

VAMPIRELLA

by

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(Based on the character created by)

Forrest J Ackerman

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A BLACK SCREEN

Superimpose the following legend:

Centuries Ago on a Distant Planet

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The dark, red-grooved orb of the planet Drakulon.

A COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE,

its extended solar panels evocative of the wings of a bat, glides past the planet in orbit. As the spacecraft arcs past Drakulon,

WIPE TO:

TWIN GLARING SUNS IN A RED SKY - PLANET DRAKULON

TILT DOWN, past the distant contours of FUTURISTIC BUILDINGS, settling on a PUBLIC PATHWAY flanked by exotic trees. Speaking as they walk are ELLAH (VAMPIRELLA), a strikingly beautiful, perfectly poised young woman and her companion, TRISTAN, a thin angelic-looking man with wavy, white-silver hair.

Almost like a student, Ellah clutches three scrolls of metallic parchment close to her chest. Her raven-black hair is tied in a severe bun and she wears a diaphanous gown that barely conceals her shapely Amazonian figure.

TRISTAN

...it is said that he slaughtered dozens, perhaps even hundreds of our people. Draining them of blood so that he might become stronger.

ELLAH

The old ways. This Vlad is truly an abomination. But the Council of Elders will know how to deal with him.

TRISTAN

...and it is your stepfather, the High Elder, who must pronounce final sentence. I understand he's under great pressure to resurrect the death penalty.

ELLAH

I pray it won't come to that.

TRISTAN
(a little surprised)
Do you truly, Ellah?

ELLAH
Of course! We're civilized people
Tristan, not bloodthirsty
barbarians like Vlad and his
disciples. We haven't the right to
take human life.

TRISTAN
(smiling warmly)
The High Elder has raised you well.
Give him my blessing when you reach
the Pavilion of Justice.

ELLAH
(returning the smile)
I will.

CUT TO:

INT. PAVILION OF JUSTICE - DAY

Futuristic yet classically designed, with pseudo-religious
archways and statuary. PAN ACROSS the U-shaped dais as several
distinguished male and female ELDERS sit in judgement...

HIGH ELDER
(o.s.)
For eons we Drakulonians have lived
in harmony with nature, sustained
by our majestic twin suns and
rivers brimming with rich, red
nourishment...

Finally settle on the HIGH ELDER himself, bearded, wise as his
years, his face drawn in dark concern.

HIGH ELDER
Yes, blood gives us life and the
suns give us warmth...ours is a
legacy of peace, beauty and
selfless good will.

Facing the High Elder and the council, his back to us, his hands
cuffed in front of him, stands the silhouetted figure of Vlad.

HIGH ELDER

But always among us there are wicked aberrations. Savages such as you, Vlad, and the souless creatures that worship your example.

ON VLAD

Young. Defiant. Devilishly handsome and supremely confident. Addicted to his made dreams of power and passion. We can see it in his eyes as he coolly checks out the hexagonal CLOSED DOORWAY, flanked by armed Pavilion Guards.

HIGH ELDER

Not content with the plenty our civilization provides, you turn on your brother, feasting upon his life force to increase your strength and prolong your years. The ancient predatory ways...blasphemous and shameful they were. Worthy of the severest punishment our laws will allow. Before I pronounce final judgement, is there anything you wish to say to this tribunal?

VLAD

Say? I believe actions speak louder than words...

Vlad turns, faces the closed doorway as his EYES ABRUPTLY ROLL WHITE, sending a telepathic signal.

Suddenly, the closed doorway EXPLODES and the Pavilion Guards are sent flying, weapons flung from their hands. A band of Vlad's FOLLOWERS storm through the jagged, smoking hole in the wall, fully-armored and armed to the teeth.

Additional Pavilion Guards swing their sidearms into firing position but are swiftly BLOWN AWAY by the rapid LASER FIRE of Vlad's rescuers.

One of Vlad's wicked soldiers aims his weapon skyward and fires at a beautiful CRYSTAL suspended above, symbolizing Drakulonian justice. It SHATTERS into a million pieces, raining everywhere.

Vlad, hands still cuffed in front of him, throws his head back and laughs maniacally as the carnage continues.

Some of the Elders try to flee the dais, but are mercilessly blasted backward by the impact of the laser shots. The High Elder stands, horrified, and is shot in the shoulder. Blood

splatters across the regal white marble architecture behind them.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN with flame-red hair and a sleek, high-powered laser rifle slung over her shoulder, races over to Vlad and tries to remove his cuffs. Vlad, carnal pleasure aglow in his eyes, wraps his arms around her lithe body, hands still cuffed.

VLAD

Sallah...

SALLAH

Master. They dared to judge you...the fools!

She blasts Vlad's cuffs open with her weapon. Then Vlad hears a groan.

VLAD

Wait...

Vlad turns to the fallen judges and hovers over the injured High Elder, who is losing blood fast.

VLAD

You were an honorable man, sir. It will be my pleasure to see that you die...dishonorably.

Vlad SINKS his monstrous CANINE FANGS into the High Elder's neck.

VLAD

(pausing from his crimson draught)
Think of me as you stew in Hell...

SALLAH

Vlad! Hurry --

Vlad stands and joins his three top generals, who are beside the blasted doorway. DEMOS has the same venal, sadistic look as Vlad; Traxx appears more normal; and, of course, there's Sallah.

VLAD

Demos...Traxx...well done.

TRAXX

We've sealed off the astroport!
The ship is ready and waiting!

VLAD

Excellent. Come...

Vlad leads his murderous entourage out the blasted doorway.

BLASTED DOORWAY - LONG SHOT - MINUTES LATER

Ellah enters, shocked and horrified at the wholesale slaughter before her. Her scrolls tumble from her hands.

ELLAH

No... No!!!

Ellah pushes herself into the chamber, looking about wild-eyed, like a madwoman.

ELLAH

Father?!

HIGH ELDER
(weakly)

Ellah... Here...

Ellah spies then scrambles over to her prostrate stepfather. She lifts his head, sees his body is covered with blood.

HIGH ELDER

I haven't much time... Ever since
your mother and I found you, you've
been all that is precious to us...

Ellah tries hard to fight back tears.

HIGH ELDER

Ellah...my daughter... Don't
destroy your soul...trying to
avenge this act of madness. You're
better than that...stronger...than
all of us...

(one final look in her eyes)

Love you...

And he's gone, his head falling limp in Ellah's hands. Ellah lowers her head in profound mourning, then raises it, face streaked with tears...EYES filled with rage and determination.

CUT TO:

INT. ASTROPORT

Tense activity as Vlad's soldiers, holding the boarding station, load items into a horizontally positioned spaceship through its open doorway. All around are captured and bound astroport guards. A few corpses and blood-spattered walls indicate the prior struggle.

Vlad checks a flexible holographic starmap that Sallah unravels for him. We see the hologram: it depicts the planet earth and its moon.

VLAD

It's a primitive planet, but it'll serve our needs well.

Vlad rolls up the map, smiles at Sallah and ushers her through the spaceship's entry.

VLAD

Come, quickly...

Unnoticed, one of the bound astroport guards manages to lift himself up and trigger a wall-mounted alarm device. The astroport resounds with the shrill alarm.

Volatile Demos swings about and BLASTS the hapless guard into a mass of exploding protoplasm. The bound guards next to him shrink away in horror.

TRAXX

(disappearing through the ship doorway)
C'mon! We haven't time for your kind of entertainment!

DEMOS

You call that entertainment?

Demos flashes a sick, sadistic smile. Lifts his laser rifle and sprays the other bound guards with fire. Three of Vlad's soldiers look on. It's a confetti-like explosion of blood, bone and tissue. Demon just cackles.

DEMOS

Now that's entertainment.

Suddenly, one of Vlad's disciples is BLASTED by a laser ray. Another swings into attack position but is also cut down.

DEMOS

Wha --?

Demos and the remaining soldier spin to see:

ELLAH

at the far end of the astroport.

Grim, crazed, hair disheveled, Ellah aims her own laser rifle at Demos. Demos thinks fast, GRABS the remaining disciple and SWINGS him in front of himself as a shield. The disciple is blasted to hell.

Demos DIVES behind some guard bodies, returning fire with a hand weapon. Ellah also takes cover and they exchange laser fire.

Traxx appears in the escape ship's doorway. The ship's engine's have begun to REV.

TRAXX

Demos! Hurry!

Demos takes a running leap through the doorway of the ship as Ellah's fire rains around him. The door closes and the ship starts MOVING.

ELLAH

NO!!!!!!

Ellah races across the astroport as

THE ESCAPE SHIP

streaks along a RISING STRETCH OF GANTRY and LAUNCHES itself OUT of the astroport.

ON ELLAH

Seething with rage and frustration as the ship's thruster wake churns about her.

Bloodied, but every inch a demi-goddess warrior, she walks into tighter shot, eyes riveted on the escaping spaceship.

ELLAH

(a hushed oath)

I'll get you, fuckers... No matter what it takes...I'll get you...

On Ellah's tortured but defiant face our screen slowly

BLEACHES TO RED.

Sound: the receding blast of the escape ship's thruster's...

FADE IN:

A single sun GLARES in an azure sky. TILT DOWN to:

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

Times Square's theatre district. Car horn and traffic noise. Superimpose the following legend:

Earth, Five Years From Now

In LONG LENS, a crush of people cross a street. In b.g. we can see a movie theatre marquee with INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPIRE III playing. We pick out a young man in his early 30's, handsome, carrying a slim attache. He could be a lawyer, a stockbroker, but he is not. He is ADAM VAN HELSING and he is a man with a lifelong mission.

Adam turns into a tiny shop that sells Broadway memorabilia, old Playbills etc.

INT. MEMORABILIA SHOP - DAY

Adam enters, gives a brief but meaningful glance to the old proprietor showing a customer a vintage poster, and slips into the shop's back room.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

Adam walks to a door. Using a special key to unlock it, he passes through it and descends a flight of stairs to an elevator. Adam punches a code into the elevator's keypad.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator OPENS, Adam steps in. The elevator's interior is sleek, high-tech. The door closes.

ADAM

Basement.

Adam closes his eyes, in routine preparation for something. Suddenly, the elevator interior is FLOODED WITH LIGHT from all sides. After a few moments, the light fades and Adam opens his eyes.

ELEVATOR

(v.o.)

Subject cleared.

The elevator starts to move.

INT. UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS, OPERATION PURGE

The elevator door opens. Adam steps out into a large corridor bustling with what look like young male and female military or police academy recruits.

TRACK WITH Adam past a variety of open doorways and glassed-in interiors.

Some offices contain recruits at desk taking written examinations; in others we glimpse scientific types in lab coats illustrating the functioning of prototype computer hardware.

One particularly large room is a shooting gallery, within which paramilitary recruits fire formidable-looking handguns at targets in the shape of male and female silhouettes.

Adam stops here, punches a button on an intercom, addresses a black uniformed instructor who looks like a hardened Marine.

ADAM

How's it going, Mallory?

MALLORY

Since you're askin', what's the holdup on that shipment of X-4?

ADAM

I'll talk to Walsh.

One of Mallory's recruits fires his weapon, sending a SHARPENED WOODEN STAKE across the range and into a target; and we realize: these are unusual weapons, modified for an unusual purpose. The stake juts from the target's shoulder.

MALLORY

(to the recruit)

Close; but you're still a dead man unless you put one where it counts.

A female recruit now takes aim and fires. Her stake embeds itself dead center in the target's heart.

MALLORY

(pleased)

Now that's gotta hurt. Nice shootin', Rachel.

ON ADAM

He turns into the office of LT. WALSH, his Chief-of-Operations, and cohort in a covert worldwide struggle we will soon come to understand.

Walsh is a heavy set former police Lt., a gristled, coffee-downing, tough son-of-a-bitch.

LT. WALSH

Adam Van Helsing: The prodigal son returns.

ADAM

You look healthy. Nice tan.

LT. WALSH

Tan my ass. It's that fucking clearance beam in the elevator. How'd it go in Mexico City?

ADAM

False alarm. Turned out to be another schizophrenic with delusional fantasies; but better that than a new outbreak of parasitic vampirism.

LT. WALSH

Well, this is no delusion: Carlos in Haiti's up to something.

ADAM

Turf war?

LT. WALSH

Classic. It's gonna get intense down there. Ramirez thinks Carlos'll do something stupid any day now.

ADAM

Sounds like Carlos. Stay on top of it.

LT. WALSH

You know it. In other news...

Walsh fingers a key on his keyboard, bringing up a videotape on the computer monitor on his desk. It's a TV newscast covering the arrival of the space shuttle after a recent successful expedition to Mars. The shuttle lands and its happy, triumphant crew disembarks. Walsh brings up the volume.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

(v.o.)

--concluding its historic mission to planet Mars with a picture-perfect touchdown in Florida just three and half hours ago. The entire space shuttle crew is doing just fine, or perhaps I should say A-OK, after the most ambitious exploration of the Red Planet ever attempted --

ADAM

Walsh, I read the papers, what are we looking for -- ?

LT. WALSH

Shhhhh --!

(suddenly pointing at the screen)

That!

A still photograph flashes on the screen: it's a tight view of the space shuttle's open doorway, with a curious, indistinct, bat-like smudge flitting away from it.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

(v.o.)

-- and no sooner had the craft landed than this highly controversial photograph began circulating in the media. What's that flying out of the landed shuttle's open doorway? A smudge, a defect in the film...or perhaps a stowaway Martian who hitched a ride to our planet? That's what some UFO experts are speculating ever since --

ADAM

Tell me I'm dreaming. Vampires from space?

Walsh hits a pause key, freezing the TV image of the photo.

LT. WALSH

Look. In the three years I've been assigned to this special unit I've experienced all kinds of weird shit. Now maybe I just need a vacation, maybe I'm beginning to see bats in my sleep...

(glances at the screen)

But if that's a smudge, I'm Richard Simmons.

ADAM

Start a file. I'll phone Pilgrimson at NASA, Joyce at Cal Tech...

CLOSE on the intriguing TV photograph as Adam stares at it.

ADAM

Whatever the hell you are, if you're for real I just hope you're on our side.

HOLD on the photo of the bat, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY (AERIAL VIEW) - NIGHT

FLYING VAMPIRE BAT'S POV of rooftops, streets, sidewalks...

EXT. SIDESTREET - NIGHT

WARREN ACKERMAN, early 20's, a skinny nerd with glasses and messy blond hair, carries an unwieldily open box with a computer inside. He doesn't notice a couple of STREET PUNKS concealed in the alley's shadows as he passes them; but they notice him. One of the toughs signals "easy prey" to his cohort and they hustle after Ackerman.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As Ackerman is trying to enter the side entrance of his building, the punks POUNCE. The Larger, STAN, puts him into a headlock while the other, MAURICE, gleefully checks out the contents of the box.

ACKERMAN

--you're choking me!--

STAN

That's the idea, asshole.

MAURICE

So what do we have for Maurice?
Jesus fuck, an IBM computer?!
Shit, and I had my heart set on a
Mac! How do you expect me to do my
graphics on this piece of crap,
man?

Ackerman CHOMPS DOWN on Stan's arm. As Stan BELLOWS, Ackerman boldly SWIPES the computer box from a startled Maurice and takes off. Maurice and Stan give chase. Stan tackles Ackerman before he's out of the alley and the box goes flying.

MAURICE

Watch the merchandise, man!

Directly behind them, SEEN FROM BEHIND, the VAMPIRE BAT descends to street level and MORPHS into the majestic, Amazonian Ellah. Her human arms remain outstretched like bat wings for a moment, then fall to her sides as she walks forward toward the scuffle.

The two thugs are on the verge of breaking poor Ackerman's arm when a SHADOW engulfs them. They turn to see

VAMPIRELLA.

Her mostly unclothed, beyond-perfection figure sports the classic "red ribbon" micro-costume, complete with high-heeled black boots and an exotic metal armband.

MAURICE

(agog)

Ho-lee shit!!!

Vampirella's dark eyes FLASH, analyzing Maurice exclamation with computer-like precision.

VAMPIRELLA

Holy: all things held sacred.

Shit: waste matter discharged from animal bowels; popular slang for an extreme negative. You're speaking colloquial English; more or less.

ACKERMAN

--Get outta here! Get help!--

Stan applies more pressure. Vampirella gets the picture.

VAMPIRELLA

Let the boy go.

MAURICE

(producing a switchblade)

Don't fuck with us, Miss T and A!

Vampirella throws her head back and LAUGHS, strangely and robustly. Maurice, Stan and even Ackerman look at each other, spooked: this is one weird chick. When Vampirella stops laughing, she once again levels her eyes at Maurice and her expression twists into something dark and dangerous.

CLOSE ON Maurice's inviting throat. Vampirella seems briefly consumed and SWEEPS over to him like a sensuous predator. She grabs his neck and savagely pins him against a brick wall. Maurice drops the switchblade.

A startled Stan releases his hold on an astonished Ackerman.

For a few tense moments, Vampirella hovers about helpless Maurice with her vampire fangs bared. Then her wicked, hungry smile fades. Vampirella composes herself, but has enough killer instinct left to HURL Maurice halfway across the alley into a row of garbage cans.

Vampirella spins, an elemental warrior, fists clenched, more than ready for Stan.

Enraged, Stan charges forward and GRABS Vampirella in his gorilla's embrace. But she is unfazed. Lifted off the ground, arms pinned, she smiles darkly, in complete control. Merely toying with her attacker.

One arm nearly broken, Ackerman manages to SMASH a crate across Stan's back. Stan turns around toward Ackerman in a delayed reaction, Vampirella still pinned in his arms. His face says it: "Now you've made me really mad". Finally:

VAMPIRELLA

Enough.

With effortless ease, Vampirella breaks Stan's hold and attacks him with a Drakulonian version of the martial arts: she double chops him in the chest, launches a powerful kick to the stomach and lastly SWATS him away with superhuman strength, sending him ass-over-backwards into sprawled unconsciousness.

She turns to Ackerman. He stares in open-mouthed disbelief.

ACKERMAN

No offense, but are you some kind of...vampire...?

Vampirella's eyes cloud with distant memory...

VAMPIRELLA

...Ellah. My name was Ellah...
But that was a long time ago. I'm
someone else now...

Vampirella snaps out of her mini-reverie and her eyes fall upon Ackerman's injured arm.

VAMPIRELLA

How's your arm?

ACKERMAN

I don't think it's broken, but man,
it hurts like a bastard. I'll be
okay. I live right here...

Vampirella adjusts Ackerman's crooked glasses on his face for him; then she scoops up his computer box.

VAMPIRELLA

I'll help you. Come, show me the
way...

A touch surprised and just a bit apprehensively, Ackerman accepts Vampirella's offer of help; as if he has a choice.

INT. ACKERMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lights click on, revealing Ackerman's slightly disheveled bachelor digs, as he and Vampirella enter. All around are computer game posters, CD-ROM jackets and related paraphernalia. Ackerman's socks and t-shirts are mixed in with all this software and he embarrassedly grabs up a few of these items.

ACKERMAN

It's a little messy in here. I
wasn't expecting company...

