

Rev. 5/15/89

Rev. 3/6/89 PINK  
Rev. 3/8/89 BLUE  
Rev. 3/17/89 YELLOW  
Rev. 4/7/89 GREEN  
Rev. 4/14/89 WHITE  
Rev. 5/2/89 PINK  
Rev. 5/15/89 BLUE

NICK KNIGHT

BY

JAMES D. PARRIOTT

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: BARRY WEITZ  
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DIRECTOR: FARHAD MANN

REVISED FIRST DRAFT  
February 3, 1989



DR. DAVID KIPPER'S NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED TO DR. DAVID DANTLEY.

DET. JESSUP'S NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED TO DET. JESSELL.

DET. MOORE HAS BEEN DELETED AND JESSELL HAS ASSUMED HIS DIALOGUE.

THESE CHANGES HAVE NOT BEEN INDICATED BY X'S THROUGHOUT THE SCRIPT.

THE CAT HAS BEEN DELETED AND HAS BEEN INDICATED BY X'S.

IN ALL CASES THE CADILLAC IS A JET BLACK '59 CLASSIC CONVERTIBLE WITH FINS. THE CHANGE IS NOT INDICATED BY X'S.

DR. JACK CHEN'S NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED TO DR. JACK FARRELSON.

|                                                                                                           |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| DR. JACK FARRELSON (PREVIOUSLY DR. JACK CHEN) HAS BEEN CHANGED TO JOHN BRITTINGTON, M.D. - KNOWN AS JACK. | (X) |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

|                                                          |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| CITY HOSPITAL HAS BEEN CHANGED TO ST. AGATHA'S HOSPITAL. | (X) |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----|



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. A LARGE CITY - NIGHT

1

An eerie, AERIAL POV... swooping over water... past a large bridge... heading for the city's glistening skyline.

OVER THE BUILDINGS, now. Still floating... moving above them like a bird of prey... circling in the dazzling light.

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

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

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

2 ON A RADIO

2

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

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

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

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

3

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

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

CONTINUED



3 CONTINUED

3

DJ'S VOICE  
Another twenty-minutes of  
uninterrupted music on K-SMOOTH...  
music to soothe the beast within.

(X)

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

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

CUT HARD TO:

4 A MAN'S FACE

4

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

5 IN A ROOM OUTSIDE

5

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

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

A MOAN from within.

ATTENDANT  
Get the key.

The other attendant runs back to the front desk.

6 THE MAN IN THE GOGGLES

6

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

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

THE ATTENDANTS burst into his tanning booth.

ATTENDANT  
Mr. Knight?!

CONTINUED



6 CONTINUED

6

NICK  
(confused, embarrassed)  
Yeah...?

ATTENDANT  
We... uh, heard you screaming.

NICK  
(beat)  
You did?

ATTENDANT  
Are you.... okay?

NICK  
I don't look okay?

OTHER ATTENDANT  
We heard you screaming.

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

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

7 AT THE TANNING SALON'S FRONT DESK - LATER

7

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

OTHER ATTENDANT  
He's cute...

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

Off their perplexed gazes, go to:

8 THE STREETS OF THE CITY - NIGHT

8

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

CONTINUED



8 CONTINUED

8

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

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

NICK

Topper! Jeanie!

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

JEANIE

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

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

NICK

You guys have a safe place to sleep  
tonight?

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

TOPPER

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

Topper reveals a new bottle of wine in the basket.

TOPPER

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

NICK

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

TOPPER

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

NICK

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

JEANIE

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

A SCRATCHY POLICE RADIO interrupts...

CONTINUED



8 CONTINUED: 2

8

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

(X)

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

NICK  
(into mike)  
Say what?

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

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

9 INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY / ROTUNDA ROOM - NIGHT

9

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

NICK  
Sign of entry?

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

(X)

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

Nick suddenly pulls up short, surprised by

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

DEDRICK  
Something wrong?

Nick hides his discomfort, moving around the display quickly.

NICK  
These old museums give me the  
jeebies.



DEDRICK

I hear ya.

NICK

You pulling a search?

DEDRICK

Ten guys on it now.

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

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

GRUFF VOICE

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

Nick turns to Dedrick with a weary sigh.

NICK

How long's Schanke been here?

DEDRICK

Ten minutes... how'd you know?

NICK

I can smell his cologne.

10 IN THE MAYAN ROOM

10

ON THE BODY OF THE GUARD, strangely pale... blueish, as he lies in a puddle of his own red blood. Flashbulbs pop as the forensic team lines off the floor and takes notes, under the direction of a blaring, chain smoking, assertive detective in his late 30's who goes by the name of:

(X)

(X)

DON SCHANKE

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

Schanke turns as Nick enters with Dedrick.

SCHANKE

Wonderboy. What kept you?



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

NICK

Thought you were workin' the point tonight, Schanke.

SCHANKE

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

NICK

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

SCHANKE

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

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

NICK

Is there any left in the body?

FORENSIC GUY

Not much. Looks like all the others.

NICK

Except all the others were homeless...

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

Schanke turns with an aside to the police photographer.

SCHANKE

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

(X)

NICK

(recovering)

Dedrick? Who found the body?

11 ON ALYCE HUNTER

11

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



NICK'S VOICE

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

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

NICK

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

ALYCE

The Rio Azul Region, to be  
precise.

(skeptically)

Somebody told you...

(X)

(X)

NICK

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

ALYCE

You can read it?

NICK

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

ALYCE

That's illegal.

NICK

Only for the last forty years.

ALYCE

As long as you or I've been alive.

NICK

At least, in this incarnation.

ALYCE

(beat, studies him)

Do I know you?

NICK

(smiles)

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

He extends his hand. She takes it.

ALYCE

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



NICK  
Excluding the body, of course.

ALYCE  
That's a bad joke.

NICK  
Depends on your sense of humor.

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

ALYCE  
I know I've seen your face...

12 INT. MUSEUM BACK ROOMS - LATER

12

This is where the cataloging, assembling, and filing is done. Large workrooms connected by hallways and smaller offices. The feeling is dusty and old, like a living library. An archive. Find NICK AND ALYCE winding their way through. They steal looks at each other - both liking what they see.

ALYCE  
I was working back here when I heard the crash.

NICK  
The glass case...

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

NICK  
Then you went out anyway?

ALYCE  
I'm a curious girl. Stupid, maybe, but very curious. Curiosity is the basis of all discovery, you know.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

(beat)  
Nate was already dead when I got there.

NICK  
And the killer...

ALYCE  
I don't see how he escaped so quickly. Especially with...  
(shivers, repulsed)  
What could he possibly want with his blood?

(X)  
(X)



A beat. Nick's eyes say more than he's willing to let on. A smile - a moment between them... then continue into

(X)

## 13 INT. ALYCE'S WORK AREA

13 (X)

filled with Mayan artifacts of all kinds. Burial masks, stelae, pots and ceremonial items. A large, cluttered desk sits at the far end of the room; Alyce's workspace. Nick's expression changes. As if he's been suddenly transported by the artifacts.

NICK

These are from Altun Kinal, aren't they?

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

ALYCE

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

NICK

The curse...

ALYCE

How do you know?

NICK

I told you. I was a grave robber.

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

CONTINUED



13 CONTINUED:

13

NICK

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

ALYCE

A Mayan vessel. It's jade.

(X)

NICK

(stunned beat)  
From the Kinal dig?

ALYCE

It was used in sacrificial  
ceremonies... We unearthed it last  
month...

(X)

NICK

Do you have a drawing?

She nods. She crosses to a filing cabinet behind her desk.  
Rifles through.

(X)

ALYCE

It was extremely rare. Maybe the  
only one of its type in  
existence...

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

ALYCE

Something wrong?

NICK

Do you know how the cup was used?  
It was a practice unique to that  
area.

ALYCE

(realizes)  
Yes... of course. It was used to  
drink the sacrificial victims'  
blood.

(X)

Off their reactions, go to:

14 OMITTED

14

14A EXT. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

14A

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

(X)

CONTINUED



14A CONTINUED:

14A

REPORTER 1

Is this another "vampire" murder?

NICK

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

REPORTER 2

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

NICK

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

REPORTER 1

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

NICK

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

REPORTER 1

Knight, you're stonewalling...

Nick LOCKS EYES with the reporter. Something almost hypnotic here...

NICK

Go home...

REPORTER 1

(suddenly, strangely passive)

Yeah... sure.... I think I'll go home, now.

The reporter turns, starting away as Nick heads for

THE MORGUE'S DOOR. BRUNETTI, his Captain, is just coming out to run interference. The remaining reporters jump on him at once.

REPORTER 2

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

BRUNETTI

Our best people...

REPORTER 1

Person - Knight.

CONTINUED



14A CONTINUED: 2

14A

BRUNETTI

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

He ducks back

15 EXTERIOR

15 (X)

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

NICK

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

BRUNETTI

Demographics, I guess. You staying for the autopsy?

Nick nods.

BRUNETTI

When you get back, check in.

16 INT. PATHOLOGY - NIGHT

16

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

CHEN

Drink it.

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

NICK

What is it?

CHEN

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

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

CONTINUED



16 CONTINUED

16

CHEN

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

NICK

Very easy for you to say.

CHEN

How's your tan coming?

NICK

I'm up to ten minutes, now.

CHEN

Macho man.

NICK

I'm working on it.

Chen moves away from the body.

CHEN

This one's different... aside from  
his job and personal hygiene.

(beat, studies Nick)

You already knew that.

NICK

Blood loss is the same.

CHEN

(nods)

Like the other three, most of his  
blood has been sucked out.

(X)

NICK

So how does he differ from the  
pattern?

A beat, as they eye each other silently... then Chen exposes the  
corpse's neck.

CHEN

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

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

CONTINUED



16 CONTINUED (2)

16

CHEN

Are you holding out on me?

Off their uncomfortable moment, go to:

17 OMITTED

17

17A INT. MONTGOMERY ST. STATION / SQUAD ROOM

17A

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

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

BRUNETTI

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

NICK

We have an agreement....

BRUNETTI

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

NICK

I only work the night watch and I  
work alone.

BRUNETTI

Not this time!

