

NIGHTFALL
BY
MICHAEL STOKES

FADE IN:

INT. ALBANIAN CHURCH - NIGHT

Elaborate woodwork. Brooding iconography. A man sits in the empty pews. WILLIAM RAINFORD is American. Tough. Still. Dangerous.

He idly studies the stained glass panel behind the altar. It's a depiction of the Virgin Mary cradling her dead son. A *Pieta* in blood colored panels.

The doors at the end of the nave open. Rainford pivots and a 9mm Beretta appears in his hand like magic. He calmly covers the two Albanian men who have entered.

GRERGJ is Mr. Hollywood. Spiky hair. A chrome-colored leather jacket. Ray-Ban sunglasses despite the dark night.

His brother ALEKSANDER is bigger. Wearing a heavy coat and heavier beard. He speaks in harshly-accented English.

ALEKSANDER

You are Rainford?

Rainford measures the two with a look.

EXT. ALBANIAN CHURCH - NIGHT

Aleksander and Grergj lead Rainford out to the street.

ALEKSANDER

For us it is a matter of dignity,
Mr. Rainford. We Albanians have
been fucked over by everyone.
Romans. Goths. Huns. Turks.

GRERGJ

Italians. Germans. Serbs.

ALEKSANDER

Fucked and fucked until we have
nothing left but our dignity.

The pair walk to a black Hummer parked at the curb. Rainford follows, still silent. Automatically scanning the street.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)

Now this man Denton comes. We hire
him to watch over our weapon
shipments.

GRERGJ

Americans come cheap in Eastern
Europe these days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEKSANDER

Instead he steals from us. He too fucks us over.

GRERGJ

But we Vulaj brothers are big shots now. We decide: enough!

Rainford's silence grates on Aleksander.

ALEKSANDER

Pah! You understand nothing.

GRERGJ

You must be too good to ever get fucked over, right pal?

He grins at Rainford. Makes a pistol with thumb and finger and cheerfully drops the hammer. Aleksander just glowers.

ALEKSANDER

A man who never gets fucked over has no talent for dignity.

Rainford checks the street one last time. Climbs into the vehicle with the others.

EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

The Hummer parks. Rainford and Grergj get out. Aleksander BUZZES down the window. Offers Rainford an envelope.

ALEKSANDER

Half now.

Rainford thumbs through the bills. Starts to cross to the tavern. Grergj watches him go. He is no longer smiling.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Dark. Filled with nicotine-coated beams and scarred tables. A man sits with his back to the far wall. BOBBY DENTON is younger than Rainford. A hard man with a hair-trigger calm. The OTHER CUSTOMERS avoid him.

On the table before him are a bottle of vodka, a glass, and a .44 Colt Anaconda. He scans the room before taking a drink. When the glass comes down, Rainford is there.

Denton scowls.

DENTON

Took you long enough to find me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAINFORD
I wasn't the one looking.

DENTON
American, huh. Trigger man?

RAINFORD
On this job.

DENTON
Well, trigger man, have a drink.
Have a dozen.

Rainford places his Beretta on the table and sits. Denton fills the glass for him. Slugs back from the bottle.

DENTON (CONT'D)
Got a name?

RAINFORD
Rainford.

DENTON
Chechnya? Syria? That Rainford?
What are you doing in Albania?

RAINFORD
Looking for the exit.

DENTON
Hah. So was I.

RAINFORD
The locals say you stole from them.

Denton waves as if embarrassed.

DENTON
Guns and morons. It seemed like an easy score.

RAINFORD
Those are the ones to avoid.

Denton chuckles wryly. Both men drink.

DENTON
Got a job lined up after this?

RAINFORD
Stateside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DENTON

So I'm the price of a ticket home.
Guess that makes me worth
something. When was the last time
you were there?

RAINFORD

On leave. '96. You?

DENTON

Long, long time.

Rainford sets his envelope full of cash on the table.

RAINFORD

Half my fee. This goes your way,
you take it.

DENTON

What are the chances of that?

RAINFORD

Somalia. Congo. I've heard of you
too, Denton.

Both men drink again. Each matches the other's action.
Giving no edge.

DENTON

So what's the job?

RAINFORD

No details. Just a date. A number
to call. An amount.

DENTON

Enough to go into hiding?

RAINFORD

Enough not to have to.

DENTON

Sounds like an easy score.

Rainford smiles briefly. Studies Denton and comes to a
decision. He finishes his drink and sets the glass aside.
Touches the edge of the table with both hands. Lightly.
Waiting.

Denton sighs and puts the bottle on a shelf behind him.
Let's his own hands drift closer to his Colt.

DENTON (CONT'D)

What now, trigger man?

EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Grergj flicks away a cigarette and bangs on the Hummer as Rainford exits the bar. Aleksander BUZZES down the window.

ALEKSANDER

He was there? You did this thing?

RAINFORD

I'll take the rest of the money.

Aleksander pulls out a second envelope. Frowns.

ALEKSANDER

I did not hear a shot.

Rainford raises his Beretta. DOUBLE TAPS the big Albanian. Grergj howls and goes for his pistol. Rainford pivots.

CRACK! Grergj's Ray-Bans skitter down the street in two halves. Center punched at the bridge.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

The customers crowd the windows: moths to the sound of gunfire. They fall back as the door opens and Rainford enters. He walks to the table set against the far wall.

Denton looks up blandly as Rainford drops something in front of him. The Hummer's ignition keys.

RAINFORD

You drive.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CONVERTIBLE GTO - DAY

Denton is behind the wheel. Rainford rides shotgun. We rocket up and away, losing the car in the colorful steel flow of an American freeway.

EXT. FREIGHT YARD - DAY

The lot is enclosed by chainlink. Empty save for weeds and forgotten bulk containers. Binoculars sweep the scene.

MCCOY (V.O.)

He's late.

EXT. ABANDONED PACKING PLANT - DAY

NATALIE MCCOY lowers her expensive binoculars. She's in her thirties. Beautiful in a clear, direct, no nonsense way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are two men with her. LAWRENCE FOXE is a couple of years her junior with a Bow Flex body and sulky eyes. He favors expensive black clothes in a pseudo-military style.

COLONEL SAM BURBIDGE is over fifty. Texan toughness going complacently to fat.

MCCOY

You told me he was reliable.

BURBIDGE

I told you he was the best man money could buy.

MCCOY

Rather a slippery recommendation now that I think about it.

LAWRENCE

This is unacceptable.

INT. ABANDONED PACKING PLANT - DAY

Lawrence marches down the stairs. McCoy and Burbidge follow.

LAWRENCE

You've cost us time, Colonel. I'll find someone to round out the team.

BURBIDGE

Someone from your Pilates class?

LAWRENCE

Don't push me, sir.

He exits through a door. McCoy is about to follow when Burbidge holds up a finger to indicate she should wait.

From outside comes a CRASH. A THUD. A GROAN. Burbidge smiles and calls:

BURBIDGE

Rainford?

RAINFORD (O.S.)

Come ahead, Colonel. The woman too.

With a gallant sweep of his hand, Burbidge gestures that McCoy should go first.

BURBIDGE

Ma'am.

EXT. ABANDONED PACKING PLANT - DAY

McCoy steps out. Finds Lawrence on the ground. Gagged and bound with plastic zap-straps.

Rainford removes a tricked-out 9mm Sphinx from Lawrence's shoulder rig. A switchblade from his sleeve. He finds a PLASTIC VIAL FULL OF CLEAR LIQUID and pockets that too.

RAINFORD

Hello, Colonel. You got fat.

BURBIDGE

Impressive, ain't it? Who thought
I'd live long enough?

With a single practiced motion, McCoy draws a Glock from under her blazer and levels it at Rainford.

MCCOY

A fine audition, Mr. Rainford. Now
let him go.

Rainford straightens and sizes her up. Strolls toward her. McCoy hides her surprise and steadies her stance. Rainford stops with the muzzle of her Glock an inch from his chest. He holds her eyes even as he remarks...

RAINFORD

Colonel, do you know Robert Denton?

McCoy hears the CL-CLACK of a revolver's hammer being thumbed back. She hazards a glance around. Finds Denton crouched atop a freight container. He's pointing his .44 at her face.

Burbidge peers up at him.

BURBIDGE

Bobby Denton. You gave my Congo
Regulars an ass whupping a few
years back.

DENTON

Good to see you again too, Colonel.

He holds the .44 rock steady. McCoy refuses to lower her piece. Burbidge sighs.

BURBIDGE

Well, let me kick this down the
road a pace. William Rainford,
Robert Denton, this is Natalie
McCoy and... ah, Lawrence Foxe.

He gives Rainford a grin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURBIDGE (CONT'D)
Our employers.

McCoy glares at Rainford who simply stares back. It's Denton who chimes in...

DENTON
So, what's the caper?

INT. MARINA BOAT BASIN - DAY

McCoy slams her hand down on a stack of ultra-thin laptops.

MCCOY
It's a kidnapping.

They're in another abandoned building. A command post has been set up among derelict hulls. There are tables and chairs, an oversized LCD monitor, a makeshift kitchen. Besides Rainford, Denton, McCoy, Burbidge, and Lawrence, there are two others present.

One is a stunning Asian woman, T.J. LEE. A relentless bundle of energy in biker's chaps and an Urbaniacs t-shirt.

The other is ED STUCKEY, a tall young man with an engineer's sense of fashion: heavy glasses; a cheap suit with sneakers.

Lawrence begins passing out the laptops. Opening them powers up a slideshow of a gorgeous, regal woman. The same show appears on the oversized monitor.

MCCOY (CONT'D)
Aurora Voss. Swiss by birth.
American by naturalization. French
by temperament.

One of the shots of her is a detail from a portrait painted in baroque style. Aurora stares out with dark, steady eyes.

MCCOY (CONT'D)
Her family made a killing in German
munitions during both World Wars.
Aurora is the sole heir. The last
of her line.

Lawrence hands Rainford a computer.

LAWRENCE
A dying breed, Rainford. Like you.

Rainford lets it pass. Denton catches his eye and mimes looking frightened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCOY
Voss divides her time between here,
Montreal and Paris.

DENTON
Doing what?

MCCOY
Near as we can tell?

She CLICKS a remote control. Calls up a shot of a trendy
night spot named "GOTHYK".

MCCOY (CONT'D)
Clubbing.

Another CLICK. Nighttime surveillance shots of two men.

MCCOY (CONT'D)
She travels with two bodyguards at
all times. Konrad and Falcone.
There are two more with the car.

T.J.
Which is a fucking tank.

BURBIDGE
Rainford, Denton, this is T.J. Lee.

RAINFORD
Driver?

T.J.
Driver. Car thief. All around
hell on wheels.

Lawrence gives her the once-over as he hands T.J. her laptop.

LAWRENCE
I like the leather. What does T.J.
stand for?

T.J.
"Try Jerking Off"

She pulls a rubber band off a roll of plain old ordinary
PHOTOS. Passes out shots of a sleek limousine.

T.J. (CONT'D)
Our bitch rides a modified Benz.
Steel plating. Run-flat tires. A
self-sealing fuel tank.

RAINFORD
Windows?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

T.J.

72 millimeters of reinforced multilayer glass. Makes a fifty caliber slug about as effective as a snowball dipped in dog piss.

RAINFORD

What can we expect from the guards?

MCCOY

All of them have extensive martial arts training--

DENTON

Jesus, lady. We're not planning to mug them.

RAINFORD

Talk firepower.

BURBIDGE

Mr. Stuckey is our weapons man.

STUCKEY

These guys are fashion conscious. Mac 10s, 9mm du jour. Plus an arsenal in the car. M3 Benelli shotguns. Armalite M15s. Tasers.

RAINFORD

And all this woman does is go clubbing?

McCoy ignores his look. Rainford studies the photos.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

Is there a weak link on her team? Anyone vulnerable to blackmail or a bribe?

MCCOY

The guards have been with Voss forever. They're... fanatical.

LAWRENCE

This isn't going to be as easy as slipping some rent-a-cop a C-note. You'll have to earn your money.

Rainford's eyes flick but he lets that pass too. He grunts.

RAINFORD

Kidnappings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MCCOY

You have a moral objection, Mr. Rainford?

RAINFORD

No. A practical one. Containment.

MCCOY

Not your concern. Colonel Burbidge was hired to assemble a unit to carry out the abduction.

BURBIDGE

After we bag the target, Ms. Lee will transport her to a secure location where a second team -- recruited by young Larry there -- will take over.

MCCOY

You four men will return here by alternate means and pick up your money. Ms. Lee, you'll be paid on delivery. After that we expect you all to vanish.

DENTON

Any thoughts on where we grab her?

Lawrence takes the remote control from McCoy and CLICKS to a photo of a grand city building.

LAWRENCE

The Imperial Hotel. Voss's base of operation when she's in the city. She's has the top two floors.

BURBIDGE

Son, you want to hit her on her home turf?

LAWRENCE

Her bodyguards will never see it coming. They'll be overconfident.

DENTON

Yeah, because they'll be better armed, better prepared. They know the terrain.

RAINFORD

Collateral damage will be high.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MCCOY

The bodyguards--

LAWRENCE

Are dead men. They're dead men,
okay? Let's stop being squeamish.

Enough. Rainford rises. Catches Lawrence -- and everyone else -- by surprise. Voice pitched low, he walks Lawrence backward.

RAINFORD

What about the hotel staff? What
about guests? What happens when
the cops start arriving? How far
are you willing to go, hero?

The others are silent. Lawrence doesn't have an answer. He cuts his eyes from Rainford's ruthless gaze to McCoy.

MCCOY

We don't want to get too
enthusiastic.

Rainford takes the remote from Lawrence. CLICKS back to the photo of club "GOTHYK".

RAINFORD

We take her here.

EXT. GOTHYK - DAY

The building is warehouse-sized. Windowless. Junk metal gargoyles flank the entrance. We hear Lawrence's voice...

LAWRENCE (V.O.)

In public? You want to do this in
public?

EXT. LOW-RISE - ROOF - DAY

Rainford scopes out the club from the rooftop across the street. He's flanked by McCoy and Denton.

Lawrence gives him a contemptuous look.

LAWRENCE

That's your plan?

DENTON

It's good. We grab her as she
leaves the club. Crowd covers our
approach. Bodyguards walk her to
the curb. Do half the work for us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCOY

Multiple intersections: multiple
escape routes.