Vampirella sets the box down, looks around the room with focused concentration, taking in everything Ackerman's room has to offer. Meanwhile, Ackerman struggles to be the perfect host.

ACKERMAN

Ahh...would you like something to
drink? Oh, strike that, strike
that... Potato Chips! How about
some microwaved popcorn, the movie
theatre kind?

(beat, to himself)

Shut up, Warren...

Vampirella has crossed to an OPEN WINDOW. She rests her sleek arms across the frame and looks up longingly at the night's FULL MOON. An evening breeze billows both the curtains and Vampirella's magnificent raven-black tresses.

VAMPIRELLA

Ackerman, can you imagine what it's
like to fall asleep, and when you
wake up it isn't the following
morning, or even later in the week.
It's an eternity. Thousands upon
thousands of centuries separate me
from everything I ever knew or
loved.

ACKERMAN

Sounds...pretty horrible.

VAMPIRELLA

It is.

ACKERMAN

Who did this to you?

Vampirella tenses for a moment; then looks out into the night.

VAMPIRELLA

I...did what was necessary. They had to followed...tracked down... No matter how high the price, I was prepared to pay it. Understand?

ACKERMAN

Sure. Well, no, not really. Relax.

VAMPIRELLA

All of them...murderers and monsters, desecrators of the culture of Drakulon! Vlad...Demos...Traxx... Their gift to your planet: a twisted loathsome mockery of our noble heritage...

ACKERMAN

Traxx... Professor Arnold Traxx?

Vampirella quiets and LOOKS at Ackerman. Can this be a lead?

ACKERMAN

(continuing)

He's like, the foremost debunker of supernatural phenomena in the country. California, anyway. Exposing phony vampire cults is a hobby of his.

VAMPIRELLA

Do you have a photo of this man?

Ackerman smiles confidently, at last able to impress his guest.

ACKERMAN

I can do better than that...

CLOSE ON a computer keyboard; Ackerman's fingers dance the tabs.

ACKERMAN

Like the commercials say, it's a world of information at your fingertips.

Ackerman stares at the screen, with Vampirella over his shoulder.

ACKERMAN

...computers are the best tool a researcher ever had.

VAMPIRELLA

I know. I scanned all the history discs on the shuttle coming down here. That's how I learned your language.

ACKERMAN

Uh-huh... Here we go...

On Ackerman's screen a mini-dossier on Professor Arnold Traxx is brought up, complete with color photograph. It is indeed the same Traxx who was part of Vlad's murderous rescue party. Ackerman reads the data out loud:

ACKERMAN

"Professor Arnold Traxx, Berkeley. Night courses only. Author of the best-sellers 'Making Sense of the Supernatural' and 'Vampirism: the Fallacy Exposed'. Is this him?

Vampirella can't believe her eyes; and her luck. Once again her face takes on the look of a predatory animal, and the wicked smile returns. She reaches out and touches the video screen image of Traxx, then closes her hand like a claw upon it.

VAMPIRELLA

Yes! ...yes... Berkeley. In a place called California.

Vampirella whips away and moves toward the door, abruptly. Ackerman swings around in his chair.

ACKERMAN

Wait a second...you can't go around like that!

Vampirella stops, looks at Ackerman, hands-on-hips, Wonder Woman style.

VAMPIRELLA

Why not?

Ackerman walks over, gestures with his hand at Vampirella's spectacular physique.

ACKERMAN

That's why not. D'you have any idea how gorgeous you are?

Vampirella flashes a "gimme a break" expression as Ackerman opens his closet door and pulls out a trenchcoat.

ACKERMAN

Here...put this on.

Vampirella accepts the wisdom of this and puts on the coat.

ACKERMAN

Ah, tell me, when you find this guy Professor Traxx, what're you going to do to him?

VAMPIRELLA

Kill him, of course.

ACKERMAN

Of course. Look, do me a favor: when the cops catch up with you, leave my name out of this. Thank you.

VAMPIRELLA

(opening the door to leave)

Thank you. You've been extremely helpful, Ackerman. I appreciate it.

ACKERMAN

(off the door being pulled closed)

Right. Good luck. I guess...

And Vampirella is gone. A few beats. Then, unexpectedly, there's a knock.

VAMPIRELLA

(O.S.)

Ackerman, I forgot something...

Ackerman opens the door. In profile, Vampirella's lovely head plunges through, catching Ackerman unawares as her hands hold his head steady for the ULTIMATE SENSUAL KISS. Ackerman is putty in her embrace. Euphoric. Never experienced anything like this. His glasses go all crooked...

Finally, the kiss ends and Vampirella gently pulls away, smiling warmly.

VAMPIRELLA

Farewell.

She adjusts Ackerman's glasses a second and final time; then she is gone.

Ackerman just stands there, getting a grip on himself.

ACKERMAN

Vampirella...

Then he slowly shuts his door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI - DAY

The squalid sun-bleached slums of Haiti. Superimpose the following legend:

PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

A white Mercedes, its windows tinted almost black, slows to a stop outside a back alley social club. A sign on the door of the club reads: CLOSED TODAY.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

CARLOS, a young vampire gangster on the come, sits at a table in the dark empty club. Behind him are his two mute enforcers.

Carlos is Americanized; well-fed and expensively dressed. Relaxed and over-confident. His canines are pointy and occasionally visible as he speaks to an off-screen party opposite him.

CARLOS

(slight Haitian accent)

Okay. This is where it's at, mon. You home planet kingpins been on top for a long time; maybe too long. You got fat. And you got careless. And a youngblood like me sees his chance and he takes it.

(shrugs)

I grab what I can grab. Not'ing wrong with that, is there? You did the same thing when you were young.

(smoothly pragmatic)

Fortunately, I'm a reasonable man. Since you came to see me today - alone - without protection - I assume that you, too, wish to be reasonable.

As Carlos speaks, our camera has been slowly circling him, until it REVEALS his listener. It is none other than

DEMOS,

Vlad's violent cohort from Drakulon.

Looking leaner and more lethal than ever, Demos wears something like a stylish black flightsuit, with a form fitting cowl similar to scuba headgear, and black-tinted goggles pushed up over his head. If the time of exposure is limited, such suits can protect vampires, for a short time, from the ultimately lethal ravages of daylight.

As Carlos finishes, Demos merely smiles and lights a cigarillo.

DEMOS

(exhaling smoke)

You got balls, Carlos, I'll give you that. But you also have a tragic flaw: you don't respect your elders.

CARLOS

(disappointed in Demos' attitude)
I see.

DEMOS

(growing angry)

No, you don't see. I've watched punks like you come and go for hundreds of years. Hungry little bloodsuckers with eyes too big for their heads. I was here before your great, great great, great grandparents were here. Me and my kind gave birth to you wretches! And this is how you repay us?!

Fairly hissing, Demos leaps to his feet, KNOCKING OVER the chair he was sitting in. After a moment, he composes himself, QUELLING his awesome rage. He tosses his cigarillo away. Carlos just looks at him.

CARLOS

My friend, you are one sick motherfucker. Really...you need help, mon. And I got news for you: none of the Big Twelve really believes that outer space bullshit of yours, anyway. You and that other psycho Vlad may be run things, but you're no better than the rest of us... So let's cut the crap and get down to business!

DEMOS

(almost bored)

An excellent suggestion.
(to Carlos' enforcers)
Take him.

Carlos' own men take hold of Carlos. Fear and confusion mix with anger in the ambitious hoodlum's face.

CARLOS

Malfi...? Joyboy?! What is this?!

The enforcers don't answer.

DEMOS

You screwed up, Carlos. You forgot the first law of the underworld: there's nothing so easy to buy as loyalty.

CARLOS

What are you gonna do to me?

DEMOS

(sadistically)

You know something? I'm not sure yet.

(to the enforcers)

Take him in back.

The enforcers DRAG Carlos, kicking and fighting, into the social club's back room.

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

Demos' Mercedes still sits out front.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Demos' driver, a bald suited thug, hungrily scans a layout in Playboy.

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

From the far end of the street, a line of paramilitary footsoldiers cautiously advance. They carry rifles and stay in communication via wireless headsets. Their leader,

REMIREZ,

peers around a corner at the Mercedes. Remirez is former Special Forces, one of Adam Van Helsing's elite. He scans the Mercedes with special binoculars which allow him to see through the blacked-out windows.

REMIREZ

(into his wireless mic)

Okay, listen up: there's a white Mercedes out front. Carlos must be developing some taste in his old age. There's a driver inside. Chacon takes him out, the rest of you follow me.

Remirez motions with his hand to troops behind him to advance, then takes off up the street himself.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - BACK ROOM - DAY

Carlos is suspended upside down, chained to an inverted wooden cross. Demos sits on a turned-around chair across from him. Behind Demos stand Carlos' grim-faced former enforcers.

DEMOS

You look...beautiful... I wouldn't mind having one of these in my living room...

CARLOS

Fuck you, Demos! FUCK YOU!

Demos takes out a pistol; points it up at the ceiling. He sights, moves his aim a bit to the right, then a bit to the left, then fires. The bullet RIPS through the roof, allowing a single ray of sunlight in. The ray SLASHES across Carlos' cheek, burning a laser-like hole. Carlos gasps, twists away from the ray of light.

CARLOS

Ugh... No... Don't do that, mon... If you're gon'ta kill me, kill me.

DEMOS

All at once? Where's the fun in that, Carlos?

Demos aims upward again, fires. Another ray of sunlight BLASTS into the room, hitting Carlos in the center of the chest. This time Carlos can't twist away. The sunlight starts to sear his flesh, the necrosis spreading. Carlos screams in pain.

CARLOS

Agggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

DEMOS

(musically)

I smell something burning...

Carlos' former enforcers trade looks, Demos' methods getting to them a little. Demos blasts THREE MORE HOLES in the roof, each letting in another PINIONING SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT to destroy the agonized Carlos.

Suddenly: the room door is KICKED OPEN! Ramirez and his men BURST into the room! Before Carlos' once-loyal enforcers can even draw their guns, they are both killed instantly by rifle-launched STAKES through the heart!

Demos jumps up, but is immediately immobilized by four of Ramirez's men. Four more train their stake rifles on him, while several others cut a screaming Carlos down from the ceiling.

Ramirez comes up before Demos and RIPS OFF the vampire's protective cowl to get a better look at him.

REMIREZ

Well, look who it is! Demos!,
Vlad's number one boy, out in the
daytime in a Sunsuit!

Demos hisses back at Ramirez, barring his fangs in a controlled instinctive manner, like a cornered viper. With an ear-piercing shriek, Demos MORPHS into a bat, attempting escape. But one of Ramirez's men is ready. He fires a NET into the air, trapping the fluttering night creature and bringing it to the ground.

Demos has no choice but to morph back into human form. Ramirez puts his foot on his neck, a cocked stake gun in his face.

REMIREZ

Try that again and you're bat shit.

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

Demos is loaded into a prisoner van. Ramirez, sitting inside a parked jeep, speaks into a shortwave radio's microphone.

REMIREZ

Lt. Walsh, this is Ramirez. We're
back from that fishing trip sir,
but instead of a tuna we caught
ourselves a whale!

Crosscut as desired, with Walsh in a bathrobe and pajamas at his desk in the New York H.Q.

LT. WALSH

Speak to me of prisoners, Ramirez.

REMIREZ

Oh, we got prisoners. We got the
prisoner of the century! We got
Demos!

LT. WALSH

Demos?!
(in his best skeptical, hardass military manner)
Are you shitting me, Remirez?

REMIREZ

(beaming)
I shit you not, sir.

LT. WALSH

I'd better wake Adam.

REMIREZ

(still beaming; knowing the answer full well)
You don't think he's gonna mind, do
you sir?

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR (ADAM VAN HELSING'S DREAM)

Surreal, distorted atmosphere; muffled sound. In the center of
a darkened room is a large CASKET with an elderly man's body
layed out inside. Lit candles surround the casket.

Adam Van Helsing, looking weak and pale, is one of a several
mourners to walk in a row past the casket. All are cadaverous
zombies, except for Adam.

ADAM

looks down into the coffin. His father,

CONRAD VAN HELSING

lies within, apparently at peace.

ADAM

Father, forgive me...

Suddenly, the dead man's EYES COME OPEN and he LUNGES UP FROM
THE CASKET at his son! His mouth opens, baring sharp vampire
FANGS!

ADAM

Father! NO!!!

Struggling not to be bitten, Adam produces a WOODEN STAKE...sets it in the center of his father's chest and DRIVES IT STRAIGHT THROUGH HIS HEART! As the old man dies he forces out the words:

CONRAD VAN HELSING
Never! Never forgive ---

Conrad Van Helsing slips back into his casket. Behind it now stand all the zombified mourners. Cadaverous and FANGED, they all stare at Adam, pointing their fingers ACCUSINGLY.

LT. WALSH,

also a zombie, is among them and also points.

Adam's head drops into his hands. He is a man in anguish, tormented by a guilt real or imagined. Suddenly, we HEAR the piercing RINGING of a telephone...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ADAM VAN HELSING'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam JACKKNIFES up in bed, awakened by the ringing phone. He wipes perspiration from his brow and slumps back onto his pillow, out-of-breath and emotionally exhausted.

ADAM
(picking up the phone)
Van Helsing...
(listening)
What?! That's fantastic! We're closing in on them, Walsh. Before long there won't be anyplace left for them to hide.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERKELEY CAMPUS - NIGHT

The grounds and buildings of Berkeley. Superimpose the following legend:

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT Berkeley

There are some lights on in the university's main building.

INT. BERKELEY UNIVERSITY - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Professor Traxx and a tall, jockish student named DANVERS walk a corridor. Yes, it's the same Traxx from Drakulon, only he's slightly balding and has a middle aged, conservative look to him.

DANVERS

Thanks again for the special tutoring, Professor Traxx.

TRAXX

My boy, you've made dramatic progress in the last couple of weeks. I'm proud of you.

They reach Traxx's office.

TRAXX

(a glance at his watch)

Well. I'd better phone Mrs. Traxx before it gets too late...

DANVERS

Don't forget the basketball game Friday night.

TRAXX

I'll be there. And don't you gentlemen forget to win.

DANVERS

We'll remember! Have a good night, Professor.

Danvers leaves. Traxx opens his door, enters the darkened office, shuts the door behind himself.

TRAXX'S OFFICE

Traxx walks to his desk; clicks on a brass table lamp, grabs up a portable phone, walks to the office windows and dials. His computer is already on, screen glowing with a menu.

TRAXX

(into phone)

Hi, honey. Nah, pretty much business as usual. I'll be gathering my stuff together and leaving in a couple of minutes. You want me to pick up anything at SuperSaver? Okay. Fine... I'll see you in a little bit. Love ya, sweetheart.

Traxx returns to his desk, sits, starts gathering the books on his desk. Suddenly, he notices that a MESSAGE has been typed in CAPS on his computer monitor. It reads, simply:

WHERE IS VLAD?

Traxx freezes, staring at the message. Then, he LOOKS UP, glancing around furtively in all directions.

THE OFFICE

is dark and suddenly ominous.

Suddenly, Traxx senses something, or someone, near at hand.

TRAXX

(cautiously)

You're here... Aren't you?

No answer. Then, Traxx seems to notice something directly in front of him, something unknown and potentially dangerous. He adjusts the brass table lamp, turning the bulb so that it casts its bright light on

VAMPIRELLA,

gaunt and motionless, hands-in-pockets, wearing Ackerman's trenchcoat. The glaring light doesn't faze her as she STARES at Traxx accusingly, in complete silence.

TRAXX

What are you?

VAMPIRELLA

An avenging angel...

Vampirella pulls the trenchcoat from her body and walks over to Traxx.

VAMPIRELLA

(continuing)

...a fragment of your sinful youth,
"Professor" Traxx...

Now at the desk, eerily underlit by the small lamp, she leans over and looks right into his eyes. Traxx cringes back in his chair.

VAMPIRELLA

My stepfather was the High Elder of
Drakulon. You and your people
murdered him.

TRAXX

Yes...I remember. I'm sorry.
Truly sorry...

VAMPIRELLA

Then tell me where Vlad is!

(grabbing Traxx by the lapels)
Where is he?!

TRAXX
 (overwhelmed)
 I don't know! I swear I don't ---
 Vlad and I...lost touch with each
 other. Ages ago. That's the truth!

She throws him back in his chair, disappointed but undaunted.
 Then, Vampirella notices a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH on the desk; brings
 it close.

THE PHOTO

depicts Traxx, his wife and their three children, looking very
 normal and happy. Vampirella sneers.

VAMPIRELLA
 Your family?

TRAXX
 My current family, yes. Sherilyn
 and the kids...

VAMPIRELLA
 Maybe I'll let them live. Then
 again...

She PUNCHES the framed photo, SMASHING the glass. Then she
 stands it on the desk again and turns it toward Traxx. The
 happy family is now fragmented by the jagged cracks of the
 shattered glass.

VAMPIRELLA
 ...maybe I won't.

The slightest trace of a cruel smile forms on Vampirella's lips.
 Traxx looks at her desperately.

TRAXX
 Please, they're innocent! They
 don't know anything about this part
 of my life. I'm the one you really
 want. Exact your revenge on me!

VAMPIRELLA
 You seem awfully anxious to die,
 Professor Traxx...

TRAXX

Oddly enough, for the first time in a long time, I'm anxious to live. I don't expect you to believe this, but I've changed. Really changed. I'm a force for good in this community... Some have even called me a blessing --

VAMPIRELLA

That won't save you.

TRAXX

I appeal to you... In the name of redemption --

VAMPIRELLA

Redemption be damned! Your crimes are to heinous to be forgiven. By me or by God.

TRAXX

Your stepfather...he would have looked upon me with compassion... He would have felt pity!

Suddenly, Traxx grabs the brass table lamp and SWINGS it, striking Vampirella square on the chin. She recoils from the blow as Traxx RACES across his office, headed for the door...

INT. BERKELEY UNIVERSITY - MAIN BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The door to Traxx's office EXPLODES OUTWARD, Traxx BURSTING THROUGH it like a superhuman projectile! Through the JAGGED OPENING OF SPLINTERED WOOD we see Vampirella race toward us to the twisted remains of the door. She sees

THE EMPTY CORRIDOR

Traxx has already disappeared down it, odd psychic sounds and winds following in his wake. Notices a sign on the wall: GYMNASIUM. An arrow points the way...

Vampirella barely takes a moment to wipe the blood from her mouth before she darts through the twisted doorway and gives chase.

GYMNASIUM

A split-second of darkness. Then Vampirella PUSHES OPEN the heavy twin doors and enters the Berkeley gymnasium. It appears deserted. Directly in front of her is a large SWIMMING POOL, its water reflecting eerily on the walls and nearby workout equipment.

Senses ~~on~~ full alert, Vampirella closes the doors behind her and cautiously walks beside the pool. As she advances, she looks about ~~for~~ Traxx. But there is nothing but silence, save an occasional drip-drip from the pool...

Then: ~~an~~ UNEARTHLY HISS! Vampirella looks up. At the top of the ~~stairs~~ is

TRAXX,

fangs ~~bared~~, spreading his arms bat-style. He is seething with hate, ~~every~~ inch the malevolent vampire. Pouncing from on high, Traxx ~~launches~~ himself at Vampirella with astonishing speed, sending both of them into the pool.