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

BRUNETTI

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

NICK

Three of the victims were homeless...

(X)

BRUNETTI

The man tonight had a job. The  
victim profile's expanding...  
this maniac could be after  
anyone.

(X)

(more)

CONTINUED



17A CONTINUED

17A

BRUNETTI (Cont'd)

(beat)

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

NICK

I know what they used it for...

BRUNETTI

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

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

BRUNETTI

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

(beat)

But this investigation isn't going to stop when the sun comes up. Am I getting through to you?

NICK

(smells something coming)

Who's it gonna be, Captain?

BRUNETTI

A day guy...

NICK

Who?

BRUNETTI

I want to give you someone with experience...

NICK

His name....

BRUNETTI

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

NICK

Aw, no.... Captain...

Brunetti opens HIS OFFICE door and herds Nick



18 INT. BRUNETTI'S OFFICE - NEAR DAWN

18 (X)

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

SCHANKE

(big smile)  
Hey, partner.

Nick hands his gun to Brunetti.

NICK

Shoot me.

19 EXT. THE CITY - DAWN

19

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

20 DOWNTOWN - ADJACENT TO NICK'S LOFT

20 (X)

A familiar Caddie moves through the tight streets, in the  
quiet, early morning dawning. Follow the Cadillac to:

(X)  
(X)

21 A CORRUGATED STEEL LOADING DOCK DOOR

21 (X)

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

(X)

22 INT. NICK'S LIVING QUARTERS

22 (X)

The Caddie comes to a rumbling stop inside the backstage  
area of the Mayan Theater. It's almost too dark to see,  
but Nick parks behind the theater's movie screen,  
unnoticed by the audience. Nick climbs out, exits frame  
to:

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

22A INT. MEZZANINE CORRIDOR

22A (X)

Nick crosses to stairs, leading to elevator off left.

(X)

23 THE LOFT ON THE SECOND FLOOR

23

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

(X)

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

CONTINUED



## 23 CONTINUED

23

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

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

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

## 24 THE KITCHEN

24

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

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

## 25 A LIVING AREA

25

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO BLACK

END ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

26 EXT. CITY SKYLINE - SUNSET 26

El Sol dips down behind the horizon. The glass and concrete turns golden.

27 INT. NICK'S LOFT - TWILIGHT 27

THE WINDOW SHADES rise with a mechanical groan.

A TELEPHONE ANSWERING MACHINE is switched to "Playback":

A COMPUTER VOICE

Hello... Mister Nick Knight. You have been selected by a major market research company to spend a sun-filled week in beautiful Hawaii. All you have to do is...

NICK'S HAND fast forwards the machine to the next message.

ALYCE'S VOICE

Uh... this is Alyce Hunter. I'm going to be doing some research on that jade vessel tonight...

(X)

28 IN THE BATHROOM 28

Nick enters groggily. The bathroom is already steamy from hot running water. The answering machine can be heard from the other room.

(X)

(X)

ALYCE'S VOICE (CONT.)

...If you want to call or drop by later, maybe I'll have something more on it.

Nick smiles a little as he lathers his face to shave. But there's a sad distance in his eyes. It's a relationship that can never be. MOVE AROUND to reveal THE MIRROR. He impatiently wipes a wide swathe of steam off the mirror, as only a man who is uncertain of finding his reflection would. Then the reason is painfully obvious: NICK'S IMAGE in the mirror is only half-there, ghostly transparent. Nick is not of this world.

(X)

(X)

CHEN'S VOICE

Can you see yourself in the mirror? Good, it's working. Now, your favorite forensic pathologist wants you to eat something this evening, understand? You need a Jewish mother.

CONTINUED



28 CONTINUED:

28

NICK

(smiles)  
I already have one.

29 ON A FRYING PAN

29

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

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

30 EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - NIGHT

30

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

31 IN THE ROTUNDA

31 (X)

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

GUARD'S VOICE

You gonna be okay up here, Dr.  
Hunter?

She turns to see A GUARD.

(X)

ALYCE

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

He waves and starts off... then she heads into

32 THE BACK ROOMS

32

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

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

She unpacks some groceries: ice cream, cookies, potato chips, candy. Junk food for the long night ahead.

(X)  
(X)

CONTINUED



32 CONTINUED:

32

She then turns to

(X)

THE DUSTY, LARGE BOOK. It's titled Early Excavations - Altun Kinal. Alyce opens it and begins to read... as she digs into the pint of ice cream.

33 INT. MONTGOMERY ST. STATION / SQUAD ROOM

33

The change of watch. Twice as many people and four times the activity. A banner stretched across one corner announces a "City P.D. Blood Drive"... and it's there where we find

SCHANKE - CLOSE - on his back, peeling a clove of garlic with his teeth and right hand.

SCHANKE

So what flavor am I?

WIDEN to reveal that he's donating blood on a portable gurney, as FENNER, the white-coated attendant, monitors the drip.

FENNER

AB - Positive.

SCHANKE

That good?

FENNER

You can take anything but motor oil.

SCHANKE

Motor oil... I like that. My wife, she's that universal donor.

FENNER

Too bad.

SCHANKE

How so?

FENNER

Anybody can take O - Negative, but O - Negatives can't take anything else.

(X)

(X)

SCHANKE

Gotta be O.

CONTINUED



33 CONTINUED:

33

O - Negative.

FENNER

(X)

SCHANKE

(beat)

I think I'd better keep that to  
myself.

Fenner starts to unhook Schanke. Notices the garlic.

FENNER

What's that?



33 CONTINUED (2)

33

SCHANKE

Garlic.

FENNER

Garlic?

SCHANKE

It builds the blood but you gotta  
eat it raw.

(X)

He pops it into his mouth and starts chewing. Reacts to

NICK crossing to him through the busy squad room. Schanke swings  
off the table, and winks at Fenner.

SCHANKE

Watch this.

He waits until Nick is a foot away, then greets him with breath  
so thick you can see it....

SCHANKE

Partner!

Nick nearly passes out. Literally. Has to back away, gasping for  
air. Schanke thinks it's hysterical. Goes to help Nick, breathing  
heavily on him as he does...

SCHANKE

The Captain thought that we should  
ride together tonight to talk and  
kinda get things set up. Chen wants  
to see us at the morgue.

It's all Nick can do to stay on his feet. He pushes Schanke  
away...

NICK

Look, Schanke...

SCHANKE

It's one night only - then I go to  
day shifts. Is there something wrong  
here? Is it my breath?

NICK

I'm allergic to garlic...

SCHANKE

I'll smoke a ciggie and the smell'll  
disappear.

(to Fenner)

Maybe you can hit this guy up for  
some blood.

NICK

Pass....



## 34 INT. MORGUE / PATHOLOGY

34  
(X)

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

CHEN

Did you have a good breakfast?

NICK

Major hamburger.  
(re: Schanke)  
Lucky to keep it down.

(X)

CHEN

Excellent...

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

SCHANKE

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

(X)

(X)

NICK

Don't look at me.

CHEN

(to Schanke)

Would you please put out your cigarette?

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

NICK

What'd you find?

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

CHEN

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

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

CONTINUED



34 CONTINUED:

34

CHEN

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

SCHANKE

I was wondering about that...

CHEN

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

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

CHEN (CONT.)

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

SCHANKE

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

Chen looks to Nick...

CHEN

That's what one would normally think...

Off their moment, go to:

35 EXT. THE STREETS - NIGHT

35

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

SCHANKE

Maybe he was hypnotized. I mean this whole thing smells like a cult of some kind. Back in the 60's, they had a lotta cases like this. Strange brew.

(X)  
(X)

Schanke pulls out a cigarette....

CONTINUED



35 CONTINUED:

35

SCHANKE

And the thing they looked for,  
see... was the common links. Like  
the blood's missing... they're  
homeless...

(X)

NICK

The guard wasn't homeless.

SCHANKE

So maybe he coulda been killed by  
another guy.

(off Nick's look)

Okay, that's stupid. But don't go  
closing any doors, hotshot. Listen  
to experience, here. You aren't  
gonna solve this thing with a lucky  
guess.

Schanke puts the cigarette in his mouth.

NICK

Not in my Caddie.

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

SCHANKE

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

NICK

Trunk space.

SCHANKE

Trunk space?

NICK

The 1959 Cadillac has more trunk  
space than any car built in the  
last 30 years.

SCHANKE

(a nonplussed beat)

Trunk space.

(beat)

I knew that.

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

SCHANKE

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

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

CONTINUED



SCHANKE  
Addictions are hard to give up.

NICK  
Tell me.

A beat... then Nick turns to

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

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

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

Schanke hangs on for dear life...

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

A CALL comes cracking in over the police radio.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE  
All units in the vicinity of 28th Avenue and City Park... shots fired, victim down at 28th and the park. Code 3.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Schanke fumbles for the mike, astonished.

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

NICK  
81-K.

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

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

SCHANKE  
How'd you know?

CONTINUED



35 CONTINUED: 3

35

NICK

Lucky guess.

CUT TO:

36 OMITTED

36

37 INT. ST. MARTHA'S YOUTH CLUB FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

37 (X)

Smoke pours out of the open doors of this pool facility adjoining the park. But that's not what's causing the panic. The young men and women on the swim team are in a frenzy.

A GUNMAN sprays the doorway with his Uzi. The swimming coach, wounded, lies in his own blood in the entryway. The swim team members are screaming in the smoky fire. The place is erupting in fear.

He fires again as

Nick and Schanke run up to join

(X)

DETECTIVE JESSELL, a wiry guy in his thirties, who arrived in the unmarked police car. A swim team kid is crying to them... speaking a mile-a-minute.

GIRL SWIMMER

Help us! Help us! He shot our coach!

NICK

Is he alone?

GIRL SWIMMER

I don't know. He has a machine gun. He started the fire! He's crazy!

Nick turns to Schanke and Jessell, pulling out his 9mm.

NICK

One man, with an automatic. Looks like drugs.

(to Schanke and Jessell)

We're going in.

Nick takes a walkie-talkie, then moves through the entryway to the workout room adjoining the pool. Pauses when he realizes Schanke is staying behind. Nick turns to him....

SCHANKE

Experience says play the exits.