Lawrence gives her an incredulous look that McCoy ignores.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

All right. What do you need?

RAINFORD

What do you think it'll take,
Denton? Three xl?

DENTON

Four.

RAINFORD

We need someone who knows the city.

He glances at Lawrence. Denton is skeptical but Lawrence jumps forward. Under his arrogance, he's eager for approval.

LAWRENCE

I can handle it.

RAINFORD

Write it down. No mistakes.

Lawrence pulls out a smart phone. His fingers tap keys.

LAWRENCE

Four xl.

RAINFORD

Right. Extra large. Two with
pepperoni. Two with the works.
Bring them to the boathouse. We'll
eat as we plan.

LAWRENCE

You're on notice, Rainford. Stop
pushing me.

He stomps away. Denton rounds on McCoy.

DENTON

What is it, McCoy? You're
attracted to bad boys but have a
hard time sorting out the whole
"man versus child" thing.

MCCOY

Lawrence and I are not involved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DENTON

Then you won't get weepy when we
dump his body in a landfill.

MCCOY

You shouldn't antagonize him.
Lawrence is--

RAINFORD

Connected. To whom? Our employer?

MCCOY

I'm your employer, Mr. Rainford.

RAINFORD

You're a lieutenant. You carry out
orders. Who really wants this
woman kidnapped, McCoy?

MCCOY

Does it make a difference?

RAINFORD

If it does, I'll kill you.

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

A forty story spire rises against the skyline. It is topped
by a gleaming modern penthouse.

EXT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - ROOFTOP TERRACE - NIGHT

Moonlight illuminates the sweeping, artfully designed space.
A man stands at the roof's edge. PETER FOXE uses a folding
knife to slice and eat wedges from an apple. He's sixty.
Fit and handsome and imperious.

He turns to McCoy.

PETER FOXE

Was he serious?

MCCOY

Sir, he wouldn't be the man we need
if he wasn't serious.

(beat)

We should tell him everything.

PETER FOXE

Would he believe it? Did you? I
approved the budget for their plan
and their toys... including yours.

He nods to a small box on a table. McCoy opens it. Finds a
sleek CONTROL WAND padded down in the interior.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
I even promised a full share to Mr.
Denton. They're as well supplied
as a team of hunters could be.

MCCOY
With everything but the full intel
on their quarry.

Peter waves off her concern. Eats another wedge of apple.
McCoy tries a different tack.

MCCOY (CONT'D)
They have concerns about Lawrence.
They find him... difficult.

PETER FOXE
Irritating lesser men is a game.

MCCOY
They don't trust him.

PETER FOXE
(flaring)
My son is fully capable of carrying
out this job. Do you understand?

McCoy notices his hands are shaking slightly.

MCCOY
I understand, sir.

PETER FOXE
Do you? Am I speaking simply
enough?

MCCOY
You are. I didn't mean to irritate
you.

Peter glares. Then smiles tightly.

PETER FOXE
Touche.

He notices his hands. Tossing the knife and apple aside, he
thrusts them into his pockets.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
Natalie, I'm not entirely maudlin.
If this venture doesn't work,
Lawrence will inherit a financial
empire. My financial empire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCCOY

So this is a test? Mr. Foxe, with all respect, send him to business school. This job is for grown-ups.

PETER FOXE

You're wrong. Aurora Voss is darkness and magic and children's nightmares. And I want her.

He turns back to the drop. Stares out over the city...

And is caught in a series of HIGH SPEED SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS.

EXT. PARTIALLY CONSTRUCTED BUILDING - NIGHT

Rainford crouches on the edge of the steelwork. FIRES OFF shots of Peter and McCoy with a long lensed camera. His expression is focused. Grim.

EXT. BAR - OUTDOOR PATIO - DAY

Colonel Burbidge strides in. Drops into a seat at a table where Rainford and Denton are studying the surveillance photos. Burbidge waves to a WAITRESS.

BURBIDGE

Another round here, darling.

He grins at the other two men. Produces a file.

BURBIDGE (CONT'D)

I love the internet. It saves so much in bribes. Mr. Photogenic there is one Peter Randolph Foxe.

DENTON

Larry's daddy? Son of a bitch.

BURBIDGE

By all accounts, he is. He owns Triumph Acquisitions which owns most of the city including the boathouse we're camped in, the packing plant where we met, and...

He raises an architectural magazine open to a photo of Peter with his building rising behind him.

BURBIDGE (CONT'D)

Triumph Tower.

DENTON

Subtle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURBIDGE

Forty stories of commercial space --
lawyers, architects, two investment
companies -- topped by Foxe's
private penthouse.

RAINFORD

What did you find on McCoy?

BURBIDGE

She's Poppa's Chief of Security.

He flips to a page in the file. Lists highlights.

BURBIDGE (CONT'D)

Joined the FBI after college.
Three years as a field agent in
Miami before cashing in with Foxe.

DENTON

FBI. So she's qualified to shoot
up a pistol range. Great.

RAINFORD

What about Foxe and Voss? Any
business deals? A bad love affair?

BURBIDGE

Nothing I could find. Voss pops up
in the social pages now and again.

DENTON

So why does Foxe want her?

He notices Rainford toying with the PLASTIC VIAL.

DENTON (CONT'D)

What is that?

RAINFORD

I took it off Lawrence.

He uncaps it. Squeezes a small amount into his palm. Sniffs
it. Tastes it.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

Water.

Denton grunts. Burbidge taps one of the surveillance photos.

BURBIDGE

Lot of family drama in this
operation, boys. Do we still go?

Denton turns to Rainford who considers. Nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAINFORD

As soon as the weapons arrive.

INT. MARINA BOAT BASIN - DAY

Surveillance photos have been pinned to a board including the detail from Aurora's portrait. She seems to watch through her dark, steady eyes as...

Rainford snaps open the switchblade he took from Lawrence. Uses it as a pointer as he confers with T.J. over a diagram of the club and streets.

RAINFORD

We bag Voss, you get her out fast.
Take her, McCoy and Lawrence south.
That gives you a choice of one...
two... three freeways. The rest of
us will cover you.

T.J.

And do what? Catch a bus?

RAINFORD

Park an escape car in this alley
here. Back-ups here and here.
Keys for everybody.

T.J.

Piece of cake, boss.

She zips off. Rainford pockets the switchblade. Checks with Denton who is assembling two M249 SAW light machine guns.

DENTON

Nothing says "clear the street"
like the sound of a chain gun.

Rainford grins. Sees Burbidge using a stencil to spraypaint "Richie's Restaurant Supply" on the side of a van.

From inside the van comes a FLARE of blue light. Rainford finds Lawrence welding four lengths of chain to bolts set into the vehicle's floor. Each ends in a HEAVY STEEL CUFF.

Rainford notices McCoy watching him as she loads the magazine of her Glock with LIQUID-TIPPED bullets. She gives him a bland look. Slaps the clip home.

And then Stuckey calls from across the bay.

STUCKEY

Rainford!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rainford and McCoy cross to where Stuckey is unloads a crate. The weapons man mounts a launch tube onto a tripod equipped with a guidance assembly and an infrared targeting system.

Fitted together, the unit resembles a high-tech, one-shot Gatling gun.

STUCKEY (CONT'D)

The PAT-ATA Anti-Tank Weapon.
Armor piercing warhead. Thermal
imaging sight employing IRCCD
detectors. Range of 3,000 meters.

MCCOY

How difficult is it to operate?

STUCKEY

Line of sight. Laser guided. Keep
the beam locked on your target and
you can't miss.

RAINFORD

Designed for seventeen year old
jarheads to use in the field.

STUCKEY

Right. Pretty much idiot-proof.

All three look over to where Lawrence is taking a beer break from his welding. McCoy quirks a smile at Rainford.

MCCOY

Lawrence, come here please.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHTFALL

Peter Foxe is doing laps. He climbs out to find McCoy.

MCCOY

We're on. Tonight.

Peter steps into the dying light that slants down through two large overhead skylights. McCoy notices his hands are clenched.

PETER FOXE

Welcome nightfall.

EXT. GOTHYK - NIGHT

The sidewalk is packed. CLUB HOPEFULS are kept back by velvet ropes and MEATY BOUNCERS in expensive suits. A SQUAD CAR makes a slow pass.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Denton drives. Rainford, riding shotgun, checks his watch. 10:59. He slips on a headset.

RAINFORD
Unit One on site.

EXT. LOW-RISE - ROOF - NIGHT

Stuckey finishes mounting the launch tube on the tripod. He checks the street and fiddles with his own headset.

STUCKEY
Unit Two in position. We see you.

Lawrence uses the PAT-ATA's infrared site to target the squad car. He makes a whistling noise that ends with...

LAWRENCE
Boom.

INT. RICHIE'S RESTAURANT VAN - NIGHT

T.J. drums on the wheel with her hands. Impatient as always. Burbidge is in the back with a walkie talkie.

BURBIDGE
Unit Three in position.

RAINFORD (V.O.)
And the secondaries?

Burbidge peers through a spyhole at the armored limo parked across the street. The DRIVER is behind the wheel. His PARTNER paces nearby.

BURBIDGE
They seem a bit restless.

RAINFORD (V.O.)
Copy that. Report any movement.
Unit One to Pit Boss.

INT. GOTHYK - NIGHT

The club is choked with BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE drinking and dancing and screaming intimacies over the expensive sound system. McCoy -- stunning in a black whisper of a dress -- slips on a wireless earpiece.

MCCOY
This is Pit Boss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAINFORD (V.O.)
Where is our target?

MCCOY
Dancing.

She checks the fog-choked floor where AURORA VOSS is strutting about with two others: a sullen-lipped BOY TOY and a feral YOUNG WOMAN. Aurora is dressed in a backless red dress: a crimson stain against the chemical fog.

RAINFORD (V.O.)
And her two watchdogs?

McCoy moves her gaze to an arrangement of low sofas.

MCCOY
Both waiting obediently... hold on.

There is only one bodyguard. FALCONE's long white hair and wrap-around sunglasses match his appearance to his name.

MCCOY (CONT'D)
I lost one. I don't see--

KONRAD appears behind her. He is pale and predatory. Shockingly pretty. McCoy instantly adopts a blasé tone.

MCCOY (CONT'D)
It's a nuisance suit, Sally.
Extortion by trial. I'll call if I
need your advice.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Rainford hears the connection broken. He glances at Denton.

RAINFORD
They've tumbled to her.

INT. GOTHYK - NIGHT

McCoy pulls off her ear piece. Remarks coolly:

MCCOY
It's impolite to eavesdrop.

She turns... and catches her breath. Up close Konrad is even more beautiful. He speaks with a spice of German accent.

KONRAD
You have an impertinent concept of
privacy, *mausi*. You have been
watching us all night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCOY

Us? I've been watching you.

Konrad studies her... then smiles.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Aurora kisses her Boy Toy's throat. She glances at her bodyguards. Sees Falcone on one sofa. Konrad on another... with McCoy.

Aurora's expression darkens. She starts away from the Boy. Annoyed, he tries to pull her back but she whirls. Nails him in place with a look. He drops his hand, cowed and confused.

Aurora catches the eye of the feral woman. OPHELIA pulls the boy around and kisses him hungrily.

AT THE SOFAS

Konrad raises McCoy's hand to his mouth and gently kisses it.

KONRAD

They have private rooms upstairs.

MCCOY

Do you always move this fast?

KONRAD

You're not going to live forever,
mausi.

MCCOY

I don't want to go upstairs.

AURORA

Of course you do.

McCoy jerks her heads around. Aurora smiles down at her.

AURORA (CONT'D)

But you'll be disappointed.

She slides onto the sofa beside McCoy.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You want Konrad. All women want
Konrad. Most men do too.

She slides closer. Holds McCoy's gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AURORA (CONT'D)

He'll treat you to a night of sweet
kisses and the prim, polite lapping
of his tongue. All very sensitive.
All very dull.

Konrad, his face expressionless, rises and stands stiffly:
the unflappable bodyguard. Falcone smirks.

McCoy is oblivious to him. Aurora places a hand on her knee.

AURORA (CONT'D)

But you want more than dewey-eyed
lovers who need to be teased or
taunted into pleasuring you. You
want it...

She examines McCoy closely for a space of heartbeats. Purrs:

AURORA (CONT'D)

... savage.

Her hand slides under McCoy's dress. McCoy gasps. Can't
drag her eyes from Aurora's gaze.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You want the weight of a body
pinning you down. You want teeth
snapping. Hands and mouth taking.

McCoy has begun to tremble against Aurora's touch.

MCCOY

I want... I mean... Let go...

AURORA

You want someone... who knows how
exciting it is... to be wet.

McCoy moans. Shuddering helplessly under Aurora's fingers
and gaze. She's nearing orgasm.

MCCOY

Please... okay... upstairs...

AURORA

No. Here. Now.

MCCOY

But I... uh! Hurts. That hurts.
Please, I--

She jerks as the climax SHATTERS her. Aurora releases her
gaze. Let's McCoy slump back, glassy-eyed and breathless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Horrified.

Aurora takes her hand from beneath McCoy's dress. Raises it to her mouth and delicately licks a bead of blood from her fingertip. She smiles lazily at the expressionless Konrad.

AURORA

I'm bored. We're leaving.

INT. RICHIE'S RESTAURANT VAN - NIGHT

Burbidge is at the spyhole. He sees the limo Driver call to his Partner. Burbidge raises the walkie talkie.

BURBIDGE

The secondaries are moving.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Rainford is on the headset.

RAINFORD

Unit Two, we're on. Pit Boss is
M.I.A.

INT. LOW-RISE - ROOF - NIGHT

Stuckey gives Lawrence the nod as he hears:

RAINFORD (V.O.)

We move on your strike.

EXT. GOTHYK - NIGHT

The squad car parks. Rainford and Denton climb out with their SAW machine guns.

They see Aurora exit the club. Konrad and Falcone step past her, moving ahead to open a path to the curb as the limo appears at the opposite end of the street.

EXT. LOW-RISE - ROOF - NIGHT

Stuckey spots the car.

STUCKEY

Vehicle in range.

RAINFORD (V.O.)

Nail it.

Stuckey glances at Lawrence.

STUCKEY

Foxe? Foxe!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE

Who's in control now, Rainford?