~~UNDERWATER~~

The ~~warriors~~ clash, churning, twisting, writhing...

Traxx's eyes have transformed into white-green orbs. His fangs are ~~exposed~~. Vampirella, canines also bared, fights like a primal ~~huntress~~, her own killer instinct a match for Traxx's.

Traxx ~~grips~~ Vampirella by the throat, pins her to the bottom of the pool. Vampirella writhes, kicks, manages to kick Traxx away and ~~he~~ heads for the surface...

Vampirella sees a swimming Traxx in the first stages of BAT METAMORPHOSIS. Determined not to let him escape, she torpedoes upward...

~~SURFACE~~ OF THE WATER

as ~~the~~ huge VAMPIRE BATS break through, zooming upward...

THE ~~THE~~ VAMPIRE BATS

trying to destroy each other while soaring through the gym at incredible speeds, like a pair of STAR WARS spaceships. As they zoom ~~all~~ around we notice different parts of the gymnasium behind them. Walls RUSHING UP are narrowly avoided by sudden, rollercoaster-swift turns.

INT. ~~BERKELEY~~ UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The ~~two~~ vampire bats BLAST through the gymnasium doors and SOAR across ~~the~~ corridor, almost hitting an astonished STUDENT, (who ducks) as they disappear in the opposite direction.

THE ~~BATS~~ - IN MID-FLIGHT

as ~~the~~ second of them - Vampirella - gains on the first. Finally the two bats TANGLE FLAPPINGLY as they fly, until --

A METAMORPHOSIS

into human form is underway. Both Traxx and Vampirella roll and writhe together, zooming up the corridor supernaturally fast...

INT. BERKELEY UNIVERSITY - MUSIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Chamber music practice underway. Without warning, it is invaded by the warring vampires as the human forms of Traxx and Vampirella CRASH through the main entrance and TOPPLE COMBATIVELY into the orchestra pit. The student musicians grab their instruments and flee for their lives.

Traxx, gaining his balance first, sweeps trombones and tubas aside like lightweight toys on his way to Vampirella, who lies sprawled in the pit. Reaching her, Traxx receives a kick in the face from the possum-playing vampiress.

They continue to fight savagely as MRS. WINDLESS, the elderly teacher who was supervising the practice session, ushers an armed SECURITY GUARD closer to the battling figures. TRAXX TURNS AROUND, astonishing them both with his vampiric countenance.

MRS. WINDLESS
Professor Traxx!

SECURITY GUARD
Uh - you'd better come along...

Traxx SWATS the security guard away even as Vampirella pummels into him, knocking him off his feet. Traxx hefts a large drum and brings it down on Vampirella, momentarily dazing her. Then he takes off again, with a revived Vampirella in hot pursuit.

INT. BERKELEY UNIVERSITY - BIOLOGY/PHYSICS LAB - NIGHT

The fighting figures of Vampirella and Traxx literally BURST THROUGH THE WALL, knocking dozens of beakers and test tubes off their shelves. Traxx hurls all kinds of bottles filled with chemicals at his relentless adversary. Vampirella DODGES these, but is almost wiped out by a LASER BEAM shot from a portable unit at a research bench by Traxx.

Vampirella manages to high-kick the unit, which SWINGS COMPLETELY AROUND and smashes an unprepared Traxx in the face.

Now Vampirella takes a RUNNING LEAP over a table and comes down all over Traxx. The two crash together through a window behind them --

EXT. BERKELEY CAMPUS - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

-- spilling out onto a ledge. Traxx, more desperate and savage than we've yet seen him, SMASHES part of the shattered window frame across Vampirella's face, then MORPHS into a bat. But Vampirella grabs the TRAXX BAT and crushes it mercilessly within her hands. The winged thing escapes her, but is seriously injured. No longer able to fly it TRANSFORMS back into human form, unstable, screaming in agony, then

TRAXX

falls off the ledge and is IMPALED on the raised sword of an "Avenging Angel" statue that stands in the center of a fountain below.

Traxx spits blood, struggles, then: his eyes go lifeless and his battered body limp.

VAMPIRELLA

She stands above on the ledge, looking down. Staring at the dead man beneath her she feels...nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAXX HOME - NIGHT

A well-kept two-story suburban dwelling nestled in quiet upper middle class comfort. The mailbox out front reads: TRAXX.

INT. TRAXX HOME - TRAXX'S STUDY - NIGHT

PAN from the jagged opening of a SMASHED WINDOW to: Vampirella, sitting on the floor beside a small lamp, rummaging through countless books, photo albums and other personal belongings of Traxx.

VAMPIRELLA

(under her breath)

Vlad, Vlad, Vlad...where the hell are you?

Frustrated, she tosses aside books, framed photos of Traxx in academic trappings...but no clue to Vlad or his whereabouts. Is it possible Traxx was telling the truth, that he hadn't seen his old Drakulonian master in ages?

A big FAMILY ALBUM is next. Vampirella flips through it, scanning pictures of Traxx and his family enjoying life's simple pleasures. After a few moments of this guilt-inducing odyssey, she SLAMS the book shut and sighs.

Vampirella leans back, grows a bit lightheaded. Realizing what's wrong, she calmly removes a small METALLIC VIAL from her textured gold armband. She unscrews the top of this vial and drinks down its contents. (This, we will soon learn, is Vampirella's "dinner" - a blood serum substitute she brought with her from Drakulon.)

Suddenly: SHAFTS OF LIGHT glow through the smashed window; a car is pulling into the driveway. On her guard, Vampirella shuts off the lamp, makes her way to the study door and cracks it open.

Downstairs, she sees Traxx's wife, SHERILYN and her two young children enter, escorted by a policeman. They speak softly - inaudibly - but it's clear that Mrs. Traxx has been made aware of her husband's sudden death.

Vampirella quietly closes the study door, leans against it and ponders her next move.

INT. TRAXX HOME - KID'S BEDROOM - LATER

Traxx's two children are asleep in bed as Vampirella slowly enters the darkened room. First she glances at the angelic little girl, then turns and bends down next to Traxx's sleeping seven year-old son.

She looks at him for a held moment with an unreadable expression. Then she extends her hand - the same hand she used to throttle his father - to the boy's face. She brushes his hair from his eyes, then gently adjusts his blanket.

Vampirella rises, wraps her arms about herself and takes a deep, semi-regretful breath. Directly to her right - hardly worth a glance - is a ROCK & ROLL WALL POSTER, typical of the colorful decorations in this room.

Suddenly, Vampirella's eyes BUG. She turns to look at the poster: LIVE! IN CONCERT! JAMIE BLOOD! the copy screams, promoting a nasty-looking, Billy Idol-like performer. But it's VLAD'S FACE we're looking at, unmistakable even after 30 centuries! Vampirella touches the poster, speaks in a voice hushed...

VAMPIRELLA

Vlad ---!

TRAXX'S LITTLE BOY

abruptly SPRINGS TO CRAZED CONSCIOUSNESS, fangs bared!

Traxx lied - his children are vampires, just like he was! Vampirella falls back, astonished. The little monster is all over her, scratching, grabbing her arm and trying to bite it.

No sooner does Vampirella manage to push him to the floor than the

LITTLE GIRL,

also sporting razor-sharp canines, JUMPS ONTO HER BACK, throwing Vampirella off-balance. As the boy gets to his feet, Vampirella manages to pull his sister over her head and HURL her directly INTO her brother. Both go crashing into a pyramid of toys. Vampirella races out of the room.

INT. TRAXX HOME - STAIRS AND MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Vampirella BOLTS down the stairs to the main floor, stopped suddenly by a VIOLENTLY SWUNG AXE which cuts off her escape! Its wielded by housewife-from-hell Sherilyn, fangs displayed, hissing like a serpent.

MRS. TRAXX

We've been waiting for
you...murdering bitch!

Sherilyn swings the axe again. Vampirella ducks, narrowly avoiding decapitation, then looses a KICK that sends Sherilyn CRASHING BACKWARDS into a shelf filled with ceramic figures.

LITTLE BOY

(O.S.)

Mama...did you get her?

Before the vampire tykes can join their temporarily dazed mother, Vampirella pulls open the front door and blasts out of the house...

CUT TO:

EXT. MEMORABILIA SHOP, N.Y.C. - DAY

TILT DOWN from the skyscrapers overhead to the little shop's facade. Over this:

WALSH

(V.O.)

Talk, Demos!

INT. UNDERGROUND HQ, OPERATION PURGE - C ROOM - NIGHT

A defiant Demos is chained, handcuffed, to a chair in a dark room, lit by a single harsh overhead source. Strands of garlic alternate with the steel chains wrapped around his chest.

A sweat-drenched drained, fed-up Walsh, and an only slightly sharper Adam Van Helsing, interrogate him. The fate of mankind may be at stake here; their methods can not be genteel.

DEMOS

Fuck you, assholes! I'll tell you exactly nothing!

ADAM

(almost out of patience)

Listen, Demos... We've been at this half the night. Now, we know Vlad is the worldwide leader of vampirism; and we know he's changed his identity a thousand times over the centuries. One of my father's operative's even caught up with him once in Berlin in '41.

DEMOS

(mockingly)

Well goody goody for him.

ADAM

Want to know what Vlad was doing? He was a high-ranking SS officer, one of Hitler's innermost circle.

DEMOS

(a complimentary hiss)

Good choice.

ADAM

(ignoring this)

He ran an extermination camp so horrible that no one will acknowledge it; no one, not even the survivors, will even talk about.

(pause)

We know a lot about Vlad, but what we don't know is his current identity or location. We do know he's up to something; something big; something that threatens the security of the entire world.

DEMOS

Oh, he's up to something, alright. Vlad's always up to something. If I was mortal, I'd be real scared. I'd be shittin' twinkies.

Walsh looks at Adam. This is getting them nowhere.

Adam crosses to a black leather, classic vampire hunter's bag. Demos eyes the bag a touch nervously.

ADAM
Normally, this organization abhors
torture or violence... But we're
fighting for our lives.

DEMOS
(a tad fearfully)
What are you gonna do...?

Without answering, Adam opens the bag. Inside we spy a mallet, stakes, a crystal bottle of holy water, a glass vial of clear liquid and a small black case.

Adam removes the vial and the case. Demos watches him, growing more nervous as the seconds tick by but trying to play it cool.

Adam removes a syringe from the black case and draws it full of the clear liquid in the vial.

DEMOS
What's in the needle, Van Helsing?

ADAM
(filling the syringe)
Holy water; blessed by the Holy See
itself.
(looking Demos in the eye)
Unless you tell us who, and where
Vlad is, I'm going to have to
inject you with it.

Walsh gets in the vampire's face, grinning.

WALSH
(tormentingly)
Ever see one of you bloodsuckers
shot up with Holy water, Demos?
You know what it does to you,
son...? It'll boil your blood...
It'll turn you into putrid jelly
from the inside out in about sixty
itty, bitty seconds. We'll have to
use a mop to get you off the floor.

Demos is sweating bigtime now, eyes glued to the syringe in Adam's hand.

DEMOS
You haven't got the balls!
Besides, you can't kill me.
Without me, what do you have?

WALSH

We have Carlos; he knows a thing or two.

DEMOS

Carlos doesn't know shit; not the shit you wanna know.

ADAM

That's a chance we'll have to take.
I'll count to five. One...two...

Demos sweats, eyes riveted to the needle. Walsh wraps an arm around him from behind, restraining him. Demos struggles but there's not a lot he can do.

ADAM

...three... Four... Five. No?
All right. You leave us no choice.

ADAM

(blessing himself)
May God have mercy on your soul.

Demos struggles harder...

DEMOS

No.... No!

Demos watches the needle pierce his bicep. But, just as Adam is about to depress the syringe's plunger...

DEMOS

ALL RIGHT! All right, all right,
all right, I'll tell you!!!

Adam leaves the needle in.

ADAM

Who is Vlad?

DEMOS

Take it out of my arm, man!

Adam does. Demos calms down. But he's inwardly seething with bottled-up rage at having capitulated.

WALSH

Talk, scumbag!

DEMOS

(grudgingly)
He calls himself...Jamie Blood.

ADAM
Where's he operating out of?

Demos doesn't want to answer.

WALSH
Spit it out, son. That hypo's
still got your name on it!

DEMOS
(finally)
Vegas! He's in Vegas.

Walsh releases his hold on Demos; the vampire twists away violently.

Walsh and Adam exchange triumphant looks of thinly-concealed excitement; this is information they've been after, literally, for decades.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Fast cuts of the major casino's lit NEON SIGNS, concluding with the facade of

NECROPOLIS,

a large, cutting-edge rock & roll bar. Its marquee reads:

TONIGHT ONLY: JAMIE BLOOD

INT. NECROPOLIS

An opening act metal band fills the crowded club with revved up Deathrock. As they finish, the crowd takes up a chant:

CROWD
Blood! Blood! Blood! Blood...

INT. JAMIE BLOOD'S DRESSING ROOM

The crowd's chanting reaches in here. A pair of male hands strap a chrome-studded leather wrist band on. A pair of female hands assist with other wrist band as we reveal JAMIE BLOOD's reflection in a dressing mirror.

GIRL
(seductively)
Let me do that...

Jamie Blood is, of course, Vlad. He's dressed a la Billy Idol, still as young and ferally handsome as he was on Drakulon so

long ago. The girl nuzzles his neck. Vlad/Jamie looks in the mirror, likes what he sees. The crowd's chanting gets louder...

GIRL

Listen to that crowd... They want you...almost as much as I do...

The girl's hands are all over Vlad. He draws away from her.

VLAD/JAMIE

Later.

GIRL

Now.

She grabs him by the nape of the neck, crushes her lips to his. Vlad looks at their reflection, minorly fascinated, as his mouth moves to her pulsing jugular vein. Suddenly, he sinks sharp fangs into her neck... The girl struggles, just a little, then gives into the high of being drained of her very lifesblood.

Vlad/Jamie takes every last drop, then lets her sink to the floor.

There's a knock at the door.

VLAD/JAMIE

It's open.

Two of Vlad's bodyguards enter and see the dead girl.

VLAD/JAMIE

Just a little snack before showtime, boys. Get rid of her.

Vlad points to the mirror, which, by rights, should not be able to provide him a reflection.

VLAD/JAMIE

And don't forget our "magic" mirror here; wish I'd come up with it centuries ago.

One of his bodyguards takes the portable mirror off the wall, revealing the dressing room's original mirror. In it, Vlad/Jamie casts no reflection at all. And Vlad/Jamie's out the door.

TRACK BACK on him as he moves through a corridor toward the stage, passing lucky backstage fans, casino staff and security, etc.

INT. NECROPOLIS - STAGE

Backed by a bass player and drummer, Vlad/Jamie takes the stage, grabs up a guitar. The crowd reacts as Vlad/Jamie launches into an unbridled number that's a cross between Jim Morrison and Alistair Crowley: driving, darkly sexual and demonic.

CLUB ENTRANCE

Covered in her trench coat, Vampirella moves with purpose through the club... She passes the coatcheck.

COATCHECK GIRL

Check your coat?

Vampirella whips off her coat, gives it to the girl and continues deeper into Necropolis, almost without breaking stride.

Men and women patrons alike look up and check her out as she moves past. Vampirella's transcendent beauty can not help but command attention. Vlad/Jamie's music starts to get louder...nearer...

Vampirella reaches the main room, where Vlad/Jamie is performing. The decibel level is DEAFENING. Vampirella's eyes LOCK ONTO Vlad/Jamie on the stage almost immediately.

She pushes through a crush of bodies toward him. Passes a post-punk stud.

POST-PUNK STUD

Killer outfit.

(trailing off)

What there is of it...

Vampirella ignores him, pushing through to a smattering of tables close to the stage. She sits down at one, alone, and is immediately hit on by another hunk-on-the-make.

HUNK

Anything I can do for you, babe?

Vampirella looks at him; notes the cigarette dangling from his lips; then, she notices quite a few of the women in the club smoking as well.

VAMPIRELLA

(pointing)

Yes. One of those, please.

The guy lights a cigarette for her, places it between Vampirella's lips. She takes a mild inexperienced puff, blows

out the smoke quickly and shoots a meaningful glance at the stage.

VAMPIRELLA

Thank you. But I am expecting company...

The hunk looks at Jamie Blood performing, realizes he's out of his league.

HUNK

Oh. Sure. Maybe some other time...

The hunk departs. Vampirella inhales on the cigarette a little too deeply and coughs. She looks a little sickened but does her best to appear alluring, the cigarette dangling from her fingertips in what she imagines to be a seductive manner.

Her large dark eyes are riveted to Vlad/Jamie as he continues to burn up the stage. Suddenly, the vampire catches sight of awesome-looking Vampirella, watching him.

Vlad/Jamie's POV: THE SCREEN BLEACHES RED. Suddenly the rest of the club's occupants are GONE. For a few reality-bending seconds it's only Vampirella, alone at her table, drilling him with her eyes... Then the moment's gone, reality returns and Vlad/Jamie finishes the number, to wild applause.

Handing off his guitar to a roadie, Vlad/Jamie confidently strides to Vampirella's table.

VLAD/JAMIE

Mind if I join you?

VAMPIRELLA

I was counting on it.

Vlad/Jamie can't conceal a smirk that says: another groupie; this is so easy. He takes a seat; leans in at Vampirella with practiced ease.

VLAD/JAMIE

Where have you been all my life, ravenhair?

VAMPIRELLA

Looking for you.

Vlad /Jamie smiles, intrigued by this one. He traces the collar of her revealing costume with a fingertip.

VLAD/JAMIE

Great outfit. What do you call yourself?

VAMPIRELLA

Vampirella.

VLAD/JAMIE

Vampirella... I like it. But tell me the truth: you're not really a vampire, are you?

VAMPIRELLA

You never can tell, Mr. Blood.

VLAD/JAMIE

Jamie. C'mon... Let's split this pit.

They stand and start to make their way through the club toward the exit. Vampirella looks just a little bit nervous. Her plan to entrap Vlad is working but she knows how dangerous what she's doing is. Vlad/Jamie, on the other hand, looks cool and confident. He's done this a hundred times before.

As they head off, a pock-marked male face enters frame, watching them as they go. This is STRYKER, a member of Adam's PURGE team. Stryker enjoys his work too much. If PURGE didn't need every soldier it could muster, operatives like Stryker wouldn't make the cut. He conceals a small radio transmitter in his hand, raises it to speak.

STRYKER

He just left. He's got some bimbo with him dressed like a vampire.

ADAM

(filtered radio v.o.)

Copy. Meet us in the parking lot and be ready to pursue.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEON GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

An enormous desert junk yard, filled with rusted-out automobiles and ALL KINDS OF DISCARDED NEON SIGNS, many of them still functioning, suggesting a kitchy variation of "(night) life after death."

Against this evocative, cool-hot glow, Vampirella walks deeper into the lot, Vlad/Jamie mere steps behind.

VAMPIRELLA

And you called Necropolis a pit?

VLAD/JAMIE

It's all in how you look at things,
ravenhair. This place inspires me.