CONTINUED



37 CONTINUED:

37

NICK

(pissed)  
OK, play them. Meanwhile, take  
care of the coach and kids.

(X)  
(X)

Schanke nods agreement and Nick, with Jessell in tow,  
sprints for the pool entrance.

(X)  
(X)

38  
Thru OMITTED  
39

38  
Thru  
39

39A INT. CORRIDOR/POOL

39A (X)

He pauses breathlessly. Jessell arrives. He turns to  
Nick.

(X)  
(X)

JESSELL

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

NICK

Yeah... so...?

The men take up positions around the door.

JESSELL

So... why don't you let me take  
this, huh?

(X)

NICK

Guy's crazy with a full automatic.

JESSELL

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

NICK

Open it.

Jessell pulls on the door. Stuck. Yanks again. Nothing.  
It won't budge.

(X)  
(X)

JESSELL

Locked tight.

NICK

Let me try.

Jessell steps back. Nick crosses. HIS HAND plants itself  
on the knob... then twists it slowly, powerfully. Metal  
breaking from inside the door.

(X)

CONTINUED



39A CONTINUED:

39A

The lock now open, Nick and Jessell prepare to storm the gunman. They take up new positions at the door. Nick flings it open to reveal:

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

39B INT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

39B (X)

Olympic size swimming pool shimmering in the night light. The gunman has taken a hostage, a swimteam member, in her late teens. Fear is etched on her face. He is dragging her through a fortress of equipment that he's erected.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Nick seeing the gunman, fears for the hostage, but that's not all he's worried about. His eyes are on a barricade of

(X)  
(X)

FLAMES SHOOTING into the corridor.

(X)

The gunman fires a spray at

NICK  
Close it! He's set a fire.

(X)

He leans back against the wall, suddenly sweating. Jessell tries the other door.

(X)

NICK  
Flames in both passages....

JESSELL  
Where's the guy?

NICK  
Heading back to the pool. The fire's in between.

(X)

JESSELL  
So we run through it.

NICK  
You really want this?

JESSELL  
Up for promotion next week.

Nick hands him the walkie-talkie and starts around the building.

JESSELL  
Where you gonna be?

NICK  
Covering the exits.



40  
Thru  
41

OMITTED

40  
Thru  
41

41A INT. FRONT ENTRANCE - ST. MARTHA'S

41A (X)

Nick enters breathlessly, panicked, in a cold sweat.

SCHANKE, on his knees, ministering to the coach, calming the swim team members, is delighted that Nick has come around to his point of view.

A burst of gunfire heard from the pool area. Both men signal to team members to stay on the ground.

NICK  
Stay with the kids. I have to go in.

SCHANKE  
Not so quick, hot shot. Remember, I'm with you.

NICK  
Listen to me, just stay here.

Nick exits.

42  
Thru  
43

OMITTED

42  
Thru  
43

44 INT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

44

Nick comes in. Glances left and right. Sees gunman leveling his Uzi in Jessell's direction. As he yells...

NICK  
Jessell!

Jessell ducks what could have been a fatal barrage of gunfire, but still takes it in the shoulder. Jessell falls behind a large aluminum canoe, shielded from the gunman. Nick works his way through the gunman's obstacle course, getting closer to him.

GUNMAN  
Don't press me, man. I'll give it to her in the head.

(X)  
(X)

Hostage realizing the gunman's attention has been turned to Nick, kicks the gunman and breaks free. Gunman drops the Uzi. The hostage runs and exits building to safety while gunman gets the Uzi back in his control.



Nick taking the moment, makes a move to the gunman to wrest control of the Uzi. The gunman fires at point blank range.

Bullets erupt on Nick's body, the projectiles passing through him, splashing into the water. The bullets' impact drives Nick from his position at the edge, backwards into the pool.

The gunman, pleased with his kill, empties his clip into the water, thrashing the submerged body of Nick.

Silence. The gunman assesses his handiwork. Checks out the area. Then takes one more look over the edge of the pool, when like a cruise missile at maximum launch velocity, Nick erupts from the pool.

The gunman in total fear and disbelief, having seen his victim come to life, turns and dives through the window, to the safety of the street.

44A INT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

44A (X)

Schanke enters pool area, service revolver at the ready, concerned for his fellow detectives. He sees Jessell down. And no sign of Nick. The lights of a police helicopter can be seen through the faceted windows on the opposite side of the pool, searching. Where is the crazy gunman? Where is Nick?

45 OMITTED

45

46 INT./EXT. POLICE CHOPPER

46 (X)

It roars by. It's search light scanning, picking up intermittent glimpses of our gunman.

PILOT

We can make the guy, but there's no sign of Knight.



He shields his eyes, hissing in rage as the SHADOW OF THE CROSS is cast across him. Driving him away.... into the night....

(X)  
(X)

50 INT. THE CHOPPER

50

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

SPOTTER

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

PILOT

You see Knight?

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

SPOTTER

He's gone.

Off their reactions go...

TO BLACK

END ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

51 EXT. AN AERIAL POV - NIGHT

51

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

52 OMITTED

52

52A EXT. JEFFERSON STREET ALLEY - NIGHT

52A (X)

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

JEANIE

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

TOPPER

We got enough for ice cream?

(X)

JEANIE

As long as you aren't drinkin'.

TOPPER

Dry as a bone.

JEANIE

And gonna stay that way.

They push their carts out onto:

53 EXT. JEFFERSON STREET

53 (X)

Start wheeling them west toward the park. Topper and Jeanie  
are unaware of

(X)

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

The homeless couple buys ice cream bars from a street  
vendor.

(X)

54 EXT. HOLLENBECK PARK

54 (X)

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

(X)

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



JEANIE

I thought Dr. Dave was gonna meet us.

TOPPER

You know Dave...

They begin to settle in for the night as

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

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

JEANIE

Top, you wanna extra blanket?  
Gonna get cold.

(pause)

Topper?

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

55 INT. BRUNETTI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

55 (X)

Jessell and Brunetti at Brunetti's desk. Jessell is wearing a sling. Schanke enters, addressing Jessell.

(X)

(X)

SCHANKE

Hey, hero, shouldn't you be in the hospital?

(X)

(X)

JESSELL

Yeah, maybe. It's only a shoulder wound. I lost a little blood.

(X)

(X)

BRUNETTI

Okay, okay. Speak.

(X)

JESSELL

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

SCHANKE

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

BRUNETTI

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

(beat)

You saw Knight go out after him?

(X)

CONTINUED



55 CONTINUED:

55

SCHANKE  
Wasn't that what I said?

(X)

BRUNETTI  
Then it had to be Knight who got  
him.

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

56 EXT. AN AERIAL POV

56

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

57 ON A RADIO

57

playing the reggae tune... a WOMAN'S VOICE humming along.  
SLOWLY WIDEN to reveal that the woman is

ALYCE - AT HER DESK IN THE MUSEUM. Now into the cookies, she  
eats distractedly as she reads. Engrossed in the old, dusty  
book. And now... she stops humming. Turns down the radio.

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

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

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

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

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

58 EXT. AERIAL POV

58

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

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



59 INT. THE MUSEUM BACK ROOM

59

Alyce stands... then takes the old book back

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

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

(X)

(X)

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

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

60 EXT. MUSEUM ROOFTOP - NIGHT

60

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

61 ANOTHER COPY MACHINE ENLARGEMENT OF THE PHOTO

61 (X)

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

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

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

(X)

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

(X)

62 THE ROTUNDA

62 (X)

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

Alyce emerges from the back rooms...

ALYCE

Harry? Is that you?

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

CONTINUED



62 CONTINUED:

62

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

(X)  
(X)

63 THE ROTUNDA

63 (X)

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

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

ALYCE

Harry?

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

(X)

NICK stands in front of her - only inches away.

NICK

Easy... easy....

ALYCE

You scared the living hell out of me...

NICK

I'm sorry...

Alyce looks away - trying to hide her discomfort. Nick senses this.

(X)  
(X)

NICK

Look, I don't know what got into me. It was a bad joke. I'm sorry....

A guard appears at the end of the hall.

GUARD

Dr. Hunter... You okay?

ALYCE

(beat)

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

GUARD

(puzzled)

I didn't let anyone in.

NICK makes EYE CONTACT with the guard. Controlling him....

NICK

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



NICK (Cont'd)  
in. You saw me on the way up,  
right?

GUARD  
Oh, right.... right... Sure I saw  
you. Don't know what I was  
thinking...

This comforts Alyce. She visibly relaxes.

GUARD  
You need any help?

NICK  
Think I've got it covered.

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

ALYCE  
Thank you, Harry.

NICK  
Yeah, thank you...

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

NICK  
Something wrong?

ALYCE  
(covering)  
No... no...Are you wet? (X)

NICK  
Yeah, I just took a dive. (X)

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

Nick looks down... and sees his wet jacket, notices the  
trail of wet footprints he left, the holes, front and back,  
that the gunman's Uzi made. He covers quickly... (X)  
(X)

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

ALYCE  
A reminder?

NICK  
Of my own mortality.

CONTINUED



63 CONTINUED: 2

63

ALYCE

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

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

NICK

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

ALYCE

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

NICK

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

ALYCE

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

NICK

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

ALYCE

You do.

NICK

Happens to you once - you don't  
forget.

Nick shrugs off her admiring grin as they move into

64 INT. BACKROOM

64 (X)

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

ALYCE

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

NICK

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

ALYCE

Do you feel that way, too?

CONTINUED



64 CONTINUED:

64

NICK

No.

Nick turns back...

NICK

It's too easy a place to hide.

ALYCE

Is that what you think I'm doing?

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

NICK

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

ALYCE

I like the night...

NICK

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

ALYCE

It's my life. It's my passion.  
I'm comfortable with it.

(X)  
(X)

NICK

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

ALYCE

Another quote?

NICK

The voice of experience.

ALYCE

You haven't lived that long...

NICK

I'm working on it.

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

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

CONTINUED



64 CONTINUED: 2

64

ALYCE

Hold me.... Just hold me...

(beat)

Y'know, I was actually scared  
tonight before you came. That  
book...

NICK

Altun-Kinal...

ALYCE

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

(X)

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

(X)

NICK

No....