EXT. GOTHYK - NIGHT

Rainford and Denton march toward the club. Their chain guns cause a ripple of concern among the CLUBBERS.

Denton whispers to Rainford.

DENTON

Where's the big bang?

INT. GOTHYK - NIGHT

McCoy pushes herself to her feet. She's shaky... and suddenly enraged. With a snarl, she begins elbowing through the crowd. Heading for the exit.

EXT. LOW-RISE - ROOF - NIGHT

Stuckey barks into his headset.

STUCKEY

Larry's fucking with you. He refuses to fire.

Lawrence glares at him.

EXT. GOTHYK - NIGHT

Rainford slows his pace as he and Denton close on Aurora.

RAINFORD

Abort. We abort.

He and Denton start to turn when...

McCoy bursts from the club. People SCREAM as she raises her Glock. Aims point blank at Aurora's back.

Time SLOWS as she FIRES! FIRES! FIRES!

Her liquid-tipped bullets jet through the air. The first strikes Aurora low near her spine. Just above the curve of her backless dress.

And something bizarre happens.

For a bare instant Aurora's flesh around the entry point turns... transparent. We could almost mistake it for the flicker of the club lights or the flash of a camera.

Then the second bullet strikes. We see the transparency ride the hydrostatic shock wave through Aurora's flesh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We get a glimpse -- more felt than seen -- of organs that are colored and constructed in aggressive, alien ways.

The third bullet hits... and we follow it in.

It bores through meat. Severs viscera. The tip fragments, releasing its liquid. The toxin is sucked away through torn arteries.

And then we're back outside as Aurora falls. Konrad and Falcone whirl on McCoy. Pull the Mac 10s from their coats.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

Take them!

He opens up on Konrad with the SAW. The CLATTERING THUNDER sends the people on the street into a stampede. Konrad is SHREDDED. Torn apart in a bloody staggering spray.

Denton FIRES on Falcone. POUNDS him back against the club's wall and holds him there, pinned by a torrent of shells.

Muzzle flashes and jetting blood create a STROBE effect... disguising the shuddering waves of transparency that flicker across the bodyguards with each bullet hit.

Then the limo comes ROARING in. The Partner throws open the passenger door. Stands in the gap with a shotgun in hand.

EXT. LOW-RISE - ROOF - NIGHT

Stuckey bellows at Lawrence:

STUCKEY

Shoot!

Lawrence FIRES.

EXT. GOTHYK - NIGHT

The missile STRIKES, turning the limo into a ball of flame and steel. The Driver and his Partner are obliterated.

T.J.'s van roars past the burning car. SQUEALS to a stop outside the club. Burbidge throws open the rear doors.

BURBIDGE

Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!

DENTON

Pit Boss scragged the target!

Rainford grabs McCoy. Slams her against a wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAINFORD

What the fuck did you do?

MCCOY

My job! Now do yours! I don't know how long the curare will keep her down.

RAINFORD

Curare? You shot her with *curare*?

MCCOY

It paralyzes the skeletal muscles--

RAINFORD

And the lungs stop pumping. The victim suffocates.

MCCOY

Look at her, Rainford.

Rainford does. Sees Aurora on the ground, a boneless heap, but her eyes are open and raging.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Get her in the van before she recovers.

Rainford shoves McCoy away. He and Denton drag Aurora to the van and pass her up to Burbidge. McCoy scrambles in behind.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Chain her down, Colonel.

BURBIDGE

This little girl's not going any--

MCCOY

Do it!

T.J. is listening to the BABBLE from a police radio.

T.J.

We're going to have company soon!

MCCOY

Where is Lawrence?

EXT. LOW-RISE - ALLEY - NIGHT

A door cracks open. Lawrence checks the alley.

LAWRENCE

We're clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stuckey shoves past him. Hurries to the nearby escape vehicle: a four door Chevy. He notices Lawrence dawdling.

STUCKEY

Get to the van. McCoy might wait
for you but T.J. won't.

LAWRENCE

Actually, it's going to be Rainford
and his boys waiting on you.

Lawrence draws his Sphinx. SHOTS Stuckey in the back.

EXT. GOTHYK - NIGHT

Denton watches McCoy pull a steel mesh hood over Aurora's head as Burbidge cuffs the woman's wrists and ankles.

Burbidge glances up... and his eyes go wide. Denton sees the look. Ducks and twists aside instinctively as...

Konrad, somehow -- impossibly -- back on his feet, swings his fist at Denton's skull. The blow TEARS STEEL instead. Rips one of the van's doors off its upper hinge.

Burbidge draws his Walther P99 and FIRES. Drives Konrad back on his heels. Konrad's skin flickers into transparency and back. He looks up at the startled Burbidge. Eyes raging.

Then a BURST of gunfire from Rainford's SAW punches Konrad into the concrete. Denton stares in disbelief at the guard.

DENTON

No man takes that kind of damage
and gets back up.

But as they watch, Konrad gets an arm under himself. Begins to push himself up. By the club entrance, Falcone stirs.

Lawrence reaches the scene. Sees the two bodyguards forcing themselves to their feet. He grins and whispers to himself:

LAWRENCE

A dying breed, Rainford.

He races around the front of the van.

From the back, Burbidge stares at the two rising figures.

BURBIDGE

Change of plan, boys. Get in the
van. Right now.

But Rainford and Denton share a grim look. OPEN FIRE again. Walk the bodyguards back with a hellish stream of bullets.

INT. RICHIE'S RESTAURANT VAN - NIGHT

Lawrence yanks open the door and leaps in beside T.J.

LAWRENCE
Drive! Drive!

From the back, Burbidge whirls on him.

BURBIDGE
Not without Rainford and Denton!

LAWRENCE
Clear this vehicle, Colonel!

BURBIDGE
We're not leaving without--

Lawrence FIRES his Sphinx. Blows Burbidge out of the van.

MCCOY
Lawrence!

He levels the pistol at T.J.

LAWRENCE
Go!

EXT. GOTHYK - NIGHT

Rainford whips around as the van peel away. He sees McCoy's grim face as she closes the vehicle's rear doors. He spots Burbidge crumpled on the ground.

RAINFORD
Denton!

The two men run for the Colonel. He's dead.

The SIRENS grow louder. Konrad and Falcone jerk and rise yet again. Rainford and Denton check their SAWS.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)
Empty.

DENTON
Me too!

He drops the weapon. Draws his .44. Rainford pulls his Beretta. Levels it at Falcone who staggers relentlessly for him... and then is suddenly bathed in harsh light.

The Chevy thunders in. Strikes Falcone head on. The bodyguard is PUNTED through the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And FROM AMIDST THE WRECKAGE OF THE LIMO we see him sailing backward toward us. Filling the screen until...

KA-SHUNK! We punch out *through* his chest, once more into the night, and hurtle back down the street to Rainford whose face is twisted in a disbelieving grimace. Denton is scrambling for the Chevy leaving Rainford the only witness to...

Falcone shrieking and twisting on the spear of wreckage that has punched through his chest. Beneath his bullet-torn clothing, his skin turns translucent. Jellyfish-like.

The translucence spreads revealing a squirm of inhuman organs, muscle, and bone. It reaches Falcone's face. Exposes the skull. Exposes the screaming jaws.

Exposes the FANGS.

And we see Rainford. Thunderstruck.

RAINFORD

Vampires?

Something inside Falcone bursts. Rots and runs. He sags back limply and the jellyfish flesh that covers him begins to darken and bruise.

Rainford is snapped out of his shock by the sound of the Chevy spinning to a graceless stop. Stuckey -- pale and bleeding, his right arm dangling -- shouts:

STUCKEY

Get in!

And then the passenger door is ripped open. Konrad reaches in for him.

Stuckey jerks a double-barrelled sawed-off shotgun from the floor. Braces it in the crook of his dangling arm and PULLS BOTH TRIGGERS. Konrad is flung backward.

Rainford and Denton tumble into the back. Stuckey peels out.

INT. CHEVY SEDAN - NIGHT

Stuckey blasts down another street. Takes a highway ramp. Denton piles over the seat into the front and pulls the passenger door shut. Rainford snaps his fingers.

RAINFORD

Shotgun!

Denton tosses it and a BOX OF SHELLS back to him then tears open Stuckey's bloody shirt to check the wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUCKEY

It was Lawrence. Useless prick.

Denton tears Stuckey's shirt into strips. Begins bandaging. He looks back as Rainford finishes reloading the shotgun.

DENTON

Rainford... we pumped two hundred rounds into those bastards.

STUCKEY

That's impossible! Even if they were wearing body armor--

DENTON

The shells were punching right fucking through them!

From his pocket, Rainford pulls the VIAL OF WATER he took from Lawrence. He stares it, working through the intel.

RAINFORD

They weren't wearing armor.

DENTON

Then how the hell--

RAINFORD

They were vampires.

Denton goes very still. Stuckey barks a pained laugh.

STUCKEY

Vampires? Bullshit!

And then something SLAMS down on the top the moving car. A fist PUNCHES through the roof. Clawed fingers catch Stuckey around the neck and RIIIP!

Blood geysers against the windshield. Stuckey's feet kick. Jam down the accelerator. Denton grabs the wheel.

EXT. ELEVATED HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Chevy whipsaws across lanes of traffic. Ricochets between retaining walls. Riding atop is the feral woman from the club. Ophelia.

INT. CHEVY SEDAN - NIGHT

Rainford yanks the handcuffs from his police belt. ZINGS one around Ophelia's wrist. Lunges across the seat and snaps the other to the steering wheel. He grabs the sawed-off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAINFORD

Time to leave.

The men kick open their doors and crouch in the openings. Rainford ducks back from Ophelia's left-handed slash. Bites the cap off the PLASTIC VIAL. He squeezes half the liquid at Ophelia who jerks back, screaming. Flesh burning.

Denton stares at her in amazement.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

Holy water! Now jump!

The two dive into space. Bounce along the tarmac like pieces of discarded litter. The Chevy breaches the retaining wall. Flies into space with Ophelia still crouched on the roof.

Rainford fetches up against the wall. Hard. He looks over the drop to see the car SMASH into concrete below. It SOMERSAULTS end over end. SHATTERS against a support pillar.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

Blow. C'mon, blow. Blow.

Denton collapses beside him, scraped raw. They watch the car peel loose. Rock back. Ophelia is nowhere to be seen.

Then she comes creeping from the shadow of the pillar. She slowly straightens. Shrugs her shoulders to realign bones. She looks up at them and SNARLS.

Rainford and Denton exchange a look. Vanish from the wall.

INT. MARINA BOAT BASIN - NIGHT

CRASH! Rainford and Denton come through a door high and low. Weapons out. Moving fast.

DENTON

So we grab our cash and get the hell out of Dodge. You see any problem with that?

They reach the staging area. Rainford's already grim expression tightens even more.

RAINFORD

Just one.

GO WIDE to reveal the place has been stripped. Tables, chairs, electronics, the makeshift kitchen: all cleaned out.

DENTON

They stiffed us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAINFORD

These people are fucking with my
good nature.

A METALLIC RATTLE makes Denton whip his .44 up to point at
the roof. He and Rainford listen.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

Wind.

DENTON

Maybe.

Rainford pops out a loose board and drags his duffel bag from
hiding. Begins stripping off his tattered police uniform.

DENTON (CONT'D)

Rainford--

RAINFORD

We go collect.

Denton looks awkward.

DENTON

Listen, I've been in the shit most
of my life. Government soldiers,
guerillas, fanatics: I've gone up
against them all.

RAINFORD

Make your point.

DENTON

They have one nice thing in common.
When I shoot them, they die. But
these things...

Rainford looks at him. Denton forces himself to say the
word.

DENTON (CONT'D)

Vampires. We're not equipped.

RAINFORD

No.

He jacks a new clip into his Beretta and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

Rising like an illuminated spike against the night sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAINFORD (V.O.)
But I know who will be.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

McCoy strides along, face set and focused. Before her, two members of Lawrence's containment team -- a woman, HARLOW, and a bullish man, CRANE -- push Aurora along on a futuristic, steel-framed stretcher smeared with her blood.

Metal sleeves hold Aurora down from wrists to elbows. Ankles to knees. There are bands across her ribs, breasts, and upper arms. She still wears the steel mesh hood.

Harlow opens a set of ornate doors at the end of the hall. Crane pushes Aurora through with McCoy following.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

The room is magnificent. Leather and dark wood vaguely reminiscent of a hunting lodge. But what takes a visitor's breath away is the view. Three of the walls -- composed of huge, DOUBLE-FRAMED glass slabs -- offer a gravity-defying panorama of the nighttime city.

Bolted before the center window like some sinister museum piece is a CONTAINMENT FRAME. A Giger-inspired construct of steel and spider-armed surgical probes powered by lithium-thionyl chloride batteries.

A woman in green scrubs and an EMS vest -- DR. CORA LASHER -- is calibrating the frame's medical monitors. She steps back as McCoy punches buttons on the frame's control panel.

Heavy clamps undock.

Harlow and Crane slide the head of the stretcher into the clamps, then disengage the wheel assembly and pull it away. McCoy touches another button. Aurora and the stretcher bed are pulled smoothly into the frame.

Hydraulics WHIR and the stretcher begins to bend: rising at the head and arms and lowering at the feet. Turning the bed into a padded chair. The clamps SNAP heavily shut, locking it in place.

From behind the steel mesh hood comes sudden soft laughter. Cora looks surprised.

CORA
Fascinating. Her body is
neutralizing the curare even faster
than we thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McCoy steels herself. Reaches out to Aurora and pulls the hood away.

Aurora raises her head. She's pale and obviously in pain but she SMILES at McCoy with long and perfect fangs.

AURORA

I was right about you... you do
like it... savage.

She nips at McCoy. Grins when even that weak gesture makes McCoy flinch back.

McCoy catches herself.

MCCOY

I want you to see something, Ms.
Voss.

She touches a switch on the control panel and the Chair spins smoothly within the frame until it faces the center glass wall.

AURORA

And what is it I'm looking for,
love?

MCCOY

Sunrise.

She leans close enough to whisper in Aurora's ear.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

That window faces east.

She sees a tiny flicker of dread in Aurora's eyes quickly suppressed.