Vlad/Jamie places his hands on her shoulders. Vampirella's face tenses, yet the charade must continue.

Vlad/Jamie abruptly turns her around, stares DEEPLY into her eyes, then kisses her, hard. Though it's loathsome beyond description to her, Vampirella can't let this show if she is to destroy Vlad this night.

After a few moments, he slowly pulls back, confused that she hasn't kissed back.

VLAD/JAMIE

What's the problem?

VAMPIRELLA

No problem.

A touch of strain as Vampirella tries to maintain her seductive demeanor, in spite of her great hatred for Vlad.

VLAD/JAMIE

(disdainful)

Don't tell me you're a "good" girl.

Vampirella glares DARKLY, with a certain introspection.

VAMPIRELLA

No. Not any more.

VLAD/JAMIE

Then let's make the next one
count...

Another passionate kiss, this one more SAVAGE, as both vampires give in to their natural, primal addiction to lust.

ON VLAD,

baring his king-sized CANINES, preparing to make a tasty conquest of Vampirella...

ON VAMPIRELLA,

her own fangs displayed... The moment she's waited centuries for is now at hand...

And then --

ADAM
(via bullhorn)

FREEZE!!!

VLAD/JAMIE AND VAMPIRELLA

both turn to look at the same time, HISSING as: SUDDEN INTENSE LIGHT bathes and begins to blind them!

Vlad/Jamie looks about furiously. Sees a small ARMY of Adam's men closing in on them from all directions.

A few soldiers buzz forward on motorcycles. Two cars and a large VAN pull up. An armed

ADAM

emerges from one of the cars, flanked by operatives. All around, the stalwart uniformed PURGE vampire hunters are deploying DISORIENTATION SPOTLIGHTS, aiming and flashing them in the faces of their targets.

Enraged, Vlad (let's call him Vlad again, from now on) spins to face Vampirella. She's equally stunned by the raid.

VLAD
Bitch! You set me up!

The super-powerful Vlad SLAPS an unprepared Vampirella with the force of a sledge hammer. She's sent flying backward to land yards away, unconscious and splayed out on the desert floor. Almost immediately, three of Adam's soldiers stand over her motionless body, weapons trained upon her.

ADAM
(via bullhorn)
DON'T MOVE!!!

Adam passes his gun to an operative, boldly approaches Vlad carrying a pair of futuristic handcuffs. Vlad looks around coolly for a path of escape, but he's clearly surrounded.

ADAM
There's no way out of this, Vlad.
You're not a fool. You know what
our weapons can do.

VLAD
Operation PURGE, am I right?
(as in "good dog")
Good work...

(to Adam)

You must be the son of Conrad Van Helsing... Now there was a legend for you. A shame he's no longer with us.

(to Adam's men, mocking Adam)

You all know how his father died, of course...

ADAM

(cutting him off)

Extend your arms!

Vlad grins confidently, presents his arms. Adam CLAMPS the special cuffs on him, setting a small dial on the cuffs that causes several little lights to blink. Vlad reacts with a slight shudder, surprised, as if the cuffs were somehow penetrating his supernatural defenses in a subtle but felt way.

ADAM

These'll keep you in human form for a while.

VLAD

(unfazed)

You think because I can't change into a bat I'm helpless?

ADAM

No. Not until you're dead and your ashes have been thoroughly vaporized will you be truly helpless. And even then I wouldn't trust you.

Vlad can't conceal a glint of admiration for his on-the-money foe. A PURGE soldier approaches Adam, unpleasant Stryker right beside him.

SOLDIER

Sir, the woman isn't dead, only unconscious.

ADAM

Cuff her and put her in Stryker's van.

(indicates Vlad)

His Majesty rides with me.

Stryker wants to ride with Adam and Vlad.

STRYKER

Wait a minute... Shouldn't I go with...

ADAM

Take the van. Interrogate the girl when she comes to. I'll check in periodically.

STRYKER

(not exactly thrilled)

Yes sir.

Vlad, listening to all this, reacts with surprise.

VLAD

She isn't one of yours? Looks like I owe the little lady an apology.

ADAM

(prodding him toward the car)

In the car...

VAMPIRELLA

Still passed out, she's now SHACKLED as Vlad is, with three feet of heavy chain between each wrist cuff. Soldiers load her into Stryker's van.

VLAD

Seemingly amused at his own capture, Vlad slides into the rear seat of the first car; Adam slides in next to him. A PURGE soldier gets in beside Vlad on the other side. Car doors shut and the vehicles begin to move out of the lot, the first car leading the way...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The PURGE caravan speeds through the streets: two cars, two motorcycles and Stryker's van.

INT. STRYKER'S VAN - NIGHT

Shackled and unconscious, Vampirella is spread across the van floor. Seated above her, with stoic expressions, are a trio of young PURGE soldiers, weapons at their sides. A disgruntled Stryker sits in front beside the driver.

A few moments and Vampirella stirs.

YOUNG SOLDIER #1

Captain Stryker, the prisoner is regaining consciousness.

STRYKER

(to the driver)

Keep in touch with Van Helsing's vehicle. I want to know what's going on every step of the way.

Stryker stares jealously ahead at the caravan before him.

STRYKER

That's where the action is... Van Helsing runs off with the real prize, and sticks us with some run-of-the-mill vampire whore.

Vampirella tries to sit up.

VAMPIRELLA

Where are you taking me? Where's Vlad..?

STRYKER .

We'll ask the questions, bitch. And when we do, you better have answers.

INT. FIRST CAR - NIGHT

Hands cuffed before him, Vlad addresses Adam conversationally.

VLAD

Explain something to me, Adam. You don't mind if I call you Adam?

Adam doesn't answer; Vlad continues.

VLAD

You know how long I've lived. You know how powerful I am. Let's face it: I'm like a god compared to you people. Do you really think you can hold me?

ADAM

It's all a matter of faith and confidence. Just the fact that we've gotten this far makes us feel like gods.

DRIVER

Amen to that.

Minor laughter from two of the PURGE soldiers. Vlad, the agreeable prisoner, also grins, then turns back to Adam.

VLAD

Hey man, you're funny.

(a venomous pause)

But tell me, Adam, does that really compensate for having murdered your own father?

ADAM

No more talk.

Vlad grins again, enjoying having struck a nerve.

INT. STRYKER'S VAN - NIGHT

Vampirella is in mid-sentence, desperately trying to convince Stryker and the others that she isn't with Vlad.

VAMPIRELLA

But I've already told you -- Vlad is also my enemy! I lured him out of Necropolis in order to destroy him!

STRYKER

(mocking)

Oh, so you're on our side, is that it? Who are you kidding?

(turning to his soldiers)

Ever see the Concentration Pit back at headquarters, boys? They save it for the most uncooperative captured specimens. I got a hunch this one's for the Pit.

(envisioning this)

It oughtta be some show...

Stryker laughs. Vampirella looks at him.

VAMPIRELLA

You're evil.

An odd expression comes over Stryker's brutish features, then:

STRYKER

Boys, why don't you head up front. I want to interrogate our lady friend here in private.

The young soldiers seem a little uncomfortable with Stryker's suggestion, and are also concerned for his safety.

YOUNG SOLDIER #1

But sir...

(Stryker glares at him)
Yes, sir.

The soldiers move to the front of the van. Stryker goes in back, pulls shut a sliding door, shielding himself, and Vampirella, from the others.

INT. FIRST CAR - NIGHT

PUSH PAST the driver, toward Vlad in the back seat. MOVE INTO A TIGHT CLOSEUP OF VLAD, eerily TRANCED-OUT, his eyes literally aglow with crimson flames. A haunting chorus suggests lost souls in fiery torment...

THE DRIVER

catches sight of Vlad in the rear view mirror and is promptly mesmerized.

THE DRIVER (C.U.)

Now his eyes are filled with same infernal flames as Vlad's.

As Vlad squirms in his cuff, eyes red with flame, Adam finally realizes what's going on and SHAKES the hypnotized driver.

ADAM
Stop! Get hold of yourself!

EXT. FIRST CAR - NIGHT

The first car starts to SWERVE erratically...

INT. FIRST CAR - NIGHT

Desperately, Adam struggles with the possessed driver for control of the car as Vlad, eyes still aglow, laughs demonically.

EXT. FIRST CAR - NIGHT

The car VEERS onto the sidewalk and WHAM!, plows through a row of mailboxes. The rest of the caravan swerves about awkwardly behind it...

The first car abruptly ends its mad ride by rear-ending a parked truck. The second car swerves right and nearly flips over but stays upright. The two motorcycles spin out and Stryker's van stops short in a shrill long squeal of tires.

INT. STRYKER'S VAN - NIGHT

Stryker, struggling to lick Vampirella's ear while holding a stake pistol pressed to her neck, is suddenly THROWN FORWARD.

The stake pistol GOES FLYING and Vampirella swiftly rolls him over and PINS his throat to the floor with her chain.

Stryker struggles helplessly; Vampirella bares her fangs.

STRYKER

Don't! Please!

VAMPIRELLA

You're lucky... The thought of it nauseates me.

Stryker braces for the worst. Instead of biting him, Vampirella LASHES OUT with viscous backhand, instantly knocking him out.

YOUNG SOLDIER #1

(O.S.)

What's going on back there?
Captain Stryker...?

INT. FIRST CAR - NIGHT

The driver and PURGE soldier are out cold. Adam is bloodied and woozy but still conscious. Beside him, hellish Vlad, consolidates his power for a dramatic escape.

Before Adam's disbelieving eyes, Vlad SPRINGS UPWARD, crashing directly THROUGH THE ROOF, as if launched by an ejector seat!@

EXT. FIRST CAR - NIGHT

Vlad drops from the sky in front of the crashed car to land on his feet. Exerting tremendous strength, he now...pulls...apart...his handcuffs...

INT. STRYKER'S VAN - NIGHT

Young soldier #1 PULLS OPEN the accordion doors. Vampirella is standing before them. The young soldier trains his weapon on her.

YOUNG SOLDIER #1

FREEZE!

Vampirella grabs him by the shirtfront, slaps his rifle aside and brings him nose-to-nose with her fanged face.

VAMPIRELLA

I don't think so.

Vampirella HURLS the soldier into his buddies. They collapse in a heap.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Vlad SNAPS HIS CUFFS! He TEARS them from his wrists, free again at last.

Adam clambers from the car in time to see Vlad MORPH into a bat and take off. Beside Adam is the second car. He swings open the door and shouts to the driver:

ADAM
Follow that goddamned bat!

Adam JUMPS IN and the car PEELS OUT.

EXT./INT. STRYKER'S VAN - NIGHT

Vampirella strains to snap the chain that binds her; still no dice. If she can't get these shackles off, she won't be able to change into a bat and continue her pursuit of Vlad. Peering outside the van, Vampirella sees one of the PURGE motorcyclists right his fallen bike and zoom away. As the second motorcyclist is about to do the same, she LEAPS into the air and knocks him off the bike. Vampirella rights the chopper, kickstarts it and takes off...

INT. FIRST CAR - NIGHT

Adam's POV through the windshield, as his car tries to keep pace with the Vlad bat ahead... Other vehicles and an occasional pedestrian WHIZ by - Adam's driver narrowly avoids several devastating accidents but manages to stay in the race...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Vlad bat, flying at car level, streaks by, followed by Adam's car, and lastly, Vampirella on the chopper, raven tresses whipping wildly behind her.

THE VLAD BAT

makes a SHARP TURN and veers into an alley, then suddenly flies UP and out of frame. Adam's car, right behind it, now slows and stops.

INT. ALLEY

Adam and two PURGE soldiers jump out of the vehicle and search the sky for Vlad.

PURGE SOLDIER #1
Where'd he go...?

Suddenly, the Vlad bat SWOOPS down on the man like a dive bomber from hell! The soldier's throat is savagely slashed and he falls to the ground, dead instantly.

The Vlad bat flits off into the darkness again. Adam and the other soldier tense to high alert.

ADAM

Get back in the car!

But again the Vlad bat does a death dive, striking soldier #2 and decapitating him. Blood sprays all over Adam. He wipes it from his eyes, then turns to face

VLAD

Already humanformed, and walking forward toward Adam. Vlad backs Adam up against the alley wall.

VLAD

You were right, Van Helsing. I'm not a fool. Only a fool would let you leave this alley alive. And so, as my old bud, Will Shakespeare, once put it...

Vlad pins Adam to the wall with one hand, exposing his jugular.

VLAD

(continuing)

...Good night, sweet prince...

Just as Vlad's fangs move in for the kill...

VAMPIRELLA

(O.S.)

WAIT!

Vlad turns around. To see Vampirella at the mouth of the alley, climbing off the chopper. Vlad looks overjoyed.

VLAD

Vampirella!

(indicating the helpless Adam)

Join me in a bite?

Momentarily, Vlad releases Adam. He slumps to the pavement. Both vampires walk to one another.

VLAD

I misjudged you, ravenhair. I though you were working with...

(a glance back at Adam)

...that.

VAMPIRELLA
I never saw them before.

VLAD
(seeing her shackles)
Allow me the pleasure...

Vlad snaps her chain effortlessly.

VAMPIRELLA
You're stronger than I am.

VLAD
At the risk of sounding
egotistical, I'm stronger than
anybody.

Adam, hoping he's been forgotten, begins to crawl out of the alley. But a wicked smile spreads across Vlad's face as he catches this out of the corner of his eye.

VLAD
Where are you off to, Van Helsing?

Like an elemental night creature, Vlad SWEEPS over to the escaping Adam and pins him against the alley's other wall. Adam winces. Vlad's forearm is crushing his windpipe.

VLAD
Where were we? Oh, yes. This is
sad, in a way. In another reality,
I might have called you friend.

ADAM
(through gritted teeth)
In any reality I call you scum!

VLAD
(about to bite him)
This is really going to hurt...

But before Vlad can sink his fangs into Adam, Vlad is GRABBED by Vampirella and HURLED across the alley, slamming into a wall which crumbles slightly under the impact.

VLAD
Wha --?

Vlad spins to see: Vampirella. In silhouette, she raise her arms majestically. Behind her burn the TWIN SUNS of Drakulon! It is a cosmic, unreal moment.

VLAD

No! It isn't possible...!

Vampirella strides toward a stunned Vlad.

VAMPIRELLA

I've come a long way, Vlad. I've given up a lot to get to this moment...

She GRABS the shocked vampire lord by his shirtfront.

VAMPIRELLA

Tonight you pay for your crimes!

But Vlad isn't Vlad for nothing. Regaining the offensive, he BREAKS Vampirella's hold, bares his fangs and speaks in an uncharacteristically low demonic voice.

VLAD

Who do you think you're talking to, Drakulon bitch!

I AM VLAD!

Dracula eternal! The most powerful vampire on this or any other planet! You're not going to destroy me, ravenhair... I am going to engulf you. Body...and soul.

(pointing at her)

Another time, Vampirella...!

Vlad brings up his arms and TELEKINETICALLY causes the brick walls of the alley to BUCKLE... As they start to crumble, Adam tries to scramble away but is pinned down by falling debris.

Vlad MORPHS into a bat and SOARS out of the alley. Vampirella raises her arms, about to give bat-chase when:

ADAM

Help! Help me --!

Unable to move, Adam is directly below a large section of wall on the verge of collapse. Vampirella regrettably watches the Vlad bat flit away and, in the next second, rushes to Adam, pushes the debris off him and drags him to safety, just as the wall CRUMBLES!

ADAM AND VAMPIRELLA

spill out onto the sidewalk, smoke from the collapsed wall SWIRLING about them.

ADAM
(coughs, then:)
Thanks... Somehow, "thanks"
doesn't seem quite enough.
(extending his hand)
I'm Adam Van Helsing.

Vampirella looks at Adam with disdain. Refusing to shake his hand, she rises and walks off as he sits there on the sidewalk. Adam hangs his head, not really surprised, but disappointed.

He tries to stand, glances up, and sees that Vampirella has returned and is offering him a hand. He takes it and she helps him to her feet.

They look at each other. Unlikely allies with a common goal. But friends...or foes? Even they aren't sure.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Noirish, moody lighting. A shirtless Adam sits on the bed on the phone, a surgical bandage wrapped around his midriff. Vampirella, arms folded impassively, stands near a window.

ADAM
(into phone)
I'm fine. It's not serious.
(winces as he touches the bandage)
But we lost a couple of good men.
Yeah. I know. No, I don't agree.
(looking at Vampirella)
As a matter of fact, we might've
gained something significant
tonight.

Vampirella shoots a glance back at him.

ADAM
(into phone)
I'll let you know in the morning.
Yes, I'll get some rest. G'night,
Walsh.

Adam hangs up.

VAMPIRELLA
Your superior?

ADAM
My partner.

VAMPIRELLA

A partner in crime. Talk to me of
Operation PURGE, Van Helsing.

Adam answers in a borderline defensive sober tone.

ADAM

PURGE is a covert paramilitary unit
formed by my late father. We
protect defenseless human beings
from a race of bloodthirsty
monsters who can do some pretty
astonishing things. In any
civilized society, innocent people
have rights...

VAMPIRELLA

And what about my rights?

She turns and stares out the window.

VAMPIRELLA

My rights...as a rational entity.

ADAM

Is that what you are?

Vampirella ponders this for a moment, then abruptly spins and
faces Adam with a FEROCIOUS, BEFANGED, CAT-EYED, TWISTED
INCARNATION of her ordinarily beautiful face. She raises her
claw-like hands to complete the fearsome picture.

VAMPIRELLA

THIS - is what I am.

Adam recoils. Then Vampirella's face relaxes into pensive,
angst-ridden loveliness.

VAMPIRELLA

And this is who I am... One and
the same.

ADAM

Vampyre.

VAMPIRELLA

Yes. And of course we're
bloodthirsty. It's what we live
on...

ADAM

You live on other people!

VAMPIRELLA

No! Only on this planet is vampirism a mockery of itself. That was Vlad's doing. My stepfather's people were noble...they'd sooner die than taste innocent blood.

ADAM

And you... What keeps you alive?

VAMPIRELLA

(reflectively, in a lower voice)
Vengeance.

Vampirella removes another mini-vial from her metallic armband and looks at it with some significance, as does Adam.

VAMPIRELLA

And something an old friend once told me...

CLOSE ON VAMPIRELLA'S FINGERS HOLDING THE VIAL

CUT TO:

ELLAH'S FINGERS HOLDING THE SAME VIAL (FLASHBACK)

We are now in TRISTAN'S ANTISEPTIC CHAMBER, on Drakulon. PULL BACK to reveal Ellah in the diaphanous gown worn in our opening.

ELLAH

A serum substitute...for blood?

Across from her is Tristan, her friend.

TRISTAN

A high quality synthetic nutrient. Easy to reproduce. We developed it to serve the drought-stricken regions of our southern provinces. I've micro-sized a lifetime's supply and attached it to this armband.

Tris hands Ellah the metallic armband.

ELLAH

Thank you, Tristan. I know you don't approve, but this journey is something I have to do.

TRISTAN

But I agree with your decision.
This is the real you. Not some
bookish schoolgirl trying to
measure up to her stepfather's
ideals, but a woman of action. A
huntress.

