Chang's eyeline—
Forces him to fire the first SHOTS.

TAXI

The driver loses control of the wheel.
Natalia hurled against Valerie.

RUNWAY

Chang dashes into the open—

The vehicle's outline immobile before him. Hissing as its
rear tyre deflates.

A target he covers two-handed.
In a move drilled over and over at Quantico.

CHANG

Come out slowly. With your—

TAXI

Natalia's eyes flash!
Gun metal SMASHES the rear door window—

And FIRES at a figure somewhere out on the dark—

RUNWAY

Chang dives onto the tarmac—

Scrambles beneath a motionless Cessna.
Holds the arm grazed by Natalia's bullet.

TAXI

Natalia assumes a deathly poise: entrusts the firearm to
Valerie.

NATALIA

Take their helicopter. I will
finish the American.

Valerie fearful of her premonition in Alaior—

I/E. AUDI 100 NIGHT

Malika really puts her foot down on the accelarator!

--- 93 mph ---

Feels the emptiness of the coast road.

I/E. ROLLIN'S HIRE CAR NIGHT

RADIO CHATTER live by satellite as Rollin also puts his foot down! Furious with himself for thinking it was all over...

EXT. ABANDONED RUNWAY NIGHT

Oil drum silhouettes.
Palm trees.

The glimmer of cockpits.
Broken glass across the tarmac.

Female fugitives noiseless on the balmy ocean breeze.

Chang evades several fallen oil drums (a handkerchief dyed red around his arm)—

Reaches into this illusory night...

... for the phantom image of Countess Kristeva.

Her black CRUCIFIX offered like some medieval charm—

At which he FIRES!

... so that the bullet punctures an oil drum.

Viscous liquid spills onto the tarmac.

AIRPLANE WING

Natalia hovers like an angel of death.

TARMAC

Ghosting down upon Chang's throat.

VALERIE

Sees them struggle...

Her glance one of utter melancholy.

THE AUDI 100

Screeches to a halt... Malika frozen behind the windscreen as another GUNSHOT reverberates across the runway—

BENEATH AIRPLANE

Chang on the verge of passing out: struggles to untie the bloodsoaked handkerchief from his arm. Unable to stem the fresher, deeper wound at his neck.

Natalia slumped across the oily tarmac... bloodied at the heart. Corpse-white.

Runway, planes and ocean swim before Chang's eyes...

MALIKA

Slams her car door.

Runs across the tarmac—

INTERCUT WITH:

VALERIE

A Figurines D'or matchbook between gloved fingers...

... above the pool of black oil.

VALERIE
(strikes match)
Au revoir...

Valerie recoils from the FLAMES—

Consuming Natalia's once sensual figure.

Valerie crimson mouthed, succubus-like in the fire.

Sees the helicopter: its PILOT waiting.

Feels for the handgun—

A DAZED CHANG

Caught by a terrible rush of heat—

MALIKA

Frantic as she surveys the flame-ridden tarmac.

MALIKA
Valerie—!

INT. ROLLIN'S HIRE CAR — WINDSCREEN P.O.V. NIGHT

Fire devours someone out on the runway.

Rollin crunches down the handbrake.

Tears into the night—

His raincoat smothering the flames at their back.

CAR RADIO (V.O.)
(filtered)
The Estadio Monumental alive to
an almost divine expectation...

EXT. ABANDONED RUNWAY NIGHT

Fire envelops the helicopter...

... before it **EXPLODES** in a cloud of petroleum flame!

Orange debris drifts against a black night sky...

The soccer commentator's rapture audible through the open door of Rollin's car.

CAR RADIO (V.O. CONT.)
... as Argentina emerge into a
sea of white ticker tape.

EXT. BEACH NIGHT

A peaceful murmur of waves below the dark peninsula...

OFFSHORE

... while an unmarked boat transports its cargo.

I/E. AUDI 100 / MOVING LANDSCAPE NIGHT

The liquid glow of the dashboard as PIANO chords roll from a late night FM station.

Eerie outlines of farmhouses in darkness.

The VOCAL exhilarating in a 70s coke-dust casualty kind of way...

Malika's fingers cast in porcelain upon the wheel.

Glances at her passenger—

Valerie ashen beneath a mesh of black veil.

The song's hallucinatory alliteration sweeps them further into the night as Malika navigates the uncertainty of the island road.

EXT. ABANDONED RUNWAY NIGHT

A blue AMBULANCIA caught by the flashing beam from a fire engine out on the smoke-filled tarmac.

Rollin crouched beside a pale, stretchered Chang while the PARAMEDIC treats his neck wound.

CHANG

The vampire! She—

ROLLIN

She can't get off the island.

Rollin exchanges a hopeful glance with the Paramedic.

ROLLIN

I'm only sorry you—

CHANG

Ah, I'll make it.

(smiles)

Sure beats electronic surveillance.

Rollin rests his hand on Chang's arm.

PARAMEDIC

Excuse me, Inspector. We take him to hospital now.

INT. AUDI 100 NIGHT

Malika now assured in her handling of the car.

The SONG unravelling...