McCoy straightens and -- aware the others are all watching her -- strides from the room.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

T.J. is stuffing neatly banded stacks of money into a pair of motorcycle saddlebags under the eyes of the third member of the containment team: SIMPSON, a shave-headed steroid case.

She looks up as McCoy passes the doorway. McCoy pauses. Meets T.J.'s accusatory look with a hard one of her own. After a moment, T.J. sneers and turns back to her money. McCoy moves on.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

McCoy enters. Slams the door. And her icy control evaporates. She sags back against the door. Takes several deep breaths to steady herself.

The room, lit by the blue flicker of surveillance monitors, is clearly her domain. There is a control board. A cot. A long work bench buried under research materials. Books on vampires. Anatomy charts. Bullet molds and tools. A cartridge case with a six spare curare bullets.

McCoy is standing with her thighs pressed together and her hands cupped protectively over herself. She gives herself a shake. Walks to the work bench and takes the CONTROL WAND that Peter gave her from its padded box.

She catches sight of a small framed photo on the bench. It's a shot of her at her FBI graduation ceremony, looking proud and earnest.

She turns away from it. Scans the surveillance monitors. Locating Peter on the rooftop terrace talking with Lawrence, she turns and exits the room.

EXT. TOWER - ROOFTOP TERRACE - NIGHT

Peter, dressed as if for an elegant dinner, studies the night sky as he listens to Lawrence making his report.

LAWRENCE

Rainford couldn't handle it, dad. He and Denton couldn't keep the bodyguards down. And Burbidge panicked. I had no choice but to shoot him.

MCCOY (O.S.)

What about Stuckey?

Peter and Lawrence turn to her in the door. Lawrence shrugs.

LAWRENCE

Last I saw he was headed for the car. Maybe he panicked too. The whole team was low-rent, dad.

McCoy gives him a look of contempt. Turns to Peter.

MCCOY

Mr. Foxe, in light of tonight's operation, I'm not sure it is entirely safe out here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER FOXE

Lawrence was filling me in on your adventures. It sounds like his efforts were critical to your success.

MCCOY

So I heard.

PETER FOXE

You have a different assessment?

MCCOY

Your guest is waiting, sir.

PETER FOXE

Yes, of course. We don't want to be rude, do we? It's time she met her new Master.

McCoy holds the door as he and Lawrence go inside. She scans the darkness for a long, careful minute before following.

INT. TOWER - PRIVATE GARAGE LEVEL - NIGHT

The elevator CHIMES open. Simpson waves T.J. out. She carries her bulging saddlebags across the concrete, heading past the kidnap van to a sleek Ducati motorcycle.

She doesn't notice Simpson step out behind her. He levels his weapon at the back of her head.

And then Rainford surges out of the shadows. Pistons the butt of the sawed-off shotgun into Simpson's face. The man's nose and pistol both CRACK! The bullet goes wide.

T.J. whirls, hand going to the 9mm SIG under her jacket. Denton steps from behind the van and places the muzzle of his .44 against the side of her head. He takes her weapon.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Aurora sits unmoving in her Chair. She's been stripped of her shoes and jewelry. Pierced by medical probes. She has her head back. Eyes closed. Conserving her strength.

A shadow falls across her. She smiles and purrs.

AURORA

Mmmmm. Good evening.

She opens her eyes to find Peter examining her with delight. Lawrence and McCoy are with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER FOXE

Ms. Voss. My name is Peter Foxe.

AURORA

Mr. Foxe. Enchante.

PETER FOXE

I can't tell you how pleased I am to finally meet you. Can I get you anything? A drink?

AURORA

Perhaps later.

Peter smiles at the implication. As he begins to fix himself a scotch on the rocks, he gives a tiny nod to McCoy.

MCCOY

Ms. Voss--

AURORA

And what might your name be? We were never properly introduced at the club.

MCCOY

I suggest you focus. Sunrise is only a few hours away and--

AURORA

Five hours. And eight minutes, to be precise.

MCCOY

Making your time as limited as your options. Mr. Foxe has a proposal he'd like to discuss with you.

AURORA

A proposal? How brisk and businesslike that sounds.

PETER FOXE

You intrigue, Ms. Voss. You and your kind--

AURORA

Vampires. Say it with me.

PETER FOXE

I want to know more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AURORA

And is your curiosity spiritual?
Sexual?

She zeroes suddenly on the sound of ice CLINKING in his glass. Sees his hand trembling minutely.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Or something more... personal?

INT. TOWER - PRIVATE GARAGE LEVEL - NIGHT

Rainford SLAMS T.J. hard against the van.

RAINFORD

You left us.

She claws at his hand around her throat. Croaks out:

T.J.

Job! Was doing... my... job!

Rainford tightens his grip... then lets her go.

RAINFORD

Get out of here.

She staggers to her bike as Denton finishes tying up Simpson. He follows Rainford to the elevator. T.J. calls after them:

T.J.

You know what it was we brought
back, right?

DENTON

You know there are more of them out
there.

T.J. glances at the ramp leading up to the darkness at street level. Tries to hide her sudden nervousness.

T.J.

So what's your plan?

RAINFORD

We go in. We get what's owed to
us. We leave.

DENTON

Plus we collect a little interest.
(he thinks about it)
Maybe a lot of interest.

T.J.

Like... a bonus?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The magic word. She darts to Simpson. Pulls a SECURITY SWIPE CARD from the lanyard around his neck.

T.J. (CONT'D)

We'll need this to access the penthouse.

Rainford and Denton trade a look. Rainford nods. Denton tosses T.J. back her SIG.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Peter takes a drink.

PETER FOXE

Ms. Voss, it is my intention to make you rich. Very rich. Rich enough for several lifetimes.

Lawrence is pouring himself a shot. Aurora notices him scowl a little at his father's statement.

AURORA

That's an intriguing opening.

MCCOY

This is not a negotiation. You'll accept Mr. Foxe's offer--

AURORA

So commanding.

MCCOY

Or you'll burn in that chair.

PETER FOXE

We've done our research--

AURORA

No, Mr. Foxe.

(indicating McCoy)

She's done your research. You tell her what you want and she finds a way to get it.

PETER FOXE

What I want only a true vampire -- a Master Vampire -- can give. That's why I'm prepared to be generous and--

AURORA

You're dying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lawrence looks surprised that she knows. McCoy tries not to react. Aurora studies Peter.

AURORA (CONT'D)

What is it, Peter? I'm bound and helpless. Surely we can be intimate.

PETER FOXE

ALS. Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. Progressive degeneration of the motor neurons--

AURORA

Loss of voluntary muscle control. Spasms. Pain. Eventually you won't be able to walk or talk or swallow. You'll be trapped...

(she struggles teasingly)
... inside your own flesh. Tell me, when the time comes will you undergo the tracheostomy or will you have a feeding tube inserted?

MCCOY

It won't get to that, Ms. Voss. That's why we took you.

INT. TOWER - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Clips are jacked into guns. Slides are pulled.

RAINFORD

How many are up there?

T.J.

Besides the thing we nabbed? A boy-girl team from Rent-A-Thug. Some medic. Poppa and sonny. McCoy.

DENTON

Did Lawrence shoot the Colonel?

T.J.

McCoy wanted to kill the kid.

RAINFORD

Wanting doesn't get it done.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Aurora catches Peter with her gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AURORA

Poor Peter. A lifetime spent in
toil. Spent acquiring things. A
lifetime spent.

Her voice dips. Fills with a silken delight.

AURORA (CONT'D)

So you seek me out. First I'm a
fantasy... or a fetish. But you're
rich, Peter. You can indulge. You
listen as whispers become rumors
and rumors become real.

Her voice is lulling them. McCoy gives herself a shake.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You listen until listening isn't
enough and then you--

PETER FOXE

Act.

AURORA

And all for a kiss.

PETER FOXE

Yes.

AURORA

Dear, doomed, impotent Peter.

Peter reacts as if slapped. Aurora laughs with gay contempt.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Do you think you're the first who's
tried to buy eternity from my lips?

PETER FOXE

You haven't heard my offer.

AURORA

My weight in gems? My soul
restored?

MCCOY

Peter--

AURORA

Peter, I've been offered whole
kingdoms. Princes and Popes have
knelt before me and begged.

MCCOY

-- her voice. She's stalling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Peter steps back, rousing himself. He stares at Aurora with new respect.

PETER FOXE
Lawrence, Natalie, I'd like a
moment alone with our guest.

McCoy nods knowingly. She and Lawrence are leaving when...

AURORA
Natalie. A lovely name.

McCoy hesitates, oddly chilled, then goes. Aurora gives Peter a lazy smile.

AURORA (CONT'D)
You have me all to yourself, Peter.
Whatever will you do with me?

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - ELEVATOR VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Crane is passing when the elevator CHIMES. T.J. steps off.

T.J.
Forgot to get my parking validated.

She breezes by making him turn. Rainford and Denton glide from the elevator. Rainford raises the shotgun. WHAM!

He heads off one way. Denton and T.J. another.

INT. TOWER - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Peter selects an apple from a bowl. Takes the folding knife from his pocket and opens it. His hands shake minutely.

PETER FOXE
That's how you knew, wasn't it?
You saw the tremors in my hands.

He uses the blade to peel the apple.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
It's the little things that betray
us.

The knife "slips". Peter deliberately -- almost leisurely -- slices the blade across the heel of his hand.

Aurora goes rigid at the sight of his blood. Peter's smiles.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
The little things we're slave to.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harlow is on patrol. She looks into the library. Sees Cora cleaning and taping up a scratch on Lawrence's knuckles.

Harlow turns away, rolling her eyes. She moves on, rounding a corner and... THWACK! Denton pistol whips her.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Lawrence hears the THUD of Harlow going down. Drawing his piece, he waves Cora back.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy strips off her black dress and jams it in the trash with her FBI photo. She is reaching for a pair of jeans when multiple images on the surveillance monitors catch her attention. She sees Harlow down. Crane down. Denton and T.J. approaching the library. Rainford at the double doors.

MCCOY

Son of a bitch.

She grabs for her clothes and Glock.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Peter moves around so he is behind the chair, looming over Aurora's shoulder. He holds his bloody hand out before her.

PETER FOXE

We can help one another.

Aurora's fangs grow... recede... grow again. Peter tips his hand so the blood streams down along his wrist. He doesn't see the door to the room open behind him.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)

We can relieve one another's pain.

He holds his wrist close to Aurora's mouth.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)

Join me. Trust me and I'll--

RAINFORD

Fuck you over?

Peter whirls. And Rainford buries the butt of the shotgun in his belly.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

We had a deal, Mr. Foxe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He brings the shotgun up, snapping Peter's head back and sending him staggering.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)
We fulfilled our part.

PETER FOXE
What are you talking about? You were paid!

Rainford heaves him at the glass wall.

RAINFORD
If I'd been paid, I wouldn't be here. If I'd been paid, you'd be living out the night.

AURORA
Perhaps.

Rainford turns to look at her. Aurora flashes one of her easy seductive smiles.

AURORA (CONT'D)
But please don't spare him on my account.

And then she goes still. She peers more closely at Rainford, sensing something. A certain predatory kinship. She acknowledges him a small tip of her head... and a warning.

AURORA (CONT'D)
They're coming.

Rainford acts without hesitation. He spins, bringing the shotgun up, and catches T.J. in the doorway of the room. She gives a frightened yell and dives aside...

To reveal Lawrence with his 9mm Sphinx pressed to Denton's skull and Cora close on his heels.

DENTON
He was hiding in a closet. Do you believe it?

LAWRENCE
Shut up!

DENTON
Fairy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAWRENCE
I said shut up!
(waving his weapon at
Rainford)
Drop the iron.

RAINFORD
Christ, kid. You're a walking
wannabe.

He drops the sawed-off then his Beretta.

LAWRENCE
Dad, grab his weapons and come over
here. You three: against the
middle wall. On your knees.

As Rainford, Denton, and T.J. move to obey, Lawrence bawls
into the hall:

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
McCoy!

MCCOY
Shut up, Lawrence.

Dressed now in jeans and a dark pullover, McCoy helps a dazed
Harlow into the room. Cora hurries over to help.

Lawrence takes the sawed-off from his father. Sees the blood
on the man's hand and lip.

LAWRENCE
Dad, are you hurt? Did he--

And Peter slaps him across the face.

The room goes silent. A furious Peter points to the mercs.

PETER FOXE
I gave you the money to pay them.
Did you take it?

LAWRENCE
Dad, you shouldn't push me. Don't--

PETER FOXE
Did you take it?

LAWRENCE
Of course I took it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PETER FOXE

I'm trying to save my life -- my
life -- and you risk it over
something as petty as their fee?

LAWRENCE

They were disposable! You said
that often enough.

PETER FOXE

So you decided to help yourself.

LAWRENCE

It's my inheritance you're spending
on this plan, father. Forgive me
if I didn't want to see all of it
wasted on the dead.

At the window, Denton snorts.

DENTON

Man, this family should have its
own fucking reality show.

Aurora eyes Rainford.

AURORA

The tables turn.

RAINFORD

Nature of the business.

AURORA

Yes. As they too are about to
learn.

As if on cue, the lights in the penthouse go dark. The Foxes
and their hirelings react with alarm.

Aurora's eyes are still on Rainford.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I am not alone.

Rainford hears McCoy's sudden intake of breath. Peter Foxe
looks amazed. His son is slack jawed. Rainford whips his
head around to the glass.

To see the VAMPIRES rising.

A score of Aurora's retainers. Floating outside the
penthouse Eyes flashing. Hands hooked into claws as they
scratch and tap and press at the window walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Denton and T.J. scramble away from the glass as Lawrence and Harlow swing their weapons from one leering face to the next.

CORA

Oh my God, they're going to get in!

DENTON

Give us our guns.

LAWRENCE

Not a fucking chance!

DENTON

We can't fight if we're not armed!

Still standing at the glass wall, Rainford watches Konrad glide up to him. Gone is the beauty we saw in the club. Konrad's been torn and tattered by bullets. His flesh is translucent in places revealing moist, meaty things beneath.

He STRIKES a blow against the window. The glass slab CRACKS.

PETER FOXE

Natalie!

McCoy pulls the CONTROL WAND from a pocket.

MCCOY

Emergency generator.

CLICK. Dim lights spring up.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Activating exterior panels.

Another CLICK and outside the penthouse...