ALYCE

(misinterpreting)

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

(X)

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

ALYCE (CONT.)

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

(X)

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

NICK

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

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

ALYCE

Nick?!....

And then she sees

THE JAGGED, RAW-LOOKING SCAR on his chest. Exactly like the  
man in the photograph. She's stunned....

CONTINUED



NICK  
(head turned away)  
Alyce... I...

GUARD'S VOICE  
Dr. Hunter?

Alyce turns toward the voice...

ALYCE  
Harry?

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM announces the guard approaching through the Rotunda.

GUARD  
You two okay in there?

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

She turns back to him and stops her sentence cold.

Nick is gone. All that remains are wet footprints, the dusty book on the floor and the scattered pages.

Off Alyce's reaction, go to:

65 EXT. MONTGOMERY ST. STATION / EXT. BUILDING/PARKING LOT

65 (X)

Schanke moves through with Jack Brittington. Jack looks worried. They exit building.

(X)

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

JACK  
You have the keys?

As Schanke pulls them from his pocket...

SCHANKE  
I'll tell ya, I forgot the way those things drive. I'm talkin' smoooooooooth... a rolling condominium.

Jack takes the keys.

SCHANKE  
You think you can find him?

JACK  
What time's sunrise?

CONTINUED



65 CONTINUED:

65

SCHANKE

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

But Jack is already on his way.

(X)

66 EXT. DOWNTOWN - EARLY DAWN

66

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

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

NICK'S LIVING QUARTERS.

67 INT. NICK'S LOFT - DAYBREAK

67

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

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

NICK'S VOICE

What are you doing, Jack?

WITH JACK as he crosses to

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

JACK

You weren't picking up the phone.

NICK'S VOICE

I didn't want to talk to anyone.

JACK

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

A streak of sunlight appears on the ceiling.

NICK'S VOICE

Close the blinds, Jack.

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

CONTINUED



67 CONTINUED:

67

CHEN

No.

Chen grabs the bottle.

CHEN

You have got to stop drinking this.

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

(X)

Chen quickly backs off.

CHEN

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

NICK

See a sunrise? For three years I've been doing everything you tell me. For what? So I can gag on a little bit of hamburger? Barely see myself in the mirror to shave? See a sunrise? I can barely stand ten minutes in a tanning bed. Give me the bottle.

(X)

CHEN

No! Everything I do for you is wasted when you drink this stuff. It's the blood that keeps you from coming over.

NICK

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

CHEN

You can be human.

NICK

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

CHEN

You've done both.

NICK

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

CHEN

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

CONTINUED



67 CONTINUED (2)

67

NICK  
Who cares how I did it?!

CHEN  
You do!

NICK  
Close the blinds and get outta here!

CHEN  
(beat)  
Oh... well... I guess this is a major  
change in attitude, excuse me.

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

CHEN (CONT)  
You don't want help, I'm a dot on  
the horizon.

NICK'S VOICE  
Jack...

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

NICK'S VOICE  
Will you stop...

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

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

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

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

ALYCE'S VOICE  
(from machine)  
Nick, I'm sorry to keep calling.  
But after what happened tonight, I  
think we oughta talk. Will you call  
me? Please?

CONTINUED



67 CONTINUED (3)

67

She hangs up. Chen turns to:

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

CHEN

Is this the curator from the museum?

NICK

Do you know what it's like to live all these years and never be able to have a real relationship with a woman?

CHEN

What happened tonight?

NICK

I kissed her...

CHEN

And...?

NICK

And then I nearly killed her.

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

The blood runs slowly down the white plaster.

CHEN

Nick...

(beat)

Don't you think it's time we talked about the others?

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

and nods.

TO BLACK

END ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

68 EXT. HOLLENBECK PARK - DAWN

68 (X)

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

ALYCE'S VOICE

(reading)

"...adding to the problem of keeping the Indians at work, were the mystical properties said to be possessed by the drinking vessels themselves..."

(X)  
(X)

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

69 INT. ALYCE'S WORKROOM - DAWN

69 (X)

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

(X)

ALYCE'S VOICE

(reading)

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

(X)

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

ALYCE'S VOICE

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

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

(X)

70 INT. NICK'S LOFT

70

ON THE DRINKING VESSEL as Chen cradles it in his hands.

(X)

CHEN

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

CONTINUED



70 CONTINUED:

70

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

NICK

(nods)

He didn't want me to have the other  
vessel. He didn't then - he  
doesn't now.

(X)

(beat)

Lacroix was my master - the vampire  
who brought me over. It's like  
a brotherhood -- we have the  
same blood in our veins -- and --  
then -- we don't ...but he'll do  
anything to keep me this way.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CHEN

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

NICK

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

CHEN

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

NICK

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

Nick sighs and stands.

NICK

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

He starts out... stopped by:

CHEN

But why the street people?

(beat)

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

NICK

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

(more)

CONTINUED



70 CONTINUED: 2

70

NICK (Cont'd)  
(beat, a painful memory)  
He could never understand why I  
stopped. So he pursues me... from  
city to city... century to  
century... obsessed with keeping  
me in the darkness.

(X)

(beat)  
These murders are his way of  
calling me out, Jack. His way of  
getting back at me.

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

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

71 EXT. HOLLENBBECK PARK - LATE DAY

71 (X)

A GROUP OF SCREAMING 12-YEAR OLD KIDS, their mothers behind  
them, run into the park... letting off steam after a school  
day. They pass:

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

(X)

SEVERAL OTHER HOMELESS folks, lingering on a park bench.

DR. DAVE  
Anybody seen Jeanie and Topper?

72 AT THE BAND SHELL

72

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

73 THE SAME ANGLE OF THE PARK - NIGHT

73

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

CONTINUED



73 CONTINUED:

73

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

CHEN

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

SCHANKE

Was it two punctures this time?

CHEN

An incision. Singular.

NICK

(blurts)  
Where the hell is she?!

CHEN

Nick...

NICK

Jeanie never left Topper alone.

SCHANKE

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

Nick calls to a search team...

NICK

Dedrick?

DEDRICK

Nothing on the west side.

Nick moves on to:

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

(X)

NICK

Who was the last person to see them?

DR DAVE

I was -- up by Sixth street around noontime yesterday. Usually find something to eat up there at The Burger Barn.

(X)

NICK

And they were together?

CONTINUED



73 CONTINUED: 2

73

DR DAVE

Never apart. I knew somethin' was  
wrong when they didn't show up for  
the blood drive.

(X)  
(X)

SCHANKE

Wait a minute wait a minute. They  
were collecting blood here today?

(X)

DR DAVE

Yeah, it's here every Thursday.  
(shows his pin)  
Give a little - get a little. It's  
our way of making a meaningful  
contribution to society.

(X)

SCHANKE

You hear that, Knight?

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

NICK

I should've put them up  
somewhere...

CHEN

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

NICK

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

Schanke catches up, excited.

SCHANKE

Blood drive, homeless... maybe we  
got a connection here, right? I  
mean, their blood's missing...

(X)

NICK

You work the day shift, right?

SCHANKE

(taken aback)  
They all gave blood...

NICK

Check it out on your own time.

Nick starts out of the park, toward his car.

SCHANKE

What's his problem?

CHEN

I don't think you want to know.



## 74 ON NICK - A PREDATORY POV

74

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

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

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

Nick crosses to his Caddie and climbs in.

## 75 EXT. THE STREETS - NIGHT

75

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

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

## 76 EXT. RAVEN - NIGHT

76

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

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

MELROSE

Name please?

NICK

I'm not on the list.

Nick flashes his badge.

MELROSE

(pure condescension)

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

Nick casually grabs the guy by his belt... and single handedly LIFTS HIM off the ground.

Melrose nearly has a coronary.

MELROSE

That will.

Nick lowers him, then Melrose quickly unhooks the velvet rope gate... allowing Nick to go inside.



77 INT. RAVEN

77

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

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

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

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

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

NICK

Do I still call you Janette?

JANETTE

If you like.

She pulls out the chair beside hers. Nick sits.

THE POV starts to close in....

JANETTE

I'd heard you were in town.

NICK

Three years.

JANETTE

Wasn't it Chicago before?

NICK

It was time.

JANETTE

The Dorian Grey syndrome...

NICK

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

CONTINUED



77 CONTINUED

77

JANETTE

(smiles)

I hate baseball.

NICK

One more thing to come between us.

(X)

(X)

There's an awkward pause... something sexy and painful between them in the past. Something that can be no more.

(X)

(X)

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

(X)

NICK

(French - subtitled)

This seems to be doing well for you.

JANETTE

(French - subtitled)

Yes... I guess it does remind one a little of Paris. The young men... the music...

NICK

(French - subtitled)

Depends upon which century.

JANETTE

(French)

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

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

JANETTE

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

(smiles)

Would you like some?

NICK

No...

JANETTE

(with an edge)

That's right... you're probably on duty.

Nick feels the chill. Hardens his demeanor.

THE POV continues to close....

CONTINUED



77 CONTINUED: 2

77

NICK

He's here.

JANETTE

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

NICK

I want to know where, Janette.

JANETTE

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

Nick grasps her forearm, applying pressure...

NICK

Where.

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

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

JANETTE

Always the gentleman, aren't you?

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

JANETTE

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

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

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

JANETTE

He's very disappointed.

Nick stands... heads for the door, with

78 THE POV - CONTINUOUS SHOT

78

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

78A EXT. RAVEN - NIGHT

78A (X)

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



79 ON NICK

79

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

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

ALYCE  
Easy, Knight!

NICK  
What the h. are you doing here?!

ALYCE  
We have to talk.

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

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

ALYCE  
I followed you.

NICK  
What?

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

NICK  
Get out of the car.

ALYCE  
No.

NICK  
I'm on police business.

ALYCE  
I'll ride along.

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

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

Nick blinks at this...

CONTINUED



79 CONTINUED:

79

NICK

Do you do all your reading in  
supermarket checkout lines?

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

(X)

Nick looks at it for a moment... then reacts to A CAR  
HONKING behind him for him to move. Nick reluctantly pulls  
the Caddie into the traffic.