Tristan's encouragement gives Ellah confidence. She snaps the
armband onto her right bicep, wondering just how strong she
really is.

ELLAH

We'll see.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

Ellah/Vampirella's BAT-LIKE vehicle glides PAST US, then past
Saturn, on its way to Earth.

VAMPIRELLA

(v.o.)

I followed Vlad halfway across the
galaxy to a remote star system with
nine planets. The third planet
from the sun was his destination...

INT. VAMPIRELLA'S SPACESHIP - COCKPIT

Vampirella, in her signature costume, mans the computerized
controls. It's not easy keeping the ship steady; panels are
sparking and small explosions are rocking the craft from
outside.

VAMPIRELLA

(v.o.)

But I had pushed my little shuttle
beyond its limits... The binary
engines were overheating... I
realized I'd never make the third
planet...

EXT. MARS - DEEP SPACE

The angry red planet looms dramatically, as Vampirella's craft
streaks down toward the surface.

VAMPIRELLA

(v.o.)

But the fourth --
With nowhere else to go, I decided
to land and take my chances...

EXT. MARS - DAY

Vampirella, viewed from behind, walks off into the distance of the bleak ochre surface of Mars. Even the sky has a reddish hue. The dusty winds beat incessantly about her.

VAMPIRELLA

(v.o.)

Something about this red, windy world reminded me of Drakulon. It would become my new home for close to the next thirty centuries... Before placing myself in biomolecular stasis, I sculpted an SOS onto the planet surface...

CUT TO:

THE "FACE" OF MARS

PULL BACK from the famous NASA photograph of the sculpted "face" on Mars.

VAMPIRELLA

(v.o.)

A face, beckoning to any and all in the universe who might happen to see it. A desperate cry for help...

EXT. MARS - NIGHT

Three NASA astronauts in spacesuits approach a CAVE in the side of a weather-pitted mountain. Standing behind them is the shuttle they arrived on.

VAMPIRELLA

(v.o.)

Ages passed. Finally, less than a week ago, explorers from the third planet, your planet, set foot upon the fourth, searching for signs of life. They entered a cave not far from the beacon I had sculpted...

INT. MARTIAN CAVE

Flashlight beams flashing about as they advance deeper into the mountain recess, the astronauts suddenly illuminate

A LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEM,

a six-foot, upright metallic cannister.

VAMPIRELLA

(v.o.)

And that's when they found me.

ASTRONAUT #1

(filtered)

My God!

ASTRONAUT #2

(filtered)

Looks like...a sarcophagus!

ASTRONAUT #1

More like a life-support system of
some kind... I looks self-
contained. Come on. Let's see if
we can move it.

INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - DEEP SPACE

The LIFE-SUPPORT CANNISTER stands enigmatically in the far
corner of the ship. Most of the crew is asleep. One astronaut
is at a desk, making notes.

VAMPIRELLA

(v.o.)

They carried my life support system
into their ship and began the long
voyage home...

(beat)

But before they could contact
Earth, something unexpected
happened.

Unseen by the astronaut, RED LIGHTS on both sides of the unit
begin to gradually flash in succession, forming twin rows.

THE DOOR OF THE LIFE-SUPPORT CANNISTER

slowly and silently opens. The astronaut continues to scribble,
oblivious. Finally, he senses a presence behind him, tenses and
turns to see

VAMPIRELLA,

her fangs visible, her eyes cat-like. Living in suspended
animation for centuries, she is PRIMALLY HUNGRY. She stares at
the stunned-into-silence astronaut's pulsing throat. The man
cringes back. Vampirella extends her hand hypnotically and the
astronaut's fear subsides. He is spellbound, literally, now.
But just as Vampirella is about to pierce and drink deeply from
his jugular, she stops. She finds she can't do it.

VAMPIRELLA

(suddenly, out loud)

No... I'm not like Vlad...

Her essential sympathetic humanity wins out over animal drives.
She glances around at her surroundings, already forming a plan.

VAMPIRELLA

(v.o.)

One by one I hypnotized the entire
crew; made them completely forget
about their discovery on Mars.
Then I ejected my life support
cannister through the airlock...

VAMPIRELLA AT THE SHIP COMPUTER

She pushes buttons and studies various data discs, as blinking
lights from the console reflect off her lovely features.

VAMPIRELLA

(v.o.)

As the astronauts slept I reviewed
their computer discs. I learned
about earth's violent history, its
cultures and languages. Most
importantly, I learned what became
of Vlad over the long centuries.
His numerous incarnations...

Visible on the screen is an ANCIENT PORTRAIT identified as "Vlad
the Impaler", followed by another identified as "Count Dracula".
Vampirella looks at this image for a held moment with a rueful,
knowing expression and shakes her head.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONCLUDES)

Vampirella sits before a fascinated Adam. Adam is still on the
bed. He is transfixed by her narrative.

VAMPIRELLA

When the shuttle landed, I changed
into a bat and flew away. The
rest, you know.

ADAM

Vlad...Dracula... You're saying
he's...extraterrestrial?

VAMPIRELLA

(nodding)

He took the name of his native
world when he lived as a count in
your Carpathian mountains.

ADAM
(realizing)
Then vampirism itself...

VAMPIRELLA
Comes from the stars.

As Adam struggles to accept these radical new truths, Vampirella's face becomes flushed with emotion.

VAMPIRELLA
(softer, more vulnerable)
Vlad murdered my stepfather. He desecrated and perverted everything the Elders stood for.
(introspectively)
Everything...

ADAM
I'm sorry. I understand what you're feeling, believe me... Look. Whatever you think of Operation PURGE, you have to admit one thing: we're committed to destroying Vlad. Maybe even as much as you.

VAMPIRELLA
Are you suggesting we work together?

ADAM
Maybe I am. Consider the advantages. Vlad is up to something major - we think, apocalyptic. All of humanity may be threatened.

VAMPIRELLA
(torn)
You forget: I was born vampyre. I won't betray my own people...

ADAM
If they're his disciples, then they can't be your people.

Adam flashes her an "aren't I right?" look. Vampirella considers the logic of his argument, pondering the fateful decision to join forces with Adam...

CUT TO:

EXT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND, SAUGUS, CA. - NIGHT

HELICOPTER SHOT

We glide over and around a multi-structure desert compound, with a large walled area open to the sky, and filled with scores of hooded, monk-like individuals, gathering for a courtyard mass.

Once a Zen commune in the 60's, the compound is now, officially, the base-of-operations of a David Koresh-like religious cult. But, in fact, this is merely a front for the h.q. of Vlad's world-wide vampire cult.

VLAD'S DISCIPLES

Vampires all, they fall to their knees and pray. Resplendent in their devil worshiper-style robes, tips of fangs plainly visible, they are comprised of all races and ages. Now,

SISTER SALLAH

herself emerges at the top of a torchlit podium in the center of the courtyard. Sallah, the female Drakulonian who escaped to Earth with Vlad thirty centuries ago, still looks incredible. She runs this operation for Vlad and is his second-in-command in all things.

Directly below the podium, arms folded, is a formidable African-American vampire known as QUINN. Quinn is in charge of compound security. He is flanked by two equally-powerful guards.

Sister Sallah raises her arms ritualistically, and the congregation of vampires rises. She POINTS at them accusingly.

SALLAH

YOU! - all of you - are sinners!
You've done worse than betray
yourselves and your families!
You've betrayed the Master!

DISCIPLE

No, Sister Sallah, no! We worship
the word of Vlad!

SALLAH

(fomentingly)

But there are those among you who
would question Vlad's word...who
would defy the sacred teachings
handed down to us!

FEMALE DISCIPLE

I know one!

The zealous disciple points to a middle-aged disciple in the crowd. Everyone begins to stare at the progressively more terrified man.

FEMALE DISCIPLE
Joseph Marcasan!

MARCASAN
It's not true!

ANOTHER DISCIPLE
It is true! I heard him talking the other night... He said waging war against the humans was wrong.

A desperate Marcasan turns to his unsympathetic brethren.

MARCASAN
I only said it was wasteful....! So many of our loved ones will be slaughtered and maimed...

The doomed man looks to Sallah pleadingly.

MARCASAN
Please, Sister Sallah... Nobody wants war...

After a moment of heavy silence, Sallah addresses the entire body.

SALLAH
Brother and sisters of the Night, the transgressor stands naked before you, and guilty by his own admission!

(points directly at Marcasan)
These are your final moments of life...

(to the crowd)
Execute him now! Redeem yourself in the Master's eyes!

All of the vampire disciples surrounding Marcasan begin to close in on him, fangs bared murderously.

MARCASAN
NO! You're all mad! All of you!

Frantic now, Marcasan MORPHS into a bat, only to be grabbed by several disciples at once. In the next instant, the rest surge forward. Marcasan is ENGULFED by the hate-crazed zealots and noisily ripped to pieces.

Sister Sallah steps down from the podium and approaches Quinn.

SALLAH

Vlad's late..

QUINN

I noticed.

SALLAH

(glancing at the crowd)

Give them a couple of minutes, Quinn. Then clean up the mess and get everyone back to his training position.

QUINN

Affirmative.

Sallah crosses the compound to a two-storey barn and enters it.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Inside, the funky old barn is actually a two-story architectural conversion: Vampire Central's high-tech nerve center. There are computers, monitors, worldwide timeclocks, etc., all manned by a layed-back trio of Generation X vampires, two guys and a young woman.

SALLAH

Have we heard from Vlad yet?

YOUNG WOMAN

Negative, Sister Sallah. But Mr. Russo and Mr. Rice just confirmed their arrival tomorrow night.

SALLAH

That accounts for all of the Big Twelve. The Master will be pleased.

(beat)

I'll wait for him upstairs.

Sallah ascends a circular stairway to the second floor and her living quarters. We see a simple, almost Art Deco coffin in one corner.

Sallah begins to strip off her training gear. We get a nice glimpse of her body as she slips on a ritual robe with a deeply-scooped neckline. Cleavage city. Now, behind her, the VLAD BAT flies in through the window and MORPHS into human form.

Sallah sees him and, overjoyed, rushes into his arms.

SALLAH
Master!

VLAD
Sallah...

But Vlad is preoccupied, even a little dazed.

SALLAH
What's wrong?

VLAD
It's been...a difficult night.

SALLAH
Tell me what happened.

VLAD
To begin with, my cover was blown.
I'm afraid Jamie Blood sings no
more...

SALLAH
(angry)
Who betrayed you?

VLAD
Demos. Who else? Van Helsing's
stormtroopers must have forced it
out of him. They almost got me
tonight.

SALLAH
If they have Demos, maybe we should
delay our plans for Judgement
Night, Master.

VLAD
No. We've waited too long for
this. We'll just...
(smiling at the thought)
...get him back, that's all.

SALLAH
(excited by the prospect)
A raid? On PURGE?

VLAD
That would be nice. But I was
thinking...more along the lines of
an exchange...

EXT. MEMORABILIA SHOP, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

An angle on the shop. Busy New Yorkers hustle by.

INT. UNDERGROUND H.Q., OPERATION PURGE - WALSH'S OFFICE - DAY

Adam introduces trenchcoat-wearing Vampirella to Lt. Walsh.

ADAM

Vampirella... Lt. Owen Walsh, co-director of Operation PURGE.

Instantly suspicious of Vampirella but trying to be open-minded, Walsh stands and offers his hand.

LT. WALSH

Van Helsing's life is very important to us around here. Thanks for saving it.

(indicating chairs)

Sit down.

Adam and Vampirella take seats opposite Walsh's desk. Walsh lights up a cigar.

LT. WALSH

So. Adam tells me you're an ET.

VAMPIRELLA

That's right.

LT. WALSH

And Vlad's an alien, too?

VAMPIRELLA

And Demos. But when they entered Earth's atmosphere 30 centuries ago conditions in space were very different.

ADAM

(chiming in)

We verified that with Cal Tech this morning.

VAMPIRELLA
(continuing)

Something in your atmosphere caused irreversible metabolic changes in them. They mutated...into what I call pseudo-vampyres. Their bite infects rather than kills, transforming the victim into one of them. And along with that comes, for example, the inability to endure daylight... These are not Drakulonian traits.

LT. WALSH
How about their reaction to this?

Walsh abruptly pulls a LEAD CRUCIFIX from his desk, practically thrusts it in Vampirella's face. Adam balks at this obvious stunt but Vampirella doesn't even flinch at sight of the cross.

VAMPIRELLA
Icons of Christianity have no effect on normal Drakulonians...
(folding her arms)
As you can see.

Walsh chuckles, putting the cross away.

WALSH
Well, what the hell...subtlety was never my strong suit. Van Helsing can tell you about that.

Just then, after tapping on the door, a PROFESSOR STEINMAN enters the room. An earnest Baby Boomer scientist who carries with him an unusual-looking rifle.

PROF. STEINMAN
Excuse me. Lt. Walsh? You wanted to check this over before we began preliminary testing...

LT. WALSH
That's okay, Professor, I'll catch up with you later.

ADAM
Wait a second! Isn't that the sun gun?

PROF. STEINMAN
Sure is; charged and ready to sizzle.

ADAM
I wanted Vampirella to see this.
It's a new high-intensity assault
weapon we've been developing.

Adam and Vampirella approach Steinman. Walsh sits back, not especially happy about Adam showing secret weapons to what he views as very likely an enemy agent, but for the moment resigned to it.

ADAM
(exhorting him to explain)
The sun gun's really your baby,
Steinman...

PRF. STEINMAN
Right. Well...generally speaking
it's a refinement of the Clearance
Beam principle: the concentrated
application of artificial sunlight.
It recharges itself automatically,
too. The ideal field weapon.

VAMPIRELLA
(reaching for the weapon)
May I?

Steinman looks to Walsh, who coolly indicates "okay".

Vampirella takes up the rifle and scans the room with it, holding it like she's held a rifle before and likes it.

PROF. STEINMAN
(impressed)
That's pretty much the idea...

VAMPIRELLA
Tell me, Steinman...what exactly
does this thing do to its victims?

Vampirella trains the rifle on Walsh.

PROF. STEINMAN
Well...it, ah, emits a piercing
beam of solarite which burns
through the skin layers and
literally bores into the organs.

VAMPIRELLA
Sounds painful.

Vampirella presses the trigger, illuminating Walsh with a WHITE-YELLOW RAY. SSSSSZZZZZZZZZZ!!!! Walsh has no reaction, other than slight annoyance.

VAMPIRELLA

It's harmless to humans of course.

PROF. STEINMAN

Of course.

Vampirella hands Steinman back the rifle, having made her point with Walsh.

VAMPIRELLA

Thank you, Professor.

Adam, with just the trace of a grin, escorts Vampirella out of Walsh's office.

ADAM

(to Walsh)

I promised our guest a guided tour.
See you later, partner.

On Lt. Walsh's scowl, they exit. A mildly confused Steinman looks to Walsh.

PROF. STEINMAN

What was that all about?

LT. WALSH

Trouble.

INT. OPERATION PURGE TRAINING AREA - DAY

A high-tech gymnasium fortified by concrete walls. In the foreground, PURGE trainees are being instructed in the martial arts. In the background, marksmen are firing exotic-looking, partially glimpsed weapons at man-shaped targets.

Adam and Vampirella, sans trenchcoat, tour the gym, passing tables with weapons layed out on them.

ADAM

(in mid-sentence)

...but only when the Feds came into the picture did PURGE become a vital state-of-the-art defense unit. We recruited from all over, especially law enforcement. Guys like Walsh made the transition better than anyone expected.

VAMPIRELLA

He's very suspicious, isn't he?

ADAM
In his line he has to be.

They stop at some hand weapons. Adam picks one up.

ADAM
Stake guns. A PURGE operative's
best friend.

VAMPIRELLA
I know. I've had first hand
experience.

They look at each other, then continue on.

INT. OPERATION PURGE - DEMOS' CELL DOOR/CORRIDOR - DAY

A large black VAULT of a door, with a wall-mounted TV monitor
beside it. Adam points it out to Vampirella.

ADAM
Demos.

Vampirella's face comes alive with emotion.

VAMPIRELLA
Here?
(pulls on the door)
I want to see him --

Adam restrains her, indicates the TV monitor. He presses a
button on the set.

ADAM
Look all you want.

The TV MONITOR snaps on, revealing Demos layed out in a
hospital-style bed, almost in a coma and attended by a doctor
and two nurses wearing surgical masks.

Attached wires and cable run from the unconscious vampire to
some sophisticated apparatus.

ADAM
But only the med techs get in there
while he's hooked up and remming.

VAMPIRELLA
You're recording his brainwaves...

ADAM

Actually, recording his dreams...
Around the clock. Demos knows the
location of Vlad's base of
operations. He wouldn't reveal it
to us consciously but, who knows?;
maybe his dreams will betray him.

Vampirella watches Demos with building contempt. The longer she
stares at him, the more her primal side begins to well up within
her. At the same time, Adam notices Walsh trying to get his
attention further down the corridor.

ADAM

(to Vampirella)

Excuse me a minute...

Adam leaves Vampirella still staring up at Demos on the monitor
and walks to Walsh. Walsh speaks in strained but hushed tones,
so that Vampirella won't hear him.

LT. WALSH

I think you're out of your mind,
and I don't care who the hell knows
it.

ADAM

We've disagreed before, Owen. I
believe her. You don't.

LT. WALSH

You're damn right I don't!
Vampirism, a mutated virus from
another galaxy! Isn't it more
likely she's some kind of genetic
freak engineered by Vlad to spy on
us --

ADAM

No, it isn't.

LT. WALSH

To seduce you --

ADAM

No!

Adam struggles to control his temper, tosses Walsh one of
Vampirella's serum vials.

ADAM

Here. Analyze this. According to Vampirella there's enough artificial blood in that one vial to feed an entire city of vampires.
(slyly)
Food for thought, huh?

LT. WALSH

Adam... Son. Go slow. With Conrad gone, you're the last of the Van Helsing. We can't afford to lose you.

Adam appreciates Walsh's concern. Now, Vampirella walks up the corridor toward them. Adam turns to her.

ADAM

If you've had enough of Operation PURGE, I'll drop you off at the hotel.

VAMPIRELLA

Thank you. Right after I've taken a look at the "Concentration Pit"? Unless that's off limits, too.

Both men are surprised Vampirella knows of the existence of the Pit. Walsh is about to say "Yes", it's off limits, when Adam interrupts him, resigning himself to what could be an unpleasant experience.

ADAM

This way.

They escort Vampirella off.

INT. OPERATION PURGE - CONCENTRATION PIT/LAB - DAY

INSIDE THE PIT

A blackened room that lies slightly below the level of the lab, separated from it by a large observation window.

Within it, a vampire bat flits madly about, watched by PURGE scientists, Lt. Walsh, Adam and Vampirella.

The head scientist turns some dials...

SCIENTIST

Just wait... It'll be a few seconds... There! See?

The bat is pinioned by semi-transparent WAVES OF ENERGY emanating from apparatus built into the sides of the pit. The bat is completely disoriented.

SCIENTIST

There's nowhere you can go,
sweetheart...

The bat gives up the struggle and falls to the floor, where it writhes in the energy beam.