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

LENSES set into the inner face of each window frame FLASH on. BLUE BEAMS OF LIGHT crisscross the glass. Konrad and the Vampires close to the windows SHRIEK and flinch back, singed by the near touch.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy CLICKS again.

MCCOY

Interior panels.

Lenses set into the frames inside the room FLASH. It's a sight duplicated throughout the penthouse as...

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Lenses around the window FLASH blue.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

The twin skylights are hatched by grids of light.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Blue beams crisscross the elevator doors.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Rainford takes a closer look at the grids. Skims his hand harmlessly through the beams.

RAINFORD

You modified a laser detection grid.

MCCOY

Using light beams with a high concentration of ultraviolet.

PETER FOXE

A little taste of what happens when the sun comes up in a few hours, Ms. Voss.

AURORA

I assure you, Mr. Foxe...
(a rippling threat)
I won't forget.

MCCOY

There are twin sets installed around every door and window.

RAINFORD

Elevator? Skylights? Duct work?

MCCOY

Everywhere there's access to the penthouse. You've heard of an airlock? This is a lightlock.

PETER FOXE

The penthouse is perfectly secure.

RAINFORD

Unless they're already inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The others look chilled and from their reaction we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lawrence and Crane -- with a trickle of dried blood staining his neck -- move in quick two-by-two cover formation as they make a visual check of the penthouse.

Lawrence tabs his earpiece.

LAWRENCE

The east wing is clear.

MCCOY (V.O.)

Copy that.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy sits at the security station, checking monitors.

MCCOY

Finish your sweep and meet me back
in the Glass Room.

Behind her, she hears ZIP ZIP ZIP as Rainford T.J., and Denton have their wrists bound behind them with zap-straps. Harlow puts a little extra effort into tightening Denton's.

McCoy cycles through more cameras but gets mostly static.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

They've destroyed all the exterior
cameras. Doctor, try the phones.

Cora snatches up a handset.

CORA

Dead. But I have a cell.

McCoy glances at Harlow who steps forward politely.

HARLOW

Let me see it please, Doctor.

Cora fishes it from a pocket in her EMS vest and passes it to Harlow... who STOMPS it into fragments for McCoy.

CORA

What are you--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCOY

Who were you planning to call? The police? With Mr. Foxe entertaining a kidnap victim in his living room?

T.J.

Hey! Hey look!

The others turn to the garage monitor. See a TERRIFIED FACE filling the screen.

HARLOW

Simpson.

As they watch, Simpson backs away... revealing it is actually a LION-BEARDED VAMPIRE holding Simpson's severed head.

Lionbeard raises it up over his mouth to catch the dripping blood, grins into the camera... and then hurls the head at it. The image bursts into static.

The room is silent. Cora looks sick.

CORA

Are there others in the building?

INT. TOWER - TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

A CLEANING WOMAN crosses a tiled corridor. At the far end is a MAN operating an electric floor polisher. The Woman replaces the bag in a trash can. Hears a strange WHIR-WHIR-BUMP. WHIR-BUMP.

She looks around. Sees the electric polisher now whirling about on its own. The operator is gone.

The Woman hears a sound from behind her and spins. The hall is empty. Frowning, she turns back to the polisher... and the VAMPIRE now standing directly behind her attacks.

INT. TOWER - TWENTIETH FLOOR - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD patrols the hall, opening doors, turning on lights, and checking rooms.

He opens a door marked TELEPHONE JUNCTION. By the light from the hall, he sees a panel torn out. Wires ripped. He flips on the overhead...

Revealing a VAMPIRE inches away from him.

INT. TOWER - THIRTIETH FLOOR - CB&M LOBBY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a plaque across from the elevators: "Colburn, Bear & Marin: Architects. A Member Of The Triumph Group."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The lobby is dominated by a striking model of the Tower. We follow a pair of stockinged feet past it and into...

INT. TOWER - THIRTIETH FLOOR - CB&M WORKSPACE - NIGHT

A maze of cubicles, CAD stations, and drafting tables. A YOUNG ARCHITECT is heading back to her designs. She has two styrofoam coffee cups stacked in one hand and is reading a report held in the other.

The carpet SQUISHES suddenly. She dances back with a sound of disgust. Sees a trail of blood... and a colleague's leg is sticking out from one of the cubicles.

Moaning, the Architect begins to back up and a VAMPIRE crawling spider-like along the ceiling pounces.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy resolutely switches off all exterior monitors.

MCCOY

We keep to the game plan. It's 2:17. Sunrise is in three hours and fifty one minutes. Voss's followers will be driven back into their holes.

The others watch her cross to her work bench. She opens a leather case -- like a doctor's bag -- and begins filling it with jars and vials. Plant cuttings. A Kevlar glove.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow night, when Mr. Foxe awakes as one of them, we'll be under his protection.

DENTON

That's a cheerful thought.

T.J.

I know I feel comforted.

RAINFORD

And if the lady in there can't be convinced to recruit your boss?

MCCOY

She gets a tan.

RAINFORD

Why her, McCoy? Why target the queen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCOY

Because the myths are wrong.

She waves at the accumulated research on her work bench.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Only the bite and blood of a Master Vampire provides immortality. The rest -- her spawn, her children, whatever they are -- they just...

DENTON

Suck?

T.J.

Like this whole operation.

MCCOY

Mr. Foxe will get what he needs from Voss. If he can't buy her...

She snaps her case shut.

MCCOY (CONT'D)

There are other ways.

She exits the room with her case. As the others watch her go, Rainford carefully fishes something from his back pocket.

The switchblade he took from Lawrence.

He puts a thumb over the blade as he depresses the trigger, forcing the knife to open slowly and silently.

EXT. TOWER - ROOFTOP TERRACE - NIGHT

Konrad rips his fangs loose from the Cleaning Woman. Tosses her badly mauled corpse to a TATTOOED VAMPIRE as the damage he suffered in the firefight outside the club begins to repair itself. The bullet holes ooze closed. His flesh turns pink and perfect once again.

And then an imperious voice rings out.

OPHELIA

Konrad!

He turns as she alights on the roof and strides toward him. Her face is still blackened by the mark of holy water.

KONRAD

Ophelia. I've been wondering when you'd grace us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPHELIA
Why haven't you attacked? Why
isn't Aurora free?

KONRAD
We're dealing with professionals
here. Make a direct assault and
they'll kill her.

She gestures to the Cleaning Woman's drained corpse.

OPHELIA
So instead you indulge yourself?

KONRAD
We've secured the building and
taken a dozen bleeders to restore
and revive our people. We also
hold the street for three blocks in
every direction. No one will
interfere with what we do here.

OPHELIA
Aurora has been brutalized.
Humiliated.

KONRAD
Then find me a way inside. One
that doesn't put Aurora at risk.

OPHELIA
I'll do better than that. What we
do here must be biblical in its
intensity.

Her next words shock the Tattooed Vampire. Make Konrad
glare.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
I'm summoning the Vojnik.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Peter stands at the window wall watching a VAMPIRE float
outside the glass.

PETER FOXE
Extraordinary. The power it must
take to defy gravity.

AURORA
The power, as in all things, comes
from making it look effortless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He begins to lightly mimic the Vampire's movements.

PETER FOXE

Just how long have you survived? I
know you were in London in 1897.
And I've seen the Caravaggio
painting of you.

AURORA

"Night Mother With Child".

PETER FOXE

I flew to the Vatican to view it.

AURORA

It's not the existence you think it
is, Peter. Time is not as easily
defied as gravity. If Time can't
take your life, it will take your
hopes, your empires...

Lawrence returns from his sweep Peter doesn't appear to
notice but a shift in Aurora's eyes tells us that she has.

AURORA (CONT'D)

... your children.

PETER FOXE

Lawrence.

AURORA

You were angry with him.

PETER FOXE

The boy's had a life of opportunity
without obstacle.

AURORA

He doesn't see the difficult
choices you've been forced to make.

PETER FOXE

He's become a bully and a braggart.

AURORA

It would be easy to leave him then?
Perhaps even...

PETER FOXE

A relief.

LAWRENCE

You egocentric son of a bitch.

Peter turns. Sees Lawrence standing before him, seething.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
You and this thing, you deserve
each other.

He whirls and storms for the door. Passes McCoy entering
with her leather case. He snarls at her.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I'll be back for the reading of his
Will.

He pushes out past her. McCoy moves as if to follow.

PETER FOXE
Let him go, Natalie.

He touches bruised lip where Rainford hit him.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
He made his choice. He'll have to
live with the consequences.

AURORA
Poor Peter. If only you'd known he
was standing there.

PETER FOXE
We all face unpleasant truths.
Disease. Death. Contempt.

AURORA
You were testing him. Oh Peter,
perhaps you have the makings of a
monster after all.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Rainford is sawing silently through the zap-strap when...
CRASH! The door bursts open and Lawrence and Crane surge
inside. Rainford shoves the switchblade into his sleeve.

Lawrence scours McCoy's work bench. Grabs the six spare
curare shells.

HARLOW
Sir, what are you--

LAWRENCE
We're leaving.

He hauls Rainford to his feet. Crane grabs Denton.

CORA
Are you out of your mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE

Harlow, grab the other one.

Harlow hesitates. Draws herself up.

HARLOW

Thanks for the offer but I'll take
my chances here until sun up.

LAWRENCE

It's your funeral.

Denton gives Rainford a look. Take 'em? Rainford responds
with a tiny shake of his head. Then they're being dragged
out. Cora rushes after them.

T.J. looks at Harlow. Mouths a silent "thank you".

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Cora chases Lawrence and the others toward the elevator.

CORA

Those things are crawling all over
the building.

LAWRENCE

The van we used to transport Voss
is in the garage. It's loaded with
spare guns and ammo. We'll shoot
our way clear if we have to.

RAINFORD

You won't make it to the van.

LAWRENCE

It's thirty feet from the elevator.

RAINFORD

Twenty. You're still not good
enough.

LAWRENCE

That's why I'm bringing our friends
something else to concentrate on.
You and Denton are snack food.

Crane runs his swipe card through the slot. The elevator
CHIMES open. Rainford and Denton are shoved onboard.

Rainford turns so his back is to the corner. He shakes the
switchblade out of his sleeve and goes back to work on the
zap-strap. Denton moves to help cover him.

Lawrence glances at Cora.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Last chance.

She hesitates. Torn between the safety of the penthouse and the hope of escape. The doors begin to shut. Cora leaps aboard at the very last second.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Harlow moves to the security board. Punches buttons and manages to call up the elevator on a monitor.

T.J.

The Doc went with them.

They watch Lawrence use the shotgun to smash out the camera.

HARLOW

Man, he's an asshole.

T.J.

Do you still have audio? Turn it up.

Harlow spins a dial. They hear:

LAWRENCE (V.O.)

Biker bitch left the keys in the ignition...

INT. TOWER - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The floor numbers are falling rapidly. 21... 20... 19...

Crane keeps his .380 on Rainford and Denton while Lawrence tucks the sawed-off under his arm and reloads his Sphinx with the curare bullets.

LAWRENCE

Crane, you'll drive.

DENTON

Uh, shouldn't the Doc drive so you guys with guns can shoot?

LAWRENCE

Shut up.

Denton glances at Rainford and rolls his eyes. The numbers keep falling. 15... 14... 13...

RAINFORD

Get off on the second floor. Drop from a window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE

I told you to shut up.

RAINFORD

They'll be thin on the ground.
With the curare you'll have a
fighting chance.

Lawrence slaps the clip into the Sphinx. Presses the weapon to Rainford's forehead.

LAWRENCE

If I didn't need you as blood bait,
I would blow your head off right
here.

... 8... 7... 6...

Lawrence pulls Rainford and Denton in front of the doors. He and Crane position themselves behind them, weapons ready. Cora's eyes are on the numbers.

... 2... L... P1. The doors CHIME...

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Shoot anything that moves.

... and open. To reveal a deserted garage.

INT. TOWER - PRIVATE GARAGE LEVEL - NIGHT

The kidnap van and the Ducati motorcycle are undisturbed. Where the mercs left Simpson is a small pond of blood.

Lawrence looks shocked, then smug. He elbows Crane.

LAWRENCE

Go go go!

Crane runs for the van. Lawrence prods Rainford and Denton into a quick walk. They try to look everywhere at once.

Cora can't bring herself to leave the safety of the car.

INT. RICHIE'S RESTAURANT VAN - NIGHT

Crane rips open the driver's door and leaps in. His hand goes to the ignition... and finds it empty. No keys.

He checks the seat. The floor. Straightens back up to reveal the Lionbeard Vampire grinning at him through the passenger window. He JINGLES the keys in his hand.

Crane wails and springs from the van... only to be HIT by something fast and vicious that drives him out of sight.

EXT. TOWER - PRIVATE GARAGE LEVEL - NIGHT

Lawrence and the others hear the THUD. Look at the van. See a great streak of blood along its side that begins to drip even as they watch.

And then the VAMPIRES come.

Five... six... eight of them. Dropping from ceiling pipes and crawling over and around the van.

Lawrence goes white with terror. He CAPS OFF two rounds from the Sphinx. FIRES the sawed-off at another. He doesn't hit a thing. He turns to run back the elevator...

And Rainford suddenly has an arm around his throat. He drives the switchblade into the back of Lawrence's knee. Lawrence SCREAMS.

Rainford rips free the Sphinx and the sawed-off. He and Denton run for the elevator.

A VAMPIRE drops between them and the car. Whirls at the sound of Cora's cry. She mashes her hand against the button panel. The thing sprints toward her as the door begins to close. Cora screams, trapped.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Harlow and T.J. wince at the sound of CORA'S SCREAM over the speakers and then...

INT. TOWER - PRIVATE GARAGE LEVEL - NIGHT

CRACK! Rainford drops the Vampire. He and Denton leap past the paralyzed thing. See the elevator door closing. They'll never reach it in time.

A hand from within slams the door back open.

CORA
Hurry! Hurry!

INT. TOWER - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The two mercs crash into the car. Rainford whirls. FIRES again, dropping a Vampire that's right on their heels...

To reveal Lawrence's limping, panicked dash toward them.

LAWRENCE
Don't leave me! Don't leave me!

Rainford watches coldly as the other Vampires fall on him, bringing him down. The doors begin to close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Rainford!