79A EXT. CITY STREETS/INT. CADDIE - MOVING - NIGHT

79A (X)

He consults the napkin that Janette gave him, then turns on  
THE RADIO and tunes it in to a heavy metal station.

ALYCE

Well?

NICK

Well what?

ALYCE

I went through two pints of ice  
cream and four bags of potato chips  
the other night trying to find  
this. Is it you?

NICK

It looks like me.

ALYCE

Even the scar on your chest is the  
same.

NICK

Then it must be me.

ALYCE

It was taken in 1889.

Nick looks to her. A beat.

NICK

Then it was someone who looks like  
me.

ALYCE

Who knows about the effigy vessel,  
who can read glyphs, who can  
disappear in the middle of the  
museum in ten seconds flat?

(X)

NICK

Yes.

(more)

CONTINUED



79A CONTINUED:

79A

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

A sobering pause.

ALYCE  
 Am I making a fool of myself?

Nick gives her a long look.

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

Alyce deflates with a sigh.

ALYCE  
 God... and I call myself a scientist.

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

A pause. Alyce studies him...

ALYCE  
 I did want to believe it, Nick.

NICK  
 That I was a vampire?

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

(X)

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

ALYCE  
 I guess...

CONTINUED



79 CONTINUED (3)

79

NICK

Isn't there anything you like in the present?

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

ALYCE

Look... last night...

NICK

The chemistry just went a little...

ALYCE

I was talking too much...

NICK

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

ALYCE

You're going to let me stay?

NICK

(realizes)  
Where's your car?

ALYCE

Back at the club.

Nick sighs... giving in.

ALYCE

And do we have to listen to this music?

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

DJ'S VOICE

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

(X)

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

ALYCE

Where did they find this guy...?

DJ'S VOICE

Three weeks in this town, and I still haven't seen my old friend. This next set's dedicated to you, Jean-Pierre...

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



80 INT. RADIO STATION - ON THE D.J.

80

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

LACROIX

(continues - into mike)

...The Nightcrawler's waiting for you.

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

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

81 EXT. SOUTH PARK INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

81

Foggy. Deserted. Industrial buildings of all kinds.

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

NICK turns to Alyce.

NICK

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

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

NICK

(continuing)

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

ALYCE

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

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

81A EXT. RADIO STATION - THE FRONT DOOR - DAY

81A (X)

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



## 82 INT. RADIO STATION / RECEPTION

82

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

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

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

Nick follows... never turning back to see:

ALYCE watching through the glass of the front door.

## 83 EXT. RADIO STATION

83

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

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

## 84 WITH ALYCE

84 (X)

After Lacroix and Nick have turned the corner, she follows.

(X)

## 85 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

85 (X)

Lacroix stops at the side of this structure and enters a door. Following closely behind, Nick enters a moment later.

(X)

(X)

(X)

## 86 ON ALYCE

86

as she rounds the corner... she sees the door close after Nick goes through it.

(X)

(X)

Alyce quickly crosses to that door. It's locked, and she can't get in. Looking for another way to enter, she sees metal stairs leading to windows above. She crosses to them, climbs, and disappears.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)



87 INT. WAREHOUSE

87

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

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

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

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

LACROIX

I thought we could talk over a midnight snack.

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

88 ALYCE - ON THE CATWALK OVERHEAD

88

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

NICK

Where is it, Lacroix?

LACROIX

Is that any kind of hello? Such a long time... and after all the trouble I went to to find you...

Nick doesn't respond.

LACROIX

I guess it would be more appetizing.

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

(X)

LACROIX

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

NICK

All I want is the vessel.

(X)

LACROIX

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

CONTINUED



88 CONTINUED:

88

Lacroix starts moving through the hanging carcasses as he speaks.

LACROIX

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

He slaps a side of beef.

LACROIX

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

NICK

I couldn't kill anymore...

LACROIX

Who has to kill?

He takes another sip of blood.

NICK

You do.

LACROIX

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

NICK

Shine it on...

LACROIX

It's the truth.

NICK

They were my friends.

LACROIX

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

NICK

I want the vessel.

(X)

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

LACROIX goes ballistic. Black eyed. Fangs extended in contempt.

(X)

LACROIX

Then come and get it.

CONTINUED



88 CONTINUED (2)

88

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

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

LACROIX

Feeling a little weak? Maybe you need an iron supplement.

(X)

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

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

LACROIX hovers overhead, taunting.

LACROIX

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

Nick tries to stand... again

LACROIX swoops in and knocks him to the ground.

LACROIX

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

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

LACROIX dives down and knocks him off his feet.

LACROIX

You're never going to get this cup. You haven't the courage... no guts, no glory, man... Come on...

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

LACROIX (CONT.)

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

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

ALYCE - ON THE CATWALK - gasps. Turning

LACROIX AND NICK'S attention toward her.

CONTINUED



88 CONTINUED (3)

88

NICK

Alyce, get out of here!

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

LACROIX

Is this someone I should meet?

NICK

You bastard...

LACROIX

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

NICK

Alyce, run!

But she's frozen... watching as

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

LACROIX

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

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

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

TO BLACK

END ACT FOUR



ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

89 ON THE FALLING JADE GOBLET (SLOW MOTION)

89

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

The goblet hits the floor.

Shatters into a thousand pieces.

Gone.

90 ALYCE - ON THE CATWALK

90

ALYCE

Nick!?

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

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

Alyce watches, stunned as

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

LACROIX

Either way... I won.

Lacroix suddenly explodes with power. Shoving Nick off... sending NICK careening through the air into THE BEEF CARCASSES below.

Now Lacroix turns his attention back to

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

ALYCE

No... please....

CLANK! Alyce looks down to see

CONTINUED



90 CONTINUED

90

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

Alyce screams. Hangs onto the railing for her life.

ALYCE

Nick!

Her feet dangle in the air as

LACROIX closes in. Then turns to see:

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

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

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

NICK

Get out of here!

ALYCE

Nick...

NICK

Run! And tell no one.

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

91 EXT. THE ROOF - DAWN

91

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

92 IN THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - THE FIGHT (TO BE STAGED)

92

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

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

LACROIX

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

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

CONTINUED



92 CONTINUED

92

NICK

Ahhhhh....

Then LACROIX tackles him backward... pinning Nick on the table of A BAND SAW. This is a large, industrial machine used to split carcasses apart. Lacroix is able to hit the switch on the side, and the machine comes to life with a WHINE.

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

LACROIX

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

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

LACROIX (CONT.)

...by decapitation....

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

NICK

Noooo!

Nick pushes with a tremendous explosion... sending LACROIX flying back through the air... into

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

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

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

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

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

LACROIX'S EYES follow him on the way up.



## 93 EXT. THE ROOF - DAWN

93

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

NICK

(calls)  
Alyce?!

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

## 94 THE STREETS - WITH NICK

94

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

NICK

Alyce?!

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

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

## 95 AN ALLEY

95

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

Exhausted, he makes his way up the alley to:

## 96 THE FRONT OF THE RADIO STATION

96

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

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

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

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

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



97 INT. MONTGOMERY ST. STATION - DAY

97

The morning watch is just going out, as THE DESK SERGEANT takes a phone call.

DESK SERGEANT

Desk.... Knight? No ma'am, he hasn't checked in.

98 EXT. - PAY PHONE

98

Alyce, looking tired and worn, is on the other end of the line.

ALYCE

If he does... will you tell him  
Alyce called? Thanks....

She hangs up, worried.

99 LARGE MENS' ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT

99 (X)

Detectives and uniformed policemen move in and out.  
Schanke is throwing water on his face. The Captain is  
tired and pissed and venting his frustration on Schanke.  
As Brunetti towels off his hands, Jack enters.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

BRUNETTI

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

SCHANKE

I was asleep, sir. I'm on the  
day shift, now.

(X)

JACK

You guys sure picked an  
interesting place for a meeting.

(X)

(X)

(beat)

(X)

Captain, Nick was pretty upset  
when he left. He knew the  
victim... he was blaming himself.  
But I think he was working on a  
lead.

(X)

(X)

BRUNETTI

I am praying that I can make it  
sound better than that to the  
mayor.

SCHANKE

What about the blood drives? We  
check on the types?

JACK

The homeless were all 0 -  
Negative. But...



SCHANKE

I'm tellin' you that's the key!  
O, the homeless, the blood drives.

BRUNETTI

What about the guard?

JACK

He was type AB.

As they exit washroom, the desk sargent enters with the news...

(X)  
(X)

DESK SERGEANT

Captain, traffic found Detective  
Knight's car illegally parked on  
Hudson. They just towed it to the  
city pound.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

BRUNETTI

We've got keys. I'll send  
someone down.

(X)  
(X)

100 EXT. CITY IMPOUND - DAY

100

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

SCHANKE approaching with a CITY EMPLOYEE, in this large,  
open parking lot of delinquent vehicles.

SCHANKE

I don't know why nobody's  
listening. Knight's a hotshot,  
y'know? No experience. Don't get me  
wrong - I like the guy. But between  
you and me, he's in the dark about  
a few things.

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

SCHANKE signs out the car with the city man.

SCHANKE

(to city guy)  
Where? Here and here, right?

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

SCHANKE

Cult of the young, they call it. I  
say you can't trust some guys these  
days...

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

CONTINUED



100 CONTINUED:

100

SCHANKE

Ohhh, I love the sound of that.  
One of my friends - this is at  
Bronx College '73 - his brother  
owned one o'these. Guy was in the  
rackets - had the cash. We used to  
tool up the Henry Hudson Parkway in  
it on Saturdays with our girls.

(X)

The city employee yawns.

EMPLOYEE

That it, dude?

(X)

SCHANKE

(beat, discouraged)  
Yeah... that's it.

He puts the Caddie in gear... then smiles as he gets a  
wonderful idea. Wiggles his fingers on the Caddie's wheel.  
He picks up the police radio mike as he backs out.

SCHANKE

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

101 EXT. CITY HOSPITAL - DAY

101

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

102 INT. 12TH FLOOR HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

102 (X)

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

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

NURSE

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

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

CONTINUED



102 CONTINUED:

102

THE TELEPHONE rings and she answers.

NURSE

Blood bank...

(beat)

The police?

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

NURSE

(continuing)

Well, you can send him up... but  
I'll have to check with Dr. Dantley  
before I release any information.