SCIENTIST

Initiate phase two...

His assistant twists another dial. The energy beam becomes more intense, HUMMING audibly. The bat is forced to AGONIZINGLY MORPH INTO its HUMAN FORM by the beam. It becomes a black female, in her early 20's.

SCIENTIST

For sure, we're screwing with this creature's genetic structure, but within reason. Vampires are born metamorphs. The ability to shape shift is built into their molecular template.

VAMPIRELLA

That's a rationalization! Who knows what kind of genetic damage you may be doing?

ADAM

Vampirella!

Vampirella pushes forward to the glass. The female vampire is still on the floor, apparently in pain.

A compassionate Vampirella places her hand on the glass. The tortured vampire, despite her condition, manages to place her own hand on the glass against Vampirella's. Walsh watches this carefully.

ADAM

(to Vampirella)

I'm sorry. Really, I am; but experimentation like this is necessary if we're going to be able to defend ourselves. We face a fantastically powerful adversary who is pledged to our destruction.

VAMPIRELLA

(eyes still on the female vampire) :
 They're sick... Pathetic wretches.
 They didn't ask to be born this
 way.

Even suspicious Walsh is touched by Vampirella's empathy.

LT. WALSH

Look, I'm no philosopher but I know
 one profound truth: vampires are
 the natural enemy of humankind.
 Plain and simple. There's a war
 coming - next month or next year or
 maybe tomorrow - and it's a war we
 humans might lose if we get
 careless.

Walsh looks at Adam with significance.

LT. WALSH

Everyone has to decide which side
 he's on...
 (then, a look to Vampirella)
 And that includes everyone in this
 room.

Vampirella looks back at Walsh, then again at the tortured
 vampire girl, clearly getting his message.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Adam and a trenchcoated Vampirella enter in
 mid-conversation.

ADAM

...of course he doesn't trust you.
 He wouldn't be Walsh if he did.

Adam flips on the lights. Illuminating a red pencil drawing on
 the table. It depicts the crashing surf of Drakulon, complete
 with twin suns in the sky.

ADAM

Hey...

Adam brings it close and admires it.

ADAM

Very nice.

VAMPIRELLA

I sketched it this morning before you arrived. The crimson shores of Drakulon... Paradise lost...

Adam looks at Vampirella, who is supremely beautiful in her melancholy. He's all but riven by her.

ADAM

Not entirely.

VAMPIRELLA

Adam, last night you said you understood what I was feeling. What did you mean by that.

Adam takes a deep breath, shifting gears as the conversation gets more serious.

ADAM

My father, like your father, was a victim of Vlad's.

VAMPIRELLA

I'm sorry. How did Vlad...?

ADAM

He didn't. And that's the saddest part of the story.

(beat)

You know how my family's battled vampirism for generations. Well, Vlad thought it would be the height of irony to transform my father into one of his own. He knew we'd have no choice, that we'd have to...dispose of him.

(beat)

He looked right into my eyes...pleaded with me to release him. And so, with his hands clutching mine, I plunged a stake through his heart... Vlad thinks I'm guilty of patricide. What's your opinion?

Vampirella thinks for a moment, then looks Adam straight in the eyes.

VAMPIRELLA

Your father didn't want to live with what he'd become. What you did was an act of love... And courage.

A distraught Adam still isn't sure. Vampirella takes his face into her hands.

VAMPIRELLA

Let me soothe your pain.

Adam is about to be swept up in a kiss; when he thinks better of it, remembering Walsh's warning. Maybe he should go slow, play it safe for the time being.

ADAM

I know I'm probably nuts for saying this, but everything's happening a little too fast...

VAMPIRELLA

The door is always open to you, Adam Van Helsing.

ADAM

(after a beat)

I'd better get going.

And he does, with some regret.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE, ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Adam gets out of his car and walks to the elevator. His footsteps ECHO in the low-ceilinged, deserted parking garage.

Reaching the elevator, Adam pushes the button; waits.

The elevator finally arrives, the doors slide open and Adam gets in.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Adam pushes the 26th floor. The elevator doors close and the car starts to ascend.

Adam watches the lit-up numbers climb...

Suddenly the car stops on the 20th floor. An attractive young woman in a mini-dress and heels gets on, smiles pleasantly at Adam and presses 26, Adam's floor.

The elevator continues up; stops at 26. Adam courteously allows the young woman to get off first.

IN THE CORRIDOR

They go in opposite directions. But after a few steps, Adam looks back. To his surprise,

THE CORRIDOR IS EMPTY,

the young woman gone.

Adam is a touch confused by this, but turns around again and - WHAM! - he comes face-to-face with the young woman.

ADAM

Jeezus!

YOUNG WOMAN

(helplessly)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you. I guess I'm lost.

ADAM

It's all right. Maybe I can help.

She shows Adam a piece of paper with an apartment number on it.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm looking for 26-F?

ADAM

(nodding)

That's next door to my apartment. You must be looking for Vic.

YOUNG WOMAN

(unconvincingly)

Yeah, Vic. Right.

Adam leads the way, the young woman following behind him. We notice that she looks at him in an odd, almost predatory way. Then, we see Adam's face. It's troubled; and growing more alert and suspicious by the second. Suddenly: as he passes a stairwell, Adam BOLTS into it!

The young woman flashes her fangs, savoring the chase.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh, no we don't...

She takes off after Adam down the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL

Adam takes the stairs in leaps and bounds. But as she reaches the next landing

THE YOUNG WOMAN VAMPIRE

is standing there, tapping her toe, waiting for him.

YOUNG WOMAN

You ought to know you can't outrun
us, Professor.

Adam backs away, out-of-breath. But behind his back we see he is holding a STAKE PISTOL in his right hand.

The young woman vampire comes close... Nuzzles his neck... Adam permits it, struggling to control his revulsion.

YOUNG WOMAN VAMPIRE

You like me?

Adam doesn't answer. She continues to nuzzle his bare throat.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'll be gentle. This won't make
you one of us... Not yet...

She opens her sensuous mouth to bite him. And, regretting it, Adam FIRES the stake into her chest point-blank.

YOUNG WOMAN VAMPIRE

Ugh. --!

The young woman vampire teeters backwards, slumps against the wall and, slowly, slips to a seated position on the floor, leaving a descending vertical SWATH OF BLOOD on the wall as she slides.

YOUNG WOMAN

Fuck... Me...

Adam stares at her pityingly for a moment, then turns and hurries up the stairs to his floor.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adam BANGS inside, throws every lock he's got and leaps upon his portable phone in the nearly dark apartment. The only illumination, albeit faint, comes from a high-tech light near the couch.

Dialing, Adam discovers the portable's doesn't work, it needs a re-charge. Suddenly, he notices a FIGURE seated on his couch in the darkened living room.

The figure leans forward... It's another young woman, in mini-dress and heels, legs crossed seductively.

YOUNG WOMAN VAMPIRE #2
What's hot, Adam?

Adam starts to back toward the door...when a third young woman vampire RISES UP behind him like a specter, viciously CLUBS him on the neck with a blackjack.

Adam hits the floor hard, instantly out cold. The young woman vampire looks down at him, still clutching her trusty blackjack.

YOUNG WOMAN VAMPIRE #3
Simple is best.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION PURGE - LT. WALSH'S OFFICE - DAY

Vampirella exchanges tense looks with a seated Walsh.

VAMPIRELLA
Kidnapped?!!

LT. WALSH
Right out of his apartment. Vlad's people contacted us this morning. They want to swap Adam for Demos.

VAMPIRELLA
(hoping)
You're going to do it...

LT. WALSH
No. You're going to do it. More of their instructions. They want the operative known as Vampirella to deliver the good personally.
(a hateful smile)
I've got to hand it to you. You and Vlad. Adam didn't stand a chance.

VAMPIRELLA
You're wrong.

LT. WALSH
Am I? I've had it with your lies.
(tosses the serum vial at her)
You can take that -
(she catches it)
whatever the hell it is - and choke on it.

VAMPIRELLA

Walsh, don't be a fool --

LT. WALSH

I'm going to release Demos into your custody. We'll do this whole thing by the numbers...

Walsh scribbles out a release while Vampirella re-attaches the serum vial to her armband.

LT. WALSH

But I'm warning you... If anything happens to Adam - anything at all - there's no place in this world you can hide.

Vampirella snaps the release from his hand.

INT. OPERATION PURGE H.Q. - DEMOS' CELL DOOR/CORRIDOR - SUNDOWN

DEMOS' FEVERED POV

In murky wide-angle, he sees PURGE GUARDS standing in the corridor. In walks Vampirella's earlier self, ELLAH, in the same battle gear she wore when she fought Demos centuries ago. A Drakulonian rifle hanging from one hand, she walks in EXTREME C.U. (distorted).

ELLAH

(echoed)

Demos? Wake up!

DEMOS,

cuffed, is held up by two PURGE GUARDS. He's been doped up with so much truth serum he's having trouble focusing.

DEMOS

Hey! I remember you...

VAMPIRELLA

And I remember you...

Disdain turns to VAMPIRIC HATE as Vampirella briefly bares her fangs, hissing at Demos terrifyingly. This display actually seems to help Demos clear his head, forcing him to sober up.

VAMPIRELLA

(to the PURGE guards)

Get him out of here.

The guards hustle Demos past Vampirella and down the corridor.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. DARK SEDAN - NIGHT

An onyx-colored Lincoln moves through light city traffic, on its way to a rendezvous.

Inside are Vampirella and a PURGE driver and, in back, Demos and a PURGE soldier. Demos is handcuffed. He's the only one at ease.

Vampirella face is set, intent; she's well aware how risky tonight's exchange could be.

The car slows, gliding under and through the gothic wrought-iron gates of

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

It's an old, vine covered place, haunted-looking and no longer well maintained.

The van stops and Vampirella gets out.

VAMPIRELLA

Wait for us here.

DRIVER

Good luck.

Vampirella lets Demos out.

DEMOS

(enjoying the scenery)

Man, dig this place...

VAMPIRELLA

(with a shove)

Walk.

Demos, still cuffed, starts walking. Vampirella follows just behind.

Track WITH them as they move through the ancient-looking boneyard. A chill mist lingers in the air...

Crickets chirp... An owl hoots. Vampirella's senses are poised, hyper-alert...

Demos glances back over his shoulder as they walk.

DEMOS

You've come a long way, baby...
Tell me, you planning on murdering
all of us? Me, Vlad, Sallah,
Traxx...

VAMPIRELLA

You can scratch Traxx off the list.

DEMOS

What?

VAMPIRELLA

Shut up! Listen...

Vampirella has picked up the still-distant sounds of approach.
She and Demos stop, look around...

Now, in the distance: Quinn, two of the vampire women who
kidnapped Adam, and Adam himself, emerge ghostily from the
cemetery fog.

QUINN

(almost too cheerful)
Good evening.

VAMPIRELLA

(squinting to see)
Adam...?

ADAM

It's me. I'm all right; I'm not
hurt.

Quinn, Adam and the other draw near, stopping about ten feet
from Vampirella and Demos.

QUINN

You must be Vampirella. I've got a
message for you from Vlad: he'd
like to see you again. He wanted
to invite you to go back with us.
He gives his word you won't be
harmd, or detained if you want to
leave.

VAMPIRELLA

That's very reassuring.

As they speak, CUT TO: elite PURGE marksmen. Hidden behind
nearby tombstones, they watch every move the vampires make,
stake-shooting rifles at the ready.

INT. OPERATION PURGE H.Q. - TRACKING SECTION - NIGHT

Walsh and Steinman look intently over the shoulder of a young, head-set wearing PURGE TECHNICIAN as he monitors the exchange. There's a SCANNER SCREEN before them all, with a little RED DOT pulsing at its center.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

QUINN

Let's get down to business.
(snaps his fingers twice)
Van Helsing..

The vampire women release Adam. At the same time, Demos raises his cuffed hands for Vampirella to release him. Using a mini-sonic device, she does. Demos grins his sick grin, flexing his fingers, free.

DEMOS

See you again, pretty lady.

Demos starts forward. He and Adam pass one another on their way to their respective sides.

DEMOS

See you again, too, Professor.

Demos is greeted by the adoring vampire women. But he confronts Quinn with an attitude.

DEMOS

What the fuck took you so long?
You know what I've been going
through the last couple of day?!

Meanwhile, Adam reaches a relieved Vampirella.

VAMPIRELLA

Adam!

ADAM

Yeah...

VAMPIRELLA

Did they hurt you?

ADAM

No, nothing serious; only my
pride's been injured.

(with caring eyes)

I never thought I'd see you again.

Vampirella smiles. But then, unexpectedly, her smile fades...
Because something is very wrong...

VAMPIRELLA

Wait a second...

She touches Adam's face, looking directly into his eyes.
Suddenly, her face twists into vampiric rage and she CLUTCHES
Adam's face with her hand.

ONE OF THE PURGE MARKSMEN

snaps alert, training his rifle on Vampirella.

MARKSMAN #1

She's gonna kill Van Helsing --!

MARKSMAN #2

No, wait --!

VAMPIRELLA

In her vampire grip is a handful of ARTIFICIAL FLESH from
"Adam". His face is a synthetic disguise! She SHOVES the bogus
Van Helsing away.

VAMPIRELLA

It's a trick...! LIARS! Where is
the real Adam Van Helsing!

QUINN

Safely under lock and key; and
don't get so holier than though
with us...

Quinn produces a small sensor with flashing lights and a meter,
waves it at Vampirella.

QUINN

(eyes on the sensor)
According to this little gizmo,
you're carrying a miniature homing
device...

Quinn aims the Geiger counter-like device more carefully; it
zerges in, humming oscillatingly.

QUINN

...in your armband.

Vampirella's confusedly pulls her blood serum vial from the
armband. Quinn's sensor goes crazy. Vampirella opens the vial.
Inside, instead of serum, Walsh has planted a miniature homer.
Vampirella's confusion turns to utter shock.

VAMPIRELLA

Walsh... You son-of-a-bitch!

She crushes the vial angrily.

INT. OPERATION PURGE - TRACKING ROOM - NIGHT

The little red dot on the scanning screen disappears, followed by a shrill audic squelch. The techie YANKS OFF his headset in pain.

TECHIE

Jeezus!

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

A PURGE marksman shifting his position, knocks over an ammo clip. It clatters across a headstone.

One of the female vampires reacts.

FEMALE VAMPIRE

There's someone out there --!

Everyone TENSES... Suddenly, the PURGE marksman POPS UP from his hiding place, rifle trained on the group.

MARKSMAN #1

HANDS IN THE AIR! EVERYBODY!

Things start to happen very quickly now. Two more marksman POP UP. Quinn, Demos and one of the female vampires IMMEDIATELY MORPH into bats. But before the bogus Adam and the other female can transform they're gunned down by the PURGE shooters, collapsing with stakes through their chests!

The three now-morphed vampires retaliate, divebombing the marksman... Throats are slit and jugulars ripped out by the leather-winged night creatures in a bloodthirsty frenzy!

INT. OPERATION PURGE H.Q. - TRACKING ROOM - NIGHT

Horrified by the sounds of the carnage, Walsh, Steinman and the techie can only stare at the speaker grim-faced.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The marksmen slaughtered, the three bats SOAR OFF into the moon-filled night sky. Vampirella MORPHS into a bat and follows them.

INT. OPERATION PURGE - TRACKING ROOM - NIGHT

Now there is only silence coming from the speakers...

TECHIE

No response, sir. Nothing...

A moment of heavy silence.

PROF. STEINMAN

(trying to think positively)
Maybe Vampirella got away... She
could be airborne, following them
directly to Vlad...

LT. WALSH

What if she is?

PROF. STEINMAN

Adam believed in her.

LT. WALSH

A fat lot of good that did Adam!
(a defensive beat)
You think I was wrong, don't you?
You think I should've told
Vampirella about the homing device?

Professor Steinman offers a gentle smile.

PROF. STEINMAN

What else do I think, Lt.?

Walsh growls, sighs, realizes he's made some serious
mist judgments.

LT. WALSH

We're running out of time,
Steinman. Unless we can locate and
neutralize Vlad's nerve center
within the next 24 hours, we may
have an interglobal nightmare on
our hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The VAMPIRELLA BAT'S FIELD OF VISION is ours, SOARING above
cities and THROUGH clouds like a jet out of hell.

In the distance, the three evil bats - Quinn, Demos and one of
the female vampires - streak ahead, on their way back to Vlad.

But Vampirella stays on them, keeping pace with their fantastic speed.

WIPE TO:

EXT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

The three bats head for the Communications Barn. But the Vampirella bat veers away, disappearing somewhere in the compound...

EXT. COMPOUND COURTYARD - NIGHT

The Vampirella bat flies into an alley, MORPHING into human form off-screen. After a beat, Vampirella emerges, looks about, then DUCKS behind a pillar as: two hooded cult members cross the courtyard past her.

Vampirella notes their garb... Then she spots another hooded cult member emerging from the cult's LAUNDRY ROOM carrying an armful of clean hooded robes.

THE CULT MEMBER,

seen from behind, walks on, then abruptly stops dead in his tracks.

THE INTIMIDATING SHADOW OF VAMPIRELLA,

arms menacingly outstretched, is cast directly in front of him by torchlight against a barracks wall. He TURNS AROUND...and his terrified face says all.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - SECOND LEVEL STAIRS - NIGHT

Vlad strides upstairs to Sallah's living quarters with Quinn in tow.

QUINN

She veered off when we got here!
She's somewhere in the compound,
I'm sure of it, sir.

VLAD

(unconcerned)
It's all right, Quinn.

QUINN

But she knows our location! What
if she --

VLAD

She won't make the mistake of trusting PURGE twice. She'll want to deal with me, first.

(self-assured smile)

It's her nature.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - SALLAH'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Vlad enters Sallah's quarters, where Demos is recuperating, attended to by Sallah. A still uneasy Quinn, realizing he's been dismissed, returns to his post.

Vlad walks up to Demos grinning, putting on a great show of being glad to see him. Demos looks pleased too, if a bit guarded.

VLAD

Demos! My strong right arm back at last!

(looking him over)

Still in one piece...no stake through the heart?

DEMOS

No, but they tortured me Vlad. Those PURGE biotechs can be sadistic son-of-bitches!

VLAD

But you stood up to them, didn't you! You didn't crack! Not you, not Vlad's strong right arm!

Vlad's hearty and hale demeanor suddenly fades; dead straight, he looks at Demos accusingly.

VLAD

Did you?

DEMOS

(off-balance)

No! Shit, no! They tried to break me, like I said, but they couldn't!

Vlad glances skeptically at Sallah, still intent.

VLAD

Sallah...

Cued, Sallah holds up a newspaper headline: ROCK STAR JAMIE BLOOD VANISHES. The subheadline reads: WHERE ARE YOU, JAMIE?

Demos looks around nervously, caught out. If he hadn't given Vlad's identity away, it would not have been necessary for Vlad to drop the guise of the rock star, leading to these headlines.

DEMOS

(starting to sweat)

Vlad, I'm sorry... I had to give them something...! You can see that, can't you? I had to...!

VLAD

(contemptuously).