And then Lionbeard leaps past the others. Comes soaring toward the car. Rainford snaps up the Sphinx but doesn't fire as -- BUMP -- the doors shut and Lionbeard CRASHES uselessly against their outer side.

The car begins to rise.

Cora pulls a pair of surgical scissors from a pocket on her EMS vest. Cuts Denton free. Rainford hands him the sawed-off and thumbs the button for the second floor.

RAINFORD

We get out on two.

DENTON

Drop through a window. Take our chances on the--

CRUMP! Something strikes the bottom of the car, staggering them. CRUMP! CRUMP! Two more.

The car suddenly flies upward. The floor numbers jump to 3... 5... 8... 12... They're picking up speed.

There is a THUMP from above.

DENTON (CONT'D)

We've got one on the roof!

The floor numbers are now blurring past. 17-18-19-20--

There is a SHRIEK OF METAL as part of the bottom of the car is ripped away. Cora vanishes with a scream. Rainford sees Lionbeard dive from the underside of the car and latch onto her like an octopus.

Still screaming, Cora is spiraled down into darkness.

From above come SLAMMING sounds. The ceiling panels bulge and split.

DENTON (CONT'D)

We're slowing down!

Rainford checks the numbers. 26-27-28... 29... 30. He and Denton share a look. Flatten themselves on either side of the doors as they CHIME open.

A VAMPIRE explodes into the car. SLAMS into the far wall. Whirls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rainford puts a SHOT into its chest. Denton inverts the sawed-off. Swings it like a baseball bat, SMASHING the slumping Vampire into the jagged gap in the floor.

The arms of the Vampires beneath the car boil out of the hole around their paralyzed companion.

RAINFORD

Last stop!

Denton leaps out. Rainford is about to follow when...

CRASH! One of the ceiling panels falls. Rainford pulls the PLASTIC VIAL from his jacket. Swigs back the rest of its contents as a VAMPIRE leans down, snarling with victory.

Rainford spits the holy water into its face. Sends the thing flailing backward, blinded. WAILING.

He leaps out of the elevator into...

INT. TOWER - THIRTIETH FLOOR - CB&M LOBBY - NIGHT

Rainford hits the floor running. He and Denton race past the sign: "Colburn, Bear & Marin: Architects".

RAINFORD

Shotgun.

They trade weapons with a toss. Rainford reloads the shotgun with shells from the box in his jacket while Denton pops the clip on the Sphinx. He checks the curare shells.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

How many?

Denton slams the clip back. Holds up a single finger. They turn a corner. Vanish.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Harlow and T.J. stare at the now-silent speaker. They look at each other grimly.

HARLOW

Can I trust you?

T.J.

More or less than anyone else?

Harlow wings open a butterfly knife and cuts T.J. loose.

INT. TOWER - THIRTIETH FLOOR - CB&M HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Rainford and Denton take a fast turn. Then another. Denton spots a custodian's cart parked outside a restroom.

He grabs a mop. Brings it down across his knee. The shorter end forms a half-assed stake. He mimes sharpening it.

DENTON

Switchblade.

RAINFORD

I left it in Lawrence.

They move into a long hall lined with filing cabinets. The drawers have been ripped out. Bent and twisted. Papers cover the floor.

DENTON

What the hell?

RAINFORD

They were looking for something.

They snap up their weapons at the sound of a SOFT HISS from the far end of the hall...

A MONSTER steps into sight.

VLADIK is a lean, rope-muscled creature in an antique military longcoat. The alien skeletal structure we've glimpsed in other Vampires has run riot in him, pushing through his skin in a series of plates and spurs.

He fixes them with cool, intelligent eyes. Begins to march toward them. There is something unnerving in his confidence.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

Denton, limp this leech.

Denton levels the Sphinx. CRACK. Puts one center of mass.

It RICOCHETS. Vladik comes on, sweeping open his coat. As Rainford and Denton fall back, they see the flash of a long chainmail shirt with a steel plate fixed over the heart.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

He's wearing armor.

DENTON

King fucking Arthur armor.

From beneath his coat, Vladik pulls out a rifle-like weapon. It's a medieval design constructed out of high-tech alloys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rainford shoves Denton down the corridor they just came from. Vladik tracks them with the weapon even though they are out of sight. He FIRES into the wall. CRUNK!

CL-CHUNK! A steel spike explodes through the plaster and tile, slashing Rainford's shoulder. The two mercs look startled. They race for the end of the hall. Flatten themselves on either side of the branching corridor.

Vladik steps into sight. Scans the empty hall. And then -- incredibly -- heads back toward the filing cabinets.

Rainford and Denton peek out a moment later. Incredulous.

RAINFORD

It's not following.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

McCoy confers with Harlow, then marches back to Peter who is waiting outside the Glass Room.

MCCOY

Sir, Lawrence ran. Why? What did you say? What did *she* say?

PETER FOXE

You can't credit Aurora for my son's cowardice.

MCCOY

There were nine of us. She's somehow whittled that down to four.

PETER FOXE

Nine or four makes no difference.

MCCOY

Sir--

PETER FOXE

We're the only two who matter, Natalie. We're safe and in control. Aurora, on the other hand, is exhausted and in pain with the dawn coming on. She'll break

He hands her back the leather case full of jars and vials.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)

You'll break her.

He goes back into the Glass Room. McCoy looks at the case.

INT. TOWER - THIRTIETH FLOOR - CB&M WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Rainford and Denton have reached the maze of cubicles and CAD stations. They're double-timing through when a nearby office door OPENS. They drop into the shadows.

Rainford sees a pair of stockinged feet stumble past his position. It's the Young Architect with her arms full of blueprints and her eyes blank with terror.

Denton frowns. Makes a move as if to stop her but Rainford holds up a cautionary hand. Something is going on here.

The two men shadow her.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy enters with her case. Sees Peter pouring himself another drink. Aurora smiles from the depth of her Chair.

AURORA

Natalie! We were just talking
about you.

McCoy ignores her. Places her case on a small table. Keeps her back to Aurora to block her view as she opens the lid.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I was telling Peter about our
conversation in the club. He
seemed surprised.

McCoy takes a vial of holy water from her bag. Squirts it all over the palm of her hand.

AURORA (CONT'D)

He didn't know we had... spoken.

McCoy spins and SLAPS Aurora across the face with her dripping palm. Aurora SHRIEKS and jerks her head back.

Across her cheek is a burn mark in the shape of McCoy's hand.

Aurora looks up at McCoy with shock... and a glimmer of fear. McCoy leans in close. Whispers:

MCCOY

Tell me again how exciting it is to
be wet.

INT. TOWER - THIRTIETH FLOOR - CB&M WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Rainford and Denton follow the Young Architect into the heart of the maze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They watch as she comes to a long board table lit by draftsman's lamps. There are half a dozen VAMPIRES there searching through diagrams and building schematics.

Conferring together over a blueprint are Ophelia and Vladik.

Rainford and Denton hunker down, whispering:

DENTON

Well, look here.

RAINFORD

Our hood ornament.

The Young Architect navigates Vampires as if stepping through a mine field. The creatures snap distractedly at her. She the dumps her load of blueprints. Rainford and Denton watch Ophelia and Vladik dig through them.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

Building plans. They're looking
for a way into the penthouse.

Denton nudges him. Points to the Young Architect. She's backing away from the table. Tiptoeing for the shadows. Making a getaway.

She clears the Vampires. Turns to run...

And Vladik -- without even looking -- FIRES his weapon. A steel stake -- CHUNK -- impales the Young Architect against a filing cabinet.

Denton mouths a silent curse. He notices something on a desk top. A box cutter for his stake.

He shifts position to get it and his foot comes down on a surge protector. CLICK. The electronics around them suddenly WHIR and brighten as they power up.

Ophelia, Vladik, and all the other Vampires look up sharply.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TOWER - THIRTIETH FLOOR - CB&M WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Rainford and Denton on the run. Ducking and dodging through the maze.

Vladik is coming up on them fast. Running atop the partitions. Effortlessly leaping the gaps as he closes the distance.

Denton frantically uses the box cutter to sharpen his stake as he goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A steel spike slashes through the air, ripping a line of blood across his cheek before BLOWING OUT a computer monitor.

Rainford and Denton split up. Moving fast. Keeping low.

Vladik goes after Rainford. Spots blood spatters from Rainford's shoulder and follows the trail.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy upends her case onto one of the containment frame's surgical trays. She roots through the items.

MCCOY

Hawthorn... wild roses... garlic...

She finds the Kevlar glove. Each fingertip is capped with...

MCCOY (CONT'D)

Silver. According to legend, silver has an acidic effect.

(pulling it on)

It's also supposed to prevent regeneration.

AURORA

In Spain, my Inquisitors used coins. Thirty coins said to be those paid to Judas Iscariot.

PETER FOXE

Payment for another immortal kiss.

AURORA

They kept the coins in a jeweled box. I now own that box.

INT. TOWER - THIRTIETH FLOOR - CB&M WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Vladik drops down between the last row of cubicles and a wall of pipes and utility closets. Weapon ready, he moves silently along the blood trail.

Then he senses something and whirls. Rainford is behind him.

Ambush.

Rainford FIRES the shotgun into Vladik's face. Turns the side of his head into a spray of blood and slime and bone fragments. Exposes the brain.

It barely slows Vladik down. He lunges at Rainford.

And Denton rockets from a side passage. With a roar, he drives his sharpened stake into Vladik's throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vladik backhands him. Sends Denton CRASHING through a cubicle wall.

Rainford leaps on Vladik's back. Rips free the stake and drives it into the exposed meat of the Vampire's brain. Digging deep.

Vladik ROARS. Flings himself back to CRUSH Rainford against the pipe wall. Rainford howls. Drops and rolls clear.

Denton snatches up Vladik's fallen weapon. Sees a transformer box low on the wall behind Vladik. He FIRES. Drills the steel spike through the skirt of Vladik's long chainmail shirt. Hits the box...

Which shorts out in a spectacular STARBURST of electricity. Vladik SCREAMS and SPASMS as the current passes through the spike and into his chainmail. His flesh begins to smoke.

And then, mastering his own shuddering muscles, Vladik begins to methodically rip the mail free of the spike.

Denton's smile of victory dies.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy taps one silver-capped finger against Aurora's restraints. Smiles as Aurora flinches. She circles the Chair.

MCCOY

Give Mr. Foxe what he wants.

She presses keys on the control screen. The middle of the Chair back HUMS away, revealing the pale smoothness of Aurora's back.

Aurora remains silent.

INT. TOWER - THIRTIETH FLOOR - CB&M WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Vladik ROARS. The spike is hopelessly tangled in his chainmail. He begins to tear off his electrified armor.

Still on the floor, Rainford pulls a shotgun shell from his jacket. He rips it open with his teeth. Dumps the pellets and presses it onto the butt of his meat-smear stake.

Vladik's flesh bursts into flames. Straps and buckles pop as he shreds his long armor shirt.

Rainford grabs the sawed-off. Cracks it open and shakes out the spent shells. He slides the stake point-first down the barrel creating, in effect, a gunpowder crossbow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The chainmail and spike hit the floor in a smoking CLATTER. Denton takes aim with the vampire weapon. It CLICKS empty. Vladik reaches for him with a flaming hand.

RAINFORD

I don't fucking think so.

Vladik spins towards him. Sees the sharpened stake protruding from the shotgun's muzzle. He charges Rainford. He's shockingly fast. A burning torch.

Rainford FIRES.

The stake pierces Vladik's chest. He ROARS. His flesh turns to burning slime. The organs beneath rot and pour.

And *still* he keeps coming.

Rainford hits him with the butt of the shotgun. Again. And again. And again. Vladik wavers. Finally topples.

Rainford sags back in relief. Pulls the stake from the thing's corpse. He sees Denton crawl out of the cubicle. Both men are bleeding and battered.

DENTON

Fucking pussy.

And then two more of these creatures -- VARN and BARLOV -- come marching around the corner. They are plated and spurred with bone. Armed. Implacable.

INT. TOWER - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

CRASH! Rainford and Denton come hurtling through the door. Race up for the penthouse. Past tall narrow windows that mark each landing.

DENTON

Do you think McCoy knows about these uber-fucks?

Rainford doesn't answer.

DENTON (CONT'D)

Do you think she has an easier way to kill them?

Behind them, the door is KICKED off its hinges. Varn and Barlov enter. Start up after the mercs.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy runs her bare hand lightly down Aurora's skin. Past the faint ghost of scars. Some round and rough-edged.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AURORA

Your hand is warm, Natalie.

McCoy pulls back then realizes that's the reaction Aurora intended. She touches her again. Moves her fingers down to the raw, half-healed bullet wounds.

MCCOY

Give Mr. Foxe what he wants.

AURORA

No.

McCoy presses her gloved finger into Aurora's wound.

EXT. TOWER - ROOFTOP TERRACE - NIGHT

AURORA'S SCREAM shatters the darkness. Konrad has been conferring with Lionbeard. The two leap to the edge of the building, snarling. Enraged.

INT. TOWER - THIRTIETH FLOOR - CB&M WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Ophelia shrieks in response to AURORA'S SCREAM. Overturns the board table in her fury.

INT. TOWER - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Varn and Barlov give great bellowing cries of rage as they hear AURORA SCREAM. The dive through the tall stairwell window and soar up into the darkness beyond.

Rainford and Denton exchange a breathless look. Safe.

And then another Vampire BURSTS in on the floor beneath them. Its face blackened and puckered. It's the one Rainford spit holy water on. Snarling, it leaps to the chase.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy peels her hand gloved hand free. The tips are smoking. She watches a single bead of blood on one blacken and burn away.

Aurora sags forward, sobbing brokenly.

INT. TOWER - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Denton reaches the penthouse landing. Throws himself against the blue beamed door. Locked.

Rainford tosses him the shotgun, then pivots empty-handed to face the Scarred Vampire. He makes a fist. Mimes taking a swig of something inside it. Puffs his cheek as if to spit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Scarred Vampire throws his hands over his face and cringes back. And capitalizing on that brief hesitation...

Denton FIRES the sawed-off into the door's lock.

He and Rainford shoulder through. Leave the Scarred Vampire snarling on the other side of the light beams.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

McCoy looks at Peter who blinks greedily. He gives her a nod. McCoy positions the glove over Aurora's second wound.

Harlow and T.J. burst into the room.