103 INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE

103

This is an underground facility. No daylight. THE CADDIE is parked off alone in one corner. Hold for a beat.... then the trunk slowly opens, and

NICK emerges. He looks worn. Exhausted. Pulls up his collar and puts on a pair of dark glasses. And a hat. Anything to keep out the sun. Nick heads for:

THE ELEVATORS. There are four of them. He hits the "up" button... and waits... and waits... finally, an elevator arrives with an OLD LADY inside. She gives Nick a long, suspicious look as he steps in beside her.

NICK

Do you know what floor the blood  
bank's on?

The elevator doors close on one uneasy woman.

104 INT. TWELFTH FLOOR HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

104 (X)

The elevator opens and Nick steps out. A sign points the way to the blood bank, and Nick starts down the hall. He scans the corridor, HEARING far more than a normal man can hear. Picks out

SCHANKE'S VOICE

I'm a cop. You can't give me access  
to the computer?

NURSE'S VOICE

Not without Dr. Dantley's  
approval...

Nick stops dead in his tracks. Looks to

CONTINUED



104 CONTINUED

104

A NEARBY OFFICE DOOR. A door plate signals this as the office of "DR. DAVID DANTLEY - BLOOD BANK ADMINISTRATOR."

Nick crosses to the door. Knocks... and, when there's no answer, tries the door handle. Locked... but not for long. A METALLIC CRUNCH comes from somewhere inside the mechanism, as Nick easily twists the knob... and enters

105 DANTLEY'S OFFICE

105

Nick winces in pain as he enters. Light from a window. Painfully hurries across the room and draws the shades.

Now, he can take a breath and survey the desk. On it is a terminal to the hospital computer.

106 INT. BLOOD BANK

106

THE PREDATOR'S POV enters to find Schanke pleading his case to the nurse.

SCHANKE

All I'm looking for is some connections. At least tell me if these victims all donated blood.

NURSE

Dr. Dantley will be back at six...

Schanke suddenly looks INTO CAMERA. Smiles at the predator in recognition.

SCHANKE

Hey, my buddy! Will you tell her I'm a good guy? Donated a pint of AB the other day.

REVEAL FENNER, the man who took Schanke's blood at the police station. He smiles.

FENNER

He's a loyal donor.

SCHANKE

There.

NURSE

The information is confidential.

FENNER

(shrugs, crosses)  
Sorry.

CONTINUED



106 CONTINUED:

106

Fenner notices Schanke's car keys (Nick's), on the counter.

FENNER

These old Cadillac keys?

Schanke smiles. Proud of them.

SCHANKE

Yeah... '59 ragtop. A classic. Did you know that the '59 Caddie has more trunk space than any car made in the last thirty years?

FENNER

How's the mileage?

SCHANKE

With a ride like that, who's counting?

(back to nurse)

Look, maybe you can get this Dantley guy on the phone. We're this close to nailing the guy.

Fenner heads out the door, his keys jingling softly as he walks.

107 INT. DANTLEY'S OFFICE - ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

107

as it scrolls through the names of blood donors, their type, and the dates they gave blood.

NICK

Who told him he could drive my car?

NICK cradles the telephone on his shoulder as he operates the computer's keyboard. INTERCUT WITH:

108 CHEN - IN HIS LAB

108

CHEN

Brunetti... there wasn't anything I could do. Schanke was supposed to bring it back here -- where are you?

NICK

The hospital. Running a check on blood donors...

(beat)

Schanke was right, Jack. The blood drives and the homeless - that's the link.

(X)  
(X)

CONTINUED



108 CONTINUED:

108

CHEN

What about Lacroix?

NICK

He only offed the guard at the museum. The guy who did the other killings is still on the street...

109 INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE

109

THE POV moves smoothly through the lot... homing in on NICK'S CADDIE. Fenner.

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

THE CADDIE'S HOOD. He pulls the release and opens it.

110 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - TWELFTH FLOOR

110 (X)

Schanke is pissed as he makes his way toward the elevators. Spots Dantley's office and decides to make a call. Knocks on the door.

SCHANKE

Dr. Dantley? Police department.

No answer. A beat... then he slowly opens the door and peeks

INSIDE - HIS POV. Dantley's desk appears empty. The blinds are still drawn... and a cover has been thrown over the computer terminal. Schanke looks at the terminal for a long moment of temptation... then...

SCHANKE

Naaaa... better get a warrant.

He closes the door.

111 INT. DANTLEY'S OFFICE/ INTERCUT WITH PATHOLOGY LAB

111 (X)

Nick slowly climbs up from behind the desk, phone still to his ear. He uncovers the terminal, as he continues his conversation with CHEN - IN HIS LAB.

NICK

My ride's leaving - I gotta go.

CHEN

You sound weak. Can you eat something?

CONTINUED



111 CONTINUED:

111

NICK  
Are you crazy? Hospital food?  
(reads terminal)  
Here it is. They were all blood  
donors... O - Negative. Universal  
donors. I'll give you a call when  
I get up tonight.

(X)

He hangs up, switches off the terminal, then quickly makes his way to the door. Peers into

THE HALL - HIS POV - to see Schanke getting in an elevator.

Nick waits until he's on his way, then quickly steps outside to

112 THE ELEVATORS

112

Nick impatiently hits the down button.... and waits. And waits. No time, now - he's gotta hurry. Looks both ways to see if anyone's watching... then

PRIES OPEN A SET OF ELEVATOR DOORS with his hands.

Nick peers inside the shaft - no car - then calmly starts to step inside.

ORDERLY'S VOICE  
Hold the elevator!

Nick looks to see an ORDERLY running toward him.

NICK  
I don't know, man. I think you'd  
better wait for the next car.

Nick steps

INSIDE THE SHAFT... floats for a few seconds... then WHOOSH, disappears going down, as the doors close.

THE ORDERLY arrives at the elevator, pissed. Then is astonished as a car arrives at the same shaft where Nick just disappeared. He looks into the car before entering, utterly baffled that Nick isn't there.

113 EXT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - PARKING GARAGE LEVEL

113 (X)

WHOOSH. Nick arrives. Is about to pry open the doors when he HEARS footsteps approaching. And a JINGLING... keys?

AN ELEVATOR CAR arrives in the shaft beside Nick... the jingling footsteps climb inside... then Nick opens the elevator doors and steps out into



## 114 THE PARKING GARAGE

114

Nick quickly makes his way to the Caddie... climbing into the trunk just seconds before

SCHANKE steps out of his elevator car and crosses to the Caddie.

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

SCHANKE

(singing)

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

## 115 IN THE TRUNK - NICK

115

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

NICK

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

## 116 GO WIDE

116

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

## 117 EXT. SOUTH PARK STREETS - DAY

117

An old Jeep CJ tools slowly through with

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

THE RADIO STATION... then

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

## 118 THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE

118

A squad car is parked in front of the building, two cops talking to each other.

(X)  
(X)

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

(X)

ALYCE

Any trouble, officer?



118 CONTINUED

118

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

Alyce reluctantly pulls away...

119 EXT. A HILLY STREET - DAY

119

The Caddie heads up a huge hill with

SCHANKE driving in his own little heaven. Flicks an ash from his  
cigarette into the air, as he sings along to a different song....

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

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

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

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

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

SCHANKE  
No, no, no.....

HIS HAND yanks on the emergency brake. Nothing.

SCHANKE  
No....

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

SCHANKE  
Ohhhh noooo.....

120 THE RIDE DOWN THE STREET - VARIOUS ANGLES

120

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

This is a ballistic bobsled ride to hell.

CONTINUED



120 CONTINUED

120

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

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

NICK

Schanke...

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

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

SCHANKE

Ahhhhhhh...!

(X)

He swerves to avoid a truck.... sending

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

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

121 THE CADDIE - WIDE

121

121A approaches the bottom of the hill, headed straight for AN  
INTERSECTION FULL OF CARS.

121A

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

122 THE ACCIDENT

122

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

123 SCHANKE - AT THE WHEEL OF A VERY CRUMPLED CADDIE

123

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

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

CONTINUED



123 CONTINUED

123

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

SCHANKE

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

124 NICK - IN THE TRUNK

124

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

NICK

(sotto)

If only you knew, Schanke. If only you knew....

TO BLACK

END ACT FIVE



ACT SIX

FADE IN:

125 EXT. THE INTERSECTION - LATE DAY

125

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

FENNER watching from behind the windshield of the mobile blood unit... then pulling out, and heading into the traffic, away from the intersection.

126 INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY / BACK ROOM

126

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

(X)

ALYCE

(into phone)

Yes... Detective Knight, please.

(beat)

No... I'll call back.

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

127 INT. NICK'S LOFT

127

His answering machine picks up....

NICK'S VOICE

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

128 RESUME ALYCE

128

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

Nick's listed. His address is Downtown.

(X)

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



## 129 THE MAYAN EXHIBIT

129

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

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

## 130 INT. CITY GARAGE - SUNSET

130

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

MECHANIC

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

SCHANKE

You can fix what you got.

MECHANIC

Whaddayou use for brains?

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

MECHANIC (CONT)

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

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

MECHANIC (CONT)

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

He strains against the crowbar... while

## 131 NICK - IN THE TRUNK

131

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

THE MECHANIC gives up.

CONTINUED



131 CONTINUED:

131

MECHANIC

See? Impossible.

(starts away)

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

Schanke follows the guy... stunned...

SCHANKE

Oh man-o-man... He's gonna kill me.

(beat, horrifying  
thought)

Worse. He'll make me pay for it.

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

NICK'S VOICE

Schanke?

Schanke freezes. Turns back slowly to see

A BATTERED NICK standing beside his battered car.

Schanke goes slack.

SCHANKE

I'm a dead man.

132 EXT. DOWNTOWN - NICK'S LOFT - SUNSET

132 (X)

The last of the daylight slipping into the ocean. Find

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

(X)

133 INT. CITY GARAGE

133

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

SCHANKE

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

NICK

The brakes failed?

CONTINUED



133 CONTINUED:

133

Nick peers into the hood.

SCHANKE

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

NICK

They were cut.