Excuses don't interest me.

Vlad crosses ominously toward Demos. Demos instinctively backs away.

VLAD

This is the eve of war...General Demos.

Vlad puts a firm hand on Demos' shoulder.

VLAD

Now pull yourself together! The Big 12 are waiting to be briefed.

DEMOS

(relieved, and a tad confused)

Yeah. Sure, Vlad. You got it.

An amused Sallah crosses behind a very puzzled Demos, joining Vlad as they leave the room.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Vlad officiates at the head of a HUGE ONYX TABLE whose corners are wing-spread, malevolently carved VAMPIRE BATS.

Seated at the table are the "Big 12", Mafia-style vampire chieftans who treat Vlad like a literal God (Godfather, that is). Some are in fine suits, others in quasi-military garb. Several pitchers and a dozen poured glasses of red liquid dot the table.

VLAD

My esteemed guests; men of extraordinary power and vision; men that I love, as a father loves his own children.

(beat)

I welcome you to this table.

One of the 12, MATHESON, stands and raises his glass of blood in a toast to Vlad.

MATHESON

Chairman Vlad, speaking for all of us, it is the greatest of honors to be here with you tonight, at the dawn of a new era...

Applause. Oozing false modesty, Vlad rises. The rest stand, as well.

VLAD

(raising his glass)
To Judgment Night, gentlemen.

Vlad drinks. They all do, rivulets of blood running down some of their mouths as they do.

TIMECUT TO:

VLAD'S WAR ROOM - LATER

Vlad and the others are engaged in heated discussion.

MATHESON

Why shouldn't we reign over the humans? We're superior!

A somewhat cruder chieftan removes the cigar from his mouth, jabbing at the air with it.

SANGSTER

Sure we are! Show me a human who can shapeshift; or go on kicking for a coupl'a thousand years!

RICE

Okay. But they're still able to walk around in the daylight. Until we beat that we won't ever be on level playing field with them.

VLAD

We can beat ANYTHING, given enough time. The key is to work together, united, under my supreme authority.

A powerful-looking chieftan descent speaks up:

CHIEFTAN

Even so, Vlad Almighty, we're entitled to know a few things...no disrespect intended.

VLAD

You're quite right, Mr. Luchesi. This war you support, but know little about, will begin in less than 24 hours. General Demos is our central link to vampire colonies and armies around the world. Sister Sallah is in command of base operations. And I...

Vlad stands and walks around the table as the 12 closely watch his movements.

VLAD

... I play a very special role in tomorrow's epic drama. Gentlemen:

With a wave of his arm, a HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE materializes in mid-air over the center of the table. It is a black BAT-LIKE SATELLITE, similar to the one in our film's opening image, on holo-display, rotating for inspection.

VLAD

There are ten of these Drakulonian satellites orbiting the earth, each cloaked by a screen of bio-reflective plasma. For several years we've used them to scan planetary events and advance our interests in any number of ways...

The holo-image has changed into a representation of EARTH with ten little bat-like satellites orbiting it.

VLAD

But tomorrow night will yield the greatest of their services: at my command each satellite, covering a different portion of this planet, will irradiate that portion with a unique carbon-based particle beam...

The little holo-satellites follow suit, targeting their sections of the earth with blanketing emanations.

VLAD

These beams will have the same effect on the atmosphere as a limited nuclear winter, blocking out all sunlight for a significant period of time.

(beat)
 During that period, gentlemen, we
 will have the advantage over our
 enemy for the first time in this
 planet's history.

The Big 12 are awed by the scale of Vlad's plan. It's far, far
 bigger than they thought.

SABERHAGEN
 It's impossible!

ATKINS
 No... It's like Vlad said:
 anything can be beaten, given
 enough time.

Vlad folds his arms and smiles confidently, the reflection of
 his holo-display dancing devilishly off his features.

EXT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Vampirella, now wearing a hooded robe, downs some of her blood
 serum, then secrets the vial inside her gown.

She stares across the courtyard at the second story of the
 communications barn, knowing that Vlad and his vampire heads of
 state are inside. Below, a dozen limos and their drivers await
 the meeting's finish.

As Vampirella ponders a plan of attack, she's distracted by
 voices in the courtyard and ducks back into the shadows.

A young female vampire cultist, LINA, strides defiantly toward
 the barn, an older female cultist trying, without success, to
 hold her back.

OLDER WOMAN
 You mustn't! They'll kill you! Or
 worse --!

LINA
 (fighting back tears)
 You saw what they did to my uncle?!
 Just for speaking the truth! He's
 not the only one who thinks this
 invasion is crazy!

OLDER WOMAN
 Please, please...come inside before
 somebody hears you!

Lina stops to withdraw a makeshift wooden stake carved in the
 rough shape of a knife from her gown.

LINA

(resolved)

Vlad has to be killed. I don't
care what happened to me.

VAMPIRELLA

(O.S.)

You will.

Lina spins to face: the hooded Vampirella, standing a few yards away, looking austere, even saintly. The old woman becomes hysterical.

OLDER WOMAN

See! I told you! Now they will
kill us both!

VAMPIRELLA

Drop the weapon and leave here. Go
back to your home.

LINA

No way...

Lina starts again toward the barn, but her path is suddenly blocked by Vampirella, who has spirited herself there at supernal (and all but invisible, to us) speed.

VAMPIRELLA

Don't be a fool.

Emotionally overwhelmed, the girl threatens Vampirella with the knife/stake.

LINA

Get out of the way!

...but Vampirella grabs her wrist, disarms her and forces her to her knees. A few tears escape the girl. The older woman bends to comfort her as Vampirella stands over them.

VAMPIRELLA

(moved)

What is your name?

LINA

(wiping away tears)

Lina.

VAMPIRELLA

Lina, Vlad will be dust by sunrise.
I'll see to that. But his legacy
will live on, unless your people
learn to change their ways.

(beat)

Maybe later I can help...

LINA

Who are you?

A pair of CULTISTS stroll past, absorbed in conversation, unaware of the three women in the shadows. The women tense until they're gone, then:

VAMPIRELLA

Go back to your homes, both of you.

LINA

Wait...

OLDER WOMAN

Come along, child...

The older woman helps an intrigued, somehow more hopeful Lina out of the courtyard. And Vampirella turns back again to the barn, as a breeze blows about her, billowing her cultist's robe.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION PURGE - CHAPEL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a RELIGIOUS CANDLE being lit by a pencil-thin lighterstick. PULL BACK to reveal Lt. Walsh.

Walsh looks a little ill-at-ease in the quiet sacred interior of this tiny chapel. He blesses himself and kneels before the Calvary, a life-sized statue of Christ on the Cross.

LT. WALSH

I haven't been inside a church in
close to 40 years. Not even this
one, right here on the premises.
Funny, considerin' how many times
the cross has saved my life in the
line of duty...

Walsh swallows hard then continues with his unique confession.

LT. WALSH

Lord, askin' for help doesn't come
easy to me. But we're in deep,
deep trouble and maybe most of it's
my fault. The Van Helsing's are
gone, I'm not sure what to make of
this Vampirella woman, and I know,
I just know, that Viad's up to
something big.

(heartfelt)

Please, God...give us a hand.

(beat)

Don't let this planet go to the
devil.

WIDER VIEW offers Lt. Walsh, the Christ statue across from him,
and the row of flickering candles in between.

CUT TO:

EXT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - COMMUNICATIONS BARN - DAY

The morning GLARES behind the silent two-level structure.
Virtually no activity at all this time of day, for the obvious
reason.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - DAY

The screens are lit but unattended. Track PAST them, around a
corner and toward

VLAD'S PRIVATE CHAMBER.

It's giant TUDOR DOORS are guarded by a pair of armed, NON-
VAMPIRE strongmen.

JOSE sits in a chair balanced leaning against the wall, reading
a comic book and chewing gum. His fidgety partner ARCHIE smokes
a cigarette.

ARCHIE

This cult is weird, man. Up all
night and asleep all the day...

JOSE

Quit gripin'. A gig's a gig.
Beats walking the aisles at K-Mart,
that's all I know.

Archie happens to look up, and does a double-take as he sees (or
thinks he sees)

VAMPIRELLA BECKONING TO HIM

at the end of the hall. As he stares, she removes the hooded garment and reveals her mostly-naked magnificence.

Archie is about to say something to his partner, who's still occupied with his comic book, but when he turns back to look...Vampirella has disappeared.

Archie rubs his eyes. What gives? But when he looks again, Vampirella is walking DIRECTLY TOWARD HIM, arms outstretched, eyes twinkling, fangs bared...! Before he can react, she HURLS him across the corridor into a small table that SHATTERS under his weight.

Seeing this, Jose drops his comic book and aims his gun at Vampirella. She snatches it from his hand, tosses it, and KICKS him in the stomach. Jose is slammed into the wall. Vampirella clasps her hands together to form a double-fist and brings it down heavily, knocking him out.

Now there's nothing between Vlad and Vampirella but the tudor doors. She gives them a powerful KICK and they FLY OPEN with a bang!

INT. VLAD'S PRIVATE CHAMBER - DAY

Vampirella stands in the entrance, looking furtively about the room, then enters.

All four walls are painted completely black. Upon them have been hung dozen or so classical-looking oil paintings of VLAD, in different incarnations throughout his existence on earth.

We see Vlad as Roman emperor, as medieval Black Knight, as a pirate, a Nazi General...even as the classic Count Dracula himself.

The paintings lead the eye to the center of the room, where sits a GLEAMING WHITE COFFIN of SOLID IVORY, with a stylized V carved into the lid.

Vampirella tries to pull the lid off but the coffin seems to be "locked". She studies the sides of the coffin, spots a computer key pad and runs her fingers over it, almost as a safecracker might manipulate a combination lock. Finally, after intense paranormal concentration, Vampirella triggers the right numerical sequence and the coffin lid LIFTS and MECHANICALLY SLIDES to one side with a gush of wind and release of vapor. But when the smoke clears, Vampirella sees that the coffin is EMPTY!

She looks up.- Senses that Vlad is behind her and turns. Vlad is there, along with Sallah and half-a-dozen vampire guards, all cloaked in their protective form-fitting "sun suits".

VLAD

Sorry to disappoint you, ravenhair.
I know how much you wanted to kill me.

VAMPIRELLA

What have you done with Van Helsing?

VLAD

I invited you here to talk about your future. With us. As the last pure Drakulonian, you should be a part of our New World Order...

Vampirella fearlessly strides toward Vlad.

VAMPIRELLA

You monsters have no future.

Vampirella is stopped by the vampire guards, who surround her with their drawn weapons. She growls at them, canines flashing.

SALLAH

She's too dangerous, Vlad. Kill her!

VLAD

No... We'll take her to the young doctor. Maybe he can change her mind...

INT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - DUNGEON - DAY

Cold and clammy stone walls. Heavy chains. Lying on the damp floor is a wounded, unconscious Adam Van Helsing.

Vlad and his guards open the dungeon door. Vampirella sees Adam inside and rushes to him.

VAMPIRELLA

Adam!

Vlad, Sallah and the vampire guards follow her inside.

VLAD

Don't worry...he's alive. He's just not in mint condition anymore.

VAMPIRELLA

You bastards!

SALLAH

Speaking of lineage, tell us a little about yourself, Vampirella. Or is it Ellah, stepdaughter of the High Elder?

Vlad can't suppress a superior smile that comes from knowing.

VLAD

Actually, it's neither one. It's a barbarian infant found wandering alone in the Ku-Lai wastelands...a region not very far from my own birthplace.

Vlad says this as if it had some significance.

VAMPIRELLA

What are you saying? That we're related somehow?

VLAD

Even more than that...

Vlad approaches Vampirella, tries to gently place his hands on her shoulders, looks deeply into her eyes.

VLAD

Our immortal souls are the same. I sensed it immediately. So did you.

VAMPIRELLA

No!

Vlad unexpertedly RIPS Vampirella's armband from her arm. Vampirella lunges at Vlad to take it back but Sallah instantly trains a weapon on Adam.

SALLAH

(to Vampirella)

Move again and I'll blow the good doctor's face off.

Vampirella obeys. Vlad removes her blood serum micro-pak from the armband, tosses the armband back to her.

VLAD

I'm sorry. You'll become terribly thirsty in the next few hours. Without this...

(displays the micro-pak)
 ...or fresh blood, you'll die
 before midnight. Fresh blood;
 nothing artificial; directly from
 the source.

Vlad glances significantly at the bleeding, unconscious Adam on the ground, then he and the others turn to go.

VAMPIRELLA

Vlad -- wait! Don't do this...

VLAD

Forgive me, Vampirella, but it's the only way I can be absolutely sure you're one of us. I'll send for you when it's time. Bon appetite...

VAMPIRELLA

Vlad!

The dungeon door is **SLAMMED SHUT**. Vampirella rushes to it, applying her great strength, but can't budge it.

Now, she bends to Adam; cradles his head in her hands. She can't let herself be responsible for his death; yet a vampire's bloodlust can become uncontrollable.

She looks at the dungeon wall; and sees the heavy hanging chains. Pulls on one of the chains, testing their strength.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - WAR ROOM - DAY

Vlad and Sallah stand behind a vampire computer operator, who sits before a high-tech console. All three wear anti-daylight gear.

OPERATOR

The first phase of the lens locking sequence will begin when we initiate countdown procedure.

VLAD

Begin the countdown. I'll punch in the final combination myself.

OPERATOR

(initiating)

Ready for you, sir.

(directing him to a sub-screen)

Here...

VLAD

It's all right. I've memorized the code.

Vlad's gloved fingers flutter across the keyboard. They bring up a COMPUTERIZED IMAGE of the BAT-LIKE SATELLITE, with rapidly a climbing sequence of NUMBERS below it. After a moment, the numbers STOP and PULSE, locked in. Vlad smiles triumphantly.

VLAD

And so the world changes hands...

SALLAH

Van Helsing and his people won't know what hit them.

VLAD

Come. We should get a good day's sleep before the hour of our triumph.

(to the operator)

Carry on.

OPERATOR

Yes sir.

CLOSE ON the computer image of the bat-like satellite...

THE SATELLITE IN SPACE

In menacing orbit around the earth. A light begins flashing on the spacecraft, indicating it is now fully operational.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARTH - HORIZON AT SUNSET (STOCK)

The sun makes its steady descent below a crimson-rimmed horizon.

INT. OPERATION PURGE - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CHAPEL - SUNSET

A wallclock reads 8:49 PM. Tilt down to Walsh, drinking from a water cooler beside the chapel. A young soldier comes running up to him with a printout in his hands.

SOLDIER

(urgently)

Sir, we just received a message to your attention!

LT. WALSH

Let's hear it, son.

SOLDIER

(reading)

"By the time you read this, I will have had my crack at Vlad. If I succeed and he is destroyed, we can all rejoice. But if I fail, only PURGE, under your command, can stop him. It'll be your show, Walsh. Good luck."

(looking up, confused)

It's signed "ET"...? There's an address, too...a location in Saugus, California...

Walsh SNATCHES the readout from him, scans it hungrily himself.

LT. WALSH

I'll be damned...

(suddenly)

Call Fisher and Steinman and have them meet me in my office ASAP!

SOLDIER

(taking off)

Yes sir!

LT. WALSH

(shouting after him)

And tell Julie to get the President on the horn!

Walsh tightly squeezes the half-crumpled printout with Vampirella's message on it gratefully, then glances up toward the ceiling.

LT. WALSH

Thank you, Lord. I owe you one.

CUT TO:

INT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - DUNGEON - NIGHT

Adam, still cradled in Vampirella's arms, starts to come to.

ADAM

Vampirella... Ugh...

Adam tries to stand. Still *very weak, he falls back against the wall with a grunt of pain.

VAMPIRELLA

You've lost a lot of blood. Take it easy...

ADAM
What happened...? Where are we?

VAMPIRELLA
We're trapped in one of Vlad's
cells. And it's Judgment Night.

ADAM
What's he planning to do with us?

VAMPIRELLA
Well, to begin with, he wants you
drained of every last drop of
blood.

ADAM
That's no big surprise...

VAMPIRELLA
(after a grim beat)
No. But he expects me to do the
honors.

Adam looks at her. Vampirella seems frightened for the first
time since he's known her.

VAMPIRELLA
He took my serum pack...

ADAM
(realizing)
And without nourishment, at the end
of a 24 hour cycle...

VAMPIRELLA
(turning away from him in shame)
I revert. I completely lose
control...

She turns back to him, her anxiety increasing.

VAMPIRELLA
Even now, I can hear the blood
pumping through your veins... I
can smell it... Taste it...

Vampirella crosses to the cell's hanging chains and takes them
in her hands.

VAMPIRELLA
I hope these are strong enough to
hold me. I doubt it.

Adam struggles to his feet and joins her at the chains. It's a tremendous strain on him just to remain standing.

ADAM
Vampirella... You'll die if the 24
hours pass and you haven't been
refreshed with blood.

VAMPIRELLA
Then at least I'll die...a friend.

She places the shackles in Adam's hands.

VAMPIRELLA
You do it:

Adam locks the shackles around her wrists; then moves his face close.

VAMPIRELLA
(drawing back)
Please, Adam... It's too
dangerous...

ADAM
Some things are worth any danger.

Adam kisses her. And she kisses him back. Chained to the wall, Vampirella writhes like a sinewy night creature in his full-bodied embrace.

EXT. AIR BASE - NIGHT

Overseen by PURGE officers, trucks crammed with PURGE soldiers pull up and discharge their ready troops. The soldiers hurry to board a huge camouflaged-green

TRANSPORT

idling on the tarmac, while a mobilization siren honks shrilly.

EXT. LEAR JET - NIGHT

A sleek Lear jet streaks across the sky.

INT. LEAR JET - NIGHT

Young operators are intent over their high-tech screens. The jet is an airborne PURGE headquarters, full of communications gear. The entire siege on the compound can be coordinated from here.

Moving through the jet, Lt. Walsh is handed a fax and scans it as joins Prof. Steinman at a table.

LT. WALSH

(satisfied by the FAX)

Our troops are airborne. They'll transfer to choppers once they hit the west coast. We'll have Vlad's head on a pike yet.

(examining a timetable)

We should be in California by midnight. I wish we could take the compound at first light, but don't have the luxury of waiting for the sunrise.

PROF. STEINMAN

You know, it's quite a miracle.

LT. WALSH

What is?

PROF. STEINMAN

A vampire, working with PURGE to stop Vlad... Never thought I'd see the day.

(i.e. Vampirella)

You trust her now.

LT. WALSH

Hell yes, I trust her. You and Adam were right. She'd never do anything to put that boy in harm's way.

INT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - DUNGEON - NIGHT

Adam tries the cell door again; it doesn't budge.

Vampirella remains chained to the dungeon wall, to protect Adam from her oncoming bloodlust. PUSH IN on her as she begins to experience the first painful pangs and we

INVADE HER PSYCHE

Frightening FLASHCUT images of a predatory Vampirella, baring her fangs (stock from earlier scenes in the film). A pack of vampire bats SCATTER. INTERCUT with this: a RUNNING POV through a forest, suggestive of the primal urge to hunt living prey... Our our soundtrack: an increasingly louder faster heartbeat, mixed with the maniacal laughter of Vlad...