HARLOW

What the hell was...? Mr. Foxe,
are you all right?

PETER FOXE

Get out! *Get out of here now!*

And then the center window EXPLODES.

Glass geysers into the room. At its heart is a mutilated body. What's left of Cora Lasher THUDS to the floor.

Barlov and Varn rise up before the shattered window. For a second McCoy and the other humans are frozen in shock at the sight of these monster.

The two Vojnik bring their weapons to bear and FIRE.

McCoy ducks behind the Chair as Barlov's sickle-shaped blade FLASHES past and KER-SHAKS into the wall near T.J.

HARLOW

Mr. Foxe!

She dives, knocking him out of the way of Varn's vicious-looking trident. It cuts three furrows into Harlow's back.

McCoy sees Varn line up on Peter again.

With a roar, she yanks Aurora's head back with vertebrae-popping force. She leans around the chair, looming over Aurora. With her gloved hand she holds two silver-capped fingers out...

Inches away from Aurora's eyes.

Aurora gasps. McCoy leans over her and whispers in her ear.

MCCOY

Call them off. *Now!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then the double doors at the end of the room are blown open as Rainford and Denton enter.

McCoy's eyes snap to them in disbelief. Her gloved hand drifts away from Aurora's face.

And Aurora wrenches her head up. Fangs extended. She leaves McCoy with a fistful of hair and scalp.

McCoy freezes. Feels Aurora's teeth pricking her skin. Feels her pulse beating wildly against Aurora's smile.

MCCOY (CONT'D)
(a whisper)
Rainford?

Aurora RIIIIIIIPS out her throat.

Carotid blood SPRAYS. Paints the Chair. Paints Aurora's face. She drinks in all she can, gulping the hot heart-fired jet of gore.

Rainford is across the room in a flash, tearing McCoy away. She staggers back into his arms, dying, even as she sees Aurora heal. As two of the wounds on her back ooze shut and her scalp closes. As the burn on her face fades and her pallid flesh turns pink.

The sky outside Peter's windows are suddenly filled with floating Vampires who HOWL in glee. Konrad and Lionbeard are among them. Ophelia joins Barlov and Varn.

Peter gapes at Aurora. Sees her catching blood that rains from the Chair's hooks and tubes. She licks her lips. She looks wild. Terrifying. Extraordinarily beautiful.

She regards Peter with ancient, knowing eyes.

AURORA
I will not be compelled.

Konrad and Lionbeard drift as close as the UV grid allows.

KONRAD
There is no way out for you. Let
Aurora go.

RAINFORD
You want to negotiate?

He rises and marches to the shattered window.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)
This is how I negotiate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He lashes out a hand. Too late Konrad realizes the danger. But Lionbeard is there. He shoves Konrad aside. Rainford catches Lionbeard by the scruff and yanks him into the room.

Lionbeard SCREAMS as he passes through the double set of UV beams. The pigment is ripped from his flesh. His organs burst into flames *inside his body*.

Rainford SMASHES his shrieking translucent carcass down on an antique table. Pulls the stake from his belt and is about to drive it home when he sees...

Barlov raising his weapon. FIRING.

Rainford wrenches Lionbeard up as a shield. The sickle shaped blade CHOPS the Vampire's head off at the jawline.

Rainford drops the body. Whirls to Aurora and centers the point of his stake above her heart.

There is instant silence from outside.

Aurora measures Rainford. Turns her gaze to the others. Gives them a regal nod. The Vampires -- faces raging or shaken -- rise up until only Konrad, Barlov and Varn remain.

Rainford's eyes narrow dangerously.

With a snarl, Konrad and the others drift up and out of sight.

Rainford straightens. Steps back from the Chair. Aurora watches him go. Her gaze is hard and speculative.

Denton and T.J. are clustered around McCoy who is stretched out on her back. Eyes wide. Staring at the ceiling. Very very dead.

Rainford and Denton share a look. We are fucked.

EXT. TOWER - ROOFTOP TERRACE - NIGHT

Konrad strides across the deck in a rage. He passes Ophelia.

OPHELIA

Konrad--

KONRAD

Have you found a way in?

She has no answer. He marches on to the rooftop machine shack. Growling in frustration, Ophelia dives off the roof.

INT. TOWER - ROOFTOP - MACHINE SHACK - NIGHT

The door BURSTS open and a still-raging Konrad sweeps in. A figure curled up on the floor crabs back, screaming. Konrad hauls him up off the floor and SLAMS him into a wall.

It's Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

Please! Please! Don't hurt me.

Konrad leans into his face, fangs extended.

KONRAD

Hurt you, *mausi*? Oh no. I'm going to be your new... best... friend.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

T.J. uses a kit from Cora's vest to patch up Harlow.

Denton drags Cora and McCoy to a corner. He takes McCoy's Glock and silver-tipped glove before covering the two up with a couch throw.

Peter pours a drink. As the cover drops over McCoy's face he shoots it back. His hands are trembling once more.

Aurora is also watching McCoy. She doesn't turn as Rainford hunkers down beside the Chair.

AURORA

You came back for her. You thought her knowledge would help you survive.

She turns and looks at him steadily.

AURORA (CONT'D)

But we both know how this ends. With all of us in this room dead.

RAINFORD

If that's what you want.

AURORA

Since when does what I want matter?

RAINFORD

We didn't know who you were when we took this job. That was intel that Foxe and McCoy neglected to share.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AURORA

And you'd like to make up for your ignorance... how?

RAINFORD

We release you. You release us.

AURORA

I've suffered losses.

RAINFORD

You'll suffer more.

That surprises her into a smile.

AURORA

I'm beginning to like you, Mr...?

RAINFORD

Rainford.

AURORA

Mr. Rainford.

RAINFORD

We release you. You release us.

AURORA

Answer me one question. Predator to predator. You didn't know what I was when you took the job. Had you known -- had you believed -- would it have made a difference?

Rainford considers.

RAINFORD

Only in how I captured you.

Aurora laughs, delighted by his honesty.

AURORA

Impasse, my friend. I can't let an attack go unchallenged. Letting you live would--

RAINFORD

Imply weakness.

AURORA

Hell hates hypocrites. Let's you and I leave mercy to the saints.

He studies her for a moment. Nods. Aurora gives him a small but genuine smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AURORA (CONT'D)

I do like you, Rainford.

He grunts. Starts back to the others... and Peter intercepts him. He sounds a little wild.

PETER FOXE

Still won't negotiate, will she?
Give her another hour when the sky
starts to turn. She's lived for
centuries, Rainford. Centuries.
No one gives up immortality for a
matter of principle.

Rainford's eyes flick but he let's that pass.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)

I'll pay back what Lawrence took.
I'll double it. Triple it. I
just... I need you to keep them out
a little longer.

He lowers his voice, sounding sly.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)

We're the only two who matter.
What do you say, son?

Rainford grabs Peter. SLAMS him face-first into the window wall. Outside, one of the Vampires arrows in. Stops just beyond the touch of the UV grid.

It's Ophelia.

She HISSES at Peter even as Rainford leans forward and snarls into his ear.

RAINFORD

They're going through your
blueprints right now, Mr. Foxe.
I'm not going to be here when they
find a way in.

But Peter is barely listening. He's staring at Ophelia. Amazed. Incredulous. She backs off, suddenly unsure.

PETER FOXE

Night Mother. Caravaggio.

Rainford flings Peter away from the glass. Sends him staggering back over the dead bodies before turning to the others... who regard him warily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAINFORD

T.J., how fast can you hot wire the
kidnap van?

T.J.

Faster than you can buckle a seat
belt. But--

RAINFORD

Harlow, what did you use to get
Aurora from the garage to this
room?

HARLOW

Her chair pulls out and drops flat.
We wheeled her in.

RAINFORD

Then we wheel her right back out.

His words make Peter turn from tracking Ophelia.

PETER FOXE

What? What are you talking about?

RAINFORD

Denton, we need curare. Enough to
keep her quiet for the trip.

Denton holds up McCoy's Glock. Peter looks furious.

PETER FOXE

What *trip*?

RAINFORD

Your son had the right getaway
plan, Mr. Foxe. Problem was, he
brought bait. Bait attracts
sharks. We want to repel them.

T.J.

Yeah? With what?

Rainford looks at Aurora. She's been watching him. Now,
surprisingly, she answers.

AURORA

Fear. My children love me.

RAINFORD

They won't do anything to harm her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DENTON

So we juice her up with curare and
wheel her out. Her people come
near us...

RAINFORD

She takes a stake.

PETER FOXE

Don't be absurd! You can't take
her out of here! Not when we're so
close! Don't you understand?

(desperately)

Rainford, if she dies, *I die!*

RAINFORD

Keep talking, Foxe, and you'll find
that's something I can help you
with.

He turns to the others. Peter grabs the stake Rainford used
to threaten Aurora. He makes a wild charge at Rainford...

Who pivots. Beretta in hand like magic. He SHOTS Peter in
the belly. Peter stumbles back and trips over McCoy's body.

Rainford dismisses him. Growls at Denton, T.J. and Harlow.

RAINFORD (CONT'D)

Anyone not ready in ten minutes
stays behind with Peter. Now arm
up!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Denton bursts in. Ransacks the work bench. He finds McCoy's
notebook.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

T.J. digs through a china cabinet. Opens a thin wooden box
and takes out a HEAVY SILVER CARVING BLADE. It glitters.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Rainford smashes a pool cue against the edge of the billiards
table to create a stake. He sharpens it with the box cutter.

On the billiard table are the sawed-off and the remaining
shotgun shells. All four of them.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harlow readies the stretcher's wheel assembly then moves to the front of the Chair to double check Aurora's bonds.

She doesn't notice Peter -- slumped amidst the bodies -- slide something from McCoy's pocket. The CONTROL WAND. He manages a pained chuckle.

PETER FOXE

Our Mr. Rainford should have been a little more... thorough.

AURORA

The man did exactly as he intended, Peter. He murdered you slowly.

PETER FOXE

Ironic that... in order to live forever... I first have to die.

HARLOW

Sir, with all due respect, I don't think you're going to live forever.

PETER FOXE

Longer than you, dear.

He raises the WAND and clicks off the Glass Room's defenses. The light beams wink out.

Harlow gasps. Spins to the broken window behind her, pistol coming up. Ophelia flows into the gap. She grabs Harlow by the wrist, pivots, and hurls Harlow past her into space...

Where CLAWED HANDS snatch her out of the air.

EXT. TOWER - NIGHT

The outside of the Tower is thick with Vampires. They cling just out of sight of the penthouse. Some hang upside down like bats while others crawl and skitter about like spiders.

Harlow is passed up their ranks like an insect along a line of soldier ants. She screams and struggles to break free.

They drag her over the edge of the roof line. The Vampires all scuttle and spider up to join the feeding frenzy.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Ophelia whirls back to the room. Fixes her rage on Peter.

AURORA

No, Ophelia!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Peter hits the WAND again. The twin sets of UV lenses FLASH on. Trapping Ophelia between interior and exterior frames.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Ophelia!

Ophelia howls. Tries to back up. Tries to move forward. Freezes in panic.

OPHELIA

Aurora?

AURORA

Don't move, love! Don't move!

Peter chuckles again and rises clumsily.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rainford strides along. He has two sharpened cues loaded into the sawed-off. The other two ride in a cue case that he wears on his back like a quiver.

Denton joins him from a side hall. Holds up two syringes filled with...

DENTON

Curare. Part of McCoy's bullet making gear.

RAINFORD

Anything else?

DENTON

Her notebook. Look at this.

He shows him a picture pasted into the book: a baroque painting of Aurora cradling a second adult woman in a way that is erotic and protective and vaguely reminiscent of a *Pieta*. Aurora stares out with dark, steady eyes.

Rainford reads the caption.

RAINFORD

"Night Mother With Child" by Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio. 1606.

Denton taps the face of the second woman.

DENTON

Our hood ornament.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's Ophelia. From her serene face in the painting we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Ophelia terrified. Peter waves at her as he totters toward Aurora.

PETER FOXE

I recognize her... from the
painting... at the Vatican. She's
your first, isn't she? The first
you turned.

He falls to his knees in front of her Chair. Uses his teeth
to pull open the button of his sleeve. Raises his naked
wrist. Holds the WAND in his other hand.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)

If you kill me, she burns.

Aurora's face is a mask of rage. She looks at Ophelia who is
whimpering. Her flesh starting to singe.

Peter thrusts out his wrist. Snarling, Aurora sinks her
fangs into his skin. She hooks the vein and tears it wide.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rainford and Denton pass T.J. heading in the opposite
direction with a box of rags and empty bottles.

RAINFORD

Where are you going?

T.J.

Gonna tap the generator for some
gasoline. Make me some molotovs.
Denton, here... this is silver.

She passes him the carving blade.

T.J. (CONT'D)

Stay sharp.

With a grin, she continues on. Denton shoves the blade into
his belt. Pops the clip out of the Glock.

DENTON

McCoy's weapon. Seventeen round
capacity. Less the three she put
into Voss at the club.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAINFORD
Fourteen shots.

DENTON
Seven each.

He thumbs out the shells and hands them over.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Peter shudders as Aurora drinks from him. He's greying out. Dying. She digs her fingernails deep into the flesh of her own palm. Sets blood flowing.

AURORA
Now, Peter, drink. The timing is critical. Drink, damn you!

He drops the WAND. Grabs the Chair to steady himself as he presses his mouth to her palm.

AURORA (CONT'D)
There will be pain. And then hunger. You must be prepared. You must be--

Peter throws back his head and HOWLS. He jerks to his feet, wrist and mouth and belly dripping blood. One unsteady foot comes down on the WAND. CRUNCH.

AURORA (CONT'D)
No! No! Peter!

He staggers from her, mindless, screaming. Aurora turns to Ophelia who is trembling with pain. Her flesh charring.

OPHELIA
Mother...

No longer able to stay still, she flinches back into the exterior grid. Shrieks and jerks forward. The interior beams penetrate her. Ophelia bursts into flames inside her own flesh.

Aurora SCREAMS.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rainford and Denton slap in clips into the Beretta and Glock. Whip around at the SCREAM. An instant later, the emergency lights flicker and die

The darkness floods in as if summoned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAINFORD
They're inside.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

The room is lit by moonlight. T.J. eases inside with her box. She spots the door marked ELEC/GEN on the opposite side of the pool and hurries toward it.