SCHANKE

See? They were cut.  
(beat, confused)  
By who?

NICK

(beat, a confession)  
By the guy who we're looking for.  
You were right, Schanke.

SCHANKE

(still confused)  
I knew I was right.

NICK

The museum murder was a different  
killer.

SCHANKE

He was?

NICK

The blood drives and the homeless.  
They were the keys all along.

(X)

SCHANKE

I knew that.

NICK

I know.

SCHANKE

So you're not mad about the car?

NICK

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

SCHANKE

(pleased)  
I accept it.

NICK

Good.

CONTINUED



133 CONTINUED: 2

133

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

SCHANKE

You okay? You look awful.

NICK

Just a little weak... hungry...

SCHANKE

They got some jerky in the office.

NICK

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

(beat)

We've got to get back to the  
hospital...

134 EXT. THE CORRUGATED STEEL DOOR - TWILIGHT

134 (X)

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

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

A POV rounding the corner... and following her... (X)

135 INSIDE

135

The POV keeps its distance. Watches from the shadows as

ALYCE surveys the interior, then crosses cautiously to  
the elevator. She climbs in... hits the switch... and (X)  
starts up toward the second floor. (X)

136 EXT. / INT. A CITY CAR - TWILIGHT

136

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

SCHANKE

I'm tellin' you, you aren't gonna  
get anywhere without a warrant...

NICK

We don't need one. The victims were  
all regular blood donors, O -  
Negatives, and they used the  
mobile units. (X)

CONTINUED



136 CONTINUED:

136

SCHANKE

Who told you that?

NICK

Dr. Dantley.

SCHANKE

That's where he was.

NICK

Have they found Jeanie?

SCHANKE

(beat, looks to him)  
Nothing yet.

(a thought)

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

NICK

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

SCHANKE

No, why?

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

NICK

Alyce Hunter and I had a lead on  
the Mayan vessel...

(X)

SCHANKE

"Alyce"? You were with "Alyce" last  
night?

Nick ignores him. Finds the radio station... KTDE.

DJ'S VOICE

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

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

SCHANKE

Is there something goin' on between  
you and her?

NICK

Dr. Hunter and me?

CONTINUED



136 CONTINUED (2)

136

SCHANKE

Yeah.

NICK

(beat)

It's none of your business.

137 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

137

The lights come on... Alyce.

ALYCE

Nick?

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

THE HUGE WINDOWS with their blinds answer her question. And

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

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

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

And then her eyes lift to:

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

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

ALYCE

Nick?

138 WITH ALYCE

138

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

CONTINUED



138 CONTINUED

138

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

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

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

ALYCE

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

No answer. Now go:

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

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

ALYCE

Nick?

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

ALYCE - CLOSE - gasps. Reacting to:

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

JEANIE

Where is he....?

139 INT. CITY HOSPITAL / CORRIDOR - NIGHT

139

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

NICK

All we need from you is answers to  
a few questions.

NURSE

Like...?

NICK

Like who has access to the donor  
records?

NURSE

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

CONTINUED



139 CONTINUED:

139

SCHANKE  
(facetiously)  
That narrows the field...

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

They push through the doors to

140 THE BLOOD BANK RECEPTION AREA (CONTINUOUS)

140

NURSE  
Well, there were several nurses.  
Dr. Edgerton popped through...

Nick suddenly finds himself face to face with:

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

NURSE  
Are you all right?

SCHANKE  
He's just hungry.

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

NICK  
I'll be fine.  
(beat, composes)  
I think the person we're looking  
for is more like an orderly, or a  
janitor.... someone who wears their  
keys on their belt.

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

141 EXT. FRONT OF NICK'S LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

141 (X)

KEYS dangle from the belt of a man in a white lab coat.

Fenner. He steps out of his truck and surveys the empty  
street. Pulls NICK'S CAR REGISTRATION out of his pocket to  
check the address.

(X)

142 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

142

Alyce on the telephone...

CONTINUED



142 CONTINUED:

142

ALYCE  
101 Berkley Street... Have them  
ring the bell... Yes... Please  
hurry.

(X)

She hangs up and crosses back to:

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

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

JEANIE  
No... no hospitals...

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

ALYCE  
You need help...

JEANIE  
He'll be there.

ALYCE  
Who?

143 INT. CITY HOSPITAL / BLOOD BANK - NIGHT

143

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

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

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

NURSE  
Jack Fenner. He's a wonderful man.

SCHANKE  
Yeah, Knight. A regular guy.

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

CONTINUED



143 CONTINUED:

143

NURSE

Well, he has been in counselling...

NICK

For what?

NURSE

He lost his mother this year.

Nick and Schanke trade a glance.

SCHANKE

How?

NURSE

A car accident.

(hesitates)

Well, not really... That was the problem. She lost a lot of blood in the accident and needed several pints. Now we test all of our blood... but I guess some of what she received was infected with hepatitis.

NICK

And that's what she died from? The hepatitis?

NURSE

Jack... Mr. Fenner... blamed himself for letting it slip through.

Nick is already dialing the phone.

SCHANKE

Dollars to donuts she was O -  
Negative.

(X)

(X)

NURSE

What would that have to do with...

SCHANKE

(proudly - a scholar)

O - Negatives are the universal donors... but can only receive  
O - Negative blood.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED



143 CONTINUED: 2

143

NICK

(to nurse)

So, if you knew that some of the blood used came from street people, regulars who you knew and so you didn't test all the time - maybe you'd blame them as well as yourself. Maybe you'd see to it that they couldn't ever donate again...

(into phone)

This is Knight. We need to put out an APB....

144 EXT. CORRUGATED STEEL DOOR - NIGHT

144 (X)

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

145 INT. NICK'S LOFT

145

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

JEANIE

No....

ALYCE

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

She stands and crosses to

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

ALYCE

Ambulance?

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

ALYCE

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

She hits the release buzzer, and...

146 EXT. CORRUGATED LOADING DOCK DOOR/ INT. ENTRY WAY

146 (X)

Fenner, the predator - his POV - moves inside, crossing out of frame.

(X)  
(X)



147 INT. HOSPITAL BLOOD BANK / RECEPTION

147

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

NICK

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

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

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

148 INT. NICK'S LOFT

148

Alyce gets Jeanie ready to go.

ALYCE

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

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

NICK'S VOICE

(on machine)

I'm either in bed or incommunicado...

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

CHEN'S VOICE

(on machine)

Where are you? Will you please check in with me, I'm getting nervous.

Alyce realizes that this has to be...

ALYCE

It's him.

(picks up phone)

Nick?

149 INTERCUT WITH:

149

NICK - AT THE HOSPITAL.

NICK

Alyce? What are you doing there?

ALYCE

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

CONTINUED



149 CONTINUED:

149

NICK

How'd you get in?

ALYCE

The Mayan numbers on the stela.

NICK

Very clever. (X)

ALYCE

Someone named Jeanie's here...

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

NICK

She's alive?

ALYCE

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

NICK

Have you called an ambulance?

ALYCE

They're on their way up now.

NICK

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

THE ELEVATOR arrives...

ALYCE

Hang on. The guy's here now.

Alyce starts toward the elevator as...

WHAM! The doors fly open.

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

ALYCE

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

The POV keeps coming.

FENNER pulls out an ax handle from behind his back. Alyce starts to back away...

CONTINUED



149 CONTINUED (2)

149

ALYCE

Who are you...?

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

ALYCE

Nick?!

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

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

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

NICK

Alyce?

She can't hear him.

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

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

JEANIE

No... Please...

THE POV moves toward her. See

FENNER'S EYES. Murder written all over them.

JEANIE

Noooo!

150 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

150

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

SCHANKE

Hey! Where you goin'?

NICK

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

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

SCHANKE

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



151 AT THE LOFT

151

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

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

152 IN A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

152

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

ORDERLY

Hey!

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

152A EXT. LANDING - OUTSIDE

152A (X)

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

153 EXT. AERIAL POV - NIGHT

153

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

(X)

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

(X)

JEANIE'S VOICE

Keep away from me! I'll kill ya!

154 INT. NICK'S LOFT

154

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

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

And now, Jeanie is cornered as well.

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

JEANIE

Noooo... please...

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



155 CRASH - NEW ANGLE

155

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

FENNER like a hawk! It's NICK. Yellow-eyed. Fanged. A picture of animal fury.

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

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

A pause... then

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

NICK

Where's... Alyce...?

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

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

NICK

Can you make it to the elevator?

JEANIE

I think so...

NICK

Go... now...

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

Nick pulls himself to his feet.

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

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

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

And Nick goes

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

CONTINUED



155 CONTINUED

155

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

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

He backs off, still holding her in his arms.

NICK

Can you walk?

ALYCE

I'm not sure...

A MAN'S SCREAM suddenly turns their attention to:

156 THE MANTLE - THROUGH THE FLAMES

156

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

THE YELLOW EYES, AND BLOODY FANGS OF LACROIX.

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

LACROIX

I believe he got what was coming to him.

(beat)

Now it's your turn.

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

TO BLACK

END ACT SIX



ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

157 EXT. CITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

157

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

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

SCHANKE

(into radio)

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

(X)

158 INT. MONTGOMERY ST. STATION / STAIRWAY/HALL - NIGHT

158 (X)

Chen intercepts Brunetti as he heads out.

JACK

Can I hitch a ride with you?

BRUNETTI

You know anything about this?

JACK

Just what I heard on the radio.

WATCH SERGEANT

Captain?

They turn, still walking toward the exit.

WATCH SERGEANT

Just got a fire report for the same  
address.

Off Chen's reaction, go to:

159 EXT. NICK'S LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

159 (X)

Flames lick up through the skylights at the night sky.

160 INT. NICK'S LOFT

160

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

CONTINUED



160 CONTINUED

160

LACROIX

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

Nick looks down at Alyce. His eyes have trouble focusing...

NICK

Stay here... I don't think he'll come  
through the fire.

ALYCE

Nick...

NICK

When I get him to the other side,  
run for the stairs.

He nods to a stairwell near the elevator shaft.

LACROIX

You look weak, Jean-Pierre. When was  
the last time you fed?

Nick is weak. Alyce sees it in his face. Feels it in his arms.