VAMPIRELLA

fighting her chains, lean muscles taut, as the bloodlust fever GRIPS her.

Adam watches her from the other side of the cell, torn, but unable to help. Vampirella grunts, her bloodlust welling up, the pain growing more intense by the second...

VAMPIRELLA

No! I won't... I WON'T!

Adam can see the violent struggle she's waging. But what can he do?

ADAM

Vampirella...

Vampirella strains her chains to their limit. Her head is lowered, raven hair cascading downward, hiding her face. Suddenly she LOOKS UP, revealing a snarling bestial distortion of herself, a bloodthirsty vampiress possessed!

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Demos, Sallah and members of the Big 12 watch with awe as SOMEONE (Vlad) walks past them to a curtained window and steps beyond the curtain. Outside, we can hear Vlad's disciples chanting.

EXT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - NIGHT

Clad in CLASSIC COUNT DRACULA garb (black, crimson-lined cape, high collar, etc.) VLAD appears in the window, presenting himself like a God to a torchlit courtyard FILLED with his chanting robed disciples. They cheer him madly.

Vlad drinks in their adulation a while, then solemnly raises his arms and the crowd quiets.

VLAD

For close to 40 centuries the human race has dominated this planet. I say it's time for a change.

Again the crowd roars. Vlad quiets them.

VLAD

It won't be easy at first. Many of us won't survive this war, and converting planet earth into a hospitable environment for our people will take time and sacrifice.

(pointing to them)

But I believe in your potential, every last one of you...

(placing his hands on his chest)
Believe in me. Your holy father
and protector. And all dreams are
possible...

A DISCIPLE
We do believe in you, Master!

ANOTHER DISCIPLE
Only you could have brought us
Judgment Night!

This triggers a chant: "Judgement Night, Judgement Night"... As
the chanting continues, Vlad steps away from the window, back
inside.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Vlad steps back out from behind the curtain grandly. Demos,
Sallah and the Big 12 are still there, awaiting him.

VLAD
(with dark significance)
It's time.

As if guided by destiny, Vlad SWEEPS past them and they follow.

EXT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - NIGHT

The assembled disciples chant on: "Judgement Night, Judgement
Night, Judgement Night..."

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Demos dominates the console that controls the satellites as the
Big 12 look on.

Demos pushes a single key. An Asian vampire appears on the
screen. He bows his head slightly, once, in deference.

ASIAN VAMPIRE
This is Kobe.

DEMOS
Mr. Nakamichi, this is General
Demos. Is all in readiness?

MR. NAKAMICHI
Affirmative, General. Please tell
Vlad we await his final
instructions.

Nakamichi bows his head curtly once more.

DEMOS

Excellent. Demos out.

Nakamichi disappears from the screen, to be replaced by the earlier-seen computer-generated image of the bat-like satellite.

Demos turns to face the Big 12 in his swivel chair.

DEMOS

It's the same all over the world,
gentlemen: everybody's waiting on
Vlad's command. After that...

(a sick sneer)

...it's goodnight humanity.

The Big 12 nod and murmur to one another excitedly in anticipation of the almost unimaginable chaos to come.

INT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - DUNGEON - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Vampirella's EYES, cat-like and unearthly.

Adam shrinks back from her, stunned by her transformation.

VAMPIRELLA

pulls mightily at her chains... YANKS one of them from the wall...

As Adam watches in amazement, she YANKS the other chain from its moorings! Now she's free!

She faces Adam, virtually mindless, a creature with one overriding need. Vampirella presses toward him, hungry eyes on his THROBBING jugular...the STILL-BLEEDING wound to his side...

Adam backs himself into a corner of the cell, watching her intently...

But, just as Vampirella is about to fly at him, she STOPS herself. Bewildered...caught between the opposing drives of Good and Evil...

VAMPIRELLA

(desperate)

I can't... I'm not like Vlad...
I'm NOT! Adam... Help me...

ADAM

Listen to me, Vampirella: if you
don't have blood, you'll die.

Adam rolls up his sleeve, exposing his wrist and...offering it to her(?)

ADAM

Drink...

VAMPIRELLA

But I can't kill you... I can't...

ADAM

Take just enough to stop the
pain... Enough to stay alive...

Vampirella looks into his eyes gratefully, then fastens his wrist to her mouth and begins to feed...

Adam tilts his head back, feeling his life force ebbing, and with it, a sexual rush he didn't expect, a small ecstasy... But for Vampirella it isn't enough...

VAMPIRELLA

More... Need more...

Adam pulls his wrist away from her, then draws her to his side wound. As Vampirella begins to feed there, tilt up to Adam's reactive face... This, unlike the wrist-feeding, is more painful, less pleasurable... Adam struggles to withstand it as Vampirella drinks deeply of him...

INT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - COMMUNICATIONS BARN - WAR ROOM

CLOSE ON the high-tech computer screen displaying the bat-like satellite in space, countdown numbers descending rapidly.

An intense Vlad and Sallah are glued to the screen, standing directly behind the computer operator.

OPERATOR

Fifteen minutes and counting, sir.

INT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - DUNGEON - NIGHT

Vampirella is bent beside the sprawled, and seemingly lifeless body of Adam. The cell door is opened with a CLANG. Two HOODED DISCIPLES enter.

HOODED DISCIPLE

Come with us. The Master wishes to
see you.

Vampirella stands and faces them. Her eyes looked glazed and there's a crimson residue of Adam's lifesblood on her lips.

She walks forward, the two disciples escorting her out...then suddenly turns and ATTACKS, kicking the first in the stomach,

dropping him to his knees. She FLINGS the second into the cell wall, knocking him unconscious.

The first disciple rises; but now Adam, having been play possum, attempts a chokehold on him from behind with one of Vampirella chains. The disciple shakes free of Adam, sending him HARD into the cell wall; but before he can spin and attack him, Vampirella SNAPS his neck with a single twist.

VAMPIRELLA

They won't be out for long...

Adam looks a little woozy.

VAMPIRELLA

Are you all right?

ADAM

(shaking off his lightheadedness)
Yeah...

VAMPIRELLA

Come on. Let's get into these robes...

They start removing the robes of the unconscious disciples. Vampirella grabs up one of the disciples pistols, checks to see its loaded.

EXT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT

PURGE HELICOPTERS POV as the choppers approach Vlad's base.

PURGE CHOPPER PILOT

(filtered v.o.)

Two minutes and closing...

EXT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - COURTYARD - NIGHT

A young vampire disciple/officer rushes up to a tense-looking Quinn.

YOUNG DISCIPLE/OFFICER

Sir, three helicopters approaching from the east!

QUINN

I knew it...!

(to the disciple/officer)

Get your people ready.

The disciple officer exits frame. Quinn speaks into a mini-transmitter.

QUINN

Sister Sallah, this is Quinn. Hate
to disturb you, but we have a
slight problem...

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN -. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

An edgy Sallah gives hushed orders through a mini-radio transmitter as her colleagues and the Big 12 remain glued to the high-tech screens.

SALLAH

(a hiss)

Handle it! Send up our troops.
Don't bother me here, Quinn!

Vlad turns from the satellite screen and smiles broadly as Vampirella is brought before him by a robed hooded guard (actually Adam).

VLAD

Vampirella!! So you've finally
joined our little family...

He touches the blood-spattered on her lips, looks at her with uncertain eyes.

VLAD

...or have you?

Vampirella does her best to look supremely seductively evil. Adam, pressed back into the room's shadows, wonders if Vlad is on to them.

EXT. PURGE CHOPPER 1 - NIGHT

Dozens of armed PURGE paratrooper LEAP out the hatchway.

EXT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT

Their PARACHUTES OPEN and the PURGE paratroopers begin
DESCENDING into the courtyard.

THE COURTYARD

A thick cluster of BATS soar into the sky to intercept the PURGE invaders.

EXT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - SKY - NIGHT

The PURGE paratroopers aim special FIELD WEAPONS at the rising cloud of bats.

PARATROOP LEADER

Here they come!

The bats SWARM around the descending warriors. The troopers FIRE their weapons. These emit the same WAVES OF ENERGY we saw in the Concentration Pit, with the same results. Instantly, the bats are disoriented. Flapping about haphazardly, they begin falling from the sky.

THE COURTYARD

As the dazed bats hit the ground, MORPHING back into human form, severely weakened or unconscious altogether.

A DESCENDING PARATROOPER

is SLASHED by a swooping bat. He drops his weapon and is immediately ENGULFED by bats!

A NEARBY PARATROOPER

sees what's happening and ZAPS the bats with his weapon. The attacking bats all fall from the paratrooper, leaving him bitten and bloodied but still able to fight.

EXT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - COURTYARD - NIGHT

An alarmed Quinn watches the drop through binoculars.

QUINN

Oh-oh. This is not good!

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Vlad takes Vampirella into his arms, KISSES her passionately.

Jealous Sallah watches. Vlad pulls away from the kiss. This time, unlike the kiss in the neon junkyard, Vlad is quite satisfied with Vampirella's fidelity. He smiles, almost warmly.

VLAD

You truly are one of us.

Vampirella smiles back; then:

VAMPIRELLA

Wrong again, fucker!

Vampirella KNEES Vlad in the groin. He doubles over. Adam whips a gun from his gown and trains it on Demos and the Big 12.

ADAM

NOBODY MOVE!

Vampirella grabs a gun from one of guards and FIRES IT POINT BLANK into the satellite computer screen. IT EXPLODES, blowing the operators out of their chairs.

EXT. SPACE - EARTH'S ORBIT

The lights activated earlier on one of the bat-like satellites WINK out. The satellite DISCONTINUES its humming oscillation.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

A recovered Vlad faces a weapon-wielding Vampirella.

VAMPIRELLA
Spare your people annihilation,
Vlad!

With shocking violence, Vlad SWEEPS across the room to Vampirella, catching her in a stranglehold.

ADAM
Vampirella!

EXT. SISTER SALLAH'S COMPOUND - COURTYARD - NIGHT

PURGE paratroopers are coming down all over the courtyard, Those already on the ground FIGHT FURIOUSLY with Vlad's army of hooded disciples. Stake weapons find their mark and many disciples are cut down.

Dodging these customized projectiles, Quinn [kicks his way back to the communications barn.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Adam is JUMPED by two of the Big 12 as

VLAD

squeezes Vampirella's throat, cutting off her air... Suddenly:

QUINN

bursts into the war room, BLASTED from behind by a SEARING RAY OF SOLAR ENERGY! Quinn's flaming, writhing body falls to the floor as

PURGE WARRIORS

invade the war room, stake shooters and sun guns wiping out Vlad's Big 12 in an explosive blood bath!

One of the Big 12 manages to disarm a soldier and attempts to tear open his jugular with his fangs. A second soldier incinerates the vampire with a sun gun!

Vlad looks around, witnessing his vision of a new age literally go up in smoke. He flings Vampirella aside and races up the stairs to the second level of the building. Sallah follows on his heels.

Vampirella recovers and is about to give chase when: a stake shoots past her, missing her by inches. She turns to see

DEMOS

grinning, training a stake rifle upon her.

DEMOS

Bye-bye, beautiful...

But before Demos can pull the trigger, he himself is pierced by a stake from behind! Psychotic grin dissolving into the realization that it's all over, he staggers forward, then collapses.

Vampirella looks up to see who saved her. It's

LT. WALSH.

He nods at her; his way of saying thanks. She nods back, then takes off up the stairs after Vlad.

Prof. Steinman and a PURGE soldier help an injured, exhausted Adam over to Walsh. Walsh greets him with a look of relief.

LT. WALSH

Don't you look a sight. Well, take it easy, we'll have you patched up in no time.

ADAM

(concerned for Vampirella)
Vampirella, she's...

LT. WALSH

Doing what she came here to do...
(glancing at the stairs)
After 30 centuries, she's finally gonna nail Vlad's ass.

EXT. COMMUNICATIONS BARN - ROOF - NIGHT

Vlad and Sallah run out onto the roof, where two vehicles of some kind sit covered by canvas.

SALLAH

There they are, Master!

Sallah pulls the canvas off, revealing two DRAKULONIAN AIR BIKES, jet black, with bat-like wings.

SALLAH

I kept them in case of an emergency...

VLAD

(leaping on one of the vehicles)
I think tonight qualifies. Let's leave the flying to them...

Vlad kickstarts his bike and ZOOMS right off the roof into the air, immediately followed by Sallah. Just as they fly off, Vampirella bursts out onto the roof and sees them escaping. She MORPHS into a bat and flaps off after them.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Side-by-side, the bat-shaped air bikes JET forward, putting distance between Vlad and Sallah and the compound. Ahead

THE LIGHTS OF LOS ANGELES

twinkle in the darkness.

SALLAH

Where are we going?

VLAD

Away from this part of the world.
Asia... Maybe India...

Sallah glances back and reacts with alarm.

SALLAH

Master!

Vlad looks back. Sees the Vampirella bat chasing them.

VLAD

It's Vampirella. Kick in the turbos...

The two bat-bikes STREAK ahead in a BURST of turbo-charged acceleration. The steel and concrete canyons of Los Angeles loom just ahead...

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The bat-bikes streak between office buildings at fantastic speeds. Vlad's bike is now slightly ahead of Sallah's and the Vampirella bat is gaining on her...

Finally the attacking Vampirella bat sinks its claws into Sallah's back and MORPHS into human form.

Vampirella and hate-crazed Sallah tear at each other, the bike beneath them spinning around uncontrollably. Sallah gains the upper hand by kicking her opponent, who falls to the underside of the bat-bike. Sallah pounds Vampirella's grasping fingers with balled fists, as Vampirella struggles to hold on... Then, Sallah turns to see where she's going...

A HUGE SILVER CROSS

mounted atop a church COMES RUSHING toward her! SMACK!!!! Sallah is SLAMMED into the cross and instantly BURSTS INTO FLAMES, her horrified death scream cut short.

VAMPIRELLA

clammers into the driver's seat of the bat-bike and BLASTS AHEAD with the aid of the turbo-charger.

She begins to gain on Vlad... Finally is parallel to him... Vlad tries to RAM her. Vampirella siezes the opportunity to LEAP onto Vlad's bike, abandoning her own. It sinks rapidly, crashing in the street below.

Vampirella and Vlad struggle mightily as the bike hurtles forward out of control...

EXT. L.A. MUSEUM/PLANETARIUM - NIGHT

The bat-bike SMASHES STRAIGHT THROUGH the museum's windows.

INT. L.A.A. MUSEUM/PLANETARIUM - NIGHT

The bat-bike careens past several natural history exhibits, finally hitting one and wiping out. Vlad and Vampirella, still grappling with one another, are sent sliding across the floor.

Vlad recovers first, slams Vampirella into a glass display case, then brings a chunk of exhibit down on her back. But Vampirella swiftly sweeps away the debris and leaps upon Vlad, forcing him off his feet again.

The two demi-gods struggle on the museum floor. Vampirella manages to kick Vlad away. Then, Vlad looks up and sees a towering T-REX skeleton directly above her. Vlad MORPHS into a

bat and streaks above the skeleton, SNAPPING all of the fine steel cables that suspend it from the ceiling.

The skeleton comes CRASHING DOWN on Vampirella, nearly burying her under an avalanche of fossil bones. Digging herself out, Vampirella sees the Vlad bat streaking into the planetarium section of the museum. She scrambles to her feet and chases after him...

INT. L.A. MUSEUM/PLANETARIUM - SKY DOME - NIGHT

Silent. Empty. No sign of Vlad... Vampirella cautiously makes her way through, passing various astronomical exhibits as she searches for him.

Vampirella stops. At her feet is the museum's nightwatchman, his neck broken...

Suddenly, with a fierce hiss, Vlad DROPS FROM THE CEILING BEHIND HER. Vlad literally lifts a stunned Vampirella above his head and HURLS her across the room. She crashes into a diorama of the moon and is momentarily dazed.

As Vampirella tries to stand, Vlad snatches up a model of the space shuttle and WHACKS her across the face with it, sending her sprawling again to the floor.

Vlad tosses the model away and advances upon her. She can barely focus as she strains to stand, leaning against a railing...

Vlad's powerful hands once again wrap around her throat and SQUEEZE. Vampirella tries to pull herself free but can't...

VLAD

Farewell, ravenhair... It's been a fine battle...

Vampirella's hands flail desperately about the railing she's being pushed against, reaching, groping...until they find a STEEL PLAQUE attached to the railing. Intended for visitor self-service, the plaque reads: SIMULATING SOLAR ENERGY: HOW THE SUN SHINES.

Seeing this out of the corner of her eye, Vampirella strains to press the button on the plaque. Her finger FIND IT!

Vlad looks up as he hears some electronic rumbling. Below and above him, projected against the enormous planetarium dome, an IMAGE is beginning to form...

Loosening his grip on Vampirella, Vlad turns... As the room is FLOODED WITH BRILLIANT BRIGHT SUNSHINE! Vlad screams in agony, clutches his face, blinded. His body begins to smoke...

Vampirella, rubbing her raw throat, watches as a convulsing, white-eyed Vlad staggers before the GIANT HOLOGRAPHIC FOOTAGE OF THE SUN. The golden orb's corona is RADIANT!

Vlad sinks to the floor. Tears at his chest. His face is pitted with fiery seems and vents, ghastly... Now, his limbs begin to crack and break away, drying into ashes.

Finally his eyes go blank. He struggles no more. Vlad is dead.

Standing silently over him, projected sun behind her forming a stylized halo, Vampirella stares down at her dead nemesis. Then, in an almost melancholy whisper:

VAMPIRELLA

Drakulon...you are avenged.

Vampirella leans down and closes Vlad's eyelids. Then she stands and walks out of the dome room, passing across the projected image of the sun. HOLD on the golden orb as we

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

...and the true sun is shining over a deserted stretch of picture-perfect Malibu.

Vampirella sits on the sand, listening to the crashing surf, lost in her own private thoughts. Adam Van Helsing and Lt. Walsh approach.

ADAM

'Morning.

VAMPIRELLA

It really is a good morning...

LT. WALSH

Thanks mainly to you.

Vampirella flashes Walsh a friendly little smile. Adam sits beside her.

LT. WALSH

We've captured three of the Big 12. The others are dead. We've also rounded up the rest of Vlad's disciples.

VAMPIRELLA

What are you going to do with them?

ADAM

That depends on you, Vampirella.

LT. WALSH

Our scientists think they can duplicate your artificial blood serum. If vampires are provided with a sustainable food source, maybe, just maybe, they can learn to co-exist with the rest of the world.

ADAM

But they'll need someone to show them the way. Someone who understands...who cares.

VAMPIRELLA

It's not going to be easy.

LT. WALSH

(can't suppress a grin)

I know. It sure as hell wasn't easy for me to accept these radical new ideas. But it's worth a try. I think you can pull it off.

ADAM

It's your world too, Vampirella.
Your new home...

Adam gently brushes the hair from her brow. They look into each other's eyes.

Vampirella rests her head against his shoulder and stares out at the sea and deep blue sky. And this is how we leave them, facing the challenging future, together.

THE END