Something CRUNCHES beneath her feet.

The deck tiles are littered with broken glass. T.J. looks up to find both skylights shattered. The UV lenses are dark.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
So what does T.J. stand for?

She spins. Finds Lawrence exiting the ELEC/GEN room. Wiping his oil-stained hands on a rag.

T.J.
You bastard. You let them in.

She drops the box and draws her SIG. Searches the corners. Under the diving board. Behind deck chairs. Nothing moves.

LAWRENCE
We thought Rainford might come to check the generator. I'm sorry he sent you.

And then T.J. knows. She looks down. Into the moonlit water.

The Vampires are standing on the bottom of the pool. Staring up at her with smiling, crimson eyes.

T.J. FIRES at Lawrence. Then a hand from the darkness plucks her SIG away. She whirls to find Konrad, Barlov and Varn have drifted down behind her. Konrad delivers a backhand slap that tosses her through the air...

Into the pool. Into a boil of reaching, clawing hands. T.J. twists and kicks. Pounds and punches. Fighting to the last. She's dragged below the churning surface.

Lawrence touches his ear. It comes away bloody. He and the Vampires watch the moonlit water become infused with ribbons... then a cloud... of red.

Konrad turns to Barlov and Varn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KONRAD

Take the others and track down the mercenaries. I want them cornered. Disemboweled.

He tosses the SIG to Lawrence.

KONRAD (CONT'D)

And you. Find your father. Complete your bargain.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rainford and Denton enter. Sweep the room. Empty. They cross it, heading for the far exit...

Things MOVE in the darkness beyond. Rainford waves Denton back. But there are things moving behind them too.

DENTON

Last stand, trigger man.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Lawrence prowls the room. Something in the darkness shifts.

LAWRENCE

Dad?

He quietly works the slide on the SIG.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You should be proud of me, Dad. I made a deal. You couldn't but I did. Konrad is going to convince Aurora to give me -- freely give me -- what you most want. I just have to do one little thing.

He raises the pistol.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have pushed me, dad.

And then his father oozes out of the shadows. Peter's eyes are red. His teeth sharp.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Dad? No. No, that's not fair!

Peter smiles... and charges.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rainford turns the stove's gas burners on high. Illuminates the room with soft blue jets.

Standing back to back, he and Denton check weapons.

Rainford has the sawed-off. His Beretta is shoved in his belt. Denton hands him the Kevlar glove with the silver tips and he pulls it on.

Denton has McCoy's Glock. He stabs the two curare syringes into the cork stopper of an expensive bottle of cooking oil. Checks the balance on the silver carving blade. Chuckles suddenly.

DENTON

A cross. We never thought to try a cross.

RAINFORD

Do you believe in God?

DENTON

Only when he fails me.

CRACK! CRACK! They hear the SIG roar... and then the SHRIEKS begin.

RAINFORD

Lawrence.

DENTON

Little punk let them in, didn't--

And then they're coming for them. Fast. Two Vampires on Rainford. One on Denton.

BOOM! Rainford impales the first. Smashes the second with the butt of his weapon. Sends it reeling into a rack of pots.

Denton FIRES, dropping the one coming at him. SHOOTS the one Rainford clubbed.

Silence.

Rainford pops open the sawed-off. Yanks the empty shell and slides home another stake. He snaps the weapon shut.

Seconds tick past.

DENTON (CONT'D)

Nice kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAINFORD

This is a nice kitchen.

DENTON

But you gotta know Peter never did
more than cook a grilled cheese
sandwich in here.

And then the Vampires come again. Both directions. A wave
of them.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Aurora listens to the sound of GUNFIRE and SCREAMS. A hand
falls upon her shoulder. She turns her head. Sees Konrad
smiling down on her.

KONRAD

Aurora.

AURORA

Konrad... Ophelia is dead. And
Foxe has been turned.

KONRAD

We'll find him. We'll exterminate
him. But first we must get you out
of that chairrrrAAAAAH!

A stake sprouts from his chest. It's the same one Rainford
threatened Aurora with. Konrad stares down at it in
disbelief even as his flesh turns translucent and his organs
begin to puddle and pool.

He falls away to reveal Peter Foxe: his chin and shirt soaked
scarlet; his eyes sparkling.

PETER FOXE

Mother.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rainford FIRES the shotgun. Skewers a charging Vampire. The
Tattooed Vampire is right behind and the Scarred Vampire from
the stairwell further back.

Rainford RAMS the stake -- shotgun and all -- into the
Tattooed Vampire. SHOOTS through him -- SSSSSHUNK -- into
the chest of the Scarred one.

Denton's Glock CRACKS and CRACKS again. Then a steel trident
RIPS through the air. Impales his gun arm against the
cooking island. Denton screams and drops the Glock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Varn shouldered his way into the room. He looms over Denton who PISTONS a fist into the Vampires face. Once. Twice.

Varn clubs him with a hand. Slams Denton back against the island, dazed and bleeding. Varn grabs his face. Extends his claws into Denton's flesh.

Denton shrieks. With his free hand he gropes for the curare syringes stuck into the cork of the cooking oil bottle. He grabs one. Jabs it viciously into Varn's ear and presses down on the plunger.

Varn snaps back up, looking at Denton in shock. Denton jabs the second syringe into the Vampire's eye. Grabs the cooking oil and breaks the bottle across the creature's face.

Working his leg up, he kicks out. Sends Varn reeling back against the lit stove top. The oil-drenched thing IGNITES.

Denton grabs the trident. Begins to pry it out. Sees Barlov fill the entryway. He's bringing his weapon to bear.

DENTON

Rainford!

Rainford snaps the freshly loaded shotgun closed. FIRES at Barlov. Hits the weapon, destroying the trigger mechanism. With a ROAR, Barlov hurls it aside and charges through the spreading flames toward Rainford.

Rainford drops the shotgun. Pulls out his Beretta. At the last second, he sees a FEMALE VAMPIRE land on the cooking island, about to attack the still-trapped Denton.

Rainford FIRES! Blows the Female Vampire back. Then Barlov hits him like a freight train. The Beretta goes flying.

Barlov catches Rainford in a bear hug, pinning his arms to his side, and squeezing. Rainford arches back in pain. Exposing his throat. Barlov opens his jaws impossibly wide and extends his fangs, about to tear out Rainford's throat when...

THUNK! Barlov SCREAMS and staggers. Lets Rainford fall. He totters around, groping for something protruding from the back of his skull.

The silver carving knife.

Rainford sees Denton on the other side of the fire, arms still extended from his throw.

The wound around the blade bubbles as if the silver were acidic. Rainford grabs Barlov.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Spins him around to face him... and drives his hand with the Kevlar glove into Barlov's throat.

He works his silver-capped fingers through the vampire's flesh. Pushing deep. Closing his fist around the vertebrae.

Rainford RIIIIIPS his hand out. Tears Barlov's head from the top of his spine. Barlov's body collapses, leaving Rainford holding a slime-fleshed skull swinging from column of bone.

He yanks the carving blade free. Slings Barlov's skull aside and shakes off the smoking, burning glove. He turns back to Denton just as...

RAINFORD

Look out!

Denton is knocked to the floor. Dragged back toward the darkness of the hall. He catches the leg of a china cabinet and hangs on.

Rainford snatches up his Beretta. Tries to reach Denton but is driven back by the flames. He and Denton lock eyes. It's over. Denton's grip is coming loose.

Then Rainford notices something in the fire. The fallen Glock. He dives for it. Slings it and the Beretta through the flames even as Denton is pulled loose.

Denton snatches both pistols out of the air. With a last wild grin at Rainford, he bellows a WAR CRY and manages to flop around on his back as he is pulled out of sight.

Rainford hears CRACK! CRACK-CRACK! CRACK! And then he's rolling the opposite way as the burning ceiling caves in. He grabs the shotgun and carving blade. Escapes the spreading flame.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Rainford stumbles past the open door when something in the room catches his eye. He steps in to find Lawrence's shredded body draped over the billiard table.

He reaches for something at the foot of the table. Picks it up by the hair. He sighs.

INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - GLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Aurora watches Peter flexing his limbs and stretching his muscles as if discovering them anew.

PETER FOXE

Not the existence I thought it
would be: is that what you told me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He studies his hands which no longer shake.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
You were right. It's better.

AURORA
You always planned to exterminate
us.

PETER FOXE
Of course. What good is living
forever--

He sees something reflected in one of the Chair's monitors.
Leaps aside as... BOOM! Rainford fires the shotgun from the
doorway. The stake misses Peter. BLOWS OUT the monitors.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
... if you're being hunted. That
wasn't very sporting, Rainford.

He leaps across the length of the room. Slaps the sawed-off
away and propels Rainford backward to the sickle-shaped blade
Barlov fired into the wall. He rams Rainford against it.

Rainford screams as one curving edge of the blade splits his
shoulder.

Peter gives Rainford an extra shove, fixing him there.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
Stupid boy. You could have been my
new McCoy. But now... well, we're
going to have fun over the next few
nights... you and I.

He CRACKS Rainford's head into the wall. Strolls back toward
Aurora.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
Now Mother, let's you and I come to
terms at last.

Rainford is barely conscious. Clamping his teeth against the
agony, he begins to walk himself off the blade.

Peter doesn't notice. He bends to pull the stake from
Konrad's corpse.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
I could leave you for the sun, I
suppose but then I couldn't watch.

Rainford peels loose of the sickle. Almost falls. Somehow
doesn't. He lurches forward as silently as possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
And, as you pointed out earlier
this evening, I'm a rich man. I
can afford to indulge myself.

He raises the stake. Rainford's lurch becomes a charge.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Aurora.

And Rainford manages to scream:

RAINFORD
Foxy!

Peter turns in surprise as Rainford slashes down with the silver carving blade. It slices easily through meat and bone and ligament, severing Peter's hand at the wrist.

Peter shrieks in pain. Rainford manages to stab him twice in the side before Peter leaps on him. The two cannon into the side of Aurora's Chair.

Peter brings his left hand up, claws extending, into Rainford's belly. Impales him. The blade tumbles from Rainford's hand.

PETER FOXE
You mutilated me!

Rainford clamps a scream behind his teeth. Tries to twist away but Peter digs deeper. Now Rainford does scream. He reaches out... as if for the stake still protruding from the monitor. He locks eyes with Aurora.

And then he reaches past the stake. Slaps his hand against the control panel. Hits the RELEASE icon.

Peter -- oblivious -- flings Rainford across the room to crash into the glass wall. It STARS but does not break. Peter covers the distance in a leap.

He drags Rainford up with his good hand. Punches the other through the window and works it around in the shards.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
We don't regenerate against silver.
But then you, Rainford... you don't
regenerate at all!

He shows Rainford the razor sharp glass buried in his stump. He raises it to grind it into Rainford's face.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
You're going to die, Rainford.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAINFORD
... after you...

AURORA (V.O.)
Peter.

Her voice is a silken call. Peter whirls, surprised. As if he'd forgotten she was even there. His eyes widen.

Aurora stands free of the Chair. Imperious. The silver blade HISSING in her hand.

PETER FOXE
No!

He drops Rainford and makes a desperate bullish charge.

PETER FOXE (CONT'D)
NO!

Aurora casts the blade. It WHICKERS across the room to -- SHHHHHHUNK -- bury itself in Peter's throat.

He GURGLES and CHOKES. Gropes for the weapon but can't close his hand over the burning silver grip. The knife's own weight draws it downward, slicing a translucent path through Peter's dead flesh.

He makes wild, terrified STRANGLING SOUNDS as the blade slips to just above...

AURORA
Your heart, Peter. We're about to find out if you ever had one.

PETER FOXE
Naaaaaaaaa--

Contact. Peter's skin turns translucent as burning silver acid jets through his arteries. It melts bone and muscle. Eats through organs that have just begun to evolve. Peter is sculpted in agony for an endless, deathless instant.

He DISSOLVES.

The silver knife, melted to a nub, CLATTERS off the floor.

Rainford sags back against the glass wall. Bleeding. Dying. He turns his head to look at the city. Sees the first pale pink glow of the nearing dawn. He manages a chuckle.

RAINFORD
... such... an easy score...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The sunrise swims out of focus. Goes dark.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER - DAWN

The top of the building is masked by smoke and flame. TV News choppers buzz the scene.

CHOPPER REPORTER (V.O.)
... reported that the blaze began
sometime before dawn in the
penthouse mansion of millionaire
businessman Peter Foxe. Foxe and
his son are among the missing. One
company official we spoke to
believed both men were home last
night dining with friends.

There is a BUZZ and CRACKLE.

CHOPPER REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Wait a moment. We're getting
reports of an injured firefighter.
One man is being carried out and...
well, this is just bizarre!
Apparently... he's naked.

EXT. HILLS ABOVE TOWN - DAWN

A sleek Ducati motorcycle ridden by a man in full fire fighting regalia roars to a stop at a scenic turnout. The rider dismounts and begins shedding his stolen gear.

It's Denton. Bloody and burnt but alive.

As he tosses his disguise into the bush, he watches smoke from the Tower fire drifting over the city.

He swings astride the motorcycle again. Takes a moment to make sure T.J.'s saddlebags full of cash are secure.

He looks one last time at the Tower then starts the bike and twists the throttle hard. By the time he hits the highway he's breaking all kinds of speed laws.

And we hear, like a dark breeze...

AURORA (V.O.)
Rainford? Rainford.

INT. TOWER - BASEMENT - DAY

Elaborate pipe work. Brooding machinery. Rainford swims up into of the gloom to find Aurora holding him. A *Pieta* in ripped and bleeding flesh.

RAINFORD
... where are...

AURORA
Safe. They won't find us here.

He tries to talk but she shushes him.

AURORA (CONT'D)
You've lost a great deal of blood.

RAINFORD
... dying...

AURORA
Yes. Finally. I have to know: is that really what you want?

He stares up at her dark, steady eyes.

RAINFORD
... answer me... one question...

AURORA
Predator to predator?

RAINFORD
... will I go to Hell...

AURORA
Absolutely, my love.

RAINFORD
... then I'd rather be damned...

She smiles. Bites down on her lip. Blood beads there.

And just before it can fall, she bends and kisses him passionately. Smearing his mouth.

Infecting him with immortality.

FADE OUT.