LACROIX

I don't think you have enough  
strength to change.

(beat)

Do you?

Nick is frozen... completely drained. Everything Lacroix is saying  
is true. He knows it... and

Alyce knows it. She comes to a decision.

ALYCE

Nick...

He looks down at her in his arms. Alyce exposes her throat to him.  
Gazes into his eyes. With love... and a strange eroticism.

ALYCE

Take me.

Nick is stunned by the offer. And so tempted. Every molecule in  
his body aches for her. Aches for her blood.

NICK

No...

LACROIX

It's a wonderful offer, Jean-Pierre.  
Take her. Make her one of us.

CONTINUED



160 CONTINUED (2)

160

NICK  
(fighting to resist)  
I can't...

But his head begins to lower toward her neck...

ALYCE  
It's the only way you can fight him.

NICK  
It could kill you.

ALYCE  
(beat, chillingly)  
Or make me immortal.

NICK  
You don't know what you're saying...  
His FANGS begin to come out...

ALYCE  
I do...

NICK  
Alyce...

ALYCE  
The chance to live through entire  
civilizations...

LACROIX  
Yes.

ALYCE  
To study future cultures first  
hand...

LACROIX  
Listen to her.

ALYCE  
Take me...

LACROIX  
Do it.

ALYCE  
Feed on my blood...

Nick opens his mouth wide... his eyes are blurry, dazed... his  
fangs just a breath away from her throbbing neck... when

NICK  
No.



161 NEW ANGLE

161

as Nick suddenly throws Alyce down... and charges through the flames at Lacroix.

Tackles him to the ground, where Lacroix - face to face with his old pupil - grins a fanged smile. Nick's fangs are gone.

LACROIX

Do you really think you can beat me  
as a mortal?

NICK

Go to hell.

LACROIX

Not before you do.

Suddenly, he

LAUNCHES NICK (SLOW MOTION) - Across the room... into the FLAMES.

Nick shouts in pain, as the fire singes him... catches his clothes...

NICK

Run, Alyce!

ALYCIA

You need me!

NICK

No!

NICK grabs the nearest weapon he can find: AN EASEL LEG, flaming at one end. He stands... wielding it like a giant, two-handed sword, and runs back out of the flames at

LACROIX... but WHOOSH... Lacroix is suddenly gone.

Nick looks desperately around the room... then WHUMP, something swoops down from the ceiling and knocks him to the ground.

The SOUND OF LAUGHING turns Nick to

THE CEILING GIRDERS. Lacroix hanging from one... mocking Nick.

LACROIX

Getting a little warm down there?

Lacroix swoops down off the beam. A BLUR of black.

Nick wheels around, swinging his flaming weapon from the ground... and

KNOCKS Lacroix out of the air, in mid flight! Sends him careening into a corner.

CONTINUED



161 CONTINUED:

161

Nick stands...

NICK

Alyce, get out!

Then charges Lacroix with the fire stick. Lacroix spins, parries, then screams as Nick makes contact with his face. Brands his cheek with the fiery end.

162 EXT. LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

162 (X)

Firemen smash a battering ram into the steel door, as a ladder truck prepares to start pumping water. (X)

SCHANKE watches from the sidelines... turning as

BRUNETTI'S CAR arrives. The Captain and Chen leap out.

SCHANKE

We can't get in.

CHEN

I know the code...

Chen crosses to the code pad... punches in a set of numbers... and

THE DOOR rises with a groan. Clouds of smoke pour out... along with a coughing, battered old woman. JEANIE.

Chen catches her... helps her into clear air.

CHEN

Is Nick in there?

JEANIE

(nods)

Upstairs...

163 INT. LOFT

163

Nick "fences" with his torch, using all of his strength to drive Lacroix back... back toward the flames.

ALYCE watches horrified... then lunges through the flames and grabs a floor lamp. Swings it at Lacroix, catching him on his back. Lacroix hisses in fury.

Nick screams at Alyce.

NICK

Run, dammit! Get out of here!

CONTINUED



163 CONTINUED

163

It's just the distraction Lacroix needs.

164 NEW ANGLE

164

as he lunges at Nick, grabbing the flaming 2x2 beneath the fire... then using it as a lever to fling

NICK (SLOW MOTION) across the room. Nick lands with a hard finality. He doesn't move.

ALYCE

Nick!

Lacroix heaves the wooden stake across the room like a javelin, imbedding its flaming end in the wall above Nick's head. The flames start to spread.

And now, Lacroix turns to

ALYCE. Frozen. Captive. Seeing the horrible predatory gleam in Lacroix's eyes. He smiles at her... and

She bolts for the stairway door.

Lacroix moves after her in a blindly fast blur of black.

165 ON NICK

165

slowly coming around, as the flames above his head continue to spread. He hears a MUFFLED WHIMPER... then turns to see:

ALYCE IN LACROIX'S ARMS. They're in front of the elevator. The flames between. A hellish sight. Because Lacroix has her neck exposed... and is feeding.

Nick rises. Driven by his hate, his revulsion, his sheer will. He yanks the fiery stake out of the wall...

And charges.

NICK

(in French)

Damn you... Burn in hell!

LACROIX lifts his head, his eyes widen, he drops Alyce to the floor just seconds before

NICK drives the flaming stake through his heart! Pins Lacroix to the wall, his chest burning, his mouth spurting fresh blood.

LACROIX looks at Nick with an odd, questioning gaze... then HIS FACE MELTS as it's consumed by fire. Literally burns off the bones... which powder... dissolving from age...

CONTINUED



165 CONTINUED:

165

Nick steps back, horrified at what could be his own fate.  
Amazed at the totality of the disintegration:

All that's left of his old master is some burning clothing  
attached to the stake.

And now Nick looks down to

ALYCE at his feet. Motionless. Lifeless. Gone.

He slowly picks her up, cradling her in his arms. Tenderly.  
Tearfully. With more love than he thought he could feel.  
Overcome by grief and exhaustion. Nick looks up as

FIREMEN begin to rush in through the stairway door.

He starts toward them... and collapses.

TO BLACK

FADE IN:

166 ON THE JADE GOBLET (INSERT - CASE TO LOOK LIKE MUSUEM)

166 (X)

Nick's goblet. Now mounted in a display case. SLOWLY WIDEN  
to reveal a dedication plate on the glass: IN MEMORY OF  
ALYCE HUNTER.... and hear:

NICK'S VOICE

She wanted to live forever.

JACK'S VOICE

So did you.

CUT TO:

(X)

NICK AND JACK, walking in front of the Griffith  
Observatory, the city lights blinking in the background.

(X)

(X)

JACK

You're right. This place is  
beautiful...

(X)

(X)

(beat)

(X)

It's very seductive... the idea of  
never dying.

NICK

Of never being able to give  
yourself over to love? Is that  
seductive?

A moment between them. Nick's pain - his loss - is written  
across his face.

NICK

She had no idea.

(beat, hardens)

No.... Alyce and Lacroix...  
they're the lucky ones.



166 CONTINUED:

166

JACK

You don't mean that.

NICK

If you hadn't given me the  
transfusion...

JACK

You would've starved to death. Is  
that why you want to become mortal?  
To die?

(beat)

Or to live and love like a human  
being?Another moment... then Nick sighs... nods. Gazes over  
the city - his pain apparent on his face.(X)  
(X)

NICK

I was so close to getting the pair  
(of goblets).(X)  
(X)

JACK

Are there any more like them?

(X)

NICK

There are rumors that grave robbers  
sold some into private collections.  
I'll keep looking...

JACK

And eating.

NICK

Do you really think you can bring  
me back over?

JACK

I don't know, Nick... All we can do  
is keep trying.

A beat... then headlights glare on them then we hear...

(X)

SCHANKE'S VOICE

Hey...

They turn to see



167 SCHANKE -

167 (X)

getting out of his car and starting towards them...

(X)

SCHANKE

Squad-car said they'd spotted your  
caddie up here. You guys gonna be  
up here all night? I'm beat. I  
need some shut-eye.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Nick and Chen trade a smile.

Schanke reaches them and sits down.

(X)

SCHANKE

Man, I'm tellin' ya... ever since I  
gave you that blood, I been  
whipped, partner.

JACK

(to Nick)  
Partner?

Nick sighs... resigned.

SCHANKE

A day man - a night man. Brunetti  
thinks it's a great idea.

NICK

It's a great idea.

SCHANKE

I mean, I really saved Nick's bacon  
on this one - am I right?

JACK

One way to look at it....

(X)

SCHANKE

Put the hospital lead together...  
the blood bank stuff.... major  
contributions.

NICK

Major.

SCHANKE

So why do I feel somebody's holdin'  
out on me?

A look between Nick and Jack.

CONTINUED



167 CONTINUED:

167

NICK

What do you mean?

SCHANKE

I mean, I understand this story from Jeanie. She's AB negative - so the guy thinks he kills her, but he doesn't drain her blood. I got that. But what about Fenner, himself?

JACK

What about him?

SCHANKE

If he was the guy who was taking the blood, why was his body missing two pints when we found him?

Nick and Jack trade a look... then

NICK

Evaporation.

SCHANKE

No.

He looks to Jack.

JACK

Absolutely. From the heat of the fire.

SCHANKE

(pause)

Y'know... I was thinkin' that. Sure. Evaporation.

He pulls out a cigarette. Lights it. Coughs when he inhales.

JACK

Fastest way into a coffin.

NICK

One of them, anyway.

SCHANKE

You sound like my wife. I'm tryin' to quit, all right? I'm tryin'...

(beat)

Will ya guys stop lookin' at me that way? You got no idea what it's like to live with an addiction.

Off Nick and Jack's reaction, go:



168 HIGH AND WIDE

168

A POV above them as they move to their cars, old and new  
friends with a better understanding of each other.  
Three men moving toward their future.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SLOWLY PULL BACK to reveal that this POV is rising high  
above them. In flight. Becoming

(X)  
(X)

169 AN AERIAL POV OF THE CITY - NIGHT

169

The city bathed in the glow of a million lights. The sounds  
amplified, running together, a roar of humanity.

The shot banks and circles... moving like a bird of prey.  
Searching for something.... someone...

Hungry for blood.

TO BLACK

THE END