... mirroring her fate as they approach—

EXT. PENINSULA NIGHT

The dark presence of the sea.

Radio frequencies ebbing away in the ocean breeze.

VALERIE

Lifts her veil.

Reveals a death-like pallor.

VALERIE

I knew you would come.

Malika buffeted by the nighttime peninsula...

... in the quiet seconds of farewell.

Valerie reaches for her hand—

MALIKA

I must learn to live before I
can die.

EXT. BEACH NIGHT

Gentle waves over rocks...

... as Jesus emerges from darkness.

JESUS

(calls quietly)

Mistress...

PENINSULA

Valerie gazes at Malika.

Lets go of her hand.

Vanishes into the night...

Negotiating treacherous rocks underfoot.

Wet with spray.

And the vertigo of unseen waves.

BEACH

Seawater foams over rocks and sand as the stolid figure of
Jesus carries Valerie offshore.

THE BOAT

Sways with the current...

... while Jesus raises the lid of the black coffin.

Valerie glacial, statuesque.

Stepping inside...

... drawing the lid down upon herself.

A spectral hand floating into darkness.

CUT TO:

MALIKA'S FINGERS

Unfolding like a pale, nocturnal flower to reveal—

An AGFA cassette tape.

PENINSULA

Malika makes out a boat beyond the rocks... Her chiffon dress fluttering in the breeze.

MALIKA (V.O.)

We will meet in the Port of
Sunlight.

DISSOLVE TO:

DAWN

The amber-tinged sea. Utterly tranquil.

Wildflowers sway across the grassy peninsula.

Rollin removes a pipe from his fire-blackened raincoat.
Expertly lights it as the sun creeps above the horizon.

ROLLIN (V.O.)

Maybe it was futile to believe
a curse of centuries could be
vanquished by Interpol.

Rollin wanders across the peninsula. A plume of tobacco smoke drifting in his wake...

... as a POLICE OFFICER and ALSATION comb the rocks below.

BEACH

Waves crash all around them...

ROLLIN (V.O. CONT.)

The plagues of our old world
will endure.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDEN — OFFINGTON COURT DAY

The white-gloved gardener rakes autumn leaves across the lawn. Edging them towards a mound of dead tree branches.

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

EXT. GARDEN TWILIGHT

The mound ablaze under the first stars.

Woodsmoke drifting upwards into a crystal sky.

MALIKA

Reads again her father's finely schooled handwriting...

A chic white blazer over the dress Valerie bought her. The jewelled headband mysterious by bonfirelight.

... as she hears that measured enunciation:

ANDRESSON (V.O.)

I loved her once upon a time.

Allows the letter to be engulfed by flames...

... and completes his final sentence:

MALIKA

Before this darkness entered my
soul.

Removes something from her pocket—

Pale fingers manipulating the lid of a silver compact...

... to reveal its soft, talcum-like powder: *a pure white alkaloid that destroys the nervous system.*

Overcoming sadness—

... as she hurls it in the bonfire.

... and turns to the camera: her features paler now, yet not without sensuality.

And not without resemblance to the Infamous Nadja.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HARBOUR — BALEARIC ISLANDS DAWN

A drowsy mooring of sailboats.

INT. SICKROOM — ALAIOR SAME TIME

White walls, cool blue tiles and a deathbed enshrouded by black muslin.

... from which the rheumy-eyed old woman gasps.

A female RELATIVE (40s) sits impassively on a hard chair. Draped all in black. Gloved hands aligned at the knee.

The inland town's youthful priest stands beside the bed.

OLD WOMAN
(whispery rattle)
Neg-ro... Neg—

The old woman's eyes glaze over. She is dead.

The priest makes the sign of the cross.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION LOUNGE — MEDITERRANEAN ISLAND DAY

A TAXI DRIVER enters the marbled interior and sets down two designer suitcases.

A silvery ITALIAN GENTLEMAN (50s) dismisses the man with a generous banknote.

His soulful-eyed DAUGHTER (19) waits beneath the languorous rotation of a ceiling fan.

As Valerie rises from a leather armchair—

The white blazer, flared trousers and tortoiseshell Foster Grants all present and correct...

... a red chiffon scarf catching the light as she removes the sunglasses.

VALERIE

Ah, Signor Villafranca. And the Signora.

Valerie lingers upon the faun-like girl...

... and smiles.

VALERIE

We were expecting you...

Words that fade as our eyes are drawn to—

A PASSAGEWAY

Where cool linoleum tiles vanish in sunlight...

... into a stillness overrun by long, crimson fingernails clasped around an open doorway—

Emanating from the pallid forms of Sabine Caraccio, Violette Decaux, Marianne Gilbert and Katerina Engelmann—

Their figures exuding vampiric sensuality.

As Esther Ofarim's revelatory version of Leonard Cohen's YOU KNOW WHO I AM drifts across the still frame...

MUSIC RECORDING (V.O.)

*I cannot follow you my love
You cannot follow me
I am the distance
you put between
all of the moments
that we will be—*

*You know who I am
you've stared at the sun
well I am the one
who loves changing
from nothing to one...*

FADE OUT.